



Campbell I.C. 5



J. H. Campbell

November - 1860

Gavin

Sent to H. MacLean. - May 1861

He returned to our vessel.

TRANSACTIONS
OF
THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY,
FOR THE YEAR
1853.

VOL. I.

BATTLE OF GABHRA.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COUNCIL,
FOR THE USE OF THE MEMBERS.
1854.

THE

BATTLE OF GABHRA :

GARRISTOWN IN THE COUNTY OF DUBLIN,

FOUGHT A.D. 283.

FOR THE FIRST TIME EDITED,
FROM AN ORIGINAL IRISH MANUSCRIPT,
WITH INTRODUCTION, LITERAL TRANSLATION, AND NOTES,

BY
NICHOLAS O'KEARNEY.

DUBLIN :
PRINTED FOR THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY,
By JOHN O'DALY, 9, ANGLESEY-STREET.
1853.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE NOT SOLD ; BEING STRICTLY
LIMITED TO MEMBERS.

REPORT.

On the 17th day of March, 1853, a few individuals, interested in the preservation and publication of Irish Manuscripts, met at No. 9, Anglesey-street, for the express purpose of forming a Society whose object should be the publication of Fenian poems, tales, and romances, illustrative of the Fenian period of Irish history, in the Irish language and character, with literal translations and notes explanatory of the text, when practicable: and at a subsequent meeting, held on the 9th of May following, the Society was formed, and named the OSSIANIC SOCIETY, the Council to consist entirely of Irish Scholars; when the following gentlemen were duly elected as the first Council of the Society, and the undermentioned Fenian Tracts were determined on as its first publications:—

COUNCIL.

Rev. John Clarke, R.C.C., Louth; Euseby D. Cleaver, Esq., A.B., Delgany; Professor Connellan, Cork; Rev. James Goodman, A.B., Skibbereen: William Hackett, Esq., Middleton; Rev. Patrick Lamb, P.P., Newtownhamilton: Professor Mac Sweeney, Thurles; Mr. John O'Daly, HON. SECRETARY, Dublin; John O'Donovan, Esq., LL.D., M.R.I.A., Dublin; Rev. J. L. O'Flynn, O.S.C.F., Kilkenny; Standish H. O'Grady, Esq., Castleconnell; Nicholas O'Kearney, Esq., Dublin; Professor O'Mahony, College of St. Columba; Andrew Ryan, Esq., Gortkelly Castle, Borrisoleigh; John Windele, Esq., Cork; Rev. W. Wright, D.D., Medmenham, Bucks.

BOOKS.

I. The Prose and Poetical Account of the Battle of Ḥabha (Garristown, in the County of Dublin), fought A.D. 283, where the Fenian forces of Ireland were conquered, and their ranks finally broken up.

II. A very interesting Fenian Tale, entitled "Ḥéir Ṭiḡe Conaḡn Éinn ṣ-cléibe;" or a Visit to the House of Conan of Ceann Sleibhe—near Corofin, in the county of Clare.

III. A Volume of Ossianic Poems.

IV. A Treatise entitled "Ḥḡallaḡ ḡa Seanaḡmḡ," or Dialogue of the Sages—a historical work in prose and poetry, full of rare information relative to the topography of Ireland.

V. A Romantic Tale entitled "Ṭḡnaḡḡeacḡ ḡḡannaḡa Uḡ ḡuḡḡe aḡur ḡḡannaḡe"—i.e., the Adventures of Diarmuid O'Duibhne and Grainne (Grace), the Daughter of Cormac Mac Airt, Monarch of Ireland in the Third Century,

who, after being married to Fionn Mac Cumhaill, eloped with Diarmuid; and to whom are ascribed the Leaba Caillighes (Hags' Beds), so numerous in Ireland—the origin of which is now so anxiously sought for by antiquaries.

VI. A Tract giving an Account of the Battle of Ventry, in the county of Kerry, which was fought between Daire Donn, Monarch of the World, and the Fianna Eirionn, and lasted for 366 days.

The editing of the first volume on the Council's list was entrusted to a gentleman well qualified for the task; owing, however, to the abundance of more ancient and consequently more authentic matter which occasionally turned up, some little delay has occurred in its preparation for the press; but the Council now have the satisfaction of announcing to the Society that the first printed-off sheet of this important work lies on the table before them, and that the work itself shall be very soon ready for delivery to the members.

The Council have also to state that, owing to the kindness of the Rev. the Provost and the Board of Trinity College, and to the courtesy of the Rev. Dr. Todd, who is ever foremost in the field of Irish literature, a very valuable and ancient poem by Oisín, on the death of *Carrubne Uíreácláin*, who was killed in the battle of *Tábhna*, has been secured for the Society's first publication, from the "Book of Leinster," a Vellum Manuscript of the twelfth century, now deposited in the College Library. Mr. Curry, who has made the transcript, states it as his opinion that the book must have been written before the year 1150. The other poems bearing on the subject will be also very curious, inasmuch as one of them relates all the wondrous circumstances said to have occurred in Ireland at the first sound of St. Patrick's bell, about which there is so much discussion among antiquaries at the present day.

The second book on the Council's list gives an account of Fionn Mac Cumhaill's visit to the house or mansion of Conan of Ceann Sleibhe—near Corofin, in the county of Clare—when he was separated by a druidic mist from his companions in the chase, on the mountain of Tork, in the county of Kerry; the colloquy which passed between him and Conan, in which the latter interrogates the Fenian hero as to the etymology of various places and localities in Munster; also as to the origin of certain Fenian habits and customs, as well as of sundry incidents in Fenian history which are quite unknown to us of the present day, and to all of which Fionn gave full explanatory answers.

The third on the list is a collection of Ossianic Poems, which will also be found illustrative of the topography of the country.

The fourth on the list—the Agallamh, &c.—is highly interesting and curious, and is at this moment preparing for the Society from the "Book of Lismore," a vellum manuscript of the fourteenth century: the most important portion of the original having recently turned up for sale in Cork, and having been purchased by a gentleman friendly to the Society for the munificent sum of £50, is now at the disposal of the Council as far as it is necessary to use and consult it.

The fifth volume on the list—the *Toruigheacht*, &c.—gives the fullest particulars of the subject to which it refers, and will carry the reader from cave to cave where it is supposed the fugitives took shelter from the hot pursuit of the injured hero Fionn.

The sixth on the list—the *Battle of Ventry*—is just copied by a member of the Council from a vellum Manuscript of the fifteenth century, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and presented to the Society by the learned transcriber.

Various other Manuscripts of high importance are in the Council's hands: and while such a mass of valuable matter still remains unpublished, the Council feel assured that the public will rally round an institution whose object is to place these documents before its members on terms so reasonable as to enable every one interested in the subject to obtain them at a sum almost nominal (5*s.* per annum), which sum, too, will not be demanded until a book is announced ready for delivery.

The Council take this opportunity of recording their grateful thanks to the public for the amount of support they have already received at their hands; and, to show the success attendant upon institutions starting with a moderate amount of subscription for membership, they beg to speak in honourable terms of the great and unparalleled success of the Kilkenny and South-East of Ireland Archæological Society, which went to press four years ago with only the small sum of £15, the subscriptions of sixty members, and whose list, in this short period, has swollen to the almost incredible number of six hundred members, realising to the society an annual income of about £150!

It may not be out of place to say a word or two more about this last-named society, as it takes cognizance of matters which strongly prove that Irish history is not fully before the public as yet, and that there are still many omissions, and many important circumstances neglected or quite forgotten by kindred societies in Ireland, such as Carns, Cromleacs, Dallans, Dangans, Duns, Fallachd Fians, Leabas, Lioses, Raths, Tulachs, Turloghs or Lochans, and many others that could be named, not to make mention of our great puzzle, the Round Towers.

While the Council have every reason to feel thankful for the amount of support tendered to them from all quarters, they cannot omit recording their sense of the deep loss sustained by the cause of Irish literature in general, and their own infant society in particular, in the death of one of their members, the ever-to-be-lamented William Elliot Hudson, Esq., M.R.I.A., whose time and money were ever cheerfully devoted to the advancement of everything that could reflect credit on the country he loved so well, and in whose annals he shall ever occupy a place second to none of those whose memory a grateful nation "delighteth to honor."

Council

RE-ELECTED 17TH OF MARCH, 1854.

CLARKE, REV. JOHN, R.C.C., *Louth.*

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INTRODUCTION.

THERE is no period in Irish history so neglected by archæologists and unknown to the historian, though there is none so important in the pages of our annals, as that in which the Fenians flourished. It has been the custom to decry the Fenian poems as silly and fictitious compositions better calculated to amuse than instruct, to animate the chieftain and his *bonachts*, to imitate the feigned prowess of a gigantic race conjured into existence by the over-heated brain of the bard, rather than to impress any portion of Irish history on the minds of the reader and auditor. The learned Dr. O'Connor and Ware were among the first to brand the Fenian poems as useless; even others fell into a similar error, though popular tradition, which never should be totally overlooked by writers of the early history of any country, Fenian terms innumerable, associated with Irish topography, and poems as ancient—many of them at least—as those universally considered as genuine history, should warn them of their mistake, and induce them to pay more attention to the numerous Fenian poems scattered over our island, many of which *a D.*
found their way even to Scotland. *1512* If nothing else could *4-26*
prevail with such men to betake themselves to the study of *at Car.*
these poems, the pictures they present of the manners, habits, and customs of those who have trod the same soil as themselves, and who have been long gathered to the ashes of their fathers, should at least present some inducement. The Albanian Scots, who can have no claim whatever to the Fenian chiefs, have set an example worthy of imitation.

*Except that they claim to be their descendants
in some cases.*

If the marvellous be mixed with portions of genuine history in the Fenian poems, still there exists no reason for their final rejection; because if we turn over the pages of the early history of any country, we find in them a leaven of the same nature equally objectionable; it is the duty of the historian to sift and separate truth from fiction. If such fragments of the poetry of the country existed among any other people they would soon be rescued from oblivion; but, to the shame of the Irish be it told, they have hitherto advanced but slowly in the performance of the good work. It is, indeed, to be lamented that we have not hitherto thought the Fenian poems worthy of notice as they deserve. But the time has come when the remnants of the history of Ireland found in the poems of Fionn, Oisin, Caoilte, Fergus, and other minor bards of antiquity shall not remain in oblivion. Though Ossianic lore has been almost neglected by most writers, nevertheless it is but fair to record a few honorable and praise-worthy exceptions. The first is C. Wilson, who published a small quarto volume of Ossianic poetry in 1780; and next Miss Brooke, who published, in 1786, a large volume which has been reprinted, in octavo, by the patriotic and enterprising Christie of Dublin, in 1816. The Ossianic poems afterwards remained unnoticed until the late Edward O'Reilly and the Rev. Dr. Drummond wrote prize essays on their authenticity and in refutation of Macpherson's false assertions, which were published in the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy" (vol. xvi., part 2); and in 1851, the latter gentleman published a volume of excellent metrical translations of some of our Fenian poems at his own risk, which, it is feared, has not repaid his labors.

"The era of Fionn and the Fenians," writes the Rev. Dr. Drummond, the Fenian chronicler and poet, "is as distinctly marked in Irish history as any other event which it records." *Perhaps* This learned archæologist is certainly correct: for, in the Annals of the Four Masters, it is recorded that Fionn O'Baoisgne

was slain at a place called Ath-Brea, on the banks of the Boyne, A.D. 273. If such a person as Fionn O'Baoisgne, or Mac Cumhaill, was not named in ancient documents, it is very improbable that the learned compilers of the Annals of Ireland would ever have mentioned his name. The pedigrees of Fionn, Oisín, Goll, and other Fenian chiefs, are recorded in the Books of Ballymote, Leacan, and by Mac Firbis, the great antiquary, with as much precision as those of any other noble Irish families. It is stated in those manuscripts that Fionn, son of Cumhall, derived his origin from a certain chieftain named Baoisgne, from whom the Fenians of Leinster took the name of Clanna Baoisgne (clans, or sons of Baoisgne). This Baoisgne was descended from Nuadha Neacht, according to our annalists, who was monarch of Ireland about a century before the Christian era. Irish writers are so particular in this respect as to give the names of the mother of Fionn, and other Fenian chieftains. Fionn's mother was Muirne Munchaomh, daughter of Teige the druid, who descended from a princely family of Bregia in Meath. A Fenian poem, attributed to Caoilte Mac Ronain, records the names of the Fenian princesses of note at this time, thus—

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 Muirne, máthair an mhic mhóir,
 Bean do Chúmhall mac Tríén Mhóir.

Oirín mac Fhionn, fear go n-íor,
 Ro zeabhóir a z-Cluain Joctair;
 Ingeir Dheirg a máthair máir,
 Torraithe naoi mhór dh mhór flait.

Flaitbeairt ingeir co neairt,
 Ar deir mháir nio deir beairt;
 Rug Orzair a z Jomcaoir t-ríar,
 S í a z Oirín naoi m-bliathar.

See
 Various
 Ballads
 and
 Stories
 got in Scotland
 about the
 slaying of
 Cumhall
 1871
 December 1871

at what date and where is this "Fenian"

"Poem"? a careless reader might suppose that it
 came out of one of these

Moirean aḡ Oiriu ḡan éac̃t,
 Sẽc̃t m-bl̃aḡna d̃i me d̃moideac̃t;
 M̃ac̃aill na t-t̃m̃i m̃ic eile,
 Iḡean Chualaiun C̃iõc̃m̃uine.

D̃am̃f̃uine aḡ M̃ac Cúmhall c̃ail̃,
 Ñĩ c̃uḡraḡ m̃aoiun na deaḡaḡ;
 D̃alḡar ba h-ãiun d̃a h-ãc̃aill,
 M̃ac Dolaill S̃ĩde F̃iõm̃c̃ãc̃aḡ.

Dub̃ail̃he iḡen Dub̃d̃ac̃ d̃éun,
 M̃ac̃aill Colla, C̃ũille, iḡ C̃éun;
 Ben Ch̃oill̃te mac Seac̃oill̃ F̃iuñ,
 O b-fũl̃ D̃ũĩa Dub̃-ãill̃.

TRANSLATION.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Muirne, mother of a celebrated son,
 Was wife of Cumhall, son of Trenmor.

Oisín, son of Fionn, a man of prowess,
 Was born at Cluain Iochtair;
 The daughter of Dearg was his worthy mother,
 She bore him nine months in her womb.

Flaithbheart, a lady of great power,
 Over ten ladies of comely habits;
 Gave birth to Osgar at Imchoin in the west—
 She was nine years the wife of Oisín.

Moirean was wife of Oisín without restriction,
 Seven years was she under the bond of *draoidheacht*,¹
 The mother of the other three sons
 Was the daughter of Cualan of Ciochmain.

¹ *Draoidheacht*, druidism or sorcery.

warlike companions. It contains also the poems ascribed to Fionn Mac Cumhaill, Caoilte Mac Ronain, and Oisín Mac Fhinn; but the principal feature in it is the dialogue in which Caoilte and Oisín are represented as relating the military glory of the Fenians to St. Patrick.

There is a vellum manuscript in the library of Trinity College, which contains two poems composed by Oisín, and one by Fionn Mac Cumhaill. Mr. Curry, in his Catalogue of the Hodges and Smith collection of Irish Manuscripts in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, states that this manuscript was compiled in the twelfth century. If the language and style of these poems be taken into consideration they were transcribed from manuscripts of a much earlier date. It may not be irrelevant to state that in one of these poems Oisín informs us, that the then monarch of Ireland authorised a great fair and races to be held on the Currach of the Liffey, now the Currach (*vulgo* Curragh) of Kildare; and he further states that it was on the day of this great national amusement he composed his poem commemorative of the joyous event. In the library of the Royal Irish Academy is preserved a portion of a book, called Leabair na h-Uíðiu, bound in wooden boards and fastened with brass clasps, and written in the eleventh century, or, according to good judges, considerably earlier. From its present appearance it may be inferred that only about one-third part of its original contents now remains. We are informed by the writers of the Annals of the Four Masters that the manuscript which originally bore this name, was compiled at Clonmacnois, in the fifth century. It appears that this book, besides some original matter, contains a considerable number of extracts from much older manuscripts, such as the Book of Druimsneachta, the Book of Slane, and other manuscripts now unknown. This book forms a connecting link between the books of Leacan, Ballymote, and the older ones of Slane and Druimsneachta, the latter of which, according to Keating

and others, existed before the time of St. Patrick. The fragment of this book contains the history of the battle of Cnoca (Castleknock), in which Cumhall, father of Fionn, was slain by Goll Mac Moirne, a circumstance which of itself is calculated to corroborate the facts relative to the existence of Fionn, Oisín, Osgar, Goll, Fergus, and their Fenian companions, as well as the originality of their writings; and if the Psalter of Cashel, compiled in the tenth century, and the Psalter of Tara, compiled at a much earlier date from older documents, be still extant, they will unquestionably corroborate the statements found in more modern manuscripts regarding the Fenian chiefs and bards, and their compositions. The Book of Dinnseanchus, another Irish record, compiled by Amergin, son of Amalgaidh, who was chief bard to the monarch Diarmuid, who reigned from A.D. 544, to A.D. 565, gives an account of noted places, such as raths, fortresses, hills, mountains, and cities, with the origin of their names. In the course of this work extracts from poems composed by early Irish writers are quoted as authorities: among the ancient authors thus quoted will be found the names of Fionn Mac Cumhall, and his son Fergus, the royal Fenian bard, which prove, if proof were necessary, that the Fenian bards did write, and that their original compositions have been preserved.

Dr. O'Connor (*Ep.*, p. 51) says, "Errant qui Ossini carmina genuina, tot sæculis, absque literarum ope servari potuisse existimant. Lingua enim Hibernica, qua insulæ Hiberniæ et Albanæ nunc utuntur, in pluribus diversa est ab antiqua: et cum id in codicibus scriptis pateat, quis nisi partium studiis non percipit, diversitatem longe majorem necessario oriri debere in lingua non scripta? Omnia humana in perpetuo fluxu apparent, et nulla mutationi magis obnoxia sunt, quam linguæ." It is true that language changes with time, and equally true that the language of the more ancient copies of Fenian poems is more difficult to be understood than that of modern ones. This circumstance

arises in consequence of the people having committed the Fenian lays to memory. In the good old times, it was customary with the bard to chant them to the music of the harp in the chieftain's hall, and with the *seanchaidhe* to recite them for the amusement of his patron and his guests. There can be but little doubt about the poems of Oisín, &c., having been originally written, but such as had not an opportunity of procuring copies of them as well as the bard and *seanchaidhe*, who professionally committed them to memory, learned to imitate them with success. This practice continued from time immemorial almost down to the present; and we ourselves have seen the local as well as the professional *seanchaidhe*: one, in particular, who boasted he had in his memory and could recite all the Fenian poems from the Lay of Dearg to the Courtship of Fionn Mac Cumhaill in Lochlin, in all about ninety-seven, according to his enumeration.

Whenever these poems were written from memory, it is clear that the words having varied according to the change in the language, they were taken down in the form of language then used by the people. Hence the difference found to exist in the language of an ancient and modern copy of the same poem. This difference, however, is not so great as might be expected, as may be seen by the following specimens.

This specimen is taken from the Bodleian Library, as given by Dr. Charles O'Connor, in the *Rer. Hib. Scrip. Ep.*, p. cxxv.; *Laud*, 95, fol. 124, col. 2, line a 26.

Oṡṡṡṡ. C.C.

Ráṡṡ a Cháṡṡṡ cṡṡ ḡṡṡ fṡṡ,
 Mṡṡ cṡṡṡ ṡṡ ṡṡṡ fṡṡṡṡṡ,
 Cṡṡ ṡṡṡṡ Cṡṡ, ṡṡṡ ṡṡ ṡṡṡ,
 ḡṡ cṡṡ cṡṡṡ fṡṡ a ṡṡṡṡṡ.

From modern paper copies.

Ráṡṡ a Čṡṡṡṡ cṡṡ ḡṡ fṡṡ,¹
 Mṡṡ ṡṡ'cṡṡṡ ṡṡ fṡṡṡṡṡ;
 Čṡṡṡ ṡṡṡṡ Cṡṡṡṡṡ fṡṡ ṡṡṡ ṡṡṡ,
 Rṡ ṡṡṡ ṡṡ fṡṡṡṡ a ṡ-ṡṡṡṡṡṡṡ.

¹ Here the paper copy, though one of pretty ancient date, gives a very good history of the times and reigning dynasty, supplied from other old documents, though not noticed in those old poems in the Bodleian Library. This would certainly warrant the belief that the poems of Oisín, Caoilte, &c., were the basis

Fol. 124. b. col. 1. 2. 1.

Ruc do noza in mac ba ro,
 beir ne féin ní h-íomairgo;
 Farrairí feda foirchín,
 Aibne ir alla ir ionbha.

* * * *
 * * * *
 * * * *
 * * * *

Ko žab ferbach dar lein,
 Aib níz an fenaib Eir;
 A feda a cairn éirí,
 A cairn éirí a cairn éirí.

Modern Copy.

Ruz do'n noim an mac ba ro,
 beir neir féin ní h-íomairgo;
 Foir ne farradair, feda,
 Cairza, alla, ar ionbha,

Do leiríom do Tuadál teab,
 Aib rin aib-níz Eirion;
 A b-fuair a cairn éirí,
 A cairn éirí a cairn éirí.

Iar rin do mad Fadaib an féin,
 Do Mhóirne mór zán baot-éirí;
 Cheirne bhaíra níz go neairtíar,
 Do Tnéamhór no éadé arcar. 7c.

The paper copy compared with this ancient manuscript details more accurately the genealogy of Fionn Mac Cumhaill than the original. Hence it may very safely be inferred that any additions (interpolations, if sceptics wish,) made to the poem are the work of some person well versed in the archæology of the country, and, as a consequence, the modern poems are revisions of the old ones, therefore more perfectly historical. Here is another specimen.—*Fol. 124, b. col. 2, l. i.; Ex. Rer. Hib. Scrip. p. cxxv.*

Cuicén dhuaz badan duilí,
 Ir fearn tar uil iatfuirí;
 Ir meabair lmrá co becht,
 A nairneir ir an draitbecht.

ba dñb baíra arñ baíra,
 Dñb Cairchbad dñb deíra;
 Seocan mac Cuicén cnecht aíz chaim,
 Mhóirneir ir fñb a fñmair.

Cuicén leíha lñh naima,
 Ir fearn tarairl éirí banba;
 Cñb cñn aíura dñeir,
 Ir am eolach na fñrneir.

Cuicén dhuaz ne dñm n'uirle.
 Do neach tarol iatfuirí;
 Ir meabair lmrá zán aicht
 A n-aimhna 'r a n-draitbecht

ba dñb baíra a fñb baíra,
 Ir Cairchbad dñb deíra;
 Ir Seocan mac Cuicén-éairí,
 Mhóirneir ir Fionn Fñmair.

Cuicén leíha lñh naima,
 Ir fearn tarairl iat Eirion;
 Cñb fada turá da n-déir,
 Ir am eolach na n'fñrneir.

or theme upon which many historical accounts were founded with the aid of other veritable documents. Hence one would naturally come to the conclusion, that our modern poems are the more perfect with respect to historical information.

2hach yr oymed dalayb ddechz,
 2leur an achayn djan cechz;
 2abnan haryz tan mayn anayn,
 Fynd Feyn hua bayrene baynzlayn.

Cuycey ffl uafal dyem,
 Iy feyn canayll iach néryon;
 Iy medboyn humpā co bechz,
 2l fayrneff a ffldechz.

Canybyy ffl fuayn dan leayn,
 2maynzyn iordy 2aebyl;
 Feynceyrene, ne labnayb lone,
 2oznyuych yr fynd faebayn nochz.

2hach, yr 2hymeadach djan tmeact,
 22ayr a n-ačayn djan-čechz;
 Feynzyn faydlyaz, feayrda 'n feayn,
 Feyon O'baoyzno, an cūzyon.

Cūzyon fflde feactayn lrom,
 Iy feayn canoyll iach 2nyonb;
 Iy meabayn humpā 2o ceayn,
 2l b-fayrneff a b-ffldeact.

Canybno ffl fuayn tan leayn,
 Iy 2menzyn iore 2aoydeal;
 2čaynno, azayr labnayb lone,
 Feynceyrene yr Feyon faebayn-nočz.

It is evident from the above specimens of ancient and modern Ossianic poems on the same subject, that the difference between the language and orthography is only trifling, and such as can by no means obstruct the study of any Irish scholar. This specimen is the best and most tangible that can possibly be given of the very immaterial change which the lapse of centuries has been able to introduce into our written language, notwithstanding the broad assertions daily made to the contrary, as well as a proof, if proof were required, that the meaning of the original is strictly preserved, almost miraculously, in the slight change the originals have undergone.

Dr. Charles O'Connor erroneously styles our Fenian poems, "*Colloquia Fabulosa de Rebus Hib. Scripta sæculo XIV., in quibus colloquentes introducuntur S. Patricius, Coilteus, et Ossinnus,*"¹ and felicitously discovered a manuscript in the Bodleian Library containing "The Irish Gigantomachia, or Wars of the Irish Giants," written, or rather compiled, by a person named Finlaech O'Cathail. It requires but a few words to point out the mistake into which this learned antiquary has inadvertently fallen. If the compilers of the Book of Dinnseanchus found more ancient documents containing poems by Fionn, Fergus, and other Fenian bards,

¹ Tom. i. p. lx.

there is no reason to believe that this Finlaech O'Cathail was the author of any such Fenian or other poems, but merely the compiler. It is very well known that the Poems of Oisín, Fergus, and Caoilte were committed to memory even in our own time, and recited to audiences on winter nights at assemblies, such as weddings, christenings, wakes, as the rarest amusement that could be procured for the assembly. Many of those rhapsodists were unlettered peasants. Abram Mac Coy, the best reciter of Fenian poems, and probably the last of his class who flourished in Ulster in the middle of the last century, was an unlettered man. If these persons were accustomed to commit those poems to memory in latter times, there is sufficient reason for believing that they were the real representatives of the old class of *seanchaidhes* (story-tellers), of whom we are accustomed to hear so much, and who preceded them in the same capacity. Poems committed to memory are much easier retained with accuracy than prose, nevertheless, they must have undergone the same transition as the language of the people was subject to from age to age, so that though they closely agree with the originals the language must certainly be different. Hence we see how it is that these poems vary in point of diction from those found in old manuscripts.

Dr. O'Connor has called the Dialogues of Caoilte and Oisín with St. Patrick "*Colloquia Fabulosa*," probably on account of an anachronism evidently visible in making Caoilte and Oisín contemporaries with St. Patrick. This anachronism, which appears in the Fenian poems, adds to the distrust entertained by some learned archaeologists as to the credit due to the history they give. Dr. O'Connor (*Proleg.* ii. p. xii.) complains as follows:—"Ex hac retrograde numerandi methodo, ficti Ossiani somnia rejicienda detego. Synchronos enim faciunt *S. Patricium, Ossianum, Osgarum*, et *Cuculinum* quod ab Historica fide alienum est." Strong reasons for making this remark, it must be admitted, present

They prove that they are not "historical" by their extravagance but nevertheless there must be a thread of history in them.

There is nothing about him in my oral Versions ^{ever}
↑ ^{of him in the name of}
20 ^{his battle.}

themselves. Cuchulainn was slain in the great battle of Moymuirtheimne, in the county of Louth, about A. D. 2, while Fionn, Oisín, Osgar, and Caoilte died in the fourth century. It is not, however, found in any poem on Cuchulainn that he was contemporary with the Fenians: the false assertion is made by James Macpherson only; and it is but fair to say that the Doctor alludes to the anachronism of Macpherson. But Irish lore, very fortunately indeed, comes in to smooth this seeming difficulty. In a Fenian poem consisting of one hundred and forty-six stanzas of four verses each, St. Patrick is introduced in the act of interrogating Oisín as to how he outlived all his Fenian friends and companions during three hundred years. Oisín informs him that after the Fenians had been cut off at the Battle of Gabhra, he, together with a few who survived the carnage, had been engaged in the chase on the borders of Loch Lene (the lakes of Killarney), and that a fawn was started, but the sport was soon interrupted by the appearance of a noble white steed with a rider in the distance. On its nearer approach the rider was discovered to be no less than a golden-haired, soft, blue-eyed lady of exquisite beauty, dressed in gold-bespangled robes of costly silk. She accosted the Fenians and informed them that she was *Niamh-cinn-oir* (Niamh of the golden hair), daughter of *Cailce* (Brilliant), king of *Tir na n-Og* (Country of Perpetual Youth), who came forward for the special purpose of offering her hand to Oisín, binding him at the same time under *geasa* (prohibitions) to proceed with her on her steed to $\tau\eta\mu\ \eta\alpha\ \nu\text{-}O\gamma$, promising him together with great privileges, that he never should see either sickness or death. Oisín without hesitation mounted the white steed, and both travelled over the boundless ocean until they arrived at a certain great city governed by a monstrous giant who had previously carried away the daughter of the king of $\tau\eta\mu\ \eta\alpha\ \mu\text{-}Beo$ (the Country of the Living), another of the Paradises of the pagan Irish. Oisín killed the wicked

yes in many }

5 14

where?

giant; and having reached the capital of $\tau\dot{\eta}\mu\ \eta\alpha\ \eta\text{-O}\zeta$, he married his lady-love. He remained here for three hundred years. In the meantime Niamh-chinn-oir gave birth to two sons and a fair daughter; but Oisín having felt a long-ing desire to revisit his friends, and take a last farewell of them, under the impression that he had been absent only a few years, so perfect was his happiness, his wife used every argument in her power to dissuade him from such a rash project, but in vain. She at length consented on his promising her not to alight from his horse, under the severe penalty of never returning. He visited all the Fenian haunts, but not one he had ever seen met his gaze. The raths and dūns of Fenian notoriety were all demolished, and the only answer given to his inquiries respecting the Fenians was, that such people were once in Ireland, but were dead for centuries. On his reaching Gleann an smoil (the valley or glen of the thrush), he saw a number of people endeavouring to raise a great block of granite: one of the stewards begged of him to assist his people, he consented, and, stooping on one side caught hold of the stone and raised it to its proper place. In doing so, however, his foot touched the ground, the white steed flew away, and Oisín became a worn, debilitated, blind old man. This account of $\tau\dot{\eta}\mu\ \eta\alpha\ \eta\text{-O}\zeta$, and $\tau\dot{\eta}\mu\ \eta\alpha\ \eta\text{-Beo}$, the Elysium of the pagan Irish, i.e. the Islands of the Happy of eastern writers, and of Oisín having returned to life after a lapse of three hundred years or upwards, so as to meet St. Patrick, and narrate the history of Fenian achievements, is, probably, the remnant of his-
tory that best explains the doctrine of the transmigration of
souls. Since one calling himself Oisín returned from $\tau\dot{\eta}\mu\ \eta\alpha\ \eta\text{-O}\zeta$, and related a portion of Irish history, no doubt it was believed by the pagans of his day that he was the real Oisín who had again assumed the human shape.

It is a very curious fact that all the eastern nations be-
lieved that the Elysium, or abode of good souls after death,

See p. 10
Perhap.
If this be
history.
The
legend is
well known

an over Scotland is the equivalent of a wide spread
Popular tale which is in the last volume
Collector J.H. December 3 1871

was located in the west, contiguous to the place where the sun set; Caicher the druid foretold to the clanna Milidh, after having taken an observation from the *tûr*, or tower of Braganza, that the race of people, for whom he was interested, should necessarily migrate to the far west. The real fact is, that the cradle of the human family was in the east, and as a matter of course they must migrate to the west. It is curious, indeed, that, after the lapse of many centuries, the descendants of the Milesians are still pouring forward in myriads, if it can be so expressed, to the far west. The Puranas of the Hindus record that the happy abode of the just is in the west. The Celtic tribes of the continent believed that just souls were transported into a western island which they called *Flaith-inis*, the Irish name for heaven, still in common use. A learned gentleman, professor Raffles, writing on this subject, says:—"It is strange but true, that, throughout the earth, the places of departed souls, the land of spirits, was supposed to be in the west, or at the setting sun." This happens everywhere, and in the most opposite regions, from China to Lybia, and also from Alaska to Chili in America. The instances of an eastern paradise were few, and referred to the eastern celestial abode of yore, rather than the future abode of souls. The Ashenists, or Essemans, the best sect of Jews, placed paradise in the western ocean; and the Id (probably *Id*, island) Alishe, or Elisha of the Prophets, was the Happy Land. Jezkal (our Ezekiel) mentions that island; the Phœnicians called it Alizat, and some deem Madeira was meant, but it had neither men nor spirits. From this the Greeks made their Elysium and Tartarus, placed near together, at first in Epirus, then in Italy, next in Spain, and lastly in the ocean, as the settlers travelled west. The sacred and blessed islands of the Hindus and Lybians were in the ocean; Wilford thought they meant the British Islands. Pushcarra, the farthest off, he says, was Iceland, but may have meant North America.

agree

The Lybians called their blessed islands "Aimenes;" they were the Canaries, it is said, but most likely the Atlantides, since the Atlantes dwelt in the Aimenes. And farther, he says, the Gauls had their Cocagne, the Saxons their Cocksaign, Cocana of the Lusitanians, a land of delight and plenty, which is proverbial to this day. By the Celts it was called "*Dunna feadhuidh*" (fairy land), but all these notions have earlier foundations, since the British druids put their paradise in a remote island in the west called Flaith-inis. It is rather curious to find that a learned man should translate *Flaith-inis* "the flat island," the old name for Elysium among the pagan Irish, and still the name most generally used by Christians for heaven. But Flaith-inis, like *Ṭír na n-Og* was a place of great beauty and afforded a pleasant retreat for the just. Oisín's description of *Ṭír na n-Og*, according to the account given by his lady-love, the king of the Land of Perpetual Youth's lovely daughter is thus:—

'S í an tír is aeíbhne le fáḡaíl,
 Is mó cáil anois fá'ḡ n-ḡmáin;
 Cuiasid aḡ cuasid le cuasid 'r blaíḡ,
 Is duilleabair aḡ fáir ar bairiaib ḡeḡ.

Is fairiarḡ is mair mair is fíḡ,
 'S ḡaḡ uile nḡ da b-faca rúil;
 Ní maḡaib caḡaib oir led maḡ,
 Bair nḡ maḡ nḡ fáirḡ tḡ.

Do ḡeabair flead, mair, ól,
 Do ḡeabair ceol bḡn ar ḡeal;
 Do ḡeabair airḡeat acur óir;
 Do ḡeabair fḡr iomair réad.

Do ḡeabair cét cloḡeair ḡan ḡó,
 Cét maḡ rḡóil de fḡoda daḡ;
 Cét each is mair i n-ḡleo,
 Is cét leo de cḡaib ḡair.

but where is
 this poem
 preserved? }
 P20 where

Do ʒeabaŋŋ mjoŋŋ mǝʒ ŋa ŋ-ōʒ,
 Nač tuʒ fōr do ŋeacŋ fə'ŋ ŋ-ʒmǝŋ,
 ʒeanaŋ djoŋ oŋt oʒče ŋr lō,
 ʒe cat a ŋ-ʒleo ŋr a ŋ-ʒaŋb ʒlǝʒ.

ʒheabaŋŋ lǝŋneac cǝmɔač cōŋŋ,
 Cloʒeacŋ cŋŋ ōŋŋ ŋr clŋrɔe bǝŋŋ;
 Naŋ teŋnað ŋeacŋ mŋaŋ nač beo,
 Noč cōnaŋŋc fōr aŋ t-aŋŋ ʒǝŋ.

Do ʒeabaŋŋ cǝt lǝŋŋe ŋrōŋl,
 Cǝt bō, ŋr fōr cǝt laeʒ;
 Cǝt caeŋa cōŋa loŋŋa ōŋŋ,
 Cǝt ŋeod ŋac b-ŋuŋl 'ŋaŋ t-ŋaeʒal,

ŋr cǝt maʒʒdean meʒɔŋeac ōʒ,
 Soŋlŋeac, loŋŋač, maŋ aŋ ŋ-ʒmǝŋ;
 ŋr ŋeanaŋ dealb, cŋuč, acur ŋuðʒ,
 'S ʒuŋ bŋŋŋe a m-beol ŋa ceol ǝaŋ.

ʒheabaŋŋ cǝt laeacŋ ŋr tŋǝŋŋe 'ŋ-ʒleo,
 ŋr clŋrte fōr ɪ c-clearaŋb luč;
 ʒŋmča, ǝɔče, aŋ do cōnaŋŋŋ,
 ʒe Tŋŋ ŋa ŋ-Oʒ ma čŋʒ lŋŋ.

TRANSLATION.

Tir na n-Og is the most beautiful country that can be found,
 The most productive now beneath the sun;
 The trees are bending under fruit and bloom,
 While foliage grows to the top of every bramble.

Wine and honey are abundant in it,
 And every thing the eye ever beheld;
 Consumption shall not waste you during life,
 Neither shall you see death or dissolution.

You shall have banquets, gaming, and drinking,
 You shall enjoy the enchanting music of the harp;
 You shall have gold and silver,
 You shall also have many jewels.

You shall get a hundred swords without a flaw,
 One hundred satin garments of precious silk ;
 One hundred steeds mettlesome in battle,
 Together with one hundred keen-scented hounds.

You shall obtain the diadem of the King of the Land of Youth,
 Which he never gave to any person beneath the sun ;
 It shall shield you both by night and day,
 In battle, conflict, and hard struggle.

You shall get a well-fitted protecting coat of mail,
 A gold-hilted sword capable and quick for execution ;
 From which none ever escaped alive,
 Who beheld the keen-edged weapon.

You shall get one hundred satin shirts,
 One hundred cows, one hundred calves ;
 One hundred sheep with fleeces of gold,
 And one hundred precious stones not found in the world.

You shall get one hundred merry young maidens,
 Bright and shining like the sun ;
 Who excel in shape, form, and features,
 And whose voices are sweeter than the melody of the birds.

You shall get one hundred champions very expert in battle,
 All well versed in feats of activity,
 Armed and clothed ready to attend you,
 In Tir na n-Og, if you come with me.

The above extract is only a small portion of this very curious poem, which pretty fully elucidates the Irish pagan doctrine of the metempsychosis as believed by the druids. The traditions relative to the enchanted islands on the Irish coasts are so firmly believed by the people that they actually imagine to have seen them. Of these *Idh Breasail* and many others, together with the Atlantis of eastern writers, form a very respectable group, which are naked for the inspection of the human eye every seventh year. There are

but
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 is it?

many charms said to be available for the recovery of those enchanted or druidic islands, but the most potent is, if any good Christian happen to see them, and fling a lighted ember upon the land, the vapour which conceals these happy abodes from the human eye must immediately vanish. The eastern writers called these abodes *Μακάρων Νῆσοι*, i. e., the Islands of the Happy; others, the White Islands. There can be no doubt that the origin of this belief has claim to a very ancient date. Some sects of Jews believed that Paradise was located in the west, unquestionably in the Islands of the Happy of the orientals. In the Book of Henoch, translated by the late Dr. Lawrence, Archbishop of Cashel, it is stated that a very beneficent being was wont to emerge from the sea, and give good council to the inhabitants of the earth. This story may have had its origin in that related in the Fourth Book of Esdras, marked in the Vulgate of Sixtus V. and Clement VIII. (Lugd. ed. 4to. 1688), condemned by the Council of Trent as heterodox, though of great antiquity. Speaking of the creation, on the fifth day, it records:—

“Aqua muta, & sine anima, quæ Dei nutu jubebantur, animalia faciebat, ut ex hoc mirabilia tua nationes enarrent.”

“Et tunc conservasti duas animas: nomen uni vocasti Henoch, & nomen secundæ vocasti Leviathan.”

“Et separasti ea ab alterutro. Non enim poterat septima pars, ubi erat aqua congregata, capere ea.”

“Et dedisti Henoch unam partem, quæ siccata est tertio die, ut habitet in ea ubi sunt montes mille.”

“Leviathan autem dedisti septimam partem humidam, & servasti eam, ut fiat in devorationem quibus vis, & quando vis.”—*Esdræ*, lib. iv. cap. vi. ver. 48, *et seq.*

We need not be surprised that the orientals believed that there were places of abode for creatures of a rational nature under the waters of the ocean, but much less when we learn the belief of the Firbolg race that the places of the just after death were in our creeks and lakes, to which the water sup-

plied a fitting atmosphere, after reading the following in the same book:—

. . . . "Mare positum est in spatioso loco, ut esset altum & immensum;"

"Erit autem ei introitus in angusto loco positus, ut esset similis fluminibus."

"Quis enim volens voluerit ingredi mare, & videre eum, vel dominari ejus: si non transierit angustum, in latitudinem quomodo venire poterit?"

"Item aliud. Civitas est ædificata, & posita in loco campestri: est autem plena omnium bonorum."—*Esdraë*, lib. iv. cap. vii. v. 3, *et seq.*

There is a curious coincidence, in many respects, between the substance of the above extracts and the traditions still found among the Irish, relative to the pagan doctrine of the transmigration of souls, the least remarkable of which may have been the notion that the passage to $\tau\eta\mu\ \eta\alpha\ \eta\text{-}O\zeta$ was through a narrow cave in one of our lake islets. The doctrine itself embraces so many ramifications that, to do it ample justice, it would be necessary to devote a work to it.

Similar to this is the story told in the Book of Leacan about Tuan Mac Coireall, who was a man when Ceasair landed in Ireland, then three hundred years a deer, he then passed three hundred years in the shape of a wild boar, three hundred he was in the shape of a bird, and the last three hundred years remained in the shape of a salmon, which being caught by a fisherman was presented to the queen of Ireland, who immediately, when she tasted it, conceived, and brought forth the noted Tuan Mac Coireall, who narrated the history of the antediluvian colonization of Ireland by Ceasair and her people, and no person could doubt the accuracy of the history, \times simply because, like Oisín, Tuan witnessed all the facts he related. It is very possible St. Patrick met some old pagans, if not druids, whom he converted, and who gave much information relative to Ireland, but most probably it was too

\times See page 16. Perhaps.

much sprinkled with pagan abominations, since, it is said, that he, on one occasion, burned three hundred volumes of druidical works. It is doubtful, however, if St. Patrick ever saw the real Oisín, but only some druid or old *seanchaidhe*, who believed himself to be Oisín revived, in virtue of the druidical doctrine of metempsychosis, or transmigration of the spirit into other bodies.

† The transmigration of Tuan Mac Coireall's spirit is thus recorded by the Rev. Dr. O'Connor; "Extat in Codice Bodleiano, *Laud*, F 95, fol. 102, fabulosa narratio cujusdam *Tuani*, cui titulus, *Incipit a callain Tuain fri Finnia iar twidhect do Finnio cosin t-soiscela lais hi tir n Eir, hi crich n-Uladh* (Incipit colloquium Tuani cum Finnio, postquam venisset Finnio cum Evangeliorum Codice secum in regione Hiberniæ, in partes Ultoniæ)—Postea, in fine colloquii, hæc de Tuano narratur.—Tuanus fuit in forma viri centum annos, *iu b-Éiu iáiu fíonṭaíu* (in Hibernia post Fentanium;) *fíche bliáiu* (xx annis), in forma porci, *lxxx*, in forma cervi, centum annos, in forma aquilæ, *xxx* annos *fo líuḃ* (sub aqua) in forma piscis; et iterum in forma hominis, *co reṛṭaíḃ co b-aíuṛíu Fíuue mac huí Fíathach*."—(*Rer. Hib. Scrip. Ep.* p. xeviii. n.)—i. e. In the end of the dialogue, it is said of Tuan that he lived one hundred years in the shape of a man, and remained in the shape of a hog, in Ireland, twenty years after Fiontain (i. e. Fiontain Mac Bochna, who survived the flood in Ireland, or the Noah of the pagan Irish); eighty years in the shape of a stag, one hundred years in the shape of an eagle, and thirty years in the shape of a fish, under water, so that he reached the time of Finnio son of Fiathadh. Pliny, writing concerning the druids, says:—"In primis hoc persuadere volunt non interire animas, sed ab aliis post mortem transire ad alios, atque hoc maxime ad virtutem incitari putant metu mortis."—(lib. xvi. cap. 44.) The general belief of the pagan Irish was, that the souls of the just would pass into Paradise, which consisted of two islands; one less happy

2 The temple just I take to be that some beaver made the frame and just in bullocks.

called $\mathcal{T}\mathfrak{I}\mathfrak{I}$ $\mathfrak{N}\mathfrak{A}$ \mathfrak{M} -Beo (the Land of the Living), the other $\mathfrak{F}\mathfrak{L}\mathfrak{A}\mathfrak{I}\mathfrak{C}$ - $\mathfrak{I}\mathfrak{M}\mathfrak{I}\mathfrak{I}$, or $\mathcal{T}\mathfrak{I}\mathfrak{I}$ $\mathfrak{N}\mathfrak{A}$ \mathfrak{I} -O \mathfrak{Z} , (the Land of Perpetual Youth). Here they enjoyed all kinds of pleasures and happiness; but before they passed into either Elysium, they must pass over a certain bridge, called $\mathfrak{D}\mathfrak{I}\mathfrak{O}\mathfrak{I}\mathfrak{C}\mathfrak{E}\mathfrak{A}\mathfrak{D}$ $\mathfrak{A}\mathfrak{H}$ $\mathfrak{A}\mathfrak{E}\mathfrak{H}$ $\mathfrak{I}\mathfrak{Y}\mathfrak{B}\mathfrak{E}$ (the bridge of one hair); to the just the passage was easy and safe, as the bridge spread sufficiently wide to afford a safe footing, while to the wicked it contracted itself and became as slender as a single hair, and they were consequently cast into the world once more to assume different shapes, like Tuan, until they should at length qualify themselves, to ensure a safe passage across the mysterious bridge. The ghosts of the happy were sometimes privileged to revisit the world.

MacL
Chlorian

To complete his forgery, Macpherson makes his ghosts aerial misty substances that ride on the winds. Had he known anything about the mythology of the Celts, he certainly would have omitted to describe the spirits of his departed heroes as cloudy, aerial beings, because the Irish, as well as the Scots of Alba, considered the air as the place of punishment of spirits rather than that of happiness. *Deamh-ain aedhair* were looked on as the worst and most malicious class of spirits. Hear Macpherson's description of ghosts:—"A dark red stream of fire comes down from the hill. Crugal sat upon the beam; he that lately fell by the hand of Swarun"—the ghost-maker says, and proceeds thus in describing his fictitious beings—"Dark is the wound of his breast—The stars dim twinkled through his form; and his voice was like the sound of a distant stream—Like the darkened moon he retired in the mist of the whistling blast—Trenmor came from his hill at the voice of his mighty son. A cloud, like the steed of the stranger, supported his airy limbs. His robe is of the mist of Lano, that brings death to his people. His sword is a green meteor, half extinguished. His face is without form and dark." This is just a description of a demon, not of the spirit of a departed hero revisiting

the world from his place of happy rest. Irish pagans never dreamed of spirits, after death, having assumed any such forms either in *Tir na n-Og*, *Flaith-inis*, or any other happy abode of departed heroes. The spirits from Elysium always appeared in their proper shape, and spoke and acted as if they still were in the enjoyment of mortal life (see stanza 75, n.) This impudent piece of forgery, of itself, is sufficient to damn for ever any pretension to authenticity that Macpherson's supporters can claim for his poems. It was not in the shape of a misty being Fionn attended Osgar's last moments on the field of Gabhra, but in his wonted appearance; his words were not like the "murmurs of distant streams" but just as they usually were. It is a matter of surprise that Macpherson should once dream of persuading the Irish that his compositions were genuine, since he has committed so great a blunder with his cloud-formed ghosts.

The arts and sciences were advanced to a certain degree in ancient Ireland, as the discoveries of every day only make us better acquainted with the nature and application of terms which are as familiar as household words to us from our childhood. We always heard wonderful stories told of the soporific powers communicated to the individual by the dark druidic wand of the priests or magi: mesmerism has made us acquainted with the operation. Again, the tales told of the power acquired of knowing what had passed, and was passing in distant parts, and describing it by individuals placed under the influence of a druidical operation are brought home to us by clairvoyance. There is, however, another ancient science about which we hear a great deal, but which has not been revealed to us as yet, namely, the power of prolonging human life beyond the natural span. A *neamhain* (Irish pearl) if swallowed, would prolong life, or render the swallower as youthful as when the pearl was swallowed. The Tuatha de Danans possessed this secret, and people still adhere to that ancient belief and imagine they have become

fairies. Whether this belief originated from some historical fact dimly seen, or was founded on the Irish pagan elysian doctrine, it is unnecessary to hazard a conjecture here, suffice it that it is as well recorded as any other traditional belief found in Irish folk-lore. The pagan Irish, it appears from a close examination of our remaining traditions and legends, believed in a place of happiness after death. It is not too much to come to the conclusion that the various colonists who settled in Ireland, in the olden time, entertained different notions respecting the character and location of this abode of happiness. The Firbolg and Fomorian races, being more or less sea-faring men, placed their Elysium far out in the sea, and called it by various names such as *Oileán na m-Beo*, the Island of the Living, *Is Breasail*, the Island of Breasal, *Is na Beatha*, Island of Life, and other names equivalent to the *Μακάρον Νῆσοι* of eastern tradition. The Firbolgs are said to have lived under the waters of our lakes. The Tuatha De Danans, being devoted to civil and literary pursuits, and their druids having held their seminaries in caves and other secluded subterranean abodes, fancied their Elysium placed under the earth. While the Milesians steered, as it were, a middle course between both, and made their Elysium in a sort of indescribable locality to which a subterranean passage led. This they called *Τῆμ na n-Oḡ*, i. e., the Country of Perpetual Youth. In this they supposed the virtuous and brave to roam among fields covered with sweet flowers, and groves loaded with delicious fruits. Here, some, as the taste inclined, promenaded in happy groups, some reclined in pleasant bowers, while others exercised themselves with hunting, wrestling, running races, martial feats, and other manly exercises. No person ever grew old in this happy abode; nor did the inhabitants feel tedium of enjoyment, nor know how centuries passed away. It was to this land of happy and everlasting youthfulness the sage Oisín was conveyed, after the Battle of Gabhra, according to such as evidently imagined

that he lived in the time of St. Patrick. This anachronism has been always settled by the above traditions derived from sire to son from time out of mind.

In pursuing the inquiry whether our Fenians appear in the characters of warriors, princes, druids, or bards, we can by no means afford to stop to argue whether they were a distinct class of colonists who emigrated thither, and were known as the Poeni, Phœnicians, Persians, &c., as some have imagined, but shall briefly quote Irish historians in corroboration of our assertions. The Fenian forces seem to have been hirelings, in the beginning of their career, but subsequently became very powerful. They consisted of seven legions, called in Irish, *ṛeac̃t z-cãt̃a ḡa zḡac̃t-ḡéḡḡe*, each legion containing three thousand men; so that the usual army was always about twenty-one thousand strong. Some are of opinion that this twenty-one thousand was only the number of Fenian forces levied in each province of the five provinces, into which Ireland was then divided. The seven legions were only the staff since they have been usually styled “*ḡa zḡac̃t-ḡéḡḡe*” (of the standing Fenians). Almost all writers agree in making the Fenians a regular military force, possessed of vast privileges, and, in consequence, bound to defend the island from invasion. It appears that the forces of each province had their own commander. Goll Mac Moirne was commander of the Connaught forces: these forces were chiefly composed of the Gamhanraidhe of Erris, and the Firdomhnain of Mayo and Roscommon, all of whom were of the Fírbolgian race. The standing forces of Ulster were the bravest of all, and denominated “*Ḥṛṡac̃ḡe ḡa Ḥṡac̃ḡe Ruac̃ḡe*” (Knights of the Red Branch). The fame of Conall Cearnach, their chief, Cuchulainn, Fergus Mac Roigh, the sons of Uisneach, and other brave warriors and statesmen attached to the Knights of Emania, still survives. The Red Branch was the most ancient order of knighthood that ever existed. The forces of South Munster were called

Clanna Deagaidh, after Deaghadh an Ultonian chief, who had been expelled his country by the Clanna Rughradh. These forces were commanded in the first century, by the famous champion Curoi Mac Daire, the ruin of whose fortress, called Cathair Chonroi, still stands on the mountain of Mis, between the bays of Castlemaine and Tralee, in the county of Kerry: it is a huge cyclopean building of dry stone masonry. The Dalcassians, so called from Cormac Cas, a renowned King of Munster, were once the standing forces of North Munster, but very probably they were not exactly of the Fenian order. These forces were composed of the clans of Limerick, Tipperary, and Clare; they were distinguished soldiers down even to the twelfth century. The Leinster and Meath Fenians were the Clanna Baoisgne, so called from Baoisgne, one of their ancestors.

These forces were of very long standing according to the following ancient poem which gives the names of their chief commanders and the years of their command, by which it appears that Fiachadh, brother of the monarch Tuathal, was the first who established the Fenian forces in Ireland:

*Where
is
this
ancient
poem?*

Deagaidh lom an níl do fí,
A meic ngeine an Deagaidh dhuinn;
O mo leasaidh Fíachadh an Fhíann,
Súir éirísgread éu, a Oírrín!

Dhá mac fearúda, dár lom,
Tuatal ir Fíachadh folt fíonn;
Roinn ríad Éire leat ar leat,
San cogadh dóib, ba dé-beairt.

Rug do'n roinn an mac bu ro,
Bheir tú fíon, níl h-íomairt;
Fíad me faradaidh, me fearúda,
Eara áille, ir nbeairt.

Փո լայրթոյն ծո Շիւաճալ տոծ,
 Ձի բոյն արծ-մէջե Յարթոն;
 Ձ Ե-բարի ա տօրի՛ն, ա տօր՛ն,
 Ձ տարտե իր ա տրեծարիւ.

Քիջե Տաճալ յօ Եա մայ՛ն,
 Ոո շար չա՛ն Պաւան մօր-բայ՛ն;
 Եա Եար մի՛ն միօշծա ա Կ-շօր,
 Եար Շիւաճալ մա՛ն Քիւրաճալ՛ն.

Քիւրաճա՛ն Քաճիւն Եա բայ՛ն,
 Ձէարի Քիւրաճալ՛ն ա մա՛ն մայ՛ն;
 Ել՛նիւ յոշոյն Փայիւ Փայ՛ն,
 Ձո միօշօրիւ Եա Կ-ի ա մաճարիւ.

Պօրիւն մա՛ն Պարիւն Եա մայ՛ն,
 Եա մա՛ն յոշիւն Քիւրաճալ՛ն;
 Եա տրեմ-բար բօրի 'ր Եա տրիւն,
 Եարի բարի իր Կա՛ն Եոշիւն Քիւրաճալ՛ն.

Եար բոյն ծո մա՛ն Քիւրաճալ՛ն ա Քիւրաճալ՛ն,
 Փո Պօրիւն մօր շար Եա՛ն Եա՛ն Քիւրաճալ՛ն;
 Եա՛նիւ Եաճալ միջե Եո Եարի,
 Շօ Երեմիմօր իւ Եա՛ն Եարի.

Երեմիմօր մա՛ն Եարիւն Եա Եալ,
 Փօ Եարալ՛ն Տօնա Տօնա՛ն;
 Տօնա-Եարի Քիւրաճալ՛ն, Եարիւն Եոյն,
 Ձէարի Եարալ՛ն իր Եարիւնալ՛ն.

Եա՛նիւ Եաճալ բլ՛նիւն բլ՛ն,
 Եա մի Քիւրաճալ՛ն բօրի ա Ե-Քիւրաճալ՛ն;
 Եա մայ՛ն ա չլօր իր ա չօր,
 Փօ-Եարալ՛ն Տաճալ՛ն Եա՛ն Եարի.

Շնչից եկածո՞ւ Պծկոյն մօր-ժօրոյ,
 Ա լիջէ քօր Բաղնայե՛կ Երկոյն;
 Ա քաճար ծօ Շարիւծ ո՞ւ Յ-քար,
 Յօ ուլջօ լճարման ա՛ ճեպո՞ւ.

Փայնե մա՛կ Շարիւծ ո՞ւ Յ-քար,
 Տաճտ մ-եկածո՞ւ ծօ ո՞ւ ք-լաճար;
 Ա լիջ ա՛ ք-քաճար ճան մայրից,
 Պծկոյնե մա՛կ Փայնե Երեւո՛ւ-քարից.

Երբ ո՞րք Պծկոյն մօր ա՛յ քալ,
 Բա լիջ ա՛յ ք-Պաճ ա՛ ք-Երկոյն;
 Բա եկաճար ծօ ճան եւօճալ,
 Յօ ո՞ւ-քաճար ծ'եւ իր ո՞ր քաճար.

Եւթարձ մա՛կ Պրեարձ ա՛ ուրի,
 Բի ար Բիւրոյն Երկոյն ա՛ ո՞ւ-Ստարի;
 Եկաճար ծօ ք-քալ ման ա՛ ք-քալ,
 Երբ ա՛յ Պաճ լո՞ւ Երկոյն.

Յաճար ա՛յ Պաճար ք-քալ Յ-քալ,
 Երբ Եւթարձ իր Եւթարձ Եւթարձ;
 Պաճ եկաճար ծօլե՛կ ճան ք-քալ,
 Երբ ո՞ւ-Եւթարձ, ո՞ր ա՛յ-քալ.

Երբ մա՛կ Երթար, ք-քալ ա՛ ճօլ,
 Երբ եկաճար ծօ ո՞ւ ք-քալ;
 Պաճար մա՛կ Երթ ք-քալ մ-քալ,
 Երբ եկաճար ա՛յ ճօլ ք-քալ.

Երբ Երթար, ք-քալ ա՛ քալ,
 Երթար Երթար ա՛յ ք-քալ;
 Երբ լիջ ա՛յ լիջ ճան ք-քալ,
 Երբ եկածո՞ւ ք-քալ, ք-քալ.

Ro žab Cumall iac iari rorū,
 Iud ionat rējē ir clojdejū;
 Rjže ma d-tuž teoma cača,
 Sul mo žab an Fhianh arimēa.

Dha bladau dēc, nī fāt fanh,
 A mīže fori Fhianhail Enean;
 Ec ir briač do bujōnib blāč,
 Žur marbač ic cač Cnocca.¹

Iari rir žabrat mje Žōjine—
 Ari m-biōn, ir āi m-bjē n-dōžma—
 Dejē mje fēčjot oll im blāč,
 Uim Dājme, uim Žoll, uim Žarimač.

Žoll mōi bu mīleāč ic cač,
 Žac don Žōjine deļņeāch;
 Fjēčē bladau nī fāt fanh,
 A mīže fori Fianhail Eimiond.

Iari rir do žab an teo ōjū,
 Fjōn ma Cumall ma Trenjōjū;
 Ari d-tajibejitach fēād-fļuažāč,
 Ari n-dmaoī aīmja j-l-buādač.

Trī cēād bladau com blāčē,
 Dejē m-blādha ačt aen mājčē;
 Saežal Fhion žo b-fuajū a mae,²
 Žo torcau tpe bējm baer ē.

¹ *Cnocca*, Castleknock in the county of Dublin.

² *Rae*, or *mé*, means the moon. Old Irish leaches, who most unquestionably derived all their knowledge traditionally from the druids, believed that the influence of the moon was very powerful over the human frame. It was known by a certain violent pulsation in the blood-vessels called *mae*, or *mé*. This passed through all the veins in the human frame in the space of twenty-four hours. This is nothing more or less than their knowledge of the circulation of the blood. It was the general belief that if the *mé* escaped from the vessel by any means death was inevitable. Hence the phrase *Fuajū a mae*, i.e., *fuajū bār*, he died.

Deið m-blíaðna a nǿge maíð,
 Duítre Oírfín, að ámu-ðlaíð;
 Súi þor bñeðað nún na b-ðlanu,
 'S Súi émeíðreð éu, a Oírfín!

Sé nǿ fíððíot ír deírnín líom,
 Ro ðað nǿge ðlanu Eírfíonð;
 ðeapí ðíonð nua íat uíle,
 Cat-míleð ámu Almuíne.

TRANSLATION.

I well remember the incidents you relate,
 Thou son of the daughter of the accomplished Dearg;
 Down from the time when Fiachadh instituted the Fians,
 Until they abandoned thee, Oisín.

Two manly youths, as I am aware,
 Tuathal and Fiachadh the fair-haired;
 Divided Eire half and half,
 Without having recourse to war—a wise policy.

It fell to the lot of the younger son
 As his inheritance,—it is not incorrect—
 Plains with forests and woods,
 Fine cataracts and rivers.

He permitted Tuathal the valiant,
 To assume the sovereignty of Eire;
 Wide was the circuit of his fame,
 His adherents, and his ancestry.

Tuathal the just reigned
 Until he was slain by Maelan, a potent prince,
 The death-struggle was one worthy of a prince—
 The death of Tuathal, son of Feredach.

Feredach Fachtna the prince,
 Father of a worthy son ;
 Eithne, daughter of Daire Dubh,
 The princess, was his mother.

Moirne, son of Mainne the good,
 Was son of the daughter of Fiachaidh ;
 A valiant man, and a prince,
 Few the men against whom he could not support a shield.

After that, Fiachadh subjected the Fians
 To Moirne the great, whose wisdom was not feigned ;
 Four years he reigned with power,
 Until Trenmor returned from his journey.

Trenmor, son of Baoisgne, the invincible,
 Descended from the race of Sedhna Siodhbach ;
 The grandfather of Fionn—the family connexion,
 (Between) the parents of Cumhall and Criomall.

Four and twenty years in verity,
 Fiachadh reigned king over the Fians ;
 His glory and valour were repowned—
 The worthy brother of Tuathal Teachtmair.

Five years lasted the reign of Moirne of the great clan,
 As sovereign over the Fians of Eire ;
 And four (years) for Garadh of the Carns,
 Until his head was separated (from his body).

Daire, son of Garadh, of victorious feats,
 Held the sovereign power seven years ;
 And five years without trouble
 (Reigned) Moirne, son of Daire Creachdhearg.

After the death of Moirne the Great,
 The Giant from Eire reigned ;
 One year was the span of his rule,
 Until he died, not by the keen sword.

Eochadh, son of Archad from the east,
 Was king of the Fians of Uladh ;
 One year and a-half was the span of his reign
 After that of the Giant in Eire.

They assumed the sovereignty of Munster by their swords,
 Liath Luachra and Lughaidh Lamhdhearg ;
 Two years they reigned without diminution
 After Eochadh—they were not usurpers.

Cas, son of Conan—hard were his struggles—
 Reigned one year after them ;
 Dubhan, son of Cas—a charming musician—
 Held it one year, as I reckon.

Trenmhor came, great was his influence,
 Over the Fians of Eire at a general assembly ;
 The king reigned without intermission
 Twenty-three years, according to account.

After him Cumhall assumed the command,
 By virtue of his shield and sword ;
 During his reign he fought continuous battles
 Before he obtained the armed Fians.

Twelve years—no weak achievement—
 Was his reign over the Fians of Eire ;
 His death was ruin to his well-appointed hosts
 When he was slain in the battle of Cnoea.

After him the sons of Moirne reigned,
 To our sorrow and lasting torment ;
 Thirty great youths in their bloom,
 Under Daire, Goll, and Garadh.

Goll the Great was a hero in battle ;
 He was son of the latter Moirne ;
 Twenty years—no ignoble exertion—
 Lasted his reign over the Fians of Eire.

After him, Fionn Mac Cumhaill, son of Trenmhor,
 The golden bodkin, the bestower of gems on heroic hosts,
 The noble, and the all-powerful druid,
 Assumed the sovereignty.

Three hundred years with splendour,
 (And) ten years lacking one month—
 Until he met his fate—
 He lived, and was slain by a mad stroke.

Ten years the span of the prosperous reign
 For you, Oisín, sovereign prince ;
 Until the allegiance of the Fians was feigned,
 And they forsook you, Oisín !

Six and twenty kings I opine,
 Held the sovereignty over the Fians of Eire ;
 Superior to all these together,
 Was Fionn the inimitable champion of Almhain (Allen).

Hence it may be inferred that the Fenian order was of very ancient date, since twenty-six kings, or chiefs, ruled over them from the time of the institution of the order, down to the period of their final overthrow and dissolution in the terrible battle of Gabhra.

The arms used by the Fenians were swords, spears, javelins, battle-axes, arrows, slings, &c., specimens of which, or of similar ones, may be seen in our museums as well as in the collections of many private gentlemen. The banners of the Fenian chiefs were most magnificent: they were made of *riúol* (silk), but most probably the word *riúol* meant fine linen, in the manufacture of which the ancient Irish, like the Egyptians, excelled all other nations. These standards are described by Oisín in his poem, entitled the “Battle of the Sixteen Chiefs.” Their banners were of various colours: blue, green, red, and white, and bore representations of various trees, animals, military weapons, &c. The yew-tree, oak,

mountain-ash, wolf-dog, stag, sword, spear, bag-pipes, harp, &c., were not omitted ; all these devices figured something of a religious, warlike, and patriotic nature : for instance, the standard of Fionn himself, called the *ḡal ḡréire* (sun-burst, or potent sunbeam), bore on it a representation of the sun darting forth his brilliant rays, probably because the sun was the great deity of the pagan world in early times.

The military dress of the Fenian forces was of various colours ; if we may attach any degree of credit to the Book of Fermoy, their garb was not very different from that worn by the Highlanders of the present time. It, however, is no proof that the Highlanders are the only genuine Scoti of ancient writers, that in their mountain fastnesses, far remote from strange society, they should have preserved the manners and dress of their Irish ancestors.

The Fenians were in duty bound to guard the coast and preserve the country from invasion. The privileges they enjoyed were very important, especially in the reign of the good monarch Cormac Ulfhada, son of Art, when they reached the summit of power, and shone with the greatest glory in feats of valour and war. A more correct account of the privileges the Fenians enjoyed in the reign of Cormac cannot be found in any modern work on Irish archæology than that given in an Irish manuscript entitled “*Ṣóru-ḡeact Shairebe iḡḡion Eoḡair Ṗḡḡ*.”—(The Adventures of Sabia, daughter of Eoghan Og ; Eugene, or Owen the Younger). The circumstances under which the information was elicited were as follows:—The Fenian forces having proceeded on a hunting excursion, leaving their families alone and unprotected, Maighneas, daughter of Garadh Glundubh, the wife of Fionn, proposed that the ladies should take a bath in the adjoining bay. All consented except Sadhbh (*pr.* Syve), daughter of Eoghan Og, who was wife of a celebrated chief named Glas Mac Aen-chearda ; this

diorzbata, ocur mā biond ir do a beartar i. Ocur nī
 lamtar bpadan, no dōg-laeg alla, no mīl muize do dōgbair
 do cōnair dā b-pažtar ic ceann zač eiruiže marb iad,
 muna d-dōlžfead duine ēicean de Fhianmair Eiriond iat,
 tpe mēad an rmačta atā až Fionn ar Eiriond. Ocur dā
 marbad aen duine iud Eiriond dam alla, do macad dam cean-
 ra do Fhionn ar a fon, ocur loilžead fā'n eilic, ocur caera
 fā'n mīl muize, muna marbad duine ēicean de Fhianmair
 Eiriond iat. Ir iat rin an mēid ročair ir ačne damra
 do Fhionn ó nī Eiriond; ačt atair ročair mōma oile nac
 ffor damra, ocur dā ma ffor dam no iurečairn durtre
 iat-ren."—i. e.: "There is a *triocha cead* [cantred] in every
 province, a townland in every cantred, and a house in every
 townland in Ireland belonging to Fionn; he is likewise
 entitled to have a hound, or wolf-dog whelp reared in every
 house in Ireland. He is privileged to canton the seven
 standing legions of the Fians of Eire, together with all
 their followers and attendants, wolf-dogs and hounds, upon
 the country from *Samhain* (the first of November) to *Bealtine*
 (the first day of May), and they are at liberty to enjoy the
 sports of hunting and fishing, and to use all ripe and edible
 fruits from *Bealtine* to *Samhain*. And no one dares to give
 any woman in Eire to any man whatsoever [in marriage]
 without asking three times whether there be among the
 Fians of Eire a man to marry her; and if there be, to him
 she is given. No person dares take any salmon, fawn, or
 any smaller game, even though he found them dead on his
 path on the end of every ridge, except a person belonging
 to the ranks of the Fenians of Eire, in consequence of the
 strict subjection Fionn exercises over Ireland. Were any
 person in Ireland to kill a stag, he must give an ox instead,
 a milch cow for a fawn, and a sheep for one of the smaller
 game, except that person happens to be one of the Fians
 of Eire. These are all the benefits enjoyed by Fionn from
 the monarch of Ireland, of which I am cognizant; but there

are other great benefits of which I am ignorant, if, however, I knew aught about them, I would inform you.”¹

The Fenian ranks were not open to every “raw recruit” that wished to join them from motives either of glory or of selfish interest. Leaving aside a certain class who seem to have been Fenians by birth, there were strict qualifications necessary for the uninitiated. From Keating and other old documents we select the following qualifications and compliances necessary to enable a candidate to become one of the Fenians of Eire.

In the first place there was no stranger admissible into the Fenian ranks as a recruit, except his parents and relatives gave proper security that none of them would attempt to take revenge for his death, as was the then custom, but would resign their claims for *eiric* (ransom) and revenge to the hands of his fellow Fenians; it was also stipulated that the relations of an alien Fenian should not be made accountable for any act of injustice or other unworthy deed he might commit while in the Fenian ranks.

The second necessary qualification for a candidate was that he should have a taste for poetical composition, and be able not only to scan verses, but compose according to the rules laid down by the college of Ollamhs. This was a very requisite rule; because the composition and recitation of a Rosg catha (war ode) was the first step to victory, as is universally acknowledged by our historians.

The third qualification was this: the candidate for Fenian-ship should be skilled in the dexterous use of his warlike weapons. To prove his experience in this respect he was placed in a sedgy plain or in a copse; he had a shield and staff given him, and nine expert warriors were stationed at

¹ If the Fenian king and his men only enjoyed the privileges above enumerated, the people of Ireland were little less than abject slaves under this military despot, and the monarch himself must have been a mere bauble destitute of either power or influence.

the short distance of nine ridges and as many furrows from the candidate: these cast their missiles at him, and if he could not ward off their strokes thrice nine times he was not considered qualified for enrolment in the Fenian ranks.

The fourth qualification required that he should be a nimble runner; and also that in his flight before a chosen body of the Fenians, he should be able not only to outrun them but even to defend himself intact against their assaults. There were other conditions also enjoined in this case; the candidate was required to braid his long hair in so neat and compact a manner that the trees and underwood through which he was required to pass would not disarrange it. He was, moreover, required to be so expert in passing through the woods that no matter what number of the Fenians pursued him, he would be able to pass under the bough of a tree not higher than his knee, and leap over one more than breast high without interrupting his mode of defence or impeding his progress.

The fifth qualification required that the candidate should extend his arm and hold a javelin by the handle end; if the weapon appeared to quiver in the least he was at once rejected.

The sixth qualification required that, should a thorn pierce the foot of the candidate for admission, he should be able to extricate it without stopping his flight, or neglecting the necessary defence of his person.

The seventh qualification demanded that the uninitiated candidate should take an oath on his arms of valour to be faithful to his commander, and not to dispute his authority in any manner, or to suffer insubordination in any other person belonging to the Fenian ranks.

These were the seven qualifications necessary for an uninitiated recruit; but there are strong reasons for supposing that these were not generally observed by the families of the hereditary Fenians, as they nearly amounted to an actual pro-

hibition. We can find in no Irish manuscript, or other document, that the children of Fionn and other Fenian chiefs and soldiers had ever been excluded from the order, though it is very natural to suppose that all the progeny of the Fenians could not possibly be so brave and expert as the recruit was required to be. A strong argument could be founded on this thesis to shew that the Fenians were not originally of the same family as the Milesians, but either the remnant of conquered colonists, or foreign military adventurers who made war their profession and hired themselves as soldiers like the Mamelukes of Egypt.

The Fenian forces of Ireland, as they are generally styled, were unquestionably the defenders of the country against foreign invasion, if we can believe the testimony of our own historians; the character given of Fionn by the learned archæologist O'Flaherty is brief and quaint:—"Summus Hiberniæ militiæ præfectus, jurisprudentiam etiam, super qua scripta ejus hactenus extant *carminibus Patriis*, et est quidam ferunt prophetiis celeberrimus, qui ob egregia sua facinora uberrimam vulgo, et poetis commixendi materiam relinquens a nulla ætate reticebitur"—(*Ogyg.* p. 338), which fully agrees with the character given him in the "Ἀἰὲς ἡ δὲ Σευδὴμυδ." But whatever may have been the good and great attributes conceded to Fionn and his armed hosts in point of morality and literature, there certainly rests upon them the stain of promoting servility, and forcing not only the people, but even the monarch himself and his court to submit to their martial as well as to their game laws. It was the tyrannical bearing of the Fenians backed by the great grudge which the Clanna Moirne entertained against the Clanna Baoisgnc, that fomented the enmity which subsequently broke out between the Fenian forces on the one hand, and the monarch of Ireland, supported by his oppressed subjects, on the other. The slavish exactions of the Fenian forces were quite sufficient to stir up the people to regain their independence

whenever an opportunity offered. But there were other reasons for dissolving the bond of union that existed between the Fenian forces themselves. During the reign of **CONN CÉAD ĆATAĆ** (Conn of the Hundred Battles), Cumhall, father of Fionn, enjoyed the post of king, or chief commander, of the Clanna Baoisgne or Leinster Fenians. Cumhall, from strong interested and political motives, resolved, in virtue of his position, to depose the reigning monarch and restore the family of **ĆATAÆIR 2)ÓR** (Cathacir the Great), a former dynast, to the crown. Cumhall, supported by the Heberian forces of Munster, marched out to meet the army of the monarch who was aided by the renowned champion Goll Mac Moirne. Both armies met at Cnoca on **2)AĶ LĶFE** (Moy Liffey), generally supposed to be the present Castleknock, near Dublin, and a terrible battle ensued. Many thousands fell on both sides; but the monarch Conn gained a complete victory over the Fenians of Leinster and their Momonian allies in consequence of the superior feats of valour displayed by the heroic Goll, who slew Cumhall in single combat. The death of Cumhall by the hand of Goll was afterwards the fertile source of serious quarrels between the two rival clans of Moirne and Baoisgne, even while Fionn was commander-in-chief of the united Fenian forces of both families. Conan took every opportunity of reproaching Fionn and the Baoisgnean chiefs with the grudge which they entertained against the family of Moirne, on account of the death of Cumhall; and the old malice and longing desire for revenge existing between the two leading Fenian families encouraged the reigning monarch Cairbre in his truly laudable intention of putting a final end to the slavery imposed upon his people by those proud military despots. In an old manuscript history of Ireland,¹ now in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, the following account of the strife that existed

¹ See the Rev. Dr. Drummond's *Prize Essay*, on the Poems of Ossian, p. 137.

between Fionn Mac Cumhaill and his family on one side and the Clanna Moirne on the other, is given :

" Cairbre Lithfeacair, the son of King Corbmac, obtained the crowne, and was nicknamed Lithfeacair, because he was fostered near the river Liffey in Leinster, in which place he tooke great delight : this monarch was killed in the battle of Gabhra, which was fought upon this occasion.

" There were two septs of the Fions of Ireland, the Clanna Morna and the Clanna Boisgne. This Boisgne was father to Cumhall, who was Fionn's father (commonly called Fionn Mac Cumhall). Fionn had a daughter called Samhair, and was married to Cormac Cas, King of Munster, by whom she had three sons, Tine, Coula, and Mogha Cuirb. This Mogha Cuirb was King of Munster in the raigne of this monarch Cairbre. Fionn Mac Cumhall's son was called Oisin, and was head of the Clanna Boisgne, who fallinge at difference with the Clanna Mòirna, was protected and assisted by Mogha Cuirb, his sister's husband. The Clanna Moirna, who were then the monarch's mercenary souldiers, were headed by Aodh Caomh, son of Garadh Glundubh, son of Morna, assisted and backed by the monarch Cairbre ; soe that this civill warre continued betweene the Fions for seven years ; and at leughth the Clanna Moirne provoked the monarch and other princes of Ireland to warr upon Mogha Cuirb, King of Munster ; because he protected the Clanna Boisgne, hoping by that meanes that they should be deserted by the King of Munster, and so be utterly expelled the kingdom, which the monarch did although that was his own daughter's (*not* sister's) son. But the King of Munster stuck faithfully to the Clanna Boisgne, whereupon insued the *Battaille of Gabhra*, whereupon the monarch Cairbre was slain after he had raigned twenty-seven years."

The most ancient document extant on the death of Cairbre Lifeachair in the Battle of Gabhra is the following poem, which the Society have obtained through the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Todd, and the Rev. the Provost and Board of Trinity College. It is preserved in the Book of Leinster, at folio 109 f, marked II. 2. 18, in the manuscript department of the College library, and Mr. Curry, to whom the Council is indebted for making the transcript, states it as his opinion that the book must have been written prior to A. D. 1150. So obsolete is the language of the poem that it is almost unintelligible to the majority of Irish scholars of the present day ; yet it is hoped that the accompanying translation gives a fair representation of the original.

Orriḡ CC.¹

Ḳ Cae Ḳabrua mo maibad Orcuri 7 Cailirrie Lfeccairi.

Ozum illa la uar lecc,
baile 1 teḡtir fecc firi;
mac riḡ h-Ḳrienn mo ḡaet and,
do ḡae ḡand or Ḳaburi ḡil.

Ṭairlaic Cailirrie auriuri naire,
do muh a maire maic ir tier;
ḡairriu conḡairtar a reirre,
Orcuri nobi a lam deir.

Ṭairlaic Orcuri iruri noll,
co ferḡac lond immair leo;
co mo maib Cailirrie h-Ua Cuiud,
maira ḡallratari ḡluud ḡleo.

Amairi moira na mje,
fuaratari a mbar don ḡleo;
ḡairriu conḡairtar a nairim,
noḡtari la ammaib iuna mbeo

Ḳirri fodeir irri tierre,
lecc andeir do Ḳabairi ḡairre;
maibra .l. laec fodi,
ir mirri nobi dom baire.

Ampeitend carbaec focruic,
immaim ba rucc domnoḡ;
mo maibairud toiric 1 caili caird,
no fairḡind eir aic imoḡ.

¹ For the subjoined translation of this poem, parts of which are very obscure, the Society have to thank Mr. Curry, whose long study of our most ancient MSS. has given him an insight into obsolete words and idioms, to which few if any Irish scholars of the present day can pretend.

ȝu toȝum ut ȝl ȝȝ ȝloȝc,
 ȝumma toȝcȝataȝu na toȝc;
 ȝammarȝed ȝȝȝ ȝȝȝb ȝlonȝ,
 ȝȝȝ baȝ ȝumȝȝ ȝu toȝam.

OISIN CECINIT.

In the Battle of Gabhra were slain Oseur and Cairpre Lifechair.

An Ogham¹ in a stone, a stone over a grave,
 In the place where men were wont to pass;
 The son of the king of Eire² was there slain,
 By a mighty spear on a white horse's back.

Cairpre threw a sudden cast,
 From the back of his horse good in battle;
 Shortly before he met his own death,
 Oseur was slain by his right arm.

Oseur threw a mighty throw,
 Angrily, vehemently, like a lion;
 And killed Cairpre the grandson of Conn,
 Before they raised their battle cries.

Dexterous, great, were the youths,
 Who received their deaths from the fight;
 Shortly before their weapons met,
 Their dead were more than their living.

I myself was in the fight,
 On³ the south side of green Gabhair;
 I killed twice fifty warriors,
 It was I who killed them with my hand.

¹ If the antiquity of this poem be correctly estimated, the existence of *Ogham* characters even at that age goes far to prove that these characters are by no means of Christian origin, as is asserted by some modern writers.

² *The son of the King of Eire.* Cairbre son of Cormac, son of Art, son of Conn of the Hundred Battles.

Music, boating, rewarding,
 The prey most difficult I chose ;
 I would kill a boar in the hard wood,
 I would rob a vengeful bird¹ of its egg.

That Ogham which is in the stone,
 Around which fell the slain ;
 Were Finn the fighter of battles living,
 Long would he remember the Ogham.

In consequence of the war waged between Conn of the Hundred Battles, and Eoghan Mor (Eugene the Great) of Munster, the long-existing spirit of ill-feeling between the rival clans who supported each of the great competitors for power was considerably augmented, and a change in the affairs of Ireland was contemplated. When Eoghan was slain, and Conn re-assumed the sovereignty of the whole island, the ire and jealousy of the Momonian clans became still much more excited. The battle of Cnoc (Castleknock, near Dublin), in which Cumhall, the father of Fionn, was slain by the hand of Goll, was fought by those two powerful factions. The animosity of the Momonians towards these northern and western enemies was by no means abated in consequence of the results which followed this battle. The clans of Deirgthine, Dairfhine, &c., who supported the claims of Eoghan, felt very indignant on account of Conn having assumed the supreme government of Ireland ; especially since the Conacian branch of the Fenians had been permitted to assume the command of the whole body. It is not irrelevant to give a brief sketch of the history of Eoghan Mor, who forced the monarch Conn of the Hundred Battles to divide the kingdom with him, from Dublin to Galway, where, in a direct line, the *earcara mada*, or meeting of the two divisions, is said to be traceable even to this day. Leath Chuinn, i. e. the half of Conn, was the name given to the northern portion ; and Leath Mogha, i. e. the half of

¹ Supposed to be the eagle.

Mogha, was the name of Eoghan Mor's portion, which was the southern part of the island. It happened that Siodna (daughter of Flann the son of Fiachra, and queen of Mogha Neid, king of Munster), mother of Eoghan Mor, saw a vision, Pharoah-like, in her sleep, which much troubled her. She saw seven white milch kine, with smooth hair, pass before her, and the exuberance of their udders was so profuse, that children could swim in the milk which they shed in the furrows and hollow parts of the earth as they passed. Immediately after she saw seven ill-looking lean kine, whose hair stood on end, whose horns were of iron, and whose fronts portended destruction to man, following in the track of the beneficent kine. The ill-looking kine killed and devoured the fair kine which she first saw, so as not to leave a trace of them to be seen. Mogha Neid, having been acquainted by his queen with the circumstances of her vision, was very much troubled in mind as to the consequences likely to ensue. He summoned all his druids and demanded an interpretation of the vision. Dearg Damhsa, his arch-druid, said:—"Seven years of great plenty, and after those seven plentiful years, seven of scanty produce shall come. My advice is this, that you make a suitable provision for the years of famine." Hereupon Eoghan Mor and his father called a council of their princes and chieftains, and they unanimously resolved, that the king should make suitable provision for the forthcoming famine. Mogha Neid and his son Eoghan accordingly constructed cells and built granaries for the storing of the grain crops; and ordered their subjects to use only fowls and fishes, which amply sufficed for their maintenance during the years of plenty. The years of plenty came, as foretold; and Mogha Neid took all his tributes in corn, and even expended all the funds in his treasury in purchasing the surplus grain of the neighbouring provinces. The years of famine also came, and were more keenly felt in Munster than elsewhere.

The people of that province assembled in multitudes to bewail their hard fate, and to beg of Mogha Neid and his son to relieve them; but there were two other kings then in Munster, whose names were Niadh Mac Lughaidh and Mogha Lamha, who were rivals of the wise princes: these did not come to supplicate assistance with their people. Mogha Neid told them plainly that he would not relieve them, unless they promised him fealty and engaged to support the claims of his son to the supremacy of all Munster; and the distressed people unhesitatingly bound themselves to these conditions. After some time the Momonians, faithful to their promise, advanced Mogha Neid and his son to the sovereign power over all Munster; and the clans of Deirgthine and their supporters were then well contented, and assumed great power in Munster. Mac Niadh and Conaire, son of Mogha Lamha, who had been forced to abdicate, retired to Tara, and put themselves under the protection of Conn of the Hundred Battles, who received them honourably, and made them lords of Bregia and other districts, while he appointed them officers of his household troops.

The princes felt well satisfied with the reception they met; but did not forget all claims to their patrimony: they united in a league to support each other; and having formed an intimacy with the royal ladies of the palace, from motives best known to themselves, Conaire married the sparkling blue-eyed Maoín; and Mac Niadh married the gentle Sabia. It may as well be said here that Conaire was father of the three Cairbres, namely, Cairbre Riada, whose descendants passed to Scotland and peopled the islands, Cairbre Baisgin, and Cairbre Musg.

When Eoghan Mor heard how honourably the ex-kings had been received by the monarch Conn, he felt very indignant, and despatched heralds to summon him to prepare for battle. The monarch accepted the challenge, and sent couriers to Goll Mac Moirne and to the provincial kings of

Connacht, Leinster, and Ulster, to summon them to his aid. They all assembled with their forces, except the king of Ulster; and on this occasion the battle of Magh Carn in Feara Ceall was fought, in which the monarch obtained a complete victory over the Munster forces. On the following day the Momonians re-assembled on Magh Tualaing, in the district of Eile, and a bloody battle ensued. Goll and Mogha Neid met face to face in single combat, but the heroic king of Munster was slain by his antagonist; concerning his death and burial we find the following curious and interesting funeral dirge, composed and chaunted by Dearg Damhsa the druid over his grave, in a beautifully written manuscript which gives an account of this famous battle, made by the poet, historian, and scribe, John Collins of Rosscarberry, in the county of Cork, A. D. 1780; now in our hands:—

Feaite Mhoza Héid ari Mhaz Tualain,
 Son a muibne me a tualain;
 Son a luirz fa lonn a n-ghom,
 Son a cae-bairi, son a cloideam.

Noe ari ari mo fhué an fear,
 Ceann buanna na n-Goadal n-ghlé, n-ghlan;
 Aét az corhad 'n iac ba dual dó,
 Aitziu do Eocaid Mhuio.

Mari do bádair ir in iongoin,
 Tacb me tacb ir in iongoin;
 Maré an t-uicair tárla ó Fhlann,
 So m-bí comérom tme Chonall.

Do éuaid Mhoza Héid 'r an cae cair,
 Do corhad aima Eozain;
 Fada a éuma me faeé fearc,
 Damha dubac dí-lácairi.

TRANSLATION.

Mogha Neid's sepulchre is on Magh Tualaing,
 With his javelin by his shoulder ;
 With his club which was strong in conflict,
 With his helmet, with his sword.

The man was not found to turn back,
 He, the head of the true pure Gaedhals ;
 But he was wont to defend the territories which were his due,
 Similar to Eochaidh Mumho.

As they were in the mortal struggle,
 Side by side in the combat ;
 Good was the cast aimed by Flann,
 So that it passed straight through Conall.

Mogha Neid went into the noble battle,
 To protect the life of Eoghan ;
 Long shall he be lamented with deep love,
 His absence shall be the cause of dark sorrow.

After a series of bloody skirmishes, Eoghan Mor was forced to fly to Spain and to put himself under the protection of Heber the Great, king of that country, who received him honourably, and, according to the advice of his druid, gave him his daughter Beria in marriage. Eoghan, assisted by the forces of Spain, returned to Ireland and forced Conn to share the kingdom with him. In all these battles the clans of Baoisgne, or the Leinster Fenians, supported their friends of Munster against the monarch, who was assisted by the clans of Moirne, then chiefs of the Irish Fenians. Hence the grudges and jealousies that afterwards existed between the family of Conn, aided by the Connacht Fenians; and that of Cathaeir Mor, supported by the Fenians of Leinster. Conn himself was slain at a place called Tuadamar, fifty-two years after the death of Tuathal Teachtmair; according to the poet Gilla Caemhan:—

“Փձ Եկան իր ԵՀՅԺ ԵԱԻ ԻԱԻ,
 ԵԱԻ յարե յո շարե ԵաճԱԼ;
 Եօ ԵԱԻ Եօրոժ Եճ ԵճԱԼՅ ԵԱԻ,
 Եր յո ԵսԱԼՅ Ի ԵսԱԺԱԻԻ.”

TRANSLATION.

(There are) fifty-two years
 After Tuathal the fierce was slain;
 To the death of the renowned Conn of the Hun-
 dred Battles,
 On the *Tulach* (hill) in Tuadamar.

Thirty-seven years after this period the battle of Magh Muchruime was fought, in which Art Aenfhir, son of Conn of the Hundred Battles, was slain by Lughaidh Lamha. The Annals of Boyle record this occurrence thus:—“ԼսՅԱԻԺ ԼՅՅԱ օճճԻԴԵ ՉԻԵ. ԵԵԵ ԵԻՕԻԵԻՍ օճճԻԴԵ ԵօՅԱԻ մԵ ՉԻԼԼԱ ՍԼԱԻՄ: ԼսՅԱԻԺ ՉԻԱԵ Եօրո յԵՐԻԵ xxx ԵԻՍԻԻ.”—i.e. Lughaidh Lagha slew Art. Bene of Britain slew Eoghan, son of Oilioll Olum: Lughaidh Mac Con reigned thirty years.

The annals of Boyle record the reigns of Art and of his contemporary in Emania, as well as another battle fought at the instigation of the turbulent Fenians:—“ՉԻԵ ԵԻՍԻ մԵՅԻԱԵ ԵԻՍԻԻ xxxii. ՕՅՄԱԻՄԱԵ ԻԻԱԽԱԽ ԻԻՅԱ մԵՅԻԱԵ յո ԵՄԱԻՍ. ԵԱԽ ԵԻճԵԵԻԱԵ յԻԱ մԱԵԱԻԵ ՉԻԼԼԱ ՍԼԱԻՄ, ԵԱԻ յԻՐ ՆԱ ԵԻՅ ԵԱԻԵԻԻԵ, Ա. յԻԵ ԵօճԱԻԵ, մԱԵ ԼսՅԱ ԼԱՄԱ ԻՅԻ ԼսՅԱԻԺ մԱԵ Եօ. ԵԱԽ ՉԻԱԼՅ ԹԻԱԵԻՄԱ յԻԱ ԼսՅԱԻԺ մԱԵ Եօ, յ.Ե. ՉԻԵ ԵԻՍԻ մԱԵ ԵԱԻՅ ԵԵ ԵԱԼԱԼՅ ԵԱԻ յԻ ԻԼԻՅ ՉԵԼԼԱ ՍԼԱԻՄ,” i.e. “Art Aenfhir reigned thirty-two years. Ogman, son of Fiachach Fina, reigned in Emania. The battle of Cindebrat was fought by the sons of Oilioll Olum and the three Cairbres, sons of Conaire, son of Lughaidh Lamha (sons of the exiled Momonian king, who found protection at Tara, and married the daughter of the monarch Conn), against Lughaidh Mac Con. The battle of Magh Muchruime was

fought by Lughaidh Mac Con, against Art Aenfhir, son of Conn of the Hundred Battles, and the seven sons of Oilioll Olum." It would be too tedious to enumerate all the battles that were fought in Ireland at the instigation of the Fenians and their supporters, incited by interested motives.

To explain the nature of the influence exercised by the Fenians over the powers that then were, it must be told that Sabia, daughter of the monarch Conn, and wife of Mac Niadh, eloped with Oilioll Olum, a prince of Munster, after having given birth to Lughaidh, who was surnamed Mac Con, because a hound, according to Keating and other authorities, had taken care of him in his stepfather's house. But Sabia, though she had been frail, still remembered her first-born; and when the battle of Magh Muchruime took place, in which her brother Art and her seven sons were slain, so strong was her feeling of faction that she could not conceal the joy she felt because Mac Con, her son by Conaire, had won the monarchy. This imprudent conduct of the queen of Munster had such an evil effect upon Oilioll, that he gave vent to his feelings in unmeasured language, and so much was he affected by the death of his sons and of the monarch, his grief being aggravated by the unnatural joy of his queen, that he never saw any person except a few faithful friends during the remainder of his days.

All those great battles and innumerable minor ones were fought at the instigation of the Fenians. The clans of Baoisgne supported the claims of the Heberian line to the monarchical throne; and they themselves consequently held supreme command of the Fenian forces, while the clans of Moirne supported the Heremonian line, for during their reign their own power predominated. When the peaceful Cormac obtained the supreme government of the country, he found himself too weak, or unwilling to wage war with the clans of Baoisgne and their adherents, especially since he was under some obligations to one of their principal chiefs. He there-

fore, wisely perhaps, permitted them to hold the supreme command of the Fenian forces, and even gave them greater liberties than those they previously enjoyed.

The learned antiquary, O'Flaherty, speaking of Cormac, the 126th monarch of Ireland, remarks:—

He (Cormac) had a son-in-law Fin married to his daughter Grania, but she eloped with Diarmoit O'Duibhne: he had his other daughter, Albea, married to him who was the son of Cumhall by Mornia, daughter of the druid Thady, of the family of O'Boisgne, the descendant of Nuad the White, monarch of Ireland—*Ogyg.*, vol. ii. p. 242, Dub. 1793.

The same writer furnishes additional accounts of the disputes that existed between the rival Fenian clans, which, with another source of angry and jealous feelings on the part of the Clanna Baoisgne and their adherents, namely, the monarch Cairbre having previously deprived them of the chief command of the Fenian forces, and bestowed it on the Clanna Moirne, fomented their ire, and goaded them to open revolt. There may have been many strong reasons on the part of the monarch for depriving the haughty Clanna Baoisgne of their power; but a piece of arrogance occurred which certainly could not fail to widen the difference to the utmost, and to bring the whole matter to a crisis.

The son of the king of the Decies solicited and obtained the consent of Sgeimh Sholais (Light of Beauty), daughter of the monarch Cairbre, to accept him as her husband. When the news of the intended marriage of the princess reached the ears of the Fenian authorities (the Clanna Baoisgne being then in command), they sent messengers to the monarch to remind him of their wonted privileges, and to demand twenty *ungas* (ingots) of gold as a ransom for the lady herself. Cairbre became indignant at such a demand, and vowed to extirpate the Fenians from the country, or perish in the attempt. He despatched messengers to the provincial kings to advise them of his intentions, which met the unanimous approbation of his princes and people. The Clanna Baoisgne,

the great enslavers of the Irish people, and their adherents, resolved to meet the monarch and his forces in battle; having secured the assistance of the Scottish and British Fenians, and all foreigners upon whom they were able to use any influence, in their interest. There are strong reasons for suspecting that the Clanna Baoisgne party, when they found the monarch bent upon reducing their power to a proper standard, determined to dethrone him, and to confer the crown upon one of the descendants of Cathaeir Mor. The usurping Fenians, when they found their ranks strengthened by sufficient bodies, defied the royal troops to battle. The battle of Gabhra, fought between those two fierce and powerful parties, assumed all the character of a civil war; because all the people of Ireland were involved in it, and the arrangements made on the occasion occupied a considerable space of time in their progress. The following abridged account of this deadly battle, collected from our old manuscripts, may not be uninteresting:—

“After the death of Fionn, the Leinster Fenian forces were commanded by his son Oisin, but the chief command of the revolting forces devolved on Osgar, son of Oisin, in the battle of Gabhra, while the Clanna Moirne, or loyal Fenians were under the command of Aedh Mac Garaidh, King of Connacht, who was also called Osgar, on account of his extraordinary valor. The forces of Munster, consisting of the Clanna Deaghadh (Dalcassians), and other warlike tribes under the command of the brave Mogha Corb and his son Fercorb joined the revoltors. Besides these and other powerful auxiliaries, the revoltors were strengthened by their own order from various countries beyond the seas, especially from Alba, Britain, and Lochlan. With these numerous allies they brought a powerful army into the field. The army of the monarch was chiefly composed of the household troops of Tara, the forces of Meath, Ulster, and Connacht; and though it was powerfully supported by the Connacht or Firbolgian Fenians, it is presumed that it was inferior in numbers and strength to that of their antagonists. The revoltors according to the Book of Howth, marched upon Tara, and reached Garristown, or Gabhra, a village and parish in the barony of Balrothery, and county of Dublin; but they were met here by the royal army, who, having had notice of the enemy's approach, marched forth to meet him. Both armies encamped that night on the field of battle. At the dawn of day next morning, the men on both sides having

kissed the ground and gave utterance to three loud cries of defiance, as was the custom of the ancient Irish, rushed to the attack."

There are, however, some Irish archæologists of high repute, who consider that the site of the battle was called *Баіле ан ǵáinne*, Garristown (*ǵáinne*, gen. from *ǵáill*, a cry, or war-shout); but we think that it rather takes its name from Garradh Glundubh, a Fenian chief; hence, *Баіле Ǵharruaid*, Garradh's town. This battle was fought on the seventeenth day of June, A.D. 283,¹ and lasted from dawn to the setting of the sun; and in addition to the numbers slain, the few surviving combatants were so mangled and fatigued that the approach of night was a welcome advent, although they would

¹ According to O'Flaherty, the Battle of Gabhra was fought A.D. 296, according to Dr. Charles O'Connor and others, A.D. 283. Fionn Mac Cumhaill the renowned commander of the Fenians was not present at the battle of Gabhra, since his death is recorded by the Irish Annalist Tighernach (*Proleg.* ii. p. 20-21) in the year 285. This is confirmed in the body of the poem, but the general impression is that he was numbered with his fathers in the year previous to that of the battle. Dr. O'Connor, says;—(Kiii. *Fionn h. bairene decollatus est oc ǵlech bneá for bome*, K. V. Tacitus regnat)—"Tum vero *Finnus* (vulgo Fingal) floruit cum Carbrao, regnanti Cormaco Ulfadha, et pater fuit *Ossini*, ac avus *Oscari*, qui pugnavit in prælio *Gaurano*, quod gestum est prope Temoriam, anno quo Carus occisus est, anno antiquam Dioclesianus ad Imperium pervenit, ac proinde anno 283." Giolla Caemhin, a writer of the eleventh century, speaks thus of the Fenian affairs and of the death of Fionn:—

Secht m-bliadhna, l. ac ceo enadh,
O Cat Mucruimís na maí;
Co torcarr Fionn leo clarr fell,
Do rennabair trí mje Uirgenn.

Seven years and fifty, without question,
From the Battle of Mucroime of the heroes;
To the treacherous death of Fionn,
By the three sons of Uirgenn.

Doctor O'Connor says on the subject of Fionn Mac Cumhaill's death:—"Jam vero, cum *Finnus* decollatus fuerit, *regnanti Aureliano*, anno quo Kal. Jan. inciderunt in feriam IV., et cum Kalendae istæ in feriam istam non inciderint nec incidere possint toto isto regno, ullo alio anno, quam anno Christi 273, uti potes ex calculis, sequitur *Finni* obitum referendum esse ad annum vere communem 273.

not desist from the carnage while the sun shone above the horizon; for such was the spirit of chivalry of the ancient Irish. It would be difficult to determine which party remained victorious on the memorable field of Gabhra, nor can the historian, who has taken a calmer and more disinterested view of the event, concede the palm of victory to either party. The battle of Gabhra was fought by men who desperately determined to sacrifice their lives to the principles they supported. The annals of Ireland do not furnish us with an account of any other battle fought with so much deadly determination. This can be plainly seen from an analysis of the number engaged on both sides, and of the slain in that shocking carnage. According to the sources of information which can be most safely relied on, the number of men who opposed the monarch Cairbre, were upwards of twenty-one thousand; while those who were marshalled in the ranks of loyalty, patriotism and liberty, amounted to about twenty-eight thousand. Of the revolting Fenians and their allies, there were about eighteen thousand slain; while of the royal army, only twelve thousand were numbered with the dead; and if the day had afforded a longer space for the display of valour, and for the avenging of old grudges and jealousies, it is very probable that half the number would not have survived “*Cat Gabhra na n-béimionn*,” i.e. the Battle of Gabhra of the fierce strokes or blows.

Though the tyrant Fenians had been almost cut away, and though the royal forces, notwithstanding the death of the valiant and patriotic Cairbre himself, had obtained, in the estimation of some writers, a nominal victory, it was certainly a victory too dearly bought; because, on account of the nature of the quarrel, the best men in the island were engaged in the struggle, and cut off. Thus, bereft of her natural defenders, Ireland was exposed a prey to foreigners, as Oisín remarks to St. Patrick.

“ Գար ծօ լայն, և Շեկիրլէ ճայն,
 Ոյ լայն 'ր ան-Բանբա ան-նայն;
 Աւել եռան լաւիւն և ան-նայն,
 Աւել ծ'օրլն ան ծարնայն.

Ոյ լայն ան լիլ ճիւղբան լոյ,
 Ուն ան-նայն Ելլե 'ն-նայն;
 Ճան լաւ, Ճան լոյն, Ճան լիլ,
 Ճան լոյն, Ճան լաւն.

TRANSLATION.

By virtue of thine hand, chaste Cleric,
 There did not exist in fair Banba,
 But a few warriors renowned for feats,
 And youths who had not been proved.

There was no king who would come hither,
 Who would not obtain Eire freely,
 Without battle, without strife, without contention,
 Without conflict, without reproof.

As the custom of lamenting the dead in the pagan ages is specially alluded to in the poem on the Battle of Gabhra, it may not be irrelevant to treat of the subject here; but with as much brevity as possible. Some antiquaries believe that the old Irish burned the remains of the dead, in consequence of the numerous urns containing bones, apparently human, which bear marks of fire, which have been dug up in raths, &c. But all such relics should be examined with great caution lest a theory founded on a weak basis should lead to grave historical error. It does not appear that any portion of Irish history is found to support the theory of burning the dead; but we have numerous instances recorded by tradition of persons guilty of great and unusual crimes being burned at a stake, while every person who attended the execution was bound to fetch a bundle of dry faggots to

add to the fire. As such criminals were held in general detestation, it is probable that their ashes were scattered to the winds instead of honourable monuments being raised for their reception. If we take a survey of the numerous Cills, or places of burial, never dedicated to Christian purposes, we find them too numerous to warrant the opinion that the remains of the dead were wont to be burned instead of having been interred in graves formed with flag-stones. So numerous, indeed, are these Cills found in Ireland that we know six such places of interment literally within sight of each other. If then the ancient Irish had been accustomed to burn the remains of the dead, so many old pagan places of interment would necessarily not exist. The best authority we find on the subject of ancient interments is the Rev. Dr. Keating: in an unpublished work on theology, entitled *Ṭri Bioru-ḡaece an Bháir* (Three Sharp-pointed Shafts of Death), written by him about A.D. 1620, we find that the pagan Irish interred their dead in graves, mounds, and small raths. The account is so curious that it is well to give it in the learned Doctor's own words:—

“*Ḃir é do ḡuḡdḡir i n-Ḃuilluḡ iḡ aḡuḡuḡ na ḡ-cuḡad aḡar na Fḡuḡe, rḡl tḡuḡḡ rḡluḡ an ḡuḡdḡiḡ ḡuca, na maḡuḡb ḡ'adḡacal ḡo ḡuḡ; ḡḡḡeḡd iḡ iḡḡḡa coḡu aḡi a ḡ-cuḡḡaoḡ leo iad:—*

“*Ḃu ḡḡad ḡoḡ.*

“*Ḃaḡiḡ uḡ ḡeḡuḡ talḡaḡ do ḡḡaḡaḡ ḡo b-ḡad aḡar ḡo leḡḡod an ḡuḡḡ, aḡar boḡu a ḡoḡ do ḡuḡ uḡr an ḡuḡd ḡoḡu, aḡar a bḡḡḡoḡ uḡr an ḡuḡd ḡḡaḡ, aḡar caḡu cloḡ do ḡuḡ ḡḡ a ḡḡuḡ da n-ḡoḡḡaoḡ leḡḡ, maḡi aḡa ḡeḡuḡ Ḃḡḡoḡaḡaḡu i n-Ḃuḡb Fḡḡaḡḡ.*

“*Ḃu ḡaḡa coḡu.*

“*Na maḡuḡb do ḡuḡ ḡo ḡuḡ aḡar ḡḡuḡ-ḡḡḡa do ḡḡadḡ'na ḡ-tḡḡḡḡoll, aḡar ḡaḡ ḡa ḡḡ leḡḡ ḡḡ a ḡ-cḡuḡu, aḡar aḡḡḡ ḡuḡ ḡḡuḡḡa a cuḡḡaḡ iḡ na ḡḡuḡ-ḡḡḡaḡḡ ḡo: maḡi tḡḡḡ aḡḡ*

բաժնիս, որոշ, ազատ լինեմ; և արդէն ծաւորուելով երկու
օրերու մը մէջ ինքնապահագործութեամբ ինքնակառավար
տնտեսական համակարգի վերականգնումը կ'անհետացնէր:

Բարւ ձեռն ծովայր ճ' իջի շոն ձօլ,
 Բարւ շօ Կ-ծօ ծծիւրլն ծօ ԿԿձօլ;
 Բարւա շլօն ծծիւրլն շառԿա,
 Բօր ԿԿԿալն, բօր ԿԿԿառԿա;
 ԿԿօր բօր ԿԿԿԿԿալն ԿԿԿ,
 ԿԿԿ ԿԿԿ ԿԿԿ ԿԿԿ-ԿԿԿԿԿ.

“Ար ան բանորո իր լոտայճէն ո՞նք ելած ա՛նք ասոն ծովար
 ար քարտ ան ի՞նչ բաճակ, ա՛յար ծձ ծովար ար քարտ ո՞նք
 տոն; քարտ ան լոյսն ճան ասոն ծովար, ցոյց ա՛յ անհարկայն
 սարկ, լաճ-նոյն բոյս լաճ ճալար ճարտարապետ:

“Cομ εἴτε ἀπὸ 5-συντάκτοι ἴαδ.

“Պար է՛ս ի՛նչ ա՛յս ի՛նչ լե՛ւծ (ա՛յս ար խոնիար ատ
 րա քարաւ յե քալար 1 Կ-Շիրոյ, յե կոյ րա քաճառաճէ),
 րա յարի՛ն ծո ծար՛րա քարաի՛ն ա՛յս ար ար ար ար լե՛ւծ
 ծո լե՛ւծի՛ն օր 1 Կ-Շիրոյ ի՛նչ ար ար ար ար ար ար, ա՛յս 1
 Կ-Շիրոյ ծ՛արաւ ար ար ար; ա՛յս ար ար ար ծո Կ-Շիրոյ
 ար ար ծ՛արաւ րա Կ-Շիրոյ 1 ար ար; ա՛յս ի՛նչ Կ-Շիրոյ
 Պո՛յս Կ-Շիր, ար ար լե՛ւծ ար 1 Կ-Շիր Պո՛յս Կ-Շիր ար
 Կ-Շիր Կ-Շիր ար Կ-Շիր.”

It was customary among the Irish at the period in which the heroes and Fenians flourished, and before the light of faith dawned among them, to inter the dead in the earth: there were, however, many modes of interment in use.

The first mode of interment.

A grave corresponding with the dimensions of the corpse was dug in the earth, and a small rath was raised around it. The feet were placed facing the east and the head the west: a cairn of stones, called a *leacht*, was piled over it, like the grave of Maothagan in Uibh Fathaidh.

The second mode of interment.

To deposit the dead in the earth, and to erect small raths around them. No stone or monument was raised over them. There were three classes of persons usually interred in this manner in those small raths, namely, men of

science, women, and children. There were, besides those, two other modes of interment practised in Ireland, as is manifestly seen by the following poem.

A grave of one door for a man of science,
A grave of two doors for a woman,
A grave without even one door,
Around boys as well as maidens;
Mounds around foreigners of distinction,
And enclosures around those who died of deadly plague.

From the above verse it is plain that only one door (passage) opened to the grave of the man of science, two doors were peculiar to the woman's grave, no door belonged to the graves of children, while mounds were raised over the remains of noble foreigners, and enclosures were constructed around those who died of loathsome plague.¹

There was another mode of interring the dead, namely, with a grave-stone and a tomb (and those graves are numerous throughout Ireland, of the pagan time). The dead were placed in a standing position, and circular cairns (heaps) of earth and stones were raised over them, and their arms were buried with them. It was in this fashion that very many of the Irish nobles were interred in the olden time; the interment of Mogha Neid by Dearg Damhsa the druid may be instanced, as we read in the "Battle of Magh Tualaing."²

The Irish were wont to lament the loss of their relatives and friends in a manner calculated to inspire compassionate feelings in the bosoms of all who witnessed their demeanour on such occasions. We ourselves have seen the scenes displayed at funerals in Ireland, which were in some manner the reliques of the customs prevalent in the olden times. Dr. Keating, in the manuscript work already quoted, gives a lucid description of the custom prevalent among the pagan Irish. He says:

"*Ar é ar cluicé caoirce ann, zol-záiréa zuirte záirb-
éača azar eolcaime éaza, déara ayn-mheafarída do déanam
dóib maílle me rtoéad a b-folt azar a b-fionnfad; me
rziíobad azar me rziíof a n-deall, azar me ríof-buála
ríom-aynmeac a z-corp azar a z-colann fo láir azar fo*

¹ From this paragraph we learn that the ancient Irish not only did inter their dead, but were accustomed to distinguish sex and rank by the peculiar construction of the grave.

² See the poem on the interment of Mogha Neid, on Magh Tualaing, by his arch-druid, Dearg Damhra, pp. 54-55.

lan-talḡaḡ; aḡar fōr, āḡealḡ aḡar iomḡāḡ a ḡ-ēācḡ
aḡar a ḡ-aḡēar ḡo ḡēalḡ, ḡo ḡēḡ ḡar ḡr ḡoḡaḡḡē a
ḡ-bḡḡāḡḡaḡb Oḡrḡ ḡal ḡualḡ ḡēāḡalḡḡ ḡo ḡḡe, ḡar a
luāḡalḡ bār Oḡcḡḡ a ḡḡc, ḡarḡab ḡoḡāḡ:—

“ḡḡōr a ḡoḡ ḡo cḡḡa fēḡ.

“ḡḡ ḡo ḡa ḡarḡ ar a ḡ-aḡḡēar cḡḡḡē cāoḡḡe ḡ
ḡ-aḡḡḡḡ ḡa b-ḡaḡāḡāḡ ḡ ḡ-ḡḡḡḡ:—

“Sḡḡeāḡar ḡac Roḡāḡ alḡ ḡḡ,
ḡḡar ḡuḡḡoḡ ḡo talḡaḡ;
Buāḡḡoḡ ḡo lār a cōḡḡ cār,
ḡarḡḡoḡ a fōḡ 'r a fḡoḡḡāḡ.
ḡo bḡ alḡ aḡ fēācār ḡ cḡēācḡ,
ḡḡar aḡ āḡḡoḡ a ēācḡ;
Fā ḡōḡ al cār ḡūḡḡ alḡ ḡḡ,
ḡar fualḡ bār ḡḡḡ ar lāḡaḡb.”

The funeral lamentation consisted in raising a plaintive sorrowful wailing, in weeping loudly, and in lamenting the fate of the deceased; in plucking the hair and beard; in tearing and disfiguring the features, and in casting their bodies with great violence on the ground: they also enumerated and extolled the deeds of the deceased, and gave way to a general murmur in consequence of the losses entailed by the death, as may be learned from the expressions used by Oisín in the last poem he composed, mourning the death of his son Oscar, beginning with the words:—

Deep is my sorrow to-night.

The following are the verses in which the funeral lamentations of the Irish in the times of paganism are described:—

Mac Ronan then cried aloud
And fell upon the earth;
He cast his pure body upon the ground,
And plucked his hair and beard.

He continued to examine his wounds,
And enumerate his achievements;
Great was the consequence to us then
That he died in our arms.

The custom of lamenting over the dead and enumerating

and praising their exploits as well as those of their ancestors, has reached our own time, and is not yet quite extinct. From what we have seen of it (the plucking the hair and beard, tearing and disfiguring the features, and casting the person of the mourner violently upon the ground excepted), it is almost the same as in the days of Oisín. It is to be regretted that such a time-honored custom has been decried and suppressed.

As further remarks have been made on the funeral rites of the ancient Irish in the body of the poem, I consider it needless to dwell further on the subject here. However, I cannot refrain from noticing that when such an eminent Irish scholar and antiquary, as Doctor Keating is universally acknowledged to have been, quoted the above stanzas in his work, he must have considered the Fenian poems as valuable historical documents.

In concluding this short introductory notice of Fenian poetry, Fenian achievements, and Fenian history, I must claim the indulgence of the Society for any faults or omissions that may have occurred; for my means of information are rather limited—hence the fewness of my references; but before I close, I must acknowledge the kindness of that zealous and indefatigable archæologist, the Rev. James Graves, of Kilkenny, who unhesitatingly placed his copy of O'Connor's "*Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*," &c., in my hands to aid me in the work; and for this act of kindness the Society must owe the reverend gentleman a deep and lasting debt of gratitude.

N. O'K.

Dublin, July, 1854.

ՏԱՐԱՏՅԱԲԻՅԱԼ ԵԿԵՆԻՅԱ ՅԱԲԻՐԱ,

ՊԱՆԼԵ ՔԵ ԻՕՏՅՈՒՆ ՊԱՇ ԴԻՈՒՆ,

ԾՕ ՔԻԱՏՐԱԼԸ.

Օրին. Երազ հոյ Եւաճ¹ նա Գէրմե,
բէժ աջ Շէլլուբ քա ծաղլրե ;
յր ծաղա ծո լուժ նա մ-Եաճալ,²
բլիճ 1 ո-յոնաճ Շիւղա Եաղլրչե.

Եւնայն հոյ ա Բաթ Շիւղաճայն,³
բէժ քաժ' Եւաճայն յօ բնաճ ;
յր Եաջ ծո իլ իւաճ մար շարմաղայն,
այ շ-բլիճ ծո Եաթ ար ծո մալաճ.

Փօժ' յոնա իշաճ աջար բլաճ,
Եոյն 'ր յաճայն⁴ քաժ' մալաճ ;
Յիժ' շարմար ա շոյլ նա Գէրմե,
քօ Շէլլուբ 'ր քօ Եաճայն.

¹ Եւաճ, signifies a hill, more correctly an artificial mound, but the name is now considered to mean any acclivity. Եւաճ նա Գէրմե surely cannot be well supposed to mean a natural hill, since by the context the poet evidently alludes to Բաթ Եւաճայն. Some think, probably with propriety, that Եւաճ signifies a tumulus. There can be no doubt but that the numerous artificial mounds spread over the face of our island are of very different orders and constructed for different purposes.—See a paper on Tulachs by John O'Daly, in the "Transactions of the Kilkenny and South-east of Ireland Archæological Society," for May, 1854.

² Եաճալ.—A pastoral staff, a crozier, cognate with the Lat. *baculus*. The Irish բլաղլայն՝ Եալաճայն, or itinerant professors of medicine, arts, sciences, &c., once numerous in Ireland, each of whom carried a wand indicative of his profession, were not men of the Եաճալ.

THE
BATTLE OF GABHRA,

AS RELATED BY OISIN, THE SON OF FINN, TO ST. PATRICK.

OISIN. Sorrowful to me that the Tulach of the Fenians,
Is now under the bondage of Clerics;
It is presumptuous in the tribe of the croziers,
To occupy the place of the Clanna Baoisgne.

Well do I remember, O Rath of Cruachan,
When I enjoyed pleasures around thy borders;
Little faith they had in the prediction,
That the chase was to pass over thy summit.

Many a shield, and many a spear,
Hound, and wolf-dog, were on thy top;
Though it has now come to pass, O Fenian hill,
That thou art subject to Clerics and croziers.

³ *RÁÉ Chruaágh*—Rathcroghan, near Belanagare, Roscommon, which was the ancient palace of the kings of Connacht, where the ruins of several forts and other monuments are still to be seen. The stipends of the chieftainries of Connacht from the King of Cruachain were that every one of the chiefs might approach to assume all sovereignty and kingship alike, if not debarred by the defilement of the slaying of a kinsman, or the oppressing of saints, or the renouncement of baptism.—See *leabhar na h-Éire* (Book of Rights), published by the Celtic Society, p. 111.

⁴ *Cóir na h-Éire*.—*Hounds and Wolf-dogs*. Though it cannot be easily ascertained whether the wolf-dog was from the time of Partholan a native of Ireland, it is certain that *cú* was the name for a gaze-hound, while *gabhra* was that given to a hound of stronger frame, calculated to contend with the boar, wolf, and other larger beasts of chase. Hence *gabhra* has been translated wolf-dog in the text.

Ա քիւ աղ տարտայն Բարձե,
 Ծօ չի՞ծ աղ բարձե բոնձա;
 Իր մարտ ծալտ ո՞հա մարիօղն Եօնայ,¹
 Ծ'եռչլա չօ մ-Բարիբեւո՞ծ ծալտ ա ծօղողն.

Ա քիւ աղ լոյճ մար իճօղիւմ,
 Ծօ մ-Բեյժ Փօրիւմարճ յօնա Բեւո՞ծ;
 Ծօ Բեյժ Ծօ լոյճ 'ոհա յաբեւո՞ծ,
 Էալլ բօ լեւան աղ լարեւո՞ծ.

Ա քիւ ոհ Բաճալլե Երօղմե,²
 'ր տարա աղ ծալտ Ծօնա;
 Ծօ Բեյժ Ծօ Բաճալլ ոհ Բարիւնար,
 Ծօ մ-Բեյժ Օրսար Ծօ Լաճար.

Ծօ մարիբեւո՞ծ Պօս Աղ Փարիւնե,³
 ա քիւ ոհ Լարճե Երօղմե;
 Ծօ Բեյժ ի՞նչ 'ոհա իմօր իմիրտե,
 բօ աղ լարեւո՞ծ լոյճե.

Ծօ մարիբեւո՞ծ աղ ծիր Ծաճարալ,
 ո՞չ Բարձ տարա ոհ Յ-Երօղմե;
 Իւօղն Բան իր Պօս Լարճեւո՞ծ,⁴
 տարա՞նչ Լոմ Եւաճ ոհ Իւրմե!

¹ Եօնայ was brother of Goll, the renowned chief of the Connacht Fenians: therefore it is presumed that Conan would feel so indignant at the usurpation of the royal seat of the Conacian kings by St. Patrick and his clergy, that he would be inclined, as was his wont, to wreak vengeance upon the intruder. Conan is usually designated by the soubriquet *maet*, *bald*, in all the Fenian poems.

² Ա քիւ ոհ Բաճալլե Երօղմե.—*Man of the crooked staff*. This alludes in a very satirical manner to the pastoral staff of St. Patrick.

³ Պօս Աղ Փարիւնե. This was Diarmuid O'Duibhne, a Fenian chief. Diarmuid was the Fenian Adonis: he had a *bailt* բեւո՞ծ (beauty-spot) on his left breast, and whenever he pleased to win the affections of any lady he had nothing more to do than to display his *bailt* բեւո՞ծ. Instances of his power in winning the affections of the fair may be read in the "Lay of the Giantess," trans-

Thou man of the golden vestments,
 Who assumest the prosperous position;
 Happy for thee that Conan does not live,
 Lest his clenched hand might touch thee.

Thou man of the bell, as I opine,
 Had Diorraing been among the living;
 Thy bell would have been shattered,
 Against the face of yonder pillar-stone.

O Man of the crooked staff,
 Though thou art a daring fellow;
 Thy staff would be smashed to atoms,
 Were Oscur now present.

Did Mac Duibhne live,
 Thou man of the staff with the cross;
 It would be dashed to pieces
 At the foot of the pillar stone.

If the graceful two were living,
 There would be no howling of Clerics;
 Fionn the fair and Mac Luigheach,
 How sorrowful I feel for the Fenian 'Tulach!

lated by M. M. Graham, Esq.; and by the Rev. Dr. Drummond under the title of the "Chase of Glenasmol." But perhaps the greatest feat he ever performed in this way was to carry off Grainne, daughter of Cormac, monarch of Ireland, in the third century, from her husband, Fionn Mac Cumhaill, upon account of which he persecuted the Irish Adonis to death. The history of his amours with Grainne is found in Irish manuscripts. Diarmuid and Grainne traversed all Ireland to avoid the vengeance of the enraged Fionn; and the *leabtaí na caillíge*, or *leabtaí na Dhiarmuid agus Gráinne*, so frequently found throughout Ireland, are said to have been the resting places of the amorous couple.

‘*Mac Luigheach*’—Another celebrated Fenian chieftain whose exploits are recorded in almost all the Ossianic poems which have come under our notice.

Tell them to us their vision
 by thy bounty and by thy wisdom
 which was the ⁷² hand of Valour
 that was best amongst the Fenians

P. Ionn r'n dúinn a Oirín,
ar h-oirneac i' ar h-eaḡna;
cja h-í an lám ḡairḡe
dob' féarui do b' r'na Fjannaiḃ?

O. Ḃac Cúmaill mac Tíre'n móir,
mé fé'n aḡar O'reui;
do béarḡaoir ḡac aon buad,
aḡar ḡeall ḡaca ḡairḡe.

P. Cja h-é an ceatḡamaḡ duine,
a Oirín m'ic na flaḡa;
dob' féarui ḡairḡe 'ḡur buille,
a déarḡaoi an ionad caḡa?

O. Do b' ceatḡari aḡuine,
na'ri claoḡeac r'ian a ḡ-comḡiac;
Faolan f'jall aḡar Cairrioll,¹
Ḃac Luḡeac aḡar Diaḡmuid.

Do bádar aicme éreanḡari,
aḡuine i' na Fjannaiḃ;
do ḡabḡaoir toḡac bealaḡḡ,
a u-ionad caḡa i' feadḡa.

P. Be'ri mo beannacḡ a Oirín,
i' b'ion hom do rḡéala;
i' f'loion dúion ḡan earbaḡ,
an aicme a t'aim d'iaḡiaḡ.

O. Ar, i' ḡoll, i' ḡarraiaḡ,²
luḡt fala d'ar b-Fjannaiḃ;
i' O'reui dob' féarui faic'riui,
cuiḡ do' u aicme r'ui a Chléḡuic.

¹ Faolan aḡur Cairrioll.—*Faolan and Cairrioll*. Renowned Fenian champions.

² Ar, ḡoll, i' ḡarraiaḡ.—*Art, Goll, and Garraidh* were of the Clanna

- P. Relate to us, O Oisín,
 For thy generosity and thy wisdom ;
 Which was the hand of valour
 That was best among the Fenians.
- O. The son of Cumhall son of Trianmor,
 I myself, and Oscur ;
 We were wont to win every victory,
 And gain the palm of all valour.
- P. Who was the fourth man,
 O Oisín, son of the prince ;
 Whose feats of valour and strokes
 Were most esteemed in the place of battle ?
- O. There were four men of us,
 Who were never vanquished in conflict ;
 Faolan the liberal, and Cairrioll,
 Mac Luigheach, and Diarmuid.
- There were valiant men
 Among us in the Fenians ;
 They used to take the front of the way,
 In the post of conflict and of prowess.
- P. Receive my blessing, O Oisín,
 Sweet to me is thy narration ;
 And name to us, without omission,
 The parties I inquire for.
- O. Art, and Goll, and Garraidh,
 The privileged persons of our Fenians ;
 And Oscur, the most comely,
 Were some of these, O Cleric.

Moirne tribe. Goll was probably the best champion who ranked among the Fenian bands. He was chief commander of the Irish Fenians before Fionn obtained that post.

Do bádair luét zairze,
 Conán nár mair focal;
 Maedan a zar Parran,¹
 ir Aothan zeal ó'n Roca.

P. Innir dúinn a Oirín,
 ne h-anam Fhianha Eirionn;
 cia azaib ba éireire,
 i z-caé Sabha na m-béirmionn?

O. Ní maibmionne ann aét beazán,
 az dul a n-azad éiríce Fódla;
 no bí Fionn ir a mionnir,
 ar ílíze na Róma.²

Do bámaíne deic míc fíctíod,
 do ílioét Fhionn na Féinne;
 az a m-biad rízaé a zar cloidíon,
 a d-toíac caéa ir feadma.

Az fázbáil Bionne h-Eadair,³
 ir é líon do bámaí uile;
 deic z-céad zairzideac Féinne,
 a n-zarriad zaca duíne.

Do bí zarriad Fhianh Alban,⁴
 a zar áirid-mí z na Breatan;
 ar zriad Féinne Alban,
 for ionne ran z-caé ran.

¹ *Maedan, Parran, and Aothan of Roca*, are names that seldom occur in Fenian poetry. The Rev. Dr. Drummond, who has published a metrical translation of a portion of this poem, a work of much merit, says:

"Baedan, and Barron too, were found
 Among our Fenian chiefs renowned,
 With Rocha's chieftain, Aedan fair,
 Still prompt his falchion keen to bare."

² *Ar ílíze na Róma*.—Figuratively, on their way to the grave.

³ *Beíonn Eadair*.—*Binn Eadair*, Hill of Howth. A famous resort of the Irish Fenians. It was at Howth that Fionn wrote his prophecy relative to the

There were men renowned for valour,
Conan, whose words were not good ;
 Maedan and Parran,
 And Aothan the fair, of Roca.

P. Narrate to us, O Oisín,
 In honor of the spirits of the Fenians ;
 Which of you were strongest
 In the battle of Gabhra of the strokes ?

O. We were but few in number,
 Opposed to the provinces of Ireland :
 Fionn and his people
 Were on their way to Rome.

We numbered thirty sons
 Of the tribe of Fionn of the Fenians ;
 Who bore shield and sword,
 In front of conflict and battle.

When we marched from Binn Eadair,
 This was the number of our whole force ;
 Ten hundred valiant Fenians,
 In the bands of each man.

The bands of the Fians of Alba,
 And the supreme King of Britain,
 Belonging to the order of the Fian of Alba,
 Joined us in that battle.

further invasions which would come upon Ireland. Irish tradition says :—*Ḃinn Eadar nne Eadar, nne Anloich, ar a d-earraigh an céad lonn a gur an céad fáilteáir a fuair go h-Éirenn.*—i.e.—“ Binn Eadar of the son of Eadar, son of Anloich, where the first bark and first hero ever landed in Ireland.

* *Fian n Albán.*—*The Fenians of Alba.* From the text it appears that the Fenians, whether a military order or otherwise, were not confined to Ireland, but were also instituted in Alba (Scotland), Lochlan (Denmark), Britain, &c. ; but this by no means invalidates the Irish claim to Fionn Mac Cumhaill, Oisín, Caoilte, Oscur, &c. It, however, goes pretty far to show that the Fenians were a sort of hired military force, who remained in those countries after their countrymen ceased to trade with the natives.

*Lairich.
 O'gan.
 Note*

9 7 17 12 11

Փո ի՛ Քլանն Լոճլանն լաճլիւ,
 ծ ճօրբեաճ չօ դառնար;
 դար ե-բօճարի բան լաճարի,
 ըստ ծճադէա դա հ-յօրչալ.

Փո ի՛ Եարեռն Լրբեճարի,
 աճար մօր-խաւճէ Ելլոյոյ;
 ա դ-աճարծ ար չ-օմաճէ-դե,
 ա չ-ճաճ Զառնա դա մ-բելմոյոյ.

Փո ի՛ Օրսար մաճ Զարարած,¹
 իր ծելճ չ-ճեճ ճարճ ճլրէ;
 աճ օմօմարճ ադ ճաճա բլո,
 ա դ-աճարծ մօ միճ բլ.

Պաճ չ-ճաճա ծ'բարարծ Սլաճ,
 իր բլր Պառնառն իւ Եարեռն;
 լաճ բլո մար դ-աճարծ-դե,
 իր բլճ Լաճեռն իւ ճլր.

Բլճ Եռնաճէ 'ր ա մարդիլ,
 դար դ-աճարծ-դե բա տաճմարլ;
 միճ օմեճրօմ ադ բօլոյո բլո,
 իր ճան աճարոյո ճէճ եաճան.

Քլարարճեար բլճ Ելլոյոյ,
 ծ'Օրսար մաճ Զարարած;
 ա դ-ճեճաճաճ տա ճճ տ-առնար,
 իւ լարն Օրսար ճլր?

Տաճ մաճ Զարարած ա երեճլիւ,
 աճար բաճ մօր ադ բօճալ;
 դաճ բարծ լաճ ար ճալմարոյ,
 ծօ ծճադբաճ օմարմաճ Օրսար.

¹ Օրսար մաճ Զարարած.—*Oscur son of Garraidh*. Historians assert that this Oscur was Hugh, King of Connacht, of the Clanna Moirne tribe.

The Fians of Lochlin were powerful,
 From the chief to the leader of nine men ;
 They mustered along with us,
 To share in the struggle.

There was Cairbre Liffeachair,
 And the great hosts of Erin ;
 Opposed to our power,
 In the battle of Gabhra of the strokes.

There were Oscur, son of Garraidh,
 And ten hundred active warriors ;
 Augmenting the forces in that battle,
 In opposition to my son.

Nine battalions of the men of Uladh (Ulster),
 And the men of Munster, were with Cairbre ;
 All these were opposed to us,
 And also the King of Leinster.

The King of Connacht and his people,
 Were opposed to us in the struggle ;
 The division was not equal,
 Since our numbers were but few.

The King of Erin thus interrogated
 Oscur, son of Garraidh ;
 "Wilt thou venture to meet alone,
 The arm of the other Oscur?"

Mac Garraidh pledged his word,
 And great was the importance of the expression ;
 That there was not a champion on earth
 Able to fight Oscur.

Այո ըն ա ծնալիւ Բալլիւր,
 րե մա՛ Դարմաթ ալ ըօրջալի;
 մալի՜ շնիւ զ Ալբալի,
 մոսա յ-օրջիւթ շու Օրսուր.

Տօ րիւթաճար Ըլանա Երն իծիլ¹
 հ-աճալի-րի, ա իլ Դարմաթ;
 մաօ՛ Ըլանա Բաօլիւր,
 իր արիւթ ալ բալա.

Այլ ա ծնալիւ Բալլիւր,
 րե մա՛ Դարմաթ ալ ըօրջալի;
 օրջիւթ իրի միւրիւ,
 աճար օրիւթ-ի Օրսուր.

Տօ թօլ ի՜՜ Երիւրի,
 իր մա՛ Դարմաթ իլ Գօրնա;
 ա ի-լան-տ-րիւթ 'ր ա միւրիւ,
 ա ծ-տօրա՛ շա՛ Դալա.

Գար ծօ շնալիւ Օրսուր,
 իլիւ տօրա՛ ի՜՜ Երիւրի;
 յալլար Բալլիւր ա ծարա՛,
 'ր ա ըօրջալիւ րե իս յալ-լալի.

Դարմար Օրսուր ծա՛շա՛,
 օրիւթ իր ալ Ըլալիլլ;
 տօրա՛ շա՛ ալ իս ըն,
 ծօ թիւ իր ծա՛ շօլիւթ.

Ա ծնալիւ Ըլալիլլ ար-յալ,
 րե հ-Օրսուր իս մ-իւրիւ;
 յալա՛-րա ա իս տօրա՛,²
 ա ի-ալիւ թարալի Երիւրի.

¹ Ըլանա Երն իծիլ.— *The sons of Trenmoir*. It appears from Irish history and manuscripts that the Clanna Baoisgne, or Lagenian Fenians, joined the Munster forces against Conn of the Hundred Battles, the reigning monarch, in consequence of which the great battles of Mochruime and Cnoca were fought. The Connacht Fenians, or Gamhanraidh of Irrus Domhnain

Cairbre then exclaimed,
 To Mac Garraidh the victorious ;
 “ Sad is thy visit from Alba,
 If thou can’st not quell Oseur.

“ The sons of Treanmor slew
 Thy father, O Mac Garraidh ;
 Suppress the Clanna Baoisgne,
 And remember the enmity.”

Cairbre again said :—
 “ O Mac Garraidh the victorious,
 I myself will restrain the standard,
 And do thou fight Oseur.”

The King of Erin
 And Mac Garraidh Mac Moirne,
 Led their brave hosts and their banner forward,
 In the front of the battle of Gabhra.

When he saw Oseur,
 The king of Erin made a beginning ;
 Cairbre promised to destroy him,
 And to hew him in pieces with his keen blade.

Oseur the valorous requested
 Of me and of Cairrioll,
 To begin the battle that day,
 For himself and for his sword.

Cairrioll of the white skin said
 To Oseur of the strokes :
 I will begin the battle this day
 Against the men of Erin.

were always the rivals of the Clanna Baoisgne. It was the death of Garradh’s father, who was slain in battle by the Clanna Baoisgne, that the monarch wished to call to the remembrance of the rival chieftain with the view of exciting his anger against the Fenians.

² Σεαβαδρα α ημυ τοραδ.—It is evident that insubordination prevailed in

A dúbairte mac Luígeac,
 do beiriod buad zac fozla;
 bhadra azar Cairrioll,
 a d-torac éata Gabra.

A dúbairte Boirne mac Breagarl,¹
 zo meari corzaréa calma;
 bhadra ir Fianha Breatan,
 foirna h-Orcur Eanna.

Tu3 Cairrioll ro3a an uréairi,
 do'n émaoiri3 eiré larairi;
 zuir éairi an t-plea3 éhcamairi,
 eiré na éoir a3 mac Breagarl.

Fiafraizear Orcur Eanna,
 zo fearizac do Chairrioll;
 eiréad fá'r éairé tu mo biraéairi,
 a mhe Fhionn mhe Chúmaill.

A dúbairte Cairrioll chear-zeal,
 do zué mór me h-Orcur;
 má'r tura mac Oirín,
 dob' éurair lom do bar3ad.

Gabar feariz mo mae-ra,
 me cloirteir an ur3oil;
 a 3lacad n3oir féada,
 zo mairne ré Cairrioll.

the ranks of the Fenians, since Cairrioll and Oscur contended for the supreme command. According to the modern mode of engaging an enemy, it may appear that it was rather a principle of valor than an ambitious jealousy that prompted Cairrioll, who was son of Fionn Mac Cumhaill, to the desire of leading the van in the battle, but it must be remembered that the chief commander among the ancient Irish always commenced the battle. Hence, it was a rivalry for supremacy, as the stanzas immediately following clearly indicate.

Mac Lughaidh then exclaimed—
 Who bore the palm in every struggle—
 I and Cairrioll will be
 Foremost in the battle of Gabhra.

Boinne the son of Breasal exclaimed,
 With quickness, fierceness, and valour;
 I and the Fians of Britain
 Will be with Oscur of Eamhuin.

Cairrioll made a well-aimed cast
 Of his lance through a flame of passion;
 And drove the polished spear, we saw,
 Through the body of Mac Breasail.

Oscur of Eamhuin demanded
 In a flame of passion of Cairrioll;
 “Why hast thou struck my brother,
 Thou son of Fionn Mac Cumhail?”

Cairrioll of the white skin said,
 With loud voice to Oscur;
 “If thou art the son of Oisín,
 I can easily vanquish thee.”

My son became enraged
 When he heard the disdainful challenge:
 To restrain him was impossible
 Until he reached Cairrioll.

¹ Boinne mac Breasail.—*Boinne the son of Breasal*, was commander of the Fenians of Britain, and came to aid his kindred Fenians against the monarch of Ireland. There are several families named Brazil residing on the Glenahiry mountains near the town of Clonmel, in the County of Waterford; who, we believe, are descended from this Breasal.

Շից մաճ նա բլաճա նա ըօրն-մէլո,
 և չ-օրոյն Օրօւր բէլ;
 Շիճ ե՛ ել՛ ճա Ե-բճաճալ,
 եա ըօրնաճ և ըլալ.

Փօ ըսալճ Շալլլոլլ յր Օրօւր,
 ծօ եսալ և ըլլե;
 ծօ ըսաճալլոյն ճա չ-օրնաճ,
 Բաօլան աշար Բլաճա.

Շիճ ե՛ ել՛ ճա Ե-բճաճալ,
 եա նօր և ն-նր-Շլլալ;
 ծօ յլլոյնալլոյն և ն-աճալլալ,
 Շէ'ն ըսալճ ալ ճալ.

Փօ՛ Է յօնէւր Օրօւր,
 աշար Շալլլլոլլ Շեճալ;
 Շալլ մալնաճ ճա չ-օրնաճ,
 ծել՛ չ-ըսաճ տալլաճ Բէլլոյն.

Շօշմաօրճ ան մեճալլ,¹
 և ծ-տօրաճ ըճա Շալլա;
 Օրօւր յր Բլան Լալլալ,
 և ն-աշալճ նի՛ Պօլլոյն.

Փօ ել Բալլալ բլե,²
 օլլալնաճ նա բլաճ;
 ծ'ան մ-նրօրնաճ 'ր ալ յօնճօլ,
 ծալ ծ'օլլոյնալլաճ ալ ըճա.

Փօ ըսաճալլոյն քօ ըլլե,
 յոյն աշար յաճալ;
 նլ ելաճ ալ օրնաճ ըճալ,
 աշ ծալլոյն քօ յոլլոյն.

¹ Շօշմաօրճ ան մեճալլ.—*We then raised our cry.* It was customary with the ancient Irish when about to engage in battle to fall prostrate on the earth and kiss the ground, and then give utterance to these cries. It is said

The son of the prince advanced
 To meet Oscur the generous;
 Whoever chanced to see them
 His senses were deranged.

Cairrioll and Oscur began
 To deal strokes upon one another;
 We hastened to restrain them,
 (With) Faolan and Fiachra.

Whoever chanced to see them
 (Felt) a great abhorrence;
 We effected their separation,
 Though the task was difficult.

In consequence of the exertions of Oscur,
 And of Cairrioll Ceadach;
 There were slain in their protection,
 Ten hundred Fenian chiefs.

We then raised our war-cry
 Commencing the battle of Gabhra;
 Oscur and the Fians of Leinster,
 Marched to oppose Mac Moirne.

There was Feargus the poet,
 The prince's minstrel,
 Cheering us in the struggle,
 To advance to the battle.

We rushed against each other,
 We and they;
 Of a similar conflict
 No mortal shall have to tell.

that battle *Shámne*, Garristown, was so called from *Shám*, a cry or shout, the war-cry raised by the Fenian forces on the occasion.—See *Introduction*, p. 60.

² *Feargus* title.—*Fergus the poet*. Fergus was the Fenian bard who was

Do mairbad Fianha Breatain,
 zé'ir lyne b'í a z-couznaiñ;
 me deicé z-céad m'ic Shairriaid,
 'r n'íor cábaíri m'óir dúinne.

Do éir mac rí z Loélaínn,
 leir 'r Fianha Allihunn;
 do mairbad ('r é r'iu tuairim),
 deicé z-céad curad calma.

on lance
Through the armies
as falcon
or the great eagle

Táiric mo mac-ra,
 fō cátaib na Teampáic;
 marí feabac tré ealtair,
 nō marí cáirriaz táirriaz.

my own son
of Tara
through, carries
down-falling

Táiric mac Shairriaid chear-zéal,
 tarí éir f'neardail an cáta;
 a z-couinne mo m'ic-rí,
 zō corzairicé cōn-flata.

Cheiríre cheada f'icéid,
 a z-chear O'cuiri ó'n r'zairail;
 a z teacé ó m'uiríri Chairbrie,
 zō meiríze m'ic Shairriaid.

Do b'í a z-chear m'ic Shairriaid,
 a z teacé ó cátaib O'cuiri;
 r'í f'icéid chead éiréacéac,
 n'áir éacéac na h-O'cuiri?

D'éiríodair f'ir Eiríonn,
 zé'ir éirriaid an t-orad;
 le cloirínn na m-béiríonn,
 do b'í 'd'ir an dá O'cuiri.

went to animate the warriors to deeds of valour in battle by the force of his animating strains. Lame Tyrtæus succeeded in leading the forces entrusted to his charge to signal success by similar means. See the *norz cáta* (war

The Fians of Britain were slain,
 Though their aid was with us;
 By the ten hundred of Mac Garraidh,
 And it was no great aid to us.

By him fell the king of Lochlin's son,
 And the Fians of Almhuin;
 He slew ('tis about the number)
 Ten hundred brave warriors.

My son urged his course
Through the battalions of Tara;
Like a hawk through a flock of birds,
Or a rock descending a declivity.

Mac Garraidh of the white skin came,
 After having served in the battle;
 To meet my son,
 Fiercely and prince-like.

There were four-and-twenty wounds
 On the skin of Oseur from the struggle;
 When retiring from the forces of Cairbre
 To the standard of Mac Garraidh.

There were on the skin of Mac Garraidh,
 When retiring from the battalions of Oseur;
 Six score gaping wounds,
 Were not the Oseurs brave?

The men of Eire hearkened,
 Though the cessation was painful;
 To the sound of the strokes
 That passed between the two Oseurs.

ode) sung by Fergus on this occasion; printed at the end of the volume.

¹ *Allen*, in the county of Kildare, where Fionn Mac Cumhaill kept his court; and which was the general resort of the Fenians.

Լիօն ծա քէնթ ծօ բշլաճայն,
 և Յ-ւիաճ ճաճա բօշլա;
 ծօ Երր մաճ Ճարմարծ Յրիայնծ,
 ր մօ մաճ քէն 1 Յ-ւաճ Ճաճա!

Փ ճրիշիծ քի՛ շաճայն,
 ծր և Յ-ւիօնն առն-րնա շլաճայն;
 շիօ՛ թօլա, շիօ՛ տըրնե,
 'ր շիօ՛ շալլա ծ'ա բշլաճայն.

Փօ շալլաճաճ մաճ Ճարմարծ,
 ճէ'ր ծօրիճ և ծճառաճ;
 Լե Կ-Օրւարն նար մալլաճ,
 և Յ-ւիւրն օրիճ մե ծալիւն.

* Փօ Լաճայն միճ Երրօնն,
 աճ և մալն նա Կ-արմն նրնե;¹
 և Յ-ւիօնն Օրւարն նա մ-Երրօնն,
 նօ ճարն ճօրն քէ և շիօ՛ւն.

Նիօն Լիճա մե մօ մաճ-րա,
 նաճ Ե-բարմն Եարճաճ քաճմա;
 ճարն շարմն առ տ-րաճ ճարճա,
 ճօ շիօր քի՛ Շալլաբն.

Փօ ճօրնաճ միճ Երրօնն,
 ծօ մաճ Շալլաբն շարմն-մաճ;
 ծօ շարմն 'ր առ նարմն շաճմա,
 մե Կ-Օրւարն ճարմն առ-Ե-բարմն.

Բ. Ձոն շարմնն Լաճ և Օրրն,
 ծր օրն ծօ մաճ Եարճա;
 շա Լիօն ծօ մաճայն միճե,
 ծօ շարմն մե Լարմն Օրւարն.

¹ Կա Կ-արմն նրնե.—*The poisoned weapons.* There is good reason to believe that the ancient Irish used poisoned weapons. Some native leeches assert that the poison was extracted from the nightshade; but Dr. Brian O'Rody, late of Leyden, who has studied the natural history of Ireland with

As many as two score shields,
 In each contending struggle,
 Mac Garraidh the pure, and my own son,
 Broke in the battle of Gabhra.

Three showers arose
 Over their heads in the strife ;
 A shower of blood, a shower of fire,
 And a bright shower from their shields.

Mac Garraidh was worsted,
 Though the task was difficult ;
 By Oseur, who never failed
 In point of liberality to the learned.

The monarch of Eire hastened,
 Who had poisoned weapons ;
 To meet Oseur of the strokes,
 And he wounded his heart.

Nor failed my son,
 Whose career was never impeded :
 He drove the nimble javelin
 To the cross through Cairbre.

He was proclaimed king of Eire,
 The son of Cairbre of the red spears ;
 But he fell the same moment
 By Oseur, without intermission.

P. Oisin, dost thou remember,
 Since baptism has reached thee ;
 How many kings' sons
 Fell by the hand of Oseur ?

much more attention than any other person we ever heard of, thinks it must have been extracted from the herbs called "Uanac mullarig" (*Devil's bit*), helebores, and the yew berry.

Օ. Փօ յայրն բէ յիշ Պննան,
 չե՛րս բնծարս 'ր աղ բշարայլ;
 ծօ շարտ մազ յիշ աղ ծօնարս
 Լար աշար Պազ Շարարած.

Եր Լար ծօ մարծած Շարարտ,
 աշ ա յայն աղ յարտ ինծա;
 ծօ շարտ Լար ա յ-աղ-բարարտ,
 Լուշ արտշտ Շաշա շիտ.

Փօ յայրն բէ յիշ Շօնարտ,
 բարս յարս շօնարտ բարտ;
 ծօ շարտ բէ 'ր աղ ինծօն,
 յա շիտ աշար Շարարտ.

Փօ շարտ շաշած շիտ-իշ
 ծ'արս շիտիծ ծր շաշտ;
 յա ի-Օրարս 'ր աղ ինծօն,
 յա շիտ իր Պազ Շարարած.

Պծր-իւրիւրս 'ր աղ Շ-շաշ իրս,
 ծ'արս ծալ ինծարտ Շիտ;
 ծօ շարտ Լա ծօ յա-րա,
 ի յ-ժարիշ Շարարտ յա յ-բարիւրս,

Շօ յ-արտիշտարս բարս բարտ,
 իր Լար-Շարարտ շիտ;
 ար շարտ Լա ծօ յա-րա,
 յի բարտարս ա յ-արիւրս.

Եր Լարա շարտ յիշ Աւած,
 չե՛րս ինծարտիշ շաշա;
 իր ծօն աղ ծիշ ծարտ,
 ար շաշած ար յիշ Շարարտ.

O. He slew the king of Munster,
 Though great his deeds in conflict ; [also,
 The son of the king of the world fell by him
 And so did Mac Garraidh.

By him was slain Cairbre,
 Who had the silken standard ;
 There fell by him in evil conflict
 The despoilers of every country.

He slew the king of Connacht,
 A man whose feats of valour were successful ;
 He fell in the conflict,
 Together with Cairbre.

There fell fifty powerful kings,
 Who arose over battalions,
 By Oscur in the struggle,
 Together with Mac Garraidh.

There were seven in that battle,
 Heirs to the kingdom of Eire ;
 Who were slain by my son,
 After Cairbre of the strokes.

Until the grass of the plain is numbered,
 And every grain of sand of the sea-coast ;
 All who fell by my son
 Cannot possibly be enumerated.

By me fell the king of Uladh [Ulster],
 Though our conflict was brave ;
 Great is the loss of the people
 Who were slain on the field of Gabhra.

Փո Դարեւած լիջ Լալճեան,
 Դե Դեաճալի Դիւ Բոնալի;
 Շօ Երաճ Դի Բաճճալի Խոսրի,
 Բի էլիւ Լիւ Դ Բ Շ-Կոմճալ.

Փո Դարեւած Բի ԸՆ Օրսի,
 Դ Բ Շ-Կաճ Շ-Կօրճարէճ Շ-Կալի;
 Բոսի Դ ԸԸԲ Բի օրիւ,
 Բի Բարճաճ Բի Դիլճ ՃաԲի.

Փո էլիւ Կալիլիոլ Դ Բաօլան,
 Ըճ ԴԿ լիջ Դ Բ-Բիլի;
 Դ Լօ Ը Շիճմիլ Կոմիւճ,
 Կոմիլիւ ԸՃԲ Ելիլ.

Փո Դարեւած Դօ ԴԿ-Բ, .
 ԸԸՅ՝ Ը Բի օլ Դ Բիլի;
 Ը շիլ Բ՛ Դ Բ Շ-Կաճ Բի,
 Դ Ըիլ ԸՃԲ Կալիլի.

Փո Դարեւած Բի ԸՆ Օրսի,
 Ը Բի ԸՇ Կօրիւճ Բի Ըճճ;
 ԸճԴԿօրիւճ Բճ Կարեւ,
 ԸՇ ԿարեւՇ Ըիւ ԸԴճ.

Փո էլիւ ԸԴ Կաօլիւ ԸԴճաճալճ,
 Լիւճ Ըիլճճ Ըճճ Ելիլ;
 Դ ԵրճԴ-Լաճճ Դ Բիլի,
 Ըճճ Դճ Բիլ ԸԴ ԸԴԴ.

Փո էլիւ Բիլի ԴԿ ԸԸԲի,
 Դ Ելի Ըճճ Ելի Դ Բիլի;
 Ը շիլ Բիլի ԸԼԴԴ ԸԸԲի,
 Դ լիջ Օրիլիւ Ը Ը Շ-Կիլի.

The king of Leinster was slain
 During the war-cry of Mac Ronain ;
 Never shall there be told
 All who fell by us in the meeting.

The two Oscurs were slain
 In the murderous, hard-fought battle ;
 There is now a sigh due
 To those who were slain on the field of Gabhra.

Cairrioll and Faolan fell,
 The two sons of the Fenian king ;
 It is with them we were wont to converse,
 Hold council, and march.

My son was slain,
 That caused the misfortune of the Fenians ;
 He fell in that battle,
 Together with Cairbre.

The two Oscurs were slain,
 They who were the supporters of the battle ;
 While we pine away in want,
 With the bishop of Ard Macha [Armagh].

The clan of Caoilte Ceadach fell,
 The despoilers of every country ;
 And the brave champions of the Fenians,
 Except myself alone.

Fionn Mac Dubhain fell,
 And three hundred more with Fionn ;
 The Fenians of Clann Dubhain fell,
 And the king of Ossory besides.

Dob' iomda lhyte fola,
 ար ինչ շօրտե Շախա;
 րբ ցոյ չայ զօղա,
 զ իմեաճէր նա բօշլա.¹

Փ' իմէլչ ար ն-ճարճե,
 ար ն-լոյտլոյ ր ար մեայմայ;
 զ'ն ճ-սաճ րոյ բօ ծելլե.
 արճաճ Լ րիչ ԲանԲա.

P. Nà bî-ri zo fearṡaḁ,
 mâr eazal leat ierhooy;
 nà cuirîy do éailide,
 a iñc Fhîy iñc Chúimail.

O. C'p coimaille ionnhuic,
 do beir tu dam a Chléihuc;
 րբ ծօրլ ծամ ոյո ինիլլի,
 ոճ մ'աճար do էրէլլիոյ.

Եոյր ծամ a Phátuic,
 a ն-ոյծի do Լէլլիոյ;
 ա ն-բարլ նեան ծարլլչէ,
 աճ մարլն Fhîay Ելլիոյ.

P. Bheirym duit a deirîy,
 a Oirîy éóir nà laoy;
 nàc b-fuyl nean aճ է'աճար,
 աճ Oren nà aճ Soll.

O. Oé! րբ արաճ նա բճեալա րոյ,
 Եիր tu ծամ a Chléihuc;
 մերլ աճ ծեանան արաճ,
 րբ չայ նեան աճ նա Fîaynail.

¹ Բօշլա, means a grudge or malice, as well as robbery or trespass; it is very probable that the Clanns of Baoisgne and Moirne settled an old account in this battle, because the rivalry that existed between them for a long period

Numerous were the pools of blood
 On the gory field of Gabhra ;
 And heads devoid of bodies,
 Through the working of the strife.

Our valour deserted us,
 Our intellect and self-reliance ;
 Since the last battle fought by us
 Against the king of Banba.

P. Give not way to your anger
 If you fear hell ;
 Remember not thy friends,
 Thou son of Fionn Mac Cumhaill.

O. Though the counsel may be correct
 Which you give me, O Cleric ;
 It is painful for me to forget
 My people and my father.

Inform me, O Patrick,
 In honour of thy learning ;
 Whether heaven be obtained
 By the chiefs of the Fenians.

P. I assure you as a certainty,
 Just Oisin of the blades ;
 That thy father has not gained heaven ;
 No, nor Oscur, nor Goll.

O. Oh ! how lamentable the news
 Thou relates to me, O Cleric ;
 That though I am exercising pious acts,
 The Fenians have not gained heaven.

appears to have been brought to a close at the Battle of Gabhra, by the almost total annihilation of both parties.

Բա Կիրոյ յե Պաճ Ընդալլ,
 իր յե Կ-սարկի՛ն Կա Քիւրոյ;
 Շարժ Շաճար ծօ լօրտի,
 Կա տրօճարի ծ'արարիճ.

Ք. Օ՛հ! Կա էրսա՜ն Կոճա իր,
 ծօ Կի՛ն ա՜յ Քիւրոյի Քիւրոյ;
 Շարժ Կիրոյ յիւ Կ-Շաճար,
 Կա Կի՛ն ա՜յ Շարժ Կա Կաճար.

Չ. Օրի՛ն Կա Կ-Շաճար Կիր,
 ծօ տար Կ Կ-Շարժ Կա Կ-Քաճար;
 Կա՛ն Կարժ Կա՛ն ծօ Կաճար,
 Շարժ ծօ Շաճ Կա՛ն Կաճար.

Օ. Բա Կա՜ն Կա՛ն Կարժ Կիր,
 Կի՛ն Կա՛ն Կաճար 'ր Կա Շ-Կաճար;
 Շարժ Օրսար իր Կաճար,
 Կարժ Կա՛ն Կիր իր Կաճար.

Ք. Փօ՛ն Կարժ Կարժ Շարժ Կիր Պարս,
 ծ'արսար յե Կ-Կա՛ն Կա;
 Կա ծօ Կա Կարսար Կար,
 ծօ Կի՛ն ա՜յ Շաճ Շօ Կ-Կարժ.

Օ. Փ'արսար յե Կարժ Կարժ,
 Կարժ Կա՛ն Կարժ;
 Կարժ Կա՛ն Շօ Կ-Կարժ,
 Կարժ Կա Կարժ Կարժ.

Կարժ Կարժ

Ք. Կարժ Կարժ Կա Կարժ իր,
 Կարժ Կարժ Կարժ Կարժ;
 Շարժ Կարժ, Շարժ Կարժ,
 Շարժ Կարժ, Շարժ Կարժ.

Sweeter to Mac Cumhaill
 And the nobles of the Fenians;
 To hear the voice of the hounds,
 Than to solicit mercy!

P. Oh! how sorrowful was the choice
 The Fenians of Fionn preferred;
 That their hounds should be sweeter to them
 Than to be praying to the saints!

Oisín of the keen-edged swords,
 Since thou hast survived the sinners,
 Wouldest not thou wish to go alone,
 Unaccompanied by thy kindred to heaven?

O. It would afford but little pleasure to me
 To dwell by myself in the city;
 Unaccompanied by Oscur and Caoilte,
 And also by my father.

P. Better for thee to behold the face
 Of the Son of Mary for one day;
 Than for the gold of the whole universe,
 To be all in thy possession!

O. I have related to thee, O Patrick,
 The history of the battle of Gabhra;
 Give me, then, without delay,
 The history of the heavenly city.

P. The description of that city,
 Which you require, old man;
 (It is) without thirst and hunger,
 Without necessity or affliction.

Օ. Ան բճարս արդարս ներմե
 Կ՛ա սարկե Կ՛ա Դճարս;
 Կ՛ա Ե-բարս շարճար Կ՛ա Զ-բարճե,¹
 Կ՛ո Վ Կ-բարճարս լիւծ ճարմե.

Ձ Կ՛իւ Զարկարս բճլ,
 Օր ճարս բճլս ճարս Կ՛ա Ե-բարս;
 Կ՛ա Լիւծարս Կ՛ա Զո բարճար Փճ,
 Կ՛ո ճարս բճլս Կ՛ա Կ՛ո ճարս?

Ք. Կ՛ի բարճարս Կ՛ա ճարս ճարմարս,
 Կ՛ա բճլս Կ՛ա ճարս ճարմե;
 Կ՛ա բճլս ճարս Կ՛ա Կ՛ա ճարմարս,
 Վ բարճարս Կ՛ա Զ-բարճարս Կ՛ա ճարմարս.

Օ. Կ՛իւ Ե՛ Կ՛ա ճարս ճարմարս,
 ճարս Ե՛ Կ՛ա Կ՛ա Կ՛ա Կ՛ա ճարմարս;
 ճարս բարճարս Կ՛ա ճարմարս,
 Կ՛ա Կ՛ա ճարս ճարմարս.

Ք. Կ՛ա Ե-բարս Կ՛ա Վ բարճարս,
 Կ՛ա Կ՛ա Զ-բարճարս Ե-բարճարս;
 Կ՛ա ճարմարս Կ՛ա Ե-բարճարս,
 ճարմարս Կ՛ա Կ՛ա ճարմարս.

Օ. Փո՛ Կ՛արս ճարս ճարմարս ճարմարս,
 ճարս ճարմարս Կ՛ա Կ՛ա ճարմարս;
 ճարմարս ճարմարս Կ՛ա ճարմարս,
 ճարմարս ճարմարս Կ՛ա ճարմարս.

Ք. Ձ Օրճարս Կ՛ա Ե-բարս ճարմարս,
 ճարմարս Կ՛ա Ե-բարս ճարմարս;
 Կ՛ա բարճարս Փճ Կ՛ա Ե-բարս ճարմարս,
 Կ՛ա Կ՛ա ճարմարս Ե-բարճարս ճարմարս.

¹ Ան Ե-բարս ճարմարս Կ՛ա Զ-բարճե.—*Is there hardness in their hearts.*
 This was a stroke of keen wit aimed at the saint, who, on account of the
 severe abstinence and fasting observed by the church, was marked as a nig-

- O. Are the denizens of Heaven
 Better than the nobility of the Fenians ;
 Has penury hardened their hearts,
 Or do they refuse every one ?
- O son of Calphurn the liberal,
 Since it is thou thyself that hast the learning ;
 Wilt thou allow to go to the kingdom of God,
 My own dog or my hound ?
- P. Not the buzzing gnat,
 Nor even the sunbeam ;
 Can unknown to the Omnipotent King,
 Enter the heavenly city.
- O. It was not so with Mae Cumhaill,
 Who was King of the Fenians ;
 The hosts of the world might enter
 His mansion without invitation.
- P. Old man, say not so,
 Since thou art at the end of thy life ;
 This is not a just judgment
 Which thou givest of my King.
- O. Greater the worth of one well-fought battle
 In which we, the Fenians, used to engage ;
 Than the Lord of Hosts,
 And thou thyself, O Cleric !
- P. Oisín of the keen-edged swords,
 Who speakest the words of madness ;
 God is better for one moment,
 Than all the Fenians of Eire together.

gantly person by Oisín, who was ignorant of the principles of Christianity, with the exception of a few terms, as the foregoing and subsequent stanzas amply testify.

O. Ȣḡ ṡḗ ṡḡṡṡ ḗṡ ṡḡḗḡḡḡ,
 ṡḡ ṡḡ ṡḡ ṡḡ-ṡḗḡḡḡḡ ṡḡḗḡḡ;
 ḗ ṡḡḗḡḡḡ ḡḗ ṡḡḗḡḡ ḗḡḡḡ,
 ḡḡ ṡḡḗḡ ḡḡ ḡḡḗḡḡḡḡ ḡḗḡḡḡḡḡ.

ḡḗ ṡḗḡḡḡḡḡ ḗḡḡḡḡ ḡḡḗḡ,¹
 ṡḡḡ ṡḡḡḡḡḡ ḡḗ ḡḡḡḡ;
 ḡḡ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ ṡḡ ḡḡ ṡḡḡḡḡḡ,
 ṡḡ ṡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ-ḡḡ ḗ ḡḡḡḡḡḡ.

¹ ḡḡḗḡ.—St. Patrick here excites the rage of Oisín by declaring the superiority of the Omnipotent Creator over his creatures, and Oisín regrets that he had not the foul-mouthed Conan there present to punish the saint in a summary way for his apparent insolence. Conan was the brother of Goll Mac Moirne, a prince of the royal family of Connacht: he was the god of discord, if he may be so termed, among the Irish Fenians, so that he always bore the soubriquet of ḡḡḗḡ ṡḗḡ ṡḡḡḡḡḡḡ, ṡḡḡ ṡḡḡḡ ḡḗ ḡḡḡḡ (i.e. Conan the bald and giver of curses, the reviler of the Fenians). He delighted on all occasions in charging Fionn and the family of Baoisgne with their treachery and ill-will towards the family of Moirne; he often provoked the hostility of his opponents in the Fenian ranks, and on several occasions came to blows with them in consequence of his foul-mouthed bitter invectives. This Conan was a great boaster; he was, nevertheless, said to be an arrant poltroon. The Rev. Dr. Drummond in his "Ancient Irish Minstrelsy," in "The lay of the combat of Fuath and Conan," pp. 139-40, records a ludicrous incident relative to the contention between Conan and another champion of a similar character who landed with an host of invaders. Conan, though a sheer coward, was endowed with a supernatural power which rendered him invincible, according to popular tradition; for it is stated that whenever he reckoned his opponents while looking through his extended fingers he became invincible, while the power of his enemies decreased. Conan was ignorant of his own powers in this respect; and Fionn, who discovered the secret by the gnawing of his thumb never revealed it to Conan, but frequently availed himself of the advantage, by causing his chieftains (Conan of course among the rest), to place their spread hand before their eyes and count the enemy. The name of Conan is not mentioned as having been present at the battle of Gabhra; most probably he was dead previous to that time. If we may believe Mr. Theophilus O'Flanagan, who published an account of a flag-stone inscribed with Ogham characters, some years ago, in the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy" (vol i.), he was slain the May previous to the battle at a festi-

- O. Though I am an aged man,
 And my life is close to its end;
 O Patrick, offer not an insult,
 To a chief of the Clanna Baoisgne.

Had Conan survived to my time,
 The foul-mouthed man of the Fenians;
 He would break thy neck,
 For thy contention, O Cleric!

val of the sun, and interred on the mountain of Callan, in the county of Clare. The verses recording the death of Conan, which Mr. O'Flanagan states occur in the poem on Gabhra, cannot now be found in any copy extant. They are most probably spurious; however we give them:—

“Hí naib an laeð fnaoéda Conan,
 I n-Tabna 'r an tnean-bail;
 An bealltaíne an bhaðain noíne,
 An coíne adaneta na-íne,
 Ro toréan an cunad nac tinn,
 An b-fionnóil le Fionnab Fionn;
 Ro cloib a fearu íar ba éuaib:
 An éuaíde caoíne ba éol tnuai;
 'S ta ainn Ogam an hie bláib,
 An ríab com-buð Challaín.”

The ferocious warrior Conan,
 Was not at Gabhra in the mighty strife;
 For on the May-day of the preceding year,
 At an assembly convened to adore the Sun,
 The hero who was not timid was slain,
 Treacherously by the Fenians of Fionn;
 His grave was formed on the North-west side,
 Sadly plaintive was his dirge;
 And his name in Ogham is on a smooth stone,
 On the black mountain of Callan.

Mr. O'Flanagan says that his curiosity was excited by the above passage, and that he consequently visited the spot, where, after some difficulty, he discovered the stone inscribed with Ogham characters. The Ogham as well as the extract some suppose to be a fabrication; but it would be unfair to pronounce either such until a proper inquiry had been made to ascertain the fact.

P. Եւ աշարբա առն 'ն բճճալ,
 Ծօ Եկ բն յաճալ JOSՁ;
 Ե իկ ան յիճ Դճիւրե,
 Կի բճիւր ճան Ե յարիւ.

O. Ոյ Ե Ե-ճառարարճ,
 Ծօ ճիւրԾ ան ապրե ճիւրան;
 Ըճճ Ե Ե-Ծանդայն յօլեա,
 'ր Ե Լաճարե Ե ի իւրարայն Դճալ.

Ան Ե-բալ Եճ Քառայ Ծօ ճիւր
 Ըան Եաճ Ծ-իւրբօճ Ծան բճիւ;
 Ըիւճ յաճ Եա Ըիւճճ Ըալ,
 Ե 'ն ճիւր ին Եա Ըառար?

P. Բայն ԸարԾօճ Տաճաճ¹ Են Լաճ,
 իւրբօճ Ծար յար ճարի;
 Ըն ճօճ² Ե 'ն բառաճ Են Ե-Են,
 բարա Ըիւճճ Քիւճայ.

¹ Տաճաճ.—*Succoth*, the baptismal name of St. Patrick, which signifies valiant in war.—*Ware*. Here St. Patrick gives in the third person an account of the manner in which he expelled the demons from Ireland.

² ճօճ.—*Bell*. The Bell of St. Patrick is celebrated from the earliest ages of Christianity in Ireland up to the present. Great powers were conceded to it. It is not surprising that the bell of St. Patrick should be supposed to be instrumental in expelling the demons from Ireland, since it sounded the tocsin of war against the powers of darkness and error, by notifying the advent and victory of those of light and truth. In the historical romance of the Children of Lir, who are represented to have been metamorphosed into swans by their stepmother, or, which is more probable, dedicated to the service of Lir, who was the Neptune of the pagan Irish, the following account is given of their first hearing the sound of the bell of St. Mocomog on Innis Gluair:—"Ծօ Ենճար բար Ըն ԸնԾաճ ին բաճ բաճ յօ Ե-Ըարիւ ճիւրիւ ճիւրիւ, Ըար յօ Ծ-Ըարայ Ըառար Եա Ըիւրիւ յօ Ե-Ըիւրիւ, Ըար յօ Ծ-Ըարայ Պաճա-Ըիւճ յօ Ե-Ըար Պառայ Սիւրայ Սիւրայ; Ըար Ըն Ըիւճ Ըարայ Պաճաճիւճ բար Ըար ճաճ, Ծօ Ըառար Ըառայ Ըն յաճ Ըն ճօճ Ըճ Են ին Ըն Ըարիւրե Ե Ըար ին. Ըար Ծօ Ըիւճճար Ըար Ծօ Ըարճիւրբօճար յօ Ե-Ըիւրիւ Ըճ Ըն Ըն. 'Ըիւճ ին, Ե Ըարիւ?' Ըն Ըիւրիւ.

P. 'Tis I, myself, that have the news,
 Who have been under the rule of JESUS;
 O son of the Fenian King,
 I cannot refrain from disclosing it.

O. It is not in bellowing,
 That nobles find pleasure;
 But in laudatory poems,
 And in talking of the Fians of Fail.

Is there among the Clerics of Patrick,
 Any one who can inform me;
 What were the religious powers,
 By which ye expelled the demons?

P. Segadius the Bishop, who was not infirm (in faith),
 Said, I will tell thee how it came to pass;
 The bell by which we were freed from bondage,
 Had effect by the powers conceded to Patrick.

guala. 'Ní fheadamán', an iadran, 'ašur an eil a fíor ašad-ra eíeab an
 zué anmíanach aš-fuašmáir úb ad éualamán?' 'Zué cloiſ Míacaemóg,' an
 Fíonnguala, 'ašur ir é rcaírear ríð-re ne péinn, ašur fíonreir ríð ó an-
 fíócaínn le toíſ Dé.' i.e. the Children of Lir remained in that condition a
 long time, until the time of the faith of Christ, and until Patrick, son of
 Arpluinn, came into Ireland, and until Maecomog came to Innis Gluair of
 Brendan. And the night that Maecomog came to the said island, the Chil-
 dren of Lir heard the sound of the matin bell near them. They trembled
 violently, and started through excessive dread upon hearing it. 'What, my
 dear brothers, has troubled you?' enquired Fionnguala. 'We know not,'
 replied they, 'canst thou inform us what that unusual detestable sound
 which we heard is?' 'It is the sound of the bell of Maecomog,' replied
 Fionnguala; 'and it is it that will liberate you from suffering, and save you
 from adversity with God's will!'" Similar to this story of Saint Patrick's
 bell having expelled the demons from Ireland by its sound, is that of the
 demon that had been expelled from its stronghold by the ringing of the bell
 of the Church of Geneva; as the demon could not bear to hear its sound.
 The prevalent belief among the ancients was that demons could not endure
 the sound of a church bell any more than the crowing of a cock.

Ելի՛ զառջած զիւր-զիւր շրլոյ,
 շարիւր ար շիջ նշմե շնշարոյ;
 և նսար մե շոջ նա Ե-բարտ,
 յօ Քաթմալ ծա շօրմեաւտ.

Ոյ մալն արծար¹ աւա և Ծ-տար,
 'ր ոյ մալն Եարոյ և Ե-բար-շնարոյ;
 'ր ոյ մօ մօ Եի շնար ար շօլլ,
 մա Ծ-տաւտ Քհատմալ և յ-Շլլլլլ.

¹ Ոյ մալն արծար.—*There was no corn.* It is believed by the peasantry in many parts of Ireland to this very day that evil spirits damage the crops, &c. The same belief prevails to a considerable extent in some parts of Scotland. Շաւտ Կաւծ նա Յ-Շոօ (Red Wind of the Hills), is much dreaded, because it blasts the crops and fruits. Charm-mongers found a profitable occupation in counteracting the baneful effects of those malignant spirits, and persuaded the people that their spells were potent and availing, despite the preaching and exhortations of the clergy. Some explain a blast in a seminatural manner. They say that, when persons who die in a foreign country are interred abroad, their dust, anxious to repose with that of their kindred in native burial ground, flies on the winds of heaven, and never rests until it reaches its hereditary place of interment, blighting whatever green or living thing it may chance to settle upon in its passage. Շաւտ, according to the Rev. Dr. O'Connor and others, was one of our Irish pagan deities. He says:—"Hinc alia narratio, pariter Ethnica, de Laogario Rege occiso a diis magnis, *Griano et Gaotho* (i.e. Sole et Vento), quorum jusjurandum temeravit." The reason for the death of the monarch Laoghaire, is thus given by the Four Masters, under the year 457:—"Ըաւ Ղէա-Ծարա նա Լալշոյնի քօր Լաօշայնե նաւ Ուլլ. Բօ շաւ Ծօր Լաօշայնե յրոյ շաւ իր, աւար Ծօ մաւ Լաօշայնե մաւ Շրնոյնե աւար Շալթե, աւար նա յ-Շնլ Ծօ Լալշոյնի նաւ շիւրա քօրնա շիւրա Ենոյն արա Լօշայն աւծա," i.e. "The battle of Ath-dara was fought between the Lagenians and Laoghaire Mac Neill. Laoghaire was taken prisoner in that battle, and Laoghaire bound himself by the oath of the sun, wind, and elements, to the Lagenians, that he never during life would march against them, for sake of obtaining his enlargement." The monarch, however, forgetting his oath, renewed the war against the Lagenians, upon which occasion he was killed, as we are informed, anno 458:—"Ղեւաւ յաւօ Ըարրի Եօրի Ընե Աշար Ղիւար, Ծա շոօ յաւ իր իլեւ յո Այն Քաւար, Աշար Շիւար 7 Շաւտ յօր մալնքօրն, ար մօ քալայն յաւ, Ծօ յօ Ծօր աւծեւ յո իլի:—Շնլե Ծօ մօ մաւշար մալի. Ըաւ յաւ Ծալ աղ Ծալ քօր քալ ոյնի."—i.e. "He (Laoghaire) was slain at Caise, between Ireland and Scotland: these are two hills in the

Three times fifty archangels pure,
 Came out of the mansions of Heaven to us;
 Down with the bell of wonders
 To Patrick for his protection.

They had no promise of corn,
 There was no milk in the grassy plain;
 Neither was there produce upon the wood,
 Before the coming of Patrick to Eire.

country of Uibh Faolain, and it was the sun and wind that killed him, because he violated them. Wherefore the bard said—

‘ The elements of God, whose oath he violated,
 Punished the King with death.’ ”

The celebrated charm-monger of the North, Felim Mac Coy, was wont when making his spell for healing cattle, &c., from the effects of elf-shots, and blasts, to invoke and then threaten among other mythic beings, the *bancach* *Cnó* (Gory Chief of Battles), and the *ḡaeḡ Ruad̃ na ḡ-Cnoc* (Red Wind of the Hills), with the view of compelling them to relinquish their claim to the subject afflicted by their baneful influence. Hence it may reasonably be concluded that if *ḡaeḡ* were a pagan deity, it was the evil genius. Husbandmen and cowherds used to assert that the blasting *ḡaeḡ ruad̃* generally blew from the middle of the month of April to about the middle of July, and they always dreaded its malignant effects. It is maintained, contrary to the opinion expressed in the text, that during the reign of Cormac, son of Art, the produce of the earth was most abundant; according to the following stanza found in the mouths of the peasantry:—

“ Re linn Chormaic ñjc ḡl̃nc,
 bh̃j an raeḡal ḡo h-aeḡinn aḡ;
 bh̃j naoi ḡ-cnó aḡn ḡad̃ cnaeḡb̃fh,
 ḡl̃ḡar naoi b-ḡl̃c̃c̃b cnaeḡb̃fh aḡn ḡad̃ rlaḡ.”

During the time of Cormac, son of Art,
 The world was delightful and happy;
 Nine nuts grew on each twig,
 And nine score twigs on each rod.

This prosperity, however, is attributed to the excellence of the monarch, and the same is recorded to have taken place in the reign of Cathal Crobhdhearg, King of Connacht, A.D. 1224. The memory of Cathal Crobhdhearg, as well as that of Cormac, is still held in respect by the peasantry. They say that the times were so prosperous, and the produce of the earth so abundant, that

21) céad buille éuz Pátraic do éloz,¹
 a) ceol aoibhinn zúod-zúinn;
 leir do éur arbar a d-tuar,
 ruza ir ola a b-féar-éluar.

21) dar a buille éuz do'n éloz bláit,
 mac Aibreun a) táidleac bán;
 laet a m-buarb, cuar ar éoll,
 arbar a d-tuar, iarz ar abair.

21) tmeaf buille éuz ná laz,
 díbh na deamhan ardaet;
 bí cuinn moine ar a) z-Cruac,
 zur éur iad uile ar a)hfeann.

21) do laim-rí, a Oirín míc Fhínn,
 zid taoi ad feadhóir a z-Cuinn Linn;²
 n) éurfeá iad uile amaet,
 mar do éur a) cóir-éleimeac.

when the kine lay down the grass reached above the top of their horns. Hence it is said that cows whenever they lie down give utterance to three moans in remembrance of the good old times that once had been, and lamenting the hard days in which they live. This, though a myth, is perhaps worth recording.

¹ Cloz—Bell. Tradition records that the celebrated bell of St. Patrick was presented to the saint by angels; the prevalent belief among the natives of Mayo, especially in the neighbourhood of Croagh Patrick, is, that as the saint was praying on the top of the Reek the bell fell on the ground at his feet, whereupon a fountain of crystal water gushed forth. This well was called *Tobar Phadruig*, and was held in great veneration. We hear, moreover, that the bell, after having scared the demons from their strongholds by the superior sweetness of its tone, is now deposited in *Log ná n-deamhan*, where those wicked spirits were forced to plunge themselves. There is, after all, nothing very strange in this tradition, when we find that David made use of his harp to calm Saul when the demon entered him; at least we may conjecture that music always had a particular effect upon malicious spirits. The bell, it is said, was not shaped like our present bells, but was a sort of gong which was struck with a mallet or some such instrument. The terms used in the text

The first stroke Patrick gave to the bell,
 Of the joyful, quick, and heavenly music;
 By it he set crops of grain in growth,
 Sap and vegetation in the grassy plain.

By the second stroke he gave to the fair bell,
 The son of Calphurn the glorious light;
 There was milk in kine, fruit on the wood,
 Crops in promise, fishes in the rivers.

The third stroke that he gave with vigor,
 Expelled the monstrous demons;
 That were assembled before him on the Reek,
 And reduced them all to feebleness.

By thy hand, Oisin son of Fionn,
 Though thou art an aged man at Crumlin; [all,
 Thou couldst not possibly have expelled them
 As did the just Cleric.

i. e. "An éad buille éuz do'n éloz," &c., i. e. *the first stroke he gave to the bell, &c.*, as well as the old phrase in general use for tolling a bell, sufficiently warrant the tradition that the bell of St. Patrick was struck with some instrument, and not rung like our present bells. The *chiúne* of St. Patrick's bell warned the people of the approach of the light of the gospel in Ireland; and the pagan doctors, who held them in continual dread of the malevolence of demons, lost their reputation when the Christian missionaries convinced them of the falsity of the doctrines to which they had been previously devoted; so that they saw at length that the diseases incident to man and beast, as well as the failure of their crops, proceeded from natural causes.

² *Crúnn Linn*—*Crumlin*. The name Crumlin occurs so frequently in the topography of Ireland as to warrant the opinion that it must have belonged to places of much note. *Crom*, or *Crúnn Linn*, means the lake of Crom. If this be the real meaning of the word, it follows that as Crom was the name of a pagan deity, or rather of a festival celebrated by the husbandmen to the sun and moon, in gratitude for having brought the fruits of the earth to perfection, the pool must have been a sacred one. Though nothing has yet appeared in manuscripts to tell us that the druids consecrated water as well as fire for the use of their votaries, still it is impossible to imagine that they did not do so. If we review the history of the sacred fountains to which

ʒo loʒ na n-Deamhan¹ amac,
 do cuir iad uile ʒo bailleac;
 nʒor léiʒ deamhan riar na roir,
 ó roir dʒob ʒan bácað.

pilgrimages were wont to be made, we shall find that in most cases they have been associated with pagan reminiscences. The Catholic Clergy, to their credit be it told, always discountenanced those pilgrimages, though, indeed, it could be no great harm for Christians to pay their vows to the Deity of Truth even if it were at a pagan shrine; but there was always a class of persons found in Ireland who were not Christians, and mimicking or pretending to possess the sacred knowledge of the druids. These were the *bacachs*, who drove a very lucrative trade in persuading the peasantry that certain evil beings had an influence over them, and that, by virtue of the sacred knowledge they possessed, were able to counteract the malicious machinations of the wicked demons. *Bacach* signifies a maimed person, but there were *bacachs* who were not maimed; and in the seventeenth century it became a very lucrative profession. There is now on the table, a copy of a *bacach's* petition in Irish manuscript, which is couched in language the most expressive that could, even in Irish, be strung together. Some of the tribe, as O'Farrell, whose petition is now before us, rode a fine horse and kept servants well mounted to receive contributions in their almost innumerable bags. The reason for mentioning *bacachs* in this note is to tell the reader that those wicked vagabonds led the simple people astray, taught them wicked doctrines—doctrines totally repugnant to the tenets of their religion—and bound themselves for the fulfilment of their engagements in the most wicked manner.

¹ loʒ na n-Deamhan—*The Pool of Demons*. This is a deep pit on the declivity of Cruac Phadruig (Croagh Patrick), which presents a grand appearance to the tourist. There are numberless legends told of this place, as well as of the Cruac or Reek in general. Dr. O'Donovan in a note on the Clann Gibbon, who were located in *Iar Umhall*, to the west of the mountain of Croagh Patrick, or the Reek, in the barony of Murreesk and county of Mayo, says, "According to all the Lives of the Irish Apostle, he remained for forty days and forty nights on this lofty mountain, which was then infested by malignant demons, who opposed his progress in preaching the gospel in this dreary region, but whom he drove thence headlong into the sea."—*Tribes of Ireland*, p. 42, n. 4. The ancients believed that numberless evil spirits were hovering in the air while paganism prevailed. Egypt was generally supposed to be infested with such spirits. In the work of Gulielmus Alvernus, Bishop of Paris, written in the thirteenth century, we read:—"In Ægypto vero propter idolatriam, quæ maxime ibi fervere consuevit, atque malignorum spirituum longe majorem quam in aliis partibus frequentiam, ludificationum fantasie maxime abundant nunc, licet nulla pars hominum habitationis ludifica-

Away to the Pool of Demons,

He prosperously expelled them all; [or west
He let not a demon of them to flee to the east
Since that time that he did not drown.

tionibus hujusmodi caruerit, donec, ut prædixi, lex et fides Christianorum viguit et floruit. De ludificationibus autem quarum famositas partes occidentales replevit, et potissimum minorem Britanniam, non aliud tibi sentiendum puto, vel video, nisi quod per antedictum modum fiunt." The ancients classed malignant spirits under various heads, as may be learned from the following extract from the above-named work :—"Quod autem nefandæ illæ dominæ nocturnæ, quibus præesse credunt vetulæ *dominam Abundiam*, vel *dominam Satiam*, ab eo quod est satis, vel a satietate dictam, similiter et illæ quæ in stabulis et arboribus frondosis apparere dicuntur, sint maligni spiritus, per hæc, quæ dicam tibi, patefiet. Et primum quidem, quia boni ac beati spiritus cibos vel potus sibi præparari, vel exponi, sive apponi, nunquam expetunt, utpote qui talibus non indigent." The nightmare was called Ephialtes by the ancients—"De nocturno vero dæmone, quem *Ephialtem* multi vocant." The *Incubi* and *Succubi* seems to be the same as the Irish *Leanan síghe*—"Postquam autem jam produxi tractatum istum eoque, ut jam convenientissimum sit persecutari de malignis spiritibus, qui usualiter *incubi* vel *succubi* nominantur, incipiam hic cum auxilio Dei, et dicam, quia esse eorum, et concupiscentiam eorum libidinosam, necnon et generationem ab eis, esse famosam atque credibilem fecerunt testimonia virorum et mulierum, qui illusiones ipsorum, molestiasque, et improbitates, necnon et violentias libidinis ipsorum, se passos fuisse testificati sunt, et adhuc asserunt. Accedunt et ad hoc historicæ narrationes, per quas augetur non mediocriter hujusmodi credulitas; præsertim cum gentem Hunnorum ab hujusmodi dæmonibus esse generatam evidenter asserat historia regnorum occidentalium. Sed et insulam Cypri totam populatam esse et inhabitatam esse a filiis incuborum dæmonum fama prædicat." The ancient tract intitled *Fortalitiū Fidei*, written A.D. 1458, corroborates the above opinions, and goes on to show the worldly pursuits of malicious spirits. The *Deamhain aeir* (Demons of the air) were very troublesome to the pagan Irish, as we learn from Irish manuscripts. As a punishment for having metamorphosed the children of Lir into swans, Budh Dearg expelled the wicked enchantress from the society of mortals and changed her into a demon of the air. The belief in such beings having extensively prevailed among the ancients, it is not to be wondered that St. Patrick was generally supposed to have expelled them by his wonder-working bell. The author of the *Fortalitiū Fidei*, after having related a story of a troublesome apparition which annoyed himself and his companions when a boy, concludes thus :—"Quidam autem ex sociis, qui majoris ætatis erat et vir satis peritus, dixit nobis quod non timeremus quia erat quidam spiritus malus *nobilis aerarchiæ*, qui alia mala non operabatur nisi ludos illos."

- O. Ա ծածարիտ Օլրիյ չօ բար,
 Ծօ չիւ ինծի իր Ե Կ-Ալիւիօճէ;
 ԵլլիլլօԾ Բիւ ար Ծօ Շօալ Ծօ Շօժ,
 Օ Թօլ ամ Բիւճիւրի Ե Քիւտիւրի.
- P. Եր արիւ Կօմ Ես Եիւ Չօլ Ե-Բիւլ,
 Ե Օլրիյ Օ Թօլ ԾիօՇ-Ինիլլիւ;
 Ելլիւ Ծօ Ելլի օղօլի Ծիւ,
 Եար Ծօ Եօլիւթօլ Ծօ իճ Կօ Ծ'ԵարԾօժ.
- O. Որ Բիւ Կ'օղօլիւ-Բի Բիւ,
 Ելլիւ Ծօ Չիւ Ելլիւ ԵօլԵիւ;
 Եր Եօլիւ Եիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ,
 Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ.
- P. Որ Բիւ Կ-օղօլիւ-Բի Եիւ,
 Ելլիւ Ե-Բիւլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ;
 Եօ Կօ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ,
 Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ.
- O. Փար Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ծօ Չիւլիւ Ելլիւ,
 իր Կօ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ;
 Չօ Կ'Ելլիւ Կօմ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ,
 Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Կօ Ծօ Ելլիւ.
- P. Ան Ե Բիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ,
 Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ;
 Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ,
 Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ.
- O. Որ Կ-Ե, Ելլիւ Ելլիւ իր Ելլիւ,¹
 Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ իր Ելլիւ;
 Ծօ Չիւլիւ, իր Ելլիւ Ելլիւ,
 Չիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ Ելլիւ.

¹ Բիւ իր Ելլիւ.—*Wine and flesh*. Some think that the vine grew in Ireland in the olden time; if it did not, there are reasons for believing that wine could have been imported, since, according to Tacitus in "*Vita Agricolæ*,"

- O. Oisin speedily exclaimed,
 With a loud voice, in fury ;
 I will break thy bell on thy head
 As thou art in my presence, Patrick.
- P. I rejoice that thou art without eyes,
 O Oisin, since thou art ill-taught ;
 Woe to him who does thee honour,
 As would be done to a king or to a bishop.
- O. Altogether worthless is my honour,
 Alas ! that I derive reproach therefrom ;
 (Living) on a scant portion of food and drink,
 Keeping canonical hours and doing penance.
- P. Thy honour of itself is not worth
 Seven score small cakes of bread ;
 With their requisites of fish and of flesh meat,
 Evil speakest thou, O aged man.
- O. By virtue of the utterance I use to thee,
 And may I not receive hospitality from a priest ;
 If I would not prefer the crumbs of Fionn's house
 To my share of thy meals.
- P. Meanest thou the produce of the havens,
 And the chase of the craggy hills ;
 Together with hell in the end,
 For dishonouring the true faith ?
- O. Not so, but wine and flesh,
 The first of feasting and carousing ;
 I was wont to get, together with delicious entrails,
 Though ye are boasting over me.

commerce with Ireland was then carried on by foreign nations :—"Siquidem Hibernia, medio inter Britanniam et Hispaniam sita, et Gallico quoque mari opportuna, valentissimam Imperii partem magnis invicem usibus mis-

Ա միւր Արեւստի քնի,
 Եւ Եւրոպայի Եւ Եւրոպայի;
 Այ տեւտ Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի,
 Այն Եւրոպայի Եւ Եւրոպայի?

Այ մօր Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի,
 Եւ Քիւրապայի Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի;
 Այ Եւրոպայի Եւ Եւրոպայի,
 Եւրոպայի Եւ Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի.

Եւրոպայի, Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի,
 Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի;
 Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի,
 'Եւ Եւրոպայի Եւ Եւրոպայի.

Եւ Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի,
 Այն Եւրոպայի Եւ Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի;
 Եւ Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի,
 Այն Եւրոպայի Եւ Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի.

Նա Եւրոպայի Եւ Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի,
 Այն Եւրոպայի Եւ Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի;
 Եւ Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի,
 Եւրոպայի Եւ Եւրոպայի Եւրոպայի!

cuerit. Spatium ejus, si Britanniae comparetur angustius, nostri maris insulis superat. Solum cœlumque, et ingenia cultusque hominum, haud multum a Britannia differunt. *Melius aditus portusque per commercia et negotiatores cogniti.*" Ireland in those days had a fleet of war galleys as well as of merchantmen. According to the Annals of Boyle and Innisfallen, the fleet of Cormac, son of Art, defeated the Picts on the coast of Louth. According to the *Crymagæa*, or *Antiquities of Iceland*, and *Johnston*, the Irish were the first discoverers of Iceland, which they used as a fishing station. It is impossible to believe that people who traded with foreigners could be without wine. There is a tradition very prevalent to the effect that the Danes possessed the secret of extracting wine from the toppings of heath; but it is more likely that the Irish druids and not the Danes are alluded to. Though agriculture was by

O son of Calphurn the hospitable,
 Hast thou seen anything similar to the Fenians;
 Coming to you in the east or west,
 Didst thou ever enjoy such, or dost thou now ?

Great is my sorrow to-night,
 O Patrick, though I am submissive to thee ;
 While thinking on the stout battle
 Which we fought with Cairbre of the red spears.

Cairbre, that son of Cormac Mac Conn, [yoke ;
 Woe to the Fenians that they came under his
 Was a king who recked not to give battle,
 And one without dread before his enemy.

Cairbre took counsel with his host,
 And that same was the cruel treachery ;
 That he would prefer to fall on the plain
 Having all the Fenians against him.

Before the sovereignty over all men living,
 If we, the Fenians, should still exist ;
 Barran suddenly exclaimed,
 Remember Mochruime ! remember Art !

no means neglected by the ancient Irish, the chieftains and persons of distinction lived principally on venison and other flesh, more especially the Fenians, whose game laws were very severe.—See *Introduction*.

¹ 𐌆𐌹𐌺𐌹.—*Plain*. The old feuds so long subsisting between the clan of Baoisgne and their abettors, and the clan and supporters of Conn of the Hundred Battles, were rekindled with great bitterness in the reign of Cairbre; and the excessive pride and intolerable tyranny of the Fenians left the monarch no alternative but to meet the rebels in the field.

² 𐌹𐌺𐌹. This was Art Aenfhir, grandfather of Cairbre, who was slain in the battle of Magh Mochruime by the hand of Lughha Lagha; the Clanna Baoisgne prevailed in this battle, and Lughaidh Mac Con obtained the monarchy.

Ար բոսորբի ծօ շարտի առ բո,
 ծօ Կրճ քալա յա Բերդե;
 արմորճ յա արօրա արաճա,
 ար արմորճ առ տ-արդ-աճար.

Եր ճար ճօլճե ա յ-Երբոս յե յա Կոս,
 աճտ աճ յօարճեաճտ յե յա Կհնալլ;
 ծօ՛ ի արմարե ճարա Կարծ,
 աճար Կարմբե ծ Կաճ-արար.¹

Եաճ քեր ծօ ճարար ծա ճօռո,
 յօ յա Բարա սրե ծօ ճիճ-ճօռո;
 ճօ արարաճ ճօ Կրաճ արարճ,
 քաճ ծօ Կեր Բարա ա յ-Արար.

Օ ծօ ճերթօն Կար քա ճօլճ,
 քարտօռտ արտի ա յ-ար ճլեօ;
 ճարար ճօ քօճար քարճա,
 առ ճլեօ բո ճաճա ճար.²

Պօ ճար առ Բարա Կոռ ար Կոռ,
 յր քօռա արար Երբոս;
 ծօ՛ յօռճ³ ար քաճ առ ծօռար յօլլ
 յաճ Լե՛ր Կօլթոռ ար առ տ-րճլճ.

¹ Կարմբե ծ Կաճ-արար.—*Cairbre from Liath-druim*; i. e., Cairbre from Tara. Liath-druim was the old name for Tara.

² ճարա.—*Garristown*. After the Introduction had been put to press, the following interesting communication was received from Mr. John Reid of Garristown.—“Garristown,” writes Mr. Reid, “the scene of this battle, lies fourteen Irish miles north of Dublin, and on the northern verge of the county, bordering on Meath. A little south-west of the village is a place called the ‘Windmill Hill,’ which is five hundred feet above the level of the sea; and from which on a clear day, and with a good telescope, may be distinctly seen fourteen counties. Immediately south of this hill is a field called the ‘Black Hill,’ where, in the year 1823, the plough-share in turning up the earth exposed a vast number of graves formed of single stones, wherein were deposited human bones. Near the south-west corner of this field is the mouth of a subterranean passage, which the inhabitants believe to reach Tubbergragan, a village about half a mile distant.”

Our ancestors fell there
 By force of the treachery of the Fenians;
 Remember the hard tributes,
 And remember the extraordinary pride.

There was no province in Eire during their sway,
 But was paying tribute to Mac Cumhaill;
 It was the counsel of the clann of Conn,
 And of Cairbre from Liath-druim.

To sacrifice themselves in the cause,
 Or to behead all the Fenians;
 That matters might ever remain so,
 Whilst a Fenian remained in Almuin.

Since we are doomed to die some time,
 Let us fall in one great struggle;
 We fought the fight with ferocity and manliness
 In that struggle of the battle of Gabhra.

The Fenians fell foot to foot,
 And the noble princes of Eire;
 Many a one there was throughout the wide world,
 Who rejoiced at the destruction of the host.

¹ Dob' ionóla.—*Many a one*, &c. There can be but little doubt that Alba, Britain, parts of Gaul and of the adjoining countries, felt Fenian slavery and were doomed to pay heavy tributes, as the following stanza certifies. The extent of their sway may be exaggerated, but the Irish did make conquests on the continent at a very early period. The pagan monarchs of Ireland were accustomed to invade the continent. Niall of the Nine Hostages and other Irish sovereigns carried their victorious forces to Gaul; and probably the prisoners they carried home were made slaves, like our national Apostle and his sisters. The Book of Rights, published by the Celtic Society (pp. 116, 117), records many instances of slaves having been given as a tribute by the Kings of Ireland: all of those bondsmen and bondswomen were, there is reason to believe, foreign prisoners of war. The king of Cineal Aedha, or of the clan of Mac Hugh or Hughes of Tir Aedha, now the barony of Tirburch, in the south-west of the county of Donegal, was

Ի՛յ յայն ծ'ոյ Եսթա և ոսլի,
 Ծօ բօսոյ յարժարած ան ծօնարոյ;
 Եւ ծ'նա՛ն յայն բօ'ր լրնա՛ն լիսոյ,
 Զսր ան Ծ-սա՛ն լիս և Եղարժիւն։¹

P. Փա Ծ-տաճաօրր Ըլլիսարաճ² անո լիս,
 ըստայն և Կ-Ելլիսոյ յա՛ն-ճլարոյ;
 և Օլլիս արեւո՛ծ ծօ ծեւոքա՛ծ Բիօսոյ,
 Կա լի՛ն-լի և Բիլանո Ելլիսոյոյ?

entitled by the laws of Ireland to receive the following from the monarch of Ireland :—

“Ուղճո յի՛ արեւո՛ղ Կ-Ջեծա
 ըօյ՛ արեւո՛ղ, ըօյ՛ արեւո՛ղ արեւո՛ղ,
 ըօյ՛ արեւո՛ղ արեւո՛ղ արեւո՛ղ արեւո՛ղ,
 ըօյ՛ արեւո՛ղ արեւո՛ղ, արեւո՛ղ արեւո՛ղ.”

Entitled is the king of Cineal Aedha
 To five shields, five slender swords,
 Five bondsmen (brought) over the bristling surface of the sea,
 Five fair-haired, truly fine women.

These fair-haired women were unquestionably British ladies, as the Britons were renowned for their fair hair, according to many authorities, and especially an old manuscript poem now in our possession :—

“Բիւն Կա Ելլարոյ, Բիւն յո Ելլարոյ,
 Բիւն յո Ելլարոյ արեւո՛ղ արեւո՛ղ;
 Բիւն արեւո՛ղ արեւո՛ղ յո արեւո՛ղ,
 Բիւն Կա Ելլարոյ արեւո՛ղ յո արեւո՛ղ.”

Fair (white-haired) are the Britons, fair are their connexions,
 Fair is the nation beyond the race of Adam;
 Fair are their kine and their steeds,
 (And) fair the garments which their druids wear,

It would be tedious to quote all the instances recorded of bondsmen and bondswomen having been paid as tribute to the monarch and provincial kings of Ireland, but did any doubt remain as to those slaves being foreigners, the following from the Book of Rights, pp. 84-85, must at once remove it :—

“Ելլարոյ արեւո՛ղ Ելլարոյ արեւո՛ղ,
 ը արեւո՛ղ Ելլարոյ արեւո՛ղ արեւո՛ղ,
 արեւո՛ղ արեւո՛ղ արեւո՛ղ արեւո՛ղ,
 յո արեւո՛ղ արեւո՛ղ արեւո՛ղ արեւո՛ղ.”

There was not from India westward,
 To the most western land of the world;
 A king who was not under our power in our time,
 Until that battle, O Tailgin.

P. If foreigners then came,
 To you in Eire the delightful isle;
 O Oisín, what could Fionn do,
 Or ye O Fenians of Eire?

The stipend of the King of Brugh-righ
 From the king of Eire without sorrow,
 Ten tunics, brown red,
 And ten foreigners without Gaedhealga [Irish]."

The native Irish were not reduced to the condition of slavery in the olden time, though they appear to have been divided into castes. The *Atha-tuaithe* seem to have been a race not entitled to all the civil privileges enjoyed by the Milesians, but to have been looked upon as strangers; they were not however absolute slaves, as we learn from the following stanza taken from an old manuscript poem now in our hands:—

"*Hí moḡa na buínecta,
 hí moḡa clanna ḡeḡa;
 noch daen éh raen cīnēl mōn
 hīl déna rōn clanna ḡīlaḡ.*

The herdsmen are not slaves,
 The clan of Mac Hugh (Hughes) are not slaves;
 No great independent race is subject to bondage.
 The clans of Milesius are not under slavery."

The Book of Rights (p. 97), corroborates the statement made in this poem respecting the clan of Aedha or Hughes of Connacht. "The *Ui Briuin*, and the *Siol Muireadhaigh*, and the *Ui Fiachrach*, and the *Cineal Aedha* are free tribes, and they are equally noble as the king, and they do not go upon an expedition or hosting except for pay; and they do not go into battle with the king but for reward; and if they be killed, and upon their being killed, the king is bound to give *eric* to their king; and when the kingdom [of Connacht] does not belong to the race of *Fiachra* or *Aedha* or *Guaire*, the best man of them is privileged to sit by the right shoulder of the king of Connacht. If they happen to be in exile in another territory, they are to sit at the right shoulder of the king of *Caiseal*, or of the king of *Nas*, or of the king of *Eamhain Macha*. Of which things the gifted scion *Benean* sang," &c.

¹ *Ṫaḡṫm*, according to Dr. O'Brien, means *ṫm naomḡta*, i. e. a holy offspring; a name supposed to be given to St. Patrick by the Druids before his arrival in Ireland. (*Irish Dictionary*, voce *Ṫaḡṫean*, p. 420).

² *ḡa ḡ-ṫaḡṫaḡṫ allmunaḡṫ*.—If foreigners then came, &c. The

O. Ծիծ ե՞ս միջ ծո չյոգբած այս բն,
 ծո չեաճած Բծճա՛ւ ա յ-ալբջե;
 չան չա՛է, չան յօլնչալ, չան ձիջ,
 չան յօմջօրն, չան աճնսրան.

Փար ծո Լարնրի ա Շիւնրից չարծ,
 յի մալե՛ս այսքա մ-Բանձա մ-Բան;
 ա՛ւտ բեան-Լաօճա ձրա՛ս ա չ-ւլլ,
 աճար ծճանայիջ նար ծեարեճծ.

Ծո շարեամայրից տեճճա սարսի բօրն,
 չօ Բաճա Շօնարն մա՛ս Պիւր Շօն;
 ծ'ա յարմարծ շնչարն յօնար չ-ւլլոն,
 ծո չաճալ արծ-միջեճճա Ելլոնոն.

P. Պօրն ա՛ն ե՛լմ բն ծո Բալ օրսլե,
 ծ միջ Ելլոնոն բա մօրն արն;
 յր տլլե սաճարն ծո չա՛ն բլե-բլ,
 ծո մարեճծ յա ե-բար ւլե-բլ.

Չ Օրնն յայր ծննն բճճա,
 շօնար ծո շարեճծ ա՛ն յօլնչալ տրճան;
 մար ծո մարեճծ ծո մա՛ս բան չ-ա՛է,
 յօ ա՛ն յաճար ալջե ար նրաճնա?

O. Եանչարա ար բճար ա՛ն ձրն,
 ծր շօնն մօ մի՛ց Օրսար ալջ;
 յր տնրից Շաօլտե չան շլե,
 ծր շօնն ա իւրրն շարից իւրն.

battle fought on the plain of Gabhra was so desperate, that after the protracted warfare carried on for many years by the two great factions contending for power, none except a few "old warriors of worn intellect and youths not proved in battle" remained to meet an invader if he chanced to land in Ireland. Hence it is clear that the greater number of men able to bear arms in Ireland at that time were engaged in this battle, and that most of them were slain, for none remained to defend the country, since, "whoever the

- O. Whatever king might come then,
 He would gain Fodhla for nought;
 Without battle, without conflict, without contest,
 Without the infliction of scars, without reproof.

By thy hand, O chaste Cleric,
 There was not in Banba the fair;
 But old warriors of worn intellect,
 And youths not proved (in battle).

We despatched messengers from us eastward,
 To Fatha Conan son of Mac Con;
 Asking him to hasten to our aid,
 To take the high sovereignty of Eire.

- P. Great was that stroke that fell upon you,
 From the monarch of Eire renowned in arms;
 Ye assumed additional pride,
 From the slaughter of those other men.

Oisin relate to us the story,
 How the mighty struggle was fought;
 How thy son was slain in the battle, [him?
 Or didst thou see him while speech remained to

- O. When the carnage ceased I came,
 And stood over my successful son Oscur;
 And Caoilte devoid of deception came,
 And stood over his six gentle sons.

(invading) king might be, he would gain Fodhla for nought; without battle, conflict, contest, or without the infliction of scars or reproof."

¹ Fódla. Fodhla, Banba, and Eire, were names for Ireland; some say that the island was thus named after the three princesses of the Tuatha De Danan, whose husbands were the last sovereigns of that race who ruled in Ireland, but there are reasons for supposing that the island received the names from other circumstances.

Դարիւ ա լաթ եօ ծ'ար Ե-Բէլոյ,
 օր շլօյի ա Յ-Շարած Բէլո;
 Ծլօյոյ ծլօծ աշ ԼաԲրա ար լիւ,
 իր ծլօյոյ շլե Յօյ արարիւ.

Ձ Քհաշար յա յ-Բաճալ յ-Բան,
 Յիժ Եէ Եաճ ծօ շիժԷաճ ար Է-ար;
 ԾօԲ' աճԲար Էրաճ յե յա Լիւ,
 ալիլե Ելլիօյոյ ծօ շլիլիւ.

ԾօԲ' յօյԾա Լիլլեաճ Բալիճեաճ Բալի,
 աշար յլլօյոյ-շիլլԾաճ Շալիլ;
 աշար ԲՅլաճ Էալիլիա ար ար յալիլ,
 աշար Էլլաճա Յօյ յիժ-արարիւ!

Նլօյ շէարարժ ար յեաճ ծօ'ի Է-Բլաճ,
 օլլ Բա Բալլ Է ար ա լաթ Բաճ;¹
 'ր յի յաճաճ Եաճ ար ար Յ-Շաճ,
 աճ Եաճ յիճ յօ արիժ-Բլաճ.

Բարար յօ յաճ² Բէլո յօյա Լիլլե,
 ար յլլեար շլե 'ր ա ԲՅլաճ Լե յա շալիլ;
 'ր ա Լալլ յա ծար-Լալլ իր Է,
 աշ շար Բօլա Էար ա Լիլլիլ.

¹ Բաճ.—*Enchantment*. The word Բաճ has many significations; it simply means *victory, success, &c.*, but in pagan times it implied a supernatural power or property, as well as a sacred bond or pledge imposed by some supernatural power. We read in the MS. of the Battle of Muirtheimne, that Cuululainn often bemoaned the loss of his Բաճա, or extraordinary powers, and thereby had sufficient warning that his life was near an end. Perhaps the most authentic account of those pagan superstitions that we can find is furnished in the Book of Rights(p.2); they were the seven Բաճա, or privileges, of the monarch of Ireland. “Դար ծլօյոյ [Ծա Էալիլ]; Բաճ Լիլլիլլ; Եար ՅԼալլ; Բաճալլ Բլիլլ Լիլլիլ; Բլոլլ Բլոլլալլ; ալլե շլոլլալլ Էլլաճա; ալլաճ Նալլ: Ե-Լ Էալլոյ Յալլալլ ծօ յալլիլլ լիլլ ալլ ծօ յիլլ Էալլալլ. Յի Բլալլալլ ի Էալլաճ յալլիլ յի շլիլլալլ յ-արար լաճալ ծօ, Դ իր յալլ յօ յալլաճ ար շաճ Լաճ:” i.e. “The fish of the Boinn (Boyne) to eat; the deer of Luibneach; the fruit of Manann (Man); the heath-fruit of Brigh Leithe;

All that were alive of the Fenians came,
 And stood over their friends;
 Some of these possessed the faculty of speech,
 And others were without life.

O Patrick of the white croziers,
 Whoever should see the carnage;
 A cause of pity during his life,
 Would be the fall of the nobles of Eire!

Many a mail of noble warriors,
 Many a fair head-piece;
 And shield lay scattered over the plain,
 Together with princes bereft of life!

There escaped not a man of the host; [chantment,
 For it was a place upon which there was en-
 And not a man was brought out of the battle,
 Except the son of a king or sovereign prince.

I found my own son lying down
 On his left elbow and his shield by his side,
 His right hand clutched his sword, and he
 Pouring blood through his mail.

the cresses of the Brosnach; the water of the well of Tlachtgha; the venison of Nas (Naas). On the calends of August all these things reached the king of Teamhair (Tara). The year in which he used to eat of these was not reckoned as life spent, and he was wont to rout his enemies before him on every side." So much for the *buaða* or supernatural advantages derived from the use of those articles of food, not because they were of a superior quality, but because pagan usages conceded to them these virtues.

² *Fuair mo mhac.*—*I found my son.* Another copy supplies the following version of this stanza:—

"*Ánla fuair mo mhac féin,
 'na luíge an uilleann éirí;
 'r é ac togha rólá de,
 tar téalaib a lúiníge.*"

Գժ լճշոր սրլանոյ մօ թլեյժե ար լար,
 Ի՛ր ծօ յլէջնար օր ա ճօյոյ ճալլ;¹
 Ե Քհատալ ծօ լուարնար ան լիո,
 Երեւծ ճեւարան յոն ճեւճալծ.

Բեւճար Օրսու օրոյն լար,
 Եւար Ե լար իոյ ա ճար;
 Ինար ճւճան ա ճա լար,
 ար էլ ճլլլլլլլլլլլլլլ ճոյճալ.

It was thus I found my brave son,
 He was lying on his left elbow;
 Shedding torrents of blood from him,
 Through the openings of his mail.

This and the above stanzas present to the reader a feeling picture of a loving father attending his son in the distressing moments of his death on the field of battle, as well as of the filial love of a young warrior, expiring of his wounds, yet animated with superhuman strength to receive a beloved parent.

¹ Բլլլլլլլլ օր ա ճօյոյ ճալլ.—*I raised a cry over him.* ճալլ, according to the present acceptation of the word among the Irish peasantry, means a *laugh*, especially in the plural number. But ճալլ ճալլ and ճալլ օր ճալլ յա յարն were quite different in meaning, because ճալլ signified a cry of sorrow as well as of joy or victory, according as circumstances warranted its application. No person need suspect that the Irish language was or is deficient in terms to express the difference between a cry of sorrow and one of joy. The words *filliloo*, *ulliloo*, &c., may be instanced. The first is really an original Irish cry; for when rival parties met in mortal struggle, tradition informs us that the vanquished, retreating from the slaughter-field, used to warn their friends of their danger by the cry *բլլ լե լաւ*, i. e. there is blood to be told of, or, as others think, perhaps more correctly, *բլլ լե լւլ*, i. e. blood or bloodshed with speed! The expression finally dwindled down into an interjection denoting sudden news, surprise, danger, death, &c. *Ulleloo*, however, is of a more ancient and perhaps of foreign origin. The *ulleloo*, or *ulloo*, is heard among the most remote tribes of the continents of Asia and Africa. If we can possibly explain the word in Irish we would say its component parts are *ալլ լե լաւ*, i. e. *a cry to be recited*, or a cry that should influence all persons interested to join in its feeling and repetition. Ignorant writers, or rather caricaturists of the Irish people, say that the *ullaloo* raised at Irish funerals was an unfeeling and disgusting act of hypocritical sorrow for the dead. Such, however, was not the case; we are familiar with the subject of funeral

I laid the shaft of my spear on the ground,
 And I raised a cry over him ;
 O Patrick, I then bethought,
 What I should do after him.

Oscur gazed up at me,
 And the sight was pain enough for me (to bear);
 He extended his two arms towards me,
 Endeavouring to rise to meet me.

keens, if we may Anglicise the term, and it is true that women who met a funeral on their way considered it a duty to return with it the distance of at least τρις κοίρας ή τρίακις, i. e. "the three paces of mercy," for sake of obtaining grace for the deceased; and when females met a funeral and paced the three paces and many more through compassion for the bereaved, they could not possibly omit raising an *uacht*, or as English, and Irish writers too, term it, a *keen* for the departed. But personal observation forces this remark, that they who thus accidentally joined the funeral procession neither shed tears for the dead, nor after having shed tears, as it is said, enquired who the deceased was, but arrested by the melody of the keeners, or *luchc tuirib*, raised their voices in concert, and adventitious associates were often known to forget their engagements by the fascinating melody of an Irish funeral oration. There were hired keeners who made it their profession, men as well as women. We knew Padruig Buidhe O'Bruin, i. e. Patrick the yellow O'Byrne, who was a professional man-keener, and who officiated in that capacity at the funeral of a near relative for the fee of a gold guinea. The good old custom of *tuirneadh* or *caoineadh*, was certainly objectionable in some respects: if a husband or wife died and their families happened to be on disagreeable terms, then each party made it a point to hire a keener to trace the genealogy of their respective tribe to a noble and royal origin, and to vilify in unmeasured terms that of the other. This, however, happened very seldom indeed, but when it did the consequences were rather unpleasant; but the custom of Irish keening was so ancient, and the practice so pleasant and refined, if carried out in the original spirit, that it is much to be lamented that it has nearly ceased. It would be well if the ignorant persons—refined gentlemen, if they wish—who decried those harmless customs which they did not understand, had confined themselves to the suppression of the wicked demonology fostered by the successors of the pagan Irish through interested motives, instead of pursuing the *quasi* refined system of crying down harmless and time-venerated reminiscences of the olden time.

Յաճարմ-բլ լան մո իմե բէն,
 աճար բլճիմ ծ'ա լելե լեւ;
 աճար ծ'ն տ-բլճե բլն յոն չալ,
 յօր շարբար բլմ բան տ-բաճալ.

Փո բաճ մոմբա մո իմե բարձա,
 աճար է ա ն-ճելլե ա մոմա;
 “ա Բաճե բլր նա ճելլե՛լ բլն,
 ճո Բելլե՛ր բլն ա ճալլ.”

Ոճա ն-ճեմայճ մլրե ճօ,
 յի բաճ բրեճիւ աճամ ճօ;
 ճօ ճ-բալլե Բալլե մոմ բլն,
 շաճալն ճ'բեճալն Օրբալլ.

Տլրբար Բալլե մո շնլ լեւ,
 յօ ճօ Բ-բալլ ա յոն յա ճօ;
 'ր բալլ ա ճիւլմ բրեճեճալ,
 ալ նա լոլլաճ ճօ'ն ճեմ-լեւալ.

Փո՛ է բօ բրեճե ճալ Բարբիւ,
 ալ մալ Օրբալլ մլմ-լաճ;
 լան Բալլե ճօմալլ մլլեւ,
 բրե ճօմ մո ճալլ լեւալ.

Բալլե. Ոճ բալլն² մո լա ճօ ճաճմալլ բալ,
 ճօ Տլե Պիճիլ Փիւմա Բալ;
 ճօ ն-ճիւլլն բլլ բրե ճօ ճեմ,
 իր ճիւլլ բեճաճ լն ճօ լելլեմ?

² Ա Բաճե բլր նա ճելլե.—*I return my thanks to the gods.* From this passage it is evident that the pure monotheism of the druids had dwindled down into a vulgar polytheism previous to the date of the Fenian era. Historians assert that Tighernmas was the first monarch who introduced polytheism, and that a great multitude of people were struck dead on the worship of strange gods. The sun, moon, stars, elements, and many animals which were adored by the Egyptians, were introduced as deities.

I grasped the hand of my own son,
 And sat down by his left side ;
 And from (the time of) that sitting by him
 I disregarded the world.

My manly son thus said to me,
 And he at the latter end of his life ;
 "I return my thanks to the gods
 For thy safe escape, O father."

I shall not tell a lie,
 I had no answer for him ;
 Until Caoilte then came
 To us to look at Oscur.

Caoilte of the just tribe searched,
 Until he found his entrails severed in twain ;
 He also found his back wounded,
 Pierced by the keen-pointed spear.

This was the wound of the spear of Cairbre
 On the navel of Oscur of the red arms ;
 The hand of Caoilte to the elbow
 Passed through the wound of the hard spear.

CAOILTE. Rememberest thou not the day we went westward,
 To the Sith of Mor of Drom Cliabh ;
 When I could count men through thy waist,
 And yet we were able to heal thee ?

² *Ḥac cuimh.*—*Dost thou, &c.* The ancient Irish possessed many curious medicinal recipes, and the *bacach* fraternity are to this day in possession of many useful secrets ; indeed, until very lately, every good housewife in the remote parts of the country was expected to know the virtues of simples, and many of these primitive cures have not yet been superseded.

Ձ Եւարար յլան յե մօ կոյ,
 և բլիշ և յ-լաճայն ձիւե Յլլոյ;
 Ծօլէցե կօմ բլեաշ Շիարսիւե Այ Շիարս,
 յօլլ մ'ալլոյ յր մյո կոյ.

Տշլեաճար մա՛ Քոնայն¹ աոյ բոյ,
 յր արբոյր յօ բօոյ բօ ճալիսոյ;
 Եսալիօր բօ Լար և ճօրք ճալոյ,
 արոյշար և բօլե 'ր և բօոյբաճ.

Պօ Բյ աոյ աշ բօճայն և ճրօճէ,
 աշար աշ ձիլլօն և յօմձա ճաճէ;
 բա ինօր աո ճար ճալոյ աոյ բոյ,
 մար բարս Եար 'ճիլ ար Լանայն!

Երաշ բոյ և Օրսլլ ճալմա բել,
 Ծօ Բարաճ և յօճ յլր աո Ե-Բիլոյ;
 յր Ծօ Բարաճ Ծօ ճաճա յե Բիլոյ,
 յր Ծ'բալ ար յ-ճիօր աշ բլօլ մօր Շիարս.

Ձո օթճե բոյ ճալոյ² բալ ար,
 աշ ճօրիճաճ և ճալրք յօ Լա;
 յր աշ Երեյճ ճալոյ-մալոյ Բիլոյ,
 ար ճալճայն ձիւե Ծօլիլոյ.

Պօ ճօշԵարայն աո Ե-Օրսլլ բարձա,
 ար ճալոյայն ար բլեաշ և յալլոյ;
 Ծ'ա Երեյճ յօ Եսալիշ յլօլ օլե,
 Ծօ Եսալոյ Ծօ և ճաճալիշ.

¹ Ձա՛ Քոնայն.—*Mac Ronain then cried, &c.* For the funeral obsequies of the pagan Irish, see *Introduction*, pp. 63-65.

² Ձո օթճե բոյ ճալոյ.—*We remained that night, &c.* To wake or watch

Of all that ever befel me in my time,
 Within the compass of the beautiful isle of Eire,
 Most sorrowful to me is the spear of Cairbre the
 grandson of Conn,
 While invested with arms & warlike habiliments.

Mac Ronain then cried aloud,
 And feebly fell upon the earth ;
 He cast his pure body upon the ground,
 He plucked his hair and beard.

He (Oscur) was there beholding his wounds,
 And enumerating his many achievements ;
 Great was the calamity to us then,
 That he died in our arms !

Sorrowful, O Oscur, the brave and generous,
 Thy separation this night from the Fenians ;
 And the separation of thy battalions from Fionn,
 And our tribute remain with the race of Conn.

We remained that night amidst the slaughter,
 Watching his body till the day ;
 And conveying the male descendants of Fionn,
 To pleasant and delightful mounds.

We raised the manly Oscur
 Aloft on the shafts of our javelins ;
 Bearing him to another pure mound,
 To strip him of his garments.

the dead, as the custom is among the Irish to this day. The superstitious notions which attended this custom cannot be explained in a note. These stanzas throw some further light on the custom of interment of the old Irish.

Լեյբեաճ Բայրե ծ Կա քօլէ,
 Կի Իսկ Բան Ը՛ա շօրք;
 Յօ Իսկի՛ն ա Եօյն-Լայ,
 Ա՛ւտ ա Աճայծ յօյա Բօյարան.

Տեալ քաճա ծննդ Եայ Բն,
 Ա՛յ Եօյնեաճ ա շնրք շօրն չիլ;
 Յօ Ե-բաւաԵայն շնչայն սլո Կօրն,
 Բյօն Եաւ Եւնիսլլ¹ Եաւ Երեանիծիլ.

ԵանչաԵայ շնչայն Բան Բն,
 Ան ծնոյն Բն ծօ Եայն ծ՛Բիանիսկ Բայլ;
 Ա՛յ քեաճայն Եիանիա Բաօրչոյե Եայ Բն,
 Կա Յ-Եօրայն-շնծ Բան յօրչօլ.

Բա շնչա՛ն ա Պիե Բչրեաճաճ Կա Լաօճ,
 Աճար Ենրեաճ Կա Եիեաճ;
 Եա Ենն քաւրանիսկ Բն քեա՛ն,
 Աճար Եեաճայն Կա Եիեաճ.

Բա Եծն քանի-քեաճաճ ա Ե-Երաւաճ քնօլլ,
 Ա՛յ շնչի՛ն Եայն Եաօլ՛-Եեօճայ՛ն;
 Կի ծաւնա Եաւ Պօլլոյե Եծն,
 Ա՛ւտ Ենեաճտ սլե Բն քեաճ Ան Ե-քնօլլ.

Ա՛յ Եայնիսկ Եօ շնրք-քն քան Յ-Եա՛ւ,
 ՛ք Ան շնծ քնլե ծ՛ա քն-Եաւիսկ;
 ՛ք Եօրք Եաօլլե Եծն ա Յ-Եա՛ւ,
 ՛ք Են Եճարիսկ ծնոյնիսկ.

¹ Բյօն Պաւ Եւնիսլլ.—*Fionn Mac Cumhaill*, &c. It has been already shown that Fionn was dead ten years before this battle was fought, therefore he could not have so conveniently come merely for the purpose of examining the field of slaughter. It was his ghost and not himself that appeared. There existed a belief among the Irish that the spirits of the departed were wont to attend the obsequies of their relations and to join in the mourning ceremonies. Those spirits sometimes rendered themselves visible. The *Bean siġhe* was

A palm's breadth from his hair,
 Of his body was not whole ;
 Until it reached the sole of his foot,
 But his face alone.

A long time we remained thus,
 Watching his fair white body ;
 Till at length at noon we saw approach,
 Fionn Mac Cumhaill son of Trenmor.

They came to us amid the slaughter,
 Those who lived of the Fenians of Fail ;
 To see the Clanna Baoisgne as they then were,
 Mangled corpses after the struggle.

O God, how pitiable was the crying of the heroes !
 And the raging of the warriors ;
 Sweet was the clash of our spears,
 And the exercise of our soldiers.

Wildly fluttered their silken banners,
 At the rising of the gently frosty morning ;
 Mac Moirne the great did nothing else,
 But pass throughout the host.

Searching for my corpse on the battle-field,
 And for those of the rest of his noble sons ;
 The corpse of Caoilte who was great in battle
 And those of his worthy descendants.

supposed to have been an ancestor of the person whose death she deigned to forewarn. Benebhigh Ni Ardghoill, daughter of Turlogh an Fhuinn, and Maire Ruadh Bellew, daughter of Lord Bellew of Dundevalgain (Dundalk), were not long since celebrated for their affectionate feelings for the decease of their blood-relations. Ghosts, according to the opinions of the old Irish, were wont to appear in their mortal shape, but not as "clouds and mists," as Macpherson fancifully writes.—See *Introduction*, p. 29.

Պար ծ'ալծոյձեամարմե Դիօնն,
 աշ ծիրսնձաժ ա ինչե 'նար Յ-ւիօնն;
 ծրսլծեամաօրծ 'նա շօրմե լան ծալ,
 'ր ծօ Եւօրծսլն լե 'նար Յ-ւօննձալ.

Եանսլնձեամաօրծ սլե ծ'Բիօնն,¹
 'ր ոյօր քեաշար լե լւն ծալն;
 Յօ լալնն ալ տւաժ տլեան,
 ար ա լալն Օրսւր արմ-ձեար.

Պն սար ծօ շօնար Օրսւր Դիօնն,
 աշ ծիրսնձաժ ա ինչե ծր ա շօնն;
 քեաժար ար աշարծ նա լեաժ,
 իր եանսլնձեար ծ'ա լեան-աժար.

Պ ծալար Օրսւր ան լւն,
 լե ար Պօննն ալ սար լւն;
 ար շեանն արօր ծօն շաշ,
 լե շ'ալսլւն ա Բիօնն արմ-ձեար.

Տլաշ լւն ա Օրսւր լեյ,
 ա ծեյնն-ար ար ար-լ լեյ;
 ած ծալն-լ Եւ Յօ լան,
 աշար ա Եւ-ալնն Բիանն Ելլւօնն.

Քե շօրսլն Յօ-Եւաժնաժ Բիօնն,
 ա արմ ար Օրսւր ծօ Եւն;
 լիւօր լիւօր ա ծա Եւն,
 աշար ծալար ա արնն լօ-Եւալն.

Ուժա լալն ծօն Բիօնն ծր ա շօնն,
 լեյ ծարսն ծօնար 'շար ծ'Բիօնն;
 ծօ Եւն լիւօր ար Յարնա Յօ լալնն,
 ծօ շօրսլն լօ Ելլւօնն աժ-սար.

¹ եանսլնձեամաօրծ սլե ծ'Բիօնն.— *We saluted Fionn, &c.* It is said that ghosts cannot speak until they are thrice interrogated.

When we recognised Fionn
 Wending his way toward us ;
 We proceeded onward to meet him,
 And he hastened to approach us.

We all saluted Fionn,
 But he made no reply to us ;
 Until he reached the strong Tulach,
 Where Oseur of the keen-edged weapons lay.

The moment Oseur saw Fionn,
 Directing his way towards him ;
 He looked on the face of the prince,
 And saluted his grand-father.

Oseur then said
 To the son of Moirne that time ;
 I concede my head to death [weapons.
 Since I behold thee, Fionn of the keen-edged

Sad it is, Oseur the valiant,
 Thou good son of my own son ;
 After thee I shall be powerless,
 And after the Fenians of Eire.

Upon hearing the mournful words of Fionn,
 His spirit darted out of Oseur ;
 He stretched down both his arms,
 And closed his beauteous eye.

There was not of the Fenians over him,
 Except myself and Fionn ;
 But gave utterance to three sorrowful cries,
 Which were heard through Eire a second time.

Եւշ Դիօն թոյս ա շնլ,
 աշար ծօ իլ ծօրա յօ հ-նի;
 աժէ բօ Օրսու իր բօ Բիւս,
 ոյօր շօրն բօ դեւ զաւիսիւ.

Ոյօր շօրն Դիօն ա նիւս բնի,
 ա'ր ոյօր շօրն ա նիւսաւս առ ինի;
 աւ Բ-բարիւն մօ նիւս աւ Ե-սու ծ'աշ,
 իր շնլ սիւ աշ շօրնեւ Օրսու.

Պալլաժէ Պիւս Պօր-նիւն յօ Ե-սու,
 շնլս առնէ աւ մօ իւսաշ;
 իր շնլ Բիւս ոյս բօ լնի,
 Բար նիւ Օրսու աւս-շնի.

Դիւս շնլ ծօրն առ ինի,
 ինի ծօ աշար իւսաւ;
 ոյս իւս առնէ դեւ իւս ծօրն,
 աշսուս ծօն իւս շնլ շնլ շնլ.

Աժէ բարս ուս Ե-սու յօ ոյս,
 իր շնլ լնի ծօ շնլաժնի;
 ծօ իւսն իր իւս շնլ շնլ,
 ծօ շնլ-նիւն Դիօն ծօ ինի.

ծօ Բի իւսն աւ առ իւս²
 ա'ր յառ առնէ դեւ իւսաւ;
 ա ծօ իւսն ինի 'ր ոյս ծօ,
 ա'ր իւս Բիւսն, իւսն Բի.

ծօ Բի իւսն աւ առ ինի ինի,
 աւս Բիւսն աւս-նիւս;
 ոյս ծօրն Դիօն ծօ ինի,³
 ծօն ծօն ինի յօ լն ա Բի.

¹ Դիւս շնլ.—*Twenty hundred*. It appears from the text that twenty hundred of the Fenian forces survived the battle, but all the survivors were so dreadfully mangled that a man having nine wounds was the least injured. The ancients reckoned the number of their wounds with honorable pride, and the ghost of Fionn boasted of his wounds as well as the rest.

Fionn turned his back to us,
 And shed tears in abundance ;
 Except for Oscr and for Bran,
 He never shed tears for any one on earth.

Fionn wept not for his own son,
 Nor did he even weep for his brother ;
 But (he wept) on seeing my son lie dead,
 While all the rest wept for Oscr.

The curse of Art Aenfhir with vengeance,
 Fell this night upon my hosts ;
 And the thing that causes my distress,
 Is the death of the son of Oisin of the sharp swords.

Twenty hundred were there present,
 The young as well as the aged ;
 We had not one unwounded
 Of these twenty hundred.

But a man of nine venomous wounds
 Was he who numbered the least hurt ;
 Two score and twenty hundred
 Fionn numbered as his own.

There lay dead upon the plain,
 And not one man was deficient ;
 Twice that number without deception,
 And the king of Eire, a sadder tale.

On the other side lay dead
 Of the nobles of Eire of the bright weapons ;
 Fionn never slept a calm sleep,
 From that night to the day of his death.

² ṢṢṢṢ ḏṛ ḏṛ ṃṢṢṢ.—*Dead on the field.* According to the poem, forty thousand of the Fenians were slain in this battle.

³ ʒṢ ḏṛṢṢṢṢ Fionn ḏṛṢṢ ṛṢṢ.—*Fionn never slept a calm sleep, &c.* This refers to the disquietude the spirit of Fionn felt in his elysium in consequence of the results of the battle of Gabhra.

Իյօր իծօր մ'աօրեար զա մօ չեան,
 իյճեաճէ աղ եաճա ծ'ա Ե-բաճարոյ;
 բլան ապոյ ծ'յօրնօր Ի'ր ծ'աճ,
 բլան ապոյ չան շօր ծօ շօնբալ.

Օ'յ Լա բոյ Եաճա Շաբա,
 իյ ծեարարաղ տեղո-Լարեաճ;
 'ր իյ եարարոյ օրծե զա Լա,
 զաճ Լիշարի օրոյ լան-իծօր.

Չճառաօր ծա Տ-Օրար արոյ-իւաճ,
 'ր աղ տաճ շար ծօ'յ իծօր-Շաբա;
 'ր Օրար զա Շարար զա ի-շօրոյ,
 'ր Օրար զա իյճ Լոճարոյ.

'Տ աղ տե զա շարար ծօ ծօ,
 Չաճ Լիշար ծա լաճ լան-իծօր;
 ծօ շօնար իյ զա Բարա,
 լար իյճ Լա ի-ծօր զա Բարարոյ.

Բարա զա ի-Օրար, աճա չարոյ,
 բարա իյ Շարար իյ իյ Օրար;
 'ր ծօ չաճ աղ Բար իծօր ար բաճ,
 բար Օրար իծօր ծօ ի-Բարարոյ.

Շարար իյճ աղ եաճա Երոյ,
 իյ Շարար Լա Քարար իյ Չարար;
 շօ ծ-տաճար շար ար մօ չօր,
 մօ շար աղ ծօ իյ իծօր!

⁴ Յօ Լա Լա Եար—to the day of his death. This is a poetic licence and evidently refers to the time when the spirit of Fioun, according to the druidic

My pleasure or my joy would not be increased
 Did I obtain the sovereignty of the earth ;
 Farewell to strife and to victory,
 Farewell to the levying of tribute.

From that day of the battle of Gabhra,
 We did not speak boldly ;
 And we passed not either night or day
 That we did not breathe deep heavy sighs.

We buried Oscur of the red weapons,
 On the north side of the great Gabhra ; [ed feats,
 Together with Oscur son of Garraidh of renown-
 And Oscur, son of the king of Lochlann.

And he who was not niggardly of gold,
 Mac Lughaidh, the tall warrior ;
 We dug the cave of his sepulchre
 Very wide, as became a king.

The graves of the Oscurs, narrow dwellings of clay,
 The graves of the sons of Garraidh and Oisín ;
 And the whole extent of the great Rath,
 Was the grave of the great Oscur of Baoisgne.

I beseech the king of blissful life, [Calphurn ;
 And do thou beseech him too, Patrick son of
 That weakness may come upon my voice ;
 My sorrow to-night is very great !

doctrine of transmigration of souls, should assume mortality in some other shape and character, and revisit the earth.

What working creature these
fellows are not to give some definite
amount of their authority. This style
is that of story tellers of the present
day & this document
may be a modern — manuscript

taken
from
dictation
or a
modern
copy or
an old
manuscript
for
anything
that we
are
wiser.

Do bġ mġġon breāz, māl-morġaċ, mōrda, macanta, aġ
Cairbre mac Aġur, mġe Choġm Chēad-Chaċaġ. Sġēimġolar
a h-aġm, aġar do ċāimġ Mġaolġeaċlarm O'Faolam,² mac
mġ nō tġġearma na n-Dēġeaċ³ d'a h-aġmāġd mām mġaol
pōrda; aġar od' ċuala Fġonn aġar Fġanna Eġreann rġn,

¹ The following argument or Prose Account of the Battle of Gabbra, which is now presented to our readers, is a somewhat rare document; but though it can by no means be called a piece of genuine history, it nevertheless deserves to be preserved, because it is older than any other account of that great battle. Hence the Council of the Ossianic Society determined to publish it, with the sole view of enabling the members of the Society to draw their own conclusions from all the existing portions of history which can now be collected relative to this great event. It is evident that the writer, whoever he may have been, had reminiscences of Irish history crowding on his mind to such an extent that he confounded names and facts, throwing them all together in one confused mass. This, however, is no reason for withholding such a document from the perusal of the antiquary, especially since the candid and critical investigator of genuine history may be enabled to learn something useful therefrom. The reader must perceive at a glance that more than one great battle fought for the preservation of the liberty of the ancient Irish is confounded with that of Gabbra; but the compiler of the document may have had more authorities to guide him than we of the present day possess. Hence, what appear to be anachronisms to us may be yet found genuine in the main.

The account opens with a piece of history nowhere else to be met with, namely, the intended marriage of the monarch Cairbre's daughter with a Mononian prince, and the tribute or tax claimed by the Fenians even from royalty itself for permission to celebrate the nuptials of the princess of Ireland. This information is in itself valuable, and therefore claims the right of recording the whole, as it proves, beyond doubt, the state of utter slavery which the Fenians imposed upon the ancient Irish, and would warrant the opinion that the enslavers were not of the same race as the enslaved—an opinion entertained by some men who have made Fenian lore their particular study. The remaining portions of history detailed are monotonous and barren of interest: one chieftain's combat with his antagonist is detailed in the high-sounding superabounding compound words which can hardly bear an English

THE BATTLE OF GABHRA.

Cairbre, the son of Art, the son of Conn of the Hundred Battles, had a fair, mild-eyed, dignified, and modest daughter. Sgeimhsholas (Light of Beauty), was her name, and Maol-sheachlainn O'Faolain, son of the king or lord of the Decies, came to seek her as his wife. When Fionn and the Fenians

translation. The style adopted would mark the composition as that of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century, when such mode of writing was considered elegant and descriptive. Nevertheless, here and there are some curious accounts of the chief combatants which should by no means be permitted to lie hid in obscurity.

² Φηολίφεαδλίρη Ο'Φαολάιν.—This name is now Anglicized Phelan, or Whelan, and is rather numerous in the Decies in Waterford; particularly in the parishes of Sliabh Cua and Modeligo, in the latter of which a townland called Lisroe was occupied by highly respectable families of the name in 1810. This county is remarkable as giving birth to many eminent men, as well as for the longevity of its natives. The celebrated Valentine Greatrakes who possessed the extraordinary gift of healing the king's evil by stroking the parts affected, was born at Affane, in this county in 1628; also John Daly, who lived at Tourin, near Cappoquin, in 1746, when he reached the extraordinary age of 106 years, and was able to hunt a pack of hounds! For an account of the eminent literary characters that Waterford has produced, see Smith's *History*, pp. 359-376.

³ Δέιρε.—*The Decies*, comprise the tract of country which extends from the river Suir to the sea, and from Lismore to Credan Head; and takes its name from a powerful clan called the Δέιρε, who claim descent from Fiacha Snighdhe, the elder brother of Conn of the Hundred Battles; and were originally located in the territory of Δέιρε Τεαίρηαδ, now called the barony of "Deece," in the county of Meath; but were expelled thence by their relative Cormac, the grandson of Conn of the Hundred Battles, about the year 254, when they settled in the county of Waterford. (*Book of Rights*, p. 184, n.) The Decies are now divided into two baronies, namely, Decies within Drum, and Decies without Drum, by a high ridge, called in Irish Τρυόν Φινζίν, i.e. the Back or Ridge of St. Finhin (who according to Ware (see *Bishops*) was bishop of Lismore, A.D. 1179) which extends from Helvick Head, on the coast of Dungarvan, to Tallow, the most southern extremity of the county.

of Ireland heard of this, they despatched messengers to Cairbre, to remind him to pay the tribute, viz. twenty *ungas* (ingots or ounces) of gold, or the right of co-habiting with the princess the night previous to her marriage. Cairbre became very indignant upon hearing this message, and declared he never would submit to either of these conditions. Fionn thereupon sent him word that he should pay either, or that the head of the princess only should satisfy the violation of the privilege. Upon hearing this, Cairbre became exceedingly enraged, and lost no time in despatching heralds to Conall Cionnbagair, king of the province of Ulster; to Criomthan Culbhuidhe, king of Leinster; and to Fiacha Muilleathan, king of Munster. They all assembled at one place, and Cairbre explained to them the nature of his difficulty, and the thralldom under which he and his people were held by Fionn and the Fenians of Ireland, in virtue of certain conditions and regulations as galling as those by which they then were bound by the Lochlonnachs and Fenians of Ireland, being such as they could no longer bear, especially since they were imposed on them by a race of people inferior to themselves; and that there was not a king, prince, lord, or chief, of the race of Conn then in Ireland, who was not oppressed with the slavish yoke of the followers of Cumhall.

The kings and nobles of Ireland, thereupon became exceedingly enraged, and came to the conclusion not to endure or tolerate such slavery any longer. They all returned to their own provinces, and having held council with their people, came to the resolution of expelling the Fenians from Ireland, instead of submitting to them. Cairbre then sent to inform the Fenians that he would never pay them tribute or submit to their exactions or to those of any other individual in Ireland any longer. Fionn and all the Fenians became exceedingly enraged at this announcement; and Fionn sent heralds to Cairbre, proclaiming war against him. Cairbre

despatched messengers to summon every king and chief in Ireland: they all assembled to the number of fifty battalions. He also collected the men of Connacht, and the brave men of Teabhtha. Domhnall O'Faolain, king of the Decies, led a powerful body of men to the contest, and numerous hosts from Munster accompanied Fiacha Muilleathan, king of Munster, while those of Ulster with Conall Ceannbagair, and Criomhthan Culbuidhe, with one thousand valiant men of Leinster also attended. When Fionn and the Fenians of Ireland learned that the forces of Ireland mustered with the view of defeating them, Fionn sounded the *Barr Buadh*, and the Fenians assembled from all the places where they had been stationed, namely, Fionn, Oisin, Oscur, Fiacha, Daolchiabh, Curadh Ceadghoineach, Aodh Beag, sons of Fionn, and the nobility of the Clanna Baoisgne, with Diarmuid O'Duibhne, Fearcaibh O'Duibhne, Siansan O'Duibhne, Cosgarthach O'Duibhne, Goll Mac Moirne, Siansan, son of Duanan Mac Moirne, Eadaoin Mac Moirne, and Modhcorb Mac Moirne. When the seven standing battalions of the Fenians assembled in one place, they sounded their musical horn, the *Barr Buadh*, their trumpets, and all their musical instruments, and then marched forth in properly arranged ranks and dense columns of brave heroes, strong and powerful in their might, to the mountain of Gabhra. Cairbre too came forward with a force of the warriors of Eire, consisting of ten and twenty times as many heroes as the Fenians brought to the field. And then the two great opposing forces attacked each other, and then was fought the great battle of Gabhra of the hard strokes—the greatest that was ever fought in Ireland. And indeed little of the day was spent until the war cries of heroes, the groans of warriors, the cutting asunder of shields, the cleaving of heads, the augmentation of wounds, the mangling of flesh to atoms, pouring blood being spilled in torrents and flowing in the cavities of the earth, became truly pitiable, and innumerable were the exertions of the

սլե; աշար ծօ բաօճար լած չօ հ-յօմբլան չօ դար բաշած
 աօն ար ան Լաճարի ծօն չան արած. Ան ըն ծօ ըն Օրբն
 մաճ Բիւն աշար Փօմնալ Օ'Բաօլայ, ըն նա Կ-Դերթօ, ար
 ա շէլե; աշար ծօ ըն բլած շլօ շալեճեաճ շրալեանայ ը
 նա շէլե. Ան ար Եօնալե Բաճար մաճ Բիւն, Օրբն
 մաճ Բիւն ա Կ-Շէլեօն աշ Փօմնալ, շլալթօր ծ'ա բար-
 տաճ, աշար ծօ ըն բէ բէն աշար Փօմնալ շլօ մօր
 շրօծ-բալեօ, բա ծօն շր ար Բաճար ար ար ար ար
 ա շ-Եօնալ ան Են աշար ան ար ար ար ըն նա Կ-Դերթօ
 շր ար ար ա շան ծ; աշար ծօ Եար ըն ան ըն բաօ
 ան բաշ Դերթօ աշար ծօ բաօ լած սլե; աշար ան ըն
 ծօ ըն Փարալ Օ'Դարե աշար ըն Լալեան .1. Երօն-
 շան Ել-ար, ար ա շէլե; աշար ծօն' Ե ըն ան Եօնալ
 բէլթօ բալթօ, աշար ան իօնալ իօնալ, աշար ան
 արած ար-բաօն, աշար ան շլօ շալեճօ շրալեանայ,
 չօ շ-Երթօր Եանալ բալեաճ Երած ծ'ա Կ-արալ;
 աշար Եանալ բա ծ'ա շ-Երալ, աշար շաճ Եր-ար
 Են Փարալ, չօ Կ-Երալ բօլ աշար Եանալ ան Ելթօ,
 աշար Ե բէն Լալար Լալար Լալ-Եանալ, չան Երած ար
 նա ար ըն ար, բաօ ծօն շր ար ար ար ար ծ'ա Ելթ-
 ան Ելթաճ Երալ-Եար ա շ-Եանալ մօր ան Բլ, շր
 Ելթ ան բաօլ Ելթ, աշար ան Եար ար շր Երած
 ան Եանալ ծ'ա մօր-Ելթ.

Եր անալ ծօ Ե Օրբն ան Եանալ ըն աշ արած, աշ Ելթ,
 աշար աշ Երթօն ան Կ-Ալթաճ, աշար ծ'ա Կ-Երալ ան
 Ելթօն ան ար բաճ Երթ Լալ-մօր ծ'ա Կ-արալ ը
 շան-շլալթաճ շալթ Լալ-մօր; Կ լօշան Ելթ
 Եան-ար Են բալ; Կ բաճ աշ Լալթօր Ելթա
 Երթ-Եանալ; Կ մաճ Լալ ըն Երաճ Երաճ ան
 ան ծօ շաճ Են Ե; չօ Կ-Ելթ Երթ բա ըն ըն չօ
 Եան Երթ ան մալ, աշար շր մօր ան Երաճ չօ
 Կ-Ե, Երթ ան Լաճ, աշար Ելթօն ան Ելթ, աշար
 Երթ ան Կ-ար, աշար չօ մաճ ըն Եանալ ծօ
 Լաճ ան Երթ Երթ ան մալ աշ ա Երթ ծօ Երթ արած
 ար ան Լաճ ար Եր Եանալ Լալ Օրբն, ար Եր շր

warriors passing through the field, because of the bodies heaped dead on the plain through the valor of the arm of Oscur. It was then that Goll the invincible, son of Morna, and Fiacha Muilleathan, king of Munster, marched together; and then ensued the continuous battle, the mortal contention, the detestable unceasing blows, and the deadly-mad struggle: sparks of fire flying from the clashing of their warlike weapons. Goll found opportunity of making a dangerous pass at the king of Munster, at which time he hewed the arm from his shoulder, and by the next stroke clove his head in twain. He and the clans of Moirne attacked the Momonians, and totally vanquished them, so that not one of them survived the carnage. Oisin, son of Fionn, and Domhnall O'Faolain, king of the Decies, engaged one another, and performed a hideous mortal combat. When Fiachra, son of Fionn, saw Oisin in mortal danger in the combat with Domhnall, he hastened to relieve him. He and Domhnall engaged in a great and hard-contested conflict, until at length Fiachra gave the king of the Decies a fatal stroke on the neck, by which he cut off his head. He then proceeded to attack the hosts of the Decies, and totally dispersed them. Diarmuid O'Duibhne, and Criomthan Culbhuidhe, king of Leinster, attacked each other; and that was the strong-nerved, bloody combat, the contention, and the dangerous detestable conflict to such an extent, that they scattered sparks of fire from their armour, and struck showers of blood from the bodies of one another. With every well-dealt blow Diarmuid gave, he cleft the flesh and bones in large pieces, while he himself continued in the enjoyment of activity, strength, and vigour, without intermission of action, of weapons, or of power; until at length he dealt a full stroke of his keen, hard-tempered sword on the king's head, by which he clove his skull, and, by a second stroke, swept his head off his huge body.

At this time Oscur was engaged in hewing and dispersing

յօմճա ե՛ալ ա՛յ Բիւրեաճ, Եօրա Երբժե, Երոյ ԽաօԵ՛ա, Երբ
 Եր Ք՛իլձիօԵ, ԵրօրԵաԵա Ք՛իլլԵա, Լա՛նա ԼեօրԵ, ա՛յար Եօ-
 Եր Յա՛ն Երոյ ար ար ԵաԵարԵ ար Եա՛ն րոյ; ա՛յար ար
 րեաճ Եր Ե-արԵրԵ րոյ Եօ Եի Յօլլ ա՛յար Եա՛նա ՊօրԵա,
 ա՛յար ԵարԵրԵ, ա՛յար րոյ ԵոմաԵԵ, ա՛յ ԵարԵար Ե Ե՛րԵ,
 Յա՛ն րօր Ելար, ԵրԵ, Եր ԵարԵարԵ, ա՛յ ԵաԵԵար Երօր րեաճ
 Ե Ե՛րԵ. ա՛յար Եօ՛ Ե րոյ ար Յլեօ ԵրԵրԵաճ, ԵրԵրԵաճ, Երա՛,
 ԵրԵԵԵաճ, րեարԵաճ, րօրԵա՛նա, ՅարԵԵաճ, ՅրարԵա՛նարԵ,
 Եօ րօրԵաճ ար ԵօրԵարԵ Ե Ե՛րԵ. ա՛յար ար րոյ ԵարԵարԵ
 րաօլա՛ն ԵաԵ րԵրոյ, ա՛յար ՓաօլԵարԵ ԵաԵ ԵրԵրօրԵարԵ
 Եհիլ-ԵրԵ, րի՛ ՅարԵար, ար Ե Ե՛րԵ; ա՛յար Եօ ԵօրԵարԵ
 րԵաճ Յօ րօԵԵար, րեարԵաճ, Լար-Եա՛նա, ՅօրԵԵա՛նարԵ, րԵ-
 ԵրօԵ, րօր-ԼարԵր, ա՛յ ԽաօԵաճ Եօր ԵրԵ Եա՛ն Ե Ե՛րԵ; ա՛յար
 րեալ րաԵա ԵօրԵ Եար րոյ, Յար ԵրԵրԵար ԼիւրԵրԵաճ Ե Ե՛րԵ
 Լեյր Եր ԵօրԵրԵրԵ Եար-Լեաճա՛ն, ԵօրԵ-ԵրԼԵաճ, ԵրԵարԵա՛-
 Եր, Երօր-րաօրԵաճ, րաօր ԵրԵ Եօ րարԵ Ե՛ր ԵրարԵ Ե ԵրԵ-
 Յօր; ա՛յար Յօ րարԵ ՓաօլԵարԵ Ե՛ր ԵրաօԵաճ Յօ Ե-րօմԼար ա՛յ
 րաօլա՛ն. ա՛յար ար Եր րարԵրոյ րոյ Եօ ԵօրԵարԵաճ ԵաԵ
 ԵրօրԵար, Ե ԵարԵրԵաճար Ե՛ր ԵրաօԵաճ ա՛յար Ե՛ր ԵարԼ-
 Եա՛նար ա՛յ րաօլա՛ն Յօ Ե-րօմԼար; Եօ րԵ Եր Երօր-րարԵար
 ԵրԵճ ար ԵաԵարԵ Յօ Ե-ԵարԵճ ար րԵաօլա՛ն Ե Լեյր Ե ԵրօրԵ,
 Յար Եար րաԵաճ րարԵաճ Ե՛ր րԵա՛ լե Եր Երօր ա՛յար
 Եր Եր ԵրԵճ, Յար ԵարԵ ԼարԵրԵաճ Ե; ա՛յար ար Եա՛ն Եօ
 ԵօրարԵ րօր, րաօլա՛ն ԵարԵ ա՛յ ար Ե-Եար րոյ, ա՛յար Յար
 րեալ Եօ րԵրԵաճ ար, Եօ րԵ Յօ ԵրԵար-Եա՛նա ա՛յար Եօ
 ԵօրարԵ Լեօ Ե րաօր, Եաճօր, ԵօրԵարԵաճ ա՛յար ՓաօլԵարԵ,
 Յօ Լար-Եա՛նա, Եար, ԵրԵար-րօրԵրԵ, րԵԵրԵ-ԼարԵր; ա՛յար
 ր Լօր Եօ ԵարԵ Յաճ Եաօր Եա Լար-ԵրԼԵ ար րԵրօր,
 ա՛յար րի ԵաԵարԵ Եօր ԵրԼԵ Ե Ե-արԵ օ րԵրօր Լեօ Յա՛ն
 Երօլ Յօ ԵարԵ Եօ Երօձալ օրԵ; ա՛յար րեալ րաԵա ԵօրԵ Եար
 րոյ ա՛յ ԵարԵարԵ Ե Ե՛րԵ Յա՛ն րօր ԵրԵ, Ելար, Եր Եար-
 ԵարԵ, ա՛յ ԵաԵԵար Երօր Եար Ե Ե՛րԵ, Յօ Ե-րԵա օրԵր
 ԵաԵ րԵրօր Ե Ե՛ար ար րա Ե-ԵրԵրօր րոյ: Եօ Յլար ար
 Ե րԵարԵրԵ Ե՛ր րԵրԵաճ, ա՛յար Եօ ԵօրարԵ րԵր ա՛յար Եօր-
 ԵարԵաճ Յօ Լար-Եար, Լար-Եա՛նա, Լե Եր Ե՛րԵ, Յա՛ն րօր

the Ultonians; he was mangling them in pieces, furious as the straining of a great ship upon her anchors, with the blast of a mighty gale; like a furious madly-raging lion attacking a deer; like a falcon dealing destruction on a flock of smaller birds; or like a route of wolves incited by canine ferocity among a flock of sheep; so that he caused rapid torrents of blood to flow over the plain, while it was painful to listen to the cries of the young men, the groans of the heroes, the shouts of the warriors, and the sound of the strokes. It was difficult for the heroes to pass over the plain in consequence of the impediments opposed to them by the numerous human bodies slain by the powerful hand of Oscur; and gaping groaning mouths, broken legs, cloven skulls, mangled bodies, rent hearts, disabled hands, and headless trunks were then scattered over the plain. At that time Goll and the clans of Moirne, Cairbre and the Connacht men were hewing each other, while no fear, weakness, or disparagement had been shown on either side. That was the envenomed, sorrowful, intrepid, irresistible, angry, truly-warlike, deathlike, odious attack which they made upon the persons of each other. It was then that Faolan, son of Fionn, and Daolciabh, son of Criomthan Culbuidhe, king of Leinster, met; and they fought with mutual hatred, anger, valour, intrepidity, strength of nerve, and physical powers, mangling the bodies and heads of one another, until their armour had been rent by the strokes of their broad, heavy, truly-strong, keen-edged swords, until at length by powerful exertion Daolciabh was on the point of entirely yielding to Faolan. When Cosgarthach, son of Criomthan, saw his brother a being vanquished, and about yielding to Faolan, he hastened with utmost speed across the plain, and attacking Faolan from behind stabbed him with his spear through the back and heart, so that he instantly expired. When Fionn saw Faolan treacherously slain by the two (brothers), he courageously ran forward and engaged both Cosgarthach and Daolciabh

with valour, courage, power, and intrepidity. Eager were the blows which each dealt on Fionn, while the blows dealt by Fionn upon them more than repaid theirs. Long they continued thus without either of the parties displaying the least symptom of fear, weakness, or disparagement. When Oisín, son of Fionn, saw his father in such imminent danger, he hastened to relieve him: he and Cosgarthach fought very boldly and valiantly, neither evincing the least weakness, fear, or disparagement. At the same time Fionn and Daolchiabh were mangling the heads and bodies of one another; and that same was the truly-wonderful contest, the deadly-armed struggle, the fierce frequent-stroked beating, and the ever-telling breach of death they made on the bodies of one another; for Fionn was aged and Daolchiabh youthful. At length Fionn dealt a dangerous blow between the breast and the belly of Daolchiabh, by which he cut him across the middle, and his entrails fell to the ground, when he instantly dropped dead on the plain. Conan Maol thereupon exclaimed, "What shame, Oisín, to have Cosgarthach so long in hands! redouble your blows." Upon the remonstrance of Conan, Oisín grew ashamed, and gave him (his antagonist) a fair blow on the crown, by which he clove his skull to the nose. Then he himself was covered with wounds and clotted blood. After the dreadful conflict he did not rest, but marched forward to attack the assembled hosts, to hew down, behead, and mangle them. Cairbre and Cuire Ceadghoineach then met in conflict, and performed a powerful, bloody, accursed, truly-valiant, hard-fought combat, without any cessation from full-beating and hard blows, accompanied with vigour and loud report upon the bodies of one another, until Cairbre dealt a full blow on the top of Cuire Ceadghoineach's shoulder by which he severed the arm from his shoulder; he clove his head with the next blow; and he (Cuire Ceadghoineach) instantly dropped down dead. Aodh Beag was occupied with hewing down the Connacians with great

Լէր րա Լաօ-Բլլկիճի, շար Լաւրալոճար և լուրճ րա
 Ծ-Էլճարի ամալ Լաբ րա րբէր Լե լեալճի րօլար-մօրա,
 աշար րբեաճ և Բ-Բլու ամալ Բլլճ ՅօԲար և Յ Յրօրաճ, աշար
 Ծօ Բալեաճար Յօ րար-րիմեաճ և ճիլ Լէր րա Բլլեաճի
 Լա-մօրա րի, շար ԼաօԲաճար և Յ-Էրալրեաճ Էրալճ-Յէար
 ար ճօրալի և ճիլ, աշար Ծօ ճլաճար և Յ-ճօրիճ Գէար-
 ԲաօԲաճ, ճար-Լեաճար, Էրալճ-ԾարՅօրա, աշար Լաճարճ-
 Էաճար րա Լաիա Լէր րա Լա-Բլլկիճի լօ-մօրա ար ճօրալի և
 ճիլ, շար ճար Զօճ Բեաճ Լե Բէրալալի Բօրա Լա-մօրա,
 Լէր, Լալճ, Շարիբ; աշար ար րեաճ րի, Ծօ Բի Յօլ
 աշար ճարա Զօրալա և շարալա, և շարալա, աշար և շար
 Բալալա րա Զարիմեաճ աշար րա Լալճարաճ; աշար Բօրա
 ար Լա րի, Ծ'ա րօլա, Ծ'ա րիճ, աշար Ծ'ա ր-շարալա
 րա Բ-րօրալճ; շար Լա-Բարճար Յօ րօրիլալա լաճ ար,
 Յօ րար Բալճար Լա ար Լաճար ճիլ; աշար Օրար ար
 րա ար Յ-ճաճար և շարալա րա ր-Ալլաճ Յար րար,
 Յար րար, Յար րար, Յար րար-Բիլ; Լաճ Ծ'ա ր-շարալա,
 Ծ'ա րօլա աշար Ծ'ա րիճ, Յօ Ծ-Լալալ թ Բիլ աշար
 րիճ րա Բիլալ և Յ-ճօրալ ր և Յ-ճօր և ճիլ, աշար
 Օրար րաճ մօր րաճ Ծ'ա ար ճիլ թ ար րա Բ-Ալլալճ,
 աշար Ծօճ Ե րի ար ճիլ ճիլճեաճ; աշար ար յօրալ ար-
 Բարիճեաճ, աշար ար Բար Բալ-Բաճ, աշար ար արալ-
 Լաճ յօրալաճ, աշար ար ճօրալ րիլալալ, րօր-
 արալալ, րօր-Լալիլ, Ծօ րիլ րիլ; ար մօճ րաճ րաճ
 ար րա Ծօրալ արի Լա Բար Բա լի յօրալ րալալ Լե
 ճիլալա և ճիլ րա լաճ; աշար շար լօ մօր ար յօրալ
 Լե Բ-Օրար Լալ րար ար Բիճ Ծօ րալալ Լէր ճօր րաճ;
 աշար ար րի Ծօ Լաճարճար րա Լաիա Լէր րա Լիլ-Բլլ-
 կիճի ար ճօրալի և ճիլ, ար մօճ Յօ մօ ճօր-ճօր ար ճաճ
 ար Ծ'Էրալալ րար աշար արալ րա Բ-Բլլկիճի, աշար Յօ
 Յ-ճօրիճ ար մար աշար ար րի րար աշար արալ աշար
 րօրալ ամալ ճօրալաճ, րալ-Բալա Օրար ար ար րիճ;
 աշար Ծօ լաճար և ր-Լաճ Ծ'ա ր-արալի, աշար Ծօ ճլա-
 րաճ րա ր-Բիլճ Լէր րա ճօրիճ ճար-Լեաճար, ճլա-Բալ-
 Լաճ; աշար Ծօ մեալալ յ Է-Էրալ ր և ր-արալ Լե ճաճ

success, at the time he saw the conclusion of the struggle between Cairbre and his brother: he proceeded forth with utmost speed to encounter him (Cairbre). The two combatants fought resolutely, fiercely, and truly-inimical; and that same was the extremely valorous struggle on account of the enmity and hatred that existed between them, because Cairbre's son had been slain by Aodh Beag in course of the attack he made upon the Connacians, and Cairbre (himself) slew the two brothers of Aodh Beag. They, therefore, redoubled their blows, until their eye-balls distended into hillock-like masses, glaring like the sheen of the firmament, illuminated by brilliant stars of first rate magnitude, and their cheeks swelled like the bellows of a smithy when employed in fanning quenching embers; and they struck one another so extremely venomously and heavily, that their hard shields were colloped in small pieces defending their bodies. They then unsheathed their keen-edged, well-tempered broad swords, and redoubled the well-told blows upon the bodies of one another, until Aodh Beag fell by the fierce, perfectly-full, complete incessant blows of Cairbre. During this time Goll and the clans of Moirne were slaughtering, hewing down, and dispersing the Momonians and Lagenians, and Fionn was assisting them in dispersing, tearing, and mangling them into atoms, until they entirely annihilated them in such a manner that not one of them remained present; while, at the same time, Oseur was worrying the Ultonians without intermission, pity, or kindly feeling, but (continued) mangling, dispersing, and tearing them, until he and the king of Breifne met in hostile struggle. Oseur was then nearly exhausted, in consequence of the destruction he inflicted upon the Ultonians. This was really a momentous struggle, the ever-destructive breach, the wonderful exercise, and the truly-famous, dexterous, and powerful combat in which they engaged, so much so, that no two were ever known in the world capable of uniting greater astonishment to

սլե աշար օտմայե ար ա շէլե, յօ Յ-սլիմաօր օւտանա
րփանքաճա տըյե ծ'ա Կ-արմայե, աշար օւտա քօլա ծ'ա Յ-օր-
բայե; աշար չաճ եմ-բլլե ծ'ա Ծ-տշ օրսլ Ծ'ոյ լիճ, յօ
Կ-շարմաճ քօլ աշար օտմ լոյա րէլիլօճ Ծե, աշար է քէյ
լիւտմայ, լիլօյ, քօ ծըյե; շար էլիլիլ ձիւ-ալշոյ աշար յի-
րաճ ար օրսլ Ծ'ոյ Ծլ րլ, շար լաշ քօլ լար աշար քօլ
լան-տալմ ան լիճ, աշար շար րշաւ ան լան-ճան Ծ'ա յօր-
ճօլսլոյ: ծիւ յի լար ան րա յաճար քար ար իլ ճօն յօր
լիլ, յա ան րա լիճաճ Խա յօ դար Կ'ա է, ճճ օրսլ
անան, աշար ան րլ ճշ օրսլ լան րշիլմ ար յա Խ-Սլլալ
շար տնյաճ աշար շար տրաճճ լաճ սլե լիլ.

Ան րլ տրալար ար յա օտմաճալ ծ'ա Ծ-տնյաճ ր ծ'ա
Կ-էլիլօճ յօ քօր-լիլոյա; ծ'ա Կ-շարմա, ր ծ'ա Ծ-տրաճ, Կ'
Ծ'ա Ծ-տնաճ, յան քարա, յան տրաշ, յան տար; աշար ան
րլ ճար Քարշար Կլմեյլ աշար Պարմայ Պօր, լիճ
Շօրսլշե, ար ա շէլե; (աշար ր ծ'ոյ Կ-Պարմայ ճանա
արմիլճար օրսլալ Պօր յի Պարմաճա, անօշ), աշար
Ծօ րլ թէ աշար Քարշար օտմաճ օտմաճար, քօլիլ,
քարանայ, քիլմ-լիլօյ, լե շէլե, լոյար շար լօ յօր ան
լոշոյա ան ճլճ քար, տրան, տրիլ, քօնարանայ, քօր-
յիլմաճ, ա լաճա ճան աշար օրսլ ա շէլե յան քօր; ճճ
աշ տրան-Խալա ա շէլե, քօլ ծըյե շար լաշաճ Քարշար լե
Պարմայ, աշար Ծօ քար ան ճօնան ճլճաճ, քար-ճար,
քիլ յա ճօլիլ. Ան րլ, ան սար Ծօ ճարսլ օրլ Քարշար
Ծօ ճարլ լե Պարմայ, ճար ար ա թանայ յա ճօրլիլ,
աշար Ծօ ճարսլ լիլ յօ ճար, քարճիլ, քարճաճ,
քիլմ-լիլօյ; շար քարաճար օւտանա քօլա ծ'ա Յ-օրբայե;
աշար շար լաճալճար յա լան լիլ յա լաճ-Խլլիլիլ
տլանա, տրան-իլմա, աշար յօ Կ-ճարմաճար լճաճ ծ'ա
Կ-արմայե լիլ յա քար-Խլլիլիլ; աշար լե քօր-դար յա
Խ-քօր-լաճ րլ, շար տնյաճ աշար շար տրաճճ լաճ ծ'ոյ լան-
ճլճ րլ; քօլ ծըյե, յօ Խ-քար օրլ յա Քիլմ Խաճալ-
Խլլե ար Պարմայ Պօր, շար րշաւ ան ճան ծ'ա յօր-
ճօլսլոյ, աշար շար տրաճճ, տրաճաճ, է քէյ տար էլ ան
իլմ-ճլճ րլ.

see them engaged hand to hand than they. Oseur was exceedingly surprised that any man on earth was capable of standing in contention with him for so long a time ; and, therefore, they redoubled their blows on the bodies of one another to such a degree that the sound and fall of the strokes re-echoed throughout Eirinn ; and the bravely-dealt blows of Oseur on (the body of) the king, resounded like thunder over the sea as well as the land. Their bosoms heaved with the intensity of their breathing, they clipped their garments with their broad, keen-edged swords, their hearts expanded, and courage augmented through the excessive feelings of hatred and hostility they entertained towards one another to such a pitch, that they struck sparks of fire from their weapons, while every telling stroke Oseur levelled at the king hewed away his flesh and bones in pieces, he himself, in the meantime, was gathering fresh courage and strength, until he laid the king prostrate upon the earth, and completely severed his head off his huge body, for there was no man on the field or throughout Eirinn larger and more powerful than he, except Oseur. After this Oseur attacked the Ultonians, and prostrated and entirely destroyed them.

He then proceeded to hew down and deal complete destruction on the Connacians ; to mangle, subdue, and annihilate them without cessation, remorse, or compassion. It was then Fergus Finnbheil and Diarmuid Mor, king of Cork, encountered one another (and it is from that same Diarmuid, Corcaigh Mor Mhic Diarmuda is so called to this day). Fergus and he engaged in a furious, valiant, manly, powerfully-puissant combat, to such a degree that it was wonderful to witness the hard, brave, fiery, keen, truly-venomous struggle they made ; heads were gashed and bodies mangled without cessation, from the continuously-striking at one another. At length Fergus was prostrated by Diarmuid, whereupon he pierced his heart with his pointed, keen, well-tempered sword. When Oisin saw Fergus fall by the hand of Diarmuid, he

Ծօ Բի Օրսւր աս իս ան յ-ճեածնա տալ ըլլ լէլլրշիւօր
 յօ Կ-յօմլան ծօ ճաճալլա ար Կա Կ-Սլլալճ, աճար ծօ ճալծ
 քաօլ Կա Կօմաճէալճ, աճար ծօ Բի յօ ծլան ար Լօլլճ Կալլիբրի :
 ծիլ Բա ծօլէ Լէլլ Ծ'ա Բ-քաճաճ ալիար Ե Կա Բեարքաճօլլ քլլ
 Ելլլլլլլ Կալծ Ե յան Կալլաճ ; աճար աս իս ճալլալծ ծլար
 Կա Կալլիբրի ար, ճաճօլ, Կօլլ աճար Ալլ, աճար ծօ իս
 Կօլլիար ճաճէաճ, յօլլանաճ, Լօ Ե Կաօլ ; աճար ճալլ Բելլլլլլլա
 Կօլլա, Կօլլաճ, Կլլլլ, ծօլլ ; աճար ճալլ յաճ Կաօլ ծլօլ իս
 Բելլլլլլլա Ելլա Եճ ծօ ; աճար Կլլ քաճա յալ Կօլլ Կա
 Բլլլլլաճ Կա Կ-ճլաօճ ալ Լան-Բելլլլլլլա Օրսւր ; քա'լ ան իս
 ծօ Բի Կա Կլլ Սլաճ, ճաճօլ, Բլլաճ Կա Բլլալլ, Ե Կ-ճլ-
 Բլլլլ Ելլալծ ալ Կաօլլա Կա Կօլլալլ, աճար Կլլ քաճա Բի, ան
 տան ծօ Բալլ ան Կալլ Ե ; աճար ծօ Բի Կալլիբրի աս իս
 ան յ-ճեածնա տալ ըլլ իլլլալ Ելլլլա Կաօլլա Կա Կօլլալլ
 ծօ Կալլաճ ան իս յ-Կալլ ; աճար իլլ յօմա Բլլլլլաճ,
 Բլաճաճ, Ելլաճ-ճօլ, աճար ճալլաճ, ար քաճ ան ճաճա Լան-
 Կօլլ ան Կալլ իս. Աճար աս իս ան իս ծօ Բի ծլար Կա
 Կալլիբրի աճար Օրսւր 'լ Ե Կ-լլլալլալլաճ Լ Ելլ, յալ
 իլլալ Օրսւր ան Կալլ Ծ'աօլ ծլօլ, ճաճօլ, Կօլլ, աճար իլլ
 ճալլ ծօ իլլալլ ան իլլալ Ելլ Լան ան տան ծօ Բալլ Ե Կալլ
 Ե ; աճար ան իս ճլալլլլլլ Ելլլ ան յ-Կալլ ար Լօլլճ Կալլիբրի,
 աճար ճալլալծ ճալլաճ Ելլան ծօ Կալլլլլ Կալլիբրի Լէլլ,
 աճար ծօ Բաճար Ե Կ-ճլլ Կա Ելլ, ար ան Կալլ ճեածնա.
 Բա Կօլլ ան իլլալճ Կաօլլա Կա Կօլլալլ ծլլ Ելլլ Ե իլլլլլլ
 Ելլլլ ; աճար ան Կալլ ծօ ճալալծ Կալլիբրի Ե ծլար Կա ծօ
 ճալլլ Լ Կ-Օրսւր, ծօ ճլալլ Կա իլլալլալլ յալ Օրսւր 'լ ան
 յ-Կօլլիար ; ծօ ճալլ Կալլիբրի ան յ-լլալլ Լէլլ, աճար ծօ Բալլ
 Ե Լէլլ Ե Ելլա քալ Բալ Ե իլլալլ, յալ ճօլլ յօ Ելլլլ Ե,
 աճար յալ ճալլ Կալլ ար ան Լաճալլ ; աճ յօ Կ-Ելլալլ, “Կճ!
 Կճ!” ար իլլ, “ար իլլ քալալլ Կալլիբրի Ելլ Կօ ճօլլալլ ; Ե իլլ
 ճալլլլլլլ յօ ճալլլլ,” աճար ար իս ճալլլ Օլլլլ յօ ճալլ
 ծօլլա ծլլ Ե Ելլլլ աճար Կլլ քաճա յօ ծ-ճալլլ իլլլլ, աճար ծօ
 իլլ ճաճա քալ Օրսւր ծօ ճալլլ, Կլլ իլլ իլլ Ելլլլ Կալլ ճաճ
 Ե Կ-Ելլալլ Կալլ Կաճ ծօ'լ Կ-Իլլլլլ Կալլ յալլլ իս. Աս իս
 ճալլլ իս Կլլլ Կալլ ծօ'լ Իլլլլլ ծլլ Ելլլ Օրսւր, աճար

hastened to engage him; and they fought with courage, fury, and valorous power, until they struck showers of blood from their bodies. They then redoubled their exertions, dealing quick, laborious, heavy blows; they rendered useless their weapons by the heavy strokes, in consequence of the superior physical powers of the true heroes. Tottering and vanquished were they in consequence of that hard struggle, when, at length, Oisin, son of Fionn, struck Diarmuid Mor a deadly blow, by which he swept his head off his huge body, and he himself was both overpowered and fatigued after that great struggle.

At the same time Oscur was after having dealt complete destruction upon the Ultonians; he then attacked the Con-nacians, while he kept a sharp look out for Cairbre; for he felt convinced that if he laid his eyes upon him the men of Eirinn would be unable to rescue him unslain. The two sons of Cairbre, namely, Conn and Art, met him, and he engaged in a valorous wonderful combat with both. He dealt heavy-pointed venomous strokes upon them, while each of them returned heavy, hot blows. In a short time, however, it was pitiful to hear the roars of the youths caused by the heavy blows of Oscur. At this time the son of the king of Ulster, namely, Breacht, son of Brian, was driven to the last extremity by Caoilte Mac Ronain, and soon after was beheaded. Cairbre, at the same time, was after having slain the six sons of Caoilte Mac Ronain; and numerous were the roars, soothing addresses, sorrowful tears, and cries that thus resounded over the site of that great battle! This was during the time the two sons of Cairbre and Oscur had been engaged. At length Oscur severed off the head of one of them, namely Conn, and soon after cut off the other man's head. He then proceeded to the battle-field in search of Cairbre: he met a brave leader of Cairbre's men, and they immediately engaged one another. It was a piteous sight to see Caoilte Mac Ronain (weeping) over his six sons. When

նօր իմ աս ծնե ար ելէ ան ի ց-սէ ած լս զ
 ւանե Օրսիւ.

Այ իմ ար ծ իմ Օրսիւ զար նօր իմ ան իմ
 զսէ ծ'ն ան իմ ան.

Cairbre heard his two sons had been slain by Oscur he hastened to engage him in combat. Cairbre made a cast of his spear at him, which pierced him in the back, under the shoulder, and wounded his heart; he fell down on the spot, but exclaimed "Oh, oh! it is the spear of Cairbre which pierces my body, by which it has been foretold I should fall!" Oisin sick and heart-scalded came over him, and soon afterwards Fionn, who shed tears for the fall of Oscur. Fionn never before shed tears for the loss of any one Fenian. All of the Fenians who survived came over Oscur, and none remained on the battle-field, but all assembled to weep the loss of Oscur.

The above is an account of the fall of Oscur, since which time the Fenians never fought a single battle.

THE WAR ODE OF OSCUR, IN THE BATTLE OF GABHRA.

THE war ode recited by Fergus, the royal bard, to stimulate and call into action the sparks of valour and chivalric honour concealed in the bosom of his nephew, who was the leader of the Fenian forces in the Battle of Gabhra, is presented here to the reader. There have been difficulties in translating it, in consequence of some omissions in the text, and the impossibility of conveying the spirit of the original in an alien tongue. Nevertheless, the *Rosg catha*, or war-ode, is somewhat rare, and well worth being preserved, the more especially in the present work, since it is the war ode of the battle of Gabhra.

Rosg catha, as the war-odes of the Irish are usually termed, is by some translated, the *Eye of Battle*; but *ros* signifies not only the eye, and light of the eye, but also a poetical composition. If we analyse the word, we shall find that it means an incentive calculated to inflame the mind of the individual addressed in particular, as well as the minds of the auditors in general, to emulate their opponents, so as not to disgrace the position and martial feats of themselves or their ancestors. As the Fenian chiefs, as well as the common soldiers were obliged by the laws of their order to be well skilled in poetical composition, it is more than probable that the rule was made with the view of qualifying them, in case of need, to be able to address their comrades at the onset in battle, and the *ros* was an extempore composition. It would appear that the Greeks were not ignorant of the use and effect of such addresses as the *Rosg catha*, since we read that lame Tyrtæus had recourse to it, and with un-

expected success. Homer's rhapsodies were not without the desired effect, as far as military emulation was concerned; and Alexander the Great was wont to lament the want of a Homer to sing his military glories.

We seldom read an account of any Fenian military achievement in which we do not find the bard called on to animate his friend by chanting the Rosg catha. The Rosg catha was used from time immemorial among the Irish, even down to a comparatively modern period. The Rosg catha of Sir Phelim O'Neill is still extant in the library of the Royal Irish Academy. Copies of those military addresses are pretty numerous, but many of them do but little credit to the bard; and some appear to have been mere panegyrics of the hero, instead of a stimulus to perform heroic deeds. Of this character is the *Rosg Sholll nhe 2hóllue*, or the war ode addressed to Goll Mac Moirne by Fergus, the royal bard. In the manuscript from which this Rosg catha at Gabhra is transcribed, two others are found addressed to Goll Mac Moirne, and another to Oseur; but upon what occasions it does not plainly appear.

The Irish people were ever fond of poetry and music, and it is most likely that the recitation of the addresses was accompanied by the melody of the harp, bagpipes, or the more warlike music of the bugle, and in ancient times of the *ḡḡḡḡ*.

ROSŌ CATHA OSCUIR BHJC OJSĪN,

FERŌUS FILE FHINN, RO CHAN.

Eirizid a Oircuri f  il,
 A f  il an   or  arri   ruarid;
 Led' bhratar     il,
 Beir deairt a  ar buaird
 A m  e Oir  n na m-b  im  on,
 Shab t  eirre   ac  a com  ar  n;
 Na f  ac do m  ad f  il  n,
 A     ac n     o d-t  il  on.
 Shab b  or    ad   n b-f  le,
 For Oircuri m  e   ar  arid;
 Na m    e t   ad a  arid,
 T  ac  arid i   tar  arid.
 Jon  arid m  e Chom  arid,¹
 Shab c  ir  al an   om  arid;
 N     o b-f    arri led' f  e  ,
 Om  a m  e m     an   -com  ar  n.
 A m  e m     an t  ir  e,
 Do   irid   ir  n i   f    a;
 Ba deair    a do f    a,
   o me  m  ac a n-  ab  a.
 B  arid b  ar  -  on   o duair  ac,
 O an  il do   mar  ac;
 F  e  arri   o h-      ac,
 Do le  m  ad na d-t  ar  ac.
 A f  or  -  at   an   ar    e,
 Cla     o lu   a m  ir  e;
 'S an   -    ad a   a  ir  e,
   ar  arid t  e Ch  ir  ir  e.

¹ Cairbre, Monarch of Ireland, who patriotically led his people against their military enslavers.

THE ROSG CATHA OF OSCUR, SON OF OISIN,

SUNG BY FERGUS, BARD OF FIONN.



OSCUR, the generous, arise,
 O man of hard-fought conflicts;
 Under thy successful banner,
 Win power and victory.
 O thou son of Oisín of the blows,
 Gain superiority in every contest;
 Look not to thy greatness of power,
 Over man until he is prostrated.
 Receive animation from the bard,
 Against Oscur, son of Garadh;
 Those kings who oppose you,
 Subdue and make fewer.
 Engage the son of Cormac,
 Assume command in the battle;
 Till thou obtainest by thy spear,
 The death of princes in the struggle,
 Thou son of a king without reproach,
 Performer of feats and aggressions;
 May the (good) tidings of you be certified
 With magnanimity on Gabhra.
 Ravens shall be rewarded,
 Through the expert use of thy javelin;
 Answer with great majesty,
 The mangling of the chieftains.
 O noble youth without ferocity,
 Suppress quickly their standards;
 In this, the fiercest battle,
 Your spear plunge in Cairbre.

Bĩ marĩ tĩomĩ tĩle,
 Hĩ marĩ tĩomĩ-tĩle;
 Ĵĩ hĩomĩarĩ an bĩle,
 Bĩmĩ mĩĩtĩ arĩle.
 Hĩ Ĵab ȳadĩ uĩĩ,
 A Ĵ-cȳĩarĩ mĩĩtĩ Ēĩĩĩĩ;
 Tĩĩ tĩĩĩ 'r tĩĩĩĩ,¹
 Bĩmĩ buĩdĩ a mĩĩ mĩĩ Ĵĩĩĩĩ.
 A Ĵĩĩĩr Ĵr cĩomĩ cĩĩĩĩ,
 Ēĩĩĩĩ a d-tĩĩr cĩĩĩ;
 Lĩ fĩĩĩ mĩ Ĵĩĩĩ,
 A mĩĩĩĩr Ĵr dĩĩĩ dĩĩĩ.²
 Dĩĩĩ mĩĩĩĩ tĩomĩ,
 Bĩ arĩ cĩĩĩĩ Ĵĩĩĩ;
 Cĩĩĩ arĩ lĩĩtĩ fĩĩĩ,
 Ĵr Ĵan Ĵĩomĩ ad Ĵĩĩĩ.³
 Ēĩĩĩarĩ dĩ hĩ fĩĩĩĩĩ,
 Dĩĩ' fĩĩĩ 'cĩ fĩĩĩĩ;
 Tĩĩĩĩ Ĵĩĩĩĩ a d-tĩĩĩĩĩ,
 Ĵĩĩ d'ĩĩĩĩĩĩĩ a h'ĩĩĩĩĩ.
 Bĩ buĩĩĩĩ d'ĩ tĩĩĩĩ,
 Dĩ cĩĩĩ d'ĩ h'ĩĩĩĩ,
 Cĩĩĩ fĩĩĩ d'ĩ Ĵ-cĩĩĩĩ.
 Ĵĩ Ĵĩ cĩĩĩĩĩ Ąĩĩĩĩ,
 Bĩ Ĵĩ fĩĩĩĩ rĩĩĩĩĩ;
 A cĩĩĩ bĩĩ Ēĩĩĩĩĩ,
 Lĩĩĩĩ arĩ dĩ Ĵĩĩĩĩ mĩĩĩ.

¹ Tĩĩĩr Ĵr tĩĩĩĩĩ.—*Under and over them*. A literal translation of the Irish phrase still in use in some parts of Ireland, which conveys the meaning of making a victorious onslaught on all sides.

² It appears from an ancient Fenian poem that the mountain ash, crowded with clusters of blood red berries, was the emblem on the banner of Oscur, which very likely was emblematic of carnage. Rev. Dr. Drummoud, in his "*Ancient Irish Minstrelsy*," p. 178, renders the stanza as follows:

Be impetuous as a torrent,
 Or an overwhelming fire ;
 Though its rage may be furious,
 As kings were of old.
 Refuse to accept quarters
 During the conflict with the king of Eire ;
 Overpower and cut through them,
 Be victorious, thou son of the Fenian king.
 Thou of the mild countenance,
 Arise in the front of battle ;
 Through the wrath of my voice,
 O banner of the deepest red.
 Make heavy slaughter,
 Be merciful to the vanquished ;
 Be superior over enemies,
 Since Fionn is not by thee.
 Victory attend the Fenians,
 They are thine, stand by them ;
 Raise the war-cry in Temor,
 As delay may be unpropitious.
 Let thy march be successful,
 Place thy battalions in order,
 Deprive princes of power.
 As thou art well-shaped and handsome,
 Be sweet-miened and cheerful ;
 Thou friend of Eire's maidens,
 Place thine hand on thy gentle forehead.

" A mountain ash with berries red,
 That raised in brilliant hues its head,
 Was by the gallant Oseur borne,
 Still first to lead the hope forlorn."

³ 5an Fionn ad 5onue.—*Since Fionn is not by you.* This assertion is further proof, if proof were needed, that Fionn was dead before the battle of Gabhra was fought.

Oseur naé tuḡ éiread,¹
 ḡac corḡar nḡ obad;
 Cuḡu torḡamh do bḡatac,
 Fāh mōrḡ ḡah doéḡac.
 Fḡaoé ḡéḡne do laḡne,
 O éḡéḡne do buḡlle;
 'S do luacār reac ḡac duḡne,
 Luacāra fā na ḡ-cuḡne.
 Tabairḡ fḡara tréah,
 ḡab tréḡre a n-ḡabḡa;
 Tāḡd Fḡahḡa Baḡba,
 Oḡe aḡ iāḡuad cabḡa.
 A ḡuḡḡr aḡu deaḡ-mḡolaḡ,
 A fḡu éalḡa, a éuḡad;
 A ḡlōḡu Éḡḡḡḡḡḡ uḡle,
 Tabairḡ léḡm aḡ Fḡḡḡḡḡ Ulaḡ.
 A fḡaḡé na fḡleaḡ roéḡac,
 Mḡaḡé do lúé aḡu eaéḡac;
 Beḡu leac do rḡḡac éoreḡac,
 A fḡu nār éḡéḡḡ aḡéḡe.
 Do fḡleaḡ ḡo fārḡa mḡaḡḡḡ,
 Le h-aḡ do mḡor-mḡeahḡamh;
 Do éloḡdeahḡ nā dḡdeah,
 Do élaḡḡe fḡear n-Éḡḡḡḡḡ.
 Do ḡéar-laḡḡ d'a m-bualad;
 Déah taḡad d'a b-Fḡahḡaḡb;
 Do ḡaḡḡḡe nā fḡuḡad,
 Fḡearḡaḡl a'r éḡḡḡḡ!

¹ Place thy hand on thy gentle forehead,
 Oseur, who never told a falsehood,

Hence, it appears that this is another manner of taking a solemn oath used by the Pagan Irish. There is an expression still used in some parts of Ireland, to this day, when one party requires another to tell the simple truth, which

Oseur, who never told a falsehood,
 Nor slaughter ever shunned ;
 Raise the terror of thy standard,
 Be potent without cruelty.
 Envenom the keenness of thy sword,
 From the potency of thy blow ;
 And thy expertness above all others,
 Hasten to meet them.
 Make daring charges,
 Be victorious in Gabhra ;
 The Fians of Banba
 Look to thee for succour.
 Thou of the benevolent countenance,
 Thou the valorous man, thou the hero ;
 Thou the glory of all Eire,
 Rush upon the Fenians of Ulster.
 O prince of the spears of freedom,
 Great is thy vigour on a steed ;
 Take thy gore-stained shield,
 Thou who never forsookest thy fathers.
 Thy spear has been adapted,
 To suit thy superior prowess ;
 Sheath not thy sword
 From slaying the men of Eire.
 Let thy keen-edged sword hew them,
 Thin the ranks of their Fenians ;
 Let not thy valour grow cool,
 Prepare, and march forward !

may be analogous in some respect with the old one, namely, *Cuir do tainn
 agh do éadan, aghur aghairc agh an n-ghéir.*—i. e., *Place your hand on your
 forehead, and look at the sun.* This really appears tantamount to swearing
 by the sun, and must necessarily have originated from some Pagan ceremonial.

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