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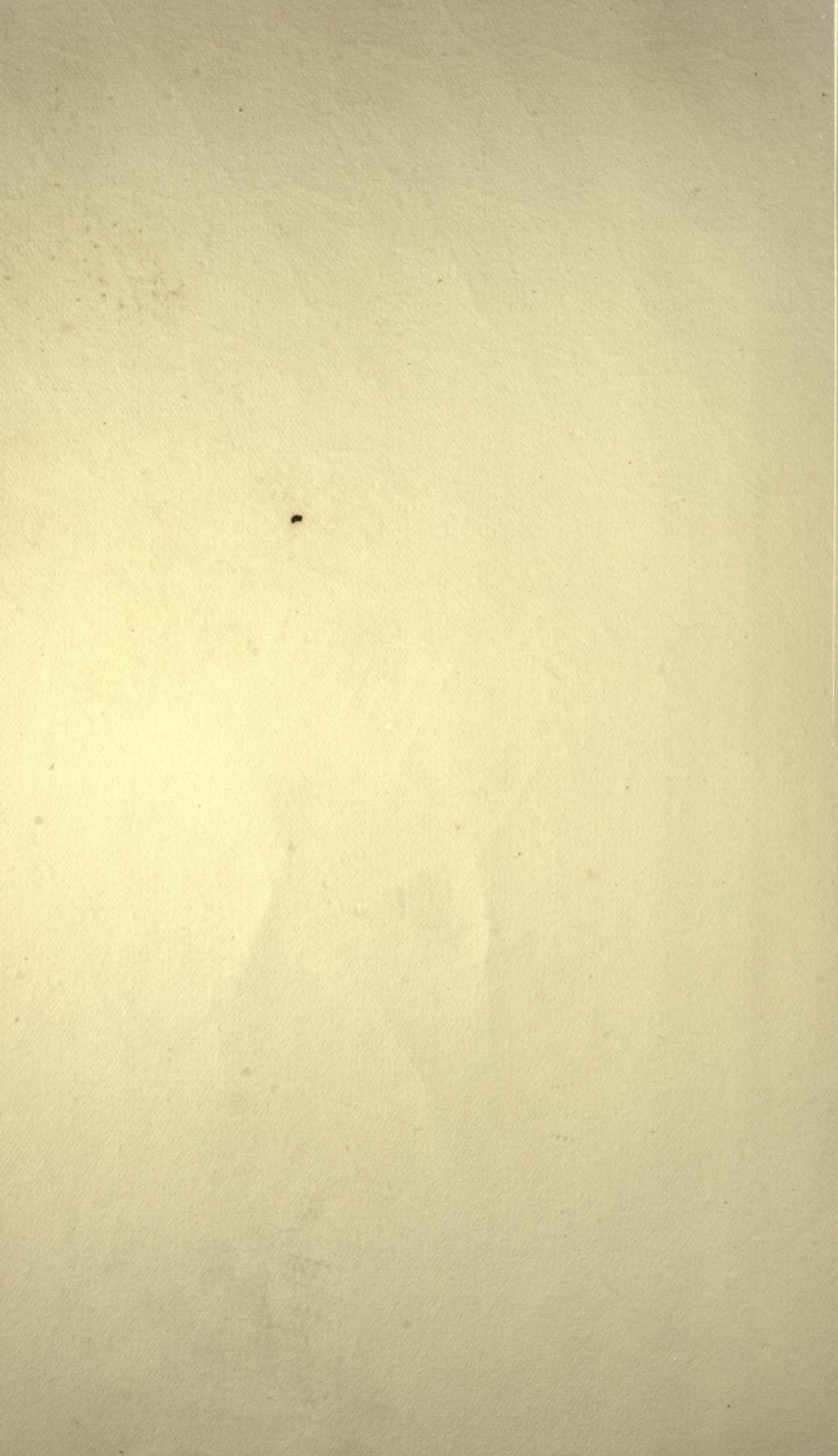


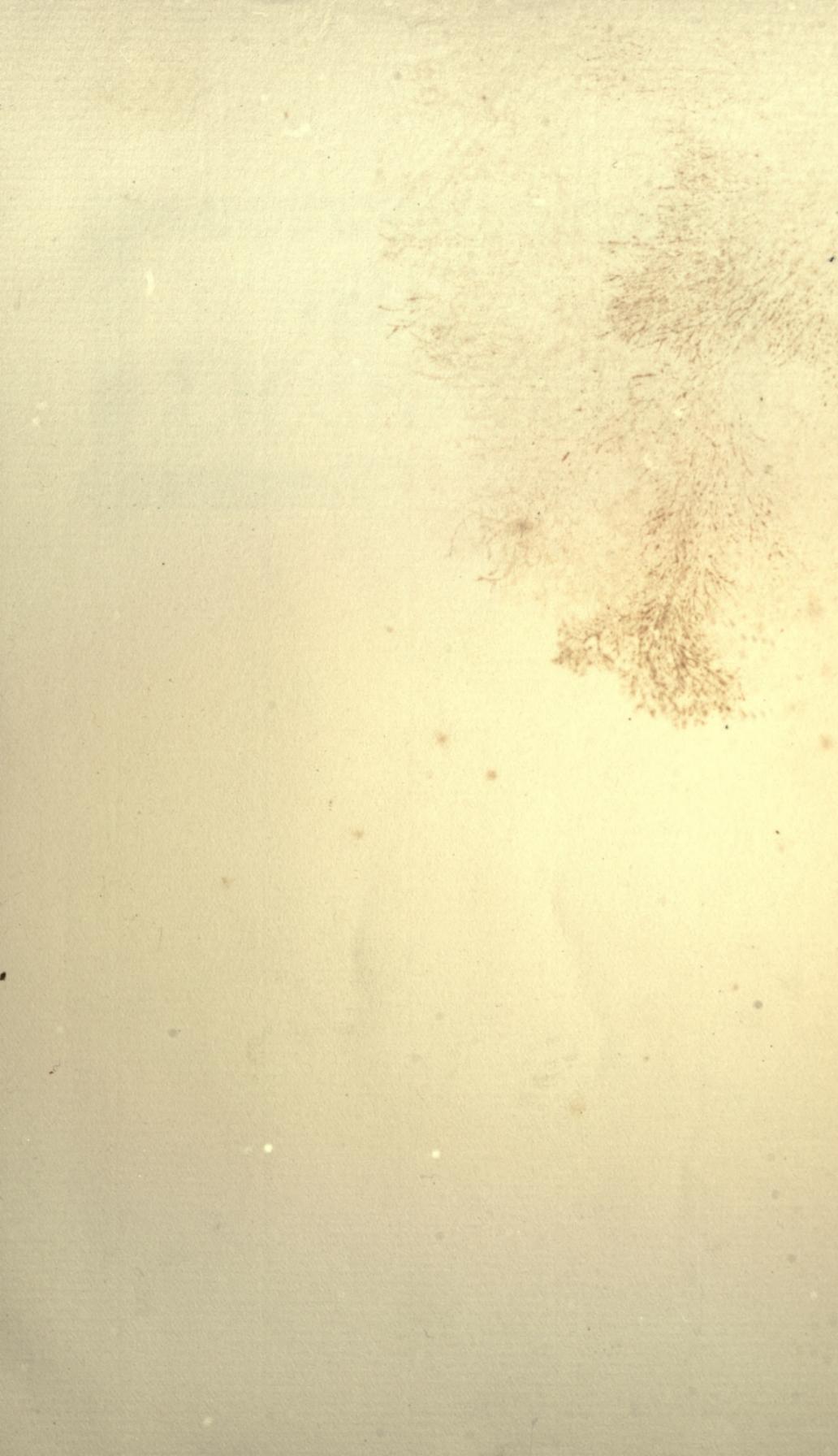
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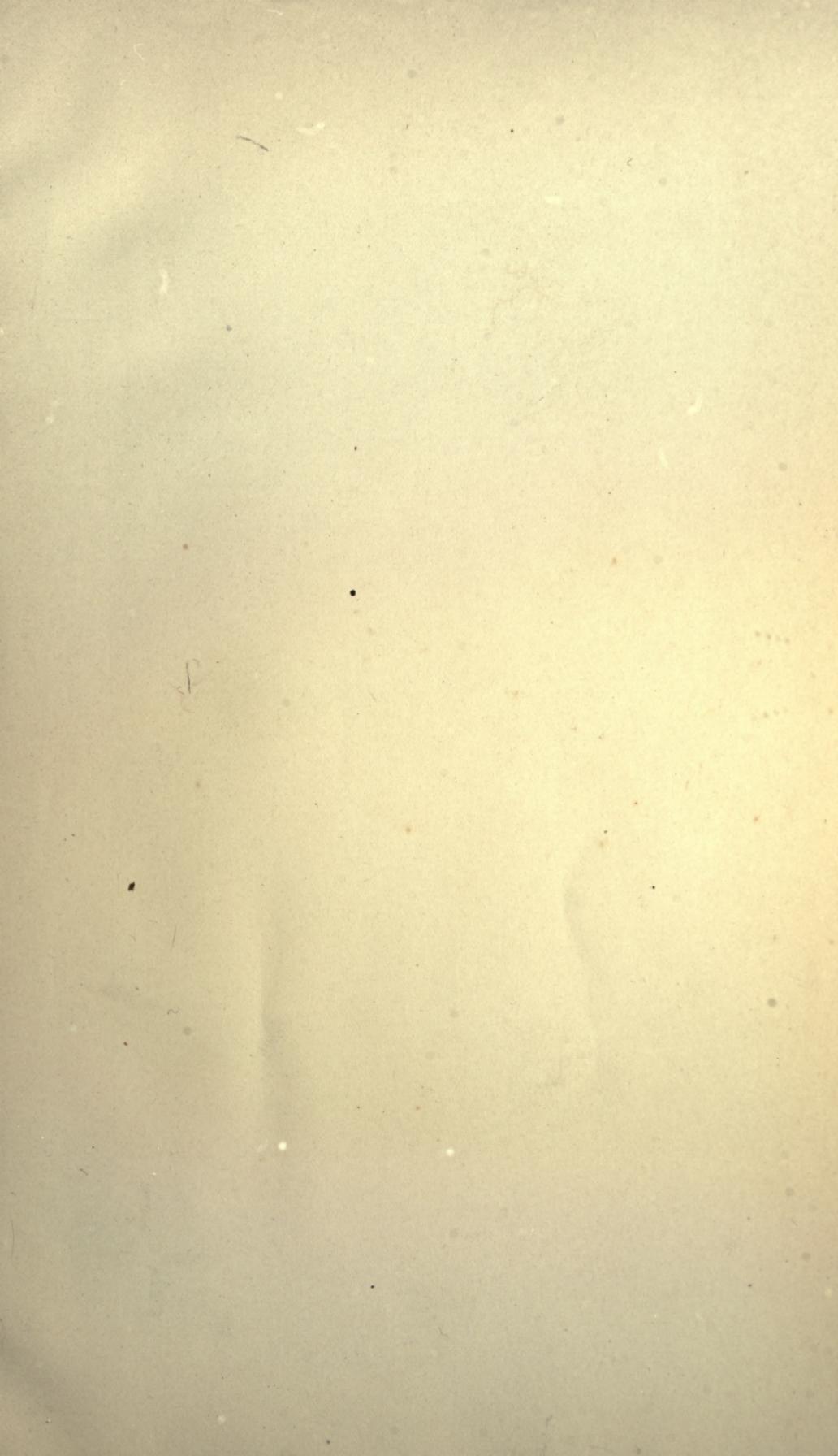




IRISH
LITERATURE

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IRISH LITERATURE

THE OLD PLAID SHAWL

This picture, from a photograph, presents the characteristic costume of the older village folk in Ireland, and the spinning wheel denotes an industry which has not yet died out.

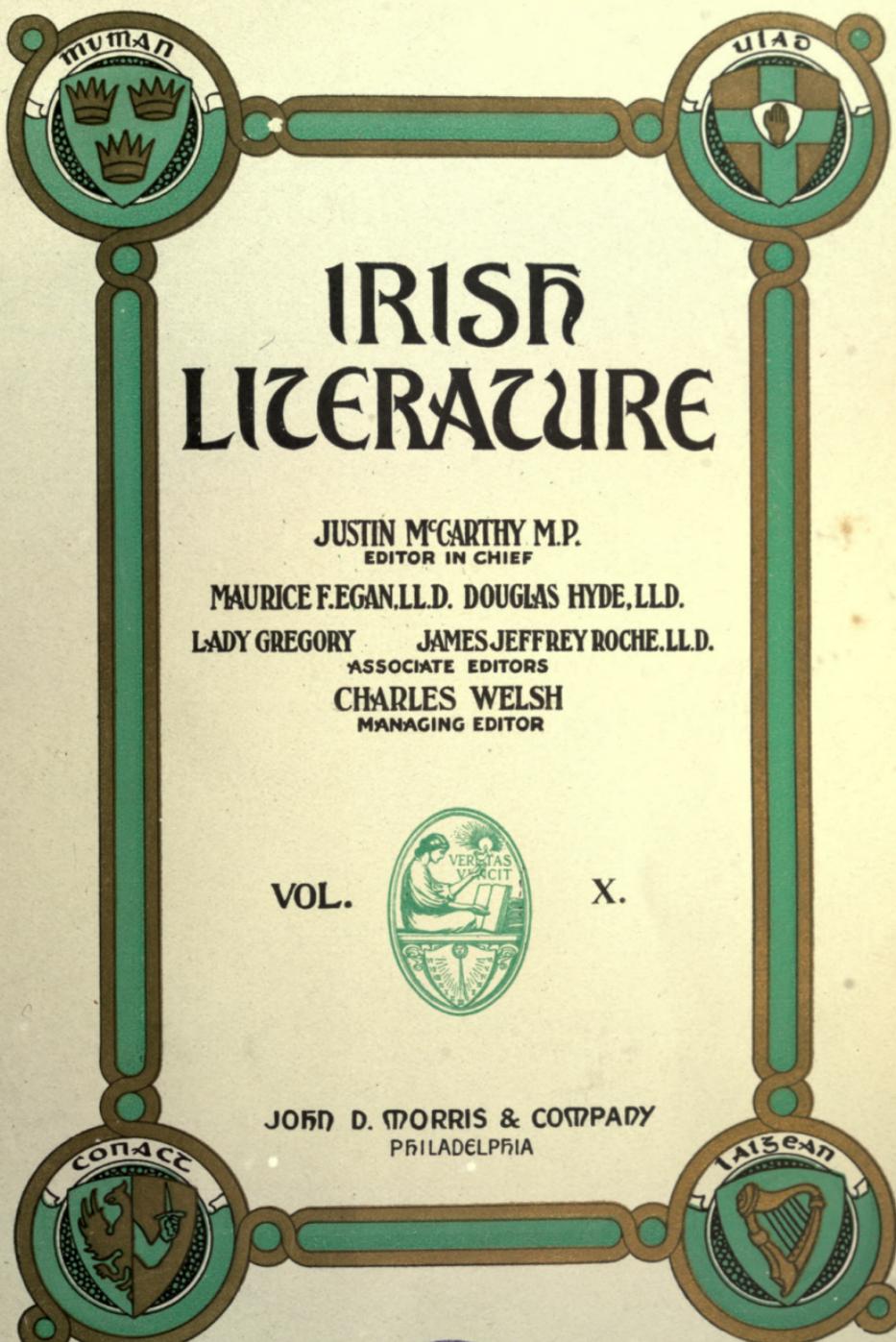
VOL.

X.

JOHN D. THOMAS & COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

THE OLD PLAID SHAWL

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IRISH LITERATURE

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X.

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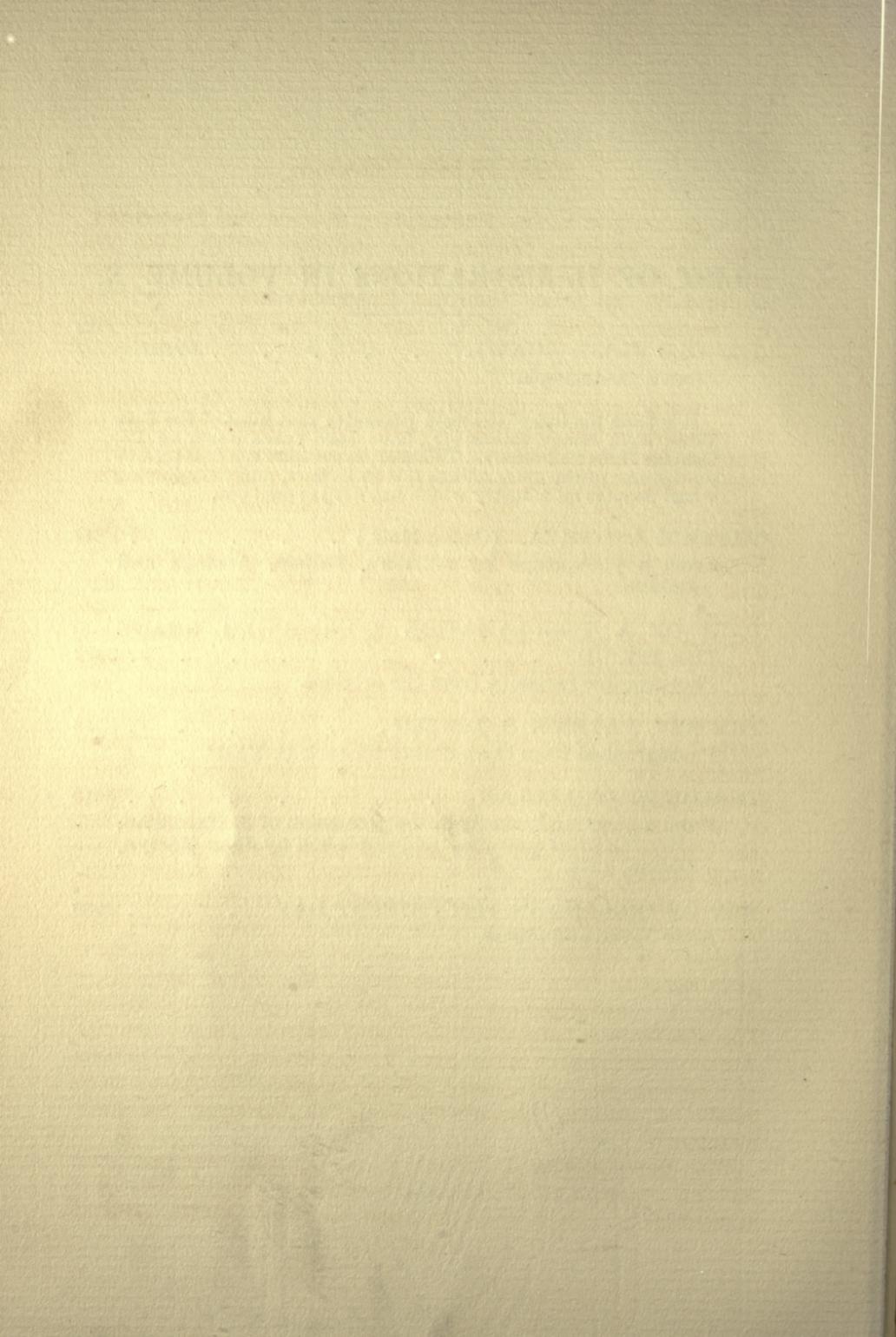
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THE IRISH DRAMA.

IN an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1901, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the eminent critic, told the story of the Irish Literary Theater. We present here his account of the Irish National Dramatic Society, written in December, 1902. With regard to the first named he says:—

Its work may be summed up in a sentence: It produced in Ireland, with English actors, seven plays written in English on Irish subjects. These were: two by Mr. Yeats, 'The Countess Cathleen' and 'The Land of Heart's Desire'; two by Mr. Martyn, 'The Heather Field' and 'Maevé'; one by Miss Milligan, 'The Last Feast of the Fianna'; one by Mr. Moore, 'The Bending of the Bough'; and one, 'Diarmuid and Grania,' by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore in collaboration. At the time when the last was produced by Mr. Benson, a troupe of amateurs played Dr. Hyde's 'Casadh an t-Sugáin,' and the advantage that Irish amateurs had, even over good English professionals, for the purpose in hand was obvious. I suppose that this occurred to Mr. Fay, for it was after this that he and some friends—all of them people earning their bread by daily labor—banded together to devote their leisure to the acting of Irish plays; and the new experiment was inaugurated last Easter, when this company of Irish actors played two Irish plays, "A. E.'s" 'Deirdre' and Mr. Yeats' 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' It was renewed on a much larger scale this Samhain-tide, when in the course of a week some plays (including one short farce in Gaelic) were given; the subjects ranging from poetic handling of the oldest mythology down to contemporary satire on the town corporation. The whole thing was absolutely and entirely uncommercial. Authors and actors alike gave their services for the benefit of Cumann na Gael, under whose auspices the plays were produced, calling themselves the Irish National Dramatic Company.

The more one thinks about it, the plainer one sees that for full enjoyment of drama the auditor must be one of a sympathetic crowd. For instance, a comedy of Mr. Shaw's

played before the Stage Society is infinitely more enjoyable than when it is played in Kennington or Notting Hill. But the Stage Society, which makes an ideal audience for wit, is perhaps too sophisticated for poetry; too much under the domination of modern comedy. In Dublin Mr. Yeats and the rest had a hall full of people not less intelligent but less over-educated, less subservient to the critical faculty; in a word, more natural. This audience had all the local knowledge necessary to give dramatic satire its point (and that is scarcely possible in a place so big as London), and had also a community of certain emotions arising out of distinctive ideas. And, above all, the people composing it came to the theater much as they might have gone to church or to a political meeting, ready to be moved by grave emotions or by serious ideas. Two of the plays could, I think, have held their own with any audience. But without that special audience 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan' and 'The Laying of Foundations' would have been by far less dramatic than they were.

It should be said at once that these plays were for the most part extremely modest in scope. Only one had so many as three acts or required a change of scene; and two or three were at best "curtain raisers." In this class must be put Mr. McGinley's 'Eilis agus an Bhean Déirce' ('Eilish and the Beggar Woman'), which I cannot criticise, as no text was procurable and my Gaelic was not equal to following the dialogue closely. I do not think that a higher rank can be claimed for Mr. Yeats' farce, 'A Pot of Broth,' which, however, afforded Mr. W. G. Fay the chance for a capital piece of broad comic acting. The story is one, common among Irish peasants, of a beggar, who comes to a churlish woman's house, and knowing well that asking will get him neither bite nor sup, plays on her credulity by displaying a wonderful stone which will make the best of broth. All he asks is the use of a pot and water in it, and while the miserly housewife listens to his praise of the saving to be effected by such a stone, he dilates upon its other qualities—its effect on a chicken if you put it in with it, or on a ham-bone or the like—till gradually one eatable after another slips into the pot, and the beggar in a fit of generosity presents the stone to the housewife, taking in return merely the broth and a few unconsidered trifles.

That was all, and it was little enough. But it was interesting to find Mr. Yeats as a purveyor of laughter—for the little piece was genuinely droll, and interesting too—to notice how, for his comedy as for his tragedy, he went to folk lore and the peasant's cottage.¹

I may dismiss at once Mr. Seumas O'Cuisin, author of two of the plays. His 'Racing Lug' was a little story of sea-faring folk, apparently so cut down as to be barely intelligible. This was in prose; his other production, 'The Sleep of the King,' was simply a poetic tableau, showing how Connla, son of Conn the Hundred-fighter, left a proffered throne to follow after a fairy woman.

"He follows on for ever, when all your chase is done,
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son."

Mrs. Chesson has put the gist of it into the haunting little poem from which I quote these two lines, and put it much more effectively than Mr. O'Cuisin. Still, his little piece in verse—and very creditable verse—gave the troupe their one opportunity of showing how they spoke what was written in meter. They spoke verse not as actors generally do, but as poets speak it, in a kind of chant, which I confess seems to me the natural and proper manner.

It was just this quality—the absence of all stage mannerisms, the willingness to speak poetry simply as poetry, to speak it for its own sake, and not to show the actor's accomplishments—that rendered possible the production of 'Deirdre;' and it would have been a pity for work so good not to have been produced. Nevertheless I cannot regard 'Deirdre' as a good or successful piece of drama. The author, "A. E.," ranks high in my judgment as a lyrical poet, but even as a lyrical poet his appeal must necessarily be to the few. Mystic in the blood and bone, he stands habitually apart, and moves in ways of thought and emotion where it is difficult to follow him. And yet it was striking to observe how well the audience responded to his interpretation of the famous and beautiful story, and to the thoughts that he wove into its fabric. The first act tells how the sons of Usnach found Deirdre in the secret abode where the High King Conchobair had secluded her

¹ The story is told in Griffin's 'The Collegians,' see Volume IV.

fatal beauty, and how she fled with Naisi, obedient to the voice of a new wonder; and in this act I could see little or nothing to praise. But in the second, which shows Deirdre in the kingdom that Naisi and his brother had won on the shore of Loch Etivé, there was work of a very different quality. In a passage of singular beauty the poet—for the play, though written in prose, is sheer poetry—shows Deirdre looking out on a glorious sunset. It is the sunset not of one but of many days, she says, and the stars that had lost each other in the mists and heat of the sun, know again their friends' faces across the firmament. And so, too, she and Naisi, awaking at last from the long swoon of sunshine, see at last into each other's hearts, and she sees in him a regret. It is the regret of pride that he has fled without confronting King Conchobar; the regret of chivalry that he has broken the rules of the Red Branch Order. It is, indeed, for comradeship in the Red Branch that he pines, not knowing it; and on the top of this discourse comes the shout of a man of Erin from his galley in the loch. And Deirdre, who has Cassandra's gift, foreknows the whole; so that when Fergus enters, the dearest of Naisi's friends, with pledge of forgiveness and of restoration to the Red Branch, she has no heart to greet him. She can only implore Naisi to stay, and her sorrow angers him, till her love and her knowledge yield to his pride.

I thought the whole of this act very well planned and full of beauty, and, even when the beauty was recondite, it conveyed itself surprisingly well. Deirdre in her lament says that the Gods have told her her love and happiness are ended, and are yet immortal, for they are destined to live forever as a memory in the minds of the Gael! and one felt that slight stir run through the silent audience which tells of a point gone home. And the spectacular beauty, even on that mean stage, was considerable; the figures moving behind a gauze veil in costumes designed by the author, who is artist as well as poet, and moving no more than was essential for the action. It was a great relief to see actors stand so still, and never to have attention distracted from the person on whom it naturally fell. But the whole thing was too literary, depended too much on the accidental beauties of thought or phrasing, and not enough on a strong central emotion. I do not think that "A. E."

achieved more than to demonstrate the possibility of a drama on an Irish heroic subject which should appeal to an Irish audience. But such a drama would have to be written by a most skillful dramatist.

The other two plays of which I have to speak had their way, as it seemed, made almost absurdly easy for them; so directly did they spring out of the mind of the audience. And yet these things are not quite so easy as they appear, and Mr. Ryan succeeded when Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn had failed. Mr. Moore's 'Bending of the Bough' was a dramatic satire on Irish politicians: so was Mr. Martyn's 'Tale of a Town.' But though Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn knew well how Ibsen had done that sort of thing, they were not familiar at first-hand with local politics; they did not show that perfect knowledge of local types which gave a value to 'The Laying of Foundations.'

The action of this comedy passes in the house of Mr. O'Loskin, town councilor (and patriot), immediately after a municipal election. To him come his friends, Alderman Farrelly and another, for a discussion of prospects. The alderman and his ally have their own little game to play; to secure for a building syndicate in which they are concerned the contract for erecting a new asylum. Mr. O'Loskin, on his part, desires the post of city architect for his son Michael. There is an obvious fitness in the arrangement by which Mr. O'Loskin will back the one job, while Mr. Farrelly completes the other; indeed, the only obstacle to this and all other good plans lies in one Nolan, the editor of a plaguy print, who has succeeded in capturing one of the wards, and will have a new means of annoyance—as if his *Free Nation*, with his rancorous comment on the private arrangements of public men, were not troublesome enough already. "And the worst of it is," says Alderman Farrelly, with pious indignation, "that I don't believe the fellow can be squared." Needless to say, the *Free Nation* has its counterparts in real life: the *United Irishman*, and another clever paper, *The Leader*, have been for some time back making things very unpleasant for patriot publicans and others. Nor was this all. Even the *obiter dicta* of prominent men found a new publicity given to them on the stage. "This fellow Nolan," says Alderman Farrelly, "is never done putting absurd no-

tions into poor people's heads. He says a working man ought to get twenty-four shillings a week. Twenty-four shillings!" (They all roar with laughter.) "Eighteen shillings is plenty for any laboring man. What would they do with more if they had it? Drink it!" And he slaps his thigh, leans back, and drains his tumbler of monstrously stiff whisky and water. This trait did not lose any of its pungency before an audience which remembered how a certain Lord Mayor had recently fixed eighteen shillings as the highest wage any working man should look for.

After the opening dialogue the action begins to develop. Michael, the future city architect, is an almost incredibly ingenuous youth. He only knows his father as the prominent patriot, the liberal subscriber to charities. And he is vastly overjoyed at the prospect, but he does not see how it is to be accomplished. How exactly is Alderman Farrelly going to secure favors from Alderman Sir John Bull, the leading Unionist? How is he, Michael, going to consent to receive them? Mr. O'Loskin has to explain that Sir John Bull is a large employer of labor, and, no matter what his politics, which is the better patriot, the man who gives the means of livelihood to hundreds, or one of your starveling fellows who goes about making trouble and stirring up ill-will? Michael yields easily, for Michael is engaged, and this will mean marriage; but the young lady, Miss Delia, is not so sanguine. She has been infected with the venom of Nolan, she distrusts Mr. O'Loskin, she warns Michael against a trap. Nevertheless, Michael accepts.

Two months later finds him installed, and coming gradually face to face with facts. Alderman Farrelly is righteously indignant because Michael has pedantically reported that the foundations of the new asylum are being laid with four feet of concrete instead of the stipulated eight. Worse still, Michael has condemned, root and branch, certain slum tenements—not knowing that they are the joint property of Alderman Farrelly and his own father. Here again one may observe that the audience bore in mind how a rickety tenement owned by a prominent and patriotic member of the Corporation had finally collapsed, killing some of the inmates. Michael's eyes are finally opened completely by an interview with Mr. Nolan, and,

Delia backing him, he takes his stand. In vain does Alderman Farrelly inclose a check for £500 as "a wedding present." In vain does Mr. O'Loskin tear his paternal hair. "Michael, I always thought you would take after me. See what comes of giving a boy a good education." (That, I will be bold to say, is a stroke of irony worthy of Swift himself.) Michael is obdurate, and the curtain falls on his righteous protestations.

Up to a certain point, as will be evident, the thing is purely analogous to Ibsen's work—but might have been written by one who had never read a line of that master. Only, if Ibsen had drawn Michael as Mr. Ryan drew him, and as Mr. Kelly represented him, there would certainly have been a third act, showing, in a bitter sequel, Michael's surrender. This is a defect in the art, for Michael is ill-drawn; and Miss Delia is rather a needlessly aggressive young lady. But whatever Mr. O'Loskin and Mr. Farrelly have to say and do is excellent, and the sentence which I have quoted is a fair illustration of the irony which pervades the whole. And a wholly subordinate character, Mrs. Macfadden, wife of the third town councilor, has an admirable scene in which she speaks her mind of Miss Delia and her extraordinary notions and goings on. Nothing could be better played than this was by Miss Honor Lavalley; she was the Dublin Catholic bourgeoisie to the life.

I do not say that the play was a masterpiece. I do say that it was live art; and that here was a new force let loose in Ireland: the clear sword of ridicule, deftly used from the point of greatest vantage, striking home again and again. Here there was no reference to the stranger; here was Ireland occupied with her own affairs, chastising her own corruption. I wish I could have been present on the Saturday night when the programme began with 'The Laying of Foundations' and ended with 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' That would have been to see drama pass from its cauterizing the ignoble to its fostering the noble in national life: from the comedy of municipal corruption to the tragedy, brief, indeed, but drawing centuries into its compass of Ireland's struggle for freedom.

It is necessary to explain for English readers that "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" was one of the names which poets in the eighteenth century used to cloak, in the disguise of love-

songs, their forbidden passion for Ireland; that the "Shan Van Vocht," or "Poor Old Woman," was another of these names; and that Killala, near which, in 1798, is laid the scene of Mr. Yeats' play, is the place where Humbert's ill-starred but glorious expedition made its landing. But there was no need to tell all this to the Dublin audience.

The stage shows a peasant's house, window at the back, door on the right, hearth on the left. Three persons are in the cottage, Peter Gillane, his wife Bridget, and their second son Patrick. Outside is heard a distant noise of cheering, and they are wondering what it is all about. Patrick goes to the window and sees nothing but an old woman coming toward the house; but she turns aside. Then on a sudden impulse he faces round and says, "Do you remember what Winnie of the Cross Roads was saying the other day about the strange woman that goes through the country the time there's war or trouble coming?" But the father and mother are too busy with other thoughts to attend to such fancies; for Bridget is spreading out her son Michael's wedding clothes, and Peter is expecting the boy back with the girl's fortune. A hundred pounds, no less. Things have prospered with the Gillanes; and when Michael, the fine young lad, comes in with the bag of guineas he is radiant with thinking of the girl, Delia Cahel, and Bridget is radiant with looking at him, and Peter with handling the gold and planning all that can be done with it. And through it all again and again breaks the sound of distant cheering. Patrick goes off to learn the cause, and Michael goes to the window in his turn. He, too, sees the old woman, but this time she is coming to the house, and her face is seen for a moment, pale like a banshee's, through the thick glass of the window. And Michael shivers a little. "I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before the wedding." But his mother bids him open the door, and in walks the old wayfarer.

Miss Maud Gonne, as every one knows, is a woman of superb stature and beauty; she is said to be an orator, and she certainly has the gifts of voice and gesture. To the courage and sincerity of her acting I can pay no better tribute than to say that her entrance brought instantly to my mind a half-mad old-wife in Donegal whom I have

always known. She spoke in that sort of keening cadence so frequent with beggars and others in Ireland who lament their state. But for all that, tall and gaunt as she looked under her cloak, she did not look and she was not meant to look like a beggar; and as she took her seat by the fire, the boy watched her curiously from across the stage. The old people question her and she speaks of her travel on the road.

BRIDGET. It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

OLD WOMAN. Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet they think old age has come on me, and that all the stir has gone out of me.

BRIDGET. What was it put you astray?

OLD WOMAN. Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET. Indeed, you look as if you had had your share of trouble.

OLD WOMAN. I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET. What was it put the trouble on you?

OLD WOMAN. My land that was taken from me.

BRIDGET. Was it much land they took from you?

OLD WOMAN. My four beautiful green fields.

PETER (*aside to Bridget*). Do you think, could she be the Widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglas a while ago?

BRIDGET. She is not. I saw the Widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout, fresh woman.

PETER (*to Old Woman*). Did you hear a noise of cheering and you coming up the hill?

OLD WOMAN. I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me. (*She begins singing half to herself.*)

“I will go cry with the woman,
For yellow-haired Donough is dead,
With a hempen rope for a neck-cloth,
And a white cloth on his head.”

The sound of her strange chant draws the boy over to her as if by a fascination; and she tells him of the men that had died for love of her.

“There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the North, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the South, and there was one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf by the sea, and there were a great many in the West, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there are some that will die to-morrow.”

The boy draws nearer to her, and plies her with questions, and the old people talk pityingly of the poor crea-

ture that has lost her wits. They offer her bread and milk, and Peter, under his wife's reproaches, offers her a shilling. But she refuses.

"If any man would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all."

And Michael starts to go with her, to welcome the friends that are coming to help her. But his mother interposes sharply, with a note of terror, and she reminds him whom it is he has to welcome. Then turning to the stranger—

Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

OLD WOMAN. It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help.

PETER (*to Bridget*). Who is she, do you think, at all?

BRIDGET. You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN. Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen ni Hoolihan.

It sounds flat and cold when you write it down; it did not sound cold when it was spoken. And the audience felt, too, in a flash, all that lay in Peter's comment, "I think I knew some one of that name once. It must have been some one I knew when I was a boy."

The stranger goes out then, chanting an uncanny chant, after she has told them what the service means that she asks of men. "They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that they will think they are well paid." And she leaves the boy in a kind of trance, from which his mother tries to waken him with talk of his wedding clothes. But as Bridget speaks the door is thrown open, Patrick bursts in with the neighbors: "There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala!"

Delia Cahel may come with him, may cling about Michael; but the chant is heard outside and the bridegroom flings away the bride and rushes out, leaving them all silent. Then old Peter crosses to Patrick and asks, "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" And the lad answers, "I did not; but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen."

The actors played the piece as it was written; that is, they lessened instead of heightening the dialect and the brogue; they left the points unemphasized. But they had

the house thrilling. I have never known altogether what drama might be before. Take a concrete instance. Few things in modern literature seem to me so fine as the third act in 'Herod'; few pieces of acting have pleased me better than Mr. Tree's in that scene. But I have never felt in reading it over that I missed anything by lacking the stage presentment, and I felt obscurely glad to be spared the sense of an audience only half in sympathy. 'Herod' came to the audience from outside; Mr. Yeats put before them in a symbol the thought of their own hearts. He had such a response as is only found in England by the singers of patriotic ditties in the music halls. "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" is the Irish equivalent for the "Absent-minded Beggar" or the "Handy Man." It is superfluous to do more than suggest the parallel.

I do not for a moment mean to imply that these Irish plays are worthy the attention of English managers. There is no money in them. They will be played, no doubt, a few times in Dublin, where Mr. Fay and his fellows have taken a small house for occasional performances. They will be played up and down through the country to people paying sixpences and pennies for admission. Some of them will, I hope, be produced by the Irish Literary Society in London for an Irish audience. But wherever they are played they will represent a wholly different order of dramatic art from that which prevails in the English theater; and the difference will lie chiefly in their intention, first, in the fact that they are not designed to make money.

Wherever they are played I hope they may find performers so good as Mr. W. G. or Mr. F. J. Fay, or Mr. Digges—an actor of extraordinary range, who played the parts of Naisi, of Michael Gillane, and of Alderman Farrelly, with equal success. The ladies of the company were hardly equal to the men, but Miss M. Quinn and Miss M. nic Shiubhlaigh both acted with fine intelligence. And the whole company, by their absence of stage tricks, showed the influence of Mr. Yeats, who is President of the company.

Part of the propaganda was an address delivered by him on the scheme which he has so much at heart for establishing a fixed manner by means of notation for speaking verse.

I was unable to be present, but have heard his views before, and have heard Miss Farr speak or chant verse on his method, accompanying herself on a queer stringed instrument.

The important thing is the deliberate attempt to re-establish what has never died out among Irish speakers—a tradition of poetry with a traditional manner of speaking it. Put briefly, it comes to this: Mr. Yeats and many others wanted to write for Ireland, not for England, if only because they believed that any sound art must address itself to an audience which is coherent enough to yield a response. The trouble was that Ireland had lost altogether the desire to read, the desire for any art at all, except, perhaps, that of eloquent speech—and even in that her taste was rapidly degenerating. What the Gaelic League has done is to infuse into Ireland the zeal for a study which, as Dr. Starkie says, “is at heart disinterested.” What Mr. Yeats and his friends have done is to kindle in Ireland the desire for an art which is an art of ideas. No matter in how small a part of Ireland the desire is kindled, nothing spreads so quick as fire.

It is noticeable that Mr. Fay's company has more and more limited its efforts to two types of play—the prose idyll, tragic or comic, of peasant life, and the poetic drama of remote and legendary subjects. In the former kind a new dramatist has revealed himself, Mr. J. M. Synge, whose little masterpiece, ‘Rivers to the Sea,’ was the most successful of five plays produced by the company at the Royalty Theater in London in the spring of 1904. Mr. Synge had not been heard of before, but his work in prose is no less accomplished and complete than that of Mr. Yeats in poetry, in the days of poetic plays. “A. E.'s” ‘Deirdre’ has been succeeded by Mr. Yeats’ Morality ‘The Horn-glass,’ written like it in cadenced prose, and this by ‘The King's Threshold’ and ‘The Shadowy Waters.’ In both of these plays we have heard Frank Fay and Maire nic Shiubhaigh speak beautiful and dramatic verse as it is seldom spoken, and in ‘The Shadowy Waters,’ especially, what the piece lacked in dramatic quality was made up by the mounting, which showed how much solemn beauty could be achieved with little cost from common materials handled by an artist.

It is satisfactory to add that a theater has been arranged in Dublin where these players will in future have the advantages of a proper stage, however modest its dimensions.

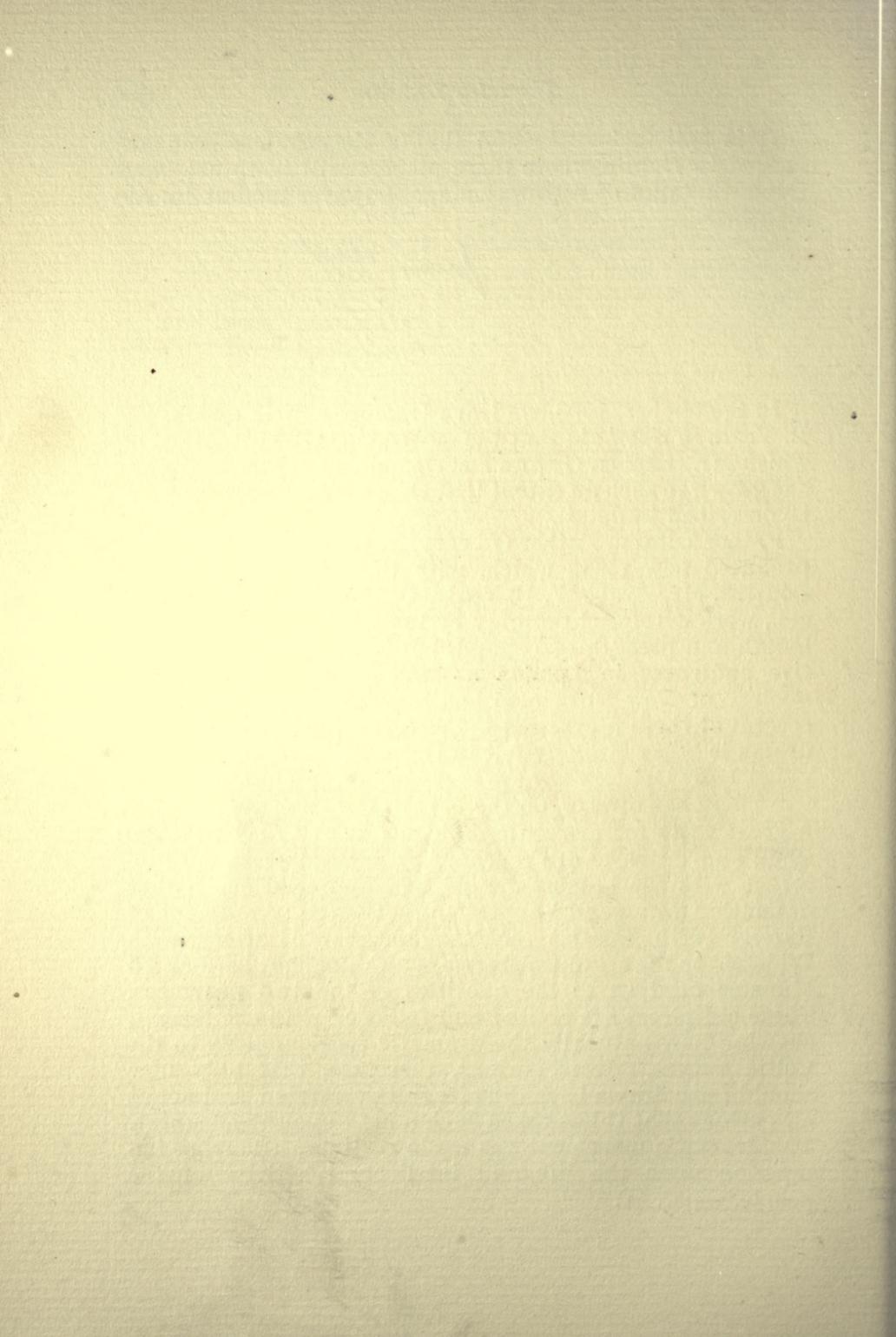
Yours truly
 Stephen Gwynne

In September, 1903, we learn from an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats in *Samhain* that the movement, the beginnings of which Mr. Stephen Gwynne has chronicled in the foregoing, has grown to such an extent that the year's doings could not be described in detail.

Father Dineen, Father O'Leary, P. Colum, and Dr. Hyde produced new plays which, with those by "A. E.," Mr. Cousins, Mr. Ryan, W. B. Yeats, Dr. Hyde, Lady Gregory, etc., were witnessed not only by thousands throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but by large and appreciative audiences in London as well. The Irish Literary Society of New York also has been active in presenting several of these plays, and the effect of the new-born Irish drama is being strongly felt in this country also.

Let Lady Gregory say the last word on this subject:

"There has always, on the part of the Irish people, been a great taste for dramatic dialogue. The 'Arguments of Oisín and Patrick' are repeated by peasants for hours together with the keenest delight and appreciation. Other dramatic 'arguments' appeal to them—the 'Argument of Rafferty with Death,' the 'Argument of Rafferty with Whisky,' or the argument between a Connaught herd and a Munster herd as to the qualities of the two provinces. These old pieces are recited and followed with excitement, showing how naturally the dramatic sense appeals to the Celtic nature. It is curious, therefore, that only now should Irish drama be finding its full expression, and not at all curious that it has taken such a hold upon the country. The dramatic movement has made really an enduring impression upon the life and intellectual activity of the people."—[C. W.]



FOLK TALES, FOLK SONGS, RANNS,
sean-sgeuluisgeacht, sean-abrdán, raimn;

HISTORICAL SKETCH,

blúire as stair na h-Éireann,

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS,

sgeolta, dánnta, agus drama;

BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.

le h-údarairib an lae nua:

AN NUAD-LITRÍDEACT I NGAÉDEILG.

Cíófrimíó inífan imleabair veisíúó reo, romplairde arí Snáct-
 Śaédeilg na n-aoine, mar do bí sí aca iní fan dá céad bliadán
 ro do énaíó tárrainn, aśur mar dá sí aca anoir. Ní'í áct nuad-
 Śaédeilg le fáğail ann ro, 7 caífríó an leigíteoir a bheiteamnar
 féin véanam ar an t-rean-Śaédeilg le 'congnam' na n-airtíngad
 béarla do túgamar inírna h-imleabair eile. Ní túgamaoio an
 t-rean-Śaédeilg ann ro, oír ír ró véacair a tuigínt do don duine
 nac n-vearna ríúvéaract rpeirialta innti:

Tá rśealra, ábráin, 7 ráíóte na n-aoine féin, le fáğail inífan
 leabair ro, 7 tá cuio móí' oíó' ro rśríóóta ríor le rśoláiríó ó
 véal na rean-aoine i n-éirínn náí' túg a véangra féin do
 rśríóóad ná do léigead. Áct tá cuio eile vé, aśur ír obair na
 rśríóónoír ír clí'óe i obair na rśríóónoír atá aś véanam lírío-
 eadra nuairde do múinntí' na h-éireann iníóí, mar atá an t-áair
 readar O Laoğair, Seumar O Dúóğail, Conán Maol (Mac uí
 Śeagda), Ráórais O Laoğair, Tomár O h-Aóda, an t-áair
 O Duinnín, Úna ní fearğaille, "Tórna" 7 aoine eile.

Ír an-veacair an ruo é béarla ceart bliaró do cúí arí Śaé-
 eilg, oír ír é mo báramail nac bfuil don dá véangra arí talam' na
 Críortuğeacta ír mó' oírí' eatorra féin 'ná íad. aśur cíó' 50
 bfuil a éom' fáda rín 'na rearam' ar an don oileán, taoó le
 taoíó, ír ríor-veag an loí'g ó'fag ceann aca ar an ғceann eile,
 aśur ír ríor-veagán ó'fógluim na aoine labair íad ó n-a céile.

Tá rśoite na h-éireann, faraoí! fá ríúíngad' aoine ó'a
 veug an Ríagaltar Sacpanac an ríúíngad' oíra, aśur bí na
 aoine reó i ғcómnuíóe i n-ağair na n-Śaédeal aśur i n-ağair
 veangad' na tíre. Ní'í eólar aś duine ar bí' aca uírí' áct oíreao
 le aral no le bulóig. Tá ceatrar de na aoimíó reo 'na mbheiteam-
 nair ó cúíreannair an oíge, nac bfuil píoc eólar aca ar
 oíveacar, áct ó' r' Snáct-obair leó' aoine cionntaca do' áoírad,
 áoíann ríad múinntí' na h-éireann, 'śá ғcúí' ra bheiteamnar
 áineólar, fáó a mbeata, i' otaoíó na neite dáinear leó' féin 7
 le na oírí. Tá fear eile aca 'na uacatán arí Cólairte na
 Tríonóíóe—ír ruac' na n-Śaédeal an áit rín—aśur tá cuio móí'

THE MODERN LITERATURE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

WE shall see in this last volume specimens of the ordinary Irish language of the people, as they have had it for the last couple of hundred years, and as they have it now. There is nothing but modern Irish to be found in this volume, and hence the reader must form his own opinion of the old Irish literature by the help of the English translations that have been given in the other volumes. We give here no old Irish, because it is too difficult to understand for any person who has not made a special study of it.

There are stories, songs and sayings of the people themselves to be found in this book, and a great many of these have been written down by scholars from the mouths of old people in Ireland who did not know how to read and write their own language. But there is another portion of the book which is the work of the cleverest writers, the work of writers who are making a modern literature for the people of Ireland to-day, such as Father Peter O'Leary, James Doyle, Conan Maol (O'Shea), Patrick O'Leary, Thomas Hayes, Father Dinneen, Miss O'Farrelly, Tadhg O'Donoghue, and others.

It is a very difficult thing to put correct tasteful English upon Irish, for it is my opinion that there are no two languages in the lands of Christendom which differ more between themselves than they do. And although they have been so long standing side by side upon one island, very little is the trace that either of them has left upon the other, and it is very little that the people who speak them have learned from one another either.

The schools of Ireland also, are, alas, under the dominance of people to whom the English Government has given the control over them, and these people have always been against the Irish, and against the language of the country. Not one

eile aca na ndaoimib-uairle rairdbre san aon eolair ppeirialta aca ar rgoiltib ná ar rgoilteact; agus do toirmearys riad Gaed-eilg do múnad inna rgoiltib, no do ladaire leir na rgoilairib, so do tri no ceatar de bliadantaib ó foim. Tá aepuad ann anoir, 7 so, do puad Dia dúinn so mbéid ré buan! Ni méaraim so riad aon tír eile ar talam na Críortuigeacta riad, a riad a leitéro rin de rpsannail le feicint innce agus do bí i n-Éirinn—máigi-rtirde 7 máigi-rteara rgoile nac riad focal Gaedheilge aca, as “múnad”! páirtirde nac riad focal béarla aca! Ni h-iongnad sup díbread amad rriorad na Litirdeacta ar na daoimib, agus sup ruaisead arca zac oidear, gliocar, críonaact, agus rtuaim do táinig anuar éuca ó n-a rinnrearaib rompa. Act anoir,—mar geall ar Connrad na Gaedheilge—tá an Gaedheilg, as teact éuici féin arí; agus ir roiléir é anoir, do'n domán ar rad, má tá Éire le beir 'na náiriún ar leir, no le beir 'na ruo ar bit act 'na condae gránna Sacranais, (agus i as déanam airtir so raon fann ruar an nóraib na Sacranac) so geaitrú rí iompóó ar a teangair féin arí 7 Litirdeact nuad ceapad innce.

Agus tá Éire as toruad ar rin do déanam ceana féin, agus tá romplairde ar a bfuil rí d'a déanam inran leabar ro. Ni'l ionnta ro so leir (obair na ndeic mbliadan ro cuair tarrainn) act céad-bláta an earraig. Tá an Samrad le teact fóir le congnam Dé:

RÍG AN FÁSADIS DÚIB:

Ladrár o ploinn, ó beul, ác-na-muice (Swinford i mbeurla) d'innir an rgeul ro do ríonriar o Concúdar i mb'Uachtuain, ó a bpuar mire é.

Nuair bí O Concúdar 'na rí 7 ar Éirinn bí ré 'na cómnuirde i Rát-éruacáin Connaect: Bí aon mac amáin aige, act nuair d'fár ré ruar, bí ré riadáin, agus níor feud an rí 7 rmac do cur air; mar beirdead a toil féin aige inr zac uile nro:

of them knows anything about it, more than so many asses or bullocks. Four of these men are judges from the courts of law, who have no particle of knowledge about education; but since their ordinary work is to condemn the guilty, they condemn the people of Ireland, sentencing them to life-long ignorance about the things that concern themselves and their country. Another of them is the Provost of Trinity College, that place that is Fuath na nGaedheal, and a great number more of them are wealthy country gentlemen, without any special knowledge of schools or scholarship; and these men practically forbade the Irish language to be taught in the schools or to be spoken to the scholars until three or four years ago. A change has come now. God grant that it may be a lasting one!

I do not think that there was ever any other country in the lands of Christendom in which such a scandal was to be witnessed as in Ireland—masters and mistresses of schools who did not know a word of Irish, “teaching” (!) children who did not know a word of English! It is no wonder that the spirit of literature was banished out of the people, and that all instruction, intelligence, wisdom and natural ability, that had come down to them from their ancestors before them, were driven out of them. But now—thanks to the Gaelic League—the Irish language is coming to itself again, and it is evident at last to the whole world that if Ireland is to be a nation apart, or anything at all except an ugly English county, (imitating, in a manner lifeless, feeble, and cold, the manners of the English), she *must* turn to her own language again, and create herself a new literature in it.

And Ireland is beginning to do this, even already, and there are specimens of what she is doing in this book. These—the works of the last ten years—are yet nothing but the first spring blossoms. The summer is to come with the help of God.

THE KING OF THE BLACK DESERT.

This story was told by one Laurence O'Flynn, from near Swinford, in the County Mayo, to my friend, the late F. O'Connor, of Athlone, from whom I got it in Irish. It is the eleventh story in the “Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach.”—Douglas Hyde.

When O'Connor was king over Ireland, he was living in Rathcroghan of Connacht. He had one son, but he, when he grew up, was wild, and the king could not control him, because he would have his own will in everything.

Don maítoin aínáin éuaíó ré amac,

Δ εὐ le na éoir
Δ φεάbac ár Δ éoir
Δ'ρ Δ éapall bpeáġ duó o'á ioméar,

ásur o'imtiġ ré ár áġaíó, áġ ġabáil ġainn ábráin oó féin ġo
o'éáinġ ré éom fáo le pġeacáé móp oo bí áġ fár ár bpuáé
ġleanna. Bí fean-óuine liaé 'na fuíóe áġ bun na pġeíóe, ásur
o'ubáġc ré: "Δ míc an ġiġ, má tíġ leac imiġc éom maíé á'p
tíġ leac ábrán oo ġabáil, buó maíé liom cluíóe o'imtiġc leac."
ġaíó mac an ġiġ ġup fean-óuine mi-ééilíóe oo bí ann, ásur
tuirliġ ré, éaíé ġpian éar ġeúġ, ásur fuíó píoġ le taoíó an
t'rean-óuine liaé. Tarpáinġ p'eírean paca cá'póáó amac ásur
o' f'iaġpúġ: "An o'tíġ leac íáó p'o o'imtiġc?"

"Tíġ liom," ár ran mac-ġiġ.

"Épéáó imeó'pamaoíó ár?" ár ran fean-óuine liaé.

"Níó ár bíé íġ mian leac," ár ran mac-ġiġ.

"Maíé ġo leó'p, má ġnó'éáġim-re caíé'pó túpa níó ár bíé á
íarġpár mé óeunam óam, ásur má ġnó'éáġeann túpa, caíé'pó
míre níó ár bíé íarġpár túpa o'p'm óeunam óuít're," ár ran fean-
óuine liaé.

"Tá mé fárta," ár ran mac-ġiġ.

O'imtiġ p'íáó an cluíóe ásur buaíé an mac ġiġ an fean óuine
liaé. Ann rin o'ubáġc ré, "Épéáó oo buó mian leac míre oo
óeunam óuít, Δ míc an ġiġ?"

"Ní íarġpáó mé o'p't níó ár bíé oo óeunam óam," ár ran
mac-ġiġ, "paoilim náé b'fuil tú ionnánn mó'pán oo óeunam."

"Ná bac leíġ rin," ár ran fean óuine, "caíé'pó tú íarġpáó
o'p'm ġuó éġin oo óeunam, níó'p cáill mé ġeáll áríam ná'p feúó
mé á íoc."

Ma'p o'ubáġc mé, p'aoil an mac ġiġ ġup fean óuine mi-ééilíó
oo bí ann, ásur le na f'á'púġáó o'ubáġc ré leíġ "

"Óain an ceann óe mo leá'p'má'éarġ ásur cú'p ceann ġabá'p
uí'p'pí ár feáó p'eac't'maine."

"Óeun'páó rin óuít," ár ran fean óuine liaé:

Éuaíó an mac ġiġ áġ ma'p'cuíġeac't ár á éapall,

Δ εὐ le na éoir
Δ φεάbac ár Δ éoir,

ásur túġ ré á áġaíó ár áit eile, ásur níó'p éuimníġ ré níó'p mó
ár an fean óuine liaé, ġo o'éáinġ ré á-baile.

Fua'p ré ġá'p ásur b'pón mó'p in ran ġca'p'leá'n: O'inní'p na
p'ear'p'p'óġantáó'p oó ġo o'éáinġ o'p'paoíóeáó'p'pí árteac 'ran p'eom'p'a
'n áit á p'áíó an óain'p'íóġan ásur ġup cú'p ré ceann ġabá'p uí'p'pí
í n-áit á cinn féin:

One morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
And his hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he went forward, singing a verse of a song to himself, until he came as far as a big bush that was growing on the brink of a glen. There was a gray old man sitting at the foot of the bush, and he said, "King's son, if you are able to play as well as you are able to sing songs, I should like to play a game with you." The King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and he alighted, threw bridle over branch, and sat down by the side of the gray old man.

The old man drew out a pack of cards and asked, "Can you play these?"

"I can," said the King's son.

"What shall we play for?" said the gray old man.

"Anything you wish," says the King's son.

"All right; if I win, you must do for me anything I shall ask of you, and if you win I must do for you anything you ask of me," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," says the King's son.

They played the game, and the King's son beat the gray old man. Then he said, "What would you like me to do for you, King's son?"

"I won't ask you to do anything for me," says the King's son, "I think that you are not able to do much."

"Don't mind that," said the old man. "You must ask me to do something. I never lost a bet yet that I wasn't able to pay it."

As I said, the King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and to satisfy him he said to him—"Take the head of my stepmother and put a goat's head on her for a week."

"I'll do that for you," said the gray old man.

The King's son went a-riding on his horse

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand—

and he faced for another place, and never thought more about the gray old man until he came home.

He found a cry and great grief before him in the castle. The servants told him that an enchanter had come into the room where the Queen was, and had put a goat's head on her in place of her own head.

“Dax mo lām, ir ionġantac an nib é rin,” ar ran mac riġ, “dā mberdinn ’ran mbaile do ħainfynn an ceann de le mo claiw-eam.” Vi b’rōn mōri ar an riġ aġur ċuir ré f’ior ar cōmāirleoir c’riona aġur o’f’iarruiġ ré de an raið f’ior aize cia an caoi t’arila an nib peo do’n ħainp’ioġain. “Ħo deimīn nī tiz uom rin inn-reāc t’uit,” ar reirean, “ir obair ħmaoideācā ē.”

Niōr leiġ an mac riġ air féin Ħo raið eōlar ar bit aize ar an Ħcōir, āc ar mairōin amārac o’imciz ré amāc,

▲ ċū le na cōir
▲ f’eadac ar a ħoir,
’S a ċapall b’ieāġ t’uib o’ā iomcār,

aġur niōr t’arraiġ ré rriuan Ħo o’tāniġ ré cōm f’ada leiġ an r’ġeic mōri ar ħruāc an Ħleanna. Vi an rean t’uine liāc ’na f’iude ann rin r’aoi an r’ġeic aġur t’ubairt ré: “A mīc an riġ, mbērō cluiċe aġad andiū?” T’uirliġ an mac riġ aġur t’ubairt: “Ĥērō.” Leiġ rin, cāit ré an rriuan t’ar Ħeuz, aġur f’iud r’ior le t’aoið an t’rean t’uine. T’arraiġ reirean na cārōaið amāc, aġur o’f’iarruiġ de’n māc riġ an ħruair ré an nib o’o Ħnōcāiġ ré andē.

“Tā rin ceart Ħo leōri,” ar ran mac riġ.

“Imeōramaoiō ar an nġeall ceuōna andiū,” ar ran rean t’uine liāc.

“Tā mé rārta,” ar ran mac riġ.

O’imīr r’iāo, aġur Ħnōcāiġ an mac riġ. “C’rēāo do buō mīan leat mīre do t’euandā t’uit an t-am r’o?” ar ran rean t’uine liāc. Smuāin an mac riġ aġur t’ubairt leiġ féin, “ħeurr’arō mé obair ċruaið o’o an t-am r’o.” Ann rin t’ubairt ré: “Tā r’āire reāc n-acra ar ċūl cāirleāin m’ācār, biōð r’i lionta ar mairōin. amārac le bat (buaib) Ħan don ħeirt āca do ħeirt ar don oāt, ar don āirtē, no ar don doir amāin.”

“Ĥērō rin deunta,” ar ran rean t’uine liāc:

Ĥuairō an mac riġ aġ mārċuġeāc ar a ċapall,

▲ ċū le na cōir
▲ f’eadac ar a ħoir,

aġur t’uz aġair ā-baile. Vi an riġ Ħo ħrōnac i o’taoið na ħainp’ioġna. Vi doct’ūriūð ar n-uile āit i n-ċirunn, āc niōr f’euo r’iāo don māit do t’euandā vi.

Ar mairōin, lā ar na mārāc, ċuairō maoi an riġ amāc Ħo moē, aġur cōnnairc ré an r’āire ar ċūl an cāirleāin lionta le bat (buaib) aġur Ħan don ħeirt āca de ’n oāt ceuōna no de’n doir reuōna, no de’n āirtē ceuōna. O’imciz ré arteāc, aġur o’innir cē an r’ġeul ionġantac do’n riġ. “T’eruiġ aġur tiomāin iāo amāc,” ar ran riġ. F’uair an maoi r’ir, aġur ċuairō ré leō aġ

"By my hand, but that's a wonderful thing," says the King's son. "If I had been at home I'd have whipped the head off him with my sword."

There was great grief on the King, and he sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know how the thing happened to the Queen.

"Indeed, I cannot tell you that," said he, "it's a work of enchantment."

The King's son did not let on that he had any knowledge of the matter, but on the morrow morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein until he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was sitting there under the bush and said, "King's son, will you have a game to-day?" The King's son got down and said, "I will." With that he threw bridle over branch and sat down by the side of the old man. He drew out the cards and asked the King's son did he get the thing he had won yesterday.

"That's all right," says the King's son.

"We'll play for the same bet to-day," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," said the King's son.

They played—the King's son won. "What would you like me to do for you this time?" says the gray old man. The King's son thought and said to himself, "I'll give him a hard job this time." Then he said, "there's a field of seven acres at the back of my father's castle, let it be filled to-morrow morning with cows, and no two of them to be of one colour or one height or one age."

"That shall be done," says the gray old man.

The King's son went riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and faced for home. The King was sorrowful about the Queen; there were doctors out of every place in Ireland, but they could not do her any good.

On the morning of the next day the King's herd went out early, and he saw the field at the back of the castle filled with cows, and no two of them of the same color, the same age, or the same height. He went in and told the King the wonderful news. "Go and drive them out," says the King. The herd got men, and went with them driving out the cows,

tiomáinc na mbó amac, áct ní luaithe cuirfeadh pé amac ar don taoib id' n'á tuicfeadh ríad arthead ar an taoib eile. Cúaid an maor do'n riġ arġ, agus dubairt leir nac b'feudfaid an méad fear bí i n-Éirinn na bat rin do bí ran b'áiric do cur amac. "Ír bat d'raoideadta id'," ar ran riġ.

Nuair éonnairc an mac-riġ na bat, dubairt pé leir féin: "Déid cluice eile d'arġ leir an fean duine liat an'oiú." D'imctiġ pé amac an máiric rin,

A cú le na éoir
A feadac ar a boir
A' r' a capall b'eadġ duib d'á iomcár,

agus níor tarrainġ pé rrián ġo d'áiric pé éom fáda leir an r'geic móir ar b'ruac an ġleanna. Bí an fean duine liat ann rin noiúe agus d'iarri pé air an mberdeadh cluice cárdair aise.

"Déid," ar ran mac riġ; "áct tá fíor d'arġ ġo maic ġo d'icġ liom tú bualaó d' imiġ cárdair."

"Déid cluice eile d'arġinn," ar ran fean duine liat. "Ar imiġ tú liat'óir arġinn?"

"D'imfear ġo d'airġinn," ar rin mac riġ; "áct raoilim ġo d'fuiġ tura ró fean le liat'óir d'imíġ, agus éor leir rin ní'ġ don áit d'arġinn ann ró le n'imíġ."

"Má tá tura úmál le n-imíġ, ġeodair míre áit," ar ran fean duine liat.

"Táim úmál," ar ran mac riġ.

"Lean míre," ar ran fean duine liat.

Lean an mac riġ é r'íó an n'ġleann, ġo d'áiric d'arġ ġo c'noġ b'eadġ ġlar. Ann rin, tarrainġ pé amac r'airġin d'raoideadta, agus dubairt foela nári tuiġ mac an riġ, agus raoi éeann móimio, d'orġail an c'noġ agus cúaid an d'airġ arthead, agus cúaid ríad r'íó a lán de hállair b'eadġ ġo d'áiric d'arġ amac i n'áiric. Bí ġac uile níó níor b'eadġ 'ná éeile in ran n'áiric rin, agus d' bun an ġáiric bí áit le liat'óir d'imíġ.

Cáit ríad r'íora d'arġ r'uar le feic'rint cia áca mberdeadh lán-arc'icġ aise, ġ fuair an fean duine liat rin.

Torairġ ríad ann rin, agus níor r'ead an fean duine ġur ġnóairġ pé an cluice. Ní r'airġ fíor d' ar mac riġ r'ead do d'eurfaid pé: raoi d'airġ d'f'arġairġ pé d'e'n t'rean-duine r'ead do buid maic leir é do d'eurfaid d'ó.

"Ír míre Riġ ar an d'f'arġ Dub, agus cáit'íó tura mé féin agus m'áit-éomnuirde d'f'arġail amac raoi éeann lá agus bliadain, nó ġeodair míre tura amac agus cáit'íó tú do éeann."

Ann rin tuiġ pé an mac riġ amac an bealac ceutna a n'eadair pé arthead. D'uirid an c'noġ ġlar 'na d'airġ agus d'imctiġ an fean duine liat ar amairc.

but no sooner would he put them out on one side than they would come in on the other. The herd went to the King again, and told him that all the men that were in Ireland would not be able to put out these cows that were in the field. "They're enchanted cows," said the King.

When the King's son saw the cows he said to himself, "I'll have another game with the gray man to-day!" That morning he went out,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein till he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was there before him, and asked him would he have a game of cards.

"I will," says the King's son, "but you know well that I can beat you playing cards."

"We'll have another game, then," says the gray old man. "Did you ever play ball?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "but I think that you are too old to play ball, and, besides that, we have no place here to play it."

"If you're contented to play, I'll find a place," says the gray old man.

"I'm contented," says the King's son.

"Follow me," says the gray old man.

The King's son followed him through the glen until he came to a fine green hill. There he drew out a little enchanted rod, spoke some words which the King's son did not understand, and after a moment the hill opened and the two went in, and they passed through a number of splendid halls until they came out into a garden. There was everything finer than another in that garden, and at the bottom of the garden there was a place for playing ball. They threw up a piece of silver to see who would have hand-in, and the gray old man got it.

They began then, and the gray old man never stopped until he won out the game. The King's son did not know what he would do. At last he asked the old man what would he desire him to do for him.

"I am King over the Black Desert, and you must find out myself and my dwelling-place within a year and a day, or I shall find you out and you shall lose your head."

Then he brought the King's son out the same way by which he went in. The green hill closed behind them, and the gray old man disappeared out of sight.

Ċuair an mac niġ aġ marcuigeaċt ar a ċapall,

Δ εὐ λε να εοιρ,
Δ φαδακ αρ α βοιρ,

aġur é bñónaċ ʒo leðr.

An trāċnóna rin, do bñeaċnuis an niġ ʒo raib bñón aġur buairnead mór ar an mac óʒ, aġur nuair ċuair ré 'na eotlad, ċualair an niġ aġur ʒaċ uile ðuine do bi in ran ʒcairleān tñom-ornaol aġur rāmalair uair. Bi an niġ faoi bñón ceann ʒabair do beit ar an mbainriōġain, aċt buð mēara é reaċt n-uair n-uair o'innir an mac do an rġeul, mar tārta ó tūr ʒo ðeiread.

Ċuir ré rior ar eōmarleðir epiona, aġur o'firruis ré ðe an raib rior aige cia an ait a raib an Riġ ar an b'fāraċ Oub 'na eōmnuirde.

"Ni'l, ʒo ðeimin," ar reirean; "aċt eōm cinnte a'r tā rabadl (eapball) ar an ʒcaċ muna b'fāġair an t-oirde óʒ an ðraoird-eaðoir rin amāċ, caillrō ré a ceann."

Bi bñón mór i ʒcairleān an niġ an lā rin. Bi ceann ʒabair ar an mbainriōġain, aġur an mac-niġ ðul aġ tōruigeaċt ðraoird-eaðōra, ʒan rior an ðciuċrað ré ar air ʒo ðeð.

Tar eir reaċtmaine [do] bainead an ceann ʒabair ðe'n bainriōġain, aġur cuiread a ceann réin uirru. Nuair ċualair ri an ċaoi ar cuiread an ceann ʒabair uirru, tāinis ruāċ mór uirru anaġair an mīc niġ, aġur ðubairt ri: "Nār taġair ré ar air beð nā marb."

Ar maroin, Oia luain, o'fāġ ré a ðeannaċt aġ a aċair aġur aġ a ʒaol, bi a māla-riūbail ceanġailte ar a ðruim, aġur o'imtis ré,

Δ εὐ λε να εοιρ
Δ φαδακ αρ α βοιρ
a'r a ċapall bñeāġ ðub o'ā iomēar.

Siūbail ré an lā rin ʒo raib an ʒriān imtisċe faoi rġāile na ʒenoc, aġur ʒo raib ðorċaðar na n-oirdē aġ teaċt, ʒan rior aige cia'n ait a bñuigeaċt ré lōirtin. Bñeaċnuis ré coil mór ar taol a lāime eċe, aġur tārpaing ré uirru eōm tara aġur o'feud ré, le rūil an oirdē do caiteam faoi fāraġ na ʒerann. Suir ré rior faoi ðun crāinn mōir ðaraċ, o'forġail ré a māla-riūbail le biað ʒ ðeð do caiteam, nuair eōnairic ré iolar mór aġ teaċt euiġe.

"Nā bioð raitēior oit rōmam-ra, a mīc niġ. Aitnisim tū, ir tū mac li Conċubair niġ Eireann. Ir capair mē, aġur mā tuġann tū do ċapall ðam-ra le tabairt le n'ite do ceire eantair ocraċa

The King's son went home, riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and he sorrowful enough.

That evening the King observed that there was grief and great trouble on his young son, and when he went to sleep the King and every person that was in the castle heard heavy sighing and ravings from him. The King was in grief—a goat's head to be on the Queen; but he was seven times worse when they told him the (whole) story how it happened from beginning to end.

He sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know where the King of the Black Desert was living.

"I do not, indeed," said he, "but as sure as there's a tail on a cat, unless the young heir finds out that enchanter he will lose his head."

There was great grief that day in the castle of the King. There was a goat's head on the Queen, and the King's son was going searching for an enchanter, without knowing whether he would ever come back.

After a week the goat's head was taken off the Queen, and her own head was put upon her. When she heard of how the goat's head was put upon her, a great hate came upon her against the King's son, and she said, "That he may never come back alive or dead!"

Of a Monday morning he left his blessing with his father and his kindred, his traveling bag was bound upon his shoulder, and he went,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him.

He walked that day until the sun was gone beneath the shadow of the hills and till the darkness of the night was coming, without knowing where he could get lodgings. He noticed a large wood on his left-hand side, and he drew towards it as quickly as he could, hoping to spend the night under the shelter of the trees. He sat down at the foot of a large oak tree, and opened his traveling bag to take some food and drink, when he saw a great eagle coming towards him.

"Do not be afraid of me, King's son; I know you, you are the son of O'Connor, King of Ireland. I am a friend, and if you grant me your horse to give to eat to four hungry birds

atá aġam, béarfaid mire nior fuide 'nā do béarfaid do capall tú, aġur b'érioi ʒo ʒcuirfinn tú ar loġ an té atá tú 'tóriġ-eaċt."

"Tig leat an capall do beid aġaw aġur fáilte," ar ran mac piġ, "ciò ʒur b'riónaċ mé aġ ʒġaraġaint leir."

"Tá ʒo maiz, béid mire ann ro ar maioin amáġaċ le h-éirġe na ʒriéne." Ann rin d'foġġail ri a ʒob móri, ġuġ ʒriem ar an ʒcapall, buail a dā taoib anaġaid 'a céile, leatniġ a ʒġiáċán, aġur d'imċiġ ar amáġic.

D'it aġur d'ól an mac piġ a fáit, cúri an mála-riúbail faoi na céann, aġur nior b'faoda ʒo ġaib ré 'na coŋlaċ, aġur nior d'áiriġ ré ʒo d'áiniġ an t-iolai aġur ʒur d'ubaiġ: "Tá ré i n-am d'úinn beid 's imċeaċt, tá airċear faoda rióġainn, beir ʒriem ar do mála aġur léim ruar ar mo d'ruim."

"Aċt, mo b'rión!" ar reirean, "cait'rió mé ʒġaraġaint le mo cú aġur le mo feadaċ."

"Nā bioċ b'rión oġt," ar riġe; "béid riaw ann ro rióġaw nuaiġ ċiuċfar tú ar air."

Ann rin léim ré ruar ar a d'ruim, ʒlac riġe ʒġiáċán, aġur ar ʒo b'riáċ léite 'ran aéri. Túġ ri é ċar ċnoċaib aġur ʒleannċaib, ċar ġuiri móiri aġur ċar coillċib, ʒur faoil ré ʒo ġaib ré aġ d'eiread an doġain. Nuaiġ bi an ʒriian aġ d'ul faoi ʒġáile na ʒenoc, táiniġ ri ʒo talam i lár fáraġ móiri, aġur d'ubaiġ leir: "lean an capán ar taoib do láime d'eire, aġur béarfaid ré tú ʒo tead capaw. Cait'rió mire pillead ar air le poláċar do m'eanlaġt."

lean reirean an capán, aġur nior b'faoda ʒo d'áiniġ ré ʒo d'ci an tead, aġur éuaró ré arċeaċ. Bi rean-duine liaċ 'na fuide 'ran ʒcoirneuli; d'ériġ ré 7 d'ubaiġ, "Ceud mile fáilte rióġaw, a m'ic Riġ ar Rát-Ċruadaċ Connaċt."

"Ni'l eólar aġam-ra oġt," ar ran mac piġ.

"Bi airne aġam-ra ar do rean-áaiġ," ar ran rean duine liaċ; "ruid riór; ir d'óis ʒo b'ruil ċarċ aġur oċruġ oġt."

"Ni'l mé raori uatá," ar ran mac piġ. Buail an rean duine a d'á boir anaġaid a céile, aġur táiniġ beirġ reirb'iread, aġur leaġ-adar boġo le maġic-feóil, caoiri-feóil, muic-feóil aġur le neari aráin i láċaiġ an m'ic piġ, aġur d'ubaiġ an rean duine leir: "Iċ aġur ól do fáit, b'érioiġ ʒo mbuċ faoda ʒo b'ruġrió tú a leitéro arir." D'it aġur d'ól ré oġreaw aġur buċ mian leir, aġur túġ buid'eacáġ ar a fon.

Ann rin d'ubaiġ an rean duine, "tá tú dul aġ d'óriġeacċt Riġ an Fāraġ ʻOuib; teiriġ aġ coŋlaċ anoiri, aġur ġaċaġo mire ċre mo leadb'iaib le feudaint an d'ciġ liom áit-coġnuiġe an piġ

that I have, I shall bear you farther than your horse would bear you, and, perhaps, I would put you on the track of him you are looking for."

"You can have the horse, and welcome," says the King's son, "although I am sorrowful at parting from him."

"All right, I shall be here to-morrow at sunrise." With that she opened her great gob, caught hold of the horse, struck in his two sides against one another, took wing, and disappeared out of sight.

The King's son ate and drank his enough, put his traveling bag under his head, and it was not long till he was asleep, and he never woke until the eagle came and said, "It is time for us to be going, there is a long journey before us; take hold of your bag and leap up upon my back."

"But my grief!" says he, "I must part from my hound and my hawk."

"Do not be grieved," says she, "they will be here before you when you come back."

Then he leaped up on her back; she took wing, and off and away with her through the air. She brought him across hills and hollows, over a great sea, and over woods, till he thought that he was at the end of the world. When the sun was going under the shadow of the hills she came to earth in the midst of a great desert, and said to him, "Follow the path on your right-hand side, and it will bring you to the house of a friend. I must return again to provide for my birds."

He followed the path, and it was not long till he came to the house, he went in. There was a gray old man sitting in the corner. He rose and said, "A hundred thousand welcomes to you, King's son, from Rathcroghan of Connacht."

"I have no knowledge of you," said the King's son.

"I was acquainted with your grandfather," said the gray old man. "Sit down; no doubt there is hunger and thirst on you."

"I am not free from them," said the King's son.

The old man then smote his two palms against one another, and two servants came and laid a board with beef, mutton, pork, and plenty of bread before the King's son, and the old man said to him, "Eat and drink your enough. Perhaps it may be a long time before you get the like again."

He ate and drank as much as he desired, and thanked him for it.

Then the old man said, "You are going seeking for the King of the Black Desert; go to sleep now, and I will go

rin o'f'arġail amac." Ann rin, buail r  a bora ; t inis reirbireac, aġur dubairt r  leir "Tabair an mac riġ zo oti a feomra." Tuġ r  zo feomra briedġ  , aġur nior b'rada ġur tuit r  'na corlad.

Ar maidin, l  ar na m rac, t inis an rean uine aġur dubairt : "Eriġ, t  airtear rada ri mad. Cairr  t  c iġ ceu  mile deunam riom meadon-lae."

"Ni feurpaimn   do deunam," ar ran mac riġ.

"M r marcad maic t , b arfair  mire capall uuit b arfear t  an t-airtear."

"Deunfad mar b arfear tura," ar ran mac riġ.

Tuġ an rean uine neart le n'ite aġur le n'ol o , aġur nuair bi r  r cad, tuġ re ġearr n beaġ b n o , aġur dubairt : "Tabair ceu  a cinn do'n ġearr n, aġur nuair rtoppar r , r ac ruar 'ran aer aġur feicr  t  tr  ealairde com ġeal le rneacta. Ir iao rin tr  inġeana Riġ an F'Arġis Ōuib. B r  nairic n ġlar i mbeul eala aca, rin i an inġean ir oġe, aġur ni' l neac beo o'feurpad t  do tabairt zo tiġ Riġ an F'Arġis Ōuib aet i. Nuair rtoppar an ġearr n, b r  t  i nġar do loc ; tiucpar  na tr  ealairde zo talam ar b'ruac an loca rin, aġur deunfado tr ur mn  (ban) oġ oioo r in, aġur ra ar riao arteac 'ran loc aġ rnam aġur aġ rinc. Conġbairġ do f il ar an nairic n ġlar aġur nuair ġeobar t  na mn  oġa 'ran loc, teirriġ aġur r ġ an nairic n aġur n  rġar leir. Teirriġ i b'rolac faoi  rann aġur nuair tiucpar  na mn  oġa amac, deunfado beirt aca ealairde oioo r in aġur imteo ar riao 'ran aer. Ann rin, b arfair  an inġean ir oġe, "Deunfado m  nio ar bit do'n t  b arfear mo nairic n dam." Tar i l air ann rin, aġur t  air an nairic n o ,   abair nac b'ruil nio ar bit aġ teart l uait, aet do tabairt zo tiġ a h-atar, aġur innir o  ġur mac riġ t  ar tir c madtaġ."

Rinne an mac riġ ġac nio mar dubairt an rean uine leir, aġur nuair tuġ r  an nairic n o'ingin Riġ an F'Arġis Ōuib, dubairt r  : "Ir mire mac U  Concubair, Riġ Connaet. Tabair m  zo oti o'atar : rada m  o'  t ruiġeact."

"N r b'fearri uuit m  nio  igin eile do deunam uuit ?" ar rir.

"Ni' l don nio eile aġ teart l uaim," ar rir.

"Ma tairb anam an teac uuit nac mb r  t  r rta ?" ar rir.

"B rdeao," ar rir.

"Anoir," ar rir, "ar o'nam n  h-innir do m'atar ġur mire do tuġ cum a tiġe-rean t , aġur b r  mire mo  pario maic uuit ; aġur leiġ ort r in," ar rir, "zo b'ruil m r-c madet o'raoideact aġao."

"Deunfad mar deir t ," ar rir.

through my books to see if I can find out the dwelling-place of that King." Then he smote his palms (together), and a servant came, and he told him, "Take the King's son to his chamber." He took him to a fine chamber, and it was not long till he fell asleep.

On the morning of the next day the old man came and said, "Rise up, there is a long journey before you. You must do five hundred miles before midday."

"I could not do it," said the King's son.

"If you are a good rider I will give you a horse that will bring you over the journey."

"I will do as you say," said the King's son.

The old man gave him plenty to eat and to drink and, when he was satisfied, he gave him a little white garran and said, "Give the garran his head, and when he stops look up into the air, and you will see three swans as white as snow. Those are the three daughters of the King of the Black Desert. There will be a green napkin in the mouth of one of them, that is the youngest daughter, and there is not anyone alive except her who could bring you to the house of the King of the Black Desert. When the garran stops you will be near a lake, the three swans will come to land on the brink of that lake, and they will make three young women of themselves, and they will go into the lake swimming and dancing. Keep your eye on the green napkin, and when you get the young women in the lake go and get the napkin, and do not part with it. Go into hiding under a tree, and when the young women will come out two of them will make swans of themselves, and will go away in the air. Then the youngest daughter will say, 'I will do anything for him who will give me my napkin.' Come forward then and give her the napkin, and say that there is nothing you want but to bring you to her father's house, and tell her that you are a king's son from a powerful country."

The King's son did everything as the old man desired him, and when he gave the napkin to the daughter of the King of the Black Desert he said, "I am the son of O'Connor, King of Connacht. Bring me to your father. Long am I seeking him."

"Would not it be better for me to do something else for you?" said she.

"I do not want anything else," said he.

"If I show you the house will you not be satisfied?" said she.

Ann rin jinne rġ eala vġ rġin aġur vubairt: "Lġim ruar ar mo ġuin, aġur cuiġ vō lġma rāoi mo ġuinġal, aġur congħaiġ ġreim ġruarv."

Rinne rġ amġarv, aġur ġraiv rġ a rġiaġġana, ġ ar ġo ġrġt lġite ġar ġnocarv a' r ġar ġleannġarv, ġar ġuirv aġur ġar rġlġivġarv, ġo vġġinġ rġ ġo ġalam ġar vō vġ an ġġian aġ vōul rāoi. Ann rin vubairt rġ leir: "An vġreiceann ġv an ġeal ġōr rin ġall? Sin ġeal ġ'arar. Slġn leal. Am ar ġiv vġrvġar vāoġal oġr, vġrv ġire le vō ġarv." Ann rin v'ġmġis rġ uarv.

ġuarv an ġac ġiġ ġum an ġiġe, ġuarv arġeal, aġur ġia v'ġeic-ġeal rġ ann rin 'na rġrvġe i ġealġarv oġr, aġt an rġan vōine liat v'ġirv na ġarvārv aġur an liatġōrv leir.

"ġeicim, a ġic ġiġ," ar rġrean, "ġo vġuarv ġv ġġ amac rōim lġ aġur vliarvāin. ġā rāo v'ġāġ ġv an vāile?"

"Ar ġarvāin anōiū, nuarv vġ ġġ aġ ġirġe ar mo learvrv, ġon-aiġ ġġ ġuarġ-ġealġ, jinne ġġ lġim, rġar ġġ mo vā ġōir ar, aġur rġleamġnaiġ ġġ ġōm rāo leir rġo."

"vā mo lġm, ir ġōr an ġairġivġealġ vō jinne ġv," ar rān rġan ġiġ.

"v'ġeuvāin ġv nōr ionġanġaiġe 'na rin vō vġunam, vā n-ōġrvōġain," ar rān ġac ġiġ.

"ġā ġrġ neite aġam vuit le vġunam," ar rān rġan ġiġ, "ġ ġā' rġ rġōirv leal iav vō vġunam, vġrv rōġa mo ġrġirv inġean aġav ġar ġnāoi, aġur ġuna vġis leal iav vō vġunam, ġallġrv ġv vō ġeann ġar ġall ġur ġarv vġ vġarv vġ vāoimv vġa rōmāo."

Ann rin vubairt rġ, "Nġ vionn ite nā vō in mo ġiġ-rġ, aġt aon uarv amāin 'rān rġealġmāin, aġur vġ rġ aġainn ar ġarvāin anōiū."

"Ir ġuma liom-rā," ar rān ġac ġiġ; "ġis liom ġrōrġav vō vġunam ar rġeal ġiōra vā ġvġrvġealġ ġruarvōġ oġm."

"Ir vōiġ ġo vġis leal vōl ġan ġōvlarv ġar an ġeuvōna?" ar rān rġan ġiġ.

"ġis liom ġan amġar," ar rān ġac ġiġ.

"vġrv learvrv ġruarv aġav anōġt ġar rin," ar rān rġan ġiġ; "ġar liom ġo vġarvġeannġarv ġġ vuit ġ." ġis rġ amac ann rin ġ, ġ ġarvġeann rġ vō ġrānn ġōr aġur ġavlvōġ ar, ġ vub-airt: "ġeirvġ ruar ann rin aġur ġōvāil in rān ġavlvōiġ, aġur vġ rġrv le n-ġirġe na ġrġine."

ġuarv rġ ruar in rān ġavlvōiġ, aġt ġōm liat aġur vġ an rġan ġiġ 'na ġōvlarv, ġāinġ an inġean vġ aġur ġis arġeal ġo rġōmġa vġealġ ġ, aġur congħaiġ rġ ann rin ġ ġo rāiv an rġan ġiġ ar ġi ġirġe: Ann rin ġur rġ ġ amac arġr i ġavlvōiġ an ġrāinn.

Le n-ġirġe na ġrġine, ġāinġ an rġan ġiġ ġurġe aġur vubairt,

"I will be satisfied," said he.

"Now," said she, "upon your life do not tell my father that it was I who brought you to his house, and I shall be a good friend to you, but let on," said she, "that you have great powers of enchantment."

"I will do as you say," says he.

Then she made a swan of herself and said, "Leap up on my back and put your hands under my neck, and keep a hard hold."

He did so, and she shook her wings, and off and away with her over hills and over glens, over sea and over mountains, until she came to earth as the sun was going under. Then she said to him, "Do you see that great house yonder? That is my father's house. Farewell. Any time you are in danger I shall be at your side." Then she went from him.

The King's son came to the house and went in, and whom should he see sitting in a golden chair but the gray old man who had played the cards and the ball with him.

"King's son," said he, "I see that you found me out before the day and the year. How long since you left home?"

"This morning when I was rising out of my bed I saw a rainbow; I gave a leap, spread my two legs on it and slid as far as this."

"By my hand, it was a great feat you performed," said the old King.

"I could do a more wonderful thing than that if I chose," said the King's son.

"I have three things for you to do," says the old King, "and if you are able to do them you shall have the choice of my three daughters for wife, and unless you are able to do them you shall lose your head, as a good many other young men have lost it before you."

Then he said, "there be's neither eating nor drinking in my house except once in the week, and we had it this morning."

"It's all one to me," said the King's son, "I could fast for a month if I were on a pinch."

"No doubt you can go without sleep also," says the old King.

"I can, without doubt," said the King's son.

"You shall have a hard bed to-night, then," says the old King. "Come with me till I show it to you." He brought him out then and showed him a great tree with a fork in it, and said, "Get up there and sleep in the fork, and be ready with the rise of the sun."

“Tá anuas anoir, 7 tá liom-ra go dtairbéanfaid mé úuit an níd atá agad le deunam an-diú.”

Tug ré an mac nuí go bhuac loca 7 tairbéar ré dó sean-éairleán, agus dubairt leir, “Cait zac uile cloc ’ran zcairleán rin amac ’ran loc, 7 biod ré deunta agad real má dtéideann an xpian faoi, tráchnóna.” D’imtis ré uaid ann rin.

Torais an mac nuí ag obair, áct bí na cloca zreamuigte d’á céile com chuid rin, náir feud ré don cloc aca do tógbáil, agus dá mberdead ré ag obair go dtí an lá ro, ní berdead cloc ar an zcairleán. Súid ré ríor ann rin ag rmuainead céad do buó dóir dó deunam, agus níor bfaoa go dtáinig ingean an tpean-nuí éirge, 7 dubairt, “Cao é fáct do bhrón?” D’innir ré dí an obair do bí aige le deunam. “Na cuirlead rin bhrón ort; deunfaid míre é,” ar ríre. Ann rin tug rí arán, mairefeoil 7 fion dó, tarrainis amac rlaicín ttraoideácta, buail buille ar an t-pean-éairleán, agus faoi céann móimíro bí zac uile cloc dé ar bun an loca. “Anoir,” ar ríre, “ná h-innir do m’áir gur míre do sinne an obair úuit.”

Nuair bí an xpian ag dul faoi, tráchnóna, táinig an sean nuí agus dubairt: “Feicim go bfuil d’obair laé deunta agad.”

“Tá,” ar ran mac nuí, “tí liom obair ar bit do deunam.”

Saoil an sean nuí anoir go raib cúmaect móir ttraoideácta ag an mac nuí, agus dubairt leir, “Sé d’obair laé amárac na cloca do tógbáil ar an loc, agus an cairleán do éur ar bun mar bí ní céana.”

Tug ré an mac nuí a-baile agus dubairt leir, “Teirig do corlad ’ran áit a raib tú an oirdce aréir.”

Nuair éuaró an sean-nuí na corlad táinig an ingean ós agus tug arcead é cum a peomra féin, agus congbaiz ann rin é go raib an sean nuí ar tí éirge ar maidin; ann rin cuir rí amac aríre é i nsgablóis an chaimn.”

Le h-éirge na zheine. táinig an sean nuí 7 dubairt: “Tá ré i n-am úuit dul zcionn d’oibire.”

“Ní’l deirir ar bit orim,” ar ran mac nuí, “mar tá ríor agam go dtí liom m obair laé deunam go réir.”

Éuaró ré go bhuac an loca ann rin, áct n’or feud ré cloc d’feiceál, bí an t-uirge com duó rin. Súid ré ríor ar fárrais; agus níor bfaoa go dtáinig fionnguala, buó h-é rin ainm ingine an tpean nuí, éirge, agus dubairt: “Cao tá agad le deunam an-diú?” D’innir ré dí, agus dubairt rí: “Ná biod bhrón ort; tí liom-ra an obair rin deunam úuit.” Ann rin tug rí dó arán, mairefeoil, agus caoirfeoil agus fion: Ann rin tarrainis rí amac an rlaicín ttraoideácta, buail uirge an loca léite, agus

He went up into the fork, but as soon as the old King was asleep the young daughter came and brought him into a fine room and kept him there until the old King was about to rise. Then she put him out again into the fork of the tree.

With the rise of the sun the old King came to him and said, "Come down now, and come with me until I show you the thing that you have to do to-day."

He brought the King's son to the brink of a lake and showed him an old castle, and said to him, "Throw every stone in that castle out into the loch, and let you have it done before the sun goes down in the evening." He went away from him then.

The King's son began working, but the stones were stuck to one another so fast that he was not able to raise one of them, and if he were to be working until this day, there would not be one stone out of the castle. He sat down then, thinking what he ought to do, and it was not long until the daughter of the old King came to him and said, "What is the cause of your grief?" He told her the work which he had to do. "Let that put no grief on you, I will do it," said she. Then she gave him bread, meat, and wine, pulled out a little enchanted rod, struck a blow on the old castle, and in a moment every stone of it was at the bottom of the lake. "Now," said she, "do not tell my father that it was I who did the work for you."

When the sun was going down in the evening, the old King came and said, "I see that you have your day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son; "I can do any work at all."

The old King thought now that the King's son had great powers of enchantment, and he said to him, "Your day's work for to-morrow is to lift the stones out of the loch, and to set up the castle again as it was before."

He brought the King's son home and said to him, "Go to sleep in the place where you were last night."

When the old King went to sleep the young daughter came and brought him into her own chamber and kept him there till the old King was about to rise in the morning. Then she put him out again in the fork of the tree.

At sunrise the old King came and said, "It's time for you to get to work."

"There's no hurry on me at all," says the King's son, "because I know I can readily do my day's work."

He went then to the brink of the lake, but he was not able to see a stone, the water was that black. He sat down on a rock, and it was not long until Finnuala—that was the name

faoi ċeann mōimio bi an fean-ċairleān ar bun mar bi rē an lā joimē. Ann rin Ȯubairt rī leir: “Ar Ȯ’anam, nā h-innir Ȯo m’atair ġo nȮearnarō mire an obair reo Ȯuit, nō ġo bful eōlar ar bit aġao orp.”

Trāċnōna an lāē rin, tāinis an fean ġuġ aġur Ȯubairt, “feicm ġo bful obair an lāē Ȯeunta aġao.”

“Tā,” ar ran mac ġuġ, “obair rōi-Ȯeunta i rin!”

Ann rin faoil an fean ġuġ ġo ġaib niof mō ēūmāct Ȯraoir-eāctā aġ an mac ġuġ ’nā Ȯo bi aġe fēin, aġur Ȯubairt rē: “Nī’l āct aon ġuo eile aġao le Ȯeunam.” Ĥuġ rē a-Ȯaile ann rin ē, ġ ċuir rē ē le cōṽlāȮ i nġablōiġ an ċrainn, āct tāinis fionnġuala ġ ċuir rī in a feompa fēin ē, aġur ar maroin, ċuir rī amāc arīr ar an ġrann ē. Le h-ēirġe na ġrēine, tāinis an fean ġuġ ċuiġe aġur Ȯubairt leir: “Tar liom ġo Ȯairbēanraio mē Ȯuit Ȯ’obair lāē.”

Ĥuġ rē an mac ġuġ ġo ġleann mōr, aġur ċairbēan Ȯō tobar, ġ Ȯubairt: “Ĉaill mo mātair-mōr fāinne in ran tobar rin, aġur fāġ Ȯam ē real mā ȮēioȮ an ġrian faoi, trāċnōna.”

Anoir bi an tobar ro ceuo troiġ ar Ȯoimne aġur fice troiġ timēioil, aġur bi rē lionta le h-uirġe, aġur bi arn ar iprionn aġ fairē an fāinne.

Nuair Ȯ’imtiġ an fean ġuġ, tāinis fionnġuala aġur Ȯ’fiarġuiġ, “Ĉao tā aġao le Ȯeunam anoiū?” Ȯ’innir rē Ȯi, aġur Ȯubairt rī, “Ir Ȯeāair an obair i rin, āct Ȯeunraio mē mo Ȯitēioil le Ȯō beata Ȯo fābāil.” An rin tuġ rī Ȯō mairtfeōil, arān, aġur fion. Rinne rī ġiȮeāc * Ȯi fēin aġur ċuarō rior ’ran tobar. Niof bfaȮa ġo bfacarō rē Ȯeatac aġur tinntēāc aġ teāct amāc ar an tobar, aġur topan ann mar toirneāc āro, aġur Ȯuine ar bit Ȯo ȮerȮeāȮ aġ ēirteāct leir an topan rin faoilfeāȮ rē ġo ġaib arn ipriinn aġ troio.

Faoi ċeann tamail, Ȯ’imtiġ an Ȯeatac, ċoirġ an tinntēāc aġur an toirneāc, aġur tāinis fionnġuala aniof leir an bfainne. Šeācāro rī an fāinne Ȯo mac an ġuġ, aġur Ȯubairt rī: “Šnōċaiġ mē an cat, ġ tā Ȯo beata fābāilta, āct feuc, tā larȮirēin mo lāime Ȯeirē bhirte. āct b’ēioir ġur āȮamail an nio ġur bhirteāȮ ē. Nuair tiucfar m’atair, nā tabair an fāinne Ȯō, āct baġair ē ġo ċruarō. Ȯeārraio rē tū ann rin le Ȯo bean Ȯo toġāȮ, aġur rēȮ an ċaoi Ȯeunfar tū Ȯo ġoġā. Ȯēio mire aġur mo ȮeirȮriūraċa i feompa, bēio poll ar an Ȯorap, ġ ċuirfimito uile ar lāma amāc mar ċruimirġin. Ĉuirfēio tura Ȯo lām trio an bpoll, aġur an lām ċonġbōcār tū ġrēim uirri nuair forġōlarō

* RiȮeāc no ġiȮeāc = “Ĉrotac marb,” ġōrt ēin uirġe.

of the old King's daughter—came to him and said, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "Let there be no grief on you. I can do that work for you." Then she gave him bread, beef, mutton, and wine. After that she drew out the little enchanted rod, smote the water of the lake with it, and in a moment the old castle was set up as it had been the day before. Then she said to him—"On your life, don't tell my father that I did this work for you, or that you have any knowledge of me at all."

On the evening of that day the old King came and said, "I see that you have the day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son, "that was an easy-done job."

Then the old King thought that the King's son had more power of enchantment than he had himself, and he said, "You have only one other thing to do." He brought him home then, and put him to sleep in the fork of the tree, but Finnuala came and put him in her own chamber, and in the morning she sent him out again into the tree. At sunrise the old King came to him and said: "Come with me till I show you your day's work."

He brought the King's son to a great glen, and showed him a well, and said, "My grandmother lost a ring in that well, and do you get it for me before the sun goes under this morning."

Now, this well was one hundred feet deep and twenty feet round about, and it was filled with water, and there was an army out of hell watching the ring.

When the old King went away Finnuala came and asked, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "That is a difficult task, but I shall do my best to save your life." Then she gave him beef, bread, and wine. Then she made a sea-bird of herself, and went down into the well. It was not long till he saw smoke and lightning coming up out of the well, and (he heard) a sound like loud thunder, and anyone who would be listening to that noise he would think that the army of hell was fighting.

At the end of a while the smoke went away, the lightning and thunder ceased, and Finnuala came up with the ring. She handed the ring to the King's son, and said, "I won the battle, and your life is saved. But, look, the little finger of my right hand is broken; but perhaps it is a lucky thing that it was broken. When my father comes do not give him the ring, but threaten him stoutly. He will bring you then to choose your wife, and this is how you shall make your choice. I and my sisters will be in a room, there will be a

m'ácair an doimhne, is í sin lámh an té beirdear aghao mar mhac; Tis leat mire d'áitne ar mo lairdhcin bhurte."

"Tis liom, aghur shábh mo éiríde tú, a fionnghuala," ar ran mac nís:

Trádnóna an lae sin, táinig an fear-nís aghur d'fearruit: "An bhfuair tú páinne mo mácair móire?"

"Fuairdear go veimín," ar ran mac nís; "bí arim 'gá cúmhac ar ímionn, áct buail mire iad, aghur buailfínn a feáct n-oiréad. Nac bhfuil fíor aghao sup Connáctac mé?"

"Tabair dam an páinne," ar ran fear nís.

"Go veimín, ní tiubhádh," ar feirean; "éiríde mé go cruaid ar a fion; áct tabair dam-ra mo bean. Teartaig' uaim beir agh imteáct."

Tus an fear nís arteaá é, aghur duairt, "Tá mo éiríde ingean 'ran feomra sin is lárcair. Tá lámh gac doin aca finte amac, aghur an té éngbócair tú shéim uirí go bhforzólaib mire an doimhne, sin í do bean."

Cuir an mac nís a lámh tríd an bpoll do bí ar an doimhne, aghur fuair pé shéim ar lámh an lairdhcin bhurte, aghur éngbáig shéim cruaid air, sup fórgail an fear nís doimhne an treomra.

"S í feó mo bean," ar ran mac nís; "tabair dam anoir ríre d'ingine."

"Níl do ríre aici le fáigil áct caoil-eac donn le ríbh do tabairt abairte, aghur náir éagair ríbh ar air, beó ná marbh, go deó!"

Cuaid an mac nís 7 fionnghuala ar marcuigeáct ar an gcaoil-eac donn; aghur níor bhada go dtánsadair go dtí an coill 'n ar fáig an mac nís a cú aghur a feabac. Bí ríad ann sin roimhe, mar don le na éapall breaig duib. Cuir pé an t-eac caoil donn ar air ann sin. Cuir pé fionnghuala agh marcuigeáct ar a éapall, aghur léim ruar, é féin,

A cú le n-a éoir
A feabac ar a boir,

AGHUR NÍOR READ PÉ GO DTÁINIS PÉ GO RÁCT ÉRUADÁIN:

Bí fáilte móir roimhe ann sin, aghur níor bhada sup rórad é féin aghur fionnghuala. Cuit ríad beata fáda feunmar,—áct is beag má tá loig an trean-éairleáin le fáigil anoir 1 Ráct-Éruadáin Connáct:

hole in the door, and we shall all put our hands out in a cluster. You will put your hand through the hole, and the hand that you will keep hold of when my father will open the door that is the hand of her you shall have for wife. You can know me by my broken little finger."

"I can; and the love of my heart you are, Finnuala," says the King's son.

On the evening of th t day the old King came and asked, "Did you get my grandmother's ring?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "there was an army out of hell guarding it, but I beat them; and I would beat seven times as many. Don't you know I'm a Connachtman?"

"Give me the ring," says the old King.

"Indeed I won't give it," says he; "I fought hard for it; but do you give me my wife, I want to be going."

The old King brought him in and said, "My three daughters are in that room before you. The hand of each of them is stretched out, and she on whom you will keep your hold until I open the door, that one is your wife."

The King's son thrust his hand through the hole that was in the door, and caught hold of the hand with the broken little finger, and kept a tight hold of it until the old King opened the door of the room.

"This is my wife," said the King's son. "Give me now your daughter's fortune."

"She has no fortune to get, but the brown slender steed to bring you home, and that ye may never come back, alive or dead!"

The King's son and Finnuala went riding on the brown slender steed, and it was not long till they came to the wood where the King's son left his hound and his hawk. They were there before him, together with his fine black horse. He sent the brown slender steed back then. He set Finnuala riding on his horse, and leaped up himself.

His hound at his heel,
His hawk on his hand,

and he never stopped till he came to Rathcroghan.

There was great welcome before him there, and it was not long till himself and Finnuala were married. They spent a long prosperous life; but it is scarcely that (even) the track of this old castle is to be found to-day in Rathcroghan of Connacht.

A GÁNAIS AN CÚIL CEANGAILTE,

A gánais an cúil ceangailte
 Le a maib mé real i n-éinfead;
 Cuaird tu 'r éir, an bealaí ro,
 'S ní táinig tu 'do m'feucaint:
 Saoil mé nac n'oeunfaide 'dochar duit
 Dá 's tu ceá, a' r mé 'o' iarraid,
 'S gur b'i 'do róiáin tabairfead rólár
 Dá mbeidinn i lár an fiadhair:

Dá mbeidead maoin agam-ra
 Agus airgead ann mo bóca
 'Deunfaínn bóitín aic-áiríac
 Go 'doimair tige mo róiáin,
 Mar fáil le 'Dia go s-cluinnfinn-re
 Torann binn a b'óige,
 'S ír fad an lá ó codail mé
 Aic ag fáil le bliar 'do bóige:

A' r faoil me a róiáin
 Go mbuó gealaí agus srian tu;
 A' r faoil mé 'nna diais rín
 Go mbuó rneadta ar an trliab tu;
 A' r faoil mé 'nn a diais rín
 Go mbuó lócrann o 'Dia tu,
 No gur ab tu an feult-eólar
 Ag dul rómam a' r mo diais tu:

Geall tu ríoda 'r raicín dam
 Callaíde 'r b'óga áirí,
 A' r geall tu tar éir rín
 Go leanfa trío an trnáim mé:
 Ní mar rín atá mé
 Aic mo rgead i mbeul beanna;
 Sác nóin a' r sác maíoin
 Ag feucaint tige m' átar:

RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

Ringleted youth of my love,
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
 You passed by the road above,
 But you never came in to find me ;
 Where were the harm for you
 If you came for a little to see me ;
 Your kiss is a wakening dew
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store
 I would make a nice little boreen
 To lead straight up to his door,
 The door of the house of my storeen ;
 Hoping to God not to miss
 The sound of his footfall in it,
 I have waited so long for his kiss
 That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love ! you were so—
 As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
 And I thought after that you were snow,
 The cold snow on top of the mountain ;
 And I thought after that you were more
 Like God's lamp shining to find me,
 Or the bright star of knowledge before,
 And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
 And satin and silk, my storeen,
 And to follow me, never to lose,
 Though the ocean were round us roaring ;
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall
 I am now left lonely without thee,
 And this house, I grow dead of, is all
 That I see around or about me.

COIRNÍN NA h-AITINNE.*

A b'fao ó roin, in ran t-Sean-Aimriú, bí baintréabac d'arb' ainm b'púigto Ní S'rádaig, 'na cóinnuidé i gConradé na Sailleime: bí don mac amáin aici d'arb' b'ainm Taòg. Rugad é mí tar éir báir a a'ar i lár coille bige aitinne do bí ag fáir ar taoib énuic i n'gar do'n t'ig. Ar an ád'bar rin, fáir na daoine Coirnin na h-Aitinne mar lear-ainm air. Táinig tinnear obann ar an mhaoi boicé nuair bí sí ag feólad na mbó ruar ar taoib an énuic.

Nuair rugad Taòg bí ré 'na naoirdeanán b'eadg, agus méad'ois ré go maic go maib ré ceit're bliadhna d'aoir, acé ó'n am rin amac níor fáir ré orólad go maib ré t'pí bliadhna deug, no níor éuir ré cor faoi le coircéim do síúbal, acé d'feutorad ré imteacé go tara go leóir ar a d'á láim agus ar a taoib síar, agus d'á gcluinfead ré don duine ag teacé cum an t'ige, do buailfead ré a d'á láim faoi, agus do fácad ré d'áon léim amáin ó'n teine go dtí an dorar; agus do éuirfead ceuo míle fáilte roim an té táinig. Bí sean móir ag aoir óig an baile air, mar do g'eidead ríad g'ean móir ar, sac uile oirde. Ó'n am bí ré feacé mbliadhna d'aoir, bí ré dearlámác agus úráideac d'á má'air, agus d'á má'air-móir do bí 'na cóinnuidé i n-aon t'ig leir. In ran b'póg'mar, téirdead ré ar a lám'uib agus ar a taoib-síar ruar ar taoib an énuic, i víod ag ite blát na h-aitinne mar g'abar. Bí abann beag ann, roir an teac agus an cnoc, agus do fácad ré de léim tar an abainn com h-áereac le g'eir'píad:

Buó fean-g'ogairde an má'air-móir. Bí sí bodar agus beag-nac balb, agus b'iomda troio do víod aici féin agus ag Taòg.

Don lá amáin, dubairt an má'air le Taòg, "Cait'píó mé, a táirgín, tóin leat'air éur ar do b'pírcib; tá mé r'g'piorca ag ceannac b'pírcib, agus nuair b'pírcib ré deunta agam cait'píó tú out go táillíur le ceir' d'p'ogluim."

"D'ar m'pocal," ar ra Taòg, "ní h-é rin an ceir' b'pírcib agam. Ní'l in ran táillíur acé an naoimad cur' d'fear. Má éugann tú ceir' ar bit d'am, deun píobairt díom—tá r'pírcib móir agam in ran g'ceól."

"Bíod mar rin," ar ran má'air.

An lá 'na diaig rin, éuir sí cum an baile móir leir an leat'ar d'p'á'ail, agus nuair fuair buac'ailiú beag an baile go maib an má'air imt'igé, fuair'ad'ar poc g'abar do bí ag páir'ín bacac O Ceallaig, agus éuir ríad Coirnin ag marcuigeacé air. Ar go

* Ó p'póir'ar O Connéubair do fuair mé an r'géal ro.

COIRNIN OF THE FURZE

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

LONG ago, in the olden time, there was a widow, whose name was Bridget O'Grady, living in the County Galway. She had an only son, whose name was Teig. He was born a month after his father's death in a little wood of furze that was growing on the side of a hill near the house. For that reason the people called him "Coirnin* of the Furze" as a nickname. The poor woman was suddenly taken ill as she was driving the cows up the side of the hill.

When Teig was born he was a fine infant, and grew well till he was four years of age, but from that time on he did not grow an inch until he was thirteen, nor did he put a foot under him to walk a step, but he was able to go quickly enough on his two hands and his back, and if he would hear anyone coming to the house he would strike his two hands under him, and would go of a single leap from the fire to the door, and he would put a hundred thousand welcomes before whoever came. The youth of the village liked him greatly, for they used to get great amusement out of him every night. From the time he was seven years of age he was handy and useful to his mother, and to his grandmother who was living in the one house with him. In the harvest time he used to go on his hands and his back up the side of the hill, and he used to be eating the furze blossoms like a goat. There was a little river on it there, between the house and the hill, and he used to go over the river of a leap, as airy as a hare.

The grandmother was a silly old woman; she was deaf and almost dumb, and many was the fight herself and Teig used to have.

One day the mother said to Teig, "Teigeen, I must put a leather seat on your breeches; I'm destroyed buying frieze, and as soon as I have it done, you must go to a tailor to learn a trade."

"By my word," says Teig, "that is not the trade I'll have. A tailor is only the ninth part of a man. If you give me a trade at all, make a piper of me. I've a great liking for the music."

"Let it be so," says the mother. The day after that she went to the town to get the leather, and when the little lads of

* Pronounced "Curneen."

bhrát leir an bproc, aS meirgilt éom h-áirí agur v'feuo ré, 7 Coirínín ar a múin aS r̄sreaoil mar v̄uine ar a céill, le faitéioir so v̄cuirfeao ré, agur buacailirí an baile 'na diais. Tug an poc t̄gairí ar boctán r̄áirín, agur nuairí éonnaire r̄áirín an poc 7 a márcac aS teact. r̄aoil ré gur b'é an rean-buacailí do bí aS aeact 'na éoinne. Níor r̄iúbail r̄áirín coirceim le react mbliad-anais roime rin, aet, nuairí éonnaire ré an poc aS teact arceac ar an dofar, éuarí ré v̄'aoil léim amac ar an v̄fuinneois, agur f̄áirí ré ar na cómarannais é do fáv̄ail o'n v̄iabail do bí 'na v̄diais.

Ví na buacailirí aS f̄áiríoe 7 aS r̄reaoíoe bor gur éuir r̄iao an poc ar míre, agur amac arí r̄eir ar an teac. Nuairí éonnaire r̄áirín é aS teact an v̄ara uair, ar so bhrát leir, agur an poc agur Coirínín ar a múin 'na v̄iarí. Ví avarca r̄ava ar an bproc, agur bí r̄reim an r̄ir v̄áiríoe aS Coirínín oirra. Tug r̄áirín aSairí ar f̄aillim, agur an poc v̄'a leanamaint. V'éiríis an f̄áirí agur táiníis v̄aoine na mbailte ar f̄ac taoib v̄e'n bōtar amac, agur a leiríoe v̄e f̄áiríoeil ní r̄aib aríam 1 r̄eovae na f̄aillime. Níor r̄eao r̄áirín so v̄eacairí ré arceac 1 r̄eacairí na f̄aillime agur an poc 7 a márcac le na r̄áiríob. Vuó lá marfáirí é agur bí na r̄áiríoeanna líonta le v̄aoimib. Tōraíis r̄áirín aS f̄laovae agur aS f̄áiríoeil ar na v̄aoimib é do fáv̄ail agur bí r̄iao-ran aS v̄eunaim marfáirí r̄aoi. Éuarí ré r̄uar r̄áirí agur anuar r̄áirí eile agur bí aS imteact so r̄aib an r̄rian aS v̄ul r̄aoi 'ran r̄r̄áiríoe.

Connairí Coirínín úbla v̄reáa ar élarí, agur rean-bean anaice leo, agur táiníis v̄úil móir, airí, cuirí v̄e na n-úblaib do v̄eir aise. r̄raoíl ré a r̄reim ar avarcaibhan puic agur éuarí ré v̄e léim ar élarí na n-úball. Ar so bhrát leir an r̄-rean-bean agur v̄'f̄ás r̄í na n-úbla 'na v̄diais, oir bí r̄í leat-márí leir an r̄r̄annr̄ao.

Níor v̄r̄ava bí Coirínín aS íte na n-úball nuairí táiníis a mátarí 1 látarí, agur nuairí éonnaire r̄í Coirínín, r̄earí r̄í loirí na croire uirí r̄éin, 7 v̄ubarí, "1 n-ainm v̄é, a Coirínín, cao do tug an r̄o tá ?"

"r̄iaríis r̄in v̄e r̄áirín O Ceallais agur v̄'a poc r̄abarí; tá an r̄-av̄ oir, a mátarí, nac v̄ruil mo múineul v̄uiríoe."

Éuir r̄í Coirínín arceac in a r̄r̄áiríoe agur tug aSairí ar an mbailte:

Aet ir arceac an nív̄ táirí do r̄áirín O Ceallais. Nuairí r̄r̄ar Coirínín leir an bproc, lean ré r̄áirín amac ar an mbōtar móir, táiníis r̄uar leir, éuir a v̄'a avarí r̄aoi, éarí ar a v̄ruim é, agur níor r̄ear so v̄táiníis ré a-bailte. Tuiríis r̄áirín aS an dofar, agur éuir an poc marí ar an r̄airíis. Éuarí r̄áirín 'na éov̄laó, oir bí ré leat-márí agur bí ré mall 'ran oiríoe, agur

the village found that the mother was gone, they got a buck goat that belonged to lame Paddy Kelly, and they put Coirnin riding on it. Off and away with the buck, bleating as loud as he could, and Coirnin on his back screeching like a person out of his senses, with fear lest he should fall, and the boys of the village after him. The buck faced for Paddy's cottage; and when Paddy saw the buck and his rider coming he thought that it was the old boy that was coming for him. Paddy had not walked a step for seven years before that, but when he saw the buck coming in at the door he went of a single leap out through the window, and called on the neighbors to save him from the devil that was after him.

The boys were laughing and clapping their hands till they set the buck mad, and off again with him, out of the house. When Paddy saw him coming the second time, off and away with him, and the buck with Coirnin on his back after him. There were long horns on the buck, and Coirnin had the "drowning man's grip" on them. Paddy faced for Galway, with the buck following him. The cry rose, and the people of the villages on each side of the road came out, and such shouting there never was before in the County Galway. Paddy never stopped till he came into the City of Galway, and the buck and his rider at his heels. It was a market day, and the streets were filled with people. Paddy began crying and yelling on the people to save him, and they were making a mock of him. He went up one street and down another street, and he was going until the sun was setting in the evening.

Coirnin saw fine apples on a board, and an old woman near them, and there came a great wish on him to have a share of the apples. He loosed his grasp on the buck's horns, and went with a leap on the board of apples. Away for ever with the old woman, and she left the apples behind her, for she was half dead with the fright.

It was not long that Coirnin was eating the apples, when his mother came by, and when she saw Coirnin she cut the sign of the Cross on herself, and she said—"In the name of God, Coirnin, what brought you here?"

"Ask that of Paddy Kelly and his buck goat; there's luck on you, mother, that my neck is not broken."

She put Coirnin into her apron and faced for home.

But it's curious the thing that happened to Paddy Kelly. When Coirnin parted with the buck, the animal followed Paddy out on the high road, came up with him, put his two horns under him, threw Paddy upon his own back, and never stood still

nuaire d'éiríú ré ar maidin, ní raib an poc le fásgail beo ná maró ; agus dubairt na daoine uile go mbuó poc thraoibéacáta do bí ann. Ar éaoi ar bit eus ré coirídeacá do fáirín O Ceallais, muo náe raib aise le feacá mbliadnaib roime rin.

Cuaró an rgeul trío an tír, go scualaró sac uile fear, bean, 7 páirde 1 scondae na Saillim é, agus ir iomda cur-ríor do bí air, roim tráctóna an lae rin. Dubairt curó gur poc thraoibéacáta do bí 1 bpoce fáirín, 7 go raib ré mannpáirteac leir ; dubairt curó eile go mbuó fear ríde Coirínín, agus go mbuó cóir a dógad.

An oirde rin, d'innir Coirínín h-uile níó 1 staob na caoi do eus an poc go Saillim é, 7 táinig na buacailiró go teac Úrígíro Ní Sradais, agus bí greann móir aca as éirteacá le Coirínín as innrint 1 staob na marcuigeacáta do bí aise go Saillim ar muin puic fáirín Uí Ceallais, agus sac níó tárla leir ar fead an lae.

An oirde rin, nuair cuaró Coirínín ar a leabuir, táinig brón éigin air, agus 1 n-áit covalta topais ré as reitpil. D'fiarruis a mátar d'é creao do bí air. Dubairt reirean náe raib fíor aise. "Ní'l oit acá fearóir," ar ríre ; "rtop do curó reitpil, 7 leir dúinn covala." Acá níor rtop ré go maidin.

Ar maidin níor feud ré greim d'ite, agus dubairt ré le na mátar, "Racáo amac, go bfeiciró mé an ndenpaíó an t-áer maí dam." "D'éirir go ndenpaíó," ar ríre.

Leir rin, buail ré a dá láim faoi, agus cuaró d'aon leim amáin go dtí an doras, agus amac leir. Eus ré aiaró ar na h-áitean-naib, 7 níor rtao go ndeacáiró ré arteac 'na mearg. Sin ré é féin roir dá rgeac agus níor bpaó go raib ré 'na covala. Bí bpiónglóiró aise go raib an poc le n-a taob, as iarrpaíó caint do cur air. Dúirig ré, acá 1 n-áit an puic bí fear bpedg sruasac taob leir, 7 dubairt ré, "A Coirínín, ná bíod eagla oit róamara. Ir caparó mé, 7 tá mé ann po le cómarle do leara do tabairt duit, má glacann tú uaim i. Tá tú do cláiríneac ó muasó tú, 7 do cúir-masairó as buacailiró an baile. Ir mire an poc gabair do eus go Saillim tú, acá tá mé atruigíte anoir go dtí an puic in a bfeiceann tú mé. Ní feurpáin an t-atruisad d'fásgail go dtusfáin an marcuigeacá rin duit, agus anoir tá cúmáac móir agam. D'feurpáin do learuasó ar ball, acá deáirpaó na cómarpanna go raib tú mannpáirteac leir na ríde, agus ní feurpá an bapamail rin baint díob. Tá tú do fuidé anoir go doiread in fan áit an muasó tú, 7 tá pota óir 1 bpoisreacá tpoisre doo' taob-fiar, acá ní'l tú le baint leir go fóil, mar ní feurpá úráio maí do deunam d'é. Teirig a-baile anoir agus ar maidin amárac, abair le do mátar go raib bpiónglóiró bpedg

till he came home. Paddy came off at the door, and the buck fell dead at the threshold. Paddy went to sleep, for he was half dead and it was late in the night, and when he arose in the morning the buck was not to be got alive or dead; and all the people said that it was an enchanted buck that was in it. Anyway it gave power to walk to Paddy Kelly, a thing he had not had for seven years before that.

The story went through the country till every man, woman, and child in the County of Galway heard it, and many was the version that was on it before the evening of that day. Some said it was an enchanted buck that Paddy had, and that he was in league with it; others said that Coirnin was a fairy man, and that it would be right to burn him.

That night Coirnin told everything about the way the buck took him to Galway, and the boys came to Bridget O'Grady's house, and they had great fun listening to Coirnin telling about the ride that he had to Galway on the back of Paddy Kelly's buck, and everything that happened him throughout the day.

That night when Coirnin went to bed some sorrow came over him, and instead of sleeping he began sighing. His mother asked him what was on him. He said that he did not know.

"There's nothing on you but nonsense," says she. "Stop that sighing and let us sleep." But he did not stop till morning.

In the morning he was not able to eat a morsel, and he said to his mother—

"I'll go out till I see if the air will do me good."

"Maybe it would," says she.

With that he struck his hands under him and went of one leap to the door, and out with him. He faced for the furze, and he did not stop till he came in amongst it. He stretched himself between two bushes, and it was not long till he was asleep. He had a dream that the buck was beside him trying to make him talk. He awoke, but instead of the buck there was a fine wizard man beside him, and he said, "Coirnin, don't be afraid of me; I'm a friend, and I'm here to give you profitable counsel if you will take it from me. You are a cripple since you were born, and a laughing-stock to the boys of the village; I am the buck goat that took you to Galway, but I am changed now to the form in which you see me. I was not able to get the change till I should have given you that ride, and now I have great power. I would have cured you on the spot, but the neighbors would have said that you were in

aḡad go raib luid aḡ fár le coir na h-aidhne do bheirfad riúbal
 aḡur lút duit; abair an iud ceudna léi trí maidin anois a
 céile, aḡur crieriú rí go bfuil ré fíor. Nuair iacáir tú aḡ
 tóruigeaéct na luibe geobair tú i aḡ fár taob-fíor de'n éloic
 móir nigeacáin atá aḡ bhuac na h-aidhne; tabair leat i aḡur
 bhuic i, aḡur ól an rúḡ, aḡur béir tú ionnán pára do iúc anaḡair
 buacáill ar bit in ran bparraírce. Béir ionḡantar ar na daoinib
 i uoraé, aéct ní mairiú rín a-brao. Béir tú trí bliadhna deas
 an lá rín. Tar 'ran oirde cum na h-aité reo; béir an pota
 óir tóḡta aḡam-ra, aéct ar do beata congbaig d'inncinn aḡad
 féin, aḡur ná h-inniú do duine ar bit go bparair tú mire. Imcig
 anoir. Slán leat."

Seall Coirínín go nbeirfad ré ḡac níú dubairt an ḡruaḡac
 beas léir, 7 táinig ré a-baile, lúḡḡairéac go leór. Ureacnaig an
 máair nac raib ré com ḡruamac aḡur bí ré pul má nbeacair
 ré amac, aḡur dubairt rí, "Saoilim, a mic, go nbeairair an
 t-aér maic duit."

"Rinne go deimín," ar reirean, "aḡur tabair iud le níte
 dam anoir."

An oirde rín, i n-ait do beir aḡ reiríil, cotaíl ré go breaḡ,
 aḡur ar maidin dubairt ré le n-a máair, "Bí bhuonglóir breaḡ
 aḡam aréir, a máair."

"Ná tabair don áir ar bhuonglóir," ar ran máair; "Ír
 conpálda tuiteann ríad amac."

Cait Coirínín an lá aḡ rmuáinead ar an ḡcomrád do bí aige
 leir an ḡruaḡac beas, 7 ar an rairdbreap móir do bí le fáḡail
 aige: ar maidin, lá ar na márac, dubairt ré le n-a máair,
 "Bí an bhuonglóir breaḡ rín aḡam aréir arí."

"Go méadaigir Dia an maic, 7 go laḡdaigir Sé an t-olc," ar
 ran máair; "cualair mé go minic dá mbeidead an bhuonglóir
 céadna aḡ duine trí oirde anois a céile, go mbeidead rí fíor."

An tríomad maidin, d'éirig Coirínín go moé aḡur dubairt ré
 le n-a máair, "Bí an bhuonglóir breaḡ rín aḡam aréir arí,
 aḡur, ó tárla go dtáinig ré cúḡam trí oirde anois a céile,
 iacair mé le feudaint bfuil don fírin innci. Connairc mé luid
 in mo bhuonglóir do bheirfad mo riúbal aḡur mo lút dam."

"An bparair tú in ran mbhuonglóir cá raib an luid aḡ fár?"
 ar ran máair.

"Connairc go deimín," ar reirean; "cá rí aḡ fár taob leir
 an ḡcloic móir nigeacáin atá ar bhuac na h-aidhne."

"Go deimín, ní'l don luid aḡ fár anaice leir an ḡcloic nig-
 eacáin," ar ran máair; "bí mé 'ran áit rín go minic, aḡur ní
 feurpad rí beir ann a-ḡan-fíor dam."

league with the fairies, and you would not have been able to take that opinion from them. You are seated now in exactly the same spot you were born in, and there is a pot of gold within a foot of your back, but you are not to touch it yet, because you would not be able to make a good use of it. Go home now, and to-morrow morning tell your mother that you had a fine dream, that there was a herb growing beside the river that would bring walk and activity to you. Tell the same thing to her three mornings after each other, and she will believe that it is true. When you go seeking the herb, you will find it growing down from the big washing stone that is on the edge of the river. Take it with you, and boil it, and drink the juice, and you will be able to run a race against any boy in the parish. There will be wonder on the people at first, but that won't last long. You will be thirteen years old that day. Come in the night to this place. I will have the pot of gold lifted, but for your life keep your intentions to yourself, and don't tell any person at all that you saw me. Go now; farewell."

Coirnin promised that he would do everything the little wizard man told him, and he came home joyous enough. The mother observed that he was not so gloomy as he was before he went out, and she said—

"I think, son, the air did you good."

"It did, indeed," says he, "and give me something to eat now."

That night, instead of being sighing, he slept finely, and in the morning he said to his mother—"I had a fine dream last night, mother."

"Don't give any importance to a dream," says the mother, "it's contrary they fall out."

"Coirnin spent the day thinking on the discourse he had with the little wizard man and of the great riches he was to get. In the morning the next day he said to his mother—"I had that fine dream again last night."

"May God increase the good and may He decrease the bad," says his mother. "I often heard that if a person had the same dream three nights after other, it would be true."

The third morning Coirnin got up early and said to his mother, "I had that fine dream again last night, and since it chanced that it came to me three nights after other I'll go to see if there is any truth in it. I saw an herb in my dream that would give my walk and my activity to me."

“D'éiríodh sup fáir sí ann ó foín,” arsa Coirínín, “asur macaib m'ire dá tópaigeaéct.”

Duair ré a dá láim faoi, asur éuaib d'aon léim amáin go dtí an doiar, asur amac leir. Níodh b'fada go raib ré as an gcloic nígeaéctáin, asur fuair ré an luib. Tug ré léimeanna mar fiaó a mbeidead saóar 'sá leanamaint, as teacé a-baile le teann-lútzáire:

“A mátair,” ar reiréan, “b'fíodh dam mo bhionglóid. Fuair mé an luib. Cuir fíodh dam an pota asur bhuit dam é.”

Cuir an mátair an luib 'ran b'pota, asur timéioil cára uirge leir, asur nuair bí sí bhuitte asur an rúg fuair, d'ól Coirínín é. Ní raib ré móimio in a bols nuair fear ré fuair ar a éoraib asur tópaig ré as fúit fuair asur anuair. Bí iongantár móir ar a mátair. Tópaig sí as tabairt mile glóir asur aicugaó do Dia; ann rin sáir sí ar na cómarpannaib asur d'innir doib bhionglóid Coirínín, asur an éaib a bhuair ré úráib a éor. Bí lútzáire móir oirra uile, mar bí bhíogio ní s'rádaig 'na cómarpann maic asur bí mear aca uile uirri.

An oíde rin, éruinnis buacailiú an baile arteaé le lútzáire do deunam le Coirínín asur le n-a mátair. Nuair bíodar uile as éomháó cia fíubal'fad arteaé acé páiróin O Ceallaig. Bí fiaó uile as caint faoi an gcaoi a bhuair Coirínín a fíubal asur lúé a énaím.

“Go veimín ir dam-ra buó éoir d'ó veit buideac; 'ré an crataó do tug mo poc-sabair-re d'ó do finne an obair, asur tá fíodh as h-uile duine go dtug an márcuigeaéct do finne ré, úráib mó éor ar air dam féin. Oé, mo bhón! Go bhuair mo poc b'eadz báir!”

“Tug tá h-éiteac,” ar Coirínín, “'sí an luib do léigearais mé. Rinne mé bhionglóid trí oíde an'iaig a céile go leigreócaó an luib mé, asur éis le mo mátair a énotugaó go raib mé mo élaír-ineac tar éir mo teacé' ó s'ailim, sup ól mé rúg na luibe.”

“D'feudáinn mo mionna tabairt go bhuit mo mac as innirnt na sírinne glaine,” ar ran mátair.

Ann rin tópaig cáé as deunaim maiaó faoi páiróin, sup iméis ré amac:

Éuaib saé uile níó go maic le Coirínín asur le n-a mátair 'na diais reó. Don oíde amáin nuair éuaib an mátair asur na cómarpanna 'na gcaolaó, éuaib Coirínín éum na h-aitinne. Bí a éaraib, an s'ruasac beas, ann rin foimé, asur bí an pota óir féir d'ó.

“Seó duit anoir an pota óir; cuir i dtairge é i n-ait ar bit ir toil leac. Tá an oiréad ann asur deunfar duit faó do beata.”

"Did you see in your dream where the herb was growing?" says the mother.

"I did, indeed," says he; "it's growing beside the big washing stone that's at the edge of the river."

"Indeed there's no herb growing near the washing stone," says his mother. "I was in that place often, and it could not be in it unbeknownst to me."

"Maybe it grew in it since," says Coirnin, "and I'll go to look for it."

He struck his two hands under him, and went at one leap to the door, and out with him. It was not long till he was at the washing stone, and he found the herb. He gave leaps like a deer that a hound would be following, coming home with excessive joy.

"Mother," says he, "my dream was true for me. I got the herb. Put down the pot for me, and boil it for me."

The mother put the herb in the pot and about a quart of water with it, and when it was boiled and the juice cold, Coirnin drank it. It was not a moment inside him when he stood upon his feet and began running up and down. There was great astonishment on his mother. She began giving a thousand glories and praises to God. Then she called the neighbors and told them Coirnin's dream and how he got the use of his feet. There was great joy on them all, for Bridget O'Grady was a good neighbor, and they all had a regard for her.

That night the boys of the village gathered in to make rejoicing with Coirnin and his mother. When they were all discoursing who should walk in but Paddy Kelly! They were all talking of how Coirnin got his walk, and the activity of his bones.

"Indeed, it's to myself he has a right to be thankful; it's the jolting my buck goat gave him that did the work, and everyone knows that the ride he took gave me back the use of my feet again. Och! my grief that my fine buck died!"

"You lie!" says Coirnin; "it's the herb that cured me. I had a dream three nights after other that the herb would cure me, and my mother can prove it that I was a cripple after coming from Galway till I drank the juice of the herb."

"I'd take my oath that my son is telling the clean truth," says his mother. Then each of the people began mocking Paddy, till he went out.

Everything went well with Coirnin and his mother after that. One night, when his mother and the neighbors went

“Saoilim go b’ársaíod mé é in ran bpoll a raiú ré ann,” ar fá Coirínín “áct béarsaíod mé roinn dé a-baile liom.”

“Ná tabair leat fóir é, áct bíod bhionglóir eile ásaó mar bí ásaó céana, ásur, ’na díais rín, tís leat roinn dé do tabairt leat. Ceannais an talam ro ásur cuir teac ar bun in ran mball ar iugad tú, ásur ní feicfid tú féin ná don duine i n-aon tís leat, lá boct fad do beata. Slán leat anoir—ní feicfid tú mé níor mó.”

Cuir Coirínín an pota ríor in ran bpoll, ásur cneárfós or a cíonn, ásur táinis ré a-baile.

Ar maidin, tudairet ré le n-a mátair: “Bí bhionglóir eile ásam aréir arí,” 7 an trear maidin, tudairet ré léi, “Tá mo bhionglóir ríor anoir san amhar, bí rí ásam aréir go díneac mar bí rí ásam an dá uair eile; rín trí uaire anóir a céile, ásur tís liom é reo innreac tuit nac bfeicfid tú lá boct fad do beata, áct ní tís liom don iud eile do ráo leat o’á taoib.”

An oirde rín, cuairt ré cum an pota óir, 7 tug lán rporáin dé abaille leir, ásur ar maidin tug ré do’n mátair é. “Tá níor mó,” adair ré, “in ran áit a dtáinis rín ar, ásur geobair mé tuit é nuair beirdear ré á tearcál uair, áct ná cuir don ceirt orim o’á taoib.”

Níor b’ada ’na díais reo, sur ceannais Driúir Ní Spádaís bó bainne 7 cuir ar feuraé i. Cuairt rí féin ásur Coirínín ar ásaíod go maic, ásur nuair bí ré ríce bliadán o’aoir, ceannais ré sabáitar móir talman timéioll na h-aicinne, ásur cuir teac bneac ar bun ar an mball ar iugad é. Seal gearr ’na díais rín fóir ré bean. Bí muirigin móir aise, ásur nuair fuair re bár le rean-aoir, o’fás ré óir ásur airtíod á a cíonn, ásur ní facair don duine do cómhais in ran tís rín lá boct aruam:

to sleep, Coirnin went to the furze. His friend the little wizard was there before him, and the pot of gold was ready for him. "Here now is the pot of gold for you, stow it away in any place you like; there's as much in it as will do you throughout your life."

"I think I'll leave it in the hole where it was," says Coirnin, "but I'll bring a share of it home with me."

"Don't take it with you yet, but have another dream like the one you had already, and after that you can take a share with you. Buy this ground and set up a house on the spot where you were born, and neither you yourself nor anyone in the same house with you will ever see a day's poverty during your life. Farewell to you now; you shall see me no more."

Coirnin put the pot down in the hole and clay on the top of it, and came home.

In the morning he said to his mother—"I had another dream last night, but I won't tell it to you till I see if I will have it again three nights after other."

"The second morning he said—"I had the dream again last night;" and the third morning he said to her—"My dream is true now without doubt. I had it last night just as I had it the two other times, that's three times after one another, and I can tell you this—that you won't see a poor day during your life, but I cannot tell you anything else about it."

That night he went to the pot of gold, and brought the full of a purse of it home with him, and in the morning he gave it to his mother. "I have more," says he, "in the place where that came from, and I'll get it for you when you'll be wanting it, but ask no question of me about it."

It was not long after this till Bridget O'Grady bought a milch cow and put her on grass. She herself and Coirnin went on well, and when he was twenty years of age he bought a large holding of land round the furze, and set up a fine house on the spot where he was born. A short time after that he married a wife. He had a large family, and when he died of old age he left gold and silver to his children, and not a person who lived in that house saw a poor day ever.

bean an fír Ruairó:

Tá ríad o'á ríad
 Súr tu ráilín rocaim i mbhóis;
 Tá ríad o'á ríad
 Súr tu béilín tana na bhóis;
 Tá ríad o'á ríad
 A míle gráó go dtug tu dam cáil;
 Cró go bhfuil fear le fágaíl
 'S leir an cáilín bean an fír Ruairó;

Do tugar naoi mí
 I bhphiorún, ceangailte cnuic;
 Voltaró ar mo caolaid
 Agus míle glar ar rúo ruar;
 Tabairfainn-re ríde
 Mar tabairfá eala coir cuaim;
 Le fonn do beit rínte
 Siór le bean an fír Ruairó.

Saoil míre a ceud-fearc
 Go mberó' don cigear roim mé 'r tu
 Saoil mé 'nna déis-rin
 Go mbreusfá mo leand ar do glúin;
 Mallaét Ríge Neime
 Ar an té rin bain díom-ra mo éil;
 Sin, agus uile go léir
 Luct bhéise cuir roim mé 'r tu.

Tá crann ann ran ngáirvín
 Ar a bhárrann duilleabair a' r bláit buide;
 An uair leasaim mo lámh air
 I r láirín nac mburfeann mo éiríde;
 'S é rólár go báir
 A' r é o' fágaíl o flaitear anuar
 Don róisín amáin,
 A' r é o' fágaíl o bean an fír Ruairó;

Ácť go dtig lá an traozáil
 'Nna reubfear cnuic agus cuaim,
 Tiocfaid ríuic ar an ngréin
 'S béid na neulca com' ouib leir an ngráil;
 Béid an fáirge tírim
 A' r tiocfaid na bhónta 'r na truaig'
 'S béid an cáilín ag ríreabac
 An lá rin faoi bean an fír Ruairó.

THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

'Tis what they say,
 Thy little heel fits in a shoe,
 'Tis what they say,
 Thy little mouth kisses well, too.
 'Tis what they say,
 Thousand loves that you leave me to rue;
 That the tailor went the way
 That the wife of the Red man knew.
 Nine months did I spend
 In a prison closed tightly and bound;
 Bolts on my smalls*
 And a thousand locks frowning around;
 But o'er the tide
 I would leap with the leap of a swan,
 Could I once set my side
 By the bride of the Red-haired man.
 I thought, O my life,
 That one house between us love would be;
 And I thought I would find
 You once coaxing my child on your knee;
 But now the curse of the High One
 On him let it be,
 And on all of the band of the liars
 Who put silence between you and me.
 There grows a tree in the garden
 With blossoms that tremble and shake,
 I lay my hand on its bark
 And I feel that my heart must break.
 On one wish alone
 My soul through the long months ran,
 One little kiss
 From the wife of the Red-haired man.
 But the day of doom shall come,
 And hills and harbors be rent;
 A mist shall fall on the sun
 From the dark clouds heavily sent;
 The sea shall be dry,
 And earth under mourning and ban;
 Then loud shall he cry
 For the wife of the Red-haired man.

* There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

RÍOIRE NA SCLEAS.*

Bí feilméar [no duine-uapal] ann ran t'fhéas ní raib aige a'c' don mac amáin. Táinig pé reo [Ríoire na Sclear] cuige arcead tréachóna oíche, agus d'iarra pé lóircin do péin agus do'n dá-r'-eug do bí i n-éinfeacht leir.

"Suaraic liom mar tá pé agus le t'ádh," ar ran feilméar, "a'c' tíubhair mé duit é agus do d' dá-r'-eug." Fhuit ruiréar péiré d'óib' com' maic a'p' bí pé aige, agus nuair bí an ruiréar caicte, d'iarra an Ríoire ar an dá-r'-eug ro éiríse ruar agus píora gairgídeacta do deunam' do'n fear ro, as cairbeant na ngníomairca bí aca.

D'éiríse an dá-r'-eug agus rinneadar gairgídeacta do, agus ní fáca an duine reo ariam' píora gairgídeacta mar iad rin, "mairead," a'ceir an duine-uapal, fear an t'ádh, "níor dhéar liom an oiread ro [do fáid'hear] 'ná dá mbeiréad mo mac ionnán rin [do] deunam'."

"Leis liom-ra é," ar Ríoire na Sclear, "go ceann lá agus bliadain, agus beir pé com' maic le ceactar de na buacailib' reo a'c' agus."

"Leisfead," ar ran duine-uapal, "a'c' go dtíubhair tu ar air é agus é i gceann na bliadna."

"O tíubhair," ar Ríoire na Sclear, "ar air é agus é."

Fhuit dhéacpart ar maoin, lá ar na márac, d'óib', nuair bíodar as dul as imteacht, agus leis an duine-uapal an mac leó, agus d'fan ríad amuis lá agus bliadain.

I gceann a' lá agus bliadain táinig ríad arís a-baile cuige, agus a mac péin i n-éinfeacht leó. Bí pé [as] fáine orra, agus bí fáilte pompa aige, agus bí oíche maic aca. Nuair bíodar taréir a ruiréir, d'bhair Ríoire na Sclear leir an dá-r'-eug éiríse ruar arís agus gairgídeact do deunam' do'n duine-uapal do bí tabairt an ruiréir d'óib'. Anois bí a mac péin ann, r'heirín, agus bí pé i n'gar do beir com' maic le ceactar aca. "Ní'l pé 'na gairgídeac' f'or com' maic le mo cur-pe fear, a'c' leis liom-ra é," ar Ríoire na Sclear, "ar fear lá agus bliadain eile."

"Leisfead," ar r'heirín, "a'c' go dtíubhair tu ar air é agus é i gceann an lá agus bliadain." D'bhair pé go dtíubhair.

D'imic' ríad leó, an lá ar na márac' r'heir bí do maoin, agus d'fanadar amuis lá agus bliadain eile. Agus i gceann an lá agus bliadain conairic an duine-uapal an com'luadar as ceact

* Tá an r'eul ro focal ar focal go díreac' mar do r'uaréar agus mar do r'gíodar r'ior é ó beul márcam Ruair' úi g'iolairnát (forro i mbeirla), i g'conrad na g'ailíne.

THE KNIGHT OF THE TRICKS.

Written down word for word by me from the dictation of Martin Rua O Gillarna, or "Forde," near Monivea, Co. Galway (a small farmer, about 50 years old, Irish-speaking only).—DOUGLAS HYDE.

THERE was a farmer [*read* gentleman] in the country, and he had only one son. And this man [the Knight of the Tricks] came in to see him, on the evening of a night, and asked lodgings for himself and the twelve who were along with him.

"I think it miserable how I have it for you," said the gentleman, "but I'll give it to you and to your twelve." Supper was got ready for them, as good as he had it, and when the supper was eaten, the knight asked these twelve to rise up and perform a piece of exercise for this man, showing the deeds [accomplishments] they had.

The twelve rose up and performed feats for him, and this man had never seen any feat like them. "Musha," says the gentleman, the man of the house, "I wouldn't sooner [own] all this much riches, than that my son should be able to do that."

"Leave him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "till the end of a year and a day, and he will be as good as any of these boys that I have."

"I will," says the gentleman, "but [on condition] that you must bring him back to me at the end of the year."

"Oh, I will bring him back to you," said the Knight of the Tricks.

Breakfast was got for them in the morning, of the next day when they were going a-departing, and the gentleman let the son with them, and they remained away a day and a year.

At the end of the day and the year, they came home again to him, and his own son along with them. He was watching for them, and had a welcome for them, and they had a good night. When they were after their supper, the Knight of the Tricks told the twelve to rise up and perform feats for the gentleman who was giving them the supper. Now his own son was there also, and he was near to being as good as any of them.

"He is not yet a champion as good as my men are, but let him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "for another day and a year."

"I will," said he, "but that you will bring him back to me at the end of the day and a year." He said he would bring him.

cuige aifir. Tug pé fáilte agus ruipéar doib, le lútgáirne iad do beit ar aif aif agus a mac leó.

Caitheadar an ruipéar, agus nuair bíodar 'néir a ruipéir, túbairt pé le n-a cuir fear éiríge ruar agus píora gairgídeacta do deunam do'n duine-uapal do bí tabairt na gnaoimíleact (?) doib. D'éiríge ríad ruar, trí fíu deus, agus ba é a mac an fear do b'fear de'n méad rín. Ní raib fear ar bit ionnán ceart do baint dé act Ríoríe na gCleadar féin.

Deir an duine-uapal, "ní'l fear ar bit aca ionnán gairgídeact do deunam le mo mac féin."

"Ní'l, go deimín," ar Ríoríe na gCleadar "don fear ionnán a deunam act mire; agus má leigean tu dam-ra é lá agus bliadain eile, bíod pé 'na gairgídeact com maic liom féin."

"Mairead, leigfead," ar ran duine-uapal, "leigfid mé leat é," a deir pé.

Anor, níor iarfí pé aif, an t-am ro, a tabairt ar aif aif, mar sinne pé na h-amannca eile, agus níor cuir pé ann a gearaib é.

1 gceann an lá agus bliadain, bí an duine-uapal ag fanamaint agus ag rúil le n-a mac, act ní táinig an mac ná Ríoríe na gCleadar. Bí an t-atair, ann rín, faoi imníde móir nac raib an mac ag teact a-baile cuige, agus túbairt pé: "pé b'é ait de'n doiman a bfuil pé, caitfid mé a fáigail amac."

D'imtíge pé ann rín agus bí pé ag imteact gur cáit pé trí oíde agus trí lá ag ríubal. Táinig ann rín arcead i n-ait a raib aif bpeáig, agus amuig anagair an dofuir móir bí trí fíu deus ag bualaó báine ann; agus fear pé ag feucaint ar na trí fearaib deus d'a bualaó, agus bí don fear amáin d'a bualaó le d'a-r-'eus aca. Táinig pé 'ran ait a rabadair arcead ann a mearf ann rín, agus 'pé a mac féin bí ag bualaó an báine leir an d'a-r-'eus eile.

Cuir pé fáilte roim an atair ann rín: "O! a atair," a deir pé, "ní'l don fáigail agad oim. Ní sinne turá," a deir pé, "do gnaata (gnó) ceart; nuair bí tu [ag] deunam maragair leirann níor iarfí tu aif; mire [do] tabairt ar aif agus."

"Ír fíor rín," a deir an t-atair

"Anor," a deir an mac, "ní bfuigfid tu feucaint oim anocht, act deunfar trí colaim deus oinn agus caitfidéar gnaa comce ar an uplár agus deurfair Ríoríe na gCleadar má aicnigean tu do mac oim rín [= ann a mearf-ran] go bfuigfid tú é. Ní bíod mire ag ite don gnaim agus bíod na cinn eile ag ite. Bíod mire dul anonn 'r anall 'r ag bualaó púoca ann ran-gcuid eile

They went away with themselves the next day, after their morning's meal, and they remained away for another day and a year. And at the end of the day and a year the gentleman saw the company coming to him again. He gave them a welcome and a supper, for joy them to be back again and his son with them.

They ate their supper, and when they were after their supper he said to the men to rise up and perform some feats for the gentleman who was showing them this kindness. They rose up, thirteen men, and his son was the best man of all the lot. There was no man at all able to take the right from him [overcome him] but the Knight of the Tricks himself.

Says the gentleman then, "There's not a man of them able to perform feats with my own son."

"There is not indeed one man," says the Knight of the Tricks, "able to do it but me, and if you leave him to me for another day and a year he will be a champion as good as myself."

"Musha, then I will," says the gentleman, "I'll let him with you," says he.

Now this time he did not ask him to take him back, as he had done the other times, and he did not put it in his conditions.

At the end of the day and the year the gentleman was waiting and hoping for his son, but neither the son nor the Knight of the Tricks came. The father was then in great anxiety lest his son was not coming home at all to him, and he said, "whatever place in the world he is in, I must find him out."

He departed then, and he was going until he spent three days and three nights traveling. He then came into a place where there was a fine dwelling, and outside of it, over against the great door, there were thirteen men playing hurley, and he stood looking at the thirteen men playing, and there was a single man hurling against twelve of them. He came in amongst them then, to the place where they were, and it was his own son that was playing against the other twelve.

He welcomed his father then. "Oh, father," says he, "you have no getting of me, you did not do," says he, "your business right: when you were making your bargain with him you did not ask him to bring me back to you."

"That is true," says the father.

"Now," said the son, "you won't get a sight of me to-night, but thirteen pigeons will be made of us, and grains of oats thrown on the floor, and the Knight of the Tricks will say that

de na colamaib. Seo baíod tu do rogha agus d'éarraíod tu leir
 sup b'é mé tóghar tu. Sin é an comartha beirim duit, i mioc
 go n-aitneócaíod tu mire amearg na scolam eile, agus ma tógann
 tu go ceart, bíod mé agad an uair rin."

D'rág an mac é ann rin, agus táinig pé arteac ann ran teac,
 agus cuir Ríoirie na gcleair fáilte roimhe. Dubhairt an duine-
 uaral go dtáinig pé ag iarraid a mác nuair nac dtug an Ríoirie
 ar air leir é i gceann na bliadna. "Níor cuir tu rin ann ran
 margadh," ar ran Ríoirie, "acé ó táinig tu com fada rin d'a
 iarraid, caiteod pé beir agad, má 'r féidir leat a tógad amac."
 Rug pé arteac ann rin é go reomra a maib trí colaim deus ann,
 agus dubhairt pé leir, a roga colaim do tógad amac, agus dá
 mbuó h-é a mac féin do tóghad pé go dtuicfad leir a congdbáil.
 Bí na colaim uile ag piocad na ngrána coince de'n uirlar, acé
 don ceann amáin do bí gabail éart agus ag bualaó ppioca ann
 ran gcuir eile aca. Do tóg an duine-uaral an ceann rin. "Tá
 do mac gnótaighe agad," ar ran Ríoirie.

Cait ríad an oirde rin buil (?) a céile, agus d'imctig an duine-
 uaral agus a mac an lá ar na márac agus d'fághadar Ríoirie na
 gcleair. Nuair bí ríad ag dul a-baile ann rin, táinig ríad go
 baile-mór, agus bí donac ann, agus nuair bíodar dul arteac ann
 ran donac d'iarra an mac ar a dtair rreang do ceannac agus do
 deunaim adartair dó. "Deunfaíod mire rtail díom féin," adair
 pé, "agus díolfaíod tu mé ar an donac ró. Tuicfaíod Ríoirie na
 gcleair eusad ar an donac—tá pé do 'o leanamaint anoir—agus
 ceannócaíod pé mire uait. Nuair béirdear tu 's am' díol, ná
 tabair an t-adartair uait acé congbaig eusad féin é, agus [ir]
 féidir liom-ra teacé ar air eusad—acé an t-adartair do cong-
 dáil."

Rinne an mac rtail de féin ann rin, agus fuair an t-adair
 adartair agus cuir pé air é. Tarraing pé ruar ann rin ar an
 donac é, agus ir gearr do bí pé 'na fearam ann rin, nuair táinig
 Ríoirie na gcleair eise agus d'iarra pé cia méad do beirdeó ar
 an rtail aise. "Trí ceud púnta" deir an duine-uaral. "Tiú-
 bhraíod mire rin duit," deir Ríoirie na gcleair—tiúbraíod pé ruo
 ar bit dó ag rúil go bfuighead pé an mac ar air, mar bí fíor
 aise go maí sup b'é do bí ann ran rtail. "Tiúbhraíod mire duit
 é ar an airgidíod rin," ar ran duine-uaral, "acé ní tiúbhraíod mé
 an t-adartair." "Dud ceart an t-adartair do tabairt," ar ran
 Ríoirie.

D'imctig an Ríoirie ann rin agus an rtail leir, agus d'imctig an
 duine-uaral ar a bealac féin ag dul a-baile. Acé ní maib pé
 acé amuis ar an donac 'ran am a dtáinig an mac ruar leir arir:

if you recognise your son amongst those, you shall get him. I will not be eating my grain, but the others will be eating. I will be going back and forwards and picking at the rest of the pigeons. You shall get your choice, and you will tell him that it is I you will take. That is the sign I give you now, so that you may know me amongst the other pigeons, and if you choose right you will have me then."

The son left him after that, and he came into the house, and the Knight of the Tricks bade him welcome. The gentleman said that he was come looking for his son, since the Knight did not bring him back with him at the end of the year. "You did not put that in the bargain," said the Knight, "but since you are come so far to look for him you must have him if you can choose him out." He brought him in then to the room where the thirteen pigeons were, and told him to choose out his choice pigeon, and if it was his own son he should choose that he might keep him. The other pigeons were picking grains of oats off the floor, all but one, who was going round and picking at the others. The gentleman chose that one. "You have your son gained," said the Knight.

They spent that night together, and the gentleman and his son departed next day and left the Knight of the Tricks. When they were going home then, they came to a town, and there was a fair in it, and when they were going into the fair the son asked the father to buy a rope and make a halter for him. "I'll make a stallion of myself," said he, "and you will sell me at this fair. The Knight of the Tricks will come up to you on the fair—he is following you now—and he will buy me from you. When you will be selling me don't give away the halter, but keep it for yourself, and I can come back to you—only you to keep the halter."

The son made a stallion of himself then, and the father got the halter and put it on him. He drew him up after that on the fair, and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him, and asked him how much would he be wanting for the stallion. "Three hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," said the Knight of Tricks—he would give him anything at all hoping that he might get the son back, for he knew well that it was he that was in the stallion. "I'll give him to you at that money," said the gentleman, "but I won't give the halter." "It were right to give the halter," said the Knight.

The Knight went away then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman departed on his own road going home, but he

“A dtair,” a d’eir ré, “tá mé ar pádail anoisú agad, a dté t’á donac ann a leiteirí reo d’áit amárac agur ra cámaoio ar teac ann.”

An lá ar na márac, nuair bíodair ag dul ar teac ann ran donac eile, d’ubairt an mac: “Deunraio mé rtail díom féin agur tuicraio Ríoripe na gcleary arís dom’ ceannac. Tiúbraio ré airgíod ar bíe orim a iarrfar tu, a dté cuir ann ran mar gá d’nac d’oitiúbraio tura an t-adairtar d’ó.” Tarraingeadair ruar ar an donac ann rin, agur sinne ré rtail d’é féin agur cuir an t-adair adairtar air agur ír gearr do bí ré ann, ’na fearam, nuair táinig Ríoripe na gcleary cúige agur d’fíarruig ré d’é cia méad do beitead ar an rtail airge. “Sé ceo púnca,” ar ran duine-uairal. “Tiúbraio mire rin duit,” a d’eir ré. “A dté ní tiúbraio mé an t-adairtar d’uit.” “Dud’ ceairt an t-adairtar tabairt ar teac ’ran mar gá d’,” ar an Ríoripe, a dté ní bfuair ré é.

D’iméig Ríoripe na gcleary ann rin agur an rtail leir, agur d’iméig an duine-uairal ar a bealac ag dul a-baile, a dté ní raib ré i mbearna a’ corruim ag dul amac ar an donac am [nuair] a d’áinig an mac arís ruar leir.

“Tá go maic, dtair” a d’eir ré, “tá an uair reo gnoctairge agáinn, a dté ní’l fíor agam ceo d’deunra an lá-amárac linn. Tá donac ann a leiteirí reo d’áit amárac agur tarraingeamoio ann.”

Cuadair mar rin ar an donac an lá ar n-a márac, agur sinne an mac rtail d’é féin, agur cuir an t-adair adairtar air, agur ír gearr do bí ré ’na fearam ar an donac i n-am táinig Ríoripe na gcleary arís cúige. D’fíarruig an Ríoripe cia méad do beitead ré ag iarrraio ar an rtail b’eadg rin do bí airge ann ran adairtar. “Naio gceud púnca tá mire ag iarrraio air,” ar ran duine-uairal. Níor fáoil ré go d’oitiúbraio ré rin d’ó. A dté ní cóngbócaio airgíod ar bíe an rtail ó’n Ríoripe. “Tiúbraio mé rin duit,” a d’eir ré. Cuir ré a lám ann a póca agur tús ré an naio gceud púnca d’ó, agur tús ré ar an rtail leir an lám eile, agur d’iméig ré leir cóim luac rin gur d’airmao an duine-uairal é do cúir ann ran mar gá d’an t-adairtar tabairt ar air d’ó.

D’fan ré ag rúil go d’fíllfead an mac, a dté níor fíll ré. Tús ré ruar é ann rin agur d’ubairt ré nac raib don maic d’ó t’ruafón (?) [beite ag rúil] go b’ad leir, ná le n-a teac ar air arís go b’ad.

Tús Ríoripe na gcleary ann rin an mac leir, agur bí ré tabairt ’c uile r’oirt pionnúir agur d’roo-uráioe d’ó, agur ní leigfead ré é ar boio le don duine ag ite a beata, a dté bí ré ann rin ceangailte, agur an lá leigfead ré na geargíodig eile amac, ní leigfead

was only just out of the fair when the son came up to him again. "Father," says he, "you have got me to-day, but there is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we'll go to it."

The next day when they were going into the other fair, the son said, "I will make a stallion of myself, and the Knight of the Tricks will come again to buy me. He'll give you any money that you may ask for me, but put it in the bargain that you will not give him the halter." They drew up on the fair then, and he made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him; and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came to him and asked him how much he'd be wanting for the stallion. "Six hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," says he; "but I won't give you the halter," said the gentleman. "It were only right to give the halter into the bargain," said the Knight, but he did not get it.

The Knight of the Tricks departed then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman went on his way, going home; but he was not as far as the custom-gap, going out of the fair, when the son came up with him again.

"It is well, father," says he, "we have gained this time, but I don't know what will to-morrow do with us. There is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we will go down to it."

They went to the fair accordingly next day, and the son made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him, and it was short he was standing on the fair when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him again. The Knight asked how much he would be wanting for that fine stallion that he had there by the halter. "Nine hundred pounds I'm asking for him," says the gentleman. He never thought he would give him that. But no money would keep the stallion from the Knight. "I'll give you that," says he. He put his hand in his pocket and gave him the nine hundred pounds, and with the other hand he seized the stallion and went off with him so quick that the gentleman forgot to put it into his bargain that he should give him back the halter.

He waited, hoping the son would return, but he did not. He gave him up then, and said that there was no good for him to be expecting him for ever, or expecting him to ever come back again.

The Knight of the Tricks then took away the son with him, and was giving him all sorts of punishment and bad usage, and would not let him [sit down] at table with anyone to eat

ré eiréan leó: "Bí ré real fada mar rin, agus Ríoripe na gcleair as cur d'íoc-méar air agus as tabairt uile fóirt pionnúir do:

Tuit ré amac sur imtíge Ríoripe na gcleair an lá ro ar baile, agus d'fásadair ré eiréan ann ran bfuinneóis ir áirde 'ran teac, 'n áit nac raib ruo ar bit le fásail aise; agus é ceangailte ann rin, fuar i n-áirde. Agus nuair bí 'c uile duine imtíge ann rin, agus san ar an t-riáid áct é féin agus an cailín, d'iarra ré deó uirge i n-áinm Dé, ar an gcailín. Dubairt an cailín go mbeidead faicéor uirru dá b'fásad a máisirtir amac í, go mar-bócaó ré i.

"Ní cloirfid duine ar bit go deó é," a veir ré, "ná bíod faicéor ar bit ort, ní mire innreócar [= inneórap] do é." Tug sí fuar an deó uirge cuise ann rin, agus nuair cuir ré a clois-ionn ann ran uirge, as ól an uirge, sinne ré earcon de féin agus cuair ré ríor ann ran poiteac. "Bí ríotán beas uirge taob amuis de 'n dorur bí [as] rít go nveacair ré arteac ann ran ábainn, agus áit sí amac ann ran ríotán sac a raib d'fuisgleac 'ran poiteac aici. "Bí reiréan as imteact ann rin agus é 'na earcuin ann ran ábainn, as tarraingt a-baile.

Nuair táinig Ríoripe na gcleair a-baile, cuair ré fuar go b'peice-fead ré an fear d'fás ré ceangailte, agus ní bfuair ré é poime ann. D'fíarfuis ré de 'n cailín ar arius sí é as imteact. Dubairt an cailín náir arius, áct go dtug sí féin b'raon uirge fuar cuise.

"Agus cá 'n cuir tu an fuisgleac do bí asad?" a veir ré:

"Áit mé 'ran ríotán amac é," ar ríre.

"Tá ré imtíge 'na earcuin ann ran ábainn," a veir ré, "gleur-aigíó fuar," a veir ré, leir an dá-'n-'eus gairgídeac, "go leanfamaoio é."

Rinneadar dá m'adair deus uirge díob féin agus leanadar ann ran ábainn é; agus nuair bíodar as teact fuar leir ann ran ábainn d'éiríus ré 'na eun ar an ábainn ann ran áer.

Nuair fuair ríad rin amac sur imtíge ré ar an ábainn, rinneadar dá feadac deus díob féin agus d'imtígeadar an diais an éin—uirdeó do sinne ré de féin—agus bíodar as teact fuar leir.

Nuair fuair ré iad as teannad leir, agus nac raib ré ionnánn uil uata, bí faicéor móir air. "Bí beas as cátaó amuis ar páirc bán. Tuirling ré 'nuar ar an áer, ó veit 'na eun, i n'gar do'n coirce, agus sinne ré g'ána coirce de féin.

Tuirling ríad féin 'na diais agus rinneadar dá ceairc-francaó

his food, but he was there tied, and the day he would let the other champions out he would not let him out with them. He was like this for a long time and the Knight of the Tricks putting dishonor on him, and giving him every kind of punishment.

It fell out that on this day [of which we are going to tell] the Knight of the Tricks went from home, and left him at the window that was highest in the house, where he had nothing at all to get, and him tied there, up on high. And then when everybody was gone away and nobody left on the street (*i.e.*, about the place) but himself and a servant-girl, he asked the girl, in the name of God, for a drink of water. The girl said that if her master were to find it out he would kill her.

"Nobody shall ever hear it," says he: "don't be a bit afraid, it's not I who'll tell him." She brought up the drink of water to him then, and when he put his head into the water, drinking the water, he made an eel of himself, and he went down into the vessel. There was a little streamlet of water beside the door, that was running until it went into the river, and she cast out into the little stream all the remains that she had in the vessel. He kept going, then, and he an eel, in the river, drawing towards home.

When the Knight of the Tricks came home, he went up to see the man he had left bound, and he did not find him there before him. He asked the girl if she felt [perceived] him going, or if she perceived anything that gave him leave to go. The girl said that she perceived nothing, but that she herself brought a drop of water up to him.

"And where did you put the leavings that you had?" says he.

"I threw it out into the little stream," says she.

"He's gone as an eel into the river," says he. "Prepare yourselves," says he to the twelve champions, "till we follow him."

They made twelve water-dogs of themselves, and they followed him in the river, and when they were coming up with him in the river, he rose up as a bird, out of the river into the air.

When they found this out, that he had gone out of the river, they made twelve hawks of themselves, and pursued after the bird—it was a lark he made of himself—and they were coming up to him.

When he found them closing on him, and that he was not able to escape from them, there was great terror on him.

deus díob féin, [aḡur bí an Ríoríne 'na cóileac-francac]. Toraig-eadaḡ aḡ ite an cóirce ann rin aḡur raol ríad é beit itte aca, ac̄t ní raib. Bí ríad aḡ ite an cóirce go raib ríad i nḡar 'o beit ráac̄.

Nuaḡr méar reirean go raib a ráit itte aca, aḡur nac̄ raḡadaḡ ionnán̄n móran eile 'o deunam, o'érus ré ruar aḡur rinne ré rionnac̄ de féin, aḡur bain ré an cloigíonn de'n 'oá francac̄ deus aḡur de'n cóileac̄:

Bí cead aige dul a-baile o'á ac̄air ann rin nuaḡr bíodaḡ uile mar̄b aige. Aḡur rin deire Ríoríne na gClearn. '

There was a woman winnowing [oats] out in a bare field. He descended out of the air from being a bird, near to the oats, and he made a grain of oats of himself.

They themselves descended after him, and made twelve turkeys of themselves, and the Knight was the turkey cock. They began eating the oats, and they thought that they had him eaten, but they had not. They were eating the oats until they were near to being satiated.

When he considered that they had enough eaten and that they were not able to do much more, he rose up and made a fox of himself, and took the heads off the twelve turkeys and turkey cock.

He had leave to go home to his father then, when he had them all killed. And that is the end of the Knight of Tricks.

MO BHRÓN AIR AN BFAIRRZE.

Mo bhrón air an bfairrse
 Is é tã mór,
 Is é sabail roir mé
 'S mo míle rtor:

D'fãsað 'ran mbaile mé
 Deunam bhrón,
 San don trúil tar ráile liom
 Coiróce ná so deó.

Mo léun nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo máirín dãn
 I s-cáige laigean
 No i s-conradé an Chláir

Ma bhrón nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo míle sráð
 Air boirð loimse
 Triall so 'Merica:

Leaburð luacra
 Bì fám aréir,
 Agus cáit mé amac é
 Le tear an laé:

Táimz mo sráð-ra
 Le mo táéð
 Suata air suatain
 Agus beul ar beul

MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.*

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

My grief on the sea,
 How the waves of it roll!
 For they heave between me
 And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken,
 To grief and to care,
 Will the sea ever waken
 Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!
 Would he and I were
 In the province of Leinster
 Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
 Oh, heart-bitter wound!—
 On board of the ship
 For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
 All last night I lay,
 And I flung it abroad
 With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
 He came from the South;
 His breast to my bosom.
 His mouth to my mouth.

* *Literally*: My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever and aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moonneen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth. ["Love Songs of Connacht."]

AN BUACAILL DO BÍ A BFAO AR A MÁTAR.*

A bfao ó foir bí lánamain póirta dar b' ainm pádrais agus Nualla ní Ciaraáin. Bíodadar bliadain agus fíde póirta san don éilann do beit aca, agus bí brón mór orra, mar nac raib don oirdre aca le na gcuro rairébir o' párbáil aige. Bí dá acra talmán, bó, agus péire sabar aca, agus bí tuairm aca go rabadar rairébir.

Don oirdre amáin, bí pádrais teacé a-baile o teacé tuine muinntirig, agus nuair táinig ré com fáda leir an poilig máoil, táinig rean tuine liac amac agus dubairt: "Go mbeannaisiú Dia duit." "Go mbeannais' Dia 'sur Muire duit," ar pádrais. "Cao atá ag cur bróin ort?" ar ran rean tuine. "Ní'l morán go deimín," ar pádrais, "ní béiré mé a bfao beó, agus ní'l mac 'ná iníean le caoinead mo diaig nuair geobar mé bár." "D' éirir nac mberdeá mar rin," ar ran rean-tuine. "Faraor! béirdeas," ar pádrais, "táim bliadain agus fíde póirta, agus ní'l don éoramlacé fóir." "Slac m'focal-ra go mbéiré mac óg ag do mhnaoi, trí náite ó'n oirdre anocht." Cuair pádrais a-baile, lútgáireac go leór, agus o'mnir an rgeul do Nualla. "Ara! ní raib ann ran trean tuine acé zozáille, a bí ag veunam magáir órt," ar Nualla. "Ir maic an rgeulair an aimirig," ar pádrais.

Bí go maic agus ní raib go h-olc; real má (rul) ndeacáir leir-bliadain éiric, éonnairc pádrais go raib Nualla dul oirdre do tabairt dó, agus bí brón mór air. Tóirig ré ag cur na feilme i n-orruagad, agus ag párbáil zac níó péiré le h-azáir an oirdre óig. An lá táinig tinnear cloinne ar Nualla, bí pádrais ag cur éirinn óig a látarí dorair an tige. Nuair táinig an rgeul éuige go raib mac óg ag Nualla, bí an oirdear rin lútgáire air sur éuit ré marb le tinnear éiríde.

Bí brón mór air Nualla, agus dubairt pí leir an naoirdeanán:

"Ní éirigiré mé tu óm' éic go mbéiré tu ionánn an éirinn do bí o' átarí ag cur nuair fuair ré bár do éiririgis ar na fréamháib."

Zoirdear páirín ar an naoirdeanán, agus éug an mátarí éicé dó go raib ré reacé mbliadna o'aoir. Ann rin éug pí amac é le feudairt an raib ré ionánn an éirinn do éiririgis, acé ní raib. Níor éuir rin don oroc-meirneac ar an mátarí, éug pí arteac é,

* O feair dar b'ainm bláca, i n-aice le baile-an-róba, zCondae míuig-eó.

THE BOY WHO WAS LONG ON HIS MOTHER.

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

THERE was long ago a married couple of the name of Patrick and Nuala O'Keerahan. They were a year and twenty married, without having any children, and there was great grief on them because they had no heir to leave their share of riches to. They had two acres of land, a cow, and a pair of goats, and they supposed that they were rich.

One night Patrick was coming home from a friend's house, and when he was come as far as the ruined churchyard, there came out a gray old man and said, "God save you."

"God and Mary save you," says Patrick.

"What's putting grief on you?" says the old man.

"There isn't much indeed putting grief on me," says Patrick, "but I won't be long alive, and I have neither son nor daughter to keen after me when I find death."

"Perhaps you won't be so," says the old man.

"Alas! I will," says Patrick, "I'm a year and twenty married, and there's no sign yet."

"Take my word that your wife will have a young son three-quarters of a year from this very night."

Patrick went home, joyous enough, and told the story to Nuala.

"Arrah, there was nothing in the old man but a dotard who was making a mock of you," says Nuala.

"Well, 'time is a good story-teller,'" said Patrick.

It was well, and it was not ill. Before half a year went by Patrick saw that Nuala was going to give him an heir, and there was great pride on him. He began putting the farm in order and leaving everything ready for the young heir. The day that sickness came on Nuala, Patrick was planting a young tree before the door of the house. When the news came to him that Nuala had a young son, there was that much joy on him that he fell dead with heart-disease.

There was great grief on Nuala, and she said to the infant, "I will not wean you from my breast until you will be able to pull up out of the roots the tree that your father was planting when he died."

The infant was called Paudyeen, or little Pat, and the mother nursed him at her breast until he was seven years old. Then she brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not. That put no discouragement on the mother; she brought him in, and nursed him for seven years

ásur tús cíoc feadct mbliadna eile dó, ásur ní raib don buacail ann ran tír ionánn ceadct ruar leir i n-obair.

faoi ceann deirid na ceitne bliadna deus tús a mácair amac é, le feudaint an raib ré ionánn an crann do tarrainis, áct ní raib, mar bí an crann i n-éirí máit, ásur ág fág go móir. Níor cuir rin don t'roc-mírneac ar an mácair.

Tús pí cíoc feadct mbliadna eile dó, ásur faoi ceann deirid an ama rin, bí ré com móir ásur com láirir le fáca.

Tús an mácair amac é ásur dubairt: "Mur (muna) bfuil tu ionánn an crann rin ro tarrainis anoir, ní tiúbaird mé don b'raon eile cíce duit." Cuir páirín rmuairle ar a lámhaib, ásur fuair s'neim ar bun an crainn. An ceud-iarraird do tús ré, crait ré an talam feadct b'péirre ar fad taoib dé, ásur leir an d'ara iarraird tós ré an crann ar na f'réamaib, ásur timcioll píce tonna de éréafóis leir. "Fádo mo éroide tu," ar ran mácair, "ir píú cíce bliadain ásur píce tu." "A mácair," ar páirín, "d'oibruis tu go cruair le bia d'ásur deoc do t'adairt d'am-ra ó ruaró mé, ásur tá ré i n-am d'am anoir ruo éigin do deunam duit-re, ann do fean-laetib. Ir é ped an ceud-crann do tarrainis mé ásur deunaird mé maide láime d'am féin dé." Ann rin fuair ré fádo ásur tuas, ásur gearr an crann, ág fágbáil timcioll píce trois de 'n bun, ásur bí cnar air, com móir le túr de na túraib cruinne do bídead i n-éirunn an t-am rin. Bí or cionn tonna meadacain ann ran maide láime nuair bí ré g'leurtá ág páirín.

Ar maidein, lá ar na márac, fuair páirín s'neim ar a maide, d'fás a deannaáct ág a mácair, ásur d'imctis ág tóruigeáct reir-bíre. Bí ré ág píúdal go d'áinís ré go cairleán níg laigean. D'f'iarrauis an níg dé cad do bí ré 'iarraird. "Ág iarraird oibre, má ré do toil," ar páirín. "B'fuil don ceirid ágao?" ar ran níg. "Níl," ar páirín, "áct t'is liom obair ar bí d'á n'oeairnaid fear aruam deunam." "Deunaird mé marfádo leat," ar ran níg, "má t'is leat h-uile níó a orodócar míre duit a deunam ar fead ré mí, deunaird mé do meadacain féin d'ór duit, ásur m'ingean mar m'naoi-pórtá, áct muna d'is leat fad níó do deunam, caillpíó tu do ceann." "Táim pártá leir an marfádo 'in," ar páirín: "Téid artea d'ran r'gioból, ásur bí ág bualaó zoirce do na ba (buaib) go mbéid do ceud-phonn réid."

Cuaird páirín artea, ásur fuair an rúirce, áct ní raib an rúirctín áct mar éraicéin i lám pártáis, ásur dubairt ré leir féin, "ir fearr mo maide-lám' ná an g'leurtá rin." Tóruis ré ág bualaó leir an maide-lám' ásur níor b'fad go raib an méad

more, and there was not a lad in the country who was able to keep up with him in his work.

At the end of fourteen years his mother brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not, for the tree was in good soil, and growing greatly. That put no discouragement on the mother.

She nursed him for seven more years, and at the end of that time he was as large and as strong as a giant.

His mother brought him out then and said, "Unless you are able to pull up that tree now, I will never nurse you again."

Paudyeen spat on his hands, and got a hold of the bottom of the tree, and the first effort he made he shook the ground for seven perches on each side of it, and at the second effort he lifted the tree from the roots, and about twenty ton of clay along with it.

"The love of my heart you are," said the mother, "you're worth nursing for one and twenty years."

"Mother," says Paudyeen, "you worked hard to give me food and drink since I was born, and it is time now for me to do something for you in your old days. This is the first tree I ever pulled up, and I'll make myself a hand-stick of it. Then he got a saw and axe, and cut the tree, leaving about twenty feet of the bottom, and there was a knob on it as big as a round tower of the round towers that used to be in Erin at that time. There was above a ton weight in the hand-stick when Paudyeen had it dressed.

On the morning of the next day, Paudyeen caught a hold of his stick, left his blessing with his mother, and went away in search of service. He was traveling till he came to the castle of the King of Leinster. The king asked him what he was looking for. "Looking for work, if you please," says Paudyeen.

"Have you e'er a trade?" says the king.

"No," says Paudyeen, "but I can do any work in life that ever man did."

"I'll make a bargain with you," says the king; "if you can do everything that I'll order you to do during six months, I'll give you your own weight in gold, and my daughter as your married wife; but if you are not able to do each thing you shall lose your head."

"I'm satisfied with that bargain," says Paudyeen.

"Go into the barn, and be threshing oats for the cows till your breakfast is ready."

Paudyeen went in and got the flail, and the flail^{een} was

do bí ann ran r'gioból buailte aige. Ann rin éuaró pé amac ann ran n'garóda agus coruis ag bualaó na r'ca caoirce agus cruic-neacáta, suri éuir pé cíteanna s'máin ar fead na tíne. Táinig an ní ag amac agus dubairt, "Coir ag do lám, a'weim, no r'gioparó tu mé. Téir agus beir cúpla buiceo uirge cum na rearb-fóganca ar an loc úo r'ior, agus béir an leite ruar go leór nuair tiucpar tu ar aig." O'feuc páivín éart, agus éonairc pé dá báirille mói polam, le coir balla. Fuair pé s'neim o'ra, ceann aca ann gac lám, éuaró cum an loca, agus tug iad lionta go cúl uoirar an éairleáin. Bí ionganar ar an ní ag nuair éonairc pé páivín ag teacé, agus dubairt pé leir: "Céir arceac, tá an leite réir óuit." Éuaró páivín arceac, agus éuaró an ní cum Dail glic do bí aige, agus o'innir pé do an mar'gao do rinne pé le páivín, agus o'f'iaf'ruis pé dé, creud do buó cóir do éabairt le deunam do páivín. "Abair leir dul r'ior agus an loc do éaódmá, agus é do beir deunta aige, real má o'téir an s'man faoi, an t'raóna ro."

Sáir an ní ag páivín agus dubairt leir: "Taódm an loc rin r'ior agus bíó pé deunta agao real má o'téir an s'man faoi an t'raóna ro." "Maí go leór," ar páivín, "acé cia an áit a éuir'par mé an t-uirge?" "Cuir ann ran n'gleann mói acá i n'gar do'n loc é," ar ran ní. Ní raib ioir an g'leann agus an loc acé r'gonra, agus bídeáó na daoine ag deunam bócair-coirce dé. Fuair páivín buiceo, picóir agus láirde, agus éuaró cum an loca. Bí bun an g'leanna co'póm le bun an loca. Éuaró páivín arceac 'ran n'gleann agus rinne poll arceac go bun an loca. Ann rin éuir pé a beul ar an b'poll, éarrain ag an fáda agus níoir f'ag pé b'raon uirge, iars, ná báo, ann ran loc, ná r' éarrain pé amac leir an aná rin, agus náir éuir pé arceac 'ra' n'gleann. Ann rin óún pé ruar an poll.

Nuair o'feuc an ní r'ior, éonairc pé an loc cóim tíim le boir do lámhe, agus níoir b'rad go o'táinig páivín éuirge agus dubairt: "Tá an obair rin éirócnuirge, cao deunpar mé óuit anoir?" "Ní' lon juo eile le deunam agao andiú, acé béir neair agao le deunam amárac." An oirde rin, éuir an ní r'ior ar ar n'Dall glic, agus o'innir do an éaoi ar éaódm páivín an loc, agus nac raib r'ior aige creud do béair'pó pé do le deunam. "Tá r'ior agam-ra an níó nac mbéir pé ionán a deunam, ar maroin amárac, tabair r'spibinn do cum do deair'pácair i n'Saili-ím, abair leir dá píóir tonna cruic-neacáta do éabairt éugao, agus a beir ar aig ann ró faoi éann ceirre uair ar píóir. Tabair an t'rean-láir agus a cáir do, agus t'is leat beir éinnce nac ótiucparó pé ar aig." Ar maroin, lá ar na márac, sáir an ní

only like a *traneen* in Paudyeen's hand, and he said to himself, "My hand-stick is better than that contrivance." He began threshing with the hand-stick, and it was not long till he had all that was in the barn threshed. Then he went out into the garden and began threshing the stacks of oats and wheat, so that he sent showers of grain throughout the country.

The king came out and said, "Hold your hand, or you'll destroy me. Go and bring a couple of buckets of water to the servants out of that loch down there, and the stirabout will be sufficiently cool when you come back."

Paudyeen looked round, and he saw two great empty barrels beside the wall. He caught hold of them, one in each hand, went to the lake, and brought them filled to the back of the castle door. There was wonder on the king when he saw Paudyeen arriving, and he said to him, "Go in, the stirabout's ready for you."

Paudyeen went in, but the king went to a Dall Glic, or cunning blind man that he had, and told him the bargain that he made with Paudyeen, and asked him what he ought to give Paudyeen to do.

"Tell him to go down and teem [bail out] that lake, and him to have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

The king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Teem that lake down there, and let you have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

"Very well," says Paudyeen, "but where shall I put the water."

"Put it into the great glen that is near the lake," says the king.

There was nothing but a sounce [ditch-bank] between the glen and the lake, and the people used to make a foot-road of it.

Paudyeen got a bucket, a pickaxe, and a loy [narrow spade], and he went to the lake. The bottom of the glen was even with the bottom of the lake. Paudyeen went into the glen and made a hole in the bottom of the lake. Then he put his mouth to the hole, drew a long breath, and never left boat, fish, or drop of water in the lake that he did not draw out through his body, and cast into the glen. Then he closed up the hole.

When the king looked down he saw the lake as dry as the palm of your hand, and it was not long till Paudyeen came to him and said, "That work is finished, what shall I do now?"

"You have nothing else to do to-day, but you shall have plenty to do to-morrow."

ráioin, agus tug an r'ghibinn dó, agus dúbairt leir, "fás an láir agus an éairt agus céir do Shailim. Tabair an r'ghibinn reo dom' dearbhrádaí, agus abair leir dá fícríonna tonna c'ruitneadta do tabairt duit, agus bí ar air ann ro faoi ceann ceit'ne uaire ar fícríonna."

Fuair ráioin an láir agus an éairt, agus éuair ar an mbótar. Ní raib an láir ionánn níor mó ná ceit'ne míle ran uair do r'ubal. Ceangail ráioin an láir ar an gcairt, cuir ar a gualain é, agus ar do b'rác leir, tar cnocaid agus gleanncaid, do n'eadcaid ré do Shailim. Tug ré an lictir do dearbhrádaí an r'í, fuair an c'ruitneadct agus cuir ar an gcairt é. Nuair cuir ré an láir faoi an gcairt, rinnead do leir d'á d'ruim. Cuir ráioin an c'ruitneadct ann ran r'ghoból. Nuair éuair muinntir an c'airleáin 'na g'coláir, éuair ráioin cum an éuair, agus níor fás ré r'abha ar an loingear náir tug ré leir. Ann rin r'ómair ré faoi an r'ghoból, ceangail na r'abhaíca timcíoll air, agus ar do b'rác leir, agus an r'ghoból agus gac a raib ann ar a d'ruim. Éuair ré tar cnocaid agus gleanncaid, agus níor r'cop gur fás ré an r'ghoból i lácair c'airleáin an r'í. Bí lacair, cearta, agus g'írd-eada ann ran r'ghoból. Ar maoin do moé, d'feud an r'í amad ar a r'eomra agus c'rued d'feicfead ré ac't r'ghoból a dearbhrádaí.

"M' anam ó'n diaibál," ar ran r'í "ré rin an fear ir iongancaige 'ran do'mán." Táinig ré anuair agus fuair ráioin le na maide ann a láim, 'na fearam le coir an r'ghoból.

"An d'ug tu an c'ruitneadct éugam?" ar ran r'í.

"Tugair," ar ráioin, "ac't tá an t'rean-láir marb." Ann rin d'innir ré do'n r'í gac ní d'á n'eadcaid ré ó d'ímtí ré do t'áinig ré ar air.

Ní raib níor as an r'í c'rued do deunfad ré, agus d'ímtí ré cum an Dail Shic, agus dúbairt leir, "mur (muna) n-innrigeann tu d'ám ní d'ac mbéir an fear rin ionán a deunam, bainfid mé an ceann díot."

Smuair an Dail Shic tamall agus dúbairt, "abair leir do b'ruil do dearbhrádaí i n-irruonn, agus do mbuó maic leat amair do beir asad air, agus abair leir é do tabairt éugad, do mbéir amair asad air; nuair a g'eadar r'ad in n-irruonn é, ní leirfid r'ad do teadct ar air."

Gair an r'í ráioin agus dúbairt leir, "tá dearbhrádaí d'ám i n-irruonn agus tabair éugam é, do mbéir amair asad air." "Cia an éad d'íneócaid mé do dearbhrádaí ó na daoimib eile ac'tá 'ran dit rin?" ar ráioin.

That night the king sent for the Dall Glic, and told him the way that Paudyeen teemed out the lake, and [said] that he did not know what to give him to do.

"I know the thing that he won't be able to do. To-morrow morning give him a writing to your brother in Galway, and tell him to bring you forty tons of wheat, and to be back here in twenty-four hours. Give him the old mare and the cart, and you may be sure he won't come back."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen and gave him the writing and said to him, "Get the mare and the cart, and go to Galway. Give the writing to my brother, and tell him to give you twenty tons of wheat, and be back here in twenty-four hours."

Paudyeen got the mare and the cart, and went on the road. The mare was not able to travel more than four miles in the hour. Paudyeen tied the mare to the cart, put it on his shoulder, and off and away with him over hills and hollows, till he came to Galway. He gave the letter to the king's brother, got the wheat, and put it on the cart. When he put the mare under the cart, there were two halves made of its back [the load was so heavy]. Then Paudyeen put the wheat back into the barn. When the people of the castle went to sleep, Paudyeen went to the harbor, and he never left a chain on the shipping that he did not take with him. Then he dug under the barn [slipped the chains under] and tied them round it, and off and away with him, and the barn with all that was in it on his back. He went over hills and glens, and never stopped till he left the barn in front of the king's castle. There were ducks, hens, and geese in the barn. Early in the morning the king looked out of his room, and what should he see but his brother's barn.

"My soul from the devil," said the king, "but that's the most wonderful man in the world." He came down and found Paudyeen with his stick in his hand standing beside the barn.

"Did you bring me the wheat?" says the king.

"I brought it," says Paudyeen, "but the old mare is dead." Then he told the king everything he had done from the time he went away till he came back.

The king did not know what he should do, and he went to the Dall Glic, and said to him, "Unless you tell me a thing which that man will not be able to do, I will strike the head off you."

The Dall Glic thought for a while and said, "Tell him that your brother is in hell, and that you would like to have a sight of him; and to bring him to you, until you have a

“Tá fiacail fáda i zcearc-lár a éarbaio uacairais,” ar fan ní:.

Cuir páirín rmuzaire ar a máire, buail an bótar, agus níor b'fao go dtáinig ré go zseata i'fhuinn. Buail ré buille ar an ngeata do cuir arcead amearz na noibad é, agus fíubail ré féin arcead 'na diais. Nuair éonnairc Delribú é ag ceact, táinig faitéior air, agus o'fuarpuis ré de creud do bí a' ceartál uair:

“Dearbátair ní z Lizean atá a' ceartál uaim,” ar páirín.

“Píoc amac é,” ar Delribú.

O'feuc páirín éar, aet fuair ré níor mó ná dá fícto fear a raib fiacail fáda i zcearc-lár a zcarbair uacairais aca.

“Ar faitéior nac mberdeat an fear ceart agam,” ar páirín, “tiomáiré mé an tiomlán aca liom, agus tiz leir an ní z a dearbátair píocad arca.”

Tiomáin ré dá fícto aca amac roime, agus níor rtop go dtáinig ré i látair éarleáin an ní z. Ann rin záir ré ar an ní z agus dubairt leir, “Píoc amac do dearbátair ar na fír (fearaib) réo.”

Nuair o'feuc an ní z agus éonnairc ré na diaibail le h-adarcaib orra, bí faitéior air, r'zreud ré ar páirín agus dubairt, “Tabair ar air iad.”

Toruis páirín 'zám bualaó le na máire, zup cuir ré ar air go h-irfionn iad.

Cuair an ní z cum an Dail zlic, agus o'innir do an ní do pinne páirín, agus dubairt leir, “ní tiz leat innrint dam don ní do nac b'fuil ré ionánn a deunam, agus cailfí do tu do éeann ar maoin amárac.”

“Tabair iarraib eile dam,” ar fan Dail zlic, “agus ní béir an Connactac a b'fao beo. Ar maoin amárac, abair leir, an tobair atá i látair an éarleáin do taob-mad; bío do fír réir agao, agus nuair a zéodar tu fíor ann fan tobair é, abair leir na fír (fearaib), an éloc múilinn atá le coir an balla do éarceam fíor 'na múllaé, agus marbócaib rin é.”

Ar maoin, lá ar na márac, zair an ní z páirín agus dubairt leir: “téir agus taobm an tobair rin tá i látair an éarleáin, agus nuair a béirdear ré deunta agao, beurráir mé hata nuad óuit, ir fuarac an cáibín é rin atá orc.”

Bí na fír réir ag an ní z le páirín boct do marbad, dá b'feudfad ríad é.

Cuair páirín z go b'ruac an tobair, luir fíor air a beul faoi;

look at him. But when they get him in hell, they won't let him come back."

The king called Paudyeen and said to him, "I have a brother in hell, and bring him to me until I have a look at him."

"How shall I know your brother from the other people that are in that place?" said Paudyeen.

"He had a long tooth in the very middle of his upper gum," says the king.

Paudyeen spat on his stick, struck the road, and it was not long till he came to the gate of hell. He struck a blow upon the gate which drove it in amongst the devils, and he himself walked in after it. When Belzibub saw him coming there came a fear on him, and he asked him what he was wanting.

"A brother of the King of Leinster is what I am wanting," says he.

"Well, pick him out," says Belzibub.

Paudyeen looked round him, but he found more than forty men who had a long tooth in the very middle of their upper gums.

"For fear I shouldn't have the right man," said Paudyeen, "I'll drive the whole lot of them with me, and the king can pick his brother out from among them."

He drove forty of them out before him, and never stopped till he came to the king's castle. Then he called the king and said to him, "Pick out your brother from these men."

When the king looked and saw the devils with horns on them, there was fear on him. He screamed to Paudyeen, and said, "Bring them back."

Paudyeen began beating them with his stick, till he sent them back to hell.

The king went to the Dall Glic and told him the thing Paudyeen did, and said to him, "You cannot tell me anything that he is not able to do, and you shall lose your head to-morrow morning."

"Give me another trial," says the Dall Glic, "and the Connachtman won't be long alive. Tell him to-morrow morning to teem the well that is before the castle. Let you have men ready, and when you get him down in the well, tell the men to throw down the millstone that is beside the wall on top of him, and that will kill him."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Go and teem that well in front of the castle, and as soon as you have that done I'll give you a new hat; that's a miserable old caubeen that's on you."

agus toruis ag carrnaing an uirge ar teac ann a beul, agus dá r'áirtead amac uair arís go raib an tobair ionnann agus tirim aise. Bí roinn beag i mbun an tobair nac raib taobm'ta, agus éuair pádrais ríor le na tirmiu'gá. Táinig na fíir leir an g'cloic móir m'uilinn agus éairteadar ríor ar m'ullac páiróin é. Bí an poll do bí i lár na cloice go díreac com' mór le ceann páiróin, agus faoil ré gur b' é an hata nuad' do éair an rí'g ríor éirge, agus glao' ré ruar: "táim buirdeac díot, a má'gírteir, ar ron an hata nuad'." Ann rin' táinig ré ruar leir an g'cloic m'uilinn ar a ceann. Bí bród mór aise ar an hata nuad'. Bí iongantar ar an rí'g agus ar h-uile duine eile, nuair éonnairc ríad páiróin leir an g'cloic m'uilinn ar a ceann.

Bí ríor ag an rí'g nac raib don maic' d'ó don ní'ó eile do tabairt do páiróin le deunam, agus du'airt ré leir, "ir tu an fearb-fó'ganta ir fearr do bí agam ariam; ní'l don ní'ó eile agam duit le deunam, agus tar liom-ra, go dtugaid mé do tuarpartal duit. Ní'l m' ingean fearn go leór le rórad, ac' nuair a béirdear rí bliadain agus rí'ce d'aoir, t'is leac i do beic agad."

"Ní'l d'ingean a' tearcál uaim," ar páiróin.

Tug an rí'g é cum an éirte, an áit a raib go leór óir, agus du'airt leir: "bain díot do hata nuad', agus téir ar teac 'ra' r'gála."

"Go deimhin, ní bainfid mé mo hata díom, b'ronn turá orim é," ar páiróin, "beirdeac ré com' maic' duit mo b'írte do bainc díom."

Ní raib an oirtead óir agus a meadó'cad hata páiróin, ac' focruis an rí'g leir ag tabairt d'ó dá mála óir. Cuir páiróin ceann aca faoi g'ac ar call, fuair g'heim air a maide, an hata nuad' ar a ceann, agus ar go brá'c leir, tar éno'caib agus g'leanntaib, go dtáinig ré a-baile.

Nuair éonnairc daoine an baile páiróin ag teac leir an g'cloic m'uilinn ar a ceann, bí iongantar mór orra; ac' nuair éonnairc an má'cair an dá mála óir, bu'ó beag náir éuit rí marb le lú'gáire: Toruis páiróin, agus cuir ré teac b'ead' ar bun d'ó féin, agus d'á má'cair. Rinne ré ceirte leit (leatanna) de 'n hata nuad', agus rinne cloca cúnne díob' do 'n teac: Congbuis ré a má'cair mar m'naoi uairil go b'fuair rí b'ár le fearn-aoir, agus éair ré féin beaca maic' i n'grá'ó Dé agus na g'cómairan.

The king had the men ready to kill poor Paudyeen if they were able.

Paudyeen came to the brink of the well, and lay down with his mouth under, and began drawing the water into his mouth and spouting it out behind him until he had the well all as one as dry. There was a little quantity of water on the bottom of the well that was not teemed, and Paudyeen went down to dry it. The men came then with the great millstone, and threw it down on the top of Paudyeen. The hole that was in the middle of the stone was just as big as Paudyeen's head, and he thought it was the new hat the king had thrown down to him, and called up and said, "I'm thankful to you, master, for the new hat." Then he came up with the millstone on his head. He had great pride out of the new hat. There was wonder on the king and on every one else when they saw the millstone on his head.

The king knew that it was no use for him to give Paudyeen anything else to do, so he said to him, "You're the best servant that ever I had. I've nothing else for you to do, but come with me till I give you your wages. My daughter is not old enough to marry, but when she is one and twenty years of age you can have her."

"I do not want your daughter," said Paudyeen.

The king brought him then to the treasury, where there was plenty of gold, and said, "Take off your new hat and get into the scales."

"Indeed I won't take off my new hat; you gave it to me," said Paudyeen; "you might as well take off my breeches."

There was not as much gold as would weigh Paudyeen's hat, but the king settled with him by giving him two bags of gold. Paudyeen put one of them under each oxter [arm-pit], got hold of his stick—his new hat on his head—and off and away with him over hills and hollows till he came home.

When the people of the village saw Paudyeen coming with the millstone on his head, there was great wonder on them; but when the mother saw the two bags of gold, it was little but she fell dead with joy.

Paudyeen began working, and set up a fine house for himself and his mother. He made four parts of the new hat, and made corner-stones of them for the house. He kept his mother like a lady, until she died of old age; and he spent a good life himself, in the love of God and of the neighbors.

THE BROW OF NEFIN.

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

["Love Songs of Connacht."]

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin
 And my hundred-times loved one with me,
 We should nestle together as safe in
 Its shade as the birds on a tree.
 From your lips such a music is shaken,
 When you speak it awakens my pain,
 And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,
 And I seek for my slumber in vain.

But were I on the fields of the ocean
 I should sport on its infinite room,
 I should plow through the billows' commotion
 Though my friends should look dark at my doom.
 For the flower of all maidens of magic
 Is beside me where'er I may be,
 And my heart like a coal is extinguished,
 Not a woman takes pity on me.

How well for the birds in all weather,
 They rise up on high in the air,
 And then sleep upon one bough together
 Without sorrow or trouble or care;
 But so it is not in this world
 For myself and my thousand-times fair,
 For, away, far apart from each other,
 Each day rises barren and bare.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens
 When the heat overmasters the day,
 Or what when the steam of the tide
 Rises up in the face of the bay?
 Even so is the man who has given
 An inordinate love-gift away,
 Like a tree on a mountain all riven
 Without blossom or leaflet or spray.

AN LACHA DHEARG.

Sgríobh mé an sgeul so, focal ar fhocal, o bheul sean-mhná de mhuintir Bhriain ag Cill-Aodáin, anaice le Coillte-mach i gcondaé Mhuigh-Eó.

An Craoibhin.

Bhí rígh i n-Eirinn, fad ó shoin, agus bhí dá 'r 'éag mac aige; Agus ghabh sù amach lá ag siúbhal anaice le loch, agus chonnaire sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe. Bhí sí [ag] bualadh an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi, agus ag congabháil aoin cheann déag léithe féin.

Agus tháinig an rígh a-bhaile chuig a bhean féin, agus dubhairt sé léithe go bhfacaidh sé iongnadh mór andhiú, go bhfacaidh sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe, agus go raibh sí ag díbirt an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi. Agus dubhairt an bhean leis, " ní de thír ná de thalamh thú, nach bhfuil fhios agad gur gheall sí ceann do'n *Deachmhaidh* agus go raibh sí chomh cineálta agus go dtug sí amach an dá cheann déag."

" Ní de thír ná de thalamh thú," ar seisean, " tá dhá cheann déag de mhacaibh agam-sa, agus caithfidh ceann dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*."

" Ní h-ionnann na daoine agus éanacha na gcnoc le chéile," [ar sise].

Ghabh sé síos ann sin chuig an Sean-Dall Glic, agus dubhairt an Sean-Dall Glic nach ionnann daoine agus éanacha na gcnoc le chéile. Dubhairt an rígh go gcaithfidh ceann aca dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, " agus cad é an ceann," ar seisean, " bhéarfais mé chuig an *Deachmhaidh* ? "

" Tá do dhá-déag cloinne ag dul chum sgoile, agus abair leo lámh thabhairt i lámh a-chéile, dul chum sgoile, agus an chéad fhear aca bhéidheas 'san mbaile agad go dtiúbhraidh tú dinéar maith dhó, agus cuir an fear deiridh chum bealaigh ann sin."

Rinne sé sin. An t-oidhre do bhí ar deireadh, agus níor fhéad sé an t-oidhre chur chum bealaigh.

Chuir sé amach ag tiomáint ann sin iad, seisean ar gach taoibh agus an taobh do bhí ag gnóthughadh, bhí sé ag tarraing fear [fir] uaithi, agus dá thabhairt do'n taoibh do bhí ag cailleamhain. Faoi dheireadh bhain aon fhear amháin an liathróid de'n aon fhear déag. Dubhairt an t-athair leis, ann sin, " a mhic," ar seisean, " caithfidh tú dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*."

" Ní rachaidh mise chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, a athair," ar seisean

THE RED DUCK.

[Written down in Irish by Douglas Hyde at the dictation of an old woman in County Mayo, and translated from the French of G. Dottin by Charles Welsh.]

ONCE upon a time in Ireland, and a long time ago at that, there was a king who had twelve sons. He went one day to walk by the borders of a lake, and there he saw a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven of them she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

The King went home and told his wife that he had seen a very wonderful thing that day; that he had seen a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

His wife said, "You're neither of people or land. Do you know that she has promised one of her brood to the Deachmhaidh, and that the duck is of such a fine breed that she has hatched out twelve."

"You're neither of people or land," he replied. "I have twelve sons, and one of them must certainly go to the Deachmhaidh."

His wife answered him, "People and birds of the hillside are not the same thing."

Then he went to find the old blind diviner, and the old blind diviner told him that the people and the birds of the hillside were not the same.

The King told the old blind diviner that one out of his children must go to the Deachmhaidh. "And what I want to know," said he, "is which one shall I send to the Deachmhaidh."

"Your children are now going to school. Tell them to walk hand-in-hand as they go to school, and that you will give to him who shall be first in the house again a good dinner; and it will be the last one that you will be sending away."

He did so, but it was his son and heir who was the last one, and he couldn't think of sending his son and heir away. He then sent them to play a hurling match—six on one side and six on the other—and from the side which won he took one away and gave it to the side which lost. At last, a single one swept away the ball from the eleven others. Then he said to that one, "My son, it is you that will be going to the Deachmhaidh."

“tabhair dham costas, agus rachaidh mé ag féachain m’ fhortúin.”

D’imthigh sé ar maidin, agus bhí sé ag siúbhal go dtáinig an oidhche, agus casadh asteach i dteach beag é nach raibh ann acht sean-fhear, agus chuir sé failte roimh Réalandar mac righ Eireann. “Ní’l mall ort” [ar seisean leis an mac righ] “do shaidhbhreas do dheunamh amárach má tá aon mhaith ionnat id’ fowl-éiridh, [seilgire]. Ta inghean righ an Domhain-Shoir ag tigheacht chuig an loch beag sin shíos, amárach, agus níor tháinig sí le seacht mblíadhnaibh roimhe; agus béidh da cheann déag de mhnáibh-coimhdeacht léithe. Teirigh i bhfolach ann san tseisg go gcaithfidh siad a dá cheann déag de cochaill díobh. Leagfaidh sise a cohall féin leith-thaobh, mar tá [an oiread sin] d’ onóir innti, agus nuair gheobhas tusa amuigh ann san tsnámh iad, éirigh agus beir ar an gochall. Fillfidh sise, asteach ar ais, agus déarfaidh sí, “a mhic righ Eireann tabhair dham mo chochall.” Agus déarfaidh tusa nach dtiubhraidh [tú]. Agus déarfaidh sise leat, “muna dtugann tú ded’ dheóin go dtiubhraidh tú ded’ aimhdheóin é.” Abair léithe nach dtiubhraidh tú ded’ dheóin, na de d’ aimhdheóin dí é [muna ngeallann sí do phósadh]. Déarfaidh sí, ann sin, nach bhfuil sin le fághail agad mur [=muna] n-aithnigheann tú í arís. Geóbhaidh siad amach uait ann san tsnámh arís, agus déanfadh siad trí easonna déag díobh féin. Béidh sise ’na rubailín [ear, baillín] suarach ar uachtar; ní thig léithe bheith ar deireadh-mar tá onóir innti, agus béidh sí ag caint leat. Aithneóchaidh tú air sin í, agus abair go dtógfaidh tú í féin i gcómhnuidhe, an ceann a bhéidheas ag caint leat. Déarfaidh sise ann sin, “Caillte an sgeul, an fear thug a athair do’n Deachmhaidh aréir, geallamhain pósta ag inghin Righ an Domhain-Shoir andhiú air’!”

[Dubhairt an mac righ leis an sean-fhear go ndéanfadh sé gach rud mar dubhairt sé leis. Chuaidh sé amach ar maidin chuig an loch agus thárla h-uile shórt go díreach mar dubhairt an sean-fhear.

Nuair bhí an bhean gnóthaighthe aige] d’imthigh an dá-r’eug cailín a-bhaile. Tharraing sise amach slaitín draoidheachta, agus bhuail sí ar dhá bhuachallán buidhe i, agus rinne sí dá chapall marcúgheachta dhíobh.

Bhí siad ag siúbhal ann sin, go dtáinig an oidhche, agus bhí sí ag teach *oncail* dí, ar dtuitim na h-oidhche. Agus dubhairt sí le mac righ Eireann eochair rúma na séad d’ iarraidh ar an *oncal*, agus go bhfuighfeadh sé í féin astigh ann san rúma roimhe. [Ní raibh fhios ag an *oncal*, go raibh sise ann, chor ar bith, agus shaoil sé gur ag iarraidh a inghine féin tháinig mac righ Eireann chuige.]

"I will not be going to the Deachmhaidh," said he. "Give me some money and I will go and make my fortune." He started off the next morning, and walked until it was night, and came to a little house where there was nobody but an old man, who welcomed Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland.

"It will be no delay of you," said he, to the son of the King, "to make your fortune to-morrow morning, if you are any good as a hunter of birds. The daughter of the King of the Eastern World is coming to the little lake you see down there to-morrow morning. She will have twelve women attendants with her. Hide yourself in the rushes until they throw down their twelve hoods and cloaks. The daughter of the King will throw her hood and cloak in a separate place from the rest; and when you see them go in to swim, jump up and take her hood and cloak. The Princess will come to the edge of the lake, and she will say, "Son of the King of Ireland, give me my hood and cloak." And you will tell her then that you will not; and she will say to you, "If you don't give it to me with a good will, you will give it to me with a bad will." Tell her that you will neither give it to her with a good will or a bad will, unless she will promise to marry you. She will then say, that you shall not have her, unless you can recognise her again.

Then she and her attendants will swim away, and they will be changed into thirteen eels. She will be the smallest and the meanest one, but she will lead, because she is a person of honor, and could not follow her train, and she will speak to you. You will recognize her again by this, and you will say that you will marry the eel who has spoken to you. Then she will say, "Oh, unhappy story, he whose father sent him to the Deachmhaidh last night, has to-day received a promise of marriage from the daughter of the King of the Eastern World."

The King's son told the wise old man that he would do all that he told him to do. The next morning he went to the lake, and everything happened as the wise old man had said.

When he had gained the daughter of the King of the Eastern World, the twelve attendants started for home. The Princess drew a magic wand and struck two tufts of yellow ragwort with it, and they were at once turned into two saddle-horses. They travelled on until night was coming, and when night came, they found themselves at the home of an uncle of hers. She told the son of the King of Ireland to ask her uncle for the key of the treasure chamber, and that he would find her in that chamber. The uncle did not know that

Fuair sé an eochair ó'n oncal, agus chuaidh sé asteach, agus fuair sé mar bean bhreágh astigh ann san rúma í. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir. D'iarr sí air, a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd. Rinne sé sin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann go maidin. Nuair tharraing sí amach an biorán ar maidin, dhúisigh sé, agus dubhairt sí leis go raibh fathach mór le marbhadh aige ar son inghine a h-oncail.

Ghabh sé amach chum na coille [ag iarraidh an fhathaigh]. "Fud, fad, féasog!" ar san fathach, "mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhréagaigh bhraidaigh."

"Nár ba soirmid (?) bidh ná digh ort, a fhathaigh bhróich!"

"Cad é [is] fearr leat-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga no gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?"

"Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, 'n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spága mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar."

Rug an dias gaisgidheach ar a chéile, agus dá dtéidhfidhe ag amharc ar ghaisge ar bith ná ar chruadh-chómhrac, is orra rachá d'amharc. Dhéanfadh siad cruadhán de 'n bhogán agus bogán den chruadhán, agus tharróngadh siad toibreacha fíor-uisge tre lár na gloch glas. [Bhí siad ag troid mar sin] gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chainte ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do'n fhathach do chuir go dtí na glúna é, agus an dara fásghadh go dtí an básta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go meall a bhrághaid go doimhin.

"Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!"

"Is fíor sin; seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna bhéarfás mé dhuit, acht spóráil m'anam dam."

"Do sheóide í láthair a bhodaigh!" "Bhéarfaidh mé cloidheamh solais a bhfuil faobhar an ghearrtha agus faobhar an bhearrtha [air agus] treas faobhar, teine 'na chúil, agus ceol ann a mhaide."

"Cia [chaoi] bhféachaidh mé mianach do chloidhimh?"

"Sin thall sean-smotán maide [ata ann sin] le bliadhain agus seacht gcéad bliadhan."

"Ni fheicim aon smota 'san gcoill is mó chuir gráin orm 'na do shean-cheann féin." Bhuail sé i gcómhgar a chinn a bhinn agus a mhúinéil é. Bhain sé an ceann dé, gan meisge gan mearbhal. Chaith sé naoi n-íomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é.

she was there at all, but he thought it was in search of his own daughter the son of the King of Ireland had come.

He got the key from the uncle; he went in and found her in the chamber in the form of a beautiful woman. They talked together until supper time. She asked him to rest his head on her bosom; he did so, and she trust the pin of sleep into his head, until morning.

When she took out the pin he woke up, and she told him that he had a giant to kill because of her uncle's daughter.

He went out into the woods to seek the giant. "Fud fod fesòg," said the giant, "I smell the smell of a lying Irish rascal."

"May you be without the food and without the drink, you dirty giant."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, and where your heavy, ill-built hoofs shall be going to the bottom."

The two warriors then attacked each other, and if you would go to see the brave and the fierce fighting, it is there that you would go to see it. They made a hard place of a soft place and a soft place of a hard place, and they made wells of fresh water run over the gray flagstones. And so they went on fighting until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that he had no one who would keene over him if he died, nor who would lay him out or wake him.

Thereupon he gave the giant a terrible grip, and buried him into the ground up to his knees, and then another which buried him up to his waist, and then another which buried him deep up as far as the lump of the throat. "Now for a green turf over your head, giant."

"It is true. The treasures of the sons of the kings and lords I will give them to you, but spare my life."

"The treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you the sword of life, which has an edge to cut and an edge to raze, and a third edge of fire in the back, and music in the handle."

"How shall I try the temper of your sword?"

"There is an old block of wood which has been there for seven hundred years."

"I see no block in the wood which is more frightful than your head." He smote it at the point where the head joins the

“Is fíor sin,” ar san ceann, “da dtéidhinn suas ar an gcolainn arís, a raibh i n-Eirinn ní bhainfeadh siad anuas mé!”

“Is dona an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú nuair bhí tu shuas!”

Tháinig sé abhaile [agus ceann an fhathaigh ann a láimh] agus dubhairt an t-oncal go raibh trian d’á inghin gnóthaighthe aige.

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh,” ar sé:

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin go dtí a chailín mná féin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann arís go d’ éirigh an la. Bhí dólás mór air nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé ar maidin dubhairt sí leis] “ta fathach eile le marbhadh agad, sin d’ obair andiú ar son inghine m’ oncail arís.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille, agus thainig an fear mór roimhe. “Fud, fad, féasóg! mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhraadaigh bhréagaigh ar fud m’ fhóidín dúthaigh!”

“Ní Eireannach bradach ná bréagach mé, acht fear le ceart agus le cóir do bhaint asad-sa.”

“Cia fearr leat, caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga na gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?”

“Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, ’n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spágá mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar.”

Bhí siad ag troid ann sin gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaointe ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do’n fhathach go dtí na glúna, agus an dara fásghadh go dí an basta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go dtí meall a bhrághaid ’san talamh.

“Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!”

“Is fíor sin, is tu an gaisgidheach is fearr d’á bhfacaidh mé riamh no d’á bhfeicfidh mé choidhche. Agus bhéarfaidh mé seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna dhuit, acht spóráil m’anam.”

“Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!”

“Bhéarfaidh mé each caol donn duit, bhéarfas naoi n-uaire ar an ngaoith roimpi, sul mbeiridh [sul do bheir] an ghaoth ’na diaigh aon uair amháin uirri.”

Thóg sé an cloidheamh agus chaith sé an ceann dé, agus chuir sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é le neart na buille sin.

“Ochón go deó?” ar san ceann, “dá bhfághainn dul suas ar an gcolainn arís, agus a bhfuil i n-Eirinn ní bhéarfadh siad anuas mé.”

neck. He cut off his head without error or mishap; he threw it nine ridges and nine furrows away from him.

"It is true," said the head, "if I could only join my body again, all that is in Ireland could never cut it off."

"It is a wretched business the feat you did perform when you were there." He went to the house with the head of the giant in his hand, and the uncle told him he had gained the third part of his daughter.

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went into the house and sat by the young girl, who again put the pin of sleep into his head until the dawn of day. He had great sorrow because he was not allowed to speak to her until the morning. When he woke up in the morning, she said to him, "You have another giant to kill; that is your task again for the daughter of my uncle."

He went to the wood to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the blood of a lying Irish rascal."

"I am neither lying nor a rascally Irishman, but a man who will make you do right and justice."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, where your heavy ill-built hoofs shall be going down."

They fought until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that there was no man to weep for his loss or to lay him out when he was dead. Thereupon he caught the giant in a grip, and forced him up to his knees into the earth; a second sent him in up to his waist, and a third up to the lump of his throat.

"A green turf over your head, giant!"

"It is true that you are the best fighter than I ever saw, or ever shall see, and I will give you the treasures of the sons of kings and lords, but spare my life."

"Give me the treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you my light-brown horse, which will beat the wind in swiftness nine times before the wind can beat him once."

He lifted the sword, cut off the giant's head, and by the force of the blow sent it nine ridges and nine furrows away.

"Alas, what luck," said the head; "if only I got on my body again, all that there is in Ireland could never take me down again."

“Budh bheag an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú, nuair bhí tú shuas uirri cheana!”

Tháinig sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal amach roimhe arís: “Ta dá dtrian de m’ inghin gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin ann san rúma, agus fuair sé a chailin mná féin roimhe, agus ní raibh bean ’san domhan budh bhreágh-dha ’ná i. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir, agus dubhairt sí leis tar éis an t-suipéir a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd, agus nuair rinne sé sin chuir sí biorán suain ann go maidin. Bhí sé trioblóideach nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúsigh sé dubhairt sí leis.] “Tá fathach eile le marbh-adh agad ar son inghine m’ oncail arís andiú, agus tá faitchios orm go bhfuighfidh tú cruaidh é seo. Acht seó coileáinín beag madaidh dhuit, agus leig amach faoi n-a chosaibh é, agus b’ éidir go dtiubhraidh sé congnamh beag duit. Agus amharc ar an meadhon-laé de’n lá, ar do ghualainn dheis, agus geobhaidh tú mise mo cholom geal, agus bhéarfaidh mé congnamh dhuit.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille agus tháinig an fathach mór chuige. “Ní mharbhóchaidh tú mise le do choinín gránna mar mharbh tú mo bheirt dhearbhráthar, a raibh fear aca cúig bliadhna agus fear aca seacht mbliadhna go leith.”

“Fuair mé garbh go leór iad sin féin,” ar sa mac rígh Eireann.

Ghabh siad de na sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile, chuirfeadh siad cith teineadh d’á geroicinn arm agus éadaigh. Nuair tháinig an meadhon-laé, d’amharc sé ar a ghualainn dheis agus chonnaic sé an colum geal. Nuair chonnaic an fathach mór an colum, rinne sé seabhac dé féin, acht rinne sise trí meirliúin dí féin, de’n choileán, agus de mhac rígh Eireann, agus throid siad leis an seabhac ann san aéir, agus thuirling siad ar an talamh arís. Dubhairt an fathach mór ann sin, “is tú an fear gan chéill, cad é ’n sórt *act-ál* atá agad, thú féin agus an dá ruidin gránna sin? Ní’l aon fhear le fághail le mise do mharbhadh acht Réalandar mac rígh Eireann.”

“Mise an fear sin.”

“Má’s tú é,” ar san fathach, “tarrnóchaidh [tarrongaidh] tú an cloidheamh so.” Sháith sé a chloidheamh asteach ’san gcarraig, agus dubhairt, “tarraing an cloidheamh so má ’s tú Réalandar.”

"It was a pretty small good you did when you were up there before."

He went to the house then, and the uncle came out to meet him, and said, "You have gained two-thirds of my daughter."

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went indoors then, and in the room he found his young girl before him, and there was no woman in the whole world who was more beautiful than she. They talked until supper-time, and after supper she told him to lay his head upon her breast, and when he had done so, she put the pin of sleep into his head until morning. He was vexed because he was not allowed to speak to her until morning.

When he was awake again, she said to him, "You have yet another giant to kill for the daughter of my uncle to-day, but I fear that it will be hard for you; but here is a little dog for you, let him follow at your heels, and it is possible that he may be of some use to you; and in the middle of the day look over your right shoulder; you will find me there in the form of a white dove, and I will bring you help."

He went to the wood, and the great giant came to him. "You will not kill me with your horrible little dog, as you have killed my two other brothers, one of whom was five years old and the other seven and a half."

"I found them, nevertheless, fierce enough," said the son of the King of Ireland. Then each of them plunged their gray steel knives at each other's sides, and they would send a rain of fire out of their skins, their arms and their clothes.

When the middle of the day came, he looked upon his right shoulder, and he saw the white dove. When the giant saw the dove he changed himself into a falcon; but she made three hawks, one of herself, one of the little dog, and one of the son of the King of Ireland, and they fought with the falcon in the air, until they came down to earth again.

"You are a fool," the great giant said then. "What joke are you playing me, you and those two wretched little things? The man that could kill me is not to be found, except Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland."

"I am that man!"

"If you are," said the giant, "you will pull out this sword."

He plunged his sword into a rock, and said, "Pull out the sword if you are Réalander."

Tharraing sé an cloidheamh, agus bhuaíl sé an fathach mór leis, agus chaith sé an ceann dé. Bhí sé féin loite. Bhí gearradh mór faoi bhonn a chích' deas [deise]. Tharraing sí amach buideull beag iocshláinte, agus chneasaigh sí é. Chuaidh sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal roimhe.

“Tá m'inghean gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”
 “Ní buidheach díot-sa atá mise a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann a rúma féin, agus fuair sé a bhean astigh ann roimhe.

CAOINEADÓ NA TRI MUIRE.

[From Douglas Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

Rádamasoid cum an trléibe
 So moé ar maidin amárac;
 (Océon asur oc ón ó.)

“A Péadar na n-abrcaí
 An bfacair tu mo xpáó seal?”
 (Océon asur oc ón ó.)

“Maireadó! a máighean,
 Connairc mé ar bail é,
 (Océon asur oc ón ó.)

Asur bí ré sabta so cruairó
 I lár a námas,
 (Océon asur oc ón ó.)

“Bí luóar 'na aice
 Asur rus ré xpeim láim' air,”
 (Océon asur oc ón ó.)

“Maireadó a luóair bhradais
 Creud do rinne mo xpáó ort?”
 (Océon asur oc ón ó.)

Literally: We shall go to the mountains early in the morning to-morrow, ochone and ochone, O! Peter of the apostles, did you see my white Love. Ochone and ochone, O!

Musha, O Mother, I did see him just now, ochone and ochone, O! And he was caught firmly in the midst of his enemies, ochone and ochone, O!

Judas was near him, and he took a hold of his hand, ochone, etc. “Musha, O vile Judas, what did my love do to you, ochone,” etc.

He never did anything to child or infant, ochone, etc. And he put anger on his mother never, ochone, etc

He pulled out the sword and smote the great giant, and cut off his head. He was wounded himself; he had a great cut above his right breast; she drew out a little bottle of balsam and cured him.

He went into the house then and the uncle said to him, "You have gained my daughter this evening."

"I am not at all grateful to you for it, you churl."

He went into his room and there found his wife before him.

THE KEENING OF THE THREE MARYS.

A Traditional Folk Ballad.

Taken down from O'Kearney, a schoolmaster near Belmullet, Co. Mayo.
[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

Let us go to the mountain
All early on the morrow.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
"Hast thou seen my bright darling,
O Peter, good apostle?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)*

"Aye! truly, O Mother,
Have I seen him lately,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
Caught by his foemen,
They had bound him straitly."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Judas, as in friendship
Shook hands, to disarm him."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
O Judas! vile Judas!
My love did never harm him,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

*This is nearly in the curious wild metre of the original. "Agus," = "and," is pronounced "ogus." In another version of this piece, which I heard from my friend Michael MacRuaidhrigh, the *cur-fá* ran most curiously, *dech dech agus dech uch an*, after the first two lines, and *dech dech, agus, dech dech* after the next two. Thus:—

Leasfá agus i n-ucó a mátar é
(Oc, oc, agus oc uc an)
Sábaró a leit. a dá múirne agus caoinisíre.
(Oc oc, agus oc de oc.)

“ Ní deapnaid ré ariam
 Dada ar leanb ná páirte,
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó.)
 ASur níor cuir ré fearg
 Ariam ar a mátair,
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó.)

Nuair fuair na deamain amac
 So mbuó i féin a mátair,
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó.)

Tógadair fuar
 Ar a nSuairníb so h-áirí,
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó !)

ASur buaireadair ríor
 Ar éicéid na rriáire í
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó !)

Cuair rí i laige
 ASur bí a glúna seáirca
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó !)

“ Duairíó mé féin
 ASur ná bain le mo mátair.”
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó !)

“ Duairíimíó tu féin.
 A’r marbócamaoiró do mátair,”
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó !)

Seiróiceadair an bhráig leó
 An lá rin ó n-a látair,
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó !)

Acé do lean an maighean
 Ias ann ran bfeárac
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó !)

“ Cia an bean í rin
 ‘Nár noiaig ann ran bfeárac ? ”
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó !)

“ So veimín má tá bean ar bit ann
 ‘Sí mo mátair,”
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó !)

They tore with them the captive, that day from her presence, ochone, etc. But the Virgin followed them, into the wilderness, ochone, etc.

What woman is that after us in the wilderness, ochone, etc. Indeed, if there is any woman in it, it is my mother, ochone, etc.

No child has he injured,
Not the babe in the cradle,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
Nor angered his mother
Since his birth in the stable.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons discovered
That she was his mother,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
They raised her on their shoulders,
The one with the other ;
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And they cast her down fiercely
On the stones all forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
And she lay and she fainted
With her knees cut and torn.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“ For myself, ye may beat me,
But, oh, touch not my mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“ Yourself—we shall beat you,
But we’ll slaughter your mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They dragged him off captive,
And they left her tears flowing,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
But the Virgin pursued them,
Through the wilderness going.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“ Oh, who is yon woman ?
Through the waste comes another.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“ If there comes any woman
It is surely my mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons found out that she herself was his mother, ochone, etc., they lifted her up upon their shoulders on high, ochone, etc.

And they smote her down upon the stones of the street, ochone, etc. She went into a faint, and her knees were cut, ochone, etc.

Beat myself, but do not touch my mother, ochone, etc. We shall beat yourself, and we shall kill your mother, ochone, etc.

“ O John, care her, keep her,
Who comes in this fashion,”
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
But oh, hold her from me
Till I finish this passion.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

When the Virgin had heard him
And his sorrowful saying,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
She sprang past his keepers
To the tree of his slaying.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

“ What fine man hangs there
In the dust and the smother?”
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
“ And do you not know him?
He is your son, O Mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

“ Oh, is that the child whom
I bore in this bosom,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
Or is that the child who
Was Mary’s fresh blossom?”
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

They cast him down from them,
A mass of limbs bleeding.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

“ There now he is for you,
Now go and be keening.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Go call the three Marys
Till we keene him forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
O mother, thy keepers
Are yet to be born,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Who is that fine man on the tree of the passion, ochone, etc. Is it that you do not recognise your son, O mother, ochone, etc.

They threw him down [a mass of] cut limbs, ochone, etc. There he is for you now, and keene your enough over him, ochone, etc.

Call the three Marys until we keene our bright love, ochone, etc. Thy share of woman-keepers are yet to be born, ochone, etc.

Thou shalt be with me yet in the garden of Paradise, ochone, etc. Until thou be a . . . (?) woman in the bright city of the graces, ochone, and ochone, etc.

BÉIR TU LIOM-PA
 SO FÓIL I NGRÁIBHÍN PÁNNTAIR;
 (OÉDÓN AGUR OÉ DÓN Ó !)
 SO PAIB TU DO BEAN IOMRÁD (?)
 I SCÁTAIR GIL NA NGRÁRA
 (OÉDÓN AGUR OÉ DÓN Ó !)

TOBAR MUIRE:

A bhfuil ó foin do bí tobair beannaighce i mBaile an tobair,* i gcomradé Muig Eó. Bí mainirctir ann ran áit a bhfuil an tobair anoir, agus ir ar loigs altóra na mainirctre do bhur an tobair amac. Bí an mainirctir ar taobh énuic, aét nuair táinig Cromail agus a cuio rghioradóir cum na tíre reó, leasadar an mainirctir, agus níor fásgadar cloc or cionn cloicé de'n altóir náir cáit-eadair ríor.

Bliadain ó'n lá do leasadar an altóir, 'ré rin lá féil Muire 'ran earraic, 'reath bhur an tobair amac ar loigs na h-altóra, agus ir iongantac an ruo le ráó nac paib bhraon uirge ann ran rrué do bí ag bun an énuic ó'n lá do bhur an tobair amac.

Bí bráctair boét ag dul na rligé an lá ceudna, agus cuairé ré ar a bealac le paiuir do ráó ar loigs na h-altóra beannaighce, agus bí iongantac mór air nuair éonnairc re tobair bpeáé ann a h-áit. Cuairé ré ar a glúnaib agus coraig ré ag ráó a páitire nuair éualairé ré sué ag ráó, "cuir óioé do bhóga, tá tu ar talam beannaighce, tá tu ar bhuaé Tobair Muire, agus tá léigear na mílte caoc ann. B'éiré duine léigearra le uirge an tobair rin anagairé gac uile duine d'éiré airmuonn i láctair na h-altóra do bí ann ran áit ann a bhfuil an tobair anoir, má bíonn riad tumta trí h-uairé ann, i n-ainm an áctar an míic agus an Spioraio Naomí."

Nuair bí a páitireaca ráitóte ag an mbháctair d'feuc ré ruar

* This is not the Roscommon Ballintubber, celebrated for the ancient castle of the O'Conors, which is called in Irish "Baile-an-tobair Uí Chonchubhair," or "O'Connor's Ballintubber," but a place near the middle of the County Mayo, celebrated for its splendid abbey, founded by one of the Mac a' Mhílidhs, a name taken by the Stauntons [Mac-a-Veely, i.e., "son of the warrior," now pronounced so that no remains of any vulgar Irish sound may cling to it, as "Mac Evilly!]. The prophecy is current in Mayo that when the abbey is re-roofed Ireland shall be free. My

Thyself shall come with me
 Into Paradise garden.
 (Ochone agus ochone, O!)
 To a fair place in heaven
 At the side of thy darling.
 (Ochone agus ochone, O!)

MARY'S WELL.

A Religious Folk Tale.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

[Taken down from Próinsias O'Conchubhair.]

LONG ago there was a blessed well in Ballintubber (*i.e.*, town of the well),* in the County Mayo. There was once a monastery in the place where the well is now, and it was on the spot where stood the altar of the monastery that the well broke out. The monastery was on the side of a hill, but when Cromwell and his band of destroyers came to this county, they overthrew the monastery, and never left stone on top of stone in the altar that they did not throw down.

A year from the day that they threw down the altar—that was Lady Day in spring—the well broke out on the site of the altar, and it is a wonderful thing to say, but there was not one drop of water in the stream that was at the foot of the hill from the day that the well broke out.

There was a poor friar going the road the same day, and he went out of his way to say a prayer upon the site of the blessed altar, and there was great wonder on him when he saw a fine well in its place. He fell on his knees and began to say his paternoster, when he heard a voice saying: "Put off your brogues, you are upon blessed ground, you are on the brink of Mary's Well, and there is the curing of thousands of blind in it; there shall be a person cured by the water of that well for every person who heard Mass in front of the altar that was in the place where the well is now, if they be dipped three times in it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

When the friar had his prayers said, he looked up and

friend, Colonel Maurice Moore, told me that when he was a young boy he often wondered why the people did not roof the abbey and so free Ireland without any more trouble. The tomb of the notorious Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest hunter, which is not far from it, is still pointed out by the people. It is probably he who is the "spy" in this story, though his name is not mentioned.

asur éonnairc colúm móir gléiseal ar éiríonn síubair i ngarí dó: Dúó h-í an colúm do bí as caint. Bí an bhrácair gléurta i neudairgib-brisce, mar bí luac ar a céann, com móir asur do bí ar céann maóra-alla.

Ar éaoi ar bí ó'fuaasair ré an rseul do daoimib an baile bis, asur níoir bfaoda so ndeacair ré trío an tír. Dúó doct an áit í, asur ní raib áct doctáin as na daoimib, asur iad líonta le deatac. Ar an áobair rin bí cuio maic de daoimib caoca ann. Le clarpolar, lá ar na márac, bí or cionn dá fíeio daoine ann, as tobar Mhuire, asur ní raib fear ná bean áca nac odtáinis ar air le maóare maic.

Cúair clú tobar Mhuire trío an tír, asur níoir bfaoda so raib oilitreaca ó fad uile conoac as teact so Tobar Mhuire, asur ní deacair don neac áca ar air san beic léigeara; asur faoi céann tamail do bídeac daoine ar tíortair eile féin, as teact so oti Tobar Mhuire.

Bí fear mí-éireoméac 'na cómnuidé i ngarí do Baile-an-tobar: Duine uaral do bí ann, asur níoir éireo ré i léigear an tobar beannairce. Dubairc re nac raib ann áct pírcneósa, asur le masad do deunam ar na daoimib tús ré arall dail do bí aise cum an tobar asur cum a céann faoi an uirge: Fuair an t-arall maóare, áct tusaó an masadóir a-baile com dail le bun do bróise.

Faoi céann bliadna tuic ré amac so raib pasairc as obair mar gáiradóir as an duine-uaral do bí dail. Bí an pasairc gléurta mar fear-oibre, asur ní raib fíor as duine ar bí so mbur pasairc do bí ann: Don lá amáin bí an duine uaral bneóite asur o'iarí ré ar a fearbrosanta é do tabairc amac 'ran ngaríó. Nuair táinis ré cum na h-áite a raib an pasairc as obair, fúir ré fíor: "Nac móir an truaas é," ar reirean, "nac oti liom mo gáiró bneas o'feicail!"

Glac an gáiradóir truaas do asur dubairc, "Tá fíor asam cá bfuil fear do léigreóac tu, áct tá luac ar a céann mar seall ar a éreom."

"Deim-re m'focal nac ndeunfair míre rribeadóireact air asur iocfair mé so maic é ar son a tríoblóide," ar ran duine uaral:

"Áct b'éirí nár maic leat dul trío an trlige-plánairce acá aise," ar ran gáiradóir:

"Ír cuma liom cia an trlige acá aise má tusaann ré mo maóare dam," ar ran duine uaral:

Donir, bí oíoc-clú ar an duine-uaral, mar bmaic ré a lán de

saw a large white dove upon a fir tree near him. It was the dove who was speaking. The friar was dressed in false clothes, because there was a price on his head, as great as on the head of a wild-dog.

At any rate he proclaimed the story to the people of the little village, and it was not long till it went out through the country. It was a poor place, and the people in it had nothing [to live in] but huts, and these filled with smoke. On that account there were a great many weak-eyed people amongst them. With the dawn, on the next day, there were about forty people at Mary's Well, and there was never man nor woman of them but came back with good sight.

The fame of Mary's Well went through the country, and it was not long till there were pilgrims from every county coming to it, and nobody went back without being cured; and at the end of a little time even people from other countries used to be coming to it.

There was an unbeliever living near Mary's Well. It was a gentleman he was, and he did not believe in the cure. He said there was nothing in it but pishtrogues (charms), and to make a mock of the people he brought a blind ass, that he had, to the well, and he dipped its head under the water. The ass got its sight, but the scoffer was brought home as blind as the sole of your shoe.

At the end of a year it so happened that there was a priest working as a gardener with the gentleman who was blind. The priest was dressed like a workman, and nobody at all knew that it was a priest who was in it. One day the gentleman was sickly, and he asked his servant to take him out into the garden. When he came to the place where the priest was working he sat down. "Isn't it a great pity," says he, "that I cannot see my fine garden?"

The gardener took compassion on him, and said, "I know where there is a man who would cure you, but there is a price on his head on account of his religion."

"I give my word that I'll do no spying on him, and I'll pay him well for his trouble," said the gentleman.

"But perhaps you would not like to go through the mode-of-curing that he has," says the gardener.

"I don't care what mode he has, if he gives me my sight," said the gentleman.

Now, the gentleman had an evil character, because he

fasarthaib roimhe rin; Bingsam an t-ainm do bí air. Ar éadai ar bit glac an fasartha meirnead agus duibairt, “Díod do cóirte réid ar maidin amárach, agus tiomáinfeid míre tu go dtí áit do léigir, ní tís le cóirteoir ná le don duine eile beic i láthair áct míre, agus ná h-innir d’aon duine ar bit cá bfuil tu as dul, no ríor cad é do gnaite (gnó).”

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, bí cóirte Bingsam réid, agus éadai ré féin arcead, leir an ngarbhadóir d’a tiomáint. “Fan, tura, ann fan mbaile an t-am ro,” ar ré leir an s-cóirteoir, “agus tiomáinfeid an gárhadóir mé.” Bí an cóirteoir na bíteamhach, agus bí éud air, agus glac ré nún go mbeirthead ré as fáine na cóirte, le fáil amach cía an áit faid ríad le dul. Bí a gíteur beannaisgte as an fasartha, taob-arctis de’n eudac eile. Nuair tángadar go Tobar Mhuire duibairt an fasartha leir, “Iy fasartha míre, tá mé dul le do maóarc d’fáil duit ’ran áit ar cáill tu é.” Ann rin tum ré tui uaire ann ran tobar é, i n-ainm an áit ar an mbe agus an Spioraid Naóim, agus táinis a maóarc cúige com maic agus bí ré aríam.

“Deurfaid mé ceud rúnt duit,” ar ra Bingsam, “com luat agus maóarc mé a-baile.”

Bí an cóirteoir as fáine, agus com luat agus connaire ré an fasartha ann a gíteur beannaisgte, éadai ré go luat an díge agus bpaic ré an fasartha. Do gabad agus do cnoad é gan bíteamh gan bíteamh. D’feudad an fear do bí tar éir a maóarc d’fáil ar air, an fasartha do fárad, áct níor labair ré focal ar a son.

Timcioll míora na diais reo, táinis fasartha eile go Bingsam agus é gíteur maí gárhadóir, agus d’iarr ré obair ar Bingsam agus fuair uaid í. Áct ní faid ré a bpad ann a feirbír go dtárla ríoc-rúo do Bingsam. Éadai ré amach don lá amáin as ríubal ríid na páirceannaid, agus do carad cailín mairead, ingean fíri boicé, air, agus rinne ré maíruad uirri, agus d’fág leat-maíri í. Bí ríurí deairbácar as an gcailín, agus tugadar mionna go maírócad ríad é com luat agus geobairt rírim air. Ní faid a bpad le fanamaint aca. Sabadar é ran áit ceudna ar maírlais ré an cailín, agus ércadar é ar éran, agus d’fágadar ann rin é na ércad.

Ar maidin, an lá ar na márac, bí millíuní de míoltógaíri cruinnisgte, maí cno mór, timcioll an éran, agus níor feud duine ar bit dul anaice leir, maí gail ar an mbolad bpean do bí timcioll na h-áite, agus duine ar bit do macad anaice leir, do dáilpad na míoltóga é.

betrayed a number of priests before that. Bingham was the name that was on him. However, the priest took courage, and said, "Let your coach be ready on to-morrow morning, and I will drive you to the place of the cure; neither coachman nor anyone else may be present but myself, and do not tell to anyone at all where you are going, or give anyone a knowledge of what is your business."

On the morning of the next day Bingham's coach was ready, and he himself got into it, with the gardener driving him. "Do you remain at home this time," says he to the coachman, "and the gardener will drive me." The coachman was a villain, and there was jealousy on him. He conceived the idea of watching the coach to see what way they were to go. His blessed vestments were on the priest, inside of his other clothes. When they came to Mary's Well the priest said to him, "I am going to get back your sight for you in the place where you lost it." Then he dipped him three times in the well, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and his sight came to him as well as ever it was.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds," said Bingham, "as soon as I go home."

The coachman was watching, and as soon as he saw the priest in his blessed vestments, he went to the people of the law, and betrayed the priest. He was taken and hanged, without judge, without judgment. The man who was after getting back his sight could have saved the priest, but he did not speak a word in his behalf.

About a month after this, another priest came to Bingham, and he dressed like a gardener, and he asked work of Bingham, and got it from him; but he was not long in his service until an evil thing happened to Bingham. He went out one day walking through his fields, and there met him a good-looking girl, the daughter of a poor man, and he assaulted her, and left her half dead. The girl had three brothers, and they took an oath that they would kill him as soon as they could get hold of him. They had not long to wait. They caught him in the same place where he assaulted the girl, and hanged him on a tree, and left him there hanging.

On the morning of the next day millions of flies were gathered like a great hill round about the tree, and nobody could go near it on account of the foul smell that was round the place, and, anyone who would go near it, the midges would blind him.

Tairis bean agus mac Bingham ceud púnt o'aoi tuine do b'éiríad an corp amac. Rinne cuid maic daoine iarríad air rin do deunam, aet níor feudadur. Fuair ríad púdar le crataid ar na míoltógaib, agus zeuga crann le na mbualad, aet níor feudadur a ríadad, ná dul com ríada leir an zcrann. Bí an b'reuntar an éiríge níor meara, agus bí eagla ar na cómarannab z o'ciubíad na míoltóga agus an corp b'reun pláig orra.

Bí an dara ríadair 'na z'árdadóir z Bingham 'ran am ro, aet ní raib fíor z luét an tíge zup ríadair do bí ann, óir da mbeid-ead fíor z luét an ulíge no z na r'pídeadóirib, do z'eodad ríad agus do érófíad ríad é. Cúaid na Catoiciz zó bean Bingham agus dubaradur léi zó raib eólar aca ar tuine do díb'reodad na míoltóga. "Tabair éuzam é," ar ríre, "agus má'r fíorir leir na míoltóga do díb'ir ní h-é an duair rin z'eodur re aet a reacet n-oiríad.

"Aet," ar ríad-ran, "da mbeid' fíor z luét-an-úlige agus da z'gabadaoir é, do érófíadaoir é, mar éróc ríad an fear do fuair ríadair a fúl ar air do." "Aet," ar ríre, "nac b'reufíad ré na míoltóga do díb'ir z an fíor z luét-an-úlige?"

"Ní'l fíor z'ainn," ar ríad-ran, "zó n'z'acramaoir cómarle leir."

An oirdé rin z'lacadur cómarle leir an ríadair, agus o'innir ríad do cad dubairt bean Bingham.

"Ní'l z'gam aet beata ríadair le cáilleamaint," ar ran ríadair, "agus b'éiríad mé i ar ron na n'aoine boet, óir b'éid pláig ann ran tír muna z'cuiríad mé díb'ir ar na míoltógaib. Ar maidin amárac, b'éid iarríad z'gam i n-ainm Dé iad do díb'ir, agus tá muinígin z'gam agus doécar i n'Óia zó r'ádlíad ré mé ó mo cuid námao. Téid cuis an bean-uairt anoir, agus abair léi zó mbéid mé i n'z'ar do'n érann le h-éiríge na z'péine ar maidin amárac, agus abair léi fíri do beic réid aici leir an z'corp do cup 'ran uair."

Cúaid ríad cum na mná-uairle, agus o'innir ríad bí an méad dubairt an ríadair.

"Má éirígeann leir," ar ríre, "béid an duair réid z'gam do, agus or'odóid mé móir-fíreap fear do beic i ládair."

Cait an ríadair an oirdé rin i n-ur'naig'íob, agus leat-uair noim éiríge na z'péine cúaid ré cum na h-áite a raib a z'leup beann-áig'íe i b'p'olac. Cuir ré rin air, agus le choir ann a leat-lám agus le uirge coirreag'íe ann ran lám eile, cúaid ré cum na h-áite a raib na míoltóga. Z'oráig ré ann rin z' léig'íe ar a leabur agus z' crataid uirge coirreag'íe ar na míoltógaib, i n-

Bingham's wife and son offered a hundred pounds to anyone who would bring out the body. A good many people made an effort to do that, but they were not able. They got dust to shake on the flies, and boughs of trees to beat them with, but they were not able to scatter them, nor to go as far as the tree. The foul smell was getting worse, and the neighbours were afraid that the flies and noisome corpse would bring a plague upon them.

The second priest was at this time a gardener with Bingham, but the people of the house did not know that it was a priest who was in it, for if the people of the law or the spies knew they would take and hang him. The Catholics went to Bingham's wife and told her that they knew a man who would banish the flies. "Bring him to me," said she, "and if he is able to banish the flies, that is not the reward he'll get, but seven times as much."

"But," said they, "if the people of the law knew, they would take him and hang him, as they hung the man who got back the sight of his eyes for him before." "But," said she, "could not he banish the flies without the knowledge of the people of the law?"

"We don't know," said they, "until we take counsel with him."

That night they took counsel with the priest and told him what Bingham's wife said.

"I have only an earthly life to lose," said the priest, "and I shall give it up for the sake of the poor people, for there will be a plague in the country unless I banish the flies. On to-morrow morning I shall make an attempt to banish them in the name of God, and I have hope and confidence in God that he will save me from my enemies. Go to the lady now, and tell her that I shall be near the tree at sunrise to-morrow morning, and tell her to have men ready to put the corpse in the grave."

They went to the lady and told her all the priest said.

"If it succeeds with him," said she, "I shall have the reward ready for him, and I shall order seven men to be present."

The priest spent that night in prayer, and half an hour before sunrise he went to the place where his blessed vestments were hidden: he put these on, and with a cross in one hand, and with holy water in the other, he went to the place where were the flies. He then began reading out of his book and

ainm an Astar an Mic agus an Spioraid Naomh. D'éirigh an enoc míoltós, agus d'éicill ríad ruar 'ran déir, agus rinneadar an rpreir com dorca leir an oíche. Ni raib fíor as na daoine eia an áit a ndéadar, áit faoi ceann leat-uairte ni raib ceann oíob le feiceáil (feicrint).

Bí lútgáire móir ar na daoine, áit níor brada go bracadar an rpride dóir as teact, agus glao ríad ar an rgarit iú leir com tara a' r bí ann. Tug an rgarit do na boinn agus lean an rprideadóir é, agus rrian ann sac láim aise. Nuair náir feut ré teact ruar leir, áit ré an rrian 'na diais. Nuair bí an rrian as dul tar sualain an rgarit, cuir ré a lám éle ruar, agus gab ré an rrian, agus áit ré an rrian ar air san féadaint taob riar de. Duair rí an fear, agus cuair rí ríto a éroide, gur áit ré marb, agus d'iméigh an rgarit raor.

Fuar na fir corp Dingsam, agus cuireadar ann ran uais é, áit nuair cuadar corp an rprideadóira do cuir, fuairadar na mílte de lucógaib móra timcioll air, agus ni raib srim feola ar a cnámaib nac raib ite aca. Ni corrócaó ríad de'n corp agus níor feut na daoine iad do ruasab, agus b'éigin dóib na cnáma d'fágbáil or cionn talman.

Cuir an rgarit a gleur beannaighe i bpolac, agus do bí as obair 'ran ngarba nuair cuir bean Dingsam fíor air, agus d'iar air an duair do glacaó ar ron na míoltóga do díbir, agus i do tabairt do'n fear do díbir iad má bí eolar aise air.

“Tá eolar asam air, agus duairt ré liom an duair do tabairt cuise anocht, mar tá rún aise an tír d'fágbáil pul má serócaíó luét an dlíge é.”

“Seó duit i,” ar ríre, agus feacaio rí rporán óir do.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, d'iméigh an rgarit go cor na fairrige; fuair ré long do bí as dul cum na Fraince, cuair ré ar bor, agus com luac agus d'fás ré an cuair ré air a eudais rgarit, agus tug buideacar do Dia faoi n-a tabairt raor. Ni'l fíor asainn cao tárla do 'na diais rin.

Tar éir rin do bídeáó daoine d'alla agus caoca as tigeact go Tobar Mhuire, agus níor fill don duine aca ariam ar air san a beit léigearca. Áit ni raib ruo maic ar bit ariam ann ran tír reo, náir míleab le duine éigin, agus míleab an tobar, mar ro.

scattering holy-water on the flies, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The hill of flies rose, and flew up into the air, and made the heaven as dark as night. The people did not know where they went, but at the end of half an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

There was great joy on the people, but it was not long till they saw the spy coming, and they called to the priest to run away as quick as it was in him to run. The priest gave to the butts* (took to his heels), and the spy followed him, and a knife in each hand with him. When he was not able to come up with the priest he flung the knife after him. As the knife was flying out past the priest's shoulder he put up his left hand and caught it, and without ever looking behind him he flung it back. It struck the man and went through his heart, so that he fell dead and the priest went free.

The people got the body of Bingham and buried it in the grave, but when they went to bury the body of the spy they found thousands of rats round about it, and there was not a morsel of flesh on his bones that they had not eaten. The rats would not stir from the body, and the people were not able to hunt them away, so that they had to leave the bones overground.

The priest hid away his blessed vestments and was working in the garden when Bingham's wife sent for him, and told him to take the reward that was for banishing the flies, and to give it to the man who banished them, if he knew him.

"I do know him, and he told me to bring him the reward to-night, because he has the intention of leaving the country before the law-people hang him."

"Here it is for you," said she, and she handed him a purse of gold.

On the morning of the next day the priest went to the brink of the sea, and found a ship that was going to France. He went on board, and as soon as he had left the harbor he put his priest's clothes on him, and gave thanks to God for bringing him safe. We do not know what happened to him from that out.

After that, blind and sore-eyed people used to be coming to Mary's Well, and not a person of them ever returned without being cured. But there never yet was anything good in this country that was not spoilt by somebody, and the well was spoilt in this way.

* This is the absurd way the people of Connacht translate it when talking English. "Bonn" means both "sole" (of foot) and "butt."

“Bí cailín i mBaile-an-tobair, aḡur bí sí ar tí beic póirta, nuair éáinig fean-bean éaoé éuici aḡ iarraió d’éirce i n-onóir do ‘Día aḡur do Muipe:

“Ní’l don muo aḡam le tabairt do fean-éaoéimán caillice, tá mé boḡaraisḡe aca,” ar ran cailín.

“Ná maib fáinne an póirta oirt a-éoiḡce ḡo mbéiḡ tu éom éaoé a’r tá mire,” ar ran tfean-bean.

Ar maidin, lá ar na máraé, bí rúile an cailín óis nimneac, aḡur ar maidin ‘na ‘daiḡ rin bí sí beaḡ-naé ‘dall, aḡur ‘dubairt na cómarraanna ḡo mbuḡ éóir ‘bí ‘dul ḡo Tobar Muipe.

Ar maidin ḡo moé, d’éirḡ sí, aḡur éuaiḡ sí cum an tobair, acé creuḡ d’feicfead sí ann acé an tfean-bean d’iarr an d’éirce uirri ‘na ruiḡe aḡ bruaé an tobair, aḡ ciaraḡ a cinn or cionn an tobair beannaisḡe.

“Leir-rḡrior oirt, a éailleac ḡránna, an aḡ palacaḡ Tobar Muipe a’á tu?” ar ran cailín; “iméiḡ leac no bhirriḡ mé do muineul.”

“Ní’l don onóir ná mear aḡad ar ‘Día ná ar Muipe, d’éirḡ tu d’éirce do éadbairt i n-onóir doib, ar an áḡbair rin ní cumfaiḡ tu tu féin ‘ran tobair.”

Fuar an cailín ḡreim ar an ḡcaillice, aḡ feucaint í do rḡeacáilc ó’n tobair, acé leir an rḡeacáilc do bí eatorra do éuit an beirt arḡeac ‘ran tobair aḡur báitead íad.

O’n lá rin ḡo ‘dú an lá ro ní maib don léiḡear ann ran tobair.

* * * * *

There was a girl in Ballintubber and she was about to be married, when there came a half-blind old woman to her asking alms in the honor of God and Mary.

"I've nothing to give to an old blind-thing of a hag, it's bothered with them I am," said the girl.

"That the wedding ring may never go on you until you are as blind as I am," said the old woman.

Next day, in the morning, the young girl's eyes were sore, and the morning after that she was nearly blind, and the neighbours said to her that she ought to go to Mary's Well.

In the morning, early, she rose up and went to the well, but what should she see at it but the old woman who asked the alms of her, sitting on the brink, combing her head over the blessed well.

"Destruction on you, you nasty hag, is it dirtying Mary's Well you are?" said the girl; "get out of that or I'll break your neck."

"You have no honor nor regard for God or Mary, you refused to give alms in honor of them, and for that reason you shall not dip yourself in the well."

The girl caught a hold of the hag, trying to pull her from the well, and with the dragging that was between them, the two of them fell into the well and were drowned.

From that day to this there has been no cure in the well.

* * * * *

muire agus naoim ioseph:

Naé naoimta do bi naoim iórep
 Nuair dór ré Muire Mátair?
 Naé é do ruair an tabairtar
 Do b' fearr 'ná an raogal áide [ádam]?

Ómáitais ré do'n ór burde
 Agur do'n éróim do bi ag Óáibi,
 Agur b' fearr leir veit ag treóruzaó
 Agur ag mánad an eólaír do Mhuire Mátair;

Lá amáin ó'á raib an cúpla
 Ag ríubal ann ran nzáiróin;
 Meafz na reiríníó cúbairta,
 Blát úbla, agur áirníóe:

Do cuir Muire óúil ionnta
 Agur énuz rí leó, i látair;
 O bolad breađ na n-úbail
 Dhí zo cúbairta deap ó'n áiró-ruza

Ann rin do labair an Mhaisdean
 Óe'n cómráó bí rann,
 "Dain dam na reóir rin
 Tá ag fáir ar an zcraim;

* Now ill-called "Caldwell" in English.

† *Literally*: Is it not holy that St. Joseph was when he married Mary Mother; is it not that he got the gift that was better than Adam's world? He refused the yellow gold and the crown that David had had, and he preferred to be guiding and showing the way to Mary Mother. One day that the couple were walking in the garden among the fragrant cherries, apple-blossoms and sloes, Mary conceived a desire for them, and fancied them at once, [enticed] by the fine scent of the apples that were fragrant and nice from the High King [*i.e.*, God]. Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was feeble, "Pluck for me yon jewels which are growing on the tree. Pluck me enough of them, for I am weak and faint, and the works of the King of the graces are growing beneath my bosom." Then spake St. Joseph with utterance that was stout, "I shall not pluck thee the jewels, and I like not thy child. Call upon his father, it is he you may be stiff with." Then stirred Jesus blessedly beneath her bosom. Then spake Jesus holily, "Bend low in her presence, O tree." The tree bowed down to her in their

MARY AND ST. JOSEPH.

From Michael Rogers and Martin O'Calally,* in Erris Co. Mayo.—
DOUGLAS HYDE.

Holy was good St. Joseph
When marrying Mary Mother,
Surely his lot was happy,
Happy beyond all other.†

Refusing red gold laid down,
And the crown by David worn,
With Mary to be abiding
And guiding her steps forlorn.

One day that the twain were talking,
And walking through gardens early,
Where cherries were redly growing,
And blossoms were growing rarely,

Mary the fruit desired,
For faint and tired she panted,
At the scent on the breezes' wing
Of the fruit that the King had planted.

Then spake to Joseph the Virgin,
All weary and faint and low,
"O pull me yon smiling cherries
That fair on the tree do grow,

presence, without delay, and she got the desire of her inner-heart quite directly off the tree. Then spake St. Joseph, and cast himself upon the ground, "Go home, O Mary, and lie upon thy couch, until I go to Jerusalem doing penance for my sin." Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was blessed. "I shall not go home, and I shall not lie upon my couch, but you have forgiveness to find from the King of the graces for your sins."

Three months from that day, the blessed child was born, there came three kings making adoration before the child. Three months from that night the blessed child was born in their cold bleak stable between a bullock and an ass.

Then spake the Virgin softly and sensibly, "O Son of the King of the friends, in what way shalt thou be on the world?"

"I shall be on Thursday, and I sold to my enemy, and I shall be on Friday a sieve [full] of holes with the nails. My head shall be on the top of a spike, and the blood of my heart on the middle of the street, and a spear of venom going through my heart with contempt upon that day."

“Dain dam mo fáil dea
Oir tá me las fann,*
A’r tús oibheada mi na ngráirca
As fáil faoi mo bhoim.”

Ann rin do Labair Naomh Ioseph
De’n cómhád bí teann,
“Ni bainfid mé duit na reoda
A’r ni h-áill liom do clann;

“Slaod ar dtair ó do leinb
Ir air ir cóir duit beic teann”
Ann rin do corruis Iosa
So beannaighe faoi na bhoim;

Ann rin do Labair Iosa
So naomca faoi na bhoim
“Ircis so h-irioil
Ann a fíadnuire a chrainn;”

D’úmlaig an crann ríor dí
Ann a bfiadnuire san máill;
A’sur fuair sí mian a crioide-rcis
Slaon-oíhead ó’n sgrann;

Ann rin do Labair Naomh Ioseph
A’sur éit é féin ar an talam;
“Sab a-baile a Mháire
A’sur luir ar do leabuir;
So ucéir mé so h-lairpálem
As deunam aicruge ann mo peacair;”

Ann rin do Labair an Mhaighean
De’n cómhád bí beannuighe,
“Ni fiacair mé a-baile
A’r ni luirfid mé ar mo leabuir;
A’c tá maiteamnar le páisail asao
Ó mi na ngráirca ann do peacair.”

* * * * *

* “Ann a s-cail” dubairt Mac Ioseph Ruairdís, a’c dubairt an Callaoilead
“Las fann” tá me ann a s-cail = “Ceartuigheann uaim iac.”

“For feeble I am and weary,
And my steps are but faint and slow,
And the works of the King of the graces
I feel within me grow.”

Then out spake the good St. Joseph,
And stoutly indeed spake he,
“I shall not pluck thee one cherry.
Who art unfaithful to me.

“Let him come fetch you the cherries,
Who is dearer than I to thee.”
Then Jesus hearing St. Joseph,
Thus spake to the stately tree,

“Bend low in her gracious presence,
Stoop down to herself, O tree,
That my mother herself may pluck thee,
And take thy burden from thee.”

Then the great tree lowered her branches
At hearing the high command,
And she plucked the fruit that it offered,
Herself with her gentle hand.

Loud shouted the good St. Joseph,
He cast himself on the ground,
“Go home and forgive me, Mary,
To Jerusalem I am bound;
I must go to the holy city,
And confess my sin profound.”*

Then out spake the gentle Mary,
She spake with a gentle voice,
“I shall not go home, O Joseph,
But I bid thee at heart rejoice,
For the King of Heaven shall pardon
The sin that was not of choice.”

* * * * *

* These six-line verses are alien to the spirit of the Irish Language, and probably arise from the first half of the next quatrain being forgotten.

Τηι μι ο'ν λα ριν
 Ρυγαο αν λεανθ beannuigte,
 Τηαιης να τηι ριγτε
 Δς θευναη αθραιγτε το'ν λεανθ.

Τηι μι ο'ν οιοθε ριν
 Ρυγαο αν λεανθ beannuigte,
 Δηη α ρταβλα ρυαρ ρεανηα
 Ετοιη bulan αςυρ αραι:

Δηη ριν το λαθαη αν ηαιζθεαν
 Ξο ciun αςυρ Ξο ceillide,
 " Δ ηιc ρις να Ξεαηαο
 Cia 'n noη mbeio tu αρ αν τηαοζαλ ? "

" Δειο με Διαηοαοιη
 Αςυρ με οιοηα ας μο ηαηαηο,
 Αςυρ βειο με Δια ηλοιη
 Μο εηιαταη ρολλ ας να ταηηηηοη:

Δειο μο ceann ι mbarη ρριce
 'S ρυη μο εηοιθε ι λαη να ρηαηοe,
 'S αν τηρεις ηιηe ουη τηe μο εηοιθε
 Le ρριθεαηαc αν λα ριν.

Three months from that self-same morning,
The blessed child was born,
Three kings did journey to worship
That babe from the land of the morn.

Three months from that very evening,
He was born there in a manger,
With asses, and kine and bullocks,
In the strange, cold place of a stranger.

To her child said the Virgin softly,
Softly she spake and wisely,
"Dear Son of the King of Heaven,
Say what may in life betide Thee."

[THE BABE.]

"I shall be upon Thursday, Mother,
Betrayed and sold to the foeman,
And pierced like a sieve on Friday,
With nails by the Jew and Roman.

On the streets shall my heart's blood flow,
And my head on a spike be planted,
And a spear through my side shall go,
Till death at the last be granted.

Then thunders shall roar with lightnings,
And a storm over earth come sweeping,
The lights shall be quenched in the heavens
And the sun and the moon be weeping.
While angels shall stand around me,
With music and joy and gladness,
As I open the road to Heaven,
That was lost by the first man's madness."

* * * * *

Christ built that road into heaven,
In spite of the Death and Devil,
Let us when we leave the world
Be ready by it to travel.

ՈՒՍՈՒ ՔԵՐՈՒՐ:

ՇԽԱԼԱԾ ՔՐՈՒՐՄԱՐ Օ ՇՈՇՈՒՄԱՐ, 1 մ'Ե՛ՆՆԵ-ԼԱՍԻՆ, ԱՆ ՔՅԵՒԼ ԲՈ Օ ՔԵԱՆՈՒՄԱՐ ՍԱՐ Ե՛ ԸՆՆՈՒ ՄՐԻՅՈՒ ՈՒ ՇԽԱՆԱԻՅ Օ ՄԽԱԼԵ-ՈՒՆ-ՆԱՍԻՆ 1 ՅՇՈՇՈՒՄԱՐ ՏԻԼԻՅԻՅ, ԱՅՍՐ ՔՅԱՐԻ ՄԻՔԵ ՍԱԾՈՒ-ՔԵԱՆ Է.

ԱՆՆ ՔԱՆ. ԱՄ Ա ՔԱԻԾ ՈՒՍՈՒ ՔԵՐՈՒՐ ԱՅՍՐ ԱՐ ՏԼԱՆՍԻՅՏԵՈՒՐ ԱՅ ՔԻՍԻՆ ԱՆ ՇԻՔԵ, ԻՐ ԻՕՄՈՒ ԱՈՆՅԱՆՔԱՐ ՍՈ ՇԱՐԵԱՆ Ա ՄԽԱՅԻՐՇԻՐ ՍՈ, ԱՅՍՐ ՍՈՒ ՄԵՍԾ ՍՈՒՆԵ ԵԻԼԵ ՍՈ ԵՒ ԱՆՆ, Ս՛ՔԵԻՔԵԱԾ ԼԵԱՏ ԱՆ ՕՐԻՍ, ԻՐ ՍՈՒՅ ՅՈ ՄԵՐԻԵԱԾ Ա ՍՈՇՇԱՐ ԱՐ Ա ՄԽԱՅԻՐՇԻՐ ՈՒՐ ԼԱՐՈՒՔԵ ՛ՆԱ ԵՒ ՍՈՇՇԱՐ ՔԵՐՈՒՐ:

ԱՈՆ ԼԱ ԱՄՈՒՆ ՍՈ ԵՐՈՒՄԱՐ ԱՅ ՇԵԱՇՏ ԱՐՇԵԱՇ ՅՈ ԵԱԼԵ-ՄՈՐ ԱՅՍՐ ՍՈ ԵՒ ՔԵԱՐ-ՇԵՈՒԼ ԼԵԱՏ ԱՐ ՄԵՐՅԵ ՛ՆԱ ՔԻՍԾԵ ԱՐ ՇԱՐԻՆ ԱՆ ՍՈՇԱՐ ԱՅՍՐ Է ԱՅ ԻԱՐՔԱԾ ՍԵՐՈՇԵ: ԿԻՅ ԱՐ ՏԼԱՆՍԻՅՏԵՈՒՐ ՔԻՐԱ ԱՐՅՈՒ ՍՈ ԱՐ ՆՅԱԵԱԼ ԷԱՐՏ ՍՈ: ՍԻ ԻՈՆՅԱՆՔԱՐ ԱՐ ՔԵՐՈՒՐ ՔԱՐԻ ՔԻՆ, ՕՐԻ ՍՈՒԵԱՐՏ ՔԵ ԼԵՐ ՔԵՆ “ԻՐ ԻՕՄՈՒ ՍՈՒՆԵ ԵՈՇՏ ՍՈ ԵՒ 1 Ն-ԵԱՐԵՍԻՍ ՄՈՐԻ, Ս՛ԵԻՏԻՅ ՄՈ ՄԱՅԻՐՇԻՐ, ԱՇՏ ԱՈՐԻ ԿՅՅ ՔԵ ՍԵՐՈ Ս՛Ն ՔԵԱՐ-ՇԵՈՒԼ ՔԵՍ ԱՏԱ ԱՐ ՄԵՐՅԵ. ԱՇՏ Ե՛ ԵՐՈՒՐ,” ԱՐ ՔԵ ԼԵՐ ՔԵՆ, “Ե՛ԵՐՈՒՐ ՅՈ ԵՐՄԻԼ ՍՈՒԼ ԱՅԵ ՔԱՆ ՅՇԵՈՒ.”

ՍՈ ԵՒ ՔԻՐ ԱՅ ԱՐ ՏԼԱՆՍԻՅՏԵՈՒՐ ՇՐԵԱԾ ՍՈ ԵՒ 1 Ն-ԻՆՆՏԻՆ ՔԵՐՈՒՐ, ԱՇՏ ՈՒՐ ԼԱԵԱՐ ՔԵ ՔՈՇԱԼ Ս՛Ա ՇԱՐԻՆ:

ԱՆ ԼԱ ԱՐ Ն-Ա ՄԱՐԱՇ ՍՈ ԵՐՈՒՄԱՐ ԱՅ ՔԻՍԻՆ ԱՐԻՐ, ԱՅՍՐ ՍՈ ՇԱՐԾ ԵՐԱՇԱՐ ԵՈՇՏ ՕՐՔԱ, ԱՅՍՐ Է ՇՐՈՄ ԼԵՐ ԱՆ ԱՐԻ, ԱՅՍՐ ԵԱՅ-ՆԱՇ ՈՇՇՏԱ: Ս՛ԻԱՐ ՔԵ ՍԵՐՈ ԱՐ ԱՐ ՏԼԱՆՍԻՅՏԵՈՒՐ, ԱՇՏ ՈՒ ԿՅՅ ՏԵՐՔԱՆ ԱՈՆ ԱՐՍՈ ԱՐ, ԱՅՍՐ ՈՒՐ ՔՐԵԱՅԱՐ ՏԵ Ա ՄՐԻԾԵ.

“ՏԻՆ ՈՒԾ ԵԻԼԵ ՆԱՇ ԵՐՄԻԼ ՇԵԱՐՏ,” ԱՐ ՔԱ ՈՒՍՈՒ ՔԵՐՈՒՐ ԱՆՆ Ա ԻՆՆՏԻՆ ՔԵՆ; ԵՒ ԵԱՅԼԱ ԱՐ ԼԱԵԱՐՏ ԼԵՐ ԱՆ ՄԱՅԻՐՇԻՐ Ս՛Ա ՇԱՐԻՆ, ԱՇՏ ԵՒ ՔԵ ԱՅ ՇԱԼԼԵԱՄԱՆՏ Ա ՍՈՇՇԱՐ ՅԱՇ ՍԻԼԵ ԼԱ.

ԱՆ ՇՐԱՇՆՈՆԱ ՇԵՍՏԱ ԵՐՈՒՄԱՐ ԱՅ ՇԵԱՇՏ ՅՈ ԵԱԼԵ ԵԻԼԵ ՆԱՐԻ ՇԱՐԾ ՔԵԱՐ ՍԱԼ ՕՐՔԱ, ԱՅՍՐ Է ԱՅ ԻԱՐՔԱԾ ՍԵՐՈՇԵ. ՇՒՐ ԱՐ ՏԼԱՆՍԻՅՏԵՈՒՐ ՇԱՆՏ ԱՐ ԱՅՍՐ ՍՈՒԵԱՐՏ “ՇՐԵՍՈ ՇԱ ՍԱՐ ?”

“ԼԱՇ ԼՈՒՐՇԻՆ ՕՐՇՇԵ, ԼԱՇ ՔԻՍԾ ԼԵ Ն՛ԻՇԵ, ԱՅՍՐ ԱՆ ՕՐՔԵԱԾ ԱՅՍՐ ԵՐԻԵԱՐ ԱՅ ՇԵԱՐՏԱԼ ՍԱՄ ԱՄԱՐԱՇ; ՄԱ ՇԻՅ ԼԵԱՏ-ՔԱ Ա ՇԱԵԱՐՏ ՍԱՄ, ՅԵՈՒԾԱԾ ԿՅՅ ՇԱՐՅԱՅԱԾ ՄՈՐ, ԱՅՍՐ ՇԱՐՅԱՅԱԾ ՆԱՇ ԵՐՄԻԼ ԼԵ ՔԱՅԱԼ ԱՐ ԱՆ ՇՐԱՅՏԱԼ ԵՐՈՆԱՇ ՔՈ.”

“ԻՐ ՄԱՐԻ 1 ՍՈ ՇԱՆՏ,” ԱՐ ՔԱՆ ՇԻՅԵԱՐՆԱ, “ԱՇՏ ՈՒ՛Լ ԿՅՅ ԱՇՏ ԱՅ ԻԱՐՔԱԾ ՄՈ ՄԵԱԼԻՍ, ՈՒ՛Լ ԵԱՐԵՍԻՍ ԼԱՍԻՇ-ԼՈՒՐՇԻՆ ՆԱ ՔԻՍԾ ԼԵ Ն՛ԻՇԵ ՕՐՏ, ՇԱ ՕՐԻ ԱՅՍՐ ԱՐՅՈՒՍ ԱՆՆ ՍՈ ՔՈՇԱ, ԱՅՍՐ ԵՍԾ ՇՈՒՐ ՍՈՒՇ ՍՈ ԵՐԻԵԱՇԱՇԱՐ ՍՈ ՇԱԵԱՐՏ ՍՈ ՍԻԱ ՔԱՐԻ ՍՈ ՍՈՒԼ ՅՈ ԼԱ ՍՈ ԵՐԻՇ ԱՅԱՍ.”

ՈՒ ՔԱԻԾ ՔԻՐ ԱՅ ԱՆ ՍԱԼ ՅՍՐ Ե՛Ն ԱՐ ՏԼԱՆՍԻՅՏԵՈՒՐ ՍՈ ԵՒ ԱՅ ՇԱՆՏ ԼԵՐ, ԱՅՍՐ ՍՈՒԵԱՐՏ ՔԵ ԼԵՐ: “ՈՒ ՔԵԱՆՄՈՐԱ ԱՇՏ ՍԵՐՈՇԵ ԱՏԱ ՄԵ՛ ԻԱՐՔԱԾ, ԻՐ ՇԻՆՏԵ ՄԵ՛ ՍՈՒ ՄԵՐԻԵԱԾ ՔԻՐ ԱՅԱԾ ՅՈ ՔԱԻԾ ՕՐ ՆԱ

SAINT PETER.

A Folk Story.

An old woman named Biddy Casey, from near Riverstown, in the Co. Sligo, told this story to O'Connor in Athlone, from whom I got it.—
DOUGLAS HYDE [in *Religious Songs of Connacht.*]

At the time that Saint Peter and our Saviour were walking the country, many was the marvel that his Master showed him, and if it had been another person who was in it, and who had seen half as much, no doubt his confidence in his Master would have been stronger than that of Peter.

One day they were entering a town, and there was a musician sitting half drunk on the side of the road and he asking for alms. Our Saviour gave him a piece of money, going by of him. There came wonder on Peter at that, for he said to himself, "Many's the poor man in great want that my Master refused, but now He has given alms to this drunken musician; but perhaps," says he to himself, "perhaps He likes music."

Our Saviour knew what was in Peter's mind, but He did not speak a word about it.

On the next day they were journeying again and a poor friar (*sic*) met them, and he bowed down with age and almost naked. He asked our Saviour for alms, but He took no notice of him, and did not answer his request.

"There's another thing that's not right," said Peter in his own mind. He was afraid to speak to his Master about it, but he was losing his confidence in Him every day.

The same evening they were approaching another village when a blind man met them and he asking alms. Our Saviour talked with him and said, "What do you want?" "The price of a night's lodging, the price of something to eat, and as much as I shall want to-morrow; if you can give it to me you shall get great recompense, and recompense that is not to be found in this sorrowful world."

"Good is your talk," said the Lord, "but you are only seeking to deceive me? you are in no want of the price of a lodging or of anything to eat; you have gold and silver in your pocket; and you ought to give thanks to God for your having enough (to do you) till (next) day."

The blind man did not know that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, and he said to him, "It is not sermons,

αιρησιον αςαμ σο μβαιρηά οίον έ, 'ευσα' λεατ* ανοιρ, μι τεαρ-
ταιρηεανν το εαينت υαιμ."

"Σο θεμιην ιρ δι-εέλλιθε αν ρεαρ τυ," αρ ραν Τιρεαρνα, "μι
θειρ όρ νά αιρησιον αςαδ ι βραδ," αςυρ λειρ ριν ο'ρās ρέ αν θαλλ.

Οηι Ρεαθαρ ας έιρτεαετ λειρ αν ζοοήραδ, αςυρ βι ούιλ αιγε α
ινηεαετ το'ν θαλλ ζυρ μβυδ έ αρ Σλάνυιγεοθιρ το βι ας εαينت
λειρ, αετ μι θρυαιρ ρέ αον ραλλ. Αετ το βι ρεαρ ειλε ας έιρτεαετ
νυαιρ ουβαιρτ αρ Σλάνυιγεοθιρ σο ραιθ όρ αςυρ αιρησιον ας αν
θαλλ. Ουδ ρζηοραοοθιρ μιλλτεαετ το βι ανη, αετ το βι ριορ αιγε
νάρ ιννηρ αρ Σλάνυιγεοθιρ αον θρευς αριαμ. Οηομ ιυαε αςυρ βι
Σειρεαν αςυρ Ναοή Ρεαθαρ ιμτιγε, εάινις αν ρζηοραοοθιρ ευμ
αν θαλλ αςυρ ουβαιρτ λειρ, "Ταβαιρ θαμ το ευιρ όιρ αςυρ
αιρησιον, νο κυρηεαο ρζηαν ρηέ το εριοθε."

"Μι'λ όρ νά αιρησιον αςαμ" αρ ραν θαλλ, "οά μβειθεαδ, μι
βειθινην ας ιαρραιθ όειρτε."

Αετ λειρ ριν το ρυαιρ αν ρζηοραοοθιρ ζρηιμ αιρ, το ευιρ ραοι
έ, αςυρ το βαιν θε αν μεαο το βι αιγε. Το ζάιρ αςυρ το ρζηεαο
αν θαλλ εομ η-αρ το αςυρ ο'ρφευθ ρέ, αςυρ ευαλαιθ αρ Σλάνυι-
γεοθιρ αςυρ Ρεαθαρ έ.

"Τά ευγεοθιρ ο'ά θευναμ αρ αν θαλλ," αρρα Ρεαθαρ.

"Ρās σο ρεαλλταε, αςυρ ιμτεοεαιθ ρέ αν εαοι εευθνα, ζαν
εαينت αρ λά αν θρηιτεαμνηαιρ," αρ αρ Σλάνυιγεοθιρ.

"Τυιζιμ τυ, μι'λ αον ρυο ι θρολαε υαιε α Μηάιζηρτιρ," αρρα
Ρεαθαρ.

Αη λά 'να θιαις ριν το θιθεαθαρ ας ριύβαλ κοιρ ράραις, αςυρ
εάινις λεομην ειοεραε αμαε. "Ανοιρ α Ρηεαθαιρ," αρ αρ
Σλάνυιγεοθιρ, "ιρ μιηιε αουβαιρτ τυ σο ζεαλλρηά το θεατα αρ
μο ρον, ανοιρ τειρης αςυρ ταβαιρ τυ ρέιν το'ν λεομην αςυρ
ιμτεοεαιθ μιρε ραορ."

Το ρμυαίν Ρεαθαρ αιγε ρέιν αςυρ ουβαιρτ, "β'ρφαρρ υιομ βάρ
αρ βιε ειλε ο'ρāsαιλ 'νά λειζινη το λεομην μι'τε; εάμαοιρ κορ-
λυαε αςυρ εις λινη ριτ υαιθ, αςυρ μά ρειειμ έ ας τεαετ ρυαρ
λινη ρανραιθ μέ αρ θειρηεαδ, αςυρ εις λεατ-ρα ιμτεαετ ραορ."

"Θιοθ μαρ ριν," αρ αρ Σλάνυιγεοθιρ:

Το λεις αν λεομην ρζηεαο, αςυρ αρ σο θραε λειρ 'να ηθιαις,
αςυρ ηιορ θραοα σο ραιθ ρέ ας θρηιε όρηα, αςυρ ι θροζαρ οόιθ.

"Ραν ριαρ α Ρηεαθαιρ," αρ αν Σλάνυιγεοθιρ, αετ λεις Ρεαθαρ
αιρ ρέιν ηαε ζεαυαλαιθ ρέ ροαλ, αςυρ ο'ιμτις ρέ αμαε ροιμ α
Μηάιζηρτιρ. Ο'ιομραις αν Τιρεαρνα αρ α ούιλ αςυρ ουβαιρτ ρέ
λειρ αν λεομην, "Τειρης αρ αιρ σο οτι αν ράραε," αςυρ ρινηε
ρ έ αηηλαιθ.

* "ευσα λεατ" = "ιμτις λεατ," "αμαε λεατ," νο ρυο θε'η τροθιρ ριν. Ο'έροιρ
ζυρ "ευιγε λεατ" βυθ εόιρ το θειε ανη, 7 ευις αν Θεαμην!"

but alms, I am looking for. I am certain that if you did know that there was gold or silver about me, you would take it from me. Get off now; I don't want your talk.

"Indeed, you are a senseless man," said the Lord; "you will not have gold or silver long," and with that He left him.

Saint Peter was listening to the discourse, and he had a wish to tell the blind man that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, but he got no opportunity. But there was another man listening when our Saviour said that the blind man had gold and silver. It was a wicked robber who was in it; but he knew that our Saviour never told a lie. As soon as He and Saint Peter were gone, this robber came to the blind man, and said to him, "Give me your gold and silver, or I'll put a knife through your heart."

"I have no gold or silver," said the blind man; "if I had I wouldn't be looking for alms." But with that the robber caught hold of him, put him under him, and took from him all he had. The blind man shouted and screamed as loud as he was able, and our Saviour and Peter heard him.

"There's wrong being done to the blind man," said Peter.

"Get treacherously and it will go the same way," said our Saviour, "not to speak of the Day of Judgment."

"I understand you; there is nothing hid from you, Master," said Peter.

The day after that they were journeying by a desert, and a greedy lion came out. "Now, Peter," said our Saviour, "you often said that you would lose your life for Me; go now and give yourself to the lion, and I shall escape safe."

Peter thought to himself and said, "I would sooner meet any other death than let a lion eat me; we are swift-footed and we can run from him, and if I see him coming up with us I will remain behind, and you can escape safe."

"Let it be so," said our Saviour.

The lion gave a roar, and off and away with him after them, and it was not long till he was gaining on them, and close up to them.

"Remain behind, Peter," said our Saviour; but Peter let on that he never heard a word, and went running out before his Master. The Lord turned round and said to the lion, "Go back to the desert," and so he did.

Peter looked behind him, and when he saw the lion going back, he stood till our Saviour came up with him.

D'fheú Peadaar taob-fiair d'é, agus nuair éonnairc ré an leómán ag tui ar air do fear ré go dtáinigis ar Slánuigteóir ruar leir. “A Peadaar,” ar Sé, “d'fás tu mé i mbaogal, agus —muo buó méara 'ná rin,—d'innir tu bheusa.”

“Rinne mé rin,” ar Peadaar, “mar bí fíor aSam go bfuil cúmáct aSao or cionn saé nio, ni h-é amáin ar leómán an fára-ais.”

“Coirg do beul, agus ná bí ag innreáct bheus, ni faib fíor aSao agus dá bfeicfeá mé i mbaogal amárac do éreigfeá mé arís, tá fíor aSam ar rmuáintib do éroide.”

“Níor rmuáin mé amáin go ndearnaid tu don nio nac faib ceart,” ar-ra Peadaar:

“Sin bheus eile,” ar ar Slánuigteóir. “Nac cuimín leat an lá do tug mé déire do'n fear-ceóil do bí leat ar meirge, bí iongantar orc agus dubairc tu leat féin gur iomda duine boct do bí i n-earbuid móir d'eitig mé, agus go dtug mé déire do fear do bí ar meirge mar bí d'uil aSam i sceól. An lá 'na diais rin d'eitig mé an sean-bháctair, agus dubairc tu nac faib an nio rin ceart. An trácthóna ceurona ir cuimín leat creud tápla i dtáob an dáil. Mineócaid mé anoir duit cad fáct iunnear mar rin. Rinne an fear-ceóil níor mó de máit 'ná rinne fide bháctar d'á dóir ó rugad iad. Shábdail ré anam cailín ó pian-taib irfúinn. Dhí earbuid boinn airgid uirri agus bí sí ag tui peacaó marbtaó do deunam le na fásgail, áct toirneirg an fear-ceóil i, tug ré an bonn oi, cid go faib earbuid díge air féin an t-am ceurona. Mairir leir an mbháctair, ni faib don earbuid air-sean, cid go bfuair ré ainm bháctar buó dáil de'n diabal é, agus rin é an fáct nac dtug mé don áir ar. Mairir leir an dáil, do bí a Dhia ann a dóca, óir ir fíor an sean-focal, “an áit a bfuil do éirte béid do éroide léi.”

Seal gearr 'na diais rin dubairc Peadaar, “A Mháigirir, tá eólar aSao ar na rmuáintib ir uairnige i gceirde an duine, agus ó'n nóimio réo amac géillim duit annr saé nio.”

Timcioll reáctmáine 'na diais-rin do bíodar ag riubal tre énocaid agus rleibtib, agus cáilleadar an bealac. Le tuicim na h-oirde táinig teinntac agus toirneac agus fearrctain érom: Dhí an oirde com doirca rin náir feudadar corán caorac d'feicéil: Thuit Peadaar anaSao carraige agus loit ré a cor com dona rin náir feud ré coircéim do riubal.

Chonnairc ar Slánuigteóir folur beas faoi bun cnuic, agus dubairc Sé le Peadaar, “fan mar tá tu agus faidair mire ag tóruigeáct congnam le d'iomáar.”

"Peter," said He, "you left me in danger, and, what was worse than that, you told lies."

"I did that," said Peter, "because I knew that you have power over everything, not alone over the lion of the wilderness."

"Silence your mouth, and do not be telling lies; you did *not* know, and if you were to see Me in danger to-morrow you would forsake Me again. I know the thoughts of your heart."

"I never thought that you did anything that was not right," said Peter.

"That is another lie," said our Saviour; "do you not remember the day that I gave alms to the musician who was half drunk, there was wonder on you, and you said to yourself that many's the poor man in great want whom I refused, and that I gave alms to a drunken man because I liked music. The day after that I refused the old friar, and you said that that was not right; and the same evening you remember what happened about the blind man. I will explain to you now why I acted like that. That musician did more good than twenty friars of his sort since ever they were born. He saved a girl's soul from the pain of hell. She wanted a piece of money and was going to commit a deadly sin to get it, but the musician prevented her, and gave her the piece of money, though he himself was in want of a drink at the same time. As for the friar, he was not in want at all; although he had the name of friar, he was a limb of the devil, and that was why I paid him no heed. As for the blind man, his God was in his pocket, for the old word is true, "Where your store is, your heart will be with it.'"

A short time after that Peter said, "Master, you have a knowledge of the most lonesome thoughts in the heart of man, and from this moment out I submit to you in everything."

About a week after that they were traveling through hills and mountains, and they lost their way. With the fall of night there came lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. The night was so dark they could not see a sheep's path. Peter fell against a rock and hurt his foot so badly that he was not able to walk a step.

Our Saviour saw a little light under the foot of a hill, and He said to Peter, "Remain where you are, and I will go to seek help to carry you."

"There is no help to be found in this wild place," said Peter, "and don't leave me here in danger by myself."

"Be it so," said our Saviour, and with that He gave a whistle,

“Ní'l don éongnam le fágaíl ann ran aic fiadóin reo,” ar Peadaar, “asur ná leis ann ro mé i mbaogal liom féin.”

“Díod mar rin,” ar ar Slánuigtheoir, asur leir rin do leis ré fead, asur táinig ceatpar fear, asur cia bí 'na cairtín orna aet an fear do rfuor an dall real noihe rin. D'aicniú ré ar Slánuigtheoir asur Peadaar, asur dubairt ré le n-a cúio fear Peadaar o'iomcár zo cúramac zo oti an aic-cómnuide do bí aca amearz na zcnoc. “Chuir an beirt reo,” ar ré, “ór asur aic-zioo ann mo bealac-ra real zeair ó foín.”

O'iomcáir riad Peadaar zo oti reomra faoi éalam; bí teine bheáz ann, asur cúipeadar an fear loicte i ngar oí, asur tug-adar deoó dó. Thuit ré ann a éodlad asur do minne ar Slánuigtheoir loiz na cpoire le n-a méar, or cionn na loicte, asur nuair dúiriz ré o'feuo ré riúbal com maic asur o'feuo ré riám. Dhí ionzantar air, nuair dúiriz ré, asur o'fiarruiz ré cneuo do bain do. D'innir ar Slánuigtheoir do zác níó mar éarla.

“Shaoil mé,” ar ra Peadaar, “zo maib mé marb asur zo maib mé ruar az uorur flaitir, aet níor feuo mé uol arceac mar bí an uorur oruote, asur ni maib uoirreoir le fágaíl.”

“Airling do bí azao” ar ar Slánuigtheoir, “aet ir fíor i; tá an flaitear oruote asur ní' ré le beic forzailte zo b'áz' mire bár ar fon peacaid an éine daonna, do cuir fearz ar m'áair. Ni bár coiccionta aet bár náireac zeodar mé, aet éireócaid mé arir zo zlóimmar asur foizgeólaid mé an flaitear do bí oruote, asur béid tura do uoirreoir!”

“Óra, a Mháizirair,” ar ra Peadaar, “ni féidir zo b'fuigeta bár náireac, nac leizreá dam-ra bár fágaíl ar do fon-ra, tá mé péid asur coilteanna.”

“Saoileann tu rin,” ar ar Slánuigtheoir.

Thainiz an t-am a maib ar Slánuigtheoir le bár fágaíl. An traetóna noihe rin bí ré féin asur an dá abrcal deuz az reire, nuair dubairt ré, “tá fear azaid az uol mo b'ra.” Dhí triob-lóid móir orna asur dubairt zác don aca “an mire é?” aet dubairt Seirean, “an té tumar le n-a láim ann ran méir liom, ir é rin an fear b'airtfeair mé.”

Dubairt Peadaar ann rin, “dó mbeidead an uoman iomlán i o'azaid,” ar reirean, “ni béid mire i o'azaid,” aet dubairt ar Slánuigtheoir leir, “rul má zoireann an Coileac anocet ceilfiró (reunfaró) tu mé tri h-uair.”

“Do zeodainn bár rul má ceilfinn tu,” ar ra Peadaar, “zo veimín ni ceilfead tu.”

and there came four men; and who was captain of them but the person who robbed the blind man a while before that! He recognised our Saviour and Peter, and told his men to carry Peter carefully to the dwelling-place they had among the hills; "these two put gold and silver in my way a short time ago," said he.

They carried Peter into a chamber under the ground. There was a fine fire in it, and they put the wounded man near it, and gave him a drink. He fell asleep, and our Saviour made the sign of the cross with his finger above the wound, and when he awoke he was able to walk as well as ever. There was wonder on him when he awoke, and he asked "what happened to him." Our Saviour told him each thing, and how it occurred.

"I thought," said Peter, "that I was dead, and that I was up at the gate of heaven; but I could not get in, for the door was shut, and there was no doorkeeper to be found."

"It was a vision you had," said our Saviour, "but it is true. Heaven is shut, and is not to be opened until I die for the sin of the human race, who put anger on My Father. It is not a common, but a shameful, death I shall get; but I shall rise again gloriously, and open the heaven that was shut, and you shall be doorkeeper."

"Ora! Master," said Peter, "it cannot be that you would get a shameful death; would you not allow me to die for you; I am ready and willing."

"You think that," said our Saviour.

The time came when our Saviour was to get death. The evening before that He himself and His twelve disciples were at supper, when He said, "There is a man of you going to betray me." There was great trouble on them, and each of them said, "Am I he?" But He said, "He who dips with his hand in the dish with Me, he is the man who shall betray Me."

Peter then said, "If the whole world were against you, I will not be against you." But our Saviour said to him, "Before the cock crows to-night you will reneague (deny) Me three times."

"I would die before I would reneague you," said Peter; "indeed I shall not reneague you."

When death-judgment was passed upon our Saviour, His enemies were beating Him and spitting on Him. Peter was

Nuair tugadh breiteamhnar báir ar ár Slánuigtheoir, bí a cuio námad o'á bualaod agus as cataod rmuđairle air. Uhi Peardar amuis ann ran gcúirt, nuair táinig cailín-aimpíre cuise agus dubairt leir "bí tura le hÍora." "Ní' l' fíor asam," ar ra Peardar, "cao é tá tu ráo."

Nuair bí ré as dul amac an geata, ann rin, dubairt cailín èile, "rin fear do bí le hÍora," áct tug reirean a míonna nac raib eolar ar bit aise air. Ann rin dubairt cuio de na daoib do bí as éirteáct, "ní' l' amhar ar bit nac raib tu leir, aicnigmid ar do éaint é." Thus ré na míonnair móra ann rin, náir leir é, agus ar ball do glao an coileac, agus cuimnis ré ann rin ar na foclaib dubairt ár Slánuigtheoir, agus do fil ré na deora aicnige, agus fuair re maiteamnar ó'n té do ceil ré. Tá eodmaca flaitir aise anoir, agus má fileann rinne na deora aicnige rai n-ár loctair mar do fil reirean iad, geobamaois maiteamnar mar fuair reirean é, agus cuirfid ré ceo míle fáilte ríomáinn, nuair nacar rinne so dorur flaitir:

outside in the court, when there came a servant-girl to him and said to him, "You were with Jesus." "I don't know," says Peter, "what you are saying."

Then when he was going out the gate another girl said, "There's the man who was with Jesus," but he took his oath that he had no knowledge at all of Him. Then some of the people who were listening said, "There is no doubt at all but you were with Him; we know it by your talk." He took the great oaths then that he was not with Him. And on the spot the cock crew, and then he remembered the words our Saviour said, and he wept the tears of repentance, and he found forgiveness from Him whom he denied. He has the keys of heaven now, and if we shed the tears of repentance for our faults, as he shed them, we shall find forgiveness as he found it, and he will welcome us with a hundred thousand welcomes when we go to the door of heaven.

MAR TÁINIS AN T-SAINTE ANNSAN EAGLAIS.*

Uthí ár Slánuigeóirí aSúr Naomh Beathar aS rparíveóiríacé tréatnóna, aSúr do carad rean-feapí orra: Uthí an duine boct rin go dona, ní raib ari acé ceirteada aSúr rean-cóta rtróicte, aSúr san fiú na mbóds faoi n-a córaib. D'iarra ré déire ar ár oTigeapna aSúr ar Naomh Beathar. Uthí truaig aS Beathar do an donán boct aSúr faoil ré go dtiúbrad an Tigeapna ruo éigin do: acé níor éuir an Tigeapna don truum ann, acé d'imtíg re tairir san fheasairt tabairt do: Uthí iongantar ar pheathar faoi rin; óir faoil ré go dtiúbrad an Tigeapna do zac aindeir-eóirí a raib ocraí ari, acé bí faircéior ari don níó do ráó.

An lá ar na márac bí an Tigeapna aSúr Beathar aS rparíveóiríacé ari ar an mbótar ceudna, aSúr cia d'feicfead ríad aS teacé 'na scoinne ann ran gceart-aic ann a raib an rean-feapí boct an lá roime rin acé robdáirde aSúr cloideam nócta aige ann a láim: Tháinig ré eua aSúr d'iarra ré ariaisíó orra. Thug an Tigeapna an t-ariaisíó do san focal do ráó, aSúr d'imtíg an robdáirde. Uthí iongantar dúbailta ar pheathar ann rin, óir faoil ré go raib an iomarcuir meirnis aS ár oTigeapna ariaisíó do tabairt do gáuir do faircéior: Nuair bí an Tigeapna aSúr Beathar imtígte tamall beag ar an mbótar níor feud Beathar san ceirt do éur ari: "Nac móir an rgeul a Thigeapna" ar ré "nac dtug tu d'adám do'n donán boct d'iarra déire oré anóé, acé go dtug tu ariaisíó do'n bíteamnac gáuirde do táinig éugad le cloideam ann a láim: nac raib rinn-ne 'n ár mbeirt aSúr ní raib ann acé feapí amáin; tá cloideam aSam-ra" deir ré, "aSúr b' feapí an feapí mire 'ná eirean!" "A pheathar" ar ran Tigeapna "ní feiceann túra acé an taoó amuis, acé éiríom-

*Fuar ní an rgeul ro, o feapí-oibre do bí aS Revington De Róirte, Druim an t-reasail, acé éualar go minic é. ní h-íad ro na ceart-focail ann a bfuairfead é.

HOW COVETOUSNESS CAME INTO THE CHURCH.

This is a story I have often heard. The above version I got from a man near Monivea, in Galway, though I do not give his exact words. I heard one nearly identical, only told in English, in the Co. Tipperary. The story reminded me so strongly of those strange semi-comic mediæval moralities, common at an early date to most European languages—such pieces as Goethe has imitated in his story of “St. Peter and the Horse-shoe”—that I could not resist the temptation to turn it into rhyme, though it is not rhymed in the original. More than one celebrated piece of both English and French literature founded upon the same *motif* as this story will occur to the student.—DOUGLAS HYDE. [*Religious Songs of Connacht.*]

As once our Saviour and St. Peter
 Were walking over the hills together,
 In a lonesome place that was by the sea,
 Beside the border of Galilee,
 Just as the sun to set began
 Whom should they meet but a poor old man!
 His coat was ragged, his hat was torn,
 He seemed most wretched and forlorn,
 Fenury stared in his haggard eye,
 And he asked an alms as they passed him by.

Peter had only a copper or two,
 So he looked to see what the Lord would do.
 The man was trembling—it seemed to him—
 With hunger and cold in every limb.
 But, nevertheless, our Lord looked grave,
 He turned away and He nothing gave.
 And Peter was vexed awhile at that
 And wondered what our Lord was at,
 Because he had thought Him much too good
 To ever refuse a man for food.
 But though he wondered he nothing said,
 Nor asked the cause, for he was afraid.

It happened that the following day
 They both returned that very way,
 And whom should they meet where the man had been,
 But a highway robber, gaunt and lean!
 And in his belt a naked sword—
 For an alms he, too, besought the Lord.
 “He’s an ass,” thought Peter, “to meet us thus;
 He won’t get anything from us.”
 But Peter was seized with such surprise,
 He scarcely could believe his eyes
 When he saw the Master, without a word,
 Give to the man who had the sword.

After the man was gone again
 His wonder Peter could not restrain,
 But turning to our Saviour, said:
 “Master, the man who asked for bread,

ρε αν ταυθ-αρτις : ni feiceann tuṛa aḥt corṣ na nṛaoine nuair feicim-re an cṛoide. Aḥt b'eiḥ f'ioṛ aḡaḥ ḡo f'oil" ar Sé "cṛeud fát do minne mé rin."

Thuit ré amac don lá amáin 'na ḡiaḡ rin ḡo nṛeacaiḥ ar ṽTigearna aḡur p'eadar amúḡa ar na r'leib'itib. Dhí teinntead aḡur toirneac aḡur fearr'cain m'or ann, aḡur b'í r'iaḥ b'áit'ce, aḡur an b'ótar cailite aca. Cia ḡ'feicfead r'iaḥ c'uca ann rin aḥt an robdáil'ide ceudna a ṽtug an Tigearna airt'ioḥ ḡó an lá rin, Nuair t'áinḡ ré c'uca b'í t'ruaḡ aḡe ḡóib, aḡur ruḡ ré leir iaḥ ḡo ṽci uaḡ ḡo b'í aḡe f'aoi bun cairriḡe, amearḡ na r'leib'teac, aḡur bain ré an t-eudac f'liuc ḡ'ioḥ aḡur c'uir eudaiḡ t'ime orra, aḡur t'ug nearc le n'ite aḡur le n'ól ḡóib aḡur leabuir le luirde air, aḡur ḡac uile f'órc ḡ'feud ré ḡeunam ḡóib ḡo minne ré é. An lá ar na márac nuair b'í an r'coir'm t'aric, t'ug ré amac iaḥ aḡur níor f'áḡ ré iaḥ ḡur c'uir ré ar an mbótar ceairc iaḥ, aḡur t'ug lón ḡóib le n-aḡaiḥ an airt'ir. "Mo c'óir'iar!" ar p'eadar leir f'éin ann rin, "b'í an ceairc aḡ Tigearna, ir maic an fear an ḡaḡu'ide; ir iomḡa fear c'oir," ar reir'ean, "nac nṛeairnaiḥ an oir'ead rin ḡam-ra!"

Ni ruib r'iaḥ a b'raḥ imt'ig'ce ar an mbótar ann rin ḡo b'ruair r'iaḥ fear mar'ḥ aḡur é r'inte ar c'naim a ḡ'rioma ar lári an b'ótar, aḡur ḡ'air'niḡ p'eadar é ḡur ab é an r'ean-fear ceudna ḡo ḡ'iu'ltaiḡ an Tigearna an ḡ'air'c ḡó. "ḡ'olc ḡo minneamar" ar p'eadar leir f'éin, "air'ioḥ ḡo ḡ'iu'ltuḡad ḡo'n ḡuine boct rin, aḡur feuc é mar'ḥ anoir le ḡonar aḡur ahr'ó." "A p'headair" ar ran Tigearna "t'eiḥ t'ail c'uir an b'fear rin aḡur feuc c'réad t'á aḡe ann a p'óca." C'uaiḥ p'eadar anonn c'uirge aḡur t'oraiḡ ré aḡ l'áim'ruḡad a r'ean-c'óca aḡur c'ruud ḡo ruair ré ann aḥt a lán airt'ioḥ ḡeal, aḡur tim'cioll c'úpla r'ic'ro bonn óir. "A Thigearna," ar ra p'eadar, "Dhí an ceairc aḡaḥ-ra, aḡur cia b'é ruḥ ḡeun'far tu no ḡ'ear'far tu a'ir, ni macaiḥ mé i ḡ' aḡaiḥ." "ḡeun'faiḥ rin a p'headair," ar ran Tigearna. "ḡlac an t-air'ioḥ rin anoir aḡur caic a'rt'ead é ann ran b'poll

The poor old man of yesterday,
Why did you turn from him away?
But to this robber, this shameless thief,
Give, when he asked you for relief.
I thought it most strange for *you* to do;
We needn't have feared him, we were two.
I have a sword here, as you see,
And could have used it as well as he;
And I am taller by a span,
For he was only a little man."

"Peter," said our Lord, "you see
Things but as they seem to be.
Look within and see behind,
Know the heart and read the mind,
'Tis not long before you know
Why it was I acted so."

After this it chanced one day
Our Lord and Peter went astray,
Wandering on a mountain wide,
Nothing but waste on every side.
Worn with hunger, faint with thirst,
Peter followed, the Lord went first.
Then began a heavy rain,
Lightning gleamed and flashed again,
Another deluge poured from heaven,
The slanting hail swept tempest-driven.
Then, when fainting, frozen, spent,
A man came towards them through the bent,
And Peter trembled with cold and fright,
When he knew again the robber wight.
But the robber brought them to his cave,
And what he had he freely gave.
He gave them wine, he gave them bread,
He strewed them rushes for a bed,
He lent them both a clean attire
And dried their clothes before the fire,
And when they rose the following day
He gave them victuals for the way,
And never left them till he showed
The road he thought the straightest road.

"The Master was right," thought Peter then,
"The robber is better than better men,
There's many an honest man," thought he,
"Who never did as much for me."

They had not left the robber's ground
Above an hour, when lo, they found
A man upon the mountain track
Lying dead upon his back.
And Peter soon, with much surprise,
The beggarman did recognize.

móna tál, ni bíonn ann ran aighiód zo minic áct mallaét móru
 Chruinniḡ Peadar an t-aighiód le céile, aḡur éuaíó pé zo uc'
 an poll-móna leir; áct nuair bí pé dul d'á caitéam arteaé,
 "oóón," ar pé leir féin, "nac áiróbéul an tmuas an t-aighiód
 breaḡ ro do éur amúḡa, aḡur ip minic bíonn ocraḡ aḡur tairt
 aḡur fuaét ar an Máigirctiḡ, óir ni tuzann pé don aipe dó féin,
 áct congubócaíó miḡe curó de 'n aighiód ro ar pon a leapa féin,
 a ḡan fíor dó, aḡur b'feairtíde é." leir rin do éait pé an t-
 aighiód ḡeal uile, arteaé ann ran bpoli, i muóct zo ḡcluinfead
 an Tigearna an topan, aḡur zo raoilfead pé zo raíó pé uile
 caitte arteaé. Nuair tánís pé ar aipann rin d'fíairmuḡ an Tig-
 earna, dé "A Pheadair," ar pé, "ar éait tu an t-aighiód rin uile
 arteaé." "Chaitear" ar Peadar, "áct amáin píora óir no
 dó, do congbaḡ mé le biaó aḡur deoc do céannaé duit-pe."

"O! a Pheadair," ar ran Tigearna, "craéó fáct nac n'oea-
 naid tu mar d'ubairt miḡe leat. feair ranntaé tu, aḡur béíó
 an t'raint rin oir zo b'ráct."

Sin é an fáct faoi a bfuil an Easlaip ranntaé ó foim;

"Ochone!" thought Peter, "we had no right
To refuse him alms the other night.

He's dead from the cold and want of food,
And we're partly guilty of his blood."

"Peter," said our Lord, "go now

Feel his pockets and let us know

What he has within his coat."

Then Peter turned them inside out,

And found within the lining plenty
Of silver coins, and gold ones twenty.

"My Lord," said Peter, "now I know

Why it was you acted so.

Whatever you say or do with men,

I never will think you wrong again."

"Peter," said our Saviour, "take

And throw those coins in yonder lake,

That none may fish them up again,

For money is often the curse of men."

Peter gathered the coins together,

And crossed to the lake through bog and heather.

But he thought in his mind: "It's a real sin

To be flinging this lovely money in.

We're often hungry, we're often cold,

And money is money—I'll keep the gold

To spend on the Master; He needs the pelf,

For He's very neglectful of Himself."

Then down with a splash does Peter throw

The *silver* coins to the lake below,

And hopes our Lord from the splash would think

He had thrown the whole from off the brink.

And then before our Lord he stood

And looked as innocent as he could.

Our Lord said: "Peter, regard your soul;

Are you sure you have thrown in the whole?"

"Yes, all," said Peter, "is gone below,

But a few gold pieces I wouldn't throw,

Since I thought we might find them very good

For bed, or for drink, or a bite of food.

Because our own are nearly out,

And they are inconvenient to do without.

But, if you wish it, of course I'll go

And fling the rest of the lot below."

"Ah, Peter, Peter," said our Lord,

"You should have obeyed me at my word,

For a greedy man you are, I see,

And a greedy man you will ever be;

A covetous man you are of gain,

And a covetous man you will remain."

And that's the reason, as I've been told,

The clergy are since so fond of gold.

ΡΙΟΞΑΙΡ ΝΑ ΚΡΟΙΣΕ ΝΑΟΜΤΑ.

Ο νάμαο μο έπειοιμή, νάμαο μο τίρ,
 Νάμαο μο έτοιinne 'ρ μο έέτε,
 Δ τίξερνα θευν μο έομαιρε
 Λε ριοξαιρ να Κροιρε ναομτα:

Λε δάρ να Κροιρε έεανναιξ τυ
 Στιοετ [μί-] φορτάναε έδα,
 Ο φοιμ ανuar ιρ θεανναιξτε
 Δν έομαιρε το άρσ-ναομτα.

Όο ρλευρξ αν έαρραιξ, το ουιδ αν ξριαν;
 Όο έροιε αν νομαν ξο η-έαεταε,
 Νuaiρ ο'άρσσαιξεαο ρuar αν Σιάννιξτεόιη
 Δρ όριuim να Κροιρε ναομτα.

Φαρσορ! οά υίτιμ ριν, αν τέ
 Νάε μβείο Δ έροιρε ο'ά ρευθαο;
 Δ'ρ θεόιη αιτρυξε αξ ριλεαο uαιο,
 Ορ έομαιη να Κροιρε ναομτα!

Ιρ ξεαρρ έ ρείμ αν ουιue ια'ξ
 Σιορ λε ράν αν τ-ραοξαιρ-ρε,
 Νι έαομανν (?) αν Σριοραο malluixte
 Λυετ ριοξαιρ να Κροιρε ναομτα

Σξανηρόεαρ ξαε άον ραοι ξρειμ αν υάιρ
 Ό'ά ταεταο ρuar, αξ ευξαο,
 —Ιρ υοετ βείο λά αν αναρα
 Ξαν ρξάε να Κροιρε ναομτα:

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS FOR EVER.

[I came across this religious poem in Irish among the MSS. of William Smith O'Brien, the Irish Leader, at Cahermoyle. It was attributed to a Father O'Meehan.—DOUGLAS HYDE, in "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

From the foes of my land, from the foes of my faith,
 From the foes who would us dissever,
 O Lord, preserve me in life, in death,
 With the Sign of the Cross for ever.

By death on the Cross was the race restored,
 For vain was our endeavor;
 Henceforward blessèd, O blessèd Lord,
 Be the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Rent were the rocks, the sun did fade
 The darkening world did quiver,
 When on the tree our Saviour made
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

Therefore I mourn for him whose heart
 Shall neither shrink nor shiver,
 Whose tears of sorrow refuse to start
 At the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Swiftly we pass to the unknown land,
 Down like an ebbing river,
 But the devils themselves cannot withstand
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

When the hour shall come that shall make us dust,
 When the soul and the body sever,
 Fearful the fear if we may not trust
 In the Sign of the Cross for ever.

bea a ucrí mbó.
nn

So péir, bean na ucrí mbó!
Ar do bólaict na bí teann:
Do connairc meiri san so,
Bean ir ba dá mó a beann:

Ní mairneann rairóbrear do gnaic,
Do neac ná tabair táir so móir;
Cúgac an t-éag ar gac taob;
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó

Siuict Eogain Móir 'ra Múmain;
A n-imteact do gni clá uóib,
A feolta gur léigeadar ríor;
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Clann fairge tigeanna an Cláir,
A n-imteact-ran, ba lá leoin,
San rúil me n-a uceact so bráic
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Dómnall ó Dún baoi na long,
Ua Súilleabáin ná'r t'im glóir;
Féac gur tuit 'ran Spáin me clairdeam;
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Ua Ruairc ir MagUídir, do bí
Lá i n-Éirinn 'na lán beoil;
Féac féin gur imtíg an uír:—
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Síol gCearbail do bí teann;
Le mbeircí gac geall i ngleó;
Ní mairneann don uíob, mo uíe!
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Ó don boin amáin do bpeir
Ar mhaoi eile, ir i a dó,
Do pinnir-pe iomorca a péir:
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

An Ceangal

Díob ar m'falluing, a aindir ir uairneac gnaic;
Do bíor san dearmad rearmac buan 'ra tnué:
Trio an ríacmur do glacair reo' buaid ar ucrí;
Dá bpaiginn-pe reatb a ceacair do buairinn tú.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

(FROM THE IRISH, BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.)

O Woman of Three Cows, *agra!* don't let your tongue thus rattle!
 Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
 I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
 A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser;
 For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;
 And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows—
 Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows.

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen Mór's descendants.
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants;
 If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
 Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Mavrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning.
 Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
 Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows.

Oh, think of Donnel of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted,
 See how he fell in distant Spain unchronicled, unchantéd;
 He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
 Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows?

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story:
 Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory.
 Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs—
 And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows.

Th' O'Carrols, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
 Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows.

Your neighbour's poor; and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
 Because, *inagh!* you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has;
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows;
 But if you're strong, be merciful—great Woman of Three Cows.

AVRAN.

Now, there you go; you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
 And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
 If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
 I'd thwack you well, to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows.

First published by O'Curry in the "Irish Penny Journal" (Gunn & Cameron's)
 No. 9, 29th August, 1840, with an introductory note, and Mangan's famous metrical
 version (pp. 68, 69).

ΑΝ ΡΑΝΝ ΞΑΕΘΕΛΙΔΑ:

Δξ ρο ρανν λεσθ-πάσαντα ειλε το ευαλαρ ο ουινη ο Κοποδε
 Ούιν-να-ησαλλ; αυθ μι-φουαίμηναε ρτάρο να η-έιρηεανν, μαρ ιρ
 κορμύιλ, νυαιρ ριννεαθ ε—

Νάρ μαρβαρθ μιρε ουινη αρ βιθ
 Δ'ρ νάρ μαρβαρθ δον ουινη μέ,
 Δετ μά τά δον ουινη αρ τι μο μαρβθα
 Ξο μβυθ μιρε μαρββαρ ε!

Δξ ρο ρανν ειλε αρ αν ζσείρη, το βι αα ι ζCύιζε Μυμάν, αζυρ
 το βειρ Ο Οάλαιζ Ούιιν—

Σεαδαιν ρεαθμαναρ σιλλε,
 Λε βυιθιν να κλέιρη νά θευν κοινζιθ,
 Νο ιρ βαοζαλ το ο'ευιο υιλε
 ιμτεαετ μαρ ουιλεαβαρ αρ βάρρ τυιλε!

Δξ ρο ρανν αρ αν μειρζε, το ευαλαρθ μέ ο μ' εαριαο Τομαρ
 Οάριελαιζ. Ιρ βεαζναε ι η “Οειθιροε ε”—

Νι μειρζε ιρ μιρτε λιον,
 Δετ λειρζ α ρειρριπ ορη,
 Ξαν οιζ να μειρζε ιρ μιρτε αν ζρηεανν,
 Δετ νι ζηάταε μειρζε ζαν μι-ζρηεανν.

Δξ ρο ρανν το ευαλαρ ο'η βρεαρ σευθνα, αρ ηηηαιο βοιρη; ατα
 ρε αα ι ζCύιζε Μυμάν μαρ αν ζσευθνα—

Ραθοθο τεινη ραοι λοε
 Νο εαιτεαη κλοε λε ευαν,
 Κομάιρη το εαβαρη το ηηηαιο βοιρη
 Ιρ βυιλλε ο'ορη* αρ ιαρηαν ρυαρ.

Δξ ρο ρανν μι-λάζαε ειλε αρ να ηηηαιβ, το ευαλαρ ι ζCονναε-
 ταιβ—

Τρη νιθ ιρ υοιλιζ α μύναθ
 Θεαν, μυ, αζυρ μύιλε!

* Aliter, “οορη,” μαρ, ευαλαρ ε ο ρεαρ ειλε.

IRISH RANNS.

[From "Songs of Connacht," by DOUGLAS HYDE.]

Here is a half-Pagan rann which I heard from a man in Donegal. The state of Ireland seems to have been unsettled at the time it was made—

I hope and pray that none may kill me,
Nor I kill any, with woundings grim,
But if ever any should think to kill me
I pray thee, God, let me kill him.*

Here is another rann about the clerics which O'Daly gives us—

Avoid all stewardship of church or Kill,
It is ill to be much in the clerics' way,
Lest you live to see that which with pains you save,
Like foam on the wave float far away.†

Here is a rann on drunkenness which I got from my friend Thomas Barclay. It is almost in *Deibhidh* metre—

I mind not being drunk, but then
Much mind to be seen drunken.
Drink only perfects all our play,
Yet breeds it discord alway.‡

Here is another rann on the fierce or wayward woman, which I heard from the same; it is also current in Munster—

Like a fire kindled beneath a lake,
Like a stone to break an advancing sea,
Like a blow that is struck upon iron cold,
To the wayward woman thy counsels be.§

Here is another discourteous rann on women that I heard in Connacht—

If you hope to teach, you must be a fool,
A woman, a porker, or a mule.||

* *Literally*: That I may kill no man at all, and that no man may kill me! But if there is anyone bent on killing me, that it may be I who shall kill him!

† *Literally*: Avoid the stewardship of a Kill (or church). With the band of the clerics do not make agreement, or there is a danger of all your portion departing like leaves on the top of the tide.

‡ *Literally*: It is not intoxication I think the worse of, but [am] loath it to be seen on me. Without the drink of intoxication fun is the worse, but intoxication is not usual without dis-fun [*i.e.*, something the opposite of fun].

§ *Literally*: The kindling of a fire beneath a lake or the throwing of stones against the harbor, to give advice to a wayward (or fierce) woman, it is a blow of a fist upon cold iron.

|| *Literally*: Three things difficult to teach [are] a woman, a pig, and a mule!

Δς πο ρανν αρ αν βρεαρ βορη, το ευαλαρ ι ζσονθαε
Ρορcomain—

Comairle το ταβαιρ το ουνε βορη
Ni bfuil ann ac̄t nro zan ceili,
So sclaoioteap e 'na loct
'S so nigteap e 'na aim-leap fein.

Δς ζο comairle το τυς ραζαρ ι ζσονθαε Mhuig Eo το cailin
το bi rō zaili-beupac̄ zleupca, το ευαλαρ με o'n bpeap
ceutha—

Δ cailin veap na meap ζup mōr i το ciaili,
'S ζο bfuil "notion" Δζαο nār cleac̄t το p̄ōr ariam̄,
Uolact-bleac̄t το b'aitc leō ar rliab̄,
'S ni cota bpeac ar pleac (?) το tona riar.

Δς πο ρocal bpiogmar ar conθαε Mhuig Eo—

"Saoilim," "ir uoiḡ liom," a' r "oap liom fein,"
E:n tpi fiadnuire ac̄a Δς an mbreiḡ.

Δζup ουβαιρ fear o'n ζσονθαε ceutha ζο cpiunn ciailmar le
ouine a maib an-caint Δζup τοζα an beapla aige, ac̄t το pinne
uoc-uirgebeata—

Ni beapla ζnōr bpaic̄
Ac̄t a ruataō ζο maic̄!

Δς πο ρανν maic̄ ar an tpiop̄-tpiōr rin ac̄a ar bun το̄r an
toil Δζup an tuigrint, ar ar labair an Romānac, nuair ουβαιρ
re, video meliora probo-que—deteriora sequor—

Nāc boct an τοirz a' r an cop̄ ann a bfuilim i bpein!
Mo tuigrint om' toil, a' r mo toil Δς upuioim om' ceili,
Ni tuigteap dom' toil ζac̄ loct̄ dom' tuigrint ir leīr,
No mā tuigteap, ni toil leī, ac̄t toil a tuigpiona fein.

* *Literally*: To give advice to a wayward [or fierce] man, there is nothing in it but an act devoid of sense, until he be overthrown in his fault, and until he is washed [i.e., laid out dead] in his own misfortune.

† *Literally*. My pretty girl, do not think that great is your sense, and sure you have a notion that your people [literally, "seed"] never practised, milk-kine on a mountain they liked better, and not a speckled coat behind.

Here is a rann on the fierce or wayward man, which I heard in the County Roscommon—

To a wayward man thine advice to bring
Is a foolish thing, and a loss of time,
His fault must find him, he must be crost,
Till death be the cost of his frantic crime.*

Here is an advice which a priest in the County Mayo gave to a girl who was too foreign-mannered and dressy; I heard it from the same—

My girl, I *fear* your sense is not *great* at all,
Your fathers, my *dear*, would *rate* such sense as small,
They loved good *cheer* and not *state*, and a well-filled stall,
Not garments *queer* to *inflate* like the purse-proud Gall.†

Here is a forcible saying from the County Mayo—

“No doubt sure,” “Myself believes,” “Thinks I,”
Three witnesses these of the common lie †‡

A man from the same county said pithily to someone who had fine talk and choice English, but who made bad whiskey—

It's to mix-without-fault,
And not English, makes malt!§

Here is a good rann on that constant combat which is ever on foot between the will and the reason, of which the Latin spoke when he said, “I see the better things and approve of them, but I follow the worse”—

How sad is my case, I am surely in *plight* most ill,
My will with my reason, my reason *fight*s with my will,
My reason sees faults that my will remains *blind* to still,
Or should my will see them, my reason *strike*s to my will.||

† *Literally*: “I think,” “I'm near-sure,” and “it seems to me,” those are three witnesses that the lie has.

§ *Literally*: It is not English makes malt, but to mix it well.

|| *Literally*: Is it not poor, the way and the condition in which I am in *pain*, my understanding [moving away] from my will, and my will moving away from my understanding. Each fault which is plain to my understanding is not understood by my will, or if it is understood she wills it not, but [wills] the will of her own understanding.

Δὲ πο ἴανν εἰλε; ἱρ ἴεαν-ἴοαλ κοἰτῆοἰονν “ ἢ τῷεανν ἀν
ἴατῶ ἀν ἴεανῆ ”—

Ἰοἱρ ἀἱἱῆ ἀν ἴατῶ ἴαἱἱ ἀν τ-οοἱῶ ἴαἱἱ,
S ἢ ἔἱἱἱῆ ἴαἱἱ ἔἱἱῶἅἅ ἴαν ἱἱἱ-ἢἢἢἢ ὀἅἱἱἢ 'ἢἱ ὀἱἱῆ;
ἢἢ ὀἱἱἱἢ ἴἱἱἱ ἁῆ ἢἢἢἢ ἱε ἴἱἱῶἱἱἱ ἱἱἱ,
S ἢ τῷῆ ἀν ὀἱἱ ἴἱἱἱ ὀἱ ὀἱἱἱἱ ἀἱ ἃἱἱ ἁἱἱἱἱ.

Δὲ πο ἴανν εἰλε ἀἱ ἔἱἱἱ ἁῆἱἱ ἀἱ ἢἢ-ἔἱἱἱ—

Ἐἱἱἱ ἁῆἱἱ ἢἢ-ἔἱἱἱ
ὀἱἱἱ ἢἱ ἢἱἱἱἱἱ ἱε ἔἱἱἱἱ
ἱἱ ὀἱἱῆ ἱε ἴἱἱἱ ἴαν ἔἱἱἱ
ἴἱἱἱ 'ἃἱ ἴἱἢ ἁῆἱἱἱἱ ἢἢ ἔἱἱἱἱἱἱ!

Δὲ πο ἴανν εἰλε ἀἱ ἀν ὀἱἱἱἱ ἁ ὀἱἱἱἱ ἁ ἁἱἱἱ ἁῆἱἱ ἁ ἢἢἱἱἢἢ
ἀἱ ἴἱἱ ἡἱἱἱ—

Ἐἱἱἱἱ ἱἱἱἱἱἱ ἀν τ-ἱἱἱἱἱ,
ἢἢ ὀἱἱἱἱἱ ἔἱἱἱἱἱ ἴαν ὀἱἱἱἱ ἴἱἱἱ,
ἱἱἱἱἱἱἱ ἁἱἱ ἴαν ἁ ὀἱἱἱ 'ἴἱἱ ἢἱἱἱἱἱ
ἢἱἱἱ ἢἱἱ ἁἱἱ ἁ ἁἱἱἱ ἁἱἱ!

Ἐἱ ἢἱἱἱἱ ἴἱἱἱἱ ἢἱἱ, ἁῆ ἢἢἱἱἱἱ ὀἱἱἱἱἱ ἢἱἱἱἱἱ ἀν ἱἱἱἱἱἱἱ.
Ἐἱἱἱἱἱἱ ἴἱ ὀἱἱἱἱ ἀν ἔἱἱἱ ἱἱ ἢἱ ἁἱἱἱἱἱἱ ὀἱἱἱ ὀἱἱἱἱἱἱ ἁἱ
ἴἱἱ. ἢἢ ἔἱἱἱἱἱἱἱ ἁἱἱἱἱ ἁἱἱἱ ἁἱἱἱ ἱἱἱἱἱἱἱ, ὀἱ ἴἱἱἱ ἢἱἱἱ
ἁἱἱ ἴἱ ἱ ἴἱἱἱἱἱἱ ἢἢἱἱἱ-ἔἱἱ—

ὀἱἱἱἱἱἱ ἱἱἱἱἱ, ὀἱἱἱἱἱ,
ὀἱἱἱἱἱἱ ἱἱἱἱ, ἱἱἱἱἱἱ,
ὀἱἱἱἱἱἱ ἕἱἱἱἱ, ἕἱἱἱἱἱἱ,
ὀἱἱἱἱἱἱ ἴἱἱἱἱἱἱ, ὀἱἱἱἱἱἱἱ

Ἐἱἱἱ ἢἱἱἱ ἁἱ ἴἱἱἱἱἱἱἱ ἁ ἱἱἱ ὀἱ ἢἱἱἱἱἱἱ ἁῆ ἱἱἱἱἱἱἱ ἱἱἱἱ ἁἱ
ὀἱἱἱἱἱ “ ἢἱἱἱἱ ” ἁῆ ὀἱἱἱἱἱἱ ἱἱἱἱἱἱἱ ἴἱἱἱἱ ἕἱἱἱἱἱἱἱἱἱ. ἁῆ

* *Literally*: The mild satisfied one never felt [for] the hungry one, and there never came an ebb without a full tide close behind it. No woman has any part with a gray-haired dotard (?), and death has never given respite to anyone.

† *Literally*: Sense and un-sense, two who do not go together. The man without sense is certain that he himself is the author of sense.

Here is another rann : "The satiated does not understand the lean" is a common proverb—

The satisfied man for the hungry one never feels,
There never comes ebb without full tide close at its heels,
To the gray-haired dotard no woman her heart reveals,
From death when he comes no praying a respite steals.*

Here is another rann on sense and folly—

Though the senseless and sensible
Never foregather,
Yet the senseless one thinks
He is Sense's own father.†

Here is another rann on the man whose attention and mind are astray—

A constant tree is the yew to me,
It is green to see, and grows never gray,
'T were as good for a man through the world to roam
As to live at home with his mind away.‡

There exist many ranns telling the end of the things of the world. I believe the most of these are common to the entire island. I shall only give one of them here as a specimen, in the form it has in the County Mayo—

The end of a ship is drowning,
The end of a kiln is burning,
The end of a feast is frowning,
The end of man's health—is mourning.§

There are also a great number of ranns beginning with the word "alas," or "woe," lamenting over various things. Here

† A tree of fruit is the yewtree, it is never without a green top. It is the same thing for a man not to be at home as for him to be there with his attention away. [The idea seems to be that wherever a man is planted, he should remain there with his mind fresh and green like the yew and not grow withered by wishing to be where he cannot be.]

§ *Literally*: The end of a ship—drowning; the end of a kiln—burning; the end of a feast—reviling; the end of health—a sigh.

ro cúpla rompla víob ro, ar an sconnalé Rorcomáin, mar vo
eualar íad—

1r maiṛṣ vo ḡnib bṛannṛa ḡan-ṛíol,
1r maiṛṣ víor i oṛṛṛ ḡan veit tṛeun, (a)
1r maiṛṣ vo ḡnib cómpáð ḡan ṛlacṛ,
Δḡur oá máirṣ nac ḡcuiṛeann ṛmacṛ ar a veul;

Δḡur aríṛ—

1r maiṛṣ a mbíonn a éarao ṛann;
1r maiṛṣ a mbíonn a élan ḡan ṛac;
1r maiṛṣ a víðear i mboṛán boṛṛ,
Δ'ṛ oá máirṣ a víðear-ḡan oic ná maic.

1r íomṛa ṛann ann, mar an ḡ-ceuṛna, ṛoraiḡear le “1r ṛuac
liom.”

1r ṛuac liom cairleán ar móin,
1r ṛuac liom ṛóḡmar veit báíðce;
1r ṛuac liom vean buinneac (?) ar bṛón;
'ḡur 1r ṛuac liom ṛíaca ar ṛáḡarṛ:

Aríṛ—

1r ṛuac liom cú tṛuaḡ
Δḡ ṛeac (ṛic) ar ṛuo tṛḡe;
1r ṛuac liom vuine-uaral
Δḡ ṛṛearṛal o'á mnaoi!

Tá ṛann corṛúil leir ṛeð i oṛaoib ṛhinn mhic Chumail—

Ceitṛe níð o'á oṛuḡ ṛíonn ṛuac—
Cú tṛuaḡ, Δ'ṛ eac mall,
Tṛḡearṛna tṛṛe ḡan veit ḡlic,
Δḡur vean ṛṛṛ nac mbéarṛað élanṛ

Buð ḡnátac leir na uaoimib veitíðeac éiḡin vo máṛṛað Δḡur
o'ite oíðce ṛhéile Mháṛṛain: Tháṛṛla, an oíðce ṛeð, nac ṛaið
le máṛṛað Δḡ mnaoi an tṛḡe acṛ muc bṛeac, Δḡur níor maic léi
ṛṛṛ vo véunam. Acṛ buð mian leir an mac béile maic vo veit

(a) Aliter, tṛéíðeac.

Literally: Alas for who makes land fallow without seed [to put in it],
alas for him who is in a land without being strong, alas for who makes
conversation without elegance, and twice alas for him who places no
control over his mouth.

are a couple of examples of them just as I heard them in the County Roscommon—

Alas for who plow without seed to sow,
For the weak who go through a foreign land,
For the man who speaks badly yet does not know,
—Twice woe for the mouth under no command.*

And again—

Alas for the man who is weak in friends,
For the man whose sons do not make him glad,
For the man of the hut through which winds can blow,
—Twice woe for who neither is good nor bad†

There is also many a rann beginning with the words "I hate." Such as—

I hate a castle on bog-land built,
And a harvest spilt through the constant wet,
I hate a woman who spoils the quern,
And I hate a priest to be long in debt.‡

Again—

I hate poor hounds about a house
That drag their mangy life,
I hate to see a gentleman
Attending on his wife?§

There is a rann somewhat like this about Finn Mac Cool—

Four things did Finn dislike indeed,
A slow-foot steed, a hound run wild,
An unwise lord who breeds but strife,
And a good man's wife who bears no child.||

It used to be the custom of the people to kill and eat some beast on St. Martin's Night. It happened on this night that the woman of the house had nothing she could kill except a speckled pig, and she did not like to do this. But her son

† *Literally*: Alas for him whose friend is feeble, and alas for him whose children are without prosperity, alas for him who is in a poor bothy or hut, and twice alas for him who is without either bad or good. [Perhaps this last clause is a reminiscence of the Apocalyptic *οφελον ψυχρὸς ἦς ἡ βεστὸς*.]

‡ *Literally*: I hate a castle on a bog, I hate a harvest to be drowned, I hate a * * * (P) woman at a quern, and I hate debt on a priest.

§ *Literally*: I hate a miserable hound running throughout a house, I hate a gentleman attending [*i.e.*, for want of servants] on his wife.

|| *Literally*: Four things to which Finn gave hatred, a miserable hound, a slow steed, a country's lord not to be prudent, and a man's wife who would not bear children.

aíse agus éadú fé i bfolac ar cúl an tíge, 'd'áiríse fé a gúc
agus túbairt fé de glór sháanna uatbárac an rann ro—

Míre Máirtan 'dearís Dia,
Agus ar gac realb buainim feoil,
Mar nár marb tura an muc breac
Marbfaid míre do mac Cormac ós.

Do rshannraigead an máctair, óir faoil rí gur b'é Naomh Máirtan
féin do bí ag labairt, agus marb rí an muc.

Ag ro rseul do rshíob mé ríor o beul mhíceadil mhic Ruairíse
“ an file ar cónadé Mhuig-Eó,” mar leanar :

“ Bí beirt rásairt ag rparíodóradt, don lá amháin, agus cónn-
airc riad [ag] tígeadct 'na n-ágarú leat-amadóán nac faid don éiall
aíse, áct bí fé an ghearr-moballac [gáir-freagaradct], agus arpa
ceann de na rásairt leir an brear eile, 'cuirfid mé ceirt ar
Dhiarmuid anoir nuair tíucfaid fé i ngar dúinn.' 'Ír fearr
duic a léigean éairt' ar ran fear eile. Nuair táinig Dhiarmuid
i n-imeig (?) [= i ngar] doib, arpa ceann do na rásairt leir, 'larr-
amadóir ort [= ríarraigimio díot] cad é an uair bérdear a éaint
ag an bhréadán duib'? 'Dearc Dhiarmuid ruar ann ran ágarú
ar an rásairt, agus 'innreócaid mé rin duic,' ar reiréan

Nuair éomhócar an t-uiriac [t-íolar] ar an ngleann,
Nuair glanfar an ceó de na cnuic,
Nuair imteócar* an traint de na rásairt
Déir a éaint ag an bhréadán duib.

'Noir,' ar ran rásairt eile, 'nár brearr duic éirteadct le
Dhiarmuid !' ”

Ag ro rann eile do ruair mé ó'n mDárlaigeac—

Geallfaid an fear breugac
Gac [a] breudar a éroide,
Saoilfid an fear rannac
Gac a gealltar so bfuig'†

Ag ro ceann eile ó cónadé Mhuig Eó—

An té léigear a leabar
A'í nac gcuireann é i meabar,
Nuair éaillean fé a leabar
Díonn fé 'na baileabar (?)

* “áct so n-imeig,” túbairt mac ui Ruairíse, áct ni léir tam rin.

† = so bfuigfid fé gac nio gealltar.

wished to have a good meal, and he went and hid at the back of the house, changed his voice, and spoke this rann in hideous, awful tones—

I am God's Martin, hear my word,
Out of every herd one head is mine,
I must slay your Cormac 'Og this day
Since you will not slay the spotted swine.*

The mother was frightened, for she thought it was St. Martin himself who was speaking, and she killed the pig.

Here is a story which I wrote down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rory [Rogers], the "poet from the County Mayo," as follows—

"There were two priests out walking one day, and they saw coming towards them a half fool who had no sense, but he was very short-tailed [*i.e.*, quick-at-answer], and says one of the priests to the other, 'I'll ask Diarmuid a question when he comes near us.' 'It's best for you to let him pass,' says the other one. When Dairmuid came near them one of the priests says to him, 'We're asking you when shall the black crow have speech.' Diarmuid looked up in the priest's face, and 'I'll tell you that,' says he:

'When the eagle shall nest in the hollow glen,
When mountain and fen shall from mists be free,
When the priests shall no longer for gold be seeking,
The crow shall be speaking as plain as we.'

"'Now' says the other priest, 'wasn't it better for you to listen to [*i.e.*, let be] Diarmuid!'"

Here is another rann from which I got from the same—

The lying man has promised
Whatever thing he could,
The greedy man believes him,
And thinks his promise good.†

Here is another, also from the County Mayo—

The man who only took
His learning from his book,
If that from him be took
He knows not where to look.‡

* I am Martin red-God (?) and out of every herd, do I take meat; as you have not killed the speckled pig, I shall kill your son Cormac Oge. (This use of the word *realtb* (which now means any possession) for "herd" is ancient and curious, but Father O'Growney tells me it is still used in Donegal in this sense.)

† *Literally*: The lying man will promise all that his heart is able [to invent], the covetous man will think that he will get all that is promised.

‡ *Literally*: He who reads his book, and does not put it into his memory, when he loses his book he becomes a simpleton (?).

SEÁGAN AN OIOMAIS;
BLÚIRÍN AS STAIR NA h-ÉIREANN.
CONÁN MAOL;

Cait. I:

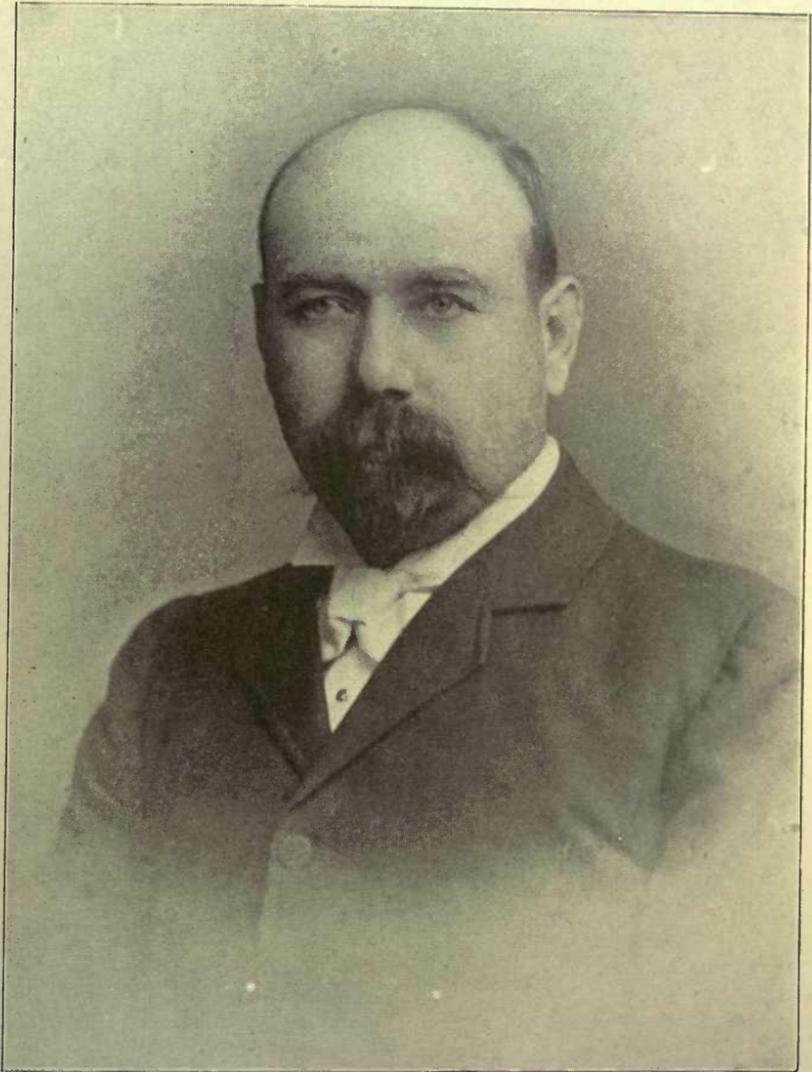
bile na coille:

Ir iomrha fear sairseamail do h-oilead i n-Ulad ó Coin Cúlainn anuar go dtí Seágan an Oiomais. I bfuad inr na cian-taid do rugad ann Niall naoi n-ġiallac, ní cúmactac do bí i oTeamair. Ir minic do motuis na Rómánais i m'breatain a corġairt ríú. I ġceann o'a turpuid tug pé leir mar cime buacail óġ o'ar b'ainm 'na oiaid ríú p'aruis. Do b'é an cime úo an Tailġin ġur innir na o'raoite roim ġae a teact. Tá a élú, ġ a ceannar go h-aidiú fúr imearġ ġaeoel, act oála Néill naoi n-ġiallais ir beag nac bfuil a ainm oearmáota. Ar a fon roim ba móir le ġad an ní úo lá, ġ ar a learġaca o' fár an aicme ba cúmaraiġe ġ ba cáma o'a ġaid i n'ġiunn le n-a linn féin, 'na b'féioir ar o'ruim an o'omain. Cuaroais rġair na ġcúoic eile, féac imearġ aicmib abur ġ tall ġ ní bfuigġir rir o'aon cimead amáin do b'áilne o'rae, do ba cáma i nġleo, do ba ġléir-inntineac i ġcómairle 'na na rár-rir do ríolraid ar fead na ġceáota bliadan ar an b'péim uarail rin Muinir Néill.

Fá mar do liúġa nn an ġaoe móir timceall crainn oaine i n'aoiar ar láir macairne, ġan baint le n-a neair act amáin na ouilleoġa do rġiobad o'e ġ ro-ceann o'a ġeasaid do b'uread le h-áro iarġact, do ba mar rin do na Sapanais ar fead ceirpe ceao bliadan o'a mbarġad féin i ġcoinnib na ġcupaide úo do táinġ ó Niall naoi-n-ġiallac; ġ ir é mo cúairim ná buaidríde coiróce orca ríú muna mbéad ġur eirġeatar i n-aġaid a céile.

Ní ġaid fear ar an ġcinead ba mó cáil 'na an Seágan ro do luaoimio. Eiréannae 'na ballaid do b'ead é, cóm maie 'na loctaid ġ 'na eiréitib fearamla. Ní ġaid pé cóm ġlic i ġcómairle 'na cóm ġear-cúiraeac i ġceirt le h-aoe ó Néill o'foġluimio cleairídeact ġaġla i o'cis Eúipe, bainríoġain Sapan. Ní ġaid bun-eólar cogaid aige cóm cúirpe le h-eoġan Ruad, act níor fáruis aon ouine aca ro é i nġairġe, i nġioim, 'na i nġrad o'a eir. Tá aon rmal amáin ar a ainm. O'foillirġ

PATRICK J. O'SHEA (County Mayo)
From a photograph by Alison's Belfast, Armagh and Dublin



SHANE THE PROUD.

A FRAGMENT OF IRISH HISTORY.

BY P. J. O'SHEA.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST TREE OF THE WOOD.

THERE was many a valiant man reared in Ulster, from Cuchulainn to Shane the Proud. Far back in the old times Niall of the Nine Hostages was born there, a powerful king in Tara. The Romans in Britain often experienced the havoc wrought by him. In one of his expeditions he took with him as a prisoner of war a young boy whose name afterwards was Patrick. That slave was the saintly child whose coming the Druids foretold. His fame and his power are fresh and strong still among Gaels. But as to Niall of the Nine Hostages his name is almost forgotten. But nevertheless that king was very great once, and from his loins sprang the most powerful and the most valiant race that existed in all Ireland in their own time, or perhaps in the whole world. Search the history of other countries, seek among the tribes here and elsewhere, and you will not find men of any one race who were handsomer in appearance or more valiant in battle or more intellectual in counsel than the brave men who, during hundreds of years, sprang from that noble root of the O'Neills.

As the wind howls round about an oak-tree standing by itself in the middle of a plain without reducing its strength, but only snatching leaves from it and breaking an odd one of its branches by a great effort, so it was with the English for four hundred years, flinging themselves against those champions descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages: and it is my opinion that the latter would never have been conquered but for the fact that they rose up against each other.

There was no man of the family more renowned than this Shane of whom we speak. He was an Irishman all over, as well in his faults as in his manly qualities. He was not so clever in counsel nor so subtle in disquisition as Hugh O'Neill, who learned state-craft in the house of Elizabeth, Queen of England. He was not so skilful in the science of warfare as Owen Roe, but neither of these surpassed him in valor, in

na Sapanais̄ go roiléir an ríal roin dúinn go h-ácarac, mar ba veas orca Sealán Ó Néill. D'fuaioais̄ ré bean Calbais̄ Uí Dómhnaill, veirbhíur do Tigearna na nOileán coir Albain, 7 ip doic le n-a lán úsuar sup éaluis̄ ríre leir le n-a toil féin. Ip ruarac nác raib̄ ré cóim h-olc leir na Sapanais̄ féin ar an gcuma rain, áct amáin go n-admócaó reirlean a úro-cleactaó mar níor ba fímineac é, áct fear fíunneac ná ceirfeac a cáim:

Caib. 2.

Éire le n-a linn:

Ní feacaó imir fáil lá ruaimhir riam̄ 'ó sab reóta na Normánac 1 gcuan ar "Tráig an Uainb" le Diarmaid na nGall imir an mbliadain 1169. Táinig na Normánais̄ go Sapaná ó'n bFrainc céac bliadán roim̄ an am roin, fá rtiúrúgac Liam̄ Duadótais̄, 7 do rgarpeadar na Sapanais̄ i n-aon bhuis̄in amáin. Bí na Sapanais̄ fá coir san móill 7 Normánac 'na rí 7 'na buanna orca fearoa. Níor ba dala roin d'Éirinn. Ó'n rí rin an dapa Hanrí go dci an t-octmaó Hanrí bí ríste Sapaná 'na "oigearnaib" ar Éirinn. Ní raib̄ ré i mirneac don rí aca Rí Éireann do glaoúac air féin sup ceap an t-octmaó Hanrí sup cóir do féin veit 'na rí dáiríur ar Éireannais̄.

Ar an adbar roin cuir ré gairm rgoile amac go raib̄ ré ríactanac ar taoirfeacáib móra Éireann cruinnúgac ar don látar go mbronnfar ré tiodail 7 talam̄ orca.

Do b'é nó'r na dtaoirfeac roin go dci rúo veit 'na gcinn ar an dtréib̄ 7 rloinneac a dtréibe féin do tógáil. Bí Ó Dhuain mar ceann ar Muinirí Dhuain, Ó Néill mar ceann ar Muinirí Néill, 7 mar rin doib. Cuirrío an t-octmaó Hanrí veirfeac leir an nó'r roin fearoa, 7 d'á féir rin cuirfeann ré rógia as tríall ar áro-taoirfeacáib Éireann nác bhruil uair áct ríotcáin do déanaó leó, 7 go ndéanfar ré tigeairnaí móra díob, 7 go mbronnfar ré talam̄ na tréibe orca áct géilleac do. Do máctnuis̄ na taoirí. Do féir nó'r na h-Éireann an uair rin níorb' leir an dtaoirfeac talam̄ na tréibe, áct leó féin 7 leirlean i dteannta cáile. Bí reirlean mar ceann orca mar d'árouigeadar féin é ar coingcail go dtabarfar ré ceap doib. Ar an adbar roin bíodar raor 7 ní leóirac an taoirfeac a gcuro

action, nor in love of his country. There is just one stain upon his name. The English have shown us that stain clearly and gladly, for they detested Shane O'Neill. He carried off Calvach O'Donnell's wife, sister to the Lord of the Isles on the coast of Scotland; and many authors think that she eloped with him of her own will. He was very nearly as bad as the English themselves in that way, except that *he* would admit his evil conduct, for he was no hypocrite, but a truthful man, who would not conceal his fault.

CHAPTER II.

IRELAND IN HIS TIME.

Inisfail never saw a day's peace after the sails of the Normans were lowered in the harbor at Traig-an-Vaniv,* with Foreign Dermot, in the year 1169. The Normans came to England from France a hundred years before that time, under the command of William the Conqueror, and they routed the Saxons in one single battle. The Saxons were overcome at once, and a Norman was King and task-master over them thenceforward. It was not thus with Ireland. From that King, Henry II., to Henry VII., the Kings of England were "lords" of Ireland. Not one of them had the courage to call himself King of Ireland until Henry VIII. thought that he ought to be really King over the Irish.

He therefore issued a proclamation that all the great chiefs of Ireland must assemble in one place so that he might present them with titles and lands.

Until then, it was the custom of those chiefs to be heads of the clans and to take the family name of their own clan. O'Brien was head of the O'Brien family, O'Neill of the O'Neill family, and so with all of them. Henry VIII. will put an end to this custom for the future, and accordingly he sends a notice to the high chiefs of Ireland that he wants nothing but to make peace with them, and that he will make great lords of them, and that he will bestow upon them the lands of their clan, provided they submit themselves to him. The chieftains reflected. According to Irish customs at that time the land of the clan did not belong to the chief, but to themselves and to him jointly. He was their head, because they themselves appointed him on condition that he would give them their rights. For that reason they were free, and the chief would not dare to

* Somewhere on the coast of Wexford. The name is not now recognizable.

talman do dhaint díob mar bí an oipead cipt aca féin cum na talman roin 7 bí aigepean.

Áct féacá an dlíge reo do éap an t-oéctmáó Hanrí 7 a míuir-
tíer glie Wolsey. Deadó an taoipead fearúa mar máigirtir ar
gac tpeib 1 n-ionadó beit mar do bí ré go dtí ro 'na uacúarúar
oirta. Níor cáitníg an gno 1 n-aon cóp leir an dtpeib, áct do
féiditíg ré go dian máit leir na taoipeadait, 7 do rmuainitú gac
ceann aca ar a fon féin go raib ré 7 a dtáiníg roimír tndíte,
tuirpead le cómpac 1 n-aíadú na Saranaó, 7 sup míctio corí go
cup leir an impear.

D'á cionn roin léigmitú sup tríall taoiríg móra na n-éipeann
anonn go lánúuin cum Hanrí iní an mbliadain 1541, 7 'na mearfí
Conn Ó Néill; 7 go raib an ní go rial, fáiltead, upraimead leó,
7 go ndéarúar ré iarlaí 7 tigeárnaí díob do réir a gcéim 'ra
traoígal.

Da túbairtead an turur é mar do deagail ré gac tpeib 1 n-
éipinn ó'n nóir do bí aca leir na ciancaib—ré rin flait do
déanaó dóib féin ar an dtpeib gan rpleadóar do níg Sarana.
Caitíro ríad fearúa úmálúgadó do'n iarla nuad ro do cum an
ní dóib, 7 muna mberó ríad úmál do cuirpear raigúidúirí Sarana
cum cabríuigíte leir an iarla nuad 1 gcóimair rmaect do cup ar an
dtpeib ndán. Ní fuláir do'n iarla nuad leir aipe tábairt do
féin nó árdócaíó Sarana iarla eile 'na ionad a beiró úmál 7
muinteárúa do'n ríagáltar.

Caib. 3:

GRUAIM 1 DTÍR EÓGAIN:

Níor d'iongnadó go raib ríormarúais 1 dtíir eógain ar teadé
ar n-aip do'n iarla nuad, 7 cogarúac 7 crotadó ceann 7 lám-
reáil clairdeam go bagarúac abur 7 tall. "Ír é an Conn ro an
céao Ó Néill do éiom a glún cum níg iarúca," ar ríadran, 7
tugadóar rúil ar Seágan, aoránac Cuinn. "Tá adúar níg ann,"
adubúar le céile; "fan go úpáradó ré. Féacá an grúais fáda,
fáinneac, fionn roin aip, 7 an dá rúil larmápa glara roin aige.
Tá ré ag boirúadó go tuig. Tá bpeir 7 ré tpoigíte ar áirde ann
céana féin: féacá go cupinn aip, nác leatán-gúailneac fuinnce
fearúadac atá ré; cóm dípeac le rleig, cóm lútmair le ríad;

take their land from them, for they had as much right to that land as he had.

But observe this law that Henry VIII. and his cunning minister, Wolsey, devised. The chieftain would in future be the master of each clan, instead of being, as he had been hitherto, the head man of them. The business did not please the clan at all, but it suited the chieftains thoroughly well, and each of them thought for his own part that he and all who came before him were worried and tired with fighting against the English, and that it was time to put a stop the struggle.

And so it is that we read that the great chiefs of Ireland traveled over to London to Henry in the year 1541, and among them Conn O'Neill; and that the King was most generous and hospitable and respectful towards them, and that he made earls and lords of them according to their rank in life.

It was an unlucky journey, for it parted every clan in Ireland from the custom they had had for ages—that is, making a prince for themselves from among the clan, independently of the King of England. Henceforward they will have to obey this new Earl that the King has made for them, and if they will not be obedient to him, the soldiers of England will be sent to help the new Earl in order to repress the unruly tribe. The new Earl, too, must needs mind himself, or England will put up another Earl in his place who will be obedient and friendly to the Government.

CHAPTER III.

GLOOM IN TIR-EOGHAIN.

It was no wonder that there was whispering in Tir-Eoghain when the new Earl came back, whispering and shaking of heads and a threatening handling of swords on this side and that. "This Conn is the first O'Neill who bent his knee to a foreign King," said they, and they cast their eyes on Shane, Conn's eldest son.

"There is the making of a King in him," they said to each other; "wait till he grows up. See that long, curly fair hair on him, and those two fiery gray eyes he has. He is growing fast. He is more than six feet in height already. Look at him closely; see how broad-shouldered, well-knit, and sinewy he is, as straight as a spear, as fleet as a stag, as bold as the bull of a herd. Shane shall be prince over us, and Henry the Eighth's new Earl will have to take himself off."

cómh d'án le tarb tána. Deir Seághan mar fliac orainn 7 caite-
firé larla nuad an oectmad Hanrí greadad leir."

Cualaid Conn Ó Néill an cozarnac 7 do foill rí air.
Cualaid pé rir as caint le céile 7 faodar 'na maóarc. "Ir
annra leir an mac tozarnc, Matú an fearuorca, 'na Seághan
a mac olirinead péin do tug a bean-tigearna dó, an bean ir
uairle i n-Éirinn leir." Do b'i mátair Seághan inSean an Sear-
aitaig, larla Cille Dara, an fear ba cúmactaige i n-Éirinn.

D'iarr an t-oectmad Hanrí ar Conn a oigre d'ainmnúgadh.
"Matú," ar Conn, 7 junnead Darún Dúngeanainn de Matú
láirnead. "Caitfead-ra mo ceart d' fásail," adair Seághan.
Connaic Conn Ó Néill an larair i fúlaib a mic. Connaic pé an
griuid ar an otreib. "Deir Seághan mar oigre orm," adair
pé fá deiread, tar éir móran tafaint.

D'iarr Matú cabair ar Sarana 7 fuair pé i gan moill mar
ba maic leir na Gallaid an leatrgéal cum muintir Néill do
cup ar céaraid a céile. Cuiread fíor láirnead ar Conn Ó Néill
i gcómair páraim do baint de i dtaob n'atú do di-láirnead,
dét ní maad pé riar ar a gellamaint do Seághan 7 buairead
vá glar i mBaile-ata-cliaic é.

Caib: 4:

FAODAR CLAI'DIOMH:

Do blaom Seághan an Diomair ruar 7 glaoaid pé ar a
muintir eirge amac, le n' atair d'fuarglad. Níor b'feair leir
na Saranaig gnó bí aca. Seólad rluag ó tuaid go cúige Ulad
i gcómair rmaic do cup ar an bfeair óg baot ro, det do táinig
reiréan aniar orca go h-obainn, do fad pé triota, 7 bíodair
as baint na pála d'á céile as teicead uair. Do gléarad rluag
eile ar an mbliadain do bí cúgáinn (1552), det do tiomáin
Seághan noimir iad 'nór rzata gabair. Bí fear i n-ágar na
Saranaic an cor ro. Sgaoilead Conn Ó Néill le tí piotána
do déanad det ba beag an maitear é. Do blair Seághan an
Diomair fuil.

"Caitfeair an fear mórdáic boib ro do corz," arann fear-

Conn O'Neill heard the whispering, and it troubled him. He heard men talking together, with daggers (*lit.* an edge) in their looks. "He prefers the bastard son, Matthew, the dark man, to Shane, his own lawful son, whom his lady gave him—the noblest woman in Ireland, too!"

Shane's mother was a daughter of the Geraldine, the Earl of Kildare, the most powerful man in Ireland.

Henry VIII. asked Conn to name his heir. "Matthew," said Conn, and Matthew was made Baron Dungannon forthwith. "I must get my right," said Shane. Conn O'Neill saw the flash in his son's eyes; he saw the sullenness of the clan. "Shane shall be my heir," said he at last, after a great deal of persuasion.

Matthew asked assistance from England, and he got it immediately, for the foreigners liked the excuse to put the family of O'Neill to worrying each other. Word was sent at once to Conn O'Neill in order to get satisfaction out of him for displacing Matthew, but he would not go back on his promise to Shane, and he was thrown into prison in Dublin.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD.

Shane the Proud started up and called to his people to rise out and release his father. Nothing pleased the English better. An army was sent northward to Ulster to bring this foolish young man to discipline, but he came upon them suddenly from the West and rushed right through them, and they were knocking the heels off each other in flying from him. Another army was prepared the next year (1552), but Shane drove it before him like a flock of goats. There was a *man* opposing the English this time. They released Conn O'Neill in order to make peace, but it was little good. Shane the Proud had tasted blood.

"Somebody must check this proud, arrogant man," said the Lord Deputy from England, and he put in order and prepared a strong body of men. Their visit to the North was in vain, for Shane used to meet them in a place where they did not expect him; he used to startle them and inflict damage on them, and he would go off bold and domineering.

Matthew gathered together a body of the clan, for some of them continued under his flag, and he started to help the foreigners, but Shane stole upon them in the middle of the night, and he routed Matthew speedily. "Let us build a

Ionad ó Sapaná, 7 do éóirí 7 do gléar pé ríóigeadó láirí. B'i a gcumairt ó tuairt i n-airdear mar do buaireadó Seághan leo 'ra n-áit nác ríab coinne leir, baineadó pé zeit arda, baineadó pé zé arda, 7 b'uirdeadó pé leir zo d'án, míocuibearac.

Bailí 7 Matú d'eam de'n t'reib, mar do lean curó aca rá na b'rac-ran, 7 do gluar pé cum cabruzád leir na Sallair, aét d'éaluis Seághan 'na t'reó i lár na n-oirde 7 do éir pé ar mátu zo tapadó. "Déanram daingean i m'béalfeiríre cum a rmacctuiszte," aoir an ríoirie William b'rabaron. B'uir Seághan irteac orca inr an d'ún neam-éiríocnuiszte úo 7 do mill pé a b'uríóir. B'uir pé ar an gcuma zcéarona irteac ar d'eam eile do luét conganca b'rabaron coir Dóir 7 do r'zair pé iad. Níor d'iongnadó zur táirí eazla ar na Sapanácaib 7 zur r'zein-neadar leó ar n-air zo baile-ata-cliac.

Leigead do ar feadó ceit're mbliadán 'na diair rúo (1554-8), aét ní ríab don fonn ruaimíir ar Seághan an Dìomair. Cúimíir pé zur le n-a ríinnreap cúize Ulad. B'íó an lám láirí i n-uacóair, aoir pé leir féin. B'éadó pé ríactanac ar na taoirí eile zéilleadó dó. Dá mbéadó pé cóm zlic le n-áor Ó Néill do déanrad pé ceangal 7 caradar leir na taoiréacáib borba úo i n-ionad do cur d'fíacáib orca zéilleadó dó.

Dubairt Ó Ríazallair, larla nuadó b'neim, leir ná zéillreadó pé féin i n-aon coir dó, aét léim an fear teinnceac t'íó, 7 do b'éigean do mac Uí Ríazallair beit umal do fearda. Níor mar rin de Ó Dómnair i d'íir Conair. Ní mó 'ná zéill an Clann Dómnair ó Albainn d'áirí na zleanna coir ríiríre i n-donruim, aét tuz Seághan a'air orca zo léir roir z'aeóil 7 zair. Níor eirí leir zo mar inr an iaríac do z'íó pé cum clanna cruada tíir Conair do tabairt rá na ríazair, mar r'neab Calbac Ó Dómnair i zan ríor air 'na éábán irt oirde az baile-a'air-éaoin 7 ba beaz náir mill pé Seághan. Do tuit a lán d'á curó fear inr an ruazadó obann úo, 7 do éair pé airí 7 carair, 7 'na mearí a eac cíoróib féin. Do b'é an t-eac cogair úo an capall ba b'ra'áda i n-éiríinn. Mac-an-íolair do tuztaoi uirte. Fuair Seághan ar n-air airí i. Níor curí an bac úo coir ab'rad leir an b'ear zcumarac n'án.

Do tuit Matu i n'garígar éigin le curó de muintir Seághan inr an mbliadán 1558, 7 do z'íó na Sapanair iaríac ar an gcuir do cur i leit Seághan féin aét dubairt pé ná ríab don baint aize le b'ar Matú 7 zo z'airíroir beit rára leir an b'neazra roin. Fuair Conn Ó Néill b'ar ar an mbliadán do b'i cúgair. "Ta an bótar r'íó do Seághan anoir," aoir an t'reib; "ní beir íarla mar éann oráinn a tuilleadó."

stronghold in Belfast to keep him in order," said the Knight, Sir William Brabazon. Shane broke in upon them in the unfinished fort, and destroyed most of them. He broke in, in the same way, upon another body of Brabazon's party near Derry, and scattered them. It was no wonder that fear fell upon the English, and that they fled back to Dublin.

They let him alone for four years after that (1554-8), but Shane the Proud had no desire for peace. He remembered that Ulster had belonged to his ancestors. Let the strong hand be uppermost, said he to himself. It would be necessary for the other chiefs to submit to him. If he had been as clever as Hugh O'Neill, he would have made bonds and friendship with those haughty chiefs instead of forcing them to yield to him.

O'Reilly, the new Earl of Breffny, said to him that *he* would not submit to him in any case; but the fiery man leaped through him (*i.e.*, through his forces), and O'Reilly was obliged to be humble towards him for the future. It was not so with O'Donnell in Tir-Conaill, nor did the Clan Donal from Scotland yield, who inhabited the glens by the sea in Antrim; but Shane turned his face against them all, both Gaels and foreigners. He did not succeed very well in the attempt he made to bring the sturdy children of Tir-Conaill under his rule, for Calvach O'Donnell sprang upon him secretly in his tent at night at Balleegan (on Loch Swilly), and he nearly destroyed Shane. A great many of his men fell in that sudden rout, and he lost arms and horses, and among them his own coal-black steed. That charger was the finest horse in Ireland. They called him the Son of the Eagle. Shane got him back again. That check did not long hinder so powerful and intrepid a man.

Matthew fell in some brawl with a few of Shane's people in the year 1558, and the English tried to attribute the crime to Shane himself; but he said he had nothing to do with Matthew's death, and that they would have to be satisfied with that answer. Conn O'Neill died the following year (1559).

"The road is clear for Shane now," said the clan; "we will have no earl for a head over us any more."

CHAPTER V.

O'NEILL OF ULSTER.

Out with you to the top of Tullahogue, Shane the Proud! The royal flagstone is there, waiting for you to plant your right foot upon it, as your ancestors the Kings did before you! And

Cairb. 5.

Ó Néill Ulladó:

Amac leat ar bárr Tulaidóis, a Seághan an Dóimair! Tá an leac síogáda ann ag feiceáim leat leo' coir veir do bualaó uirte mar gnídeadó do fínnreap níste rómat! Agus do fearaim Seághan Ó Néill ar Tuladóis, agus do píneadó ríat bán díneadó cuise mar cómarra coiraim cirt d'á tpeib; buaileadó cíoca gréaradó ar a flinneánaib cumarada 7 caóbárr ar a ceann. Cuiteadó rípeiró a coire riar tar a súalainn: Caraó míle claióeam ór cionn ceann 7 dúirígeadó mac alla na sgeanntar le fuaim-ghóir míle ríorínac—"Ó Néill abú! So maíur ar bflait a toga!" Do tairnín an gríar ar ceannaigíte dátaimail, luirneamail Uí Néill, 7 do cuir coin móra ar iallaib amarrínac arda pé mar cualaóar uairparcais an maictíre 'ra coil 7 séim na h-eilite ar an genoc.

"Do b'ónóiríge liom veit am' 'Ó Néill Ulladó' 'ná am' rí ar Spáinn," arfa doó tír Eóghain tamall maít 'na díaró rúo. "Ír mó le n-Ullcais an ainm 'Ó Néill' 'ná 'Caerap' le Rómánaig," arf an ríuoróir Mountjoy.

Cairb. 6:

"DEARB'RÁTAIR TAIÓIS DÓIMNALL."

Cuilleadó Máire, bainríogáin Sárana pá'n am ro, 7 bí Eilir 'na n-ionadó. Do b' i an bean mí-banamail reo an éiríde cloice 7 na ríarada práir an bean ba mó innleacó le n-a linn. Do érom rí féin 7 a maíalcar láitneadó ar cuir irteadó ar Seághan. Sydney do b'ainm d'á fear-ionadó i n-Éirínn. Súair pé ó tuaró so Dúndealgaín 7 cuir rógna cum Seághan teacó 'na saor. Níor leig Seághan air súr cualaíó pé an rógna acó cuir pé cuirneadó cum Sydney teacó cum a tíge 7 veit 'na dáir baíríde d'á mac ós. Níor díultcais an fear-ionadó do 7 do fearaim pé leir an mac. "Táim-pe am' Ó Néill i n-Ulladó le coil na tpeibe reo," arfa Seághan. "Ní tearóuigeann usim cómpac le Sárana má leigtear dom, acó má cuirtear orm, bíod óraib féin." Bí Sydney pára leir rín 7 bí ríocáin ar feadó tamall i n-Ulladó

Shane O'Neill stood on Tullahogue, and a straight, white wand was handed to him as a symbol of his true balance of justice to his clan; an embroidered cloak was put over his powerful shoulders, and a helmet on his head. His shoe was thrown behind him over his shoulder. A thousand swords were waved overhead, and the echoes of the whole district were awakened with the sound of voices from a thousand throats—"O'Neill for ever! May our Prince live to enjoy his election!" The sun shone on the handsome, bright features of O'Neill, and the great hounds in their leashes bayed as if they heard the howl of the wolf in the forest and the cry of the fawn on the hill.

"I would think it a greater honour to be 'O'Neill of Ulster' than to be King of Spain," said Hugh of Tir-Eoghain a good while after. "The name 'O'Neill' is greater in the eyes of Ulstermen than 'Cæsar' was to the Romans," said the exterminator Mountjoy.

CHAPTER VI.

"DONAL IS BROTHER TO TADHG."

Mary, Queen of England, died about this time, and Elizabeth was Queen in her stead. This unwomanly woman, with the heart of stone and the bowels of brass, was the cleverest woman of her time. She and her Government began at once to interfere with Shane. Sydney was the name of her Deputy in Ireland. He proceeded northwards to Dundalk, and sent notice to Shane to come to him. Shane did not pretend to have heard the notice, but he sent an invitation to Sydney to come to his house and be godfather to his infant son. The Deputy did not refuse him, and he stood for his son. "I am O'Neill of Ulster by the will of this clan," said Shane. "I do not want any fighting with England if I am let alone, but if they provoke me, let them take the consequences." Sydney was satisfied with that, and there was peace in Ulster for awhile, until Sussex came as Deputy to Ireland. "I shall have no peace," said he, "till O'Neill is overthrown," and he prepared and fitted out an army for the purpose. This Sussex was a false, cruel, cunning man, but he was not so clear-headed as Sydney. Calvach O'Donnell assisted him, and also the Scottish O'Donnells in Antrim. Shane the Proud complained that they were annoying him without cause. His province was prospering in wealth and well-doing. Let a messenger come from Elizabeth and he would see. Elizabeth took no

Sur tàinig Sussex 'na fear-ionad so n-Éirinn. "Ní béad aní fuaimear," aoiré pé, "so mbeid Ó Néill fá coir," 7 do gléar 7 do cóirig pluas le n-ághaid an gnóta. Fear feallta, boirb, glúic, do b'ead Sussex ro áct ní raib pé cóm gear-inntineac le Sydney. Do cadruig Calbac Ó Dómnaill leir, 7 mar an gcéadna clann Dómnaill na hAlbann, i nDontuim. Do gearán Seághan-an-Dìomair so rabtar as cur air san cúir. Bí a cúige as dul cum cinn i maoin 7 i maitear. Tagad teactaire Elíre 7 féacáð pé. Níor cúir Elír ruim 'na cúir cainte áct leir ní d'á fear-ionad gluairéac ó tuaid so n-Áro-Maca inr an mbliadain 1561.

Þreab Seághan so n-obann irteac so Tír Conaill pul a raib coinne leir 7 do ríob pé leir sean Calbac Ó Dómnaill 7 a bean ós, an bean úd d'fás an ríal ar a ainm. Do cúir an clear cogaid obann roin mearbteall ar na Tír Conaillig 7 do tócuir Sussex a ceann le canscar. Car Seághan ó deap fá mar do béad pé ar tí iarraitc do tabairt fá Baile-ata-Cliaic. Bí Mac-an-Íolair fá 7 níor d'ionntaib Seághan ar muin an eic rin ar ceann d'reama dírgineac d' Ultaicib. Níor tuig Sussex cad é an fuadar do bí fá Seághan. Fá deiread do filid pé so raib Seághan 'na glúice aige 7 do beartuig pé inml úd. Do d'ruir pé míle fear irteac so Tír Eógain as creaca 7 as corrairt, 7 d' fan pé féin coir Áro-Maca as feiteam le Seághan. Baillig an míle fear na céadta ba d'úba, na caoirig bána, 7 na capail, 7 do gluairéadar ar n-air so buacac. "féac Mac-an-Íolair," arsa duine éigin, "cá Seághan an Dìomair cúsaib!" Ní raib le Seághan ar an látair úd áct céad 7 ríce marcac 7 d'á céad coiríde, áct zairzidig blorgbéimeaca do b'ead iad. Bí cinn 7 cora 'na scápnánaib ar an macaire úd fá ceann uaire an clois, 7 an fuigleac beag creacda, rólleca, as rgeinnead so hÁromaca, na biailib faobraca d'á n-gearrað 7 d'á n-éirleac, 7 an záir-cata uaimnac úd—"Lám dearg abú!" 'na zeluaraib. innreann Sussex féin le cráð croidé an raon-madma do cuiread air.—"Ní raib pé i míreac don Éireannaig riam rór fearam am' ághaid-re, áct féac inoiu Ó Néill reo 7 san aige áct a leat n-oiréad fear liom, as brúctad irteac ar mo arm briedg ar macaire péid leatan. Do zuirpinn cum Dé fail d'fágail air 'na leitéir d'áit san coil i ngiorraic trí míle dó le ríac do tabairt d'á cúir fear. Mo náire é, d'fóbaib ná rígrac pé áitir dom' arm beo i n-uair an clois, 7 ir beag náir rraic pé mé féin 7 an cúir eile amac leir ar daingean Áromaca."

Ní chomrad Sussex ar Tír Eógain do creacáð so fóil arí. Cúir an bhirleac úd rzanrrad orca i Lánouin 7 d'iarri Elír ar

notice of what he said, but she allowed her Deputy to go north to Armagh in the year 1561.

Shane rushed suddenly into Tir-Conaill before they expected him, and he carried off old Calvach O'Donnell and his young wife—that woman who left the stain on his name. This sudden feat of arms dismayed the Tir-Conaill men, and Sussex scratched his head with vexation. Shane turned southward, as if he were about to make an attack on Dublin. The “Son of the Eagle” was under him, and Shane was not to be trusted on the back of that horse at the head of an active body of Ulstermen. Sussex did not know how great was the energetic force of Shane. At last he thought he had Shane in his grip, and he laid a trap for him. He sent a thousand men into Tir-Eoghain to plunder and ravage, and he himself remained near Armagh waiting for Shane. The thousand men collected hundreds of black cows, of white sheep, and horses, and they were returning, much elated. “See the ‘Son of the Eagle’!” said one of them; “Shane the Proud is upon us!” Shane had only a hundred and twenty horsemen and two hundred foot in the place, but they were warriors who dealt loud-resounding blows. Heads and feet were in heaps upon that field at the end of an hour, and the little remnant, wounded and torn, were flying to Armagh, the keen-edged axes cutting and slaughtering them, and that terrifying war-cry, “*Lám ðearḡ abú!*” in their ears. Sussex himself tells with sorrow of heart the utter rout that was inflicted on him* :—
“No Irishman ever before had the courage to stand against me; but see this O'Neill to-day, and he having only half as many men as I, bursting in upon my fine army on a smooth, wide plain. I would pray to God to get a chance at him in such a place, without a wood within three miles of him to give shelter to his men. My shame! He was like not to have left a creature of my army alive in one hour, and it wanted little but he would have dragged me and the rest out of the fortress of Armagh.”

Sussex would not attempt to plunder Tir-Eoghain again for awhile. That defeat terrified them in London, and Elizabeth asked the Earl of Kildare, a relative of Shane the Proud, to make peace. She sent a message of pardon to Shane, and an invitation to come to London to speak with her. “I will not stir a foot,” said Shane, “till the English army takes the road out of Ulster.” “Be it so,” said Elizabeth.

* In all cases where quotations from English writers have been translated into Irish by Conán MacL, such quotations have been re-translated into English, and therefore differ slightly in form, though not in sense, from the English originals.—ED.

Iarla CilleDara, b'áitair Seághan an Dóimair, ríotcáin do deánad. Cuir sí teáctaireact maiteamhair cum Seághan 7 cuiread eirse teact go Lúnduin le labhairt léi. "Ní corrdócao cor," aoir Seághan, "go dtugaid arim Sárana a mbótar orda ar Ulaó." "Bíod mar rin," aoubairc Elír.

Nuair do meac Sussex ceap ré a cleap feill do cupi i bfeidm: Tá a rghibinn féin cum Elíre mar fíadnairc ar an bfeall. 1 mí na Lúgnara 1561, rghibann ré cum na bainneogha rin sup tairis ré luac céao marc 'ra mbliadain de talam do Miall Liat, maortige Uí Néill, ar coinigeall go muirbheoac ré an flait rin. "Do múinear do cionnur d'éalócaó ré leir tar éir na bearta," aoir ré. Ní fíor dúinn an raib Miall Liat dáirírib, acó zibé rgeal é ní cloirtear sup ghib ré, iarract ar Seághan do dúnmarbúgaó.

Caib: 7:

SEÁGHAN-AN-DÓIMAIRS 1 LÚNDUIN:

Rinne Iarla CilleDara ríotcáin ioir Ó Néill 7 Sárana, mar ba móir le n-Ó Néill é, 7 do feoladar arson anonn go Lúnduin 1, noiread na bliadna, 7 zárda zallóglac 1 n-éirfeact leo.

Dubairtar le Seághan náó bfillfead ré ar air go deó, toirz go raib an tuas 7 an ceap 'na cómair as Elír, acó bí muirgin aigerean ar a teanga liomta 7 bí doic aise náir meac ré ruam 1 n-aon eúmanzác.

Dean uallac do b'ead Elír: Bí sí datamail, zruais ruad uirte, 7 rúla zlara aici, an t-éaoac ba breaóda 7 ba daoirc le págal uirte, 7 an iomao de aici le n-i féin do córúgaó go minic 'ra ló. Péacóz do b'ead i le péacaint uirte, acó bí cporde an beataóais allta, zan truas, zan truasméil aici, 7 innctin 7 aigne tar mháib an doimain. "An labairtar Déarla eúici?" arra duine éigin le Seághan. "Ní labórad go deimín," ar reirean, "mar leónrad an teanga duairc zránaa roin mo córpáin." Bí ffraincír 7 Spáinír 7 laireann as Seághan 1 oteannta a teanga binn bliaró féin. Dean teangaca do b'ead Elír leir, 7 dubairtar sup páruis Seághan 'ra bffraincír i 7 sup eicis sí cómpad leir 'ra teanga roin.

When Sussex had failed, he thought he would put his cunning in treachery to account. His own letter to Elizabeth exists as a witness to the treachery. In the month of August, 1561, he writes to that Queen that he had offered land to the value of a hundred marks a year to Grey Niall, O'Neill's house-steward, on condition that he should kill that prince. "I showed him how he should escape after the act," said he. We do not know whether Grey Niall was in earnest, but in any case we do not hear that he made any attempt to murder Shane.

CHAPTER VII.

SHANE THE PROUD IN LONDON.

The Earl of Kildare made peace between O'Neill and England, for O'Neill had a great regard for him, and they both traveled over to London at the end of the year, taking a guard of gallowglasses with them.

It was said to Shane that he would never come back, because Elizabeth had the axe and the block in readiness for him; but he had confidence in his own keen and ready tongue, and he thought that he had never failed in any difficulty.

Elizabeth was a vain woman. She was handsome; she had red hair and gray eyes, and she wore the most beautiful and the most expensive clothes, and she had more than enough of them to decorate herself many times in the day. She was like a peacock to look at; but she had the heart of a wild beast, without pity or compassion, and more intellect and mind than any other woman in the world. "Will you speak English to her," said somebody to Shane. "Indeed I will not," said he; "for that rugged, ugly language would sprain my jaw." Shane had French and Spanish and Latin as well as his own sweet musical tongue. Elizabeth was a linguist too, and it is said that Shane outdid her in French, and that she refused to converse with him in that language.

On Little Christmas Day, in the year 1562, he walked into the royal room of Elizabeth. There were valiant men of six feet and more around her, especially young Herbert; but it was seen at once that they were but insignificant men beside Shane the Proud. English history gives an account of his visit and of his appearance. "He had a yellowish-red mantle of fine material flowing down behind him to the ground, and light red hair, crisp and curly, falling over his shoulders to the middle of his back; he had wild gray eyes that looked out at you as

Lá Nollaig beas inr an mbliadhain 1562 do buail ré irteac zo reómra ríogaíoda Éilir. Bí sír calma ré troište 7 níor mó na curdeacá, zo móir móir Herbert ós, acé connacatar láirheac náe raiú ionnta acé rppearáin i n-aice Seághan-an-Oiomair. Tugann rcaíri na Sapanac cúntur ar a cúairt 7 ar a crut: “Bí falluings burde-dearg zo déanmúr daor ar ríleac riar ríor zo calam leir, 7 zruais fionn-ruac zo cupineac, cam-arac tar a flinneánaib ríor zo láir a dhroma, rúla glara fiadaine aige d’féac amac ort cóim lonnrac le sac zréine; coisp fuinnté lútmair aige 7 ceann-aigte dán.” Bí na céarta as iarrair madairc d’fágan air féin 7 ar a gallóglaa: Deir a tuairpiz zo rabadar po ceann-lomnocta, foit fionna ort, léinteaca lúiriz ó múineál zo glún ort, cpoiceann macctíre tar zualnib sac sír aca, 7 zéarri-tuag cata i lám sac aon aca. Níor d’ ionntaoid fearz do cup ar a leitíroid ríú. Ir deall-ratac zo rabadar i mbriuzin dhromaaca. “Úmaluziú!” arra Seághan de zut glórac 7 ní raiú an focal ar a béal nuair do bí na gallóglaiz ar a leat-glúin. Stao ré i zcómzár do’n cataoir ríogaíoda mar a raiú Éilir, asur i éavuzte ar nóir péacóize, do érom ré a ceann, do érom ré a glún, 7 do fearaim ré anpoin cóim díreac le záinne. D’ féac ré féin 7 Éilir ioir an dá rúil ar a céile. Labair sí i lardeann leir 7 d’ fíreazair reirean i zo binn-driacrac. Do mói ré a mórdact 7 vudairt ré zur dall a rzéim 7 a crut é, mar ba mín i a teanga le mnáib. Níor lutz rúil Éilir riam ar a leitíro d’ fear 7 ba dhinn léi é beit zá breazad. Do tearbdáin sí do i n-aindeoin a cómairleóirí zur tairn ré léi, zúo zo raiú na cómairleóirí rin ar tí a cúro foia do dhórtad. Dubradar leo féin zo raiú zreim aca anoir nó riam air, 7 zúo zur tuzadar na coingil do ná bainrde leir ar a turur, mearadar, mar ba znáac, an glar do bualad air. “Cátaoi ar tí an coingil do bpiread,” ar Seághan zo dán. “Leizfear ar n-air tú uair éizín,” ar Cecil leir, “acé ní fuil aon am áiruzte ceapuzte ra coingéall poin!” “Meallad mé,” arra Seághan leir féin, 7 do buail ré irteac zo látar Éilire 7 d’iarr ré coimirc uirte: “Ní leómtar aon bártáinn do déanao duit,” adoir sí leir, “acé caicfir fanamaint zgainn zo fóil.” Ní ríor cionnur do meall Seághan is. Da máit léi le n-a n-air é, 7 meartar zo raiú razar zráid ainmíde aici do, 7 ir é iongnad sac leizteóra zur rzaoil sí uairte é rá deiread ar zéall zo mbéad ré úmal ví féin amáin 7 zan baint zá fear-ionad i n-éirinn leir. Deirtear zo raiú eagla uirte leir d’á zcuirde i zcuirdeac é zo ndéanrad Muinir Néill flait de Coirdealbac lúneac Ó Néill na ionad

bright as sunbeams; a well-knit, active frame, and haughty features." There were hundreds of people trying to get a sight of himself and of his gallowglasses. This account says that these latter were bare-headed, with fair heads of hair, wearing shirts of mail from the neck to the knee, each man having a wolf-skin across his shoulders and a sharp battle-axe in his hand. One would not trust the consequences of provoking the like of those fellows. It is probable that they were in the fight at Armagh. "Make your obeisance!" said Shane in a sonorous voice, and the word was not out of his mouth when the gallowglasses were on one knee. He stood close to the throne where Elizabeth sat, dressed like a peacock; he bent his head, he bent his knee, and then he stood up as straight as a rod. He and Elizabeth looked at each other between the eyes. She spoke to him in Latin, and he answered her in sweet-sounding words. He praised her greatness, and he said that her beauty and her form dazzled him, for he had a smooth tongue with women. Elizabeth's eye had never rested on a man like him, and she liked to hear him flattering her. She showed him, in spite of her advisers, that he pleased her, though those same advisers were ready to shed his blood. They said to themselves that they had a grip of him now or never; and although they had agreed to the condition that no one should molest him on his journey, they thought, as was their custom, to close the lock upon him. "Ye intend to break the conditions," said Shane boldly. "You will be allowed to go back some time," said Cecil to him; "but there is no particular time decided upon in that agreement." "They have deceived me," said Shane to himself, and he walked into the presence of Elizabeth and demanded her protection. "They will not dare to do you any injury," said she to him; "but you will have to remain with us for a while." There is no knowing how Shane persuaded her. She liked him to be about her, and it is supposed that she had a kind of animal affection for him, and every reader is surprised that she let him go away from her at last on his promising that he would obey herself alone, and that her Deputy in Ireland should have nothing to do with him. It is said that she was afraid also that if he were put in fetters the O'Neills would make Turlough Luineach O'Neill prince in his stead, and she preferred Shane to *him*. Sussex was gnawing his tongue with rage because they had not taken Shane's head from his body in London, and he sent word to Elizabeth that it was spread abroad through Ireland that Shane had deceived her, great as was her intelligence, and that she had made him

7 'do b'annra léi Seághan 'na eipean. B'i Sussex a's co'gaint a teanghan le buile coirg na'p bainead an ceann de colainn Seághan i lúnuin, 7 cuir pé r'gála cum Elípe go raib pé leat'a ar fuo éipeann sup meall Seághan i 'd'a feabap i a h-inntleac't 7 sup gníó pí pí ar Ulaó 'de. D'iarri pé ceao uirte é meallaó go Daile-áca-Cliat i gcóirí greama o'pá'gail aip, ac't b'i Seághan ró-amaraac 7 níor g'ab pé i n'gaoir 'do Daile-áca-Cliat, g'ó sup g'eall Sussex a 'deirb'p'úr mar mnaoi 'dó ac't teac't 'd'a feic'pint:

Caib: 8:

nim 7 fuil:

Inp an mbliadain 'na diaio r'úo (.i. 1563) 'do érom Sussex ar cur ip'ead ar Seághan 7 ar uirge pá talam 'do 'deanaó ioiri é féin 7 Elip. 'Do cábruis'g rean-na'maioe Seághan, na Cip-Connailis 7 Albanais'g Montpuiin, le Sussex, 7 'do g'luair reiréan ó tuaró go h-Ulaó inp an Abpán 1563, ac't má g'luair 'do gníó Seághan liat'p'óir coir'e 'de féin 7 'd'a flua'g, 7 b'i Sussex an-buirdeac go raib pé 'na cumap teicead le n'anam. Sg'riob Elip cum Sussex piotcáin 'do 'deanaó le Seághan, mar nac raib aon maic 'dó beic leip.

'Do gníó Sussex puo ar Elip, 7 ar an am gcéadna cuir pé feipín piotcána cum Seághan—ualac' piona meap'g'uic'te le nim: 'D'ól Seághan 7 a linn-c'ige cuir 'de'n p'ion 7 o'p'ó'bai'p go mbéad pé 'na pleip't. B'i pé a's cómp'ac leip an mbá'p ar fead 'd'a lá, 7 nuair 'do táin'is pé cuige féin níor b'ion'gnad go raib pé ar 'deap'g-lap'ad le feip'g 7 sup g'léap pé a buirdean cum co'gairó. Leis Elip uirte go raib pí ar buile i 'otaob an feill-beap't úo 7 'do g'eall pí go 'otaob'ap'ad pí ceap't 'dó ac't a fuaim'neap 'do g'laac'ad. 'Do g'laod'air pí ab'ail'e ar Sussex. Leis pí uirte sup mar páram 'do Seághan é, ac't 'do b'é an cúip 'do b'i aici ar Sussex sup meac' pé. 'Do p'naid'm pí piotcáin 7 cap'ad'ap mar 'd'eaó le Seághan aip'p, 7 b'i pé 'na pí'g 'd'áip'p'ib ar Ulaó anoir 7 leig'ead 'dó. Ac't mar pin féin b'i a fuac 'do'n g'all cóm' g'ear 7 b'i pé puam. 'D'a cómap'ra p'oin cum pé cap'leán ar b'puac' lo'ca n-éac'. Feap' tagap'ta 'do b'eaó é 7 ceap' pé sup be'ag ar na Sapanais'g pa'd'ap an cap'leán pin 7 'do baip't pé aip "fuac' na n'g'all." 'Deip'teap' sup ceap' pé an uair'p' reo pí'og'ac't na h-éipeann 'do

King over Ulster. He asked her permission to decoy Shane to Dublin in order to get a grip of him; but Shane was too suspicious, and he did not go near Dublin, although Sussex promised him his sister for a wife if he only went to see her.

CHAPTER VIII.

POISON AND BLOOD.

In the year after that (1563) Sussex began to interfere with Shane, and to make mischief between him and Elizabeth. Shane's old enemies, the Tir-Conaill men and the Scots of Antrim, assisted Sussex, and the latter went north to Ulster in the April of 1563; but if he did go, Shane made a football of himself and his army, and Sussex was very thankful that he was able to fly with his life. Elizabeth wrote to Sussex to make peace with Shane, for it was no use for him to be attacking him.

Sussex did as Elizabeth bade him, and at the same time he sent a gift of peace to Shane—a cargo of wine mixed with poison. Shane and his household drank some of the wine, and he was like to have become a corpse. He was fighting with death for two days, and when he recovered it was not surprising that he was in a red flame of rage, and that he prepared his troop for war. Elizabeth pretended that she was furious about this act of treachery, and she promised that she would give him satisfaction if he would only keep quiet. She recalled Sussex. She pretended it was to satisfy Shane, but the cause of complaint that she had against Sussex was that he had failed. She tied the bonds of (pretended) peace and friendship with Shane again, and he was really King over Ulster now, and they let him alone. But for all that his hatred of the stranger was as keen as ever. As a sign of it he built a castle on the shore of Lough Neagh. He was a wittily-spoken man, and he thought that the English would not enjoy the sight of that castle, and he christened it "The Hate of the Strangers." It is said that he thought at that time of taking to himself the kingdom of Ireland, and of clearing the English out of it. But the Irish did not help him. He wrote to the King of France to ask help from him. "If you lend me six thousand men," he said, "I will drive the English out of this country into the sea." He could have got ten times as many as that in Ireland itself if they had been willing to rise with him, but they did not stir a foot.

gabáil éirge féin, 7 na Sapanais do glanadh amach airde. Aet níor cabruis na h-Éireannais leir. Do rshriob ré cum miz na ffrain e as iarraidh consnam air. "Má tu gan tu dom ré míle fear ar iaracht," ar peirean, "tiomáinfead na Sapanais ar an dtír seo irteac 'ra bfairrge." Do geobadh ré a d'eic n-oirteadh roin i n-Éirinn féin d'a mb'áil leó eirge leir, aet níor corruigeadar cor.

Caib: 9.

Lám Deargh abú!

Muna gcabruisgíó Éire linn, mar rin féin caitream dul ar agharó. Bí an Clann Dóimnail seo i n-dontuim ó uair go h-uair as cabruisgíó leir na Sapanais. Amharanna do b'ead na fir calma úo. Cánsgadar ó Albain ar éirteadh Cumh Uí Néill 7 a achar, 7 do éirteadar fúta i n-dontuim 7 i n-Dairiada. Ní raib Seághan ráirta 'na aigne fadó do bíodar 'ra tír. Do géillteadar dó 7 do cabruisgeadar leir don uair amáin, aet ní raib don ionntaioib aise arda. Dubhradar leir náe raib don rmaet aise orda, 7 náe raib ré maetanae orda cabruisgíó leir, aet le n-a dooil féin. Do ghríoraio bairnigean Eilir iao i gan fíor. "Seadh má'r eadh," a d'eir Seághan leo, "gheadhaoib lib abailte. Ní fuit don gno asampa oib fearda." Aet do éir na h-Albanais colg orda féin 7 dubhradar leir go bpanraouir mar a raib aca gan rpleadhacar do roin: "Do buadhmar ar d'atair-re ceana 7 ar Sussex 'na ceannta," a d'eir na h-Albanais dána.

Do leat Seághan-an-Dóimair a cora ar Mac-an-Íolair, bailis ré a fhuaisge timceall air 7 do bhuir ré irteac go h-dontuim ar nór tuinne fairrge. Duail na h-Albanais leir i n-geanntaire 'na ndreamaib ndirgheada 7 do fearrad cat fuilteac eacorta. Tá rean-bótar via tuar de'n baile rin Dun-abann Duinne, i gcondae dontuim, 7 do éir Seághan-an-Dóimair a eac ciorub, Mac-an-Íolair, ar cor-in-áirde tar corraib Albanac ann, 7 rá meadhon lae bí Clann Dóimnail 'na rraicair finte timceall air. Do marbuisgead annrúo donsur Mac Dóimnail 7 react gceadh d'a éir fear, do gabadh 7 do sonadh Séamur Mac Dóimnail, 7 do tóg Seághan leir Somairle Duirde, an taoirteac eile bí orda. Do b'feairi dóib d'a dozraouir a

CHAPTER IX.

Lám veap̄s abú!

If Ireland will not help us, still we must go forward. These MacDonnells in Antrim were helping the English from time to time. These brave men were mercenary soldiers. They came from Scotland on the invitation of Conn O'Neill and of his father, and they settled in Antrim and in Dalriada (the present counties Antrim and Down). Shane was not easy in his mind as long as they were in the country. They submitted to him and assisted him once, but he had no confidence in them. They told him he had no control over them, and that there was no necessity for them to help him except by their own free will. Queen Elizabeth used covertly to encourage them. "Very well so," said Shane to them. "Get ye away home. I have no further business of ye." But the Scotsmen assumed a threatening attitude, and they said to him that they would stay where they were without dependence on *him*. "We got the better of your father before, and of Sussex besides," said the bold Scots.

Shane the Proud threw his leg over his horse Mac-an-Fhiolar, gathered his hosts around him, and broke in upon Antrim like a wave of the sea. The Scots met him in Glenshesk, in fierce bands, and a bloody battle was waged between them. There is an old road behind the village of Cushendun, in County Antrim, and Shane the Proud galloped his coal-black horse Mac-an-Fhiolar over the bodies of Scotsmen in it, and by the middle of the day the MacDonnells were stretched in rows around him. Angus MacDonnell and seven hundred of his men were killed, James MacDonnell was wounded and taken prisoner, and Shane also took Somerled the Sallow (or Sorley Boy), the other chief over them. It would have been better for them if they had taken his advice and gone off out of his way, and it would have been better for himself too, for it was the remnant of that company who treacherously killed him two years later.

At this time he was only thirty-eight years of age, and there was no man in Ireland of greater reputation and power than he. The English pretended to be great friends with him. They were very glad at first that he had routed the Clan Donnell of Scotland, and they rejoiced with him. Shane understood them right well. Not without reason was that proverb made: "An Englishman's laugh is a dog's grin"

cómaire 7 greadaó leo ar a flíse, 7 do b'feairi do roin leir é, mar do b'iaó fuigleac na buíone úo do máirb le feall é féin dá bliadain 'na diaíó rúo.

Ní raib pé an uair peo aét oét mbliadna déas ar fiéio d'aoir, 7 ní raib don feair i n-Éirinn ba mó cáil 7 cúmaét 'na é. Leis na Sapanais orca go rabadar go móir leir. Úi ácar orca ar ucúir sup mill pé Clann Dómnail ó Albain 7 do gáireadar leir. Tuig Seághan go dian maít iaó. Ní gan fáct do cúmaó an pean-focal úo—"driannán maóra gáire Sapanais." "Ir maít an ruó," ar riadoran, "Clann Dómnail do beít claoirte mar níor b'fiór úúinn cá h-am do cabrócaóuir leir na h-Éireannais, aét mar rin féin beíó O Néill ró-láioir ar fáo anoir."

Ir trias ná'r gnió pé caradar le taoireacaib Éireann an uair peo. I n' ionaó roin érom pé ar a éur d'fiacaib orca géilleaó doó gibe oic maít leo é. "Cairíó taoirig Conaét a gcaín bliadantaíail do tábairt doíra mar ba gnatáé leo do ruíctib Ulaó," ar reiréan. D'eitig na Conaécais é 7 p'reab pé go h-obann i lácair éigearna Cloinn Riocáio, an feair ba g'eire i gConaét, 7 mill pé é gan puinn uairó. Do épac pé Tír Conaill iní an mbliadain gceáona (1566), 7 táinig r'gannraó ar Sapaná. Do g'rioraó Elír Iarla feairn Muineac, Maguióir le h-eirge 'na a'gairó, aét do meileáó an Maguióir fá mar do meilreáó b'ró muilinn do'pán coirce.

Do b'é Sydney bí 'na Aróuircír arír ar Éirinn an uair úo i n-ionaó Sussex, 7 bí áitne maít áige ar Seághan. Cuir pé teacáire maíalcair d'ár b'ainm Stukeley cuige le h-áiteam air beít péíó. "Ná h-eirig amaó i na'gairó na Sapaná 7 geodair gibe níó do tearóuigeann uait," ar Stukeley. "Déan-far Iarla Tír Eogain oíot má'r maít leat é." Cuir Seághan r'pánn ar 7 labair pé go neamataó. "D'péagán ir eaó an Iarlaéct roin," ar reiréan. "Do g'nióeabair Iarla de Mác Cárcáig i gcúige Mumán, 7 tá buacailli aimpire 7 r'pí capall a'gampa a'á cóm maít d'feair leir rin. Do mearabair mé érocaó nuair do bí g'reim a'gairó orim. Ní fuil don múinigin a'gam ar buí ngeallamna. Níor Iarraí r'ioctáin ar an mbainríogain aét d'iarí r'píre oríra i 7 ir r'píre féin do b'pí í. Do tíomáinear na Sapanais ar an lúbair 7 ar Dúno'poma 7 ní leirreáó doib teacé ar n-áir go deo. Ní leómpaó ó Dómnail beít 'na fláit arír ar Tír Conaill mar ir liompa an áit rin fearóa. Ná bíóó don mearóteall oré sup liompa cúige Ulaó. Bí mo r'innfeair pómam 'na ruíctib uirce. Do buaóar i lem' élaíreám 7 lem' élaíreám do cóingbeócaó í."

[*i.e.*, a preparation for biting]. "It is a good thing," said they, "that the Clan Donnell are defeated, for we never knew when they might help the Irish; but, for all that, O'Neill will be too strong altogether now."

It is a pity he did not make friends with the chieftains of Ireland at this time. Instead of that he began to force them to submit to him, whether they liked it or not. "The princes of Connacht must give me their yearly tribute, as they used to give it to the Kings of Ulster," said he. The Connachtmen refused, and he rushed suddenly upon the lord of Clan Rickard, the strongest man in Connacht, and despoiled him without much trouble. He plundered Tir-Conaill in the same year (1566), and fear fell upon England. Elizabeth incited Maguire, Earl of Fermanagh, to rise against him; but the Maguire was crushed as a millstone would crush a handful of oats.

Sydney was Lord Justice (or Deputy) of Ireland again at this time in place of Sussex, and he knew Shane well. He sent a Government envoy, named Stukely, to him to urge upon him that he should keep quiet. "Do not rise out against the English, and you shall get whatever you want," said Stukely. "They will make you Earl of Tir-Eoghain, if you would like that." Shane snorted, and he spoke defiantly. "That earldom is a toy," said he. "Ye made an earl of MacCarthy in Munster, and I have serving-boys and stable-men that are as good men as he. Ye thought to hang me when ye had a grip of me. I have no trust in your promises. I did not ask peace of the Queen, but *she* asked *me*, and it is ye yourselves that have broken it. I drove the English out of Newry and out of Dundrum, and I will never let them come back. O'Donnell will not dare to be prince again in Tir-Conaill, for that place is mine henceforward. Let there be no doubt upon you that Ulster is mine. My ancestors before me were kings over it. I won it with my sword, and with my sword I will keep it."

Though Sydney was a very brave, courageous man, his heart was in his mouth when Stukely told him this conversation. "If we do not make a great effort Ireland will be gone out of our hand. O'Neill owns the whole of Ulster, and he must be checked," said Sydney to Elizabeth. "Attack him at once," said she. She sent a troop of English over, and Sydney collected men from every quarter of Ireland, English and Irish, for there was many a chief who assisted him. Some of them were sufficiently disinclined for the business; but they had to

Síð go raib Sydney 'na fear an-mírneamail, t'éan, bí a éiríodé 'na béal aige nuair d'innir Stukeley dó an cóimrád roim. "Muna ndéantar áro iarracht beiré éire imtígte ar ár lámh. Iy le n-ó Néill Ulaó go léir 7 caitefean é coris," ar Sydney le n-Élre. "Duail é láitneac," ar ríre. Do feól rí d'eam Sapanac anall 7 do baile Sydney rí ar zac áro 1 n-Éirinn, Sapanais 7 Éireannais, mar iy iomda taoircaó do cabruis leir. Do bí curó aca leirgeamail go leor cum an gnóta acó do b'éigean dóib beartúgáó orca cum cabarca le Sapaná fá mar do gnóidó inoiu.

Tácar cúsac, a Seághan-an-Dóimair, a marcais an élaróim géir, gléar Mac-an-Éiolair, 7 cóirúg do burdean beag laoc. Ní fuil agáib acó neart d'ur scuirleanna féin, mar nac b'fuil cabair 'na congnam dóib ó éinneac larmuic.

An fáóail do goiréidó ar céanntraib na Sapanac timcheall Baile-ata-Cliaó. Do léim Seághan irteac innce ar nóir cóirúgíe Do raob 7 d'arúgáin pé i go ballaíde Baile-ata-Cliaó. Túg pé iarracó fá d'aingean na Sapanac 1 n'Dunvealgáin 7 bí b'uirgean áir aige le Sydney coir an baile rin. Bítear ró-máit do Seághan annróó, 7 cuircead ar scúl é le duad, acó d'imir pé éirleac ar fluaúgáib Sydney rui ar d'uiró pé leir. Lean Sydney ar agáid. Do gluar pé t'é Tír Eóúgáin, 7 ar roim go Tír Conaill, 1 n-aindeoin Seáúgáin, acó do lean reirean zac órlac de'n trlige é 7 ba beag an ruaimnear do túg pé dó ar fead an tuuir. Níor tearbáin pé riam roime rin cleara cóimraic níor feárr 'na an uair reo. Bí Sydney 7 a fluaúg líonmair c'ráidte cuircead ó foúanna obanna Seáúgáin. Do d'uiró pé 1 n'gáir dóib lámh le Doire 7 túg caó dóib. B'uirgean gars do b'ead i, mar do tuit a lán fear ar zac taob, 7 fámluis Seáúgáin go raib an buad leir, acó fáire go brát! féac an d'eam ro ag teacó aniar áir—na Tír Conaillúg éruada fá ó Doimnaill do bí i scóm-núidó 'na cóinnib—7 b'uircead ar Seáúgáin fá d'uircead.

Do d'uiró pé leir ar scúl go bealaige Tír Eóúgáin ag d'annctan ar Sydney. Bí pé cóim neameaglac roim, 7 cóim muinúgneac roim ar féin go raib raicéior ar na Galláib teacó 'na goire 7 do gluarceadair orca go Baile-ata-Cliaó arir zan puinn do bárr a d'curuir aca. "Cuircead rian mo lámh orca fóir," d'oir Seáúgan. "Ní raacó áitro aca ar n-áir muna mbiaó na cuirceis rí 1 d'Tír Conaill; tá ráite beac annróin acá am' éráó 7 am' céalg le fáda, acó bain an éluar díom, go múcraó iáoran ar ball."

make themselves ready for the assistance of England, as they do at this day.

They are coming against you, Shane the Proud, horseman of the sharp sword! Get ready Mac-an-Fhiolar, and arrange your little band of heroes. Ye have nothing but the strength of your own arms, for there is no help nor succor for ye from anyone outside.

The English districts about Dublin were called the Pale. Into the Pale Shane leaped like a thunderstorm. He ravaged and plundered it to the walls of Dublin. He made an attempt upon the English in Dundalk, and he had a fight with Sydney near that town. They were too much for Shane that time, and with some difficulty they repulsed him; but he made havoc among Sydney's troops before he moved off. Sydney continued to press on. He went through Tir-Eoghain, and from that to Tir-Conaill, in spite of Shane; but the latter followed him every inch of the way, and little rest he gave him during the journey. Never did he show better skill in tactics than at that time. Sydney and his numerous army were harassed and wearied by Shane's sudden attacks. He moved close up to them near Derry and gave them battle. A tough fight it was, for many men fell on both sides, and Shane thought the victory was with him; but beware! See this company coming from the West upon him—the stern Tir-Conaill men under O'Donnell, who was always against him—and Shane was defeated at last.

He fell back to the passes of Tir-Eoghain, growling at Sydney. He was so fearless and so confident in himself, that the foreigners were afraid to come near him, and they betook themselves to Dublin again, having got very little by their journey. "I will put the mark of my hand on them yet," said Shane. "Not a creature of them would have gone back if it were not for those villains in Tir-Conaill. There is a swarm of bees there that are worrying and stinging me this long while; but cut the ear off me but I will smoke them out very soon."

CHAPTER X.

CLOUDS AND DEATH.

Shane was preparing himself secretly, and the English were not asleep. They were secretly aiding O'Donnell, and spurring him on against Shane. Hugh was the name of the O'Donnell who was now in Tir-Conaill, for Calvach had lately died. This

Cait. 10.

SĜAMAILL AĜUS BĀS.

Ói Seághan go foluigteac 'sá ullamúgac féin 7 ní raib na Sapanais 'na scoola. Bíodan aĝ cabrúgac le h-Ó 'Domnail 1 san fíor, 7 'sá ĝríorað 1 ĝcoinnib Seághan. Aod do b'ainm de'n Ó 'Domnail do bí anoir ar Tír Conaill, mar cailleac Calbac le déirdeannaisge. Níor b'fuláir do'n triac nuac ro éacé éigin do déanað 1 uorað a maĝla, mar ba ĝnáac le ĝac flait an uair úo. Úuir aod irceac go Tír Eóghan ar órúgac na Sapanac 7 do éreac pé an taob iar tuair oi. Do dúb 7 do deaĝ aĝ Seághan-an-'Oiomuir. Dar claidéam ĝairĝe Néill naoi nĝiallais, díolfað Ó 'Domnail ar an ĝcorĝairt reo!

Do éirá troigteaca 7 marcais aĝ triall ar ĝac áiró fá déin tíĝe móir Úeinboirb roim éirĝe ĝréine 1 uorað na Úealtaine inĝ an mbliadain 1567. Érom na coin móra ar uail le teaĝbac ar teaé na rluas, 7 aĝ lúacáil 7 aĝ crocað a n-earball, mar do fíleavóar go mbiað reilĝ aca mar ba ĝnáac. Rit an fiað ruac 7 an maacáir 1 úpolaé inĝ na coilicib móir-úcimceall mar fíleavóar roim leir le tuigrint an ainmíde go raðcar ar a uóir.

Ní raib dúb 1 reaĝ aĝ Ó Néill an cor ro, mar bí deaðac áir cum Ó 'Domnail do traocað, 7 do buail pé féin 7 a flóigeadó tri míle fear riar ó tuair. Déarfað daoine pírréogaaca go raib na cáĝa aĝ rĝréacaĝ ór cionn tíĝe Seághan-an-'Oiomair an máidean ro, 7 nári éualair pé ceól na cuairé ná píobaireacé an loim dúb inoiu.

"Nac dán iao na Tír Conaillĝ reo, 7 nac móir an truaĝ uóib beit 'sá ĝcur a rliĝe a marbta," ar reirean, nuair do connac pé Ó 'Domnail 7 a búrdean deaĝ ruiróce ar áiró an ĝáire ar an uolað tuair d'inbeair Súilĝ 1 n'Ún na nĝall.

Ói an taoidé tráirĝe ar an inbeair 7 do filir Ó Néill ĝur ĝainm érim do bí ann 1 ĝcómnuirde. Níor mar rin do Ó 'Domnail. Ói aicne maic aigerean ar an áic úo, 7 do toĝair pé 1 1 ĝcómair é féin 7 a éuir fear do coraint ar Ó Néill, mar éirĝeann an taoidé go tuĝ 7 go h-obann annrúo.

Aĝur péac 1 n-acrann le céile an rliocé do táinĝ ó beir mac Néill naoi nĝiallais—na Tír Conaillĝ ó Conaill ĝulban 7 na Tír Eóghanĝ ó Eóghan, é rúo do úuir a éroidé le bíón 1 noiaró Conaill nuair do marbúigeadó an curac roim.

Deirtear nac raib aon fónn búirĝe ar Ó Néill nuair do

new prince must needs do some act of valor at the beginning of his reign, as was the custom with every prince at that time. Hugh broke into Tir-Eoghain by order of the English, and plundered the north-western part of. Shane the Proud turned black and red with anger. By the champion-sword of Niall of the Nine Hostages, O'Donnell shall pay for this raid!

You would see foot and horsemen traveling from every quarter towards the great house of Benburb before sunrise, in the beginning of May, in the year 1567. The great hounds began to bay with excitement at the approach of the troops, and to jump about and wag their tails, for they thought they were to have a hunt, as usual. The red deer and the wolf ran to hide themselves in the woods all around, for *they* too thought, with the animal's instinct, that they were going to be pursued.

O'Neill had no desire for hunting this time, for he was in a hurry to subdue O'Donnell, and he and his host of three thousand men struck out to the north-west. Superstitious people would say that the jackdaws were screaming over the house of Shane the Proud this morning, and that he did not hear the music of the cuckoo nor the piping of the blackbird to-day.

"Are they not bold, these Tir-Conaill fellows, and is it not a great pity for them to be putting themselves in the way of their death?" said he, when he saw O'Donnell and his little band posted upon Ardingary, on the north side of Lough Swilly, in Donegal.

The tide had ebbed out of the estuary, and O'Neill thought that the sand in it was always dry. Not so with O'Donnell. *He* knew that place well, and he chose it in order to protect himself and his men from O'Neill, for the tide rises strongly and suddenly there.

And see, struggling together, the race that came from the two sons of Niall of the Nine Hostages—the Tir-Conaill men from Conall Gulban, and the Tir-Eoghain men from Eoghen, the man who broke his heart with sorrow after Conall when that warrior was killed!

It is said that O'Neill had no wish to fight when he saw the small army that O'Donnell had against him, and that he would rather that they would have surrendered; but for all that he arranged his men carefully, and he ordered them in companies and troops across the inlet of the sea. O'Donnell made a furious attack on the first party that got across and broke them up. If they had not many men, they were all like wild cats. He did

connaic pé an rluaḡ beas 'do bí aḡ Ó 'Domhnail 'na cionnib, 7
 sup b'feáir leir dá ngeillfíodír, áct mar rin péin 'do beartuis
 pé a curó fearḡ so cruinn 7 'do rciúraib pé 'na n'oreamaib 7 'na
 noioirnaib tarfna an cuair fairrḡe ias. Tuis Ó 'Domhnail roḡa
 fearḡac fá'n ḡcéas curó 'do fíoié anonn 7 'do b'ur pé ias.
 Muna raib móran fearḡ aise, caic f'adaiḡ 'do b'ead ias ḡo léir.
 Rinne pé mar an ḡcéadna leir an 'darna cipe calma. "Caic-
 fear ias 'do cur ar roin," arfa Ó Néill, 7 'do buail pé é péin ar
 ceann cōir capall, áct 'do p'reab marcais Uí 'Domhnail amac ar
 los air 'nōr ḡála ḡaioite, 7 'd'á feabair é Seághan-an-'Oiomair 1.
 ar eigin 'do bí pé 'na cumair corḡ 'do cur leó. 'D'féac pé
 timceall air. 'Bí curó 'd'á 'd'reamaib mearfḡa t're n-a céile 7
 a tuillead aca rḡarḡa ó n-a céile. Níor tuis Seághan fáct an
 mearbḡaill ḡo b'feacairó pé an taoirde aḡ eirḡe 7 rḡeoin aḡ
 teacḡ ar a curó fearḡ, 7 Ó 'Domhnail le n-a buirdean laoc aḡ cur
 orḡa ḡo dian. Níor meac c'poid'e Seághan inr an amḡar úo, 7
 'do c'rom pé ar eirḡeac le n-a marcais ḡo fiaḡain, 7 a 'd'ul ar
 cōranáirde anhrō 7 anhrud aḡ ḡlaodac ar a cinnfeadna a ḡcuró
 fearḡ 'do cōirúḡad. 'Do ḡnib pé péin iarracḡ ar an rluaḡ 'do
 bailúḡad leir i n-eaḡar cōir, áct ní raib r'liḡe cum carad aca,
 7 bí curó aca ḡo ḡlúnaib i n-uirḡe 7 an taoirde aḡ r'ómair tim-
 ceall orḡa. Fír ó lár tuata 'do b'ead a b'urmōr. Táinḡ
 rḡeoin níor mó orḡa 7 b'ur'e 'd'ar.

Dácaḡ 7 marbúirdeac t'ri céad 'd'eas fearḡ aca. 'Do b'é caḡ
 veir'eannaḡ Seághan-an-'Oiomair é aḡur an tubairḡe ba mó 'do
 tárluisḡ raím 'dó. An méio a cuairó t'rearfna r'lán tar in'beair
 milteac Súinḡ 'do teirde'ad'ar leó, aḡur 'do rḡeinn a b'flaic ruar
 corḡ na habann aḡ cuarḡad áca, aḡur 'd'orin marcaḡ leir. 'Do
 t'earbáin Tír Cōnallac 'd'ár b'ainm ḡailc'ad'air ac 'ran abainn 'dó
 'd' míle ó páirc an bualad aḡur 'do tuis Seághan Ó Néill a cúl
 ar Tír Cōnail, allur air, a t'eanga aḡur a carbail cōm te, t'rim,
 le r'méaróro teine, aḡur cnar na rḡórnais le buairḡic aise.

'Bí Ó 'Domhnail 7 a fáir-fír ḡo meirdeac, 7 a 'd'einnḡe c'nam
 aca 'd'eir an buairó, áct ní raib f'ior aca ḡo ra'ad'ad'ar aḡ 'd'eanaḡ
 oirbe na Saranaḡ, obair 'do t'air ar na ḡail rin ar fead cūis
 bliadna 'd'eas roime im, ḡib sup caill'ad'ar na milte fearḡ 7
 dá milliún pūnt cuise.

Cao 'do 'd'eanaḡar Ó Néill Ulad' anoir? 'Deir le'ad'ar na
 Ceir'e Ollamain ḡo raib pé éad'c'rom 'na ceann 'd'ar eir b'ruirḡe
 áirō an ḡáir'e, áct ní fuil 'ra méio rin áct cor cainte. 'Bí an
 curad úo r'ó-aigeanḡamail 7 r'ó-láirōir i ḡc'poid'e 7 a ḡc'orp cum
 c'romad ar plubairḡeal aḡur ar c'nead'ais 7 'd'caob' b'ur 'd' don
 b'ruirḡe amáin. Ní raib pé 'd'á f'icead' bliad'ān 'd'aoir r'ōr 7 bí
 mir'ead' an leómāin i ḡcōmnuirde aise. 'D'iarḡ curó 'd'á

the same to the second brave file. "We must put them out of that," said O'Neill, and he thrust himself at the head of a detachment of horse; but O'Donnell's horsemen rushed out on him from a hollow like a gale of wind, and great as was Shane the Proud it was with difficulty that he was able to check him. He looked around him. Some of his companies were mixed up together, and some of them were separated from each other. Shane did not understand the reason of the confusion till he saw the tide rising and terror coming upon his men, and O'Donnell with his band of heroes pressing upon them severely. Shane's heart did not fail in that moment of distress, and he, with his horsemen, began slaughtering savagely, and galloping to and fro, calling upon his captains to put their men in order. He tried to gather the army together himself in proper order, but they had not room to turn, and some of them were up to the knees in water and the tide flowing up all round them. Most of them were inland men. A fresh panic fell on them and they broke away.

Thirteen hundred of them were drowned or killed. It was Shane the Proud's last battle, and the greatest disaster that ever happened to him. As many as crossed the terrible estuary of the Swilly in safety fled away, and their prince rushed up the side of the river to look for a ford, with a few horsemen. A Tir-Conaill man of the name of Gallagher showed him a ford in the river two miles from the battle-field, and Shane O'Neill turned his back on Tir-Conaill, sweating, his tongue and his palate as hot and dry as a coal of fire, and a lump in his throat from trouble of mind.

O'Donnell and his good men were right merry, and they had bonfires after the battle; but they did not know that they were doing the work of the English—work which it had failed those foreigners to do for fifteen years before that, though they had lost thousands of men and two millions of money in the attempt.

What will O'Neill of Ulster do now? The Book of the Four Masters says that he was light in his head after the fight at Ardingary, but that is only a turn of expression. That hero was too high-minded and too strong of heart and of limb to fall to blubbering and to groaning over the loss of one battle. He was not forty years of age yet, and he always had the courage of a lion. Some of his military officers begged him to yield to the English, but that was not Shane's intention at all. He released Somerled the Sallow (Sorley Boy), whom he had had in captivity as a prisoner of war for two years, and sent him

uirgeada coisúid air géillead do Sárana acé níor b'é rin intinn Seághan i n-aon cor. Sgaoil ré Somairle Durde do bí mar éime aise le dá bliadain, 7 éuir mar teacéaire go Cloinn Dóinnail i n-Albain é as iarraid coisanta iona. Do sealladar do í, 7 gníó ré féin 7 gárda marcad iona coinne leo i mDunabann Duinne, i n-Dontrium. O' úmluigeadar go talam do 7 gléaradar fé rda i gcábán fairring do. Táinis fear eile ar an látair leir, o'ár b'ainm Pierce, brataoóir ó Éirpe do cualaio cad do bí ar riub i as Seághan. Ní fuil don rgrubinn le fágaíl do dearbuis ann gur tug an captaen Pierce úo díol pola do na hAlbanais, acé tá mpar gear as sac úgdar air.

A Seághan-an-Oíomair, tá do gno déanta.

Deir do námaide féin amain, go raib do lám láioir mar rgaé i gcóinnuide as an bfeair las, 7 ná raib saouide ná fear mí-maíalta io' ceanntaraid leo' linn. Deir ríad, leir, gur b'é do gnat san fuide cum bíó go mbiaó a ráit de'n feoil do b'feáir, mar deirteá, as boct id Crioio, do cruinnigead ar do táirris. Acé tá veiréad leo' féileacé 7 leo' gairge láithead, mar tá na hAlbanais go cíocraé as coisarnais le Captain Pierce inr an gcábán. Ní cloirfir uail de éonairt asur ní lean-fair an fiad ruad ére coilteid enó na Trúca go deó arí. Ní cloirfir pluagte Tír Eógan do gáircaá níor mó, mar tá ríde Albanac ar do cúl a san fíor duit 7 Pietee o'á ngruogad gur mairbuisir a n-aicreaca i mbuisin Gleanna taire. Preab io' fuide ó'n mbóro roin a Seághan-an-Oíomair 7 féac dia tíar díot mar tá an trleag i ngruacé órlais deo' órom leatán.

Asur liúgan an coirliún amuic ar Spút na Maoile, 7 bripéann na tonna bána ar an o'raig le fuaim coir Dunabann Duinne, 7 tearbánnann na daoine anruo capn cloé i los mar a bfuil Seághan-an-Oíomair 'na éoila le bheir asur trí céat bliadan.

“ Seacé mbliadna Seapcaat cúic céo
Míle bliadain ír ní brécc,
Co báir tSeadín mic mic Cunn
Ó toirdeé Crioio hi ccolainn.”

Tos Pierce leir an ceann do b'áilne i nÉirinn 7 bainead an t-éadac daor de corp díceannta Uí Néill. Fuair Pierce a míle punt mar díol ar an gceann ó'n mbainruogain, 7 buaitead an ceann caicreac úo ar díorri ar an rínn do b'áirde ar capleán Baile-áta-Cliac.

PROCLAMATION

By the President of the United States of America
in the Year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty
and of our Independence the sixtieth

Whereas the President of the United States of America
has been pleased to issue a Proclamation in relation to
the celebration of the sixtieth Anniversary of our
Independence; and whereas it is the duty of the
President to see that the laws are faithfully
executed; and whereas it is the duty of the
President to see that the public lands are
disposed of for the best interest of the
United States; and whereas it is the duty
of the President to see that the public
lands are disposed of for the best interest
of the United States; and whereas it is the
duty of the President to see that the
public lands are disposed of for the best
interest of the United States; and whereas
it is the duty of the President to see that
the public lands are disposed of for the
best interest of the United States; and
whereas it is the duty of the President to
see that the public lands are disposed of
for the best interest of the United States;

Therefore, I, the President of the United States of America,
do hereby proclaim and designate the
fourth day of July, one thousand eight
hundred and thirty, as a day of
celebration and thanksgiving to the
Lord our God, for the sixtieth
Anniversary of our Independence.

PART OF A PROCLAMATION CONCERNING SHANE THE PROUD

Photographic facsimile from the original

And whereas it is the duty of the President to see that the
public lands are disposed of for the best interest of the
United States; and whereas it is the duty of the President to
see that the public lands are disposed of for the best interest
of the United States; and whereas it is the duty of the
President to see that the public lands are disposed of for the
best interest of the United States; and whereas it is the duty
of the President to see that the public lands are disposed of
for the best interest of the United States; and whereas it is the
duty of the President to see that the public lands are disposed
of for the best interest of the United States; and whereas it is
the duty of the President to see that the public lands are
disposed of for the best interest of the United States; and
whereas it is the duty of the President to see that the public
lands are disposed of for the best interest of the United States;

- | | | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|------------------|------------------|
| D. D. Cantell. | James G. Thompson. | John C. Calhoun. | John C. Calhoun. |
| Rowland T. Robinson. | James G. Thompson. | John C. Calhoun. | John C. Calhoun. |
| P. M. of Tennessee. | James G. Thompson. | John C. Calhoun. | John C. Calhoun. |
| W. L. Williams. | James G. Thompson. | John C. Calhoun. | John C. Calhoun. |
| John. W. Jones. | James G. Thompson. | John C. Calhoun. | John C. Calhoun. |
| Thomas. C. Clark. | James G. Thompson. | John C. Calhoun. | John C. Calhoun. |
| Henry. W. Ware. | James G. Thompson. | John C. Calhoun. | John C. Calhoun. |

Printed in Dublin, by
Samuel Powell.

A PROCLAMACYON

As is thought by the Right Honorable Earle of Essex Lord Lieutenant
General of the Shires Countie of Ireland with
the Sherriffe and Councill of the Shire,
of the same Realme.



That Charles most excellent maiesty calling to remembrance the preposterous and outrageous rebellions & trayterous deeds of Sir John O'Neill since the first coming into this Realme of Theobald & Walter his nephews Lord Lieutenant General of this Realme, and how small effect her graces honorable and merciful dealing with them hath brought in this Realme his saided & traitorous Romane party therefore thought it good to open to her good and loving subjects the same as well as her graces & merciful proceeding with him to reduce him to the acknowledging of the true obedience & dutie of a faithful subject as also of his arrogant & trayterous demeanour, contemptuous enterprises & facts to the subverting of the honorall quiet of this Realme the disturbance of all her maiesties good and faithful subjects and the great perill and dainger of her maiesties Honorable Diarchie & Crowne of this Realme, contrary to his dutie to Almightye God and his allegiance to his most honorable Lady the Queene.

First upon an hosting called and a Journey made by her maiesties said Lieutenant Anno 1600 against James mar Connell and his Brethern forein enemies then reputed. Whome byd not only refuse to repaire to her maiesties said Lieutenant but also falsly & trayterously dyd with all his force & power of men of warre repaire to James mar Connell conspiring & countenancing with him against our late souerain Lady Queene mary and therein perswaded so farre as he most unnatural & traitorously Ierke in battell with the said James then an open enemy against her maiesties said & traitorous & the Subjects of this Realme then assembled with them and the same that is out of Gods gruing the victory he was forced to flight at the returne of her maiesties said Lieutenant & the same sure made by James for his pardon with his promise & othe openly taken to be a true and faithful subject & servant from thenceforth he was then in respect of common quiet that thereby was hoped to issue favorable, graciously and mercifully receaued & pardoned of his said offences past & trespas and finally returned to his owne habitation where he deuen to him all the tyme he could, vnder talle to be the better able to serue when he shuld be commaund.

Anno 1601 after an other hosting called and a Journey prepared against James mar Connell and his Brethern still reputed as forein enemies Whome byd not only contrary to his othe refuse to repaire to her maiesties said Lieutenant then being at the Seuerie accompanied with Theobald of Wybare Desmond and Desmond and others the Nobles of this Realme upon any protection or assurance that they could make vnto him but also when Theobald of Wybare and Desmond with a great part of the Army were sent through Tyrone to passe that wayes to the Banne he for feare of losing of his goodes repaired upon succour to them with all his force and promised to goe with them to her said Lieutenant and after ii. or iii. dayes aboord with them he turned to Theobald of Wybare to take victuals and promising to the said Earle to fetch victuals & returne immediately he departed the Campe without farther knowledge and so returning presently into his fostering and keeping the goodes and cattels of James mar Connell & his Brethern he as a traitor & perjured traytor did ones robynd with them & procured an assaulte to be made in a place apud her maiesties Army in their retourn and therapud dyd not only rebelliously & traitorously cause his men to pray and boorne the possessions of dyuers her maiesties true and faithful subjects within the English pale but also dyd contrary to the lawes of this Realme exorcise Theobald of Tyrone his father, the Baron of Down and his brother honorable faithful and true subjects & seruantes to her maiesties

GOD SAVE THE QUEENE.

D. D. Cancell.	T. Ombd. & Oflery.	Serrald, Desmond.	Jame. Sir. Gou. maston
Roxoland, Balciglas.	Richard. Montgarett.	James. Slane.	Christofer. Donlany.
D. B. of Tymletted.	James. Rylline.	Christofer. Houche	John. Curraughmore
W. Fitz. Wyllyams.	Henry. Radetkif.	George. Stanley.	Jaqes. Wpnygfyld.
John. Plonker.	Robert. Dillon.	James. Bath.	John. Parker.
Thomas. Cusake.	John. Crauers.	Fraunces. Harbart.	Fraunces. Agard.
Huntrey. Warne.	John. Chalfener.		

Printed in Dub'yn, by
Huntrey. Powel.

as an envoy to the Clan Donal in Scotland, to ask aid of them. They promised it to him, and he and a guard of horsemen appointed a place of meeting with them at Cushendun, in Antrim. They bowed to the ground before him, and prepared a feast for him in a large tent. Another man came to the place also, whose name was Pierce, a spy from Elizabeth, who had heard what Shane was doing. There is no written evidence to be found which proves that this Captain Pierce gave blood-money to the Scots, but every author has a strong suspicion of it.

Shane the Proud, your business is done.

Your very enemies say that your strong hand was ever as a shield to the weak, and that there was not a robber nor an unruly man in your territories during your time. They say, too, that it was your custom not to sit down to your food until, as you would say, Christ's poor, who gathered on your threshold, had had their fill of the best meat. But there is an end to your generosity and to your valiant deeds now, for the Scots are eagerly whispering with Captain Pierce in the tent. You will never again hear the baying of the pack, nor follow the red deer through the nut-woods of the cantred for evermore. The hosts of Tir-Eoghain will hear your battle-cry no more, for there are twenty Scots behind you unknown to you, and Pierce is nagging at them that you killed their fathers in the battle of Glenshesk. Spring to your feet from that table, Shane the Proud, and look behind you, for the spear is within an inch of your broad back.

And the curlew cries away out on the Moyle Water, and the white waves break soundingly on the strand near Cushendun, and the people there show a cairn of stones in a hollow, where Shane the Proud sleeps these three hundred years and more.

“ Seven years, sixty, five hundred
(And) a thousand years, it is no lie,
To the death of Shane the grandson of Conn
From the coming of Christ in the Body.”

Pierce took away with him the most beautiful head in Ireland, and they took the rich clothing from the headless body of O'Neill. Pierce received his thousand pounds from the Queen in payment for the head, and that beloved and lovely head was stuck upon a spike on the highest battlement of Dublin Castle.

(v) CAILÍN NA MBRÁITRE,

Séamur ua Dubháil.

Bí cailín fadó ó i dtí na mbráitire agus ní bíod aon teóra leir an méio oibre bíod sí a cur roimpi le déanamh.

Ir cuma cao a beaó san déanamh agus b'féidir go mbeaó pé san déanamh ar feaó ráite, nuair déarfaióe leir an scailín é déanamh, 'ré an fneasra bíod aici i scómnuide : " Ó bíor éum é rin a déanamh mé féin." Cear na bráitire ar dtúir go raib cailín anaóiceallac aca, agus ir mimic a bíoir as molaó an cailín agus as maoróeam airtí le bráitrib eile.

Aon lá amáin a táinig sean-bráitair euca ó mainirtir eile, agus, nuair a éuala pé an t-áró-molaó ar cailín na mbráitire, " Beidó fíor asam-ra," ar reirean, " an bfuil sí com maic agus deirtéar uim í beic."

" Cosar," ar reirean le ceann de na bráitrib, " abair leir an scailín teacó irteacó i reómra na leabair agus, nuair a beidó sí irteicó ann, abair léi gur ceart ói na leabair a níge."

" Agus cao cuise go scuirfínn obair óinríge mar rin roimpi ? Beaó fearis uirtí agus b'féidir go b'fáasraó sí rinn. Ní fuirir cailín mar í 'fásáil scallaim óuit."

" Déan ruo orim," ar' an sean-bráitair.

Óo glaoóuis pé ar an scailín agus ní raib sí i b'raó as teacó, agus, nuair a táinig sí, dubairc an sean-bráitair léi go bog péio : " Cloirim gur anaóailín tú. Ir móir an t-iongnadó uim, a úmíro, na leabair reo beic san níge asat fóir."

" Bíor díreacó éum é rin a déanamh, mé féin, a áitair."

" Ó ní fábaó óuit é, a úmíro," ar' an bráitair eile go fearb : " Ó 'n lá raib go dtí an lá inóiu tá Cailín na mbráitire mar ainm ar éinne a bíonn " éum é rin déanamh " i n-ionadó é beic déanta :

(f) AN SÁD MARA

nó

AR LORIS AN BÉARLA:

Séamur ua Dubháil.

Tamall maicó ó foim anoir bí dáoine 'na scómnuide i n-óileán beas i n-óóctar na héireann agus ní raib aca acó an fáeóilic. Mar scall air go mbíod dáoine raibóre as teacó ar cuairc ar

THE FRIARS' SERVANT MAID.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

THERE was a servant long ago at the friary, and there were no bounds to the amount of work she used to be about doing.

It did not matter what was left undone, and perhaps it would be without doing for a quarter, when the servant would be asked to do it the answer she always had was, "I was going to do that myself." The friars at first thought they had a very diligent servant, and often they used to be praising the girl, and boasting of her to other friars.

One day an old brother came to them from another monastery, and when he heard the great praises of the friars' servant, he said, "I'll find out if she is as good as she is said to be."

"Whisper," said he to one of the brothers; "tell the girl to come into the library, and when she is inside there, tell her she ought to wash the books."

"And why should I set her such a fool's job? She would be angry, and perhaps she would leave us. It is not easy to get a servant like her, I assure you."

"Do as I tell you," said the old friar.

He called the girl; she was not long coming, and when she came the old friar said to her, soft and smooth, "I am told you are a great girl. I wonder very much, Brigid, that you have those books so long without washing."

"I was just now going to do that myself, father."

"Oh you need not, Brigid," said the other brother, sharply.

From that day to this "the friars' servant girl" is applied to any one who is always going to do the thing instead of having it done.

THE GAD MARA, OR IN SEARCH OF ENGLISH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

A good while ago now there lived people in a little island in a remote part of Ireland and they had no language but Irish. Because wealthy people used to visit the island now and again, the poor people imagined that all they wanted was to have

an oileán anoir aʒur arís ceap na daoine bocta ná raib naa aet an Béarla o'rógluim aʒur ʒo mberoir raiboir ʒo veó. Ieanann an ʒalaí ceáona móran daoine a ceapann níor mó céille veit aca 'ná bí aʒ muintir an oileáin.

"Aet cá raib an Béarla le raʒáil?" U'in i an ceirt anoir.

Bí 'ríor aca ʒo raib Béarla i n-Éirinn, aet eualadar ʒo raib an Béarla oob' feárr 'ra doiman i mBaile Áta Cliat.

Tar eir móran cainte aʒur comráir focruigeadar ar duine aca a cur ʒo Baile Áta Cliat ar lops an Béarla.

An lá bí an fear aʒ imteaet baó dóis leat ʒur ʒo naimerrice a bí ré aʒ dul. Bí an lá 'na lá raoirre ar an oileán. Táinig muintir an oileáin ʒo léir, óʒ aʒur erionna, ʒo uti port na héireann aʒur cuirreá an fear anonn ar an utir móir ar an mbáó ba mó ar an oileán.

O'fás teaetairre an Béarla rlan aca aʒur o'imtig air ʒo Baile Áta Cliat. Tar eir a veit tamall 'ra caoir bí Béarla aige, óa focal, "Good-morrow," aʒur ceap ré ʒo raib ré i n'am aige fillreá a baile. Bí ré cuirreá ʒo leór ó veit aʒ coirreáet, aʒur nuair a táinig ré ʒo uti féit an Ciotais i n-aice na raírre, ruro ré ríor.

Bí na focail ʒo cruinn ʒarta aige, ʒ le heaʒla ʒo mbeáó ríao caillte aige, bíoó ré aʒ ráó mar raíorin "Good-morrow," "good-morrow," "good-morrow."

Bí an aimpir rlué aʒur bí féit an Ciotais bog. ʒo veimín, bí rí 'na tóin ar bogáó, aʒur, nuair a bí an fear boet aʒ dul trarna, euair ré ar lár aʒur o' fóbair oó veit báirte. Tarraing ré é féin amac i ʒcuma éicint aʒur bain ré amac an talam tirim. Aet, mo éreá ir mo éar! bí an Béarla caillte aige.

Nuair a táinig ré a baile aʒur nuair o'innir ré a rʒéal oó muintir an oileáin, bíodar buairreáta ʒo leór, aʒur 'ré duairre ʒáó duine aca leir féin ʒur móir an truaʒ nac é féin a cuirreáó ʒo Baile-Áta-Cliat.

Aet caó a bí le veanam anoir? Bí an Béarla caillte i b'féit an Ciotais aʒur b'féirir ʒo mbéáó ré le raʒáil rór.

Oó ʒluair reirre ar ve muintir an oileáin anonn ar báó ʒo uti an utir móir aʒur fear an Béarla le n-a ʒoir. Tearbáin ré oóib éar caill ré an Béarla i lár na féite.

Éromadar ʒo léir ar an áit a tóbac aʒur a taorʒáó aʒur níor b'faóa oóib aʒ ʒabáil o'n obair reo nuair oó buail ʒao mara leó.

"Sin é an focal," "Sin é an focal," arrateaetairre an Béarla, "ʒao mara," "ʒao mara."

English and that they would be rich for ever. The same ailment follows a good many who think they have much more sense than had the people of the island.

But where was the English to be had; that was now the question. They knew there was English in Ireland, but they had heard the best English in the world was in Dublin.

After much talk and discussion they fixed on one of themselves to be sent to Dublin in search of English.

The day the man was leaving you would think it was to America he was going. The day was a holiday on the island. The whole population of the island, young and old, came down to Port Erinn, and the man was put across on the mainland in the biggest boat on the island.

The English delegate bade them farewell, and proceeded on his way to Dublin. After being a short time in the city he had English, "Good morrow," two words, and he thought it was time for him to be returning home. He was tired enough from walking, and when he came as far as "the Left-handed Man's swamp," close to the sea, he sat down. He had the words correctly, and lest he should lose them, he used to be repeating them like a prayer—"Good morrow, good morrow."

The weather was wet and the swamp soft. Indeed it was a regular quagmire; and when the poor man was crossing he went bogging, and was near being drowned. He pulled himself out some way and got to dry land. But, sorrow and distraction, he had lost the English.

When he reached home, and when he told his tale to the people of the island, they were troubled enough, and it is what each said to himself, that it was a pity that it was not he himself that was sent to Dublin.

But what was to be done now. The English was lost in the swamp of the Left-handed Man, and maybe it would be found yet.

Six of the islanders went over in a boat to the mainland, and the "English" man with them. He showed them where he lost the English in the middle of the swamp. They all set to work to dig and shovel the place, and they were not long at the work when they came upon a gad mara, or sea rod.

"That's the word, that's the word," said the messenger, "Gad mara, gad mara."

AN ALLEGORY.

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

(Translated by NORMA BORTHWICK.)

THE evening became hot, and I stretched back on a fine grassy bank at the side of the road, and it was not long till I fell asleep. And in my sleep I saw a vision.

I was walking, as I thought in my dream, in an unknown country, such that I was never before in any country like it, it was so fine. There were narrow roads, very bad for walking, running through this beautiful country, and there were green fields and soft green grass, and every sort of flower that the eye ever saw, growing on each side of the road. But the road itself was crooked and uneven and stony, and there was a dusty wind blowing on it that hurt and blinded the eyes of the people that were walking in it.

And it was not long till I saw a young, active, strong man out before me, going the same road as I was myself. And I saw this young fellow standing often to rub out of his eyes the dry dust that was being blown on the road. And the road was so uneven and so stony that he fell now and again as he was walking. And the last time that he fell he could not rise until I came up to him, and I gave him my hand till I raised him up on his feet again, and I said to him that I hoped he was not hurt. He answered in sweet, pleasant-sounding words that he was not much hurt, but that he was afraid he would not come to the end of his journey that day, as the road was so rough and so hard. And I asked him if he had far to go. He said he had not far, but that he wished to go to a big town, that was five miles out from us, before night came on him, for he wanted to get something to eat and a bed, and not to spend the night outside on that wild road.

And when I heard that there was wonder on me, for we had two hours of the day yet before sunset, and it would be easy for anybody who was so active and strong as that young man to walk five miles in that time if he left the bad road, and if he walked on the fine, smooth plain that was beside it; and I said that to him.

“Do not be surprised at me,” says he, “for it is impossible for any person in this country to leave the road. As stony and knotty and rugged as the road is, a person must stay on it. If he leaves the road to walk on the fine, smooth plain,

Má fásann pé an bótar le riúbal ar an macaire bheadh péir, iocfaidh pé ar go zéar. Tá luét zárta ar an mbótar ro agus ar n-uile bótar in ran tír seo, raižuiriúirid mórta tuda. Iy iad na raižuiriúirid seo do rinne zac don bótar ann ran tír seo agus iy oic do rinneadur iad, acé má fásann tuine tuirreac an bótar le riúbal ar an macaire, leantur é leir an ngárta tuda ro, agus beirid air, agus tiomáinid nómpa é, go zcuirfid ar an mbótar arir é, zan buideacur do.”

“Acé,” ar ra mire leir an rcrainreár, “ni féidir go bfuil an oiréad rin de raižuiriúirid tuda ar zac don bótar in ran tír le luét riúbailta na mbótar do rmacctuzad agus do ráruzad mar rin. Nac mbionn luét-riúbailta na mbótar níor iomadaimla ná an zárta tuda ro, agus nac bheadh ríad an lám uacair fásail oirra, agus bhuiréad arteac, in a n-aimdeoin, ar an macaire min áluinn rin, agus zan fanamaint ar an mbótar zrána pádarac poll-lionmar ro?”

“O’bheadhuidir rin déanam go cinnte,” ar ran rcrainreár, “oir bionn fice fear láirid ar an mbótar i n-azair an don z’rta amán, acé acá róir t’raoideacá rzarra az an ngárta tuda, ann ran rreir or cionn na mbótar, agus iy dóig leir an luét-riúbail nac bfuil don neart aca na bóirde o’fásbáil, agus tar éir zac oic agus dochar agus doilar o’á t’azann oirra ann rna rligéid millteaca malluighe seo, ní an croidé ná an coráirte aca iad o’fásbáil, agus iy dóig zur ab é rin mar zéall ar an t’raoideacé do rzar na daoine tuda. Acé iy é an ruo iy ionzantazge aca uile, nac bfuil in ran zcu o iy mó de na raižuiriúirid seo acé coráir’ eacá raižuiriúirid; iy rzáirde zan bhuiz zan rubrtaint iad, acé iy do z le luét-riúbailta na mbótar zur fuil agus feoil iad, agus go loitfid ríad an tuine fásfar an bótar le n-a zcuirid arm.”

Do riúblamar ar ár n-azair le céile ann rin, 7 níor b’ada go radamar com ráruighe rin zur b’éigin dúinn ríde ríor ar an mbótar, agus do zóill an tarac agus an tuirre oirrainn go mór. Dubairt mé ann rin leir an ózánac, “Ni béinn com dona ro dá mbeir deoc uirge azam.”

“Tá tobair bheadh ríor-uirge,” adubairt pé, “rá bun crainn bheadh úball, ceatrama míle amac nómann, acé tá pé ar an taois artiz de’n élaide, in ran macaire, agus ní olirdeannac é toul com rada leir.”

Acé do zóill an tarac oim com mór rin go ndubairt mé, “Cairid mé ól z’r, dá marbócaide ar an móimid mé. Treoiriz mé go tóic an tobair ro.” Táimiz raicéir ar an ózánac, agus tudaairt pé, “Iy i mo cómarle duic zan toul ann, acé má r’éigean duic, ni bacfaid mé tu. fásfaid mé do cúideacá nuair

he will pay for it severely. There are guards on this road and on every road in this country—great black soldiers. It was these soldiers who made every single road in this country, and 'tis bady they made them; but if a weary person leaves the road to walk on the plain, they follow him with this black guard, and they catch him and drive him before them till they put him on the road again in spite of him."

"But," said I to the stranger, "there cannot be so many black soldiers on every road in the country as to repress and overcome the people who walk the roads like that. Are not the people who walk the roads more numerous than this black guard, and could not they get the upper hand of them, and break in, in spite of them, upon that smooth, beautiful plain, and not stay on this ugly, dusty road, full of holes?"

"They could do that certainly," said the stranger, "for there are twenty strong men on the road against the one guardsman, but the black guard have scattered a sort of enchantment in the air over the roads, and the travelers think they are not able to leave the roads, and after all the want and trouble and misery that comes on them in these awful, accursed roads, they have not the heart nor the courage to leave them, and probably that is on account of the enchantment that the black fellows have scattered. But the most extraordinary of all these things is that most of these soldiers are only imitation soldiers; they are shadows without force or substance, but the people who walk the roads think that they are flesh and blood, and that they would wound anybody who would leave the road with their weapons."

We walked forward together then, and it was not long till we were so tired that we had to sit down on the road, and thirst and fatigue oppressed us greatly. I said then to the young man, "I would not be so bad if I had a drink of water."

"There is a fine well of spring-water," said he, "at the foot of a beautiful apple-tree, a quarter of a mile out before us, but it is on the inner side of the ditch, in the plain, and it is not lawful to go as far as it."

But the thirst troubled me so much that I said, "I must drink out of it, if I were to be killed on the instant. Lead me to this well." Fear came upon the young man, and he said, "'Tis my advice to you not to go there, but if you must, I will not hinder you. I will leave your company when I come as far as the well. Kill yourself, if you wish; but you shall not kill me."

We rose then, and we walked together till we saw a great,

tiucpar mé com̄ paṛa leir an tobair. Maṛb tu féin, má'ṛ mian leat; aḥt ni maṛbócaíṛ tu mipe."

D'éirigeamair ann rin, aḡur fiublamair le céile, go b'pacamair cṛann móṛ áluinn aḡ éirige ar an macairpe, timcioll ríce péirpe arṛeac ó'n mbócair. Cuaíṛ mé ruar ar bárr an élarṛe do bí ar éarṛe an bócair, aḡur cónnaic mé tobair ḡlan ḡlé-ḡeal fíor-uirḡe d'á ṛḡeiteacṛ amac fá bun an érainn áṛṛo áluinn, aḡur cónnaic mé bíáta bána aḡur úbla beaḡa aḡur úbla leac-aruirṛ aḡur úbla móra deaṛḡa lán-aruirṛ, aḡ fáṛ le céile ar an ḡcṛann rin. Aḥt do bí an oirṛeacṛ rin de ṛmaḥt aḡur de ṛḡannṛaṛṛ ar d'aoimṛ ná típe rin náṛ baimeacṛ oirṛeacṛ aḡur aon uball aca, aḡur ba léir d'am, ar an b'féar paṛa fáraṛmáil do bí taṛc timcioll an tobair éaom-áluinn rin, nac d'áimḡ aon d'aine i n-aice leir le n-ól. Aḥt nuair cónnaic mipe an méacṛ rin do ḡeit mo éarṛe i lár mo éléib, aḡur d'ubairṛ mé 'ḡ or-áṛṛo, "Dainṛíṛ mé cuirṛ de na n-ublaib rin aḡur ólpaṛṛó mé mo d'ócair de'n tobair rin, má'ṛ fé an báṛ aḥá i n'óán d'am."

Aḡur leir rin d'éirig mé de léim áṛṛo éaṛcṛom aéraḥ de bárr an élarṛe-teóṛann aḡur arṛeacṛ ar an macairpe mín áluinn. Aḡur nuair cónnaic an t-óḡanaḥ an niṛ rin, do leis ré orna ar, óir ba d'óig leir ḡur b'é mo báṛ do bí mé d'á tóṛuigeaḥt.

Aḡur nuair táimḡ mipe leac-bealaig iṛir an ḡlaraṛe aḡur an tobair, d'éirig fáigṛoírṛ d'ub, maṛ beir arṛaḥt árb'beal úṛ-ḡráanna, ruar, ar an b'féar paṛa, aḡur do t'óḡ ré clairṛeamṛ móṛ le mo éeann do ṛḡoltaṛ, maṛ fáoil mé. Aḡur do éualairṛ mé ar mo éúil an ṛḡreacṛ do éuirṛ an t-óḡánaḥ ar an mbócair ar, le teann-faitcior: Níor lúḡa 'ná rin an faitcior do bí orṛm féin, óir ni fáib arṛm ar bit aḡam le mo éoraint. Aḥt do éṛom mé ar éloic máit móir do bí fá mo éoir, com̄ móṛ le mo d'orṛm féin, aḡur éus mé toḡa urcairṛ de'n éloic rin leir an fáigṛoírṛ árb'beal. 'Do buail an éloc é, maṛ fáoil mé, i ḡeaṛc-lár a éadain, aḡur éuarṛó rí amac tṛíṛo a éeann, amáil aḡur nac fáib ann aḥt ṛḡáile. Aḡur ar an móimio níor léir d'am cṛuḥ ná cuma an tṛaigṛoírṛa, aḥt do bí ruṛo ḡan cṛuḥ ann amáil ríám de'n céo, aḡur do leaḡ an ceo rin, aḡur do ṛḡar pé ann ran ṛpéir, aḡur ni fáib d'adairṛ eadairṛaim-pe aḡur an tobair. Tuig mé ann rin nac fáigṛoírṛ ná féar cogairṛ do bí ann, aḥt ruṛo b'réaḡac ḡ ṛḡáile do ṛinneacṛ le ṛpaorṛbeaḥt, cum na n'aoine do ṛḡannṛuḡaṛṛó ó'n tobair. Cuaíṛ mé go d'ci an t-uirḡe aḡur níor bac ruṛo ar bit eite mé. Éromar ar an uirḡe aḡur d'ólar mo fáit d'é, aḡur d'ar liom-ṛa go fáib ré com̄ maít le fíon. Dain mé úball móṛ deaṛḡ de'n éṛann ann rin aḡur d'itearṛ é, aḡur do bí ré com̄ milir im' beal le mil. Nuair cónnaic mé rin, ḡlaṛṛó mé ar an óḡánaḥ aḡur d'ubairṛ mé leir "teaḥt arṛ aḥ éuḡam, óir nac fáib d'adairṛ

beautiful tree rising out of the plain, about twenty perches in from the road. I went up on the top of the ditch that was at the side of the road, and I saw a pure, bright-looking well of spring-water gushing out under the foot of the beautiful high tree, and I saw white blossoms and little apples and half-ripe apples and large, red, fully-ripe apples growing together on that tree. But there was so much repression and terror on the people of that country that nobody gathered as much as one apple of them, and it was clear to me, by the long-growing grass that was round about that lovely well, that no person came near it to drink. But when I saw that much, my heart leaped within my breast, and I said aloud, "I will gather some of those apples, and I will drink my fill of that well, if it is death that is in store for me."

And with that I rose in a high, light, active jump from the top of the boundary ditch and in upon the smooth, beautiful plain. And when the young fellow saw that, he gave a sigh, for he thought it was my death I was seeking.

And when I came half-way between the ditch and the well, a black soldier arose, like a great, hideous monster, up out of the long grass, and he took up a great sword to split my head, as I thought. And I heard behind me the scream that the young man on the road put out of him, with intense fear. No less than that was the fear that was on myself, for I had no weapon at all to defend myself. But I stooped for a good big stone that was under my foot, as big as my own fist, and I gave a choice throw of that stone at the terrible soldier. The stone hit him, as I thought, in the very middle of his forehead, and it went out through his head, as if he were nothing but a shadow. And on the instant the appearance and shape of the soldier were dim to me, but there was a shapeless thing there like a wreath of mist, and that mist melted, and it dispersed into the air, and there was nothing between myself and the well. Then I knew that he was not a soldier nor a warrior, but an unreal thing and a shadow, made by magic to frighten the people from the well. I went to the water, and no other thing hindered me. I bent down to the water and I drank my fill of it, and in my opinion it was as good as wine. I pulled a big red apple from the tree then and ate it, and it was as sweet in my mouth as honey. When I saw that, I called to the young man, and said to him "to come in to me, for there was nothing to prevent him." As soon as he perceived that, he came in over the ditch himself, and he in great fear, and he made for the well. He drank his fill out of it, and he ate

le n-a bacadó." Com luat agus tug pé rin fá deara, táinig pé féin arcead tar an zclaidhe, agus é fá eagla mói, agus rinn pé ar an tobair. "Óól pé a fáit ar, agus o'it pé a fáit de na h-ábhlaid, agus fíneamair riar le céile ar an bfeár bheadz bog, agus corruigeamair as caint. Agus o'fiarruis mé de ainm na tíre rin, "óir" ar fá mire leir, "ir i an tír ir iongancaise o'a bfuil ar an doiman i."

Torais pé ann rin as innrint rgeula na tír rin dam, agus duhairt pé, "Cá an tír peó 'na h-oileán, agus do érucais Dia i amuis ann ran aigéin móir ar an taoib riar de'n doiman, an áit a shabann an shian cum a leaptan ann ran oirde. Agus ir i an tír ir áille agus ir zlaire agus ir úire i o'a bfuil fá'n ngréin. Agus veir tura sur tír iongancaé i, áct ni tuigeann tu leat a h-iongancair zo fóill. Agus cá trí ainmneada uirri, banba agus fódla agus éire."

Nuair éualaid mé rin, do tug mé léim, agus buail mé mo céann le zéasán de'n ériann, mar faoil mé,—agus oúiriz mé.

Agus ar bporzailt mo fúile dam, riúo mé mo luide ar an zclaidhe ar taoib an bócair, ioir baid-á-cliaé agus bócair-na-bhuizne, agus mo cara Diarmuid bán 's am' fácaó i m' earna-cáib le maide. "S miro duic beir dul a-baile," a veir pé.

"Óra a Diarmuid," ar fá mire, "ná bain liom. Ni fácaid mac mácair ariam a leiteir o' ailing agus éonnaic mire." Agus leir rin o'innir mé mo bhuionslóir do, ó túr zo veirpead.

"Mairead! mo sháó tu," ar fá Diarmuid, nuair bí mé péiró, "agus b' fíor do bhuionslóir. Fáid agus file tu," a veir pé.

"Cionnur rin?" ar fá mire, "miniz dam é."

"Ir ar talam na h-éireann do bí tu zan don amhar," ar fá Diarmuid, "áct do bí tu as riúbal, mar cá na h-éireannaiz uile as riúbal, ar na bócair do rinne na Sacpanaiz le n-a zcuir oirzge agus le n-a zcuir fáiriún féin, agus rin bócaire nac péirir le zaeveal riúbal orra zan tuirliugaó agus zan tuicim, zan docair agus zan doláir. Áct má éreizeann riad bócair an tSacpanacair agus an véarlacair, agus iad do dul arcead ar a macaire bheadz feurmar féin ni beir' riad as riúbal zo cruaid ar fead an laé iomláin, mar an t-éireannaé boct rin do éonnaic tura, le leabuir agus le ruipéar o'fágaíl ran oirde; áct do fácaidir fá do níor fáide, i leat an ama. Agus an tobair fíoruirze rin do éonnaic tu, an tobair nac leizfead na zárdairó tuba rin do na doaimib o'ól ar, nac oirzeann tu sur tobair na zlan-zaeveilze é rin, agus cia bé éireannaé ólfar veoc ar, bíonn pé mar fíon in a véal, o'a neartugaó agus o'a fíonn-fuaraó. Agus an raizóirí duib rin o'éiriz ioir tura agus ériann na n-ábail, b' é rin an fáiriún Sacpanac, agus nuair buail tu

his fill of the apples, and we stretched back on the fine, soft grass together, and began to talk. And I asked him the name of that country; "for," said I to him, "it is the most extraordinary country of all there are in the world."

He began then to tell me the history of that country, and he said, "This country is an island, and God created it out in the great ocean on the western side of the world, the place where the sun goes to his bed in the night. And it is the most beautiful and the greenest and the freshest country of all under the sun. And you say it is an extraordinary country, but you do not know half its wonderfulness yet. And there are three names on it—Banba and Fodhla and Ireland."

When I heard that I gave a jump, and I struck my head against a branch of the tree, as I thought—and I awoke.

And when I opened my eyes, there I was lying on the ditch at the side of the road, between Dublin and Boharnabreana, and my friend Dermot "Bán" was poking me in the ribs with a stick.

"'Tis time for you to be going home," says he.

"Oro, Dermot," said I, "let me alone. No mother's son ever saw the like of such a vision as I have seen." And with that I told him my dream from beginning to end.

"Musha, man dear!" said Dermot, when I was done, "and your dream was true. A prophet and a poet you are," says he.

"How so?" said I. "Explain it to me."

"'Tis on the soil of Ireland you were without any doubt," said Dermot, "but you were walking, as all Irishmen are walking, on the roads which the English made with their own laws and with their own fashions, and those are roads that a Gael cannot walk on without stumbling and falling, without trouble and distress. But if they leave the road of Anglicisation and of English-speaking, and go in on their own fine, grassy plain, they will not be walking hard all day long like that poor Irishman you saw, to get a bed and a supper at night, but they would go twice as far in half the time. And that well of spring water that you saw, the well that those black sentries would not let the people drink from, don't you understand that that is the well of pure Irish, and whatever Irishman drinks a drink out of it, it is as wine in his mouth, strengthening him and cooling him. And that black sentry that got up between you and the apple-tree, that was the English Fashion, and when you struck him he went out of sight, like a mist, for fashions come like mist, and if a person defends himself from them they

é τ' iméiz pé ar amárc mar ceó, óir tigeann na páiriúin mar ceó, ásur má éornann duine é féin oppa iméizeann ríad mar ceó arís. Ásur na bláca bána, ásur na h-úbla, do éonnaic tu ar an gcraonann áro álunn, rin é an toíad atá áz fár ar mácaire na Saedáitáca, ásur má págan na Saedéil na bóitpe ir ar éuir na Sacpanaiz iad le dul arceac ar a scalam féin ara, na h-úbla rin nári blar ríad le dá céad bliadán baintró ríadparír zo tiuz iad. Ásur áz rin duic anoir, a Craoibín, mar míni sim pe v'airlingz," ar pé.

"M' anam a 'Día, a 'Diarmuo," ar ra mire, "ní'l do pámaíl ve míngéoir ar talam na h-Éireann, ásur an céad airlingz eile béirdear ágam ir éuzao-ra tiucpar me. Ir fearr 'ná Daniel tu. Dhorcuiz oic anoir ásur béiróir áz dul a-baile."

Τ Α Θ Σ Σ Α Β Α .

CAIBITIL 1.

Bí Ταθς Ua Dpoin 'na gába, ásur bí a céarúca ar éaoib an bócair i n-aice le 'Droicead na Seadaize, veic mile i scaoib tíar do Cill Áirne.

Céarúize maic do b'ead Ταθς. Ní raib 'na páiróirpe féin, ná b'féoir i gcraoib, fearr do b'fearr a éuirpead crúó pá capall ná clár ar céacda. Ac mar rin féin, ní raib Ταθς gan a loédaib féin. Ir dóca nári táinig riam lá donais ná marraib ná feicirpe Ταθς ar ríad Cill Áirne, ásur ir ró-annam a bí pé áz teact abaille trácnóna gan veit rúzac zo leor, nó b'féoir ar meirge. Dá ndéarpad don'ne le Ταθς ar maoin lae an donais, "An bfuilir áz dul zo Cill Áirne inoiu, a Ταθς?" "Pé an fpeazra a geobad pé, "Ní fearar," nó "b'féoir dom"—'ran am céadna áz bualad buille dá éárúr ar an iarrann nó ar an inneoin, com maic ir dá mbéad pé áz ráó, "Ir móir atá ríor uait."

Nuair a bí lá an marraib ann bí 'fir áz zac uile duine zo raib znó aize ar an gcraoibain zo mb'foearr do fuirpeac ra bail dá mbad maic leir a znó veit déanta i gcraic. Ir iomda rgeal greannmar a bí ar ruair na páiróirpe timceall Ταθς ásur a éuro oibre maoin lae donais, mar ar éuir pé tairnge i mbeo, lá, i gcapall Seagáin léit, ásur mar ar póll pé ar móir scuaéal clár a bí aize dá éur ar céacda le Domnall Ua Dpúigin.

go away like mist again. And the white blossoms and the apples that you saw on the beautiful tall tree, that is the fruit that is growing on the Plain of Gaeldom, and if the Gaels leave the roads on which the English put them, to go back on their own land again—those apples which they did not taste for two hundred years they shall gather them again plentifully. And there is for you now, *Δ Ἐραοῖβιν*, how I interpret your dream," said he.

"My soul to God, Dermot," said I, "there isn't your like of an interpreter on the soil of Ireland, and the next dream I have, 'tis to you I will come. You are better than Daniel. Hurry now, and we will be going home."

TIM THE SMITH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

TIM O'BYRNE was a smith, and his forge was on the side of the road close to Giddagh Bridge, ten miles west of Killarney.

Tim was a good tradesman. There was not in his own parish, nor maybe in Kerry, a man who could better shoe a horse or put a board in a plow. But, for all that, Tim was not without his own faults. It is probable that there never came a fair or market day that Tim was not seen in the streets of Killarney, and it was very seldom he came home in the evening without being pretty merry, or perhaps drunk. If any one would ask Tim on the morning of a fair, "Are you going to Killarney to-day, Tim?" the answer he would get would be, "I don't know," or "Maybe I would"—at the same time striking a blow of his hammer on the iron or on the anvil, as much as if he were to say, "It is much you want knowledge" (How inquisitive you are).

When the fair day came, everyone who had business at the forge knew that he had better stay at home if he wanted a job done well. Many curious stories were through the parish about Tim and his work on a fair morning: how he had put a nail in the quick in a horse of Jack Liah, and how he bored altogether wrong a board he was putting in a plow for Daniel Breen.

Ὁ βί φειρμεοῖρ βεαζ 'να κομναιθε ἰ μβέαλ να Ἰεαοαῖζε τὰρβ
 αἰνμ ὄο Μίσεάλ Ἐρὸν, ἀετ νιορ τυγαθ ριαμ αἰρ ἀετ Μίσεάλ να
 ἸCleaρ. Ὁά μβέαθ δον ἡνὸ ἀζ Μίσεάλ να ἸCleaρ ἀρ ἀν Ἰεαρ-
 ὄαιν νί ράρὸεαθ δον λὰ ὄο τουλ ἀνν ἀετ λὰ ἀν δοναῖζ νό ἀν λὰ
 Ἰο ραῖθ 'φιορ αῖζε Ἰο ραῖθ Ταὺς ἀζ τουλ Ἰο Cill Ἀῖρνε νό Ἰο Cill
 Ορῖλιαν.

San am po b'íod marzaθ Cill Ἀῖρνε ἀρ ἀν Saταρν ἀζυρ βίὸθ
 δοναε ἀνν ἀν ἐέαθ Luαν ὄο'n μί, μαρ ἀτά ἀνοῖρ.

Μαῖοῖν λαε δοναῖζ βί Μίσεάλ ἀζ ἀν Ἰεαρὸεαῖν εῦν ρρὸῖνῖνί
 'ρᾶζάιλ ὄά μυα, ἀζυρ κομναῖε ρέ νὰ ραῖθ ρυῖνν λε ὄεαναμ ἀζ
 Ταὺς.

“Ἰρ ὄόεα, Ταὺς,” ῖρρα Μίσεάλ, “Ἰο μβείθ τ' ἀρ ἀν
 δοναε.”

“Ὁ'φείοῖρ ὄομ,” ἔρρα Ταὺς. “Ὁ βί Σεαμυρ Τάιλλιῦρα ἀζ ράθ
 ἰιομ ἰνὸε Ἰο μβέαθ ρέ ἀζ Ἰα ἀιλ ροῖρ τιμῄεαλλ ἀν τ-δον υαῖρ
 ὄεαζ, ἡ ὄά μβαθ-μαῖε ἰιομ τουλ λεῖρ Ἰο ἔρᾶῖζῖνν μαρκαῖθεαετ
 υαῖθ.”

“Μά'ρ μαρ ρῖν ἀτά /η ρῖεαλ,” ἀρρα Μίσεάλ, “νί'λ δον μαῖε
 ὄομ μο ἐέαεῖα ἀ ἔρῖετ ἀνυαρ εῦν ἐ 'εῦρ ἰ ὄ ρεθ.”

“Νί'λ, Ἰο ὄεῖμῖν; τάῖμ Ἰαν Ἰυαλ, ἀζυρ καῖτῖρὸ μ τουλ ἀ
 ὄ'ἰαρρῖαθ βεαζάῖν Ἰυαῖλ ἀζυρ ἀῖθβαρ ἰαρρῖαῖνν.”

Νυαῖρ ἀ βί Μίσεάλ να ἸClea ἀζ τουλ ἀ ἔαῖτε ὄο ἐαρ ρέ ἰ τεαε
 εῦν τῖζε ῖῖῖῖβ ὄῖζ, ρεῖ, μεοῖρ βεαζ εῖτε βί 'να κομναιθε ἰ η-αῖε
 ἰε Μίσεάλ ρέῖν.

“Cά ραβαῖρ, ἀ μῖεῖλ?” ἀρρα ῖῖῖῖβ.

“Ὁῖορ ἀζ ἀν Ἰεαρὸεαῖν ἀζ ρέα 'αἰντ ἀν μβέαθ ἀν Ἰαθ ἰ υλλαμ
 ἰ μβάρᾶε εῦν ρῖονναῖ 'εῦρ ἰμ' ἔρᾶεα. Ὁ βί Ταὺς ἀζ ταεαντ ορῖν
 ἐ 'εῦρ εῖρζε ἰνὸῖυ μαρ νὰ ραῖθ μὸρᾶν λε ὄεαναμ αῖζε.”

“Ἰαε ἔρῖετ ρέ ἀζ τουλ Ἰο Cill Ἀῖρνε?”

“Cυαλα ἐ ἀζ ράθ Ἰο μβέαθ ἰαεαλλ ἀῖρ ἀν τ-αρᾶλ ἀ εῦρ Ἰο Cill
 Ορῖλιαν ἀ ὄ'ἰαρρῖαθ βεαζάῖν Ἰυαῖλ.”

“Ἰρ μαῖε ἰιομ Ἰυρ Ἰαβαῖρ ἰρτεαε εῖζαμ. Ὁῖορ ἀζ καῖντ λε
 Ταὺς ἀρρῖαθ ἰνὸε, ἀζυρ 'ρέ ὄυβαῖρτ ρέ ἰιομ νὰ βέαθ ἀμ αῖζε
 δον νί ἀ ὄεαναμ ἰεμ' ἐέαεῖα Ἰο ὄεῖ Ὁῖα Cέαῖαοῖν ρεθ εῖζαῖνν.
 Τά ἀ ἀῖρρῖρ ἀζ ρῖεαμνῖαθ υαῖμ ἀζυρ Ἰαν ρυῖνν ὄεαῖτα ἀζαμ.
 'Sε ἰρ ρεῖρρ ὄομ ἀ ὄεαν ἡ μο ἐε ὄα ἀ ἔρῖετ εῖρζε ἀνοῖρ ὄ τὰ
 καοῖ ἀν ἡγαβα. Ἰῖ β' ἰθ δον'νε ἀζ τεαετ εῖρζε ἰνὸῖυ.”

Ὁ ὄεαρῖ Μίσεάλ ἀ ρῖοπα, ἀζυρ ὄ'ἰμτῖζ ρέ ἀῖρ ἀ ἔαῖτε.

Νυαῖρ ὄ'ρᾶζ Μίσεάλ ἀν ἐαρὸεα, ἀζυρ ὄ νὰ ραῖθ δον νί εῖτε λε
 ὄεαναμ ἀζ Ταὺς εῖαῖθ ρέ ἰρτεαε εῦν ἐ ρέῖν ἀ ἔεαρρᾶθ ἡ ἀ
 Ἰῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἰ Ἰκομᾶῖρ ἀν δοναῖζ. Ἰῖ ραῖθ ρε ἀετ ἰεαε-ἔεαρρῖα νυαῖρ
 ὄο εῖρρ ῖῖῖῖβ ἀ ἐεανν ἰρτεαε ἀν ὄορᾶρ ἀζ ράθ, “Ὁαῖ ὄ Ὁῖα
 ἀηρρο.”

“Ὁῖα 'ρ Μυῖρνε ὄυτ,” ἀρρα Ταὺς, ἀετ νί ὄ η-α ἐρῖοῖθε, μαρ βί

There was a little farmer living close to the Giddagh whose name was Michael Crone, but he was never called any other than Mick of the Tricks. If Tricky Mick had any job at the forge no day would satisfy him to go there but a fair day, or a day on which he knew Tim would be going to Killarney or Killorglin.

At this time the Killarney market was on a Saturday, and there used to be a fair the first Monday of the month, as now.

One fair morning Mick was at the forge to get nose rings for his pigs, and he saw that Tim had not much to do. "I suppose, Tim," says Mick, "you'll be at the fair?"

"Maybe I would," says Tim. "James Tailor was telling me he would be passing (east) about 11 o'clock, and if I liked to go with him I might have a lift from him."

"If that is the case," says Mick, "it is no use for me to bring down my plow to put it in order."

"No, indeed; I am without coal, and I must go for a little coal and some iron."

When Tricky Mick was going home he turned into the house of Phil Oge, a little farmer who lived close to Mick himself.

"Where were you, Mick?" says Phil.

"I was at the forge to see if the smith would be ready to-morrow to put pins in my harrow. Tim was pressing me to send to him to-day, as he had but little to do."

"Is he not going to Killarney?"

"I heard him say that he should send the donkey to Killorglin for a little coal."

"I am glad you came in to me. I was speaking to Tim yesterday, and he told me he could not do anything to my plow until next Wednesday. The time is slipping from me, and with little done. I had better take my plow to him now, as the smith has leisure. No one will be coming to him to-day."

Mick lit his pipe and went on home. When Mick left the forge, and since he had nothing else to do, Tim went in to shave and clean himself for the fair. He was but half-shaved when Phil struck his head in the door, saying, "God bless all here."

"God and Mary bless you," says Tim, but not from his heart, as he had a notion that Phil did not come without business. "I suppose you're going to town."

"Indeed I am not; I have something else to do besides street-walking," says Phil.

tuairim aise náir táinis Pilib san gnó; "ir dóca go bfuilir as toul ar an tpráto."

"Ní'lim, go déimín; tá a málaire de gnó aSam 'ná rriátoig-eaó," arpa Pilib.

"Ir iomóda lá beir tú ar taoib an teampail, a Pilib."

"Má 'reao féin, 'ré ir ceart dom mo díceall a déanam an fáto acáim ar an rasoal ro, 7 anoir baó maít liom dá scuipéa mo céacda i tpeo dam. Cím nac bfuil tú ró-gnótaó."

'Ir truaS liom, a Pilib, nac féioir liom don ní a déanam leó' céacda inoiu—ní'l don sual aSam, aSur tá iacall orm toul go Cill Áirne dá iarraio."

"Ní gábaó dúit don tmuoblóio a beir ort mar geall air rin; tá máilín suail ra trucaill aSam."

"Oróó-óric ort féin ir do céacda," arpa TaoS 'á n-a fiac-laib. "Cao tá le déanam ar do céacda, a Pilib?"

"Tá clár a cur air, cruairé a cur ar an roc, 7 é 'cur beagán ra bpoó. Teartuigeann beagán cruairé ó barr an cóltair 7 caiteir bolta nua a déanam do'n raca."

"Ní l don cruairé aSam acé don rmuicín amáin a geallar a cur ar rann-aicín do Seagan Séamuir," arpa an gaba.

"Tá lán mo dótáin cruairé aSam-ra ra baile," arpa Pilib. "Bí-re as baint an tpean-cláir do'n céacda; beao-ra ar n-air leir an scuairé san moill."

"Dúó maít liom, dá mb'féioir liom é, do gnó a déanam inoiu, acé do rsoil cor m'úiré noé nuair a bíor as cur iarainn ar roé le Seagan Dheac, aSur beir iacall orm cor nua cur ann. Bíor cun cor a bheit abáile liom inoiu ó'n donac."

féar beas canncaraó do b'eaó Pilib óS. Connaic ré go maít sur a d'iarraio leic-rgeil do déanam do bí TaoS SabA, aSur bí a cócal as éirge.

"Sé mo tuairim, a TaoS," ar peirean ra deireao, "nac bfuil don fonn ort m'obair do déanam. Baó cóir go mbéao mo curó airgíó-re cóm maít le hairgeao mícíl na sClear, acé cím nac mar rin acá an rgeal, aSur ó tá mo cor ar an mbócar tá saibne eile 'ra párróir-de cóm maít leat-ra."

"Déan do roga ruo; ní'lim-re a' brait ar do curó airgíó, a rZannróir! Beir leat do fean-céacda pé áit ir maít leat,' arpa an gaba.

"Ir maít é mo buirdeacar, a TaoS; acé ir doig liom go mb'féar dúit ranaíaint 'ra baile 'ná beir ro' maíroín lacaige ar rriáto Cill Áirne, as caiteam do cóo' airgíó 7 do pláinte."

"Ir cuma dúit-re, i n-ainm an oiaóail! Ní hé do curó airgíó-re a bím as caiteam, a rppuínlóigín. B'féioir nac é sac don gaba beao cóm bog leat ir bíor-ra as déanam cruíóte doó"

"You'll be many a day beside the church, Phil."

"Even so, I ought to do my best while in this world; and now I would like you to put my plow in order for me. I see you are not very busy."

"I am sorry, Phil; I cannot do anything to your plow to-day. I have no coal, and I am obliged to go to Killarney for it."

"You need not trouble about that, I have a bag of coal in the cart."

"Bad luck to you and your plow," says Tim, under his teeth. "What has to be done to your plow, Phil?"

"It wants a board, to steel the sock, and to put it a little in the sod. The point of the coulter wants a little steel, and you must make a new bolt for the rack."

"I have no steel but one little scrap I promised to to put on a furze spade for Jack James," says the smith.

"I have plenty of steel at home," says Phil. "You be taking the old board off the plow and I'll be back with the steel without delay."

"I would like if I could to do your job to-day, but the handle of my sledge split yesterday when I was putting tires on a wheel for Jack Brack, and I must put a new handle on it. I was going to bring home a handle from the fair."

Phil Oge was a cantankerous little man. He saw clearly that it was trying to make excuses Tim the Smith was, and his choler was rising.

"It is my opinion, Tim," says he at last, "that you have no intention of doing my work. One would think my money would be as good as Tricky Mick's; but I see that is not how the case stands, and as my foot is on the road, there are other smiths in the parish besides you."

"Do as you like; I'm not depending on your money, you fright. Take your old plow to where you please," said the smith.

"How well I am thanked, Tim, but I do think it would be better for you to stay at home than to be puddle-trotting on the streets of Killarney, spending your money and your health."

"You need not care a damn. It is not your money I am spending, you mean little creature. Maybe 'tis not every smith would be as easy with you as I have been, making shoes for your 'crock' out of your gathering of old iron. Be off now, and maybe you would pick up an old horseshoe on the road," and with that Tim shut the door.

Phil continued on his way till he came to the forge of Ard-a-Clugeen. The smith at Ard-a-Clugeen was a young man who had been a good while ago an apprentice with Tim the Smith. Since he left Tim he spent part of his time in Cork, and a year or two in Scotland. A sensible young man was he, and a good tradesman. Owen O'Leary was his name. He had not much welcome for Phil when he saw him coming, and he had less for him when Phil told him of the row between himself and the old smith. The young smith told Phil that he was afraid he would have no time to do anything to his plow until the end of the week. He did not like to refuse Phil, but he was hoping that Phil would not be satisfied to wait so long, and that he would be taking his plow back to Tim, or to some other smith, but it was all in vain.

"I'll leave my plow here," says Phil, "if I had to wait for it till this day fortnight; and after the abusive language I got to-day from Tim the Smith, from this day forward there is no chance of his ever again receiving a penny from me."

"Now, Phil," says Owen, "you know very well Tim is not too thankful to me for coming here, and I am but telling the truth when I say that I would much rather you did not leave Tim's forge to come to mine."

"It is the truth which should thrive ('Tis in the truth the luck ought to be)," says Phil; "but I tell you, that if there was not another smith from this to the city of Cork, Tim O'Byrne would get nothing to do from me."

Owen O'Leary had his own reasons. The only family Tim the Smith had was a daughter. She was but a little girl going to school when Owen was an apprentice with her father. She was very fond of Owen, and little wonder. He was an affectionate, soft-natured boy. He would as soon be in the midst of a pack of children, who would deafen you with their noise, as with other lads like himself. On this account there was not a child in the village who was not fond of the young smith, and they were all very lonesome when he left Tim O'Byrne. The smith's little Nelly was more lonely than anyone else when Owen went away, and she cried bitterly after him.

Nelly grew up to be a pretty, graceful girl. Her mother died when she was seventeen years of age, and from the death of her mother Nelly was housekeeper to Tim, and it is not amiss to say that she was a good housewife. There was not a man in the Tuogh flock who had a prettier stocking than Nelly's

feair ba deire rtoaca 'nád acair Neilli, agus ar fon go raib Taois 'n-a Gabá, agus san cpoiceann ró-geal air, ní raib léine an t-*ras-airc* féin níor síle 'nád a léine ar maidin 'Dia Domhnaigh.

Ir beas an t-iongnad nuair táinig Eoghan Ua Laoisair abairte go n'ubairt ré leir féin go mbéad Neilli ós mar mnaoi aise, agus ir dóig liom go raib ríre ar an aignead céadna, aet níor mar rin do'n t-rean-Gabá. Ní raib aon deabad air eun cleamhair do déanamh dá ingin, mar bí a ríor aise go maic go mbéad ré an-leactlámac san Neilli, aet i n-a aignead féin bad maic leir, dá mbéad fonn pórtca uirri, go mbéad Séamur Táillúra mar élamain aise.

Ói feirim beas talman as Séamur, aet ba mímice é Séamur as an gcearócain, a ríor 'n-a béal aise agus é as réirvead na mbuils do'n Gabá, nó a' bualad do nuair do bí Taois as cur cruaid ar rann nó as déanamh cruad do éapail, 7, ar nóir Taois féin, bí an-dóil aise i ríadordaeat. Ói trí rabadilíní bó aise agus cúpla colpac, 7 iad go léir ar tógáil ar teact na Máirta. Ní raib rílib i b'fad tar éir imteacta nuair do bí Séamur Táillúra agus a t'rucail as dorar an Gabá.

“Ófuil tú ullam, a Taois?” arfa Séamur.

“Táim i ngiorradc do,” arfa Taois; “níl aham le déanamh aet mo b'róga do cur orm. Úrortuis ort, a Neilli; tá an b'róg rin maic go leór anoir. Cá b'fuil mo éapabac? Ná bac leir a' r'gáctán. Anoir, a Séamur, táim ullam.”

“Nac b'fuil tura a' teact linn, a Neilli?”

“Nílím, a Séamur, go fóill; b'féidir ar ball go r'gáinn féin le coir máire Óróin, agus béid a' t-aral ahamn.”

“Ir feárr duic teact linn-ne. Dá olcar mo éapail, ir feárr é 'nád arailín máire.”

“Go raib maic aat, a Séamur. Do g'eallar do máire fuiread léi. Déam i n-am go leór i gCill Áirne; níl puinn le déanamh aham-ra ar an donac.”

“Deata duine a toil,” arfa Séamur, agus ar ríubal leó.

Nuair a bíodar tamall beas ar a' mbótar ubairt Taois le Séamur, “Ar buail rílib ós umac?”

“Níor buail; cat 'n-a taob?”

“Ói ré anro tamall beas ó foin le n-a céadna: Do g'eallar do, tá reactmáin ó foin, go mbéinn ullam 'Dia Céadnaom'; aet ní béad ré r'arca san teact euzam ar maidin, agus mé tar éir m'icil na gCear do leigint abairte mar g'eall ar ná raib aon gual aham. Ói zac re fead ahamn le 'n-a céile go r'adamar arson feirgac. D'árduis rílib a céadna leir, agus ir dóca ná béid r'ad leir go mbuailfead ré ceapóca Eogainín Uí Laoisair.”

“Raib m'icéil na gCear as an gcearócain ar maidin inoiu?”

father, and though Tim was a smith, and without a very white skin, still the priest's alb on Sunday morning was no whiter than his Sunday shirt.

It is little wonder that when Owen O'Leary came home he said to himself that he would have young Nelly for a wife; and I think she was of the same mind; but such was not the case with the old smith. He was in no hurry to make a match for his daughter, for he knew very well he would be badly off without Nelly; but in his own mind he wished, if she had a notion of marrying, that he would have James Tailor for a son-in-law.

James had a little farm of land; but James was oftener at the forge, his pipe in his mouth, and he blowing the bellows for the smith, or sledging for him when Tim would be steeling a spade, or making shoes for horses, and like Tim himself he was very fond of street-walking. He had three little tatters of cows, and a couple of heifers that were lifting (ready to fall with hunger) on the coming of March.

Phil had not long gone when James Tailor and his cart were at the smith's door.

"Are you ready, Tim?" said James.

"I'm near it," says Tim. "I have but to put on my shoes. Hurry on, Nelly. That shoe is all right now. Where is my cravat? Never mind the looking-glass. Now, James, I am ready."

"Are you not coming, Nelly?"

"I am not, James, yet awhile. Maybe by and by I would go with Mary Crone, and we shall have the ass."

"You had better come with us. Bad as my horse is, he is better than Mary's little donkey."

"Thank you, James. I promised Mary to wait for her. We shall have time enough in Killarney. I have not much to do at the fair."

"Have your own way," says James, and away with them.

When they were a short time on the road Tim said to James, "Did you meet Phil Oge?"

"No. Why?"

"He was here awhile ago with his plow. I promised him a week ago that I should be ready on Wednesday, but he would not be content without coming to me this morning, and I after letting Tricky Mick home because I had no coal. We had every second word with each other until we were both angry,

“Ναὸ βρῦιλῃ, τὰρ εἶρ ἄ πᾶδ λεατ ζο παῖδ εὐν ἡυδ εἰζῖν το
 ὀέανάμ λε ’ν-α ἰέάῶδα.”

“Dioð zeall,” ἀρρα Σέαμυρ “ζυραδ ἑ Μῖκεάλ το εὐρ ἰ
 ζεεανν ῥῖλιβ τεαῖτ εὐζατ.”

“Ἀρ μ’ἀναμ ἡ ζαν ὀροῖῶ-νὶ ἀρ μ’ἀναμ, ζο μβ’φείοιρ ζο βρῦιλ
 ἀν εεαρτ ἀζατ, ἀζυρ μᾶ’ρ μαρ ρῖν ἀτᾶ ἀν ρζέαλ νᾶρα φαδα ζο
 βραζαῖδ Μῖκεάλ τοραδ ἄ θεαζ-οἰβρεαῶα. Οὐδαρτ λε Μῖκεάλ ρέιν
 να παῖδ ἀον ζυαλ ἀζαμ, ἀζυρ εὐζ ρῖλιβ μᾶλῖν ζυαῖλ ’ν-α τρῦκαῖλ
 λεῖρ. Ζαν ἀμῖταρ ’ρέ Μῖκεάλ βυν ἄ’ τυβαῖρτε.”

“Ἦὶ εὐρρῖνν ταιρῖρ ἑ.”

“Ἰρ ὀοῖζ ἡομ ρέιν νᾶ βεαδ ῥέ ρᾶρτα ζαν βείτ ἀζ ὀέανάμ
 μιορζαῖρ ἡμεαρζ κομᾶρρα,” ἀρρα Ταὸζ.

“Ἰρ ρῖορ ὀυῖτ ρῖν. Ἀρ εὐαλαῖοῖρ εαδ το ὀεῖν ρέ ἀρ Ὀομνάλλ
 Ρυαδ? Ὀὶ Ὀομνάλλ ἀζ ὀυλ λε ροκ ζο ὀτὶ εεαρῶα να εεαρᾶζε
 νυαῖρ εᾶμῖζ Μῖκεάλ να ζεεαρ ρυαρ λεῖρ, ἀζυρ ἑ ἀζ ὀυλ ἄ ὀ’ἰαρρ-
 αῖδ ῥᾶῖλ μῶνα ὀ’ν βρορταῶ.

“Ἐᾶ βρῦιλ τῦ ἀζ ὀυλ?’ ἀρρα Μῖκεάλ.

“Ἐᾶμ ἀζ ὀυλ λεῖρ ρεο ζο ὀτὶ ἀν εεαρῶα εὐν ἑ εὐρ βλῦῖρε
 βεαζ ’ρα βρῶδ. Ἐᾶμοῖο ἀζ τρεαβαδ ῥᾶῖρῶῖν να ζεεοκ, ἡ ἰρ
 ἀνα-ὀεααῖρ ἰ τρεαβαδ λε ροκ ἀτᾶ βεαζᾶν ἀρ ἄ βρῶδ.”

“Ἐαῖτ το ροκ ’ρα τρῦκαῖλ ἀζυρ τὰρ ἰρτεαῶ τῦ ρέιν. Ἰρ μῶρ
 ἀν ἡ ἀηῖο να μαρκαῖρεαῶα.”

“Ἐο παῖδ μαῖτ ἀζατ, ἄ μῖεῖλ; ἀζυρ β’φείοῖρ ὀ τᾶμ λεα-
 τᾶμᾶδ ζο βραζρᾶ ἀν ροκ ἀζ ἀν ζεεαρῶεᾶν; ἀβαῖρ λε Τομᾶρ ἑ
 εὐρ ρῖορ-βεαζᾶν ’ρα βρῶδ.”

“Ὀέανάτῶ ἑ ρῖν ἀζυρ ρᾶῖλτε,’ ἀρρα Μῖκεάλ, ἀζυρ ὀ’ἰομπυῖζ
 Ὀομνάλλ Ρυαδ ἀβαῖτε. Ἀῖτ εαδ το ὀεῖν ἀν εεαρᾶῖδε Ἀῖτ ἄ
 πᾶδ λεῖρ ἄ’ νζαβα ροκ Ὀομνάλλ το εὐρ βεαζᾶν εἰτε ἀρ ἀν βρῶδ, ἰ
 ρῖζῖδ ζο παῖδ ἄ ἰέάῶδα ζο μῶρ ἡῖορ μεαρᾶ νᾶ βὶ ρέ.

“Ἐᾶ εἰτε βὶ Μῖκεάλ ἄ ὀ’ἰαρραῖδ ρλεαζᾶν εαῖλ ἀρ ἀν ἡζορτ
 μβυῖδε. Ἐαρ ρέ ἰρτεαῶ ἰ ἡοορᾶρ Σέαμυρ ἡμοῖλ. Ὀὶ Σέαμυρ
 ’ν-α ρυῖδε ἀρ ρῶῖλ ἀρ ἀζαῖδ ἀν ὀορᾶῖρ ἰρτεαῶ ἀζ εὐρ ταοῖβῖν ἀρ
 ἄ βρῶῖζ. Ὀ βὶ ἀν Ἐᾶ ζο ἡαν-βροῦαῖλλᾶδ, ἀζυρ Σέαμυρ ἀζ εὐρ
 ἄλλᾶῖρ ὀε, ὀ βᾶν ρέ ὀε ρέιν ἄ ρεῖρβῖε ἀζυρ ερῶε ρέ ἀρ ερῖκα
 ἑ ἰ ὀταοῖδ εἰαρ ὀ’ν ὀορᾶρ. Ὀ ὀεαρζ Μῖκεάλ ἄ ρῖορ ἀζυρ βὶ
 ρέ ἀζ ζαβᾶῖλ ὀᾶ εὐῖο βρεαρταῖρεαῶα, μαρ βα ζῆᾶτᾶδ λεῖρ. Ἐᾶρ
 εἶρ λεατ-υαῖρ ἡὸ μαρ ρῖν το ὀρῦῖο ρέ ρῖορ ἰ ἡ-ἰεε ἀν ὀορᾶῖρ.
 Ὀ’ρᾶν ρέ ἀζ ἀν ὀορᾶρ ταμᾶῖλ βεαζ ἀζυρ ἄ Ἐᾶμ ἀρ ἀν λεατ-ὀορᾶρ.
 Ὀ’ρῆαῶ ρέ ἀρ ἀν ζερῖκα, ἀζ λεῖζῖντ αῖρ ζο παῖδ νᾶῖρε αῖρ. ‘Ἐ
 ἀμῖλαῖδ,’ ἀρ ρεῖρῆαν, ‘το εὐρ Μᾶῖρε ἀοῖνν μῑ ρῆαῶῖντ ἄ βραζ-
 αῖνν ἰραῶτ να ἡυδα ρῖν (ἀν ρεῖρβῖε) εὐν εεαρτ το εὐρ ἀζ ζορ
 ἀνν.’

“Ὀὶ Σέαμυρ Μαοῖ ἀρ ὀεαρζ-βυῖτε, ἀζυρ Ἐᾶμ ρέ ’ν-α ρυῖδε,
 Ἀῖτ μᾶ Ἐᾶμ βὶ Μῖκεάλ ἡμῖζτε. Ὀ Ἐαῖτ Σέαμυρ ἄ εᾶρῦρ λεῖρ,

and I suppose he will not stop now until he reaches Owey O'Leary's forge."

"Was Tricky Mick at the forge this morning?"

"Am I not after telling you that he was, to get something done to his plow?"

"I'll bet," says James, "that it is Mick put it into Phil's head to come to you?"

"On my soul, and not putting anything bad on my soul, I believe you are right, and if such is the case, I hope it won't be long until Mick gets the reward of his good works. I told Mick himself I had no coal, and Phil had a little bag of coal in the cart with him. Without doubt Mick is the root of the mischief."

"I would not put it past him."

"I think myself he would not be happy if he were not making mischief between neighbors," says Tim.

"'Tis true for you. Did you hear what he did to Daniel Roe? Daniel was going with a sock to the Cappagh forge, when Tricky Mick overtook him as he was going for a rail of turf to the bog."

"'Where are you going,' says Mick.

"'I am going with this to the forge, to put it a little bit "in the sod." We are plowing the little stony field, and it is very hard to plow it with a sock a little out of the sod.'

"'Pitch the sock into the cart and come in yourself. It is a good thing to get the lift.'

"'Thank you, Mick; and maybe, as I am very short of hands, you would leave the sock at the forge. Tell Tom to put it just a little in the sod.'

"'I will do that and welcome,' says Mick, and Daniel turned home. But what did the trickster do, but tell the smith to put Daniel's sock a little more out of the sod, so that his plow was far worse than before.

"Another day Mick was looking for a slaan over at Fortbee. He turned into the house of James the Bald. James was sitting on a stool opposite the door putting a patch on his shoe. As the day was sultry and James sweating, he took off his wig and hung it on a hook behind the door. Mick lit his pipe, and he was, as usual, going on with his pranks. After half an hour or so he moved down near the door. He stayed at the door a little while, with his hand on the half-door. He looked at the hook, pretending that he was ashamed. 'It is how,' says he, 'Mary sent me over to see if I could get the

ἀέτ, ἰ ν-ιοναδ Μίσιλ το βυαλαδ λειρ αν ζσαρῦρ, ὁ'αιμριζ πέ κορεάν μόρ βι αρ ιαράετ ἀς α μίναοι εῦν ολλαν το ὁαυζαδ. Ὕρμιτ εὐζαν ἡα λαοζαίρε 'να ἀεαρῶαίρε μαίτ ?”

“Cá ὕρμιτ ὁαμ-ρα ροιν,” ἀρρα ΤΑΟΥΣ, ἡ ní ζο ρό-μίλιρ; “ἀέτ ní ὁόιζ λιομ ζυραδ ἔ ρεαβάρ α ἀεαρῶαίρεαέτ' ἀτά ἀς τάρραε na ἠῶαοινε εῦιζε; 'ρέ α εῦρο ὕλαῶαίρ μέαλλαν ιαῶ. Ὕι αν τεαγζα ζο ρλεαμῶαίρ ριαμ ἀιζε. Ὕαδ εῦμα λιομ ὁά ζεῦιρρεαδ ρέ ρυαρ ὁδ ρέιν ἀς Ὕροίεαδ na λεαμῶαίρ νό τίορ αρ α Μίανυρ, ἀέτ ιρ ὁόιζ λιομ-ρα ζυρ μόρ αν ἡάίρε ὁδ τεαέτ ἡ ἀεαρῶαίρ το εῦρ ρυαρ εὐμ ἀέεῦμαίρ ὁαμ ἀζυρ τὰ ρέ 'νοίρ.”

CAIBIDIL 11:

CAPTAN na ὁαοινε αρ α ἔείλε,
ἀέτ ní CAPTAN na εῦνιε ná na ρλέίβετε.

Νυαίρ το βυαίλ αν βείρε CILL Ἀίρνε β'είρεαν ὁόίβ ὁεοδ βείτ ἀεα ἰ ὁτίζ Σέαμυρ ἡι Ὕρμιζίγιν 'ρα Σπáιρο Νυαίρ, ἀζυρ ἡίορ β'ῶαῶα ὁόίβ ζο ραίβ ὕραον είλε ἀεα ἰ Σπáιρο na ζεαερε νυαίρ ἀαράδ ορρα βείρε νό τρῦῦρ είλε ἀζυρ τάρτ ορρα. Νί ραίβ λεαέ αν λαε ἀίτε νυαίρ βι αν ζαβα ρύζαέ ζο λεόρ.

Νί ραίβ Νείλλι ἰ ὕραδ αρ α' ρρáιρο ζυρ εὐνναίε ρί α ἡαῶαίρ ἀζυρ ἔ αρ λεαέ-μείρεζε. Ιρ ζαίρτο ὁο βι ρί ρέιν ἀζυρ αν ἀαίλιν είλε ἀς ὁεαναμ α ἡζηότα. Νυαίρ το βίοῶαίρ ὕλλαμ εῦν τεαέτ ἀβαίλε το ὁειν Νείλλι α ὁίεαλλ α ἡαῶαίρ το μέαλλαδ λεί, ἀέτ ní ραίβ μαίτεαρ το βείτ α ταῶαντ ἀίρ; ὁ'ῶαν ρέ ρέιν ἀζυρ Σέαμυρ αρ αν ρρáιρο ζο ὁεί τυίτιμ na ἡοίρδε ἀζυρ ζο ραῶαῶαίρ ἀραον αρ μείρεζε νό ἰ ἡζιορραέτ ὁδ.

Ὕι ἀααίλιν βεαζ εῦεαρτα ἀς Σέαμυρ Τάιλλιῦρα. Ὕι αν ὁόταρ ρείρδ ἀζυρ αν οίρδε ζεαλ, ἡ ὁά ἡβέαδ αν βείρε ράρτα λειρ αν μέρο τοο βι ὀίτα ἀεα νυαίρ ράζαῶαίρ ρρáιρο CILL Ἀίρνε βέαδ αν ρζεαλ ζο μαίτ ἀεα, ἀέτ ní ραῶαῶαίρ. Νυαίρ εῦαγῶαίρ ζο Ὕροίεαῶο na λεαμῶαίρ βι ὁεοδ λε βείτ ἀεα, ἡ νυαίρ βι αν ζαβα ἀς τεαέτ ἀμαέ αρ αν ὁερκαίλλ τυίτ ρέ αρ ρλεαρζ α ὕρομα αρ αν ἡβόταρ, ἀζυρ 'ραν αν εέαῶαῶα το εῦρ ρυῶ είγιν αν ἀααίλ αρ ριῦβαλ. ἔαίρδ αν ροέ τρεαρρα λáιμε Ταιρδς. Ὕο ρζηεαῶο αν ρεαρ ὁοέτ εὐμ ζέαρ ριν ζυρ ριῦτ na ὁαοινε ἀμαέ εῦιζε, ἀζυρ νυαίρ εὐνναεαῶαίρ ἔ ριντε αρ αν ἡβόταρ ραοίλεαῶαίρ ζο ραίβ α λáιμ ὕρτε, ἀέτ ní ραίβ.

Ὕα μόρ αν ní ζο ραίβ αν ὁοέτῦρ 'n-a εὐνναίρε αρ εαοίβ αν ὁόταρ ἀς Ὕροίεῶοίρ na Σριοῶοίρε; βι ρέ ἀς βαίλε. Ταρ είρ ρεάεαίρτ αρ λáιμ αν ζαβα 'ρέ ὁυῶαίρε αν ὁοέτῦρ, “Νί'λ ἀον εῦαμ ὕρτε, ἀέτ βείρδ ρέ ταμáλλ ζο ἡβείρδ ζηεῶομ ἀζατ αρ ἀρῦρ, α Ταιρδς.” Ὕο β'ῶοίρ ὁόραν; βι αν ζαβα ρáίτε ζαν ἀον ἡίρδ το ὁεαναμ μαρ ζεαλλ αρ α λáιμ.

loan of that thing (the wig) to set a hen hatching in it.' James the Bald was mad; he jumped up, but if he did Mick was gone. James threw the hammer after him, but instead of hitting Mick with the hammer, he struck a big pot which his wife had borrowed to dye wool in. Is Owen O'Leary a good tradesman?"

"How do I know?" says Tim, and not sweetly; "but I don't think it is the excellence of his workmanship that is drawing the people to him; his blarney, that coaxes. He has always the slipping tongue. I would not mind had he set up at Laune Bridge, or below at Meanus, but I do think it is a shame for him to come and set up his forge so near to me as it is now."

CHAPTER II.

"People meet, but hills and mountains don't."

When the two reached Killarney they must have a drink in James Breen's house in the new street, and it was not long until they had another drop in Hen-street, where they meet three others with a thirst on them. Half the day was not spent when the smith was tipsy enough.

Nelly was not long in town when she saw her father, and he half-drunk. Herself and the other girl were but a short time doing their business. When they were ready to come home Nelly did her best to coax her father with her, but it was useless trying to persuade him. Himself and James stayed in town till nightfall, and until they were both drunk, or near it.

James Tailor had a gentle little horse. The road was good and the night bright, and had the pair been satisfied with what they had drunk when they left the town of Killarney things would have been well with them, but they were not satisfied. When they came to Laune Bridge they were to have a drink, and when the smith was coming out of the cart he fell on the flat of his back on the road, while at the same time something caused the horse to move. The wheel passed over Tim's hand. The poor man screamed so bitterly that the people ran out to him, and when they saw him stretched on the road they thought his hand was broken, but it was not. It was a great matter (it was fortunate) that the doctor was living close to

Lá'í na bánaC tar éir lae an aonaiS, aSúr daoine aS teacC go tici ceáruCa TaoS bí ré buaDairCa go leóir. Cuir ré rSéala cun Sabá an CeapairSé bí an-muinteairDa leir i scoMnaíDe, aS féacáint an ScuríreacD ré a mac cúige ar feacD reacCtmaíne cun go mbéacD am aige ar fear éigin eile do foíáCair.

'Sé an fíreáSra fuair an teacCairS go maDair rí-leac-LámáC ar an SCeapairS, acC b'féiríir i ndeireacD na reacCtmaíne go mbéacD an fear óS ábalta ar tuit ar feacD lae nó óD cun cabruSáD le TaoS.

"An ríreallairín ruSaiS," arfa TaoS, nuair a cuala ré caD Dubairt a Duine muinteairDa, "tá fíor aSam-ra go maic caD tá 'n-a ceann; acC béir an rSéal go cruairD oim-ra nó rapócaD-ra é." Nuair cuala EoSan Ua LaoSairS caD do tuit amac ar áCair Neillí níor b'fáD go maib ré aS doirar tige an Sabá. Ní maib móran fáilte aS TaoS roimíir, acC rap ar fás ré an teinteán bí caoD eile ar a' rSéal.

"Ír cruas líom," arfa EoSan, "tura beic maí 'taoi, 7 San don'ne aSac acC tú féin. An féiríir líom-ra don níD do déanam tuit?"

"Ní feaDair," arfa TaoS; "Ír dóca go bfuil do dóCain le déanam aSac féin, aSúr béir níor mó aSac anoir ó táim-re maí a bfuilim.

'An té bíonn ríor buailtear cor air,
aSúr an té bíonn ruar ólCair deoC air.'

"Ní béir i bfaD ríor, le conSnam Dé; aSúr mó lám ír m'focal tuit nac bfuil don traintt oim-ra obair a bheit uat-re. Maí a bfuil don Sabá eile aSac fíor cuirfeacD-ra mo púinntíreacC cúSac San móill."

"Go maib maic aSac," arfa TaoS, aS cur lámSé rlan amac aSúr aS bheit Sreim daingean ar lám EoSan.

Nuair bí an Sabá óS aS imteacC ruS Neillí ar lám air aSúr aDubairt "Míle beannaacC oir. Bíor a' cuimneam oir; bí fíil aSam leac, acC bí eagla oim dá oíocfá féinS go mbéacD m'áCair ríD-zoirSéac leac, maí bí fíor aSam go maic ná maib ré ríD-buirdeac díot."

"Ní móir ír féiríir líom a déanam, acC déanfaD mo díceall; aSúr tá 'r aSac-ra, a Neillí, go ndéanraínn móran ar do fon-ra."

"Táim go han-buirdeac díot, a EoSan," arfa Neillí, 7 luirne 'n-a cionnaCair.

Cuair an Sabá óS ábailte 'r níor b'fáDa tar éir imteacC do go doáimS Séamur Táillíra írceac. Bí Neillí aS an doirar.

"Cannor tá t'áCair, a Neillí?"

little Spiddogue Bridge. He was at home. After looking at the smith's hand the doctor said "there was no bone broken, but it will be a while before you can handle a hammer, Tim." 'Twas true for him. The smith was three months without doing anything, owing to his hand.

Next morning after the fair, and people coming to Tim's forge, he was troubled enough. He sent a messenger to the Cappagh smith, who was always very friendly with him, to see if he would send his son to him for a week, until he had time to provide some other man.

The answer the messenger got was that they were very busy at Cappagh, but perhaps at the end of the week the young man might be able to go for a day or two to help Tim. "The little sooty sweep," says Tim, when he heard what his friend said, "I know what is in his head, but it will go hard with me or I'll be even with him."

When Owen O'Leary heard what had happened to Nelly's father it was not long until he was at the smith's door. Tim had not much welcome for him, but before he left the hearth there was another side to the story. "I am sorry," says Owen, "to see you as you are, with no one but yourself. Can I do anything for you?"

"I don't know," says Tim. "I suppose you have plenty to do yourself, and you will have more now since I am as I am."

"He that is down is trampled;
He that is up is toasted."

"You won't be long down, please God, and my hand and word to you, I do not covet the taking of your work from you. If you have no other smith yet, I will send my apprentice to you without delay."

"Thank you," says Tim, putting out his sound hand and firmly grasping the hand of Owen.

When the young smith was leaving Nelly caught him by the hand, saying, "A thousand blessings on you. I was thinking of you, but I feared that even if you did come my father would be too surly with you, for I know very well he was not too thankful to you."

"It is not much I can do, but I'll do my best, and you know, Nelly, I would do much for your sake."

"I am very grateful to you, Owen," says Nelly, and a blush on her countenance.

“ Τά ’ῤ ἀγάτ ἄο μαῖτ καννοῖ τὰ ρέ, ἀ Σέαμουρ. Τὰ ρέ ’να λυῖζε ἀρ ἀ λεαβαῖὸ ἀσυρ τὰ εαḡλα οῖρη ἄο μβέιὸ ρέ ἀνν ἄο ρόλλ. Βουαῖ ρυαρ εῖυζε ; τάιμ-ρε ἀḡ του ἀ ὀ’ιαρρηαῖὸ кана υῖρζε ὀ’ν ἀβαῖνν.”

Ὀ’ῤαν Σέαμουρ ταμαῖλ μαῖτ ἀσυρ νυαιρ βῖ ρέ ἰμτῖγτε ὀο ḡλαὸ-αῖḡ Τὰὸς ἀρ Νεῖλλῖ εῖν ὀεὸς υῖρζε ρυαιρ ὀο τὰβαῖρτ ὀό. “ Συρὸ ἀρ ἀ’ ḡατᾶοῖρη ἄο ρόλλ, ἀ Νεῖλλῖ, ἀ εῖυὸ ; τὰ ρυὸ εῖγῖν ἀḡαμ λε ρᾶὸ λεατ.”

Ὀο ρυὸ Νεῖλλῖ ἀρ ἀν ḡατᾶοῖρη ἀḡ τᾶοῖβ ἢα λεαβτα, ἀετ ḡαν εῖννε ἀῖα καὸ ὀο βῖ ’ἢ-α εεανν.

“ Τὰ εαḡλα οῖρη ἄο μβέαὸ ἰμ’ μαῖρτῖνεαδ, ἀ Νεῖλλῖ, ἰ ἢ-εαῖβαῖλ μο ραὸḡαῖλ ; ἀετ βαὸ εῖμα ἢομ ὀὰ βῖρῖρῖνν τυῖα ἀσυρ ὀο τεῖντεἀν ρέῖν ἀḡατ. ἢρ ὀόκα ὀὰ μβέαὸ ἄο ραῖγῖνν-ρε εῖννε υαιτ ἀνν.”

“ Τάιμ ρᾶῖτα μαῖρ ἀ βῖυῖλῖμ,” ἀρρα Νεῖλλῖ ; “ ἀσυρ ὀταοῖβ τυῖα βεῖτ ἰὸ’ μαῖρτῖνεαδ, ἢῖ μαῖρ ρῖν ἀ βέῖὸ ἀν ρḡεαῖ ἀḡατ, λε κονḡἢαῖ ὀέ.”

“ ὀ’βῖρῖοῖρη ρῖν, ἀ ḡῖαὸ ; ἀετ μαῖρ ρῖν ρέῖν βαὸ μαῖτ ἢομ ὀὰ βῖρῖρῖνν εῖ ρόῖτα.”

“ ἢῖ’λ ἀον ρονν ρόῖτα οῖρη-ρα, ἀ ἀτᾶῖρη, ἀσυρ ὀὰ μβέαὸ ρέῖν ἢῖ ἀνοῖρη ἀν τ-αμ εῖν βεῖτ ἀḡ εῖνḡἢεαῖ ἀῖρ.”

“ Τάιμ-ρε του ἰ ἢ-αοῖρη, ἀετ βαὸ ἢόῖρη ἀν ρᾶῖαῖ ἀῖγῖνὸ οῖρη ε ὀὰ μβέῖτεἀ-ρα ἰ ὀ’αῖτ βῖḡ ρέῖν. Τὰ ρεῖρημ βεαḡ ὀεαῖ ἀḡ Σέαμουρ. Τάῖλλῖῖαῖ, ἢῖ’λ εῖοῖρη τῖομ ἀῖρη, ḡ τὰ ρῖοῖρη ἀḡαμ ἢαδ βῖυῖλ καῖῖῖν εῖτε ῖα ρᾶρρηόῖρη ὀο ὀ’βῖεᾶῖρη λε Σέαμουρ ἀ βεῖτ μαῖρ ἢḡἢαοῖ ἀῖḡε ἢᾶ εῖ ρέῖν.”

“ Τάιμ ἀν-βυῖρῖεαδ ὀο Σέαμουρ. ἢῖ λε ἢεαῖβαῖὸ ἢḡᾶ τῖḡε ἀ βέῖὸ ρέ ἀḡ ρόῖαὸ ; τυḡἢἢ ἀ ἢᾶτᾶῖρη ἀῖρη ὀοῖρη ἢα βυαῖβ ἀσυρ λεατἢἢ ἀ ὀεῖρηβῖῖῖρη ἀν τ-αοῖλεαδ ἀρ ἢα ρῖᾶτᾶῖ. ἀν βεαῖ-τῖεαβτα ἀτᾶ υαιὸ ἀνοῖρη ? ”

Ὀ’οῖρḡαῖλ Τὰὸς ἀ ρᾶῖτε. ἢῖ ραῖβ ἀον εῖννε ἀῖḡε ἢᾶ βεαὸ ἀ ἢḡεαῖν ρᾶῖτα λε Σέαμουρ ὀο ρόῖαὸ. Βαῖν ἀ ἢουβαῖρτ ρῖ ἀν τ-ἀἢᾶ λε ἀḡατ ἢῖ ραῖβ’ ρῖοῖρη ἀῖḡε καὸ ὀο ὀ’βῖεαῖρη ὀό ὀο ρᾶὸ ἀετ ἰ ḡεαῖνν ταμαῖλ ὀυαῖρτ ρέ—

“ Σαοῖλεαῖ, ἀ Νεῖλλῖ, ἄο ραβαῖρη ρέῖν ἀσυρ Σέαμουρ Τάῖλλῖῖαῖ ἢῖντεαῖρηὸᾶ ἄο λεόῖρη λε εῖτε.”

“ Τάῖḡῖḡ, ἀρ ρον ἢαδ βῖυῖλῖμ ἢό-βυῖρῖεαδ ὀε ὀταοῖβ οῖρη ἀν λαε ἢḡέ.”

“ ḡοὸ ε ἀν λεῖḡεαῖ ἀ βῖ ἀῖḡε ἀῖρη ? ”

“ ὀὰ μβέαὸ ρέ ῖα βαῖτε ἀḡ τὰβαῖρτ ἀῖρη ὀὰ ḡḡό ρέῖν, ἢ-αῖτ βα εῖρη ὀό βεῖτ, τῖορῖᾶ-ρα ἀβαῖτε ἢομ-ρα, ἀσυρ ἢῖ βέῖρῖτεἀ μαῖρ ἀταοῖ ἢḡοῖυ.”

“ Ταοῖ ἢό-εῖυαῖὸ ἀρ Σέαμουρ βόετ, ἀ Νεῖλλῖ. εῖḡεανν εῖ ḡυῖρ ἢḡῖνῖ ἀ τᾶḡἢἢ ρέ εῖν κονḡἢαῖ ἀ τὰβαῖρτ ὀοḡḡ-ρα νυαιρ ἀ βῖḡ

The young smith went home. It was not long after his departure when James Tailor came in. Nelly was at the door.

"How is your father, Nelly?"

"You know very well how he is, James. He is lying in bed. I fear he will be there awhile yet. Go up to him; I am going for a can of water to the river."

James stayed a good while, and when he was gone Tim called Nelly to bring him a drink of cold water. "Sit on the chair awhile, Nelly dear, I have something to say to you."

Nelly sat in the chair beside the bed, but without any notion what was in his head.

"I am afraid I shall be a cripple, Nelly, in the end of my life; but I would not mind if I saw you in possession of your own hearth. I suppose if you had it, I would get a corner from you in it."

"I am content as I am," says Nelly, "and as to your being a cripple, that is not how the case will be with you, with God's help."

"Maybe so, Nelly, my dear; but all the same, I wish I saw you married."

"I have no notion of marrying, father, and, even if I had, this is not the time to be thinking of it."

"I am getting into age, and it would be a great satisfaction to my mind if you were in your own place. James Tailor has a nice little farm, there is not a heavy rent on it, and I know that there is not another girl in the parish he would rather have for a wife than yourself."

"I am very thankful to James. It is not for want of a housekeeper he will marry; his mother minds the cows, and his sister spreads the manure on the potatoes. Is it a plow-woman he wants now?"

Tim opened his eyes. He had no notion that his daughter would not be ready to marry James. What she said took his breath away, and he did not know what he had better say, but after awhile he said—

"I thought, Nelly, that you and James were very friendly with each other."

"We are, though I am not too thankful to him as to the work of yesterday."

"How could he help it?"

as cupr iarrainn ar rocaib nó nuair a bíonn obair trom mar rin roir lám' asam."

"D'fearra dó go móir aise a tabairt dá páirde beas talman. Nác minic íd' beal 'An té bíonn 'n-a d'rocfearbiread dó féin, bíonn ré 'na feirbiread maít do na daoimib eile."

"Ír beas a faoilead, a Neilli, ná véanpá ruo oim."

"Dad maít liom ruo a véanam oir, a áair; áct mar a mbé íd ar talam' a' domain áct é féin amáin ní véinn mar céile aise Séamur Táilliúra."

Le n-a linn rin d'pás Neilli an reómra, asur do íol rí go fuigead ar fead tamall.

Nuair d'pás Séamur teac an zaba bí ré páirta go leór. Saoil ré ná raib anoir le véanam aise áct dul asur an "páirdear" do bheit abair leir cun Neilli an zaba do pórad. Bí ré zan tobac asur áir ré irteac i riopa Seagán an leara cun blúire tobac do ceannac.

"An ríor," arpa Seagán an leara, "zur buir an zaba a lám as teact ó Cill Áinne aréir?"

"Ní't ré ríor asur ní't ré bneasac," arpa Séamur. "Ní't a lám buirte, áct tá rí zoirctigte com móir rin go bfuil eagla oim ná béid don maít ann go deó. Tá an fear boct buadarta go leór, áct 'ré an ruo ír mó tá cupr air anoir, zan Neilli beit pórt."

"D'fearra duit féin i pórad, a Séamur. Ní fuláir nó tá máirle beas airgid as TadóS, asur tá Neilli 'n-a cailín ciallmair."

"D'féirir go b-pórfainn," arpa Séamur, asur d'imctig ré air abairte.

Lá ar na dárad bí ré leacta ar ruo na parróirde go raib cleamnar véanta roir Séamur 7 ingin an zaba.

Ar fead reactmaine tar éir zoirctigte láime TadóS do vein Eogan Ua Laozairne asur a pprintiread obair an dá ceapócan cun go bfuair TadóS zaba óS ó Baile an Muilinn. Ír beas laete rit na reactmaine ná raib Eogan tamall as ceapócan TadóS asur tamall beas as caint le TadóS féin asur d'féirir le Neilli.

Nuair táinig an zaba eile ó Baile an Muilinn d'iarf TadóS ar Eogan teact anoir asur arír nuair a véad am aise, asur táinig go minic. Nuair bíod an beirt 7 duine aca ar zac taob do'n teine ír mó ruo do bíod aca as cupr tré 'na céile, 7 Neilli i mbun a ngnóca féin timceall na cipóineac. Nuair fuair Eogan rzeala go raib cleamnar rocair roir Neilli asur Séamur Táilliúra bí iongnad air, áct dúbairt ré leir féin má'r mar rin do bí an rzeal ná raib ré ceairt do-ran a beit com minic irteac 'r amac i

"If he were at home attending to his own business, where he ought to be, you would have come home with me, and you would not be as you are to-day."

"You are too hard on poor James, Nelly. You see it is often he comes to give me help when I am putting tires on wheels, or when I have other similar heavy work on hands."

"It would be much better for him to mind his little bit of land. Have I not often heard from your own mouth, 'He who is a bad servant for himself is a good one for others'?"

"I little thought, Nelly, that you would not obey me."

"I would like to obey you, father; but if there was but him alone on the face of the earth, I would not be the partner of James Tailor." With that Nelly left the room, and she cried bitterly for awhile.

When James left the smith's house, he was satisfied enough. He thought that he had nothing to do but to go and bring home the lines in order to marry the smith's Nelly. He was without tobacco, and he turned into John of the Lis to buy a bit of tobacco.

"Is it true," said John of the Lis, "that the smith broke his hand coming from Killarney last night?"

"'Tisn't true and 'tisn't lying," said James. "His hand isn't broken, but it is hurt so much that I am afraid it will never be any use. The poor man is troubled enough, and the thing that is troubling him most is Nelly to be unmarried."

"You'd better marry her yourself, James. It isn't possible but Tim has a bit of money, and Nelly is a sensible girl."

"Maybe I would," said James, and went on home.

Next morning it was spread all over the parish that there was a match made between James and the smith's daughter. For a week after the injury to Tim's hand Owen and his apprentice did the work of the two forges until Tim got a young smith from Milltown. There were few days during the week that Owen wasn't at Tim's forge, and a little time talking to Tim himself, and maybe to Nelly.

When the other smith from Milltown came, Tim asked Owen to come now and again when he had time; and he often came, when the pair of them used to be one at each side of the fire. They used to discuss many things while Nelly was about her own business in the house. When Owen heard the news, that a match was settled between Nelly and James Tailor, he was surprised; but he said to himself, if that was the case, it wasn't right for himself to be in and out so often at the forge

ἄτις na ceárhoáan. 'Oimétiς lá nó 'óo map peo 7 Ξαν τυμαρ ας
Eoζam ap an gceárhoáain. Apna Taύς le Neilli :

“ A bpeaca tá Eoζan inoiu nó inóé ? ”

“ Ní feaca, ” apna Neilli.

“ Tá páil aζam nac bfuil don ní air. Ní maib pe anpno 'nir ó
aepuζaó 'noé ; ní feoap cao tá a éoimeáó. ”

“ Ní'l fíop aζam-pa, ” aoubairt ppe, aét bí ahpap aici, map
cuala pí pζéal an éleáhnair.

Ip 'óca ná maib Eoζan ró-fapca i n'aigneáó: 'Bí ponn ip paic-
ceap air. Baó maít leip τυμαρ 'o tabairt anonn zo ceárhoáain
Taύς, aét map pin féin bí beaζán náipe air ζéilleáó zo maib
buaóairt air. 'Bí pé aς obair zo dian, aét ba cuma 'óo beít
oiomaoin nó ζnócaé, níop b'féioip leip pópaó Neilli 'o cup ap
a ceann.

Trátnóna an tapna lá, nuair 'o bí veipeáó le hobair an lae
aζup an ceárhoáca óúnta, buail Eoζan tpeapna na páipceanna,
aζup bí pé aς cup 'oe zo 'oanátiς pé amaé ap an mbócap i n-aice
tiςe na ceárhoáan. 'Bí Neilli aς an 'oapap.

“ Cannop tá t'áair, a Neilli ? ” apna Eoζan.

“ Tá pé 'oul i bpeáap. Tap ipceáé. Ní'l pé leat-uair ó bí
pé aς caint opc. 'Bí iongnáó air zo paóair éóm paóa ζan bualaó
ipceáé éuige. ”

“ Ní béaó aς 'oul ipceáé anoip, a Neilli. Ta 'oeabaó opm. ”

“ 'N é pin Eoζan, a Neilli ? ” ap' an ζaba.

“ 'Sé, a áair. ”

“ Cao 'n-a taob nac bfuil pé teacé ipceáé ? ”

“ 'Oeip pé zo bfuil 'oeabaó air, a áair. ”

“ 'Abair leip teacé ipceáé. Tá ζnó aζam 'oe. ”

'Oo buail Eoζan ipceáé.

Apna an ζaba, “ Cá paóair le peacétmáin ? 'Óiop éun pζéala
cup anonn éúζac péacáaint cao a bí opc. ”

“ Ó ! ní maib pioc opm, aét zo paóap an-ζnócaé, aζup ζup
paóileap zo mbéaó puó éiζin eile búp ζcup tpe 'n-a céile 'ná
pib a beít a cuimneám opm-pa. ”

“ Aét zo mbéaó mo lám bacac plán aζam apip, aζup buipeácap
le 'Dia tá pí 'oul éun cinn zo maít, ní béaó don ní aς cup buaó-
apca opáinn. ”

“ Zo veimín, ní cúp buaóapca an pζéal aζaib, aét a málaip,
aζup zo n-éipuzió búp bpópaó lib, ” apna Eoζan, aζup toéc 'n-a
cpoióe.

“ Apú ζoo é an pópaó ? ” apna Taύς Ξaba.

“ Nac bfuil Neilli aζup Séamup Táillúpa le beít pópca i
noiáó an Capaiζip ? ”

“ Píapraiz 'o Neilli féin an fíop é nó bpeáς. ”

house. A day or two passed in this way without Owen taking a turn to the forge.

Says Tim to Nelly, "Did you see Owen to-day or yesterday?"

"I did not," says Nelly.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with him. He wasn't here since 'ere yesterday. I don't know what's keeping him."

"I don't know," says she; but she had a suspicion, for she heard the tale of the match.

It is likely Owen wasn't very easy in his mind. He was between hope and fear. He would like to take a turn over to Tim's forge; but for all that, he was a little ashamed to admit his trouble of mind. He was working hard, but it was all the same to him whether idle or busy, he could not put Nelly's marriage out of his head.

On the evening of the second day, when the day's work was finished and the forge shut up, Owen went over across the fields, and was going ahead until he came out on the road close to the forge house. Nelly was at the door.

"How's your father, Nelly," says Owen.

"He's improving. Come in. It isn't half an hour since he was speaking of you. He was wondering you were so long without dropping in to him."

"I won't be going in now, Nelly, I'm in a hurry."

"Is that Owen, Nelly?" says the smith.

"'Tis, father."

"Why isn't he coming in?"

"He says he is in a hurry, father."

"Tell him to come in. I want him."

Owen walked in.

Says the smith, "Where have you been this week past? I was going to send over a message to see what was wrong with you."

"Oh, there wasn't a bit wrong with me, but that I was very busy, and that I thought you would have other things to bother you than for you to be thinking of me."

"Were my lame hand but better again, and, thank God, it is going on well, there would be nothing troubling me."

"Indeed, your case is not a case of trouble, but the opposite, and I hope the marriage will be prosperous," said Owen, with a load at his heart.

"Why, then, what marriage?" said Tim the Smith.

"Are not Nelly and James Tailor to be married after Lent?"

"Ask Nelly if it is truth or falsehood."

“Αν φίον έ, α Νελλι?”

“Νί’λ, αςυρ νί θέιρό σο θεό,” αργα Νελλι, αςυρ αμαό αν τομαρ
λέι.

Αν ρεαό ταμαίλλ νίον λαβαιν δον’νε το’ν θειρ φοαλ:

“Ο’φέροιη, α Ταύς,” αργα Εοζαν, “σο υταδερρά Νελλι
θαμ-ρα?”

“Σέ ηρ ρεαρηα ούιτ αν έειρτ ριν α έυρ έυιει ρέιν.”

Αςυρ το έυιρ, αςυρ νί ζάβαό ιννριντ εαό έ αν ρρεαζρηα ρυαιρ
ρέ ο Νελλι. Οί αν παρηόιρθε ας μαζαό ρά Σέαμυρ Τάιλλιύρα;
αέτ ρυαιρ ρέ ρτοπόιζιν θεαζ ο Σλεανη να ζκοιλεαό ná ραιθ ρό-ός
αέτ σο ραιθ ρίεε ράντ ρρηιέρό αιει.

Τ Α Σ Ρ Α :

Αλλαιόη—deafness.

Ραβαλίηι βό—miserable cows.

Αρ τόζαίτ—“lifting,” not able to lift themselves owing to winter want.

Ζαό αη α ρεαό ορ ζαό ηε ρεαό—every second word, “one word borrowed
another.”

Ιρ ζεαηηο = ηρ ζεαηη = ηρ ζοηηο—soon, very soon.

Αη η’αηαη—by my soul. The η is aspirated.

Ραιρέαη—dispensation from banns.

Μύηηε θεαζ αιηζηο—a little lump of money.

Τοέτ ’να έρτοιθε—a load at his heart.

Σεαν-ζηοζα—an old, worthless horse.

"Is it true, Nelly?"

"No, and it never will be," says Nelly, and out the door with her.

For awhile neither of the pair spoke a word.

"Maybe, Tim," says Owen, "you'd give Nelly to me?"

"You'd better put that question to herself."

And he did, and it is needless to tell the answer he got from Nelly.

The parish was laughing at James Tailor; but he got a little stump from Glennagolagh, who wasn't too young, but who had a fortune of twenty pounds.

ΑΙΤΗΣΗ ΑΝ ΘΕΩΡΑΙΣ:

Α Ρίξ τὰ ἀν νεμ' ἢ ἀ ἐπιταῖς Ἀδὰμ,
 'S ἀ εὐριεαρ κάρ ἰ βρεααὸ ἀν ὕβαιλ,
 Οὐ! ἴσπεαδαμ οἴτ ἀνοιρ, οἴ ἄπῳ,
 Ο ἴρ τε ὅο ζῆράρα τὰ μέ ἀς ῥύιλ.

τὰ μέ ἰ n-αοιρ, ἀ'ῥ ὅο ἐπίον μο βλάτ,
 ἴρ ἰομῶα λά μέ ἀς ὅυλ ἀμῦς',
 Ὅο τῆιτ μέ ἰ βρεααὸ ἀνοιρ ναοι ὅτράτ,
 Ἀετ τὰ na ζῆράρα ἀν λάιμ ἀν ὕαιμ.

Νυαιρ βί μέ ὄς β'ολε ἰαὸ μο ἐπέιτε,
 ὅυὸ μόρ μο ῥπέιρ ἰ ῥελέιρ ἢ ἰ n-εαεῤῥανν,
 ὅ'ῥεαρρ ἰομ ῥο μόρ ἀς ἰμῆιτ ἢ ἀς ὀί
 Ἀρ μαῖοιν Ὀδῆναις nά τῆιαιλ ἐυμ ἀῖρῆιμν.

Νίορ ὅ'ῥεαρρ ἰομ ῥυῖδε ἢ n ἀιτε καίλιν ὀίς
 Nά τε μῆσαι ῥόρτα ἀς ἐέλιῖθεαετ ταιμἰλ,
 Ὅο μῆονναιβ μόρα ὅο βί μέ ταβάρτα
 Ἀσυρ ὅρῦῖρ no ῥόιτε νίορ λεις μέ ἐαρμ.

ῤεααὸ ἀν ὕβαιλ, μο ἐράὸ ἢ μο λευν!
 ἴρ ἔ μῖλλ ἀν ῥαοζαλ μαρ ῥεαλλ ἀν ὅειρτ ἰ
 ἀ'ῥ ὀ'ῥ κοῖρ ἀν ἐραορ ἀτὰ μῆρε ῥίορ,
 Μῆνα ὅρῶῖρῖῖ ἴορα ἀν m'ἀναμ'ὅεετ.

ἴρ οῖμ, ῥαῖαορ! τὰ na κοῖρεαα μόρα,
 Ἀετ ὅιῖλτῶαὸ ὅοῖβ mά μαῖρῖμ ταιμἰλ,
 ῤαε nῖῖ buail ἀνυαρ ἀν μο ἐολῶιμν ῥόρ,
 Α Ρίξ na ῤῶῖρε ῤυρ τάρῖταις m'ἀναμ.

* *Literally*: O King, who art in Heaven and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee again and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray, I have fallen into sin more than nine fathoms (deep), but the graces are in the hands of the Lamb.

When I was young, evil were my accomplishments, great was my

RAFTERY'S REPENTANCE.

[From Douglas Hyde's edition of "Songs ascribed to Raftery," page 356.]

O King of Heaven, who didst create
 The man who ate of that sad tree,
 To Thee I cry, oh turn Thy face,
 Show heavenly grace this day to me.*

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,
 And though in truth our sense be dull,
 Though fallen in sin and shame I am,
 Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,
 Caught by the devil I went astray ;
 On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,
 But I sought, alas! to drink and play.

Married or single, grave or gay,
 Each in her way was loved by me,
 I shunned not the senses' sinful sway,
 I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,
 Our virtues are few, our lusts run free,
 For my riotous appetite Christ alone
 From His mercy's throne can pardon me.

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine,
 But grant to me time to repent the whole,
 Still torture my body and bruise it sorely,
 Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling-visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness, I did not let (pass) me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime I am down (fallen) unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

Ὁ ἑαλαις αν λα ἀ'ρ νιορ τὸς μέ αν ράλ,
 Νο συρ ιτεαδ' αν βάρη ανν αν κυρ τῷ οὐιλ,
 Δετ ἀ ἀρηθ-μυς αν ἑρητ, ανοιρ πέρθ μο ἐάρ,
 Δ'ρ τε ρρυτ να ηςμάρα ρλυε μο ρύιλ:

Ιρ τε το ηςμάρα το ηλαν τῷ Μάρη,
 Δ'ρ ραορ τῷ Ὀαίβιθ το ριννε αν αιτησε,
 Το τυς τῷ Μαοιρε ρλάν ὄ'η μβάταθ,
 'S τὰ εροτυσαθ λάοιρ συρ ραορ τῷ αν ηαουιθε.

Μαρ ιρ ρεααε μέ ναε ηθεαρνα ρτόρ,
 Νά ρόλαρ μόρ το Ὀια νά Μυιρε,
 Δετ ράε μο ηρὸιν τὰ μο εοιρεαεα ρόμην,
 Μαρ ρεθιλ μέ αν ρεθρ αν αν μέαρ ιρ ρυιθε.

Α Ρις να ἔλῳιρε τὰ λάν θε ηςμάρα,
 'S τῷ ριννε θεθρ ἀ'ρ ριον θε'η υιρσε,
 Λε θεαζάν αράιν το ρυαρ τῷ αν ρλυαζ,
 Οε! ρηεαρθαιλ ρθρ ηαυρ ρλάναις ηιρε.

Ο ἀ ἴορα Ἐρῖορτ ἀ ὀ'ϋλαινς αν ράρ,
 Δ'ρ το ἀθλαεαθ, μαρ το θι τῷ ὑμάλ,
 Κυρμυμ κυρμυθ* μ'αναμα αρ το ρζάε,
 Δ'ρ αρ υαιρ μο θάρη νά ταθαηρ θαμ κύλ.

Α Ὑαιηρῖοζαιη ῥάρηταηρ, μάταηρ ἀ'ρ μαηςθεαν.
 Σζατάν να ηςμάρα, αιησεαλ ἀ'ρ ναομ,
 Κυρμυμ κοραιντ μ'αναμα αρ το λάιη,
 Ο τὸς μο ράρητ, 'ρ θερθ μέ ραορ.

* "Κυρμυθ" ἰ ζοηηαεταηθ, ἰ η-άιτ "κομαησε," .7. ὀθῖοηη.

It is on me, alas! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while (longer), beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in which Thou delightedst was eaten. But, O High King of the Right, settle my case, and with the flood of graces wet mine eye. It was by Thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from drowning, and, O Merciful Christ, rescue me. For I

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made,
 The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by ;
 O King of the Right, forgive my case,
 With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,
 And David was saved upon due repentance,
 And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,
 —O Christ, upon me pass gracious sentence.

For I am a sinner who set no store
 By holy lore, by Christ or Mary ;
 I rushed my bark through the wildest sea,
 With the sails set free, unwise, unwary.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,
 Who madest wine of the common water,
 Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,
 Must I be led to the pen of slaughter !

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will
 Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,
 I place myself in Thy gracious hands
 Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd.

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,
 Mirror of graces, angel and saint,
 I lay my soul at thy feet, grief-laden,
 And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

am a sinner who never made a store, or (gave) great satisfaction to God or to Mary, but, cause of my grief! my crimes are before me, since I sailed my scud (*aliter* score) upon the longest finger (*i.e.*, put things off).

O King of Glory, who art full of grace, it was Thou who madest beoir and wine of the water ; with a little bread Thou didst provide for the multitude, oh, attend to, help, and save me. O Jesus Christ, who didst suffer the passion and wast buried, because Thou wast humble, I place the shelter of my soul under Thy protection, and at the hour of my death turn not Thy back upon me.

'Νοιρ τά μέ ι η-δοιρ 'ρ αν θρηαό αν βάιρ,
 'S ιρ ζεαρρ αν ράρ ζο υτέζιμ ι η-ύιρ,
 Δότ ιρ ρεαρρ ζο υεηρεαηναό ηά ζο ηρηάτ,
 Δζυρ ρυαζρηαιμ ράιρτ αν Ριζ ηα η'Ούλ.

ιρ κυαιτε ζαν ηαίτ μέ ι ζκοιρηέαιλ ράιλ.*
 ηο ιρ κορηύιλ λε βάο μέ α έαιιλ α ρτιύρ,
 Όο υρηρρηόε αρτεαό α η-αζαιό εαρηαιζ 'ρα 'θρηάιζ†
 'S υο υεθεαό τά βάταό 'ρηα τοηηταίό ρυαρ'.‡

Α ίορα Κρηόρτ α ρυαιρ βάρ Όια η-Δοιηε,
 Α υ'έιρηζ αρίρ ανη υο ηιζ ζαν λοότ,
 ηαό τύ έυζ αν τρηζε λε αιτιμζε υο υέαηαη,
 'S ηαό βεαζ αν ρηυαίηεαό υο ηιηηεαρ ορη!

Όο *άρηα, αν υόυρ, ηιλε 'ρ οότ ζεευο,
 αν ρίθε ζο βεαότ, ι ζεεαηη υο υο-υέαζ,
 Ό'η αν έυρηηιηζ Κρηόρτ υο ηευβ αν ζεαταίό;
 ζο υοι αν βλιαόαιη α ηυεαρηηαίό Ρεαότρηαιζ αν αιτιμζε:

* Aliter, "ιρ κυαιτε κορη μέ ι η-έαυαη ράιλ," G.

† = ραιρηζε. Aliter, "αν θρηαό ηα τρηά."

‡ Aliter, "υεθεαό 'ζά βάταό 'ρ α έαιιληεαό α ρηάηη"; aliter, "ρηόλ," aliter, "ρηύβαλ"; αότ υ'αέρηαιζ μέ αν λίηε λε κομηυαίμ υο υέαηαη."

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces, angel and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand, O Mary, refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age, and on the brink of the death, and short is the time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never, and I appeal for kindness to (or perhaps, "I proclaim that I am on the side of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like a boat

Now since I am come to the brink of death
And my latest breath must soon be drawn,
May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark
From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,
Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,
Where the ruining billows pursue its track,
While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ, who hast died for men,
And hast risen again without stain or spot,
Unto those who have sought it Thou showest the way,
Ah, why in my day have I sought it not!

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,
And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,
Have passed since Christ burst hell's gates and defences,
To the year when Raftery made this Repentance.

that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a rock in the ocean, and that would be a-drowning in the cold waves. O Jesus Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise again as a faultless King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way to make repentance, and was it not little that I thought about Thee? There first happened one thousand and eight hundred (years), and twenty exactly, in addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended, who burst the gates, until the year when Raftery made the "Repentance."

AN CÚIS D'Á PLÉIÓ:

(Leir an Reachtúraic.)

Éirighíde ruar tá 'n cúrra as teannad uib,
 Bíod cloirdéam a' r pleas asuib i bfaodar zeur,
 Ir zeurr uaid an Cúis, tá 'n dáta caitte,
 Mar rzeiríob na hAbroail na naoim 'r an éleir;
 Tá an coinneall le múcad tuz lúiteir larta leir,
 Aet teiríob ar buir nglánaid a' r iarraíob áccuings,
 Zuiríob an tUan 'r beiríob an lá as na Catolcais,
 Tá an Mhuíman tpe laraíob 'r an Chúir d'á pléiob.

Tá 'n dá Chúise Múman ar riubal, 'r ni rtaíoraíob
 Zo leasraíob uóib veacmáob a' r cíor dá péir,
 'S dá utuzraíob uóib congnaíob a' r éire [do] fearraíob
 Uheiríob zároraíob las a' r zac beanna péir.
 Uheiríob Zail ar a z-cúl, a' r zan teac ar air aca,
 Asur 'Orangemen' bhuízte i zcúmar* zac baile 'Zainn
 Uheiteam a' r Júrty i vteac cúirte as na Catolcais'
 Sacrana maríob, 'r an éróin ar Zhaeíobal.

* Szriobta "ingóéin" 'ran ms. mar labairtear z-z-Connaétaib é.

† 'S é "coirte" an t-ainm ceair coitíonn aet veir an Reachtúraic "Júrty" le "comarra," no com-fuaim, uo véanaíob le "cúl" asur "bhuízte."

* *Literally*: Rise ye up, the course is drawing near to you, let ye have sword and spear with sharp edge, not-far-off from you in the [mystic number] "Five," the date is expired, as have written the apostles, the saints, and the clergy. The candle is to be quenched which Luther brought lit with him, but go ye on your knees and ask a petition. Pray ye the Lamb and the day shall be won by the Catholics, Munster is on fire, and Cúis dá plé—*i.e.*, the cause is a-pleading.

† This would make it appear that Raftery composed his song in 1833 or 1834, since the tithe war did actually come to a successful issue in 1835, and in the same year Thomas Drummond inaugurated a new régime at Dublin Castle.

‡ Pronounced "Koosh daw play," which means "the cause a-pleading."

§ The two provinces of Munster are afoot, and will not stop till tithes be overthrown by them, and rents according, and if help were given

THE "CUÍS DÁ PLÉ."

(BY RAFTERY.)

(From "The Religious Songs of Connacht.")

Rise up and come, for the dawn is approaching,*
 With sword, and with spear, and with weapon to slay,
 For the hour foretold by the saints and apostles,
 The time of the "FIVE"† is not far away.
 We'll quench by *degrees* the light of the Lutherns.
 Down on your *knees*, let us pray for the Southernns.
 God we shall *please* with the prayers of the Catholics,
 Munster's afire and Cúis dá plé.†

There's a fire afoot in the Munster provinces;§
 It's "down with the tithes and the rents we pay."||
 When we are behind her, and Munster challenges,
 The guards of England must fall away.
 Though Orangemen grudge our lives, the fanatics,
 We'll make them budge, we accept their challenges;
 We'll have jury and judge in the courts for Catholics,
 And England come down in the Cúis dá plé.

them and [we were] to stand by Ireland the [English] guards would be feeble, and every gap [made] easy. The Galis (*i.e.*, English) will be on their back, without ever returning again, and the Orangemen bruised in the borders of every town, a judge and a jury in the court-house for the Catholics, England dead, and the crown on the Gael.

|| From this verse it appears that some at least of the peasantry, even at that early period, distinctly associated the struggle against tithes with the idea of a possible struggle against rents. Very few appear to have seen this at the time, though Dr. Hamilton, the collection of whose tithes led to the sanguinary affair of Carrickshock, in Kilkenny, where no less than 28 of the police were killed and wounded, said to the spokesman of a deputation of the peasantry who waited on him, "I tell you what it is, you are refusing to pay tithes now; you will refuse to pay rents by and by." To which the spokesman of the peasantry retorted, "There is a great difference, sir, between tithes and rents; we get *some value* for the rents, we get the land anyway for them; but we get no value at all for the tithes." The incredibly bitter feelings engendered by the struggle at Carrickshock, in 1831, found vent in an English ballad, founded on an Irish model, one verse of which I heard from my friend Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, D.C., who was once private secretary to John O'Mahony, and author of the "Life of Meagher," who was himself "raised" in that neighbourhood. This verse struck me as being so revoltingly savage and at the same time so good a specimen of

Béiró dšainn faoi Chárš pléaráca 'r curdeáca,
 Ói a' r imirte a' r rporc d'á réir,
 Béiró maire 'sur bílét dšur fáir ar crannaid,
 Snuaó 'sur rnar dšur d'púct ar feur.
 Feicfiró ríó fán a' r neam-áiró ar Shacranaidš,
 Áir námáiró le fán dšur leasáó a' r lear (?) orra,
 Teinnteaáca cnám ann šac áiró dš na Catolcaidš,
 'S nac rin í šan bhabac (?) an Chúir d'á pléiró:

†
 Ir ionda feár breáš faoi an trát ro teilgíte*
 O Chorca šo h-Innir 'r šo Daile Roircré,
 dšur buacáilliróe bána le fán dš imteaó
 O fíáiró Chille-Chainniš šo "Dantri Dae."
 Áct ionpócairó an cáiróa 'r béiró lám máit dšainn-ne
 Searfairó an máó ar élar na h-imirte,
 D'á bfeicfirinn-re an nára o rhorcláirše šo Diorra 'rria
 Sheinnfirinn šo veimín an Chúir d'á pléiró:

*Labaireáir an focal ro mar "teilcte." Ir focal coitíonn i šConnacáiró é.
 Ir ionnann "bí ré teilgíte" dšur "Chuaíó breiteáimnar na cúirte 'na dšaró."

Irish vowel-rhyming, that it were a pity not to preserve it. It runs thus, as well as I can remember it—

"Oh, who could desire to see better *sporting*,
 Than the peelers *groping* among the *rocks*,
 With skulls all fractured, and eyeballs *broken*,
 Their fine long *noses* and ears cut *off*!
 Their roguish *sergeant* with heart so *hardened*,
 May thank his heels that so nimbly ran,
 But all that's past is but a *token*,
 To what we'll *show them* at Slieve-na-man!"

It is worth mentioning that the Kilkenny peasants who made this desperate attack gave their words of command in Irish, and, no doubt, felt that they were the "Gael" once more attacking the "Gall."

When Easter arrives we'll have mirth and revelry,*
 Eating and drinking, and sport, and play,
 Beautiful flowers, and trees, and foliage,
 Dew on the grass through the live-long day.†
 We'll set in amaze the Gail and the Sassenach,
 Thronging the ways they will all fly back again,
 Our fires shall blaze to the halls of the firmament,
 Kindling the chorus of Cúis dá plé.

There are many fine men at this moment a-pining
 From Ennis to Cork, and the town of Roscrea,
 And many a Whiteboy in terror a-flying
 From the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay.
 But there's change on the cards and we'll now take a hand again,
 Our trumps show large, let us play them manfully,
 Boys, when ye charge them from Birr into Waterford,
 It is I who shall lilt for you the Cúis dá plé.‡

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, almost the best of our Anglo-Irish novelists, prophesied of the landlords who looked on quiescent during the tithe war: "Never mind, their time will come; rents will be attacked as tithes are now, with the same machinery and with like success." "His prophecy," says his brother, W. R. Lefanu, "was laughed at." Long after, one who had heard him said to him, "Well, Lefanu, your rent war hasn't come." All he said was, "'Twill come, and soon, too," as it did.

* By Easter we shall have revelry and company, drinking and playing, and sport according; there shall be beauty and blossom and growth on trees, fairness and fineness and dew upon the grass. Ye shall see falling-off and contempt on the Sassenachs, our enemy precipitated, and overthrow and defeat (?) upon them, bonfires in every art, (*i.e.*, point of the compass) for the Catholics, and is not that, and nothing over, the Cúis dá plé.

† The Celtic imagination of this verse, and its "revolt against the despotism of fact," is characteristic in the highest degree of the Irish peasant.

‡ There is many a fine man at this time sentenced, from Cork to Ennis and the town of Roscrea, and White Boys wandering, and departing from the street of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay. But the cards shall turn, and we shall have a good hand; the trump shall stand on the board we play at. If I were to see the race on 'hem [*i.e.*, them driven to fly] from Waterford to Birr, I would sing you indeed the Cúis dá plé.

Éirighíde ruar, a' r gluaighíde uile,
 Téiríde ar an gcnoc agus glacais bhur ngleur,
 As Dia tá na gráda a' r béiró ré 'n bhur gcuirdeáda,
 Díob' agus meirneac, ir breágh an rgeul é.
 Inóócáir ríob an lá ann gac áiró de Shacranaig',
 Duairíde an clár 'r béiró na cáiríde teact eugais,
 Ólaidé ar lámh, anoir, pláinte Raiteirí,
 'S é cuirfead' dáois baille ar an gCúir o'á pléiró.

* Rise up and proceed all of you, come upon the hill and take your equipment, God has the graces, and He shall be in your company. Let ye have courage; it is a fine story [I have to tell you], ye shall gain the

Up then and come in the might of your thousands,
Stand on the hills with your weapons to slay;
God is around us and in our company,
Be not afraid of their might this day.
Our band is victorious, their cards are valueless,
Our victory glorious, we'll smash the Sassenachs,
Now drink ye in chorus, "Long life to Raftery,"
For it's he who could sing you the Cúis dá plé.*

day in every quarter from the Sassenachs. Strike ye the board and the cards will be coming to you. Drink out of hand now a health to Raftery; it is he who would put success for you on the Cúis dá plé.

IS FADA O CUIREAD SIOS:

(Leir an Reachtúra.)

Ir fada ó cuiread ríor go dtiocfaid ré 'ran traozal
 go n-odirceirde fuil 'r go n-éunfaide réúcta,
 Do réir mar ríriod na naoim l mbliadain an naoi* tá 'n
 baogal

Má géillimid do'n ríriortúir naoimta:

An balla éunatar fuar ni fanann ré a b'ad fuar,
 Síorriann ré ó'n t-riod—"foundation,"

Ácť an áit a n-éadair an t-aoi ni éorócaid cloć ar éoróć,
 Tá an éarraig faoi 'na ruidé nac bpleurzfaió.

Ir ríorruide rean an Chúirt do raoilead éabairt anuar
 Ácť ré méaraim-re zur nió nac réitir,
 Tá naoim readar le n-a bhuac agur Cúirt [do] éeur an rluag
 á'r congbócaid ríad na h-uain le céile.

Ádaltanur 'r t-riúir do t-riag an rseul ar t-úir,
 Agur Hanriaoi an t-óct do t-riag a céile,

Ácť díogaltar ríe á'r ruag ar "Orangemen" go luat
 nac bfuair ariam an "confractation."

* Ir corimúil go raib an t-rean-éarraigreacť reo i g-cuimne ag an Reachtúra.

Nuar éailtrefar an leóman a neart
 'S an pótanán breac a b'rić,
 Seinntró an élarreacť go binn binn
 t-riúir a h-óct agur a naoi.

Ir corimúil go mearfann re an ríriobtúir agur rean-éarraigreacťa le
 céile! Labairéar "baogal" mar "baogal" ann ro, ácť "naoimta" mar
 "naoimta." Dá b'rioread ré ó'á rann éunfaid ré "baogal" óe "baogal"
 agur "naoimta" óe "naoimta"!

* No doubt Raftery is alluding to the old prophecy scarcely yet forgotten, which may be thus translated:—

"When the tawny Lion shall lose its strength,
 And the bracket Thistle begin to pine,
 Sweet, sweet shall the wild Harp sound at length,
 Between the Eight and the Nine."

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SAID ?

(BY ANTHONY RAFTERY, OF THE CO. MAYO.)

How long has it been said that the world should be bled,
 And blood flow red like a river?
 In the year of the "NINE," when the crimson moon shall shine,
 (It stands written in the Scripture for ever).
 The wall that has been built where no blood-cement is spilt
 Slips forth from its uncertain foundation,
 But where blood has gone and lime, it shall stand through tide
 and time,
 As a bulwark and a rock to the nation.†

Everlasting is the court that they thought to make their sport;
 But that court can stand wind, rain, and weather?
 St. Peter is on guard, with Christ to watch and ward,
 And to gather all his lambs in, together.
 Adultery and lust began the game at first,
 When Henry the Eighth ruled the nation;
 But shout and rout pursue that bloody Orange crew,
 Never favored by our Lord's consecration.‡

Literally: "When the Lion shall lose his strength and the speckled thistle his vigor, the harp shall play sweetly, sweetly, between the Eight and the Nine." In another poem of his called the "History of the Bush," he alludes to a prophecy that the "Gaels would score a point in the 29th year."

† *Literally*: It is long since it was set down that it would come into the world that blood should be spilt and slaughter made, according as the saints wrote, in the year of the Nine is the danger, if we submit to the Holy Scripture. The wall which is built cold [*i.e.*, without mortar] it does not stay long up, it slips from the bad foundation, but where the lime went, a stone shall not move out of it forever; the rock is under it settled, which shall not burst.

‡ Everlasting and ancient is the Court that it was thought to bring down, but 'tis what I think, that it is a thing impossible, St. Peter is at its brink (*i.e.*, by its side), and Christ, whom the multitude crucified, and they will keep the lambs together. Adultery and lust began the story first, and Henry VIII. who forsook his consort, but vengeance, running and rout [fall] speedily on the Orangemen, who never got the consecration.

AṢ ʔIPIṢE ṬAṬIṬ 'ṙ AṢ LUIṬE, ʔMUAINIṬIṬ Aṙ AN ʔIṢ,
 ṬO ʔPIṬAIṢ Aṙ ʔAṬ AN CINE ṬAONNA,
 Iṙ IOMṬA COP 'ṙAN ṢṢAṬIṬ, AṬṬ NI LIA 'NÁ 'ṙAN ṬPAOṢAI,
 'ṢUP Iṙ BEAṢ AN ʔAṬI LE' ṬʔUIṢIMIṙ ʔIÉIṬEAC:
 IṙEBÉI ṬO ʔAṬI AN EAṢLAIṙ ṬAṬAIṙṬ ʔAṬI ṬLIṢE
 AṢ CUIṙ ANAṢAIṬ AN BEAṬA ʔAOMṬA,
 ṬÁ ʔI I ṢṢÉIBIṬIṬ ʔIOP A'ṙ LÚITEIṙ LE N-A ṬAṬIṬ,
 'Ṣ IOC ṢO ʔPIUAṬ ʔAṬI AN "REFORMATION." *

A ṬHIA, ʔAC MÓṙ AN ʔPÓṙṬ AN ṬPEAM ṬO ʔAṬI AN ʔOṬṢAṬ
 ṢO MBUṬ ʔIṢIN ṬÓIṬ A ṬÓṬA ṬO ʔÉUNAC,
 A'ṙ WILLIAM ṬO ṬIṬIṙṢAIN ṢLEṬ A'ṙ ṬO ʔUIṙ NA ṢAṬIṬ Ṭ'A
 ṬṙEBÉIṙ
 NI ʔEICEṙIṬ ʔIAC NIOP MÓ É ṢLEUPṬA.
 ṬAINPEAṙ CLOS 'ṙAN RÓIṬ, BÉIṬ TEINṬE CNAṬM A'ṙ CÉṬI,
 ANN 'ṙ ṢAC BEAṢ AṢUP [ṢAC] MÓṙ ṬṙÉ ʔIPIṬIṬ,
 O ṬÁIṬIṢ SEṬIṙPE I Ṣ-ṬPIṬIṬ ṬÁ OPAṢṢEMEN ʔAṬI ṬPIṬIṬ;
 A'ṙ ṢAN NEAṙṬ ACA A ʔPIṬIṬ ṬO ʔÉIṬEACṬ.

A IṬPA ʔEUPṬA I ṢṙIṬANN NÁ ʔEUC Aṙ LIṙ AN ṬPEAM
 NÁṙ ṬIṬIṬ AN BEAN Ṭ'OIL ṬU Aṙ AON ʔOP,
 AṬṬ LÚITEIṙ 'ṙ A ṬLIṢE CAM 'ṙ AN BUNAC ʔPEIṬEAP ANN
 ʔAC OLC AN CEAṙṬ ṢO ṬʔUIṢIṬIṙ ṢÉILLEACṬ.
 MÁ'ṙ ʔIOP ṬO OPAṢṢEMEN NI'L MAIṬ ṬO'N ʔLÉIṙ I ṢCAINT
 'ṢA ʔPIṬOṬṢAṬ Aṙ ʔÚṬ LE LEIṢEACṬ AṢ ʔIPIṬIṬ
 ṢUP EUPṬIṬIṙ ʔIṬIṙṢAIṬ 'ṙ ʔEALL AṢUP CUIPEACṬ CLAIMNE ṢALL
 Ṭ'IOMPAIṢ AN ṬIṬBLA ANONN 'ṙAN MBÉAṙLA.

* ṬÁ ṬÓIṬ MÓṙ AṢ AN REAṬṬIṙAC, MAṙ ʔIṬMIṬI, ANN ʔNA ʔOCLAIṬ AṙO-ṢLÓṙACÁ
 ṢALLA ʔO ʔPIṬOṬṢAIṬ I N-"AṬION" (= "ʔIPIṬIṬ"). NA CEUO ʔIṬIṬE ṬE NA
 ṢAṬAṬAIṬ ṬO ʔPIṬIṬ I MBÉAṙLA ʔIṢAṬAṙ NA ʔOCLA ʔO AṙṬEAC ANN 'ṙ ṢAC ʔANN,
 BEAṢ-NAṬ!

* On rising up of you and on your lying down, think ye upon the King
 who created, throughout, the human race; there is many a change in
 the wind, but not more plentiful than are in the world, and it is a little
 way through which we might find rescue. Isabel (*i.e.*, Elizabeth), who
 thought to bring the Church under law, opposing the holy life, she is
 down in chains, and Luther at her side paying dearly for the Reformation.

Whene'er ye rise or lie, think upon God on high,
 And practise all his virtues—we need them—
 This strange world changes fast, as change both wind and blast ;
 From a small thing may arise our freedom.
 Elizabeth, who thought Faith might be sold and bought,
 And who harassed all the just of the nation,
 In chains she now is tied with Luther at her side,
 They are paying for their "Reformation."*

Dear God! but this is play! they thought to burn and slay,
 But their courage ebbs away down to zero ;
 Their William clad in mail, who left in chains the Gael,
 They shall never again see that hero.
 A bell is rung in Rome, it says our triumph's come,
 With bonfires, and music, and cheering,
 Since George is on the throne the Orangemen make moan,
 They run cold in every bone—they are fearing! †

O Christ for us who died, *we* never sold Thy bride,
 Do not see us set aside we beseech Thee ;
 But they who sing the praise of Luther's crooked ways,
 Shall their impious petitions reach Thee !
 The Orangemen assert that our clergy are but dirt,
 Insulting us since Luther's arrival ;
 May treachery and shame be their lot who bear the blame
 Of turning into English the Bible. ‡

† Oh, God! is it not great the sport, the lot that thought to burn us, how they had to deny their vote? And William, who began the fight, and who put the Gael out of their way, they shall see him no more prepared [for fight]. A bell shall be struck in Rome, there shall be bonfires and music in every little and in every great [place] throughout Erin. Since George came to the throne the Orangemen are under grief, and without power to blow their nose.

‡ O Jesus crucified on tree, do not see the people put down who never sold the woman who reared thee, on any consideration; but Luther and his crooked way, and the family that believe in him, is it not a bad right that they should get submission. If it is true for the Orangemen, there is no use for the clergy in their talk, and the proof of that, Ireland has to read, that it is injustice, murder and treachery, and the deception (?) of the children of the Galls that turned the Bible over into English.

Chuaid mé, munab breus, go dtiocfaid ré ran tréigal
 Go s-cuirfidhe máigirtir léigín ann gac cúinne,
 Ni bfuil 'ran gcar acé rgeim* as meallad uainn an tréio
 Agus díultaisiú do ghnótaisib léiteir.
 Creitid do'n éleir 'r ná téirid ar malairt féir,
 No caillfid rib Mac Dé 'r a cúmácta,
 'S an long ro cuaid a léig (?) má téirdeann rib ann de léim
 Iompócaid rí a' r béid rib fúite.

Altaisib le Dia, tá an t-atair Dairclid fíar,
 'S congócaid ré ar na caoréaid gáirda,
 An riuicé i g-caé ná i ngliaé nári díol an páir aríamh
 Agus fearfaid ré anasaid Dúrcáig a' r Dálais.
 Tá Clanna Gall 'n ár n-oiáig mar beirdead maóira alla ar rliab
 Dheirid' as iarraid an t-uan do foiré ó'n máctair.
 Acé [r] O Ceallais deunfad a bfiadóac gan cú gan eac gan
 rruan
 Le toil a' r cúmáct ríig na n-Grára.

Ni' l rigeadóir láun na bréide ná gréaraid anóiaig a laé
 Nac mbionn as riucaó breus ar úgúair,
 A mbiobla ar bári a méar, as dearbúgáó 'ran éiteac,
 Acé iocfaid ríad i n-veiré cúire.
 Fear gan maóair gan léigean a míni gear óaoib an rgeul,
 Rairteirid o'éirt le ar' toubraó,
 '[S] aóeir go flaitear Dé nac raóair neac go h-eus
 Dheirdear as plé le leabraib léiteir.

*= An focal béarla "rcheme."

* I heard, unless it be a lie, that it shall come in the world that a master of learning shall be placed in every corner. There is nothing in the case but a scheme deceiving the flock from us, and refuse ye the works of Luther. Believe in the clergy and go not exchanging grass, [i.e., remain on your own pasture] or ye shall lose the Son of God and His power, and this ship that went to ruin (?), if ye go into it of a leap, it will turn and ye shall be underneath it.

I heard, if it be true, a rumor strange and new,
That they mean to plant schools in each corner;
The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith,
And to train up the spy and suborner.
Our clergy's word is good, oh seek no other food,
Our church has God's own arm round her;
But if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark,
It shall turn in the sea and founder.*

But thanks be to the Lord, Father Bartley is our sword,
Set fast in our midst as a nail is;
'Tis he shall guard the sheep, his clan was not for sleep,
He will stand against the Burkes and the Dalys.†
The Gall is on our tracks, like wolves that rage in packs,
They seek to tear the lamb from the mother;
But O'Kelly is our hound, and to hunt them he is bound,
Till we see them fall to tear one another.‡

The man who weaves our frieze, the cobbler who tells lies,
They read learned authors now!—cause for laughter—
Their Bible on their lips and at their finger tips!
But they'll pay for it all hereafter.
A blind unlettered man expounds to you his plan,
Rafferty, whose heart in him is burning,
Who bids ye all to know that none to heaven can go
On the strength of their Luther's learning.§

† The Dalys of Dunsandle, no doubt.

‡ Render thanks to God, Father Bartley [*i.e.*, Bartholomew] is in the West, and he will keep guard over the sheep, he is of the race that in battle or conflict never sold the passion [perhaps a mistake for "sold the pass"], and he will stand against Burkes and Dalys. The children of the Gall are after us, as it were wolves upon the mountains, that would be seeking to steal the lamb from the mother; but O'Kelly will hunt them without hound, horse, or bridle, by the will and the power of the King of the Graces.

§ There is not a weaver of lawn or frieze, or a cobbler after his day, that does not be picking lies out of authors, their Bible on the top of their fingers, assuring and perjuring; but they shall pay at the end of the case. A man without sight, without learning [it is] who expounds to you the story, Rafferty, who listened to all that was said, and who says that to the heaven of God no one shall ever go who will be pleading with the books of Luther.

malluḡað an bōeir ar śacsanaib;

(leir an "nḡeasān ḡlar.")

Δ Όια ḡur ḡoiru
 An uair 'r an lā
 Δ bḡeirḡimiro śacraua
 leasḡa ar lār!

Δ Όια ḡur ḡoiru
 An lā 'ḡur an uair,
 Δ bḡeirḡimiro i
 Δ' r a cḡoirde-re ḡo ruar.

ḡo ruar a' r ḡo cḡarḡa,
 'S i cḡairōte ḡan bḡiḡ;
 ḡan cor ann a lāmāib
 ḡan cor ann a cḡoirde:

ḡainḡiōḡain bi innḡi;
 ḡainḡiōḡain ḡan bḡōn;
 Δēt bainḡimiro oi-re
 ḡo fōill a cḡōin.

ḡeirō an ḡainḡiōḡain āluinn
 ḡo cḡairōte a' r ḡo ōūḡāc;
 Ōir ḡeōḡairō rī cūicḡuḡāḡ
 An lā rin, a' r luac;

Luac na fola
 Ōo ōōirḡ rī 'na rḡuḡ;
 Fuil na bḡear bān
 Δḡur fuil na bḡear ōub;

Luac na ḡcḡoirde rin
 Ōo bḡir rī ḡo tiuḡ,
 Cḡoirōte bi bān
 Δḡur cḡoirōte bi ōub:

Luac na ḡcḡām
 Tā ō'ā mbānuḡāḡāḡ anōiā;
 Cḡāmā na m bān
 Δḡur cḡāmā na n'Ōub:

Luac an ocḡair
 Cuir rī ar ḡonn,
 Luac na bḡriabḡar
 ḡḡaōil rī le fonn:

THE CURSE OF THE BOERS ON ENGLAND.

(TRANSLATED BY LADY GREGORY)

O God, may it come shortly,
 The hour and this day,
 When we shall see England
 Utterly overthrown.

O God, may it shortly come,
 This day and this hour,
 When we shall see her
 And her heart turned cold.

It is she was a Queen,
 A Queen without sorrow ;
 But we will take from her,
 One day her Crown.

That Queen that was beautiful
 Will be tormented and darkened,
 For she will get her reward
 In that day, and her wage.

Her wage for the blood
 She poured out on the streams ;
 Blood of the white man,
 Blood of the black man.

Her wage for those hearts
 That she broke in the end ;
 Hearts of the white man,
 Hearts of the black man.

Her wage for the bones
 That are whitening to-day ;
 Bones of the white man,
 Bones of the black man.

Her wage for the hunger
 That she put on foot ;
 Her wage for the fever,
 That is an old tale with her.

Luac na mbaintreabac
 O'fás rí san rí,
 Luac na nḡairḡideac
 Cuir rí ar bior.

Luac na nḡilleaceta
 O'fás rí fá eḡad;
 Luac na nḡobirteac
 Cait rí ar fán.

Luac na n-Indiannac
 (ḡruaḡ a ḡcár),
 Luac na n-Dirḡiceac
 Cuir rí cum báir.

Luac na n-Éireannac
 Céar rí ar éoir,
 Luac ḡac cinnḡ
 O'á nḡearnaid rí ḡḡior.

Luac na milliún
 Oo lúb rí 'r' oo ḡuir,
 Luac na milliún
 Fá ocuir anoir.

Δ ḡḡearna ḡo ḡuitiḡ
 Ar milliac a cinn
 Mallac na nḡaoime
 Oo tuit le n-a linn.

Mallac na ruarac
 Δ'r mallac na mbeaḡ,
 Mallac na n-anḡfann,
 Δ'r mallac na laḡ.

Ni éirteann an ḡḡearna
 Le mallac na móir,
 Acé éirḡiḡ Sé coiḡce
 Le orna faoi deḡir.

Éirḡiḡ Sé coiḡce
 Le caoineac na mboct,
 S tá caointe na míltiḡ
 O'á ḡḡoiteac anoct.

Her wage for the white villages
She has left without men ;
Her wage for the brave men
She has put to the sword.

Her wage for the orphans
She has left under pain ;
Her wage for the exiles
She has spent with wandering.

For the people of India
(Pitiful is their case) ;
For the people of Africa
She has put to death.

For the people of Ireland,
Nailed to the cross ;
Wage for each people
Her hand has destroyed.

Her wage for the thousands
She deceived and she broke ;
Her wage for the thousands
Finding death at this hour.

O Lord, let there fall
Straight down on her head
The curse of the peoples
That have fallen with us.

The curse of the mean,
And the curse of the small,
The curse of the weak
And the curse of the low.

The Lord does not listen
To the curse of the strong,
But He will listen
To sighs and to tears.

He will always listen
To the crying of the poor,
And the crying of thousands
Is abroad to-night.

CUMHA ÉROIÐE CAILIN.

Éireócaíó na caointe
 So Dia, tá fuar,
 Ní fada go rroirfiró
 Sác malláct a éluar.

Béir cúmaóct, an lá rii
 As sác uile deóir
 Long-cogaíó do bátaó
 'S an bfairrige móir.

Asur tuirfiró, mar malláct,
 So tnom ar an luét
 O'rág airric 'na fáraó
 A' r' bóraíó go boét.

CUMHA ÉROIÐE CAILIN:

Donnéaó ua Darzáin o'airfir, 7 Taóó ua Donnéaó do éuir ríoir.

A Óóinnaili óis, má téiróir ear fairrige
 Veir mé féin leat, ir na déin do dearmao,
 Ir béiró asat féirín lá donairó ir marraíó,
 Ir ingean Ríóóó Sreíge máir céile learta asat.

Má téiróir-re anonn tá comairta asam oir ;
 Tá cúl fionn asur óá fáil glara asat
 Óá cocán déas io' cúl buirde bacallaó,
 Mar béaó béal-na-bó nó ríóir i ngarraíte:

Ir déirdeanac aréir do labair an sádar oir ;
 Do labair an naorac 'ra' curraicín doimín oir ;
 Ir tu io' " caogaíde donair " ar fuo na scoilte ;
 'S go rabair san céile go bráct go bfaóair me.

Do gellair dam-ra, asur o'innrir bheas dam,
 So mbeiréá romam-ra as eir na gcaorac ;
 Do leigear feaó asur trí céaó glaoóac cúgac,
 'S ní bfuair ann aét uan a' méiró.

Do gellair dam-ra, ní ba deacair duir,
 Longear óir fá éramn-reoil airisio ;
 Óá baile déas do bailtíó marraíó ;
 Ir cúiric bheas dolóa coir taóó na fairrige.

That crying will rise up
To God that is above ;
It is not long till every curse
Comes to His ears.

Every single tear
Shall have power in that day,
To whelm a warship
In the great deep.

And they shall fall for a curse
Heavily upon the people
Who have left Africa a waste
And the Boers in poverty.

1901.

THE GRIEF OF A GIRL'S HEART.

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you and do not forget it; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast; twelve towns with a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

Do gheallair dam-ra, ní nár b'féidir,
 Zo sciubréá laimhinne do éroicean éirí dam;
 Zo sciubréá bróga do éroicean éan dam;
 Ir culair do'n tríoada ba úaire 1 nÉirinn.

A Domnaill óis, b'feairt duit mire aghat
 'Ná bean uafal uaidheac iomarcac;
 Do éiríodáinn bó aghur do-géanainn cuisean duit;
 Ir, dá mbaó éruair é, do buailfínn buille leat.

Oc, ocón, aghur ní le hocpar,
 Uiréarba bíó, díge, ná coslata,
 Fá ndéar damra beic tanairde triudalóda;
 Aéc trád rir óis ir é breicid zo follur me!

Ir moé ar mairin do connac-ra an t-óisfeair
 Ar muin éapail agh sabail an bódair;
 Níor óruir fé liom ir níor éuir fé rtróó orim;
 'S ar mo éarad abairte dam 'r ead do goilear mo bódain:

'Nuair éiríom-re féin zo Tobair an Uaignir,
 Suróim ríor agh déanam buadairéa,
 Nuair éim an raogal ir ná feicim mo buacail;
 Zo raib rghail an ómair 1 mbair 1 a ghuadna.

Siúó é an Domnac do éuzar trád duit,
 An Domnac díreac roim Domnac Cárga;
 Ir mire ar mo glúimib a' léigead na páire,
 'S ead bí mo dá fúil a ríor-tadairt an trád' duit:

Ó! adé, a máirín, tabair mé féin do,
 Ir tabair a bfuil aghat do'n traogal zo léir do;
 Éirí féin agh iarraird déire,
 Aghur ná gab riar ná amair im' éileam:

Dubairt mo máirín liom gan labairt leat
 Inniu ná 1 mbáireac ná Dia Domnaiḡ,
 Ir olc an trád do éuz rí roga dam,
 'S é "óúnaó an dorair é tar éir na roglá."

Tá mo ériode-re com' dúb le háirne,
 Nó le sual dúb a béad 1 gceárdócaim,
 Nó le bonn bróige béad ar hallaib bána;
 'S zup deimr lionn dúb díom or cionn mó fláinte:

'Do báimr roim díom, ir do báimr riar díom,
 'Do báimr romam, ir do báimr im' diaid díom,
 'Do báimr Zealac, ir do báimr Zman díom,
 'S ir ró-móir m'eagla zup báimr Dia díom!

You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish ; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird ; and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O Donall óg, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady : I would milk the cow ; I would bring help to you ; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ochone, and it's not with hunger or with wanting food, or drink, or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened ; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse ; he did not come to me ; he made nothing of me ; and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble ; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you ; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion ; and my two eyes giving love to you for ever.

O, aya ! my mother, give myself to him ; and give him all that you have in the world ; get out yourself to ask for alms, and do not come back and forward looking for me.

My mother said to me not to be talking with you to-day, or to-morrow, or on the Sunday ; it was a bad time she took for telling me that ; it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe, or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge ; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls ; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me ; you have taken the west from me ; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me ; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me !

bÁn-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG.

(Le Donncað Mac Conmair.)

Beir beannaçt óm' éiríde go tír na h-Éireann,
 bÁn-Énoic Éireann óg!
 Cum a mairéann de fíolrað ír a' r' Éibir,
 Ar bÁn-Énoic Éireann óg.
 An áit úo 'nar b'aoibinn binn-çut éan,
 Mar fÁm-Éruic éaoim aç éaoimeað çaoðal;
 'Sé mo éár a beir míle míle i çéin,
 Ó bÁn-Énoic Éireann óg:

Bídeann barrá boç rím ar éaoim-Énoic Éireann,
 bÁn-Énoic Éireann óg!
 'S ír fearra ná 'n tír ro vit çac pléibe ann,
 bÁn-Énoic Éireann óg!
 'Dob áro a coilte 'r ba díreac péro,
 'S a mbláç mar aol ar máoilinn çeuç;
 Tá çráð aç mo éiríde i m'íntinn féin
 'Ó bÁn-Énoic Éireann óg:

Tá çarra líonmair i 'óitir na h-Éireann;
 bÁn-Énoic Éireann óg!
 A' r' fearaçoim çnoide ná claoiréað ceuota
 Ar bÁn-Énoic Éireann óg!
 m' fadóuirre énoide 'r mo éuimne rçeu,
 íao aç çallaçoic ríor fá çreim, mo leun i
 'S a mbailte 'á roinn fá éior go 'aoir,
 bÁn-Énoic Éireann óg!

Ír fairrínç 'r ír móir íao éruaca na h-Éireann,
 bÁn-Énoic Éireann óg!
 A çeuo meala 'çur uacéair a'çluairéact 'na rlaoba,
 Ar bÁn-Énoic Éireann óg:
 Raçairé mé ar cuairç no ír luac mo faoçal,
 'Ó'n talam beaç fuairç rin ír 'ual 'o çaoðal!
 'S go mb'fearra líom 'ná 'uar 'á uairéact é
 Beir ar bÁn-Énoic Éireann óg.

* Composed whilst the poet was in exile, on the Continent (at Hamburg), during the penal régime. The name Eiré (Ireland) is dissyllabic and may be pronounced as "eyrie." The bard was born at Cratloe, Clare County, about 1710, and outlived the century. In spite of the penal laws against education, he succeeded in acquiring, at home and

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE.

(By DONCADH MAC CONMARA. CIRCA 1736.*)

(Translated by Dr. Sigerson in "Bards of the Gael and Gall.")

Air: "Uileacan Dub O."

Take my heart's blessing over to dear Eiré's strand—
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 To the Remnant that love her—Our Forefathers' Land!
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 How sweet sing the birds, o'er mount there and vale,
 Like soft-sounding chords, that lament for the Gael,—
 And I, o'er the surge, far, far away must wail
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O.

How fair are the flowers on the dear daring peaks,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 Far o'er foreign bowers I love her barest reeks,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 Triumphant her trees, that rise on ev'ry height,
 Bloom-kissed, the breeze comes odorous and bright,
 The love of my heart!—O my very soul's delight!
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Still numerous and noble her sons who survive,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 The true hearts in trouble,—the strong hands to strive—
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 Ah, 'tis this makes my grief, my wounding and my woe
 To think that each chief is now a vassal low,
 And my Country divided amongst the Foreign Foe—
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

In purple they gleam, like our High Kings of yore,
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 With honey and cream are her plains flowing o'er,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 Once more I will come, or very life shall fail,
 To the heart-haunted home of the ever-faithful Gael,
 Than king's boon more welcome the swift swelling sail—
 For the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

on the Continent, a mastery of classic and foreign languages. Besides short poems, he wrote a mock-heroic *Æneid*, detailing his adventures. In his old age he became blind, and the Irish teachers and pupils in Waterford, with old-time liberality and appreciativeness, laid a tribute on themselves for his maintenance.

Sgairpeann an bhrúct ar gceann ar aghur féar ann;
 Ar dán-énoic Éireann óg;
 Aghur tagairt rin uibla cumha ar geugaidh ann;
 Ar dán-énoic Éireann óg.
 Bholair aghur rama i ngleanncaib ceo
 'S na rrocta 'ran trama a' labhairt ar neoin;
 A' r uirge na Siúire a' bhrúct 'na rlois,
 Ar dán-énoic Éireann óg.

Ir orgailte fáiltead an áit rin Éire,
 Dán-énoic Éireann óg!
 Aghur toirad na rlainge a mbáir na déire;
 A mbán-énoic Éireann óg.
 Da binne 'ná meura ar téadaib ceoil,
 Seinn 'sur géimpead a laog 'r a mbó,
 Aghur taitneam na gneine orca dorra 'r óg
 Ar dán-énoic Éireann óg.

The dew-drops sparkle, like diamonds on the corn,
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Where green boughs darkle the bright apples burn
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Behold, in the valley, cress and berries bland,
Where streams love to dally, in that Wondrous Land,
While the great River-voices roll their music grand
Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Oh, 'tis welcoming, wide-hearted, that dear land of love!
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

New life unto the martyred is the pure breeze above
The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

More sweet than tune flowing o'er the chords of gold
Comes the kine's soft lowing, from the mountain fold,—

Oh, the Splendor of the Sunshine on them all,—Young and Old.
'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

SEADNA:

(COIR NA TEINEAD: PEG, NÓRA, SOBNUIC, SILE BEAG, CÁIT NÍ BHUACALLA).

NÓRA: A PEG, innir rgeul dúinn.

PEG. B'áit liom rin! Innir féin rgeul:

SOB. Ní'l don maic innti, a PEG; b'feair linn do rgeul-ra.

SILE. Déin, a PEG; beidmío ana-fochair.

PEG. Nac maic náir fanair focair aréir, 'nuair bí "Maora na n-Oct 5Coir" agam dá innrint!

SILE. Mar rin ní rcaorad Cáit ní Bhucalla ac am' ppiocad:

CÁIT. Thuair d'éitead! Ní raar-ra ad' ppiocad, a éall tén!

SOB. Ná bac i féin, a Cáit; ní raib doinne' dá ppiocad ac i dá leigint uirri.

SILE. Do bí, artoin; agur muna mbeidead go raib, ní liug-fainn:

NÓRA. Abair le PEG nac liugfair anoir, a Shile, 7 inneorad rí rgeul dúinn.

SILE. Ní liugfad, a PEG, pé ruo imteorad oim:

PEG. Má'r ead, ruig anro am' aice, i urreo ná feudair doinne' tú ppiocad san fíor dom.

CÁIT. Bidead seall go bpiocair an cat i. A coice bis, beidead rgeul bpeag againn, muna mbeidead tú féin 7 do éuro liugraige.

SOB. Éirt, a Cháit, no cuirri ag sul i, 7 beidmío san rgeul. Má cuirtear fearg ar PEG, ní inneorad rí don rgeul anocht. Sead anoir, a PEG, tá sac doinne' ciuin, ag bpat ar rgeul uait.

PEG. Bí fear ann fad ó, 7 ir é ainm do bí air, Seadna; 7 gneiride b'eal é; bí tig beag deap clúctair aige, aig bun enuic, ar taob na foicine; bí cátoir fúgan aige do dein pé féin do féin, 7 ba gnát leir fuide innti um tráctóna, 'nuair bidead obair an lae críocnuigte; 7 'nuair fuidead pé innti, bidead pé ar a fártact. Bí meabóg mine aige, ar cpoead i n-aice na teinead; 7 anoir 7 aríur cuirtead pé a lám innti, 7 tógad pé lán a duirg de'n mín, 7 bidead dá cogaint ar a fuaimneap. Bí crann uball ag fáir ar an taob amuic de doir aige, 7 'nuair bidead tarit air, ó beit ag cogaint na mine, cuirtead pé lám 'ra crann ran, 7 tógad pé ceann de 'rna n-ublaib, 7 d'itead pé é—

SILE. O a Chiarair! a PNEG, náir deap é!

PEG. Ciaco, an cátoir, nó an mín, nó an t-uball, ba deap?

SILE. An t-uball, san amur!

SEADNA'S THREE WISHES.

FROM SEADNA (SHAYNA), BY FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

(BY THE FIRESIDE—PEG, NORA, GOBNET, LITTLE SHEILA,
KATE BUCKLEY.)

NORA.—Peg, tell us a story.

PEG.—I'd like that. Tell a story yourself.

GOBNET.—She is no good, Peg; we prefer your story.

SHEILA.—Do, Peg; we will be very quiet.

PEG.—How well you did not keep quiet last night, when I was telling "The dog with the eight legs."

SHEILA.—Because Kate Buckley would not stop, but pinching me.

KATE.—You lie! I was not pinching you, you little hag!

GOB.—Don't mind her, Kate. There was no one pinching her, but she pretending it.

SHEILA.—But there was; and only that there was I would not screech.

NORA.—Tell Peg that you won't screech now, and she will tell us a story.

SHEILA.—I won't screech now, Peg, whatever will happen to me.

PEG.—Well, then, sit here near me so that no one can pinch unknown to me.

KATE.—I'll engage the cat will pinch her. You little hussy, we would have a fine story but for yourself and your screeching.

GOB.—Whist! Kate, or you'll make her cry, and we'll be without a story. If Peg is made angry she will not tell a story to-night. There, now, Peg, everyone is mute, expecting a story from you.

PEG.—There was a man long ago and the name that was on him was Seadhna, and he was a shoemaker. He had a nice well-sheltered little house at the foot of a hill, on the side of the shelter. He had a chair of *soogauns* which he himself made for himself, and it was usual with him to sit in it in the evening when the work of the day used to be completed, and when he sat in it he was quite at his ease. He had a *malvogue* of meal hanging up near the fire, and now and then he used to put his hand into it and take a fist-full of the meal, and be chewing at his leisure. He had an apple-tree growing outside his door, and when he used to be thirsty from chewing the meal, he used to put his hand into that tree and take one of the apples and eat it.

Cáit. D'fearr liom-ra an mín; ní dhainfeadh an t-uball an t-ocrair de dhúine.

Sob. D'fearr liom-ra an dátaoir; 7 cuirfínn péig i n-a fuíde innici, aig innriint na rseul.

Peg. Iy maic cum plámáir tú, a Sobnuic.

Sob. Iy fearr cum na rseul túra, a Pheg. Cionnup d'ímtig le Seadhna?

Peg. Lá dá maib ré aig déanamh bhóis, tús re fé n-deara ná maib a tuille leatáir aise, ná a tuille rnáite, ná a tuille céiréac. Bí an taoibín déiréanac fuar, 7 an srim déiréanac curca; 7 níorb fuláir do toul 7 adbar do folácar pul a bhfeoradh ré a tuille bhóis do déanamh.

Do gluar ré ar maidin, 7 bí trí ríllinge 'n-a póca, 7 ní maib ré aet míle ó'n tciú 'nuair buail dhúine boet uime, aig iarráir déirce. "Tabair dom déirce ar ron an tSlánuigíteora, 7 le h-anmannáib do márb, 7 tar ceann do pláinte," ar an dhúine boet. Thuig Seadhna rílling do, 7 anraan ní maib aise aet dá rílling. Dubairt ré leir féin go mbféidir go ndéanfadh an dá rílling a shó.

Ní maib ré aet míle eile ó baile 'nuair buail bean boet uime, 7 i cor-noctuígte. "Tabair dom consnaó éigin," ar riri, "ar ron an tSlánuigíteora, 7 le h-anmannáib do márb, 7 tar ceann do pláinte." Do glac truaige bí é, 7 tús ré rílling bí, 7 d'ímtig rí. Do bí don rílling amáin annraon aise, aet do tíomáin ré leir, a bhac air go mbuailfeadh rianr éigin uime do cuirfeadh ar a cumur a shó a déanamh. Níorb fáda sup caradh air leand 7 é aig sul le fuact 7 le h-ocrair. "Ar ron an tSlánuigíteora," ar an leand, "tabair dom puo éigin le n-íte." Bí tús órta i ngar dób, 7 do éuair Seadhna írteac ann, 7 ceannuig ré bhic aráin 7 tús ré cum an leand é. 'Nuair fuair an leand an t-arán d'átruis a deald; d'fár ré fuar i n-áirde, 7 do lar rolar iongantac 'n-a fáilib 7 'n-a ceanaicáib, i tceo go dtáinig ríannraó ar Sheadhna.

Site. Dia linn! a Pheg, iy dóca sup tuic Seadhna boet i luige.

Peg. Níorb tuic; aet má'r ead, ba díceall do. Chom luac aigur d'feud ré Labairt, dubairt ré: "Cad é an raóar dhúine túra?" aigur iy é ffeasra fuair ré: "A Sheadhna, tá Dia buirdeac díot. Ainseal ífeadh míre. Iy mé an tríomáó h-ainseal sup túsair déirce do anoiu ar ron an tSlánuigíteora, 7 anoir tá trí shuíde aigat le ríáil ó Dia na glóire. Iarr ar Dia don trí shuíde iy toil leat, 7 geobair iao; aet tá don comairte amáin aigampa le tabairt tuic,—ná deairmuid an Tríóair."

SHEILA.—Oh, my goodness! Peg, wasn't it nice?

PEG.—Which is it; the chair or the meal or the apple, that was nice.

SHEILA.—The apple, to be sure.

KATE.—I would prefer the meal. The apple would not take the hunger off a person.

GOB.—I would prefer the chair, for I would put Peg sitting in it telling the stories.

PEG.—You are good for flattery, Gobnet.

GOB.—You are better for the stories, Peg. How did it go with Seadhna?

PEG.—One day as he was making shoes he noticed that he had no more leather nor any more thread nor any more wax. He had the last piece on, and the last stitch put, and it was necessary for him to go and provide materials before he could make any more shoes. He set out in the morning and there were three shillings in his pocket, and he was only a mile from the house when he met a poor man asking for alms. "Give me alms for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health," said the poor man. Seadhna give him one shilling, and then he had but two shillings. He said to himself that possibly two shillings would do his business. He was only another mile from home when he met a poor woman, and she barefooted. "Give me some help," said she, "for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health." He felt compassion for her and gave her a shilling, and she went away. He had one shilling then; still he went on expecting that he would meet some good fortune which would put it in his power to do his business. It was not long till he met a child and he crying with cold and hunger. "For the sake of the Saviour," said the child, "give me something to eat." There was a stage house near them and Seadhna went into it, and he bought a loaf of bread and he brought it to the child. When the child got the bread his figure changed. He grew up very tall, and light flamed in his two eyes and in his countenance, so that Seadhna became terrified.

SHEILA.—Oh! God help us! Peg, I suppose poor Seadhna fainted.

PEG.—He did not, but then, he was very near it. As soon as he could speak, he said, "What sort of person are you?" The answer he got was, "Seadhna, God is thankful to you. I am an angel. I am the third angel to whom you have given alms to-day for the sake of the Saviour. And now you have

“Aghur an ndeirir liom go bfaigead mo ghuide?” arsa Seadhna. “Deirim, gan amhar,” ar’ an t-aingeal. “Tá go maic,” arsa Seadhna, “tá cataoir beag dear fúgán agham ’ra baile, 7 an uile daitín a tagann ar teac, ní fuláir leir ruidé innce. An ceud duine eile a fuiriró innce, aót mé féin, go sceanlaio pé innce!” “Faire, faire! a Sheadhna,” ar’ an t-aingeal; “rin ghuide bheag imtígte gan cairbe. Tá dá ceann eile aghat, 7 ná dearmuio an Trócaire.” “Tá,” arsa Seadhna, “mealbóigín mine agham ’ra baile, 7 an uile daitín a tagann ar teac, ní fuláir leir a doirn a fátaó innce. An ceud duine eile a cuiriró lám ’ra mealbóigín rin, aót mé féin, go sceanlaio pé innce,—feuc!” “O a Sheadhna, a Sheadhna, ní’l farz aghat!” ar’ an t-aingeal. “Ní’l aghat anoir aót don ghuide amáin eile. Iar Trócaire Dé do t’anam.” “O, ir fíor duit,” arsa Seadhna, “ba dóbair dom é dearmuio. Tá crann beag uball agham i leat-taioib mo doirir, 7 an uile daitín a tagann an t-reo, ní fuláir leir a lám do cur i n-áirde 7 uball do rtaó 7 do bheic leir. An ceud duine eile aót mé féin, a cuiriró a lám ’ra crann roin, go sceanlaio pé ann—O! a daoine!” ar reiréan, agh rghairtead ar gháirde, “nac agham a beir an rporc orra!”

’Nuair táinig pé ar na tritíob, d’feuc pé ruar 7 bí an t-aingeal imtígte. Dein pé a máctnam air féin ar fead tamail maic, il pé deiréad riar tal, duhair pé leir féin: “feuc anoir, ní’r don amadóan i n-Éirinn ir mó ioná mé! Dá mbeiréad triúe ceangailte agham um an otaca ro, duine ’ra’ cataoir, duine ’ra’ mealbóigín, 7 duine ’ra’ crann, cad é an maic do deairar gan doirra 7 mé i bfaó ó baile, gan biaó, gan deoc, gan aig seao?” Ní túrge bí an méirín cainte máirde aige ná tu, pé pé ndeara ór a cómair amac, ’ran áit a raib an t-aingeal-feair faó caol duib, 7 é agh sliinneamaint air, 7 teine éreara agh tead ar a dá fúil ’n-a rpreadáib nime. Bí dá adair air mar beiréad ar pocán gabair, 7 meigioll faó liac-ghorm garó air, eirbolli mar beiréad ar máoáó ruad, 7 crúb ar coir leir mar crúb cairb. Do leat a beul 7 a dá fúil ar Sheadhna, 7 do rtaó a caint. I sceann tamail do labair an fear duib. “A Sheadhna,” ar reiréan, “ní gáó duit don eagla do beir ort póim-amra; ní’lim ar tí do díoghála. Ba mian liom cairbe éigin do deanam duit, dá nglactá mo cómairle. Do éoiréar tú, anoir beag, dá ráó go raibair gan biaó, gan deoc, gan aigseao. Tuib-rainn-re aigseao do dótain duit ar don coingíoll beag amáin.” “Aghur sghaóóó tré lár do rghair!” arsa Seadhna, 7 táinig a caint do; “ná feutorá an méirín do ráó gan duine do millead leó’ curó sliinneamna, pé h-é tú féin?” “Ir cuma duit cia h-é mé, aót deirfad an oiréao aigseao duit anoir aghur ceannócaio

three wishes to get from the God of Glory. Ask now of God any three wishes you please, and you will get them. But I have one advice to give you. Don't forget Mercy." "And do you tell me that I shall get my wish?" said Seadhna. "I do, certainly," said the angel. "Very well," said Seadhna. "I have a nice little *soogaun* chair at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to sit in it. The next person that will sit in it, except myself, that he may cling in it!" "Oh, fie, fie! Seadhna," said the angel; "there is a beautiful wish gone without good. You have two more. Don't forget Mercy!" "I have," said Seadhna, "a little *malvogue* of meal at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to stick his fist into it. The next person that puts his hand into that *malvogue*, except myself, that he may cling in it, see!" "Oh, Seadhna, Seadhna, my son, you have not an atom of sense! you have now but one wish more. Ask the Mercy of God for your soul." "Oh, that's true for you," said Seadhna, "I was near forgetting it. I have a little apple-tree near my door and every *dalteen* that comes the way makes it a point to put up his hand and to pluck an apple and carry it away with him. The next other person, except myself, that will put his hand into that tree, that he may cling in it!—Oh! people!" said he, bursting out laughing, "is'nt it I that will have the amusement at them!"

When he came out of his laughing fits and looked up, the angel was gone. He made his reflection for a considerable time, and at long last he said to himself, "See now, there is not a fool in Ireland greater than I! If there were three people stuck by this time, one in the chair, one in the *malvogue*, and one in the tree, what good would that do for me and I far from home, without food, without drink, without money?"

No sooner had he that much talk uttered than he observed opposite him, in the place where the angel had been, a long, slight, black man and he staring at him, and electric fire coming out of his two eyes in venomous sparks. There were two horns on him, as there would be on a he-goat, and a long, coarse, greyish-blue beard, a tail as there would be on a fox, and a hoof on one of his feet like a bull's hoof. Seadhna's mouth and his two eyes opened wide upon him, and his speech stopped. After a while the black man spoke: "Seadhna," said he, "you need not have any dread of me. I am not bent on your harm. I should wish to do you some good if you would accept my advice. I heard you just now say that you were without food, without drink, without money. I would

an oirlead leat air aghur coimead'faiò a'g obair t'ù go ceann t'fai mbliadain n'oeus, ar an scoing'iol' ro—go 'otio'fai' liom an uair rin ?”

“Aghur m'á r'í'ot'igim leat, cá ma'gmaois' an uair rin ?” “Cá beas tuit an éirt rin 'do éir, 'nuair beid an leat'ar í'ot'ig'ce 7 beid'mí'ò a'g gluairead'c ?” “Táir zeup'cúiread'—bí'ò'ò a'gac, feiceam an t-air'gead.” “Táir-re zeup'cúiread', feuc !” ‘Do éir an fear' t'ub a lám' 'n-a róca, 7 t'air'raing' ré amac' r'parán' móir, 7 ar an r'parán' 'do leis' ré amac' ar a bair' cairn beas' t'óir' b'beas' buí'òe.

“Feuc !” ar r'eirean ; 7 rin ré a lám' 7 éir ré an cairn 'de pí'ofaib' gl'eor'òce gl'eineam'la ré fúil'ib' Sheadhna' boic't. ‘Do rin Seadhna a t'á lám', 7 'do leat'ad'ar a t'á la'gar' cum an óir. “Go r'í'ò !” ar' an fear' t'ub, a'g t'air'raing'c an óir' éir'ge ad'cead' ; “ní'í' an ma'rga'ò' t'éanta' r'óir.” “Bí'ò'ò 'n-a má'rga'ò !” ar'ra Seadhna.

“San teip ?” ar' an fear' t'ub. “San teip,” ar'ra Seadhna.

“‘Dair' b'ri'g' na mionn ?” ar' an fear' t'ub. “‘Dair' b'ri'g' na mionn,” ar'ra Seadhna.

[An oir'òce na t'iaig' rin.]

Nóira. Seadh !—a r'eg—t'ámaois' an'ro—ar'ir—t'á r'ao'ar' oim'—bí'or' a'g r'ic—bí' e'ag'la oim'—go mber'òe'ad' an r'geul' ar' r'iu'bal' r'om'am, 7 go mber'òe'ad' cuir' 'de caill'ce a'gac.

R'eg. Am' b'ri'at'ar' go b'fan'famaois' leat, a Nóira, a laois'. Ní'í' í' b'f'ad' ó t'áinig' Sobnuic.

Sob. Mar' rin 'do bí' cuig'ion a'gac t'á t'eu'nam', 7 b'éig'ín' t'om'ra' t'ul' r'iar' leir' an im' go t'eu' an t'ead'ra'ca, 7 'nuair' bí'or' a'g t'ead'c' a' b'ail'e an c'óm'g'ar', 'do tuit' an oir'òce oim', 7 zeallaim' tuit' zur' baine'ad' r'ped' ar'am. Bí'or' a'g cuim'ni'g'ad' ar' Seadhna 7 ar' an óir' 7 ar' an b'fear' t'ub, 7 ar' na r'p'ead'caib' bí' a'g t'ead'c' ar' a fúil'ib', 7 mé a'g r'ic' r'ul' a mber'òinn' t'óir'òe'ana'c, 'nuair' t'óg'ar' mo' ceann' 7 ca'ò' 'do éir'inn' ad'c' an r'uo' 'n-a r'ead'raim' ar' m' a'g'ar'ò' amac'

give you money enough on one little condition." "And, torture through the middle of your lungs!" said Seadhna, as soon as he got his talk, "could you not say that much without paralysing a person with your staring, whoever you are?" "You need not care who I am; but I will give you as much money now as will buy as much leather as will keep you working for thirteen years, on this condition, that you will come with me then."

"And if I make the bargain with you, whither shall we go at that time?" "Will it not be time enough for you to ask that question when the leather is used up and we will be starting?" "You are sharp-witted. Have your way. Let us see the money." "You are sharp-witted. Look!" The black man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a large purse, and from the purse he let out on his palm a little heap of beautiful yellow gold.

"Look!" said he, and he stretched his hand and he put the heap of exquisite glittering pieces up under the eyes of poor Seadhna. Seadhna stretched both his hands, and the fingers of the two hands opened for the gold.

"Gently!" said the black man; "the bargain is not yet made."

"Let it be a bargain," said Seadhna.

"Without fail?" said the black man.

"Without fail," said Seadhna.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things?" (shrines: hence oaths) said the black man.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" said Seadhna.

(NEXT NIGHT.)

NORA.—There!—Peg—we are here—again—. There's a *saothar* on me—. I was running. I was afraid—that the story would be going on before me, and that I would have some of it lost.

PEG.—Indeed, Nora, my dear, we would wait for you. It is not long since Gobnet came.

GOB.—Yes, for we were making a churn, and it was necessary for me to go west with the butter to Beul-an-Ghearrtha; and when I was coming home the short cut, the night fell on me, and I promise you that there was a start taken out of me. There was not the like of it of a jump ever taken out of me. I was thinking of Seadhna, and of the gold, and of the black man, and of the sparks that were coming out of his eyes, and I running before I would be late, when

—An Gollán! ar an gceud amháin dá dtuair air, do tiubraimn an leabair go raib a dhá air!

Nóra. A dhá air, a Gollán, éir do beul, 7 ná bí dáir mbo-
rao leo' Gollánaib 7 leo' a dhá air. A dhá air ar an nGollán!
feuc air rin!

Job. D'éirir, dá mbeidéal féin ann, gur beas an fonn maíar
do beidéal ort.

Site. Feuc anoir! cia atá ag cor 7 an rgeil? D'éirir go
gcuirfead Cáit ní dhá air óim-ra é.

Cáit. Ní cuirfead, a Site. Táir do' cáitín maíe anocht, 7 tá
ana-éion agam ort. Mo ghráó i rin! Mo ghráó am' éirid
irteig i!

Site. Seo 7o dhá air! ran go mbeid fear 7 ort! 7 d'éirir ná
d'éirir “Mo ghráó i rin!”

Nóra. Seo, reo! rtao, a cáitín. Míre 7 mo Gollán ra
nó air an obair reo. Cáit uair an rtao ra, a rgeil, 7 rgeil
cuirfead an rgeil. An dhá air Seadhna an rparán? Ir ionda
duine bí i rtao rparán d'fáil 7 nac dhá air.

Reo. Com luat 7 d'air Seadhna an rtao, “dair dhá na
mionn!” do cáitín dhá air 7 ré ar an dhá air nua. Do noct
ré a rtao ra 7 rtao, 7 ir iao do bí go dlúite ar a
céile. Cáitín rtao ra ré ar a beul, 7 do teip ar Seadhna a
dhá air amáe cia 'co ag dhá air bí ré nó ag dhá air. Aet
'nua air d'feuc ré ra. Ir an dá ra air, ba dhá air go dtuair
an rparán ceo air a cáitín air i rtao. Do tuig ré go
maíe ac ag dhá air bí an dhá air. Ní fear ré raíe
raíe rin don dá ra ba maíe 'ná iao, don feucaint ba maíe
uighe 'ná an feucaint do bí aco, don éir euoan com ra, com
dhá air an rtao ra air an rtao ra do bí ór a rtao. Ní air
raíe ré, 7 do ra' ré a dhá air ra a raíe air gur tuig ré
ré dhá air an dhá air. Le na linn rin, do raíe an fear
raíe an rtao ra air a raíe, 7 do dhá air.

“Seo!” ar raíe, “a Seadhna. Sin céad punt agat ar an
gceud rtao ra air uair raíe. An dhá air dhá air?”

“Ir móir an dhá air i!” ar raíe Seadhna: “Dá dhá air go dhá air.”

“Cáitín nó dhá air,” ar raíe an fear raíe, “an dhá air dhá air?”
7 do raíe 7 do dhá air ar an dhá air.

“Ó! cáitín dhá air, cáitín dhá air!” ar raíe Seadhna, “go raíe
maíe dhá air.”

“Seo! má' raíe,” ar raíe: “Sin céad eile agat ar an
dhá air rtao ra air uair raíe.”

“Sin i an rtao ra air do'n maíe a bí cor-noct uighe.”

“Sin i an rtao ra air do'n maíe uair raíe ceo air.”

I raised my head, and what should I see but the thing standing out overright me—the *Gollan!* On the first look I gave it I'd swear there were horns on it.

NORA.—Oyewisha, Gobnet, whist your mouth, and don't be bothering us with your *Gollans* and your horns. Horns on a *Gollan!* Look at that!

GOB.—Maybe if you were there yourself, 'tis little of the inclination of fun would be on you.

SHEILA.—See, now! who is stopping the story? Maybe Kate Buckley would put it on me.

KATE.—I will not, Sheila; you are a good girl to-night. I am very fond of you. My darling she is! My darling in my heart within she is!

SHEILA.—Yes, indeed! Wait till you are angry, and maybe then you would not say “my darling she is.”

NORA.—Come, come! stop, girls. I and my *Gollan* are the cause of this work. Throw away that stocking, Peg, and let us have the story. Did Seadhna get the purse? Many a person was on the point of getting a purse, and did not.

PEG.—As soon as Seadhna uttered the words—“By the virtue of the Holy Things!” a change of appearance came on the black man. He bared his teeth above and below, and it is they that were clenched upon each other. A sort of low sound came out of his mouth, and it failed Seadhna to make out whether it was laughing he was or growling. But when he looked up between the two eyes on him, the same terror was near coming on him that came on him at first. He understood well that it was not laughing the “lad” was. He never before then saw any two eyes that were worse than they, any look that was more malignant than the look they had, any forehead as evil-minded as the forehead that was above them. He did not speak, and he did his best to pretend that he did not notice the growling. At the same time the black man let the gold out again on his palm and counted it.

“Here!” said he, “Seadhna, there are a hundred pounds for you for the first shilling you gave away to-day. Are you paid?”

“I should think I am.”

“Right or wrong!” said the black man, “are you paid?” and the growling became sharper and quicker.

“Oh! I am paid, I am paid,” said Seadhna, “thank you!”

“Here! if so,” said he, “there is another hundred for you, for the second shilling you gave away to-day.”

“Ma ba bean uapal i, cao do beir cor-noctuisge i, 7 cao do beir tó mo rílling do bheir uaim-re, 7 san aSAM aet rílling eile i n-a uiaib?”

“Má ba bean uapal i! Dá mbeidead a fíor aSAC! Sin i an bean uapal do mill míre!”

Le linn na b'ocal raim do máo do, do táinig eiré cor 7 lám air, do r'ead an d'annatán, do luig a ceann riar ar a míneal, d'feuc ré ruar inr a' r'péir, táinig d'ruic báir air 7 clóó cuirp ar a ceannaicéib.

'Nuair éonnaic Seadhna an iompáil lí rin, táinig iongnad a ériúde air.

“Ní fuláir,” ar r'eirean, so neamhguiread, “nó ní hé reo an céad uair aSAC aS aipeadéam teadé táirri ríú.”

Do léim an fear d'ub. Do buail ré buille dá ériúib ar an tcalam, i d'neó sup éiré an r'óo do bí fé corí Seadhna.

“Cíorribad orc!” ar' r'eirean. “Éiré do beul no bafsfar tú!”

“Sabadam pártóin aSAC, a duine uapal!” ar'ra Seadhna, so modamail, “ceapar so mb' ériúir sup b'raon beas do bí ólta aSAC, d'máó 'r sup t'ugair céad punt mar malairc ar rílling dam.”

“Tíubháinn—7 readé zcéad dá d'riocfad liom baint ó'n t'airbe do rin' an rílling céadna, aet 'nuair t'ugair uair i ar ron an t'Slánuisgeóira, ní fériúir a t'airbe do lot éiréde.”

“aSup,” ar'ra Seadhna, “cao ir zád an maic do lot? Ná fuil fé com maic aSAC t'airbe na ríllinge úo d'fázbáil mar tá fé?”

“Tá an iomad cainte aSAC—an iomad ar fad: D'ubair leat do beul d' éiréadé. Seo i rin é an r'parán ar fad aSAC,” ar' an fear d'ub.

“Ní hériúir, a duine uapal,” ar'ra Seadhna, “ná beidead daoiúin na haimpíre ann: Ir iomda lá i d'riú bliadnaib d'éas. Ir iomda b'róz beidead deunta aS duine i zcaiteam an méio rin aimpíre, 7 ir iomda cuma i n-a n-oirféad rílling do.”

“Ná bíóó ceiré orc,” ar' an fear d'ub, aS cur r'muta záire ar: “Carrainz ar com zeur i n'éirinn 7 ir maic leat é. Beir fé com ceann an lá d'éideanac 7 tá fé inoiu. Ní beiré puinn znóca aSAC de ar r'ain amac.”

"That is the shilling I gave to the woman who was bare-footed."

"That is the shilling you gave to the same gentlewoman."

"If she was a gentlewoman, what made her barefooted? and what made her take from me my shilling, and I having but another shilling left?"

"If she was a gentlewoman! If you only knew! she is the gentlewoman that ruined me!"

While he was saying those words a trembling of hands and feet came on him. The growling ceased. His head leaned backwards on his neck. He gazed up into the sky. An attitude of death came on him, and the stamp of a corpse came on his face.

When Seadhna saw this deadly change, the wonder of his heart came on him.

"It must be," said he, in a careless sort of way, "that this is not the first time with you hearing something about *her*."

The black man jumped. He struck a blow of his hoof on the ground, so that the sod which was under Seadhna's foot trembled.

"Mangling to you!" said he; "shut your mouth or you will be maimed!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Seadhna, meekly; "I thought that perhaps it was a little drop you had taken, and to say that you gave me a hundred pounds in exchange for a shilling."

"I would, and seven hundred, if I could succeed in taking from the good which that same shilling did; but when you gave it away for the sake of the Saviour it is not possible to spoil its good for ever."

"And," said Seadhna, "what need is there to spoil the good? May you not as well have the good of that shilling as it is?"

"You have too much talk; too much altogether. I told you to shut your mouth. Here! there is the purse entirely for you," said the black man.

"I suppose there is no danger, sir," said Seadhna, "that there would not be enough for the time in it. There is many a day in thirteen years. 'Tis many a shoe a man would have made in the lapse of that portion of time, and many a way he would want a shilling."

"Don't be uneasy," said the black man, putting a bit of a laugh out of him. "Draw out of it as hard as ever you can. It will be as plump the last day as it is to-day. You will not have much business of it from that forward."

“ NÍ AR OIA A BUIDEACAS.”

‘Do tarrtais Diarmuid a dúroin dub’ donn ar a póca, 7 do fín cuise í, 7 d’iméig 7 do éuaib reirean annran so meatalacán teimead’ do bí ar bharr na trága, beirear ar meacán airte 7 réirdear, réirdear í so tréan tuig tearuibe; acé t’á tréine a anál 7 da tuiga a féirdead, ní maib maib do ann; réirdear arís 7 arís eile níor tréine, níor tuiga, níor tearuibe ná ceana, acé do bí a gnó n-a fáraé air, mar do bí an tear ion éas anr an rpréig. Beirear ar rpréig eile 7 réirdear fúiti so feargac fuinneamail fíochmar, 7 a fúile ar dearglarad, 7 féirdeanna a múinil cómh atuigte rin so rabadar i neacé a bpléargca: ‘dob’ fánaé do a féirdead am. Beirear ar an rpréig 7 caitear irteacé i scoimleatan an éuaín í, as ráb, “ So réirde mactair an áirdebeirdeora tú mar teimib!” 7 tugtar buille t’á coir deir do’n éuro eile do’n teimib 7 reairtear ar fuo an bán i. ‘Do connaic an éuro eile é oirdeacé donn le n-a linn rin, 7 do cuireadar don ulaó-gáirteig amáin arca do tógraó na maib ar a n-uairib. Éirigro uile—an méio a’r nac maib i n-a rearam’ oíob—7 tagair i n-a tímcioll, as lúbarraig le leatan-gáirte 7 as reairtead ar a lán-oícioll. Beirear tuine ar rpréig, tuine eile ar rpréig eile, 7 mar roin oíob riari ríor so hearbail tímcioll, an beas 7 an móir, an t-óig 7 an t-aoirta; 7 reo as féirdead iad, ar énaím a noíciull, as tnué le teimib 7 tear do éur arís i n-gac rpréig, 7 é riari orra, do bhíg suir rgar teoóacé le gac rmeacáio oíob beas nac o lúib laóair.

“ Acá teine im’ rpréig-re,” arra neacé éigin.

“ Séro leat a buacáill!” arra Doimnall. “ Cá bhfuil tú?—réirde leat so ttagad éúgat.”

‘Do léim ré de lúit-breib 7 táimic i n-a aice—“ Séro! réirde, a diabail!” ar reirion, “ 7 ná leis an rmeacáio ion eug—réirde!—ar do bhár réirde!”

‘Do léig an buacáill reairta 7 do rtor de’n tréirdead:

“ Cairbeáin orú, a diabail!” ar reirion.

‘Do tuit an buacáill ar bánib gáirde; beirior réin ar an rpréig, le amplad 7 airce éun gail, oógtar a órtoó 7 caitear an rpréig uad’ o’airraéc. Tuit rí ar an mbán; níor bhír rí ámhacé. Cuirear a órtoó i n-a béal le coir na píopa.

“ Tarrtais! tarrtais anoir!” arra áillteoir éigin i n-a mearg.

‘Do bí ré ar buille,—beirior ar an rpréig le n-a láim éle, 7

THE THANKFULNESS OF DERMOT.

BY PATRICK O'LEARY.

DERMOT drew his dark-brown *dudeen* from his pocket and handed it to him, and he went then to a smouldering fire which was at the top of the strand. He catches a dying coal of fire out of it and blows, blows it strong, quick, fierce; but though strong his breath, and though quick his blowing, it was in vain for him. He blows again and again stronger, quicker, fiercer than before, but his labour was of no avail, for the heat had died in the ember. He seizes another ember and blows it angrily, livelily, wrathfully, his two eyes flaming, and the veins of his neck swelled to such an extent that they were ready to burst; his blowing was to no purpose, however. He catches the ember and flings it into the centre of the harbour, saying, "May the devil's mother blow you for a fire!" and deals a blow of his right leg to the rest of the fire and scatters it about the *bawn*. The others saw him just at that very moment, and they raised one wild, ringing shout that would wake the dead out of their graves. They all rise—such of them as were not standing—and they gather round him, breaking their sides with broad mirth, and laughing their level best. One catches up an ember, another another, and so on of all the rest from first to last, small and big, young and old, and they set to blowing as well as ever they could, fain to put fire and heat again into each ember, and it impossible, for warmth had parted from each little coal of them all but a few.

"There is fire in my coal," said someone.

"Blow on, my boy!" said Donal. "Where are you?—blow on till I come to you."

He jumped quickly and came to his side. "Blow! blow, you devil!" says he; "and don't let the little ember die—blow!—for your life, blow!"

The boy laughed and stopped blowing.

"Fetch it to me, aroo, you devil!" says he.

The boy burst into a fit of insuppressible laughter; himself seizes the coal through greed and burning desire for a smoke; he burns his thumb and throws down the coal all of a sudden. It fell on the *bawn*; but it did not break though. He puts his thumb in his mouth along with the pipe.

"Smoke! smoke now!" says some arch fellow in the crowd.

He was raging mad. He seizes a coal with his left hand and blows it so furious that sparks flew from it. He blows

réidear cóm hairtinnead roin i sup rpreac ri: Séidear arís 7 léimear pmeadair do'n dearg-larair irteac i n-a uct, mar do bí buillac a léinead ar leacab, 7 uógar é láirneac. Do con saib ré sreim ar an rpreis ámh, 7 brúgar an larair pior i mbéal na píopa 7 tarrmaisear, tarrmaisear; tarrmaisear, ar cuma sup seárr so raib deacac as éirise so soim slóirnar n-a flamar-cuidib or cionn a éinn.

Annran do bí ré ar a toil: Do fuir na daoine so léir as bheirtnuagab ar an múr as luargab or a scómair, 7 é as teac irteac so mear: Do bí Dóinnall as dúvad a píopa 7 san don duine as cur éirise ná uair. Níor b'fada sup éirise rtaile dá píopa ámaet, do tarrmaise ré i dáir ndóis ar énam a dícill, acé níor b'fú dúit feucaint ar an ngal beas dáir do bí as teac amac airi. Annran do cuir ré rsnuzal ar féin, ir róibeas ná'r ceangal a béal iocair dá béal uactair le doic tarrmaise acé ní raib brís i n-a gno.

“Fagbáb duine éigin réiteoir dom—ar ron Dé fagbáb!” ar reirion, 7 do luis ré níor dúluisíte ar an dtarrmac; i n-agaib beit as baint an tralacair ar poll na píopa, ir amlaib bí re as a daingnuagab ann—san coinne leir san airmear. Faoi deirioib, 'nuair do fuair ré an féan rgarra le n-a fáotar, 7 so raib as dul de, dá tréine luis re éirise, do tóg ré an duir ar a béal, 7 do glair do hairtinnead ar duine éigin, réiteoir d'fagbábail do. D'imtís trúir nó ceatnar de buacailirib so ruis páirc do bí lán de tráitnírib, acé do bí ré rceannas maic uair-rani. D'fan reirion as feitiom opra so dtiocfairib tar n-air, anoir as cur na píopa ion a béal, 7 arís as a baint ar, 7 arís eile as fátab a lúirín innti d'feucaint a raib motáil an ceair imtísíte airi. 'Nuair do cuair fuil tar feiteamantar aise, do léim ré féin tar éirise irteac; reo as cuartaic é anonn 'r anall, 7 bíor ar a fúilib le fagaric cun fagbála, dá mb'féirib. Do bí raic ion áiríom air fá ceann tamail—fuair ré b'rob cuibeardac reamair, 7 do fácuig i seró na píopa é so tapair. Annran éus ré foza faoi n-a tarrmac, acé d'fan an b'rob mar a bí, 7 ní corpóeab ar a lúiríacair. Do tréall ré an ac-uair, acé b'é an rgeal céadna é. I ndeiríob rraacta do, b'ur an tráitín so cailte air, iric i seró na píopa. Do léim ré i n-a éoir buile tar éirise, ní raib fulas (=fulang) na foirne aise, 7 do cáit an duir fad a urcair amac annran múir móir. Ní raib méam ar donneac le heagla b'ruighe, mar do bí toza an eolair aca so léir ar Dóinnall, 7 cad é an fagar b'ead é, 'nuair do beirdeab ré amuis leir féin. D' fan na daoine so léir i n-a fuir do

again, and a spark of the red flame jumps into his breast, for the front of his shirt was open, and it burns him immediately. He kept his hold on the coal though. He bruises the flame down into the mouth of the pipe, and draws, draws, draws, in a manner that soon smoke was rising blue and glorious in wreaths above his head.

Now was he perfectly happy. All the people sat looking at the seaweed rocking right before them, while it was coming in fast. Donal was smoking his pipe, and nobody interfering with him. But it was not long till his pipe grew sulky; he pulled it, of course, as best he could, but it would not be worth your while to look at the little dying fume that was coming out of it. He then put a long neck on himself, the lower lip all but adhered to his upper lip through the strain of pulling, but his work was to no purpose.

“Let someone get a ‘*cleaner*’ for me—for God’s sake, let him!” says he, and he applied himself more earnestly to pulling, but instead of taking the dirt out of the hole of the pipe, he was only fastening it in it—unwittingly, of course. At last, when he found success separated from his labour, and that he was failing, though energetically he set about it, he took the *diuid* out of his mouth, and called furiously to somebody to fetch him a ‘*cleaner*.’ Three or four boys went to a field that was full of *trahneens*, but it was a good distance from him. He remained behind waiting till they should come back, now putting the pipe in his mouth, again taking it out, and again thrusting his little finger into it to ascertain whether the feeling of heat had left it. When at length he could bear this waiting no longer, he himself jumped in over a fence, he commences searching hither and thither, and his eyes blazing through madness for finding, if possible. Luck was his in a little while. He got a pretty thick *brobh* and shoved it quickly into the tube of the pipe. He then tried to pull it back, but the *brobh* remained as it was, and would not move from its place. He tried again, but it was the very same as before. In the end of the pulling, the *trahneen* meanly broke *on him* inside in the tube of the pipe. He jumped out over the fence blazing mad; he could not keep his passion in check, and he threw the *diuid* as far as he could cast it into the great sea. There was not a tittle out of anybody for fear of a quarrel, for they all knew Donal full well, and what manner of man he was when he would happen to be ill at ease within himself.

ceann fealaio, 7 ar an bpead ro bí an múr as dhuirim leir an tcráig go bog rit. Táinig don tonn amháin, i ndeir oð na dála, do líon an cuan ruar go baic le múr ríochógas fáda dearg. Do bpead Dóinnall i n-a coilg-fearam 7 do éit é féin ar a shuga anuar ar éarn do'n múr 7 do bí as a réitíoc le fuirre, 'nuair reo irtead tonn eile, do éuaib lea'rtuar de 7 pul ra feud reirion cuimneam ar don-níð (acé ar an múr) do feuaib ar léi amac é ioir fut fead. Do béic 7 do ríreud ar² éobair, ícét ní raib breir deadaib ar donne'—níð náir b'iongnad—out b'riántar a cailte éun eirion do fáorað.

“Cuirmír iarraib ar céir ruar go cig Dúarmuda léit,” arfa Riaraí Raor.

“Deiread re báitte pul a ríoiéirde lea'rtuige ruar,” arfa Raoruis Dúide.

“Cuir an raicín amac 7 b'feud go nreamócað ré é,” arfa Míceál ós.

Le n-a linn rin do luig an báitteacáin 7 do glaoib i n-áru a éinn 'ra suca as iarraib cábra, as ráð, “Ar ron Dé 7 raor mé! raor mé! a daoine, raor mé! ó a Dia, táim báitte! raor mé, raor mé órá!” Níor rtað ré do beit as callairíocét mar rin, mar do bí uédaé maic aige.

“Rağao 7 rnámpao amac éuige,” arfa Dúarmuid Mac Amílaob.

“Ná teigris,” arfa na daoine go léir i n-don béal.

“Rağao,” ar reirion. “Ní deiread a tuillead as feudaint air annran amuis, as rağbáil báir ar ár ríocháir.”

Rug Míceál Meata ruar ar brollac a léinead 7 dubairt, “Máire, go deimín ní rağair, ir fáda ruar go ríuimneócainn ar tú liogaint amac éuige.”

“Dóg díom,” arfa Dúarmuid, “bog do ríeim díom.”

“Ní bograð,” arfa Míceál Meata, “ní beag a bfuil cailte 7 fain-re irtig.” Díreac donn do béic Dóinnall de caoirreud amuis. “Ní'í donne' cailte fóir,” arfa Dúarmuid. “Dóg díom, a deirim leac, bog díom;” acé ní bograð. Do rírac reirion é féin uað 7 do éit de a cuir éadaig 7 do léim irtead 'ran múir 7 'ran múir; do ríráim amac éun Dóinnall do bí beag nac tabarca 7 do rírac irtead leir é ar éuma éigin go tci an tcráig. Tuic Dóinnall i laige 'mar ar go tcráic ar an tcalam tírim 7 o' fan innti go ceann i bpað. Nuair táinig ré éuige féin, dubairt duine éigin leir ríur éairt do dúireadár do breit le Dia i tcaob náir bácað é.

All the people remained sitting for some time, and during that time the seaweed was drawing near the strand slowly and gradually. One wave came at long-last which filled the harbour up to the brim with branchy, long, red seaweed. Donal jumped to his feet, and flung himself on his hunkers down on a heap of seaweed, and was freeing it in a great fuss, when in comes another wave which went above him, and before he could think of anything (except the seaweed) it swept him clear out. He screamed and shrieked for help, but there wasn't too much haste on anybody—a thing not to be wondered at—to go at the peril of his life in order to save him.

“Let us send up for a rope to Dermot Liath's,” said Pierce Power.

“He would be drowned before one would reach half-way up,” says Paddy Buidhe.

“Put out the rake, and perhaps he would catch on to it,” says Mick Oge.

Just then, the drowning man screeched and called with erect head, and at the highest pitch of his voice, imploring aid, saying, “For God's sake and save me! save me! O men, save me! O God, I am drowned! save me, save me, oroo!” He never stopped but calling thus, as loud as he could, for he was long-winded.

“I'll go and swim out to him him,” says Dermot MacAuliffe.

“Don't,” said all the people in one voice.

“I will,” said he. “I won't be any longer looking at him there outside, dying before our very eyes.”

Meehawl Meata seized him by the bosom of his shirt, and said, “Wisha faith you won't. It is long, indeed, till I'd think of letting you out to him.”

“Let me go,” says Dermot MacAuliffe; “loose your hold of me.”

“I won't,” says Meehawl Meata; “there is enough lost, and let you stay inside.” Just then Donal screamed with a shrill shriek outside. “There's nobody lost yet,” says Dermot; “let me go, I tell you, let me go,” but he wouldn't. He tore himself from him, divested himself of his clothes, and jumped into the sea and into the seaweed, swam out to Donal, who was nearly exhausted, and dragged him with him, some way or other, to the beach. Donal fell into a faint just as he reached the dry ground, and remained in it a long time. When he came to himself, somebody said to him that he ought to

“Ná bí im bódrao,” ar reirion; “má táim rábálta, ní ar Óia a buirdeacar, mar ní móir do bí ré im cáram; o’fásrao annran amuis mé go mberdinn báitte, múcta, 7 ir beas an gearrahuaid do cuirfeao ré ar aileir, seallaim-re duic; áct beirdeao buirdeao do Óiarraio MacAmhaioib, an fear glan glánta, cuair 1 n-einead a cáilte cun mé raoraó. A! a duine, má táim rábálta,

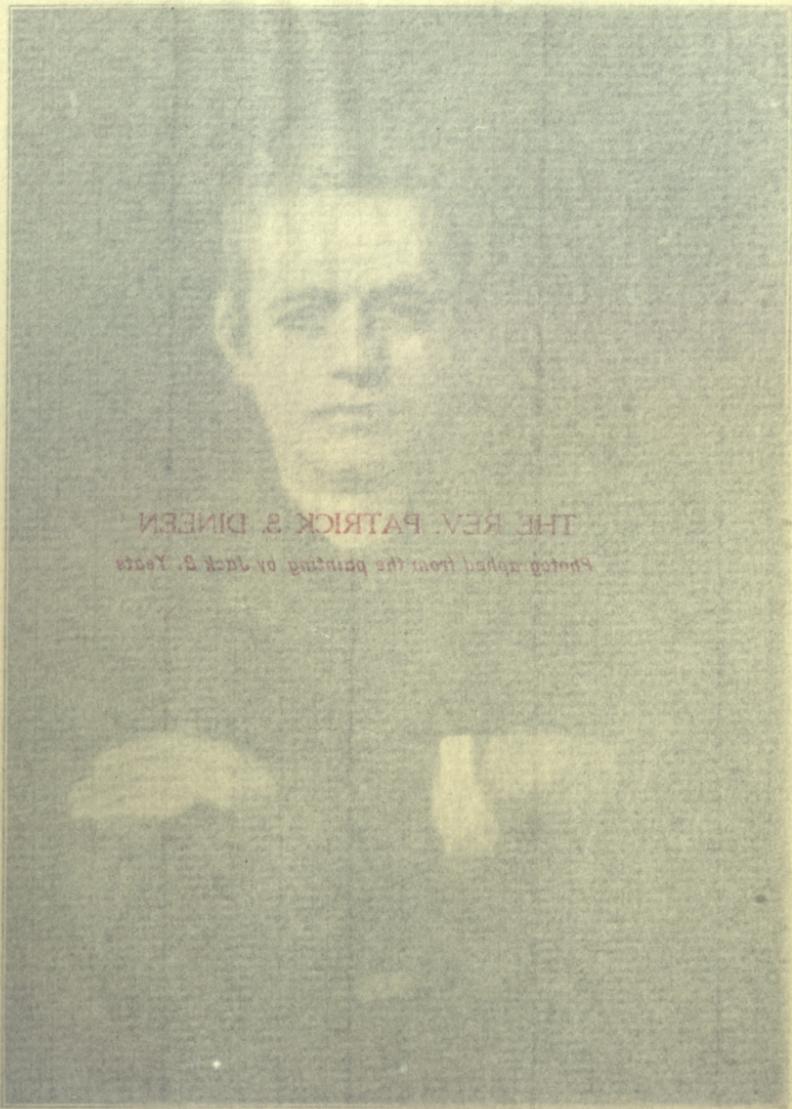
Ní ar Óia a buirdeacar!”

SEATRÚN CÉITINN.

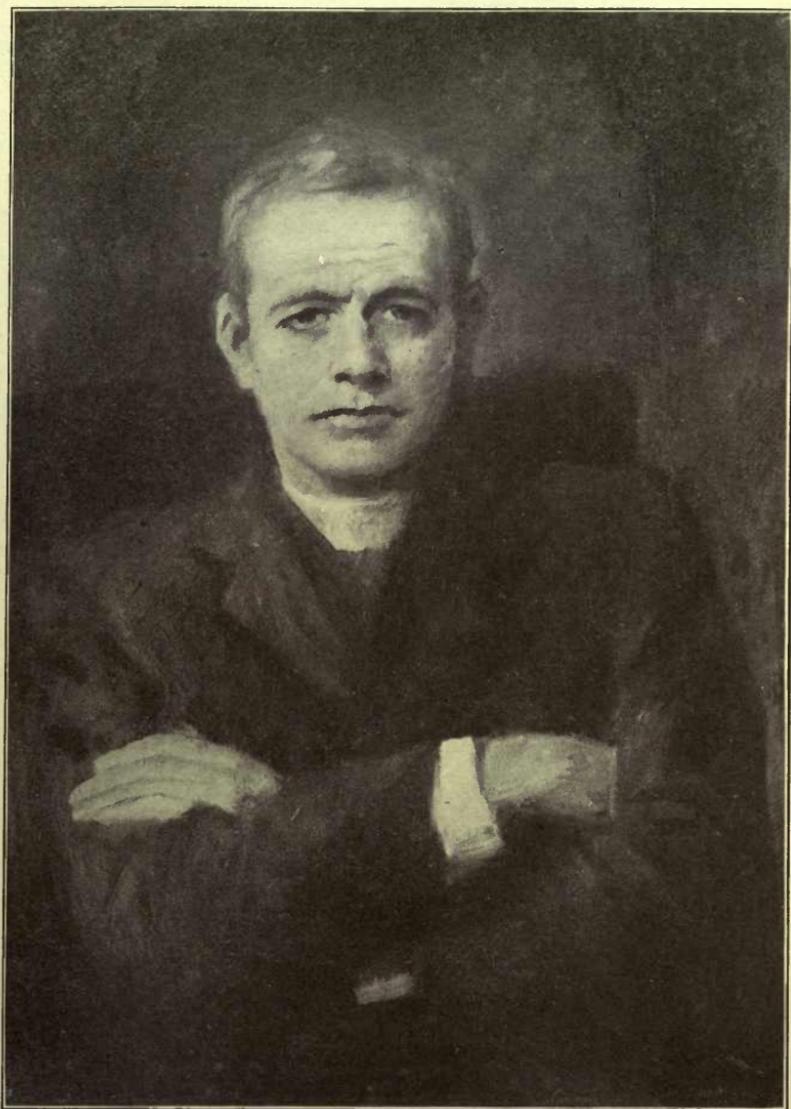
[Leir an Acair O Duinnin.]

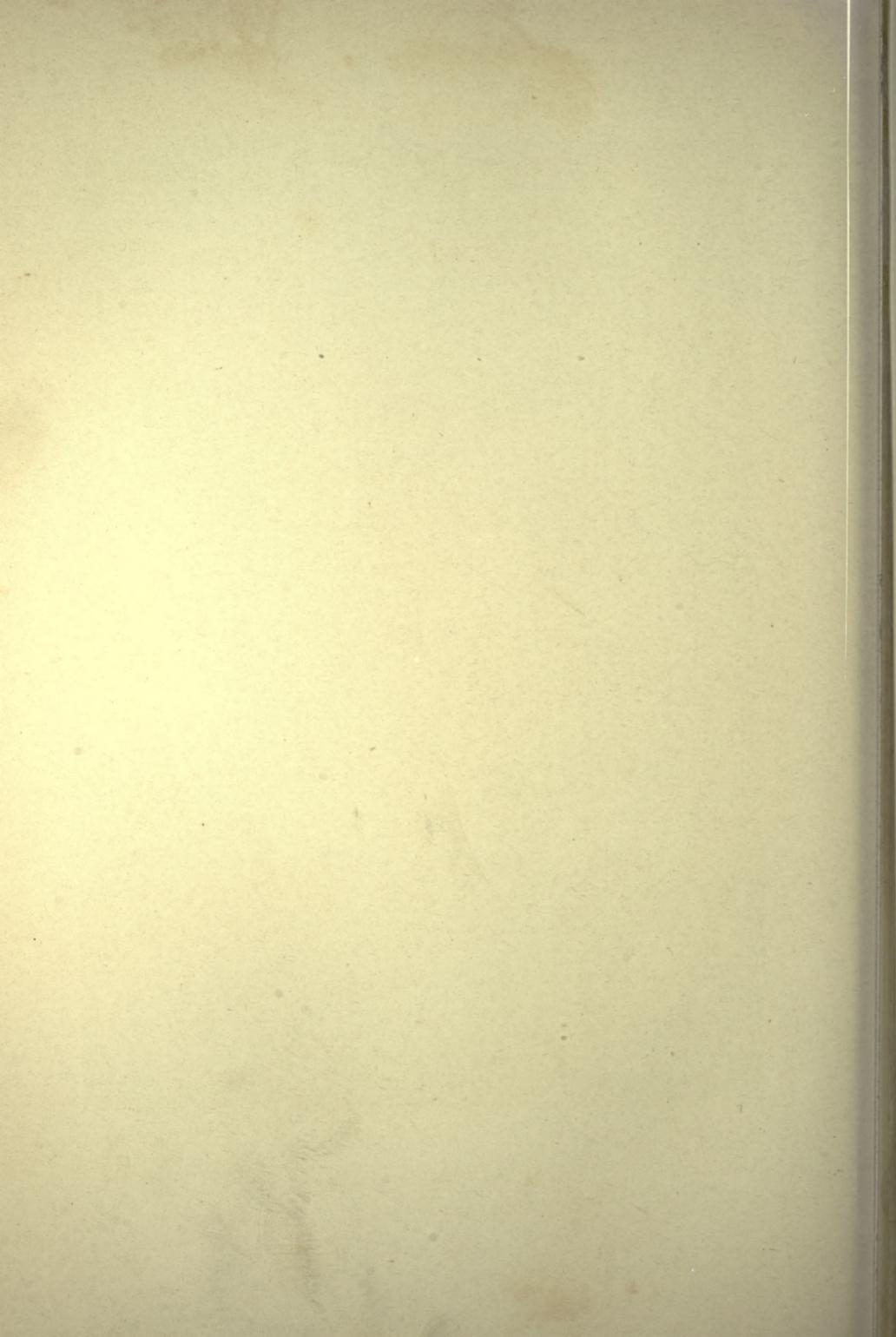
Ní’l don ugoar do rinne an oirdeo le Céitinn cum léigeann ir licuigeact do congáil beo i mearf na ndaoineao, go móir-móir daoine leata moga. Níor b’ead sup reiriob Seatrún reanar nó-beact, nó-cinnce, áct sup cuir ré le céile 1 n-don bolg amáin na tuairisioe do bí le fagbáil ar éirinn inr na reanleabraisb. Ní raib tuairis eile le fagbáil com veap, com fuinnce ir do leat ré ar fuair na tíre. Ní raib doinne ’n-a rcoláire fožanta ná raib eolar aise ar rtair Céitinn, ir ní raib críocnužao véanta ar rcoláire 1 rcoil go mbeao macraimail véanta aise do’n “b’fopar feara.” 1 mearf na ocauacá rimplíde ní leompaó doinne amhar do cup ar an gcunntar tužann Céitinn ar žabáil na héireann le paritolan, ir leir an gcuir eile do’n treib rin tar lear. Ní leompaó doinne réanaó sup créim-eao žaedeal žlar le nacar nime, ir sup cnearuiz Maoir a cneao ’ran éisirt le fearraib Dé. Bíodar na daoine realbuizte o’fírinne na ržéal rain, ir bí a n-ur-móir ’n-a mbéal aca, ir ní raib oán ná laoió žan tagairt éisín doir na móir-žairisioib ar ar tráct Céitinn. Ir doiz linn muna mbeao sup ržriobao an “fopar feara” ná beao cuimne na rean-aimrize, ná ainmeada na rean-flair, ná éacta na leoman leat com abair 1 n-aizneao na ndaoineao ir bíodar leit-céao bliadán ó foim.

Ir fíor, go veimín, go raib na neite reo 1 leabrais eile ar ar tós Seatrún iao, áct ní’l ur-móir doir na leabrais reo le fagbáil 1 noiu. Do cáilleamar iao, ir tá an “fopar feara” ’n-ar mearf, žan focal, žan licir aš teartabáil uair. Tamail ó foim ir ar éisín do bí duine uafal 1 žCúizeao Mumán ná raib a macraimail do’n “fopar feara” go ceanaimail 1 žcoiméao aise. Bí



THE REV. PATRICK & DINEEN
Photographed from the painting by Jack B. Yeats





return thanks to God since he was not drowned. "Don't be bothering me," says he; "if I am saved, God is not to be thanked for it, for 't isn't much He was in my care; He would leave me there outside till I'd be drowned and suffocated, and it is little it would affect Him, I assure you; but I will be thankful to Dermot MacAuliffe, the good, decent man, who in the face of his being lost went to save me. Why, man alive, if I am saved,

God is not to be thanked for it!"

GEOFFREY KEATING.

Extract from "Irish Prose," by Rev. PATRICK S. DINEEN.

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

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time

ré aς na daoineib bocta com maic leir na huairib. Ir cuimhin linn féin figeadóir boct do maic i nIarláir Ciarráide, náir móir i rteannta dóctáin na hoirdé do bí 'n-a feild, do tairbeáin dom a macraimail do Céitinn go ceanamáil, carra i linn-éadad, ir zan dul aς páirte bpeit aic, ná díogbáil ar bit do déanam dó. Da zeall le leabair naomta é ar a meap, ir níor díomáoin do bí an leabair rain, maic ir blarta cruinn do bí tuairpiz ar zac leatánad de i zceann an figeadóra, aςur ba deacair áiteam aic go raib focal áct fírinne 'ran méio do rgríob Céitinn ar fenniuir fearrao, ar pártolan, ir an cúro eile aca. Tá cuimne Céitinn fóir i meapz daoinead náir léiz, ir ná feacaib maic a cúro raotair. Ir díoz leir a lán go raib dhaoidéadct éigin ar an nduine, nó zur ó neam do táinig ré cum cunnair ar fean do tabairt dúinn. Ní móir an t-iongnad zur éreio na daoine náir duine daonna Seatrún. Do tpeib zallta do b'ead é, áct 'n-a diaib rin bí ré uir *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. Catoilicéad ó éroideiamac, Sagar, Doctúir Diaadta do b'ead é. fear léizeannta i lairín ir leabair na n-áitpead do b'ead é, ir áit ré a lán dá faozal 'ran bfrainc: áct 'nuair o'fíll ré a baile tuz ré é féin ruar ar rad o'obair na heazlaire le díozrair iongantais zur cuiread ruazairt peata aic, ir zur b'éizean dó dul i brolac i zcumair doib i ngleann eatarlac. Ir é an ruo ir iongantais i mbeadair Seatrún go bpuair ré uair ir caoi ar na leabair do tearcuiz uair i zcúir a feancair, do bailuzad an fair do bí rán ir ruazairt aic. Do fiubail ré go Connactair ir go Doire, áct ní móir do meap do bí aς fearaib ulad ná aς Connactair aic. I zcúinn tpeí nó ceatair do bliadantair bí an "fopur feara" go léir curta i zceann a céile aige (1631). Do rgríob ré fóir dá leabair diaá, "Eocair Sgiat an Airrinn," aςur "Tpeí Bioir-zaoite an Báir."

Dála an "fopair feara," cornuizeann ré ó'n bfríortorac, ir tazann anuar go 1200. Tá ré lán do fean-rannair i n-a mbailiztear ainmeada na otreab do táinig go héirinn, ir i n-a zcuirtear le céile na héadta do bain leo. Tá a bpuil i bprór de, leir, annro ir annró múcta le ainmeadair taoipead ir flait ir a zcraob zmeadal. Níor ceap Seatrún don nio ó n-a meabair féin; zac a otagann ré dúinn—na rzealta, na heactraide, na zabá-lair, na héadta ar muir ir ar tpeí—ruair ré iao go léir i feanleabair do bí fá meap aς ollamhair ir fáirib. Ní rinne ré áct iao do cup le céile ir o'adontuzad. Dá mbead ré aς áit-rgríobad na neitead rin i noiu, aςur a aignead lán do léizeann na haimpíre reo, ní'l dearmad ná go zcuirpead ré a lán díob i leat-taib, do bpeiz ná baimeann raio le fíir-feancair. áct do

back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry, who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity, a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

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

reíob ré an “Fóruir Feara” tá geall le trí céad bliadan ó roin, agus ní miongnadh ná raiob an oiread raim amhair i ucaoid fírinne na n-éadct ro an trád raim. Agus ip mar an gcéadna atá an rgeal ag tíorctaid eile: Tá a lán éadct ip eadctra i reancap na Rómá do éreio na Románais go miomlán i n-aimpírí Dírsgil ip Oibíro—ná fuil ionnta adt úir rgealta na bfeilead. Ar an nór gcéadna ní géilleann don rgeoláire anoir d’éadctaid Henzirt ip Noíra agus dá leitéoidí d’éadctaidí i reancap na Dreataine:

Adt ’n-a díad rín, ní ceart a dearmad go mbíonn bunadap fírinne ip na rgealtaid reo do gnat. Níor cúm na filíde rgeal ar uáir gan deallraim éigin do veit air—*neq fingunt omnia Cretae*—cuid go gcuirtear leir i mí na mbliadan, i ucreo ná haitneodáide é fá deiread. U’olc an bail ar tír ná veit úir-rgealta do’n trágap raim cquinnigte ip meargta trío a cuio reancap. Da cómaráta é ná raiob file ná fáid le rínreapaid i mearg a daoinead, ip náir móir aca a cáil ná a glóir.

Ip álainn an díon-bhollac a cuireann Seatrún le n-a “Fóruir Feara.” O teadct an dapa Henrí anall eugainn ip noime, níor gab ror ná ruaimnear na hugdair Sagrannais adt ag cur ríor bréaga ip rgealta aítire ar ar noúctar. Gíorrioí de Darrá, Stanhuprt, Camden, Hanmer, ip an tread raim uile—ní raiob uata adt rínn do cur fá cóir ar uáir, ip ó teip rín oíra, rínn do marluíad i rárctaid fallra. Agus tar éir ar bfeapann do baint dínn, da bréaguirge ip da tarcairnge do bíodar ’ná ruaim. Do tug Seatrún fúta ’ran díon-bhollac le fuinneam ip le feirg. Do rtoil ré ar a céile an ráiméir marluigtead do cur an Darrac ’n-a leabair, níor fáir ré puinn do Stanhuprt gan réabad, ip trom é tuirraing a láime ar Camden ip ar Spenser. Go veimín ip geall le gairgídead móir éigin é—le Coin Cúlainn nó Aicill—a cuio airm gléarta ’n-a láim, éadac pláta ó mullac cinn go tríogctid air, ip é ag gabáil le díogair ip le dian-feirg ar na daoínid beaga ro do deapuirge éitead i goinnid a dúctair, ip do marluig a muinntear. Dá mbead ré ar marctean i noiu, tabarfad ré faodar bata dor na reancaidí atá anoir fá móir-meap, ar fíroude ip ar míac Amíloim, ip ar Hume.

Adoir ré ’n-a díon-bhollac:—

“Ní’l rcairíde dá rgríobann ar éirínn nac ag iarrad locta agus toibéime do tabairt do rean-íallaid agus do íadealaid bío; bíod a fíadnuire rín ar an teip do veir Cambrenrír, Spenser, Stanhuprt, Hanmer, Camden, Darríro, Morison, Dabir, Campion, agus íac nuad-íall eile dá rgríobann uirce ó

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

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

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Forus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia* with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits; heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

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

"There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not

foin amaó, ionnup supabé nór beagnaó an phriompolláin 'oo ghnó aS rSríobad ar Éireannaóab ip é 'oo ghnó cromaó ar béarab fo-óaoinead aSap cailleac mbeas n-úir-íreal ar 'otabairt maic-ghíom na n uapal i nbeapmaó, aSap an méio a baineap nup na rean-íaeóealaib 'oo bí aS áituaó an oileáin reo nua nSabáltair na rean-íail," 7c.

Ip minic a soiptear an hepooctur íaeóealac ar Seatrún; aSap ip veimín sup móp a bfuil 'oo cópmaileacó eacopca apoon. Tá caint Seatrún veap, rimpliúe, milip-bpuaóac, map caint "Átar an tSeanóair." Séanaio apoon baot-foail, neam-bpíogmaia, neam-íairómeamla, acó 'n-a n-ionao acá fuinneam ip tacaó i nSac líne dá rárcaib. Cuipio apoon ipceac na húir-rSéalta baineap le n-a veip, ían amrap 'oo cúp ar a bfuinne. B'é hepooctur an céao rárpuúe 'oo cúp reanáar na nSreígeac i n-easap ip i ícpuinneap, aSap oioó sup b'paoa 'n-a óiaio 'oo rSríob ré, b'é Céitinn an céao reanáaire o'ópuaig ip 'oo ceapuaig i rlaó, ip i n-easap reanáar na nÍaeóeal: 'Oo bain na riliúe—na Sreíuig ip na Románaig—a lán ar rárcaib hepooctur, aSap 'ran ícuma íeáona eus Céitinn innveap a noóain oop na riliúib íaeóealaca, o'áoasán Ua Rataille, 'oo Séasán Clápac Mac Domháil, ip o'eoígan Ruao. Acó ní íeicimio oioígar i 'otaoó na rípinne, ná íearí eum namao a típe ar an nSreígeac: Bíonn ré ciuin, pocair, íeim i ícomnuúe i meapí rára ip úir-rSéil, *et quidquid Graecia mendax audet in historiis*, acó ní léigreao an íaeóealac íuainne 'oo ceap ná 'oo cáil a típe le n-a veapí namao.

Obair léigeanca, 'oimín ip eao "Tí Bíoip-íaoite an Báip," lán 'oo ímuaintib óiaó ip 'oo máctnam íairómeamla i ar an beaóao óaonna, ip ar a ópíoc. Ip ioníantac ar eóí ré ar rean-uóapab ip ar oibpacaib na naom, aSap ip blaíca tá an obair ar íao poimnte i leabpab aSap i n-alcab. Acó ip epom, laioineamail an caint acá ann ó túip ío veipeao, bíoó ío bfuil íí laíca íuar anpío ip anpíúo le íSéal beas íreannmaí map an eacópa íain ar "Mac Reccan."

Obair an-léigeanca i noiaóacó ip i nópanab na heaglaíre ip eao "Eoóair Sgíac an Áirpinn." Ní léip oúinn aon uóap eite cúppear an oipeao íain 'oo túaipííí ar neitib baineap léip an Áirpeann, com beacó, com cinnce íin i leabap dá méio. Acó 'n-a teannta íain, tá an caint com rimpliúe, com íreannta, com binn, com bpíogmaí íain, ían baot-foail ná íairótib capca sup íupapíre o'aoimneac é léigreao sup i noiu.

endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle . . . This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting the illustrious actions of the nobility and everything relating to old Irish who were the inhabitants of this island before the English invasion."

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

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with astonishing fulness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

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

Ó amhrán Céitinn anuar níor rgníobhad a lán do phór buna-
 dharac. Do cuirtead ádhar eadctiarde le déile agus rgealta ar
 gníomarcaib acac, agus ní mór 'n-a tceannta rain. Do luig-
 eadar na nughair gaebealaca ar ranna do mairgailt, ir ba
 mílir, doibinn a fcuir dán ir amrán.

Soir nó riar ir fearr an baile—An Cneamhaise.

(Le h-úna ni fairceallais.)

Ní raib an rinnceoirceact i bpad ar riubal nuair fleannuig an
 Cneamhaise amac uata a gan-fior dób.

Suar an carán leir ag déanam ar taoib na n-aillceac do'n
 oileán. Thiomáin pé air go tci go raib pé ar bair na tulca.
 Do rtao pé anhrin. Sé gur tpean láirir an fearr é, do bí an
 doir ag ceannad go daingean air, 7 níor mírde dó a rgit do
 leigean.

Óní an gealac go háro 'ra rpeir, agus do b'féirir an t-oileán
 agus an fairrige d'feicrin go slan foiléir.

Do b'áluinn ciúin an t-amharc do bí or a comair amac, acé
 irciú 7 gcoirde an tpean-fir do bí anpad ar riubal. D'amlaib
 náir airis pé a com deap ir do faimuis an domán i n-a timcioll.
 Ní raib a fior acé ag Dia amáin cao do bí 'sá fuatao.

Chraic pé a lámá or cionn a éinn, agus adubairc or áro :

“Liom féin ir ead é! Liom-ra amáin! Ní fuil éan-baint ag
 duine ar bit eile leir. D'iocar go maic ar—go dian-maic!”

Ar aghair leir air ag riubal agus ag rir-riubal, tpeac ir dá
 mbéad 'n-a aighead rtoirim a éirde do lagougar ar an nóir
 roin.

Níor b'páda dó ag imceact mar rin go tci go raib pé i ngar
 do na haitlceacaib.

Anhrin do rtao pé go hobann, mar ba dóbis leir go gcuaird
 pé gac duine éigin. Chuir pé cluar le héirceact air féin, agus
 do b'amlaib d'eir agad d'amhrin go raib pé cinnce 'n-a taoib.
 Gac mná ag caoi do b'ead é, gan gó.

Ar mbreacnuagar dó ar an áro ar a tóainis an fuaim, ba léir
 dó, rgeatam beag uair, duine éigean leagca leir an gclairde.

Óhruid pé leir an áit, agus d'airis pé gan móill gur b'i Máire
 bhán do bí ann roime.

Ní raib a fior aici duine ná daonraide do beic i n-a haice,
 agus do ppeab rí le neairt rgeóin nuair do leag pé a lám ar a
 ceann.

expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

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

EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST.

FROM "AN CNEAMHAIRE."

By UNA NI FHAIRCHEALLAIGH.

(Miss Agnes O'Farrelly.)

THE dancing had not long begun when the Cneamhaire slipped out unnoticed.

Up the path he went towards the cliff side of the island. Still onwards until he was on the top of the height. He paused there. Though a strong, stout man, age was pressing on him, and he had, perforce, to rest.

The moon was high in the sky, and the island and the sea could be plainly seen. The scene before him was beautiful and calm, but within the heart of the old man a storm was raging. Thus it was he did not notice how beautiful the world seemed about him. God only knew what was oppressing him.

He waved his arms above his head and spoke aloud:

"It is my own! Mine alone! Nobody else has any claim to it. I paid well for it—right well."

On he went again, walking, ever walking, just as if he had it in his mind thus to subdue the storm in his heart.

He was not long walking at that rate until he drew near to the cliffs.

Then he stopped suddenly, for he thought he heard somebody's voice. He set himself to listen, and after a short space of time he was certain of it. The voice of a woman crying, that it was, without doubt.

When he looked towards the place whence the sound came he saw clearly somebody leaning against the fence.

He drew near, and perceived at once that it was Máire Bhán who was there before him.

“ Ná corruis, a leanab. Ná bíod faicéar ort, éor ar bit ! ”

Ní dubhairt Máire focal, agus reo ar aghaid é le n-a cúro cáinte.

“ Ní ceart duit, a Mháire, a ríóir, beir amuis i n-donraic 7 an oíche atá ann. Tá an comluadar as fúineáct leat 'ra scir-din.”

Ní mearrad éinneac sup b'é an Cneamáire do bí as caint.

“ Ué! a Sheamair! an tura atá ann? Ná bac liom! Cait-fíó mé leigint dom' cúro bhrón. Déad níor fearr dá bárr i sceann tamail.”

“ Aét dubhadar liom, a Mháire, sup tú féin ar cionntac leir an turar 7 an airdear reo. Tuise nac bfanpá as do mátair 'ra mbaile 7 as beadar fáda!”

“ Tuise, a n-ead? tá fáct go leór leir, muir, aét cia an maic beir as caint anoir?” Ar an toirt, do fil na deóra léici 7 érom rí ar gúl²airí.

Níor cúir an Cneamáire irteac uirri an fáro do lean rí ar beir as caoi, aét nuair d'éirig rí níor ciúine ar ball d'fíarrfuis ré dí cia an fáct dí beir as imteac ar éireann.

“ Ná ceil orm éin-ceó do'n fíunne” ar' reirean ra deóro. “ Cao faoi ndeara go bfuil tú as imteac uainn?”

“ Do bhuig go bfuil earbard airgíó orm” ar' an cailín boét.

“ An t-airgead! an t-airgead!” ar' an Cneamáire go neam-fóigheac, “ 'S é an rgeal céadna é i scoinnairde; aét bíod 'fíor asat, a cailín, go bfuil a lán iudaí 'ra domhan níor fearr i bfad 'ná an t-airgead féin.”

Ní eus Máire fheadra ar bit air, do bí an oiread roin iongan-tair uirri.

“ Nac bfuil beadar asat!” ar' reirean “ agus nac leór duit é rin?”

“ Tá—beadar—asam; ir fíor duit²é, “ arra Máire i ndeir-ead na dálad, “ aét—ní tuigim tú. Nac bfuil dúil asat féin 'ran airgead? Gabaim párdún asat, a Sheamair; ní 'gá carad leat atáim, éor ar bit.”

“ Ní fuil focal bheige ann, a ingean ó. Ir móir i mo dúil 'ran airgead le leat-céad bliadan, aét ní raib an rgeal mar rin asam riam. Dhí lá eile asam Dhí mé óg 7 bíor i ngrád com maic leat-ra, 7 b'féidir níor doimne 'ná mar atáir-re. Dhíor boét, 7 bí ríre boét, ffeirín. D'fágbar mo céad rlan aici 7 do baili-gear liom go hAimeiriocá le carnán airgíó do cup ar muin a céile 7 le bean uaral do déanam dom' rpeir-bean. D'imtígear liom ríar sup fíroicéar lartar na Stát nDoncuigte. Chaitéar poinné bliadanta ann 7 d'éirig an raogal liom go zeal. Ir

She did not know that there was man or mortal near her, and she started in affright when he laid his hand on her head:

“Do not stir, child. Don't be the least afraid.”

Máire did not say a word, and he proceeded:

“It is not right for you, Máire a stóir, to be out alone this night. The company are watching for you in the kitchen.”

Nobody would think it was the Cneamhaire who was talking.

“Och! Séamas! Is it you that is in it? Don't mind me! I must give way to my sorrow. I shall be the better of it after a little.”

“But they told me, Máire, that it is you yourself are accountable for this journey. Why would you not stay at home with your mother and with Peadar Fada?”

“Why is it? There is plenty of reason for it; but what is the use of talking now?” Her tears fell on the moment and she began to cry again.

The Cneamhaire did not disturb her whilst she wept, but when she grew calmer by-and-by, he asked her why she was leaving Ireland.

“Don't conceal one scrap of the truth from me,” he said at last. “What is the cause of your leaving us?”

“Because I am in want of money,” said the poor girl.

“Money! money!” said the Cneamhaire impatiently. “The same story always; but know, girl, that there are plenty of things in the world better far even than money.”

Máire was so surprised that she did not answer him.

“Have you not Peadar,” he said, “and is not that enough for you?”

“I have—Peadar—it is true for you,” said Máire at long last; “but—I don't understand you. Don't you yourself care for money? Forgive me, Séamus; it is not upraising you with it I am at all.”

“There is not a word of lie in it, girl. I have been eager for money for the past fifty years; but it was not so with me always. I was once otherwise. I was young, and I was in love as well as you. I was poor, and she was poor also. I bade her a long farewell, and I took myself off to America to put some money together, and to make my sweetheart a lady. I moved on till I reached the west of the United States. I spent some years there, and the world throve with me. I used seldom get a letter from Ireland, except, now and again, a couple of words from her, to say she was well, or the like of that.

Once, a year went by, and never a word from her. I could

annam a geibinn leictir ó Éirinn aét amáin cúpla focal anoir 7 arís uairtí-pean 'gá ráð go raib sí go maic, ašur a leicéirí rin.

“Don uair amáin éuair bliadain tarainn 7 gan focal ašam uairtí. Níor b'féidir liom a fulang beic gan tuairis uirri, 7 ó tárla an t-am rin go raib roinnt maic airisio i dtairisio ašam, tús mé ašair ar an mbaile arís. Óc? mo léan gáir ír mo lomad luain! ní raib roimam aét a huais. 'San uais céadna cuirpead na comurraim uilg nac móir, bliadain na gorta. Sáit-eaó irpeac le céile iao i n-éan-poll amáin.

“Ó a Dha na nšárta! i aš fašbáil báir leir an ocrar ar taoib an bótar 7 mire i b'rao uairtí 7 gan rmeáróro eolair ašam ar a cár! Síre gan ruo le cur i n-a béal aici 7 mire tall i n-aimeriocá, mo póca lán go béal d'airgead.”

Do fámluis éadon an t'fean-fir go mílteac fa folar na géal-aiše. D'iompuis ré uairtí beašán 7 érom ré ar amáic amac tar an b'airisge ó tuairó:

Dhí a fíor aš Máire go raib ré aš déanam maranta ar uais móir bliadna na gortan tuar i gCondae Mhuigeó 7 níor leis sí focal ar lár. Í n-a leabairó rin, ír amláir go ruš sí ar láim air. D'airis sí fuar gan b'is gan fuinneam í:

Dhí an cailín aš bailleir aét ní fuacé na hoirdé fa n'eara é. Níor b'é an Cneamáire do bí or a comair aét taróbre d'éirig cuici ar laeteanntaib a oige.

“A Shéamair boicé! a Shéamair boicé!” ar' ríre or íreal. Níor cuir an fean-fear éan-t'ruim innti, aét d'fan ré aš amáic amac do taoib an Dha Dheinn Déas gan corraige ar.

Dhíodar mar rin ar fead tamail maic aimríre.

“D'féidir gurab é an fáé go b'fuit dúil ašam 'ran airgead,” ar' an Cneamáire fa veirpead, “gur iocar com daor rin .r. Bíonn an t-airgead mar fuit or comair mo dá fúil—go veairš, go veairš i gcomhairde. Ír mar rin a éim-re é.”

Do érom Máire a ceann fíor 7 póg sí a láim. D'airis Séamair veoir aš tuicim léici.

Dhíodar arson i n-a doort go ceann tamail.

“Ní imteóga ar an oileán, cor ar bíc,” ar'ra Máire go haibíó.

“Ní imteóga tú, an n-eaó? An é rin a n-abrann tú? aét an dtuigeann tú 'n-a ceair méad na boctanaéca a veair aš goill-eaó ort anrepe, má fanair?”

“Ní fúil duine 'ra domán a tuigeannr níor fearr 'ná mire com t'rom 7 a bíonnr an ganntar 7 an boctanaéca aš gabáil do múinntir árann—aét 'n-a diairó rin féin fanrao 'ra mbaile i n-ainm Dé.”

not bear to be without tidings of her, and since it happened, that time, that I had a good deal of money saved, I faced for home. Och! my sharp sorrow and my lasting woe! I found only her grave before me. In the same grave nearly all the neighbours were buried, the famine year. They were all cast into the one hole."

"Oh! God of Grace! she dying with hunger by the side of the road, and I far from her, without a gleam of knowledge as to her state! She without anything to put in her mouth, and I beyond in America, my pocket chock-full with money!"

The face of the old man looked wan in the light of the moon. He turned from her a little and gazed out over the sea to the north.

Máire knew that he was thinking deeply of the big grave of the famine year up in County Mayo, and she never let slip a word. Instead, she took hold of his hand. She felt it cold and nerveless and clammy.

The girl was trembling, but not from the coldness of the night. It was not the Cneamhaire who was before her, but a ghost which came to her from the days of his youth.

"Poor Séamas! poor Séamas!" she said softly. The old man did not heed her, but continued to look towards the Twelve Pins without ever stirring.

Thus they remained for a long while.

"Perhaps the reason I have such a desire for money," said the Cneamhaire at last, "is because I paid for it so dearly. Money is like blood before my two eyes—red, red, always. That is how I see it."

Máire bent her head and kissed his hand. Séamas felt a tear falling from her.

They were both silent for a time.

"I shall not leave the island at all," said Máire hastily.

"You will not go, is it, Is that what you say? But do you rightly understand the greatness of the poverty that will weigh on you if you stay?"

"There is no one in the world understands better than I do how heavy want and poverty lie on the people of Aran; but, even so, I shall stay at home, with the help of God."

"It is well," said the Cneamhaire.

* * * * *

The next morning the island folk went eastwards, one by

“Tá go maí, ” arí’ an Cneamáire.”

* * * * *

Ar maidin lá ar n-a báraó éuaóðar muinntear an oileáin i ndiaó a céile roir go uí an fánán: Uí na curaca i gcóir cum na gcailíní do bí le uol tar lear do bheit ar boró an long-gaile.

“Tuige go bfuil tura as caoineadó ? ” arfa beoðar fada nuair o’áruis Máire Uán a gúc cóm maí le cá. “Ír muir-ne a béar as caoineadó in do diaó.”

“Táim as caoineadó i ndiaó na gcailíní atá ar tí imteáct, uainn,” arfa Máire.

“An dá rírib atá tú, a Mháire ? ’Ar noó, ní ceart uuit beít as fonháro fúm inoiu 7 ualac ar mo éroide.”

“Ní as óeanam fonháro’ fút atáim, muir. Tá m’innctinn rocair asam ar fanacé leat, cibé boct raióðir tú, nó cibé an fáio a óairfimid beít as feíteam le n-a céile.”

Ní éreiofeadó beoðar a óluara féin.

“Ír as masadó fúm atá tú, tá mé as ceapadó.”

“Ní headó go deimín ! Ní óeanfainn a leitéro orí ar an doimán.”

“Cneioim tú anoir, muir. Acé ní tuigim an rgeál óor ar bí. Cao a tuig orí an t-ócarpuadó innctinn’ reo ? ”

“Airling a bí asam aréir, a pheoðar, nó bhuonglóro, mar óóearé. Shaoilear go raib tura ío’ fean-fean éroíra san fuinneam i do góasaid ná gíadó o’éinne’ i do éroide. Uí tú ío’ iarfaire cómpoatamail annro. Uí mire t’éir óimeiriocá, ólóca ríóda orí 7 hata gíearta go deap le ribiní asur a leité-éirí eile, airgeao mo óótaint im’ rparán asam 7 ’c uile óineál maoin’ im’ feib. Uíor-ra as gabáit ruar an bóirín i n-óice na roilig’ 7 mé as teacé a baile. Capadó dam annrín tú, acé níor óitín tú mé, óor ar bí.”

“Mire Máire Uán, óuibhar leat:

“Ní tú, ” arfa tura go feargac ; ‘ní tú go deimín. Uí Máire—mo Mháire re—i n-a caí n ós flacémar, asur cao mar gcaí orí-ra ? Sean-bean poatamail gíánóda tú atá córuigte mar féacóis i ngioblaóib ríóil. Ní tura Máire go deimín.’

“Ó’feacáir ríor i bpoil uirge a bí taoib liom 7 do b’é rin an óeao uair o’airgeap mé féin óoróda gíánóda ; bí an ceart asac.

“Ír mire Máire Uán, óuibhar arí.

“Ó’feacé tú orí annrín íoir an dá fúil 7 an fáo a bíor mar óon leat níor óós tú do fúile óiom.

“Ír amlaíó óoirí tú, ” arfa tura, ‘acé ní éreioim tú—ní tura an Mháire a ótuzar gíadó ví fáo ó. Thíor’ran roilig óo b’feairí

one, towards the slip. The curachs were ready to bring the girls who were going abroad on board the steamer.

"Why are you 'caoining'?" said Peadar Fada, when Máire Bhán raised her voice like the others. "It is we who shall be 'caoining' after you."

"I am 'caoining' for the girls who are about to leave us," said Máire.

"Are you serious, Máire? In troth, it is not right for you to make fun of me to-day and a load on my heart."

"It is not making fun of you I am, maiseadh. I have my mind made up to stay with you, whether you are rich or poor, or however long we must wait for each other."

Peadar would not believe his own ears.

"It is making fun of me you are, I am thinking."

"It is not indeed! I would not do the like on you for the world."

"I believe you now, indeed! But I don't understand the story a bit. What caused you this change of mind?"

"A vision I had last night, Peadar, or a dream, as you might say. I thought that you had become an old, contrary man, without energy in your limbs, or love to anyone in your heart. You were a comfortable fisherman here. I had come back from America. I had a silk cloak on me, and a hat beautifully decked with ribbons and such like things, with plenty of money in my purse and every kind of means in my possession. You were going up the lane near the graveyard when I was on my way home. I met you there, but you did not recognise me at all."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said. 'You are not,' you replied angrily; 'not you, indeed. Máire—my Máire—was a fine young girl; and what about you? A proud, ugly, old woman, titivated like a peacock in silken rags! You are not Máire Bhán indeed.'

"I looked down in a pool of water beside me, and that was the first time I noticed myself old and ugly. You were right."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said again.

"You looked at me then between the two eyes, and as long as I was with you you did not lift your eyes from me.

"'So you say, but I don't believe,' you said. 'You are not the Máire I loved long ago. Down in the graveyard yonder I would rather her to be than to resemble you now. I don't know you at all.' And saying that, you went off. I was

Uiom í 'beit' 'ná beit mar tuar anoir. Ní aicnigim tú éor ar bit.' Agus 'gá máó rin, ar go brát leat. Uíor fásca im' donarán go brónac. Sin í an bhionglóir a bí agam. Nac airt-eac é?"

"Ní fuil tú ro' fean-bean fóir, a níim! 'Do b'ághmarac an bhionglóir dom-ra í, cibé rgeal é. Agus, an n-abrann tú, a Mháire, gur bhionglóir a tuar ort fanact 'ra mbaile?"

Níor méar Máire gur ceart d'í rgeal an Chneamhaire d'innrinc an ceao aici uair. Mar rin adubairt rí:—

"É rin agus nuad eile."

"Dubdeacaf móir do 'Oha," arfa Peadar:

* * * * *

"Nac móir an t-iongantaf nac mbéiteá ag bráit le do díol mná 'fásbáil?" adubairt aitar pheadair leir cúpla lá i n-a diair rin. "Nac deaf daatamail an cailin í Máire Chatac, in-gean na baiteadbaige tair i gCionn an Uhaile?"

Chuir Peadar cluar le héirteac airt féin. 'Dá mba gur tuir an grian anuar ar an rpeir ní cuirfead ré níor mó iongantair airt

Ní raib ré i n-innim oirca le focal do máó.

"Tá ré i n-am do Cháit, rpeirin, cur fúit i n-aic d'í féin. Ní nacad beirt máigirtfeaf le céile i n-éin-teac amáin. Cao é do méar ar Mhac Uí 'Ohonnacáda. Ní fuil fóó talman aige, acé mar rin féin, 'ar noó', ip breas láirir an buacail é. Daoine macánta a b'ead iad a feacé rinnriji roime."

Níor féad Peadar focal do cur ar, agus níor tuir ré rtaio na ceirte cuige 'ná ar éan-éor. 'Go veimín, níor tuir acé an oirca le ceap bróige, mar adéartá, acé dá mbíod ré do láirir 'ra reomra beas taoib tair do'n úiróin rgaatam beas i n-a diair rin ip doca go dtuirfead ré an t-omplán go dianmáit. Ip fean-focal é, agus ip fóir, go dtairbeánann rdaicéin tpeo na gaoite.

Ar bail nuair do bí an t-aor óg tíor ar an Muirbeac, reo é an Cneamhaire irteac cum aitar pheadair agus mála aige i n-a láim.

Seo é ag tarraing lán a glaise do píoraib óir amac ar an mála, agus ag áiream tpi fíóir punnt ar an gclár or a cómar, agus reo é fóir 'gá máó, agus é ag féacain so glinn géar ar an breap eile:

"Ní cuirfó Tomar Sheagáin Ruairí barr a méire ralaige ar mo cúir airtio go deó. 'Dair fiaó, ní cuirfó. Ip do'n gíad agus do'n óige acáim 'gá tabairt.

left alone, deserted and in sadness. That is the dream I had. Is it not strange?"

"You are not an old woman yet, a *rúin*! It was a lucky dream for me anyhow. And, do you say, Máire, that it was a dream caused you to stay at home?"

Máire did not think herself justified in telling the *Cneamhaire's* story without leave from him; so she answered: "That and other things."

"Great thanks be to God!" said Peadar.

* * * * *

"Isn't it a great wonder you wouldn't be looking out to get a wife to suit you," said Peadar's father to him a couple of days later. "Isn't Máire *Chatach*, the daughter of the widow over in *Cronn-an-Bhaile*, a nice, good-looking girl?"

Peadar set himself to listen. If the sun fell down out of the sky it would not surprise him more. He was unable to say as much as a word.

"It is time for Cáit, too, to settle down in a place of her own. Two mistresses would not go well together in one house. What do you think of young *Mac Donnchadha*? He has not a sod of land, but, even so, he is a fine, strong boy. Honest people they were, his seven generations before him."

Peadar could not get out a word, and he did not understand the state of the question at all. In truth, he did not, any more than a shoemaker's last, as one might say; but if he were present in the little room beyond the kitchen afterwards, it is likely that he would understand the whole matter right well. It is an old proverb, and it is a true one, which says that a straw shows how the wind blows.

By-and-by, when the young people were down in the *muirbheach*, the *Cneamhaire* comes in to Peadar's father and a bag in his hand.

He draws the full of his hand of gold pieces from the bag, and counting out sixty pounds on the table before him, he says, looking steadily and sharply at the other man:

"*Tomás Sheaghán Ruaidhri* will never put the top of his dirty finger on my money. By heavens, he'll not. It is to love and to youth I am giving it."

AN UAIMH.

SIOTA AR AN “NŠIOBLACÁN.”

(ŠIRRŠEAL LE TOMÁR O N-ÁODÁ.)

“Óiŕ aš réacaint timcéall oŕm an fáio do bí ré aš caint, aš bŕeacnušad ar an reomŕa ašur an éaoi ’n-a ŕaib ré curta le céile ašur ’šá ŕiaŕnuige im’ aignead féin cá bŕuaŕi ré na rúšáin ar fáo nuair ’oubairt ré :

“Tá tú aš véanaim ionŕantair dem’ teaglac ašur dem’ aicill-réaéct. Náé deap-láimác an duine me ?”

“’Sead, ar m’ focal ; aéct cá bŕuaŕaŕ na rúšáin šo léir ? ašur má’ŕ uaim atá anŕo, ar n’óig ní ŕaib éin-céal leir an mbóčán ro i n-éan-éor.”

“Inneorad mire ’duit ar ball ; aéct an mb’ait leat an uaim ar fáo ’’ ŕeiréint ?”

“’D’ait liom,” arŕa mire, “aéct tá ré ró-luaé rór an éor ’o éur rúm.”

“Ní’l, ríoc,” ar ŕeiréan, “cóim fáda ir tá ré reo ašac,” ašur tóš ré maŕde cŕoipe ó’n šcúinne ašur ŕin ré éušam é.

“Rašamaoŕo amac šo róill šo bŕeiréŕo tú mo ŕíošacŕa ar fáo,” ar ré.

“Aéct cá bŕuaŕaŕ an maŕde cŕoipe ?” arŕa mire leir.

“Cuiréar le céile i an fáio do bí tú ’o’ éodlaó. Šad i leit anŕo anoŕ ašur tabair aŕe do’n éor.”

Tóš ré an tŕillŕeán ó’n mbóŕo ašur ’o’ oŕšail ré ’oŕar beaš taob leir an teallac ašur éuaómar aŕaon iréac. Ní fáca mé a leitéro de ŕaðaric ó’n lá ŕušaó me šo ’oŕí ŕin ašur ní fáca mé ŕaðaric mar é ó ŕoin. Bí an reóŕŕa beaš véanta šo ’oŕreac šlan ar an šcaoi ééaona i ŕaib an ceann eile, aéct do bí ré líonta ŕuar šo ’oŕí an ’oŕar le haŕmaib de šac cineál, ašur bíodar šo léir cóim šlan ašur cóim ŕoillŕeac ŕoin ir šur baŕneadur an ŕaðaric ’oim, naé móŕ, nuair ’o’ éuaóar iréac ar ’oŕár. Bíodur ar cŕočaó aŕe óŕ cionn a céile ar na ballaib éaric timcéall an tŕeóŕŕa cóim fáda ir b’féoŕi leir ŕlige ’o’ fášail ’oib—šunnaí šearŕa ašur ŕioŕcail šo leóŕ, ašur a lán de élaŕóŕtib ašur de baŕŕneicib—ašur bí curó eile aca cŕuaécta i nŕŕóšánaib ar an úŕlar. Bí úŕŕnéŕ beaš, inneóin ašur úŕŕlŕi šabann i šcúinne, ašur binnŕe ašur úŕŕlŕi ŕiúinéara i šcúinne eile. Bí an ŕear ašur an ait aš éŕiŕe níŕ aŕŕiŕe šac éan-nóimint.

“Ir ’oibš liom šo bŕuilim fá ’oŕaŕdeacŕ,” arŕa mire, nuair do tóšar lán mo ŕúl de’n tŕeóŕŕa.

“Ní’lŕ, maŕe, i n-éan-éor,” arŕa an “Šioblačán.”

THE CAVERN.

From the Novel "An Gioblachán," by Tomás O h-Aodha,
(*i.e.*, Thomas Hayes).

I WAS looking round me, while he was speaking, examining the room and the manner in which it was constructed, and asking myself in my own mind where did he get all the hayropes, when he said:

"You are making a wonder of my dwelling and of my skill. Am I not a handy man?"

"You are, on my word; but where did you get all the hayropes? And if this is a cavern, there was certainly no necessity for the cabin at all."

"I'll tell you by-and-by; but would you wish to see the cavern entirely?"

"I would, indeed," I said, "but it is too soon yet to put the foot under me."

"Not a bit," he replied, "while you have this," and he took a crutch from the corner and handed it to me.

"We shall go out awhile," he said, "until you see my entire kingdom."

"But where did you get the crutch?" I said to him.

"I put it together while you were asleep. Come hither now and take care of the foot."

He took the lamp from the table, opened a little door beside the hearth, and we both went in. I did not see a sight like what I saw since I was born till then, nor did I see a sight like it since. The little room was made exactly in the same way as the other one, but it was filled to the door with arms of every description, and they were all so clean and so bright that they almost dazzled me when I entered first. They were hanging above each other, on the walls round the room, as far as he could find room for them—muskets and pistols in plenty, and many swords and bayonets—and others were stacked in heaps on the floor. There was a little furnace, an anvil, and a smith's tools in one corner, and a bench and a joiner's tools in another corner. The man and the place were getting stranger every moment.

"I think I am under some enchantment," said I, when I had taken the full of my eye of the room.

"You are not, indeed," said the Gioblachán.

He took up one of the guns and rubbed it affectionately with his hand.

Do tós ré ruar ceann de na sunnaib agur do éuimil ré 3 go cineálta le n-a láim.

“ Féac,” ar peirean, “ nac veap an úirlir i rin. Táinig ri o Ameriocá agur do éuirpead ri piléar tré duine nac mór míle ó baile; aet éirimíto an éuro eile aca arír. Sab i leit annro.”

O’forsaíl ré doiar eile agur bagair ré amac orm. Níor féadar mo lám u’ feircint bí ré com doirca roin. Níor éuim-nígear go rabamar inr an uaim agur nuair o’ féadar amac duhrar.

“ Ué, nac doirca i an oirde!”

Leis an “ Sioblaán ” rmut gáire ar.

“ Nac doirca i an oirde,” arfa gur taob amuis óiom. “ ná! ná!” arfa gur eile. Annroin do labair beirt nó tríúr eile i n-éinfeact níor fuirde amac, “ Ué! nac doirca ”—“ ná! ná ”—“ an oirde ”—“ ná! ná! ná! ”—“ nac ”—“ nac doirca ”—“ ná! ná! ”—“ an oirde ”—“ ná! ná! ná! ”—agur mar rin leó ag rziirpeadó agur ag véanam magair fúm go raib an áit lan ruar de gúannair. Dúodar tíor fúm, tuar or mo cionn, ar m’agair amac agur ar gac taob óiom. O’ iméigeadar uaim i noiaró a céile agur o’ írligeadar fá veirpead ar nór na raib ionnta aet riorarhad ag creataó i gcúinnib na huaima.

Deir mire gur bain ré ppeab aram. Táinig rzanharad orm ar otúr agur na diaib rin táinig iongantar agur uaébdar an traogail orm, ar nór nár féadar corruige ar an áit ’n-a rabar im fearam ar fead cúig nóiminte. Do bagair an “ Sioblaán ” irteac orm.

“ Mac-alla,” arfa mire, nuair bí an doiar dúnta aige.

“ Sead,” ar ré, “ nac breag é?”

“ Níor arigear riam roime reo éan-pud mar é aet éan-uair amáin; aet ní raib teact ruar ar bit leir reo aige. Tá an uaim go han-mór ir dóca.”

“ Bí cinnte de rin. Táir io’ fearam anoir ar bhuac gáca uaébdarige agur má tá éan-óirdeac amáin ann, tá ré or cionn míle trois i noimneact. Ná téigir ró-faó amac nuair a bead ag cairbeánt na huaima dúit, nó b’féoir go b’ruigtea d’údán io’ céann; coinnig taob tíar óiom-ra agur ní veir baogal ar bit ort.”

Tós ré rlipeós giuimair agur éuir ré rgoilt beag ’na héadail le tuais. Annroin fuair ré rop barrraig agur focruig ré irteac i ran rgoilt é agur éar ré an barrac i mbacail mar bead méaró agur barr na rlipeóige. Nuair bí ré focruigete go uaingean aige, túm ré an rlipeós agur an barrac i bpocta ola agur o’fás ré ann iad go raib an ola rúigete irteac go mar ionnta. Tugar fá noeara lom-láirpeac go raib ré ag véanam tíirpe cun na huaima do cairbeánt dam.

“Look,” said he, “is not that a pretty tool? It came from America, and it would put a bullet through a person almost a mile from home; but we’ll see the remainder again. Come over here.”

He opened another door, and he motioned me out. I could not see my hand it was so dark. I did not recollect that we were in a cavern when I looked out, and I said:

“Ugh! is it not a dark night?”

The Gioblachán let a little laugh out of him.

“Is it not a dark night!” said a voice outside me. “Ha! ha!” said another voice. Then two or three spoke together further out. “Ugh! is it not”—“Ha! ha!”—“night”—“Ha! ha! ha!”—“Is it not”—“Is it not a dark”—“Ha! ha! ha!”—“night”—“Ha! ha! ha!”—and so on with them, mimicking and making fun of me till the place was filled with voices. They were beneath me and over my head; they were directly in front of me and on both sides. They faded away one after the other, and they lowered at last so that there was not in them but a whisper, trembling in the corners of the cavern.

I say that I was startled. Fright came on me at first, and afterwards the wonder and awe of the world came on me, so that I could not stir from the place in which I was standing for five minutes. The Gioblachán beckoned me inside.

“An echo,” said I, when he had closed the door.

“Yes,” said he, “is it not fine?”

“I never before heard anything like it except once, but it could not come near this at all. The cavern is very large, I suppose.”

“Be sure of that. You are standing now on the brink of an awful chasm, and if it’s an inch, it’s over a thousand feet in depth. Do not go too far out when I am showing you the cavern, or perhaps you might get a reeling in your head. Keep behind me and there will be no fear of you.”

He took a chip of pinewood, and put a split in its end with a hatchet. Then he got a wisp of tow and fixed it into the split, and twisted it into a knob just like a ball on the top of the chip. When it was firmly fixed, he dipped the chip and the tow into a pot of oil, and left them there until the oil was well soaked into them. I observed directly that he was making a torch in order to show me the cavern.

“This will give us sufficient light now,” he said, and he

“Tiubhairt ré seo solas ár n-óbtaint dúinn anois,” ar ré, agus cuir pé teine leis. Cuadmair amac go bhuac na zázá arís. Zác cor do cuineamair óinn do cuir an mac-alla fheasra tar air eúzainn. O’ árouis an “Zioblacán” an tóipre ór a óionn ar nóir go bfuiginn maðarc maít ar an uaim, agus do fear pé go dána amac ar bhuac an puill. Ní déanfaínn féin é dá bfuigínr míle púnt; áct, ar n-óis, mar a veir an rean-focal—“Neatn na taitige méaduígeann pé an tarcuirne.”

Cé go dtug an tóipre solus bheas uair níoir féadar iud ar bit o’ feircint áct amáin roinnt beas de’n casraiz ór mo óionn agus ar zác taob óiom. Amac uainn ní maít ann áct dorcadar tnom tiuz agus ír óis liom féin náir vein an tóipre áct é do méaduzad. Bí pé com tiuz roin zup faoilear go mb’ féioir liom é zearraó le rzin, no máim de tózaint im’ láim. Bíor as fiarfuiže óiom féin, an fear do bíor as féadaint amac, cad do bí foluigte taob tíar de’n dorcadar, agus do bí pé com diamáir zráineamail rin zup cuir pé uatbár im époide.

“Ní’ iomarca le feircint amac uainn no taob tuar óinn,” ar an “Zioblacán,” “áct tairbeánraíó mé dúit anois doimneáct an puill.” Cuairt pé ar a zláimib.

“Luiz ríor agus tarrainz amac go bhuac na cairrige,” ar reirean, “táim eun an tóipre do cáiteam ríor.”

Luizear ríor mar o’ árouis pé agus ómuidear amac go hairéac go maít mo ceann tar bhuac na zázá. Do vein pé féin an iud céadna. Cáit pé an tóipre amac uair agus ríor agus ríor leis tríó an dorcadar. Bíor as bpat zác éan-nóimint go mbuailfead pé ai tóim áct níoir buail; agus níoir tairbeán pé éan-iud dúinn. Bíor as fairte air go dtí ná maít ann áct rpreac. Táiníz pian im’ fáilib agus dúdán im’ ceann ó veit as féadaint air, agus do éritear go ríoir. Fá veiréad do cáilleamair maðarc air ar fear.

“Anois, cad veir tú,” ar an “Zioblacán” irteac im’ éluair nuair bí an tóipre imtízte ar maðarc.

“Leiz dam go fóill,” arra míre, “go zcuirpíó mé leitead na cairrige ioir mé féin agus an poll uatbárac úo.” Agus do cuadar as lapadail irteac ran mbotán. Ní leizfead an eagla dáim éirige im’ fearaím go maðar irtiz, agus bíor mar dúine do bead i n-áirde ar luarsán. Táiníz an “Zioblacán” irteac im’ diaíó agus dún pé an doirar.

“Ír áirdeac agus ír millteac an áit í seo,” arra míre, “agus tá zheim im’ époide le huatbár.”

“Bíor féin mar rin ar dtár,” ar an “Zioblacán,” “agus í bpad níoir meara ná tá túra anois, mar ír beas náir túitear irteac ar mullac mo óinn ran záz an tarpa huair do tángar

set fire to it. We went out to the brink of the chasm again. Every stir we made the echo sent us back an answer. The Gioblachán raised the torch over his head, so as that I would get a good view of the cavern, and he stood out boldly on the edge of the chasm. I would not do it myself if I got a thousand pounds; but, no doubt, as the proverb says, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

Though the torch gave fine light, I could not see a thing, except a portion of the rock above me and at each side. Out from us there was nothing but a heavy, thick darkness, and I believe myself the torch only increased it. It was so dense that I thought it possible to cut it with a knife, or to take a handful of it in my hand. I was asking myself while I was looking out what was hidden behind the darkness; for it was so hideously gloomy that it filled my heart with terror.

"There is not much to be seen in front of us or above us," said the Gioblachán; "but I shall show you the depth of the chasm now."

He went on his knees.

"Lie down and draw out to the edge of the rock," said he "I am about to fling down the torch."

I lay down as he ordered, and moved out carefully till my head was over the brink of the chasm. He did the same thing himself. He threw the torch out from him and down, down with it through the darkness. I was expecting every moment that it would strike the bottom, but it did not, and it showed us nothing. I was watching it till there was in it but a spark. A pain came in my eyes and a reeling in my head from being looking at it, and I trembled to the marrow. At last we lost sight of it altogether.

"Now what do you say?" said the Gioblachán into my ear when the torch had disappeared.

"Let me be awhile," said I, "until I put the breadth of the rock between myself and that dreadful hole," and I went crawling into the cabin. The fear would not allow me to rise until I was inside, and I felt like one who would be on a swing. The Gioblachán came in after me and shut the door.

"This is a strange and dreadful place," I said, "and there is a 'lite' in my heart with terror."

"I was like that first," said the Gioblachán, "and far worse than you are now, for it is little but I fell head foremost into the chasm the second time I came here; but I am used to it now and do not mind it."

annro; ácc tá taitige aSAM aip anoir aSUR ní cúrim ruim ar bit ann."

Tós ré anuar bóga aSUR raigeao do bí aige ran mboctán aS o. rá

"Tairbeánrao mé le:teao na gága duit anoir."

Fuarí ré máim barrraig aSUR éar ré ar bior na raigoe é aSUR deim ré cóirre de mar do deim ré de'n trliréois roime rin. Nuair bí a dóctaint ola rúigce aS an mbarraic, do cúir ré teime leir aSUR d'oráil ré an doirar. "féac amac anoir," ar ré aSUR rgaoil ré uair é trío an doiréadar leir an mbóga. Cúair an traiseao aSUR an rop barrraig ar larao go roillreac amac, b'féoiri céao rlat, gan an taob éall do bualaó; aSUR annroim do élaonuis ré ríor i noiaró a céile aSUR tuit ré mar do tuit an cóirre, aSUR i gceann tamail do rluigead i nooimneacé do gága é gan éan-ruo do tairbeánt dáinn. Ní mirdé a ráó sup méadóuis ré reo an méao iongántair do bí im' éoirde ceana:

Cúir ré ríol taob amuis de'n doirar. "Suir ríor annro go fóil," ar reirean, "go gcuirfid tú aicne ar an gcuirdeáctain a bíonn annro aSAM go minic."

AN MAC ALLA:

RuS ré ar ceann de na gunnaib aSUR cúir ré piléir ann: Sul a raib a fíor aSAM cao do bí gá déanaim aige d' árduis ré an gunna aSUR caic ré uréar ar.

"Comraige Dé cuáinn," arra mire, aSUR do pheadar im fearam leir an ngeit do bain ré aram. Saoilear go raib an rliab aS tuitim irteac orainn. D'éirig an mac alla mar blaom cóirniige, aSUR bí an fuaim com huacbdárac roim sup mócuigear an éarraig aS críteao rúm. D'iméig ré uainn aSUR táinig ré ar aip arí aSUR arí eile, ar nóir sup b'éigín dam mo méaraea do cúir im' éluaraib cun an "ruaille buaille" do congáilc amac. Ar ocúr bí ré com borb bagaricé leir an cóirniig; annroim bí ré go garb gluárac ra mar beao fuaim na raigrige aS bripéao go trom ar élocar trága; aSUR n-a díaró rin bí ré an-coraínil leir an bfuaim do éiucaó ó élaide aS tuitim, no ó érucaillib do beao aS gabáil éar bócar garb; aSUR trío an bpoctrom aSUR an trurcar go léir táinig cuáinn fuaim mar pléarSao gunnaí móir i bpaó uainn. Caic an "Gíoblaacán" a do nó a trí d'uréaraib eile aSUR bí fonn aip leanamaint do'n gno, ácc d'iarraar aip a éabairc ruar. Bí an mac alla go han-breag ar rao ácc bí mo dóctaint aSAM de an uair rin go háirce. Ácc ní

He took down a bow-and-arrow, which he had in the cabin, saying :

“I shall show you the breadth of the chasm now.”

He got a handful of tow, and wound it round the point of the arrow, and made a torch of it, as he did of the pinewood chip previously. When it had soaked a sufficient quantity of oil he set fire to it, and opened the door.

“Look out now,” said he, and he sent the torch away through the darkness by means of the bow. The arrow, with the wisp of tow lighting brightly, went out, perhaps, a hundred yards without striking the other side; then it inclined downwards gradually, and fell as the torch did, and after awhile it was swallowed in the depths of the chasm without showing anything to us. It is unnecessary to say that this increased the wonder which was already in my heart.

He placed a stool outside the door.

“Sit down here awhile,” said he, “until you make the acquaintance of the company I have, often here.”

THE ECHO.

FROM “AN GIUBLACHÁN,” BY THOMAS HAYES.

He took one of the guns and put a cartridge in it. Before I knew what he was about he raised the gun and fired a shot.

“The protection of God to us!” said I, and I jumped to my feet with the start he gave me. I thought the mountain was falling in on us. The echo arose like a burst of thunder, and the sound was so awful that I felt the rock trembling beneath me. It faded away and came back, again and again, so that it was necessary for me to put my fingers in my ears to keep out the roar of it. At first it was as fiercely threatening as thunder, then it was roughly rumbling, just like the sound of the sea breaking heavily on a stony shore, and afterwards it closely resembled the sound that would arise from the falling of a dry wall, or from carts going over a rough road; and through all the clamour and confusion came a noise like the explosion of big guns far away. The Gioblachán fired two or three other shots, and he was inclined to continue the business, but I asked him to desist. The echo was very fine indeed, but I had got quite enough of it, for this time at all

riab an “Sioblacán” páirta fóir. Tós ré anuar fíoil bí ar criocead, de’n balla, agus cuir ré i gcóir í.

“An taitneann ceól leat?” ar reirean.

“Taitneann go maíe,” arfa mair, “tá rreír móir agus ann i gcóinnurde.”

“Má’r mar rin atá an rgeal,” ar ré, “geobair tú ceól anoir nó suam.”

“Má tá ré mar an ceól do tús an mac alla uair ó cianair ná bac leir.”

“Éirt,” ar reirean, as leigint sháire ar, “agus tabair do bpeit nuair taim criochnuigte.”

Tornuis ré as reinn, agus dá mbéinn as caint go ceann reacht-mainne ní féarfaínn tuaragsbáil ceart do tabairt ar an gcóimfeinnm d’éirig ran uair. B’aluinn an beirdleatóir an “Sioblacán” agus bí ré ’n-a cúmar, “ó neart na taitige,” ir tóca, ceól do buaint ar an mac alla com maíe leir an bfiail. Dá mbead sac éin-ghéar ceól i n-éirinn bailigte irteac i n-éan-halla amáin agus iad go léir ar riubal i n-éinfeact, ní féarfaí riab ceól níor binne ná níor áilne ná níor taitneamáige do tabairt uata ná an ceól do tús an fíoil agus an mac alla dúinn an oíde úo. Tós ré an crioide agus an t-anam aram. Níor mótuigeat pian ná tuirre ná eagla ná éinnid eile act amáin doibneat agus páram aignid an fáir do bí an “Sioblacán” as reinn agus d’ fánfaínn annroin as éirteact leir ar fead lae agus oíde san beit tuirteac de.

Nuair bí ré páirta cuir ré uair an fíoil agus tornuis ré as caint ar ceól na héineann agus bí cur ríor móir agusáinn mar geall air. Cainteóir aluinn ’ob’ ead an “Sioblacán” agus b’ait leat beit as éirteact leir. Da líomta agus da léigeannta na rmaointe do bí aige agus do tuit an shaeóilg ó n-a béal com blaró le ceól. Ní riab ré dall ar éinnid. Do bíor as rmaoin-eam, anoir agus arí, an fáir do bí ré as caint, ar an gcaoi ’na riab re as caiteam a cōda aimpire agus as riappuige díom féin cao é an fáit bí leir. Bíor veimnead go riab ré leat-éadrom agus sup b’in é an ciall go riab ré as imteact, mar a véarfa, le haer an traogail agus as cur a muinéil i gcontabairt; act ní riab ríor agus an uair rin ar an méir ar cuair ré ríio.

Níor leig ré dam dul go-fada leir na rmaointeío reo mar tarrainis ré cuige feadóis agus tornuis ré as reinn uirru. Dá feadar an ceól do buain ré ar an bfiail, b’feair ná rin react n-uair an ceól do buain ré ar an bfeadóis. Do páruis ré ar sac uile nio d’airuigeat ruar go dci rin. Ní tiubrad éanlaic na cruinne dá mbeidí go léir ran uair as cantain le céile ceól

events. But he was not satisfied yet. He took down a fiddle which was hanging on the wall, and got it ready.

"Do you like music?" said he.

"I do, well," I said. "I always take a great delight in it."

"If that is so," said he, "you'll get music now or never."

"If it is like the music which the echo gave us awhile ago, do not mind it."

"Listen," said he, laughing, "and pass judgment when I am finished."

He began playing, and if I were speaking for a week, I could not give a proper description of the harmony which arose in the cavern. The Gioblachán was a splendid violinist, and he was able, from experience I suppose, to take music from the echo as well as from the violin. If every musical instrument in Ireland was gathered into one great hall, and that they were all playing together, they could not give sweeter, nor more beautiful, nor more delightful, music than the fiddle and the echo gave us that night. It lifted the heart and soul out of me. I felt no pain, no weariness, no fear, no anything but delight and satisfaction of mind, while the Gioblachán was playing, and I would stay there listening to him for a day and a night without being tired.

When he was satisfied he put aside the violin, and began to talk about the music of Ireland, and we had a long chat about it. The Gioblachán was a splendid speaker, and you would like to be listening to him. His ideas and thoughts were refined and learned, and the Irish fell from his lips as sweetly as music. He was not ignorant about anything. I was thinking, now and again, while he was speaking, of the way in which he was spending his time, and asking myself what was the reason for it. I was certain that he was half crazy, and that was why he was drifting, as you might say, with the winds of the world, and putting his neck in danger; but I had no knowledge then of all he had suffered.

He did not let me go too far with those thoughts, for he drew out a flute and began playing on it. Though excellent the music which he extracted from the fiddle, the music which he took from the flute was seven times better. It excelled everything I had heard till then. All the birds of the universe, if they were gathered in the cavern singing together, could not give more heavenly or more delectable music. The flute brought out the echo far better than anything else.

níor neamhda ná níor doibne uata. Do tuis an feadógs an mac alla amac i bfuad níor fearr agus níor binne ná éan-ruo eile.

“Cas doir tú leir rin?” ar’ an “Sioblaacán” nuair r’ghuir ré dá peinneamhaint.

“Ní feodar fóir,” ar’ra mire, “ná fuilim pá d’raoibeadt. Tá mbeinn as caint ar feadh lae agus bliadhna, ní fead’rainn a innrioc duit an meadh doibhne agus taitneim agus ráraim éroide do tuis an ceól úo dam. Níl éin-tead’c ruar leat.”

“Ná bac leir an bplámár anoir,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán.”

“Ní’lim as plámár i n-éan-éoir,” ar’ra mire, adt b’féidir gur éirte dam a ráo ná fuil éin tead’c ruar le deaplámad’c an “fíir i n-áirde.”

“Tá tú as caint go ciallmár anoir,” ar reirean, as cur r’ghairte ar.

“B’féidir é,” ar’ra mire, “ad’c bíor cun a ráo nuair bíor as éirtead’c leat—”

“Agus leir an mac alla,” ar reirean.

“Agus leir an mac alla, ar eagla an plámáir—do cuir ré i n-uimail dam an tuarpar’gháil do léigear agus do cualar go mimic i rtaob ceoil na n-áingéal ir na flaitir.”

“Ní’lim chríocnuig’ce i n-éan-éoir fóir,” ar reirean, agus d’éirig ré ’n-a fearam.

Torruig ré as amháin. Bí gur breas fonnmár ceoilmar as an “nSioblaacán” agus níor cáil re éanruo i rtaob beir ir’cig ran uaim. Ní feodar féin cia aca do b’fearr cun an mac alla do tabairt amac—an fíoil, an feadógs nó gur an “Sioblaacán”—nó cia aca a raib an barr aise i gcóimfeim; ad’c ir doig’c liom gur fáruig an gur orra go léir. Cualar trí éad daoine as gabáil amháin i n-éirfead’c éan-uair amáin i halla móir i m’Daire-áta-Cliat; ad’c cé go raib an ceól agus an cóimfeim go han-breag ar raó, ní raib éin-tead’c ruar aise le ceól an “Sioblaacán” nuair tuis ré uair “An Raib tú as an gCarrraig,” agus nuair do bí an mac alla agus an d’óir’c do cuir ré ruar ran uaim as curtead’cain leir;

“What do you say to that?” said the Gioblachán, when he ceased playing.

“I don’t know yet, but I am under some spell,” said I. “If I were talking for a year and a day, I could not describe to you the amount of pleasure, and delight, and satisfaction of heart, that music gave me. There is no coming near you.”

“Do not mind the flattery now,” said the Gioblachán.

“I am not flattering at all,” I said; “but perhaps it would be more correct to say there is no coming near the handiwork of the Creator.”

“You are talking sensibly now,” he said, laughing.

“Perhaps so,” said I; “but I was about to say when I was listening to you—”

“And to the echo,” he said.

“And to the echo—to guard against flattery—it reminded me of the descriptions which I often read and heard about the angel music in heaven.”

“I am not finished at all yet,” he said, and he stood up.

He began to sing. The Gioblachán had a fine resonant musical voice, and it lost nothing by being in the cavern. I do not know which of them was the best to bring out the echo—the violin, the flute, or the Gioblachán’s voice—or which of them excelled in harmony; but I think his singing surpassed the others. I heard three hundred people singing together in a great hall in Dublin at one time, but though the music and the harmony were very, very fine, they could not come near the Gioblachán’s singing when he rendered “Were You at the Rock,” and when the echo and the musical murmur which he aroused in the cavern were accompanying him.

CASA D' AN TSU SÁIN.

DRAMA DON-ĠHÍM.

NA D'AOINE:—

TOMÁS O N-ANNRACÁIN, file Connaictaé atá ar feadhán.
MÁIRE NÍ RÍO SÁIN, bean an tigh.

ŪNA, inġean Máire:

SÉAMUS O N-ĠARRAINN, atá luaithe le Ūna:

SÍĠLE, cómarra do Máire.

PÍOBARRE, cómarra nna asur daoine eile:

ÁIT.—

Teac feilméir i ġCúige Múman céad bliadhán ó foim. Tá fir asur mná as toul tríd a céile in ran tigh, no 'na fearaí coir na mbaila, amail asur dá mbeir d'áirra criochnuighe acá: Tá Tomár O n-Annraicáin as caint le Ūna i bhfoir-torac na rctáire. Tá an píobarre as fárgaó a píobairí air, le torugaó ar feinnm arís, acé do beir Séamar O n-Ġarrainn deoc cúige, asur rcaóann pé: Tazann fear ós go n-Ūna le n-a tabairt amac ar an uirlár cum d'áirra, acé d'úiltann fi d'ó:

ŪNA.—Ná bí m'bhóirugaó anoir: Nac bhfeiceann tú go bhfuil mé as éirteacé le n-a bhfuil feirean d'a ráó liom. [Leir an n-Annraicánaé]: Lean leat, cao é rin do bí tú 'ráó ar bail?

TOMÁS O N-ANNRACÁIN.—Cao é do bí an boóac rin d'a iarrairí oir?

ŪNA.—As iarrairí d'áirra oim, do bí pé, acé ní tíubrainn d'ó é:

MÁC UI N-ANN.—Ir cinnce nac d'úiltiré. Ir d'óig, ní méarann tú go leirfionn-re do d'úine ar bit d'áirra leat, com fáo asur tá mire ann fo. A! a Ūna, ní raib rólár ná rócamail asam le raó go d'áinig mé ann fo anoct asur go bhfacaró mé turá!

ŪNA.—Cao é an rólár d'uit mire?

MÁC UI N-ANN.—Nuair atá maíre leat-d'óighe in ran teine, nac bháġann pé rólár nuair d'óirtear uirge air?

ŪNA.—Ir d'óig, ní' turá leat-d'óighe.

MÁC UI N-ANN.—Tá mé, asur tá trí ceatramna de mo éiríre, d'óighe asur loirghe asur caitte, as t'póir leir an raóġal, asur an raóġal as t'póir liom-ra.

ŪNA.—Ní féscánn tú com' d'ona rin!

MÁC UI N-ANN.—Ué! a Ūna ní Ríogáin, ní' don eólar asao-ra ar beata an d'áirí d'óiré, atá ġan teac ġan téasair ġan tíog-

THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

HANRAHAN.—*A wandering poet.*

SHEAMUS O'HERAN.—*Engaged to OONA.*

MAURYA.—*The woman of the house.*

SHEELA.—*A neighbor.*

OONA.—*Maurya's daughter.*

Neighbors and a piper who have come to Maurya's house for a dance.

SCENE.—*A farmer's house in Munster a hundred years ago. Men and women moving about and standing round the wall as if they had just finished a dance. HANRAHAN, in the foreground, talking to OONA.*

The piper is beginning a preparatory drone for another dance, but SHEAMUS brings him a drink and he stops. A man has come and holds out his hand to OONA, as if to lead her out, but she pushes him away.

OONA.—Don't be bothering me now ; don't you see I'm listening to what he is saying. [*To HANRAHAN*] Go on with what you were saying just now.

HANRAHAN.—What did that fellow want of you ?

OONA.—He wanted the next dance with me, but I wouldn't give it to him.

HANRAHAN.—And why would you give it to him ? Do you think I'd let you dance with anyone but myself as long as I am here. Ah, Oona, I had no comfort or satisfaction this long time until I came here to-night, and till I saw yourself.

OONA.—What comfort am I to you ?

HANRAHAN.—When a stick is half-burned in the fire, does it not get comfort when water is poured on it ?

OONA.—But sure, you are not half-burned ?

HANRAHAN.—I am, and three-quarters of my heart is burned, and scorched and consumed, struggling with the world and the world struggling with me.

OONA.—You don't look that bad.

HANRAHAN.—Oh, Oona ni Regaun, you have not knowledge of the life of a poor bard, without house or home or havings,

bár, aét é aš imteáét ašur aš ríor-imteáét le fán ar fuo an traošail móir, šan duine ar bit leir aét é féin. Níl maíom in ran tpeaéctmáin nuair éiríšim ruar nac n-abraim liom féin šo mb'feárr d'am an uaiš 'ná an peaeáran. Níl don fuo aš pearam d'am aét an bponntanur do fuair mé ó 'Dia—mo cúio abrán. Nuair tóraigim orra rin, imtígeann mo bšón ašur mo buairpeaó díom, ašur ní cúimníšim níor mó ar mo šear-érad ašur ar mo mí-áó. Ašur anoir, ó éonnaic mé túra, a úna, éim šo bfuil fuo eile ann, níor binne 'ná na h-abrán féin!

ÚNA.—Ír ionšantaé an bponntanur ó 'Dia an báruígeaét. Com fáda ašur tá rin ašao nac bfuil tú níor raíóbre na luét rtaic ašur rtoir, luét bó ašur eal aiš.

MÁC UI N-ANN.—A! a úna, ír móir an beannaét aét ír móir an mállaét, leir, do duine é do beit 'na báro. Feuc mire! bfuil caraid ašam ar an raógal ro? bfuil fear b ó ar máit leir mé? bfuil šrad aš duine ar bit orm? Bim aš imteáét, mo éaðan boét donšanaé, ar fuo an traošail, mar Oirín anuiaiš na féinne. Bíonn ruat aš h-uile duine orm, ní' ruat ašao-ra orm, a úna?

ÚNA.—Ná h-abair fuo mar rin, ní féioir šo bfuil ruat aš duine ar bit ort-r.

MÁC UI N-ANN.—Tar liom ašur ruíórimro i šcúinne an tíge le céile, ašur véarparó mé dúic an t-abrán do rinne mé dúic. Ír ort-ra rinnear é.

[Imtígeann riad šo dtí an coirneull ír raíóe ón rtaío, ašur ruíóeann riad anaice le céile.]

[Tíš Sígle arteaé.]

SÍGLE.—Táimš mé éušao com luat ašur o'feuo mé.

MÁIRE.—Céao fáilte rómad:

SÍGLE.—Cao tá ar riúbal aš o anoir?

MÁIRE.—Aš torušaó atámuio. Bí don šort amáin ašainn, ašur anoir tá an ríobairé aš ól tíge. Torócaío an dampa arír nuair béirdear an ríobairé ríó.

SÍGLE.—Tá na daoine aš bailiugaó arteaé šo maít, béio dampa breáš ašainn.

MÁIRE.—Béio a Sígle, aét tá fear aca ann ašur o'feair liom amuiš ná artíé é! feuc é.

SÍGLE.—Ír ar an bfeair fáda donn atá tú aš caint, nac eao? An fear rin atá aš cómpáó com dlút rin le úna in ran šcoirneull anoir. Cá'r b'ar é, no cia h-é féin?

MÁIRE.—Sin é an ršraírte ír mó táimš i n-éirínn aríam, Tomár O h-Annpacáin éušann riad air, aét Tomár Róšaire buó éoir do baírteaó air, i šceart. Óra! nac raíó an mí-áó orm, é do teaét arteaé éušainn, éor ar bit, anoét!

but he going and ever going a-drifting through the wide world, without a person with him but himself. There is not a morning in the week when I rise up that I do not say to myself that it would be better to be in the grave than to be wandering. There is nothing standing to me but the gift I got from God, my share of songs; when I begin upon them, my grief and my trouble go from me, I forget my persecution and my ill luck, and now, since I saw you Oona, I see there something that is better even than the songs.

OONA.—Poetry is a wonderful gift from God, and as long as you have that, you are more rich than the people of stock and store, the people of cows and cattle.

HANRAHAN.—Ah, Oona, it is a great blessing, but it is a great curse as well for a man, he to be a poet. Look at me! have I a friend in this world? Is there a man alive who has a wish for me, is there the love of anyone at all on me? I am going like a poor lonely barnacle goose throughout the world; like Usheen after the Fenians; every person hates me. You do not hate me, Oona?

OONA.—Do not say a thing like that; it is impossible that anyone would hate you.

HANRAHAN.—Come and we will sit in the corner of the room together, and I will tell you the little song I made for you: it is for you I made it. [*They go to a corner and sit down together. SHEELA comes in at the door.*]

SHEELA.—I came to you as quick as I could.

MAURYA.—And a hundred welcomes to you.

SHEELA.—What have you going on now?

MAURYA.—Beginning we are; we had one jig, and now the piper is drinking a glass. They'll begin dancing again in a minute when the piper is ready.

SHEELA.—There are a good many people gathering in to you to-night. We will have a fine dance.

MAURYA.—Maybe so, Sheela, but there's a man of them there, and I'd sooner him out than in.

SHEELA.—It's about the long brown man you are talking, isn't it? The man that is in close talk with Oona in the corner. Where is he from and who is he himself?

MAURYA.—That's the greatest vagabond ever came into Ireland; Tumaas Hanrahan they call him, but it's Hanrahan the rogue he ought to have been christened by right. Aurah, wasn't there the misfortune on me, him to come in to us at all to-night.

SÍGLÉ.—Cia'n róirt tuine é? Nac fear véanta abhán ar Connaқтаib é? Cualaid mé caint air, céana, agus veir ríad nac bhfuil damhróir eile i n-Eirinn com maic leir: buó maic liom a feicrint as damhra.

MÁIRE.—Gráin go veó ar an mbiteamnac! Tá'r asam-ra go ró maic cia 'n cineál atá ann, mar bí róirt caréanair roir é féin agus an céad-fear do bí asam-ra, agus ip minic cualaid mé ó 'Diamuid boct (go n'véanaró Dia trócaire air!) cia 'n róirt tuine bí ann. Bí ré 'na máigirtir rsoile, ríor i gConnaқтаib, áct bíod h-uile éleap aise buó meara ná a céi e. As ríor-véanam abhán do bíod ré, agus as ól uirge beata, agus as cur imuir ar bun amearas na gcómairan le n-a cúro cainte. Veir ríad nac bhfuil bean in rna cúis cúisib nac mealraó ré. Ip meara é ná Dóinnall na Gréine raó ó. Áct buó é veiréad an rseil gur ruais i n-rasart amac ar an bparraírte é ar raó. Fuair ré áit eile ann rin, áct lean ré do na clearrannaib céana, gur ruaiséad amac aríir é, agus aríir eile, leir. Agus anoir ní' áit ná teac ná raóaró aise áct é veit as gabail na tíre, as véanam abhán agus as rágal lírctín na h-oiréce ó na daoimib. Ní diúl-tócaíó tuine ar bí é, mar tá raicéior orra poime. Ip móir an ríle é, agus b'éirir go n'véanraó ré rann orr do rreamócaó go veó duic, dá rcurraéad fearas air.

SÍGLÉ.—Go bhóirudó Dia orrainn. Áct creáó do tug arteaó anoct é?

MÁIRE.—Bí ré as taírteal na tíre, agus cualaid ré go raib damhra le veit ann ro, agus táinig ré arteaó, mar bí eólar aise orrainn,—bí ré móir go leóir le mo céad-fear. Ip iongantac mar tá ré as véanam amac a rúige-beata, éor ar bí, agus san aise áct a cúro abhán. Veir ríad nac bhfuil áit a raóaró ré nac ucusann na mná rraó, agus nac ucusann na ríir ruac dó.

SÍGLÉ [as bveit ar gualainn máire].—Iompuir do céann, a máire, feuch é anoir; é féin agus o' ingean-ra, agus an dá iloigíonn buailte ara céile. Tá ré tar éir abhán do véanam oi, agus tá ré o'á múnad oi as cogaruiris in a cluair. Óra, an biteamnac! beiró ré as cur a cúro rírrreóas ar úna anoir.

MÁIRE.—Oé ón! go veó! Nac mí-adamail táinig ré! Tá ré as caint le úna h-uile móimio ó táinig ré arteaó, trí uairé ó foim. Rinne mé mo díctíoll le n-a rraíad ó céile, áct teir ré orim. Tá úna boct tugta do h-uile róirt rean-abhán agus rean-ráiméir de rsealraib, agus ip binn leir an rreacúir veit as éirteáct leir, mar tá beal aise rin do b'rasraó an ríolac ve'n éraoib: Tá'r asao go bhfuil an rórad réiróte rocruigta

SHEELA.—What sort of a person is he? Isn't he a man that makes songs, out of Connacht? I heard talk of him before, and they say there is not another dancer in Ireland so good as him. I would like to see him dance.

MAURYA.—Bad luck to the vagabond! It is well I know what sort he is, because there was a kind of friendship between himself and the first husband I had, and it's often I heard from poor Diarmuid—the Lord have mercy on him!—what sort of person he was. He was a schoolmaster down in Connacht, but he used to have every trick worse than another, ever making songs he used to be, and drinking whiskey and setting quarrels afoot among the neighbours with his share of talk. They say there isn't a woman in the five provinces that he wouldn't deceive. He is worse than Donal na Greina long ago. But the end of the story is that the priest routed him out of the parish altogether; he got another place then, and followed on at the same tricks until he was routed out again, and another again with it. Now he has neither place nor house nor anything, but he to be going the country, making songs and getting a night's lodging from the people. Nobody will refuse him, because they are afraid of him. He's a great poet, and maybe he'd make a rann on you that would stick to you for ever, if you were to anger him.

SHEELA.—God preserve us, but what brought him in to-night?

MAURYA.—He was traveling the country and he heard there was to be a dance here, and he came in because he knew us; he was rather great with my first husband. It is wonderful how he is making out his way of life at all, and he with nothing but his share of songs. They say that there is no place that he'll go to that the women don't love him and that the men don't hate him.

SHEELA (*catching MAURYA by the shoulder*).—Turn your head, Maurya, look at him now, himself and your daughter, and their heads together; he's whispering in her ear; he's after making a poem for her and he's whispering it in her ear. Oh, the villain, he'll be putting his spells on her now.

MAURYA.—Ohone, go deo! isn't a misfortune that he came? He's talking every moment with Oona since he came in three hours ago. I did my best to separate them from each other, but it failed me. Poor Oona is given up to every sort of old songs and old made-up stories, and she thinks it sweet to be listening to him. The marriage is settled between herself and

roir ūna ašur Séamar O h-Iarainn ann rin, náite ó'n lá inoib: feuc Séamur boct aš an doirur ašur é aš fairre orra. Tá bhrón ašur ceannfaoi air. Is furur a feicirint go mburó maít le Séamur an ršairde rin do taétao an móimio reo. Tá fairctiof móf orf go mbéid an ceann iompuiŕte ar ūna le n-a cúio bla-daifeact: Com cinnite a'f tá mé beo, tiucefao oic ar an oirde reo:

SÍGLE.—Ašur nac b'féaofa a cúf amac ?

MÁIRE.—O'féaofainn; ní'l duine ann fo do cúioeócaó leif, muna mbeif bean no óo. Act if file móf é, ašur tá mallact aise do ršoitcefao na crainn ašur do féabfao na cloca. Deif riad go lobtann an riol in fan talam, ašur go n-imtígeann a ſcuro bainne ó na baé nuair tugañ file mar é rin a mallact óoib, má puaiŕgeann duine ar an teac é. Act dá mbeif fé amuiŕ, airre mo bannuirde nac leifšinn arteach air é.

SÍGLE.—Dá facao fé féin amac go toiteamail, ní beif don bpiŕ in a cúio mallact ann rin ?

MÁIRE.—Ní beif. Act ní facao fé amac go toiteamail, ašur ní tíg liom-ra a puaiŕaó amac ar eagla a mallact.

SÍGLE.—feuc Séamur boct. Tá fé dul anonn go h-ūna:

[Éimígeann Séamur 7 téirdeann fé go h-ūna.]

SÉAMUS.—An n'eamrócaio tú an ril reo liom-ra, a ūna; nuair béirdear an píobaire féio:

MAC UI N-ANN [aš éimíge].—Is mire Tomaf O h-Annracáin, ašur tá mé aš labairt le ūna Ní Riogáin anoir, ašur com fao ašur béirdear fonn uirre-re beif aš caint liom-ra ní leifšio mé o'don duine eile do teact earfainn.

SÉAMUS [ſan aire ar mac ui h-Annracáin].—Nac n'eamrócaio tú liom, a ūna ?

MAC UI N-ANN [go fíocmar].—Nár dubairt mé leat anoir ſur liom-ra do bí ūna Ní Riogáin aš caint ? Imtíŕ leat ar an móimio, a booiŕ, ašur ná tóg clampar ann fo.

SÉAMUS.—a ūna—

MAC UI N-ANN [oš béicit].—fáſ rin !

[Imtígeann Séamar ašur tíg fé go o'í an beifc fean-mnaoi.]

SÉAMUS.—a Máire Ní Riogáin, tá mé aš iarfaio ceao orra an ršairte mí-adamail meifgeamail rin do caiteam amac ar an tíg. Má leifgeann tú dam, cuiršio mire ašur mo beifc dearf-braéar amac é, ašur nuair béirdear fé amuiŕ rocfócaio mire leif.

Sheamus O'Herin there, a quarter from to-day. Look at poor Sheamus at the door, and he watching them. There is grief and hanging of the head on him; it's easy to see that he'd like to choke the vagabond this minute. I am greatly afraid that the head will be turned on Oona with his share of blathering. As sure as I am alive there will come evil out of this night.

SHEELA.—And couldn't you put him out?

MAURYA.—I could. There's no person here to help him unless there would be a woman or two; but he is a great poet, and he has a curse that would split the trees and that would burst the stones. They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house; but if he were once out, I'll go bail that I wouldn't let him in again.

SHEELA.—If himself were to go out willingly, there would be no virtue in his curse then?

MAURYA.—There would not, but he will not go out willingly, and I cannot rout him out myself for fear of his curse.

SHEELA.—Look at poor Sheamus. He is going over to her. [SHEAMUS gets up and goes over to her.]

SHEAMUS.—Will you dance this reel with me, Oona, as soon as the piper is ready?

HANRAHAN (*rising up*)—I am Tumaus Hanrahan, and I am speaking now to Oona ni Regaun, and as long as she is willing to be talking to me, I will allow no living person to come between us.

SHEAMUS (*without heeding HANRAHAN*).—Will you not dance with me, Oona?

HANRAHAN (*savagely*).—Didn't I tell you now that it was to me Oona ni Regaun was talking? Leave that on the spot, you clown, and do not raise a disturbance here.

SHEAMUS.—Oona—

HANRAHAN (*shouting*).—Leave that! (SHEAMUS goes away and comes over to the two old women).

SHEAMUS.—Maurya Regaun, I am asking permission of you to throw that ill-mannerly, drunken vagabond out of the house. Myself and my two brothers will put him out if you will allow us; and when he's outside I'll settle with him.

MÁIRE.—O! a Séamair, ná déan. Tá fáiteoir orim roimhe. Tá mallact aise rin do rgoiltcead na crainn, deir riad.

SÉAMAS.—Iy cuma liom má tá mallact aise do leasrad na rprearta. Iy orim-ra tuicfid ré, agus cuirim mo dúbflán faoi. Tá marbócad ré mé ar an móimio ní leisfid mé do a cuio pír-
tpeos do cur ar úna. A Máire, tabair m ceao.

SÍGLE.—Ná déan rin, a Séamuir, tá cómairle níor feárr 'ná rin aSam-ra.

SÉAMUS.—Cia an cómairle i rin?

SÍGLE.—Tá riise in mo ceann aSam le n-a cur amac. Má leanann rib-re mo cómairle-re maóar re féin amac com rocair le uan, o'a toil féin, agus nuair geobair rib amuis é, buailir an doirur air, agus ná leisir artead arir so brad é.

MÁIRE.—Rac ó Dia ort, agus innir dam cad é tá in do ceann.

SÍGLE.—Déanfamaoio é com deap agus com rimpl de agus connaic tú ariam. Cuirfimid é as carad ruzán so bfuigimio amuis é, agus buailfimid an doirur air ann rin.

MÁIRE.—Iy forur a rad, det ní forur a déanam. Déarfair ré leat "déan ruzán, tú féin."

SÍGLE.—Déarfamaoio, ann rin, nac bfacair duine ar bit ann ro ruzán féir ariam, nac bfuil duine ar bit an ran cig ar féioir leir ceann aca déanam.

SÉAMUS.—Det an gceiofid ré ruo mar rin—nac bfacamar ruzán riam?

SÍGLE.—An gceiofid ré, an ead? Ceiofid ré ruo ar bit, ceiofear ré so ruid ré féin 'na ruz ar éirinn nuair acá glaine olta aise, mar acá anoir.

SÉAMUS.—Det cad é an cpoiceann éirfeap rinn ar an mbreis reo,—so bfuil ruzán féir as tearcál uainn?

MÁIRE.—Smuain ar cpoicinn do cur air rin, a Séamuir.

SÉAMUS.—Déarfair mé so bfuil an gaoe as eirise agus so bfuil cūmóac in tise o'a rguabad leir an rtoim, agus so rcaifimid ruzán earraingc air.

MÁIRE.—Det má éirceann ré as an doirur béir fíor aise nac orul gaoe ná rtoi in ann. Smuain ar cpoicinn eile, a Séamuir.

SÍGLE.—'Noir, tá an cómairle ceart aSam-ra. Abair so

MAURYA.—Sheamus, do not; I am afraid of him. That man has a curse, they say, that would split the trees.

SHEAMUS.—I don't care if he had a curse that would overthrow the heavens; it is on me it will fall, and I defy him! If he were to kill me on the moment, I will not allow him to put his spells on Oona. Give me leave, Maurya.

SHEELA.—Do not, Sheamus. I have a better advice than that.

SHEAMUS.—What advice is that?

SHEELA.—I have a way in my head to put him out. If you follow my advice he will go out himself as quiet as a lamb, and when you get him out slap the door on him, and never let him in again.

MAURYA.—Luck from God on you, Sheela, and tell us what's in your head.

SHEELA.—We will do it as nice and easy as ever you saw. We will put him to twist a hay-rope till he is outside, and then we will shut the door on him.

SHEAMUS.—It's easy to say, but not easy to do. He will say to you, "Make a hay-rope yourself."

SHEELA.—We will say then that no one ever saw a hay-rope made, that there is no one at all in the house to make the beginning of it.

SHEAMUS.—But will *he* believe that we never saw a hay-rope?

SHEELA.—Believe it, is it? He'd believe anything; he'd believe that himself is king over Ireland when he has a glass taken, as he has now.

SHEAMUS.—But what excuse can we make for saying we want a hay-rope?

MAURYA.—Can't you think of something yourself, Sheamus?

SHEAMUS.—Sure I can say the wind is rising, and I must bind the thatch, or it will be off the house.

SHEELA.—But he'll know the wind is not rising if he does but listen at the door. You must think of some other excuse, Sheamus.

SHEAMUS.—Wait, I have a good idea now; say that there is

b'fhuil cóirte leagta ag bun an énuic, agus go bhfuil ríad ag iarraidh ruzáin leis an gcóirte do learuagad. Ní feicfidh sé comh ríad rín ó'n dorruir, agus ní beidh fíor aige nacl fíor é.

MÁIRE.—Sin é an ríeal, a Sígle. 'Noir, a Séamuir, gab imearsh na ndaoine agus leis an rín i ó. Inniu doib cad tá aca le ríad—nacl bhfacaod duine ar bit fan tír reo ruzáin féir riamh— agus cuir cpoiccionn maic ar an mbhéis, tú féin.

[Imtígeann Séamuir ó duine go duine ag cogarnaig leó. Toráigeann curd aca ag záire. Tagann an ríobairne agus toruigeann ré ag reinn. Éirígeann trí no ceatpar de cúplaclaid, agus toruigeann ríad ag damra. Imtígeann Séamar amach.]

MÁC UÍ N-ANN. [Ag éiríge tar éir a beic ag féacaint oirra ar fead cúpla móimro.]—Pruic! rtopagad! An tucánn ríob damra ar an rpararíeacé rín! Tá ríob ag bualaó an uirláir mar beic an oiríeod rín d'eallac. Tá ríob comh tnom lé bulláin, agus comh ciotac le arail. Go dcactar mo ríobán dá mb'fearr liom beic ag féacaint oirraib 'ná ar an oiríeod rín laclain bacac, ag léimnig ar leac-cóir ar fuo an tige! Fágad an t-uirláir fá úna ní Ríogáin agus fúm-ra.

FEAR [atá dul ag damra].—Agus cad fácl a bházfamaoír an t-uirláir fúcl-ra?

MÁC UÍ N-ANN.—Tá an eala ar bhuacl na toinne, tá an Phoenicr Ríogóda, tá péarla an bhollais báin, tá an Dénur amearsh na mban, tá úna ní Ríogáin ag fearam ruar liom-ra, agus áit ar bit a n-éirígeann ríre ruar úmluigeann an zéalac agus an zruan féin sí, agus úmlócaod ríob-re. Tá ríob nó áluinn agus ríob ríreíeamáil le n-aon bean eile do beic 'na n-aice. Acé fan go fóil, ríob táirbeánaim daoib mar zruideann an buacáil bhéag Connacacáinnunne, véarfáid mé an t-abrán daoib do ríunne mé do Reult Cúige Múman—d'úna ní Ríogáin. Éirig, a zruan na mban, agus véarfamaoíod an t-abrán le céile, zác le véarfpa, agus ann rín múnrímir doib cad é ír ríunne ríreannaclann.

[Éirígeann ríad 7 zabaio abrán.]

MÁC UÍ N-ANN.

'Sí úna bán, na zruaige burde,
An cúilfionn 'érad in mo lár mo cpoide,
Ír íre mo rín, 'r mo cumann go buan,
Ír cuma liom cóiróce bean acé í.

ÚNA.

A báiré na rúile duibe, ír tú
Fuar buaíod in fan raogal a'r clá,
Zoirum do véal, a'r molaim tú féin,
Do cúirir mo cpoide in mo cléid amúg.

a coach upset at the bottom of the hill, and that they are asking for a hay-rope to mend it with. He can't see as far as that from the door, and he won't know it's not true it is.

MAURYA.—That's the story, Sheela. Now, Sheamus, go among the people and tell them the secret. Tell them what they have to say, that no one at all in this country ever saw a hay-rope, and put a good skin on the lie yourself. (SHEAMUS goes from person to person whispering to them and some of them begin laughing. The piper has begun playing. Three or four couples rise up.)

HANRAHAN (after looking at them for a couple of minutes).—Whisht! Let ye sit down! Do ye call such dragging as that dancing? You are tramping the floor like so many cattle. You are as heavy as bullocks, as awkward as asses. May my throat be choked if I would not rather be looking at as many lame ducks hopping on one leg through the house. Leave the floor to Oona ni Regaun and to me.

ONE OF THE MEN GOING TO DANCE.—And for what would we leave the floor to you?

HANRAHAN.—The swan of the brink of the waves, the royal phoenix, the pearl of the white breast, the Venus amongst the women, Oona ni Regaun, is standing up with me, and any place where she rises up the sun and the moon bow to her, and so shall ye. She is too handsome, too sky-like for any other woman to be near her. But wait a while! Before I'll show you how the fine Connacht boy can dance, I will give you the poem I made on the star of the province of Munster, on Oona ni Regaun. Rise up, O sun among women, and we will sing the song together, verse about, and then we'll show them what right dancing is! (OONA rises).

HANRAHAN.—She is white Oona of the yellow hair,
The Coolin that was destroying my heart inside me;
She is my secret love and my lasting affection,
I care not for ever for any woman but her.

OONA.—O bard of the black eye, it is you
Who have found victory in the world and fame;
I call on yourself and I praise your mouth;
You have set my heart in my breast astray.

MÁC UI N-ANN.

'Sí úna bán na şruaige óir,
Mo fearc, mo cumann, mo şrád, mo rtorp,
Racairó rí féin le n-a bárd i şcéin,
Do loic rí a éiríde in a éleib şo móp.

ÚNA.

Níor bfaoda oirdce liom, ná lá,
As éirteacó le do cómháó bpeáş:
Iş binne do beal ná reinm na n-éan;
Óm' éiríde in mo éleib do fuair şráó:

MÁC UI N-ANN.

Do ríúbaíl mé féin an doşmá n-íomlán,
Sacraua, éirce, an şraicne 'r an Spáin,
Ní facairó mé féin i mbaile ná 'şcéin
Don ainne şa'n nşreín mar úna bán.

ÚNA.

Do cuairó mire an élaírteacó binn
San tşráó rin córcaş, as reinm linn,
Iş binne şo móp liom féin do şlóp,
Iş binne şo móp do beal 'ná rin.

MÁC UI N-ANN.

Do bí mé féin mo éadan boct, tşát,
Níor léir óam oirdce şar an lá,
Şo bfacairó mé i, do şoio mo éiríde,
A'ş do díbir díom mo bşón 'r mo éráó.

ÚNA.

Do bí mé féin ar maoin inóe
As ríúbal coir coilte le páinne an laé,
Bí eun ann rin as reinm şo binn,
"Mo şráó-ra an şráó, a'ş nac áluinn é!"

[Şlaóó aşur torann aşur buaiteann Séamur O n-larainn an
doşur arteacó.]

SÉAMUS.—Ob ob ú, oc ón í ó, şo veó! Tá an cóirce móp
leagta as bun an énuic. Tá an mála a bfuil litreacó na tíre
ann pléarşta, aşur ní'l rreang ná téad ná ríopa ná doşairó aca
le na éangailt aríş. Tá ríad aş şlaóóac amaó anoir ar rúşán
féir do beanaím doib—cibe róirc ruro é rin—aşur veir ríad şo
mbéiró na litreacó 7 an cóirce caillte ar carburó rúşáin féir
le n-a şceangailt.

MÁC UI N-ANN.—Ná bí 'ş ar mboópuşadó! Tá ar n-abrán
ráiróte aşainn, aşur anoir támaoio dul aş doámpa. Ní éaşann
an cóirce an bealacó rin ar don cóp.

HANRAHAN.—O fair Oona of the golden hair,
My desire, my affection, my love and my store
Herself will go with her bard afar;
She has hurt his heart in his breast greatly.

OONA.—I would not think the night long nor the day,
Listening to your fine discourse;
More melodious is your mouth than the singing of birds
From my heart in my breast you have found love.

HANRAHAN.—I walked myself the entire world,
England, Ireland, France and Spain;
I never saw at home or afar
Any girl under the sun like fair Oona.

OONA.—I have heard the melodious harp
On the street of Cork playing to us;
More melodious by far did I think your voice,
More melodious by far your mouth than that.

HANRAHAN.—I was myself one time a poor barnacle goose,
The night was not plain to me more than the day
Until I beheld her, she is the love of my heart,
That banished from me my grief and my misery.

OONA.—I was myself on the morning of yesterday
Walking beside the wood at the break of day;
There was a bird there was singing sweetly
How I love love, and is it not beautiful.

(A shout and a noise, and SHEAMUS O'HERAN rushes in).

SHEAMUS.—Ububu! Ohone-y-o, do deo! The big coach is
overthrown at the foot of the hill! The bag in which the
letters of the country are is bursted, and there is neither tie
nor cord nor rope nor anything to bind it up. They are
calling out now for a hay sugaun, whatever kind of thing that
is; the letters and the coach will be lost for want of a hay
sugaun to bind them.

HANRAHAN.—Do not be bothering us; we have our poem
done and we are going to dance. The coach does not come this
way at all.

SÉAMUS.—Tasann pé an bealaic rin anoir—acé ir uóig sup rctainrfeár tura, agus nac bfuil eólar ašao air. Nac uasann an cóirte tar an gcnoc anoir a cómharranna?

IAO uile.—Tasann, tasann go cinnte.

MAC UI h-ANN.—Ir cuma liom, a teacé no gan a teacé. Acé b'feair liom ríce cóirte beic bhirte ar an mbótar ná go gcuirfeá péarla an bhollais bái ó dárta uáinn. Abair leir an gcóirteoir róra do carad óó péin.

SÉAMUS.—O murber, ní tís leir, tá an oiread rin de fúinneam agus de tear agus de rpreacáó agus de lúe in rna carlais aigeanta rin go gcaitíó mo cóirteoir bóct bheit ar a gceinn. Ir ar éigin-báir ir féioir leir a gcearad ná a gceogbáil. Tá faitcior a anam' air go n-eireócaíó ríad in a mullaic, agus go n-imteócaíó ríad uair de ruais. Tá gac uile feicreac arta, ní facaíó tú ríam a leicéio de carlais ríadaine!

MAC UI h-ANN.—Má tá, tá daoine eile inr an gcóirte a déanfar róra má' éigin do'n cóirteoir beic aš ceann na gcarall: rás rin agus leir uáinn dárta.

SÉAMUS.—Tá; tá tríúr eile ann, acé maroir le ceann aca, tá pé ar leat-lám, agus fear eile aca,—tá pé aš curé agus aš crataó leir an ršannraó ruair pé, ní tís leir fearam ar a óá cóir leir an eagla acá air; agus maroir leir an tríoimad fear ní'l duine ar bit rin tír do leigreáó an focal rin "róra" ar a beul in a ríadnuire, mar nac le róra do crócaó a acáir péin anurraig, mar gceall ar éaoirig do goio.

MAC UI h-ANN.—Carad fear ašuib péin rušán uó, mar rin, agus rásaró an t-uráir fúinn-ne. [Le úna]'Noir, a péilt na mban tairbeán uóib mar iméigeann lúno imearš na nuéice, no Helen fá'r ršioraró an Tráoi. Dar mo lám, ó u'éas Déiróire, fá'r cuirreáó naoire mac Uirrig cum báir, ní'l a horóire i néirinn inoiú acé tu péin. Topócamaoio.

SÉAMUS.—Ná coraig, go mbéio an rušán ašainn. Ní tís linn-ne rušán carad. Ní'l duine ar bit anro ar féioir leir róra do déanam!

MAC UI h-ANN.—Ní'l duine ar bit ann ro ar féioir leir róra déanam!!

IAO uile.—ní'l.

SÍGLE.—Agus ir fíor uaoib rin. Ní dearraró duine ar bit inr an tír reo rušán péin aríam, ní mearaim go bfuil duine in ran tíg reo do connaic ceann aca, péin, acé mire. Ir maic cuirnígim-re, nuair nac raib ionnam acé gírreac beas go bfacaró mé ceann aca ar gábar do ruš' mo fean-acáir leir ar Connac-

SHEAMUS.—The coach does come this way now, but sure you're a stranger and you don't know. Doesn't the coach come over the hill now, neighbors?

ALL.—It does, it does, surely.

HANRAHAN.—I don't care whether it does come or whether it doesn't. I would sooner twenty coaches to be overthrown on the road than the pearl of the white breast to be stopped from dancing to us. Tell the coachman to twist a rope for himself.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, murder, he can't. There's that much vigor and fire and activity and courage in the horses that my poor coachman must take them by the heads; it's on the pinch of his life he's able to control them; he's afraid of his soul they'll go from him of a rout. They are neighing like anything; you never saw the like of them for wild horses.

HANRAHAN.—Are there no other people in the coach that will make a rope, if the coachman has to be at the horses' heads? Leave that, and let us dance.

SHEAMUS.—There are three others in it, but as to one of them, he is one-handed, and another man of them, he's shaking and trembling with the fright he got; its not in him now to stand up on his two feet with the fear that's on him; and as for the third man, there isn't a person in this country would speak to him about a rope at all, for his own father was hanged with a rope last year for stealing sheep.

HANRAHAN.—Then let one of yourselves twist a rope so, and leave the floor to us. [*To Oona*] Now, O star of women, show me how Juno goes among the gods, or Helen for whom Troy was destroyed. By my word, since Deirdre died, for whom Naoise, son of Usnech, was put to death, her heir is not in Ireland to-day but yourself. Let us begin.

SHEAMUS.—Do not begin until we have a rope; we are not able to twist a rope; there's nobody here can twist a rope.

HANRAHAN.—There's nobody here is able to twist a rope?

ALL.—Nobody at all.

SHEELA.—And that's true; nobody in this place ever made a hay sugaun. I don't believe there's a person in this house who ever saw one itself but me. It's well I remember when I was a little girsha that I saw one of them on a goat that my

taib: Úiód na daoine uile aS ríad, “ ara! cia ’n róire ruro é rin cor ar bit ? ” aSúr dubairt reirean súr ruzán do bí’ann, aSúr so sruoir na daoine a leicéio rin ríor i sConnactaib. Dubairt ré so ríadad fear aca aS congáil an féir aSúr fear eile o’á carad. Congócaid míre an fear anoir, má téideann tura o’á carad.

SÉAMUS.—DÉANFAID míre slac féir arteaó:

[Imtígeann ré amac.]

MÁC UI N-ANN [aS sábal].—

DÉANFAID mé cáinead cúige Múman,

Ní fásgann ríad an t-urllár fáinn ;

Ní’l ionnta carad ruzáin, féin !

Cúige Múman san rnar san reun !

Srán so deó ar cúige Múman,

Nac b’fásgann ríad an t-urllár fáinn ;

Cúige Múman na mbailleóirí mbrean;

Nac ’otig leó carad ruzáin, féin !

SÉAMUS [ar air].—Seó an fear anoir:

MÁC UI N-ANN.—Tadair ’m ann ro é. Tairbeánfaid míre daoib cad déanfar an Connactaó deaḡ-múinte dearlámáó, an Connactaó cóir clirte ciallmár, a bfuil lút aSúr lán-rtuaim aige in a lám, aSúr ciall in a ceann, aSúr coráirte in a croide, aó súr feól mí-áó aSúr mórbuaidreáó an traoḡail é amearḡ leibtoiní cúige Múman, atá san aoirde san uairle, atá san eólar ar an eala tar an lacaín, no ar an ór tar an bhráir, no ar an lile tar an b’óctánán, no ar feult na mbán ós, aSúr ar péarla an bhollais báin, tar a sruio rtraoille aSúr siobaó féin. Tadair ’m cipin !

[Sineann fear maide oó, cuirteann ré rop féir timcioll air; toraigeann ré o’á carad, aSúr sígla aS tadairt amac an féir oó.]

MÁC UI N-ANN [aS sábal].—

Tá péarla mná ’tadairt soluir dúinn;

Ír í mo sráó, ír í mo fáin,

’S í úna bán, an ríḡ-bean éuin,

’S ní túisio na Muimnis leat a rtuaim;

Atá na Muimnis reo dalta aS oia,

Ní aitéisio eala tar laca liat,

Aó tucfaid rí liom-ra, mo helen b’reáḡ

Már a molfar a pearra ’r a rḡeím so brát.

Ara! múire! múire! múire! Nac é reo an baile b’reáḡ léḡaó; nac é reo an baile tar báir, an baile a mbíonn an oiread rin

grandfather brought with him out of Connacht. All the people used to be saying: Aurah, what sort of thing is that at all? And he said that it was a sugaun that was in it, and that people used to make the like of that down in Connacht. He said that one man would go holding the hay, and another man twisting it. I'll hold the hay now, and you'll go twisting it.

SHEAMUS.—I'll bring in a lock of hay. [*He goes out.*]

HANRAHAN.—I will make a dispraising of the province of Munster:
They do not leave the floor to us,
It isn't in them to twist even a sugaun;
The province of Munster without nicety, without
prosperity.
Disgust for ever on the province of Munster,
That they do not leave us the floor;
The province of Munster of the foul clumsy people.
They cannot even twist a sugaun!

SHEAMUS (*coming back*).—Here's the hay now.

HANRAHAN.—Give it here to me; I'll show ye what the well-learned, handy, honest, clever, sensible Connachtman will do, who has activity and full deftness in his hands, and sense in his head, and courage in his heart, but that the misfortune and the great trouble of the world directed him among the *lebidins* of the province of Munster, without honor, without nobility, without knowledge of the swan beyond the duck, or of the gold beyond the brass, or of the lily beyond the thistle, or of the star of young women and the pearl of the white breast beyond their own share of sluts and slatterns. Give me a kippeen. [*A man hands him a stick. He puts a wisp of hay round it, and begins twisting it, and SHEELA giving him out the hay.*]

HANRAHAN.—There is a pearl of a woman giving light to us;
She is my love; she is my desire;
She is fair Oona, the gentle queen-woman.
And the Munstermen do not understand half her courtesy.
These Munstermen are blinded by God.
They do not recognise the swan beyond the grey duck,
But she will come with me, my fine Helen,
Where her person and her beauty shall be praised for ever.

Arrah, wisha, wisha, wisha, isn't this the fine village, isn't this the exceeding village! the village where there be that

rósaire croícta ann naé mbíonn don earbuid rópa ar na daoineib,
leir an méad rópa goideann ríad ó'n gcroísaire Cráirdteadáin
atá ionnta. Tá na rópaib aca agus ní tugann ríad uata iad—
aéit go gcuireann ríad an Connactaé boét ag carad rugáin doib!
Níor éar ríad rugáin féir in ran mbaile reo aríam—agus an
méad rugáin cnáibe atá aca de bárr an croísaire!

Shídeann Connactaé ciallmhar
Rópa dó féin,
Aéit goideann an Muimneac
Ó'n gcroísaire é!
Go bfeicid mé rópa
Bneáí cnáibe go fóill
D'a fársad ar ríadísib
Sáe doinne ann ro!

Mar gheall ar don mhnaoi amáin d'ímtiúgeadar na Shléasais, agus
níor ríopaí agus níor mhór-cóinnuigeadar no gur ríopaí ar
an Traoi, agus mar gheall ar don mhnaoi amáin béid an baile reo
damanta go deo na n'oeór agus go bfuinne an b'áta, le Dia na
n'sláir, go ríorruide rúctain, nuair náir tuigeadar gur ab i úna
ní Ríogáin an dara Helen do ríad in a mearf, agus go rug
rí bárr áille ar Helen agus ar b'énur, ar a d'áinís roimpe agus
ar d'úicfar 'na diais.

Aéit tuicfáid rí liom mo péarla mhá
Go cúige Connact na n'daoine bneáí;
Seobáid rí péarta fion a' r' feoil,
Rinnceanna ároa, r'póit a' r' ceoil.

O! múire! múire! náir éirígid an shian ar an mbaile reo, agus
náir lafaid péalta air, agus náir—

[Tá ré ran am ro amuis tar an doir. Éirígeann na rí uile
agus dúnaid é d'aon ruais amáin air. Tugann úna léim cum
an doir, aéit beirid na mhá uirí. Téirdeann Séamur anonn
cuici.]

ÚnA.—O! O! O! ná cuiríde amac é. Leis ar air é. Sin
Tomár O n-Annpácaín, ir ríle é, ir báro é, ir fear iongantac
é! O leis ar air é, ná deán rín air!

SÉAMUS.—A úna bán, agus a cuirle díleas, leis dó. Tá
ré imtígte anoir agus a cuir pirtreós leir. Déid ré imtígte
ar do ceann amárac, agus béid tura imtígte ar a ceann-ran.
Náe b'fuil fíor ásat go maí go mb'fearr liom tu 'ná céad míle
Déiríche, agus gur tura m'aon péarla mhá amáin d'a b'fuil in
ran do man.

MAC UÍ N-ANN [amuis, ag buataí ar an doir].—Forsail!
forsail! forsail! Leisid arteaé mé. O mo feacéit gcéad míle
mallacéit orraib,

many rogues hanged that the people have no want of ropes with all the ropes that they steal from the hangman!

The sensible Connachtman makes
A rope for himself;
But the Munsterman steals it
From the hangman;
That I may see a fine rope,
A rope of hemp yet
A stretching on the throats
Of every person here!

On account of one woman only the Greeks departed, and they never stopped, and they never greatly stayed, till they destroyed Troy; and on account of one woman only this village shall be damned; go deo, na ndeór, and to the womb of judgment, by God of the graces, eternally and everlastingly, because they did not understand that Oona ni Regaun is the second Helen, who was born in their midst, and that she overcame in beauty Deirdre and Venus, and all that came before or that will come after her!

But she will come with me, my pearl of a woman,
To the province of Connacht of the fine people,
She will receive feast, wine and meat,
High dances, sport and music!

Oh wisha, wisha, that the sun may never rise upon this village, and that the stars may never shine on it, and that——. [*He is by this time outside the door. All the men make a rush at the door, and shut it. OONA runs towards the door, but the women seize her. SHEAMUS goes over to her.*]

OONA.—Oh, oh, oh, do not put him out, let him back, that is Tumaus Hanrahan; he is a poet, he is a bard, he is a wonderful man. Oh, let him back, do not do that to him.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, Oona bawn, acushla deelish, let him be, he is gone now, and his share of spells with him. He will be gone out of your head to-morrow, and you will be gone out of his head. Don't you know that I like you better than a hundred thousand Deirdres, and that you are my one pearl of a woman in the world.

HANRAHAN (*outside, beating on the door*).—Open, open, open, let me in! Oh, my seven hundred thousand curses on you, the curse of the weak and of the strong, the curse of the poets and of the bards upon you! The curse of the priests on you

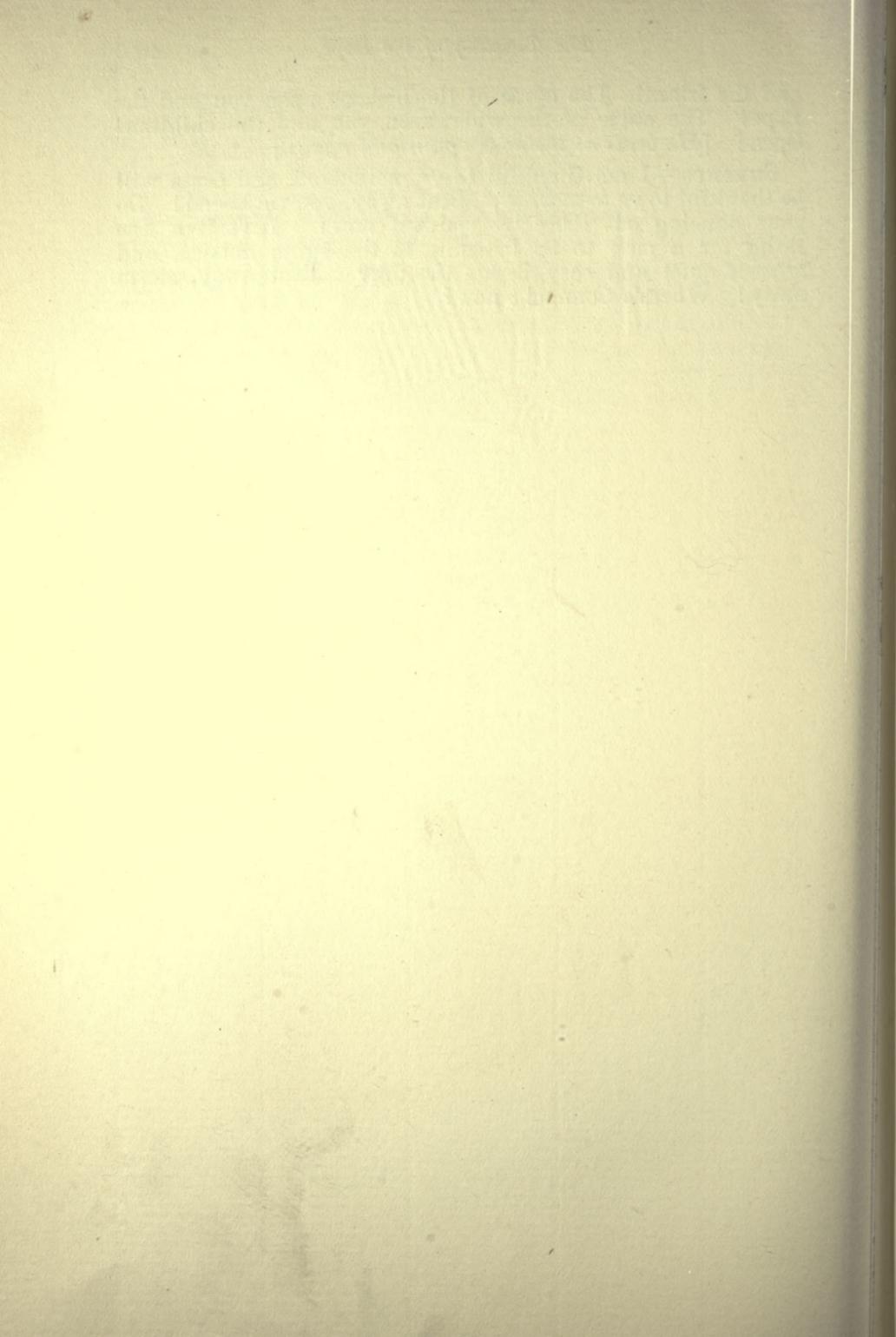
[Buaitéann ré an doimhir ariú agus ariú eite:]

MALLAÉT NA LAS OIRIÁID 'R NA LÁIROIR,
 MALLAÉT NA RAGARÉ AGUS NA MBRÁCAR,
 MALLAÉT NA N-ÉARBALL AGUS AN BÁPA,
 MALLAÉT NA MBAINTEABÁC 'R NA NGARLÁC:
 FORGAIL! FORGAIL! FORGAIL!

SÉAMUS.—Tá mé buídeac díb a cómaranna, agus béid úna buídeac díb amaraic. Buail leat, a rshairte! Déan do dháirí leat féin amuis ann sin, anoir! Ní bfuigíod tú ardeac ann ro! Óra, a cómaranna nac briedé é, tuine do beit ag éirteac leir an rtoirim taob amuis, agus é féin go rocair rárta com na teinead. Buail leat! Sreac leat. Cá 'uile Connac anoir?

and the friars! The curse of the bishops upon you and the Pope! The curse of the widows on you and the children! Open! [*He beats at the door again and again.*]

SHEAMUS.—I am thankful to ye, neighbors, and Oona will be thankful to ye to-morrow. Beat away, you vagabond! Do your dancing out there by yourself now! Isn't it a fine thing for a man to be listening to the storm outside, and himself quiet and easy beside the fire? Beat away, storm away! Where's Connacht now?



EARLY IRISH AUTHORS, TRANSLATIONS OF
WHOSE WORKS OCCUR IN VOLUMES ONE
TO NINE OF IRISH LITERATURE.

MAURICE DUGAN.

(About 1641.)

MAURICE DUGAN, or O'DUGAN, lived near Benburb, in County Tyrone, about the year 1641, and he wrote the song to the air of "The Coolin," which was even in his time old, and which is, as Hardiman says, considered by many "the finest in the whole circle of Irish music." He was supposed to be descended from the O'Dugans, hereditary bards and historians, one of whom wrote the "Typography of Ancient Ireland," which was extensively used by the Four Masters in their "Annals." O'Reilly, in his "Irish Writers," mentions four other poems, the production of O'Dugan, namely, "Set your Fleet in Motion," "Owen was in a Rage," "Erin has Lost her Lawful Spouse," "Fodhla (Ireland) is a Woman in Decay." The translation of "The Coolin" will be found among the works of Sir Samuel Ferguson.

MAURICE FITZGERALD.

(About 1612.)

MAURICE FITZGERALD lived in Munster in the time of Elizabeth. He was the son of David *duff* (the black) Fitzgerald, and he seems to have been a man of considerable education and of refined taste. Several of his works exist, but the facts of his life are shrouded in darkness. It is supposed that he died in Spain, where many of the most eminent Irishmen of his time found an exile's home. His journey thither probably suggested the "Ode on his Ship," though as Miss Brooke says in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry," it is possible the third ode of Horace deserves that credit. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" is a list of seven poems by Fitzgerald which were in O'Reilly's possession in 1820. The translation of his "Ode on his Ship" will be found with the work of Miss Brooke.

THOMAS FLAVELL

Is the supposed author of "County Mayo" or "The Lament of Thomas Flavell," the English translation of which by George Fox will be found in its place under that author's name. He was a

native of Bophin, an island on the western coast of Ireland, and lived in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Hardiman says of the poem that "it is only remarkable for being combined with one of our sweetest native melodies—the very soul of Irish music."

GEOFFRY KEATING.

(1570—1650.)

"GEOFFRY KEATING, the Herodotus of Ireland," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "the Four Masters, and Duaid MacFirbis were men of whom any age or country might be proud, men who, amid the war, rapine, and conflagration that rolled through the country at the heels of the English soldiers, still strove to save from the general wreck those records of their country which to-day make the name of Ireland honorable for her antiquities, traditions, and history in the eyes of the scholars of Europe.

"Of these men, Keating, as a prose writer, was the greatest. He was a man of literature, a poet, professor, theologian, and historian, in one. He brought the art of writing limpid Irish to its highest perfection, and ever since the publication of his 'History of Ireland,' some two hundred and fifty years ago, the modern language may be said to have been stereotyped. . . . I consider him (Keating) the first Irish historian and trained scholar who . . . wrote for the masses, not the classes, and he had his reward in the thousands of copies of his popular history made and read throughout all Ireland."

He was born at Tubbrid, near Clogheen, in County Tipperary, about the year 1570. At an early age he was sent to Spain, and he studied for twenty-three years in the College of Salamanca. On his return he was received with great respect by all classes of his countrymen, and after a tour through the country was appointed to the ministry of his native parish. Here he soon became famous for his eloquence, and crowds came to hear him from the neighboring towns of Cashel and Clonmel. Owing to his plain speaking in the pulpit, he was in danger of being arrested, and he fled for safety into the Galtee mountains.

Here he caused to be brought to him the materials he had been collecting for years, and here wrote his well-known and important "History of Ireland," ultimately completed about the year 1625. It begins from the earliest period (namely, the arrival of the three daughters of Cain, the eldest named Banba, who gave her name to Ireland, which was called "the Isle of Banba"), and extends to the Anglo-Norman invasion. In 1603, Keating was enabled to return to his parish, where he found a coadjutor, with whom he lived and labored peacefully for many years. One of the joint works of the two men was the erection of a church in 1644, over the door of which may yet be seen an inscription speaking of them as founders, and beside which was placed afterwards the following epitaph on the poet-historian:

“ In Tybrid, hid from mortal eye,
A priest, a poet, and a prophet lie ;
All these and more than in one man could be
Concentrated was in famous Jeffry.”

Of the other works of Keating many were a few years ago, and possibly still are, well known traditionally to the peasantry of Munster. Among them are “Thoughts on Innisfail,” which D’Arcy Magee has translated; “A Farewell to Ireland,” a poem addressed to his harper; “An Elegy on the Death of Lord de Decies,” the “Three Shafts of Death,” a treatise in Irish prose, which Irish soldiers, we are told, have long held in admiration. He died about 1650.

TEIGE MACDAIRE.

(1570—1650.)

TEIGE MACDAIRE, son of Daire MacBrody, was born about 1570. He was principal poet to Donogh O’Brian, fourth Earl of Thomond, and held as his appanage the Castle of Dunogan, in Clare, with its lands. In accordance with the bardic usage, he wrote his elegant “Advice to a Prince” to his chief when the latter attained to the title. This is the most elaborate of his poems. Dr. Douglas Hyde in his “Literary History of Ireland” tells us that his poetry is all written in elaborate and highly wrought classical meters, and that there are still extant some 3,400 lines.

We give among the selections from the work of Dr. Hyde a few of the verses translated by him into the exact equivalent of the meter in which they are written.

MacDaire was assassinated by a marauding soldier of Cromwell’s army, who, as he treacherously flung the poet over a precipice, mocked him in Irish, crying: “Go, make your songs now, little man !” This was one of MacDaire’s own countrymen.

JOHN MACDONNELL.

(1691—1754.)

JOHN MACDONNELL, “perhaps the finest poet of the first half of the eighteenth century,” says Dr. Douglas Hyde, was born near Charleville, in the County Cork, in the year 1691. He has generally been called MacDonnell Claragh, from Claragh, the name of the residence of his family. O’Halloran in his “History of Ireland” speaks of him as “a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet,” and says that he “had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a ‘History of Ireland,’” which failing health, however, prevented him completing. He also proposed translating Homer’s Iliad into Irish, and had at least proceeded so far as to produce several highly praised specimens of what his work would be. But this, as well as the “History of Ireland,”

was put a stop to by his illness and death, and MacDonnell's fame must now rest on his poems alone. He died in the year 1754.

Hardiman ranks him in Irish as equal to Pope in English, and believes that had he lived to complete his translation of the Iliad it would have been as successful in a literary sense as was that of Pope. "If," he continues, "the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine which would be entitled to the prize. But, fortunately for his genius and fame, Pope was born on the right side of the Channel."

MacDonnell was, it seems, a "rank Jacobite" in politics, and, poet and genius though he was, had often by hasty flights to save his life from the hands of the "hunters of the bards." We give a translation of one of his poems by an anonymous hand. Others, by D'Alton, will be found among the examples of his work.

GRANU WAIL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.¹

Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe,
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreath;
Undeck'd by gold or diamond rare,
Near Albion's throne stood Grana fair.

The vestal queen in wonder view'd
The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude—
The azure eye, whose light could prove
The equal power in war or love.

"Some boon," she cried, "thou lady brave,
From Albion's queen in pity crave:
E'en name the rank of countess high,
Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."

"Nay, sister-queen," the fair replied,
"A sov'reign, and an hero's bride
No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—
I'll honors give, but none receive.

"But grant to him—whose infant sleep
Is lull'd by rocking o'er the deep—
Those gifts, which now for Erin's sake
Thro' pride of soul I dare not take."

The queen on Grana gazed and smil'd,
And honor'd soon the stranger child
With titles brave, to grace a name
Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

¹This ballad celebrates a real historical scene, the visit of the famous Grace O'Malley to Queen Elizabeth. In the "Anthologia Hibernica" the visit is thus described: "The Queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country: a long, uncouth mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat. The court stared with surprise at so strange a figure."—"Granu Wail" or "Grana Uile" was one of the typical names of Ireland, and, as Lover remarks, the mere playing of the air with that name has still a political significance. (See also the examples of the work of Cæsar Otway.)

DUALD MACFIRBIS.

(1585—1670.)

THIS famous scholar was born in County Sligo. He was the author of "The Branches of Relationship," or "Volumes of Pedigrees." The autograph copy of this vast compilation, generally known as "The Book of MacFirbis," is now in the library of the Earl of Roden. He assisted Sir James Ware by transcribing and translating from the Irish for him. His "Collection of Glossaries" has been published by Dr. Whitley Stokes. His autograph "Martyrology," or "Litany of the Saints" in verse, is preserved in the British Museum. The fragment of his Treatise on "Irish Authors" is in the Royal Irish Academy. His transcription of the "Chronicum Scotorum" was translated by the late Mr. W. M. Hennessy, and published in 1867. His "Annals of Ireland" has been translated and edited by O'Donovan, and published by the Irish Archæological Society. A transcript of his catalogue of "Extinct Irish Bishoprics," by Mr. Hennessy, is in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. In the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society may be found his English version of the "Registry of Clonmacnoise," compiled in the year 1216. Some extracts from his works translated by Professor O'Donovan will be found among the examples from that gentleman's work.

ANDREW MAGRATH.

(1723 —)

ANDREW MAGRATH was born in Limerick about 1723. He was one of the most gay, careless, and rollicking of the Jacobite poets, and one of the last who wrote in his native tongue. He wrote many songs and poems, of politics, of love, and of drinking. He was, like so many of his fellows, a wild liver; and his name survives yet among the peasantry of his native Munster, among whom he is remembered as the Mangaire Sugach, or Merry Monger. The date of his death is not known, but he is said to lie buried in Killmallock Churchyard.

We append anonymous translations of two of his poems. None of them have, however, been adequately rendered into the English language.

THE COMING OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

Too long have the churls in dark bondage oppressed me,
 Too long have I cursed them in anguish and gloom;
 Yet Hope with no vision of comfort has blessed me—
 The cave is my shelter—the rude rock my home.
 Save Doun¹ and his kindred, my sorrow had shaken
 All friends from my side, when at evening, forsaken,
 I sought the lone fort, proud to hear him awaken,
 The hymn of deliverance breathing for me.

¹ The ruler of the Munster fairies.

He told how the heroes were fallen and degraded
 And scorn dashed the tear their affliction would claim ;
 But Phelim and Heber,¹ whose children betrayed it,
 The land shall relume with the light of their fame.
 The fleet is prepared, proud Charles² is commanding,
 And wide o'er the wave the white sail is expanding,
 The dark brood of Luther shall quail at their landing,
 The Gael like a tempest shall burst on the foe.

The bards shall exult, and the harp-strings shall tremble,
 And love and devotion be poured in the strain ;
 Ere " Samhain " ³ our chiefs shall in Temor⁴ assemble,
 The " Lion " protect our own pastors again.
 The Gael shall redeem every shrine's desecration,
 In song shall exhale our warm heart's adoration,
 Confusion shall light on the foe's usurpation.
 And Erin shine out yet triumphant and free.

The secrets of destiny now are before you—
 Away ! to each heart the proud tidings to tell :
 Your Charles is at hand, let the green flag spread o'er you !
 The treaty they broke your deep vengeance shall swell.
 The hour is arrived, and in loyalty blending,
 Surround him ! sustain ! Shall the gorged goal descending
 Deter you, your own sacred monarch defending ?
 Rush on like a tempest and scatter the foe !

MY GRAND RECREATION.

I sell the best brandy and sherry,
 To make my good customers merry ;
 But at times their finances
 Run short, as it chances,
 And then I feel very sad, very !

Here's brandy ! Come, fill up your tumbler ;
 Or ale, if your liking be humbler ;
 And, while you've a shilling,
 Keep filling and swilling—
 A fig for the growls of the grumbler !

I like, when I'm quite at my leisure,
 Mirth, music, and all sorts of pleasure ;
 When Margery's bringing
 The glass, I like singing
 With bards—if they drink within measure.

Libation ! I pour a libation,
 I sing the past fame of our nation ;
 For valorous glory,
 For song and for story,
 This, this, is my grand recreation.

¹ Renegade Irish who joined the foe. ² The Pretender.

³ The 1st of November, the festival of Baal-Samen, so called by the
 Druids. ⁴ Tara.

GERALD NUGENT.

(About 1588.)

GERALD NUGENT was one of those Irishmen of English descent of whom it was complained that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. In the reign of King John the barony of Devlin in Meath was granted to Gilbert de Nugent. By the time of Elizabeth the Nugents had taken to the Irish language, like many other inhabitants of the Pale, and Gerald Nugent was a bard and harpist. He composed in Irish, and flinging aside his harp he joined with the Irish in their attempt to throw off the yoke of the conquerors. Of course the result was failure, and Nugent became an exile. In his grief at leaving the land of his birth, he composed the ode or lamentation, a translation of which by the Rev. W. H. Drummond is given under that gentleman's name. This is the only one of his poems that has been preserved. When and where Gerald Nugent died we have been unable to discover.

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN.

(1670—1738.)

TURLOUGH CAROLAN, or O'CAROLAN, commonly called the last of the bards, was born in the year 1670 at the village of Baile-Nusah, or Newton, in the County Westmeath, and went to school at Cruisestown, County Longford. When about fifteen (some say eighteen and others twenty-two) he lost his sight through an attack of small-pox. While at school he made the acquaintance of Bridget Cruise, whose name he made famous in one of his songs.

Many years later Carolan went on a pilgrimage to what is called St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island on Lough Dearg in County Donegal. While standing on the shore he began to assist some of his fellow-pilgrims into a boat, and chancing to take hold of a lady's hand he suddenly exclaimed, "By the hand of my gossip! this is the hand of Bridget Cruise!" So it was, but the fair one was still deaf to his suit.

Carolan moved with his father to Carrick-on-Shannon, and there a Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe had him carefully instructed in Irish and also to some extent in English. She also caused him to learn how to play the harp, not with the view to his becoming a harper, but simply as an accomplishment. In his twenty-second year he suddenly determined to become a harper, and, his benefactress providing him with a couple of horses and an attendant to carry the harp, he started on a round of visits to the neighboring gentry, to most of whom he was already known; and for years he wandered all over the country, gladly received wherever he came, and seldom forgetting to pay for his entertainment by song in praise of his host.

In about middle life he married Miss Mary Maguire, a young lady

of good family. With her he lived very happily and learned to love her tenderly, though she was haughty and extravagant. On his marriage he built a neat house at Moshill in County Leitrim, and there entertained his friends with more liberality than prudence. The income of his little farm was soon swallowed up, and he fell into embarrassments which haunted him the rest of his life. On this he took to his wanderings again, while his wife stayed at home and busied herself with the education of their rather numerous family. In 1733 she was removed by death, and a melancholy fell upon him which remained until the end. He did not survive his wife long. In 1738 he paid a visit to the house of his early benefactress, Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe, and there he fell ill and died.

Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "He composed over two hundred airs, many of them very lively, and usually addressed to his patrons, chiefly to those of the old Irish families. He composed his own words to suit his music, and these have given him the reputation of a poet. They are full of curious turns and twists of meter to suit his airs, to which they are admirably wed, and very few are in regular stanzas. They are mostly of Pindaric nature, addressed to patrons or to fair ladies; there are some exceptions however, such as his celebrated ode to whisky, one of the finest bacchanalian songs in any language, and his much more famed but immeasurably inferior 'Receipt for Drinking.' Very many of his airs and nearly all his poetry with the exception of about thirty pieces are lost."

Examples of his poetry will be found in translations by John D'Alton, Arthur Dawson, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Furlong, and Dr. George Sigerson.

There is a well-known portrait of him by the Dutch painter, Vanderhagen, which bears some resemblance to the portraits of Shakespeare.

MICHAEL O'CLERY.

(1580—1643.)

REFERRING to "The Annals of the Four Masters," Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "This mighty work is chiefly due to the herculean labors of the learned Franciscan brother, Michael O'Clery," who was born in Donegal about the year 1580. He was descended from a learned family who had been for centuries hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnell, and at an early age became distinguished for his abilities. While yet young he retired to the Irish Franciscan monastery at Louvain, where he soon attracted the attention of the learned Hugh Ward, a native of his own country and a lecturer at the Irish College. His perfect knowledge of the Irish language and history caused him to be employed by Ward to carry out a project that enthusiastic monk had formed for rescuing the annals and antiquities of his country from oblivion.

O'Clery then returned to Ireland, where for many years he busied himself collecting manuscripts and other works and transmitting them to Louvain. In 1635 Ward died, but some time before he managed to publish from O'Clery's materials "The Life of St. Rummold," "Irish Martyrology," and a treatise on the "Names of Ireland." John Colgan, also a native of Donegal, afterwards made large use of O'Clery's manuscripts in his works on the Irish saints, "Trias Thaumaturga" and "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ." Even before Ward's death, however, O'Clery had commenced his great work, which at first went by the name of "The Annals of Donegal," then by the title of "The Ulster Annals," and is now known over the world as "The Annals of the Four Masters," as he and his assistants, Peregrine O'Clery, Conary O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duigenan, a learned antiquary of Kilronan, were named. He had also some little help from the hereditary historians to the kings of Connaught, two members of the old and learned family of the O'Maolconerys.

The work states that it was entirely composed in the convent of the Brothers of Donegal, who supplied the requirements of the transcribers while their labors were in progress. Fergal O'Gara, a member for Sligo in the Parliament of 1634, is also said to have liberally rewarded O'Clery's assistants, while it was his advice and influence that prevailed on O'Clery to bring them together and proceed with the work. In the "Testimonials" are also stated the names of the books and manuscripts from which the "Annals" were compiled, and there also we find the information that the first volume was begun on the 22d January, 1632, and the last finished on the 10th August, 1636. To the "Testimonials," which is a kind of guarantee of the faithfulness of the work, are subscribed the names of the Superior and two of the monks, together with the countersignature of O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell.

After the completion of the "Annals" O'Clery returned to Louvain, where in 1643 he published a "Vocabulary of the Irish Language." This seems to have been the last of his works, and this year the last year of his life.

"The Annals of the Four Masters" begin at the earliest period of Irish history, about A.D. 1171, and end A.D. 1616, covering a period of 444 years. The "Annals" were published in Dublin by Bryan Geraghty in 1846.

Examples of the translations by Owen Connellan and O'Donovan will be found among the work of these writers, also a translation by O'Donovan from the "Annals."

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN.

(1740—1825.)

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN was born in Cork in 1740, and died in Modeligo, Waterford, in the first quarter of the present century. He was a tall, handsome farmer. He traveled to Cork to purchase wedding presents for his betrothed, but was met on his way home by the news that she had married a wealthy suitor. He flung

all his presents into the fire, and from the shock lost his reason, which he never recovered.

A translation of an Irish poem of his by Dr. Sigerson is given among the examples of the work of that gentleman.

JOHN O'NEACHTAN.

(1695 ?—1720 ?)

JOHN O'NEACHTAN was still alive in 1715. He was a native of County Meath, but beyond this little is known about him. "He was," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "one of the earliest writers of Jacobite poetry, and perhaps the most voluminous man of letters of his day among the native Irish. One of his early poems was written immediately after the battle of the Boyne, when the English soldiery stripped him of everything he possessed in the world, except one small Irish book. Between forty and fifty of his pieces are enumerated by O'Reilly, and I have seen others in a manuscript in private hands. These included a poem in imitation of those called 'Ossianic,' of 1,296 lines, and a tale written about 1717 in imitation of the so-called Fenian tales, an amusing allegoric story called the 'Adventures of Edmund O'Clery,' and a curious but extravagant tale called the 'Strong-armed Wrestler.'

"Hardiman had in his possession a closely written Irish treatise by O'Neachtan of five hundred pages on general geography, containing many interesting particulars concerning Ireland, and a volume of 'Annals of Ireland' from 1167 to 1700. He also translated a great many church hymns, and, I believe, prose books from Latin. His elegy on Mary D'Este, widow of James II., is one of the most musical pieces I have ever seen, even in Irish :

“ SLOW cause of my fear
NO pause to my tear,
The brightest and whitest
LOW lies on her bier.

FAIR Islets of green,
RARE sights to be seen,
Both highlands and Islands
THERE s'igh for the Queen.’”

A translation by Thomas Furlong of O'Neachtan's famous song "Maggy Laidir" is given with the examples of the writings of that gentleman.

OSSIAN.

"SIDE by side with the numerous prose sagas which fall under the title of 'Fenian,'" says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "there exists an enormous mass of poems, chiefly

narrative, of a minor epic type, or else semi-dramatic *épopées*, usually introduced by a dialogue between St. Patrick and the poet Ossian.¹ Ossian¹ was the son of Finn mac Cúmhail, vulgarly 'Cool,' and he was fabled to have lived in Tír na n-óg, the country of the ever-young, the Irish Elysium, for three hundred years, thus surviving all his Fenian contemporaries and living to hold colloquy with St. Patrick. The so-called Ossianic poems are extraordinarily numerous, and were they all collected would probably (between those preserved in Scotch-Gaelic and in Irish) amount to some 80,000 lines. . . . The most of them, in the form in which they have come down to us at the present day, seem to have been composed in rather loose metres . . . and they were even down to our fathers' time exceedingly popular, both in Ireland and in the Scotch Highlands, in which latter country Ian Campbell, the great folk-lorist, made the huge collection which he called *Leabhar na Féinne*, or the Book of the Fenians.

"Some of the Ossianic poems relate the exploits of the Fenians; others describe conflicts between members of that body and worms, wild beasts, and dragons; others fights with monsters and with strangers come from across the sea; others detail how Finn and his companions suffered from the enchantments of wizards and the efforts made to release them; one enumerates the Fenians who fell at Cnoc-an-áir; another gives the names of about three hundred of the Fenian hounds; another gives Ossian's account of his three hundred years in the Land of the Young and his return; many more consist largely of semi-humorous dialogues between the saint and the old warrior; another is called Ossian's madness; another is Ossian's account of the battle of Gabhra, which made an end of the Fenians, and so on. . . .

"There is a considerable thread of narrative running through these poems and connecting them in a kind of series, so that several of them might be divided into the various books of a Gaelic epic of the *Odysseic* type, containing, instead of the wanderings and final restoration of Ulysses, the adventures and final destruction of the Fenians, except that the books would be rather more disjointed. There is, moreover, splendid material for an ample epic in the division between the Fenians of Munster and Connacht and the gradual estrangement of the High King, leading up to the fatal battle of Gabhra; but the material for this last exists chiefly in prose texts, not in the Ossianic lays. . . .

"The Ossianic lays are almost the only narrative poems which exist in the language, for although lyrical, elegiac, and didactic poetry abounds, the Irish never produced, except in the case of the Ossianic *épopées*, anything of importance in a narrative and ballad form, anything, for instance, of the nature of the glorious ballad poetry of the Scotch Lowlands.

"The Ossianic meters, too, are the eminently epic ones of Ireland. . . .

"Of the authorship of the Ossianic poems nothing is known. In the Book of Leinster are three short pieces ascribed to Ossian

¹ In Irish *Oisín*, pronounced "Esheen," or "Ussheen."

himself, and five to Finn, and other old MSS. contain poems ascribed to Caoilte, Ossian's companion and fellow survivor, and to Fergus, another son of Finn ; but of the great mass of the many thousand lines which we have in seventeenth and eighteenth century MSS. there is not much which is placed in Ossian's mouth as first hand, the pieces, as I have said, generally beginning with a dialogue, from which Ossian proceeds to recount his tale. But this dramatic form of the lay shows that no pretense was kept up of Ossian's being the singer of his own exploits. From the paucity of the pieces attributed to him in the oldest MSS. it is probable that the Gaelic race only gradually singled him out as their typical pagan poet, instead of Fergus or Caoilte or any other of his alleged contemporaries, just as they singled out his father Finn as the typical pagan leader of their race ; and it is likely that a large part of our Ossianic lay and literature is post-Danish, while the great mass of the Red Branch saga is in its birth many centuries anterior to the Norsemen's invasion."

A. RAFTERY.

(1780?—1840?)

THE story of the discovery of the writings of Raftery by Dr. Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory is one of the most curious and interesting in the annals of literature. We have not space for it in detail ; in brief it was on this wise : Some time in the seventies Dr. Hyde heard an old man singing a song at the door of his cottage. The old man, at his request, taught Dr. Hyde the song and the latter went away.

Twelve years after, when Dr. Hyde was working in the Royal Irish Academy, he came across some old manuscript containing a number of poems ascribed to a man named Raftery, and among them the very song that he had learned on that morning long ago.

Seven years more elapsed, and Dr. Hyde one day met an old blind man begging. He gave him a penny, and passed on, when it suddenly occurred to him that he should have spoken to him in Irish. He did so and conversed with him for an hour. Among other things they talked about was Raftery, and Dr. Hyde learned much about the poet from the old man.

This set him upon the track of the poet, and the final result was the recovery of most of his poems and considerable material for his biography, which would otherwise have been absolutely lost. Had it not been for the fact that the poems were so well known up and down the country, it would have been impossible to recover many of them.

Raftery was born about 1780 or 1790 at Cilleaden, County Mayo, of very poor parents. He was early in life deprived of his sight by smallpox, so that he never had any better occupation by which to make a living than that of a fiddler. Though he was absolutely destitute and practically dependent upon alms, no poet of the people

ever exercised so widespread an influence upon those among whom he lived. He was never taught either to read or to write; he had no access to books of any kind, or any form of literature, except what he was able to pick up through his ears as he traveled from cottage to cottage, with his bag over his shoulder, picking up his day's meals as he went.

Lady Gregory in her "Poets and Dreamers" deals very fully with his work, and from the examples which she gives we are justified in claiming for this, the last of Irish bards, the name of an inspired one. It is said that he spent the last years of his life in making prayers and religious songs, of which Lady Gregory gives some interesting examples, and of which "The Confession," printed in the present volume, is typical.

He died at an advanced age, about 1840, and is buried at Killeenan, County Mayo, where there is a stone over his grave, and where the people from all parts round about gather in August of every year to do honor to his memory.

RICHARD STANIHURST.

(1545—1618.)

RICHARD STANIHURST was born in Dublin, and in his eighteenth year went to University College, Oxford. He studied law at Furnival's Inn and Lincoln's Inn; and, returning to Ireland, married a daughter of Sir Charles Barnewell. About 1579 he took up his residence in Leyden, entered holy orders, and became chaplain to Albert, Archduke of Austria and Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. A great portion of his writings are in Latin. His first work, which was published in London in 1570, in folio, is entitled "Harmonia, seu catena dialectica Porphyrium," and is spoken of with particular praise by Edmund Campion, then a student at St. John's College, Oxford. His other works are "De rebus in Hibernia gestis" (Antwerp, 1584, 4to); "Descriptio Hiberniæ," which is to be found in "Holinshed's Chronicle," of which it formed a part of the second volume; "De Vita S. Patricii" (Antwerp, 1587, 12mo); "Hebdomada Mariana" (Antwerp, 1609, 8vo); "Hebdomada Eucharistica" (Douay, 1614, 8vo); "Brevis premonitio pro futura commentatione cum Jacobo Usserio" (Douay, 1615, 8vo); "The Principles of the Catholic Religion"; "The First Four Books of Virgil's Æneid in English Hexameters" (1583, small 8vo, black letter); with which are printed the four first Psalms, "certayne poetical conceites" in Latin and English, and some epitaphs.

OWEN WARD.

(About 1600 or 1610.)

LITTLE is known of Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Red Owen Ward, beyond the fact that he was the bard of the O'Donnells, and

accompanied the princes of Tyrconnell and Tyrone when they fled from Ireland in 1607. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" the names of nine lengthy and still extant poems of his are given. The "Lament," translated by J. Clarence Mangan, will be found among that author's contributions to this work; it is addressed to Nuala, sister of O'Donnell, the Prince of Tyrconnell, who died in Rome, and was interred in the same grave with O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone. Ward was the descendant of a long line of bards and poets of the same name.

MODERN IRISH AUTHORS, WHOSE WORK, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED, APPEARS IN
VOLUME TEN OF IRISH LITERATURE.

FATHER DINNEEN. .

FATHER DINNEEN is a native of the district adjoining Killarney, in East Kerry, a district that has produced a crop of distinguished poets such as Egan O'Rahilly, Geoffrey O'Donoghue, Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, Finneen O'Scannell. He drank in the traditional lore of this region during his boyhood, and always held the Irish language in special veneration. University and ecclesiastical studies, however, engrossed the best years of his youth and early manhood, and it was only when the enemies of Ireland's honor came forward at the Intermediate Education Commission, held in Dublin a few years ago, and sought to vilify Irish literature, to show that whatever little of it survived was either "silly" or "indecent," that he set seriously to work to lay before the world the collected works of several modern Irish poets, including those named above.

Besides collecting from manuscripts and editing for the first time the works of some six distinguished poets, Father Dinneen has in three or four years written several prose works in Irish, including an historical novel, "Cormac Va Conaill," a description of Killarney, and several plays. He has also finished a dictionary of the modern Irish language, with explanations in English. He is perhaps the most earnest writer of the Gaelic movement, and his *éditiones principes* of the Munster poets are of the greatest value.

JAMES J. DOYLE.

MR. JAMES J. DOYLE, the most unwearying worker and, with the single exception, perhaps, of Father O'Leary, the raciest writer of Irish dialogue living, was born at Cooleanig, Tuogh, County Kerry, forty-five years ago. The son of a well-connected, well-disposed, well-to-do farmer, he had the advantage of spending his boyhood in a singularly bilingual atmosphere; but it was only on leaving the local National school to enter the Revenue Service at the age of nineteen that he commenced to study the literature of his race. To Mr. David Connyn he attributes much of his earlier interest in Ireland's halloved literature, an interest which has been steadily deepening for upwards of a quarter of a century.

Owing to circumstances with which our readers are unhappily only too familiar, Mr. Doyle remained unknown as a writer until the Oireachtas of 1898. On this occasion, however, he leisurely carried off a prize for three humorous Irish stories, and again at the

Oireachtas of 1900 he won the "Independent" prize for a story of modern Irish life. Still later, at the "Feis Uladh," he received first prize for a paper on "Ulster Local Names." This latter is one of his pet subjects, and has constituted the theme of many a lecture delivered in the interest of the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle also won first prize in the "Irish Phrase-Book Competition" at the recent Oireachtas, 1901, and though not a teacher was fourth in the competition (open to all Ireland) for Archbishop Walsh's prize of £25 (\$125) for a bilingual school programme.

In 1881 he married Miss Mary A. Joyce, sister to Dr. King Joyce, of Dublin. She, like her devoted husband, is also bilingual, and it is not to be wondered at that they are, as the *Claidheamh* is wont to say, "bringing up seven sturdy, enthusiastic young bilingualists."

His numerous relatives and friends in the United States will share his own manifest gratification at the fact that his parents are still hale and hearty, and, as he himself is practically in the prime of life just now, there seems every hope that the readers of *An Claidheamh*—and probably of other Irish journals—will have access to his inimitable contributions for many a year to come.

As in the case of several of the most active members of the Gaelic League, his position of Supervisor in the Inland Revenue does not prevent him from rendering very efficient, if undemonstrative, service to his country. He resides at present in Derry, and is possibly the most energetic organizer in all Ulster. His assistance to Mr. Concannon has been simply invaluable.

"Cathair Conroi," children's stories, won the first prize at 1902 Oireachtas.

He was one of the original founders of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in 1876, and subsequently of the Gaelic Union, which founded the *Gaelic Journal* in 1882, and which might be said to have paved the way for the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle is the author of the following books, published by the Gaelic League: "Beert Fhear o' n-Tuaith," or "Two Men from the Country," a series of snapshots of Irish rural life in the form of dialogue; "Taahg Gabha," "Tim the Smith," a racy story of Kerry life; "Cathair Conroi," and other stories suitable for children; an "Irish-English Phrase Book."

AGNES O'FARRELLY.

MISS AGNES O'FARRELLY, or in Irish Una ni Thearghaille, comes from one of the oldest and most respected families in the County Cavan. She was born at Kiffenny House, East Breffin. She was the first lady candidate to take up Irish as subject for the M.A. examination in the Royal University, which she passed with the highest honors. She has spent much time in the Arran Islands learning to speak the language colloquially, and in 1899 she attended a course of lectures in Old Irish by Monsieur de Jubainville in Paris at the Collège de France. She has been for years one of the most prom-

inent members of the Coisde Griotha, or Executive of the Gaelic League. She is chief examiner in Celtic to the Board of Intermediate Education. Her principal writings are a propagandist tract in English called "The Reign of Humbug," and two stories in Irish, one called "Grádh agus Crádh," the other an Arran story called "The Cneamhaire," from which we give an extract, and, lastly, the splendid "Life of Father O'Growney," which has just been published and which is full of interest and information about the rise of the Irish Revival. She has nearly completed the collecting and editing of the text of John O'Neachtan's poems, and the editing of a very difficult text from the library of the Franciscans, containing an account of the wanderings of O'Neill and O'Donnell in Spain. She is an indefatigable worker in the cause of Irish Ireland.

THOMAS HAYES.

THOMAS HAYES was born in Miltown Malbay on Nov. 2, 1866, where his father was a master cooper in comfortable circumstances.

He was educated in the National school. Both his parents were very good Irish speakers, and his home language was Irish. His house was always a great rendezvous for the neighbors, who used to meet there to tell stories, and the boy with mouth, and eyes, and ears open drank in a great many of the local tales and legends. Indeed, the house during this period was more like a branch of the Gaelic League than anything else.

His father was a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and his mother was intensely Irish.

In 1886 he was appointed as assistant teacher in Harold's Cross National School, Dublin. He went through a course in St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, in 1891-92, and in 1895 was appointed principal of St. Gabriel's Boys' School, Aughrim Street.

He is a good amateur musician, and carried off two first prizes at the R. I. A. M. School Choirs competitions in 1898 and 1901; the Oireachtas Gold Medal for singing, and also the prize for the best original air to "Caoinead An Guinn" at the Oireachtas, besides several second prizes at the R. I. A. M. Oireachtas and Leinster Feis.

In 1893 he joined the Gaelic League, and was soon after co-opted on the Executive Committee, of which he has since remained a member. He threw himself enthusiastically into the work of the League, and devoted a considerable portion of his spare time for several years to teaching Irish and singing in different branches of the League. He was the first teacher in Ireland to apply the Tonic Sol-Fa system to the teaching of Irish songs. His first attempt at Irish prose composition was published in the *Gaelic Journal* in 1894, and since then he has been in evidence more or less over his own name; but much of his work in Irish in the shape of articles, etc., has been unsigned.

PATRICK O'LEARY.

PATRICK O'LEARY, like his friend, Donnchall Pleinnionn of Cork, was one of the first martyrs of the Irish Revival. He died early, to the great loss of the movement, chiefly from overwork connected with it. His principal effort was the collection of Munster folk tales, called *Sgeuliugheacht Chríge Mumham*, chiefly from his native place near Eyerics, in the extreme south of Ireland. He was the first to collect the folk tales of Munster, having been incited thereto, as he says in his preface, by the Connaught collections of the "Craoibhín." He published many excellent things in the *Gaelic Journal*, and possibly elsewhere. He was a complete master of the language, and if he had lived would have undoubtedly become one of our ablest writers.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY was born in the year 1840, in the middle of a wild and mountainous district, about midway between Millstreet and Macroom, in the County Cork. Irish was at that time the language of that district. The people spoke scarcely any English. In that way it happened that Father O'Leary's childhood and youth were impregnated with Irish. He was fortunate in another way also. His mother was a highly educated woman, as well as a very talented one. When she spoke English to her children it was the best and the most correct English, and when she spoke Irish to them it was the best and the purest and the most correct Irish. His father had not received an English education, but the mastery which he had of the Irish language and the force and power with which he could use it were exceptional, even in a district where the language was, at that time, very copious and very powerful.

It is not to be wondered at that a person whose childhood and early youth were passed in the midst of such opportunities should have now the knowledge of the Irish language which Father O'Leary has. During that childhood and early youth he often passed considerable periods of time without ever speaking an English word.

The chief part of his English education was obtained at home from his mother. Having gone to a classical school in Macroom and learned some Latin and Greek, he went to the newly established College of St. Colman in Fermoy. Then he went on to Maynooth, and was ordained in 1867.

He never thought there was the remotest danger of the death of the Irish language until he went into Maynooth. When he got among the students in Maynooth he was astonished to find that there were many of them who could not speak a word of Irish. Not only that, but that there were large districts of the country where no word of Irish was spoken, and that such districts were growing larger each year, while those districts where Irish was

spoken were growing each year smaller. It was easy to see where that would end, and that the end was not very far off.

He then turned his attention to the study of Irish, determined to keep alive at least one man's share of the national speech.

Having been ordained and sent on the mission, he made it a point to preach in Irish and to speak Irish to the people whenever and wherever it was possible to do so.

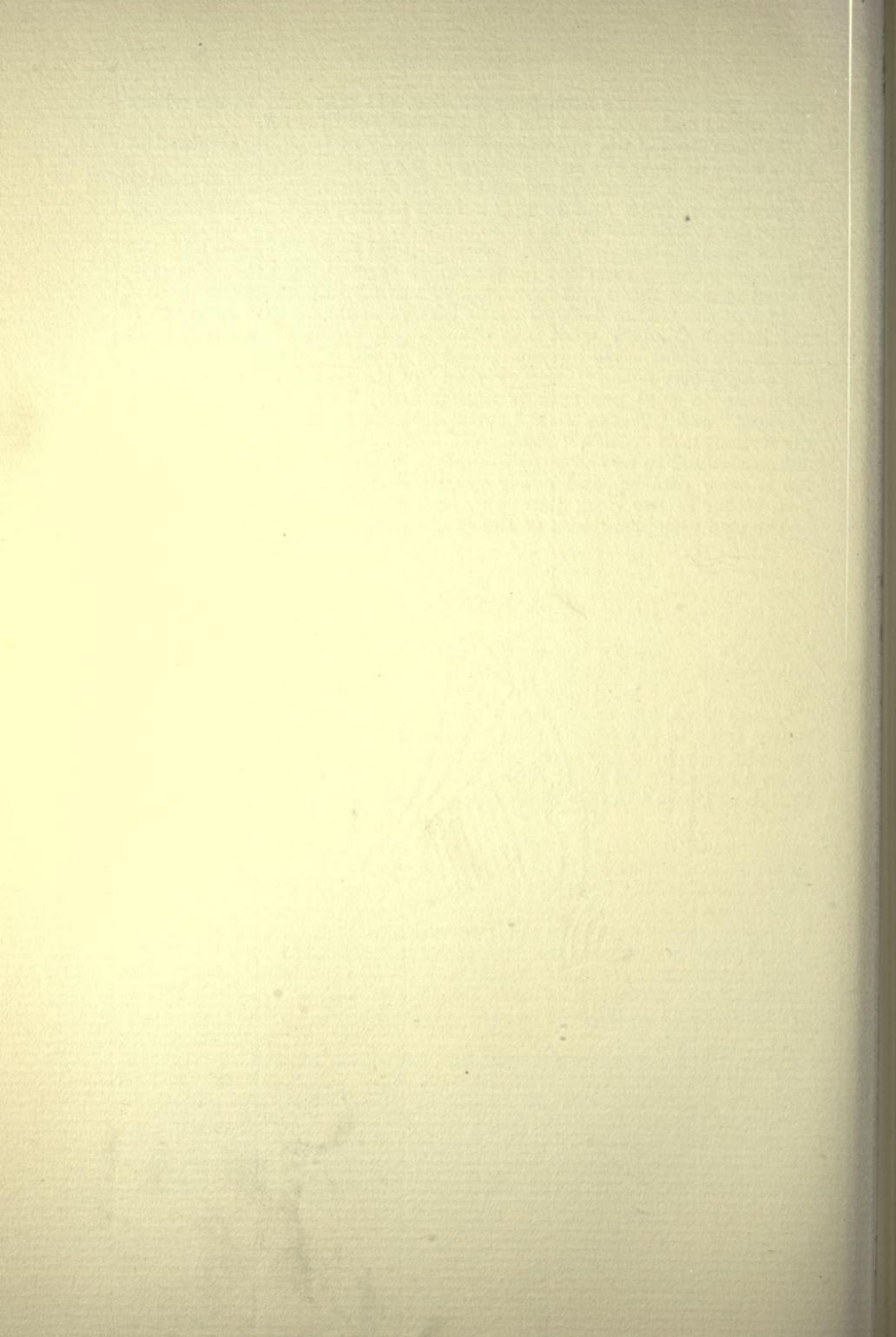
But the Irish-speaking districts continued to grow small, and the English-speaking districts continued to expand, and the case continued to grow more and more hopeless every day and every hour.

At last the Gaelic League made its appearance. The moment it did Father O'Leary went into the work, determined to do at least one man's share. He has continued to do so.

Father Peter is the "good old man" of the Munster Revival. His influence in that province is unbounded. Two of his plays, the "Ghost" and "Tadhg Saor," are constantly acted in Munster, and his writings, of which "Seadhna" is perhaps the best known, are acknowledged to be the most idiomatic of those of any Irish writer. He is very prolific, and every week sees something new from his pen, either in the Cork papers or in the Dublin *Leader*. He is one of the two vice-presidents of the Gaelic League.

P. J. O'SHEA.

MR. P. J. O'SHEA is a Kerry man, from the parish of An Team-pole Nuadh. He worked for many years as a Custom House officer in Belfast, and is at present in England. Over the signature of "Conán Maol," he has contributed an immense quantity of fine idiomatic Irish to the *Claidheamh Solnis* and other papers. He is of splendid physique and immense personal strength, and is descended from a race famous for their prowess and bravery in old times. His sketch of O'Neill in this library is a fair specimen of his style.

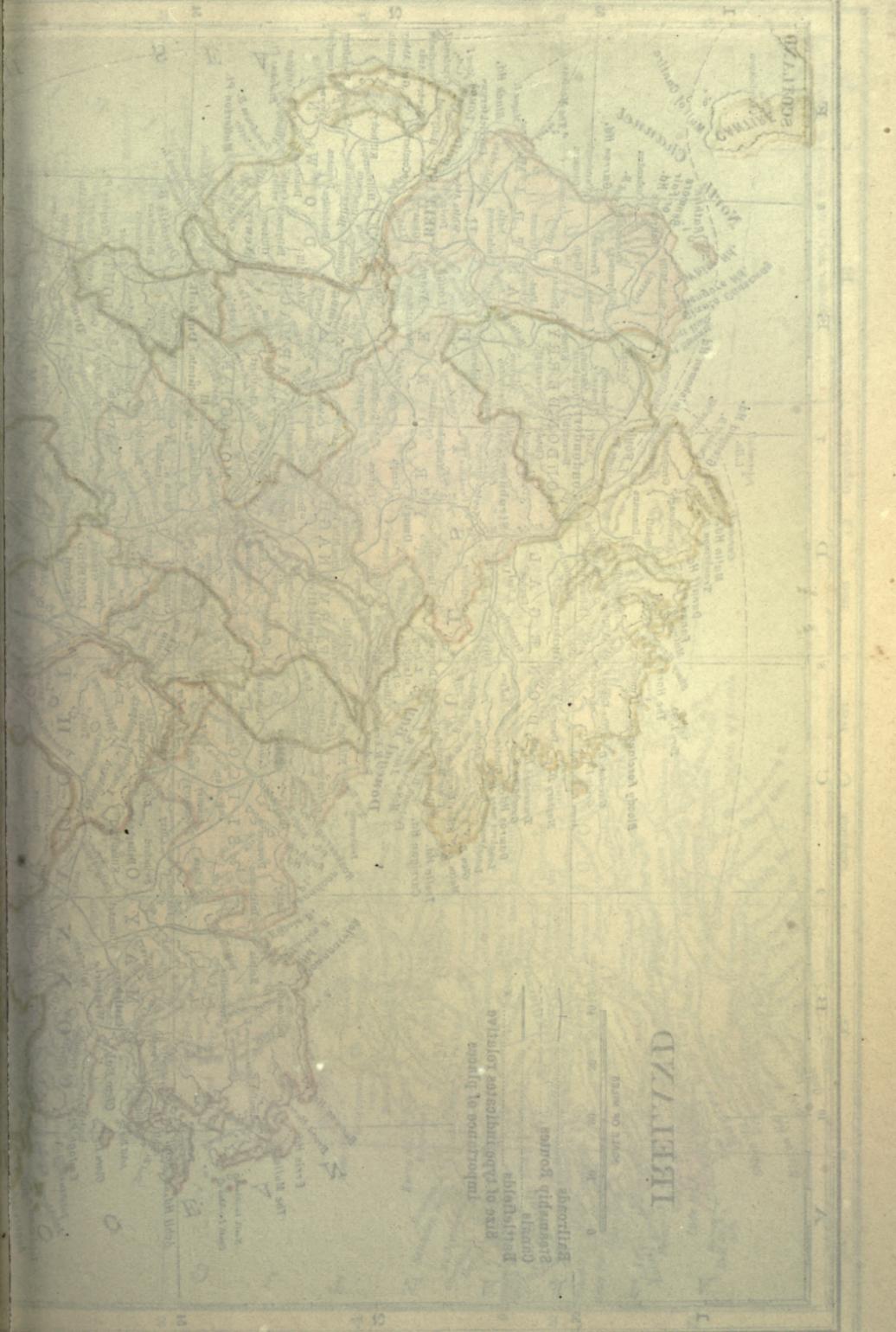


MAP OF IRELAND IN THE PRESENT DAY

After Joyce and others

MAP OF IRELAND IN THE PRESENT DAY

After Joyce and others



Embouchure of Rivers
 Line of Abolition of Slavery
 Railroads
 Canals
 Steamship Routes
 Bishops

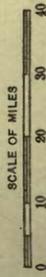
SCALE OF MILES

LIBERIA

LIBERIA

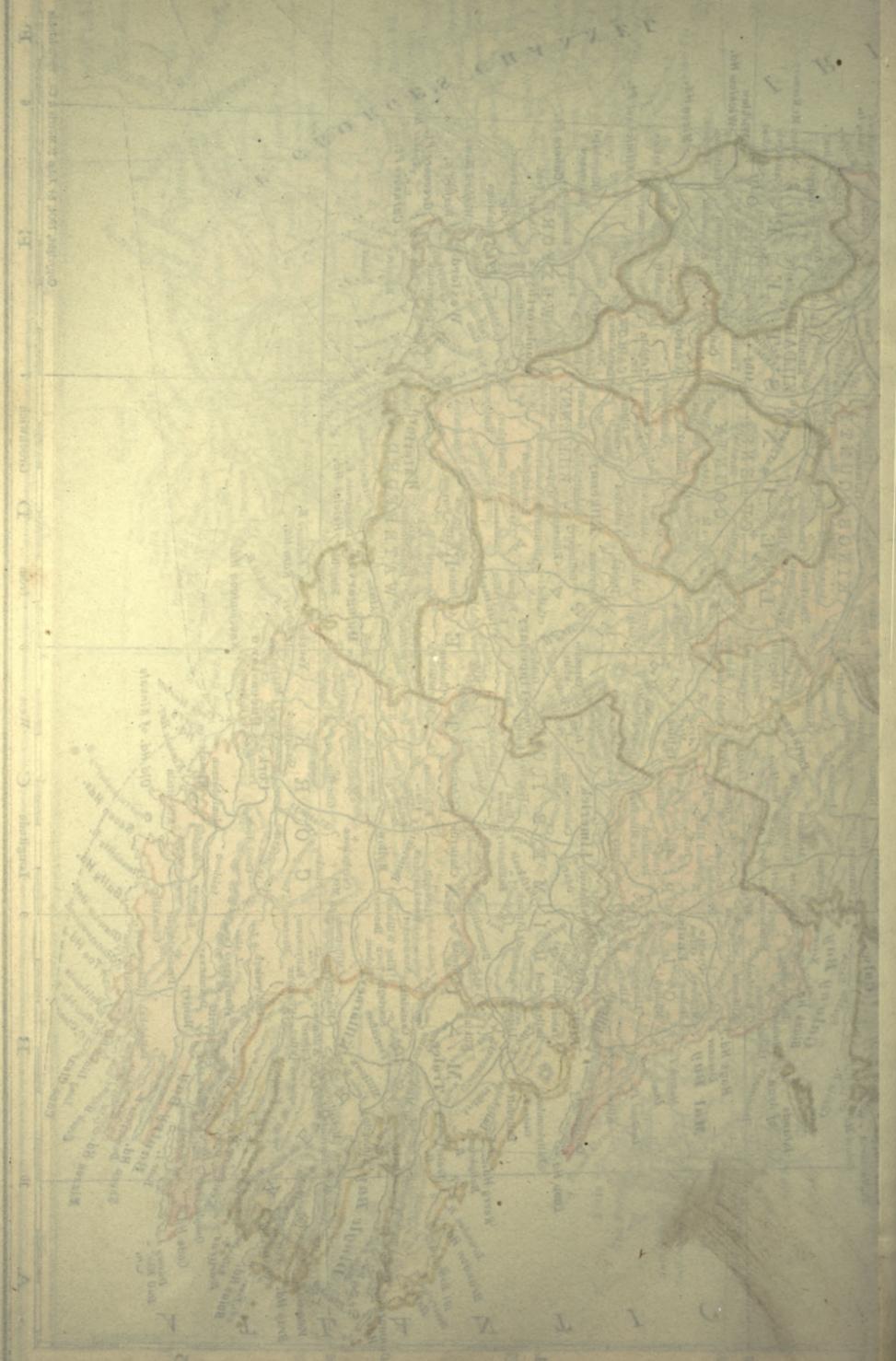


IRELAND



- Railroads
- Steamship Routes
- Canals
- Battlefields
- Size of type indicates relative importance of places

Map showing the island of Ireland, including major cities, counties, and geographical features. The map is overlaid with a coordinate grid (A-F, 6-10). Key locations include Dublin, Cork, Belfast, and Galway. The map also shows the English Channel to the north and the Atlantic Ocean to the west and south.



GLOSSARY.

- A BOCHAL (*A bhuaichail*) Boy, my boy.
 ABOO, ABÚ ! To victory ! Hurrah !
 A CHARA, A CHORRA Friend, my friend.
 A COOLIN BAWN (*a chuilin ban*) her fair-colored flowing hair.
 ACUSHLA (*a chuisle*) vein—ACUSHLA MA-
 CHREE Pulse of my heart.
 A CUSHLA AGUS ASTHORE MACHREE (*a*
chuisle agus a stoir mo chroidhe) O pulse and treasure of my
 heart !
 A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE (*a chuisle geal mo*
chroidhe) O bright pulse of my heart.
 AGRA, AGRADH (*a ghradh*) Love, my love.
 A-HAGUR (*a theagair*) O dear friend ! Comforter.
 AILEEN AROON (*Eibhlin a ruin*) Ellen, dear.
 ALANNA (*a leinbh*) child.
 ALAUN a lout.
 ALPEEN (*alpin*) a stick.
 AN CHAITEOG The Winnowing Sheet (name
 of Irish air).
 ANCHUIL-FHIONN (*an chuileann*) the white or fair-haired
 maiden.
 ANGASHORE (*aindiscoir*) a stingy person, a miser.
 AN SMACHTAOIN CRON the copper-colored stick of
 tobacco.
 AN SPAILPIN FANACH wandering laborer, a strapping
 fellow.
 A'RA GAL (*a ghradh geal*) O bright love !
 AROON (*a ruin*) O secret love ! beloved, sweet-
 heart.
 ARRAH (*ar' eadh*) (literally, Was it?) Indeed !
 ARTH-LOOGHRA (*arc tuachra* or *arc-sleibhe*) a lizard.
 ASTHORE (*a stoir*) Treasure.
 A-STOIR MO CHROIDHE (*a stoir mo chroidhe*) Treasure of my heart.
 ASTOR GRA GEAL MACHREE (*a stoir gradh*
geal mo chroidhe) Treasure, bright love of my
 heart.
 A SULISH MACHREE (*a sholais mo chroidhe*) Light of my heart.
 A THAISGE Treasure, my darling, my com-
 fort.
 AULAGONE (*ullagon*). See HULLAGONE.
 AVIC (*a mhic*) Son, my son.
 AVOURNEEN (*a mhuirnin*) Darling.
 BAITHERSHIN (*b'fheidir sin*) That is possible ! Likely, in-
 deed ! Perhaps.
 BALLYRAGGIN scolding, defaming.
 BAN-A-T'GEE (*bean-an-tighe*) woman of the house.
 BANSHEE (*bean-sidhe*) (literally, fairy-
 woman) the death-warning spirit of the
 old Irish families.

- BANSHEE (*bean sidhe*).....fairy woman.
 BAUMASH, *raimeis*.....nonsense.
 BAWN (*ban*).....fair, white, bright, a park.
 BAWN, BADHUN.....cattle-yard or cow-fortress.
 BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUID (*beal an atha buidhe*).Mouth of the Yellow Ford.
 BEAN AN FHIR RUAIDH.....the red-haired man's wife.
 BEANNACT DE LA T'ANAM (*beanacht De le d'anam*).....The blessing of God on your soul!
- BEAN SHEE (*bean sidhe*). See BANSHEE.
 BEINNSIN LAUCHRA.....little bunch of rushes (Irish air).
 B'EDER SIN (*B'fheidir sin*). See BAITHERSHIN.
 BIREDH (*baireadh*).....a cap.
 BLADDERANG — BLATHERING (from *blad-aire*).....flattering.
 BLASTHOGUE (*blastog*).....persuasive speech, a sweet-mouthed woman.
 BOCCAGH (*bacach*).....a cripple, a beggar.
 BOCCATY (*bacaide*).....anything lame.
 BODACH (*bodagh*).....a churl; also a well-to-do man.
 BOLLAUN BWEE (*buachallan bhuidhe*).....ragwort.
 BOLLAUN DHAS (*buachallan deas*).....the ox-eye daisy.
 BOLLHOUS.....rumpus.
 BONNOCHT (*buanadh*).....a billeted soldier.
 BOREEN (*boithrin*).....a little road, a lane (a diminutive of *bothar*, a road).
 BOSTHOON (*bastamhan*).....a blockhead; also a stick made of rushes.
 BOTHERED (*bodhar*).....deaf, bothered.
 BOUCHAL (*buachail*).....a boy.
 BOUCHELLEEN BAWN (*buachaillin ban*).....white (haired) little boy.
 BREHONS (*breitheamhain*).....the hereditary judges of the Irish Septs.
- BRIGHTIN BAN MO STORE (*brighidin ban mo stor*).....White (haired) Bridget, my treasure.
 BRISHE (*brisheadh*).....breaking; a battle.
 BROCHANS (*brochan*).....gruel, porridge.
 BROGUE (*brog*).....a shoe.
 BRUGAID (*brughaidh*).....a keeper of a house of public hospitality.
 BRUIGHEAN.....a fair mansion, a pavilion, a court.
 BRUSHNA (*brosna*).....broken sticks for firewood.
 BUNNAUN (*buinnean*).....a stick, a sapling.
- CAILIN DEAS.....a pretty girl.
 CAILIN DEAS CRUIDHE NA MBO (*cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo*).....the pretty milkmaid.
 CAILIN OG.....a young girl.
 CAILIN RUADH.....a red (haired) girl.
 CAIRDERGA (*caoire dearga*).....a red berry, the rowan berry.
 CAISH (*ceis*).....a young female pig.
 CAISTLA-NA-KIRKA.....Castlekerke.
 CALLIAGH (*cailleach*).....a hag, a witch.
 CANATS.....a term of supreme contempt.
 CANNAWAUN (*ceanna-bhan*).....bog cotton.
 CAOCH.....blind, blind of one eye.
 CAOINE (*caoineadh*).....a keen, a wail, a lament.

- CAPPAIN D'YARRAG (*caipin dearg*).....a red cap.
CASADH AN TSUGAIN.....the twisting of the straw rope.
CAUBEEN (*caibin*).....a hat, literally "little cap," the diminutive of *caib*, a cape, cope, or hood.
CEAD MILE FAILTE.....A hundred thousand welcomes!
CEANBHAN (*ceanna-bhan*).....bog cotton. See *Cannawauun*.
CEAN DUBH DEELISH (*acheann dubh dhilis*)..Faithful black head, dear dark-haired girl.
CLAIRSEACH.....harp.
CLEAVE (*cliabh*).....a basket, a creel.
CLOCHAUN (*clochan*).....a stone-built cell, stepping-stones.
COATAMORE (*cota mor*).....a great coat, an overcoat.
CODHLADH AN TSIONNAIGH.....The Fox's Sleep (name of Irish air). Pretending death.
COLLAUNEEN (*coileainin*).....a little pup.
COLLEAGH CUSHMOR (*cailleach cos-mor*)...a big-footed hag.
COLLEEN BAWN (*cailin ban*).....a fair-haired girl.
COLLEEN DHAS (*cailin deas*).....pretty girl.
COLLEEN DHAS CROOHA NABO (*cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo*).....the pretty milkmaid.
COLLEEN DHOWN.....a brown-haired girl. "Dhown" is the Munster pronunciation of *down*, brown.
COLLEEN RUE (*cailin ruadh*).....a red-haired girl.
COLLIOCH (*cailleach*).....an old hag, a witch.
COLLOGUE.....collogue, whispering; probably from colloquy.
COLLOGUIN.....talking together, colloquy.
COLUIM CUIL (*St. Columbcille*).....St. Columba of the cells. The dove of the cell.
COMEDHER (*comether*).....Come hither.
CONN CEAD CATHA.....Conn of the hundred battles, King of Ireland in the second century.
COOLIN (*cuilin*).....flowing tresses, or back hair. From *cul*, back.
COOM (*cum*).....hollow, valley.
COTAMORE. See COATAMORE.
COULAN (*cuileann*).....a head of hair.
CREEPIE.....a three-legged stool, a form or bench.
CREEVEEN EEEVEN (*Chraoibhin aoibhinn*)..Delightful Little Branch.
CROMMEAL (*croimbleal*).....a mustache.
CRONAN.....the bass in music, a deep note, a humming.
CROOSHEENIN.....whispering.
CROPPIES.....the democratic party—alluding to their short hair, or round heads.
CROSSANS (*crossan*).....gleeman, gleemen.
CROUBS (*crub*).....a paw, clumsy fingers.
CRUACH.....a conical-topped mountain, a stack.
CRUACHAN NA FEINNE.....Crogan of the Fena of Erin.
CRUADABHILL.....Dabhilla's rock, a lookout on the coast of Dublin.

- CRUISKEEN (*cruiscin*) a flask, a little jar, a cruet.
 CRUISTIN throwing.
 CRUIT a harp.
 CUBRETON (*cu-Breatan*) a man's name, the hero of
 Britain.
 CUR CODDOIGH comfortable.
 CURP AN DUOUL (*corp o'n diabhal*) Body to the devil!
 CUSHLA MACHREE (*a chuisle mo chroidhe*) Pulse of my heart.
 CUSSAMUCK (*cusamuc*) leavings, rubbish, remains.

 DALTHEEN (*dailtin*) a foster child; also a puppy.
 DAR-A-CHREESTH (*Dar Criost*) By Christ!
 DAUNY (*dona*) puny, weak.
 DAWNSHEE (from *damhainst*) acuteness.
 DEESHY small, delicate.
 DEOCH AN DORAIS the parting drink, the stirrup-
 cup.
 DEOCH SHLAINTE AN RIOGH Health to the King!
 DHUDEEN (*duidin*) a short pipe, what the French
 call *brûle-gueule*.
 DHURAGH (*duthracht*) a generous spirit, something
 extra.
 DILSK, DULSE (*duileas*) sea-grass, dulse.
 DINA MAGH (*Daoine maithe*) the good people, the fairies.
 DOONY. See DAUNY.
 DRAHERIN O MACHREE (*Dreabhruithrin o!*
 mo chroidhe) O little brother of my heart.
 DRIMIN DON DILIS (*Dhruimeann donn dhi-*
 leas) Dear brown cow.
 DRIMMIN (*dhruimeann*) a white-backed cow.
 DRIMMIN DHU DHEELISH (literally, the dear
 cow with the white back, but used figur-
 atively in Ireland) name of a famous Irish air.
 DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELISH (*Dhruimeann*
 dubh dhileas) white-back cow.
 DRINAUN DHUNN (*droighnean donn*) brown blackthorn.
 DROLEEN (*dreoilin*) the wren.
 DROOTH thirst (*cf.* "drought").

 EIBHLIN A RUIN Dear Ellen.
 EIBHUL (*uibéal*) clew.
 ERENACH (*airclinnneach*) a steward of church lands, a
 caretaker.
 ERIC (*eirie*) a compensation or fine, a ran-
 som.
 ERIN SLANGTHAGAL GO BRAGH (*Eire Sláinte*
 geal go brath) Erin, a bright health forever.

 FADH (*fada*) tall, long.
 FAG-A-BEALACH (*Fag an Bealach*) Clear the way! Sometimes
 Faugh a Ballagh!
 FAUGHED despised.
 FAYSH (*feis*) a festival.
 FEADAIM MA'S AIL LIOM I Can if I Please (name of Irish
 air).
 FEASCOR (*feascar*) evening.
 FEURGORTACH (*fear gortach*) hungry-grass; a species of
 mountain grass, supposed to
 cause fainting if trod upon.
 FLAUGHLOCH (*flaitheamlach*) princely, liberal.

- FOOSTHER.....fumbling.
 FOOTY.....small, mean, insignificant.
 FOSGAIL AN DORUS.....Open the Door (name of Irish air).
 FRECHANS (*fraochan*).....a mountain berry; huckleberries.
 FUILLEUAH (*fuil a tuigh*).....an exclamation.
 FUIRSEOIR.....a juggler, buffoon.
- GAD.....withe, etc., for attaching cows.
 GANCANERS. See GEAN-CANACH.
 GARNAVILLA (*Gardha an bhile*).....The Garden of the Tree; a place near Caher.
 GARRAN MORE (*garran mor*).....*Garran*, a hack horse, a gelding; *more*, "big."
 GARRON (*gearan*).....hack or gelding, a horse.
 GEALL.....a pledge, a hostage.
 GEAN-CANACH.....a love talker; a kind of fairy appearing in lonesome valleys.
 GEASA.....an obligation, vow, bond.
 GEERSHA (*girseach*).....a little girl.
 GEOCACH.....a gluttonous stroller.
 GILLY (*giolla*).....servant; hence the names Gilchrist, Gilpatrick, Kilpatrick, Gilbride, Kilbride, etc. (*Giolla-Chriosda*, servant of Christ; *giolla-Phaidrig*, servant of Patrick, etc.).
- GIRSHA. See GEERSHA.
 GO-DE-THU, MAVOURNEEN SLAUN (*Go dteith tu mo mhuirnin slan*).....May you go safe, my darling; *i.e.* Farewell.
 GO LEOR.....plenty, a sufficiency, enough.
 GOLLAM (*Golamh*).....a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of the Irish Milesians.
 GOMERAL.....a fool, an oaf.
 GOMMOCH (*gamach*).....a stupid fellow.
 GOMSH.....otherwise "gumption"—sense, acuteness.
 GORSOON, GOSSOON (*garsun*).....a boy; an attendant (*cf.* French *garçon*).
 GOSTHER (*gastuir*).....prate, foolish talk.
 GOULOGUE (*gabhalog*).....a forked stick.
 GRACE OG MO CHROIDHE.....Young Gracie of my heart.
 GRAH (*gradh*).....love.
 GRAMACHREE (*gradh mo chroidhe*).....Love of my heart.
 GRAMACHREE MA COLLEEN OGE, MOLLY ASTHORE (*gradh mo chroidhe mo cailin og, Molly a stoir*).....Love of my heart is my young girl, Molly, my treasure.
 GRAMACHREE MA CRUISKEEN (*gradh mo chroidhe, etc.*).....Love of my heart my little jug.
 GRAWLS.....children.
 GREENAN (*grianan*).....a summer house, a veranda, a sunny parlor.
- GUSHAS. See GEERSHA.

- HULLAGONE (*Uaill a chan*).....an Irish wail, grief, woe.
- IAR CONNAUGHT.....Western Connaught.
- INAGH (*An-eadh*).....Is it? Ineed.
- INCH (*inse*).....an island.
- IRISHIAN.....(English word) one skilled in the Irish language.
- JACKEEN.....a fop, a cad, a trickster.
- KATHALEEN BAWN (*Caitlin ban*).....Fair-haired Kathleen.
- KEAD MILLE FAULTE (*cead mile faille*).....A hundred thousand welcomes!
- KEEN. See CAOINE.....the death-cry or lament over the dead.
- KIERAWAUN ABOO.....Kirwan forever! Hurrah for Kirwan!
- KIMMEENS.....sly tricks.
- KINKORA (*Cionn Coradh*)....."The Head of the Weir," the royal residence of Brian Boru.
- KIPEEN (*cipin*).....a bit of a stick.
- KISH (*ceis*).....a large wicker basket.
- KISHOGUE (*cuiseog*).....a wisp of straw, a stem of corn, a blade of grass.
- KITCHEN.....anything eaten with food, a condiment.
- KITHOGUE (*ciotog*).....the left hand.
- KNOCKAWN (*cnocan*).....a hillock.
- KNOCK CUHTHE (*cnoc coise*).....the mountain-like foot.
- LAN.....full.
- LANNA.....*i.e. alanna*, child (which see).
- LAUNAH WALLAH (*Lan an Mhala*).....the full of the bag.
- LEANAN SIDHE.....Fairy sweetheart.
- LEIBHIONNA.....a platform or deck.
- LENAUN (*leanan*).....a sweetheart, or a fairy lover.
- LEPRECHAUN.....a mischievous elf or fairy.¹
- LONNEYS.....expression of surprise.
- LULLALO (*Liuigh liuigh leo*).....Scream, scream with them! (Burthen-words in lullaby.)
- LUSMORES (*lus mor*).....a foxglove, fairy-finger plant.
- MA BOUCHAL (*Mo bhuaichail*).....My boy.
- MACHREE (*mo chroidhe*).....My heart.
- MA COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEEN NA MBHO....."The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," a famous Irish air.
- MAGHA BRAGH (*amach go bragh*).....out for ever.
- MAHURP ON DUOUL (*Mo chorp on deabhal*).....My body to the devil!
- MALAVOGUE.....to trounce, to maul.
- MAVOURNEEN (*Mo mhuirnin*).....My darling.
- MERIN (*meirin*).....a boundary, a mark.
- MILLE MURDHER (*míle murder*).....A thousand murders!
- MILLIA MURTHER.....A thousand murders (a common ejaculation).
- MO BHRON.....My sorrow.
- MO BHUAICHAILIN BUIDHE.....My yellow-haired little boy.
- MO BOUCHAL (*Mo bhuaichail*).....My boy.
- MO CRAOIBHAN CNO (*Mo chraoibhin cno*).....My little branch of nuts.

¹ The popular idea in Ireland is that if you catch one working at his usual occupation (behind a hedge) of shoemaking, and do not take your eyes off him, which he endeavors to induce his captor by various ruses to do, he will discover where treasure is hidden.

- MO CROIDHE (*Mo chroidhe*).....My heart.
 MOIDHERED.....same as "bothered."
 MO LEUN (*Mo lean*).....My sorrow.
 MO MHUIRNIN.....My darling.
 MONADAUN (*monadan*).....a bog berry.
 MONONIA (MUNSTER).....Latinized form of Irish *Mumhan*, pronounced "Moo-an."
 MOREEN (*morrin*).....the diminutive of *Mor*. a woman's name, now obsolete. Grandmother.
 MORYAH (*mar 'dh eadh*)... ..but for.
 MOY MELL (*Magh meall*).....The Plain of Knolls—a druidic paradise.
 MULVATHERED... ..worried.
 MUSHA (*Ma is eadh*)... ..well (in such phrases as "Well, how are you?" "Well, how are all?") Also, If it is! Well indeed!
 NACH MBAINEANN SIN DO.....(him) whom that does not concern (Irish air).
 NEIL DHUV (*Niall Dubh*).....black-haired Neil.
 NHARROUGH (*narrach*).....cross, ill-tempered.
 NIGI (*naoi*).....nine.
 NI MHEALLFAR ME ARIS.....I shall not be deceived again.
 NORA CREINA (*Nora chriona*).....Wise Norah (an Irish air).
 OCH HONE.....exclamation expressing grief.
 OCHONE MACHREE (*Ochon mo chroidhe*)... ..Alas, my heart!
 OGE (*og*).....young.
 OH, MAGRA HU, MA GRIENCHREE HU (*O mo ghradh thu! Mo ghraidhin croidhe thu!*)... ..O my love thou art! My heart's loving pity thou art!
 OLLAVES (*ollamh*).....a doctor of learning, professor.
 OMADHAUN (*amadan*).....a fool, a simpleton.
 ORO.....an exclamation.
 OWNA BWEE (*Amain bhuidhe*)... ..Yellow river.
 OWNY NA COPPAL (*Eoghan na capall*)... ..Owen of the horses.
 PADHEREENS (*paidrin*, from *paidir*, the pater).....the Rosary beads.
 PASTHEEN FINN (*paistin fionn*).....little fair-haired child.
 PATTERN.....(English word) a gathering at a saint's shrine, well, etc.; festival of a patron saint.
 PAUDAREENS. See PADHEREENS.
 PAUGH.....flutter, panting.
 PEARLA AN BHROLLAIGH BHAIN.....Pearl of White Breast (Irish air).
 PHAIDRIG NA PIB (*Padraig na bpiop*).....Patrick of the pipes; Paddy the piper.
 PHILLALEW (*fuil el-luadh*).....a ruction, hullabaloo.
 PINCIN. See PINKEEN.
 PINKEEN (*pincin*).....a very small fish, a stickleback.
 PLANXTY (*plaingstigh*).....Irish dance measure.
 POGUE (*pog*).....a kiss.
 POLSHEE.....diminutive of Polly.
 POLTHOGE (*palltog*).....a thump or blow.
 POREENS (*poirin*, a small stone).....small, applied to small potatoes.

- POTEEN (*poitin*)..... (literally, a little pot) a still; hence illicit whisky.
- RANN a verse, a saying, a rhyme.
- RATH a circular earthen mound or fort, very common in Ireland, and popularly believed to be inhabited by fairies.
- REE SHAMUS (*Righ Seamus*)..... King James.
- RHUA (*ruadh*)..... red or red-haired.
- ROISIN DUBH..... Black Little Rose.
- ROSE GALB (*Roise Geal*)..... Fair Rose.
- RORY OGE (*Ruaidhri og*)..... young Rory.
- SALACHS (*salach*) dirty, untidy people.
- SALLIES (*saileog*)..... a willow, willows.
- SAVOURNEEN DHEELISH (*'S amhuirnin dhilis*) And my faithful darling.
- SCALPEEN (from *scalp*)..... a fissure, a cleft.
- SCUT (*scud*)..... a thing of little worth.
- SEAN VON VOCHT (*sean bhean bhocht*)..... poor old woman.
- SHAMOUS (*Seamus*) .. James.
- SHAN DHU..... dark John.
- SHAN MORE..... big John.
- SHANE RUADH..... red-haired John.
- SHAN VAN VOGH (*an Tsean Bhean Bhocht*) Poor Old Woman.
- SHEAROSE (*Searbhas*) bitterness.
- SHEBEEN (*sibin*)..... a place for sale of liquor, generally illicit.
- SHEEIN young pollack, or of any fish.
- SHEELAH (*Sighle*)..... Celia.
- SHEE MOLLY MO STORE (*Si Molly mo stor*).. It's Molly is my treasure.
- SHEILA NI GARA (*Sighle ni Ghaadhra*)..... Celia O'Gara (an allegorical name of Ireland).
- SHEMUS RUA (*Seamus Ruadh*)..... red (haired) James.
- SHILLALY, SHILLELAH..... an oak stick, a cudgel. From the wood of Shillelagh in County Wicklow.
- SHILLOO..... a shout.
- SHOHEEN HO, SHOHEEN SHO (*Seoithin seoidh*) Burthen words of lullaby. Hush-a-by.
- SHOOLING..... strolling, wandering. From the word *siubhal*, tramping.
- SHOUGH (*seach*)..... a turn, a blast or draw of a pipe.
- SHUGUDHEIN (*'Seadh go deimhin*)..... Yes, indeed!
- SHULE AGRA (*Siubhail a ghradh*)... Walk, love; i.e. Come, my love.
- SHULERS (*siubhaloir*, a walker)..... tramps.
- SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM..... Up with me and down with me.
- SLAINTE GEAL, MAVOURNEEN Bright health, my darling.
- SLAINTE GO BRAGH (*Slainte go bhrath*).... Health forever!
- SLAN LEAT!..... Adieu! Farewell!
- SLEEVEEN..... a sly, cunning fellow. From *sliobh*, sly.
- SLEWSTHERING..... flattering.
- SLIABH NA M-BAN..... The Mountain of the Women.
- SMADDHER..... to break. From *smiot*, a fragment.
- SMIDDHEREENS small fragments. Probably from *smiot*, as above.

GENERAL INDEX.

THIS consists of an Index of Authors, books quoted from, titles of stories, essays, poems, subjects dealt with, of which the library consists, and first lines of the poetry. And these are each indicated by different kinds of type as set forth below.

As 'IRISH LITERATURE' touches upon Irish life at every point, the index has been made as full as practicable, without overweighting it, and the entries are cross-referenced as fully as may be needed by those interested in any phase of it.

As the arrangement of the library is according to the authors' names, and as the biographies contain a full bibliography of each author, we have not indexed the whole of their works, but only those represented in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

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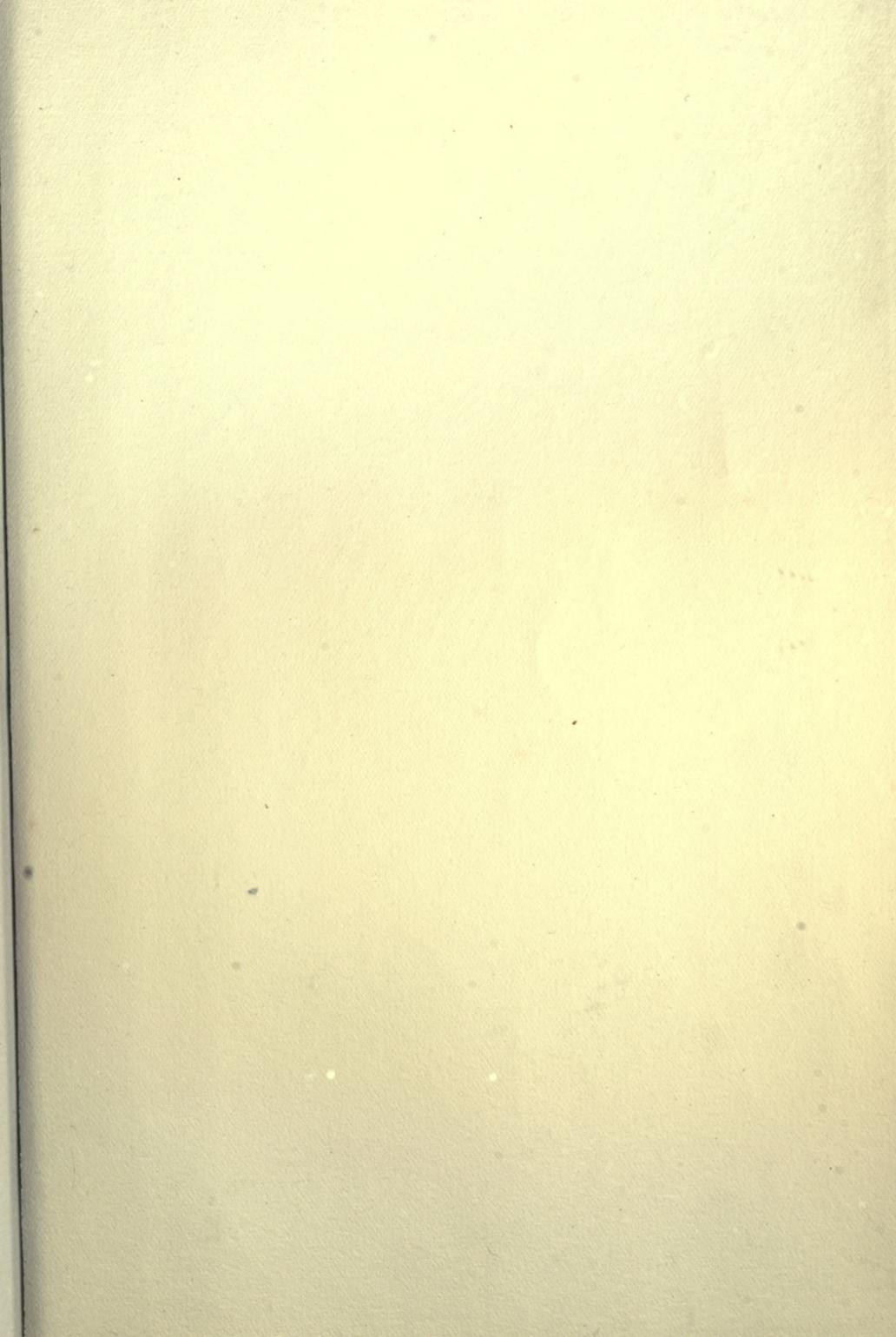
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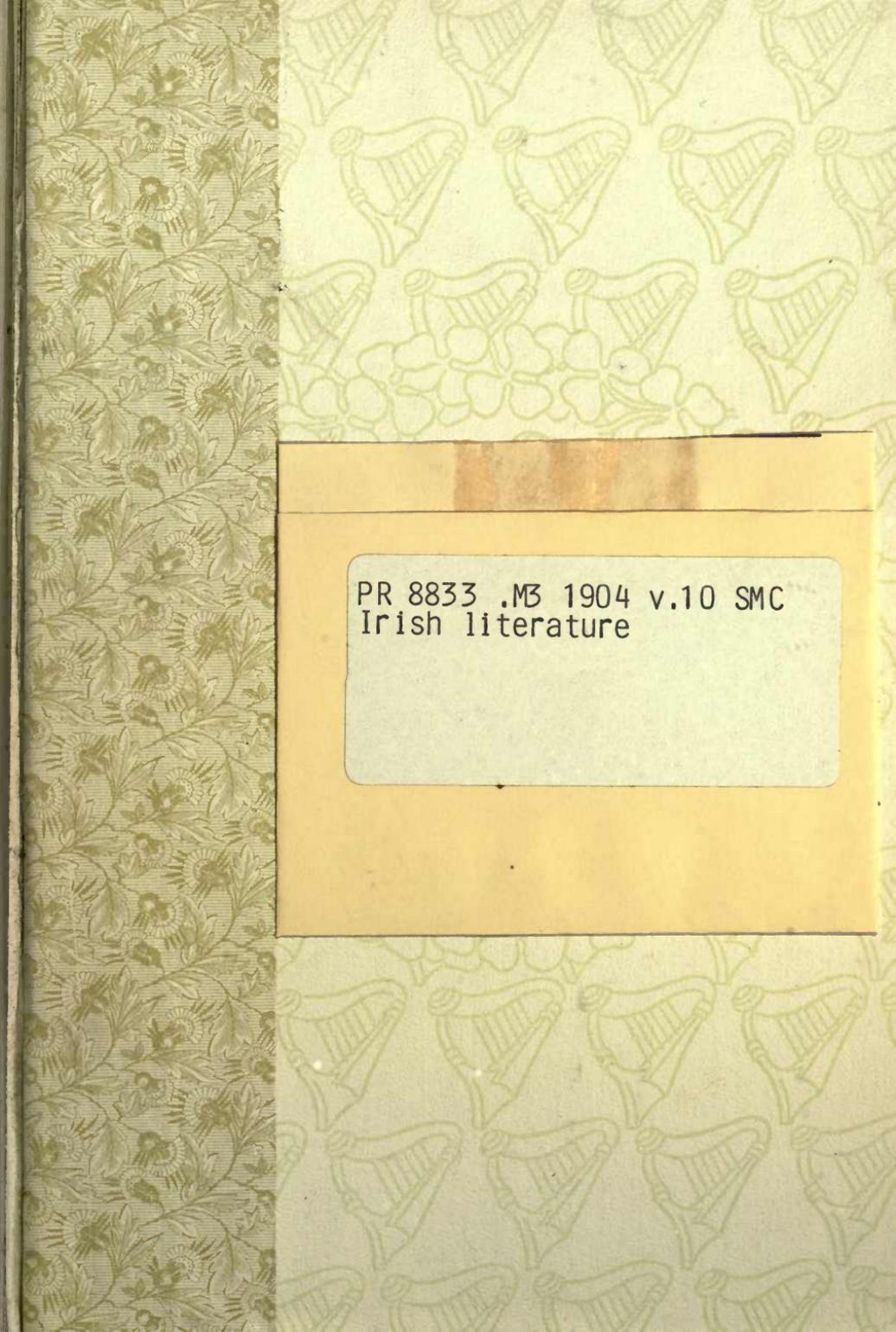
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The book cover features a repeating pattern of harps on a light green background. A vertical strip of floral pattern is on the left side. A yellowish-tan rectangular label is pasted on the right side, containing the text.

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