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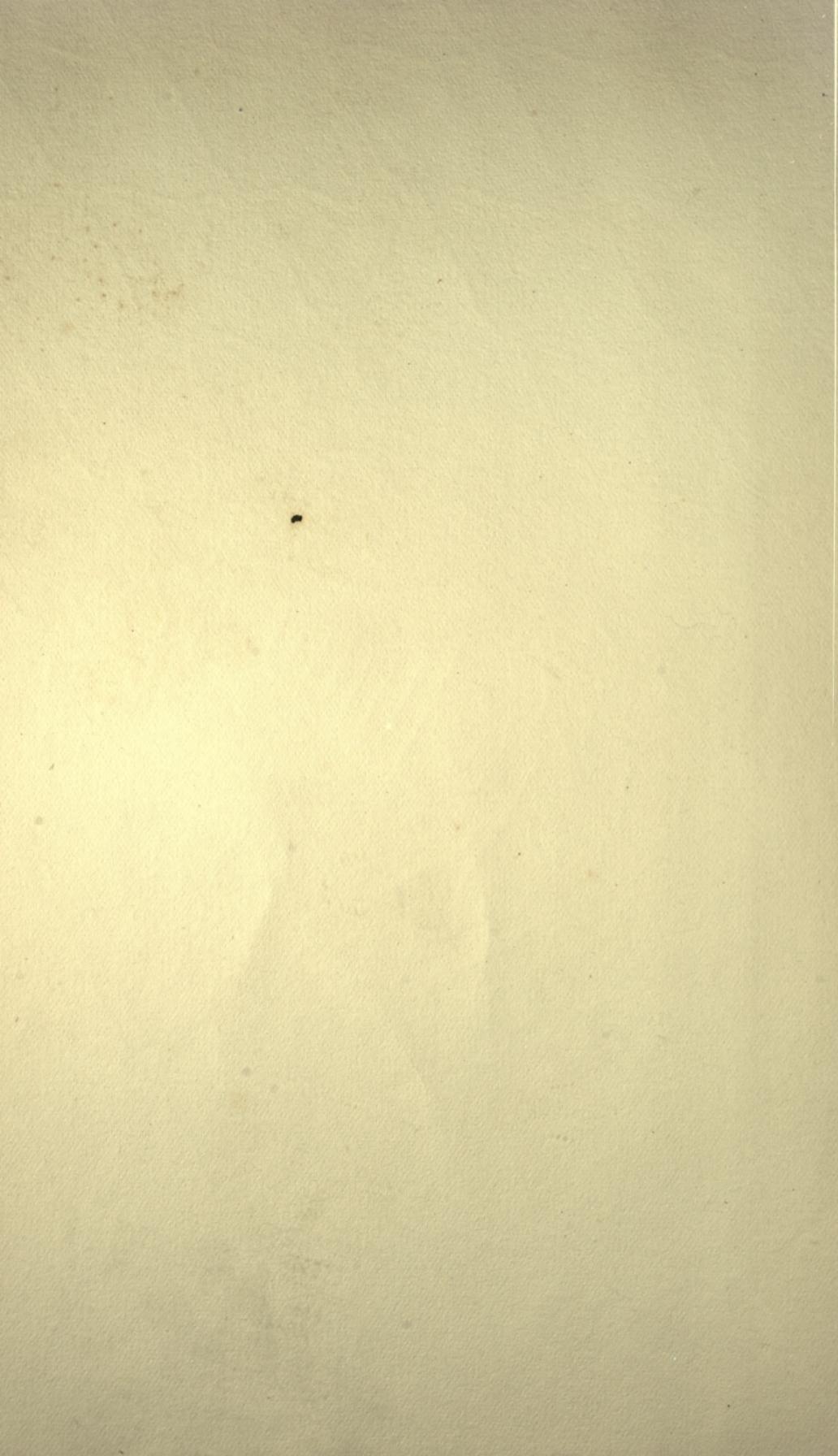


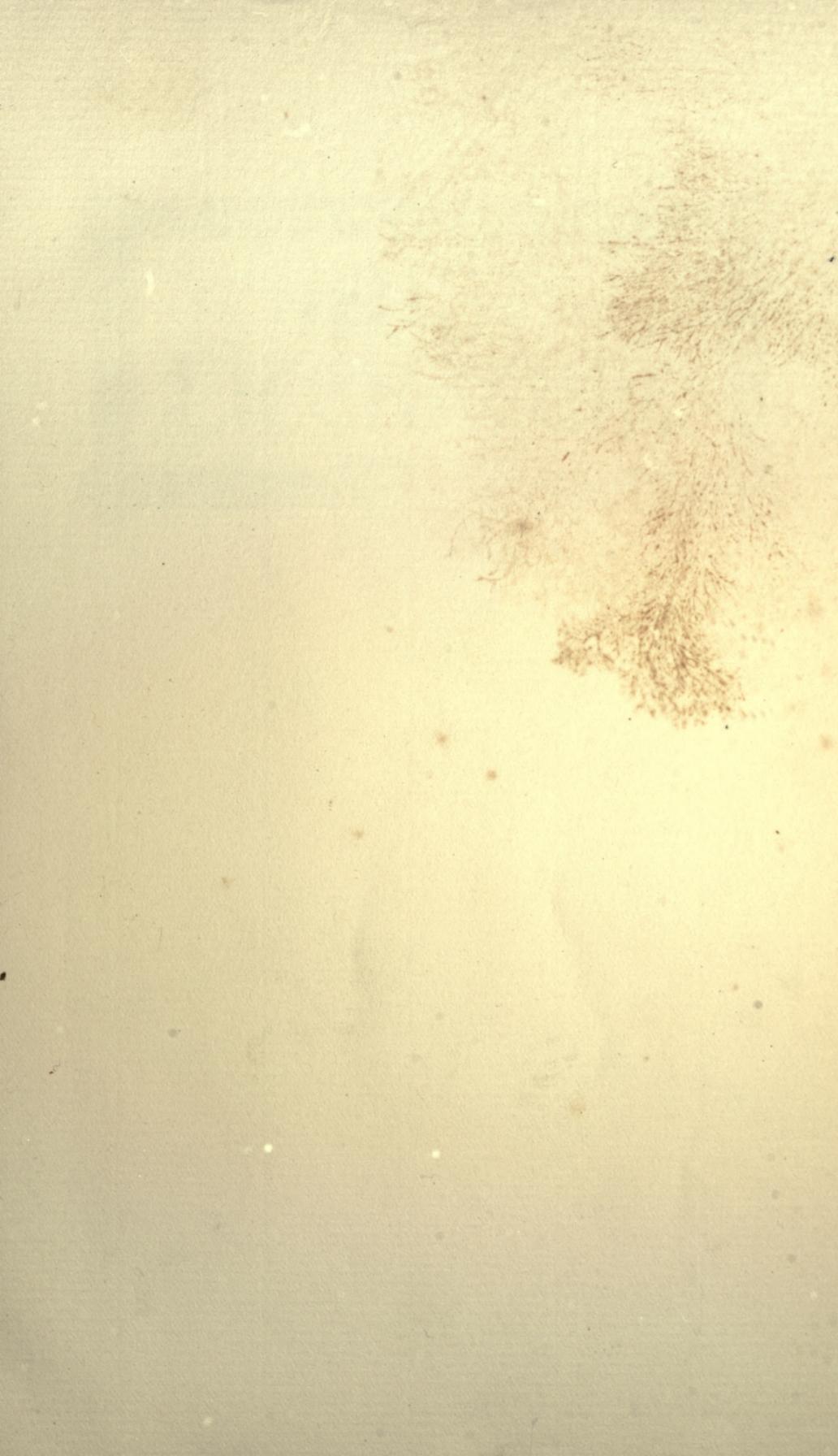
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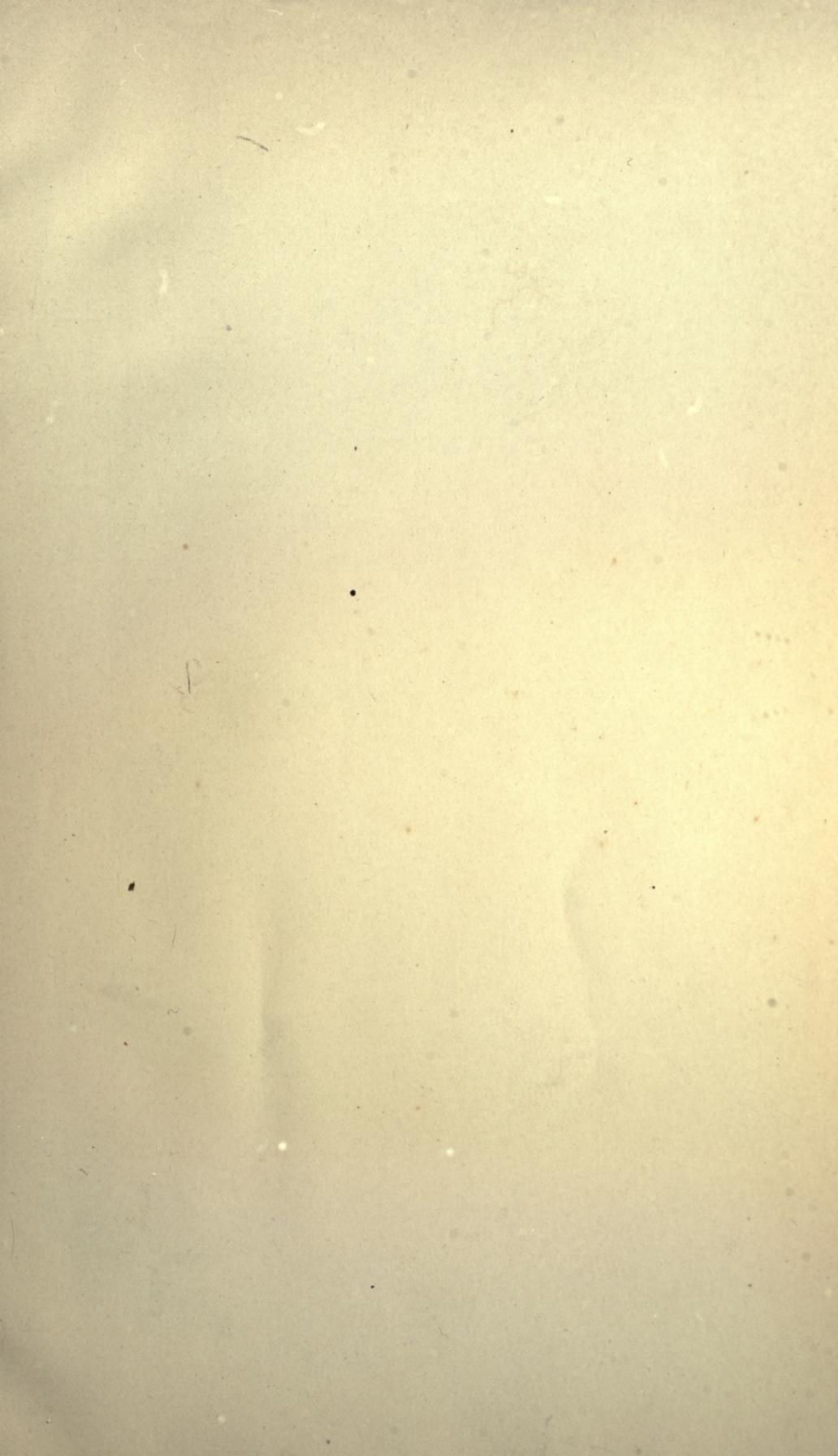




IRISH
LITERATURE

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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.

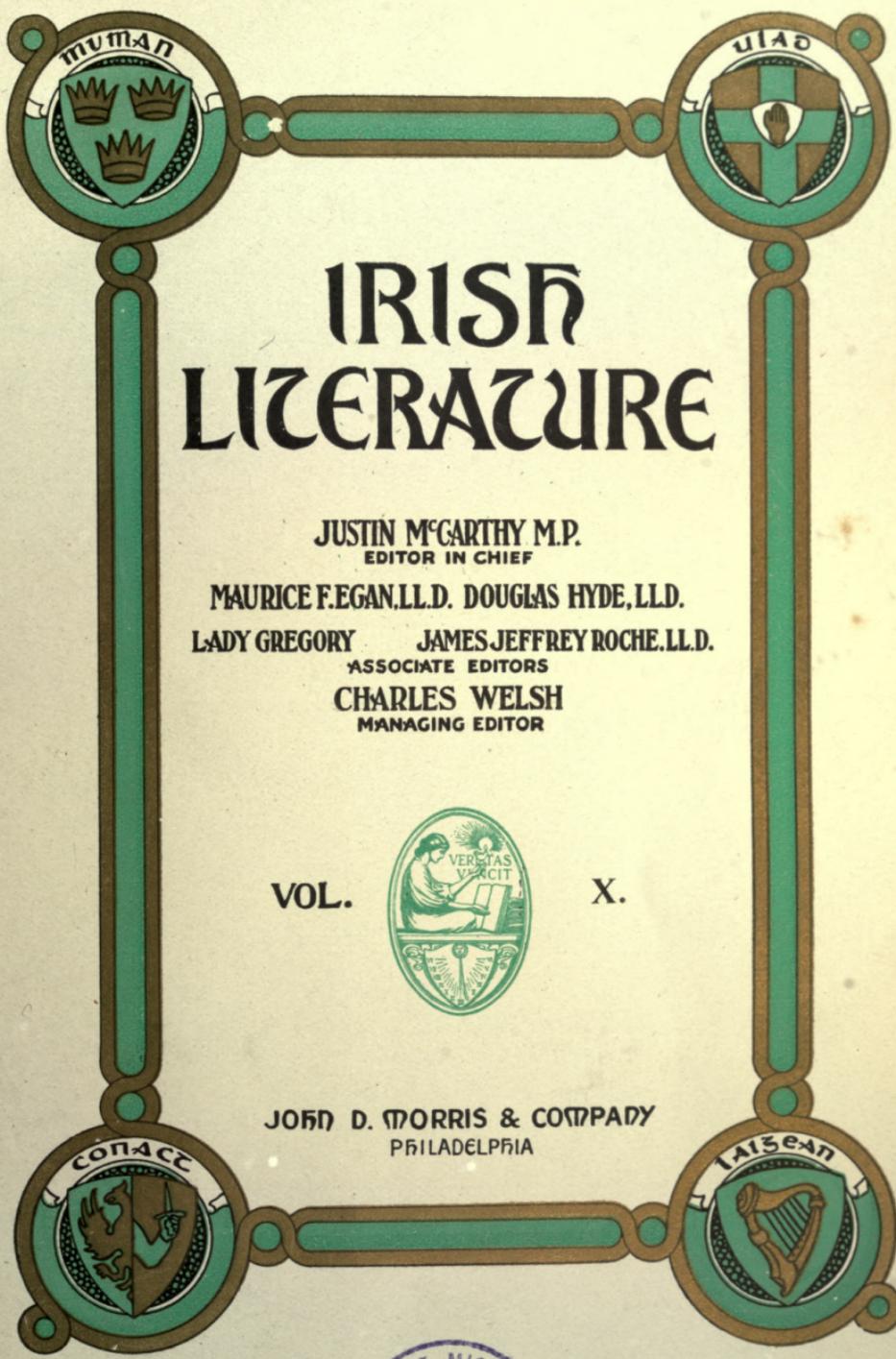
VOL.

X.

JOHN D. THOMAS & COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

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IRISH LITERATURE

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X.

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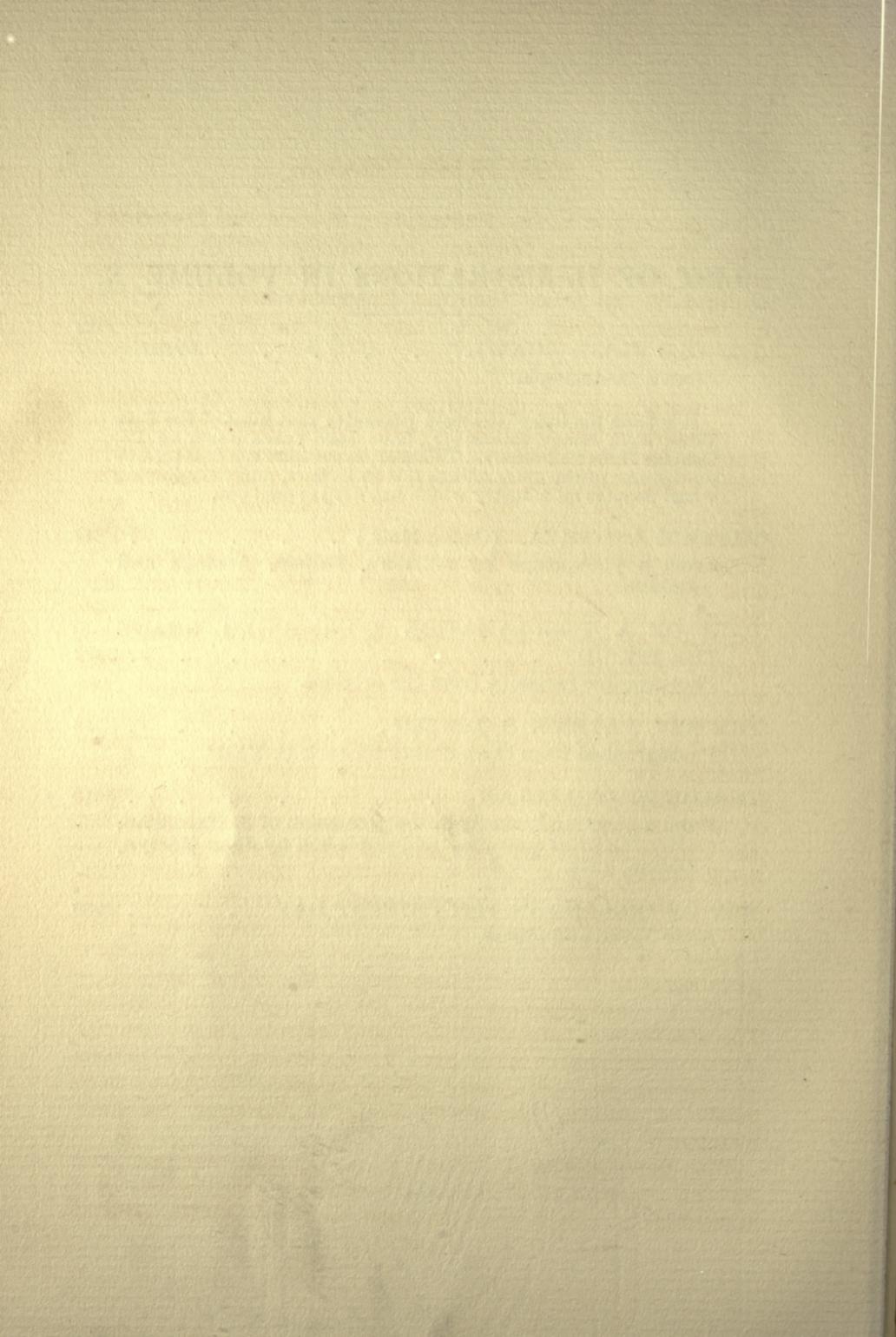
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THE IRISH DRAMA.

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 Etivè, 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.

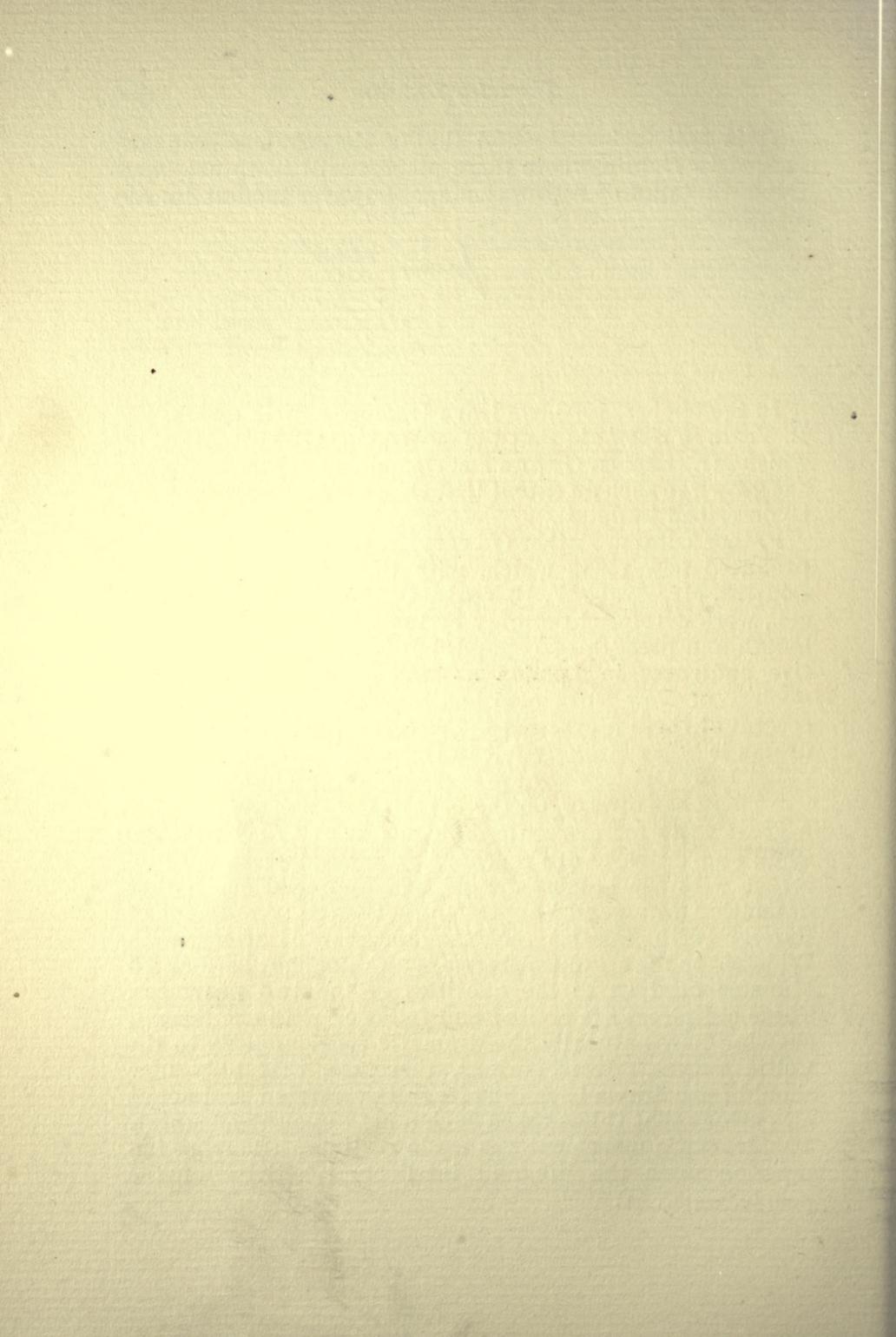
Yours truly
Stephen Gwynn

In September, 1903, we learn from an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats in *Samhain* that the movement, the beginnings of which Mr. Stephen Gwynn 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-abrúin, rann;

HISTORICAL SKETCH,

blúire as stair na h-Éireann,

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS,

sgeolta, dánna, agus drama;

BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.

le h-údarairí an lae inniu:

AN NUAD-LITRÍDEACT I NGAEBEILG.

Cíófrimíó inífan imleabair veisíúó reo, romplairde arí Snáct-
 Śaebelg na nĐaoine, mar do bí rí aca in ían dá céad bliadán
 ro do énaíó earraínn, aśur mar dá rí aca anoir. Ní'í aét nuad-
 Śaebelg le fáğail ann ro, 7 caiteíó an leigíteoir a bheiteamnar
 féin véanam ar an tpean-Śaebelg le 'congnam na n-airtíngad
 béarla do tuzamar inína h-imleabair eile. Ní tuzamaoiru an
 tpein-Śaebelg ann ro, oír ír ró véacair a tuisrínt do don duine
 nac nĐearna ríúvéaraét rpeirialta innti:

Tá rśealra, abráin, 7 ráiúte na nĐaoine féin, le fáğail inífan
 leabair ro, 7 tá cuio móri oíob ro rśríúóta ríor le rśoláiríú ó
 béal na íean-Đaoine i n-éirínn nári tuis a vteangra féin do
 rśríúóbaó ná do léigead. Aét tá cuio eile vé, aśur ír obair na
 rśríúóboír ír elíre i obair na rśríúóboír atá aś véanam líríre-
 ealra nuairde do múinnrí na h-éireann iníú, mar atá an t-áair
 íeadaí O Laośaire, Seumar O Dúóğail, Conán Maol (Mac uí
 Śeagó), Ráórais O Laośaire, Tomár O h-Áoó, an t-áair
 O Duinnín, Úna ní íearğaille, "Tórina" 7 Đaoine eile.

Ír an-veacair an íru é béarla ceart bliaró do cúri ar Śaeb-
 eilg, oír ír é mo barraíal nac bfuil don dá tteangra ar talam na
 Críortuśealra ír mó vírí eatorra féin 'ná íaó. aśur cíó śo
 bfuil a éom íaó rín 'na íearraí ar an don oileán, taoó le
 taoíó, ír íríre-veag an lois v'íag ceann aca ar an śceann eile,
 aśur ír íríre-veagán v'íógluim na Đaoine labair íaó ó n-a céile.

Tá rśoite na h-éireann, íaraor! íá ríúríngad Đaoine v'a
 vteug an Ríagaltar Sacraac an ríúríngad orra, aśur bí na
 Đaoine íeó i ścómnuirde i n-aśair na nŚaebel aśur i n-aśair
 teangad na tíre. Ní'í eólar aś duine ar bíé aca uírí aét oírtead
 le aral no le bulóig. Tá ceatrar ve na Đaoimíó reo 'na mbheiteam-
 naíó ó cúirteannaíó an vliśe, nac bfuil píoc eólar aca ar
 oirveacar, aét ó'í Snáct-obair leó Đaoine cionntaca do Đaoiraó,
 Đaoiraann íaó múinnrí na h-éireann, 'śá ścúri ía bheiteamnar
 áineólar, íaó a mbeata, i vtaoíó na neite Đainear leó féin 7
 le na včír. Tá íear eile aca 'na uacáran ar Cólairte na
 Tríonóirde—ír íuaé na nŚaebel an áit rín—aśur tá cuio móri

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 rgoilugeact; agus do toirmearys riad Gaeheilg do múnad inna rgoiltib, no do labairt leir na rgoilairib, so do tri no ceatar de bliadantaib ó foim. Tá atriugad ann anoir, 7 so, doziarid 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 feicrint innri agus do bí i n-Éirinn—máizi-rtirde 7 máizi-rteara rgoile nac riad focal Gaeheilge aca, as “múnad”! páirtirde nac riad focal béarla aca! Ni h-iongnad sup díbread amad rriorad na Litirdeacta ar na daoimib, agus sup riadugead arca zac oidear, gliocar, crionact, agus rtuaim do táinig anuar éuca ó n-a rinnreariad rompa. Act anoir,—mar geall ar Connrad na Gaeheilge—tá an Gaeheilg, as teact éuiri féin arir; agus ir roiléir é anoir, do'n domán ar rad, má tá Éire le beir 'na náirián ar leir, no le beir 'na ruo ar bit act 'na condae gránna Sacranais, (agus i as déanam airtir so raon rann ruar an nóraib na Sacranac) so geaitir ri ionpód ar a teangair féin arir 7 Litirdeact nuad ceapad innri.

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

RIG AN FÁSALIG DUB:

Labair O ploinn, ó beul, ac-na-muice (Swinford i mbeurla) d'innir an rgeul ro do rrioinriar O Concubair i mb'Uachtuain, ó a bpuair mire é.

Nuair bí O Concubair 'na riug ar Éirinn bí ré 'na cómnuirde i Rác-éruacáin Connaect: Bí aon mac amáin aige, act nuair d'fár ré ruar, bí ré riadáin, agus níor feud an riug rmacct do cur air; mar beirdead a toil féin aige inr zac uile nio:

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 maoidin aitháin cuairt ré amac,

Δ εὐ le na coir
Δ φαδὰς ἀρ ἄ βοιρ
Δ'ρ ἄ ἀπαλλὲ βρεῖξ θυδ ο'ά ιομῆαρ,

Δγυρ ο'ιμιτῖς ré ἀρ ἀγαῖο, ἀγ ζαβάιλ ραιιν ἀβράιν το πέιν ζο
υτάιμις ré εὐμ ραο le ρεατάε μόρ το βί ἀγ ράρ ἀρ θρηαδ
ζλεαννα. Βί ρεαν-δυιने λιὰτ 'na ρυῖθε ἀγ θυν na ρεῖθε, ἀγυρ
θυβαητ ré: “Δ μῖε ἀν ρυῖ, μὰ τῖς λεατ ἰμιητ εὐμ μαῖτ ἀ'ρ
τῖς λεατ ἀβράιν το ζαβάιλ, θυδ μαῖτ λιομ ελυῖθε ο'ιμιητ λεατ.”
Σαοιλ μαε ἀν ρυῖ ζυρ ρεαν-δυιने μι-εέλιυθε το βί ἀν, ἀγυρ
τυηηητῖς ré, εαῖτ ρυῖαν ταρ ζευς, ἀγυρ ρυῖο ριορ le ταοῖθ ἀν
τρεαν-δυιने λιὰτ. Ταρραιης ρεῖρεαν ραεα εάρθυαῖο ἀμαε ἀγυρ
ο' ριαρρυῖς: “ἀν ουτῖς λεατ ἰαο ρο ο'ιμιητ?”

“Τῖς λιομ,” ἀρ ραν μαε-ρυῖς.

“εῖρεο ἰμεόρραμαοῖο ἀρ?” ἀρ ραν ρεαν-δυιने λιὰτ.

“Νῖο ἀρ βῖτ ἰρ μιαν λεατ,” ἀρ ραν μαε-ρυῖς.

“Μαῖτ ζο λεόρ, μὰ ζηόταιζιμ-ρε εαῖτῖο τυρα νῖο ἀρ βῖτ ἄ
ιαρρῖαρ μέ θευναῖ θάμ, ἀγυρ μὰ ζηόταιζεαν τυρα, εαῖτῖο
μῖρε νῖο ἀρ βῖτ ἰαρρῖαρ τυρα ορμ θευναῖ θυτρε,” ἀρ ραν ρεαν-
δυιने λιὰτ.

“Τὰ μέ ράρτα,” ἀρ ραν μαε-ρυῖς.

ο'ιμιη ριαο ἀν ελυῖθε ἀγυρ θυαῖλ ἀν μαε ρυῖς ἀν ρεαν δυιने
λιὰτ. ἀν ριν θυβαητ ré, “εῖρεο το θυδ μιαν λεατ μῖρε το
θευναῖ θυτ, ἄ μῖε ἀν ρυῖ?”

“Νῖ ἰαρρῖαῖο μέ ορτ νῖο ἀρ βῖτ το θευναῖ θάμ,” ἀρ ραν
μαε-ρυῖς, “ραοιλιμ ναε θυυῖλ τῦ ἰοηνάην μόρῖαν το θευναῖ.”

“Νὰ βαε λειρ ριν,” ἀρ ραν ρεαν δυιने, “εαῖτῖο τῦ ἰαρρῖαῖο
ορμ ρυο εῖζῖν το θευναῖ, νῖορ εαῖλλ μέ ζεαλλ ἀρῖαῖ θάρ ρευο
μέ ἄ ἰοε.”

Μαρ θυβαητ μέ, ραοιλ ἀν μαε ρυῖς ζυρ ρεαν δυιने μιέελιυθ
το βί ἀν, ἀγυρ le na ράρυζαθ θυβαητ ré λειρ ”

“Θαῖν ἀν εεανν τοε μο λεαρῖάτῖαρ ἀγυρ ευῖρ εεανν ζαθαῖρ
υῖρρῖ ἀρ ρεαθ ρεαετῖμαῖνε.”

“Θευῖαθ ρῖν θυτ,” ἀρ ραν ρεαν δυιने λιὰτ:

ευαῖο ἀν μαε ρυῖς ἀγ μαρκευῖζεαετ ἀρ ἄ ἀπαλλ,

Δ εὐ le na coir
Δ φαδὰς ἀρ ἄ βοιρ,

ἀγυρ ευς ré ἄ ἀγαῖο ἀρ ἀῖτ εῖλε, ἀγυρ νῖορ ευῖρῖητῖς ré νῖορ μό
ἀρ ἀν ρεαν δυιने λιὰτ, ζο υτάιμις ré ἄ-θαῖλε.

ρυαῖρ ré ζάῖρ ἀγυρ θυῖοη μόρ ἰν ραν ζεαῖρλεάν: ο'ἰνῖρ na
ρεαρῖβόζανταῖο θό ζο υτάιμις ορραοῖθεαοῖορ ἀρτεαε ραν ρεομῖα
'n ἀῖτ ἄ ραῖθ ἀν θαιρῖοζαν ἀγυρ ζυρ ευῖρ ré εεανν ζαθαῖρ υῖρρῖ
ἰ n-ἀῖτ ἄ εῖνν πέιν:

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 niġ, “da mberdinn ran mbaile do ħainfinn an ceann de le mo claiw-eam.” Vi b'ron mor ar an niġ aġur cuir re f'ior ar eomairleoir criona aġur o'f'iaf'ruiz re de an raib f'ior aize cia an caoi t'arla an nib reo do'n ħainfioġain. “So deimin ni tiz uom rin inn-readt duit,” ar reirean, “ir obair t'maoidaecta e.”

Nior leis an mac niġ air fein so raib eolar ar bit aize ar an scuir, act ar maoin amardac o'imtiz re amac,

A eu le na coir
A feadac ar a boir
'S a capall b'heaz t'ub o'a iomcar,

aġur nior t'armanz re rruan so utainiz re com f'ada leir an rzeic mor ar b'ruac an ġleanna. Vi an rean duine liat 'na f'uide ann rin faoi an rzeic aġur t'ubairt re: “A mic an niġ, mberd cluice aġad andiu?” Tuirling an mac niġ aġur t'ubairt: “Berd.” Leir rin, cair re an rruan tar ġeuz, aġur f'uib f'ior le t'uib an t'rean duine. T'armanz reirean na c'ar'oi' amac, aġur o'f'iaf'ruiz de'n mac niġ an b'ruair re an nib do ġn'otaz re ande.

“Ta rin ceart so leor,” ar ran mac niġ.

“Imedramaoio ar an ngeall ceuona andiu,” ar ran rean duine liat.

“Ta me r'arta,” ar ran mac niġ.

O'imir r'ad, aġur ġn'otaz an mac niġ. “C'rad do buo mian leat mire do deunam duit an t-am ro?” ar ran rean duine liat. Smuin an mac niġ aġur t'ubairt leir fein, “beurrai' me obair e'ruaid' do an t-am ro.” Ann rin t'ubairt re: “Ta r'air readt n-acra ar cul c'airleam m'atar, b'io' ri lionta ar maoin. amardac le bat (b'uib) ġan don beirt aca do beir ar don dat, ar don airde, no ar don doir amain.”

“Berd rin deunta,” ar ran rean duine liat:

Cuair an mac niġ aġ marcuizeadt ar a capall,

A eu le na coir
A feadac ar a boir,

aġur tuz aġair a-baile. Vi an niġ so b'ronac i utaoib na ħainfioġna. Vi doctuir' ar n-uile dit i n-erinn, act nior feuo r'ad don mat do deunam vi.

Ar maoin, la ar na mardac, cuair maor an niġ amac so moc, aġur connairc re an r'airc ar cul an c'airleam lionta le bat (b'uib) aġur ġan don beirt aca de 'n dat ceuona no de'n doir reuona, no de'n airde ceuona. O'imtiz re artea, aġur o'innir ce an r'eul ionġantac do'n niġ. “T'iruz aġur tiomain i'w amac,” ar ran niġ. F'uar an maor rin, aġur cuair re leo 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: "D'éid cluice eile d'gan leir an fean duine liat an'oiú." D'imtíġ pé amac an máirín 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 rrian ġo d'áinġ pé éom fáda leir an r'geic móir ar b'ruac an ġleanna. Bí an fean duine liat ann rin noime agus d'iarri pé air an mberdeadh cluice cárdair aise.

"D'éid," ar ran mac riġ; "áct tá fíor d'gan ġo maic ġo d'icġ liom tú bualaó d' imitc cárdair."

"D'éid cluice eile d'gan," ar ran fean duine liat. "Ar imir tú liat'óir aríam?"

"D'imfear ġo d'eimín," ar rin mac riġ; "áct raoilim ġo d'fuid turá nó fean le liat'óir d'imitc, agus éor leir rin ní'l don áit d'gan ann ro le n'imitc."

"Má tá turá úmál le n-imitc, 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 tríd an nġleann, ġo d'ánsadair ġo cnoć b'eadġ ġlar. Ann rin, tarrainġ pé amac r'laicín d'raoideadta, agus dubairt focla nári tuġ mac an riġ, agus raoi éeann móimíro, d'orġail an cnoć agus cúaid an d'eitc arthead, agus cúaid ríad tríd a lán de hállaib b'eadġa ġo d'ánsadair amac i nġáirvín. Bí ġac uile níó níor b'eadġa 'ná ééile in ran nġáirvín rin, agus d'gan an ġáirvín bí áit le liat'óir d'imitc.

Cait ríad píora d'icġo ruar le feicrint cia aca mberdeadh lám-arġis aise, ġ fuair an fean duine liat rin.

Toráġ ríad ann rin, agus níor r'ead an fean duine ġur ġnóćaiġ pé an cluice. Ní raib fíor d'gan mac riġ c'ead do d'eunfaó pé: raoi d'eóir d'fiarriuiġ pé d'e'n t'rean-duine c'ead do buó máic leir é do d'eunam d'ó.

"Ír míre Riġ ar an d'fárac Dub, agus caic'píó turá mé féin agus m'áit-éomnuirde d'fáćail amac raoi éeann lá agus bliadain, nó ġeodair míre turá amac agus caill'píó tú do éeann."

Ann rin tuġ pé an mac riġ amac an bealac ceutna a n'deacair pé arthead. D'puid an cnoć ġlar 'na d'iaġ agus d'imtíġ an fean duine liat ar amáic.

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 φεαδακ αρ α βοιρ,

aġur é bṛónaċ ʒo leðr.

An trāċnóna rin, 'do bṛeaċnuig an niġ ʒo raib bṛón aġur buairnead mór ar an mac óʒ, aġur nuair ċuair ré 'na eotlad, ċualair an niġ aġur ʒaċ uile 'duine 'do ví in ran ʒcairleán tṛom-ornaol aġur rámalair uair. Ví an niġ faoi bṛón ceann ʒabair 'do beir ar an mbairnióʒain, aċt buð meara é feaċt n-uair n-uair 'o'innir an mac 'do an rʒeul, mar tārta ó tūr ʒo 'deirnead.

Ċuir ré fíor ar eómarleóir eṛiona, aġur 'o'fíarfuig ré 'de an raib fíor aige cia an aic a raib an Riġ ar an bṛárac Oub 'na eómnurde.

“Ni'l, ʒo 'deimín,” ar reirean; “aċt eom cinnte a'r tá puball (eapball) ar an ʒcaċ muna bṛáʒair an t-oirde óʒ an 'dṛaoid-ea'óir rin amac, caillfíó ré a ceann.”

Ví bṛón mór i ʒcairleán an niġ an lá rin. Ví ceann ʒabair ar an mbairnióʒain, aġur an mac-niġ 'dul aġ tóruigeaċt 'dṛaoid-ea'óira, ʒan fíor an 'dciuca'ó ré ar air ʒo 'deó.

Tar éir feaċtmaine [do] baimead an ceann ʒabair 'de'n baairnióʒain, aġur cuirnead a ceann féin uirru. Nuair ċualair rí an eaoi ar cuirnead an ceann ʒabair uirru, eáinig fuac mór uirru anaʒair an mic niġ, aġur 'dubairt rí: “Nár taʒair ré ar air beó ná marb.”

Ar maruin, 'Dia luain, 'o'ráʒ ré a beannaċt aġ a aċair aġur aġ a ʒaol, ví a mála-riúbail ceanʒailte ar a 'druim, aġur 'o'imeig ré,

Δ εὐ λε να εοιρ
Δ φεαδακ αρ α βοιρ
a'r a ċapall bṛeaġ 'dub 'o'a iomear.

Siúbail ré an lá rin ʒo raib an ʒriam imtigte faoi rʒáile na ʒenoc, aġur ʒo raib 'dore'avar na n-oirde aġ teaċt, ʒan fíor aige cia'n aic a bṛuigeaċt ré lóirtín. Bṛeaċnuig ré coil mór ar eaoib a láime eíe, aġur tarrainʒ ré uirru eom tara aġur 'o'feud ré, le rúil an oirde 'do caiteam faoi farʒad na ʒerann. Suró ré fíor faoi bun eṛainn móir 'daraċ, 'o'forʒail ré a mála-riúbail le biað ʒ 'deó 'do eáiteam, nuair eonnaire ré iolar mór aġ teaċt eúige.

“Ná bioð faiteíor oir rómam-ra, a mic niġ. Aicniġim tū, ir tū mac Uí Conubair niġ Éireann. Ir capair mé, aġur má tuʒann tū 'do ċapall 'dam-ra le tabairt le n'ite 'do ceirne eantair ocraca

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 'na do béarfaid do capall tú, aġur b'eroir zo ġcuirfinn tú ar loġ an té atá tú 'tóruiġ-eaċt."

"Tis leat an capall do beid aġaw aġur fáilte," ar ran mac piġ, "ció ġur b'ónac mé aġ rġaraimaint leir."

"Tá zo maiz, béid mire ann ro ar maizin amárac le h-éirġe na ġréine." Ann rin d'forġail ri a ġob móir, iuġ ġreim ar an ġcapall, buail a d'á taoib anaġaid 'a céile, leatnuis a rġiatán, aġur d'imciġ ar amárac.

D'it aġur d'ól an mac piġ a fáit, cuir an mála-riúbail faoi na céann, aġur nior b'raoa zo maiz ré 'na coolaó, aġur nior d'uirġ ré zo d'áinis an t-iolar aġur ġur d'ubairt: "Tá ré i n-am d'inn beid 's imteaċt, tá airtear faoa róimainn, beir ġreim ar do mála aġur léim ruar ar mo d'ruim."

"Aċt, mo b'ón!" ar reirean, "cait'iró mé rġaraimaint le mo cú aġur le mo feabaċ."

"Ná bioó b'ón ort," ar rife; "béid riao ann ro rómad nuair tiucear tú ar air."

Ann rin léim ré ruar ar a d'ruim, ġlac rife rġiatán, aġur ar zo b'raċ léite 'ran aéir. Tis ri é tar énocaib aġur ġleanncaib, tar muir móir aġur tar coilltib, ġur faoil ré zo maiz ré aġ veiread an doimain. Nuair bi an ġruan aġ d'ul faoi rġáile na ġenoc, táinis ri zo talam i lár f'araz móir, aġur d'ubairt leir: "lean an capán ar taoib do láime veire, aġur béarfaid ré tú zo tead capao. Cait'iró mire pillead ar air le polátar do m'éanlaít."

lean reirean an capán, aġur nior b'raoa zo d'áinis ré zo d'ci an tead, aġur cuair ré arteaċ. Bi rean-duine liaċ 'na fuide 'ran ġcuirneull; d'éirġ ré ġ d'ubairt, "Ceud mile fáilte rómad, a m'ic Riġ ar Rát-Ċruaċan Connaċt."

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

"Bi airne aġam-ra ar do rean-atair," ar ran rean duine liaċ; "ruir rior; ir d'ois zo b'ruil tarċ aġur ocruir ort."

"Ni'l mé raor uata," ar ran mac piġ. Buail an rean duine a d'á boir anaġaid a céile, aġur táinis beirċ reirb'iread, aġur leaġ-adaar boir le maiz-feóil, caoir-feóil, muic-feóil aġur le neair aráin i látair an m'ic piġ, aġur d'ubairt an rean duine leir: "It aġur ól do fáit, b'eroir zo mbuó faoa zo b'ruirċ tú a leitéro arir." D'it aġur d'ól ré oiread aġur buó mian leir, aġur tis buirdeáar ar a fon.

Ann rin d'ubairt an rean duine, "tá tú d'ul aġ tóruiġeaċt Riġ an F'Artaġ Ōuib; teirġ aġ coolaó anoir, aġur raċair mire t're mo leadb'uib le feudaċt an d'cis liom áit-coimnuide 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 reir  bireac, aġur dubairt r   leir " Tabair an mac riġ   o o'ci a feomra." Tuġ r     o feomra b'reaġ   , aġur nior b'rao   ur tuit r   'na cooiao.

Ar maidin, l   ar na m  rao, t  inis an rean uoine aġur dubairt : "   irriġ, t   airtear raoo ri  mao. Cair  r   t   c  iġ ceuo mile u  nam ri  m meaoon-lae."

" Ni feuofoainn    oo u  nam," ar ran mac riġ.

" M  r marcao maic t  , b  arfao mire capall uoit b  arfar t   an t-airtear."

" U  nfao mar u  arfar tura," ar ran mac riġ.

Tuġ an rean uoine neart le n'ite aġur le n'ol o , aġur nuair bi r   r  tao, tuġ re   arri  n beaġ b  n o , aġur dubairt : " Tabair ceuo a cinn oo'n   arri  n, aġur nuair rtoppar r  , r  ao ruar 'ran a r aġur feic  r   t   t  ri ealaibe oom   al le rneaoa. Ir iao rin t  ri inġeana Riġ an F'Artaġ Ōuib. U  r   nairic  n   ar i mbeul eala aca, rin i an inġean ir o iġe, aġur ni'l neao beo o'feuofoao t   oo tabairt   o tiġ Riġ an F'Artaġ Ōuib a t i. Nuair rtoppar an   arri  n, b  r   t   i n  ar oo loo ; tiu  rao na t  ri ealaibe   o tala   ar b'ruao an loo a rin, aġur u  nfao t  ri  r mna (ban) o  uioo r  in, aġur raaoir riao arteao 'ran loo a  rna   aġur a  rinc. Conġbaig oo f  il ar an nairic  n   ar aġur nuair   eoar t   na mna o a 'ran loo, teirriġ aġur r  ġ an nairic  n aġur na r  ar leir. Teirriġ i b'roao r  oi   rann aġur nuair tiu  rao na mna o a amac, u  nfao beirt aca ealaibe uioo r  in aġur imteo  ar riao 'ran a r. Ann rin, u  arfao an inġean ir o iġe, " U  nfao m   nio ar bit oo'n t   b  arfar mo nairic  n oam." Tar i l  tair ann rin, aġur t  rair an nairic  n o i,    abair nac b'fuil nio ar bit a  teart  l uait, a t oo tabairt   o tiġ a h-a ar, aġur innir o i   ur mac riġ t   ar t  ri c  maoatig."

Rinne an mac riġ   ao nio mar dubairt an rean uoine leir, aġur nuair tuġ r   an nairic  n o'ingin Riġ an F'Artaġ Ōuib, dubairt r   : " Ir mire mac U   Cono  air, Riġ Connao. Tabair m     o o'ci o'  air : raoo m   o'   t  ri  eao."

" N  r b'feair uoit m   nio   igin eile oo u  nam uoit ? " ar rir  .

" Ni'l aon nio eile a  teart  l uaim," ar rir  an.

" Ma tairb  anam an teao uoit nac mb  r   t   r  rta ? " ar rir  .

" B  r  ao," ar rir  an.

" Anoir," ar rir  , " ar o'nam na h-innir oo m' a air   ur mire oo tuġ c  m a tiġe-rean t  , aġur b  r   mire mo   arao maic uoit ; aġur leiġ or t r  in," ar rir  , "   o b'fuil mo  -c  mao t  rao  ao a ao."

" U  nfao mar u  ir t  ," ar rir  an.

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'Conor, 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.

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

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

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

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

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

Tug pé an mac nuí a-baile agus dubairt leir, “Teirig do doolaó ’ran áit a raib tú an oidee aréir.”

Nuair éuaid an sean-nuí na doolaó 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 sí amac aríre é i nsgablóis an chaimn.”

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

“Ní’l deirir ar bit orim,” ar ran mac nuí, “mar tá fíor agam go dtis liom m obair lae deunam go réid.”

Éuaid pé go bhuac an loca ann rin, aet n’or feud pé cloc d’feiceál, bí an t-uirge com duó rin. Súid pé fíor ar fárais; agus níor bfaoda go dtáinig fionnguala, buó h-é rin ainm ingine an tpean nuí, éirge, agus dubairt: “Cao tá agad le deunam an-diú?” D’innir pé dí, agus dubairt sí: “Ná biod bhrón ort; tis liom-ra an obair rin deunam úuit.” Ann rin tug sí dó arán, mairefeoil, agus caoirfeoil agus fion: Ann rin tarrainis sí amac an rlaicín tmaoidéacta, 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 ċūmāct ȮraoioȮ-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 coōlāȮ 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 Ȯtēio an ġrian faoi, trāċnōna.”

Anoir bi an tobar ro ceuo troiġ ar Ȯoimne aġur fice troiġ timcioll, 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 Ȯitcioll le Ȯō beata Ȯo fābāil.” An rin tuġ rī Ȯō mairtfeōil, arān, aġur fion. Rinne rī ġiȮeāc * Ȯi fēin aġur ċuarō riof ’ran tobar. Niof bfaȮa ġo bfacarō rē Ȯeatac aġur tinnteāc 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, ċoiġ an tinnteāc 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 larȮiċin mo lāime Ȯeire bhirte. āct b’ēioir ġur āȮamail an niȮ 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 reō an ċaoi Ȯeunfar tū Ȯo ġoġa. Ȯeio mire aġur mo ȮeirȮriūraċa i feompa, bēio poll ar an Ȯorap, ġ ċuirfimito uile ar lāma amāc mar ċruimirġin. Ĉuirfio tura Ȯo lām trio an bpoll, aġur an lām ċonġbōcāp tū ġrēim uirri nuair foġġōlarō

* 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 doimh, is í rin lám an té beirdear aSao mar' mnaoi;
Tis leat mire d'áitne ar mo lairóicín bhirte."

"Tis liom, aSao sráð mo éiríde tú, a fionnguala," ar ran mac rúg:

Trádnóna an lae rin, táinig an fear-rúg aSao d'fuarfuit: "An bfuair tú páinne mo mácair móire?"

"Fuarfear go veimín," ar ran mac rúg; "bí arim 'gá cúmóac ar írionn, áct buail mire iao, aSao buailrinn a feaét n-oiréao; Náé bfuil fíor aSao sup Connáctac mé?"

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

"Go veimín, ní tiubrao," ar feirean; "éiríde mé go cruaird ar a fon; áct tabair dam-ra mo bean. Teartaig' uaim beic aS imteáct."

Tus an fear rúg arteaé é, aSao tubairt, "Tá mo éiríú inSean 'ran feomra rin is' lácair. Tá lám gac doin aca rinte amac, aSao an té éongbócair tú sréim uirri go bforzólaib mire an doimh, rin í do bean."

Cuir an mac rúg a lám ríó an bpoll do bí ar an doimh, aSao fuair pé sréim ar lám an lairóicín bhirte, aSao éongbais sréim cruaird air, sup fórsaíl an fear rúg doimh an treomra.

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

"Ní'le do rrré aici le fágaíl áct caoil-eac donn le ríó do tabairt abaire, aSao náir éasaíó ríó ar air, beó ná marb, go deó!"

Cuaird an mac rúg 7 fionnguala ar marcuigeáct ar an gcaoil-eac donn; aSao níor bpaða go d'ánsaóar go dtí an coill 'n ar fág an mac rúg a cú aSao a feabac. Bí ríao ann rin ríoihe, mar don le na éapall breaíg duib. Cuir pé an t-eac caoil donn ar air ann rin. Cuir pé fionnguala aS marcuigeáct ar a éapall, aSao léim ruar, é féin,

A cú le n-a coir
A feabac ar a boir,

aSao níor ríao pé go dtáinig pé go Ráé Cruaáin:

Bí fáilte móir ríoihe ann rin, aSao níor bpaða sup pópaó é féin aSao fionnguala. Cáit ríao beata fáða feunmar,—áct is beag má tá loig an trean-éairleáin le fágaíl anóiu i Ráé-Cruaáin 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 tuicfá, a' r mé 'o' iarraid,
 'S gur b'i 'do róiáin tabairfead rólár
 Dá mbeidinn i lár an fiadhair:

Dá mberdead maoin agam-ra
 Agus airgead ann mo bóca
 'Deunfaínn bóitín aic-áiríac
 'So 'doim' tige mo róiáin,
 Mar fáil le 'Dia 'so g-cluinnfinn-re
 Torann binn a b'óige,
 'S ír fad an lá ó codail mé
 Adt ag fáil le bliar 'do b'óige:

A' r faoil me a róiáin
 'So mbuó gealaí agus srian tu;
 A' r faoil mé 'nna diais rín
 'So mbuó rneadta ar an t'riab tu;
 A' r faoil mé 'nn a diais rín
 'So 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'róga áirída,
 A' r geall tu tar éir rín
 'So leanfá trío an t'rnám mé:
 Ní mar rín atá mé
 Adt mo r'gead i mbeul bearna;
 'S ac n'óin a' r 'sac maíoin
 Ag feucaint tige m' atar:

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 s'Conradé na Sailleime: bí don mac amáin aici d'ar b'ainm Taòg. Ruzad é mí tar éir báir a acar i lár coille bige aitinne do bí ag fáir ar taoib énuic i nSár do'n tíg. Ar an ád'bar rin, fáir na daoine Coirnín na h-Aitinne mar lear-ainm aip. Táinig tinnear obann ar an mhaoi boicé nuair bí sí ag feólad na mbó ruar ar taoib an énuic.

Nuair ruzad 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 deus, no níor éuir ré cor faoi le coircéim do síúbal, acé d'feutorad ré imteacé go tara go leór ar a dá láim agus ar a taoib síar, agus dá s'cluinfead ré don duine ag teacé cum an tige, do buailfead ré a dá 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 aip, mar do feidead ríad s'péann móir ar, sac uile oirde. Ó'n am bí ré feacé mbliadhna d'aoir, bí ré deap'lámac agus úráideac d'á máctair, agus d'á máctair-móir do bí 'na cóinnuidé i n-aon tíg leir. In ran b'póg'mar, téirdead ré ar a lámhaib agus ar a taoib-síar ruar ar taoib an énuic, i víod ag ite bíad na h-aitinne mar s'ad'ar. Bí ábann beag ann, roir an teac agus an cnoc, agus do fácad ré de léim tar an ábainn com h-áereac le seir'píad:

Buó fean-sogairde an máctair-móir. Bí sí bod'ar agus beag-nac balb, agus b'iomda troio do víod aici féin agus ag Taòg.

Don lá amáin, duhairc an máctair le Taòg, "Cait'píó mé, a táirgín, tóin leat'air éur ar do b'pírcib; tá mé r'spiorca ag ceannac b'pírcib, agus nuair b'pírc'ar ré deunta agam cait'píó tú out go táillíur le ceir' d'póg'laim."

"D'ar m'pocal," ar ra Taòg, "ní h-é rin an ceir' b'pírc'ar agam. Ní'l in ran táillíur acé an naoimad cur' d'fear. Má éugann tú ceir' ar bíc áam, deun píobairc díom—tá r'péir móir agam in ran s'ceól."

"Bíod mar rin," ar ran máctair.

An lá 'na diaig rin, éuar' sí cum an baile móir leir an leat'ar d'páig'ail, agus nuair fuair buac'ail'íó beag' an baile go maib an máctair imtíg'ce, fuar'ad'ar poc s'ad'air do bí ag páir'ín bacac O Ceallaig, agus éuir ríad Coirnín ag marcuigeacé aip. Ar go

* Ó p'póinriar O Connéubair do fuair mé an r'geal 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, aḡ meirgilt éom h-áirḡ aḡur v'feuo ré, 7 Coirínín ar a múin aḡ rḡreaoil marḡ óuine ar a céill, le faitéioḡ ḡo ḡcúitḡeasó ré, aḡur buacailliḡ an baile 'na diaḡ. Tug an poc tḡairḡ ar boḡán ḡáirḡin, aḡur nuairḡ éonnaire ḡáirḡin an poc 7 a máirḡac aḡ teacḡ. raoil ré gurḡ b'é an rean-buacaili ḡo bí aḡ aeacḡ 'na éoinne. Nioḡ ríubail ḡáirḡin coirḡcém le reacḡ mbliad-anaibḡ roimḡe rin, aḡḡ, nuairḡ éonnaire ré an poc aḡ teacḡ arḡeacḡ ar an ḡorḡar, éuarḡ ré ḡ'aoḡ léim amaḡ ar an ḡḡuinnediḡ, aḡur ḡáirḡ ré ar na cómarḡannaibḡ é ḡo fábbáil o'n ḡiadaḡ ḡo bí 'na ḡiaḡ.

Bí na buacailliḡ aḡ ḡáirḡiḡe 7 aḡ ḡreaoḡ boḡ gurḡ éuirḡ ríad an poc ar mipe, aḡur amaḡ arḡir leir ar an teacḡ. Nuairḡ éonnaire ḡáirḡin é aḡ teacḡ an ḡara uairḡ, ar ḡo bhrát leir, aḡur an poc aḡur Coirínín ar a múin 'na diaḡ. Bí aḡarḡa fáda ar an bproc, aḡur bí ḡreim an ríḡ báiḡḡe aḡ Coirínín oḡra. Tug ḡáirḡin aḡairḡ ar ḡaillim, aḡur an poc ḡ'a leanamaint. ḡ'éirḡis an ḡáirḡ aḡur táinḡ ḡaoine na mbailte ar ḡac taóibḡ ḡe'n bḡḡar amaḡ, aḡur a leitḡeḡ ḡe ḡáirḡeail ní raiḡ aríam 1 ḡeondae na ḡaillimḡ. Nioḡ rḡao ḡáirḡin ḡo nḡeacairḡ ré arḡeacḡ 1 ḡcaḡairḡ na ḡaillimḡ aḡur an poc 7 a máirḡac le na fálaibḡ. Duḡ lá marḡairḡ é aḡur bí na rḡáirḡeanna lionta le ḡaoimibḡ. ḡorḡis ḡáirḡin aḡ ḡiaḡḡac aḡur aḡ ḡáirḡeail ar na ḡaoimibḡ é ḡo fábbáil aḡur bí ríad-ran aḡ ḡeunaimḡ marḡairḡ rāoi. Éuarḡ ré ruarḡ rḡáirḡ aḡur anuarḡ rḡáirḡ eile aḡur bí aḡ imḡeacḡ ḡo raiḡ an ḡrian aḡ uol rāoi 'ran trāḡḡóna.

Connairḡ Coirínín úbla bḡeāḡa ar élarḡ, aḡur rean-bean anaice leḡ, aḡur táinḡ ḡúil móḡ, airḡ, curḡ ḡe na n-úblaibḡ ḡo beirḡ aḡe. ḡḡaoil ré a ḡreim ar aḡarḡairḡban puic aḡur éuarḡ ré ḡe léim ar élarḡ na n-úball. Ar ḡo bhrát leir an ḡ-rean-bean aḡur ḡ'fāḡ rí na n-úbla 'na diaḡ, óir bí rí leat-márḡ leir an rḡannraḡ.

Nioḡ ḡrāda bí Coirínín aḡ ite na n-úball nuairḡ táinḡ a máḡairḡ 1 láḡairḡ, aḡur nuairḡ éonnaire rí Coirínín, ḡearḡ rí loḡs na cḡoipe uirḡu réin, 7 ḡubairḡ, “1 n-ainm ḡé, a Coirínín, caḡ ḡo éug anḡ ro éú?”

“Ríarḡuḡis rin ḡe ḡáirḡin O Ceallaiḡ aḡur ḡ'a poc ḡabairḡ; tá an ḡ-áḡ oḡḡ, a máḡairḡ, nac ḡruil mo múineul ḡurḡe.”

Éuirḡ rí Coirínín arḡeacḡ in a rḡáirḡe aḡur éug aḡairḡ ar an mbailte.

Aḡḡ ir arḡeacḡ an níḡ táirḡa ḡo ḡáirḡin O Ceallaiḡ. Nuairḡ rḡsar Coirínín leir an bproc, lean ré ḡáirḡin amaḡ ar an mbḡḡar móḡ, táinḡ ruarḡ leir, éuirḡ a ḡá aḡairḡ rāoi, éairḡ ar a ḡruim é, aḡur nioḡ rearḡ ḡo ḡtáinḡ ré a-baile. Tuirḡis ḡáirḡin aḡ an ḡorḡar, aḡur éuirḡ an poc marḡ ar an tairḡirḡ. Éuarḡ ḡáirḡin 'na éoḡlaḡ, óir bí ré leat-márḡ aḡur bí ré mall 'ran oirḡe, aḡur

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

Cuaró an rgeul trío an tír, go scualaró sac uile fear, bean, 7 páirde 1 scondae na Saillime é, agus ir iomda cur-ríor do bí air, roim tráctóna an laé rin. Dubairt curó gur poc thraoibéacáta do bí 1 bpoce fáirín, 7 go raib ré mannpháirteac 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 táinse na buacailiró go teac úrígíro ní Srádaig, agus bí greann móir aca as éirteacá le Coirínín as innrint 1 staob na marcuigeacá do bí aise go Saillim ar muin puic fáirín Uí Ceallais, agus sac níó tárla leir ar fead an laé.

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

Ar maidin níor feud ré greim d'ite, agus dubairt ré le na mátair, "Racao amac, go breicpíó mé an ndenpaíó an t-áer maí dam." "D'éiríse 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 acaíó ar na h-áitean-naib, 7 níor rtao go ndeacáiró ré arteac 'na mears. Síu 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. Dúiríse ré, acá 1 n-áit an puic bí fear bpeáse gnuasac taob leir, 7 dubairt ré, "A Coirínín, ná bíod eagla oit rómmarpa. 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 míre an poc gabair do eus go Saillim tú, acá tá mé átruisíte anoir go dtí an puic in a breiceann tú mé. Ní feurpáin an t-átruisad d'fásgail go dtusfáin an marcuigeacá rin duit, agus anoir tá cúmáac móir asam. D'feurpáin do learuasó ar ball, acá deáirpaó na cómarpanna go raib tú mann-pháirteac leir na ríde, agus ní feurpá an bapamail rin baint díob. Tá tú do fúide anoir go d'fíreac in fan áit an muasó tú, 7 tá paca óir 1 bpióiseacá tpióise doo' taob-fiar, acá ní'l tú le baint leir go fóil, mar ní feurpá úráio maí do deunam dé. Teirise a-baile anoir agus ar maidin amárac, abair le do mátair go raib bpiónglóiró bpeáse

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 iacár tú aḡ
 tóruigeaéct na luidbe 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 'innctinn aḡad
 féin, aḡur ná h-inniú do duine ar bit go bparair tú mire. Imcig
 anoir. Slán leat."

Geall Coirínín go nbeirfad ré ḡac níú dubairt an ḡruaḡac
 beas léir, 7 táinig ré a-baile, lúḡḡairéac go leór. Bheactnaig an
 mátar nac raib ré com ḡruamaé aḡur bí ré iúc 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 mátar, "Bí bhionḡlóir breaḡ
 aḡam aréir, a mátar."

"Ná tabair don áir do bhionḡlóir," ar ran mátar; "Ír
 conḡráta tuiteann iud amac."

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

"Go méaraigir Dia an maic, 7 go laḡdaigir Sé an t-olc," ar
 ran mátar; "cualair mé go minic dá mbeidead an bhionḡlóir
 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 mátar, "Bí an bhionḡlóir breaḡ rín aḡam aréir arí,
 aḡur, ó tárla go dtáinig ré éḡam trí oirde anois a céile,
 iacair mé le feudaint bfuil don fírin innti. Connairc mé luid
 in mo bhionḡlóir do bheirfad mo riúbal aḡur mo lút dam."

"An bparair tú in ran bhionḡlóir cá raib an luid aḡ fár?"
 ar ran mátar.

"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 mátar; "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 fíad a mbeidead saodar 'sá leanamaint, as teacé a-baile le teann-lútzáire:

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

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

An oíde rin, éruinnig buacailliú an baile arteaé le lútzáire do deunam le Coirínín asur le n-a mátair. Nuair bíodar uile as éomrád cia fíubal'fad arteaé aéct páiróin O Ceallaig. Bí raib uile as caint faoi an gcaob a bhuair Coirínín a fíubal asur lúé a énaím.

“Go deimín ir dam-ra buó éoir d'ó beic buideac; 'ré an crataé 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 léigearaig mé. Rinne mé bhionglóir trí oíde an'iaig a céile go léigreócaé an luib mé, asur éis le mo mátair a éroctugaéct go raib mé mo élaír-ineac tar éir mo teacé' ó s'ailim, sup ól mé rúg na luibe.”

“D'feud'páinn mo mionna tabairt go bhuit mo mac as innirnt na fírinne glaine,” ar ran mátair.

Ann rin tópaig cáé as deunaim ma'air faoi páiróin, sup iméig ré amac:

Éuaib s'ac uile níó go maic le Coirínín asur le n-a mátair 'na diaig reó. Don oíde amáin nuair éuaib an mátair asur na cómarpanna 'na gcaoblaé, 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’áirdear mé é in ran bpoll a ruid ré ann,” ar fá Coirínín “ácc béairdear mé roinn dé a-baile liom.”

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

Cuir Coirínín an pota ríor in ran bpoll, ágho c’éarfós or a éionn, ágho táinis ré a-baile.

Ar maidin, duairt ré le n-a máir: “Bí bhionglóir eile ágho aréir arí,” 7 an t’éar maidin, duairt ré léi, “Tá mo bhionglóir ríor anoir san amhar, bí rí ágho aréir go díreac mar bí rí ágho an dá uair eile; rín t’í uaire anóir a céile, ágho tís liom é reo innreac duic nac bhfeicfid tú lá boct fad do beata, ácc ní tís liom don iud eile do ráid leat o’á taoib.”

An oirde rín, cuair ré cum an pota óir, 7 tug lán r’póirín dé abaille leir, ágho ar maidin tug ré do’n máir é. “Tá níor mó,” aréir ré, “in ran áit a dtáinis rín ar, ágho geobair mé duic é nuair béirdear ré ágho teartál uair, ácc ná cuir don ceirt orim o’á taoib.”

Níor b’ada ’na díais reo, gur ceannais Dhíisí Ní S’áirdear bó bainne 7 cuir ar feurac í. Cuair rí féin ágho Coirínín ar ágho go maic, ágho nuair bí ré ríce bliadán o’air, ceannais ré s’áirdear móir talman timéoil na h-aicinne, ágho cuir teac b’eadh ar bun ar an mball ar iugad é. Seal gearr ’na díais rín fóir ré bean. Bí muirgin móir áise, ágho nuair fuair re b’ar le rean-doir, o’fás ré óir ágho áiríod ágho a éionn, ágho ní f’airé don duine do cóirdear in ran tís rín lá boct aríam:

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
 Sur tu ráilín rocaim i mbhóis;
 Tá ríad o'á ríad
 Sur tu béilín tana na bpois;
 Tá ríad o'á ríad
 A míle spáó go dtug tu dam cáil;
 Cíó go bhfuil fear le fágaíl
 'S leir an cáilín bean an fír Ruairó;

Do tugar naoi mí
 I bhphiorún, ceangailte cnuairó;
 Voltaró ar mo caolaid
 Agus míle glar ar rúo ruar;
 Tabairfainn-re ríde
 Mar tabairfá eala coir cuaim;
 Le fonn do beir 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 breise cuir roim mé 'r tu.

Tá crann ann ran ngáirvín
 Air a bháirann duilleabair a' r bláit buide;
 An uair leasaim mo lám air
 I r láirín nac mbuireann mo éirde;
 '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,
 Tiocfáiró ríuic ar an ngréin
 'S béir na neulca com' ouib leir an ngual;
 Béiró an fáirge tírim
 A' r tiocfáiró na bhónta 'r na truaig'
 'S béiró 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-uafal] ann ran tsh agur ní maib aige aét don mac amáin. Éáinís ré peó [Ríoire na sclear] cuige arceac trachóna oíóce, agur o'iarí ré lóirtin do péin agur do'n dá-'p'-eug do bí i n-éinfeacé leir.

“Suaraé liom maí tá ré agam le t'ágaró,” arí ran feilméar, “aét tíúbraró mé dúit é agur do o' dá-'p'-eug.” Fhíe ruiréar péiró oóib cóm maít a'p bí ré aige, agur nuair bí an ruiréar caíte, o'iarí an Ríoire arí an dá-'p'-eug ro éiríge ruar agur píora gairgídeacá do deunam do'n fearí ro, ag tairbeánt na ngníomaríca bí aca.

O'éiríge an dá-'p'-eug agur rinneadar gairgídeacá oó, agur ní fáca an duine reo aríam píora gairgídeacá maí íad rín, “mairead,” aóeirí an duine-uafal, fearí an tige, “níor dhéarí liom an oíreao ro [oe fáidbhear] 'ná dá mbeídeao mo mac ionnán rín [do] deunam.”

“Leis liom-ra é,” arí Ríoire na sclear, “go ceann lá agur bliadain, agur beiró ré cóm maít le ceacáar de na buacáillíó peó acá agam.”

“Leisfeao,” arí ran duine-uafal, “aét go o'tiúbraró tu arí aír cúgam é i gceann na bliadna.”

“O tíúbraró,” arí Ríoire na sclear, “arí aír cúgaró é.”

Fhíe dhéacparí arí maíoin, lá arí na márac, oóib, nuair bíodar ag dul ag imteacé, agur leis an duine-uafal an mac leó, agur o'fan ríao amuíg lá agur bliadain.

I gceann a' lá agur bliadain éáinís ríao arí a-baile cuige, agur a mac péin i n-éinfeacé leó. Bí ré [ag] fáine orra, agur bí fáilte pompa aige, agur bí oíóce maít aca. Nuair bíodar taréir a ruiréir, dubairí Ríoire na sclear leir an dá-'p'-eug éiríge ruar arí agur gairgídeacé do deunam do'n duine-uafal do bí tabairí an truiréir oóib. Anoir bí a mac péin ann, rreírín, agur bí ré i ngarí do beir cóm maít le ceacáar aca. “Ní'í ré 'na gairgídeacé fóir cóm maít le mo cúro-pe fearí, aét leis liom-ra é,” arí Ríoire na sclear, “arí feao lá agur bliadain eile.”

“Leisfeao,” arí rreírían, “aét go o'tiúbraró tu arí aír cúgam é i gceann an lá agur bliadain.” Dubairí ré go o'tiúbraró.

O'iméig ríao leó, an lá arí na márac 'réir bíó na maíone, agur o-fanadar amuíg lá agur bliadain eile. Agur i gceann an lá agur bliadain conairí an duine-uafal an comluadarí ag teacé

* Tá an rgeul ro focal arí focal go oíreac maí do ruaríear agur maí do rreíríodar ríor é ó beul márcam Ruaró úí gíollanmáé (fofroe í mbeíríla), i gconóae na gáilííne.

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 aipir. Tug pé fáilte agus ruipéar doib, le lútgáine iad do beic ar aip aipir agus a mac leó.

Caitheadar an ruipéar, agus nuair bíodair 'néir a ruipéir, tuidairt pé le n-a cuio fear éirige ruar agus píora gairgídeacta do deunam do'n duine-uapal do bí tabairt na gnaoimúileact (?) doib. D'éirig 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 Ríorpe na gcleap féin.

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

"Ní'l, go deimín," ar Ríorpe na gcleap "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.

Anoir, níor iair pé aip, an t-am ro, a tabairt ar aip aipir, mar sinne pé na h-amannca eile, agus níor cuir pé ann a gearaib é.

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

D'imicig pé ann rín agus bí pé ag imteact gur cait pé trí oíde agus trí lá ag ríubal. Táinig ann rín arcead i n-ait a raib aip bpeáig, agus amuis anasaid an doirir 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 asad oim. Ní sinne turá," a deir pé, "do gnaata (gnó) ceart; nuair bí tu [as] deunam marasaid leir an níor iair tu aip; mire [do] tabairt ar aip agus."

"I' ríor rín," a deir an t-atair

"Anoir," a deir an mac, "ní bfuigfid tu feucaint oim anocht, act deunfar trí colaim deus oinn agus caitfidear gnaa coince ar an uplár agus deirfaid Ríorpe na gcleap 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-gcuio 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 comhartha 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 arteaó ann ran teac,
 agus cuir Ríoirie na gcleair fáilte roimhe. Dubhairt an duine-
 uaral go dtáinig pé ag iarraid a máic nuair nac dtug an Ríoirie
 ar air leir é i gceann na bliadhna. "Níor cuir tu rin ann ran
 maraó," ar ran Ríoirie, "acé ó táinig tu com fáda rin d'a
 iarraid, caiteod pé beir agad, má 'r féidir leat a tógad amac."
 Rug pé arteaó 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 cóngbáil.
 Bí na colaim uile ag piocad na ngrána coince de'n uirlar, acé
 don ceann amáin do bí gabail éar 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 máic 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 arteaó ann
 ran donac d'iar ar 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 do. Tuicfaíod Ríoirie na
 gcleair eusad ar an donac—tá pé do d' leanamaint anoir—agus
 ceannócaíod pé mire uait. Nuair béirdear tu 's am' díol, ná
 tabair an t-adartair uait acé cóngbair eusad féin é, agus [ir]
 féidir liom-ra teacé ar air eusad—acé an t-adartair do cóng-
 báil."

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'iar 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." "Duó 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 bealaó 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 págail anoisú agad, aét tá donac ann a leiteirí reo d’áit amárac agur paáamaoio arteaé ann.”

An lá ar na márac, nuair bíodair ag dul arteaé ann ran donac eile, dúbairt an mac: “Deunfair mé rtail díom féin agur tiucfairí Ríoripe na gclearf arís dom’ ceannac. Tiúbfairí ré airgíod ar bíe orim a iarrfar tu, aét cuir ann ran marzaó nac d’ciúbfairí tura an t-adartar d’ó.” Tarraingeadair ruar ar an donac ann rin, agur rinne ré rtail d’é féin agur cuir an t-adair adartar air agur ir gearr do bí ré ann, ’na fearam, nuair táinig Ríoripe na gclearf éirge agur d’fiarfuis ré d’é cia méad do beitead ar an rtail airge. “Sé ceud púnta,” ar ran duine-uairal. “Tiúbfairí mire rin duit,” a d’eir ré. “Aét ní tiúbfairí mé an t-adartar d’uit.” “Dud éairt an t-adartar tabairt arteaé ’ran marzaó,” ar an Ríoripe, aét ní bfuair ré é.

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

“Tá go maít, dtair” a d’eir ré, “tá an uair reó gnoáigte againn, aét ní’l fíor agam ceud deunfar an lá-amárac linn. Tá donac ann a leiteirí reo d’áit amárac agur tarraingamaoio ann.”

Cuadair mar rin ar an donac an lá ar n-a márac, agur rinne an mac rtail d’é féin, agur cuir an t-adair adartar air, agur ir gearr do bí ré ’na fearam ar an donac i n-am táinig Ríoripe na gclearf arís éirge. D’fiarfuis an Ríoripe cia méad do beitead ré ag iarrairí ar an rtail bheadg rin do bí airge ann ran adartar. “Naioi gceud púnta tá mire ag iarrairí air,” ar ran duine-uairal. Níor fáoil ré go d’ciúbfairí ré rin d’ó. Aét ní éongbócaó airgíod ar bíe an rtail ó’n Ríoripe. “Tiúbfairí mé rin duit,” a d’eir ré. Cuir ré a lám ann a póca agur tús ré an naoi gceud púnta d’ó, agur tús ré ar an rtail leir an lám eile, agur d’iméig ré leir éom luac rin gur dearmad an duine-uairal é do éur ann ran marzaó an t-adartar tabairt ar air d’ó.

D’fan ré ag rúil go bfillfead an mac, aét níor fill ré. Tús ré ruar é ann rin agur dúbairt ré nac raib don maít d’ó tpuíon (?) [beite ag rúil] go bnat leir, ná le n-a teacé ar air arís go bnat.

Tús Ríoripe na gclearf ann rin an mac leir, agur bí ré tabairt ’é uile póirt pionnúir agur d’poc-uráioe d’ó, agur ní leirfead ré é ar bopó le don duine ag ite a beata, aét bí ré ann rin ceangailte, agur an lá leirfead ré na geargíóig eile amac, ní leirfead

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 réal fáda mar rin, agus Ríoripe na gcleap as cur d'íoc-méar air agus as tabairt uile fóirt pionnúir do:

Tuit ré amac sur imtíg Ríoripe na gcleap an lá ro ar baile, agus d'fásdaíó 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 imtígte ann rin, agus san ar an t-riáid áct é féin agus an cailín, d'iarri ré veóó uirge i n-áinm Dé, ar an gcailín. Dubairt an cailín go mbeidead faicéor uirri dá b'fásad a máisirtir amac í, go mar-bócaó ré í.

"Ní cloifrid duine ar bit go veó é," a veir ré, "ná bíod faicéor ar bit ort, ní mire innreócar [= inneórap] do é." Tug rí fuar an veóó 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 doirur bí [as] ríó go nveacáir ré arteac ann ran abainn, agus áit rí amac ann ran ríotán gac a raib d'fuisgleac 'ran poiteac aici. Bí reiréan as imteact ann rin agus é 'na earcuin ann ran abainn, as tarrainst a-baile.

Nuair táinig Ríoripe na gcleap 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 rí é as imteact. Dubairt an cailín náir arius, áct go veug rí féin b'raon uirge fuar cuise.

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

"Áit mé 'ran ríotán amac é," ar ríre.

"Tá ré imtígte 'na earcuin ann ran abainn," a veir ré, "gleur-aigíó fuar," a veir ré, leir an dá-'n-'eug gairgíveac, "go leanfamaoio é."

Rinneadar dá mádaíó veug uirge díob féin agus leanadar ann ran abainn é; agus nuair bíodar as teact fuar leir ann ran abainn d'éiríus ré 'na eun ar an abainn ann ran áer.

Nuair fuair ríad rin amac sur imtíg ré ar an abainn, rinneadar dá feadac veug díob féin agus d'imtígteadar an diais an éin—uirdeós do sinne ré de féin—agus bíodar as teact fuar leir.

Nuair fuair ré iad as teannaó leir, agus nac raib ré ionnánn uil uata, bí faicéor móir air. Bí beas as cátaó amuis ar ráirce bán. Tuirling ré 'nuar ar an áer, ó veit 'na eun, i ngar 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 uioib féin, [aḡur bí an Riordhne 'na coileac-francac]. Toraig-eadaib aḡ ite an coirce ann rin aḡur raol ríad é beit itte aca, aet ní raib. Bí ríad aḡ ite an coirce go raib ríad i nḡar uo beit ráac.

Nuaib méar reirean go raib a ráit itte aca, aḡur nac raadaib ionnán mórán eile uo deunam, u'éirig ré ruar aḡur rinne ré rionnac ué féin, aḡur bain ré an cloigionn ué'n uá francac deus aḡur ué'n coileac:

Bí ceao aige uul a-baile u'á acaib ann rin nuaib bíodab uile marb aige. Aḡur rin uerhe Riordhne na gcleary. '

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 bfairrize
 Is é tã móir,
 Is é sabail roir mé
 'S mo míle rtor:

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

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

Ma bhrón nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo míle sráó
 Air boiró loimze
 Triall so 'Merica:

Leaburó luacra
 Bí fám aréir,
 Agus cáit mé amac é
 Le tear an laé:

Táimz mo sráó-ra
 Le mo táéó
 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 póрта dar b' ainm pádrais agus Nuala ní Ciaraáin. Bíodadar bliadain agus fíde póрта san don éilann do beit aca, agus bí brón mór orra, mar nac raib don oirdre aca le na gcuro raibóir o' párbáil aige. Bí dá acra talmán, bó, agus péire gabar aca, agus bí tuairm aca go rabadar raibóir.

Don oirdre amáin, bí pádrais teacé a-baile o teacé duine muinntirig, agus nuair táinig ré com fáda leir an poilis máoil, táinig sean duine liac amac agus dubairt: "Go mbeannaisiú Dia duit." "Go mbeannais' Dia 'sur Muire duit," ar pádrais. "Cao atá ag cur bróin ort?" ar ran sean duine. "Ní'l morán go deimín," ar pádrais, "ní béir 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 sean-duine. "Faraor! béirdeas," ar pádrais, "táim bliadain agus fíde póрта, agus ní'l don éoramlacé fór." "Slac m'focal-ra go mbéir mac ós ag do mhnaoi, trí náite ó'n oirdre anocht." Cuair pádrais a-baile, lútgáireac go leór, agus o'innir an rgeul do Nuala. "Ara! ní raib ann ran tSean duine acé gosáille, a bí ag veunam magáir ort," ar Nuala. "Ir maic an rgeulair an aimirir," ar pádrais.

Bí go maic agus ní raib go h-olc; real má (rul) ndeacáir leir-bliadain éaric, éonnairc pádrais go raib Nuala dul oirdre do tabairt dó, agus bí brón mór air. Tóirig ré ag cur na feilme i n-oróugad, agus ag párbáil sac níó péir le h-ágar an oirdre óis. An lá táinig tinnear cloinne ar Nuala, bí pádrais ag cur éirinn óis a látar dorair an tige. Nuair táinig an rgeul éuise go raib mac ós ag Nuala, bí an oirdear rin lútgáire air sur tuic ré marb le tinnear éiride.

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

"Ní éirigir mé tu óm' éic go mbéir tu ionán an éirinn do bí o' átar ag cur nuair fuair ré bár do éarraig ar na fréamhaib."

Sonéad páirín ar an naoirdeanán, agus éug an mátar éic dó go raib ré peacé mbliadna o'aoir. Ann rin éug pí amac é le feudairt an raib ré ionán an éirinn do éarraig, acé ní raib. Níor éur rin don oróc-meirneac ar an mátar, éug pí arteac é,

* O feair dar b'ainm bláca, i n-aice le baile-an-róba, gCondae 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

asur tug cíoc feadct mbliadna eile d'ó, asur ní raib don buacail ann ran tír ionánn ceadct ruar leir i n-obair.

Faoi ceann deirid na ceit're bliadna deus tug a mácair amac é, le feudaint an raib ré ionánn an crann do tarrainis, ac't ní raib, mar bí an crann i n-éirí máit, asur as fá'p go mó'p. Níor cuir rin don t'poc-m'irneac ar an mácair.

Tug sí cíoc feadct mbliadna eile d'ó, asur faoi ceann deirid an ama rin, bí ré com' mó'p asur com' láirir le fáca.

Tug an mácair amac é asur dubairt: "Mur (muna) b'fuil tu ionánn an crann rin ro tarrainis anoir, ní tiúb'raib mé don b'raon eile cíce d'uit." Cuir páirín r'mugairle ar a lám'aid, asur fuair s'reim ar bun an crainn. An ceud-iarraib do tug ré, crait ré an talam' feadct b'péir'e ar s'ac taoib d'é, asur leir an d'ara iarraib t'ós ré an crann ar na f'reám'aid, asur timcíoll fíce tonna de é'p'fóis leir. "S'pá' mo é'p'oid'e tu," ar ran mácair, "ir f'ia cíce bliadain asur fíce tu." "A mácair," ar páirín, "d'oib'ruis tu go cruaid le bia' asur deoc do t'adairt d'am-ra ó ruas'ó mé, asur tá ré i n-am d'am anoir ru'ó é'isín do deunam' d'uit-re, ann do f'eand-laet'ib. Ir é peó an ceud-crann do tarrainis mé asur deun'raib mé maide lám'e d'am féin d'é." Ann rin fuair ré fá'p asur tuas, asur gearr an crann, as fá'g'bal timcíoll fíce t'p'ois de 'n bun, asur bí cnar air, com' mó'p le t'úr de na t'úraib cruinne do bídeac' i n-éirunn an t-am rin. Bí or cionn tonna mead'acain ann ran maide lám'e nuair bí ré s'leurt'a as páirín.

Ar maidein, lá ar na má'rac, fuair páirín s'reim ar a maide, d'f'as a deanna'ct as a mácair, asur d'im'ctis as t'p'ruige'ac't f'eir-b'ire. Bí ré as r'í'bdal go d'áin'is ré go cairleán ní's Láigean. D'f'iar'ruis an ní's d'é cad do bí ré 'iarraib. "As iarraib oib're, má ré do toil," ar páirín. "B'fuil don ceir'p d'as'ó?" ar ran ní's. "Ní'l," ar páirín, "ac't t'is liom obair ar bí' d'á n'deairnaib f'eap' ar'am' deunam'." "Deun'raib mé mar'as'ó leat," ar ran ní's, "má t'is leat h-uile ní'ó a or'p'ó'car mí're d'uit a deunam' ar fead' ré mí, deun'raib mé do mead'acain féin d'ór d'uit, asur m'ingean mar m'naoi-p'ó'rt'a, ac't muna d'ctis leat s'ac ní'ó do deunam', caill'p'ó tu do ceann." "Táim pá'rt'a leir an mar'as'ó 'in," ar páirín: "Téir' ar'ceac' ran r'g'io'bd'ól, asur bí as buala'ó coir'ce do na ba (buaib) go mb'éir' do ceud-p'ronn réir'."

Cuaid' páirín ar'ceac', asur fuair an r'úir'ce, ac't ní raib an r'úir'cín ac't mar é'raic'én' i lám' pá'rt'ais, asur dubairt ré leir féin, "ir f'eair'p' mo maide-lám' 'n'á an s'leup rin." T'p'ruis ré as buala'ó leir an maide-lám' asur 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 coirce agus cruic-neacáta, sur éuir pé cíteanna s'máin ar fead na tíne. Táinig an n'is amac agus dubairt, "Coirce do lám, doeim, no r'gioparó tu mé. Téiró agus beir cúpla buiceó uirge cum na rearb-fósganta ar an loc úo r'ior, agus béiró an leite ruar go leór nuair tiucpar tu ar air." O'feuc páivín éart, agus éonnair pé dá báirille mói polam, le coir balla. Fuair pé s'neim o'ra, ceann aca ann sac lám, éuaró cum an loca, agus tug id lionta go cúl do'par an éairleáin. Bí iongantar ar an n'is nuair éonnair pé páivín ag teacé, agus dubairt pé leir: "Céiró arceac, tá an leite réiró d'uit." Éuaró páivín arceac, agus éuaró an n'is cum Dail s'lic do bí aige, agus o'innir pé do an mar'rad 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 éarómad, agus é do beir deunta aige, real má o'téiró an s'uan faoi, an t'raóna ro."

S'air an n'is ar páivín agus dubairt leir: "Taóim an loc rin r'ior agus bíó pé deunta a'ad real má o'téiró an s'uan 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 adá i n'gar do'n loc é," ar ran n'is. Ní raib íoir an s'leann agus an loc acé r'gonra, agus bídeáó na daoine ag deunam bó'air-coirce dé. Fuair páivín buiceó, picóiró agus láirde, agus éuaró cum an loca. Bí bun an s'leanna co'rom 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, é'raing anál f'ada agus níoir f'ás pé b'raon uirge, iar'g, ná báo, ann ran loc, ná r' é'raing pé amac leir an anál rin, agus náir éuir pé arceac 'ra' n'gleann. Ann rin d'ún pé ruar an poll.

Nuair o'feuc an n'is r'ior, éonnair pé an loc cóim tíim le boir do lámé, agus níoir b'rad go o'táinig páivín éuirge agus dubairt: "Tá an obair rin é'rócnuig'ce, cao deun'par mé d'uit anoir?" "Ní'í don ruo eile le deunam a'ad anóir, acé béiró neair a'ad le deunam amárac." An oirde rin, éuir an n'is r'ior ar ar n'Dall s'lic, agus o'innir do an éaoi ar éaróim páivín an loc, agus nac raib r'ior aige creud do béair'rad pé do le deunam. "Tá r'ior a'gam-ra an n'íó nac mbéiró pé ionán a deunam, ar maróin amárac, tabair r'p'ibinn do cum do deair'rá'ar i n'Sailleim, abair leir dá píóir tonna cruic-neacáta do éabairt é'gad, agus a beir ar air ann ró faoi éann ceirre uair ar píóir. Tabair an t'rean-láir agus a éairt do, agus t'is leat beir éinnce nac o'tiucparó pé ar air." Ar maróin, lá ar na márac, s'air an n'is

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."

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

Fuair ráirín an láir agus an éairt, agus éairt ar an mbótar. Ní raib an láir ionánn níor mó ná ceit'ne míle ran uair do r'íubal. Céangail ráirín an láir ar an gcairt, cuir ar a gualain é, agus ar do b'rác leir, tar enocairt agus gleannairt, do n'beádaí ré do Shailim. Tug ré an lictir do dearbhrádaí an r'ígh, fuair an cruitneáda agus cuir ar an gcairt é. Nuair cuir ré an láir faoi an gcairt, rinnead dá leit d'á d'ruim. Cuir ráirín an cruitneáda ann ran r'ghrúinn. Nuair éairt muinntir an éairleáin 'na gcoillad, éairt ráirín cum an éairt, agus níor fás ré r'labra ar an loingear náir tug ré leir. Ann rin r'íomair ré faoi an r'ghrúinn, céangail na r'labraáda timéiríonn aír, agus ar do b'rác leir, agus an r'ghrúinn agus gac a raib ann ar a d'ruim. Éairt ré tar enocairt agus gleannairt, agus níor r'cop gur fás ré an r'ghrúinn i láraí éairleáin an r'ígh. Bí lacaí, cearta, agus g'írd-eáda ann ran r'ghrúinn. Ar maíonn do moé, d'feud an r'ígh amad ar a r'íomair agus r'íomair d'feicfead ré áct r'ghrúinn a dearbhrádaí.

"M' anam ó'n d'íabhal," ar ran r'ígh "ré rin an fear ir ionganairt'ge 'ran do'mán." Táirís ré anuair agus fuair ráirín le na maíde ann a láir, 'na fearaí le coir an r'ghrúinn.

"An d'ug tu an cruitneáda éugam?" ar ran r'ígh.

"Tugair," ar ráirín, "áct tá an r'íomair maíde." Ann rin d'innir ré do'n r'ígh gac níd d'á n'beairt'í ré ó d'íomair ré do d'íomair ré ar aír.

Ní raib níor ág an r'ígh r'íomair do d'íomair ré, agus d'íomair ré cum an Dail Shic, agus dúbairt leir, "mur (muna) n-innir'geann tu d'ám níd nácb mbéir an fear rin ionánn a d'íomair, baíntí mé an ceann díot."

Smuair an Dail Shic tamall agus dúbairt, "abair leir do b'ruil do dearbhrádaí i n-íomair, agus do mbuó maíde leat amairt do beir ágao aír, agus abair leir é do tabairt éugao, do mbéir amairt ágao aír; nuair a g'íomair r'íomair in n-íomair é, ní leiríonn r'íomair do teáda ar aír."

Sháir an r'ígh ráirín agus dúbairt leir, "tá dearbhrádaí d'ám i n-íomair agus tabairt éugam é, do mbéir amairt ágao aír." "Cia an éairt áitneádaí mé do dearbhrádaí ó na d'íomair eile atá 'ran áit rin?" ar ráirín.

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'fíarpuis ré de creud do bí a' ceartál uair:

“Dearbádair ní zargean atá a' ceartál uaim,” ar páirín.

“Píoc amac é,” ar Delribú.

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

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

Tiomáin ré dá fícto aca amac roime, agus níor rtop go dtáinig ré i látair éarleáin an ní. Ann rin záir ré ar an ní z agus dubairt leir, “píoc amac do dearbádair ar na fí (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 'zá mbualad le na máire, zup cuir ré ar air go h-í'fhuinn 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 ionáin a deunam, agus cailpí do do éeann ar maoin amárac.”

“Tabair í'fhuair 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 taod-mad; bí do fí réir agao, agus nuair a zebair tu fíor ann fan tobair é, abair leir na fí (fearaib), an éloc múilinn atá le coir an balla do éarceam fíor 'na múllac, agus marbócair rin é.”

Ar maoin, lá ar na márac, zair an ní z páirín agus dubairt leir: “téir agus taodm an tobair rin tá i látair an éarleáin, agus nuair a béirdear ré deunta agao, beupairé mé hata nuad dúit, í'fhuair an cáibín é rin atá orc.”

Bí na fí 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 arcead ann a beul, agus dá r'ghártao amac uaid arís go raib an tobair ionnann agus tirim aise. Bí roinn beag i mbun an tobair nac raib taobm'ta, agus éuaid pádrais ríor le na tirmiu'gaó. Táinis na fír leir an gclóic móir mUILINN agus éiteadair ríor ar mulla'c páiróin é. Bí an poll do bí i lár na cloice go dínead com' mór le ceann páiróin, agus faoil ré gur b' é an hata nuad' do éait an rí'g ríor éuise, agus g'laod' ré ruar: "táim buidead' díot, a máizir'cír, ar ron an hata nuaid'." Ann rin' táinis ré ruar leir an gclóic mUILINN ar a ceann. Bí bród mór aise ar an hata nuad'. Bí iongant'ar ar an rí'g agus ar h-uile duine eile, nuair éonnairc ríad páiróin leir an gclóic mUILINN ar a ceann.

Bí ríor ag an rí'g nac raib don maít' d'ó don ní'ó eile do tabairc do páiróin le deunam', agus du'airc 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 tuarpar'at duit. Ní'l m' ingean rean go leór le rórad', ac' nuair a béirdear rí bliad'ain agus rí'ce d'aoir, t'is leat i do beít' agad."

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

Tug an rí'g é cum an cí'rc'e, an áit a raib go leór óir, agus du'airc leir: "bain díot do hata nuad', agus téid' arcead' ra' r'gála."

"Go deimhín, ní bainfid' mé mo hata díom, b'ronn tur'pa orm é," ar páiróin, "beirdead' ré com' maít' duit mo b'pír'ce do bainc díom."

Ní raib an oir'ead' óir agus a mead'ó'cad hata páiróin, ac' f'ocruis an rí'g leir ag tabairc d'ó dá mála óir. Cuir páiróin ceann aca faoi g'ad' arcall, fuair g'heim air a maí'ce, an hata nuad' ar a ceann, agus ar go brá'c leir, tar éno'caib' agus g'leanntaib', go dtáinis ré a-baile.

Nuair éonnairc daoine an baile páiróin ag teac' leir an gclóic mUILINN ar a ceann, bí iongant'ar mór orra; ac' nuair éonnairc an má'cair an dá mála óir, bu'ó beag náir éuit rí mar'ó le lú'c-gáire: Toruis páiróin, agus cuir ré teac' b'rad' ar bun d'ó féin, agus d'á má'cair. Rinne ré ceit'ce leit (leatanna) de 'n hata nuad', agus rinne clo'ca cúnne díob' do 'n teac': Congbuis ré a má'cair mar' m'naoi uapail go b'fuair rí b'ár le rean-aoir, agus éait ré féin beata maít' i n'grá'd' Dé agus na g-cóm'airan.

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 rígh Eireann. “Ní’l mall ort” [ar seisean leis an mac rígh] “do shaidhbhreas do dheunamh amárach má tá aon mhaith ionnat id’ fowl-éiridh, [seilgire]. Ta inghean rígh an Domhain-Shoir ag tigheacht chuig an loch beag sin shíos, amárach, agus níor tháinig sí le seacht mbliadhnaibh 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 rígh 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 Rígh an Domhain-Shoir andhiú air!”

[Dubhairt an mac rígh 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 rígh 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 rígh 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 bhradaigh 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 righ 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 righ 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 righ 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."]

Rádamaisio 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 tomorrow, 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)

Sabair a leir. a dá mhuirne agus caoinisíre.

(Oc oc, agus oc de oc.)

“ Ní dearnaid ré ariam
 Dao a 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.)
 Tógadar fuar
 Ar a nSuairníb so h-áirí,
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó !)

ASur buaireadar ríor
 Ar éiceab na rriáire í
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó !)
 Cuair rí i laige
 ASur bí a glúna gearrta
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó !)

“ Duairé mé féin
 ASur ná bain le mo mátair.”
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó !)
 “ Duairimíó tu féin.
 A’r marbócamaoio do mátair,”
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó !)

Scróiceadar an bhráig leó
 An lá rin ó n-a látair,
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó !)
 Aéc do lean an maighean
 Iao ann ran bfarac
 (Océon aSur oc ón ó !)

“ Cia an bean í rin
 ‘Nár noiaig ann ran bfarac ? ”
 (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.

“ Δ Εδιν, feuc, fásaim ort
Cúram mo máthar,
(Oc ón asur oc ón ó.)
Congbaidh uaim í
So seiríochódair mé an páir reó,”
(Ocón asur oc ón ó !)

Muarí eualair an máighean
An ceileadhaid cráirte,
(Ocón asur oc ón ó !)
Tus rí léim ear an n-gárda
Asur léim* so crann na páire
(Ocón asur oc ón ó !)

Cia h-é an fear breidh rin
Ar crann na páire
(Ocón asur oc ón ó !)
An é nac n-aithnegeann tu
‘Do mac a máthair ?
(Ocón asur oc ón ó !)

An é rin mo leanb
A d’iomdair mé trí páire;
(Ocón asur oc ón ó !)
No an é rin an leanb
‘Do h-oidhad i n-uct máire ?
(Ocón asur oc ón ó !)

* * * * *

Cairdeas anuar é
‘Na ríolaidh gearrta
(Ocón asur oc ón ó !)
“ Sin eugaidh anoir é
Asur caoinisidh buir ráit air,”
(Ocón, asur oc ón ó !)

Slaoð ar na tri mhíre
So scaoinfimid ar n-garad gear
(Ocón, asur oc ón ó !)
Tá do cuir mná-caointe
Le breit rór a máthair
(Ocón, asur oc ón ó !)

Is that my child that I carried for three-quarters of a year, ochone, etc. Or is that the child that was reared in the bosom of Mary, ochone, etc.

O Owen (*i.e.*, John) see, I leave to thee the care of my mother, ochone, etc. Keep her from me until I finish this passion, ochone, etc.

When the Virgin heard the sorrowful notes, ochone, etc. She gave a leap past the guard, and the second leap to the tree of the passion, 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-ra
 So fóil i n-ghairtín fáinn-tair;
 (Oéón a-sur oc ón ó !)
 So raib tu do bean iomráo (?)
 I gcáitair gíl na n-ghára
 (Oéón a-sur oc ón ó !)

 TOBAR MUIRE:

A b'fao ó foim do bí tobair beannaighe i mBaile an tobair,* i gcomradé Muig Eó. Bí mainirtir ann ran áit a b'fuil an tobair anoir, a-sur ip ar lois altóra na mainirtire do b'ur an tobair amac. Bí an mainirtir ar taobh énuic, aét nuair táinig Cromail a-sur a cuio r-ghioraodóir cum na tíre reó, leasadar an mainirtir, a-sur níor fásgadar cloc of cionn cloicé de'n altóir náir cáit-eadair ríor.

Bliadain ó'n lá do leasadar an altóir, 'ré rin lá féil Mhuire 'ran earraic, 'reao b'ur an tobair amac ar lois na h-altóra, a-sur ip iongantac an ruo le ráo nac raib b'raon uirge ann ran rrué do bí a-s bun an énuic ó'n lá do b'ur an tobair amac.

Bí bráitair boét a-s dul na rúige an lá ceuona, a-sur cuairé ré ar a bealac le paiuir do ráo ar lois na h-altóra beannaighe, a-sur bí iongantac mór air nuair éonnairc re tobair b'raé ann a h-áit. Cuairé ré ar a glúnaib a-sur toraig ré a-s ráo a páitire nuair éualairé ré sué a-s ráo, "cuir óioé do b'róga, tá tu ar talam beannaighe, tá tu ar b'ruac Tobair Mhuire, a-sur tá léigear na mílte caoc ann. Béiró duine léigearra le uirge an tobair rin anasairé gac uile duine d'éirt airmuonn i láitair na h-altóra do bí ann ran áit ann a b'fuil an tobair anoir, má bíonn ríao tumta trí h-uair ann, i n-ainm an átar an míc a-sur an Spioraio Naomí."

Nuair bí a páitireaca ráitíre a-s an mb'ráitair 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'Conor'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 acé botáin as na daoimib, asur iad líonta le deatac. Ar an áobair rin bí cuio maic de daoimib caoca ann. Le clarpólar, lá ar na márac, bí or cionn dá fíeio daoine ann, as tobar Mhuire, asur ní raib fear ná bean áca nác otáinis ar air le maóare maic.

Cúair clú tobar Mhuire trío an tír, asur níoir bfaoda so raib oilitreaca ó scá uile cóntae as teacé 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 teacé 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 ná raib ann acé pírcneósa, asur le maóad 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, acé tusaó an maóadair a-baile com dail le bun do bróise.

Faoi céann bliadna tuic ré amac so raib ragaic as obair mar scárdadóir as an duine-uaral do bí dail. Bí an ragaic gléurta mar fear-oibre, asur ní raib fíor as duine ar bí so mbuó ragaic do bí ann: Don lá amáin bí an duine uaral bneóite asur o'iarí ré ar a fearbrosanta é do tabairc amac 'ran nscárdá. Nuair táinis ré cum na h-áite a raib an ragaic as obair, fuic ré fíor: "Nac móir an truaó é," ar reirean, "nac otis liom mo scárdá breas ó'feicéil!"

Slac an scárdadóir truaic dó asur dubairc, "Tá fíor asam cá bfuil fear do léigreóacé tu, acé tá luac ar a céann mar seall ar a éiream."

"Deinim-re m'focal nac ndeunfair míre rribdeadóireacé air asur íocfair mé so maic é ar son a tríoblóide," ar ran duine uaral:

"Acé b'éirí nár maic leac dul trío an trlige-plánaicce acá aise," ar ran scárdadóir:

"Ír cuma liom cia an trlige acá aise má tusaann ré mo maóare dam," ar ran duine uaral:

Donir, bí oróc-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 tiomáinfid mife tu go dtí áit do léigir, ní tís le cóirteoir ná le don duine eile beic i láthair áct mife, 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 tiomáinfid 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 mife, 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 mlic agus an Spioraid Naomh, agus táinis a maóarc ceise 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 brait 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 díais 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 b’ad ann a feirbír go dtárla thóc-rud do Bingsam. Éadai ré amach don lá amáin as ríbal t’id na páirceannaid, agus do carad cailín mairead, ingean fíri boicé, air, agus rinne ré maíruad uirri, agus d’fág leat-mairí í. Bí t’uirí deairbádar as an gcalín, agus tugadar mionna go maírdóad ríad é com luat agus geobaidir gheim air. Ní faid a b’ad 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 cnoad.

Ar maidin, an lá ar na márac, bí millíuní de míoltógaí c’uinnisgte, maí c’noc móir, timcioll an éran, agus níor feud duine ar bit dul anaice leir, maí g’eall ar an mbolad b’éan do bí timcioll na h-áite, agus duine ar bit do maóad anaice leir, do d’áilfad 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 feudadar. Fuair ríad púdar le cratao ar na míoltógaib, agus zeuga crann le na mbualad, aet níor feudadar a r'garad, ná dul com' r'ada leir an zcrann. Bí an b'reuntar an éiríge níor meara, agus bí easla ar na cómarannab z'o t'eubrad na míoltóga agus an corp b'reun pláig orra.

Bí an dara r'garic 'na z'árdadóir z' Bingham 'ran am ro, aet ní raib fíor z' luét an t'ige z'ur r'garic do bí ann, óir da mbeir-eat fíor z' luét an t'ige no z' na r'pídeatóirib, do z'eodad ríad agus do éróctad ríad é. Cuair na Catoiciz z'o bean Bingham agus dubaradar léi z'o raib eólar aca ar tuine do díbréocad na míoltóga. "Tabair éugam é," ar r'ire, "agus má'r féirí leir na míoltóga do díbric ní h-é an duair rin z'eodar re aet a react n-oiréad.

"Aet," ar ríad-ran, "da mbeir' fíor z' luét-an-t'ige agus da n'gabadar é, do éróctadar é, mar éróc ríad an fear do fuair r'adar a fúl ar air do." "Aet," ar r'ire, "nac b'reufad ré na míoltóga do díbric z'an fíor z' luét-an-t'ige?"

"Ní'l fíor z'gann," ar ríad-ran, "z'o n'glacfarad co'mairle leir."

An oirde rin z'lacar co'mairle leir an r'garic, agus o'innir ríad do cad dubairc bean Bingham.

"Ní'l z'gam aet beata r'ozalta le cáilleamaint," ar ran r'garic, "agus b'éiríad mé i ar ron na n'aoine boet, óir béir pláig ann ran tír muna z'euiríad mé díbric ar na míoltógaib. Ar maidin amárac, béir iarríad z'gam i n-ainm Dé iad do díbric, agus tá muinígin z'gam agus doctar i n'Dia z'o r'ádlair do ré mé ó mo cuid námao. Téir cuis an bean-uairt anoir, agus abair léi z'o mbéir mé i n'gar do'n érann le h-éiríge na z'péine ar maidin amárac, agus abair léi r'ir do beic réir aici leir an z'corp do cup 'ran uair."

Cuair ríad cum na mná-uairle, agus o'innir ríad bí an méad dubairc an r'garic.

"Má éirígeann leir," ar r'ire, "béir an duair réir z'gam do, agus or'ócáir mé móir-feirear fear do beic i ládar."

Cair an r'garic an oirde rin i n-urraicib, agus leat-uair noim éiríge na z'péine cuair ré cum na h-áite a raib a z'leir beann-aighe i b'olac. Cuir ré rin air, agus le choir ann a leat-lám agus le uirge coirreagta ann ran lám eile, cuair ré cum na h-áite a raib na míoltóga. T'oraig ré ann rin z' léigead ar a leadar agus z' cratao uirge coirreagta 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 lúcháirte móir ar na daoine, áit níor brada go bracadar an rpride dóir as teacht, 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 teacht 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 sac 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 lucósaib 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 ruasac, agus b'éigin dóib na cnáma d'fágbáil or cionn talman.

Cuir an rgarit a gleur beannaighce i bpolac, agus do bí as obair 'ran ngartha nuair cuir bean Dingsam fíor air, agus d'iar air an duair do glacaó ar rion 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 serócaíto 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 tigeáct 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 míleáó le duine éigin, agus míleáó 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 mBáile-an-tobair, aḡur bí sí ar tí beiré póirta, nuair éáinig fean-bean éaoé éuici aḡ iarraió d’éirce i n-onóir do D’ia 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 orḡ a-éoiḡce ḡo mbéiré 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 d’iais rín bí sí beaḡ-naé d’ail, aḡur duḡairt na cómarraanna ḡo mbuó éoiré dí dul ḡo Tobar Muipe.

Ar maidin ḡo moé, d’éiris sí, aḡur éuairé sí éum an tobair, acé creúo d’feircfeao sí ann acé an tfean-bean d’iarra an d’éirc uirri ’na ruiḡe aḡ briaé an tobair, aḡ ciaraó a cinn or cionn an tobair beannaisḡe.

“Léir-rḡrior orḡ, a cailleac ḡránna, an aḡ palacaó Tobar Muipe a’á tu?” ar ran cailín; “iméis leac no briaifé mé do muineul.”

“Ní’l don onóir ná mear aḡao ar D’ia ná ar Muipe, d’éiris tu d’éirc do éabairt i n-onóir doib, ar an d’óbar rín ní éumfaió tu éu féin ’ran tobar.”

Fuarra an cailín ḡreim ar an ḡcaillice, aḡ feúcaint i do rḡreacáilc ó’n tobar, acé leir an rḡreacáilc do bí eatorra do éuit an beirt arḡeac ’ran tobar aḡur báiteao íao.

O’n lá rín ḡo d’i an lá ro ní maib don léigear ann ran tobar.

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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 aca
Oir tá me las fann,*
A’r tá oibheada miš na ngráirca
As fáir 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 cōir duit beic teann”
Ann rin do corruis Iora
So beannaighe faoi na bhoim;

Ann rin do Labair Iora
So naomca faoi na bhoim
“Ircis so h-irioil
Ann a fíadnuire a cōinn;”

D’úmlaig an cōann ríor ví
Ann a bfiadnuire san máill;
A’sur fuair pí mian a cōiove-rcis
Slaiv-oíreac ó’n sōann;

Ann rin do Labair Naomh Ioseph
A’sur cáit é féin ar an talam;
“Sáb a-baile a Mháire
A’sur luir ar do leabuir;
So ucéir mé so h-lairpálem
As deunam aicmige 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 miš na ngráirca ann do peacair.”

* * * * *

* “Ann a s-cail” dubairt mac ic Ruairis, a’c dubairt an Callaoileac
“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
 Ας θευναη αθραιγτε το'ν λεανθ.

Τηι μι ο'ν οιοθε ριν
 Ρυγαο αν λεανθ beannuigte,
 Αηη α ρταβλα ρυαρ ρεανηα
 Ετοιη bulan αςυρ αραι:

Αηη ριν το λαθαη αν ηαιζθεαν
 Ξο ciun αςυρ ξο ceillide,
 " Α ηις ρις να ζσαηαο
 Cia 'n noη mbero tu αρ αν τραοζαλ ? "

" Δερο με Διαηοδοιη
 Αςυρ με οιοηα ας μο ηαηαηο,
 Αςυρ δερο με Δια ηλοιηε
 Μο εηιαταη ρολλ ας να ταηηηηοη:

Δερο μο ceann ι ηβαηη ρριςε
 'S ρυη μο εηοιθε ι λαη να ρηαηοε,
 'S αν τηρεια ηηηε του τηε μο εηοιθε
 Λε ρριθεαλας 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.

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-
τινγεανν το εαίντ υαίμ."

"Σο θεμίην ιρ δι-έέιλλιθε αν ρεαρ τυ," αρ ραν Τιγεαρνα, "μι
θείρ όρ ná αιρησιον αςαδ ι βραδ," αςυρ λειρ ριν ο'ράς ρέ αν θαλλ.

Οηί Ρεαθαρ ας έιρτεαότ λειρ αν ζοόμράδ, αςυρ βί ούιλ αίσε α
ινηέαότ το'η θαλλ ζυρ μβυό έ άρ Σλάνυιςτέοιρ το βί ας εαίντ
λειρ, αότ μι θρυαιρ ρέ αον ράιλ. Αότ το βί ρεαρ ειλε ας έιρτεαότ
νυαιρ ουβαιρτ άρ Σλάνυιςτέοιρ σο ραιθ όρ αςυρ αιρησιον ας αν
θαλλ. Ουό ρζυιοραθοόιρ μιλλτεαό το βί ανη, αότ το βί ριορ αίσε
νάρ ινηιρ άρ Σλάνυιςτέοιρ αον θρευς αριαμ. Οηοή λυαό αςυρ βί
Σειρεαν αςυρ Ναοή Ρεαθαρ ιμτιγτε, τάινις αν ρζυιοραθοόιρ ευμ
αν θαλλ αςυρ ουβαιρτ λειρ, "Ταβαιρ θαμ το ευιρ όιρ αςυρ
αιρησιον, νο κυιρηεαο ρζιαν ρρέ το έροιθε."

"Μί'λ όρ ná αιρησιον αςαμ" αρ ραν θαλλ, "οά μβειθεαό, μι
βειθινην ας ιαρραιό θείρτε."

Αότ λειρ ριν το ρυαιρ αν ρζυιοραθοόιρ ζυειμ αιρ, το ευιρ ραοι
έ, αςυρ το βαιν θε αν μέαο το βί αίσε. Το ζάιρ αςυρ το ρζυρεαο
αν θαλλ εομ η-άηο αςυρ ο'ρευο ρέ, αςυρ ευαλαιό άρ Σλάνυις-
τέοιρ αςυρ Ρεαθαρ έ.

"Τά ευςόοιρ ο'ά θευναμ αρ αν θαλλ," αρρα Ρεαθαρ.

"Ράς σο ρεαλλταό, αςυρ ιμτεόεαίρ ρέ αν εαοι εευθνα, ζαν
εαίντ αρ λά αν θυειτεαμνηαιρ," αρ άρ Σλάνυιςτέοιρ.

"Τυιζιμ τυ, ηί'λ αον ηυο ι θυολαό υαιτ α Μήάιζιρτιρ," αρρα
Ρεαθαρ.

Αη λά 'να θιαίς ριν το θιθεαθαρ ας ριύβαλ κοιρ ράραις, αςυρ
τάινις λεόμην ειοοραό αμαό. "Ανοιρ α Ρεαθαιρ," αρ άρ
Σλάνυιςτέοιρ, "ιρ μιηιό αουβαιρτ τυ σο ζεαλλρεά το θεατα αρ
μο ρον, ανοιρ τειρις αςυρ ταβαιρ τυ ρέιν το'η λεόμην αςυρ
ιμτεόεαίρ μιρε ραορ."

Το ρμυαίν Ρεαθαρ αίσε ρέιν αςυρ ουβαιρτ, "β'ρεαρρ υιομ βάρ
αρ βιό ειλε ο'ράζαίλ 'νά λειζινη το λεόμην μ'ιτε; τάμαοιρ κορ-
λυαό αςυρ τις λινη ηιό υαιό, αςυρ μά ρειόιμ έ ας τεαότ ρυαρ
λινη ρανραιό μέ αρ θειρηεαό, αςυρ τις λεατ-ρα ιμτεαότ ραορ."

"Θιόθ μαρ ριν," αρ άρ Σλάνυιςτέοιρ:

Το λειζ αν λεόμην ρζυρεαο, αςυρ αρ σο θυάτ λειρ 'να ηθιαίς,
αςυρ ηιορ θυαοα σο ραιθ ρέ ας θυειό όρρα, αςυρ ι θυοζαρ οόιθ.

"Ραν ριαρ α Ρεαθαιρ," αρ αν Σλάνυιςτέοιρ, αότ λειζ Ρεαθαρ
αιρ ρέιν ηαό ζεαυαλαιό ρέ ροαλ, αςυρ ο'ιμτιγ ρέ αμαό ροιμ α
Μήάιζιρτιρ. Ο'ιομπαίς αν Τιγεαρνα αρ α ούιλ αςυρ ουβαιρτ ρέ
λειρ αν λεόμην, "Τειρις αρ αιρ σο οτι αν ράραό," αςυρ ηινηε
ί έ αηλαιό.

* "ευσα λεατ" = "ιμτιγ λεατ," "αμαό λεατ," νο ηυο θε'η τρόητ ριν. Ο'έροιρ
ζυρ "έυιγε λεατ" βυό εόιρ το θειό ανη, 7 έυις 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, “o'ráis tu mé i mbaogal, agus —muo buó méara 'ná rin,—o'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.”

“Coirís 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 ort agus dubairt tu leat féin gur iomda duine boct do bí i n-earbuid móir o'eitig mé, agus go dtug mé déire do fear do bí ar meirge mar bí d'úil aSam i sceól. An lá 'na diais rin o'eitig mé an sean-bháctair, agus dubairt 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 bháctair o'á róirt ó rugaó iao. Shábdail ré anam cailín ó pian-taib irfúinn. Dhí earbuid boinn airgid uirri agus bí sí ag tui peacaó marbtaó do deunam le na fásaí, áct toirneirís 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 bháctair 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 róca, óir ir fíor an sean-focal, “an áit a bfuil do éirte béid do éroide léi.”

Seal gearr 'na diais rin dubairt Peadaar, “A Mháigirir, tá eólar aSao ar na rmuáintib ir uairnige i gceirde an duine, agus o'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' dora rin náir feudadar corán caoraó o'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 dubairt Sé le Peadaar, “fan mar tá tu agus faidair mire ag tóruigeáct congnam le o'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 maít asur o'feuo ré riám. Dhí ionzantar air, nuair dúiriz ré, asur o'fiarruiz ré cneuo do bain do. O'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 beit 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'fuztea bár náireac, nac leizrea dáim-ra bár fágaíl ar do fon-ra, tá mé péid asur coilteanna.”

“Saoiteann tu rin,” ar ar Slánuigtheoir.

Thainiz an t-am a maib ar Slánuigtheoir le bár fágaíl. An traetnóna 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'airfear mé.”

Dubairt Peadaar ann rin, “dá mbeidead an uoman iomlán i o'azaid,” ar reirean, “ni béid mire i o'azaid,” aet dubairt ar Slánuigtheoir leir, “ful má zoireann an Coileac anocet ceilfiró (reunfar) tu mé tri h-uair.”

“Do zeodainn bár ful 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 agam,” 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 daoimib do bí as éirteáct, “ní' l amhar ar bit nac raib tu leir, aicnígmio ar do éaint é.” Thus ré na míonnair móra ann rin, náir leir é, agus ar ball do glaoó an coileac, agus cuimníz ré ann rin ar na foclaib dubairt ár Slánuigtheoir, agus do fíl ré na deora aicníze, agus fuair re maiteamhnar ó'n té do ceil ré. Tá eocraca flaitir aise anoir, agus má fíleann rinne na deora aicníze rai n-ár loctair mar do fíl reirean iad, geobamaoio maiteamhnar 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 aip acé ceirteada aSúr rean-cóta rtróicte, aSúr san fiú na mbóds faoi n-a córaib. D'iarra ré déiric 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 iongantap ar pheathar faoi rin; óir faoil ré go dtiúbrad an Tigeapna do zac aindeir-eóirí a raib ocrap aip, acé bí faircéior aip don níó do ráó.

An lá ar na márac bí an Tigeapna aSúr Beathar aS rparíveóiríacé aipí 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 roimhe rin acé robdáirde aSúr cloirdeam nócta aige ann a láim: Tháinig ré euca aSúr d'iarra ré aipíóir orra. Thus an Tigeapna an t-aipíóir do san focal do ráó, aSúr d'imtíg an robdáirde. Uthí iongantap dúbailta ar pheathar ann rin, óir faoil ré go raib an iomarcuir meirníg aS ar oTigeapna aipíóir 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 aip: "Nac móir an rgeul a Thigeapna" ar ré "nac dtug tu d'adám do'n donán boct d'iarra déiric orí anóé, acé go dtug tu aipíóir do'n bíteamnac gáuirde do táinig éugad le cloirdeam ann a láim: nac raib rinn-ne 'n ar mbeirt aSúr ní raib ann acé feapí amáin; tá cloirdeam aSám-ra" deir ré, "aSúr b' feapí an feapí míre 'ná eipean!" "A pheathar" ar ran Tigeapna "ní feiceann túra acé an taoó amuis, acé éiríom-

*Fuarra mé an rgeul ro, o feapí-oibre do bí aS Revington De Róirte, Dhuim an t-reasail, acé éualap 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-ṛe an cṛoide. Aḥt b'eiḥ f'ioṛ aḡaḥ ḡo f'oil" ar Sé "cṛeud fát ḡo minne mé rin."

Thuit ṛé amac aon lá amáin 'na ḡiaḡ rin ḡo nṛeacaiḥ ar ḡTigearna aḡur ṛeadaṛ amúḡa ar na ṛléiḡtib. Dhí teinntead aḡur ḡoirneac aḡur ṛeapṛcain m'ór ann, aḡur b'í ṛiaḥ b'áiḡḡe, aḡur an b'óḡar cailite aca. Cia ḡ'feicṛeacḡ ṛiaḥ cúca ann rin aḥt an ṛobáilide ceudna a ḡḡuḡ an Tigearna aṛḡioḡ ḡó an lá rin, Nuair τ'áinḡ ṛé cúca b'í ḡṛuaḡ aḡe ḡóib, aḡur ṛuḡ ṛé leṛ iaḥ ḡo ḡḡi uaḡ ḡo b'í aḡe ṛaoi bun cailṛiḡe, amearḡ na ṛléiḡḡeacḡ, aḡur b'ain ṛé an τ-eudac ṛliuc ḡioḡ aḡur cúṛ eudaiḡ ḡṛime oṛṛa, aḡur ḡuḡ neapṛ le n'ite aḡur le n'ól ḡóib aḡur leabuirḡ le luirḡ aṛ, aḡur ḡac uile f'óṛc ḡ'ṛeud ṛé ḡeunam ḡóib ḡo minne ṛé é. An lá ar na máṛac nuair b'í an ṛḡoṛm ḡapṛ, ḡuḡ ṛé amac iaḥ aḡur níor f'áḡ ṛé iaḥ ḡur cúṛ ṛé ar an mb'óḡar ceapṛ iaḥ, aḡur ḡuḡ lón ḡóib le n-aḡaiḥ an aṛḡṛ. "Mo c'óinṛar!" ar ṛeadaṛ leṛ ṛéin ann rin, "b'í an ceapṛ aḡ Tigearna, ṛṛ maṛ an ṛeap an ḡaḡuirḡ; ṛṛ iomḡa ṛeap c'óṛ," ar ṛeṛean, "nac nṛeapnaiḥ an oṛeacḡ rin ḡam-ṛa!"

Ni ṛuib ṛiaḥ a bṛac imḡiḡḡe ar an mb'óḡar ann rin ḡo bṛuar ṛiaḥ ṛeap maṛḡ aḡur é ṛinte ar cṛáim a ḡṛioma ar láṛ an b'óḡar, aḡur ḡ'aiḡniḡ ṛeadaṛ é ḡur ab é an ṛean-ṛeap ceudna ḡo ḡiultaiḡ an Tigearna an ḡéṛc ḡó. "ḡ'olc ḡo minneamar" ar ṛeadaṛ leṛ ṛéin, "aṛḡioḡ ḡo ḡiultuḡacḡ ḡo'n ḡuine boḡḡ rin, aḡur ṛeuc é maṛḡ anoṛ le ḡonar aḡur aṛḡó." "A ṛheadaṛ" ar ṛan Tigearna "ḡéiḥ ḡail cúḡ an bṛeap rin aḡur ṛeuc cṛeacḡ ḡá aḡe ann a ṛóca." Cúaiḥ ṛeadaṛ anonn cúḡe aḡur ḡoṛaiḡ ṛé aḡ láimṛiuḡacḡ a ṛean-c'óḡa aḡur cṛeud ḡo ṛuar ṛé ann aḥt a lán aṛḡioḡ ḡeal, aḡur ḡimc'ioḡl c'úṛla ṛic'ro bonn óṛ. "A Thigearna," ar ṛa ṛeadaṛ, "Dhí an ceapṛ aḡaḥ-ṛa, aḡur cia b'é ṛuo ḡeunṛar ḡu no ḡeapṛar ḡu aṛíṛ, ni ṛacaiḥ mé i ḡ' aḡaiḥ." "ḡeunṛaiḥ rin a ṛheadaṛ," ar ṛan Tigearna. "ḡlac an τ-aṛḡioḡ rin anoṛ aḡur caṛ aṛḡeacḡ é ann ṛan bṛoll

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 aipíoió zo minic áct mallaét móru
 Chruinniú Peadar an t-aipíoió le céile, ásur éuaró pé zo uc'
 an poll-móna leir; áct nuair bí pé dul d'á caitéam arteaé,
 "oóón," ar pé leir féin, "nac áiróbéul an tpuas an t-aipíoió
 bpeáú ro do éur amúga, ásur ip minic bíonn ocrap ásur tapc
 ásur fuaét ar an Máigircti, óir ni tuzann pé don aipe dó féin,
 áct congubócaíó míre cuir de 'n aipíoió ro ar pon a leapa féin,
 a zan fíor dó, ásur b'feairíoe é." Leir rin do éait pé an t-
 aipíoió zeal uile, arteaé ann ran bpoli, i puóct zo zcluinfead
 an Tigeapna an topan, ásur zo raoilfead pé zo raib pé uile
 caitte arteaé. Nuair táinis pé ar aipann rin d'fíairíuiz an Tig-
 eapna, dé "A Pheadair," ar pé, "ar éait tu an t-aipíoió rin uile
 arteaé." "Chaitéar" ar Peadar, "áct amáin píora óir no
 dó, do congubais mé le biaó ásur deoc do ceannaé duit-pe."

"O! a Pheadair," ar ran Tigeapna, "craéo pát nac n'oeap-
 naid tu mar dubairt míre leat. Feap ranntac tu, ásur béio
 an t'raint rin oit zo b'pát."

Sin é an pát paol a bfuil an Easlaip ranntac 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 έπερομή, νάμαο μο τίρ,
 Νάμαο μο έλοιννε 'ρ μο έέτε,
 Δ τίξερνα θευν μο έομαρρε
 Λε ριοξαιρ να κροϊρε ναομτα:

Λε δάρ να κροϊρε έεανναϊξ τυ
 Σιιοετ [μί-] φορτάνε έδα,
 Ο φοιμ ανuar ιρ θεανναϊξτε
 Δν κομαρτα ρο άρσ-ναομτα.

Όο ρλευρξ αν έαρραϊξ, το ουιδ αν ξμαν;
 Όο έροϊε αν νομαν ξο η-έεεταε,
 Νuar ο'άρσραϊξεαο ρuar αν Σιάννιξτεοιη
 Δρ όρμυιμ να κροϊρε ναομτα.

Φαρσορ! οά υίειμ ριν, αν τέ
 Νεε μβείο Δ έροϊρε ο'ά ρευθαο;
 Δ'ρ θεοιη αιτρυξε εξ ριλεαο uαρδ,
 Ορ κομαιη να κροϊρε ναομτα!

Ιρ ξεαρρ έ ρείμ αν ουιμ λα'ξ
 Σιορ λε ράν αν τ-ραοξαιρ-ρε,
 Νι έαομανν (?) αν Σριορσο mallυϊξτε
 Λυετ ριοξαιρ να κροϊρε ναομτα

Σξανηρόεαρ ξαε αον ραοι ξρειμ αν υάρ
 Ό'ά ταεεαο ρuar, εξ ευξαο,
 —Ιρ υοετ βείο λά αν αναρ
 Ξαν ρξάε να κροϊρε 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 baol 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 bheir
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 tnuic:
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 ουινε ο Κοποδε
 Ούιν-να-ησαλλ; αυθ μι-φουαιμνεαδ ρτάρο να η-έιρεαυν, μαρ ιρ
 κορμύιλ, νυαιρ ριννεαθ ε—

Νάρ μαρβαρθ μιρε ουινε αρ βιθ
 Δ'ρ νάρ μαρβαρθ δον ουινε μέ,
 Δετ μά τά δον ουινε αρ τι μο μαρβθα
 Ξο αυθ μιρε μαρββαρ ε!

Δξ ρο ρανν ειλε αρ αν ζσελιρ, το βι αα ι ζCύιζε Μυμαν, αζυρ
 το βειρ Ο Οάλαιζ Ούινν—

Σεαδαιν ρεαθμαναρ σιλλε,
 Le αυθιν να κέιρε νά θευν κοινζιθ,
 Νο ιρ βαοζαλ το ο'ευο υιλε
 ιμτεαδτ μαρ ουιλεαβαρ αρ βάρρ τυιλε!

Δξ ρο ρανν αρ αν μειρζε, το ευαλαρθ μέ ο μ' εαριαο Τομαρ
 Οάριελαιζ. ιρ βεαζναδ ι η “Οειβιθε ε”—

Νι μειρζε ιρ μιρτε λιον,
 Δετ λειρζ α ρειρριπτ ορη,
 Ξαν οιζ να μειρζε ιρ μιρτε αν ζρεαυν,
 Δετ νι ζηάταδ μειρζε ζαν μι-ζρεαυν.

Δξ ρο ρανν το ευαλαρ ο'η βρεαρ σευθνα, αρ ηηηαιο βοιρη; ατα
 ρε αα ι ζCύιζε Μυμαν μαρ αν ζσευθνα—

Ραυθθ τεινε ραιο λοδ
 Νο εαιθεαη κλοδ λε ευαν,
 Κομάιρτε το εαβαιρτ το ηηηαιο βοιρη
 ιρ αυιλλε ο'ορη* αρ ιαρανν ρυαρ.

Δξ ρο ρανν μι-λάζαδ ειλε αρ να ηηηαιβ, το ευαλαρ ι ζCονναδ-
 ταιθ—

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 βορβ, το ευαλαρ ι ζσονθαε
Ρορcomain—

Comairle το ταβαιρ το ουνε βορβ
Ni bfuil ann ac̄t niō zan c̄eill,
So sclaoīōtear ē 'na loct̄
'S so niḡtear ē 'na aim̄-lear fein̄.

Δς ζο comairle το τυς ραζαρ ι ζσονθαε Mhuiḡ Ēō το cailin̄
το bī ρō ζaili-beurac̄ ζleup̄ta, το ευαλαρ mē ō'n b̄reap̄
ceutha—

Δ cailin̄ veap̄ nā meap̄ ζup̄ mōr ī το ciall,
'S ζο b̄fuil "nōcion" Δζαο nār c̄leac̄t το p̄ōr ar̄iam̄,
Ūōlac̄t-b̄leac̄t το b̄'ait̄e lēō ar̄ r̄iaib̄,
'S nī cōta b̄reac̄ ar̄ pleac̄ (?) το t̄ōna r̄iap̄.

Δς πο ρocal b̄p̄iōζmar̄ ar̄ c̄onθαē Mhuiḡ Ēō—

"Saoilim̄," "īr ūōīζ liom̄," ā'r "oap̄ liom̄ fein̄,"
Ē:n t̄p̄ī fiāōnuir̄e ac̄ā Δς an̄ mb̄p̄ēīζ.

Δζup̄ ūōbair̄t̄ fear̄ ō'n ζσονθαē ceuthā ζο c̄p̄uinn̄ c̄iallmar̄ lē
ūine ā ρaib̄ an-c̄aint̄ Δζup̄ τοζα an̄ b̄eap̄lā āīze, ac̄t̄ το ρinnē
ūp̄oc̄-uir̄gebeata—

Nī b̄eap̄lā ζn̄iō b̄p̄aic̄
Ac̄t̄ ā ρuac̄āō ζο māit̄!

Δς πο ρανν māit̄ ar̄ an̄ t̄p̄iōr-c̄p̄iōr̄ ρin̄ ac̄ā ar̄ bun̄ īōp̄ī an̄
toil̄ Δζup̄ an̄ tūīζp̄int̄, ar̄ ar̄ labair̄ an̄ R̄ōm̄anac̄, nūair̄ ūōbair̄t̄
p̄ē, video meliora probo-que—deteriora sequor—

Nāc̄ boct̄ an̄ τοip̄ζ ā'r̄ an̄ cop̄ ann̄ ā b̄fuilim̄ ī b̄p̄ēin̄!
Mō tūīζp̄int̄ om̄'̄ toil̄, ā'r̄ mō toil̄ Δς ūp̄ūōim̄ om̄'̄ c̄eill̄,
Nī tūīζtear̄ ūom̄'̄ toil̄ ζac̄ loct̄ ūom̄'̄ tūīζp̄int̄ īr̄ l̄ēip̄,
Nō mā tūīζtear̄, nī toil̄ l̄ēi, ac̄t̄ toil̄ ā tūīζp̄ionā fein̄.

* *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 ἥνν εἰλε; ἱ ἥαν-ἥοαλ κοἱτῆοἱονν “ ἠ ἱεἱεἱανν ἠν ἥἱἱἱἱ ἠν ἥἱἱἱἱ ”—

ἠἱἱἱ ἠἱἱἱ ἠν ἥἱἱἱ ἥἱἱἱ ἠν ἱ-ἱἱἱἱ ἥἱἱἱ,
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Δὲ πο ἥνν εἰλε ἠἱ ἱἱἱἱ ἠἱἱἱ ἠἱ ἠἱ-ἱἱἱἱ—

ἱἱἱἱ ἠἱἱἱ ἠἱ-ἱἱἱἱ
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ἱἱἱἱἱ ἱἱἱἱἱ ἠἱ ἱ-ἱἱἱἱἱ,
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 ἠἱἱἱ ἠἱἱ ἠἱἱ ἠἱἱἱ ἠἱἱ!

ἱἱ ἠἱἱἱἱ ἥἱἱἱ ἠἱἱἱ, ἠἱ ἠἱἱἱἱἱ ἱἱἱἱἱ ἠἱἱἱἱἱ ἠἱ ἱἱἱἱἱἱἱ.
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 ἠἱἱ ἥἱ ἱ ἥἱἱἱἱἱ ἠἱἱἱἱ-ἱἱ—

ἱἱἱἱἱ ἱἱἱἱ, ἱἱἱἱἱ,
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 ἱἱἱἱἱ ἱἱἱἱἱ, ἱἱἱἱἱἱἱ,
 ἱἱἱἱἱ ἥἱἱἱἱἱἱ, ἱἱἱἱἱ:

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* *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 sconnáe Rorcomáin, mar vo
cualar iad—

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 beul;

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, ṛoráigear le “1r ṛuac
liom.”

1r ṛuac liom caíṛleán ar móin,
1r ṛuac liom ṛóḡmáṛ veit báíṛṛe;
1r ṛuac liom bean buinneac (?) ar bṛón;
'ḡur 1r ṛuac liom ṛíaca ar ṛáḡarṛe;

Aríṛ—

1r ṛuac liom cú ṛṛuaḡ
Δḡ ṛeac (ṛic) ar ṛuo ṛige;
1r ṛuac liom buine-uaral
Δḡ ṛṛearṛal o'á mnaoi!

Tá ṛann corṛúil leir ṛeð i oṛaoib ṛhinn Mhic Chumáil—

Ceíṛe níð o'á oṛuḡ ṛíonn ṛuac—
Cú ṛṛuaḡ, Δ'ṛ eac mall,
ṛigearṛna tíṛe ḡan veit ḡlic,
Δḡur bean ṛṛṛ nac mbéarṛað élanṛ;

Buð ḡnáṛac leir na uaoínib beitíṛeac éigín vo máṛṛað Δḡur
o'ite oíṛṛe ṛhéile Mháṛṛain: Tháṛṛa, an oíṛṛe ṛeð, nac ṛaíð
le máṛṛað Δḡ mnaoi an ṛige acṛ muc bṛeac, Δḡur níor maic léi
ṛṛṛ vo úeunám. Acṛ buð mian leir an mac béile maic vo veit

(a) Aliter, ṛṛéṛeac.

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 ψυχρος' ης η δεσποβς.*]

‡ *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 ré i bfolac ar cúl an tíge, 'd'áiríse ré a gúc
agus tuidairt ré de glór sháanna uatbárac an rann ro—

Míre Mártan 'dearís Dia,
Agus ar zac realb buainim feoil,
Mar nár marb tura an muc breac
Marbfaid míre do mac Cormac ós.

Do rshannraigead an mádar, óir faoil rí gur b'é Naomh Mártan
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 cón-
airc riad [ag] tígeadct 'na n-ágarú leat-amadóan nac faid don éiall
aíse, acct bí ré an gearr-rioballac [gáir-íreágaradct], agus arpa
ceann de na rásairt leir an brear eile, 'cuirfid mé ceirt ar
Dhiamuro anoir nuair tíucfaid ré i ngar dúinn.' 'Ír fearr
duic a léigean tarct' ar ran fear eile. Nuair táinig Dhiamuro
i n-íntis (?) [= i ngar] doib, arpa ceann do na rásairt leir, 'lar-
amadóir ort [= ríaríuigimíor díor] cad é an uair bérdear a cáint
ag an bhréadán duib'? 'Deairt Dhiamuro ruar ann ran ágarú
ar an rásairt, agus 'innreócaid mé rin duic,' ar reiréan

Nuair cónnócar an t-íurac [t-íolar] ar an ngleann,
Nuair glanfar an ceó de na cnuic,
Nuair imteócar* an traint de na rásairt
Déir a cáint ag an bhréadán duib.

'Noir,' ar ran rásairt eile, 'nár brearr duic éirteadct le
Diamuro !'”

Ag ro rann eile do ruair mé ó'n mDárlaigeac—

Geallfaid an fear breugac
Zac [a] breudar a éroide,
Saoilfid an fear rannac
Zac a gealltar zo bfuig'†

Ag ro ceann eile ó cónadé Mhuig Eó—

An té léigear a leabar
D'í nac zcuiréann é i meabar,
Nuair cáilleann ré a leabar
Díonn ré 'na baileabar (?)

* “acct zo n-íntis,” tuidairt Mac ui Ruairíse, acct ni léir tam rin.

† = zo bfuigfid ré zac nro 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 OÍOMAIS;
BLÚIRÍN AS STAIR NA h-ÉIREANN.
CONÁN MAOL;

Cait. I:

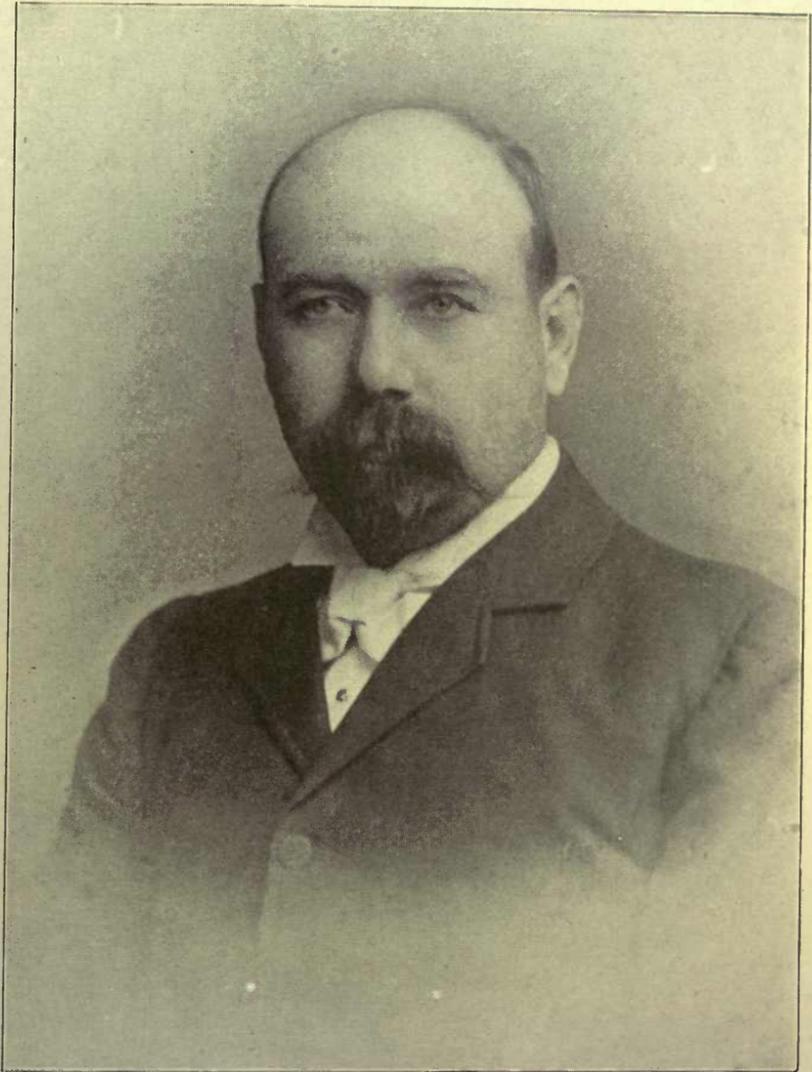
bile na coille:

Ir iomrha fear sairseamail do h-oilead i n-Ulad ó Coin Cúlainn anuar go dtí Seágan an Oíomais. I bfuad inr na cian-taid do rugad ann Niall naoi n-ġiallac, ní cúmactac do bí i oTeamais. 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 pae 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 p'ad an ní úo lá, ġ ar a learraca o' p'ar an aicme ba cumaraiġe ġ ba calma o'a p'aid i n'ġiunn le n-a linn féin, 'na b'féidir ar o'ruim an o'omain. Cuaroiġ r'air na ġcúod eile, féac imearġ aicmib abur ġ tall ġ ní bfuigfir rir o'aon cimead amáin do b'ailne o'pae, do ba calma i nġleo, do ba ġléir-inntineac i ġcómairle 'na na r'air-fir do ríolpuid ar fead na ġceaoa bliadan ar an b'péim uarail rin Muinter Néill.

Fá mar do liúġa nn an ġaoe móir timceall c'rainn o'aine 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'paeo le h-aro iarract, 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 cuarim ná buaidpíde coiróce o'ra ríú muna mbéad ġur eirġeaoar i n-aġaid a céile.

Ní p'aid fear ar an ġcinead ba mó cail 'na an Seágan ro do luaoimio. Eiréannae 'na ballaid do b'ead é, cóm maie 'na loctaid ġ 'na eiréitib fearamla. Ní p'aid pé cóm ġlic i ġcómairle 'na cóm ġear-cúirpae i ġceir le h-aoe ó Néill o'foġluimio clearpideact p'agla i o'oiġ Eúipe, bainpíoġain Sapan. Ní p'aid bun-eolar cogaid aige cóm cuirpe le h-eoġan Ruad, act níor p'aruis aon ouine aca ro é i nġairġe, i nġioim, 'na i nġp'ad o'a eir. Tá aon r'mál amáin ar a ainm. O'foillpíġ

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 Dómnaiill, veimhíúir do tigeanna na nOileán coir Albain, 7 ip d'óic le n-a lán úsodar sup éaluis̄ ríre leir le n-a toil féin. Ip ruarac nác ríab ré cóim h-olc leir na Sapanais̄ féin ar an gcuma ríin, áct amáin go n-admócaó reiréan a d'poc-éleactaó mar níor ba fímineac é, áct fear fíunneac ná ceirféaó a cáim:

Caib. 2.

ÉIRE LE N-A LÍNN:

Ní feacaó imir fáil lá ruaimhir ríam "ó sab reóita na Normánac 1 gcuan ar "Tráig an Uainb" le Diarmaid na nGall imir an mbliadain 1169. Táinig na Normánais̄ go Sapaná ó'n bFrainc céaó bliadán roim an am roin, fá ríúríúgaó Liam Duadótais̄, 7 do ríaréadar na Sapanais̄ i n-aon bhuis̄in amáin. Uí na Sapanais̄ fá coir san móill 7 Normánac 'na rí 7 'na buanna orca fearóa. Níor ba dala roin d'Éirinn. Ó'n rí rin an dapa Hanrí go d'á an t-óctmaó Hanrí bí ríste Sapaná 'na "órtigeannaib" ar Éirinn. Ní ríab ré i mírneac don rí aca Rí Éireann do glaoúaó air féin sup ceap an t-óctmaó Hanrí sup cóir d'ó féin beic 'na rí dáiríub ar Éireannais̄.

Ar an adbar roin cuir ré ríim ríóile amac go ríab ré ríactanac ar tairéacáib móra Éireann cruinníúgaó ar don látar go mbronnfaó ré tíodail 7 talam orca.

Do b'é nóir na dtaoiréac roin go d'á ríó beic 'na gcinn ar an dtréib 7 ríoinneac a dtréibe féin do tógbáil. Uí Ó Druain mar ceann ar Muinrí Druain, Ó Néill mar ceann ar Muinrí Néill, 7 mar ríin d'óib. Cuirríó an t-óctmaó Hanrí veiréacó leir an nóir roin fearóa, 7 d'á féir ríin cuiréann ré ríóga as tríall ar áro-tairéacáib Éireann nác bhruil uairó áct ríóctáin do d'éanaó leó, 7 go ndéanfaó ré tigeannaí móra díob, 7 go mbronnfaó ré talam na tréibe orca áct ríóleacó d'ó. Do máctnuis̄ na tairíis̄. Do féir nóir na h-Éireann an uair ríin níorb' leir an dtaoiréac talam na tréibe, áct leó féin 7 leiréan i dteannta cáile. Uí reiréan mar ceann orca mar d'áruis̄-eadar féin é ar cóingeall go dtabarfaó ré ceap d'óib. Ar an adbar roin bíodar raor 7 ní leóirfaó an tairéac a gcuiró

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 bhaint díob mar bí an oipead eirt aca féin cum na talman roin 7 bí aigepean.

Áct féacá an dlíge reo do éap an t-oéctmáó Hanrí 7 a míuir-téir glic Wolsey. Deadó an taoipead fearúa mar máigirtir ar gac tpeib 1 n-ionadó veit mar do bí fé go dtí ro 'na uadóiréar oirta. Níor éairníg an gnó 1 n-aon éor leir an dtpeib, áct do péiróitg fé go dian máit leir na taoipeadait, 7 do rmuainió gac ceann aca ar a fion féin go raib fé 7 a dtáiníg roimír tndíte, tuirpead le cómpac 1 n-ághaíó na Saranaó, 7 sup míctio corg do éur leir an impear.

D'á éionn roin léigmitó sup ériall taoiríg móra na n-éiréann anonn go lánúuin cum Hanrí inr an mbliadóin 1541, 7 'na mearfz Conn Ó Néill; 7 go raib an ní go rial, fáiltead, upraimead leó, 7 go ndéarúaró fé iarlaí 7 tigeárnaí díob do péir a gcéim 'ra tpaógal.

Da éubairtead an turur é mar do deagail fé gac tpeib 1 n-éirinn ó'n nóir do bí aca leir na ciancaib—fé rin flait do déanaó dóib féin ar an dtpeib gan rpleadóar do níg Sarana. Cairéir ríad fearúa úmálúgadó do'n iarla nuad ro do cum an ní dóib, 7 muna mberó ríad úmál do cuirpear raigúirí Sarana cum cabruigíte leir an iarla nuad 1 góóimair rmaect do éur ar an dtpeib ndán. Ní fuláir do'n iarla nuad leir aipe éabairt do féin nó árvóóáiró Sarana iarla eile 'na ionad a veiró 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-air do'n iarla nuad, 7 cogarúac 7 crotadó ceann 7 lám-reáil clairdeam go bagarúac ábur 7 tall. "Ír é an Conn ro an éeao Ó Néill do ériom a glán cum níg iarúcta," ar ríadóran, 7 tugaóar rúil ar Seágan, aoránac Cuinn. "Tá áóóar níg ann," ávubraóar le céile; "fan go úpáráiró fé. Féacá an ghuais fáda, fáinneac, fionn roin air, 7 an dá rúil larmápa glara roin aige. Tá fé ág boirúad go tuig. Tá bpeir 7 fé tpoigté ar áiríve ann éeana féin: féacá go éruinn air, náé leatán-guailneac fuinnce fearúadac atá fé; 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-
firb lairla nuad an oectmad Hanri zpeavad leir."

Cualaid Conn Ó Néill an cozarnad 7 do zoill ri air.
Cualaid ré fir a5 caint le céile 7 faodar 'na maðarc. "Ir
annra leir an mac tozarnad, Matú an fearuorad, 'na Seághan
a mac olirinead féin do tug a bean-tigearna dó, an bean ir
uairle i n-Éirinn leir." Do b'i mátair Seághan inSean an Zea-
aitaiz, lairla Cille Dara, an fear ba cúmadtaize i n-Éirinn.

D'iarir an t-oectmad Hanri ar Conn a oizre d'ainmniúgad.
"Matú," ar Conn, 7 junnead Darún Dúngeanainn de Matú
láirnead. "Caitfead-ra mo ceart d' fázail," adair Seághan.
Connac Conn Ó Néill an lairir i fúlaib a mic. Connac ré an
zruaim ar an dteib. "Deir Seághan mar oizre orim," adair
ré fá deirnead, tar éir mórán tafaint.

D'iarir Matú cabair ar Sarana 7 fuair ré i zan moill mar
ba maic leir na Zallaid an leatrgéal cum muintir Néill do
cup ar céaraid a céile. Cuinead fíor láirnead ar Conn Ó Néill
i zcómair páraim do baint de i dtaod ínatú do di-láirnead,
dét ní maad ré riar ar a zeallamaint do Seághan 7 buairead
vá zlar i mBaile-ata-cliaic é.

Caib: 4:

FAODAR CLAI'DIOM:

Do blaom Seághan an Diomair ruar 7 zlaodaid ré ar a
muintir eirze amad, le n' adair d'fuarzlad. Níor b'feair leir
na Saranaiz znó bí aca. Seólad rluaz ó tuaid zo cúize Ulad
i zcómair rmaidc do cup ar an bfeair óz baot ro, det do táin
reirnean aniar orca zo n-obainn, do zab ré tpiota, 7 bíodair
a5 baint na pála d'á céile a5 teicead uaid. Do zleamad rluaz
eile ar an mbliadain do bí cúgaimn (1552), det do tiomáin
Seághan noimir iad 'nór rzata zadar. Bí fear i n-azaid na
Saranaic an cor ro. Szaoilead Conn Ó Néill le tí piotána
do déanad det ba beaz an maitear é. Do blair Seághan an
Diomair fuil.

"Caitfead an fear mórúadac 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 náic naib coinne leir, baineadó pé zeit arda, baineadó pé zé arda, 7 b'uirdeadó pé leir zo dán, míocuibearac.

Bailí 7 Matú d'eam de'n t'reib, mar do lean curt 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," adair an ruidre William b'rabaron. B'uir Seághan irteac orca inr an dún neam-éiríocnuiszte úo 7 do mill pé a b'urimóir. B'uir pé ar an gcuma zcéarona irteac ar d'eam eile do luét conganca b'rabaron coir Dóire 7 do r'zair pé iad. Níor d'iongnad sup táinis eagla ar na Sapanácaib 7 sup r'zeinneadar leó ar n-air zo baile-ata-cliac.

Leigead do ar fead éiríre mbliadán 'na diair rúo (1554-8), aét ní naib don fonn ruaimínir ar Seághan an Dìomair. Cúimníz pé sup le n-a fínnear cúisge Ulad. B'íó an lám láirí i n-uacóair, adair pé leir féin. B'éadó pé maéctanac 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'fiacáib orca zéilleadó dó.

Dubairt Ó Riagallair, larla nuad b'neim, leir náic zéillreadó pé féin i n-aon cor do, aét léim an fear teinnceac t'íó, 7 do b'éigean do mac Uí Riagallairz beir umal do fearda. Níor mar rin de Ó Dómnail i d'íir Conaill. Ní mó 'ná zéill an Clann Dómnail ó Albainn d'áitiz na zleanna coir r'airíge i n-dont'ruim, aét tuz Seághan a'zair orca zo léir roir z'aeóil 7 zail. Níor eiriz leir zo maí inr an iarracé do z'níó pé cum clanna cruada tíir Conaill do tabairt rá na ma'zail, mar b'neab Calbac Ó Dómnail i zan fíor air 'na éabán iré oirde az baile-a'zair-éaoin 7 ba beaz náir mill pé Seághan. Do tuit a lán d'á curt fear inr an ruazadó obann úo, 7 do éaill pé airn 7 carail, 7 'na mearz a eac cíoróub féin. Do b'é an t-eac cogair úo an capall ba b'neazda i n-éirinn. Mac-an-fíolair do tuztaoi uirte. Fuair Seághan ar n-air arí i. Níor cúir an bac úo corz ad'rad leir an b'ear zcumarac noán.

Do tuit Matu i n'gáirzar éigin le curt de muintir Seághan inr an mbliadain 1558, 7 do z'níó na Sapanairz iarracé ar an gcóir do cur i leit Seághan féin aét dubairt pé náic naib don baint aize le b'ar Matú 7 zo zcairíroir beir rártá leir an b'neazra roin. Fuair Conn Ó Néill b'ar ar an mbliadain do b'i cúgáinn. "Ta an bótar péir do Seághan anoir," adair an t'reib; "ní beiró iarla mar éeann 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 Oíomair! Tá an leac síogáda ann ag feiteam leat le do' coir deir do bualaó uirte mar gnídead do fínnreap níste rómat! Agus do fearaim Seághan Ó Néill ar Tuladóis, agus do pínead ríac bán díneac cuise mar cómarra cotraim cirt d'a tpeib; buailead cíoca gréarad ar a flinneánaib cumarada 7 caibárr ar a ceann. Cuitead rípeiró a coire riar tar a gualainn: Caraó míle claid-eam ór cionn ceann 7 dúirígead mac alla na gceanntar le fuaim-ghór míle ríorad—"Ó Néill abú! So maíur ar bflait a toga!" Do tairnim an grían ar ceannaighe dátaimail, luir-neamail Uí Néill, 7 do cuir coin móra ar iallaib amarrtaic arda pé mar cualadar uairpatais an maictipe 'ra coil 7 séim na h-eilite ar an gcnoc.

"Do b'ónóiríge tiom veit am' 'Ó Néill Ulladó' 'na am' rí ar Spáinn," arfa doó t'ir eóghain tamall maic 'na díaró rúo. "Ír mó le h-Ulladís an ainm 'Ó Néill' 'na 'Caerap' le Rómánaís," arf an ríuoróir Mountjoy.

Cairb. 6:

"DEARB'RÁTAIR TAIÓIS DOÍNNALL."

Cuillead Máire, bainríogáin Sárana pá'n am ro, 7 bí Eilir 'na h-ionad. Do b' i an bean mí-danamail reo an éiríde cloice 7 na ríarada práir an bean ba mó innleact le n-a linn. Do érom rí féin 7 a maíaltar láitneac ar cuir irteac ar Seághan. Sydney do b'ainm d'a fear-ionad i n-Éirinn. Gluair pé ó tuair go Dúndealgain 7 cuir pógra cum Seághan teact 'na gair. Níor leis Seághan air gur cualaíó pé an pógra act cuir pé cuiread cum Sydney teact cum a tíge 7 veit 'na áair baírte de d'a mac ós. Níor díultais an fear-ionad do 7 do fearaim pé leir an mac. "Táim-pe am' Ó Néill i n-Ulladó le coil na tpeibe reo," arfa Seághan. "Ní tearvuirgeann usim cómpac le Sárana má leigtear dom, act má cuirtear orm, bíod oíraib féin." Bí Sydney pártá leir rin 7 bí ríotéáin ar fead 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 táinig Sussex 'na fear-ionad go n-Éirinn. "Ní béad aní fuaimear," aoir pé, "go mbeid Ó Néill fá coir," 7 do gléar 7 do cóirig pluas le n-ághaid an gnóta. Fear feallta, boib, glie, do b'ead Sussex ro aet ní raib pé cóim géar-inntineac le Sydney. Do cadruig Calbac Ó Dómnail leir, 7 mar an gcéadna clann Dómnail na hAlbann, i nDontuim. Do gearán Seághan-an-Dìomair go rabtar as cur air gan cúir. Bí a cúige as dul cum cinn i maoin 7 i maitear. Tagad teactaire Elire 7 féacad pé. Níor cúir Elir ruim 'na cúir cainte aet leir ní d'á fear-ionad gluairéad ó tuaid go n-Áro-Maca inr an mbliadain 1561.

Þreab Seághan go n-obann irteac go Tír Conaill pul a raib coinne leir 7 do ríob pé leir sean Calbac Ó Dómnail 7 a bean ós, an bean úd d'fás an ríal ar a ainm. Do cúir an clear cogaid obann roin mearbéal ar na Tír Conaillig 7 do tócuir Sussex a ceann le canscar. Car Seághan ó deap fá mar do béad pé ar tí iarrait do tabairt fá Baile-ata-Clia. Bí Mac-an-Íolair fá 7 níor d'ionntaib Seághan ar muin an eic rin ar ceann d'reama dírgineac d' Ultaib. Níor tuig Sussex cad é an fuadar do bí fá Seághan. Fá deiread do filid pé go raib Seághan 'na glaise aise 7 do beartuig pé inml dó. Do d'ruir pé míle fear irteac go Tír Eógain as creaca 7 as corraire, 7 d' fan pé féin coir Áro-Maca as feiteam le Seághan. Baill an míle fear na céadta ba d'úba, na caoirig bána, 7 na capail, 7 do gluairéadar ar n-air go buacac. "féac Mac-an-Íolair," arsa duine éigin, "cá Seághan an Dìomair cúsaib!" Ní raib le Seághan ar an látar úd aet céad 7 ríde marcac 7 d'á céad coiríde, aet zairgídig b'orzbéimeaca do b'ead iad. Bí cinn 7 cora 'na scápnánaib ar an macaire úd fá ceann uaire an clois, 7 an fuigleac beag creacda, r'ollta, as rgeinnead go h-Áromaca, na biailib faobraca d'á n-gearraid 7 d'á n-éirleac, 7 an záir-cata uaimnac úd—"Lám dearg abú!" 'na zeluaraib. innreann Sussex féin le crád c'roide an raon-madma do cuiread air.—"Ní raib pé i míneac don Éireannaig ríam r'or fearam am' ághaid-re, aet féac inoiu Ó Néill reo 7 gan aise aet a leat n-oiréad fear liom, as brúctad irteac ar mo arm b'ead ar macaire péid leatan. Do zuirpinn cum Dé fail d'fágal air 'na leitéir d'áit gan coil i ngorraet trí míle dó le r'zác do tabairt d'á cúir fear. Mo náire é, d'fóbaire ná r'z'fad pé aicid dom' arm beo i n-uair an clois, 7 ir beag náir r'raic pé mé féin 7 an cúir eile amac leir ar daingean Áromaca."

Ní chomrad Sussex ar Tír Eógain do creacad go fóil arí. Cúir an b'irleac úd r'zannrad orca i Lánouin 7 d'iarri Elir 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 MacI, such quotations have been re-translated into English, and therefore differ slightly in form, though not in sense, from the English originals.--ED.

lárta CilleDara, brátair Seághan an Dóimair, piótáin do deánad. Cuir sí teáctaireact maiteamhair cum Seághan 7 cuirfead eirse teact go lúnduin le labhairt léi. “Ní corrdáad cor,” aoir Seághan, “go dtugaid arim Sárana a mbótar orda ar Ulad.” “Bíod mar rin,” aoubairt Eilir.

Nuair do mead Sussex ceap ré a cleap feill do cupi i bfeidm: Tá a rghibinn féin cum Eilir mar fíadnair ar an bfeall. 1 mí na lúgnara 1561, rghibann ré cum na bainneogha rin sup tairis ré luac céad marc 'ra mbliadain de talam do Miall Liat, maortige Uí Néill, ar coinigeall go muirbheodad ré an flait rin. “Do múinear do cionnur d'éalóad ré leir tar éir na bearta,” aoir ré. Ní fíor dúinn an raib Miall Liat dáirírib, aet zibé rgeal é ní cloirtear sup gníó ré, iarract ar Seághan do dúnmarbúad.

Caib: 7:

SEÁGHAN-AN-DÓIMAIRS 1 LÚNDUIN:

Rinne lárta CilleDara piótáin 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.

Dubartar le Seághan nác bfillfead ré ar air go deó, toirz go raib an tuas 7 an ceap 'na cómair as Eilir, aet bí muirgin aisefean ar a teanga liomta 7 bí doic aise náir mead ré ruam 1 n-aon eúmanzad.

Dean uallac do b'ead Eilir: Bí sí datamail, zruais ruad uirte, 7 rúla zlara aici, an t-éadac ba breagda 7 ba daoirle le págal uirte, 7 an iomad de aici le n-i féin do córnúad go minic 'ra ló. Péacós do b'ead i le péacaint uirte, aet bí cporde an beataoais allta, zan truas, zan truasmeil aici, 7 innctin 7 aigne tar mnáib an doimain. “An labartair Déarla eúici?” arfa duine éigin le Seághan. “Ní labórad go deimín,” ar reiréan, “mar leónrad an teanga duair zránaa roin mo córnáin.” Bí ffrainc 7 Spáinir 7 laideann as Seághan 1 oteannta a teanga binn bliaró féin. Dean teangaca do b'ead Eilir leir, 7 dubartar sup páruis Seághan 'ra bfrainc 1 7 sup eicis sí córnáid 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-Oíomair. 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 zlara ríadaine aige d’féac amac orc cóim lonnriac le zac zréine; coisp fuinnta lútmair aige 7 ceann-aighe dán.” Bí na céarta as iarrair madairc d’fágan air féin 7 ar a zallóglaca: Deir a tuairpiz zo rabadar po ceann-lomnocta, foit fionna orca, léinteaca lúiriz ó múineál zo zún orca, cpoiceann mactíre tar zualnib zac sír aca, 7 zéarri-tuaz cata i lám zac 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 zlórac 7 ní raiú an focal ar a béal nuair do bí na zallóglairz ar a leac-zlúin. 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 zún, 7 do fearaim ré anpoin cóim díneac le záinne. D’ féac ré féin 7 Éilir ioir an dá rúil ar a céile. Labair sí i larveann 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 teanzá le mnáib. Níor lutz rúil Éilir riam ar a leitíro d’ fear 7 ba dhinn léi é beit zá bheazad. Do tearbdáin sí do i n-aindeoin a cómairleóirí zur tairn ré léi, zúo zo raiú na cómairleóirí rin ar tí a cúro fola 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 zlar 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 coingzall poin!” “Meallad mé,” arra Seághan leir féin, 7 do buail ré irteac zo látar Éilire 7 d’iarr ré coimríc uirte: “Ní leómtar aon bártáinn do déanao duit,” adoir sí leir, “acé cairfíri fanamaint zgainn zo fóil.” Ní ríor cionnur do meall Seághan is. Ba máit léi le n-a n-air é, 7 meartar zo raiú razar zráid ainmíde aici do, 7 ir é ionznad zac leizteóra zur rzaoil sí uairte é rá deirad ar zéall zo mbéad ré úmal ví féin amáin 7 zan baint zá fear-ionad i n-éirínn leir. Deirtear zo raiú eagla uirte leir d’á zcuirde i zcuirdeac é zo ndéanrad Muinrí 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-amara'ac 7 níor g'ab pé i n'gaoi 'do Daile-áca-Cliat, g'ó sup g'eall Sussex a 'deirb'p'úr mar m'naoi 'dó ac't teac't 'd'a feic'pint:

Caib: 8:

nim 7 fuil:

Inp an mbliadain 'na diaib r'úo (.i. 1563) 'do érom Sussex ar cur irteac' ar Seághan 7 ar uirge pá talam' 'do dhéanad ioiri é féin 7 Elip. 'Do cábruis' sean-na'maioe Seághan, na Cip-Connailis 7 Albanais don'ruim, 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 fluas, 7 b'i Sussex an-buirdeac' go raib pé 'na cumap teicead' le n'anam. Sg'riob Elip cum Sussex píotcáin 'do dhéanad le Seághan, mar nac raib don maic 'dó beic leip.

'Do gníó Sussex ruo ar Elip, 7 ar an am gcéadna cuir pé feipín píotcána 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' go mbéad pé 'na pleipt. B'i pé a's cómp'ac leip an mbá' ar fead 'd'a lá, 7 nuair 'do táinig pé cuige féin níor b'iongnad' go raib pé ar 'deap'g-lapad le feip'g 7 sup g'léap pé a buirdean cum co'gairó. Leis Elip uirte go raib pí ar buile i 'do'ab an feill-beap'c úo 7 'do g'eall pí go 'do'abap'ad pí ceap'c 'dó ac't a fuaim'neap' 'do g'laac'ad. 'Do g'laod'air pí ab'ail ar Sussex. Leis pí uirte sup mar páram' 'do Seághan é, ac't 'do b'é an cúir 'do b'i aici ar Sussex sup meac' pé. 'Do p'naidm pí píotcáin 7 cap'adap mar 'd'ead' le Seághan aip, 7 b'i pé 'na pí'g 'd'áip'p'ib ar Ulaó anoir 7 leigead' 'dó. Ac't mar pin féin b'i a fuac' 'do'n g'all cóm' g'ear 7 b'i pé piam'. 'D'a cómp'arta p'oin cum pé cap'leán ar b'ruac' lo'ca n-éac'. Feap' tagap'ta 'do b'ead' é 7 ceap' pé sup beag' ar na Sapanais' p'adap' an cap'leáin pin 7 'do b'airt pé aip "fuac' na n'g'all." 'Deip'teap' sup ceap' pé an uair' p'eo píog'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 rshíob 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 deic n-oirleadh 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-dontrium ó uair go h-uair as cabruisgíó leir na Sapanais. Amharanna do b'ead na fir calma úo. Cánsgadar ó Albain ar éirleadh Cúinn Uí Néill 7 a achar, 7 do éirleadh rúta i n-dontrium 7 i n-Dairiada. Ní raib Seághan ráirta 'na aigne fadó do bíodar 'ra tír. Do géill-eadar dó 7 do cabruisgíó leir don uair amáin, aet ní raib don ionntaioib aise arda. Dubhadar leir náe raib don rmacé aise orca, 7 náe raib ré rmacéanac orca cabruisgíó leir, aet le n-a dooil féin. Do ghríoraib bainrigozan Elir iad i gan fíor. "Seadh má'r eadh," a deir Seághan leo, "gheadar líb abáile. Ní fuil don gno asampa oib fearda." Aet do éir na h-Albanais colg orca féin 7 dubhadar leir go bpanraoair mar a raib aca gan rpleadhacar do roin: "Do buadhmar ar d'atáir-re ceana 7 ar Sussex 'na ceannta," a deir na h-Albanais dána.

Do leat Seághan-an-Dóimair a cora ar Mac-an-Íolair, baile ré a fhuaisge timceall air 7 do bhuir ré irteac go h-dontrium ar nór tuinne fairrge. Duail na h-Albanais leir i n-geanntaire 'na ndreamaib ndírigeada 7 do fearradh cat fuilteac eacorca. Tá rean-bócar via tuar de'n baile rin Dun-abann Duinne, i gcondae dontrium, 7 do éir Seághan-an-Dóimair a eac ciorub, Mac-an-Íolair, ar cor-in-áirde tar corraib Albanac ann, 7 rá meádon lae bí Clann Dóimnail 'na rraicáib rinte timceall air. Do marbuisgíó 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 taoirleadh eile bí orca. Do b'fearr dóib d'a dozraoair 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 maib ré an uair peo aét oét mbliadna déas ar fiéio d'aoir, 7 ní maib don feair i n-Éirinn ba mó cáil 7 cúmaét 'na é. Leis na Sapanais orca go maíadair go móir leir. Úi ácar orca ar dtúir sup mill ré Clann Dómnail ó Albain 7 do gáireadar leir. Tuig Seághan go dian maíó iaó. Ní gan fáct do cúmaó an pean-focal úo—"driannán maíora gáire Sapanais." "I' maíó an rúo," ar maíoran, "Clann Dómnail do beít claoiréte mar níor b'fiór dúinn cá h-am do cábrócaóuir leir na h-Éireannais, aét mar rin féin beíó O Néill ró-láioir ar fáo anoir."

I' tmuas ná'r gnió ré caradar le taoireacaib Éireann an uair peo. I n' ionaó roin érom ré ar a éur d'fiacaib orca géilleaó doó gibe oic maíó leo é. "Cairéio taoirig Conaét a gcaín bliadantaímaí do tábairé doíora mar ba gnaíac leo do fuíctib Ulaó," ar reirean. D'eitig na Conaécais é 7 p'reab ré go h-obann i lácair éigearna Cloinn Riocáio, an feair ba t'reire i gConaét, 7 mill ré é gan puinn uairó. Do épac ré Tír Conaill iní an mbliadain gceáona (1566), 7 táinig r'ganraó ar Sapaná. Do gnióraíó Elí' Iarla feairn Muineac, Maguíóir le h-eirge 'na a'gairó, aét do meileaó an Maguíóir fá mar do meil'eadó b'ró muilinn do'pnán coirce.

Do b'é Sydney bí 'na Aróuiréir arí' ar Éirinn an uair úo i n-ionaó Sussex, 7 bí aítne maíó aige ar Seághan. Cuir ré teacáire maíalcair d'ár b'ainm Stukeley cuige le h-aíteam air beít réíó. "Ná h-eirig amaó i na'gairó na Sapaná 7 g'eodair gibe níó do tearóuigeann uait," ar Stukeley. "Déan-far Iarla Tír Eogain oíot má'r maíó leat é." Cuir Seághan r'pánn ar 7 labair ré go neamatac. "D'p'éagán ip eaó an Iarlaéct roin," ar reirean. "Do gniódeabair Iarla de M'ac Cárcáig i gcuige Muíán, 7 tá buacailli aimpire 7 r'p' capall a'gámpa acá cóm maíó d'feair leir rin. Do mearabair mé é'pocaó nuair do bí g'reim a'gairó orim. Ní fuil don muinigin a'gáim ar b'p' ngeallamna. Níor Iarraí' r'ioctáin ar an mbainríogáin aét d'iaí' r'p' orimra i 7 ip r'p'ré féin do b'p' i. Do tíomáinear na Sapanais ar an lúbair 7 ar Dúno'poma 7 ní leir'eadó doib teacé ar n-air go deo. Ní leómpaíó Ó Dómnail beít 'na flaic arí' ar Tír Conaill mar ip liomra an áit rin feairó. Ná bíó do don mear'beall oré sup liomra cuige Ulaó. Bí mo r'innfeair pómam 'na fuíctib uiré. Do buaóar i lem' élaídeam 7 lem' élaídeam do cóingbeócaó i."

[*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. ír le n-ó Néill Ulaó go léir 7 caitefean é corús," ar Sydney le n-Élre. "Duail é láitneac," ar ríre. Do feól rí d'eam Sapanac anall 7 do bailiú Sydney rí ar zác áro 1 n-Éirinn, Sapanais 7 Éireannais, mar ír íomda taoirceac do cabruis leir. Do bí curó aca leirgeamail go leor cum an gnóta acé do b'éigean dóib beartúgáó oréa cum cabaréa le Sapaná fá mar do gníóro inoiu.

Tátar cúsac, a Seághan-an-Dóimair, a marcais an élaróim géir, gléar Mac-an-Éiolair, 7 cóirúg do burdean beag laoc. Ní fuil azaib acé neart bur zcuirleanna féin, mar nac bfuil cabair 'na congnaím dóib ó éinneac larmuic.

An íáóail do zoiréide ar éeanntraib na Sapanac timceall Baile-ata-Cliaé. Do léim Seághan irteac inné ar nóir cóirniúe Do raob 7 d'arúain pé i go ballaíde Baile-ata-Cliaé. Tuz pé iarracé fá daingean na Sapanac 1 n'Dunvealúain 7 bí bpuigean áir aige le Sydney coir an baile rin. Bítear íó-mait do Seághan annróó, 7 cuiréad ar zcuil é le duad, acé d'imir pé éirleac ar fluaútaib Sydney rui ar d'uiró pé leir. Lean Sydney ar azaib. Do gluar pé t'é Tír Eóúain, 7 ar roim go Tír Conaill, 1 n-anóeoin Seáúain, acé do lean reirean zác órlac de'n trlige é 7 ba beag an ruaimnear do tuz pé dó ar fead an turuir. Níor tearbáin pé riam roime rin cleara cóimraic níor feárr 'na an uair reo. Bí Sydney 7 a fluaú lionmair cpaíóte cuirceac ó foúanna obanna Seáúain. Do d'uiró pé 1 nzáir dóib lámh le Doire 7 tuz caé dóib. Bpuigean zars do b'ead i, mar do tuit a lán fear ar zác taob, 7 famluig Seáúain go raib an buad leir, acé fairé go brát! féac an d'eam ro az teacé aniar áir—na Tír Conaillúg éruada fá ó Doimnaill do bí i zcóimnuíde 'na cóinnib—7 bpuiréad ar Seáúain fá d'uiréad.

Do d'uiró pé leir ar zcuil go bealaige Tír Eóúain az d'ranntan ar Sydney. Bí pé cóim neameazlac roim, 7 cóim muinígneac roim ar féin go raib raicéior ar na Galláib teacé 'na zóire 7 do gluaréadar oréa go Baile-ata-Cliaé arí zan puinn do bárr a d'uruir aca. "Cuircead rian mo lám oréa fóir," d'oir Seáúain. "Ní raacáó aicío aca ar n-áir muna mbiaó na cuirpéirí rin 1 d'Tír Conaill; tá raíte beac annróin atá am' éráó 7 am' éeaz le fáda, acé bain an éluar díom, go múcraó iaóran 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.

Bí Seághan go foluigteac 'sá ullamúgac féin 7 ní raib na Sapanais 'na scoola. Bíodar aĝ cabrúgac le h-Ó 'Dómnaill i san fíor, 7 'sá ĝríorað i ĝcoinnib Seághan. Aod do b'ainm de'n Ó 'Dómnaill do bí anoir ar Tír Conaill, mar cailleac Calbac le déirdeannaigse. Níor b'fuláir do'n triac nuac ro éacé éigin do déanað i uorað a maĝla, mar ba ĝnáac le ĝac flait an uair úo. Buir aod irceac go Tír Eóghan ar órúgac na Sapanac 7 do éreac pé an taob iar tuair oi. Do duib 7 do dearg aĝ Seághan-an-'Díomuir. Dar claidéam ĝairĝe Néill naoi nĝiallais, díolfað Ó 'Dómnaill ar an ĝcorĝairt reo!

Do éirá troigteaca 7 marcaig aĝ triall ar ĝac áiró fá déin tige móir deinnboirð roim éirĝe ĝréine i uorað na Dealtaine inĝ an mbliadain 1567. Érom na coin móra ar uail le teirbac ar teacé na rluas, 7 aĝ lúcaíl 7 aĝ crocað a n-earball, mar do fíleadar go mbiað reilĝ aca mar ba ĝnáac. Rit an fiað ruac 7 an maectíre i b'rolac inĝ na coilicib móir-uotimceall mar fíleadar roim leir le tuigrint an ainmíde go rabtar ar a uoðir.

Ní raib dúil i reatĝ aĝ Ó Néill an cor ro, mar bí deabað air cum Ó 'Dómnaill do traocað, 7 do buail pé féin 7 a flóigeadó tri míle fear riar ó tuair. Déarfad daoine pírreðgaca go raib na cáĝa aĝ rĝnéacaig ór cionn tige Seághan-an-'Díomair an máidean ro, 7 nári éualair pé ceól na cuairce ná píobaireacé an loim duib inoiu.

"Nac dán iad na Tír Conaillĝ reo, 7 nac móir an truaĝ uoib beir 'sá ĝcur a rliĝe a marbta," ar reirean, nuair do conaic pé Ó 'Dómnaill 7 a burdean beag ruirce ar áiró an ĝáire ar an uorað tuair o'inbeair Súilĝ i n'Dún na nĝall.

Bí an taorve tráigse ar an inbeair 7 do filir Ó Néill ĝur ĝainm érim do bí ann i ĝcómnuirde. Níor mar rin do Ó 'Dómnaill. Bí aicne maic aigerean ar an áic úo, 7 do toĝair pé i i ĝcómair é féin 7 a éuir fear do coraint ar Ó Néill, mar éirĝeann an taorve go tuĝ 7 go h-obann annrúo.

Aĝur féac i n-acrann le céile an rluocé do táinig ó beir mac Néill naoi nĝiallais—na Tír Conaillĝ ó Conaill ĝulban 7 na Tír Eóghanĝ ó Eóghan, é rúo do buir a éroirde le b'ón i noiaró Conaill nuair do marbuiĝeac an curac roim.

Deirtear nac raib aon fonn b'uirĝne 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 rluas beas do bí ag Ó 'Domhnail 'na coinnib, 7
 sur b'feáir leir dá ngeillfíodóir, áct mar rin péin do beartuis
 pé a curó fear go cruinn 7 do rciúraib pé 'na ndreamaib 7 'na
 ndioirmuib tarfna an cuair fairrge iad. Tug Ó 'Domhnail roga
 feargac fá'n gcéad curó do fíorcí anonn 7 do bhuir pé iad.
 Muna faib móran fear aise, cait f'adais do b'ead iad go léir.
 Rinne pé mar an gcéadna leir an darna cipe calma. "Cait-
 fear iad do cur ar roin," arfa Ó Néill, 7 do buail pé é péin ar
 ceann cóir capall, áct do p'reab marcais Uí 'Domhnail amac ar
 los air 'nór gála gaoite, 7 d'á feabair é Seághan-an-'Oiomair 1.
 ar éigin do bí pé 'na cumair coris do cur leó. D'féac pé
 timceall air. Bí curó d'á d'reamaib meargta t're n-a céile 7
 a tuillead aca r'garfa ó n-a céile. Níor tuis Seághan fáct an
 méarbótail go b'feacaid pé an taoire ag eirge 7 r'geoin ag
 teact ar a curó fear, 7 Ó 'Domhnail le n-a buidean laoc ag cur
 ortá go dian. Níor méac croidé Seághan inr an amhar úo, 7
 do érom pé ar éirleac le n-a marcais go fiadain, 7 a d'ul ar
 éoranáirde anhró 7 anhrud ag g'laodac ar a éinnfeadna a g'curó
 fear do cóiríúgac. Do g'níó pé péin iarract ar an rluas do
 bailiúgac leir i n-eagair cóir, áct ní faib r'lige cum carad aca,
 7 bí curó aca go glúnaib i n-uirge 7 an taoire ag rómair tim-
 ceall ortá. Fíor ó lár tuata do b'ead a b'fuirmóir. Táinig
 r'geoin níor mó ortá 7 b'uire d'ar.

Dáctad 7 marbúigead t'ri céad d'éas fear aca. Do b'é cat
 deireannac Seághan-an-'Oiomair é agur an tubairte ba mó do
 tárluis faim d'ó. An méio a cuaid t'rearfna rlan tar inbair
 milteac Súilig do teiceadar leo, agur do r'geinn a b'flait ruar
 corir na habann ag cuarodac áta, agur doirn marcac leir. Do
 tearbáin Tír Conallac d'ár b'ainm Gallcábar ac 'ran abainn d'ó
 d' míle ó páirc an bualad agur do tug Seághan Ó Néill a cúl
 ar Tír Conail, allur air, a teanga agur a carbail cóm te, t'rim,
 le r'méaróro teine, agur cnar na r'górnais le buaidiric aigne.

Bí Ó 'Domhnail 7 a fáir-fíor go meirdeac, 7 a d'ceinnce cnám
 aca d'éir an buaid, áct ní faib fíor aca go rabadar ag d'éanad
 oibre na Sapanac, obair do teip ar na Gall rin ar fead cúis
 bliadna d'éas roime im, s'íó sur cáilleadar na milte fear 7
 dá milliún púnt cuise.

Cad do d'éanfar Ó Néill Ulad anoir? Deir leadar na
 Ceitre Ollamain go faib pé éadrom 'na ceann d'ar éir b'ruighe
 áiró an gáire, áct ní fuil 'ra méio rin áct cor cainte. Bí an
 curad úo r'ó-aigeantamail 7 r'ó-láir i g'croidé 7 a g'corp cum
 cromad ar plubairgeal agur ar éneadais 7 d'caob b'uir d'ó don
 b'ruighe amáin. Ní faib pé dá fícead bliadán d'aoir fóir 7 bí
 m'irneac an leomáin i g'comnuide aise. D'iarf 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 gnó pé féin 7 sárda marcad iona coinne leo i mDunabann Duinne, i n-Dontrium. O' úmluigeadar go talam do 7 gléaradar pé rda i gcábán fairring do. Táinis fear eile ar an látair leir, o'ár b'ainm Pierce, brataoóir ó Éirpe do cualaíd ead 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 gnó deánta.

Deir do námaide péin amain, go raib do lám láidir mar rgaé i gcóinnuidé as an bfeair las, 7 ná raib sauidé ná fear mí-maíalta io' ceanntaraid le' linn. Deir ríad, leir, gur b'é do gnáé san fuide éum bíó go mbiad a ráit de'n feoil do b'feáir, mar deirteá, as boct id Chríor, do éruinnigead ar do táirris. Acé tá deirtead le' féileacé 7 le' 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 pluáigte Tír Eógan do gáircaá níor mó, mar tá ríde Albandaé ar do cúl a san fíor duit 7 Pietee o'á ngruogad gur mairbuisir a n-aicheada i mbruisin Gleanna taire. Pread io' fuide ó'n mbóirp roin a Seághan-an-Oíomair 7 péac dia tíar díot mar tá an trleag i ngruogacé órlais deo' órom leatán.

Asur liúgan an coirpliún amuic ar Spút na Maoile, 7 bripéann na tonna bána ar an o'raíg le fuaim coir Dunabann Duinne, 7 tearbánnann na daoine anruo capn cloé i los mar a bfuil Seághan-an-Oíomair 'na éoúla le bheir asur trí céat bliadán.

“ Seacé mbliaóna Seapcaat cúic céo
Míle bliadain ír ní brécc,
Co báir tSeadín mic mic Cunn
Ó toirdeé Chríor hi ccolainn.”

Tós 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 caichead úo ar díorri ar an rínn do b'áirde ar capleán Baile-áta-Cúic.

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 for the
benefits of our Independence, and do
invite the people of the United States
to observe the same with appropriate
ceremonies and exercises.

PART OF A PROCLAMATION CONCERNING SHANE THE PROUD

Photographic facsimile from the original

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;

- | | | | |
|--------------------|-----|-----|-----|
| H. D. Cantell. | ... | ... | ... |
| Rowland, Bridgman. | ... | ... | ... |
| P. M. of Tremont. | ... | ... | ... |
| W. L. Williams. | ... | ... | ... |
| John. Fisher. | ... | ... | ... |
| Thomas. Child. | ... | ... | ... |
| Henry. Ware. | ... | ... | ... |

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Gentry, 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 his saided & traitorous humors to make hartie remorse thought 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 humors, contemptuous enterprises & facts to the subverting of the honor of this Realme the disturbance of all her maiesties good and faithful subjects and the great perill and dainger of her maiesties most excellent Dignitie & 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 doo with all his force & power of men of warre repaire to James mar Connell conspiring & countenancing with him against our late soverain Lady Queene mary and therein proceeded so farre as he most unnatural & traiterously Ierred in battell with the said James then an open enemy against her maiesties said Lieutenant & the Subjects of this Realme then assembled with him and the same that is out of Gods giving 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 ensue favorable, graciously and mercifully receaved & pardoned of his said offences past & truly and faithfully returned to his owne habitation where he due to him all the tyme he could, under talle to be the better able to serve when he should be commaunded.

Anno 1601 after another 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 Seawe accompanied with Theobald of Wybare Desmond and Desmond and others the Nobles of this Realme upon my protection or assurance that they could make unto 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 assault to be made in a place and her maiesties Army in their returne and therapd did not only rebelliously & traiterously cause his men to pray and boorne the possessions of divers her maiesties true and faithful subjects within the English pale but also doo contrary to the lawes of this Realme expeile Theobald of Tyrone his Father, the Baron of Down and his brother honorable faithful and true subjects & servants to her maiesty.

GOD SAVE THE QUEENE.

H. D. Cancell.	T. Ombd. & Oflery.	Serrald, Desmond.	Jame. Sir. Gormaston
Roxoland, Balciglas.	Richard. Montgarett.	James. Slane.	Christofer. Donlany.
H. B. of Tymletted.	James. Rylline.	Christofer. Houche	John. Curraughmore
W. Fitz. Wyllyams.	Henry. Radettk.	George. Stanley.	Jaques. Wpnygfyld.
John. Plonker.	Robert. Dillon.	James. Bath.	John. Parker.
Thomas. Cusake.	John. Crauers.	Fraunces. Harbart.	Fraunces. Agard.
Huntrey. Warne.	John. Chalfener.		

Imprinted 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 náite, nuair déarfaió leir an scailín é déanamh, 'ré an fneasra bíod aici i scóinnuíde: "Ó bíor éim é rin a déanamh mé féin." Ceap 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 mainitir eile, agus, nuair a éuala pé an t-áir-molaó ar cailín na mbráitire, "Beiró fíor asam-ra," ar feirean, "an bfuil sí com maic agus deiróear liom í beic."

"Cosar," ar feirean le ceann de na bráitrib, "abair leir an scailín teacó irteacó i feómra na leabair agus, nuair a beiró sí irteis ann, abair léi gur óearc ói na leabair a níge."

"Agus cao éuige go scuiróinn obair óinríge mar rin roimpi? Beaó feaís uirtí agus b'féidir go b'fásraó sí rinn. Ní fuirir cailín mar í 'fásáil seallaim óuit."

"Déan ruo orim," ar' an sean-bráitair.

Do glaoóuis pé ar an scailín agus ní raib sí i b'raó as teacó, agus, nuair a táinig sí, duabairc an sean-bráitair léi go bog péio: "Cloirim gur anaóailín tú. Ir móir an t-iongnadó liom, a úiríro, na leabair feo beic san níge asat fóir."

"Bíor díreacó éim é rin a déanamh, mé féin, a áitair."

"Ó ní fábaó óuit é, a úiríro," 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 "éim 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 scóinnuíde i n-óileán deas i n-íóctair na héireann agus ní raib aca acó an fáeóilís. Mar seall air go mbíod dáoine raibóire 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 agus arís éap na daoine bocta ná raib na ta
 áct an bÉarla d'fógluim agus go mbeoif rairbhif go veó. Lean-
 ann an 5alar céadna móran daoine a ceapann níor mó céille
 veit aca 'ná bí ag muintir an oileáin.

"Áct cá raib an bÉarla le rásáil?" U'in i an ceirt anoir.

Bí 'fior aca go raib bÉarla i n-Éirinn, áct eualadar go raib
 an bÉarla doob' feárr 'ra doiman i mBaile Áta Cliat.

Tar éir móran cainte agus comrád focruigeadar ar duine
 aca a cur go Baile Áta Cliat ar lorg an bÉarla.

An lá bí an fear ag imteáct baó dóig leat sur go ndimeir-
 ice a bí ré ag dul. Bí an lá 'na lá raoire ar an oileán. Táinig
 muintir an oileáin go léir, ós agus crionna, go dtí port na
 héireann agus cuiread an fear anonn ar an dtír móir ar an
 mbáó ba mó ar an oileán.

D'fás teáctaire an bÉarla rlan aca agus d'imtig air go baile
 Áta Cliat. Tar éir a veit tamall 'ra catair bí bÉarla aise, dá
 focal, "Good-morrow," agus éap ré go raib ré i n'am
 aise filltead a baile. Bí ré tuirpeac go leór ó veit ag coiri-
 deáct, agus nuair a táinig ré go dtí féit an Ciotais i n-aice
 na rairrge, fuid ré rior.

Bí na focail go cruinn 5arta aise, 7 le heagla go mbead
 ríad caillte aise, bíod ré ag ráó mar rairrín "Good-morrow,"
 "good-morrow," "good-morrow."

Bí an aimpir fluic agus bí féit an Ciotais bog. Go veimín,
 bí rí 'na tóin ar bogad, agus, nuair a bí an fear boct ag dul
 trarna, cuair ré ar lár agus d'fóbaif do veit bárdte. Tar-
 aing ré é féin amac i gcuma éicint agus bain ré amac an talam
 tirim. Áct, mo éreac ir mo éar! bí an bÉarla caillte aise.

Nuair a táinig ré a baile agus nuair d'innir ré a rzeal do
 muintir an oileáin, bíodar buairdearta go leór, agus 'ré duairt
 5ac duine aca leir féin sur móir an truas nac é féin a cuiread
 go Baile-Áta-Cliat.

Áct cad a bí le veanam anoir? Bí an bÉarla caillte i b'féit
 an Ciotais agus d'féoif go mbéad ré le rásáil fór.

Do 5luair reirpar de muintir an oileáin anonn ar báó go
 dtí an dtír móir agus fear an bÉarla le n-a goir. Tearbáin
 ré doib éar caill ré an bÉarla i lár na féite.

Crómadar go léir ar an áit a tóbac agus a taor5ad agus
 níor b'fada dóib ag 5abáil do'n obair reo nuair do buail 5ad
 mara leó.

"Sin é an focal," "Sin é an focal," arateáctaire an
 bÉarla, "5ad mara," "5ad 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."

ῥΑΙΤ-ΣΖΕΑΙ:

ní macairò mire zo b'rác ar gcúl
 ma' r éisín beic úmal daoib 'r móir mo leun,
 muna ucis liom riúbal, muna ucis liom riúbal,
 muna ucis liom riúbal ar mo páirc-pe féin.

Ćáinig an t'raicnóna ceit, 7 rin mé riap ar banca b'eadg féir, ar
 taoib an bótair, agus níor b'fada sup tuic mo córlaó orim.
 Agus im' córlaó connairc mé airling.

Do bí mé ag riúbal, mar faoil mé im' airling, i ucir anairnro
 nac raib mé ariam roime reó i n-don tír córmúil léi, bí rí cóm
 b'eadg rin. Bí bóirne caola nó-riúbalca ag dul trío an tír
 áluinn reó, agus do bí páirceanna glara agus fear fear bog uairne,
 agus h-uile fóir blac o'á b'facaib rúil ariam, ag fáir ar zac don
 taoib de'n bótair. Acé do bí an bótair féin cam corrac cloacá,
 agus bí r'púilleac ag féirdeat air, do loic agus do dall rúile
 na ndoime do bí ag riúbal ann.

Agus níor b'fada zo b'facaib mé fear óg lútmair láirir amac
 rómam, ag gabáil an bótair mar do bí mé féin. Agus connac
 mé an t-óganac ro ag fearam zo mimic cum an púdar tírim do
 bí o'á féirdeat ar an mbótair do cumit o'á rúil. Agus do
 bí an bótair cóm h-airnéir agus cóm cloacá rin sup tuic ré
 anoir agus arí mar bí ré ag riúbal. Agus an uair deirannac
 do tuic ré níor fear ré éirige no zo ucáinig mire cóm fada
 leir, agus tugar mo lám do sup cóg mé ar a o'á cóir arí é,
 agus tubairc mé leir zo raib rúil agam nac raib ré zortuigce.
 O'f'fearair reiréan de b'riat'raib binne blarta nac raib ré zortuigce
 zo móir, acé zo raib raicéior air nac ucic'rad ré zo
 deiréat a airc'ir an lá rin, mar do bí an bótair cóm garb agus
 cóm cruair rin. Agus o'f'fearnuig mire de an fada do bí le dul
 aige. Tubairc reiréan náir b'fada, acé sup mian leir dul zo
 baile-móir do bí cúig míle amac uainn, pul táinig an oirde air,
 óir buó mian leir ruó le n'ite, agus leabuir, fágar, agus gan
 an oirde do caiteam amuig ar an mbótair riadain rin.

Agus nuair eualair mé rin do bí iongant'ar orim, óir bí o'á
 uair de'n lá againn fóir, roim luide na zréine, agus b'fopur do
 duine ar bit do bí cóm lútmair láirir leir an óganac rin cúig
 míle do riúbal in ran am rin, o'á b'f'f'rad ré an o'roebótair agus
 o'á riúbal'rad ré ar an macaire b'eadg féir do bí le n-a taoib;
 agus tubairc mé rin leir.

“Ná bíod iongant'ar oric fúm-ra,” a deir ré, “óir ní féirir
 le duine ar bit in ran tír reó an bótair fágbáil. Cóm cloacá
 cnarac corrac agus acá an bótair, caic'fir duine fanam'ainc air.

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 arís é, zan buideacur do.”

“Acé,” ar ra mire leir an rrainreár, “ni féidir go bfuil an oiréad rin de raižuiriúirid tuda ar zac don bótar in ran tír le luét riúbailta na mbótar do rmacuzaó agus do fáruzaó 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 bheadh arceac, in a n-aimdeoin, ar an macaire min áluinn rin, agus zan fanamaint ar an mbótar zrána pádaraic poll-lionmar ro?”

“O’bheadhúirid rin déanam go cinnte,” ar ran rrainreár, “oir bionn fice fear láidir ar an mbótar i n-azair an don z’rta amán, acé acá róir t’raoideacá rzaarta 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 doláir o’á otagann oirra ann rna rligéib 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 ionzantairge aca uile, nac bfuil in ran zcu o iy mó de na raižuiriúirid seo acé coráir’ eacá raižuiriúirid; iy rzáilide zan bhuig zan rubtaint 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 bheadh go radamar com fáruighe rin zur b’éigin dúinn ríde ríor ar an mbótar, agus do zóill an tarce 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 arciú de’n élaide, in ran macaire, agus ni olirdeannac é toul com rada leir.”

Acé do zóill an tarce oim com mór rin go ndubairt mé, “Cairid mé ól z’r, dá marbócaide ar an móimid mé. Treoiruig mé go oic an tobair ro.” Táimig raicéir ar an ózánac, agus dubairt 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 p̄aṁa leir an tobair. Mar̄b tu féin, má'ṛ mian leat; aḥt ni mar̄bócair̄ tu mire."

D'éirighdamar ann rin, aḡur fiublamar le céile, go b'pacamar crann mór áluinn aḡ éirigh ar an macaire, timcioll ríce péirre arteaḥ o'n mbócair. Cúair̄ mé ruar ar bárr an élaíde do bí ar éaíob an bócair, aḡur cónnaic mé tobair ḡlan ḡlé-ḡeal fíor-uirge d'á rḡeiteaḥ amaḥ pá bun an éraínn áro áluinn, aḡur cónnaic mé bíáta bána aḡur úbla beaḡa aḡur úbla leat-aruíḥ aḡur úbla móra deaḡa lán-aruíḥ, aḡ fáṛ le céile ar an ḡcrann rin. Aḥt do bí an oir̄eaḥ rin de rmaḥt aḡur de rḡannraḥ ar d'aoim̄b na tíre rin náir baimeaḥ oir̄eaḥ aḡur aon uball aca, aḡur ba léir d'am, ar an b'éar̄ p̄aṁa páraim̄ail do bí taṛt timcioll an tobair éaom̄-áluinn rin, nac d'áim̄is aon duine i n-aice leir le n-ól. Aḥt nuair̄ cónnaic mire an méaḥ rin do ḡeit mo éraíde i lár mo élaíob, aḡur d'ubair̄t mé 'ḡ or-áro, "Dainr̄íḥ mé cuir̄ de na n-ublaíḥ rin aḡur ólpaḥ mé mo d'ócaíḥ de'n tobair rin, má'ṛ pé an báṛ aḥá i n'óán d'am."

Aḡur leir rin d'éirigh mé de léim áro éaḥtṛom aéraḥ de bárr an élaíde-teóirann aḡur arteaḥ ar an macaire mín áluinn. Aḡur nuair̄ cónnaic an t-óḡanaḥ an n'ó rin, do leis pé orna ar, óir̄ ba d'óig leir ḡur b'é mo báṛ do bí mé d'á tóruir̄eaḥt.

Aḡur nuair̄ táim̄is mire leat-bealaiḡ ior̄i an ḡlaíde aḡur an tobair, d'éirigh raiḡoír̄i d'ub, mar̄ beit arpaḥt árobbéal úr-ḡráanna, ruar, ar an b'éar̄ p̄aṁa, aḡur do t'óḡ pé claiḥeam̄ mór le mo ceann do rḡoltaḥ, mar̄ fáoil mé. Aḡur do éualair̄ mé ar mo éul an rḡreaḥ do éuir̄ an t-óḡánaḥ ar an mbócair ar, le teann-faitcior̄: Níor̄ lúḡa 'ná rin an faitcior̄ do bí or̄m féin, óir̄ ni raib̄ arim̄ ar bit aḡam le mo éoraínt. Aḥt do érom mé ar élaíob máit̄ m'óir̄ do bí fá mo éoir̄, com̄ mór le mo d'or̄m féin, aḡur t'us mé toḡa ur̄cair̄ de'n élaíob rin leir an raiḡoír̄i áro-béal. 'Do buail an élaíob é, mar̄ fáoil mé, i ḡeaṛt-lár a éadain, aḡur cúair̄ rí amaḥ t'ríḥ a ceann, am̄ail aḡur nac raib̄ ann aḥt rḡáile. Aḡur ar an m'óim̄io níor̄ léir̄ d'am crut̄ ná cuma an t'raiḡoír̄i, aḥt do bí ruḥ ḡan crut̄ ann am̄ail ríám de'n ceó, aḡur do leaḡ an ceó rin, aḡur do rḡar pé ann ran r'péir̄, aḡur ni raib̄ d'adair̄ eadair̄im-pe aḡur an tobair. Tuiḡ mé ann rin nac raiḡoír̄i ná fear̄ cogair̄ do bí ann, aḥt ruḥ b'raḡaḥ ḡ rḡáile do rinneaḥ le t'raoír̄eaḥt, cum na n'raoíne do rḡannruḡaḥ o'n tobair. Cúair̄ mé go d'ci an t-uir̄ge aḡur níor̄ bac ruḥ ar bit eite mé. Cróm̄ar ar an uir̄ge aḡur d'ólar mo fáit̄ dé, aḡur d'ar liom̄-ra go raib̄ pé com̄ maíḥ le fíon. Dain mé úball mór deaḡis de'n éraínn ann rin aḡur d'itear̄ é, aḡur do bí pé com̄ milir̄ im' béal le mil. Nuair̄ cónnaic mé rin, ḡlaḥḥ mé ar an óḡánaḥ aḡur d'ubair̄t mé leir "teaḥt ar̄t aḥ éuḡam, óir̄ nac raib̄ d'adair̄

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 ardeac 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'fíarfuis 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 zabann an zrian cum a leaptan ann ran oíóce. Agus ir i an tír ir áille agus ir zlaire agus ir úire i o'a bfuil fá'n ngréin. Agus veir tura zur tír iongancae i, áct ni tuigeann tu leat a h-iongancair zo fóill. Agus cá trí ainmneada uirri, Vanba 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 bail-á-cliae agus bócair-na-bhuizne, agus mo cara Diarmuid bán 's am' fácaó i m' earna-cáib le maide. "S miero ouit 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 bhuionslóio do, ó túr zo veirpead.

"Mairead! mo zráó tu," ar fá Diarmuid, nuair bí mé péiró, "agus b' fíoir do bhuionslóio. 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 zcuio olizte agus le n-a zcuio fáiriún féin, agus rin bócaire nac péioir 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 ardeac ar a macaire bheadz feurmar féin ni beir' riad as riúbal zo cruaid ar fead an lae iomláin, mar an t-éireannaac boct rin do éonnaic tura, le leabuid agus le ruipéar o'fázaíl ran oíóce; áct do pacaidoir fá do níor faide, i leat an ama. Agus an tobair fíoir-uirze rin do éonnaic tu, an tobair nac leizpead na zárhoaid' tuda rin do na doaimib o'ól ar, nac o'ruigeann tu zur tobair na zlan-zaeveilze é rin, agus cia bé éireannaac ólfar veoc ar, bíonn pé mar fíon in a véal, o'a neartugaó agus o'a fíonn-fuaraó. Agus an raizoiúr 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, óri tigeann na fáiriúin 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 fásann na Saedéil na bóitpe ir ar éuir na Sacpanaiz iad le dul arceac ar a scalam féin ára, na h-úbla rin nári élar ríad le dá céad bliadán baintró ríadparír zo tiuz iad. Ásur áz rin duic anoir, a Craoibín, mar míni sim re v'airlingz," ar pé.

"M' anam a 'Día, a 'Diarmuio," ar ra míre, "ní'l do fámaíl ve míngéoir ar talam na h-Éireann, ásur an céad airlingz eile béirdear ágam ir éuzao-ra tiucpar me. Ir fearr 'ná Daniel tu. Úporcuiz oic anoir ásur béiróirio áz dul a-baile."

Τ Α Ο Σ Σ Α Β Α .

CAIBITIL 1.

Bí Ταός Ua Úroim 'na sába, ásur bí a céarúca ar éaoib an bócair i n-aice le 'Úroicead na Seadóize, veic míle i scaoib tíar do Cill Áirne.

Céarúize maic do b'ead Ταός. Ní raib 'na párróirde féin, ná b'féoir i gcraoibde, fear do b'fearr a éuirfead crúó pá capall ná clár ar céacda. Acé mar rin féin, ní raib Ταός san a loédaib féin. Ir róca nári táinig ríam lá donais ná marraib ná feicirde Ταός ar ríad Cill Áirne, ásur ir ró-annam a bí pé áz teacé abaille trácnóna san veic rúzac zo leor, nó b'féoir ar meirge. Dá ndéarpad don'ne le Ταός ar maoin lae an donais, "An bfuilir áz dul zo Cill Áirne inoiu, a Táoz?" "Pé an fpeazra a geobad pé, "Ní fearar," nó "b'féoir dom"—'ran am céadna áz bualad buille dá éárúr ar an íarpann nó ar an inneoin, com maic ir dá mbéad pé áz ráó, "Ir móri atá ríor uait."

Nuair a bí lá an marraib ann bí 'fir áz zac uile duine zo raib znó aize ar an gcraoicain zo mb'foearr do fuiréac ra bail dá mbad maic leir a znó veic déanta i gcraic. Ir íomda ríéal greannmar a bí ar ruair na párróirde timceall Táoz ásur a éuro oibre maoin lae donais, mar ar éuir pé tarngze i mbeo, lá, i gcapall Seagáin léit, ásur mar ar póll pé ar móri scuaéal clár a bí aize dá éur ar céacda le Domnall Ua Úruigin.

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 βεαῖ 'να κοῖνναῖδε ἰ μ'βέαλ na Ἰεαοαῖζε τὰρβ
 ἀννμ ὄο Μίσεάλ Ἐρὸν, ἀετ νιορ τυγαθ ριαμ ἀρ ἀετ Μίσεάλ na
 ἸCleaρ. Ὁά μβέαθ δον ἡνὸ ἀῖ Μίσεάλ na ἸCleaρ ἀρ an Ἰσεαρ-
 ἔαιν nί ῥάρόεαθ δον lά ὄο τουl ἀετ lά an δοναῖῖ νό an lά
 Ἰο ραῖθ 'φιορ αῖζε Ἰο ραῖθ Ταὺς ἀῖ τουl Ἰο Cill Ἀῖρνε νό Ἰο Cill
 Ορῖλιαν.

San am po βιοθ μαρσαθ Cill Ἀῖρνε ἀρ an Σαταρῖν ἀῖρβ βιοθ
 δοναε ἀνν an ἐέαθ Luαν ὄο'n nί, μαρ ἀτά ἀνοῖρ.

Μαῖοῖν λαε δοναῖῖ βί Μίσεάλ ἀῖ an Ἰσεαρῖοεαιν εῖν ρρὸῖνῖνῖ
 'ῥαῖῖαῖ ὄά μῖυα, ἀῖρβ κοῖνναῖε ῥε nά ραῖθ ρῖνν le ὄεαναμ ἀῖ
 Ταὺς.

“Ἰρ ὄόεα, Ταὺς,” ῥρα Μίσεάλ, “Ἰο μβείθ τῖ ἀρ an
 δοναε.”

“Ὁ'ῥείοῖρ ὄομ,” ἀρρα Ταὺς. “Ὁ βί Σεαμῖρ Τάλλῖῖρνα ἀῖ ράθ
 ἰομ ἰνὄε Ἰο μβέαθ ῥε ἀῖ Ἰα ἄῖλ ροῖρ τῖμῖεαῖῖ an τ-δον uαῖρ
 ὄεαῖ, ἡ ὄά μβαθ-μαῖε ἰομ τουl λειρ Ἰο ἔρῖαῖνν μαρκαῖθεαετ
 uαῖθ.”

“Μά'ρ μαρ ρῖν ἀτά /n ῥῖεαῖ,” ἀρρα Μίσεάλ, “nί'l δον μαῖε
 ὄομ mo ἐέαεῖα a ἔρῖεῖ ἀnuαρ εῖν ἐ 'εῖρ ἰ ὄ ρεθ.”

“Nί'l, Ἰο ὄεῖῖῖν; τάῖμ Ἰαν Ἰual, ἀῖρβ καῖῖῖρο m τουl a
 ὄ'ἰαρρῖαῖθ βεαῖῖῖν Ἰual ἀῖρβ ἀῖῖῖῖῖ ἰαρρῖῖῖν.”

Nuαῖρ a βί Μίσεάλ na ἸClea ἀῖ τουl a ἔαῖε ὄο ἐαρ ῥε ἰ ῖεαε
 εῖν τῖῖε ῥῖῖῖῖ ὄῖῖ, ρεῖ, μεοῖρ βεαῖ εῖῖε βί 'na κοῖνναῖδε ἰ n-αῖε
 e Μίσεάλ ῥεῖν.

“Cά ραῖαῖρ, a Ἰῖῖῖῖ?” ἀρρα ῥῖῖῖῖ.

“Ὁῖορ ἀῖ an Ἰσεαρῖοεαιν ἀῖ ῥέα 'αιντ an μβέαθ an Ἰαῖ ἰ uῖῖῖῖ
 ἰ μβάρῖαε εῖν ρῖῖῖῖῖῖ 'εῖρ ἰm' ἔρῖῖῖῖ. Ὁ βί Ταὺς ἀῖ ταεαντ ορῖν
 ἐ 'εῖρ εῖρῖε ἰνῖου μαρ nά ραῖθ μῖῖῖῖῖ le ὄεαναμ αῖζε.”

“Nαε ἔρῖῖῖῖ ῥε ἀῖ τουl Ἰο Cill Ἀῖρνε?”

“Cῖῖῖῖῖ ἐ ἀῖ ράθ Ἰο μβέαθ ἰαεαῖῖ ἀῖρ an τ-αῖαῖ a εῖρ Ἰο Cill
 Ορῖλιαν a ὄ'ἰαρρῖαῖθ βεαῖῖῖῖ Ἰual.”

“Ἰρ μαῖ: ἰομ Ἰῖρ Ἰαῖαῖρ ἰῖεαε εῖῖῖῖ. Ὁῖορ ἀῖ καῖντ le
 Ταὺς ἀῖρῖῖῖῖῖ ἰνὄε, ἀῖρβ 'ῥε ὄῖῖῖῖῖῖ ῥε ἰομ nά βέαθ am αῖζε
 δον nί a ὄεαναμ leῖm' ἐέαεῖα Ἰο ὄῖῖ Ὁῖα Cέαῖῖῖῖῖῖ ρεθ εῖῖῖῖῖῖ.
 Τά an ἀῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἀῖ ῥῖεαῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ uαῖν ἀῖρβ Ἰαν ρῖῖῖῖῖ ὄεανατ ἀῖῖῖῖ.
 'Sé ἰρ ῥεῖῖῖῖ ὄομ a ὄεαν Ἰm mo ἐε ἔῖα a ἔρῖεῖ εῖρῖε ἀνοῖρ ὄ τῖ
 καοῖ ἀῖ an Ἰῖῖῖῖ. Nί ἔ'ῖθ δον'ne ἀῖ ῖεαετ εῖρῖε ἰνῖου.”

Ὁ ὄεαρῖ Μίσεάλ a ῥῖοῖρ, ἀῖρβ ὄ'ἰῖῖῖῖ ῥε ἀῖρ a ἔαῖε.

Nuαῖρ ὄ'ῥῖῖ Μίσεάλ an ἐεαρῖοεα, ἀῖρβ ὄ nά ραῖθ δον nί εῖῖe le
 ὄεαναμ ἀῖ Ταὺς εῖῖῖῖῖ ῥε ἰῖεαε εῖν ἐ ῥεῖν a ἔεαρρῖαθ ἡ a
 Ἰῖῖῖῖῖῖ ἰ Ἰκοῖῖῖῖῖ an δοναῖῖ. Nί ραῖθ ῥε ἀετ leαε-ἔεαρρῖῖῖῖ nuαῖρ
 ὄο εῖρῖ ῥῖῖῖῖῖ a ἐεανν ἰῖεαε an ὄορῖρ ἀῖ ράθ, “Ὁῖῖῖ ὄ Ὁῖα
 ἀῖῖῖῖῖ.”

“Ὁῖα 'ρ Μῖῖῖῖῖ ὄῖῖῖ,” ἀρρα Ταὺς, ἀετ nί ὄ n-a ἐρῖοῖδε, 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 ttráiró."

"Ní'lim, go déimín; tá a málaire de gnó aSam 'ná rriáiróig-eaó," arfa Pilib.

"Ir iomóda lá beir tú ar taoib an teampail, a Pilib."

"Má 'reao féin, 'ré ir ceart dom mo díceall a déanam an fáir acáim ar an raogal ro, 7 anoir baó maít liom dá zcuirped mo céacda i tpeo dam. Cím nac bfuil tú ró-gnóac."

'Ir truaS liom, a Pilib, nac féirir liom don ní a déanam leó' céacda inoiu—ní'l don sual aSam, aSur tá iacall orm toul go Cill Áirne dá iarraíó."

"Ní gábaó dúit don ttrioblóiró a beir ort mar geall air rin; tá máilín suail ra trucaill aSam."

"Oró-críc ort féin ir do céacda," arfa TaoS 'á n-a fiac-laib. "Cao tá le déanam ar do céacda, a Pilib?"

"Tá clár a cur air, cruairó a cur ar an roc, 7 é 'cur beagán ra bpoó. Teartuigeann beagán cruairóe ó barr an cóltair 7 caítrir bolta nua a déanam do'n paca."

"Ní l don cruairó aSam acé don rmuicín amáin a geallar a cur ar pann-aicín do Seagan Séamuir," arfa an gaba.

"Tá lán mo dótáin cruairóe aSam-ra ra baile," arfa Pilib. "Bí-re as baint an tpean-cláir do'n céacda; beao-ra ar n-air leir an zcruairó san móill."

"Dúó maít liom, dá mb'féirir liom é, do gnó a déanam inoiu, acé do rgoil cor m'úiró nre 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."

fear beas canncarae do b'eaó Pilib óg. Connaic ré go maít sur a d'iarraíó leir-rgeíl do déanam do bí TaoS SabA, aSur bí a cócal as éirge.

"Sé mo tuairim, a TaoS," ar peiréan 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 zclear, acé cím nac mar rin acá an rgeal, aSur ó tá mo cor ar an mbócar tá zairne eile 'ra parróir'oe cóm maít leat-ra."

"Déan do roga iuo; ní'lim-re a' brait ar do curó airgíó, a rzanndóir! Beir leat do fean-céacda pé aic ir maít leat,' arfa an gaba.

"Ir maít é mo buirdeacar, a TaoS; acé ir dóig liom go mb'feárr dúit panamáint 'ra baile 'ná beir ro' maítrín lacaige ar rriáiró Cill Áirne, as caiteam do cóo' airgíó 7 do pláinte."

"Ir cuma dúit-re, i n-ainm an diaabail! Ní hé do curó airgíó-re a bím as caiteam, a rppuánlóigín. B'féirir nac é zac don gaba beao cóm bog leat ir bíor-ra as déanam crúóte 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 Saba, agus san cpoiceann ró-geal air, ní raib léine an t-*ras-airc* féin níor síle 'nád a léine ar maidin 'Dia Domnais.

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 dóis liom go raib ríre ar an aignead céadna, aet níor mar rin do'n t-rean-Saba. 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 tcearócain, a ríor 'n-a béal aise agus é as réirvead na mbuils do'n Saba, 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 rilib i b'fad tar éir imteacta nuair do bí Séamur Táillúra agus a t'rucail as dorar an Saba.

"Ófuil tú ullam, a Taois?" arfa Séamur.

"Táim i ngiorraet do," arfa Taois; "níl asam le déanamh aet mo b'róga do cur orm. Órortuis ort, a Neilli; tá an b'róg rin maic go leor 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'asainn féin le coir máire Óróin, agus béid a' t-aral asainn."

"Ir feárr duic teact linn-ne. Dá olcar mo éapail, ir feárr é 'nád arailín máire."

"Go raib maic asat, a Séamur. Do geallar do máire fuirteac léi. Déam i n-am go leor i t'cill áirne; níl puinn le déanamh asam-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 rilib ós umac?"

"Níor buail; cat 'n-a taob?"

"Ói ré anro tamall beas ó foin le n-a céadna: Do geallar do, tá reactmáin ó foin, go mbéinn ullam 'Dia Céadnaom'; aet ní béad ré r'arta san teact euzam ar maidin, agus mé tar éir m'icil na t'cleair do leigint abairte mar geall ar ná raib aon gual asam. Ói zac re fead asainn le 'n-a céile go r'adamair arson feirgac. D'árduis rilib a céadna leir, agus ir dóca ná béid r'at leir go mbuailfead ré ceapóca Eogainín Uí Laoisair."

"Raib míceál na t'cleair as an tcearócain 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 εἶγῖν το
 ὀέαναμ λε ’ν-α ἰέαῶδα.”

“Dioð zeall,” ἀρρα Σέαμυρ “ζυραδ ἑ Μῖκεάλ το εὐρ ἰ
 ζεεανν ῥῖλιβ τεαῶτ εὐγατ.”

“Ἀρ μ’ἀναμ ἡ ζαν ὀροῖκ-νῖ ἀρ μ’ἀναμ, ζο μβ’φείοιρ ζο βρῦιλ
 ἀν εεαρτ ἀγατ, ἀζυρ μᾶρ μαρ ρῖν ἀτᾶ ἀν ρζέαλ νᾶρα φαδα ζο
 βραζαῖδ Μῖκεάλ τοραδ ἄ θεαζ-οἰβρεαῶα. Οὐδαρτ λε Μῖκεάλ ρέιν
 να παῖδ ἀον ζυαλ ἀγαμ, ἀζυρ εὐζ ρῖλιβ μᾶλῖν ζυαῖλ ’ν-α τρῦκαῖλ
 λεῖρ. Ζαν ἀμῖταρ ’ρέ Μῖκεάλ βυν ἄ’ τυβαῖρτε.”

“Ἦῖ εὐρῖνν ταιρῖρ ἑ.”

“Ἰρ ὀοῖζ ἡομ ρέιν νᾶ βεαδ ρέ ρᾶρτα ζαν βείτ ἀζ ὀέαναμ
 μιορζαῖρ ἡμεαρζ κομᾶρρα,” ἀρρα Ταὸζ.

“Ἰρ ρῖορ ὀυῖτ ρῖν. Ἀρ εὐαλαῖοῖρ εαδ το ὀεῖν ρέ ἀρ Ὀομνᾶλ
 Ρυαδ? Ὀῖ Ὀομνᾶλ ἀζ ὀυλ λε ροκ ζο ὀτῖ εεαρῶα να εεαρᾶζε
 νυαῖρ εᾶμῖζ Μῖκεάλ να ζεεαρ ρυαρ λεῖρ, ἀζυρ ἑ ἀζ ὀυλ ἄ ὀ’ἰαρρ-
 αῖδ ῥᾶῖλ μῶνα ὀ’ν βρορταῶ.

“Cá βρῦιλ τῦ ἀζ ὀυλ? ’ ἀρρα Μῖκεάλ.

“Τᾶμ ἀζ ὀυλ λεῖρ ρεο ζο ὀτῖ ἀν εεαρῶα εὐν ἑ εὐρ βλῦῖρε
 βεαζ ’ρα βρῶδ. Τᾶμαοῖδ ἀζ τρεαδαδ ῥᾶῖρκῖν να ζεεοκ, ἡ ἰρ
 ἀνα-ὀεαεαῖρ ἰ τρεαδαδ λε ροκ ἀτᾶ βεαζᾶν ἀρ ἄ βρῶδ.”

“Cait’ το ροκ ’ρα τρῦκαῖλ ἀζυρ τὰρ ἰρτεαῶ τῦ ρέιν. Ἰρ μῶρ
 ἀν ἡῖ ἀηῖδ να μαρκαῖρθεαῶα.”

“Ζο παῖδ μαῖτ ἀγατ, ἄ μῖκῖλ; ἀζυρ β’φείοῖρ ὀ τᾶμ λεα-
 τᾶμᾶδ ζο βραζῖρ ἀν ροκ ἀζ ἀν ζεεαρῶεαν; ἀβαῖρ λε Τομᾶρ ἑ
 εὐρ ρῖορ-βεαζᾶν ’ρα βρῶδ.”

“Ὀέαναδ ἑ ρῖν ἀζυρ ρᾶῖλτε,’ ἀρρα Μῖκεάλ, ἀζυρ ὀ’ἰομπυῖζ
 Ὀομνᾶλ Ρυαδ ἀβαῖτε. Ἀῶτ εαδ το ὀεῖν ἀν εεαρᾶῖδε Ἀῶτ ἄ
 πᾶδ λεῖρ ἄ’ νγαβα ροκ Ὀομνᾶλ το εὐρ βεαζᾶν εἰτε ἀρ ἀν βρῶδ, ἰ
 ρῖζῖδ ζο παῖδ ἄ ἰέαῶδα ζο μῶρ ἡῖορ μεαρᾶ νᾶ βῖ ρέ.

“Lá eite βῖ Μῖκεάλ ἄ ὀ’ἰαρραῖδ ρεαζᾶν τᾶλ ἀρ ἀν ἡζορτ
 μβυῖρδε. Εᾶρ ρέ ἰρτεαῶ ἰ ἡοορᾶρ Σέαμυρ ἡμοῖλ. Ὀῖ Σέαμυρ
 ’ν-α ρυῖρδε ἀρ ρῶλ ἀρ ἀζαῖδ ἀν ὀορᾶῖρ ἰρτεαῶ ἀζ εὐρ ταοῖβῖν ἀρ
 ἄ βρῖδζ. Ὀ βῖ ἀν λά ζο ἡαν-βροτᾶλλᾶδ, ἀζυρ Σέαμυρ ἀζ εὐρ
 ἄλλᾶῖρ ὀε, ὀ βᾶν ρέ ὀε ρέιν ἄ ρεῖρβῖε ἀζυρ ερῶε ρέ ἀρ ερῖκα
 ἑ ἰ ὀταοῖδ τῖαρ ὀ’ν ὀορᾶρ. Ὀ ὀεαρζ Μῖκεάλ ἄ ρῖορ ἀζυρ βῖ
 ρέ ἀζ ζαβᾶῖλ ὀᾶ εὐῖο βρεαρταῖρθεαῶα, μαρ βα ζῖνᾶῶεαδ λεῖρ. Τὰρ
 εἶρ λεατ-υαῖρ ἡὀ μαρ ρῖν το ὀρῖυῖδ ρέ ρῖορ ἰ ἡ-ἰεε ἀν ὀορᾶῖρ.
 Ὀ’ῖαν ρέ ἀζ ἀν ὀορᾶρ ταμᾶλ βεαζ ἀζυρ ἄ λάμ ἀρ ἀν λεατ-ὀορᾶρ.
 Ὀ’ῖεαῶ ρέ ἀρ ἀν ζερῖκα, ἀζ λεῖγῖντ αῖρ ζο παῖδ νᾶῖρε αῖρ. ‘S
 ἀμῖλαῖδ,’ ἀρ ρεῖρεαν, ‘το εὐρ Μᾶῖρε ἀνομν μέ ρεαῶαντ ἄ βραζ-
 αῖνν ἰραῶτ να ἡυδα ρῖν (ἀν ρεῖρβῖε) εὐν εεαρτ το εὐρ ἀζ ζορ
 ἀνν.’

“Ὀῖ Σέαμυρ Μαοῖ ἀρ ὀεαρζ-βυῖτε, ἀζυρ λέῖμ ρέ ’ν-α ρυῖρδε,
 Ἀῶτ μᾶ λέῖμ βῖ Μῖκεάλ ἡμῖζτε. Ὀ ἄῖτ 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 βί αρ ιαράετ ἀς α μίναοι εῦν ολλαν το ὁαυζαδ. Ὕρπιτ εὐζαν ἡα λαοζαίρε 'να ἀεαρῶαίρε μαίτ ?”

“Cá ὕρπιτ ὁαμ-ρα ροιν,” ἀρρα ΤΑΟΥΣ, ἡ ní ζο ρό-μίλιρ; “ἀέτ ní ὁόιζ λιομ ζυραδ ἔ ρεαβαρ α ἀεαρῶαίρεαέτ' ἀτά ἀς ταρραε na ἠῶαοινε εῦιζε; 'ρέ α εῦρο ὕλαῶαιρ μέαλλαν ιαῶ. Ὕι αν τεαγζα ζο ρλεαμῆαιρ ριαμ ἀιζε. Ὕαδ εῦμα λιομ ὁά ζεῦιρρεαδ ρέ ρυαρ ὁδ ρέιν ἀς Ὕρποίεαδ na λεαμῆα νό τίορ αρ α Μίανυρ, ἀέτ ιρ ὁόιζ λιομ-ρα ζυρ μόρ αν ἡάιρε ὁδ τεαέτ ἡ ἀεαρῶα το εῦρ ρυαρ εὐμ ἀέεῦμαίρ ὁαμ ἀζυρ τά ρέ 'νοίρ.”

CAIBIDIL 11:

CAPTAN na ὁαοινε αρ α ἀέιλε,
ἀέτ ní captan na εῦνιε ná na ρλέίβετε.

Νυαιρ το βυαιλ αν βειρε CILL Ἀίρνε β'είρεαν ὁόίβ ὁεοδ βειτ ἀα ἰ ὁτιζ Σέαμυρ ἡι Ὕρπιζῖν 'ρα Σπáιρο Νυαιδ, ἀζυρ ἡίορ β'ῤαῶα ὁόίβ ζο ραιβ ὕραον εῦιτε ἀα ἰ Σπáιρο na ζεαρε νυαιρ ἀαῤα ὀρρα βειρε νό τρῦῦρ εῦιτε ἀζυρ ταρτ ὀρρα. Νί ραιβ λεατ αν λαε αῦιτε νυαιρ βί αν ζαβα ρύζαε ζο λεόρ.

Νί ραιβ Νείλλι ἰ ὕραῶ αρ α' ρρáιρο ζυρ εῦνναίε ρί α ἡαῶαιρ ἀζυρ ἔ αρ λεατ-μειρζε. Ιρ ζαίρτο ὁο βί ρί ρέιν ἀζυρ αν αῦιλιν εῦιτε ἀς ὁεαναμ α ἡζῆῶα. Νυαιρ το βίῶῶαιρ ὕλλαμ εῦν τεαέτ ἀβαίτε ὁο ὁειν Νείλλι α ὁίεαλλ α ἡαῶαιρ ὁο μέαλλαδ λεί, ἀέτ ní ραιβ μαίτεαρ το βειτ α ταῶαντ ἀιρ; ὁ'ῤαν ρέ ρέιν ἀζυρ Σέαμυρ αρ αν ρρáιρο ζο ὁαί τυιτιμ na ἡοῦῶε ἀζυρ ζο ραῶαῶαιρ ἀραον αρ μειρζε νό ἰ ἡζοίρραέτ ὁδ.

Ὕι ἀαῦιλλίν βεαζ εῦαερα ἀς Σέαμυρ Τάιλλιῦρα. Ὕι αν ὁῶαιρ ρεῦδ ἀζυρ αν οῦῶε ζεαλ, ἡ ὁά ἡβέαδ αν βειρε ρáρτα λειρ αν μέρο ὁο βί ὀιτα ἀα νυαιρ ράζαῶαιρ ρρáιρο CILL Ἀίρνε βέαδ αν ρζεαλ ζο μαίτ ἀα, ἀέτ ní ραῶαῶαιρ. Νυαιρ εῦαγῶαῶαιρ ζο Ὕρποίεαῶ na λεαμῆα βί ὁεοδ λε βειτ ἀα, ἡ νυαιρ βί αν ζαῶα ἀς τεαέτ ἀμαε αρ αν ὁερκαῦιλλ τυιτ ρέ αρ ρλεαρζ α ὕρῶαα αρ αν ἡβῶῶαιρ, ἀζυρ 'ραν αν εῦαῶα ὁο εῦρ ρυῶ εῦζῖν αν ἀαῦιλλ αρ ριῦῶαλ. Ἐῦαιδ αν ἡοῶ τρεαρῆα λáιμε Ταιῶζ. Ὕο ρζῆεαῶ αν ρεαρ ὁοῶτ εὐμ ζέαρ ρῖν ζυρ ριῦτ na ὁαοινε ἀμαε εῦιζε, ἀζυρ νυαιρ εῦννααῶαῶαιρ ἔ ρῖντε αρ αν ἡβῶῶαιρ ραοιλεαῶαῶαιρ ζο ραιβ α λáιμ ὕρῖτε, ἀέτ ní ραιδ.

Ὕα μόρ αν ní ζο ραιβ αν ὁοῶῶῦρ 'ἡ-α εὐνῆαῦῶε αρ εῦαῶῖβ αν ὁῶῶαιρ ἀς Ὕρποίεῶῖν na Σρῖῶῶῶιζε; βί ρέ ἀς βαίτε. Ταρ εῦρ ρέαῶαῖντ αρ λáιμ αν ζαῶα 'ρέ ὁυῶαίρε αν ὁοῶῶῦρ, “Νί'λ ὁον εῦῆαμ ὕρῖτε, ἀέτ βεῦδ ρέ ταῦαλλ ζο ἡβείδ ζῆεῦῶμ ἀζατ αρ ἀρῦρ, α Ταιῶζ.” Ὕο ὕ'ρπιτ ὁῶραν; βί αν ζαῶα ρáιτε ζαν ὁον ἡῖδ ὁο 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 óC cun cabruSáD le TaoS.

"An ríreallairín ruSaiS," arra TaoS, nuair a cúala ré caD Dubairt a Duine muinteairDa, "tá fíor aSám-ra go maic caD tá 'n-a ceann; acC béir an rSéal go cruairD oim-ra nó rapócaD-ra é." Nuair cúala EoSan Ua LaoSairS caD do tuit amac ar áCair Neillí níor b'fáD go maib ré aS uoirar 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," arra EoSan, "tura beic maí 'taoi, 7 San don'ne aSac acC tú féin. An féiríir líom-ra don níD do Déanam tuit?"

"Ní feaDair," arra 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 oDair a bheic uair-re. Maí a bfuil don Sabá eile aSac fóir cuirfeacD-ra mo púinntíreacC cúSac San móill."

"Go maib maic aSac," arra TaoS, aS cur lámS réláC amac aSúr aS bheic 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 fúil aSám leac, acC bí eagla oim dá oíocfá féinS go mbéacD m'áCair ríD-SoirSéac leac, maí bí fíor aSám go maic ná maib ré ríD-buirDeac díot."

"Ní móir ír féiríir líom a Déanam, acC DéanraD mo díceall; aSúr tá 'r aSac-ra, a Neillí, go nDéanraínn móran ar do fon-ra."

"Táim go han-buirDeac díot, a EoSan," arra Neillí, 7 luirne 'n-a cionnaCairb.

CuairD an Sabá óS ábailte 'r níor b'fáDa tar éir imteacC do go tóCainS Séamur Táillíra írDeac. Bí Neillí aS an uoirar.

"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. Βυαῖλ ρυαρ εῖυζε ; τάιμ-ρε ἀḡ βουλ ἀ ὀ’ιαρρηαῖὸ кана υῖρζε ὀ’ν ἀβαῖνν.”

Ὀ’ῤαν Σέαμουρ ταμαῖλ μαῖτ ἀσυρ νυαῖρ βῖ ρέ ἰμτῖγτε ὀο ḡλαὸ-αῖḡ Τὰὸς ἀρ Νεῖλλῖ εῖν ὀεὸς υῖρζε ρυαῖρ ὀο τὰβαῖρτ ὀὸ. “ Συρὸ ἀρ ἀ’ ḡατὰοῖρ ἄο ρόλλ, ἀ Νεῖλλῖ, ἀ εῖυὸ ; τὰ ἡυὸ εῖγῖν ἀḡαμ λε ἡάὸ λεατ.”

Ὀο ἡυὸ Νεῖλλῖ ἀρ ἀν ḡατὰοῖρ ἀḡ τὰοῖβ ἡα λεαβτα, ἀετ ḡαν εῖννε ἀῖα καὸ ὀο βῖ ’ἡ-α εεανν.

“ Τὰ εαḡλα οῖρη ἄο μβέαὸ ἰμ’ ἡαῖρτῖνεαδ, ἀ Νεῖλλῖ, ἰ ἡ-εαῖρβαῖλ μο ραὸḡαῖλ ; ἀετ βαὸ εῖμα ἡῖομ ὀά βῖρῖρῖνν τυῖρα ἀσυρ ὀο τεῖντεἀν ρέῖν ἀḡατ. ἡρ ὀὸκα ὀά μβέαὸ ἄο ραῖγῖνν-ρε εῖννε υαῖτ ἀνν.”

“ Τάιμ ράρτα μαρ ἀ βῖυῖλῖμ,” ἀρρα Νεῖλλῖ ; “ ἀσυρ ὀταοῖβ τυῖρα βεῖτ ἰὸ’ ἡαῖρτῖνεαδ, ἡῖ μαρ ρῖν ἀ βέῖὸ ἀν ρḡεαῖ ἀḡατ, λε κονḡἡαῖ ὀέ.”

“ ὀ’βῖρῖοῖρ ρῖν, ἀ ḡῖαὸ ; ἀετ μαρ ρῖν ρέῖν βαὸ ἡαῖτ ἡῖομ ὀά βῖρῖρῖνν εῖ ὀόρτα.”

“ ἡῖ’λ ἀον ρονν ὀόρτα οῖρη-ρα, ἀ ἀτῖρ, ἀσυρ ὀά μβέαὸ ρέῖν ἡῖ ἀνοῖρ ἀν τ-αμ εῖν βεῖτ ἀḡ εῖνḡἡεαῖ ἀῖρ.”

“ Τάιμ-ρε βουλ ἰ ἡ-αοῖρ, ἀετ βαὸ ἡόῖρ ἀν ράραῖ ἀῖγῖνὸ οῖρη ε ὀά μβέῖτεἀ-ρα ἰ ὀ’αῖτ βῖḡ ρέῖν. Τὰ ρεῖρημ βεαḡ ὀεαῖρ ἀḡ Σέαμουρ. Τάῖλλῖῖρα, ἡῖ’λ εῖορ τῖομ ἀῖρ, ḡ τὰ ḡῖορ ἀḡαμ ἡάε βῖυῖλ καῖῖν εῖτε ’ρα ράρρηῖρῖοε ὀο β’ῖεαῖρρ λε Σέαμουρ ἀ βεῖτ μαρ ἡἡαοῖ ἀῖḡε ἡά εῖ ὀῖν.”

“ Τάιμ ἀν-βυῖρδεαδ ὀο Σέαμουρ. ἡῖ λε ἡεαῖρβαῖὸ ἡἡά τῖḡε ἀ βέῖὸ ρέ ἀḡ ὀόρταὸ ; τυḡανν ἀ ἡάτῖρρ ἀῖρῖ ὀορ ἡα βυαῖβ ἀσυρ λεατἡανν ἀ ὀεῖρβῖρῖῖρ ἀν τ-αοῖλεαδ ἀρ ἡα ρῖάτῖ. ἀν βεαν-τῖεαβτα ἀτῖ υαῖὸ ἀνοῖρ ? ”

Ὀ’ορḡαῖλ Τὰὸς ἀ ρῖῖτε. ἡῖ ἡαῖβ ἀον εῖννε ἀῖḡε ἡά βεαὸ ἀ ἡḡεαν ράρτα λε Σέαμουρ ὀο ὀόρταὸ. Βῖαν ἀ ἡουβαῖρτ ρῖ ἀν τ-ανάλ ὀε ἀσυρ ἡῖ ἡαῖβ’ ḡῖορ ἀῖḡε καὸ ὀο β’ῖεαῖρρα ὀὸ ὀο ἡάὸ ἀετ ἰ ḡεανν ταμαῖλ ὀυαῖρτ ρέ—

“ Σαοῖλεαρ, ἀ Νεῖλλῖ, ἄο ἡαβαῖρ ρέῖν ἀσυρ Σέαμουρ Τάῖλλῖῖρα ἡῖντεαῖρῖὸα ἄο λεὸρ λε εῖτε.”

“ Τάῖἡῖὸ, ἀρ ρον ἡάε βῖυῖλῖμ ἡὸ-βυῖρδεαδ ὀε ὀταοῖβ οῖβῖρ ἀν λαε ἡἡέ.”

“ ḡοὸ ε ἀν λεῖḡεαῖ ἀ βῖ ἀῖḡε ἀῖρ ? ”

“ ὀά μβέαὸ ρέ ’ρα βαῖτε ἀḡ τὰβαῖρτ ἀῖρῖ ὀά ḡἡὸ ρέῖν, ἡ-αῖτ βα εῖορῖ ὀὸ βεῖτ, τῖορῖά-ρα ἀβαῖτε ἡῖομ-ρα, ἀσυρ ἡῖ βέῖρῖτεἀ μαρ ἀταοῖ ἡἡοῖυ.”

“ Ταοῖ ἡὸ-εῖυαῖὸ ἀρ Σέαμουρ βὸετ, ἀ Νεῖλλῖ. εῖδεανν εῖ ḡῖρ ἡἡῖνῖ ἀ τḡανν ρέ εῖν κονḡἡαῖ ἀ τὰβαῖρτ ὀοἡ-ρα νυαῖρ ἀ βῖἡ

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' béal '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 béinn 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 zoirctighe com móir rin go bfuil eagla oim ná béid don maít ann go deó. Tá an fear boct buadairta go leór, áct 'ré an ruo ír mó tá cupr air anoir, zan Neilli beit póirta."

"D'fearra duit féin i pórad, a Séamur. Ní fuláir nó tá máirle beas airgid as TadóS, asur tá Neilli 'n-a cailín ciall-mair."

"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 zoirctighe 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'iarra 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 ngnóta 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. 'D'imtíς lá nó 'dó mar reo 7 san tuíar as Eoḡain ar an gceárhoáain. Arpa Taús le Neillí :

“ A bpeaca tú Eoḡain iníou nó iníe ? ”

“ Ní feaca, ” arpa Neillí.

“ Tá rúil asam nac bfuil don ní air. Ní raib re anro 'nir ó árnuḡad 'nóe ; ní feodar cao tá a coimeád. ”

“ Ní'l fíor asam-ra, ” adubairt ríre, acé bí amíar aici, mar cuala rí rḡeal an cleamḡair.

Ír 'dóca ná raib Eoḡain ró-fárta 1 n'aisnead. Bí fonn ír faiccear air. Baḡ maít leir tuíar 'do tabairt anonn go ceárhoáain Taús, acé mar rín féin bí beasán náire air géillead go raib buadairt air. Bí ré as obair go dian, acé ba cuma 'dó beít díomáoin nó ḡnóac, níor b'féoir leir pórad Neillí 'do cur ar a ceann.

Trátnóna an tarra lá, nuair 'do bí veiread le hobair an lae asur an ceárhoáca dúnta, buail Eoḡain tpearna na páircanna, asur bí ré as cur 'de go 'dánis ré amac ar an mbótar 1 n-aice tíge na ceárhoáain. Bí Neillí as an 'dorar.

“ Cannor tá t'áair, a Neillí ? ” arpa Eoḡain.

“ Tá ré 'dul 1 bpeadar. Tar írteac. Ní'l ré leat-uair ó bí ré as caint orc. Bí ionḡnad air go raḡair cóm fáda san bualaḡ írteac cúige. ”

“ Ní béad as 'dul írteac anoir, a Neillí. Tá 'deab'ad orc. ”

“ 'N é rín Eoḡain, a Neillí ? ” arp' an ḡaba.

“ 'Sé, a áair. ”

“ Cao 'n-a taob nac bfuil ré teacé írteac ? ”

“ 'Deir ré go bfuil 'deab'ad air, a áair. ”

“ 'Abair leir teacé írteac. Tá ḡnó asam 'de. ”

'Do buail Eoḡain írteac.

Arpa an ḡaba, “ Cá raḡair le reacéimain ? 'Díor cun rḡeala cur anonn cúḡac féacáint cao a bí orc. ”

“ Ó ! ní raib ríoc orc, acé go raḡar an-ḡnóac, asur ḡur fáoirlear go mbéad ruḡ éisín eile búr ḡcur tré 'n-a céile 'ná ríḡ a beít a cuimneam' orc-ra. ”

“ Acé go mbéad mo lám bacac rlan asam arír, asur buirdeac'ar le 'Dia tá rí 'dul cun cinn go maít, ní béad don ní as cur buad-airta oráinn. ”

“ 'Go veimín, ní cúir buadairta an rḡeal asair, acé a máairt, asur go n-éiríḡ'ó búr bpórad lib, ” arpa Eoḡain, asur tocé 'n-a cpoirde.

“ Arú ḡoo é an pórad ? ” arpa Taús ḡaba.

“ Nac bfuil Neillí asur Séamur Táillíura le beít pórtá 1 noiaró an 'Craíḡir ? ”

“ Ríarráḡ 'do Neillí féin an fíor é nó bpeas. ”

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, άσυρ νί θέιρό σο θεό,” άρρα Νελλι, άσυρ άμαό αν τοπαρ λέι.

Άρ ρεαό ταμαίλλ νίον λαβαίρ δον’νε το’ν θείρτ φοαλ:

“Ό’φέροιρ, α Ταύς,” άρρα Εοζαν, “σο υταδσρρά Νελλι όαμ-ρα?”

“Σέ ιρ ρεαρρα όύιτ αν όείρτ ριν α όυρ όυιόί ρέιν.”

Άσυρ το όυιρ, άσυρ νί ζάβαό ιννριντ α’ό έ αν ρρεαζρρα ρυαίρ ρέ ό Νελλι. Όι αν ραρρόιρθε άς μαζαό ρά Σέαμυρ Τάιλλιύρα; άότ ρυαίρ ρέ ρτοπόιζιν θεαζ ό Στεανν να ζκοίλεαό ná ραίθ ρό-όζ άότ σο ραίθ ρίόε ράντ ρρριέρό άιόι.

Τ Α Σ Ρ Α :

Αλλαιόιρ—deafness.

Ραβαλίνι βό—miserable cows.

Άρ τόζάιτ—“lifting,” not able to lift themselves owing to winter want.

Ζαό άρ α ρεαό ορ ζαό ρε ρεαό—every second word, “one word borrowed another.”

Ιρ ζεαίρτο = ιρ ζεαίρ = ιρ ζοίρτο—soon, very soon.

Άρ ιν’ανάμ—by my soul. The m is aspirated.

Ραίρρέαίρ—dispensation from banns.

Μύιρλε θεαζ άιρζιό—α little lump of money.

Τοότ ’να όρτοιόε—α load at his heart.

Sean-ζρροζα—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 βρεακάθ ἀν ὕβαιλλ,
 Ὁε! ἢςρεαθὰμ οἷτ ἀνοιρ, οἷρ ἄρῳ,
 Ὁ ἢρ τε ὅο ἡράρα τὰ μέ ἀς ἢνιλ.

τὰ μέ ἰ η-ἀοιρ, ἀ'ἢ ὅο ἐπίον μο βιάτ,
 ἢρ ἰομῶα ἰά μέ ἀς ὅυλ ἀμῦς',
 Ὅο εὐιτ μέ ἰ βρεακάθ ἀνοιρ ἢαοι ὅτράτ,
 Ἀετ τὰ ἢα ἡράρα ἀν ἰάμ ἀν ὕαιη.

ἢυαιρ βἰ μέ ὅς β'ολε ἰαῶ μο ἐπέτε,
 ὅυῶ μῶρ μο ἢπέρ ἰ ἢεἰῖρ ἢἢ ἰ η-εαεἢανη,
 ὅ'ἢεαρἢ ἢομ ἡο μῶρ ἀς ἢμἢτ ἢἢ ἀς ὅι
 Ἀἢ μαιῳη Ὅθἢἢηαις ἢά ἐμἢλλ εὐμ Ἀἢἢἢηη.

ἢἢορ ὅ'ἢεαρἢ ἢομ ἢυῶδε ἢἢ ἀἢε εαἢἢη ὅἢς
 ἢά ἢε ἢἢαοι ἢῶρτα ἀς εἢἢἢδεαετ τἢμἢλλ,
 Ὅο ἢἢοηηαιῶ μῶρα ὅο βἰ μέ τἢβἢρτα
 Ἀςυρ ὅρῦἢρ ἢο ἢῶἢε ἢἢορ ἢεἢς μέ ἐἢρἢη.

ἢεακάθ ἀν ὕβαιλλ, μο ἐἢάῶ ἢἢ μο ἢεἢη!
 ἢἢ ἢ ἢἢἢ ἀν ἢαῶἡἢ ἢἢἢ ἡεἢἢ ἀν ὅεἢτ ἢ
 Ἀ'ἢ ὅ'ἢ εοἢἢ ἀν εἢραορ ἀτὰ ἢἢἢε ἢἢορ,
 ἢἢἢἢ ὅρῶἢἢἢῶ ἢῶρα ἀν ἢ'ἢἢἢἢῶὅετ.

ἢἢ οἢἢη, ἢἢἢαορ! τὰ ἢα εοἢἢεαεἢ ἢῶρα,
 Ἀετ ὅἢἢἢῶεἢῶ ὅὅἢβ ἢἢ ἢἢἢἢἢ τἢμἢλλ,
 ἡἢε ἢἢῶ βυαιλ ἀἢυαρ ἀν μο εἢἢἢἢἢ ἢῶρ,
 Ἀ Ρίξ ἢἢ ἡἢῶἢἢε ἢἢἢ ἢἢἢἢἢἢἢ ἢ'ἢἢἢἢ.

* *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 ἑσπαις αν λα ἀ'ρ νιορ τὸς μέ αν ράλ,
 Νο ζυρ ιθεαὸ† αν βάρη ανν αν κυρ τῷ οὐιλ,
 Δετ ἀ ἀρηθ-μυς αν ἑρητ, ανοιρ πέρθ μο ἐάρ,
 Δ'ρ τε ρρυτ να ηζιάρη ρλυε μο ρύιλ:

Ἰρ τε το ζιάρη το ζλαν τῷ Μάηη,
 Δ'ρ ραορ τῷ Ὀαίβιθ το ριννε αν αιτησε,
 Το τυς τῷ Μαοιρε ρλάν ὄ'η μβάταθ,
 'S τὰ εροτυζαθ λάοιρ ζυρ ραορ τῷ αν ζαουιθε.

Μαρ ἰρ ρεααε μέ ναε νθεαρνα ρτόρ,
 Νά ρόλαρ μόρ το Ὀια νά Μυηη,
 Δετ ράε μο βρῶη τὰ μο εοιρεαεα ρόμην,
 Μαρ ρεθιλ μέ αν ρεόρ αν αν μέαρ ἰρ ρυιθε.

Α Ρις να Ἐιόηηε τὰ λάν θε ζιάρη,
 'S τῷ ριννε βεθιρ ἀ'ρ ριον θε'η υηρε,
 Ἰε βεαζάν αράηη το ρυαρ τῷ αν ρλυαζ,
 Οε! ρηεαρθαη ρόηρ αζυρ ρλάναις μηρε.

Ο ἀ Ἰορα Ἐρῖορτ ἀ ὄ'ρλυαιης αν ράηρ,
 Δ'ρ το ἀθλαεαθ, μαρ το βι τῷ ὑμάλ,
 Κυηημ κυηημῶ* μ'αναμα αρ το ρζάε,
 Δ'ρ αρ υαιρ μο βάηρ νά ταβαηρ ὀαη κύλ.

Α Ὀαιηηῖοζαιη ῥάηηταιρ, μάταιρ ἀ'ρ μαηζθεαν.
 Σζαεάν να ηζιάρη, αιηγεαλ ἀ'ρ ναομ,
 Κυηημ κοραιη μ'αναμα αρ το λάηη,
 Ο τὸς μο ράηητ, 'ρ βερθ μέ ραορ.

* "Κυηημῶ" ἰ ζοηηαεαηε, ἰ η-άηε "κομαιηε," .7. ὀίοηηη.

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 ζεαρρ ζο υεηρεαηναό ηά ζο θρηάτ,
 Δζυρ ρυαζρηαιμ ράιρτ αν Ριζ ηα η'Ούλ.

Ιρ κυαιλε ζαν ηάιτ μέ ι ζκοιρηέαιλ ράιλ.*
 Νο ιρ κορηύιλ λε βάο μέ α έαιλλ α ρτιύρ,
 Όο υρηρρηόε αρτεαό α η-αζαίο έαρηαιζ 'ρα 'θρηάιζ†
 'S υο υεθεαό τά βάταό 'ρηα τοηηταίο 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 ορτ!

Όο *άρηα, αν υόυρ, ηιλε 'ρ οότ ζεευο,
 Αν ρίε ζο βεαότ, ι ζεεαηη υο υο-υέαζ,
 Ό'η αν έυρηηιηζ Κρηόρτ υο ηευθ αν ζεαταίο;
 Ζο υοι αν βλιαόαιη α ηυεαρηηαίο Ρεαότρηαιζ αν αιτιμζε:

* Aliter, "ιρ κυαιλε κορη μέ ι η-έαυαη ράιλ," G.

† = ραιρηζε. Aliter, "αν θρηαό ηα τρηά."

‡ Aliter, "υεθεαό 'ζά βάταό 'ρ α έαιλλρεαό α ρηάη"; 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 Reachtúra.)

Éirighíde ruar tá 'n cúrra as teannaó uib,
 Bíod cloídeam a' r pleas asuib i bfaodan zeur,
 Ir zearr uaid an Cúis, tá 'n dáta caíte,
 Mar rzeiríob na hAbroail na naoim 'r an éleir;
 Tá an coinneall le múcaó tuz lúiteir larta leir,
 Aet teiríob ar buir nglánaib a' r iarraíob aetcuinge,
 Zuiríob an tUan 'r beiríob an lá as na Catolcais,
 Tá an Mhuíman tpe lapaó 'r an Chúir d'á pléiú.

Tá 'n dá Chúise Múman ar riubal, 'r ni rtaóraio
 Zo leasraíob uóib veasmaó a' r cíor dá péir,
 'S dá utuzraíob uóib congnaíob a' r éire [do] fearraíob
 Uheiríob zártaíob las a' r zac beanna péir.
 Uheiríob Zail ar a z-cúl, a' r zan teact ar air aca,
 Asur 'Orangemen' bhuíste i zcúmar* zac baile 'Zainn
 Uheiríob a' r Júrúf i vteac cúirte as na Catolcais'
 Sacrana marb, 'r an éróin ar Zhaeóeal.

* Szrióbea "ingóeóin" 'ran ms. mar labairtear z-z-Connaétaib é.

† 'S é "coirte" an t-ainm ceair coitíonin aet veir an Reachtúra "Júrú" le "comára," no com-fuaim, uo véanaíob le "cúl" asur "bhuíste."

* *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 bíáe dšur fá r ar crannaid,
 Snuaó 'sur rnar dšur d'púéc ar feur.
 Feicfiró ríó fán a' r neam-áiró ar Shacranaidš,
 Á r námáiró le fán dšur leasáó a' r lear (?) orra,
 Teinnteaáca cnám ann šac á r dš na Catolcaidš,
 'S nac rin í šan bhabac (?) an Chúir d'á pléiró:

†
 Ir ionda fear breáš faoi an trát ro teilgte*
 O Chorca šo h-Innir 'r šo Daile Roircré,
 dšur buacáillíóe bána le fán dš imteaóe
 O fíáiró Chille-Chainniš šo "Dantri Dae."
 Ácť ionpócairó an cá r d'á 'r béiró lám máit dšainn-ne
 Searfairó an máó ar élar na h-imirte,
 D'á bfeicfirinn-re an fára o rhorcláirše šo Diorra 'rria
 Sheinnfirinn šo deimín an Chúir d'á pléiró:

*Lá dairtear an focal ro mar "teilte." Ir focal coitíonn i šConnacáiró é.
 Ir ionnann "bí ré teilgte" 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.
 Inóócáiró 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 cuirreáó dáois bail 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 éoróair cíod ar éoró',
 Tá an éarrais faoi 'na ruidé nac bpleurzfair.

Ir ríorruide rean an Chúirt do railead tabairt anuar
 Ácť ré méaraim-re zur níd nac réirir,
 Tá naoim readar le n-a bhuac d'zur Cúirt [do] éur an rluaz
 Á'r congbóair ríad na h-uain le éite.

Ádaltanur 'r t'riur do t'rais an rseul ar t'úir,
 Ázur Hanriaoi an t-óct do t'reis a éite,

Ácť díogaltar rít á'r ruais ar "Orangemen" go luat
 nac b'ruair aríam an "confractation."

* Ir corimúil go raib an t'rean-éarraisreacť reo i g-cuimne ag an Reachtúra.

Nuar éailtrefar an leóman a nearť
 'S an pótanán breac a b'riť,
 Seimríd an élarreacť go binn binn
 t'oir a h-óct d'zur a naoi.

Ir corimúil go mearfann re an ríriortúir d'zur rean-éarraisreacťa le
 éite! Labairtear "baogal" mar "baogal" ann ro, ácť "naoimta" mar
 "naeimta." Dá b'oirreacť ré ó'á rann éunfaid ré "baéfal" óe "baogal"
 d'zur "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.

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 gacár aet rgeim* as meallad uainn an tréio
 Agus diultaisiú 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 congobócaid ré ar na caoréaid gáirda,
 An riuoc i g-cac ná i ngliaé nári díol an páir ariamh
 Agus fearfaid ré anasaid Dúrcáig a' r Dálais.
 Tá Clanna Gall 'n ár n-oiag mar beirdead maora alla ar rliab
 Dheid' as iarraid an t-uan do foiré ó'n máctair.
 Aet [r] O Ceallais deunfad a bfiadac 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 riuocad breus ar úgðair,
 A mbiobla ar bári a méar, as dearbhužad 'ran éiteac,
 Aet iocfaid ríad i n-veire cúire.
 Fear gan maðarc gan léigean a míni gear dáoiú an rgeul,
 Raifteirid o'éirt le ar' toubraó,
 '[S] aoiré go flaitear Dé nac macaid 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 bḡeicḡimiro śacraua
 leasḡa ar lār!

Δ Όια ḡur ḡoiru
 An lā 'ḡur an uair,
 Δ bḡeicḡimiro 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 cūicḡiḡāḡ
 An lā rin, a' r luac;

Luac na fola
 Ōo ōōirḡ rī 'na rḡuḡ;
 Fuil na bḡeasr bān
 Δḡur fuil na bḡeasr ōub;

Luac na ḡcḡoirde rin
 Ōo bḡir rī ḡo tiuḡ,
 Cḡoirōte bi bān
 Δḡur cḡoirōte bi ōub:

Luac na ḡcḡām
 Tā ō'ā mbānuḡāḡō anōiā;
 Cḡāmā na m bān
 Δḡur cḡāmā na n'Ōub:

Luac an ocasair
 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-ḡndianac
 (ḡruaḡ a ḡcár),
 Luac na n-ḡirruceac
 Cuir rí cum báir.

Luac na n-ḡreannac
 Céar rí ar eḡoir,
 Luac ḡac cinḡ
 O'á nḡearnaid rí rḡrioir.

Luac na milliún
 Oo lúb rí 'r' oo ḡuir,
 Luac na milliún
 Fá ocuir anoir.

Δ ḡḡearna ḡo ḡuitḡ
 Δr mullaḡ a cinn
 Mallaḡt na nḡaoime
 Oo tuit le n-a linn.

Mallaḡt na ruarac
 Δ'r mallaḡt na mbeaḡ,
 Mallaḡt na n-anḡfann,
 Δ'r mallaḡt na laḡ.

Ni eirteann an ḡḡearna
 Le mallaḡt na móir,
 Δct eirḡrḡ Sé coirḡce
 Le orna faoi deḡir.

Eirḡrḡ Sé coirḡce
 Le caoinead na mboct,
 S tá caointe na míltḡ
 O'á rḡaoitead 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 ngarraite:

Ir déirdeanaó aréir do labair an sáóar oir;
 Do labair an naoráó 'ra' éurraicín doimín oir;
 Ir tu io' "caogaíó donair" ar fuo na scoilte;
 'S go raóair san céile go bráó go bfaóair me.

Do gellair dam-ra, asur o'innrir bheas dam,
 So mbeiréá romam-ra as eir na gcaoraó;
 Do leigear feaó asur trí céaó glaoóáó éuzat,
 'S ní bfuairar ann aét uan a' méiró.

Do gellair dam-ra, ní ba deacair duit,
 Longear óir fá érann-reoil airisio;
 Óá baile déas do bailtíó marraíó;
 Ir cúiric bheasó dolóá 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 Dómnail óis, b'feairt duit mire aḡac
 'Ná bean uafal uairneac iomarcac;
 Do éiríodáinn bó aḡur do-ḡeanáinn cuisean duit;
 Ir, dá mbaḡ éiruarḡ é, do buairfínn buille leat.

Oc, ocón, aḡur ní le hocpar,
 Uirnearba bíḡ, oíge, ná coḡlata,
 Fá ndearr damra beic tanairde triudalḡa;
 Acḡ trád rir óis ir é breoirḡ zo follur me!

Ir moḡ ar mairin do connac-ra an t-óisfeair
 Ar muin éarail aḡ sabail an bḡair;
 Níor ḡruir fé liom ir níor éuir fé rḡrḡḡ orin;
 'S ar mo éarḡḡ abairte dam 'r eadḡ do ḡoilear mo bḡairin:

'Nuair éiríom-re féin zo Tobair an Uairnir,
 Suríom ríor aḡ déanam buairte,
 Nuair éim an raḡal ir ná feicim mo buacail;
 Zo raib rḡail an ómair 1 mbair 1 ḡruarḡa.

Siúḡ é an Dómnac do éuḡar trád duit,
 An Dómnac úirneac roim Dómnac Cárga;
 Ir mire ar mo ḡláimib a' léigead na páire,
 'S eadḡ bí mo dá fúil a ríor-tairte an trádḡ duit:

Ó! adé, a máirín, tabair mé féin do,
 Ir tabair a bfuil aḡac do'n traḡal zo léir do;
 Éiríḡ féin aḡ iarrairḡ déirce,
 Aḡur ná ḡab riar ná amair im' éileam:

Dubairte mo máirín liom ḡan labairte leat
 Inniu ná 1 mbairneac ná Dia Dómnaiḡ,
 Ir olc an traḡḡ do éuḡ rí raḡa dam,
 'S é "óúnaḡ an dorair é tar éir na raḡla."

Tá mo ériode-re comḡ dúb le háirne,
 Nó le ḡual dúb a béad 1 ḡeáirdeáin,
 Nó le bonn bróige béad ar hallaib bána;
 'S ḡur deimr lionn dúb díom or cionn mó fláinte:

'Do báimr roim díom, ir do báimr riar díom,
 'Do báimr roimam, ir do báimr im' diair díom,
 'Do báimr ḡealac, ir do báimr ḡruan díom,
 'S ir ró-móir m'eagla ḡur 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 éoin aç çaoineað çaoðal;
 'Sé mo éar a beir míle míle i çéin,
 Ó bÁn-Énoic Éireann óg:

Bídeann barrá boç rím ar éoin-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 dtír na h-Éireann;
 bÁn-Énoic Éireann óg!
 A' r' fearaóin çnoide ná claoíðreac ceuota
 Ar bÁn-Énoic Éireann óg!
 m' fadóirre çnoide 'r mo çuimne rçeul,
 íao aç çallaóic ríor fá çreim, mo leun i
 'S a mbailte o'á roinn fá éior go daor,
 bÁn-Énoic Éireann óg!

Ír fairrínç 'r ír móir íao çruaca na h-Éireann,
 bÁn-Énoic Éireann óg!
 A çeuid meala 'çur uacair a'çluairéac 'na rlaoda,
 Ar bÁn-Énoic Éireann óg:
 Raçaró mé ar cuairt no ír luac mo faoçal,
 'O'n talam beaç fuairç rin ír dual 'o çaoðal!
 'S go mb'fearra líom 'ná duair oá uairéac 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 fáma i ngleannuib ceo
 'S na rrocta 'ran tramha 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 rláinte a mbáir na déire;
 A mbán-énoic Éireann óg.
 Da binne 'ná meura ar téaduib ceoil,
 Seinn 'sur géimpead a laog 'r a mbó,
 Aghur taitneam na gneine orca doirca '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 TEINEADÓ : 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 innirint !

SILE. Mar rin ní rcaoraó Cáit ní Bhacalla ac am' ppiocaó:

CÁIT. Thuair d'éitead ! Ní raar-ra ad' ppiocaó, a éall tain !

SOB. Ná bac i féin, a Cáit; ní raib doinne' dá ppiocaó ac i dá leigint uirreí.

SILE. Do bí, artoin; agur muna mbeidead go raib, ní liug-fainn:

NÓRA. Abair le PEG nac liugfair anoir, a Shile, 7 inneoraíó rí rgeul dúinn.

SILE. Ní liugfao, a PEG, pé ruo imteoraíó oim:

PEG. Má'r ead, ruis anro am' aice, i urreo ná feudraíó doinne' tú ppiocaó san fíor dom.

CÁIT. Bidead seall go bpiocraíó an cat i. A coice bis, beidead rgeul bpeag againn, muna mbeidead tú féin 7 do éuro liugraige.

SOB. Éirt, a Cháit, no cuirreir ag sul i, 7 beidmío san rgeul. Má cuirreair fearg ar PEG, ní inneoraíó rí don rgeul anoct. Sead anoir, a PEG, tá sac doinne' ciuin, ag bpat ar rgeul uait.

PEG. Bí fear ann fao ó, 7 ir é ainm do bí air, Seadna; 7 gneuraide b'ealó é; bí tig beag deap clúctmar aige, aig bun enuic, ar taob na foicine; bí cataoir fúgan aige do dein pé féin do féin, 7 ba gnát leir fuidé innti um tráctóna, 'nuair bidead obair an lae críocnuigte; 7 'nuair fuidéad pé innti, bidead pé ar a fártact. Bí meabóg mine aige, ar cpocaó i n-aice na teinead; 7 anoir 7 aríó cuirread pé a lám innti, 7 tógaó pé lán a duirn de'n mín, 7 bidead dá cogaint ar a fuaimneap. Bí crann uball ag fáir ar an urtaob amuic de doirur aige, 7 'nuair bidead tarit air, ó beit ag cogaint na mine, cuirread pé lám 'ra crann ran, 7 tógaó pé ceann de 'rna n-ublaib, 7 o'itead pé é—

SILE. O a Thairair! a PNEG, náir deap é !

PEG. Ciaco, an cataoir, 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! Kafé, 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.

Péig. Iy maic cum plámáir tú, a Sobnuic.

Sob. Iy fearr cum na rseul túra, a Pheig. Cionnup d'ímtig le Seadhna?

Péig. Lá dá maib ré aig déanamh bhrós, túg ré fé n-deara ná maib a tuille leatáir aige, ná a tuille rnáite, ná a tuille céiréad. Bí an taoibín déiréanac fúar, 7 an srim déiréanac curca; 7 níorb fuláir do toul 7 adbar do folácar pul a dhfeutoradh ré a tuille bhrós do déanamh.

Do glúair ré ar maidin, 7 bí trí ríllinge 'n-a póca, 7 ní maib ré aet míle ó'n tciú 'nuair buail dhúine boct uime, aig iarráir déirce. "Tabair dom déirce ar ron an tSlánúigíteora, 7 le h-anmannáib do márb, 7 tar ceann do pláinte," ar an dhúine boct. Thuig Seadhna rílling do, 7 anraan ní maib aige aet dá rílling. Dubairc ré leir féin go mbféidir go ndéanfadh an dá rílling a shó.

Ní maib ré aet míle eile ó baile 'nuair buail bean boct uime, 7 i cor-noctúigíte. "Tabair dom consnaó éigin," ar riri, "ar ron an tSlánúigíteora, 7 le h-anmannáib do márb, 7 tar ceann do pláinte." Do glac truaige bí é, 7 túg ré rílling bí, 7 d'ímtig rí. Do bí don rílling amáin annraon aige, aet do tiomáin ré leir, a bhrac air go mbuailfeadh rianr éigin uime do cuirfeadh ar a cumup a shó a déanamh. Níorb fáda sup caradh air leand 7 é aig sul le fuact 7 le h-ocrair. "Ar ron an tSlánúigíteora," ar an leand, "tabair dom puo éigin le n-íte." Bí tús órta i ngar dób, 7 do éuair Seadhna írteac ann, 7 ceannúig ré bhríe aráin 7 túg ré cum an leimb 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 fáilí 7 'n-a ceanaicáib, i tceo go dtáinig ríannraó ar Sheadhna.

Site. Dia linn! a péig, iy dóca sup tuic Seadhna boct i luige.

Péig. Níorb tuic; aet má'r ead, ba díceall do. Chom luac aigur d'feud ré labairc, dubairc 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 túgair déirce do anoiu ar ron an tSlánúigíteora, 7 anoir tá trí gúide aigat le ríáil ó Dia na glóire. Iarr ar Dia don trí gúide iy toil leat, 7 geobair iad; aet tá don comairte amáin aigampa le tabairc tuic,—ná deairmuid an Tríóaire."

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 dailtín a tagann ar teac, ní fuláir leir ruidé innce. An ceud duine eile a fuirir innce, aót mé féin, go sceanlaib ré innce!” “Faire, faire! a Sheadhna,” ar’ an t-aingeal; “rin ghuide bheag imtígte gan cairbe. Tá dá ceann eile aghat, 7 ná dearmuid an t-ócaire.” “Tá,” arsa Seadhna, “mealbóigín mine agham ’ra baile, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann ar teac, ní fuláir leir a doirn a fácaid innce. An ceud duine eile a cuirir lám ’ra mealbóigín rin, aót mé féin, go sceanlaib ré innce,—feuc!” “O a Sheadhna, a Sheadhna, ní’l fars aghat!” ar’ an t-aingeal. “Ní’l aghat anoir aót don ghuide amáin eile. Iar t-ócaire Dé do t’anam.” “O, ir fíor duit,” arsa Seadhna, “ba d’ócair dom é dearmuid. Tá crann beag uball agham i leat-taob mo doirn, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann an t-reo, ní fuláir leir a lám do cur i n-áirde 7 uball do rcaid 7 do bheir leir. An ceud duine eile aót mé féin, a cuirir a lám ’ra crann roin, go sceanlaib ré ann—O! a daoine!” ar reiréan, agh rghairtead ar ghairde, “nac agham a beir an rporc orra!”

‘Nuair táinig ré ar na t-áirde, d’feuc ré ruar 7 bí an t-aingeal imtígte. ‘Dein ré a máctnam air féin ar fead tamail maic, il fé deiréad riar tal, duairé ré leir féin: “feuc anoir, ní’r don amadán i n-éirinn ir mó ioná mé! ‘Dá mbeiréad t-áirde ceangailte agham um an t-caca ro, duine ’ra’ cataoir, duine ’ra’ mealbóigín, 7 duine ’ra’ crann, cad é an maic do deairéar gan doirn 7 mé i b’ad ó baile, gan bia, gan deoc, gan aghat?” Ní túrge bí an méirín cainte máirde agh ná tu, ré fé n’deira ór a cómair amac, ’ran áit a maic an t-aingeal-feir fada caol duib, 7 é agh glinneamaint air, 7 teine éiréar agh tead ar a dá fúil n-a rpreadáb nime. Bí dá áirde air mar beiréad ar pocán gabair, 7 meiríoll fada liac-ghorm garb air, eirbóil mar beiréad ar márad ruad, 7 crúb ar cóir leir mar crúb cairb. ‘Do leat a beul 7 a dá fúil ar Sheadhna, 7 do rcaid a caint. I sceann tamail do labair an fear duib. “A Sheadhna,” ar reiréan, “ní gáid duit don eagla do beir ort róm-amra; ní’lim ar tí do díogbála. ‘Ba mian liom cairbe éigin do deanam duit, dá nglactá mo cómairle. ‘Do éoiréar tú, anoir beag, dá máid go rabadair gan bia, gan deoc, gan aghat. ‘Tuib-rainn-re aghat do d’ócair duit ar don cóingíoll beag amáin.” “Aghur sghradad t-áirde lár do rghair!” arsa Seadhna, 7 táinig a caint do; “nac feudá an méirín do máid gan duine do millead le?” curó glinneamna, ré h-é tú féin?” “Ir cuma duit cia h-é mé, aót deiréad an oiréad aghat duit anoir aghur ceannócaid

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 a sur coimead'faiò a s obair tã so ceann t'ri mbliadain n'oeus, ar an scoing'iol' ro—so o'cio'fai' liom an uair rin ?”

“A sur mã p'èid'cigim leat, cã ma'gmaois' an uair rin ?” “Cã beas tuit an c'èirt rin 'do c'uir, 'nuair beid an leat'ar i'ois'ce 7 beid'miò a s gluairead'c ?” “Tãir zeup'cúiread'—b'io'ò a s'at, feiceam an t-ai'g'ead.” “Tãir-re zeup'cúiread', feuc !” ‘Do c'uir an fear' t'ub a lãim 'n-a p'òca, 7 t'ar'raing' ré amac' r'parián m'òr, 7 ar an r'parián 'do leis' ré amac' ar a b'air' cap'n beas' o'òr' b'beas' buid'e.

“Feuc !” ar r'eirean ; 7 rin ré a lãim 7 c'uir ré an cap'n 'de p'io'fai'ò gl'eoir'ce gl'eineam'la ré f'uilib' Sheadhna b'oi'c't. ‘Do rin Seadhna a 'dã lãim, 7 'do leat'ad'ar a 'dã la'gar' cum an o'ir. “So p'èid' !” ar' an fear' t'ub, a s t'ar'raing'c an o'ir' c'uirge' a'f'ead' ; “ni' l' an ma'rg'ad' 'deanta' f'òr.” “B'io'ò 'n-a m'ar'g'ad' !” ar'ra Seadhna.

“San teip ?” ar' an fear' t'ub. “San teip,” ar'ra Seadhna.

“‘D'ar' b'ri'g' na m'ionn ?” ar' an fear' t'ub. “‘D'ar' b'ri'g' na m'ionn,” ar'ra Seadhna.

[An o'io'ce na 'd'ia'g' rin.]

N'òra. Seadh !—a p'eg—tã'ma'ois' an'ro—ar'ir—tã' r'ao'ar' o'rim—b'io'f' a s' i'c'—b'i' e'ag'la o'rim—so m'ber'ead' an r'geul' ar' r'iudal' r'om'am, 7 so m'ber'ead' c'uir' 'de c'ail'ce a s'am.

P'eg. Am' b'ri'at'ar' so b'fan'fama'ois' leat, a N'òra, a laois'. Ni' l' i' b'ead' ó tã'ing' Sobnuic.

Sob. Mar' rin 'do b'i' c'uir'ion' a s'am 'dã 'deunam', 7 b'è'igin' 'do'm'ra' t'ul' r'iar' leir' an im' so 'deul' an 'g'ear'ra, 7 'nuair' b'io'f' a s' tead' a b'ail'e an c'ò'm'g'ar, 'do tuit' an o'io'ce o'rim, 7 zeallaim' tuit' sur' bainead' p'ead' a'ram. ‘B'io'f' a s' c'uir'm'iu'g'ad' ar' Seadhna 7 ar' an o'ir' 7 ar' an b'fear' n'oub, 7 ar' na r'p'ead'ais' b'i' a s' tead' ar' a f'uilib', 7 mé a s' i'c' r'ul' a m'ber'oinn' 'de'ideana'c, 'nuair' t'ò'g'ar' mo' ceann' 7 ead' 'do c'ip'inn' a'c' an r'uo' 'n-a' f'ear'raim' ar' m' a'g'aid' 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 amharc dá dtuair air, do tiubraimn an leabair go raib a' d'arca air!

Nóra. A diamaire, a Sòbhuic, éir do beul, 7 ná bí dár mbo-
rad leo' gollánaib 7 leo' a' d'arcaib. A' d'arca ar an nGollán!
feuc air rin!

Sob. U' éir, dá mbeiréad féin ann, sur beas an fonn mazaib
do beiréad ort.

Sile. Feuc anoir! cia acá as coris an rgeil? U' éir go
gcuirfead cáit ní buacalla orm-ra é.

Cáit. Ní cuirfir, a Sile. Táir do' cáilin maic anocht, 7 tá
ana-éion asam ort. Mo shrád í rin! Mo shrád am' éiríde
irctis í!

Sile. Seo do' vínead! ran go mbeiréad fearis ort! 7 u' éir ná
dearrá "Mo shrád í rin!"

Nóra. Seo, reo! rtaoair, a cáilíníde. Mire 7 mo gollán ra
nóear an obair reo. Cait uait an rtoea roin, a pēs, 7 rgaoil
cúgáinn an rgeul. An bfuair Seadhna an rparán? Ir ionda
duine bí i ríocht rparáin o' rgaíl 7 nac bfuair.

Pēs. Com luac 7 tubairt Seadhna an focal, "dar bhris na
mionn!" do táinig atpugad shé ar an bfeair noib. Do noct
ré a fiacla ríor 7 rruar, 7 ir iad do bí go dlúite ar a
céile. Táinig ríor ríonáin ar a beul, 7 do teip ar Seadhna a
deunam amac cia 'co as gáiríde bí ré nó as opanntugad. Ac
'nuair o' feuc ré ruar. Ir an dá ríil air, ba dóbair go dtuicfad
an rgaillrad ceudna air a táinig air i rtorad. Do tuig ré go
maic ac as gáiríde bí an díolmuinead. Ní feacair ré maic
roime rin don dá ríil ba méara 'ná iad, don feucaint ba mall-
uighe 'ná an feucaint do bí aco, don élar eudain com uár, com
oroc-aigeanta teip an gclár eudain do bí or a gcionn. Níor
labair ré, 7 do r n' ré a díceal san a leigint air sur tuis ré
ré noeara an opanntugad. Le n-a linn rin, do leis an fear
tub an t-ór amac air ar a bair, 7 do cómairim.

"Seo!" ar reiréan, "a Seadhna. Sin céad punt asat ar an
gceud rillling túgair uait moiu. An bfuilir díolta?"

"Ir móir an bheir í!" arfa Seadhna. "Dad éoir go bfuilim."

"Cóir nó eugéoir," arfa an fear tub, "an bfuilir díolta?"
7 do gheiruis 7 do bhorruis ar an nopanntugad.

"Ó! táim díolta, táim díolta!" arfa Seadhna, "go raib
maic asat-ra."

"Seo! má' read," ar reiréan. "Sin céad eile asat ar an
dara rillling túgair uait moiu."

"Sin í an rillling túgair do'n mnaoi a bí cor-noctuisge."

"Sin í an rillling túgair do'n mnaoi uapail ceudna."

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 agham aet rílling eile i n-a diaid?”

“Má ba bean uapal i! Dá mbeidead a fíor aghat! Sin i an bean uapal do mill mise!”

Le linn na b'ocal rann do máo do, do táinig eiré cor 7 lám air, do r'ead an d'annantán, do luig a ceann riar ar a míneal, d'feuc ré ruar inr a' r'péir, táinig d'ruic báir air 7 clód cuirp ar a ceannadaid.

'Nuair éonnaic Seadhna an iompáil lí rin, táinig iongnad a éiríde air.

“Ní fuláir,” ar r'eirean, so neamhguiread, “nó ní hé reo an céad uair aghat ag a'iread'tain tead't táirri ríú.”

Do léim an fear d'ub. Do buail ré buille dá éiríde ar an t'alam, i d'ireo gur éiré an r'ódo do bí ré cor Seadhna.

“Ciorrúad ort!” ar' eirean. “Éir't do beul no b'ar'f'ar t'ú!”

“Sadhaim pártóin aghat, a duine uapal!” ar'ra Seadhna, so mod'amail, “ceapar so mb' éiríde gur b'raon beas do bí ólta aghat, d'mádo 'r gur t'ugair céad punt mar m'alairt ar rílling dam.”

“Tíubháinn—7 read't zcéad dá d'ioct'ad líom baint ó'n t'airíde do rin' an rílling céadna, aet 'nuair t'ugair uair i ar ron an t'Slánuisgeóra, ní féiríde a t'airíde do lot éiríde.”

“Aghat,” ar'ra Seadhna, “cao ir zád an maic do lot? Ná fuit ré com maic aghat t'airíde na ríllinge úo d'f'ázbáil mar t'á ré?”

“Tá an íomad cainte aghat—an íomad ar f'ad: D'ubair leat do beul d' éir'cead't. Seo i rin é an r'parán ar f'ad aghat,” ar' an fear d'ub.

“Ní héiríde, a duine uapal,” ar'ra Seadhna, “ná beiríde d'airíde na haimríde ann: Ir íomda lá i d'irí b'iaid'naid d'ead. Ir íomda b'íod beiríde d'eunta ag duine i zcaiteam an méio rin aimríde, 7 ir íomda cuma i n-a n-oir'fead rílling do.”

“Ná bíod ceir't ort,” ar' an fear d'ub, ag cur r'muta záire ar: “Carrainz ar com zeur i n'íirínn 7 ir maic leat é. Beir ré com ceann an lá d'íreanad 7 t'á ré in'iu: Ní beiríde puinn znóda aghat de ar r'ain amad.”

"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’iméiz 7 do éuaib reirean annran so meatalacán teimead’ do bí ar bharr na tráza, beirear ar meacán airte 7 réirdear, réirdear í so tréan tuis tearuibe; acé t’á tréine a anál 7 da tuisa a réirdead, ní maib maib do ann; réirdear arís 7 arís eile níor tréine, níor tuisa, níor tearuibe ná ceana, acé do bí a znó ’n-a fáraé air, mar do bí an tear ion éas anr an rpréiz. Beirear ar rpréiz eile 7 réirdear fúite so fearzaé fuinneamail fíochmar, 7 a fúile ar dearglarad, 7 réirdeanna a múinil cómh atuisce rin so rabadar i neacé a bpléarza: ‘dob’ fánaé do a réirdead am. Beirear ar an rpréiz 7 caitear irteacé i scoimleatan an éuaín í, as ráb, “ So réirde mactair an áirbeireora tú mar teinib!” 7 tuiscair buille t’á coir veir do’n éuro eile do’n teinib 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-záirteiz amáin arca do tózraé na maib ar a n-uaisib. Éiruzio uile—an méio a’r nac maib i n-a rearam’ oíob—7 tazaro i n-a tímcioll, as lúbarnaiz le leatan-záirte 7 as reairtead ar a lán-oícioll. Beirear tuine ar rpréiz, tuine eile ar rpréiz eile, 7 mar roin oíob riar ríor so hearbail tímcioll, an beaz 7 an móir, an t-óz 7 an t-aopta; 7 reo as réirdead iad, ar énaím a noíciull, as tnué le teinib 7 tear do éur arís i nzaé rpréiz, 7 é riar orra, do bpiéz sur rzaí teoúacé le zaé rmeacáio oíob beaz nac o lúib laóair.

“ Acá teine im’ rpréiz-re,” arra neacé éizim.

“ Séio leat a buacáill!” arra Doimnall. “ Cá bhfuil tú?—réio leat so t’azad éúzaé.”

‘Do léim ré’ de lúit-breib 7 táimic i n-a aice—“ Séio! réio, a diabáil!” ar reirion, “ 7 ná leis an rmeacáio ion euz—réio!—ar do b’ar réio!”

‘Do léiz an buacáill reairta 7 do rtor de’n tréirdead:

“ Cairbeáin orú, a diabáil!” ar reirion.

‘Do tuit an buacáill ar bánib záirib; beirior réin ar an rpréiz, le amplad 7 airce éun zaíl, oóztaí a órtoóz 7 caitear an rpréiz uad’ o’iairraéc. Tuit rí ar an mbán; níor bhír rí ámhacé. Cuirear a órtoóz i n-a béal le coir na píopa.

“ Tarrtais! tarrtais anoir!” arra áillteoir éizim i n-a mearza.

‘Do bí ré ar buille,—beirior ar an rpréiz 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 rmeadair 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 cinn.

Annran do bí ré ar a toil: Do fuir na daoine so léir as bheirtnuagab ar an múr as luargab or a gcómar, 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 rcaile dá píopa ámaet, do tarrmaise ré i dáir nódais ar énam a dícill, acé níor b'fíú duic feucaint ar an ngal beas dáir do bí as teac amac airi. Annran do cuir ré rsgusal ar féin, ir róibeas ná'r ceangal a béal iocair dá béal uactair le doic tarrmaise acé ní raib bris 1 n-a gno.

“Fagbad duine éigin réiteoir dom—ar ron Dé fagbad!” ar reirion, 7 do luis ré níor dúluisíte ar an dtarrmac; i n-agaib beir 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 fadóir, 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'fagbadail do. D'imtise truir nó ceatrar de buacailirib so ruis páirc do bí lán de tráitnírib, acé do bí ré rceannas maic uair-rani. D'fan reirion as feiriom orra so doicraoir tar n-air, anoir as cur na píopa ion a béal, 7 arís as a baint ar, 7 arís eile as fáca a lúirín innti d'feucaint a raib motáil an ceair imtise 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'roib cuibeardac reamair, 7 do fácuig 1 seir na píopa é so tapair. Annran éis ré foza faoi n-a tarrmac, acé d'fan an b'roib mar a bí, 7 ní corricóca ar a lúirínacuib. Do tréall ré an ac-uair, acé b'é an rgeal céadna é. I ndeiríob rraicta do, b'ur an tráitín so caillte air, iric 1 seir na píopa. Do léim ré i n-a éoir buile tar éirise, ní raib fulas (=fulang) na foirne aise, 7 do caic 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 cao é an fagar b'ead é, 'nuair do beirdeac 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,” arra riaraí raor.

“Deiread re báitte pul a rriócíre leatrlige ruar,” arra raoruis Dúide.

“Cuir an raicín amac 7 b'feud go nreamócað ré é,” arra Míceál ós.

Le n-a linn rin do liuis 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 óru!” Níor rtað ré do beit as callairíocét mar rin, mar do bí uédaé maic aige.

“Rağao 7 rnaípað amac éuige,” arra Dúarmuid Mac Amílaob.

“Ná teigris,” arra 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 ríocáir.”

Rug Míceál Meata ruar ar brollac a léinead 7 dubairt, “Máire, go deimín ní rağair, ir fáda ruar go ríuimneócainn ar tú liosaic amac éuige.”

“Dóg díom,” arra Dúarmuid, “bog do ríeim díom.”

“Ní bórað,” arra Míceál Meata, “ní beas a b'ruil cailte 7 ríin-re ircig.” Dírcaé donn do béic Dóinnall de caoirreud amuis. “Ní'í donne' cailte rór,” arra Dúarmuid. “Dóg díom, a deirim leat, bog díom;” acé ní bórað. Do rírac reirion é féin uað 7 do éit de a cuir éadaig 7 do léim irtead 'ran múir 7 'ran múr; do rnaím amac éun Dóinnall do bí beas nac tabarca 7 do rírac irtead leir é ar éuma éigin go rí an tcráig. Tuic Dóinnall i laige 'mar ar go ríainic ar an rcalam tírim 7 o' fan innti go ceann i b'rað. Nuair táinic ré éuige féin, dubairt duine éigin leir ríur éairt do dúireadár do breit le Dia i rtaob 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 buirdeacár, mar ní mór 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, cuairt 1 n-einead a cáilte cun mé raoraó. A! a duine, má táim rábálta,

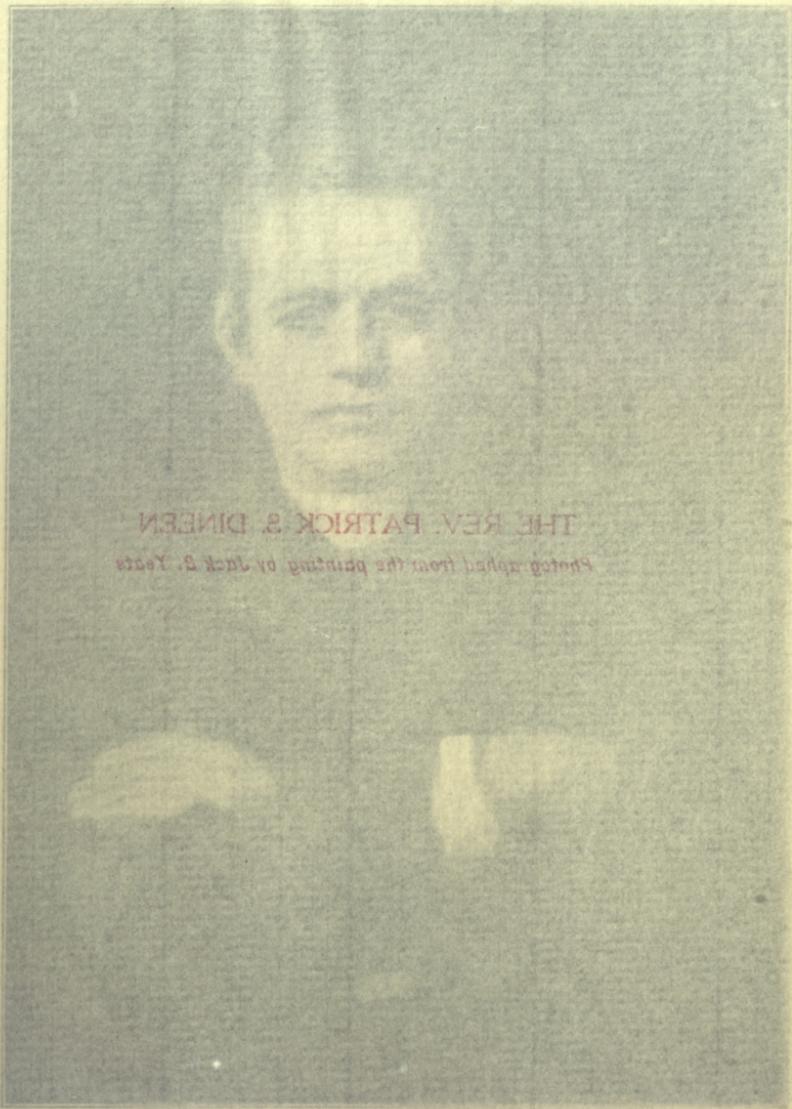
Ní ar Óia a buirdeacár!”

SEATRÚN CÉITINN.

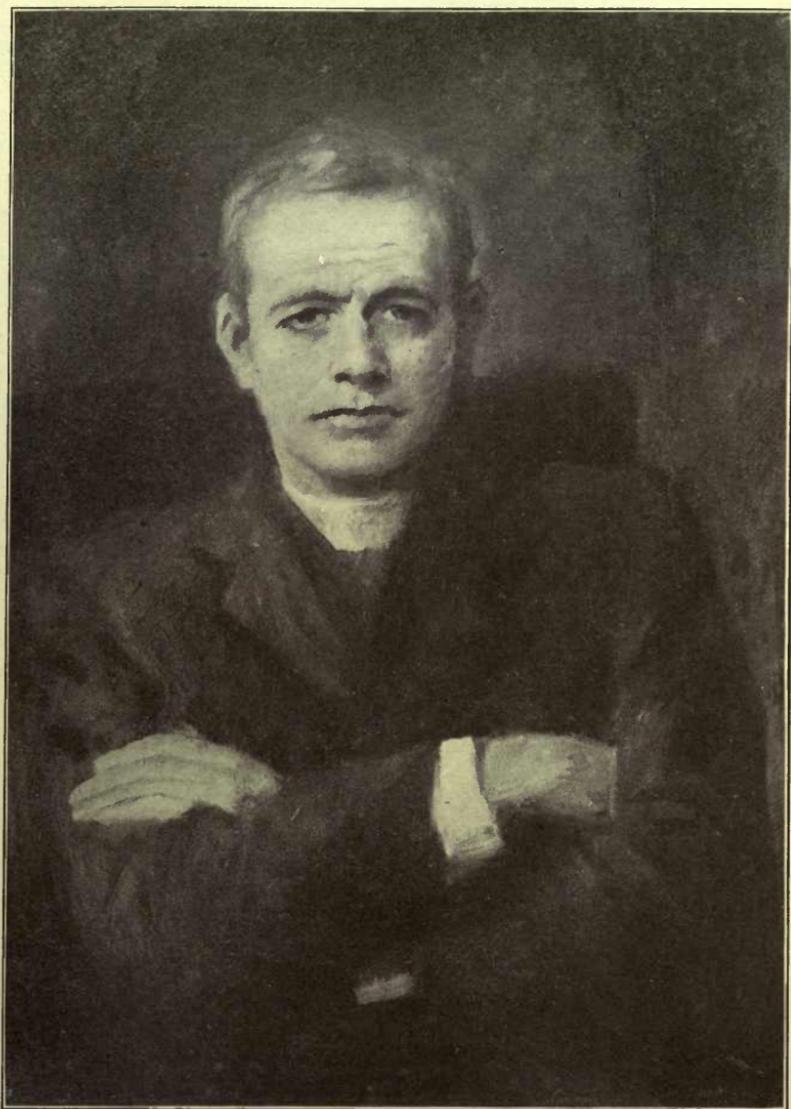
[Leir an Acair O Duinnin.]

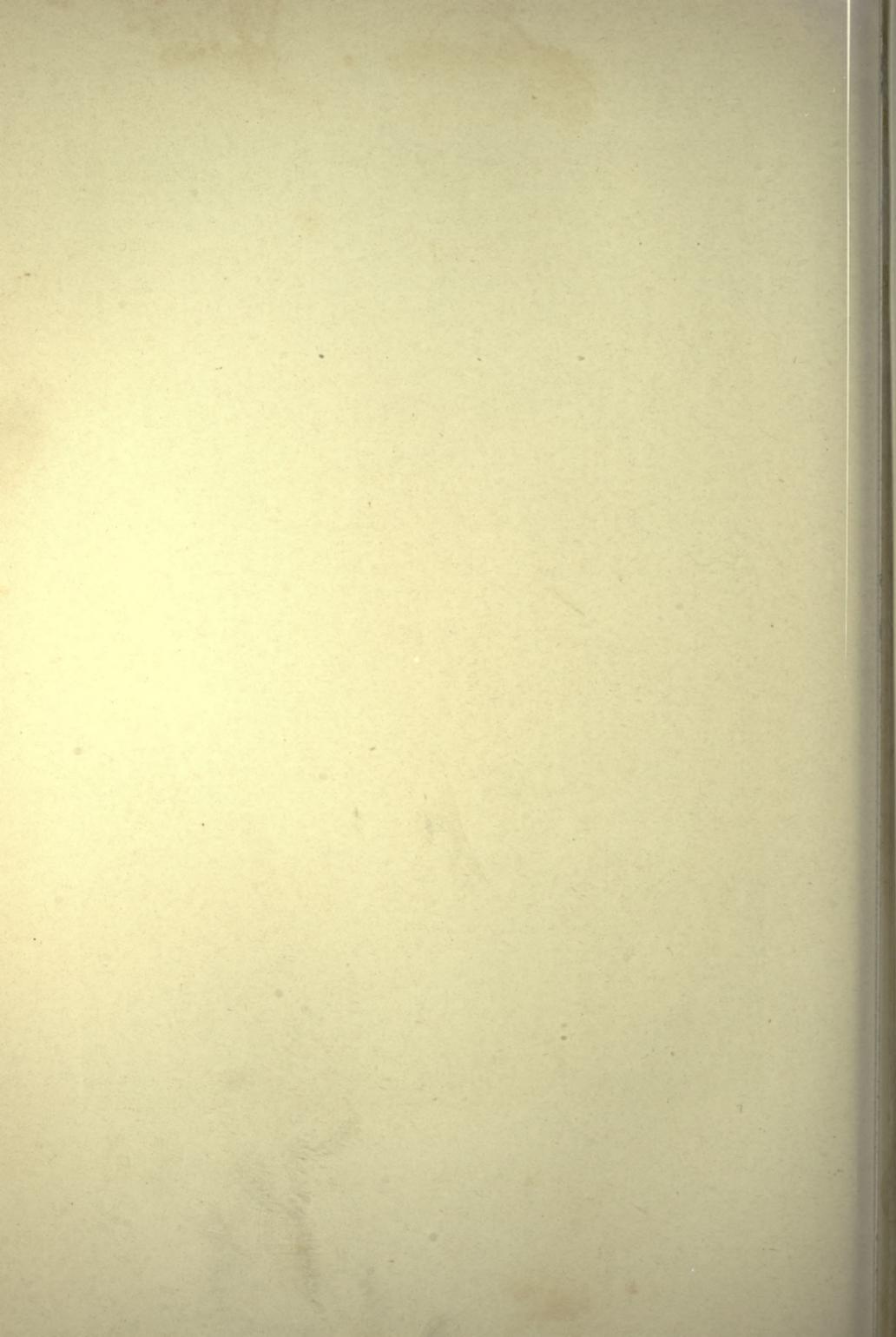
Ní’l don ugoar do rinne an oirdeo le Céitinn cum léigeann ir licuigeact do congáil beo i mearf na ndaoineao, go mórmóir daoine leata moga. Níor b’ead sup reiriob Seatrún reancar nó-beact, nó-cinnce, áct sup cuir ré le céile 1 n-don bolg amáin na tuairisioe do bí le fagbáil ar éirinn inr na reanleabraisb. 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 aige ar rtair Céitinn, ir ní raib críocnužao véanta ar rcoláire 1 rcoil go mbeao macraimail véanta aige do’n “b’fuar feara.” 1 mearf na ocauacá rimplíoe ní leompaó doinne amrao do cur ar an gcunntar tužann Céitinn ar žabáil na héireann le paritolan, ir leir an gcuro 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 doo na móir-žairisioib ar ar tráct Céitinn. Ir doiz linn muna mbeao sup ržriobao an “fuar feara” ná beao cuimne na rean-aimrize, ná ainmeada na rean-flait, ná éadta na leoman leat com abairt 1 n-aigneo do 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 doo na leabrais reo le fagbáil 1 noiu. Do cáilleamar iao, ir tá an “fuar feara” ’n-ar mearf, žan focal, žan licir aš teartabáil uair. Tamail ó foim ir ar éisín do bí duine uaral 1 žCúigeao Mumán ná raib a macraimail do’n “fuar feara” go ceanaimail 1 žcoiméao aige. 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 nIarlár Ciarráide, nár mór i dtéannta dóctan na hoirdé do bí 'n-a feild, do tairbeáin dom a macraimail do Céitinn go ceanaimail, 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 rziúob Céitinn ar fenniuir fearrao, ar parrtolan, ir an cúro eile aca. Tá cuimne Céitinn fóir i meapz daoinead nár léiz, ir ná feacaib maic a cúro raotair. Ir dóiz leir a lán go raib dpaoidéadct éigin ar an nduine, nó zur ó neam do táinig ré cum cunnar ar sean do tabairt dúinn. Ní mór an t-iongnad zur éreio na daoine nár duine daonna Seatrún. Do tpeib zallta do b'ead é, áct 'n-a diaib rin bí ré ioir *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. Catoilicéad ó éroideiamac, Sagar, Doctúir Diaadta do b'ead é. fear léizeannta i laioin ir leabair na n-áitpead do b'ead é, ir áit ré a lán dá faozal 'ran bfrainc: áct 'nuair o'fíl ré a baile tuz ré é féin ruar ar rad o'obair na heazlaire le díozmaic 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 iongantaisge i mbeadair Seatrún go bpuair ré uain 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 mór do meap do bí aς fearaib ulad ná aς Connactair aic. I zcionn tpi nó ceatair do bliadantair bí an "fopur feara" go léir curta i zceann a céile aige (1631). Do rziúob ré fóir dá leabair diaá, "Eocair Sziat an Airiunn," aςur "Tpi Bioir-zaoite an Báir."

Dála an "fopair feara," tornuigeann ré ó'n bfiortpóac, ir tazann anuar go 1200. Tá ré lán do sean-rannair i n-a mbailiztear ainmeada na dtpead do táinig go héirinn, ir i n-a zcuirtear le céile na héadta do bain leo. Tá a bpuil i bprór de, leir, anho ir anhrú múcta le ainmeadaib taoipead ir flait ir a zcraob zmeadal. Níor ceap Seatrún don nio ó n-a meabair féin; zac a dtuzann ré dúinn—na rzealta, na heactraide, na zabá-lair, na héadta ar muir ir ar tpi—ruair ré iao go léir i feantleabair do bí pá meap aς ollamhair ir fáirib. Ní rinne ré áct iao do cup le céile ir d'áontuzad. Dá mbead ré aς áit-rziúobad 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-taob, do bpiiz ná bainneann ríad le fip-feancar. 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 miongnáth ná raiú an oiread raim amhair i dtacóid 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 reancar na Rómá do éreio na Románais go miomlán i n-aimpírí Dírsgil ip Oidíro—ná fuil ionnta adt úir rgealta na bfeilead. Ar an nór gcéadna ní géilleann don rgeoláire anoir d’éadctaid Henzirt ip Noíra agus dá leitéoiníob d’eadctaríob i reancar 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 dtúir gan deallraim éigin do veit air—*neq fingunt omnia Cretae*—cúob go gcuirtear leir i mí na mbliadan, i dtreo ná haitíneodáide é fá deiread. D’olc an bail ar tír ná veit úir-rgealta do’n trágair raim cquinnigte ip meargta trío a cúro reancar. Da cómaráta é ná raiú file ná fáid le rínrearaid 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. Gíorrio do Dárra, Stanhuprt, Camden, Hanmer, ip an tread raim uile—ní raiú uata adt rínn do cur fá cóir ar dtúir, ip ó teip rín opta, rínn do marluad i rctáiríob fallra. Agus tar éir ar bfeirann do baint dínn, da bréaguirge ip da tarcairnge do bíodar ’ná ruim. Do tug Seatrún fúta ’ran díon-bhollac le fuinneam ip le feirg. Do rtoil ré ar a céile an ráiméir marluigtead do cur an Dárrac ’n-a leabair, níor fás ré puinn do Stanhuprt gan réabáid, ip trom é tuirraing a láime ar Camden ip ar Spenser. Go veimín ip geall le gairgídead móir éigin é—le Coin Cúlainn nó Dicill—a cúro airm gléarta ’n-a láim, éadac pláta ó mullac cinn go troigctíob air, ip é ag gabáil le díogair ip le dian-feirg ar na daoíníob beaga ro do dearbuirg éitead i gcoinníob a dúctair, ip do marluig a muinntear. Dá mbead ré ar marctear i noiu, tabarrfad ré faodar bata dor na reancaríob atá anoir fá móir-meir, ar froude ip ar míac ámlaoim, ip ar hume.

Adveir ré ’n-a díon-bhollac:—

“Ní’l rctairíde dá rgríobann ar éirínn nac ag iarrad locta agus toibéime do tabairt do rean-áallaid agus do áadealaid bío; bíob a fíadnuire rín ar an teip do veir Cambrenrír, Spenser, Stanhuprt, Hanmer, Camden, Dárrac, Morison, Dabir, Campion, agus gac nuad-áall eile dá rgríobann uirte 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-óaoimead aSap cailleac mbeas n-úip-íreal ar 'otabairt maic-ghíom na n uapal i nbeapmaó, aSap an méio a baineap nup na pean-íaeóealaib 'oo bí aS áituaSó an oileáin peo nua nSábáitap na pean-íail," 7c.

Ip minic a soipteap an Heponoour íaeóealac ar Seatrún; aSap ip veimín sup móp a bfuil 'oo cópmaileacó eacopca apoon. Tá caint Seatrún veap, rimpliúe, milip-bmaípac, map caint "Áap an tSeanáip." Séanaio apoon baot-foail, neam-briogmaia, neam-íaiúmeamla, acó 'n-a n-ionao acá fuinneam ip tacaó i nSac líne dá rárcaib. Cuipio apoon ipceac na húip-rSéalta baineap le n-a veip, ían amíap 'oo cúp ar a bfuinne. B'é Heponoour an céao rárpuúe 'oo cúip peanáip na nSreígeac i n-easap ip i ícpuinneap, aSap oioó sup b'paoa 'n-a oiaio 'oo rSríob pé, b'é Céitinn an céao peanáioe o'ópouis ip 'oo ceapcuis i rlaó, ip i n-easap peanáip na nSaeóeal: 'Oo bain na riliúe—na SreíSis ip na Románaip—á lán ar rárcaib Heponoour, aSap 'ran ícuma íeáona cúS Céitinn innbeap a noóain 'oor na riliúib íaeóealaca, o'áoasán Ua Rataille, 'oo Séasán Clápac Mac Domháil, ip o'eoSap Ruao. Acó ní íeicimio oioSap i 'otaoó na ípíinne, ná íeapS cum namao a típe ar an nSreígeac: Bíonn pé ciuin, pocap, íeim i ícomnuúe i meapS rára ip úip-rSéil, *et quidquid Graecia mendax audet in historiis*, acó ní léisíeao an íaeóealac íuainne 'oo ceap ná 'oo cáil a típe le n-a veapS namáo.

Obaip léisíeanta, 'oimín ip eao "Tí Bíop-íaoite an Báip," lán 'oo ímuaintib oiaó ip 'oo máctnam íaiúmeamla i ar an beaóao 'oanna, ip ar a ópíoc. Ip ionSantac ar óS pé ar pean-uSóapab ip ar oibíeacab na naoim, aSap ip blaíca tá an obaip ar íao poimnte i leabapab aSap i n-alcab. Acó ip tnom, laioineamail an caint acá ann ó cúip ío veíeao, bíoó ío bfuil í lapa íuap anho ip anhpú le íSéal beas ípeannmaí map an eacópa íain ar "Mac Reccan."

Obaip an-léisíeanta i noiaóacó ip i nópanab na heaSlapíe ip eao "Eóóap SÍac an Áipíinn." Ní léip oúinn aon uSóap eite cúipeap an oipeao íain 'oo túaipíS ar neitib baineap léip an Áipíeann, cóm beacó, cóm cinnce íin i leabap dá méio. Acó 'n-a teannta íain, tá an caint cóm rimpliúe, cóm ípeannta, cóm binn, cóm briogmaíap íain, ían baot-foail ná íaiútib capca sup íupapíe o'aoimneac é léisíeao 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 rghníobhad a lán do phór buna-
 dharac. Do cuirtead ádhar eadctiarde le déile agus rghéalta ar
 ghníomharcaib acac, agus ní mór 'n-a tceannta rain. Do luig-
 eadar na nughair gaebealaca ar panna do mairgailt, ir ba
 mílir, doibinn a fcuir dán ir amrán.

Soir nó riar ir fearr an baile—An Cneamháire.

(Le h-úna ní fairceallais.)

Ní raib an rinnceoirceact i bpad ar riubal nuair fleannuig an
 Cneamháire amac uata a gan-fior dóib.

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 do 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 gceirde 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'fada do ag imceact mar rin go tci go raib pé i ngar
 do na haitceacaib.

Anhrin do rtao pé go hobann, mar ba dóig 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 do ar an áro ar a tcaing an fuaim, ba léir
 do, rgaam beag uair, duine éigean leagca leir an gclairde.

Óhruid pé leir an áit, agus d'airis pé gan moill 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 rgeoin 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 comhluadar as fuireacht 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 bhróin. 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 Peadar fáda!”

“ Tuise, a n-ead? tá fáč 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'fíarrfíuis ré dí cia an fáč dí beir as imteac ar éireann.

“ Ná ceil orm éin-ceó do'n fíunne” ar' reirean ra deóid. “ Cao faoi ndeara go bfuil tú as imteac uainn?”

“ Do bhuig go bfuil earbair airtio 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 iudai 'ra domhan níor fearr i bfao 'ná an t-airgead féin.”

Ní eus Máire freagra ar bit air, do bí an oiread roin iongan-tair uirri.

“ Nac bfuil Peadar asat!” ar' reirean “ agus nac leór duit é rin?”

“ Tá—Peadar—asam; ir fíor duit²é, “ arra Máire i ndeir-ead na dálad, “ aét—ní tuigim tú. Nac bfuil dúil asat féin 'ran airgead? Sabaim 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, freirin. D'fágbar mo céad rlan aici 7 do baili-gear liom go hAimeiriocá le carnán airtio 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 a dt amáin cúpla focal anoir 7 arís uairtí-pean 'gá n-á 50 raið rí 50 maic, a5ur a leictéirí rín.

"Don uair amáin éuair bliadain tarainn 7 san focal a5am uairtí. Níor b'féidir liom a fulang beic san tuairis uirri, 7 ó tárla an t-am rín 50 raið roinnt maic airisio i dtairisio a5am, tús mé a5air ar an mbaile arís. Óc? mo léan 5éar ír mo lomad luain! ní raið roimam a dt a huais. 'San uais éadna cuirtead na comurraim uilg nac móp, bliadain na 5orta. Sáit-eaó irteac le céile iad i n-éan-poll amáin.

"Ó a Dha na n5árta! i a5 fa5báil báir leir an ocrar ar taoib an bótar 7 mire i b'rao uairtí 7 san rmeáiróro eolair a5am ar a cár! Síre san ruo le cur i n-a béal aici 7 mire tall i n-aimeriocá, mo póca lán 5o béal d'airgead."

"Do fámluis éadon an t'fean-fir 5o mílteac fa folar na 5eal-aige. D'iompuis ré uairtí bea5án 7 érom ré ar amáic amac tar an b'airisge ó tuairó:

Dhí a fíor a5 Máire 5o raið ré a5 déanam maranta ar uais móir bliadna na 5ortan tuar i 5Condae Mhuigeó 7 níor leis rí focal ar lár. I n-a leabair rín, ír amláir 5o ru5 rí ar láim air. D'airis rí fuar san b'is 5an fuinneam i:

Dhí an cailín a5 bailleir a dt ní fuac na hoirdé fa n'eara é. Níor b' é an Cneamáire do bí or a comair a dt taróbre d'éirig cuici ar laeteanntaib a oige.

"A Sheamair boicé! a Sheamair boicé!" ar' ríre or íreal. Níor cuir an fean-fear éan-t'ruim innti, a dt d'fan ré a5 amáic amac do taoib an Dha Dheinn Déas 5an corraige ar.

Dhíodar mar rín ar fead tamail maic aimpire.

"D'féidir 5urab é an fáct 5o b'fuit dúil a5am 'ran airgead," ar' an Cneamáire fa veiread, "5ur iocar com daor rín .r. Bíonn an t-airgead mar fuit or comair mo dá fúil—5o veairg, 5o veairg i 5comhaidé. Ír mar rín a éim-re é."

Do érom Máire a ceann ríor 7 póg rí a láim. D'airis Séamair veor a5 tuicim léici.

Dhíodar arson i n-a dtort 5o ceann tamail.

"Ní imteóga ar an oileán, cor ar bit," arfa Máire 5o haibíó.

"Ní imteóga tú, an n-eaó? An é rín a n-abrann tú? A dt an dtuigeann tú 'n-a éairt méad na boctanaéca a veár a5 5oil-eaó ort anreor, má fanair?"

"Ní fúil duine 'ra domán a tuigeannr níor fearr 'ná mire com t'rom 7 a bíonnr an 5anntar 7 an bóctanaéct a5 5abáil do múinntir árann—a dt 'n-a diair rín 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 com 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 déanam fonháro’ fút atáim, muir. Tá m’innctinn rocair asam ar fanac leat, cibé boct raióibh tú, nó cibé an fáo a cáitfimid beít as feiteam le n-a céile.”

Ní éreiofeadó beoðar a éluara féin.

“Ír as masadó fúm atá tú, tá mé as ceapadó.”

“Ní headó go deimín ! Ní déanfainn a leitéro ort ar an doimán.”

“Cneioim tú anoir, muir. Acé ní tuigim an rgeál cor ar bit. Cao a tuas ort an t-actarugadó innctinn’ reo ? ”

“Airling a bí asam aréir, a pheoðair, nó bhuonglóro, mar adéar. Shaoilear go raib tura io’ fean-fean éroíra san fuinneam i do gdeasáib ná gáó o’éinne’ i do éroide. Uí tú io’ iarfaire comportamail anro. Uí mire t’éir dimeiriocá, clóca ríora orm 7 hata gléarta go deap le ribiní asur a leitéirí eile, airgeao mo dóctaint im’ rparán asam 7 ’c uile éineál maoin’ im’ feib. Uíor-ra as gabáit ruar an bóirín i n-aice na roilig’ 7 mé as teacé a baile. Capadó dam annrín tú, acé níor aicín tú mé, cor ar bit.”

“Mire Máire Uán, doubhar leat:

“Ní tú, arfa tura go feargac; ’ní tú go deimín. Uí Máire—mo Mháire re—i n-a caí n ós flacámar, asur cao mar gcaí ort-ra ? Sean-bean portamail gánda tú atá córuigte mar féacóis i ngioblaicáib ríóil. Ní tura Máire go deimín.”

“O’féacáir ríor i bpoil uirge a bí taoib liom 7 do b’é rin an céao uair o’airugear mé féin doíra gánda; bí an ceart asat.

“Ír mire Máire Uán, doubhar arí.

“O’féac tú orm annrín ioir an dá fúil 7 an fáo a bíor mar don leat níor cóg tú do fúile díom.

“Ír amlaio adoir tú, arfa tura, acé ní éreioim tú—ní tura an Mháire a doigáir gáó ví fáo ó. Thíor’ran roilig úo b’feairr

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 tufa anoir. Ní aicnigim tú éor ar bit.' Agus 'gá máo rin, ar go brát leat. Uuiof págta im' donarán go brónac. Sin í an bhionglóir a bí agam. Nac airt-eac é?"

"Ní fuil tú ro' fean-bean fóir, a ruim! 'Do b'ághmarac an bhionglóir dom-ra í, cibé rgeal é. Agus, an n-abrann tú, a Mháire, gur bhionglóir a tuig ort fanact 'ra mbaile?"

Níof méar Máire gur ceart d'í rgeal an Chneamhaire d'innrinc an ceao aici uair. Mar rin adubairt rí:—

"É rin agus ruadai eile."

"Duirdeacaf mór do 'Oha," arfa Peadar:

* * * * *

"Nac mór an t-iongantaf nac mbéiteá ag brait le do 'óioi mná 'fagbáil?" adubairt a'air Pheadair leir cúpla lá i n-a 'dair rin. "Nac deaf da'amaíl an cailín í Máire Chatac, in-gean na baintreabairge tair i gCionn an 'Ohaile?"

Chuir Peadar cluar le héirteac airt féin. 'Dá mba gur tuit an grian anuaf ar an rpeír ní cuirfead ré níof mó iongantair airt

Ní raib ré i n-innim oirca le focal do máo.

"Tá ré i n-am do Cháit, rpeirin, cur fúiti i n-aic d'í féin. Ní nacad beirt máigirtceaf le céile i n-éin-teac amáin. Cao é do méar ar Mhac Uí 'Ohonnacáda. Ní fuil fóo talman aige, ac' mar rin féin, 'ar noó', ip breag láirip an buacáil é. 'Daoine macánta a b'ead iad a feact rinnrip ríomhe."

Níof féad Peadar focal do cur ar, agus níof tuig ré r'air na ceirce cuige 'ná ar éan-éor. 'Go veimín, níof tuig ac' an oirca le ceap bróige, mar adéar'á, ac' dá mbíod ré do láirip 'ra reomra beag caoib tair do'n úir'oin r'acám beag i n-a 'dair rin ip do'ca go dtuigfead ré an t-íomplán go dianmáit. Ip fean-focal é, agus ip fíof, go dtairbeánann r'áiténin t'ped na gaoite.

Ar bail nuair do bí an t-aor óg tíof ar an Muirbeac, reo é an Cneamhaire irteac cum a'air 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 t'ri pí'io punnt ar an gclár of a cómar, agus reo é fóir 'gá máo, agus é ag féacain so glinn géar ar an breap eile:

"Ní cuirfó Tomár Sheagáin Ruair'í barr a méire r'alai'ge ar mo cúro airtio go deó. 'Dair fiaó, ní cuirfó. Ip do'n g'ráo agus do'n óige a'áim '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 fáro 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-réad. Nác deap-láimác an duine me ?”

“’Sead, ar m’ focal ; áct cá bŕuaŕaŕ na rúšáin šo léir ? ašur má’ŕ uaim atá annŕo, ar ndóig ní ŕaib éin-céal leir an mbocán ro i n-éan-cŕoŕ.”

“Inneorad mire duit ar ball ; áct an mb’ait leat an uaim ar fáo o’ feircint ?”

“D’ait liom,” arŕa mire, “áct tá ré ró-luac fóŕ an cŕoŕ do cur ŕúm.”

“Ní’l, pioc,” ar ŕeirean, “com fáda ir tá ré reo ašac,” ašur tŕš ré maŕde cŕoŕe ó’n šcúinne ašur ŕin ré cúšam é.

“Rašamaoŕo amac šo fóill šo bŕeicŕo tú mo ŕiošáct-ŕa ar fáo,” ar ré.

“Áct cá bŕuaŕaŕ an maŕde cŕoŕe ?” arŕa mire leir.

“Cuirŕeap le céile i an fáro do bí tú ro’ cŕoŕad. Šad i leit annŕo anoŕ ašur tabair aŕe do’n cŕoŕ.”

Tŕš ré an tŕillŕeán o’n mbŕoŕo ašur o’ oŕšail ré doŕap beaš taob leir an teallac ašur cúadmaŕ aŕaon ircead. Ní fáca mé a leitéro de ŕadare ó’n lá ŕušad me šo ŕoŕi ŕin ašur ní fáca mé ŕadare maŕ é ó ŕoin. Bí an reomŕa beaš véanta šo ŕŕeac šlan ar an šcaoi céadna i ŕaib an ceann eile, áct do bí ré líonta ŕuaŕ šo ŕoŕi an doŕap le haŕmaib de šac cineál, ašur bíodap šo léir com šlan ašur com ŕoillŕeac ŕoin ir šur baŕneadap an ŕadare ŕiom, naé móŕ, nuair do cúadap ircead ar ŕoŕ. Bíodap ar cŕoŕad aŕe óŕ cionn a céile ar na ballaib tŕap timcéall an tŕeomŕa com fáda ir b’féoŕi leir ŕlige o’ fášail roib—šunnaŕ ŕeaŕna ašur ŕioŕtail šo leŕŕ, ašur a lán de claidŕmŕib ašur de baŕgneicib—ašur bí cur eile aca cŕuaéca i nŕŕóšánaib ar an úŕlaŕ. Bí úŕŕnéŕ beaš, inneóin ašur úŕŕlŕi šabann i šcúinne, ašur binnŕe ašur úŕŕlŕi ŕiúnéaŕa i šcúinne eile. Bí an ŕeaŕ ašur an ait aš éŕiŕe níŕ aŕtŕiŕe šac éan-noimint.

“Ir roig liom šo bŕuilim fá oŕaŕoŕeac,” arŕa mire, nuair do tŕšar lán mo ŕúl de’n tŕeomŕa.

“Ní’lŕ, maŕe, i n-éan-cŕoŕ,” arŕa an “Šioŕlacán.”

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 tóg pé ruar ceann de na sunnaib ašur do éuimil pé 3 go cineálta le n-a láim.

“ Féac,” ar peirean, “ nac veap an úrlir i rin. Táinig ri o Ameriocá ašur do éuirpead ri piléar tré úine nac mór míle ó baile; aet éirimíto an éuro eile aca arír. Sab i leit annro.”

O’forsaíl pé doapar eile ašur bašair pé amac orm. Níor féadar mo lám u’ feircint bí pé com dopea poin. Níor éuim-nígear go rabamar inr an uaim ašur nuair o’ féadar amac duhrar.

“ Ué, nac dopea i an oíóce!”

Leis an “ Sioblaán ” rmut gáire ar.

“ Nac dopea i an oíóce,” arpa gúe taob amuis óiom. “ ná! ná!” arpa gúe eile. Annroin do labair beirt nó tríúr eile i n-éinfeact níor fuide amac, “ Ué! nac dopea ”—“ ná! ná!”—“ an oíóce ”—“ ná! ná! ná!”—“ nac ”—“ nac dopea ”—“ ná! ná!”—“ an oíóce ”—“ ná! ná! ná!”—ašur mar rin leó aš ršisipeadó ašur aš véanam mašair fúm go raib an áit lan ruar de gúannair. Bíodar tíor fúm, tuar or mo cionn, ar m’ášair amac ašur ar gac taob óiom. O’ iméigeadar uaim i noiaró a céile ašur o’ írligeadar fá veipead ar nór na raib ionnta aet riorarhad aš creataó i gcúinnib na huaima.

Deir mire gur bain pé ppeab aram. Táinig ršannhad orm ar otúr ašur ’na óiaró rin táinig iongantar ašur uaébdar an traog-ail orm, ar nór náir féadar corruige ar an áit ’n-a rabar im fearam ar fead cúig nóiminte. Do bašair an “ Sioblaán ” irteac orm.

“ Mac-alla,” arpa mire, nuair bí an doapar dúnta aige.

“ Sead,” ar pé, “ nac breag é?”

“ Níor airmígear riam poime reo éan-puo mar é aet éan-uair amám; aet ní raib teact ruar ar bit leir reo aige. Tá an uaim go han-mór ir óóca.”

“ Bí cinnte de rin. Táir io’ fearam anoir ar bhuac gáca uaébdarige ašur má tá éan-órolac amám ann, tá pé ór cionn míle trois i noimneact. Ná téigir ró-faó amac nuair a bead aš cairbeánt na huaima úit, nó b’féoir go b’ruigtea úóán io’ céann; coinnig taob tíar óiom-ra ašur ní veiró baogal ar bit ort.”

Tóg pé rlipeós giumaire ašur éuir pé ršoilc beag ’na héatall le tuais. Annroin fuair pé rop barrair ašur focruig pé irteac i’ran ršoilc é ašur éar pé an barrac i mbacal mar bead méaróš ar barr na rlipeóige. Nuair bí pé focruigete go uaingean aige, túm pé an rlipeós ašur an barrac i bpoa ola ašur o’fás pé ann iad go raib an ola rúigete irteac go mar ionnta. Tugar fá noeapa lom-láirpeac go raib pé aš véanam tóirre 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-óráint dúinn anois,” ar ré, agus cuir pé teine leir. Cuadmair amac go bhuac na zázá arís. Zác cor do cuineamair óinn do cuir an mac-alla fheasra tar air eúzainn. O’ árouis an “Zioblaacán” an tóirre ór a óionn ar nóir go bfuizinn maðarc maít ar an uaim, agus do fear pé go dána amac ar bhuac an puill. Ní óéanraínn féin é dá bfuizinn míle pánt; áct, ar n-óis, mar aóeir an rean-focal—“Neatn na tairtíge méadóirgeann pé an taircuirne.”

Cé go dtug an tóirre solus bheas uair níoir féadar iud ar bit ó’ feircint áct amáin roinnt beas de’n casraiz ór mo óionn agus ar zác taob óiom. Amac uainn ní maít ann áct dorcaóar tnom tuis agus ír óis liom féin náir óein an tóirre áct é do méadóirgead. Bí pé com tuis roin zup faoilear go mb’ féioir liom é zearraó le rzin, no máim de tóirgeant im’ láim. Bíor as fíarfuize óiom féin, an fear do bíor as féadaint amac, cad do bí foluizte taob tair de’n dorcaóar, agus do bí pé com diaimair zráineamail rin zup cuir pé uatbár im éioide.

“Ní’ iomarca le feircint amac uainn no taob tuar óinn,” arís an “Zioblaacán,” “áct tairbeánraí mé óuit anois doimneáct an puill.” Cuairt pé ar a zláimib.

“Luis ríor agus tairraing amac go bhuac na cairtíge,” ar reirean, “táim éun an tóirre do cáiteam ríor.”

Luisgear ríor mar ó’ árouis pé agus ómuidear amac go hairéac go maít mo óeann tar bhuac na zázá. Do óein pé féin an iud céadna. Cáit pé an tóirre amac uair agus ríor agus ríor leir tríó an dorcaóar. Bíor as bpat zác éan-nóimint go mbuailfead pé ai tóim áct níoir buail; agus níoir tairbeán pé éan-iud dáinn. Bíor as fairé ar go dtí ná maít ann áct ríreac. Táinig rian im’ fáilib agus óúóán im’ óeann ó beit as féadaint air, agus do éirtear go ríoir. Fá óeirtead do cáilleamair maðarc air ar fear.

“Anois, cad veir tú,” arís an “Zioblaacán” irteac im’ éluair nuair bí an tóirre imtízte ar maðarc.

“Leiz óam go fóill,” arís míre, “go zcuirpíó mé leitead na cairtíge roir mé féin agus an poll uatbárac úó.” Agus do cuadair as lapadóil irteac ran mbótán. Ní leiztead an eagla óám éirte im’ fearaím go maðar irtiz, agus bíor mar óuine do bead i n-áirde ar luargán. Táinig an “Zioblaacán” irteac im’ óiaíó agus óúin pé an doirar.

“Ír áirdeac agus ír millteac an áit i seo,” arís míre, “agus tá zheim im’ éioide le huatbár.”

“Bíor féin mar rin ar ótúr,” arís an “Zioblaacán,” “agus i bpat níoir meara ná tá tura anois, mar ír beas náir tuitear irteac ar mullaó mo óinn ran záz an tairna 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 cúirim ruim ar bit ann."

Tós ré anuar bóga aSUR raiġeao do bí aige ran mbočán aS o. rá

"Tairbeánrao mé le:teao na gága duit anoir."

Fuarí ré máim bairraig aSUR éar ré ar bíor na raiġoe é aSUR deim ré cóirre de mar do deim ré de'n trliréois roime rin. Nuair bí a dóctaint ola rúigce aS an mbairrae, do cúir ré teime leir aSUR d'orġail ré an doirar. "féac amac anoir," ar ré aSUR rġaoil ré uair é trío an doiréaoar leir an mbóga. Cúair an traiġeao aSUR an rop bairraig ar larao so roillreac amac, b'féoirí céao ríac, gan an taoó talí 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 na gága é gan éan-ruo do tairbeánt dáinn. Ní miorde a ráó sup méaouis ré reo an méao ionġantaip do bí im' éoirde ceana:

Cúir ré ríol taoó amuis de'n doirar. "Suir ríor annro so ríol," ar reirean, "so gcuirríó tú aítne ar an gcuirdeacéain a bíonn annro aSAM so mimic."

AN MAC ALLA:

Ruġ ré ar ceann de na gunnaib aSUR cúir ré piléir ann: Sul a raib a ríor aSAM cao do bí gá déanaim aige d' árduis ré an gunna aSUR caic ré uréar ar.

"Comraige Dé cuġainn," arra mire, aSUR do pheadar im fearam leir an ngeit do bain ré aram. Saoilear so raib an ríab aS tuicim irteac orainn. D'éirig an mac alla mar blaóm cóirniġe, aSUR bí an fuaim com huacéarae roim sup mócuigear an éarraig aS criteao rúm. D'iméig ré uainn aSUR táinig ré ar aip arí aSUR arí eile, ar nóir sup b'éigín doam mo méarae do cúir im' éluaraib cun an "ruaille buaille" do congáilc amac. Ar ocúr bí ré com boró bagaréac leir an cóirniġ; annroim bí ré so garó gluġarae ra mar beao fuaim na rairriġe aS bripéao so trom ar éloear trága; aSUR n-a díaró rin bí ré an-coraíail leir an bfuaim do éiucaó ó élaide aS tuicim, no ó érucaillib do beao aS gabáil éar bóear garó; aSUR trío an bpoctrom aSUR an trurcar so léir táinig cuġainn fuaim mar pléarġao gunnaí móir i bpaó uainn. Caic an "ġioblaeán" a do nó a trí d'uréaraib eile aSUR bí fonn aip leanamaint do'n ġnó, ácc d'iarraar aip a éabairc ruar. Bí an mac alla so han-breag ar rao ácc bí mo dóctaint aSAM de an uair rin so 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 criochnuighe.”

Tornuig 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 bailighe 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 mótuigear pian ná tuirre ná eagla ná éinnid eile act amáin doibnear agus páram aignid an fáir do bí an “Sioblacán” as reinn agus d’ fannfaínn annroin as éirteact leir ar fead lae agus oíde san beit tuirreac de.

Nuair bí ré páirta cuir ré uair an fíoil agus tornuig 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 veimneac 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 tarraing ré cuige feadóis agus tornuig 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 páruig ré ar sac uile nio d’airuigear 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 feadóg 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 feadar fóir,” ar’ra mire, “ná fuilim pá d’raoibeadt. Tá mbeinn as caint ar fead lae agus bliadna, ní fead’rainn a innrinc duit an mead doibhne agus taitneim agus ráraim éroide do tuis an ceól úo dam. Níl éin-teadct 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 teadct ruar le deaplámáct an “fíir i n-áirde.”

“Tá tú as caint so ciallmár anoir,” ar reirean, as cur r’ghairte ar.

“B’féidir é,” ar’ra mire, “adct bíor cun a ráo nuair bíor as éirteadct 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 tuarar’gháil do léigear agus do culara so mimic i staob ceoil na n-áingéal ir na flaitir.”

“Ní’lim chríochnuigte i n-éan-éoir fóir,” ar reirean, agus d’éirigh ré ’n-a fearam.

Torruig ré as amháin. Bí gur breas fonnmár ceoilmar as an “nSioblaacán” agus níor cáil re éanruo i staob beir ir’cig ran uaim. Ní feadar féin cia aca do b’fearr cun an mac alla do tabairt amac—an fíoil, an feadóg nó gur an “Sioblaacán”—nó cia aca a raib an barr aise i gcóimfeim; adct ir dóig liom gur fáruig an gur orra so léir. Culara trí éad daoine as gabáil amháin i n-éinfeadct éan-uair amáin i halla móir i m’Baile-Áta-Cliat; adct cé so raib an ceól agus an cóimfeim so han-breas ar raó, ní raib éin-teadct 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 dóir do cuir ré ruar ran uaim as curteadctain 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-ANHRACÁIN, fite Connaétaé atá ar feadhán.
MÁIRE NÍ RÍO SÁIN, bean an tige.

ŪNA, inġean Máire:

SÉAMUS O N-ĠARAINN, atá luaidte le Ūna:

SÍĠLE, cómarra do Máire.

PÍOBARRE, cómaranna asur d'aoine eile:

ÁIT.—

Teac feilméir i ġCúige Múman céad bliadhán ó foim. Tá firi asur mná as tui trío a céile in ran tige, no 'na fearam coir na mballa, amail asur dá mbeir d'áirra criochnuigte aca: Tá Tomár O n-Anhracáin as caint le Ūna i bfiortorac na rctáire. Tá an píobarre as fárgad a píobair air, le toruġad ar feinnm arif, áct do beir Séamar O n-Ġarainn deoc cúige; asur rctadann pé: Tasann fear ós so n-Ūna le n-a tabairt amac ar an uirlár cum d'áirra, áct d'áirctann fi d'ó:

ŪNA.—Ná bí m'bođruġad anoir: Nac bfeiceann tú so bfuil mé as éirteáct le n-a bfuil feirean d'a ráđ liom. [Leir an n-Anhracáinac]: Lean leat, cad é rin do bí tú 'ráđ ar bail?

TOMÁS O N-ANHRACÁIN.—Cad é do bí an bođac rin d'a iarrair órt?

ŪNA.—As iarrair d'áirra órt, do bí pé, áct ní tiúbairinn d'ó é;

MÁC UI N-ĠHÍ.—Ir cinnce nac d'áirctá. Ir d'óige, ní mearann tú so leirfionn-re do d'úine ar bit d'áirra leat, com fáo asur tá mire ann fo. A! a Ūna, ní raib rólár ná r'ocamail asam le rađa so d'áinige mé ann fo anoct asur so b'facair mé tura!

ŪNA.—Cad é an rólár duit mire?

MÁC UI N-ĠHÍ.—Nuair atá maide leat-d'óigte in ran teine, nac b'fáġann pé rólár nuair d'óirctear uirge air?

ŪNA.—Ir d'óige, ní' l tura leat-d'óigte.

MÁC UI N-ĠHÍ.—Tá mé, asur tá trío ceatramna de mo ériorte, d'óigte asur loirġte asur caitte, as t'riort leir an raoġal, asur an raoġal as t'riort liom-ra.

ŪNA.—Ní f'ésáinn tú com d'ona rin!

MÁC UI N-ĠHÍ.—Ué! a Ūna ní Ríogáin, ní' l don eólar asad-ra ar beata an d'áirto boict, atá ġan teac ġan téasari 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,

b'ar, a'c' é a's imteac'c' a'sur a's ríor-imteac'c' le fán ar fuo' an trao'gail móir, san duine ar bit' leir a'c' é féin. Ní'l maíom in ran t'eadc'thain nuair éirí'gim ruar nac' n-abraim liom féin go mb'feárr d'am an uais' 'ná an reacrán. Ní'l don fuo' a's rearam' d'am a'c' an bhonnctanur do fuair mé ó 'Dia—mo cuio' abrán. Nuair t'oraigim orra rin, imtí'geann mo bhón a'sur mo buair'ead' d'iom, a'sur ní cuimní'gim níor mó ar mo z'ear-érad' a'sur ar mo mí-dó. A'sur anoir, ó connaic' mé tu'ra, a' úna, éim go bhfuil fuo' eile ann, níor binne' 'ná na h-abrán féin!

ÚNA.—Ír ionzanta'c' an bhonnctanur ó 'Dia an bháru'igeac'c'. Com' fada a'sur tá rin' a'sad nac' bhfuil tú níor raib'bhre na lu'c't r'cuic' a'sur r'c'óir, lu'c't bó a'sur eal' a'g.

MÁC UI N-ANN.—A! a' úna, ír móir an beanna'c' a'c' ír móir an mallac'c', leir, do' duine é do' beit' 'na bhá'v. Feuc' mire! bhfuil caraid' a'sam ar an ra'gail ro? Bhfuil fear' b' ó ar ma'it leir mé? Bhfuil z'rad' a's duine ar bit' or'm? Bim a's imteac'c', mo ca'dan bo'c't do'n'pna'c', ar fuo' an trao'gail, mar' Oirín an'uaig' na féinne. Bíonn fuac' a's h-uile' duine or'm, ní'l fuac' a'sad-ra or'm, a' úna?

ÚNA.—Ná h-abair fuo' mar' rin, ní féioir' go bhfuil fuac' a's duine ar bit' or't-r.

MÁC UI N-ANN.—Tar' liom a'sur ruib'rim'ro i z'cuinne' an t'ige' le céile, a'sur deá'rfar'ó mé' duit an t-abrán do' rinne' mé' duit. Ír or't-ra' rinnear' é.

[Imtí'geann r'iad go' d'c'í an coir'neull' ír raib'e ó'n r'c'á'ro, a'sur ruib'eann r'iad anaice' le céile.]

[T'ig Sí'gle ar'teac'c'.]

SÍ'GLE.—Táim'g mé' é'z'ad' com' luac' a'sur o'feud' mé.

MÁIRE.—Céad' fáilte' r'ó'mad'.

SÍ'GLE.—Cad' tá ar' r'í'ubal' a's o' anoir?

MÁIRE.—A's t'oru'g'ad' atá'muiró. Bí don' p'or't' amáin' a'sainn, a'sur anoir' tá an r'íobair'e a's ól' d'ige'. T'or'ó'c'á'ro an' d'am'ra ar'í'f' nuair' béir'dear' an r'íobair'e r'í'ó'.

SÍ'GLE.—Tá na' d'aoine' a's baili'ug'ad' ar'teac'c' go' ma'it, béir'ó d'am'ra' b'reá'g' a'sainn.

MÁIRE.—Béir'ó a' Sí'gle, a'c' tá fear' aca' ann a'sur b'feárr' liom amu'ig' ná ar't'ig' é! Feuc' é.

SÍ'GLE.—Ír ar' an' bh'ear' fada' donn' atá' tú a's ca'it'e, nac' ead' ? An fear' rin' atá' a's có'm'p'ad' com' d'lu'c' rin' le' úna in' ran' z'coir'neull' anoir'. Cá'r' b'ar' é, no' cia' h-é' féin?

MÁIRE.—Sin' é an' r'z'rair'te' ír' mó' táim'g i n-éir'inn' ar'iam', Tomár' O h-Ann'p'ac'áin' é'z'ann' r'iad' a'ir, a'c' Tomár' R'ó'zair'e' bu'ó' c'óir' do' ba'r'teac'c' a'ir, i z'cear't. Óra! nac' raib' an' mí-dó' or'm, é' do' t'ead'c' ar'teac'c' é'z'ainn, c'or' ar' bit', ano'c't!

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 rgoile, 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 amearg na gcómairan le n-a curó 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 rgeil gur ruais i n-rasart amac ar an bharráirte 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 'daoair aise áct é veit as gabail na tíre, as véanam abhán agus as rágal lóirín na h-oiréce ó na daoimib. Ní diúl-tócairó tuine ar bit é, mar tá raicíor orra poime. Ip móir an ríle é, agus b'éirir go n'véanraó ré rann orr do rreamócaó go veó duic, dá rcurraé fearg air.

SÍGLÉ.—Go bhóirúó 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 bit, agus san aise áct a curó abhán. Veir ríad nac bhfuil áit a raóairó ré nac 'tugann na mná rraó, agus nac 'tugann na ríir ruac dó.

SÍGLÉ [as bveit ar gualainn máire].—Iompuiró do céann, a máire, feuch é anoir; é féin agus 'n ingean-ra, agus an dá iloigíonn buailte ara céile. Tá ré tar éir abhán do véanam 'ó, agus tá ré 'd'á múnac 'ó as cogaruirg in a cluair. Óra, an biteamnac! beiró ré as cur a curó rírréog ar úna anoir.

MÁIRE.—Oc ón! go veó! Nac mí-adamail táinig ré! Tá ré as caint le úna h-uile móimíó ó táinig ré arteaó, trí uairé ó foim. Rinne mé mo 'dicíoll le n-a rraíad ó céile, áct teir ré orim. Tá úna boct tugta do h-uile róirt rean-abhán agus rean-ráiméir de rrealtuib, agus ip binn leir an rreacúir veit as éirteáct leir, mar tá beal aise rin do b'reasraó an ríolac ve'n éraoib: Tá'r asad 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 mbuó máit le Séamur an ršairde rin do taectad an móimio reo. Tá fairctiof móf orf go mbéid an ceann iompuiŕte ar ūna le n-a curo bla-daifeact: Com cinnite a'f tá mé beó, tiucefaid oic ar an oirde reo:

SÍŖLE.—Ašur nac b'féadofa a cuf amac ?

MÁIRE.—O'féadofainn; ní'l duine ann fo do curoeócaó leif, muna mbeif bean no óó. Act if file móf é, ašur tá mallact aife do ršoitcefaó na c'rainn ašur do féadofaó na cloca. Deif riad go lobctann an riol in fan talam, ašur go n-imtifeann a ŕcuro bainne ó na baó nuair cugann file maf é rin a mallact óóib, má fuaiŕteann duine ar an teac é. Act dá mbeif fé amuis, aife mo bannuibe nac leifšinn arteach ašif é.

SÍŖLE.—Dá facaó fé féin amac go toileamail, ní beif don b'riš in a curo mallact ann rin ?

MÁIRE.—Ní beif. Act ní facaó fé amac go toileamail, ašur ní tis liom-ra a fuaiŕte amac ar eagla a mallact.

SÍŖLE.—feuc Séamur boct. Tá fé dul anonn go h-ūna:

[Éimŕteann Séamur 7 téibeann fé go h-ūna.]

SÉAMUS.—An noamrócaó tú an ril reo liom-ra, a ūna; nuair béidear an ríobaire féid:

MAC UI H-ANN [aš éimŕte].—Is mire Tomaf O h-Annracáin, ašur tá mé aš labairt le ūna Ní Riogáin anoir, ašur com faó ašur béidear fonn uifre-fe beif aš caint liom-ra ní leifšid mé ó'ann duine eile do teact eafrainn.

SÉAMUS [ŕan aife ar mac ui h-Annracáin].—Nac noamrócaó tú liom, a ūna ?

MAC UI H-ANN [go ríocmar].—Náf dubairt mé leac anoir ŕur liom-ra do bí ūna Ní Riogáin aš caint ? Imtife leac ar an móimio, a boóaiš, ašur ná tóš clampar ann fo.

SÉAMUS.—a ūna—

MAC UI H-ANN [oš béicit].—fáš rin !

[Imtifeann Séamar ašur tis fé go óci an beifc fean-mnaoi.]

SÉAMUS.—a Máire Ní Riogáin, tá mé aš iarfaid ceao orra an ršairte mí-adamail meifšeamail rin do caiteam amac ar an tis. Má leifteann tú dam, cuifšid mire ašur mo beifc dearf-b'ractar amac é, ašur nuair béidear fé amuis rocfócaó 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 Séamuir, ná déan. Tá fáiteoir orim roimhe. Tá mallact aise rin do rgoilcread 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-creos 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 rúge in mo ceann aSam le n-a cur amac. Má leanann ríu-re mo cómairle-re maóad ré féin amac com rocair le uan, o'á toil féin, agus nuair geobaid ríu amuis é, buailid an doirur air, agus ná leigid arcead aríy zo brad é.

MÁIRE.—Rac ó 'Dia oric, agus inniy dam cad é tá in do ceann.

SÍGLE.—Déanraoio é com deap agus com rimpl de agus connaic tú ariam. Cuirimio é as carad ruzán zo bfuigimio amuis é, agus buailimio an doirur air ann rin.

MÁIRE.—Iy forur a rad, det ní forur a déanam. Déanraio ré leat "déan ruzán, tú féin."

SÍGLE.—Déanraoio, ann rin, nac bfacaid 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, ceiofcaid ré zo raib ré féin 'na ruz ar éirinn nuair acá glaine olta aise, mar acá anoir.

SÉAMUS.—Det cad é an cpoiceann éirfeap rinn ar an mbreig reo,—zo bfuil ruzán féir as ceartál uainn?

MÁIRE.—Smuain ar cpoicinn do cur air rin, a Séamuir.

SÉAMUS.—Déanraio mé zo bfuil an gaoe as eirige agus zo bfuil cūmoad in tige o'á rguabad leir an rtoim, agus zo ceairimio ruzán ceiraingc air.

MÁIRE.—Det má éirceann ré as an doirur beid fíor aise nac oruil gaoe ná rtoi in ann. Smuain ar cpoicinn eile, a Séamuir.

SÍGLE.—'Noir, tá an cómairle ceart aSam-ra. Abair zo

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'fuil cóirte leagta ag bun an énuic, agus go b'fuil ríad ag iarraidh ruzáin leis an gcóirte do learuagad. Ní feicfidh sé comh ríad rín ó'n doruis, 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 b'fearad duine ar bit fan tír reo ruzáin féir ríam— agus cuir cpoiccionn maic ar an mbhéis, tú féin.

[Imtígeann Séamuir ó duine go duine ag cogarraig leó. Toráigeann cuid 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 trom lé bulláin, agus comh ciotac le arail. Go d'acatpar 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.

FÉAR [atá dul ag damra].—Agus cad fácl a b'fáclamaoír an t-uirláir fúcl-ra?

MÁC UÍ N-ANN.—Tá an eala ar b'ruac na toinne, tá an Phoenicr Ríogáda, tá péarla an b'pollaig 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 úmlóclard ríob-re. Tá ríob nó áluinn agus ríob r'péiríeacáil le n-aon bean eile do beic 'na n-aice. Acé fan go fóil, ríob clairbeánaim daoib mar zruideann an buacáil b'eadz Connacacácl junnce, véarfíad mé an t-abríán daoib do junne mé do Reult Cúige Múman—d'úna ní Ríogáin. Éirig, a zruan na mban, agus véarfíamaoíro an t-abríán le céile, zác le véarfíra, agus ann rín múnrímir doib cad é ír junnce fíreannaclann.

[Éirígeann ríad 7 zabadro abríán.]

MÁC UÍ N-ANN.

'Sí úna bán, na zruaige burde,
An cúilfíonn 'érad in mo láir mo éroide,
Ír íre mo rún, 'r mo cumann go buan,
Ír cuma liom cóiróce bean acé í.

ÚNA.

A báiré na rúile duibe, ír tú
Fuar buar in fan raogal a'r clá,
Zoirum do véal, a'r molaim tú féin,
Do cúirir mo éroide 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,
 Raacaró 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,
 Aş éirteacó le do cómhádo bpeáş:
 Iş binne do beal ná reinm na n-éan;
 Óm' éiríde in mo éleib do fuair şrádo.

MÁC UI N-ANN.

Do ríúbaíl mé féin an doimán iomlán,
 Sacraua, éirce, an şraicne 'r an Spáin,
 Ní faacaró mé féin i mbaile ná 'şcéin
 Aon ainneir fa'n nşreín mar úna bán.

ÚNA.

Do cuatairó mire an élaírteacó binn
 Şan tşrádo rin córcais, aş reinm linn,
 Iş binne şo móp liom féin do şlóir,
 Iş binne şo móp do beal 'ná rin.

MÁC UI N-ANN.

Do bí mé féin mo caoan boct, tşát,
 Níor léir óam oirdce şar an lá,
 Şo bfaacaró mé i, do şoio mo éiríde,
 A'ş do díbir díom mo bşón 'r mo éradó.

ÚNA.

Do bí mé féin ar maidin inóe
 Aş ríúbal coir coilte le fáinne an laé,
 Bí eun ann rin aş reinm şo binn,
 "Mo şrád-ra an şrád, a'ş nac áluinn é!"

[Şlaodó 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 aş bun an énuic. Tá an mála a bfuil litreacó na tíre
 ann pléarşta, aşur ní'l rreang ná téad ná ríopa ná doadairó aca
 le na ceangailt aríş. Tá ríad aş şlaodóac amac anoir ar ruzán
 féir do deanaím doib—cibé róirc ruro é rin—aşur veir ríad şo
 mbéiró na litreacó 7 an cóirce caillte ar caşburó ruzáin 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 doáirpa. Ní táşann
 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.—Tá gan pé an bealaic rin anoir—áct ir dóig zup rctainrfeár tura, agus nac bfuil eólar azaó air. Nac tázann an cóirte tar an zcnoc anoir a cómarranna ?

IAO uile.—Tá gan, tá gan zo cinnte.

MAC UI h-ANN.—Ir cuma liom, a teact no gan a teact. Áct b'feair liom ríce cóirte beic bhirte ar an mbótar ná zo zcuirfeá péarla an brollaig bán ó dámpa dúinn. Abair leir an zcóirteóir róra do carad óó féin.

SÉAMUS.—O murber, ní tiz leir, tá an oiread rin de fúinneam agus de tear agus de rpreacáó agus de lúe in rna carlaib aigeanta rin zo zcaitíó mo cóirteóir bóct bheit ar a zcinn. Ir ar éigin-báir ir féioir leir a zcearad ná a zcongáil. Tá faitcior a anam' air zo n-eireócaíó ríad in a mullaic, agus zo n-imteócaíó ríad uair de ruais. Tá zác uile feirfeac arta, ní facaíó tú ríam a leicéio de carlaib ríadaine !

MAC UI h-ANN.—Má tá, tá daoine eile inr an zcóirte a déanfar róra má' éigin do'n cóirteóir beic az ceann na zcapall : rás rin agus leir dúinn dámpa.

SÉAMUS.—Tá ; tá tríúr eile ann, áct maroir le ceann aca, tá pé ar leat-lám, agus fear eile aca,—tá pé az cur agus az crataó leir an rzanrpad ruair pé, ní tiz leir fearam ar a dá cóir leir an eagla atá air ; agus maroir leir an tríomaó fear ní'l duine ar bit rin tír do leirfead an focal rin “ róra ” ar a beul in a ríadnuire, mar nac le róra do crócaó a atair féin anurraig, mar zcall ar éaoirig do zoio.

MAC UI h-ANN.—Carad fear azaib féin ruzán do, mar rin, agus rásarid an t-urár fúinn-ne. [Le úna]'Noir, a réilt na mban tarbeán doib mar imzigeann lúno imearz na nócice, no Helen fá'r rzioparid an Traoi. Dar mo lám, ó v'éaz Déirpore, fá'r cuirfead naoire mac Uirrig cum báir, ní'l a horóre i néirinn inoiú áct tu féin. Topócamaoio.

SÉAMUS.—Ná coraig, zo mbéio an ruzán azainn. Ní tiz linn-ne ruzán 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 dáoib rin. Ní dearnarid duine ar bit inr an tír reo ruzán féin aríam, ní mearaim zo bfuil duine in ran tiz reo do connaic ceann aca, féin, áct mire. Ir maic cuirnígim-re, nuair nac raib ionnam áct zirfeac beaz zo bfacarid mé ceann aca ar zabad do ruz' mo fean-atair 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 síor 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 fúinn;
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 fúinn;
Cúige Múman na mbailleóir 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 dea-s-múinte dearlámáac, an Connactaó cóir clirte ciallmair, a bfuil lút aSúr lán-rtuaim aige in a lám, aSúr ciall in a ceann, aSúr coráirte in a crioide, aó súr feól mí-áó aSúr mórbuaidreadó an traozáil é amearz 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 fearla an b’ollais b’áin, tar a sruio rtraoille aSúr siobaó féin. Tadair ’m cipin!

[Sineann fear maíde oó, cuirteann ré rop féir timcioll air; toraigeann ré o’á carad, aSúr sígle aS tadairt amac an féir oó.]

MÁC UI N-ANN [aS sábal].—

Tá fearla mná ’tadairt soluir dúinn;
I’r í mo sráó, i’r í mo rún,
’S í úna bán, an rí-s-bean éuinn,
’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’raé,
Mar a molfar a fearra ’r a rgeim so brát.

Ara! múire! múire! múire! Nac é reo an baile b’raé l’áac;
nac é reo an baile tar bán, 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

rósairfe críocta ann naé mbíonn don earbuid rópa ar na daoineib,
leir an méad rópa goideann ríad ó'n gcrocaire Cráirdteadáin
atá ionnta. Tá na rópaib aca agus ní tugann ríad uata iad—
acé go gcuireann ríad an Connactac boct ag carad rugáin doib!
Níor éar ríad rugán féir in ran mbaile reo ariam—agus an
méad rugán cnáibe atá aca de bárr an crocaire!

Shídeann Connactac ciallmhar
Rópa dó féin,
Acé goideann an Muimneac
Ó'n gcrocaire é!
Go bfeicid mé rópa
Bneá g cnáibe go fóill
D'a fársad ar rsgóisib
Sáe doinne ann ro!

Mar gheall ar don mhnaoi amáin o' imtígeadair na Shléagais, agus
níor rtoradair agus níor mhór-cóinnuigeadair no gur rshioradair
an Traoi, agus mar gheall ar don mhnaoi amáin béid an baile reo
damanta go deo na n'oeoir agus go bfuinne an b'ráta, le Dia na
nsháir, go ríorruide ruéain, nuair náir tuigeadair gur ab i úna
ní Ríogáin an dara Helen do rugad in a mearf, agus go rug
rí bárr áille ar Helen agus ar b'énur, ar a ocláinis roimpe agus
ar otiucfar 'na diais.

Acé tiucfáid rí liom mo péarla mhá
Go cúige Connact na n'daoine bneá g;
Seobáid rí péarta fion a' r feoil,
Rinnceanna ároa, r'póit a' r ceoil.

O! múire! múire! náir éirigid an shian ar an mbaile reo, agus
náir lafaid péalta air, agus náir—

[Tá ré ran am ro amuis éar an doirur. Éirigeann na ríir uile
agus dúnaid é d'aon ruais amáin air. Tugann úna léim cum
an doirur, acé beirid na mhá uirri. Téirdeann Séamur anonn
cuici.]

ÚnA.—O! O! O! ná cuirigid amaé é. leig ar air é. Sin
Tomár O n-Annpácaín, ir file é, ir báro é, ir fear iongantac
é! O leig ar air é, ná déan rín air!

SÉAMUS.—A úna bán, agus a cuirle díleair, leig do. Tá
ré imtígte anoir agus a cuir pirtreós leir. Déid ré imtígte
ar do ceann amárac, agus béid tura imtígte ar a ceann-ran.
Nac bfuil fíor asat go maic go mb'fearr liom tu 'ná céad míle
Déiríre, agus gur tura m'aon péarla mhá amáin d'a bfuil in
ran doiman.

MÁC UÍ N-ANN [amuis, ag buataid ar an doirur].—Forsail!
forsail! forsail! leigid arteaé mé. O mo feacé gcead míle
mallacé oiraid,

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

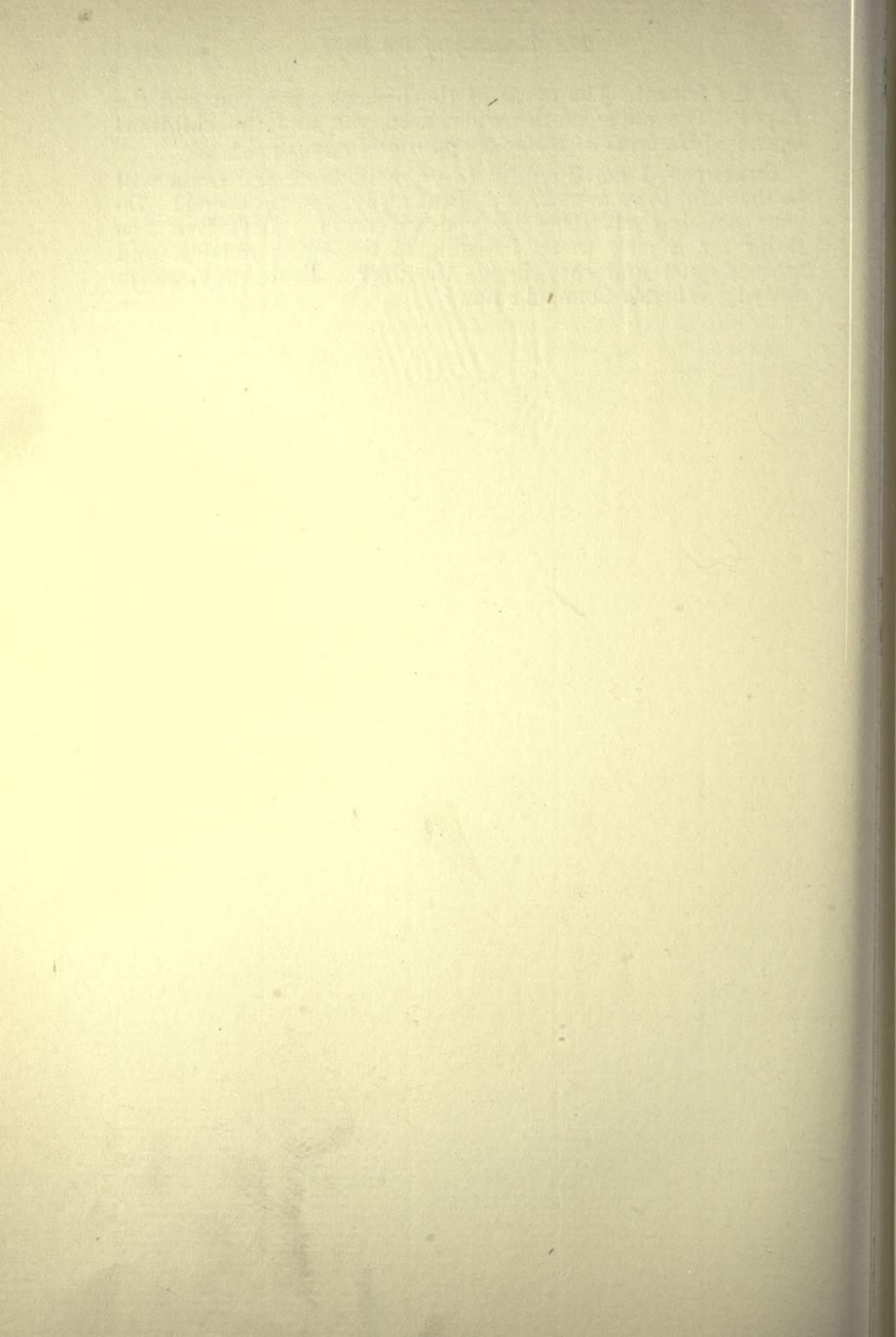
[Buaitéann ré an doimhir ariú agus ariú eite:]

MALLAÉT NA LAS OIRIÁID 'R NA LÁIROIR,
 MALLAÉT NA RAGARÉ AGUS NA MBRÁCAR,
 MALLAÉT NA N-ÉARBALL AGUS AN BÁRA,
 MALLAÉT NA MBAINTEADÁC '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 bheadh é, tuine do beit ag éirteac leir an rtoimh 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 Bhaire, 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 Chrige 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.

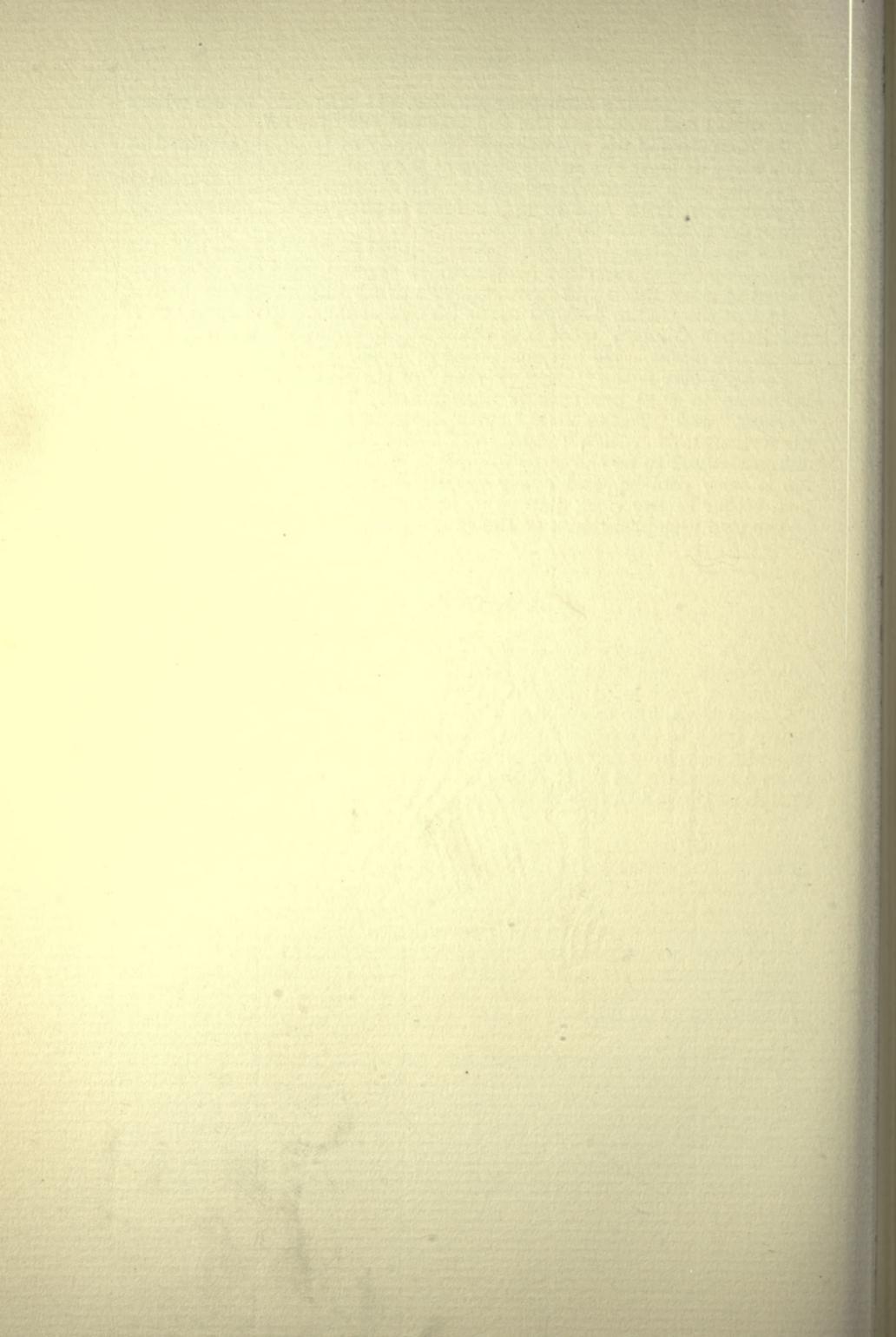
But the Irish-speaking districts continued to grow small, and the English-speaking districts continued to expand, and the case continued to grow more and more hopeless every day and every hour.

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.

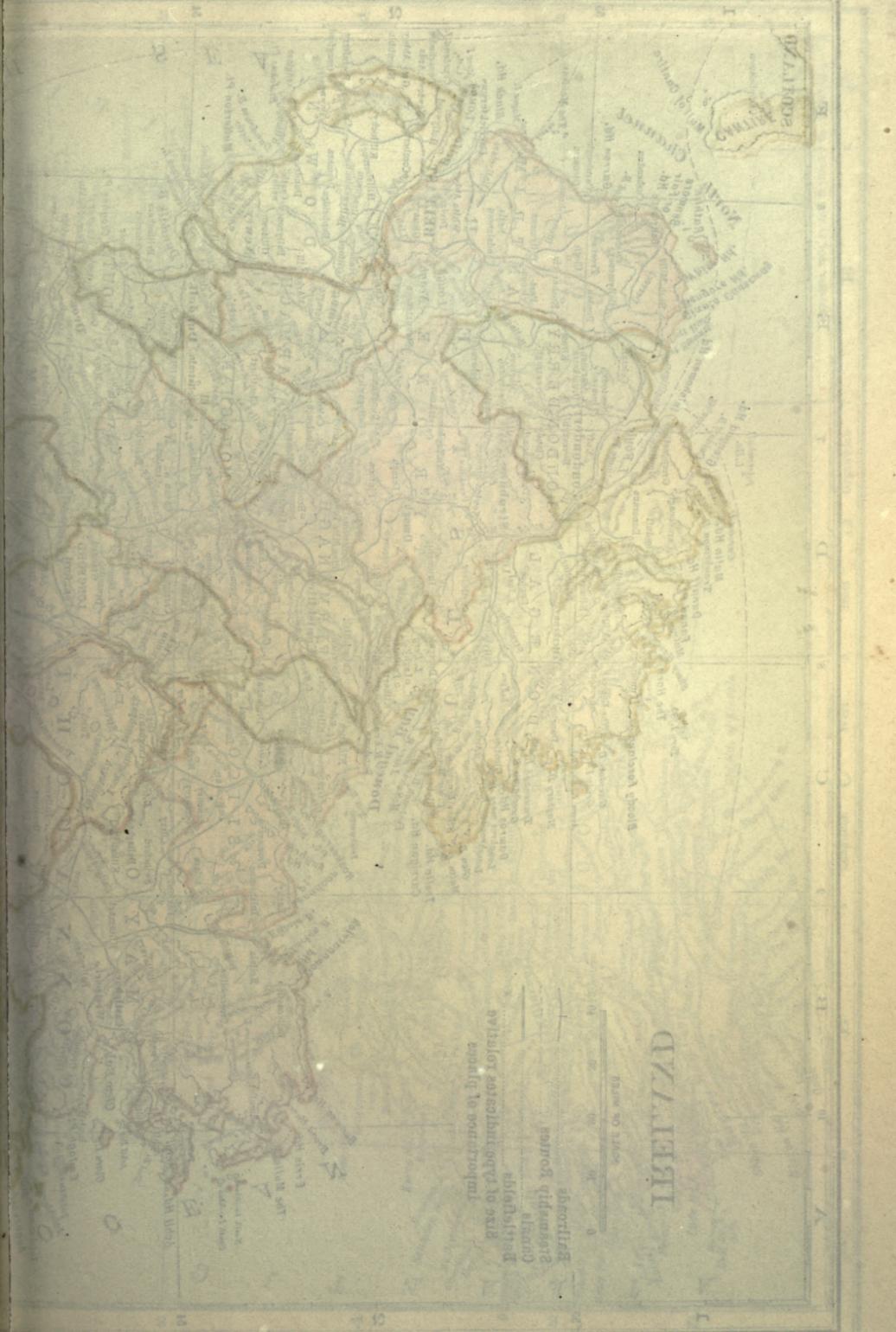


MAP OF IRELAND IN THE PRESENT DAY

After Joyce and others

MAP OF IRELAND IN THE PRESENT DAY

After Joyce and others



Embouchure of Rivers
 Line of Colonization
 Boundaries
 Boundaries
 Boundaries
 Boundaries

SCALE OF MILES

LIBERIA

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.
 BLADDHERANG—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.
- BRIGHDIN 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 *Cannawauin*.
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 (*cuilleann*).....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.....Croghan 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.
 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 (*Rígh 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 dhílis*) 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 (*sibín*)..... 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 ní Ghadhra*)..... 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 *smíot*, a fragment.
- SMIDDHEREENS small fragments. Probably from *smíot*, 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.'

THE FOLLOWING SHOWS THE TYPOGRAPHICAL PLAN:

Author's name — ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.

Title of story, essay, poem, etc. — *Adieu.*

Source of story, essay, poem, etc. — 'Father Connell.'

First line of poetry — Am I the slave they say?

First line and title of poem the same — '*Four Ducks on a Farm.*'

Subject — Agriculture.

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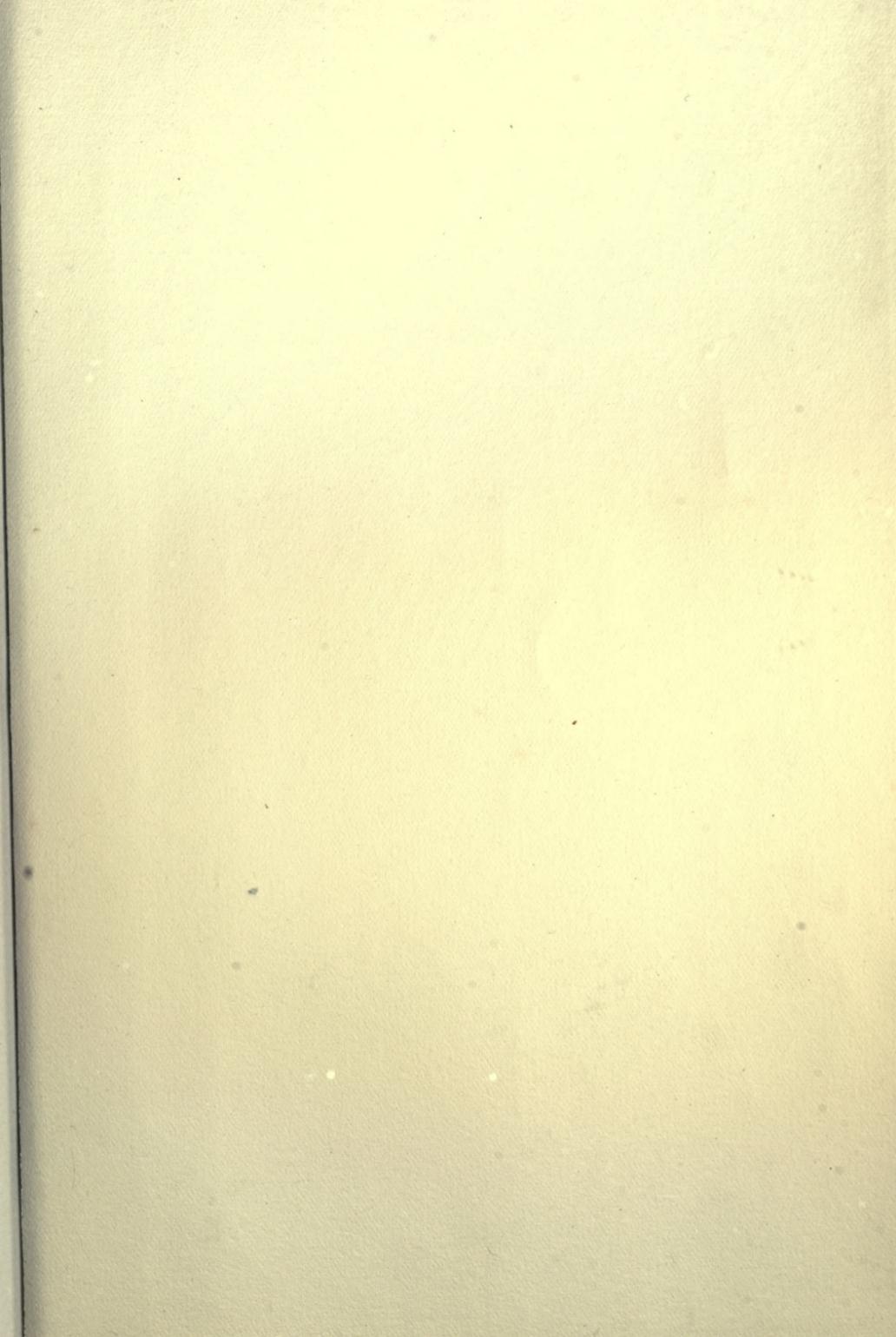
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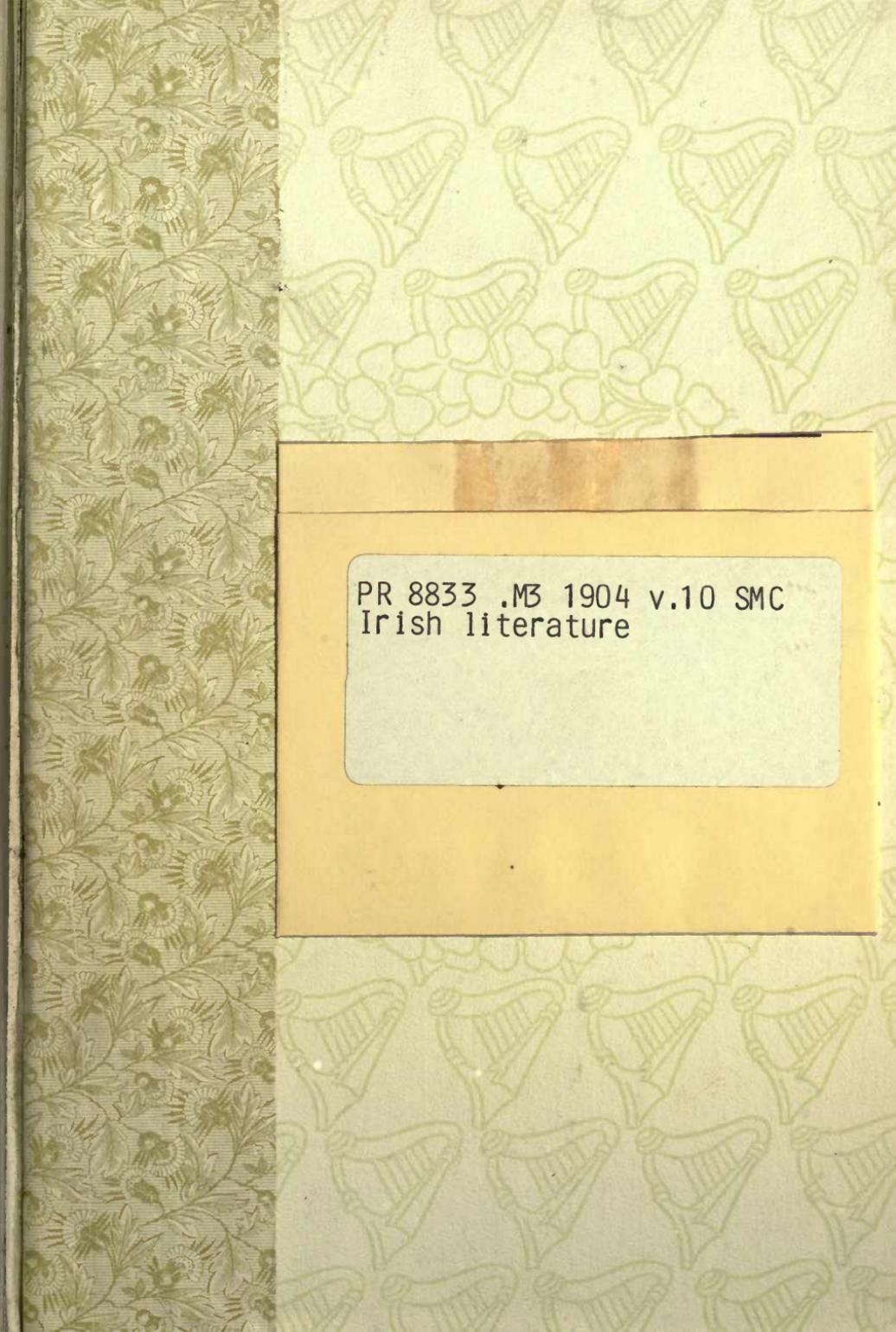
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