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SILVA GADELICA

(I.—XXXI.)

A COLLECTION OF TALES IN IRISH

WITH EXTRACTS ILLUSTRATING PERSONS AND PLACES

EDITED FROM MSS. AND TRANSLATED BY

STANDISH H. O'GRADY

TRANSLATION AND NOTES

"Nobiliora forsan alii, ego quod possum."—JOH. FRED. GRONOVIUS, *in dedicatione Plauti ad Colbertum.*

"Quum intellexeris quod antea nesciebas, vel interpretem me æstimato si gratus es vel paraphrasten si ingratus."—S. HIERONYMUS, *in Prologo Galeato.*

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PREFACE.

To many, perhaps to most, of those enlightened people for whose hands more immediately this volume is destined and to whom it owes its existence, both style and subject-matter will be altogether strange; here and there too it may be held that a promulgator of such wares is bound to justify his action. Now, under favour, to attempt this would be to invert the right order. Not only is 'justification' (whether in or out of theology) a strong word, and as such repugnant to the modesty of the Gael; but the thing itself falls into divers kinds, of all which one only variety can be valid here: that which is not antecedent but subsequent, not verbal but practical, and which emanates neither from publisher nor from published, but from the public. This phenomenon of ours may, however, very well be simply accounted for.

SILVA GADELICA, then, is in the nature of a straw tossed up to see how the wind blows; in other words, to test the judgment of some who from time to time and from widely differing motives have strenuously urged that at this present some such effort had a chance of being well received. The effort, as you see, has been made; the reception has to come: with the receiving community it lies now to show whether or not the aforesaid weatherwise (enormously eminent men one or two of them) prophesied more than they knew, and thereby to pronounce those concerned in making the experiment either guilty or not guilty of over-confidence in their skill as caterers.

The work is far from being exclusively or even primarily designed for the omniscient impeccable leviathans of science that headlong sound the linguistic ocean to its most horrid depths, and (in the intervals of ramming each other) ply their flukes on such audacious small fry as even on the mere surface will venture within their danger.[1] Rather is it adapted to the use of those

[1] Thackeray warns Bob Brown the younger that, since the days of Æsop, a desire to cope with bulls is known to be fatal to frogs. As yet no Gadelic

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weaker brethren who, not blindly persisting in their hitherto blissful ignorance, may be disposed to learn if but a little of an out-of-the-way and curious branch of literature. A few further and necessary remarks, technical or otherwise, are postponed; let us at once proceed to review our Irish pieces, which first of all, and in a very general way, may be ranged under the following heads:—

A. Hagiology: I—IV; hagiological matter in XXVIII, XXIX, also.

B. Legend:[1] V—X, XIII—XVI, XXII—XXV, XXVII—XXXI.

C. Ossianic lore: XI, XII, XXI, XXVI; Finnic matter in XXVIII also.

D. Fiction:[2] XVII—XX.

[1] Here the term embraces tales having whether an actual basis of history or a mere historical element, however slight, as well as those which seem to embody myths and traditions. The accurate sifting of them is left to specialists to perform, each according to his own peculiar views.

[2] Includes tales of later date: deliberate inventions pure and simple, and for the most part (as are our present specimens) of a jocose character.

Next, the articles shall be taken in numerical order and a brief description of the sources given:—

I. This Life of the elder S. Kieran, of Seirkieran in the King's county, is taken from Egerton 112: a voluminous and neat MS. in the British Museum (1042 pp. of foolscap), written in 1780-82 by Maurice O'Conor, working shipwright in the port of Cork, who probably transcribed from a copy (now in the Royal Irish Academy) made by his tutor: John Murphy, of Raheenagh near Blarney. The text is a specimen of good modern (say 17th cent.) Irish, formally and as to vocabulary correct; it is however too close a translation from the Latin[1] to be 'streng irisch' in style. IV M do not mention this Kieran; his chronology is altogether obscure.

[1] i.e. from the life in the codex Kilkenniensis, printed by the Irish Franciscan John Colgan, priest, in his Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ: Louvain, 1645.

II. Life of S. Molasius, Abbot of Devenish in loch Erne (after-

batrachian has sought thus to burst himself; per contra it were no less instructive than easy to point out how and where lordly cetaceans of philology, enviously invading shallows in which the humble Celtic whitebait sports at ease, lie stranded (as Milton has it) 'many a rood in length.'

wards burial-place of the Maguires of Fermanagh) † 563, to be distinguished from his contemporary namesake of Leighlin; from Additional 18,205: a well written 16th century small-quarto MS. on vellum in the British Museum, the remainder of which consists in a number of metrical pieces on the dues, privileges and rights, of Molasius' successors. These, like all memoria technica productions, which is what they really are, have no literary merit. The text, as though somewhat inattentively taken down from dictation,[1] is in places defective or obscure and, formally, altogether modernised; so also is the spelling, which is frequently incorrect to boot. The first page of the MS. is much defaced; O'Curry renounced to make it out; but any errors in the pedigree as printed are of little consequence since, so far as Molasius is concerned, it is fictitious; see extracts ad loc.

[1] A common practice, responsible for much textual imperfection.

III. Life of S. Magnenn[1] of Kilmainham, near Dublin, from Egerton 91: a small-folio vellum MS. of the 15th cent. in the British Museum, written by the industrious scribe *Uilliam Mac an Legha*[2] 'William Mac Alea' 'Lee.' General character of text much as in II, but orthography better. IV M do not mention this Saint, nor does MD give his obit.

[1] The name is fem. in form; its gen. *Maigninni* occurs once in this tract (Ir. p. 38, l. 31), otherwise it is undeclined.

[2] His patronymic signifies ὁ τοῦ ἰατροῦ, and the Mac Aleas were hereditary physicians. William's transcripts are mostly hagiological and medical; a MS. of his in the King's Inns, Dublin, is dated 1463, another in the R. I. A. 1467. He had the habit of using in his colophons a peculiar Latin construction of his own, e.g. "*Uilliam* qui scripsit ut bona morte peribit," representing literally *Uilliam ro scríb degbhás go négaidh sé*, 'it was William that wrote this, may he die a good death'; sometimes he says 'libera morte,' meaning *saorbhás* 'free-death,' i.e. death in a state of grace, free or exempt from condemnation; *daor nó saor* is 'guilty or not guilty,' *daor ó epscop saor ó bhanríogain* is 'liable to bishop, exempt from Queen,' i.e. for dues and taxes: see Additional Charter 34,938, in British Museum.

IV. Life of S. Cellach, bishop of Killala, from the *Leabhar breac* 'Speckled Book of the Mac Egans,' otherwise *leabhar mór dúna Daighre* 'the Great Book of Duniry': a large-folio vellum MS. in the Royal Irish Academy, written at some date not very much anterior to 1411. A paper transcript of this life, made in 1629 by br. Michael O'Clery, O.S.F., is in the Burgundian library,

Brussels. Neither in IV M nor in M D is this prelate mentioned; but from the literary point of view our tract is perhaps the best in Irish hagiography.[1] Unfortunately an important episode was wanting in the *Leabhar breac* copyist's archetype.

[1] The shortest of the kind will be this: "Three penitents resolved to quit the world for the ascetic life, and so sought the wilderness. After exactly a year's silence the first one said: 'tis a good life we lead.' At the next year's end the second answered: 'it is so.' Another year being run out, the third exclaimed: 'if I cannot have peace and quiet here I'll go back to the world.'" The original Irish is in a paper MS. in the British Museum, but for the moment I have mislaid the reference.

V. A story of king Dermot's servitor Aedh *baclámh*,[1] from 'Mac Carthy-Riach's Book': a 15th cent. folio MS. on vellum, written (partly at all events) for the delectation of Mac Carthy-Riach (Finghin mac Dermot *an dúna* mac Donall Riach) who died in 1505. In June, 1629, this fine codex was in the Franciscan abbey[2] called *tigh* or *teach Molaga* 'Timoleague,' i.e. 'S. Molaga's House,' where br. Michael O'Clery transcribed from it. That is the last we hear of it until 1814, when, during some interior alterations made in Lismore Castle, county Waterford, the opening of a long built-up passage or recess disclosed a wooden box containing this MS. in loose staves, together with a portion of a fine antique crozier. The former, much damaged by rats, has ever since been known as 'the Book of Lismore' and is, of course, the property of the Dukes of Devonshire.

[1] In his translation of the Annals of Clonmacnoise, Conall Mageoghegan of Lismoyny in 1627 renders this word by 'the king's serjeant.' Its meanings cannot be discussed here; but that in this case it denotes an office, and is not a mere sobriquet, appears from Ir. p. 75, lin. antepen., where it occurs in the pl., *bacláimh*. In the sense of 'cripple-handed' IV M use adj. *baclámach*.

[2] Founded in 1240 by the then Mac Carthy-Riach, who was buried in the choir; it became the burial-place of O'Mahony of Carbery too, of the Barrys-More, and of the barons de Courcey.

VI. Death[1] of king Dermot above, son of Fergus *cerrbhél* (otherwise Dermot mac Cerbhall, sl. 592), as related in the lost 'Book of Sligo,' from Egerton 1782: a thick small-quarto vellum MS. in the British Museum, written at various periods from 1419 to 1517; a memorandum gives the obit of the reigning Mac Murrough-Kavanagh, Art Buie mac Donall Riach, on S. Catherine's-day in the latter year. The scribes were O'Mulconrys, and

their penmanship is a credit to them; part of the MS. was executed at Enniscorthy, county Wexford, some of it in Connacht. This tale is akin to V.

[1] The word used here (*aidedh*, *oidedh*) means a death tragical in its nature; in most cases, therefore, violent. The *aidedha* (such deaths) formed one of the categories into which the professional reciters' repertory was divided.

VII. Birth of Aedh *sláine*, son of king Dermot above, from *Leabhar na huidhre* 'the Book of the Dun [cow]': a folio vellum MS. in the Royal Irish Academy, and the earliest non-ecclesiastical codex in Ireland. Of the scribe we know only this: that he was Maelmuire mac Conn *na mbocht* O'Ceilechar, and that in 1106 a gang of plunderers murdered him in the fair midst of the great church of Clonmacnoise. Divers memoranda recording the fortunes of the book during later centuries: how it was taken and retaken by force of arms, attest the estimation in which it was held by the O'Donnells of Tirconall and the O'Conors-Sligo.

VIII. The Wooing of Becfola, from Egerton 1781: a thick small-quarto vellum MS. in the British Museum, written mostly by *Diarmaid bacach mac Finghin Mheic Pharrtholáin* 'lame Dermot mac Fineen Mac Parlane,'[1] in M'Gauran's country, 1487.

[1] The Scots, aspirating the P, make it 'Mac Farlane'; besides their attempt at transliteration, the Irish have (as with many other names) sought to 'translate' it as well, and then it becomes 'Bateman.' The process, which is not self-evident, is this: a man named *Parrtholán* in Irish is always 'Bartholomew' in English, and this again is familiarly shortened to 'Bat;' the occasion was too good to be lost. This is at least as old as Duald Mac Firbis's time (he was murdered in 1670 by one of the English settlers, at Dunflin county Sligo), who in his Great Book of Pedigrees gives 'Bateman' as the equivalent.

IX. Disappearance of Caenchomrac, abbot of Inchenagh in loch Ree: from the Book of Lismore. The expression 'son of purity' means that he had embraced, and faithfully observed, a life of chastity.

X. Panegyric of king Cormac son of Art son of Conn of the Hundred Battles, † 266, and of Finn son of Cumall: from Egerton 1782.

XI. Enumeration of Finn's Household, with the conditions of admission into the Fianna: from Egerton 1782.

XII. *Agallamh na senórach* 'the Colloquy of the Ancients':[1] from the Book of Lismore.[2] In a short exordium this tract represents Finn mac Cumall's son Ossian, and Caeilte son of Crunnchu mac Ronan, with a small remnant of the *fianna Eirenn*, as having by more than a hundred and fifty years survived the fatal battle of Gowra (in Meath), where that chosen body was exterminated. The aged warriors had reached a point well to the north of the present Drogheda when they separated: Ossian going yet farther north to seek out his mother, a woman of the *tuatha dé Danann* and therefore perennial; Caeilte moving south until somewhere not far from Tara he foregathers with S. Patrick, then in the earlier stage of his mission. The heathen veteran being treated with kindness and consideration, he readily adopts the new doctrine and, as a docile neophyte, accompanies the Saint on an apostolic circuit of Ireland. They proceed south and west about; on the way Caeilte is closely questioned anent all lore connected with glens, hills, lochs and raths, S. Patrick evincing in the subject an interest as keen as do the provincial kings and those chiefs through whose countries the holy men with their renowned disciple pass. Leinster, Munster, Connacht, and Ulster having been traversed thus, they reach Tara and there find Ossian installed at the court of king Dermot mac Cerbhaill[3] (V, VI). The Feast of Tara is being held, and for the public benefit both heroes recite of their own and fellows' deeds so much as their great age suffers them to have retained in memory. Their narrative is taken down by reporters of that period, and copies multiplied so that when the men of Erin break up for home one is carried into each quarter of Ireland.

[1] This is convenient, but too literal; English use requires: 'Colloquy with the Ancients,' meaning in modern phrase: 'the interviewing and questioning of the Ancients by S. Patrick and others,' for *agallamh* here is a verbal noun with object in gen. Besides the loss of certain folios (indicated in text and version) and damage of rodents, the piece is imperfect at end; the scribe left it so, and apparently had no prospect of completing it, for the last line is immediately followed by other and incongruous matter (much defaced).

[2] To return for a moment to this MS.: it is the work of three scribes, one of whom is unknown; the two others were a friar surnamed *O Buadhachâin* 'Buchan,' 'Buhan,' who copied from the lost Book of Monasterboice (county Louth); and Angus O'Callanan, who in a very fine finished hand penned two tracts: *an Agallamh bheg* 'the Lesser Colloquy,' and *suidigud tellaig Them-*

rach 'the Settling of the Demesne of Tara,' a colophon to the latter containing the writer's name and an envoi to Mac Carthy-Riach. Folio 116 exhibits a curious poem of 44 quatrains by Mahon mac Donall mac Eoghan O'Daly, hereditary rhymer to the Mac Carthys-Riach, in which he justifies the strong measures taken in 1478 by Fineen and his brother Dermot to depose their first cousin Cormac mac Donough mac Donall Riach, who had usurped the chiefry from their father Dermot *an dúna*. This affair is glosed over by IV M, but see Annals of *loch Cé* ad an. Quatt. 42, 43, convey a compliment to Mac Carthy's wife: lady Kathleen Fitzgerald, daughter of Thomas eighth earl of Desmond, lord justice of Ireland. In 1467 he was superseded by John Tiptoft, earl of Worcester, who next year treacherously beheaded him at Drogheda, whence the Irish say 'Thomas of Drogheda'; in 1470 the earl of Warwick and the duke of Clarence had Tiptoft executed in England (IV M ad ann.). The verses, of which some twenty syllables in all are defaced hopelessly, are followed (f. 116 *b*) by a law opinion on the case, in prose; the metre is *sédna*.

[3] This is an example of the latitude which the original narrator, whoever he was, allowed himself in matters of chronology.

XIII. Death of Eochaid, son of Mairid king of Cashel (i.e. of Munster), by the bursting forth of *loch nEchach* 'Eochaid's loch,' anglice 'loch Neagh,' the occasion of which is related, as well as the story of Liban the mermaid: from the Book of the Dun.

XIV. Death of Fergus mac Leide, king of Ulidia, by the marine monster called 'the Sinech of loch Rury'; an event brought about by malice of the king of the *Luchra-* or *Lupra-*folk, otherwise *Lupracáns* 'Pigmies,' to avenge certain affronts put on him by Fergus. These, and the occasion of the dwarf-monarch's visit to Fergus's court at Emania, are told at length. In this tale there is an element of facetiousness; it is from Egerton 1782, and much defaced in places; the scene is laid before the historic period.

XV. The Manner of king Cormac's Birth, a tale which may be considered prefatory to that of the battle of *Mucramh* (XXII), from 'the Book of Ballymote': a large-folio vellum MS. in the Royal Irish Academy, written circ. 1400 (some of it before, some later), and for more than a century afterwards owned by the Mac Donoughs of Ballymote (county Sligo), a sept of the Mac Donoughs of Tirerrill. Black Hugh O'Donnell (XVIII) either bought it of Mac Donough for a hundred and forty milch cows or rather, when harrying that chieftain, accepted the book in lieu of so many; for the expression used in a memorandum on f. 333 *a*, and which needs no '(*sic*)', altogether favours the latter

supposition, as also do the relations between O'Donnell and the Mac Donoughs in 1516, 1522. After further vicissitudes it was acquired by the chevalier Thomas O'Gorman, who in 1785 presented it to the Academy.[1]

[1] The piece contains a wolf story; the medieval Irish are reported to have taken these animals for 'gossips,' i.e. for godfathers and -mothers, and the Brehon laws show that they tamed and made pets of them as well as of cranes, hawks, foxes and deer (ALI IV, 115).

XVI. Fiachna's *sídh*, a lacustrine story of regions beneath the waters: from the Book of Lismore.

XVII. Flight and Pursuit of the *Gilla decair* and his wonderful Horse, a favourite tale of a more or less burlesque nature: from a paper MS. written by *Labhrás Mac Analla* 'Lawrence Mac Nally,' of the county Meath, in 1765; formerly in my own possession, now Additional 34,119 in the British Museum; a good MS. of its class. The piece is not found on vellum.

XVIII. The Kern in the Narrow Stripes,[1] otherwise 'O'Donnell's Kern,' from Additional 18,747: a paper MS. in the British Museum, written in 1800 by Patrick Lynch, for Samuel Coulter of Carnbeg near Dundalk; the tale[2] does not occur on vellum. There are divers versions of it, and as good a one as has come in my way I have transcribed from a MS. written in the county Cavan in 1847 by Silvester M'Gibney, a country schoolmaster, and now owned in London by Norman Moore, M.D., who kindly placed it at my disposal. Not only is the recension a good one, but for its time the text is quite remarkably correct.

[1] lit. 'the narrow-striped Kern,' referring to his garb; the conventional 'slender swarthy Kern' is wrong: we do not learn that he was either one or the other, whereas the new shirt offered him to replace (and presumably to match) his own was striped (tr. p. 313, inf.); to this add that the correct reading is *caoilriabhach* (two adjj. cpd.) and not *caol riabhach* (two independent adjj.), and the matter is beyond doubt. The meaning of *riabh* is 'a stripe,' e.g. *Lugaidh riabh nderg* 'L. of [the] red stripes' (ind. A); *riabhach* is 'striped': applied to man or horse it means 'grizzled,' 'iron-grey'; to a cow, 'brindled.' In both the Highlands and Ireland the pronunciation (except metri gratia) is *riach*; in the latter it is commonly introduced into English: every one knows what a 'a *riach* heifer' is, also 'a *riach* fog' [*ceo riabhach*].

[2] Two very abraded versions of this tale survive orally in the Highlands, whither it must at once have been carried by the Islesmen who in thousands took mercenary service with the great Irish chiefs during the 16th cent.: with O'Donnell and O'Neill especially. These curious waifs are printed by John F. Campbell in Tales of the W. Highlands, I. pp. 289—319. The Kern (i.e.

Manannan mac Lir) if not himself historical, is the means of introducing us to characters not only historical but modern:—(i) Black Hugh (Hugh Oge) became 'O'Donnell' at his father's death in 1505; in 1522 he fought the bloody battle of Knockavoe, otherwise 'the breach of loch Monann,' by Strabane, in which O'Neill was defeated and had 900 men killed; for his end, see Extracts ad loc. His son and successor, Manus, compiled the life of S. Columbkill now in the Bodleian. (ii) The contemporary *Seaan mac an iarla* was 'John of Desmond,' son of Thomas of Drogheda above, eighth Earl; consequently brother of Mac Carthy-Riach's wife Kathleen Fitzgerald. He is accused of having procured the death of his own brother, James (ninth Earl), whom John *manntach* mac Edmond, a Geraldine of the Mac Gibbon branch, beheaded at Rathkeale in 1487, aged twenty-nine years. For this deed James's son Maurice (tenth Earl) banished his uncle John, and had Shane *manntach* cut into many pieces, one of which with his head was exposed in the shambles of Limerick, the rest being distributed to other cities. In 1516 Shane *mac an iarla* was besieged in the castle of loch Gur (county Limerick) by earl Maurice's son James and Mac Carthy-Riach (Donall mac Finghin), his grandnephews, with other Mac Carthys. Shane's wife being More, daughter of Murrough mac Brian Duff O'Brien, he appealed to her kin and, before long, the men of Thomond appeared in such force that they of Desmond raised the siege: IV M ad ann., and Torna mac Torna O'Mulconry's Irish record of the Desmonds, written after the death of James mac Maurice above, eleventh Earl, † June 18th, 1529. (iii) The *Mac Eochaids* 'M'Keoghs' were hereditary chief poets of Leinster: see divers of their 16th cent. poems in the *Leabhar branach* 'Book of the O'Byrnes,' H. 1. 17 in Trinity College, Dublin. Who their head was at our story's period does not appear. (iv) It is not certain which O'Conor-Sligo the romancer means: Felim mac Manus mac Brian, 'a charitable and humane man' (IV M), † 1519; whether he be the man or not, his Munster expedition (like all that is ascribed to the other real characters) is fictitious. (v) O'Kelly of Hy-Many (Teigue mac Melachlin), head of the whole name, † 1513; O'Kelly of the Callow (Teigue Rua mac Melachlin), head of a sept of the *úi Maine*, † 1519. (vi) The actual Mac Murrough-Kavanagh, in virtue of descent from *Diarmaid na ngall* 'D. of the English,' who first invited Strongbow over, was always styled 'king of Leinster'; ours must be Art Buie mac Donall Riach already alluded to, † 1517. (vii) The O'Donellans were hereditary bards to the O'Conors-Connacht; two other branches of them there were, both in Ulster, and all poets by profession. The Shane O'Donellan from whose house the Kern is lost to view for good and all was doubtless a contemporary of the composer's. These identifications are thrown out merely as starting-points for the curious, who also may accept it that the tale was written, if not during Black Hugh's life, very soon after his death in 1537; and perhaps no one laughed at it more heartily than would Manus his son who, though as a chief he was a man of the sword and one that stood no nonsense, was yet a great wit and good versifier, as witness his many epigrams in *dán díreach* that have come down. He more especially loved occasionally to run a-tilt at his good friends and devoted adherents, the Franciscan brethren of Donegal.

XIX. *Bodach an chóta lachtna* 'the Carle of the Drab Coat,'

from Egerton 154: a 19th cent. paper MS. in the British Museum, written by Edward O'Reilly. Herein mention is made of the baron of Inchiquin's house, but that peer's identity is concealed. Considering that the first earl of Thomond and baron was created in 1543, it would have been invidious to specify which of them was contemporary with Finn mac Cumall.

XX. *Leighes coise Chéin* 'the Leeching of Cian's leg': from Egerton 1781. The historical personages are Brian of the Tribute, his sons, and Cian son of Bran. The repetition of 'by thy hand' as an asseveration is farcical, but 'das ding an sich' is true to nature: it was customary to swear by the chief's hand.

XXI. *Bruidhen chéise Chorainn* 'the Enchanted Cave of Keshcorran' (county Sligo): from Additional 18,747. Here *bruidhen* is used in its secondary sense: see XXVI.

XXII. *Fotha chatha Mucramha* 'Occasion of the battle of Mucramh' (county Galway), with particulars of the battle, and its consequences, from *leabhar Glinne dá locha* 'the Book of Glendaloch,' now better known as 'the Book of Leinster': a large-folio vellum MS. in Trinity College, Dublin; who the scribe or scribes were is not certain, but marginalia shew that it was (when as yet in process of compilation) in the hands of Finn Mac Gorman, bishop of Kildare, † 1160. The conjecture of some that he had at any rate a great share in the writing of its older part is supported by two passages that have been much misinterpreted: the bishop's letter[1] in lower margin of p. 288; and a colophon to the *táin bó Cuailgne*, p. 104 *β*, the tone of which is that of a grave churchman much rather than of an ordinary lay scribe. In one or two places the text of our piece is not quite satisfactory.

[1] Partly defaced, but having no inherent obscurity whatever; it runs, and should be pointed, thus:—"[Betha] ocus sláinte ó Fhiunn epscup chilli Dara do Aed mac Chrimthainn . do fhiur leigind ardríg leithi moga Nuadat . ocus do chomarbu Choluim meic Chrimthainn . ocus do phrímsenchaid Laigen ar gaeis ocus eolas ocus trebaire lebar ocus fessa ocus foglomma . ocus scríbthar dam deired in sceoil bicse. Cu cinnte dait a Aeid amnais . a fhir cosinnaeib ollmais ! cian gar [d'aen bith] it ingnais . mian dam do bith [frim deghais]. Tucthar dam duanaire meic Lonáin confaiccmis a cialla na nduan filet ann *et uale in Christo*" i.e. "Life and health from Finn, bishop of Kildare, to Aedh mac Crimthann, i.e. to the professor of the king of the southern half of Ireland [Dermot *na ngall* Mac Murrough], to the representative of Columba son of Crimthann, to Leinster's prime antiquary for wisdom, skill, and cultivation

of books, knowledge, learning, and be the end of this little tale written for me. [Independent quatrain:] O keen Aedh, be it to thee a thing certified, thou man of fairest and pleasurable qualities, that, be it long or be it short that any other shall be without frequenting thee, 'tis my desire to have thee [ever] conveniently near to myself. [Postscript:] Let the book of [Flann] mac Lonan's poems be given me that I may see the meaning of the pieces that are in it, and fare thee well in Christ." Be it observed that Dr. Todd's version (Introd. to facs., p. 8 *a*) violates all idiom, and is based (i) on the erroneous supposition that prose and quatrain are consecutive matter (ii) on the fallacy thereout arising: that, because prep. *do* with verbal noun forms a certain and peculiar construction, it must do the same with a tense; which is not the case. The 'little tale' is our XXII above and, as I understand it, the Bishop was transcribing it when his copy gave out. Verbs *scríbthar*, *tucthar*, are neither indic. nor subj. but imperatives: not the imperious, but that of request, supplication, as in prayers, e.g. 'ora pro nobis' 'da nobis hodie.' Brackets in the quatrain enclose mere suggestions, but the sense is quite obvious.

XXIII. *Cath Chrinna* 'the Battle of Crinna': from the Book of Lismore. The central figure of the tale is Teigue, son of Olioll Olom's son Cian, progenitor of the various tribes called *Cianacht*. In stories relating to this individual there always is an element of humour. That one which told how he and a deer killed each one the other at Rosnaree on the Boyne is lost unfortunately.

XXIV. *Echtra mhac nEchach* 'Adventure of Eochaid's Sons': from the Book of Ballymote. Here we are told how and where Niall of the nine Hostages[1] was born and, in an allegory,[2] how he attained to pre-eminence over his half-brethren.[3]

[1] From whose sons Conall (sl. 464) and Eoghan († 465) sprang the two great tribes known as *cinél Conaill* 'kind, or race, of Conall,' *cinél Eoghain* 'race of Eoghan'; their countries being *tír Conaill* 'C.'s land,' *tír Eoghain* 'E.'s land,' anglicised 'Tirconnell' and 'Tirowen' 'Tyrone.' Of the various septs or 'nations' comprised in either, the O'Donnells eventually became paramount in the former, the O'Neills in the latter; and their internecine rivalry, which endured for nearly a thousand years and before Kinsale in 1602 culminated in the ruin of both, was such that later poets feigned Conall and Eoghan to have been twins born in grips, either clutching the other by a shoulder and a wrist, thus portending future discord (e.g. Teigue *dall* in *iad féin chinnios ar chloinn Néill*, circ. 1590). The annals however record that Eoghan died of grief for Conall's death.

[2] This stock parable of a hideous crone whom the approach of a fearless lover transforms into a miracle of beauty personating (according to circumstances) either sovereignty over Ireland or chiefry of a clan, signified that these prizes fell to energy and the strong hand.

[3] The most celebrated of these was Brian, progenitor of the tribe called *úi Bhriuin* 'nepotes Briani,' the subdivisions of which were distinguished by

their localities, as *úi Bhriuin seola*, *bréifne*, etc.; after the establishment of surnames their chief septs were the O'Conors-Connacht, O'Conors-Sligo, O'Conors-Donn, O'Conors-Rua (all in Connacht), O'Flahertys, O'Reillys and O'Rourkes (see the Book of Rights, p. 107, note r). Note that the O'Conors-Faly (in K.'s and Q.'s cos.) were of Leinster origin, from Cahir More's son *Ros failghe*; O'Conors-Corcomrua (in Clare) and O'Conors-Kerry, of the clanna-Rury in Ulidia; and the O'Conors of Glengiven (county Derry), in which they have been numerous in our own times, are of the *Cianacht* or posterity of Teigue son of Cian.

XXV.[1] Death of king Crimthann son of Fidach, and of Brian, Ailill, Fiachra, three of his predecessor Eochaid's sons: from the Book of Ballymote. Here we meet with the use of poison, which as an instrument of crime occurs but very seldom in the huge corpus of Irish legend; in Irish history, so far as I can recollect, not at all. Even to the race they hated so bitterly, the very Elizabethans did not impute such practices.[2]

[1] The reader will please to observe that in the Extracts (both text and translation) this piece is misnumbered XXVI.

[2] They did better: they themselves had recourse to them. In 1563 lord deputy Sussex (using one Thomas Smyth as his tool) sought with a present of poisoned wine to rid 'the State' of Shane O'Neill, and came near to succeed. O'Neill addressed a remonstrance to Elizabeth, and she expressed great indignation at the attempt (Sta. Pa., Ir., Eliz. ix, no. 32).

XXVI. *Bruidhen bheg na hAlmaine* 'the little Brawl at Almhain':[1] from Additional 18,747. Good version of a tale which, according to O'Curry, is not very common.

[1] As in the case of XVIII, this English title too is an innovation on the accepted rendering: 'the little Fort of Almhain.' In the first place, no doubt whatever but that primarily *bruidhen* (n. f., gen. *bruidhne*) means, not a fort, but a royal or other mansion for hospitality on a large scale, and in that sense is frequent in tales. According to a mem. in Lismore f. 158 *b*: 2 and elsewhere, there were in Ireland five prime or special *bruidhens* (to which some added a sixth), being of this construction: each one had seven doors, was traversed by seven alleys, and had seven hearths; every hearth with its cauldron that held a beef and a pig in bacon. Secondly, these *bruidhens* are the subject of as many tales relating, with variety of time and circumstance, how during banquets they severally were surprised, stormed and destroyed, with whole or partial slaughter of the revellers. Hence in the title of a story the term *bruidhen* alone indicates sufficiently that it is one of violence in some form, but connected with a dwelling; the full formula being *toghail bruidhne* 'the taking' 'demolition' of a given mansion. In the body of other narratives *bruidhen* therefore often occurs in a secondary sense, implying a ruse or device for violent purposes, e.g. *do chuir sé bruidhen roime* 'he set a *bruidhen* for him'; *do bhí bruidhen aige ar muir agus bruidhen ar tír* 'he had

one such on sea, and another on land': where clearly there cannot be question of an actual edifice. To-day, colloquially, the word signifies 'a quarrel' 'dissension' 'ruction': *tárrla bruidhen eatorra* 'there happened a row between them'; *duine bruidhentach* 'a quarrelsome person'; and such would seem to be the meaning in our title. Consider these points:—(i) Here we have a *bruidhen*-dwelling, but neither is it stormed nor destroyed. (ii) If this was a small or lesser 'fort' (let us call it), where or what was the greater? It is not mentioned, nor does adj. *beg* 'little' appear except in the title. (iii) The bountiful great hall of Almhain is notorious in Ossianic lore; we do not hear of any subsidiary refectory. (iv) The dwelling that seated such a company cannot have been a small one; and this last suggests: to what then does the 'little' refer? surely the broil in which so many fell was a big one. True; but the adj. is employed playfully, to emphasize the fact that not a sword was drawn nor spear thrown: the affair began with a buffet, and never proceeded to anything worse than sledge-hammers; it was in fact merely 'a glove fight.'

XXVII. *Echtra Thaidg mheic Chéin* 'the Adventure of Cian's son Teigue': from the Book of Lismore. The progenitor of the various *Cianachta* is presented as true to his reputation for 'bonhommie' and shrewdness. When Veniusa in the island tells him that Connla Rua and she after all those years passed together, and they loving each other, are still as it were strangers, Teigue's comment: *is aebda ocus is ait sin* amounts to 'c'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre,' exactly. Amongst other localities, I leave 'the land of Fresen' to scientific geographers; the name of 'Fresenius' is not unknown to students of chemistry: is it of Fresenic origin?

XXVIII. *Boramha* 'the Boromean Tribute': from the Book of Leinster; a history, so far as it extends,[1] of that famous impost's origin and of difficulties experienced in levying it during the succeeding ages.[2]

[1] i.e. from king Tuathal *techtmar* † 106, who first instituted the tax, to S. Moling of Luachair † 596, who procured its remission.

[2] From the most remote times collection of any kind of dues has in Ireland been a ticklish business; the extraordinary tale called 'the Siege of *Cnoc damhgaire*,' near Knocklong (county Limerick), is based on king Cormac's attempt forcibly to exact his revenue from Munster, a province which appears to have habitually and successfully been refractory to the monarchs, i.e. kings of all Ireland as distinguished from the five provincial kings. As for the *cíos* 'rent' (so Elizabethans rendered it, and such it means to-day) or tribute which the *urradha* 'subordinate chiefs' paid to their chief paramount, it had to be taken. In English a chief's *urradha* were called his 'gentlemen': thus O'Conor-Sligo was O'Donnell's gentleman, and continually it needed hundreds of swords and axes (many of whom never saw Tirconall again) to persuade him to his duty. The following again were O'Conor-Sligo's gentlemen

O'Dowda, O'Gara, O'Hara-Buie, O'Hara-Riach, O'Hart, Mac Donough of the Corann and Mac Donough of Tirerrill, who all were just as reluctant to part. The whole theory is summed up in a still lively tradition of the following correspondence (incorrectly given in the Abbé Mageoghegan's Histoire d'Irlande): *cuir chugam mo chíos nó mara gcuirir——mise* O DOMHNAILL i.e. "send me my rent, or if not——O'DONNELL"; answer: *ní fhuil cíos agat orm agus dá mbiadh——mise* O NEILL i.e. "I owe you no rent, and if I did——O'NEILL." Fictitious if you will, but typical.

XXIX. Fragmentary Annals: from Egerton 1782. In this tract, as well as in I, II, V, VI, XXVIII, it will be noticed that some outrageously discreditable dodges (the only condign word) are laid to the charge of eminent saints. The late William Reeves, D.D., and John O'Donovan,[1] have commented severely on passages of this nature; arguing that, while they manifestly are fabulous, the fact of their concoction betrays the low moral standard of whatever age it was that gave them birth. I confess that I cannot take the matter quite so seriously: these episodes have all the appearance of broad caricatures drawn to raise a laugh,[2] and perhaps the worst that can be said of them is that they are not in the taste of our day; even as Gilray's and Rowlandson's political cartoons would no longer attract a generation accustomed to John Tenniel. It is idle to suppose that the native Irish writers of remote times, whose general tone indubitably is that of gentlemen writing for gentlemen, knew no better than seriously to credit men like S. Columbkill and Adamnan, for instance, with conduct worthy of Til Eulenspiegel.

[1] The former in his Adamnan's Life of Columba, the latter in his ed. of part of this piece.

[2] Nor were the heroes so sacred but that they too were victims of burlesque: in the tale of *Illann ilchrothach* (the king of Spain's son), Finn and Ossian not only 'funk,' but act with incredible meanness; the Stowe copy of *tochmarc Eimre* 'the Wooing of Eimer' is immediately followed by a short story: *aithed Eimre re mac rígh Lochlann* 'Eimer's Elopement with the king of Lochlann's son,' in which Ireland's paragon of chastity and fidelity (at that time Cuchullin's wife) is pourtrayed as shameless and unfaithful. The quatrains appended to this bit sufficiently mark the writer's spirit; and it must be remembered that, as inter alia many of their sobriquets shew, the Irish were (and indeed are still) particularly fond of the joke per antiphrasin.

XXX. Story of a Wicked Girl of the Greeks: from the Book of Leinster; not of Irish origin, but selected merely on account of its suitable length.[1]

[1] Some peculiar constructions there are in this tale, which can be more accurately rendered in Latin. The style is not Ciceronian, it is true; but there is no knowing what Tully might have written had he translated literally from Irish. He would have been none the worse for being able to do so.

XXXI. Abacuc's Perjury: from the Book of Leinster. How one bearing a Hebrew name[1] chanced to be at the Convention of Taillte is not explained.

[1] It has been put through a process of folk-etymology the intermediate stage of which we see p. 78 of tr., and the last in Maurice O'Conor's copy of Keating's History:—"A.D. 517: do ghab Tuathal maelgharb mac Chormaic chaoich meic Chairbre meic Néill naoighiallaig do shíol Eiremhóin ríogacht Eirenn trí bliadna dég. is fá'n am so do thuit a chenn do bhacach i naonach Thaillten tré láimh Chiaráin do thabairt i néithech . agus do mhair sé cheithre bliadna mar sin idir na manchaib gan chenn" i.e. "A.D. 517: Tuathal *maelgharb*, son of Cormac *caech* son of Niall 9 H. of the seed of Heremon, had the kingdom of Ireland for thirteen years. At this time it was that his head fell from a beggar in the Convention of Taillte through his having sworn by Kieran's hand in a lie; in which plight he lived among the monks, headless, for four years" (Eg. 112, f. 348 *b*).

Our tales being disposed of thus, let us collect a few items of evidence as to the nature and peculiarities of the people with whom they originated. First comes Strabo († circ. A.D. 25), saying that Ireland lies to the north of Britain, that the inhabitants are wilder than the Britons, are cannibals with enormous appetites, and consider it but decent to eat their defunct fathers; the simple anthropophagy he excuses by alleging that it is a Scythian habit too, while Gauls, Iberians and very many others have resorted to it in siege extremities. They had, says he, peculiar notions as to degrees of consanguinity; but the great geographer, like the honest man he was, warns us that he had no corroborators worthy of credit.[1] Pomponius Mela, in the first cent., will not

[1] Εἰσὶ δὲ καὶ ἄλλαι περὶ τὴν Βρεττανικὴν νῆσι. μικραί μεγάλη δ' ἡ Ἰέρνη πρὸς ἄρκτον αυτῇ παραβεβλημένη προμήκης μᾶλλον ἢ πλατος ἔχουσα. περὶ ἧς οὐδὲν ἔχομεν λέγειν σαφὲς πλὴν ὅτι ἀγριωτέροι τῶν Βρεττανῶν ὑπάρχουσιν οἱ κατοικοῦντες αὐτήν ἀνθρωποφάγοι δὲ ὄντες καὶ πολυφάγοι τοῦς τε πατέρας τελευτήσαντες κατεσθίειν εν καλῷ τιθέμενοι. καὶ ταῦτα δ' οὕτω λέγομεν ὡς οὐκ ἐχοντες αξιοπίστους μάρτυρας. καίτοι τό γε τῆς ἀνθρωποφαγίας καὶ Σκυθικὸν εἶναι λέγεται καὶ ἐν ἀναγκαῖς πολιορκητικαῖς καὶ Κελτοὶ καὶ Ἴβηρες καὶ ἄλλοι πλείους ποιῆσαι τοῦτο λέγονται (IV. v, 4). The verifier will perceive this excerpt to be very slightly contracted. That ornament of the Porch, Chrysippus, wrote up to a thousand lines inculcating that survivors are bound to eat their dead:—ἐν δὲ τῷ Περὶ πολιτείας καὶ μητράσι λέγει συνέρχεσθαι καὶ θυγατράσι καὶ υἱοῖς· τὰ δ' αυτά φήσι καὶ ἐν τῷ Περὶ τῶν μὴ δι' ἑαυτὰ αἱρετῶν

allow that there is any element whatever of good in them: ignorant of all virtues they are, devoid of piety.[1] Lastly (of the ancients), in the second century Solinus, pedant and plagiarist, writes that the new-born Irish man-child had its first solid nutriment gently administered by the mother on the point of her husband's sword, the while she uttered gentile prayers that by such weapon her offspring [having lived by it] might eventually and honourably die in war.[2]

Now let us hear the famous Jesuit Edmond Campion, a Londoner and graduate of Oxford. Under date of June the 9th, 1571, he writes in the preface to his Irish narrative:[3]—

(i) Irish chronicles, although they be reported to be full fraught of lewde examples, idle tales and genealogies, 'et quicquid Græcia mendax audet in historia'; yet concerning the state of that wild people I am persuaded that with choice and judgment I might have sucked thence some better store of matter, and gladly would have sought them, had I found an interpreter or understood their tongue: the one [interpreters] so rare that scarcely five in five hundred can skill thereof; the other so hard that it asketh continuance in the land of more yeares than I had months to spare about the business.

Upon the authority no doubt of his entertainer J. Stanihurst, Recorder of Dublin and Speaker of the Irish Commons, an Englishman, he characterises the natives:—

(ii) The people are thus inclined: religious, franke, amorous, irefull, sufferable of paines infinite, very glorious [glorieux], many sorcerers, excellent horse-

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εὐθὺς εν ἀρχῇ. εν δὲ τῷ γ Περὶ δικαίου κατὰ τοῦς χιλίους στίχους καὶ τοὺς ἀποθανόντας κατεσθίειν κελεύων (Diog. Laert. in vit. Chrys.). In the other respects our heathen Irish were not genuine Stoics, inasmuch as it was only Bacchus that rapt them to do what the Greek preached, and they were much ashamed afterwards; Brantôme and Tallemant des Réaux tell us what some perfectly sober Christians did: not casually, but habitually and ex professo, and there are those that know what goes on now-a-days. As for Extract XXIX. xiv, referring to Christian times, it must be believed 'per impossibile' or not at all.

[1] Cultores ejus [Ivernæ] inconditi sunt, et omnium virtutum ignari, pietatis expertes (III. vi, 65).

[2] Puerpera siquando marem edidit primos cibos gladio imponit mariti, inque os parvuli summo mucrone auspicium alimentorum leviter infert, et gentilibus votis optat non aliter quam in bello et inter arma mortem oppetat (cap. 35). It must be confessed that, during sixteen hundred years at least, the far-reaching efficacity of their pagan orisons was abundantly manifest in those ladies' remote descendants.

[3] Edition of 1809.

men, delighted with warres, great almsgivers, passing in hospitalitie ; the lewder sort (both clarkes and laymen) are sensuall and loose above measure. They are sharpe witted, lovers of learning, capable of any studie whereunto they bend themselves, constant in travaile, adventurous, intractable, kinde-hearted, secret in displeasure (p. 19).

(iii) In some corners of the land they used a damnable superstition, leaving the right armes of their infants males unchristened (as they tearmed it), to the intent it might give a more ungracious and deadly blow (p. 21).

(iv) I found a fragment of an epistle wherein a vertuous monke declareth that to him (travailing in Ulster) came a grave gentleman about Easter desirous to be confessed and houseled, who in all his life had never yet received the blessed Sacrament. When he had said his minde, the priest demanded him whether he were faultlesse in the sinne of homicide? hee answered that hee never wist the matter to be hainous before ; but being instructed thereof he confessed the murther of five: the rest he left wounded so as he knew not whether they lived or no. Then was he taught that both the one and the other were execrable, and verie meekelie humbled himself to repentance (*ibid.*).

(v) One office in the house of a great man is a tale teller, who bringeth his lord on sleepe with tales vain and frivolous, whereunto the number give sooth and credence. So light they are in beleeving whatsoever is with any countenance of gravitie affirmed by their superiours whom they esteem and honour, that a lewd prelate within these few yeares needy of money was able to perswade his parish that S. Patricke, in striving with S. Peter to let an Irish galloglass into Heaven, had his head broken with the keyes ; for whose relief he obtained a collection (p. 25).

(vi) Where they fancie and favour they are wonderfull kinde. They exchange by commutation of wares for the most part, and have utterly no coyne stirring in any great lords' houses.[1] Some of them are richly plated ; their ladies are trimmed rather with massie jewels than with garish apparell; it is counted a beautie in them to be tall, round and fat (p. 28).

So far a writer who, when he comes to deal with contemporary events in Ireland, discloses great rancour. Better for him he had tarried with the wild men that never harmed him, or in some of the lands which he visited after them ; when he returned, his own highly civilised countrymen rewarded his John-Bullism with a degree higher than any he had taken at Oxford : in fact, on the 1st of December, 1581, they hanged and quartered him.

A far more equitable writer was Richard Stanihurst,[2] son of

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[1] Writers are fond of remarking either that history repeats itself, or that history does not repeat itself, according to their exigency. It is safe to affirm that here the former aphorism is the one in point.

[2] Born in Dublin 1552, † 1618. Except in the accident of his birth he was an Englishman: could not speak Irish, a defect which in that day quite shut

the Recorder and Speaker above, and (like Campion) a Roman Catholic priest; his 'Description of Ireland' is printed in Ralph Holinshed's Chronicles.[1] Several of his passages are identical with Campion's, which is not surprising; but the following are his own. Under heading of "The disposition and manners of the meere Irish, commonlie called the wild Irish" we find:—

(vii) The men are clean of skin and hew, of stature tall. The women are well favoured, cleane coloured, faire handed, big and large, suffered from their infancie to grow at will, nothing curious[2] of their feature and proportion of body. Their infants (they of the meaner sort) are neither swadled nor lapped in linen, but folded up starke naked in a blanket till they can go (p. 44 : 2).

(viii) Greedie of praise they be, and fearefull of dishonor, and to this end they esteem their poets who write Irish learnedlie and pen their sonnets heroicall, for which they are bountifully rewarded; if not, they send out libels in dispraise (*ibid.*).

(ix) The Irish man standeth so much upon his gentilitie that he termeth anie one of the English sept, and planted [born and settled] in Ireland, 'bobdeagh galteagh [*bodach gallda*],' that is: 'English churle'; but if he be an Englishman borne, then he nameth him 'bobdeagh saxonagh [*bodach sac-sanach*],' that is: a 'Saxon churle'; so that both are churles, and he the onelie gentleman.

(x) They observe divers degrees, according to which each man is regarded. The basest sort among them are little yoong wags called 'Daltins [*dailtínedha*]':[3] these are lackies and are serviceable to the groomes and horse-boies, who are a degree above the 'daltins.' Of the third degree is the Kerne, who is an ordinary [private] soldier using for his weapon sword and target. Kerne signifieth (as noble men of deepe iudgement informed me) 'a shower of Hell,'[4] because they are taken for no better than for rakehels, or the divell's

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him off from intercourse with natives; in political feeling was thoroughly English, was a sufficiently severe critic, yet had some sense of fair play and wrote without bitterness.

[1] Holinshed as well was a churchman † 1593; our excerpts are from the ed. of 1583.

[2] i.e. 'careful,' in the way of using artificial aids: as corsets and more.

[3] The word *dailtín* is still in common use: bishop O'Brien in his dictionary rightly explains it by 'a jackanapes, a puppy, an impertinent insignificant fellow.'

[4] i.e. as though *ceithern* (n. f. of number: a body, regiment, of the men individually called *ceatharnach*) were a corruption of *cith ifrinn* 'imber inferni'; thus man-o'-war's-men 'of deepe iudgement' called the old 'Bellerophon' the 'Billy-ruffian' and, etymologically, with as much reason. There is no Hiberno-english equivalent for *ceatharnach*, but the vocable (pron. *ceathranach*) is often introduced in speaking English, in the sense of 'a rowdy' and so forth; the Scots make it 'cateran,' a Highland freebooter.

blacke gard, by reasing of the stinking sturre [sco. 'stour'] they keepe wheresoever they be. The fourth degree is a Galloglasse, using a kind of pollax for his weapon. These men are commonlie weieward rather by profession than by nature: grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of lim, burlie of bodie, well and strongly timbered, chieflie feeding on beefe, porke, and butter. The fift degree is to be an Horsseman, which is the chiefest next the lord and captaine. These horssemen, when they have no staie of their owne, gad and range from house to house like arrant knights of the round table, and they never dismount untill they ride into the hall and as farre as the table (p. 45 : 1).

(xi) To rob and spoile their enimies they deeme it none offense, nor seeke anie meanes to recover their losse but even to watch them the like turne ; but if neighbors and friends [blood relatives] send their purveiors to purloine one another, such actions are iudged by the breighons [*breitheamhain* 'brehons' 'judges'] aforesaid (p. 45 : 2).

Their food, dress, language, shall be barely glanced at:—

(xii) No meat they fansie so much as porke, and the fatter the better. One of John O'Nel's [Shane O'Neill's] household demanded of his fellow whether beefe were better than porke ; "that (quoth the other) is as intricat a question as to ask whether thou art better than O'Nele" (Stanihurst, lib. cit. p. 45 : 1).

(xiii) Their plenty of grasse makes the Irish have infinite multitudes of cattle ; and in the heate of the late rebellion [1598—1603] the very vagabond rebels had great multitudes of cowes which they stil (like the nomades) drove with them whether soever themselves were driven, and fought for them as for their altars and families (Fynes Moryson's Itinerary, pt. III. iv, 5 : ed. 1617, p. 160). They feede most on whitmeates, and esteeme for a great dainty sower curds, vulgarly called by them 'bonaclabbe'[1]; and for this cause they watchfully keepe their cowes, and fight for them as for religion and life (p. 163).

(xiv) Linnen shirts the rich doe weare for wantonnesse and bravery, with wide hanging sleeves, playted ; thirtie yards are little enough for one of them. They have now left their saffron, and learne to wash their shirts four or five times in a yeare (Campion, lib. cit. p. 24).

(xv) Ireland yeelds much flax, which the inhabitants work into yarne, and export the same in great quantity. And of old they had such plenty of linnen cloth as the wild Irish used to weare thirty or forty elles in a shirt, al gathered and wrinckled [i.e. 'kilted'] and washed in saffron, because they never put them off til they were worne out[2] (Moryson, ubi supra).

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[1] i.e. *bainne clabair* 'clotted milk' = *bainne reamhar* 'thick milk,' according to locality.

[2] Friend Fynes's veracity cannot be dealt with here ; but in the same breath he tells us that they slept naked. This had been the custom of Europe:—C'est que nos aïeux couchaient nus, ainsi que nos aïeules. Cette nudité nocturne était encore usitée au temps de Charles VII. [1403—1461]. Toutes les miniatures de nos vieux manuscrits, même les gravures de nos premiers imprimés gothiques, jusqu'à François Ier [1494—1547], s'accordent à placer

(xvi) The tongue is sharp and sententious, offereth great occasion to quicke apothegmes and proper allusions ; wherefore their common iesters, bards, and rhymers, are said to delight passingly them that conceive the grace and propriety of the tongue. But the true Irish indeed differeth so much from that they commonly speake, that scarce one among five score can either write, read, or understand it ; therefore it is prescribed among certaine their poets and students of antiquitie (Campion, lib. cit. p. 17).

(xvii) And in verie deed the language carrieth such difficultie with it, what for the strangenesse of the phrase and the curious featness of the pronunciation, that a verie few of the countrie can attein to the perfection thereof;[1] and much lesse a forrener or stranger (Stanihurst, lib. cit. p. 12 : 2).

A possible objection, that these illustrations (as being comparatively modern) cannot well bear on tales of much earlier ages, may be forestalled by observing that down to 1600 the old Irish way of life had not known solution of continuity: so far had English influences been from prevailing, that the reverse took place. Within an incredibly short period numbers of the Norman arrivals flung off their surcoats and the rest to don the Irish shirt and trews ; they were of fine linguistic capacity, and lost no time in procuring the best dictionaries extant: Strongbow himself chose Dermot Mac Murrough's beautiful sister Eva, while the de Burgos ['Bourkes'] went to intermarrying with the O'Briens ; and so with others, whose 'chiefest books were women's looks, which right good Irish taught them.' Then they took bards and brehons, and became the 'Hibernis ipsis hiberniores' of Henry the VIII's time. The assimilating power was so great that Stanihurst complains:—

(xviii) The verie English of birth, conversant with the savage sort of that people became degenerat and, as though they had tasted of Ceres' poisoned cup, are quite altered (lib. cit. p. 45 : 2).

The general reader, it may be, will not find much to interest him in the few remarks that follow ; but the book's welfare and a pardonable regard for my own safety necessitate them:—

In preparing this collection of Irish tales I have followed lines

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dans un état complet de nudité toutes les personnes qu'elles représentent au lit (Antony Méray, la Vie au temps des Cours d'Amour: Paris 1876, pp. 229-31-33). This for princes, knights, and dames of high degree ; everywhere the people shewed themselves in this respect strong conservatives.

[1] This remark and Campion's are but as though in respect of Chaucer, Shelley's 'Revolt of Islam,' Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' and Browning's poems, one said so much of the English populace.

of my own, begotten of a theory that these studies can be popularised only by a division of labour. Accordingly I aspire to a rôle no higher than that of the humble quarryman who painfully gets the rough stuff, winds it to the surface, and there leaves it to be dealt with as they list by stonecutter and sculptor, architect and engineer: here is raw material for 'keltologue' and 'philologue,' for folklorist, comparative mythologist, and others. Personally I cannot boast of being anything that ends in either '-logue' or '-ist': that is to say in these countries; were I back in the United States, I should of course profess at least the arts of 'breathist,' 'eatist,' 'sleepist,' and 'walkist.'

The plan of campaign (for campaign it is) demanding that anything outside of Irish matter and its equivalent in English should be a minimum, while it was needful that to non-experts should be given some sort of foothold in an otherwise hopeless morass of names and events entirely new to them and devoid of dates, in preference to a body of cheap second-hand notes pillaged from the printed works of John O'Donovan I have appended the Extracts. For two reasons the text of these is not and ought not to be in the Irish volume: firstly, this latter was in the binder's hands before it occurred to me to add such an appendix; secondly, the impression of this English volume largely exceeds that of the other.

This has no claim to be a critical edition: where an editor is denied the opportunity of comparing different versions, such a thing is impossible; apart from which, the work could not be extended and retarded indefinitely. I hope just to see it occupy the rank which Orientalists agree in according to products of the native presses of Stamboul, Cairo, and Boulāq: that of a good and careful manuscript. Of set purpose or, as some would have it, of malice prepense, I have in the direction of uniformity tampered somewhat with the orthography (*and that alone*) of my sources, and have accentuated. In this the student beginning his Celtic studies will find his account, and thereby much space has been saved; details of the method will provisionally appear elsewhere. It may be well to add that it is not suitable to all texts, nor to all editors; in the case of these pieces and their editor it appeared to me to be legitimate.

By the way of bibliography it may be mentioned that VII, text

with German tr., was printed by Ernst Windisch[1] in 1884; VIII, another version, from the Book of Lecan, by Brian O'Looney[2] in 1870; XIII is printed in the Kilkenny Archæological Society's Journal (4th series, i p. 96) by J. O'Beirne-Crowe, whom also I knew: one whose great amount of real knowledge was marred by eccentric fancies in translation; a Highland tale having the same name as XX, but without other common element, appears in 'Fire-side Stories': D. Nutt, London, 1890; XXII and XXVIII are edited by Whitley Stokes in Revue Celtique[3] xiii; a portion of XXIX is comprised in John O'Donovan's 'Three Fragments,' edited in 1860 from a paper MS. written more than a century after Eg. 1782, a codex with which he does not appear to be familiar; with XXX compare LXXVII in Sir Frederick Madden's Early English versions of the Gesta Romanorum, from Add. 9066 (re-edited by Sidney J. H. Herrtage in 1879), p. 394: 'Of the penance of a Woman which had committed three Murders,' also Méon's Nouveau recueil de Fabliaux et Contes (Paris 1823), ii 256: 'de la Roine qui ocist son Senechal,' and le Grand's Fabliaux (Paris 1781) v 189. This hint I owe to Norman Moore. What with O'Curry's 'MS. Materials' and 'Manners and Customs,' d'Arbois de Jubainville's 'Essai d'un Catalogue,' and the R. I. A. facsimiles, the inquirer need not be at a loss respecting other MS. versions.

From those facsimiles it is that the pieces referred to LU, LL, LB and BB, are derived: the last of these is photographed; the first three, lithographed, are noble monuments of modern Irish penmanship, and deserved better than that the able and inoffensive man (last of a line of scribes) who executed them should

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[1] Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Leipsic, one of the few distinguished continental scholars in this department who act on the golden rule: 'sic utere tuo ut alienum non lædas.' With his usual kindness he sent me the 'separat-abdruck' of his paper read before the Royal Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften of Saxony, July 29th as above.

[2] In the Academy's Irish MSS. series, i pt. 1.

[3] On January 18th of this year, at which time my text and version of XXII were in printer's hands, I was offered the loan of this edition; I declined it however, and never saw it until October 1st (when I applied for it at the British Museum), nor have I altered a tittle of my own in consequence. The same applies to XXVIII, which I first saw on December 1st, long after mine was printed.

have had his last years embittered, if not his end hastened, by outrageous onslaughts of incompetent critics. I knew Joseph O'Longan well.

Higher up I spoke of tossing straws; but to me, the tosser, this has been the tossing of a caber as large as they make them. The body of the work, indices included, has been printed between April 4th, 1891, and November 11th, 1892; it was started with copy just sufficient to furnish 16 pp. each of text and translation. During that period therefore the entire text was copied for press: much of it and all the translation being written twice, a rough version first, then the revised, which I confess might with the advantage of time have been made much better than it is. Any that have experienced what it is, with difficult work and for a long spell to keep just ahead of an energetic printer, will understand me. At this rate of speed the Extracts were not only written and translated, but hunted up and discovered as well. Index C had to be omitted: it was made, and besides 'matters' contained many words and phrases which it seemed desirable to notice, and corrections not a few; but there was not room for it.

From first to last I have worked single-handed: in no respect have I received textual help whatsoever; and if so it be that 'tis more blessed to give than to receive, then native Irish scholars both past and present must be rated as blest indeed. Of the several volumes of Irish stories in English dress, without Irish, which one so often sees quoted, I have never even beheld one.

Serious obligations of another kind however I am under, and it is with much gratitude that I acknowledge them:—

The late Duke of Devonshire, with accustomed liberality, consented that for my purpose the Book of Lismore should temporarily be deposited in the British Museum, whither Lady Louisa Egerton was good enough herself to convey it, Edward J. L. Scott, Keeper of the MSS., having first kindly consented to take charge. In the same spirit this loan was continued to me by his Grace that now is.

To my countrymen and friends, Norman Moore above and J. J. Mac Sweeney, I am much beholden: to the former for unlimited use, as reader and as borrower, of his excellent Irish library; to the latter for the alacrity and accuracy of his answers

to queries anent classification and particulars of MSS. under his hand as Assistant-Librarian of the Royal Irish Academy.

Nor must I omit hearty tribute to the good-will and intelligent interest manifested by all concerned in the material production of this book: the Irish was printed as readily and as correctly as the English, and throughout there has not been a hitch.

This leads me to briefly account for non-use of Irish type: the reason is a business one simply; it was commercially impossible. The old character is the best for texts such as I have printed, in which aspirations abound; scientifically, it is not suitable for the oldest texts: for them italics are essential, and in Irish type[1] you have them not.

One regret I surely have, and it is a keen one: that Sidney Williams, head and founder of the house from which *Silva Gadelica* goes forth, is no longer here to see the completion of a venture so readily and kindly undertaken at my instance.

Let me finish by intimating, since I am often tantalised by having a kinsman's good work attributed to myself, that my trade mark (without which no goods are genuine) is either as on the title-page, or thus in full,

STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY.

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[1] Many inconsequent utterances there have been about the difficulties of its use, and the impossibility of attaining to accuracy; but what about setting up and correcting Arabic, Hebrew, Sanskrit, and mathematical work? I take it on myself to say that, were the demand by a miracle to become such as would warrant the purchase of an Irish fount, not a murmur would be heard in the office of Messrs. Green and Son.

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CONSPECTUS OF MSS.

(i) On Vellum.

BB (B. of Ballymote), XV., XXIV., XXV.
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LU (B. of the Dun), VII., XIII.
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Add. 18,205, II.
Eg. 91, III.
Eg. 92, Notes, p. 575.
Eg. 1781, VIII., XX.
Eg. 1782, VI., X., XI., XIV., XXIX.
K., Kilbride no. 3, Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, quoted in Extracts.
K.^{2}, „ no. 16, „ „ „ „ „

(ii) On Paper.

Eg. 112, I.
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SILVA GADELICA.

Life of S. Kieran of Saighir.

Beatissimus episcopus Ciaranus sanctorum Hiberniæ primogenitus i.e. bishop Kieran of *Saighir* was the first saint born in Ireland; and was of Leinster's eastern portion, which is called Ossory. In that time the Irish all were non-christians and gentiles. *Laighne* was his father's name and he was of the nobles of Ossory; his mother's name was *Liadain*, and she was of the southern part of Munster, being indeed [to be more precise] of the *Corca-laighde* by race.

Before she conceived Kieran in her womb his mother had a dream: as it were a star that fell into her mouth; which dream she related to the magicians and to the knowledgeable ones of the time, and they said to her: "thou wilt bear a son whose fame and whose virtues shall to the world's latter end be great [i.e. notorious]." Afterwards that holy son Kieran was born; and where he was [actually] brought forth and nursed was in *Corca-laighde*, on the island which is called *Cléire*. Verily God chose him in his mother's womb.

When Ireland then had [first and vaguely] heard Christ's name the disposition of Christian devotion had its first origin in Kieran; his parents and every other one marvelling at the extent to which all his deeds were virtuous. He was mild in his nature, and of converse sweet; his qualities were attended with prosperity, his counsel was instruction, and so with all else that appertained to a saintly man.

One day that he was in *Cléire* there it was that, he being at the time but a young child, he made a beginning of his miracles; for in the air right over him a kite came soaring and, swooping down before his face, lifted a little bird that sat upon her nest.

Compassion for the little bird took Kieran, and he deemed it an ill thing to see it in such plight; thereupon the kite turned back and in front of Kieran deposited the bird half dead, sore hurt; but Kieran bade it rise and be whole. The bird arose, and by God's favour went whole upon its nest again.

A score and ten years now before ever he was baptised Kieran spent in Ireland in sanctity and in perfection both of body and of soul, the Irish being as we have said gentiles. But the Holy Spirit being come to dwell in His servant, in Kieran, he for that length [of time] lived in devotion and in perfect ways; then he heard a report that the Christian piety was in Rome and, leaving Ireland, went thither, where he was instructed in the Catholic faith. For twenty years he was there: reading the Holy Scripture, collecting his books and learning the rule of the Church; so that when the Roman people saw our Kieran's wisdom and cunning, his devotion and his faith, he was ordained into the Church. Afterwards he reached Ireland again; but upon the way from Italy Patrick (primate of Ireland) had met him, and when they (God's people) saw each other they made much rejoicing and had great gladness. Now at that time Patrick was not a bishop, but was made one later on.

Celestinus it was that made a bishop of him and then sent him to preach to the Irish; for albeit before Patrick there were saints in Ireland, yet for him God reserved her magistracy and primacy until he came; nor till his advent did their kings or their lords believe by any other's means.

Said Patrick to Kieran: "precede me into Ireland; and in the marching of her northern with her southern part, in her central point, thou shalt find a well. At such well (the name of which is *uarán*) build thou a monastery; there shall thine honour abide for ever and thy resurrection be." Kieran answered and said: "impart to me the spot where the well is." Patrick said to him: "the Lord will be with thee: go thou but straight before thee; take to thee [first] my little bell, which until thou reach the well that we have mentioned shall be speechless; but when thou attainest to it the little bell will with a clear melodious voice speak out: so shalt thou know the well, and at the end of nine years and a score I will follow thee to that place."

They blessed and kissed each other, and Kieran went his way

to Ireland; but Patrick tarried in Italy. Kieran's bell was without uttering until he came to the place where was the well of which Patrick spoke: Uarán namely; for when Kieran was come into Ireland God guided him to that well, which when he had reached, straightway the little bell spoke with a bright clear voice: *barcán Ciaráin* 'tis called, and for a token is now in Kieran's parish and in his see; throughout the territories round about 'tis carried to be sworn upon [in covenants] between kings, for a sanction that they shall keep their troth. Moreover it is borne about to all peoples in general to procure for the successors to Kieran's monastery all that of which they may stand in need. Where it was made was with Germanus the bishop, Patrick's master, who also gave it to Patrick.

Touching that well of which we have spoken: the very spot in which it is is in the mearing betwixt two parts of Ireland, Munster being the southernmost part and .... the northern; howbeit in Munster actually the country is which men call Ely. In that place Kieran began to dwell as a hermit (for at that time it was all encircled with vast woods) and for a commencement went about to build a little cell of flimsy workmanship (there it was that [later] he founded a monastery and metropolis which all in general now call *Saighir Chiaráin*). When first Kieran came hither he sat him down under a tree's shade; but from the other side of the trunk rose a wild boar of great fury which, when he saw Kieran, fled and then turned again as a tame servitor to him, he being by God rendered gentle. Which boar was the first disciple and the first monk that Kieran had there; and moreover went to the wood to pull wattles and thatch with his teeth by way of helping on the cell (human being there was none at that time with Kieran, for it was alone and away from his disciples that he came on that eremiteship). And out of every airt in which they were of the wilderness irrational animals came to Kieran: a fox namely, a brock, a wolf, and a doe; which were tame to him, and as monks humbled themselves to his teaching and did all that he enjoined them.

But of a day that the fox (which was gross of appetite, crafty, and full of malice) came to Kieran's brogues he e'en stole them and, shunning the community, made for his own cave of old and there lusted to have devoured the brogues. Which thing being shewn

to Kieran he sent another monk of the monks of his familia (the brock to wit) to fetch the fox and to bring him to the same spot [where all were]. To the fox's earth the brock went accordingly, and caught him in very act to eat the brogues themselves (their lugs and thongs he had consumed already). The brock was instant on him that he should come with him to the monastery; at eventide they reached Kieran, and the brogues with them. Kieran said to the fox: "brother, wherefore hast thou done this thievery which was not becoming for a monk to perpetrate? seeing thou neededst not to have committed any such; for we have in common water that is void of all offence, meat too we have [of the same]. But and if thy nature constrained thee to deem it for thy benefit that thou shouldst eat flesh, out of the very bark that is on these trees round about thee God would have made such for thee." Of Kieran then the fox besought remission of his sins and that he would lay on him a penance; so it was done, nor till he had leave of Kieran did the fox eat meat; and from that time forth he was righteous as were all the rest.

Afterwards his own disciples came to Kieran, with many more; then he began to build a stately monastery, and henceforth those animals in their own condition abode still with Kieran, for they diverted him. Now grew the Christian faith in Ireland [insomuch that] before Patrick's advent thither there were three most saintly bishops: as *Ailbe* of *Imlech iubhair*, bishop Braus, with Declan in his land and country, in the Decies of Munster; while of his own country too, of Ossory, Kieran the holy turned many men to the Catholic faith.

It was after this that from Pope Celestinus the glorious Archbishop Patrick came into Ireland; from whom all that land was filled with the Christian faith and baptism.

To Kieran came once a young woman: he made of her a Christian and a veritable servant to God, and near to the monastery built for her a small but honourable cell; about her he assembled other saintly maidens, and of these was the most exquisite virgin whose name was *Bruinnech*: daughter of a noble lord of Munster. By Kieran's mother she was beloved dearly and zealously; she was under Liadain's special care, and profitable in all her ways. But when the chief of Hy-Fiachrach heard the fame of this girl's beauty that we have mentioned, with great

bands of kerne he came and carried her away forcibly; his name was *Díma*, and with him in his castle she was for a long time; indeed she slept by him, and he held her dear exceedingly. Kieran came to *Díma* to require the girl of him, but *Díma* consented not to dismiss her; he said further that by no means would he suffer her to depart from him unless that a stork's voice it were that on the morrow woke him (it was time of winter then and great snow was fallen; but on the spot where Kieran was with his disciples fell no whit of the same). On the morrow's morn then (although the thing were against nature) on every housetop that was in the precinct a stork uttered; which when *Díma* heard, speedily he sought Kieran, on his knees he fell before him, and let the young woman go. She was pregnant then, which was not good in Kieran's sight; therefore upon her body he signed the Holy Cross, and her burden vanished quite away; then he led her to her own cell which [now] is called *Cill Liadain.*

In love for the woman *Díma* was entangled hugely however, and repented him that he had dismissed her. He returned to carry her away again, but God wrought conformably to the will of three: of Kieran, of his mother, and of the woman's self; so that when he came to the town *Bruinnech* died. *Díma* took it ill, and said to Kieran: "wherefore hast thou slain my wedded wife that before me never knew a man, for as a lawful spouse I bound her to me? thy habitation therefore shall not be in this place, but I will expel thee out of it." Kieran answered: "not of thyself are the powers by which thou mightest do that or any other thing; but God it is that hath given thee faculty, as it were an earthly shadow, for so long as it may please Him. Therefore my place I will not leave for thee but, whether it like thee or like thee not, will still be in it." *Díma* when he heard it departed with great anger, and against Kieran uttered threats; but in revenge of his injustice distress of God fell on him, insomuch that when he came to his castle he found it and all as many buildings as surrounded it on fire. Now a favourite [little] son that he had was forgotten in the house and he asleep in *Díma's* bed; but his nurse, when she perceived that for man it was not possible to rescue him from the flames, cried with a loud voice: "beloved babe, I make thee over to Kieran of *Saighir*, and to his safeguard

do consign thee!" whereat the flames being fallen and the premises cooled down, the child was found whole as though but asleep. When *Díma* saw it he came where Kieran was (and the bishop called *Aedh* with him); from Kieran he accepted a sore penance and dedicated to him his two sons: Donough (the son that the Saint had himself saved from the fire) and another one, with their seed and posterity after them, [with] both monastery and revenue, and with burial place. Then to his own place *Díma* returned again, with joy and with Kieran's benediction. As for this latter it grieved him that his charge was so quickly gone from the world, and he knew that thenceforth *Díma* would no more do him violence; where the young woman's body was thither he went therefore, and in her behalf made prayers to God so that she rose from death and for a long time after that lived on.

Of another day the steward that Kieran had in order to the monastery's work [of construction] came to him saying: "we lack swine." Kieran made answer: "even as God giveth us every other thing so too will He furnish swine." Sure enough on the morrow there came to the workmen an exceeding great sow and along with her of little pigs a dozen, from which in the sequel proceeded many porkers.

Of Kieran upon yet another day the self-same man sought sheep. Kieran said: "the One that gave us swine will give us sheep;" and the steward being gone out saw on the green a score and eight white sheep that ate grass. Then he took them away, and of them came many sheep.

A certain man of power that was in that country:—and to Kieran he brought his dead son to be made alive again (*Laeghaire* was the boy's name). Kieran having prayed to his Lord, the lad rose up from death and lived long after; in gratitude for which that man bestowed on Kieran and on his representative for ever the land that is called *Ráth-feráin.*

It was after this that Patrick the Preacher came into Ireland, and to the king of Munster: to Angus son of *Nadfraech*, who believed in God and in Patrick; and Patrick baptised him.

In that time came one of the seed of *Duach*, of the country of Ossory, and of set purpose killed Patrick's horse; by the king's people he was seized and without delay set in fetters, that he might be put to death. Howbeit in his behalf his friends besought

Kieran, who came to the king and in lieu of the other gave him wealth of gold and of silver, so procuring [the prisoner] to be enlarged free to his own country. But Kieran being gone the treasure went to nothing, whereby anger took the king and he summoned Kieran. He enquired of him why for the culprit that he held he had given him empty riches (mock substance that is to say); Kieran answered and said: "all riches whatsoever, 'tis but of nought they come and into nought must go." Again anger took the king, and he threatened Kieran; but from God vengeance came on the king, for on the instant his sight was taken from him and in the presence of all that were present he fell to the earth. Then came *Carthach* (that was pupil to Kieran and related to the king) and besought Kieran for him; [in the end] by prayer of *Carthach* and of many more it came to pass that for the king Kieran relighted his eyes and he rose up whole (now to many it had seemed as though the king were dead, and it were his resurrection that Kieran had effected thus), and being risen conferred many alms on Kieran, and to God gave thanks.

Some good harpers that Angus the king had at that time:— they were melodious as they sang poems and played their harps. Of a day that they walked through Muskerry in the province of Munster, there they were slain by some that were enemies to them; their bodies were hidden in a loch adjoining to the open ground in which they were killed, and their harps were slung in a tree on the loch's shore. Now this [i.e. the harpers' absence] misliked Angus, and he took it ill that he knew not what was befallen them; but he was aware that Kieran was full of the Holy Spirit's virtue, and he came to him in order to learn that which had happened to the harpers: for (seeing that he had embraced the faith of Christ) he would not seek it of his magician. What Kieran said to him was: "thine harpers are slain privily, and their bodies hidden in a loch hard by the spot where they were killed; their harps moreover hang in a tree on the loch's shore." The king besought Kieran that he would go with him to the loch in order that he might find the bodies to have them raised; to the loch they went, and for three days Kieran fasted in order that it should be possible to raise the bodies: which three days' fast being accomplished the loch's water ebbed to an extent such that they were no longer hidden at all. They

were lifted and brought into the presence of Kieran, who made prayer to God so that before all men the dead rose as though they had but slept: their number was eight, and the length of time that they had been in the loch an entire month. Out of the tree they (as Kieran instructed them) took to them their harps, and in presence of the king, of Kieran, and of all the rest in general, played delicious melody: in which music was delightfulness such that great number of the multitude fell asleep to it; and glory was given to God and to Kieran (as for the loch in which they had been drowned, from that time forth water gathers not there; only that for a commemoration of that miracle it still is called *loch na gcruitiredh*, i.e. 'Loch of the Harpers'). Then Kieran, after the king's and the harpers' benediction had, returned to his own metropolis.

On yet another day as the king's (Angus's) steward walked through the land that is called *Múscraighe tíre* there came in his way a herd of swine, and he bade his people kill a hog of them; they killed and took it into the nearest wood to eat it. [Which while they did] certain that were their enemies happening on them slew the steward and a score of his people on the bank of the river that is called *Brosnach.* When Kieran was certified of this, by his pupil *Carthach* (that was brother to Angus the king, or it may be his grandson) and by others he was entreated that they might go fetch the bodies of that company, so that wild beasts should not devour them. They having reached the bodies then, Kieran saw that such number as he had with him sufficed not to carry them to the church; with a loud voice therefore he said: "in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ rise wretched people! come with me!" they rose straightway (the hog also with them), and a certain holy man that had *Eochaid* to his name, and was of that same country, returned to his house; but they that were raised up [and had not previously been holy men] were from that time pious monks with Kieran.

Yet another day Kieran walked, and in his way there was by chance a brake on which was great abundance of blackberries; and from his seer's quality he comprehended that [for some purpose] these would be needed yet. He provided them with a covering therefore, that the winter's cold should not touch them; and it was his intent that, though to a year's end they were there,

they should be none the worse, if not indeed all the better. It was after this that by a certain chief of his people (*Concraidh* king of Ossory: he was the chief in question) a feast was prepared for the king, for Angus; to consume which feast the king came, and his queen, and with them a great multitude, the season being then just after Easter. At this banquet the queen fell in love with *Concraidh* and (for he was comely of form exceedingly) besought him to respond to her; but *Concraidh* refused this thing. In order that after the king she might remain with *Concraidh* in the town the queen resorted now to a feigned sickness, and said that if she might have blackberries to eat she would be whole (for she never thought that at that season it were feasible to get blackberries). On account of the king, *Concraidh* for his part feared to have her in the town; he went therefore to where his own peculiar patron Kieran was, to whom he shewed each particular that we have mentioned (now every spot in Ossory belongs to Kieran's ecclesiastical jurisdiction). Kieran when he had heard the matter said: "blackberries she shall have," and so went to the brake upon which in the foregoing autumn he had left blackberries under cover; of which he brought back a vessel full and by *Concraidh* sent them to the queen. She ate them and was whole, for on the spot she cared no whit more for him; it was the taste of honey moreover that the queen and every one that ate them found in those blackberries. She perceived then that it was a miracle had been performed on her by Kieran, wherefore she came and humbled herself to him and craved forgiveness; Kieran gave her remission and his blessing too, but said: "from the death that is pronounced for thee I may not save thee: for in the one day thyself and Angus must find death in battle; but God will have mercy on you" (this was *Eithne Uathach* daughter of *Enna Cinnselach's* son *Crimthann*; Patrick foretold so much for them, and Kieran too on this occasion, and it was true: for by *Muirchertach mac Erca* and *Illann* son of *Dúnlang* king of Leinster, and by Conn's Half, Angus and that queen fell in the battle of *Cill-osnadh* on Moy-Fea of Offaley (*sic*); the day on which that battle was delivered being the eighth of the Ides of October, when the Lord's Age was thirteen years and fourscore and four hundred years. Patrick's demise in the same year).

Yet another day Patrick and Angus son of *Nadfraech* with a

great multitude came to *Saighir* (where Kieran was), and eight oxen were slaughtered for them besides other meat [provided]. Said some one or other to Kieran: "for yon so great multitude of people where is the profit in what meat is here?" Kieran answered: "He that in the wilderness did with a little bread and fish satisfy many thousands may well effect that to yonder numbers this small portion of meat shall be satiety." He blessed his own well, and turned it to wine; and of God's grace and Kieran's it came that, so long as ever all such throngs as were present there desired it, they had their sufficiency of meat and of wine.

Yet another time came the king of Tara with a strong force to take the men of Munster's pledges. Olioll king of Cashel would not submit to him, but made a great gathering to oppose him; and close to Kieran's metropolis they met. Kieran would fain have made peace between them; they would not have it [i.e. his mediation] of him, and from God he procured that which of proud human folk he had not gained: for in the face of Munster as they marched to the battle a mighty wood sprang up, while to bar Conn's Half the *Brosnach's* stream swelled over her banks so that not one dared take it. When they saw that miracle fear seized them: the king, seeing the current which formerly was passable for his hosts rise against them now, turned away from that stream and departed to his own country; and that night Munster lay in the vicinity of Kieran's metropolis. He sent to the king a beef and a pig ready cooked; with which meat the whole army was replete, and they left fragments. By these various miracles God's name and Kieran's were magnified.

Of another time great bands of marauders came out of other countries into the marches of Munster, to do pillage and to kill people; but a good man of Munster whose name was Lonan overtook them, and the outlaws turned to flight. When they saw that they might not by any means escape, they prayed Kieran to save them out of that extremity; and when Lonan and his people would have taken and killed them, a thunderbolt fell betwixt them and the robbers. Great fear took Lonan and his men, so that beyond that point they followed them not, but reverted to their own dwelling-place; and the bandits recognised that they were Kieran's miracles which had succoured them. They repaired to him therefore and told him their story; and

the course on which they resolved was to don religious habits, and thenceforth to serve God and Kieran; this was performed by them, and until they died they continued under Kieran's hand in good works and in piety.

Yet another day came a thief (whose name was *Cairbre*) of Leinster's province, and stole an extraordinary good cow that Kieran's monks had; but as he made for Slievebloom a mist and a darkness came down upon him so that the way was no longer patent to him, and he falling into a river was drowned. The cow turned and to Kieran and to the monks came back again.

Yet another day Kieran sent to his nurse, to *Cuinche*, a team of oxen (they having no man with them) to plough for her. Whenever the oxen were come to her she knew that it was Kieran had sent them to her to plough: now it was a long way between Kieran and *Cuinche's* monastery i.e. *Ros-bennachoir*, for this is in the sea's neighbourhood, in the eastern part of Ireland. Those oxen ploughed of themselves and (the time of ploughing ended) returned to Kieran, there being no one with them. It was Kieran's use upon every Christmas eve (after from his own hand administering communion to his familia in *Saighir*) to resort to his nurse's monastery, to *Ros-bennachoir*, and from his own hand again to give her too the communion of Christ's Body; on which same night then he would return to his own convent. And the manner after which we understand that it was God that did this is [by considering] how he wrought with Abacus in bringing him from India (his own country) to Chaldæa and back to India again in but a brief space of the day. S. *Cuinche's* great stone (on which she practised to pray to and to supplicate her Lord) stood on the sea's shore a space from the monastery: its name is *Carraig Chuinche* now, round about which the sea's waves would oftentimes come up. Kieran one day mounted upon this stone and it floated on the sea; then, when Kieran so willed it, came back to its place. Nor was this wonderful, for it is written: *mirabilis Deus in sanctis suis* (Ps. cxxxv.) i.e. "God is marvellous in his saints."

The pupil whom we have said that Kieran had, *Carthach* namely: he and a virgin of *Liadain's* familia fell immoderately in love with each other and conceived a contaminated intention of sinning; they appointed a place of meeting where they should

be at their ease to court, and attended the same; but when they would have embraced, a thunderbolt fell between them so that hardly they escaped unconsumed. Great fear took them, and for the magnitude of their terror they uttered not a single word; they returned back [from their assignation] but the virgin was stricken blind, and till the time of her death was so: nor was it an inequitable judgment that the woman who had blinded her mind even to [the pitch of committing] sin should have her eyes blinded of corporal [i.e. physical] light. *Carthach* for his part submitted to the penance imposed on him, and went on a pilgrimage. Whence also Kieran's sanctity is manifest; for God would not that those two virgins should sin that were in the saint's keeping, seeing that in safeguarding of his flock he was a most zealous pastor.

To Kieran came two that were brethren to each other (*Odhran* and *Medhran* their names were, of *Múscraighe-thíre* and of the town called *Letrach*): and when these reached *Saighir* the one man (it was *Medhran*) longed to abide with Kieran; but *Odhran* said: "not thus thou promisedst, my brother," and told Kieran not to keep back his brother from him. Kieran answered: "God shall judge betwixt us whose he shall be: in his hand let him take this taper, let him blow on it with his breath, and if the taper kindle let him remain with me; if it light not, let him go with thee." The taper was given him in his hand, he blew on it with his breath, and straightway it lighted; therefore in great sanctity and in good works *Medhran* till his death's day abode with Kieran. To *Odhran* Kieran said: "I tell thee, *Odhran*, that though thou range the whole world, yet 'tis in thine own town, in *Letrach*, thou shalt die; return therefore and in that same pass thy time, for 'tis from thee that it shall have its name for ever." Through Kieran's words *Odhran* returned to his own town, where he made an honourable monastery; his virtues and his sanctity were great, and after performance of miracles in number (as is read in his own life) he went to Heaven. Thus then Kieran's words were verified, for *Letrach Odhrain* it is which serves that place for a name.

A woman called *Etill* walked one day and chanced to be thrown down, so that her bones were broken and she died; at three days' end Kieran brought her to life again and she con-

ceded to him the land on which she had the fall: *léim Etille* [i.e. 'Etill's Leap'] is its name. Moreover she gave thanks to God and to Kieran.

A retainer of the king's people, *Cennfaela* by name: he slew Cronan that was a friend to Kieran; the saint revived him (and at the seventh day's end it was he did it) in the name of Christ. He then [Cronan] being in the presence of all the rest whole again, Kieran said: "he that killed thee (*Cennfaela* namely) shall be slain, and in the castle which is called Rath . . . of Ely (?) his body shall be burned."

Yet another day the king of Munster (Olioll) addressed Kieran with surly words, and departed from him in great wrath; but it was no long time before the king was stricken dumb, so that for eight days he was speechless. He came to Kieran and prostrated himself before him; he accused himself of his unlawful deeds [which he had committed] and craved forgiveness; and Kieran, when he perceived that the king felt true penitence, blessed his tongue so that at once and with plain clear utterance he spoke, then, after Kieran's blessing received, went away whole to his house and magnified God's name and the saint's.

One night Kieran and a pilgrim named Germanus that was with him entered into a stream of cold water, in which when they had now been for a long time Germanus said: "Kieran, I may no longer hold out in the water." Kieran made the sign of the Holy Cross upon the water, whereby he turned it to be temperate and of bathing heat; and there they were praising God

Kieran said: "to-morrow, Germanus, a beloved guest will come to us: *Carthach* namely, the king of Munster's son and mine own pupil, whom for a sin that he lusted to commit [and] had not God and I hindered him [would have committed] I sent on a pilgrimage: [I hindered him I say] for I would not that he should have ruined [or 'thrown away'] all his hitherto devotion and his labour. He having obtained remission of his sins, and being cleansed of his fault, returns even now; thou therefore take of this fish that surrounds thee, so that it shall be ready against my beloved son." As Kieran had bidden him, so Germanus caught a great fish; and on the morrow (as also Kieran had said) *Carthach* came.

Yet another time: by a certain king named *Furbaidhe* Kieran

of Clonmacnoise was taken and set in bonds: the cause being that of the king's treasure, which was in Kieran's custody, the saint (for he was full of pity) bestowed great portion on the poor of God. Where Kieran was [in prison] thither the king came one day, and through jocoseness said: "if I got four bald cows, red-bodied, with white heads on them, I would enlarge thee." He answered: "God is able for that same; but let me out to seek them, and if I find them not I will myself return again to be at thy disposal." His bonds were loosened then and he came to *Saighir*, where the other Kieran was, to whom he told this matter; at which time both the Brendans were with Kieran, and to them all it was a gladdening that Kieran of *Cluain* was come. Said the other Kieran to his man of trust: "what shall these saints have to eat to-night?" the man of trust rejoined that, saving flesh alone, he had no meat. Kieran said: "with speed make ready that thou hast." The flesh then being boiled, Kieran blessed it and in the others' presence changed it at his discretion to oil, to fish, to pottage, and to various meats; while by God's grace it came to pass that for the meal of those saints whom we have mentioned all the vessels of the house were filled up with fine wine. There was within there a monk (*mac Congair* he was) to whom it was distasteful to eat meat with the saints, and he said that he would not use the meats that were made out of the flesh. Kieran pronounced: "thou shalt e'en eat flesh in Lent, and on the day in which thou shalt eat it thine enemies shall slay thee; thy head also shall be taken from thee, and thou shalt not possess the kingdom of God; and thy life thou shalt spend disastrously, for thy monk's habit thou shalt lay aside." Now Kieran's words came true, for close to *Saighir* of Kieran he was killed.

Then those four saints (two Kierans and two Brendans) made an alliance between themselves and between their successors after them. Kieran of *Cluain*, after leave taken of those other saints and their blessings had, turned to go his way, lacking all knowledge where were the kine which the king demanded of him. Kieran of *Saighir* came a piece of the way with him to convey him, and either gave the other farewell benediction. Said Kieran of *Cluain*: "by my blessing's efficacity be there for ever in thy town riches, and much treasure, and cattle;" Kieran of *Saighir* said: "by virtue of my blessing be there in thy place for ever

wealth both of wisdom and of piety." When then they were come to the ford that is called *Ath-salach*, upon the river's bank they got four bald and white-headed cows. Kieran of *Cluain* said: "seest thou how God hath given us the cows which the king required of us?" They parted from each other then, having first rendered thanks and praise to God, and having in token of peace and of grace given and received blessing and osculations; Kieran the elder returned back to *Saighir*, and the other Kieran went to *Cluain*. He sent the kine to the king, who marvelled how it could be that cows such as they had been found; but Kieran being now discharged of his promise they vanished away to nothing, so that from that time to this no account whatsoever of them has been had. Whereupon the king was aware that that which he had done to Kieran was unrighteous.

In the monastery of Clonmacnoise was a child whose name was *Crithid*: that in good works was no more than a fool; but in bad works of maliciousness, right noxious. He came to *Saighir* and for a while was there with Kieran the elder, who had enjoined that till a year's end a certain holy fire which at the previous Eastertide he had consecrated must not be quenched within the monastery, but be nourished and safeguarded there; yet at the Devil's instigation the child of whom we spoke came, and of set purpose quenched the fire. Kieran said: "know ye that the accursed child whom men call *Crithid* of *Cluain* hath quenched the sacred fire that we had? vengeance shall come on him for this, and he will die to-morrow." Which also was verified: for on the morrow the wolves killed him on the lands abroad, and there he was left [uneaten]. Kieran said: "up to Easter shall be no fire in the church unless God put it there." But Kieran of *Cluain* heard that the child was perished so, and speedily he came to *Saighir* where he was received with much honour. The monastery wanted all fire however; for it was from the aforesaid holy flame that every night they kindled others there, and Kieran had pronounced that (unless God sent such from Heaven) there should not until Eastertime be fire in it. But to the town on that day came [as we have said] guests: Kieran of *Cluain* and his company, who were much oppressed with cold, for it was snowy weather then. Kieran the elder went out and with vehement prayer stretched forth his hand to God; into his breast fell then

a fiery mass, round about which he wrapped his mantle's skirt and took it into the house where the guests were. Who being now warmed, supper was made ready for them; but when they were set to eat it Kieran of *Cluain* declared that till he should have restitution of the child he would not eat meat. Kieran the elder said: "we know that such is thy journey's purpose, and God will grant us that he come back alive to us; eat thy meat then, for that child is on his way to us." Even as Kieran said the word the child came, whom when they saw they rendered thanks to God and to his sanctity. They ate their meal; and Kieran of *Cluain*, having received Kieran the elder's blessing, departed taking his child with him.

Yet another day: one of Kieran's own brethren came and unguardedly, not of purpose, quenched the fire again; he did penance and had absolution. That same day *Ruadhan* of *Lothra* came to the town on a visit to Kieran, and in the monastery was no fire for the period of the guests' stay. Kieran went therefore to a great stone that was near him and blessed it; forthwith the stone took fire, and in that condition he carried it to the house in which the guests were. Which when *Ruadhan* with his disciples saw, to God and to Kieran they gave glory and laudation.

The brother whom we mentioned, *Báithín*: he spilt a vessel of milk that he had carrying it; but Kieran made the sign of the cross on the utensil and it was full again. Fear before their master, before Kieran, fell on the brother that had spilt the milk and on some others of the brethren; after which many were confirmed in the faith and in good works.

Kieran prayed to his Lord one day: an angel came and shewed him that the season of his death was [comprised] within but a short space. In the angel's presence he craved of God petitions three, and these he had of the angel even as he desired them, for they had been promised to him by God: the first petition of them was that, whosoever should be buried in his metropolis, in his burial-ground, the gates of Hell should not be shut on him after the Judgment-day; the second petition was that, whosoever should shew honour to his day, lack of the world's wealth should not afflict him, and that on the yonderside he should have Heaven; the third petition was that the tribe of which he was and to which he was patron, they of Ossory namely, never should by any extern

tribe such as might come unlawfully to take their country be worsted in battle, neither themselves go to make unjust conquest in any other land.

This holy one of whom we have spoken, Kieran of Saighir: in every place he was full of humility, and to his death's date loved to hear, to read, and to learn [i.e. study] the Scripture. It is related too that he (with the saints of Ireland his contemporaries) was with Finnian of Clonirard, and entered that school at an advanced age, where he attained to great theology; so that on him (as on the others) was bestowed the designation of 'Finnian's pupil.' He being now grown ancient, being of great wisdom also, instructed perfectly (as we have said), and an honourable bishop, nevertheless (for love of humility and of knowledge) was contented to learn still, while from him [at the same time] others derived instruction. Moreover, from his 'young age' [i.e. from childhood] Kieran never drank aught by which he might be drunken, never wrapped himself in downy or in soft raiment, never partook of a banquet, never slept his fill, nor for love of carousing and of good company rushed off anywhither. And his own tribe, the tribe of Ossory (forby many other men) he converted to the faith. Many times he was visited by angels; he ordained great number of bishops, of priests, and of other orders of the Church. The angel instructed him also of a venerable well by which much various disease and infirmity is healed: its name is *tobar Ciárain* [i.e. 'Tubberkieran' or 'Kieran's Well'].

Thirty years Kieran passed in zealous service to God before his baptism. Then when by age and by sickness he was now become infirm, the days of his death drew near to him; and out of every quarter where they were he summoned to him his people and his parishioners, and blessed them. He enjoined on them to keep God's commandments, and on the third of the nones of March he, being surrounded by choirs of saints, with Christ's peace received the sacraments of the Church. He dismissed his spirit and, by God's leave, in the one night with him a score and ten bishops that he had himself ordained went likewise to the Kingdom of God.

Here is an end of the Life of Kieran: written by Maurice O'Conor, ship-carpenter, in Cork.

Life of S. Molasius of Devenish.

It was a certain noble, admirable, and laudable sage of free-men's race—a pre-eminent member of Heber the Fair's royal line and of the ancient *Eoganacht* of Cashel—that once upon a time spent his flesh in honour of the one God Almighty, serving Him:

The great and miraculous Molasius son of
Nadfraech son of
Barr son of
Corbrann son of
Tuaislén
Degha
Aedh the Fair
Eochaid
Lughaid
Angus sl. A.D. 489
Nadfraech
Corc of Cashel fl. 438
Lughaid
Olioll Rubriculus
Fiacha Broad-crown
Eogan Mór sl. 195
Oiloll Oluim d. 234
Moghnuadhat fl. 123
Moghnéid
Derg
Derg
Duach Donn sl. A.M. 5041
Cairbre Broad-eye
Lughaid of Luaighne sl. 5016
Innatmar sl. 4990
Nia-segaman sl. 4887
Adamar Smooth-hair sl. 4787
Ferchorb sl. 4737
Moghcorb sl. 4701
Cobthach the Slight
Rechtadh Red-wrist sl. 4566
Lughaid of Laighde sl. 4469
Eochaid sl. 4422
Olioll the Fair sl. 4415
Art of Emly sl. 4394
Lughaid Redhand sl. 4365
Eochaid Uairches sl. 4356
Anradach
Enna the Red d. 4319
Duach the Fair sl. 4306
Senna Inarrach sl. 4290
Bresrígh sl. 4247
Art of Emly sl. 4192
Felim sl. 4177
Rothechtadh d. 4176
Ruann of the royal slaughter
Failbhe . . . (?)
Cas Cétaichne
Failldergdóid sl. 3882
Muinemon sl. 3872
Cas Clothach
Irará
. . . .
Arus (?)
Glas
Nuada Deglaech (?)
Eochaid Bright-edge sl. 3727
Conmael sl. 3579
Heber the Fair sl. 3501
Milesius of Spain
Bile
Breogan
Bruta
Detha
Erchadh
Allaid
Nuada
Nenuall
Heber-Scot [a quo 'the Scoti']
Srú
Esrú
Gaedhel Glas [a quo 'the Gael']
Niul
Fenius Farsa
Ruath
Magog
Japhet
Lamech
Noah
Mathusalem
Enoch
Jared
Malaleel
Cainan
Enos son of
Seth son of
Adam son of
THE LIVING GOD

Monoa daughter of *Midhlogh* of the *Corcaraighe* was this

Molasius' mother; and as for her, by computation of her genealogy her 'incarnation' [i.e. birth] was a noble one: for it was the illustrious *Feidhlim Rechtmar*, son of *Tuathal Techtmar* and monarch of Ireland, that very precisely was her grandfather and (as all allowed) head of her tribe. Which two limpid pedigrees (extant still for constant recitation) set plainly forth how the arch-saint's ingredients were ordered nobly in Ireland, [emanating as they did] from her two prime seats of precedence: from Cashel namely and from fair Tara, as the poet declaring him said:—

Noble is Molasius the miraculous . . .

Thirty years before whose birth moreover, Patrick the excellent, of the melodious paternosters, when he the Primate came to *Benn-osna* once, foretold that ruddy lightning-flame of Europe's westernmost part: Molasius son of *Nadfraech*; so that in verification of the *Tailchenn's* prophecy the poet said:—

Hail to the guest of virtues many . . .

Now in the night Molasius' mother saw a dream: that she got seven fragrant apples, and the last apple of them that she took into her hand her grasp could not contain it for its size; gold (as it seemed to her) was not lovelier than the apple. This dream she told to her husband, and the man said: "truly I understand it: thou shalt bear an offspring, excellent and famous, with which the mouths of all Ireland shall be filled, and it shall distance its coevals."

At all events the time came when Molasius' mother must bring forth, and her pains took her. A magician said to her: "if thou delay thy birth so that thou bear it not till the sun rise to-morrow, then shall that good birth which thou shalt have, woman, be illustrious and for a great dignity, and miraculous, righteous, very noble, and be an offspring profitable for the salvation of the world's most western portion;" and he said:—

If to-morrow thou shalt bear a son . . .

The Very God retained the birth in *Monoa's* womb, so that, just when the sun was risen on the morrow, she brought forth . . . . upon a certain flagstone; and it was taken to bishop *Eocho*, baptized and blessed: who also conferred first orders on him afterwards, as one said:—

Bishop Eocho the angelic . . .

And indeed it was clear that the Holy Spirit's favour accompanied Molasius, for at the end of a month after his birth he spoke and praised the Lord; fulfilling [the words of] the Psalmist, as one said :—

Even as the psalm says: *ex ore infantium* . . .

He swallowed not . . . meat, nor meat that was impure, nor any kind of theft; and when they would feed him against his grain he used straightway to throw it up. One thing in especial: every degree of increment that took place in Molasius' flesh occurred in his humility also and in his excellence, in his . . . and in his purity, even as Christ hath said :—

He that shall exalt himself . . .

Thus then Molasius entered upon his studies: so that he became wise, knowledgeable in a high degree, and was head-monk in miracles; nor had aught that was his own peculiar, but, whatsoever he got, that he used to bestow on God's poor and needy for love of his Maker and Creator, and for an exemplifying of the Psalmist when he says: *dispersit dedit pauperibus* :—

For God's sake he gave to the poor . . .

Another one of Molasius' wonders: once when a monk of his monks had mixed meal and water and kneaded a cake, but had not fire and made his plaint to Molasius therefore, the saint said to the monk: "bring me hither two coals;" whereupon the coals were brought to him, and he applied his breath to them so that they kindled like torches. Wonderful that was in the monks' sight and, wonderful though it were, rejoiced them [i.e. they had joy without fear]. "Dear sons," Molasius said, "the thing which is hard to men is easy to God:" as one said :—

If loyally and dutifully thou believe . . .

Now Molasius the miraculous with his monks was for the forty days of Lent without consuming bite or sup, or any meat in the world but fruits of trees and earth's plants and herbs; while yet another Lent he with his monks was for forty days without any kind of meat whatsoever, saving the cellarer's hand full of barley grain to each monk from the one midday to the other: as one said :—

One Lent Molasius and his monks were . . .

It was once when two lepers on a quest for entertainment came to Molasius at a season when he had no meat to shew: he sum-

moned his cellarer and said to him : "give to yon men their sufficiency of meat and drink." The cellarer answered : "I have no food little or much." "Go into the kitchen," said Molasius to the cellarer, "and in it thou shalt find two cakes with their accompaniment of butter, and two chunks of fish, and two vessels full of milk." The cellarer proceeded and found as the saint had said, whereupon he gave the poor their fill : as one said :—

Once on a time Molasius whose delight was not in folly . . .

Another time : and all Ireland lay under grief of death and dissolution, they being tormented for that the [plague called] *buidhe chonnail* had now made great slaughter of Ireland's best men (in which [lit. 'where'] perished Dermot and *Bláthmac* joint kings of Ireland, and S. *Féichín* of Fore, S. *Ailerán* the Wise, and of Ireland's nobles a great portion) to such pitch that they which died there transcended all count and comparison, all reason and recollection. According to some it was half and one over of the men of Ireland ; others again asserting that it was two-thirds of them that expired. The men of Erin took counsel therefore how that sickness might be turned from them ; and what they all proposed was to make a day's and a night's fast to God and to Molasius for their succour and relief : as the poet said :—

A three days' fast of zealous abstinence . . .

Howbeit the men of Erin fast to Molasius, and Molasius fasts to his God, so that they had succour and relief from that sickness ; and then it was that to Molasius they assigned [a rate of] one *screpall* out of every house, if only there were in it three of a family ; from every chief of a cantred a 'cow of three hands ;' a riding horse from every provincial king, and from the king of Ireland a horse with his caparison of battle ; the whole to be honourably discharged to Molasius and to his community after him for ever at Lammastide ; as the poet said :—

A lamentable plague of hideous sickness . . .

After which it was that Declan's sons came to seek Molasius, and he bade them write the Evangile for him. They wrote all the gospels within the space of two days and one night ; in which night light failed them not, but was as [it is during] every day. By this wonder Molasius' miracle-power was lauded much.

He, having about him a hood of badger's skins (whence the *brocainech* is named : a good one of Molasius' relics) and in his

hands a small strip of [the same] leather, went to Hell for the purpose of calling up a certain jester, *Manann* the leper to wit; whereby for Molasius God brought the same out of Hell along with fifty that were his namesakes: as the poet said:—

Thrice fifty Mananns did Molasius bring . . .

Of another day Molasius was stark naked bathing himself in water (nor though there were ice on it would that hinder him; and when he was thus none durst look on him, for there was but his skin cleaving to his bones: seeing that of meat he used for a whole week but barely so much as to another one would have been a single dinner); a monk of his monks came to look for him, and that was not pleasing to Molasius, who said to him: "do not the like again, but for the deed which thou hast done do penance." "I will, according to thy pleasure," the monk said. "Come into this water then," said Molasius. The monk replied: "truly I will;" but not long he was in it when he said to Molasius: "for the greatness of its virulence and of its cold I may not endure the water." "If that be what thou sayest, come into this other water;" whereupon the monk entered that water. Short a time as he was in it he found its excessive heat to be such that he said: "help me, lord, for I may not support these griefs; and patent to me it is that God's grace bears thee company, neither will we do aught that thou mayest prohibit." Molasius blessed the water then so that it was temperate: between cold and heat. Certain it is indeed that for Molasius the elements were temperate according to his will, and conformably to his intention were obedient: as the poet said:—

God's elements and O the elements of God . . .

One night that Molasius with his monks ate their supper they saw the house roof afire, with its flames bursting from it, and the monks thought to abandon the house for fear of their being burnt. "By no means," quoth Molasius, "but bow ye your heads, and bend your knees and be prepared for death, and leave the matter betwixt me and the fire; neither let one of you look up." The monks did so; nor was it long they had been there when the roof-tree of the house fell on the ground in front of them, and the fire did them no harm but that. "Understand, brethren beloved," said Molasius, "that your endurance is manifest to God,

and that ye are chosen sons of God. Rise now, for God hath saved us from the fire:" as one said:—

When Molasius with his monks was . . .

Another time when Molasius was in the house of a good king of the kings of Ireland, it chanced that fire caught in the house so that it was not possible to save it. Molasius blessed the house and extended his arms for the *croisfighill*, and the fire burned but three wattles in the house (the name of which place to-day is *druim clethchoir*) and the king offered it to God and to Molasius for ever, after himself.

Molasius was one day and a synod of clergy came in his way: these had a good 'book of ways' [i.e. itinerary] out of which he would fain have copied somewhat; but he had not a pen, neither had the company. Molasius however spied a flock of birds that hovered over him, and he stretched forth his hand to them; whereby from them to him there fell a quill, so that then he wrote the book: as one said:—

The bird bestowed his quill . . .

Once when Molasius, and certain of his clerics with him, journeyed in the land of Carbery, he saw a woman milking, of whom he craved a drink for his attendant, and the woman said: "not to the lad only will I give the milk, but to you all." "That is better still," said Molasius. "Well then, my lord," the woman went on, "hitherto I am a barren woman; but do thou relieve me, and make intercession for me that it fall to my share to have issue." "If so," Molasius said, "call to us thy husband; let him take my cup to the well and bring back to us its fill of water in it." Then the water was given into Molasius' hand, he blessed and consecrated it, and passed it to the woman to drink: "woman," he said, "have it for a thing assured that henceforth thou shalt be pregnant, and shalt bear a son: good, miraculous, saintly, wonder-working, righteous; to him it is that God the Creator and all Ireland's saints will give honour very great, and perfect privilege: whose first name shall be *mac na cretra*, from the sanctifying and consecration which I imparted to the water; but for us it is 'the very noble bishop Finnacha' that shall be his permanent designation; him I hail before his advent and make welcome:" and he pronounced these words:—

A welcome I utter for [the subject of] a truthful vision . . .

Then Molasius blessed bishop Finnacha in his mother's womb, and what he said was: "Ireland's saints and the Creator of all creatures shall bestow on him exceeding great honour and privilege, and the right of sanctuary, and he himself shall be the fifth high saint [that shall have been] in his place: protecting it, giving effect to every supplication that shall be addressed to him, avenging the violation of it, and requiting every ill thing and injustice that shall be done to it. Shortness of life, and Hell, be to them that spoil it; Heaven to his successor, but that his privileges he curtail not, neither diminish his dues:" as one said:—

'Tis a birth of virtue that is in thy womb, woman . . .

Howbeit Molasius became famous, and (his age being now advanced; his faith and devotion, his wisdom and guidance also being notorious) like every other apostle besides he went to *Finnian* of Clonirard and read [i.e. studied] the Gospel there; after which the apostles said to *Finnian* that he should come with each man of them [in turn] to his church to consecrate it. *Finnian* cared not to do this (for he was an old man), but said: "I will go with the saint, whosoe'er he be of you that my dun cow shall follow." Thereupon the saints break up, the dun cow follows Molasius and *Nindidh*, and *Finnian* with his twelve apostles follows these to Devenish, where for a year they were with Molasius:—

Twelve saints that yonder were ordained . . .

He that at this time was chief over that land was Red Conall son of *Daimhín*, to whom his wizard said: "unless thou go to Molasius to Devenish, and unless this night thou quench his fire, he it is that shall be lord over this domain and over the [whole] loch in which it is; and his successor after him it is that in voice, in power and in privilege, shall preponderate." Then for Red Conall his horses were harnessed, and he took his way to Devenish, lashing them hard until he attained to the place that has the appellation of *omna gabtha* [i.e. 'the sticking oak'] for there [hard by an oak-tree] the horses' feet were held fast so that they could not stir a step [lit. 'so that they had not a step']; but to the king and to his people this was a wonderment, a marvel, and moreover most displeasing to them. Said a young man of his people to the king: "let turn the horses' heads eastwards and,

if straightway they start, then is Molasius a man of God." The horses' heads were turned to the east and they went at once.

As for Red Conall: the horses he let be, and made his way on foot; the wicker boat that he had he launched upon *linn an tairbh* [i.e. 'the bull's pool'] with, in the bottom of it, a bull all cooked [lit. 'sodden'], but the bull leaped into the loch and the boat was swamped. Further: two white horses that the king had, with crimson manes and tails on them, they died out of hand. Then fear took Red Conall, and by him an embassage was sent to Molasius in order that he should raise the horses up from death. Molasius came, brought the horses to life again, and that pleased the king well. Molasius said: "make we now a bargain: I of my Lord's part will to thyself, and to thy son after thee, grant this region; and leave thou me this spot of land upon which I am." Quoth the king: "I thank thee not for that: mine own land, and my father's and my grandfather's before me!" "If that be what thou sayest," Molasius answered, "may neither thy son, nor yet man of thy seed for ever, have the dominion of this land." Molasius turned his back on him, and on the instant the king's eyes [i.e. sight] were taken from him.

To continue the king's story: it was people he had leading him, to shew him the way, till he gained his house. Thereupon in all haste he had a great feast made, which he sent as a present to Molasius, and with it conveyed the land to him; then besides settled on him all its dues for ever. "On my Lord's behalf," Molasius said, "I restore to thee thine eyes whole and, so long as thou livest, neither thine own fortune nor thy rule shall be opposed; but certain it is that by no one of thy posterity shall the rule ever be assumed:" as one said:—

A stubborn war unjust arose . . .

It was once upon a time that the apostles came to *inis cométa*: and they were for a night without fire, so that they sent a little boy that they had with them to *Edardhruim* to fetch fire; and he brought away two live coals, but on the return was drowned: himself and both his coals. The little boy was searched for then and brought up with the black coals in his hand. In virtue of his Lord's power Molasius summoned him back to life, and his soul entered into him then; and to the black wet coals the saint applied his breath, so that they blazed like a torch. God's and

Molasius' names were magnified hereby, and one uttered a lay :—

Ireland's apostles came . . .

Yet another time that Molasius was in Devenish and no meat by him : and there came a number of [self-invited] guests to visit him (for he was the general repair of sick, and of such as sought entertainment, and of the extern ; he was moreover a resort of poor and of naked, of orphans and of such as were in distressful straits ; every one too that from none other in Ireland could find help, and all such for whom work was not suitable, nor deference forthcoming, nor kindly care, used at the last to come to Molasius that he should help them against cold and famine, against thirst and hunger). But at all events, what Molasius on that occasion did with his guests and poor was this : he caused bring to him all that in Devenish there were of decayed and black old pots ; these he broke up, made into portions, and gave to all as though he had served out bread ; and then, whatsoever kind of meat any one of them fancied individually, the same was produced from his fragment of the pots ; while, to each one that so desired, it turned to raiment as well, according to their mind and inclination : as one said :—

Devenish the isle of oxen . . .

It was once upon a time that Molasius went to Moycarne when the king, when *Aedh*, had a great feast on : Molasius sent his lad, and his pitcher with him, to request ale and meat ; but he was denied and, coming back to where Molasius was, told him. "Why then," quoth the saint, "let the feast, both ale and meat, vanish into nothing."

For the king's part, his ale was turned to brine and his meat to foulness. The king came and asked what had ruined the banquet ; "that is soon told," the house-steward answered ; "Molasius' lad came hither, and in the matter of liquor and of meat I denied him." "An evil deed thou hast done," the king said ; "this spot [I dedicate] to him [the saint] in lieu of the denial that thou gavest him, and let it serve him for ever." Molasius was conducted to them then ; the king made genuflection to him, and offered him up the land. Molasius blessed it and the banquet with its meats, and renovated these so that in the sequel they constituted a feast befitting the king and Molasius himself : as the poet said :—

Moycarne the resort of hundreds . . .

After all these miracles which Molasius had performed throughout Ireland, the resolve that he took was to go to Rome: to the intent that there he should write his life, and should bring back to Ireland somewhat of her soil and of her relics. The way he took was by Ferns of S. *Maedóg;* and forthwith this was revealed to *Maedóg*, who uttered a lay:—

To-night a company repairs to us . . .

Hard upon this Molasius reached Ferns; *Maedóg* goes to meet him, gives him welcome, and afterwards according to his wish and to his inclination ministers to him with meat and drink, with bed, and with all privacy of conversation; and so those two high saints agreed that, either of them in secret craving any boon, the prayers of both respectively should take the one direction: that any whom Molasius might bless should be blessed of *Maedóg* also; and that any whom Molasius might curse should be cursed of *Maedóg* likewise, *et e contrario.* All behests whatsoever that one saint of them should promulgate, both of them to co-operate to their fulfilment. Molasius said too: "pray with me that this journey on which I go be a profit to the Church in general, and to Ireland universally." Between them then they uttered a little lay there:—

Thy prayer, O gentle *Maedóg*, I entreat . . .

Then Molasius, journeying Romeward, crossed the sea and came to Tours of S. Martin. The church of Martin's precinct he found shut, with a single warder appointed by God and by S. Martin to watch it. Molasius asked to have it opened before him: "by no means will I open," said the warder; "but if they deem it expedient let God and Martin open before thee." Whereupon the seven locks that were on the door opened alone before Molasius, and the door's valve receded so that the entrance was thrown wide. There Molasius said Mass then, to God and to S. Martin; which done, he took the way to Rome.

As they [i.e. he and other pilgrims] were of a night, when Molasius supped, they saw a snake approach him. Fear and horror seized them all before it, but Molasius calls it to him and crumbles some of the bread for it; which it ate, and then licked his hand nor did him any harm.

It was yet another day that Molasius travelled through the eastern world: and he came upon masons that did their work.

Molasius halted to find fault with them, for the way in which the task was done pleased him not. The masons made at Molasius, and laid hands on him violently: that was evil in God's sight, therefore He turned the masons back, and their hands and feet refused their office (for their feet clove to the ground and their tongues [i.e. speech] departed from them); till [at last] Molasius took compassion on them and restored them to their mind and senses in order that they should believe, and believe they did then, vehemently, in God and in Molasius; and the grace of God came on them: as one said:—

[*scribe omits this poem.*]

Howbeit, in the gloaming of the eventide Molasius reached Rome, and the city was shut before him [i.e. he found it shut]; he asked to have it opened, but the gatekeeper opened not for him, and thrice Molasius struck the hand-log upon the city's gate. Then throughout the city a great din and a booming roar occurred: such that huge fear took them of Rome thereat, and they said that it was the Judgment there. Rome's great gate opened, and in the city every single thing on which was lock or any fastening (whether internal or exterior) opened of itself. The gate being opened before him thus, Molasius entered into Rome and there abode that night.

On the morrow however all the populace of Rome gathered together to one place, where the Pope of Rome was; and the Pope enquired of them all in one spot [saying]: "know ye what was the great noise that occurred in Rome, at which fear seized on all in general?" The gatekeeper came and said: "last night at even, when the gates were closed, there came a tall and pale-faced cleric of the Gael and sought to have them opened. I opened not, but, though I did not so, yet God opened before him." The Abbot of Rome said: "bring us that Irish cleric." Then Molasius was conducted to him, and was made welcome, and bidden to say Mass in presence of the Pope and of Rome's people all. They forgot nothing in the way of belittling Molasius, of deceiving him, and of testing him: he went with them to S. Peter's high altar in Rome; the altar was dressed then for Molasius' use, but no missal was given him at all, nor cruet, nor any bell. Molasius put on the vestments now, but said that in absence of those three things the altar was not adequate to the celebration of

Mass thereat. The Romans said: "let the God that gives thee everything provide thee with the three things also which thou requirest of us." "This is a proving of me," Molasius said, "and my Lord in Heaven hears it;" even as he said it he to his Lord lifted his two hands on high and besought Heaven's King for help in this conjuncture. When the Creator of all creatures heard that, He sent down upon the altar a small missal; He sent a cruet, and along with it a bell. This pleased Molasius well, and there, in presence of the Pope and of the Romans too, he said Mass and performed pure sacrifice; after which he preached a sermon and purged all hearts in which were evil, and wrong, and malice, of such as heard the same. After the Mass that he had said and the sermon that he preached, the Pope and his twelve cardinals and what was there [of the people] all gave him their blessing, and with one accord bestowed on him their souls' affection.

Then Molasius said: "what shall be done with these three things which God hath laid on the altar?" "Take thou with thee thy choice of them," the Pope made answer, "for to-day thou art the one of us that hast the greatest labour." "I will take," Molasius said, "that little Gospel." The Pope rejoined: "*beg* [i.e. 'little'] shall be its name for ever:" wherefore men call it *soscéla beg Molaise* [i.e. 'Molasius his little Gospel']. Molasius continued excelling in gentleness and in honour, in faith, in devotion, in wisdom and in knowledge, and this time was for a season in Rome; so that there he transcribed all that was needed of [canonical] law and rule, and of all knowledge, such as was not before in Ireland. In accordance with the Pope's permission he came later as an illustrious archlegate to Ireland, and when he reached his house found, [hanging] on a birchen bough, the bell that in Rome was given him on the altar; and the cruet he got in another place. Thrice it was remitted to Rome, and each time stole away again after Molasius, wherefore [the name of] *éloidhech* [i.e. 'the deserter'] was bestowed on it.

A load of Rome's soil he brought moreover; with relics of Paul, of Peter, of Laurence, of Clement and of Stephen. Somewhat of [the B.V.] Mary's hair too, with an ankle-bone of Martin; of other illustrious saints' relics a great share, and some relics of the holy successors [of Peter] that were sepulchred in Rome.

Molasius arrived in Ireland now; that was revealed to *Maedóg*, and he said these words:—

I hail miraculous Molasius . . .

After this, *Maedóg* was not long there when Molasius came to Ferns. *Maedóg* goes to meet him and bids him be welcome. *Maedóg* enquired of Molasius concerning all his travel, from the day in which he went out of Ireland until he was come back again. Molasius related to him how he had fared both in Rome and in every other place. "Leave me my share of the gifts thou bringest from Rome," said *Maedóg*. "I will indeed," Molasius answered, "and open the bosom of thy frock that I may lay them in it for thee." Then *Maedóg* opens out his bosom, and into it Molasius puts some of Mary's hair and of Martin's ankle-bone; somewhat of Paul's relics and of Peter's, a share of Laurence's relics and of Clement's, and of Stephen the martyr's relics. *Maedóg* rejoiced to see the sacred relics in his bosom, and said to Molasius: "now am I well assorted by thee." Molasius answered: "*brec Maedhóig* shall be its name for ever, its privilege shall be complete and its miracles many; none shall dare violate it; not to obey it when it shall happen to be among them shall to the seed of *Fergna* be a red wound of death; and to the children of Brian all, both east and west, a venomous fire; and to the children of Niall and to them of Oriel a destruction and a manslaying. Be it well enshrined; neither is it lawful that any but one in orders carry it, or else one that is free from all defilement whatsoever:" and one has pronounced a lay:—

By us Molasius' tale is told . . .*

As he came from Rome, Molasius chanced upon a certain holy man (one that was a namesake of his own: Molasius the Hebrew namely) that in the midst of the sea [i.e. in the open sea] floated on a flagstone. Then Molasius and that man changed places, and it was upon that stone that Molasius came to Ireland; for a proof of which miracle and for a commemoration of which story the same stone endures still in Devenish.

At all events Molasius, being now returned from Rome, reached

* The scribe gives but the first line of this poem, to which he appends the following note:—"And we do not follow on with any more of the lay, because there is nothing in it but the same that goes before it; which is better as it is [in prose above] than in bad verse."

Devenish, where he deposited the relics of Paul, of Peter, of Laurence the martyr, of S. Clement and of the martyr Stephen, of Mary, and of other that were saints of Rome. Now the reason for which he brought hither those relics and those bits of soil was that, unless they went for some weighty [special] reason, or unless a saint might go thither to write his life, it should not be imperative on the Gael to repair to Rome :—

Well gotten is the land that we have gained . . .

Molasius having committed those holy relics to the little sanctuary as we have said, he was not long in Devenish when out of Tara 'the apostles' sent a message to fetch him ; for that was the hour and the season in which betwixt Dermot, son of *Cerbhall* and king of Ireland, [of the one part] and, of the other, *Ruadhan* of *Lothra* and all the apostles, there was war and great conflict because of the saint's prerogative violated in the matter of *Aedh Guaire* that was king of Connacht : whom Dermot the king had taken from *Ruadhan* and from the saints of Ireland forcibly, and he under their protection. Which *Aedh Guaire* king of Connacht it was that a short time before had slain *Aedh Baclamh* because he was displeasing to him [i.e. had offended him].

Molasius reached the spot where upon Tara's green the apostles were in their tents ; they all rose to receive him, and bowed their heads to him, and then Molasius' tent was pitched in the midst of all the other saints' tents. Now the [form of] contest which they and the king of Ireland maintained was that they, relying on their sanctity, on their prayers and on their miracles, fasted the one night ; the king of Ireland on the other hand, strong in the truthfulness of his cause, in his kingly prerogative and in his princely right, fasting the next night against them. Up to which time they had been eleven saints that fasted [lit. 'at the fasting'], but now that Molasius was come they were twelve ; and those apostles were Ireland's prime saints : *Ruadhan* of Lorrha, *Maedóg* of Ferns, *Féichín* of Fore, Columba, *Cainnech* the Pious, *Tighernach* of *Cluain-eois*, *Enan* the angelic, the presbyter *Fraech*, *Becan* son of *Culu*, the bishop *mac Carthainn*, the elder *Mochta* of *Lughba*, *Mochuda* the devout, and Molasius of Devenish. It was nightfall with Molasius as he came to Tara, and snow falling heavily ; but it was the saints that fasted that

night, and Molasius [just off his journey] fasted with them. On that night it was not permitted to the king of Ireland to settle himself comfortably nor to be at rest, and he had neither doze nor nap of sleep; but [as in a waking dream] it was shewn to him that the men of God, fasting against him on the green of Tara, dealt inequitably. Dermot thought it all too long till day came, and when come it was they must needs use main force to open the doors, for the thickness of the snow. The king of Ireland rises and looks abroad upon the tents, and the way they were was all pure white with snow, saving only Molasius' tent. To this the snow had not adhered at all, nor for seven feet on every side of it had the earth taken snow. "Who is in yon tent which the snow has not caught at all?" asked the king. "Molasius of Devenish," the others answered all, "that came yesterday about the hour of nones." "For him it is that this [oppression] is flung on me," said Dermot, "and heavily the pale-face of loch Erne last night affected me; he is indeed a living fire ablaze, but (as I deem) ought not to have been heavy on me, for my burden was very great before; and now I place myself under his safeguard and under that of Heaven's King and Earth's, in whom we on either side believe." The matter was shewn to Molasius and stirred his pity; also it was appointed for the king of Ireland to confer with the saints that day, and Molasius strove to make peace between the king and *Ruadhan* with the others, but prevailed not. Then, when he prevailed not, to the king of Ireland Molasius gave his choice: whether to have his life cut short and his body tormented [first], with Heaven for his soul and with rulership for his seed after him for ever; or length of life coupled with Hell for himself, and none of his seed after him to attain to kingly rule and reign for ever and for ever. The choice that the king made was to have his body pained, with dominion to his seed after him. Even so did God well bring it to pass, and therefore it is that Clan-Colman and the seed of [Dermot's son] *Aedh Sláine* are bound to pay to Molasius a tribute every year continually in winter: as one said:—

The apostles twelve of Innisfail . . .

As for Molasius however, after this he made no farther stay at-all at this contest with the saints by Tara; for in his eyes it was a lamentable thing that Tara must be abolished and the seat of

Ireland's sovereignty put from her vigour: he knowing well as he did that in the end the saints would prove stronger than the king of Ireland. Upon which occasion it was that both the saints of Ireland and her [lay]men all conferred on Molasius the pre-eminence in miracles, and precedence in working of wonders [i.e. allowed that he was pre-eminent etc.]; for he never ceased from performing of miracles, from rooting out the sons of accursedness [i.e. the reprobate], from lifting up the righteous, from blessing the *tuatha* and the *triucha* generally throughout all Ireland.

Next he came to Devenish, and in his way there chanced a company of young ecclesiastics that cleared away [a brake of] briars and blackthorn; and they began to bemoan to him their hands and their feet, for the thorns pierced them. Forthwith [he rent] his mantle for them, and of one portion of the same were made [miraculously] gloves of price, as though it had been kneaded [i.e. well suppled] glover's leather; while of the other part were produced thick [and as it were] bark-soaked brogues like tanner's leather.

It was in that time that the [tribe called] *Dartraighe* were in the latter end of the great vindictive banishment which they of Munster inflicted on them because that to Cashel their rule had been so pernicious, and because they had slain so many of the *úi Chonaill Ghabra*; and for the great extent to which they aided foreigners and gentiles as against the Gael, shewing them all ways and paths in which their enemies used to be [i.e. the most secret recesses of their countries]; and for this reason it was that the *Dartraighe* were exiled from their original land and from their own natural *leasc láimhe*, viz. a *triucha céd* of their ancient patrimony in the Southern Half: from *céide ua Cairbre* in the south to *uaimh an fhómorach* on the borders of the *Cechtraighe* westward; and from *abhann na hechraidhe* to . . .

Forty years it was that throughout Ireland in her length and breadth they were in banishment; five hundred armed men: that was their strength. During which time not more than three years they were on any one land; for the provincial kings used to have them under conditions and protection till such time as the *Dartraighe's* own misdeeds would prevail against them: that is to say until, for the exorbitant extent of land that they 'sucked' to themselves [i.e. grabbed and absorbed] and for their turbulence,

their rudeness, and their so frequent brawls and fights in set assemblies, in conventions, and in every other meeting whatsoever, the said provincial kings would weary of them. They used moreover to make assaults on, and do violence to, Ireland's various chieftains: essaying forcibly to occupy their land against them; so that to their 'friends' [i.e. allies by bond of blood] and neighbours these needs must make complaint of them.

Through all this interval it was in Connacht that they were for the longest period, and until in attacking western Connacht they on the one day slew the king of *Umhall* and the king of *Partraighe* [baronies of the Owles and of Partry, county Mayo], so that they [of Connacht] drove them across *Luan's* Ford [Athlone] westwards into Meath; there they sat down in the centre of Delvin. Delvin and Westmeath came at them and harried them; but they had done no more than barely to knock up bothies [in which to camp together] in one place when the *Dartraighe* caught them in the middle of the plain of Durrow [in the King's county]. Here they fought out a stubborn and a hardy battle, until they of Delvin with Westmeath were routed and a vast 'red slaughter' was executed on them. Then the *Dartraighe* returned and made peace with Connacht; [which done] they seized both the Delvins [two baronies in Westmeath] forcibly for three half years. Thence again they came to the *fir ceall* [barony of Fircall, King's county], with whom for a spell and for a space of time they strove for their land; whereupon Fircall, and the Delvins, and the men of Meath, gathered together to the *Dartraighe* and devastated them all but utterly. The *Dartraighe* overhauled them in the rear of their cattle [as they drove them], and upon *fán na neach*, which to-day is called *fán an ghribaigh*, they fought a battle. The Delvins and Fircall were defeated there, great carnage was inflicted on them, and they abandoned the *Dartraighe's* kine. Now the *Dartraighe* had a poet there, and he made a lay:—

A fight victorious ye have fought . . .

Here ends the Life of Molasius.

Life of S. Magnenn of Kilmainham.

Magnenn, and Toa, and Librén, and Cobthach, were the four sons of Aedh son of Colgan son of Tuathal son of Felim son of *Colla fó chrích.* Which bishop [Magnenn] was, from Shannon to *benn Edair* [the Hill of Howth], a tower of piety; and in his own time a vessel of selection and of sanctity: one that from his seven years completed had never uttered a falsehood, and that (for fear lest he should see the guardian devil of her) had never looked a woman in the face.

It was once upon a time that Magnenn went upon a visit to the house of his companion and of his friend, i.e. to the place where Loman of *loch Uair* [lough Owel] was, in Meath; and in that town was one that also was his friend, and had been his hearer. The condition in which now he beheld him was with a great running from both his eyes. The holy cleric was startled to see his friend, and he uttered thus: "*Deo gratias* (i.e. to God be thanks for that), pitiable, O my friend, is thine eyes' plight: they [as it were] mocking at the world, while the world mocks at them! thirty years to this present time it is since I have seen thee; and hadst thou but till to-day done as [then] I counselled thee, thou hadst made good thy share of the Heavenly City's amenity [which is great indeed]: for the bird which in the Heavenly City hath the least, and that the most discordant voice, yields more delight than the whole Earth's good things." The other answered: "friend, I throw myself on thy protection!" Magnenn took on him for God's sake to protect him, and said to him: "that which thou wouldst take ill to be done to thyself, do not to another; and though thou be in thy latter time, yet will God take thee to Him [i.e. accept thee]." Magnenn the bishop and Loman of *loch Uair* make pact together then, either on other bestows his benediction, and they take leave.

At which time also Magnenn preached to Dermot son of Fergus, to the king of Ireland; and when Loman of *loch Uair* heard the tokens of the Day of Doom and the rigorous judgments

of the Triune God, in the king's presence and the people's he broke out and wept aloud. When the king's people for their part heard that delivery: the saintly cleric's austere verdicts and stern enunciations, in the king's presence a score and ten of them severed themselves from the false world [i.e. embraced the religious life]. Thenceforth the king too, Dermot son of Fergus, looked to his own peace with God, and to Magnenn assigned great dues and 'alms' [i.e. endowments] as: a *screpall* on every nose; for every chieftain's daughter that should take a husband, an ounce of gold or (should his stewards choose it rather) such raiment as they [i.e. chieftain's daughters] should have had on them [at the wedding]. Of the gold which he had in tribute of the men from over-seas the king conferred on him the making of a pastoral staff likewise, and of a crozier. At this period Magnenn's preaching by *loch Uair* was notable, as was also his consideration with the king of Ireland; and on Dermot he pronounced a benediction, saying to him: "*misericordia domini super filios vestros* (i.e. God's mercy be on thyself and on thy sons)."

It was once when Magnenn went to the house of Finnian of *magh bile*: [as they met] they saluted one another, and when they heard the vesper-bell went abroad at vespertide on the Sunday. [On the way] they bared their hearts to God and, there as they were, they witnessed a linen altar-cloth that with an undulating [i.e. fluttering] motion was just come down out of the firmament. Said bishop Magnenn: "pick up that, Finnian." "Never say it, holy bishop," Finnian answered: "thyself art he whom such doth best befit, nor is the thing a likely one for me to have." Magnenn the bishop said: "I swear by the angels that, until from God I have just such another, I will not lift it." A second time they look up to God, and between them crave yet another altar-cloth [and it was vouchsafed them]: a miracle by which God's name was magnified; while they, for their devotion's efficacity that was so great, vented joyful cries of exultation. Now these same linen cloths are in being still.

It was once on a time that the king of Ireland's steward came to require rent of Magnenn's nurse, in whose bosom he (being then just three years old) lay the while; and that which was his lawful due the steward took not, but a thing to which he had no right at all, that was what he demanded. Magnenn's nurse

(he being as aforesaid in her bosom) wept with a loud cry, and straightway the power of one leg, of one arm and of an eye, departed from the steward. He vociferated, saying: "I saw a dream but lately; as though I had been guilty in the matter of a 'lamb of compassion;' which lamb I now deem that child thou hast to be, and, wouldst thou in his name procure me succour of God now, never again henceforth would I lift thy rent on thee." The nurse looked on the little boy, and said: "dear son, misery should by rights have comfort." When the child heard his nurse's words, upwards to God on high he raised his eyes and both his hands; then speedily and on the instant the steward is relieved. Indoors there is a clamour, and among them all it is reported that Magnenn is a holy child. These then were the first miracles of Magnenn.

Once upon a time Magnenn had a ram sheep that accompanied him, and when they walked the ram would carry Magnenn's book of prayers; but a certain bad man came to Magnenn and stole the ram. Magnenn with his thrice nine clerics followed the trail to the robber's house; by various relics, and by Magnenn's hand, the marauder denies that he is guilty in the matter of the ram, which [at the very instant] partially was in a hole of the earth beneath the robber's house, cut up, while another portion of the same was in his belly, eaten. For the holy cleric God worked a manifest miracle then, so that in the hole where he was the ram spoke to them. Magnenn and his thrice nine look up to God and thank Him that He had multiplied His miracles. As for the thief: from his eye was taken its sight, and their vigour from his legs and arms, and in his entire body a mighty perturbation wrought; and with a loud voice he cried: "woe is me that am a sinner! and, O Magnenn, I adjure thee by God that thou deprive me not of Heaven besides!" Magnenn, when he heard the sinner do an act of penitence, conceived for him an affection and compassion; he made vehement prayer to God, and in virtue of supplication won of Him that the blind man's eyes [i.e. sight] should return to him, and he be set in his place again [i.e. restored as he was before]. By this miracle God's name and Magnenn's were magnified, *et reliqua.*

Yet another time that Magnenn, being on a circuit of devotion, came to the house of Molasius of Leighlin (that was son of Cairell

son of Muiredach Redneck): now Molasius was so that in his body were thirty diseases, and he (for devotion's sake) penned in a narrow hovel. Moreover he was thus: spread out in form of a cross, with his mouth to the ground and he weeping vehemently, the earth under him being wet with his tears of penitence. Magnenn said: "I adjure thee by God, and tell me wherefore thou askedst of Him that in thy body there must be three score and ten diseases." Molasius answered: "I will declare it, holy bishop: my [spiritual] condition is revealed to me as being such that my sinfulness like a flame pervades my body; therefore I am fain to have my purgatory here, and 'on the yonder side' [i.e. beyond the grave] to find the life eternal. Knowest thou, Magnenn, how the grain of wheat uses to be before it be sown in the earth: that it must needs be threshed and beaten? even in like wise it is that, or ever I be laid into the grave, I would have my body to be threshed by these infirmities; and to God be thanks for it that, how near soever death be to me now, thou art come my way before I die. For God's love, lay me out becomingly; perform thou the order of my sepulture and burial." Accordingly Magnenn [when the time came] carried out the order of those obsequies, which made the third most exalted burial that was done in Ireland: Patrick in *dún dá leth nglas* [Downpatrick]; Mochuda in *Ráithín* of *O Suanaigh* [Raheen, near Tullamore]; and Molasius, that by holy bishop Magnenn was buried [at Leighlin].

It was once upon a time that bishop Magnenn went to the place where Finnchua of *brí gobhann* [near Mitchelstown] was, and him he craved to have go with him on a visit to Arran where Enda of Arran was, and to which there was resort of Ireland's and indeed of all Europe's saints, where too *mórphopa pápa* had been (?). So Magnenn proceeded into Arran, made friends with its saints, and then, after achieving victory of penitence and of pilgrimage, with the thrice nine holy clerics that were his companions came away out of it again. One night [on their travel], hard by *Garmna*, they were without meat; and to Magnenn his people said: "holy cleric, pity it is for us that this night we are not in Tallaght where we might have to-night's sufficiency, and we so sharp set." Magnenn answered: "young men, never say it! seeing that God succours both poor and

rich, and that neither is His ability greater to relieve us in any other place than it is to help us where we are." Not long then they were there when they heard baying and cry of a hound having in front of him a deer which, whenever he was come close to the holy clerics, fetched a desperate sudden leap and so, right before them, broke his neck. Magnenn said: "*Deo gratias*; temperately eat, and to your Maker render thanks that ye are so comfortably conditioned." His people did so, and [the refection ended] carried off their several remnants of the flesh. In this fashion they tramped on until fastingtide came, and to Magnenn a man of his familia said then: "I adjure thee that thou impart to us the doctrine and admonitions of fasting [i.e. preach to us on its theory and practice]." He made answer: "fasting profits nought when [independently of thine own will] meat is withheld from thee so that thou canst not have it; nor [is there virtue in] a fast based on vanity and pride, which then should be the motives of your abstention; neither is one held to observe the fast from meat any more than that of the lips [i.e. temperance of speech] and abstinence from all faults in general. I tell you also, miserable beings, that for the evil which a man does actually God impleads him not more straitly than he indites him for the good which, when he might have done it, he neglected and performed it not. Woe to him too that [unconcernedly] sees evil wrought, and knows not fear of Him that for ever and for ever is the Lord!"

It was of another time that Magnenn went on a visit to the place where Maelruain of Tallaght was, whom he found thus: just emerging out of a well of water after chanting of the psalter's three times fifty psalms in it. Through humility Maelruain saluted the sacred bishop, made him great welcome and gave him the kiss of peace, saying: "my friend, take heed to me." He reached his hand across him and from the hem of the hair integument that he wore next his skin plucked a strong fibula, with which he dealt himself a blow in the breast on the gospel side. Out of the pin's place issued not blood but merely a little pinkish fluid; and the motive of this ordeal was to announce to bishop Magnenn that in Maelruain's body pride existed not. Magnenn replied: "I see that; and why I [for my part] am come is to have exhortation of thee, to crave that to thee I may

make confession, and to be purged of all my sins and guiltiness." Maelruain said: "in God's name I adjure thee that forthwith thou make thy confession." Magnenn began: "thrice I say to thee 'have mercy on me!' I tell thee (he went on) that from the day in which I took holy orders never have I suffered the canonical hours to run [unobserved] the one into another; and I tell thee that from the day in which I was baptised never have I violated my purity, my chastity; neither from the time when I was called 'priest' have I been even for one day without [saying] Mass." Maelruain asked now: "holy bishop, in performance of corporal labour doest thou any handiwork at all?" Magnenn answered: "nor work nor labour do I; neither indeed (respect to my day being had) is it incumbent on me to perform any such." Muelruain cried: "alas for that! I have never heard confession of a man but [with his own hands] laboured for his body [i.e. to supply his own corporal requirements]." Magnenn rejoined: "then, holy cleric, yield me reverence." Maelruain assented: "I will indeed." "I tell thee farther that upon any man that ever came to me [to confess] I never laid penance (how severe soever) but on mine own body I would inflict one more severe than it: thus once on a time came to me the king of Saxons' son to confess and to seek devotional tuition, of whom I enquired: 'doest thou any handiwork?' he said that he did not; but I affirmed that I would not infringe God's law, and the injunction that he gave to Adam when he enjoined him to feed himself by his hand's and by his body's labour, and with his sweat. Alas then that my peregrination and my visit [hither] must be even like to his!" But Maelruain returned: "by no means: rather shall sages and ancient books have preserved to the World's end thy journey hither and the miracles that yet shall proceed from thee, as being both very excellent." Magnenn the bishop craved: "instruct me for God's sake!" to whom Maelruain: "in His name I say to thee: weep for the sin of friends and of neighbours [as though it were thine]; on God set all thy thoughts, nor dwell at all whether on friend or comrade, on gold or silver, or on the specious World's false show, but thy confessions and thine heart place all in God; on Mary—Mother of Glory—meditate; on the great (i.e. the twelve major) prophets, together with John the Baptist, ponder; as on the lesser prophets

with Habacuc. Think on the fourfold Evangel, on the twelve Apostles, and on the eleven disciples that He had for followers; on the band of youths that the King Eternal has for a household retinue: the token of said retinue being a cross of gold in their foreheads, and on their backs a cross of silver. Meditate moreover on the nine angelic orders, on bliss of the Heavenly City's glory; so shall great privileges appertain to thy succession's [i.e. successors'] see, and yonder thou shalt win the glory everlasting. This then is my counsel to thee, holy bishop. Farther yet: to thy successors' see great prerogatives shall belong, and in Ireland thy fire shall be the third on which privilege [of sanctity] shall be conferred, i.e. the fire of the elder Lianan of Kinvarra, the lively and perennial fire that is in Inishmurray [in Sligo bay] and bishop Magnenn's fire in Kilmainham. Thou too art the one that to thine own monks, and to such as from Shannon to the [eastern] sea accomplish thy prescriptions, shalt beside Patrick and Ireland's other saints be their final judge."

Then the two cemented friendship: to them that [in the future] should transgress their behests they bequeathed a curse, and eke to be killed with keenest weapons and thrust into the hell of Malemantus, of Salemas and of Beelzebub: the chief commanders that in Hell are the least merciful [i.e. the most ruthless]; their souls [with their bodies] to be lodged in the nethermost tier of Hell's pit.

Magnenn the bishop had also here three petitions [granted him] of God: plenty and honour and worldly wealth to be theirs that should favour his clergy and his representative after him; while to them that should persecute his precinct and his own peculiar see he left three legacies: a life short and transient, blotting out of their posterity, and the Earth not to yield them her fruit. To them too that being under Magnenn's safeguard despair of his protection, woe! for of God he procures for them any rightful petition that they ask of him, and, on this hither side [of the grave], length of life with fruitfulness of land; on the yonder side, presence [i.e. fruition] of eternal glory. He obtained also that, by whomsoever bishop Magnenn should be held dear, the same should be beloved of men.

Here now are some of bishop Magnenn's perfections: whensoever he came to a refectory or to drink a draught, before ever

he tasted his meal or that which he should consume he would make five meditations: the first of them being how he was born originally, and in how mean estate he came from his mother's womb; the second, how in time he should escape out of his death-extremity; the third, how the soul is rapt away to look on Hell; the fourth again, how it goes to contemplate the Heavenly City that it may shun being taken back again, whereby its self-distrust [i.e. humility and solicitude] is all the greater; the fifth, how the sinners' cairn [i.e. the edifice of their ambition, how high soever piled] is in a trifling while afterwards abased. He used to tell his monks that for the Holy Spirit they ought in their inmost parts to leave a passage free: one into which they should not admit secular [i.e. material] sustenance. Thrice at a time he was wont to say that the World is a mere mass of deception. "Look to it, my beloved people," he said, "and take heed thereto: if ye spurn God's commandments, how shall ye making your petitions to Him look up to Him? or how shall God hearken to your cry and earnest prayer?"

It was of a time that bishop Magnenn went to the place where S. Moling was: a meal of victual was served to them and, conformably to precept, sanctified with benediction. Said a man of his familia: "to-day [as we came hither] we marked a cross and a fresh grave, but what is buried there we know not." Magnenn enquired: "in what spot saw ye that?" The other answered: "on an acclivity that is in the side of *berna na gaoithe* [Wind-gap]." The bishop said: "I have never seen a cross but I would thrice make genuflection to it;" his meal, after it was blessed and all, he left therefore and (his thrice nine holy clerics in his company) went his ways till he came to *berna na gaoithe*, where for a long space he was in contemplation of the cross and of the grave; nor spoke to any, but to the cross bent the knee three times. His people questioned him, what made him to be silent; he never answered them; a three hours' spell he continued so, then in a voice mild and gentle said: "I charge thee tell me who is laid in that grave; and what the reason that I never saw the cross, and I after passing close beside it." The miserable being [tenant of the tomb] answering him said: "I will tell thee that, holy bishop, even though from thine interpellation I gain no relief. I am a heathen, and never was it feasible

to do evil but I did it; the weak I harried, I sought to curry favour with the strong; on the feeble churches I exercised persecution, and incurred excommunication by bell and candle with malediction of the righteous; I had death without penitence, and all philosophers [i.e. learned] of the world could not recite the one half of my torment [which indeed could not be shewn] unless that Almighty God should tell it. Wherefore it is, holy bishop, that the guardian angel thou hadst with thee suffered thee not to see me [i.e. my cross and grave]; and by God I adjure thee now, holy bishop, pray for me and bestow on me thy mercy!" thereupon Magnenn looked up to God, but his guardian angel said to him: "rouse not God's wrath, neither any more idly waste thy time." Magnenn made a genuflection, and by the same path returned back to the place where Moling was; and the meal which Magnenn had blessed, neither Moling nor his congregation had tasted of it until he thus was come again. Magnenn said: "this is strange, holy cleric; what is the reason that this meat was not consumed?" The other answered: "we were not worthy that we should eat it after that it was blessed by thee." "Holy one, never say it! for though all Ireland's saints had blessed it, yet wert thou good enough for it, and thee it would have become to eat it."

They ratify their concord and their amity, and with his thrice nine bishop Magnenn goes away. But that night it befell him to lose his way, he fell to supplicate instantly to the end he might be freed from that wandering up and down, and [very soon] found himself in a mansion where was a great company of riotous people. He said: "alas for this! bad as it was to stray, the crowd is worse: such is its loathliness, and such its ribald words." He enquired then whether near at hand there were any decent place, and it was told him that hard by was a poor widow of but small account; he repaired to the place where the widow was, and she testified her joy at the company of saints that she saw draw towards her. The clerics salute her and make a pitch on the premises, Magnenn greatly eulogising the decency and quietness. "Well for one that is in the life of poverty in which thou art," said he, "so long as it be not a poverty suffered against the grain [lit. a poverty of 'unwill' or of 'disinclination'], for in the Church such meets with no approval, since him that practises it it leads into sin and [later] lamentation."

On the morrow Magnenn rose; all the Saturday he and his thrice nine walked; when the Sunday's [anterior] limit came the holy bishop happened to be on an open plain, and there they pitch for that night. Throughout which same cold and wet night much rain and harsh wind variably veering were their lot; but bishop Magnenn planted his four-square pastoral staff [to stand] over them, round about it again each man of them planted his own crook-headed staff, over his company of clerics the holy bishop raised [and spread] his four-cornered hood, and for that band wrought manifest prodigy: for great as was the night's tempest and foul weather, and every pool and hollow brimmed, yet upon the saints fell no drop of the storm. On the Monday they rose; those wonders were patent which he had performed for the saints, and [the noise of] these miracles pervaded the whole of Ireland.

Of Magnenn's characteristics was the manner of his carrying himself in regard to riches, for he never accepted either gold or silver or any metal that is denominated *moneta*; and a Culdee that was in Kilmainham bore this great testimony of him, saying: "Magnenn the wonder-worker, that never sinned with woman; Magnenn the sage, whose use and wont it was to weep." Farther: in preaching he never uttered any one word a second time [in the same discourse]; he never left a sermon [after him anywhere] but some one or other he had 'brought to faith' [i.e. converted]; nor ever sat at king's shoulder or at chief's (purposing thus to eschew acquiring of a high mind), and honour of kings and of mighty lords he would contemn greatly, saying: "alas for him to whom, when once he hath renounced the World, honours conferred by the powerful yield any satisfaction."

After this it was that from *benn Edair* came a robber, who stole the leper woman of Kilmainham's cow (for the lepress was so that she had a cow that was in milk always, and used sufficiently to supply the poor, the needy and the palsied); now she had cognisance of the robber, and proceeded (crying aloud as she went) to the place where with his gathering of saints and clerics bishop Magnenn was; to whom all she related bitterly how she was plundered in the matter of her single cow, whereby she too was herself fallen into leanness and emaciation. At this tale holy bishop Magnenn and his knot of clerics were angered

exceedingly: the bells in the place, great and small, are rung; and against the robber they with bell, with cursing and with malediction, pronounce excommunication. After this [for a long time] the holy bishop uttered not, but was silent: without a stir whether of foot, of hand, or of any one of his organs; then he spoke softly and said that, though he had essayed to pronounce a benediction on the robber, the magnitude of his displeasure at him was such [that he could not compass it]; and neither saint nor other righteous man obtained of Magnenn that he should afford the thief a prayer or even one sigh of compassion. They said: "O righteous one, wherefore doest thou this?" He answered: "I will tell you: for the greatness of mine incensement it is, and for the weightiness of my severity; and because that I am fain to rouse God's anger to increasing of the everlasting torment yonderside: in the place where from no friend may help be had; in the place where, when once the soul falls into Malemantus' clutch in Hell's pit's nethermost, nor saint nor just man may any more gain his petition [for relief of the condemned irrevocably].

"On them that shall violate my prerogatives and my monks' rights I lay three heavy sentences: that their eyes be closed to the world that they have loved [i.e. may they be blinded], and the Heavenly City shut against them so that it be not in their power to win it; to them, the actual violators, I bequeath death by weapon's point; and to their successors after them a niggard yield of fruits, as David in the psalter says: *semen impiorum peribit.*

"Of God I entreat that, on the day when the twelve regal thrones shall be set on Mount Sion, on the day when the four streams of fire shall gird the mountain round about, and on the day when the three peoples shall be there: Heaven's people, and Earth's, and Hell's [i.e. angels, men, devils], they that shall have outraged me be found guilty of death in Hell. But as for them that shall have magnified and fostered me [and my successors], may it (with Christ's leave) be myself that, by Patrick's side, shall sit in judgment on them."

Bishop Magnenn said moreover: "woe to him (according as the [sacred] records and writings set forth the tokens of the fifteen days preceding Doom) that in that day is not [found] true,

faithful, steadfast, mild and gentle and of good report; without frown nor sternness of God's Son bent on him as he comes joyfully to meet [and to resume] his body. But to Lucifer's folk that for enhancement of their torment come that day to meet their false bodies, misery! for thus likewise say the scriptures: that such shall then be bald, murky of hue, hairless and toothless; and though his father and his mother or his wedded wife were on either side of one, yet would he never look on them; but tremble all over there, with his heed fixed only on his sins arrayed in front of him. Of which crew of Lucifer's no individual may filch himself in among Jesus' people; but they must all be huddled in a grimy gang apart."

A prophecy of bishop Magnenn's was: that a time should come when there should be daughters flippant and tart, devoid of obedience to their mothers; when they of low estate should make much murmuring, and seniors lack reverent cherishing; when there should be impious laymen and prelates both, perverted wicked judges, disrespect to elders; soil barren of fruits, weather deranged and intemperate seasons; women given up to witchcraft, churches unfrequented, deceitful hearts and perfidy on the increase; a time when God's commandments should be violated, and Doomsday's tokens occur every year.

It was once on a time when bishop Magnenn went on an excursion to Athlone: he sat on the [river's] strand, and when a certain leper saw the holy bishop 'from him' [i.e. some way off as yet] with an exceeding great cry he cried out and said to him: "hear my complaint, and entreat the mighty Lord for me!" The holy bishop hearing that laid his heart bare to God, looked up overhead, and his compassion yearned on the unclean; he desired water, washed the leper's hands and feet [and he was whole].

Of that holy bishop's perfection was this too: that he never entered into any place where war or conflict was but mercifulness and pity would [efficaciously] attend that which he said, and, before he departed, the parties would be at peace. Lovingly he would say to them: "that which is spent ye have had; that which ye have given away ye have yet; that which ye have hoarded up ye have lost; and that in respect of which ye have unbecomingly denied any is [even now] avenged on you." So soon then as the *tuatha* and the tribes would hear that, straight-

way they used to make peace, and he would go on to say that such was the third thing with which God was best pleased in the world [the three being] love to Himselfward, giving of copious alms, and maintenance of peace.

An urchin of his familia—one that was just seven years old—said to him: "holy bishop, how must we practise piety?" [the answer was]: "early tierce and long none; meat so much as may suffice a little boy; sleep as it were of a captive cast for death; often meditation on God; not to suffer one canonical hour to run into the other without having [duly] meditated on it; much prayer every night: as though that night should be one's last, and his own final end, to be determined by his state then [*lit.* 'on the head of that'], were the being without limit without cessation in the life eternal yonder, in fruition of endless existence, and free of all care. Whosoever now shall [by his ill course of life] make these behests to be of none effect shall abandon [i.e. forego, be deprived of] three things: monument, son [i.e. male issue], praise [i.e. posthumous renown]."

A habit that bishop Magnenn had: which was that never was any for three hours in his company but he would reveal what spirit were in him, and would understand speedily whether it were good angel or bad that accompanied any man's body [i.e. person].

He studied fervently with Ireland's twelve apostles, whose names were these: two *Finnians*, two Colmans, Kieran, *Cainnech* [S. Canice], *Comghall*, two Brendans, *Ruadhán*, *Nindidh*, *Mobhí* son of *Nadfraech*; and these [I say] are the twelve arch-saints that together with Patrick were in Ireland, being also (along with bishop Magnenn) preceptors in devotion and in exhortation. Who all blessed him in every increment of piety that they could think of.

It was another time that on a devotional tour Magnenn went to the place where Mochuta of Raheen was, and Mochuta enquired: "how art thou, my friend?" "I am not as I have been; and shall be not as I am, and shall yet go to nothing. I tell thee, Mochuta, that I have seen an ancient man requiring of his sons to be virtuous, and sure his own members nor his senses he never disciplined from the world's evil ways."

Hard upon which Mochuta questioned him: "in the case of

such as, being in orders, break their vows, what shall we do?" Magnenn answered: "by leave of God's angel I will tell thee: I affirm that whatsoever priest violates his orders or his chastity, the same is toward God guilty of death thereby; and whatsoever woman shall indulge but one ordained man's propensity, I hold it to be the same as though she had not shunned an individual man in all three portions of the world: the reason of this being that it is proper to a priest [i.e. one of his attributes] to walk in the honour of his orders in all three parts of the world [i.e. to keep himself intact in all peregrinations however distant]. Or again [I take her guilt to be] as though she had ten thousand husbands, and ten hundred *supra mille*: the reason of which is that they be ten thousand legions of angels which accompany the body of every priest that is chaste; and this is caused by the fact that he, even as Jesus, is in everlasting supplication [i.e. intercession] on the angelic altar. Woe to him too to whom after a priest such woman shall become a prize: for to be familiar with her and to know her is a [thrusting of the] head into mire; and a renunciation of baptism, of faith, of piety; a pact with Lucifer, with Dathan and with Abiron; with Pluto and with Beelzebub; with Malemantus, with the swart sow, and with the chief captains of Hell's host." And these were bishop Magnenn's testifyings anent concubinage of women and of priests.

Mochuta said: "tell us, holy bishop, how must pilgrimage be made?" "There be three species under [i.e according to] which one, when he leaves his country, enters on a journey of pilgrimage; and but one cause for which of God he wins the Heavenly Kingdom, all which is as thus: when of his heart and mind and of veritable zeal one breaks with the world's vices [and becomes a pilgrim], then in such wise he attains unerringly to God; but when he goes on a pilgrimage indeed, the while his mind dwells [at home] on his children, on his wife or on his land, and he prefers them to God: then is his peregrination in vain, nor, saving displacement of body [i.e. locomotion] and idle toil, has he any profit of the same; for to have gone abroad out of his own natural patrimony is but small gain to any unless thereafter he shall [be found to] have made the pilgrimage efficaciously. Also when faithful Abraham went forth out of his own peculiar fatherland the Lord gave him counsel, which was this: 'henceforth

reck no more of thy land and soil, neither be thy mind bent to return again to it.' And this is the guardian angel's counsel to every man that may make pilgrimage: not to repeat, by act whether of hands, of feet, of body, the ethics which in the land where he has been [hitherto] were his [and to expiate which he is a wanderer now]; for by the standard of proficiency in morals and in virtuous practice it is that God rates every individual of the human race. Again: such and such performs a pilgrimage [virtually] when (himself [i.e. his person] abiding still among his family) he finds his heart vehemently incline to pilgrimage, but (though he find it so) feebleness, or poverty, or burden of household care suffers him not to perform it [actually]; which [inward motion or intention] then is to him the same as though [in the body] he visited the tombstones of Peter and of Paul, and Christ's sepulchre: supposing it to be thither he were bound and that the flesh [with its infirmities] hindered him, which then should assume the soul's responsibility for the pilgrimage left unmade; [lastly] every Christian is bound to be subject to the rule of Church, for with the Lord that judges equitably contrition is imputed for devoutness. This then is the problem which in the way of conversation and for friendship's sake thou didst propound to me [lit. 'askedst of me']."

Magnenn said: "knowest thou, Mochuta, at what time comes the *roth rámhach* ['the Rowing Wheel'] prognosticating the Perverter's advent in Ireland?" "Thus Antichrist shall come: as one that is mighty and wise, yet foolish: foolish namely as towards God, but wise to work out his own proper detriment; one whose mother (for he is a daughter's progeny by her father) is a sister of his own; one whose entire face is but one flat surface, and he having on each foot six toes; and the manner of him is besides that he is a judge violent and black [i.e. pitiless and unjust] having in his forehead a light grey tuft; out of all metals he makes gold [i.e. transmutes them] and raises up the dead. In whose time mercy shall not be until that Eli come and Enoch . . . [*cætera desiderantur*]."

Life of S. Cellach of Killala.

A king that ruled over Connacht: *Eoghan Bél*, son of *Cellach* son of Olioll *Molt* son of *Dathí* son of *Fiachra* son of *Eochaidh* Moyvane:—Every province in Ireland he used to ravage, and would return victorious, bringing his prey with him; neither out of his own province was prey ever driven from him successfully, for it was in front of him the defeat was always. But when he might not (before it actually left his confines) overtake such prey attempted on him, then would he on that very day provisionally harry the self-same country into which his prey was lifted. Why, even the Munster- and the Leinstermen obeyed him and (their kine having now many times been driven forcibly) were fain to court his favour.

At all events, betwixt this Eoghan and the children of Niall a great feud fell out; till not these only but the whole two provinces stood opposed, province to province: Connacht and Ulster. Their conditions were unequal however, inasmuch as never had Eoghan Bél suffered loss of a battle, nor was salvage ever had of him; while of his preys taken and triumphs won of Conall, and of Eoghan, and of Oriel, the frequency was beyond counting; for so long as Eoghan Bél lived never a day's peace was made with them, but every quarter of a year (aye, every month) he raided them and put them to the sword's edge. Thus then the children of Niall deemed it a hard thing, and a grievous, in this wise ever to endure violence of Eoghan Bél and of Fiachra's progeny; the remainder of Connacht too being all upon them. Ulster in general therefore, casting about what they should do, were resolved on muster and preparation for a foray in full numbers, and so fell upon the land of Connacht.

Two kings they were that at this time ruled them [Ulster]: Fergus and Donall, Muirchertach mac Erca's two sons; on Connacht now these made great preys, and all before them to the Moy ravaged completely, utterly: at driving of which stealths they were a gathering five battles strong. Clan-Fiachrach's

braves set out indeed to pursue, but never a cow was taken from the others nor a sword dulled on them until, at the bridge of *Martra*, Eoghan's family and household overtaking them pressed them hard and sore in fight, and at *sceichín na gaoithe* Eoghan himself too caught them up. He (seeing the so great host) to Fergus, to Donall, and to Ulster's nobles despatched ambassadors (men of science and of art) who should bid them abandon the prey in its integrity and so depart in peace, or otherwise be challenged presently to battle. The envoys sought Fergus and Donall, to whom they delivered Eoghan's mandate; but they, as having their prey in front of them and being therefore high in spirit and cheery to abide the fray, denied all restitution. Of clan-Neill and of Ulster there were there five battles, with them of Oriel added; one huge battle of clan-Fiachrach, and Connacht's braves besides in their own separate companies, but all under Cellach's son Eoghan Bél.

When Eoghan heard that which from clan-Neill his poets brought him back, he dismounted; for they told him that for this time war was his one alternative, nor should he ever [so said Ulster]—no, though he stood the battle—win back a single cow. Then Connacht armed and, sudden, swift, unsparing, charged upon clan-Neill. At sight of Eoghan's standard and of the banners that so many a time had had their preys, Ulster turned: either side in hate quivering to reach the other, and between them there the battle of Sligo was delivered. It was won against the North of Ireland: their prey was captured from them, and innumerable slaughter of their people made; Fergus and Donall moreover perished there; Eoghan Bél too being hurt heavily, so that it was upon spears' shafts he was borne away. For three days (as some say) he lived on, or (as yet others have it) for a week; to and from him the nobles went and came, their lamentation for him being very great the while.

Upon the king now, upon Eoghan Bél, the surgeons plied the hand; but in the end it was a thing assured that he must die, and the children of Fiachra sought counsel of him who he might be that in his room they should make chief. Eoghan Bél said: "your plight is strait; two sons I have: *Cellach* (disciple to Kieran of Cluain) and Muiredach the younger son that by his youth is not as yet fit for inauguration. My counsel to you is

this therefore: repair to Cluain, to Kieran where he is, and him entreat with craving of his consent that Cellach be dismissed with you to be made chief, seeing that ye have none other that is fit. In which matter be careful to beseech him instantly." This done, Eoghan prescribed the manner of his burial: in the open field in the borders of clan-Fiachrach, with his spear red in his hand and his face toward the North; "for," said he, "so long as my grave shall confront them, I having also my face turned to them, against Connacht they shall not endure in battle." Thus he was laid accordingly, and the rest which he prophesied was accomplished veritably: for wheresoever afterwards clan-Neill and Connacht chanced to meet, it was defeat that fell on them [the former] and on the North in general. Wherefore Niall's children and the North were determined thus: that with a great host they would come to *ráth ua Fiachrach*, lift Eoghan and carry him off northwards over *Sligeach*. So they did, and away there in the flat land of *loch Gile* [lough Gill] he was buried with his mouth downwards. But as Eoghan Bél had instructed them to go, so too clan-Fiachrach went to Clonmacnoise and to the place where Kieran was in prayer; who when they were come to him bade them be welcome, and bestowed them in a cubicle. That night they were well provided, and to Kieran shewed their errand afterwards; but his disciple he denied them utterly. Nevertheless, and for all he thus refused their prayer, in Cluain they tarried yet a second night and until Cellach came to visit them. They conferred with him, and supplicated him that he would go with them; so that in the end he yielded to bear them company, and departed on the morrow nor of his spiritual master took farewell at all. The thing was told to Kieran: how that without counsel had of him his disciple thus was stolen away. Kieran said: "if he be gone indeed, then may the choice that he hath made not thrive with him, but with that he undertakes let him have malison: so may it be that, at the last, pernicious grief come at him, and 'death by point' be that which shall displace him. I, acting for my Lord that is Heaven's King and Earth's, bequeath moreover that for all time such death by point be that which, beyond every help and without fail, shall take him whosoe'er he be that thus deserts his student-life."

As for Cellach: him Fiachrach's children led away, and con-

ferred on him clan-Fiachrach's chiefry from the *Rodhba* to the *Codnach.* For a while he held it, but when he heard that his preceptor cursed him the life misliked him. At which same time Colman's son Guaire was so that throughout Ireland his fame and honour now excelled : clan-Fiachrach of *Aidhne* being by way of territory all his own. Thus, and without delay, things (in respect of land tenure) went ill between the pair, in whom anon it was notorious that either hated other. Yet even so they trysted, and set a meeting at which they made peace ; but of Guaire's part guile entered into this their pacification, and towards Cellach he acted traitrously : killing there all so many as he might lay hold on of his people, Cellach with thrice nine of his following escaping forth out of the camp privily.

Now was he for a full year 'under wood' [i.e. a fugitive and outlaw in the forest], weariness filling him and remorse that ever he forsook his student-life, as well as for much good that Kieran had done for him. Continually he rebuked himself, so grieved he was for that which it was befallen him to do. "Woe is me (he cried) into whose head it entered ever for grossness of this wretched fleeting world to quit my learning and my master!" then he said :—

"Alas for him that for any of the vile rude World's estates forsakes the clerkly life—woe to him that for a transient world's royalty gives up a faithful God's great love ! Alas for him that in this life takes arms, unless that for the same he shall do penance ; better for one are the white-paged books with which canonical psalmody is chanted. Grand as may be the art of arms, 'tis yet of slender profit and fraught with heavy toil ; of it one shall have but a most brief life, which in the end must be exchanged for Hell. But of all callings stealth is the worst : sneaking, perjured, nimble thieving ; he that commits it, though at one time he have been ne'er so good, thenceforward is but as a wicked one. Of all which evil things a large portion is fallen to *Cellach* son of *Eoghan* now : from table to table as he wanders with a gang of villains, let him beware of death. Alas for him who to have black murk servitude of Hell abandons Heaven, blest abode of saints ; O Christ, O Ruler of Battles, woe to him that deserts his mighty Lord !"

This great fit of penitence having taken Cellach, the plan upon which he hit was that the nine his companions in the late war with Guaire should seek out Kieran of Cluain his tutor ; he himself being shy of trusting to Kieran, by reason that previously he had disobeyed him. Outside of Cluain he waited therefore, and until there he met with certain of his whilom condisciples

and fellow clerics. They bade him welcome and kissed him; into the town he entered with them and, all unknown to Kieran, that night abode there. Along with him on the morrow the heads of the community went to the place where Kieran was, to supplicate for peace and mercy; and to his master there he bent the knee. Then, though his first displeasure had been so great, Kieran repenting him of the curse which he had laid on Cellach vouchsafed him peace: "my son (he said), if I might do it, thy curse I would revoke; which since I may not, God never be for that less favourable to thee, nor for my utterance of such be thy place in Heaven cut off."

The Holy Spirit's grace, and love of the Trinity, entered into Cellach then; and he enjoined his people to go back to the spot in which Muiredach his brother was (and where the youth chanced to be at the time was in the king of *Luighne's* house): "be with him," Cellach said, "and cleave to him continually." As Cellach prescribed to them, so they went their way and became thenceforth people of Muiredach's.

As for Cellach, zealously he bent his head to study, pursuing it strenuously, with circumspection; and for each degree of increment in his learning, thrice so much his almsgiving, his charity, and all other his good works progressed. Fame of his piety overspread Ireland, men loved him with an universal love and, Cellach in all things acting according to his preceptor's word, Kieran was well pleased with him. Priest's orders were conferred upon him now, in which long time he rested; but then came the clergy of his tribe and elected him to a bishopric: episcopal orders were laid on him, and for a bishop's see he had Killala. This greater bishopric of his henceforth he administered indeed, but for the most part was in Clonmacnoise rather than in his diocese. In all Ireland was none of more renown for honour, for piety, for clerkly bearing; none whom the erudite cherished more dearly, and all denominations of them adhered to him.

He once upon a time, on episcopal visitation bound, with a great company of clerics mounted came to Kilmore of the Moy; and where Guaire son of Colman chanced to be that day was in *Dúrlas Guaire*, his confidentials (many in number) with him. In his immediate fellowship were his own son Nar mac Guaire too; and Ferchoga's son Nemedh, an uncontaminated [i.e. utterly

devoted] fosterling to Guaire, to whom this man Nemedh said: "in guise unfriendly, and ill-disposed of mien, Cellach the bishop hath given us the go-by." Guaire made answer: "it matters not; I will send after him messengers to bid him come speak with me," and so despatched to Cellach a man of the confidentials (the precise time then being noon of a Saturday). To the bishop the envoy said: "in that ye passed him by [a while ago] Guaire is but ill pleased with thee; yet come even now and speak with him." "I will not go," Cellach returned: "'tis vesper-time, and no transgression of the Lord's-day do I; but here to-morrow I will say my hours and will give Mass, the which (if it so please him) let him come to hear, and afterwards confer with me; he has no long way to come. But, should he not care to do this, then will I (he again consenting) on Monday go to him."

Back again to Guaire the messenger departed, and repeated to him all Guaire's utterance; in addition he set forth that Cellach had refused [peremptorily] to come with him, and accused him that to Guaire he bore no love at all. By reason of this, great anger entered into Guaire and he said to his emissaries: "return to Cellach; warn him that this night he quit the country; if he go not, then shall the church in which he is be burnt upon him: it and his people all." The same messenger then, having again sought Cellach, disclosed Guaire's message fully. "God betwixt me and the unrighteous," he replied, and up to Monday's morning never left the spot. Out of it he departed then and came into the borders of loch Con, where he spent the night; next he gained the loch which men to-day call *Claenloch*, and gazed upon it until forth before him in the loch he saw an island (*oilén Etgair* is its name) over which it was revealed to him that much angelic ministration was performed. He drawing near enquired whether there [in the island] were any benediction of some saint; but they [of the country] said that never had saint conferred a blessing on it. Then Cellach said: "even so; here it is that 'tis ordained for me to be a hermit." His people jeering at him and, again, dissuading him from all project of abiding in the island, he rejoined: "that I must stay here is decreed; but take ye your departure, for in my bishopric your [own appointed] places are many [and are various]."

Loath as they were they did so and, saving four clerics in his

company, left Cellach all alone; which four were *Maelcróin*, *Maeldálua*, *Maelsenaigh*, and *Macdeoraidh*: Cellach's condisciples once. From Shrovetide until Easter they continued in performance of their office, serving God zealously; through Ireland the noise went forth that holy bishop Cellach (his bishopric abandoned) lived a hermit's life; then Easter-time came round and his brother Eoghan Bél's son Muiredach visited him often, nor, but by his counsel, did anything at all. All which when Guaire heard, rage possessed him and enmity to Cellach; so that, ill as things stood between them previously, now they were worse by far; for he feared that Muiredach (through prompting of his brother Cellach, as well as for his own inherent qualities, and cognisance of being himself apt matter of a chief) would grasp at the main power. Over and above which, his son Nar, and Nemedh son of Ferchoga, daily and nightly plying Guaire with forged and wicked tales of him, harped on it to Guaire that he must slay holy bishop Cellach. A treason they contrived between them then, which was: to bid Cellach come visit them, and to have poison all ready made against him; for hateful as he was to Guaire, yet would the king not that in his very presence weapons were used upon him. So they did: with intent on Cellach they prepared poison, then to the island where he was in his loch sent messengers with charge that, Cellach refusing, they should invite his condisciples to repair to Guaire in order that hither and thither betwixt the two they might do friendly message-bearers' office. In his isle these envoys lighted upon Cellach (who just then read his hours) and saluted him. He greeted them, and they told him that from Guaire they came to fetch him, both to a great feast which the king had for him, and to speak with him. "No more will I go thither," Cellach said, "nor for sake of the perishable poor world's feast or favour neglect mine offices." "Never do their bidding," the condisciples cried, "and in Guaire it is but fondness to imagine that by things such as these thou mayest be drawn to love him." The envoys said: "suffer then that thy condisciples come with us; so shall Guaire be well pleased with thee, and whatsoever privy errand he shall have to send thee they will convey." Cellach said: "I will not hinder them, nor yet constrain them to it;" and when Maelcróin with the others heard him, all four together accom-

panied the envoys in their return to Guaire, where he was in *Dúrlas*. He gave them welcome and rejoiced to see them come; with meat and drink they were provided sedulously.

Then a banquetting-house apart was set in order for them, and thither for their use the fort's best liquor was conveyed. On Guaire's either side were set two of them and, with an eye to win them that they should quit Cellach, great gifts were promised them: all the country of Tirawley; four spinster women such as themselves should choose out of the province, with these their wives' sufficient complement of horses and of kine (such gifts to be by covenant secured to them); and of arms a present adequate equipment to be furnished to each one. That night they bode there, and at the morning's meal with one accord consented to kill Cellach. Thence they departed to loch Con; where they had left the boat there they found it, and then pulling off reached Cellach. He was thus: his psalter spread before him as he said the psalms; he never spoke to them; he made an end of psalmody and, looking on them, marked their eyes unsteady in their heads and clouded with the hue of parricide.

"Young men," said Cellach, "ye have an evil aspect; since ye went from me your natures ye have changed, and I perceive in you that for king Guaire's sake ye are agreed to murder me." Never a tittle they denied, and he went on: "an ill design it is; but follow now no longer your own detriment, and from me shall be had gifts which far beyond all Guaire's promises shall profit you." They rejoined: "by no means, Cellach, will we do as thou wouldst have us, seeing that, if we acted so, not in all Ireland might we harbour anywhere;" and even as they spoke, into Cellach they plunged their spears in unison; yet he made shift to thrust his psalter in between him and his frock. They stowed him in the boat amidships, two of themselves in the bow, and so gained a landing-place; thence they carried him into the great forest and into the dark recesses of the wood. Cellach said: "this that ye would accomplish I esteem to be a wicked work indeed, [the which would ye even now renounce] in Clonmacnoise ye might shelter safe for ever; or should it please you to resort rather to Bláthmac and to Dermot (sons to Aedh Sláine) now ruling Ireland [with them ye would be secure];" then he indited:—

"O ye young men that terrify me, to Heaven's high King pride is abominable; distorted as your eyes are, the secret of your hearts is more perverted still. As against me ye have consented—cruel resolve foreboding violence; the shame of it shall long endure to you, and parricide bring you repentance yet. Ye being they that kill me [visibly] are not, as I believe, my veritable slayers; but Kieran's curse, my tutor's [strikes me]—a burn is hottest in the after-pain. The curse is very bad for me, yet seek I not to shun my butchering; but to you it shall be a plague and a consternation that on me ye ever plied the bloody hand. A certain One I have upon my side, the like of whom existeth not: with Christ my cause is bound up closely, the angels' Heaven shall be my dwelling-place. Treason it was when ye were determined to fall on me unrighteously; but death by point shall in the end work your destruction and, O ye young men, Hell awaits you!"

"Farther to advise us in the matter is but idle," they retorted; "we will not do it [i.e. thy bidding] for thee." "Well then," he pleaded, "this one night's respite grant me for God's sake." "Loath though we be to concede it, we will yield thee that," they said; then raised the swords which in their clothes they carried hidden, and at the sight of them a mighty fear took Cellach. They ransacked the wood until they found a hollow oak having one narrow entrance, and to this Cellach was committed, they sitting at the hole to watch him till the morning. They were so to the hour of night's waning end, when drowsy longing came to them and deep sleep fell on them there. Cellach, in trouble for his violent death, slept not at all; at which time it was in his power to have fled (had it so pleased him), but in his heart he said that it were misbelief in him to moot evasion of the living God's designs. Moreover he reflected that even were he so to flee they must overtake him, he being after Lent [just passed] but poor and feeble. Morning shone on them now, and he (for fear to see it and in terror of his death) shut to the door; yet he said: "to shirk God's judgment is in me a lack of faith, Kieran my tutor having promised me that I must meet this end;" and as he spoke he flung open the tree's door. The raven called then, and the scallcrow, the wren, and all the other birds; the kite of *cluain-eo's* yew-tree came, and the 'red hound' [wolf] of *druim mic Dair* (yclept the *brécaire* i.e. 'the deceiver') whose lair was by the island's landing-place. "My dream of Wednesday's night last past was true," says Cellach: "that four 'wild dogs' rent me, and dragged me through the brackens; that down a precipice I fell then, nor evermore came up;" and he pronounced this lay:—

"Hail to the Morning fair that as a flame falls on the ground—hail to Him too that sends her—the Morning many-virtued ever new! O Morning fair so full of pride—O sister of the brilliant Sun—hail to thee, beauteous Morning, that lightest my little book for me! Thou seest the guest in every dwelling—shinest on every tribe and kin—hail O thou white-necked, beautiful, here with us now—O golden-fair and wonderful! My little book with chequered page tells me my life hath not been right; Maelcróin—'tis he whom I do well to fear: he it is that comes to smite me at the last. O scallcrow and O scallcrow, grey-coated, sharp-beaked, paltry fowl! the intent of thy desire is apparent to me, no friend art thou to Cellach. O raven, thou that makest croaking! if hungry thou be now, O bird! from this same rath depart not until thou have a surfeit of my flesh. Fiercely the kite of *cluain-eo's* yew-tree will take part in the scramble; his horn-hued talons full he'll carry off, he will not part from me in kindness. To the blow [that fells me] the fox that's in the darkling wood will make response at speed; he too in cold and trackless confines shall devour a portion of my flesh and blood. The wolf that's in the rath upon the eastern side of *druim mic Dair*: he on a passing visit comes to me, that he may rank as chieftain of the meaner pack. On Wednesday's night last past I saw a dream: as one the wild dogs dragged me eastwards and westwards through the russet ferns. I saw a dream: that into a green glen men took me; four they were that bore me thither, but (so meseemed) ne'er brought me back again. I saw a dream: that to their house my condisciples led me; for me then they poured out a drink, a draught too they quaffed off to me. O tiny wren most scant of tail! dolefully thou hast piped prophetic lay; surely thou art come to betray me, and to curtail my gift of life. Wherefore should Macdeoraidh, dealing treasonably, seek to hurt me? a monstrous act: for brothers two my father and Macdeoraidh's father were. Why should Maeldálua go about to injure me, he that of a truth hath shewn me treachery? for sisters twain my mother and Maeldálua's mother were. Why should Maelsenaig lust to harm me, he that in the conspiracy hath used me guilefully? for well I wot that he is a pure man's son—Maelibair's son Maelsenaig. O Maelcróin and O Maelcróin, thou art resolved on a deed that is iniquitous! for ten hundred golden ingots Eoghan's son had ne'er consented to thy death. O Maelcróin and O Maelcróin, pelf it is that thou hast taken to betray me! for this World's sake thou hast accepted it, accepted it for sake of Hell. All precious things that ever I had—all sleek-coated young horses—on Maelcróin I would have bestowed them that he should not do me this treason. But Mary's great Son up above me thus addresses speech to me: 'thou must have earth, thou shalt have Heaven; welcome awaits thee, Cellach.'"

By them now Cellach was lifted out of the tree, and first of all Macdeoraidh struck him; afterwards Maeldálua, Maelsenaigh and Maelcróin [in order] struck him; and in such fashion there they did to death the holy bishop, Eoghan Bél's son Cellach; then after their master, their lord, their sacred kinsman murdered, went their ways to Guaire, who (for all their deed was heinous)

met them right joyously. To him [Cellach] the ravens, and the scallcrows, and the forest's several preying things flocked together (as he himself had presaged for them), and of his flesh and blood consumed somewhat; but every preying creature whatsoever that much or little ate of him died on the spot.

Touching holy bishop Cellach's brother Muiredach, son of Eoghan Bél: that same day he came looking for his brother, even as many a time before he came for speech with him and to have counsel of him, seeing that but by Cellach's precept (his precept namely that was his teacher, his brother and his spiritual father all in one) he did nought. When therefore he came as he used ever to the island's ferryport, yonder in the island he heard nor speech nor chant of Cellach. The boat indeed they [he and his] got at the port, but the isle when they were come into it they found all void: Cellach not there at all. In haste they returned, and so soon as Muiredach [by questions] heard that the young clerks had been to Guaire's house, he knew that there Cellach had been pointed out to them to slay. The way that he took now was by the spot where the Congheilt dwelt, between loch Cuilinn and loch Con. To guard which Congheilt a raging beast opposed them, presently and before his face killing nine of his people. Eochaidh's son Conall, his condisciple, chid him for this, and said that a king's son enduring thus to view his people slaughtered by the beast could be but recreant. In quest of the monster Muiredach went forth then and dived into the loch, but the first time found her not; a second time he went, and at the third hit her track, and up out of the loch followed her till he came on her where she slept gorged. Through her and into the earth he thrust his sword; she with the weapon stuck in her [fled and] sprang into the loch. Muiredach followed by the track and fought with her; in which fight he was hurt grievously, but in the end killed the beast, took her head, and to Conall his condisciple with his folk in general carried it ashore. Conall said: "a gallant fight is that thou'st fought, my son: to slay the Congheilt's monster; whence also thy name shall be 'Cuchongeilt'" (and so the practice grew of calling him Cuchongeilt).

Away they came, and through the wild wood followed on a track of five: followed zealously, until they found the clubs

where those had left them. "Even so," said Muiredach: "for a token to slay Cellach these clubs were brought from Guaire. Let them lie, and follow we the traces of the band." Again they went upon the trail, and so found the tree with Cellach's body there: part eaten by the creatures. The gruesome deed lay heavy upon Muiredach, and he said:—

"Dear was he whose body this is: to mine own death his death I liken; the corpse of Eoghan Bél's son Cellach I see drenched in its own blood. Sister for me is none, alas! in Ireland's nor in Scotland's land; my father is dead, dead my mother, now God hath left me brotherless. If it be not with pure Gelghéis, or else with Conall, Eochaidh's son, I know not whether with any now kindness there be or yet dear love for me. O loch Claen, and O loch Claen, henceforth thou prosperest no more! for not from slaughter savedst thou that which now is but the corpse of Eoghan's son Cellach. Thy bands of kerne thou, Cellach, didst renounce to follow psalmody with light; valour's deeds thou gavest up for books full of all purity. The feasting-house thou didst desert for frequentation of the altar; tributes thou didst forego, O man! in Jesus the Beloved didst place thy love. In vengeance of high Eoghan's son, Macdeoraidh is as good as slain by me; lapped in his own blood shall Macdeoraidh lie, that butchered thus dear Eoghan's son. His pious clerkly life was good in his beautiful yew-shaded church; dear was his head of hair so fair, dear is his corpse and well-beloved. In vengeance of the white-skinned Cellach, Maeldálua is as good as fallen by my hand; in this foul treason if Maelsenaigh had a part, he too is fallen. As for Maelcróin—rare as the gold is, I would give it to have the ruthless slaying of him."

This done they lifted Cellach's body to Dromore, that is called Turlach now; but for Guaire's fear [that was on them] they of the Turlach would not suffer that it should be laid with them. They came to Liscallan; but the familia of Killcallan, as dreading Guaire, endured not to have him laid with them. Cuchongeilt being vexed at this said that he would be avenged on them for their denial; nor were they gone far from the church when they beheld the same ablaze with fire (fire fallen from heaven) that flamed on high, and in combustion because they yielded not to take in Cellach's body. Since which time there is not any human inhabiting of the spot.

They being yet there saw towards them two wild deer with a wain, which with great effort they drew between them till they came abreast of the body. Amid that company the stags laid their bier upon the ground, and to all of them that which they saw enacted thus seemed passing strange; but at the miracle

which for holy Cellach's sake was wrought by God they were rejoiced exceedingly. On the bier which the two stags had borne they laid the corpse, then moved it on until they gained the Eskers in the west; there they perceived a church with a cell contiguous, at which cell's door the deer laid the body from them and the church-bells pealed of themselves. The clergy, being come forth and standing over the body, enquired whose it might be; and when they learned it, for his soul's rest they sang the psalms with zeal. A bevy of angels likewise, coming down from Heaven, did honour to his soul and to his place of sepulture on earth. Farther: the same deer came daily and, like the oxen, ploughed. Their ploughing done, at noon then they frequented Cellach's tomb to lick it. Now came Cuchongeilt and, standing at his brother's grave, said:—

"After my brother that cherished me, sorrowing and wretched I stand here; from the day in which Eoghan's son ceased to live, no more I seek his dwelling-place. To him that shewed this treason shall be evil, and his high abode be but a desert after him; he that in the eastward butchered thee, upon the Devil's black flagstones he shall lie. Woe to him that reposes trust in them to go into their house, or that confides in the children of Cobthach's son Colman; the deed procured by Guaire shall subject him to woe of misery eternal."

Out of every airt in Connacht they that had loved Cellach and had been friends to him gathered themselves to Cuchongeilt now, so that in one spot they were in number three hundred armed men together. He, seeing that against Guaire he might not as yet find favourable path of war, was resolved that he would go to Marcan king of Hy-Many and of *Medraighe*; from whom accordingly he had [guarantee of] protection against all Ireland. Cuchongeilt struck his hand in his, and for twelve months Marcan billeted his people; Cuchongeilt himself for that space of time being in Marcan's house, and with great honour shewn him. But now, the year run out, Marcan said to him: "to-morrow, Cuchongeilt, depart; yet is not churlishness the cause that this is said to thee, but that on Guaire we may not presume so far as to retain thee longer by us;" and Marcan uttered:—

"Thy visit to my house, Cuchongeilt son of Eoghan, hath been good; O yellow-haired Eoghan's son, thine increase swelleth as a flood! At morning's prime to-morrow go on thy way bravely, and for a year abide with them—with Aedh Sláine's noble sons. Prosperous be the path thou takest, O

son of Eoghan, generous one ! from Marcan's house propitious progress have thou, so shall thy journey's end be good."

Eastward over Shannon they held their course : three hundred men all told ; and on to Tara where Dermot was, and Bláthmac, Aedh Sláine's sons, and they found welcome. Cuchongeilt's folk were quartered abroad over the *tuatha* of Bregia ; while he and a part of his confidentials were of Bláthmac's own companionship, and high in honour. Now Bláthmac had a haughty spinster daughter (Aife by name) betwixt whom and Cuchongeilt a wooing-match began : either to other gave a mighty love, and they were very few that at the time had any inkling of the courtship. But Cuchongeilt chancing of a day to play chess [with Bláthmac] and the game going hard against him, the daughter came and, standing over her father, to his disadvantage prompted the other to a move. Bláthmac scanning her keenly said : "thou art zealous to prompt against me, daughter, and the game hast taken from me ; truly between thee and Cuchongeilt there is friendship." She made answer : "nor seek I to conceal it." "Wherefore then, seeing thou acknowledgest the thing, sought ye not my license?" Cuchongeilt said : "as yet we have done no wrong, nor, but by thy leave, will act at all." "That being so I will not come betwixt you and your love, but (many as be they that seek her) will give her to thee : I hold thee to be a son-in-law sufficient for me." The wedding-feast was held that night ; they slept together, and between them for a space all was well ; until one night, Aife and Cuchongeilt discoursing gently, she said to him : "brave though thy bodily presence be, and thy renown, yet that thy valour is so poor, thy hardihood so puny, is a great defect in thee." "Whence hast thou that?" he asked. "From thy negligence to exact vengeance of them that slew thy brother." "Thy speech is good, young woman," he rejoined, and then conceived shame for that which his wife had uttered to him. Cuchongeilt being early risen on the morrow sent to his people a privy message ; out of all quarters they flocked in to him and, he surrounded by them thus, they marched out of the town. With the design to stay him, Bláthmac and all the gentles of the fort were there ; yet would not Cuchongeilt even to do him pleasure halt. In Aife this bred woful grief, and on all men she enjoined that they should hinder him of setting forth : "for

if Connacht's women see him they will love him, and never shall I see him more." Then, when she might not restrain him, her heart was heavy to her and she indited :—

"Matter of grief is that which I spoke : I have reproached a crimeless man ; 'tis not God's Son [but mine own petulance] that hath sent Eoghan's son to roam. Straightway then sorrow filled me, my strength no more shall know increase ; rather than abide in Bregia I would depart to follow after Cuchongeilt. The man of challenges—prize-taker in all conventions—I fear for him ; [fear] that, even though by a circuit he reach his country, to Guaire's snares he must be obnoxious still. Pleasure I will no more practise—sorrow [henceforth] hath all my heart ; to me my death undoubtedly is nearer than to another is [mere] debility of sickness. Alas that ever he came to Tara : he that to maidens is gentle and benign ; and readily as he sets out now for Guaire's country, the time will come when he shall know repentance.

Touching Cuchongeilt and his : westwards they travelled athwart the *tuatha* of Bregia and of Meath, over Shannon, through Connacht, and so into Tirawley : his very own and proper lands, where straightway their plight was one of hardship ; for their numbers were such that they might not shift to hide themselves, and no meat at hand. Cuchongeilt headed for a house known to him of yore in *glenn mac ú-Arann* in the west, into which house that night they fitted all ; and in it Cuchongeilt left them while he went out alone to scour the country. He was not gone far when there he saw a mighty herd of swine, and considered them until he spied a lusty and a weighty hog ; then propelled a javelin into him, and so killed him. Now came the swineherd running to him, and enquired : "man, wherefore hast thou killed the swine that was not thine?" "A longing to slay him that came over me, for I hunger," Cuchongeilt answered ; but the swineherd said : "the deed that thou hast done will breed thee penitence yet." "Step now this way awhile and let us speak together," said Cuchongeilt, whom the young man for his part sought to shun, but could not compass it. He being then in Cuchongeilt's power, this latter questioned him : "whose are these swine? is he of this country that owns them?" The swineherd answered : "if thou be indeed of Connacht's province, strange it seems to me thou knowest not the four whose is this land : Maelcróin, Maeldálua, Maelsenaigh and Macdeoraidh, condisciples four to Cellach son of Eoghan Bél ; for all in general have heard how by him this country was made over to them."

"Thy words are true," Cuchongeilt said; but he, the swineherd, stood and with scrutiny examined him. "Why starest thou at me so?" "If I be right, and long as it is since last I looked on thee, thou art Eoghan Bél's son Cuchongeilt." "The recognition is a sure one," assented Cuchongeilt, round about whose neck the young man clasped his arms and kissed him thrice; then asked: "and know'st thou me?" "Not as yet." "I am that little boy whom thou wert wont to see with thine own brother Cellach; and God I thank that to me first of all men in this country he hath guided thee. But hast thou a company? hast thou people?" "I have so; in quest of flesh for whom I am come hither." "What is their number?" "Three hundred that as one man are skilled in arms, and valiant." "And for whom a hog is all too little," said the herd: "but lead them to me hither, that of the swine they may e'en take a night's sufficiency for all. Henceforth I am of thy part, and am he that for the time to come will guide thee in this land, and will deliver it into thy hand, and instruct thee how thou shalt reach the four that slew Cellach thy brother; for they are in *Dún fidhne* where newly they have made a fort with four doors to it, a door for every man of them: Maeldálua, Maelsenaigh, Maelcróin, and Macdeoraidh; whom up to this day their Irachts have opposed. For this their fort's inauguration then I will convey to them the swine, and take likewise a store of rushes; none the less kill of the porkers so many as shall seem sufficient." Cuchongeilt answered: "I will go with thee; and thy load of rushes, 'tis I will carry it." "I am well pleased," said the herd.

Away they went then, but previously Cuchongeilt bade his people (their meal well finished) follow after him; first they must let the night grow dark upon them, and then (but by lone and tangled paths) on to *Dún fidhne*. The swineherd with his hogs made for the *dún*, Cuchongeilt being his companion: with his rush-load on his back, his weapons girt about him and well hidden in his clothes. To such as questioned him: "who's that under the load?" the herd would answer: "'tis a fellow-herd of mine." Day being ended now, Cuchongeilt's people [marched, and in time] attained the fort's vicinity, where as yet none of the swine were slaughtered. Inside the company carousing were in highest glee; and for himself and for his people each man of the

four that occupied the fort had an especial door. Cuchongeilt (having about him raiment of the swineherd and accompanied by him) entered into the *dún*, and on the floor cast down his bundle; then in the midst of the building and among the ministers of the feast they sate them down. Into Cuchongeilt's hand the swineherd thrust a golden drinking-horn; he drank a draught out of it, and then throughout the dwelling studied his foes curiously. He said to the swineherd: "forth of this house I issue not to-night; but depart thou and fetch our people, bring them, for these all are foolish now and merely drunken." Even as Cuchongeilt charged him, so the herd went away; and back to the fort led the others, who as they came up were never marked at all till at the four doors at once they stormed into the fort. On the spot were taken the four that once slew Cellach son of Eoghan: Maelcróin, Maeldálua, Maelsenaigh, and Macdeoraidh, round about whom their confidentials all were slain; but to the general it was proclaimed that they should continue in their several carousing seats, seeing that all were friends to Cuchongeilt. Up and down among them he and his people sate after their enemies destroyed, and until morning drank and made merry with them. At early morn they rose from the banquet, and westwards through the country carried off the four in bonds: past (but not very far past) *lec turscair*, with their right hand to the sea-resounding Moy. Thither four posts, long and thick, were brought to them; the four were laid on these and, they being yet alive, their limbs lopped from them. The trunks were hung up then, and they so choked to death; whence *ard na riagh* is ever since the designation of that place: as one said:—

"Opportune are these executions, O Cuchongeilt son of Eogan! of Maeldálua, of Maelcróin, of Maelsenaigh, and of Macdeoraidh. Death violent and mutilating and untimely, and the hanging up then of their carcases—my God 'tis blithe to speak of it, for torment was their rightful due. Long shall their shame endure to them, aye, until advent of stroke-dealing Doom; their souls are with the Devil, and to strangle them was opportune."

The four being hanged by them thus, Cuchongeilt entered into Hy-Fiachrach's land and (after many of his people slain) assumed power over them and took their pledges [hostages]. Henceforth his generosity's and his valour's fame increased mightily, and, great as Guaire was, to them of all arts and sciences throughout Ireland Cuchongeilt was dearer yet than he. Over

Tirawley and Hy-Fiachrach of the North he there and then made himself supreme; while in the south Guaire was lord of Hy-Fiachrach *Aidhne*. Between the two conflict of war broke out forthwith, nor were it feasible to set forth all violence and evil that by Cuchongeilt was executed upon Guaire: in fine, between them both it wanted but little of both Irachts' extinction, or even of the whole province brought to an end.

Now Guaire's daughter Gelghéis was so that she was deep in love with Cuchongeilt, for which love's sake she ever had refused to lie with man. They [the two kings] being wearied with the war, Cuchongeilt pressed Guaire for his daughter: whom Guaire however would by no means yield to give him. Howbeit his people (to the end the war should cease) beseeching Guaire instantly, he consented; but on these conditions: himself to make the wedding-feast, and Cuchongeilt to come to his house. Cuchongeilt would not in any wise agree to this, so that for a great while they made war on one another still, and up to such time as Guaire (in order to please the great bulk of his people) must needs make peace. He then thus wearied out, Gelghéis was made over to Cuchongeilt and things went lovingly between them; his generous reputation at this time standing high in Ireland. But, though he was placable to Guaire's folk, the churches of his land he desolated ever, which in Guaire's sight was an evil thing. Therefore the treason that Guaire put in practice was this: to seek the spot where just then Kieran of Clonmacnoise was with his clergy; whom he would enjoin to go and (in order to their mutual peace and amity) bring back Cuchongeilt; in Kieran's mouth also was put a promise to Cuchongeilt: that would he but come into Guaire's house he should unopposed be chief of his own country. Kieran found Cuchongeilt accordingly, and strenuously exhorted him not to let slip the power of Connacht: what though he must adventure himself with Guaire? Gelghéis as well persuading him; for well she knew that Kieran nursed no treachery, nor could she surmise that Guaire would deal guilefully with the saint. Against his natural propensity Cuchongeilt [in the end] consented to bear Kieran company thither (they also being many that entreated him to it) and he uttered:—

"Although I be escorted with a hundred, yet loath I am to set out on the way; but come I back, or come back not, it is more befitting that I go. An

evil vision I have seen: that swine of Colman's son tore me; for me (should the dream prove a true one) the matter will have ill event. An evil vision I have seen: that swine of Colman's son rent me; but though thereby I get my death, yet will I not be slack to visit him."

Here Cuchongeilt's death is not forthcoming, but that is not purposely on our part (*scribe's note*):—

With a company of which Cuchongeilt too was one, Kieran came to *Dúrlas Guaire*, where for three nights they were ministered to and cared for; and then in Kieran's presence a bond of peace between Guaire and Cuchongeilt was entered into. But Kieran having now left the town, what Guaire plotted was to execute a parricidal deed on his kinsman, on his son-in-law, and on a foremost saint of Ireland. In *Dúrlas Guaire* therefore, and by Guaire son of Colman son of Eochaidh, was wrought out a design following which Eogan Bél's son Cuchongeilt was there and then put to death . . . . . as one said:—

God having permitted it, Eoghan's dwelling-place is void to-night; whether of timber or of stone, no house is sprung up there; a lonely wilderness it shall be ever. A protector of women and of children the unconquered hero-warrior was—a leader of armed bands, of bardic companies—well might all men obey him. He was good to serve his friends' necessity—of largesse to the poets he was prodigal—no ale-drinker in backward houses. At all times he desired music of the strings—the cry of hounds was melody to him—in a great mead-carousing company he had delight, nor e'er consented to a feast in islands. When first the mother happily brought forth Olioll's grandson Eoghan Bél, the mouth [i.e. the acclamation] of every country round about welcomed the little blue-eyed thing. Therefore it was that (as I now proclaim) the name of Eoghan Bél adhered to him; to Connacht's favourite, and to Fiachra's grandson of the flowing hair, the suffrage of all chiefs was given. With sixteen years completed the stripling's bulk sufficed him; and upon Hy-Fiachrach thenceforth no man adventured raid or robbery. His mind inclined to Meath, the portion of Flann's son—his right hand was towards Brendan's fertile rath—his 'smooth side' [i.e. his amity] towards Cruachan of poetic companies—his 'rough side' [i.e. his enmity] turned to them of Oriel. He revelled in the attack made to enforce his tribute upon Oriel's noble men—in despoiling of Eoghan's seed, and in checking of their federation. Never was he the man to be a single month—nor at any time was he so long actually —without a progress, whether by land or else by sea, to plunder Conall's progeny. Yonside of Assaroe upon a time (and a gallant rush it was) eastward or westward Eoghan left not with Ulster a single cow that he brought not into Connacht. Fury fell on Niall's noble children, dwelling and martial rage occupied them; from the dark Drowes to Keshcorann of the hazel woods they laid all waste. At which time Eoghan's strength was but a small part of his people: there where he was (with horses

and with hounds, with langorous women) in the high burg of Olioll's grandson. He (seeing his country's preys driven past him on their way) like a mighty and a raging bull went into them [Ulster], encountered them. From the children of Niall he rends their prey, but he, Hy-Fiachrach's king, himself is wounded; then having reached his own house dies, and desert is Eoghan's home to-night. Desert is gentle Cellach's dwelling too, home of him that by point of weapon mangled lies; Eoghan's son being beyond all controversy dead, the churches of Connacht are perished away. Gentle Cellach's dwelling-place is desert, he being torn by weapon's points . . . . . Desert Cuchongeilt's habitation is, home of one to whom whole countries gave great love . . . . . He whom the Moy did most affect: [alas] that by Guaire's violence he should be fallen! alas for her whom 'twas his fate to love, woe that he ever gave ear to Gelghéis! Had Kieran but known all, ne'er had he found the death he met—had Brendan of pure piety but known it, or mac Duach . . . . . Until for a spell he had denied them first, [to Guaire's house] he went not with the company—went not till for a time they perpetrated fasting on him, and a three days' abstinence from meat. To Eoghan's most comely son said Gelghéis of the blooming cheek: "and wouldst thou then deal treasonably with the honour of Ireland's exalted saints? Hadst thou to Guaire but given up *Dûrlas* and the level marshland of the Moy, thou hadst not needed now to go into his house with guarantee of saint or *nemhed.* Wit and wisdom are not equal—not equal age and hardihood—gentleness and affection are not equal in you and in clan-Colman." Cuchongeilt of the conventions answered: "since ye desire it, and to do you pleasure, to the many-retinued house of Colman's son I will repair." The clergy and Cuchongeilt in haste equipped them and, Cuchongeilt leading, held straight course to *Dûrlas.* Though Kieran of Cluain were a man prone to wrath, and potent as were Brendan's miracles: yet never a look Colman's son, the destroyer, cast on that perfect band of clerks to heed them. Then in both low places and high they [of *Dûrlas*] wreak the slaughter; so that at long-haired clan-Colman's hands Cuchongeilt, as was ordained, perished. Without reprieve they banned him then, those saints cursed murderous Guaire: his life, his death, they blighted both, so that this spot is void and desert.

A Story of Aedh Baclamh.

Aedh Baclamh, spear-bearer of Cerbhall's son Dermot [the king]: a fit of heavy sickness took him, and for a year he was in a wasting of continued illness; but recovered health then and went to confer with Dermot, to whom he said: "for this year past that I am lying down, how goes the order of thy discipline and peace?" Dermot said: "I perceive not any imminution that it suffers." "There is a thing whereby I will discover that," said Aedh Baclamh: "I carrying thy spear laid crosswise in the bend of both my arms will traverse Ireland obliquely, west and south about, until I reach the door of every liss in Ireland, and over their thresholds carry in the spear transversely; so shall the regimen and peace of Ireland be ascertained."

From Tara therefore Aedh Baclamh (and with him the king of Ireland's herald to proclaim Ireland's peace) arrived in the province of Connacht, where he made his way to the mansion of Aedh Guaire of Kinelfechin in Hy-Many. He [at the time] was so that round about his fortalice he had a stockade of red oak, and had a new house too that was but just built, with a view to his wife's marriage-feast. Now a week before Aedh Baclamh's arrival the other had heard that he was on his way to him, and enjoined to make an opening before him in the palisade [but not in the dwelling].

Aedh Baclamh came accordingly, and Aedh Guaire gave him welcome. Aedh Baclamh said that the house must be hewn [open to the right width] before him. "Give thine own orders according as it may please thee to have it hewn," Aedh Guaire said, and (even as he uttered) dealt him a sword-stroke and so took off his head.

Now in this time the discipline of Ireland was such that, whosoever killed a man void of offence, nor cattle nor other valuable consideration might be taken in lieu of him [the slain] but, unless only the king of Ireland should ordain or else permit such to be accepted for him, he [the slayer] must himself be put to death.

When Dermot had heard of the killing he sent his young men and his executive to waste and to spoil Aedh Guaire: who fled to bishop Senan, for it was the one mother they had. Senan the bishop again goes with him to Ruadhan of Lorrha, for it was two sisters to Ruadhan that had nursed bishop Senan: Cael and Ruadhnait were their names. Aedh Guaire found no sanctuary with Ruadhan, however, but was banished away into Britain, where he was for a year; and thither Dermot's people came to demand him, so that again he was sent to Ruadhan. Dermot came himself to Ruadhan to require him, but the saint had him put into a hole of the earth which to-day is called *poll Ruadháin*, i.e. 'Ruadhan's Pit.' Dermot sent his lad to ransack Ruadhan's kitchen to see whether Aedh Guaire were in it but, the lad being entered into the kitchen, his eyes were blinded presently. When Dermot saw him so, he in his turn went into the kitchen; but found not Aedh Guaire there, and asked Ruadhan where he was (for he opined that Ruadhan would not tell a lie). Ruadhan answered: "I know not, unless that he be under yon thatch."

Dermot returns home now; but on the way remembers the cleric's word and so turns back again, goes into the reclusorium, and sees a candle being carried to the place in which is Aedh Guaire: to fetch whom he sends yet another that is a confidential lad to him (Donnan Donn was the lad's name) and he excavates the place of hiding, but the arm that he extends to take Aedh withers up to the shoulder; whereupon he makes obeisance to Ruadhan, they both [i.e. he and his fellow that was blinded] remain with him, and from that time to this are in Pollruane. Then Dermot carries off Aedh Guaire to Tara.

Ruadhan repairs to the elder Brendan, of Birr, and to Ireland's twelve apostles; they both [accompanied by the rest] follow Dermot to Tara, and that night fast upon him; while he, relying on his kingly quality and on the justice of his cause, fasts on them (in which night the sons of 'Tara's twelve Pillars,' that were with the king's steward, died; but on the morrow, the steward adjuring him to it in God's name, Ruadhan brings them to life again).

In such fashion, and to the end of a year, they continued before Tara under Ruadhan's tent, exposed to weather and to wet;

they [i.e. either party] being every second night without food: Dermot and the clergy, that fasted on each other.

Where [the other] Brendan (Finnlogh's son) was at the time was in exploration of the sea, in quest of the Promised Land; and an angel showed him that Ireland's twelve apostles were before Tara, contending with the king of Erin, who had just done violence to Ruadhan. Brendan came from the sea now and landed at *dún Rosarach*, where he abode that night and then blessed the *dún*. Howbeit, whenever Dermot heard of Brendan's arrival, and how he came to succour the saints and clergy, great fear took him; in so much that he said to the saints: "were ye to give me fifty horses, blue-eyed and with golden bridles, I would yield you up Aedh Guaire." This came to Brendan's ears; he summons fifty seals, turns them into the forms of [so many] horses, and drives them before him to the green of Tara. Then it was that the clergy and all Tara's host welcomed Brendan, who fell to narrate to them all the hardship of the sea; and to the hosts of Tara Brendan's utterance was sweet. He enquired of Dermot whether in lieu of Aedh Guaire he would accept cattle or other consideration. "I will accept," Dermot said, "yon fifty blue-eyed horses; but on condition that one shall guarantee them to me for a year and a quarter." So the horses were made over to Dermot, and the cleric went security for them for that time. [Which being now run out] the horses one day raced on Tara's green, and the riders (judging their speed to be insufficient) plied them with their horse-rods, at which they became frantic; nor could a pull be got at them before they, taking their riders with them, dived into [lit. 'put their heads under'] the sea, and both parties of them [men and horses] were turned into seals. Dermot was wroth at this, went into Tara, and Tara's seven lisses were shut on him to the end the clergy should not enter into Tara, and lest therein they should leave malevolence and evil bequests.

Then meat and ale were given them; and people were assigned to wait on them, also to keep watch and ward over them until in their presence the clergy should have veritably and effectively accomplished the act of consuming and of eating. But that night Brendan counselled them thus: their hoods to be about their heads, and they to let their meat and drink pass their lips

down into the bosoms of their frocks and so to the ground, which they did. It was reported to the king that the clergy partook heartily of meat and liquor; he therefore ate meat that night, while in the same the clergy fasted on him by stratagem.

Now Dermot's wife (Mughain the woman was) saw a dream, which dream was this: that upon Tara's green was a vast and wide-foliaged tree, and eleven slaves hewing at it; but every chip that they knocked from it would return into its place again and there adhere [i.e. be incorporated as before] instantly, till at last there came one man that dealt the tree but a stroke, and with that single cut laid it low; and the poet pronounced a lay:—

The wife of Tara's king of the heavy torques beheld an evil dream . . .

As for Dermot son of Cerbhall: after that dream he rose early, so that he heard the clergy chant their psalms, and he entered into the house in which they were. "Alas," he said, "for the iniquitous contest that ye have waged against me: seeing it is Ireland's good that I pursue, and to preserve her discipline and royal right; but 'tis Ireland's 'unpeace' and murderousness that ye endeavour after. For God himself it is that on such or such an one confers the orders of prince, of righteous ruler, and of equitable judgment, to the end he shall maintain his truthfulness, his princely quality, and his governance. Now that to which a king is bound is to have mercy coupled with stringency of law, and peace maintained in the *tuatha*, and pledges [hostages] in fetters; to succour the wretched, but to overwhelm enemies; and to banish falsehood, for unless on this hither side one do the King of Heaven's will, no excuse is accepted from him yonder. And thou, Ruadhan," said Dermot: "through thee it is that injury and rending of my sway, and of mine integrity to Godward, is come about; and I pray God that thy diocese be the first in Ireland that shall be renounced, and thy church-lands the first that shall be impugned." Ruadhan retorted: "rather may thy dynasty come to nought, and none that is son or grandson [i.e. lineal descendant] to thee establish himself in Tara for ever." Dermot said: "be thy church desolate continually." Ruadhan said: "desolate be Tara for ever and for ever." Dermot said: "may a limb of thy limbs be wanting from thee that it accompany thee not under ground, and mayest thou moreover lack an eye." "Have thou before death an evil face [i.e. a repulsive aspect] in sight of

all; may thine enemies prevail over thee mightily; and the thigh that thou liftedst not before me to stand up, be the same mangled into pieces." Dermot said: "the subject-matter anent which our contention is [i.e. Aedh Guaire] take ye away with you; but in thy church, Ruadhan, may the alarm-cry sound at nones always, and even though all Ireland be at peace be thy church's precinct a scene of war continuously." And from that time to this the same is fulfilled.

Upon Dermot then came great repentance for having pitted his wrath against the clergy, and he uttered this lay below:—

Woe to him that with the clergy of the churches battle joins . . .

Cerbhall's son Dermot was once upon a time, and the official panegyrists lauded the king, his peace, and all his excellent ways.

Black Aedh son of Araidhe was there, in front of Beg mac Dé (now Dermot it was that had slain Araidhe of Ulster, but had taken to bring up his son Black Aedh). Beg *dixit*: "I see the valiant wolf-dog that shall spoil the brilliant mansion." "Beg," said Aedh, "what hound is that?" "It might chance to be thyself." "Why how should that be?" asked Dermot. "Easily enough: this hand of Black Aedh's it is that in the house of Banbhan and of Bainbhsech [his wife] shall to thy lips administer a poisonous draught, there being about thee at the same time a shirt woven of flax grown from one seed, and a mantle of a single sheep's wool; in thy horn: ale brewed from one grain of corn; and on thy dish: bacon of a pig that never was farrowed." Dermot said: "so long as I am alive he [Black Aedh] shall not be in Ireland." All cried out: "kill him!" "Nay," said Dermot, "but he shall be expelled out of Ireland." So Black Aedh is banished into the land of Scotland.

Dermot was one day that he saw a warrior enter into the house to him: "whence art thou come?" he asked. "Not from any great distance [the new-comer answered]; come that thou mayest pass a night with me as my guest." "Good," quoth Dermot, "say so much to Mughain." She replied: "so long as I am alive upon no invitation go I." For all that they [the rest of them] accompany Banbhan [for he it was] to *Ráth Bhig*, in which (after they were set down) they saw on the floor of the house apart a

gentle and a beautiful young woman [charged] with a bundle of excellent apparel. "Whence the woman?" enquired Dermot. "A daughter to me she is," said Banbhan: "good now, woman," he went on to his daughter, "hast thou there raiment for Dermot?" "I have so," replied the woman; and out of the bag that she had drew a shirt, with a mantle, which he takes about him [i.e. puts on]. "'Tis a good shirt," said all. "A good shirt it is, of one grain of flax-seed," said Banbhan: "a fanciful daughter of ours is yonder damsel, and she it was that procured to set a single flax-seed of which she made a strike, and so on till eventually her sowing became a ridge." "'Tis a good mantle," said all. "It is good," Banbhan answered, "and of one sheep's wool it was made." After this meat and liquor were given them. "'Tis good bacon," said all. "Good it is," returned Banbhan, "being as it is of the bacon of a porker that never was farrowed." "How so?" they asked. "Soon said," he answered: "certain swine that were with pig and they took knives to them, so that the piglings (and they alive) were extracted out of them and then fattened." "Good ale," said all. "Good it is," said Banbhan, "though it be but a sample of ale from a single grain of wheat [as thus]: of a day that I went out to inspect the ploughing I killed a wood-pigeon; in his crop was found a grain, what corn [it was] was unknown; it was committed to a ridge, and from it in due course there sprang a sicklefull, so that this is its grain and this its ale here.

Dermot looked up after that: "the lower part of this house is new," said he, "but its upper part is not fresh." "It was of a time," Banbhan said, "when we went in currachs to take fish, that we saw the ridgebeam of a house [come floating] towards us on the sea; and under that beam a house was built by me [i.e. I built a house and used that beam in the roof]." "True it is," said Dermot: "that is the ridgebeam of my house which I caused to be thrown into the sea; and what Ireland's saints prognosticated for me was that until all these sure tokens should be [i.e. coincide] for me I should not have death: for which reason it was that I cast the beam into the sea." Also with the same glance that Dermot threw at the beam he saw a small herd, red-headed, with white stars, that grazed; and that was matter of prohibition to him. "Come ye, let us go our ways out," said Dermot. "By no means," quoth Suibhne's son Black Aedh [meeting him

in the doorway], for he was even then returned from Scotland whither, after [public] dishonour done him in the convention of Taillte, he was banished by Dermot.

The house is taken upon Dermot now, and burnt over his head; he does earnest penitence, dies, and (he having thus, according as Brendan prognosticated to Flann of the Monastery, had punishment on this hither side) went to heaven; as one said :—

"Black Aedh of the imposts, Suibhne's son, was Ulidia's honourable king: he it was (and this is no blind darkling mystery) that slew Dermot son of Cerbhall."

This is the Death of Dermot son of Fergus Cerrbeoil as the Book of Sligo tells it.

It was when by *Tuathal Maelgarb* once Fergus Cerrbeoil's son Dermot was driven into banishment on loch Ree and on Shannon :—Now in that same time it was that *Ciarán mac an tsaoir* came to *Druim tibrat* (the spot where Clonmacnoise stands to-day) to found his monastery. With eight upon the loch Kieran travelled, but with twelve hundred on land. A fire is kindled by the clergy.

Where Dermot in his banishment was just then was at *snámh dá én* (that is to say: two birds that Nar son of Conall Cernach's son Finncha killed there on Eistine the Amazon's shoulder, whence it is named *snámh dá én*, i.e. 'two birds' swimming-place'). Said his wizards to Dermot: "the purpose for which yon fire is kindled to-night is such that it never will be quenched." "Verily it shall be even now [that the quenching will be done]," Dermot said, as the boats came to *Port-grencha*, where *Tipra Finghin* is to-day.

There it was that the cleric was in act to plant a church. "What is the work thou doest?" Dermot asked. "To build a little church," Kieran answered. "That might as well be its name: *eglais bheg*, i.e. 'little church.'" "Thrust in the upright with me," Kieran said to Dermot, "and [as we do it] suffer my hand to be put over thine; so shall thy hand and thy royal rule ere this time after to-morrow have been imposed on the men of

Ireland." "How will that be effected; for Tuathal rules over Ireland and I am driven out?" Kieran replied: "that is a matter for God."

Dermot's foster-brother, *Maelmór ú Argata*, went [at the time predicted] to the place where Tuathal was, at *Grellach-eilte* south-east of *Ros-ech*, and into Tuathal's breast drove a spear so that he left him lifeless: a deed for which Maelmór is himself killed presently, and hence the tale called *echtra Mhaeilmhóir*, i.e. 'the romance of Maelmór' (now Maelmór was of the Hy-Conall of Murthemny, and third foster-brother to Dermot: Luchta of *Ath-ferna* and *Enna mac ú Laighse* were the others). Hereupon, before it was a week's end, the men of Ireland inaugurated Dermot king.

By Dermot and by the men of Ireland the great congregation of Usnach is held now at Beltane; for at that time Ireland's three high gatherings were these: the congregation of Usnach, at Beltane; the convention of *Taillte*, at Lammas; the feast of Tara, at *samhain* [All-Hallows]; and whosoever of the men of Ireland should have transgressed these, the same [I say] that should have violated this their ordinance, was guilty of death.

From Dermot to Kieran comes a message procuring him to join the gathering, and the king himself proceeds to *Cnoc-brecáin* to receive him; there he made halt to wait, whence *tulach na comnaidhe* [i.e. 'hill of halting'] is denominated. Kieran repaired to him accordingly. "Why, how now," Dermot said: "since here it is that, for the first time since I by thy benediction attained to the kingdom, we are met now; be this stretch of land as it is (with its oxen and with its kine) made over to thee by way of 'altar-sod.'" But in this same plain was one that was an enemy to the king: Flann, son of Dima (from whom *tulach Dhíma* or *tulach Fhlainn* is named). The king [finding himself in the neighbourhood] has Dima's house burnt, and within it the owner is wounded sore; which warrior [seeking to evade the flames] gets into a bathing-vat that is in the dwelling, and there expires. "Right soon thou hast transgressed thy covenant," Kieran said to Dermot, "seeing that in the matter of the land thou grantedst us thou hast already done us violence. Yet in any case," he went on, "nor from thyself nor from thy children will I take either Heaven or Earth [i.e.

joys of the one, temporal possessions of the other]; but the violent death which he there hath gotten by thee, that shall be the very one which thou too shalt have: to be wounded, and drowned, and burnt." "Cleric," said Dermot, "I am terrified: thine own assessment I award thee in satisfaction of the deed." "Nay," the cleric answered: "the missile that I have delivered, by that same I may myself be hurt to death if it fall not out so." And hence it was that Dermot's death was indeed brought about as had been promised.

The two of them, king and cleric, repaired to Usnach, joined the congregation of the men of Erin, and there they were for a fortnight. In which meeting a mighty thirst [i.e. drought] afflicted them; so that their human were in strait peril, and their four-footed perished largely. Then they had recourse to Kieran, to find them succour. Kieran made prayer, and there came then a wet [i.e. rain] that in token of the miracle left twelve main streams in Ireland; whence it is that Kieran is entitled to a general cess throughout Ireland. In presence of the men of Ireland there Dermot made obeisance to Kieran, and settled on him his own service and his children's for ever.

Following which again at Lammastide Kieran was in the convention of *Taillte*, where he worked wonders many, and miracles exceeding great. There too it was that this prodigy was operated, viz. a man that took a perjured oath: and in consequence there came a running ulcer in his neck, whereby his head fell off him; so that in presence of the Men of Ireland he went about in the gathering and he without a head. Which man was the *bacuc* whom for a length of time (for seven years, that is to say) the monks had in Cluain.

After this, for a long period Dermot reigned in Ireland; neither came there in those times a king that was grander, that was more revered, or that in figure and in face, in wisdom, in speech, in royal rule, was more excellent than he.

It was once upon a time that Dermot feasted:—Mughain, daughter of Concraidh mac Duach of the Eoganacht of Cashel, was at his hand—she that was mother of Dermot's son Aedh, which same Aedh Slaine she carried at the time. They then, so many as had been at the carouse, stepped abroad upon the green to cool themselves and, as they were there, saw draw

near them on the sward Dermot's nephew, Suibne son of Colman More. A hundred riders, that was his number: dark grey mantles with clasps of silver wrapped one half of the troop, and about the other were crimson cloaks with fringes of gold and silver; under one half of the band were dark grey horses, and white under the other; fifty greyhounds they had with bronze chains on them, and all had bossy shields slung. Even as Suibne entered the assembly, the woman (Mughain namely) uttered a loud inarticulate cry that was heard throughout all the company. "Woman, what may this be?" Dermot asked: "is it on the lad just come thy mind is bent?" Said Beg mac Dé: "thou art indeed no prophet; but thou hast a seer." "Discover the matter then, since thou art a prophet." "I know it," said Beg: "the son that the woman carries, he it is that shall slay yonder stripling." That was true: Aedh Slaine did [afterwards] kill Suibne, who left a son (Conall mac Suibne) and he again slew Aedh Slaine. It was concerning this that a quatrain was uttered:—

"Not aright do some of the young men cast up their accounts: it was Conall that slew Aedh Slaine because Aedh Slaine had slain Suibne."

That is to say: Conall mac Suibne, he killed Aedh Slaine at Loch Sewdy; Aedh Gustan, he in the one day slew Aedh Buie king of Teffia, and Aedh Róin king of Offaly in *bruidhen Dáchoga*; and this was the first fratricide of clan-Colman and of Aedh Slaine's seed, i.e. Aedh Slaine to kill his kinsman, Suibne son of Colman; and Suibne's son Conall to kill him in lieu of it.

Now that same Beg mac Dé, 'tis he was the best seer that was in his time; he too it was that to certain three just issued out of Tara said a cunning thing: "good now," the three had said, "so hither Beg comes to us; we will e'en say something to him: Beg, all hail!" "'Tis well," quoth Beg. "How long will there be dwellers in the fort out of which we come?" asked the first man of them. "What is the river's depth?" said the second. "What is the thickness of bacon-fat this year?" asked the third man. "*Pas go tóin amárach*," answered Beg. He it was that spoke with nine at once, and delivered them a single discourse that satisfied [i.e. answered and resolved] their nine discourses addressed to him. Yet again he it was that in Tara enunciated to Dermot son of Cerbhall (what time the official panegyrists

lauded the king, his peace and his good ways) as thus: Black Aedh son of Suibne, i.e. son of the king of Dalaradia, was in front of Beg mac Dé (now it was Dermot that had slain that Suibne, and taken his son Aedh mac Suibne to rear), and Beg said: "I see the gallant wolfdog that shall spoil the brilliant mansion." "What hound is that, Beg?" asked Aedh. "A *cú ruadh* [wolf]—some *cú* or other—it might well be thyself," Beg replied. "How could that be?" queried Dermot. "Easily said: that hand of Black Aedh's it is in sooth that in the house of Banbhan the hospitaller shall make a poisoned draught to enter thy mouth, there being about thee at the same time a shirt derived from a single flax-seed, with a mantle produced from a single sheep; in thy horn: ale brewed from a single grain of corn; on thy plate: bacon of a pig that never was farrowed; while 'tis the main beam of the house—the ridgepole—that (after thy foemen shall have as good as done thee to death) shall fall on thy head." "Black Aedh to the slaughter!" all cried out. "Not so," said Dermot: "but be he removed forth out of Ireland, and so long as I live he shall not revisit it." By Dermot thereupon Black Aedh is in exile relegated to the land of Scotland nor, so long as Dermot lived, was he re-admitted into Ireland.

Dermot's tribute, and discipline, and law prevailed in Ireland generally: his stewards and his managers, also his regular soldiers in their billets, were throughout Ireland up and down. At this particular time the king's stewards and sergeants accompanied him into Connacht; also the king's herald, that used to precede them and to make proclamation to any such house at which in quest of guestly entertainment they arrived. And thus it was that the crier heralded them, viz. to the effect that the town's gate, or the castle's, into which they had to pass must be demolished before them so that Dermot's spear should pass in athwartwise; a thing which (for the king's fear) there was none dared but to perform before them. But Diabolus—he it was that violently possessed [lit. 'jumped into'] the crier now to urge the following evil thing upon him, to the end evil greater yet should come of it.

For they came once to Aedh Guaire's house in the land of Hy-Many in Connacht, whose castle must needs be breached before them and the king's spear. Then anger took Aedh; he slew 'the lad of the spear' (the crier namely) and anon, to escape Dermot,

fled into the land of Muskerry and under protection of bishop Senach, for the bishop's mother and Aedh Guaire's were two sisters. Subsequently Senach the bishop brought him to Ruadhan of Lorrha and committed him to his safeguard ; for two sisters that Ruadhan had : Cael and Ruadhnait, it was they that had reared bishop Senach. By Ruadhan Aedh Guaire was bestowed among the Britons however, for by reason of Dermot he might not be anywhere in Ireland. But such was Dermot's influence and power over others that because of him Aedh ultimately could not be either in Scotland or with the Britons ; so that he returned to Ireland to Ruadhan, who had him hidden under ground. Where Ruadhan was then was at the spot in which *poll Ruadháin* [i.e. 'Ruadhan's Pit'] is to-day. It was told to the king that Aedh Guaire was come to Ireland again, and that Ruadhan held him concealed in the earth. Then Dermot repaired to Ruadhan, and despatched his charioteer to recover Aedh Guaire from him forcibly. The young man entered into the sanctuary, but on the instant was deprived of his eyes. The king being now wroth at this, he came to Ruadhan and enquired of him (for he knew that Ruadhan would not tell a lie) where was Aedh Guaire. Ruadhan made answer: "verily I know not where he is, if he be not under thee even where thou art." The king departed out of the sanctuary then, nor any more heeded that which the cleric had said ; but in his mind afterwards he recalled to memory Ruadhan's utterance, and recognised that in the ground under him where he had stood Aedh Guaire was. He deputed a man of his people (Donnan was his name) to go down to Aedh, over whose head the same fell to dig away the earth ; but his arms were reft of their power presently. Thereupon he came to Ruadhan and made obeisance to him ; the man also that previously was blinded made obeisance, and thenceforth they abode with Ruadhan : which two it is that to-day are reputed saints at Pollruane. Now came Dermot himself into the church and took Aedh Guaire out of the hole in the ground, which to-day is called Pollruane. By the king Aedh was brought in bonds to Tara, where in recompense of all his contrivance Dermot would have had him hanged.

Ruadhan in the mean time had sought out Brendan of Birr for

the purpose of taking him with him to retrieve his protégé, and the pair went on to Tara. There they demanded of the king to have him whose safety Ruadhan had guaranteed; but Dermot answered that to him who should have infringed royal law the Church had no right to extend immunity, for that in so doing a violation of right both human and divine was inherent.

The clerics chanted psalms of commination now, and rang their bells against the king. That night, and in the one instant, died in Tara twelve sons of chiefs that were twelve in pupilage to the king; whose respective guardians came to the clergy and with persistence exhorted them to resuscitate the youths. The saints prayed, and the lads were recalled to life.

For a full year after this they anathematised Dermot and plied him with miracles, he giving them back prodigy for prodigy. But in the long run they prevailed nothing over him until to the house-steward, by way of procuring him to tell the king that now at last the clergy partook of a refection, they made promise of Heaven. The house-steward went to Dermot and told him that the clergy ate a meal, so that in this wise [for it was not true] they in the matter of fasting won an advantage over him. That night Dermot saw a dream: that in Tara was a great tree, the top of which reached to the clouds of heaven and its shade over all Ireland. Fifty foreigners he saw (and among them two leading strangers) that felled the tree, but all that which they chopped from it was continually made good again forthwith; they put him from the tree and laid it prostrate, so that it was the falling tree's crash that awoke him. "Even so," Dermot said: "I am the tree; the foreigners that chop it are the clergy cutting short my life, and by them also am I fallen."

On the morrow the king rose and went to the place where the clergy were: "ill have ye done," he said, "to undo my kingdom for that I maintained the righteous cause. At all events," he went on, "be thy diocese the first one that is ruined in Ireland and, Ruadhan, may thy monks desert thee!" The saint retorted: "may thy kingdom droop speedily!" Dermot said: "thy see shall be empty, and swine shall root up thy churchyards." "Tara shall be desolate," Ruadhan said, "and therein shall no dwelling be for ever." Dermot said: "may shameful blemish affect thy

person," and straightway one of Ruadhan's eyes burst. Ruadhan said: "be thy body mangled by enemies, and thy limbs disintegrated so that they be not found in the one place." Dermot said: "may there a wild boar come that he grub up the hill on which thou shalt be buried, and that thy relics be scattered; also at nones continually be there in thy churchyard howling of 'wild hounds' [i.e. wolves], and the alarm-cry every evening; neither be they its own monks that shall dwell in it." Ruadhan said: "the knee that was not lifted in reverence before me, be not the same sepulchred with thy body." Then upon the royal hearth Ruadhan imprecated the blackness of darkness: that nevermore in Tara should smoke issue from roof-tree.

Just then it was that Dermot looked at the ridgebeam. "That beam is hostile to thee; that roof-tree it is that shall yet be hurled upon thy face as thou lookest up at it, after that by them from over sea thou shalt have been stricken down." "Cleric, take all thy will!" the king cried. Then their prisoner is enlarged for them, and both parties make peace; whereupon Dermot said this:—

"Alas for him that to the clergy of the churches showeth fight; woe to him that would contend, with giving cut for cut; through this—through my dissension and Ruadhan's—Tara shall be desolate and clean swept."

He went on: "evil is that which ye have worked, clerics—my kingdom's ruination; for in the latter times Ireland shall not be better off than at this present she will have been. But in any wise may it be so that bad chiefs, their heirs-apparent, and their men of war shall quarter themselves in your churches then; and be it their own [i.e. the inhabitants'] selves that in your houses shall pull off such people's brogues for them, ye being the while powerless to rid yourselves of them."

The clergy (their prisoner with them) started for home, and so to Pollruane; but first they perceived thirty dark-grey horses, super-excellent in shape, that issued from the sea and came towards them. These they presented to the king; their running was tried [against his other horses] and they proved the speedier; but said horses then re-assumed the identical form [which they had worn in the sea] and so returned to the same place out of which at first they came. After which Dermot and the clergy were at peace.

It was when Dermot was of a night, and he sees two draw near him : the one man, as he deems, wears a cleric's semblance ; the other one a layman's. They come up to him, take off his king's diadem, make of it a diadem apiece (either man of them having one half, for so they divide it between them), and with that depart from him. Dermot starts out of his sleep then, and tells his vision. "Just so," said Beg mac Dé and said Cairidh son of Finnchaemh [his mother] that was Dermot's poet : "thy dream's interpretation we have for thee : Thy kingdom is determined, of thy reign there is an end, and for the future thy princely grasp of Ireland is cast off : division between Church and Lay namely, that is what shall subsist now ; and that which thy royal diadem's partition forbodes is even such another apportioning of Ireland's sovereignty betwixt Church and State." He proceeded : "a time will come when Church shall be enslaved by State, and when privilege of church-lands shall not exist ; but they shall be obnoxious to free quartering at the hands of all. In lieu of this, however, evil shall overtake the State : so that the son, the father, the kinsman [of what degree soever], shall kill each other, and every man's weapon be red with another's blood. By perfidy of all men [fruits of] the earth shall perish, and mast of trees, and produce of the waters."

Tara's festival is held by Dermot now : at the actual banquet Curnan (son of Aedh son of *Eochaid tirmcharna*, a quo *síol Maeilruain* in Connacht) kills a man, and places himself under protection of Muirchertach mac Erca's two sons : Fergus and Donall, who in turn put him under Columbkill's guarantee. The king has him slain in expiation of his misdemeanour, and Connacht turns on Dermot : impleading him for slaughter of their king's son Curnan. Dermot proceeds to ravage Connacht, and reaches *cúil sibrinne* hard by *cúil dreimne*. In order to avenge on Dermot his violated guarantee, Columbkill gathers clan-Neill of the North. Along with him Fergus and Donall (Muirchertach mac Erca's two sons), Ainmire son of Sedna king of Kinel-connell, Muiredach mac Duach, and *Eochaid tirmcharna's* son Aedh, proceed into Connacht. But between the two armies Frechan son of Tenesan (Dermot's wizard) set up 'a magic barrier,' and then it was that Columbkill uttered :—

"Wherefore, O God, dost Thou not fend off from us . . ."

Tuatán (son of *Dímán* son of *Sarán* son of Cormac son of Eoghan son of Niall) comes then, capsizes the barrier and clears it at one jump; but on the other side a spear meets him, enters him, and he is killed. Now of all Columbkill's people he was the only man whom death reached. Then Dermot is defeated. "It is *fri féinnidh ndremain*, i.e. a case of [a barrier] opposed to a warrior that would not be denied," said Columbkill; whence the name *cúil dreimne*, otherwise *cúil dreimfhéinne*, has prevailed.

Dermot went to Tara and again said to Beg: "let me have certain knowledge what manner of death it is that shall carry me off." Beg said: "that is not matter of doubt:—

". . . . . .
in Beg's rath thou shalt drink a malt-drink of a single grain; and there it is that thou shalt be laid, Dermot."

"My kingdom after me—after what fashion shall it be?" asked Dermot; and then it was that Beg enunciated this:—

"An evil world is now at hand: in which men shall be in bondage, women free; mast wanting, woods smooth, blossom bad; winds many, wet summer, green corn; much cattle, scant milk; dependants burdensome in every country, hogs lean, chiefs wicked; bad faith, chronic killing; a world withered, raths in number.

"These be the princes that shall succeed thee:—

"[The kingdom shall revolve] from Niall to Niall, from land to land: a Niall by sea; a Niall in slaying; a Niall in fire; a Niall to hew down in every night, after the wrecking of *Ailech*."

"Be our magicians brought to us," Dermot said, "that we ascertain whether it be the one thing that they and Beg forbode for us." "He doubts me does he," says Beg; and thereupon in great anger and in vindictive dudgeon goes out from Dermot, having after him a great crowd that begged of him a prophecy, and so on until he saw Columbkill that awaited him. He saluted him, and Columbkill said: "it is a marvellous prophecy; from God comes this great foreknowledge that is vouchsafed thee." "God we thank for the same," Beg answered. Columbkill enquired then: "knowest thou thine own death's day?" "Cleric, I know it well," quoth Beg: "there are yet seven years of my life." "That is a grand thing for him

to whom it is so done; if indeed it be true," said Columbkill. "It is not true," Beg said: "there are but seven months of my life." "Good again, if it be true," said Columbkill. "It is not true," Beg said: "there are of my life but seven hours of the day—speedily let me have communion and the sacrifice!" Then the cleric tonsured him, gave him communion and sacrifice, and he went [presently] to Heaven. Now it had stood prophesied for Beg that before he attained to death he must utter three falsehoods [as above]; for up to that hour he never had told a lie. For the same reason also it was that Columbkill sought him out, for he knew that in that day he had to die incontinently.

His magicians [as aforesaid] were brought to Dermot, and he enquired of them what manner of death he should encounter. "Slaughter," said the first magician: "and 'tis a shirt grown from a single flax-seed, with a mantle of one sheep's wool, that on the night of thy death shall be about thee." "A light matter it is for me to evade that," Dermot said. "Drowning," said the second magician: "and it is ale brewed of one grain of corn that thou shalt despatch that night." "Burning," quoth the third wizard: "and bacon of swine that never was farrowed—that is what shall be on thy dish." Dermot said: "all this is unlikely."

Then on his regal circuit Dermot [set out and] travelled right-handed [i.e. south and west about] round Ireland, that is to say: from Tara into Leinster; thence into Munster; thence into Connacht, and athwart Ulster's province; so that at the end of a year's progress he would by *samhain* again reach Tara in time to perform his *samhain*-tide office and to meet the men of Ireland at Tara's festival.

One day then as Dermot was on this circuit, he saw a warrior enter the house to him and: "whence comest thou?" he asked. "Not from any distance," he replied: "come along and spend with me a night of guestly entertainment." "Good,' said Dermot, "tell Mughain." "Not so," she answered: "so long as I live, never will I go on an invitation; and if thou eat [with him], it is in my despite: for to go upon an invitation will [so 'tis prophesied] have an ill event for thee."

With Banbhan [that bade him] Dermot goes to Rathbeg, and when they were set down in the house they saw a graceful young woman enter, with raiment that was rarely fine. "Whence the woman?" Dermot queried. Banbhan made answer: "a daughter to me she is and, to spite Mughain because she came not with me, the girl shall this night be thy wife." "I am well pleased," quoth the king.

Pending the preparation of meat a bed was made for them, and [the meal being now ready] Banbhan said: "Well, girl, hast thou brought raiment for the king?" "I have," she said, and handed shirt and mantle, which the king took and put on. "'Tis a good shirt," said all. "It is one worthy of thee," said Banbhan, "being the shirt of one flax-seed: a fanciful girl is that one there, and she it was that sowed a single seed of flax and made a strike of it, which then became a ridge-full." "'Tis a good mantle," cried all. "Good it is," said Banbhan: "of a single sheep's wool 'tis made."

Then meat and liquor were supplied to them, and said Banbhan: "the bacon that never was farrowed is good." "How so?" asked Dermot. "It was pigs that were with young: they took knives to them so that their piglings (and they alive) were extracted from them, and fattened afterwards." "'Tis good ale!" said all. "Good it is," said Banbhan, "ale brewed of a single grain of corn: it was one day that I went out to survey my tillage, and I killed a ringdove; in whose crop was found one grain, but of what cereal was unknown. It was committed to a ridge however, and its yield was a sickle-full. This again was sown, and this is its produce in the shape of ale" [*lit.* 'this is its corn and its ale.']

After this Dermot looked upwards, and said: "the lower part of the house is new, but its upper-work is not recent." Banbhan answered: "it was once upon a time that in currachs we went to take fish, and we saw towards us the ridgebeam of a house that floated on the sea. For the curiosity of the thing I had a house made with it." Dermot said now: "truthfully was Beg's prophecy uttered!" and with that sprang to get out. "This is thy way!" said Black Aedh in the doorway, giving him at the same a spear in the breast that pierced him through and so broke his

spine. Then Dermot turns back into the house; on the outside, Ulster surrounds the dwelling, and the same is burnt upon them [that are in it]. Dermot himself [seeking refuge from the flames] entered the ale-vat, and anon the mansion's roof-tree fell on his head so that he died [*lit.* 'so that he was dead of it.']

Thus perished the king; and his body was consumed all but the head, which with his relics was carried to Clonmacnoise and buried in [the slope called] the *claen ferta*, or otherwise the *céite*; for there it was that he (what time he fasted in *eglais bheg*, whereby he was healed of his head-sickness after he had done his fasting against the saints of Ireland, his cure having previously been denied him) had elected to be laid. Concerning which death it was that this was pronounced :—

"The spell of shelter in Rathbeg—loss of Dermot that was . . . — extinction of a prince—abundance of battles—alas for him that shall contrive his utter destruction."

And this is the death of Dermot son of *Cerbhall* (which is as much as to say *cerrbhall*, i.e. *ceirrbheol*, i.e. *bél cerr*).

Finis.

Birth of Aedh Sláine.

Tara of the Kings: she it was that to all kings successively ruling Ireland was a peculiar appanage; and it was a universal thing for them that thither all Ireland's charges, and dues prescribed, and rents, must be brought in to them. With the men of Ireland too it was general that out of all airts they should resort to Tara in order to the holding of Tara's Feast at *samhain*-tide. For these were the two principal gatherings that they had: Tara's Feast at every *samhain* (that being the heathens' Easter); and at each *lughnasa*, or 'Lammas-tide,' the Convention of *Taillte*. All precepts and all enactments which in either of these festivals were ordained by the men of Ireland, during the whole space of that year none might infringe.

In *Taillte* then once upon a time the Gael had an extra-

ordinary great convention, he that at such epoch was king of Ireland being Dermot son of Fergus Cerrbeol. The men of Ireland were disposed along the benches of the assembly-ground: all of them according to precedence of ranks, of calling, of legitimate claim and, in fact, after the fashion of hitherto use and wont.

Now the women, with the king's two wives, had a sitting-place apart; the queens that on this occasion kept Dermot company being Mairenn (surnamed *mael* i.e. 'bald') and Mughain, daughter of Conchraid son of Duach (of the men of Munster). Mughain bore Mairenn a great jealousy, and to a certain female jester she said that she would give her her own award [i.e. told her to name her own price] if from the other queen's head she would remove her headgear of gold; for the manner of Mairenn was that she lacked all hair, so that a queen's head-dress it was which habitually concealed her defect. The jestress came to Mairenn therefore, and began to importune her for some boon or other. The queen averred that she had it not to give. "Thou shalt have this at anyrate," said the other as from the queen's head she tore her casque of gold. Mairenn cried: "God and S. Kieran help me at this need!" nor had an individual in the crowd so much as well turned his eyes on her there, when down to her very shoulders fell the flossy, convoluted, golden-sheeny hair which through Kieran's power grew on her. The whole host are astounded at the miracle, and well pleased that the queen is not put to shame. "God I invoke," cried Mairenn, "that for this thing thou be disgraced in presence of the men of Ireland!" which came true.

After this Dermot frequented Mugain still, but she was barren; whereby she was unhappy, for the king meditated to abandon her utterly. The other wives also that the king had were a grief to her, that they bore children: Eithne in especial, daughter of Brenann *Dall* of the *conmaicne cúile talad* and mother of Colman *Mór*; and Breo, daughter of Colman mac Neman from *dún Suane*, mother of Colman *Beg*. So Mugain was sad for this: for her being without either son or daughter, and the king purposing to dismiss her.

Finnian of *magh bile* [*angl.* 'Moville'], and bishop Aedh son of Bri, arrived in Bregia. The queen came to visit them, and began to implore the clerics that they would succour her. Finnian

and bishop Aedh blessed water, gave it to her to drink, and she became pregnant; but what she eventually produced from this promise was—a lamb. She cried: "woe is me that I should have borne a four-footed thing, after which I shall never be acceptable to any!" "Not that it is which shall come to pass," said Finnian: "but such a thing, a similitude namely of the sinless Lamb that was offered up for the human race, shall to thy womb be for a consecration."

Again the cleric blessed water for her, and she conceived of it; then bore a silvern salmon. "Woe is me for this!" she said: "for all thou doest in my behalf I am but the worse off, cleric, seeing that with the men of Ireland these two births will become matter of common notoriety; from all which no good awaits me." "Not that it is which shall take place," said the cleric: "but the silvern salmon I will take, and by me a use will be made of him;* in virtue of him too [*lit.* 'on the head of him'] thou shalt bring forth a son, and in addition bear brothers to him; but from him shall kings of Ireland spring in number more than from the others." Mughain answered: "I am well pleased, if that thou sayest be but fulfilled to me!" "Fulfilled it shall be," quoth the cleric.

Then Finnian and bishop Aedh pronounced a benediction upon the queen and on the seed to emanate from her; he [i.e. one of them] put water into his cup and gave it to the queen, who both drank of it and washed in it. By this process she found herself with child and, this time, had a son: who was *Aedh Sláine.* A good offspring in sooth was that which was born then: *Aedh Sláine.* Good are his clan too in Bregia: good in respect of profuseness, of renown, of honour; of hardihood, of lifting tribute, of holding the upper hand; of rectitude, of heroic practice, of brilliancy; of dealing with church orders, of exercising hospitallers' functions, of compassionateness; of ethics, of sagacity, of pride; of fame, of affection, of cordiality; of form, of good sense, of intelligent apprehension; of nobility, of excellence, of splendour. For 'a golden wand laid across a plate of white bronze,' that is what the seed of Aedh Sláine are athwart Bregia's plain;

* The only additional detail furnished by the concluding lay of fourteen quatrains is that of this silver salmon Finnian had a reliquary and other sacred objects made.

and all opulence whatsoever, every grandly ordered household, 'tis with that of Aedh Sláine that men compare it.

To commemorate which transactions, and to store them in all men's memory, it was that the sennachie, Flann of the Monastery namely, sang this :—

"Mughain, daughter of Duach's son gentle Conchraid out of Desmond : she—wife of Dermot son of Cerbhall—without intermission plied large-handed generosity. . . ."

The Wooing of Becfola.

It was once upon a time when Aedh Sláine's son Dermot enjoyed Ireland's royal rule, his fosterling Crimthann mac Aedh being with him as a pledge from them of Leinster. He and Crimthann his alumnus, taking with them their various weapons and one single lad, went of a day to *áth truim.* They saw a lone woman in a chariot come out of the west and across the ford. Fairer she was than any one of the whole world's women. Dermot enquired : "whence art thou come, woman ?" "Not from far," she answered. "What makes thee to be alone ?" "I am in search of wheaten grain," said she. "Thou shalt find such with me," said Dermot. "We refuse it not," said the woman. Thereupon he conveyed her to Tara, and she shared his comfortable bed. All in general enquired : "whence the woman, Dermot ?" "I will not tell." All said again : "*bec a fhola*, i.e. his bride-gift to her is but small." "Be that her name," said the magicians, "i.e. *Becfhola.*"

Subsequently the woman pitched her love on Crimthann mac Aedh the king's pupil in lieu of Dermot, and for a long time persevered in soliciting of him. The young man indeed said that at the hour of tierce on Sunday he would proceed to *cluain dá chaillech* to meet her, for the purpose of carrying her off surreptitiously ; but his people dissuaded him from eloping with the king of Ireland's wife.

Then at early morn on Sunday she rises from Dermot. "In what direction is the early rising, woman ?" he asked. "To *cluain dá chaillech*," she made answer. "What signifies that ?" The lady said : "eight smocks with embroidery of gold, eight

brooches fully set, and three diadems of gold that I have left in keeping there." Dermot said: "go not on Sunday to look for them; a Sunday's journey is not good." She replied: "let there some come with me, for that I will go is certain." "It shall not be from me [that any will bear you company]," said Dermot.

She then and her handmaid went out of Tara southwards into the Duffry of Leinster. There they went astray and wandered until night, when they marked a route of wolves that drew towards them on the hill-side. To escape these she climbed into a tree, but her maid the wolves devoured. Not long had she been in the tree when in the heart of the forest she discerned a fire. She approached it, and saw by the fireside a young man having, as regards both arms and raiment, the fairest aspect in the world: close to whom she sits down. The young man glanced at her but, until he made an end of cooking a wild boar that he had in hand, neither spoke nor turned his face to her. So soon as of his swine he had made a roasted one, he washed his hands and from the fire went down to the loch. She followed after him. The young man got into his craft, she with him. They row now till they attain to a high-jutting pleasant island, and there enter a vast and beautiful palace in which they find not any man before them. Next they partake of diverse meats and of mead delectable. The pair of them retire into the one bed, but up to next morning he never turned round to her nor in any wise molested her at all.

When morning came they heard a hail: "come out, Flann," a voice cried; and certain men came on the scene. The young man rises, girds on his arms [and goes out]. She repairs to the dwelling's door to look after him, and perceives there three that are of equal age, and figure, and valiance; while in another direction she sees other four fully weaponed. Then the eight fight a manly and a virile fight: four of a side. He and his three rout the other four: but all of them (he only excepted) fall foot to foot, lifeless and dead, while he passes back into the fort. "Have good luck of thy valour," she said: "a gallant deed it is that thou hast done." "So it were a good deed, had it but been against foemen that I executed it." She enquired: "whence the young men?" "Brother's sons [i.e. nephews] were those four that opposed me, and three brothers to me the three others."

"What was that for which they strove with thee?" He said: "*inis Fedaigh mhic an daill* [i.e. 'island of Fedach son of Dall']." "And how camest thou not to make thine own of me?" "Because I am but so bad a match for thee after thine abandoning of Ireland's king, and that as yet the island is not mine. Should it fall to my lot however I will go fetch thee, and thou, if it seem good to thee, shalt be to me for an only wife. But for the present revert to the king; at the foot of the same tree thy handmaid is safe and sound, free of all hurt and risk, and I will myself convey you both to Tara."

Then they made their way to Tara; and when she reached Dermot's dwelling, there was the king rising from his bed on the same Sunday still. "Truly," he said, "it had not been right for thee in violation of God's ordinance to transgress the Sunday." She returned: "by no means have I done so."

Even as they were there they saw four young ecclesiastics that came in. The king asked: "What hath occasioned you to transgress the Sunday?" "Injunction of our principal, Molasius of Devenish, it is that hath despatched us to thee." Then they gave the reason as follows: "it was a certain one of the familia of Devenish that early rose to turn out his kine, and he saw eight comely young men (well equipped with armour and weapon) that fought together: in which battle all slew their respective opponents and, saving one man alone, were killed by them. Then Molasius buried the other seven, who left behind them in our hands a two men's load of gold and silver which had adorned their necks, their arms, and their weapons; and the wherefore that we are come to thee is that thou mayest learn the amount of thine own share in said treasure." The king said: "by no means—the treasure that God hath given to him, I will not interfere with him to share it; but of that gold and of the silver be a reliquary and emblems fashioned with cunning workmanship." Which is the very thing that was effected; for of that gold Molasius' shrine and his pastoral staff were formed.

The young clerics told the king then that at the battle, and at the slaying of all them that fought, the queen had been present. By this time the king was clothed, and he enjoined Becfola to return back again to Fledach's descendant Flann. She rose with alacrity and retraced her way to Flann, after which the two never parted more.

Disappearance of Caenchomrac.

A certain noble bishop that was in Clonmacnoise: *Caenchomrac* was his name, which at first had been *Mochta.* He was a son of purity, a 'coarb' of God; and on a pilgrimage it was that he came to Cluain, where the reverence and consideration paid to him were great: for in the case of all such as died from time to time he would learn of God whether the same should have reward or should have torment. Also to any [that desired it] he would in the preceding year's last quarter announce the year in which he should die. But the deference shown to him in Cluain he by-and-by deemed to be excessive; and he came to *inis aendaimh* [*angl.* 'Devenish'] in loch Ree, there to perform his pilgrimage; for he took it to be suitably lonely for performance of canonical order, for Mass and for orisons.

Along with him in the isle was a prayerful body of monks, that to gather alms and firstfruits in Teffia used to wander abroad over the mainland; for the men of Teffia were in great subservience to him: one hundred piglings, a hundred calves, a hundred lambs, a cake of bread for every kneading trough, and for every *cathair* a *screpall,* they yielded him on condition that (they being thus subject to a *screpall* payable to him) the number of their slain at any one time should never exceed nine: as he said [once after a battle]:—

"My King I thank that the men of Teffia are for their land [i.e. likely to endure therein]: not one of them is killed. I affirm to you (and no false profession of amity it is) that if ye but invoke me nine only shall be your loss in battle."

He added: "moreover, though they that attempt you be many, and ye but few, if ye but think on me ye shall come whole away:—

"Nine men in Teffia's land opposed to a hundred thousand thousands: let them only meditate on Caenchomrac, and to their own countries they shall go back safe and sound. Of this world's hosts whole bands shall not have the victory over them—if they but render me their service, my service too being to Godward."

For a while then he had been thus in both Cluain and *inis*

aendaimh [i.e. first in one, then in the other], and of a time when he was in the island his monks went forth as above. Eoghan and Ecertach, two sons of Aedhacan of Hy-Many, and bosom disciples of the cleric both, proceeded to Slieveleitrim in Hy-Many. There the clan-Fannan were : hunting in the mountain ; they had killed a goodly number of wild swine, a pigling of which they bestowed on the clerics. These carried him off to their house and, having imposed him on a forked stick, put him to the fire. But as the cleric chanted his psalms he saw towards him a tall man that emerged out of the loch : from the bottom of the water that is to say. He saluted the cleric, and this latter him. He said : "well would he that on a forked stick is at the fire have rendered thee the responses and sung psalms with thee." "What is this at all?" Caenchomrac asked. The other answered : "soon told—a monastery that we have down under this loch (now that there should be subaqueous inhabiting of men is with God no harder than that they should dwell in any other place), and the monastery's young men mutinied : for which they were expelled in form of swine. These now it is that to-day are slaughtered in Slieveleitrim, and one of the same is he at the fire on a forked stick. I am his father according to the flesh ; here in my hand is his psalter, and on thee I confer it" ('the Swine's Psalter' it was called, and for a length of time subsisted in Clonmacnoise ; but the name given to Eoghan was *an banbh*, or 'the Pigling,' which indeed was an application of the term to one with a boar's mouth). Caenchomrac licensed the father to take him away and bury him, and he said to the bishop : "what hinders thee, cleric, that thou comest not with me to inspect the monastery that is under this loch?" Caenchomrac answered : "I will go." They both dive into the loch and enter the monastery, where from the one canonical hour to the same of the following day Caenchomrac tarried. On the morrow he returns to his house, and he all covered with lacustrine wrack. He made a frequent practice of resorting to the parts beneath the loch ; nor from that time forth, and so long as he lived, was the monastery in any way veiled from him.

On every Easter Thursday the various clerics used to resort to *inis aendaimh*, to Caenchomrac, that he might consecrate oil for them. He on the other hand would perform canonical service

for them, give them Mass, consecrate their oil, and preach to them. After service and Mass on which day it was customary to have a banquet; and [on this particular occasion of ours] ale and meat, as the habit was, is served out to the clerics. Caenchomrac left them, went out, and the greater part of that day spent away from them. Later he came back to the house where they dined, saluted them, and after like fashion they greeted him. He sees them have their dishes full of fat pork, and falls to chide them for eating such in Lent. He gave them great objurgation—anger and prodigious indignation seized him to the extent that for the godliness flashing in his visage they might not look him in the face. The clerics fled before him. Away from them Caenchomrac rushed abroad, and from that time to this has not been seen; nor is it known whether it were under the loch he went to dwell in the monastery, with serving of God, or whether it were angels that carried his soul to Heaven. After this the sages of the Gael never have eaten flesh on Maunday Thursday.

Here is the Panegyric of Conn's son Cormac and the Death of Finn son of Cumhall.

A monarch, noble and worshipful, that attained to rule Ireland: Cormac, son of Art son of Conn of the Hundred Battles. Subsequently he reigned over her for forty years, excepting the two during which Ulster usurped: that is to say Fergus Black-knee for one year, and Eochaid Gonnat for another. Twice in fact the Ulidians deposed Cormac. The same Cormac too was for four months missing from among his people nor, until he himself came back and told his adventures, was it known in what direction he was gone.

To proceed: saving David's son Solomon there never was in the world a king that for lustre of his intellect, for opulence of his reign, might be likened to Cormac. For he never gave judgment but he had the three judicial requisites: that of a mind gifted with sagacity; that of judicial precedent, and that of *bai*

bias. As a result of which judgments' wisdom and science it was that in Cormac's time the calf commonly was born at the term of three months' gestation; in his day a sack of wheat was produced from every ridge; in his day the *colpach*-heifers were already calved cows. Any river that was but knee-deep, in his time a salmon was got there in every one mesh of the net. In his time the cow had her udderful of biestings. In his time it was with the finger's tip that men might gather honey [as they walked], seeing that for the righteousness of Cormac's governance it was rained down from Heaven. In his time it was that vessels could not be had for the milk, for the kine shed their milk without cessation.

That king was comparable to Octavius Augustus also: for even as to the former every one paid Cæsarian [i.e. imperial] tribute for his patrimony; so to Cormac likewise all men out of their own natural localities paid the royal rent, for Cormac never deprived any one of that which was his own.

In the world there was not a king like Cormac: for he it was that excelled in form, in figure and in vesture; in size, in justice and in equity; in his eyes too, in either one of which were seven pupils, as Senuath the poet tells us when he says:—

"Beautiful was the difference that was between them which were a variegated pair: for in the man's eyes fourteen pupils were extant.'

He it was that in respect of sagacity, of wisdom, of eloquence, of action and of valour, of royal sway, of domination, of splendour, of emulation, of ethics and of race, was vigorous in his own time. Of Ireland he made a land of promise: she being then free of theft, of rapine, of violence; exempt from all necessity of watching, of herding, and without perplexity in the matter of either meat or raiment to affect any man.

But in the way of Cormac's eulogy this [that we have said] is all too little; for unless that an angel should instruct him a man may not declare it all. Great were his power and control over the men of Ireland, seeing that (unless one rendered Cormac military service) none of them dared abstain from work.

Now he whom Cormac had for chief of the household and for stipendiary master of the hounds was Finn son of Cumhall; for the primest leader that the king of Ireland had was his master of the hounds always.

Warrior better than Finn never struck his hand into a chief's : inasmuch as for service he was a soldier, a hospitaller for hospitality, and in heroism a hero ; in fighting functions he was a fighting man, and in strength was a champion worthy of a king ; so that ever since, and from that time until this day, it is with Finn that every such is co-ordinated. Forby all which, Finn with the king's especial bands enjoyed general right and exercise of chase and venery throughout Ireland.

Where Finn's abiding was mostly was in *Almha* of Leinster; but when decrepitude and old age weighed on him (Cormac also being now gone) he dwelt in *Almha* permanently; unless that he might have occasion to make some passing excursion out of it. She that was spouse to Finn was Fatha Canann's daughter, Smirgat ; she was a prophetess and wise woman, and had told him that whensoever he should drink a draught out of a horn that act would end his life ; so that thenceforth he never took a drink out of a horn, but out of *cuachs* [scot. 'quaighs'].

One day Finn sallied out of *Almha*, and by-and-by found himself in the place called *adharca iuchbadh* in Offaley; there on a hillside he came upon a well, out of which he took a drink. Under his 'knowledge-tooth' he put his thumb then, and worked the incantation of *teinm laeghda*, whereby it was revealed to him that the end of his term and of his life was come ; and he sang these quatrains following :—

The prophecy is befallen Finn . . .

Then he went on till he reached *druim Bregh* [i.e. 'the Ridge of Bregia'], in which country existed causes of enmity to Finn and the Fianna ; for by him it was that Uirgrenn, of the tribe called the *Luaighne* of Tara, fell once. These gathered now, with Uirgrenn's three sons, and Aichlech More : son namely of Duibrenn, that was third man of the sons of Uirgrenn. Between them is fought an extraordinary and a ruthless battle, manly, masculine and fierce, in which all and several recalled to mind their grievances (whether remote or more immediately touching themselves) that they had the one against the other. At *Brea* upon the Boyne : that is where that battle came off ; they were at the hand-to-hand work for a length of time, and till on both sides their mischiefs were very many. The fight was won against Finn, and he perished in it. Duibrenn's son Aichlech : by him

Finn fell, and he it was that beheaded him; wherefore in order to the commemoration of the deed, and to bring the ignorant to the way of knowledge, the sennachie sung these quatrains:—

Brea's great battle of exploits bright . . . .

This then, according to archæological verity and as experts relate it, is Finn's death; but his origin they declare variously. Some of them say that he was of the *corca-Oiche* in *ua Fidhgeinte*; others again assert (and this is the truth of the matter) that he was of the *úi Tairrsigh* of Offaley, which were of the Attacotti, as Maelmura has said in the chronicle: six stocks there are that shall have territorial settlement, but are not of Breogan's people, viz. the *Garbraighe* of the *Suca*; the *ui Tairrsigh*; the *Galeoin* of Leinster [and others].

They of Leinster however state that Finn was great-grandson to Nuada Necht, and that his pedigree is this: Finn, son of Cumhall son of Sualtach son of Baeiscne son of Nuada Necht.

The above is Cormac's Panegyric and Finn's Death.

Finis.

The Enumeration of Finn's People.

This is the enumeration [and description] of Finn's people: their strength was seven score and ten officers, each man of these having thrice nine warriors, every one bound (as was the way with Cuchullin in the time when he was there) to certain conditions of service, which were: that in satisfaction of their guarantee violated they must not accept material compensation; in the matter of valuables or of meat must not deny any; no single individual of them to fly before nine warriors.

Of such not a man was taken into the Fianna; nor admitted whether to the great Gathering of Usnach, to the Convention of *Taillte*, or to Tara's Feast; until both his paternal and his maternal correlatives, his *tuatha* and kindreds, had given securities for them to the effect that, though at the present instant they were slain, yet should no claim be urged in lieu of them: and this in order that to none other but to themselves alone they

should look to avenge them. On the other hand: in case it were they that inflicted great mischiefs upon others, reprisals not to be made upon their several people.

Of all these again not a man was taken until he were a prime poet versed in the twelve books of poesy. No man was taken till in the ground a large hole had been made (such as to reach the fold of his belt) and he put into it with his shield and a fore-arm's length of a hazel stick. Then must nine warriors, having nine spears, with a ten furrows' width betwixt them and him, assail him and in concert let fly at him. If past that guard of his he were hurt then, he was not received into Fianship.

Not a man of them was taken till his hair had been interwoven into braids on him and he started at a run through Ireland's woods; while they, seeking to wound him, followed in his wake, there having been between him and them but one forest bough by way of interval at first. Should he be overtaken, he was wounded and not received into the Fianna after. If his weapons had quivered in his hand, he was not taken. Should a branch in the wood have disturbed anything of his hair out of its braiding, neither was he taken. If he had cracked a dry stick under his foot [as he ran] he was not accepted. Unless that [at his full speed] he had both jumped a stick level with his brow, and stooped to pass under one even with his knee, he was not taken. Also, unless without slackening his pace he could with his nail extract a thorn from his foot, he was not taken into Fianship: but if he performed all this he was of Finn's people.

A good man verily was he that had those Fianna, for he was the seventh king ruling Ireland: that is to say there were five kings of the provinces, and the king of Ireland; he being himself the seventh, conjointly with the king of all Ireland.

Finn's two poll-wards were Noenalach, and Raer grandson of Garb; the two stewards of his hounds: Crimthann and Connla Cas; his dispenser: Cathluan son of Crimthann; his master of the banquet: Corc son of Suan; his three cupbearers: Dermot grandson of Duibhne, and Faillin, and Colla son of Caeilte; the two overseers of his hearth: Caeilte and Glanna; his two makers of the bed: Admoll and mac Neri; his twelve musicians: Fergus True-mouth, Fianu, Bran, two Reidhes, Nuada, and Aithirne Aghmar, and . . . . Flann and Aedh, Cobthach of

the high strains, and Cethern ; his physician : Lerthuile ; his two keepers of the vessels : Braen and Cellach Mael ; his barber : Scannal ; his comber : Daelgus ; his charioteer : Rinnchu ; his two masters of the horse : Aena and Becan ; his strong man : Urchraide grandson of Bregaide; his six door-keepers: Cuchaire and Bresal Borr, Fianchad and *Mac-dá-fer*, Imchad and Aithech son of Aithech-bal; his carpenter: Donngus; his smith: Collan; his worker in metal : Congaran ; his horn-players : Culaing and Cuchuailgne ; his two soothsayers : Dirinn and Mac-reith ; his carver : Cuinnscleo ; his candle-holder : Cudam ; his two spear-bearers : . . . and Uadgarb ; his shield-bearer : Railbhe, and so on.

Finis.

The Colloquy with the Ancients.

When the battle of Comar, the battle of Gowra, and the battle of Ollarba had been fought, and after that the Fianna for the most part were extinguished, the residue of them in small bands and in companies had dispersed throughout all Ireland, until at the point of time which concerns us there remained not any but two good warriors only of the last of the Fianna : Ossian son of Finn, and *Caeilte* son of *Crunnchu* son of Ronan (whose lusty vigour and power of spear-throwing were now dwindled down) and so many fighting men as with themselves made twice nine. These twice nine came out of the flowery-soiled bosky borders of Slievefuad [county Armagh] and into the *lughbarta bána*, at this present called *lughmadh* [*angl.* 'Louth'], where at the falling of the evening clouds that night they were melancholy, dispirited.

Caeilte said to Ossian then : "good now, Ossian, before the day's end what path shall we take in quest of entertainment for the night?" Ossian answered : "I know not, seeing that of the ancients of the Fianna and of Finn's people formerly but three survive : I and thyself, Caeilte, with *Cámha* the she-chief and she-custodian that, from the time when he was a boy until the day in which he died, kept Finn son of Cumall safe." Caeilte said : "we are entitled to this night's lodging and provision from her ; for it is not possible to rehearse nor to shew the quantity which

Finn, captain of the Fianna, bestowed on her of precious things and of treasures, including the third best thing of price that Finn ever acquired: the *Anghalach* namely, or drinking-horn which Moriath daughter of the king of Greece gave to Finn, and Finn to Camha.

With Camha therefore they got hospitality for that night; their names she enquired of them and [at their sound] wept vehement showers of tears; then she and they, each of the other, sought to have tidings. Next, they entered into the bed-house disposed for them, and Camha the she-chief prescribed their refection: that the freshest of all kinds of meat and the oldest of all sorts of drink be given them, for she knew in what fashion such as they used to be fed. She knew also how much it was that many a time before the present had constituted a sufficiency for Ossian and for Caeilte. Languidly and feebly she arose and held forth on the Fianna and on Finn mac Cumall; of Ossian's son Oscar too she deliberated, of *mac Lugach*, of the battle of Gowra with other matters; and by reason of this in the end a great silence settled on them all.

Then Caeilte said: "such matters we hold now to be not more painful than the way in which the twice nine that we are of the remnant of that great and goodly fellowship must perforce part, and diverge from each other." Ossian answered that: "they being gone [*lit.* 'after them'] in me by my word, and verily, is no more fight nor pith." Valiant as were these warrior-men, here nevertheless with the she-chief—with Camha—they wept in gloom, in sadness, and dejectedly. Their adequate allowance of meat and of drink was given them; they tarried there for three days and three nights, then bade Camha farewell, and Ossian said:—

"Camha to-day is sorrowful: she is come to the point where she must swim; Camha without either son or grandson: it is befallen her to be old and blighted."

Forth of the town they came now, and out upon the green; there they took a resolve, which was this: to separate, and this parting of theirs was a sundering of soul and body. Even so they did: for Ossian went to the *sídh* of *ucht Cleitigh*, where was his mother: *Blái* daughter of Derc surnamed *dianscothach* [i.e. 'of the forcible language']; while Caeilte took his way to *inbher Bic loingsigh*, which at the present is called *mainistir droichid*

átha [i.e. 'the Monastery of Drogheda'] from *Beg loingsech* son of Arist that was drowned in it: the king of the Romans' son namely, who came to invade Ireland; but a tidal wave drowned him there in his *inbher*, i.e. 'inver' or estuary.' He went on to *linn Féic*, i.e. 'Fiac's Pool,' on the bright-streaming Boyne; southwards over the Old Plain of Bregia, and to the rath of Drumderg where Patrick son of Calpurn was.

Just then Patrick chanted the Lord's order of the canon [i.e. Mass], and lauded the Creator, and pronounced benediction on the rath in which Finn mac Cumall had been: the rath of Drumderg. The clerics saw Caeilte and his band draw near them; and fear fell on them before the tall men with their huge wolf-dogs that accompanied them, for they were not people of one epoch or of one time with the clergy.

Then Heaven's distinguished one, that pillar of dignity and angel on earth: Calpurn's son Patrick, apostle of the Gael, rose and took the aspergillum to sprinkle holy water on the great men; floating over whom until that day there had been [and were now] a thousand legions of demons. Into the hills and 'skalps,' into the outer borders of the region and of the country, the demons forthwith departed in all directions; after which the enormous men sat down.

"Good now," Patrick said to Caeilte, "what name hast thou?" "I am Caeilte son of Crunnchu son of Ronan." For a long while the clergy marvelled greatly as they gazed on them; for the largest man of them reached but to the waist, or else to the shoulder of any given one of the others and they sitting. Patrick said again: "Caeilte, I am fain to beg a boon of thee." He answered: "If I have but that much strength or power, it shall be had; at all events, enunciate the same." "To have in our vicinity here a well of pure water, from which we might baptise the *tuatha* of Bregia, of Meath, and of Usnach." "Noble and righteous one," said Caeilte, "that I have for thee," and they crossing the rath's circumvallation came out; in his hand he took Patrick's and [in a little while] right in front of them they saw a loch-well, sparkling and translucid. The size and thickness of the cress and of the *fothlacht*, or brooklime, that grew on it was a wonderment to them; then Caeilte began to tell its fame and qualities, in doing of which he said:—

"O Well of *tráigh dá bhan*, i.e. 'two women's strand,' beautiful thy cresses luxurious-branching, are! since thy produce is neglected on thee, thy *foth-lacht* is not suffered to grow. Forth from thy banks thy trouts are to be seen, thy wild swine in thy [neighbouring] wilderness; the deer of thy fair hunting cragland, thy dappled and red-chested fawns! Thy mast all hanging on the branches of thy trees; thy fish in estuaries of thy rivers; lovely the colour of thy purling streams, O thou [that thyself art] azure-hued, and again green with reflection of surrounding copsewood! . . ."

"'Tis well," Patrick said: "hath our dinner and our provant reached us yet?" "It has so," answered bishop Sechnall. "Distribute it," said Patrick, "and one half give to yon nine tall warriors of the survivors of the Fianna." Then his bishops, and his priests, and his psalmodists arose and blessed the meat; and of both meat and liquor they consumed their full sufficiency, yet so as to serve their soul's weal.

Patrick said then: "was not he a good lord with whom ye were; Finn mac Cumall that is to say?" Upon which Caeilte uttered this little tribute of praise:—

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

"Who or what was it that maintained you so in your life?" Patrick enquired; and Caeilte answered: "truth that was in our hearts, and strength in our arms, and fulfilment in our tongues."

"Good, Caeilte," Patrick went on: "in the houses which before our time thou didst frequent were there drinking-horns, or cups, or goblets of crystal and of pale gold?" and Caeilte answered that: "the number of the horns that were in my lord's house was as follows:—

"Twelve drinking-horns and three hundred made of gold Finn had; whenever they came to the pouring out the quantity of liquor that they held was immense."

"Were it not for us an impairing of the devout life, an occasion of neglecting prayer, and of deserting converse with God, we as we talked with thee would feel the time pass quickly, warrior." Then Caeilte began to rehearse the drinking-horns, with the chiefs and lords whose they had been:—

"Horns that were in Finn's house, their names I bear in mind . . ."

"Success and benediction attend thee, Caeilte," Patrick said; this is to me a lightening of spirit and of mind; and now tell us another tale." "I will indeed; but say what story thou wouldst

be pleased to have." "In the Fianna had ye horses, or cavalry?" Caeilte answered: "we had so; thrice fifty foals from one mare and a single sire." "Whence were they procured?" "I will tell thee the truth of the matter:—

"A young man that served with Finn: Arthur son of *Béine Brit*, his complement being thrice nine men. Finn set on foot the hunting of Ben-Edar (which indeed turned out to be a bountiful and a fruitful hunt). They slipped their hounds accordingly, while Finn took his seat on *carn an fhéinneda* [i.e. 'the Fian's cairn'] between Edar's eminence and the sea; there his spirit was gay within him when he listened to the maddened stags' bellowing as by the hounds of the Fianna they were killed rapidly.

"Where Beine Brit's son Arthur was stationed was between the main body of the hunt and the sea in order that the deer should not take to the sea and elude them by swimming. But Arthur, being thus on the outside and close against the shore, marked three of Finn's hounds: *Bran*, *Sceolaing*, and *Adnuall*, and he resolved on a plan, which was: himself and his three nines to depart away across the sea, he carrying off with him into his own land those same three hounds. This plot was put into action then; for well I wot that they, having with them those three hounds, traversed the sea's surface and at *inbher mara gaimiach* in Britonland took harbour and haven. They landed there, proceeded to the mountain of Lodan son of Lir, and hunted it.

"Touching the Fianna: after this occurrence they made an end of their hunting and of their sylvan slaughter, then camped at the eminence of Edgaeth's son Edar, and (as the custom was then) Finn's household hounds were counted. Now his hounds were many in number, as the poet said:—

"An enumerating of branches [on the tree] was that of Finn's full-grown hounds with his sleek melodious pack of youngsters: three hundred of the first there were, and puppy-hounds two hundred."

"Many men they must have been that owned those," said Patrick. "True for you indeed," Caeilte answered, "for the tale that used to be in Finn's house was this:—

"They that dwelt in the house of Finn were three times fifty of joyous leaders of the Fianna; three hundred confidential servitors as well, and two hundred fosterlings that were worthy [of their chiefs]."

"But when the hounds were told a great shortcoming was dis-

covered in them: Bran, Sceolaing, Adnuall [were missing], and it was told to Finn. 'Have all three battalions of the Fianna searched out,' he said; yet though the search was made were not the hounds found.

"To Finn then was brought an elongated basin of pale gold; he washed his kingly face, put his thumb under his knowledge-tooth, truth was revealed to him, and he said: 'the king of the Britons' son has deprived you of your hounds; pick ye therefore nine men to go in quest of them!' They were chosen, their names being these: Dermot son of Donn son of Donough son of *Dubhán*, of the *Erna* of Munster in the south: Goll mac Morna——" "Was Goll a chief's son, or a simple warrior's?" Patrick enquired. "A chief's," answered Caeilte:—

"He was son of Teigue son of Morna of the *magh*, that was son of Faelan son of Feradach son of Fiacha son of Art of the *magh* son of Muiredach son of Eochaid."

"There was Cael *cródha* the hundred-slayer, grandson of Nemhnann: a champion that Finn had, and endowed with deadly property (which property attaching to him was that his arm never delivered a cast that missed the mark, and that never was his hand bloodied on a man but the same would before a nine days' term were out be dead); there was Finn's son Ossian: he that, if only a man had a head to eat with and legs to go upon [and carry off his largesse], never refused any." "Caeilte," said Patrick, "that is a great character." "And though it be so it is a true one," Caeilte answered, and said:—

"In the matter of gold, of silver, or concerning meat, Ossian never denied any man; nor, though another's generosity were such as might fit a chief, did Ossian ever seek aught of him."

"There was Ossian's son Oscar: the chief's son that in all Ireland was best for spear-throwing and for vigorous activity; also Ferdoman son of Bodhb Derg son of the Daghda; Finn's son Raighne Wide-eye, his son Cainche the crimson-red; Glas son of *Encherd Béra*, mac Lughach and myself. Now, saintly Patrick, we the aforesaid within ourselves were conscious [i.e. felt confident] that from Taprobane in the east to the garden of the Hesperides in the world's westernmost part were no four hundred warriors but, on the battle-field and hand-to-hand, we were a match for them: we had not a head without a helmet, nor shoulder with-

out whitened shield, nor right fist that grasped not two great and lengthy spears. On this expedition we went our ways then, and until we reached Lodan mac Lir's mountain, where we had been no long time before we heard dialogue of men that hunted in the field.

"As regards Beine Brit's son Arthur: he just then, with his people, sat on his hunting-mound. Them we charge in lively fashion, kill Arthur's people all; but round about him Oscar knits both his arms, gives him quarter, and we bring off our three hounds. Here Goll mac Morna chancing to look about him saw an iron-grey horse, flecked with spots, and wearing a bridle fitted with wrought ornament of gold. At another glance that he threw to his left he discerned a bay horse (one not easy to lay hold of) and having a reticulated bridle of twice refined silver fitted with a golden bit. This [second] horse also Goll mac Morna seized and put into the hand of Ossian, who passed him on to Dermot *ua Duibhne.* After successful execution and due celebration of our slaughter we came away, bringing with us the heads of those thrice nine, our hounds and horses too, with Arthur himself 'in hand [i.e. a prisoner],' and so back to where Finn was: in Edar's old *magh nelta* [*angl.* 'Moynalty']. We reached his tent, and Caeilte said: 'we have brought Arthur.' This latter entered into bonds with Finn, and thereafter, up to the day in which he died, was Finn's follower. The two horses we gave to Finn: horse and mare, of whose seed were all the horses of the Fianna, who hitherto had not used any such. The mare bred eight times: at every birth eight foals, which were made over to the various detachments and 'good men' [i.e. notables] of the Fianna, and these in the sequel had chariots made."

"Success and benediction be thine, Caeilte," said Patrick, "and tell us the names of the chiefs and mighty men that owned those horses." Then Caeilte, telling it, said:—

"The horses of the Fianna are known to me . . ."

"Success and benediction, Caeilte: all this is to us a recreation of spirit and of mind, were it only not a destruction of devotion and a dereliction of prayer."

There they were until the morrow's morning came, when Patrick robed himself and emerged upon the green; together with his three score priests, three score psalmodists, and holy bishops

three score as well, that with him disseminated faith and piety throughout Ireland. Patrick's two guardian angels came to him now: *Aibellán* and *Solusbrethach*, of whom he enquired whether in God's sight it were convenient for him to be listening to stories of the Fianna. With equal emphasis, and concordantly, the angels answered him: "holy cleric, no more than a third part of their stories do those ancient warriors tell, by reason of forgetfulness and lack of memory; but by thee be it [such as it is] written on tabular staffs of poets, and in ollaves' words; for to the companies and nobles of the latter time to give ear to these stories will be for a pastime." Which said, the angels departed.

From Patrick now messengers were despatched to fetch Caeilte, and he along with the nine that were his number were brought to the saint; whose names were these: Failbhe son of Flann; Eoghan Red-weapon, the king of Ulidia's son; Flann, son of Fergus king of Kinelconnell; Conall the Slaughterer, son of Angus king of Connacht; Scannlan, son of Ailell king of Ossory; Baedan, son of Garb king of Corcaguiney; Luaimnech Linn, son of the king of the *Erna* of Munster; Failbhe and Uainchenn, the king of Dalaradia's sons out of the north; with Fulartach, son of Finghin king of the *tuatha* of Bregia and of Meath.

Patrick said: "know ye why ye are brought to confer with me?" "In sooth we know it not," they answered. "To the end ye should make obeisance [i.e. conform] to the gospel of Heaven's and of Earth's king: the Very and the most Glorious God." Then and there the water of Christ's Baptism was by Patrick sprinkled on them preparatory to the baptism and conversion of all Ireland.

Then [with his right hand] Caeilte reached across him to the rim of his shield, and gave to Patrick a ridgy mass of gold [taken thence] in which were three times fifty ounces: this as a fee for the baptism of the nine with him. He said: "that was Finn's, the chief's, last wage to me and, Patrick, have it thou for my soul's and for my commander's soul's weal." The extent to which this mass reached on Patrick was from his middle finger's tip to his shoulder's highest point, while in width and in thickness it measured a man's cubit. Now this gold was bestowed upon the *Táilchenn's* canonical hand-bells, on psalters and on missals.

Patrick said again: "it is well, Caeilte; what was the best

hunting that the Fianna ever had, whether in Ireland or in Scotland?" "The hunting of Arran." Patrick enquired: "where is that land?" "Betwixt Scotland and Pictland: on the first day of the *trogan*-month (which now is called *lughnasadh* i.e. 'Lammastide') we, to the number of the Fianna's three battalions, practised to repair thither and there have our fill of hunting until such time as from the tree-tops the cuckoo would call in Ireland. More melodious than all music whatsoever it was to give ear to the voices of the birds as they rose from the billows and from the island's coast-line; thrice fifty separate flocks there were that encircled her, and they clad in gay brilliance of all colours: as blue, and green, and azure, and yellow." Here Caeilte uttered a lay:—

"Arran of the many stags—the sea impinges on her very shoulders! an island in which whole companies were fed—and with ridges among which blue spears are reddened! Skittish deer are on her pinnacles, soft blackberries on her waving heather; cool water there is in her rivers, and mast upon her russet oaks! Greyhounds there were in her, and beagles; blaeberries and sloes of the dark blackthorn; dwellings with their backs set close against her woods, and the deer fed scattered by her oaken thickets! A crimson crop grew on her rocks, in all her glades a faultless grass; over her crags affording friendly refuge, leaping went on and fawns were skipping! Smooth were her level spots—her wild swine, they were fat; cheerful her fields (this is a tale that may be credited), her nuts hung on her forest-hazels' boughs, and there was sailing of long galleys past her! Right pleasant their condition all when the fair weather sets in: under her rivers' brinks trouts lie; the sea-gulls wheeling round her grand cliff answer one the other—at every fitting time delectable is Arran!"

"Victory and blessing wait on thee, Caeilte!" said Patrick: "for the future thy stories and thyself are dear to us."

Straightway now forth from him Patrick saw a fort, a fair dwelling, and: "Caeilte," he said, "what is yon town?" "That is the proudest town that ever I was in, in Ireland or in Scotland." "Who lived there?" "The three sons of Lughaid Menn son of Angus, i.e. the king of Ireland's three sons: *Ruidhe*, and *Fiacha*, and *Eochaid* were their names." "What procured them that great wealth?"

"It was once upon a time that they came to have speech of their father, to *fert na ndruadh*, i.e. 'grave of the wizards,' north-west of Tara:—'Whence come ye, young fellows?' he enquired. They made answer: 'from *echlais banghuba* to the southward, out of our nurse's and our guardian's house.' 'My lads, what set you

in motion?' asked the king again. 'To crave a country of thee, a domain.' For a space the king was silent, and then said: 'no father it was that on me conferred either country or domain, but my own luck and dazzling achievement. Lands therefore I will not bestow on you, but win lands for yourselves.' Thereupon they with the ready rising of one man rose and took their way to the green of the *brugh* upon the Boyne where, none other being in their company, they sat them down. Ruidhe said: 'what is your plan to-night?' His brothers rejoined: 'our project is to fast on the *tuatha dé Danann*, aiming thus to win from them good fortune in the shape of a country, of a domain, of lands, and to have vast riches.' Nor had they been long there when they marked a cheery-looking young man of a pacific demeanour that came towards them. He salutes the king of Ireland's sons; they answer him after the same manner. 'Young man, whence art thou? whence comest thou?' 'Out of yonder *brugh* chequered with the many lights hard by you here.' 'What name wearest thou?' 'I am the *Daghda's* son *Bodhb Derg*; and to the *tuatha dé Danann* it was revealed that ye would come to fast here to-night, for lands and for great fortune. But come with me, lads.' Simultaneously they rose, and entered into the *brugh*; supper was served them, but they ate it not. Bodhb enquired of them why it was that they took no meat. 'Because the king of Ireland, our father, denied us territory and lands. Now there are in Ireland but two tribes that are equal: the sons of Milesius, and the *tuatha dé Danann*; to the alternative one of which we are come now.

"Then the *tuatha dé Danann* went into council, he that in such council was most noble in rank, and preponderant, being *Midhir* Yellow-mane son of the Daghda, who said: 'those yonder accommodate now with three wives, since from wives it is that either fortune or misfortune is derived.' Whereat were given to them Midhir's three daughters: Doirenn, and Aife, and Aillbhe. Quoth Midhir: 'say, Bodhb, what gifts shall be given them?' Bodhb said: 'I will declare it. Three times fifty sons of kings we are in this *sídh*; from every king's son of whom be given them thrice fifty ounces of red gold, while from me they shall have [in addition] thrice fifty suits of raiment various with all hues.' Aedh, son of *Aedh na nabusach* from *cnoc ardmulla* out in

the sea, which to-day is called *Rachrainn* [*angl.* 'Rathlin'], and a stripling of the *tuatha dé Danann*, said: 'from me too a gift for them, viz. a horn and a vat; regarding which it needs but to fill the vat with pure water, and of this it will make mead both drinkable and having virtue to intoxicate; but into the horn put bitter brine out of the deep, and on the instant it shall turn it into wine.' 'A gift for them from me,' said Lir of *sídh Finnachaid*: 'three times fifty swords, and thrice fifty well rivetted spears of length.' 'A gift from me to them,' said the Daghda's son Angus Oge: 'a fort and stronghold, and a most excellent spacious town with lofty stockades, with light-admitting bowers, with houses of accurate prospect and very roomy; all this in whatsoever place it shall please them between *ráth Chobtaigh* and Tara.' 'A gift for them from me,' said Aine daughter of Modharn: 'a she-cook that I have, to whom it is matter of prohibition to refuse meat to any; but according as she serves out, so too is her store replenished [of itself].' 'A gift from me to them,' said Bodhb Derg: 'a good minstrel that I have (*Fer-tuinne mac Trogain* is his name), and though saws were being plied where there were women in sharpest pains of childbirth, and brave men that were wounded early in the day, nevertheless would such sleep to the fitful melody that he makes. Yet to the dwelling in which for the time being he actually is he is not minstrel more effectively than to that whole country's inhabitants in general [for all they as well may hear him].' For three days with their nights they abode in the *sídh*.

"Angus told them to carry away out of *fidh omna*, i.e. 'Oak-wood,' three apple-trees: one in full bloom, another shedding the blossom, and another covered with ripe fruit. Then they repaired to the *dún*, where they abode for three times fifty years, and until those kings disappeared; for in virtue of marriage alliance they returned again to the *tuatha dé Danaan*, and from that time forth have remained there. And that, Patrick, is the *dún* concerning which thou enquiredst of me," said Caeilte:—

Caeilte *cecinit.*

"Three things in great plenty, and O great plenty of three things, that out of Buide's high fort issued! a crowd of young men, a great troop of horses, the numerous greyhounds of *Lughaid's* three sons. Three sorts of music, and O music of three kinds, that comely kings enjoyed! music of harps, melody of sweet timpans, humming of Trogan's son *Fer-tuinne*. A triple

din, and O a din three-fold! sound of tramping ascending from that fort's green, uproar of racing, boom of lowing kine. Three noises, and O noises three! sound of its swine span-thick in fat and excellent, buzz of the crowd upon the palace lawn, [indoors] hilarity of revellers with mead-begotten clamour. Fruit crops in three stages, and O crops in stages three, that used to be there hanging on its boughs! a tree a-shedding, a tree in bloom, and yet another laden ripe. Three sons it was that Lughaid left (though their great deeds are passed away): Ruide, spacious Lughaid's son, Eochaid and manly Fiacha. I will testify to Eochaid that never took a step in flight: never was he without his customary music, nor ever for any time without quaffing of ale [i.e. banquets were constant in his mansion]. I will testify to Fiacha (though the fame of his depredations be obscured): never he uttered expression that was excessive, and in his time was none that more excelled in valour. I will testify to Ruide, to whom those foresaid three things [i.e. young men, horses, hounds] in great plenty flowed in: that never a thing he denied to any man, nor of a man sought anything at all. Thirty chieftains, thirty leaders, thirty champions that might befit a king; while the strength of his centuple-compounded host was hundreds thirty-fold thrice told."

"Caeilte," said Patrick, "success and benediction! all this is a recreation of spirit and of mind to us."

Not long they had been there when they saw draw towards them as straight as might be, out of the south, a young man that made a brave show: about him was a crimson mantle, and in it a fibula of gold: next to his skin a shirt of yellow silk; he brought also a double armful of round yellow-headed nuts and of beautiful golden-yellow apples, which he deposited on the ground in front of Patrick, who enquired: "whence bringest thou this fruit, lad?" He answered: "out of the luxuriant-branchy Feeguile." "What is thy name?" "Falartach son of Fergus am I." "What is thy rightful heritage?" "The rule over Bregia's *tuatha* and Meath's, and over the Decies of Tara, is that which constitutes my right; but [instead of enjoying it] I am a free-booter and an outlaw." "Who is he upon whom thou doest depredation?" "An own brother to myself: Becan son of Fergus." "Thy right be to thee shortly," said Patrick. "Holy cleric, give it a definite term." "Within this same year in which we are it shall be; but whence bringest thou the fruit?" "Verily I know," Caeilte said, "whence it was brought: from *ros mic Triuin* beyond in Feeguile, a hunting preserve that one had who to Finn mac Cumall was a fighting man of trust: the lusty and prowess-performing son of Lugh." Patrick said: "it is well; there it is that a confidential of my own familia dwells, Oesan

namely, the king of Scotland's son, that also is a chaplain to me." "That place," Caeilte went on, "was a hunting preserve to the Fianna; and whenever in both Ireland and Scotland scarcity of game befel them, in *ros mic Triuin* they always had their sufficiency of hunting for three days and three nights":—

Caeilte *cecinit.*

"As *cluain chesáin* it was heard of afar: to which mac Lughach would resort; but at the coming of the *Táilchenn* its designation became *ros mic Triuin.* Though in *cluain chesáin* of the clergy psalms now are sung in alternate strains, I have seen the gentian-bearing *cluain* all covered with the red deer in their sportiveness. Over the *linn* though reading there be now, there was a time when [*cluain chesáin*] contained no church; but a soil of apple-trees, a place in which was swimming of its streams [by the Fianna at their pastime] and a habitation of tribute the gentian-growing *cluain* was then. The propitious prophecy is come to pass, and *táilchenns* have made their dwelling in *cluain chesáin*: Finn the generous, the giver away of rings and bracelets, had said that it would be a repair of saints, of angels. Many a time we and our hounds by turns followed hard on the young and gallant deer: the while our warriors and their beagles at their own discretion preyed all the region around the fair *cluain.* It was three score queens that at one and the same time I had in truth; and all of them I used to entertain, for I was an artfully skilled beguiler."

Patrick asked: "what time of day is it now?" Benignus said: "it is near night." "Is our supper come to us yet?" the saint enquired. Benignus answered: "it is not indeed." Fulartach son of Fergus said now: "holy Patrick I could put thee in the way of a town in which to-night thou shouldst have supper and provision." "What place is that?" "In Becan's, in my own brother's house, in the *tuatha* of Bregia and of Meath."

Some clerics preceded Patrick to the house of Becan, who was so that he had thirty milch herds; yet he denied them meat. Benignus and the clergy return therefore, tell their story to Patrick, and he says: "all so many as the fellow has of cattle and of people, I ordain that by to-morrow there be not a single one of them escaped alive." The thing came true too, *ut dixit Patricius*:—

"Becan here and Becan there: be his fastings not many in number; so long as the sun shall travel right-handwise, let Becan not make mirth for them [his people]."

Then the earth swallowed up Becan with his people—with all his wealth, animal and human, simultaneously—and Fulartach mac Fergus said: "holy cleric, this night's lodging and entertain-

ment I proffer thee: nine-and-twenty kine which hitherto I have had supporting my kerne while they marauded and were outlaws." Patrick said: "chief's power from me to thee from midday to-morrow, and to thy seed after thee, until ye run counter to the Church." Thus then was Becan consigned to the earth, and Patrick committed the governance to Fulartach.

Next, Patrick enquired of Caeilte how many brothers Finn had, and he answered: "he had two brothers: Fithal and Dithran:—

"On this point of the three sons that Cumall had our antiquaries are obscure [but I can clear it up]: Finn and Dithran of the feasts, and Fithal of the bards were they."

"Whose son was mac Lugach: he concerning whom last night I enquired of thee?" Patrick said. Caeilte made answer: "for another that would be a problem, but not so for me. He was son to Finn's son Daire Derg.

. . . . . .

"So soon as the boy was born he was laid in Finn's bosom, and he again laid him in the bosom of Duban's daughter Muingfinn (wife to Finn: she that of the Fianna had reared eight hundred that now bore shield and weapon), and she nurtured the boy till his twelve years were complete. Then she gave him a sufficient complement of arms and armour; and so he went his way until he reached *carraic Conluain* and the mountain of *Smól mac Edlecair*, which to-day is called *sliabh Bladhma* [*angl.* 'Slievebloom'], where Finn and the Fianna were. He entered the presence of Finn the chief, who gave him very gentle welcome; the lad made his covenant of service and of fealty to him, struck his hand in Finn's, and for a year was in the Fianna. But among these for such space of time he showed great sloth, so that under that youngster's conduct not more than some nine of the Fianna had attained to killing whether of boar or of deer; together with all which he used to beat both his hounds and his servitors.

"Then the Fianna proceeded to *ros in fhéinneda* [i.e. 'the Fian's point'] on swelling *loch Léin's* edge in the south [i.e. Killarney]; and when the three battles of the Fianna were come so far, before Finn they laid complaint against mac Lugach, saying: 'take now thy choice, whether to have us or mac Lugach by himself.'

"Now was mac Lugach brought to confer with Finn, who enquired of him: 'good now, mac Lugach, what harm hast thou

done the Fianna, seeing that one and all they have a spite at thee?' 'I affirm upon my word,' he said, 'that I know not their reason; unless indeed it be that they are averse to my practice of athletic feats and of spear-casting among them.'

"To mac Lugach then the chief gave counsel, and his counsel had great virtue in it, and abode lastingly with mac Lugach; and Finn said:—

"'Mac Lugach! if armed service be thy design, in a great man's household be quiet, be surly in the rugged pass. Without a fault of his beat not thy hound; until thou ascertain [her guilt] bring not a charge against thy wife; in battle meddle not with a buffoon, for, O mac Lugach, he is but a fool. Censure not any if he be of grave repute; stand not up to take part in a brawl; neither have anything at all to do with either a mad man or a wicked one. Two-thirds of thy gentleness be shewn to women and to creepers on the floor [i.e. little children], likewise to men of art that make the *duans*; and be not violent to the common people. With thy familiars, with them that are of thy counsel, hasten not to be the first into bed; perverse alliance shun, and all that is prohibited; yield not thy reverence to all. Utter not swaggering speech, nor say that thou wilt not render the thing that is right; for a shameful thing it is to speak too stiffly unless that it be feasible to carry out thy words. So long as in the universe thou shalt exist, thy lord forsake not; neither for gold nor for other valuable in the earthly world abandon thou thy guarantee [i.e. him that places himself under thy protection]. To a chief utter not strenuous criticism of his people; for it is not a 'good man's' [i.e. a gentleman's] occupation to abuse a great lord's people to their chief. Be not a continually tattling tale-bearer, nor a false one; be not loquacious, nor censorious rashly; be the multiplicity of thy chivalrous qualities what it may, yet have thou not the Irachts hostilely inclined to thee. Be not a frequenter of the drinking-house, nor given to carping at an ancient man; the conduct thou hearest recommended, that is the right [*τὸ πρέπον*]: meddle not with a man of mean estate. Deal not in refusing of thy meat, and any that is penurious have not for a familiar; force not thyself upon a chief, nor give a chief lord occasion to speak ill of thee. Stick to thy raiment, hold fast to thine armature, until the stern fight with its weapon-glitter be well ended; never renounce to back thy luck, yet follow after gentleness, mac Lugach!'"

"Success and benediction!" said Patrick: "a good story it is that thou hast told us there; and where is Brogan the scribe?" Brogan answered: "here, holy Cleric." "Be that tale written by thee"; and Brogan performed it on the spot.

Then Patrick questioned Caeilte: "had ye musicians in the Fianna?" and he answered: "we had so, the finest musician that was in either Ireland or Scotland." "What name was his?" "*Cnú dheireoil* [i.e. 'diminutive nut']." "Where was he acquired?" "Between *crota cliach* and *sídh na mban fionn* [*angl.* 'Slievena-

man '] in the south." "What is his description?" "Four fists of Finn's they were that made up his stature, three in the instrument of music that he played; and the matter with him was this: that the *tuath dé Danann's* other musicians were grown jealous of him.

"On the day in question, Finn with design to hunt repaired to Slievenaman and there sat upon a certain turf-built grave. The chief, taking a look round then, saw a tiny man that close to him upon the green mound [*lit.* 'on the sod'] played and performed upon his harp; the manner of him being that he had on him long light-yellow hair down to his very loins. So soon as he perceived Finn he came to him and, the chief being the first man that was come in his way since he had emerged out of the *sídh*, laid his hand in Finn's; then in Finn's presence, and until the Fianna came up, continued to play his harp. They being there heard a superlatively sweet music and, 'good now, Finn,' they said: 'this is the third best windfall thou ever hadst.' The same tarried with Finn until he died." Then Caeilte uttered a lay:—

"A dwarf it was that stalwart Finn obtained: such was the excellence of his memory that he retained by heart all whatsoever in both east and west he chanced to hear. *Cnú deireoil* was the man's name; in Ireland he was not unknown; beloved was the wee urchin that was expert of speech, whose cognomen was *Cnú deireoil.* I will relate to you how Finn procured the dwarf: a propitious offspring 'twas that was had then, for it was Lugh mac Eithlenn's only son. We were, along with Finn, betwixt the *crota* and Slievenaman; when on the green bank near beside us there we heard a perfect music. To him [the minstrel] we listened then—his melody admitted not of indifference—it lacked but little that the swelling music, well sustained, had lulled us all to sleep. Cumall's son Finn of *Almha* spoke out clearly then, and said: 'whence comest thou, small man, that with a touch so smooth and deft playest the harp?' 'Out of Slievenaman come I: a place where mead is drunk, and ale; and therefore am I come precisely, to be for a spell in thy companionship.' 'Thou shalt have precious things, and wealth, and red gold, and good servitors; for well I like the manner of thee, and thou shalt have full measure of my intimacy.' In Finn's hand he laid his own, and thereat we were joyous all; hither we conveyed him with us, and deemed our find to be a gentle one. Four fists were in the stature of the man, three in his harp so mild and dear: full-volumed was the sound of the soft delicate instrument, sweet the outpourings of his little harp. The five musicians of the Fianna were in a body brought to him; so that in those yonder parts from *Cnú* in gentle wise we learned a fairy music. Of these was Senach's son, Senach himself and Daighres two; in noble style they learned from him, and Cuan likewise studied. To Finn of the Fianna 'twas a sore perplexity to have his mannikin without a spouse: [as still he was] for the valiant man could not frame to stomach the gross huge women [whom we love]. Finn the great

chief said that gold and silver too he would bestow on him that in Ireland should discover such a thing: a woman his dwarf's counterpart. Quoth *Scí mac Eoghain*—a warrior with a lion's nature—'I will name (and my story's fraught with good event) a place where that is which shall match him just.' 'My blessing take, and hie thee to thy home, O son of Eoghan out of Munster! but first for friendship tell us forth the country in which such a thing exists to be reported of.' 'O Finn, the hardy, the triumphant, to *tech Duinn* [i.e. 'Donn's House'] in Munster make thy way: where there is (and she will fit thy purpose) a woman to whom *Bláthnait* is cognomen.' In all haste then we and the chief of the Fianna skilled to ply the edge [i.e. in the use of all cutting weapons] take our journey to 'Donn's House' to seek the woman: a proceeding by which our good spirits were much enhanced. Blathnait we found within the *sídh*, and of a truth brought her away; then in the great house yonder Blathnait and *Cnú deireoil* slept as man and wife. An ounce of gold a man we give—so many as we were of the Fianna—in dowry of the blameless woman that was bestowed upon the dwarf. Four fists, I say, were in the stature of the man, and in his smooth white harp were three; the wife was taller than the husband; they made a dear white-handed couple! All mysteries of the broidering art the wife possessed: skill to manipulate the silver and the gold; the man's it was (and a stupendous gift) to gratify the whole world's throngs at once with minstrelsy. Among the Fianna there was not a queen, a leader, nor a chief endowed with sense, but to the couple so infantine [in bulk] they gave their love and divers gifts of price. Whenever hard foul weather would come on the Fianna, men of kingly mind, under his mantle Finn would have them both: Blathnait and the mannikin. When good was coming to the Fianna, Blathnait with wisdom would reveal it; and when evil awaited them, the dwarf would not conceal it from them. Upon the Earth there is not melody (such as a man's soul might desire) but in the banquet-house its strains were petty, except such as *Cnú deireoil* used to make [i.e. how excellent soever they were in themselves they would not stand comparison with his]. Three windfalls, best that Finn most generous Fian-chief ever had: his deerhounds Bran and Sceolan, the faultless; and Blathnait together with the dwarf."

After this they were no long time till they saw seven tall young fellows that came towards them. Patrick said: "whence come ye, striplings, and who are you?" "From *Eoghan Lethderg*, son of Angus and king of Munster's both provinces, we are come to fetch thee, holy Patrick." The saint said: "we will e'en go thither; for wheresoever endowments may be had, there it is a matter of duty to take them." "And what shall we do: these nine warriors here?" asked Caeilte. "A month's, and a quarter's, and a year's welcome to you to be with me," Patrick replied.

Then Patrick set out, and the way that he took was into Fee-guile; into Drumcree, which at this time is called 'Kildare'; across the *sruithlinn* in Durrow, and over the Barrow; over *tóchar*

Léighe, i.e. 'the stone causeway of Cuarnait's daughter Liagh,' where Liagh perished; into 'the old Plain of Dian mac Dilenn's daughter *Roichet*,' now called 'Moyrua of Rechet;' into old *magh neo* [*angl.* 'Moynoe' i.e. 'the plain of yews'] now called 'the Plain of Leix'; over the spawning-salmon-full Nore; skirting Aghaboe of . . . . the mighty striker, now called *achadh* . . . .; into the way of *Dála mac ú-Móir*; past *ros an churad* [i.e. 'the hero's wood'] now called the very beautiful *ros cré*; with his right hand towards *lathach bó Lodáin mhic Lir* or 'the slough of Lodan mac Lir's cows,' now called the *clár*, or 'expanse,' of Derrymore; past the Corroges of Cleghile; past *cuillenn ua cuanach* to the westward, where at Finn's hands Cuillenn mac Morna perished; past *léim in fhéinneda* or 'the Fian's leap'; skirting the assembly-place of Nechtan's wife Cuil, now called the heifer-carrying fair-green of Old Clochar; past *cenn febhrat* of *sliabh caoin*, i.e. 'the Ballyhowra Hills' and 'Slievereagh,' to the southward; by *tulach na féinne* or 'hill of the Fianna,' which now is called Ardpatrick: where was Angus's son Eoghan Lethderg, king of both Munster provinces, and the nobles of the same along with him.

Then his tent was unfurled over Patrick; the king of Munster came with the chief men of his people and laid his head in Patrick's bosom, and made obeisance to him. For a week the saint was there: raising the dead, healing them that had diseases and infirmities, and relieving every other affliction besides.

His own award was conceded to Patrick; after which Eoghan went his way to *rosach na rígh*: to his own strong place, and Munster's nobles sought their own several forts and good towns.

Patrick said: "good now, Caeilte, and wherefore was the name of *fionntulach* [i.e. 'white hill'] given to this eminence on which we stand?" "I will tell you the truth of it," answered Caeilte: "it was hence that we, the three battalions of the Fianna marched to deliver the battle of Ventry. Hither our spears had been brought to us, charmed withies also for our spear-shafts. Finn surveyed the hill round about him, and said: 'the hill is white; what better name then could it have than *fionntulach*?'"

Caeilte *cecinit.*

"O thou, this high and pleasant hill, to which the Fianna, white [with their peeled withies] did resort! a vast extended camp, a picked body of fine young men, were customary things upon thee. This was our portion to relate:

we used to gain some eminence in a level land [and there would have] beautiful blackberries, haws of the hawthorn, nuts from the hazels of Cantyre. Tender twigs of the thorny bramble-bush, sprigs of the beneficial gentian; and every Beltane we used to consume both smooth shoots and head of the watercress. Birds out of trackless oaken woods would find their way into the Fianna's cooking pit; parti-coloured squirrels out of *Berramain*, and variegated nests from mountain pinnacles. Rapid salmons out of *Linnmhuine*, the eels of noble Shannon; woodcocks of Fidhrinn, otters out of the Deel's hidden places. Fish of the briny sea from the coasts of Buie and Beare; *medhbán* of lightsome *Fáide*, and *duilesc* from the coves of *Cléire*. To swim the loch-forming *Loingsech* was a frequent habit with mac Lugach; upon thy yonder side, O hill, we used to come in a host of many numbers. I and Ossian of renown, we used to embark in currachs; as I frequented its waves and its [abutting] hills, I had the severities of the green sea.

"From this spot also it was that, as aforesaid, we marched to fight the battle of Ventry; and [as we did so] we saw approach us [out of another quarter] a young man of Finn's people: the valiant and hundred-slaying Cael ua Nemhnainn. 'Whence art thou come, Cael?' asked Finn. 'Out of the perilous *brugh* to the northward.' 'What sought'st thou there?' 'To have speech of Muirenn daughter of Derg, mine own nurse.' 'What was the motive of that?' 'It was because of a fairy sweetheart and of a splendid match propounded to me in a dream: *Créidhe*, daughter of Cairbre surnamed 'Whiteskin,' king of *Ciarraighe Luachra*.' Finn said: 'knowest thou, Cael, that of all Ireland's women she is the arch-she-deceiver? few costly things there are but she has coaxed away to her own mansion and grand dwelling-place.' Cael said: 'and knowest thou what the condition also is which she requires of all [that would woo her]?' 'I know it,' Finn answered: '[she will entertain none but him], whosoe'er he be, that of art or poetic skill shall have sufficient to make for her a *duan* setting forth a full description of her *cuachs*, her horns, her cups, her *ians* and all other her fine vessels, together with that of her various vast palaces.' 'All which I have in readiness: given to me by Derg's daughter Muirenn, mine own nurse.'

"Then for that time we renounced the battle, and over regions of hills, of rocks, of *tulachs*, took our way until we came to *loch Cuire* in the west of Ireland. We reached the door of the *sídh*, and with the shafts of our long and gold-socketted spears there performed the *dórd fiansa*. Girls, yellow-haired, of marriageable age, shewed on the balconies of bowers; and Credhe, accom-

panied by three fifties of women, issued forth to speak with us. Said the Fian-chief to her: 'to elect and to woo thee we are come.' The lady enquired who it might be that sought to court her. 'Cael it is, the valiant, the hundred-slayer, grandson of Nemhnann, son of the king of Leinster in the east!' She said: 'we have heard his report, albeit we never have seen him. But has he my *duan* for me?' Cael answered: 'I have so,' then rose and sang his duan:—

"'A journey I have in hand on a Friday (if I go then am I a true guest) to Credhe's mansion (the effort is no trivial one) against the mountain's breast in the north-east. It is appointed for me to go thither: to Credhe, at the Paps of Anann; and that there I must remain exposed to difficulties, for four days and half a week. Pleasant is the house in which she is: what with men and boys and women, with both magicians and minstrels, with both cup-bearer and door-keeper, with both horse-keeper that never shirked his duty and dispenser to distribute meat, the command over all whom belongs to fair Credhe, the yellow-haired. What with coverlet and what with down, in her *dún* my lot will be a pleasant one; [of old] it hath been heard that, should Credhe but will it, my journey would be an auspicious one for me [i.e. the conditions of a quest such as mine have long been matter of notoriety]. A bowl she has whence juice of berries flows, with which she has been used to make her eyebrows black; crystal vats of fermenting grains, cups she has and goblets exquisite. The colour of her *dún* is as that of lime; coverlets and rushes [for the beds] abound among them there; silk is among them, and many a blue mantle; among them are red gold and the polished drinking-horn. Her bower by *loch cuire*, of silver and of yellow gold: its ridgy thatch is laid without defect, of ruddy birds' wings, crimson-red. Two green-hued door-posts which thou seest—their door has no deformity; silver taken as spoil from the slain ('tis of old renown) was the beam that furnished forth its lintel. Credhe's chair upon thy left [on entering] was more and more delightful [the longer one surveyed it]; an overlay of *Elpa's* gold it had, and stood at her delicate bed's foot. A glittering bed laid out, that dominates the chair; that was made by Tuile in the east, of yellow gold and of precious stones. Yet another bed, on thy right hand, of gold and of silver wrought unerringly; with tent-like curtains having appearance of the foxglove's flower, and running upon slender copper rods. The household that is in her house, to them it is that above all their lines are fallen in pleasant places; their mantles are neither pale nor smooth [i.e. neither faded nor worn to a gloss], their redundant locks are curly and in colour fair. Wounded men losing heavy jets of blood would fall asleep to the fairy birds a-warbling on her bower's radiant eaves. Should I have reason to be grateful to the woman, to Credhe for whom the cuckoo calls: her lays shall live on yet more numerous, if she but requite the loving service done her [in composing this]. To Cairbre's daughter if it pleasing be, she will not reduce me to terms of post-ponement; but may she rather say to me here now: 'thy journey is most welcome to me.' A hundred feet in Credhe's house there are from one angle

till you reach another ; and twenty fully measured feet in the width of her noble door. Her roof with its thatch of blue and yellow birds' wings ; her parapet in front at a well, of crystal and of carbuncle gems. Four posts round every bed there are, of gold and of silver laid together cunningly ; in each post's head a crystal gem : they make heads not unpleasant [to behold]. A vat is there, of princely bronze, out of which runs the juice of merry malt ; over the vat stands an apple-tree, with the multitude of its heavy fruits. When Credhe's horn is filled with the vat's potent mead, at one time and with precision four apples fall down into the horn. Yon four that are rehearsed above, they set about dispensing [of the mead]: to four that sit there then they hand a drink apiece, likewise an apple. She that owns all these things, both at low water and at flood [i.e. in their entirety]—Credhe to wit from the triple-pinnacled *tulachs*—hath by a spearcast's length excelled all Ireland's women. Here's at her with a lay—no bride-gift out of shape—no epithalamium rashly and perfunctorily made ! here on the spot have at the lovely Credhe, in whose eyes may mine have been a smiling journey !'

"Then that couple were bedded, and there they [the Fianna] were for seven days: drinking and in all enjoyment, without lack whether of meat, of liquor, or of any good thing whatsoever, were it not that one other care oppressed Finn: the *allmarachs'* presence at Ventry. Then the woman presented to each one of them individually a special and sufficient battle-dress, and we took leave of each other.

"'Let the woman come with us,' Finn said, 'that we may learn to which of us either good or ill shall befal in this present business.' The woman brought with her vast numbers of cattle to supply their sick and wounded ; and she it was that so long as the battle was a-fighting fed them all with lacteal produce, with new milk. In her house too it was that the invalids and sick of the Fianna lay. And even as in lavishing of jewels and of treasure the woman outdid the women of the Fianna, so also in valour and in skill at arms her husband in that battle outstripped the three battalions of the Fianna. Truly a calamity was that which on the last day of the battle was effected: the drowning of Cael namely ; and other beings too there were, of the brute kind, which had a life of length equal to his [i.e. that perished at the same time]. He being drowned then, the outside swell washed him in. The women and the gentles of the Fianna came to seek him ; by them he was raised and carried to the southern strand (to the southward of Ventry that is to say), so that *trágh Chaeil* or 'Cael's Strand' is that shore's name ever since, and *fert Chaeil* or 'Cael's Grave.'

"The woman came and stretched her by his side; she raised a clamorous weeping and greatly wailed: 'why should not I,' she said, 'die of grief for my mate, when even the restless wild creatures die there of sorrowing after him!' Then Credhe said:—

"'The haven roars, and O the haven roars, over the rushing race of *rinn dá bharc*! the drowning of the warrior of *loch dá chonn*, that is what the wave impinging on the strand laments. Melodious is the crane, and O melodious is the crane, in the marshlands of *druim dá thrén*! 'tis she that may not save her brood alive [*lit.* 'that saves not her live ones']: the wild dog of two colours [i.e. the fox] is intent upon her nestlings. A woful note, and O a woful note, is that which the thrush in Drumqueen emits! but not more cheerful is the wail that the blackbird makes in Letterlee. A woful sound, and O a woful sound, is that the deer utters in Drumdaleish! dead lies the doe of *druim silenn*, the mighty stag bells after her. Sore suffering to me, and O suffering sore, is the hero's death—his death that used to lie with me! that the son of her out of *doire dá dhos* should be now with a truss beneath his head! Sore suffering to me is Cael, and O Cael is a suffering sore, that by my side he is in dead man's form! that the wave should have swept over his white body—that is what hath distracted me, so great was his delightfulness. A dismal roar, and O a dismal roar, is that the shore's surf makes upon the strand! seeing that the same hath drowned the comely noble man, to me it is an affliction that ever Cael sought to encounter it. A woful booming, and O a boom of woe, is that which the wave makes upon the northward beach! butting as it does against the polished rock, lamenting for Cael now that he is gone. A woful fight, and O a fight of woe, is that the wave wages with the southern shore! as for me, my span is determined; that my appearance [i.e. beauty] is impaired by this is noted. A woful melody, and O a melody of woe, is that which the heavy surge of Tullachleish emits! as for me: the calamity that is fallen upon me having shattered me, for me prosperity exists no more. Since now Crimthann's son is drowned, one that I may love after him there is not in being; many a chief is fallen by his hand, and in the battle his shield ne'er uttered outcry!'

"Then the young woman stretched herself out by Cael's side and, for grief that he was gone, died. In the one grave they both were buried there; and I myself it was that raised the stone which is over the resting-place, and hence is called 'the tomb of Cael and of Credhe.'"

"Success and benediction, Caeilte!" Patrick said: "'tis a good story thou hast told; and where is scribe Brogan?" "Here am I." "By thee be written down all that Caeilte hath uttered." And written down it was.

Not long they were now till they saw towards them a strong body of men that made a good show: girt about with a bulwark

of shields locked, and having at their shoulders a very forest-grove of lofty-spears, gold-socketted. They [i.e. some of them] entered into the tent where Patrick was; in whose bosom their lord laid his head, while they made genuflection to him. Patrick said: "who art thou, young man?" He answered: "I am Bran, son of Derg king of Munster." Patrick pursued: "wherefore art thou come hither?" "It is the art and discipline of Fianry that I am fain to learn, holy cleric; for I have heard that in thy company is a warrior of Finn's people, and with him I would desire to study the *dord fiansa*."

"Caeilte, my soul, thou hearest that," said Patrick. "I hear it: good now, Bran, how use ye yourselves to manage the hunting?" "Some *tulach*, or cairn, or wood of mountain rising from a plain, we hem in and so for the whole day's space pursue the game. One while we kill a deer, another time he evades us." In Patrick's presence Caeilte wept then, tearfully, in sadness, so that his very breast, his chest, was wet.

Then Patrick and Caeilte, with all so many as they had of a company, went up into *cenn Febhrat* of Slieveriach, and the lie of that particular spot to which they attained was this: three glens there were about the mountain and betwixt them a loch, its name being *loch bó*; that of the mountain, *osmetal.* [Caeilte said]: "westward of the loch is *cnoc na haeire*, and *finninis* is the easternmost hill's denomination. But the name of this hill is *cnoc Máine*; and here was a notable rogue-stag called *liath na dtrí mbenn* or 'the grey one of the three antlers,' that for the space of seven-and-twenty years had ever eluded the Fianna, both man and deerhound. Now a warrior of the Fianna killed him, and that warrior am I."

Caeilte rose now: eastward and westward of the loch he stationed his people, on the south and on the north, and Patrick sat him down; whence also *suidhe Pátraic* or 'Patrick's seat' is the name of that place in *cenn Febhrat* of Slieveriach. Then on high he reared his waving signal of chase, of hunting, and of Fianlike venery. He uttered three mighty and formidable whoops: whereby neither in adjacency nor in proximity to him, nor whether in plain or on moor, on mountain or in wood, was there a free-roaming stag but in his career of headlong speed came up; and to cool themselves after their course they all plunged

before the hunters' faces into ample *loch bó.* Insomuch that, at that rushing noise and mighty resonance, horror and fear and apprehension took them: at the wild stags I say, at the roe deer frenzied, at the weighty-sided boars, regarding which it wanted but little of their having all perished on the spot with the length of their race and with distress of breath. The huntsmen extended themselves round the loch, and of the quarry a single beast escaped not away alive. They divided the fruits of the chase, there being up to eight hundred head for apportionment. Benignus said: "to us be given a tithe of the hunt." But Bran mac Derg was not altogether well pleased to divide with any one else that which was fallen to his own share [i.e. proceeds of the hunt originated by himself and carried out by his men].

Hereat an inward disorder [in the nature of a flux] seized the king of Munster's son, who cried: "holy cleric, lay thy hand on this!" Caeilte said: "by my word, until thou pay the fee he shall not go [to help thee]." Bran said: "what fee?" "Seeing that 'tis in thy stomach the ailment is, be it the belly of every cow, of every swine and of every sheep [slaughtered in thy country] to be yielded by thee to Patrick for the Church's use for ever." Bran said: "that I will concede; so shall my son too after me." Which then from that time forth became a continuous practice with all Ireland. Then to Bran mac Derg's stomach Patrick put his hand, and on the instant he was whole.

"We must be going now," Caeilte said. Patrick enquired: "and what way is that [i.e. in what direction]?" "I remember, saintly Patrick, that for dread of the *tuatha dé danann* nor crowd nor host had dared sit upon these three *tulachs*:"—

Caeilte *cecinit.*

"Tulachs three I bear in mind, that feel not age nor fade away; over which the 'grey one of three antlers' used to course from their one border to the other. Three churches too I have in memory, that once were holds of a good lord; within them was then no voice of bell, but rather the 'wizard's knot' surrounded them. *Caeilte* is my very name indeed: a captain of the truthful Fianna I have been; when we had to cross the glen we used not to make any halt. Finn the Fian-chief, when he was in life, would not endure to have the flighty young buck with the sprouting horn to bell over his capacious camp. I and Flann son of Failbhe, we used 'to redden' [i.e. hack and hew] many heroes of the Leinster men; this is my conscience verily [i.e I affirm it on my conscience], that many a battle I bear in mind."

And so the company, laden with their burdens of the chase, departed.

With a look that Caeilte threw around the mountain on his left hand he saw a fort, a fair town. He said: "on my conscience we never knew a fort to exist yonder; let us then make over for the town."

They took their way to the dwelling accordingly, but it was an amazement to them not to see either crowd or throng there but, [instead of that], nine she- and three men-slaves. Into a private bower apart that was in the town they entered, where were two women and they weeping and mourning. Here they were fed and ministered to, their travelling and wayfaring gear was taken from them, and Caeilte enquired of the women what fort this might be. "It is that of the chief of Fermoy's two sons: Lochan and Eoghan their names are." "And why are ye gloomy and melancholy?" "Good cause we have: we, that ourselves are two sisters, belong to two brothers; our husbands are gone to-night to bring home [other] wives, and of our stay in the fort therefore there remains no more than till such time as our husbands shall return, and new wives with them. With a glance that Caeilte threw around him and into the inner part of the fort he perceived a huge mass of stone which a confidential warrior to Finn had once: *Senach mac Maeilchró*, of Finn mac Cumall's original people. Now this mass was so, that all whatsoever wage Finn had ever given to Senach (thrice fifty ounces of gold, thrice fifty ounces of silver and three times fifty ounces of white bronze) was shut up close, with said rock of stone covering them.

Caeilte said to the women then: "were I to succour and relieve you, and to bring you back your husbands, what fee would ye give me?" They replied: "had we but any fee in the whole world that might be pleasing to thee, we would give it thee." "Verily ye have such: that vast lump of stone at the fort's farther side." "Alas for thee to say it! for the whole country's multitude was occupied with putting of it in the site in which it is, and the setting of it fair took all their effort; yet shouldest thou alone [as it would seem] be able to control it!" "Myself it is that will be deceived in it," said Caeilte, "should I not be able." "It shall pass [i.e. is hereby conveyed] from us to thee, and with benediction," said the women.

Then he came forth of the town, and took back his right hand's fill of special fairy herbs known to him as having been had by the queens and noble ladies of the Fianna. These he gave to the women; who washed in a bath made of those herbs, and this compelled their own husbands to their love, insomuch that the wives whom they had brought home they dismissed away back again. The great stone was made over to Caeilte and he said:—

"O stone of *belach átha t . . .*"

There, in that place, Caeilte abode and was well tended and ministered to. Early on the morrow he rose, and gave the flag-stone a wrench towards him out of the earth. They came along, and so to *finntulach* which to-day is called Ardpatrick, where Patrick was. He questioned: "where wast thou last night, Caeilte?" and Caeilte told him the story from first to last.

Not long had they been there when they marked seven that drew near them. Patrick said: "whence are ye come, young men?" "Out of the province of Connacht to the northward." "What hath set you in motion?" "From Connacht's gentles we come to fetch thee, holy cleric, to convert us (both man and woman) to thy Gospel." Patrick said then: "it is not right that the Church make any lagging but to disseminate it."

Patrick with his people set out, and away they came from the southward: through mid-Munster, past *luimnech uladh*, into *fidh na gcuan* which is called 'Cratlow;' into *sliabh aidhid in rígh*, into *sliabh Echtge* or 'the mountain of Echtge' daughter of Nuada Silver-arm; by *cuaille Chepáin* in *Echtge*: the place in which Cepan mac Morna fell; past *loch na bó girre* which is called *loch Gréine* or 'the loch of Grian' daughter of Finn; into the *brecthír*, which at this time is called *tír Máine*, i.e. 'the land of Hy-Many' or 'O'Kelly's country;' past *loch linnghaeth* which is called *loch cróine*. There Muiredach More mac Finnachta king of Connacht was, expecting Patrick; whose tent was now spread over himself with his clerics. The chiefs of Connacht's province came then, made obeisance to Patrick, and laid their heads in his bosom.

As for the saint, he issued out of the tent and sat on a sepulchral mound compact of sods; Caeilte came with him, and said: "here it was, holy Patrick, that Oscar fought his first battle." Patrick asked: "what cause had he?" "Soon said: it was about Niamh,

daughter to Fergus Finn's son Aedh Donn king of Ulster, that was betrothed to Aedh son of Fidach son of Finntan, but was given to the king of Connacht's son. Which latter was not of numbers sufficient to stand a battle with Oscar and the Fianna, until from him to Conn's grandson Cormac, king of Ireland, had been sent a petition craving reinforcements in large quantity; and Cormac despatched with him the four [remaining] provinces of Ireland, to give battle to the Fianna. On this spot then the fight was fought for the girl, and Oscar's maiden exploits in that battle were these (as Finn said):—

"'Rise up, Oscar! be it known that thou art [of] the true stock: sufficient [i.e. formidable] as is the stature of the good men arrayed against thee, nevertheless relieve us of a hundred of their heroes! Go through them and over them, that their trunks be shorn headless; take the resonant green shield, and take the sharp sword! From the weaponed warrior that shall have wounded thee win shield and win spears; win mail—may it serve thee—may they not boast thy trophies! A great event for me in the presence of witnesses is the devoting of my babe at his nine years completed! There has not, there never will, come one more excellent whether of hand or of oath [i.e. of greater deeds, of veracity more pure]; there is no spearshaft that shall bore farther into a human. Woe to him upon whom with keen sword he shall charge, when once his arm's wrath is roused—his that when he stands up rages!'"

Then Caeilte said:—

"Oscar's maiden deeds victorious were: the towering haughty king of Ulster slain; Leinster's king, without any cavil, and Connacht's hardy king likewise. To him came then, after that, Aedh mac Fidach mac Finntan; but him he leaves without a head—seldom is hand-to-hand set-to so tough. Aedh Donn son of Fergus Finn—Ulster's king with the deadly point—by dint of shield, of sword so hard, Oscar killed at the same time. Baedan mac Fernarb, the virulent, that Leinster had for impetuous king—sufficient though his daring were—he killed at the one instant of time. Handsome kingly Oscar's own condisciple, that was gentle, that was prudent: Linne mac Lighne, who had deeds to show, Oscar slew in error. To view the battle Niamh of the many-coloured vesture came: the battle's rout bursts full upon her, and the tenacious queen is slain. Patrick that possessest truth, in this matter I tell thee that Oscar's royal fury was prodigious, and that his maiden exploits were not small."

"Success and benediction, Caeilte!" Patrick cried, "and where is Brogan? be that tale written down by thee, so that to the chiefs of the world's latter time it prove a diversion." And Brogan penned it.

"Good now Caeilte, my soul," said Patrick: "what [i.e. whose]

grave is this on the hill upon which we stand?" "Soon said," Caeilte answered: "a warrior of the Fianna of Ireland that met his death there, Airnelach mac Admallan, the king of Leinster's son. For a man of verse came hither with a *duan* for him [i.e. composed on or addressed to him] and: 'it is well, man of verse,' he said, 'grant me so long grace until I have by me my jewels and my treasures.' The man of verse replied: 'truly, and by my word, I will not; but if I be not gratified will in this very day lampoon and satirise thee.' When the other heard that, he laid his face to the earth; nor ever lifted up his countenance [but kept it so] till he died for shame. The green-surfaced *tulach* was closed over him, his stone was reared over him; and 'tis against it thy back is now, holy Patrick." The saint said: "Heaven, and his release from torment, be to him from me in recompense of his sense of honour." In which very hour his soul came out of pain, and in form of a white dove sat over Patrick on the pillar-stone.

Patrick enquired: "and who, Caeilte, is in this the tulach's southern end?" "Salbhuide, son of Feidhlecar king of Munster, that perished there in pursuit of a fairy deer: his number being thirty deer-hounds, thirty servitors, thirty warriors [who also died with him]; and the *tulach* was walled up on them." *Ut dixit* Caeilte:—

"In this end to the southward is Salbhuide's son, of the poets: fifty *conghlanns* of white silver were not accounted for a puny treasure."

Benignus said: "we would fain get at these precious things." "Thou shalt have that same," Caeilte said; and opened the grave, in which was his spearshaft's full depth of rings and bracelets. Quoth Benignus again: "to the man of a while ago thou grantedst Heaven for his honour's sake; and now for his valuables [here revealed to us] give Heaven to that other warrior [whose they were]." Patrick said: "it shall be granted."

Then Patrick enquired of Caeilte: "what was it that brought you, all the Fianna as ye were, to naught?" He made answer: "the two battles which we fought last, the battle of Gowra namely, and the battle of Ollarba. Three battalions strong we marched to fight the battle of Inverollarba, and saving six hundred of us none came off; neither had Finn's spirit, whether in battle or in fray, up to that point ever complained for the Fianna. But this time he took heed to the loss of such chiefs,

and lords, and heroes, and champions, and confidential people as were fallen in those battalions:—

"'Find out for us how many we be . . .'"

"Success and benediction, Caeilte!" said Patrick.

Then Cainen, son of Failbhe son of Fergus son of Eoghan More, questioned Caeilte: "where was Olioll Olom son of Mogh Nuadat slain?" and he answered that: "on the summit of *sliabh Claire* to the southward he died, of an apoplexy brought on by grief; and Sabia daughter of Conn died in Tara, of sorrow for Maccon her well-beloved son": thus Caeilte. Cainen enquired again: "and where was Ferchis mac Comain, the poet, killed?" "It was a shot of a hardened holly javelin which on the top of *sliabh crot* Ael son of Dergdubh delivered at a stag, but with the same slew Ferchis unwittingly." "And Olioll Olom's seven comely sons, where died they?" Cainen asked. Beine Brit it was that in the great battle of *magh mucrama*, they being routed before Maccon's vast gathering, slaughtered them." "*Ath ísel* upon the smooth wide-spread plain, whence is it?" "Comla Derg from *cnoc den* that wounded Eoghan More's son *Fiacha muillethan* there; whence by rights it is called *áth tuisil* or 'ford of falling.'" And he said:—

"*Ath tuisil* is the ford's name; to all men this is a cognisance of the veritable cause: it was a fall that Connla of *cnoc den* caused worthy Fiacha Muillethan to make."

"And the battle of *samhain*," said Cainen, "by whom was it fought, and who perished there?" "Olioll Olom's son Cormac Cas it was that delivered it against Eochaid Red-brow, king of Ulster in the north. There Eochaid fell; and there was hit Cormac Cas, who for thirteen years lay under cure with his brain leaking away from him, and he for that period holding the rule of Munster. At *dún ar slébh* or '*dún* on mountain' he had a fort built, a good town, which was so that in its midst was a sparkling and translucent loch-well. About the spring he had a great and royal house made; but immediately at its brink three huge pillarstones were planted and there (with its head to the eastward and betwixt said three columns of stone) the king's bed was set, while out of a *cuach* or else a bowl a confidential warrior of his people splashed water on his head continually. There too he died, and in that fort was laid in subterranean excava-

tions; whence *dún trí liag* or 'fort of three pillarstones' by way of name is given to it." Then Caeilte uttered a lay:—

"Pleasant assuredly is this *dún* in the east, which men denominate *dún Eochaid*; more pleasant still, when once the daylight comes, are Sabia's lying-place and Olioll's . . ."

To return to Muiredach mac Finnachta, king of Connacht, he had a beloved son: Aedh mac Muiredach. At this juncture a goaling match was promulgated by the young lads of Connacht, and upon them Aedh mac Muiredach without assistance won six goals. He sat down after it, an access of grave and fatal sickness took him, and there he died. This was told to his people and to his mother: Aeife, the king of Ulster's daughter. By the women of the province outcry of woe was made on account of the youth's demise; and his mother prescribed to lay him in the bosom of the *Táilchenn*: in his bosom namely to whom God had granted all Ireland, and power of benefitting all that were in her. But the king of Connacht said: "such action were in my sight most reprehensible, unless indeed to the Saint himself as well it were acceptable."

Then out of the tent in which the king of Connacht was with his attendants (the dead also being there: with a fringed mantle thrown over him, and indued with a soft crimson hood) a message was sent to fetch Patrick. His mother, his three condisciples and his sister, said that they must die of grief for him [*lit.* 'of his grief']; which when saint Patrick heard he had compassion, and his heart yearned towards them.

A basin of pale gold was brought to the cleric now, with its fill of water in it; he blessed the water, and it was transferred to an exquisite *cuach* of fair silver. The holy cleric went, raised the soft crimson hood, and into Aedh mac Muiredach's mouth poured three drops of the water; at the third drop of which he rose sound and whole, drew his hand across his face, and got out of bed. At this the whole concourse were joyful and of good cheer, and believed in God; they laid their heads in Patrick's breast, and invested him with all power over them from great to small. Throughout that night they tarried there; next morning they quitted the town, and all together went on their way: into *gannmagh*, which now is called *magh Finn*; into *tóchar an bhanchuire*, which at this time men call *tóchar Finn*; right hand to *ros na*

fingaile, which now is named *ros comáin* or 'Roscommon' (the occasion of its having been called *ros na fingaile* being nine sons of Uar mac Idhas that slew each other there), and past *ráth Ghlais* which now men style *ráth Brénainn*. There the king of Connacht's tent was pitched: Patrick and Caeilte came and sat on a sodded mound that dominated the rath's outer limit; the king of Connacht with all his company joins them, and they sit down by Patrick and by Caeilte.

Then Muiredach mac Finnachta questioned Caeilte: "whence is *ráth Ghlais* applied to this rath?" "I will tell you," Caeilte said: "it was Glas, son of Drecan king of Lochlann, that with a force numbering twenty-five battles came to win Ireland's royal power; the point at which they arrived being the *cathair* [i.e. 'cahir' or 'stone fort'] of *Damh dilenn*, now called *dún rosarach*. Now at this particular season Finn mac Cumall was in *Almha* of Leinster." Here Muiredach enquired of Caeilte: "why was the place named *Almha*?" Caeilte replied: "a warrior of the *tuatha dé Danann* that lived in the teeming glittering *brugh*: Bracan was his name, and he had a daughter that was still a virgin: her name was *Almha*. Cumall son of *Trénmór* took her to wife; in bearing him a son she died, and this green-surfaced *tulach* was closed in over her. From her therefore it is designated now; whereas until then it had been *tulach na faircsena*, i.e. 'the look-out hill.' Or else it is that *Almha* was his name that had it in Nemhed's time. Or yet again it is that there Nuada the magician made a fort and place of strength, from which fortalice he produced an *almha* or 'herd of kine,' whence *Almha* [the place-name]." And Caeilte said:—

"Leinster's *Almha*—the Fianna's liss—the town which Finn most bountiful made his resort: here follows, according to every antiquary, that from which the name is taken. *Almha* was the man's name that in Nemed's time possessed it with vigour and with fame; upon the green hill yonder he expired of a sudden and immediate plague. A warrior of the Firbolgs that was no fool—*Iuchna* was the warrior's name—both east and west the fort was full of his cattle, of his herds. His droves, impelled by thirst, went to a well to drink water; such was the urgency of their drouth that they all fought and left their horns behind them. From these horns of the kine (that were some white, some flecked with other colours) which they had left about the *uarán*-well—from that, I say, we now have here [the place-name] *adarca bó adbal Iuchna* or 'the horns of Iuchna's mighty kine.' Daughters five had lofty Iuchna: that warrior skilled, and cheery, yet vehement [at need]; from

whom it was that all the countries which they occupied extended far and wide [in course of time]. *Carmann* in Carmann's rough land, with whom for a season bards abode; *Trega's* wife in his potent house . . . . . Liffey's plain of golden hue was that deft, fair, and tall young woman's share (as I opine this is no perverted lore), and the fifth daughter was *Almha* that was seated here. *Nuada* the wizard, an ill-conditioned fellow: by him a strong high *dún* was made in *Almha*, with bright crystal for his spacious fort's stockade. Pure white all over the *dún* was, as though it had had all Ireland's lime; from the *almha* or 'herd' that he brought from his mansion: from that, I say, the name of *Almha* cleaves to it."

"Well hast thou told that tale, Caeilte," said Muiredach mac Finnachta.

Caeilte resumed: "where we were then [at the point where you broke me off namely] was in this same *Almha* of Leinster, and thither intelligence of that invading fleet came to us: she that brought it being *Spré aithinne* or 'Firebrand-spark,' daughter of *Mughna mucraesach*, and the king of Ireland's she-runner. To Finn was summoned his own she-runner, to gather and to muster both Ireland's and Scotland's Fianna. Conn's grandson Cormac the king got together the *tuatha* of Tara, the bands of Bregia, and the great general army of all Ireland; and so they came hither, to this place, five-and-twenty battles strong. Between the Fianna and the settled [i.e. non-nomadic] folk lots were cast, for the determining to which of them it should fall to engage the *allmarachs* or 'over-sea men'; and the Fianna's chance it was to open the battle. Every day to a week's end a fight was fought; fifteen hundred *allmarachs* and *éirennachs* were slain, and then the main battle was delivered; in which Glas fell by Finn mac Cumall, and his seven sons by the Fianna. Thrice fifty warriors in number we marched with Finn to fight that battle, and by each one of us fell fifty fighting men. Three of us, of the Fianna, entered into the tent in which Glas mac Drecan was; there we found nine columns of gold, the smallest one of which was in bulk equal to a three-ox yoke. These we hid in this red moor northward of the rath, and here Glas mac Drecan was laid under ground. From him therefore this rath is called *ráth Ghlais.*

Patrick exclaimed: "victory and benediction, Caeilte, 'tis a good story thou hast told us! and by thee, Brogan, be the same written." And Brogan wrote it. For that night they tarried there, and on the morrow rose early; they came away into *roe carpait Fergusa*, i.e. 'the place, or arena, of Fergus' chariot,'

which at this time is called *iomaire meic Chonrach*, i.e. 'mac Conrach's ridge'; touching *cnoc na rígh*, i.e. 'hill of the kings,' now named *uarán nGaradh* or 'Garadh's *uarán*-well,' where they halted and pitched camp. His tent was spread over Patrick; then he sang his hours. He blessed that rare hill with the beautiful sides, and said: "this shall be the eighteenth burial-ground that I shall hold most dear in Ireland [i.e. it shall be dearest in the eighteenth degree]." "What is the most unfortunate thing [i.e. the great objection to it] is that it has no water in its vicinity," said the king of Connacht.

Then Patrick rose and drew near to a jutting rock which he perceived just in the outskirts of the spot in which they were, and into the same thrust his staff so that it impinged on the ground and substratum underlying it; whereupon three jets of pellucid water burst out of the rock. Benignus cried: "Endow the well, holy Patrick!" "Prophylaxis for a certain space to every one that shall drink its water," said Patrick: "also by good leave of the Creator all Ireland's wells to fail in the world's latter time, and all Ireland to be comforted from this one well; yet again: this water to be thrice administered to any man, and there is no distress that may afflict him but it will relieve."

"Tell us a story, Caeilte," said Patrick. "A story I will tell thee of a case in respect of which the Fianna of Ireland, both man and dog, had well-nigh perished upon this very hill on which thou art, as thus: *Guaire Goll* and *Flaithes* were Finn's two bearers of the chess-board, and to play a match with Guaire upon this *tulach* came a warrior: Finn Bane, son of Bresal king of Leinster. Guaire Goll said: 'I will play with thee for a stake.' Finn Bane asked: 'what stake?' 'Three ounces of gold from each of us.' Now as a matter of fact Finn Bane was third best chess-player in the Fianna, coming as he did after Finn mac Cumall and *Diarmaid ua Duibhne*, but before Flaithes called *faebrach* or 'sharp-edged,' the *gilla na fidchille* or 'lad of the chess-board,' and Guaire Goll his fellow. These two therefore played for three days, during which Guaire won not a single game, and his stake lapsed from him. On the other then he heaped insult and abuse: saying that in *gilla*-duty he was no *gilla*, in military service no warrior, and in weapon-skill no man-at-arms. Finn Bane raised his hand and lent Guaire a fist so

that out of his upper gum he knocked three front teeth and made Guaire to fall flat across the chess-board [dead]. This is reported to Finn, and he orders to kill Finn Bane with his people. Ossian however said: 'by my word he shall not be killed, but referred to the judgment of Caeilte, of Dermot, and of Fergus called 'True-lips' that to thee, Finn, is ollave in chief of the Fianna.' Which three delivered their judgment, and to this effect: 'wheresoever thou, Finn, shalt encounter Finn Bane's gilla, give him a fist; thou shalt have a donation [i.e. a solatium] moreover: from every leader of Ireland's Fianna an ounce of gold.' Thus peace was made by them.

"At twenty years' end we came to *coill choiméta*, i.e. 'wood of safe keeping,' in the land of the *úi Tairrsigh* of Leinster: now called 'Drumcree.' The Fianna proceeded to hunt, and left behind there a warrior of their number to safeguard the women; his name was *Garadh mac Mórna*, and his condition this: that the major part of his life was past, and his kinsmen all were slain. The women said to him: 'come on, Garadh, hast thou a mind to play chess with us?' 'By no means,' he answered. 'What means this?' the women said again. Garadh began: 'one day that we were at *tulach na rígh* or 'the hill of kings,' and at *loch an éin* or 'the bird's loch,' in the province of Connacht ——' and so told them the story, which is this that ye have just heard, holy Patrick. A woman of them said then: 'the very purpose for which Garadh was left behind with us, was it not to make fire for us and to play chess with us, because he is gone off his lusti-hood and his spear-throwing, and because the condition in which he is is that of old age?' But Garadh said: 'this, by my word, is an utterance of women that are hostile; neither, how long soever I should persist in fellowship with the Fianna, would they ever be firm friends to me.'

"Then in the *bruidhen* he kindled a great fire, came out himself bringing his arms with him, shut to the seven doors that were to the dwelling, and chanted at them an old rhyme:—

"'Lovely women of Finn's Fianna, play ye now chess for yourselves: the sapient king's junior ones are ye; I am a senior, and my play is old. The burthen of age weighs on me, wear and tear of my antiquity; I am coeval with your fathers, and every sting that vexes me is but rendered the more keen by this: that at an age such as mine I should have been marked out to play with you. A day at *loch an éin* I have in memory (an ancient man

without an ancient legend is amiss) in which well-nigh took place the slaughter of them all, through quarrel begotten of a certain match. Guaire, Finn's *gilla*, and Bresal's son Finn Bane held at the chess-board scientific play, whence a contention sprang. Finn Bane as a player was better than Guaire from *glas bemann*; Finn Bane won four games, and Guaire but a single one. Against Bresal's green-mantled son huge anger grows in Guaire now; evil things he says to him in earnest, all for his straight and honourable play. Finn Bane's shame is very great, and speedily he lifts the hand; so that from Bresal's winning son a fist landed on Guaire's mouth. Up rise the splendid Fianna, the generous, the famous, the all-valorous; it was a vexation to them to have the Chief's *gilla* stricken for a paltry cause. Up rise, I say, with one accord Finn Bane's Fianna and Finn mac Cumall's; Caeilte's Fianna and Conan's, Ossian's and Ferdoman's. Then it was that Finn himself said: 'see outside, my stalwart potent son, wherefore the Fianna's anger kindles—what may be their uprising's cause.' [But here a man of Finn's comes in and cries:] 'Guaire thy *gilla*, O Finn, a young man that was bearer of thy chess-board: no valid cause is that for which his slaughter by mac Bresal stands effected!' 'Be mac Bresal seized,' quoth Finn, 'nor ransom-gift accepted in his stead; neither be Ossian, Dermot, Caeilte, for a protection to him in the cause.' Ossian spoke then: 'by thine hand, O glorious Finn—by thy nobility and by thine honour—slain mac Bresal shall not be because he chanced into a broil. Father, O son of Cumall, stand fast by thy wisdom! straight judgment it is that befits a prince, not blustering words of menace. Were it we here that lacked self-restraint, from thee it is our admonishing should emanate: thy finger submit to thy knowledge-tooth; pass not rash judgment resting on one-sided evidence. Let take *Faelchú*, Fercrom's son and heavy-haired mac Bresal's *gilla*; if now mac Bresal hath slain Guaire, by thine own self be Faelchu killed.' From Cumall of the tender honour's son we come away after Finn Bane; and so bring with us Bresal's son to the Fian-chief of Ireland's Fianna. The one Finn—*Almha's* Finn mac Cumall—then questioned of another Finn: wherefore it was that he assaulted Guaire that now was gone, was passed away. Finn Bane answered: 'Finn! Guaire thy *gilla*, a carle that bore thy chess-board, he came at early morning and defied me to play one single game. Four games then I won on Guaire son of Beobertach; but because this was an irritation to him—and through anger—he 'scalded me,' gave me vituperation. By reason that in presence of all Ireland's Fianna he inflicted on me stiff contumely: I was no *gilla*—I was no *laech*—when the pinch came no *óglaech* was I—I lift up my straight right arm (no indiligence I make about it) and deal a fist across his mouth—nought tell I but a truthful tale.' 'A blessing on the arm that gave it to him,' Ossian surely said: 'thy *gilla*, Finn of the chiefs—not causeless is the slaying of him found to have been. Unless thou readily forgive the fist, Fian-chief, it shall be compensated to thee: a *screpal* of gold from each man of us thou shalt have—wrongful it were now shouldst thou persist not to give ear to us. But if this [that I have set forth] please thee, belike 't will serve to check thy gillas in their ill-demeanour: Guaire, Coman, active Saltran, that practise to rail at all Ireland's Fianna. Guaire reviled Finn Bane; Coman has upbraided Glas; and more preposterous than aught that can be told is how the flippant Solam castigated Ferdoman. Finn mac Bresal from *ráth chró*—if to this *gilla* he

have given a fist: O Chief possessed of many polished drinking-horns, give thou too a fist to mac Bresal's *gilla*!' 'Take thou my blessing, and to thine own house repair [in peace],' said Finn to Finn son of Bresal: 'it was the guerdon of that which Guaire himself had uttered—outrageous speech must have outrageous blow.' Finn Bane made answer: 'chief of the Fianna, holders of the naked edge, the boon I crave of thee is this: that from this day forth and for ever it be not use and wont for the *gilla* to 'give language' to the *óglaech*.' Then hand to hand we, Fianna of high-punctilious Cumall's son, took oath that any *gilla* who would not show deference must not presume to continue in Finn's Fianna. 'Tis I to-night am *gilla* to you and, womanfolk, I yield you reverence; [besides] I have passed my word of a good warrior that never would I strive with womankind. How long soever we may be together, O womanfolk of *Almha's* Finn—so long as I live and have my memory—women, I will not play with you!'"

Patrick said: "success and benediction, Caeilte! grand lore and knowledge is this thou hast uttered to us."

Then the whole company rose and moved on to the cairn of Fraech son of Feradach [*carn Fraeich* i.e. 'Carnfree'], and Patrick went up upon the eminence. "Good now, Caeilte," he said: "believed ye in the King of Heaven and of Earth, or indeed knew ye that He existed at all?" To which Caeilte makes answer: "the Fian-chief knew it; for he was a magician, and a seer, and a prince. We all also, through one night's deadly event that we witnessed, understood that there was a God." "And what was that event?" "A great household that the king of Ireland—that Cormac son of Art—had: ten score sons of kings (of whom was none but was a king's son and a queen's as well), and at *ros na rígh* north-east of *áth na Bóinne* or 'the Boyne's ford' they used to be." "What *ros* is that?" queried Patrick. "*Ros cailledh* (for of every kind of tree there are a a thousand there), and there these youths had a vast and regal mansion; but their victual was never otherwise than served out and brought to them from Tara. One night accordingly there they were after banquetting and enjoying themselves; their beds were spread for them, and so they remained for the night.

"But now came the chief steward of Tara in the morning, (Binne . . . . he was), to speak with the king of Ireland's son that was in the *bruidhen*; the house was opened before him, and how were they but all dead. Hence then we understood that the True and most Glorious God existed: the One that hath dominion and power over us all." Caeilte said then:—

"Town of the kings—*ros Temrach* i.e. 'Tara's wood'—there 'tis that many a time a great household was; upon its slopes with their smooth sward throngs of men and horse-herds were in numbers. Ten score so stately sons of kings made up that household worshipful; an equal complement of women it was that were there to furnish forth the same. Thus, O noble and pure Patrick, this was no long-drawn destruction; for all together and at once they passed away—that company that lived in the one town."

"Which ten score men, and women as many, were buried in that *tulach*, and therefore from that time to the present its name is *cnoc an áir* or 'the hill of slaughter.' As for the wood in which they had dwelt, before their [i.e. the other people's] faces the earth swallowed up the entire *ros*; and by this means we apprehended the King of Heaven and of Earth."

"Victory and benediction, Caeilte!" cried Patrick.

Then Caeilte said: "holy Patrick, my soul, I hold that to-morrow it is time for me to go." "And wherefore goest thou?" "To seek out the hills and bluffs and fells of every place in which my comrades and my foster-fellows and the Fian-chief were along with me; for I am wearied with being in one place." There they abode that night; next day they all rose, Caeilte laid his head in Patrick's bosom, and the Saint said: "by me to thee, and whatsoever be the place (whether indoors or abroad) in which God shall lay hand on thee, Heaven is assigned."

Then Muiredach mac Finnachta, king of Connacht, went his way to exercise his royal rule and regimen; Patrick also went his: to sow faith and piety, to banish devils and wizards out of Ireland; to raise up saints and righteous, to erect crosses, station-stones, and altars; also to overthrow idols and goblin-images, and the whole art of sorcery.

Touching Caeilte now: on he went northwards to the wide plain of *lorg an Daghda* or 'the plains of Boyle'; across *coirrléim na féinne*, which at this time is called *eas meic Néra* or 'the waterfall of Nera's son'; northwards yet into *sliabh Seghsa* or 'the Curlieu mountains'; into *berna na gcét*, now called *céis Chorainn* or 'Keshcorann,' and out upon the Corann's level lands.

Here they heard a great rushing sound that came towards them, and with a glance that Caeilte threw around him he discerned nine wild stags in swift career. At these they [Caeilte and his eight] delivered nine javelins, and so killed the nine deer; whereby they had that night's provision. They pack the

venison on them, and bring it along to *eas meic Modairn* or 'the waterfall of Modarn's son,' now called *eas dara* or 'Ballysodare'; into *críoch an chosnama*, which is called *críoch Chairbre* or 'the barony of Carbery'; past the *rinn* or 'point' of Ebha daughter of Geibtine mac Morna: the place where a tidal wave drowned her; skirting *druim derg*, now called *druim cliabh* or 'Drumcliff,' and *áth an chomraic* or 'the fighting ford,' now called *áth an daimh ghlais* or 'the grey stag's ford.' Thence they held on to *lecht na muice* or 'the swine-grave,' where once the wild pig killed Duibhne's grandson Dermot; and to the *tulach's* top where *leaba Dhiarmata*, 'Dermot's bed,' is. There Caeilte laid his weapons on the ground, and himself lay down on his dear comrade's grave and place of rest. Copious and very lamentable tears he wept, so that both breast and chest were wet with him, and said: "alas that my companion is gone from me!" From mid-day till the end of the day's waning they tarried there and: "friends," he said, "woe is me! with grief for Dermot and for his children I could be fain nevermore to depart from this the place in which they recline!" Failbhe said here: "how now, had Dermot sons?" "He had so, and here are their names:—

"The names of brown-haired Dermot's sons by the daughter of Conn's grandson Cormac: Finnchad, and Illann, and Uath; Selbach, Sercach, and Iruath.

"That 'grey stag's ford' of which we spoke a while ago, there it was that Caeilte *coscair rígh* fought with Dithramach son of Eoghan's son the *Scál*, that was king of Munster and mother's son [i.e. half-brother] to Finn." And Caeilte said:—

"In presence of the great and goodly host, hardily they fought a fight of two: in their wrath they tore up the very trees upon the path over the grey stag's ford. Caeilte it was that hurled his spear at first, such was his pretty weapon-play's perfection; but no more than dismissed it from his hand he had, when a well-aimed javelin stuck in him. His right hand and his left foot he shore from vehement Dithramach; but 'twas his own head that stern Caeilte left upon the north side of Drumcliff."

Thence they proceeded to *coill na mbuidhen* or 'wood of the companies,' now called *coill Muadnatan* or 'Muadnait's wood'; over the *benn* of Muiredach's son Gulban *gort*, or 'Benbulbin'; to *garbhros* or 'rough-grove,' now *daire na damhraidhe* 'the deer-herd's oak-grove.' There they make a capacious fian-booth for cooking; they roof it in with sedge green in the top, pale towards

the roots, securing it with ties over all, and there the brandering and seething of their flesh is effected by them. Says a man of them: "is there water near us?" Caeilte answered: "surely there is—Ossian's well." "It is a dark night," said the others. "Not to me is it dark," said Caeilte: "for in Ireland's five great provinces is not a spot in which whether out of rock or out of river a *cuach*ful is procured but by both day and night I am at home there." In his one hand therefore he took a silver *cuach*, in the other his thick-shafted solid-socketted spears, and walked straight to a well. He heard a sound of fluid mouthed, of water troubled, and what should be there but a long-flitched boar that drank. Into the rivetted well-poised spear's thong he put his finger, and at the swine delivered a cast which killed him; then with his *cuach* still in his hand he brought him away upon his back.

That night they spent there, and on the morrow went on across the falls of Assaroe, so to *sídh* of *Aedh* at Assaroe. Here on their advent they marked a young man that upon the green-clad *tulach* awaited them: a crimson mantle, fringed, enfolded him; in this, high on his breast, was a silver brooch, and he wore a white shield having ornament of interlaced creatures in red gold; his hair behind was rolled into a ball covered with a golden *cuach*; with a long chain of antique silver he held in leash two hounds of the chase; mighty weapons of weight too, glittering blue, he bore. Whenever Caeilte reached him, lovingly and warmly the young man gave him kisses three, and on a mound he sat down beside him. "Warrior, who art thou?" Caeilte asked. "Derg *dianscothach* son of Eoghan out of the *tuatha* of Usnach abroad, and thine own foster-fellow." "And how goes thy life with thy mother's people: the *tuatha dé Danann* in *sídh Aedha*?" The young man answered: "whether of meat or of raiment no item is wanting to us there, and yet: *Ligairne licon*, *Semenn sacaire*, and *Beg* that was *gilla* to the *bromhacs*, which three had the worst life of any that were in the Fianna—I had rather live their life than that which I lead in the *sídh*." "Solitary as thou huntest to-day," said Caeilte, "in *comar na dtrí nuiscedh* or 'the valley of the three waters' in the south, where Suir and Nore and Barrow come together, I have seen thee escorted with a great company: fifteen hundred young men, fifteen hundred *gillas*, and women fifteen hundred." Then he said:—

"Of numbers few is this thy hunting, Derg: thou art parted from thy Fianna, companions of thy chase; but art thou well versed in their various deaths by violence?" "Well versed am I in all the places where they fell; for though my gentle hound [and myself consequently] dwell in the *sídh*, yet is my mind bent on the Fianna. Never yet at any time I was in any spot—or east or north, or south or west—where my time sped more quickly than among them, however few their number."

"Derg, my soul, it is well: which of the Fianna is in this sod-built grave-mound on which we are?" "Myself and thou it was that buried him," said Derg: "it were but right therefore though I knew it." Then he said:—

"*Cuinnscleo* the *gilla*, son of *Ainnscleo* . . ."

"Derg, against whom or what was the desperate and distressful race run?" "Against the black horse that Dil *mac dá creaca* had," answered Derg:—

"A black horse Dil *mac dá creaca* had: in all sports that they set on foot at the rock which dominates *loch Guir* [on the Hill of Doon over loch Gur] he clean swept off the three prizes of the meeting."

"Caeilte," said Derg, "in what house were we on the night in question?" "In Cahir mac Ailell's house: he having, upon his invitation issued, himself conveyed Finn and the Fianna thither; and in Cahir's house we were for three days and three nights, during which our numbers suffered no lack of meat, of fluid, nor of any good usage whatsoever." "Gave we him anything at all?" continued Derg. "Finn gave him three hundred cows, as many mantles, and three hundred ounces of gold," answered Caeilte; and he said:—

"Three hundred kine, three hundred mantles, three hundred swords of solid temper, Finn gave (as honorarium for his liquor) to Cahir son of Ailill."

Derg questioned again: "who was it that actually gave the horse to Finn: was it Dil *mac dá creaca*, or was it Cahir mac Ailill?" "It was Fiacha called *muillethan* or 'broad-crown,' son of Eoghan More," Caeilte answered, and said:—

"'Take thou here the headlong black horse,' quoth Fiacha to the Fianna's chief: 'here is my sword with its renown, and for thy charioteer here is another horse from me.' Off to the strand that's over *Berramhan* Finn went to make a trial of the black horse; and three times I ran clear away from him, for I was swifter than any [mortal] thing.

"The horse ran to the strand's westernmost end, and there died of over-galloping [*lit.* 'from puff of run']; wherefore *tráigh*

an eich dhuibh, or 'the black horse's strand,' is the name of that shore which hitherto had been called *tráigh Bherramhain* or 'the strand of Berramhan.'"

Caeilte said again: "'tis the latter end of day that is here now; for the beautiful lustrous clouds of day are gone, and the night's dark shades are come to us."

Then for the purpose of telling Ilbhrec of Assaroe and Aedh *minbhrec* son of the Daghda all about Caeilte, Derg *dianscothach* passed over into the *sídh* and related all his colloquy from the time when first Caeilte came up to him until that instant hour's date. "He must be brought into the *sídh*," they said, "for we have heard of his honour and of his prowess." Derg went to fetch him, brought back himself with his people, and in the *sídh* they were set down in their rightful and befitting places. That was just the time when between Lir of *sídh Finnachaidh* and Ilbhrec of Assaroe there was great war. There used a bird with iron beak and tail of fire to come and perch at a golden window that was in the *sídh*, and there every evening shake himself till he would not leave sword on pillow, nor shield on peg, nor spear on rack without bringing it down about the *sídh*-folk's heads. These used to hurl missiles at him, but what happened was that every cast would land on the head of some boy, or woman, or fosterling of themselves. That night of Caeilte's entrance their banquetting-house was set in order; the same bird arrived among them and wrought the same destructive mischief. They of the *sídh* fell to throwing at him, but could not effect the least thing against him. Caeilte enquired: "how long is the bird carrying on in this fashion?" Derg answered: "for the space of a year now, since we and they of the other *sídh* went to war."

Then Caeilte put his hand inside the rim of his shield and produced thence a copper rod that he had, with which he made a throw at the bird so that he came tumbling down to them and lay on the *sídh's* floor. "Did ever any do casting better than that?" asked Ilbhrec. Aedh *minbhrec* of Assaroe enquired: "was there in the Fianna one that at throwing was equally good with thee?" "My word I risk for it," Caeilte answered, "that no one of them above another had any right to brag; for in every man of them was his full sufficient complement of martial vigour and of marksmanship, and so too there was in me."

Hereupon Ilbhrec reached up his hand and from its rack took down a sharp javelin with sheeny angles, which he put into Caeilte's hand, saying: "Caeilte, my soul, examine now what spear is that, and which of the Fianna he was that owned it." Caeilte took from the javelin its shoe and its wraps, and there in its socket were thirty rivets of Arabian gold. . . . "That is the spear of Fiacha mac Congha . . . by means of which it was that at the first Finn son of Cumall acquired chief command of Ireland's Fianna; and out of Finnachadh's green-grassed *sídh* 'twas brought. For it was *Aillén mac Midhna* of the *tuatha dé Danann* that out of *sídh Finnachaidh* to the northward used to come to Tara: the manner of his coming being with a musical *timpán* in his hand, the which whenever any heard he would at once sleep. Then, all being lulled thus, out of his mouth Aillen would emit a blast of fire. It was on the solemn *samhain*-day he came in every year, played his timpan, and to the fairy music that he made all hands would fall asleep. With his breath he used to blow up the flame and so, during a three-and-twenty years' spell, yearly burnt up Tara with all her gear. That was the period when the battle of Cnucha was fought, in which fell Cumall son of Trenmor. Now he left after him a pregnant wife: Muirenn smooth-hair, daughter of Teigue mac Nuadat.

"Cumall being gone the Fian-chiefry was made over to Goll mac Morna, who held it for ten years. But a son had in due course been born to Cumall, which was Finn; and up to the age of ten years he was [perforce] a marauder and an outlaw. In this his tenth year Tara's Feast was made by the king: Conn *cédchathach* or 'of the hundred battles'; and as all Ireland drank and enjoyed themselves in the great house of the *Midchuart*, they never noticed anything until among them appeared there [*lit.* 'until there arrived to them'] one that was quite a stripling, and of varied aspect. In presence of Conn of the Battles and of Goll mac Morna he sat down, having Ireland's nobles round about him in the house. Note that one of the prerogatives attaching to the Feast of Tara was that for the space of six weeks [*lit.* 'a fortnight plus a month']—so long that is to say as men were busied with the Feast of Tara—none might dare to broach either feud or cross-feud. The king of Ireland looked at

the youth; for whether to him or to any other that was in the *bruidhen* the same was unknown.

"His horn of state was brought to the king then, and he put it into the lad's hand. He enquired of him: 'whose boy is this?' 'I am Finn mac Cumall, son to the warrior that formerly had the Fianna's command in chief and, king of Ireland, I am come to procure my friendship with thee [i.e. to be reconciled with thee and to enter thy service].' Conn said: 'boy, thou art a friend's son and son of a man of trust.' Then the lad rose and as towards the king of Ireland made pact of service and of fealty. Conn took him by one hand, placed him at the shoulder of [i.e. next to] Art mac Conn, and for a space and season they devoted themselves to quaff and to enjoy themselves.

"Then with a smooth and polished drinking-horn that was in his hand the king of Ireland stood up and said: 'if, men of Ireland, I might find with you [i.e. among you] one that until the point of rising day upon the morrow should preserve Tara that she be not burnt by Aillen mac Midhna, his rightful heritage (were the same much or were it little) I would bestow on him.' To this the men of Erin listened mute and silent however, for they knew that at the plaintive fairy strain and at the subtle sweet-voiced notes produced by the wondrous elfin man that yearly used to burn Tara, women in the pangs and warriors gashed about would fall to sleep.

"Finn rose now and to the king of Ireland said: 'who will in thy behalf go security and be sureties to me for the fulfilment of this?' Conn answered: 'the provincial kings of Ireland, and Cithruadh with his magicians.' They all of them enter into the bond, and Finn takes in hand to safeguard until the morrow's daybreak Tara with all her substance. Now in the king of Ireland's retinue was one that to Finn's father Cumall had been a young man of trust: Fiacha mac Congha, and: 'good now, my lad,' he said, 'suppose that I furnished thee a certain spear of deadly property, and with which no devious cast was ever made, what guerdon wouldst thou give me?' 'What fee demandest thou of me?' 'Whatsoever prosperous result thy right hand wins at any time, one-third of it to be mine; a third part moreover of thine innermost confidence and privy counsel [i.e. of thy three most privy counsellors I to be one].' 'It shall pass for

thee [i.e thou shalt have it],' Finn said, and under his word took on him the obligation. Then Fiacha prescribed: 'whenever thou shalt hear the fairy melody: sweet-stringed timpan and dulcet-breathing tube, from the javelin's head strip its casing and apply the weapon whether to thy forehead or to some other of thy parts ; so shall the noxious missile's horrific effect forbid that sleep fall on thee.'

"Then in presence of all Ireland Finn rose to ward Tara ; unknown to the sons of Morna or to any other that was in Tara's mansion mac Congha gave him shield and spear, and he made the complete circuit of Tara. He was not long before he heard a plaintive strain, and to his forehead he held the flat of the spear-head with its dire energy. Aillen began and played his timpan till (as his use was) he had lulled every one else to sleep, and then to consume Tara emitted from his mouth his blast of fire. But to this Finn opposed the crimson and fringed mantle which he wore, so that [instead of speeding horizontally on its mission] the flame fell down [perpendicularly] through the air, carrying with it the fourfold mantle a twenty-six spans' depth into the earth ; whereby *ard na teinedh* or 'fire hill' is the name of that eminence, and *glenn an bhruit* or 'the mantle glen' that of the glen adjacent. When Aillen mac Midhna was aware that his magical contrivance was all baffled, he returned to *sídh Finn-achaidh* on the summit of *sliabh Fuaid.* Thither Finn followed him and, putting his finger into the spear's thong as Aillen passed in at the *sídh's* door, delivered a well-calculated and successful throw that entered Aillen in the upper part of his back, and in form of a great lump of black blood drove his heart out through his mouth. Finn beheaded him, carried the head back to Tara, fixed it upon a pole of sinister significance, and there it remained until rising of the sun aloft over the heights and invers of the land. To Aillen then his mother came and, after giving way to great grief, went to seek a leech for him:—

"'A lamentable case, O most admirable she-physician: by Fiacha mac Congha's spear—by the fatal mantle and by the pointed javelin—Aillen mac Midhna is slain! Ochone, Aillen is fallen! three jets have spurted from him: here is his heart's blood, together with the marrow of his back. Ochone, Aillen is fallen! fairy chief of *benn Boirche*: now are the numbing death mists come upon him—O *Boirche*, O she-physician, 'tis a lamentable case! Ochone but he was joyous, and ochone but he was blithe, was Aillen son of

Midhna of *sliabh Fuaid*! nine times he burnt up Tara, and to gain high fame was his constant endeavour.'

"Then with their king all Ireland came upon Tara's green where Finn was, and he said: 'King, thou seest that man's head that used to burn Tara; his pipe also, his timpan and all his music; I opine therefore that Tara with all her stuff is saved.'

"Hereupon the place of assembly was filled by them, and a course of action proposed; the plan finally adopted being to confer Ireland's Fian-command-in-chief on Finn. 'Good now, my soul, Goll mac Morna,' said Conn of the Hundred Battles, 'what is thy choice: whether to quit Ireland, or to lay thy hand in Finn's?' Goll made answer: 'I pledge my word that 'tis my hand I will lay in Finn's [rather than take the alternative].'

"By this time the charms used to procure luck and a good event had worked, and the chiefs of the Fianna rising struck their hands in Finn's; but first of all Goll mac Morna struck his, to the end that others of the Fianna should be the less inclined to feel shame at doing so. In which command Finn continued until he died; and where he met his death was at *aill an bhruic* or 'the brock's cliff,' in *luachair Degaidh*. Now the spear thou puttest into my hand, Ilbhrec, therewith was that beneficial deed done for Ireland; by its means also it was that Finn ever and always had all his fortune, and the spear's constant original name was *birgha*, or 'spit-spear.'" Ilbhrec said: "keep thou the spear by thee, Caeilte, until we learn whether Lir will come to avenge his bird upon us."

Now were their horns and their cups raised, and they banquetted and had recreation of mind and spirit. Ilbhrec said: "good now, Caeilte, my soul, to whom wilt thou (should Lir come to avenge his bird on us) assign command of the battle?" "To the one to whom Finn used to commit his battle's chief command: to Derg *dianscothach* yonder." They of the *sídh* questioned: "takest thou it upon thyself, Derg?" He replied: "I do, with its pleasure and with its pain." Thus they passed that night; and in the morning were not long before they heard blowing of horns, rumbling of chariots, clashing of shields, with general uproar of a great host that came on, and it surrounded the *sídh*. Out of this were despatched some to spy out how many they were; and it turned out that they were three valorous

battalions of equal bulk. Said Aedh *minbhrec*: "a sore vexation to me is that which will be wrought now: that we must violently perish and die, our fairy *brugh* too to be possessed by Lir of *sídh Finnachaidh*." But Caeilte said: "knowest thou not, Aedh, that from both hounds and wolves the mighty wild boar escapes often, and that when the stag at bay is roused to a last desperate charge he likewise escapes scot-free from the deer-hounds? and who is he whom, man to man, ye deem most formidable in the battle?" "The man that of all the *tuatha dé danann* excels in prowess: Lir of *sídh Finnachaidh*," they answered. Caeilte went on: "the thing which ever and in all battles I have undertaken, that is to say: hand to hand to meet the best champion that should be there, I will not suffer to fall to the ground this day." "What single combat dost thou promise us, Derg?" they asked. "Whose encounter is that which after the former ye hold to be most arduous?" "Encounter of Donn and of Dubh," they answered. Derg said: "I will manage them both." The forces of the *sídh* came out now to affront the battle, and from early day-rise to mid-day either side of them plied the other with handily missile darts, with small spit-like javelins, with broad- and blue-headed spears and with great stones. Caeilte and Lir of *sídh Finnachaidh* encountered, aggressively and bloodily, and in the end of the affair Lir fell by Caeilte. Then that pair of good warriors: Dubh and Donn, Eirrge *anghlonnach's* two sons, advised concerning maintenance of the battle, and thus they ordered the fight: Dubh in the van of the phalanx, Donn to make vigilant defence in the rear. This move Derg *dianscothach* marked; into his spear's thong he put his forefinger, and at the nearer man of them made a felicitous cast which broke his spine in twain and penetrated full into the farther one's carcase, so that they perished of the one throw. Ilbhrec said now:—

"By Caeilte Lir is fallen: no deed undeserving of the pœan; by Eoghan's son Derg, and with a single cast, are fallen Dubh and Donn. The battle, having gone against Lir with his great host, is dwindled away northwards; saving three only that were skilled to make their way from it, not one of them is scaped out of the field."

After victorious spoiling of the enemy and due triumph they re-entered into the *sídh*, and thenceforth for ever had forcible

rule and domination over *sídh Finnachaidh.* Caeilte said: "here is thy spear for thee, Ilbhrec." "It is not beseeming for thee to say it to me," Ilbhrec answered: "for though upon Lir there had been no arms but that spear [to assign as his spoils], yet is it to thee it should have fallen, seeing that thou art a very and right heir to it." After which for three days and three nights they abode in the *sídh.*

"Good now, Caeilte, my soul," said Ilbhrec of Assaroe: "where was it that Finn believed actually, or did he ever?" Caeilte answered: "he did that." "But where? and what was the origin of his doing so?" "It was on *druim diamhair* or 'the secret ridge,' which now men call *druim dá én* or 'two bird ridge,' upon the Shannon; and the origin of his belief was the rehabilitating of Bodhb's daughter Finnin, who [so 'twas said] had killed her own husband, Conan, whereas it was Conan and Ferdoman that had slain each other. The Fianna then arrived at *fidh énaigh* or 'bird wood,' which at this time is named *druim diamhair* [as above]; a bowl of pale gold was brought to Finn, he washed his white hands, splashed the clear water about his face, and under his knowledge-tooth put his thumb. The true was revealed to him, the false hidden from his ken; and it was shewn him that in the world's later time both the boon-bestowing *Táilchenn* should come, and Kieran *mac an tsaoir* or 'the carpenter's son' found a house [i.e. Clonmacnoise] that should influence half of all Ireland." Then Caeilte uttered:—

"Beloved is the church . . .

"Thither to us came knowledge of that conflict [in which Conan and Ferdoman were fallen]; there it was that Finn made this act of belief, and by the same gained Heaven:—

"Woe for the Fian-warrior that heard the tidings when we came to *snámh dá én*: slaughter of Conan *mael* from the *magh*, Ferdoman's slaughter too. *Druim diamhair*, O *druim diamhair*, was this spot's name until the Fianna's time; *druim énaigh* or 'bird ridge' is its name ever since, from Finn's and the Fianna's fowling there. 'By His good will that is Lord of all the clans, an illustrious offspring 'tis shall be born there: a worthy son of Heaven's King, whom angels are expecting. Kieran the pure he shall be, he it is shall be born in the royal rath; he likewise shall appropriate half Ireland—son of the carpenter out of Murthemny. [They that shall dare to become] spoilers of his church shall undergo a sudden death by reddened points of spears: torment and execution deplorable, and lowest depth of Hell. I, even I, tell you now—the prophecy is true for me—I believe in the Father, in the Son,

and in the Holy Spirit all in One. Kingdom of Heaven's King [the dwellers in which] are better than any other tribe, I hold to exist: the King who hath granted me a respite [to this hour in which I believe] will not suffer me to fall under eternal woe.'"

After this again until expiration of six weeks they were in the *sídh*, and Caeilte said: "it is time for us to depart, for we are now for a good while here within." "God's benison on thee, and that of the people inside here," said the *sídh*-folk: "and though it were for everlasting thou shouldst desire to abide with us, thou shouldst have it." Ilbhrec said: "since on going thou art bent, here for thee are nine gorgeous vestures comprising rich mantles; nine shields too, nine spears, and nine long swords with hilt and guard of gold; nine hounds besides for the pleasant chase." They took leave of each other: a blessing the departing left, and carried away gratitude; weary as the battle had been, more irksome yet to Derg *dianscothach* it was to part from his own familiar and condisciple, for the day in which he was sundered from Finn and from all the Fianna he had not found sadder than this.

With those nine warriors of his Caeilte took his way and visited *sliabh cuire*, *sliabh Cairbre*, *sliabhe céide* to the northward, and *cathair dhaimh dheirg* or 'red stag's fort.' Soon they perceived, awaiting them upon a cairn, a brilliant gaily-coloured pair: a handsome young man with a lady of his own age beside him. Of Caeilte he sought tidings, and Caeilte told him his story: "of Finn mac Cumall's folk am I, and Caeilte mac Ronan is my name; but of what cognomen art thou, warrior?" "Eoghan the princely hospitaller is my name: I am of the former people of Cormac's son Cairbre Lifechair; Becnait the she-hospitaller is this lady's name: she and I are of equal age, and ten-score years we have completed both of us." Caeilte enquired: "hadst thou not enormous wealth, young man?" "I had so," he answered: "for from mac Modharn's Assaroe northward to *cnoc an fhomorach* or 'the pirate's hill' (which now is styled northern Ireland's *torach* or 'Torry Island') were no countries but, as against every second or it might in some cases be against every third town of them, I had a milch herd." Caeilte asked: "and what did away with all that?" "A thieving monster and most hideous pirate, and a 'son of mishap,' whom Finn ruined [i.e. utterly discomfitted] once: he has wasted seven entire *triucha céts*, or 'baronies,' until there

is none to take land or estate; and these being thus exhausted utterly, he has turned all to a desert. Me too in sooth he has minished and harried, all to seven-and-twenty milch herds of the last of my substance that I have still." Caeilte asked: "where bides this man?" "A strong fast rock of a stone that is to the north of us here, right on the spacious bay, that is his post; and he being as he is but three in company yet carries off his ship's full cargo [of booty and of captives], for he is himself a match for four hundred, his hound for three hundred, and his daughter for three more; neither can any hurt them." Caeilte asked: "at what point enters he the bay?" "Why, over against the town on the north-west." There Caeilte and his tarried for that night, and in all respects were served and tended.

Early on the morrow Caeilte rose alone. He took his sword, and shield, and spear, and made his way to the impregnable rock beside the bay. Here he was for a space and then saw a *curach* with three in it: a shag-haired dog of a dirty grey, that round his neck wore a rude iron chain; in the *curach's* bow a great lump of a wench, bald and swart, that from a distance loomed like some jutting point of rock and in her hand held a substantial spit-spear; while in the after-part sat the hulking carle. Near hand to Caeilte they took the beach, and as they came a certain repugnance and fear affected him. The man of bulk said to his daughter: "loose the hound and slip him at yonder tall man all alone, so that before the dog enters on expedition and excursion he may feed his cram-full of him." The daughter loosed the animal; before which Caeilte felt a loathing and a timidity which whether in battle or in single fight never had touched him yet, and he said: "my Creator and my *Táilchenn* both I put forth against [the three of] you!" Then with a small dart of copper that he had he delivered at the hound a most careful throw, in such wise that one end of the spike-dart stuck in its upper, the other in its lower palate, closing its mouth. Then it fell out of the *curach*, and after all it was in the sea's depth it perished. With intent on Caeilte the other two came ashore and boldly, hard-heartedly, fought with him. From his great toe to his hair the daughter inflicted on him thirty wounds; but to her Caeilte administered a sword-stroke with which he let out her very viscera and vitals. Against the

great man now he fought more intensely and pressed him home ; with three cuts he made three pieces of him (the third being his head) and, when he had taken from them their three heads, carried them back to the *bruidhen.* Eoghan and Caeilte's people came, recognised those heads, and gratefully acknowledged the deed. Feeble and strengthless Caeilte sat down, and upon him fell dimness and stupor-clouds. Balsamic herbs were applied to him, and for a fortnight he was under cure ; by which means was made of him a smooth whole man without a scar.

Caeilte said : "we have to depart to-morrow, and a blessing it is we leave with you." Next day accordingly they gave Eoghan farewell, and thence came away to *tulach na gcét* or 'the hill of hundreds,' now called *tulach dá ech* or 'two horse hill'; northward to *cúillios na féinne* or 'the Fianna's rear-fort'; to *currach na míolchon* or 'the greyhound curragh,' called *currach cuan* or 'curragh of wolves'; northward still to *both chnó* or 'the nut bothie,' where once the poet appeared to Lugh Long-arm mac Ethlenn, and where Columkill son of Felim was born ; northward to *daire Guill* or 'Goll's oakwood' where, as they issued from the grove's edge, they saw a young man with his back leant against a massive pillar-stone. He wore a fringed mantle having a fibula of gold upon the breast, and [under that] a tunic of soft silk ; two wolf-dogs he held in hand, and in front of him were a pack of beagles. Caeilte greeted the young man, who returned the salutation and enquired : "who is he to whom ye belong?" Caeilte answered : "our chief and lord lives no more ; I mean Finn mac Cumall."

Then the young man wept copious and very lamentable tears so that breast and chest were wet with him, and : "who then art thou thyself, warrior?" asked Caeilte. "I will proclaim me to thee : Donn son of Aedh son of Garadh mac Morna am I." "Thy father was good," said Caeilte ; and he uttered :—

"He was the disdainful one of lasting fame—the Fian-warrior of genuine audacity ; he was the productive branch of good repute : one to sweep up the whole world's valuables."

"Good now, Caeilte, my soul : hast thou my father's spear?" asked Donn. "I have even to his shield and his sword," Caeilte replied. "By the virtue of thy valour and of thy weapon-play I adjure thee tell me the originating cause for which he was slain." Caeilte said : "that will I e'en tell thee, for well I remember it :—

"It was Dubhdithre then, chief of Ossory's Fianna, that had been slain by thy grandfather, by Garadh mac Morna, and *carraig Ghuill* or 'Goll's rock' to the westward was taken upon Goll mac Morna; for the three battles of the Fianna besieged him there during a six weeks' space, during [the last nine days and] nine nights of which he was without sustenance: whereby a debility infected his vigour and his spear-throwing. The son of Dubhdithre's son Smaile passed into 'the rock' [i.e. stone stronghold] now and in view of all Ireland's Fianna took Goll's head, which he brought to Finn. Then against Smaile's son thy father began to urge law and equity, claiming to have the award due in a case between one of chief's rank and a simple warrior" :—

Caeilte *cecinit.*

"Smaile's son said that to fair-skinned and fortune-favoured Aedh he would not tamely yield the thing that was just; but body to body would give him satisfaction for every mischief that his hand had wrought him.

"Thy father proposed next that between himself and mac Smaile a mutual settlement should be permitted. 'Aedh,' said the latter, 'I will give thee a donation [in atonement].' 'What donation is that?' 'I will give Goll mac Morna's two spears; shield of Conbhron's son Cairell; Dubhdithre's horn, and Muirenn of Macha's sword that Goll had, with Sigmall's hunting neck-torque.' I too it was," continued Caeilte, "that went with the message, in which matter was said :—

"'From us to Aedh let messengers arrive: let them say to the noble chief that all that which [by way of remedy at law] is promised him shall never never be fulfilled. But promise him a certain collar of the chase that out of *sídh Nennta* once was brought to Finn; from which no stag (and that without ever a shot planted in him from behind a ditch) may scape unslain. Offer him Cairell's famous shield which in the cut-and-thrust work he was wont to wear; a grateful treasure is the ubiquitous buckler whose lord embraced the terror-striking quality of a hundred men. Offer him the battle-sword that Muirenn of Macha had; Dubhdithre's drinking-horn too offer him, which indeed hitherto I have kept hidden: the ransom of fifty slaves from over seas there is of gold in its circumference. Offer him certain two darts with shafts of very yellow wood [lignum vitæ?]: how little soever the blood they draw and wound they make, every man into whom they enter is but dead.' Albeit these things I offered them, yet Garadh's children accepted not: such was the number of their own separate force in which they trusted—those tall, those generous, stern and bloody sons. By gentle Morna's children [formerly] fell the virile Fintan from the hazel woods: by Banbh, Sinna, *Sciath brec* or 'spotted shield' the bellicose, and Finn More son of Cuan. But because he had slain Goll, eric they demand of wrathful mac Lugach; of Caeilte with

the trenchant glittering weapon, and of . . . . out of *luachair*. A warrior of Bregian Tara's *tuath* that had dared to fight with Goll himself: shorn of his head, all becrimsoned, there in the battle (and a manly piece of carving 'twas) lay he whose name was 'Flaithes the exceeding handsome.' Dubhdithre's son, mac Smaile, said again: 'had the accomplished and white-handed Goll had fifty sons thrice told, to all such his offspring together he had not been more dear than to me only my good father was. My sire, impetuous Dubhdithre, wise and most honourable member of the Fianna: never in battle was his complaining heard; his lustihood and spear-throwing were good! Tell the men—for true it is—that nothing else will I concede but nine hundred with their backs against his grave standing ready for them on the *tulach* toward which they march.'"

Donn said: "by the verity of thy valour and of thy skill in arms, Caeilte, I adjure thee that thou give me my father's weapons." "That will I," returned Caeilte, "for he I trow was delicately generous to answer a petition." Then Caeilte gave him his father's weapons all, and said: "show us now the way, Donn." "To what place seekest thou to have guidance?" "To the house of Conall son of Niall, that is king of Kinelconall":—

Caeilte *cecinit.*

"O Donn! show us now the way, cheerfully and void of ill intent; for surely thou art all alone: a solitary survivor of thy Fianna, of thy band. The sons of Morna are departed—a cause of grief and constant heaviness; ten hundred warriors—that was their complement: a tribe that knew not weariness. I tell thee (and all that I say shall come true) that, with much silver and gold to boot, of me thou shalt have thy request, O Donn!"

"Thither then I will go before thee," said Donn: "for he is my mother's brother, and he 'tis that has nourished me; if moreover he it be that holds the government, 'tis I that have the reversion of it." Donn armed himself now, and took his way to Conall's house: to *dún na mbarc*. Conall mac Neill said: "tell us some news, Donn"; and he related how Caeilte had given him the arms and even now was on his way to the king. "That [i.e. leave and licence to visit me] he shall have," said Conall: "both because he is of Ulster, and for all that he hath himself achieved of noble deeds." Donn exhibited to him the divers edged and other weapons which Caeilte had given him, and: "'tis of a good man," said the assembly, "that those gifts have been had." "A good man he is in sooth," Conall assented, "seeing that to one better than he the designation of *mac ógláich* or 'son of warrior' never was given yet." Then when Caeilte was discerned drawing near to the fort, Conall with the gentles of his host and of his

people rose to make him welcome; Caeilte for his part sets him down on a cairn in front of the *dún*, and the crowd sit round about him.

Conall questioned Caeilte: "wherefore was this cairn styled *carn Gairbh daire*?" which query Caeilte answered, for he it was that knew how: "a warrior of trust to Finn mac Cumall that was here, Garbhdaire mac Angus, son of the king of Munster in the south; and as he hunted one day he killed thrice fifty stags, as many does, and as many boars. They of the country and of the land saw him; they set on him and violently deprived him of his game, of the produce of his chase, while of them he slew three hundred men of war. The denizens closed in about him and converted him into 'an apple on spear-points,' so killing him. But we, the three battalions of the Fianna, came up to avenge him; we emptied the whole country, killed its three kings, and others of the inhabitants made good their escape into islands:—

"By spacious Eoghan's race Garbhdaire is slain upon the strand; fifty warriors here we slaughtered all in vengeance of Garbhdaire.

"Now he it is that with his panoply complete is within this cairn; in whose possession was Lugh mac Eithlenn's chain also that used to confine the captives of Milesius' sons and of the *tuatha dé danann*." Conall said: "we would fain have these arms." "If it so please thee be the cairn dug into presently," answered Caeilte. "Not so, but to-morrow be it opened; for night is here, and in the same 'tis carousal and enjoyment that shall occupy us." Hereat they came and entered into the great *bruidhen*; Caeilte with his people was ushered into a retired and sequestered house apart, and there they were well ministered to. Now she that was spouse to Conall was Bebhionn, daughter of Muiredach mac Finnachta king of Connacht, and Conall said to her: "good now, woman: be it long or be it short that Caeilte shall be here, be rations for ten hundred given to him daily; also be eight score kine put into a fenced grass field over against him, the same to be milked every night for him."

There they abode throughout that night, and on the morrow proceeded to Garbhdaire's cairn. It was excavated, and Lugh mac Eithlenn's chain was found; the shield also was found perfect and whole, even as it had been deposited by his side. The weapons were brought up, and the warrior's head: within

which the biggest man of the assembly found room in sitting posture. Conall said: "my soul, Caeilte, it is a huge head!" "Huge and good as well was he that wore it," Caeilte answered; and the weapons he made over to Conall, but reserved the chain to give it to Saint Patrick. After which the tomb was closed again.

Then Conall mac Neill enquired of Caeilte, saying: "right out before us in the sea is an island, and on it a fort; in this again a colossal sepulchre the origin of which we know not." At hearing this Caeilte wept. Conall went on: "by the reality of thy valour and of thy weapon-play I adjure thee and come with us to view it." But Caeilte said: "by my word that is the third place in Ireland which, after them that have been there, I care not to see; to-morrow nevertheless I will go with thee thither."

For that night they remain in the dwelling; next day Conall, his wife, and the congregation of the town all rise, for in their eyes Caeilte was an augmenting of the spirit and an enlargement of the mind. These repair to the *dún* in which he was, and on the grave which it contained Caeilte took his seat: seven score feet of Conall's were in its length, and in its width twenty-eight. Conall said: "good now, my soul, Caeilte—nought that ever I have seen appears to me more marvellous than does this tomb: tell us then whose it is." "I will tell thee the truth of it," answered Caeilte: "the grave it is of the fourth best one of all women that in the one time with herself ever lay with man." Conall asked: "and who were those four pre-eminent women?" "Sabia daughter of Conn of the Hundred Battles; *Eithne ollarda* daughter of Cahir More; Cormac's daughter *Aillbhe*, called *gruaidbhrec* or 'of the variegated [i.e. red and white] cheek,' and woman of this grave: *Berrach*, called *brec* or 'freckled,' daughter of Cas Cuailgne king of Ulster in the north and Finn mac Cumall's well-beloved wife. Now if in any one woman of them was goodness in excess of the others, 'tis in her it was: in her mansion it was that the guest used to be from the first Monday in *samhain*-tide to the first one of spring, and then have his choice whether to depart or from that out to stay on there. Any man that could not elsewhere get a sufficiency either of arms or of clothing would from her have his all-sufficiency of both." Conall enquired: "and the cause of her death?" "I have it for thee,"

said Caeilte: "it was Goll mac Morna's father and mother that brought her up, neither had they any fosterling other than she. Finn craved her of her father, who however said that unless it were with Goll mac Morna's consent he would not give her to Finn. Of Goll then the latter solicits his fosterling, and he made answer: "conditions there are upon which I would bestow her: that for all time she never be dismissed; that she be to thee for third wife, and in the matter of aught that she may request of thee shall never have refusal." Finn said: "it shall be granted all." "Who shall be our securities?" "Have thou thy choice of such." Finally as trustees for her Finn put in his own three foster-sons: Daighre, Garadh, and Conan. She for her part abode with Finn, whereby she brought him three sons: Faelan, Aedh *beg*, and Uillenn called *faebairdherg* or 'Red-edge'; and Finn had her for a loving wife until such time as her foster-brethren the *clanna Mórna* turned to be spoilers and outlaws upon Finn, their number being thirty hundred warriors." According to which Caeilte uttered a quatrain:—

"Ten hundred and twenty hundred there, that was the bulk of proud clan-Morna's rank and file; over and above which their chiefs' and their chieftains' tale was fifteen hundred.

"The sons of Morna went off to *daire tarbdha*, or 'oak-wood of bulls,' in the province of Connacht; there the three battles of the Fianna caught them before they were risen out of their camp, and in the wood fell fifteen assured and well-weaponed men of them. But now came that mighty man of valour, Goll mac Morna, and covered their retreat; after whose taking of this upon him we prevailed not to do them any the smallest hurt. The *clanna Mórna* then came to a determination that they would not spare to slay all whosoever they were that in friendship's bonds were attached to Finn and to the Fianna; and he that so counselled them was Conan *mael*, or 'the bare,' mac Morna: for he was a breeder of quarrel among followers, a malicious mischief-maker in army and in host. The sons of Morna came along to this green-grassed mead, where they considered of what they should do to Berrach Brec, to their own foster-child. They prescribed to offer her a condition: she to bring away all her jewels and other valuables, to forsake Finn, and that of clan-Morna then she never need stand in dread. She when this was conveyed to her

cried: 'alas! is it to injure me ye would, foster-brethren of my heart?' 'Verily it is,' they answered; but the woman said: 'by no means will I to do you pleasure forsake my spouse, my first husband and my gentle love!'

"The sons of Morna in their entire battle-phalanx came to the town in which she was; round about it each put his hand into his fellow's, and from every airt of the four they fired it. Forth of the town issued the queen, having with her thirty of a woman-company, but from the *dún's* balcony Art mac Morna marked her step on to the white strand and make for her galley; he put his finger into the spear's thong and sent it at her. The lady heard the javelin's hurtling sound, and turned her face to the missile; full in her chest, in her very bosom, it landed and broke her spine in two; thus she died. By her own people afterwards, when they had harried the *dún*, she was carried up from the shore and laid in this grave." Thus Cailte, and he uttered:—

"Berrach Brec, O Berrach Brec, Cas Cuailgne's daughter, whom I loved: she was a queen of yellow hair, a wife she was right worthy a good man. Upon the sea-shore she was slain: a deed that surely was not right; her *dún* was kindled with fire: that was a lawless deed with ill intent. Three hundred shields there were within her house, three hundred sets of chess-men and three hundred boards; beakers three hundred for drinking, to which red gold had been applied in ornament. Never had she refused the prayer of any; her corporal form was excellent, and her wisdom: there in the very place where her venerated grave is, to which men give the name of 'Berrach's tomb.'

"Under you here then," he continued, "is the woman whose sepulchre is this and whose story ye have heard."

After this Caeilte rose and in a northerly direction skirted the town, all following him. He laid his hand upon a huge stone that from the dwelling's side projected somewhat, and: "men," he said, "take ye hold on one end of the stone and leave me the other." The whole company went at it, but availed nothing against it. Caeilte said: "where is Donn mac Aedh mac Garadh?" "Here am I," he answered. "Go and face me, for a hero's and a battle-champion's son thou art; and should I find treasure beneath the stone, to thee I would give its third part." Both came and to the stone gave a vicious wrench, determinedly and with main strength dragging at it in such wise that they landed it fairly on the ground, on the earth's surface. "Success

and benediction, Donn!" cried Caeilte, "better thy help alone than all Kinelconall's aid; and where are Conall, the queen, and Donn?" "Here we are," they answered. "Enter ye now right into the cavity disclosed to you, in which are three vats: one full of gold, another of silver, and a vat filled with *cuachs*, with horns, with cups. But of the precious things give not to me aught saving only the *craebghlasach*—sword of Finn's thigh—and the *escra* or goblet of his hand, that I may present them to Patrick; for in their ornament and chasings are ounces of gold thrice fifty, even so many of silver, and three times fifty crystalline gems." They as above went all three into the cave and brought out their load apiece: one of each kind of treasure; the whole concourse too penetrating into the recess carried off their glut of the same, so that among them all was not a family of nine but was amply stocked with silver and with gold.

At this point his chariot came to Conall, and: "get thee into the chariot, Caeilte," he said. "And I stand in need of it," answered Caeilte, "for I am wearied in the assembly." They mounted the chariot and Conall let his horses have the goad westward to *tráigh chonbhice*, or 'Conbeg's strand,' where he enquired: "wherefore is this shore called by that name, Caeilte?" "Soon told," was the reply: "it was a favourite deer-hound that Finn had, and not in all Ireland might any stag whatsoever at which he was slipped find covert before he would head him off and run him back right up to the Fianna's main pack and to their attendants; neither did hound other than he ever sleep in the one bed with Finn. Here it was that Goll mac Morna drowned him; here also that a tidal wave washed him ashore, and so he lies under yon green cairn that thou seest abut upon the beach." Then Caeilte uttered:—

"Piteous to me was Conbeg's cruel death! Conbeg of abundant symmetry: in wake of wild pig or of deer ne'er have I seen a more expert of foot! A pain to me was Conbeg's cruel death! Conbeg of the hoarse deep note: at expeditious killing of the buck ne'er have I seen a more expert of foot! A pang to me was Conbeg's cruel death! Conbeg drifting on the high green seas: his cruel fate, it gave rise to contention; his death, it wanted nothing that was piteous!"

That night they came on to *dún na mbarc*, and on the morrow Conall said: "hard by us here is a ridge (*druim Náir* or 'Nar's ridge' is its name), and in it a swine as against which both

hounds and men are powerless." "I have seen the day," Caeilte answered, "that I was a hunter; but where is Donn mac Morna?" "Here," cried Donn. "Take then thy weapons, that we—so many as we are of the Fianna—proceed to hunt the wild pig." They went up into the ridge, and there saw the boar with nine tusks growing from each jaw of him. At sight of the colossal hounds and men the beast screamed, while in his presence a certain horror and fear overtook these. "Be it left between me and the swine," said Donn, "for whether I live or die is all one!" Caeilte said: "a hero's privilege is that thou claimest." Donn addressed him to the boar therefore; but as the creature charged him Caeilte dealt it a spear-thrust from one armhole to the other, and in such wise it perished by them. Until Conall's contingent came to fetch the boar they could not convey him from the spot; but then he was brought into the presence of Conall, who said: "'tis a huge swine." "True," said Caeilte: "this is the *muc shlángha* or 'prophylactic pig,' in respect of just such another as which it was that the war and feud of clan-Morna and of clan-Baeiscne came about."

Not long they were there before they saw seven that came towards them. "Whence come ye, young men?" asked Conall son of Niall. "We are come from Calpurn's son Patrick, from Finn's son Ossian, and from Dermot son of Cerbhall, to fetch thee and Caeilte." The latter said: "after my hunting I indeed am impotent to go thither to-day; but thou, Conall, go and bear with thee yonder presents: for Patrick, the goblet that was Finn's; the *craebghlasach*—Finn's sword—for Cerbhall's son Dermot, king of Ireland; for the same king too (seeing that 'tis the prophylactic swine) the boar which but now is killed, so that all may see it, and the king divide it to them both high and low." Even so was the whole thing carried out: first of all the sword was put into the hand of Donn mac Aedh mac Garadh mac Morna, Caeilte saying: "until such time as thou reach the king of Ireland, both profit and peril of the sword all rest on thee, young man!" Conall himself took the *escra* for Patrick, the slaves bore the pig, and they progressed as far as *cnoc uachtair Erca* or 'upper hill of Erc,' which at this time is denominated Usnach. When they came up where should Patrick be but on Usnach's summit, with Dermot son of Cerbhall on his right

hand, and on his left Ossian son of Finn, beside whom sat Muiredach mac Finnachta, king of Connacht; by him again was Eochaid *leithderg* king of Leinster, and next to him Eoghan *derg* mac Angus king of Munster's both provinces, who thus [for they sat in a circle] touched the king of Ireland's right hand.

Now came Conall mac Neill, laid his head in Patrick's bosom and made genuflexion to him. Dermot the king said: "come hither, Conall"; but he answered: "rather is it in Patrick's presence I will be [to serve him], so that as here on Earth so too in Heaven 'tis he shall be my superior." Patrick made answer: "regal power I convey to thee, and that of thy seed thirty kings shall reign; my metropolitan city and mine abbacy moreover I make over to thee, and that thou enjoy all whatsoever I shall have out of Ireland's five great provinces."

Into Patrick's hand Conall put the *escra* of gold, and said: "thine own friend, Caeilte son of Ronan, it is that hath given thee that gift." "By my word he is a friend," Patrick said, and passed the *escra* into the king of Ireland's hand. Long time the king scanned it, then said: "never have we seen precious thing more excellent than this *escra*; and thou, Ossian, consider it well whose it may have been." "It was my own father's—Finn mac Cumall's—and he gave it to one that was a wife to him: to Berrach Brec, daughter of Cas Cuailgne, whom the sons of Morna slew. I hold it for a certain thing," he went on, "that he who got this found the second best treasure also that was in Ireland or in Scotland: where then is the *craebghlasach*, Finn's sword?" "Here I have it for the king of Ireland," answered Conall, "and 'tis a good recognition thou hast made; go, Donn, deliver it to the king of Ireland, for 'tis to him that Caeilte hath assigned it." Donn placed the sword in Ossian's hand, and as he did so it was seen that the weapon's hilt filled his own grip [i.e. fitted it exactly]; whereupon Ossian said: "that the sword fills thy grasp is a wonderment to me; for never has it filled grip but that of a man either of clan-Baeiscne or of clan-Morna." "Whence art thou [i.e. what is thy descent], young fellow?" asked the king of Ireland. "I am Donn son of Aedh son of Garadh son of Morna." "By my word thy father and thy grandfather were good," quoth Ossian: "deliver now the sword into the king of Ireland's hand." "What is the sword's fee, king of Ireland?"

asked Donn. "What fee seekest thou?" "Ireland's Fian-chiefry, even as my grandfather's brother Goll mac Morna had it." "If Ossian and Caeilte license it, it shall be thine." "Aye do we," Ossian consented, "for my license is Caeilte's; and the office is kind to Donn, of whose stock seven chiefs have held the high Fian-leadership of Ireland and of Scotland." "'Tis thus I confer it on thee," said the king: "nor tax, nor tribute whether of gold or of silver, such as was paid to every royal Fian-chief before thee, to be yielded thee in virtue of it; but privilege of Ireland's chase and venery to be thine." Then Donn took pledges and sureties for it, and for a score and seven years filled Ireland's and Scotland's high Fian-chiefry: up to the time namely when Dubh son of Dolar slew him in the battle of *Cuire* beyond in Scotland.

Lastly the boar was produced before the king of Ireland. "There," said Conall, "is the pig which Caeilte and Donn have killed and Caeilte presents to thee for distribution among the men of Ireland, on the supposition that for a portion of the prophylactic swine to fall in their way would be to them for a preservation." To the twenty-five battles which all Ireland mustered at the hill of Usnach the king portioned out the boar therefore, whereby they all were rendered blithe and purged of melancholy. Now this was the last prophylactic swine that was distributed among the men of Ireland.

Then Conall More mac Neill said to the king of Ireland: "what ordinance art thou pleased to make for Caeilte if he come to seek thee?" "That he is to have the rations of ten hundred warriors; eight score cows also to be put into a grass field fenced, and their produce nightly served to him and to Ossian his condisciple before they lie down." There then they all abode for that night and till the morrow's morn.

To return to Caeilte: for him Conall's horses as we have said were harnessed, his chariot made ready, and he took his way over the summit of *sliabh Fuaid*; past *caorthann ban fionn* or 'the rowan-tree of fair women,' which now is called *caorthann cluana dhá dhamh* or 'rowan-tree of the two-ox meadow;' past and to the northward of *árd an ghaiscidh* or 'height of the prowess-feat,' now named *fochard Muirtheimhne* or 'the throwing-place of Murthemny,' where at the hosting of *táin bó Cuailgne*,

or 'the raid for the kine of Cuailgne,' Cuchullin did his heroic casting; northward of *áth na carpat* or 'ford of chariots,' called *áth Guill* or 'ford of Goll'; by *echlasc ech Conculainn* or 'the horse-rod of Cuchullin's horses [i.e. the place where they got the goad],' now named *lighe an léith Mhacha* or 'grave of Macha's Grey [Cuchullin's favourite horse],' betwixt Dundalk and the sea; so past *sliabh na con* or 'the wolf mountain,' which men style *sliabh Bregh* or 'the hill country of Bregia.'

This was the very point and period of time at which Dermot son of Cerbhall (all Ireland's gentles accompanying him) occupied the top of Usnach, and he interrogated whether in propinquity to him there were any water. All cried: "there is not!" But Ossian heard that, and said: "bring me a *sithal* that I may go in quest of water." "Take with thee a *gilla*," said Dermot. Ossian answered: "nor *gilla* nor *óglaech* shall come with me."

Ossian went forth, but kept his face turned backwards on his track so as to see that in the men of Ireland's camp none watched him. In this fashion he attained to the well of Usnach, called *an fhinnlescach* or 'the white-rimmed,' which from the time when the battle of Gowra was fought to that present no man of all Ireland had ever gotten. He came on the well's gravelly brink, and in it saw eight beautiful salmon clothed in their diversely shaded hues; the intricacy of the place being such that there they needed not to fear anything. He pulled eight sprigs of watercress and eight of brooklime; the *sithal* he dipped into the pool, scooped up the eight salmon alive and plunging madly, then with the sprigs of cress and brooklime floating in the vessel came back to Usnach, where he set the *sithal* before the king of Ireland. All were amazed at the sight—the stalk alone of each sprig of them reached to Dermot's knee. "They must be divided into two portions," he said: "one half to Patrick, the other to ourselves." The Saint answered: "not so, seeing that ye are the more numerous; but be they separated into three, and one-third given to the Church, for that is her own peculiar share." So it was done, and: "It is well, king of Ireland," quoth Patrick: "but never let that pair [Caeilte and Ossian] dock thee of thy lot in Heaven." Dermot asked: "what is the drift of that, holy Patrick?" "It is directed at the so great intensity with which thou turnest thy thoughts to them."

Touching Caeilte again: he got as far as the *brugh* of *Aengus mac an Daghda* to the northward; across *féic* on the bright-streaming Boyne; right hand to the hill of *Tlachtga*, and left to the hill of *Taillte* daughter of *mac ú Móir*; ascending then by *ród na carpat*, or 'the road of chariots,' to the top of Usnach: the spot in which the men of Ireland were. Caeilte alighted in the assembly and came where Patrick was; he bowed to him and laid his head in his bosom. A decayed warrior (of Patrick's familia now), Muchua mac Lonan, rose before him and: "'tis well, Caeilte, my soul," said Patrick, "tell us who is Muchua." Then Caeilte enunciated:—

"Muchua: son of Lonan of the tunics son of Senach (at whom we will direct no thrust) son of Angus of the iron-grey horse-stud son of . . . . son of Blath *brecdhorn* or 'freckle-fist,' son of Aedhan son's son (?) of Fergus son of Cinaeth son of Fiacha . . . . . son of Eoghan's son Muiredach."

Muchua said: "what have I to do but to remember thee in all the eight canonical hours of the Church!"

"Come up hither, Caeilte," cried Dermot, "and be at my shoulder!" "No man of a king's shoulder am I, but one of a king's presence," he answered: "for I am but the son of a simple man of war, and he that now is at thy shoulder is better than I." "My word I pledge to it," said Ossian, "that never in all Ireland did a woman thy contemporary bear one that justly might have dubbed himself a better than thou!"

Then the men of Ireland welcomed Caeilte, and the king gave him a triple welcome; Caeilte gave Ossian three kisses, and sat down on one side of him. A fistful of watercress and of brooklime that was in Ossian's hand, and he put it into Caeilte's. "Cress and brooklime of the *flescach* this is," said Caeilte, "and hadst thou fish in it?" "I got eight salmon," Ossian answered, "and the eighth salmon of them we two have." Caeilte said: "by my word never was my portion in hand of woman or of man that I would prefer before thee."

Caeilte now put his hand into the rim of his shield and down on the ground before them threw the chain of Lugh mac Eithlenn. Ossian said: "Caeilte, it was in Garbhdaire's cairn thou foundest the chain." "Surely it was," he answered, and gave it to the king of Ireland. Five-and-twenty battles that the assembly mustered, and this chain would go round them all; supposing

eight hundred warriors to fit within it and it to be locked on the first man, to open it was not possible until said first man should be freed.

The king said: "'tis well, Caeilte—it was a good four that at the one time were in Ireland: Cormac mac Art, and Finn, and Cairbre Lifechair, and Ossian." "Cormac was a fine warrior, Finn's excellence was known to all"; and Caeilte uttered:—

"Had his son come, and his enemy, to stand a verdict of assize: one of his virtues it was that as between them he would not have pronounced a lying judgment."

"Caeilte," said Dermot, "was Cormac better than Finn, and was Cairbre better than Ossian?"

"By the King that is over me, Cormac was not better than Finn; nor was far-famed Ossian inferior to Cairbre Lifechair."

Eochaid Lethderg, king of Leinster, enquired of Caeilte: "what cause had Finn and the Fianna that, above every other monster which ye banished out of Ireland, they killed not the reptile that we have in the glen of *ros enaigh*?" Caeilte replied: "their reason was that the creature is the fourth part of Mesgedhra's brain, which the earth swallowed there and converted into a monstrous worm. Now this it was not fated that we should slay until the *Táilchenn* should arrive: a disciple of whose familia it is that in the latter end of time shall bind it with a single rush-stem, and in this bond it shall continue to the Judgment." "To what end then used the Fianna come to have themselves and their hounds slain by the reptile in that loch?" "A fairy sweetheart that Finn had, whom for the multiplicity of various shapes that she assumed (for there was not an animal but she would enter into its form) renounced her. Now one day the Fianna came upon the cairn overhanging said loch, and a deer swam away out on the loch; but the *piast* rose at us and killed a hundred hounds and a hundred men of us. I questioned Finn whether it were by us that the creature was to fall; which being so, then would we encounter it and so avenge our people on it. To his knowledge-tooth Finn submitted his thumb; verity of prophecy [i.e. a true presage] was revealed to him, and he pronounced:—

"Glen of *ros enaigh* (this will come true for me) the bell's voice shall yet sound there sweetly and perpetually; though it should carry nought but the roedeer, yet manifold its precious virtues were . . ."

Howbeit none may count up all that the ancient men related as having been by themselves and by the other chiefs of the Fianna performed in the way of great and valorous achievement, of mastery in use of arms; all this over and above the legendary lore of every hill and of all the lands concerning which the men of Ireland enquired of them.

Then came Trenbrugaid son of Treon, a principal *brughaid cétach* to the king of Ireland, and an emulous, accompanied with three times fifty men of stature. Every man of them had on a deep blue mantle; beautiful shirts of pure white they wore too, and in their hands they had three times fifty fork-spears distributed. They salute the king of Ireland, and he answers them. "King," they said, "we have a great banquet for thee: nine score vats of mead, and of clear fermented ale ten score, along with their sufficient proportion of diverse and varied meats." Which provant and liquor they had brought with them for the king. He enquired of Ossian: "is it together with the gentles of Ireland that ye, like the rest, will repair to the house of drinking and of pleasure?" Ossian answered: "be our share of meat and fluid given to us apart; for they of the present are not people of one generation nor of one time with us." "How many are ye?" asked the king. Ossian said: "twice nine men; being nine to me, and to my comrade, to Caeilte, nine." "Twenty vats to you, with their sufficiency of meat," said the king. "Good now, King," objected Caeilte: "neither as regards meat nor in respect of liquor put us on the same footing; for where to me should be given ten vats, thirty vats it were right that Ossian should obtain." Thus then they spent that night mirthfully and of good cheer, without shortcoming whether of meat or of drink.

On the morrow they all rose, and on a *tulach* the king of Ireland's tent was spread over him: into which tent was admitted none but either chief or chief's heir-apparent; Patrick with his clergy being lodged in the tent's second half, whither in turn were suffered to enter none but bishop, priest, or the specially devoted to the King of Heaven and of Earth. Ossian sat before Patrick; Caeilte before the king of Ireland, who asked: "which of you is the elder?" "I am," Caeilte answered: "for when Ossian was born I had thirty years completed; for now seventeen

years he has shared my bed, and out of my house it was that he got his first command of Fianna and a band of followers."

Then the king questioned farther: "what was the number of Ireland's kings by whom lands were granted to the Fianna?" Caeilte (for he knew it) made answer: "it was a king that attained to rule Ireland, Feradach Fechtnach, and he had two sons: Tuathal and Fiacha. Feradach died, and his two sons between them divided Ireland: her precious things, her various wealth and her treasures, her kine and cattle-herds, her *dúns* and hill-strengths, to the one; to the other: her cliffs and her estuaries, her mast and her 'sea-fruit,' her salmon beautiful in their graduated hues, her hunting and her venery." Dermot asked: "where made they this partition?" "At this hill upon which we sit now." "That partition was not an equitable [*lit.* 'a comparable'] one," said Ireland's good men. Ossian asked: "whether of the portions is that which yourselves had preferred to the other?" "Her feasts, her dwelling-houses, and all the rest of her good things," they said. "The portion which they contemn," said Caeilte, "that is the very one which in our eyes had been the better part." "Caeilte," said Ossian, "say and tell the truth of it;" and he uttered:—

"Say, Caeilte, for to this enquiry much good guidance appertains [i.e. much useful information will result from it], whence had Ireland's first half-and-half apportionment, that of all countries surrounding Usnach, its origin?" "Who 'twas that to the Fianna granted lands canst thou, Ossian, tell to us? who 'twas that resigned the post of *gilla con*, and who that waged him with a stipend? For I mind the cause of all, O son of straight-standing Derg: from the time when Fiacha beneficed the Fianna, till that in which thou, Ossian, wert abandoned. Ten years of prosperous command thou, Ossian, king-chief, didst enjoy: until over Bregia the Fianna were driven northwards so that perforce, Ossian, they deserted thee. Feradach's good son as I opine, whose cognomen was Fiacha Finn: Eithne daughter of Daire Dubh, that great queen, was his mother. Feradach and Fiacha Finn his brother: they divided Ireland share and share; and the men of Ireland flourished all, being free from war and emulation. Verily the younger son elected to cast in his lot with the Fianna: to have rivers, wastes and wilds, and woods, and precipices, and estuaries. Feradach, as I believe, assumed monarch's power over the men of Ireland: her feasts he took, her earthly fruits, her houses, her herds and all her sportiveness. Feradach's reign was good, up to the time when by the great chief *Mál* he fell: the perishing of a king that used to put to shame prowess of others, such was the death of prince Feradach. Auspiciously then, so soon as Feradach was fallen, Fiacha entered into Tara and from the great *Mál mac Rochraide* wrested the power

of all Ireland. Hard upon this, to the magnanimous Morna Fiacha committed the Fianna, and after Morna four of his tribe had them. Morna, vigorous son of Cairbre, ten years he had of their command-in-chief; ten years were Garadh's lot as well, till he was parted from his comely head. Garadh's son Daighre, vigorous too, had five years in the chiefry; a seven years' total was the spell of Donn Mac Morna, last of them. Eochaid son of Marcadh out of the east—out of Ulidia—was chief of Ireland's Fianna then: a year and a half he lasted in supreme power over them. Cas mac Cannan, a hardy blade and of Ulidia likewise, he enjoyed a single year; Dubhan his son, him I credit with two. Out of Munster, in guerdon of their wily machinations, Liath of Luachra and Labradh Red-hand succeeded: these, that were sons of plebeian men of Ara, attained (no niggardly allowance) to ten years apiece. *Trénmhór ua Baeiscne*: he was grandson to *Sétna sithbac*, grandfather to Finn, father of Cumall and of Crimall. Trenmor, the affection felt towards him being great, obtained all Ireland's Fianna in one mass: both north and south they made him chief, and seventeen years were his period. By virtue of the sword and shield Amall, so hardy in his vehemence, grasped the command: thirty determined battles he fought for it, and held it seven years until he fell in Cnucha's fight. Then Morna's sons (that were thirty warriors of great renown) felt grief and chronic sorrow for Daighre, Goll, and Garadh. Goll More, son to the last Morna, ten years he had in governance of all Ireland's Fianna. Then came 'the golden salmon,' Finn son of Cumall son of Trenmor: gift-bestowing noble leader of our hosts; our admirable diversely accomplished sage. Two hundred years in flourishing condition and thirty more free of debility (a lengthy term) were Finn's existence; which brought him to the point at which he perished in taking 'the leap of his old age.' The seventeen chiefs of whom I am certified as having had command of Ireland's Fianna: Finn—Almha's lofty champion—was better than the whole of them! Sorcerers five (a guild refractory to handle) the best that ever fell to the land of the west: these my memory accurately serves me to set forth with all their gramarye. Of whom was Baghna from *sliabh Baghna*, Cathbadh likewise (most admirable wizard), Stocan son of the gentle and hundredfold-possessing Corc, Moghruith, and Finn of Formoyle. Five physicians, wondrous set! the best that ever fell to Banba's land: long as it is that I am after them, I am well versed in their description. They were *Miach*, *Oirbedh*, and *Dianchécht* their father; *Gabhrán*, the oversea physician come out of the east [i.e. from Scotland]; Baeiscne's grandson himself, *Finn* of the splendid hair. Five poets, a noble company! the best that ever fell to Erin's land: my memory accurately serves me to detail them too in all their bardic skill. *Cairbre*, the poet whom Amergin of the Gaels' island procured across the seas; *Fercheirtne* along with *Labraidh lorc*, *Moghruith* again, and Finn of the naked sword. Five that in acute intelligence were the most sagacious whom in all Ireland the one house contained: *Fithal* and *Flaithri* his son, *Aillmhe*, *Cairbre*, and *Cormac*. The problem which these in their wisdom would propose, 'tis out of hand that Finn alone would solve; but that which Finn of the banquettings would moot, not one of the five could manage. Five warriors and men of wrathful utterance (the best that ever fell to Elga's land), roughest in action and in mighty deed, rudest in battle and in dual fight: *Lugh* son of *Cian mac Cáinte* from beyond,

Cúchulainn, *Conall*, *Lughaid lagha* (good hand at martial work) and Baeiscne's grandson *Finn* himself. Five the most generous that were ever found, and of the bright Gaels' race best for giving of raiment and of meat (well they spent their substance): Eithne's son *Lugh*, illustrious *Aenghus*, *Cúchulainn* (most warlike arm), the gentle *Conaire* of visage that never blenched, and *Finn mac Lugach* were of the one tenour all. Five chiefs that by me are verified (best that ever fell to Erin's land): accurately my memory serves me to recite them in their reigning order: *Eiremón* son of great Milesius, *Ughaine* after Heremon; *Aenghus tuirmech*, *Conn cédchathach*, and stout *Finn*: a *laech* in roughness and for desperate deed, an *óglaech* for affectionate fidelity; a cleric for preaching God's Son, and for truthfulness a prince. By the King that is over me above! a fault I knew not in Finn's Fianna except, O God that visitedst the Earth, that they worshipped not the Son supremely. The good followers live no more; Finn the veritable chief lives not: in his house the troop no longer is, surrounding the commander and Fian-leader. Better than all others was their disposition of the chase, better than all lords was their captain; so great was the bulk of their hounds and of their men, the number of their shields and of their swords. He was a king, a seer, a poet; a lord with a manifold and great train; our magician, our knowledgeable one, our soothsayer: all whatsoever he said was sweet with him. Excessive as perchance ye deem my testimony of Finn, and though ye hold that which I say to be overstrained: nevertheless, and by the King that is above me, he was three times better still! Seven times the great chief made act of faith—Cumall's son Finn, of *Almha*; the seventh time, when he was well advanced, was that which was the occasion of his end and death. The Southern Half: 'twas Eoghan ruled it; and Trenmor, he was his lieutenant: Trenmor son to Cairell of *cnoc an scáil*, with whom all whatsoever he said was sweet."

"Success and benediction, Caeilte!" said Dermot grandson of Cerbhall: "and where are Ireland's sages and her antiquaries? in ollaves' diction be these matters written down upon the tabular staves of poets and in records of the learned; to the end that of all the knowledge, the enlightenment, the hill-lore, and of all the doughty deeds of arms which Caeilte and Ossian have communicated to us, each and all may to their own country and to their land take back their share." Even so it was done.

Then Finn, son of *Faebarderg* chief of Hy-Kinsela, interrogated Caeilte: "the *giusach Finn* now, what is the reason that beyond every other spot in the country saints and righteous affect it?" Caeilte answered that, saying: "it was a hunting preserve that Finn had; and when from *inneoin* of Moyfemen to *benn Edair* the Fianna could not in all Leinster's fierce province procure their sufficiency of game, they would get it in the *giusach*."

Finn mac Faebar said again: "good now, Caeilte, and why is the name of *áth Ferna* or 'Ferna's ford' given to the ford that is in the midst of the *giusach*? This question Ossian answered: "it was Goll mac Morna that slew Ferna son of Cairell there as being a spoiler of clan-Morna; also he was son of the king of the *Déise* or 'Decies' in the south, and to Finn an *óglaech* of trust. When now he was thus laid in a dug-out cavity of the earth, under his knowledge-tooth Finn put his thumb, truth was revealed to him, and he said: 'well for thee, Ferna son of Cairell, that art buried where thou art! for many are the Mass-bells and the white books of Hours that shall be used, and much oblation of the Lord's Body it is that shall be made over thee where thou liest.'" *Ut dixit*:—

"'Ferna's ford, O ford of Ferna, where virtuous Maedog shall be! many though its warriors be to-day, its heavenly canticles shall yet abound. Ferna's ford of the smooth sandy brink, virtuous will be the man that shall possess it; when 'soul friends' [i.e. confessors and spiritual directors] shall have made their way thither, thou [Ferna] shalt be the nearer to God. Across the ford of Finglas Maedog of the numerous familia will come into the land; Maedog of the numerous familia shall arrive: a splendour of the sun piercing through showers; the son of the star shall arrive: himself a star of everlasting precious property. For all it be to-day a place appointed in which the Fianna use to seethe their flesh: Maedog of the numerous familia shall come hither, and I congratulate the chief that has it for his burial-*tulach*. A mighty boar will he be whom I now prognosticate, an angry lightning-flash of Doom; Maedog of the numerous familia will arrive, shall be a wave to sweep o'er many a ford.'"

"All this of a truth is good," said Faebarderg: "but I have another query which I fain would put to thee, Caeilte." He answered: "say on." "A place that we have here at the marching of both provinces [Leinster and Munster namely], in the plentifully manned valley of the three waters, where Suir and Nore and Barrow meet: the name of which spot is *ros broc* or 'word of brocks,' and I desire to learn of thee to whom was subjected the dwelling that is there."

"Two *óglaechs* of trust to Finn that occupied it: Cellach of *braenbhile*, and Moling *luath* or 'the swift' of Leinster's province, either of whom owned two hundred *óglaechs*, two hundred *gillas*, two hundred wolf- and deer-hounds; and though the entire three battles of the Fianna had been searched out, hardly had there been found a pair which in athletic proficiency and in

spear-throwing should have exceeded them. Another perfection yet there was in them, seeing it was in their mansion that for a whole year the Fianna might abide nor know shortcoming either of meat or of liquor." Here Finn mac Faebar interposed with: "to me the water of this town is a matter of wonder; which itself [i.e. the reservoir] lies on an eminence, its stream [i.e. its discharge] being directed down a precipice, and to every disease with which it has contact it affords relief." "The cause of such benign efficacy is this," said Caeilte: "that is the first water in Ireland which angels blessed, likewise the last, and *Taeide* is the river's name. But to proceed: there those two *óglaechs* dwelt until the sons of Morna turned out as depredators; and one night they never perceived anything until the sons of Morna, closing in from front and rear, had completely surrounded their town. For three days and three nights they assaulted the place, during which time they availed nothing against it until they got a chance to fire it. The town accordingly was both plundered and burnt by them; not an individual denizen, man or woman, escaping without being either consumed or slain with weapon. When they had made an end of harrying and of playing havoc with the town, straightway they drew off to the westward, crossing the Barrow at the shallows of *inbher dubhghlaise*, i.e. 'Inverdouglas' or 'estuary of the black burn.' Then we the three battalions of the Fianna reached the town, but to the dwellers there that was no help now. On the fort's green Finn and all Ireland's three Fian-battalions set them down; tearfully and dejectedly he wept, for not often had there been wrought a slaughter that by the Fianna was esteemed more grievous than this. A long bowl of pale gold was brought to the chief, to Finn; he washed his hands, upon his kingly and most comely face he dashed water, under his knowledge-tooth he put his thumb, and the third greatest revelation that ever was shewn to him it was now that it took place. He said therefore: 'four chosen seers they are that after me shall arise in Ireland, who for the King of Heaven and of Earth [i.e. to His honour and glory] shall practise their confession and set forth their doctrine. As the fourth man of these [i.e. as one of these four] will come Moling son of Faelan son of Feradach son of Fidgha; and a battle which in the latter time will be fought in Ireland, that of

magh ráth or 'Moira' namely: Suibhne (surnamed *geilt* or 'the madman') that shall escape out of that battle, 'tis in this town he will be slain and buried. The above cleric's mother will be a woman of the Munster-folk, whence they of Munster shall not dare to do this spot a mischief.' Then Finn said:—

"'*Ros broc* to-day is a path for wolves, and a rushing sea betwixt two cliffs; be the time long or be it short until saints shall come hither, Moling is the name of him whose church it will be then. Turbulent *Taeide* of the eddying pools, along the margin of the rock she makes a flood; yet even hither shall great concourse flock, bound on their pilgrimage for love of God. Hither out of the north, from Moira, the flighty man [Suibhne] shall come; unto the cleric on a propitious morning this shall be a glad occasion. The House of Moling son of Faelan son of Feradach Finn: one shall pay him an ounce of gold to have his house [i.e. his grave] within his [Moling's] cemetery. The shining saint's bell called the *bennán Moling* shall be rung at the Hours; his mother being a Munster-woman, the *laechs* of *Luimnech* or 'the estuary of the Shannon' shall not dare aught against him. Out of the north will come the men of Cualann, their host's advance shall be right to the church; from that time forth until the very Judgment saint Moling's House will go from good to better. I tell it all to you beforehand, and the presage will be true for me; it helps to render Finn's soul acceptable here, does this prophecy of Moling's advent to the *Ros*.'"

Then the king of Ireland said to Patrick: "it is time now for me to go to Tara; and you, Ancients, come ye with me?" They replied: "till a year's end we will not go thither."

Then Eochaid *lethderg* king of Leinster said: "to spend this year I will convey Ossian to *dún Liamhna* or 'Dunlavin,' i.e. the *dún* of *Liamhain* called 'of the soft smock' and daughter to Dobhran of the Duffry. Conall More son of Niall said: "to spend this year I will take Caeilte with me northwards to *dún na mbarc*." Dermot the king, son of Cerbhall, said: "I will carry off Patrick to Tara, to baptise, to bless, and in his own law and rule to order the men of Ireland."

All broke up now to their own several countries, but so as that in a year's time they met again at Tara; and this that you have here [both above and to follow] comprises 'the Colloquy with the Ancients' at the pillar-stone on the top of Usnach, as well as all else that by way of knowledge and instruction they uttered to the men of Erin.

Touching Caeilte: in company with Conall mac Neill he made his way to *ráth Artrach* in the north, in the land of Kinelconall.

The gentle nubile yellow-haired damsels and the small green-mantled boys of the residence came forth to give Caeilte welcome; and the company tarried at the festive banquetting until the sun being risen from his fiery pillow flooded the cliffs and waterfalls and estuaries of the Earth.

Caeilte and Conall with the gentles of his people issued from the town, and Conall enquired: "wherefore was the name of *ráth Artrach* given to that rath, *ráth Mongaigh* to that one to the northward, and *lios na néices* or 'liss of the poets' to this liss south of us?" Caeilte answered that: "it was three sons that Bodhb Derg son of the Daghda had in the many-windowed *brugh* upon the Boyne: Artrach, and Aedh surnamed 'handsome,' and Angus, between whom and their own father a variance fell out. 'Come now, my sons,' said Bodhb, 'quit me the *tuatha de danann* and betake you to the king of Ireland, to Conn's grandson Cormac. There is good cause why it were just for you to give up the *tuatha dé danann*: of country or of land they have not so much as will support both themselves and all that Artrach has of wealth in cattle; Angus alone in *gillas* and in *óglaechs* outnumbers the whole *tuatha dé danann*, and in multitude of poets handsome Aedh exceeds the bardic fraternities of Ireland and of Scotland both.'

"Bodhb's three sons accordingly came to Cormac, who enquired what had set them in motion. 'Our own father that has given us notice to clear out from the *tuatha dé danann*, and we are come to seek land of thee.' 'That ye shall have,' answered Cormac: 'I will grant you four *triuchas* of the rough-land which to-day is called *tír Conaill* or 'the land of Conall' [otherwise 'Tirconnell'].' Now the eldest son of them, Artrach, had a *bruidhen* of seven doors, with a free welcome before all comers; Angus called *ilchlesach*, or 'of the many accomplishments,' was in *ráth Mongaig* and had with him the kings' sons of Ireland and of Scotland acquiring the art and craft of missile weapons; handsome Aedh was in *lios na néices* with Ireland's and Scotland's bardic bands by him. Thus they passed thirty years of Cormac's reign, until he died in *ráth Speláin* in Bregia. Then they returned back again to the *tuatha dé danann*; and [at that time], what with smooth crimson-pointed nuts of the forest and with beautiful golden-yellow apples, this was a liss pied and various

with red [and with many other tints] although to-day it be but a blighted liss ":—

Caeilte *cecinit.*

"Blighted this day is *ráth Artrach*, though once it was a fresh rath filled with many weapons; lightsome upon the south side and the north was this rath of manifold property. This stone northward of the liss, 'tis numbers that are in ignorance concerning it: three times fifty ounces thrice told be they that rest abidingly beneath its breast. The name of the rath lying north to us is 'rath of Mongach': of him that had an ample host; and but a little way from it to the southward 'tis to *ráth Aedha*, or 'Aedh's rath,' of the poets."

Conall enquired now: "where is the stone under which the gold and the silver are?" "It is not to find the stone that makes the difficulty, but to get it out of the ground." "No difficulty there," quoth Conall rising with four hundred men. In unison they all applied their hands to the stone to drag it from the earth; but in such mighty effort was no profit at all, neither availed they to stir it in the least. "Not a man to lend a hand or to hoist a load have we at this present," Caeilte said as under the stone he thrusted in his spear's head and thereby prised it from its bed. Into the place where the stone had lain he reached a hand and brought out Finn mac Cumall's *lia* or 'stone-coffer' in which were three times fifty ounces of silver, as many of red gold, thrice fifty golden chains, and a sword of battle. Conall said: "divide the treasures, Caeilte." "The sword and the chains (*sic*) to thee; the coffer of red gold [and of silver] to holy Patrick, for he is the Gaels' casket of belief and faith."

Then Conall said: "we have here three *tulachs*, but whence are the names they bear we know not: *tulach na laechraidhe* or 'grave of the *laechs*' one is called; *tulach an bhanchuire* or '*tulach* of the woman-bevy' another; and *leacht na macraidhe* or 'grave of the boys' is the third *tulach's* name: in which *tulach* is a well with a river flowing out of it, *glaise na bfer* or 'the stream of men' being the denomination of this latter. Caeilte said: "it was a wife that Finn took, Sabia daughter of the Daghda's son Bodhb Derg namely; and she required of him a marriage gift, which was that to her share must fall one half both of his matrimonial society and of his booty [the remaining moiety to be shared among his other wives]; and the reason of this demand was that from Taprobane to the Hesperides' garden scarce was there a woman better than she. To Finn then she was plighted at the *sídh* on Femen, at

this time called *sídh na mban fionn*; which done he started on the track and trail of clan-Morna, that were out in depredation and outlawry upon him, and so reached this rath: *ráth Artrach.* Here he halted and pitched camp, then said to the young woman's brother Ferdoman son of Bodhb: 'in the eyes of Bodhb's daughter Sabia it must be all too long that I am abroad from her, and she will say 'tis affront and contumely that for a year now I have treated her to. Messengers I ought by rights to send to fetch her; but who were the fittest to despatch?' 'Why, her four own foster-brethren: Conan and Cathal, the king of Munster's two sons; Cathal and Crimthann, the king of Leinster's two; which make the four that she holds dearest in Ireland' (now when there was not a wife in Finn's bed, 'tis they that kept him company). Finn asked them: 'men, which of you is it will go to fetch the woman?' The king of Munster's two sons answered: 'we are they that will undertake it; for it is in our country, in our land, she is, and she it is that of all Ireland's women is to us dearest and most preferable.' So they, being in number three hundred and having four hundred gillas together with their hounds, marched to *sídh na mban fionn* where they entered into the spacious lustrous *sídh.* A most gentle welcome, void of all guile and treachery, was offered them; the freshest of all kinds of meat and the oldest of all sorts of drink were served to them. There they abode for three days and three nights, after which they said: ''tis to fetch thee we are come from Finn mac Cumall.' The young woman replied: 'what remains but to go to him?'

Then her woman-folk assumed their raiment and their burthens of travel and of wayfaring: one hundred daughters of chiefs and of chieftains in vesture of all colours; they came away to this *tulach*, where their horses were unyoked and ate grass. Here it was that a great thirst afflicted the woman and all her she-attendants. The king of Munster's son, Conaing son of Dubh son of Angus *tíreach*, said: 'here is no water at hand'; and there being on the hill's top an enormous rock of a stone, with mighty effort they one and all turned to at the same and got the huge block out of its cavity, whereupon out of its former berth there gushed water that formed a sparkling and translucid loch-well. 'In manly wise the water has been excavated for,' said the young

woman: 'what name then better than *glaise na bfer* [i.e. rivulus virorum] could it bear?' So they drank their full fill of the water. Again she said: 'as touching Finn now, ye promised him to be here.' 'By our word,' they answered, 'here it is that he promised to be; but we know also that he was gone in pursuit of clan-Morna and into Ulidia's most glorious province, to *benna Boirche*.' It was not long now before they saw a phalanx in fighting array, in warlike guise, that straight out of the north came on with speed; there being in it eight hundred *óglaechs*. Sabia enquired: 'know ye those yonder?' 'We do,' said Conaing: 'yonder is Goll of the terrible deeds, son of Morna, and 'tis at us he comes.' By them then the young woman was placed in her chariot.

"Goll in his turn asked: 'know ye yon men?' Conan mac Morna answered: 'we do: yonder are the two sons of Dubh, son of Angus *tíreach* king of Munster, that are two men of trust to Finn mac Cumall.'

"Against Goll with his people now Finn's followers set knee to fight and face to fray, and either side hurled their spears at the other. Howbeit of the sons of Morna four hundred men that bore weapon fell by Finn's people; but these perished without the escape of a single one alive. As for the woman-folk, they laid their faces to the ground and for horror of the battle died; whence also this *tulach* has the name of *tulach an bhanchuire*.

"Now came hither Finn and the three battles of the Fianna, and they beheld the slaughter; then the king of Leinster's two sons laid their lips to the ground and for grief at their foster-brethren died. Finn saw that: his arms fell from his hands, and he wept copious very lamentable showers so that his very breast and chest were wetted. The Fianna also wept all, and Finn said: 'alas for him that [with these tidings] should reach the house of Conn of the Hundred Battles, soft-smocked Liamhain's *dún*! an ill tale it is that will be carried to the fort of *sliabh Claire*, and to the borders of *sliabh Cua*, and told to Dubh mac Angus *tíreach*, king of both Munster's provinces in the south! an evil tale it is that shall overtake Bodhb Derg at *sliabh na mbann fionn* to the southward: that of his daughter's death!'

Then Finn went and the carnage was searched out by him, but he found not Sabia. The Fianna came and in excavations

of the earth buried those four hundred of Finn's people, the manner in which each one of these was found being with a man of the sons of Morna dead under him. Over them their names were written in Ogham, their funeral games were held, and therefore it is that this hill bears the name of *cnoc na laechraidhe* or 'the hill of *laechs*'; the other is, as aforesaid, 'the hill of women'; while this one to the north is *árd na macraidhe* or 'eminence of the striplings,' from the king of Leinster's sons that were there laid under earth. This then, Conall, is that which thou requiredst of me," said Caeilte.

Then Conall enquired of him further: "was Finn bound by *gesa* or 'prohibitions'?" Caeilte answered: "they were many, but it was not they that came against him; yet a trembling and a great fear fell on him at the laying under ground of those youths." *Ut dixit*:—

"A woful deed, and O a deed of woe, it was that Dubh's two sons, the two sons of the king, and four hundred *gillas* and hounds perished without one being missed by weapon. Great calamity, O great calamity, and cause of many tears round about *ráth Artrach*, was Conaing's death and Cathal's too: that both should lie at one field's end. *Glas na bfer*, O *glas na bfer*, 'tis it shall be a perennial ancient well; the story shall be a famous one with all, it shall endure to the Judgment of Judgments. Not to take a morning's walk in Bregia's moor; not to turn his back on any company of poets; not to take a night's rest at *dún ráth*, nor to give wages to their *óglaechs* there; not to sleep with Bodhb Derg's daughter upon the longest eventide that falls upon the land [i.e. midsummer-night]; not to walk on the *sídh* of Femen by the new-kindled blaze of a red fire [i.e. at Beltane and on S. John's eve]: such were the prohibitory injunctions of him that never refused any man's petition (were it to his own detriment or not), of him whose bodily form and whose wisdom both were excellent: I speak of Cumall's son, Finn of Almha. Death of Cathal and of curly Crimthann: under the green-skinned *tulach* there they are; north or south who ever saw the like of them and theirs being slaughtered all at once? Finn of the Fianna [when his time came] was slain performing his heroic leap; that, alas! broke my heart in twain—brought my strength down to nothing!"

"Victory and benediction be thine, Caeilte!" said Conall: "great knowledge and lore thou hast left with us for recital to them of the latter time."

After that they passed inside the dwelling, where until the hour of repose they drank and were merry. On the morrow Caeilte rose and to Conall Derg mac Neill and all his people bade farewell, saying: "now must I go into some other quarter." That

day therefore he journeyed eastward to *loch an daimh dheirg* in Dalaradia, where were two eminent presbyters of Patrick's familia: Colman of Ela and Eoghanan, and they performing all the order of the serene dominical Canon [i.e. the Mass] with mutual praising of the Creator.

Then came three young ecclesiastics of the clerics' familia and launched their currach to catch fish, they the while saying their prescribed Hours. Caeilte saw them, listened to them, and said:—

"A rare thing it was ever for the ear of my head to hearken to euphonious reading; there was a time when 'twas more frequent with me to give an ear to warbling of good women [i.e. high-born ladies]. Whosoever should possess a pen, long time he would be occupied in writing them: for miserable as I am here now, many are the wonders that I have experienced. Slow was my journey from Tralee, long time I have waited for it; and as for books of [clerkly] reading, for me to listen to such was a seldom thing."

Then Colman of Ela and Eoghanan came out and saw the great men with the huge wolf-dogs in their hands [i.e. in leash]. "Even so," Colman said: "yonder is Caeilte, who is of Finn's people and eke of Patrick's familia." "Have him brought into the island to us," cried all. He [and his] were brought accordingly, and set in a secluded house apart where the oldest of every liquor and the newest of every meat was given them.

They having now made an end of their supper and refection, Colman enquired of Caeilte: "wherefore was the name of *loch an daimh dheirg*, or 'the red stag's loch,' assigned to this one?" Caeilte answered that: "it was a red stag that haunted in the open lands of well-watered Luachra in the south, and four times a year used to get clear away from hounds and men of the Fianna; but at last they followed him to this spot. We, four of the Fianna to wit, came up with him: *Diarmait ua Duibhne*, and mac Lugach, and Glas son of Encherd of *Beirre*, and it was I that as we neared this ford was next to him. All together we flung our spears at him and he fell by us; I secured one antler, Dermot the other, and he carried it off to Tara-Luachra, to Finn. He set the butt of it on one of his feet, and the topmost tine was on the crown of his head; now he was the tallest man of the Fianna. The other antler I deposited [in the loch] close against this island, and I take it that did but the light serve me I could make my way to it." And he uttered:—

"This loch is the red stag's loch, to which we came from path to path [i.e. every step of the way from our starting-point]; until the very ultimate generation henceforward that shall be its name. If indeed it be light for me, and broadly light athwart the land at large, the antler whole and perfect I will deliver to you on your floor. We four that made our number when we came from the west and out of Munster of the many captives: our vigour and our fame were good until we reached the loch."

"Success and benediction, Caeilte!" said Colman: "that is great knowledge and true guidance to have survived with any one." Caeilte said: "look now, thou young ecclesiastic, whether the moon be risen in her pavilion of the air;" and a seminarist answered: "she is risen, so that both land and sea [i.e. the world's entire surface] are illumined by her." So Caeilte proceeded to the hindermost nook of the island, thrust his hand down by its brink and brought up the antler, then carried it off and laid it on the floor of the house in which the clerics were.

He that at this time was king of Ulidia was Eochaid, called *faebhairdherg* or 'Red-edge,' and he was in close proximity to them on *tulach na narm* or 'the hill of arms,' now called *magh ráth* or 'the plain of raths,' i.e. 'Moira.' Colman and Eoghanan with six students rose right early, and took the antler to exhibit it to the king of Ulidia and to the Ulidians in general, who were there two hundred armed men in number. The seminarist brought the horn into the king's presence, and under it the whole of them might have fitted to shelter against foul weather or storm. The king asked: "who got the antler, and where was it found?" "In the red stag's loch Caeilte got it," they answered. "Happy would I deem myself," said the king, "if he should come my way; for he would leave with us the ancient lore of all our borders, of all our hills, and the discrimination of all our countries."

As for the clergy, after leaving the antler with the king of Ulidia they returned to the island. Caeilte said: "good now, Colman, my soul, what is the reason of those eight Hours for the purpose of which ye both daily and nightly rise?" "The reason of them is a weighty one," said Colman, "and is this: eight faults there be that cleave to body and to soul of every man; now those eight Hours purge them." Then Colman uttered:—

"The eight carnal imperfections, that gnaw us to the bone; the eight choice Hours, that vehemently banish them: Prime, against immoderate gluttony;

Tierce, against anger born of many causes; cheerful lightsome Noon we constantly oppose to lust; Nones against covetousness so long as we are on the breast of weary Earth; pleasant and profitable Vespers we oppose to sore despair; Compline, against perverting weariness: this is a fair partition; cold Nocturns that equally divide [the night], against inordinate boasting [i.e. pride]; Matins of God's atoning Son, against enslaving sullen pride. Mayest thou, O judicial King, O Jesus, save me for sake of the eight!"

Caeilte said: "success and benediction, Colman; well hast thou resolved that question! and what hinders me that I should not practise to observe those eight Hours, seeing that God hath prolonged [*lit.* 'delayed'] me to be contemporary with them?"

Then Colman questioned Caeilte: "what is the cause that the name of *tipra an bhantrachta* or 'the well of women' is given to this well close against the loch?" Caeilte answers that: "it was *Niamh*, daughter of Angus *tíreach* king of Munster, that from *dún na mbarc* in the province of Munster eloped with Finn's son Ossian and came to this well; here he was with her for six weeks, enjoying the hunting and venery of Ulidia; the damsel too with her thirty women used to come every morning, and in this blue-surfaced water they would wash their faces and their hands.

That his daughter was stolen away with Ossian lay very heavily on the king of Munster; both provinces of Munster were mustered by him: five hardy battles equal in bulk, and in pursuit of the Fianna they came hither. Just then Niamh washed herself at the well, and she saw the five battles on the *tulach* right over her. "Alas for it," the young woman cried: "and happy she that had died, or been slain, ere her guardian, her father, her three brothers and Munster's nobles had seen her thus!" She laid her face to the ground and, with the thirty her companions, died; as for her, her heart as a lump of black blood passed from her mouth, and hence it is that from that time to this *cnoc an áir* or 'the hill of slaughter' is this *tulach's* name." Then Caeilte uttered:—

"In this hill lies the queen . . .

"When both provinces of Munster saw the woman-folk's death their king said: 'an evil undertaking hath been this of Ossian's and of the Fianna's against us!' and he enjoined his she-runner Muirenn daughter of Muiresc to seek out Finn and challenge him to battle. The runner went her way to *ráth chinn chon* or 'rath of the wolf-dog's head' in Dalaradia, where the Fianna were.

Finn sought her tidings, and she told him the errand on which she came. 'Until this day,' said Finn, 'it has been a rare thing to challenge me to battle! go, Garbchronan, summon the Fianna to the fight.' He went out and, standing over the Fianna's leaguer, emitted three wrathful larum-cries which were heard in the heart of their camp; and the Fianna answered, for they knew that some great motive urged him to haste. They rose therefore and stoutly arrayed themselves in order of war; then of Finn enquired the cause of battle, and he told it them. Now said Fergus True-lips to Finn: 'Fian-chief, for giving battle to the king of Munster in the matter of his daughter whom thou hast slain thou hast not right on thy side.'

"Then by Finn and the chiefs of the Fianna a course was determined on, pursuant to which he said to Abartach's daughter Smirgait: tell Angus *tíreach* and Munster's nobles that I will pay them the award of Cormac grandson of Conn, of Eithne *ollardha* daughter of Cahir More, and of Cithruadh son of Fercaecait. The runner departed and delivered what she had to say. 'It shall be accepted,' Angus said, 'if bondsmen and sureties for its fulfilment be put in.' 'What sureties requirest thou?' 'The son of him that hath done me wrong: Oscar son of Ossian, and Ferdoman son of the Daghda's son Bodhb Derg, and Dermot son of Donn son of Donough.' Finn yielded that and both parties repaired to Tara, where the judgment given them was this: the girl to be raised out of the tulach in which she lay, and put into scales; her own weight of gold and again her own weight of silver to be given to the king of Munster in eric of her; a separate eric to be paid for every chief or chieftain's daughter that perished there. 'Fianna of Ireland how shall we apportion such eric?' said Finn. They answered: 'one-third from clan-Baeiscne; from us the Fianna, two.' And this, Colman," ended Caeilte, "is the only eric that ever Finn allotted among the Fianna."

At this point it was that from *ráth Aine* to the red stag's loch Eochaid Red-edge sent a message to fetch Caeilte. This latter bade Colman and Eoganan farewell therefore; while to him the saints promised eternal happiness, to entertain his complaint, and for his welfare to supplicate Heaven's King and Earth's. Then in the king of Ulidia's chariot Caeilte journeyed

to *ráth Aine* in that country's easternmost part, where with their king the nobles of the Ulidians were. Now our Eochaid Red-edge was virtuous and was worshipful; for without justice on his side he never harried any, nor from any man was taken that which in virtue of original racial right was his own.

Three battles by the way, that was the king's strength on this day. Caeilte in due course reaches them; he leaps from the chariot, and the king of Ulidia in concert with all his host gives him ardent welcome. "Good now, Caeilte, my soul," said the king: "what thing could we enquire of thee which should profit us more than the lore of this rath: *ráth Aine*?" Caeilte answered: "I possess its origin:—

"It was Aine, daughter of Modharn king of Scotland across the sea; to whom the men of Alba kept saying: 'what ails thee, lady, that with some good man [i.e. one of high degree] in either Alba or Erin thou matest not?' The young woman affirmed that, Finn mac Cumall excepted, in those lands was no man that might match her; and her words being reported to Finn he commissioned Finn, called *fer an champair* or 'man of quarrel,' and Ronan the royal *óglaech*, Scotland's two Fian-chiefs, to go and to crave her of her father. 'What conditions shall we take with us?' they asked. 'Promise her power over all that I possess both in Ireland and in Scotland.' 'Fian-chief, it is well: but send with us now two confidentials of thine own people, to the end the lady may the more readily believe us.' Finn told me and mac Lughach to accompany them, saying: 'although in my behalf ye shall undertake never so much, yet will I give it to her.'

"We four free-born *óglaechs* therefore took our way to *dún mónaidh*, or 'Edinburgh,' in Scotland; there we were quartered in a special house apart, in which Modharn king of Scotland, and together with him his daughter Aine, came to visit us. He questioned us anent our expedition and our journey; we told him all our charge. 'Thou hearest that, daughter,' said the king: 'that the best man in Ireland and in Scotland solicits thee.' The young woman answered: 'I will go with him' and, upon condition that all she asked of him were given her, was betrothed to Finn mac Cumall. We and the girl with us (she furnished with all sorts of precious chattels in abundance) returned to Ireland and came to this rath where we are; Finn too and the three

battles of the Fianna arrived hither from Tara-luachra to meet and to fall in with us. Here she caused to be constructed a mansion, a proper town and a lodge of her own, in which for a year she [of her own substance] ministered to and entertained the Fianna's three battles in such style that neither they nor our guests lacked meat or liquor at all.

"At a year's end then mac Lughach said to Finn: 'by way of country and of lands Modharn's daughter Aine is all-sufficient for thee.' Finn answered: 'by my word, mac Lughach, I know not what I could require, whether in Ireland or in Scotland, that the Fianna have not in Aine's house.' Subsequently this queen was with Finn for seven whole years, during which she abundantly gratified all Ireland and Scotland; she bore Finn two sons: Illann of the red edge and *Aedh Beg*, but died in childbirth of Aedh":—

Caeilte *cecinit.*

"Empty to-day is Aine's rath, in which once young men laughed many a laugh; frequent were men in crowds, horses in studs, upon its slope with the smooth sward. Three hundred ladies were in the liss (many are they that are in ignorance of it); three hundred men of trust were there, three hundred fosterers of befitting quality. Better than all other women that woman was; and such the multiude of her guests—one and all are dead together now—that she made her town to be all empty [i.e. exhausted it].

"Here she was laid in excavations of the earth," continued Caeilte, "her stone was reared over her resting-place, her funeral ceremony was performed, and her ogham-name inscribed."

"Victory and benediction be thine, Caeilte!" cried the king of Ulidia: "a good story it is that thou hast told us; and be it by you others written on the tabular staves of poets and on monumental stones of the Fianna."

The king of Ulidia with his force now proceeded to *ráth na sciath* or 'the rath of shields,' standing over the boisterous *trácht Rudhraighe* or 'Rury's strand': the present *tonn Rudhraighe* or 'Rury's wave.' They entered the dwelling, and a sequestered house apart was assigned to Caeilte; he was served well, and the whole town from small to great committed to his discretion.

Again the king of Ulidia questioned Caeilte: "here are two graves on Rury's strand: what is their origin?" "It was two that were sons to Aedh mac Fidach mac Fintan, king of Connacht, and were buried there; these were dear to Finn and to

the Fianna all, the cause of whose love for them was this: that whatever the paucity or whatever the copiousness of art and mystery possessed by any it never would come unrewarded away from them [i.e. their generosity to artists was not regulated by their degree of proficiency in art]; neither was any ever in dispute with Finn and the Fianna but they would for a year's time make peace between them. A single-handed match for a hundred *óglaechs* either of them was, and they would have made a worthy pair of sons whether for Cormac son of Art or for Finn; seventeen years they were in the Fianna. Now once upon a time Finn and the three battles, in exercise of their privilege to hunt all Ireland, came hither to Rury's strand and Finn prescribed to keep watch and ward. Two sons of kings with their people it was that nightly mounted guard over Finn and the Fianna, and on the night in question the duty fell to the king of Connacht's two: Art and Eoghan. They moved off, four hundred *óglaechs* all told, with four hundred gillas, and marched to the head of this strand; there they had not been any time when up came two kings of the kings of Lochlann in the north: Conus and Conmael were their names, whose fathers had been slain by Finn mac Cumall in the battle of *druim derg* over in Scotland. Both which kings, being two valiant and equal battalions strong, gained this shore in order to the avenging of their father upon Finn, but saw four hundred that bore shield and weapon drawn up ready before them on the beach; the manner of the king of Connacht's son Art being that he had a sharp glittering-edged spear of special deadly virtue which Finn had a twelvemonth before given to him: the *órlasrach* or 'gold-flaming' was its name; another spear too there was, that Finn had given to Eoghan: the *muinderg* or 'red-neck' it was called.

"Then the *allmarachs* enquired who warded the shore, and Art returned that they were of Finn's people. 'Happy he that should drop on so many as these of his folk, for not one of you shall escape alive!' said they. 'If ever a set of them were caught in a quandary, 'tis not we that are so taken now,' answered Art. The others landed, and those eight hundred *óglaechs* found it a huge strain to make head against the two valorous and equal battalions; at it they went however, hand to hand, and from the fall of evening's shades until midnight the hacking and the hew-

ing went on apace. That was the hour in which Finn had a vision, and what he saw was this: a pair of grey seals that sucked his own two breasts. The Fian-chief awoke and: 'where is Fergus True-lips?' he asked. 'Here,' said Fergus: 'what hast thou seen?' 'A couple of ocean seals that sucked both my breasts.' The poet said: 'it is the king of Connacht's two sons, whom this night thou sentest to stand sentry for the Fiann, that are overmatched by *allmarachs*.' 'Rise, men,' cried Finn, 'for what the poet says is true!' Simultaneously, at the one instant, the Fianna rose out and came to Rury's strand, where of their own they found but the king of Connacht's two sons alive, and they with the slings of their shields about their necks; nor of the *allmarachs* lived there a man at all. Here is the plight in which the king of Connacht's sons were found: their bodies full of bloody gashes, their shields and spears propping them in standing posture still. No two of the Fianna had ever maintained personal conflict thus. By the Fianna the ships which had been the Lochlannachs' were hauled ashore, and they proceeded to pillage them; the king of Lochlann's two sons, Conus and Conmael, were laid in excavations of the earth. The king of Connacht's sons died within a very brief space; for here over Rury's wave the Fianna lifted and bore them off, and Finn enquired of the wounded: 'friends, are ye perchance curable?' They answered: 'alas that thou, thine own perception also being so good, shouldst say it! for round about either of us came nine hundred *laechs*; who all are fallen indeed, but we too are fallen. Be our grave made therefore, and our stone reared over the place of our rest; the arms likewise with which we have played the men, and which thou gavest us in stipend, be the same buried along with us.' Body parted from soul with them and they, two brothers as they were, were there laid in excavations of the earth. This then is the cause for which their fame and high repute have endured after them."

Eochaid Red-edge said: "by thy valour and by thy weapon-skill, Caeilte, I adjure thee that those arms thou bring up for us out of the sod-covered grave." He made answer: "for sake of Finn mac Cumall and of the great and gallant company that buried them, loath I am to do it; nevertheless ye shall have them." They set to and opened the tomb; the weapons were

taken out: the *órlasrach* and the *muinderg*; this latter spear of which was now given to Angus the king of Ulidia's son, the former to that king himself. This done the dead were returned to the grave and their stone restored over their resting-place; *cath trágha Rudhraighe* or 'the battle of Rury's strand' is this battle's name therefore, and it is one of the special articles of Fian-lore.

The king of Ulidia cried: "have success and benediction, Caeilte! great information is this that thou hast deposited with us." They passed into the dwelling, a banquetting-house was disposed for them, and in it they passed that night mirthfully.

But as regards Caeilte: next day he was weighed down with a fit of inertness and of old age; wherefore the king of Ulidia came to visit him and, when he was set down beside him on the couch, said: "Fian-chief, how goes it with thee to-day?" "Might I but get to hunt Ben-Boirche, 'tis all the better I should be." The king answered: "verily thou shalt have it." His wolf-dogs and other hounds were gathered to Eochaid, and he went northward to *benna Boirche* or 'Boirche's peaks,' i.e. 'the Mourne mountains'; Caeilte accompanied him and for that day ordered the hunt in such wise that from *ethach* to the tidal wave due north of Ben-Boirche each man could put the dog-thong into the other's hand [i.e. reach him the leash].

Now where Caeilte and the king were was at the Wave actually, where in scrutiny of the sea they gazed far and wide; then abroad upon the surface they perceived a quite young woman and she at one time swimming on her back, then doing the side-stroke, and anon the 'foot-stroke' [i.e. treading water]. Right in front of them now she sat on a wave as though she sat on some *tulach* or on a rock; she lifted her head and said: "is not that yonder Caeilte son of Ronan?" "Truly it is I," he answered. "Many a day we saw thee upon that rock, and in company of the best man that was in Ireland and Scotland: Finn son of Cumall." "Woman, who art thou so?" "I am *Líbhán*, daughter of Eochaid mac Eoghan mac Ailill, who for now a hundred years am in the water, nor since the Fian-chief departed have till this day appeared to any; and what moved me to shew myself to-day was to see Caeilte." Hereupon the deer, flying before the hounds and taking the water, swam out into the sea: "Caeilte," cried

Liban, "a loan of the spear to me till I kill the deer and send them ashore up to you!" Into her hand Caeilte put the *coscarach*, with which she slew the deer; and the most copious hunting that Finn ever made in that spot, that which Caeilte and the king of Ulidia had this day was as large. Touching the young woman, she then darted the spear upwards and ashore to Caeilte and so departed from them. They that know all about it say that to every five men of the Ulidians on that day fell a wild pig, a stag and a doe; while to the king of Ulidia and to Caeilte for their aliquot share came thirty deer. After which they went on to *ráth na sciath* which at the present is called *ráth imill* or 'the external rath'; and so far then we have 'the Hunting of Ben-Boirche,' with 'the Colloquy of Liban and Caeilte.'

They went into the rath, where a feasting- and a pleasure-house was set out for them, and in the same Caeilte saw a thing that surprised him: a gentle yellow-haired damsel in the Fian-seat, dispensing jewels and treasure in lieu of all the poems and other artistic efforts that were put forth within. Caeilte questioned the king: "who is the young woman to whom above all the rest reverence and great honour is rendered?" "Daughter she was to an *óglaech* of mine of whose seed now live none but this girl; and the manner of her, Caeilte, is this: she has a half-quatrain, and in all Ireland she cannot find one to compose a half-quatrain that shall fit it as its own." Caeilte said: "I am no man of verse; howbeit, lass, pronounce the half-quatrain." The girl uttered, and Caeilte after her:—

"A dark man's *dún*, and O a dark man's *dún*, that is the mansion which our blood imbrues!"

dixit Caeilte:—

"All the Fianna are decayed away, not a munificent one lives of the last of them."

Caeilte laid the horn out of his hand and wept copious tears, very lamentable, so that breast and chest were wet with him. "That quatrain's meaning, Caeilte, my soul?" exclaimed the king. "Its meaning I have," said Caeilte, "but alas for me that I have to moot that to which it refers. For knowest thou, king of Ulidia, the four that of all such as in Ireland and in Scotland lived at the one time and in the same epoch with them excelled in generosity: Finn mac Cumall and Ossian his son,

and Dubh son of Treon of the Ulidians here, with his son Fial mac Dubh? In which two latter was even a degree of bountifulness in excess of the others; for though all that was in Ireland and in Scotland had been bestowed on them yet, had they but found one to crave it of them, they would have given away the whole of it. Wherefore to Cormac and to Finn it seemed a pitiable thing that they should be affected with this degree of liberality, and lack adequate great substance to give it effect.

"Then came all Ireland once to the Convention of *Taillte*: the Fianna's three battles, and all the folk of settled habitation as well; Dubh son of Treon and his son Fial mac Dubh arrived, and sat before the king of Ireland, to whom (saving that he had heard of them) they were unknown. He that was at Cormac's shoulder was Finn mac Cumall; Ossian at Finn's hand, and Cairbre Lifechair at Cormac's other side. 'Good now, my soul, Cormac,' said Finn: 'is the warrior in thy presence known to thee?' Cormac replied: 'surely he is not.' 'Those are Dubh son of Treon out of the province of Ulidia in the north, and his son Fial mac Dubh.' Cormac enquired: 'is that latter the needy *óglaech* of whom we hear much mention made?' 'That is he just,' said Finn. Again Cormac enquired, saying: 'where is Fial mac Dubh?' 'Here by me,' answered Dubh. 'What occasions this generosity that is in you both father and son, and ye but *óglaechs*' sons?' 'Noble sir and monarch,' said Fial, 'were we to deny or refuse a thing to any man we should, as we suppose, die: both father and son.' Cairbre Lifechair and Ossian said: 'men of Ireland, a pity 'tis for you not to give Dubh mac Treon and his son some succour and relief!' Cormac, Finn, and all Ireland's chiefs said: 'we will administer to them that comfort of which ye speak; for it is upon the men of Ireland that all whatsoever shall be given to them will be expended.' Cormac pronounced: 'yearly I will give them one hundred of every kind of cattle.' 'Yearly will I give them even so many,' said Finn; and the nobles of Ireland promised them yet other great riches. So Dubh mac Treon betook himself to his own dwelling, where for full seventeen years he continued to spend that substance; nor were it possible to recount all the good which he did during that interval, and until upon the green of his own mansion one night there befel him an accident and a mischance: the advent

to *ráth Dhuibh* or 'Dubh's rath' of a bewitching fairy troop of horsemen, who enquired what town it were. Some one or another said to them: 'this is the town of Dubh mac Treon; that is to say of that special *óglaech* who, whether of the sons of Milesius or of the *tuatha dé danann*, is for generosity pre-eminent.' Says a man of the new-comers: 'pity forsooth that of the *tuatha dé danann* we have not one to match him!' and another, taking a deadly javelin that he had, threw and hit Dubh in the pale of the nipple, so killing him; then Fial his son took his place and held it for the space of ten years and three score. But good now, young woman, and inasmuch as their story thou requiredst of me, what relationship hadst thou with these?" "A daughter to that latter *óglaech*, to Fial mac Dubh, am I,'" she answered, "and of that great fellowship which thou hast seen, saving me only there lives none; wherefore also it is, Caeilte, that Ulidia's king hath given me the charge over his jewels and his treasure to dispense them." "What is thy name?" "*Uaine* daughter of Fial." "It is indeed a fitting thing for the king of Ulidia to give thee the discretion of his precious things and of his wealth."

Then the king of Ulidia said to his son, to Angus mac Eochaid: "Angus, my soul, take that girl to wife; for not in another province in Ireland wilt thou find one having a father's and grandfather's record better than hers"; whereupon the young man wedded her, and so long as he lived had her for only wife. Following upon all this they remained feasting and enjoying themselves till the end of three days.

Again the king of Ulidia said to Caeilte: "in order to hunt and to have sport of venery I would fain go to *foradh na féinne* or 'the Fianna's seat' here." Early on the morrow then they took their way, three battles of them, to *foradh na féinne*; which when they had reached the gentles and Caeilte entered into the great liss that was there, and Caeilte seeing the place said: "many indeed were they that out of this precinct had their hunger and thirst assuaged, and were paid for their art and science, by Finn mac Cumall." There Ulidia's king and nobles, Caeilte also, set them down; nor were they long there before they saw draw near them a *scológ* or 'non-warrior' that wore a fair green mantle having in it a fibula of silver; a shirt of yellow silk next his skin, over and outside that again a tunic of soft

satin, and with a timpan of the best slung on his back. "Whence comest thou, *scológ*?" asked the king. "Out of the *sídh* of the Daghda's son Bodhb Derg, out of Ireland's southern part." "What moved thee out of the south, and who art thou thyself?" "I am *Cas corach*, son of Cainchinn that is ollave to the *tuatha dé danann*, and am myself the makings of an ollave [i.e. an aspirant to the grade]. What started me was the design to acquire knowledge, and information, and lore for recital, and the Fianna's mighty deeds of valour, from Caeilte son of Ronan." Then he took his timpan and made for them music and minstrelsy, so that he set them slumbering off to sleep. "Good now, Caeilte, my soul," said Cascorach, "what answer returnest thou me?" "That thou shalt have everything to seek which thou art come and, if thou have but so much art and intellect as shall suffice to learn all that the Fianna wrought of valorous deeds and exploits of arms [thou shalt hear the same]. In this town once was an *óglaech*: Finn mac Cumall, and great would have been thy wealth and stipend from him in lieu of thy minstrelsy, although to-day the place be empty!" and Caeilte uttered :—

"This night the Fianna's seat is void, to which Finn of the naked blade resorted ; from death of the chief that knew not melancholy, Almha the noble and the great is desert ! The goodly company live not ; Finn, the very prince, lives no more ; no longer the cohort manifest to view, nor champions, accompany the Fian-chief. Finn's Fianna, though once they roamed from glen to glen, are dead one and all; a wretched life it is to be as I am now: left after Dermot and Conan ! after Goll mac Morna from the plain, and after Olioll of the hundreds ! after that Eoghan of the bright spear perished, and Conall, at the first discharge ! Once for all I tell you, and all that which I say is true: great were our losses yonder (even without Dubhdirma) at *tech drumann*. The cohorts and the hundreds thus being gone, pity but 'twere there I had found death ! gone, for all they once ranged from border to border, and though the Fianna's seat was crowded once !"

To his heed and mind Caeilte then recalled the losses of all those warriors and great numerous bands among whom he had been ; and miserably, wearily, he wept so that breast and chest were wet with him. After which they came on to *tulach an trír* or 'hill of three persons,' upon which the king of Ulidia and Caeilte and all the rest as well sat down.

"This is a beautiful hill, Caeilte," the king said : "but wherefore was the name of *tulach an trír* conferred on it, and *abhann déise* or 'river of two persons' on this river; also *lecht cinn chon*

or 'grave of the wolf-dog's head' upon yonder tomb?" Caeilte answered: "I will tell thee, although the origin of them be not new and that I myself was not old [i.e. was very young] when those names clave to these spots:—

"It was a king that was in Scotland: Iruath mac Alpine, and had daughters three: Muiresc and Aeife and Aillbhe were their names. These fell in love with three *óglaechs* of the Fianna of Ireland: Encherd of Beare's three sons Ger and Glas and Gabha; which *óglaechs* also fell in love with them, and for twenty years there was reciprocal affection between them. But once upon a time [i.e. at length] the women eloped and came to this *tulach*, where a fit of sleep and slumber fell on them. That was the very hour and time at which by the son of Macnia's son Maccon, and in the province of Leinster, a fearsome *bruidhen* was set in Finn mac Cumall's way; nor may poets attain to recount all that fell there of the Fianna and of Fatha Canann's folk. There moreover perished those three pinks of valour: Encherd of Beare's three sons. Concerning the three damsels: they awoke out of their sleep and saw towards them three *óglaechs* of the Fianna; they enquired of them, and these told them how the *bruidhen* was come off: with slaughter made of the Fianna, and fall of Encherd of Beare's three sons. Upon this *tulach* the girls uttered their loud woe and lamentation, and for grief of those three died. Which young women had two own foster-brethren, sons of the king of the Catti in the north: Uillenn and Eochaid were their names. These had made a stout and vigorous attempt in pursuit of their foster-sisters, and so reached this river; the stream however was in spate against them, but on the yon-side they saw rich and marvellous vestures [i.e. on the young women as they lay], whereupon with all boldness they took the ford and the river's flood drowned them. These then are they that are beneath those two green mounds which are at the ford's edge.

"*Lecht cinn chon* now," continued Caeilte: "it was a favourite wolf-dog that Finn mac Cumall had, the name of which was *Adhnuall*, and from the aforesaid *bruidhen* he wandered aimlessly away northwards and was all astray. Thrice he scoured all Ireland, and at last gained this ford where he emitted three howls and there died; which hound, king of Ulidia, was the third [i.e. one of the three] best that Finn ever had.

"As touching Ulidia's two Fian-chiefs, Goll of Gulban and Cas of Cuailgne: they hunted this plain, and saw three young women having upon them raiment of the rarest, of all colours, and they dead upon the *tulach.* For a long space they made lamentation for them, then under ground laid all three sisters. They entered the ford and in it saw the two *óglaechs*, drowned; these two they laid beneath sods of the earth."

His tale being told, Caeilte bids the king of Ulidia farewell and up the face of hills and crags takes his way to the summit of green-grassed Slievefuad, to the rowan-tree of *cluain dá damh* or 'two-stag lawn,' and to *rae na gcarpat* or 'the space of chariots': the spot in which formerly the Ulidians marching here after the battle of *gairidhe* and *ilghairidhe* [i.e. the final encounter of *táin bó Cuailgne* or 'the raid for the kine of Cuailgne'] abandoned their chariots. When he got so far, thither also (to the same *rae na gcarpat*) Patrick was just come with thrice fifty bishops, as many priests, as many deacons, and three times fifty psalmodists. There they sat down, and Patrick performed his Hours with praising of the Creator. At this instant, I say, Caeilte and his nine, together with Cascorach mac Cainchinne, the minstrel, joined them. They greeted him with welcome, the clerics fell to question him for news, and he told them all his doings for that year past.

"Where is scribe Brogan?" Patrick cried. He responded: "here am I." "By thee be written down and amended all that Caeilte hath enunciated concerning the interval since at the pillar-stone on the top of Usnach he parted from us and to this very present hour."

"Good now, my soul," queried Patrick: "who is yonder handsome curly-headed dark-browed youth along with thee, and he having an instrument of music?" "Cascorach mac Cainchinne that is," answered Caeilte, "son of the *tuatha dé danann's* minstrel, who is come to me to acquire knowledge and Fian-lore." "A good road it is that he hath chosen and, Caeilte, thou hast been spared for signal privilege: to see the time of faith, of saints, of righteous, and to be in fellowship with the King of Heaven and of Earth. And thou, Cascorach, play for us somewhat of thy minstrel's art and craft." "Verily it shall be done," Cascorach answered: "and never before thee, saintly cleric, have I done so

for any whom I gratified more willingly than I will thee." He took his timpan, tuned it, and on it played a volume of melody the equal of which for sweetness (saving only the dominical canon's harmony and laudation of Heaven's King and Earth's) the clergy had never heard. Upon them fell a fit of slumber and of sleep and, when he had made an end with his minstrelsy, of Patrick he requested its recompense. The Saint said: "what guerdon seekest thou, my soul?" "Heaven for myself," he answered, "which is the best reward that is; good luck also to go with my art and with them that shall exercise my art after me." Patrick said: "to thyself be Heaven, and be that art of thine the third [i.e. one of the three] for sake of which in Ireland one shall to the latest time procure his own advancement; how great soever be the grudging surliness which shall greet a man of thy science: let him but perform minstrelsy, let him but recite tales, and such penuriousness shall vanish before him; everlastingly may thine art number to itself the chief's bed-fellow, and to them that profess it be all happiness, only so as they in their function show not slothfulness." Then to its case Cascorach restored his implement of music.

"A good cast of thine art was that thou gavest us," said Brogan. "Good indeed it were," said Patrick, "but for a twang of the fairy spell that infests it; barring which nothing could more nearly than it resemble Heaven's harmony." Says Brogan: "if music there be in Heaven, why should there not on earth? wherefore it is not right to banish away minstrelsy." Patrick made answer: "neither say I any such thing, but merely inculcate that we must not be inordinately addicted to it."

They were not long there when they saw a sedate silvery-grey warrior draw near to them: a crimson mantle with a brooch of gold wrapped him round, to his neck was slung a gilded sword and in one hand he had a staff of white hazel. He laid his head in Patrick's bosom, and made genuflexion. "Of what cognomen art thou?" asked the Saint. "Eoghan the arch-hospitaller is my name, and I am of the king of Ireland's people: of Dermot mac Cerbhall's." "Are thine the hands in which we have heard that such great substance is?" "Even mine," he said. "This very night we quarter ourselves on thy resources," cried bishop Soichell, who was Patrick's head dispenser. Eoghan enquired:

"and what night may this be?" "*Samhain*-eve," replied Patrick. "From to-night until Beltane-eve ye as many as ye are, both your familia and your guests, shall have welcome with me." Benignus said: "a fat monk it is that the cleric hath recruited"; but Patrick pronounced: "he shall go to serve *Macha* [i.e. Armagh] in the north; and if fat he be, so too shall his son be and his grandson after him." Benignus rejoined again: "what name then could be conferred on them that were better than *úi mhéith Mhacha* or 'the descendants of Macha's fat one'?"

Then they marked fifty tall men having iron fibulæ in their mantles that approached them. "Who be these?" Patrick asked. Eoghan answered: "my hospitallers and my *biatachs*"; and these all made obeisance to Patrick, who cried: "your posterity both living and dead be assigned to *Macha*!"

Upon the whole province now distress of cold settled and heavy snow came down so that it reached men's shoulders and chariots' axle-trees, and of the russet forest's branches made a twisting together as it had been of withes, so that men might not progress there.

Caeilte said then: "a fitting time it is now for wild stags and for does to seek the topmost points of hills and rocks; a timely season for salmons to betake them into cavities of the banks." And he uttered a lay:—

"Cold the winter is, the wind is risen, the high-couraged unquelled stag is on foot: bitter cold to-night the whole mountain is, yet for all that the ungovernable stag is belling. The deer of Slievecarn of the gatherings commits not his side to the ground; no less than he the stag of frigid Echtge's summit catches the chorus of the wolves. I, Caeilte, with brown Dermot and with keen light-footed Oscar: we too in the nipping night's waning end would listen to the music of the pack. But well the red deer sleeps that with his hide to the bulging rock lies stretched—hidden as though beneath the country's surface—all in the latter end of chilly night. To-day I am an aged ancient, and but a scant few men I know; once on a time though in the cold and ice-bound morning I used to vibrate a sharp javelin hardily. To Heaven's King I offer thanks, to Mary Virgin's Son as well; often and often I imposed silence on [i.e. daunted] a whole host whose plight to-night is very cold [i.e. they are all dead now]."

"It is time for us to depart to our mansion and good town," said Eoghan. They took their way therefore and soon saw the dwelling before them; at which when they arrived Caeilte with

his people was ushered into a secluded lodge apart, the town was laid at their own discretion and (saving only such length of time as the clerics took to give Mass, to say their hours and to laud the Creator) there they all were for three days and three nights, quaffing and taking their pleasure.

Then came Eoghan the head hospitaller to confer with Patrick, and he began to tell him how that there was no water near at hand to them; for people were wearied with bringing water to the town. And a wonder it was [to the new-comers to see] that day how the same town lay, it being as it were an occult hole in the earth: for round about it over and hither was a mountain, nor was it furnished with any opening but a single one, out of which egress took place; so that all the men in the world however much they had ambitioned it would not have availed to ravage or to spoil it. Patrick enquired of Eoghan: "found ye traces of any band or company that should have preceded you into the place?" Eoghan replied: "we got a spear, a sword and an iron vessel." "Knowledge of the well will be found with Caeilte," said Patrick; a messenger was sent to fetch Caeilte, and he was brought to the Saint.

"Good now, Caeilte, my soul," said Patrick: "knowest thou who it was that before Eoghan occupied this seat?" "An easy thing it is for me to know it," he made answer, "seeing that I was one of the eight that were at the giving of this town to the man on whom Finn mac Cumall conferred it: the solitary warrior that ever by use of compulsion effected his fellowship with Finn, Conan namely, son of the *liath Luachra* or 'grey man of Luachra,' out of the west. For it was befallen him to have worked Finn great mischief: as to have from one *samhain*-tide to another slain a wolf-dog, a *gilla* and an *óglaech* of the Fianna, besides the killing of one among the three best men appertaining to clan-Ronan: Aedh *rinn* mac Ronan, together with his three sons Aedh and Eoghan and Eobhran. [Conan's device was executed thus:] the Fian-chief being come to *carn Luighdech* or 'Lughaid's cairn' in the west, in the province of Munster, and he after the chase sitting down there, here came Conan at him from behind, and round his shoulders outside of all his armature clasped the chief captain before he was aware. Finn recognised who he was that thus had taken him, and: 'what wouldest

thou, Conan?' he said. 'To make my covenant of service, to have fellowship, to cement fealty with thee; for I am now seven years in exercise of marauding and of outlawry upon thee, and may no longer shift to endure thy wrath.' But Finn said: 'even though I took thee, yet so great is the evil and iniquity thou hast wrought all Ireland's Fianna that I cannot deem they would admit thee to peace.' 'Do but thou receive me, Fian-chief, and leave the rest between the Fianna and myself.' 'I will,' said Finn, 'although for my part it is a service-contract extorted forcibly.' Thus did Finn receive him, and Conan enlisted with him and became one of his people. Then in detachments and in companies the Fianna arrived, and to each band of them as they came up it was an astonishment to behold in one and the same place those two that in all Ireland and Scotland had been the greatest enemies.

"'Conan,' said the Fianna, 'it is well; but in lieu of the great injuries thou hast done us what hast thou to offer?' 'Every strait peril, every extremity, every great harm that shall overtake you, be it I that first shall adventure myself against it—but on these terms: that if I fall in the matter [and ye suffer] your enmities be heaped on me; if I fall not [and ye be rescued], the fame and lustre of it to be mine.' Ossian answered: 'verily, and by our words, never have we had conditions better than these.' Whereupon peace was made with Conan.

"Finn enquired: 'how many of a following art thou, Conan?' 'Five hundred *óglaechs*, five hundred *gillas*, and as many hounds.' 'Thou being so many in force,' said Finn, 'search out Ireland for thyself, and whatsover *triucha céd* in her thou shalt choose I will give it thee.' We therefore," continued Caeilte, "eight *óglaechs* of us, accompanied him hither to this town in which we are; nor till he gained it had Conan, for all that the Fianna had admitted him to peace, felt confidence in any other. But when he saw this spot that it was an obscure refuge, strong and impregnable, he was in love with it; with all his force and following he came therefore, for a space of thirty years the place was possessed by him, and every battle and bicker that occurred during that time he continually affronted the first hazard of them all."

Patrick questioned: "what was the manner of that Conan's

death?" "He was one of the four men of the Fianna that died in his bed [*lit.* 'on pillow']: a venomous worm it was that settled in his head; and in the same interval, between one canonical hour and another, he perished."

Again Patrick asked: "what served him for water here?" Caeilte said: "a well of spring-water that is in the town." "'Tis a mysterious place where it is then," said Eoghan, "for on the earth's surface we cannot find it." "But a few of the Fianna were they to whom it was familiar until such time as a certain *óglaech* of them hit upon it, and I after him, lastly the man of the place himself." "Who was the first *óglaech*?" said Patrick. "Aedh son of Finn; and I affirm that in all Ireland was not a spot in which, whether from cliff, from river, from estuary or from any fastness, human being had ever drawn beaker- or bowl-ful of water but he would at midnight make his way to it. Now where the well is," added Caeilte, "is in the rugged-headed rock's very side, and covered in with a most solid hermetically-fitted lid of stone. Many a day Smirgat and Derdubh from *dubhsliabh* or 'black-mountain' found it!" and he uttered:—

"I know a well upon the southern side which shall procure you your especial weal; within the which, right in its midst, for you a sparkling perfect water is. 'Water the *dún* will never have,' quoth Eoghan innocent of ill intent, 'unless the King of Heaven help us, and gentle radiant Mary's precious Son.' Good my prowess in the battle was against the men from over sea: fifty thrice told that made a gallant show fell by me there. Smirgat daughter of the generous Fathach, Derdubh from the mountain black: a pair beloved and that would range afar to spy out and deliver their enemies to the Fianna. I was the Caeilte that was endowed with form; many were they whom I forced to pant out *uch*! when by virtue of my running only I got together a couple, male and female, of all wild creatures in existence. A good folk Finn's people were—alas for him that in Ireland survives them! much of alacrity the impetuous brotherhood possessed, and many were the lands in which they knew their way about!"

Says Patrick: "the thing is to go now and to find the well." "I dread to find it," said Caeilte: "for nine warriors they were that used to lift off its cover, and even so many that used to put it on again; I fear lest the well's water [being released] drown the town." But the Saint rejoined: "God is well able to mete it out as shall be expedient." Caeilte proceeded, they went with him; and a mighty block of stone that projected from the town's side [i.e. from the natural wall of rock that

hemmed it round]—Caeilte clasped both his arms about it and dragged it to him, whereby out of the rock leaped a very vehement burst of clearest water, most delicious to the view, and straightway began to completely swamp the town. Here however Patrick raises the mild hand of faith that ever relieved all stress and all straits on which it was brought to bear, and into the rock and mountain the water is swallowed back again: all but the fill of Patrick's hollowed palm that trickled gently out. Benignus cried: "*bas Phátraic* or 'Patrick's palm' be the well's name for the future!" "I license it to be so," Patrick said, "until in the latter time fratricide shall by them of its country be committed in the town."

They, Patrick and Caeilte and so many as they had with them in the dwelling, came out upon the green; and soon they saw come towards them a solitary *óglaech*, whose description was this: next to his skin he had a shirt of yellow silk, a handsome green mantle round him, and in the same a brooch of gold surmounting his breast. "Who art thou, young man?" asked Caeilte. "Aedh son of Aedh *na nabasach* from *cnoc árdmhulla* abroad in the sea, which at this time is called *rachlainn* or *rachrainn*, i.e. 'Rathlin' or 'Raghery' island. I am leading youth of the *tuatha dé danann* in general, and to enquire somewhat of thee I am come now." "Young man, what wouldst thou enquire of me?" returned Caeilte. "There is not anything of which I would interrogate thee sooner than of the reason why the name of *carn Manannáin* or 'Manannan's cairn' is given to this one." Then Caeilte began:—

"It was a warrior of the *tuatha dé danann*: *Aillén mac Eogabail*, that fell in love with the wife of Manannan mac Lir; while Aillen's sister, Aine daughter of Eogabal, fell in love with Manannan, to whom again she was dearer than the whole human tribe besides. Aine asked of her brother now, of Aillen: 'what is it that hath wasted [*lit.* 'made to ebb'] the king-like stately form that clothed thee once?' 'By my word and verily, young woman,' Aillen said, 'thine only self excepted there is not of the human race one to whom I would disclose the matter'; and he told her: 'it is that I am enamoured of *Uchtdelbh* or 'Breast-shape,' i.e. 'of the shapely bosom,' Angus Finn's daughter and wife of Manannan.' 'In my hand lies the remedy for that!'

cries Aine: 'for Manannan is in love with me and, if he give thee his wife, I will as the price of procuring thee relief yield him my society.' They, Aillen and Aine, came away as far as to this *tulach*, whither Manannan too (his wife with him) arrived. Aine took her seat at Manannan's right hand, and gave him three loving passionate kisses; then they sought news one of the other. But when Manannan's wife saw Aillen she loved him—" Here Patrick interrupting said: "why this is a complicated bit of romance: that Aillen mac Eogabal's sister should love Manannan, and Manannan's wife fancy Aillen"; whence the old adage: 'romancing is a complicated affair.' Caeilte resumed: "so Manannan handed over his own wife to Eogabal's son Aillen, himself taking Aillen's sister Aine; and these, Aedh, my soul, are the two complementary answers to the question [*lit.* 'are the two queries'] which thou hast put to me."

In that town they abode the length of a week; then they bade farewell to chief-hospitaller Eoghan and, in guerdon of all that this latter had done by way of compliance with his will, the Saint granted him Heaven.

Then they progressed eastwardly to *glenn an scáil* or 'glen of the champion,' which at the present is called *muinter Dhiughra*: (the place where to *Mílchú mac ú-Buain* king of Dalaradia Patrick once had been in bondage), and they see before them a flourishing church in which were thirty young ecclesiastics that fervently glorified the Creator. Upon looking away in the other direction they perceive again a church having beside it a fair green close, and: "to the King of Heaven and of Earth we give thanks for it," said Caeilte: "an habitation of [profane] crowds and of [armed] throng this hath been, yet is it now a place of saints and of righteous." Patrick enquired: "which of the Fianna were in yon town?" "In the one was Raighne Wide-eye son of Finn, and his son Cainche the crimson-red in the other; but the clan-Morna slew Raighne mac Finn: from whom is *magh Raighne* or 'Raighne's plain,' and the other son as well: from whom is *sliabh Chainche* or 'Cainche's mountain.'"

It was but a short time they had been there till they saw towards them a gentle maid of pubescent age and with flowing yellow hair. Among them she sat down upon the sodded mound, and: "who art thou, girl?" asked Patrick. "I am *Edáin* Fair-

hair, daughter of *Baedán* king of Dalaradia." "And wherefore art thou come?" pursued the Saint. "In order to dedicate to thee our kin both quick and dead; for of my seed [i.e. race] lives none now but myself and my own brother." With that she thrust her hand between herself and her smock and produced fifty ingots of gold with as many of silver (in which were fifty ounces of each metal), and to Patrick gave the whole as a *screpall soiscéla*, i.e. 'scripulum evangelii' or 'gospel penny,' then made genuflection to him. "What name bears thy brother?" he asked. "*Loingsech* mac Baedan," she answered. "Ireland's royal rule I grant him," Patrick said, "and three of his seed to reign after him." "All that ever we shall possess of Ireland we assign to thee, holy Cleric." Then she bade them farewell, but they continued on the *tulach.*

Now along with Patrick was one that to Muiredach mac Finnachta king of Connacht was an *óglaech* attached to his person: Corc mac Dairine, son of the king of *corca Dhuibhne* or 'the barony of Corcaguiney' in Kerry, and he said: "Caeilte, my soul, there is a question I would fain put to thee: why is a certain wave called *tonn Chlíodhna* or 'of Cleena,' and another one *tonn Téide* or 'of Teide'?" Caeilte said then:—

"It was an *óglaech* of trust that Finn had: *Ciabhán*, son of Eochaid Red-weapon king of Ulidia in the north; and he was so that, as the moon in her twelve provinces exceeds in brilliance all stars of heaven, even such was the measure in which for form and feature that young man outshone all kings' sons in the world. With him the Fianna grew to be discontented however, the cause of their discontent being this: among them was no woman, mated or unmated, that was not in love with him. Finn renounced him therefore; yet was he loath to have him go, only that for the greatness of their jealousy he feared the Fianna of all Ireland. Ciabhan went his way accordingly, and to *trágh an chairn* or 'strand of the cairn' (which now is called *trágh na dtréinfher* or 'strand of the strong men') in the province of Ulidia, between *dún Sobhairce* or 'Dunseverick' in Antrim and the sea. There he saw a high-prowed currach having a narrow stern of copper, and in it two young men that wore each one a robe wrapping him to his shoulders. Ciabhan salutes them and they return it: 'whence are ye, youngsters?' he asked them. Says one of

them: 'I am Lodan the king of India's son, and yonder other is Eolus son of the king of Greece; the sea has drifted and the wind driven us, nor know we what land or what race of the world at large is that in and among which we are.' 'He that should fancy to sail the sea with you,' said Ciabhan, 'would ye give him a berth in the currach?' 'Wert thou all alone we would do so,' they answered. 'Come now, Ciabhan,' his people said, 'is it Ireland thou hast a mind to leave?' 'Even she it is,' he replied, 'for in her I find neither shelter nor protection.' Ciabhan stepped into the currach and bade farewell to his men, who were gloomy and discouraged: for to part from him they felt to be a divorcing of soul and body; then with the two young men in the boat he ratified amity and friendship.

"Now rose at them white and bellowing waves, insomuch that each huge ocean billow of them equalled a mountain; and that the beautiful variegated salmon wont to hug bottom sand and shingle touched the currach's very sides; in presence of which phenomena horror affected them, and fear and affright, Ciabhan saying: 'by our word and verily, were it but on land we were we could whether on battle-field or in single combat make a good fight for ourselves.' In this great extremity they continued until they saw bear down on them an *óglaech* having under him a dark-grey horse reined with a golden bridle; for the space of nine waves he would be submerged in the sea, but would rise on the crest of the tenth, and that without his breast or chest wetted. He enquired of them: 'what fee would ye give him that should rescue you out of this great strait?' They made answer: 'is there in our hand the price that is demanded of us?' 'There is so,' said the warrior: 'that yourselves be by conditions of service and of fealty bound to him that should so succour you.' They consented and struck their hands into the *óglaech's*.

"This done he drew them all three to him out of the currach on to the horse, abreast and alongside of which the boat on its beam ends swam till they came into port and took the beach in *tír tarrngaire* or 'the land of promise.' There they dismounted and went on to *loch luchra* or 'loch of the pigmies,' and to Manannan's *cathair* or stone fort in which an end was just made of ordering a banquetting-hall before them. All four of them were served then: their horns, their *cuachs*, their cups were

raised ; comely dark-eyebrowed *gillas* went round with smooth-polished horns ; sweet-stringed timpans were played by them, and most melodious dulcet-chorded harps, until the whole house was flooded with music.

"Then there appeared a set of long-snouted spur-heeled lean-hammed carles, foxy and bald, full of ribald quips, that in Manannan's mansion used to practise games and tricks, one of which was this : to take nine straight osier-rods and (the while they stood on one leg and had but one arm free) to dart them upward to rafter and to roof-tree of the building, he that did this catching them again in the same form. The purpose for which they practised this was the putting to shame of such free-born scions of noble race as out of far foreign borders from time to time arrived there. On the present night therefore the performer, according as previously he was wont, executed his feat and, coming to Ciabhan then (for in form and gait, as in fame, he excelled all such as both of *tuatha dé danann* and of Milesius' sons were in the house of Manannan), put the nine rods into his hand. Ciabhan stood up and before Manannan and all chiefs of the land of promise did the trick as though that had been his one and only study always. He handed the things to Eolus son of the king of Greece, who promptly and accurately achieved the matter, passed the implements to the king of India's son Lodan, and in like wise he too managed it.

"Now in the land of promise Manannan possessed an arch-ollave that had three daughters : *Clíodhna* or 'Cleena,' Aeife and Edaein Fair-hair, the *tuatha dé danann's* three treasures of spinsterhood and chastity, whom in fact it was not to be feared that aught else but pernicious effects of continence would ever kill. Yet upon our three warriors these at the one instant cast their affections, and appointed to elope with them on the very next day. To meet said three the girls sought the landing-place, where the king of India's son Lodan and Eolus son of the king of Greece [with their damsels] got into one currach, Ciabhan son of Eochaid *imdherg* and Cleena entering another. From this point they sail away to *trágh Théite* or 'Teite's strand' in the south of Ireland, a spot on which that name was conferred thus : it was Ragamain's daughter Teite *bhrec* or 'the freckled,' that with thrice fifty young women resorted thither for 'a wave-game'

[i.e. surf-riding], and they all were drowned; whence *trágh Théite.*

"As regards Eochaid *imdherg's* son Ciabhan, he landed upon this shore and went off to hunt in the adjacent country; but the outer swell rolled in on Cleena, whereby she was drowned there, and from her it is called *tonn Chlíodhna* or 'Cleena's Wave' [in *cuan dór* or 'Glandore harbour']. Now came after her Manannan's own special household: Ildathach and his two sons, who also were enamoured of the girl, and on the same beach were drowned." As Caeilte said:—

"Cleena Fair-head—a lasting calamity it is—upon the shore her death took place; a cause sufficing for her mother too to die was the event from which the old name is derived. When they of the promised land once had a general convention made, Eochaid *imdherg's* son Ciabhan it was that by contrivance carried off his wife. Across the wide ship-carrying sea Ciabhan with the curly mane abducted yonder distant gathering's queen, whose name was Cleena. Afloat he left her there, and went upon a careless enterprise: in quest of game—a seemly employment 'twas—Ciabhan passed in under the forest's tangled tresses. He being gone the wave came in—to Ciabhan it was no propitious incident; a disaster at which we felt grief and displeasure was the fair-headed Cleena's drowning. Wave of Teite's *dún* that was a haunt of chiefs: such was the name the spot had borne until that billow drowned the woman to whom 'Cleena' was cognomen. On this shore to the north ye have *lecht Téite* or 'Teite's grave' [where she was laid], surrounded by a numerous company; upon the southern side *lecht Clíodhna*, 'Cleena's tomb,' lying close up against the *sídh* of *dorn buidhe* or 'the yellow fist.' Dornbuie's locks are drenched with the rollers of that mighty deluge; but many a one though there be there, yet Cleena is she whom they drown. Across the salt sea fifty ships in number Manannan's own especial household come—that was not an uncomely assemblage—and are drowned all in Cleena's Wave. Ildathach and his two sons—the three are drowned upon their wooing expedition; alas for them that trusted in the ship which found no mercy from the Wave of Cleena.

"Then Ciabhan *casmhongach* came to us at the *druim* or 'ridge' of *Asal mac ú-Móir*; in which same night died Eochaid *imdherg* king of Ulidia, and Finn invested Ciabhan with that kingdom's rule after his father. This then, Corc mac Daire, is the narration thou soughtest of me," ended Caeilte.

After this the whole company, Patrick with them, moved on to *ráth Mhedhba* or 'Meave's rath,' and: "Caeilte," said the Saint, "who was the Meave from whom this rath is denominated?" "She was *Eochaid feidhlech's* daughter Meave." "Was this it that served her as a principal residence?" "By no means was

it so; but hither on the high festival day of *samhain* she would resort to confer with her magicians and her poets in order to learn that which during the coming year should turn out either well or ill for her; and the manner of her coming was in chariots by nines, as: nine in front of her, nine behind, and on either side of her nine." Patrick asked: "for what purpose did she that?" "To the end neither miry spattering of the way nor froth from the horses should reach her, nor her fresh clean vesture be defiled." "This is material for merriment," said the Saint.

"Caeilte," he said again, "what is this field's name?" "*Gort an fhosdóidh* or 'the field of staying.'" "What staying was that?" "It was *Druimdherg* or 'Red-back,' called *dána* or 'the bold,' son of *Duibdheichelt* or 'Black-raiment' of Connacht here, that was an *óglaech* to Finn and had all but deserted from him on account of his wage which he thought was too long in coming to him. The three battles of the Fianna went about to detain him, but with them he rested not; to stay him therefore came Finn, in whose manner of staying an *óglaech* were special properties, one of them being that if on the mutineer he made but three quatrains he would incontinently become reconciled. Finn said now:—

"Thou, *Dhruimdherg dána*, pre-eminent in the encounter, if this day thou shalt depart from me with credit to thyself, then is our leave-taking a matter of rejoicing to us. But at *ráth chró* thrice fifty ounces once I gave thee in a single day; and at *carn Ruidhe* the fill of my *cuach*, of silver and of yellow gold. Rememberest thou at *ráth Aei* when we got the two women, and when we ate the nuts, that I was there and likewise thou?"

Again and the whole company drew forward to *ros na hechraidhe* or 'the grove of horses,' which now is named *ail fionn* or 'the white stone,' i.e. 'Elphin' [where Caeilte explained]: "the reason of its being called 'the horse grove' was that when the provincial kings of Ireland banquetted in Cruachan here it was their horses used to be in fenced paddocks."

"Victory and benediction be thine, Caeilte," said Patrick: "that is great experience thou possessest!"

There they had been but a little while when they saw come to them a lone woman robed in mantle of green, a smock of soft silk being next her skin, and on her forehead a glittering plate of yellow gold. "Whence art thou come, young woman?" challenged Patrick. "Out of *uaimh Chruachna* or 'the cave of Crua-

chan,'" she replied. Caeilte asked: "woman, my soul, who art thou?" "I am *Scothniamh* or 'Flower-lustre,' daughter of the Daghda's son Bodhb derg." Caeilte proceeded: "and what started thee hither?" "To require of thee my marriage-gift, because once upon a time thou promisedst me such." "What then was it that hindered thee from coming to *carn Cairedha* away south in Leinster's province to seek it, seeing it had been promised that there thou shouldst have it?" "Untruthfully thou sayest that," she rejoined, "considering the separation one from the other that was forced on us." Here Patrick broke in with: "it is a wonder to us how we see you two: the girl young and invested with all comeliness; but thou, Caeilte, a withered ancient, bent in the back and dingily grown grey." "Which is no wonder at all," said Caeilte, "for no people of one generation or of one time are we: she is of the *tuatha dé danann*, who are unfading and whose duration is perennial; I am of the sons of Milesius, that are perishable and fade away." Patrick said: "give the woman her answer, Caeilte." "That will I indeed," he answered, and took his way to *carn soghradhach* on the north-west side of Cruachan; he put his left elbow to the cairn, pushed aside some of it, thrust in his hand and brought up the *lughbordach*: a crannoge which for purposes of rent and tribute had been given to Finn, and which Finn gave as wages to Conan *mael* mac Morna, who hid it in the cairn. The crannoge was on this wise: stuffed with its fill of gold; and Caeilte gave it to the young woman as her bride-gift. "It is but a short distance off the road and track of chariots that thou hast gotten that, Caeilte," said Patrick; and the other answered:—

"People have been that heretofore were here, for all the precious quality and vastness of whose gear they are but very few [i.e. none at all] that ever have come at it, though not remote it be from public ways. In Slievefuad there is a hidden hoard would set all Ireland on the move: three hundred ounces of the ruddy gold, together with the *duille dherg* or 'red leaf' [a spear's name]. Four vats full of gold there upon the very pinnacle of Slievesmole: the least vat of them being too wide for two, yet somewhat strait to hold three men. Son of Calpurn endowed with sanctity, this much I tell thee in the matter: still the treasures do endure, but not so the people."

When Patrick had made an end of his hours, of Mass, and of all the order of the Canon, Caeilte was brought to him and he

interrogated him: "why was the name of *glenn na caillighe*, i.e. 'glen of the *caillech* or hag,' given to this one below?" and Caeilte said:—

"It was of a day that Finn and the Fianna were here, and we saw a daft thing of a crooked-shinned grimy-looking hag that made for us. She challenges us to run a race with her on condition that the Fianna risk their customary stake on the event, and the terms concluded accordingly are that from him who shall be left behind his head be taken. We, three of the Fianna, ran against her: Ossian and *Diarmaid ó Duibhne* and myself; and we ran to *áth mór*, which at this time is called *áth mogha*. I was first crossing the ford westwards; I turned therefore to face the beldam behind me and lent her a sword-cut that put her head from her carcase, since which time to the present 'tis from her that glen is named." The clerics passed into the mansion, it was blessed by them, and after such benediction a legion of angels hovered over it; there then they tarried for a fortnight beyond the month.

Upon a certain day during their sojourn in this place they were aware of a young man whose general form and pleasurable aspect were excellent. "Who art thou, stripling?" Patrick asked. "I am Aedh son of *Eochaid lethderg*," he replied, "son of the king of Leinster in the south. Now it was a goaling-match that was got up by us at the *sídh* of Liamhain Soft-smock; and at the hurling were present my father and my mother, Bebhinn daughter of Cuan mac Fintan king of Connacht, that have no offspring but myself alone. Against the youths my opponents I [i.e. my side] took seven goals; but at the last one that I took, here come up to me two women clad in green mantles: two daughters of *Bodhb derg mac an Daghda*, and their names *Slad* and *Mumain*. Either of them took me by a hand, and they led me off to a garish *brugh*; whereby for now three years my people mourn after me, the *sídh*-folk caring for me ever since, and until last night I got a chance opening to escape from the *brugh*, when to the number of fifty lads we emerged out of the *sídh* and forth upon the green. Then it was that I considered the magnitude of that strait in which they of the *sídh* had had me, and away from the *brugh* I came running to seek thee, holy Patrick." "That," said the Saint, "shall be to thee for a safeguard, so that

neither their power nor their dominion shall any more prevail against thee."

Then Caeilte said to Patrick: "it were time for us to travel south into Leinster's province in order to restore his son to the king, to sow the faith there, and to acquire benefactions to the Church." Patrick called: "where is Cascorach mac Cainchinne?" "Here am I, holy cleric," answered the minstrel. "Be the king of Leinster's son in the one bed and in the one condition with thee until we reach his province."

Towards Leinster they journeyed now and so gained *fert Raeirinne*, or 'the grave of Raeire' daughter of Ronan *ruadh* or 'rufus,' in the great plain of Leinster; and here Caeilte told them how that grave came by the name: "it was an only sister that I had," he said: "whose name was Raeire, and who was wife to Goll mac Morna; upon this *tulach* she died in childbirth of a son, the infant also perishing with her; and now would I dearly like to crave a boon of thee, holy Patrick." "Caeilte, my soul, what boon is that?" "To have my own sister brought out of torment, since now I have attained to thy fellowship and to thy love." Patrick answered him: "for thy sake be thy father also, thy mother, and thy lord Finn mac Cumall taken out of pain, if it be good in the sight of God." For this thing Caeilte returned thanks to God and to the *Táilchenn*, and it was the richest prize that he had ever had. After which they proceeded to *carn na gcuradh* or 'the cairn of heroes,' at this time called the *garbthanach* or 'cruel burial,' in Hy-Murray.

"Tell us, Cailte," said Patrick, "for what reason the name of *an gharbthanach* or 'the cruel burial' was conferred on this spot?" and Caeilte answered that:—

"It was a monarch that swayed Ireland: *Tuathal techtmhar* son of *Fiacha findolach* son of *Feradach finnfechtnach* (which Tuathal it was that from the provincial kings of Ireland took their heads; so that from this *techtadh* or 'appropriation' that he made of Ireland, and exercised upon her provincials for Tara to serve himself, men called him Tuathal *techtmhar* or 'the acquisitive'), and he had two daughters: Fithir and Dairine were their names. The king of Leinster, Eochaid son of *Eochaid ainchenn* came to sue for one of them, and Tuathal questioned him: 'whether of the two girls wouldest thou?' 'I would fain

have Fithir,' said the king of Leinster. But the king of Ireland replied that the younger he would not give away before the elder, therefore to the king of Leinster Tuathal's daughter Dairine was given; for whose bride-gift he assigned of every kind of stock an hundred. In this place for a year she was by him, but he loved her not; one night therefore in his bed he framed within himself a snare and artifice, which was this: to carry the king of Ireland's daughter into mid-forest, to fell it round about her and, nine foster-sisters that she had being with her, to construct for her a secret and secluded house; then to say that she was dead. His horses were harnessed for the king, his chariot was made ready, and he reached Tara to confer with the king of Ireland. The latter asked him for news, and he said: 'great and evil tidings I have—that the daughter thou gavest me died last night with us.' 'Wherefore then art thou come to seek me?' asked Tuathal; 'for a tale more grievous than that is to me I have not heard.' The king of Leinster said: 'I am come to solicit of thee the other daughter, for I would not be severed from thine alliance.' 'By my word,' exclaimed Tuathal, 'the giving of my daughter to thee augurs me neither peace nor pleasure.' The king of Leinster answered: 'not I it was that had power of her life.' So the other daughter was given to him," Caeilte went on, "and he brought her to this town; to which when the girl was come, there her sister was before her":—

Caeilte *cecinit.*

"Her mouth Fithir laid to the ground (no perfect alliance this for Leinster's king); and so her heart was broken into three, for her strength was vanished into nothing.

"And when the other daughter saw that she too died, for sorrow of her sister:—

"Fithir and Dairine, jovial Tuathal's daughters twain: Fithir expired for very shame, Dairine died of grief for her."

"By the king of Leinster their laying out was performed here, and the king said: 'it is a cruel burial,' whence the name *garbthanach* cleaves to this place; and in this sodded grave, holy Patrick, they were laid together," ended Caeilte.

"Success and benediction be thine, Caeilte, my soul," cried Patrick: "that is a good story!"

Hard by them now they saw a *brugh* with a fenced field of

grass; in it a youth affable and of distinguished presence, and in the pasture-field before him thrice fifty horses. Patrick approached the stripling, who rose before him, and the Saint said: "a king's supporters be about thee and appertain to 'the man of thy place' [i.e. thy representative]; what name hast thou?" "I am Muiredach, son of Tuathal mac Finnachta king of this country." "What is that mansion which we perceive?" asked Patrick. "That of a hospitaller belonging to the king of Leinster's people: *Coscrach na gcét* or 'Coscrach of the hundreds' is his name." "Why is that name imposed on him?" "His stock and herds it is not possible to number until they be reckoned by hundreds." Patrick asked: "shall we there find this night's entertainment?" "Thou shalt," the young man answered, "for in the town I have charge and authority, the *óglaech* of the place not being there himself." So they came to the town, and he lodged Patrick with his familia in a most spacious royal house that was in it, where with all reverence they were ministered to.

As regards Caeilte he took his way to *cloch na narm* or 'the stone of arms' to the southward of the dwelling: the spot where yearly the Fianna practised to grind their weapons upon a certain great mass of stone; and he standing there over the stone wept copious very lamentable tears as he remembered the great and brave company which many a time had stood over it along with him. But he had not been there long before he discerned a single *óglaech* that came towards him: around him was a crimson mantle with a brooch of gold in it; he wore the semblance of a good man and had a princely port, smooth curling hair too; and before Caeilte well knew it the young man sat on one end of the stone by him. "Warrior, what is thy cognomen?" asked Caeilte. "*Coscrach na gcét* is my name," he answered, "and art thou he for whom I take thee?" "And who may that be?" "As I suppose," said Coscrach, "thou art Caeilte mac Ronan." Caeilte answered: "true it is that I am so." "I rejoice that thou hast chanced towards me," Coscrach said. "And why is that?" Coscrach says: "I have nine-and-twenty *seisrecha* or 'plough-lands'; and when it is fitting time for reaping of the crop here comes a most impetuous wild deer that spoils and ruins it all to such pitch that we have no profit of the same. I adjure thee therefore,

Caeilte my soul, lend me some succour and relief in the matter of averting that stag from me." "When I was in vigour and in fettle I would have fended off that same from thee," said Caeilte.

Here they marked the approach of a swift-marching phalanx, hostile in array of battle, with a grove of tall spears reared at their shoulders, a bulwark of well-turned red shields protecting them. "Coscrach, my soul, who are they?" asked Caeilte. "Tuathal mac Finnachta, king of this country," said Coscrach; and with that the *óglaech* sat down upon the green where they were.

Then Caeilte said to Coscrach of the hundreds: "couldst thou but find messengers to *cluain chaoin na fairche* or 'Clonkeen' in the province of Munster, to *doire na finghaile* or 'the oak-grove of fratricide,' my seven hunting nets are there." The messengers went to fetch the nets therefore, and brought them back. Caeilte ordered this hunt, disposing the bulk of the men and greater part of the hounds in the direction from which he supposed that the stag would come. Upon the precipices and waterfalls and invers of the country he stretched his nets, and the great deer (as his habit yearly was) came at them. Caeilte, seeing him come to *áth an daimh* or 'the stag's ford' on the Slaney, grasped the *coscrach* or 'the slayer,' his spear namely, and as the deer was entangled in the toils smote him with a mighty throw so that of the spear's shaft [besides the head] a portion equal to the length of a warrior's hand shewed through him. Coscrach said then: "in good sooth I think the deer's blood is drawn"; whence from that time to this *áth deargtha an daimh* or 'ford of bleeding the stag' is its name. His chine they carried to *druim leathan* or 'broad ridge,' which at this time is called *druim ndearg na damhraidhe* or 'red ridge of the deer.' "Caeilte, thine advent to usward is a lucky one," said Coscrach of the hundreds. They gained the mansion in which Patrick was, and Coscrach laid his head in the Saint's bosom, as did his seven sons also and his seven daughters, and all made genuflexion to him; for on this night two benefits were befallen Coscrach: Patrick's ministration to his soul's weal, and Caeilte's salvage of his crops by slaughter of the stag that wasted him. That night then they passed with quaffing and all enjoyment, and on the morrow the whole

company together with saint Patrick issued forth on the fort's green.

Then Coscrach questioned Caeilte: "why was the name of *cloch na narm* given to this solid block of stone?" "That," Caeilte answered, "is the stone on which yearly at *samhain*-tide the Fianna used to grind their arms; and on that stone was exposed the best official test of peace [prevailing in the land] that during the reign of Conn, of Art, of Cormac and of Cairbre Lifechair was in either Ireland or Scotland: an arm-ring of red gold which, there being a hole in the pillar-stone, was passed through the same, and so excellent was the rule of those kings that none dared take it away; while the magicians' divination was so acute that therefore, as well as for the said kings' discipline, none ventured so much as to move it with a touch. Howbeit those former kings successively passed away until Cairbre Lifechair arose, who fell in the battle of Gowra; then we (so many of the remnant of the Fianna as we were) retreated to this ford, and with putting of that which had been its upper part downwards I inverted the stone so that it was as ye behold it." The company said: "could we but see the hole and the token we would believe the thing." "Grant me a little spell—for the Gael is a perfervid being—till I lift the nether and make an upper end of it," said Caeilte; whence the adage: 'a perfervid being is the Gael.' But the whole of them as many as they were there went at it presently and all together, yet even so availed no jot with it. Then came Caeilte and with his two fore-arms embraced it, hove it out of the earth, and it proved to be thus: with its bangle of gold through a hole at the lower end, so that all in general saw it. Caeilte addressed himself to the bracelet and divided it in two: one-half he gave to Patrick, the other to them of the town in which they were, and its name therefore from that time to this is *cluain fhalach*, i.e. 'lawn of the *fail* or armlet'; that of the stone being *lia na narm* or 'the monolith of arms.'" Whereupon Cailte uttered a quatrain:—

"Many a spear of the kind with which grief is wrought, many an accomplished hero's sword, was sharpened by us here upon the pillar-stone, O Coscrach, on each recurring *samhain*-day."

"Success and benediction attend thee, Caeilte; that is good antiquarian lore thou hast imparted to us!" said Patrick.

For Coscrach of the hundreds his horses were harnessed now, his chariot was made ready, and away he came eastwards to *druim leathan* or 'the broad ridge' of Laeghaire mac Ugaine, in order to confer with Eochaid *leithdearg* king of Leinster, and to tell them there all about Caeilte. "Coscrach," said the king, "in that thou never advisedst me that Caeilte was with thee my displeasure at thee is great."

To seek Patrick and Caeilte then the king of Leinster rose out three battles strong to Rathmore of Moyfea, which at the present is termed Rathmore in the great plain of Leinster. Patrick with his familia sit in front of the rath (whence *suide Pátraic* or 'Patrick's seat' is the spot's name), and the king of Leinster with all his numbers sits likewise. "Though I be come to thee, saint Patrick my soul," says the king, "yet were we at the time already oppressed with a sore emergency: inasmuch as Ailill mac Scanlann mac Dunghal, king of the Decies, had challenged us to battle at *coill an chosnamha* or 'the wood of contention,' now called *magh Raighne* or 'Raighne's plain'; but him I have suffered to burn the country, and am come to do thy will and to have speech of thee." Patrick answered: "with thee in guerdon of it be the burial-place of Ireland's kings, if only thou make the circuit of this flagstone on which I sit"; and Caeilte uttered:—

"At Laeghaire's broad ridge a flagstone lies; the which if [on the eve of battle] Leinster's king of the wide territories but go right-handed round, the defeat shall be in front of that good man."

Now said Patrick: "I command that where he [Ailill] stands in *magh Raighne* there the earth swallow him up"; which also was effected on the spot: for by efficacy of Saint Patrick's word the earth engulfed him, and it was decreed that never should his successor prevail against a king of Leinster.

The king said: "greatly I welcome thine advent, Caeilte, though it were trusting to thy face alone thou camest [i.e. on thine own merits apart from Patrick's support]! and good right too why thou shouldst come, for thy mother was Teigue's daughter Eithne. But tell me, Fian-chief, why the well which we have here before the rath was called *tipra na scaidheirce* or 'the mirror well.'" "It was *Scáithdearc* or 'mirror,' daughter of Cumall, who as she tried the bramble-bush of loch Lurgan was drowned in that well; for out of that same bush the swelling

cold-lymphed loch Lurgan rose and spread from *an chorrabhall* or 'the odd apple-tree' that is against Slievesmole or 'the mountain of *Smól mac Eidhlecair*' (now called Slievebloom) even to this spot, and was in process of extending over the whole province. Then it was that Finn brought into play the most powerful and pre-excellent defence that ever any contrived, whether before or since: the *súghmaire* or 'sucker' out of the land of India, the wizards out of the land of Almayne, the Amazons out of Saxon- and out of Frank-land, and absorbed that swelling cold-lymphed loch."

"Those original Fianna of Finn's were a noble set," said the king of Leinster. "No worse than each man of us their survivors was each man of them, except in so far as they attained not to be in the one epoch and time with you; and a thing that served shepherds and herdsmen for a pastime was to practise here the gathering up of their weapons and of their raiment that once were the three battalions of the Fianna: Finn mac Cumall's, and those of Ferdoman mac Innoman from *láthrach caein* or 'pleasant site,' of the Galianic province." Eochaid king of Leinster said: "by the reality of thy valour and of thy skill at arms, Caeilte, I conjure thee to recite for us in their companies and in their cohorts all such as loch Lurgan's bramble-bush drowned of them." Then Caeilte said:—

"Faelan of Finnloch out of the province of Connacht in the west; Angus and *Dobarchú* or 'waterdog,' i.e. 'otter,' out of Leinster's province; *Druimdherg* or 'red-back' of Derry, and *Dubh dhá dét* or 'black one of two teeth,' of Kinelconall in the north; Iubhar and Aicher, Aedh and Art, the four kings of *coill an chosnamha* at this present called Ossory; Cairell, Caicher, Cormac and Caemh, the king of Dalaradia's four sons out of the north; Maine and Art and Aralt or 'Harold,' the king of Scotland's three sons from beyond; Eobhran and Aedh and Eoghan, the king of Britain's three sons; Uai king of Isla and his two sons: Cerna and Cernabroc, the two kings of *innse gall* or 'the isles of strangers,' i.e. the Hebrides, in the north; Diure and Barrae and Idae, the king of northern Lochlann's three sons; Luath and Innell and Eoghan, the three kings of the *Mairtine* of Munster in the west; Glas and Delga and Duibhne, three sons of the king of the *tuatha* of Bregia and of Meath; Illann and

Aedh and Eoghanan, three sons of the king of Kinelowen in the north ; Samaisc and Arthur and Inbeir, three sons of the king of the *gallghaedhel* or 'Norse-Gael' from beyond ; which make up the names of the chiefs and lords and men of territory which the bramble-bush drowned of Finn mac Cumall's original Fianna. And though my vigour and my spear-throwing be done for, yet have I known this plain that it was a swelling and cold-lymphed loch the water of which was blue and clear." He uttered now:—

"Water of a pellucid rill . . ."

Then he brought to mind and took heed that this day he lacked his Fianna, his band, his own very people, and was reft of his strength and spear-skill ; whereat he fell to grieve mightily. "Good now, Caeilte, my soul," said Patrick, "it is not just for thee to grieve ; for thy desire [gratified] and thy state now are better than all the rest, inasmuch as I have found thee, and that to thee above any other one of the Fianna God's good things, as faith, and piety, and fervent prayer, are come."

The end of day, and night's first beginning, came upon them now and Coscrach said to the king of Leinster: "I have for thee a large and dainty banquet, eight score vats of ale fit to drink and of a fine flavour." "Never," returned the king, "has there been offered me a feast with which I was pleased better than with this." As many as they were therefore, both of laymen and of clerics that accompanied Saint Patrick, they started for said feast and entered into the mansion.

Then stood up a cup-bearer to pour out, a door-keeper to do the office of the door, a dispenser to make out portions ; from their own proper vats of red yew the spigots were taken by them, servitors arose with goblets of white gold, and to all in general meat and liquor were served out.

But the king of Leinster said to Patrick: "saw we not a minstrel with you?" "Surely thou sawest one," answered Patrick: "Cascorach, that with Caeilte acquires knowledge and instruction. Where," he continued, "is the acolyte?" "Here am I, holy cleric." "Get thee out," said the Saint [privily], "and let Aedh son of Eochaid king of Leinster carrying Cascorach's timpan for him come back with thee, but with a dark

and ample hood upon him." In which wise he was brought to Patrick and to the king of Leinster.

Cascorach played his timpan, inspiring it with a certain fairy cadence; whence it is reported that to the marvellous magic music which he made for them wounded men would have slept. Which done, jewels and things of price were given to the minstrel, who continually put them into his *gilla's* hand [as though to keep for him]; but the latter as regularly distributed them to all. These questioned: "which of the three excels in generosity—whether they that in the first place bestow the jewels, or the minstrel, or the *gilla*?" "The *gilla's* liberality is the best," said the king, "for he it is that to the general gives away all that he gets." Cascorach said: "everything that I shall get let him give it out; for not to gather pelf am I with the *Táilchenn* and Caeilte, but to gain knowledge and instruction with Caeilte, and from Patrick to win Heaven for my soul." The king asked: "minstrel, my soul, where gottest thou the *gilla* that in generosity exceeds thyself?" "Away north in the province of Ulster," Cascorach answered. "What name has he?" "He is just a *gilla* that we got hold of, concerning whom it is unknown whether he have a name, or even a father and mother."

The king of Leinster stood up with a great horn that was in his hand, and said: "good, my soul, holy Patrick, it was once when we were at soft-smocked Liamhain's *sídh*, and to us came a pair of delicate yellow-haired damsels that out of the midst of the meeting carried off my only son; neither know we whether it was up into the firmament or into earth downwards they took him. I after my only son am as a solitary tree opposed to wind; and from that time to this want him, not knowing in the world how he fares. From thee therefore, holy Patrick, I would learn whether he be alive or whether he be dead." The Saint said: "if it be God's good pleasure knowledge of that shall be had for thee." There they were until rising time on the morrow, and until the sun went up out of his fiery zone.

Then said the king to Patrick: "for hunting and for the chase I desire to go eastwards to *tulach an mháil* or 'the hero's hill,' in the plain of Leinster; and it were right thou camest with me, for it will divert thee more than will the being at home: the

whole throng and multitude of Leinster will congregate to us there." Hereupon two great companies went with them: one set, whose occupation was devotion and the faith, with Patrick; another, that were busied with the Fianna of Ireland's many deeds of valour and of arms, with Caeilte mac Ronan and the king. Thus they went their way to *tulach an mháil* in Leinster's plain.

There the king questioned Caeilte: "wherefore was that name given to this hill, and *cnoc Aeife* to that one below?" and Caeilte began:—

"It was a monarch that swayed Scotland: Aiel son of Donald of the fleet, and he had a son: *Mál* mac Aiel, who again had a spouse: Aeife, daughter of Scoa's son Albh king of Lochlann to the northward. Now of Finn's people was a warrior, mac Lughach, and in every laudatory composition whatsoever that in both Ireland and Scotland was made for Finn, mac Lughach's praises were recited. What then—why when the king of Lochlann's daughter heard the great testimonies that authors and ollaves bore to mac Lughach she loved him for his reputation.

"Mal mac Aiel, three hundred *óglaechs* strong, went to hunt *sliabh mór monaidh* in Scotland; who being gone the lady in her bower framed a design: to take with her over to Ireland nine own foster-sisters that she had; and such nine women accordingly came over the 'sea's mane' [i.e. wave-crests] to Ben-Edar, where the nine women, the queen tenth, landed.

"That was the day on which the hunting of Ben-Edar was made, its extent being from the little field of Meille mac Lurga Lom's house against Slievebloom up to Ben-Edar; and where Finn was was in his hunting-seat, with his gentle loving fosterling by him: Duibhrinn, son of the king of Kinelconall out of the north:—

Caeilte *cecinit.*

"Brown-haired Duibhrinn that could fight the fight many a time I summon to the flowing ale; my pleasant right-spoken little fosterling and my very heart the sportive Duibhrinn was.

"Far and wide on every side the youngster looked about him and there before him saw a vessel that took the haven's beach, there being in her after part a modest-eyed queenly lady with nine women in her company. With great store of all rich things

such as they had brought with them they joined Finn, by whose side Aeife sat down. The Fian-chief looks upon her and requests an account of herself, whereupon from first to last she tells him all her doings: that she, being fallen in love with mac Lughach, was come over the sea to seek him. Then Finn welcomed her, for close was his kinship with him to whom she came: his daughter's son.

"The hunting had an end and the gentles of the Fianna by bands and companies repaired to Finn, each party as they came up enquiring who might the queen be. Finn told them her name and style, and the errand on which she came to Ireland. 'We greet her that has taken such a journey,' they made answer: 'for in Ireland or in Scotland, save only Finn the chief, is no better man than he to whom she is come.'

"It was to mac Lughach that the hunting of Slievebloom's western side was fallen that day and [that being the farthest point] he last with all his number reached us. Finn's tent was spread over him, and into it were brought the lady and the chieftains of the Fianna; mac Lughach entering sat on one side of Finn, she took the other. As all the rest had done, so too mac Lughach questioned concerning her, and Finn gave him her whole history from the beginning to the end, saying: 'to thee she is come, and out of my hand into thine here she is, together with all her battle and her strife; yet upon thee will not that lie more heavily than on the Fianna at large [who will have to back thee].' That same night Finn (and with him the Fianna bringing the lady with her woman-folk) came to Almain, where mac Lughach and she were bedded, and for a year and a month she was with him unclaimed. But then," continued Caeilte, "we the three battles of the Fianna being upon this hill saw before long three bold divisions equal in size that marched on us. We demanded who was there, and they answered: 'it is Mal son of Aiel son of Donald of the fleet, to avenge his wife upon the Fianna.' 'A good time it is at which he comes,' said Fionn, 'just when we are all in one spot.'

"Then the battalia advanced on each other: Aiel son of Donald of the fleet grasped his arms, came, and ten times charged through and through the Fianna, of whom at each rush fell a hundred warriors. In the battle's centre he and mac Lugach

fought: past the smooth hard spears' necks either towards other took four paces, and with the broad-grooved swords laid on: each one upon his fellow's head. Be it a long time or a short that they were at it, at all events Mal fell by mac Lughach, and was buried in this *tulach*," Caeilte said, and uttered:—

"*Tulach an mháil* this is: a *tulach* where much carnage was; there warriors lay in their blood, and strength in martial strokes there was. Seven score of ships in number Mal came o'er the glittering and foaming brine; of which save only a single vessel's crew no soul escaped alive. In virtue of shield and battle-sword, of many-coloured raiment, gallantly Mal crossed the sea: whose hand in action was a hero's. Many a cliff and many a famous inver, many a river and many a burn [he faced], many a hazard and tribulation [he endured, and emitted] many an *uch*! or ever he won to the *tulach*!

"Hence that name belongs to the *tulach*, and we have *cath tulcha an mháil* or 'the battle of *tulach an mháil*'; but *tulach Aeife* is the name of yon hill farther down, for upon that one the lady stood so long as the battle was a-fighting. From which time forth she belonged to mac Lughach, and to him became a mother of children."

Patrick and the whole company together rose now from the hill on which they were, and progressed as far as *tulach na bfiadh* or 'the hill of deer' to the westward thereof. Here Caeilte spied two raths that were on that *tulach*, as *ráth Speláin* and *ráth an mháil* 'or the hero's rath,' and the king of Leinster [when they were pointed out to him] said: "Caeilte, my soul, the one rath is a large one; and who were in them both?" "Two hospitallers to the king of Ireland, to Cormac," answered Caeilte: "and in them it was that, from the first of the month *troghan* now called *lughnasadh* or 'Lammas' to the day of *samhain* or 'All-Hallows,' yearly those two hospitallers: *Begán* the stock-master and *Spelán* son of *Dubhán*, had the pledges of all Ireland, feeding them."

Yet another *tulach* they saw near to them, and: "Caeilte," said the king of Leinster, "why has this been called *caeilesna* or 'the short rib?'" "I remember that," Caeilte answered: "it was Milid out of the east, son of Trechosach king of the continent, that with thrice fifty *óglaechs* came to win Ireland's sovereignty. He fell to require pledges of Finn mac Cumall; but the latter said that to any such number (though picked from the whole

world's humans) he would not yield so much as a *gilla*, or other captive whatsoever. Milid defied Finn to single combat; but I rose," said Caeilte, "for that day there was in me the capacity to handle a good man, and by me he perished sheerly wearied out with fight. Now so hugely pleased at his fall the men of Ireland were that a portion of him was bestowed on every *tulach* of note, two of his short ribs being left on this one, and hence that appellation."

Again they moved on and as far as Rathmore of Moyfea, even to the king of Leinster's mansion. That night he had a banquetting-house set in order, and prescribed to furnish Cascorach with his timpan to the end he should make minstrelsy for the company. Patrick said: "let the *gilla* whom we found, his own *gilla*, deliver him his timpan." The *gilla* brought the instrument, handed it to the minstrel, and Cascorach received it into his hand.

At this instant it was that the roof-tree took fire: all in unison were staring at the flames, and the musician made a motion to lay the timpan out of his hand and into its case; but the *gilla* said to him: "never let that hinder thee of thine art nor of thy minstrelsy; leave it but to me to save the house." A lump of a stone that he had, rolled in a corner of his shirt, he took then and hurled so excellently well that both roof-tree and fire it carried away and out over the town's lofty palisade; whence *árd féice* or 'roof-tree eminence' has from that day to this been the name of the place. "Success attend thy throwing, my son," cried Patrick: "good luck go with thy distributing and with thy cutting up!" All they of the house said: "never have we seen minstrel have *gilla* better than is that one for strength, for address, for generosity." Here they abode for that night and, all being on the morrow risen with Saint Patrick, went upon *cnoc na rígh* or 'the hill of kings,' which now is called *Maiste* or 'the hill of Mullaghmast,' where Patrick sat down. As for the king of Leinster, by him a hunting-match was set on foot in the spot now called *árd na macraidhe* or 'the hill of lads' (a present alternative name also being *árd scol* or 'hill of schools'), extending to *lios na móirríghna* or 'liss of the great queen,' as also *Maiste* is named. Of Patrick's familia were none in the king's company at this hunt excepting the musician and his

gilla; but at the hands of these two, master and man, not a soul of the king's people attained to draw first blood whether of wild swine or of stag; nor since the Fianna died out had there been held a chase more productive than this.

Then Patrick stood up and to them all delivered admonition and a sermon; the province of Leinster dedicated to the Saint a third part of their children, and of their wealth a *trian* or 'third,' whereby *cnoc na dechmaidhe* or 'the tithe hill' is its name ever since; *magh an trín* or 'plain of the third part' is that of the wold; and *árd an phróicepta*, i.e. 'eminence of the *próicept*' or 'preaching,' that of the rising ground on which Patrick held forth.

After the sermon a great thirst took Patrick. Close to them they saw a town (the name of which was *tech cruinn* or 'round-house') and in the same a great feast laid; a drink for Patrick was besought of the host (*Maelán* son of *Dubhán* his name was) but in the matter of a draught from that banquet he denies the Saint. The righteous one being angered at the niggard said: "to thee, Maelan, be not born either son or daughter; have thou not relatives, nor yet a single kinsman." Neither had he.

After that they all came on to *árd Chuillinn* in the plain of Leinster, where they gazed abroad at the precipice and at the river [that were there], and at *árd Chuanaidhe.* The king interrogated Caeilte with: "why was *árd Chuanaidhe* conferred on the *árd* or 'eminence' yonder away from us, and on this spot the name of *árd Cuillinn*?" Lamentably and in grief Caeilte wept then, and said: "it was a special fosterling that I had here, Cuanaidhe, son of Lenn mac Faebar king of Leinster, namely; whose mother, Dubthach's daughter Cuillinn, was not a good woman. Now once we were on the print-track of clan-Morna and, to the number of thrice fifty shield-wearers from among the armour-clad young men of Ireland's Fianna, came hither: a shoulder without a white buckler, a head that lacked a helmet, was not amongst us. On stout *Cael ua Nemhnainn* the hundred-wounder I enjoined to follow the trail, and that warrior accordingly carried it as far as the town in which dwelt a certain she-miller [Cuillinn above]. In the woman's company he saw a dark-browed young man that parleyed with her: a shirt of regal silk the same had next his skin, and about him a fringed mantle of

fair crimson with a brooch of gold, he the while sitting by her on the platform's edge [where she lay]. "My good son," said Cuillinn, "be going now; for this is no place in which thou mayest confer with me, and clan-Morna (those hereditary enemies to Finn) have by the ford already crossed the river." Cael returned to us and the tale was told us; then with the ready rising of one man we up and away till we overtook the other, whom (that is to say Cuanaidhe, son of Lenn mac Faebar and my own fosterling) we never recognised. He turned his face on us, charged through us thrice, and the third time delivered me a spear-cast that transfixed both my knees; whence also at every hill or crag up which I run it is the after-effect of that spear which comes against me. To him in turn I for my part administered a throw which, piercing his tunic's sinus, grimly cracked his spine in two in him, and at yonder eminence he died; hence 'Cuanaidhe's eminence' it is called."

They all, Patrick along with them, went on to Rathmore of Moyfea, entered into that good town, and there for a space drank and took their pleasure. "Be thy timpan brought to thee, Cascorach," said the king. Then Bebhionn daughter of Coban king of Connacht declared: "that dark capacious hood which envelops the head of the minstrel's *gilla*, I wonder that neither by day nor by night it is ever stripped from him." "How do we know but 'tis a head in some way disfigured that he wears," said the king: "and yet, so far as every limb that we see of him goes, no defect of conformation affects it at all."

To Caeilte then king Eochaid said: "I possess [the stuff of] a spear-shaft, and on this I would fain have thee to expend four touches of thy skill; for I have heard that whether in Ireland or in Scotland there is not a shaft-trimmer better than thyself." Caeilte answered: "I tell thee that the spear-shaft which of old all Ireland could not finish, it was I that could make a hand of it." The shaft was put into Caeilte's hand and [in four operations] he dressed it effectually, so that in all Ireland and Scotland was no shaft better wrought. "Now," said the king, "fit the spear." Caeilte set his foot [i.e. stood close up] to a solid post of the house, and into it drove the spear's head; then he grasped the shaft and [falling back to a certain distance] dexterously hurled it at the head with such aim and force that into its bed and

socket it went home just as though already for a long time it had been adjusted there. "Here, king of Leinster, my soul, is thy spear for thee," said Caeilte. Eochaid takes the weapon, and good it was: "my two horses and my chariot to thee, Caeilte," he cries, "in guerdon of the finished spear!" and those were the pair of horses and the chariot which at the last drew Caeilte in Ireland, the names of the two being *Err* and *Inneall.*

Howbeit the spear was in the king's hand and, as he considered it intently, he thought it great grief that he had no son and heir that should succeed to it. To Patrick enquiring why he fretted so he replied; "good cause I have for it." "And what is that?" "It is by reason of the son concerning whom a while ago I spoke to thee: that I am without an own peculiar and befitting successor for that spear which Caeilte has fitted for me." "Good," quoth Patrick: "be it put into the hand of the minstrel's lad till we know whether his grip will be filled with its shaft and socket": and the spear was handed to the youth, who right gallantly wielded and poised it. "Doff now once for all thy dark capacious hood, and well mayest thou wear thy father's spear!" said Patrick. The lad removed his hood, and none there but recognised him. "By our word," exclaimed the assembly, "it is a good cleric's gift!" and the king said: "holy Patrick, seeing that till this day thou hast nourished him, and nurtured, let not the *tuatha dé danann's* power any more prevail against the lad." Patrick answered: "that death which the king of Heaven and of Earth hath ordained is the one that he will have." Now rose the host and throng belonging to the *dún* and with the young man struck terms of service and of fealty, so that by the morrow's rising-time he had ten hundred of a force.

Again the whole of them (Patrick as well) advanced, Caeilte travelling in the chariot which the king had given him; and they reached *árd fostadha na féinne* out across Slaney, where Caeilte alighted out of the chariot and a hunting-match was disposed by them. "Caeilte," said the king, "it is well: why now was *árd fostadha na féinne* or 'eminence of the Fianna's arrestation' given to this rise?" "I remember it," answered Caeilte, "though its origin be no new thing [i.e. is very ancient]:—

"It was one day that Finn mac Cumall and the three battles of the Fianna came to this ford, where as we sat we saw

upon the round rock yonder that commands the ford a lone young woman girt with a silken tunic and wrapped in a green mantle held with a brooch of gold; on her head was a golden diadem, emblem of a queen, and she said: 'Fianna of Ireland, let one warrior of you come and speak with me.' Dathchaein's son, Sciathbreac, stepped forward and: 'whom wouldest thou?' he asked; she answered: 'Finn mac Cumall.' To confer with the damsel Finn sought the ford: 'who art thou, girl,' he said, 'and what is thy desire?' 'I am Doireann, daughter of the Daghda's son Bodhb Derg, who to mate with thee in consideration of bride-gift and of presents am come hither.' 'What bride-gift?' asked Finn. 'A stipulation that for one year I be thine only wife, and after that in perpetuity enjoy a full half of thy conjugal society.' 'That,' said Finn, 'I concede not to any one of the whole world's women, neither will yield to thee.'

"Out of her bosom then the young woman brought a *cuach* of white silver containing its fill of delicious mead, and reached it to Finn, who questioned: 'young woman, what is this?' 'Mead,' was her answer: 'delectable, potent to intoxicate.' Now to Finn it was prohibition to refuse a regalement; he took the *cuach* therefore, drank a draught from it and, that swallowed, straightway was all demented. Upon the Fianna he turned his face, and every harm and flaw and mishap of battle that he knew against any man of them he, by operation of the frenzy that the young woman had worked in him, threw in their teeth.

"Then the chieftains of Ireland's Fianna rose and left the place for him: namely every one of them to retire to his own land and country; so that upon said hill were left none but Finn and myself. I rose then and went after the Fianna, to whom I said: 'men, for a cozening fairy woman's mischief that afflicts him, never desert your chief and lord!' Twelve times and yet another I collected and on this hill mustered them; the last of day being come now and the first of night, the venom died out of Finn's tongue so that at the final time of my staying them his sense and memory returned to him; but now would he have fallen upon his weapons of war and have chosen to die rather than to live. And that," ended Caeilte, "was one of the two days on which I had the greatest amount of hardship that ever befel me, as: the aforesaid day of staying the Fianna; and the

day when, by bringing him 'the odd drove,' I ransomed Finn from Cormac the king. This then is the reason that from that time to this they respectively are *árd an fhostadha* and *áth an fhostadha*, or 'the hill' and 'the ford of staying':—

Cailte *cecinit.*

"The ford where Finn's Fianna were stayed . . ."

"Great quantity of evil, of battles and encounters, was had in these various places named by thee, Caeilte, my soul," said Eochaid mac Angus Finn king of Leinster. "It is not that any of those things comes against me to-day," Caeilte replied, "but only blight and decrepitude."

The company, Patrick accompanying them, passed on across *duibhfidh* or 'black-wood,' now called *fidh dorcha* or 'dark wood,' to *sliabh na mban* or 'mountain of women' now 'the mountain of Aighe son of Ugaine.' They ascended into the top and, being set down, tarried there for a season.

The king enquired of Caeilte: "what mountain is this, and what the place where we are?" "This," answered Caeilte, "is a mountain in the which is a fairy *brugh* that none (save only Finn accompanied with six *óglaechs*) has ever found; and it was this way:—

"A beautiful and timorous fawn that was roused by us at *Torach* or 'Torry island' in the north of Ireland, and we, being six *óglaechs*, followed it from Torach to this mountain of Aighe mac Ugaine. Here the fawn 'put its head into the earth' [i.e. vanished under ground], and in what direction it went [afterwards] we knew not. Heavy snow poured down now, making of the forest's branches as it were a withe-twist; the greatness of the foul weather and of the storm that came robbed us of our lustihood and of our resourcefulness, and Finn said to me: 'canst thou, Caeilte, find us protection against this night's tempest?' I suppled myself and away with me over the mountain's elbow to the southward where, when I took a look round, I perceived a well illuminated *sídh* furnished forth with great variety of *cuachs*, of horns and of cups. For a space I stood in front of the *sídh* considering it, and bethought me how I might manage to enter the place and to enquire all about it; or else whether it were back again to Finn with his few Fianna I should go. The course on which I determined was such as that I went into the *sídh*,

and on the house floor sat down in a chair of crystal. I surveyed the house round about me, and saw on the one side of it eight-and-twenty warriors with a woman of lovely form at each man's shoulder; on the other side, six gentle and yellow-haired damsels that wore shag cloaks reaching to their shoulders. In the fair midst of the mansion another such sat in a chair and held a harp on which she performed and played continually; to whom every time that she had sung a lay was reached a horn that she should take a draught from it, she handing it back to him that had given it to her. Round her therefore they all sat and made merry.

"'Caeilte my soul,' said she, 'suffer that thou be reverently ministered to.' 'By no means will I,' was my answer, 'for I have with me those that are better than I, as Finn mac Cumall [with others his companions], and in this *sídh* he desires to have entertainment for this night.' The *óglaech* of the *sídh* said: 'Caeilte my soul, go to fetch Finn; for he in his own house never refused a man, neither with us shall he meet with denial.' I went accordingly to bring Finn, and he said: 'it is [i.e. seems to be] a long time thou art away from us, Caeilte, for since the day on which I first took warrior's arms in my hand never have I had a night that distressed me more sorely than does this one.'

"Thereafter we, being as we were six that bore shield and weapon, entered into the bright and spacious *sídh*: Finn namely, myself, *Diarmaid ó Duibhne*, Ossian, Oscar and mac Lughach. In there we sat on the edge of a couch, and to tend us worshipfully a soft girl came, yellow-haired, of marriageable age; then she transferred us to a translucent crystal seat in the hall's centre, and the freshest of all meats with the oldest of all liquors were brought to us. Now when we had made an end of moderating our hunger's keenness and our thirst the Fian-chief said: 'who among you is he whom I shall question?' and the tallest *óglaech* of them answered: 'enquire of whom thou wilt.' 'Warrior, who art thou thyself?' Finn began: 'for I knew not that in Ireland were so many as this number present and I impotent to recognize them.' 'Yonder eight-and-twenty *óglaechs* whom thou seest in the *sídh*,' the other answered, 'had the same father and mother, and indeed are sons to the Daghda's son Midir Yellow-mane;

our mother being *Fionnchaem* or 'the fair-lovely,' daughter of the king of *sídh monaidh* in the east [i.e. in Scotland]. Now to-morrow it will be thirty years since a convention and muster of the *tuatha dé danann* was made to confer their sovereignty on the Daghda's son Bodhb Derg at the hospitable lightsome *brugh*, who of us, so many brethren as we are here, began to demand prisoners [i.e. hostages]; but we said that until the *tuatha dé danann* in general had given such neither would we.'

"'To Midir, to our father, Bodhb Derg said: 'unless thou put away thy sons from thee we will wall up thy *sídh* on thee.' We therefore, these eight-and-twenty brothers, came out to seek a *sídh*-place; and searched out all Ireland until we found this obscure and hidden spot, in which from that time to this we abide. Twenty-eight brethren as I say we are here, who had each man of us ten hundred *óglaechs* of his own; but saving the eight-and-twenty that we are of one father's and one mother's progeny all these are now extinguished.' 'And how is your extinguishment effected?' asked Finn. 'By the *tuatha dé danann's* coming yearly thrice to give us battle on this grass-clad green abroad.' 'What,' enquired Finn, 'is the long fresh grave that we saw on the green outside?' 'That is Dianghalach the wizard's: who was a good magician that the *tuatha dé danann* had, and the greatest loss that was inflicted on them.' Finn questioned: 'what was the next loss?' 'All that the *tuatha dé danann* had of jewels, of wealth and of treasures: comprising horns, and cuachs, and goblets of crystal and pale gold, we at one stroke reft from them.' 'What was the third loss?' asked Finn. Donn mac Midir answered: 'Fethnaid daughter of Fidach, the *tuatha dé danann's* she-minstrel: their melody, and recreation of their spirits all. So then to-morrow is their appointed time to be here to give us battle, but in fighting number we are but these eight-and-twenty brothers to oppose them. We had perceived ourselves, as being few in number, to be in peril and over-matched; wherefore in form of a daft fawn we despatched yonder bare-headed woman to Torach in Ireland's northern part to fetch thee, and her ye followed to this *sídh*. That young woman whom ye see wrapped in a green mantle and washing herself, she it is that went to look for you. The vacant part that ye see of the *sídh*, that is the room of them whom the *tuatha dé danann* have slain.'

"That night they passed in drinking and making merry, and when they rose Donn mac Midir said to Finn: 'come with me upon the green that thou may'st see the place in which yearly we and the *tuatha dé danann* give each other battle.' They issued forth and looked abroad upon the graves and monumental stones. Donn said: 'it is appointed that thus far the *tuatha dé danann* come to meet us.' 'In what fashion [i.e. who and how many] come they to keep tryst with you?' asked Finn. Donn answered him: 'Bodhb Derg with his seven sons; Angus Oge son of the Daghda with his seven sons; Finnbarr of *cnoc meadha siuil*, or 'Knockmaa' near Tuam, with his seventeen sons; Lir of *sídh Fionnachaidh* with his twenty-seven sons, and their offspring as well; Teigue son of Nuadha out of the beautiful *sídh* of Almhain; Donn of the island, and Donn of the *dabhach* or 'kieve'; the two named *Glas* out of *sídh Ghlais* in the land of Ossory; Dobhran of the Duffry out of Liamhain smooth-smock's *sídh* in the province of Leinster; Aedh of the island out of Rathlin in the north; Ferai and Aillen and Lu and Fainnle, all sons of Eogabal out of *sídh Eogabail* or 'Knockany' in the south; Cian and Coban and Conn, three sons of the king of *sídh monaidh* over from Scotland; Aedh Minbhreac of Assaroe with his seven sons; the children of the *mórríghan* or 'great queen,' daughter of Ernmas, with her six-and-twenty she-warriors; the two Luaths from Moyliffey; *Bratán* and *Baillgheal* and *Abhallruisc* out of the *sídh* of Cletty in the Bregian plain; Cathal and Caithne and Catarnach out of the *sídh* of Druimderg, from the land of Kinel-conall in the north; Derg and Drecan out of the *sídh* of Ben-Edar in the east; Bodhb Derg himself with his great household: ten men, ten score, and ten hundred; all which are the chiefs and territorial lords of the *tuatha dé danann* that year by year come to uproot our *sídh* upon us.'

"Finn re-entered the *sídh* and to his people imparted all this, then: 'my faithful folk,' he said, 'the necessity and the oppression, the extremity and distress of these whose guests we find ourselves are great indeed; ourselves too have chanced into a strait pass, and unless that in our own defence we play the men it is odds whether ever again we see one of our Fianna and followers.' 'Finn, my soul,' cried each one of us, 'where hast thou at any time marked faintness in us that thou warnest us

beforehand?' Finn answered: 'my word I give that, though I explored the whole world, yet should I having with me this present number of Ireland's Fianna never know fear nor fright.' The people of the *sídh* went out now, Finn with his six warriors accompanying them, and: 'good now, Donn,' said he, 'is it by day or by night that the *tuatha dé danann* come to you?' 'At the night's junction [with day],' Donn mac Midir answered, 'that they may do all the heavier mischief.' There they tarried therefore till night came on.

"Finn said: 'let one of you go out upon the green to keep watch and ward for us, to the end the *tuatha dé danann* come not at us without our knowledge and unheard by us;' nor was the look-out man gone far when he saw five stern battles of equal size that marched on him. 'As it seems to me,' said he of the look-out [making his report], 'warriors and battle-champions in numbers presently surround *fert in druadh* or the 'wizard's grave,' and this time are a match for heroes indeed.' Then Finn uttered:—

"'Worthy opponents of *laechs* are round the wizard's grave, with multitude of spears sharp-pointed, strong . . .'

"'Where now is Oscar?' Finn asked. 'Here, Fian-chief,' he answered. 'This day do valiantly in the *tuatha dé danann's* battle; so too let Dermot and mac Lugach do. Myself and Caeilte and Ossian it is that are the seniors of our band; therefore the battle's rearward leave ye to us, and in the fight bear us the sons of Midir safe: that little group of brothers that they are. That they should come to harm were for us, now that we have joined them, a treason to honour and to loyalty.'

"Then from the last of evening's shades [i.e. from the setting in of darkness] to the confines of the morrow's morn we fought the battle, in which the *tuatha dé danann's* losses at any rate were ten men, ten score and ten hundred.

"Bodhb Derg and Midir and Fionnbarr said now: 'how shall we manage with all these slain? let Lir of *sídh Fionnachaidh* give us counsel, since he is the eldest of us.' Lir said: 'I will advise you: to their own *sídh* respectively let all carry away their friends and fosterlings, their sons and brethren; but round about us [that tarry here] be a wall of fire thrown up on our one side, and on the other a defence of water made.' After this the *tuatha*

dé danann erected that great sepulchral stone, nor of all the carnage which they of our *sídh* had inflicted on them left so much as the raven might perch upon.

"Into the *sídh* Finn and the sons of Midir entered sore hurt and bleeding, while of us others were three in very evil plight: mac Lughach, Oscar and Dermot. Thrice during that year the *tuatha dé danann* assailed the same *sídh*, and battles three we fought with them. Our loss from them consisted in Conn mac Midir; as for us, we [that is most of us] were come off well from the last battle, seeing that upon Oscar and Dermot the venom and fury of the battle leant to such pitch that bended twigs of white hazel they were which maintained their raiment on them as they lay littered in blood upon their bed. We then, the four warriors that were whole stepped forth upon the green, and Ossian said: 'an ill trip it was that we took to the *sídh* of Midir's sons, to leave behind my son and my foster-brother.' 'Woe to him,' said mac Lughach, 'who having left Oscar and Dermot after him should face the Fianna: and that because for the sustaining of the Fian-service in arms have been no two better than they.' 'Whoe'er he be that will so face them, it shall not be myself,' Finn said. With that Donn mac Midir came up to us, and: 'good now, Donn,' said Finn again, 'knowest thou of, or where to find, that which should heal those men?' Donn answered: 'I know not of anything but one special physician whom the *tuatha dé danann* have; and from him, unless the wounded have had their dorsal marrow severed, within a nine days' space assuagement and relief will be procured them so that they shall be hurt-whole and unscarred.' Finn asked: 'how should we get hold of him, for no firm friends to us are they with whom he is?' 'At earliest day,' replied Donn, 'he issues from the *brugh* to gather healing herbs, that so he may light on them still carrying the morning's moisture-bead [i.e. the dew].' 'Donn,' said I, 'find me one that will point out to me said physician and, dead or alive, he shall come with me.'

"Then rose Aedh and Flann *fuileach* or 'ruber sanguinarius' saying: 'Caeilte, my soul, come along.' They went their way to the dew-shot *brugh's* green, which when they had reached they saw a strapping young fellow clad in garb of defence and wearing a mantle of wethers' wool from the flock-abounding land of

promise; and his cloak's skirtful of healing and balsamic herbs he had for putting into the wounds and hurts of such from among the *tuatha dé danann* as had been damaged in the battle. 'Who is that, Aedh?' I asked. He answered: 'yonder is the *óglaech* to seek whom we are come; him mind ye well that he escape not away from you into the *sídh*.' At one and the same instant we ran upon him, and I caught him by the shoulders; thence we took him to the ford on the Slaney (where the Fianna were stayed) in the great plain of Leinster, and here a magic vapour rose about us so that we were invisible. We thus having gained the *tulach* that commands the ford saw four men clad in fringed mantles of crimson, with four golden-hilted swords in their hands, and four hounds of the chase with them. To them we were not perceptible through the magic mist which surrounded us, but they were manifest to us, and they that were there were Finn's two sons: Cainche and Raighne, with my own two: Colla and Faelan, whose discourse turned on the loss of Finn mac Cumall, their captain and their lord, which for now a year had afflicted them. I heard the converse of my pair of sons and of Finn's, and their colloquy saddened me, for thus they spoke: 'what will Ireland's Fianna do in future, without leader, without lord?' said Raighne. 'They have nothing to do,' said Colla mac Caeilte, 'but to repair to Tara and then disband themselves, or either to create a Fian-chief for themselves'; and those sons wept bitterly [*lit.* 'heavily'], copiously, for the loss of their two fathers and of their common lord. We came away from them and till we reached *loch da én* or 'two-bird loch,' by that which at the present is called the mountain of Aighe mac Ugaine; we went into the *sídh*, Finn and Donn mac Midir welcomed Liubhra the physician, and to him Oscar and Dermot were exhibited. 'There,' said Donn, 'are two that are kinsmen to me; try now whether they be likely to convalesce and be healed.' The leech examined them and said: 'they are curable—supposing my fee to be a good one.' 'Good it shall be indeed,' I said: 'how long now will it take to heal them?' 'A nine days' space,' said Liubhra the protophysician. I went on: 'a good fee thou shalt have, even this: that thy life be left thee; but and if the young men recover not with thee, mine own hand shall take off thy head.' The leech accordingly cured and

set them up within the time, so that they were unscarred and hurt-whole.'

"It was after this that from Cormac mac Art, from the king of Ireland, and consequently upon their lord and leader Finn mac Cumall's absence, a *gilla* came to bring the Fianna to Almhain in order to their proceeding with Cormac to hold the Feast of Tara; and the Fianna of all Ireland in their integrity: both man and woman, both *gilla* and *óglaech*, and minstrel too, attained to *fert na ndruadh* on Tara's green.

"Then Goll mac Morna sat on one side of Ireland's king, and her provincial kings with their retinues sat [duly ranged] in Tara. 'Fianna of Ireland,' said Cormac, 'your loss is great: being your leader and your lord, Finn son of Cumall.' 'Great indeed it is,' said Goll mac Morna. 'It is great,' repeated Cormac: 'for three equal losses they were which aforetime were inflicted on Ireland: Lugh and Conn and Conaire; and this makes one of the four greatest losses that ever befell her.' 'What course of management [*lit.* 'what navigation or steering'] prescribest thou for the Fianna now, Cormac?' asked Goll mac Morna. The king answered: 'to thee, Goll, I assign privilege of hunting and venery over all Ireland, until we know whether Finn be disappeared outright; clan-Baeiscne however, and Finn's issue, to have of thee their choice of hunting-ground for this year.' The Fianna of Ireland consented to this, Goll saying: 'until for three years he shall have been away from all, and that of all Ireland no individual man's expectation any more look for him, in respect of the Fian-chiefry I will not oppose Finn [i.e. will not seek to supersede him].'

"To Cormac now Aillbe Freckle-cheek said: 'how shall Finn's fair woman-folk make out, these seventeen ladies namely?' 'For each one of them with her attendant bevy be a retired and well-secured house made [in which to live] for a month, for a quarter, and for a year, till we learn whether Finn be alive or dead; their full sufficiency of meat and fluid to be provided them for that time.'

"Finn's minstrels turned their faces to Cormac then: Daighre mac Morna, Der *ua Daighre*, Senach *ua Daighre*, Suanach son of Senach, and Suanach son of Senchenn that was Finn mac Cumall's reciter of old tales and the sweetest that in Ireland or

Scotland ever handled timpan; also *Cnú deireoil* the dwarf, and Blathnait his wife. Cormac answered them and said: 'I am well pleased that ye should be in Tara; as from myself therefore ye shall have 'half-due,' and I will grant you the full equivalent of that stipend which Finn used to pay you [i.e. your old rate of pay shall be continued to you on Finn's account, I adding half so much on mine].'

"Fergus True-lips, poet of the Fianna, joined them: whose number was ten hundred of poets and men of art. Cormac said to them: 'for you I have Ireland's choicest prosperity, that is, from *tonn Chlíodhna* or 'Cleena's wave' to *tonn Rudhraighe* or 'Rury's wave.'

"Then came Finn's *meidhescal*, accompanying Garbchronan chief of the senior *gillas*, and said: 'give heed to us, Cormac!' He answered: 'to you by way of comfortable maintenance I apportion from the broad *áth lóiche* or 'ford of *Lóch*' [i.e. 'Athlo'] in the west, eastward to Ben-Edar.'

This done, in Tara they proceeded and Cormac entered *teach mór midchuarta* or 'the great mid-court house,' where he had every man settled according to precedence deriving rightly from his father and grandfather: Goll mac Morna he caused to be set in the Fian-chief's place, Cahir More's daughter Eithne the poetess in a queen's room, and by her side again Aillbhe Freckle-cheek; next to Aillbhe, Garadh Black-knee's daughter Maighinis; and from that out all the rest according to callings and to rightful due. Thereupon meat and drink was served out to them.

"Then Cormac stood up with a polished drinking-horn that he held, and said: 'it were well, men of Ireland, if in hill, in hidden place or rugged wild, in cliff, in inver, in river, or in any *sídh* of Ireland's or of Scotland's fairy mansions, some one from among you could find for us tidings of Finn.'

"Hereupon Bernghal the *bóchétach* or 'owner of cows in hundreds' from the borders of Slievefuad in the north, who also was royal hospitaller to the king of Ireland, made answer: 'it was the day on which the Fian-chief came out of the north in pursuit of a fairy deer, he having with him the six warriors that were his companions [when they roused the quarry]: and into my hand he put a keen spear of special deadly quality, with sheeny head,

likewise a hound's collar, and told me to keep them by me till such time as we should meet again in the one spot. Bernghal handed spear and collar to Cormac, then he to Goll, and they all considered it. The king said: 'a great loss to the men of Ireland is he whose spear and whose collar these are,' and further questioned the *óglaech* whether either Finn or they that were with him had hounds with them. 'They had,' the hospitaller said. 'Goll,' asked Cormac, 'what hounds were those?' '*Bran* and *Sceolang* held by Finn,' replied Goll: '*Adhnuaill* and *Féruaine* by Ossian; *Iarratach* and *Fostadh* by Oscar; *Baeth* and *Buidhe* by Dermot; *Breac* and *Luath* and *Láinbhinn* by Caeilte; *Conuall* and *Comrith* by mac Lughach.'

"Cormac enquired: 'where is Fergus True-lips?' 'Here, noble sir and monarch,' answered he. 'Knowest thou how long the Fian-chief is away from us?' 'I remember it,' the poet said: 'a month, a quarter, and a year it is since he is missing,' and he uttered:—

"'Finn's computation how long he is . . .'

"The king of Ireland said now: 'the loss is great; for it is not our mind that may any more be set on finding those six that in Ireland and in Scotland were the best [i.e. I at all events give up all hope]; but Cithruadh,' he continued, 'many jewels, much wealth and treasure the Fian-chief lavished on thee, and yet thou tellest us not whether he be alive or dead.' 'The Fian-chief lives,' returned Cithruadh, 'but as for my telling on him I will not do it, seeing that he would not himself wish any such thing.' All in general were rejoiced at this, for they knew that everything which Cithruadh had ever presaged was come to pass. 'Give it a date,' said Cormac [*lit.* 'an end' or 'limit' i.e. name the day of his return]. Then Cithruadh son of Ferchaecait said: 'on the last day of Tara's Feast the Fian-chief will be seen'; and this, namely for how long Finn was in *sídh dá én*, constitutes a problem in 'the Colloquy of the Ancients.'

"After all this, in the *sídh* we tarried yet for those six weeks during which the Feast of Tara was maintained, and until for Donn mac Midir we had taken the *tuatha dé danann's* hostages; and from that time forth the Fianna of Ireland had not more frequent and free intercourse with the men of settled habitation than with the *tuatha dé danann*."

The while Caeilte told this tale to Eochaid they had seen an *óglaech* approach them: a shirt of king's satin was next his skin; over and outside it a tunic of the same soft fabric, and a fringed crimson mantle confined with a bodkin of gold upon his breast; in his hand a gold-hilted sword, a golden helmet on his head, and Donn mac Midir it was that was there. In Patrick's bosom he laid his head, and gave him command over the *tuatha dé danann*, who all made genuflexion to him; and to Patrick with his people Donn mac Midir gave that night's entertainment. Next, the whole company and Patrick along with them advanced to Rathmore of Moyfea, and at night came in messengers from the king of Munster to fetch Patrick, and to tell him that the king would adhere to his gospel. The Saint therefore bade farewell to the king of Leinster and to the chief men of his people and of all his country, and with his familia journeyed thence to *lios na laechraidhe* or 'liss of warriors,' now called *caiseal na rígh* or 'Cashel of the kings.'

Then came Eoghan son of Angus, king of both provinces of Munster, escorted by great numbers, to meet holy Patrick; and all Munster's chiefs did him reverence, laying their lands and their whole riches at his discretion. "A 'gospel penny' for saint Patrick, king of Munster!" cried Benignus. "What penny is that, cleric?" asked the king. "A country and land for him." The king answered: "this town to serve him and his familia after him for ever." "How shall it be given to us [i.e. how shall the grant be defined]?" "As thus," the king said: "Patrick to mount upon *leac na gcéad* or 'the flagstone of hundreds,' and so much as on all sides of him he can see of Munster's plain-land to be his." Patrick stepped up upon the stone, and to suit the saintly cleric the sun rose so that in all directions everything was lighted up for him; also at the instant of Patrick's setting his foot on the flag, out of its edges rose a thousand and one legions of demons and betook them into the air and the firmament, seeking to evade saint Patrick. After this Patrick blesses the stone, and forby the benediction confers on it the virtue of counsel [i.e of being oracular]; an angel of God also to pass over it at every evening-tide; the king of Munster accompanied by a great chief's nine sons to fast upon it, and he should have whatsoever boon he craved; finally, that its fire should be one

of the three which at the last shall in Ireland be alive and thriving.

The king of Munster, her nobles too, make Caeilte welcome and: "Caeilte, my soul," quoth the king, "why was *leac na gcéad* conferred on this stone?" "I remember its derivation," Caeilte answered: "cognisance of Heaven we never had until Finn sat on that stone and a hundred times put his thumb under his knowledge-tooth; whereat Heaven and Earth [i.e. things celestial and terrestrial] were shewn him, the Very and Glorious God's faith and, *Táilchenn,* thine advent to Ireland in which [thenceforth] should be saints and righteous men, and religion of the Cross and of devotion." "Who first made a mansion here?" Caeilte answered: "Fiacha Broad-crown son of Eoghan, who for thirty years ruled both provinces of Munster; by him a strong ditch was run round this town, and therein he dwelt." *Ut dixit Patricius*:—

"This stone, its name is *cloch na gcéad* . . ."

"Have victory and benediction, holy Patrick," cried the king of Munster: "'tis good knowledge that thou likewise [i.e. as well as Caeilte] hast imparted to us!"

The entire company abode there until out of his fiery zone the sun rose, and filled the world with his light. They went their way thence westwards to *ráithín na niongnadh* or 'the little rath of wonders' on Moyfemen; and at one end of it the king with the nobles of Munster sat, Patrick and Caeilte taking the other.

Then the king questioned Caeilte: "why was this called 'the little rath of wonders'?" which made Caeilte to say:—

"A wondrous windfall that Finn found on this rath awaiting him: three men of surpassing form, and a single hound among them.

"It was of a day," he went on, "that we the three battles of the Fianna came to this *tulach* and saw three *óglaechs* awaiting us, with one hound; in the whole world was not a colour but was in that animal, which also as compared with other hounds shewed an enormous bulk. They sat before Finn, and he asked: 'whence come ye young men?' 'Out of the greater *Ioruath* or 'Norway,' in the east,' they replied. 'And for what come ye?' 'To make our covenants of service and our friendship with thee.' 'What is the benefit that shall accrue to us

from your being with us?' 'We, being as we are three persons, have each man of us a separate qualification.' 'What are those?' Says one of them: 'I will discharge the watching and warding of all Ireland's and Scotland's Fianna.' 'Of every stress of battle and of single combat that shall occur to them I will relieve them, let them all but keep still,' said the next. The third said: 'I will meet every difficulty that shall crop up for my lord, and of me shall be had everything that may be petitioned of him. As for the hound,' he added, 'so long as there shall be deer in Ireland he will provide for the Fianna every other night, and on the nights between I will do the like.' Finn asked: 'what will ye demand of us and to be with us so?' 'We claim three conditions,' they replied: 'that when once night shall fall none ever come, whether within a distance or close to, towards our camp; that never be anything, much or little, portioned out to us [i.e. we are to provide for ourselves]; and that to us the Fianna of Ireland allot the worst of their hunting [i.e. their poorest game country on all occasions].' 'On your conscience now,' said Finn, 'why seek ye that when night comes no man see you?' 'We have a reason,' answered they: 'but be it a long time or a short that [you and] we shall keep company [*lit.* 'be on one path'], question us no more. [We will however tell you thus much: that] of these three *óglaechs* which make our number every third night one man is dead and we the other two watch him, wherefore it is that we would not have any to see us.' Now to Finn it was a thing prohibited to see a dead man unless that weapons had slain him; but [in this case] he had the remedy at hand: he needed but to keep clear of this rath.

"To Finn now came seven men of science belonging to the people of Cithruadh son of Airemh son of Ferchaegat, to demand the fee for a poem: thrice fifty ounces of gold and as many of silver, to take to Tara for Cithruadh. 'We shall find a help for that,' said *Scannal ó Liatháin.* 'Good now, men of art,' the three *óglaechs* said: 'had ye rather get your poem-fee to-night than to-morrow?' 'To-morrow suffices us,' replied the learned.

"Then came those *óglaechs* aforesaid to the hound's lair a little way outside of *ráithín na niongnadh*; and in their presence the hound threw up that amount of gold and silver, which was given to the schoolmen and away they went.

"Here Finn said: 'how shall the three battles of the Fianna do to-night, they having no water?' and one of the three enquired: 'how many right drinking-horns has Finn?' 'Three hundred and twelve,' I told them; for as I have said:—

"Twelve horns and three hundred . . .

"'Pass me the horns into my hand,' the *óglaech* said, 'and whatsoever shall be found in them that drink ye.' Thrice he filled them with ale, and with the third time of filling they that drank were confused and cheerily vociferous. 'Wonderful indeed is the process of this banquet,' said Finn; whence *lios na fleidhe* or 'liss of the banquet' is the name of that one in which it was given to Finn, and *leabadh in chon* or 'the hound's bed' is that of the lair. For this reason it was," ended Caeilte, "that this was called 'the little rath of wonders,' and that other little one *ráth chinn chon* or 'rath of the hound's head'; and in this wise they were for a year in the Fianna."

Then Eogan mac Angus mac Nadfraech, having with him Patrick and Caeilte, progressed to [another] *ráth chinn chon*, in the south part of Moyfemen, and to *lios an bhanntrachta* or 'liss of the woman-folk.' The whole company sat upon the rath and Caeilte sat in front of the king, who asked: "why were this rath and this liss called by those names?" Caeilte made answer: "it was a royal hospitaller of hundreds that was here: Cellach son of *Dubh déad* or 'niger dentatus'; whose [bucolic] wealth and substance when they were numbered covered all the great plain of Femem, but in the world was not a man better endowed than he was with churlish- and with niggardli-ness. To the number of thirty that wore shields and bore arms we, after the hunting of *sliabh Cua*, were come with Ireland's and Scotland's Fian-chief, and there sat down on the rails of couches; but before ever an end was made of tending us, on every one of us individually (Finn alone excepted) the man of the house heaped insult and reproach.

"A certain fierce man of the Fianna: Cuinnscleo, son of Ainnscleo king of Britain in the east, spoke at him then and said: 'a mighty ready bit of dog's-head snapping and snarling this is to which the boor has treated Ireland's Fianna!' 'Thou hast lighted on a happy word by way of name for him,' said Finn: 'fix *cenn con* or 'dog's head' on him.'"

"And why," sought the king of Munster, "was this rath called 'of the woman-folk'?" "Soon said," answered Caeilte: "it was fifty sempstresses, the best in Ireland, that for the purpose of making raiment and wearables for the Fianna the Chief caused bring together to this rath. The charge over whom all he gave to the king of Britain's daughter: Dergoda by name, wife of Ossian's son Oscar, and in this town they were for a long series of years; hence it is called *ráth an bhanntrachta.*"

The king went on: "what is that solid pillar-stone in the middle of the rath?" "The she-company's candelabra it was," said Caeilte: "for in order that nor soot nor grime nor smoke of fire should reach themselves or their garments they would not have a fire but thrice in the year [and therefore had to be lighted otherwise]. In this town then they were as I have said for a span of years, busied with needlework of all kinds and with making up of apparel for the Fianna. Now in the king of Hy-Kinsellach's daughters, whose names were *Fionnchas*, *Fionndruine* and *Finninghen*, these women possessed a great source of pastime; for they had a little timpan with its *leithrinn* of silver and its pegs of gold, and to the enticing fairy music which those three of the she-company used to make even women in the sharpest of their pangs would have slept."

"Caeilte," said the king of Munster, "what are these two great graves that we see?" "The three *óglaechs* that, as above, took service with Finn at *ráithín na ningnadh* and had the wonderful hound, it was they that slew the two warriors whose graves those are: Donn and Dubhan, the king of Ulidia's two sons out of the north." "How perished they?" asked the king. "The three lay in a place apart from the Fianna," Caeilte replied, "with their hound centrally between them; and when once night came there used a wall of fire to surround them so that none might dare even to look at them. On the night in question the king of Ulidia's sons kept watch for Ireland's and Scotland's Fianna, and thrice made the circuit of their camp. The third time however they saw the fiery wall, and Donn said: 'tis a strange thing how these three *óglaechs* are for now a year past, and their hound amongst them; for they have proclaimed that after nightfall none must go look at them.' Then the king of Ulidia's sons passed inside through the fire-wall; when they were there they

got their arms ready to their hands, and so scanned both men and dog. But the huge hound which daily they had in the chase was at this instant no greater than a lap-dog such as a great lady or man of high estate may keep; one man moreover with his keen sword naked in his hand standing sentry over the animal while to the mouth of the same another held a *cuach* of fair silver; and the choicest of every kind of liquor which any individual of the three might require of him, that is what the hound kept on ejecting from his mouth into the *cuach.*

"Then to the hound an *óglaech* of them said: 'it is well, thou noble and righteous and high-couraged! give heed now to the treachery wrought thee by Finn.' At this the hound wagged his tail hard, whereby was created a factitious magic wind that made their shields to fall from our men's shoulders, their spears from their hands, their swords from their sides, and to be cast before their faces into the fiery wall. Hereat the three killed the king of Ulidia's two sons; which being effected the dog turned, applied his breath to them, and reduced them to dust and ashes so that nor blood nor flesh nor bone was ever found of them. Their's then are the two mounds concerning which thou questionedst me," ended Caeilte: "but, mould and sand excepted, whosoever should open them would not find them to contain the smallest thing."

"Never, Caeilte, hast thou told us tale more marvellous, more fraught with mystery than this," said the king: "but what is yon high fence beside the pillar-stone over in the rath?" "That," Caeilte said, "is the she-company's wage from Finn yearly, which it was Ossian's son Oscar that hid: ten score ounces of gold thrice told, and where he hid it was under that monolith's base." The concourse of them went and excavated, and brought out the gold: a third of which was given to the king of Munster, a third to Patrick and Caeilte, and to the clergy another third. "The gold lasts on," said Caeilte, "but neither the Fian-chief, nor Oscar that hid it, have endured"; and he uttered:—

"The dog's-head rath remains to-day . . ."

"As touching those same three *óglaechs*, Caeilte: was it with you they continued after, or away from you they went?" "They tarried with us until at *ráithín na naenbar* or 'the rath of nines' in Leinster's great plain the three battles of the Fianna

were told off into small sections of nine men, and till in quest of the king of Ulidia's two sons fallen by the king of Iruath's sons out of the east nine *óglaechs* and nine *gillas* visited every town in Ireland.

"After he had dispersed us Finn mac Cumall for his part betook himself to Tara Luachra, there being with him of the Fianna none but the camp-followers and drudges.

"As for those squads of nine which for the purpose of seeking the king of Ulidia's sons he had made of the Fianna, to the same place and all in one night they repaired to join him; but brought no hint whether those men were alive or dead."

Here Patrick and the king of Munster passed southerly onwards to *benn bhán in reatha* or 'the white hill of running,' between Slieveriach and Slievecrot. Patrick and the rest sat down, and the king questioned Caeilte: "why was this *benn* called by such a name?" and he answered that:—

"It was once upon a time that Finn was on this *tulach*, upon which [as they came to it] they had seen a woman that awaited them. A crimson mantle . . . . . [*here is a lacuna embracing the death of Edaein Fair-hair of Ben-Edar; the story of the king of Munster's daughter Cuillenn wooed by Cullann, son of Fergus king of Ulidia; and the opening lines of Treon's daughter Béhionn and her visit to Finn mac Cumall*] . . . . 'By my word and indeed,' Goll answered, 'never have either I or any other seen a woman bigger than she.' Out of her bosom the woman took her long graceful hand; on which were three rings of gold, there being two on the other, and every one of them as thick as a three-ox yoke. 'It were but right to question her,' said Goll; but Finn objected: 'how could that be, unless we rose to our feet? and 'tis a question whether even so she could hear us.'

"To confer and to converse with her the whole company rose now and stood, but simultaneously with them she too rose. 'Maiden,' said Finn, 'sit down and on the hill-side lean thine elbow, if so be thou desire us to hear anything from thee.' Upon the hill then she lay along, and the Fian-chief sought to know of her out of what land she came and who was she herself. 'Out of the land of Lasses in the west,' she said, 'where the sun sets: of which country's king I am daughter.' 'What is thy name?' 'My

name is Bebhionn daughter of Treon.' 'And why is that land called 'of lasses'? 'Of men,' she replied, 'there are in it none but my father with his three sons, whereas nine daughters and seven score they are that have been born to him: hence that is dubbed 'the land of lasses.' 'What country is the nearest to it?' 'The land of Men.' 'Who is king over it?' '*Cédach croidhearg* or 'the crimson-red possessor of hundreds,' who to his own share has sons eight score and an only daughter. Now to a son of his, to handsome Aedh son of Cedach, I was given: thrice was given, and three times (this being the third) ran away from him.' 'Who or what directed thee to this country?' 'It was three fishers that the wind blew off this land and over to us: they informed us of this region, in which they affirmed a good warrior, Finn mac Cumall, to be. If then thou be that *óglaech*, I am come to seek thee and to be under thy safeguard.' Then she took off her glove and laid her hand in Finn's, whereat he said: 'put thy hand in Goll mac Morna's: with no warrior in Ireland is it more expedient for thee to have tie of friendship and of guarantee than with the same.' In Goll's hand accordingly the maid laid hers and with him knitted those ties.

"With that they saw come towards them in headlong career a hart with some of the Fianna's hounds after him, but: 'let the deer be,' said Finn, 'for 'tis not to any hunting of our hounds that we will trust to-night, but rather will have recourse to some *óglaech* of the Fianna. Where then is Finn son of Cuan?' 'Here am I,' he answered. 'Precede us now to thy house, and for this night be we provided and ministered to by thee.' 'To give thee aught is to us a grateful task; for eight score milch herds I have in the pastures of Luachra, and by means of thee it was that I came by all those.' But of Finn mac Cumall's virtues was this: that no matter how much he should at any time have bestowed on any man, neither by day nor by night did he ever bring it up against him. So to his own house Finn mac Cuan repaired in advance of the Fianna.

"To return to the young woman: she doffed her polished gilded helmet all bejewelled, and in seven score tresses let down her fair curly golden hair, at the wealth of which when it was loosened all stood amazed, Finn saying: 'great gods of our adoration, a huge marvel Conn's grandson Cormac, and Eithne

the poetess daughter of Cahir More, and the Fianna's blooming woman-folk, would esteem it to see Treon's daughter Bebhionn! good now, girl, in thine eyes were it too little to assign thee the portion of ten hundred?' Upon the dwarf, on *Cnú deireoil*, that before Finn just then played a harp, the girl looked and said: 'be it little or be it much of an allowance that thou shalt give to yon wee man that works the harp, the equivalent of that same I too will account amply sufficient.'

"Of Finn now she begged a drink, and he said: 'where is Saltran *sálfhada* or 'long-heel'? 'Here am I, Fian-chief,' the *gilla* answered. 'Bring the goblet called *cuach smera puill* full of water from yonder ford' (the *cuach* held a draught for nine men of the Fianna). The *gilla* brought the *cuach*ful and handed it to the young woman; she poured the water into her right palm and drank three sips of it, then raised her hand and over the whole concourse of them sprinkled the residue, which caused them and herself with them to burst out a-laughing. Finn said: 'on thy conscience, girl, what made thee to not drink the water out of the *cuach*?' 'Never,' she answered, 'have I drunk anything from a vessel saving such to which there should be a rim either of gold or of silver.' I chancing at this point to look about me," proceeded Caeilte, "saw a tall young man come towards us, and if the girl was big he was bigger still: a shag cape covered his shoulders; he had no beard, and though the whole world's men had been collected alongside of him not one of them had been found comelier than he. A green cloak he had about him and in that a brooch of gold, while next to his skin was a shirt of king's satin; a shield red as the rowan-berry was slung on him, at his side hung a sword of gilded hilt, and in his hand was a brave thick-shafted spear.

"Then all the throng looked on him and, excepting only professional men of valour, few there were of us but horror and fear seized before him. But Finn had a stout nature, for never whether by day or in the night had fear taken him before human being, and what the Fian-chief said therefore was: 'let neither *gilla* nor warrior of you speak, nor a man stir from his place! knows any one of you yon *óglaech*?' 'I know him: that is the man seeking to escape whom I am come,' the maiden said, and sat down betwixt Finn and Goll. The stranger drew near us,

and that which was in his intention was not present to us in our intelligence by any means: for so soon as he came right up to Finn and Goll he raised the spear and at the girl made a greedy and most cruel thrust, so that of the weapon's shaft so much as equalled the length of a warrior's hand appeared through her back. He drew the spear and passed on his way out through the crowd. 'Men,' cried Finn, 'ye see that; and he that upon the doer of it will not avenge this foul deed, let him not any more have his mind bent on Fianship!'

"Then," Caeilte went on, "we the three battles of the Fianna started on the instant, so that upon the hill was left none but Finn and Goll and the woman wounded to death; and we all made after the stranger to *ráth na macraidhe* or 'the rath of lads,' now called *ráth na gcaerach* or 'the rath of sheep,' in Moylee to the southward; thence to the *corcach* or marshland of *magh Uladh* or 'the Ulidian flat,' where they of Ulidia were in camp to beleaguer the *claenráth* or 'sloping rath,' what time they slew *Cúraei mac Daire*; downwards and on to *láthair luinge* or 'ship-place,' where *clann Deaghaidh* or the 'children of Deghaidh' kept their galleys, and to the inver of *labharthonn*: which means either 'Labar-wave,' because Milesius of Spain's daughter Labar was drowned there; or 'speaking-wave' [from *labar* 'possessing speech'], because there the surf 'spoke' to the coast; yet farther to *tiopra an laeich leisc* or 'well of the lazy warrior,' westwards to *tráigh Lí* or 'the strand of *Lí* son of *Oidhreamhail*' ['Tralee'], and to *rinn chána* or 'tribute point,' at which yearly the *allmharachs* or 'over-sea men' used to pay rent and tribute to Curaei. There he set his face outwards to the broad bay, and four *óglaechs* we were that were well up with him: Dermot, and Glas son of Encherd Beirre, and Oscar son of Ossian, and myself fourth. We too faced the open sea to strike out upon it; but after him I came bounding as I ran at topmost speed and [just before I took the water] hurled at him [who already was in it], whereby the spear entered the sling of his shield and his left shoulder, and the buckler fell off into the sea. I [by this time wading up to him] met the shield with my left hand and, as he brought his right to draw my spear out of him, I caught the one that was in his left and it came away with me; but when I would have delivered him a cast of his own spear 'the thick of

the waves and the deep of the sea' came between us [i.e. we being now out of our depth I lost sight of him among the rollers, and so landed again]. Then as we stood and watched him fixedly we saw a great galley, with two that rowed her, bear down out of the west; he got on board, and we never knew which way they went from us. Our three battalions returned eastward to this *tulach* and Finn sought an account of us, which I gave him, and on the ground we laid the shield and spear before him. 'Excellent in sooth those arms are,' said the young woman: 'being indeed the spear which is named the *torainnchleasach* or 'performer of the thunder-feat' so-called, and the shield the *donnchraebhach* or 'red-arabesqued.' Finn, it is well,' she went on: 'by thee now be my grave and my burial cared for becomingly; for it was while I trusted to thy guarantee and honour that I came by my death, and to thee it was that I came into Ireland.' Her bracelets she gave to the bardic folk: to *Cnú dheireoil*, to Blathnait his wife, and to the harper Daighre; soul parted from body with her, here she was laid under-ground, and from her the name of *druim na mná mairbhe* or 'ridge of the dead woman' was conferred on this *druim* or 'ridge,' O king of Munster," ended Caeilte.

"And *daire in chogair* or 'oak-grove of the conspiracy' [*lit.* 'whisper'], whence is it?" asked the king of Munster. "The four," Caeilte answered, "of whom thou hast heard me tell how they were at *ráithín na niongnadh*, the three *óglaechs* and their hound namely: to kill these the Fianna conspired here." "But what cause had they to conspire against them, and they in their own service?" "They understood not the manner and practice after which they disposed themselves: that they must have a camp apart, with a rampart of fire round about them and none to see them until rising-time on the morrow. Finn however said: 'by no means would I have them slain; for of the whole world's men they are the best in vigour and in spear-skill, and they possess three arts for the sake of which it is not right to kill them: firstly, were all possible men laid in disease and sickness, let but the one man of them apply certain herbs to the ailment of each . . . . . .

[*here is a lacuna covering the remainder of this story and that of the three sons of Uar son of Indast; Caeilte's problem to Patrick;*

the charming of the pernicious birds that ravaged the fields, and the forepart to Patrick's decision in the matter of Aedh mac Muiredach king of Connacht and Bodhb Derg's daughter Aillenn iolchrothach or 'the variously beautiful,' which follows here] . . . . . "I am she," answered the young woman. "What is it," Patrick went on, "that maintains you [i.e. thee and thine] thus in the zenith of your form and comeliness?" "All such of us as partook of Goibhniu's banquet, nor pain nor sickness troubles them—but, holy Patrick, in my case and the king of Connacht's what is thine award?" "It is a good one," the Saint replied: "by God and myself it is determined that a man be restricted to one single wedded wife, and this prescription we [that are here] may not transgress." "And I," said the girl, "what am I to do now?" "To retire to thy home and *sídh*," Patrick enjoined her, "and if the king of Leinster's daughter depart before thee, that man on whom thou hast bestowed thy love to have thee thenceforth as his only wife. But if, whether by day or by night, thou do either the king or his present spouse a mischief, I will spoil thee in such wise that not thy mother, nor thy father, nor yet thy guardian shall care to see thee"; and Patrick uttered:—

"O Aillenn, generous, crimson-cheeked . . ."

"Is this then thy fixed determination," she asked: "that so long as he shall have that wife I may not be given to the king?" "Even so," answered the Saint. "What remains then, holy Cleric," she went on, "but this: by thy word's truthfulness to conjure thee that should the king's wife go before me I be given to him?" Patrick said: "I affirm on my veracity that if she go first thou shalt be granted to him."

Then the young woman wept plentifully, wofully, and the king said: "I am dear to thee." "Dear indeed," she replied. "Of the human tribe is none more beloved than thou art to me," he said, "but that I may not go beyond the conditions and prohibition of the *Táilchenn* and of the Very God." So the maid departed to her *sídh* till such time as the story again touches on her.

For three days with their nights Patrick, Caeilte and the company tarried in that spot; then they progressed to *fert Fiadhmóir* or 'Fiadhmor's grave' on *machaire an scáil* or 'the hero's plain,' now called *magh nAei* or 'the plain of Aei,' where

all sat down, and Patrick too: whence *suidhe Pátraic* or 'Patrick's seat' is the name of that place.

The king of Connacht welcomed Caeilte and enquired of him: "why was the name of 'Fiadhmor's grave' given to this place and . . . . . [*lacuna comprising the main part of how Fiadhmór mac Arist king of Scotland came to Ireland in quest of Aei daughter of Finn mac Cumall*] . . . . . "so from the shades of evening until the morrow's morn we fought this fight, and our bodies streamed with blood; we were the victors nevertheless. From these three heroes we took their heads, and agreed among ourselves to carry them off and so to go back again. This course we abandoned however and rather turned upon the rest of the invaders that were on the shore, of whom in our first shock of battle we slew four hundred *óglaechs*; the three battles of them converged upon us and for the fair day's length till night-time we strove with them; then when they saw that their champions were fallen they broke to their vessels and swift galleys, and we came off full of wounds and bleeding.

"By this time fear on our account had taken the Fian-chief, and he said: 'Fianna of Ireland, go ye in pursuit of the three that went from you'; but just as they rose in their three serried phalanxes we came up to them at this hill, and before Finn we laid the heads upon the ground. It was I," Caeilte said, "that killed Fiadhmor, Dermot that killed Circall, and Oscar that slew Congna. The three heads were bestowed on yonder *tulachs* and hence they bear those denominations, while 'the battle of *trágh Eothaile*' is the name of this battle in the Fian-lore."

"Success and benediction, Caeilte," said the king of Connacht, "and if thou desiredst jewels and rich things we would give them thee!" "Thou art all the better of having offered them [i.e. hast the merit of a generous action], but I need them not," answered Caeilte.

Again they came on: to *breicshliabh* or 'spotted mountain,' i.e. 'Bricklieve' near loch Arrow, called *sliabh formaeile* or 'bald-topped mountain' also, i.e. 'Slieveformoyle'; and to *suidhe Finn* or 'Finn's seat,' i.e. 'Seefinn,' on the mountain's summit; and as they sat there Caeilte, surveying the place in which Finn was wont to have his seat, wept. "Caeilte, my soul," said the king

of Connacht, "what makes thee to weep? is it perhaps the sight of that spot where Finn sat: of Formoyle of the Fianna?" "That indeed it is," he answered: "for this mountain was their choicest hunting-ground: round about *loch na neilltedh* or 'the loch of hinds' that is to say, which now is called *loch formaeile* or 'loch of the Formoyle'; and *cluain na damraidhe* or 'the lawn of harts,' presently called *cell tulach* or 'the church of *tulachs*,' which was Conan Mael mac Morna's town; and *ros na macraidhe* or 'the wood of lads,' now *in airm* or 'the place,' where a part of the Fianna's horses were kept; on to the *dún* of Saltran Long-heel, now called *cell Chaeimhín* or 'saint Caeimin's church' upon the river *Suca*; thence on to *móin na fostadha* or 'the moor of staying,' known as *móin an tachair* or 'moor of the affray'; and so to *carraic an fhomorach* or 'rock of the pirate,' at this time called *dún mór*."

The king farther questioned Caeilte: "whence was Finn mac Cumall's origin?" and he replied: "of Leinster, being of the *úi Thairrsigh*, that is from *glaise Bolcáin*; or he was Finn son of Cumall son of *Tredhorn* son of *Cairbre* called *garbshrón* or 'rough-nose' son of Fiacha *fóbhreac* or 'the slightly freckled' of the *úi Fhailge*, a quibus 'Offaley.'" "Whence sprang his mother?" "She was Muirne smooth-neck, daughter of Teigue son of Nuadha, of the *tuatha dé danann*; and that [i.e. Finn] was one of the five best warriors that in Ireland ever took shield and sword; and of all the world's north-westernmost part the hand pre-eminent in bestowing of jewels, of rich things, and of great wage; one of the three best men that ever fell to the island of the Gael; one who, if only a man had a head to eat with and legs upon which to go [and to carry off his bounty], never denied one in any matter and, to the end none should say it was fear that moved him, never turned and looked behind him."

"What were the standing Fianna's names?" asked the king. "Finn mac Cumall verily," Caeilte began, "and Ossian with his four sons: Oscar, Ossian, Echtach and Ulach; Raighne Wide-eye, Caine the crimson-red, Uillenn Sharp-edge, Faelan the virile and Aedh Beg, all sons of Finn; Finn More son of Cuan son of Murrough, high chief of Munster's Fianna; Finn son of Temenan, chief of the Decian Fianna in Munster; Finn son of Urgna, chief of Kinelconall's Fianna; Finn son of Foghaeth and Finn

son of *Abhratruadh* or 'Red-eyebrow,' the two Fian-chiefs of Dalaradia in the north; Finn Bane grandson of Bresal, Fian-chief of Hy-Kinsellach; Finn *fer an champair* or 'man of contention,' Fian-chief of Scotland; Goll Gulbain and Cas of Cuailgne, the two Fian-chiefs of Ulidia in the north; Deghoc's three sons: Fead and Faeidh and Foscadh; Encherd Beirre's three sons: Glas and Gear and Gubha; Caeilte mac Ronan and his two sons: Faelan and Colla; *Goth gaeithe* or 'spear of the wind' mac Ronan, who when he desired to assert his own running power used to be a javelin cast in front of all the Fianna; Lergan the swift from Luachair in the west, that used to bring in the wild hinds as another would fetch home his own proper kine; *Diarmaid ó Duibhne* of the men of Munster, that never knew weariness of foot nor shortness of breath nor, whether in going out or in coming in, ever flagged; mac Lugach the impetuous and strong: primest young man of Ireland's and of Scotland's Fianna, mainstay of universal Fianry's valour; Bran Beg, grandson of Buacachan, chief comptroller of Ireland's and of Scotland's Fianna; Scannal grandson of Liathan, leader of their striplings; Sciathbreac son of Dathchain, the Irish Fianna's best man at games; Goll More mac Morna, with his twice thirty own brothers and fifteen hundred of one kith and kin; and the three 'men of instrument' from Slievefuad, having three instruments of music which they played concertedly and facing each other [i.e. all three facing inwards], and the which when any heard neither trouble nor hardship any more afflicted him." "What," asked the king of Connacht, "were those *óglaechs*' names?" "*Luath, Léidmhech*, and *Lánláidir*, i.e. 'the swift,' 'the destroying,' 'the powerfully strong,' who were of the standing Fianna," Caeilte answered: "the above being the names of those chiefs and lords and men of territory whom Finn had, and that thrice in every year used to victual him in his own liss, and were performers of the *dórd fiansa*. These then, king of Connacht, are the questions thou enquiredst of me," Caeilte ended, and straightway benumbed in stupor fell down on the hillside. For three days and three nights after that he remained without capacity to travel or to go, fretting for his comrades and for his foster-fellows; wherefore here the king of Connacht had a camp pitched, and they caused Caeilte to be bathed.

Next they drew on to *cluain na ndamh* or 'the lawn of stags,' which now is called *cluain imdheargtha* or 'the lawn of reproach,' where they camped; Patrick blessed the town, and of Caeilte the king sought the reason of such two names.

"It was a special bounty of the chase that Finn and the Fianna's three battles had here: a hart to every two of them, and to Finn three; whence the spot was called 'the lawn of stags.' But 'the lawn of reproach' was conferred on it for this reason: when clan-Morna were on terms of depredation upon Finn, once on a time just as they were busied with their meal and had their portions before them they never noticed anything until we were come round about this ridge and so surrounded them. Then said Goll mac Morna: 'a great reproach it is that these men have fixed on us!' 'Be 'the lawn of reproach' its name henceforth,' said Conan Mael mac Morna. But," said Caeilte, "their gallantry we must not suppress to clan-Morna's prejudice: for out through the battalion of the Fianna came the weighty phalanx in their might, nor did we avail to draw blood or to have 'a superficial reddening' of them. Here we sat down by their fires, and to Finn a basin of pale gold was brought . . . . . .

[*here is a lacuna comprising the sequel of this section; the tale of Radubh son of Dubh and of Finn mac Cumall's daughter Aeife dhearg; Tighernach mac Conn's churlishness to Patrick; origin of the rath of Cas and of Conall, the king of Kinelconall's two sons, and of tobar Pátraic or 'Patrick's well'; the Saint's banishment of the nine goblins into inis scríne or 'shrine island' in loch Carra; the cause of Caeilte's visit to Assaroe, and how he entered sídh dumha in Leyney of Connacht on his way; the expedition of the king of Denmark's sons Garbh and Eolus, with Bé dreacain or 'the dragon maid,' daughter of Ioruath, to Ireland for the purpose of the following battle*]. . . . . .

Then Cascorach mac Cainchinne enquired of the *tuatha dé danann*: "have ye for me a hard, tough, and right solid shield?" Donn mac Midir replied: "I have one." "Give it me," said Cascorach. The shield was given to him, he took the sword in his hand and came straight to where the she-brave watched and warded the invaders. "And what mayest thou be, young man?" she questioned. "To do battle with thee am I come," said he. "Never

until this day," said she, "have I been matched in fight against one man only, or even against two; more often has it been mine to inspire a hardy battalion of full strength with fear of me; and as for thee, young fellow, seeing thou art come to encounter me, 'tis positive that nowhere else in the world hast thou been able to find thee room." For all that, bloodily and with good endeavour they set to and either on other inflicted thirty huge wounds such as need the leech's care. In the end however the young man nimbly and vehemently falling on her plied her with deadly strokes, and with a cut that he chanced to get at her past her shield's rim struck off her head. This he bore away to the *tuatha dé danann*, and Caeilte uttered a quatrain:—

"Cascorach of the strokes has killed the woman (no boasting fib it is); he has left her lying on the strand with the sea-foam washing up to her."

"A great deed is that thou hast done, stripling," the Danish invaders cried [from their ships]: "to have slain before our faces the champion that we had, and that in all extremity used to relieve us!"

Then they inaugurated Eolus the late king's brother and came ashore to challenge the *tuatha dé danann*, who said: "we accept, for more and more easy we find it to give them battle."

Early in the morning then, ere yet a man of the host was up, Fermaise son of Eogabhal rose and grasped 'the pronged javelin': so called because on either side of it were five prongs each having both its edges garnished with sickle-shaped barbs, every one of which again would have 'cut a hair against the stream.' "My gods," he said, "what manner of man is Eolus?" and he that accompanied him said: "the comeliest *óglaech* and the finest form of the whole world's men." "Go not thou to any distance from me," said Fermaise, "but continue to instruct and guide me."

About him then Eolus took his fighting garb of battle, and his various weapons in his hand, and stepped upon the ship's gangway. "There, young man," the companion said, "is he whom thou requirest me to point out to thee: with the diadem of gold upon his head, wearing the red shield and clad in the green suit of mail." With that Fermaise gave his foot a solid bearing on the ground, put his finger into the javelin's thong, and at the other delivered a cast that impinged on the shield's very rim; it broke the good warrior's back in him and, after driving his heart

as it were a great lump of blood out through his mouth, the spear's point passed clean through him and stuck in the ship's bulwark. Howbeit, when the Danish fleet saw that those three were fallen they renounced the battle and departed to their own land; then Caeilte uttered:—

"Joyful the *sídh*-folk are; that without loss, without violence done to themselves, they are scaped from the host of them with the curling locks is not, in our judgment, conducive to their payment any more of tribute."

Throughout all Ireland the fall of that trio was made much of, both the *tuatha dé danann* and the men of Erin esteeming it a wondrous event that by the aforesaid three [i.e. Caeilte, Cascorach, Fermaise] were perished those that every year came to harry and to spoil them.

Caeilte asked now: "where is the seer Eoghan?" who answered: "here!" "Procure me knowledge of and true monition concerning my life's length; for I am but a decrepid ancient, for whom the latter end of his age and of his time must now be near at hand." Then Eoghan pronounced a quatrain:—

"Seventeen years from this day there are for thee, O Caeilte of fair fame, till thou shalt fall at Tara's pool: grievous as by the king's household that will be accounted."

"Success and benediction attend thee, Eoghan," Caeilte said: "this forecast is identical with that which my chief and lord, my gentle loving guardian Finn, made for me." "What length of life," said the others, "does Eoghan assign thee?" "Seventeen years," answered Caeilte. "That will prove true," they went on, "for never has he asserted that one should have a given span but it would so happen to him; and for very many years he used to tell us that by you, and with those weapons, these three were to fall."

Then Caeilte said: "*sídh*-folk, it is well; by you now be my cure (the errand upon which I came to you) effected, for I have given you my healing's fee: the greatest benefit that ever was achieved for you 'tis I have wrought it." "True it is indeed that thou hast done so," they replied, "and by us a change of form and feature shall be brought about for thee so that again thou mayest enjoy vigour and full activity; and chief command of the *tuatha dé danann's* young men be thine as well." "That were a miserable thing," said Caeilte, "that I should take on me a shape

of sorcery! by no means will I take another than that which my Maker and my Creator, He that is the Very and Glorious God, hath conferred on me, and which the rule of faith and devotion of that *Táilchenn* with whom I have foregathered in Ireland doth assign to me." "A true warrior's and a very hero's utterance is that," they said, "and the thing thou sayest is good; but in the matter of healing thee we crave yet a respite." "What is the respite's reason?" "It is three ravens which yearly come to us out of the north and, when the youngsters of the *sídh* are goaling, swoop on them and carry off one apiece of them," said Ilbhreac. There then they tarried until day was come with its full light, whereupon the *tuatha dé danann* in general proceeded to look on at the hurling: for every six men was given them a chess-board; a backgammon-board for every five; for every ten men a timpan, for every hundred a harp, and in the proportion of one to every nine were supplied pipes shrill and dominant.

Then they saw three ravens that out of the north came in from the deep sea, pitched on the great tree of special properties that stood on the green, and there emitted three lugubrious ill-omened screeches. Were it a thing permitted that the dead should be raised out of earth, or hair snatched from the heads of men, those three screeches would have effected both; as it was they perturbed and disordered the whole concourse.

Cascorach took a man of the chessmen, with which he made a shot at one of the ravens, and the missile entered first his beak and then his throat, so killing him. Another of the ravens Fermaise aimed at and slew, while for the third one Caeilte in like manner did as much. Then he said: "the birds are done away; now let my cure be wrought." But they of the *sídh* said: "knowest thou not, Caeilte, that for now a long time there is a feud fastened on the *tuatha dé danann*?" "What feud is that?" he asked. "It is the king of Ulidia's three sons in the north: Conn, Congal and Colla, that predatorily war on them and," said Ilbhreac again, "yearly come to us demanding eric for Eochaid Red-neck (king of Ulidia, and their grandfather) whom in the battle of *trágh Baile* or 'Baile's strand,' i.e. Dundalk to the northward, the *tuatha dé danann* slew. From every *sídh* in Ireland year by year they require a set combat of three: a combat of unequal event, for the three of us that are told off to it are

killed invariably, the three brethren going scot free; and it is to the people of our *sídh* that this year it falls to fight with them." Now where the king of Ulidia's sons dwelt after their yearly marauding upon the *tuatha dé danann* was on *benn Boirche* in that province.

Said one son of them: "what *sídh* is it ours to attack now?" "Ilbhreac's *sídh* of Assaroe," answered the other brothers; but one of them added: "in that *sídh* is a warrior of Finn mac Cumall's people, having with him two more, to whom whether prepared for fight or taken at disadvantage it were [under other circumstances] well to give a wide berth; but should we now shirk this same *sídh* they [the *tuatha dé danann*] will affirm that it is from unwillingness to face them on any terms that we do so." The three therefore for that night tarried where they were; then they looked to their armature and various edged weapons, and early on the morrow's morn reached Assaroe. The *sídh*-people, Caeilte with his two accompanying them, came out upon the green and he enquired: "are those yonder the three that come to assail you?" "They are they indeed," they answered; and Caeilte said: "the men's bodily form and their equipment both are good."

"Men, it is well," he called to the strangers: "for how long now are ye in contention with the *tuatha dé danann*?" "For a hundred years we are at it, and yearly slay three of them," they replied. "If ye do so then have ye three times over avenged your grandfather on them; and should ye encounter here 'tis yourselves will fall, for it is you that have the unjust cause." "We will pay you a fine," put in Ilbhreac, "out of every *sídh* in Ireland: twenty ounces of gold, of silver as many, and either side to cry quits with the other." The brethren said: "we will accept that." It was delivered to them therefore, and they departed.

"Let my cure be wrought now," said Caeilte, "for I hold it to be time;" and Ilbhreac called: "where is Elcmhar's daughter, Bebhionn?" "Here am I," answered the woman. "Into some hidden place convey Caeilte son of Ronan and procure him to be well tended and healed, seeing that from both *tuatha dé danann* and all Ireland he has averted spoliation and violence of outlawry. Also let Cascorach make him music and minstrelsy, and

Fermaise son of Eogabal keep watch and ward for him and minister to his wants."

Bebhionn (and her two sons with her) proceeded to *teach na narm* or 'the house of arms,' where a rich bed in which to be cured was decked out for Caeilte, and a basin of white gold containing its fill of water was brought to the lady. She took to her a mash-tub of crystal into which she had put certain herbs; these she comminuted in the water, handed the basin to Caeilte, and out of the same he drank a great draught [*which potion and four that follow it act emetically, Bebhionn in answer to the patient's queries very minutely reporting therapeutic progress each time, and the fifth she pronounces to be the last step towards perfect recovery; then*] the woman gave him a can of new milk and he drank it but, as a consequence of all that retching, was for three days and three nights debilitated and out of sorts.

"In my judgment, Caeilte," said the lady, "thou hast gotten easement and relief." "That have I indeed," he answered, "but that the great disorder of my head annoys me." "'The washing of Flann daughter of Flidhais' shall be done for thee: the which being used to any head this latter is not affected by ache, nor by baldness, nor by defect of sight." For a space and a spell therefore that remedy was applied to him. They of the *sídh* also divided themselves in three [*lit.* 'made thirds of themselves'] to visit and to divert him (one third being of their gentles and great nobles, another of their young men, and one more of their womankind and poets) for the time, were it long or short, that he should be on his bed of convalescence. All special fruits of the chase moreover that they secured were bestowed on Caeilte.

Thus the lady and both her sons, with Cascorach and Fermaise son of Eogabal, drank and made merry by Caeilte when they heard a sound, a gush of music, draw near from the water of Assaroe: melody for sake of which one would have abandoned the whole world's various strains. They hang their harps on the corners of the couches and go out, which made Caeilte to wonder; then he noticed and recognised that he yet lacked his spear-power and his full strength, and he said: "many a stern and desperate fight, many a warlike mêlée and van of battle I have faced, and to say that to-day there is not in me so much strength or pith

as to go out along with all the rest!" and tears burst out and adown his cheeks.

After having heard the music the *sídh*-people that had been abroad returned and Caeilte sought news of them, saying: "what was the burst of music that we heard?" "It was *Uainebhuidhe* out of the *sídh* of *Dorn buidhe* from Cleena's Wave in the south, and with her the birds of the land of promise, she being minstrel of that entire country. Now is her turn to visit this *sídh*, and every year she takes some other one": thus Bebhionn. By this time the new-comers had entered the *sídh*, the birds as well coming in and perching on the cornices and couches of the dwelling. Thirty of them penetrated into *teach na narm*, where Caeilte was, and there within struck up in concert. Cascorach handled his timpan, and to every piece that he played the birds sang him an accompaniment. "Many's the music we have heard," Cascorach said: "but music so good as that, never."

Then 'the washing of Flann daughter of Flidhais' was performed for Caeilte; and never, so long as he lived, did defect of sight, of hearing or of hair, afflict him, but he was scarless and hurt-whole. "The matter and the cause for which I came: to have my foot healed, let it be executed now," said he. "To-morrow in the morning it shall be done," the woman answered.

At that time she brought to him the two tubes of Modharn's daughter Binn; a she-slave sucked at one, a he-slave at the other, and left not in his foot unsoundness, nor ailment, nor clotted blood but they brought out, and he was whole. For three days and three nights after the cure he and his abode there.

The dwellers in the *sídh* emerged now to the banks of Assaroe, laid aside their clothes, and struck out into the stream to swim. Caeilte said: "what ails me that I should not go swim, since my health is restored me?" and with that he plunged in and disported himself in the water. This done they passed into the *sídh* again, and that night a banquetting-hall was set out for them. Caeilte fell to take leave of them and to render thanks for his restoration: "for," said he, "I am whole and perfect, wherefore a benison be on you"; and he uttered:—

"A blessing on the people of the *sídh* . . ."

"Verily and by our word," rejoined the denizens, "never on the earth's surface have we seen warrior better than thou; we opine indeed that not Finn himself surpassed thee." "Alack," he cried, "were it Finn that ye looked on ye would give up the whole human race nor ever mention them! but it is time for me to go, and so a benediction rest on you: the men of Erin were trysted to meet at Tara within a twelvemonth [which even now expires], and I cannot choose but go to have speech of my comrade and foster-fellow Ossian son of Finn; as well as for the precept laid on me by the *Táilchenn*, who commanded me to repair thither when all Ireland's chieftains should be gathered in one spot: in order to the reciting of the Fianna's great deeds of valour and of arms, of Finn mac Cumall's, and of Ireland's other good men's too, that by authors and by ollaves the whole should be amended and preserved to the latter times." The lady answered: "we have a means of help for thee." "What help is that?" he asked. "That we should convey to Tara for thee a certain mnemonic potion of nature such that never a stream, nor river, nor estuary, nor battle, nor single combat came in thy way but thou shalt have present in thy memory." Caeilte made answer: "that is a helpful gift of very kinsmen and of friends; if then we should happen to possess aught that ye might desire, ye should have it of us."

"A great favour is this that thou hast conferred on us," said Bebhionn: "to have averted from us them that every seventh year harried and raided us; for thy behoof therefore I have a ribbed shirt in the which while thou art no opposition shall affect thee [in thy undertakings]; a fringed mantle likewise, purely crimson, of wool of the land of promise from beyond, and its border yellow with gold: he about whom it is will be the chief ornament of all meetings and conventions. A boon most comfortable to an aged senior I have too: a fish-hook named *aicil mac mogha* which thou couldst not set in any rapid, in estuary nor in river, but there it surely would capture somewhat." "Fermaise son of Eogabal," said Caeilte, "what wilt thou do?" "I will continue in this *sídh* until the Feast of Tara be held, and I carry thither all things that Bebhionn has promised thee." "And thou, Cascorach, what wilt thou do?" "Go with thee," he answered, "to acquire knowledge and right instruction

up to such time as the men of Ireland break up in Tara." They bade good-bye to the *sídh*-people and came out to *cnoc an nuaill* or 'the hill of outcry,' where the *tuatha dé danann* at their parting from Caeilte made great *nuall* or 'outcry,' whence the hill's name from that day to this. Quoth Caeilte: "until the Judgment come, and the world's last day, this town I will not revisit."

They came on to *eas na finghaile* or 'the falls of fratricide,' now called 'the falls of Cronan son of Balbh': for it was seven brothers that once were there; concerning the falls there was a falling out between them and each one killed another, so that from them the falls were denominated. But their father, Cronan son of Balbh, lived after them and ever coming hither used to bewail his sons; one night his heart burst in his body, and from him comes *eas Crónáin* or 'the falls of Cronan.'

Not long had they been there when the clouds of waning day fell on them; so they moved away from the falls and by-and-by saw a tall man that awaited them on a *tulach.* They sat down by him and: "whence come ye?" he enquired; in answer to which they impart their names, their designations, and their story, then in their turn ask: "and who art thou thyself?" "I am Blathmac the stock-owner from the outskirts of Slievelugha, out of *cúil radhairc* which now men call *cúil ó bFinn* or 'Coolavin.'" "It is this night's entertainment that we would have of thee," said Caeilte. Now in all Ireland that same *óglaech* most excelled in churlishness and grudging, he replied therefore: "would ye but give me a price I would yield you provant and have you served for the night." Caeilte questioned: "what price is that?" "The matter is: three pillar-stones that are hard by my town, and are called 'the three men's pillar-stones,' but we know not from whom they are so styled." "I have it for thee," said Caeilte, "for I remember it:—

"It was a good warrior that was in Ireland's Fianna: Breasal's grandson Finn Bane, who also was of clan-Baeiscne, and he had three superlative daughters; neither were there of the children of Baeiscne more than three as good as he: Finn namely, Ossian, and Oscar. To set against which excellence of these men Finn Bane's daughters had three perfections of their own: in broidering and in all other skilled handiwork they outdid all Ireland's women, and in the whole island were no

three women of finer form. Special and gorgeously-coloured apparel it was that men practised to take into the gathering of Taillte, into the great convention of Usnach, to the Feast of Tara; and none cared for raiment other than such as those women had made. To these Finn mac Cumall said: 'girls, go not with any men but those on whom I and Ireland's Fianna shall bestow you.' Thus then they were for a season in Almhain of Leinster, awaiting the Chief's word, and until three men of clan-Morna passing by *carraig Almhaine* or 'the rock of Almhain' saw the maidens at their embroidery north-easterly from them on the rock. Those three *óglaechs*: Conan and Art and Meccon their names were, came near and said: 'yonder is a good chance to do a stroke of slaughter upon Finn and clan-Baeiscne, of whom (Finn himself and Ossian and Oscar only excepted) there are not three more valuable than those.' They captured the women and led them to this *tulach*, on which were Goll and his brethren. He asked: 'whence are the she-captives brought?' 'From Almhain,' answered she that was the eldest. 'This is a where-withal to make peace with the Fianna,' said Goll. 'By our word and indeed,' cried Conan, 'it is not to make peace with them that we have brought these women, but to kill them before your faces!' 'Our curse be on him that shall slay them,' said Goll: 'and as for our being present at their slaughter, that will we not by any means.'

"Thereupon clan-Morna, all but those six aforesaid, as one man departed from the hill, and the girls said [to the three that continued with them]: 'is it to kill us ye are fain?' 'Even so,' Conan replied. They said: 'we will give you good conditions, as that every mischief and all wrong that ever ye have done to Finn and to the Fianna be forgiven you, and peace made between you; we ourselves also to be yours as wives.' On no account were these terms granted them however, but the three dealt them three cuts and took off their three heads. Here they were laid under earth, and lie under the three monoliths in question: Etaein and Aeife and Aillbhe their names were."

"Success and benediction, Caeilte!" the *óglaech* cried: "for myself, for my son and for my grandson that is a good item of knowledge; in return for which piece of old lore ye shall e'en be welcome for these three nights."

They advanced therefore to *lios na mban* or 'the liss of women' in Coolavin, and passed into the dwelling, where they were well served that night. From a vat of mead that he had the *óglaech* dipped a hornful and reached it to Caeilte, saying: "thine be the whole vat, Caeilte; and though 'twere for a year thou desiredst to stay on here thou shouldst have it." "A blessing attend thee," the ancient answered, "but longer than this night we will not tarry." "Well then," said the host, "another thing I have to enquire of thee: why was this liss called 'of women'?"

"It was nine sisters of the *tuatha dé danann's* women that hither came to meet nine warriors of the Fianna; but they being come thus far the children of Morna spied them out as they kept their tryst, and slew them: from whom this spot has the name of *lios na mban.*" There then they passed that night; on the morrow they took leave and bequeathed a blessing.

They reached *carn na finghaile* or 'the cairn of fratricide,' now called *dumha na con* or 'the mound of wolf-dogs,' where as they stepped up the *tulach* they saw nine lovely women that with a queen of excellent form in their midst awaited them. A smock of royal silk she had next to her skin; over that an outer tunic of soft silk, and around her a hooded mantle of crimson fastened on her breast with a golden brooch. Upon seeing Caeilte the lady rose and gave him three kisses; then he asked: "maiden, who art thou?" She replied: "I am Echna daughter of Muiredach mac Finnachta, the king of Connacht's daughter that is to say." Now the bevy of them had a chess-board, on which they played; a can of delicious mead too, which they drank, and in which floated a fair polished horn. Every time that a game was won and ended they took a draught: they caroused in fact and made merry. The manner of the lady was this: she had three perfections; for of the whole world's wise women she was one, and he whom she should have counselled had as the result both affluence and consideration. "Caeilte, my soul," she said, "where wert thou last night?" "In the house of Blathmac the stock-owner, at *cúil radhairc* below, in Leyney of Connacht." "All hail to thee, 'tis thine own way thou art come!" cried the girl. She took one end of the chess-board, and Caeilte the other, in his lap, saying: "a long time it is that I have not played chess."

When they had now played for a while they laid the board from them; they [the new-comers] looking abroad saw three *dúns* near to them, and Caeilte enquired of the young woman: "what *dúns* are these?" She replied: "it was I that had them made." "It was a good woman that had them made," said he. "But Caeilte," she went on, "what minstrel is that by thee?" "Cascorach, minstrel of the *tuatha dé danann* at large, and the best that is in both Ireland and Scotland." "His semblance is good, if only his minstrelsy be such." "By our word and indeed," said Caeilte, "good as are his looks his minstrelsy is better." "Take thy timpan, *oglaech*," she commanded; he took it, played on it and performed sustainedly. Which being done she gave him the two bracelets that were on her arms, and Cascorach said: "success and benediction attend thee, lady, but I need them not; neither shall I ever give them to one whom I could prefer to thyself: take them therefore and with them a blessing."

It was the last of day then; and they betook them to the nearest one of those three *dúns*, where they were bestowed in a hidden and retired apartment. Etrom son of Lugar, the young woman's guardian, rose and made Caeilte welcome; she entered then, and in this wise they all feasted and enjoyed themselves. "Caeilte, my soul, 'tis well," said the girl: "why was this cairn called 'of fraticide,' and this mound outside 'of wolf-dogs'?" "It was *Ben mebhla* or 'woman of malice,' daughter of Ronan and a sorceress of the *tuatha dé danann*, that fell in love with Finn mac Cumall; but Finn said that, so long as he could have any other woman whatsoever in the whole world, he never would wed a witch. Finn's wolf-dogs being slipped came hither, thrice fifty in number, and the said woman breathed her breath on them, whereby, to spite Finn, she incarcerated them in this mound: hence it is named 'of the wolf-dogs.'" "And 'the cairn of fraticide,' whence is it?" "It was *Lámh luath* or 'swift hand,' son of *Cumasc deabhtha* or 'mêlée-fighter' son of *Déanamh comhlainn* or 'duellist,' who was of this country's people: and any occasions of single combat that might befal the kings of Ireland, as Art and Cormac and Cairbre [successively], he it was, and his father and grandfather [before him], that used to undertake them all.

"At that time, in the Duffry, and in the *duibhfidh*, and in

Slievecarbery which now is styled Slievegorey, was an *óglaech*: *Borbchú* son of *Trénlámhach* was his name, who had a daughter: *Niamh* or 'brilliance' she was called. They were nine brethren that Lamhluath above had, every man of whom separately came to crave the girl of Borbchu; and what each one used to say to him was: 'we will kill thyself and sons all together unless thou give us thy daughter.' What Borbchu on the other hand, for fear of being slain, used to tell each of them apart was: 'it will so turn out that she shall be thine.'

"One day then upon this hill Lamhluath said: 'is it true, my brothers, that ye look for the woman whom I have solicited of Borbchu?' They answered: 'it is true.' Thereupon a pang of jealousy took him; he rose, took his sword, and to the brother that was next to him dealt a stroke that killed him. But at sight of the fratricide those seven that remained laid their lips to the ground, and for grief of their brother died. They were put away under this cairn, and hence, lady, is 'the cairn of fratricide'; in lieu of which deed he [the doer] submitted to saint Patrick in Tara and said that, were the latter but so to enjoin him, he would ply his own sword upon himself."

"Success and benison, Caeilte my soul," the maiden cried: "great knowledge and true instruction is this that thou hast left with us! and now, knowest thou a defect that ails me and for which I cannot find relief?" "What defect is that?" "A head-disorder that attacks me, and water wherewith to cool it is none in proximity to us; for when I apply water to my head I get ease." Caeilte called: "where is Cascorach?" "Here," answered he. "Go out to the well, taking with thee this holy water, and sprinkle it on the well; so shall the magic veil that hangs over it fall away, and it will serve all men. Which well is that of Cormac's daughter *Aillbhe ghruaidbhreac* or 'freckle-cheek.'" All this Cascorach did, and the well was revealed to every one. "Thy hospitality's fee to thee, lady, it is that the well serve thee and them of the country," said Caeilte; and so it did until between two kings that grasped the rule of Connacht fratricide was perpetrated: Aedh and Eoghan were their names, and by Aedh the latter was slain at *lic an fhomorach* or 'the pirate's flagstone,' now called *lic Ghnathail* or 'Gnathal's flagstone.' In that night too were inflicted the three greatest losses that ever

fell on Connacht's province, as: the draining away of the falls that ran out of *inbhear na bfear* or 'the inver of men,' known presently as 'the Moy'; the ebbing in that same night of the high tide which out of the main ocean outside used to ascend the *Gaillimh* or 'Galway river,' and on which [in great part] depended the weal of the whole province; moreover the running dry of this well: of Aillbhe's."

Caeilte resumed: "to depart must be ours to-morrow; and never have I carried my head into the house of a woman better than thyself." "A most urgent thing I would enquire of thee before departure, Caeilte my soul," the girl said, and he asked: "what thing is that?" "Who is yon minstrel with you, and who his father and his mother?" "Cascorach mac Cainchinne son of the *tuatha dé danann's* ollave, himself also an ollave, his mother being Bebhionn daughter of Elcmar of the *brugh*." "An ill chance indeed," she cried, "that he is not son to Bodhb Derg, or to Angus, or to Teigue son of Nuadha!" "What means that, young woman?" asked Caeilte. "That I who never yet have loved any am fallen heavily, hugely, in love with him." "Not one of those others will in the long run prove better than he," said Caeilte, "in virtue of saint Patrick's award that at the last he shall hold all Ireland's ollaveship; and saving only this minstrel he will relegate the *tuatha dé danann* to 'the foreheads' of hills and of rocks [i.e. to their wildest steeps], unless that now and again thou see some poor one of them appear as transiently he revisits earth [i.e. the haunts of men]. And thou, Cascorach, what is thy mind anent this business?" "My mind is this," he answered: "that of the whole world's women never have I seen one to please me better than this one." "What then hinders you that ye should not make a match of it?" asked Caeilte. She said: "with thy consent and by thy counsel . . . . ."

. . . . . .

". . . . and Finn held the chase of Slievegamph, and of the Curlieu mountains, and of the green-banked Corann's broad low lands; and there the *gilla* ran after a deer in such fashion that his own spear chanced into 'the hollow of his side,' and that to the length of a warrior's hand the strong thick shaft thereof went clean through him. We the three battles of the Fianna came to him, and for nine nights he lived on and we striving to work his

cure; but then he died, and this green-skinned *tulach* was closed in over him:—

Finn *cecinit* this quatrain.

"'Alas, O variously handsome Eolar, O valiant battle-loving hero, for all thy body's blood that is turned to clotted gore after streaming through a cruel wound!'

"*Cnoc an eolais* or 'the hill of guidance' too is another name for it," added Caeilte. "What 'guidance' [i.e. instruction or interpretation] was that?" "It was *Cainnelsciath* or 'candle-shield,' i.e. 'of the glittering shield,' a magician of Finn's people, that from the firmament's clouds drew omens in Finn's presence, and: 'yonder,' said he, 'is the spot in which by Fatha Canann mac Maccon mac Macnia a *bruiden* will be made.' 'Verily,' Finn said, 'I see that,' and he uttered:—

"'Cainnelsciath, over a *bruiden* three clouds of noxious property I see: to all of us proclaim the thing if it so please thee, for thou understandest the matter for which they are there. O Cainnelsciath, declare this: all that thus holds me in perplexity; from thy lord hide not the case as it stands: the three clouds of woe which I see.' 'I see a cloud [the wizard answered], one clear as crystal, hang above a wide-doored *bruiden*; there the chief of a band one day shall be when the chalk flies from shields as they are riven. A cloud of grey, foreboding grief, I see in the fair midst between the other two: that for which the ravens lust shall come of the event, when there is glint of weapons in their play. A crimson cloud than which blood unmixed is not more red I see there poised above the two: if battle there be [and so there will] the hue of ruby gore will prove to have portended wrathfulness [i.e. ferocity of fight]. That bodies must be tortured and great hosts perish in the early day, O king of *Cli* that knowest every day, the three clouds which I see foretell.'"

Then they all went to Tara; before the men of Ireland Caeilte and Ossian related, and Ireland's ollaves emendated all that they said.

"Victory and blessings attend you, noble sirs," the men of Erin said: "though in all Ireland should be knowledge and instruction no more than that which even now ye have bequeathed to them, yet were it meet that they should gather themselves together in one place to have it."

Then Cascorach rose and said: "Caeilte, my soul, henceforth it is time for me to go; the benison that is due from every pupil be upon thee then." "And on thee rest the blessing due from every guardian that has had a charge," Caeilte answered: "for of all that ever I have seen thou the most dost excel in art." Dermot

the king added: "all Ireland's ollaveship I confer on thee for so long as I rule over her."

That was the hour and time in which thrice nine of the remnant of the Fianna that had accompanied Caeilte came out of the west to Tara. They took heed and were diligent to mark that, they now lacking their vigour, their pith and their full force, there was not paid them attention or regard so much as that one should even speak with them. Upon the hillside therefore they laid their lips to the earth and there died; under which *tulach's* mould they were laid, and so *cnoc na nónbhar* or 'hill of the nines' is that hill's name after them."

"A miserable thing indeed is this," said Ossian: "that was the last surviving residue of the great and gallant band which Finn had, and ourselves." That day the ancient men were grieved and wretched after those nines, seeing that of the Fianna's three battalions there had endured none but Caeilte and Ossian and the aforesaid. The men of Ireland all were hushed, not a man of them speaking to his fellow, so greatly oppressed they were with the sorrow which the seniors testified after their Fianna and own very people. Then Ossian uttered:—

"Is there here one that could tell (and were he unlearned, of a low estate) the place in which Finn's *cuach* was left all by itself in *cromghlinn*, i.e. 'Crumlin' or 'the crooked glen'?"

"Except this day," said Caeilte, "never was there one in which I found it not easy to speak with thee, Ossian;" and he said:—

"Here is one that could declare where it was that Finn turned right-handwise; the spot which is in the green glen nought but a magic veil hath hidden."

Ossian *cecinit.*

"Is there here one that could tell (and were he unlearned, of a low estate) who 'twas that set the head of *Currach cain* upon the hill over the strand of Bodamar?"

"It was thou that didst take off his head," said Caeilte, "and thy father that first wounded him, and myself that closed in the *tulach* over him":—

Caeilte *dixit.*

"After which [i.e. the beheading] I brought the head to the hill that stands over the strand of Bodamar; there it is from that time to this, and lies at rest within the hill."

Ossian said: "remembrest thou too, my soul, who it was that

over Ballachgowran of a morning made a cast at Goll mac Morna?" "It was I," Caeilte answered, "that sent the spear at him; it struck off the golden helmet on his head, and of his flesh carried away from him a fragment as thick as its own shaft [i.e. ploughed such a furrow in his head]." "And proudly taken by him that was," said Ossian: "great as the hurt was, again he donned the helmet and took his weapons in his hand, and to his brethren called out that he felt no whit ashamed." Then Ossian uttered:—

"Is there here one that could tell (and so on) . . ."

The king of Ireland enquired of them now: "who was it that in the battle of Gowra slew Cairbre Lifechair?" "Ossian's son, Oscar, it was that killed him," said Caeilte. "The exact truth of the matter it is that's best, my soul," put in Ossian. "Who then was it that destroyed him?" asked Dermot. "*Orlámh* or 'gold-hand,' king of the Fotharta in the south: an *óglaech* whom I had, and my father before me." "And Oscar," pursued the king: "who slew him?" "It was a single cast by Cormac's son Cairbre Lifechair that did it." "And mac Lughach: who killed him in the same battle?" "Bresal mac Eirge, son of the Norse-Gaels' king from out of the Hebrides yonder away, that was captain of the king of Ireland's household."

Now this night was the last one of Tara's Feast, and they passed it in banquetting and pleasure; on the morrow the whole host rose.

Then the men of Erin broke up to their various provinces, each into his own borders and ancestral seat. The king of Ireland likewise drew off, and came to *lic na ndruadh* or 'flagstone of the magicians' north-easterly from Tara. Bebhionn daughter of Alasc mac Angus, of the king of Scotland, was his wife; to whom he spoke, and what he said was this: "I desire to proceed upon the grand visitation of Ireland, and my wish is that thou be in Tara ministering to the ancients so that from the men of Erin neither disgrace nor reproach reach me." The queen answered: "as thou shalt ordain and themselves shall pronounce, even so shall their pleasure be executed." Together then the king and queen entered into the house in which the seniors, Ossian and Caeilte, were, and the king told them this. But the manner of Ossian was that he was the most modest man in Ireland, and

he said: "not so shall it be done, noble sir and king: but be thy wife along with thyself; and as for us, commit us to the chief steward." "Well then," quoth the king, "have the steward brought to us." Himself and his wife were produced, and the king said to them: "here is the fashion in which I prescribe to you to feed the ancients here: that [on my account] ye have seven score kine put into a fenced grass field, the same nightly to be milked for them; rations also for ten hundred to be provided them by the men of Erin; that they have liquor and milk in Tara too, be bathed every other day, and in their beds have a layer of fresh rushes strewed. This too: that the last of their liquor be not drunk out when they shall have the new ready to their hand. And thou, steward," the king ended, "hast seven sons: the which, and thyself along with them, I will have killed should the seniors want any item of all this."

Ossian said: "*lige in abhaic* or 'the dwarf's lair' in Tara, to make trial of which all Ireland used to resort thither, was not more wonderful than ourselves commended thus to *Maelmuirir* son of *Dubhán*, Tara's chief steward, and to Beoan the stock-owner's daughter *Cuarnait*, his wife."

"What was that—the dwarf—Ossian, my soul?" questioned the king. "A treasure-trove that Conn of the Hundred Battles got: in whose stature were three of Conn's spans, and who was the best chess and backgammon hand in Ireland; granted that all ailments in the world were concentrated in one individual, he had but to lay his hand on him and he would relieve him; and though all Ireland had stood arrayed against each other on the battle-field he would have made peace between them. Now a stone that was here in Tara," Ossian went on, "it was upon that his bed was, the properties of which bed were extraordinary: the biggest one of the men of Ireland got his exact fit in the mannikin's bed, while in the same the tiniest babe that could be found had but his own sufficient room. This then, and the *lia fáil* or 'stone of destiny' that was there, were the two wonders of Tara."

"What that was out of the way attached to the *lia fáil*?" Dermot enquired; to which Ossian made answer: "any one of all Ireland on whom an ex-parte imputation rested was set upon that stone: then if the truth were in him he would turn pink and white [*lit.* 'it was whiteness and pinkness that it (the stone) made

for him '] ; but if otherwise, it was a black spot that in some conspicuous place would appear on him. Farther: when Ireland's monarch stepped on to it the stone would cry out under him, and her three arch-waves boom in answer: as the wave of Cleena, the wave of Ballintoy, and the wave of loch Rury ; when a provincial king went on it the flag would rumble under him ; when a barren woman trod it, it was a dew of dusky blood that broke out on it ; when one that would bear children tried it, it was 'a nursing drop' [i.e. a semblance of milk] that it sweated." Dermot son of Cerbhall sought now: "and who was it that lifted that flag, or that carried it away out of Ireland ?" "It was an *óglaech* of a great spirit that ruled over . . . . . ."

. . . . . .

[*cætera desunt*]

This is the death of Eochaid son of Mairid.

A good king that ruled over Munster: *Mairid* son of *Cairid.* He had two sons: *Eochaid* and *Ribh.* Guaire's daughter *Eibhliu*, from the *brugh* of the *mac óg*, 'tis she was wife to Mairid. Upon his son, on Eochaid, she pitched her fancy (now from this Eibhliu it is that *sliabh Eibhlinne* or 'Eibhliu's mountain' is named). For a long time she solicited the young man, and at last pressed him hard that privily he should fly with her. Ribh told his brother that rather than disgrace himself he ought to carry off the woman, and that he would himself quit the country with him.

With Eibhliu therefore Eochaid eloped, and Ribh went with them. Ten hundred was their complement of men, and the manner of their travel was with bringing of flocks and herds. Their soothsayers told them that not in the one place it was fated for them to effect a landed settlement, and they parted accordingly at *bealach dá liag* or 'the way of two flagstones.'

Ribh went westwards to 'the country of Midir's game with the *mac óg*,' otherwise *magh finn* or 'the white plain.' Here Midir, who previously had killed their horses, came to them leading by the halter one that bore a pack-saddle. On him they

loaded all their stuff, and he conveyed it to *Airbthiu's* plain: the place where loch Ree is to-day. At this point the garran lay down with them, then stood up again, and in that spot burst forth a spring which in the event overwhelmed and drowned them all: the same is *loch Rí* or 'loch Ree.'

Eochaid on the other hand went on till he reached the *brugh* of the *mac óg*. A tall man came to them and would have turned them out of the country, but they went not for him. That night the man killed all their horses. On the morrow he returned to them and said: "unless ye quit the land on which ye stand, to-night I will slay all your people." Eochaid answered: "great mischief hast thou wrought us already, to have killed all our horses; without which we could not, even though we desired it, depart." Angus [or the *mac óg*, for he it was] gave them a great horse, and on him they clap all their gear; he enjoined them moreover not to unload the horse [on the way], nor [at any time] to let him make a halt, lest where he stood there happened that which should be to them an occasion of their death. Upon a Sunday then in 'mid-harvest month,' or September, they set out and so to *liathmuine* or 'grey bramble-bush' in Ulidia, where the whole of them gather to the horse and with one motion relieve him of all their impedimenta; but never a one of them turned his head back along the way by which they were come. The animal stood with them therefore, and here too there was a spring well. Over this Eochaid had a house made, with a flap to cover the well and a woman to tend it continually; and against Muiredach son of Fiacha he in the sequel made good his claim to the half-rule of Ulidia.

But once on a time that the woman had not shut down the well, *linn muine* or 'the bramble-bush water' rose and covered *liathmuine* above; there Eochaid was drowned with his children, all but Liban and Conaing, and Curnan the half-wit from whom are the *dál mBuain* and the *dál Sailne*; which latter indeed ever and anon had foretold to them how that the loch would overrun them, saying:—

"Come ye, come ye, grasp edged tools and hew you vessels out: with a grey flood *linn muine* shall whelm *liathmuine*; in the broad water Aire and Conaing shall be drowned; swim east and west and up and down through every sea!"

And this was true for him; for by the space of three hundred years Liban ranged the sea, with her lap-dog in form of an otter close after her whichever way she went and never parting from her at all. Herself it was that to Beoan son of Innle when he caught her in his nets told all her fortunes, on which occasion she chanted these words which follow:—

"Beneath *loch nEchach* I have my dwelling now: high above me is the once solid surface which troops of horses trod; under ships' rounded hulls is my appointed place; the wave it is my roof, the shore my wall . . ."

This then was what most contributed to disperse the Ulidians throughout Ireland: the eruption of *loch nEchach* or 'loch Neagh' namely. After her baptism another name was conferred on Liban: *muirghein* or 'sea-birth,' that is to say [a compound meaning] *gein mara* or 'birth of the sea.' As for one half of her 'tis a salmon it was, the other being human; and for her it was that the sennachie sang these quatrains:—

"A sea-birth that is a birth fraught with special virtues the daughter of haughty Eochaidh is . . ."

Liban and Airiu were Eochaidh Finn's two daughters; Airiu wife of Curnan was drowned there, and he died of grief for her: hence *carn Curnáin* or 'Curnan's cairn' has its name, and that is 'the invention of Curnan.'

Now for a full year Liban had been in her bower beneath the loch and her lap-dog with her there, God preserving her the while from the waters of loch Neagh, when she said one day: "O Lord, happy the one that should be in the salmon's shape, scouring the sea and swimming even as they do!" Then she was turned into salmon's form, and her lap-dog into an otter's; so that whatever the course she took, and into what airt soever, he was immediately in her wake under the waters and the seas. In which wise she continued from the time of Mairid's son Eochaid to that of Comgall of *Bennachar* or 'Bangor.'

From *tigh Dabheoc* the same Comgall despatched Beoan mac Innle to have speech of Gregory and to bring back canonical order and rule. As Beoan's people therefore navigated the sea, from under the currach they heard a chant as of angels and Beoan questioned: "whence this song?" "It is I that make it," answered Liban. "Who art thou?" Beoan pursued. "Liban daughter of Mairid's son Eochaid am I." "And what causes

thee to be in this fashion?" She said: "for now three hundred years I am beneath the sea; and the purpose for which I am come is to tell thee that I will go westwards to meet thee at *innbher Ollorba*. On this very day twelvemonth then, and for sake of the saints of Dalaradia, be my tryst kept by you; all which tell thou to Comgall and to the other saints as well." "That will I not unless its price be paid me," said Beoan. "What is the price thou askest?" "That I have thee buried in mine own monastery." "Verily thou shalt have that," she replied. Beoan subsequently returned from the eastward, and to Comgall with the rest of the clergy told all the story of the *muirgheilt* or mermaid.

Thus the year ran out; [at the place appointed on the coast] the nets were made ready, and she was taken in that of Fergus from Meelick. She was brought to land, her form and her whole description being wonderful. Numbers came to view her and she in a vessel with water round about her.

Like every one else the chief of the *úi Chonaing* was there, and he wore a crimson mantle. This she eyed persistently, and the warrior as it were enquired of her, saying: "if it be that thy mind is bent on the mantle it shall be thine." "Nay," she answered: "by no means is it to that end I observe it, but because on the day in which he was drowned it was a crimson mantle that Eochaid wore. Nevertheless," she added, "in guerdon of this thine offer to me good luck be upon thee and on 'the man of thy place' [i.e. thy successor]; neither in any convention where he shall find himself be it ever needful to ask which is thy representative."

There came up a great swart *laech*, uncouth of aspect, and killed her lap-dog. To him and to his ribe she bequeathed that never should they triumph over any but ignoblest foes nor, till such time as they should fast at her shrine, avail to take vengeance for ills done to them. Hereupon the *óglaech* made genuflexion to her.

Now arose a contest for her possession: Comgall saying that, since it was in his country she was caught, she was his; Fergus maintaining that, since it was into his net she had chanced, she must be his; while Beoan again affirmed her to be his property, for that so she herself had promised to him. Accordingly those

saints fasted all, in order that concerning this their dispute God should deliver judgment as between them.

To a certain man there an angel said: "from '*carn Airenn*' or 'Airiu's cairn' will come two stags; upon these yoke ye the chariot [in which she is], and whatever be the direction in which they carry her let them be. On the morrow the deer came as the angel had proclaimed, and bore her away to *tech Dabheoc.* Then the clergy gave her her choice: whether to be baptised and then and there presently go to Heaven; or to be continued in life for the same length of time again [300 years], and so to go to Heaven after life prolonged beyond many ages. The election she made was to depart then. Comgall baptised her, and the name that he conferred on her was Muirghein or 'sea-birth,' as before; or perhaps Muirgheilt, i.e. 'sea-prodigy,' that is to say *geilt in mhara* or 'the prodigy of the sea.' *Fuinche* too was another name for her.

In that place wonders and miracles are wrought through her, and there she (after the manner of every other sainted virgin) enjoys honour and reverence even as God hath bestowed them on her in Heaven.

Finis.

The king of the Lepracanes' journey to Emania, and how the death of Fergus mac Léide king of Ulidia was brought about.

A righteous king, a maintainer of truth and a giver of just judgments, that had dominion over the happy *clanna Rudhraidhe* or 'children of Rury': Fergus son of *Léide* son of Rury; and these are they that were his heroes and men of war: Eirgenn, Amergen *iurthunnach* or 'the ravager,' Conna Buie son of Iliach, and Dubthach son of Lughaid.

By that king a great feast was made in Emania, and it was ready, fit to be consumed, all set in order and well furnished forth; that very season and hour being the same also at which

the king of the *Lupra* and *Lupracán* held a banquet: whose name was *Iubhdán* son of *Abhdaein.*

These are the names of the men of war that were Iubhdan's: Conan son of Ruiched, Gerrchu son of Gairid, and Righbeg son of Robeg; Luigin son of Luiged, Glunan son of Gabarn, Febal son of Feornin, and Cinnbeg son of Gnuman; together with Buan's son Brigbeg, Liran son of Luan, and Mether son of Mintan. To them was brought the strong man of the region of the Lupra and Lupracan, whose prize feat that he used to perform was the hewing down of a thistle at a single stroke; whereas it was a twelve men's effort of the rest of them to give him singly a wrestling-fall. To them was brought the king's presumptive successor: Beg that was son of Beg; the king's poet and man of art likewise: Esirt son of Beg son of Buaidghen, with the other notables of the land of the Lupra and Lupracan.

By these now that banquet-house was ordered according to qualities and to precedence: at one side Iubhdan was placed, having next to him on either hand *Bébhó* his wife, and his chief poet; at the other side of the hall and facing Iubhdan sat Beg son of Beg, with the notables and chiefs; the king's strong man too: Glomhar son of Glomradh's son Glas, stood beside the door-post of the house. Now were the spigots drawn from the vats, the colour of those vats being a dusky red after the tint of red yew. Their carvers stood up to carve for them and their cup-bearers to pour; and old ale, sleep-compelling, delicious, was served out to the throng so that on one side as on the other of the hall they were elevated and made huge noise of mirth.

At last Iubhdan, that was their king and the head of all their counsel, having in his hand the *corn breac* or 'variegated horn' stood up; on the other hand, over against Iubhdan and to do him honour, stood up Beg son of Beg. Then the king, by this time affably inclining to converse, enquired of them saying: "have ye ever seen a king that was better than myself?" and they answered: "we have not." "Have ye ever seen a strong man better than my strong man?" "We have not." "Horses or men of battle have ye ever seen better than they which to-night are in this house?" "By our words," they made answer, "we never have." "I too," Iubhdan went on, "wage my word that it were a hard task forcibly to take out of this house to-night

either captives or hostages: so surpassing are its heroes and men of battle, so many its lusty companions and men of might, so great the number of its fierce and haughty ones that are stuff out of which kings might fittingly be made."

All which when he had heard, the king's chief poet Esirt burst out a-laughing; whereupon Iubhdan asked: "Esirt, what moved thee to that laugh?" Said the poet: "I wot of a province that is in Ireland, and one man of them would lift hostages and captives from all four battalions that here ye muster of the Luchra." "Lay the poet by the heels," cried the king, "that vengeance be taken of him for his bragging speech!" So it was done; but Esirt said: "Iubhdan, this thy seizure of me will bear thee evil fruit; for in requital of the arrest thou shalt thyself be for five years captive in Emania, whence thou shalt not escape without leaving behind thee the rarest thing of all thy wealth and treasures. By reason of this seizure Cobthach Cas also, son of Munster's king, shall fall, and the king of Leinster's son Eochaid; whilst I myself must go to the house of Fergus son of Leide and in his goblet be set a-floating till I be all but drowned." Which said he indited:—

"A great feast there is to-night in Emania, but a feast evil to women, and to men an evil one: jovial as be the crowds that now enjoy it, the end will be melancholy dismal gloom . . .

"An evil arrest is this thou hast made of me, O king," Esirt went on: "but grant me now a three-days' and three-nights' respite that I may travel to Emania and to the house of Leide's son Fergus, to the end that if there I find some evident token by which thou shalt recognise truth to be in me I may bring the same hither; or if not, then do to me that thou wilt."

Then Esirt, his bonds being loosed, rose and next to his white skin put on a smooth and glossy shirt of delicate silk. Over that he donned his gold-broidered tunic and his scarlet cloak, all fringed and beautiful, in soft folds flowing: the scarlet being of the land of the Finn, and the fringe of pale gold in varied pattern. Betwixt his feet and the earth he set his two dainty shoes of the white bronze, overlaid with ornament of gold. After assumption of his white bronze poet's wand and his silken hood he set out, choosing the shortest way and the straightest course, nor are we

told how he fared until he came to Emania and at the gate of the place shook his poet's rod.

The gate-keeper when at the sound he was come forth beheld there a tiny man, extraordinary comely and of a most gallant carriage, in respect of whom the close-cropped grass of the green was so long that it reached to his knee, aye, and to the thick of his thigh. At sight of him wonder fell upon the gate-keeper; and he entered into the house, where to Fergus and to the company he declared the matter. All enquired whether he [Esirt] were less than Aedh: this Aedh being Ulster's poet, and a dwarf that could stand on full-sized men's hands; but the gate-keeper said: "upon Aedh's palm he, by my word, would have room enough." Hereupon the guests with pealing laughter desired to see him: each one deeming the time to be all too long till he should view Esirt and, after seeing him, speak with him. Then upon all sides both men and women had free access to him, but Esirt cried: "huge men that ye are, let not your infected breaths so closely play upon me! but suffer yon small man that is the least of you to approach me; who, little though he be among you, would yet in the land where I dwell be accounted of great stature." Into the great house therefore, and he standing upon his palm, the poet Aedh bore him off.

Fergus, when he had sought of him tidings who he might be, was answered: "I am Esirt son of Beg son of Buaidghen: chief poet, bard and rhymer, of the Luchra and Lupracan." The assembly were just then in actual enjoyment of the feast, and a cup-bearer came to Fergus: "give to the little man that is come to me," said the king. Esirt replied: "neither of your meat will I eat, nor of your liquor will I drink." "By our word," quoth Fergus, "seeing thou art a flippant and a mocking fellow, it were but right to drop thee into the beaker, where at all points round about thou shouldst impartially quaff the liquor." At which hearing the cup-bearer closed his hand on Esirt and popped him into the goblet, in which upon the surface of the liquor that it contained he floated round, and: "ye poets of Ulster," he vociferated, "much desirable knowledge and instruction there is which, upon my conscience, ye sorely need to have of me, yet ye suffer me to be drowned!"

With fair satin napkins of great virtue and with special silken fabrics he being now plucked out was cleaned spick and span, and Fergus enquired: "of what impediment spakest thou a while since as hindering thee that thou shouldst not share our meat?" "That will I e'en tell thee," the little man replied: "but let me not incur thy displeasure." "Thou shalt not," promised the king: "only resolve me the whole impediment." Then Esirt said [and Fergus answered him]:—

E. "With poet's sharp-set words never be angered, Fergus; thy stern hard utterance restrain, nor against me take unjustifiable action" *F.* "O wee man of the seizure . . . . . ." *E.* "Judgments lucid and truthful, if they be those to which thou dost provoke me: then I pronounce that thou triflest with thy steward's wife, while thine own foster-son ogles thy queen. Women fair-haired and accomplished, rough kings of the ordinary kind [i.e. mere chieftains]: how excellent soever be the form of these, 'tis not on them the former let their humour dwell [i.e. when a genuine king comes in their way]" *F.* "Esirt, thou art in truth no child, but an approved man of veracity; O gentle one, devoid of reproach, no wrath of Fergus shalt thou know!"

The king went on: "my share of the matter, by my word, is true; for the steward's wife is indeed my pastime, and all the rest as well therefore I the more readily take to be a verity." Then said Esirt: "now will I partake of thy meat, for thou hast confessed the evil; do it then no more." Here the poet waxing cheerful and of good courage went on: "upon my own lord I have made a poem which, were it your pleasure, I would declaim to you." Fergus answered: "we would esteem it sweet to hear it," and Esirt began:—

"A king victorious, and renowned and pleasant, is Iubhdan son of Abhdaein: king of *magh Life*, king of *magh faithlenn*. His is a voice clear and sweet as copper's resonance, like the blood-coloured rowan-berry is his cheek; his eye is bland as it were a stream of mead, his colour that of the swan or of the river's foam. Strong he is in his yellow-haired host, in beauty and in cattle he is rich; and to brave men he brings death when he sets himself in motion. A man that loves the chase, active, a generous feast-giver; he is head of a bridle-wearing army, he is tall, proud and imperious. His is a solid squadron of grand headlong horses, of bridled horses rushing torrent-like; heads with smooth adornment of golden locks are on the warriors of the Luchra. All the men are comely, the women all light-haired; over that land's noble multitude Iubhdan of truthful utterance presides. There the fingers grasp silver horns, deep notes of the timpan are heard; and how great soever be the love that women are reputed to bear thee [Fergus], 'tis surpassed by the desire that they feel for Iubhdan."

The lay ended Ulster equipped him with abundance of good things, till each heap of these as they lay there equalled their tall men's stature. "This on my conscience," quoth Esirt, "is indeed a response that is worthy of right men; nevertheless take away those treasures: of which I conceive that I have no need, seeing that in my lord's following is no man but possesses substance sufficient." Ulster said however: "we pledge our words that, as we never would have taken back aught though we had given thee our very wives and our kine, even so neither will we take again that we now have given thee." "Then divide ye the gifts, bards and professors of Ulster!" Esirt cried: "two thirds take for yourselves, and the other bestow on Ulster's horseboys and jesters."

So to the end of three days and three nights Esirt was in Emania, and he took his leave of Fergus and of Ulster's nobles. "I will e'en go with thee," said Ulster's poet and man of science, Aedh: that used to lie in their good warriors' bosoms, yet by Esirt's side was a giant; for this latter could stand upon Aedh's palm. Esirt said: "'tis not I that will bid thee come: for were I to invite thee, and kindness to be shewn thee in the sequel, thou wouldst say 'twas but what [by implication] had been promised thee; whereas if such be not held out to thee and thou yet receive the same thou wilt be grateful."

Out of Emania the pair of poets now went their way and, Aedh's step being the longer, he said: "Esirt thou art a poor walker." This one then took such a fit of running that he was an arrow's flight in front of Aedh, who said again: "between those two extremes lies the golden mean." "On my word," retorted Esirt, "that is the one category in which since I am among you I have heard mention made of the golden mean!" On they went then till they gained *tráigh na dtréinfhear* or 'strand of the strong men' in Ulster: "and what must we do now?" Aedh asked here. "Travel the sea over her depths," said the other. To Aedh objecting: "never shall I come safe out of that [trial]," Esirt made answer: "seeing that I compassed the task 'twere strange that thou shouldst fail." Then Aedh vented a strain and Esirt answered him:—

A. "In the vast sea how shall I contrive? O generous Esirt, the wind will bear me down to the merciless wave [on which] though I mount upwards

yet [none the less] shall I perish in the end" *E.* "To fetch thee fair Iubhdan's horse will come, get thee upon him and cross the stammering sea: an excellent horse truly and of surpassing colour, a king's valued treasure, good on sea as upon land. A beautiful horse that will carry thee away: sit on him nor be troubled; go, trust thyself to him."

They had been no long time there when something they marked which, swiftly careering, came towards them over the billows' crests. "Upon itself be the evil that it brings," Aedh cried, and to Esirt asking: "what seest thou?" answered: "a russet-clad hare I see." But Esirt said: "not so—rather is it Iubhdan's horse that comes to fetch thee." Of which horse the fashion was this: two fierce flashing eyes he had, an exquisite pure crimson mane, with four green legs and a long tail that floated in wavy curls. His [general] colour was that of prime artificers' gold-work, and a gold-encrusted bridle he bore withal. Esirt bestriding him said: "come up beside me, Aedh;" but again the latter objected: "nay, poet, to do thee alone a skiff's office his capacity is all too scant." "Aedh, cease from fault-finding: for ponderous as may be the wisdom that is in thee, yet will he carry us both."

They both being now mounted on the horse traversed the combing seas, the mighty main's expanse and Ocean's great profound, until in the end they, undrowned and without mishap, reached *magh faithlenn*, and there the Luchra people were before them in assembly. "Esirt approaches," they cried, "and a giant bears him company!" Then Iubhdan went to meet Esirt, and gave him a kiss: "but poet," said he, "wherefore bringest thou this giant to destroy us?" "No giant is he, but Ulster's poet and man of science, and the king's dwarf. In the land whence he comes he is the least, so that in their great men's bosoms he lies down and, as it were an infant, stands on the flat of their hands. For all which he is yet such that before him ye would do well to be careful of yourselves." They further asking: "what is his name?" were told that he was called 'poet Aedh.' "Alack man," they cried to Esirt," thy giant is huge indeed!"

Next, Esirt addressing Iubhdan said: "on thee, Iubhdan, I lay bonds which true warriors may not brook that in thine own person thou go to view the region out of which we come, and that of the 'lord's porridge' which for the king of Ulster is made to-night thou be the first man to make trial."

Then Iubhdan, in grief and faint of spirit, proceeded to confer with Bebo his wife: he told her how that by Esirt he was laid under bonds, and bade her bear him company. "That will I," she said: "but in that Esirt was cast into prison thou didst unjustly." So they mounted Iubhdan's golden horse and that same night made good their way to Emania, where they entered unperceived into the place. "Iubhdan," said Bebo, "search the town for the porridge spoken of by Esirt, and let us depart again before the people of the place shall rise."

They gained the inside of the palace and there found Emania's great cauldron, having in it the remnant of the 'people's porridge.' Iubhdan drew near, but might by no means reach it from the ground. "Get thee upon thy horse," said Bebo, "and from the horse upon the cauldron's rim." This he did but, the porridge being too far down and his arm too short, could not touch the shank of the silver ladle that was in the cauldron; whereupon he making a downward effort his foot slipped, and up to his very navel he fell into the cauldron; in which as though all existing iron gyves had been upon him he now found himself fettered and tethered both hand and foot. "Long thou tarriest, dark man!" Bebo cried to him (for Iubhdan was thus: hair he had that was jet-black and curled, his skin being whiter than foam of wave and his cheeks redder than the forest's scarlet berry: whereas—saving him only—all the Luchra people had hair that was ringletted indeed, but of a fair and yellow hue; hence then he was styled 'dark man'). Bebo sang now, Iubhdan answering her:—

She. "O dark man, and O dark man! dire is the strait in which thou art: to-day it is that the white horse must be saddled, for the sea is angry and the tide at flood" *He.* "O fair-haired woman, and O woman with fair hair! gyves hold me captive in a viscous mass nor, until gold be given for my ransom, shall I ever be dismissed. O Bebo, and O Bebo! morn is at hand, thou therefore flee away: fast in the doughy remnant sticks my leg, if here thou stay thou art but foolish, O Bebo!" *She.* "Rash word it was, 'twas a rash word, that in thy house thou utteredst: that but by thine own good pleasure none under the sun might hold thee fast, O man!" *He.* Rash was the word, the word was rash, that in my house I uttered: a year and a day I must be now, and neither man nor woman of my people see!"

"Bebo," cried Iubhdan, "get thee away, and to the Luchra-land take back that horse." "Never say it," she answered: "of

a surety I will not depart until I see what turn things shall take for thee."

The dwellers in the town when they were now risen anon lighted on Iubhdan in the porridge cauldron, out of which he could not frame to escape; in which plight when they saw him the people sent up a mighty roar of laughter, then picked Iubhdan out of the cauldron and carried him off to Fergus. "My conscience," said the king, "this is not the tiny man that was here before: seeing that, whereas the former little fellow had fair hair, this one hath a black thatch. What art thou at all, mannikin, and out of what region come?" Iubhdan made answer: "I am of the Luchra-folk, over the which it is I that am king; this woman that ye see by me is my wife, and queen over the Luchra: her name is Bebo, and I have never told a lie." "Let him be taken out," cried Fergus, "and put with the common rabble of the household—guard him well!" Iubhdan was led out accordingly . . . . . said Iubhdan: "but if it may please thee to show me some favour, suffer me no longer to be among yonder loons, for the great men's breaths do all infect me; and my word I pledge that till by Ulster and by thee it be licensed I will never leave you." Fergus said: "could I but think that, thou shouldst no more be with the common varlets." Iubhdan's reply was: "never have I overstepped, nor ever will transgress, my plighted word."

Then he was conducted into a fair and privy chamber that Fergus had, where one that was a servant of trust to the king was set apart to minister to him. "An excellent retreat indeed is this," he said, "yet is my own retreat more excellent than it"; and he made a lay:—

"In the land that lies away north I have a retreat, the ceiling of which is of the red gold, and the floor all of silver. Of the white bronze its lintel is, and its threshold of copper; of light-yellow bird-plumage is the thatch on it I ween. Golden are its candelabra, holding candles of rich light and gemmed over with rare stones, in the fair midst of the house. Save myself only and my queen, none that belongs to it feels sorrow now; a retinue is there that ages not, that wears wavy yellow tresses. There every man is a chess-player, good company is there that knows no stint: against man or woman that seeks to enter it the retreat is never closed."

Fer dédh or 'man of smoke' the fire-servant, as in Iubhdan's presence he kindled a fire, threw upon it a woodbine that twined

round a tree, together with somewhat of all other kinds of timber, and this led Iubhdan to say: "burn not the king of trees, for he ought not to be burnt; and wouldst thou, Ferdedh, but act by my counsel, then neither by sea nor by land shouldst thou ever be in danger." Here he sang a lay:—

"O man that for Fergus of the feasts dost kindle fire, whether afloat or ashore never burn the king of woods. Monarch of Innisfail's forests the woodbine is, whom none may hold captive; no feeble sovereign's effort is it to hug all tough trees in his embrace. The pliant woodbine if thou burn, wailings for misfortune will abound; dire extremity at weapons' points or drowning in great waves will come after. Burn not the precious apple-tree of spreading and low-sweeping bough: tree ever decked in bloom of white, against whose fair head all men put forth the hand. The surly blackthorn is a wanderer, and a wood that the artificer burns not; throughout his body, though it be scanty, birds in their flocks warble. The noble willow burn not, a tree sacred to poems; within his bloom bees are a-sucking, all love the little cage. The graceful tree with the berries, the wizards' tree, the rowan, burn; but spare the limber tree: burn not the slender hazel. Dark is the colour of the ash: timber that makes the wheels to go; rods he furnishes for horsemen's hands, and his form turns battle into flight. Tenterhook among woods the spiteful briar is, by all means burn him that is so keen and green; he cuts, he flays the foot, and him that would advance he forcibly drags backward. Fiercest heat-giver of all timber is green oak, from him none may escape unhurt: by partiality for him the head is set on aching and by his acrid embers the eye is made sore. Alder, very battle-witch of all woods, tree that is hottest in the fight—undoubtingly burn at thy discretion both the alder and the whitethorn. Holly, burn it green; holly, burn it dry: of all trees whatsoever the critically best is holly. Elder that hath tough bark, tree that in truth hurts sore: him that furnishes horses to the armies from the *sídh* burn so that he be charred. The birch as well, if he be laid low, promises abiding fortune: burn up most sure- and certainly the stalks that bear the constant pods. Suffer, if it so please thee, the russet aspen to come headlong down: burn, be it late or early, the tree with the palsied branch. Patriarch of long-lasting woods is the yew, sacred to feasts as is well known: of him now build ye dark-red vats of goodly size. Ferdedh, thou faithful one, wouldst thou but do my behest: to thy soul as to thy body, O man, 'twould work advantage!"

After this manner then, and free of all supervision, Iubhdan abode in the town; while to them of Ulster it was recreation of mind and body to look at him and to listen to his words . . .

. . . . . .

Again, Iubhdan went to the house of a certain soldier of the king's soldiers that chanced to fit on him new brogues that he had: discoursing as he did so, and complaining, of their soles that were too thin. Iubhdan laughed. The king asked: "Iubhdan,

why laughst thou thus?" "Yon fellow it is that provokes my laughter, complaining of his brogues while for his own life he makes no moan. Yet, thin as be those brogues, he never will wear them out." Which was true for Iubhdan, seeing that before night that man and another one of the king's people fought and killed each other . . . . . .

. . . . . .

Yet another day the household disputed of all manner of things, how they would do this or that, but never said: "if it so please God." Then Iubhdan laughed and uttered a lay:—

"Man talks but God sheweth the event; to men all things are but confusion, they must leave them as God knoweth them to be. All that which Thou, Monarch of the elements, hast ordained must be right; He, the King of kings, knows all that I crave of thee, Fergus. No man's life, however bold he be, is more than the twinkling of an eye; were he a king's son he knoweth not whether it be truth that he utters of the future."

Iubhdan now tarried in Emania until such time as the Luchra-folk, being seven battalions strong, came to Emania's green in quest of him; and of these no single one did, whether in height or in bulk, exceed another. Then to Fergus and to Ulster's nobles that came out to confer with them they said: "bring us our king that we may redeem him, and we will pay for him a good ransom." Fergus asked: "what ransom?" "Every year, and that without ploughing, without sowing, we will cover this vast plain with a mass of corn." "I will not give up Iubhdan," said the king. "To-night we will do thee a mischief." "What mischief?" asked the king. "All Ulster's calves we will admit to their dams, so that by morning time there shall not in the whole province be found the measure of one babe's allowance of milk." "So much ye will have gained," said Fergus, "but not Iubhdan."

This damage accordingly they wrought that night; then at morn returned to the green of Macha and, with promise of making good all that they had spoiled, again required Iubhdan. Fergus refusing them however they said: "this night we will do another deed of vengeance: we will defile the wells, the rapids, and the river-mouths of the whole province." But the king answered: "that is but a puny mischief" (whence the old saw 'dirt in a well') "and ye shall not have Iubhdan."

They having done this came again to Emania on the third day and demanded Iubhdan. Fergus said: "I will not give him."

"A further vengeance we will execute upon thee." "What vengeance is that?" "To-night we will burn the millbeams and the kilns of the province." "But ye will not get Iubhdan," quoth the king.

Away they went and did as they had threatened, then on the fourth day repaired to Emania and clamoured for Iubhdan. Said Fergus: "I will not deliver him." "We will execute vengeance on thee." "What vengeance?" "We will snip the ears off all the corn that is in the province." "Neither so shall ye have Iubhdan." This they did, then returned to Emania on the fifth day and asked for Iubhdan. Fergus said: "I will not yield him."

"Yet another vengeance we will take of thee." "What vengeance?" "Your women's hair and your men's we will e'en shave to such purpose that they shall for ever be covered with reproach and shame." Then Fergus cried: "if ye do that, by my word I will slay Iubhdan!" But here this latter said: "that is not the right thing at all; rather let me be enlarged, that in person I may speak with them and bid them first of all to repair such mischief as they have wrought, and then be gone."

At sight of Iubhdan they then, as taking for granted that the license accorded him must needs be in order to his departure with them, sent up a mighty shout of triumph. Iubhdan said however: "my trusty people, get you gone now, for I am not suffered to go with you; all that which ye have spoiled make good also, neither spoil anything more for, if ye do so, I must die." They thereupon, all gloomy and dejected, went away; a man of them making this ditty:—

"A raid upon thee we proclaim this night, O Fergus owner of many strong places! from thy standing corn we will snip the ears, whereby thy tables will not benefit. In this matter we have already burnt your kilns, your millbeams too we have all consumed; your calves we have most accurately and universally admitted to their dams. Your men's hair we will crop, and all locks of your young women: to your land it shall be a disfigurement, and such shall be our mischief's consummation. White be thy horse till time of war, thou king of Ulster and of warriors stout! but crimsoned be his trappings when he is in the battle's press. May no heat inordinate assail thee, nor inward flux e'er seize thee, nor eye-distemper reach thee during all thy life: but Fergus, not for love of thee! Were it not Iubhdan here whom Fergus holds at his discretion, the manner of our effecting our depredations would have been such that the disgrace incurred by the latter would have shown his refusal to be an evil one."

"And now get you hence," said Iubhdan: "for Esirt has prophesied of me that before I shall have abandoned here the choicest one of all my precious things I may not return."

So till a year's end all but a little he dwelt in Emania, and then said to Fergus: "of all my treasures choose thee now a single one, for so thou mayest. My precious things are good too"; and in a lay he proceeded to cast them up:—

"Take my spear, O take my spear, thou, Fergus, that hast enemies in number! in battle 'tis a match for an hundred, and a king that holds it will have fortune among hostile points. Take my shield, O take my shield, a good price it is for me, Fergus! be it stripling or be it grey-beard, behind his shelter none may wounded be. My sword, and O my sword! in respect of a battle-sword there is not in a prince's hand throughout all Innisfail a more excellent thing of price. Take my cloak, O take my cloak, the which if thou take it will be ever new! my mantle is good, Fergus, and for thy son and grandson will endure. My shirt, and O my shirt! whoe'er he be that in time to come may be within its weft—my grandsire's father's wife, her hands they were that spun it. Take my belt, O take my belt! gold and silver appertain to a knowledge of it; sickness will not lay hold on him that is encircled by it, nor on skin encompassed by my girdle. My helmet, O my helmet, no prize there is more admirable! no man that on his scalp shall assume it will ever be obnoxious to reproach of baldness. Take my tunic, O my tunic take, well-fitting silken garment! the which though for an hundred years it were on one, yet were its crimson none the worse. My cauldron, O my cauldron, a special rare thing for its handy use! though they were stones that should go into my cauldron, yet would it turn them out meat befitting princes. My vat, and O my vat! as compared with other vats of the best, by any that shall bathe in him life's stage is traversed thrice. Take my mace, O take my mace, no better treasure canst thou choose! in time of war, in sharp set-to, nine heads besides thine own it will protect. Take my horse-rod, O my horse-rod take: rod of the yellow horse so fair to see! let but the whole world's women look at thee [with that rod in thy hand and] in thee will centre all their hottest love. My timpan, O my timpan endowed with string-sweetness, from the red sea's borders! within its wires resides minstrelsy sufficing to delight all women of the universe. Whosoe'er should in the matter of tuning up my timpan be suddenly put to the test, if never hitherto he had been a man of art yet would the instrument of itself perform the minstrel's function. Ah how melodious is its martial strain, and its low cadence ah how sweet! all of itself too how it plays, without a finger on a single string of all its strings. My shears, and O my shears, that Barran's smith did make! of them that take it into their hands every man will secure a sweetheart. My needle, O my needle, that is made of the *eanach's* gold! . . . . Of my swine two porkers take! they will last thee till thy dying day; every night they may be killed, yet within the watch will live again. My halter, O my halter! whoe'er should be on booty bent, though 'twere a black cow he put into it incontinently she would become a white one.

Take my shoes, my shoes O take, brogues of the white bronze, of virtue marvellous! alike they travel land and sea, happy the king whose choice shall fall on these!"

"Fergus," said Iubhdan, "from among them all choose thee now one precious thing, and let me go."

But this was now the season and the hour when from his adventure poet Aedh returned; and him the professors presently examined touching Iubhdan's house, his household, and the region of the Luchra. Concerning all which Aedh forthwith began to tell them, inditing a lay:—

"A wondrous enterprise it was that took me away from you, our poets, to a populous fairy palace with a great company of princes and with men minute. Twelve doors there are to that house of roomy beds and [window] lighted sides; 'tis of vast marble [blocks], and in every doorway doors of gold. Of red, of yellow and green, of azure and of blue its bedclothes are; its authority is of ancient date: warriors' cooking-places it includes, and baths. Smooth are its terraces of the egg-shells of Iruath; pillars there are of crystal, columns of silver and of copper too. Silk and satin, silk and satin, bridles . . . . . ; its authority is of ancient date: warriors' cooking-places it includes, and chess-boards. Reciting of romances, of the Fian-lore, was there every day; singing of poems, instrumental music, the mellow blast of horns, and concerted minstrelsy. A noble king he is: Iubhdan son of Abhdaein, of the yellow horse; he is one whose form undergoes no change, and who needs not to strive after wisdom. Women are there, that in pure pellucid loch disport themselves: satin their raiment is, and with each one of them a chain of gold. As for the king's men-at-arms, that wear long tresses, hair ringletted and glossy: men of the mould ordinary with the Luchra can stand upon those soldiers' palms. Bebo—Iubhdan's blooming queen—an object of desire—never is the white-skinned beauty without three hundred women in her train. Bebo's women—'tis little they chatter of evil or of arrogance; their bodies are pure white, and their locks reach to their ankles. The king's chief poet, Esirt son of Beg son of Buaidghen: his eye is blue and gentle, and less than a doubled fist that man of poems is. The poet's wife—to all things good she was inclined; a lovely woman and a wonderful: she could sleep in my rounded glove. The king's cupbearer—in the banquet-hall a trusty man and true: well I loved Feror that could lie within my sleeve. The king's strong man—Glomhar son of Glomradh's son Glas, stern doer of doughty deeds: he could fell a thistle at a sweep. Of those the king's confidentials, seventeen 'swans' [i.e. pretty girls] lay in my bosom; four men of them in my belt and, all unknown to me, among my beard would be another. They (both fighting men and erudites of that *sídh*) would say to me, and the public acclamation ever was: 'enormous Aedh, O very giant!' Such, O Leide's son of forests vast, such is my adventure: of a verity there is a wondrous thing befallen me."

Of those matters then—of all Iubhdan's treasures—Fergus

made choice, and his choice was Iubhdan's shoes. This latter therefore, leaving them his blessing and taking theirs, bade Fergus and the nobles of Ulster farewell (Ulster grieving for his departure) and with him the story henceforth has no more to do.

As regards Fergus however, this is why he picked out Iubhdan's shoes: he with a young man of his people walking of a day hard by Lochrury, they entered into the loch to bathe; and the monster that dwelt in the loch—the *sinech* of Lochrury—was aware of them. Then she shaking herself till the whole loch was in great and tempestuous commotion reared herself on high as it had been a solid arc hideous to behold, so that in extent she equalled the rainbow of the air. They both marking her towards them swam for the shore, she in pursuit with mighty strokes that in bursting deluge sent the water spouting from her sides. Fergus suffered his attendant to gain the land before himself, whereby the monster's breath impinging on the king turned him into a crooked and distorted squint-eyed being, with his mouth twisted round to his very poll. But he knew not that he was so; neither dared any enquire of him what it might be that had wrought this [change] in him, nor venture to leave a mirror in the one house with him.

The young man however told all the matter to his wife and the woman showed it to Fergus's wife, to the queen. When therefore anent precedence in use of the bath-stone there was a falling-out between the king and queen, the king giving her the fist broke a tooth in her head; whereupon anger seized the queen, and she said: "to avenge thyself on the *sinech* of Lochrury that dragged thy mouth round to thy poll would become thee better than to win bloodless victories of women." Then to Fergus she brought a mirror, and he looking upon his image said: "the woman's words are true for her, and to this complexion it is indeed the *sinech* of Lochrury that hath brought me." And hence it was that before all Iubhdan's other precious wares Fergus had taken his shoes.

In their ships and in their galleys the whole province of Ulster, accompanying Fergus, now gathered together to Lochrury. They entering the loch gained its centre; the monster rose and shook herself in such fashion that of all the vessels she made little bits

and, as are the withered twigs beneath horses' feet, so were they severally comminuted and, or ever they could reach the strand, all swamped.

Fergus said to Ulster: "bide ye here and sit you all down, that ye may witness how I and the monster shall deal together." Then he being shod with Iubhdan's shoes leaped into the loch, erect and brilliant and brave, making for the monster. At sound of the hero's approach she bared her teeth as does a wolf-dog threatened with a club ; her eyes blazed like two great torches kindled, suddenly she put forth her sharp claw's jagged array, bowed her neck with the curve of an arch and clenched her glittering tusks, effacing [i.e. throwing back] her ears hideously, till her whole semblance was one of gloomy cruel fury. Alas for any in this world that should be fated to do battle with that monster: huge-headed long-fanged portent that she was! The fearsome and colossal creature's form was this: a crest and mane she had of coarse hair, a mouth that yawned, deep-sunken eyes ; on either side thrice fifty flippers, each armed with as many claws recurved ; a body impregnable. Thrice fifty feet her extended altitude ; round as an apple she was in contraction, but in bulk equalled some notable hill in its rough garb of furze.

When the king sighted her he charged, instant, impetuous, and as he went he made this *rosg* or 'rhapsody':—

"The evil is upon me that was presaged . . ."

Then both of them, seeking the loch's middle part, so flogged it that the salmon of varied hue leaped and flung themselves out upon the shore because that in the water they found no resting-place, for the white bottom-sand was churned up to the surface. Now was the loch whiter than new milk, anon all turned to crimson froth of blood. At last the beast, in figure like some vast royal oak, rose on the loch and before Fergus fled. The hero-king pressing her plied her with blows so stalwart and so deadly that she died ; and with the sword that was in his hand, with the *caladcholg*, best blade that was then in Ireland, he hewed her all in pieces. To the loch's port where Ulster sat he brought her heart ; but if he did, his own wounds were as many [as hers] and than his skin no sieve could be more full of holes. To such pitch truly the beast had given him the tooth, that he

brought up his very heart's red blood and hardly might make utterance, but groaned aloud.

As for Ulster, they took no pleasure to view the fight, but said the while that were it upon land the king and the beast had striven they would have succoured him, and that right valiantly. Then Fergus made a lay:—

"My soul this night is full of sadness, my body mangled cruelly; red Lochrury's beast hath pushed sore through my heart. Iubhdan's shoes have brought me through undrowned; with sheeny spear and with the *caladcholg* I have fought a hardy fight. Upon the *sinech* I have avenged my deformity—a signal victory this. Man! I had rather death should snatch me than to live on misshapen. Great Eochaid's daughter Ailinn it is that to mortal combat's lists compelled me; and 'tis I assuredly that have good cause to sorrow for the shape imposed on me by Iubhdan."

He went on: "Ulster! I have gotten my death; but lay ye by and preserve this sword, until of Ulidia there come after me one that shall be a fitting lord for him; whose name also shall be Fergus: Ros Rua's son Fergus.

Then lamentably and in tears Ulster stood over Fergus; poet Aedh too, the king's bard, came and standing over him mourned for Fergus with this quatrain:—

"By you now be dug Fergus's grave, the great monarch's, grave of Leide's son; calamity most dire it is that by a foolish petty woman's words he is done to death!"

Answering whom Fergus said:—

"By you be laid up this sword wherewith 'the iron-death' is wrought; here after me shall arise one with the name of Fergus. By you be this sword treasured, that none other take it from you; my share of the matter for all time shall be this: that men shall rehearse the story of the sword."

So Fergus's soul parted from his body: his grave was dug, his name written in the Ogham, his lamentation-ceremony all performed; and from the monumental stones [*uladh*] piled by Ulster this name of *Uladh* [Ulster] had its origin.

Thus far the Death of Fergus and the Luchra-people's doings.

Finis.

This that follows is the Birth of Cormac grandson of Conn.

Art son of Conn of the Hundred Battles went to fight the battle of *magh mucramha* against Maccon. Westwards over Shannon he marched with the general hosting of all Ireland, and the night before the battle he passed as a guest in the house of Olc Acha the smith. That night they had unpleasant converse and ill speeches: Olc Acha saying to Art that for his giving battle to Maccon there existed no reason more convenient or fitter than there was for his engaging Olioll Olom's son Eoghan; that as against the former his cause moreover was bad, for that Lughaid [surnamed Maccon] had certain rightful claims upon him. "What amount of children leavest thou?" the smith enquired of Art, who answered: "I know not of any but one son only." "That is too little," the smith said: "this night wed thou my daughter, for it is prophesied for me that from me some great dignity must spring." A thing which was verified, for a great dignity Cormac son of Art son of Conn of the Hundred Battles was.

That night the king mated with Ulc Acha's daughter Etan, and then it was that Cormac was conceived. Art told her that she would bear a son and that he should be king over Ireland. Then too it was that he imparted to her all secret instructions for the boy's behoof, and declared to her that on the morrow he would be slain. [In the morning] he bade her farewell, saying: "take thy son to his friend of Connacht, to Lughna in Corann, there to be fostered"; and as he had himself premised the king afterwards was killed in the battle.

Accordingly Etan proved to be with child, and [in due time] it occurred to her to repair to Lughna's house in order that in the same she should bring forth the offspring which she carried. But so soon as she arrived within that country her pains took her, she came down out of her chariot and gave birth to a son. Her maid went off and pulled twigs, which she strewed under

her: hence *fiodnacha* or 'twigs,' 'brushwood,' i.e. 'Feenagh,' in Corann. At the boy's birth a report as of thunder boomed through the air, and Lughna upon hearing the sound uttered:—

"Noise—thunder—birth of king . . ."

He went on: "even so: the true prince's son, Cormac son of Art, it is that is born now; let us go to seek him, for to me it is committed to keep him until he shall be fit to rule the land."

After her child-bed Etan, having first enjoined her maid to mind the boy till they should be able to proceed, slept. The maid too slept however, and a she-wolf coming to them ravished the child to the spot in which were her whelps: to the stone cave that is hard by *craeibhech* or 'locus ramosus,' i.e. 'Creevagh,' at the *achail* in that which to-day is *sídh Chormaic* or 'Cormac's *sídh*.' By-and-by the woman started out of her sleep and, because she found not her son, cried out lamentably. Here Lughna came up to her, and asked them what they were about. The woman told him all: that it was towards him she had been on her way, for that to him it was intrusted to foster the child. Then Lughna conveyed her to his dwelling and gave out that, whosoever he should be that procured knowledge of and a clue to the infant, he would grant his own prayer [i.e. would let him name his own reward].

Now one Grec mac Arodh as he ranged the country of a day came by chance over a cave, in front of which he saw wolf-cubs gambol and among them a little urchin on his hands [i.e. on all-fours]. "Just so," he said, and went off to Lughna; then bound him to his terms if he should get him the king's son. To this Lughna assented, and hence were given to Grec the lands on which the *Grecraighe* or 'Grec-posterity' are established: the guerdon of Grec's finding of Cormac. This done Lughna and he took their way to the cave, and by them boy and cubs both were taken out of it; at which point Lughna prognosticating for him uttered:—

"Conn's victorious representative I hail . . ."

In the sequel that same boy was nurtured by Lughna, and none dared to provoke him against his father's enemies [i.e. against Lughaid Maccon and his faction]. The lad verily was 'a pasture of the eyes' of many: for form namely and for vesture, for propriety and for proportion, for ready speech, for

gaiety, for comeliness, for pride, for fire, for strength and for high spirit; and the name that was conferred on him by Lughna was *corbmac*, just as Art had left that it should be given to him.

Once upon a time Cormac and Lughna's sons: Ochomon and Nathnach, were at play. He struck one of them and: "oh dear," cried the patient, "there has stricken me a fellow whose clan and race are unknown, except that he is a gentleman without a father!" whereupon Cormac in great dejection sought out Lughna and recited to him how he had been reviled. "That is not true," his guardian said: "thou art the very prince's son, son of Art son of Conn of the Hundred Battles, and for thee it stands foretold to hold thy father's helm; nor so long as he [that now sits there] lords it in Tara will corn, or milk, or mast, or sea-fruit [i.e. yield of fish] or seasons come aright. "Come we therefore," said Cormac, "that we may visit, and bide our time in, our father's house in Tara." "Let us even go," Lughna answered.

Then the two went their way: Lughna, and Cormac accompanied with his wolves, he having also a body-guard of kerne which from the time of Eochaid Airemh to that present had been in Corann; for it was they that slew Eochaid: too heavy a rent namely that had been imposed on them. They are the *firchúl Bregh* of to-day, [and are there] because that by way of comradeship they came with Cormac thither.

So they held on till they gained Tara, where welcome was accorded them and Cormac received on the footing of a *dalta* [i.e. protégé and pupil]. At which time there was in Tara a she-hospitaller: Bennaidh, whose roaming sheep came and ate up the queen's crop of woad. The case was referred to Lughaid [Maccon the king] for judgment, and his award was: the queen to have the sheep in lieu of the woad. "Nay," Cormac said: "the shearing of the sheep is a sufficient offset to the cropping of the woad; for both the one and the other will grow again." "That is the true judgment," all exclaimed: "a very prince's son it is that has pronounced it!" The one half of that house in which the false judgment had been given slid down the steep declivity [on which it stood], and will so abide for ever: whence *claenfherta Temrach* or 'the sloping mounds of Tara.'

Maccon's rule in sooth was not good: the men of Ireland warned him off therefore, and bestowed it on Cormac. After

which, and so long as Cormac lived, the world was full of all good things. His wolves also Cormac continued to have with him; and the reason of that great esteem which Cormac bore to wolves was that wolves had fostered him.

By him was effected the renovation and decoration of Tara as before him she never had been, in respect of both houses and ramparts, and of all other edifices: both *laech*-houses and ladies' bowers, and 'houses of the earth' [i.e. underground storehouses, cellars, etc.]. Well off too Ireland was during that king's time: for the multiplicity of her fish the river waters might not be forded, nor her woods traversed easily for the exuberance of their mast; while for the quantity of their honey which by reason of his righteous rule was vouchsafed from heaven the travelling of her plain countries was no ready matter. The numbers of her wild creatures of the chase too were such as, though they should have had nor tilth nor reaping, would have comforted her people with meat in sufficiency.

So Cormac continued to reign in Tara, and by him in due time was constructed the noblest building that ever was erected there; nor though he was opposed by Ulster was he ever divorced from his kingdom, but in the house of *Spelán* the hospitaller died when in his throat there stuck a salmon's bone which had been kneaded up among the wheat given to him [in the form of bread]. Such was the cause of his death.

Now what Cormac bequeathed to his confidentials, and enjoined on them, was this: not to bury him in the *brugh*, because it was not one and the same god that he and they that were sepulchred therein adored; but he prescribed his burial in Rosnaree, with his face set eastwards to the rising of the sun.

Finis.

Laeghaire mac Crimthann's visit to the fairy realm of Magh meall or 'the Plains of Pleasure.'

Once upon a time, Crimthann Cas being their king then, Connacht were in convention by *énloch* or 'bird-loch' in *magh nAei* or 'the plain of Aei.' On the night in question they remained assembled and, when on the morrow they were risen betimes, saw a man that came through the mist and towards them: a mantle of five folds he wore, and in his hand were two five-barbed darts; a gold-rimmed shield was slung on him, at his belt was a gold-hilted sword, and golden-yellow hair streamed behind him.

"Give welcome to him that comes to you!" cried *Laeghaire líbhán* son of Crimthann, the noblest young man that was of Connacht namely, and: "a welcome to the warrior whom we know not!" he said to the stranger, who made answer: "I thank you all." "Wherefore comest thou?" Laeghaire enquired, and the other said: "to crave a force of men." "Whence art thou?" He replied: "of the men of the *sídhe* I am; *Fiachna mac Retach* is my name, and the matter is that my wife is taken from my head [i.e. pillow], *Sál's* son Eochaid having carried her away. He then in a pitched battle being slain by me, she is gone to a brother's son of his: to *Dalbh's* son Goll, that rules the fort of *magh meall.* Seven battles I have given him, but all are gone against me; for this very day yet another one is declared by us, and to solicit help it is that I am come. To every man moreover that shall desire it I will in lieu of his coming with me give a fair sum of gold, and of silver the same." With that he turned and went from them.

"Not to aid yonder man were a shameful thing," Laeghaire said, and together with fifty fighting men stepped out after him who, still preceding them, dived down into the loch, and they followed him. There they saw before them a strong place, and a company embattled that stood face to face with them. He, Fiachna mac Retach, went on yet in front of them and to his

own hold, where they saw two companies. "Verily it is well," said Laeghaire: "I to the number of fifty warriors will engage with the chief on the other side." "I will answer thee," said Goll son of Dolbh.

In their two fifties therefore they laid on each other, and [in the end], after the fall of Goll and of all his fifty, Laeghaire with his escaped alive. Then 'the battle broke before them,' and they made general slaughter of their enemies.

"Where is the woman?" Laeghaire asked; and Fiachna said: "within in the *dún* of Magh meall, surrounded by a force." "Bide ye here while I and my fifty go," Laeghaire said, and proceeded to the fort. They set about taking it, and he called [to the defenders]: "but little 'twill profit you [to hold out]: your king is fallen, your nobles are slain; suffer then this woman to come forth, and in return your safety shall be accorded you." So it was done and, as she came out, she pronounced [that which is known as] 'the lament of Eochaid *amlabar's* daughter.'

Laeghaire returned with her and laid her hand in Fiachna's; that night Fiachna's daughter *Der gréine* or 'maid of the sun' was coupled with Laeghaire, and with his fifty *laechs* fifty other women, and to a year's end they abode with them. Laeghaire said then: "let us go seek tidings of our land." "If ye would come back," Fiachna enjoined, "take with you horses, but by no means dismount from off them."

So it was done: they went their way and came upon a general assembly in which Connacht, as at the year expired, mourned for the aforesaid warrior band, whom now all at once they perceived above them [i.e. on higher ground]. Connacht sprang to meet them, but Laeghaire cried: "approach us not [to touch us]: 'tis to bid you farewell that we are here!" "Leave me not!" Crimthann, his father, said: "Connacht's royal power be thine; their silver and their gold, their horses with their bridles, and their noble women be at thy discretion, only leave me not!"

But Laeghaire turned from them and so entered again into the *sídh*, where with Fiachna he exercises joint kingly rule; nor is he as yet come out of it.

Finis.

This is the pursuit of the Gilla decair and his Horse.

A noble king and an excellent that once on a time held royal rule and supreme sway over Ireland: Cormac son of Art son of Conn of the Hundred Battles; in which stout sovereign's day Ireland was disciplined and prosperous, peaceable and happy, rich, full of all good things. Nor was her being so matter of wonderment: seeing that in exercise of hospitality this Cormac was a hospitaller, in poesy a poet, and in martial worthiness a very king.

In the same sturdy king's time too Finn son of Cumall son of Baeiscne's grandson Trenmor was in the chief command over Ireland's Fianna, that is to say: Cormac was monarch of all; after whom came the provincial kings [five in number] and the royal captains, Finn [chief of these latter] being in order the seventh king that men reckon to have at that period been in Ireland.

Copious were the profits and wage of Finn and of the Fianna: in every *tuath* a townland, in each townland a cartron of land, and in every house there a wolf-dog whelp or else a beagle pup [at nurse] from All-hallows to Beltane, with many another privilege not recounted here. But great prerogatives as were these, greater yet by far the pains and hardships which in return lay on Finn and the Fianna his followers: to fend off and to repel from Ireland strangers and over-sea aggressors, thievery and enterprise of outlaws, with all other villany; so that, as here is set forth, 'twas much of wearing work the Fianna had to safeguard Ireland.

One day then that Finn and the Fianna (they being in Leinster's spacious Almhain) enjoyed All-hallowtide's exhilarating and cheerily resounding banquet, Finn—who had their gentles and chief nobles close beside him—enquired of them whether now they held it time to go hunt and to pursue the chase; for thus it was that he and they used to pass the year: from Beltane to All-hallows in hunting and in deeds of venery; from All-hallows to Beltane again in the prescribed keeping of all Ireland.

At all events among them then it was resolved to proceed with the ordering of that noble chase, and the ground to which for that purpose they repaired was Munster's two proud provinces [Thomond and Desmond namely]. From Almhain accordingly they set out by the nearest paths, and on till they reached *tuath ó mBuilc*, the centre of Fircall, and the Brosna river in Slievebloom ; so to Eibhliu's twelve mountains or 'Slievephelim,' to *cnámhchoill* or 'Cleghile' of *mac Raighne*, and to *drom collchoille* which now is called *Aine cliach* or 'Knockany.'

The hunt was thrown out and extended by them along the borders of that forest which to-day men name *magh Breogain* ; through blind and trackless places, and the broken lands ; over fair and open level confines, and Desmond's lofty hills called at this day *luachair Deghaid* or 'Slievelogher' ; in among Slievecrot, beautiful and pleasant, *sliabh na muc's* bonny smooth *tulachs*, the even banks of azure-streaming Suir ; athwart the green-grassed verdure-coated plain of Femen, and Eithne's high-lying rugged Decies, on to dark-wooded Ballachgowran.

Brief: nor wood nor plain nor hill-country in both provinces of Munster but a chief of nine hunted there and plied woodcraft, deploying and distributing the chase. Finn sat on his hunting-mound, and certain of the good warriors tarried by him : his own son Ossian, Ossian's son Oscar ; Goll mac Morna, Art 'of the great strokes' mac Morna ; Dathchain's son Sciathbreac, bearer of Finn's shield ; the three Balbhs : three sons of the 'caird of Berra' ; Caeilte son of Ronan, Duibhne's grandson Dermot of the glittering teeth, Liathan *luath* or 'the swift' from *luachair Deghaid* ; Conan mac Morna, the Fianna's man of scurrilous and abusive speech, with Finn Bane son of Bresal ; and in the forests and waste places round about him Finn and his accompanying Fianna deemed it sweet to hear the hounds' cry and their baying, the striplings' hurried call, the strong men's noise and din, whistling and blithe shouting of the Fianna.

Of such as were with him Finn enquired who would go watch and ward the hill [on the side of which the mound his seat was made], and Finn Bane son of Baeiscne's grandson Bresal answered the chief captain that he would go to it. Over his broad weapons he extended a good warrior's ready hand, betook him to the hill-top, and fell to look abroad on all sides : westwards

and eastwards, to the southward and to the north. Nor had he been long so when out of the eastern airt directly he marked draw towards him a ruffian, virile indeed but right ugly, a creature devilish and misshapen, a grumpy-looking and ill-favoured loon, equipped as thus: a shield that on the convex was black and loathly coloured, gloomy, hung on his back's expanse; upon his dingy grimy left thigh all distorted was a wide-grooved and clean-striking sword; stuck up at his shoulder he had two long javelins, broad in the head, which for a length of time before had not been raised in fight or mêlée; over his armature and harness was thrown a mantle of a limp texture, while every limb of him was blacker than smith's coal quenched in cold ice-water. A sulky cross-built horse was there, gaunt in the carcase, with skimpy grey hind-quarters shambling upon weedy legs, and wearing a rude iron halter. This beast his master towed behind him, and how he failed to drag the head from the neck and this from the attenuated body was a wonder: such plucks he communicated to the clumsy iron halter, and sought thus to knock some travel or progression out of his nag. But a marvel greater yet than this it was that the latter missed of wrenching from his owner's corporal barrel the thick long arms appertaining to the big man: such the sudden stands and stops he made against him, and the jibbing. In the mean time, even as the thunder of some vast mighty surf was the resonance of each ponderously lusty vigorous whack that with an iron cudgel the big man laid well into the horse, in the endeavour [as we have said] thus to get some travel and progression out of him. All which when Finn Bane son of Bresal saw, within himself he conceived that such-like stranger and over-sea adventurer it were not right without their knowledge to admit to Finn and to the Fianna. With strong swift steps, with speedy-footed rush, he started therefore and reached both Finn and Fianna, then uttered this lay:—

"May the gods bless thee, Finn, O man of affable discourse . . ."

After this lay they saw the big man approach; but short as was his distance from them now, yet for his gait of going and his progress that was so bad he was a long time in covering it. When at length he came into Finn's presence he saluted him, and bowed his head and bent his knee, giving him symptom of

obeisance. Finn raised his hand over him, granted him leave of utterance and speech, then sought news: "whether of the world's noble or ignoble bloods art thou?" He answered that he knew not of whom he might be, [nor aught else of his particulars] save one thing only: that he was a Fomorian who in quest of wage and stipend visited on his own account the equitably judging kings of Christendom, and had heard that in respect of pay Finn never yet had denied any man. "He never has indeed," said Finn, "neither now will deny thee; but, big man, what brings thee without a horseboy?" "A good cause it is: nothing in the world irks me more than to have a horseboy with me, because it is a hundred men's meal of meat and comestibles that up to one day's end serves my turn, and even this I account all too little for myself alone; I grudge therefore to have any such boy to meddle with it." "And what name bearest thou?" "The *gilla decair*," he replied. "Wherefore was 'the *gilla decair*' imposed on thee?" "Again the cause was a good one: in the whole world nought find I that comes harder to me than for the benefit of my lord for the time being, or of any man that 'has me' [i.e. retains me], to do any one single thing. But, Conan mac Morna," the big man went on, "among the Fianna whether of the two is greater: a horseman's stipend or a footman's?" "A horseman's wage," said Conan: "for as against a footman he has twice as much." "Thee then I call to witness, Conan, that I am a horseman: that I have a horse, and that in very act of horsemanship it was that I approached the Fianna. Thou, Finn son of Cumall: upon thy guarantee then and on the Fianna's I will e'en turn out my horse among their own." "Turn him out," quoth Finn. The big man chucked the coarse iron halter which confined his horse's head, and the creature with rapid strides careering made away till he reached the Fianna's troop of horses, which anon he fell to lacerate, and to kill promptly: with a bite he would whip the eye out of one, with a snap would snip the ear off a second, and yet another one's leg would fracture with a kick. "Take thy horse out of that, big man," cried Conan: "by Heaven's parts and Earth's I pledge myself that, were it not the manner in which under Finn's and the Fianna's security thou hast enlarged him, I would let his brains out through his head's and his capital summit's several 'windows' [i.e. ears, eyes, nose and

mouth]; and many a sorry prize as heretofore Finn has drawn in Ireland, a worse than thyself he never had." "By Heaven's parts and Earth's as well I too pledge myself that take him out of that I never will; for horseboy that should do me his office I have none, and to lead my own horse by hand is no job of mine."

Conan mac Morna rises, takes the halter and claps it on the big man's horse; where Finn and the Fianna were, thither he brings him and for a long time holds him. Said Finn: "even to such an one as in all accomplishments of Fianry should far surpass the big man thou, Conan mac Morna, hadst ne'er consented to render horseboy's service; but wouldst thou give my counsel action, it were that thou shouldst mount the big man's horse and with him search out all hills and hollows and delicately flowered plains, until in reward of the Fianna's horse-troop that he has destroyed his heart were broken in his body [i.e. take and gallop him to death up hill and down dale]." Then Conan went, with a horseman's vault he backed the big man's horse, and violently, to his best eadeavour, dug both his heels into him; but never a bit he stirred for that. "I perceive what ails him," Finn said: "until he have on him a number of people the very counterpoise of his own cavalier no motion may be had of him." At Conan's back now thirteen men of Ireland's Fianna mounted the big man's horse; he lay down under them and then got up again. "I esteem that ye make a mock of my horse, and that not even I myself escape you scot-free; therefore, Finn, and considering all that in this first day I have seen of your contemptuous frivolity, I were to be pitied should I put in the residue of my year with you. I recognise moreover that that which currently obtains of thee is but a mock report"; then he pronounced a lay, as follows:—

"Now will I be parting from thee, Finn . . ."

This lay ended, in spiritless and inactive guise, weakly and wearily, the big man proceeded until betwixt himself and Ireland's Fianna he had placed a certain hill that lay in his way: but so soon as he had surmounted its topmost pinnacle [and thereby was lost to view] he kilted his coat right up, aye over his spherical hinder protuberances, and away with him as though with the swallow's or with the roe-deer's speed—or as it were

vociferous wind's blast over mighty mountain in mid-month of March—even such were the vigorous rapidity, the violence and energy, of the thundering rush that the big man made as he left the hill.

When the horse saw his lord that departed from him he could not endure it but, great as was his load, with sudden course of keenest gallop took his way, following his lord. At sight of those thirteen men behind Conan mac Morna on the big man's horse and he in motion Finn and the Fianna guffawed with a shout of mockery, flouting Conan. He then, perceiving that to dismount was not within his means, screamed and screeched on Finn and the Fianna that they should not let him go with the so hideous and terrific big one (concerning whom it was all unknown what clan or kind were his) and took to reproaching and reviling of them: "'a deadly giddiness over water' take thee, Finn—may some serf's or some robber's son of the ignoble blood—one that by way of a father's and a mother's son shall be even worse than thou—take from thee all that might preserve thy life, and [in the end] have thy head, unless thou follow us and, whate'er the region or the island into which the big man shall transport us, bring us to Ireland back again!" Thereupon Finn and the Fianna set out: over each great hill's bald pate, into the depth of every glen, across every estuary's swimming-place they followed the *gilla decair*; on to pleasant *sliabh luachra*, to *tulach na senghaoithe* now called *berna chabair*, and into the borders of *corca Dhuibhne* or 'Corcaguiny' in Kerry, where the *gilla decair* set his face right towards the deep sea and [would have sped away] over the green-waved ocean brine. But Liagan Luath of Luachair Deghaid got his two hands on the tail of the *gilla decair's* horse, thinking to have hauled him in by the long horse-hair and so to have detained them that rode him. To Liagan Luath however he on the contrary gave a lusty right valiant tug, and into the expanse of sea and ocean dragged him in his wake. Tightly now Liagan clutched the tail; and aye as they went the sea in huge round swells kept rolling after them, but shewed a sandy strand ahead.

That those fifteen men of his people thus were taken from him was a worry to Finn, himself too being left under bonds to recover them. "What shall we do now?" Ossian enquired of

him. "What should we do but, be the region or island what it may into which the big man shall convey them, to follow our people and by fair means or by foul to retrieve them back again to Ireland?" "What can we effect without either ship or fast galley?" "There is this," Finn answered: "that to the children of *Gaedhel glas* [i.e. the Gael] son of Fenius Farsa son of Niul the *tuatha dé danann* once by way of special gift bequeathed that, whosoever of them should have occasion to leave Ireland for a time, let him but resort to Ben-Edar and, be the number what it would that accompanied him thither, there they should find a ship or a speedy galley to suffice them."

Here Finn glanced towards the sea and saw, on a straight course towards him, a brace of valorous fellows: bulkiest of heroes, most powerful of fighting men, hardiest of champions. Upon his dorsal superficies the first one wore a ribbed and gaudy-coloured shield with forms of lions, of leopards, and of marvellous griffins designed exactly and embossed on it; at his left leg's thigh was a massy mighty-striking sword, steel-flashing, very terrible, and at his shoulder two thick great spears; a scarlet mantle with a fibula of gold surmounting his breast wrapped him; on his head he had a twisted fillet of white bronze; gold underlay either foot [i.e. he had golden sandals]. On the second man was just such bravery. No long tarrying they made before they came upon the spot, and bowed their heads and bent their knees, rendering to Finn tokens of obeisance. He raised his hand over them, gave them licence of discourse and utterance, and enquired whether they were of the world's noble or of its ignoble bloods. They averred themselves to be sons to the king of Ind, and that their peregrination into Ireland was moved by an intent there to be for a year on Finn's wage and stipend: "for," said they, "we have heard that in all Ireland is not a man that would prove more acute than he in judging between [i.e. in appraising] the accomplishments which we two possess." "And these that ye have, what are they?" asked Finn. The first man said: "in the way of special art I have a carpenter's axe and a sling; and though in one spot I had thirty hundred of Ireland's men, yet with the striking of three strokes of my axe upon the sling-stick I would produce either ship or speedy galley to suffice them, while as for co-opera-

tion I would require of them none other than that during delivery of such three strokes they should bow down their heads." "Good art," quoth Finn: "and now what art hath that other man?" The second rejoined: "I by way of art have this: that I would carry the teal's trail over nine ridges and nine furrows, until I came on her in her dwelling and on her bed; and upon either sea or land would do the thing indifferently." "Good art," Finn said again: "and would ye lend us help in tracking we would have great use for you." A man of them asked: "What is taken from you?" Finn told them the *gilla decair's* history from first to last, and questioned them: "what are the names ye bear?" The first replied: "I indeed bear 'the king of Ind's son: Feradach the very valorous.'" Thereupon Ireland's Fianna incline their heads and the very valorous Feradach proceeds to inflict on his sling-stick three stokes of the axe he had, by which process he made the bay's whole circumference and the sheltering haven to be all full of ships and of speedy galleys. Finn asked now: "what shall we do with the so great number of those vessels?" Feradach made answer: "saving only so many as will serve thy turn we will do away with them."

Then Caeilte rose and emitted three loud tremendous shouts, so that in all airts where they were Ireland's Fianna hearing him surmised that at the hands of extern and over-sea assailants Finn and the rest of the Fianna were in some dire necessity and strait. In small separate squads [as they chanced to be] they set out therefore and [converging] reached *clochán cinn chait* or 'the cat's head's stepping-stones' in Corcaguiny's western part, where they sought to learn of Finn what need or what thing of horror had overtaken him in that from their several slipping-stations, hunting forests and various wiles of venery, he drew them thus away. Finn told them all the *gilla decair's* business from first to last.

Between themselves now Finn and Ossian took counsel, and what seemed good to them was this: since but fifteen men of his people were carried off from Finn, he with fifteen others to go upon their track; Ossian to be left in the Fianna's command-in-chief, and to keep Ireland. Then Finn and Ossian made a lay:—

"Thou departing on adventure, red-weaponed and blood-shedding Finn . . ."

After which lay a grand ship of great burthen was fitted out for Finn and his people; and in her were stowed victual where it might be got at to consume, gold where it could be had to give away. Then along the sides and bulwarks of that ship in which they were now embarked those stalwart young men and comely valiant heroes took their seats; in their expert wide-grasping and enduring hands they gripped the broad-bladed tough oars; and so athwart the deep and heaving main's expanse, the valleys of the vast terrible sea's frowning masses, over the gaping white-foamed gulf's broad-backed black-visaged and swift-hurtling surges, with straining mighty effort they pulled off.

Now rose the sea, turning to become a wondrous and loud-bellowing thing of awe, in fierce and diverse-sounding mad-careering ponderous volume; in eminences restless, curving and grim-headed; in gloomy murk impenetrable surfaces; in wide-jawed white-skinned waves; in mighty mane-clad hills [which in their motion seemed] frenzied, reason-reft; in dire currents fed of many lesser streams, and in much-burthen-bearing far-extended broken green-hued waters. To Finn and his people it was both a lullaby and again an early morning rouse-call to hear broad ocean's concert as against their ship's sides it purred one while, anon loudly boomed, accompanying her ever.

Three days he and his passed thus, nor of mainland, of isle or island, saw any coast at all. But at the end of that period a man of Finn's folk went into the ship's head, and away out from him descried a rugged grey huge precipice; towards which cliff they drove their craft, and found that on it there abutted a rock, solid and cylindrical, having sides slipperier than dorsal fin of eel on river's bottom. Up to this they got the *gilla decair's* track, but found none that left it. Now spoke Fergus Truelips, Finn's ollave, and said: "cowardly and punily thou shrinkest, Dermot; for with most potent Manannan son of Lir thou studiedst and wast brought up, in the land of promise and in the bay-indented coasts; with Angus Oge too, the Daghda's son, wast most accurately taught; and it is not just that now thou lackest even a modicum of their skill and daring, such as might serve to convey Finn and his party up this rock or bastion." At these words Dermot's face grew red; he laid hold on Manannan's magic staves that he had and, as once again he redly

blushed, by dint of skill in martial feats he with a leap rose on his javelins' shafts and so gained his two soles' breadth of the solid glebe that overhung the water's edge. Under him and downwards Duibhne's grandson looked on Finn and his people but, much as he longed to descend again and bring them up, he could not compass it. He left the rock behind him therefore ; and was not gone far when he perceived a waste and tangled sylvan tract: shelter-giving woods of densest thicket which, of all that ever he had ranged, did most abound in foliage, in babble of burn and sough of wind, in melody of birds, in hum of bees. From east and west, from south and north, Duibhne's grandson traversed the plain and, as he looked abroad, was aware of a vast tree with interlacing boughs and thickly furnished ; hard by which was a great mass of stone furnished on its very apex with an ornamented pointed drinking-horn, and having at its base a fair well of water in all its purity. Now after his passage of the sea drouth and thirst were set in on Dermot, and he lusted to drink a hornful of the spring's water ; down he stooped to it, but heard a loud and rumbling noise that [so it seemed] came toward him, and he perceived then that of the fountain's special spells it was that none must drink a drop of its water. Nevertheless he said: "I will quaff my fill of it."

This done he was no long time before he saw approach to him a wizard wearing mien and garb of hostile import ; nor was it courteous salutation that he when he came up addressed to Dermot, but he outrageously upbraided him: saying that to roam his forest and domain of waste, and to drink up his store of water, was an iniquitous thing for him to do. Boldly and vehemently then Dermot and the magician faced each one the other, and in valiant manful right heroic wise : mutually answering and requiting with rapid sharp-dealt strokes and stern buffets until even-tide and day's end overtook them. Here the wizard judged it time to knock off from fighting with Dermot, and dived to the bottom of the well quite away from him ; but to Dermot it was a vexation that his partner in the combat was divorced from him thus. He looks to the four airts however, and sees a herd of deer draw through the forest ; then draws near to them and into the next stag sends a right javelin-cast that rips out his entrails and inwards, leaving them on the ground. He carried

him off [to a fitting place], took out his kindling gear and made a large fire; of the deer's flesh he cut individual small gobbets, imposed them on spits of the white hazel, and that night used his sufficiency of venison and of the spring's water both.

At early morn he roused himself and at the well before him found the magician, who said: "grandson of Duibhne, it seems to me that to have had the travelling of my waste and forest sufficed thee not but thou must enjoy its venery as well." At all events [at it they went again] and dealt each other blow for blow, wound for wound, prod for prod, until for the second time evening and the day's end caught them. For three twenty-four hours they fought thus all day, and nightly Dermot had a mighty hart; but on their contest's last day Dermot, when the magician made his usual nimble jump for the well, would have thrown his arm around the other's neck and [in the effort] both together dived into it, once underneath which the wizard forsook Dermot. He leaving the well behind him followed after and found before him a wide open country, beautiful and flowery: in its midst a regal splendid city and, on the green fronting the citadel, a serried host and multitude who, whenever they saw Dermot make for the wizard, left to the latter as it might be a royal road and common way until through the portal he was passed into the place of strength, and on him then they shut the fortress gates. Then the whole host turned on Dermot; yet never a whit of faintness did that breed in him, nor diminution of his hardihood: but under them, and through and over them, he passed as would hawk through flight of small birds, or wolf through sheep-flock; or as the weighty rush of a mad swollen stream in spate that over and adown a cliff of ocean spouts, even such was he as he mangled and slew those companies, whelming them utterly, till in the end they betook them some to the country's fast wild woods, and the remnant inward through the fort's gates which, as well as the city's, they closed after them. That stubborn fight thus ended, Dermot all full of hurts and wounds and drenched in blood lay down upon the ground.

To him enters now a burly wizard of great daring, and from the direction of his rear impinges on him with a kick. Dermot rouses himself and to his weapons reaches his ready warrior hand, but: "grandson of Duibhne," the sorcerer cried, "take it

easy: not to do thee harm or hurt am I come, but to apprize thee that an ill place of sleep and of sound slumber is that in which thou art, on thine enemies' and thy foemen's green; rather come with me, and thou shalt have a better sleeping berth." Dermot followed the wizard: long and far they journeyed from the spot, and until they found ahead of them a towering fortress in which were thrice fifty high-mettled men-at-arms with their suitable allowance of gentle women, forby a white-toothed rosy-cheeked delicate-handed and black-eyebrowed maiden that sat against the castle wall: a silken mantle, a tunic netted of golden threads she had about her and, on her head, a queen's rightful decorated wimple. A most friendly welcome in his own name and surname was given to Dermot; he was bestowed in an infirmary, herbs of price and virtue were applied to his hurts and he was healed completely, made 'all smooth' again. Now were the castle's boards and benches set; nor was villain set in gentle's room, nor a gentle in the villain's, but at said tables each one according to his rank, his patrimony or his art, was in his own becoming place. Excellent toothsome viands were brought in to them, together with well-flavoured strong drinks; the fore-part of night they passed in banqueting, the second with recreation of intelligence and mind, and the third they brought to with soundest sleep lasting until at morrow's morn the sun in his fiery orb rose over the grossly earthy world.

For three days and three nights Dermot was in the fort, the best feast that ever he had had being served to him the while; and at the end of that space he enquired what might be the castle and what the country in which he found himself, and who was head over it. The wizard told him that this was *tír fó thuinn* or 'the submerged land' [*lit.* 'terra sub unda']; he that had fought with him being king of that realm, and his sobriquet in chivalry 'the Wizard of the Well,' who to him that now spoke was 'a foeman of the red hand' [i.e. there was a blood feud between them]. He farther told Dermot that he himself was 'the Wizard of Chivalry,' and for a year had been on wage and stipend with Cumall's son Finn in Ireland, than which year also he never had put over him one that he had found more delectable; after which he desired to learn of Dermot what were the journey and the undertaking that lay before him. Then Dermot

rehearsed to him from first to last the history of Finn and the *gilla decair.*

Howbeit when to Finn and his folk it now seemed too long that Dermot was away from them, of the ship's cordage they made ladders and applied them to scale the jutting crag in order to trace out Duibhne's grandson ; then they came upon the remnant of his venison, for never yet had he eaten flesh but he left some fragment. Finn looked on all sides, and in the open saw a horseman that came towards him: a horse of a handsome colour was under him, one of darkest bay, which a most comely bridle of the red gold held. When he came up Finn saluted him ; he for his part bent his head, gave Finn kisses three, and intreated him with him to his dwelling. Long and far they went thence and at last found in their front a mighty and spacious place of arms, well garrisoned, and on the green before this fort a numerous army. Here Finn and company spend three days and three nights, the finest feast that ever they had being served to them the while, and most decently. That interval being run out, and Finn questioning what might be the fortress and what the country in which he was, the other answered that this was the land of *Sorcha* and he its king ; that for a year, than which he never had passed a more delectable, he once had been on wage and stipend with Finn in Ireland.

By Finn and the king of Sorcha accordingly a day of gathering and of high convention was appointed, and [when it came] they saw a she-courier or, in other words, a feminine running footman progress through the assembly to them. The king examined her for news, and such indeed she owned to having: as that the bay's limits and the harbour's were full of ships and galleys ; armed bodies throughout all the land, and they plundering the country. "I see it all," quoth the king: "the monarch of the Greeks it is that's there, in prosecution of his conquests all the world over ; he would reduce the universe at large under his own rule and tribute and, as he has seized all other countries, so now he takes this as well." With that the king glanced at Finn, who within himself understood that it was help and participation that thereby the king sought of him ; he said therefore: "the holding and the maintaining of this land I take upon myself until I quit it."

He and his, with the king of Sorcha, set out and followed up that host, of whom by-and-by, after great slaughter of warriors and *óglaechs*, they made headlong lamentable fugitives: a mere frightened unenduring bird-flock, and suffered not to escape but barely so many of them as might suffice to tell their tale. The monarch of the Greeks spoke now, saying: "who is it that has made this grievous carnage of my people?" and he proceeded to affirm that never before had he heard of the men of Ireland's valiance and achievement either as existing presently or as being even matter of tradition; but that, as matters stood, he would even to the world's very last end banish all progeny of Gael Glas son of Niul son of Fenius Farsa. Finn and the king pitched a green pavilion right in view of the monarch's fleet, nearest to which of all the country's forces was the tent occupied by Goll mac Morna and by Ossian's son Oscar.

Again the Grecian monarch spoke, and said: "whom may I find to avenge on Finn and on the king of Sorcha my people's slaughter and dishonour?" "Thou shalt have me," answered the king of Franks' son and, after gathering together the bulk of his household, marched on the tent in which Finn and the king of Sorcha were. Goll mac Morna when he saw this rose to meet and to answer them; but Oscar asked: "what then is this that thou wouldst do, Goll?" and he replied: "this day's fight I desire to fight for Finn." "So do not," said Oscar: "thy hand it is that in battles and in fights of two is proved the most; rather now suffer me in Finn's behalf to endure this day's set-to." Goll having yielded Oscar licence of the combat, he and the king of Franks' son faced each other: like two rabid dragons, like two far-reaching terrible lightning-jets, or two surges of most violent spring-tide surmounting pinnacles of rock—such might fitly be that pair of worthy champions' commemoration and description.

Yet Goll mac Morna, after clasping of his body in its armature of battle, came and upon the king of Franks' men made a charge so brave and undismayed, so fraught with hewing and with blood-spilling, that he converted them into crazed-like erratic lightly driven leaves [the sport of winds]; in such measure that heads were left bodiless, bodies lifeless, wives reft of their husbands, and mothers wanting their sons.

Oscar of the martial weapons now triumphantly pressed home to execute, to behead, the king of Franks' son; which being accomplished he turned to Goll and helped him to destroy so many of the whilom prince's household as he had not yet killed. Their leader's head he shook full in sight of the Grecian monarch's fleet, and the two together emitted that which to Finn and his people was a shout of victory and of exultation, but to the Greeks one of gloom and of discouragement.

At this point the king of Greeks again delivered himself, and said: "whom can I have that on Finn and the king of Sorcha will avenge my own shame and my people's?" "Thou shalt have me," answered an enormous stripling: the king of Afric's son. With the full number of his own contingent this youth sought the tent in which the king of Sorcha lay, and when the king of India's sons saw the move they came to meet them. "What would ye do?" Finn asked of these, and the very valiant Feradach made answer: "this day's strife we would gladly undertake for thee." "That shalt thou not," said Finn: "for as yet ye are not in my pay during a space of time such as might entitle you to a fight of the kind." But they [speaking severally] rejoined: "by my arms of prowess and of chivalry I vow that, if thou grant us not liberty of the fray, we will no longer be thy stipendiaries." With that, on either side those pillars of battle, those prodigies of performance, fought a fight that was desperate and cruel, with thundering onset and with pitiless laying on of blows, so that they shivered their thick-shafted crimson-headed and broad-socketted spears; and all those good warriors with their hewing and sore vehemence cleft each other's shapely helmets wrought of cunning armourers. As for the king of India's sons: in front of both armies the tall youth, prince of Africa, was beheaded by them, and his head they shook at the Grecian host. At Finn they vented a shout of triumph and of exultation, which to the Grecian potentate's forces was one of melancholy and of discouragement.

Yet again he spoke: "whom may I have to take vengeance on Finn and on the king of Sorcha for my own and my people's shame?" "Thou shalt have me," said his own son: "to cope with the fifteen men that Finn has I will lead other fifteen, and

will myself bring thee his head; each one of my people also bringing that of another."

The king of Greeks had a spinster daughter (*Taise*, called *taebghel* or 'white-sided,' was her name) who—as the sea surpasses all torrents, the Shannon other rivers, and the eagle birds—in form, in beauty and in aspect, transcended the whole world's universal women; and for his fame and wide renown she loved Finn though she had not seen him. Of her father therefore she craved as a boon that he would admit her to look on at the combat set betwixt Finn and her brother. This leave the king vouchsafed her, and she brought with her the handmaid whose it was to bear her company.

The Greek prince faced the tent in which were Finn and the king his friend, whereupon Finn said: "I see it all—single combat he would have of me, and one of my people to fight with each man of his." Like two most doughty lions he and the Greek confronted or, for hostility, like a pair of venomous snakes, or again in swift-footed rushes like two talon-wearing griffins; so that the earth of ponderous glebe shook beneath their tread, and with the rapidity and fervour of those good warriors' right striking they fairly hurled the straight swords from their hands, making themselves heard among the crags and distant recesses. At last Finn dealt the prince a weighty stroke of mighty impact and from his graceful neck, from off his body, sent his head flying far. A shout of victory and of triumph was sent forth by Finn and his; by them of the Grecian fleet, one of gloom and discouragement. Over the grave of the fallen the monumental stone was raised, their names written in Ogham above them all; and great as was the love which at the first Taise of the white body had borne to Finn, seven times so much she bestowed on him while he butchered her brother. Privily therefore she sent him an embassage, offering herself to him: a matter which to Finn was one of gladness and of complete inclination.

That night Taise stole away to him. On the morrow the monarch awoke, and it was told him how Taise was fled away to Finn. Not the loss of his people he lamented now, but white-bodied Taise; and declared that on him who should retrieve her from Finn he would confer many precious things, and wealth.

A chief captain of the household of the monarch's folk spoke: "fulfill me that which thou hast promised, in which case I will from Finn recover thee the maid; for I possess a certain special branch of great beauty, and though I had the whole world's hosts together in one spot, with the mere sound of my sprig waved over against them I would throw them all into trance of sleep and soundest slumber." The chief captain of the household went his way for the tent in which Finn and the king of Sorcha were, waved the branch at them, and threw them into a stupor such that in the same night he kidnapped Taise. But the determination to which the monarch came was that, Taise being thus restored, no more of his people must be slain by Finn; accordingly he took himself off to the land of Greece.

On the morrow Finn quivered to find that Taise was [as he supposed] departed on the sly, and after the monarch's daughter he felt dark and spirit-faint. "O Finn," Sorcha's king said, "nor gloom nor discouragement afflict thee with grieving for the maiden! I with a numerous host will myself bear thee company to the Greek monarch's land, where by fair means or by foul we will win back his daughter;" and he pronounced a lay:—

"That was well won, O son of Cumall! . . ."

After this lay a day of general gathering and of high convention was set by Finn and the king of Sorcha; and [as all were assembled] they saw banners, diversely gaudy, ornamented variously, standards of soft silk, well-tempered battle-swords carried at warriors' and at champions' shoulders, dense great groves of lengthy spears, tall and tough, reared over them and (in that numerous company's forefront) Dermot of the glittering teeth. Him Finn recognises, and despatches to him Fergus Truelips to enquire what it all might mean: what was the band with which he came, or had he procured tidings to bring to him of his people gone with the *gilla decair*? Dermot made answer that this was the Wizard of Chivalry, who by his magic art had shewn him that it was Allchad's son Abartach who from Finn had carried off those fifteen men of his into the land of promise. Hereupon Finn was determined what he would do: Dermot being now joined with Goll and Oscar he would send them on to the Grecian lands to fetch the monarch's daughter and, along with them, Fergus to proclaim their slaughters and their

triumphs; himself and the rest of his folk to make for the promised land, and whosoever should the first be there to await the other party.

For Finn and people a brave ship of burthen was fitted out; and of their farther doings record there is none until they found themselves in the land of promise, where they saw a grand gathering held in which was Abartach son of Allchad. To him Finn sends a messenger to require of him his missing men, or else battle. Abartach chose rather to restore him his people, and in damage of his long journey to pay him that which himself he might assess. Then he took Finn home with him to his own strong place, where the best feast that ever Finn had had was ministered to him most becomingly; and Finn tarries in the land of promise until Goll and Oscar should join him.

Touching which two, for them also a tall ship of great capacity was made ready: one with a sharp and decorated prow, one built solidly. They turned their backs to the land and set their faces to the sea: to the green-chequered ocean's borders, to the angry and frowning cold-wet acclivities of the main; with strenuous labouring and with swift career holding their course till they listened to utterance of sea-hogs and of mermaids, to wondrous monsters of the abyss, and on the coasts of fair and lovely Greece finally came into port. Their craft they beached where wave might not buffet her nor pound her into little bits, nor rock break her up. Forth from them now they saw the city of Athens which is in Greece and, when they were landed, chanced upon the state's herdsmen and the cattle of the country [i.e. the national stock]. Of these herdsmen they sought to learn how was the city named which they saw, what the country in which it stood, and who might be its head? The others for their part interrogated the strangers whether it were in obscure and devious glens of some kind that they were born [and reared], inasmuch as they lacked all knowledge of this city, and even of its name; then proceeded to tell them that it was the city of Athens in Greece, than which not one in all the world abounded more in strong arms of soldiers and of martial men in crowded companies, and given up to practice of valour and of chivalry. Said Oscar to Goll: "and what shall we do now?" Goll said to Oscar: "what should we do but enter into the city and, by fair

means or by foul, fetch away Taise?" "Not so will we do," said Fergus Truelips, "but rather weave ye your hair in four-ply tresses and give out that ye are poets, keen-edged, correct of diction, that wander to visit all Christendom's equitably judging kings." But Goll said: "supposing a cast of our art to be required of us, what shall we do then?" and Fergus replied: "in your behalf I will supply the same." This they did, and headed for the fort; then with a poet's wand struck a stroke on the lintel of the city gate. The gate-ward told them that the king was not at home, but gone to hunt; that within were none but Taise and her companion waitingmaid, to whom until the king should be returned access was not to be had by any.

The monarch came back: for he had that day disposed a great hunting party whereby hounds had red muzzles, and warriors crimsoned hands; while by effect of that heavily productive chase the followers and villains of the king's household were all spent with toil. Goll and Oscar saluted the king, and he sought their tidings; Taise of the white side knew them, but never spoke to them. The time of sleep and slumber being now at hand however, in order to their reciting of some tales for her pastime she required to have those unknown men of art admitted to her sole company. Into the one chamber therefore they all went, and there disclosed themselves: each to other. To Fergus demanding the stratagem by which for the second time she would elope to Finn, she said that on the morrow the monarch would prosecute the same hunting; as for herself, with Goll and Oscar she would steal away to the ship out of which they were but now come. The king went afield, and Taise quietly made off with the two [who pulled out and away] till they were in the land of promise. Finn when he perceived these five individuals at a distance passed on them an opinion of recognition, saying that those with whom he would compare these comers he held in dear affection: Goll and Oscar namely, Fergus Truelips, Taise and the waitingmaid her fellow.

His people now being all re-united thus with Finn, Abartach son of Allchad told him to make his own assessment of indemnity for the affront put on him, and for his long peregrination; but Finn said that the wage which [at his first engaging of him] he had promised to Abartach, and the damages [now due to him-

self], he would suffer to stand one against the other. Nevertheless Abartach replied: "in all this there is not any advantage to me so long as the Fianna's man of abuse and their reviler, Conan mac Morna, remains without his own award of compensation." Here Conan cried: "by Heaven's divers parts, and Earth's, I bind myself that in default of that same I will not rest contented!" So much Abartach promised him, and the adjudication that Conan made was this: that he should carry off fourteen women (best that were in the promised land), besides Abartach's own wife; the same lady to be stuck, as had been Liagan Luath of Luachair Deghaid, at the horse's tail; and the fourteen aforesaid to bestride him until again he should be in the western part of Corcaguiny.

And know now that neither gold nor silver it was that Conan awarded himself, but simply as we have said: he to carry off fourteen women (best in the land of promise), along with Abartach's wife who, like the swift Liagan, must be stuck at the horse's tail; while the fourteen other women (even as Conan and the rest of his people had done) should ride him till again they should be at *clochán cinn chait* in the west of Corcaguiny.

"There are thy people, Finn!" said Abartach; and the chief looked on every side of him, but whether up or whether down he saw no more Abartach. Home to Leinster's spacious Almhain he carried Taise, and they of the place made the couple's wedding feast.

This then is the Pursuit of the *Gilla decair*, and the romance relating to him, from first to last.

Finis.

Story of the Kern in the narrow stripes or, as some have it, of O'Donnell's Kern.

O'Donnell (Black Hugh son of Red Hugh son of *Niall garbh* son of Turlough of the Wine) was in Ballyshannon of a day, and with his country's gentles and chief notables there held high festival. With new of all meats and with old of all liquors they

were supplied and plied until, one and all being by-and-by full and merry and of good cheer, a certain galloglass of O'Donnell's following took on him to utter thus: "by Heaven's grace, from this very spot to the king of Greece's house there is not a single house better than this; neither are there two-and-twenty fellows pleasanter than a score and two that now are in the same: as Red Conan O'Rafferty, and Dermot O'Gillagan, and Cormac O'Kieragan, and Teigue O'Crugadan, together with others whom it boots not to recite here."

They in this strain discoursing anon saw towards them a kern that wore narrow stripes: the puddle-water plashing in his brogues, his lugs through his old mantle protruding both, a moiety of his sword's length naked sticking out behind his stern, while in his right hand he bore three limber javelins of the holly-wood charred [i.e. fire-hardened in place of iron-headed]. "God save thee, O'Donnell," quoth he. "And thee too," the chief returned: "whence comest thou?" "My use and wont is to be in Islay one day, another in Cantyre; a day in Man, a day in Rathlin, and yet another on Slievecarn; for a ranting rambling roving blade am I, and thou, O'Donnell, art he that for the present hast a hold of me." "Be the gatekeeper summoned to me," O'Donnell said; and the gatekeeper appeared who, on being questioned: "was it thou that didst admit this fellow?" answered: "not I indeed; nor have I ever before seen him." But the Kern said: "O'Donnell, let him pass; for to enter in was for me a matter no easier than it will be (whenever I am so minded) to emerge again." "Sit down," said O'Donnell. "I'll sit or I'll not sit; for nought do I but that which may be pleasing to myself." O'Donnell listening to him nevertheless made him no rejoinder, but marvelled what manner of man should be he that unseen by janitor or by any other in the gate could enter into the fortress and make his way into the very heart of O'Donnell's mansion. The men of art too with all their eyes considered him.

Here the Kern said: "play us a measure of music, Red Conan O'Rafferty!" and at his behest Red Conan did so. "Dermot O'Gillagan, play a tune!" and Dermot executed a piece. "Make music, Cormac O'Kieragan and Teigue O'Crugadan!" and for the Kern they struck up melody that welled aloud.

Howbeit those cunning players all played smooth-flowing

harmonious and delectable airs, the harp's sweetest consonances, till with their minstrelsy's fairy spell men might well have been lulled to sleep. Yet the Kern cried: "by Heaven's graces three, O'Donnell, since first I heard tell of them whose music is the making of every evil sound—Belzibub's artists to wit, and Abiron's, with those of the other black murk princes of the infernal commonwealth, that in nethermost Hell's smoke-wrapped ground-tier with their sledge-hammers ever ding the iron—any one thing which might paragon thy folk's dissonance I never have heard!"

He with that taking an instrument made symphony so gently sweet, and in such wise wakened the dulcet pulses of the harp, that in the whole world all women labouring of child, all wounded warriors, mangled soldiers, and gallant men gashed about—with all in general that suffered sore sickness and distemper—might with the witching charm of this his modulation have been lapped in stupor of slumber and of soundest sleep. "By Heaven's grace again," exclaimed O'Donnell, "since first I heard the fame of them that within the hills and under the earth beneath us make the fairy music—such as are Finn mac Forgy, and Shennach O'Dorgy, and Suanach mac Shennach, and the *scológ* of Kilcullen, and the *bacach* of Benburren: that at one and the same time make some to sleep, and some to weep, and others again to laugh—music sweeter than thy strains I never have heard; thou art in sooth a most melodious rogue!" "One day I'm sweet another I'm bitter," replied the Kern. Then he that served the company [i.e. the major-domo] spoke to him, saying: "Kern, come up higher and sit in O'Donnell's company to eat with him: he sends to bid thee up." "That will I not," he retorted: "I will not be otherwise than in the post of an ugly rascal that would make sport for gentlemen; higher than this therefore I will not go but, if it so please them, let them send me down their bounty." By the man of service therefore they transmitted to the Kern a jerkin, a hat, a striped shirt and a mantle. "Here," said the servitor, "is a suit that O'Donnell sends thee;" but the Kern refusing the same said: "I will not have it; nor shall any that is of gentle blood ever have wherewithal to taunt me."

To guard the outer gate on either side twenty horsemen armed and armoured all were told off now, and twenty gallo-

glasses that indoors should surround and hold the Kern. As many more too were stationed [with the horse] at the fortress gate without, for now they perceived that no man appertaining to this world was he ; and he enquired: "what would ye with all these?" to which O'Donnell returned: "to keep thee." "By Heaven's three graces, it is not with you that I will dine to-morrow!" "Good now: and where else?" asked the Chief. "At Knockany, twelve miles forth of Limerick city, where Shane *mac an iarla* is, in Desmond." "By Heaven," quoth a galloglass of them, "were I to catch thee giving but a single stir till morning, with my axe's poll I would knock thee into a fair round lump upon the ground!"

But here the Kern taking the instrument, made melody so sweet . . . [as above]; then to them that were outside called: "galloglasses, where are ye? here I'm out to you, and watch me well or I am clean gone away!" On hearing these words the first galloglass jumped up, raised his axe, and gave his next man a clour that felled him to the earth ; and the remnant of them, marking their fellow's stroke that had so missed its mark, with fury and virulence lifted up their axes against the Kern and at his head let fly again, and yet again, and lustily ; all which endeavours fell on one man or on another of themselves. In this fashion the Kern set the galloglasses to belabouring of each other with their axe's polls, the mounted men as well getting their share, until all hands lay there stretched in blood. He however, that had neither scrape nor scratch on him, accosted the gatekeeper and bade him exact from O'Donnell in fee of his people's resuscitation twenty cows and a cartron of free land ; also he prescribed thus: "to each man's gums rub this herb here ; so shall he stand up sound and whole." As the Kern had shewn him so the gatekeeper did ; and in reward of his men brought to life again, had of O'Donnell the twenty kine and cartron of free land.

Just at this very time it was that on the green in front of his dwelling and good town Shane *mac an iarla* of Desmond held gathering and convention, and he as he chanced to look about him was aware of one that approached him: a kern in garb of narrow stripes, with half of his sword's length stuck naked out behind him ; the puddle-water churning in his old brogues, his

ear-tips protruding through his ancient mantle, and in his hand he held a long rod partially scorched. "God save you!" he cried. "And thee too," returned Shane *mac an iarla*: "whence comest thou young man?" "In O'Donnell's mansion in Ballyshannon I slept last night; the night before in *dún monaidh*, in the king of Scotland's house; and here with you, *mac an iarla*, I sleep to-night." "What is thy name?" "Duartane O'Duartane are my name and surname." "What road hast thou travelled hither?" "By Assaroe of *mac Modhairn* which now is called the *Sligeach* or 'Sligo,' and so to the fair Keshcorran; from the Corran to the Curlieu hills and to Moylurg of the Daghda; past Cruachan in *magh Aei* to *magh mucramha*, and [through the length of Thomond] into the land of Hy-Conall Gowra, until now I have reached thyself, Shane *mac an iarla*!" Then Duartane was taken indoors, where he tossed off a drink, washed his feet, and till sunrise hour on the morrow slept.

Shane *mac an iarla* at this time visiting him spoke to him affably and friendliwise, in these words: "thy sleep I perceive to have been a long one; which indeed is no wonder, considering thy yesterday's journey that was so protracted. But I have heard that in books and with the harp thou hast much skill, wherefore this morning I am fain to hear thee." "In these arts," rejoined the Kern, "I of a certainty am most potent." Straightway a book was brought to him, but one word he could not frame to read; a harp also being furnished to him, not a tune could he play. "Thy music and thy learning are as it would seem but clean forgotten," Shane said, "which moves me to indite a quatrain on thee:—

"Good heavens, this is a grand repute to have: that Duartane O'Duartane cannot read one line of a book nor, failing that, has even a word at all by rote!"

Duartane, finding himself thus in process of criticism and of ridicule, now laid hold on Shane *mac an iarla's* book, in which from page's top to bottom, and with enunciation well cadenced and correct, he carefully and decently read. Next he seized the harp and played such a gush of music . . . [as before]; and Shane *mac an iarla* said: "thou art a most sweet man of science." "One day I'm sweet, another I'm sour," quoth the Kern.

Midday being by this time past, Shane *mac an iarla* and

Duartane along with him walked abroad on Knockany, and the former asked: "Duartane, wert thou ever before upon this hill?" "Aye was I," he replied, "and in company of one that in time of old was famous in the chase, in hunting, and in all art of venery: Finn son of Trenmor son of Baeiscne son of Fiacha *saidhbir* son of Brec son of Dairne Donn son of Deghad. There with him were the heroes of the Fianna too: Ossian son of Finn, Raighne son of Finn, Oscar son of Ossian; the Black-knee and the Black-foot of Bengulban; *Dubthuath* and Art mac Morna; Goll, Conan, Beith, sons of Morna. Round about this hill the chase was set on foot: we made hares to seek the hill-tops, sent foxes on their travels, roused brocks out of their brock-holes, with flushing of birds and with putting of fawns to their best speed. Thus we stood and gave ear to the hunters' halloo, to the clink of dog-chains, to cry of hounds and to the young men as they cheered them; till a hart dappled of white and red, and having in him other variety of colour, appeared and fled before us into the west. At him Finn slipped his own leash-hound: Bran of the sweet music; the white hound also, and the brown: *énán* and *mac an tuim*, which swiftly bounding westwards over Luachra sped away——" but Shane *mac an iarla* at this point chancing to cast his eye round from south to north, the Kern was vanished quite; nor could *mac an iarla* tell into which one of all terrestrial airts he was gone from him.

Now so it happened that at this season a certain gentleman of Leinster and doctor of poetry: *Mac Eochaidh* or 'M'Keogh,' had for an eighteen weeks' space lain with a broken leg that ever discharged acrid matter of marrow and of blood, nor could by any means at all procure the same to be healed; yet all this time had by him physicians and surgeons twelve, the best that were in Leinster. All at once he discerned a soldier clad in narrow stripes, wrapped in a sorry mantle and, as he drew near, crooning a ditty. "God save thee, M'Keogh," said the Kern [for he it was]. "And thee too," answered M'Keogh: "whence art thou?" "In Shane *mac an iarla's* house I slept last night; in O'Donnell's mansion in Ballyshannon the night before. In *Aileach na rígh* or 'Ellach of the kings' I was born. One day I am in Islay, another in Cantyre; a day in Rathlin, another on *fionncharn na foraire* or 'the white look-out cairn' on Slievefuad;

for I am a frisky flighty strolling fellow." "What art is thine?" M'Keogh demanded. "I am 'material of a physician' [i.e. a medical student]." "What name bearest thou?" "*Cathal O Céin* are my name and surname," said the Kern: "and wouldst thou but put away from thee the churlishness, and the penury, and the niggard nature that are in thee I would e'en heal thee." "All that," M'Keogh made answer, "indubitably is in me until I have imbibed three drinks; but from that moment 'tis equal to me what any one shall do." "But wilt thou at my instigation drop churlishness and penury?" M'Keogh said: "I will so." Forthwith Cathal produced a salutiferous herb, the which so soon as he had applied to the leg he cried: "rise now, M'Keogh, till we see hast thou a run in thee!" and the patient standing up made one dart and away with him across the level land—the rest of them all in consternation after him—so that with sheer running he left the twelve physicians far behind.

"M'Keogh," said the Kern, "I have wrought thy cure but, shouldst thou hereafter at any time even once more use churlishness or penury, I will come back and the same leg which by me now is healed I will break again; nor that one only, but the other leg as well; after which not all the physicians of the Fianna [supposing them risen from the dead] would mend either one of them." "Never will I do so," said M'Keogh: "but I have a buxom daughter whom, together with three hundred horses, three hundred cows, three hundred sheep and as many hogs, I will bestow on thee; so shalt thou have prospered with thy wife-hunting." Cathal assented to this: "it is well; and be she fair or be she foul mine she shall be."

Then for Cathal's benefit M'Keogh had a great feast made, and many guests bidden; which banquet being now ready and viands all ordered for the eating, Cathal pulled himself together, and never russet-clad hare on a March day was swifter than he as he fled away over the scalp of the hill facing the town. To M'Keogh enter presently the man of service, saying: "that physician that thou hadst, the one out of Ulster (Cathal by name)—the russet-coated beast denominated 'hare' is not speedier than he over yon hill's crown and far away!" whereupon M'Keogh made this quatrain following:—

"The physician from Ulster is dear even as Ulster themselves are dear to us; a father's son out of the northern airt he is: right happy he that has *Cathal O Céin.*"

Without tasting of either rest or recreation Cathal now took his way till he reached Sligo on the instant when, in order to the avenging of the Connacht crone's basket upon the Munster crone, O'Conor-Sligo would have set forth; who being as he was in act to march saw towards him a kern that wore garb of narrow stripes, and who said: "God save thee, O'Conor!" "And thee too," was O'Conor's answer: "where hast thou been now?" "Last night I was in the Lagan of Leinster, in M'Keogh's house; the night before, twelve miles out of Limerick in *Shane mac an iarla* of Desmond's house; the night before that again in O'Donnell's mansion at Ballyshannon; and in *dún monaidh*, in the king of Scotland's house, the night before. In Ellach of the kings I was born. I am in Islay one day, in Cantyre another; a day in Man, a day in Rathlin, and another on Finncharn in Slievefuad; for a poor rambling shambling flighty loon am I." "What name bearest thou?" the Chief enquired. "My name is *Gilla dé*; and what now may be that which takes you all from home?" O'Conor answered: "for the purpose of giving Munster battle it is that I draw out." "Would ye but hire me, I would go with you," said the Kern; but a kern of O'Conor's putting in his word called out: "by my faith it is not merely that we would not hire thee, but we would not ourselves take either bribe or bounty and to have thee with us at all!" "Not with you seek I to go, but with O'Conor," returned *Gilla dé*: "and it might well happen that for having me with him O'Conor should in the end be none the worse." The Chief then questioned him: "how much will purchase thee, *Gilla dé*?" "Never a thing I ask but that while I continue with thee nothing that is unfair be done to me," he said; and those terms O'Conor promised him that he should have.

The men of Connacht marched and, drawing over Shannon westwards, made a three days' incursion into Munster: harrying them, and sweeping together to one place their herds, their horses and their flocks; driving every creature that could be made to travel. They got the Munster crone's two bracked cows, with her hornless bull; and these, as a solatium for her basket,

O'Conor made over to the Connacht crone. But not long they had been a-driving of the prey when they saw the stout lads of Munster's either province [Thomond and Desmond] that after their cattle followed hard; and *Gilla dé* presenting himself before O'Conor gave him his choice: whether to have the prey driven, or the pursuit checked. The Chief saying that he had rather the pursuit were checked, *Gilla dé* with a bow and twenty-four arrows turned on the pursuers and never once let fly but he floored nine times nine of the Munstermen; so that within bow-shot of him none might stand his ground without being hit. On the other hand, though all the Connachtmen had [in this interval] dedicated themselves to a single score of the captured cattle, they had not availed to drive them the length of an arrow's flight.

O'Conor sent for *Gilla dé*, and now bade him drive the prey. With prompt consent and with the swallow's speed the *gilla* swept around the prey to block them, and drove them all until by virtue of hard running they were far out of Munster's ken; but these, marking *Gilla dé* thus turn his back on them, hurried up after Connacht and slaughtered them so unmercifully that of necessity he must again turn on the pursuit.

In this manner he was kept on the run betwixt prey and pursuit until from the westward they recrossed Shannon, and so home to Sligo and O'Conor's dwelling-place.

The Chief entering in before all others a drink was put into his hand, and he drained it without a thought on *Gilla dé* who, coming on the instant into O'Conor's presence, proclaimed that he took his leave of him. This was unpalatable to the leader, and he said that in atonement of the slight put on him in respect of the drink the Kern should have his own award; but the *gilla* declined the offer, or to be any longer with him, saying that anent this matter he had concocted certain verses:—

"An injustice to *Gilla dé* is unbecoming to him that perpetrates it: what I tell the Chief is that the judgment which he has ruled is bad. It was I surely that to fetch the kine went with them to Tralee: the one that could hinder the pursuit, it is not fair that he alone must not have anything. Though I had been with Brian's son Murrough, taking 'pledges' and cows, with all other preys, and that we had lifted the whole world's rents, I had never given him but one half of the whole."

O'Conor gave one look round, and never knew into which one of all terrestrial airts *Gilla dé* was gone from him.

At this same juncture Teigue O'Kelly chanced to hold a general gathering and muster at his dwelling and good town, when he saw come to him a kern clad in narrow stripes: half his sword's length naked out behind him, his ear-tops both sticking out through his old mantle, and he had a pair of old brogues in which the puddle-water clapped. "God save you all," he said, and received like salutation. "Where hast thou been?" asked Teigue O'Kelly. "In O'Conor-Sligo's house I slept last night, and before that in M'Keogh's in the Lagan of Leinster; before that again in Shane *mac an iarla* of Desmond's house, in O'Donnell's mansion of Ballyshannon, and in the king of Scotland's town. In Ellach of the kings I was born. I am in Islay one day, in Cantyre another; a day in Rathlin, and another on the white cairn in Slievefuad; for I am a poor rambling rakish fellow." "What art is thine?" "I am a good conjuror: one such as will, if thou bestow on me five marks, shew thee a trick." Teigue saying: "I will give them," the Kern laid on his open palm three rushes, professing as he did so that with a single puff of his breath he would abstract the middle rush, and the two outer would leave still where they were. He was ordered to execute the thing: upon the pair of rushes that were farthest apart he imposed two finger-tips, and the central rush he puffed from his palm; then he cried: "there thou hast a trick, Teigue O'Kelly!" "The trick, upon my conscience, is not a bad one," O'Kelly said; but a kern of his following ejaculated: "that he mightn't have luck that did it; for bestow on me but the half of those five marks, and I will perform it!" "After the same fashion do that same trick, and I will give thee the half of those five marks," said the narrow-striped. Upon his hand's palm the soldier now placed three rushes but, in seeking to copy the other's action, right through palm and back of his hand he rammed both his finger-tips. "Tut tut, man," cried the Kern: "an outrageous trick is that which thou hast done there, and that is not the way in which I did it; but at any rate, seeing thou hast lost the money, I will set thee to rights again." The conjuror so saying applied to the hand an herb of great virtue, and presently it was whole again.

"Teigue O'Kelly," resumed the conjuror, "wouldst thou bestow on me five other marks I would shew thee yet another feat;"

and to O'Kelly demanding: "what feat is that then?" he answered: "on the one side of my head I would wag an ear, while the other should stand still." "Do it," said the Chief. Then the man of tricks raising a hand laid hold on one ear and made it to wag on the side of his head. "Of a surety it is a good trick!" laughed O'Kelly. "Never thank thee," O'Kelly's Kern cried again: "for if I have any luck at all I will myself achieve that bit of jugglery!" and the pied Kern said: "now that the other trick was too much for thee, do this one." With that the soldier putting up his hand made an ear to wag indeed; but if he did, it came clean away from the side of his head. "Teigue," said the conjuror, "this is a clumsy kern of thine, for that i' faith is not the way in which I bring off my trick; yet will I in any wise heal him and, for gift of farther five marks, shew thee still another one."

This time he took out of his bag a silken thread, and so projected it upwards that it stuck fast in a certain cloud of the air. Out of the same receptacle he pulled a hare, that ran away up along the thread; a little beagle, which when it was slipped at the hare pursued it in full cry; last of all a small dogboy, whom he commanded to follow both hare and hound up the thread. From another bag that he had he extracted a winsome young woman, at all points well adorned, and instructed her to follow after hound and dogboy and to preserve the hare from injury by the former. With speed the lady ran away up in chase; and to Teigue O'Kelly it was a pleasure then to contemplate them and to give ear to the mellow hunting cry, until they finally going out of all ken entered into the cloud.

There for a long spell they were now altogether silent, and the trick-man said: "I fear me that up aloft there some bad work is forward." "Such as what?" asked the Chief. "That the hound would eat the hare, and the lad make love to the lass." "'Twould be kind for them, that same," quoth Teigue. Then he reeled in the thread; and caught the dogboy with his arm round the young woman's waist, the hound a-picking of the hare's bones. Fury filled the man of sleight to a pitch so great that he drew his sword and, dealing the dogboy a stroke on the neck, knocked his head off his body; but Teigue O'Kelly signifying that he was not too well pleased with a deed so unconscionable done in his

very presence, the conjuror affirmed: "if it so grieve thee I can amend the evil, and readily." So saying he picked up the head and with it made a shot at the body; by operation of which the young man truly stood up, but his face was turned backsideways. To this O'Kelly said: "better for him he were out-and-out dead rather than living and in such plight." At this hearing the other collared the dogboy and twisted the head on him into its right place, so restoring him perfect as he was at first; and that done he pronounced this quatrain:—

"He gives little or he gives much, and sometimes he gives twenty marks; the lifeless man he brings to life—all chiefs on earth must envy Teigue."

For one instant O'Kelly looked aside, and of all earthly airts he never knew into which one the conjuror was vanished from him.

Now in the 'king of Leinster's' house [i.e. in Mac Murrough-Kavanagh's] just at this time a banquet was held, and they descried towards them a kern clad in narrow stripes: with puddle-water that aye churned in his old brogues, and his sword's point naked out behind him. "God save you all!" he said. "And thee too," returned the king of Leinster: "but whence art thou?" "From Teigue O'Kelly's house I am come now, and before that was in O'Conor-Sligo's; I am in Islay one day, in Cantyre another; one day in Man, another in Rathlin, and a third on the look-out cairn in Slievefuad; for I am a foolish frisking rambling fellow." "What name is thine?" pursued the king. "My name," he answered, "is the *gilla decair*."

In the king of Leinster's mansion were sixteen men that were harpers, and the *gilla decair* [when he had heard them] said to him: "my word I pledge that since the time when in the lowermost Hell I listened to the sledge-hammers' thunder, aught so vile as thy music I never have heard." "Thou greasy rogue," the burliest of the string-folk cried, "a 'bad right' it is thou hast to tell us that!" and to him the *gilla decair* returned: "hard as it were in execrable strumming to outdo those fifteen others, thine own self positively it is that for discord and for harshness overtops them all." The man of strings raised his sword and, striking the *gilla decair* [as he thought] on his crown's fair apex, judged that he had made of him two even halves; but what

befell him in reality was this: that his own proper sconce proved to be the spot on which his cut impinged, and by the same it was split in two. So also with the remaining string-folk, who (so many of them as could get at the *gilla decair*) discharged at him each man his handful, yet in their own persons received the punishment of every blow.

Certain of his chief intimates the king now ordered to lead out that naughty fellow, and to hang him up. They seized him therefore and, as they supposed, strung him up; but when they were returned into the king's presence, there they found the *gilla decair* before them. "Wast not thou he whom we left swinging on a gallows?" they asked [in amazement]. "Try was it," the Kern replied. So they tried the gallows, and in his stead found suspended the best-beloved confidential that the king had. Thrice was this trick accomplished by the *gilla decair*, so that of the king's very familiars (forby the major part of his musicians slain previously) were hanged three.

Until sunrise hour on the morrow the *gilla decair* tarried in the king of Leinster's house 'and no thanks to them' [i.e. whether they would or not]. But in the morning he came before the king and said: "king of Leinster, divers of thy people yesterday I put to death; I will however leave them whole again." "I am well pleased," said the king. Then* [after they were restored] the *gilla decair* taking a harp played music so sweet . . . [as

* *Eg. 166, f. 15*:—Out of his conjuring-bag he drew a herb that he had, rubbed it to the palate of each man of them, and successively they rose up whole as ever they had been before. Then he went forth out of their presence, and never stayed nor stood until he came to Shane O'Donnellan's house; a mether of bonnyrowar and a dish of crab-apples were served to him, and of these he 'used' his full quantum. Out of their presence too he went forth without either leave-taking or farewell, and subsequently with main hard running went ahead in such wise that it was unknown to them into which of the whole vast world's airts he had taken his course, only this: that he was departed, and that there was no more account of him. And so there you have the Circuit of Manannan mac Lir of the *tuatha dé danann*, who was wont thus to ramble in the character of a prestidigitator, of a professor in divers arts, of one that on all and sundry played off tricks of wizardry, until now at last he is vanished from among us without leaving us more than his bare report; even as all other magicians and artists that ever have been are vanished, likewise the Fianna, and all classes of people that since that date have appeared or for all time shall appear and, in the long run, ourselves along with them.

before], and the king after a momentary glance at his own musicians never knew which way he went from him.

As for the Kern, never a stand nor stay he made till he gained *cill scíre* or 'S. *Scíre's* church,' i.e. 'Kilskeer' in Meath, and the house of Shane O'Donnellan. There they brought him a mether of bonnyclabber and a dish of crab-apples, of which so soon as he had his fill eaten he departed from before them : but in what direction, that they knew not; neither from that day to this has any man ever had jot or tittle of his tidings.

Finis.

Here is the Visit of the king of Thessaly's son Cael an iarainn to Ireland, and how unfortunately his walking-match turned out with him; or according to some authorities, the Adventure of the Carle of the Drab Coat.

It was a day of gathering and of conference constituted by Finn son of Cumall son of Art son of Trenmor grandson of Baeiscne, with the seven battalions of the reserve and seven of the regular Fianna, at the Hill of Edar son of Edgaeth ; and as they threw an eye over the sea and great main they saw a roomy and a gallant ship that upon the waters bore right down for them, from the eastward and under a press of sail. She was fitted out as though for war and contention ; and they had not long to wait before they marked a tall, bellicose, impetuously valiant *óglaech* rise by means of his javelins' staves, or of his spears' shafts, and so attain both his soles' width of the white-sanded beach. A polished and most comely lorica he had on ; an armature that was solid and infrangible surrounded him ; his handsome red shield surmounted his shoulder, and on his head was a hard helmet; at his left side a sword, wide-grooved, straight in the blade ; in his two fists he held a pair of thick-shafted spears, unburnished but sharp ; a becoming mantle of scarlet hung on his shoulders, with a brooch of the burnt gold on his broad chest.

Thus equipped then, and in this fashion, he came into the presence of Finn and of the Fianna; and Finn spoke to him, saying: "of the whole world's bloods, noble or ignoble, who art thou, warrior; or out of which airt of the four art come to us?" "*Cael an iarainn* is my name, the king of Thessaly's son; and in all that which (since I left my own land and up to this present) I have perambulated of the globe, I have not left either isle or island but I have brought under tribute of my sword and under my own hand. What now I desire therefore is to carry off the universal tribute and capital power of Ireland." Conan said: "we never have seen *laech*, nor heard of warrior, but a man to turn him would be found in Ireland." "Conan," answered Cael, "in thine utterance find I nought else than that of a fool or gaby; for were all they that during these seven years past are dead of the Fianna added now to those that yet live of them, I would in one single day treat them all to the grievousness of death and of life curtailed. But I will do a thing which ye will esteem a condition easier than that: if among the whole of you ye find one only *laech* that in running, or in single fight, or in wrestling shall get the better of me, no more worry nor trouble will I inflict on you, but will get me gone back to my own land again." "Why now," said Finn, "the runner that we have: Caeilte mac Ronan to wit, he at this moment is not at home; and were he here he would have a run with thee; but if, warrior, thou be a one that will tarry with the Fianna, and with them make friendship and observe the same, while I go to Tara of the Kings to fetch Caeilte—whom if I find not there I shall to a certainty get in Keshcorran of the Fianna—then do so." "So be it done," Cael assented.

Then Finn started on the road, and had not gone far when he happened on an intricate gloomy wood, the diameter of which a deeply scooped out hollow way traversed throughout. Into this forest he had not penetrated any distance before he met a diabolical-looking being of evil aspect, an irrational wild monster of a yellow-complexioned thick-boned giant having on him a long drab coat down to the calves of his two legs, either of which under him as they carried the great fellow's ill-assorted body was like the mast of some ship of largest rate; like the side of a wide-wombed boat was each brogue of the two that garnished his

knobbed feet armed with curved nails; the drab coat that invested him had to it a pewter platter's width of a skirt-trimming consisting in a yellow stucco of mud, and this at every step that he took would flap against the calf of one leg so as to knock out of it a report that could be heard half-a-mile of country away; while every time that he lifted a foot, there used half-a-barrel of mire to squirt upwards to his buttocks and even over his entire yellow-tinted person. Finn fell to consider the great man for a length of time (for never before had he seen his like) and walked still on his way till the other spoke, saying: "what is this course of trudging or wandering that is befallen thee to make, Finn son of Cumall, all alone and solitary without a man of Ireland's Fianna by thee?" "Such," replied Finn, "is the measure of my perplexity and trouble that I cannot frame to tell thee that nor, though I could, would it do me any good whatsoever." "Unless to me thou do explain the matter, thou wilt for ever suffer the damage and detriment of it [i.e. of thy reticence]." "Well then," Finn began, "if I must tell it thee, know it to be the king of Thessaly's son *Cael an iarainn* that yesterday at noon came in at Ben-Edar, looking to acquire for himself the rent and rule of all Ireland unless only that some one *laech* I may find who in running, in single combat or at wrestling, shall overcome him." "And what would ye do?" the big one enquired: "for I know him well, and there is not a single thing asserted by him but he is able to fulfil: upon the Fianna universally he would inflict slaughter of men and virile *óglaechs*." Finn went on: "I would proceed to Tara of the Kings to fetch Caeilte, whom if I find not there I shall undoubtedly get in Keshcorann of the Fianna, in order that of yon warrior he may win a running match." "Verily then," said the big fellow, "thou art but 'a kingdomless man' if Caeilte son of Ronan be thy grand resource with which to scare away the other." "Then indeed I know not what I shall do," said Finn. "But I do," quoth the great man: "wouldst thou but put up with me, of that hero I would upon my oath win a running wager." Finn rejoined: "I esteem that in carrying thy coat and huge brogues for a single half-mile of country thou hast thine utmost endeavour to perform, and not to embark in a running bet with that *laech*." "By all that's positive, unless I win it of him not a man of all Ireland will bring it off."

"So be it done," consented Finn: "but what is thy name?" and he made answer: "my name is *bodach an chóta lachtna* or 'the carle of the drab coat.'"

Then Finn and the Carle returned back again, nor concerning their travel and wayfaring is anything told us until they reached Ben-Edar.

There Ireland's Fianna in their numbers gathered about the big man, for never before had they seen his like; *Cael an iarainn* too came upon the ground, and enquired whether Finn had brought a man to run with him. Finn answered that he had, and exhibited his man; but when Cael had seen the Carle he objected that to all eternity he would not run with any such greasy *bodach*. At this hearing the latter emitted a coarse burst of horse-laughter, saying: "in respect of me thou art deceived, warrior; acquaint me therefore with the length of course that thou wouldst run, the which if I run not with thee, and more too if such be thy pleasure, thine it shall be to take the stakes." "I care not," rejoined Cael, "to have in front of me a course of less than three score miles." "'Tis well as it happens," said the Carle: "three score miles exactly they are from Ben-Edar to Slieveluachra of Munster." "So be it done," Cael assented. "Well then," suggested the *bodach*, "the right thing for us to do is to proceed westwards to Slieveluachra to begin with, and there to put up to-night, so that to-morrow we may be ready for our start and our walk."

Those two good *laechs* (*Cael an iarainn* the king of Thessaly's son namely, and the Carle of the drab coat) set out accordingly, and of their journey there is not any record until as the sun went under they reached Slieveluachra of Munster. "Cael," said the other then, "it behoves us to knock up some kind of dwelling, whether house or hut, to have over our heads." But Cael retorted: "by all that's certain, I never will set about building a house on Slieveluachra for the sake of passing one night there, considering that I have no desire at all ever during the whole course of my life to return thither." "So be it," quoth the *bodach*: "but if I can manage to put up the like, 'tis far enough away outside of it will be any that shall not have given his help to make it."

The Carle entered then into the nearest darkling and intricate wood, where he never stayed nor rested till he had tied up four-and-twenty couples of gross timber ; and these, along with their complement of rafters from the same wood and of fresh rushes of the mountain, he brought in that one load and so erected a house long and wide, all thatched and warm. Of the forest's sticks both green and dry he on that lodging's floor made up a vast bonfire, and a second time addressed Cael: "if thou be a man to come with me and in these woods seek some game or other——" "I understand nothing about it," answered Cael: "and if I did, 'tis not to second the like of thee I would go."

Again the *bodach* sought the nearest wood's recesses, into which he was not penetrated far when he roused a drove of wild swine ; the stoutest boar that he saw he cut off from the rest and, along every track, through every covert, followed until by strenuousness of running and of painful effort he vanquished and struck him to the earth ; neatly and expeditiously he made him ready and before that same great fire put him down to roast, with a turning contrivance to the spits that should keep them going of themselves. Then the Carle started, nor ever halted before he attained to the baron of Inchiquin's house (that was a score and ten miles from Slieveluachra) and brought away two barrels of wine, two pewter dishes, all as much bread as there was ready in the house, a table and a chair, the whole of which he carried in the one load and so regained Slieveluachra. Here he found his meat roasted before him; half of the boar, a moiety of the bread and a barrel of wine he set aside to provide for the morning ; the other half of each he served to himself upon the table, and comfortably, luxuriously, sat down. He ate his full quantum of meat, after which he ingurgitated into his person a barrel of wine ; upon the floor of that caravanserai he shook out a copious layer of rushes, and was wrapped in sleep and lasting slumber until on the morrow's day both the all-brilliant sun rose, and *Cael an iarainn* (who during the night had been on the mountain's side without meat or drink) came and roused him from his snooze, saying: "rise, *bodach*! it is now time for us to set about our journey and our wayfaring." With that the Carle woke up, rubbed his eyes with his palms, and said: "there is an

hour's time of my sleep that I have not worked out yet; but since thou art in a hurry, I yield thee my consent that thou be off, and undoubtedly I will be after thee."

Accordingly Cael went ahead upon the way, not without great misgiving by reason of the small account which he saw the *bodach* make of him. When now the latter had slept his stint he rose to a sitting posture, washed his face and hands, served himself up meat on the table; then at his perfect ease sat down to it, ate up the remaining half of boar and bread, and finally swigged off the second barrel of wine.

At this point the Carle got up, in his drab coat's skirt he carefully stowed away the pig's bones, and away with him at the speed of a swallow or of a roe, or as it had been a blast of the searing March wind careering over the summit of some hill or rugged-headed rock, until he overhauled *Cael an iarainn* and across the way in front of him pitched out the porker's bones, saying: "try, Cael, whether upon those bones thou mayest find any little pick at all; for sure it is that after passing last night in fasting condition on Slieveluachra thou art full of hunger." "Thou shouldst be hanged, Carle," he answered, "ere I would go look for meat upon the bones which with thy glutton-tusks thou hast gnawed!" "Well then," said the *bodach*, "it were none too much for thee to put on a gait of going better than thou hast done as yet."

Here he pushed on as though he were turned to be a madman, and in that one heat went thirty miles; then he fell to eating of blackberries from the brambles that were on either side of the road or way, till such time as Cael came up to him and said: "*bodach*, thirty miles back from here is the spot in which I saw one skirt of thy drab coat twisted round the neck of a bush, and the second tangled in another bush ten miles behind that again." "Is it the skirts of my coat?" asked the Carle, looking himself all down. "'Tis they just," Cael said. "In that case," argued the *bodach*, "that which it were the right thing for thee to do would be to delay here eating of blackberries, in order for me to return and bring back the skirts of my coat." "It is very certain that I will do no such thing," answered Cael, and: "so be it," said the *bodach*.

Cael went his road, while the Carle returned till he found the skirts of his coat as the other had said; he sat down, pulled out

his needle and thread, and so stitched them on in their own place again. This done he retraced his steps, and Cael was not gone far when the Carle caught him up and said to him: "Cael, thou must put on a gait of going better than thou hast done yet, if as thou hast already expressed thou wouldst carry off all Ireland's tribute; for I will do no more turning back now."

Then with the speed of swallow [etc. as before] the *bodach* set off as though converted into a madman; and such the impetuous rush of pedestrianism which carried him along, that soon he surmounted the crown of a certain hill within five miles of Ben-Edar, where he devoted himself to eating of blackberries from the brambles until he had made of himself a juice-filled sack. He then put off his drab coat, again produced his needle and thread, and sewed up the garment so as to make out of it a long and wide bag, very deep. This he stuffed to the muzzle with blackberries, and on his skin rubbed a quantity of the same so that he was as black as any smith's coal; said load he hoisted upon his shoulder and, stoutly, nimble-footedly set out, making for Ben-Edar.

The position of Finn and of the general Fianna was that they were filled with great apprehension of *Cael an iarainn's* being in front, for without knowing in the world who he was they had pitched all their hope in the Carle. Now abroad on a *tulach's* top Finn had a certain emissary to spy whether of the two that raced held the lead; and he, so soon as he caught sight of the Carle, went in and told Finn that Cael came along in the way and the *bodach* dead upon his shoulder. "A suit of arms and of armour," cried Finn, "to him that shall bring us tidings better than these!" and a second messenger when he was gone out recognised it to be the *bodach* that was there. Around him the Fianna of all Ireland flocked together joyously, and sought news. "I have good news for you," he said: "but for the magnitude of my hunger it is not possible for me to publish it before I eat my sufficiency of parched-corn meal and blackberries mixed: my share of these I have brought with me, and let you now provide me my fill of such meal." On Ben-Edar now a great cloth was opened out on which to serve the Carle, with a heap of meal in its very centre; in among the meal he shot his sack of blackberries, and with a will turned to at eating them.

But soon they saw Cael along the road, with his hand at his sword's hilt, his two eyes blazing red in his head, and he ready to charge in among the Fianna to hew them and to bone-split. When then the *bodach* saw him in this array, he picked up his great paw's fill of the meal and blackberries, and upon Cael discharged the mess to such purpose that he banished his head to the distance of a fair scope of ground from his body; then where the head was thither he ran, and with it a second time let fly at the trunk in a way that he fastened it on as solid as ever it had been. The manner of him now however was with his face to his back, his poll upon his chest; so the *bodach* ran at him, dashed his whole carcase violently to earth, lashed him up hard and fast and inextricably, and said: "Cael, was it not a mistaken thing for thee to say that on this occasion the chief rent and sovereign power of Ireland, though there were none but thyself alone to strive for it, would be suffered to go with thee? nevertheless none shall ever have it to say to Ireland's Fianna that to a solitary warrior, he having none but himself to take his part, they would administer grievousness of death and of short life. If therefore thou be one to swear by sun and moon in guarantee of thy transmitting the rent of Thessaly yearly during thy life long to Finn and to the Fianna, thou shalt have thy life in the guise which now thou wearest." By sun and moon Cael swore yearly to fulfil that all his life.

Then the *bodach* takes him by the tips of his fingers, leads him to his ship and puts him in sitting posture into her; to the vessel's afterpart he gave a kick, and with that same sent her seven leagues out to sea. There you have the fashion in which the expedition of the king of Thessaly's son *Cael an iarainn* turned out with him: to be dismissed home under the conditions of a fool or simpleton, without power ever again so long as he should live to strike a blow in battle or in tough single encounter. The *bodach* came back to Finn and the Fianna, and told them that he was the fairy chief of *ráth Chruachan* or 'Rathcroghan,' that came to loose them out of the fetters in which they had been [i.e. to succour them in their straits]. For the fairy chief Finn then made a feast and banquet of a year and a day.

So far then the adventures of *Cael an iarainn*, the king of Thessaly's son, and of the Carle of the Drab Coat.

Finis.

How the Leg of Cian son of Maelmuaidh son of Bran was healed.

Upon a day that Brian of the Tribute's stewards went to lift his rent and cess in West Munster, they came to the house of O'Cronagan of *Coirell*; but O'Cronagan himself (who was a dependant of *Cian* son of *Maelmuaidh*) not being at home, his wife enquired who they might be; and they answered: "we are the king of Ireland's stewards." "And who is king over Ireland?" the woman asked again. "Brian son of Kennedy; to lift whose tribute we are here." "Never have we paid rent to man, neither to him will pay any." So the stewards went away, and back to Kincora, where Brian was with the gentles of the Dalcassians; at which time also he held high festival for the men of Ireland. The stewards told the dishonour which O'Cronagan's wife had done them, and Brian said: "well I wot how that will be settled; for before the men of Ireland break up from me I will set out, and upon O'Cronagan will avenge this my dishonour." "That is the proper thing to do," the gentlemen of the Dalcassians said, and away they all went to Coirell of O'Cronagan; there they burned up the *triucha céd* immediately adjoining him, but again he was not at home.

His wife therefore followed them [as they retired], and found Brian and the chieftains of the Dalcassians in the rear of the prey; she saluted them, and Brian answered her. Then she began: "unjustly thou hast made these preys on us, inasmuch as rent we never yet have paid to man; he that is lord over us never having exacted any such." "And who is he?" "Cian, son of Maelmuaidh that is a dependant of thine own; and, Brian, grant me now a boon!" "So I will," said the king. "Well then, restore me my little greyhound and my sheep." "That, on my conscience, is a lady's request, and thou shalt have it. Thou therefore go, Cian son of Mahon, and so much of the preys as thou mayest avail to overtake, give to her in guerdon of her prudent discourse; as for O'Cronagan, let him come after me to

Kincora; where the rest of his preys he shall have again, or else their eric."

O'Cronagan came home, and made him ready to follow Brian: a company of twelve men, having about them all garments of grey, unfulled; so they reached Slieveluachra. But here O'Cronagan saw towards him a greyhound: one half white, the other green; incontinently he clapped a chain on him, then made the best of his way to Kincora, where Brian bade him be welcome. O'Cronagan craved a favour, and the king answered: "it shall be had." The other stood up now and said: "give me then the leash of little beagles which thou hadst in a gift from the king of France." "Thou shalt have them." On the morrow's morn O'Cronagan rose early; but even as he departed Brian's son Murrough met him, and enjoined him that until he had his preys he should not go away. O'Cronagan said however that with that which already he had gotten he was pleased better than he could be with all Ireland's wealth.

Thus he took his way back to Slieveluachra, and one of the beagles started a hare; O'Cronagan slipped the greyhound at her, and he coursed her; he himself sat down to look on, but his people said that they for their part would pursue their journey and not wait on him. It was but a short space that he had been there when he marked the hare return towards him with the beagle and the greyhound both well up to her, a very little distance dividing her from them. With a cry of: "sanctuary, O'Cronagan!" the hare ran and crouched in his bosom, where incontinently she was turned into a beautiful young woman. "Thou shalt have it," he answered; and the maiden promised that the dearest boon which he might proffer she would concede to him. "Do but come home with me this night," she said, and entered into a *sídh*; in the same was a fair dwelling, and there they found an aged couple. They used meat and drink; a couch and high bed was made ready for O'Cronagan, he bade the girl precede him into it, and said that such was all the petition he would crave of her. She indeed made answer that, loath as she was, yet would she execute the thing; but the ancient pair said that for themselves the business misliked them, they not knowing but that to some end all this was contrived by Brian.

On the morrow O'Cronagan and the young woman rose and travelled to Coirell-O'Cronagan; and as they drew near to the town there met them a young man, who told them that O'Cronagan's wife was a-missing. In his town then he saw great houses and halls, and this was to him a source of wonder. To three years' end that woman dwelt with him, and again [i.e. after Brian's distraint on him] O'Cronagan prospered, so that he had a great troop of horsemen and many people; which caused him to say that, saving one only fault, in himself was no defect at all. To his wife enquiring of him what that one might be, he said that it was the not having as yet made a feast for the king of Ireland. She affirmed that, Brian having already heard the fame of his wealth and general thriving, he needed not to do any such thing; but he held out that without giving Brian a banquet he would not be content. Such banquet therefore was prepared for Brian; and O'Cronagan himself repaired to Kincora, whence he conducted Brian and the chiefest of all Ireland back to Coirell-O'Cronagan. For three whole days they were in the town enjoying the best of service and of ministration; but to her, to O'Cronagan's new wife namely, Brian and Murrough his son yielded up their very soul's love; which yet was but nought as compared with the love for her felt by Cian son of Maelmuaidh. After four days spent thus, Brian rose and was for going; but O'Cronagan said it irked him that the king should go away that night. The wife on the other hand insisted that it were just as well to suffer their departure; that not in Ireland at large could they have had a feast more proper than one of three days and three nights. Nevertheless O'Cronagan maintained that dismiss Brian that night he would not; they tarry on in the house therefore, and Cian said that for the nonce he would do the service. In this way O'Cronagan sat at the board, but Cian and the wife were together [waiting on the company]; and he told her that he felt huge love towards her and longed for her companionship. She however declaring to him that never would she be his, Cian proceeded to knock her down; whereupon straightway she was changed into a great brood mare, and rushed for the door. Cian indeed caught her by the one hind leg; but she raising the other struck him in the shank and broke it, which done she made good her escape.

On the morrow the concourse all repaired to their several homes, and Cian to *inis Chéin* or 'Cian's island,' where for a year he lay sick of his leg; the physicians availing not to make it knit, nor to draw out any virulent matter that perchance were in it. But upon the very day twelvemonth (Cian's people being now gone to Mass and he therefore alone) to him enter a young man, of whom as he took a seat beside him Cian enquired where he had been at Mass. "In *Rémas na rígh* or 'Rheims of the Kings' in France," he answered. Cian said: "a most great marvel is that which thou dost express." "I have seen a greater," returned the other. "And what might that same be?" "I am, O Cian, brother's son to thee; and in Knockgraffan once had a fairy sweetheart, whom (in order that I might love the king of the *Déise's* daughter) I slighted. She consequently laid me under bonds [purporting penalties to take effect] unless I forsook Ireland, [and further condemning me to this: that] so soon as I grew to love any, even then I must abandon them. I went to France therefore, and there all their nobles loved me——" "But for thine honour's sake, young man, what was the wonder of which but now thou spakest? [for in all this is nought so very strange]." "That I will set forth to thee," said the narrator:—

"I [leaving France as my bonds required] sought the king of *Dreollann's* mansion, but after a while returned again to France; there just then the king lacked a wife, and he sought to learn of me whether I had in my eye any woman befitting a king of France. I shewed him that the king of Dreollann's daughter was single, and a worthy wife for him; but that to demand her would avail him nothing until first [in order to inspire a proper respect] he should have made some forays and incursions. Accordingly the king of France set himself in motion and, when he was come into the land of Dreollann, forthwith burned the country. I betook me to the king's strong place, and he questioned me whose were those great forces; to which I made answer that yonder was the king of France, to make suit for his daughter. The king of Dreollann said: 'I had bestowed her on him without his coming thus in person to require her.' This answer I retailed to the king of France; and at the same time prescribed to him that of the other potentate he should accept nor jewels nor other valuables whatsoever, but only the twenty-

four serfs that he had, and the four-and-twenty knights that guarded him. This request the king obtained, and home to France carried off the woman, the serfs, and the knights. Some little time afterwards I, when I was gone out upon the fort's green, saw towards me twelve monks and nine serfs: each one of these latter having a carpenter's axe, and the senior of them a bundle of somewhat rolled in his bosom. The eldest of the monks said: "a good place this in which to build a monastery;" the other opened out his bosom and planted acorns [of which he had a parcel there], which sprouted forthwith and grew into full-sized oaks. Of these the carpenters made boards; the monks for their part prepared lime, and in short built a great monastery in which they performed their offices. I joined them; they rang bells, and bade me go fetch the king of France. I went and brought him with his wife; we entered the monastery, and there the monks meeting us bent the knee to king and wife. Then they enquired of him whether he thought it any harm to have the monastery built so. The king replied that he was well pleased to have it built, and would afford him help [to maintain it]: which help was an entire *triucha céd*, his wife also bestowing another. "Well then," pursued the senior monk, "be with me this night at my monastery's inauguration feast." The king came therefore, and his nobles, and had fair service and good ministration; he and his spouse, together with the count of the council and his, being put into the one chamber: now these two were right fond of their wives. But on the morrow the king when he rose found not his wife by his side, and so questioned the count whether his were by him. That nobleman made answer that she was not; and [when they looked about them] where they found themselves to be was in their own several chambers at home. From the king's fort we set out now in quest of the monastery again, but never lighted on the place in which it had been; neither found we plank or stone, but only the bare green: the wives of those two were taken from them indeed. And all this, O Cian son of Maelmuaid," the Vagrant [for such was the speaker's name] ended, "is in the way of wonder more considerable than that in Rheims of the Kings a while ago I should have been at Mass with the king of France, and now be here." "Greater an hundredfold indeed," said Cian. "Well

then, to heal thee am I come," the Vagrant said, and on the fire put down a certain brew.

In the interval Cian enquired: "but what became of those two ladies?" "I will tell thee: I followed the king's wife (as for the count, he died for grief at the loss of his) and in the end reached Greece, where there met me one of whom I sought intelligence He shewed me that a full year ago he had seen four-and-twenty monks that rode on horses; but whither between that time and this they might be gone, he knew not. For a year I tramped on, and until I happened on a strong place; there I went to work with questions, and they told me that just a year before they had seen twenty-four monks on horses. On I went, and for another twelvemonth was up and down in Greece; at which year's end a regal mansion of great size was before me, and the dwellers therein apprised me that they had seen twenty-four young men that had with them a couple of women. They told me too that it was the king of Sorcha's son was there; and by thy hand, O Cian, I never stayed till I attained to such the king of Sorcha's hold and entered into a bower, in which those ladies were. The king's son coming bade me be welcome; but I required the king of France's wife, and eke the count's. He promised that I should have them; affirming that in the mean time none had wronged them, and that the reason for which he had taken them was this: the inordinate love that their own husbands had borne them. I craved a convoy, and he sent with me his brother: him called 'of the Yellow Mantle,' and the best arm in the world. With him and the women I came away; and when by-and-by night overtook us, I declared to comfort the count's widow in her solitude. The Yellow-mantled swore that for the king of France's wife (if I acted so) he on his side would e'en do as much; I abstained from the count's widow therefore.

"On the next day we progressed as far as the German emperor's strong place; which emperor had a daughter, and in the whole world was not a woman that to me could be dearer than was she [at first sight]. Furthermore: so too was she affected towards myself. At morn we rose and moved off from the town, but soon he of the mantle said that in the same he had forgotten something. Thither he returned therefore and, in despite of the Almaynes (whom copiously he slew), brought

away the emperor's daughter. Speedily he caught us up, and that same night we entered into France; here I made my own of the count's widow, and he usurped the emperor's daughter: a move which, by thy hand, O Cian, irked me extremely. Howbeit I, as I said, made shift with the count's widow; but he of the Mantle averred that, since he had conveyed us into France, he would now depart taking with him his new wife. Upon this issue we fought, and I deprived him of his head; to the king of France I then restored his wife, and the count's widow escorted to her home; after which I carried off the emperor's daughter and betook me to the king of Orkney's isles, where for three years I abode. In that space of time she bore me three sons, whom three earls of Lochlainn took home with them to rear.

"In the meanwhile it had been noised abroad that he, the Yellow-mantled, was fallen by me; in quest of me the king of Sorcha's sons came into France and, when they found me not there, fired and preyed and ravaged the French lands, killing the king. The late count of council's three sons too came to the island in which I was and, all because upon their mother I had begotten youngsters, verily sought to slay me. But by thy hand, Cian, all three of them together with their men I killed; which done I, as being fain to leave the island, made me ready. In the harbour however I found a great fleet, and saw towards me a currach out of which there loomed up a martial and a stalwart stripling, one that had a black knee. Right to the spot where with my wife I stood he came and, forthwith recognising the emperor's daughter, gave her a kiss: at the same time he enquired of me in what degree she was akin to me. When I answered that she was my wife, he of the black knee (who, saving only that blemish, was the comeliest young man that ever I had seen) maintained that she was none such. On the head of it then he and I fought and, when our weapons shivered, grappled: either to other with painful effort giving twists violent and sudden. The upshot was that Black-knee bound me fast, and took from me my wife. In that island for a whole year I lay in bonds; then came to me the three Danish earls that to their isle had borne away my sons, and they it was that loosed me. I left the island then and roamed to some strange land, in which for twelve months I was utterly astray; but at such year's end

the point at which I found myself was the same where [at my first landing] my galley was abandoned. I got into her, and after a time fell in with an island in which by way of inhabitants were none save one beautiful young woman: a spinster. Here I put in a year, at which term the young woman had borne me a son. Her too I left here, and long wandered, until at the close of a day there was I in a kingly and vast fortress. I grounded my spear, and where should it land but on my very foot, piercing it through to the floor, so that in this fort for a year I lay sick of my foot. Leeches indeed and physicians were brought to me; yet for all they did to me my torment was but the greater. The year run out, there came to me a young damsel bringing her lap full of certain herbs; a poultice of these she laid upon my foot, and on the instant I was whole. The king of Orkney's hold this was; and she, his daughter. Such now, O Cian, is the actual cataplasm which here I bring thee too." It was applied to Cian's leg, and he was sound. "Now will I depart," said the Vagrant; but Cian entreated him: "for thine honour's love so do not, but of thy rambles tell me somewhat more: the Mass-folk will not join us yet awhile." "I will say on then:—

"One day I started, and in due course attained to the coasts of Lochlainn; there three well-fashioned and appointed youths met me, with fast horses under them. To these seeking to know who I might be I answered that I was 'the Vagrant'; whereupon the young men shewed me that they were sons of mine, being indeed the three that the emperor's daughter had brought me; and all agreed to take part with me in search of him that had the black knee. I prescribed to them therefore that they should travel each one of them a part of the world, I another, and we trysted in the world's eastern portion; any such one of us in whose way Black-knee should fall, to slay him.

"I held my way through Greece and to the lands of Sorcha, where (as I passed by the king's fortalice) I came on a young man and bade him tell the king of Sorcha's son that I indeed never had played the monk, nor for fear of any man had ever built a sham monastery. Which message the young man delivered not that night, but on the morrow. The prince knew that I was he of whom the other spoke, and in pursuit of me despatched nine serfs commissioned to ransack the whole world.

"I vaguely errant pursued my path, and thus encountered a warrior that rode a destrier of speed. He told me that I strayed exceedingly, but that he would point me out the way. In his hand then he took mine, and for that day had me in tow of his charger; at last he bestowed me in a keep, where I passed a year from kalend to kalend; during which spell I was not able to quit the building, no human being save myself being within it, but meat and drink in plenty. The year expired, the young man returned to me; to the spot in which formerly he had found me he led me back again and, with an intimation that this was all that he would do in the way of giving me a course, left me. I, O Cian, [as my use was] went forward, but in gloom and dejection, lachrymose, and in the way before me eventually discerned four knights on horses, each man of them having a bosom-load of gold. I questioning them who they were, they revealed that they were Black-knee's stewards; and by thy hand, O Cian, those four I killed, and then moved on again. In my route I found a great river and, on the bank, a huge giant who, I evading him and making for the sea, cried out that were all men in the universe to travel their several roads as now I travelled mine, it were but few of the world's journeys that ever people would manage to perform at all. I bade him void my path, but he refused; we encountered therefore, he fell by me, and for a full twelvemonth I essayed to cross that inlet of the sea [the aforesaid river's estuary]. At that period I won over it is true, but hardly; for it all but killed me.

"Again as I journeyed I saw in front of me a keep and seigniorial mansion, which I knew for Black-knee's. Upon the dwelling's green I knocked up as it had been a hunting bothie; then the town's denizens and head men descrying me, a puissant right valorous warrior was dismissed to require an account of me. Said warrior, by thy hand, O Cian, fell by me. By the same hand, O Cian, ere evening fell three hundred further champions of them perished by me. Next I saw draw near a young man: harnessed in truth, but invested also with poet's garb and other gear, who enquired what name I owned. I disclosed that I was 'the Vagrant,' and at once he shewed me that he was a son of mine. The thing being strange in my eyes, I examined him where the other two were; but those he told me were destroyed,

yet was it neither in battle nor in single fight that they were fallen. He went on to say that certainly he had not buried them ; as for himself, he now was a stipendiary of Black-knee's. I still questioning him whether he had laid eyes on his mother, the emperor's daughter, he replied that seen her he had ; she however had not known him. I sought whether, since he had been with Black-knee, anything in the nature of single combat were fallen to his lot ; and he showed that on *muir an scáil* he had slain two that were brethren to Black-knee, and that same by Black-knee's own licence ; moreover that he had had mastery of the Wizard of the Glen. Here, by thy hand, O Cian, I enjoined on him to enter in, and to the emperor's daughter to signify that it was I that was there. Accordingly he set forth to her how he himself was the third son that once she had to the Vagrant, who even now was abroad upon the green. Hereat great joy took the emperor's daughter : she sent me out a provision of meat and drink sufficient for a hundred, and that night I and my son passed together. In the morning we rose betimes ; and I directed him to go again into the fort, and this time to proclaim to Black-knee that I was the man upon the green, to whom also he [the messenger] was son. He did so and, by thy hand, O Cian, there we were for a year—my son and I—killing daily two, and some days four, of the forces of the *gaethlach* [i.e. of the Mæotic Marsh]. At the year's end I saw two striplings approach ; they delivered their own tale and desired ours, whereupon I instructed them that I was the Vagrant, and the youth by me there a son of mine. "Why then," they replied, "we also are sons of thine." I would have learnt the manner of their demise, but they said : "how we were slain, or how brought back to life, we know not ; but resuscitated we surely are." So soon as I had rehearsed them my own exploits and the young man their brother's, they promised that for a year they would relieve us of all battle-toil. This they did ; and at the second year's expiration we, finding ourselves now all four united, beheld a numerous host land in the bay, and what should be there but the nine serfs that the king of Sorcha's son had sent to seek me out. On our other hand we marked a young man that in mould and form and garb was comeliest of all such as down to that very day we ever had beheld. Where we were, thither he came ; and

asked who we might be. I certified him that I was 'the Vagrant, and those three beside me there three sons of mine. He told me that he likewise was son to me; to which I rejoined that, were he indeed such, then should I know him by the tokens which he might impart to me. 'Certain it is,' thus he went on, 'that I am son to thee and to the king of Orkney's daughter; my name too is 'the Solitaire,' and I derive it from the island in which I was born: yclept 'the Isle of Solitude.' Much wandering truly I have done in research of thee; and one day as I ranged the lands of Sorcha and passed hard by the king's dwelling, they interrogated me who I was. I displayed to them that I was 'the Solitaire,' son to 'the Vagrant'; and with that the king of Sorcha's son coming out fought with me.'

"Then, O Cian, my own and the youths' two years' exploits I recounted to him, and the Solitaire engaged that for a year to come he would bear us free of all fight. Incontinently then he fell upon the force of new-comers and slew the nine serfs; then for the stipulated year he fought with and persistently killed all armed bodies that opposed him, until in the end the whole of them, by thy hand, O Cian, were fallen. By thy hand again, O Cian, the Solitaire and Black-knee did contend together; nor, by thy hand still, O Cian, was finer set-to ever fought out: Black-knee in the end falling by the Solitaire. At this crisis we, by thy hand, O Cian, leaped into the fort and brought away the emperor's daughter: the wife that from that day to this I have.

"And now, Cian, I will just be gone; for those my sons, after their travail throughout the world, are all at loggerheads: the three, by reason of their own mother's super-excellence and because they are the seniors, being but ill-pleased that the Solitaire must be lord; his skill in arms on the other hand is the greater, and he fiercer than the others. Hence it is, Cian, that I will depart and bring matters to a settlement betwixt them all. Thou therefore have good luck; thy leg (as it would seem to me) is now in good repair: to heal the which I came."

Such then, and so far, is the Healing of Cian's Leg; and I myself am *mac .ccc.*

Finis.

Here follows the Enchanted Cave of Keshcorran.

It was a great and general hunting match that by Finn son of Cumall son of Art son of Trenmor grandson of Baeiscne, with the brave and comely Fianna of the Gael, was convened throughout the Corran's fair borders; among the beautiful *tuatha* of Leyny; within the confines of Brefny; in the trackless fastnesses of Glendallan; in the nut- and mast-abundant regions of Carbury; in the strong coverts of Kyleconor's woods, and over the wide plane expanse of Moyconall.

Then Finn sat upon his hunting mound on the top of high Keshcorran; at which instant there tarried by him none but his two wolf-dogs: *Bran* and *Sceolaing*, and Conan Mael mac Morna. Now was it sweet to Finn to look on; to listen to the hounds' music, to the young men's clear joyous cheering, to utterance of athletic warriors and deep voices of mighty men, to various whistling of the Fianna, in all the wild and desert forests of the land; for even in the bordering countries those hunting cries which they emitted were freely heard: these being such that deer were roused out of their wilds, brocks banished from their brock-holes, birds driven to take wing; and at this point each wrathful and eagerly fierce wolf-dog was slipped from his leash to course the *tulach*.

Howbeit the ruler that at such time had sway in Keshcorran was Conaran son of Imidel, a chief of the *tuatha dé danann*; and so soon as he perceived that the hounds' cry now sounded deviously, he bade his three daughters (that were full of sorcery) to go and take vengeance of Finn for his hunting. The women sought the entrance of the cave that was in the *tulach*, and there sat beside each other. Upon three crooked and wry sticks of holly they hung as many heathenish bewitched hasps of yarn, which they began to reel off left-handwise in front of the cave. They had not been long so when Finn and Conan reached the cavern's edge, and so perceived the three hideous hags thus busied sit at its entrance: their three coarse heads of hair all

dishevelled ; their eyes rheumy and redly bleared ; their three mouths black and deformed, and in the gums of each evil woman of them a set of sharpest venomous and curved fangs ; their three bony-jointed [i.e. scraggy] necks maintaining their heads upon those formidable beldames ; their six arms extraordinarily long, while the hideous and brutish nail that garnished every finger of them resembled the thick-butted sharp-tipped ox-horn ; six bandy legs thickly covered with hair and fluff supported them, and in their hands they had three hard and pointed distaffs.

In order to view the harridans Finn and Conan passed through the hasps ; whereupon a deathly tremor occupied them and presently they lost their strength, so that by those valiant hags they were fast bound indissolubly. Another pair of the Fianna came, and with them the sons of Nemhnann: through the yarn they passed to where Finn and Conan were ; they too lost their power, and by the same hags were lashed down in rigid bonds. These warriors then they carried away into the cave.

But a little time they had been thus when Oscar and mac Lugach came upon the ground, having along with them the gentles and chief nobles of clan-Baeiscne ; clan-Morna as well was on the spot and, when they had looked upon the hanks, there was not in any one man of them all so much as a newly delivered woman's strength. The children of Corcran appeared and, when they saw the yarns, their pith and valour likewise was abolished. In short, the children of *Smól* and the Fianna all, both gentle and simple, were bound ; so that as helplessly pinioned and tightly tethered culprit prisoners the hags transported them into black mysterious holes, into dark perplexing labyrinths.

Howbeit at the cave's mouth was great baying of wolfdogs that, after their lords' and their owners' departure and excursion away from them, demanded them there. Many a deer full of hurts, bone-cleft, many a wild pig killed outright, and mortally mangled brocks, with hares that had suffered much, lay on the hill-side after the binding of them that hitherto and thus far had carried them.

Now came those huge daring warrior-women, and they holding in their hands three wide-channelled hard-tempered swords, to the spot in which the Fianna lay tied. Round about them

on every side they looked abroad if perchance they might spy any individual or straggler of the Fianna to whom they might administer death and everlasting destruction ; and when they failed of this, would have entered into the fort with intent to have unsparingly dismembered and hewn the Fianna all in pieces.

But anon they did see a single tall warrior, martial and valiant of aspect, white-toothed, that bore him as one skilled in arms ; none other indeed than the raging lion, the 'rabies of battle,' the torch that flamed in the day of onset: the great-souled Goll son of Morna son of Cormac son of Mahon son of Garadh Black-knee son of Aedh of the Poems son of Aedh of *cenn claire* son of Conall son of . . . son of Cet son of Magach son of Cairbre king of Connacht. Whom when the three sable uncanny mis-begotten witches perceived, incontinently they went to meet him and the two sides [he and they] fought a fight of extremity, keen and cruel. At all events the hero's wrath kindled exceedingly, and upon those rude, raging, utterly hideous dames he rained mortal blows and ungentle strokes, until at last he raised the straight sword and to the brace of monstrosities that happened to be right in front of him: *Caemhóg* to wit, and *Cuillenn* Red-head, dealt one mighty cut whereby of either one he made two accurately even and equal-sized portions. Which cut was one of the three greatest that ever was delivered in Ireland, as: the stroke stricken by Fergus son of Ros Rua in the final battle of the great raid for the kine of *Cuailgne*, with which at a sweep he shore off 'the three Maels of Meath'; that which by Conall Cernach was given to Cet mac Magach ; and this stroke of Goll mac Morna's, with which he slew Caemog and Cuillenn Red-head, two daughters of Conaran mac Imidel.

Then from behind him the senior one of Conaran's children: *Iaran ní Chonaráin*, clasped her arms round Goll as he be-headed the other twain ; but in her despite Goll forced himself round to face her, and in his turn locked his long arms about her. Thus they wrestled: bravely, with strength of grip and with savage effort, until Goll gave the hag one mighty twist and so hurled her to earth. With the straps of a shield he bound her fast, and he bared his sword to cut her in pieces, but she spoke: "warrior that never wast worsted, man of might that whether in

battle or in single fight never hast blenched, my body and life I commit to the safeguard of thy generosity and valour! surely it were better for thee to have the Fianna whole, without blood drawn on any one of them; and by the gods that I adore I swear that all that which I hold forth I will fulfil to thee."

Then the kingly hero loosed her bonds; and they both went on, to the hill in which the Fianna (Finn with them) lay tied hard and fast. Here Goll said: "be their fastenings cast off from Fergus Truelips and from the Fianna's men of science first of all; after which, be the same done in order for Finn, for Ossian, for the nine-and-twenty sons of Morna, and for the Fianna generally." In this wise then the witch freed them; the Fianna promptly rising emerged from the cave and sat down beside the *tulach*; then Fergus Truelips, poet of the Fianna, looked upon Goll and fell to laud him for the deed which he had done.

Soon they saw towards them yet another weird evil-fashioned creature and irrational-looking deformity, in the shape of a gnarled hag full of knotted veins and sinews, upon every hair's point of whose shaggy grey eye-brows and -lashes that garnished her either a small apple or a large sloe would have stuck fast. A pair of serous eyes nevertheless blazed in her head; a huge blueish flattened nose surmounted the precinct of her black and distorted wrinkled mouth, while in that gaping orifice a hideous ragged set of masticators stood; arms she had thin, but tough of muscle, nails long and formidable as a wolfdog's; a strong and infrangible armature clothed her; at her thigh was a wide-channelled straight-bladed sword, and a great shield of the warrior's pattern hung on her back's upper part [i.e. on her shoulders].

In this semblance she came into Finn's presence, and she laid him under bonds to provide her from among his men with her fill of single combat. Said Finn to Ossian; "go, my son, and rid us of yon prodigious hag." But Ossian answered: "after all that from the others I have had of ill-treatment and of contumely, I am not able; and this is Conaran's daughter Iarnan, coming to avenge her sisters." Thus then Ossian, and Oscar, and Conan, mac Lugach and Dermot, Caeilte mac Ronan and Cairell, with the remaining chief men of the Fianna, declined to encounter with the witch; so that Finn said he would himself

tackle her. Here however Goll mac Morna said: "Finn, combat with a crone beseems thee not; I therefore will fight with her, for: 'when the need is greatest, 'tis then the friend is proven.'"

Promptly now Goll went to meet her; and between them was fought a brave bout, a desperate fight, during which neither discerned in the other any note of weakness or of fainting. At all events Goll passed his right hand to the strap of his shield and thence drew his deadly blade, with which he made a cast free of all swerve or deviation, and drove it through the boss of the hag's shield and so through her heart, that it shewed out on her far side. In this wise then she perished presently.

Next, after the slaughter of Conaran mac Imidel's three daughters Goll proceeded to Keshcorran, and of the *bruiden* or 'fort' made a red glowing pile of flame; while all the wealth that he found within it he turned over to the Fianna. Which done, Finn bestowed on Goll his own daughter: *Caemh* or 'the slender,' called *cneisghel* or 'the white-skinned.' She it was that bore him a famous son: Fed son of Goll mac Morna, who at his seventeen years completed was by the Fianna killed upon that same rath.

So far then the Enchanted Cave of Keshcorran.

Finis.

Here follow the origin of the Battle of Magh mucramha, and the occasion of Lughaid mac con's death.

Olioll Olom son of *Moghnuadat*, of the seed of Heber son of Milesius of Spain: which Olioll was king of Munster; and with him was Sabia, daughter of Conn of the Hundred Battles.

Three sons of hers *Eoghan* and *Cian*, and *Cormac cas*, sons of Oiloll, were: from whom are the *Eoghanacht*, the *Cianacht*, and *dáil gCais*, i.e. 'the Dalcassian race' or 'the Tribes of Thomond.' A foster-son to Olioll and Sabia was *Lughaid*, surnamed *mac con* or 'wolfdog's son,' that was of the *corca Luighe*, and nursed on the one knee and at the one breast with Olioll's son Eoghan.

Now upon a *samhain*-eve Olioll went to tend his horses upon

Aine cliach, now *cnoc Aine* or 'Knockany,' and his couch was strewed on the hill for him. That night the hill was stripped bare, and they knew not who had so stripped it. Three times it befell him thus, and he deemed it a strange thing; then he despatched messengers to *Ferches mac Comáin*, that dwelt in the land called *Mairg* in Leinster: a seer too, and a man of fight to boot. He came to confer with Olioll, and on *samhain*-eve again they went upon the *tulach*; there Olioll continued as before, but Ferches was without its precinct. To the sound of the four-footed as they grazed, sleep fell on Olioll now; forth from the *sídh* issued its denizens; and Durgabal's son Eogabal, king of the *sídh*, followed in their wake with his daughter Aine, who had in her hand a timpan of copper and she playing it in front of him. Ferches rose at him and on the instant aimed a blow at him. With intent to enter again into the *sídh* Eogabal fled before him; but with a great javelin Ferches, whenever he reached the spot where Olioll was, smote him, and piercing him through broke his back. As for the girl, Olioll caught and kissed her; but as they struggled she nipped an ear clean off, so that she left on him neither flesh nor skin of the same; from which time never any such grew on him again, and thenceforth Olioll *ólom* or 'docked-of-an-ear' is his appellation. "Ill have ye been to me," said Aine: "to have done me violence and to have killed my father; to requite the which I too will do thee violence and, by the time we two shall have done with one another, will leave thee wanting all means of reprisal!" That young woman's name it is that appertains to the hill: *Aine cliach.* Olioll's mansion was *brugh rígh* or 'king's burgh,' i.e. 'Bruree,' on the Maigue: a great water, and anent which the poet sang:—

So long as it shall be a stream, Maigue's water shall without clarification be drinkable; because it flows past the side of Mellan's son Aedan the poet's liss.

But Art son of Conn, mother's brother to Eoghan, making the visitation of Connacht once, Olioll's said son Eoghan and Lughaid *mac con* his fosterson set out to join him, all with the view of bringing back from him both horses and bridles; and as they came along the flat land by the river, in a clump of yew that overhung a certain rapid water they heard music. Back to Olioll

then they convey a man whom they had plucked out of the clump, in order that the king (because they strove for their find) should arbitrate between them: a man it was with three strings to his timpan. "What is thy name?" they had asked, and: "*Fer fí* son of Eogabal" he had answered. "What has turned you back?" said Olioll. "Quarrelling we are about this man." "And what manner of man is this?" "A good timpanist." "Let play his music for us," Olioll said; and quoth he: "it shall be done." Then he played them the *goltraighe* or 'weeping-strain,' reducing them thereby to weep, to wail, and bitterly to lament, till it was besought of him that he would desist. Next he played the *gentraighe* or 'laughter-strain,' so forcing them all to a cachinnation such that it was barely but their very lungs became visible. Now he performed the *suantraighe* or 'sleep-strain,' and threw them into a slumber lasting from one *tráth* to another. All which being done, into the same quarter whence at first he came he departed again; and so left them that which should breed much mischief between them: this being indeed the very thing that he aspired to effect.

Then they stand up, and say: "give us judgment, Olioll." "Small profit in that now," the king answered: "but, if ye must have it, what said ye when the man was found?" Lughaid said: "'mine his music!' were my words"; and Eoghan: "'the musician's mine!' I cried." "Just so," said Olioll: "the man is Eoghan's." Lughaid demurred: "it is a false judgment." "It is true for me," said Olioll. "Not so," retorted Lughaid: "truth is not a habit on thy lips." But Eoghan said: "thou—a common loon like thee—art not one whom it is right to have a-censuring of him." "Even such a loon as I am, then, it is that shall shear that head from off thee and trample on thy cheek." "How will it be done?" "On the battle-field," was the answer: "on this day month come thou that we meet on *cenn Febhrat*." And the thing was verified: on that day month they met, either one with his host, and the two armed lines stood face to face.

Along with the wolfdog's son, *Lughaid lágha* his guardian, son of Moghnuadat, [brother to Olioll Olom,] came to the battle; and there it was that Maccon proceeded to confer with his jester: *Dodera* by name, whose precise origin was of the *corca Luighe*. Now in form and feature the jester was Maccon's very counter-

part, and: "good now," the latter said to him, "Eoghan will challenge me to a fight of two, and the fiery courage of him—a king's son—stuff of a king—grandson of yet another—will cut me short." "Never let it pass thy lips, or thou art sheerly doomed!" the jester cried, and went on: "I, with thy diadem upon my head and thine armature about me, will go in lieu of thee so that all shall say it is thou that comest there. Then, if a fact it must be that I fall, get thee away incontinently: for the whole host will say that thou art fallen, and on the instant the battle will 'burst.' Up and down the battle Eoghan moreover will seek thee and, should he but catch a glimpse of those calves of thine, thou wilt be smitten." The jester is duly slain; but Eoghan, who knew well that it was not Maccon he had killed, bent him to hunt out the latter. "The battle is bursten," all cried: "Maccon is fallen!" and so indeed it was: his was the defeat. Athwart the rout now Eoghan discerned Maccon's calves: as it were a single night's snow for whiteness; after him he ran, and made a cast so that as the other fled the spear entered him in a fashion which gave rise to the saying: *brén gairr forndortai.* "Is the shot gone home?" Eoghan called to him, and the overthrow was complete. Hence it was that one uttered:—

"The battle of *cenn Febhrat* it was that at the cost of many a lamentation was won against *mac con*; seven years are allotted now for *Mucramh's* battle to come off on a morning."

And the same came true.

After all which, by reason of Eoghan it was no longer feasible for Maccon to continue in Ireland; as a fugitive therefore he made his way to Scotland, it being unknown at home with what number of a company he was gone. With him went Lughaid *lágha* (so called from a great spear that constantly was in his hand), they being in all but thrice nine. They repaired to the king of Scotland, and Lughaid instructed his people instantly that they must not act rashly: with intent namely that they should not be recognised, lest that in order to gratify Art mac Conn, king of Ireland, they might be slain by the king of Scotland. He enjoined them also that, as though to his every fellow each individual of them were a king, each one should execute any other's pleasure [i.e. obey his orders]; further: that none should address him, Maccon, by his name. Cheerily the

king of Scotland received them ; but who they were they proclaimed not, neither was it known whence they came, only this: that they were of the Gael. Every morning to a year's end a hog and an ox were given them, all in a house apart ; and the king grew to admire at the excellence of their persons, of their grand bearing, and of their skill in arms to win whether battle, skirmish, or single combat ; at their proficiency in the convention, in the game, on the racecourse, at draughts and chess, in soldierly service generally.

One day then that Maccon played chess against the king, they saw enter to them a man of unwonted garb, and the king enquired: "whence this fellow?" "I am of the Gael," he answered for himself. "What art pliest thou?" the king asked again. "The poet's." "Tidings of the men of Ireland thou hast then: the reign of Conaire's son Art, goes it well?" "Aye well," the other answered: "never in Ireland has been such a reign." "Who is king of Munster?" "Olioll's son Eoghan, for his father is an aged man." "And Lughaid *mac con*?" "Since his banishment by Eoghan son of Olioll, his goings on are not known." "A sad thing that," the king rejoined, "and alas for Ireland that wants him! Maccon's race too, in what plight are they?" "With them nothing goes well ; but they are in serfdom, in discomfort, and in woman-bondage." When Maccon heard that, there being in his hand at the moment chessmen of silver and of gold, to twice three of them he 'set his finger' [i.e. hurled them] and struck the chamber's panel in front of him. The king marking him said: "a fit of affection it is that comes over him ; his tale is told manifestly." Here Maccon went out, and the king said again: "good now, young men, Lughaid *mac con* it is that goes out ; I see it in the motion that but now he made." On the morrow another man is summoned for him, and the same news recited ; he executed the same gesture. "Just so," quoth the king: "this is Maccon, and for fear of me it is that they name him not. But in order that we may know for certain, a trap shall be contrived for them: be there given them a hog and an ox on the foot, with intimation that their own people must prepare them for them ; then they will refer the matter to the hazard of the lot, but Maccon will be left out of it." He commissions the major-domo to have it done ; Maccon however did join in drawing lots for

the cooking. "Good now," the king [thus foiled] said to the major-domo: "find out now who is first to be helped, and in front of whom the function is performed." Now, saving only the steward aforesaid, there was no outsider present with them. [This test also failing] the king said again: "even so—let kill now a few mice; upon each one's mess lay a mouse, red, with her fur on, and be it set before them." [This being done] they were told that unless they ate the mice they would be killed. "How bear they themselves?" asked the king. "They fast, with their dishes before them." "That is Munster's form of fasting: over full dishes," the king said: "be it repeated to them that, an they eat not, they must be slain." "That he might never grow old from whom the order emanates!" Maccon cried as he put the mouse into his mouth (the king privily watching him the while), and with that all the others as well put in theirs. Howbeit, one melancholy fellow of them there was who, whenever he brought the mouse's tail to his lips, kept retching, and: "a knife across thy weasand!" Maccon threatened: "to say that one can eat a mouse down to her tail [and must stop there]!" Thereupon he swallowed the vermin's tail. Said the king from the door [where he peeped]: "they do a thing or two to please thee [I see];" and Maccon replied: "so much I also do for them." "Art thou Lughaid?" "That is my name," he answered. Then the king exclaimed: "a welcome to thee! and wherefore hast thou hidden thyself from me?" "For fear of thee." "Had I but known thee," the king went on, "ere this day I had avenged thy grievance." "Even to-day help might overtake me." "And help indeed thou shalt have," the king said: "for as regards myself, I am king of Scotland; my mother is the king of Britain's daughter, my wife daughter of the king of Saxons; whom all [i.e. the forces of which potentates] thou shalt take with thee to avenge thine injury." Maccon said: "I am thankful for the same." All that folk then the one man alone procured to come on a joint hosting; and what there was of ships, of galleys and of barques, in the coasts of Britain and of Saxonland were gathered together so that they were in the king of Scotland's port, and with them a vast flotilla of small boats: men do indeed affirm that betwixt Ireland and Scotland was a continuous bridge of currachs.

To wreak his vengeance on the men of Ireland Maccon then went with this great army, with this ponderous host; and truly no loving son to Ireland it was that brought them. They harried the land, and great multitudes consented to them there; but till they reached *magh mucramha* in the borders of *óg Bethra*, northwards from *áth cliath* namely, resistance they encountered none.

(Now *magh mucramha* or 'the plain of *mucramh*' is derived thus:—It was certain pigs of paganism that once on a time emerged from the Cave of Cruachan—that is to say the Hell's Gate of Ireland, out of which the *ellén trechenn* came and wasted Erin until in all Ulidia's presence Conall Cernach's father Amergin in single fight destroyed him; out of which too came a flock of white birds that throughout Ireland withered up whatsoever their breaths impinged on, till such time as Ulidia with their slings killed them—out of this cave, I say, those same swine issued; and they were such that in any spot which they trod nor corn, nor grass, nor leaf would sprout before the end of seven years; in any place where they were numbered, there they abode not but, were the counting of them so much as attempted, would migrate into another country. Neither was it feasible so to enumerate them as that [several doing it] they should arrive at the one tot: "there are three there!" one would say; "seven, rather!" another would cry; "eleven pigs!" "thirteen pigs!" and so their count would be lost. The swine might not be wounded [killed] either; for when they were assailed with missiles they would disappear. Once however Meave of Cruachan and Ailill [her husband] proceeded to count them on the plain of *mucramh*, and the pigs were numbered by them [i.e. the attempt was made] but, Meave being in her chariot, one hog of them cleared it at a leap. All cried out: "there goes a pig over, Meave!" "Never a bit!" quoth the queen as she caught the porker's shank [in transitu]; but at the beast's forehead the skin opened, so that in Meave's hand he left his hide [entire] with the shank [and so sped on his way]; nor from that time to this has it been known whither they all betook them. Hence *magh mucrímha* or 'the plain of swine-counting.')

The spoiling of Ireland was permitted to Maccon now until he reached this same *magh mucramha* in Connacht's eastern part;

and Art mac Conn, monarch of Ireland, said: "now is it full time to make head against these men." "It is so," answered Olioll Olom's son Eoghan, who indeed the very day before went already to Dil son of *ú-Creca*, of Ossory, that dwelt on *druim Dil* or 'Dil's ridge' (a wizard he was too, and blind to boot). To him Eoghan had said: "come with me to revile the men, and to deal with them by incantation." "'Tis well," he answered: "I will go with thee." "High time it is, father," said his daughter (she, Dil's daughter Moncha, was a spinster and she it was that did him a charioteer's office). When then [on this their errand] they had reached *magh cliach*, by Eoghan's speech the magician knew that he was doomed, and: "good now, Eoghan," he said: "leavest thou any posterity?" Eoghan replied: "no great thing by any means." "Good again," said Dil: "daughter, wed thou with Eoghan, to the end we may learn whether from me there shall ever spring a king of Munster." A bed was made for the couple, and right excellent the offspring that there and then was engendered: Fiacha, called *muillethan* or 'broad-crown,' son of Eoghan.

(*Fiacha* was but a nickname for him, being indeed so much as to say *fer dá líach*, i.e. 'man of two sorrows' or 'man of two piteous things': seeing that on the morrow of the day when he was begotten his father was slain, and that his mother perished on the self-same day in which he was brought forth; of which two events either one was pitiable: hence *fer dá liach* as above. As regards epithet *muillethan* or 'broad-crown,' the occasion of his being so styled was this: at *áth Nemthenn* on the Suir [as she drove the wizard's chariot] the pains of labour assailed Dil's daughter Moncha, and her father said: "an ill thing it is that thou art not brought to bed to-morrow morning [instead of to-day] for, had it been then, that which now is to be born should for ever have overtopped all Ireland." "True it is," she answered: "therefore unless that the offspring break out through one or other of my sides, by no other way shall it win forth at all!" Into the water she went down from them, and bestrid a stone that is in the mid ford: "maintain thou me," she cried to the rock, and to the hour of tierce upon the morrow there she held fast. "It is time," her father said; they loosed her hold for her, and her lips faded [i.e. she died]; but the babe's head had been

flattened against the stone, whence Fiacha *muillethan* or 'broad-crown' was imposed on him: father of the Eoghanacht in general.)

At all events Conn's son Art, having about him the men of Ireland's main strength, drew over Shannon westwards. The night before the battle, *Olcacha* (a smith of Connacht) played the host to him and his discourse was some such as this: "a weighty company are these that Maccon brings at you—this ox-herd of Alba's and of Britain's men will bellow, and will press you home—not upon flight their minds are bent; for their flight, some of them, were too distant: even to *sliabh Ealpa*—the conditions moreover of him along with whom [as thy partner] this battle is to be fought are bad: this time 'tis Lughaid that has a just claim on him—but tell me, Art: how much progeny leavest thou?" "One son." "'Tis all too little," quoth the smith: "thou therefore, Art, this night espouse my daughter (now her name was *Achtan*); it stands prophesied for me that from me some great honour is to derive." And this came true; great honour indeed it was: Cormac mac Art mac Conn. Art told her that she would bear a son who should be king of Ireland; and every secret, every most hidden thing to be employed for that son's weal, he imparted to her. He apprised her too that on the following day he must be slain; enjoined her that to his friend of Connacht she should carry his son to foster, and so bade her farewell. On the morrow then duly he went to the battle.

Lughaid *mac con* for his part had his plans all ready laid: half of his people were dismissed underground, which means that for his advanced guard a pit was made, and hurdles were laid over them; their spears were broken off at the bulge, and the tips just protruded through the hurdles. It was done at that point where the pick of the all Ireland men were; and besides this, in order that they should not desert, every Gael [of them that had joined themselves with the invaders] either had one leg made fast to that of an Albanach, or to one Gael two Britons were allotted. Now were both armies arrayed on either side; as for the kings: in the one battle's van were Lughaid *mac con*, Lughaid *lágha* and Beine the Briton; in the other's, Art mac Conn, Eoghan mac Olioll and his son again, Corbchacht. Maccon now challenged Eoghan to single combat; but he made answer that

this time he would not meet him, for that as against Maccon his cause was a bad one. This last affirmed that, though he fell for it, now should it not be a case of any jester put forward in his stead; for he would choose the men of Ireland's wolfdogs to devour him rather than any longer to be in parts extern to his own country.

Forthwith now the air over them was black with demons that waited on the miserable souls to hale them away to Hell. Two only excepted, Angels there were none; and whatsoever the direction in which Art tended throughout the army, over his head it was that (by reason of the true prince's righteous nature) these same ever kept.

One on the other both lines advanced, and a stern part they played on either hand; grim phenomena were there: white dust of chalk and lime that as a cloud rose from shields and targets maltreated with edge of swords, with spears' and javelins' points, well given and well taken by the warriors; pounding and splintering of bucklers hammered with sword-blades and with stones; hurtling sound made by delivery of missiles; spouting and dripping of blood, of gore, from plebeians' limbs and through sides of gentles. The manner of both Lughaids [*mac con* and *lágha*] up and down the battle was that of bears among piglings; in such style they dashed aside all men in turn. A crested helmet was on the head of either; about him, mail of iron; in his hand, a great sword; and upon the opposing host they charged so that many hundreds of them they laid low. After the same similitude were Eoghan and Corbchacht, sons of Olioll, on the other side. An emulative contest, one worthy of right men, was this that the men of Erin and of Alba fought together; and it wanted little but that, in process of their mutual belabouring, every man must trample on his fellow's very feet. But as they thus were welded together, out the earth one man [then another] would be wounded from both his right and left rear, and flung prostrate; then out of their pit the men of Alba rose up and surrounded them. Finally, the battle went against Art mac Conn and all Ireland, and they were slaughtered. The rout took its course to the southward, by *áth cliath* in the borders of *óg Bethra*; their sepulchre is at the ford's north side: that of Olioll Olom's seven sons. There too is *turlach Airt* or 'Art's turlough,' where on the

stone in the *turlach* Moghnuadat's son Lughaid *lágha* hewed his head from him, as thus: even as Beine the Briton struck the head from Olioll's son Eoghan, Lughaid *lágha* chanced on him and (for a fit of kindly affection took him) said: "out of a direction upwards from his two shoulders it falls on Beine"—meaning thereby: a low stroke it is that Beine strikes, a high one that strikes Beine—"for the strokes that Beine the Briton strikes, my nature is all distorted"; and with that he dealt Beine a cut over the neck such that his head sat on the breast of Eoghan's body [lying supine under him as he stooped]. Maccon found him in the act, and: "that is a bad stroke of generalship, Lughaid," he said. "It matters not to thee; in lieu of this one, I will even now bring thee the king of Ireland's head." Northwards he set off again to meet the rout, and encountered with Art; he slew him and took his head: whence *turlach Airt* in the border of *óg Bethra.*

Then Lughaid *mac con* forcibly laid hold on Ireland's kingly power; for seven full years he was in Tara, and took to his bosom Art's son Cormac to have in fostership.

Now Olioll Olom lived yet, and his word was ever:—

"Gone to ruin my sheepfolds are to-day, nor sons of mine nor grandsons watch them now; my testimony, unimpeachable, is this: that the love once theirs I now bestow on Maccon."

Maccon's continual saying after his jester was this:—

"Since Dadera is departed, no laughter is produced; for after Dairine's merry jester there is desolation."

Of Sabia, daughter of Conn of the Hundred Battles, the constant utterance was this:—

"Alas for me, alas for Clia, that ever Ferfi was found in his yew: he that for Art procured unequal fight, and brought about a grave for Corbchacht."

But in Tara once certain sheep ate up greenstuff that belonged to Lughaid *mac con's* queen, and recourse was had to Lughaid's award. He said: "I adjudge the sheep in lieu of it [the trespass]." Cormac, who was then a little boy, was by him on a couch, and: "not so, my guardian," he said: "more equitable were the shearing of the sheep in damage of the greenstuff cropped; for in the ground the vegetables will grow again, and so too the wool upon the sheep." "That is the truthful verdict,"

all exclaimed: "a very prince's son assuredly it is that has pronounced it!" With that, one half of the house fell headlong down the declivity [by which it stood]: the half namely in which the false judgment had been delivered, and in this conformation the so-called *claenfherta Temrach* or 'Tara's mounds askew' shall survive for ever. On this occurrence it was that one sang:—

"Lughaid, a doughty warrior, as I perceive has nevertheless passed judgment in a mist of error; from that time forward and for ever it endures to him: upon that side the rath is crooked."

Thereafter for a year he reigned in Tara, and neither grasses pierced ground, nor leaf sprouted from woods, nor yet grain formed in corn. Indeed (for he was a tyrant) the men of Ireland ran him out of his royal office. Westwards therefore, and with great moveable possessions [cattle, horses, followers] he retired to his own country; but Lughaid *lágha* went not with him, for he said: "the place in which because of thee I opposed my brother, as a consequence of which I afterwards committed fratricide, thither I will no more return, but to the son of that king whom I slew will yield me up in satisfaction." Three times now Maccon took his leave of Cormac and still turned back to him, till in the end he bade him a last farewell. Westwards I say he repaired to Olioll, minding to have cherished him, and entered into the liss to him. But about his neck Sabia flung both her arms, and [whispering] said: "approach him not, laddie: an evil man is he to whom thou comest, and an unforgiving!" "A welcome thing this is," cried Olioll: "come to me then that thou mayest dwell with us; of me mayest make a father, while of thee I make a son, since sons I have none to care for me now!" Then he laid cheek to cheek with Maccon; but with a tooth of noxious property that he had in his head, got at him in the cheek.

With that, Maccon went out from him; there he met with Sabia who, as she looked on him, cried out: "ah woe!" and uttered:—

"This is a hurt whereby is fallen a king whom a venomous fang has wounded . . . . . a disastrous leave-taking this has been!"

After which, Coman's son Ferches [the poet aforesaid] came to Olioll, and the old man called to him: "ho, Ferches! away with thee after Maccon, one half of whose head shall ere three *trátha* be come round melt all away!" Ferches made after him, but

Maccon in the mean time had gained his own country and, with his forces surrounding him, set his back to a pillar-stone. They descried Ferches, and Maccon cried: "suffer him not hither!" then betwixt them both the men opposed a barrier of shields. But athwart the multitude Ferches hurled, and struck him in the forehead so that, the stone responding from behind, Maccon fell lifeless. Then Ferches (the host pursuing him) entered the rapid water, on the surface of which the splinters of his spear were distributed to them. Concerning him it was that Conn's daughter Sabia said:—

"Alack for it, and woe the day that ever Ferfi was found in his yew! but that which shall utterly consign me to misery is Ferches his spearcast that has stricken Maccon."

Then Olioll said:—

"Up to this present it is thirty years that I am a decrepid senior; but now the cast of Coman's son, the poet's, has roused me from my lethargy!"

For yet seven years again Olioll resumed Munster's sway.

This then is the Battle of Mucramh, in the which fell Art son of Conn and Olioll's seven sons, forby a great carnage of the men of Ireland along with them; hence it was said:—

The morning of *magh mucramha*, on which kings in number fell, was fatal to Art son of Conn.

Others again affirm that Lughaid *mac con* had reigned for thirty years in Ireland; *unde dicitur*:—

As far in every direction as the bright-hued green sea Maccon held the land of Banba; for thirty grand and noble years he held royal sway over Ireland.

Finis.

This following story is that of the Battle of Crinna.

Over Ireland there reigned an admirable king: Cormac, grandson of Conn; at which period also over the Ulidians was a king: Fergus Blacktooth, who had two brothers: Fergus Longhair, and Fergus called 'Fire-Bregia.' Where Cormac's mansion was then was in Tara; and that of every king in Ireland as well, for the

purpose of holding Tara's Feast: for a fortnight before *samhain* that is to say, on *samhain*-day itself, and for a fortnight after. And the reason for which they practised to gather themselves together at every *samhain*-tide was this: because at such season it was that mast and other products were the best matured. Here too is the reason for which the Feast of Tara was made at all: the body of law which all Ireland enacted then, during the interval between that and their next convention at a year's end none might dare to transgress; and he that perchance did so was outlawed from the men of Ireland.

Now the Ulidians with a great muster set out to take part in the Feast, and in advance of themselves sent messengers to examine their own house there, also to reconnoitre Tara. The condition in which these found their tenement was: no thatch, no means of warmth, walls a-gape, and all befouled by the royal town's cattle and dogs. The emissaries returned and said that the house was not fit to be entered, and that in Tara Cormac had but a scanty force. Then to determine what they should do, Ulidia assembled in general council; and their decision was to throw themselves into order of battle, and to march on Cormac; whereupon they sent him word to come and meet them in line, face to face, with their weapons between them. But Cormac's strength was not sufficient to give them battle; what he did therefore was to evade them: westwards he departed out of Tara, his confidentials joined him, and he questioned them what plan they should adopt, from what quarter solicit reinforcement. Then it was that Cesarnn, Cormac's poet, said:—

"O Cormac, unless that [nearer to hand] thou hast some battle-winning friend, then of Munster crave a champion, mighty, hard-hitting; a lord that may relieve thee of all fear of enemies . . ."

Cormac answered: "if the counsel given by Cairbre be the same as that which Cesarnn has pronounced, the same it is that I will adopt." Then Cairbre said:—

"O my gentle Cormac . . .

"For Teigue, son of Cian, he it is that must fight the battle of Crinna: in prophecy it stands for him, and [besides] his father was a son of Conn's daughter Sabia [father's sister to thee]; thou therefore go south to Teigue and grant him all that which,

in guerdon of his coming with thee to fight the battle, he shall demand."

So Cormac resorted to Olioll Olom's house, and there great welcome was accorded him. "The object for which we are come hither," he said, "is to entreat your good will." "Which thou shalt have," answered they: Cormac Cas son of Olioll Olom to wit, and Fiacha Broadcrown son of Eoghan, and Olioll himself. Cormac and Fiacha it was that at this time were Olioll's representatives; and between them his country was divided, for he was not able himself to govern it: from the one *áth cliath* to the other every second subdivision of the land was allotted to Cormac, the rest to Fiacha, Teigue standing as next heir to either.

They: Olioll Olom, Cormac Cas and Fiacha, then took counsel between them; and what they planned was to lead Cormac to the place in which he should find Lughaid *lágha*, with a view to his accompanying him northwards to deliver the battle. Accordingly they sought the spot where Lughaid was, and where should that be but in the glen of Aherlach: there they caught him bathing himself and he [consequently] unarmed. In order to hem him in round about, they made of themselves three parties; Cormac approaches him, over his head holds his naked sword, and cries: "death impends on thee, Lughaid!" "A death from me in lieu of my own!" Lughaid answered. "I will not accept it," said Cormac, "unless it be a king's head taken in battle." "It shall be given thee." "I will not accept it," Cormac pursued, "unless it be the head of Fergus Blacktooth king of Ulidia." "Thou shalt have it." "Pledge thine honour to it," insisted Cormac. "I do so." Then Lughaid raised his head, and said: "that he may never thrive that prompted thee! the old counsellor's advice it is that here has been put in action; and as its inception has been bad for us, so too will its end be an ill one."

Then Cormac went to Teigue, who with great welcome greeted him, and said: "grandson of Conn's daughter Sabia, by reason that for thee it is foretold that thou must do it, come thou to avert distress from us!" But Teigue answered: "to fight the battle of Crinna, verily I will not go; for it is not I that am bound to it: neither upon my land is it that men inhabit there, nor is it my home precinct that is ploughed." Cormac rejoined: "see now to whether of us two it the more legitimately falls to

strive for this portion of Conn's: for thou, Teigue, art son of Sabia his daughter; were I moreover to win my land, to thee and to thy race in perpetuity should be granted all so much as, between the hour at which the battle should be won and night-time, thy chariot might encompass; and that same in excess of thine own just stipend. Howbeit, in order to thine affording us the most precious succour that we could have: the making good our claim to Tara namely, we have but to remind thee of our kinship." "This matter I will not take in hand, nor go to do battle with Ulidia." Then Cormac uttered:—

"Conn's farewell was a leave-taking" (and so forth)

After all, Teigue did go with Cormac; and a great obnubilation was conjured up for him, so that he slept a heavy sleep and that things magic-begotten were shewn to him to enunciate, and power was lent him to declare that which was in store for him. But Cormac, free of sleep, listened to him, *et dixit* Teigue:—

"Much valour, much incitement . . ."

After the singing of that lay Teigue awoke; he passed his hand over his face, and said: "it is time for us to go up to fight the battle." "Time it is indeed," Cormac replied, and chanted a lay:—

"The revelations, oh the revelations, that Teigue makes before Crinna's battle . . ."

Subsequently they reached Crinna, and Teigue said to Cormac: "come thou too, and with a strong force, to fight the battle, because from my country I am come with but a little number: fifty good warriors and thirty chieftains, Lughaid *lágha* and myself." "By no means will I bring an army with thee for the battle: but yield me the integrity of my country and of my land, and I will deliver the battle; or else fight it thou, with so many as thou hast brought, and for ever take thy share of land as is prophesied for thee." Then Teigue formed his people: his young men he placed with himself in the battle's forefront, his prime warriors in the centre, his greybeards in the rear, whereas the custom which hitherto had prevailed in Ireland was: their greybeards in front, their prime men in the centre, their striplings in the rear; the intention with which this was done being that every man should have a taste of his own contemporaries. Now the

object that Teigue aimed at when he put his striplings in front was that dismay should not take them at sight of the greybeards cut up before their faces [i.e. before their own turn came]. Then Ulster made of themselves a battle: their greybeards they posted in front, their warriors in the centre, and their striplings last. Now comes Cormac to Lughaid *lágha*, and says he: "every chief and every righteous man to his word! from thee I am entitled to a king's head in battle, in eric of my father that thou slewest in the batle of *Mucramh*; also it must be the head of Fergus Blacktooth, king of Ulidia." "That shall be given thee," replied Lughaid.

Then the battles proceeded to encounter: Ulidia charged with reckless bounds, so that under the warriors' feet the earth shook again; that [on both sides] their irrational horses of exotic semblance were routed, were distracted and frenzied, by the bewilderment of reddened point and edge of gold-encrusted weapons; by the blows on blood-red war-shields, by hurtling of sharp-headed javelins, long and thick, and by the rattle of glittering proof mail. Then with simultaneous fall Ulidia's greybeards and Munster's striplings fell mutually.

Lughaid, wreaking his fury on the rank and file until he reached him, now got at Fergus through the press, and in so doing was mangled sore; he dragged Fergus's head to him however, and hewed it from him. With it he went to where Cormac was, and said to him: "here, Cormac, is a king's head in battle, even as I promised thee, that is: Fergus's head." "A blessing of thy valour and of thy skill in arms light on thee, Lughaid," said Cormac: "had the real king's head been brought to me I had not prized it more than this his own brother's head!" "Is that what it is then?" asked Lughaid. Cormac answered: "that it is, indeed" (for on the spot Ulidia make a king of Fergus Longhair; they set the king's helmet on his head, with the title of king he is saluted by them, and they fight on for their own). "Good now, Lughaid," Cormac went on: "that which thou didst promise me, that from thy hands I should have a king's head in battle, if now it is plain to thee that this is not the king's; for the king I see yet, and his helmet on his head." "'Tis evident," said Lughaid: "into my hurts stuff ye now dry sops, to see whether I can make anything of yonder [i.e. that other] Fergus."

Cormac's charioteer came, and with the but of Lughaid's own spear rammed the sops into his wounds; in which guise then he charged into the mass, just on the instant when it befell Teigue and Fergus Longhair, with their respective warriors, to come together. Onward through the battle Lughaid made his way to Fergus with intent to strike off his head as he had promised. On the one side as on the other all the fighting men fell with concurrent fall, but Teigue was on his legs yet. Fergus went to the spot where his brother had been killed, and Lughaid after him; they fought, and upon the same stone on which he had struck off his brother's head Lughaid took his. His helmet fell from his head on the stone, and Lughaid took back his head and diadem to Cormac, saying: "a king's head in battle for thee, Cormac!" "Success attend thine honour and thy name, Lughaid: I never had wished the king's head rather than that thou hast given us!" "What means that: that this is not the king's head?" "That such it is not indeed," said Cormac. Lughaid assented: "it is true." "True indeed," replied Cormac. "Look now, *gilla*," said Lughaid, "and see how the battles encounter, or is Teigue still a-foot?" The *gilla* reported: "he is so." "What are they at now?" asked Lughaid again. "The greybeards on the one side are facing for the youngsters on the other." "Put a few more sops into my wounds that, along with the greybeards of Munster, I may vent my death-fury on Ulidia!" The style of king had by the Ulidians been immediately conferred on Fergus Fire-Bregia, and he invested with the kingly helmet; and the Ulidian striplings, accompanying him, betook them to the fight. On the other side, Munster's greybeards with Lughaid and Teigue did the same, and between the two parties a bitter battle was delivered. The northern striplings are routed, Fergus is slain; upon still the same stone Lughaid takes off his head, then carries it to Cormac. Now what Cormac hit upon, because fear of Lughaid had taken him, was to install Deilenn the magician in his royal seat; and what Deilenn said then was that, unless the freedom of his own race: the *culaite* of Bregia were granted him, he would not occupy it. Cormac yielded: "that shall be given thee." Thereupon Deilenn took the royal place, and upon his head assumed the king's helmet. But Lughaid, having in his hand the head of the third and last Fergus, came up in search of

Cormac; with the head he made a shot [as he thought] at the king, and so slew Deilenn whom he took for him. There men planted the wizard's monumental stone, whence *dumha Deilenn* or 'Deilenn's mound.'

After this, Cormac accosts Lughaid and says to him: "no kindly act to me it was, Lughaid, when thou slewest my magician." "Not him but thyself it was that I desired to kill," answered Lughaid; and then it was that the poet uttered:—

"Upon the one flagstone at *ráth chró*, or 'the gory rath,' were slaughtered the three Ferguses . . ."

Here Lughaid heard great outcry to the northward of him, and: "what shouting is it that I hear now, *gilla*?" he enquired. "The cheering of Munster's men in the wake of the rout," said the *gilla*. As he still was there he heard a roar that came towards them from their front, and Lughaid asked again: "what cry is this from the front, *gilla*?" "Ulidia's, as they turn to face the pursuing battle." Then Cormac said:—

"Go forth, Lughaid that art not feeble, to encounter *Eochaid gunnat* . . . 'tis time for thee to succour Teigue . . ."

"True," said Lughaid: "Eochaid it is that even now has joined the battle and, unless I make my way to him, there is not a man to tackle him; neither is it any young beardless lad's work, and he wounded and hacked about, to stand up to that man of might; the little rest of my life that yet is in me, 'tis on him therefore that it shall be expended." Therewith he arises and comes to where the others fight the fight, and betwixt both armies a battle is delivered indeed: for when they had made an end of flinging and had otherwise used up all their weapons, every man of them with his hand actually tore away another's inwards: hence *áth an inathair*, or 'the ford of entrails,' northward of Crinna.

After that, Ulidia was routed; and the ill-informed affirm that in this battle Lughaid slew *Eochaid gunnat*, but it is not true. Against Ulidia on that day seven battles 'were broken': the battles of *Crinna*, of *Ráth chró*, of *Aircetros*, of *Conachadh*, of *Sithbe*, of *Ath an inathair*, of *druim Fuaid*.

For after the events aforesaid [and the first four of these battles] the Ulidians confer the royal power on Eirnemach, and at

Sithbe fight a battle to make good his claim ; thence they get as far as *Aircetros*, where they fight another ; thence to *Conachadh*, in like wise to *druim* Fuaid, and beyond that point they were not followed.

The battle being now finally broken [i.e. won], Teigue repairs to Cormac and says: "that which was promised to me, namely so much land as after the battle my chariot might travel round, be the same now given to me." "That shall be granted thee," Cormac answered. But Cormac's chariot, and his charioteer *Maeldóit* or 'clench-the-fist,' are assigned to him to guide him in the course which he should take ; and Cormac instructed Maeldoit, saying: "whenever Teigue shall swoon away, *gilla*, do thou then turn the chariot's head eastward again." The *gilla* asked: "what reward shall be given me for doing this?" "The freedom of thy children and of thy race for ever," said Cormac, "if to Teigue thou give not either *Taillte* or Tara." "That shall be done," the *gilla* answered. Teigue starts to make the circuit of his land ; and at such times as he fainted off, what the *gilla* did was to turn the horses' heads and the chariot eastward again ; then when he came to, the driver would turn the horses' heads back to the westward. In this manner they got as far as the river Liffey; it was then evening with them, and Teigue said here: "good now, *gilla*, what river is this?" "Verily it is Liffey." "*Gilla*, have we brought away Tara and Taillte?" "We have not." "Have we brought either of them?" "We have not." "That is an ill thing indeed," said Teigue: "neither shall that for which thou hast played this trick ever profit thee!" then from its sheath Teigue drew his sword, and in that very place [i.e. there and then] made of Maeldoit three portions [i.e. with two cuts], whence *cnuic Maeldóit* or 'Maeldoit's hillocks' over Liffey.

Teigue thereafter proceeded to Tara, to require of Cormac that he should be treated for his wounds. "Thy treatment shall indeed be undertaken," said Cormac, "and physicians brought to thee." Such therefore are called in to Teigue and to Lughaid *lágha* ; but either one of them is bestowed in a house apart, and an enormous fee promised to the leeches in reward of introducing into the patients' gashes and hurts divers deleterious matters: beetles, awns of barley [and so forth], with intent to work their

destruction and death; the object with which they were separated being that neither should see the foul play that was carried on in regard of the other. On this wise then they continued until they were wasted away all but a little; but from Teigue at this point word was sent southwards to the seed of Olioll Olom: to Cormac Cas, and to Fiacha Broadcrown son of Eoghan, that they should procure physicians to be sent to him to know whether he might be cured at all. Cormac in the mean time went to confer with Lughaid *lágha*, for [as he thought] he knew beforehand that Lughaid would not live, and said: "by thy valour and thy weapon-play, Lughaid, I conjure thee that (since now no longer thou mayest hope for life) thou tell me how my father, Art son of Conn, comported himself in the hour when by thee he was being slain and his head taken." "Thou shalt know it," Lughaid made answer: "he bleated like a he-goat; he bellowed like a bull; he screeched like a woman" (now the reason for which Lughaid said this was that he supposed Cormac would kill him presently, for he was fain so to die rather than to linger as he was). Hereupon, at the question that Cormac had put to him, anger and fury seized Lughaid, a swelling and a suppuration filled him up utterly; and on the instant his coagulated blood, and all that were in his inside of beetles and of worms [there planted by the venal medicine-men], discharged themselves violently and, by operation of this rage that took him, lay before his face on the green. Then in his hand he picked up a prize flagstone, and made for Cormac; but the king evading him cleared out of his way, and Lughaid made a cast of the stone that went a man's length into the earth. Such then was the occasion of Lughaid's recovery this time.

In due course the leeches from the south reached Teigue, to examine whether he were curable. His plight was now exceeding feeble, desperate, and out through the wall of the house the physicians heard the moan that he made. "A moan of sickness this that the Chief emits," says one; "a moan caused by weapon's point," said a second; "a moan wrought by some living creature," quoth the third. "He needs treatment," said all three.

They enter the house in which Teigue is, and it is voided for them. "This is not a flourishing state of things," they said. "By no means indeed," answered Teigue. Said one of the

physicians: "manifestly it is no man of the North that will make a good job of thee, but myself." "I would," replied Teigue, "that thou, rather than the North, hadst the successful curing of me." Here the leeches, when the house [as we have seen] was emptied about them so that besides him and themselves there were not any present, take him in hand: under a plough's coulter they keep a smith's bellows a-blowing till it is red, then at Teigue's belly they feign to make a drive of it, and so [by virtue of the emotion wrought in him] the major part of such reptiles, beetles, blood-clots, and all other noxious matters as were in him, flew out and lay before them all upon the floor. Thrice in this fashion the same application was threatened to his paunch; and it left in him neither moan nor sickness, but he was whole. Teigue by the way killed the medicos that had introduced the creeping things into his inside.

Then he retired south to his own home. Cormac sought to evade giving him the land, but Teigue set about preparing to fight him for it; what the king determined to do therefore was to give him the fee of his territory in perpetuity, as he had promised him; and so it shall be for ever.

Finis.

The Story of Eochaidh Muighmedóin's Sons.

Over Ireland was an admirable king and an eminent: Eochaid called *muighmedóin*; and he had five sons: Brian, Ailill, Fiachra, Fergus, Niall. *Mongfhionn* or 'Long-fair-haired,' daughter of Fidach, was Brian's mother and Fiachra's, Fergus's and Ailill's; *Cairenn* called *casdubh* or 'the curly-black,' daughter of Saxall called *balbh* or 'the stutterer,' king of Saxons, was Niall's. And to the queen this last son was an object of spite; for to her disparagement it was that the king had begotten him of Cairenn, whom therefore the queen kept in a condition of great hardship: so great indeed that she on the one side must draw Tara's water, while against her alone on the other were pitted all the rest of the she-slaves, and they depending on her service [to keep them

going in their own task of distributing it to the community]; moreover, even when she was great with Niall the task still was compulsory on her, with intent the child should perish in her womb.

Thus it came to the time of delivery with her, but for all that she never broke off the duty; and at last, upon Tara's green she bore a son and she lying apart, kennelled in her tub. She dared not pick up the boy from the ground, but in that same spot left him exposed to the prey-birds; neither, for fear of Mongfhionn, durst any man of all Ireland carry him home, the dread of her lying heavy upon all. But Torna the Poet afterwards coming on the green saw the babe lie all lonely, the 'raptores' already attempting him. Torna took him to his bosom, and in his behalf showed all that should be after, saying:—

"A welcome to the little guest that shall yet be Niall of the Nine Hostages . . ."

Then Torna carried off the boy and nurtured him, and until he was fit to be a ruler neither he nor Torna resorted to Tara; but there [when they did come] they lighted on Cairenn, still drawing water for the town. Niall said to her: "let be the service." "I dare not," she answered, "for the queen." Niall said: "my mother shall not slave, and I a king's son!" Then he took her to Tara and invested her with purple raiment.

Anger possessed the queen, and she misliked all this; the verdict of Ireland in the matter being that Niall was the one to be king after his father, so that eventually Mongfhionn said to Eochaid: "between thy sons deliver now a judgment, which of them it is that shall succeed thee." "I will not," he said, "but *Sithchenn* the magician shall." They were all sent to Sithchenn, the smith that dwelt in Tara, who also was a seer of wondrous capacity. He then [having gotten them into it] set fire to the forge over them. Niall won out, bringing the anvil with its block: "may it be Niall that prevails, and for ever shall be a solid anvil!" cried the wizard. Brian got out, and brought along the sledgehammers: "Brian for your foughten fields!" the magician said again. Fiachra escaped, bringing a pail of ale and the bellows: "your ornament and your art shall be Fiachra's!" Ailill reached them, with the receptacle in which the spear-

heads were: "Ailill to avenge you!" Fergus broke out, having a bundle of dry sticks and in it a green one of yew: "Fergus withered!" the wizard cried; and that came true, for the seed of Fergus were no good, one only excepted: Cairech. Hence then the adage: 'a green stick of yew among a faggot of dry fire-stuff'; and to foreshew the same it was that the sennachie sang:—

"Eochaid's five sons: Niall the anvil . . ."

Mongfhionn felt this thing to be a grievous one; to her sons therefore she said: "ye four sons of mine as ye are, quarrel among yourselves, that Niall come to separate you; then slay him." They quarrel accordingly. "I were better to part them," said Niall. "Not so," quoth Torna. Then 'Mongfhionn's sons were appeased': whence the old saw to that effect.

She said however that with this enunciation of Sithchenn's she would not rest content; and to that same man they were sent again, to seek arms of him. So they repaired to the smith and he made them arms; the most notably excellent weapon that was of them he put into Niall's hand, and the rest delivered to the other sons: "go now and hunt, and prove your arms," said the smith.

They went and hunted and, after a time, when they had now been long astray found themselves shut in on every hand. When they ceased from their wandering they kindled themselves a fire; they cooked them somewhat of the game, and ate till they were satisfied. But then, by operation of their meal, they were affected with great drouth and thirst, and: "let us send one to look for water," said they. "I will go," said Fergus. Away the young fellow goes in quest of water; and he lights on a well, over which he finds an old woman standing sentry. The fashion of the hag was this: blacker than coal every joint and segment of her was, from crown to ground; comparable to a wild horse's tail the grey wiry mass of hair that pierced her scalp's upper surface; with her sickle of a greenish looking tusk that was in her head, and curled till it touched her ear, she could lop the verdant branch of an oak in full bearing [i.e. acorn-laden]; blackened and smoke-bleared eyes she had; nose awry, wide-nostrilled; a wrinkled and a freckled belly, variously unwholesome; warped crooked shins, garnished with massive ankles and a pair of

capacious shovels; knotty knees she had, and livid nails. The beldame's whole description in fact was disgusting. "That's the way it is, is it?" said the lad, and: "that's the very way," she answered. "Is it guarding the well thou art?" he asked, and she said: "it is." "Dost thou license me to take away some water?" "I do," she consented, "yet only so that I have of thee one kiss on my cheek." "Not so," said he. "Then water shall not be conceded by me." "My word I give," he went on, "that sooner than give thee a kiss I would perish of thirst!" Then the young man departed to the place where his brethren were, and told them that he had not gotten water.

Olioll started to look for some, duly reached the same well, and denied the *cailleach* a kiss. He besought her for water, but she granted him not access to the spring.

Brian, eldest of the sons, then went on the quest, and equally attained to the identical well; he solicited the old thing for water, but denied her a kiss.

Fiachra went now; the spring and the *cailleach* he found both, and petitioned for water. "I will give it," she said, "and give me a kiss for it." He bestowed on her a bare touch of a kiss, and she said: "have thou but mere contact of Tara!" and it came true: of his seed two ruled Ireland, *Dathí* and *Ailill molt* namely, but of the others' seed: of Brian's, Ailill's, Fergus's, not one.

Niall went in search of water, and came to the very well: "let me have water, woman!" he cried. "I will give it," said she, "and bestow on me a kiss." He answered: "forby giving thee a kiss, I will even hug thee!" then he bends him to embrace her, and gives her a kiss. Which operation ended, and when he looked at her, in the whole world was not a young woman of gait more graceful, in universal semblance fairer than was she: to be likened to the last-fallen snow lying in trenches every portion of her was, from crown to sole; plump and queenly forearms, fingers long and taper, straight legs of a lovely hue she had; two sandals of the white bronze betwixt her smooth and soft white feet and the earth; about her was an ample mantle of the choicest fleece, pure crimson, and in the garment a brooch of white silver; she had lustrous teeth of pearl, great regal eyes, mouth red as the rowan-berry. "Here, woman, is a galaxy of

charms," said the young man. "That is true indeed." "And who art thou?" he pursued. "'Royal Rule' am I," she answered, and uttered this:—

"King of Tara! I am 'Royal Rule' . . .

"Go now," she said, "to thy brethren, and take with thee water; moreover, thine and thy children's for ever the kingdom and supreme power shall be, excepting only two of the seed of Fiachra: Dathi and Ailill *molt*, with one out of Munster: Brian of the Boromean Tribute; which three shall be kings 'sine rénitentia.' And as at the first thou hast seen me ugly, brutish, loathly—in the end, beautiful—even so is royal rule: for without battles, without fierce conflict, it may not be won; but in the result, he that is king of no matter what shows comely and handsome forth. Howbeit, to thy brothers deal not water until they give thee conditions: till they yield thee their birthright, and that thou raise thy weapon an arm's length over theirs." "So shall it be done," said the young man.

Then he takes leave of her, and to his brothers carries water; but it was not served out to them till they granted him all terms which he, according as the woman had instructed him, required of them. He bound them over then that never to all eternity should they oppose him, nor [their posterity] his children.

Thereafter they all repaired to Tara; the others raised their weapons, and Niall his the length of a warrior's arm over them. They sat down, and Niall among them in the centre. The king sought news of them. Niall told all their doings: how they had gone to look for water, had stumbled on the spring and the woman, and how she had prognosticated for them. "How comes it," said Mongfhionn, "that it is not the eldest: Brian, that tells the story?" They replied: "for the sake of water we had beforehand resigned him our birthright." "Ye have given it in perpetuity," said Sithchenn: "for, his and his children's from this time forth for ever the main power and royal rule of Ireland shall be." And it was verified: for unless that he had it 'cum renitentia,' not a single one other than an issue of his ruled Ireland from Niall hither to 'the heavy hitter of the Hill of Usnach': Melachlin son of Donall; seeing that of Niall's posterity, both of the north and of the south, there held her ten

kings of his son Conall's race, sixteen of his son Eoghan's [and so forth] as one has recited:—

"I am instructed how many they are that, from the loins of Niall the man of lofty exploits, have grasped Ireland . . ."

Finis.

Death of Crimthann son of Fidach, and of Eochaidh Muighmedóin's three sons: Brian, Ailill, Fiachra.

A noble and a reverend king that once upon a time ruled Ireland: *Eochaidh muighmedóin.* He had a spouse worthy of him: Mongfhionn daughter of Fidach, and she bore him four sons: Brian and Fiachra, Ailill and Fergus their names were; concerning whom she sees a dream, and it was this: that they were transformed into four carnivores, as Brian into a lion's shape, Fiachra into a greyhound's, Ailill into a beagle's, Fergus into that of a commonplace dog. Then they carried on with rugging and riving of one another: in the beginning, at every other bout the greyhound would worst the lion; but finally the lion prevails against all three who, meekly, submissively, without a sign of mutiny, give in to him [acknowledge his superiority]. This dream Mongfhionn tells to the magician Sithchenn, and: "just so," he says, "Brian will be an aggressive and a raging lion, such too his seed after him: as opposed to all other men's fury they shall be a virulently contentious phalanx, and steadfast to endure others' onslaughts on themselves; after whom Fiachra and his will be given to war and excursions: he shall hack and hew at Brian's race, Brian at his; between them both shall be armed strife, mutual mischiefs wrought, and the rule partitioned to the posterity of each alternately; in the end, however, the seed of Brian will prevail over all the other sons' children, and the pre-eminence be theirs. Ailill will be a hound of the chase, seeking out and striving for lands in provision for his brethren; as for Fergus, his seed will be but a sorry set of plebeians, and 'tis hardly if ever his race will be made out at all.

In course of time Eochaid died, and between his five sons

then was dire contention for his land: Niall by himself of the one part, and Mongfhionn's four sons of the other. What she hit upon, now that she had failed of getting the kingdom for her son Brian alone (who was the favourite one of her children), was this: by means of solicitation and of magic-practice (for in all sorcery and witchery she was an adept) to allure the men of Ireland to confer the royal power upon his brethren, that she might send him over-seas to learn the art of arms, whereby later he should turn out an eminent hero fit to make the kingdom his.

Accordingly Brian crossed the sea, and with Senach son of Onga in the north of Scotland learned warlike accomplishments until in all feats of arms and valour he was vigorously competent. When then at seven years' end his training was perfected, he returned from the eastward: a brownhaired, powerful and bull-like man, with solidity of limb, with the strength of nine, and in either hand endowed with equal weapon-skill—such was Brian.

Crimthann reigned over Ireland still, and to Mongfionn it was a sore vexation that Brian was not king. But on a royal progress Crimthann went into Scotland—for thus it was that the king of Tara ever proceeded on his grand visitation: from Tara into the Galianic province [Leinster]; thence into both provinces of Munster [Thomond and Desmond]; afterwards into the province of Olnegmacht [Connacht], thence again into the province of Ulster, and so into Scotland—whereupon Mongfhionn's sons laid forcible and violent hold on Crimthann's domain. He upon hearing of this returned out of the east; into Connacht he brought a great host that he mustered, to expel his sister's sons out of his kingdom; he marched, and pitched camp on the Moy amongst the Connachtmen. Mongfhionn debated with herself, and what she imagined was that to Brian's brothers she should offer a banquet on the Moy in Tirawley, invite her own brother thither as though to make peace with her sons and, with intent to procure the royalty for Brian, administer to him a poisoned draught.

To her brother's house Mongfhionn repaired therefore; betwixt Crimthann and her children she patched up a fraudulent peace, and conducted him to the feast. When they had made an end of the entertainment Mongfhionn put into her brother's hand a poisoned cup, but: "I will not drink," he said, "until

thou first shalt have drunk." She drinks, and Crimthann after her. Subsequently Mongfhionn died, on *samhain's* very eve, and this constitutes [the tale called] 'Mongfhionn the Sorceress's Tragical Death'; and the reason for which *samhain*-tide is by the common people called 'the Festival of Mongfhionn' is that she, so long as she was in the flesh, had [occult] powers, and was a witch: wherefore it is that on *samhain*-eve women and the rabble address their petitions to her.

Now came Crimthann from the northward, progressing towards his own natural country (that of the men of Munster) until he gained *sliabh suide in rígh* or 'the mountain of the king's sitting,' and there he died. Fidach his father, his mother, and she that had nursed him, came to the spot where he perished; there they gave way to piteous grief, and all three died upon the very ground. Concerning which the historian vented this:—

"Crimthann's poor tumulus, what its origin? . . . ."

Howbeit that treachery which she had executed on her brother, and her choice of death for herself in hopes that Brian should have been king after her, served Mongfhionn's purpose not at all: for Niall of the Nine Hostages it was that succeeded Crimthann and ruled all Ireland; nevertheless Brian was his most formidable agent in war and his next in command, out of all countries bringing him in pledges and tribute.

Eventually Brian acquired the sovereignty of Connacht's province, while Fiachra took all from *carn Feradaigh* or 'Feradach's cairn' to *magh mucramha*; hence between the two was a vieing and great jealousy, so much so that a war sprang up among them. Between them is fought the battle of *Damchluain*, which goes against Nathi and his father: Nathi escapes, but Fiachra is taken and, being brought to Tara, delivered into the hand of Niall his brother. Out of this a second time grows an exceeding great war, between Brian and Nathi: the former having his camp at *Damchluain* in *úi Bhriuin seola*, hard by *commaicne cuile*; Nathi with clan-Fiachra posted against him in *Aidhne*. Brian's magician, *Drithliu*, is brought to him, and he questions him as to what the consummation should be of this war of his and Nathi's. The wizard said that 'twas Nathi should be victorious, and have sway even to Slieve-Elpa. Brian's children are brought to him and

he blesses them, telling them that Echen their senior should be their chief after him: four-and-twenty sons Brian had, concerning which fact the poet uttered:—

"*Eochaid muighmedóin's* son Brian . . ."

Especially he blessed *Dái galach*, the youngest, and foretold that of him the royal line should be. Then Nathi with his force all in battle array marches on Brian where he with but a little number was in camp; between them a bitter struggle takes place: the [second] battle of Damchluain is won against Brian, and himself pursued out of the fray as far as *tulcha Domhnaill* or 'Donall's *tulachs*.' There *Enna ceinnselach's* son Crimthann slays him, and Brian's son *Enna emalach* kills Crimthann presently; in which spot Brian is buried. After a long time *Beaedh* of *ros Caim* came and carried away Brian's remains to Ros Caim, where he laid him: whence the 'Brian's Sepulchre' of to-day. Drithliu the magician is slaughtered on the banks of *Finnloch*, whence *aenach Drithliud* or 'Drithliu's green' has its name; and on their account the sennachie sang:—

"Over Conn's Half Brian assumed sportive sway . . ."

Niall now loosens Fiachra's fetters from him, and gives him the rule of Connacht, he henceforth being Niall's prime agent in war and next in command, bringing him in pledges to Tara. Fiachra son of Nathi, and the son of Fiachra's own son *Amhalgaid* [a quo *tír Amhalgaid* or 'Tirawley'], were for pledges in Niall's hand; in which condition said Fiachra died in Tara, and from him are the *úi Fiachrach* of *cúil fabhair* in Meath.

Now *Eochaid muighmedóin's* sons Fiachra and Ailill with a vast army marched into Munster to lift rent and pledges, and advance as far as *Caenraighe* or 'Kenry' of *úi Chairbre*. Then the men of Munster, led by Eochaid son of Crimthann More son of Fidach and by *Maige mescorach*, gather themselves in order of battle to oppose Fiachra; and a good man indeed was he, Fiachra, to encounter whom they came thither: that for weapon-play was a man-at-arms and, for wisdom, one both to marshal the battle and to rule a country; kingly in form, a warrior with fair hair so long that it fell to his shoulder's point, whence he is styled *Fiachra foltshnáitheach* or 'thread-haired.' To him accordingly the men of Munster give battle in Kenry, and in the fight

Maige *mescorach* wounds Fiachra very sore; nevertheless, by dint of hand-to-hand work the battle goes against Munster and great carnage of them is made, so that in the event Fiachra carries away out of the province fifty pledges, with their entire tribute, and so follows his way to Tara.

But when he was come to the spot now called *Forrach* in *di meic Uais*, there Fiachra died of his hurt. His grave was dug, his lamentation-rite performed, his name written in Ogham; after which, in order that perpetually it should be for a reproach to Munster and a fitting matter with which to taunt them, round about Fiachra's grave the pledges whom they had brought out of the south were buried and they alive. Every man of them, as they were put quick into earth, said: "it is *for uch* [i.e. 'upon *uch*!' an ejaculation of despair] that these tumuli are being founded"; and so said they all. Quoth a magician there: "even such shall be the name of the place, *Forrach* to wit"; and it was to proclaim these doings that the antiquarian uttered:—

"Eochaid's son of brilliant lustre . . ."

So soon as they heard of Fiachra's death, they of Munster returned out of the west [whither they had been driven after their defeat]; and by Eochaid son of Crimthann son of Fidach, now king of Ireland, Ailill is captured. Right precious too this was in the Momonians' estimation, for it had been to them a burning thing that the sons of the woman that slew their lord should have forced their way to them: for he, their former lord, was one that upon extern borders had enforced their exactions of reparation, and of all other countries had with aggression taken pledges; had reduced under Munster's rule and sway the diverse districts of both Ireland and Scotland. Ailill they hewed in pieces then: such was the manner of his death. Between them both [i.e. the two races: *Eochaid muighmedóin's* and Crimthann's] there subsequently was great war, and for a lengthened space; which occasioned them [Munster] to win and to hold the soil on which at this day they still are planted [Thomond]: and the matters [that you have now heard] make up the efficient cause of all later war between Connacht and Munster, of the whole rivalry that they have carried on between them. On which head it was that the historian sang:—

"Eochaid's three sons, Fiachra, Brian, Ailill: by wound had of Maige

mescorach, Fiachra perished after the fight ; Brian was mortally wounded at *dún Daire* ; with lofty Eochaid son of Crimthann, Ailill got a poisoned draught ; such were the tragic deaths of those haughty three."

Lughaid menn, son of Angus (called *tíreach* or 'landgrabber') son of Fercorb, he it was that first and violently grasped the land of Thomond: for which reason it is called 'Lughaid Red-hand's cruel sword-land'; seeing that the countries which the men of Munster acquired by main force were two: that of Ossory in eric of *Edirsceol* (whom Leinster slew), and Thomond's in eric of Crimthann son of Fidach. Howbeit, not because they have any legitimate title to it they possess the same: because that, according to legal right of provincial partition, such ground of Thomond belongs to Connacht's province, which [properly speaking] extends from *Luimneach* [the lower Shannon] to the river Drowes.

Such then is the narrative of Crimthann mac Fidach's violent death ; of Mongfhionn's, and of that of *Eochaid muighmedóin's* three sons: Fiachra, Brian, Ailill.

Finis.

The little Brawl at Almhain.

It was a pleasantly sonorous banquet on the greatest scale that by Finn son of Cumall son of Trenmor was convoked in Leinster's spacious Almhain: which feast being now prepared and all ready for the eating, the good men and great gentles of the Fianna came to enjoy it. Now they that apart from Finn were the noblest of these, and the most honourable, were: the mighty Goll mac Morna ; Ossian son of Finn, Oscar son of Ossian ; mac Lugach of the terrible hand, Dermot of the light-some face, and Caeilte son of Ronan ; the vigorous children of *Dubhdíorma*, the children of *Smól*, and *Dubhdáboirenn's* people ; *Goll gulban*, the swift-footed Corr and his sons: Conn, Donn, Aedh and Anacan ; Ivor son of the valorous and victorious Crimthann, and two that were sons to the king of Leinster (they

both also standing to Finn in the relation of alumni), with Coirell grandson of Conbran. To the feast came likewise two that were sons to the king of Scotland, and along with them divers bold impetuous scions from among the sons of the whole world's kings and chiefest nobles.

Thither came moreover the Fianna of all Ireland; then Finn sat in the chief captain's seat at the fort's one mid-side, the mirthful Goll mac Morna at the other, and under either of them the chieftains of his own folk; after which every man of the company, according to his degree and patrimony, sat in his own appointed and befitting place, even as everywhere and at all times previous had been their use and wont.

Altogether marvellously then the servitors rose to serve and to supply the hall: they laid hold on jewelled drinking horns, studded (every flashing and elaborate goblet of them) with fair crystalline gems and wrought with cunning workmanship in shining patterns, and to those good warriors all were poured strong fermented draughts of smooth luscious liquors: then merriment waxed fast in their youths, audacity and spirit in their heroes; in their women, kindness and gentleness; in their poets, knowledge and the gift of prophecy.

Straight and promptly now a crier stood up and, for the inhibition of serfs and pilferers, rattled a coarse iron chain; a long one of antique silver he shook to check the gentles and chief nobles of the Fianna, likewise their erudite by profession, and all listened hushed in silence. Fergus Truelips, Finn's poet and the Fianna's, rose and before Finn son of Cumall sang the songs and lays and sweet poems of his ancestors and forbears. With the rarest of all rich and costly things Finn and Ossian, Oscar and mac Lughach, rewarded the bard wondrously; whereat he went on to Goll mac Morna and in front of him recited the *bruidhne* or 'Forts,' the *toghla* or 'Destructions,' the *tána* or 'Cattle-liftings,' the '*tochmarca*' or 'Wooings,' of his elders and progenitors: by operation of which artistic efforts the sons of Morna grew jovial and of good cheer.

Here Goll said: "where is my runner?" and: "here am I, royal captain," she made answer. "Hast thou brought me from the Danes my 'hand-tribute'?" "Surely I have," she said and, so soon as she had spoken, rose promptly and on the hall's floor

before Goll deposited as it were the bulk of some huge swine, or a stalwart warrior's full load, of the beautiful twice-molten [i.e. double refined] gold. He loosed the covering that confined this tribute and, in presence of the concourse, spilt on the ground those noble treasures of great beauty. Goll paid Fergus according to his wont; nor of all who that night were in Almhain's fort was there knowledgeable, keen-worded poet, skilled rhymer accustomed to rich guerdons, sweetly melodious harper, well instructed neatly expressive antiquary or other man of science whatsoever, whether of the Eirennachs or Albanachs, but Goll gave him largesse of gold, or of silver, or of divers costly things.

Finn spoke then, saying: "how long, Goll, hast thou this tribute on them of Lochlann: my own rent too being upon them, and a warrior there safeguarding my rent and tribute, my hunting and rights of venery? Ciaran son of Lathairne he is: a hard-bitten hero in the fight, and in his own household are ten hundred that are valiant."

Goll (for he perceived that Finn was moved by anger and by envy at him) spoke to Cumall's son, saying: "a long time now, Finn, I have that tribute on the Lochlannachs: even from the hour in which thy father forced on me war and contention, and the monarch of Ireland with his provincials joined Cumall against me, and I perforce must quit Ireland for them. I went my ways into Britain: which country I took, killed the king himself, and made massacre of his people; but Cumall expelled me out of it. Thence I progressed to Finnlochlann, the king of which, with his household, fell by me; but again Cumall ejected me. On I went, into Scotland: the king of the land fell by my deed, and still Cumall drove me out. I entered into Saxonland: the king of Saxons with his whole household perished by me, yet Cumall put me out of that. But [at last] I came to the battle of Cnucha, and there thy father fell by me; at which very time it was that I acquired this rent upon the Lochlannachs and, when I had penetrated to the king of Danes' hold, brought away thyself and thy fifteen men along with thee: the king's wife being enamoured of thee, and thou therefore after lying for a whole year captive in an underground dungeon, while they had a day fixed on which to put both thee and thy party to death. And by thy hand, Finn, I assaulted the Danish king's hold: himself, Eoghan More,

I slew, and cut off his people, taking from them their gold and their silver. I left a king over the Lochlannachs: *Tine* son of *Trioscall*; imposed on them a tribute to myself, and there it is. Now, Finn," continued Goll, "no 'tribute of the hand' [i.e. won by the strong hand] it is that thou hast on them: but in their country enjoyest simple stipend of Fian-command-in-chief and stewardship of vigilance, which I will not to thy detriment impair. Moreover, Finn, in regard of this rent be not jealous of me: for though I had more than that, 'tis to thee and to all Ireland I would give it!"

Angrily and fiercely Finn retorted, saying: "in this narrative, Goll, thou hast confessed that from the city of *Beirbhe* thou camest to Cnucha, and there slewest my father; and a bold thing it is for thee to tell me so." "By thine own hand," quoth Goll, "wert thou to do me dishonour as did thy father, the very same treatment that I gave Cumall is that which I would mete to thee." "Goll," answered Finn, "my power were good not to 'let that go with thee': for as against every one man in thy household, I have a hundred warriors." "So too thy father was," said Goll, "and I avenged my dishonour on him; in like wise also would I do to thee, didst thou but deserve it of me."

Cairell Whiteskin, grandson of Baeiscne, spoke [mockingly], saying: "many a man, Goll, thou hast quelled in Finn mac Cumall's household!" Conan *mael* (or 'the bald') mac Morna, man of imprecations, spoke and said: "by my weapons I swear that, however few he might have with him, Goll never yet was without having in his household a hundred and one men each one of whom would have quelled thee!" "And is it of them that thou art, thou crooked-spoken, sconce-peeled Conan?" asked Cairell. "Of them just, thou comb-wearing, nail-scratching, rugged-skinned Cairell of little strength; and I would undertake to prove on thy person that Finn [when he spoke] was in the wrong."

With that, Cairell stood up and upon Conan discharged a furious buffet; not tamely was this responded to by the patient, but right in among his forehead and his teeth [i.e. over his whole face] he dealt Cairell another. At all events, they then administered each to the other's skin and entire body a series of rapid

and spiteful stabs, so that from that great struggle these good men's breasts and chests were well mangled.

Then rose two sons of Ossian's son Oscar: Echtach and Illann; of their shields they made as it had been close dense bulwarks round about them, and in the mêlée inflicted upon Conan deep thrusts, hardly to be healed. Which when Goll mac Morna's two sons saw, that Conan was in that extremity namely, they too stood up and in the fight wounded Oscar's progeny.

Then the strong lion, Oscar of the great deeds, son of Ossian, rose and in his sumptuous gold-adorned battle-gear harnessed his comely body: assuming upon his neck a fine, artfully wrought tippet of proof; his great shield on his left arm and, in the other hand, his hard straight-bladed sword; in which guise, impetuously and with high courage he went to relieve his sons and Cairell his kinsman. He never bared his sword however, but betook him to lay on sledging-blows: that is to say, in this sudden outbreak he used in either hand a sledge-hammer; and Conan said to him: "the gods I thank for it that thou, Oscar, in fair fight comest in my way, for I will e'en snip thy life's thread!"

Then Oscar and Conan encountered, and their meeting's upshot was that Conan was worsted and that Oscar forced from him a groan of distress. Conan looked at Art Oge mac Morna; that powerful champion stood up, and by him Oscar was wounded. This might not be endured by Finn's son, Ossian, and by him Art Oge was hurt. *Garbfoltach* or 'Rough-hair' mac Morna rose, and by him Ossian was wounded. The bold mac Lugach rising invested himself in his fighting garb, and Garbfoltach was hurt by him. The broadchested Garadh mac Morna stood up, and by him mac Lugach was wounded.

At this point Finn's son Faelan, having with him his three hundred kinsmen, rose and resolutely entered the press; by whom all the sons of Morna were put from their places.

Then rose that hardfighting pillar of battle, Goll mac Morna, and took on him his vesture of battle: about his neck, his handsome tippet of the best; upon his smooth skin, his white-bordered hempen jack; in his pinknailed fist, his sharp-pointed sword, solid, well-balanced for the stroke; his ample bossy shield on his left arm. Irresistibly he burst into the fray, and neither flaming

taper nor flaring all-illuminating torch in the great hall he left unextinguished, nor a single table but he made small disintegrated fragments of it.

Triumphantly now Finn vented his battle-cry or 'forest-shout,' and on all Ireland's Fianna enjoined to utterly quench and unsparingly to kill the sons of Morna [i.e. all clan-Morna].

Then around themselves the Fianna made of their shields close, solid palisades ; Finn put himself at the head of those men of might, and the two parties fell unrelentingly to bone-splitting of each other. A fermentation of anger took Goll, and to shelter his people he turned himself into a shield, massive, infrangible ; the various bands and their chieftains waxed furious ; the champions, reckless ; the combatants increased and, from the tough unloving battle which they fought together, the martial men were full of hurts. Plentiful there the blood was, a-flowing in streams down the sides of free-born offsprings ; gashes deep and incurable covered those destructive and not-to-be-parted phalanxes. An ill place it had been for feeble invalid, or delicate taper-fingered woman, or aged senior of long date, to be in: the little brawl at Almhain on that night, a-listening to groans of young and old, of high and low, as they lay maimed, faint and infirm, or were stricken down and cut up. At this game then they endured from the first of night to rising of the morrow's sun, nor ever gave each other quarter.

Then rose the sapient trenchant-worded poet—the richly rewarded good man of verse—Fergus Truelips and, together with him, the Fianna's men of science all, and to those companies of men-at-arms chanted their duans, their skilled rhymes and eloquent panegyrics, with a view to check and to assuage them.

Thereupon, with the poets' music, they ceased from their hacking and hewing, and suffered their weapons to fall on the ground ; these arms the poets picked up, and between their owners they effected a reconciliation. Finn however affirmed that with clan-Morna he would not make peace until he should have had the king of Ireland's judgment in the matter, that of Aillbhe, daughter of said king Cormac son of Art son of Conn of the Hundred Battles, of Cairbre Lifechair [his son and] Ireland's heir, of Fithal and of Flathri ; the crowning judgment

to lie with Fintan son of *Bóchna*: all which Goll said that he would concede to him. They bound themselves (the poets going security for them) to abide by that peace, and appointed a certain day: one fortnight from that present, upon Tara's green.

The Fianna's losses were examined now, and those of Finn's people were eleven hundred men and women: for many a most noble and hitherto fortunate lady, and lovely woman of many charms, and gentle maid of sweet discourse, and gallant warrior, were fallen there; while many a slashed nose, many an eye ruptured and ear lopped, many a leg shorn through the bone, arm chopped, carcase mangled, and side bored in holes, had such of Finn mac Cumall's people as still lived.

As for Goll and his good folk, the clan-Morna, of them were wanting none but eleven men and fifty women; it was not that the women were slain however, but that with fear they simply died. Every one of them that was curable was put to be treated and, for as many as on either side were slain, very deep and broad-sodded graves were dug.

Then that great house of Almhain was cleansed, and again every one of them seated himself in order of nobility and patrimony: in which guise they pass fourteen days, and at such period's end repair to Tara. Cormac and Cairbre, Aillbe and Fithal, Flathri and Fintan mac Bochna, sat in the place of judgment, and first of all Finn addressed himself to tell his tale; but Goll objected: "it is not to thee, Finn, that willingly we would assign the recital of any such matters that should be betwixt us, seeing that as against me thou wouldst turn a lie into truth, and of truth make a lie; wherefore to Fergus True-lips entrust we either one of us the statement of his case, and let him by his gods swear to do justice between us."

Finn consented, and Fergus guaranteed to deal equitably; then he told how it was Cairell first that had lent Conan a buffet; that Goll's two sons came to Conan's aid, and Oscar to succour his own; that with that the Fianna in general and clan-Morna rose at each other, and from night's beginning to sunrise on the morrow ruthlessly engaged in mutual bone-hewing; that Finn's losses during the time consisted in eleven hundreds of men and women, clan-Morna's being eleven men and fifty

women; over and above which, in virtue of this onfall a great number of them on both sides were badly hurt.

Cormac said: "considering the numbers that were against them, I wonder at the smallness of clan-Morna's loss;" to which Fergus answered that it was Goll had interposed to cover his own people: "and such, O king of Ireland, is the history of this broil," he ended. Then Flathri pronounced: "damages to clan-Morna; for in this cause it was upon them that the aggression was committed." "That is no decision of a jurist's son," said Cormac: "for to his lord every simple warrior owes obedience." "That," said Flathri, "holds good for the 'white-striking' [i.e. for the fisticuffs]; not so for the bloodshed." Fithal pronounced: "inasmuch as they were the first aggrieved, we hold clan-Morna exempt from payment of all damage; farther: Finn also we exempt, in consideration of his copious loss." Fintan son of Bochna assented: "that is the award of a jurist's son;" Cormac likewise, and Cairbre, commended the same.

This done, the Fianna were summoned to the spot, the judgment was imparted to them, and on this wise peace was made between the parties. So far then 'the Little Brawl at Almhain.'

Finis.

This that follows is the Adventure of Cian's son Teigue.

It was once upon a time when Teigue son of Olioll Olom's son Cian was on his 'next heir's circuit' into the west of Munster, and his own kindly brethren: *Airnelach* and *Eoghan* along with him. And that was the very time and hour in which came *Cathmann* son of *Tabarn*—a man that was king of the beauteous land of Fresen: a country lying over against Spain to the south-east—out of the coasts of Fresen then this same Cathmann (with a strength of nine first-rate ships' crews) came on a roving commission, scouring the sea to make discovery, until they made the land in Munster's western part where, in or about Berehaven (to be precise), they caught the country napping, and so slipped ashore, the whole fleetful of them; by whom the country was

spoiled and ravaged, nor were the inhabitants ever aware of them until they had surrounded their prey, both human and of kine: Teigue's entire family being taken, and himself by sheer weapon-play coupled with resolution hardly escaping away from them. There namely were captured *Líban*, daughter of Conor Red-brows and wife of Cian's son Teigue, with both his brethren: Airnelach and Eoghan; and among all the various denominations of captives and of booty away they were carried, in the hands of robbers and trusting to the clemency of *allmarachs* [a poor look-out], until they reached Spain and the coasts of Fresen. Teigue's wife, Cathmann tells off to himself for the purposes of his bed and most privy couch; his two kinsmen he relegates to servitude and hardship: Eoghan, to work a common ferry across a fjord on the coast; Airnelach, to pull firewood and to keep up fire for the people at large; while for their support was given them barley seed only, with muddy turbid water.

Teigue's concerns must be told now: whom grief and discouragement affected, for sake of his brethren and his wife ravished from him by Allmarachs. Forty warriors of his people however had likewise escaped unslain by these, having on the contrary themselves killed of them a man apiece, and one individual of the over-sea men they brought in in hand. This fellow told them the particulars of that land out of which they had been attacked; and the project which Teigue formed in consequence was to build and fit out (suitably to a long passage) a smart, strongly put together currach of five-and-twenty thwarts, in which should be forty ox-hides of hard bark-soaked red leather. Then he provided all due items of his currach's necessaries: in the way of thick tall masts, of broad-bladed oars, of pilots fully qualified, and of thwarts solidly well laid and fitted in their berths, in such fashion that in all respects this currach was as it should be, and thoroughly staunch.

With mighty effort now they ran down and bravely launched the craft: some stout hands in her, all standing by to meet the huge green billows, to deal with the lofty rising of the salmon-bearing, strong-crested sea, with the rude broken race of the spring tide. With victuals and all stores they filled their currach so that, though they kept the sea for a whole year, they had had as much as would keep them of meat and drink, and of right

good raiment. The young men then being at all points ready, Teigue said: "men! take your currach to sea, and let us be off in quest of our own that for now already some time are away from us;" and he uttered a lay:—

"Out upon the high and stormy sea your currach take . . ."

Forth on the vast illimitable abyss they drive their vessel accordingly, over the volume of the potent and tremendous deluge, till at last neither ahead of them nor astern could they see land at all, but only colossal Ocean's superficies. Farther on, they heard about them concert of multifarious unknown birds and hoarse booming of the main; salmons, irridescent, white-bellied, throwing themselves all around the currach; in their wake huge bull seals, thick and dark, that ever cleft the flashing wash of the oars as they pursued them and, following these again, great whales of the deep; so that for the prodigiousness of their fashion, motion and variety, the young men found it a festive thing to scrutinise and watch them all: for hitherto they had not used to see the diverse oceanic reptiles, the bulky marine monsters. For the space of twenty days with twenty nights thus they continued rowing on the sea, and then sighted bold land having a fair and favourable coast. They hold a straight course for the same till they reach it, then all hands land and there they beach their currach; they light fires, their provisions are passed out to them, and these the warriors despatch redoubtably. On the beautiful green grass they make themselves beds, and from that moment to the bright hour of sunrise on the morrow enjoy themselves in sleep. Next day, Teigue being early risen prepares to perambulate and to search out the land, to make a circuit and find out whether in the island were any inhabiting of either men or beasts. He takes on him his armature of battle therefore, and thirty warriors of his people fully weaponed start with him; they go right ahead and explore the whole island, but signs of human habitation find not any whatsoever nor, save only all flocks of sheep, aught else. The size of these creatures was unutterable: they were not less than horses of the largest, the entire island too being full of their wool. One parlous great flock in particular they found there, of gigantic rams which a single special one exceeded all: nine horns bedecked him and on our heroes he charged, violently butting. In irritation Teigue's people turn on

him and between them and him a fight comes off, in which the ram at this first burst staves in some five of their shields ; but then Teigue poises that throwing javelin of his that might not be eluded, and at the ram delivers a lucky cast, so killing him. Now the full burthen of those nine-and-twenty others that were present, that is what he was to carry. They brought him to the currach, prepared him deftly, and brandered him till he was meat fit for the young men to consume. For its beauty, its extraordinary nature and the richness of it, they gather great store of the wool and put it into the currach. For three nights they were in the island, and a wether it was that nightly provided our fine fellows. Human bones too of enormous size they found there, but what death had carried off the owners was unknown to them: whether it were men that had slain, plague or pestilence exterminated, or in fact the rams that had killed them.

They leave the island and pull ahead, upon which course that they held they light on a pair of most peculiar islands, containing a multitude of very special birds of the blackbird sort: some of them possessing the bulk of eagles or of cranes, and they red (but with green heads on them) while eggs they had that were pied of blue and of pure crimson. Of which eggs certain from among the navigators ate somewhat, and on the instant an integument of feathers would sprout out all over every one that so fed ; but when they bathed, such plumage would as quickly drop from them. Now the Allmarach that they had with them, he it was that had given them this course, for on some former occasion he as he cruised had followed this same track of theirs.

Again they pull away, for six weeks (during which spell they never made a landfall), until the Allmarach said: "we are all adrift, and carried into the deep illimitable ocean of the great abyss!" Then the blast with its coarse utterance rose ; great uproar was wrought in the sea, so that it was turned into heaving hills, into great mountains ill to climb ; and at encounter of all this dirty weather, of these heavy squalls: things which hitherto they had not practised to endure, much fear occupied the people of Cian's son Teigue. But he fell to stir up and to incite them, telling them to meet the sea like men, and he said:—

"Young men of Munster, rise . . .

"And, men," he went on, "do valiantly—fight for your lives against the ocean's heavy seas that rise at you along the currach's sides!" He by himself took the craft's one side, all his people manned the other, and Teigue prevailed against the whole of them: he alone sufficing to pull the currach round on the other twenty-nine, while he contrived to bale and keep it dry besides. After this they got a turn of fair wind and hoisted their sail, whereby the currach shipped less water on them; then the sea moderated, abating its hubbub till finally it lay fair flat calm, and until on every hand about them there was chorus of birds unknown and multiform. They now descry land with a good coast, of a pleasing aspect, and at the sight become joyful and of good courage. They close in with it, and find a fine green-bosomed estuary with spring-well-like sandy bottom having silver's pure-white refulgence; with salmons variegated and gaudy, decked in choice shades of crimson red; delicate woods with empurpled tree-tops fringing the delightful streams of this country into which they were come. "A beauteous land is this, young men," said Teigue: "and I could give him joy whose natural lot in life it were to dwell on in the same!" then he vented a lay:—

"A lovely land is that into which I am entered . . ."

And he went on: "a lovely land and a fruitful, I say, is this into which we are come; land we then, haul ye up your currach and dry it out!" which done, a score of stalwart warriors set out on their rambles, leaving other twenty to mind the currach. Now, for all they had had of cold, of strain on their endurance, of foul weather and of tempest, yet neither for meat nor for fire did they, after reaching the coast on which they thus were landed, feel any craving at all: the perfume of that region's fragrant crimsoned branches being by way of meat and satisfying aliment all-sufficient for them. Through the nearest part of the forest they take their way, and come by-and-by upon an orchard full of red-laden apple-trees, with leafy oaks too in it, and hazels yellow with nuts in their clusters. "I marvel, men," quoth Teigue, "at that which I perceive: in our own land at this present instant we have winter, and here, in this country, summer!" Extraordinary was the amenity of that spot to which they had attained now; but they quit it, and happen on a wood:

great was the excellence of its scent and perfume, round purple berries hung on it, and every one of them was bigger than a man's head. Birds beautiful and brilliant feasted on these grapes; fowls they were of unwonted kind: white, with scarlet heads and with golden beaks. As they fed, they warbled music and minstrelsy that was melodious and superlative, to which patients of every kind and the repeatedly wounded would have fallen asleep; with reference to which it was that Teigue chanted this lay following:—

"Sweet to my fancy, as I consider them, the strains of this melody to which I listen are . . ."

Still they advance, and so to a wide smooth plain clad in flowering clover all bedewed with honey: a perfectly flat and even plain it was, without either rise or fall of surface except three prominent hills that it bore, each one of these having on its side an impregnable place of strength. Said plain they traverse so far as the nearest hill, and there find a white-bodied lady, fairest of the whole world's women, who said: "I hail thine advent and, Teigue son of Cian, thou shalt have victual and constant supply!" "The same to thee, if that be lawful for me; but, gentle and sweet-worded woman, what is thy name?" "I am *Gothnia's* daughter, wife of *Sláinghe* son of *Dela* son of *Loth*," she answered. "Queen," said Teigue, "that thou sayest there is good: set me now forth, I pray thee, every colony that ever settled Ireland, and the tongues that served them all, from *Cesair's* time to her plantation by Milesius' sons." "I am expert to tell it," she answered and, between them, they sang a lay:—

"Well thou speakest, lady: Gothnia's daughter blithe and bright . . ."

Then he said: "woman, that is well; knowledge thou hast and genuine instruction; tell me therefore what is this regal and great fortalice upon the high hill's face, with round about it a bulwark of white marble?" "That," she answered, "is the fort of the royal line." "What line is that?" "Of Ireland's kings: from Heremon son of Milesius to Conn of the Hundred Battles, who was the last to pass into it." Teigue asked: "what is this country's name?" "*Inis locha* or 'loch island' this is," she said: "over which they are two kings that reign, as *Ruadrach* and *Dergcroiche* sons of Bodhb." "And who dwells in yon

middle fort that has a colour of gold?" "It is not I that will tell it thee; but to that same intermediate fort betake thyself, and there thou shalt learn it;" with which the lady departed from them to the fort of white marble. Teigue with his people moved on till they gained the middle hold, where again they found a queen of gracious form and she draped in vesture of a golden fabric. "All hail, Teigue!" said she, and: "lady, I thank thee for the same," he returned. "Long time it is since 'twas foretold for thee to come on this journey, Teigue." "Thy name, lady?" "Cesair, daughter of Noah's son *Bethra*, people call me; I am the first woman that reached Ireland before the Flood, and with me three men: Bith, Fintan, Ladra; but ever since we came out of that dark unquiet land, in this one here we bide in everlasting life." "Thou art a knowledgeable expert woman so," said Teigue. "Proficient I am indeed," she answered, "in every people and generation that ever, down to this very day, took Ireland." "This island's name, what is it?" "Thou askest that thou knowest already [*lit.* 'quæstio post notitiam isthæc']." "But," said Teigue, "I know not whether it be the same tale with thee and with her whom previously we have addressed." "The same verily," she said: "*inis derglocha* or 'red loch island' is this one's name; because of a red loch that is in it, containing an island surrounded with a palisade of gold, its name being *inis Patmos*, in which are all saints and righteous that have served God. These latter, men's eyes never have beheld, for between radiance of the Divinity and the constant discourse which God and the Angels hold with them, our vision may not dwell nor even but impinge on them." Then she sang a lay:—

"Red loch island . . ."

"Let us now learn from thee, woman," said Teigue, "who dwells in this *dún* that we see with a golden rampart." "Soon said," was her answer: "all kings, and rulers, and noble men of ordained rank that from our own time back to that of Milesius' sons have held Ireland's supreme power—they 'tis that are in yonder *dún*: both Partholan and Nemid, both Firbolgs and *tuatha dé Danann*." "Woman, that is well," Teigue said: "knowledge thou hast, and right instruction." "Truly," said Cesair, "I am well versed in the World's history: for this precisely is the Earth's fourth paradise; the others being *inis Daleb* in the

world's southern, and *inis Escandra* in its boreal part (to the northward of 'the black watery isle'), Adam's paradise, and this island in which ye are now: the fourth land, I say, in which Adam's seed dwell—such of them as are righteous." "And in that notable *dún* we see encircled with a silver rampart, who inhabits?" "It is not that I know not," she replied, "but I will not tell you; go to yonder hill however, there shall ye learn all." They proceeded to the third hill, on the summit of which was a seat of great beauty and, on its very apex, a gentle and youthful couple clad in outward semblance that was fresh and recent. Smooth heads of hair they had, with sheen of gold; equal vestments of green wrapped them both; and all might deem it to have been from but the one father and the one mother that they sprang, seeing that dissimilarity of form or fashion between them there was none. Round the lower part of their necks chains of red gold were wound and, above these, golden torques clasped their throats.

Then Teigue said:—

"A pleasant place is this in which your chief resides . . ."

And they chanted:—

"Teigue is good: a mighty hero, a man with luck . . ."

"What, gentle queen," he enquired, "is thy cognomen; whence thy race?" "Soon told," she answered: "my name is Veniusa, and daughter I am to Adam—for four daughters we are in the four mysterious magic countries which the upper [i.e. former] woman declared to thee: Veniusa, Letiusa, Aliusa and Eliusa our names are, whom though the guilt of our mother's transgression suffers not to abide together in one place, yet for our virginity and for our purity that we have dedicated to God we are conveyed into these separate joyful domiciles." "Who is that so comely stripling by thy side?" "Him let himself proclaim to thee," said she, "for he has both speech and eloquence." Now the youth was so, that in his hand he held a fragrant apple having the hue of gold; a third part of it he would eat, and still, for all he consumed, never a whit would it be diminished. This fruit it was that supported the pair of them and, when once they had partaken of it, nor age nor dimness could affect them. The young fellow answered Teigue, saying: "I am son to Conn of

the Hundred Battles." "Art thou then Connla?" "I am indeed; and this young woman of the many charms it was that hither brought me." "That," said Teigue, "is both likely and as it should be." "I had bestowed on him [i.e. felt for him] true affection's love," the girl explained, "and therefore wrought to have him come to me in this land; where our delight, both of us, is to continue in looking at and in perpetual contemplation of one another: above and beyond which we pass not, to commit impurity or fleshly sin whatsoever." "That," quoth Teigue again, "is a beautiful, and at the same a comical thing! and who occupies yon grand *dún* that we see, girt with a silver rampart?" "In that one," she replied, "there is not any one." "Why, what means that?" Teigue asked. "For behoof of the righteous kings that after acceptance of the Faith shall rule Ireland it is that yonder *dún* stands ready; and we are they who, until such those virtuous princes shall enter into it, keep the same: in the which, Teigue my soul, thou too shalt have an appointed place." "And how may that be contrived?" "Believe thou in the Omnipotent Lord," she said, "and even to the uttermost Judgment's time thou shalt win that mansion, with God's Kingdom afterwards." "I confess, I adore, I supplicate him!" responded Teigue. "Come we now away," the girl said, "till we view the disposition of yonder abode." "Were it permitted us, I would go," said Teigue, and she assented: "so it is." Then Teigue with his people (said pair accompanying them) drew near to the *dún* where the girdle of marble was, and it was but hardly if the beautiful green grass's heads were bowed beneath that couple's smooth soft-white footsoles. They pass under the arched doorway with its wide valves and portal-capitals of burnished gold; they step on to a shining well-laid pavement, tesselated of pure white, of blue, of crimson marble, and so on till they gain the vast lordly edifice in which was to be the happy and splendid company of kings. A jocund house was that, and one to be desired: there was a silver floor, with four choice doors of bright gold; gems of crystal and of carbuncle in patterns were set in the wall of *finndruine*, in such wise that with flashing of those precious stones day and night alike shone. The girl takes in hand to deliver them the plan and whole description of the dwelling, saying: "here we are stationed, to await all monarchs,

provincial kings, and tribal chiefs in Ireland"; and she made a lay:—

"Ireland that was partitioned into five . . ."

Obliquely across the most capacious palace Teigue looked away, and marked a thickly furnished wide-spreading apple-tree that bore blossom and ripe fruit both. "What is that apple-tree beyond?" he asked, and she made answer: "that apple-tree's fruit it is that for meat shall serve the congregation which is to be in this mansion, and a single apple of the same it was that brought [coaxed away] Connla to me." Then she uttered a lay:—

"A wine-producing apple-tree in the midst of it . . ."

She continued to Teigue: "here make we a halt, here let us pause; for not mine it is to declare to thee the manner of thy life's ending, but one that will do so thou shalt have." Thereupon the two part from them; howbeit the exhilarating properties of the house were such that, after their leaving them, Teigue and his people experienced neither melancholy nor sorrow.

Soon they marked towards them a whole array of feminine beauty, and among them a lovely damsel of refined form: the noblest and most desire-inspiring of the whole world's women to survey, who when she was come on the ground said: "I welcome thee, Teigue!" "I thank thee for it," he returned: "and, maiden, who art thou?" "Cleena Fairhead, daughter of Genann mac Treon of the *tuatha dé Danann*, sweetheart of Eochaid Red-weapon's son Ciabhan of the curling locks; for now some time I am in this island, and from me 'Cleena's Wave' in the borders of Munster is denominated. Also, that which for meat and sustenance serves us all is the fruit of the same apple-tree which but a while ago thou sawest." To Teigue and party it was a pleasant thing, and a pastime, to listen to her parlance; then he said: "it is time for us to set about going in quest of our people." "The longer ye bide and tarry with us," the young woman said, "the better shall we be pleased." Even as they exchanged these words they saw enter to them, through the side of the house [i.e. by a window] three birds: a blue one, with crimson head; a crimson, with head of green; a pied one having on his head a colour of gold, and they perched upon the apple-tree that stood before them. They eat an apple apiece, and warble melody

sweet and harmonized, such that the sick would sleep to it. "Those birds," Cleena said, "will go with you; they will give you guidance, will make you symphony and minstrelsy and, until again ye reach Ireland, neither by land nor by sea shall sadness or grief afflict you. Take with thee," she continued, "this fair cup of emerald hue, in which are inherent many virtues: for [among other things] though it were but water poured into it, incontinently it would be wine." "Where was it fashioned?" he enquired. "Soon said: a whale it was which in this haven where ye landed the sea cast ashore; we cut him up, and in his heart's core was found that goblet, the name of which is *an biasdain*, i.e. 'product of the *biast* or bestia.' From that, let not thine hand part; but have it for a token: when it shall escape from thee, then in a short time after shalt thou die; and where thou shalt meet thy death is in the glen that is on Boyne's side: there the earth shall grow into a great hill, and the name that it shall bear will be *croidhe eisse*; there too (when thou shalt first have been wounded by a roving wild hart, after which Allmarachs will slay thee) I will bury thy body; but thy soul shall come with me hither, where till the Judgment's Day thou shalt assume a body light and ethereal. This armature as well take thou about thee and, how many soever the battles and the single combats thou shalt fight, though thy body be hurt yet shall thy soul be whole." Here Teigue began to take his leave of the lady, and between them they made a lay:—

"Time it is for us to humbly go . . ."

Subsequently they depart out of the bright radiant mansion, the girl going with them to convey them to the landing-place where they had left their comrades and currach. To these latter she gave very courteous greeting, for which they thanked her in kind; she asked them then how long they had been in the country, and: "in our estimation," they replied, "we are in it but one single day." She however said: "for an entire twelvemonth ye are in it; during which time ye have had neither meat nor drink nor, how long soever ye should be here, would cold or thirst or hunger assail you." "Happy he that should for ever live on in that life!" Teigue's people cried, but he said: "ungrateful and irksome to us though it be to depart, yet were it

time that in earnest we went to work to leave the bright land in which we are." Then the young woman uttered:—

"Be ye gone, but with you take an everlasting evercheery benison . . ."

Their sharp fast currach now they drive ahead over the great deep's convexity; and the birds struck up their chorus for them, whereat, for all they were so grieved and sad at renouncing that fruitful country out of which they were thus come, these modulations gladdened and soothed them that they became merry and of good courage all. But when they looked astern they saw not the land from which they came, for incontinently an obscuring magic veil was drawn over it.

For the space of a day and a half now they carry on and sail the sea, they being all the time sunk in slumber of deepest sleep, till they reached the land of Fresen; then they perceive that they are come into port and have taken the ground, and the birds desist and are silent. The young men rose and in all haste landed; which done, they took counsel how they should proceed in the quest for Teigue's wife and kinsfolk, and he said: "I will go alone to search out and to explore the country." His arms and armature were brought to him; the fearless hero set out and stoutly walked the land until he came to an arm of the sea [fjord] that was betwixt them and [as he now discovered] the king's hold. Then to the shore's very edge he went down to examine it; there he saw a currach lying off all ready for him, and asked to have the craft put across for him. The young man in charge of the ferry rose, came to meet him, and fell to curiously consider him; whose form of speech when he heard, his heart warmed to the hero's whole guise and to his manner of address. Strenuously he pulled in the currach to him, and as quickly stepped ashore; but Teigue had recognised him when as yet he was afloat. Yet, though Teigue it was [i.e. even for Teigue] it had been no easy matter for him to discern his own brother: for that good warrior's form and fashion were all changed with this drudgery of the sea, he not having from his youth up had experience of such service. For all which, the heroes' hearts however had acknowledged each other; earnestly now and passionately they kissed, and side by side upon the sandy beach sat down. Of Eoghan [for he it was] Teigue sought tidings con-

cerning Airnelach and the woman [his own wife], and between them they made a lay:—

"Tidings thou hast, Eoghan! wanderer, quickly tell . . ."

This ended, a second time Teigue began to question Eoghan: how was the keep, as regards both strength and power to hold out; or had the king any that were moved by ill-will or irritation at him: one that disputed his realm with him, or had in hand to contrive the monarch's detriment?" "Surely he has, warrior," said Eoghan: "and a propitious hour is this in which ye are come, seeing that 'tis not long since it was mooted to assault this hold." "Who would execute this enterprise?" "Two most noble sons of kings that are in this land, being of the monarch's own blood and kinship: Eochaid Redweapon namely, and Tuire called *tortbhuilleach* or 'of the ponderous blows,' two sons of Cathmann the king's brother, who for a year past vex this land with marauding and with acts of outlawry. But yesterday they were on this coast; I was summoned to confer with them, and in respect of this strong place they examined me. They solicited me instantly, reminding me of my cause of enmity against the king, of my dishonour at the hands of him that held me in bondage and in hardship. Nor did I for my part deny but that I would perform that of which they spoke: to deliver the monarch to his enemies. I went therefore to report the matter to Airnelach, and said young men we trysted for this night and in this spot, in order to carry the fastness and overpower the king. This secret design we imparted to the queen also, and for the same her spirit was rejoiced: for the gentle lady loved not Cathmann, neither had renounced her first loving love for thee. When therefore we found her mind and our own inclinations 'to be in the one place' [i.e. to coincide] with [those of] the gallant company of depredators (the king's near kinsmen I mean), accompanied as they were with a strong force, the resolve to which we came was to attack the monarch this very night. Since then the lady's wedding-feast is all ready, and the end of that respite which she craved of Cathmann now at hand, thus it is that thou must do: go amongst thy people to hurry them up. For myself, I will repair to yonder wood, in which are the king of Fresen's two sons: Eochaid and Tuire as before, and to them will impart all thy description, and how that to take vengeance for thy wife

and kindred [ravished from thee] thou art come into this land, as well as to take us out of this bondage and misery in which we are. Also, to those braves I will promise this country's royal rule; and will tell them to come at this night's first beginning to meet thee, and so on to the fastness to deliver a combined assault."

Here Teigue bade Eoghan wind up this conversation, confer again with both Airnelach and the lady, and return to him with the result; but first he related to his brother somewhat of his passage, of his perilous things and of his wonders. Then they, being thus in perfect agreement, parted.

Touching Teigue now: he being jocund and of good cheer sought his people, and the young men were gladdened when they saw him draw near the strand, because in consideration of the length of time that he had been away from them apprehension had possessed them and they wearied for him. They questioned him of the land; pleasantly he fell to tell them all about it, and from first to last rehearsed to them his whole adventure. With this recital they were invigorated hugely, and their spirits rose when they heard that in the region Eoghan and Airnelach still lived before them; whereupon Teigue uttered a lay:—

"A good one your passage athwart the stammering sea hath been, young men of Erin's island . . ."

And he continued: "rise ye now, my good people, and let us go to meet them that have trysted us." Round about Teigue then, to keep him well, that tough band rose and in one course reached the hard at which Eoghan plied the ferry. The very first of night it was with them then; and at the one instant Teigue arrived at the strand, Eochaid and Tuire on the other shore opposite them. In familiar wise they discoursed each other across the fjord, and to Teigue with his strong men the Fresenachs accorded welcome. They [the Gaels] being busy with these speeches saw Eoghan in his boat heading for them; he came where Teigue was, and imparted the news of the fort: that he had had speech of Airnelach and the woman, the whole community meanwhile being seated in order to the enjoying of that great feast; that the monarch's banqueting-hall was ordered, the nobles of the land of Fresen tranquilly in act of battening there and, the bulk of [liquid] provision being now served out, that

they were well drunken and made hilarious uproar. He told Teigue that now was the time to storm the citadel, and by his means the [farther] heroes were ferried across to their allies so that all together they were on the fort's side of the arm. Which royal youths when they had joined Teigue entered into conditions and fellowship with him, and upon a *tulach* struck their hands in his; he on his side giving them guarantees that might not be transgressed, to the effect that, supposing them to come victorious off from this operation, the kingdom should be handed over to them. Now the warriors' number upon the ground, they being drawn up together, was seven hundred, and (for the present) so much for them.

Concerning the Allmarach that accompanied Teigue on this expedition—the same that in the matter of the original contention had by our heroes been captured in the Irish countries—he it was that on this cruise gave Teigue his course, and piloted him. He now had been present at Teigue and the king's sons' making of their compact together, nor took they any heed at all either to watch or to ward him. When therefore he heard a project for the monarch's violent death put into working order, natural fondness and affection filled his heart, and away round the rear of that noble party he stole off in hot haste to the fort with intent to warn the king in advance of the others, and so arrived. But just as he won to the door of the king's own mansion, he saw towards him a man: Airnelach son of Cian, and the same questioned him what haste or hurry ailed him. "Great cause indeed there is for it, seeing that Cian's son Teigue with his merry men out of Ireland's lands comes at you to take vengeance on you for his wife and kin. Tuire and Eochaid too are with him, wherefore suffer me to pass on to the king with a warning." When Airnelach heard that, round the Allmarach's shoulders he locked both his long strong arms, ejected him through the fortress' gate, took him out on the green, and speedily beheaded the riever; this done, Teigue and his reached the same green; Airnelach went to meet them, and to them all administered friendship's kisses. Headlong then they made for the fastness and (for at this season never a guard was mounted at the gate) got in. In this one rush they penetrated right up to [but not into] the main building [the king's own], round about which they

emitted whoops such as would make the inmates to jump smartly and to its sides they applied firebrands and torches.

As concerning them of the mansion: when they heard those diverse loud unfriendly shouts, promptly they rose and took to them their arms, their manifold weapons of edge and point; but the manner of them that were in the fort at large was this: that they were in a condition of drunkenness and bewilderment. Now the noblest and most excellent that at this instant kept the king company were Illann called *áithesach* or 'the exultant' (the monarch's only son) and Conan called *codaitchenn* or 'hardhead' (chief of his household), having along with them twelve hundred of the land of Fresen's champions. These came then, and thus they found the king: in his own privy chamber, with his fighting harness on him. Through the *bruiden's* doors they burst out, and by them the fires were quenched, slaughter and losses wrought on the assailants. By no manner of means might this punishment and these losses be endured by the Eirennachs from the Allmarachs: again they assailed the *bruiden* to its peril, and were as rudely met by the Allmarachs. At this point Teigue enjoined his people to show hardihood and valiance, and in the bicker to outdo all the rest [their allies]; dourly, grimly the Eirennachs answered, and went to work cutting off the Allmarachs. Then it was that Cian's son Eoghan *coscarach* and Conan Hardhead, chief of the monarch's household, encountered in the press and fought an unintermittent, brave, and bitter fight; but upon Eoghan's other side there came nine warriors of Conan's poll-guard to destroy him, yet the end of the tussle was that by Eoghan's hand Conan and his nine fell expeditiously. As for Eoghan himself however, he had but taken Conan's head and uttered his triumph-cry when he too fell in the same blood-litter. When Illann saw these deaths his anger rose, and his soul grew high as he beheld his people slain and brought to naught, and he made his way to range through the whole battle. Tuire Hard-hitter made for him, and presently they closed on the field: the set-to was an even one, for in the mêlée both champions together fell. Teigue and Eochaid Redweapon seeing these deaths, and their own next-of-kin in dire straits, discharged themselves upon the Allmarachs and with terrible carnage punished them to such pitch that in this onset two hundred fell by them. Here then

the Allmarachs failed to make a stand against our young men; so that a chance at the *bruiden* was had, and Teigue with his Eirennachs about him made his way to the king's chamber, in which he was. Eochaid and Airnelach pursued the Allmarachs whom, so long as ever they stuck up to the young men to bandy blows with them, they kept on thinning out and violently slaughtering. Upon their return they found Teigue and Cathmann laying on each other in the fair midst of the *bruiden*: in which bout Cathmann gave Teigue thirty wounds, but Teigue 'brought the upper earth to bear on him' [i.e. manœuvred to get the advantage of higher ground], which is so much as to say that his body's president, his head to wit, he made to part company with his carcase; whereupon, and after Cathmann's head duly taken, he 'gave the cry.'

When the queen, Liban daughter of Conor Redbrow, heard the triumph-shouts and learned these killings, without delay or dilly-dally she came to her spouse, and for her dear love rejoiced and was glad exceedingly; that she saw her hero was to the gentle lady matter of thankfulness indeed. To the far end of a fortnight they abode in that fort, and in the result of it all Eochaid Redweapon was made king over the fair realms of Fresen. To Teigue they yielded pledges and hostages. Then he constrained his people that they should depart, telling them to face the sea cheerily; out of the strong place he carried away precious things, treasures, other good booty, forby Liban his wedded wife and his two brethren: Eoghan and Airnelach. He reached Ireland bringing with him victory and spoils and, to wind up the story, Teigue made a lay:—

"Time it is for us to seek our home, comely and dear people mine.'

[*cætera desiderantur*]

Here begins the story of the Boromean Tribute.

A supreme king that reigned over Ireland: Tuathal, called *techtmar* or 'the possessor,' son of Fiacha *fionnfholaidh* or 'of the white kine' son of Feradach *finnfechtnach* or 'thebrightly

prosperous'; which Tuathal it was that had Ireland forcibly. By him Elim mac Conrach was slain in the battle of Acaill by Tara; five-and-twenty battles he 'broke' on them of Ulster, other twenty-five on Leinster, thirty-one on the men of Munster, and on Connacht twenty-five: all this to avenge the murder of his father and of his grandfather, whom the Plebeian Tribes of Ireland killed; it being upon such those Plebeians that Tuathal broke all these battles. Then he sat down in Tara, and Tara's Feast was held by him; thither to him flocked all Ireland: both men and women, both lads and lasses, and by all the elements pledged themselves that neither against himself nor against his seed would they ever to all eternity strive for Ireland's sovereignty. The provincial kings present at that festival were these: Fergus of *Febhal*, king of Ulster; Eoghan son of Ailill *érann*, king of *Cúróí's* province or 'West-Munster'; Daire's son Eocho, king of the province of Eochaid mac Luchta or 'Thomond'; Conrach son of Derg, king of Connacht; and Eocho son of Eochaid *doimhlén*, that ruled Leinster.

Now Tuathal had two daughters, loving and beloved: *Fithir* and *Dáirine* their names were, and the elder of them (for in Ireland at that time it was not use and wont that the younger should 'be bedded before the elder's face,' i.e. be married before her) Eochaid *doimhlén's* son took to wife and brought home to *ráth imil* in Leinster: this daughter of Tuathal's being also dear fosterling to the king of Connacht above. Leinster however said to their king: "thou hast left behind the better one"; wherefore again he went north to Tara, and to Tuathal said: "the girl that I took away is dead, and now am I fain to take thine other daughter." Tuathal made answer: "had I daughters one-and-fifty, in order that thou mightest enjoy a wife of them they should all be given to thee." The other maiden therefore: Dairine, that was fosterling to the king of Ulster, was given to him and her too he carried to *ráth imil*, where the first one was before her. When then Fithir saw Dairine, straightway she died for shame; when this latter witnessed her sister's death she likewise died, for grief.

The truth of this story travelled as far as Tara, and to Tuathal, from whom word was carried to the king of Connacht: Fithir's foster-father, and to Dairine's: the king of Ulster. These gathered

together their forces to the spot where Tuathal *techtmar* was, and when they were met in the one place he said: "a great and heinous deed hath the king of Leinster done, in that of his deceitfulness the death of both my daughters is come about"; and even as he spoke he made a lay:—

"Fithir and Dairine, predatory Tuathal's daughters twain . . ."

What Connacht said now was that from Leinster they would not accept aught but battle; the same it was that Ulster pronounced; but the king of Ireland said: "I indeed care not to give Leinster battle; nevertheless, and if your resolve it be, let all in general march straightways upon them." Together they numbered twelve thousand, and Connacht took their way over *Guala* to Naas, where they camped; Tara's host, with the king of Ireland, rose out over *Buaidghen*, over *Righe*, over *magh Nuadhat* or 'Maynooth' to Naas, and there took camp; over *Esa*, over *Odhba*, over *Fithart*, over *Faendruim*, Ulster rose out and on to *Lethduma*, where they pitched. Leinster set on to meet them, and to Ulster gave battle so that Fergus of *Febhal* their king fell, also the *Borbraighe* of Ulster.

Again the allied armies rose out: Naas, *Aillenn* or 'Dunallen,' *Maistiu* or 'Mullaghmast,' *Ráiriu* or 'Mullaghreelion' they burned, and levelled *báirc Bresail*: a mansion of imperishable wood which once Bresal called *brathairchenn*, emperor of the World, procured to be made. Leinster, to the number of nine thousand, march to meet them; and at *ráth imil*, which to-day is called the *garbthonnach*, they gave battle—a wrathful ruthless battle was fought betwixt them, and Leinster (because fair play was not conceded them) were routed; in which engagement were slain Eocho son of Eochaid *doimhlén*, king of Leinster, and together with him twenty other kings [chiefs of note]. From harvest's first beginning to *samhain*-tide, inception of winter, Conn's Half harried Leinster until, upon the terms of both his daughters' blood-price to be paid him, Leinster in the end made peace with Tuathal, who thereupon committed the government thereof to Erc son of Eocho above. Now the blood-price was this:—

Thrice fifty times an hundred cows, thrice fifty hundred swine; mantles as many, and chains of silver; thrice fifty hundred

wethers; the same of copper cauldrons, and (to be set in Tara's house itself) one great copper reservoir in which should fit twelve pigs and twelve kine; thirty cows, red-eared, with calves of their colour, with halters and spancels of bronze and, over and above that, with bosses of gold; concerning all which one sang:—

"Tuathal the Possessor: all earth's productions they were that used to come to Tuathal to his house . . ."

Subsequently, Tuathal fell by the hand of *Mál* son of *Rochraide* at *móin in chatha* or 'the battle moor,' he having just completed one hundred and ten years, thirty of which he had passed in supreme rule of Ireland. Next, the same Mal assumed that rule, and lifted the *boromha* or 'Boromean Tribute'; again, Felim called *rechtaidh* or 'the legist' levied it from *Cú chorb*, who by Felim was slain in battle; then after many battles Felim's son Conn lifted it; Conn's son-in-law, Conaire, took it; Art [son of Conn] began to reign, and demanded the *boromha* but never secured it without a battle; Art's son Cormac lifted it, and one year so did Fergus Blacktooth.

Then Cormac mac Art's son Cairbre Lifechair reigned, and upon them of Leinster proceeded to levy the Tribute; but what Bresal *bélach* son of Fiacha *baicidh* said, was that without a battle for it he would not yield it. By Cairbre hereat a general muster of the Northern Half was led to *cnámhros* or 'Bone-wood' in Leinster; which province were gathered together to the Garbthonnach, and Bresal enquired of them: "how shall we deliver the battle?" then he made a lay:—

"Give us now your counsel, O ye of the sore wounded province: tell us, ye right men of Leinster, whether is it peace ye would, or war . . ."

The head men of the province answered: "let a messenger, O Bresal, be despatched from thee to Finn son of Cumall." "It shall be none other than myself, if I but have your consent." Southwards he took his way therefore, to *rinn deiscirt*, which to-day men call *rinn Dubháin ailithir* or 'Duane the Hermit's point,' where Finn mac Cumall was, and in the house of Ireland's prime champion tidings were requested of the king of Leinster. Then the king rehearsed all the illegalities wrought on him, and said: "for none other that perchance should come to relieve Leinster's province of this oppressive tax could that same be kinder than for thee;" and even as he spoke he made a lay:—

"Arisest thou, O Finn, as partisan in fight—with Leinster wilt thou be on the one side? . . ."

Then Finn, his Fianna being with him, rose and marched (their left hand to the Barrow) to the point of *ros broc* or 'Brock-wood' upon that river. The royal commander seated himself on a ridge that overhung the wood, and beheld a melodious immaterial host that in companies ascended to Heaven and again descended. "What host is that?" the Fianna asked, and Finn said: "Angels those are, the Household of Heaven's King and Earth's; and *táilchenns* they are that yet shall come hither, even where yonder Angels are."

Now in this town were three that to Finn were own condisciples of yore: three sons of Fiacha mac Conga, whose names were *Molling luath* or 'the swift,' *Cellach cael* or 'the slender,' and *Braen*; and the Fianna had not long been there when they saw towards them swift Molling, whom when Finn perceived he made this lay:—

"Molling *luath*, Cellach, good Braen: Fiacha's three sons endowed with nature fierce . . ."

Molling enquired: "wherefore are ye come hither?" and Finn said: "the king of Leinster that is come to lodge a complaint with us respecting hardship and violence done him, inasmuch as all Ireland with *Cairbre lifechair* have given him the alternative either to fight or to suffer that they lift the Tribute. Hence we desire to come and lend Leinster a helping hand in battle." What Molling told Finn then, was that not with any small number he ought to meet the Monarch followed as he was by all Ireland; now Finn's strength there was fifteen hundred officers having thirty men apiece [46,500 all told]. Molling went on: "abide with us then for this night, and thou shalt have many dainties, which—how far soever apart the places out of which they must be procured—shall be brought together in the one spot"; and even as he addressed Finn he made a lay:—

"In the Brock-wood thou shalt have, O Finn of the battle . . ."

After this, the Fianna rose simultaneously and slipped their wolfdogs; upon these and his multitude the commander gazed, and said: "a place trampled by hunting parties *ros broc* is to-night;" and he made a lay:—

"Rosbrock this day is a resort of hounds . . ."

To Molling *luath*'s fine mansion they took their way accordingly; there every one of them was ranged according to rank and degree of honour, and music played so that from one corner to the other the entire house was flooded with harmony.

In front of the chief commander were three warriors, whose names were: Miledan, Ethledan, and Enan *na huarbhoithe* or 'of the cold bothie,' this latter in the middle between the other two; and here now follows 'Enan's Vision concerning the Boromha':—

What he had just seen was: clerics, arrayed in fine textile silken vestments, that before him [i.e. as it seemed to him] gave Mass, he too himself being among them and helping them to perform Mass; the clergy there present [in his dream] being the Molling and his clerics of the future. Then Enan rose, and round about him examined the crowd [of Fianna arrived during his ecstasy]; they were a source of wonder to him, and he made a lay predicting that clergy should come thither:—

"*Ros broc*, a town of much contention, that stands over fair clear Barrow's lymph . . ."

Three days and three nights Finn with his force passed in that place, until out of every airt all Ireland's Fianna were come in to him. They all drew on to *ráth imil* (which to-day is called the Garbthonnach), and Finn mac Cumall the chief commander enquired: "where here perished the young women because of whom this tribute is lifted from Leinster?" The spot being indicated to him, he sat down there and made a lay:—

"A terrible deed it was that was done here, and one through which men did incur great enmity . . ."

That night then the Fianna tarried at the Garbthonnach, and on the early morrow rose to join the king of Leinster; the weight of them, that of the Galianic province or 'Leinster' also [when their junction was effected], all together set their faces to Conn's Half: and the place in which they were now was *cnámhros* or 'Bonewood' above. Between the parties was fought a hardy battle: on either side equally valorous, emulous alike; yet for all that the North could not make shift to hold out, but were defeated so that there were slain of them nine thousand along with Cairbre *lifechair's* three sons: Eochaid, Eochaid *doimhlén*, and Fiacha called *sraibhtine* or 'of the fire-showers'; whence it was said:—

"The battle at *Cnámhros* . . ."

After which the Boramha was not levied on Leinster until by Dunlaing son of Enna Nia the thirty royal maidens, with to each one of them a hundred young women, were slain in Tara (whence the *claenfherta* or 'sloping mounds' there) so that again the Boramha was imposed on Leinster. Many a battle Leinster fought in the matter of the Tribute, from that time forth and until Laeghaire son of Niall acquired Ireland's sovereignty; which battles and the chief deaths were these: the battle of Maynooth, won by Bresal *bélach*; the battle of *Cruachan claenta* also, by Labradh against Eochaid *muighmedóin*; twelve battles that Enna 'broke on' Niall of the Nine Hostages, and the latter's slaughter at the hands of Enna's son Eochaid at the Iccian sea.

Then Niall's son Laeghaire, I say, reigned over Ireland; he gathers the North with him to lift the Boramha, and on a hosting enters into Leinster: he that at that period was king of the province being Enna *cinnselach* or 'the quarrelsome,' son of Bresal *bélach's* son Labradh. Leinster rally around Enna, and give Laeghaire battle: the battle of *áth dara* or 'Adare' upon the Barrow; there the latter is defeated, a 'red slaughter' of Conn's Half made, and their heads are collected so that in *magh Ailbhe* or 'Moyalvy' on Barrow-side a cairn of them was made. Laeghaire himself was taken: he promised that never for all time would he lift the Boramha, and to spare him; he farther pledged himself with guarantee of the Elements that to all eternity no more would he intrude into Leinster to levy it—all which points were the very ones that he did not fulfil, for at the end of two years and a half he came and at *sídh Nechtain* took kine. For which reason it was that on the bank of the stream called *cas* or 'the crooked' the Elements meted out death to Laeghaire, as: Earth to swallow him, Sun to scorch him, Wind [his breath] to pass away from him; of which is said:—

"Laeghaire perished, son of Niall . . ."

Afterwards Ailill *molt* son of Dathi swayed Ireland, and lifts the Boramha. These now are the battles which Leinster won against him and against the other kings that reigned after him, down to Aedh son of *Ainmire*: the battles of *Luachair* in Bregia, of *dumha Aichir*, of *Ocha*, all against Ailill *molt*; and in this

last he fell, likewise Crimthann mac Enna. The battles of *Grainne*, of *Tortan*, of *druim Ladhgann*, of *brigh Eile*, of *Fremhain* in Meath, won by *Failghe roth* (nomen illius magni regis) son of Cathaeir; twenty-eight battles won by Dunlaing, through S. Bridget's word [intercession]; the battles of *Magh ochtair* (won against Lughaid mac Laeghaire), of *Druim dá maighe*, of *dún Másc*, of *Ocha alachath*, of *Slaibre*, of *Cenn sratha*, of *Finnabhair*, all gained by Ailill mac Dunlaing; one gained by *Coirpre illadach*; the battle of *druim Laeghaire* won by Angus and Fergus, Crimthann mac Enna's two sons, against Dermot son of Cerbhall. Thus, though the kings that had Tara did indeed lift the Boromha, very many of them there were that never got it without a battle [i.e. but few of them did so].

Now Aedh mac Ainmirech reigned over Ireland, and his sons were these: Donall, Maelcoba the cleric, *Gabhrán* and *Cumascach*. Which last came to discourse his father, and said to him: "I desire to make 'a stripling's free circuit of Ireland,' and the wife of every king in Ireland shall pass a night with me." He set out therefore on a free excursion round about Ireland, and so arrived from the yonside over Righe, making for Leinster; his strength was four battalions. He that at such time was king over Leinster was *Brandubh*, son of Eochaid son of Muiredach son of Angus *brugach* son of Felim son of Enna *cinnselach*; it was told him that the king of Ireland's son, on free progress bound, drew near him, and says he: "let messengers meet them; and be it told them that I am not there, but gone among the Britons to lift rent and tribute. Have them billeted through the country from Boyne to the *Inneoin*, and let every man slay them that thus are quartered on him; but let Cumascach himself, having with him three hundred sons of chiefs, come to me and, even as the other provincial kings have done, so will I too give him my wife." The billeting was duly carried out, and the fourth battle of them reached Brandubh's mansion in *belach dubhtaire*, which to-day men call *belach Conghlaise* or 'Baltinglass.' Then Cumascach 'sat down' [pitched] in the town's close; people came to meet and to look after him, and they were all drafted off into the one house.

On this day it was that Dunlaing's grandson Maedoc came to Brandubh, and he bringing with him presents: a flesh-hook, a

cauldron, a shield, a sword, which he exhibited to the king and made a lay the while:—

"Here be presents for a king . . ."

With that Maedoc takes leave of Brandubh, with uttering of these few words:—

"My fleshfork of three prongs, and powerful to lift . . ."

Maedoc departed; but Brandubh assumed a slave's garb and summoned to him Airnelach son of Airmedach, king of Offaley, to whom he said: "proceed we now to set yon cauldron on a fire, and with swine and beeves to fill up the same." They had it lifted on to a fire accordingly, and charged with hogs and beeves; then all about it a huge red flaring bonfire was kindled, which soon brought it to a boil.

Then it was that the king of Ireland's son said: "but where is Brandubh's wife?" and messengers were sent from him to fetch the queen. She came to confer with him, and with welcome greeted the monarch's son, saying also: "grant me a boon." "What boon seekest thou?" he asked. "Soon said," was her answer: "concede me that I be not stayed till I have done with serving out meat to the multitude, and until I buy off mine honour from them." That favour was yielded her, whereupon she went her ways till she gained the devious hidden shelter of *dún Buichet*, and so abandoned the town altogether.

Just then it was that Cumascach's lampoonist *Glasdamh* (accompanied with his nine of the craft) came to solicit of them that tended the cauldron a first helping by way of perquisite, and Brandubh [in his disguise] said: "is it thyself that in thine own behalf wilt give a stroke of the flesh-hook, or shall it be I?" The jester answered: "e'en make it thou." So Brandubh thrust in the hook, and at one stroke brought up nine pieces; then the lampooner began narrowly to examine him, and said: "by my word and sooth, that is no serf's deal, but a king's!" and away he carried his portion to the house of the king's son, who also expressed the same opinion.

Then it was that to Angus, son of Airmedach, Brandubh said: "let us have a barrow laden and taken to the king of Ireland's son." So it was done, and the two kings: Brandubh and Angus, after hoisting the barrow on them, bear it laboriously into Cum-

ascach's presence; out they came again, and after them (for in either man of the two was the strength of nine) shut to the mansion's huge door. Now were four fires set to the house: one to every side [i.e. it was set on fire in four places], and Cumascach said: "who is it takes the house on us?" "I, even I!" Brandubh answered; and then it was that Glasdamh the scurrile jester cried: "on me at any rate let not a deed of shame be wrought, for I have eaten thy meat!" "There shall not any such be done," Brandubh returned: "climb up the house therefore and get on the roof's ridgepole; leap out over the top of the flames and, in so far as regards us, thou shalt be safe." "Cumascach," said the jester, "thou hast heard: take then my duds about thee and away out!" In such guise Cumascach went out, and was shattered greatly; feebly he made his way to *móin Chumascaigh* or 'Cumascach's moor,' right against the green of *cill Rannairech.* There it was that *Lóichín lonn*, grandson of Lonan, and Herenach of that church, lighted on him and, so soon as Cumascach had declared himself to him, struck off his head. He took it to where Brandubh was, and exhibited it to him; wherefore it was that freedom [exemption] was granted to *cill Rannairech.*

Then it was that bishop Aidan came to them: bishop of Glendaloch, that was 'mother's son' [half brother] to Aedh mac Ainmirech, and what the churchman said was: "these be great deeds [deaths] that ye have executed." Brandubh asked: "upon whom will such be avenged?" the cleric answered: "I care not though it were upon my mother's son, Aedh mac Ainmirech"; and he made a lay:—

"A Lord all powerful I implore— Lord of *cill Rannairech* . . ."

To Brandubh bishop Aidan continued: "let there an embassage be sent from thee to Ailech, to Aedh mac Ainmirech's house, and be it told him that his son is slain." "It shall be despatched," Brandubh assented, and he made a lay:—

"From me let messengers proceed to Ailech . . ."

Northward they travelled then and reached Ailech, where the king of Ireland required of them that they had to tell; and what they replied was this: "as for the matter with which we are charged, without a price we will not declare it." Aedh said: "here is this horn for you:" whence the designation of 'Leinster's

Horn' in Ailech. Then they tell their news: "by us thy son is killed, and slaughter of his people made." "Those tidings we have heard already," said the king, "yet for all that ye shall get away whole; but if we come after you, ye shall see." Out of the North the envoys returned to where Brandubh was, and impart to him the king of Ireland's appointment to enter Leinster and avenge his son.

By Ainmire's son Aedh a general gathering of Conn's Half was made now, and they progressed as far as the Righe. It was told to Brandubh that the men of Ireland were at the Righe (the place where he himself was being *Scadharc* in *úi Chinnselaigh*), and he marched northward, crossing *Muintech* and *Muinichin* and *Daimhne*, *Etar*, *Ardchaillidh*, *ard mBresta*, the Slaney, and over *Fé* into *belach dubhtaire* (now called *belach Conghlais* or 'Baltinglass') his own *dún*.

At this stage it was that bishop Aidan sought out Brandubh, who said: "Cleric, thou hast news!" The prelate answered: "and it is that the North are at *Baeth ebha* by *dún Buaice*, where they have just pitched camp and secured themselves." "Thou then, Cleric, get thee away to thy mother's son, to Aedh son of Ainmire, and in our behalf request of him a truce until such time as our forces have come in to us; after which he shall have either peace or war [as he may desire]." The cleric sought the king of Ireland's tent, and welcome was accorded him; then his errand was required, and he declared how Brandubh was at *ráth Branduibh* on the Slaney. "Wherefore comest thou in especial?" asked Aedh. "To petition for a present suspension, with a view to either peace or war [as may fall out] later on." "That truce thou never shalt have until thou execute such and such a ribald gesture." Then the ecclesiastic is incensed, and cries: "if God knoweth me, may a bitch wolf carry off to yonder *tulach* the three dearest members that thou hast!" And it came true; whence from that time to this the name of *trébhall* or 'three-limb-place' is given it.

Anger took the king of Ireland; he rose, the men of Ireland rose, and they came on their way bringing with them Aidan the bishop. They reached *belach dúin bolg*, and the king queried: "what is the name of this *belach* or 'pass'?" "This is *belach dúin bolg* or 'pass of the *dún* of sacks.'" "What sacks are they

at all?" pursued the king. "The men of Ireland's provision bags, which this night Leinster will occasion to be left there," the cleric answered. They came on, and to a flagstone, where again the king asked: "and what is this great grey stone's name?" The cleric said: "*lic chomairt chnámh* or 'the flag of bone-smashing.'" "What bones now can they be?" "It is so called because that to-night thy bones will be broken on it, and thy head taken off." Onward they came still, to *berna na sciath*, where: "what might be this gap's name?" the king questioned, and the bishop said: "*berna na sciath* or 'the gap of shields.'" "And what shields are they?" "Those of Conall and of Eoghan [i.e. of their posterity], which to-night will be left there."

The men of Erin crossed that gap, then they took hold and camp; but bishop Aidan repaired to Brandubh, and the king sought his news. The cleric stated that all Ireland were leaguered at *cill Bélat* or 'S. *Bélait's* church,' adding that at their hands he had not had honour [i.e. had been dishonoured].

Then said Brandubh: "Clerk, what is thy counsel to us?" "Soon said," quoth the bishop: "in this rath's outer ditch have thou a candle of the very hugest dipped; next be there brought thee three hundred teams with, in each one of them, twelve oxen; upon these let white paniers be charged, which shall hold great number of young men overlaid with straw and, over all again, a layer of actual victual. Be there moreover brought thee thrice fifty unbroken horses, and to their tails be fastened bags; for the purpose of stampeding Ireland's horse-herds let such then be filled with pebbles. Let that great taper, with the cauldron 'about its head' [i.e. shading it], precede thee until thou gain the centre of their camp; send in the meantime a message to the king of Ireland, purporting that to-night the provant of Leinster will be supplied to him."

This plan was executed by Brandubh; but while they were busied with it he said: "it were better for me that I went myself to spy out the house; thou therefore, Clerk, come with me." "I will," he answered.

Brandubh, having with him six score young men that brought along a single horse, set out now (the cleric accompanying them in his chariot) from that spot, and so on till they came and were upon the one side of *sídh Nechtain*. The ecclesiastic looked

abroad, and down upon the camp, over which he saw as it were a motley birdflock of all diverse colours, but without progression; he asked therefore: "what manner of pied birdflock is it we see?" and Brandubh replied: "the men of Erin's standards on staves and javelins over their bothies." Then the cleric uttered:—

"Standards I see . . ."

Aidan the bishop departs from them now to his own church, and immediately Brandubh saw the mountain all filled with striplings: the striplings that were there being Ulidia's, that followed Dermot son of Aedh *róin*. The king of Leinster's sons and his household surrounded them, and they [the youths] were seized by the neck. "Who are ye?" asked the Leinstermen. "Ulidia's lads, with the king of Ulidia's son." This was reported to Ulidia, and they rose out: seven thousand seven hundred being their number, both lay and cleric; they approached near to Brandubh, and said: "wherefore hast thou taken our young fellows?" "To relieve myself of your full-grown men of war," he answered. "Thou shalt be relieved of them for ever," the king of Ulster said, "and a pact of amity shall be made between us, and unity, for such was the very thing foretold by Conor mac Fachtna's dream;" and the king declared the vision, saying:—

"I being in my sleep did see a wondrous dream: knoweth any one of you its true interpretation? I saw that a vat of crystal with the burnished hue of gold I had on midfloor of my mansion, at Bregia on the Boyne. This vat's one third was of men's blood (a wonderful set-out), while in its inside was new milk but a third. Another third was sparkling wine (a marvel 'twas to me); men too with bowed heads, and come across the inarticulate sea, surrounded it. All Leinster, many though they be, and with the multitude of their achievements—to them I have yielded up my heart's affection, and with it mine intelligence."

For Conor had seen that dream, in which farther he witnessed Leinster and Ulidia round the vat and drinking from it. "I know it all," said he: "the fellowship foretold here is that the blood seen in the vat is that of the two provinces in conflict; the new milk being the dominical canon which the clergy of both provinces chant; the wine, Christ's Body and Blood which they offer up." Then he went on expounding it, and made a lay:—

"Make we our compact, a compact may it be for ever . . ."

Leinster's saints and Ulidia's sat down on the mountain and entered into a fellowship that never should be dissolved. Bran-

dubh proposed to the king of Ulidia that from the king of Ireland's camp he should sunder his own, and the other asked: "but how may we effect it?" "Easily answered," said Brandubh: "on the very ground taken up by the king of Ireland pitch ye too your camp, and ye will be quarrelled with; never put up with that, so shall ye part from them." Ulidia did as Brandubh suggested; Conall and Eoghan rose up against them and, or ever they could be separated, had killed two hundred of them. Thence Ulidia moved off to *inis Ulad* or 'Ulidia's isle,' in which with their spears they dug a ditch about them; their horses they bestowed between themselves and *daingen na móna.*

Again bishop Aidan turned to seek Brandubh, and what he said was: "great in very deed was the dishonour that my mother's son did me, I mean Aedh mac Ainmirech; God will avenge it on him"; and he made this quatrain:—

"A fragment of Aedh mac Ainmirech . . ."

He continued: "upon Kilcullen's green it shall fall down from the raven [that carries it], and until seven years' end the little boys of Kilcullen shall make a ball of it. The seminary of Kildare will come, and that same ball one of them shall steal; they will put it to another derisory use, and have it till seven more years be out. Then shall Maedoc's seminary of adult clerks come to Kildare, and again a man of them shall steal it; from which time forth I see not what becomes of it. Also this mountain on which the *cotach* or 'fellowship' is made: *sliabh in chotaigh* henceforth shall be its name, i.e. 'mountain of fellowship' or 'Slievegadoe,' whereas hitherto it has been *sliabh Nechtain.*" With that the cleric departs.

Upon his only horse Brandubh starts to look for single combat from the men of Erin; and he that came from them to meet him was Blathach, the king of Ireland's master of the horse, and 'the king's horse under him' [i.e. and he mounted on the king's horse]. Now the manner of Blathach was that he was virulent and fierce; also he never threw a spear that missed its mark. All which however profited him nothing: for he fell by the hand of Brandubh, who also struck off his head at *áth blathachta* (which to-day is named *áth Blathcha* or 'Blathach's ford').

This triumph won, and he having the king of Ireland's horse as well, Brandubh returned and, according as bishop Aidan had

prescribed, his oxen and horses aforesaid are brought in to him. Then he said: "can I have one to go spy out the camp and the king, and to be there awaiting us till we shall come up? for which service he shall have a stipulated fee: if he be slain, Heaven to be his from Leinster's clergy; but should he escape, his own *tuath* or 'district' exempt of charges, besides the freedom of mine own [and my successors'] table to himself and to his representative [for ever]." Securities for this were given, and: "I will go," said *Rón cerr* son of *Dubhánach*, i.e. the king of Imale's son. "Give me now," he went on, "a calf's blood and dough of rye, that they be smeared on me; be there a capacious hood too furnished me, and a wallet." All was done, so that he resembled any leper. A wooden leg was brought him; into the cleft of it he thrust his knee, and in this get-up (with a sword under his raiment) went his way to the place where Ireland's notables were, in front of Aedh mac Ainmirech's tent. Tidings were asked of him, and what he said was that he came from *cill Bélat*: "at early morn I went to Leinster's camp; in my absence people came, and my hut, my quern, my great spade and my oratory have been destroyed." "Twenty milch kine from me in compensation of the same," said the king of Ireland, "if I come whole out of this hosting; and go now into the tent: there shalt thou have a nine men's room, tithe of my mess, and the whole household's fragments. But what do Leinster?" he enquired. "They are busied with preparing of victual for you, and never have ye had meat with which ye were sated better [than ye will be with this]: they seethe their swine, their beeves, their bacon-hogs." "Curse them for it!" cried Kinelconall and Kinelowen. "A pair of warrior's eyes are what I see in the leper's head," said the king. "Alas for thee and thy notion of keeping Ireland's sovereignty, if it be at my eyes that alarm pervades thee!" "By no manner of means is that so," answered the king: "but send now and fetch *Dubhdúin* king of Oriel." He appeared, and the monarch said to him: "thou, taking with thee Oriel's battalion, proceed southerly to *bun Aife* and to the *cruadabhall*; there keep watch and ward that Leinster surprise not our camp." According as the king had commanded them they marched therefore.

Then it was that Aedh mac Ainmirech said to his horseboy:

"bring me now Columbkill's cowl, that this night it be on me and serve me for a safeguard against Leinster." For Columbkill had promised him that never should he be killed while he wore his cowl, as thus: Aedh once on a time had asked the Saint: "how many kings, Cleric, from among them of whom thyself thou hast had cognisance, will win to Heaven?" and Columbkill's answer was: "certain it is that I know of none but three kings only, and they were [Cairbre called] *daimhín damhargait*, king of Oriel; Ailill *bannda*, king of Connacht; *Feradach fionn mac Duach*, of the *corca Laighe*, king of Ossory." "And what good wrought these beyond all other kings?" asked Aedh. "Soon said," the Saint rejoined: "*Daimhín* to begin with—from him no clerk ever came away with refusal of his prayer; he never reviled an ecclesiastic; nor sacred person nor church did he ever vex, and much substance he dedicated to the Lord. For this gentleness that he used to the Lord's people therefore he went to Heaven, and the clergy still chant his litany.

"As touching Ailill *bannda*, the matter whereby he had the Lord's peace was this: the battle of *cúil Chonaire* it was, which he fought against *clann Fiachrach* and in which he was defeated, when [as they retreated] he said to his charioteer: 'cast now, I pray thee, a look to the rear and discover whether the killing be great, and the slayers near to us.' The driver looked behind him, and replied: 'the slaughter that is made of thy people is intolerable!' 'Not their own guilt, but my pride and unrighteousness it is that comes against them,' said the king: 'wherefore turn me now the chariot to face the pursuers; for if I be slain, it will be a redemption of many.' Then Ailill did earnest act of penance, and by his foemen fell. That man therefore," said Columbkill, "attained to the Lord's peace."

He continued: "as for *Feradach fionn mac Duach*, king of Ossory, he was a covetous and unconscionable man who, though it were but a solitary scruple whether of gold or of silver that he heard of as possessed by any in his country, would by force make his own of it that he might apply it to the decoration of drinking-horns, of crannoges, of swords, of chess-boards and -men. In process of time sickness that might not be endured [for long] came upon him, and his treasures were brought together to him so that he had them by him in his bed. Then his enemies, i.e.

the children of Connla, came 'to take the house on him'; his own sons also came to carry away [and secure] all the precious things; but said he: 'sons, ye shall not take them; for, because many a one I have persecuted to get those treasures, even therefore I for God's sake desire that in this hither world I in my turn be tormented for them and of my own free will resign them to my enemies, to the end the Lord torment me not 'yonder' [i.e. in the future state].' Hereupon his sons went out from him; the king for his part did fervent act of penance, and at his foes' hands perished. He then has the Lord's peace."

"And now as to myself," said Aedh: "am I to have the Lord's peace?" but Columbkill made answer: "no, not on any account whatsoever!" Then he pleaded: "Cleric, procure me from the Lord that Leinster have not the victory over me." "Alas for that," said the Saint: "for of them my mother was; wherefore they came to me to *Durrow*, and made as though they would 'fast upon me' till I should grant them a sister's son's appeal: that which they besought of me being that never should an extern king prevail against them. This then I have promised to them; howbeit here is my cowl, by virtue of which (if only it be on thee) thou never shalt be slain."

Such now was the cowl which at this season Aedh demanded of his gilla; but the latter said: "that cowl we have left behind in Ailech." To which Aedh replied: "all the more likely then that by Leinster this night I shall be left lying!"

To resume our account of Brandubh: with loud outcry his horse-troops and ox-teams were incited; he formed up his battalions, and with gloom of night marched till Oriel heard first a pit-a-pat, and then the great host's full dull sound, with snorting of the horses, puffing of the oxen under the wains. Oriel sprang up and stood to their arms, challenging: "who goes there?" "Soon told," the answer came: "Leinster's *gillas*, laden with the king of Ireland's provision!" Oriel drew near, and according as each man of them put up a hand [to the loads] he would find under his touch either a porker or a beef. They said therefore: "'tis true for them: let them pass on"; and further: "let us too go along with them, that in the serving out of these rations we be not forgotten." So Oriel betook them to their camp huts; Leinster held on to *cnoc na caindle* or 'hill of the candle' [as it is

called since], and there the cauldron was taken from the taper. "What light is yon that we see?" asked the king, and: "soon said," the leper answered: "it is the food that's come"; whereat he rose, took off his tree leg, and his hand stole to his sword. From the ox-teams their loads were lifted down; the horses were turned loose among those of the men of Erin, so that they were frenzied with fear and broke down their owners' bothies and tents. Out of their hampers now Leinster rose (as it were a surging flood that leaps against the cliffs), with their sword-hilts in their grasp, their shields held by the straps, and clad in their hooded mail. "And who be these?" Kinelconall and Kinelowen enquired; the leper answered: "they that are to serve out the viands." "Bless us all," said the others again, "but they are many!" Then Conall and Eoghan in their turn rose, and if they did, they were but as hands thrust into a nest of snakes. Round about the king of Ireland they threw a bulwark of spears and shields; himself they constrained to mount his horse, and they led him away to *berna na sciath* or 'the gap of shields,' in front of which the men of Erin now abandon theirs [and hence the name]. *Rón cerr* charged at the monarch, and in striving to reach him slew nine men; *Dubhdúin* king of Oriel interposing between the two, he and *Rón cerr* encountered and by the latter he of Oriel fell. Again *Rón* launched himself at the king; but Fergus son of *Flathrí*, king of *Tulach óg*, comes between them and he too falls by *Rón*. Yet a third time he rushes for the king; he grasps him by the leg, drags him down from his horse, and on *lic chomaigh chnámh* as aforesaid hews off his head. Then he takes to him his bag that he had brought, turns out the broken victuals, and puts in the head; into the mountain tracks he gets himself privily away, and until morning there keeps close. But Leinster followed up the North and made red slaughter of them; on the morrow the whole force in triumph and exultation sought the spot where Brandubh was; *Rón cerr* arrives, and lays before him Aedh mac Ainmirech's head. There then you have 'the battle of *Dún bolg*, an episode in the History of the Boromha': in which battle it was that Beg also, son of Cuanu, perished.

Subsequently the following lifted the Tribute: Colman *rímid* or 'the celebrated,' and Aedh *uairidhnach* or 'of the shivering disease [ague]'; Maelcoba, *Suibhne menn*, Donall son of Aedh,

Cellach and Conall *cael*; Blathmac and Dermot, Maelcoba's two sons. Blathmac's son ruled Ireland afterwards, but never drove the Boromha; once however he mustered the North and made his plaint to them, saying:—

"Give me your counsel, race of comely Eoghan: shall we attack gallant Leinster, or shall we tarry in our homes?"

Conall and Eoghan came then, the men of Bregia also, and of Meath, so far as *lerg mná fine.* Leinster marched against them (their king at the time being Faelan son of Colgu), and they fought a battle. In the result the Tribute is left with Leinster.

Cennfaeladh son of Crunnmael ruled for four years, till he fell by Finnachta [his nephew]. Then Finnachta *fledhach* or 'the festive,' son of Dunchadh, held Ireland for twenty years and twice brought off the Boromha *sine renitentia*; the third time that he came to lift it Leinster rose against him. A great gathering of the North was made by him to *láthrach Muiredach* or 'Murray's site,' in the marches of Leinster and Meath. Intelligence of this reaches Bran son of Conall [king of Leinster], by whom the province is called out and they repair (both lay and clerk) to Dunallen. Howbeit Molling came not with them, so they sent to fetch him; and where he was just then was at *ros broc* (which at this present time is called *tech Molling*, i.e. 'Molling's house' or 'S. Mullen's'), for from the time when first he came from *sruthair Guaire*, i.e. 'Guaire's stream' or 'Shrule,' until he gained *ros broc*, he had not found a place of habitation: *unde* Molling *cecinit*:—

"Hither to come I was resolved; here 'tis that I will say mine hours; until the Judgment's Day shall come, from this same dwelling I will never part . . ."

So soon as that summons reached Molling, he assembled his familia and made a lay:—

"A well-beloved trio, O Christ benign and glorious . . ."

So Molling took his way to Dunallen, where Leinster were; by all a very gentle welcome was extended to him, and he sat down at the king of Leinster's side.

Then said Bran: "what scheme of action shall be ours—whether shall we give battle to the North, or just put our trust in our saints and so go to crave that the Boromha be remitted? and again: should we have recourse to the saints, then which one

of Leinster's holy men shall we send to solicit such remission?" and, even as he spoke he made a lay:—

"Proclaim to us, O Tuathal son of Ailill the terrible, whom shall Leinster have from *luathmaigh* . . ."

And Bran of the lofty head continued, fortifying Molling:—

"Molling! arise and, armed with genuine piety, do a thing to preserve us: northward go . . ."

He went, and bade *Tollchenn* of *cluain ena*, the poet, accompany him to the king of Ireland's house in order that he it should be that should chant the panegyric which Molling had made; and the Saint as he girded on his vesture for the journey uttered these words:—

"In name of the Trinity . . ."

They took their way to the house of Cobthach mac Colman in *úi Faeláin*, and a banquet was spread for them so that they were satisfied. But to the man of verse his own posse of bards and minstrels said here: "we grudge thy belonging to a mere cleric's company [as at present we must be called]"; and the poet answered: "well then, leave we the clergy and let us get on ahead of them to the king of Ireland's house." So they did and, all being arrived there, the rhymer sang Molling's duan and said that 'twas he had made it.

Touching the Saint: on the morrow he rose, but the bardic choir was not forthcoming, and: "just so," said he—"what the rhymester has done is to slip away with my poem, which he will sell to the monarch." He took his way across a strip of *Finnmhagh* which to-day is named *magh nEchain*, and up through *magh Cláraigh* till he reached *láthrach Muiredaigh*. The men of Erin's lads, accompanying Finnachta's son *Donnghilla*, rose at them and (their advent being already beforehand announced to them) let fly a volley of [previously prepared] sods, stones and stumps, so that . . . not . . . [Molling nevertheless] held on [until he entered] the king's [presence], but never met with [either salutation or welcome], whereat he was much mortified. Colgu, son of Maenach son of Dubhanach, however, and Colgu's son Dermot rise before him, and the latter 'raises his knee' to him: the way in which at the time they were situated being that they sat over the leg which supported one angle of a

couch. Molling in consequence blessed that Colgu, and Dermot his son. Now ensued a colloquy anent those same youngsters aforesaid, and [when they were gone to hunt] they threw at a wild deer; but a spear of them penetrated Donnghilla mac Finnachta's *tenga orcan* so that he died presently (all in satisfaction of Molling's plaint for his affront) and great clamour of weeping was made for him. "Thine own son Donnghilla 'tis that is fallen to salve mine honour," said Molling [to the king when they heard the cry]. "Cleric, raise the lad and thou shalt have the price of it." The Saint answered: "in lieu of my poem and of thy son's resurrection, along with Heaven secured to thyself, naught ask I but a respite from the Boramha until Monday"; and the king said: "that thou shalt have." Molling stepped to him: by the Trinity and the dominical Four Gospels he bound him; he imposed on him a covenant with penal clauses, and sang this duan:—

"Finnachta of the *úi* Néill—as the sun, so is his strength . . ."

"Worse and worse we deem thy design," said the king, "now that thou tellest a lie: inasmuch as the poem that Tollchenn the bard made, thou sellest for thine own." "If he it be that made it," the Saint replied, "let him stand up and sing his duan." The poet rose and went to work, but what he enunciated [in place of the above] was:—

"Dribble drabble . . ."

Then with a wild and frenzied rush the rhymer departed to the water of *dún mic Fhánat* or 'the *dún* of Fanait's son,' northward from Assaroe, and in the same was drowned. Which thing when Finnachta saw, he caught the cleric's foot under him [i.e. as he stood there] and besought him that he would no more be incensed at him: only to raise him up his son, and that every single thing for which he was come should be his. With that, Molling went and stood over the boy; he besought the Lord fervently, and God raised Finnachta's son for him; whereupon Molling said:—

"Christ has power of my body . . ."

So Molling came out of the North and back to Leinster, the Boramha having been remitted. But Adamnan heard the story: how the Tribute was forgiven to Molling, and a respite until

Monday granted; he sought the place therefore where Finnachta was, and sent a clerk of his familia to summon him to a conference. Finnachta at the instant busied himself with a game of chess, and the cleric said: "come speak with Adamnan." "I will not," he answered, "until this game be ended." The ecclesiastic returned to Adamnan and retailed him this answer; then the Saint said: "go and tell him that in the interval I will chant fifty psalms, in which fifty is a single psalm that will deprive his children and grandchildren, and even any namesake of his [for ever], of the kingdom." Again the clerk accosted Finnachta, and told him this; but until his game was played the king never noticed him at all. "Come speak with Adamnan," repeated the clerk, and: "I will not," answered Finnachta, "till this [fresh] game too shall be finished"; all which the cleric rendered to Adamnan, who said: "a second time begone to him; tell him that I will sing other fifty psalms, in which fifty is one that will confer on him shortness of life." This too the clerk, when he was come back, proclaimed to Finnachta; but till the game was done he never even perceived the messenger, who for the third time reiterated his speech. "Till this new game be played out, I will not go," said the king; and the cleric carried it to Adamnan. "Go to him," the holy man said: "tell him that in the meantime I will sing fifty psalms, and among them is one that will deprive him of attaining to the Lord's peace." This the clerk imparted to Finnachta who, whenever he heard it, with speed and energy put from him the chess-board and hastened to where Adamnan was. "Finnachta," quoth the Saint, "what is thy reason for coming now, whereas at the first summons thou camest not?" "Soon said," replied Finnachta—"as for that which first thou didst threaten against me: that of my children, or even of my namesakes, not an individual ever should rule Ireland—I took it easily. The other matter which thou heldest out to me: shortness of life—that I esteemed but lightly: for Molling had promised me Heaven. But the third thing which thou threatenedst me: to deprive me of the Lord's peace—that I endured not to hear without coming in obedience to thy voice" (now the motive for which God wrought this was: that the gift which Molling had promised to the king for remission of the Tribute, He suffered not Adamnan to dock him of). "Is it

true," questioned the Saint, "that thou, actually thou, hast forgiven the Boramha till Monday?" "True it is," quoth the king. "Thou art cozened in the bargain," said Adamnan: "for the Judgment Monday [i.e. Doomsday] it was that Molling spoke of [meant] and, unless to-day thou transgress the pact, nevermore will any do so." Now since Finnachta had been next heir to the crown, and Adamnan a young scholar, they had been friends.

Then it was that Adamnan made these quatrains:—

"Albeit this day the withered, grey, and toothless king doth bind his locks . . ."

Hereat the men of Erin set out to pursue Molling; and where he was [when they came up with him] was in *Fornocht*, laying out the site of a mill, and they [he and his] saw towards them Finnachta and all Ireland; whom so soon as Molling marked, he uttered:—

"O my Almighty Lord, that hast made every king under Heaven. . . ."

Then he goes straight across the ford and rings his bell, and Leinster's kine strikes with a panic such that [they broke away] and every cow of them gained her own sheltering fastness; but in hostile guise the North hemmed in Molling and his associates, and the Saint said:—

"May ye be as rocks upon brown oaks, may ye be as waves on azure waters, may ye be as belfries surmounting churches, and may all this not be a mere fit of dreaming."

Westward then he came to the place where now S. Mullen's Cross is; there he sat down and made certain quatrains:

"Make we here a bellicose down-sitting, rise we up for fight of victory; whosoever shall be under Columbkill's protection, his body shall not be a prey to wolves. My malediction light on Finnachta, the King of Heaven's curse likewise; Finnachta has tergiversated on me, for which act may his kindred never the higher grow [i.e. may they be cast down]. O Bridget of Kildare—O *mac Táil* of Kilcullen—and Thou, O Son of Mary—yours be my sitting every time I sit!"

Molling said now: "some succour would be wanting to us here." The thing was revealed to *Mothairén*, that was in the king of Leinster's assemblage, who said: "at this present, Molling is in a straight; were it good in the Lord's eyes therefore, I would fain have a fog to envelop him and his party." Straightway a mist was flung abroad over them and, though so it was,

yet they knew it not, but deemed that their enemies still saw them. Nevertheless they moved on as far as *áth Laeghaire* (where *Laeghaire loingsech* was born), and there Molling said: "in yon town in which we hear the bell, who dwells?" and *Colmnait*, or 'Columbella,' the nun answered him: "alas now, Cleric! terror, as I suppose, hath confused thee; that is *cill Usaille*, i.e. 'church of S. Auxilius' or 'Killossy.'" Molling asked: "what great and pinnacled burg is that which we see in *cúil na cetharda*?" "That," said the nun, "is Kildare"; and thereupon Molling made this invocation:—

"O Bridget, bless our path, that on our journey no disaster fall; O nun from the brimming Liffey, from thee [i.e. from thy shrine of Kildare] may we in safety reach our home . . ."

Finis.

Here follow some fragmentary Annals, viz. from Suibhne Menn's accession down to the death of Conghal of Kinnaweer: A.D. 615—710.

A.D. 615 . . . *Suibhne menn* (he being at that time a very young man) was in his own house of a day, and to his wife said perchance: "I marvel to see how small at this hour is the measure of Kinelowen's superiority over the rest of the tribes." To which the woman by a species of mockery answering: "and what hinders thee from shewing some hardihood, from leading them to war upon and ever to have victory of the others?" he said again: "even so shall it be."

He therefore with his weapons about him issued forth on the morrow's morn, and a young man of the people of the country, who also was armed, met him; with whom Suibhne fought, forcing him to 'the submission at the spear's point.' In like fashion [by-and-by] he gathered to himself an army, whereby in the end he laid hold on the sovereignty of Ireland.

In his time it was that a war was bred between the two Fiachnas: Fiachna son of Deman, and Fiachna son of Baetan; which

latter Fiachna's mother it was who, when she knew that she was fruitful, said to her husband as she looked upon a wolf that rushed upon a flock of sheep and worried them: "of thee and of me would there were born a son who after that same example should deal with thine own tribe." But the father cried: "may no such boy come into the world!" In due course she bore Fiachna, and he was put out to nurse.

A time came when he returned to his father's and his mother's house; but for his dourness, and for his mother's nature that was in him, his father loved him not. She therefore taking him away bestowed him in a little dwelling apart, where together with a guardian that he had he was nourished. One day the lad came out, bearing in his hand for some other boys a spit on which was the remnant of his flesh-meat, and so came to the royal dwelling in which his father was; but the father, seeing him draw near, loosed a savage hound that was his and urged him upon his son. At that very instant, and with intent to have snatched the flesh, a hawk swooped upon the little lad; who nevertheless deftly met both hawk and hound, as thus: with the spit having the flesh still upon it, down his gaping throat he thrust the hound to the heart; the hawk he grasped and held in the other hand. Then his mother, seeing the hawk on one side of her son and the hound on the other, gave a start: a start so great that thenceforth she never again bore child.

Regarding the great war that was between the aforesaid two Fiachnas, it was Baetan's son that ever had the victory; nor over Deman's son Fiachna only, but over all other kings whatsoever that opposed him. Also the notable Mongan was son to that same Fiachna son of Baetan; for albeit certain dealers in antiquarian fable do propound him to have been son to Manannan, and wont to enter at his pleasure into divers shapes, yet this we may not credit: rather choosing to take Mongan for one that was but a man of surpassing knowledge, and gifted with an intelligence clear, and subtle, and keen.

He then having with him his mother, a great company also following them, came one day along the beach; and on the strand his mother saw a fair stone of many colours. She picked up the stone and showed it to her son, who said: "that stone of beauty which thou seest, even thereby, my mother, shall I be

slain." She at this hearing being greatly troubled ground all the stone into very powder, but her son said: "my mother, that is but labour in vain; for though thou make dust thereof, and hide it underground, by it none the less thy son must die." Then the mother, having with her the stone that was made into dust and wrapped in a cloth, entered into a ship and upon the sea went as far as eye could reach, even till she might no more descry land; there she cast into the sea the cloth that held the dust.

625. Now after this, and at the end of many years, out of Britain came a great fleet; and the people of it wasted the country round about the spot where they landed, but Mongan brought an army and they were driven back to their ships. A man of them however picked up from the beach a stone with a cast of which he struck Mongan in the head, and he fell. Now the stone in question was that same one: being compact of the dust that was folded in the cloth, and which the waves had impelled before them to the shore. The stone they knew again, and of it Mongan died in Suibne Menn's nineteenth year, he at the point of death having laid the stone in the hand of his mother, who also knew it. Moreover, he that had slain him being with his whole ship's company taken captive, Mongan suffered not a man of them to be put to death, but caused them to be loosed. Nevertheless, and great as was the fleet, save one man only there did none of them win safe over sea to the eastward.

Furthermore: Mongan in the very article of death had said to his mother: "I at a perfect year's end shall be alive in my grave; thou therefore [at that time] open the tomb." But his mother taking no heed of the bissextile was deceived: for that was a leap year. She came therefore, but not on the right day; yet in her son's body she still found heat, with a warm sweat that broke out upon him, blood also flowing from his nostrils the while he struggled to rise up (*si verum est*). His father lived for a year and a bit after this.

626. To return to Fiachna son of Deman: he having now been oftentimes overthrown by Baetan's son Fiachna enquired of many, and more especially questioned a young kinsman of his own that was in training with S. *Comhgall*, touching his being

by the other so continually brought low and put to confusion. Comhgall's disciple answered and said: "knowest thou on behalf of which one of you two Comhgall is the more instant in prayer: whether it be for his father's people that he plies his devotion, or for us that so heartily have taken him to us and embraced his doctrine?" "True it is," said the king, "nor shall the matter be for long left at rest with him."

He thereupon with a great company went straight to seek Comhgall and enquired of him, saying: "for which one of us, Cleric, doest thou the more zealously entreat the Lord?" "For both of you I pray," Comhgall answered: "for my father's tribe, and for the one that so zealously hath received my teaching." Then the king insisted: "but to which of us dost thou in thy prayer most chiefly devote the fervour of thy heart?" "To my father's tribe," said Comhgall. "Alas and alas for that, thou holy man, "cried the king: "many are they of the freemen of our race that thereby are slain and taken captive! and as for myself, I were better dead than suffering so frequent shame. Wherefore, if it so please you, to me and to my dishonoured tribe grant now some speedy relief, or we shall be found turned to enemies." Then said Comhgall: "desirest thou success in this world, or Heaven's kingdom on the farther side?" "I pray," the king replied, "that I may triumph over my enemies; and may see my own people seized of their wealth and of their spoils, while their people are my captives. Touching the king that heretofore so many a time hath conquered me: I pray that by me he may be slain, and that the story of their slaughter told out of the mouth of bards may in time to come be for melody at feasts."

Comhgall then, being saddened at this saying, caused them to summon to him Baetan's son Fiachna, to whom he spoke: "and what choice makest thou—whether still as of old to have the victory, with loss of Heaven on the farther side; or by Fiachna son of Deman to fall in battle, and for ever to dwell in the kingdom of Heaven?" Baetan's son Fiachna answered: "a short life here is my election, and to abide in the kingdom of Heaven everlastingly;" for which Comhgall presently returned thanks to God. Now a fool that Baetan's son Fiachna had, laid his ear to the wall of the house and listened to this discourse; who afterwards

besought Comhgall that at one and the same instant with his lord he too might die in the battle; and that as in this hither world he had ever been in his lord's close fellowship, even so in the kingdom of Heaven he still might be his companion. Comhgall made answer: "right so will God bring it to pass; and as in this life thou dost praise thy lord, so too in honour shalt thou sit and hearken to the sweet music of the dwellers in Heaven as they laud Mary's Son."

Whereupon, both Fiachnas with all their friends being on either side mustered for the fight, the Fiachna that hitherto had used to conquer was overthrown in the battle; whereas the Fiachna that always was worsted, he now it was that had the victory; whence it came about that Baetan's son Fiachna, king of Ulster, was slain by Fiachna son of Deman. Howbeit he, the latter, had no long life after: for he gathered a great gathering and led them into Ulster, where by his enemies' devices he too perished. We are indeed told that there used a man fairy to discourse with this Fiachna son of Deman (which fairy man in good sooth was but a demon) so that, his enemies now drawing near, Fiachna asked his familiar: "what is in store for yon army, and what for myself?" In answer to which the demon said: "of these two dirty clods before thy face, choose thee now upon which one thou wilt die: seeing that upon either this or that, according to thine own award, thou hast to fall." Whence the good old adage: 'even as Fiachna's familiar counselled him.' Thus was Fiachna son of Deman slain.

628. At the end of fourteen years Suibne Menn was killed by Fiachna's son Maelcoba, king of Ulster (*in margin*: note that by Scannlan's son Conghal he fell, and not by Maelcoba son of Fiachna).

After Suibne, Donall son of Aedh son of Ainmire held Ireland's royal power; whose history and doings appertain to the narration of the Battle of Magh Rath. 636. In the eighth year of Donall's reign it was that the Battle of Magh Rath was fought.

643. Then Maelcoba's two sons, Conall and Cellach, became kings of Ireland; after whom Diarmaid and Blathmac, Aedh of Slaine's two sons, had her. In their day Scannlan king of *Osraidhe* or 'Ossory' banished the entire tribe of the *corca Laighde* away out of the land of Ossory.

649. In those kings' time was killed *Raghallach mac Fuatach* king of Connacht, i.e. *in sexto anno*; which Raghallach's nature was this: he was self-willed and full of malice. For he had a brother's son that was a lad, and upon whom, hotly as he lusted to slay him, yet he never could lay hands; wherefore he schemed to make himself lean and miserable to view, nor used any sustenance other than sheeps' legs, saying the while that 'twas a sickness ailed him; and distemper full sore it was too that most truly did afflict him then: Envy to wit—Envy, greatest torment that in this hither world hath any place, seeing that one brother it brings to kill the other.

So Raghallach, through operation of envy and by abstinence from meat, grew leaner and poorer until death was at hand; then to his kinsman he sent a message that he should come and speak with him, for that he lay at death's door. But the nephew, as well knowing his elder's guile, when he was summoned went not at once; rather did he wait to gather to himself a strong company, and so entered into the house where Raghallach lay, his band also carrying their swords naked under their vesture and on all sides closely encompassing their lord.

As for Raghallach, he likewise being well provided with retainers nevertheless trusted not in them but in his own craft, pursuing which he said: "alack and alas! how evil is my plight, how pitiable, when mine own kinsman, and he whom I would have to be king after me and do above all men love, will not adventure him to approach me but with a troop to guard him. Yet even so I offer thanks to God for that thou, being as thou art of my race, in age and vigour art sufficient to reign in my stead. But how grievous a thing in thee it is that thou bringest a company to keep thee against me that now lie at the point of death, my flesh and my body all dwined and pined away!" When then the young kinsman heard those words his heart yearned greatly to his elder, and he shed copious showers of tears.

With a lesser number he came to visit him on the morrow; on the third day he appeared all alone, and now it was that Raghallach's people leaping out upon him slew him. Raghallach rose forthwith, as though he had been whole and sound; far from which however, that was the very season at which he who

but even now had slain his brother was altogether un-sound. Howbeit, in all joviality and lightness of heart he fell to carouse.

Next, Raghallach's wife Mairenn questioned her magician as being one that had foreknowledge of the future, saying: "how stands this great prosperity which Raghallach, his foes all fallen by his hand, now enjoys with savour of contentment so surpassing?" and that which moved her query was a boding she had that by some enemy Raghallach indeed must perish; but who that enemy should be, she could not tell. The seer answered and said: "a king that hath slaughtered all his own brethren—by his own issue shall the downfall of such an one be wrought, though as yet he have no inkling of the like. Also for thyself—thy luck will soon have an end, and by thine own womb's fruit thou shalt be undone." [All which being told him] Raghallach enjoined upon her that privily and at its very birth she should kill whatsoever she might bear: to the end that the thing prophesied should not (their own offspring being the instrument) come upon them.

It was no long time after when Mairenn had a daughter, whom she bade her swineherd take away and kill. The swineherd for his part looking upon the tiny babe's face, his heart went forth to her; whereby, putting her again into the same pouch and carrying her to the house-door of a certain pious woman that was his neighbour, there he left her hanging upon a cross hard by the church. At early morn the devout widow came forth and, finding the pouch on an arm of the cross, peeped to see what might be in it. When she beheld the wee baby maid she loved her forthwith, and took her to her, and in the ordinances of the Church nurtured her until in all Ireland there was not aught that was fairer than she. Raghallach heard her fame, and sent messengers to the maid's nurse requiring the maid of her; but she gave her not, and out of the sacred precinct in which she was men brought her to the king forcibly. He when he saw her loved her vehemently, not knowing his own daughter; whereat Mairenn in her jealousy swimming over Shannon fled to *ailech Mairinne* to seek out *Diarmaid ruanaidh*, king of Ireland. From which Mairenn in truth this Ailech has its name.

This strange thing, being bruited throughout all Ireland, anon became matter of indignation to the saints of Ireland. *Féichín*

of Fore, many other saints also coming with him, betook himself to Raghallach to rebuke him; who all perforce departed again, the king neither hearkening to them nor believing them. So they fasted upon him: his love towards her being such that when her chariot went before she must needs turn her face backwards upon him; whereas he, if his chariot led, would set his face to her. It is even thought that in Ireland none ever had done the like.

643. The saints prayed that before Beltane, and at the hands of mean folk, he by weapons of dishonour should perish in a foul pit. All which was fulfilled: for Beltane being now at hand, a wounded stag rushed upon Raghallach in the island where he watched. He seeing the deer approach took his spear, and with a thrust pierced him from the one side to the other; yet by swimming he escaped, and Raghallach getting into a boat pursued the deer, which from the loch went a great way and until he came upon certain churls that cut turf. These killed the stag and divided him. The king then coming up loudly threatened them by reason that they had broken up the deer, commanding them to yield him the venison. But among them the churls decreed to slay Raghallach the king before they would upon compulsion give up the flesh; and this their design they verily executed with the turf-spades that were in their hands, dealing him strokes on the head that left him lifeless, according to precise promise of the saints. In this matter it was that Mairenn, whom he had had to wife and who also had nurtured Dermot [*ruanaidh*, to whom she was now fled], uttered these words:—

"The entire land of the *úi Briuin* was . . ."

649. By the same Dermot, in the seventh year of his reign, a gathering was made against Guaire of Aidhne: in requital of a lampoon pronounced upon him [Dermot] by an old dame, *Sinech cró* by name, after the lifting of her cows by Guaire. Thus she indited against Dermot, seeking to breed quarrel betwixt him and Guaire of Aidhne:—

"O Dermot, thou laggard in help . . ."

Which plaint of hers was not fruitless: for Dermot *ruanaidh* with a hosting came to Shannon, Guaire of Aidhne also having [on his, the western, bank] a great muster made to meet him.

Guaire now sent *Cuimín fada* (that was Fiachna's son, and coarb of S. Brendan) desiring of the king a four-and-twenty hours' truce before he should cross over Shannon westward. Where Dermot met Cuimin was on a raft, midstream of Shannon, and there Cuimin disclosed his errand. Cheerily and kindly Dermot answered: "'tis but a little thing thou askest; and were the boon a greater one, in truth it should be thine." "If that be so," said Cuimin, "then get thee back to the same bank whence thou art come." Dermot answered: "head of Ireland's piety as thou art, I pledge my word that until either peace be granted me or war I may not give back [a step]." "Come on then to this hither bank," said Cuimin. "I swear to Heaven," cried Dermot, "that for the space of the truce thou askest I never would have transgressed thy behest, hadst thou but met me farther to the eastward."

So these two: the cleric and the king, were there until morning, when Cuimin said to Dermot: "in marking as I do the fewness and the sorry figure of this thine army, O king, I am astounded at thy triumphs in foray and in fray. For great as in the eyes of some thy force may be, nevertheless are they that be arrayed against thee more in numbers by far and, since at all points they are the more excellently well equipped, make the more gallant show." "Cleric," answered Dermot, "knowest thou not that neither by numbers nor yet by outward semblance, but conformably with God's will, a battle is gained? and whereas thou sayest that our host is but mean to view, 'tis not fair forms but hardy hearts that win the fight. Which of a truth holds good not in respect of men alone, but of other animals as well: for though a wolf be but one, yet will he with slaughter drive before him a flock of many sheep, and not merely that: but will put to flight and plentifully destroy droves of the greater cattle; the hawk too, and the falcon, pursue after other fowls greater and more beautiful than they." "Wherefore, O king," enquired Cuimin, "saidst thou that conformably with God's will the battle is gained?" "How now, Cleric," the king rejoined: "is it not so, that one with Truth on his side prevails against the man of falsehood? yea, consider how that Christ as ye tell us, he being but alone as against the Devil and the Jews, did nevertheless and in despite of all prevail, seeing that with him was Truth.

The host that I have by me I therefore deem to be sufficient against them of Connacht: for these are they that put their trust in a cause which is false."

Then Guaire with the men of Connacht meeting Dermot *ruanaidh* and his army, between them a hard and sore and wrathful battle was fought. There was wrought there a slaughter of Connacht, and a slaughter of them of Munster with the two Cuans, their leaders, that were joined with the Connacht host. Through the word of S. *Cáimín* of *inis Cealtra*, or 'Innishcaltra' in loch Derg, it was that this battle went against Guaire; the Saint having for the space of the canonical hours thrice told fasted upon him, and in this cause said: "if it be but right in the sight of God, the man that is stubborn to stand out against me, against his enemies let him not stand fast." At which time moreover an Angel communed with Caeimin, saying:—

"In the battle which in Innishcaltra the lowly one shall fight against the powerful, it is the weakling that shall prove strong, and the strong that shall be brought to order."

Hence before the battle Guaire had sought Caeimin, and with genuflexion had offered to do all his will; but the Saint had said: "now is it no longer mine to hinder thy foes that they should not triumph over thee; yet [so much I may procure: that] this once done they in turn shall submit to thee." At which point Caeimin uttered:—

"When edge shall meet edge, and point encounter point, then the humble cleric to whom thou hast been stiffnecked will be to thee a cause of penitence, O Guaire! the Son of God hath ordained that in an hour's vicissitude Guaire's heart shall be subject to the stronger, and these again to Guaire."

His people then being destroyed, Guaire fled away out of the battle and all alone came to a little monastery in which was a pious woman; and she began to question him as to who he might be. The king gave himself out for a man of trust appertaining to Guaire, and: "woe is me," she cried, "for the king that in all Ireland hath the pre-eminence in generosity of alms, who after red havoc made of his people is now a fugitive before his enemies!" For water to pour over the feet of the guest that was come to her the woman repaired to the burn at hand, and in the water spied a great salmon, but by no means could kill him; whereat Guaire came out and (he having speedily broken the

salmon's jowl) brought him in and made him ready, thanking God for the single salmon which this night was the portion of one who many a night before had had ten beeves at his discretion; then he indited:—

"For that which to-night is procured for my refection I return thanks to God—yea, for a single salmon—I, even I, that by beneficence of Mary's Son have [many] another night possessed ten kine."

After the rout Dermot harried Connacht; to the hag that had satirized him—to Sinech Cro—he gave satisfaction for her cows, and incontinently then she sang thus:—

"For every chieftain's son that is faint-hearted, a counsel here I have to give: round about the *brugh* let him walk right-handed, and my warrior's remnants shall be his. Not on steers' necks nor on cows' is my warrior's blade made dull: upon kings it is that the sword in Dermot's hand this day hath cast derision. Beneath Aidhne's trees Guaire the king, Colman's son, hath been fain to sit and rest: beyond all expression his discomfiture by terror of my warrior was. Since blood in showered drops hath all bespattered Dermot's shirt of dusky red, armature of a man that can 'turn back the battle' is not befitting without motley colours. Since blood in showered drops hath all bespattered chest of Dermot's horse, then water in which Grib (*nomen equi regis*) is washed may not be drunk at the Sacrifice. When from either side in turn the slender shafts are hurled, count on it that a bloody mantle will [first] wrap the one that comes from Dermot's hand. When in the prelude to the mêlée the lesser javelins fly, the pair on which they first impinge are Dermot's horse and his own self."

Guaire and Connacht now debated whether they should still shew fight, or rather give Dermot hostages; Guaire also to yield him 'submission at the spear's point.' Which latter being their determination, he came before Dermot; and there, in Guaire's presence, the hag recited her verses aforesaid.

So to Dermot Guaire made submission at the sword's point, the manner of which submission is this: the sword's point, or the spear's, is put between the teeth and in the mouth of him that makes the submission, he the while lying on the ground supine. When then he was so laid, Dermot said: "now will we seek to learn whether it be for God's sake, or for vain-glory of popularity, that Guaire practises his notorious almsgiving." He bade both a jester and a poor leper of his people ask somewhat of Guaire, and: "O Guaire, an alms!" cried the jester; but he heeded him not. "Give me an alms," quoth the beggar; and to him he gave his bodkin of gold, for other wealth he had none.

The leper departs from him; but a man of Dermot's train follows him, and having deprived him of the bodkin hands it to Dermot. The beggar returns to Guaire and makes his plaint, telling how the bodkin was taken from him. At his tale Guaire's heart yearned with pity, and he gave him his gold-adorned belt, so he went away again the second time. Still a man of Dermot's people followed him, took from him the girdle, and gave the same to Dermot. A third time the beggar came to Guaire supine, with the point of Dermot's sword between his teeth; and at sight of the wretch's tribulation great tears rolled down the king's cheeks. Dermot asking: "weepest thou for grief that there thou liest, conquered by me?" Guaire made answer: "I pledge my word that not for that, but for yonder beggar's sake I weep." Then said Dermot: "rise! neither shalt thou be in subjection under me, seeing thou art vassal to a King that is worthier than I: to the King, I say, of Heaven and of Earth; I will not use dominion over thee. This only: spoil me no more my mother's people." In such wise then Dermot and Guaire made peace, and the former said: "come thou to the great gathering of *Taillte* in order that, all Ireland being witnesses, I yield thee up my sovereignty." And thus it was that Caeimin's word was fulfilled.

In due time Guaire went to the great gathering of Taillte, and with him a great sack of silver to make distribution to the men of Ireland; but upon these Dermot had enjoined that nor high nor low of them should in the Assembly dare to ask aught of Guaire. Then in the convention Guaire sat beside Dermot, and in companionship of the very king of Ireland. In this fashion two days passed; on the third, Guaire said to the king: "let a bishop be fetched; I would make confession and have unction!" "How is this?" asked Dermot. Guaire answered: "for my death that is at hand;" and on being further questioned how he knew it so to be, he went on: "that is soon told—it is because, all Ireland being gathered together in one place, as yet not a poor wretch of them hath begged an alms of me!" "Henceforth shall no prohibition be laid on any that he should not ask of thee," said Dermot, "and here I bestow on thee a sack of silver to dispense." "Not so," was the answer, "but of silver I myself have sufficient store."

This said, he rose and stood: with either hand making distribution to all and several ; and they do say that, with the dint of stretching forth to reach the poor, one of his arms was from that hour half as long again as its fellow. Then Dermot laid his head in Guaire's bosom, and with one accord the men of Ireland from that day forth accepted and followed Guaire's counsel. Howbeit, Connacht [in the end] esteeming his generosity to be excessive, and grudging his lavish gifts outside the borders of the land, they were instant upon Caeimin of Innishcaltra that in respect of this largesse he would curb him. "Restrain him I will not," said the Saint: "nevertheless I pray the Lord that of his seed shall come one to rake in from the extern men of Ireland all so much as he shall have dispersed among them." This too was fulfilled: for from the men of Ireland Lonan's son [Flann the poet] won back in payment of his art a store no less than Guaire had squandered abroad.

The same Guaire it was that with Cuimin Fada and Caeimin chanced one day to be in the church in Innishcaltra: a great church which in Columbkill's honour had been built by Caeimin. Then Cuimin asked Guaire of what he would choose to have the church full, and to have it his. "Soon said," the king answered: "I would have it full up of silver and of gold ; yet not to hoard, but for my soul's weal to distribute to the poor and lowly of the Lord." Guaire in turn asked Cuimin what he would choose to have there in profusion, and: "I would," he answered, "that I had great store of books ; the which being resorted to by students, these then should preach to all mankind." "Tell us, Caeimin," said the two, "what that is of which thou wouldst wish great plenty." "Soon said: I would that in my body were implanted the whole measure that it might contain of sickness and of sore disease, and in a degree such that no single bone of me should cleave to another to be laid together in the earth."

All which also God brought to pass: for on Guaire he bestowed worldly wealth in great abundance ; and Cuimin became a sage in wisdom, a mighty preacher. He nevertheless had no great luck with his preaching after *Mochúda* of Lismore cursed him for holding forth (and that in Mochuda's own presence) to his familia as they worked in the field ; thereby causing them to forsake Mochuda, who was moved to say: "for all Cuimin's

great labour in preaching, may the whole sum of that which by his discoursing he shall win back from the world not exceed one hornless dun cow in a byre." As touching Caeimin, him the 'fire-swelling' took; and of all his bones no one held to its fellow as they went under ground.

Enna, son of *ú Laigse* and coarb of Kieran, him Guaire had for spiritual director. Now in his garden a certain widow's son was taken by Guaire of Aidhne, and she coming before Enna complained of this hardship. "Naught else have I for thee," he said, "but to bid thee recite him this quatrain." The old woman went straight to Guaire, and sang the quatrain at him, thus:—

"Considerest thou, Guaire, the turning livid that follows the first mere growing pale? be certified of this: that all alone and without a fellow thou shalt yet dwell under mould of *cill mic Duach* . . ."

She went on: "my petition then is that my young and only son be restored to me"; and Guaire answered: "thou shalt have him, but Enna shall be paid out for this." And it was verified: for a certain churl of the familia of Clonmacnoise chasing Enna's horse out of his field killed him, and Enna, after having said churl seized, in satisfaction of the horse laid on him a fine of one hundred cows; whereupon the common fellow for comfort repairing to Guaire, the king said: "to Enna recite this quatrain." The churl departed to Enna, and delivered the quatrain:—

"Great falsehood [i.e. an iniquitous award] it was for *mac ú Laigse* that a single head [i.e. one animal] should be made to represent an hundred kine; that the much should pass in payment for the little . . ."

"Verily," Enna said, "it is an iniquity, and I will ask of thee but one cow." Now this kind of thing often passed between Guaire and him.

665. In the tenth year of Guaire's reign died these kings: Blathmac and Dermot. Thus it was that Blathmac perished: by the yellow plague, in *caladh truim* or 'Galtrim' of the *Buaighne*; where also Dermot died of the same, and he standing erect, extended against a cross; as he looked upon the men of Leinster that drew near to slay him, then it was that the soul departed out of him.

671. After this, Blathmac's son Sechnasach ruled over Ireland; whom *Dubhdúin* of the Cairbres slew in treason.

675. Him Cennfaela son of Blathmac's son Crunnmael fol-

lowed, for four years; and by Finnachta, son of *Dúnchadh* son of Aedh of Slaine, he fell in battle, at *Aircheltra.*

Finnachta *fledhach* or 'the festive,' son of Dunchadh, reigned next, for the space of twenty years: at the end of which, in *grellach Dolluid* he was slain by Conghalach and Dluthach's son Aedh.

And in respect of this world's goods this same Finnachta at the first was endowed but poorly: he possessing but wife and house and, saving one ox and a cow only, no stock at all. Near to his bothie then the king of *fir Rois* or 'the men of Ross' (who had lost his way) one night wandered up and down; and for storm, for darkness and for snow, no night that ever preceded it had been worse than this: so that for the magnitude of tempest and of gloom obstructing them, they might by no means reach the dwelling to which the king with his wife and people would have gone. Therefore they even deliberated to rest under some tree.

This debate Finnachta (whose bothie as aforesaid was at no great distance) overheard and, when he had sought them out, he said it were fitting that they had recourse to his own poor man's shelter rather than travel throughout the murky night, the weather also being so foul. The king and people answered: "thy words are just, and right glad we are to hear them spoken." So they accompanied him to his house, the size of which certainly was in excess of its gear, and there Finnachta dealt his ox one blow in the head, his cow another. These the king's own party with spit and cauldron most speedily and lustily prepared; which done, they ate of them until they were filled and so slept on to morning's dawn.

At daybreak the king said to his wife: "knowest thou not that, poor as this house hath ever been, it is poorer yet now that for us its only cow is slaughtered?" "That," answered the wife, "is true indeed, and I deem it but equitable that by me it should be made rich; whatsoever therefore thou shalt give to the man, upon the woman I will bestow an equal value." "Thou say'st well," quoth the chief of the men of Ross.

So to Finnachta he gave a very great herd of cattle, many swine too and many sheep, with their herdsmen and with their shepherds. To Finnachta's spouse the chief's wife in like wise granted the same of kine, of swine and of sheep; over and above

which they gave them excellent raiment, noble horses, brave mares, with all else of which in the way of worldly pelf they might stand in need.

It was no long time after when Finnachta with a great company of horsemen, he being bidden by a sister of his that had preparation made for him, set out towards her house; and upon whom should they light as they came riding on their way, but on Adamnan: that was then a little scholar and, with a vessel of milk upon his back, chanced to pursue the same path as they. In his haste to get out of the way before the horsemen he struck his foot against a stone and stumbled, whereby he let the vessel fall from his back and so made shivers and shives of it. Nevertheless, swiftly though the horses travelled, Adamnan's speed was no less than theirs, as dolefully and in sorrow he carried along the fragments of his pitcher.

Finnachta marking him laughed aloud, and said: "I will make a cheerful boy of thee again, for in all perplexity and strait I am right helpful; and of me, my young learner, thou shalt have protection." In this fashion he bade Adamnan cast off his gloom; but the lad answered him: "good cause I have for the same, fair sir; seeing there be three worthy students of theology that dwell in one house, to whom are servitors myself and two others: whose use and wont it is that one servitor of us (each in his turn) must go abroad seeking provision for the other five. That which I had acquired is now spilled upon the ground; but most of all I grieve for the borrowed pitcher broken, because I own nothing with which to make restitution." Finnachta said: "I will make restitution for the pitcher; do thou but bring to the house whither we are bound the three students together with the other two servitors that by thy fault to-night are foodless, and there they shall have meat and drink." So it was done; Adamnan fetched the young clerks, and a banqueting house was made ready: one half being appointed for the clergy, and for the laity another.

Then he that was Adamnan's instructor, being filled with influence of the Holy Ghost and of the spirit of prophecy, uttered thus: "the man for whom to-night this feast is made shall be supreme king of Ireland, and Adamnan head of Ireland's piety and wisdom. He shall moreover be soul-friend to

Finnachta who, until he shall offend Adamnan, will greatly flourish."

Shortly after this, Finnachta having with him his fast friend the king of *fir Rois* went to his father's brother, to Cennfaela, beseeching him that he might be set over a territory. Cennfaela then having assigned him the high stewardship of Meath from Shannon to the sea, for a season Finnachta continued so; but it came to pass that, as one day he devised with this his fast friend the king of *fir Rois*, he asked him what he should do: for that in his own eyes his hitherto condition was now no longer a sufficient one. Then did that chief give him stern and daring counsel, saying: "is it not so that *slighe Asail* evenly parts Meath in two? thou therefore so handle the one half of Meath that it shall cleave to thee and be addicted to thy cause; then, a place of meeting being appointed with the other half, slay their chief men and buttresses of battle: so shalt thou win not alone the sovereignty of Meath but, if it so please thee, the royal power of Tara herself may verily be thine."

This design was wrought out by Finnachta and he provoked to battle Cennfaela, his father's brother; whose wife when she heard of it fell to rebuking of her husband for the stewardship that he had conferred upon Finnachta, and the woman pronounced this quatrain:—

"The western country's fighting men are rallied around Finnachta; Cennfaela is shorn of his royal dignity, how greatly is this of his own doing!"

675. Between Finnachta and Cennfaela now was fought a tough battle, wherein this latter was slain and with him a great multitude. Then Finnachta had Ireland's monarchy for the space of twenty years.

The same Finnachta it was that to Molling remitted the Boromean Tribute, which before his time had been levied by forty kings in succession, viz. from *Tuathal techtmhar* to Finnachta himself. For at the last came Molling, deputed by all Leinster to entreat a day's and a night's remission of the Boramha; which Finnachta took to signify one day and one night, whereas this was by no means Molling's mind: he thereby implying duration of eternity. This respite in any case Finnachta granted, and Molling coming out to go his way said: "thou hast remitted it for ever and for ever." Then Finnachta, understand-

ing that Molling had ensnared him, called on his people: "make all speed, pursue the Saint, and tell him that for the space of one day and one night only I have conceded the relief. For the holy man I verily doubt hath cozened me: seeing that in day and night all eternity is comprehended." Molling for his part, so soon as he was aware of men that followed him, swiftly and with despatch ran till he gained his own house, the king's people never so much as drawing up to him.

There are those that hold Molling to have approached the king with a poem; which indeed is true, and here you have the duan:—

"Finnachta above the race of Niall . . ."

Thus it was that to Molling Finnachta remitted the Boramha nor, sorely as he repented him, could he ever again lift Leinster's tribute.

Others again aver that in lieu of a promise that he should go to Heaven Finnachta forgave the tribute, *et hoc verius est.* For immediately after Molling's visit Adamnan sought out Finnachta, to whom he sent in a cleric of his familia, bidding him come out and confer. Finnachta at the moment busied himself with a game of chess* . . . . . .

695. Then Finnachta bowed his head and laid it in Adamnan's bosom and before him made act of penance, so that of that which in reward of the Boramha's remission Molling had promised him —the Kingdom of Heaven—Adamnan deprived him not; but Finnachta and his son Bresal being in their tent, his kinsmen Aedh son of Dluthach and Conghalach entered in unperceived at night and killed Finnachta with his son, and struck off their heads upon a hurdle.

697. After Finnachta, and for eight years, Loingsech son of Angus held Ireland's kingly power. Molling's death was in the first year that Loingsech was king, and in the same year Adamnan's Law was imposed on Ireland.

699. In the fourth year of which reign were seen in the heavens three shields that clashed each against the other, as it had been three waves of ocean that encountered: a white shield there was,

* This episode, verses included, being given in terms almost identical with those of the preceding piece (*ante*, pp. 422, l. 3—423, l. 10), it is not translated here.

a shield with the colour of fire, and a shield having hue of blood. Hence men presaged the evils that afterwards came to pass: for the cattle, saving a few, perished throughout all Ireland ; nor in Ireland alone, but in the whole of Europe.

700. Furthermore: in the next year, in the fifth of Loingsech's reign, the greater part of the men of Ireland died because of a famine so dire that men devoured that which may not be so much as mentioned [i.e. there was cannibalism].

702. In Loingsech's seventh year [*leg.* sixth, i.e. 701] was a falling out between Conaing's son Irghalach and Adamnan, whom Irghalach had outraged in that he slew Niall his kinsman who had taken sanctuary with the Saint. Then Adamnan, to the end Irghalach's life should be cut short, took to fasting through the night: sleepless, and plunged in some cold stream. Irghalach on his side used to question Adamnan, asking: "and what wilt thou do to-night, Cleric?" to which this latter, as being loath to utter a falsehood, would reply that all sleepless and immersed in cold water he would fast till morning. Then would Irghalach do these same things: for the purpose, that is to say, of shielding himself from Adamnan's curse. Yet for all that the Saint still trapped him in the end ; for he enjoined a cleric of his familia: "at eventide be thou here in my semblance, and with raiment of mine about thee ; should Irghalach then come to enquire what thou doest to-night, tell him that thou wilt both feast and sleep, and so procure him to do the same." For Adamnan could more easily endure that a man of his familia, and not he himself, should tell a lie.

Irghalach in due course came and found the cleric, of whom, deeming it had been Adamnan, he enquired: "cleric, what doest thou to-night?" "I banquet and I sleep," he answered ; wherefore that night Irghalach also both feasted and slept. But Adamnan kept fast and vigil, and until dawn tarried in the river.

Him therefore Irghalach in his sleep saw stand up to his neck in the water ; at the which he, starting vehemently out of his sleep, told the thing to his wife. Now the woman, as being with child and fearing lest her offspring through some imprecation of Adamnan's should perish, was lowly and humble to the Lord and to him, oftentimes beseeching him that he would not curse her child. When then very early on the morrow Irghalach was risen,

he went abroad and met Adamnan, who said: "O son of accursedness, O man most audacious and most evil that ever God created! know that 'tis but a little while until the kingdom shall be severed from thee, and thou thyself shalt go to Hell." Which when Irghalach's wife heard she came to Adamnan and, grovelling under his feet, cried: "curse me not the child that I carry!" He answered then: "that which thou bearest with thee shall indeed be king; but by operation of the malediction laid upon his father, one of his eyes is even now bursten." And so it fell out: for a boy was born forthwith, whom also they found to want one eye.

702. In the next year (that being the seventh of Loingsech's reign) this Irghalach was slain, after having in the night before he was killed himself seen the manner of his death. On the morrow of this vision therefore Irghalach came forth and, standing upon a high rock, heard a loud voice cry: "spread yourselves over the country round about, and burn, and scorch and harry it!" Then he saw great bands and companies that spoiled the land; and he came and stood abreast of *innis mac Nesain* or 'Ireland's Eye,' where at that selfsame hour a British fleet was by a great tempest constrained to refuge. Of which Britons a certain warrior likewise had in the past night had a dream: as it were a herd of wild boars that grunted about him, and the largest boar he had killed with a javelin-stroke. A presage verified exactly: for that boar signified Irghalach, and the rest of the herd his retinue of sinners; and with a single javelin-cast Irghalach there and then was destroyed by that warrior.

703. In the aforesaid Loingsech's eighth year it was that a great hosting was made by him, to prey and waste Connacht; and his bards satirized Cellach, son of Raghallach and king of Connacht, saying it was not befitting that in front of Ireland's monarch such palsied old king should lift him up in emulation, and that (should he persist) he it was that would be put to flight.

Howbeit not this by any means, but the contrary, was that which came to pass. For at sight of his country pillaged and laid waste, Cellach king of Connacht called to him both *Dúnchadhs* (him of Murrisk and the other) whom beforehand he had decreed to reign after him in Connacht. For himself, after bathing of his body, together with oil and many diverse herbs applied

to his arms, on his right hand he took one of the aforesaid Dunchadhs, another on his left, and all around him marshalled Connacht for the battle. Vigorously he sprang far forth out of his chariot, making all and several to hear the rattling of the grand old man's bones as he leaped; then towards the enemy's battalions he rushed exultant, crying aloud: "look to it, men of Connacht, that your freemen's honour ye defend now and maintain! for neither is the race that here stands against you nobler than yourselves, or of courage higher than yours, nor up to this very day have they wrought deeds greater than ye have done." Thus he spoke: with quavering voice indeed, but with a flashing eye.

To all which Connacht gave heed so that in the event, before them that had but this shaky old king to lead them against the monarch, the enemy broke and fled. There Loingsech king of Ireland was slain (and of his people a red slaughter made) together with his two sons, with Colgu's sons both, and *Dubh díbherg* son of *Dúnghal*, with Eochaidh of the *Lemhan*, *Ferghar* of *Forbraith*, and Conall of Gowra. On the fourth of the Ides of July [at the sixth hour of Saturday] this battle came off: the battle of Corann; and it was occasioned by these quatrains which Conall Menn indited:—

"One night I was in Corann—cold I was, and fearful too . . ."

After this event, and with leaving of the two Dunchadhs to rule over Connacht, Cellach retired from the World and became a penitent of the Church. †705. Two years later he died.

704. Next in order, and for one year, *Fuagartach* son of Niall had Ireland's sovereignty: a second turn of it, that is to say. He made a hosting into Leinster, but they gave him battle: the battle of *Claentrá*, in which upon S. Martin's Eve there was red havoc of his people with Dermot *ruanaidh's* son *Bodhbchadh*.

In this year it was that from Adamnan all Ireland adopted one discipline and one rule: for in Ireland hitherto there had been one party which, as touching celebration of Easter on the April moon's fourteenth, and the 'tonsure of Simon Magus,' held with Columbkill; another set following Patrick in keeping of Easter on the fourteenth of April when that day chanced to be a Sunday, while yet a third faction took a middle course between the other two. Whereby all Ireland being for now a length of

time kept in turmoil, God of his vengeance sent on them much tribulation ; even till such time as Adamnan, who (because in Canterbury's ancient Abbey he had received the Roman rule) was expelled from the abbotship of Iona, came among them: he at the first having been a follower of Columbkill. Bede it is that in the *Historia Bedæ* tells this ; and in this same year Adamnan himself died [on the ninth of the kalends of December].

705. Then Conghal of Kinnaweer, son of Fergus of Fanait, and grandson of Aedh mac Ainmirech's son Donall, assumed Ireland's royal power.

707. In his second year he made a hosting into Connacht, which he plundered and burnt as far as the plain of Murrisk. In his third year also he had a great army gathered, in order to the utter uprooting of Leinster. By him the general muster of the North, I say, was marched and so they came into *úi Faeláin.* Now he that at the time actually was king of Leinster was Faelan and, so soon as he heard that Conghal pitched camp in his country, he was resolved that in order to have peace of him envoys must be sent, with great store of precious gifts for presentation. But when it was told to Conghal that the king of Leinster's messengers were on their way, as regards himself, his brother and his army, he used fraud: for it is the wont of kings (who care nothing to conquer by main strength rather than by subtlety) that for their enemy's overthrow they frame wiles and colourable deceits, notwithstanding that their force be of itself sufficient to crush the foe. Just so did Conghal now lay a plot: bidding the chiefs of his army quit the camp till sunrise hour on the morrow, and by no means to be present when the king of Leinster's messengers should come in. Certain fellows of mean estate also he caused to take those others' place and to serve him for companions ; sundry of despicable and ragged mien being dispersed through all the camp, and himself arrayed in tatters. Then to meet the messengers he sent his own horseboy, with this command: "use all thy diligence to vilipend me, speaking of me with contumely and affirming that I am naught ; so perchance shall they of Leinster despise us and take us to be of none account" ; whereat the horseboy went his way and did Conghal's behest.

When at last Conghal heard that the envoys drew near, he

took about him a beggarly suit and (as though they had been his gentles) sat among the rabble. In addition, there was brought to him a young pullet with her leg broken, and he fell most intently to splicing of the pullet's leg. Upon marking the king's coarse surroundings and the host's garb in general, among themselves the messengers said: "of this king and of his army we make no account; and as for our precious things and presents, these it were altogether unbecoming that we gave to him." After conference with Conghal they were conveyed into a dirty house, where for all meat a pig with her bristles on was allotted them; so next day they set out on their return to Leinster and to Faelan [their king], to whom they told their tale: shewing him that Conghal and his army were naught, that he in very truth was no king at all, and that to such an one neither hostages nor the mastery should be ceded.

As for Conghal, the messengers being gone he gathered to him his chiefs and, after deliberation had, they decreed to execute his design, which was: to harry Leinster, to kindle, conflagrate, and kill. This they did accordingly: with burning up of Leinster's whole plain, with red havoc of its people, nor did their king once shew himself to check them; which was for two reasons: for his messengers' report, and for the defeat which at Martinmas last past he had inflicted on Fuagartach [so that now he rested on his laurels]. In the long run however, to the burnings which he witnessed with his own eyes he gave credence rather than to all his ambassadors' discourses.

With fire and otherwise Conghal for half a year's space distressed Leinster, yet Faelan never offered him battle; hence Conghal, greatly blaming him, indited:—

"What ails the king, that out of his country he has not driven stranger horses? Faelan has Leinster's Liffey all full of foemen's horses in their troops."

And again:—

"O Liffey, bid me farewell! to satiety now I have tarried in thine embrace . . ."

Of Leinster at this time there was a certain warrior, fierce, stout of heart, whose name was *Cuan fithise* or 'Cuan the Doubler,' and who daily on his own occasion used to kill a number of Conghal's people, while others again he hurt; yet by

his horse's speed continually returned [whence the nickname] sound and whole from them of the North nor, many as were the good horses started after him, had any ever overtaken him.

One day Conghal came to reason with Cuan (a glen being between them), and said: "what makes thee thus to harry my people?" whom Cuan answered: "that in very deed is a question beyond all conscience, for well thou knowest how cruel and how sore is thy dealing with the heritage of my fathers, and that therefore it is that I vex thee; yet again: were but others as I am to thee, the profit of thy raid into Leinster were scant indeed." "Most true," Conghal assented, "neither is it arrogance in thee to say so much: for as thy words are, so also are thy deeds. And now what hinders us, thee and me, that we should not join in friendship—friendship that to thy fathers' land would bear good fruit? the price however of which friendship needs must be that for twice his value thou sell me that horse." "King, say it not!" answered Cuan: "my word I stake that for lucre, and to Leinster's torment, never shall this horse pass under a northern man and I alive!" Conghal pursued: "on thy conscience then I charge thee, Cuan, and tell me how is that horse bred, whence has he that wondrous turn of speed?" "A mare that I have in my own town," answered Cuan, "and one that truly is by no means of the best—she bore him; and on my lands he was nurtured and brought to perfect strength."

With this they parted; and the king summoned his own good horsemen, to whom he said: "to-day follow Cuan to his fort's very gate; for when his horse shall reach his pasture and the horses that were reared with him, but little labour it will be for you to catch him with his rider." Conghal's horsemen did as they were charged, following Cuan till they reached the spot where his horse had been foaled and daily was wont to graze: up to which point no horse exceeded him in speed. Great was the din and earthquake made by the horses of the North as they pursued; long time after their tracks endured in the soil and on the rocks with the fury of the riding, and the air behind them was all aglow with sparks.

There then Cuan the Doubler was taken; nor did they shew him manly courtesy of fair fight, but all set on him and slew him, hewing him in pieces and cutting off his head. Over him they

raised the cry of victory and in triumph returned to king Conghal's camp, bringing Cuan's spoils, his head also and his horse; and the whole host shouted aloud to see the head, *unde Conghal cecinit*:—

"Young men of melody these young men are: after the wasting of Moyliffey, sweet the sound of their loud rejoicings over Cuan the Doubler's head!"

To return to Leinster: both lay and cleric they came together in one place and, for the spoiling of their land, for Cuan's death, their spirit was faint; which caused them to say then that, Conghal's own stern courage and his army's numbers being such, it was no light task for them to give him battle. To the man of fight therefore that should slay Conghal, they promised that for all time the kings of Leinster should concede his children's freedom and that of all his race, the boon to be coupled with Heaven conferred by the Clergy.

Forthwith, for sake of Heaven from the Clergy and of his whole kindred's freedom granted by the kings, such an one of the men of Leinster took on himself to enter into Conghal's camp and to kill him. The manner of his going was with two great spears in his hand, as though he had been for selling them; and when he had reached the enemy's rearguard a man of them said to him: "carest thou to sell a spear of them?" "Aye do I," the other answered: "and according to the rate at which the king himself shall appraise them both." Then past the sentries at the gate, and through the companies, they made their way to where the king was; and there the fighting man, with one of the spears delivering a home-thrust at the king, smote him in the breast. All to no purpose though: for the king's prevision had been such that he was equipped with a tough slab of yew having a width equal with his chest, and underlying his silken surcoat as far as his chin. In his onset the Leinster warrior had cried: "price me this spear, O king!" to which, after the push received, Conghal answered: "nay, but see thou whether it be better than the plate which is betwixt me and it!"

They that stood behind the king to guard him rose now and would have slain the man; but the king charged them: "sit ye down, neither kill him at all!" then he questioned the stranger: "in guerdon of thy coming to destroy me, what have Leinster

promised thee?" and he made answer: "their Clergy have promised me Heaven ; their king, my posterity's freedom to the end of time." "Thou shalt be my retainer," the king rejoined, "and never a whit the less for that shall Leinster make good those their covenanted gifts."

Where the king at the instant chanced to be was at the foot of an oak: great snow lying too, and the tree just then laden with ripe mast. The man of Leinster accordingly standing there [to keep the king], because of the confidential post bestowed on him envy possessed some of the fighting folk, and one of Conghal's men said: "it were well to prove yon favoured henchman of the king's—this acorn therefore I will project at the king's head for, should it pass the guard and hit the king, right so would shaft or stone as well have reached him." With that, at Conghal's head he aimed the acorn ; but the Leinster guard, parrying with his sword, cut the acorn in two and [with the same sweep] gave him that threw it a stroke in the head that killed him.

Finally, with victory and with booty the king returned to his own house ; he having also in satisfaction of his grandfather [slain by them] taken vengeance of Leinster.

† 706. At the end of seven years after which, Conghal died of plague.

Finis.

Improbæ cujusdam de Græcis puellæ narratur eventus.

In castro fuit aliquando de Græcis admirabilis quidam rex : in oriente quippe regibus semper castrum est, citra [extrinsecus] autem reginæ solent bibere et comedere. Affertur illi nuntius : "tibi dignitas, tibi honor, rex ! proxima hac nocte filia tibi nata est." Rex "feliciter" inquit "vigeatque, et super ventrem qui peperit sit benedictio !" Tunc miles quidam astans dixit "rex, tibi dignitas ! mihi filius hac præterita nocte natus est." Cui princeps : "ergo ipsi despondeatur filia." Sic enim loquebantur utpote quibus perpetui erat moris filius siquando quis in una eademque ac filia nocte nasceretur ut adinvicem alligarentur alter

alteri ; hoc tamen pacto ut, vel repentina alterutro infantium abrepto morte, castum se in perpetuum superstes alienique omnis commercii expertem servaret. Curiose deinde ad lectionem prudentiam artes pusiola instituta est, quo factum ut eam universa spectaret patris percunctatio et deliberatio ; hæ vero cuncta in semoto quodam fiebant habitaculo, ubi præter talem qui ei fungeretur officio nemo audebat intrare. Ipsa quoque fuit quæ omni nocte regali cœtui ultima solebat pocula ministrare, eumque ad finem ut sincerum et sanctificatum evaderet quodcunque iis de die in diem foret eventurum. Nam crepidis induta veniebat et apprehenso cratere in cornua fundebat, inde revertebatar. Quæ semel adamavit gracilem quemdam e familiari turba puerum ; is autem una vice [nescio quo consilio] ad puellas in domum intromissus prius non egreditur quam amici facti sunt ipse et domicella. Ille altera post vice cum eadem dormivit in dicto habitaculo, et ecce rex veniens ad januam "aperite" ait. Surgit juvencula supinoque amasio inducit culcitam, in quam ergo rege capiente sedere filia patri assidet et sic ad nonam usque mutua fruuntur confabulatione. Rex exit, mortuus is invenitur qui sub culcita condebatur. Metum domicellis res injicit ; unde ad se citant unum validum ribaldum gynecæi ostium forte fortuna prætereuntem, cui post datum cibum "istam" inquiunt "tolle a nobis fardellam, operæque accipies mercedem." Ligato statim onere illæ "quodlibet in præcipitium dimitte" commendant ; principis autem filia : "eo meliorem eventum negotium habebit egomet si tecum ivero," et in ipsa ora rupis jubet "a te deorsum projice!" quod agente ribaldo ambobus eis [scilicet quum mortuo tum vivo] duabus ipsius appositis manibus in vallem præcipites impulit, dicens : "eo enim præstantius tuum erit arcanum [eo magis tacebis]." Quo facto memoratus miles loquitur: "filio isti jam tempus est filia tradatur." Rex respondet: "ecce teneram profecto venustamque habes adolescentulam, et eandem generosam bonis imbutam artibus." Hymenis itaque peracturus secreta juvenis adest, at illa inter se dixit: "quid denique faciam? proprium mihi in damnum forefactum meum patebit et illico comburenda sum." Tunc pedissequam suam adloquens: "tu demum" inquit "ita mihi præsta auxilium ut mei sub specie cum viro concumbas, qui simul ac tecum congressus fuerit ego me tibi confestim supponam"; et ancillæ reddenti "viro jam data [desponsata]

sum" domina dixit "hac de re denuo capiemus consilium [alio tempore videbimus]." Ad binas igitur sponsus in obscuram sane cameram introducitur, quominus se antequam mane fuerit invicem conspiciant. Admittitur inquam juvenculis ephebus, cui filia regis acclamans: "ave, ad juvenem tuam accedas reginam; tibi prosit, additis quoque filiis filiabusque!" quo dicto latitura paullo removet se quoad operatum habent opus putativi conjuges. Posthac dormiente juvene patrona ad servam "locum istum" ait "jam sine ego occupem"; sed illa: "minime hercle, prius saltem quam virum cuncti viderint eum qui me cognovit." Domina "bene" inquit et sopitis ambobus protinus egressa candelam poscit, qua tecto admota conflagrata est domus. Liberaturus ædes sponsus exsurgit, domicella "ex piscina aquam!" clamitante ad ancillam; quam versus piscinam properantem insequitur illa atque procurvatæ super aquam sodalis duobus correptis cruribus caput ejus demersit nec sursum levari passa est, quo plane modo occidit servam. At sponsa antequam regressa est liberavit sponsus ædes, ad quem deinde illa: "pedissequa ubinam mea est? quæ proh mihi dolor mergendo si forte mersa fuerit!" Hanc mox exanimem conspiciunt, ejusque deplorationi incumbit domina; sed marito dicente "tua nihil hoc refert" illi ipsa se continuo præbet lecti comitem, et in suam eum postea regionem revertentem prosequitur. Consequenter mulieris pater moritur, maritus quoque obit diem. Regni potestatem novus suscipit rex; hujus ingens dignitas, viduæ quoque permagna. Ad regem ergo qui ei donaria largiatur mulier accersitur; quem ubi adit, jucunde valde excipitur et cum eo inter epulas amodo una versatur. Dominæ brevi aliquando sciscitanti "estne tibi confessor?" rex profert "sane quidem: admirabilis omnino vir"; et illa "mihimet ipse idem erit director"; nec mora, directoris ministerio fruitura pergit et omni semota occultatione facit confessionem. Ordinatus autem vir ubi insipientiam perpetrasse audisset pœnitentem necnon delicatissimam ipsius formam notasset, sollicitandæ mulieri impense navavit operam; sed illa "minime" infit: "quæ enim tanta jam operata est insipientia, ne hujus quidem adhuc pœnam persolvimus, ei nedum incrementum adferremus. In audiendis confessionibus non ultra perseverat vir, illa regi valefacit. Quo cum doctore collocuturus propediem rex proficiscitur, et huic ille confessionem viduæ

enarrat. Dixit princeps "male se res habet," iteratoque adcita muliere percunctatur "dedistine confessionem?" qua respondente "ita," quæritur "sollicitavitne te clericus?" at illa "non ea sum" ait "quæ declaravero." "Sed et hoc perperam" princeps inquit: "ergo tu, clerice, in quempiam abi locum unde tui ne commemorationem quidem audiam." In querceam autem sine ostii aditu domum, exiguas præter quasdam fenestellas alio omni carentem foramine et in trivio locatam, curavit duci mulierem; cui post sancti qui homines minuta ciborum frustula intro porrigebant. Qua in conditione septem illi ductis annis, flebilis denique et misera macraque de ea facta est creatura. Tunc regi refertur talem adhuc eam in vita degere; aperitur carcer, fovendam princeps secum vehit inclusam, cujus refocillationi confestim data opera mox omnium illa longe pulcherrima exstitit. Ille "idonea" inquit "ista est quam rex eligeret," et ipsam adloquens: "ad eundem veni, et tua sub directione ero"; sed mulier "regi" infit "jam ipsa me dedi quo nec egregior alter quivis possit esse ad quem iretur [irem], et a quo dum viva ero nunquam me aversura sum. Tu vero mihi desertum et ecclesiam fieri facias." Ita factum: vaccis bovibus equis auro argentoque completur desertum, et rex "agedum mulier" inquit, "tuum ingredi ædificium"; illa autem: "clericus me, director scilicet, antegrediatur." "Quisnam ille?" "Meus quidem ipsius quem improbavi olim." Is ergo quum ejus quam tantam interea fecerat pœnitentiæ efficacitate sanctum se hoc temporis præberet, ad illam accedit. Itaque in deserto fuerunt suo, in cœlum postremo demigraverunt; quorum et in gratiam [quorum deprecatione] tam multa operata sunt miracula ut optima apud Græcos invocationis sedes facta sit ea quæ circa illos fundata est civitas. Talis igitur fuit quem improba de Græcis domicella nacta est eventus.

Finis.

Here follows an item from among the wonders of the Convention of Taillte.

Taillte's Convention is held by Dermot son of Cerbhall, S. Kieran the carpenter's son also, his confessor, being there beside him; the meeting's games are played, its races run. There a certain woman accosts her husband and accuses him of intrigue with another woman. He persisted in denial of the fact, and the wife said: "I will accept his affidavit sworn under Kieran's hand." The husband accordingly swore under Kieran's hand that in the matter which his wife laid to his charge he was guiltless; but it was a lie for him. Therefore upon his neck, just where the cleric's hand had lain, an ulcerous tumour took him and his head fell from him so that, in presence of all Ireland there he went about in the concourse and he without a head: a miracle whereby God's name was magnified and Kieran's.

By Kieran subsequently the headless one was conveyed to Clonmacnoise, there to be looked after for so long as God should appoint his life to be. To the end of seven years after Kieran he lived on with the monks; then a woman was brought to him, he made it up with her, and in due course she bore a son: from whom, as some say, are the *Soghain* in Meath. But the man after his marriage consummated died presently, and by the clergy was laid at the east end of *iomaire Chomgaill*, or 'Comgall's ridge,' where to-day stands *cros Comgaill* or 'Comgall's Cross.' There then Ambacuc's stone and place of rest are, for a commemoration of his story to all men, and this is an item of the wonders of Taillte's Convention.

Here too is another one of the same meeting's marvels: the seeing namely of three ships that navigated the air over their heads when with Murrough's son Donall the men of Ireland celebrated the Convention.

Finis.

Irish Text of Extracts.

I. PAGE 1:—(i) Ciarán saigri mac Luaigne meic Ruanainn .m. Chonaill .m. Choirpri niad .m. Buain .m. Dimbuain .m. Echach lámdóit .m. Amalgaid .m. Loegaire birn buadaig .m. Oengusa osrethi (ii) 5° *Martis.* Ciarán epscop *et confessor* . ar sliocht Aongusa osairge atá ar sliocht Labrada loingsig ó bfuilet laignig acus atá do shíol Eiremóin do Chiarán. adeir seinlebar ró-aosda memraim amail adubramar ag Brigit 1° *Feb.* go raibe Ciarán saigre cosmail i mbésaib acus i mbethaid re *Clemens* pápa (iii) *Incipit* geinelach síl Birn .i. osairge. Osairge síl Bresail bric in sin . Bresal brec diu mac Fiachach fobric meic Aililla glais ocus aroile *ut in genelogiis Laginensium scripsimus* [Bresal brec tra mac Fiachach fobric meic Oililla ghlais .m. Feradaig foghlais .m. Nuadat fullón .m. Allóit .m. Airt .m. mogha Airt .m. Chrimthainn choscraig .m. Feradaig finnfechtnaig .m. Feidlimid fortriuin .m. Fergusa fortamail .m. Aongusa ollomhan .m. Oililla bécáin .m. Labrada loingsig .m. Oililla áine .m. Laogaire lorc .m. Ugaine mhóir]. dá mac dana la Bresal mbrec .i. Lugaid senathair Laigen ocus Connla caem senathair Osairge ocus ní dilsiu do chlaind Lugdach in tainmniugud as Laigin oldás do chlaind Chonnlai. in aimsir in Bresail bric sin tra tánic in cétna bó-ár in Eirinn ocus noconfhargaib acht teora dartada in Eirinn ité derga .i. dairt i Cliu dairt ilLiniu dairt i Cuailngiu . is de atá imbliuch fir oendarta. di'n bóraimi diu tuc Bresal in Eirinn is de ainmnigther bennchur Comgaill *ut quidam dicunt* . . . Loegaire birn buadach mac side ingine Delbáith druad bráthair Mogha ruith mac Oengusa osrithi .i. etir osu alta fofríth meic Chrimthainn máir . Cennait ingen Dairi meic Dedad isi boe in arrad Chrimthainn máir is í máthair Oengusa osfríthi . meic Ieir .m. Faelreg .m. Sétnai .m. Aililla .m. Lugdach .m. Labrada .m. Charthaig .m. Nuadat .m. Chonnlai .m. Bresail bric ocus aroile (iv) Oraighi .i. oséirghi .i. éirghi os leo ic teicheadh résna Déisib dia ro fácsatar in ferand a filit na Déisi aniugh. nó Osraighi .i. osfríthi .i. itir ossaibh allta fofríth [*ms.* fothri] Aenghus osraigi .i. sean Osraighi (v) Laigin can as ro ainmniged. ní annsa . laigin *quasi* lagain .i. de na lágnaib lethna do ratsat leo na dubgaill dar muir anall dá táncatar maroen ra Labraid loingsech .i. Ernoll mac ríg Danmarg a tóisech. is ó'ndLabraid illé fil gráin ocus gératacht ocus ómun ocus urfuath for Laignib . *unde poeta* : Labraid loingsech lór a lín . lasrort Cobthach in dinn rig ; co sluag laignech dar linn lir . díb ro ainmnigthea laigin. tuaim tenba a ainm ria sain . cnuic in rogniad indorgain ; is dinn ríg ó shein ille . ó marbud na rígraide. dá chet ar fichit chét ngall . co lágnaib lethna leo anall ; de na lágnaib tuctha ann sin . de atát Laigin for Laignib (vi) Gailíon tra ocus Domnann anmann sin do Laignib amail dorimther i táin bó Cuailgne. dolluid fianlach do ghallaib lá ndalta la Labraid loingsech dochum nEirenn co ro ortadar dinn ríg ocus aroile . *inde nominati sunt* galíon *quasi* gall-líon . ocus ro mairset a clanna céin máir isin tír *ut est* dún ngalíon la dál Meisi corb PAGE 3:—(vii) Eile rigderg mac Imchada meic Eirc .m. [Eichin] .m. Finncha[in] .m. Feic .m. Finnch[ada] .m. Chonnlai .m. Taidc

.m. Chéin .m. Oililla óluim PAGE 4:—(viii) 12° *Septembris.* Ailbe aird-espoc ó imlech iubair A.D. 541 an tan ro faoidh a spirat. do shliocht Fhirth-lachtgha meic Fhergusa .m. Rosa .m. Rughraide atá Ailbe . Sant ainm a mháthar. is é do chum i ndán in riagail darab tús : abair dam fri mac Saran. Cuimín coindeire *cecinit* : carais Ailbe aoigedchaire . . . (ix) Ailbe imlechu .i. iubair mac Olchon meic Arra .m. Daula .m. Latir .i. ara .m. Imrossa nithai .m. Firthlachtgai .m. Fergusai .m. Roig (x) Ailbe imlecha ibair mac Olcain .i. naiss meic Arra .m. Dala .m. Laidfhir .m. Imrosa .m. Fhirth-lachtga .m. Cheltchair .m. Chuthechair .m. Fhotaid .m. Fir filed .m. Rosa .m. Rudraige (xi) 23° *Maii.* Iobar epscop do shíol Ireoil meic Chonaill chernaig do acus Lassar do Déisib breg a mháthair . is í a chell Begéire .i. inis fil for muir amuig la húib Cheinnsellaig i Laignib . cheithre bliadna ar cheithre céd a aois an tan ro faoidh a spirat A.D. 500. adeir sein lebar ró-aosda memraim ina bfríth martarlaic Maoilruain tamlachta acus comanmanna naomh na hEirenn go raibe cosmailes béas acus bethad ag espuc Iobhar re hEoin baisde (xii) Ibar epscop mac Lugna meic Chuirc .m. Chuirb .m. Choirpri .m. Néill .m. Echach *a quo* úi Echach (xiii) clanna Chonaill chernaig . *id est* dál nAraide ocus úi Echach ulad acus Conaille muirtheimne ocus Laigse laigen ocus na secht [Sogain] (xiv) 24° *Julii.* Deglan airde móire mac Eirc meic Maicniada epscop acus *confessor* do shliocht Echdach finn fuathairt [.m. Feidlimid rechtmair .m. Tuathail techtmair .m. Fiachach finnfolaid] ó bfuil Brigit dosom acus Deitsin ainm a mháthar. Colmán epscop do baist é . . . in déisib Muman atá an eglas sin [airde móire] inadh ina ndernasom ferta acus mírbuile imda (xv) Déclan ó aird móir mac Rossa meic Nair .m. Fiachach .m. Chonaill .m. Mecon *a quo* dál Mecon .m. Oengusa .m. Chormaic ulfhota .m. Airt énfir .m. Chuinn chétchathaig . acus Colmán oirthir Fhemin *germanus* Declain PAGE 5:—(xvi) 10° *Novembris.* Aodh mac Bric epscop ó chill air i Mide acus ó shliab liag i dtír Bogaine i gcinél Conaill . aois Chríst an tan ro faoidh a spirat dochum nime 588 (xvii) epscop Aed mac Bric meic Chormaic .m. Chrimthainn .m. Fiachach .m. Néill náighiallaig (xviii) epscop Aedh mac Muirchertaig meic Foirt-cheirnn .m. Dicolla .m. Chrimthainn .m. Airmedaig .m. Senaig . . .m. Rosa rigfhota .m. Fiachrach suidgi .m. Feidlimid rechtmair .m. Tuathail techtmair (xix) geinelach eoganachta Chaisil. Oengus mac Nathfraoich meic Chuirc .m. Luigdech .m. Aililla flainn bic .m. Aililla flainn móir .m. Fiachach muillethain .m. Eogain móir .m. Aililla óloim .m. Eogain taidlig diar ba ainm mogh Nuadat ro rainn Eire ra Conn cétchathach PAGE 8:—(xx) A.D. 158. an chédbliadain do Chonaire mac mogha Lama i rige uas Eirinn 165. iar mbeith ocht mbliadna i rige nEirenn do Chonaire mac moga Láma torchair la Neimid mac Sruibginn. trí meic laisan gConaire isin : Coirbre músc ó ráiter Múscraide . Cairpre baschaein ó dtád Baiscinn i gcorca Baiscinn . ocus Cairpre riata ó bfuilit dál Riata. Saraid ingen Chuinn chédchathaig máthair na macsa Conaire meic moga Lámha (xxi) geinelach Múscraige tíre. Cairpre músc *cui nomen* Oengus mac Conaire meic moga Láma . . .m. Chonaire móir .m. Etarscéli . . .m. Ir .m. Itha .m. Breogoin. ic Breogoin condrecat ocus síl mac Miled .i. Eiber ótát eoganacht Muman ocus Eiremón ótát leth Chuinn ocus Laigin. dá mac Itha .i. Lugaid ocus Ir. Lugaid isindleith thes atá maroen is Eiber is uad atá corco Loeigde. Ir imorro issindleith tuaid foroen ocus Eiremón. is ó Ir atá dál Músca ocus

Baiscinn ocus Duibne . co tarscenset Mumain in amsir mac Aililla óloim .i. Coirpre músc mac moga Lámha ocus Ailill bascháin ala nainm dó dana Cairpre macside Oengusa meic moga Láma . ciatberat araile betis bráithir na trí Cairpri acht is ó aithrib écsamlaib rogenatar . is inunn imorro a mbunad for cúl *ut prædiximus.* atberat araile imorro at bráithir Oengus músc ocus Ailill bascháin ocus Eochaid riatai .i. trí meic Chairpre meic Chonaire .m. Meisi buachalla (xxii) A.M. 3503. an dara bliadain do rige Eiremóin ós Eirenn. tomaidm naoi mBrosnach .i. aibhne nEile . naoi Righe .i. aibne Laigen . ocus teora nUinsionn ua nOiliolla isin bliadain chédna PAGE 9:—(xxiii) geinelach ua Cennselaig. cid ar an apraiter úi Chennselaig do shíl Labrada laidig meic Bresail belaig. ní annsa . cath Cruachain cloenta ro memaid ré Laignib for Eochaid muigmedóin ríg nEirenn corragbad and Cétnadach fili Echach muigmedóin. in tan iarum bás ocá anacul tuas forsna sciathaib na fer is ann tánic Enna sin cath co tard gai i Cétnadach ocus co ro thib Enna . conid ann asbert Cétnadach : is salach in gen sin a Ennai ocus bid é th'ainm co bráth Enna gen salach . *unde* úi Ghenselaig . . . ocht meic tra Enna genselach : Crimthann ocus Feidlimid . Eocho . Erc . Trien. Conall . Coirpre. is é Crimthann ro chreit do Pátraic irráith bilig ocus fáca Pátraic bennachtain fair co bráth . . . Eithne uathach ingen Crimthainn ben Oengusa meic Nadfráich máthair Bresail ocus Senaig dá mac Oengusa .m. Nadfráich ríg Muman. is í indEithnesi ocus Oengus a fer do dechatar la ú Cennselaig do chosnam rigi Laigen fri Illainn mac nDúnlainge [meic Enna niadh bráthar athar d'Enna chennselach] . dolluid dana Illann ocus Muirchertach mac Erca co tuaisciurt Eirenn leis in agaid fer Muman ocus ua Cennselaig co comráncatar i cath chinn losnada immaig Fea .i. losnad muice meic Dá thó ro rannad ann co torchratar ann Eithne ocus Oengus a fer ocus ár intsluaig olchena. Meld ocus Beloc ocus Cinniu teora ingena Ernbrainn de na Déisib trí mná Chrimthainn meic Ennde . . . Cinniu imorro ní ro thechtside do chlaind acht oeningen .i. Eithne uathach . is aire imorro dogairthe uathach diside uair feoil lenam dobeirthe di combad luaithide na fhoirbred co tabraitís na lenaim fuath di. is aire imorro dobeirthe di feoil lenam combad luathaide no fhoirbred uair atrubratar a fáidi risna Déisib .i. frisin lucht rosail combad ina tinnscra fogébdis ferann (xxiv) A.D. 527. iar mbeith cheithre bliadna fichet i rige nEirenn do Muirchertach mac Muiredaig meic Eogain .m. Néill naoighiallaigh ro loiscedh i dtigh Chleitigh uas Bóinn oidche shamna iarna bháthadh i bfíon PAGE 11:—(xxv) 11° *Augusti.* Liadain fedhb máthair Chiaráin saighri acus cédbhanabb naomhógh Eirenn (xxvi) Odrán maigistir illetrachaib in úib Daigri ocus Medrán saigri dá mac Meiccraith meic Throchaill .m. Esamain daigre .m. Nuadat nemnich a caille chinn Fhebrat (xxvii) *a.* 2° *Octobris* Odhrán leitrech . acus is eiside Odrán maighistir atá do shliocht Chonaire [chaoim] meic moga Lámha acus derbbhráthair do Medhrán *etcet.* is é Odran ba maigistir acus mac Cuilinn ó Lusca do innis do Chiarán chluana a shaogal do thimdibe *b.* 26° *Novembris.* Odrán ó leitrechaib Odráin i Múscraige thíre *c.* 6° *Julii* Medhrán . gomad é so Medrán saigre atá ar sliocht Chonaire mic mogha Lámha airdríg Eirenn atá do shíol Itha meic Bhreogoin (xxviii) Ciarán mac in tsaeir i cluain mac Nóis . Ciarán mac Luaigne ocus Carthach i Saigir (xxix) 5° *Martis* Carthach epscop dalta Chiaráin tsaigre. ba dia bhailtib druim fertáin acus i gCairbre ua gCiardha atá druim Fertáin.

acus is leis inis uachtair for loch Silenn acus cill Charthaig i dtír Boghaine i gcenél Chonaill. mac d'Aongus mac Nadfraoich sin Mumain eisium PAGE 15:—(xxx) *a.* Baeithine mac Finnaig meic Echdach .m. Bairr .m. Chairthinn *qui et* saeirbile *dicitur* .m. Chormaic .m. Luigne .m. Eogain .m. Ghuaire .m. Eirc .m. Bacain .m. Lugdach loigsi .m. Loigsig chennmóir .m. Chonaill chernaig *b.* 22° *Maii.* Baoithín mac Finnaig ó inis Baoithín in oirther Laigen do shliocht Laoigsig lennmhóir meic Chonaill chernaig do. Trea ingen Rónáin meic Cholmáin .m. Choirpre ingen ríg Laigen a mháthair PAGE 16:—(xxxi) 12° *Decembris.* Finnén cluana Eraird isin Mide saoi egna acus oide naom Eirenn ina aimsir do shliocht Cheltchair meic Uithechair atá . do shliocht Ir meic Míled espáine dó. adeir seinlebar ro aosda memraim ina bfríth martarlaic Maoilruain tamlachta acus comanmanna na naom go raibe Finnén cosmail i mbésaib acus i mbethaid re Pól apstal

II. PAGE 17:—(i) Molaise apstal mac Nadfráich meic Barráin .m. Chonbrain .m. Duailsen .m. Dega .m. Chruinn badrúi .m. Echach cobai .m. Lugdach .m. Rosa .m. Imchada .m. Feidlimthe .m. Chais .m. Fiachach araide [*a quo* dál nAraide] . . .m. Iriéil ghlúnmair .m. Chonaill chernaig (ii) 12° *Septembris.* Molaise mac Nadfraoich abb Daiminsi do shíol Iréil meic Chonaill chernaig dó . Monua ainm a mháthar do réir a bhethad féin c. 5. adeir Cuimín coindeire isin dán darab tús : carais Pátraic puirt Macha go raibe grád ag Molaise beith i gcarcair chloiche acus fós tech naoighed do beith aige fó chomair gach aoin d'Eirinn . ag so mar adeir : carais Molaise an locha . . . adeir betha Chiaráin chluana c. 47 gurab do na hocht nórdaib do bhí in Eirinn órd Molaise . gidedh do b'féidir gurab d'aon eile do na comanmannaib labrus. iar bforba 30 bliadan do chuaid dochum nime A.D. 563. ar an gcúigedh lá dég do'n mhísi féin coimédtar féil acus saoire Molaise agá phorráisde acus thermann féin i mbelach Michéin *juxta fratrem* Michén *b.* 6° *Januarii* Muadhnat ógh . caille ainm a baile i gCairbre droma cliabh . Talulla banabb cille dara . Osnat ógh . trí derbsethracha do Mholaise daiminsi an triur sin (iii) *a.* A.D. 1070. Ailill O hAirretaich ardchomarba Chiaráin chluana mac Nóis d'ég ina oilithre i gcluain Iraird . do chorca Raidhe cenél Aililla *b.* 1185. Maolíosa O Dálaigh ollam Eirenn acus Alban ardtaoisech corca Raidhe ocus corca Adain saoi oirderc ar dhán ar einech ocus ar uaisli do ég i gcluain Iraird ocá oilithre PAGE 20: –(iv) A.D. 664. mortladh adbal do beith in nEirinn in bliadainsi dá ngoirthí an buide chonnaill ocus do écsat in drong so do naomaib Eirenn di : Féichín abb Fobair 14° *Februarii.* Rónán mac Beraig . Ailerán indegna . Crónán mac Silne. Manchán leithe . Ultán mac úi Chunga abb cluana Iraird . Colmán cas cluana mic Nóis ocus Cuimmine abb cluana mic Nóis. iar mbeith ocht mbliadna i rige nEirenn do Diarmait ocus Blathmac dá mac Aoda sláine atbathatar do'n mortlaid chétna . ro tathaimset beos Maolbresail mac Maelidúin ocus Cú gan máthair rí Muman . Aongus uladh. atbailset ilimat d'eglais ocus do tuaith in Eirinn do'n mortlaid isin cenmotátside. dithgréin an tres lá do Maoi (v) Féichine fabair mac Cuilcharna meic Chillini .m. Chillini .m. Chail .m. Aeda .m. Saini .m. Airt chirb .m. Niadhcorb .m. Chormaic móir .m. Echach finn fuathairt .m. Feidlimid rechtmair .m. Tuathail techtmair (vi) 20° *Januarii.* Féichín abb Fobhair ó baile Fobair isin Mide A.D. 664. is é Féichin fobair fós do bendaig in Iomaig .i. oilén ina bfuil eglas ag Féichín in iarthar Chonnacht i ndúthaig í Fhlaithbertaig do réir mar as follus

ina bethaid féin ina léghtar ferta acus mírbala imda . do shliocht Eochada finn fuathairt ó bfuil Brigit do som do réir na duaine : naomshenchas naom insi Fáil. adeir Cuimín coindeire isin dán darab tús : carais Pátraic . . . nach gcuiredh Féichín édach etir a thaob nó a asnach acus an leba nó an charcair ina luigedh. adeir senlebar ró-aosda memraim go raibe Féichín fobair cosmail i mbésaib acus i mbethaid re hAntóin manach (vii) 29° *Decembris.* Eirerán fer leighinn chluana Eraird PAGE 24:—13° *Novembris* Finnchad chille Forga . mesaim gurab é so espoc Finnchad ó chill Arga i mBréifne noch do thairngir Molaise amail tuicter i mbethaid Molaise c. 18 PAGE 25:—(viii) *a.* Ninnid láimidan mac Echdach meic Ellainn .m. Aeda .m. Loegaire .m. Néill náigiallaig .m. Echdach muigmedóin . siur do Cerc ingen Echdach *b.* Ninnid apstal mac Fergusa meic Chóimeic .m. Enna .m. Néill náigiallaig (ix) 18° *Januarii.* Ninnid epscop for loch Eirne acus ro b'éside Ninnid saobruisc. do shliocht Enda meic Néill do . is de do goirthí Ninnid láimidhan go bfios dam . féch betha Brigde c. 41. adeir an lebar immun gurab é Ninnid mac Echdach Ninnid láimidan (x) *a.* Colum apstol tíre dá glas mac Nainneda meic Nastair .m. Chrimthainn bic .m. Echach .m. Oengusa .m. Chrimthainn móir .m. Chathaoir móir *b.* 13° *Decembris.* Colum tíre dá glas mac Ninnedha do shliocht Chathaoir móir rí Eirenn atá ar sliocht Labrada luirc meic Ugaine móir *etc.* acus Minchloth deirbshiur do Chaeimill ingin Cheinnfionnáin meic Cheisi .m. Lugair a mháthair. is do ghoirios Aongus [céile dé] Colum mac Crimthainn acus dá ngoirid ugdair eile mac úi Chremthannáin. is é tug sacarfaic do Finnén chluana Eraird acus ba deiscipul somh do Finnén. Mocaoimhe tíre dá ghlas acus Odrán rug a thaisi go hinis Celtra amail do thairngir Ciarán saigre ina bhethaid féin c. 6 acus amail do thairngir Mocaomóg an tan do bhí sé ag baistedh Odráin. féch Odrán 2° *October* (xi) *a.* Cainnech mac Leintich meic Luigdech .m. Aeda álainn .m. Fidchuire .m. Altae .m. Ogamuin .m. Fidchuiri .m. Delmnae *etc. sicut in genelogia Brendini* [*apostoli filii* Finloga *i.e.* Delmnai .m. Ennae .m. Fualascaig .m. Astamain .m. moga Aeda *qui dicitur* ciar .m. Fergusa .m. Rosa .m. Rudraide] *b.* 11° *Octobris.* Cainnech abb do shliocht Chéir meic Fergusa .m. Rosa .m. Rudraidhe do . Achadh bó a phrimchell acus atá reigles aige i gcill rigmanadh in Albain. adeir senlebar ro-aosda memraim go raibe Cainnech cosmail i mbésaib acus i mbethaid re Pilip apstol . acus ní fhaghaim suaithniugad ar bith ar an gCainnech ar a dtugadh an tuarasgabáil sin . acus munab é so é iarraim párdún ar an naom ar a dtugadh má atú ag dénamh ainbfis in aimriocht. is minic labrus Colum cilli ar Chainnech ina bhethaid acus is cosmail gurab é an Cainnech do bí i gCiannachta ar a labrann . 84 a aeis an tan ro fhaeidh a spirat dochum nime A.D. 598. acus dar lat do réir an roinnsi is é ro baoi i gCiannachta glinne Geimin i nUlltaib : a Chainnig na cána . ní doinnimh a ndéna . in achad bó at beoda . mó isa mó do sgéla . i gCiannacht atchuala . do dhiadacht do sgéla. ag so fós mar adeir Cuimín coindire isin dán .i. carais Pátraic . . . : carais Cainnech an chrábaid . beith in díthreib chruaid chrannaig ; ní bíodh agá ghoire . acht mad na hoighe allaid. atád trí Cainnig eile ann acus ní fes dúinn cia díob ar a tugtar an tuarasgabáilsi (xii) *a.* epscop mac Cairthinn mac Cainnig meic Feidlimthi .m. Echach .m. Chlothchon .m. Aireda .m. Maileda .m. Bresail .m. Briuin *b.* 15° *Septembris.* Aedh epscop .i. epscop mac Cáirthinn ó Chlochar . acus fer dá chríoch ainm oile do an tan rob abb

Dairinsi ó thús é amail tuigter as na rannaibsi : Aedh ba hé a ainm . . . espoc mac Cairthinn is é ba tréinfher do Phátraic acus do bíodh agá iomchur tar gach ionad aimréid. dogeibter geinelach Aedha espuig mic Chairthinn ó Chlochar co hEochaid mac Muireda acus ó Eochaid go hEiremón *c.* 6º *Octobris* Aedh . acus gomad é so espoc mac Carthainn ó Chlochar .i. tréinfer Pátraic. ar sliocht Echdach mic Muireda atá do shíol Eiremóin dosomh . nó gomad é Aodh mac Aodha atá do shliocht Fiachrach mic Echdach muigmedóin do beith ar an lá so (xiii) 19º *Augusti.* Mochta epscop Lughmaig trí céd bliadan a aois an tan do chuaid dochum nime A.D. 534. acus ní dhubairt briathar bréige nó aineolach acus nír ith greim méith nó ina mbeith sugh sésúir an fad sin . gonad aire sin tugad an tuarasgbáilsi air acus fós agá fhoillsiugad go rabatar trí fichid senóir ina thegh nó nach denadh saothar ar bith acht ag rádh psalm acus ernaighte : fiacail Mochta fa maith bés . trí chéd bliadan buan an cíos ⁊ gan guth niomruill seiche suas . gan mír nionmuir seiche suas. trí fichit senóir psalmach . a theglach rígda réimenn ⁊ gan ar gan buain gan tíoradh . gan gníomradh acht mad léigenn. fer trí fichet fer trí cét . arco fuin is sein in dét ⁊ ní mó cion ógán fó ghail . i faithfide an senfiacail. adeir Cuimín coindeire isin dán darab tús : carais Pátraic . . . gurab céd bliadan do bí Mochta gan greim do annlann nó do ní méith do ithe . ag so mar adeir : carais mo Mochta lughmaig . tré recht acus tré riagail ⁊ gan mír nannlainn ina chorp . na bhocht fri ré céd bliadain. do thairngir an Mochta so Coluim cille 200 bliadan riana ghein (xiv) *a.* Tigernach epscop cluana Eois mac Coirpre meic Fergusa .m. Ennai .m. Labrada .m. Brioin .m. Echach .m. Dáire barraig .m. Chathaeir móir *b.* Tigernach epscop cluana Eoais mac Coirpre meic Fergusa .m. Enna .m. Laebáin .m. Brain .m. Dáire barraig .m. Chathaeir móir *c.* 4º *Aprilis.* Tigernach epscop cluana Eoais i bferaib manach nó gomad etir feraib manach ocus Oirgialla atá cluain Eoais. do shliocht Chathaoir móir airdrí Eirenn do Laignib do Tigernach . Derfraoich ingen Echdach mic Chrimthainn rí Airgiall a mháthair. A.D. 548 (xv) *a.* Bécán cluana aird mac Murchada meic Muiredaig .m. Diarmata .m. Eogain .m. Oililla óluim *b.* 5º *Aprilis.* Bécán mac Cula in imlech Fiaich i feraib cúl Bregh gomad do shíol Eogain móir meic Oililla óluim do. an tan táinig Coluim cille acus rí Eirenn Diarmait mac Fergusa cerrbeoil iar marbad Bresail a meic mar a raibe Bécán is amlaid fuaradar é ag tógbáil chaisil acus brat fliuch ime acus é ag ernaigthe go madh aire sin adubradh : gníomh caisil [is] croisfigill . sléchtain irnaigte idan ⁊ a déra uadh gan étáil . buaid Bécáin gan chuid chionad. lám i cloich lám ináirde . glún fillte fri coir cairrge ⁊ súil ag siledh dér caidh aile . acus bél ag ernaigte. ro féch Bécán tairis acus ódchonnairc Diarmait : fó'n talmain a fhinghalaig ar sé acus do chuaid gonuige a ghlúine fó'n talmain. ar mo chomairce táinig chugat ar Colum cille do thodiuscad a mic do. ro thodúisig Bécán Bresal mac an ríg ó marbaib PAGE 29:—(xvi) *a.* Moedóc ferna mac Setnai meic Eirc .m. Feradaig .m. Amalgada .m. Muiredaig .m. Cholla uais *b.* Moedóc mac Setna meic Eirc .m. Fheradaig .m. Amalgada .m. Mhuiredaig .m. Chártainn .m. Eirc .m. Echdach .m. Cholla uais *c.* 31º *Januarii.* Maedhóg epscop Ferna Aedh a chédainm do shíol Cholla uais airdríg Eirenn dó. Eithne ainm a mháthar do shíol Amalgadha meic Fiachrach .m. Echdach muigmedóin. ba dia chédfertaib an lec for a rugadh dá bhaistedh é nó bítís cách agá nimlochtadh uirre amach acus istech amail gach narthrach

aile gusan oilén bói ar in loch for a rugadh é . ba dia fhiortaib fós bacán siuil banfigidh bói illáim Eithne máthair Maedóg agá breith baoi ina mhaide feoidhighte chruaid chuill do infhás fó dhuille acus dagbláth acus dagthorad ina dhegaid acus is marthanach fós an coll sin ina chrann úr gan urchra gan chríonad fó chnóib gacha bliadna in inis brechmaige *etc.* A.D. 624 an tan ro faoidh a spirat dochum nime. adeir senlebar ró-aosda memraim go raibe Maodóg ferna cosmail i mbésaib acus i mbethaid re *Cornelius* pápa PAGE 32:—(xvii) craebh coibnesa fer mBréifne ann so sís. Fergus mac Muiredaig máil meic Eogain sreim .m. Duach galaig .m. Briain .m. Echdach muigmedóin trí meic lais .i. Eochaid tirmcharna sen síl Muiredaig . acus Duach tenga umha sen clainne Choscraig acus muintiri Murchada . Fergna in tres mac sen ua mBruin (xviii) na hAirgialla imorro ité ata nessom d'úib Néill aithli Connacht. Fiacha sroptine mac Corpri liphechair is é senathair ú Néill ocus Airgiall .i. Muiredach tírech mac Fiachach sroptine is uad ú Néill . Eocho domlén imorro mac Corpri liphechair sen Airgiall. bátar trí meic oca [Eocho] .i. na trí Colla . is uadib atát ú meic Uais ocus ú Crimthainn ocus Mugdornai ocus Airgialla. Fiacha sroptine didiu ocus Eocho domlén dá mac Carpri liphechair. is for Fiacha tra ro imriset trí meic a bráthar .i. na trí Colla in fingail conid í indfhingal sain ro scar ríge Eirenn fri claind Echdach domlén. is amlaid so imorro forcoemnacar indfhingal .i. ba rí i Temair in Fiacha sroptine amail atrubramar . bái mac amra aice .i. Muiredach tírech. is é ba tuarcnid flatha la Fiacha . uair ba hórd issindamsir sin ná téiged in rí féin issin cath acht a thuargnid flatha dia raith. luid iarum Muiredach tírech fecht ann do raith a athar co sluagaib móraib imme imMumain co tartsat fir Muman cath do . mebaid remi ocus dobert giallu Muman. bái Fiachu sroptine ifoss colléic in duib chommair fri Taltin aness. sluag dana laiside issin dúnud imbái. sluag aile dana la trí maccu a bráthar lasna trí Colla i telaig . acht ba la Fiacha tra bátar uile. in tan iarum tánic fis scél .i. mebsain ria Muredach issed bái imbélaib cach Muredach tírech is é adbar ríg Eirenn. is ann sin atbertatar na trí Colla : cid dogénam . ro gab flaith rí Fiacha . sed asbeir cách dana bid é a mac bas rí na diaid . issed as maith dún tabram cath do'n tsenrígse ocus techfid in sluagsa immuinn ocus ticfat chucainn riasiu tí Muredach ocus dobéram cath dosaide acht co tí. tiagair uadib co Fiacha co bráthair anathar assin telaig inaraile . fuacarthair cath fair uadib .i. ó maccaib a bráthar. bói drúi la Fiachaid . Dub commair a ainm . atbertsede ra Fiacha connicimse duit maidm remut acht atá so de. mad romut máis dogéna fhingail for maccaib do bráthar . bat rí féin iarum ocus ní ba rí nech dit chlaind co bráth. mad fort máides dogéntar fingal fort ocus is uait || bias flaith for Eirinn co bráth ocus ní bia ó na trí Collaib flaith co bráth. toga de sin ol in drúi. asbert Fiacha : maidm forom ocus ríge dom shíol. toethusa dana it arrad ol in drúi ocus bid é m'ainmse bias forsin cath do grés. cath Duib chommair is é ainm in chatha sin. marbthar iarum Fiacha issin chath . lotar iarum na Colla trí chét in Albain for teched ria Muredach . gabaidside ríge nEirenn. dobert rí Alban grádugud mór do na Collaib ar a laechdacht . bátar trí bliadna in Alban . imrádit tuidecht in Eirinn condernad Muiredach fingal forro ocus co ructhá díb intaire rombói forro .i. indfhingal. dollotar a triur na trí Collai cen choin cen gilla combátar i Temraig . asbert in dorsaid fri Muredach : atát na trí Colla forsindfhaidchi. cid dogéntar friu. oslaic in les ol Muredach dús cid dogénat. dollotar a triur

combátar ar lár indrígthige i Temraig . in filet scéla lib ol Muredach . friscart fer díb : ni fhilet scéla bud ansu duitsiu andás andernsamni .i. guin t'athar. adfetamarni chena na scéla ísein. ní do dígde ém táncamarni ar na Colla. is cumma dúib ol Muredach ní digéltar foraib . más da bar nguin do dechabair ní ricfa ní . in taire ro gabsabair ní dingébsa díb. is airbere maith sin do drochlaech ar na Colla. atbert Muredach : ná bíd garbad foraibsi ocus robarbia fáilte ocus cennsa. ocus bátar iar sin ré mór indegbráthirsi ocus is iat bátar tuarcnide catha la Muiredach tírech na trí Colla ocus ba mór indimseirc bói eturru ocus in ríg. asbert Muredach iar sain risna Collu : atchiu ro gabsat ililtniugud . bés ní bat córai diar néis . scuchad cách ó chéili uan ocus geibid imm aimsirse oenna tíre. asbertatar na Collui : cá tír as assu lat do thabairt dúnai dit chumachtu condernam tír claidib de . ár ní bátar óic bad fherr indát na Collai. atbert Muredach : érgid for Ultu nidat gora dún. fianlaech mór i suidiu do na Collaib. lótar iar sain na Collai co firu Olnécmacht comtar daltai dóib ocus condagabsat . dollotar iar sain fir Olnécmacht secht catha leo combátar la Ultu oc carn achaid lethdeirg i fernmaig. ferait secht catha ó'n carn sin fri Ultu . cath cacha lái co cenn sechtmaine. sé catha ó fheraib Olnécmacht ocus in sechtmad cath lasna Colla. no máided for Ulto cach oen lá . cath na Colla in lá dédenach . ní collad bág i suidiu. geibthe in cath samlá ocus samadaig co tánic fernu fuil . atá i fail in chairn coll [na nothar]. || máidid iar sain for Ulto i tossuch in dara lathe . téit animguin co glenn Ríge. sechtmain dóib iar sain ic slaide Ulad . condernad tír chlaidib do'n tír itát Mugdornai ocus ú Crimthainni ocus cosna hAirtheraib ocus ú mac Uais. is é leth Chuinn ú Néill in deiscirt ocus ú Néill in tuaiscirt ocus teora Connachta ocus Airgialla ocus araile (xix) Cairbre lifeachair .i. ar a méd ro char Life . nó is Life a máthair . nó is a Lifi ronalt Cairbre. dianebairt in file : trí meic da chlainn gan chur de . ac Cairbri do char Life : Fiacha sroibtine na sén . Eochaid is Eochaid doimlén. Colla oss ronalt oss sedguine . *a quo* ú mac Uais ocus úi Thuirtri. Colla menn ótát Mugdornai ronalt Mennet chruithnech ocus Mugdorndub de Ultaib . Mennet dana ótá dál Mennet la Mugdornaib [*sed* Mugdorn *unde ortus ignoratus* acht is do Ulltaib doberar]. Colla fochrích nó fochrí nó ochre mac Echach doimlén. ocus Elige ben Chrinden cherda toirrchis Eochu do chionn a céile combreth Colla de ocus concelt sí ar a céli ocus báiseom for altrom co cenn .xx. mbliadan. asrin Eochu doimlén caecait bó di for a altromsom fri Crinainn ar réir Chormaic úi Chuinn ár is cach fuiche a mac mani chreder de conid de as Chonnla fochrith a ainm. nó Colla fo chridaig .i. dobered a mháthair criaid fó chnáma dia diamlugud etir maccu na cerdda . no Connla ochrae .i. Ochrae ainm indaite rodnalt. is ó'n Cholla sain atát ú Crimthannáin ocus in tairther ocus ú Méith (xx) *a.* Collaidh .i. colaighe iarsan ní ro marbsat Fiacha sroibtine. Colla oss .i. Cairell .i. oss ar a luaithi . nó is í oss seguine ronalt . nó oss .i. seguinech é .i. oiss alta ro geoghnadh *nam* segh agh nallaid *dicitur* . nó Colla uais ar a uaisli ár is é ro gab ríghi nEirenn seach na Collu eili. Colla meann .i. Aedh .i. Mennad chruithneach ronalt . nó dana guide ro bói ann is de dobeirthea. Colla fochrich . Muiredhach .i. fó Chrinneann cerda dorindi Eochaid fri hOiligh é .i. ingen rígh Alban . no fochri .i. fo chriaidh .i. cré dobeiredh ben in cherda imme dia diamrugud . nó Ochrae ainm na haidi an ronalt . nó Connla forcraidh ár líter fair ben Chrindenn cerda *b.* Cairbre lifechair tra trí meic lais .i. Fiacha sraibhtine dia fuil Eocho

muigmedóin gona sliocht . ocus Eocho daimlén ocus Eochaid. díbaid in darna Eochaid . Eocho doimlén dono trí meic leis amail asbert in filid : trí meic Echach ard a mblad . na trí Colla adchualabar ⁊ Colla menn Colla fo trí . is Colla uais in tairdrí. is eol dam anmanna in trír . résiu ro marbsat in ríg ⁊ ina thír tuiredach thall . Aedh Muiredach is Cairell. Cairell Colla uais in rí . Muiredach Colla fo trí ⁊ Aedh Colla menn mór a blad . trén re gach tenn in triarar. trí meic Chairpri nocho chél . Eocho is Eochaid doimlén ⁊ Fiacha sraibtine co rath . ro marbsat trí meic Echach PAGE 34:—(xxi) *a.* Enán droma rathe mac Eirne meic Chaelchruid .m. Aeda sláine .m. Diarmata .m. Fergusa cherrbeoil .m. Chonaill chremthainne .m. Néill náigiallaig .m. Echdach muigmedóin *b.* 19° *Augusti.* Enán droma raithe in iarthar Mide do shliocht Echdach finn fuathairt meic Feidlimid rechtmair .m. Tuathail techtmair ó bfuil Brigit dosomh (xxii) *a.* cruimther Fraech chluana chonmaicne mac Carthaig meic Nethe .m. Onchon .m. Finnloga .m. Findir .m. Chuscraid .m. Meicchecht .m. Eirc . . .m. Luigdech chonmaic .m. Fhoirbsen móir . . .m. Chasalaig .m. Mochtai .m. Mesomain .m. moga Dit [*qui* et Conmac mac Fergusa *et* Medba] *b.* 20° *Decembris.* cruimther Fraoch ó chluain Chollaing i muintir Eolais do shliocht Chonmaic meic Fergusa .m. Rosa .m. Rudraige dó *c.* 15° *Februarii.* Berach abb cluana coirpthe i gConnachtaib Fionmaith deirbshiur do chruimther Fraoch ó chluain Chonmaicne i muintir eolais a mháthair *d.* trí meic Medba ri Fergus dar cenn Aililla .i. Ciar . Corc . Conmac [*qui et* mogh Dit]. Ciar *a quo* ciarraige Luachra ocus ciarraige Cuirche . ciarraige Ai . ciarraige Chonmenn. Corc *a quo* Corcomruad. Conmac *a quo* conmaicne cúla Tolaid ocus conmaicne cenél Dubáin (xxiii) *a.* Mochuta lis móir mac Finaill meic Noei náir .m. Firb [*a quo* ú Firb] .m. Ambrith .m. Imchada .m. Ebric .m. Menchon .m. Aulaim .m. Meschon .m. Sula .m. moga Airt [.i. Ciar] .m. Coirpsen móir [Oirbsen már diatá loch nOirbsen máir . ár ba mag nEpsen a ainm ar tús ocus atá inad a thige ina iarthur in locha acht tánic in loch thairis ocus fuath tigi dichairr] .m. Echadoin .m. Ennae uais .m. Eochamain .m. Fidchuire .m. Telmne .m. Eoinne .m. Lainne .m. Tulsaig .m. Demmoin .m. moga tuatha [*qui et* mog doe] *qui et* Ciar mac Fergusa meic Rosa .m. Rudraige *b.* 14° *Maii.* Mochuda epscop Lis móir acus abb Raithne é ó thús fós do shliocht Chéir meic Ferguis meic Rosa .m. Rudraige dó do shíol Ir meic Míled do shonnrad. Carthach ainm eile dó. is aige eimh ro bói an coimthinól oirderc .i. deichnebar ocus secht gcéd an tan rob abb i Raithin acus ro aigilledh aingel gach tres fer díob. adeir Cuimín coindeire isin dán darab tús : carais Pátraic . . . nach derna aoinnech roime leth a nderna do dhéraib . ag so mar adeir : carais Mochuta an chrábaid . . . A.D. 636 PAGE 36:—(xxiv) *a.* Doigre dart *a quo* Dartraige mac Cruinnluachra *a quo* telach Chruinnluachra . . .m. Lugdach cal *a quo* Calraige .m. Dáire doimthig do shíol Lugdach meic Itha .m. Breogoin *b.* Dartraige .i. dartroige .i. clann nó ceinél Dáire *c.* Dáire doimthech .i. domh tech ár bói daidbres ocus teirce mór ré linn. Dáire sírchrechtach .i. duanach .i. sírduanach *nam* crecht éigis *dicitur*. ar a méd do dán dognithea do atbeirthea sírchrechtach de *d.* Lugaid laige *a quo* corco laige mac siden Dáiri sírdréchtaig *e.* sé meic Dáire sírchrechtaig fian conilar nglonn *f.* tellaige Dartraige imorro .i. tellach Chascain ocus tellach Chonaill ocus tellach Chacain .i. trí meic Ailgile meic Flainn .m. Chaichir .m. Dúnlaing .m. Oilella .m. Chormaic .m. Aengusa .m. Ethach .m. Aen-

gusa .m. Luigdech cal *a quo* Calraige amail asbert lebar droma sailech ocus cin droma snechta *g.* geinelach Dairine .i. síl Lugdach meic Itha. Duach mac Maicniad meic Meicchon .m. Luigdech laigde .m. Dáire sírchrechtaig .m. Sidebuilg . . . .m. Ethlenn .m. Lugdach .m. Itha .m. Breogoin (xxv) tuatha Partraige ó áth na mallachtan go glaisi guirt na lainne ocus ó Chaol go Fál (xxvi) *a.* geinelach Delbna bethra. Trén mac Sige meic Aindiled .m. Bic .m. Baetáin .m. Delbáith .m. Táil .m. Chonaill echluaith .m. Luigdech minn .m. Aengusa thírig .m. Firchuirb .m. Chormaic chais .m. Oililla óluim *b.* geinelach Delbna móire. Blat mac Sige meic Aindiled [*ut ante*] *c.* trí meic déc Cais meic Chonaill echluaith ocus is aire adbeirthea Tál fri Cas uair dalta sáir é ocus itiat so a chland .i. Lugaid ele . Sedna. Aengus cenn nathrach . Blad *a quo* úi Blaid . Caisen . Lugaid delbaeth *a quo* na Delbna . Cormac . Carthann . Cainnech . Aengus cennaitin . Aedh . Loiscen . Noe. Delbaeth dana is é in dara Lugaid adberar sunn ó fuilet na secht nDelbna *d.* Delbaeth .i. doilbaedh .i. teine doilbthe doróine . nó delb aeda .i. teinedh . ár an tan ro indarb a chliamain féisin .i. Trat mac Tassaig tria cheird ndráidechta [*ms.* nadraiechta] é as an ferann a filet Tratraige issed do luid for teiched a crích ua Néill. luid a carn Fiachach ocus atá [*ms.* atáid] teine ndráidechta (*sic*) and cor máidset cóic sruama teined as cor chuirsium mac dó fri cach sruaim teined díb conid díb atáit na cóic Delbna . conad de sin ro len Delbaed desium .i. delb aeda .i. delb teined ár ba Lugaid a ainm connuice sin. nó delb aeda fair ar a cháime ár ba dergaigthech a dhelbsom (xxvii) Connachta .i. coinéchta .i. dia ro marb Ailbe coin meic dá thó is de ro hainmnigedh Connachta díb. nó coinnichta .i. ichta Chuinn .i. clanna Chuinn *nam* icht clann nó ceinel. nó Connachta .i. achta Chuinn .i. gníma Chuinn ár is é dorigne crích claidim di ar éigin ár is inann acht ocus gním. is de sin imorro ráiter cóiced Olnégmacht riu .i. fledh do tairced dóib sin ocus do chlannaib Degaid a tig Doma druad . co ráncadar ar tóisech ocus nír ansad fri clainn Degaid acht ro rannsad an linn ocus atibset a dá trian. conebairt in drái : is égmacht an tólsa ar sé conad de ro len cóiced olnégmacht iadsom.

III. Page 37:—(i) *a.* Maignenn ocus Tua ocus Cobthach ocus Librén cetri meic Aeda meic Cholgan .m. Tuathail chruinnbeoil .m. Feidlimthi .m. Fiachrach .m. Cholla fochrích *b.* 18° *Decembris.* Maignenn abb acus epscop cille Maignenn la taob átha cliath do shíol Cholla dá chríoch dó. Sinell ingen Chenannáin siur senSinchill naoim a mháthair (ii) 7° *Februarii.* Lommán locha uair in úib mac Uais isin Mide do chenél gConaill gulban meic Néill dó Page 38:—(iii) *a.* Finnian maige bile mac Coirpri meic Aililla .m. Trichim .m. Feicc .m. Finnchada .m. Bresail .m. Sirchada .m. Fiatach finn *a quo* dál Fiatach *b.* 11° *Februarii.* Finnian epscop muige bile acus gomad do shliocht Fhiatach fhinn airdríg Eirenn dó do réir na duaine .i. naoimsenchus naom insi Fáil. adeir senlebar ró-aosda memraim go raibe Finnén muige bile cosmail i mbésaib acus i mbethaid re *Iacob* apstol Page 39:—(iv) *a.* Molaisse lethglinni mac Chairell chruaid meic Muiredaig [muindeirg] .m. Forgo .m. Feradaig .m. Aililla .m. Fiachach fir mara .m. Oengusa tuirbig *b.* 18° *Aprilis.* Molaise mac Cairill abb lethglinne a Laignib do shliocht Fiatach finn airdríg Eirenn do shíol Eiremóin dó. Maithgemh ingen Aodáin meic Ghabráin ríg Alban a mháthair . is dá dherbad sin adubrad : Molaise lasair do theinid . mac Maithgeime monaid ! Page 40:—(v) 25° *No-*

vembris. Finnchú mac Finnloga ó brí gobhann i bferaib muige féine isin Mumain do shliocht Briain meic Echdach muigmedóin do .i. Finnlogh mac Sétna . acus Idnait ingen Floinn lethdeirg do Chianachta glinne geimin a mháthair amail adeir lebar Még Charthaig riabaig. Ailbe imlig iubair do baist é. baoi Finnchú secht mbliadna in abdaine iar gComgall . ba dalta do Chomgall Finnchú acus is aige dorigne leiginn. is é an Finnchú so no bíodh go menic i gcarcair chloiche ro badh airde iná a fhad féin acus cloch uas a chionn ocus cloch fó a chosaib acus dhá bhacáin iarainn cechtar dá thaob na carcrach . ocus no léigedh a dhí oscaill ar na corránaib sin co ná benadh a chenn frisan gcloich suas ná a chossa frisan leic síos. tarla Comgall bennchuir chuice in aroile aimsir go ro fhuráil fair toidecht as in gcarcair sin gér ba lesc lais. is é no luigedh in aonadhnacol la gach marb no hadhnaicthea ina chill in chédoidche (vi) *a.* Maelruain tamlachta mac Colmáin meic Shenáin .m. Agnidi .m. Mochtai .m. Chuinneda .m. Fiacca .m. Máil *b.* 7° *Julii.* Maolruain epscop Tamlachta a Laignib . eidir áth cliath acus chill dara atá Tamlachta. do shliocht Echdach meic Muiredaig atá do shíol Eiremóin do Mhaolruain. Broicsech ainm a mháthar. táinig Mainnsena máthair Brénainn birra go Saigir acus do b'áil lé dol go hoilén doimhle . ná héirg ar Ciarán acht is i dTamlachta bias t'eiséirge féin acus eiséirge do meic .i. Brénainn. A.D. 787 (vii) *a.* Enna áirni mac Conaill meic Daimine .m. Choirpri daim argait .m. Chrimthainn *b.* 21° *Martis.* Enda abb Arann Conall derg mac Coirpre doimh airgid a athair do shíol Cholla dá chríoch do shonnrad. Aeibfionn ingen Ainmirech meic Rónáin rí na nard a mháthair acus máthair Libae. acus ro thréicsiumh oigrecht ríge acus róchonách a atharda ar dia gur chumdaig eglas in Arainn acus ro gab a habdaine iarum. trí chaoga líon a choimthinóil . ba hé fromad acus derbad dobeiredh forra gacha nóna dia saorad ar pecthaib .i. gach fer díb iar nuair do chur i gcurach gan chroicenn iter uime for an muir amach acus no thiged an sáile isin churach dia mbeith coir nó pecadh ar in tí no biadh ann . ní thiged diamad glan ó phectaib . acus is é Enda an tabb as déidencha no theigedh isin churach. ní fríth aoinfher do'n trí caoga sin nach táinic gan flechad as an churach achtmad Gigniat cóic nó cócaire Enda a aonar. cid dorónais a Ghigniat ar Enda. atbertsomh nach dernaid acht tuilliudh bec dia chuid féin do thabairt i gcuid Chiaráin meic in tsaoir. forchongraid Enda fairsiumh an toilén d'fágbáil acus atbert : ní thalla gadaide són . ní ro dheonaigessa sin chena PAGE 43:—(viii) *a.* Molling luachra mac Faeláin meic Fheradaig .m. Eirc .m. Fiachnai .m. Eogain .m. Dega .m. Labrada .m. Bresail belaig .m. Fiachach baiceda .m. Cathéir móir *b.* 17° *Junii.* Moling luachra epscop *et confessor* ó thig Moling do shliocht Chathaoir móir airdríg Eirenn do Laignib do . Nemhnat chiarraigech a mháthair nó Emhnat do réir a bethad c. 2. is é do ling luachair Degaid do thrí léimennaib an tan do bátar na fuatha ina dhiaid conid aire sin adubrad Moling luachra ris gér ba Thairchell a chédainm. is líonmar a mírbuile re a ninnisin. Dairchell diu a chédainm. aidche naon ro chuir Moling a iasgairedha do ghabáil éisg acus ro ghabsat bradán mór isna líonaib . acus an tan do scoilted air fríth tinne óir ina medhón acus ro rann Moling an tór i trí rannaib .i. trian do bhochtaib acus trian fri cumdach minn acus an trian naile fri dénamh lubhra acus oibre. A.D. 696 PAGE 47:—(ix) *a.* 10° *Septembris.* Finnén epscop maige bile do sliocht Fhiatach fhinn airdríg Eirenn ó'n abarthar dál bFiatach acus atá do

shíol Eiremóin do *b.* dáig is do chlaind Oengusa tuirbig do dál Fiatach acus do chlaind imorro Ollaman fótla do Ultaib acus do dál Araide . dáig is iat sin na fírUlaid *c.* cethri meic Feic meic Imchada .m. Bresail .m. Sirchada .m. Fiatach finn *a quo* dál Fiatach .i. Trichem *a quo* úi Thrichim . Trian *a quo* úi Thréna . Brian *a quo* úi Briuin . Eochaid gunnat *cujus mater* Máthair chaem *uocabatur a quo* úi Echach na harda. Finnbarr .i. Finnia maige bile mac Coirpre meic Aililla .m. Trichim *cujus filius* Díchú (x) *a.* Colmán elo mac Beodgna meic Mochtae .m. Cuinneda .m. Lairine . . [.m. Echach] .m. Maireda . . .m. Ethriéil .m. Iaireoil .m. Eiremóin *b.* 26° *Septembris.* Colmán ela ó lainn Ela i bferaib cell in iarthar Mide do sliocht Echdach meic Muireda de shíol Eiremóin dó do thaoib a athar acus deirbshiur do Cholum chille a mháthair .i. Mór ingen Feidlimid meic Fhergusa chennfada .m. Chonaill ghulbain .m. Néill naoigiallaig amail adeir betha Cholmáin fein c. 1. 50 a aeis an tan ro fáid a spirat dochum nime A.D. 610 (xi) *a.* Comgall bennchair mac Setnai .m. Echach .m. Broein .m. Forgo .m. Ernaine .m. Chrimthainn .m. Echdach .m. Lugdach .m. Rosa .m. Imchada .m. Fheidlimid .m. Chais .m. Fhiachach araide *qui* Darerca *prius dicebatur* *b.* 10° *Maii.* Comgall abb Bennchuir ulad do shíol Ireoil meic Chonaill chernaig do . fer lán do rath dé acus dá ghrád an fer so . fer ro oil acus ro lesaig iliomat do naomaib oile inar adhain acus inar las teine dhomhúchta grádha dé ina gcride acus ina menmannaib amail as follus i senliubraib Eirenn. adeir Cuimín condoire gurab gacha domnaig do chaithedh Comgall biad. adeir betha Chiaráin gurab do na hocht nórdaib do bí in Eirinn órd Comgaill . adeir senlebar ró-aosda memraim go raibe cosmailes bés acus bethad ag Comgall bennchuir le h*Iacob* apstol (xii) *a.* Duilech mac Malaig meic Sinill .m. Nadfráich .m. Fiachnai .m. Allai .m. Chonmáil ghlais .m. Fhergusa .m. Rosa. Mobái dana mac Sinill meic Nadfráich . Malán dana mac Sinill *et* Curnán mac Sinill *et* Crónán mac Sinill *et* Mániu mac Sinill (xiii) A.D. 631. an tochtmad bliadain do Dhomnall [mhac Aedha mheic Ainmirech]. Carthach .i. Mochuda mac Fiondaill do innarbad a Rathain 636. an tres bhliadain dég do Dhomnall. S. Mochuda epscop Lis mhóir acus abb Raithne d'ég 14° *Maii* 750. an dara bliadain dég do Dhomnall [mac Murchada meic Diarmata]. Fidhmuine O Suanaigh angcoire Raithne d'ég 758. Fiodhairle O Suanaigh abb Raithne d'ég céd lá d'*October* 1153. slóighed la Muirchertach mac Néill Még Lachlainn acus la tuaiscert Eirenn i fóirithin Toirrdelbaig úi Bhriain dia thabairt i ríge Muman doridise co ráinic co Cráib teine. Toirrdelbach O Conchobair do thinól Chonnacht co riacht co magh lici Pátraic in agaid in tuaisceirt. táinic dna Tadg O Briain cona shlógh co raithin úi Shuanaig i fóirithin Chonnacht (xiv) *a.* Tlachtga can as ro hainmniged. ní annsa . Tlachtga ingen moga Roith fordosreiblengadar trí meic Símóin druad dia luid le [a] hathair do foglaim druidechta in airther in betha. fo deig is í doróine [*ms.* doroighne] in roth rámach do Thriun ocus in lia i Forchartha ocus in coire i Cnámchoill. ternái iaram anair ocus in dede sin lé go torracht telaigh Tlachtga . fordoslamnadh ann sin iarum go mberdais trí macu .i. Doirb diatá magh nDoirbi . ocus Cuma diatá mag Cuma . ocus Muach diatá mag Muich. i céin dana beid an anmann sin i cuimni fer nEirenn ní thora dígal nechtrann dochum nEirenn. ocus atbath dia hassaidh ocus is uirri dorinnedh in dún . *unde* Tlachtga. Tlachtga ingen Mogha móir . rosleblengadar meic Símóin ⁊ ó'n nuair thánic dar muir mas . is di atá

Tlachtga taebghlas *b.* Moghruith .i. Roth mac Righuill ronalt is de ba mogh Ruith. nó mogh roth .i. *magus rotarum* [ms. rotharam] .i. is a rothaib dognídh a thaisceladh *c.* Mogruith mac Cuinisc meic Fhirdechet .m. Forgib .m. Firglain .m. Fhírfhalaid .m. Chaeir .m. Fergusa .m. Róig .m. Rosa .m. Rudraige *d.* Cacht ingen Chatmainn ben eile d'Fergus máthair Mogaruith meic Fergusa ocus Roth mac Riguill rosnalt. Dér ocus Droigen máthair dá mac Mogaruith .i. Buan ocus Fercorb ocus máthair Chairbri lifechair PAGE 49:—(xv) *de Elii et Enoc.* in tan tra ro bói Michél reompu ocá mbreith i parrdus uile fhíreon petarlaicthe ó Adam co Críst doralai dias fer narsatai naggarb mór tromdai dóib ina nagaid cor iarfaigset na huile noemu acus fírénu : coich sibse ol siat . uair nír b'aichnid dóib iat marobatar in iffiurnd maroen riu fén . ocus sib in uar corpaib i parrthus. atbert oen díb : mise ol sé Enoc ocus is mé ro tócbad conice so tria bréthir ndé ocus ro suidiged i parrdus ann so ol sé . in fersa imorro fil mar oen frium Elias *tesbítes* sin ocus is é ro tócbad || beos i carput tentige connice so . ocus nír blaisemar bás cosé acht is beo sinn beos. *de Antichristo* . ocus roncoimét in chumachta dhiadai co tí Antichríst do chathugud fris ó fhertaib ocus mírboilib diadai ocus ó dherbairdib ingantaib i ndeiriud in domain. iar sin muirbfid Anticríst fa deoidh sinn in Ierusaléim . acht ar abba éireochmaitne i ciunn trí laa co leith iar sin ocus sinn bii ocus tóicébthar sinn iar sin i nélaib co nem

IV. PAGE 49:—(i) *a.* A.D. 478. iar mbeith fiche bliadan i righe Eirenn d'Oilioll molt mac Dathí meic Fhiachrach docher i gcath Ocha la Lugaid mac Laegaire . la Muirchertach mac Erca . ocus la Fergus cerrbél mac Conaill chremthainne . ocus la Fiachra mac Laegaire rí dál nAraide . ocus la Cremthann mac Enna chennselaig rí Laigen. is do'n chursa do ratadh d'Fiachra na Lée ocus carn Eolairg i dtiorfhocraig in chatha *b.* Ailill molt .i. mian muilt bói for a mháthair fair .i. for Eithne ingein Chonrach . conid í Fial ingen Echach séitche [*ms.* séitidh] an ríg do rad an lesainm *c.* Fial ingen Echach feidlig diatá Cruachan brí éile la Laigne ben Dathí meic Fiachrach. Eithne ingen Chonrach ben eile dó máthair Oililla muilt (ii) A.D. 527. iar mbeith cheitre bliadna fichet i ríge Eirenn do Muirchertach mac Muiredaig meic Eogain .m. Néill naoigiallaig ro loisgedh é i dtig Cleitig uas Bóinn oidche Samna iarna bhádud i fíon (iii) A.D. 561. iar mbeith trí bliadna i ríge Eirenn do Dhomnall ocus d'Fergus dá mac Muirchertaig [meic Erca] ro égsat araon PAGE 50:—(iv) A.D. 537. cath Sligige ria bFergus ocus ria nDomnall dá mac Muirchertaig meic Erca . ria nAinmire mac Sédna ocus ria Naindid mac Duach for Eogan bél rí Connacht. ro mebaid an cath rempa . dorochair Eogan bél . dia nebrad in so : fichter cath ua bFiachrach . la feirg faobair tar imbel ⁊ gésis buar námat fri slega . sretha in cath i Crinder. arcelt Slicech do muir már . fuile fer lia feoil ⁊ bertait ilaig tar Eba . im chenn nEogain beoil PAGE 51:—(v) geinelach ua Fiachrach aidni. Guaire aidni mac Colmáin meic Cobthaig .m. Coibnenn .m. Conaill .m. Eogain .m. Echach .m. Nathí .m. Fiachach .m. Echach muigmedóin PAGE 52:—(vi) *a.* geinelach Lugni connacht. Nia corp mac Lói ó filet Lugni meic Cormaic galeng .m. Taidc .m. Céin *b.* geinelach Lugne. Eghra faprig *a quo* ua hEgra mac Soergusa meic Becce .m. Lathgusa *a quo* cland Lathgusa . . .m. Ithchaire .m. Airt chirb *c.* Art cerb .i. Art tesctha nó cirrtha *nam* cerb cirrtha *dicitur* *d.* Luighne .i. Lái-gene .i. clanna Lái meic Cormaic gaileng meic Taidg .m.Céin PAGE 53:—(vii) Loch con *unde nominatur.* ní

annsa . coin Manannáin meic Lir ocus conart Mod ótát insi Mod co comráncatar immon muic ro fásaig in tír impu .i. inse Mod. mani etrantis na coin in muic ro pad fhásach léa co hAlpain. ro leblaing in muc issin loch riasna conu . cengsat na coin na degaid . rosimmart dóib forsindloch út ocus ní thérna cú imbethaid cen tescad ocus cen bádud. luid in muc iar sin cosinninsi fil and *unde* mucinis . *unde poeta* : cuanart Manannáin meic Lir . ocus cuanart Muid mórmir ⁊ rosmudaig muc Mod dia gibis . ic Loch con ic Mucinis (viii) Cloenloch *unde nominatur.* Cloen mac Ingair cluane cétna cennaige do dechaid a hAlpain in Erinn condúsib flatha is and atbath acon loch út . ocus in oenbliadain tomaidm locha Dachaech . ocus Cloenlocha. ocus locha Dadall . ocus .l. Faeifi . ocus .l. nIng . ocus .l. Gabar . ocus .l. Gainn . ocus .l. Duib . ocus .l. nDremainn . ocus .l. Duinn . ocus .l. Ceraim. ocus .l. Cam. Cloen mac Ingair cluana cé . cairpdech crichid cennaide ⁊ condúsib flatha rosfro . is ann atbath i cloenloch *b.* loch Dachaech *unde nominatur.* ní annsa . Dachaech ingen Chichuil grigechglúin ocus ba sí a máthair Fuata ocus issed rucad eturru oen ingen dall. atrullai uadib assin phurt condergenai a haided sin loch út. Dachaech ingen Chichuil chairn . griggegluin gránda glasgairb ⁊ romeirb lémai línib ler . condergenai a haided PAGE 59:—(ix) A.D. 649. cath airthir Seola i Connachtaib ria gCennfaolad mac Colgain ocus ria Maonach mac Baoithín tóisech ua mBriuin in ro marbad Marcán mac Toimeine tóisech ua Máine (x) *a.* Bresal mac Máini móir cúig meic lais .i. Fiachra finn ocus Dallán ocus Conall ocus Crimthann cael ocus Máine mál ótát í Máine bréntair. trí meic Dalláin meic Bresail .i. Duach ocus Lugaid ocus Lomán. cúic meic Luigdech .i. dá Eogan . Crimthann cael ocus Feradach findoll. trí meic Feradaich .i. Cairpre crom ocus Cairpre mac Féichini ocus Nadsluaig ótáit ú Fináin. cetri meic la Cairpre mac Féichini .i. Brénainn dall ocus Aedh abla ocus Aedh guaire ocus Lochéne *b.* Bresal mac Máine móir meic Echach firdághiall .m. Imchada .m. Cholla focrich *c.* geinelach ua Máini. Dicholla mac Eogain fhinn meic Chormaic .m. Choirpri chruim .m. Fheradaig .m. Lugdach .m. Dalláin .m. Bresail .m. Máini .m. Echach .m. Domnaill .m. Fiachach sroiptine .m. Chairpri lifechair *d.* Lann ingen Luigdech léna ben Firdághiall máthair Bresail meic Máine PAGE 63:—(xi) *a.* geinelach ua bFiachrach in tuaiscirt. Maeldub mac Elgaig meic Fiachnai .m. Nathí .m. Fiachrach .m. Echach muigmedóin *b.* geinelach ua bFiachrach fhinn. Aedh mac Finain meic Amalgaid .m. Fhiachrach fhinn .m. Bhresail .m. Máine mhóir [*ut ante*] PAGE 64:—(xii) *a.* rogabsat cethra ríga do chlainn Eirc chaelbuide ríge Connacht .i. Eogan bél. acht is é in coitchenn conad mac do Ailioll molt mac Dathí Eogan bél. Aedh fortamail ocus Ailill inbhannda a bráthair *b.* Oilill inbannda [*ms.* inbanna] .i. can ulchain do bói

V. PAGE 66:—(i) Ruadán lothra mac Fergusa birn meic Echdach .m. Duibdéin .m. Dáire cerba .m. Duach duinn .m. Máine muncháin .m. Aililla flainn bic .m. Aililla flainn móir .m. Fiachach muillethain .m. Eogain .m. Oililla óluim (ii) Senán innsi Cathaig mac Gerrcind meic Dubthaig .m. Décci .m. Imchada .m. Chuirp .m. Luigdech .m. Oililla .m. Oengusai .m. Choirpri bascháin .m. Chonaire [chaeim] .m. Moga láma . . .m. Itha .m. Breogoin (iii) A.D. 972. orgain inse cathaig do Maghnus mac Arailt colLagmannaib na ninnsed imbe ocus Iomar tigerna gall Luimneich do breith eisti ocus sárugad Senáin imbe 275. inis Cathaig do sharugad do Bhrian

mac Cinnéidig for ghallaib Luimnig im Iomhar cona dá mac .i. Amlaoib ocus Duibchenn. Brian caogad bliadan d'aois an tan sin

VI. PAGE 72:—(i) *a.* Aedh sláine mac Diarmata meic Fhergusa cherrbeoil [Fergus cerrbél .i. caime bái ar a bél nó girre] .m. Chonaill chremthainne [Conall cremthainn .i. Cremthann ronalt] .m. Néill náigiallaig *b.* A.D. 475. Conall cremthainn ór chinset clanna Cholmáin ocus síol Aodha sláine d'ég 595. an chédbliadain d'Aodh sláine mac mic Dhiarmata ocus do Cholmán rímid i ríge Eirenn (ii) *a.* A.D. 528. an chédbliadain do Tuathal maolgharb mac Corbmaic chaoich .m. Choirpre .m. Néill náigiallaig i ríge Eirenn *b.* Tuathal maelgarb .i. Cuman ingen Dallbronaig máthair Thuathail máil ghairb is í ro fosaig a chenn fri cloich icá breith ic idnaide daigsen conderna luca ocus cnuic ina chiunn in chloch . conid de doghoirter Tuathal mael garb de *c.* Cumain maine ingen Dallbronaig siur Brigdi ben Chormaic cháich meic Chairbri .m. Néill máthair Tuathail máil gairb .m. Cormaic (iii) móin tíri Náir *unde nominatur.* ní annsa . Nár mac Conaill chernaig meic Amairgin iargiun nó Nár mac Finnchada meic Chonaill chernaig is é ro marbad inti la Eitsen mbanfhéinnid iar marbad a dá hén for snám dá én for Sinainn . *unde* snám dá én ocus móin tíri Náir. Nár mac Finnchada fuathaig . mac Conaill chaeim chathbuadaig ⁊ brisis ben a báig comblaid . immóin tíri Náir nertmair PAGE 73:—(iv) A.D. 538. iar mbeith aonbhliadain dég i ríge Eirenn do Tuathal maolgharb torchair i ngrellaig eillte la Maolmór mac Airgedain . oide Diarmata meic Cherbaill eside . ocus dorochair Maolmór inn fo chédóir (v) Tailltiu can as ro hainmnigedh. ní annsa . Tailltiu ingen Magmoir ben Echach gairb meic Duach temen . is leis durónad duma na ngiall i Temraig ocus ba hí sin buime Loga meic Scáil bailb. is í conatach co a fer caillid cuan do sluidi di comad aenaig mo a lecht . ocus adbath i calainn Auguist iar sin ocus ro acht a guba ocus a nasad la Lugaid *unde* Lugnasad *dicimus.* cúic cét bliadan ocus trí míle ria ngein Críst in sin ocus nogníthí anaenach sin la gach ríg la cach nogebedh Eirinn co táinic Pátraic. ocus .cccc. oenach i Tailltin ó Pátraic co dubaenach nDonnchada meic Flainn .m. Maeilshechlainn (vi) Temuir *unde nominatur.* ní annsa . Temuir .i. Teamúr .i. múr Tea ingine Lugdach mac Itha [meic Breogoin] ben Eiremóin meic Míled .i. is ann ro hadnacht í . *unde poeta* cecinit : in cétben luid in uaig uair . do'n chuain a tur Breogain báin ⁊ Tea brega ben in ríg . dianid ainm Temair fir Fáil. *uel* temuir *a uerbo greco* TEMORO .i. *conspicio* . uair is temair ainm do cech inad asnid soirb fégad radairc . *unde dicitur* temair na tuaithe ocus temair in tige . Cormac mac Cuilennáin PAGE 74:—(vii) geinelach ríg Mide. Murchad mac Airmedaig meic Chonaill guthbinn .m. Shuibni .m. Cholmáin móir .m. Diarmata .m. Fergusa cherrbeoil (viii) A.D. 552. féis Temra do dénam la ríg Eirenn Diarmait mac Fergusa cherrbeoil. marbad Colmáin móir meic Diarmata ina charpat la Dubshlait ua Trena do Chruitnechaib 596. an dara bliadain d'Aodh sláine ocus do Cholmán [rímid]. Suibne mac Colmáin bhig tigerna Mide do mharbad la Aodh sláine i mBrídamh PAGE 75:—(ix) *a.* A.D. 600. iar mbeith sé bliadna i ríge Eirenn d'Aodh sláine mac Diarmata ocus do Cholmán rímid mac Baetáin meic Muirchertaig .m. Muiredaig docher dna Colmán rímid la Lochan díolmana. torchair Aodh sláine la Conall nguithbinn mac Suibne meic Cholmáin móir nó big .m. Diarmata ag loch semhdide. Aodh gustan comdalta Conaill ocus Baothgal bile ronguinsetar . Conall mac Suibne diu do mharbad Aodha róin tóisech

ua bFáilge ocus Aodha buide tóisech ua Máine isin ló chétna in ro marbad Aodh sláine lais. is d'foraithmet na nécht sin ro ráided : ba rómór an ruad-chumha . for rígraid Eirenn uile ! *b.* Conall guithbinn .i. ar a binni do chantairi in tan ba sacart *post.* Aedh gustan .i. Aedh gusdána .i. ba mór an gus do na trí ríg do mharbad isin aenló .i. Aedh sláine rí Eirenn . ocus Aedh buide rí Tefa . ocus Aedh róin rí ua Failge (x) *a.* Bec mac Dé druad mac Gnoei meic Lugdach .m. Dalláin .m. Bresail .m. Máine .m. Néill náigiallaig. nó Bec mac Dé druad mac Noei meic Chonaill echluaith .m. Lugdach minn dimmain *b.* Nói mac Cais meic Chonaill echluaith *a quo* Bec mac Déi .i. [*filius*] *Fumi ut alii putant c.* 12° *Octobris.* Beg mac Dé meic Ghnoei do shliocht Cholla dáchríoch dó ocus fáidh oirrderc é *d.* A.D. 557. a naoi dég do Diarmait. S. Beg mac Dé fáid oirrderc d'ég (xi) geinelach dáil Araide. *a.* Fiacha araide mac Oengusa goibnenn meic Fergusa gaillini .m. Tipraiti *qui occidit* Conn cédchathach .m. Bresail láig *qui subintrauit* loch Láig .m. Bresail .m. Feirb .m. Máil *qui* Tuathal techtmar *occidit* .m. Rochride *b.* Araide bibre in cáinte de Muimnechaib ba sé rechtaire do Chormac ua Chuinn. Cairech a ben is í ro anacht Fiacha mac Oengusa. *inde dicitur* Fiacha araide *a quo* dál Araide *c.* dál .i. rann nAraide .i. airial ríg Eirenn .i. is í a lepaid thechtaide fo bith as orba niadh ro gabsat nó is do chlainn nia dóib. imarcraide dono bith fo ghlún ríg dóib ár rob é rínia Eirenn isin aimsir a raibe Conall cernach mac Aimirgin. *aliter . quod uerius est .* dál nAraide .i. Fiacha araide ainm in fir ó nainmnigter iad PAGE 76:—(xii) 15° *Aprilis.* Ruadán mac Fergusa ab Lothra . trí chaogait bói ina choimtinól acus do gheibdís a sásadh do ghrés gan saothar ndaonna agá nimfhulang do ghnáth ag ernaighte ocus ag molad an choimde na ndúla . do shíol Eogain móir meic Oililla óluim dosomh. adeir senlebar ró-aosda memraim go raibe Ruadán lothra cosmail i mbésaib acus i mbethaid re Matha apstal PAGE 79:—(xiii) A.D. 554. an seisedh bliadain dég do Diarmait . féis déidenach Temra do dénam do Diarmait ríg Eirenn. Curnán mac Aeda .i. mac ríg Connacht do bhásugad la Diarmait mac Cerbaill tar slánaib acus comairge Coluim chille iarna tharraing go haindeonach as a lámaib . conad é fochann catha cúla Dreimne 555. an sechtmad dég do Diarmait. cath cúla dreimne do bhrised for Diarmait mac Cerbaill la Fergus ocus la Domnall dá mac Muirchertaig meic Erca . la hAinmire mac Sédna ocus la hAindid mac Duach ocus la hAodh mac Echach tirmcharna rí Connacht. i gcionaid marbtha Churnáin meic Aodha meic Echach tirmcharna for faosamh Coluim chille do ratsat clanna Néill in tuaisceirt ocus Connachta an cath sin cúla Dreimne do'n ríg do Diarmait . ocus fós imon gclaoinbhreith rug Diarmait ar Cholom cille im liubar Finnén ro scríob Colum cille gan rathugad d'Finnén dia ndechsat i réir nDiarmata go ro choigcertaig Diarmait an mbreith noirrdeirc : la gach boin a boinín *etc.* Fraochán mac Tenusáin is é dorigne indeirbe ndruad do Dhiarmait . Tuathán mac Dimmain meic Sáráin .m. Chormaic .m. Eogain is é ro lá indeirbe ndruad dar a chenn. trí míle trá is edh torchair do mhuintir Dhiarmada . aoinfher námá issedh torchair do'n leith naill . Maghláim a ainm . ár is é ro ching tar an eirbhe ndruad (xiv) Indorb fhinn ingen ríg Saxan ben Eogain meic Néill [náigiallaig] máthair Muiredaig meic Eogain. Erc ingen Lóairn ríg Alban máthair Muirchertaig [móir meic Muiredaig .m. Eogain] (xv) *a.* geinelach ríg cenéil Chonaill. Aedh mac Ainmirech meic Shétnai .m. Fhergusa [chennfhoda] .m. Chonaill

ghulbain .m. Néill náigiallaig *b.* A.D. 564. an chédbliadhain do Ainmire mac Sédna meic Fergusa chennfhoda i ríge Eirenn 566. iar mbeith trí bliadna i ríge Eirenn d'Ainmire mac Sédna torchair la Fergus mac Neilline (xvi) *a.* craeb coibnesa fer mBréifne ann so sís. Fergus mac Muiredaig máil meic Eogain sreim [.i. rang beg bái na bhél] .m. Duach galaig .m. Briain .m. Echach muigmedóin trí meic lais .i. Eochaid tirmcharna sen síl Muiredaig . ocus Duach tenga uma sen clainne Choscraig ocus muintire Murchada. Fergna in tres mac sen ua mBriuin *b.* Eogan sremh .i. sreng bai ina beolu nó ina rosc. Duach galach .i. gal ocus uch leis .i. foghal ocus fo-uch dobeirdís meic eili Bhriain air in tan ba macámh óc é. Duach tenga uma .i. ar febus a urlabra .i. ar binni fhoghrach a urlabra. Eochaid tirmcharna .i. ní thabradh a bráthair do .i. Duach tenga umha rí Connacht do biadh acht carna tirim *c.* A.D. 557. cath móna doire lothair for Cruithniu ria núib Néill an tuaisceirt .i. ria gcenél gConaill ocus Eogain dú i dtorchradar secht dtaoisig Cruitnech im Aodh mbrec . ocus is do'n chur soin dorochair doridise na Lée ocus carn Eolairg do chlannaib Néill an tuaisceirt. Cennfaoladh ro ráidh in so : sínsit faebra sínsit fir . in móin móir doire lothair ⁊ adbair chomronna nach cert . secht ríg Cruithne im Aodh mbrec. fichtir cath Cruithne nuile . ocus forloiscter Eilne ⁊ fichtir cath gabra Liffe . ocus cath cúile Dreimne. bersat gialla iar gconghal . as soin siar im chnuas nuach ⁊ Fergus Domnall Ainmire . ocus Nainnid mac Duach. fillsit dá mac meic Erca . ar chenn in chatha chétna ⁊ acus an rí Ainmire . fillis i selbaib Sédna 567. iar mbeith aonbliadain i ríge Eirenn do Bhaodán mac Ninneda meic Fergusa chennfoda docher oc léim in eich i ndebaid lasan dá Comaoine .i. Comaoine mac Colmáin big meic Cherbaill ocus Comaoine mac Librene meic Illadhan .m. Cherbaill. tré chomairle Colmáin bhig dorónsat an gníom ishin *d.* A.D. 499. cath Seghsa ria Muirchertach mac Erca for Duach tenguma rí Connacht. is edh fochann an chatha .i. Muirchertach ro bái i rathaigius etir in ríg ocus Eochaid tirmcharna a bráthair go ro gabad Eochaid for comairce Muirchertaig. Cennfaoladh asbert dá dherbadh : cath Seghsa ben do mnáib fodruair. ro bói crú derg dar crúisich la Dúisich ingin Duaich ⁊ cath Delga cath Mucrama ocus cath tuama Drubha . la cath Seghsa i dtorchair Duach tengumha PAGE 81:—(xvii) *a.* A.D. 965. cath formaoile oc ráith big ria cenél Eogain for chenél Conaill . dú i dtorchair Maolísa O Canannáin tigerna cenéil Chonaill ocus Muirchertach O Taidhg rígdhamna Connacht go sochaidib aile amaille friu *b.* ráth mór immaig line can as ro hainmniged. ní annsa . ráth Rogin a hainm ar tús co flaith Bresail bric meic Briuin ríg Ulad [con]dechaidside for echtra fo loch Laeig combái caoca bliadan ann. Mór dana ingen Rithir mac Derlaim frisin ré sin isindráith conepert sí : is cian lem echtra Bresail . ocus aspert ben : bid cian duitsiu ár ní tharga Bresal co bráth dá echtra co a sheol co tísat a mairb do chách. ba marb dana Mór fo chétóir ocus ro lil a hainm di'n ráith *unde* ráth Mór . ocus doriacht Bresal brec fescur d'adaig amail asberar in echtrai Bresail

VII. PAGE 82:—(i) A.D. 558. iar mbeith fiche bliadan ós Eirinn i ríge do Diarmait mac Fergusa cherrbeoil docher la hAodh ndubh mac Suibne rí dál nAraide ag ráith big i maig line. tugad a chenn go cluain meic Nóis go ro hadnacht innte ocus ro hadnacht a cholann i gCoindeire (ii) *a.* Corbach ingen Maine do Laignib ben Fergusa chirrbeoil máthair Dhiarmada meic Fhergusa. Mugain ingen Choncraid meic Duach do Chonnachtaib ben Diar-

mada meic Chrebaill (*sic*) máthair Aeda sláine *b.* geinelach Fiachrach oeli d'úib Duach. Oengus mac Conath meic Choncraid diarbo ingen Mugain ben Diarmata meic Cherbaill diatá carn Mugaine in Airget rois .m. Duach cliach .m. Máine muncháin .m. Choirpri .m. Chuirc .m. Luigdech .m. Aililla flainn bic .m. Fiachach muillethain .m. Eogain móir .m. Oililla óloim *c.* Flann *cecinit* : Mugain ingen Choncraid chain . mac Duach di'n des Mumain ⁊ ro chren fialgarta cen fheill . ben Diarmata meic Cheirbeill. is í seo cen bét-blaid mbrath . cétfaid araile senchadh ⁊ cona hollaltaib cen ail . ba de Chon-nachtaib Mugain PAGE 84:—(iii) *a.* mag mBregh can [as] ro hainmnig-edh. [ní annsa] . mag mBregh dono .i. Bregh a ainm daimh Dhile .i. Dil ingen Lughmannrach do dechaid a tír Fhailge la Tulchainne ndrái .i. drái Chonaire meic Méisi buachalla. in aenuair dono rogenair indísiu agus rug in bhó a laegh seoch na hinnile ar chena agus ro char in ingen in laegh ar a geinemain in aenuair fria agus ro éimidh Tulchainne a tabairtsi gu tugadh a damh lé . agus ru bo dual dosein in mhórrigan do chuaidsium da thabairt na brimana sin leis gu mbeith i muig Eolgaide .i. cétainm in mhuige . gunad de ainmnicher mag mBreg. nó gumad de Bhreogan la ro slechtad in mag no hainmnighte amail adubrad : mag mBreogain mbuaid ár mbunad . gu tuaim trebair gach trelaim ⁊ sinni iar lenmain tar lera . ra gab Brega for Bregaib *b.* Essa ingen Echach aireman ocus Edáine máthair Meisibuachalla. ocus in Mesbuachalla sin dono ben Eitirsceoil máthair Chonairi. ocus fa ben do Chonchobar mac Nesa in Mesbuachalla sin comad í máthair Chormaic chonloingis . nó is í Clothra ingen Echach feidhlig a máthair

VIII. PAGE 85:—(i) *a.* A.D. 630. cath cúile Chaoláin ré nDiarmaid mac Aodha sláine . airm in ro marbadh dá mhac Aongusa meic Cholmáin móir .i. Maoluma ocus Colga ocus araill oile amaille friu *b.* Temair ingen Aeda builc meic Finghin .i. ríg na nDéisi ben Diarmada ruanaid meic Aeda sláine máthair Chernaig shotail. Cernach sotal .i. ar a uallcha ocus ar méd a menman leis atbeirthea ris (ii) A.D. 628. an cúigedh bliadain do Dhomnall [mhac Aoda mheic Ainmirech]. cath átha Goan in iarthar Liffe ria bFaolán mac Colmáin ocus ria gConall mac Suibne tóisech Mide ocus ria bFailbe flann ríg Muman . airm in ro marbad Criomthann mac Aoda meic Shenaig rí Laigen co sochaide oile imaille fris (iii) Dubthur *unde nominatur.* ní annsa . dubthír Guaire meic in Daill in sin iarsindí dorigni fingail for a bráthair oc daminis for Dáirine ndubchestach mac in Daill .i. a mharbad ar thnúth ocus ar thangnacht co ro leth fid ocus mothar dar a fherann. *unde poeta* : ro marb Guaire Dáire ndonn . cen náire nír bo imroll ⁊ mac a athar adbal bét . is a mharbad tria drochét

IX. PAGE 87:—(i) *a.* 30° *Julii.* Caenchomrac ó inis éndaim for loch Ribh acus rob epscop é i gcluain meic Nóis ar dtús do muintir Dega a chénél. acus ro fágaib cluain ar méd a airmidne innte ár ro adhairset na comfhoigsi é amail fháid . co ndechaid d'iarraid uaignesa for loch Ribh iaram *b.* rí ua nDega. Dub dá críoch mac Conamail meic Aeda .m. Oengusa .m. Dega .m. Enna chenselaig (ii) *a.* Teftha ingen Echach aireman ben Náisi meic Nechtain. Eochaid airemh .i. is leis do radadh cuing ar damaib ar a muin ar tús. nó air uamh . ór is leis do tochladh talam do dénam uama ar tús. Bé bindia ingen Chremthainn ben Finn meic Finntain máthair Echach finnléith ocus Echach airemain *b.* A.M. 5084. iar gcaithem cóig mbliadan ndég i ríge Eirenn d'Eochaid airemh ro loisgedh la Sighmall i bFremhain *c.* Tethba

can as ro hainmniged. ní annsa . Tebtha ingen Echdach aireman co roscar Nóisiu mac Nechtain finngualai ó loch Léin ocus ba hí a muimeside Eitech ingen Lennghlais meic Luin do Glomraide trachta Tuirbi . is í do chóid maraen lia dalta. ó do roacht Tethba co hard Nóisen ocus ba hard numai a ainm co sin asbert sí : bid tesbaid do chumdach in tírese mo dhulasa as. ní badh fíor ón ar Nóisiu . ní theiséba do shlonnudsa du'n tírse . is edh ón airatá. is teidm neich indail bréithri fácbaisiu for in tírse ar sisi . ocus bad lili com uidi ar ar tarrgraid. ba fíor diu . áir atbath a muime oc dul fo des conid de atá cenn Eitig ocus Tebtha . *de quibus dicitur* : do rat Tebtha do'n tír tuaid . nadbad sechna dar sárbuaid ; a comainm Cleitech ro char . ingen Echach aireman. do luid la Nóisin anall . la [mac] Nechtain finnghualann ; Tebtha rotuille cach tech . is a muime móirEitech. Eitech ingen Lennghlais luain . roscar fri dennmais ndrechbuain ; áit ar fácaib duibe a drech . ba hé a cenn uighe Eitech. maraid a nanmann dia néis . condusfaghbam fria naisnéis ; na mban co mbríg is combladh . ro thog gach tír dia taradh *d.* tráig Tuirbi can as ro hainmniged. ní annsa . Tuirbe tragmar athair Gobáin saeir is é rodonseilb . is ó'n forbai isisein focherdedh a urchur dia biail i tulaig imbela fria aigid in tuile conurghairedh in fairge ocus ní thuidched tairis. ocus ní fes a gheinelach saindriud acht manip aen di na tesbadachaib [aesa dána] atrulladar a Temraig riasin sab nilldánach fil i ndiamraib Breg

X. PAGE 89 :—(i) *a.* A.D. 157. iar mbeith cúig bliadna tríochat i ríge Eirenn do Chonn chédchathach torchair la Tibraide tírech mac Máil meic Rochraide ríg Ulad i dtuaith amrois *b.* Conn cédchathach .i. céd cath ro bhris for Mumain ocus céd cath for Ultaib ocus trí fichit cath for Laignib. dianebairt : céd cath for in Mumain móir . ro bris Conn calma i cédóir ; céd ar Ultu maraen riu . is sesca cath for Laigniu *c.* Una ollchrothach ingen ríg Lochlann ben Feidlimid rechtmair máthair Chuinn chétchathaig. Lennabair ingen Chatháir móir ben Chuinn chétchathaig. Aife ingen Ailpin ben eile do Chonn máthair Airt aenfir ocus Chonnla ruaid ocus Saidbe . ocus is í fa máthair do Lughna fertrí iartain. Lann ingen Chremthainn chais ben eile do Chonn. Main ocus Sadb ocus Sáraid trí ingena Chuinn . Sadb máthair Meicchon ocus secht mac Oililla óloim ocus fa ben eile dó Ainel (*sic*) ingen Eogabail . Main máthair na trí Fergusa (*sic*) .i. Fergus duibdédach ocus Fergus foiltlebar ocus Fergus bód for Bregaib ocus torchradar a triur i cath Chrinna la Cormac . Sárait máthair na trí Coirbre .i. Coirbre rígfhoda ocus Coirbre músc ocus Coirbre bascháin trí meic Chonairi meic Moga láma (ii) Fergus duibdédach .i. déda duba bádar oca. nó dub é ocus déda móra aice .i. dub dédach (iii) *a.* A.D. 267. énbhliadain d'Eochaid gonnat i ríge Eirenn go dtorchair la Lugaid menn mac Aongusa d'Ulltaib *b.* Eochaid gunnat .i. fer ro beg é .i. ro ghunnataig .i. ro bloghaig .i. is leis do foghailtea Conaille fo Eirinn. nó Eochaid gunnat .i. Eochaid bragfhada . *nam* gunnat braighe nó muinél *dicitur* PAGE 90 :—(iv) *a.* Bresal brec trá dá mac leis .i. Connla senathair Ossairgi ocus Lugaid senathair Lagen. mac didiu do'n Lugaid sin in Sétna sithbac . cethri meic la Sétna. Nuadu necht tra in cethramad mac Sétnai sithbaic is uad atá bunad Lagen. ocus ba ríg Temrach é ocus is leis docher [Etirscél] mór mac Eogain rí Muman .i. ar Lugaid reo nderg doringni Nuadu in [ngníom sin] ocus is iar sin ro gab Lugaid rígi nEirenn. ocus is ua do Nuadait necht Finn ua Báiscni ocus Cáilte . *ut* Senchán tóirpéist *cecinit* isin chó[ir anmann] : Finn tulcha

tuath curi ca . . chrothsait cres mbodbae bárc . . di thonnaib . trí úi Báiscne buada .i. Finn ocus Oisín mac Finn ocus Cáilte . cuitechta conda ferta filset trí úi Nuadat necht .i. co filet a macca . . Finn didiu mac Cumaill meic Trénmóir .m. Suaelt .m. Eltain .m. Baiscni .m. Nuadat necht *b.* Baine ingen Scáil bailb ben Tuathail techtmair máthair Feidlimid rechtmair ocus Chumaill meic Trénmóir. Muirn munchaem ingen Taidg meic Nuadat máthair Fhinn meic Chumaill. Gráinne ingen Chormaic úi Chuinn ben Fhinn úi Bháiscne ocus fa ben do Diarmait í iarum. Aillbe ghruaidbrec ingen Chormaic ben eile d'Fionn. ocus fa ben do Moingfionn ingen Dubáin máthair Ulaic meic Fhinn. ocus fa ben eile do Bodomar ingen Lugair iascairi ocus is í ro mharb Currach lifi mac Cathái r . conad ina díghail ro marbh Finn Currach. ocus fa ben d'Fionn Smirgad ingen Fothaid canann. Aine ingen Finn meic Chumaill máthair Echach doimlén (iv) Sédna sithbac .i. sídhbac. uair ic tairmesc shídha do ghrés no bíodh ocus ac tabairt chocaid imm anáir PAGE 91 :—(v) Fothadh canainni .i. Canann ainm con bói oco . is uada ro hainmniged (vi) Adarca *unde nominatur* .i. in úib Failge. Iuchna echbél rígbriuga ro bói ri Faffainn anairtuaid i fán in briugad frisinabbar machad mBrigti indiu. ba hé a bés an amberthe do innúd cacha bliadna ina thig no bíd cá altram ocus cá chlithugud in tsotha sain co beltaine cacha bliadna co ro charsat a chethri é. in tan tra ba marb é táncatar a bóchethra uile issin chnoc út combátar trí lá ocus trí aidche ic imarbád isin chnuc sin ic cáiniud Iuchnai co torchratar anadarca díb ocus có ndernta cnuic impu . do naib tulchaib sin asbertatar adarca Iuchna . condechatar assa aithle do díol anítad co Bóinn *unde* áth almaini for bun mBóinni (vii) *a.* Bóand cid diadá. ní annsa . Bóann ben Nechtan meic Labrada do dechaid dochum in tobair diamair baei in urlainn sída Nechtain. cech aen fodricedh ní thicedh uad can máidsin a dá rosc acht menptis é Nechtan ocus a trí deogbairi . Flesc ocus Lesc ocus Luam ananmann. fecht ann musluid Bóand la dímus do co bfis cumachta in tobair ocus asbert nad bái cumachta diamair connísadh cumach a delba . ocus imsái tuaithbel in topair fo trí ocus máidhid trí tonna tairsi di'n tobur ocus fosruidbed a sliasaid ocus a láim ocus a lethsúil. imsái diu for teiched a haithisi co fairgi ocus an uisce ina diaid co hinber mBóinne. ba hí sin dono máthair Aengusa meic in Dagda. nó itá Bó ainm in tsrotha ocus Finn abann sléibe Guaire ocus dia comrac mole as ainm Bóann. dabhilla ainm a hoirce *unde* cnoc dauilla . sliab in chotaig *hodie b.* Bóann ingen Delbaeith máthair Aengusa in broga . ocus ba ben do Nechtain mac Labrada leisbric í *c.* trí dindgna Eirenn cen ail . duma na ngiall i Temraig ; brug meic indóc niabda dul . is dún Cremthainn in Etur (viii) *a.* A.D. 283. a sé dég do Chairbre. Fionn ua Báiscne do thuitim la hAichlech mac Duibdrenn ocus la macaib Uirgrenn do Luaignib temrach oc áth Brea for Bóinn diandebrad : ro bíth Finn ba do ghaib .i. do na gaib iasgaig ro gonadh é *b.* ro díchned Finn ba fer tenn . ó a óclaech mac Duibdrenn ; is ro benad de a chenn . ó macaib anaib Uirgrenn PAGE 92 :—(ix) geinelach ú Fidgentid. Conall *a quo* úi Chonaill ghabra mac Intait meic Dáiri .m. Briuin .m. Fiachrach fidgennid .m. Dáire cherba .m. Aililla flainn bic .m. Aililla flainn móir. de chur luinge ina ngiall fidgenid *nominatus est . et qui fecit equum ligneum in circo* Cholmáin ilLifiu *agitari.* [adberait araile ba fidgeinid Maine muncháin mac Oililla flainn big meic Fiachach fir dá liach] (x) A.D. 884. Maolmura an file foircthe fíreolach staraide ergna an bhérla scoitegda d'ég.

is fair tugad an teistemainsi : ní forlaig talmain togha . ní targa i dTemraig tura ⁊ ní taiche allEiriu iormar . fer mar Mhaol mhínghlan Mura. ní eisib bás gan dolmai . ní roacht gnás co marba ⁊ nír hiadadh talam trebthaig . for senchaid badid amra

XI. *ibid.*:—(i) fianna *a uenatione* .i. ó'n tseilg dognídís atbeirthea fianna friu. nó fianna .i. finedha ár is ina finedaib ocus ina naicmib do bídís. nó fianna .i. féinneda an ríg iat (ii) Mide can as ro hainmnigedh. ní annsa. Mide mac Brata meic Deta cédna ro fada teinid fri clandaib Neimid in Eirinn ocus ro bái secht mbliadna for lasad . conid ó'n teinid sin ro hadhnad gach prímtheine in Eirinn conid de dligios a comarba miach la muic gach aenchleithe in Eirinn . conerbradar drúi Eirenn : is mide dúinn in tinese ro hadadh isin tír . co ro tinóilid drúi Eirenn in aentech co tallaid a tengtha as a cennaib tria chomairli Midi . cor adnaid i talmain Uisnech ocus condeisid Mide prímdrúi ocus prímsenchaid Eirenn uasaib. adbert Gaire ingen Gumoir muime Midi : is uais nech dofuilter sunn innocht. *unde* Uisnech ocus Mide

XII. PAGE 94:—(i) A.D. 284. iar mbeith secht mbliadna dég i ríge Eirenn do Chairbre lifechair docher i gcath gabra Aichle do láim Sémeoin meic Chirb do Fhothortaib iar dtabairt na féinne d'Fiorchorb mac Chormaic chais lais in nagaid an ríg do chosnam leithe Moga fris 285. énbhliadain do'n dá Fothad ós Eirinn go dtorchair Fothad cairpthech la Fothad nairgthech. docher Fothad airgtech iar sin i gcath Ollarba i Line la Caoilte (ii) Ossín *cecinit* . i cath Gabra ro marbad Oscar ocus Cairbre l[ifechair] : ogam illia lia uas lecht . baile i téigtís fecht fir ⁊ mac ríg Eirenn ro gaet ann . do ghae ghann ós Gabair gil. tarlaic Cairpre urchar nairc . domuin amairc maith is tress ⁊ gairsiu condrístais a scíss . Oscar ro bí a lám des. tarlaic Oscar irchar noll . co fergach lonn immar leo ⁊ co ro marb Coirpre ua Cuinn . riasragiallsatar gluinn gleo. amainsi móra na mac . fuaratar a mbás do'n ghleo ⁊ gairsiu condrístais a nairm . roptar lia ammairb inámbeo. misse fodéin isin tres. leith andes do Ghabair ghlais ⁊ marbsa caecait laech fo dí . is mise rosbí dom bais. airpeitenn carpach fochruch . inninaim ba ruth domrogh ⁊ ro marbainn torc i caill cháid . no sháirginn én áith im ogh. in togam út fil sin chloich. imma torchratar na troich ⁊ dámmairedh Finn fichtib glonn . cian bad chumain in togom (iii) sliab Fuait can as ro hainmniged. ní annsa . Fuat mac Bili meic Brige .m. Breogoin do tarall inse for muir oc tuidecht dóib dochum nEirenn .i. inis maigdena nó mo ogdeda *id est* morogdiada . cach aen no fuirmed a bonn fuirri ní aprad goe cén no bídh innti. tuc diu Fuat fót leis aissi conid fair condeisid breithemnus ocus a coigcert . in tan diu do dórdad goe imsóadh a fond in arda ocus a fhér fri grian ocus [in tan] adbeired imorro fír imsóadh a fhér in arda . ocus atá diu in fót sin beus isin tsléib ocus is fair dellaid in gráinne torchair a gerrán Phátraic . conid adrad sruith ó sin ille ar coiméd na fírinne ann. *aliter* comad ó Fuat mac Breoguin co díles ro ráitea . *unde* sliab Fuait *nominatur* PAGE 96:—(iv) A.D. 447. a naoi dég do Laogaire [mac Néill náighiallaig]. *Secundinus* .i. Sechnall mac ú Baird mac sethar Pátraig .i. Darerca epscop arda Macha cúig bliadna sechtmoghad a aois an tan ro faoidh a spirat .i. 27° *Nouember* PAGE 98:—(v) *a.* benn Edair [*etc.*] Etar ben Gainn meic Dela in cóiged ríg fer mbolg is í sin cétna ben adbath do chumaid a fir sunn *prius* . ocus is ann ro hadnacht i mbeinn Etair. *aliter* Etar .i. ó Etur mac Edgáith ro bái i clemnus Manannáin is é adbath do sheirc Aine conatclad a fhiurt isin beinn ucut

b. Marga ben Edair meic Edgáith PAGE 99:—(vi) *a.* A.M. 4875. iar mbeith sesgat bliadan i ríge Eirenn d'Aenghus tuirmech Temrach atbail i dTemraig. Aengus tuirmech do ghairm de ár as chuige tuirmigter saorchlanna síl Eiremóin *b.* Oengus tuirbech .i. tuirbech leis .i. in mac dorinne fria ingen .i. Fiachaid fer mara. nó dono is chuice tuirmigter saerchlanna Eirenn . is aire adbeirthea Aengus tuirbech *c.* dá prímaicmi déc do Ernaib ocus cethri forshlointe fichet .i. dá forshlonnud cacha aicme (vii) máthair Diarmata ó'n Dáil . ingen Churraig meic Chatháir ⁊ is Blai derg di'n Bhanbai bhrais . máthair Ossine amnais. ticedh [sí] irriocht eilte . i comdáil na dibeirge ⁊ condernad Ossine de . ri Blai ndeirg irriocht eilte (viii) A.D. 2550. Parthalón d'ég for senmaigh elta Edair isin mbliadainsi. in aimsir ghabála Parthalóin ro slechtait na muigesi acht namá ní fes caite bliadna in ro slechtait . mag nEithrige la Connachta . mag nIthe la Laigniu . mag Lii la húib mac Uais bregh . mag Latharna la dál nAraide 2820. naoi míle do ég fri haointsechtmain do mhuintir Phárthalóin for shenmaig elta Edair .i. cúig míle d'feraib ocas ceithre míle do mnáib . conad de sin atá táimlecht muintire Párthaláin. trí céd bliadan ro chaithset in Eirinn PAGE 102:—(ix) *a.* bái tra Eochaid ollathair .i. in Dagdha mór mac Elathan ochtmogat bliadan i rígi Eirenn. is aige do bádar na trí meic .i. Aengus ocus Aedh ocus Cermad caem . is forra ina cethrar rosgníset fir Eirenn síd in broga *b.* Eochaid ollathair .i. uille é iná a athair . nó ollathair .i. uille do thuathaib dé Danann. Daghda .i. daigh dé .i. dia sainemail ag na geinntib é *c.* tuatha dé Danann .i. dee in taes dána ocus andé in taes trebtha PAGE 103:—(x) *a.* Dagdha ocus Oghma ocus Alloth ocus Bres ocus Delbaeth cúic meic Elathain meic Delbáith .m. Néid *b.* Oengus mac innóg ocus Aedh caem ocus Cermad milbél trí meic in Daghda meic Elathan *c.* Midhir bríg léith mac Indái meic Echtaig .m. Edarlaim *d.* Nuada airgetlám *mac* Echtaig meic Edarlaim *e.* Bodhb sída fer Femin mac Echach gairb meic Duach temin .m. Breis .m. Elathan .m. Delbáith .m. Néid (xi) *a.* Brí léith [*etc.*] Liath mac Celtchair is é mac Flatha bái i sídchairib co ro charastarsein Brí mbruachbric ingin Midir mórghlonnaig meic Indúi .m. Echtaig. do chóid dana Brí a hingenrad co fertai na ningen i taeb Temrach . luid Liath a buiden macaem co mbái i tulaig na hiarmaithrigi. feimidset comrac ní bod nesum fri taibleoraib sídi Midir ár ba lir beich telleoin illó ainnle imfrecra a ndiubraicthe . co ro brised leo Cochlán gilla Léith conapad. imsói in ingen do Brí léith co roebris a cride inti ocus atbert : cen Liath cen co ro osa in ingensa is mo ainmsea bias fuirri .i. Brí léith .i. Brí as la Liath. conid de adberar Brí léith ocus dinn Cochláin *b.* mag Femin *unde nominatur.* ní annsa . Femen ocus Fera dá derbráthair .i. dá mac Mogaib meic Dachair do chlainn Bratha meic Detha. oenbac ocus oenluasat iairn eturru andís . in tráth no bíd Femen ic fuilged no bíd Fera ic bacad *et uicissim* . *unde* mag Femin *et* mag Fera . *unde poeta* : Femen Fera fir fathga . do shíol delbghlan Deatha ⁊ itiat ro shlechtsat nammaig . Femen Fera a fidbaid PAGE 104:—(xii) fid ngaibli [*etc.*] Gabul glas mac Ethadóin meic Nuadat argatláim tall grinni Ainge ingini in Dagdai ro teclaimside do dénam drochtai di . uair in drochta dogníd in Dagda ní anad de thinsaitin céin no bíd in muir for línad ocus ní ticed bainne as céin ba haithbe. tarlaic Gabul iarum urchor do'n grinni sin a beluch Fhualascaig co ra gab fos ocus forbairt in chaill for cach leth . *unde* fid nGaibli. *uel* combad í Gabul gáirechtach ingen Guill glais ben Oirc meic Ingais ro báided issindabainn sin

iar marbad a fir la Ailioll mac Aeda róin in áth orc . *unde* Gabul ocus áth orc *nominantur. uel* is aire ainmnigter Gabul di'ndabainn ar in gablugud dogní sí irrinn dá chluana .i. cluain sasta ocus cluain mór PAGE 106:—(xiii) *a.* Temair luachra [*etc.*] Temair ingen Lugdach meic Itha ben Eiremóin is di tugad Temair luachra ocus temair Brega ocus gach temair olchena dá fil in Eire. luachair imorro fodéisin ba mag scothach co reimes mac nUgaini nó go gein Cuinn *ut alii dicunt* fo deig as indi do bruinnset Siuir ocus Eoir ocus Berba ocus loch Riach ocus loch Léin i luachair . ocus adces bili toirten ocus Eoron *b.* loch Léin [*etc.*] Léin linfiaclach mac Bain bolgaid meic Bannaig .m. Glammaig .m. Gomir cerd sidi Buidb is é ro baei sin loch ignim niamlestar Fainni ingini Flidais. iar scur a oipri gach naidchi focherded uad a indeoin sair co hindeoin na nDéise cosin fert . ocus trí frosa focherded .i. fros uisci . fros teined . fros do nemainn chorcarglain . ocus dognídh Nemandach a cétna ic sliaidi cuaich Choncobair atuaid . *unde* loch Léin *nominatur* PAGE 107:—(xiv) crota Cliach [etc.] Cliach cruitire Smirduib meic Smáil rí na trí narus a síd Baine do luidsen do thochuired Chonchinne ingine Buidb a síd for Femen . nó combad Baine a hainm. bái diu Cliach bliadain láin [*ms.* ilainm] ic senmaim forsin dinn sin ocus ní roacht co síd mBuidb ní bo nesom la méd cumachta in tsída ocus ní caemnacair ní do'n ingenraid . acht ro sephainn a chroit co róimid in talam faei. conid as ro mhúid in draic is de loch bél dregcon .i. dreg theined fuair muime Ternog ann i riocht bradáin conid Fursa rostenn isin loch . ocus is é sin in draig tairngiter im féil Eoin do thurgbáil for Eirinn fri deired domain ocus is de sin atát Crota PAGE 109:—(xv) *a.* Berba *unde nominatur.* Berba is inti ró láittea na trí nathracha ro bátar i cride Méichi meic na mórrígna iarna marbad do Diancecht i maig Méichi. mag Fertaige ainm in maige sin ar tús. delba trí cenn nathrach bátar forsna trí cridib bátar i Méiche . ocus mani thairsed a marbad forbértáis na nathracha sain ina broinn co ná farcbaidís anmanna beo in Eirinn. co ronloisc Diancecht iarna marbad ocus co ronlá a luaith lasin sruth út co romberb ocus co ro dílég cech nanmanna bói innti. *unde* mag Luadat ocus mag Méichi ocus Berba : cride Méichi cruaid in chned . isin Berba ro báided ⁊ a luaith iarna loscud lib . ro chuir mac Cecht cétchuinig *b.* slige Dala *unde nominatur.* .nī. Dalo glas do grécaib Scithia is uad dogarar sligi Dala . Créa imorro ingen Feidlecon a ben is uaide ainmnighter ros Créa . Cannan mac Eidlecon dana is uad congarar cluain Cannan. Carmun cétbrugach derbráthair do Dalo condaluid iar néc Dalo do triall a hEirinn contoracht Carmun liphi conid ann atbath do chumaid a bráthar. Dala tra ocus Carmun ocus Imteng *secundum quosdam* ocus Gláire ocus Brea ocus Grea ocus Cairiu sechtor fáid meic Thait .m. Ogamuin .m. Beamuin .m. Srú .m. Esrú .m. Gaedil glais . ocus Rafann a siur . co ro fodlait do díth Dalo ár ba hé Dalo a cuingid. Inteng dana ic dún Inteing . *hic secundum quosdam* [Carmun *mortuus est*] . Gláire ós dún Gláire in Eilib . Brea ic dún Brea in úib Briuin cualann . Grea in dún Grea in úib Garrchon ós sléib Airgiall . Cairiu ic dún Cairenn . Rafann dana a siur ic Ráirinn in úib Muiredaig. is amlaid sin ra fodlait sechtor fáid ocus is uaidib ainmnigter na inada sin : Dalo Inteng Gláire glan . Brea Grea Cairiu is Cannan ⁊ ocus Carmun cloen cathach . ba hadbal cland oenathar *c.* cenn Febrat can as [*etc.*] .nī. Febra mac Sin derbráthair senDedaid meic Sin conid ro marb Cáin mac Deirg dualaig co tuc a chenn cosin sliab ucut . *unde* cenn Febrat *dicitur.* do luid iarum Garbán

mac Dedaid dá dígail for Cáin mac nDeirg dualaig conid romarb for sléib Cáin ocus co ruc a chenn co cenn Febrat. mór laech ocus laeiches ro hadnacht ann la suidib . in Lughaid loighde . ocus Dodera mac Urmora in file. ocus Eithne ocus Maer ocus Mugain ocus araile *d.* Maer ocus Modar dá ingin Fergusa cnae meic Ugaine . Maer máthair Echach meic Luchta. Maer ingen Buide meic Buain ben Ardáin. Eithne ingen Luigdech meic Dairi siur Maicniad máthair Chonairi meic Moga láma ocus máthair Luigdech lága meic moga Nuadat PAGE 110:—(xvi) geinelach Ciarraige luachra. Ussalach mac Astumain meic Chéir .m. Fhergusa .m. Róig .m. Rosa .m. Rudraige PAGE 116:—(xvii) *a.* Luimnech [etc.] comdál ro baei etir Mumain ocus Connachtu co tucsat leo a cathfiru in dá ríg .i. dá mac Smucaille meic Bacduib . Rinn ocus Faebar a nanmann. ro gab indalanái for faesam mBuidb a síd Femin . gabais alaile faesam Ochaill sídi Cruachan. tucsat iarum na cathfir a ceird mucach ar aird ocus do luid cách dia coimes i sruth ocus odarluimni liathglasa im slóg in dá dál. conid iar sin táinic a tuile inn ocus ní ro airigset la mét anaenaig co ruc in sruth a luimne uile díb . conid ann asbertsat na dercaide : is luimnechda in tinber indrosa. nó luman ainm in scéith . ocus in tan bás icon imargail ro foxal in sruth a luimne do na laechaib .i. a sciathu conerbradar indríg ó thul tuinne : is luimnechda intinber indrosa. *unde* Luimnech *nominatur b.* Echtga *unde nominatur.* .nī. Echtga uathach ingen Urscothaig meic Iuinni truimi de thuathaib dé Danann is ann ro alt i cúil echtair i taeb nenta la Moach maelchenn. ro bái cuthgaire Gainn ocus senGhainn ocá cuingid .i. Fergus mac Ruide lusca béisti .i. béist ro alt as a lusca .i. as a nóidenacht ina medón. ro faem dana indingen féis laissium fo dáig ferainn cuthgaire ocus deogbaire búi ina láim ó ríg Olnécmacht .i. ó Maenmag co fairge. ní bái dana innmas lais ocus bái ferann . conid é tinnscra tucad di in sliab út . ocus bertar dá baei ann .i. bó atuaid ‖ ocus bó andes ocus beirid in bó atuaid trian mblechta sech in mboin andes. *unde poeta* : Echtga uathach ós cach blaid . ingen urdairc Urscothaig ⁝ sí conaitecht sliab nach slait . for Fergus na turfhochraic *c.* Moenmag *unde nominatur.* .nī. Moen mórgnímach fer berrtha mac Míled is é cétna fer no berrad in Eirinn .i. iar tascur mac Míled. is é dana cétna luach berrtha tucad ar tús in Eirinn .i. Berramain .i. máin i commáin berrtha. marb dana Moen imMoenmaig . *unde poeta* : ba marb Moen co míni gal . for maig Moein atchualamar ⁝ fofhuair cen debtha trebaig . illóg berrtha Berramain PAGE 119:—(xviii) A.D. 241. a cúig dég do Chorbmac. atiad ann so catha Chorbmaic for Mumain an bhliadainsi . cath Beirre .c. locha Léin .c. Luimnig .c. Gréine .c. Clasaig .c. Muirisc .c. Ferta i dtorchair Eochaid taobfada mac Oililla óluim .c. Samhna i dtorchair Cian mac Oililla óluim ocus .c. Arda chaim PAGE 120:—(xix) A.D. 746. S. Comán .i. naom rosa Chomáin agus is uadh ainmnigter ros Comáin *deesse* san bhliadainsi nó san bliadain inár ndiaid agus sgríbtar air go raib sé dá chéd bliadan d'aois. atá imresan edir na hannalaib cia acu bliadain inar ég sé PAGE 122:—(xx) A.D. 76. iar mbeith fiche bliadan i ríge ós Eirinn d'Eilim mac Conrach dorochair i cath Aichle la Tuathal techtmar PAGE 126:—(xxi) *a.* Mag luirg [etc.] dia mbaei Conall cernach ocá ghaire i Cruachain conid ann ro gheogain Ailill ríg Connacht tria uráil Medba conid aire ro teich as in Cruachain . condechaid ócbaid Chonnacht ina diaid ocus condechadar na trí ruadchoin Mairtine for a lurg . conid assin congabsat a lorg .i. a muig luirg co mag slecht na Bréifni.

co ronortsat na trí ruadchoin do feine oc áth na miana og Maigin ocus rofucsat a chenn leo co crích Beirre i corco Laigde i cinaid chinn Chonrái meic Dairi. conid í sin gaire Chonaill i cruachain ocus *unde* mag luirg *b.* A.D. 748. Fursa esa mac nEirc d'ég . es mac Neirc for Búill es úi Fhloinn andiu *c.* es Ruaid [etc.]. Aedh ruad mac Baduirn di Ulltaib rí Eirenn ro báided ann oc faicsin a delba oc snám in esa ocus *a quo* es ruaid *nominatur.* ocus is é a síd síd nAeda ar ur in esa. *aliter* Ruad ingen Máine milscothaig doraega Aedh mac Labrada leisbric meic Roga rodaim. is as táinic a hilathaib moige Maein . i curach Abhcáin éicis táinic ocus a lám clé fri hEirinn dia luid la Gaeith mac Gaeise glaine do aenach fer Fidgae. tuargaib a seol creda for a curach in ingen ocus do luid a haenar isin inber conusfaca Aedh do'n tsuidiu irraba ocus ní fidir in ingen cia tír inarraba . co cuala dórd na samghuba isin inbiur nach cuala nech riam ocus asbert : is é seo inber bus áiniu in Eirenn . ocus conattuil ina suan ocus deillig dar braine a luinge co ro báided. conid de asberar es Ruaid PAGE 127:—(xxii) Druim cliab [etc.]. is ann dorónta cléib curaig Churnáin chasduib dia luid do thogail dúin bárc for Ainle mac Lóai lámfhotai diambái bliadain colleith ocu [co torchair Ainle ann cona rígnaib ocus co líon a fhualais olchena]. is ann adbert Curnán cosdub mac Réa doirchi iarsin togail : is ní in ní dia tiagat fir dénam. *unde poeta* : mac Réa doirchi data . Curnán cruaid cennfhata ; rogní cliabu cian ro clos . in druim cliab diambói in teros PAGE 153:—(xxiii) *a.* Liamain cid diatá. .nī. Liamain lenncháin ocus Fercharthain ocus Mianach ocus Truistiu ceithri ingena Dubthaig dubthaire meic Fergnaei rí Déisi bregh co roscarsat ceithri meic Aichir chirr meic Echdach ondot do érnaib Muman do shíol Moga láma meic Luigdech .m. Chairpri chroimchinn co tángadar ceithri meic [Aichir] aniar co tech nDubthaig .i. Fer dubh ocus Fer nocht . Roimper ocus Fomu a nanmanna . co ro lásat a curu bliadain fri Dubthach. bádar dono oc cuingid a nothor *post* ocus ní thug Dubthach co mbeidís mís fri bliadain occa . áir is é Dubthach ro thuill mís fri faichill ocus combaeidecht mbliadna. do luid dono Dubthach for creich i Laigniu. léicitsium galar forru ar ná tístais leis . dotaed Dubthach iarum ocus élaitsium dá éis ocus ceithri ingena Dubthaig leo co comfarnaic Dubthach friu ilLaignib cor marb a nochtur .i. Fomu fer Liamna . Roimper fer Ferchartana . Fer nocht fer Miancha . Fer dub la Truistin. ro marbad diu uili .i. Fer dub ic dubathaib Maisten . Fer nocht ic Fornocht . Roimper i nglais Rompair . Fomu i Fomain. Liamain for Liamain . Mianach in Achaill . Ferchartain i Forchartain . Truistiu for áth [Truisten]. do luid dono aniar a máthair .i. Luachair bhoirennach a hainm ocus a Boirinn chorcomruad di co fuair fios bunaid marbta a ceithre mac cor máid a cride inte . is di asberar Luachair bairnig. do luid Aicher conapadh i cnuc duma Aichir in úib Felmeda *b.* geinelach ua bFeilmedha. trí meic Muiredaig meic Oengusa .m. Feidilmthi *a quo* úi Fheilmeda .m. Enna chenselaig .i. Eocho . Ailill . Eogan *a quo* Bec mac Eogain PAGE 157:—(xxiv) sliab Cua *unde nominatur.* .nī. Cua cennmár mac Brocshalaig chrínglúinig dalta Boibli meic Buirchi. tánic bó-ár mór in Eirinn in aimsir Chonaill chlárainig conná fríth in Eirinn acht oentsamaisc i nglinn tSamaisci ocus oentarb . ac Boibli dana ro bátar sain. ro fóided cech dalta dia daltaib dia comét. in tan ro siacht do Chua chennmár cuairt a cométa ro fhell foraib . rosnuc leis condernai brothlaig foraib ocus dosfuaid issin tsléib. *unde poeta* : Cua cennmar co cruth chain . mac Brocalaig chrín-

glúnmair ⁊ datta d'uaid a boin sin tsléib . ropo dalta condaillchéill PAGE 160:—(xxv) *a.* mag Muirisci *unde nominatur.* .nī. muiriasc mór dianid ainm rosualt focheird in muir ann fo thír . ocus issí a rúin indanmannai sin no aisnéided Colum cilli do chách .i. trí scéithi dognid ocus ba in airdi cech scéith díb .i. scéith immuir ocus a eithre in arda . ocus bádud curach ocus bárc ocus ár for anmanna in mara sin bliadain sin. scéith in aer ocus a err sís ocus adcuired suas a scéith . ár for anmanna foluamnacha || indaeoir sin bliadain sin. scéith dana aile fo thír combrénad in tír . ocus ár for dóine ocus for cethru sin bliadain sin. combad in aimsir na nAed ocus Coluim chilli no thecmad in tanmanna sin . *unde* Dallán [forgaill] *cecinit* : legais rúna rosualt etir scolaib screptra. *uel* tóla muiréisc móir dorala ann in aimsir Gairb glúnraige co ro línsat glenna ocus fána in tíre illeith fri muir. *uel* combad í Muiresc ingen Ugaine móir dia tucad di in mág sin ocus combad ann no aplad in Muiresc sin : muiriasc focherdi in muir mór . diamba ainm rósualt rígmór ⁊ ba hangbaid angním [nglan] nglé . ro thairngir Colum cillé. *uel* : tóla mairbéisc tuile the . fri ré Gairréisc glúnraige ⁊ fobruchta muir mílib cland . fo chethri tírib Erand. *uel* : más í Muiresc chiar chrechach . ingen dian úi degEchach ⁊ ba blad buair cen chóir chuir . fofhuair in mag co mórmuir *b.* mata Muirsci d'feraib Olnégmacht máthair trí mac Rosa .i. Finn ocus Cairbre ocus Oilill . ocus is é in tOilill sin tucsat Connachta chucu a dualgus a máthar. fa ben dono in Muiresc sin d'Fior dá loch .i. Cairbre cennderg eisiden . co ruc maca do im Chet . im Annluan . im Ailill . im Moghcorb . im Toiche . im Finn ocus im Scannlán *c.* Macha ingen Aeda ruaid meic Badairn ben Chimaith meic Finntain is ísein ro alt Ugaine mór mac Echach buadaig. Cesair chruthach ingen ríg Fhrangc ben Ugaine móir máthair a trí ingen [.i.] Aine ocus Aife ocus Muiresc PAGE 163:—(xxvi) A.M. 2545. Rudraige mac Parthalóin do bhádad i loch Rudraige iar dtomaidm in locha tairis . conad uada ráiter loch Rudraige PAGE 165:—(xxvii) *a.* benn Bairchi cid diatá. .nī.i. Bairche bóaire Rosa ruadbuidi ba hedh a shuide mbuachalla in benn . ocus is cuma argairedh gach mboin ó dtá dún sobairce gorige in mBóainn ocus ní gheiledh míol díob mír foróil sech araile. conid de sin atá benn Bairchi amail asbert : Bairche bóaire gu mblaid . bói ag Rosa ruad ronairt ⁊ már in benn nach tláith tuba . a shuide bláith buachalla *b. aliter* Bennán mac mBric ind ro marb Ibel mac Manannáin i ndul co a mnái .i. Lecon ingen Lodair a hainmsein conid é fáth d'arro léic Manannán a trí lomann cumad dia chridiu .i. loch Ruide . loch Cuan . loch Dachaech . ocus ro marb Bennán iar sin forsin mbeinn út . *unde* benn Bennáin *dicitur* *c.* A.D. 730. ro chuir in mhuir míol mór i dtír i gcóigedh Ulad i mBoirrche do shunnrad. do dechaid gach aon baoi na fochraib dia dechsain ar a inggnáithe. an tan ro bás agá choscradh fofríth trí fiacla óir ina chenn. caoga unga in gach fiacail díobsaide. ro chuir Fiacha mac Aoda róin rí Ulad ocus Eochaid mac Bresail flaith ua nEchach fiacail díob go Bennchair go raibe fri ré imchéin for altóir mBennchoir gur ba foirréil do chách i goitchinne í PAGE 170:—(xxviii) Gáirech *unde nominatur.* .nī. gáir in chatha móir acá thabairt dia ro marbad Cúchulainn. *uel* combad ó'n gáir focherdsat macrad na hEmna im Choinculainn ina othorlige chró . condechraisetar graigi ocus carpait ocus airm ocus alchaingi in grellachaib indátha combátar amail tinniu fubthaide i teinid cherda || for fiuchad ocus for sceinmnig ar méit in nuallgaire doringensat oc cóiniud a comdhaltai. *unde poeta* : gáir rogníset

macrad muad . Emna ulad na narm ruad ⁊ oc cáiniud [in] chuiri chró . ferais fuili for firó PAGE 176:—(xxix) *a.* mag Raigne *unde nominatur.* Raigne rómánach do dechaid a tírib Rómán ocus ruam ocus bac ria ais iar tuaslucud in murgabail i Toirinis glan i tírib Franc ri trí laa. ro imeclaig opair aile samlaid do thabairt fair . ro theich iarum co toracht co himlech Meccond. ropo druim fidbailed uile éside in tan sin co ro shelaig é dia baic ocus dia ramainn . *unde poeta* : is é ro shelaig in mag . Raigne rónirt rómánach ⁊ dia luid a Toirinis tair . for élúd for imgabail. *unde etiam poeta cecinit* : atchuala dagfer ndámach *etc. b.* A.D. 859. athnuadadh aenaig Raighne la Cerbhall mac nDunghaile [la tigherna Osraidhe] (xxx) tonn Chlidna *unde nominatur.* .nī. Clidna ingen Genainn meic Triuin do dechaid a tulaig dá roth a maig mell tíri tairngiri la Iuchna ciabainech do rochtain in meic óic. do ratsaide bréic impe . ro shephainn ceol di issindnóidh chredumai imbái contuil fris. ocus imrói a seol frithrosc co tudchaid timchell Eirinn fodes co toracht inninad út. is é tan conuargaib in murbrúcht nemfhoircnedach ró scáile fo chrícha in betha frecnairc . fo dáig roptar é trí mórthuile Eirenn .i. tuile Clidna . tuile Ladrann . tuile mBaile . acht ní in oenuair conuargabsat [rob é in tuile medónach tuile Ladrann]. dorumart tra in tuile in arda ocus fodáili fo thír Eirenn . co tarraid in curach út ocus indingen ina cotlud inn forsin tracht co ro báided ann sin Clidna chruthach ingen Genainn [*uinde* tonn Chlidna . ocus fós amail ro chain Cáilte ar an dinn cédna in aimsir Pádraig ar an agallaim dorónsat ar dinnsenchas Eirenn : Clidhna chennfinn buan an béd [etc.] PAGE 179:—(xxxi) druim nAssail iarfaigther dam . cid diatá in tilach thonnglan ⁊ do'ndfiur ro threb for a fhóir . diatá Assal mac Umóir. acus meic Umóir uile . cade a slonud ar suide ⁊ cade a craeb choibnesa immach . acht mad fine fomorach. fer díbsaide Assal ard . deisid uas in druim dronard ⁊ immedón Muman miad nglé . uas chliu Máil meic Ugainé. adaig luid Fergus mac Róig . do thig Assail meic Umóir ⁊ ferais Assal fáilte fris . mochen duit dia caeimsimis. cid ar Fergus cid diatái . do menma cid ar a clái ⁊ innocht ar Assal mo brath . itá i tuicthin mo marbath. ní ragsa ar Fergus istech . ní maith áige anairech ⁊ rout a ghillai dar druim sair . scuir in carpat iar sodain. áth carpait Fhergusa atá . andes do tháib na tulchá ⁊ deisid ann ed bec ó'n rót . bái fer ocon forchomót. immedón aidchi tic dám. as in tír dian ainm Espán ⁊ suil dreised suas fír ra clos . bái trícha gae i Fergos. atnaidh Fergus na ferga . im na rennaib róderga ⁊ marbais trícha díb didiu . ro fácaib na chróligiu. tiagait as na slóig iar sain . gabait tall im thech nAssail ⁊ co rucsat cenn Assail áin . ó hEirinn [leo] co hEspáin. othrais Fergus ilair ngal . i tig Chonchinn meic Dedad ⁊ tánic [ann] Cúrúi d'fius scél. ótá tír Franc co fortrén. accáinis a imned fris . Fergus fri mál maige Mis ⁊ condeochatar diblínaib . irróchéin dia ródígail. caithir in ríg ruc in cenn. tánic dias trén na thimchell ⁊ múchsat marbsat immon ríg . in sluag dírecra dírím. co tucsat leo na dá chenn . ó hEspáin co tír nEirenn ⁊ cenn in ríg róneirt anair . cenn nAssail co druim nAssail PAGE 182:—(xxxii) Roeiriu in úib Muiredaig [etc.] Róiriu mac Senáin meic Sétnai mac ríg Chonnacht docher i cath ann la Laignib ocus is ann ro hadnacht *ut alii dicunt.* ocus Roeiriu ingen Rónáin rigfiled ríg Laigen co tug di a hathair tulaig Dagdadh ina thír co rusáitreb ocus conid inde rosadnacht . *et de quibus* duma Raeirenn *dicitur et hoc carmen canunt* : fil folach [etc.] PAGE 186:—(xxxiii) *unde* mag Femin. Femen ocus Fera finn . mílid mera na mórdinn ⁊ is Fea fri fidfhogail

Fáil . meic Inogaich meic Dacháir. la claind Míled mbadha mbrais . brogsat co Banba mbarrglais ⁊ anairm fri dual andána . bac is tuag is tromráma. tuag oc tamnad oc trénmud . ocus bac ic eiremud ⁊ anairm ána cen uabur . ocus ráma oc róruamur. slechtsat trí maige med nam . techtsat tria gaire angarmann ⁊ mag Fea ní dela do deir . mag Fera is mag Femein. no chuired [cách] cá chéile . cen fhuirech cen aithméile ⁊ cen baethrún rosmairn immaig. claemchlúd airm ocus ernaig. mag Fea nír thréic ciar bo thúi . Fea ben Néit [ben] meic Indúi ⁊ finnben ba sercaigthe serc . ingen Elcmaire fhiailchert. atchuala congili gné . dá dam dile derscaigthé ⁊ Fé ocus Men friangairm sein . ó fuil ainm ar maig Fhemein (xxxiv) sliab Bladma [etc.] Bladma nó Blod mac Con meic Chais chloithmín ro marb buachaill Bregmháil gobann Chuirche meic Sníthe ríg ua Fuada [nó ríg Muaide]. do luid iarum ina nóidhín gur gab irros Bladma . ros Náir imorro a ainm ar tús. do luid as sen isin sliab || *unde* sliab Bladma. nó is Blad mac Breogoin as marb ann ocus is uad ro hainmniged *mons* Bladma : Blod mac Con meic Chais chloithmín. ro marb buachaill Bregmáil báin ⁊ gobann Cuirche meic Sníthe . ro gab ag ros tíre Náir. [nó it bleda mara .i. biasta ruiseda ananmanna ocus bud in uiscib ocus i tirmaib ocus ité ro ruidbedh na crunnu . *unde* sliab bledach Bladma dicitur ocus ros Náir meic Eidlecon é *prius* PAGE 192:—(xxxv) Maistiu [*etc.*] Maistiu .i. mesdú .i. dú baile imbíd mes . *ut dicitur* ba fidbaid aimser ro baei *etc. aliter* Maistiu ingen Oengusa meic Umóir dosfug Dáire derg mac Echach taebfota a crích comul a haenuch Oengusa co comfarnaic frie Grisban liccerd ingin Richisi for lár in muige condagaib ailges di ocus rosnesart conglámaib ainmechaib conapaid reimpi de. ro léig Dáire urchor for Gris do nertlíg míled búi leis condeirgene bruar dia ciunn for lár in muige condeillig i sruthair snuaide conid Gris ó sain illé. nó atá Maistiu ingen Aengusa meic Umóir bandruinech Oengusa in meic óig issí ro chum delb croisi *prius* in Eirinn i corrthair brollaig inair Aengusa . ár rostadban Aengus di isin maighin sin . *unde* mágh Maisten *dicitur.* eamuin dono Conall mac Aengusa ocus Maer *a qua* áth Maeiri ocus áth mara *hodie* . ocus adbath Maer ocus Maistiu do chumaid Chonaill chaeil meic Aengusa . *unde* Maistiu ocus áth mara PAGE 199:—(xxxvi) mag Life *unde nominatur.* .nī. Lifea ingen Chanann churchaig luid la Deltbanna mac Druchta la dáilem Conaire ríg Temrach. assíd Buidb ar Femen dósaide. uair rop álainn lé in mag dar a tánic ní ra gab acht a ainmniugud ó a hanmaim . connarodáil Deltbanna do fheraib Eirenn co ro ainmnigthe in mag út ó anmaim a mná. *unde poeta* : Life luchair leor do blaid . ingen Chanann chétchurchaig ⁊ dia hainm dogarar in mag . dia tudchaid co tír Temrach. [nó conad Fea anainm . ocus lí ó'n ní ba lainn lé anafaca] PAGE 213:—(xxxvii) *a.* Finnghlas illuachair Dedad *unde nominatur.* .nī. Bláthnat ingen Minn ríg fer Falga ben Chonrúi . ocus ba lennánside do Choinchulainn ocus issí ro dál Coingculainn conUltaib immaille fris for a cennsi ocus do dígail fair na trí nerc .i. bó niuchna ocus in chaire tucad a forbais fer Falga .i. innse Gall indiu . ocus do dígail berrtha Chonchulainn diarrosberr Cúrúi cona chlaidiub ocus diarfumalt cac na mbó mo a chenn. conerbairt sí fris tiachtain aidchi samna ar a cenn ocus no doirtfed sí blegon na nerc niuchna sin .i. trí bai iuchna ocus a choire tuc Cúrúi leis . ár is do'n choire no tháltáis na bai ocus is a lán no bligthe uaidib. ra doirt didiu blegon na trí nerc niuchna lasin nglaisi sís ó'n chathraig co tráig Lí comba finn in glaise ocus combad ann sin no thístáis Ulaid ocus no

gabtáis in cathraig ocus no marbtáis Coinrúi. *unde poeta* : ro ort Bláthnat ingen Minn . orgain osar cét inglinn ⁊ mór gním do mnái brath a fir . dóig is fris rodasmidir *b.* Bláthnat ingen Chonchobair ben Chonrúi meic Dhairi. ocus fa ben dó Bláthnat ingen Minn rí fer Falga *c.* Mórann mhanannach ingen Ir meic Uinnside nó comad Uinnside siur Echach echbeoil máthair Chonrí meic Dhairi PAGE 226:—(xxxviii) *a.* Adarca in úib Failge [etc.] Iuchna echbél *qui et* Iuchna ciabfinn rígbriuga baei fri Fafainn atuaid anair i fán in briugad ba hé a bésad altrom ocus imthógbáil sotha a thige comba bliadain . co ro charsat a cheithri é. in tan ba marb é dochomlaiset a cheitri a dhochum confáiset trí laei ocus trí aidche mo a cholainn. amail ná tuidcid leo musluid cách díb i Tua im araile ocus fodailet Iuchna co anadarcaib ocus focherded angleo cor lásat anadarca combátar dumai díb isna Tuachaib. conid díb dobertar Adarca. musluadat iarum do dhíol anítad co Bóinn ocus fosdailed co hAlmain comdar mairb ina nalmaib inti *et unde dicitur* Almu. Almu didiu ingen Becáin briugad ben Iuchna chiabbháin imsái iar mbás Iuchna indiaid a halaim co maigin a hathar conapad nann do chumaid Iuchna ocus do díth a ceitri . *et a qua* Almu *dicitur. uel ita* . Almu almóin .i. fri móin aniar *ut dicitur* airbrí frí brí Eile anair. nó Almu .i. ail mó *id est* in ‖ ail ós móin nó i móin. nó all mó . nó ollam mó *b.* Aillenn [etc.] Crem marda rug ingin Lugdach rí Laigen ar aithiudh. Aillenn didiu a hainm. Aillbe ainm a hoirce. ocus adbath Aillenn ar náire oice ocus asna aball tréna líge . is [de] asberar aball Ailinne. ocus adbath a hoirce ina diaidside ocus ro ás ibar trítsidhen . is de asberar ibar Baile .i. Ailbe tré dheilidin . *ut dicitur* : aball Ailinne arda . ibar Baile becfhorba ⁊ cia dosberar allaide . nístucaid doeine borba. Art mesdelmunn mac Sétna cétna conaclaid múr in Ailinn . Fiach didiu ocus Buirech ocus Ururus rosclaedar fa deoid . Buirech dono focherd as in chludh in cloich fil innte . dianebairt : ail ann ocus issed ainm nosbia. it imda didiu a hanmann iarum *ut alius dixit* [etc.] PAGE 230:—(xxxix) *a.* trí Fothaidh .i. trí fóshuith iad .i. fotha maithi iad .i. ár ba chétchlann Fuinche iad. nó Fothaid .i. fotha ithi ár is fo chleith doróine Macniadh fri Fuinche iad .i. Fuinche ingin Náir meic Irmora. nó Fothaid .i. fothaidhi .i. taidhi maithi iad .i. is taidhe gach lánamhnas cleithe . conad de asbreth in drái : fochen taidhe dia ro chin in triar amne. conid de ro lil díb Fothaid *b.* Fuinche thréchíochach ingen Firmora d'feraib Chliach máthair na trí bFothadh ocus Churraig meic Chathaeir ocus Théiti meic Maicniad *a quo* aenach Téiti *c.* ard Fothaid cid diatá. .nī. Fothad conatuil ann go cenn nái mís fri foghur circi Boirchi diambái for echtra . *unde* ard Fothaid : Fothad airgthech glan a gluais . ro thuil ann cona athluais ⁊ fri ré nái mís monor nglé . fri fogor circi Boirché *d.* Eochaid airgtech .i. is leis dorónad scéith airgid ar tús in Eirinn PAGE 233:—(xl) *a.* do luid for finghail fuachda . mac Eogabail ardbruacha ⁊ rosfug Tuagh nír dhodaing dath . ingen Chonaill chollamrach. ocus conid de sin fós adubrad in duan : Tuag inbir alainn gaeth glas . in eol dúib a dinnsenchas ⁊ in fedabair gan mine . senchas Tuaighe toinnghile . . . trí tonna Eirenn uile . tonn Chlidhna tonn Rudhruide ⁊ in tonn ro bháid ben meic Lir . isin tráig ag Tuaig inbir *b.* Tuagh ingen Chonaill chollamrach ben Fhirhí meic Eogabail do thuathaib dé Danann *c.* A.D. 4880. iar mbeith cúig bliadna i ríge Eirenn do Chonall chollamrach mac Etersceoil temrach meic Eachach ailtlethain dorochair la Nia seghamain 4887. iar mbeith secht mbliadna i ríge Eirenn do Nia sheg-

amain mac Adhamair dorochair la hEnna aighnech. is in aimsir an ríg Niadh shegamain do blightea ba ocus eillte fo aenchuma

XIII. *ibid.* :—(i) ba bec Banna ro bói than . diambeth nech resbad chuman ⁊ noslingtís mná is maic immach . ria maidm lonn locha Echach. Eocho mac Maireda mais . mac ríg Chaisil chomadais ⁊ ro léic seirc dó na thír thenn . airdben a athar Aeiblenn. Aeiblenn ingen Ghuaire ghil . a brug maic indOc adbail ⁊ is uaidi sein ar sine . atberar sliab nEibline. Eocho ocus Aeiblenn nena . imgabsat maith Maireda ⁊ élait do lár chaisil Chais . co brug meic innOc amnais. nír b'uathud do'n dédiu dil . cona almaib d'innilib ⁊ míle fer mór máidit rainn . scuirset cen brón oc Bóainn PAGE 234:—(ii) loch nEchach [etc.] Rí mac Maireda ocus Eocho mac Maireda do lodar andes a Irluachair a ndís for imirce ocus ro degailset a ndís og beluch dá liag. luid indalanái sair [*ms.* siar] .i. Eocho go ro gab for brugh meic in Og. do luidsein chucu irriocht brughad ocus a gherrán ina láim ocus dlomais dóib co ná beidís isin brug. atbertadar fris nad bái acu cumaing do imarchur in elma ellaig bái acu [*ms.* oga] gen chaipliu. cuiridhsi ol sé lán iñ maige itáidh do eirib conanirsib ar in gerránsa ocus beiridh lib go maigin i laigfe fóa. do chódar as iarum go rángadar Liathmuine . laighid leo an gerrán i suidhiu ocus dobeir a mún ann conderna tobar de go tánic tairsiu . conid é loch nEchach .i. Eocho in rí ocus fual a eich ro leth ann. do luid imorro Rib féin timchell siar gor gab i maig finn . ba hedh ón tír cluichi Midhir ocus meic in Og. luid fó'n innas cétna Midir cucu ocus capall cengalta lais gonrallsat a crodh fair gonosrug leo gorigi mag nairbthen forsatá in loch. laigid in gerrán ann ocus dobeir a mhún gor bo thiprat gor múidh tairsib. Ribh ainm in ríg. báiter in Rib . *unde* loch Rí ocus loch nEchach *nominata sunt* : báidis Aengus Eocho uais . tré fhual a eich go nathluais ⁊ do luidh Midir brígh ronlen . gor báid Ribh i maig Dairbthen (iii) loch Rí [etc.] Rii mac Muireda ocus Eochaid mac Muireda do lodar andes a hIrluachair for imirge . ocus ro dedlaigset oc beluch dá liag ocus luid Eocho for Bregu co brug meic in Og ocus araile. luid imorro Rí siar co ra gaib i maig finn ocus ba sonn tír cluichi Midir ocus Aengusa. do luid Midir chucu i riocht briugad ocus airech cengalta ina láim ocus dlomais dóib ar ná beidís for a fhérghurt. ní derna didiu [Rí] fair. ataid Midir iarum trí plágha foraib .i. a mbú 's a ndamu in chéttráth ocus a nechraid in tráth tánaiste . ocus do luid Midir chucu fó'n innas cétna ocus a ech cengalta ina láim ocus fuacraidh dóib imtecht nó nosmairfedh uili. ní fail acunn ní bérus linn ár libedain ar Rii. atá limsa ar Midir sunna dáib ech bérus óg for máine. ocus in baile in anfaide ní tiucfa a fual ocus ní dherna a imarchur ocus legar a srian leis mo a chenn . ocus bidat aithrechsa mina raib *sic.* ro imthig Rii co riacht mag nairbthen .i. co hairm i fail loch Rí . ocus tuc in tech a fual ocus dorigne in tech a imarchor ocus forfágaib a srian. rogab didiu || in fual fotho fo talmain cor bo éicen clár fo dlutad uasu ocus musgní Rii a tech na timchell ocus a lepaid uasu. trícha bliadan do i suidiu coroerennid aidchi luain in lugnasaide co ro báided Rii cona mnái ocus cona chlaind ocus cona muintir . ocus lethaid dar mag nairbthen uile . *unde* loch Rii. bliadain ar a deich ar chét iar ngein Críst ann sin PAGE 237:—(iv) A.D. 558. isin mbliadainsi ro gabad an muirgheilt .i. Liban ingen Echach meic Muireda for trácht Ollarba i líon Beoáin meic Inli iascaire Chomgaill bhennchair (v) Liban .i. muirgein ingen Echach meic Maireda .m. Caired .m. Bresail . . .m. Tigernmais .m. Fhallaig .m.

Eithriéil .m. Iiaireoil .m. Eiremóin [.m. Míled] (vi) *a.* sliab Mis *unde nominatur.* .nī. Mis ingen Maireda siur Echach meic Maireda ro an do éis a himirgi dia luid la Congainchnes mac nDedad . ocus issed forba ocus atharda forsarir a fini ocus a haicmi in sliab út : miannais Mis combruachaib bla . ingen mórglic Maireda ⁊ d'éis a himirgi cen ches . in sliab nír bo chongainchnes *b.* sliab Mis [etc.] Mis ingen Maireda ben Chóimgin chongainchnis meic Dhedaid is di tugad sliab Senaig ghairb meic Dedaid ina tochur ocus ar || airiseim co a fiur dar éis a himirge dia táinic Eochu ocus Rib dá mac Maireda *a quibus* loch nEchach *et* loch Rii . conid sed foirb fors roir Mis atharda in tsléibe ucut . *unde* sliab Mis. *aliter* sliab [mis] .i. sliab mifis ar inní ba mífhis in sluag dolbtha fríth ann la Fótlai ocus Banba ocus Eirinn

XIV. Page 238 :—(i) senchas síl Ir fo Eirinn in so. Ir *octauus filius* Míled . *qui cum uenissent filii* Míled *in Hiberniam mortuus est et in* Sceiliuc *postea sepultus est . de quo tertia pars regalis generis Hibernie nata est.* Ir *autem unum filium habuit id est* Eber. Eber *filius* Ir *qui ante omnes Scottos campum* Lini *et quintam partem Hibernie tenuit* . dá mac la hEber .i. Artrí ocus Ebric . dorochair Eber la Palap mac Eremóin. Ebric mac Ebir dá mac leis .i. Cermna ocus Sobairche . dá chét rí Eirenn a hUltaib . acu dorónta na dá dún .i. dún Cermna ocus dún Sobairche. Eocho mac Conmáil am-Mumain ro marb Cermna ina dún nó *in bello* . Eocho echchenn rí Fomore ro marb Sobairche . ní innister clanna Cermna ocus Sobairche. Art mac Ebir oenmac leis .i. Sétna ardrí Eirenn . conidromarb a mac *ut alii dicunt* .i. Fiacha fínscoithe .i. Rothechtaid mac Máine meic Oengusa ollmucada do shíol Eiremóin ro marb Sétna [mac] Airt i Cruachan etir dí láim Fiachach fínscoithe a meic fodésin . conid aire sin ro[s]marb Fiacha fínscoithe indígail a einig. Ollam fótla mac Fiachach fínscoithe meic Shétnai .m. Airt .m. Ebir .m. Ir .m. Míled espáin is leis dorónad féis Temrach ar tús ocus is leis dorónad múr nOlloman i Temraig. Ollam trá bái .xl. bliadan irríge Eirenn ocus gabais mórfeiser dia chlaind ríge Eirenn cen nech etarru. Ollam .iv. meic leis .i. Cairpre ocus Finnachta . Slánoll ocus Gede. Rudraige mac Sithri .m. Duib .m. Fomoir .m. Argatmáir .m. Sirlaim .m. Finn .m. Blatha .m. Labrada .m. Choirpri .m. Olloman. Argatmár ua dó Cimbaeth mac Fintain meic Argatmáir. Aedh ruad mac Báduirn meic Argatmáir. Dithorba mac Dimmain meic Argatmáir is uad Ríge cona chlaind. Rudraige itiatso a meic .i. Congal cláringnech . dá mac Congail .i. Uislenn athair Ainle ocus Noeisen ocus Ardáin . Cathbadh drúi . Bresal bódíbad *secundum quosdam quidam dicunt eum esse Lagnensem* . mac Rosa mac Rudraige .i. Fergus mac Rosa . Ferfiled mac Glais meic Rosa . Celtchair mac Uithechair meic Fothaid .m. Firfhiled .m. Glais . Fercheirtne file mac Oengusa béldeirg. Iliach mac Loegaire buadaich meic Chonaid .m. Iliach. Mál mac Rochride lett . Fergus mac Léite . Illann mac Fergusa . Geirgenn athair . . Cas *cujus* filius Fachtna fáthach . Briere mac Carbad meic Chais . Aithirne mac Athchló . Eirrge echbél. cóic ríg fhichet de Ultaib ro gab ríge Eirenn cen-mothát na secht ríg ro gabsat de dál Fiatach (ii) A.M. 4981. iar mbeith sechtmogat bliadan i ríge Eirenn do Rudraige mac Sithrige [etc.] atbail in Airgetghlinn (iii) *a.* Fiacha fínscothach .i. scotha fíona ina fhlaith ocus no fáiscthi comba mil ocus fíon dobeirthea eistib co cuirdís a lán i lestraib díob *b.* Geidhe ollgothach .i. binnither téda bennchrot [*ms.* menn = benn] guth ocus amar gach duine ina fhlaithius *c.* Bresal bódhíbadh .i. díth tháinic ar

buaib Eirenn ina reimes co ná térnó acht teora samaisci díob. is de sin atá glenn samaisci in Ulltaib .i. i Cuailgne ocus imlech fhir aendairti i Laignib. in tres dairt i cliu Máil *d.* Oengus olmucaidh .i. ól Mogaetha leis .i. Mogaeth mórólach mac Mofeibis is é as mó ól do bí re lionn ro bói ina aimsir is do ro b'ingen ben Fiachach labrainni máthair Aengusa olmucada .i. ól Mogaetha *e.* Feidlim fholtlebar ocus Aeife ingen Oililla meic Mata muirsci dá mnái Laegairi buadhaig *f.* Finnabair ocus Daruamna ingen Choncobair ocus Bríbethach trí mná Cheltchair meic Uithechair PAGE 252:—(iv) *a.* Róch ingen Echach meic Choirpri máthair Fhergusa meic Rosa ocus tSualtaig shígaide. Flidais ingen Aililla duib meic Fidaig ben Aililla finn meic Domnaill dualbuide . ocus fa ben do Fergus iartain (v) Uladh .i. ollsháith .i. sáith oll do ratsat do na filedaib. nó Ulaid .i. oll-leth Eirenn iad im chocad ocus im írghail. nó Ulaid .i. uil-léith .i. ulchada liatha leo i cath aenaig Macha .i. olann fhionn ro cengladh dia smechaib. nó Ulaid .i. uille léith [*ms.* do leith] leo sin chath. nó Ulaid ó Ollomain fódla mac Fiachach fínscothaich . *ut dicitur* : Eocho mumó mó gach ngeis . rí Eirenn mac Mofebeis ⁊ is uadh ainm Muman amuig . ainm Ulad ó Ollomuin. nó Ulaid .i. oll-letha [.i.] ro gabsad leth Eirenn ar tús . dianebradh : clanna Fachtna ní fuil faill . fri gach foidche chatha chuill ⁊ ainmnigthi díob mad anall . Ulaid obdar uil-léith uill (vi) Eochaid múmhó .i. mó-mó .i. a ghním ocus a ghreit ocus a chumachta oldás cach rí

XV. PAGE 253:—(i) *a.* Art aenfir cid diatá. .nī. ár ní bái mac fa deoid ag Conn acht eisium ár dorochair Connla ocus Crinna le hEochaid fionn ocus la Fiacha suighde . dianebairt in fili : dá bráthair Chuinn gan chur de. Eochaid finn Fiacha suighde ⁊ do marbsad Connla is Crinna . dá mac Cuinn dá cáimgilla. Eochaid fionn fa fuath le hArt . a haithli mharbtha a dá mac ⁊ Art aenfir in tainm rosgab . a haithli bháis a bhráthar. nó is é aenmac toghaide bói ag Conn . ár dorochair Crinna la hEochaid fionn ocus la Fiacha ocus do luid Connla for echtra le mnái síde co síd mBodaighi (*sic*) amail innister in echtra Chonnla sin . dianebairt in fili : do bhás Chrinna la Eochaid . d'echtra Chonnla mó ndeochaid ⁊ do luid an gráidfher tar ler . de ro ráidedh Art aenfer *b.* Fiacha suidghe .i. soghuidhe . ár ba hurusa a etarghuide ar a mhíne (ii) Medhb lethderg ingen Chonáin chualann do Laignib ben Airt aenfir meic Chuinn . ocus is uaithi ainmnigther ráith Medbha i Temraig. Echtach ingen Urcaidhe gobann máthair Chormaic ú Chuinn. ocus fa ben do Lughna fertrí mac Aengusa meic Echach finn fuath nAirt co ruc trí maca dó . ocus fa ben eile do Lugna Coinne chíchech ocus ruc sí trí meic dó ocus is uaithi ainmnigter cenél Coinni PAGE 256:—(iii) Cleitech *unde nominatur.* .nī. Cleitech mac Dedad meic Sin atbath ann. nó Cleitech .i. cleithe ach Eirenn fé daigin na haccóini dorigensat fir Eirenn ann ac cóiniud Chormaic meic Airt. nó cleithe tech nEirenn ra loisced ann for Muirchertach mac Erca

XVII. PAGE 258:—(i) belach Gabráin [etc.] Gabrán cú Failbe flainn do dechaid for lurg Lurgan .i. muc bái in druim Almaine . ocus ní fuair a hinadh leis condechaid fo talmain i mónaid Almaine . conid de asberar Lurgan i mónaid Almaine. uair ná tarraid in cú in fiad ocus náronélae nach fiad riam dia ndergad nó dia ngarad imsói dia tigh ar cúlu co roeimid ann forsin belach . *unde dicitur* belach Gabráin : inmain dam in Gabrán glan . ecmaing sunn ar sliocht Lurgan ⁊ ní ronteclai fiad dar fraech . acht mad oenmuc liath

lethchaech. cechaing na luirg láthar nglé . co crích inuair Almainé ⁊ co ruc ruathar fo thalmain . in muc uathmar imarsaid. imsói dia thig iar scís glé. iar mbeith fo múr mithissé ⁊ inna shidi dian mardaig . a chridi cian ra chnómaid. ann conaclad fo thalmain . isin belat bladadbail ⁊ frisnapar Gabrán congail . in sluag armruad is inmain PAGE 263:—(ii) *a.* Corc duibinne mac Cairbri músg [meic Chonaire chaeim .m. Moga láma . . .m. Chonaire móir .m. Etirscéil . . .m. Luigdech .m. Itha .m. Bhreogoin] athair corco Dhuibinne *b.* Corc duibni .i. Duibfionn ainm a máthar *a quo* corco Dhuibni .i. ingen Chairpri músc í ocus mac do in Corc *c.* Cairbre músc ocus Cairbre baschain ocus Cairbre rígfhada cid dianabar na Cairbri friu. .nī. dia tardad cath chinn Abrat etir Lugaid maccon ocus Eogan mac Aililla óloim ro marbsat Neimed mac Sraibcinn rí Erann fer a máthar etir a dí láim féisin. agá fhóirithin ro báiside ocus iadsom ic óirithin Eogain . conad de sin adberar Coirpre .i. corbaire .i. lucht corbaid iad. Coirpre músc .i. mó aisce nó míaisce é nád na bráithri eili . áir is é do chuaid co Duibinn co [a] deirbshiair diandernaidh Corc duibne fria. Coirpre rígfhada .i. rígthi foda bói oco . nó ríge i bfad dorinne .i. tocht in Albain conad uada dál Riata thair. Coirpre bascain .i. báscháin áir is é aenfer do chuaid do bás fri hadart díob é. dianebrad Aengus ar Chairpre músc . Eocho ar Chairpre riata . Oilill ar Chairpre mbascain . ocus is de ro chet : Aengus ar Chairbre músc mbinn. Eocho ar Chairbre riada ó'n rinn ⁊ gairge san bfoirinn conáib . Oilill ar Chairbre mbáscháin *d.* A.D. 165. iar mbeith ocht mbliadna i ríge Eirenn do Chonaire mac Moga láma torchair la Neimid mac Sruibginn. trí meic laisan gConaire isin . Cairbre músg ó ráiter Músgraide . Cairbre bascain ó dtád Baiscnig i gcorca Baisginn . ocus Cairpre riata ó bfuilit dál Riata. Sáraid ingen Chuinn chédchathaig máthair na macsa Conaire meic Moga láma

XVIII. PAGE 276:—(i) A.D. 1510. O Domhnaill (Aodh mac Aodha ruaid) do dhol do'n Róimh dia oilithre . ocus an gcéin do bái amuigh bádar a rannta ocus a charaid i mbrón ocus i ndogailsi ocus i ndoimenmain ina ndedhaid. ocus Maghnus O Domnaill a mhac d'fágbáil dó ag iomchosnam an tíre an gcéin no biadh ina fégmais 1512. O Domnaill (Aedh mac Aedh ruaid) do thoidecht ó'n Róim iar bforbad a oilithre ar mbeith sé sechtmaine dég i Londain ag dol soir ocus sé sechtmaine dég eile ag techt anoir. fuairsiomh dna onóir ocus airmidin ó ríg Saxan *King Hanri.* tánic iarum slán co hEirinn ocus baoi le hathaid i bfiabrus san Mide . ocus iar bfaghbáil sláinte dó táinig dia thig ocus ba subach forbfaoilidh cella ocus tuatha dia thoidecht 1537. O Domnaill (Aodh mac Aoda ruaid) [etc.] tigerna tíre Chonaill . innsi Eogain. cenéil Moain . fer manach ocus íochtair Chonnacht . . ní facus a bhuaid agá bhiodbaib ocus ní thard troig teichidh ré nuathad ná ré sochaide . . fer ná ro léig nert gall ina thír budéin uair ro chengail sídh ocus caradrad lé ríg Saxan ódchonnairc ná tardsat Gaoidil cennas d'aon uaidib budéin acht an taos cairdesa ocus coimfialasa i bfrithbert friaroile . fer congbála a nemthenachais iarna chóir d'úrdaib ocus d'egalsaib d'filedaib ocus d'ollamnaib. an tO Domnaill rémráite (Aodh mac Aoda ruaid) d'ég 5° *Julii* dia dardaoin do shonrad i mainistir Dúin na ngall iar ndol i naibíd san Fróinséis iar gcaoi a chionad ocus a thurgabáil iar naithrige ina phecthaib ocus tairmtechtaib. ocus a adhnacal isin mainistir chédna co nonóir ocus co nairmidin móir amail ba dhíor. Maghnus O Domnaill d'óirdnedh ina ionadh lá comarbaib Choluim chille do ched ocus do chomairle maithe cenéil Chonaill etir thuaith ocus

eglais PAGE 282:—(ii) A.D. 1536. O Conchobair do ghairm do Thadg óg mac Taidg meic Aoda .m. Toirrdelbaig charraig úi Chonchobair . ocus ba hésidhe cédduine dar goiredh O Conchobair in íochtar Chonnacht do shliocht Bhriain luighnig . óir ba mac Domnaill meic Muirchertaig ainm in tí biadh i gcennus nó i gcumachta in tslechta sin co sin . ocus ba ar dáig onóra ocus do dersgugad do na tigernaib reime doróinesium an caomchlúdh anma sin

XX. PAGE 296:—(i) *a.* A.D. 976. Mathgamain mac Cinnéidigh áirdrí Eirenn uile do erghabáil do Dhonnabán mac Chathail tigerna ua bFidhgeinte tria thangnacht . co tarad do Mhaolmuaid mac Bhrain tigerna Desmuman conid ro marbsaide dar erthach naom ocus fíreon 977. cathraoinedh ria mBrian mac Cinnéidig for ghallaib Luimnigh ocus for Donnabán mac Cathail . dú i dtorchratar goill Luimnigh ocus in ro ládh a nár. cath belaig lechta eidir Bhrian mac Cinnéidig ocus Maolmuaid tigerna Desmuman . ocus torchair Maolmuaid ann ocus ár fer [nDes]muman (ii) A.D. 1014. iomaireg eidir úib Echach féisin .i. eidir Chian mac Maoilmuaid ocus Domnall mac Duibdáboirenn . co dtorchair ann Cian Cathal ocus Roghallach trí meic Maoilmuaid co nár mór impu PAGE 297:—(iii) *a.* Brian boraime Béibionn ingen Eochada mheic Mhurchada . m. Mhaonaig .i. rí iarthair Chonnacht a mháthair . *ut dixit poeta* : mac Bébinn an bheoil chumra . gér bheg a lucht lenumna ⁊ nír smuain go gcroibnertfa a cenn . go bfuair oigrecht na hEirenn. Gormfhlaith fhionn ingen Mhurchaid meic Fhinn rí Laigen máthair Dhonnchaid meic Bhriain bhoraime ocus Shitric meic Amlaoib cuarán rí gall Atha cliath ocus Conchobair meic Mhaoilsechlainn rí Eirenn. Brian boraime imorro sé meic leis .i. Murchad Conchobar ocus Flann an triar ó nar síolad díob . Mór ingen Eidhin meic Chléirig .m. Edálaig .m. Chumascaig do úib Fiachrach aidhne máthair an trír sin . *ut dixit poeta* : Mór ingen Eidin áluinn . máthair Mhurchaid fa maith sgiam ⁊ a chiste rúin nír dhermad . rug sí triur degmhac do Bhrian. tuig go rabadar dias derbsethar ag Bébinn .i. ag máthair Briain .i. Caoinech agus Crescha . Caoinech *a qua* clann Chosgraig .i. muinter Aoda na Corcaige ocus Crescha *a qua* clann Mhaoilruanaid amail adeir an duan darab tosach : Cianóg ingen Chiocaráin. is í an Ghormflaith so do remráidsem .i. ingen Murchaid meic Finn ro ling na trí léimenna oirderca dianebrad : trí léimenn ro ling Gormlaith . ní lingfidh [aoin]ben go bráth ⁊ léim in Ath cliath i Temraig . i gCaisiol carmnaig ós cách. óir do bí an Ghormlaith so ag Amlaoib cuarán dá ngoirtí rí gall Atha cliath nó go rug sí Sitriuc mac Amlaoib . do bí sí ag Maolsechlainn rí Eirenn nó go rug sí Conchobar mac Maoilsechlainn ocus do bí sí ag Brian boraime nó go rug Donnchad mac Briain . ocus di táinic an esaonta dár tionnscnad cath Chluana tarb *b.* A.D. 1014. slóigedh la gallaib ocus la Laignib i Mide ocus iar sin i mBregaib co ro oirgset termonn Féichene ocus rugsat brait iomda ocus innile dí-áirmigte. slóighed la Brian mac Cinnéitig meic Lorcáin la ríg Eirenn ocus la Maolsechlainn mac Domnaill la ríg Temrach co hAth cliath. ro thinóilset goill iarthair Eorpa in nagaid Bhriain ocus Mhaoilshechlainn ocus dobertsat deich gcéd lúirecha leo. fechar cath cróda etorra dá ná fríth samail isin aimsir sin i gCluain tarbh isin aoine ria gcáisg do shonnrad. torchair isin gcath sin Brian mac Cinnéidig áirdrí Eirenn isin ochtmad bliadain ar cheithre fichtib a aoisi . Murchad mac Brian rígdamna Eirenn isin tres bliadain sescat a aoisi . Toirdelbach mac Murchaid meic Bhriain . Conaing mac Duinnchuan mac bráthar do Bhrian [etc.]

XXI. PAGE 306:—(i) *a.* mág Corainn *unde nominatur.* .nī. Corann cruitire side do Diancecht mac in Dagdai co rogairside assa chruit caelchéis .i. muc de mucaib Drebrinni. ro raith fo thuaid anniurt a cnám . ro raithset dana [anniurt retha] laechrad Chonnacht ocus a cuanart ina degaid corice céis Corainn . *unde* céis Chorainn ocus mág gCorainn. *unde poeta* : Corann cruitire crethach . mac in Dagdai diainbrethach ; ro gart in muic fri séis slainn. triana chruit co céis Corainn *b.* Corann [etc.] .nī. Corann cruitire Diancecht meic Echtaig esairg co tucsat tuath dé Danann ferann ar shepainn do i mag Corainn *unde* Corann *nominatur.* céis Chorainn imorro dia ro shernsat muca Drebrinne ised ro siacht in cóiged muc i caelchéis Chorainn conid ann rosmert . *unde* céis Chorainn *nominatur c.* Eile ingen Echach ben Fhorgaill meic Matamuirsce do feraib Olnégmacht . ocus Dreibne ingen Echach feidlig ó ráiter muca Drebrinni

XXII. PAGE 306:—(i) *a.* geinelach Dairine .i. síl Lugdach meic Itha. Duach mac Maicniad meic Meicchon .m. Luigdech laigde .m. Dáire sírchrechtaig .m. Lugdach .m. Itha .m. Breogoin. cóic [*leg* sé] meic Dáire sírchrechtaig .i. Lugaid laigde diatát corco Láigde . Lugaid cál diatát Calraige [Bolcban brethnach máthair Luigdech cal . Lasair ingen Laegaire meic Néill ben Luigdech cal] . Lugaid oircthe diatát corco Oircthe . Lugaid laiges [diatá Laiges laigen] . Lugaid corp [diatá dál Mescorb laigen] . Lugaid coscaire diatát Coscraige lasna Déisib diambái Danél mac Fathaig *b.* de gheinelach chorco Láide ann so ar tús. Lugaid laighe *a quo* corco Laige mac sidein Dairi sírdréchtaig [nó doimthig] . ainm eile do senLugaid. mac do Lugaid eile .i. Maccon . ocus do bo Lugaid ainm Daire más fíor do droing do na filedaib. Macniadh gnáthainm Luigdech láige . mac oireghda ag Maccon .i. Macniadh. clann maith ag Macniadh [mac Meicchon] .i. Aengus gaifuilech ocus Duach *c.* Calraige .i. caltroige .i. cland Luigdech cáil *nam* troige cland nó ceinél . nó Calrige .i. ríge cail .i. Luigdech cáil (ii) Lugaid láige *et cetera.* is é scél foraithmentar ann in ní diatát na tuillte anmann for macaib Dáire doimthig .i. cúic [*leg* sé] Lugada ocus caide adbar Lugaid for gach mac díb. .nī. ro bái i tairrngire co ngébad mac dia macaib rígi nEirenn ocus comad Lugaid a ainmside . conad aire sin ro bái Lugaid for gach naenmac díb. ro mórad tra aenach Tailten la Dáire ocus ro fersat a meic a ngraifne ann . ocus adbert Dáire frisin ndrái : cia mac gébus tar m'éisi. tiucfaid laeg niamórda isan aenach ar in drái . ocus in mac gébus in laeg is é gébus dod téis. ocus doroich in laeg órda iar sin ocus lodar fir Eirenn ina diaid . ocus luigid na meic fris ódá sin co beinn Edair ocus adagar ceo dráidechta etarru ocus fir Eirenn. lodar meic Dáiri ina diaid ódá sin co dál Mescorb i Laignib ocus tairisis Lugaid láige .i. Macniadh in laeg ocus coscrais Lugaid in laeg . conad de atá Lugaid cosc. ocus ferais snechta mór dóib iar sin go mba hobair dóib a nairm do chongbáil ocus téid mac díb d'iarraid tíge. fuair tech mór ann ocus teine mór ocus biad ocus linn co himda . ocus miasa airgdidi ocus toilg fhindruine ocus caillech aduathmar isin tig. a macáim cid chuinnche ar side. lebaid iarraim co maidin. ocus adbeir sí : dia tís im choimlebaid innocht adfia . ocus adbert in mac ná dingned ocus luid [co a] bráithrib. ro theipis flaithes ocus rígi ar sí. lodar na meic i ndiaid araile issin tech. ro fiarfacht d'fiur díb cid dorala do. orc allaid ol sé ocus aduadas am aenur. bid Lugaid orc th'ainm god chinél ar sí. ro fiarfacht dono d'fiur eile in cétna. ní tarla ní dam ar sé acht collad dorónas. is callda sin ar sí.

bid Lugaid cal th'ainm cod chinél. ro fiarfaig dono d'fiur eile in cétna. adrulla laeg allaid uaim ar sé. bid Lugaid laeghas th'ainmsiu cod chinél ar sí. ro fiarfaig d'fiur eile in cétna. in ní ro láidset na fir eile uathaib is edh ro chaithes ar sé. bid Lugaid corb t'ainmsiu ar sí . is coirpthe in ro chaithis. luid Lugaid laige fa deoid isin tech beos . ocus adbert in chaillech in cétna. dorala || dam laeg allaid ocus aduadas m'aenur. bid Lugaid laeghde th'ainm cod chenél ol sí . conid de ro lensat na hanmanna. fáidis Lugaid laegde léi tar cenn bíd ocus lenna iar sin . luid imorro in chaillech isan toilg finndruine ocus luid Macniad ina degaid isin toilg ocus anndar leis ba grian ic turgabáil i mís mái soillse a gnúisi ocus ba samalta leis a bolad fri lubgort cumra . ocus téid ina gnáis iar sin ocus asbert ris : maith do thurus ar sí . ár is misi in flaithes ocus gébasu flaithes Eirinn. ocus fogabaid iar sin nua bíd ocus sen lenna ocus cuirn ina naenur ic dáil dóib ocus fáiis frisin flaithes. ocus is amlaid ro bádar gan tech gan teini arna márach acht mág coimréid comard ocus a coin i gcengul dia slegaib. lodar rompo iar sin co haenach Tailten ocus innisid a nechtra ocus scáilid fir Eirenn as an aenach . *unde dixerunt* sé Lugada PAGE 311:—(iii) Gemlorg ingen Choncobair abradruaid ben Luigdech lágha is uaithi ainmnigter glenn Gemluirg i mbregaib PAGE 312:—(iv) *a.* A.D. 186. a haon fichet d'Art mac Chuinn chétchathaig i ríge Eirenn. cath chinn Fhebrat ria macaib Oililla úluim ocus riasna trí Coirbrib clann Chonaire meic Moga láma for Dadera drái for Neimid mac Sroibchinn ocus for deiscert Eirenn . dú i dtorchair Neimid rí Erna muman ocus Dadera druth Dairine. docher dna Darera la hEogan mac Oililla . docher Neimid la Cairbre rígfhoda mac Conaire i ndíogail a athar .i. Conaire budéin . ro ghon Cairbre músc Lugaid .i. Maccon ina cholptha gur ba bacach iarum. is é fáth an foranma sin mar do bí Lugaid taithnemach do choin do bí ag biathad a coilén i dtig a oidedh ocus do ibedh as ballán na con remráite gur len mac con de *b.* Maccon .i. cú ro bói ac Ailill úluim . Elóir derg a hainm. an tan dono bói Maccon ina náidin i tig Oililla ro eltadh ar a lámhacán dia saigid ocus ro thimairgedh an cú ina glotain é ocus ní féta a thesargain ar in coin cen tocht do dia saigid PAGE 314:—(v) mág Mucruime [etc] .nī. mucca drúidechta doriacht a huaim Chruachan co hOilioll is co Meidb co ro mhillset ith ocus bliocht in gach maigin imbídís ocus ní chumgaitís fir Eirenn a ríomh ná a dtarrdarc in gach maigin imbídis . co táinic Oilill ocus Medb do shernad a selga co Fraechmág ocus co ro thafann co belach na bfert . conid ann sin tarraid Medb muc díb ar chois co fargaib a lethar ina láim ocus co ro rímed iar suidiu isin maigin sin . *unde* mág muicríma (vi) Croichen chródherg inailt Edáine máthair Mhedba ó ráiter mág Cruachna . nó Clófhionn a máthair fós. Medb chruachna máthair ña secht Máinedh ocus Orlaim meic Oililla ocus Fhinnabrach ocus máthair trí mac Fergusa .i. Ciar ocus Corc ocus Conmac . ocus comad í máthair Illainn ilairchlesaig meic Fergusa (vii) ráth Chruachan [etc.] .nī. Cruachu no Croichenn croderg inailt Etáine do dechaid for aithiud la Midir brí léith as Fhremainn a haenuch Aengusa. ba chara didiu do Midir Sinech sídi Chruachan . taraill iarum ar a dili dia hagallaim i suidiu fri nái tráth. doruimenair didiu Etáin comba la Midir indsíd sin. in í do threb in so ol Etáin. ac so ol Midir . is nesu do thurgabáil ghréine mo threbsa indás so ar Midir. cest cia buaid dúinni tadall in tsídasa ocus in maige didiu ol Croichenn. biaid t'ainmsiu air illog th'aistir a Chroichenn ol Midir. luid iarum Midir co brí léith conid ann ro toglad fair [la]

Eochaid airemain. tosach tochmairc Etáine inn sin dinnsenchus rátha Chruachan (viii) *a.* mág nAi [etc.] .nī. Ai mac Allghubai in cethramad mogh fichet tucsat meic Míled leo is é conataig cosna moigidib sin co ro slechtaitís mág leis . conid iad sin no shlechtsat mág nAi fair i ceitrib uairib fichet corusgaid Ai iar scur dóib im dilsi in maigi sin do ocus mo a ainm fair . *unde* mág nAi *dicitur* *b.* loch Néill *unde nominatur.* .nī. Niall mac Ennai aignig meic Oengusa tuirbig is é ro bo thúisech díbergach Eirenn i flaith Chonaill chromdeirg meic Labrada luchta . do dechaid for lurg muc nDrebrinni dia lotar assíd Chollomrach condasfuair in Dairiu tarbgai. imrachtatar na muca remib etir chonu ocus daeine ar fut maige Ai . fo dáig rop ainm con Ennai aignig .i. ái. feib ráncatar in loch .i. loch con Ennai aignig ro báided Néll ann ocus a choin ocus a díbergaig . *unde poeta* : ro báided Néll cétaib cenn ⁊ for lurg do mucca Drebrenn ⁊ ro [bo] prímchelgach tor tenn . tóisech díbergach Eirenn (ix) Moncha ingen Trethain meic Bhiceda ben Eogain mhóir meic Oililla óloim PAGE 318:—(x) A.D. 195. iar mbeith trícha bliadan i ríge Eirenn d'Art mac Chuinn chétchathaig torchair i gcath maige Mucraime la Maccon gona allmarchaib . . Liogairne lecanfhoda mac Aengusa bailbh meic Echach finn fuathnairt ro imbir láma for Art isin chath sin iar dtocht do i sochraide Meiccon 225. iar mbeith trícha bliadan i ríge Eirenn do Lugaid .i. mac con mac Maicniad torchair do láim Feirchis meic Chomain eicis iarna innarbad a Temraig do Chormac ua Chuinn (xi) *a.* Ailill úlom ár ní raibe craicenn ná feoil for a chluais iarna lomad do Aine ingin Eoghabail. nó aulom .i. aulo lom .i. lom a ulo .i. a rígdai gan fial tairisi ar a beodacht *b.* Echtach ingen Eimir máthair Oililla úloim *c.* A.D. 234. a hocht do Chorbmac. Ailill ólom mac mogha Nuadhat d'ég

XXIII. PAGE 319:—(i) *a.* Eithne thaebfhota ingen Chatháir móir ben Chormaic úi Chuinn máthair Chairbri lifechair . nó ingen Dúnlaing ríg Laigen co fírinnech [*ms.* co fírindindach] mar do gabar i lebraib nemthruaillichte. [nó] comad í Feidil in banchumal do Laignib a máthair . nó comad í Ciarnait cumal Chormaic ocus is d'Eithne rob ainm Ciarnait *b.* Ciarnait ingen ríg Chruithnech thucsat Ulaid ar éigin i mbroid tar muir ocus tar mórfhairge. ocus atchuala Cormac ua Cuinn sin ocus ro chuingid uad[aib] í ocus tucad dó dá thig í. ben as áille ocus as cóime ro búi isin doman i gcomaimsir fria í . ocus búi i cáirdes fri Cormac ocus rob adbal mét a gráda leis . co cuala Eithne ollamda ingen Chathaeir móir a beith aici ocus ro ráid ná beidís aroen aici. ocus rob éigen a tabairt ar chumus Eithne . ocus do rat Eithne dáire fuirri ocus rob í in dáire .i. nái méich arba do bleith cech lái. co tarrla Cormac ocus sisi ar oentaeib fo leith corrustoirrchestar ocus nír fhét bleith. co rusairchis Cormac ocus tug saer muilinn tar fairgi ocus dorónadh muilenn lais d'anocal Chiarnaite . conid de sin aspert in file : Ciarnat cumal Chormaic chóir . mór cét do biathad a bróin ⁊ nái méich cech lái lé do bhleith . nír b'obair dhuine d'éinmeith. tarrustair uirri in rí rán . ina thig na haenarán ⁊ co rustoirrchestar fo leith . iar sin co nár fhét róbleith. airchisis uirre ua Cuinn . tug saer muilinn tar mórthuinn ⁊ cétmuilenn Cormaic meic Airt . ro bo chabair do Chiarnait (ii) *a.* Fergus bód for Bregaib .i. teine for Bregaib PAGE 329:—(iii) CLANNA EIBIR illeith Chuinn GAILENGA tair is tiar . CIANNACHTA tes is tuaid . LUIGNE tair is tiar ocus na ceithri DELBNA . Delmna mór ocus Delmna bec imMíde . Delmna ethra in iarthur Míde ocus Delmna tíre dá locha i Connachtaib. Gailenga didiu ocus Ciannacht cland Taidc

meic Chéin meic Aililla óluim [Finnchaem ingen Chirb ben Chéin meic Oililla óluim máthair Thaidg meic Chéin]. Sadb didiu ingen Chuinn chétchathaig máthair secht mac Aililla úluim . is díbsaide Cian athair Taidc . is iat ro marbtha i cath Mucrima la Lugaid mac con ocus la Lugaid lága mac moga Nuadat .i. bráthair anathar . isseside ro marb Art mac Cuinn i cath Mucrima. Béinne brit imorro issé ro marb Eogan mac Aililla . conid ro marb Lugaid lága fo chétóir. trícha cét amMumain ro bói Maccon ocus trícha cét alleith Chuinn ocus trícha cét a Bretnaib im mac ríg Bretan .i. Béinne. trí méich fo thrí do ghrannaib catha tucsat leo dar muir. gabais Lugaid mac con trá ríge Eirenn . bái secht mbliadna fichet irríge co roninnarb Cormac mac Airt . ocus gabaisside ríge Eirenn co tánic nert Ulad fris co roninnarbsat é i Connachtaib iar mbrith a ngiall ocus iar ndénam na fleidi dóib do Chormac i tuaisciurt maige Breg . dia tarat gilla ríg Ulad in chaindel fo fholt Chormaic co ronloisc co mór. trí meic Imchada meic Fhinnachta .m. Ogomain .m. Fiathach .i. Fergus dubdétach ocus Fergus casfhiaclach ocus Fergus foltlebor. luid Cormac co Tadg (*sic*) mac Céin ara tísad leis do thabairt chatha do Ultaib. tabar ferann damsa aire ar Tadc. doberthar duit ar Cormac inatimchellfa do charpat chaidche iar mbrisiud in chatha do maig Breg. gébatsa ar Tadcg (*sic*) . éirgsiu ar Tadc co Lugaid lága ocus tuc lat é do'n chath ocus braithimse duit in baile i fuigbe é ina chotlud. ocus luid Cormac co fuair é ina chotlud ocus impais rinn in ghái ria chride. cia dogní seo ar Lugaid. Cormac sunna ar sé. dlíge ar Lugaid meise . is mé ro marb th'athair. a éraic damsa ar Cormac. cenn ríg a cath duit ar Lugaid. gébatsa ar Cormac cenn ríg Ulad . Fergusa dubdétaich. dobérsa ar Lugaid. lotar na slóig combátar imbrug meic indOc ocus Ulaid i Crinna chinn chomair dóib. ocus ní arlaic Tadg in cath do thabairt co matain arna bárach. imtriallait co moch ocus ní ro léiced Cormac issin cath . bái ar chúl in chatha i clud ocus a ghilla ós a chiunn ocus do rat Cormac a eirred imme ocus bái in gilla irriucht Chormaic. dobeir Lugaid cenn leis ocus taiselbaid do'n ghillu. ní hé ar in gilla cenn in ríg acht cenn a bráthar. dobeir cenn aile lais. ní hé ar in gilla acht cenn a bráthar aile. dobeir leis in tres cenn. inné seo ar Lugaid. is é ar in gilla. dobeir buille de do'n ghillu conid ro marb co torchair féin ocus co ro laig nél fair. ocus co ro bris Tadc secht catha for Ulto in laa sain co ránic glais Nera i taeib droma Inasclainn . *unde* Flannacán *cecinit* : Tadc mac Céin tuaid irráith chró . ro bris secht catha in oenló ⁝ for Ulto co rinna réim . ótá Crinna co hard Céin. cath in Airgetros Iathach . cath i Conach garg baethar ⁝ cath Crinna cid dianid clú . cath i Sithbiu ba saethar. cath droma Fuait fuaim fonnmar . cath Cairge cruaid conarmghail ⁝ for cert Chonchobair chlaidbig . condaté a secht samlaid. luid iar sain Tadc ina charpat iar ndul na trí ngai trít ocus gilla leis ocus a máthair in ghillai do leith Moga combad é bad fhiad dó. ba nél imorro do Thadc cach ra nuair co ránic iar sein co Ath cliath || ocus nír fescor cid annsaide. ann sin atraacht Tadc assa niul dédenach conid ann atbert Tadc : cid táncamar a ghillai or sé. táncamar mór ar in gilla. in tucsam Temraig linn ar Tadc. ní thucsam ar in gilla. atnaidh Tadc builli dó conid ro marb . *unde* Cinaeth *cecinit* : forsindoenchloich irráith chró . tuitim na trí Fergusó ⁝ dianerbairt Cormac is glé . ní chél a doe ar logé. ré Tadc ro memaid in cath . is ó Chormac dorrogradh ⁝ im sé chatha congail géir . ótá Crinna co ard Céin. nenaisc Tadc a chor iar sein . for Cormac rechta rógheil ⁝ má chuit i mBregaib cen brath . dia ternad

as in mórchath. mani throethad a ara . ro festais a mórghala ⁊ ropad re Temraig [in] tír . reisfed carpat adarith. iar sin doberar dias eorna la Cormac i crécht dia chréchtaib ocus duirp i crécht aile ocus gae i crécht aile co ro chnesaig tairsiu ocus combái bliadain isseirg. luid Lugaid lága uad ar chenn indfáthlega sin Mumain . ticside cona thríb daltaib leis co cualatar éigem indfir ic tiachtain dóib dochum in tige. cia héigim seo ar in liaig. cnet do chulg ar in dalta toesech. créat so doridisi ar in liaig. cnet do míl beo ar in dalta aile. créat so dana ar in liaig risin tres cneit. cnet do rinn ar in tres dalta. dogní in liaig a leiges ocus oslaicid na créchta ocus dobertar baic tairis . ocus dergthar coltar iar sain i teinid ocus dobeir in liaig amus de for broinn indfir . co tánic in dias eorna ocus in duirb mét lochad ocus in gai ocus cech ambái ann ar chena. luid Tadc imMumain ocus triallais cath do Chormac ocus dogniat síd. Tadc dana dá mac leis .i. Connla ocus Cormac. Cormac sen Ciannachta tes ocus tuaid ocus sen éile Muman . Cormac gaileng sen Gaileng tair ocus tiar ocus na Saithne (iv) *a.* Cormac gaileng .i. gae lang .i. gai meblach *b.* Gaileng .i. lang gua .i. Cormac gailenga .i. Cormac gaileng mac Taidc meic Chéin .m. Oililla óluim rug gai a athar leis dochum na mbroc co tángadar ar [a] einech amach ocus gur marb Cormac iat. do chuaid didiu Tadg do chaithem fleidi iar sin do thig Chormaic gaileng ocus ro ghráin a aicne ic ól na fleidi ocus ro fhidir a einech do choll do'n mac. conid é fotha innarbtha Chormaic ó Thadg . *unde* gaileng *nominatus* .i. gai lang .i. cac ar einech. *alitur* gaileng *nominatus* Cormac gailenga *dicitur pro habitatione ejus. c.* Cormac gaileng mac Taidc uair ruc gai Taidc leis dochum nambroc co táncatar for einech Taidc immach . *unde* Gailenga *nominantur. ego autem puto eos immánitate fúmi caloris igniti cogente foras tunc uenisse . et nec mirum si gentiles putarent eosdem foras præclari illius ueritate eos uocatos esse. et postquam foras egressi sunt et statim Cormacus eos occidit et ideo exul factus est a suo patre* .i. Tadc. *hinc prouerbium uenit ejus gentis c.* Sciath ingen Luigdech meic Aengusa finn .m. Fergusa duibdédaig ben Taidg meic Chéin máthair Chormaic ghaileng

XXIV. PAGE 326:—(i) *a.* Eocho mugmedón .i. cerchaill bói mo a medón amail chlicht fir cholnaig remair. medóin fir remair . *unde dicitur* mugmedón *b.* Eochaid muigmedóin .i. medón mogad lais didiu . ro diall a chenn frisin ríg ocus ro diall a medón frisin mog .i. fri Mungata. cosa óigthigern lais .i. Echtigern. nó muine .i. muinél remar lais . *nam* muin muinél nó braighe *c.* A.D. 365. an tochtmad bliadain d'Eochaid muigmedóin mac Muiredaig tírig ós Eirenn conerbailt i dTemraig *d.* Muirenn ingen Fiachrach amMumain máthair Echach muigmedóin (ii) *a.* Moingionn ingen Fidhaig meic Oililla do érnaib Muman siur Chriomthainn ocus Cairenn chasdub máthair Néill náigiallaig atiat sin dá mnái Echach muigmedóin. Moingionn máthair Briain ocus Aililla ocus Fergusa ocus Fiachrach. trí ingena in Scáil bailb ríg Saxan Cairenn chasdub máthair Néill ocus Cairell ben Dáire sírcherdaig máthair Luigdech cál *a quo* Callraide [ocus Cairbech máthair Timine ótáid corco Timine i Laignib]. Coirpche ingen Echach muigmedóin *b.* geinelach ua Timín. Eocho timín ocus Bresal enechglas [.i. comartha glas bá ar a agaid] ocus Ros failge ocus Dáire buadach ocus Crimthannán meic oen máthar in sin. ina chotlud ro bái [Eocho] in tan dobreth ferann do na bráithrib ocus sé foeindelta . conerbairt in Bresal : is tim sin a Eochaid . conid de sin ro len timín de PAGE 327:—(iii) A.D. 573. an dechmad bliadain d'Aodh

[mac Ainmirech]. S. Cairech dergain ógh ó chluain Boirenn d'ég 9º *Februarii* PAGE 330:—(iv) A.D. 981. dál gCais d'orgain do Mhaolsechlainn mac Domnaill ocus bile aonaig maige hAdhair do thesgad iarna tochailt a talmain cona frémaib 1022. maidm átha buide Tlachtga ria Maolsechlainn for ghallaib átha cliath dú i dtorchradar ile . dia nebradh : a chosgar derg déidenach. fescor oc an áth mbuidhe ⁊ trícha laithe léimennach . ó sin co cenn a uidhe. mí dho ina bethaid iar sin. Maolshechlainn mór mac Domnaill meic Donnchada tuir ordain ocus oirechais iarthair domain do ég i gcró-inis locha Aininn iar mbeith trí bliadna cethrachat i ríge uas Eirinn madh iar lebar cluana meic Nóis

XXVI. PAGE 331:—(i) A.D. 378. iar mbeith trí bliadna dég ina ríg ós Eirinn do Chriomthann mac Fiodhaig atbail do dig neime tug Moingfhionn a shiur féisin dó PAGE 333:—(ii) *a.* carn Feradaig [etc.] .nī. Feradach mac Rochuirb meic Golláin .m. Chonmaeil .m. Eibir dorochair ann la Tigernmus mac Follaig . ocus is la Tigernmus dorochair Conmael i cath aenaig Macha . ocus ro marb Rochorb mac Golláin i cath Elle . ocus ro marb Feradach iartain i cath chairn Fheradaig . ocus is é in sin fert Feradaig. *unde* carn Feradaig *nominatur* *b.* A.M. 3579. iar mbeith deich mbliadna fichet do Chonmael mac Eimir i ríge Eirenn torchair i cath aonaig Macha la Tigernmus mac Follaig 3656. is í an bliadainsi an sechtmad bliadain dég ar trí fichtib do Tigernmus ina ríg ós Eirinn. is lais ro brisedh na catha so for shíol nEimir ocus for araill d'Eirennchaib ocus d'echtaircheinélaib oile cénmotátsomh. atiad so na catha ishin . cath Elle i dtorchair Rochorb mac Golláin . cath chairn Fheradaig i dtorchair Feradach mac Rochuirb meic Gholláin ó ráiter carn Feradaig [etc.] (iii) A.D. 465. Criomthann mac Enna ceinselaig rí Laigen do mharbad lá mac a ingine budéin .i. Eochaid guinech do úib Bairrche (iv) A.D. 523. an fichetmad bliadain do Muirchertach [mac Erca]. Beoaidh espug Arda carna d'ég an tochtmad lá do Márta PAGE 334:—(v) *a.* Inniu ingen Lugach ben Néill náighiallaig máthair dá Conall ocus Eogain. nó gomad í Rignach a máthair amail asbert in fili : ro bo fáilid ríg nach réid . iar mbreith Laegaire meic Néill ⁊ Enna Máine monar nglé. Eogan dá Chonall Cairpré. Innecht ingen Luigdech ben Chruinn badraide *b.* Rignach ingen Medaib (?) meic Rosa .m. Trithem (?) ben Néill náigiallach máthair Laegaire ocus Enna ocus Máine ocus Eogain ocus dá Conall ocus Cairbri. Inniu ocus Indecht dá ingin Luigdech ó bfuil glenn Indecht ocus glenn Arad . Inniu ben Néill máthair Fiachach . Innecht ben Chruinn badrái máthair Chaelbaid meic Chruinn badrái *c.* A.D. 357. iar mbeith aoinbliadain i ríge nEirenn do Chaolbadh mac Cruinn badhrai docher la hEochaid muigmedóin (vi) inis Dornghlais ro ghab Crimth[ann] mac Fidaig for macaib Echdach m[uigmedóin]. do chuatar meic Echdach muigmedóin for [sluaiged] iartain imMumain iar néc Crimthainn meic Fidaig co tardad cath dó[ib] .i. cath corad Caenraige . cor [máided rempu] siar ocus co ro gonad Fiachra mac [Echdach] acus is é rosgon Máge meschor[ach] conerbailt i Forói co ro hadnach[t inte]. coeca giall tucsat meic Echdach aniar iar mbrisiud in chath[a]. i ciunn mís iarsin chath ro bo m[arb Fiachra] co ro hadnacht na géill beo [timchiull firt] indríg. is iar sain ro gabad [dún] dabróc i cáille Gaileng for Brian acus Ailill. corrucad Ailill i ngiall acus co ro marbad Ailill ann lasin ríg PAGE 335:—(vii) *a.* A.M. 5089. iar dtochaithem cóig mbliadan i ríge Eirenn d'Eidirscél mac Eogain meic Oililla dorochar la Nuada necht in Aillinn. 5090. iar gcaithem

lethbliadna i ríge Eirenn do Nuada necht mac Sédna sithbaic torchair i gcath Chliach in úib Dróna lá Conaire mór *b.* Nuada necht .i. Nuada álainn *nam* necht álainn nó gel *dicitur*

XXVII. PAGE 343:—(i) *a.* A.M. 5192. aoinbliadain do Choncobar abradruad mac Finn filed meic Rosa ruaid .m. Fergusa fairrghe i ríge Eirenn go dtorchair la Crimthann mac Luigdech sriab nderg *b.* Conchobar abradruad .i. rosc co máilgib ruada ro thecht . *nam* mala abhra *dicitur* PAGE 352:—(ii) ro bíth os la Tadg mac Céin . Tadg mac Céin la hos ro bíth ⁊ la hos ro bíth Tadg mac Céin . Tadg mac Céin ic ros na rígh

XXVIII. PAGE 359:—(i) Tuathal techtmar .i. is é ro ben a cinnu do chúicedaib Eirenn ar tús .i. fir Mide. nó ar imad a selb. nó ar thechtad cacha maithesa re a reimhis in Eirinn. nó ar techtadh cáich co coitchenn dosom . ár nír fhácaibsium in foidin fóghlas in Eirinn gen rechtge flatha (ii) *a.* Fiacha finnolaidh .i. finna urmór bó Eirenn ina reimhes *b.* Eithne ingen ríg Alban ben Fhiachach fhinnulaid máthair Tuathail techtmair (iii) *a.* Feradach [finn]fechtnach .i. ar fechtnaigi a flatha ár is ina aimsir ro bái in tidh Morainn. Eithne emna ben Morainn meic Máin is uimpi dorónad in tídh *b.* Nár thuathchaech ingen Lotain do Chruithentuaith ben Chrimthainn niadnáir máthair Feradaig finnfechtnaig (iv) *a.* Cremthann nianáir [mac Luigdech sriab nderg] .i. trénfer Náiri .i. Nár thuathcaech a sídaib nó do Chruithentuaith a ben iside rug eisium in echtra *b.* Béfina ingen Chremthainn ben Fhinn meic Fhinnlogha máthair Echach feidlig ocus Echach airemhan . máthair Aililla meic Fhinn ní fhedar inní seo *c.* Clóann ingen Airtig uchtlethain ben Echach feidlig máthair na trí finn emhna ocus Clothrainni . ocus d'aentoirbert rucad a cethrar iat. Onga ingen eile Airtig máthair Mumaine ocus Eithne *d.* trí finn emna .i. Bres ocus Nár ocus Lothar trí meic Echach feidlig is aire adberar na trí finn emna ár is d'aentoirbirt ruc ben Echach iad . áir gid dias nó triar berar in aenfecht is emuin friu *e.* Clothra ingen Echach feidlig máthair Luigdech riab nderg [meic na trí finn emna] ocus fa hí sin máthair Chremthainn meic Luigdech [riab nderg] (v) *a.* Lugaid riab nderg .i. dá réib derga bádar tairis .i. crios tar a mhedón ocus crios mó bhraigit. a chenn fri Nár ro dhiall . a bhruinne fri Bres . ó shin síos fri Lothar *b.* Daréra ben Rumail ríg Laigen is iat ro alt Lugaid riab nderg. Derborgaill ingen ríg Lochlann ben Luigdech riab nderg *c.* Rumal dériar .i. rí Laigen is é cétna ro gab do Laignib ó Bhóinn co Buaighnig . idon [dériar] *dicitur* ar a nert dognídh réir a dé . ocus Derra a ben ro alt Lugaid riab nderg ocus aide múinte gaiscid do Choinchulainn [é] . is aire aderar conid aide do Lugaid Cúchulainn (vi) Fidir ocus Dáirine dá ingin Tuathail techtmair .i. dá mnái Echach ainchinn ríg Laigen ocus is trítha tucad in borama ó Laignib (vii) *a.* Aine ingen Finn meic Chumaill máthair Echach doimlén. Oilech ingen Ubthairi fhinn ríg Alban ben Echach doimlén máthair na trí Colla *b.* Eochaid doimlén .i. rodamh ar lén gan ní d'Eirinn d'innsaigid ár ní ró léig Fiacha roibtine [do] . dianebairt in fili : Eochaid rodam lén ré linn . gan ní d'innsaigid d'Eirinn ⁊ athair na trí Colla cian . ór chinnset rígrad Oirgiall. nó Eochaid [doimlén] .i. *domus plena* .i. tech lán do ghiallaib occa *c.* Fiacha sraiptine .i. sraib teined tucad ina longaib. nó in úib Sraibtine i Connachtaib ronalt. nó dono frossa teined ticdís ina ré. nó roibtine .i. gairge . Fiacho roiptine .i. Fiacho garg *d.* A.D. 276. Oengus gaib-

uaibtech do mharbad an bliadainsi la cloinn Chairbre lifechair .i. Fiacha sraibtine ocus Eochaid doimlén PAGE 362:—(viii) Feidlimid rechtada .i. bretha rechta no fhoghnad dó . uair *talio* no bídh oco .i. *simile uindictum* .i. indechad cosmail .i. súil i súil ocus cos i cois ocus lám i láim *et cetera sic.* ar a méid dono no fhognadais dó bretha rechta is aire atberthea Feidlimid rechtada fris (ix) *a.* Bresal beolach .i. beolaech .i. laech beo . nó is bél mór bái oco *b.* A.D. 435. an sechtmad bliadain do Laegaire [mac Néill] . Bresal bélach mac Fiachach aiceda meic Chathaoir móir rí Laigen d'ég PAGE 369:—(x) A.D. 241. orgain na hingenraide isin chlaoinferta i dTemraig la Dúnlaing mac Enna niad rí Laigen. trícha rígingen a líon ocus céd ingen la gach ingin díob. dá ríg dég do Laignib rosbí Corbmac ac galaib aoinfir i ndíogail na hoirgne isin amailli re foshnaidm na borama cona tórmach iar dTuathal (xi) A.D. 405. iar mbeith secht mbliadna fichet ina ríg ós Eirinn do Niall náigiallach mac Echach muigmedóin dorochair la hEochaid mac Enna chennselaig oc muir nIcht .i. an muir edir Franc ocus Saxan PAGE 370:—(xii) *a.* Brigit ingen Chobthaig meic Aililla do Laignib arda Ladhrann ben Ainmirech meic Shenna máthair Aeda meic Ainmirech [ocus Teigine ocus epscuip Aedáin] *b.* Lann ingen Aeda ghuairi nó Mell ingen Aeda ghuairi ríg Oirgiall ben Aeda meic Ainmirech máthair Maeilchoba chléirig ocus Domnaill meic Aeda . [ba hí in Lann sin máthair Faelchon fuamain meic Airmedaig ríg Mídi] (xiii) Feidelm ingen Feidlimid finnléith meic Chobthaig .m. Dathí .m. Fiachrach máthair Branduib meic Echach ocus Aedáin meic Ghabráin PAGE 374:—(xiv) belach Conghlais [etc.] .nī. Glas in sechtmad mac Duinn desa dalta do Etirsceol mór do ríg Eirenn . ocus i Temraig ro alt in Glas ocus is é ba thóisech conairte la Etirscél ocus la Conaire. in tan iarum do chuadar a bráithre for díbeirg co hIngcél luidsium lia chonu i mag Temrach comtarla fiadmuc do condechaid remi fo des cusin belach muccud co torchair ann in muc ocus in chonart ocus Glas . *unde* belach Conghlais. secht meic Duinn desa didiu .i. Fer gair fri fairesin . Fer lee fri cloistecht . Fer . . fri hairdmes . Lonma fri druthacht . Fer rorogair fri nascu niad .i. fri galu trénfer . Fer gel fri galuib áinfir . Fer glas fri conchuru. *ut dicitur de nominibus et moiribus et factis eorum* isin duil sluinnti Laigen PAGE 378:—(xv) geinelach ua Máil. Máine mál mac Feidlimthi fírurghlais bráthair do Chatháir már .i. dá mac Feidlimthi diblínaib PAGE 379:—(xvi) A.D. 582. a cúig dég d'Aodh. Feradach mac Duaich tigerna Osraige do mharbad la a mhuintir féin PAGE 381:—(xxvii) A.D. 594. iar mbeith secht mbliadna fichet i ríge Eirenn d'Aodh mac Ainmirech meic Sétna torchair la Brandub mac Echach i gcath Dhúin bholg ilLaignib ar ndol d'Aodh do thobach na boroma ocus do dhígail a meic Chumascaig forra. torchratar aroile saorchlanna isin chath sin belaig Dúin bholg im Beg mac Cuanach tigerna Airgiall. is do bhás Aoda do ráided : i mBuac ón i mBuac . ferus in tonn fri bruach : atfet scéla cia fa scíth . Aodh mac Ainmirech ro bíth. ben Aodha *cecinit* : batar inmuine trí taoib . fris nach freisge aitherrach : taobán Taillten taob Temra . 's tao'b Aoda meic Ainmirech (xviii) A.D. 601. cath Slaibre ria núib Néill for Brandub mac Echach rí Laigen . ocus Brandub mac Echach do mharbad la [Sarán saebdherc] airchinnech senboithe Sine ocus la a derbfine budéin (xix) *a.* Aedh uairidnach .i. uar a idhna .i. a ghai . ár sluaiged geimrid no ghnáthaigedh. nó uara einig thicdís do co tidh-

naicfedh in doman diambeith fo mamas dó. nó uara thicdís dó ina chodlad conad edh asbeiredh : crech coirm crech coirm *b.* Brigh ingen Forcha meic Charthainn ben Domnaill ilchelgaig máthair Aedha uairidnaig

XXIX. PAGE 390:—(i) *a.* Suibne menn .i. for minne bái ina urlabrad *b.* A.D. 610. iar mbeith teora mbliadan i ríge Eirenn do Maolchoba mac Aodha meic Ainmirech do cher la Suibne menn i gcath sléibe Toadh PAGE 391:—(ii) *a.* A.D. 526. Cairell mac Muiredaig muindeirg rí Ulad d'ég 585. Baedán mac Cairill rí Ulad d'ég 592. Aodh dubh mac Suibne rí Ulad do mharbad la Fiachna mac Baedáin. is laisin Aedh ndubh sin torchair Diarmaid mac Cerbaill 596. cath Cúile caol ria bFiachna mac Baotáin for Fiachna mac Demain . ocus ro mebaid an cath for Fiachna mac Demain *b.* Cáintigern máthair Mhongáin ben Fhiachna meic Bhaedáin (iii) *a.* A.D. 551. Fergna mac Aongusa rí Ulad do mharbad i gcath droma cleithe la Déman mac Cairill ocus la húib Echach narda 565. Deman mac Cairill .m. ríg Ulad meic Muiredaig muindeirg do mharbad la bachlachaib Boirne *b.* Garb ingen Néilline do chenél Eogain máthair Fiacha meic Demain ríg Ulad. ocus Cumain dub ingen Furudráin meic Beice ríg fer Tuirtri ben Fiachna mac Demain máthair Duibi dá lacha . is iside ben Mongáin meic Fiachna máthair Chonaill ocus Cholmáin dá mac Mongáin PAGE 392:—(iv) A.D. 620. Mongán mac Fiachna lurgan do mharbad do chloich la hArtur mac Bicair do Bhretnaib . conid de do ráid Beg boirche : is uar an gaeth dar Ile . dofail occa i gCiunn tíre ; dogensat gním namhnus de . mairbfit Mongán mac Fiachnae [etc.] PAGE 393:—(v) A.D. 622. cath lethed Midinn i nDruing ria bFiachna mac Demain tigerna dál bFiatach for Fiachna mac mBaodáin ríg Ulad. ro mebaid in cath for Fiachna mac Baodáin ocus cher ann 624. cath arda Chorainn la Connaid cerr tigerna dáil Riada . airm in ro marbad Fiachna mac Démain rí Ulad PAGE 394:—(vi) A.D. 623. iar mbeith trí bliadna dég do Suibne mhenn i bflaithes Eirenn do cher la Congal gclaon mac Scannláin i dtráig Bhréna (vii) Dúinsech ben Domnaill meic Aoda .m. Ainmirech. ní fedar mnái Maeilchaba ná Suibne minn (viii) Dathnad ainm mná Chellaig meic Mhaeilechaba (ix) A.D. 640. an chédbliadain do Chonall chaol ocus do Chellach dá mac Maoilchoba meic Aoda .m. Ainmirech ós Eirinn i ríge. Scannlán mór mac Cinnfaolaid tóisech Osraige d'ég (x) A.D. 617. cath Cinngubha no cinn Bughba ria Ragallach mac Uada for Colmán mac Cobthaig athair Guaire aidhne . airm in ro marbad Colmán budesin PAGE 395:—(xi) Muirenn ingen Maeildúin meic Shuibne .m. Aeda .m. Garbáin .m. Tuathail maelghairb ben Ragallaig meic Uadach máthair a thrí mac .i. Fergus . Cellach ocus Cathal. ba ben do Diarmaid mac Aeda sláine in Mhuirenn sin PAGE 396:—(xii) *a.* geinelach ríg gConnacht. Rogellach mac Fuatach meic Aeda .m. Echdach .m. Fergusa .m. Muiredaig máil .m. Eogain sreim .m. Duach galaig .m. Briain .m. Echdach muigmedóin *b.* A.D. 645. Ragallach mac Uatach rí Connacht do mharbad la Maolbrighde mac Mothlacháin dia domnaig do shunnrad . dianebrad : . . mo chuitse i gcuma cháich . díogail Ragallaig ro fáith ; fil a ulcha liath im láim . Maoilbrigdi meic Mothlacháin *c.* Cacht ingen Máilbrigde meic Mothlacháin ben Mhuiredaig mhuillethain máthair a chúic mac .i. Innrechtach ocus Cathal ocus Conchobar ocus Connmach ocus Fothad. Medb ingen Innrecht aig meic Muiredaig máthair Néill chaille (xiii) Deog ingen Fhingen [meic Aeda] ocus Móire muman ben Laignéin meic Cholmáin . ocus ba ben

do Ghuaire aidne [mac Cholmáin] iarum. Cred ingen Ghuaire aidne máthair Muiredaig meic Fergusa . ba ben dana do Marcán mac Domáin do ríg ua Máine in Chred sin. Gelghéis ingen Ghuaire aidne ben Chonchoingeilt. Adhamair dheilgnech do Thradraide máthair Ghuaire aidne (xiv) *a.* Brea ingen Cholmáin meic Nemainn ó dhún Suine máthair Cholmáin bic meic Diarmada [.m. Cherbhaill]. Eithne ingen Bhrénainn daill do Chonnachtaib máthair Cholmáin móir meic Diarmada [.m. Cherbhaill]. Eithne ingen Brénainn daill do Chonnachtaib ben Aeda sláine máthair a sé mac .i. Diarmaid . Dúnchad . Maelbresail . Maelodhair . Congal . Oilill. Eithne inghen Brénainn daill máthair Aeda sláine. Rónait ingen Aeda sláine ben Cholmáin máthair Oililla ocus Maeildúin *b.* Eithne ingen Brénainn daill máthair Cholmáin móir meic Diarmada ruanaid ó'n abar clann Cholmáin ocus ben Aeda sláine máthair a sé mac .i. Diarmait ruanaid ocus Dúnchaid ocus Maeilbresail ocus Maeilodair ocus Congail ocus Oililla. Lann máthair Chonaill ocus Blathmaic dá mac eili Aoda sláine. Ronnat ingen Aeda sláine máthair Máilidúin ocus Oililla PAGE 397:—(xv) A.D. 645. cath cairn Chonaill ria nDiarmaid mac Aoda sláine for Guaire . dú in ro marbad an dá Cuán .i. Cuán mac Enna rí Muman ocus Cuán mac Conaill taoisech ua bFidgeinte ocus Tolamhnach taoisech ua Liatháin . ocus ro mebaid for Guaire a hinadh an chatha PAGE 401:—(xvi) A.D. 661. S. Cummine fota mac Fiachna epscop cluana ferta Brénainn d'ég in dara lá dég do *Nouember* 662. Guaire .i. Aidne mac Colmáin rí Connacht d'ég. rob inann máthair do Ghuaire ocus do Chaimmine insi Celtra amail asberar : Cumman ingen Dallbrónaig . máthair Chaimmín is Ghuairi ; móirsheiser ar sechtmóchait . issedh ro genair uaithi (xvii) *a.* Oena ú Loigsi mac Beraig meic Domongairt .m. Bairr . . .m. Luigdech loigsi .m. Loigsig chennmóir .m. Chonaill chernaig *b.* A.D. 569. S. Oenna mac ú Laighise abb cluana meic Nóis d'ég PAGE 404:—(xviii) Derborgaill ingen Chonaing meic Oililla do Laignib ocus Concann ingen Chongail chennfhoda do Ulltaib mná Fhinachtaig fledaig meic Dúnchada .m. Aeda sláine PAGE 406:—(xix) A.D. 693. iar mbeith fiche bliadan i ríge Eirenn d'Finachta fledach mac Dúnchada do cher la hAodh mac nDlúthaig meic Aililla .m. Aoda sláine tóisech Fer gcúl ocus la Congalach mac Conaing meic Chongaile .m. Aoda sláine i gcath oc grellaig Dollaith. dorochair beos Bresal mac Finnachta isin chath ísin araon ria a athair (xx) geinelach ríg gceinéil Chonaill. . . Loingsech mac Oengusa meic Domnaill .m. Aeda .m. Ainmirech .m. Shétnai .m. Fhergusa .m. Chonaill ghulban .m. Néill náigiallaig PAGE 407:—(xxi) A.D. 743. Muirenn ingen Chellaig chualann ben Irghalaig d'ég PAGE 408:—(xxii) A.D. 681. an tochtmad bliadain d'Fíonachta. Dúnchad muirisge mac Maolduib rí Connacht do mharbad. cath Corainn dú inar marbadh Colga mac Blathmaic ocus Fergus mac Maoiledúin tóisech ceinéil Chairbre 701. iar mbeith ocht mbliadna i ríge Eirenn do Loingsech mac Aongusa meic Domnaill dorochair i gcath Chorainn la Cellach locha Cime mac Ragallaig [meic Fhuatach]. torchratar tra a thrí meic i mailli ris . Artghal . Connachtach ocus Flann gergg. ro marbait didiu dá mac Colcen ann ocus Dubdíberg mac Dúngaile ocus Fergus forcraith ocus Conall gabra ocus aroile saerchlanna cenmotátside. Conall menn mac Cairbre ro ráid na roinnsi ocus ba heisiden fochann an chatha [etc.] PAGE 409:—(xxiii) A.D. 703. Cellach mac Ragallaig rí Connacht iar ndul dó fá chuing cléircechta d'ég. Adamnán mac Rónáin abb Iae Choluim chille d'ég an .23. do *September* iar

mbeith sé bliadna fichet in abdaine ocus iar secht mbliadna sechtmogad a aoise. ba maith tra an tí naomh Adamnán do réir fhiadnaisi naoim *Béda*. óir ba dérach . ba haithrigech . ba hinneithmech . ba haointech ocus ba mesarda . dáig ní loingedh do shíor acht dia domnaig ocus dia dardaoin namá. doróine mogh de féin do na subáilcibsi . ocus beos ba hegnaid eolach illéire tuicsiona an naoimscriptúra dhiada (xxiv) A.D. 705. slóigedh la Congal cinn mhaghair mac Fergusa fánat for Laignib co dtarat a réir uadaib PAGE 413:—(xxv) A.D. 708. iar mbeith secht mbliadna i ríge Eirenn do Chongal chinn magair mac Fergusa fánat ro thathaimh do bhedg aonuaire

XXXI. PAGE 416:—(i) A.D. 539. dichennadh *Abacúc* in aonach Thailten tre míorbailib dé ocus Chiaráin .i. luige néithig do radsomh fo láim Chiaráin co ro gab aillse for a mhuinél .i. is for a muinél ro fuirimh Ciarán a lám co dtorchair a chenn de

Translation of Extracts.

I. Page 1:—(i) S. Kieran's pedigree in ten generations to Angus *osrethi*: LL. 352 *β*, 357 : 8 (ii) "March 5: Kieran, bishop and confessor. He is of the race of Angus *osairge*, of the race of Labraid *loingsech* a quo 'Leinster,' of the seed of Heremon. An ancient vellum book which we have quoted under 'Bridget,' February 1, states that in ethics and life Kieran resembled Pope Clement:" MD (iii) "Here begins the genealogy of 'the seed of Bern' i.e. the men of Ossory, who [to go higher] are the seed of Bresal *brec* s. of Fiacha *fobhrec* etc., as we have written in Leinster's genealogies [Bresal *brec's* pedigree in seventeen generations to Ugaine *mór*: LL. 378 *a*]. Now this Bresal had two sons: Lugaid, progenitor of Leinster; Connla *caemh*, of Ossory; yet is not the designation 'Leinster' more appropriate to clan-Lugaid than it is to clan-Connla. In which Bresal *brec's* time the first murrain was in Ireland, and left there but three heifers, red ones, as: one in *Cliach*, one in *Line*, one in *Cuailgne* (whence the local name *Imlech fir aendartadha*) and, as some say, it is from the cow-prey then brought by Bresal into Ireland that *Bennchor*, 'Bangor,' in Ulidia is named. Laegaire *bern buadach*, whose m. was d. of Moghruith's br. Delbaeth the magician, was s. of Crimthann *mór*; and Daire mac Dedadh's d. Cennait, that 'kept Crimthann company,' she was Angus's m. [here nine generations to Bresal *brec* above]:" LL. 339 *a* (iv) "*Osraighe* 'Ossory' = *oséirghe* 'deer-pace,' i.e. 'twas the pace of deer they shewed in flight before the Decies when they voided the country in which to-day the Decies are seated. Or again: *osraighe* = *osfhrithe* [*osrithe*] 'deer-waif,' i.e. it was amongst wild deer that Angus, progenitor of 'Ossory,' was picked up:" K. 4 : 1 (v) "*Laigin*, 'Leinster,' whence so called? *Laigin* being quasi *lagain*, it is from the *lagain* or 'broad spears' which the Danes brought from over seas when with Labraid *loingsech* they came hither, their leader being the k. of Denmark's s. Ernoll. From which Labraid's time to this, Leinster are endowed with heroism, inspiring horror, fear and terror; whence the poet: 'Labraid *loingsech* (all-sufficient were his numbers), by whom Cobthach was slain at *Dinn righ*, came with a spear-bearing host across the sea's expanse, and from them the *Laigin* have their title. Previously *tuaim Tenba* had been the name of that hill on which the massacre was wrought; *dinn righ* or 'hill of kings' 'tis ever since, from the slaughter of the princes there. Two score and two hundred strangers that brought over spears wide in the head—from such these *lagain* or 'broad spears,' then introduced, Leinster now have the name of *Laigin*:'" LL. 159 *a* (vi) "*Gailion* and *Domhnann*, these two (as is told in the *táin bó Cuailgne*) are names for Leinster. Along with Labraid *loingsech* their protégé there came to Ireland a band of *galls* or 'strangers' and sacked *Dinn righ* etc.; from whom are called the *Gailion*, quasi *gall-lion* or 'stranger-multitude,' whose posterity long time endured in the land, witness *Dún gailion* among the *dál Meisi corb*:" LL.

311 *a* PAGE 3:—(vii) According to some, *Eile* had its name from Eile, seventh from Connla s. of Teigue mac Cein: LL. 336:8 PAGE 4:—(viii) "September 12: Ailbhe of Emly, abp.; A.D. 541 it was when he resigned his spirit. He is of the race of Fertlachtga s. of Fergus mac Rosa .m. Rury; *Sant* was his mother's name. It was he that composed the metrical rule beginning: 'in my behalf say to *mac Saran*,' and *Cuimín* of Connor that sang: 'Ailbe loved guest-hospitality [etc.]':" MD (ix) (x) pedigrees of Ailbe: LB. 16:3, LL. 349:3 (xi) "May 23: Ibar, bishop, was of the seed of Irial s. of Conall *cernach*, and Lassar (of the Decies of Bregia) was his mother; her church is [on] *Begéire* or 'little Ireland,' an island in the sea off Hy-Kinsela in Leinster. 404 years his age was when he resigned his spirit, A.D. 500. An ancient vellum book in which are found the Martyrology of Tallacht and the lists of synonymous saints of Ireland states that bp. Ibar possessed a similarity of life and ethics to John Baptist:" MD (xii) "Ibar, bp., s. of Lughna .m. Corc .m. Corb .m. Cairbre .m. Niall s. of Echaid a quo the *úi Echach* of Ulidia:" LL. 348:4 (xiii) "'The clans of Conall *cernach*' are the Dalaradians, the *úi Echach ulad*, the *Conaille* of Murthemny, and 'the seven Soghans':" LL. 331:3 (xiv) "July 24: Declan of Ardmore, s. of Erc mac Macnia, bp. and conf., of the race of Eochaid *finn fuathairt* [s. of Felim *rechtmar* s. of Tuathal *techtmar*], to which S. Bridget belonged; his mother's name was *Deitsin*; it was bp. Colman that baptised him. That church of Ardmore is in the Decies of Munster, and there he wrought many miracles and wonders:" MD (xv) Declan's pedigree in eight generations to Art s. of Conn of the Hundred Battles, and: "Colman of eastern Femen was own brother to Declan:" LB. 15:4 PAGE 6:—(xvi) "November 10: Aedh s. of Brec, of Killare in Meath and of Slieveleague in *tír Boghaine* in Kinelconall, bp.; Christ's Age when he resigned his spirit to Heaven was 588:" MD (xvii) "bp. Aedh s. of Brec mac Cormac .m. Crimthann .m. Fiacha s. of Niall of the IX Hostages:" LL. 347 *β*, LB. 13:5 (xviii) Another bp. Aedh, s. of Murtough, descends fr. Tuathal *techtmar's* grandson Fiachra *suighde*: LL. 348 *β* (xix) "Genealogy of the *Eoghanacht* of Cashel: Angus s. of Nadfraech mac Corc .m. Lugaid .m. Olioll *flann beg* .m. Olioll *flann mór* .m. Fiacha Broad-crown .m. Eoghan *mór* [a quo the Eoghanacht] s. of Olioll *ólom*:" LL. 320 *β*. *Anghus ingen Chairpri doimh argait ben Nadfráich máthair Aengusa meic Nadfráich . nó gomad í Foechain ingen ríg Bretan manann a máthair* i.e. "Cairbre *damh argait's* d. *Anghus*, w. of Nadfraech, was Angus mac Nadfraech's mother; or it may be that his m. was *Foechain*, d. of the k. of Britain and Man:" BB. 285 *a* PAGE 8:—(xx) "A.D. 158: first year of *Moghláma's* s. Conaire in rule over Ireland 165: Conaire having ruled Ireland for eight years, he fell by Neimhid s. of Sruibghenn. Three sons he had: Cairbre *músc*, a quo the *Múscraidhe* are called; Cairbre *baschaein*, a quo the *Baiscinn* in *corco Bhaiscinn*; Cairbre *riada*, a quo *dál Riada*. *Sáraid*, d. of Conn of the 100 B., was m. of these sons of Conaire's:" IV M (xxi) "Genealogy of the *Múscraidhe tíre*: Cairbre *músc* s. of Conaire *caemh* s. of Moghlama [here five to] Conaire *mór* s. of *Etersceél* [here five to] Ir s. of Ith s. of Breogon, in which last coalesce this line and the seed of Milesius' sons: Heber, a quo the Eoghanacht of Munster; Heremon, a quo 'Conn's Half' and Leinster. Ith had two sons, Lughaid and Ir: Lughaid seated with Heber in the south; Ir with Heremon in the

north. From Ir come the *dál Músca*, *dál Baiscinn* and *dál Duibne*; for in the time of Olioll *ólom's* sons those tribes' progenitors: Cairbre *músc* s. of Moghlama, Olioll *baschaein* (cui et alterum nomen *Cairbre*) s. of Angus s. of Moghlama, [and Angus himself qui et *Cairbre*], pervaded Munster. Some however say that the three Cairbres were brothers indeed, but sprang from different fathers; others, that they were [full] brothers, being three sons of [Conaire *mór* s. of Eterscel and his w.] *Mesbuachalla.* Be this all as it may their remoter origin, as we said before, is identical:" LL. 323 : 6, 324 *a* (xxii) "A.M. 3503: second year of Heremon's rule over Ireland. Eruption of nine *Brosnachs*: rivers of Ely, of nine *Righes*: rivers of Leinster, and of three *Uinsenns*: [rivers] of the *úi Oiliolla*, in the same year:" IV M PAGE 9:— (xxiii) "Genealogy of the *úi chennselaig*: why are the seed of Labraid *laidhech* s. of Bresal *bélach* so called? It was the battle of *Cruachan claenta* that by Leinster was won against Eochaid *muigmedóin* k. of Ireland, and *Cétnadach* his poet was taken there. Whom when they [after quarter given] had raised aloft on their shields to save him, Enna came the way in the battle and, thrusting a spear into him, laughed. Then Cetnadach said: 'that is a foul laugh, Enna, and for ever thy name shall be Enna *gen salach* i.e. 'Enna foul-laugh.' Hence the *úi Ghenselaig*. Eight sons Enna had: Crimthann, Felim, Eocho, Erc, Trian, Conall, Cairbre; and Crimthann it was that at *Ráth bilech* believed in Patrick, who left a blessing on him for ever. Crimthann's d. *Eithne uathach*, w. of Angus mac Nadfraech k. of Munster, was m. of Bresal and Senach, his two sons. This Eithne and Angus her man it was that with the Hy-Kinsela went to contest the rule of Leinster against Illann s. of *Dún-lang* s. of Enna *nia*, father's br. to Enna *censelach.* Illann, accompanied by Murtach mac Erca and the north of Ireland, proceeded against Munster and the Hy-Kinsela, and they met in the battle of *Cenn losnadha* in Moyfea (i.e. it was the *losnadh* or 'flitch' of *mac Dátho's* pig that was divided there) where Eithne and Angus her husband perished, with a great carnage of their host besides. *Ernbrann's* three daughters: *Mell*, *Belóc* and *Cinniu*, of the Decies, were Crimthann mac Enna's three wives. As for Cinniu, in the way of children she owned but one daughter: Eithne *uathach*; the reason for which she was called *uathach*, 'horrible,' being that 'twas children's flesh had been given her that she might the more speedily grow up, wherefore children felt a horror for her; and their flesh was given her to accelerate her growth, because their seers had told the Decies, who fostered her, that for her bride-price they should have land:" LL. 316 *β* (xxiv) "A.D. 527: Murtach [mac Erca] s. of Muiredach s. of Eoghan s. of Niall IX H. having been twenty-four years in Ireland's rule, on *samhain*-eve he was burnt in the House of Cleitech over the Boyne after being first drowned in wine:" IV M PAGE 11:—(xxv) "August 11: Liadain, widow, Kieran of Saighir's mother and first abbess of Ireland's holy virgins:" MD PAGE 12:—(xxvi) "Odhran, the master, in *Leitrecha* in the *úi Daighre*, and Medhran of Saighir, two sons of Maccraith s. of Trochall .m. Esaman *daighre* .m. Nuada *neimnech*, from the land of *cenn Febhrat*:" LL. 350 : 5 (xxvii) *a.* "October 2: Odhran of Letir, i.e. the master, that is of the race of Conaire *caemh* s. of Moghlama" *b.* "November 26: Odhran of *leitrecha Odhráin* in *Múscraighe tíre*" *c.* "July 6: Medhran, probably Medhran of Saighir that is of the race of Conaire monarch of Ireland, of the seed of Ith s. of Breogon:" MD (xxviii) "Kieran *mac an tsaoir*

in Clonmacnoise; Kieran s. of Luaighne, and Carthach, in Saighir:" *ibid.* (xxix) "March 5: Carthach, bp., pupil of Kieran of Saighir. Of his 'civitates' was *Druim fertáin*, which is in Carbury of the *úi Chiardha*; his too are *Inis uachtair* in loch Sheelin, and *cill Charthaigh* in Banagh in Kinelconall; son to Angus mac Nadfraech in Munster he was:" *ibid.* PAGE 16:—(xxx) *a.* Baeithin's pedigree in thirteen generations to Conall *cernach*: LL. 349:6 *b.* "May 22: Baeithin s. of Finnach, of *inis Baeithin* in the E. of Leinster, he was of the race of [Lughaid *laighse* s. of] Lughaid *lennmhór* s. of Conall *cernach*. *Trea* d. of Ronan mac Colman .m. Cairbre, i.e. of the k. of Leinster, was his mother:" MD PAGE 17:—(xxxi) "December 12: Finnian of Clonard in Meath, in wisdom a sage, tutor of Ireland's contemporary saints, he is of the race of *Celtchar* s. of *Uithechar* and [therefore] of the race of Milesius' son Ir. An ancient vellum book states that in life and ethics Finnian resembled Paul the Apostle:" *ibid.*

II. PAGE 18:—(i) *a.* Molasius' pedigree in thirty generations to Conall *cernach*: LL. 332:1, 348:7, LB. 15:3 (ii) "September 12: Molasius s. of Nadfraech, abbot of Devenish, he was of the race of Conall *cernach's* son Irial; his mother's name was Monua. In the poem beginning: 'Patrick of *port Macha* loved,' Cuimin of Connor states that Molasius delighted to be himself in a stone dungeon, but to maintain a guest-house for the benefit of all Ireland. Kieran of Cluain's life, ch. 47, states that Molasius' order was one of the eight that were in Ireland; it may be however that 'tis of some one of his synonymous saints that he speaks. After completing thirty years he went to Heaven A.D. 563. According to brother Michen, 'tis on the fifteenth day of this very month that his own parish and *termonn* keep Molasius' holy-day in *belach Michéin*:" MD *b.* "January 6: *Muadhnat*, virgin, whose 'civitas' is named *Cáille* in Carbury of Drumcliff; *Talulla*, abbess of Kildare; *Osnat*, virgin; sisters to Molasius these three were:" *ibid.* (iii) *a.* "A.D. 1070: *Ailill O hAirretaich*, successor of Kieran of Cluain, died on a pilgrimage at Clonard. Of the *corca Raidhe* his race was" *b.* "1185: Maelisa O'Daly, poet-in-chief of both Ireland and Scotland, supreme chief of *corca Raidhe* and of *corca Adain*, one that excelled in verse, in hospitality and nobility, died on a pilgrimage at Clonard:" IV M PAGE 21:—(iv) "A.D. 664: in this year there occurred in Ireland a huge plague called the *buidhe chonnail*, of which the following saints died: Feichin, abbot of Fore, February 14; Ronan mac Berach, Aileran 'of the wisdom,' Cronan mac Silne, Manchan of Liath, Ultan *mac ú Chunga* abbot of Clonard, Colman *cas* of Cluain and Cuimine abbot of Cluain. After eight years in [joint] rule of Ireland, Aedh of Slaine's sons Dermot and Blathmac perished of the same pestilence; died moreover Maelbresal s. of Maeldun, *Cú gan máthair* k. of Munster, and Angus of Ulidia; besides all which, very many in Ireland (of both Church and laity) died of the same plague. Eclipse of the sun on May 3:" IV M (v) Feichin of Fore's pedigree in twelve generations to Tuathal *techtmar*: LL. 352:7 (vi) "January 20: Feichin of Ballyfore in Meath, abbot of Fore, A.D. 664. He too it was that blessed the *Iomaidh*: an island in the W. of Connacht, in O'Flaherty's country, where (as appears from his own life, in which are read many miracles) Feichin has a church. According to the poem: 'Hagiology of Innisfail,' he is of the race of [Tuathal *techtmar's* grandson] Felim *fuathairt*, of which S. Bridget is. Cuimin of Connor says

that Feichin never put any clothes [bed or body] between his side and the bed or 'carcer' where he lay. An ancient vellum states that in life and ethics Feichin resembled the monk Antony:" MD (vii) "December 29: Ereran [= Aileran], lector of Clonard:" *ibid.* PAGE 24:—"November 13: Finnchad of *cill Fhorga*; whom I suppose to be bp. Finnchad of Killargy in Brefny, who, according to the latter's life, ch. 18, foretold Molasius:" *ibid.* (viii) "Ninnidh *lámhidan*, 'purehanded,' s. of Eochaid mac Ellann .m. Aedh .m. Laegaire s. of Niall IX H.; and Eochaid's d. *Cerc* was sister to him" *b.* "Ninnidh the apostle, s. of Fergus mac Caemac .m. Enna s. of Niall IX H.:" LL. 347 : 4 (ix) "January 18: Ninnidh, bp., on loch Erne; and that was Ninnidh *saebhruisc*. He was of the race of Enna s. of Niall and, so far as I know, 'twas he had the title of 'purehanded': see Bridget's life, ch. 41. The Book of Hymns too says that it was Ninnidh s. of Eochaid:" MD (x) *a.* Columba the apostle's pedigree: LL. 351 : 4 *b.* "December 13: Columba of Terryglass, s. of Ninnidh, he is of the race of Cahir *mór* k. of Ireland, who is of the race of Labraidh *lorc* s. of Hugony *mór*; *Minchloth*, sister to *Caeimell* d. of Cennfinnan s. of Ceis mac Lugair, was his mother. He it is whom Angus the Culdee calls *Colum mac Crimthainn*, and other authors *mac úi Chremthannáin*; and who gave Finnian of Clonard his last Communion, for he was disciple to Finnian. *Mochaeime* of Terryglass and Odhran it was that conveyed his relics to Inishcaltra, as Kieran of Saighir (in his own life, ch. 6) had foretold; *Mochaemóg* also, when he baptised Odhran: see 'Odhran,' October 2:" MD (xi) *a.* Cainnech's pedigree in thirteen generations to Fergus mac Roich: LL. 348 : 8, LB. 16 *a* *b.* "October 11: Cainnech, abbot, he is of the race of Ciar s. of Fergus mac Rosa .m. Rury. Aghaboe is his chief church, and he has a chapel at S. Andrew's in Scotland. An ancient vellum says that in life and ethics he resembled Philip the Apostle; but I find not anything whereby to distinguish the Cainnech of whom this description is given and, if this be not he, and that in ignorance I be mistaking one for the other, I crave pardon of the Saint to whom it really does apply. In his own life Columbkill often mentions a Cainnech, and 'tis of him that was in Keenaght he speaks likely. Eighty-four his age when he dismissed his spirit to Heaven, A.D. 598; and that 'tis he was in the Keenaght of Glengiven in Ulidia you would suppose from this verse: 'O Cainnech of the rule, not foolish is that thou doest: in Aghaboe thou art lively, and thy fame grows more and more; in Keenaght I have heard tell of thy divinity, of thy renown.' Here too is what Cuimin of Connor says: 'Cainnech of the piety loved to be in a rude forest wilderness; saving the wild deer only, none used to cherish him.' There are three other Cainnechs, and we know not to which one of them all this description belongs:" MD (xii) *a.* mac Cairthinn's pedigree: LL. 348 : 3, LB. 15 : 2 *b.* "September 15: Aedh, bp., i.e. bp. mac Cairthinn of Clochar; and *fer dá chrioch*, 'man of two countries,' was another name he had when at the first he was abbot of *Dairinis*, as is understood from these quatrains: 'Aedh, that was his name [etc.].' Bp. mac Cairthinn was S. Patrick's 'strong man,' and used to carry him over all rough places. His pedigree is traced to Eochaid mac Muireda, and from him to Heremon:" MD *c.* "October 6: Aedh, and perhaps this is bp. mac Carthainn of Clochar; or it might be Aedh s. of Aedh, of the race of Eochaid *muighmedóin's* son Fiachra, that belongs to this day:" *ibid.* (xiii) "August 19: Mochta of

Louth, bp., 300 years was his age when he went to Heaven A.D. 534; during which time he never spoke lying nor ignorant word; never ate a bite that was fat, or that contained succulence of richness; wherefore, as well as to set forth how there were in his house three score ancients that did no human labour at all, but supported themselves on psalms and prayer, this was said of him: 'Mochta's tooth, its ways were good: for 300 years (a lengthy task) no erring word passed by it upwards, nor delicate morsel downwards [etc.];' and Cuimin of Connor says that Mochta was for 100 years without eating a bit of 'kitchen.' This Mochta foretold Columbkill 200 years before his birth:" *ibid.* (xiv) *a.* Tighernach's pedigree in seven generations to Dáire *barrach* s. of Cahir *mór*: LL. 351:4 *b.* the same: LB. 19:3 *c.* "April 4: Tighernach, bp., of Clones in Fermanagh; or it may be that Clones is [on the border] betwixt Fermanagh and Oriel. He is of the race of Cahir *mór* monarch of Ireland, of Leinster; and Derfraech d. of Eochaid mac Crimthann k. of Oriel was his mother. †A.D. 548:" MD (xv) *a.* "Becan of *Cluain ard*, s. of Murrough mac Muiredach .m. Dermot .m. Eoghan s. of Olioll *ólom*:" LL. 350:4 *b.* "April 5: Becan mac Cula, in *imlech Fiaich* among the *Fir chúl* of Bregia, seems to have been of the race of Eogan *mór* s. of Olioll *ólom*. When Columbkill, and the k. of Ireland (Dermot s. of Fergus *cerrbeoil*) after he had slain Bresal his son, came to where Becan was, it was thus they found him: in act of erecting a 'cashel,' with a wet cloak about him, and he [at the same time] praying. Becan looked aside and, when he saw Dermot, cried: 'away under ground, parricide!' and up to his knees the k. sank into the earth. 'It is under my protection he is come to thee, to have his son raised for him,' said Columbkill; so Becan raised the king's son from the dead:" MD PAGE 27:—(xvi) *a.* Maedoc's pedigree to Eochaidh s. of Colla *uais*: LL. 347:8 *b.* the same: LB. 14:5 *c.* "January 31: Maedoc of Ferns, bp., his first name was *Aedh*, and he is of the race of Colla *uais* monarch of Ireland; his mother's name was Eithne, of the race of Amalgaidh s. of Fiachra s. of Eochaidh *muighmedóin*. Of his first miracles was this: the flagstone on which he was brought to be baptised, upon it as it were any ferryboat all men used to be ferried out and home, to [and from] the island in the loch where he was born. Another: that the *bacán* of a she-weaver's loom which was in Maedoc's m. Eithne's hand as she bore him, and was but a dried-up hard stick of hazel, sprouted afterwards into leaf and blossom and good fruit; which hazel endures yet, a fresh tree undecayed, unwithered, nutladen yearly, in *inis Brechmaighe*. A.D. 624 it was when he resigned his spirit to Heaven, and an ancient vellum says that in life and ethics he resembled Pope Cornelius:" MD PAGE 30:—(xvii) "The ramification of the men of Brefny: Fergus s. of Muiredach *mael* s. of Eoghan *sreimh* s. of Duach *galach* s. of Brian s. of Eochaid *muigmedóin*, he had three sons: Eochaid *tirmcharna*, progenitor of *síol Muiredaigh*; Duach *tenga umha*, of *clann Choscraigh* and of *muintir Murchada*; Fergna, the third, of the *úi Briuin*:" BB. 90*β* (xviii) "The men of Oriel, 'tis they that (after Connacht) are nearest to the *úi Néill*, as thus: Cairbre *lifechair's* s. Fiacha *sraibhtine* is progenitor of the *úi Néill*, who spring from his son Muiredach *tírech*; while Cairbre *lifechair's* s. Eocho *doimhlén* is progenitor of Oriel. He (Eocho) had three sons: 'the three Collas,' a quibus the *úi mac Uais*, the *úi Crimthainn*, the *Mughdorna* and Oriel. It was upon Fiacha above

that his brother's sons, the three Collas, wrought parricide; which crime divorced the kingdom of Ireland from clan-Eocho. The circumstances of the murder were these: Fiacha *sraibhtine*, as we have said, was k. in Tara and had an admirable son, Muiredach *tírech*, who was his lieutenant; for in that time it was the order that the king himself went not into battle, but his lieutenant in his stead. In his father's room then Muiredach once with a great army went into Munster, the men of which gave him battle; he won it and brought off Munster's pledges. Meanwhile Fiacha *sraibhtine* stayed at home in *Dubchomar* to the southward of Tara, and in the camp where he lay had a host; another host his three nephews too, the Collas, had upon [another] hill; but the whole belonged to Fiacha. When therefore news came that Muiredach had the victory, in all men's mouths was this: 'Muiredach *tírech*, 'tis he is future king of Ireland!' Then the three Collas said: 'What shall we do? Fiacha has the kingdom actually, and the general say that 'tis his son shall be king after him. Here is the best of our play: before Muiredach arrives let us give this old king battle, for this army [of his] with us here will desert and join us; then, let but the other come, and battle we will give him too.' From the one hill to the other they send a message to Fiacha, to their father's brother; and by them, by his brother's sons, he is challenged to the fray. Fiacha had a magician, *Dubhcomair* by name, who said to the king: 'I can procure thee victory, but the case stands thus: if thou rout them, upon thy brother's sons thou wilt commit parricide, and thou indeed shalt still be king, but of thy children never a one for aye; if they rout thee, 'tis on thee that parricide will be wrought, and from thee that for all time Ireland shall have a ruler, but of the three Collas shall be no prince for ever. Thou therefore choose,' said the wizard. Fiacha answered: 'let me be defeated and my seed have the kingdom.' 'I too,' said the magician, 'will fall with thee, and my name it is that the battle shall bear continually;' wherefore 'the battle of Dubhcomar' is that battle's title. Fiacha is duly slain in the battle; the Collas with three hundred men went to Scotland, flying before Muiredach, who assumes Ireland's royalty. For their valorous quality the king of Scotland gave the Collas great love, and three years' long they were in Scotland; then they meditate coming over to Ireland to the end Muiredach might commit parricide on them, whereby the reproach that rested on them (their own parricide to wit) should be lifted from them. So all three Collas, without either hound or *gilla*, set out and so reached Tara. The gatekeeper told Muiredach: 'the three Collas are on the green; what shall be done with them?' 'Open the liss,' said Muiredach, 'to see what they will do.' The trio entered and stood in the midst of the royal house in Tara, and Muiredach said: 'have ye news?' a man of them answered: 'for thee no news can be more grievous than that which we have done: thy father's slaughter.' 'Those tidings we know already.' 'It is not to supplicate that we are come, mind you,' the Collas said; and the king: 'have no care for that, it shall not be avenged on you; if it be to have yourselves killed ye are come, it shall not succeed: the infamy that ye have incurred I will not thus avert from you.' 'That is a good taunt for a coward to make,' answered the Collas; to whom Muiredach: 'be ye not coarsely affected and ye shall have welcome and peace.' Long time thereafter they abode in good brotherhood, and the three Collas were they whom Muiredach had for his lieutenants in war; between

whom and the king was great mutual affection. Muiredach said to them eventually: 'I see that they [our progeny respectively] have taken greatly to increase and ramify; it may be that after us they shall not live in peace; separate we therefore, and in this my time acquire you a country of your own.' The Collas asked: 'what country dost thou of thy power the most readily assign us, that we make swordland of it?' (for warriors better than the Collas there were none). Muiredach said: 'attack Ulster; they are not kindly disposed to us.' But yonder was a warrior force too great for the Collas; so they went to the men of Connacht, and became their protégés, and they received them. Subsequently Connacht came with them, seven battalions strong all told, and they were at the cairn of *Achadh lethderg* in Farney, in Ulster. From that cairn they deliver seven battles against Ulster, one daily to a week's end: being six fought by Connacht and one by the Collas. Every single day Ulster was routed; the Collas' battle was on the last day; recreant failure in fighting was none there; the battle was maintained for a summer's day and night, till blood reached shields; hard by the cairn is *coll na nothar* 'Hazel of the Wounded.' [In this last battle] Ulster gave way at break of the second day; the slaughter lasted as far as Glenree. A week then the others spent harrying Ulster, and they made swordland of the country in which are the *Mughdorna*, the *úi Chremthainn*, the *úi mac Uais*, and up to the Oriors. 'Conn's Half' consists in the O'Neills of the N., the O'Neills of the S., the three Connachts, Oriel and others:" LL. 332 : 3 (xix) *a*. "Cairbre, called *lifechair* for the pitch to which he loved *Liffe*; or Liffe was his mother; or in Liffe she brought him up:" K. 1 *b* : 2 *b*. "Colla *os*, a quo the *úi mac Uais* and *úi Thuirtri*: him a wild doe reared. Colla *menn*, a quo the *Mughdorna*: him *Mennet* the Pictish woman and *Mughdorndubh* of Ulster brought up, viz. Mennet a qua *dál Mennet* in Mourne; Mughdorndubh however is unknown whence he is, but is assigned to Ulster. Colla *fochrích*, or *fochrí*, or *ochre*: and it was Crinna *cerd's* w. *Eilech* that Eochaid *doimhlén* in lieu of her husband got with child, in consequence of which she bore Colla. [The paternity] she hid from her mate, and till twenty years' end the boy was reared [by them both]. Then, in compliance with Cormac *ua Cuinn's* decision, Eochaid paid her fifty cows for having brought him up as Crinna's, the rule being: 'to every cuckold his [reputed] son belongs unless he be bought of him,' wherefore Connla *fo chrith* is his name; or again Colla *fo chriaidh*, because his mother used to rub clay to his limbs to make him swart [and so to pass] among the artificer's very sons; or perhaps Connla *ochrae*, Ochra being the name of the guardian that reared him; from which Colla are the *úi Chrimthainn*, Orior, and the *úi Méith*:" LL. 333 *β* (xx) *a*. "*Collaidh* 'the Collas' = *colaighe* 'the parricidals,' because that they killed Fiacha *sraibhtine* [their uncle]. Colla *os* (Cairell): for his swiftness he was an *os* or 'deer'; or it was a wild doe that nursed him; or he was an *os*- or *segh*-wounder, for he practised to slay deer, the *agh allaidh* or 'wild deer' being called *segh* also; or Colla *uais*: for his *uaisle* or 'nobility,' for 'twas he above the other Collas that reigned over Ireland. Colla *menn* (Aedh): it was Mennad the Pictish woman that reared him; or a stutter that he had, it may be from it that he had the name. Colla *fo chrich* (Muiredach): it was while Crinna *cerd* was her husband that Eochaid *doimhlén* begot him on the k. of Scotland's d. *Eilech*; or *fo chri* = *fo chriaidh*: 'twas clay that the goldsmith's wife rubbed

over him to darken him; or *Ochrae*: name of the nurse that reared him; or Connla *forcraidh*, 'the superfluous,' for he is set down to Eilech's account [and is one more than she ought to have had]:" K. 1 *b*: 2 *b*. "Cairbre *lifechair* had three sons: Fiacha *sraibhtine* (a quo Eochaidh *muighmedóin*), Eocho *doimhlén*, Eochaidh, which latter d. sine prole. Eocho *doimhlén* had three sons, as the poet said: [the Collas, whose names before they slew Fiacha were Aedh, Muiredach and Cairell respectively, as above]:" BB. 109 *β* PAGE 31:—(xxi) *a*. Enan's pedigree in seven generations to Niall IX H.: LL. 347: 8, LB. 141: 3 *b*. "August 9: Enan of Drumraha in Westmeath, he is of the race of Eochaidh *finn fuathairt* s. of Felim *rechtmar* s. of Tuathal *techtmar*, of which S. Bridget is:" MD (xxii) *a*. Fraech's pedigree in thirty-one generations to Conmac s. of Fergus and Medb: LL. 335 *a*, 349: 5 *b*. "December 20: presbyter Fraech of *cluain Chollaing* in *muinter Eolais*, he was of the race of Fergus mac Rosa .m. Rury's son Conmac:" MD *c*. "February 15: Berach abbot of *cluain choirpthe* in Connacht, whose m. was Finmaith sister to presbyter Fraech of *cluain Chonmaicne* in *muintir* Eolais:" *ibid.* *d*. "Medhb's three sons by Fergus in lieu of Ailill her husband: Ciar, Corc, Conmac [qui et *mogh Dit*] i.e. Ciar, a quo the *Ciarraidhe* of *Luachair*, of *Cuirche*, of *Aei*, of *Conmenn*; Corc, a quo the *Corcomruadh*; Conmac, a quo the *Conmaicne* of *cúil Toladh* and of *cenél Dubháin*:" LL. 331 *β* (xxiii) *a*. Mochuda of Lismore, his pedigree in twenty-two generations to Ciar s. of Fergus mac Rosa: LL. 349 *a*. "*Oirbsen mór* [fr. whom Mochuda is twelfth] a quo *loch Oirbsen mhóir* (for its name was *mágh Epsen* originally), and the site of his house is in the western part of the loch (for the loch has flowed over it), also the simulacrum of Dicharr's house:" cod. cit. 332: 3, s. v. *cenél nEithne* *b*. "May 14: Mochuda, bp. of Lismore and originally abbot of Rahen, he is of the race of Ciar s. of Fergus mac Rosa .m. Rury, of the seed of Ir s. of Milesius; another name for him was *Carthach*. He it was verily that had the noble congregation, seven hundred to wit, when he was abbot in Rahen; and an angel used to converse with every third man of them. Cuimin of Connor affirms that never any shed half so many tears as did he. † A.D. 636:" MD PAGE 33:—(xxiv) *a*. "Doighre *dart* a quo *Dartraighe*, s. of Crunnluachra a quo *telach Chruinnluachra* [here seventeen generations to] Lughaid *cál* a quo the *Calraighe*, s. of *Dáire doimhtech* of the seed of Lughaid s. of Ith s. of Breogon:" MCS. p. 80, App. B *b*. "*Dartraighe* i.e. *dar*+*troighe*, 'clan or kindred of Daire *doimhtech*':" K. 2: 2 *c*. "Daire called *doimhtech* i.e. *domh* 'poor'+*tech* 'house,' for in his time was penury and great scarcity. Daire called *sírchrechtach* 'the constant theme of poetry' (for *éigis* 'poetry' is called *crecht* also), it was for the quantity of poetry made on him that he had the epithet:" *ibid.* *d*. "Lugaid *laige* a quo *corco Laighde*, he was Daire *sírdrechtach's* son:" BB. 200 *a*. *e*. "Daire *sírchrechtach's* six sons were a band of many exploits:" *ibid.* *f*. "The *tellachs* or 'homes' of the Dartraighe were the *tellachs* of *Caschdin*, Conall and Cacan, sons of *Ailghile* mac Flann [here six generations to] Angus s. of Lughaid *cál* a quo the Calraighe, as the Book of *Druim sailech* says, and the Vellum of *Druim snechta*:" *ibid.* *g*. "Genealogy of the *Dairine* i.e. the seed of Lughaid s. of Ith: Duach s. of Macnia s. of Maccon s. of Lughaid *laighe* son of Daire *sírchrechtaig* [here are five generations to] Eithle s. of Lughaid s. of Ith s. of Breogon:" LL. 325: 5 PAGE 34:—(xxv) "The *tuatha* of the *Partraighe* are from *áth na*

mallachtan or 'ford of the curse' to *glaise guirt na lainne* or 'stream of the swordblade field,' and from the *Caol* to the *Fál*:" Hy-F. p. 152 (xxvi) *a.* Genealogy of the *Delbhna bethra*, from *Trén mac Sighe* (through *Tál* s. of Conall *echluath*) to Olioll *ólom*, twelve generations: LL. 335 : 3 *b.* of the *Delbhna mhór*, from Blod mac Sighe [ut ante]: *ibid.* *c.* "Conall *echluath's* s. Cas (now the cause for which he was called *tál* or 'adze' is that he was a carpenter's fosterson) had thirteen sons, which are these: Lughaid *eile*, Sedna, Angus *cenn nathrach*, Blod a quo the *úi Bhloid*, *Caisín*, Lughaid *delbaeth* a quo the *Delbhna*, Cormac, Carthann, Cainnech, Angus *cennaitin*, Aedh, Loiscen, Noe. *Delbaeth*, he was the second Lughaid mentioned here, a quo the seven Delvins:" BB. 182 *a* *d.* "*Delbaeth* = *dolb* + *aedh* 'magic-fire,' i.e. it was a magical fire he made; or *delb aeda* 'form of fire.' For when by wizardry his own son-in-law Trad mac Tasach banished him out of the land in which the *Tradraighe* are now, he fled away into the O'Neills' country and there entered into *carn Fiachach*, in which he kindled a magic fire; out of the cairn burst five torrents of flame, and in the direction of each he dismissed a son of his [to shift for himself]; from whom are the five Delvins. Hence *Delbaedh* = *delb aedha* 'form of fire' stuck to him, his name having hitherto been *Lughaid*; or *delb aedha* may have been bestowed on him for his beauty, for in appearance he was ruddy-complexioned:" K. 2 *b*: 1 (xxvii) "*Connachta* = *coinéchta* 'hound-slaughter,' i.e. when Ailbe slew *mac Dáthó's* hound, then they were called *Connachta*; or *Coinnichta*=*ichta Chuinn* 'Conn's children,' for *icht* is 'clan' or 'kindred'; or *Connachta*=*achta Chuinn* 'Conn's deeds' (seeing 'twas he that forcibly made swordland of Connacht), for *acht* = *gníomh* 'deed.' The cause for which they are called 'the province of *Olnégmacht*' is this: to them and to *clann-Dedaidh* a feast was given in Doma the magician's house; they arrived first, nor ever paused for *clann-Dedaidh*, but served out the liquor and drank up its two-thirds. Then the wizard said: 'this drinking is outrageous;' and so 'province of *ól négmacht*' or 'outrageous drinking' clave to them:" K. 1 *b*: 1

III. PAGE 35:—(i) *a.* "Magnenn, Tua, Cobthach and Libren, were four sons of Aedh s. of Colga s. of Tuathal *cruinnbheoil* s. of Felim s. of Fiachra s. of Colla *fochrích*:" LL. 347 : 7 *b.* "December 18: Magnenn of Kilmainham by Dublin, abbot and bp., he is of Colla *dá chríoch's* seed. *Sinell*, d. of *Cenannán* and sister of the old *S. Sinchell*, was his mother:" MD (ii) "February 7: Loman of *loch Uair* in the *úi mac Uais* in Meath, he was of the race of Conall *gulban* s. of Niall IX H.:" *ibid.* PAGE 36:—(iii) *a.* Finnian's pedigree in eight generations to Fiatach *finn* a quo the *dál Fiatach*: LL. 349 : 3 *b.* "February 11: Finnian of Moville, bp., who according to the poem 'Hagiology of Innisfail' seems to have been of the monarch Fiatach *finn's* race. An ancient vellum says that in life and ethics Finnian was like James the Apostle:" MD PAGE 37:—(iv) *a.* Pedigree of Molasius of Leighlin, s. of Cairell *cruaidh*, in six generations to Fiacha *fer mara* s. of Angus *tuirbech*: LL. 349 : 4 *b.* "April 10: Molasius mac Cairell of Leighlin in Leinster, abbot, he is of the race of Fiatach *finn*, monarch of Ireland, of the seed of Heremon. His m. was *Maithgemh*, d. of Aedh mac Gabhran k. of Scotland; to certify which [this distich] was uttered: 'Molasius, that flame of fire, s. of Maithgemh of S. Andrew's':" MD (v) "November 5: Finnchu s. of Finnlogh, of Brigown in the country of Fermoy in Munster, he was of the race of Brian

s. of Eochaid *muighmedóin*, Finnlogh being s. of Sedna; and Idhnait d. of Flann *lethderg* of the *Cianacht* of Glengiven was his mother, according to the Book of Mac Carthy-Riach. Ailbhe of Emly that baptised him. Finnchu was Comgall's pupil, with him he studied [divinity], and for seven years after him occupied the abbacy. It was this Finnchu that oftentimes kept in a stone 'carcer' somewhat higher than his own stature, with a stone overhead and one under-foot, and two iron crooks, one either side of the 'carcer'; on these then he used to place his armpits so that neither his head touched the stone above, nor his feet the flag beneath. Once Comgall of Bangor came his way and ordered him to come out of that 'carcer,' loath as he was to do it. He it was that for the first night used to lie in the grave with every corpse that was buried in his churchyard:" *ibid.* (vi) [(vii) in text] *a.* "Enna s. of Conall s. of *Daimhín* s. of Cairbre *damh argait* s. of [Eochaid] s. of Crimthann [s. of Fiac s. of Rochad s. of Colla *dá chríoch*]:" LL. 347 : 8, BB. 111*a* *b.* "March 21: Enna, abbot, of Aran, Conall *derg* s. of Cairbre *damh argait* was his father, of Colla *dá chríoch's* seed. *Aeibhfionn* d. of Ainmire mac Ronan k. of the Ardes was his mother and Liba's; but for God's sake he abandoned succession to the chiefry and his great patrimonial affluence, built a church in Aran, and held its abbacy. Thrice fifty his congregation's number; the test and proof to which every noon he put them in order to save them from sin being this: in a currach without a hide at all on it, to launch every man of them turn about upon the sea; should the occupant be obnoxious to either crime or sin, the salt water would come in; were he pure of sin, it would not; and Enna the abbot was the last one to enter the currach. Of which thrice fifty, save only Enna's cook *Gigniat*, not a man was found but came unwetted out of the currach, and: 'Gigniat, what hast thou done?' Enna asked. He said that he had but made, from his own portion, a small addition to that of Kieran *mac an tsaoir*. Then Enna orders him to quit the island, saying: 'here is no room for a pilferer; not yet have I authorized that':" MD PAGE 39:—(vii) [(vi) in text] *a.* Maelruain's pedigree: LL. 352 : 7 *b.* "July 7: Maelruain of Tallacht in Leinster (betwixt Dublin and Kildare Tallacht is), bp., he is of the race of Eochaid s. of Muiredach of the seed of Heremon; his mother's name was *Broicsech*. Brendan of Birr's mother, *Mainnsena*, came once to Saighir and was fain to go to *oilén doimhle*, but: 'go not,' said Kieran, 'in Tallacht rather thine own resurrection and thy son's, Brendan's, shall be.' †A.D. 787:" MD PAGE 42:—(viii) *a.* Moling's pedigree in ten generations, through Bresal *bélach*, to Cahir *mór*: LL. 331 : 5 *b.* "June 17: Moling *luachra*, bp. and conf., of *tigh Moling*, he was of the race of Cahir *mór* of Leinster, monarch of Ireland; his m. was *Nemhnat chiarraighech*, or (according to his life, ch. 2) *Emhnat*. He it was that in three leaps cleared *luachair Deghaid* when the spectres were after him; wherefore he was called 'of Luachair,' though his original name was *Tairchell*. His miracles are abundant to relate: [inter alia] one night he sent his fishermen to take fish, and in the nets they caught a great salmon; when he was split they got in his inside an ingot of gold, which Moling made into three parts: one-third for the poor, another for the ornamenting of shrines, a third to provide for labour and work. †A.D. 696:" MD PAGE 47:—(ix) *a.* September 10: Finnian of Moville again: MD *b.* "Now the *dál Fiatach* are of the children of Angus *tuirbech*, while Ulidia and Dalaradia are of

Ollamh fódla's, and these latter are indeed the very Ulidians :" LL. 330 *a c.* Fiac, s. of Imchad s. of Bresal s. of Siorchad s. of Fiatach *fionn* a quo *dál Fiatach*, had four sons : Trichem, a quo the *úi Thrichim* ; Trian, a quo the *úi Thréna* ; Brian, a quo the *úi Bhriuin* ; Eochaid *gunnat*, whose m. was called *máthair chaemh*, a quo the *úi Echach* of the Ardes. Finnbarr, i.e. Finnian of Moville, was s. of Cairbre s. of Ailill s. of Trichem, whose s. *Díchú* also was :" LL. 331 *a* (x) *a.* Colman of Ela's pedigree in forty-eight generations to Ethrial s. of Irial s. of Heremon : LL. 352 : 6 *b.* "September 26 : Colman of *lann Ela* in Fircall, in Westmeath, he on his father's side was of the race of Eochaid mac Mairedha, of the seed of Heremon, and his m. was sister to Columbkill, being *Mór* d. of Felim s. of Fergus *cennfhada* s. of Conall *gulban* s. of Niall IX H., as Colman's life says, ch. 1. Fifty was his age when he resigned his spirit to Heaven, A.D. 610:" MD (xi) *a.* Comgall's pedigree in thirteen generations to Fiacha *raidhe*, originally called *Darerca*, sixteenth from Conall cernach : LL. 348 : 4 *b.* "May 10 : Comgall of Bangor in Ulidia, abbot, he was of the race of Irial s. of Conall cernach. A man full of God's grace and of His love this was ; a man that trained and edified many other saints, in whose hearts and minds he kindled and inflamed the unquenchable fire of God's love, as in Ireland's ancient books is apparent. Cuimin of Connor says that [only] every Sunday Comgall took meat. Kieran's life states that Comgall's was one of the eight orders existing in Ireland ; and a very old vellum, that in life and ethics he resembled James the Apostle :" *ibid.* (xii) "Duilech s. of Malach s. of Sinell s. of Nadfraech [here four generations to] Fergus mac Rosa, and Mobhai was s. of Sinell mac Nadfraech ; so too was Malan, also Curnan, and Cronan, and *Máine* :" LL. 349 *β* (xiii) "A.D. 631 : eighth year of Donall s. of Aedh mac Ainmirech. Carthach i.e. Mochuda, s. of Finnall, banished from Rahen 636 : Donall's thirteenth year. S. Mochuda, bp. of Lismore, abbot of Rahen, † May 14. 750 : twelfth year of Donall s. of Murrough s. of Dermot. *Fidhmuine O Suanaigh*, anchorite of Rahen, † October 1. 1153 : a hosting by Murtough mac Neill Mac Lachlainn and the N. of Ireland to succour Turlough O'Brien and reinstate him in the rule of Munster, and he reached *Craobh teine.* Turlough O'Conor mustered Connacht and came to *mágh lici Phátraic* to oppose the N., while Teigue O'Brien with his forces marched to Rahen-O'Suanaigh to help Connacht :" IV M PAGE 48 :—(xiv) *a.* "Tlachtgha whence named ? Moghruith [the wizard's] d. Tlachtgha, whom (when with her father she went to study magic in the eastern world) Simon Magus's sons all three had to wife, even she it was that for *Trén* constructed the *roth rámhach*, the flagstone that is in *Forchartha*, and the cauldron in *Cnámchoill.* Then she, bringing with her these two last, returned out of the E. and reached [the present] *tulach Tlachtgha* ; here she lay in and three sons were born : Doirb, a quo *mágh nDoirbi* ; Cuma, a quo *mágh gCuma* ; Muach, a quo *mágh Muaich* ; so long as which names subsist in the men of Erin's memory, vengeance of outside strangers shall not attain Ireland. She died in childbed and over her the *dún* was erected, whence *Tlachtgha* :" K. 5 *b* : 2 *b.* "*Moghruith* : either it was Roth mac Rigoll that fostered him, whence *magh Ruith* 'Roth's slave' ; or else *mogh roth* = 'magus rotarum,' because it was by 'wheel-incantation' that he used to make his observations [do his divination] :" cod. cit. 3 : 2 *c.* Moghruith mac Cuinesc's pedigree in six generations to Fergus mac Roich's

(or mac Rosa's) s. Ciar: LL. 326 : 5 *d.* "Cacht, d. of Cathmann, and another w. to Fergus, was m. of Moghruith mac Fergus; 'twas Roth mac Rigoll that reared him. *Dérdroighen* was m. of Moghruith's two sons Buan and Fercorb, and m. of Cairbre *lifechair*:" cod. cit. 4 *b* : 2 (xv) "Of Elias and Enoch. Now as Michael [the archangel], preceding them, conveyed into Paradise all the righteous of the old dispensation: from Adam to Christ, there met them two tall and ancient men, rugged of aspect and grave withal, so that the saints and righteous all enquired (for they knew them not, whether they had been in Hell with themselves), saying: 'and who be ye that in Paradise thus wear your own [original] bodies?' Said one of them: 'I am Enoch, and 'tis I that at God's behest was raised hither and seated here in Paradise; this man with me too, that is Elias the Tishbite, who in a fiery chariot was likewise lifted hither; neither have we as yet tasted death, but still live on [with our earthly life]. For God's power has reserved us until in the World's latter age Antichrist come to contend with Him in [i.e. by simulating] divine miracles and in portents manifest and prodigious. After which, in Jerusalem at last Antichrist shall slay us; nevertheless, at the end of three days and a half we shall rise alive and in clouds be raised up to Heaven:" LB. 226 *a*

IV. PAGE 50:—(i) *a.* "A.D. 478: Olioll *molt* s. of Dathi s. of Fiachra having ruled Ireland for twenty years, in the b. of Ocha he perished by Lughaid mac Laegaire [s. of Niall IX H.], Murtough mac Erca, Fergus *cerrbhél* s. of Conall *cremthainni*, Fiachra mac Laegaire k. of Dalaradia, and Crimthann s. of Enna *cennselach* k. of Leinster. On this occasion 'the Lees' and *carn Eolairg* were given to Fiachra in reward of the battle:" IV M *b.* "Olioll *molt*: it was a longing for a *molt* or 'wether' that took his mother, Eithne d. of Conra, while she carried him; and it was Eochaid's d. Fial, the king's w., that gave the nickname:" K. 1 : 1 *c.* "Fial d. of Eochaid *feidhlech*, a qua Cruachan *brí éile* [= *Fhéile*] in Leinster, was w. of Dathi mac Fiachra; Eithne d. of Conra, another wife of his, was m. of Olioll *molt*:" cod. cit. 5 *b* (ii) see ante, I. xxiv (iii) "Donall and Fergus, sons of Murtough mac Erca, having ruled Ireland for three years, they both died:" *ibid.* PAGE 51:— (iii) "A.D. 537: the b. of Sligo won by Murtough mac Erca's sons Fergus and Donall, Ainmire mac Sedna and Nainnidh mac Duach, against Eoghan *bél* k. of Connacht. The battle 'burst before them,' Eochaid *bél* fell; on which was said this: 'with rage of edged weapons the *úi Fiachrach's* battle is fought to overflowing; enemies' kine bellow at the touch of spears, the fight is extended in *Crinner*. To the great sea Sligo's river swept down men's blood, with their flesh; across the Ebha triumph-shouts were uttered around the head of Eoghan *bél*:" IV M PAGE 53:—(v) Genealogy of the *úi Fiachrach* of *Aidhne*, i.e. Guaire of Aidhne's pedigree in eight generations to Fiacha [or Fiachra] s. of Eochaid *muighmedóin*, a quo the clan-name: LL. 338 : 7 PAGE 54:—(vi) *a.* "Genealogy of the *Luighne* of Connacht: Niacorb s. of *Lae*, a quo *Luighne*, s. of Cormac *gaileng* s. of Teigue mac Cein:" LL. 338 : 8 *b.* "Genealogy of the *Luighne*: *Eghra faprig* a quo O'Hara, s. of Saergus s. of Beice s. of Lathgus a quo *clann Lathgusa* [here five to] Ithchaire s. of Art *cerb*:" *ibid.* *c.* "Art *cerb* i.e. Art the lopped or maimed, for *cerb* = [the more usual] *ciorrtha*:" K. 1 : 1 *d.* "*Luighne* = *Laeigheine*, i.e. the *clanna Laei* or posterity of Lae s. of Cormac *gaileng* s. of Teigue mac Cein:" cod. cit. 3 *b* : 2 PAGE 55: (vii) "Whence loch Con? It

was Manannan mac Lir's hounds and Modh's pack (Modh a quo *innsi Modh*) that met concerning a wild pig which wasted the land around and, unless that the hounds might hinder her, would have made a desert all the way to Scotland. In front of the hounds this swine sprang into the loch; they made after her, and on that loch she tackled them in such wise that not a hound escaped alive but all were maimed and drowned. This done, the *muc* or 'swine' repaired to an island in the same, whence *muicinis* 'pig-island,' and the poet's dictum: 'pack of Manannan mac Lir; pack of Modh so greatly rash; with her tusk a swine slew Modh, on loch Con, at Muicinis':" LL. 167 *a* (viii) *a.* "Whence *Claenloch*? Claen mac Ingar of Cluain, first merchant that out of Scotland came with [wares fit for] regal presents: where he perished was at that loch. And in the one year occurred the eruption of these lochs: loch Dachaech, Claenloch, loch Dadhall, lochs of Faeife, Ing, Gabhar, Gann, Dubh, Dremann, Donn, Ceram, and Cam:" LL. 169 *β* *b.* "Whence *loch Dachaech*? Dachaech was d. of *Ciochol grigechglún*, her m. being Fuata; between whom one blind d. was born. Out of the dwelling she absconded from them, and so managed to perish miserably in that loch:" *ibid.* PAGE 62:—(ix) "A.D. 649: the b. of *airther Scola* in Connacht won by Cennfaeladh s. of Colgu and Maenach s. of Baeithin, chief of the *úi Bhriuin*, in which Marcan s. of Toimeine was sl.:" IV M (x) *úi Máine*: *a.* "Bresal s. of Maine *mór*, he had five sons: Fiachra *fionn*, Dallan, Conall, Crimthann *cael*, and Maine *mál* a quo the *úi Máine* of *Bréntír*; Dallan mac Bresal had three: Duach, Lughaid, Loman; Lughaid had five: two Eoghans, Crimthann *cael*, Feradach *fionnoll*; Feradach had three: Cairbre *crom*, Cairbre *mac Féichín*, Nadsluaigh a quo O'Finan; Cairbre *mac Féichín* had four: Brenann *dall*, Aedh *abhla*, Aedh *guaire*, and *Lochéne*:" BB. 117 *β* *b.* "Bresal s. of Maine *mór* s. of Eochaid *fer dá ghiall* s. of Imchad s. of Colla *fochrích*:" *ibid.* *c.* "Genealogy of the *úi Máine*: Dicholla [here five to] Bresal s. of Maine s. of Eochaid s. of Donall s. of Fiacha *sraibhtine* s. of Cairbre *lifechair*:" LL. 338:8 *d.* "Lann, d. of Lughaid *léna* and w. of *Fer dá ghiall*, was m. of Bresal mac Maine:" K. 5 *b* PAGE 67:—(xi) *a.* "Genealogy of the *úi Fiachrach* of the North: Maeldubh s. of Elgach mac Fiachna .m. Dathi .m. Fiachra s. of Eochaid *muighmedóin*:" LL. 338:6 *b.* "Genealogy of the *úi Fiachrach finn*: Aedh s. of Finan mac Amhalgaidh mac Fiachra *fionn* mac Bresal mac Maine *mór* [ut ante]:" cod. cit. 338:8 PAGE 68:—(xii) "Four kings of the children of Erc *caelbhuide* ruled Connacht, of whom were Eoghan *bél* (but the general opinion is that he was s. to Olioll *molt* mac Dathi), Aedh *fortamhail* and Ailill *inbhanda* his br.:" BB. 107 *β* *b.* Olioll *inbhanda* 'the effeminate' i.e. he was beardless:" K. 1:1

V. PAGE 71:—(i) Ruadhan of Lorrha's pedigree in nine generations to Fiacha Broad-crown s. of Eoghan *mór* s. of Olioll *ólom*: LL. 350:6 (ii) Senanus of *inis Cathaigh's* pedigree in ten generations to Cairbre *baschaoin* s. of Conaire *caemh* s. of Moghlama, of the seed of Ith s. of Breogon: LB. 19 *a* (iii) "A.D. 972: *inis Cathaigh* devastated by Harold's s. Magnus with the Lagmanni of the Isles; Ivor, lord of the Danes of Limerick, taken out of it; whereby Senan's rights were violated 975: *inis Cathaigh* violated by Brian s. of Kennedy against the Danes of Limerick, in the matter of Ivor with his two sons: Amlaff and Duibchenn. Brian was then fifty years of age:" IV M

VI. PAGE 76:—(i) *a.* "Aedh of Slaine s. of Dermot s. of Fergus *cerrbhél* (from some wryness or distortion affecting his mouth) s. of Conall *cremthainn* (for it was Cremthann that reared him) s. of Niall IX H.:" LL. 335 : 4, K. 2 : 1 *b.* "A.D. 475: Conall *cremthainn*, a quo clan-Colman and the seed of Aedh of Slaine, died 595: first year of Aedh of Slaine s. of Dermot, and of Colman *rímidh*, over Ireland:" IV M (ii) *a.* "A.D. 528: first year of Tuathal *maelgharb* s. of Cormac *caech* s. of Cairbre s. of Niall IX H. over Ireland:" *ibid.* *b.* "Tuathal *maelgharb* or 'rough-sconce': Dallbronach's d. Cumain, his m., it was she who in her pains as she bore him jammed his head against an [uneven] stone, which so made hills and hollows in his pate; hence the sobriquet:" K. 4 : 2 *c.* "Dallbronach's d. Cumain, S. Bridget's sister, w. of Cormac *caech* [above], was Tuathal *maelgharb's* m.:" cod. cit. 5*b* (iii) "Whence *móin tíre Náir* 'the moor of Nar's land'? Nar s. of Conall *cernach* mac Amergin *iarghiunach* (or of Conall's s. Finnchad), 'tis he was slain there by Eitsen the Amazon when at this point on the Shannon he had killed her two [pet] birds; hence *snámh dá én* and *móin tíre Náir*:" LL. 166*β* PAGE 77:—(iv) "A.D. 538: Tuathal *maelgharb* having ruled Ireland for eleven years, at *Grellach eillte* he fell by the hand of Maelmor mac Argedan (who was Dermot mac Cerball's tutor), and in requital Maelmor was killed on the spot:" IV M (v) "Whence *Tailltiu*? Magmor's d. Tailltiu was w. of Eochaid *garbh* son of Duach *teimen*; by him *dumha na ngiall* 'the hostage-mound' was made in Tara, and she was nurse of *Scál balbh's* son Lugh. 'Twas she besought her husband to clear *Caille chuan* for her, that gatherings might be held around her tomb; she died on the following kalends of August, and by Lugh her *gubha* or 'lamentation' and her *nasadh* or 'funeral games' were held, whence we say *Lughnasadh* 'Lugh-games' i.e. Lammastide. Five hundred years before the birth of Christ this was; that meeting was made by every king that had Ireland until Patrick came, and in Taillte there were four hundred such from Patrick to the 'black gathering' of Donough s. of Flann mac Melachlin:" BB. 403*a* (vi) "Whence *Temhuir* 'Tara'? *Temhuir* = *téamhúr* i.e. *múr Téa* 'wall of Tea' d. of Lughaid s. of Ith s. of Breogon, w. of Milesius' s. Heremon, for there she was buried. Or again: *temair* is from the Greek verb TEMORO [θεωρέω] 'I view'; for *temair* is a name for all places whence it is pleasant to take a prospective view, unde dicitur 'the *temair* of the country,' and 'the *temair* of the house,' [and so says] Cormac mac Cuilenan:" LL. 159*a* PAGE 78:—(vii) "Pedigree of the k. of Meath: Murrough s. of Airmedach s. of Conall *guithbinn* s. of Suibhne s. of Colman *mór* s. of Dermot mac Fergus *cerrbhél*:" LL. 335 : 4 PAGE 79:—(viii) "A.D. 552: the Feast of Tara held by the k. of Ireland, Dermot mac Fergus *cerrbhél*; Colman *mór* mac Dermot slain in his chariot by *Dubhslat* grandson of Trian, of the *Cruithnechs* 596: second year of Aedh of Slaine and of Colman *rímidh*. Suibne s. of Colman *beg* slain by Aedh at *Brídamh*:" IV M (ix) *a.* "A.D. 600: Aedh of Slaine s. of Dermot and Colman *rímidh* s. of Baetan s. of Murtach [mac Erca] s. of Muiredach having reigned for six years, Colman fell by Lochan *díolmana*; Aedh by Conall *guithbinn* s. of Suibne s. of Colman *mór* (or *beg*) s. of Dermot, at Lochsewdy; Conall's fosterbr. Aedh *gustan* and Baethgal of *Bile* being they that actually slew them. Conall mac Suibne killed Aedh *róin* also, chief of the *úi Fáilghe*, and Aedh *buidhe* chief of the *úi Máine*, on the same day in which he had Aedh of Slaine

put to death, to commemorate which slaughters was indited: 'very great was the sore grief that afflicted all Ireland's princely ones [etc.]':" *ibid.* *b.* "Conall, called *guithbhinn* 'sweetvoiced' [*guth* 'voice' + *binn* 'sweet'] for his sweetness as a singer when afterwards he was a priest. Aedh, called *gustán* = *gus* 'vigour' + *dána* 'bold,' because it was great vigour for him to have killed three kings in one day, i.e. Aedh of Slaine k. of Ireland, Aedh *buidhe* k. of Teffia, Aedh *róin* k. of Offaley:" K. 2 : 1, 2 (x) *a.* "Beg s. of *Dé* the magician s. of Gnae s. of Lughaid s. of Dallan s. of Bresal s. of Maine [*mór*] s. of Niall IX H.; or Beg s. of *Dé* s. of Nae s. of Conall *echluath* s. of Lughaid *menn* [fourth fr. Olioll *ólom*]": LL. 347 : 3 *b.* "Nae s. of Cas s. of Conall *echluath*, a quo *Beg mac Déi* i.e. 'filius Fumi,' as some think:" cod. cit. 322 : 5 *c.* "October 12: Beg s. of *Dé* s. of Gnae, he was of the race of Colla *dá chríoch*, and a famous prophet:" MD *d.* "A.D. 557: nineteenth year of Dermot [mac Fergus]. S. *Beg mac Dé*, a famous seer died:" IV M PAGE 80:—(xi) Concerning Dalaradia: *a.* "Fiacha *araidhe* s. of Angus *goibhnenn* s. of Fergus *gaillini* s. of Tipraite *tírech* (who sl. Conn 100 B.) s. of Bresal *laoigh* (who entered into *loch Laoigh*) s. of Bresal s. of Ferb s. of *Mál* (who sl. Tuathal *techtmar*) s. of Rochraide [here six to Irial s. of Conall *cernach*]:" LL. 332 *a* *b.* "Araidhe *bibre* the lampoonist (of Munster), he was *rechtaire* 'steward' 'majordomo' to Cormac *ua Cuinn*; and *Cairech* his w. it was that saved the life of Fiacha mac Angus; whence men say *Fiacha araidhe*, a quo *dál Araidhe* 'Dalaradia':" cod. cit. 335, marg. inf. *c.* "The *dál* or *rann* i.e. 'portion' of *Araidhe*, which is the *airial* or 'couch' of the kings of Ireland, i.e. their legitimate bed [seat] because it was an *orba niadh* 'warrior's land' that they acquired; or because they are of a *clann niadh* 'warrior's progeny'; for it is superfluous for them to pass off under any genealogy of kings, seeing that in the time when he was extant [their parent] Conall *cernach* mac Amergin was royal hero of Ireland. Otherwise (and more truly) Fiacha *araidhe* was the name of a man [k. of all Ulster A.D. 240] from whom the *dál Araidhe* are styled:" K. 2 : 1 PAGE 81:—(xii) "April 15: Ruadhan mac Fergus, of Lorrha, abbot, thrice fifty that were in his congregation; which always had their sufficiency without human labour, supporting themselves by continual praying to and praising the Lord of created things. He was of the seed of Eoghan *mór* s. of Olioll *ólom*, and an ancient vellum says that in life and ethics Ruadhan was like Matthew the Apostle:" MD PAGE 84:—(xiii) "A.D. 554: Dermot mac Cerbhall's sixteenth year, in which he, as k. of Ireland, made the last Feast of Tara. Curnan, s. of Aedh k. of Connacht, sl. by Dermot in despite of the guarantee and protection of Columbkill, out of whose hands the k. had dragged him forcibly; which occasioned the b. of *cúl dreimhne* 555: Dermot's seventeenth year, in which the b. of *cúl dreimhne* was won against him by Murtough mac Erca's two sons Fergus and Donall, Ainmire mac Sedna, Ainnidh mac Duach, and Aedh s. of Eochaid *tirmcharna*, k. of Connacht. It was to avenge the killing of this Aedh's son Curnan above, and he under Columbkill's safeguard, that the *clanna Néill an tuaisceirt* or O'Neills of the North, and Connacht, gave Dermot the k. this battle of *cúl Dreimhne*; also because of the perverse judgment which as against Columbkill Dermot had pronounced in re S. Finnian's book which, unperceived of the owner, Columbkill had transcribed; in which matter they had recourse to Dermot's arbitration, and he ruled the celebrated decision: 'to his cow belongs every calf, and every copy to the

original.' Fraechan mac Tenusan, he it was that for Dermot concocted the *airbhe dı uadh* or magic spell, and Tuathan mac Dimman .m. *Sárán* .m. Cormac .m. Eoghan that flung it over his head. Three thousand were what perished of Dermot's people, and of the other side one man only (whose name was *Maghláim*) because it was he [alone] that stepped across [the barrier offered by] the charm:" IV M (xiv) "Indorb *fionn*, the k. of Saxons' d., and w. of Eoghan s. of Niall IX H., was Muiredach mac Eoghan's m.; and Erc, d. of Loarn k. of Scotland, was m. of Murtach *mór* mac Muiredach:" K. 5 *b* (xv) *a.* "Line of the kings of Kinel Conall: Aedh s. of Ainmire s. of Sedna s. of Fergus *cennfhada* s. of Conall *gulbain* son of Niall IX H.:" LL. 338 *β*. *b.* "A.D. 564: first year of Ainmire .m. Sedna's reign 566: Ainmire having ruled Ireland for three years, he fell by Fergus mac *Néillín* 568: *Ferghus mac Néilline do mharbad la hAedh mac Ainmirech i ndighail a athar* i.e. "Fergus mac *Néillín* sl. by Ainmire's son Aedh to avenge his father:" IV M (xvi) *a.* "Ramifications of the men of Brefny: Eoghan *sreimh* i.e. 'of the membrane' (from a little cord that was in his mouth) s. of Duach *galach* s. of Brian s. of Eochaid *muighmedóin*, he had three sons: Eochaid *tirmcharna*, ancestor of *síol Muiredaigh*; Duach *tenga umha*, of *clann* Choscraigh and of *muinter Murchada*; Feradach, third son, of the *úi Bhriuin*:" BB. 90 *β b.* "Eoghan 'of the membrane': 'twas a cord he had in either his mouth or an eye. Duach *galach*: he had *gal* 'suffering,' and *uch* 'alas!' i.e. both one and the other (which he had to suppress) Brian's other sons inflicted on him when he was a young stripling. Duach *tenga umha* 'copper tongue': for the excellence of his eloquence, or for the melody of his utterance. Eochaid *tirmcharna* 'dry-flesh': for his brother Duach *tenga umha*, k. of Connacht, never gave him any but such meat:" K. 1 : 2, 2 : 1 *c.* "A.D. 557: against the *Cruithne* the *úi Néill* of the North (both Kinelconall and Kinelowen) won the b. of *Móin doire lothair*, in which along with Aedh *brec* there fell seven chiefs of the Cruithnechs; and on this occasion 'the Lees' and *carn Eolairg* again fell to the *clanna Néill* 567: Baedan s. of Ninnidh s. of Fergus *cennfhada* having reigned for one year, he fell in a skirmish at *léim an eich*, by the two Comains: Comain s. of Colman *beg* [s. of Dermot] mac Cerbhall, and Comain s. of Librene s. of Illadhan mac Cerbhall. At Colman *beg's* instigation they did that deed:" IV M *d.* "A.D. 499: the b. of *Seghais* won by Murtach mac Erca against Duach *tengumha* k. of Connacht; the cause being that 'twas Murtach had gone security as between the k. and Eochaid *tirmcharna* his br. [for the safety of the latter], yet was Eochaid captured under Murtach's protection. To certify which it was Cennfaeladh that uttered: 'the b. of Seghais, it was a certain woman that procured it; by means of Duach's d. *Dúisech* there was red blood on spears. The battles of *Delga*, *Mucramh* and *tuaim Drubha*, with that of *Seghais* (in which perished Duach):' *for Connachta ro sraoinedh na catha isin* i.e. 'all these were won against the men of Connacht':" *ibid.* PAGE 87:—(xvii) *a.* "A.D. 965: the b. of Formoyle won by Kinelowen against Kinelconall at Rathbeg; where fell Maelisa O'Cannanan lord of Kinelconall, and Murtach grandson of Teigue, with very many others:" *ibid.* *b.* "Whence Rathmore in *mágh Line*? *ráth Rogin* its name was at first, until the reign of Bresal *brec* mac Brian, k. of Ulidia, and that he (on adventure bent) dived down into *loch Laoigh*, under which he abode for fifty years. During that space [his w.] *Mór*, d. of Rither mac Derlamh, occupied

the rath, and [at last] said: 'I deem it all too long that Bresal's adventure lasts.' A woman answered: 'and long 'twill be for thee; for never again, no, not till their dead shall come back to all other men too, will Bresal return from his adventure to his bed again!' Mughain died presently, her name stuck to the rath, and hence Rathmore; but at the fall of night Bresal *brec* reached home, as in *echtra Bhresail* 'Bresal's Adventure' is related:" LL. 170*β*

VII. PAGE 88:—(i) "A.D. 558: Dermot s. of Fergus *cerrbhél* having ruled Ireland for twenty years, at Rathbeg in *mágh Line* he fell at the hands of Black Aedh s. of Suibhne, k. of Dalaradia. His head was carried to Clonmacnoise and there buried; his body was laid in Connor:" IV M (ii) *a.* "Maine's d. *Corbach*, of Leinster, Fergus *cerrbhél's* w., was m. of Dermot his son. Concraidh mac Duach's d. *Mughain*, of Connacht, Dermot mac Cerbhall's w., was m. of Aedh of Slaine:" K. 5 *b* *b.* "Pedigree of Fiachra *oeli* of the úi Duach: Angus s. of Conath s. of Concraidh (to whom was d. Dermot mac Cerbhall's w. Mughain, a qua *carn Mughaine* in *Airgetros*) s. of Duach *cliach* [here five to] Fiacha *muillethan* s. of Eoghan *mór* s. of Oliolll *ólom*:" LL. 321:3 *c.* "Flann [*mainistrech*] cecinit: 'Mughain, d. of gentle Conchraidh s. of Duach of Desmond, undoubtedly she won [renown of] lavish generosity, did Dermot mac Cerbhall's wife. But this as well is honestly the opinion of some antiquaries, that Mughain was of Connacht':" LL. 145*β*, quatt. 1, 15 PAGE 90:—(iii) *a.* "Whence *mágh mBregh* 'the plain of Bregia'? *Bregh* was the name of *damh Dile* 'Dil's ox,' i.e. it was *Dil* d. of *Lughmannair* that with Conaire *mór* mac Mesbuachalla's magician *Tulchainne* came away out of the land of *Failghe*; but at the one instant it was that she had been born and that (above all the rest of the cattle) a certain cow had dropped her calf, so that for his birth so coinciding with her own the girl loved him, and Tulchainne refused to take her home [without him]; she brought him with her therefore. This was incumbent on Tulchainne, for it was at the *mórríghan's* behest that he was gone to fetch the calf and to conduct him till he should be in *mágh Eolgaide* (which was the plain's original name); hence the appellation *mágh mBregh*. Or again it may be from Breoghan, by whom the plain was cleared, that it was named:" K. 1:1 *b.* "Essa, d. of Eochaid *airemh* and *Edaein*, was m. of Mesbuachalla w. of Eterscel and m. of Conaire *mór*; the same Mesbuachalla was w. to Conor mac Nessa also and may have been m. of Cormac *conloinges*, unless indeed it were Eochaid *feidhlech's* d. Clothra:" K. 4*b*:1

VIII. PAGE 91:—(i) *a.* "A.D. 630. Dermot s. of Aedh of Slaine wins the b. of *cúil Chaeláin*, in which were slain Angus mac Colman *mór's* two sons Maelumha and Colgu, with others:" IV M *b.* "Temhair, d. of Aedh *builg* mac Finghin k. of the Decies, and w. of Dermot *ruanaidh* s. of Aedh of Slaine, was m. of Cernach *sotal*: so called for his *sotal* = *uallcha* 'pride' 'haughtiness,' and the exceeding spirit that he had:" K. 2:1, 5:*b* (ii) "A.D. 628: fifth year of Donall s. of Aedh mac Ainmirech. The b. of *áth Goan* in western Liffe won by Faelan mac Colman, Conall mac Suibhne chief of Meath, and Failbhe *flann* k. of Munster [*.i. Failbhe ruadh* nam *flann derg nó ruadh* dicitur i.e. Failbhe rufus, for *flann* = *derg* or *ruadh* 'red': K. 2*b*:2]. There, with many more, was sl. Crimthann mac Aedh .m. Senach k. of Leinster:" IV M (iii) "Whence *Dubthur*? It signifies the *dubthír* 'black-land' of

Guaire *mac an Daill*; so called because at Devenish [in loch Erne] he wrought fratricide upon *Dáirín dubchestach mac an Daill* his br., whom he through envy and malice sl., whereby forest and scrub overspread his country; hence the poet: 'Guaire murdered ruddy Daire, shamelessly, nor missed his stroke; his father's son, 'twas an enormous crime the killing of him through evil jealousy':" LL. 165 *β*

IX. PAGE 94:—(i) *a.* "July 30: Caenchomrac of Inchenagh in loch Ree, who at the first was bp. in Clonmacnoise, his kinship was of the *muinter Degha*; and for the excess of reverence paid him there he abandoned Cluain, because the neighbouring people venerated him as a prophet; so in quest of solitude he retired to loch Ree:" MD *b.* "Chief of the *úi Degha*: *Dubh dá chríoch* mac Conamhail .m. Aedh .m. Angus .m. Degha .m. Enna *censelach*:" LL. 337 *a* (ii) *a.* "*Teftha* d. of Eochaid *airemh* was w. of Naeise mac Nechtan. Eochaid *airemh* 'the ploughman': either because by him first were yokes imposed on oxen, on their necks; or that the epithet *airemh*=*air uamh* 'excavating of graves,' because by him first the earth was grubbed up to make graves. *Bé binnia*, d. of Cremthann and w. of Finn mac Finntan, was m. of Eochaid *finnliath* and Eochaid *airemh*:" K. 1 : 2, 4 *b* : 2 *b.* "A.M. 5084: Eochaid *airemh* having ruled Ireland for fifteen years, in *Fremhain* he was burnt by Sighmall [of *sídh nennta*]:" IV M *c.* "Whence *Tebtha* 'Teffia'? It was Eochaid *airemh's* d. Tebtha, whom Naeise s. of Nechtan *fionnghuala* from loch Lein loved: her nurse was Eitech, d. of Lennghlas mac Lon of the *Glomraidhe* of *trácht Tuirbhi*, and she accompanied her charge [when she followed Naeise]. When Tebtha reached *árd Naeisen* (the hitherto name of which had been *árd umha*) she said: 'my exit out of it will be a diminution of this land's safety;' to which Naeise replied: 'that will not come true; never shall thine appellation be wanting to this country [and that will suffice].' 'Such indeed is the very thing in store,' she retorted; 'but the mocking word which thou 'leavest on' [appliest to] the land will prove to be some one's bane, and many a slaughter my journey will entail on them that come after.' And it was verified: for her nurse died as she went south, whence *cenn Eitig* and *Tebtha*:" BB. 409 *a* *d.* "Whence *tráigh Tuirbhi*? Tuirbhe *trághmar*, the *Gobán saer's* f., he it was that owned it; and from that ground, [and he] on *tulach imbela*, he used to make a cast of his hatchet right in the flowing tide's face and forbid the sea, which then would come no farther [than where the hatchet fell]. His precise pedigree however is not known, unless indeed that he be one of the men of science who, being found defective, fled out of Tara before the *sabh ildánach* [i.e. Lugh mac Ethlenn] and are [i.e. their posterity] in the *diamhra* of Bregia:" BB. 408 *β*

X. PAGE 96:—(i) *a.* "A.D. 157: Conn 100 B. having ruled Ireland for thirty-five years, in *tuath amhrois* he fell by Tipraite *tírech* s. of *Mál* mac Rochraide, k. of Ulidia:" IV M *b.* "Conn 100 B.: because a hundred battles he 'broke' on Munster, a hundred on Ulster, and three score on Leinster:" K. 4 *b* : 2 *c.* "The k. of Lochlann's d. Una *ollchrothach*, w. of Felim *rechtmar*, was m. of Conn *cédchathach*. Cahir *mór's* d. Lennabhair too was a wife of Conn's. Ailpin's d. Aeife, another w. to Conn, was m. of Art *aenfhir*, Connla *ruadh* and Sabia; it was she also that subsequently was m. of Lughna *fertrí*. Lann d. of Crimthann *cas* was another w. to Conn. His three d. were Maein, Sabia, *Sárait*: Sabia, m. of Maccon [Lughaid] and of

seven sons of Olioll *ólom* (to which last Eogabal's d. Aine was another w.); Maein, m. of the three Ferguses: F. Blacktooth, F. Longhair, F. Fire-the-Bregias, who by Cormac's procurement all three fell in the b. of Crinna; Sarait, m. of the three Cairbres: C. *righfata*, C. *músc*, and C. *baschaein*, sons of Moghlama's s. Conaire *caemh*:" cod. cit. 5 (ii) "Fergus Blacktooth: it was either that he had black teeth, or that he was black [complexioned] and had large teeth:" cod. cit. 3:2 (iii) *a.* "A.D. 267: one year Eochaid *gunnat* had ruled Ireland when he fell by Lughaid *menn* mac Angus, of Ulidia:" IV M *b.* "*Eochaid gunnat*: because he was one that *ro ghunnataigh* = *ro bhegaigh* 'diminished,' or *ro bhloghaigh* 'broke up,' i.e. by him it was that the *Conaille* were [minished and] scattered throughout Ireland. Or again: E. *gunnat* = E. *brághfada* 'longneck,' for *gunnat* = [the usual] *muinél* 'neck':" K. 1:2 PAGE 97:—(iv) *a.* "Bresal *brec* had two sons: Connla, ancestor of Ossory; Lughaid, of Leinster; s. to this latter was Setna *sithbhac*, who had four sons; and Nuada *necht*, the fourth of them, from him [proximately] Leinster have their origin. He became k. of Tara [i.e. of Ireland] and by him fell Eterscel *mór* s. of Eoghan, k. of Munster: a deed which Nuada wrought to oblige Lughaid *riabh nderg*, who later on ruled Ireland. Now therefore Baeiscne's descendant Finn was an issue of Nuada's, and so was Caeilte: Finn being s. of Cumall mac Trenmor .m. Sualt .m. Eltan .m. Baeiscne .m. Nuada *necht*:" LL. 311:3, 378β inf. *b.* "Scal *balbh's* d. *Báine*, w. of Tuathal *techtmar*, was m. of Felim *rechtmar* and of Cumall mac Trenmor. Muirn *munchaemh*, d. of Teigue mac Nuada *necht*, was Finn mac Cumall's m. Cormac ua Cuinn's d. *Gráinne* was w. to Finn, and afterwards to Dermot [*ua Duibhne*]. Cormac's d. *Aillbhe ghruaidbhrec* was another w. to Finn; also Dubhan's d. *Muingfhionn*, m. of Finn's s. Ulac. Yet another w. to him was Lugar the fisherman's d. Bodomar; whom Cahir [*mór's*] s. Currach *liffe* slew, and to avenge whom Finn sl. Currach; w. to Finn was Fatha *canann's* d. Smirgat also. Finn mac Cumall's d. Aine was m. of Eochaid *doimhlén*:" K. 5 (v) "Sedna *sithbhac*: epithet=*sídh* 'peace'+*bac* 'hindrance,' because continually he sought to hinder peace, and made war for the honour of the thing:" cod. cit. 4:1 PAGE 98:—(vi) "*Fothadh canainni*: 'Canann' was the n. of a hound that he had, and hence he was dubbed:" cod. cit. 3:2 (vii) "Whence *Adharca* [*iuchna*] in Offaley? It was Iuchna *echbél* the *rígbhriuga* or 'royal hospitaller,' that lived N.E. of Fafann, at *fán an bhriugadh* which to-day is called *machadh mBrighde*: his custom was that whatsoever was yearly born at calving time, it was in his house he reared and cherished those same young until the May of every year, and so his cattle loved him. When then he was dead, all his kine assembled on the hill in question and there for three days and three nights fought, in lamentation for Iuchna, so that their horns fell from them and [the heaps of these being gradually covered up] there formed over them hillocks, to which men gave the name of *adharca Iuchna* 'Iuchna's horns.' After that they repaired to the Boyne to slake their thirst, whence *áth almaini* at *bun Bóinni*:" LL. 160β (viii) *a.* "Whence *Bóann* 'Boyne'? It was Nechtan mac Labraid's w. Boann that went to a mysterious well in the rearward appurtenances of *sídh Nechtain*: [its nature being such, that of] all who should visit it not an individual (unless it were Nechtan himself and his three cupbearers: Flesc, Lesc, and Luam) ever came away without having their two eyes bursten.

Through pride therefore once on a time Boann (well knowing the well's virtue) said that there existed not any occult power able to deform her beauty, and so visited the spring; [in addition] thrice she walked left-handed round it; whereupon out of it three volumes of water spout forth over her and despoil her of a thigh, an arm and one eye; then to hide her disgrace she turned away and fled seaward, the water following her to the estuary of the Boyne. Now she was mother of Angus s. of the Daghda. Or it stands thus: *Bó* is the name of a stream, the *Fionn* is a river of Slievegorey, and it is to their confluence [united waters] that the name of *Bóann* [= *bófhionn* pron. *bó-ionn*] is given. Dabhilla was her lapdog's name, hence *cnoc Dabhilla*, the present *sliabh an chotaigh*:" BB. 361 *a* *b*. "Delbaeth [the wizard's] d. Boann was m. of Angus of the *brugh*, likewise w. of Nechtan s. of Labraid *lesbhrec*:" K. 4 *b* : 1 *c*. "Ireland's three undeniable eminences: *dumha na ngiall* in Tara; mac an Og's *brugh*, brilliant to approach; and Crimthann's *dún* on Edar:" LL. 164, marg. sup. (ix) *a*. "A.D. 283: Cairbre *lifechair* had reigned for sixteen years. Fall of Finn *ua Baeiscne* by Aichlech mac Duibhdrenn and the sons of Uirgrenn, of the *Luaighne* of Tara, at *áth Brea* on the Boyne; concerning which it was said: 'Finn was wounded, and it was by spears,' i.e. it was by fishing-spears that he was killed:" IV M *b*. "Finn, that was a strenuous man, was beheaded by his own warrior, Duibdrenn's son; and his head was taken off him by the noble sons of Uirgrenn:" LL. 164, marg. sup. PAGE 99:—(x) "Genealogy of the *úi Fidhgeintidh*: Conall (a quo *úi Chonaill ghabhra*) s. of Intat s. of Daire s. of Brian son of Fiachra *fidhgennidh* [a quo the clan] s. of Daire *cerb* s. of Ailill *flann-beg* s. of Ailill *flann mór* [so to Olioll *ólom*]. From the planting of *long na ngiall* 'twas that he [Fiachra] was styled *fidhgennidh*, and he it was that made a wooden horse to caper in Colman's 'circus' in *Liffe*. Others affirm that Maine *munchaein* s. of Olioll *flann beg* s. of *fer dá liach* [Fiacha *muillethan*] was *fidhgennidh*:" LL. 321 : 8, BB. 177 : 5 (xi) "A.D. 884: demise of Maelmura, erudite and most knowledgeable poet and accomplished historian of the Scotic tongue, of whom was borne this testimony: 'there never trod the chosen earth, to Tara never will iourney more, never again will wide wrathful Ireland acquire, a man like mild and pure Maelmura. There never drank of death unhesitatingly, ne'er paid the common debt and joined the dead, never the arable earth was closed upon, antiquarian that was more admirable!'" IV M

XI. *ibid.*:—(i) "*Fianna*, a venatione: it was from the hunting which they used that *fianna* was applied to them; otherwise *fianna* = *finedha* [pl. of *fine* 'tribe'], for it was in tribes and families they used to be; or again: *fianna* = *féinnedha* [pl. of *féinnidh* 'warrior'], for they were the king's fighting men:" K. 2 *b* : 2 (ii) "Whence *Midhe* 'Meath [in which is *Uisnech*]'? Midhe s. of Brath s. of Deth it was that first in Ireland lighted a [magic] fire against *clanna Neimidh*, and it remained alight for seven years; from which fire originally was kindled every fire in Ireland (whence Midhe's successor has a right to a sack and a swine for every rooftree in Erin), and the magicians of the country said: 'a *mídhé* or evil-fire to us is this one that is lighted in the land!' Then all Ireland's wizards were convened into one house and, by Midhe's motion, had their tongues extracted from their heads; they [the tongues] were buried in Uisnech's ground, and over them Midhe, Ireland's head magician and chief antiquarian, took his seat. Here *Gumór's* d. *Gaire*,

Midhe's nurse, said: 'here to-night [I see that] some people are atop of others;' hence *Midhe*, and *Uisnech* = *uaisnech* quasi *uas nech* 'atop of some one':" BB. 356 *β*

XII. PAGE 101:—(i) "A.D. 284: Cairbre *lifechair* having ruled Ireland for seventeen years, by the hand of *Sémeon* mac Cerb of the Fotharta he fell in the b. of Gowra at the hill of Achaill, Fercorb s. of Cormac *cas* [s. of Olioll *ólom*] having brought the Fianna to oppose the king and to maintain 'Mogh's Half' [the South] against him 285: one year the two Fothas had ruled Ireland when F. *cairpthech* fell by E. *airgthech*; in the b. of Ollarbha in *Line* subsequently the latter fell by Caeilte [mac Ronan]:" IV M. (ii) "Ossian cecinit (it was in the b. of Gowra that Oscar and Cairbre *lifechair* were slain): 'Ogham on stone, stone over grave, in the place to which once men resorted; 'twas the k. of Ireland's son that was wounded there, over bright Gowra, with an envious spear. From the back of his horse, good in fight, Cairbre let fly a desperate cast; it was just before their all but simultaneous deaths that his right hand wounded Oscar. Angrily and furiously as a lion, Oscar made a mighty throw; and so killed Cairbre, Conn's great grandson, before whom the sternest [doers of] battle-deeds had yielded. Such the great skill of both these sons [Cormac's and Ossian's] that of this contest had their death: shortly or ever their weapons met, their dead were more in number than their living. I myself, being in the fight on the south side of glaucous *Gabhra*, did slay fifty warriors twice told: 'twas I that killed them with my hand . . in forest grand I used to kill the boar, and the keen bird would despoil of her egg. Yon Ogham that is in the stone round which they that were fated fell: were but Finn with his scores of gallant deeds alive, such Ogham long would live in memory!" LL. 154 *a* (iii) "Whence *sliabh Fuaid*? It was Fuad s. of Bile s. of Brige mac Breogon who, on the passage to Ireland, chanced upon an island in the sea: *inis maighdena* = *mó óghdéda* i.e. *mór* 'great' + *ógh* 'perfect' + *diadha* 'godly'; upon the which if any set the sole of his foot, so long as he should be there he never would tell a lie. Fuad therefore brought away out of it a *fód* or 'sod' [gen. *fóid* quasi *fuaid*], and upon that his judgment and equity were based: for when falsehood was uttered the sod would turn its soil uppermost, its grass to the bottom; when truth, its grass upwards; which sod still is in the mountain, and upon it lighted the single grain that fell from S. Patrick's garran; wherefore, and because there truth is maintained, from that time to this it is the resort of grave elders. Otherwise: it may have been after Breogon's s. Fuad personally that *sliabh Fuaid* was named:" BB. 404 *a* PAGE 104:—(iv) "A.D. 447: nineteenth year of Laeghaire s. of Niall IX H. 'Secundinus' or *Sechnall mac ú Báird* s. of S. Patrick's sister Darerca, bp. of Armagh, seventy was his age when he resigned his spirit, November 27:" IV M PAGE 105:—(v) *a.* "Whence *benn Edair* 'the Hill of Howth'? Edar, w. of Gann mac Dela fifth k. of the Ferbolgs, she was the first woman that here [in Ireland] formerly died of grief for her husband, and where she was buried was on *benn Edair*. Otherwise: it is from Edar s. of Edgaeth, that was son-in-law to Manannan [mac Lir], who died for love of Aine and whose grave then should have been dug in that 'ben':" BB. 366 *a b.* "Edar mac Edgaeth's w. was Marga:" K 4 *b*: 2 PAGE 106:—(vi) Of the *Erna* or 'Ernanes' of Munster: *a.* "A.M. 4875: Angus *tuirmech* of Tara having ruled Ireland for sixty years, in Tara he died. Angus *tuirmech* he

was called because to him *tuirmighter* 'are reckoned' all the freeborn clans of Heremon:" IV M *b.* "Angus *tuirmech* 'famosus': because he held the manner of his s. Fiacha *fer mara's* birth to be an infamy; or perhaps because to him are reckoned [ut ante]:" K. 4 : 1 *c.* "Of the Ernanes were twelve original tribes and twenty-four 'supertribes': two of these to each one of those:" LL. 324 : 5 PAGE 107:—(vii) "Dermot's mother from the *Dael*, d. of Currach s. of Cahir *mór*; and *Blae dherg* from the rushing *Banba*, the formidable Ossian's mother. In a doe's shape she used to come and join the outlawed band; and thus it is that Ossian was begotten on *Blae dherg* disguised as a doe:" LL. 164, marg. sup. (viii) "A.M. 2550: in this year, *Parthalón's* demise in old Moynalty of *benn Edair*. In his time it was that the following plains were cleared (only it is not known in what precise year each was cleared): *mágh nEitrighe* in Connacht; *mágh nIthiu* in Leinster; *mágh Lí* in the *úi mac Uais* of Bregia; *mágh Latharna* in Dalaradia 2820: in Edar's old Moynalty died in one week nine thousand of Parthalon's people: of men five thousand, of women four; whence 'the *táimhlecht* [*támh* 'plague' + *lecht* 'grave'] of Partholon's folk.' 300 years they had spent in Ireland:" IV M PAGE 109:—(ix) *a.* "Eochaid *ollathair*, i.e. Elatha's s. the *Daghda mór*, ruled Ireland for eighty years. It was he that had the three sons: Angus, Aedh, and Cermad *caemh*; upon whom all four the men of Erin made *sídh an bhrogha* 'the fairy fort of the *Brugh* upon the Boyne':" BB. 32 *a* *b.* "Eochaid *ollathair* [μεγαλοπατήρ]: because he was *uille* [comp. of *oll*] 'greater' than his *athair* 'father'; or it means that he was the biggest of the *tuatha dé danann*. *Daghda* = *daigh dé* 'ignis dei,' for with the heathen he was a special god:" K. 2 : 1, 2 *d.* "the *tuathá dé danann* i.e. the men of science were [as it were] *dé* 'gods,' and laymen *andé* 'no-gods':" cod. cit. 4 : 2 PAGE 110:—(x) *a.* "the Daghda and Oghma, Alloth, Bres and Delbaeth, were five sons of Elatha son of Delbaeth mac *Néid*" [*Eochaid bres .i. Eochaid cruthach . ár cach ní caemh ocus cach ní cruthach adchíter a nEirinn is ri Bres shamlaigter* i.e. "Eochaid *bres* 'formosus': because everything comely and handsome that is seen in Ireland, 'tis to Bres that it is likened:" K. 2 : 2] *b.* "Angus *mac an óg*, Aedh *caemh*, Cermad *milbhél*, were three sons of Elatha's s. the Daghda" *c.* "Midir of *Brí Léith* was s. of Indae s. of Echtach . m. Edarlamh" *d.* "Nuada *airgetlámh* 'silver-arm' was s. of Echtach mac Edarlamh" *e.* "Bodhb of the men of Femen's *sídh* was s. of Eochaid *garbh* s. of Duach *temen* s. of Bres mac Elathan:" BB. 34 *aβ* (xi) *a.* "Whence *Brí Léith*? Liath was s. of Celtchar: of a chief that dwelt in the *sídh*-regions, and he loved *Brí bhruachbrec* d. of Midir *mórghlonnach* [*mór* 'great' + *glonnach* adj. fr. *glonn* 'deed,' 'exploit'] s. of Indae mac Echtach. Bri therefore with her bevy of women went to *ferta na ningen* 'the girls' graves,' by Tara; with his band of youths Liath came and stood on *tulach na hiarmaithrighe* 'the hill of subsequent repentance'; but by reason of the slingers of Midhir's *sídh* the parties renounced any closer approach, because their missile service came thicker than the bumble-bee on a summer's day, and Liath's gilla, Cochlan, was fractured by them that he died. To [*sídh Midhir* then, the present] *Brí Léith*, the girl turned back; there her heart broke in her, and Liath [when he heard it] said: 'albeit I have not attained to the maid, my name it is that she shall bear: *Brí Léith* 'Liath's Bri' i.e. 'the Bri that is Liath's'; hence *Brí Léith*, and *dinn Cochláin* 'Cochlan's hill':" BB. 408 *β* *b.*

"Whence *mágh Femin* 'Femen's plain'? Femen and Fera were two brothers, sons of Brath mac Deth: one mattock and one shovel of iron they had between the two; while Femen earthed Fera would grub up, and so on by turns [till they had the plain cleared], whence *mágh Femin* and *mágh Fera*:" LL. 168β PAGE 112:—(xii) "Whence *fidh Gaibhli* 'Feeguile'? It was *Gabhal glas* s. of *Ethadón* s. of Nuadha Silver-arm that took away the Daghda's d. Ainge's bundle of twigs that she had gathered to make a tub of them: for any tub that the Daghda would make, so long as the tide flowed it never ceased from leaking; when the ebb set in, never a drop came from it. From *belach fualascaigh* 'the osier pass' then Gabhal made a cast of that bundle; it brought up, and a wood [sprang up from it and] extended itself in every direction, whence *fidh Gaibhle* 'wood of Gabhal.' Or it may have been Gabhal *ghairechtach* 'the boisterous,' d. of Goll *glas*, w. of Orc mac Ingas, who in that river was drowned after that by Aedh *róin's* s. Ailill her husband had been sl. at *áth Oirc* or 'Orc's ford'; whence the Gabhal river and *áth Oirc* [on the same]. Or again the river may be called *Gabhal* from the *gabhlughudh* [= *gabhalughudh* 'forking' fr. *gabhal* 'a fork'] which it makes at the apex of the two *cluains*: Clonsost and Clonmore:" LL. 159α PAGE 114:—(xiii) *a.* "Whence *Temhair luachra* 'Tara of Luachair'? Temhair, daughter of Ith mac Breogon, wife of Heremon, from her this is derived, and Tara of Bregia, and every other Tara in Ireland as well. As for Luachair itself, until the time of Hugony's sons or, as some say, even down to Conn 100 B.'s birth, it was a flowery plain; in which indeed Suir, Nore, and Barrow had their source, also lochs Riach and Lein in Luachair, and *bile toirthen* and *eóron* were seen:" BB. 376β *b.* "Whence *loch Léin* 'Killarney'? Lein *linfhiaclach* s. of Ban *bolgach* mac Bannach .m. Glammach .m. Gomer, artificer of Bodhb's *sídh*, he it was that dwelt in the loch and wrought the burnished vessels of Flidais' d. Fann. Every night when he knocked off work he used to hurl his *inneoin* or 'anvil' from him eastwards as far as *Inneoin* of the Decies, i.e. to the hillock [thence named]; three showers he used to make fly [from this anvil]: one of water, one of fire, one of pure crimson gems (the same thing Nemannach too practised when in the north he hammered Conor mac Nessa's goblets), and hence *loch Léin*:" cod. cit. 379α PAGE 115:—(xiv) "Whence *crota Cliach* 'the Harps of Cliach'? Cliach, harper of *Smál* k. of 'the three dwellings,' from *sídh Báine*, he went to invite Bodhb's d. Conchenn [to an elopement] from out the *sídh* on Femen (or it may be that her name was Baine). For a whole year Cliach played on that hill but, for the so great power of the *sídh*, neither could get to it nor make any hand at all of the girls; nevertheless on his harp he played away until under his feet the very ground burst, and out of it broke the dragon whence *loch bél drecon* 'dragon's mouth loch' is derived, i.e. it was a fiery dragon which *Ternog's* nurse once (thinking to catch a salmon) got there, and in the loch S. Fursa shut him fast; and this is the dragon prophesied to arise on S. John's eve and to afflict Ireland in the world's latter time. Hence *crota Cliach*:" cod. cit. 375α PAGE 117:—(xv) *a.* "Whence *Berbha* 'Barrow'? Into this river were flung the three snakes that were [found] in the heart of the *Mórrígan's* s. *Méiche* after he was sl. by Diancecht, on *mágh Méichi*; which plain's name at the first was *mágh Fertaighe*. The three hearts that were in Meiche bore the shape of three serpents' heads and, had not the killing of

him come to pass, those snakes would have grown in his belly and eventually left no animals alive in Ireland. When he had slain Meiche, Diancecht burned the snakes and their ashes he committed to that current, with the effect that it seethed and digested [i.e. boiled to rags] all living things that therein were. Hence *mágh Luadhat* [quasi *luaith* 'ashes'], *mágh Méichi*, and *Berbha* [quasi *berbhadh* nom. verb. of *berbhaim* 'I boil']:" LL. 159*β* PAGE 118:—(xv) *b.* "Whence *slighe Dala* 'Dala's road'? Dala *glas*, of the Greeks of Scythia, from him the road is called; Feidhlecon's d. *Créa*, his w., from her *ros Créa* is named; Feidhlecon's s. Cannan, from him *cluain Channan.* The *brughaid cédach* Carmun was br. to Dala, after whose death he shaped to withdraw out of Ireland and so got as far as the present Carmun in Liffe, where he expired of grief for his brother. But (according to some) Dala, Carmun and Imteng, *Gláire*, Brea, Grea and Cairiu, were seven seers, sons of Tat mac Ogamon .m. Beamon .m. Sru .m. Esru .m. Gaedhel *glas*, and Rafann was their sister; who all by operation of Dala's loss were dispersed, for Dala had been their 'yoke': Inteng therefore was in *dún Inteing*, where some have it that Carmun died; Glaire over *dún Gláire* in Ely; Brea at *dún Brea* among the *úi Briuin* of Cualann; Grea at *dún Grea* among the *úi Gharrchon* on Slieve-Oriel; Cairiu at *dún Cairenn*; Rafann, their sister, at *Raeiriu* among the *úi Muiredaigh.* Thus were the seven seers dispersed, and from them those places are named:" LL. 169*β* *c.* "Whence *cenn Febhrat* 'Febhra's head'? Febhra s. of Sen, br. of the elder Dedhad mac Sen, him Derg *dualach's* s. Caen killed, and brought his head to that mountain; hence the name. Then came *Garbhán* s. of Dedhad to avenge his uncle upon Caen, whom he sl. on *sliabh Chaein*, and brought his head too to *cenn Febhrat.* Many heroes and heroines have been buried with them there: Lughaid *laighde*, Dodera mac Urmora, the poet; Eithne, Maer, Mughain, and others:" BB. 375*β* *d.* "Maer and Modar were drs. of Hugony's s. Fergus *cnae*: Maer was m. of Eochaid mac Luchta; a Maer, d. of Buidhe mac Buan, was w. of Ardan [s. of Uisnech]. Eithne d. of Lughaid mac Daire, sister of Macnia, was m. of Conaire *caemh* s. of Moghlama and of Lughaid *lágha* s. of Moghnuadhat:" K. 4*b*:2, 5*a* PAGE 119:—(xvi) "Genealogy of the *Ciarraighe luachra*: Usalach s. of Astuman s. of Ciar [a quo all the *Ciarraighe*] s. of Fergus mac Rosa .m. Rury:" LL. 336:5 PAGE 126:—(xvii) *a.* "Whence *Luimnech* 'the estuary of the Shannon'? It was a set meeting that came off between Munster and Connacht, to which the two kings brought their 'battle-men' [champions], who were Smucall mac Bacdubh's sons both, and their names: *Rinn* 'point,' *Faebhar* 'edge.' The one placed himself under safeguard of Bodhb from *sídh Femin*; the other, under Ochall's of *sídh Chruachan.* Then the pair [having entered the water there to vie with each other] brought their magic art into play and, in order to judge betwixt them, all the rest (both parties throughout being cased in pale weeds of light grey) actually pressed into the tide. But here came the flood, which for the magnitude of the contest they never perceived, and the current swept off all their *luimne* [pl. of *luman*] or 'wraps'; whereat the lookout-men said: 'the inver of this headland is *luimnechda* 'cloak-bedecked.' Or again: *luman* [pl. *luimne*] is another name for *sciath* 'shield' and, while the trial was afoot, from the warriors the tide's race whipped away their *luimne*; from a spot commanding the waters the kings therefore said: 'the headland's inver is

luimnechda 'all shield-strewn,' and hence *Luimnech*:" BB. 379β *b*. "Whence [*sliabh*] *Echtgha*? Echtgha *uathach* d. of Urscothach s. of *Iuinn trom*, of the *tuatha dé Danann*, where she was reared was in *Cúil echtair* beside *Nennta*, by Moach *maelchenn*; and the steward of both Gann and Gann the elder sought her hand, Fergus s. of Ruide *lusca béisti*, i.e. it was a *biast* [= 'bestia,' n. f. gen. *béisti*] or 'reptile' that in its inside reared him from his *lusca* or 'infancy.' With him then the maid consented to mate, by reason that from the k. of Connacht he held a steward's and cup-bearer's land: from *Maenmágh* to the sea namely. He therefore not possessing any treasure [personalty], but having land alone, the *tionnscra* given her was the above mountain; into which then are introduced two cows: one from the north, another from the south, and the former yielded one-third of milk in excess of the latter:" LL. 167 *a* [*Tionnscra* explained: *slabra ocus coibce ocus tochrai ocus tinnscra caide a ndethfir.* ut est *macslabra do bócethraib ocus echsrianaib . coibce di étach ocus gaiscedaib . tochrai do chaeirib ocus mucaib . tinnscra di ór ocus airget ocus umha. tinnscra .i. tinne ocus escra .i. tinne a fuilid trí uingi ocus escra as fiu sé unga . ocus is de sin atá cétchoibce cech ingine dia hathair* i.e. "SLABHRA, COIBCHE, TOCHRA, TINNSCRA: what is their difference? It is thus: *macshlabhra* 'son-portion' is of kine and horsebridles; *coibche* 'covenant-gift,' of raiment and weapons; *tochra* 'dowry,' of sheep and swine; *tinnscra* 'bridegift,' of gold and silver and copper. *Tinnscra* = *tinne* + *escra*, i.e. a *tinne* or 'ingot' in which are three ounces, with an *escra* or 'cup' worth six, and herein consists the first gift given to her father for every girl:" Harl. 5280 : 57 *b*] *c*. "Whence *Maenmhágh* 'plain of Maen'? Maen *móirghníomhach*, Milesius his sons' 'man of shaving' [barber], he was the first that in Ireland used to shave: after the Milesians' advent, that is to say. Now the first shaving-fee ever paid in Ireland was *Berramhain* [nom. loc. = *berradh* + *máin*] i.e. it was *máin* 'valuable consideration' paid in lieu of *berradh* 'shaving.' Maen however died in *Maenmhágh*:" LL. 167β PAGE 129:—(xviii) "A.D. 241: Cormac's fifteenth year: in which his battles won against Munster were these: the battles of *Beirre*, loch Lein, Limerick, Grian, Clasach, Muirisc, the b. of Ferta in which Olioll *ólom's* s. Eochaid *taebhfata* perished, and the b. of *Ard cam*:" IV M PAGE 131:—(xix) "A.D. 746: S. Comán, patron of *ros Comáin*, from whom 'Roscommon' is named, departed in this or in the following year; and it is written of him that he was two hundred years of age. As to which year of the two was that in which he died, the annals are at variance:" lib. cit. PAGE 133:—(xx) "A.D. 76: Elim s. of Conra having ruled Ireland for twenty years, in the b. of Achaill he was sl. by Tuathal *techtmar*:" *ibid.* PAGE 137:—(xxi) *a*. "Whence *Mágh luirg* 'plain of the track'? When Conall *cernach* was being cherished in Cruachan, it will have been then that at queen Medhb's behest he sl. Ailill k. of Connacht, her husband, and for that reason fled out of Cruachan; that 'the three Wolves of the *Mairtine*' started on his trail, the place from which [and that to which] they carried it being from [the present] *Mágh luirg* to *mágh Bréifne* 'the plain of Brefny'; that at *Ath na miana*, by *Maighen*, 'the three Wolves' killed him on their own account and then, as an offset to *Cúrói mac Daire's* head, carried it off to the land of Beirre in *corca Laighde*. Such then is 'the Cosseting of Conall *cernach* in Cruachan'; whence also *mágh luirg*:" BB. 387β *b*. "A.D. 748: died S. Fursa, of *es mac nEirc* upon the *Búill*, which

to-day is *es úi Fhloinn* 'Assylinn':" IV M PAGE 138:—(xxii) *c.* "Whence *Es* [*Aedha*] *ruaidh* 'Assaroe'? It was *Aedh ruadh* s. of *Badharn* [aliter *Modharn*] of Ulster, k. of Ireland, that was drowned there upon seeing his image as he swam the rapid, hence the name; and his *sídh* is *sídh nAedha* upon its brink. Otherwise: it was *Máine milscothach's* d. *Ruadh* 'Rufa' (whom Aedh s. of Labhraid *lesbhrec* s. of Rogha *rodamh* chose), and where she came from was out of the *ilatha* of *mágh Macin*, in the currach of poet *Abhcán* (who came round with Ireland on his port hand) when he accompanied Gaeth s. of *Gaeis ghlan* to the men of Fidhga's convention. The girl [watching her opportunity when they were ashore] got sail on the currach, and all alone entered an inver, whereby from the seat which he occupied Aedh saw her; but she knew not in what country she was. In the inver then she heard mermaids' melody such as none ever had heard before, and said: 'this is the noblest inver in Ireland!' She was lulled to sleep, slipped out over her craft's bows, and so was drowned. Hence men say *es Ruaid* 'Rufa's rapids':" BB. 391 *β* PAGE 138:—(xxiii) "Whence *Druim cliabh* 'Drumcliff'? There the *clétbh* [pl. of *cliabh*] 'sides' of Curnan *cosdubh's* currach were fashioned, when he went to destroy *Dún barc* on Ainle s. of Lughaid *lámhfata*; at which time he was for a year and a half at him, and there eventually Ainle with his ladies and the whole of his kin too perished. After which operation Cosdubh s. of *Ré dhorcha* said: 'something indeed is that thing from the doing of which my men return now!':" LL. 165 *a* PAGE 170:—(xxiv) *a.* "Whence *Liamhain* [*dún Liamhna*] 'Dunlavin'? Liamhain *lennchaein*, *Fercharthain*, *Mianach* and *Truistiu* were four daughters of *Dubthach dubhtaire* mac Fergna, k. of the Decies of Bregia, whom four sons of Aicher *cerr* s. of Eochaid *andot* of the Ernanes of Munster, of the seed of Moghlama s. of Lughaid mac Cairbre *cromchenn*, loved. Out of the west to Dubthach's house came those four: *Fer dubh*, *Fer nocht*, *Roimper* and *Fomu* their names, and with Dubthach for a year worked out the conditions into which they had entered with him. Afterwards therefore they craved their wages, but Dubthach refused them until they should have been with him a month in addition to the year; for he it was that as against a year's hire and stipend [always] contrived to have another month. Dubthach went now upon a raid into Leinster. In order not to go with him they feign sickness; duly he sets out [without them] and, he being gone, they make off with his four daughters. In Leinster however Dubthach comes across them and kills all the eight: Fomu being Liamhain's man; Roimper, Fercharthain's; Fernocht, Mianach's; Ferdubh, Truistiu's. The whole of them, I say, were slain: Ferdubh at the *dubhatha* of Mullachmast; Fernocht at *Fornocht*; Roimper in *glas Roimpir*; Fomu on *Fomu*; Liamhain on [the site of] *dún Liamhna*; Mianach on the hill of *Achaill*; Fercharthain at *Forcharthain*; Truistiu at *áth Truisten* 'Truistiu's ford.' From the westward came their mother (Luachair *bhoirennach* was her name, for she was of *Boirenn* 'Burren' in Corcomrua) and learned the particulars of her sons' slaughter; her heart burst in her, and hence *Luachair bhairnech* [= *boirnech* pro *boirennach*]. Aicher their father came, and died on *cnoc dumha Aichir* 'hill of Aicher's tumulus' among the *úi Feilmedha*:" BB. 362 *β b.* "Genealogy of the *úi Feilmedha*: the three sons of Muiredach, s. of Angus s. of *Feidhlimthe* 'Felim' a quo the *úi Feilmedha*, were Eochaid, Ailill, and Eoghan a quo *Beg mac Eoghain*:" LL. 317:4 PAGE 174:—(xxv) "Whence

sliabh Cua? Cua *cennmhór* 'big-head' was s. of *Brocshalach crlonghlúinech*, fosterling of *Boibhle mac Buirche*. In Conall *clárainech's* time a great 'cow-mortality' [murrain] prevailed in Ireland, throughout which were found [to survive] but one *samhaisc* 'heifer' (in *glenn samhaisce*) and a single bull; Boibhle it was that had the two. To herd these, each one of his pupils [in turn] was told off; but when his turn of tending them came round to Cua *cennmhór*, he dealt treacherously with the rest: the beasts he carried off, cooked in a *brothlach*, and in the mountain [of which we treat] ate them:" LL. 169*a* PAGE 178:—(xxvi) *a*. "Whence *mágh muirisce* 'plain of Murrisk'? It was a *muiriasc mór* or 'huge sea-fish,' such as is called *rosualt* [and *rochuaid* qu. 'rorqual'] that the sea cast ashore, the mystery of which animal it was Columbkill that practised to declare to all men, and it was this: three evomitions he used to make [in separate years], and every one of them upwards, viz. with his flukes in the air he would make one into the sea: in which year was swamping of currachs and of barques, and mortality afflicting creatures of the sea; with his after end immersed, another he would spew aloft into the air: in which year death raged among the fluttering beings of the atmosphere; yet a third he would send over the land, and so bestink it all: in which year destruction fell on men and the fourfooted. It will have been in the time of the Aedhs and of Columbkill that this animal used to crop up, whence Dallan *forgaill* sang: 'among the library-provided schools the *rosualt's* mysteries thou hast read.' Or: it was a *tóla muiréisc mhóir* 'inundation of huge sea-fish' that happened in Garbh of *Glúnraighe's* time, and filled all glens and hillsides of the land adjoining the sea. Or: it may have been *Ugaine mór's* d. *Muiresc*, to whom that plain was given, and who died there perhaps:" LL. 167*β* *b*. "Matamuirsce of Connacht was mother of Ross's three sons: Finn, Cairbre, Oliolł; which latter it was that, in respect of his m.'s affinity, Connacht adopted. This Muiresc was w. to *Fer dá loch* 'man of two lochs,' i.e. Cairbre *cennderg*, to whom she bore other sons besides Cet, Annluan, Ailill, Moghcorb, Toiche, Finn, Scannlan:" K. 4*b*: 2 *c*. "Macha, d. of Aedh *ruadh* s. of Badharn s. of Cimaith s. of Finntan, she it was that reared Hugony *mór* s. of Eochaid *buadhach*. Hugony's w. *Cesair chruthach*, the k. of Franks' d., was m. of his three drs.: Aine, Aeife, Muiresc:" cod. cit. 4*b*: 1 PAGE 181:—(xxvii) "A.M. 2545: Partholon's s. Rury drowned in loch Rury, that loch's eruption having occurred over him; hence its name:" IV M PAGE 184:—(xxviii) *a*. "Whence *benna Bairchi* 'the peaks of Bairche'? Ross *ruadhbuidhe's* herdsman Bairche, they formed his herdsman's seat [and coign of vantage] whence equally [i.e. with equal facility, at one and the same time] he would herd all kine even from Dunseverick to the Boyne, and never a beast of them would graze one mouthful in excess of another; hence *benna Bairchi*:" cod. cit. 5*b*: 1 *b*. "Otherwise: Bennan mac Brec, there it was that he killed Manannan mac Lir's s. Ibel for having borrowed his wife, whose n. was Lecon, d. of Lodar; whereby Manannan from out his heart shed three 'drops of grief' [and they became] loch Ruide, l. Cuan, l. Dachaech. Then upon that peak of them which therefore is called *benn Benndin* he slew Bennan:" BB. 403*a* *c*. "A.D. 730: in the province of Ulster and (to be exact) in Boirrche, the sea stranded a whale, which for his rarity all men in the neighbourhood flocked to inspect. But when they came to cut him up, in his head were gotten three teeth of gold: fifty ounces

in each tooth; one of which Fiacha s. of Aedh *roin* (k. of Ulidia) and Eochaid mac Bresal (chief of Iveagh) sent to Bangor, where for a long period it lay on the altar and was manifest to all in general:" IV M PAGE 190:—(xxix) "Whence *Gáirech*? [Formally] it is [an adj. fr.] *gáir* 'uproar' of the great battle that was being fought when Cuchullin was killed. Or it may be from the 'outcry' which the youths of Emania sent up around Cuchullin as he lay wounded and bathed in blood; for the magnitude of which loud lamentation that they bewailing their foster-brother made, horses and chariots, arms and armracks, fell asunder among the mire of the ford, and there became as it had been an ingot liquescent in a goldsmith's fire [i.e. crucible], in seething palpitating state:" LL. 165 *β* PAGE 197:—(xxx) *a*. "Whence *mágh Raighne* 'R.'s plain'? It was Raighne the Roman who, bringing with him a spade and a mattock, out of the Roman countries came [hither] after that in the space of three days he had let out [drained] the sea-arm at Tours the fair, in the Frankish lands. He feared then that some other similar task would be laid on him, and so fled till he reached *imlech Meccond*; at which time the place was a ridge all wood-grown, but with his mattock and spade he cleared it:" LL. 159*β* *b*. "A.D. 859: the *aenach*, 'convention,' 'sports,' of Raighne renewed by Carroll mac Dunghal lord of Ossory:" IV M PAGE 198:—(xxxi) "Whence *tonn Chliodhna* 'Cleena's Wave'? It was Genann mac Treon's d. Cleena that with Iuchna *ciabainech* came from *tulach dá roth*, out of *mágh mell* in the promised land, to seek the *Mac óg*. He however [Iuchna] played her a trick: in the metal ship in which she was he made her a music to which she slept; then he put about and shaped a direct contrary course back again, rounded Ireland south about, and made the above-named point [i.e. the spot where Cleena's Wave is now]. That was the period in which rose the illimitable 'sea-belch' [sudden tidal-wave, 'bore'] that spread throughout all regions of this present world (now Ireland's three great rushes of water were Cleena's, Ladhra's and Baile's; but it was not at the one time they rose, and Ladhra's was the intermediate one). So the [extraordinary] tide swelled on high and enveloped Ireland; that currach it reached therefore, where it was beached and the girl asleep in it, and there Genann's d. Cleena *chruthach* was drowned. Hence then 'Cleena's Wave,' as also in S. Patrick's time Caeilte indited on the same [adjacent] hill, in the course of that Colloquy which the two held anent Ireland's *dinnshenchas* or 'hill-lore,' thus: 'Cleena Fair-head [etc.]':" LL. 168 *β*, K. 2 *b*: 1 PAGE 201:—(xxxii) Quatrains on *druim nAsail*: "Concerning 'Asal's hump' be question posed for me: whence the bright-surfaced *tulach's* origin? From him who in settling it forestalled his tribe it is, from him that is called 'Asal *mac Umóir*.' And all the sons of Umore, what their designation then? their ramifications thenceforth what are they, excluding only the Fomorian race? A man of them tall Asal was, that sat down on the high and solid hill in Munster's central point, triumphantly, and dominating all *cliu Máil mheic Ugaine*. One night [in course of time] Fergus *mac Róich* came to the house of Asal mac Umore; and Asal greeted him indeed [but said]: 'might we but do so, we would bid thee welcome be.' 'Why now,' said Fergus, 'and what meanest thou? thy spirit wherefore changest thus?' 'Because this night,' he answered, 'I am taken unawares; because the slaying of me is foreboded.' Fergus again: 'I will not enter then—a heedless

guest [one that will not keep watch for his host] is no good: away on, *gilla*! eastward o'er the hill, and then unyoke the chariot.' Southerly from the *tulach's* side 'the ford of Fergus's chariot' is; there, but a little way in from the road he took his place, and [thus] there was a man on guard. But at midnight comes a horde from out the land which has 'Spain' for its name (a veracious tale this is to hear); and or ever he might frame to rise, in Fergus thirty spears were stuck. To his wrath at all these crimsoned points then he gave play: thirty in truth he slew of them that left him lying in his blood. Thence now the party all draw off, and yonder invest Asal's house; from Ireland into Spain with them they carry off the noble Asal's head. In Conchenn s. of Dedadh's house Fergus is tended to recovery; thither comes stoutly, all the way from Frankish lands, *Cúrói mac Dáire* bent on hearing news. To him, to the hero of *mágh Mis*, Fergus makes fretful plaint of his vexation; whereupon the two set out for lands remote, in search of signal vengeance. City of the k. that brought off Asal's head the mighty pair assaulted; forby the k. himself, an unexampled countless crowd they whelmed and slew. Two heads they carried back from Spain to Ireland: the powerful king's from out those eastern parts, and Asal's to *druim nAsail*:" LL. 202 *a* PAGE 205:—(xxxiii) "Whence *Raeiriu* [or *Raeiliu*] among the *úi Muiredaigh*? As some say, it was Senach mac Setna's s. Raeiriu, k. of Connacht, that in battle fell there by Leinster and in the same was buried. The k. of Leinster's chief poet Ronan's d. Raeiriu also, to whom her father gave *tulach* Daghdadh [as then it was called] in his own country: she dwelt there, and in it was buried. From which two [between them] then *dumha Raeirenn* 'Raeiriu's tumulus' is styled:" BB. 368 *β* PAGE 210:—(xxxiv) Quatrains on Moyfea etc.: LL. 198 *a* Account in prose: *mágh Femen ocus .m. Fera ocus .m. Fea* [etc.] *.nī. trí meic Mogaid meic Dacháir do chlaind Bratha meic Deadatha .i. Femen ocus Fera ocus Fea. tuag ocus bac ocus rama eturru. in tan no bíd Femen ic fuilged Fera ic bacad ocus Fea ic tamnad . in tan no bídh Fea ic bacad Fera ic fuilged Femen ic tamnad . focerded cach uaidib dia chéliu claechlúd ernaig dar in magh beus co russlechtsat trí maige .m. F. m. F. m. F.* Aliter *dá dam Dili ingine Lugh manrach adbathadar ann Femen a nanmann ocus* unde *.m. Femen.* Aliter componitur *.m. Fea .i. Fea mac Tortan meic Srú .m. Esrú .m. Gáidhil .i. bráthair athar Párthalóin cédna marb é do muintir Párthalóin is é ro adhnacht ann* . unde *.m. Fea* nominatur i.e. "Whence Moyfemen, Moyfera, and Moyfea? Three sons of Mogadh mac Dachaer, of the children of Brath mac Dedath, were Femen, Fera, Fea; an axe, a mattock, and a spade they had between them. When Femen was earthing, Fera plied the mattock and Fea chopped; when Fea mattocked, then Fera earthed, Femen chopped [and so on]. Across the plain they kept on throwing to one another a change of tools, and so cleared the above three plains. Otherwise: it was Lughmannair's d. Dil's two oxen that died there, whose names were Femen. Moyfea too is compounded in another way: Fea s. of Tortha mac Sru .m. Esru .m. Gaedel (father's br. of Partholon) was the first that died of P.'s people, and there he was buried; hence Moyfea. [Or again: 'Fea, w. of Neit s. of Indui, a woman fair, most amorously given, d. of generous and equitable Elcmaire, never forsook Moyfea': quat. 6 above]:" BB. 373 *β* PAGE 211:—(xxxv) "Whence *sliabh Bladhma* 'Slievebloom'? It was Bladhma, or Blod, s. of *Cú* mac Cas *cloithmín*, that sl. the herdsman

of Breghmael, smith to Cuirche mac Snithe k. of the *úi Fuada* (or of the Moy). In his skiff then he bore away till he gained [the present] *ros Bladhma*, at first named *ros Náir*, whence he betook him into Slievebloom. Or it was Breogon's s. Blad that died there. Or again: they were certain *bledha mara* 'monsters of the sea,' by name *biasta ruisedha*, and amphibious, that used to dilacerate trees; hence that which at first was 'Nar mac Edlecon's *ros*,' became 'Bladhma's *sliabh bledhach*' or 'monster-frequented mountain':" K. 2 *b* : 2, BB. 357 *β* PAGE 217:—(xxxvi) "Whence *Maistiu* [the fort on 'Mullachmast']? Maistiu = *mes* + *dú* i.e. a *dú* 'spot' in which is *mes* 'mast [of beech and oak],' whence the poet: 'a time there was when it was all a wood' etc. Otherwise: it was Angus mac Umore's d. Maistiu that Daire *derg* s. of Eochaid *taebfhada* brought out of *Crích comul*, out of Angus's *aenach*; in mid plain Richis' d. *Gris ban* the worker in jewels met her and, conceiving a jealousy at her, with imprecations of personal disfigurement so exceedingly maltreated her that she died before her. With a strength-testing 'warrior's stone' that he had, Daire let fly at Gris and on the ground made utter smash of her head [the fragments of] which found their way down into *sruthair Snuaidhe* 'Snuadh's stream,' which since then is called 'Gris.' Or again: the same Maistiu was Angus the *mac óg's* embroidress, who first in Ireland fashioned form of cross; in the breast-border of Angus's tunic it was, and it was at the place in question that he showed her the figure, whence *mágh Maisten* 'Maistiu's plain.' Now Angus's s. Conall and Maer [his sister], a qua *áth Maeire* 'Maer's ford' (to-day *áth Mara*), were twins and, of grief for this Conall *cael* mac Angus, Maistiu as well as Maer died:" BB. 368 *a* PAGE 225:—(xxxvii) "Whence *mágh Liffe* [or *Liffea*] 'Liffey's plain'? It was Canann *curchach's* d. Liffe that went off with Deltbanna mac Druchta, cupbearer of Conaire *mór* k. of Tara, belonging to Bodhb's *sídh* of Femen; and because the plain over which she passed was beautiful in her eyes she would not choose but to have it named with her name. Until therefore it was so named after his wife, [at royal feasts] Deltbanna no more poured liquor for the men of Erin. Or it may have been that her name was *Fea*, the *lí* element coming from the fact that what she saw she deemed to be *lí* = *lainn* 'bright' 'pleasurable':" LL. 195 *a*, BB. 358 *a* PAGE 241:—(xxxviii) *a.* "Whence *Fionnghlas* 'Whitestream' in *luachair Dedadh*? It was Curui's w. Blathnait, d. of Menn k. of Falga, that was paramour to Cuchullin, and trysted him to come with the Ulidians to look for her; and this was to avenge on Curui [the loss of] the three *erca* or *ba iuchna* 'red-eared cows' and the cauldron carried off from the siege of Falga (to-day *innse Gall* 'Hebrides'); also the shaving of Cuchullin, when Curui lathered his head with the bovine product and shaved him with his sword. Thus she bade him come seek her on *samhain*-eve, and that she would pour out the milk of said cows which, with the cauldron, Curui had brought home (for it was to supply this vessel that the cows yielded, and the exact full of it that at a milking was taken from them). So a whole milking of the three she spilt with the stream from the fort downwards to Tralee, so that the *glaise* 'stream' was *fionn* 'white' [as a signal] that then the Ulidians should come up, storm the fort, and slay Curui:" LL. 169 *β* *b.* "Conor [mac Nessa's] d. Blathnat was w. of Curui mac Daire; so too was Blathnat d. of Menn k. of the men of Falga:" K. 5 *c.* "Morann *mhanannach* d. of Ir s. of *Uinnsidhe*, or it may have been Eochaid *echbél's*

sister Uinnside, was Curui's m.:" *ibid.* PAGE 256:—(xxxix) *a.* "Whence *Adharca* 'the Horns' in Offaley, [and *Almha*]? It was Iuchna *echbél*, qui et Iuchna *céibfionn*, a chief hospitaller dwelling on *fán an bhriugadh* N.E. of Fafann, whose custom it was [personally] to rear and bring up till they were yearlings all the young stock of his own house; wherefore his cattle loved him. When he lay dead his kine congregated to him, and around his body spent three days and three nights. Because he comes not away with them, in *Tua* they one and all come into collision; with their horns they rend Iuchna in pieces [discerpunt], and their fight is continued until in the *Tuacha* they [forcibly] shed their horns, the which [falling in heaps and eventually being covered with soil] become a series of tumuli, to which the name of *Adharca* is given. Then to satisfy their thirst they repair to the Boyne; from which they are dispersed to [the place since then called] *Almha*, because there they perished in their *almha* or 'herds.' But again: an Almha, d. of hospitaller Becan, was w. of Iuchna *céibhfionn*; and he being dead, she following her *alamh* 'herd' [pl. *almha*] returned to her father's place and there, for grief of Iuchna's death and loss of her kine, died; so that from her too *Almha* is named:" BB. 359 *a* *b*. "Whence *Aillenn*? It was Cremh *márda* that ravished away the d. of Lughaid k. of Leinster: Aillenn was her name, and Ailbe her lapdog's. She being in Cremh's possession died of shame, and up through her grave grew an apple-tree: hence we say *abhall Ailinne* 'A.'s apple-tree'; after her died her lapdog, and up through him a yew-tree came: whence *iubhar Baile* 'B.'s yew,' *Baile* being an anagram of *Ailbe*. Art *mesdelmun* mac Setna was the first that in Ailenn excavated an earthwork [built a fort]; Fiach, Buirech and Ururus, were the last [i.e. he began, these finished it]; but Buirech it was that out of the cutting pitched up the great stone which [still] is in Ailenn, whereat one said: '*ail ann* [a stone is there!], and that [= *ailenn*] is the name that it [the fort] shall have.' Its names however have been many, as some one has indited [etc.]:" cod. cit. 359 *β* PAGE 261:—(xl) *a.* Derivation of *Fothaidh* [pl. of *Fothadh*]: K. 4:2 (defective in first part); leg.: *trí Fothaidh .i. trí fóshuithi .i. sotha maithi iad. nó fothaidh .i. fotha sotha iad . ár rob iad cétchlann Fhuinchi. nó fothaidh .i. fo thaithi . ár is fo chleith doróinne Macniadh re Fuinchi iad .i. Fuinche ingen Náir meic Fhirmora. nó fothaidh .i. fótháidhe .i. táidhe maith iad*: BB. 254 *β* (corrupt in second part; leg. as printed ante). Render the whole: "the three *Fothaidh* = three *fóshuithi* καλογέννηματα, i.e. they were *sotha maithi* [pl. of *soth maith* γέννημα καλόν]; or they were *fotha* 'firstfruits' of *soth* [gen. *sotha*] 'progeny,' being Fuinche's firstborn. Again: *fothaidh* = *fo tháidhe* ὑπο κλοπῆς [perhaps *fotháidhe* ὑποκλοπή] because it was on the sly that Macniadh had them by Nar mac Firmora's d. Fuinche; or *fothaidh*=*fótháidhe* καλόκλεμμα, because they were a *táidhe maith* κλέμμα καλόν, for every secret [illicit] cohabitation is stolen goods; hence it was that the magician said: 'a propitious theft was that from which the three proceeded thus,' and from his dictum the name stuck to them:" codd. citt. ubi supra *b*. "Fuinche of the triple breasts, d. of Firmora of the men of *Cliu*, was m. of the three Fothas, of Cahir *mór's* s. Currach, and of Macniadh's [other] s. Teite, a quo *aenach Téiti*:" K. 5 *c*. "Whence *ard Fothaidh* 'F.'s eminence'? It was Fotha *airgthech* who, being on his adventures, to the sound of Bairche's hen fell asleep there for nine months:" cod. cit. 4 *b*: 2 *d*. "Eochaid *airgtech* [= *air-*

getach fr. *airget* 'argentum'], because by him first were silver shields made in Ireland:" cod. cit. 1*b*: 1 PAGE 265:—(xli) *a*. "'On signal act of parricide intent Eogabhal's s. of the lofty brae set out: *Tuagh* of the joy-inspiring form he carried off, d. of Conall *collamrach*.' Concerning which also was indited this poem: '[the wave called] Tuagh of the inver, beautiful, glaucous, wise, is its *dinnsenchas* known to you? know ye without the least defect the ancient lore of whitewaved Tuagh? . . all Ireland's three waves are: Cleena's, and Rury's, and the wave that drowned Tuagh, w. of Manannan mac Lir, upon the strand at *Tuagh inbhir*:" K.[2] 4: 1 *b*. "Tuagh, d. of Conall *collamrach* [br. of Conaire *mór* k. of Ireland], was w. of Eogabhal's s. *Fer hí* [or *Fer fí*] of the *tuatha dé Danann*:" K. 4*b*: 2 *c*. "A.M. 4880: Conall *collamrach* (s. of Eochaid *ailtlethan's* s. Eterscel of Tara) having ruled Ireland for five years, he was cut off by Nia *seghamain* 4887: the said Nia s. of Adhamar having reigned for seven years, he fell by Enna *aighnech*. It was in king Nia's time that cows and the wild does alike stood to be milked:" IV M

XIII. *ibid.* (i) Quatrains: "Were there but one whose memory served [he would tell how] there was a time when Bann was but a little stream, which women and small boys did jump across, before loch Neagh's eruption. Eocho it was, s. of the comely Mairedh, s. of Cashel's fitting king, for whom his father's high-placed wife *Aeibhlenn* permitted herself to feel desire. Aeibhlenn, d. of Guaire *geal*, from the *brugh* of prodigious Angus *mac an óg*: from her according to precedence *sliabh Eibhlinne* or 'Aeibhlenn's mountain' is derived. Eocho and Aeibhlenn of the wave renounced all Mairedh's wealth and rank; from out the midst of Cas's Cashel they steal off to the *brugh* of wondrous *mac an óg*. The loving couple with their herds of cattle made up not a few: a thousand grown men (so quatrains affirm) they were that prosperously brought up at the Boyne:" LL. 152*β* PAGE 266:—(ii) "Whence *loch nEchach* 'loch Neagh'? [etc.]:" K. 4: 2 (iii) "Whence *loch Rí* 'loch Ree'? [etc.]:" BB. 390*a* PAGE 268:—(iv) "A.D. 558: in this year, on the strand of Ollarbha and in the net of Comgall of Bangor's fisherman *Beoán*, was taken the 'sea-wanderer' Liban, d. of Mairedh's son Eocho:" IV M (v) "Liban 'the sea-birth,' d. of Eocho s. of Mairedh s. of Cairedh s. of Bresal [here twelve to] Tighernmas s. of Fallach s. of Ethrial s. of Irial s. of Heremon s. of Milesius:" LL. 352: 4 (vi) "Whence *sliabh Mis* 'Mis's mountain'? It was Mairedh's d. Mis, sister of Eocho his s., who when she went off with Congainchnes mac Dedadh remained behind her people that were on the move; and that mountain was the land and patrimony for which she bartered away her family and people:" LL. 168*a b*. "Whence *sliabh Mis*? Mairedh's d. Mis, w. of Caeimghen of the *congainchnes*, s. of Dedadh: to her Senach *garbh* mac Dedadh's mountain was given for her *tochar*, and in consideration of her tarrying with her husband behind her people that removed what time Mairedh's two sons, Eocho and Ribh (a quibus loch Neagh and loch Ree), set forth. Such was the consideration for which Mis gave them up, viz. the patrimony of that mountain; hence 'Slievemish.' Otherwise *sliabh Mis* = *sliabh mifhis* [pron. *mi-is*], because the factitious host found there by [the *tuatha dé Danann* ladies] Fodla, Banba and Eire, were a mere hallucination:" BB. 376*β*

XIV. PAGE 269:—(i) Of the *clanna Rudhraighe* or 'clans of Rury': "Here is the old story of the seed of Ir throughout Ireland. Ir was Milesius' eighth

s., who when M.'s sons all were come to Ireland, died and then was buried on *Sceilg mhór* 'the great Skellig'; from him springs one-third of Ireland's royal race. Now Ir had one son: Heber, and of all the Scoti he first occupied *mágh Line* and possessed a fifth part of Ireland. Two sons Heber had: Art *rí* and Ebric, and he fell [A.M. 3501] by Heremon's son Palap [sl. A.M. 3579]. Heber's s. Ebric had two sons: Cermna and Sobhairche, by whom were made the two *dúns*: *dún Cermna* and *dún Sobhairche* 'Dunseverick'; it was Eocho mac Conmael that in his *dún* (or in war) sl. Cermna, and Eocho *echchenn* k. of the Fomorians that sl. Sobhairche; their progeny is not handed down. Heber's s. Art had one, Setna monarch of Ireland, whom (as some say) his s. Fiacha *fínscoithe* killed, as thus: in Cruachan, and in his own s. Fiacha's arms, Setna mac Art had slain Rothechtaid s. of Maine s. of Angus *ollmucaidh*, of the seed of Heremon; wherefore, in vengeance of his honour [wounded thus], Fiacha in turn killed him. *Ollamh fódla* s. of Fiacha s. of Sedna s. of Art s. of Heber s. of Ir s. of Milesius of Spain: by him first the Feast of Tara was held, and Ollamh's *múr* or 'court' constructed there. Ollamh reigned for forty years, and of his posterity seven without an interval ruled Ireland; four sons he had: Cairbre, Finnachta, Slanoll and Geidhe. Rury [a quo the clans] was s. of Sithrighe s. of Dubh s. of Fomor s. of *Argatmár* [here five to] Cairbre s. of Ollamh above. Grandson to Argatmar was Cimbaeth, s. of Fintan mac Argatmar. Aedh *ruadh* [a quo 'Assaroe' ante] was s. of Argatmar's s. Badharn. Dithorba s. of Argatmar's s. Dimman, from him come Righe and his clan. Rury's sons [and descendants] are these: Conall *cláiringnech* (who had two: Cathbadh the magician, and Uislenn f. of Ainle, Naeise, Ardan), Bresal *bódhíbhadh* (according to some, but others say that he was of Leinster), Ross (a s. of whom was Fergus mac Rosa mac Rury; Ferfiledh being s. of Glas mac Rosa, and Celtchair s. of Uithechar s. of Fothadh s. of Ferfiledh); Fercheirtne the poet s. of Angus *bélderg*; Iliach s. of Laeghaire *buadach* s. of Conadh s. of Iliach; *Mál* s. of Rochride *let*, Fergus mac *Léite*, Illann s. of Fergus, Geirgenn f. of . . Cas whose son Fachtna *fáthach* was, Bricre s. of Carbad s. of Cas, Aithirne son of *Athchló*, Eirrge *echbél*. Twenty-five kings that ruled all Ireland there came of Ulster, exclusive of the seven kings that reigned of the *dál Fiatach*:" LL. 329 : 5 (ii) "A.M. 4981: Rury mac Sithrighe having ruled Ireland for seventy years, he d. in Airgetghlenn:" IV M (iii) *a.* "Fiacha called *fínscothach*, because in his reign were *scotha* [pl. of *scoth*] 'flowers,' *fína* [gen. of *fín*] 'of wine' [i.e. viniferous blossoms], such that it was honey and wine that used to be expressed from them, of which then people would store up a quantity in vessels:" K. 3 : 1 *b.* "Geidhe called *ollghothach* [*oll* 'very great' or 'abundant' + *gothach* adj. fr. *guth* 'voice' gen. *gotha*], because in his reign all men's voice and melody were sweeter than angular harps' strings:" cod. cit. 3 *b* : 1 *c.* "Bresal called *bódhíbhadh*, it was a murrain which in his time afflicted Ireland's kine, so that there escaped of them but three heifers: one in *Glenn samhaisci* in Ulster (in Cuailgne to wit); one in *Imlech fir aendairti* in Leinster, and a third in *Cliu máil*:" cod. cit. 1 : 2 *d.* "Angus called *olmucaidh*, i.e. he was endowed with *ól Mogaetha* 'Mogaeth's drinking powers'; for Mofeibhis's s. Mogaeth *mórólach* 'the greatly-bibulous,' who had the greatest capacity of any that in his time made ale-drinking [so to speak] their profession, to him was d. she that was w. of Fiacha *labhrainni* and m.

of Angus *olmucaidh* = *ól Mogaetha*:" cod. cit. 4 : 1 *e*. "Feidlim the long-haired, and Aeife d. of Olioll s. of Matamuirsci, were Laeghaire *buadach's* two wives:" cod. cit. 4 *b* : 2 *f*. "Finnabhair, Conor [mac Nessa's] d. Daruamna, and Bribethach, were Celtchair mac Uithechar's three wives:" *ibid.* PAGE 285:—(iv) *a*. "Eochaid mac Cairbre's d. *Róch* was m. of Fergus mac Rosa [otherwise *mac Róich*] and Sualtach the *síogaidhe*. Flidais d. of Ailill *dubh* mac Fidach was w. of Ailill *fionn* s. of Donall *dualbhuide*, and afterwards to Fergus mac Rosa:" *ibid.* (v) Fanciful etymologies of *Uladh* 'Ulster': cod. cit. 4 : 2 ; see also LL. 329 : 5, ll. 25—29, not printed in (i) ante (vi) "Eochaid *múmhó* [a quo *Mumha* 'Munster': mentioned in (v)] = E. *mómhó* [compar. and superl. of *mórmhór* μεγαλομέγας], meaning that his achievement, valorous accomplishments and power, were more than those of all other kings:" cod. cit. 1 *b* : 1

XV. PAGE 286:—(i) *a*. "Why was Art called *aenfhir*? Because, excepting him, Conn 100 B. in the end had not a son left, Connla and Crinna being fallen by Eochaid *fionn* and Fiacha *suighde*; whence the poet: 'Conn's two brothers (we may not minimise the matter), E. *fionn* and F. *suighde*, were they that sl. Connla and Crinna: Conn's two sons, a pair of gentle lads. After the killing of his [Conn's] sons both, to Art then E. *fionn* became a *fuath* 'object of hatred' [hence his additional sobriquet *fuath Airt*, *fuath nAirt*]; and after his brethren's d. Art became A. *aenfhir*, or one-man A.' Or: [ultimately] he was not only the best, but the only s. that Conn had; for Crinna fell by the above two, and with a fairy woman Connla went off on adventure to *sídh Bodaighe*, as in the tale of *echtra Chonnla* is related:" K. 1 *b* : 1 *b*. "Fiacha called *suighde* = *soghuide* 'of easy prayer' 'placabilis,' because that for his gentleness he was easy to intercede with:" cod. cit. 3 *b* : 1 (ii) "Medhb *lethderg* Conan of Cualann's d., of Leinster, was w. of Conn's s. Art *aenfhir*; from her *ráth Medhba* in Tara is named. Urcaidhe the smith's d. Echtach was m. of Conn's grandson Cormac, and afterwards w. to Lughna *fertrí* s. of Angus s. of Eochaid *fionn fuath nAirt*, to whom she bore three sons; another w. to him was Coinne *chíchech*, who brought him three sons, and from whom the *cinél gCoinne* have their name:" cod. cit. 5 PAGE 289:—(iii) "Whence *Cleiteach* 'Cletty' [on the Boyne]? It was Cleiteach mac Dedadh mac Sen that d. there. Or: *cleiteach* = *cleithe ach*, 'the ridgepole' [highest pitch, ne plus ultra] of Ireland's mourning ejaculations [*ach*, *och*, *uch*], because of the lamentation which the men of Erin bewailing Cormac mac Art made then. Or: there it was that the *cleithe tech* '[supreme] ridgepole of all Ireland's houses' was burnt over Murtough mac Erca:" LL. 166 *β*

XVII. PAGE 293:—(i) "Whence *bealach Gabhráin* 'Gowran's pass or Way'? It was Failbhe *flann's* hound Gabhran that followed the trail of Lurgan i.e. a wild pig haunting *druim Almhaine*, nor ever overtook her until that in *móin Almhaine* 'the bog of Allen' she dived underground; hence 'Lurgan' nom. loc. in that same moss. Then because the hound failed to run into the quarry, whereas no game that ever was 'reddened' and 'warmed' [killed and cooked] had at any previous time gone away from him, he returned to his home and on the above *bealach* his heart burst in him; hence *bealach Gabhráin* [and the poet's words]: 'Dear to me good Gowran was, that here hit upon Lurgan's track; except this grey and one-eyed swine, across the heather no quarry ever had distanced him [etc.]':" BB. 369 *β*, LL. 196 *a* PAGE

297:—(ii) *a.* "Corc *duibhinne* s. of Cairbre *múnc* [of the race of Lughaid s. of Ith mac Breogon] was father of the *corca Dhuibhinne*:" BB. 146 *b.* "Corc (called *duibhne* [pro *duibhfinne* gen. of] his m.'s name *Duibhfionn*) a quo *corca Dhuibhne*; Duvinna autem filia Carbræi *múnc* cui et filius Corc noster:" cod. cit. 250 *a* *c.* "C. *múnc*, C. *baschain*, and C. *rígfhada*: why are they called 'the Cairbres' [i.e. why was the n. of *Cairbre* bestowed on each]? Because that, when the b. of *cenn Febhrat* was fought between Lughaid *mac con* and Eoghan *mór* s. of Oliol *ólom*, in her own arms they slew their mother's husband Neimedh mac Sruibchenn k. of the Ernanes; for he was succouring Lughaid, while they succoured Eoghan *mór*. Hence then they were dubbed *coirbre* [*cairbre*]=*corbaire* [pers. deriv. of *corb*], because thus they were people of *corbadh* 'incestuous or parricidal crime.' Coirbre called *múnc* = *mó-aisge* or *mí-aisge*, because in his *aisge* 'prayer' 'request' [desire] he was *mó* 'more exorbitant' or *mí* 'unbecoming' than the other brethren; is enim fuit qui ad Duvinnam ad suam ipsius germanam ingressus est, quo facto de ea procreavit Corcum *duibhne* dictum. Coirbre called *rígfhada*, because he had *ríghthe* [pl. o *rígh* 'forearm'] that were *fada* 'long'; or else because he made *ríghe* 'a realm' *i bfad* 'far away' i.e. by going to Scotland, so that from him come the eastern *dál Riata* [quasi *rígfhata*]. Coirbre called *baschain* quasi *bás* 'death' + *caein* 'gentle,' 'peaceful,' because he was the only man of them that 'had death on pillow' [died in his bed]. Of whom it has been said: 'Angus was C. *múnc's* [real] name; Eocho was C. *riata's*; C. *bascain's* Oliol,' and the poet sang besides [etc.]:" K. 2 : 2 *d.* see ante, I. xx

XVIII. Page 311:—(i) "A.D. 1510: O'Donnell (Hugh mac Hugh Rua) went to Rome on pilgrimage; and so long as he was abroad his partisans and friends were in grief, in sorrow and discouragement, after him. He left Manus O'Donnell his son to defend the country [Tirconall] while he might be away from them 1512: O'Donnell (Hugh mac Hugh Rua) returned from Rome after completion of his pilgrimage, having spent sixteen weeks in London as he went eastwards and other sixteen as he came westwards back. From Henry [VIII] k. of England he had honour and respect and so returned safe to Ireland, but in Meath for some time lay in a fever. Upon recovery of health he reached his house, and all (both church and lay) were rejoiced at his advent 1537: O'Donnell (Hugh mac Hugh Rua), supreme lord of Tirconall, of Innishowen, of Kinelmoan, of Fermanagh and of lower Connacht: victory over whom was never seen with his foe, and who never gave back a foot in the way of flight before either few or many; a man that suffered not the English power to enter his own country, because (when he saw that to any one of themselves the Gael would not concede supremacy, but that kith and kin were in opposition to each other) he made fast peace and friendship with the k. of England; a man that to churchmen regular and secular, to poets and to Ollaves, maintained their privileges according to the right; the aforesaid O'Donnell (Hugh mac Hugh Rua), I say, d. on Thursday July 5, in the monastery of Donegal, after assumption of the habit of S. Francis, after mourning his offences. Upon penance done for his sins and transgressions he was carried up, and in the same monastery [his body] as was meet was with honour and great worship buried. By the representatives of S. Columbkill, by counsel of the gentles of Kinelconall (lay and cleric), Manus his s. was inaugurated 'O'Donnell':" IV M Page 318:—(ii) "A.D. 1536: Teigue

óg mac Teigue .m. Hugh .m. Turlough *carrach* O'Conor was inaugurated 'O'Conor'; and he was the first man of Brian *luighneach's* race to have that title in lower Connacht; for 'Mac Donall mac Murtach' was the name that hitherto had appertained to the headship and power of that tribe, and it was for honour's sake, and with a view to outdo the chiefs his predecessors that he effected that change of title:" *ibid.*

XX. PAGE 332:—(i) "A.D. 976: Mahon s. of Kennedy (monarch of all Ireland) captured by Donovan s. of Cathal (lord of the *úi Fidhgeinte*) through envious spite; he was then handed over to Maelmuaidh s. of Bran (lord of Desmond) who killed him despite all guarantee of saints and righteous men 977: the Danes of Limerick and Donovan mac Cathal routed by Brian s. of Kennedy; in which defeat Maelmuaidh perished, and there was general slaughter of the men of Desmond:" *ibid.* (ii) "A.D. 1014: dissension among the *úi Echach* themselves: betwixt Maelmuaidh's s. Cian and Duffdavoren's s. Donall; in this fell Cian, Cathal and Roghallach, Maelmuaidh's three sons, and with them a great carnage:" *ibid.* (iii) *a.* "Brian [s. of Kennedy] called *boraimhe* [and *boirmhe*, both gen. of *boramha*] 'of the Boromean tribute': his m. was *Béibhfionn*, d. of Eochaid mac Murrough mac Maenach k. of W. Connacht, as the poet said [etc.]; Gormley the fair, d. of Murrough mac Finn k. of Leinster, was m. of Brian's s. Donough, of Sitric s. of Amlaff *cuarán* k. of the Danes of Dublin, and of Conor mac Melachlin monarch of Ireland. Now Brian *boraimhe* had six sons, of whom the three that left issue were Murrough, Conor, Flann; the m. of which three was More, d. of Eidhen s. of *Cléirech* s. of *Edálach* mac Cumascach of the Hy-Fiachrach *Aidhne*, as the poet said [etc.]. Understand that Beibhfionn above (Brian's m.) had two sisters, *Caeinech* and *Crescha*: Caeinech a qua *clann Chosgraigh* or the O'Heas of the Corcach; Crescha a qua *clann Mhaeilruanaidh*, as the poem states which begins: '*Ciocarán's* d. *Cianóg*.' This Gormley aforesaid (d. of Murrough mac Finn) it was that took 'the three famous leaps' anent which was said [by the poet]: 'three leaps they were that Gormley took, such as no women will ever jump again: a leap in Dublin, in Tara one, and (one that profited above them all) a leap in Cashel.' For first Amlaff *Cuarán* (that was styled k. of the Dublin Danes) had her to w., and she bore Sitric mac Amlaff; Melachlin monarch of Ireland had her, and she bore Conor his s.; Brian *boraimhe* had her, and she bore Donough mac Brian; and from her proceeded the disagreement in pursuance of which the b. of Clontarf was undertaken:" H. 1. 18: 5 *b* *b*. "A.D. 1014: a hosting by the Danes and Leinster into Meath and Bregia, when they harried *termonn Féichín* and lifted many captives, with cattle innumerable. A hosting by Brian s. of Kennedy mac Lorcan (monarch of Ireland) and Melachlin mac Donall (k. of Tara) to Dublin. All the Danes of Europe's western part [Ireland] mustered against Brian and Melachlin, and brought ten hundred coats of mail [mail-clad men]. Between the parties, at Clontarf, is fought a hardy battle for which in that time no similitude was found; in it fell Brian the king in the eighty-eighth year of his age; Murrough mac Brian, heir of Ireland, in the sixty-third of his; Turlough mac Murrough [aged fifteen], Conaing mac Donnchuan [etc.]:" IV M

XXI. PAGE 343:—(i) *a.* "Whence *mágh Corainn* 'Corann's plain'? Corann, he was harper to the Daghda's s. Diancecht, and by virtue of his *caelchéis*

harp alone summoned thither one of the *muca Dreibrinni* or 'Drebrenn's swine,' which then (resorting to her strength of limbs) sped northwards away; after her with their hounds ran the *laechs* of Connacht (trusting in their speed), and so to *céis Chorainn*; hence the hill so called, and the above plain, are named:" LL. 165 *a* *b*. "Whence [plain and hill of] *Corann*? It was Corann, Diancecht mac Echtach's harper, who importuned until for his playing the *tuatha dé Danann* gave him land in Moycorran, whence that name. But Keshcorran is derived thus: when Drebre's swine dispersed, the fifth pig reached [the present] *céis Chorainn* and there perished:" BB. 389 *a* *c*. "Eile d. of Eochaid [*feidhlech*] was w. of Forgall s. of Matamuirsce of Connacht; Drebre also, from whom the *muca Dreibrinni* are named, was his d.:" K. 4 *b*: 2

XXII. PAGE 347:—(i) *a*. "Genealogy of the *Dairine* [*Dairfhine*] i.e. the seed of Lughaid mac Itha: Duach s. of Macnia s. of Maccon s. of Lughaid *laeighde* s. of Daire *sírchrechtach* s. of Lughaid s. of Ith s. of Breogon. Daire had six sons: Lughaid *laeighde*, a quo *Corca laeighde*; L. *cál*, a quo *Calraighe* [whose m. was *Bolcbhán* the British woman, his w. being Lasair d. of Niall IX H.'s s. Laeghaire the k.: K. 5 *b*]; L. *oircthe*, a quo *Corca oircthe*; L. *laeighes*, a quo *Laeighes* 'Leix' in Leinster; L. *coscaire*, a quo the *Coscraighe* (of whom was Daniel s. of Fathach) in the Decies:" LL. 325 β, BB. 196: 5 *b*. "Here first of all concerning the genealogy of Corca *laeighde*: the Lughaid of whom they come was s. of Daire *sírdréchtach* or *doimthech*, called also 'the old L.'; and to him was son another L. i.e. Maccon (indeed, if it be true for certain of the poets, L. was Daire's right name as well). L. *laeighde's* common name was Macnia; and Maccon had an illustrious s., who also was a Macnia. This last had good sons: Angus *gafhuilech* 'of the bloody spear,' and Duach:" BB. 198 β *c*. "*Calraighe* = *caltroighe* i.e. clan-Lughaid *cál*, for *troighe* = *clann* 'children' 'clan,' or *cinél* 'genus' [as opposed to *gné* 'species']. Or the word = *cálrighe* '*cál*-kingdom' i.e. L. *cál's*:" K. 2: 1 (ii) "L. *laeighde* etc. The tale which here is brought to mind [recorded] gives the origin of that superfetation of names [sobriquets] which distinguishes Daire *doimthech's* sons, the six Lughaids. What too is the reason for which every one of them was called Lughaid? It stood in prophecy that of Daire's sons a son should reign over Ireland, and his name be Lughaid; which name therefore they severally bore. By Daire the Convention of Taillte was held, and there his sons raced their horses; then their f. said to his magician: 'which son will succeed me?' The sorcerer answered: 'into the meeting will come a fawn, bright with the colour of gold; and the son that shall take him, he it is that shall succeed thee.' Duly came the golden fawn, and the men of Ireland went after him. Thence even to Ben-Edar the six lads press him hard, and betwixt them and all the rest [at last] a magic mist is interposed. From that point onward yet to *dál Mescorb* in Leinster Daire's sons stick to him; there L. *laeighe* collars the *laegh* or 'fawn' [whence the nickname], another L. does his *coscar* or 'breaking up,' and hence L. *cosc* [or *coscaire* as ante, 'the breaker up']. Then great snow pelts down on them, so that it was work for them to keep a hold of their arms, and a lad of them goes off to seek a house. He found there a great house with a big fire, with victual and liquor in plenty; silver dishes, bedsteads of the white bronze, and [above all] a fearsome *caillech* or 'hag,' were in the mansion. 'Youth,' she said, 'what cravest thou?'

'A bed till morning.' 'Which thou shalt have, if thou but come into the same one with myself.' The youngster however said that he would not, and so back to his brethren. 'Thou hast missed of princedom and royalty!' she cried [as he went]. One after other the [remaining] lads entered the house, and of the first she enquired what he had met with. 'An *orc allaidh* [wild pigling] he replied, 'and I ate him to my own share.' 'L. *orc* thy name shall be with thy race.' The same she enquired of another. 'In my way,' he said, 'came not anything, but I took a *colladh* [or *calladh* 'sleep'].' 'And a *callda* 'drowsy' act it was; thy race shall name thee L. *cál*.' Of a third she sought the same. 'A *laegh allaidh* 'fawn' got away from me.' 'Thy race shall dub thee L. *laegh-as* 'fawn-away'.' A fourth she questioned. 'That which the others threw away I ate.' 'L. *corb* thy name shall be: that which thou hast eaten is a disgrace.' Last of all entered yet L. *laeighe*, and the hag made the same query. 'A *laegh allaid* fell to my lot, and alone I ate him.' 'To thy race thou shalt be L. *laeigh-de* [L. of-the-fawn-because-of-it].' Hence the names clave to them. In lieu of meat and liquor L. then consents to sleep with her: into the white-bronze bed goes the old woman, in with the young fellow after her; and [of a sudden], so it seemed to him, the light of her countenance was the very sun rising in the month of May; the scent of her he found to be that of a fragrant flower-garden. He loved her in fact, and she said to him: 'thine is an auspicious journey; for I am 'Royalty,' and thou shalt have Ireland's rule.' Then they have meat of the freshest, liquor of the oldest (drinking-horns of themselves [i.e. automatically] pouring to them), and of 'Royalty' so he makes his own. On the morrow the six found themselves without house, without fire, without anything but the open plain, smooth and level, and their wolfdogs tied to their spears; they return to Taillte, tell their adventure, and the men of Erin disperse out of the Convention. Thus then people said 'the six Lughaids':" BB. 252 *β* PAGE 349:—(iii) "Gemlorg d. of Conor *abhradhruadh*, w. of Lughaid *lágha*: from her Glen-Gemlorg in Bregia is named:" K. 5 PAGE 350:—(iv) *a.* "A.D. 186: Art s. of Conn 100 B. had ruled Ireland for twenty-one years; the b. of *cenn Febhrat* is won by Olioll *ólom's* sons and 'the three Cairbres,' sons of Conaire mac Moghlama, against Dodera the magician, Sruibchenn's s. Neimidh, and [the rest of] the S. of Ireland. Therein perished said Neimidh k. of the Ernanes of Munster, and Dodera magician of the Dairine: Dodera falling by the hand of Olioll's s. Eoghan *mór*; Neimidh by Conaire's s. Cairbre *riata*, in vengeance of said Conaire his f.; while Cairbre *músc* wounded Lughaid (called *mac con*) in the calf, whereby ever afterwards he was lame. The origin of which nickname is that L. [when a little child] took the fancy of a wolfdog bitch that in his guardian's house nursed her pups, and from her teat used to drink; hence *mac con* 's. of a *cú* or wolfdog' stuck to him:" IV M *b.* "Maccon: it was a wolfdog bitch that Olioll *ólom* had (her name being *Elóir derg*), and when Maccon was a baby in Olioll's house he would steal away and on all fours creep to her; she then used to gather him to her belly, nor was it found possible to keep him from the bitch that he should not make his way to her:" K. 3 *b*: 2 PAGE 353:—(v) "Whence *mágh Mucramha*? Certain eldritch swine they were that out of Cruachan's cave emerged to Ailill and Medhb and, wheresoever they were, used to blight both corn and milk [i.e. both land and kine]; nor could the men of Ireland anywhere either count

them or even keep their eyes fixed on them. Once however A. and M. with a view to hunting operations came to *Fraechmágh*, whence they coursed these swine to *belach na bhfert*; here M. caught one of them by the leg, but it left its 'leather' [entire pelt] in her hand. Thereupon in this spot they were counted, and hence *mágh muicrímha* 'plain of pig-enumeration':" BB. 386 *b* (vi) Of Cruachan: "it is from *Cróichenn chródherg* handmaid of Medhb's m. Edaein (if indeed her m. was not *Clófhionn*) that *mágh Cruachna* is named. Medhb of Cruachan was m. of 'the seven Maines,' of Orlamh s. of Ailill, and of Fionnabhair [children of her husband]; m. of Fergus mac Rosa's three sons: Ciar, Corc, Conmhac; perhaps of his s. Illann *ilairchlesach* also:" K. 4*b*: 2 [*Medhb chruachan .i. Cróichenn chródherg a sídaib a máthair is uaithi ro gab a hainmneghadh* i.e. "M. of Cruachan: Cr. chr. out of the *sídhes* was her m., from whom also her appellation obtained:" K. 3*b*: 2] (vii) "Whence *ráth Chruachan* 'Rathcroghan'? It was Cruachu or Croichenn *chródherg*, handmaid of Edaein that with Midir of *Brí Léith* eloped out of Fremhainn, from Angus's *aenach*. Now *Sineach* of the *sídh* of Cruachan was a 'friend' [relative] to Midir and, for the love he bore her, thither he came to discourse her [which he did] for nine days. Edaein in the meantime supposing this *sídh* to have been Midir's, she enquired: 'is this thy dwelling?' and he said: 'not it; mine is nearer to the rising of the sun.' Here Croichenn intruded: 'the question is what profit have we of visiting this *sídh* and its plain at all?' 'Croichenn,' said Midir, 'in guerdon of thy trip hither the *sídh* shall bear thy name.' Then he went on to *Brí Léith*, which then by [Edaein's f.] Eochaid *airemh* [the k.] was demolished over his head. Thus the *dinnsenchas* of Cruachan furnishes the beginning [and end] of 'the Wooing of Edaein':" BB. 384 *a* (viii) Of *mágh nAei mheic Allghuba* in which Cruachan is: *a.* "Whence *mágh nAei* 'A.'s plain'? Allghuba's son Aei was the twenty-fourth slave whom Milesius' sons brought over, and he it was that to those serfs [his twenty-three mates] preferred a request that with him they would clear a plain. They therefore were those who, to do him a good turn, in twenty-four hours cleared *mágh nAei* [now *machaire Chonnacht* 'plain of Connacht']; and when they knocked off, A. further prayed them [the Milesians their masters] that the fee-simple should be his, and the plain carry his name:" BB. 386 *a* *b.* "Whence *loch Néill*? Niall s. of Enna *aighnech* s. of Angus *tuirmech*, 'tis he that in the reign of Conall *cromdherg* mac Labhraid *luchta* was chief of Ireland's outlaws; he followed the track of Drebrenn's swine when they issued from the *sídh* of Collomhair, and got them in *Daire tarbhga*. Away across *mágh Aei* (for it is supposed that A. was the name of Enna's wolfdog) they sped before them, both hounds and men; when they reached the loch: *loch con Enna aighnigh* [l. of Enna's hound, 'loch Con'] Niall, his hounds, and his outlaws all were drowned in it; whence the poet: 'Niall with a hundred head [i.e. others] was drowned pursuing Drebre's swine [etc.]':" LL. 167 *a* PAGE 354:—(ix) "Moncha d. of Trethan mac Bicidh was w. of Olioll *ólom's* s. Eoghan *mór*:" K: 5 PAGE 359:—(x) "A.D. 195: Art s. of Conn 100 B. having reigned for thirty years, by Maccon and his foreigners he fell in the b. of *Mágh mucramha*. It was Liogairne *lecanfhada* 'long-cheeks' s. of Angus *balbh* 'the stutterer' s. of Eochaid *fionn fuathnairt*, he being come in Maccon's host, that in the battle actually operated on Art 225: Macnia's s. Lughaid *mac con* having ruled for thirty years, after his

expulsion from Tara by Conn's grandson Cormac he perished by the hand of Ferches mac Coman the poet:" IV M (xi) *a.* "Olioll called *ólom* [*ó* 'ear'+ *lom* 'bare'] because upon his ear [i.e. the place where it ought to have been] was neither skin nor flesh after Eogabhal's d. Aine had cropped it; or *ulom* [quasi *ullom*] = *ulalom* i.e. his *ula* 'elbow' was *lom* 'bare,' meaning that for his 'liveliness' [high spirit] his forearm was always bared:" BB. 249 *a* *b*. "Emher's d. Echtach was Olioll's m.:" K. 5 *c*. "A.D. 234: Cormac's eighth year; Olioll *ólom* s. of Moghnuadhat [Eoghan *mór* I.] died:" IV M

XXIII. PAGE 349:—(i) *a*. "Cahir *mór's* d. Eithne *thaebhfada*, w. of Cormac *ua Cuinn*, was Cairbre *lifechair's* m.; or (according to some uncorrupted books) it will in reality have been the d. of Dunlang k. of Leinster; or it may have been the she-slave Feidhil, of Leinster, that was his m.; or again it may have been Cormac's [own particular] she-slave *Ciarnait* (which however was perhaps another name for Eithne):" K.: 5 *b*. "It was the k. of Picts' d. Ciarnait that Ulster forcibly brought away captive from over seas; Cormac heard this and craved her of them, so she was conveyed to his house to him. Now she was the most beautiful woman and the gentlest that at the one time with herself was in the world; and she was in friendship with Cormac, whose love for her was passing great. But Cahir *mór's* d. Eithne *ollamhda* heard that he possessed her, and declared that he should not have them both. Needs must then that Ciarnait be delivered up to Eithne, and she imposed on her a certain slavish task: that daily she should grind [at the quern] nine sacks of wheat. Yet did Cormac and she make shift to meet privily, and soon her state was such that she might no more grind. Cormac therefore succoured her: across the sea he imported a millwright, and for Ciarnait's relief had a mill made; on which the poet indited [etc.]:" Eg. 1782, 44 *b*: 2 (ii) "Fergus called *bód* = *teine* 'fire' *for Breghaib* 'upon [all over] the regions of Bregia':" K. 3: 2 PAGE 368:—(iii) Battles of M.m. and Crinna: "The *clanna Eibhir* 'children of Heber' in Conn's Half are: the *Gaileanga* E. and W.; the *Cianachta* N. and S.; the *Luighne* E. and W.; and the four *Dealbhna* 'Delvins,' as: Delvinmore and Delvinbeg in Meath, Delvin-*Ethra* in W. Meath, Delvin of *tír dá locha* in Connacht. Of these the Gaileanga and Cianacht were children of Teigue s. of Cian s. of Olioll *ólom* [Teigue's m. being Cian mac Olioll's w. *Fionnchaemh* d. of Cerb: K. 5 *b*]. Sabia d. of Conn 100 B. was m. of those seven sons of Olioll's of whom was Teigue's f. Cian: they that in the b. of M.m. were slain by Lughaid *mac con* and their father's br. Lughaid *lágha* s. of Moghnuadhat, which latter also it was that in the same b. killed Conn's s. Art the k. Now *Béinne* the Briton, he it was that sl. Eoghan [*mór* II.] mac Olioll; for which Lughaid killed him presently. Maccon's numbers were: 3000 out of Munster, 3000 from 'Conn's Half,' and out of Britain 3000 led by their king's s. Beinne; thrice three sacks of *gránna catha* these last had brought over. Then L. *mac con* assumed Ireland's rule and reigned for twenty-seven years, until Cormac mac Art banished him [from Tara]. Cormac ruled until Ulidia's whole strength 'came against him' [opposed him], whereby in turn they expulsed him into Connacht when he had just taken their pledges and made them a feast in the N. plain of Bregia; on which occasion it was that the k. of Ulster's *gilla* held a candle to Cormac's hair and so scorched him sadly. Three sons of Imchadh mac Finnachta .m. Ogamhan .m. Fiatach were Fergus blacktooth, F. crooktooth, F. longhair [of

whom anon]. Cormac went to Teigue mac Cein, that he should come with him and give battle to Ulidia, and: 'give me land for it,' quoth Teigue. 'There shall be given thee so much as, after the battle won, thy chariot shall encompass of *mágh Bregh*.' Teigue said: 'I will take it; thou therefore go now to L. *lágha* and bring him for the battle; I will discover thee the place in which thou shalt find him asleep.' Cormac went, got him so, and at his heart held the spear's point. 'Who does this?' asked L. [roused]. 'Cormac that's here!' L. said: 'I am owing to thee; 'twas I that sl. thy father.' 'I require his eric.' 'I offer thee a king's head taken in battle.' Cormac said: 'I will accept the k. of Ulidia's head: F. blacktooth's.' 'I will give it,' answered L. The army marched and took position at the *brúgh* of *Mac in óg*, Ulidia lying ready for them at Crinna of *Cenn comair*; but until the morrow's morn Teigue suffered not to deliver the battle. At early day they go to work; Cormac however was not allowed into the battle, but in a trench well to the rear was stowed away with his *gilla* standing over him; which servitor he had tricked out in his own armature, so that the *gilla* was in the k.'s semblance. L. brings along a head and shews it to the *gilla*, who says: 'that is not the k.'s head, but his brother's.' He brings another head: 'nor is that,' says the *gilla*, 'but his other brother's.' A third head he brings, and: 'is this it?' asks L. The other answers: 'it is.' Then L. dealt him a blow of it and killed him, at the same time himself falling down and swooning away. That day Teigue seven times routed Ulidia, as far as *glas Nera* hard by *druim Inesclainn*; whence *Flannacán* sang: 'Teigue mac Cein at *Ráth chró* in the N. [etc.].' Teigue now (after three spears had passed through him) got into his chariot and took with him a *gilla* whose m. was of 'Mogh's Half,' in order that he above others should be witness for him. Teigue had a succession of dead faints until at last he reached Dublin, and even then it was not evening [which, had the charioteer dealt fair, should have been long past]. Here he rose out of his last swoon, and enquired: 'what have we travelled, *gilla*?' 'We have travelled a deal,' he answered. 'Have we brought off Tara?' 'We have not.' Hence *Cinaeth* sang: 'Upon the one stone at *Ráth chró* [etc.].' By Cormac afterwards a barley-awn was inserted into one of Teigue's wounds, some kind of worm into another, and into the third a spear-head; over these the skin formed, and for a year the patient lay in a wasting sickness. L. *lágha* went from him into Munster to fetch the profound physician; with his three pupils he came and, as they neared the house, they heard a man cry out. 'What cry is this?' said the physician. 'Plaint caused by *colg*,' said the first pupil. 'But what is this again?' the master asks. 'Plaint caused by creature,' answers another pupil. 'And this?' at the third groan. 'Plaint caused by weapon-point,' said the third disciple. The leech treats him: he opens the wounds, a set of bandages are passed over Teigue [to keep him in situ]; then a coulter is reddened in the fire and at the man's belly the operator makes a feint of it, whereby there came away the barley-awn, the worm (size of a mouse), the spearhead and all else [noxious] that was in him. Teigue retired into Munster and went about to war upon Cormac, but they make peace. Now Teigue had two sons, Connla and Cormac: the former, grandfather of the Cianacht N. and S., as of the Munster Ely; Cormac, of the Gaileanga E. and W., as of the *Saithne*:" LL. 328 β (iv) *a*. "Cormac called *gaileang* = *gai* 'spear' + *lang* 'deceit' i.e. 'of the treacherous

spear':" BB. 250*a* *b.* "Gaileang i.e. *lang* = *gua* 'a lie,' referring to Cormac of the Gaileanga; for it was Teigue's s. Cormac that for a token carried his father's spear to the brocks; they trusting to Teigue's honour [so pledged] came out, and Cormac killed them. Duly Teigue proceeded to Cormac's to enjoy a banquet [for which the brocks had been murdered]; but as he partook of the feast his nature 'skunnered,' and he knew that the son had forfeited his [father's] honour; this was the cause of Cormac's banishment by Teigue, and hence he was called *gaileang* = *gai* + *lang* i.e. 'qui honorem concacavit.' Further: Cormac being surnamed *gaileang*, for his tribe the term Gaileanga is used:" cod. cit. 253*β* *c.* "Teigue's s. Cormac g., because to the brocks he took his father's spear, and on Teigue's honour they came out; hence the Gaileanga (but I [that write] opine it to have been under compulsion of the enormous smoke arising from fire kindled [by Cormac] that they emerged; yet is it no ways wonderful though the gentiles should have supposed them to issue out as being summoned on the faith of that famous man's integrity). For this thing Cormac was exiled by Teigue his father, and hence his nation's common byname:" LL. 329 : 3 *d.* "Sciath d. of Lughaid s. of Angus *fionn* s. of Fergus blacktooth, w. of Teigue mac Cein, was Cormac g.'s m.:"

XXIV. PAGE 368:—(i) *a.* Fanciful etymology of *muighmedóin*: LL. 333, marg. sup. *b.* "Eochaid m.m. quasi *mogh* 'slave' + *medhón* 'middle,' meaning that he had a slave's waist; for his head favoured the king, his middle part Mungata the slave, while he had a gentleman's legs, Eichtighern's to wit:" BB. 249*β* *c.* "A.D. 365: eighth year of Muiredhach *tírech's* s. Eochaid m.m. over Ireland, and he d. in Tara:" IV M *d.* "Fiachra's d. Muirenn, of Munster, was Eochaid m.m.'s m.:" K. 5 (ii) "Crimthann's sister Moingionn, dau. of Fidhach mac Olioll of the Ernanes of Munster, and Cairenn *chasdubh* m. of Niall IX H.: they were Eochaid m.m.'s two wives; Moingionn was m. of Brian, Ailill, Fergus and Fiachra. The k. of Saxons' three drs., *Scál balbh's*, were Cairenn m. of Niall IX H.; Cairell, w. of Daire *sírcherdach*, m. of Lughaid *cál* a quo the *Calraighe*; [and Cairbech, m. of Timine a quo the *corco Timine* in Leinster: BB. 285*a*]. Eochaid m.m.'s d. was *Coirpche*:" *ibid.* *b.* "Genealogy of the *úi Thimín.* [Cahir *mór's* sons] Eocho *timín*, Bresal *einechglas* [i.e. it was a livid mark that he had on his face: K. 1 : 2], Ros *failghe*, Daire *buadhach* and Crimthannan, one mother's sons they were. 'Tis fast asleep Eocho was (he being a flighty careless fellow) when [by their father] lands were assigned to his brethren, and Bresal said: 'that was a *tim* [weak] thing, Eocho:' hence it was that *timín* 'weakling' stuck to him:" LL. 315*a* PAGE 370:—(iii) "A.D. 573: tenth year of Aedh mac Ainmirech. S. Cairech Dergain of Cloonburren, virgin, † February 9:" IV M PAGE 372:—(iv) "A.D. 981: the Dalcassians [Thomond] ravaged by Melachlin mac Donall; the Tree of *aenach maighe Adhair* chopped up after being grubbed out of the earth roots and all 1022: rout of *áth buidhe* 'the yellow ford' of Tlachtgha inflicted by Melachlin on the Danes of Dublin, and many perished there; on this was indited: 'His last red slaughter was wrought at evening, by the Yellow Ford; thirty bounding [swift-flying] days passed from that time to his journey's end.' He lived in fact for one month afterwards, [and then] Melachlin *mór* mac Donall, tower of the westernmost world's [Ireland's] dignity and pre-excellence, after a reign of forty years, d. in *Cró-inis* of *loch Aininn* (according to the Book of Clonmacnoise at least):" *ibid.*

XXVI. PAGE 374:—(i) "A.D. 378: Fidhach's s. Crimthann having ruled Ireland thirteen years, he d. of a poisonous draught given him by his own sister, Moingionn:" IV M PAGE 375:—(ii) *a.* "Whence *carn Feradaigh*? It was Feradach s. of Rochorb s. of Gollan s. of Conmael s. of Heber that by Tighernmas mac Follach fell there. By which Tighernmas also Conmael fell in the b. of *aenach Macha*; in the b. of *Elle* he sl. Rochorb; lastly Feradach [ut supra], whose tomb that cairn is:" BB. 379 *a* *b.* "A.M. 3579: Conmael mac Heber having ruled Ireland for thirty years, in the b. of *aenach Macha* he fell by Tighernmas mac Follach 3656: seventy-seventh year of Tighernmas' reign. By him the following battles were won against the seed of Heber, besides others both of the Irish and of extern kindreds: the b. of Elle in which Rochorb fell; that of *carn* Feradaigh [etc.]:" IV M PAGE 376:—(iii) "A.D. 465: Crimthann mac Enna *cennselach*, k. of Leinster, sl. by his own daughter's s. Eochaid *guinech* of the *úi Bairrche*:" *ibid.* (iv) "A.D. 523: twentieth year of Murtach mac Erca. Beoaedh, bp., of Ardcarne, † March 8:" *ibid.* (v) Race of Niall IX H.: *a.* "Lughaid's d. Inniu, w. of Niall IX H., was m. of two Conalls and one Eoghan (or it may have been Righnach) as the poet said: 'Turbulent kings were rejoiced after the birth of Laeghaire mac Neill; [there were besides] Enna, also Maine, Eoghan, two Conalls and a Cairbre.' Lughaid's d. Innecht was w. of *Cruinn badhraei*:" BB. 285 *a* *b.* "Righnach d. of Medabh s. of Ross mac Trithem, w. of Niall IX H., was m. of Laeghaire, Enna, Maine, Eoghan, two Conalls and Cairbre. Inniu and Innecht, a quibus Gleninnecht and Glenara, were Lughaid's drs. both: Inniu, Niall's w., was Fiacha's m.; Innecht, Cruinn *badhraei's* w., m. of Caelbadh mac Cruinn:" K. 5 *b* *c.* "A.D. 357: Caelbadh mac Cruinn having reigned for one year, he fell by Eochaid m.m.:" IV M (vi) "It was *inis Dornghlais* that Crimthann mac Fidhach had taken 'upon' Eochaid m.m.'s sons; after his death therefore these went on a hosting into Munster, and battle was given them: the b. of *cora Chaenraighe* 'the weir of Kenry.' They routed their foes however, and drove them to the westward; yet was Eochaid m.m.'s s. Fiachra wounded (he that did it being Maighe *meschorach*), so that in *Foraei* [by and by] he d. and there was buried. Fifty pledges that Eochaid's sons brought back out of the west: it was at a month's end after the b. that Fiachra was dead, and around the k.'s grave the pledges were buried alive. Then *dún Dabroc* in the Gaileang country was taken over the heads of Brian and Ailill, the latter being captured and there sl. by the king:" LL. 190:3 PAGE 378:—(vii) *a.* "A.M. 5089: Ederscel s. of Eoghan mac Olioll having spent five years in ruling Ireland, by Nuadha *necht* he fell in Ailinn 5090: when Sedna *sithbac's* s. Nuadha *necht* had passed a half-year in governing Ireland, by Conaire *mór* [s. of Ederscel] he perished in the b. of Cliach among the *úi Dhróna*:" IV M *b.* "Nuadha *neacht* i.e. handsome N.; for *neacht* = *álainn* 'handsome' or *geal* 'brilliant':" K. 3 *b*:2

XXVII. PAGE 385:—(i) *a.* "A.M. 5192: one year Conor *abhradruadh* s. of Finn the poet s. of Ross *ruadh* s. of Fergus *fairrghe* had reigned, when he fell by Lughaid *sriabh nderg's* s. Crimthann:" IV M *b.* "Conor *abhradruadh* i.e. because he had an eye garnished with red lashes, since *mala* [strictly 'eyebrow'] is said for *abhra* 'eyelash' too:" K. 2:1 PAGE 395:—(ii) Quatrain on Teigue mac Cein's death: "A deer was stricken by Teigue mac Cein,

and Cians's s. Teigue was stricken by a deer; 'twas by a deer that Teigue mac Cein was stricken: Cian's s. Teigue, at Rosnaree:" Eg. 1782, 53*b*: 1

XXVIII. PAGE 401:—(i) "Tuathal *techtmar*: so called because he it was that began with cutting of their heads off the provincial kings of Ireland, i.e. the men of Meath. Or: for the multiplicity of his possessions [*techt*]. Or: for the universal possession [*techtadh*] of all kinds of wealth in his period. Or: because he held and possessed [had *techtadh* of] all others in general; for a single little greenish plot in Ireland he left not without royal legality enforced there [i.e. its tenure had to be according to law]:" K. 4: 2 (ii) *a.* "Fiacha *fionnolaidh* [= *fionn* 'white' + *foladh* 'substance' 'cattle']: because in his time by far the greater part of Ireland's kine were white:" cod. cit. 3: 2 *b.* "The k. of Scotland's d. Eithne, w. of Fiacha f., was Tuathal t.'s m.:" cod. cit. 5 (iii) "Feradach *finnfhechtnach*: because of the *fechtnaighe* 'prosperity' of his reign, seeing that in his time the *ídh Mórainn* 'Morann's collar' was. Eithne of Emania, w. of Morann mac Maen, it was on her account that the collar was made:" cod. cit. 3: 2 *b.* "Lotan's d. Nár *thuathchaech*, of the Pict-people, w. of Crimthann *nianáir*, was Feradach *finnfhechtnach's* m.:" cod. cit. 5 (iv) *a.* "Crimthann *nianáir* [s. of Lughaid *riabh nderg* 'of the red stripes'], meaning 'Nar's champion': because Nar *thuathchaech* out of the *sídhes* (or of the Pict-folk), his w., she it was that took him off on an adventure:" BB. 250*a* *b.* "Crimthann's d. Befina, w. of Finnlogh's s. Finn, was m. of Eochaid *feidhlech* and of Eochaid *airemh*; whether she were m. of Finn's s. Ailill I know not:" cod. cit. 283*β* *c.* "Airtech *uchtlethan's* d. *Clóann*, w. of E. *feidhlech*, was m. of the three *finnemhna* 'fair twins' [sons] and of Clothra [a d.]; at a birth they were born all four. Onga, another d. of Airtech's, was m. of Muman and Eithne:" K. 4*b*: 2 *d.* "The three Fair Twins [otherwise 'the three Finns'] were Bres, Nar, Lothar, sons of E. *feidhlech*, and the reason of their being so called was that at the one birth E.'s w. had them; for be they two or be they three that are born at once, *emhain*, [which in strictness means but] 'twins,' applies to them:" cod. cit. 4: 2 *e.* "Eochadii f. filia Clothra mater Lugadii *riabh nderg*, qui trium Finnorum filius; ipsa quoque mater Cremthanni, qui et ejusdem Lugadii filius:" cod. cit. 4*b*: 2 (v) *a.* "Lughaid 'of the red stripes,' meaning that on his person he had two such: one as girdle round his middle, another as necklace round his neck. His head, 'twas Nar it favoured; his upperworks, Bres; from that downwards he smacked of Lothar:" cod. cit. 3*b*: 1 *b.* "Darera w. of Rumal k. of Leinster [and her spouse], it was they that reared Lughaid the Striped; his w. was the k. of Denmark's d. Dervorgil:" cod. cit. 5 *c.* "Rumal *dériar* k. of Leinster, he first of Leinster acquired from the Boyne to the Buaidhnech; his sobriquet (= *dia* + *riar*) he had from the vigour with which he wrought the *riar* 'will' *dé* 'of his god.' Derra his w. it was that reared Lughaid, he [Rumal] himself being instructor of arms to Cuchullin; whence then 'tis said that even such a tutor Cuchullin in turn was to Lughaid:" BB. 254*β* PAGE 402:—(vi) "Fidir and Dairine were Tuathal t.'s two drs., and wives of Eochaid *ainchenn* k. of Leinster; through them the Boromha was lifted from Leinster:" K. 5 (vii) *a.* "Finn mac Cumall's d Aine was Eochaid *doimhlén's* m. Ailech d. of Ubthaire *fionn* k. of Scotland, w. of Eochaid d., was m. of the three Collas:" cod. cit. 5 *b.* "Eochaid *doimh- daimh-lén*: for by not attempting

any portion of Ireland for himself (for Fiacha his br. never suffered him to do so) *ro damh* 'he consented' 'yielded' to have *lén* 'sorrow'; whence the poet [etc.]. Or: *domh-lén* = *dom*us p*lén*a, meaning that he had a house full of pledges:" K. 1 : 2 *c.* "Fiacha called *sraiphtine* i.e. it was a *sraibh* 'blaze' *teinedh* 'of fire' [flash of lightning] that struck his ships. Or: it was among the *úi Sraibhtine* in Connacht that he was reared. Or: they were showers of fire that used to occur in his time. Or: *roiphtine* = *gairge* 'roughness' 'fierceness,' so that F. r. = F. the fierce:" cod. cit. 3 : 2 *d.* "A.D. 276: Angus 'of the reckless spear' slain this year by Cairbre *lifechair's* sons i.e. Fiacha s. and Eochaid d.:" IV M PAGE 404:—(viii) "Felim *rechtaidh* 'the legist' [or *rechtmar* adj. 'the jurisprudent'], meaning that sentences based on law [as distinguished from the rough and ready kind] were what served his turn [i.e. he would have nought else]; for hitherto it had been 'talio [lex talionis]' with them, i.e. identical vengeance, as: eye for eye, foot for foot, hand for hand, and so on. For the extent therefore to which juridical sentences commended themselves to him he had that byname of 'legist':" K. 5 (ix) *a.* "Bresal *beolach* = *beo* 'lively' + *laech* 'warrior'; or [adj. *bélach* 'mouthed'] because he had a large *bél* 'mouth':" cod. cit. 2 *b* : 2 *b.* "A.D. 435: seventh year of Laeghaire s. of Niall IX H. Bresal *bélach* s. of Cahir *mór's* s. Fiacha *aicidh*, k. of Leinster, died:" IV M PAGE 407:—(x) "A.D. 241: massacre of the maids at *Claenfherta* in Tara, by Dunlang mac Enna *nia* k. of Leinster; thirty royal maidens their number, and a hundred girls with each of them. Twelve great chiefs of Leinster did Cormac in vengeance of that massacre smite in single combat, together with stringent reimposition of the Boromean tribute, plus its increment after Tuathal:" *ibid.* (xi) "A.D. 405: Niall IX H. s. of Eochaid m.m. having ruled Ireland for twenty-seven years, by the hand of Eochaid s. of Enna *cennselach* he fell at *muir nIocht* 'the Iccian sea': that which is betwixt France and England:" *ibid.* PAGE 408:—(xii) *a.* "Bridget d. of Cobhtach mac Ailill of *ard Ladhrann*, of Leinster, w. of Ainmire mac Setna, was m. of Aedh mac Ainmirech, of Teigine and of bp. Aidan:" BB. 285 *β* *b.* "Either *Lann* or *Meall*, d. of Aedh *guaire* k. of Oriel and w. of A. mac Ainmirech, was m. of Maelcobha the cleric and of Donall mac Aedh [and that Lann was m. of Faelchu *fuamain* s. of Airmedach k. of Meath: BB. 285*β*]:" K. 5 *b* (xiii) "Feidelm d. of Felim *finnliath* s. of Cobhtach s. of Dathi s. of Fiachra [s. of Eochaid m.m.] was m. of both Brandubh s. of Eochaid and Aidan s. of Gabhran:" *ibid.* PAGE 411:—(xiv) "Whence *bealach chon nGlais* 'Baltinglass'? Glas was seventh son of Donn *desa*, and fosterling to Ederscel *mór* k. of Ireland; in Tara he was reared, and both Ederscel and his s. Conaire had him as master of the hounds. When afterwards his brethren, on outlawry bound, were gone to join *Ingcél*, he with his hounds proceeded to the plain of Tara; here there came in his way a wild pig, which went southwards away before him and on to *bealach muccud*, where swine and hounds and Glas [in the final rally] perished all; hence the name. Seven sons of Donn *desa* they were: Fergair for sight; Ferlei for hearing; Fer . . for judgment; Lonma for comic business; Ferrogair for champions' feats; Fergel for single combat; Ferglas above for handling of hounds; as in the great book of Leinster's patronymics is recorded concerning their names, their habits, and their deeds:" BB. 369 *a* PAGE 415:—(xv) "Genealogy of the *úi Mháil* 'Imale': Maine *mál* mac Felim *fiorúrghlas* was br. to

Cahir *mór* i.e. they both were sons to the same Felim:" LL. 317 : 5 PAGE 416:—(xvi) "A.D. 582: fifteenth year of Aedh. Feradach mac Duach lord of Ossory slain by his own folk:" IV M PAGE 418:—(xvii) "A.D. 594: Aedh s. of Ainmire s. of Setna having reigned for twenty-seven years, by Brandubh s. of Eochaid he fell in the b. of Dunbolg in Leinster, whither he was come to lift the Tribute and to avenge Cumascach his s. on them. In said b. of Dunbolg there perished with Beg mac Cuanach, lord of Oriel, certain other *saerchlanna* 'free' i.e. 'noble progenies' as well. It was of Aedh's death that by the poet was uttered [etc]:" *ibid.* (xviii) "A.D. 601: the b. of Slaibre won by the *úi Néill* against Eochaid's s. Brandubh k. of Leinster, who by Saran *saebhderc*, Herenach of [the church] of *senboth Sine* 'Templeshanbo,' and by his own very tribe, was sl. there:" *ibid.* (xix) *a.* "Aedh *uairiodhnach*: because his *iodhna* 'spears' were *uar* 'cold'; for it was winter hostings that he practised. Or: they were *uara* 'fits' *einigh* 'of generosity' that used to attack him, in which he would have given away the world and all had he but had it at his discretion. Or again, *uara* they were that came on him in his sleep, when he would keep on saying: *creach* 'prey,' *coirm* 'ale':" K. 1 : 1 *b.* "Forcha mac Carthann's d. Brigh, w. of Donall *ilchealgach*, was m. of Aedh *uairiodhnach*:" cod. cit. 5 *b*

XXIX. PAGE 424:—(i) "Suibhne *meann* 'the stutterer': it was a *minne* 'impediment' he had in his utterance:" K. 4 : 1 *b.* "A.D. 610: Aedh mac Ainmirech's s. Maelcobha having reigned for three years, in the b. of Slievetoa he fell by Suibhne *meann*:" IV M PAGE 425:—(ii) *a.* "A.D. 526: Muiredach *muindearg's* s. Cairell k. of Ulidia died 585: Cairell's s. Baedan k. of Ulidia died 592: Suibhne's s. Black Aedh k. of Ulidia sl. by Baedan's s. Fiachna; by which Black A. it was that Dermot mac Cerbhall the k. fell 596: the b. of *Cúil chael* won by Fiachna mac Baedan against Fiachna mac Deman, the latter being routed utterly:" *ibid.* *b.* "Caintighern m. of Mongan was Fiachna mac Baedan's w.:" BB. 285 *β* (iii) *a.* "A.D. 551: by Deman mac Cairell and the *úi Echach* of the Ardes Fergna mac Angus k. of Ulidia was sl. in the b. of Drumclief 565: Deman, s. of Cairell k. of Ulidia, sl. by the *bachlachs* 'churls' of Boirenn:" IV M *b.* "Garbh d. of *Néillín* of the Kinelowen was m. of Fiachna mac Deman k. of Ulidia; whose w. Black Cumain, d. of Furudran mac Beice chief of the men of *Tuirtre*, was m. of *Dubh dá locha*; this last being w. of Mongan mac Fiachna, and m. of his two sons Conall and Colman:" BB. 285 *β* PAGE 426:—(iv) "A.D. 620: Mongan s. of Fiachna *lurgan* sl. with a stone by Arthur s. of Bicar, of the Britons; whence Beg of Boirche indited: 'cold over Islay sweeps the wind which reaches them then at Cantyre; by means of this they will do a heinous deed: will kill Fiachna's s. Mongan [etc.]':" IV M PAGE 428:—(v) "A.D. 622: b. of *leithed Midinn* in Drung won by F. mac Deman lord of *dál Fiatach* against F. mac Baedan k. of Ulidia; in which the latter was utterly routed, and perished 624: by Connadh *cerr* lord of *dál Riada* is won the b. of Ardcorran, in which F. mac Baedan k. of Ulidia is sl.:" *ibid.* (vi) "A.D. 623: Suibhne *meann* having reigned thirteen years, by Scannlan's s. Congal *claen* he fell on *tráigh Bréna* 'B.'s strand':" *ibid.* (vii) "*Dúinsech* was w. of Aedh mac Ainmirech's s. Donall; Maelcobha's w., and Suibhne *meann's*, I know not:" BB. 286 (viii) "the name of Cellach mac Maelcobha's w. was Dathnat:" *ibid.* (ix) "A.D. 640: first year of Conall *cael* and Cellach, sons of Aedh mac Ainmirech's

s. Maelchoba, over Ireland. Scannlan *mór* s. of Cennfaeladh, chief of Ossory, died:" IV M PAGE 429:—(x) "A.D. 617: b. of *Cenngubha* (or *Cennbughba*) won by Raghallach s. of Uada against Guaire *aidhne's* f. Colman mac Cobhtach, and Colman himself was sl. there:" *ibid.* PAGE 430:—(xi) "Muirenn d. of Maeldun mac Suibhne .m. Aedh .m. Garbhan .m. Tuathal *maelgharbh*, w. of Raghallach s. of Uada, was m. of his three sons: Fergus, Cellach, Cathal. The same was w. to Dermot s. of Aedh of Slaine as well:" BB. 285 *a* PAGE 431:—(xii) *a.* "Pedigree of the k. of Connacht: Raghallach mac Fuata [Uada] .m. Aedh .m. Eochaidh .m. Fergus .m. Muiredach *mál* .m. Eoghan *sreimh* .m. Duach *galach* .m. Brian .m. Eochaid m.m.:" LL. 383:6 *b.* "A.D. 645: Raghallach s. of Uada, k. of Connacht, sl. by Mothlachan's s. Maelbrighde on a Sunday precisely; whence [by the poet speaking for the slayer] was said: '. . like all the rest I have my share (for vengeance on Raghallach is a thing accomplished): his grey beard is in my hand, in Maelbrighde mac Mothlachan's:" IV M *c.* "Maelbrighde mac M.'s d. Cacht was Muiredach *muillethan's* w., and m. of his five sons: Innrechtach, Cathal, Conor, Connmach, Fothadh. Innrechtach's d. Medhb was m. of Niall *caille* [s. of Aedh *oirdnidhe* k. of Ireland; N. reigned 832—844]:" K. 5 *b* (xiii) "Deog, d. of Finghin mac Aedh and More of Munster, was w. of Laighnen mac Colman and afterwards w. to Guaire *aidhne* mac Colman. Guaire's d. Credh was w. of Muiredach mac Fergus, and again to Marcan mac Doman k. of Hy-Many. Guaire's d. Gelgheis was Cuchongeilt's w. Guaire's m. was Adhamar *dheilgnech* of the *Tradraighe* [in Thomond]:" BB. 285 *β* sq. (xiv) *a.* "Brea d. of Colman mac Nemann from *dún Suine* was m. of Dermot mac Cerbhall's s. Colman *beg*. Eithne d. of Brenann *dall* of Connacht was. m. of Dermot's s. Colman *mór*. Hæc quoque Ethnea uxor Aedi de Slania et sex ejusdem filiorum mater fuit, quorum nomina Diarmaid [cui ut supra Ethnea peperit Colmanum magnum], Dunchad, Maelbresail, Maelodair, Congal, Ailill. Sed et ipsius Aedi de Slania mater Ethnea nostra Brendani cæci filia. Aedh of Slaine's d. Ronat, Colman's w., was m. of Olioll and Maelduin:" *ibid.* *b.* "Ethnea f. Brendani cæci, mater Colmani magni f. Diarmitii *ruanaidh* dicti, necnon Aedi de Slania uxor, mater ejusdem filiorum sex [ut ante]. The m. of Conall and Blathmac, two other sons of Aedh of Slaine's, was Lann. His d. Ronnat was m. of Olioll and Maelduin:" K. 5 *b* PAGE 433:—(xv) "A.D. 645: b. of Carnconall won by Dermot against Guaire; in which were sl. the two Cuans: C. mac Enna k. of Munster, and Cuan mac Conall chief of the *úi Fidhgeinte*; Tolamhnach also, chief of the *úi Liatháin*; and Guaire was driven from the battle-field:" IV M PAGE 436:—(xvi) "A.D. 661: S. Cuimin *fada* mac Fiachna, bp. of *cluain ferta Bhrénainn* 'Clonfert,' died on the twelfth d. of November 662: Colman's s. Guaire of Aidhne, k. of Connacht, died. The same m. Guaire and Caeimin of Inishcaltra had, as was indited: 'Cuman daughter of *Dallbhrónach* was Caeimin's mother, Guaire's too; seventy and seven children they were that of her had their birth':" *ibid.* PAGE 437:—(xvii) *a.* "Oena [Aenna, Enna] *ú Laighse* .m. Berach .m. Domongart .m. Barr [here eight to] Lughaid *laighse* .m. Laighsech *cennmhór* s. of Conall *cernach*:" LL. 349:4 *b.* "A.D. 569: S. Oenna *mac ú Laighse*, abbot of Clonmacnoise, died:" IV M PAGE 440:—(xviii) "Dervorgilla d. of Conaing mac Olioll of Leinster, and Conchann d. of Conghal *cennfhada* of Ulidia, were wives of Finnachta *fledach* s. of Dun-

chadh s. of Aedh of Slaine:" K. 5*b* PAGE 441:—(xix) "A.D. 693: Finnachta F. [etc.] having reigned for twenty years, by Aedh s. of Dluthach s. of Ailill s. of Aedh of S., chief of the *Fir chúl*, and by Conghalach s. of Conaing s. of Conghal s. of Aedh of S., at *greallach Dolluidh* he fell in battle; wherein Finnachta's s. Bresal likewise perished with his f.:" IV M (xx) "Pedigree of the k. of Kinelconall: . . Loingsech .m. Angus .m. Donall .m. Aedh .m. Ainmirech .m. Setna .m. Fergus .m. Conall *gulban* .m. Niall IX H.:" LL. 338*β* PAGE 442:—(xxi) "A.D. 743: Cellach of Cualann's d. and Irghalach's w., Muirenn, died:" IV M PAGE 443:—(xxii) "A.D. 681: eighth year of Finnachta. Dunchadh of Murrisk s. of Maeldubh, k. of Connacht, slain. The b. of Corann, in which were sl. Blathmac's s. Colga, and Fergus mac Maeldun chief of Kinelcarbery 701: Loingsech .m. Angus .m. Donall having reigned for eight years, in the b. of Corann he was sl. by Cellach of *loch Cime*, s. of Raghallach mac Fuada. With him fell his three sons: Artghal, Connachtach, Flann *gerrg*; there were killed Colcen's two sons also, with Dubhdibherg mac Dunghal, Fergus *forcraith*, Conall *gabhra* [a quo the Hy-Conallgaura], and other noble scions besides. It was Conall *meann* mac Cairbre that indited these quatrains, which were proximate cause of the battle [etc. as in text]:" *ibid.* PAGE 444:—(xxiii) "A.D. 703: Raghallach's s. Cellach k. of Connacht, after he had embraced a religious life, died. Adamnan s. of Ronan, abbot of Columbkill's Iona, † September 23 after being twenty-six years abbot and having completed seventy-seven years of age. And a good man, according to the venerable Bede's testimony, the holy Adamnan was: for he was given to tears and penance, was diligent, a faster, temperate; for excepting on Sunday and on Thursday he never took meat at all. To these virtues he made a slave of himself, and moreover was wise and skilled in complete understanding of the holy scripture:" *ibid.* PAGE 445:—(xxiv) "A.D. 705: Conghal of Kinnaweer s. of Fergus of Fanad having ruled Ireland for seven years, he died of a one hour's sudden attack of illness:" *ibid.*

XXXI. PAGE 453:—(i) "A.D. 539: beheading of Abacuc in the Convention of Taillte, by miracle of God and S. Kieran. It was perjury he uttered under Kieran's hand, and an ulcer broke out in his neck (for there it was that Kieran's hand had lain) and his head fell off him:" IV M

Notes and Corrections.

P. v, Ir., l. 7, for *dúithche* leg. *dúthaig*; l. 25, for *i ndéidhenaighe do'n ló* leg. *do'n ló i ndéidhenaighe.*

P. vi, Ir., l. 37, after *béarla* leg. *gan bhlas.*

P. vii, Ir., l. 9, after *neamhshuim* leg. *dá ndéantaoi*; l. 10, after *do chúiteamh* leg. *go flúirseach*; l. 27, for *in Lebar brec* leg. *lebar Baile in mhóta.*

P. viii, Ir., ll. 8, 9, for *in Lebar brec* leg. *lebar Baile in mhóta.*

P. 1, l. 5, for *eastern* leg. *western.*

P. 2, l. 22. [Celestinus I.] Germanum antisiodorensem episcopum in Britanniam mittit, qui de turbatis hæreticis insulares ad catholicam fidem redigeret; misit et ad Scothos Christi fidem optantes Palladium quem et ipse consecrauerat. Huius certe atque suorum opera magna pars occidentis ad veram Christi fidem conuersa est (Joh. Platina, Hystoria de vitis Pontificum periucunda, Lugd.: Gilbert de Villiers, 1512) Germanum in Britanniam, Palladium in Scotiam et Patricium cum quodam Segetio in Hyberniam, ut Pelagianas hæreses extirparent, episcopos misit (Joh. Baleus, Acta Romanorum Pontificum, Basil.: Joh. Oporinus, 1563).

ibid., l. 29, 'at such well [etc.]' i.e. at a well of the kind called *uarán.* Cod. Kilk. has: adi fontem in medio Hiberniæ, in confinio australium et aquilonensium Hibernensium, qui vocatur Fuaran.

P. 3, l. 6. Quod cymbalum 'Bardan (forte *bodhrán* i.e. mutum) Kierani' vocatur (*ibid.*).

ibid., l. 16, evidently some words have fallen out here. Fons vero ille in confinio prouinciarum (*alias* partium) Hiberniæ constat; sed tamen in australi plaga, et regione Mumeniæ (*sic*), videlicet in plebe quæ vocatur Hele (*ibid.*).

P. 4, l. 5, for 'was instant' leg. 'constrained' or 'forced'; where cod. Kilk. is fuller: Hæc sciens pater Kieranus alium monachum vel discipulum, i.e. Broccum, post vulpem in eremum misit ut fratrem ad locum suum reduceret. Broccus autem cum esset peritus in sylvis ad verbum magistri sui illico obediens perrexit et recto itinere ad speluncam fratris vulpis peruenit; et veniens ad eum volentem ficones domini comedere duas aures eius et caudam abscidit et pilos eius carpsit, et coegit secum venire ad monasterium suum ut ageret pœnitentiam ibi pro facto suo.

ibid., lin. penult., 'chief of Hy-Fiachrach' wanting in cod. Kilk.

ibid., l. 24, for 'Braus' of ms. leg. 'Ibarus.'

P. 5, l. 6. Nisi in sequentis diei initio vox ciconiæ excitauerit me a somno . . nutu Dei ciconia in castello cantabat (cod. Kilk.). Si per vocem cuculi me mane cras de sompno feceris excitari . . ecce cuculus vociferat in culmine cujusque domus (cod. Salm. 808).

ibid., l. 29, 'earthly,' i.e. fleeting (ind. B s. v. *talmaidhe*).

P. 7, l. 5, for 'summoned' leg. 'threatened.'

P. 6, Ir., ll. 10, 14, here and elsewhere for *bhérfaidh* leg. *bhéraidh.*

P. 8, l. 35. Die quadam S. Kieranus expandit syndonem mundum supra veprem moros multum habentem (cod. Kilk.) Uno enim dierum aptumnalium veprem quandam mora pulcerrima ferentem conspiciens mundo velamine lini circumdedit (cod. Salm. 811).

P. 10, Ir., l. 11, here and elsewhere for *díbferg* leg. *díberg*.

P. 11, l. 25, for *Abacus* and *India* of ms. leg. *Abacuc*, *Judea*: Erat autem Habacuc propheta in Judæa . . dixitque Angelus Domini ad Habacuc: fer prandium quod habes in Babylonem Danieli qui est in lacu leonum . . et apprehendit eum Angelus Domini in vertice ejus, et portavit eum capillo capitis sui, posuitque eum in Babylone supra lacum in impetu spiritus sui (Daniel. xiv. 32, 33, 35) Nam angelus eam [Lasram virginem] sursum tanquam alterum Abacuc levavit atque ad suam perduxit regionem (cod. Salm. 202) Et ecce angeli venientes elevaverunt eum [sanctum Edanum] instar Abacuc prophete (466) Et sic tanquam alterum Abacuc, non tamen cum pulmento sed cum lapide grandi, deferunt eum [sanctum Cuannetheum] per aera usque ad terre sue nativa litora (931) Qui [i.e. Deus] Abachuc prophetam ad solatium Danielis a Judea in Babilonem transmisit . . . (935).

P. 16, Ir., l. 20, defective; leg. *tré ghrádh óil ná daoinechta*, or some such.

P. 19, l. 35, leg. 'she brought forth at *Airedh bairr*.' MD mentions eight places called *Airedh* (gen. *airidh*, dat. *airiudh*), seven being distinguished by a dep. gen., and one by an adj. (ind. B).

P. 20, Ir., l. 23 (also p. 21, l. 17), for *Chonaill*, ms. *connaill*, leg. *chonnail*.

P. 20, l. 6, supply 'to excess'; the reading is *inmar* [*inmár*] certainly.

ibid., l. 21. *Min* 'meal,' *fuinim* 'I knead,' are exemplified in the familiar adage: *is furus fuinedh inaice na mine* i.e. ''tis easy kneading alongside the meal.'

P. 21, l. 16. 'Half and one over' is a stock phrase meaning 'fully half'; often used in collocations similar to this.

P. 21, Ir., lin. ult., ms. *is ba maith* [etc.].

P. 25, Ir., ll. 13, 15, for *íbhair* leg. *Ibhair*; l. 25, ms. *frisi nabar*.

P. 25, l. 20, after 'taken from him' add: 'As for the same king, it was people he had leading him to shew him the way until he reached his house.'

P. 26, Ir., l. 40, ms. *léig dam in ferann gan imshníom*.

P. 27, Ir., l. 2, ms. *co roibe*.

P. 28, Ir., l. 4, ms. *dognid*, leg. *dognith*; l. 23, ms. *dorighni*.

P. 29, Ir., l. 34, ms. *roither*.

P. 32, Ir., l. 31, in *duinebádh* omit accent.

P. 31, l. 20, after *baclámh* add: 'Dermot mac Cerbhall's *gilla*.'

P. 32, l. 11, leg. 'nor for a distance of seven feet from it in every direction.'

P. 35, Ir., lin. ult. of poetry, for *biathra* leg. *briathra*; l. 36, for *bfetr* leg. *bfert*; lin. ult. for *chaba* leg. *chába*.

P. 36, Ir., l. 29, *ní mó* [etc.] is corrupt, but the meaning is evident; leg. perhaps *ní mó iná sgabhala ráinic leo do dhénam i noeninadh acu*.

P. 37, Ir., l. 14, delete '(*sic*)'; l. 34, leg. *lethchoss*; lin. penult., ms. *indainm*.

P. 37, l. 8, lit. 'poverty would need succour.'

P. 39, Ir., l. 9, leg. *reithe*; l. 11, ms. *immuin*.

P. 40, Ir., l. 5, leg. *raithin*; *ráithín* is 'a little rath,' *raithin* 'fern,' 'a ferny place.'

P. 38, l. 17, 'how near [etc.]' i.e. now that I have seen thee I care not how soon I die; l. 23, leg. *Raithin*, Rahen.

P. 40, Ir., l. 30, ms. *an bid aine*; l. 36, ms. *diadndechaid.*

P. 41, Ir., l. 17, leg. *saethar*; l. 18, *mo lái* is a guess; the whole page is more or less corrupt and defective.

P. 42, Ir., l. 9, leg. *seinLianán*; lin. ult. defective.

P. 42, l. 14, 'is a mere [etc.],' lit. 'is but a booley that is betrayed,' a figure taken from the old predatory life (ind. C s. v. *buaile*).

P. 43, Ir., l. 11, leg. *andiu*; l. 24, for *otharcongal* of ms. leg. *ót fhorcomul*; lin. antepen., ms. *nacoimtinol.*

P. 42, lin. penult., for 'even though [etc.]' leg. 'because from this thine obligation [thus laid on me] I may not be freed, exempted.'

P. 45, Ir., l. 18, leg. *do'n*; l. 23, for *nac* leg. *nach.*

P. 46, Ir., l. 24, leg. *mo nuall*; l. 32, leg. *in nt*; lin. ult., leg. *ris.*

P. 45, lin. penult., 'the tokens [etc.]': Quindecim signa ante diem iudicii. Ieronimus in animalibus libris hebreorum inuenit .xv. signa .xv. dierum ante diem iudicii, sed vtrum continui futuri sint sicut dies illi an interpolati non expressit. Prima die eriget se mare .xl. cubitus super altitudinem montium, stans in loco suo quasi murus. Secundo tantum descendet vt vix videri possit. Tertio marine bestie apparentes super mare dabunt rugitus vsque ad celum. Quarto mare ardebit et aque. Quinto ruent edificia. Septimo petre adinuicem collidentur. Octavo generalis fiet terremotus. Nono equabitur terra. Decimo exibunt homines de cauernis et ibunt velut amentes et non poterunt loqui. Undecimo surgent ossa mortuorum et stabunt supra sepulchra. Duodecimo cadent stelle. Tertio decimo morientur homines viuentes tunc, vt cum mortuis resurgant. Quartodecimo ardebit celum et terra secundum superficies terre et aeris. Quintodecimo fiet celum nouum et terra noua et resurgent omnes; vnde Gregorius in omelia illius euuangelii: erunt signa et prodigia etc. . . (Speculum Christianorum multa bona continens, Parisius: Claude Iaumar, 1497, f. xlvi *b*).

P. 46, l. 3, after 'body' add: 'on that day, and in the place where shall be neither opposition [dissension] nor ending;' l. 12, *caire* of ms. is more likely to stand for *coire* 'cauldron' than for *cuire* 'band,' 'gang,' cf. e cont. *boile* (frequent in northern mss.) for *baile* 'town,' not for *buile* 'madness.' That a utensil of the kind is apposite here, the following (told to me long ago, with much else, to lighten a mile or two of the road) will show: a beggar of the right old sort on circuit enters the parson's kitchen and, after seating himself, demands a refection as of right; the servant-girl conveys the message, and the parson, who is at dinner but forgets that 'tis Friday, sends down to the *duine bocht uasal* or 'poor gentleman' a cut from his joint. On theological grounds this is returned peremptorily, and the parson commissions the girl with:—

B eir sgéla uaim go dtí an nduine sin
ós tu as deirionaighe bhí ag labhairt leis.
N ach í an fheoil théidheann go hiffernn
acht na croidhtheacha bhíos fallsa!

i.e. "From me to that man (since you it was that last had speech of

him) convey the intelligence that not the flesh meat is that which goes to Hell, but such hearts as are false."

The *bacach* sends her back immediately with the stanza completed:—

B eirse sgéla uaimse go dtí an ministir
ós duitse as usa labhairt leis.
G o bfuil coire mór i nifernn
agus ministridhe ag damhsa ann

i.e. "From *me* to the minister (since for *you* 'tis the most easy to have speech of him) do *you* convey the news that in Hell there's a big cauldron and ministers a-dancing in it [i.e. on the boil]!"

Such is *freagra an bhacaig ghaodhlaig ar an ministir* 'the Irish beggar's retort on the minister.'

P. 46, l. 13. With the state of things predicted here cf. a burlesque on *comhairle na bardscolóige dá mhac* 'the Poet-farmer's advice to his son,' otherwise *an teagasc ríogdha* 'the royal doctrine' as it is humorously called sometimes (see Cormac mac Airt's to his son Cairbre, LL. 343*a*):—

S machtaig t'athair i nam.
ná tuig gur fearr é ná thu féin!
aonfhocal ar a mbiadh blas ná greann.
ná tigeadh amach as do bhéal

i.e. "Discipline your father in good time; never suppose him to be better than yourself; a single well-savoured word, or one fraught with wit, never let such a thing issue from your mouth."

ibid., l. 31, leg. 'perfections.'

P. 47, l. 33, leg. 'Rahen.'

P. 47, Ir., l. 21, leg. *raithin.*

P. 48, l. 14, after 'chaste,' add: 'yea, though but once she visited a priest it were a great sin;' the orig. is defective here, but that seems to be the sense of *nó dono aenadall sacairt* standing isolated.

P. 48, Ir., l. 22, here *collus* is obscure; the whole paragraph is damaged.

P. 49, l. 25, 'Thus Antichrist [etc.]': De antichristo. Antichristus in magna Babilone de meretrice generis Dan nascetur. In matris vtero replebitur diabolo; in corporeis maliciis nutrietur; vniuerso orbi imperabit. Totum genus humanum sibi quatuor modis subiugabit. Uno modo nobiles sibi diuiciis arcesset que sibi maxime affluent, quia omnis abscondita pecunia erit sibi manifesta. Secundo modo sibi vulgus subdet terrore, quia maxima seuicia in dei cultores furiet. Tertio modo sapientia et incredibili eloquentia clerum obtinebit, quia omnes artes et omnem scripturam memoriter sciet. Quarto modo mundi contemptores, vt sunt monachi, signis et prodigiis fallet. Faciet enim stupenda signa et prodigia, vt videretur ignem descendere et aduersarios coram se consumere, et mortuos surgere et sibi testimonium dare; sed non suscitabit mortuos vere, sed diabolus eius maleficio corpus alicuius mortui damnati intrabit et illud apportabit et per illud loquetur quasi viuum videatur, ut dicitur: in omnibus signis et prodigiis mendacibus. Hunc Iudei ex toto orbe venientes summo loco suscipient; sed per predicationem Enoch et Helie ad christianam religionem ibunt, et omnes pene durum martirium subibunt. Hic monarchiam per tres annos et dimidium obtinebit, deinde tentorium

suum ad expugnandum iustos in monte Oliucti extendet, in quo inuenietur subita morte mortuus, spiritu oris domini et iussu dei interfectus, ut dicitur: præcipitabit dominus inclitum vniuersi orbis in monte sancto (Spec. Christ. f. xlvi).

P. 50, l. 22, 'to the sword's edge' lit. 'under mouth of sword,' an idiom which it hardly seems needful to account a Hebraism derived through the Latin scriptures, as: Fugavitque Josue Amalec et populum ejus in ore gladii (Exod. xvii. 13). Presently the edge of an axe is *béal tuaighe*, its 'mouth'; the back is *cúl tuaighe*, its 'poll'; the flat, *slinn tuaighe* (ind. C s. v.).

P. 50, Ir., l. 16, *meirgedha* 'standards'; John O'Donnell of Athlacca, county Limerick († in late fifties), writing Teigue O'Conor's elegy in 1807 says, st. 14: *is dochím san leirg chugham meirge an éaga* i.e. "and Death's standard I discern toward me in the way."

ibid., l. 25. In med. MSS. *imrim lámh* 'I ply hand,' *sínim lámh* 'I put forth hand,' are the regular phrases for 'I operate surgically'; l. 36, here *ní gébat fri cath* does not admit of lit. tr.; it has the same meaning as in *nocho ragaib Finn rá ech* (Finn and the Phantoms, quat. 81), where render: 'Finn never took a pull at his horse.' To 'pull' a horse in a race, and to 'pull him up,' are quite two things.

P. 52, Ir., l. 25, leg. *comad ann sin tánaic.*

P. 53, Ir., l. 14, leg. *acallaim.*

P. 54, Ir., l. 34, *deirrid* 'private,' 'secret': with Irish physicians the short tract called 'Arcanum Hippocratis' or 'Hippocratis Capsula Eburnea' is *deirredas*, *diorradas*, *Ipocráit* (Ir. Cat., p. 265 sq.).

P. 58, l. 36, leg. 'the red hound [i.e. mighty wolf].' This bit (Ir. p. 56, l. 21), in which for *brécaire* 'deceiver' leg. *brecaire* 'yelper' as printed originally, is illustrated by some glosses given in P. O'Connell's MS. Ir. Dict.: (i) "*brecaire .i. senach*, a name given to a fox, signifying 'a barker' or 'yelper,' ex. *tánaic ó dhrom maic Dair* [*an*] *brecaire .i. an cú ruadh do bíodh fa phort na hinnse*: Old Vellum" [our passage, from LB. presumably] (ii) "*brecairecht*, the barking or yelping of a fox, [exx.] *α. maic tíre ag brecairecht .i. logóirecht* [i.e. 'wolves yelping, making ululation'] *β. senaig bhega ag brecairecht chugam agus uaim teichimse re a bfuaim* [i.e. as little foxes advance on me and then retreat, with yelping all the time, at their noise I flee away]: *buile Shuibne* [S.'s Madness, a tale]." The reasons for which in the face of this, and of *ruadh* 'red,' the animal has been taken='wolf,' not 'fox,' are briefly these: adj. *breac* as applied to sound means of a broken, jerky, tripping or staccato character, suitable therefore to either fox or wolf (ante ii *αβ*); *cú*, *cú allaidh*, *cú allta*, *faelchú*, mean 'wolf,' never 'fox'; while use of *ruadh* 'rufus' (either in composition or otherwise) in the secondary sense of 'strong,' 'mighty,' 'fierce,' is manifold and frequent where it does not and cannot mean actual colour (ind. C s. v.), and this springs from the medieval association of 'red' with the notion of strength, courage, etc. (abundant in med. works). Sometimes it is, like *dubh* 'black,' a mere intensitive, cf. Hiberno-eng. 'the black North'='le fin fond du Nord'; 'a black Tory,' 'a black Whig,' and so on. Lastly: it is evident that the *cú ruadh* of p. 59, l. 16 (Ir. p. 57, l. 1), stands neither in apposition nor as a parallel, but in contrast, to the immediately preceding *sionnach* 'fox' (ind. C s. v. *coinfiadh*).

P. 57, Ir., l. 16, for ms. dat. *d'fior idan* metre demands gen. *fir idain.*

P. 58, Ir., l. 4, here prep. *for* = 'for the sake of'; l. 39, leg. *airdEogain.*

P. 59, Ir., lin. penult., leg. *láimsen.*

P. 60, Ir., l. 8, *mac Sláine* is very unusual; l. 29, leg. *ocá hiarraid.*

P. 61, Ir., l. 34, for *oea* leg. *ocá.*

P. 61, ll. 19, 23, 'is as good [etc.],' leg. 'shall fall.'

P. 63, Ir., lin. ult., defective, leg. *sídh do dénam dá mhuintir ocus Dúrlas aice féin*, or the like.

P. 64, Ir., lin. antepen., leg. *insedaib.*

P. 65, Ir., l. 21, leg. *choemChellaig.*

P. 66, l. 32, or leg. ''tis blithe to think of them.'

P. 68, l. 12, leg. 'a parricidal deed of treachery' (ind. C s.v. *aill*); l. 22, 'backward houses' i.e. he was no solitary banqueter and toper.

P. 69, l. 8, leg. 'churches shall fall.'

P. 66, Ir., l. 28, *glaslaith* 'young men,' more lit. 'green hands,' a fem. noun of number formed from *glas* 'green,' as from *én* 'bird' comes *énlaith*, gen. *na hénlaithe*; *glasradh* on the other hand, of a more usual collective formation, means 'greenstuff,' 'vegetables.' In IV M ad an. 1256 O'Donovan renders *glaslaith* by 'recruits.'

ibid., l. 30 sqq., for *Seanán*, expanded from ms. *Sean-* and inadvertently allowed to stand, read *Seanach*; and the excuse must be that, whereas for many years S. Senan's tutelage was extended to me in the parish of *cill tSenáin léith* 'Kiltannanlea,' I have had no dealings with S. Senach. The former Saint's name having been printed however, some notice of him could not well be omitted from the Extracts.

P. 67, Ir., l. 22, *a niurt* = *as niurt*, not *i niurt.*

P. 68, Ir., l. 7, *beither* (see p. 75, l. 14) is impers. fut., passive in form, of verb subst.: pres. *atáthar*, pret. *ro bás*; and *beith fútha* (lit. 'to be under them') = 'to *under*take them,' 'become responsible for them.'

P. 72, Ir., in quat., for *Sreath* leg. *sreath*; for *rib*, *Rib.*

P. 71, l. 36, 'adjuring [etc.],' lit. 'after the steward had implored God's name against him.'

P. 74, l. 1, 'the thigh [etc.],' a phrase frequent in MSS., seems to indicate a kneeling on one knee in presence of a superior.

P. 76, l. 29, after 'cleric' add 'then.'

P. 77, l. 9, 'Hy-Conall' is merely a convenient rendering of the scribe's fancy *Conallaib*, dat. pl. of no. pro. *Conall*, in lieu of collective *Conaille* 'the race of Conall [*cernach*]' settled in Muirtheimne; l. 22, lit. 'he [the k.] himself comes against him to *cnoc Bracáin* [not *Brecáin* as printed] and there tarried, whence [etc.]'; where *iconínaidhe* must be an economical (not necessarily careless, nor ignorant) writing of *ic comnaidhe*, like *laisin* = *lais sin*, p. 81 lin. ult.; this latter meaning 'in the act of tarrying' or 'halting,' while the former means 'always,' e.g. the common adage: *más cam dírech sé an bóthar mór as mó comhgar i gcomhnaidhe* i.e. "crooked or straight, 'tis the high road that's the shortest cut always." A third use is: *bim am chomhnaidhe* = *comhnaighim* 'I dwell,' *bíonn sé ina chomhnaidhe* 'he dwells,' etc.

ibid., l. 19, for ms. *inbacucc* leg. *Ambacuc* = *Abacuc*; cf. *tombac* of the northern half and Highlands, as against *tobac* of Munster, accent as in germ.

'tabak'; l. 31, *lith* = *leith* (as *bith* = *beith*, *lis* = *leis*, etc.) represents the northern half's utterance: a peculiarity the great age of which, and of many others (flexional and phonetic) characterising various districts, it would be easy to demonstrate from MSS. Here however the much decried native would have to come in, and scientific theorists pure and simple would find themselves on slippery ground.

P. 79, l. 25, for lit. 'in' leg. rather 'at' *bruidhen Dáchoga* 'D.'s fort,' and understand 'on the site of it,' which was in W. Meath; the tale bearing that title belongs to Conor mac Nessa's cycle, its period circ. A.D. 33.

P. 75, Ir., l. 10, leg. *marbadsom*; l. 24 sq., the matter in [ ] is simple offspring of scribal sportiveness, and absolutely devoid of all interest whether philological or phonetic, unless indeed one grasp at the solitary microscopic fact that *áirie* gives the aspirationless northern pron. of *áirithe*. Some bits of the kind are much longer and, where contextual help is little or nil, constitute veritable puzzles; this one is a very mild affair, the only word left dubious (and that purposely, through abbreviation) being *qur-*, where the snake in the grass apparently is a play on *curadh* (ind. C s. v. *cur*) and *cú ruadh* as printed. The Gillariach mac Teigue O'Clery (Harl. 5280), fl. 1460, and Donall O'Davoren (Eg. 88) a century later, were great hands at this game. Of the same kind is a feature in some pieces of (inter alia) Eg. 1782: the substitution of *i* for *a* in certain collocations specified in Irische Texte III. i, p. 234. Here is no trace whatever of dialect; the raison d'être lies in what Zimmer calls the 'stark expiratorischer accent,' which can be traced back so far, and so early was at work fusing and obliterating case-endings, etc. Thus in the scribe's time, and long before, def. art. *in* had in common parlance become *an*; prep. *i*, *a*; he then (to amuse himself) reversed the process and in divers junctures wrote *i* for *a*, where the scientists are implored 'ergebenst' to believe that since Ireland was Ireland no man ever pronounced so, unless perchance the Gael may have possessed some prototype of Dick Swiveller with his famous: "is the old *min* friendly?"

P. 76, Ir., l. 1, leg. *con toidecht* = *co dtoidecht*; where, as in so many cases (p. 81, l. 8), interchange of *g* and *d* is merely phonetic, shewing that the writer aspirated the letter; thus incorrect (or skittish) scribes will put *a ghún* for *a dhún* 'his fort,' *a dhort* for *a ghort* 'his field,' but not *a gún* for *a dún* 'her fort,' nor *a dort* for *a gort* 'her field.'

ibid., l. 15, no need to read nom. *Senach*, but gen. *Senaigh* for ms. *Senaidh* (see prec. rem.). After *epscop* this gen. of the name (as it were 'episcopus Johannis' for 'episcopus Johannes') is freq. in LL., etc. This is an extension of that idiom (much used by the people in speaking English) which gives *amadán fir* 'a fool of a man' = 'a foolish fellow,' *togha marcaigh* 'a choice of a horseman' = 'a choice horseman,' and so on; cf. fam. fr. 'une drôle d'histoire,' 'farceur de Jacques.' etc.

P. 77, Ir., l. 24, leg. *scithlim*. Dermot's vision above recalls Nebuchadnezzar's, Dan. iv.

P. 79, Ir., l. 11, *a cinaidh* = *i gcinaidh*.

P. 81, Ir., l. 6, ms. *noeghoidechta*, bad spelling for *noeighedechta*; l. 9, according to Irische Texte III. i, p. 223, *tar mo shárugad* is 'an idiomatic phrase'; add this explanation: *sáraighim*, the fundamental notion of

which is 'excess' (cf. fr. 'excéder'), means 'I override,' 'outrage,' 'violate,' whether physically in any way, or by disregard of another's rights and privileges; verbal noun *sárughadh*, *sárachadh*, coupled with poss. pron. or dep. gen., means such outraging etc. of a person, sanctuary, or any thing capable of being so treated; when therefore by A a given end cannot be attained without doing a *sárughadh* of some sort on C, such necessary violence is conceived of as an obstacle in A's way and, should he nevertheless persevere to success, he is said to do so *dar sárughadh C* 'over [in spite of] violence to C,' where simple prep. *dar* 'trans' conveys the notion of *over*coming, *sur*passing, *tra*versing, as Leander did the Hellespont and a French 'sportmans' does his 'banquette Irlandaise' (see p. 86, lin. antepen.). A common saying is: *ní féidir an seanfhocal do shárughadh* i.e. "you cannot go beyond a proverb," or "it is not possible to beat a proverb."

P. 87, l. 35, for 'Dermot said now [etc.]' leg. 'True it is, said Dermot: Beg's prophecy and the magicians' was uttered for my violent death, and on me complete penance is inflicted: this is indeed my house. Out with us, young men!

P. 82, Ir., in foliation of MS. for '52 *b* : 1' leg. '52 *a*'; l. 9, leg. *chlaoinferta*; l. 20, *cára* = *córa* 'rights,' as *mára* = *móra*.

P. 83, Ir., in foliation of MS. for '52 *b* : 2' leg. '52 *β*'; l. 22, leg. *Bric*; l. 26, *com chirtisea* or *comchirtisea* it stands in the facs.; presumably Windisch gets *comchirtsea* from the MS.; one is about as obscure as the other: the meaning is evident, but what is the construction?

ibid., l. 35, for ms. *methla* leg. *m'fethla*.

P. 90, l. 15, 'by me a use [etc.]': a stopgap, leg. 'by me my *fethals* [reliquaries, shrines, and such] shall be made of him'; l. 17, for 'and in addition [etc.]' leg. 'and he shall excel [lit. increase over] his brethren'; in note, for 'fourteen' leg. 'fifteen.'

P. 86, Ir., l. 26, for ms. *innis* leg. *inis*; the *nn* of gen. *innse* (recte *inse*) merely marks a nicety of pronunciation, as *ll* in *gallra* pl. of *galar* 'disease.'

P. 87, Ir., l. 11, *minn*, recte *mionn*, in secondary sense means a 'relic' (as being generally enclosed in some costly case or shrine), and hence again 'an oath,' i.e. sworn on such relics. A much used adage is: *tar éis na mionn as fearr na mná* i.e. "'tis after their oaths that the women are at their best," meaning that the harder they swear not to do a thing the harder they'll do it, and vice versa.

P. 90, Ir., l. 34, for ms. *ó hoin* leg. *ó shoin*.

P. 91, Ir., l. 7, leg. *i núib*; l. 15, scribe means *adibios*, *ibios*, recte *atibes*, *ibes*; and l. 24, *feimiun*, *teimiul*.

P. 92, Ir., l. 13. A certain phonetic similarity between the words *aghaidh* 'face,' *adhaigh* 'night,' *aidhedh* 'violent death,' tempted some scribes to ring the changes on them; quite as though one should print: 'would it be write for a playrite to right a book on the wrights of the Church?' Our joker makes his colophon read (to the eye): 'the above is Cormac's Panegyric and Finn's Face;' l. 24, leg. *muir[bfit]he*.

P. 97, l. 14, for 'former' leg. 'latter.'

P. 93, Ir., l. 6, *cradd* is a purely arbitrary writing for *crand*, *crann* 'tree.'

P. 94, Ir., l. 16, for *á* leg. *a*.

P. 95, Ir., l. 11, *senrua* metri gratia for *senruadh*, meaning here 'old and rusty' in sense of 'time- and weather-worn'; l. 33, *demhna* as nom. pl. for *demhain*, cf. *copána* for *copáin* (p. 97, l. 1), and *ethra* for *ethair* 'boats' (L. of S. Senan: ed. Stokes, l. 2227).

P. 96, Ir., l. 9, *lochtobar*, rendered lit. 'loch-well,' means a spring that develops a considerable pool; *tobar fuaráin* 'a cooling-well' is one such sufficing for cattle to stand in it up to their bellies in summer.

P. 97, Ir., l. 5, *á láin do'n lionn* lit. 'their [the horns'] respective fulls of ale': the universal expression 'give me the full of it,' and such like (applied to measures of capacity), always seems to divert the English very much, their idiom here being 'give it to me full,' 'let me have it full.' Elsewhere however they make a similar use of the adj., e.g. 'he was in the thick of it,' 'he fired into the brown of them' i.e. let drive into the still compact covey, instead of waiting to pick his bird.

P. 98, Ir., l. 2, for *cánas* here and there leg. either *canas* or *can as*; the first (representing present quantity) should be written *cá nas* as pronounced, quite differently from *cán as*.

P. 99, Ir., l. 6, to *Nemhna*, where the vellum is gone, add (within the bracket) *inn* (see p. 110, l. 30).

P. 101, Ir., ll. 10, 13, for *meic* leg. *mac* (in app. with *Scannlán*).

P. 103, Ir., l. 14, *na nabusach*, obscure to me.

P. 104, Ir., l. 26, for *corra* 'round' one would have expected the usual *corcra* 'red,' meaning the rich colour of full-ripe hazel-nuts and filberts.

P. 105, Ir., l. 14, for ms. *aghaid* 'face' leg. *adhaig* 'night'; context and translation together sufficing to secure the reader against misconception, such further cases of this uninteresting interchange as have to the disfigurement of the text been allowed to stand will not be noticed in detail.

P. 109, Ir., l. 27 (p. 118, l. 7), for *ú Móir* leg. *Umóir*.

P. 114, Ir., l. 10, ms. *brecaire*, but the accent has been added because the context indicates that this stag used to exercise a *brécairecht* on the Fianna, inasmuch as he lured or wheedled them away on a wild-goose chase; those who prefer *brecaire* may refer to note ad p. 56, l. 21.

ibid., *liath* has been preferred to ms. *luath* because that is the deer's name p. 115, l. 3, where unfortunately the metre does not decide which is right; l. 36, observe *fir* for acc. pl. *fira*, *fera*, according to spoken language, in which there is absolutely no trace of an acc. form, whether sing. or pl., masc. or fem.

P. 116, Ir., l. 3, *lán a ghlaice deise*, here again 'the full of his right hand' for 'his right hand full.'

P. 119, Ir., l. 8, after *mág mínadbul* qu. leg. *Breogoin*? l. 23, rather leg. *assithal*, the *s* being doubled after prep. *a* [*as*] 'ex.'

P. 120, Ir., l. 8, *iomáinim* 'I drive' is now restricted to the game of 'hurling, otherwise 'goaling,' the primary notion being expressed by its cpd. *tiomáinim*; nom. verb. *iomáin* (as in text) fem., gen. *iomána*, is the game itself; *iománaidhe*, one that plays it; the proverb (levelled at critics that do nothing themselves, but can put every one else to rights) says: *is maith an tiománaidhe an fear bhíos ar an gcladh* i.e. "the man on the ditch [spectator standing on a fence] is a good hurler always;" l. 19, after *slógaib* delete point.

P. 122, Ir., l. 14, for *in chatha . sin* leg. *in chatha sin.*

P. 124, Ir., l. 4, *ro addá* 'he kindled' [etc.]; *ro chuir sé teinid isin mbruidin* would be 'he set fire to the fort.'

P. 127, Ir., l. 28, leg. *barrghlais.*

P. 128, Ir., l. 13, leg. *scothach.*

P. 131, Ir., l. 28, *gid beg mór* 'be it little or be it much,' a very common omission of the disjunctive; is Cormac's ex. s.v. *cel* (Calcutta ed., p. 36): *gar cian co tís for ceal* i.e. "be it short or be it long till thou shalt go to Heaven" of this kind? also lin. ult. of Finn's 'rhetoric' in the house of Mael Mac Morna (*Féilire* of Angus the Culdee, ed. Stokes, p. clxxiii supra): *gar cian co ticfa* i.e. "be it short or be it long till he shall come?" These exx. being on the face of them identical, their versions too must be so; whereas those printed in libb. citt. not only differ, but either completely bars the other: "a long old age till thou shalt go to Heaven" [a wish: Cormac]; "short the time till he shall come" [a proposition: Angus]. Both, I think, are incorrect; but granted for a moment that the first is sound (as stated in note ad loc., ed. cit. p. x), then is the quotation 'serus redeas in coelum,' if not 'a literal translation' (O'Reilly following O'Flanagan), at least an apposite illustration. Except as mere 'belegstelle' of *cian* the citation *bátar for* [etc.] in not. cit. has no bearing on the matter, which is one of syntax, not of the vocables; for of these, bating verbal form *tís* for *ticfair*, every one is lively at the present writing, and in its old sense (ind. C s.vv. *cel*, *cian*). The true Horatian parallel to *gar cian* would be (order inverted) 'serius ocius'; while our *gid beg mór*, Irish in these collocations favouring the positive and Latin the comparative degree, has its equivalent in 'sit plus minus,' according to context. Exactly the same as *cian gar* is *fad gairit*, p. 139, l. 36; *cian mór* (*céin máir*) and *gar beg* are different. But this does not exhaust the subject.

P. 134, Ir., l. 18, for ms. *arbítin* leg. *ar bithin* nom. prep. 'because of'; at present (in Munster at least) *do* [*de*] *bhŭthin*, with dep. gen. as in text and, before verb, with *go*, as: *do bhithin go raibh* 'propterea quod erat.' Owing to sinking of asp. *th*, the northern half would comparatively lengthen the first *i*, and our scribe was given to reproducing methods of pronunciation then as now alien to Mac Carthy-Riach's country of Carbery.

P. 135, Ir., ll. 31, 35, leg. *díoghbaigh.*

P. 137, Ir., l. 21, ms. *bhunaid*, in view of which aspiration it will be better to fill the lacuna thus: *d*[*amhsa crét í an chúis*], and tr. as printed p. 150, lin. penult.

P. 138, Ir., l. 7, for *i bfiadh* ms. has *afiadh*, *f* dotted; l. 17, leg. *dofaeth*, *cuill*; l. 36, ms. *duin* for *dún*, to detriment of metre, and this the scribe knew at the very least as well as I do; lin. penult., for *so* leg. *ro.*

P. 151, l. 40. Here we have the answer of Garadh's children; in tr. add single inverted commas, and read: 'by gentle Morna's children shall fall the virile Fintan . ., Banbh, Sinna, *Sciathbrec* . ., and Finn More son of Cuan.' But whether instead we should render: 'Banbh of the Shannon [ind. B s.v. *Sinna*],' or again 'Sinna *sciathbrec*,' is not perhaps very easy to determine on the merits of this one passage.

P. 140, Ir., l. 21, natives need not to be told that in *do Chonall* prep. *do* is not

for *de*; the people would render: 'there were seven times twenty feet for Conall,' but the tr. (p. 154, l. 19) had to be more in accordance with English idiom.

P. 140, l. 26, for ms. *ollarda*, written doubtless under influence of *ollarba* (ind. B s.v.), leg. *ollamda*, as also tr., p. 154, l. 27.

P. 141, Ir., l. 14, leg. *résiu*; l. 29, ms. *treicibhsa*: there is no saying how far back this aspiration of O-Ir. B-fut. extends.

P. 142, Ir., lin. ult., ms. *fagad* with dotted *f* = *bfagad* for *bfaghbadh*.

P. 146, Ir., l. 6. We know that for several, know not but that for many centuries *ingnadh* = *iongnadh* 'a wonder' has not (except metri gratia, whether universally in the 'classical' or occasionally pro re nata in the mod. accentuated measures) been pronounced as written, but according to the utterance of to-day: *ioghnadh* for the northern half, *iughnadh* for Munster, generated by the natural tendency to facilitate rapid enunciation. Here our scribe, who writes *ignad*, appears rather to indicate the northern pronunciation as exemplified in these touching lines:—

A n bríste sin Sheoin ní hiongna a bheith fann.
bíonn san ló ar a thóin is san oidhche ar a cheann

which Goldsmith might have turned:—

'Friend, never let it puzzle you, nor me,
John's smallclothes in such feeble plight to see;
For they're compelled a double debt to pay,
A quilt by night, a pair of breeks by day.'

If they be read Munster fashion, the important internal assonance of *iongnadh* [*ioghnadh*] with *oidhche* is lost; the rest holds. In one of his sportive marginalia (Eg. 88) Donall O'Davoren writes *únadh* crudely and, qua phonetics, correctly; but when e.g. the def. art. comes into play (*an tiongnadh* 'the wonder'), the *i* asserts itself; see ind C s.v. *eolas*.

ibid., *do théiged* [etc.] is not quite literally rendered with 'the stalk alone reached to Dermot's knee,' p. 161, l. 29, where leg. 'Dermot's knee went into the stalk of each sprig of them,' i.e. his leg from the knee down was contained in it (as say four 'goes into' five), with a bit of stalk over. In Ireland we should say 'used to go,' which as understood there has a distinct force of its own; but the Irish tenses of habit (present and past) cannot always be expressed according to correct English use.

P. 162, l. 30, leg. 'brooklime of the Flesk.'

P. 147, Ir., l. 9, ms. *nó go nosl-* with *i* under the dash, which is placed as in type, not half way up the *l*; a dash occurring in the latter position either stands alone, or has a letter superscribed (never subscribed). The abbreviation certainly denotes pass. *oslaicthi* (not act. *oslaiced* as hastily printed), and as such has been translated (p. 163, ll. 2, 3). The description of this wonderful chain is rather obscure, and we have not space to discuss it. By 'locked' understand merely 'fastened,' 'closed,' not 'padlocked.'

P. 148, Ir., l. 22, for ms. *cennac* (two strokes over end *c*), *isingl-* (dash at mid *l*), leg. *cenn i cenn*, *isin glenn*; l. 39, ms. *atáithe* 'ye are,' written fancifully to represent accentuation of regions other than Munster, where alone (I imagine) this form is still in use, correctly pronounced *táthaoi*, *atáthaoi*: older orthography *táthái*, *atáthái*; cf. *taoim*, *ataoim* 'I am,' *taoir*, *ataoir*

'thou art,' freq. metri gratia for the current *táim*, *atáim*, and *táir*, *atáir*, an interchange which in later MSS. of the northern half (Ulster especially) is by an abuse extended to 3rd p. sing., where it has no raison d'être, viz. *taoi*, *ataoi*, for *tá*, *atá*.

P. 149, Ir., l. 26, ms. *fuil*, against metre.

P. 165, l. 5, 'it was a king [etc.],' see the use made of these facts, perhaps of this very passage, by Eochy O'Hosey in *cathaig red mhenma a mhic Bhriain* i.e. "Do battle with thy spirit, son of Brian," a poem addressed to Teigue son of O'Rourke (Sir Brian *na murtha*) at some time soon after 1591: see Ir. Cat. pp. 412, 457.

P. 150, Ir., lin. antepen., in *Fithal* delete accent.

P. 170, l. 6, for 'and a rushing [etc.]' leg. 'with a rushing [etc.].'

P. 154, Ir., l. 6, ms. *acalduim*.

P. 170, l. 4, leg. 'being risen out of his fiery zone,' where MS. has *ccail* (first *c* surmounted by the *s*-mark denoting *er*), the scribe by using fem. gend. having made a confusion between *cerchall* and *cercal* [=*circal*]: ind C s.vv.

P. 155, Ir., l. 28, *Sadhb* 'Sabia,' 'Saby,' 'Sara,' common enough down to end of 18th cent., was pronounced 'Sâw' (consonantal *w*, not like eng. 'saw') in the northern half; 'Syve' in Munster, as e.g. Brian Merriman writes: *a bfeiceann tu a Shadhb iriu luigheamh a ghéaga.* Here we have two ways of evading the guttural *dh*: (i) it becomes a litera prolongationis to a short vowel (ii) it coalesces with the same and forms a diphthong; cf. sco. 'nŏcht,' eng. 'nought' pron. to rhyme with 'taught' and, provincially, with 'stout'; sco. 'lĭcht,' eng. 'light.'

P. 173, l. 10, for 'Conan' leg. 'Conaing.'

P. 176, l. 28, leg. 'Luachair,' 'Luachra' being the gen.

P. 177, l. 34, it will be seen that eight ecclesiastical Hours are made out by including Sunday's daybreak.

P. 179, l. 17 (Ir., p. 161, l. 15), leg. *ollamdha* for ms. *oll-dha*.

P. 180, l. 29, for 'Edinburgh' leg. 'S. Andrew's.'

P. 181, l. 5, 'that neither they [etc.],' lit. 'that want whether of meat or of liquor affected them not, besides our guests;' the change of person (them —our) is as awkward in the original as in English.

P. 182, l. 33, lit. 'for of you [all] not a fugitive shall escape in life.'

P. 168, Ir., l. 22, delete [*d'*], superfluous; the idiom (see p. 313, l. 16) equals less correct *gach ní a dtángais d'iarraidh*, or *dá iarraidh*, and they differ much as do: 'the thing for which you came to ask,' and 'the thing which you came to ask for it.'

P. 188, l. 21, 'manifest to view' lit. 'without concealment,' according to a use (much wider in Irish than in English), which for emphasis expresses positives by negation of their opposites, and vice versa, so that: 'there will be many a dry eye after him,' and (to a clumsy horseman) 'many a good horse you never rode!' are held more elegant than: 'few will weep for him,' and 'you have not ridden many good horses.' As for *cleith*, our forefathers' wisdom says: *ní fhuil cleith ar an olc acht gan a dhéanamh* i.e. "there is no concealment for evil but not to do it."

P. 171, Ir., l. 30, ms. *ua mhéith macha* leg. *úi Mhéith macha*; l. 33, ms. *brug-si*.

P. 194, l. 17, 'what hast thou to offer' lit. 'what hast thou for us.'

P. 195, l. 3, 'between the one [etc.]' i.e. within the interval between the one canonical hour and the same of next day: twenty-four hours.

P. 177, Ir., l. 21, after *maith* the following three quatt. occur in an 18th cent. paper MS. (Eg. 175, f. 50) containing a fragment of the Colloquy:— In triar atámaoid ar tuinn . fuil sinn i náit égcomluinn ⁊ mór an baoghal beith mar sin . agus gan bás dár mbithrinn Mise is an dias ar muir . go líon ghoile is ghaiscid ⁊ dámad i gcath chédach chró . dhingébmís céd do dhegshlógh O roichem an tonn so thes . is mór cheilios dár naimhles ⁊ is mór in brón fuil dár dtriath . ar nég a dó dias go dtriar

Spoken by Ciabhan; quite as old as our text, but modernised.

P. 179, Ir., l. 18, ms. *mairg dadhar in long dā*; l. 20 (tr. p. 201, l. 35), ms. *mac úrmoir*, leg. *mac Umóir*.

P. 183, Ir., l. 6, ms. *thaimsenann*.

P. 185, Ir., l. 17, *ocus do bí d'febus* [etc.], here the scribe's attention wandered a little; the sentence is defective.

P. 210, l. 20, 'with thee [etc.],' leg. 'in guerdon of which, thine be the burial-place [etc.];' lin. antepen., 'it was *Scáithdearc* [etc.],' as given here this story is very obscure; my 'odd apple-tree' is a guess, for instead of *corr-abhall* n. f. the reading may be *corra-bhall* n. m. 'odd-place'; and *corr* has several other meanings.

P. 212, l. 16, 'inasmuch [etc.]' leg. 'inasmuch as to thee . . it is befallen to meet with me and to gain God's good things [etc.].'

P. 213, l. 29, 'I after my only son [etc.]' lit. 'I am wind against an only tree, i.e. I represent a case of wind maltreating a lonely tree, or (to be more English), of such a tree battered by the gale.

P. 216, l. 1, for 'past' leg. 'over'; l. 2, say 'wide-channelled swords.'

P. 192, l. 6, *mhóir*, sic.

P. 218, l. 33, 'white buckler.' The Irish covered their targets with leather, which they pipeclayed; hence frequent allusions of this kind, and to the *cailc* 'chalk' knocked out of them in battle: see tr. p. 356, l. 14.

P. 219, l. 27 sqq., a flagrant plagiarism from 'the Battle of Moytura of the North.'

P. 197, Ir., l. 28, *colba chiuil*. In a limited number of words beginning with *s* followed by *ea*, *eo*, *eoi*, *iu*, *iui*, that letter when aspirated is pronounced as is *ch* in the like position, a peculiarity which modern scribes often reproduce thus: for *a Sheaain* 'O John,' they write *a chSeaain*; for *do shiubhal* 'to walk,' *do chsiubhal*; for *a sheol*, *a shiul* 'his sail' (gen. *a sheoil*, *a shiuil*), *a chseol* etc. = *a cheol*, *a chiul* 'his music,' gen. *a cheoil*, *a chiuil*, and (since *seol*, *siul* means 'bedstead' as well) we have *colba chiuil* for *colba shiuil* explained. The mind would not be deceived, but the eye would enjoy a ridiculous combination (see n. to Ir. p. 92, l. 13); had the gen. of *crann ciuil* 'musical instrument' offered itself (ind. C s.v.), doubtless it would have been made *croinn shiuil* 'a ship's mast.'

P. 198, Ir., l. 15 sq., here dotted *f* represents *bhf*.

P. 199, Ir., l. 2, add (.) at end; l. 25, supply perhaps *doithber*.

P. 201, Ir., l. 1, ms. *sin* for *sinn*, perperam; l. 21, *tar romainn* is a pregnant construction including both *tar romat* (2nd p. sing.) and *ticmís romainn* (1st p. pl.); *tar* 'come thou' is the present spoken form in Munster.

P. 202, Ir., l. 9, after *ocus* delete ([); l. 31, *ionnrámh*, delete accent; l. 32, leg. *nó*.

P. 204, Ir., l. 7, in *Adnuaill* delete *i.*

P. 233, l. 1, 'of the three [etc.]' lit. 'the third lively fire upon which at the last in Ireland prosperity [luck] shall be.'

P. 208, Ir., l. 3, leg. *ráithín*; l. 20, "*scemh*, *scemhgail* q. dr. *amhastrach*": P. O'C. This last is frequentive from *amhastar* 'a barking at,' both common words; in a humorous invective against a petty thief, Nicholas Hayes of Cahir Guillamore wrote: *do mhaithfinn gach amhastar dar cheapas* i.e. "[were the article, a headstall, returned] I would remit every objurgation that I have concocted"; l. 26, *erraidh*, ms. *err-*.

P. 239, l. 23, 'for 'tis not [etc.],' the people would say: 'for it isn't to trust to our hounds hunting we will to-night.'

P. 214, Ir., l. 33, *d'aenmhnái* is an idiom which hitherto has eluded the purely speculative scholar, who would render e.g. *tuc sé í do mhnái* by 'he took her to wife': very neat no doubt, but quite erroneous. Here prep. *do*=*de*, as in fr. 'il a cela de bon,' 'tout ce qu'il portait sur lui d'argent'; 'to wife' in the English sense is '*dochum mná.*'

P. 217, Ir., l. 18, here *maighe ná taighe*, germ. 'weder des felds noch des hauses,' are dep. gens., but are often found adverbially used = *imuigh ná istigh* 'indoors or out,' being exactly Sir David Lindsay of the Mount's: "Sir, I sall baith *in bruch and land* With diligence do your command Upon my awin expens" (The Thrie Estaitis, ed. David Laing: Paterson, Edinb. 1879, l. 1802).

P. 218, Ir., l. 22, leg. *fochonn.*

P. 219, Ir., l. 37, *bliadain* undecl. after ordinal; present practice, but of long standing.

P. 220, Ir., l. 17, for ms. *rabhais* leg. *rabhair.*

P. 222, Ir., l. 13 sqq. (tr. p. 252, ll. 9 sqq.), *ro scéestar* [etc.], ubi emunctioris sive Britannici dixerim nasi genti parcere statuimus; quum tamen impavidos fraudare panditas omnino nolimus, curationis hujus cursum paucis exponemus: prima igitur eademque viridis vomitio purgamentum est laborum a Ronanide olim in torrentibus amnibus æstuariis tranatandis necnon in primi diluculi venationibus exceptorum; rubra secunda, purgatum significans omne hastarum gladiorumque in pugnis per vitam infixorum quasi virus; fusca tertia, doloris præ amissis commilitonibus et Finno capitaneo fæx noxia; flava quarta, vulnerorum non totum adhuc expulsum prædictum sedimentum; quintum haustum, quem perquam invitus nec nisi instanter hortante maga sorbet heros, vomitio sequitur cui sanguinea quidem superficies, omnicolor pars reliqua. Incredibiles nisus in adversis collibus montibus scopulis incitato cursu superandis præstitos hæc significat; illa, quæ et saluti proxima, sui ipsius corporis infectum sanguinem. Quibus peractis bibendum lac porrigit mulier.

P. 253, l. 33, 'plunged in and disported himself,' all implied in *mescadh.*

P. 224, Ir., l. 29, ms. *mhaithe.*

P. 225, Ir., ll. 3 sq., *ocus ní chuirfeásа* [etc.], where the readings of two MSS. are dovetailed, regrettably because (as it turns out) unnecessarily. Scrutiny with better light shews Lismore to read: *ocus ní chuirfe* [*i nes*] *ná a nabhuinn hé ar a ticfa dilmain. crét dogenasa a Fhir mhaisi .m. Eogabail ar Cáilte . beith isin tsíd so ar eisium*; the Franciscan version on paper (MS. 12, p. 79 : 1, l. 7) is: *ocus ní cuirfeasa a neas nó a ninnber*

nó i nabaind é ar a ticf-folum na dilmain [etc.] *doden beith isin tsidh ann so ar eisium*; while, except that it reads *ní chuirfeá* and before *beith* has *dogen*, Laud 610 (f. 144 : 1, l. 13) agrees with Lismore.

P. 254, l. 30, 'he about whom it is' is too lit., leg. 'he whom it wraps,' 'he that wears it'; l. 33, 'which thou couldst . . somewhat,' a stopgap without pretence of closely rendering this obscure passage (see preceding n.), qu. does it even paraphrase it? The matter is too long for this place, but see ind. C s.v. *dilmain*.

P. 255, l. 9, 'concerning,' the prep. might also be rendered 'at.'

P. 226, Ir., lin. ult. for *bus* leg. *ibus*.

P. 257, l. 6, 'have it': not the vat, but the hypothetical object of his desire, i.e. a twelvemonth's hospitality.

P. 227, Ir., ll. 18, 20, *baiglenn* supplied from Fr. MSS., which also has *na baiglinni*; Laud 610 has (as Lismore no doubt had) both *banglenn* and *na banglinne*.

P. 228, Ir., l. 21, preceding *rígg* being gen. pl., delete (*sic*); l. 31, in *rachaid duitse í* the second and third word together are the subject of the verb; the concision and particular shade of expression cannot be rendered in English.

P. 229, Ir., l. 21, is *gnathal* a proper name?

P. 233, Ir., l. 25, supply perhaps *do b*[*éradh clainn*].

P. 234, Ir., l. 14, for *densat* (perperam) fcs. has *dersat*, worse; leg. *dernsat*.

P. 266, l. 7, 'would have turned [etc.]' more lit. 'served on them a notice to clear out of the country.'

P. 235, Ir., O'Beirne-Crowe's readings are: l. 3, *ar díon sceng*; ll. 8, 9, *dinetan*; l. 14, *allinn láich nech lethan glais*, where *glais* must be made *gluis* as pron. in Munster; ll. 35, 36, *atbelsa*, *rothecht*; l. 41, *scarad fri etal*.

P. 238, Ir., l. 10, *luchra*, *lupracán*. The divers names borne by these little people both in MSS. and in ore populi are modifications of *lúchorpán* 'wee-body':—Do senchas na torothar ocus luchrupán ocus fomorach ann so sís. fectas bói Noe na thabernacuil ina chodlud iar nól fhína ocus sé lámhnocht co tánic a mac cuice .i. Camh colach a ainm. do bái is condernai gáire imme ocus cor indis dia bráithrib amail do bái Nae .i. d'Iafeth is do Semh . ocus do dechatar is a cúl rompu ná haictís féile a nathar ocus do ratsat a étach tairis. adaghair Noe iar sain ocus do foillsigeadh do Camh dá focuitbiudh ocus ro mallach hé iar sin ocus ro bennach in dís ele. conid hé Camh de sin cét duini ro mallachadh iar n[d]ilind . ocus conidh uadha ro genedar luchrupáin ocus fomhoraigh ocus gaborchind ocus cach écasc dodealbdha fil ar dáinibh . ocus conaire sin tucadh dilgeand for Cannanachaibh ocus tucadh a fearanda do macaib Issrahel i comharta na mallachtan cétna ár ropo do síl Caimh do na Candandaibh. conid hé sin bunadh na torothar ocus ní do síl Cain dóib amhail atfiadait na Goedhil ár nírro mair ní dá síl iar nilind . ár ro ba é fochainn na dilend do bádadh clainde Cain. ocus ro báitea gid clanda Seith uile imaille friu acht Nae cona a trí macaibh ocus cona a cetri mnáib amail indiseas Máissi mac Amhra in *Genesis* indrechta . ocus dia féin do rat indrecht do Máisse i sléibh Sinaa ocus issé ro scríbh cona a lámhaibh féin i.e. "Here follows concerning the history of the MONSTERS, of PIGMIES and of FOMORES: Once upon a time when (after

drinking of wine) Noah lay asleep in his tabernacle and he stark-naked, there came to him his son, whose name was 'wicked Ham.' He was so that he made a laugh of his father, and to his brethren (to Japheth and to Sem to wit) told how Noah was. That they should not see their father's shame these came 'with their poll before them' [i.e. walking backwards] and threw his raiment over him. By and by Noah woke up, and it was revealed to him that Ham had jeered at him; him accordingly he cursed, and blessed the other two. Ham therefore was the first that was cursed after the Deluge, and from him sprang the 'Wee-bodies' [pigmies], Fomores, 'Goatheads' [satyrs], and every other deformed shape that human beings wear. Hence too it was that extermination was inflicted on the Canaanites and that their lands were given to the sons of Israel, viz. in token of that same curse; for the Canaanites are of the seed of Ham. Such then is the origin of the Monstrosities [the species recited above], which are not (as the Gael relate) of Cain's seed; for of his seed nothing survived the Flood, the very originating purpose of the same being the drowning of clan-Cain. Why (Noah with his three sons and the four wives of them only excepted) even all the clans of Seth were drowned with them, as Moses mac Amra relates in Genesis of the Law; which Law it was God Himself that on Mount Sinai gave it to Moses, He having written it with His own hand" (Rawl. 486, f. 49 : 2; cf. LU. 2 *a*).

P. 240, Ir., l. 15, ms. *coirpri* (ind. C s. v.); in quatt., infra, a few readings are doubtful.

P. 241, Ir., l. 2, for *usa* leg. *tusa.*

P. 270, l. 31, 'copper's resonance' refers to timpan- and harp-strings of copper wire.

P. 242, Ir., l. 16, better *dá ndechsa.*

P. 243, Ir., l. 32, for ms. *gabar* leg. *gobar.*

P. 244, Ir., ll. 16—22; p. 246, ll. 4—11, 20—24. Prisci saporis facetiores tres hic habemus locos, quorum reginiculæ primus, pygmæi regis argutias reliqui tradunt quasdam, nec hercle aliter quam apud Tranquillum Vibius ille Crispus muscicidam irridet Domitianum, haud ita absurde. Monente tamen debita severioris notæ lectoribus reverentia, talia punctis notare (vers. angl. pp. 277 sqq.) quam vel latine reddere prætulimus. Indigenis perspicuus sermo; quem peregrinarum docti stirpium ipsi sibi per me quæso liceat dictionariis innisi concoquant.

P. 245, Ir., l. 34, for ms. *na* [etc.] leg. *fern na hurbaidb*?

P. 276, l. 11 sqq. 'of which horse:' an animal that would have suited the Shah exactly; in Maelbrighde's beautiful Latin gospels (Harl. 1802), written at Armagh in 1139, a symbolical miniature gives an equally gaudy Lion of S. Mark.

P. 278, l. 15, the willow furnished harps and osier beehives; l. 19, of ash were made chariot-wheels and spear-shafts, and the 'ash-plant' is still a favourite with horsemen; l. 29 would refer to phantom hosts conjured up sometimes, as in the *Brislech mhór* (paper copies). The other trees must be left to abler and less hurried expositors.

P. 248, Ir., l. 8, for *ro co* leg. *co ro.*

P. 249, Ir., l. 17, before *rochoilcte* ms. has *is.*

P. 253, Ir., l. 18, leg. *asbert ria*; l. 24, *do fea* [etc.] looks like scribe's play again: leg. *do feac ar allamna* 'she gave herself up to her pains.'
P. 256, Ir., l. 1, for ms. *hicheiltech* leg. *i cleitech.*
P. 289, l. 21, after 'hospitaller' add 'at Cletty.'
P. 257, Ir., l. 31, for *mac Airt mac* leg. *mac Airt meic.*
P. 259, Ir., l. 23, for ms. *dron dubh* leg. *dromdubh*?
P. 260, Ir., ll. 16, 17, leg. either *iomchar* or *cirrbadh.*
P. 272, Ir., l. 20, in *taóisech* delete accent.
P. 273, Ir., l. 16, leg. *détsholus*, and after *Duibne* add *i.*
P. 312, l. 17, leg. "whence comest thou, unknown young man?" "At St. Andrew's in the k. of Scotland's town I slept last night," said the kern: "my use and wont [etc.]."
P. 277, Ir., l. 28, for *Boirche* leg. ms. *Boirinn.*
P. 278, Ir., l. 15, leg. *dob áil.*
P. 280, Ir., l. 16, *Fiacha saidbir* is a scribe's error; the pedigree is a fancy one, cf. Goll's, p. 308, ll. 2 sqq.
P. 281, Ir., l. 8, for ms. *laignib* leg. *legaib* i.e. physicians, the *táithlega* being surgeons; l. 22, after *cos* add (.).
P. 283, Ir., l. 9, for ms. *friut* rather leg. *farrat.*
P. 324, l. 4, more likely the *cill Scíre* in Fermanagh is meant; for both, MD Mar. 24.
P. 292, Ir., l. 9, leg. *dochum.*
P. 293, Ir., lin. antepen., for *cor* leg. *cóir*; p. 294, l. 17, *id.*
P. 330, lin. antepen., 'was opened out [etc.]' lit. 'was opened out under the carle' = eng. 'was laid for him.'
P. 296, Ir., l. 10, for *Bhriain* leg. *Bhrain*, as printed originally.
P. 298, Ir., l. 16, leg. *mac Briain.*
P. 343, l. 8, 'Kyleconor's woods,' my own anglicising (for the reader's convenience) of *coillte Chonchobair* 'Conor's woods,' a once thickly forest district between the rivers Feorish and Arigna, county Roscommon (IV M ad an. 1471, O'Donovan's note); 'Keiltyconor' would be better.
P. 308, Ir., l. 5, ms. *Saidbe* is wrong of course.
P. 348, lin. antepen., 'horses and bridles,' the acceptance of which (and of other matters) implied that the recipient recognised the donor's superiority, and that he was 'his man.'
P. 312, Ir., l. 1, in *má beith ní* the *beith* is no. verb. of verb. subst., in nom., and *ní* its dep. gen.; in English the people would say: 'if it is a thing that I fall' or 'must fall'; much more emphatic than simple 'if I fall.'
P. 350, l. 9, lit. 'that 'tis thou art fallen there'; l. 11, so far as this tale goes, the allusion to Maccon's calves is left obscure, nor does the account (not a version of this tract) in Laud 610, f. 94 *b* : 2 clear it up.
P. 353, l. 11. What the *ellén trechenn* 'three-headed *ellén*' was, I am not in a position to explain.
P. 356, l. 33, 'flung prostrate' is too weak; lit. 'was sent over [his] head,' i.e. was made turn a somersault; *tuitim i ndiaidh a chinn* 'to fall after his head,' i.e. headlong; *teacht is a chúl roime* 'to come with his poll before him,' i.e. to come (or go) backwards (ante p. 564, l. 5).
P. 317, Ir., l. 13, leg. *ingra*; l. 21, leg. *focer lige.*
P. 320, Ir., l. 29, leg. *nír bud slá*[*n do*]*tinchoisc*; l. 30, leg. *tosach, deired.*

P. 323, Ir., l. 16, for *teine* ms. has *tēa* (open *a*, subscribed) = *tean*; l. 27, ms. *ál*; lin. ult., leg. *ard.*

P. 324, Ir., l. 10, ms. *fegthair.*

P. 327, Ir., l. 6, leg. *airmitnech*; l. 32, for *cland* (ms. *cl-*) leg. *cluana.*

P. 330, Ir., *ár nír gab* [etc.] is corrupt, untranslateable in fact; the meaning is obvious however, and is rendered tr. p. 372, l. 34.

P. 333, Ir., l. 29, recte *Beoaedh* 'lively fire,' and tr. p. 376, l. 13.

P. 334, Ir., l. 37, leg. *senchaid.*

P. 377, l. 9, 'after which [etc.],' with this barbarous proceeding cf. Merlin's prediction of his own death: "but I may wel be sory, said Merlyn, for I shalle dye a shameful deth, to be put in the erthe quycke" (Morte d'Arthur: D. Nutt, 1889, p. 67).

P. 338, Ir., l. 30, leg. *d'innsin.*

P. 341, Ir., l. 20, leg. *nathchumad*; when *iomdha* is thus predicated the noun is in the sing., but the pronouns relating to it are pl., as in the case of *mór* (sing. and neut.) with dep. gen. pl., e.g. *mór bfer* [multum virorum] *do chaill a neich ann* 'many men they were that lost their horses there.'

P. 346, Ir., l. 10, fill up [*menn*]*ghor*, *airl*[*eogach*].

P. 347, Ir., l. 18, ms. *scellborb.*

P. 348, Ir., l. 4, metre does not decide whether to read *na ngabal* 'of the generations,' or *na ngabál* 'of the invasions' 'colonizings'; either word suits the passage and leaves it 'all the same in the end.'

P. 351, Ir., l. 12, leg. *na tribhóit.*

P. 352, Ir., l. 15, *gach fosad* [etc.] lit. 'good in our eyes is every cause-of-stoppage and delay that shall be on [i.e. affect] you,' which can be rendered only as in tr. p. 394, l. 33, 'the longer [etc.]'; so *gach mionca dá dtéighedh sé* 'every oftenness that-he-used-to-go' i.e. the oftener he went; the idiom abounds in med. MSS.: *gach deirge bhíos ann* 'every redness that-does-be in him [it]' i.e. the redder he becomes, or, according as he gets redder, context deciding which.

P. 354, Ir., l. 13, *gusin ngabail.* The n. f. *gabhal* is pron. variously: let a German say 'gauel' (an Englishman 'trowel') and he has its sound in the counties Cork and Kerry; in the neighbouring county Limerick, and elsewhere in Munster (except Clare), it=germ. 'gūel': cf. h-germ. [eng.] 'haus,' l-germ. [sco.] 'hūs'; in Thomond and the northern half it rhymes with germ. 'gōel,' eng. 'Joel': cf. h-germ. 'haupt' 'laufen,' netherl. 'hoofd' 'loopen.' The diminutives are *gabhlóg*, *gabhailín*, *gaibhlín* (= germ. 'gaulōg' or 'gūlōg,' 'gauïlīn' or 'gōlīn,' 'gailīn'), and *gabhailín* is phon. *góilín* of Clare (O'Don. supp.); there *gabháil* too (but only when strictly verbal) sounds 'gōïl.'

P. 355, Ir., l. 9, ms. *dhíb-ce*; l. 10, leg. *fiafraigset.*

P. 356, Ir., l. 4, leg. *thús*; l. 15, *adhám bráthair.*

P. 358, Ir., l. 9, leg. *Conán.*

P. 359, Ir., l. 15, for *Fergusa* leg. *Feradaig.*

P. 401, lin. ult., leg. 'the brightly.'

P. 402, l. 36, after 'for grief' add 'then the washing of them was performed, and all men said: this is a cruel washing! whence the *garbthanach* or [place of] cruel washing has its name.'

P. 404, l. 13, *Cú chorb*, s. of *Mogh corb*, and grandson of k. Conor *abhratruadh*

'of the red eyebrows,' who after one year's reign was sl. by Lughaid *riabh nderg's* s. Crimthann, A.M. 5192. Conor was s. of Finn the poet s. of Ros *ruadh*, and nephew therefore to Fergus mac Roich of the *Táin*.

P. 363, Ir., l. 15, *dúthcha* (by progressive assimilation for *dúithche*: ind. C s.vv. *dabach moch*) is comp. of adj. *dúthaigh* 'peculiar,' 'special,' 'natural to,' 'own,' used (in MSS. passim and ore populi) chiefly as a noun in derived sense of 'country': *Eire mo dhúthaigh* 'Ireland my country' says John Collins of Myross in his admirable version of Campbell's 'Exile;' and this meaning having quite prevailed over the primary, the latter is expressed by deriv. n. m. *dúthchas* 'that which naturally is inherent in,' or, in virtue of that, 'incumbent on' one: *ba dhúthchas do a dhénamh* 'it was nature for him to do it'; *ba dhúthchas dóibh a bhfuil ó Chorcaigh mhóir go Cinn tsáile* 'nature to them was all that is from the city of Cork to Kinsale,' i.e. that scope of country was theirs by natural, hereditary, and indefeasible right. Here we have noun for adj., as so common in Irish: *fuath liom é* 'he is a hatred [hateful] to me,' *grádh lem anam í* 'love to [beloved of] my soul she is,' where adjj. *fuathmar*, *grádhach*, *grádhmar*, cannot be substituted; and in English we say over there: ''tis a disgust to me,' ''tis a weariness to me,' etc. etc.

P. 404, lin. ult., 'kinder,' an idiom perhaps not familiar to English readers, but in Ireland as common now as it was when, in his Dialogue devoted to Hiberno-anglicisms, Dean Swift ridiculed it: 'and kind father for him' he says, i.e. it was bred in him, and to be expected of him; 'the cat has stolen the cream; whip her!' might say one, and counsel for puss answer: 'sure 'twas kind for the creature, what made you leave it where she could get it!' cf. 'cat after kind'; in mala parte 'kind mother for her'='elle chasse de race.' Here the Irish constr. is: '[quod fecisse] non [præter te] cuivis peculiarius [esset] qui veniret ad molestum hoc tributum a Lageniensium provincia abigendum.' Synonymous: *ba chinél*, *ba chinélta*, *ba dhú is ba dhual*, but especially *ba dhílis*, so that in our passage *ní dílse* can take the place of *ní dúthcha*; 'a kindly Scot' (applicable only by one such to another) is *albanach cinélta* or *dílis*, in sense of fam. fr. 'pays,' 'payse'; but with ref. to race, not to place.

P. 364, Ir., l. 1, here *nimh* has not to do with material 'poison'; the people always render it by 'venom,' and adj. *nimhnech* with 'venomous,' as: 'he put great venom in the stroke' (say at billiards); 'he put in great venom coming at the fence;' where it merely denotes high energy, determination (not disposition), and is convertible with the equally common *fuinneamh* (ind. C s.v.). In the famous song of 'Jack and his leather Breeches' the hero says of the young lady (eventually his wife) smitten with him at sight on the racecourse: *is do chuir sí nimh a súl i gciumhais mo bhríste leathair* i.e. "and the 'venom of her eyes' [keenest glances] she clapped upon my leather breeches' waistband." But: 'he had venom in for him this long time' = 'he had long had a stone in his sleeve for him.'

ibid., ll. 28 sq., nothing wanting here.

P. 366, Ir., l. 41, ex. of *iongnadh* pron. as written: *cár bh'iongnadh duine dod cháil . do thuitim i lár na haindeise* i.e. "what wonder for a man of your kind to fall into the depths of misery" (song by *Uilliam dall*, county Tipperary).

P. 368, Ir., lin. antepen., *in tsechtmad*, note gender observed with ordinal.

P. 369, Ir., l. 1, *tromlach* ('the weight,' 'the weighty part,' as the people say for 'the bulk') is a deriv. of *trom* 'heavy' by the same process that makes *crioslach* 'a limit,' *teghlach* 'household,' *tellach* [*tenlach*] 'hearth,' *mátharlach* 'womb,' *turlach* 'a loch dry in summer, wet in winter,' from *crios* 'girdle,' *tegh* 'house,' *teine* 'fire,' *máthair* 'mother,' *tur* 'dry': see Zeuss[2] p. 855, s. v. *-lach*; where *óclach* is not in point, being (as well understood to-day) a compound *óclaech*, still pron. *óglách* (whence also *óglách as*); as *macámh* for *macaemh* 'a youth,' *cárthann* for *caerthann* 'the rowan-tree.' Note by the way that *in chatlach inna fer* (*ibid.*) is lit. ἡ τῶν ἀνδρῶν καθολική (being made fem. for neut., to imitate 'universitas'), wherefore non huc pertinet; *cathlach*, *cathlachda* = 'catholicus.'

P. 370, Ir., l. 6, I have taken the Latin marginale as referring to k. Failghe's byname *roth*; anywhere else in sentence it would be otiose dictum.

P. 372, Ir., l. 31, here the poem is inserted from the place to which he refers: LL. 47 β, lin. ult.

P. 373, Ir., l. 30, to *ghuidimse* add (]).

P. 376, Ir., l. 34, *is amlaid atchonnaic* [etc.], here the people would render this ever-recurring idiom: ''tis the way he saw L. and U. was round the vat and they drinking it;' much used also where neither manner nor comparison come in: *is amhlaidh do bhíos ag caitheamh mo phróinneach lá agus* — ''tis the way I was eating my dinner one day, and —,' having much the same force as pop. fr. 'v'là-t-il pas qu'un jour je [etc.]'; it also assigns reasons: 'why did you do it? 'tis the way he told me to do it' = 'c'est qu'il m'a dit de le faire,' 'it's as how he told me to do it.'

P. 413, l. 17, 'full-grown men of war' is a guess.

P. 377, Ir., l. 5, *clothaige in bar scélaib* i.e. "in the stories of you [in your record] is renown;" where *clothaige* is abstract noun formed in the usual way from *clothach*, deriv. adj. of *cloth* 'fame,' 'victory': cf. *faebraige* from *faebrach*, p. 363, l. 5; *fechtnaige* from *fechtnach*, p. 395, l. 6; *coscraige* from *coscrach*, p. 397, l. 16.

P. 378, l. 7, to this day *fear ionaid an rígh* (or *na banríoghna*) means the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; l. 21, *sáthcha* for *sáthaighe*, comp. of *sáthach* 'sated,' 'full' (n. ad p. 363, l. 15), as in the proverb: *níor thuig an sáthach sámh an seang ariamh* i.e. "the comfortable fellow with his belly full never yet understood [sympathised with] the finedrawn [hunger-pinched] man."

P. 416, l. 24, 'the slaughter [etc.]' lit. 'the slaughter [with] which thy people are being slain is unendurable.'

P. 382, Ir., l. 24, for [*cruai*]*d* leg. *rind*; l. 25, for *di* leg. *dind* (Lec.).

P. 383, Ir., l. 7, for *torcda* leg. *torc dar* (*ibid.*).

P. 384, Ir., ll. 17 sqq., leg. *Tollchenn*; lin. ult., leg. *conna*[*ch roibidis dá cléirech i naeninad díb.*] *gabais reime* [*ar aba Molling co ráinic tech an*] *ríg* (cod. cit.).

P. 385, Ir., l. 1, leg. *fuair* [*coiméirgi and. dercais for in sluag*] *ocus ba nár leis* [*can comérgi d'fagbáil . ocus dochonnairc sin Colco*] *mac* M. (*ibid.*); l. 8, *osnadh* exemplified: *tagann osnadh in mo chroidhe an uair chím nach leanann sibh . dlighe na heagailse as áilne méin* i.e. "grief occupies my heart when I see that ye follow not the law of that Church which has the most beautiful intentions" (John O'Donnell's song against faction-fighting, circ. 1810).

P. 386, Ir., l. 18, here (to return to subject of note to Ir. p. 131, l. 28) we find *cian gairit co bráth* 'be it long or be it short till Doom'; again, *cian gairit ticfait náim ann* '. . till saints shall come hither': ante, p. 365, lin. antepen.; the same words: p. 366, l. 6; *cid mór laighet dobérasa do'n fhiur* 'be it much or be it little thou shalt give to the man': p. 402, l. 28; lastly, in Molling's invocation we have disjunctive expressed, *cid cian cid gairit ár techt . do spirut nár comaitecht* 'whether far or whether near [long or short] our travel be, may thy spirit be our convoy': p. 389, l. 12.

P. 388, Ir., l. 1, leg. *baegul*; l. 15, leg. *conic ar cúl Finnachta* (Lec.).

P. 423, l. 22, 'May ye be [etc.].' These lines, every way obscure, seem to invoke on the Saint's opponents frustration and impotency: oaks do not bear rocks; waves are restless, dash themselves to spray, subside; belfries are noisy and uprear themselves, the church is the power.

P. 391, Ir., l. 18, leg. *atchonnaic.*

P. 392, Ir., lin. penult., leg. *saerchlannaibne.*

P. 395, Ir., ll. 11 sq., *tiocfaidter ris*, *ret rath* (impers. fut.); this use of *ticim* 'I come' with prep. *fri*, *ri*, *re*, is very frequent, meaning I 'oppose,' 'thwart, 'give a check to'; in his Dialogue already referred to, Swift brings in the idiom: "I cam agin you there," i.e. I was one too many for you, I spoilt your game.

P. 430, l. 15, for 'privily' leg. 'zealously,' 'with best endeavour'; l. 35, 'swimming': Elizabeth's commanders in Ireland reported that this art was as general among the women as the men there, and they as skilful.

P. 401, Ir., l. 6, leg. *Mochuta*; lin. antepen., leg. *Sech-*.

P. 439, l. 16, 'I will [etc.]' lit. 'this [accident] will [etc.]'; but evidently the text ought to be as rendered.

P. 444, l. 35. 'The Tonsure of Simon Magus,' distinctive of the Celtic Church before she accepted the Roman rule, was a shaven strip of certain width extending, over the crown, from one ear to the other.

P. 410, Ir., l. 7, ms. *námat.*

P. 447, l. 22, 'town,' and l. 26, 'fort,' lit. 'castle' [*caistiall*]; but in Cuan's day there was not such a thing in Ireland, nor for long after.

P. 448, l. 6, 'sweet the sound [etc.],' lit. 'beautiful the sound of the watching party [wakers] around Cuan the Doubler's head.'

P. 412, Ir., lin. ult., *conndebairt* (see p. 411, l. 5) is typical of a whole class of 'scriptiones' in which there is apparent arbitrary doubling of a letter, but this is not so: there is no such thing as *conn* for conj. *con*, and it never ought to be printed so; but (to take our case) either as in the text, or *con ndebairt.* The scribe's object is to satisfy etymology by writing the primary form *con*, and by *ndebairt* to indicate the pronunciation of his day (and ours) which, transporting the *n*, made *co ndebairt.*

P. 414, Ir., l. 15, for *dó* leg. *do*; l. 22, leg. *dobéram.*

Text of Extracts.

I. iii, l. 15, for *birn* leg. *bern*; l. 17, *isí*; iv, l. 1, *Osraighi*; xxi, l. 2, *Conaire chaeim*; xxiii, l. 8, *la Enna*; xxix, l. 2, *fertáin.*

II. i, l. 1, leg. '(i) *a.*'; viii *a.*, l. 1 sq., BB. 216 *β* has *Ninnid lighan*, and for

Cerc, Eirc; xi *a.*, l. 4, leg. *Ciar*; xiii, l. 8, for *suas, slos*; xviii, l. 18, *cáich*; l. 25, *acht atá so de* = 'mais voici ce qui en est'; l. 35, leg. *in taire*, which here and 8 ll. further on has been taken to be *táire* 'disgrace,' 'reproach'; lin. antepen., *Crimthainn*; leg. '(xix) *a.*'; l. 4, *b. Colla*; l. 10, *de* refers not to the man, but to what he did; l. 11, leg. *Crinnain*; l. 12, *cach fuiche* [etc.], see B. of Aicill, p. 310; l. 15, leg. *Crimthainn*; xxiv, l. 4, *domhtech*; xxvi, l. 18, delete *atá* [*ms.*, and ( ]); l. 17, delete (*sic*).

III. vi, vii, transpose these, see tr.; after (xii) delete *a.*; before (xiv) insert 'PAGE 49:—'; xiv *d.*, l. 2, for ms. *Dér ocus Droigen* leg. *Dérdroigen.*

IV. ii, a repetition of I. xxiv; to (viii) add *a.*

VI. iii, l. 3, complete ms. reading: *iargiun*[*aig*]; iv, l. 2, leg. *Airgedáin* l. 7, from ms. reading omit *la cach*; to '(xi)' add *a.*; l. 2, delete *a.*; xi *c.*, cf. BB. 251 *β*, l. 42; xvi *c*, l. 13, after *big* leg. [*meic Dhiarmata*].

VII. ii *c.*, l. 2, leg. *meic Duach.*

IX. ii *a.*, l. 3, here *air* is gen. sing. of *ar*, and *uamh* a gen. pl.; ii *c.*, l. 9, *lili* [etc.] is corrupt.

X. (p. 474, l. 13) for (iv) leg. (v), and increase remaining figures by unity; ix *b.*, l. 3, leg. *ánaib*; x, l. 4, for ms. *ina, inna*; xi, l. 4, *tairche, trmar.*

XI. ii, l. 7, *mide* i.e. *mídé*, cf. LL. 199 *β*, l. 47.

XII. ii, l. 4, leg. *do muin a mairc*; iii, l. 5, after *condeisid* add [*a*]; vi, l. 5, for *Eirenn* (ms. *er-*) leg. *Eiremóin*; xi *a.*, l. 2, leg. *flatha* [*as cáime*] *bái*: cf. O'Curry, MC III. p. 356, note; l. 8, first *cen* having puncta delentia (faint), leg. *atbert Liath* : *cen co ro osa* [*rósa*]; xii, l. 5, *fhualascaig*; xiii *a.*, l. 2, *Temair brega*; l. 6, qu. leg. *eo rón*; xiii *b.*, l. 1, for ms. *bolgaid* leg. *bolgaig*; xiv, l. 2, *nárus*? where BB. 242 *β* has *na trí ross*: cf. MS. Mat., App. CLII.; xxi *a.*, l. 4, *na trí ruadchoin* 'the three strong wolves' of Mairtine are better known as *na trí ruaidchinn* 'the three red-heads' of Munster: cf. MS. Mat. App. III. n. 33; l. 6, qu. leg. *dóib féine*; l. 9, leg. *es mac nEirc*; xxi *b.*, l. 5, *is as táinic* [etc.], the people always render: ''tis where he came from was out of —'; xii, l. 3, *Lóai* = *Lughaidh*, better *Luighdech* in gen.; xxv *a.*, l. 12, *dia tucad di*, the common mod. pleonasm with the rel. pron.; xxix *a.*, l. 3, leg. *glain*; xxxi, ll. 1, 2, *diatá* = *de atá*; l. 7, *diatái* = *do atái*; l. 14, scriptio plena of *didiu*; l. 18, *dia*, poss. pron. refers to Fergus; xxxiii, l. 6, *med* [*medh* n. f.] *nam* 'balance of times' (put absolutely for adv.), i.e. in equal periods; xxxiv, lin. ult., add ( ]); xxxv, l. 4, leg. *ingen*; l. 10, *eamun*; xxxix *a.*, l. 1, see tr.; l. 5, for ms. *chin* leg. *chinn*; xl *a.*, l. 4, *álainn*; lx *c.*, 'A.M.'

XIV. i, l. 9, leg. (*nó* in bello); l. 26, for ms. 'lagnensem,' 'lageniensem'; l. 31, for 'filius,' *filius*; *ibid.*, *Bricre*; in '(iv) *a.*' delete *a.*

XVII. ii *c*, l. 5, after *fhóirithin* qu. supp. *Luigdech.*

XVIII. i, l. 5, leg. *mac Aodha.*

XX., in '(i) *a.*' delete *a.*; iii *a.*, l. 8, leg. *ó nár síolad*; l. 18, *i cassel carnmaig* in LL. 345 : 5, l. 28.

XXI. i *b.*, l. 2, qu. leg. *meic échtaig Esairg.*

XXII. PAGE 306, leg. 310; ii, l. 10, *atagar*; l. 15, *an tech mór* 'the great house' was the mod. designation for a gentleman's place, in both English and Irish; the owner being *an fear mór* 'the big man,' or simply *sé féin* 'himself,' e.g. 'what took you there at all?' 'himself that sent me there' = 'c'est le patron qui m'y a dépêché.'

XXIII. i *a.*, l. 3, note Scottish form *nemthruaillichte*; in '(ii) *a.*' delete *a.*; before '(iii)' leg. 329; for iv *c.* bis, leg. *d.*

XXIV. iii, l. 1, leg. 'A.D. 577.'

XXVI. vii, l. 3, after *Ailinn* delete (.).

XXVIII. iv *d.*, ll. 1 sq., *finn emna*, better *finnemna*; x, l. 3, leg. *ar galaib*; following '(xvi),' for '(xxvii)' leg. '(xvii).'

XXIX. ix, l. 4, *mac Uada* merely represents weakened northern pron. of *mac Uadach*, as does *Temra* that of *Temrach*, gen. of *Temair* 'Tara,' etc. etc.

Translation of Extracts.

I. v. *Dinn righ* 'mound of kings,' otherwise *dumha Slainghe* 'tumulus of S.' [mac Dela, who died there A.M. 3267], is just S. of Leighlin-bridge on the Barrow, and the spot well known still. Here, in the fort hitherto called *bruidhen tuama Tenbath*, Maen mac Olioll *aine* (alias Labraid *loingsech*), massacred Cobthach the king, s. of *Ugaine mór*, and with him thirty chiefs assembled there, A.M. 4658. The earthen remains of this stronghold have a circumference of two hundred and thirty-seven yards at base, are sixty-nine feet high from the Barrow's level, and a hundred and thirty feet in diameter at top (IV M ad ann., O'Donovan's notes).

ibid., xiii. There is a curious legend of the *Conaille*, or descendants of Conall *cernach*:—Conaille Murtheimne do chlaind Chonaill chernaich dóib .i. dál Runtar ocus dál nImda i Cuailngiu ocus Glasraige .i. Glas ocus Runtar ocus Imda trí meic Chonaill chostomail. a ingen féin ruc dó na trí meic sain .i. Creidne banfhéinnid ingen Chonaill chostomail ammáthair. ba rí dana cóicid Chonchobair in Conall costomail. ba aithis imorro lais a ingen do breith nammac dó . bretha na meic uad in immull a fheraind ocus a cheiniuil. is móiti dana ra chuir uad ar ecla na rígna .i. a mná féin .i. Aife a hainm na rígna. bái dana cocad mór etir in rígain ocus Creidne . luid Creidne iar sain for féinnidecht d'fogail for a hathair ocus for Aife. dobert a meic sechtar bunad a ceiniuil ar ulc rá nathair . trí nónbair di for longais . cúlmong fuirri . cuma no fhiched de muir ocus tír. secht mbliadna di for longais etir Eirinn ocus Albain. dogní iartain síd fria hathair ocus atbertside fria tré fháistini .i. in tír i rucait do meic bid acut ocus bid rit chlaind co bráth . ocus issed ón ro fíorad. Conall costomail mac Fhianchada meic Oengusa .m. Gaith .m. Enbláith .m. Rochada .m. Iriéil ghlúnmair .m. Chonaill chernaig .m. Amairgin. Caulnia ocus Connluan emon ruc Lebarcham ingen Oe ocus Adairce do Choinchulainn is díob corco Caullainn ocus dál Cualni i Cruithniu i.e. "Conallides, sive Conallica de Murthemnensi regione gens, e Conalli illius cognomine *cernach* 'triumphatoris' progenie sunt, qui fere hi exstant: 'Runtari portio' [Runtarides], 'Imdai portio' [Imdaïdes] in Cualgnensi terra, 'Glasrigia' [Glassides]; Conalli vero *costomail* 'jurgiosi' dicti tres filii Glassius Runtarus Imdaus. Hos tres sua ipsius patri suo nata peperit; scilicet quorum mater Crednea amazon fuit, Conalli *costomail* Conchobari provinciæ [Ulidiæ] regis filia. Rex deinde cum pro ignominia haberet filiam ipsi suam dictos tulisse pueros, hi in extrema

terræ et generis ejus confinia ab eo deportati sunt; quos eo magis allegavit præ reginæ uxoris metu propriæ, cui Aifia nomen. Credeam inter et reginam ingens quidem exstitit discordia; amazonem actura patrem Aifiamque prædatura illa demum evasit; quo ipsorum patri molestiam cieret, extra generis sui peculiare ab origine solum abduxit natos. Ter novem in exsilio habebat socios, defluentem post terga cæsariem; mari terraque pugnabat æqualiter; pirata per septem annos inter Caledoniam et Iernen versata est. Posthac cum patre init pacem, et mulieri dixit ille per præsagium: terra in quam devecti sunt filii tui, tua eadem et sobolis tuæ erit in æternum. Quod quoque verificatum. [Genealogia sequitur:] Conall *costomail* filius Fianchadii filii Angussii .f. Gaethi .f. Enblathi .f. Rochadii .f. Iriali .f. Conalli *cernach* .f. Amargini. [Nota:] Caulnia et Connluanus fratres erant quos Cuchullano geminos tulit [Conchobari regis nuntia] Lebarchama; a quibus *corco Chaullainn* et *dál Cualní* inter Pictos dictæ stirpes" (LL. 318: 3). Respecting 'Conalls' however (ante ad tr. p. 77, l. 9) we find: *dá Chonall Emna macho .i. Conall cernach .m. Amorgin ocus Conall anglond .m. Ireoil ghlúnmáir .m. Chonaill chernaig* i.e. "the two Conalls of Emania were Conall *cernach* mac Amergin, and Conall *anglonn* son of Irial Big-Knee s. of Conall *cernach*" (Eg. 1782, f. 41 : 1).

XII. ii, l. 13, 'with my hand': what follows is obscure to me; for '(xxii) *c*' (p. 526, l. 1) leg. '(xxi) *c*,' and diminish subsequent numbers by unity.

ibid., xxxi, l. 3, for 'From him [etc.]' leg. '['tis named] from the man who in settling on it forestalled all his tribe, [the tribe] of whom is [that same man, called] Asal *mac Umóir*;' the notion of forestalling lies in prep. *for* [*ar*], which expresses dat. both commodi and incommodi; xxxvi, l. 3, we have another denizen of this famous sídh: *Fiamain mac Forái* .i. *Fiamain mac Buidb deirg meic an Dagda a sídh fer Femhin* i.e. "Fiamain s. of Foraei, that is to say s. of Bodhb *derg* s. of the Daghda, out of the *sídh* of Femen" (mem. in Harl. 5280, f. 57 *b*).

XVII. i, l. 3, 'nor ever overtook [etc.]' lit. 'nor ever found her place with himself.'

XVIII. i. Probably few readers will have any notion at all, much less a clear one, of either 'kern' or 'gallowglass'; some excerpts from a letter addressed by Sir Anthony Sentleger to Henry VIII (from Maynooth, 6th April 1543) will explain the matter:—"After my moste humble and obedient duetie, yt may please your moste excellent maiestie to be aduertised that, although the brute hath here ben long of warre to be commenced betwene your maiestie and the Scotts and Frenchemen [*he proceeds to suggest Irish auxiliaries, who can go to Scotland for mere expense of transport*]. But in case your maiestie will use their servyce into Fraunce, your highnes muste then be at soom charge with them, for yt ys not in their possibilitie to take that iorney without your helpe; for ther is no horsemen of this lande but he hathe his horse and his two boyes and two hackeneys, or one hackeney and two chieffe horse at the leste, whose wage muste be according; and of themselves they haue no ryches to furnyshe the same. And assuredly I thinke that for ther feate of warre [style of fighting], whiche is for light scoorers [scourers], ther ar no properer horsemen in christen grounde, nor more hardie [fr. 'hardi'],

nor yet that can better indure hardenesse. And as to ther footemen, they have one sorte which be harnessed in mayle and bassenetts; haueing euery of them his weapon, called a sparre, moche like the axe of Towre, and they be named Galloglasse; and for the more part ther boyes beare for them thre dartes a piece, whiche darts they throwe or they come to the hand stripe. These sorte of men be those that doo not lightly abandon the fielde, but byde the brunte to the deathe. The other sorte, called Kerne, are naked [unarmoured] men, but only ther sherte and small cotes; and many tymes whan they come to the bycker but bare nakyd saving ther shurts to hyde ther prevyties; and those haue dartes and shorte bowes. Whiche sorte of people be both hardy and delyver [active] to serche woddes or mareshes [bogs], in the whiche they be harde to be beaten" (Sta. Pa. Ir., Henry VIII, xi no. 2). 'The divine Spenser' (Edmund), who knew them, after bestowing on their ethics some abuse which to a hair fits his own Elizabethans in Ireland (masters and men) as well, says of kern and gallowglass:—"Yet surely they are very valiant, and hardy; for the most part great indurers of cold, labour, hunger, and all hardiness [hardship]; very active and strong of hand, very swift of foot; very vigilant and circumspect in their enterprises, very present in perils, very great scorners of death" (View of the State of Ireland).

XX. iii *a*, l. 7, leg. 'that left no issue'; the three that did so were Teigue, Donough, Donall (LL. 332 : 6, l. 16 infra); modern criticism has rightly reduced Brian's age at death to seventy-three years, and his son Murrough's to fifty- or even forty-three (IV M ad an. 1013, O'Donovan's note g).

ibid., l. 12, *muinter Aodha* 'people of Aedh' may mean either the sept of *O hAodha* (angl. O'Hea, Hayes, in the S.; Hay, Hughes, in the N.), or that of *Mac Aedha* (should be angl. 'Mac Hea,' but now always Mackay, Mac Hugh); *clann Choscraigh* was tribe-name of the latter (who were seated just east of Galway Bay), therefore for 'O'Heas' leg. 'Mac Hughs.' These are of the race of Brian s. of *Eochaid m.m.* (ante, pp. 368, 373); the northern sept of *Mac Aodha* [*Mág Aodha* 'M'Gee'], e quibus the late bishop of Peterborough, descend from *Colla uais* (ante, II. xviii, xix *b*, xx *a*). A.D. 1062, O'Conor (Hugh 'of the gapped spear'), k. of Connacht, won over the O'Flahertys of the West a battle in which eighty men of the Mac Hughs fell on the losing side (IV M ad an., and O'Donovan's note a). The Scots say *Mac Aoidh* 'M'Kay,' 'M'Coy.'

ibid., l. 13, '*Ciocarán's* dr. *Cianóg*.' Here is a mem. on Brian Boru's maternal descent:—Cianóg inghen Chicharáin .i. airchinnech Etarghabla [*ms.* etarghuala] críche Lughna máthair Osnaide ingine Chrechain meic Anguile ocus máthair Máilmithim meic Chrechain uair ba mithem in tan ro túis[m]edh. uair ba haimrit Cianóg nó gur throisc re Cairell . is ann sin do thóg Cairell a chenn diar troisced fá trí fris co rug iar sin Cianóg mac ocus ingen do Chrechan .i. Maelmithim ocus Osnad . conustochmairc Urchad mac Murchada meic Moenaig rí iarthair Chonnacht. tucad iar sin Osnad d'Urchad gurro thúisim ocus ruc ingen Bébinn ingen Urchada ocus tug Cinnéidid mac Lorcáin do mnái í .i. rí dál Cais . ocus is ann ro fháidset [*ms.* fháidhsid] ag áth meic Finn gur toirrched in ingen

gu ruc mac .i. Brian mac Cinnéidid do ghab ríghi nEirenn . ocus dob í in Bébinn sin máthair Máilsechlainn rí Corcomruadh. ingen aile d'Urchad ocus d'Osnaid Cainech máthair Ruaidri meic Choscraig . ocus is do breith Osnaide ba marb Cianóg i.e. "Cianog, dr. of Ciocharan (Herenach of Addargoole in Lughna's country), was mr. of Crechan .m. Anguile's dr. Osnat, and of his s. Maelmithim [i.e. 'dedicated to June,' and so called] because it was June when he was conceived. For, until she fasted at S. Cairell, Cianog was barren; but when he had thrice been fasted at, Cairell raised his head [i.e. took notice of and blessed her], after which she bore Crechan a son and a daughter: Maelmithim and Osnat aforesaid; which latter Urchad .m. Murchad .m. Maenach, k. of W. Connacht, wooed. Eventually Osnat was given to Urchad; so she conceived and bore a daughter, Urchad's dr. Bebhinn, whom Kennedy .m. Lorcan, k. of the Dalcassians, took in the way of a wife. Where they passed their wedding night was at *áth meic Finn* 'the ford of Finn's son'; the young woman proved fruitful and had a son, Brian .m. Kennedy, who became Ireland's ruler; and this Bebhinn also was mother of Melachlin k. of Corcomrua. Another daughter [born] to Urchad and Osnat was Cainech, mr. of Rory .m. Coscrach, and [to hark back] it was of bringing Osnat forth that Cianog above died" (Eg. 1782, f. 42*b*: 1, infra). In this passage *guala* is phon. for *gabhla* pro *gaibhle*, gen. of *gabhal* (ad tr. p. 363, l. 15), as *daibche*, *dabcha*, from *dabach*; *muiche*, *mucha*, from adj. *moch*; *aibhle*, *abhla*, from *abhall*; and *meitheamh*, *mitheamh*, *meitheamh an tsamhraidh*, is the correct and living Irish for the month of June.

XXII. ii, l. 13, lit. 'a magic mist rises.'

XXIII. i *b*, l. 5, 'whose love [etc.]' lit. 'ingens apud eum fuit magnitudo ipsius [sc. mulieris] amoris'; iii. p. 541, l. 6, 'and at his heart [etc.]' lit. 'and turned the spear's point against his heart'; *ibid.*, l. 35:—Cia cétliaigh ro búi in nEirinn ar tús riam ocus cia cétshaer ocus cia cét iascaire . amail ispert: Caffo re leighius nír lag . ré reimes ro búi comnart ? Luasat in saer glic cosé . ocus Laighne in tiascairé. Eba in bainnliaigh táinic aroen re Cesair in liaigh tánaiste . Slánga .m. Parrthalóin [in tres liaig táinic] i nEirinn . Fergnea ú Crithinbéil in cethramad liaigh táinic araen re Neimid a nEirinn. legha fer mbolg diu .i. Dubda dublosach ocus Codhan comchisnech ocus Fingin fisicda ocus Máine .m. Grísach ocus Aengus an térnamach. legha thuaithe dé Danann iar sin Diancecht ocus Airmedach ocus Miach. tuatha dé Danann is iat tug muca i nEirinn (nó Mumain) ar tús i.e. "Who were the first original physician, carpenter, fisherman, that ever came to Ireland? [They were] as the poet said: 'Caffa [Cathbad?], potent he to cure, who in his time was firmly set; Luasat the cunning carpenter, while Laighne was the fisherman.' Eba the she-physician, that came with Cesair, was the second; Partholan's s. Slangha, the third; Fergnea ua Crithinbel, that came in with Nemidh, the fourth. The leeches of the Firbolgs too were: Dubhda *dublosach*, Codhan *coimchisnech*, Fingin *fisicda*, Maine .m. Grísach, Angus *an térnamach*. Those of the *tuatha dé Danann* subsequently: Diancecht, Airmedach, Miach; and the t. d. D. were they that first introduced swine into Ireland (or Munster)" (Eg. 1782, f. 42 : 1). For *in nEirinn*, ad Ir. p. 412.

XXVIII. xiv. IV M (ad an. 1560, p. 1578 infra) have *belach Conglais* 'road

of Conglas,' and strangely transpose the place from the county Wicklow to W. Munster; BB. however plainly has *belach con [n]Glais* 'road of Glas's hounds,' as printed in tr., and this is essential to the legend.

XXIX. xvi. There is another account of S. Cuimin's parentage:—Rún ingen Fiachna .m. Gairine .m. Duach iarlaithe .m. Maine .m. Chairpri .m. Chuirc .m. Luigdech máthair Chumain fota .m. Fiachna . ocus Comgair .m. Dacerda . ocus Guairi .m. Cholmáin . ocus Crimthainn chualann .m. Oeda chirr ríg Laigen . ocus Chuana .m. Chailcine .i. laech Liathmuine . ocus Brecáin dairinnsi i.e. "Fiachna's dr. Runa was mr. of Cuimin *fada* .m. Fiachna, of Comhgan .m. Dacherda, of Guaire .m. Colman, and of Crimthann of Cualann, s. of Angus *cerr* k. of Leinster; of Cuana .m. Cailcine, laic of Liathmuine; also of Brecan of Dairinis" (Eg. 1782, f. 42 : 1).

Fer gan ainm .cc. d' O Chiarmaic.

I mthús Aine innis dam . in bfuil sunn nech lé'n cumann?
[i]n cnoc as ferr tarrla trell . fil ós iath amra Eirenn
[A] ibinn in cnoc Aine fhuar . i tathaigdís ilar sluag?
fá mór a mbáire 's a mblad . im Aini is im Eogabal
U ainide is Eogabal ard . maic do Dhonn uisnech imard?
gabuis Donn uisnech gan eill . d'iarraid inaid fá Eireinn
L [od]ar co teg Nechtain náir . ar co fesadh in drái dáib?
[c]áit i ngébdais mór in mod . dá fhios is dá fhoillsechod
[L in]gid ar Nechtain co nim . co nertmar tar bar naimtib?
co druim collchoilli na clad . fil ós mairtine Muman
M aith an loc gus tiagtai siar . as as ferr tar a luig grian?
mochen no soised gan on . da roised a réidechod
C úic tuatha mon chnoc gan chol . issed do geibdis connod?
Dilraige is Margraige de . Sibenraige is Callraige
F a Ghargraige in cúigmed tuath . do bí mon chnoc ní son guach?
lodar amach borb in bann . do throid re tuaith dé Danann
D ingébatsa ar Aine fhionn . na cúig catha do bar cionn?
is sloinnter uaim in cnoc cain . re ré shíl Eba is Adaim
A ingen is mór in mod . ar Uainide ar Eogabol?
dingbáil na cúic cath co cert . acht minasfóired dráidecht
I ar sin do luid Aine amach . gabus ac delb na cóic cath?
sráinis fá lergaib Luachra . is scáilis na sentuatha
S uidit im in chnoc gan chair . ocus ronnait é ar cethair?
dogniat na caeinfir cróda . cetra cuibrinn commóra
U ainide isin leith bud tuaid . ar inchaib Uisnig adfuair?
is Fer fí sin leith bud des . a theg isin charn choimdes
E ogabal isin chionn tiar . is amlaid sin atá riam?
ocus Aine sin chionn tair . atá in cnoc itir chardaib
C acht rígan Eogabail áin . Eimer ac Uainide in áig?
Eiter ghruaidderg ac Fer fí . ocus Aine i naentuimí
B enait cách a coill dá cuid . gur ba choimréid críoch in chnuic?
bentar druim collchoille de . ocus roslen ainm Aine

A ine a hainm ó an ríg co bráth . itir gnáth ocus ingnáth ;
mochen [thaebus] ris gach tan . is adba ríg is rígan
A ithesc gilla garbáin géir . aisti ro gab [Ci]ar [co céill] ;
[ro gab] Cuan calma in fer . aisti rogab [uair] Fergel
[A isti ro] gab [Eogan] ard . ocus Amalgaid imard ;
dochuala is ní m[isde in mod] . aisti do gab Eolchobor
[A g·sin a nanmann gan chol] . cach ríg d'an dual [in degchnoc] ;
ocus a flaithes colleic . a fhírglain cháim a Chiairmeic
A Chiairmeic chliach a cliu Mháil . a ógláig oirdnide áin ;
Aine fa deoid is ar tús . is dím dlegar a himthús

i.e. "Knockany's history tell to me—is there here one that remembers it? best hill (a time there was) that stood on Ireland's wondrous land. A pleasant hill the cool Knockany is, which once hosts many and various did frequent; great was their triumphing and their renown, with Aine and with Eogabal. Uainidhe and tall Eogabal were sons of Uisnech's lofty Donn; whom Donn of Uisnech set in motion to go in quest of room [a settlement] somewhere in Ireland. To the honourable Nechtan's house they went, in order that of his knowledge and revealing power the sorcerer should impart to them where they must settle down. Says Nechtan to them then with 'venom': 'by main strength leap ye now athwart your enemies, even to rampart-girt *Drom collchoille* that dominates the Munster tribes called *Mairtine*. An excellent place is that to which ye progress westwards; thence fairest seems all that on which the sun does shine; happy I deem them that should win thither, and whose privilege it were to clear it.' Five tribes surely dwelt about the hill, and there they got their firewood: the *Dilraighe* and the *Margraighe*, the *Sibenraighe*, the *Calraighe*. The *Gargraighe* were the fifth tribe that were round about the hill, and this is no false utterance; all which (and a senseless act it was) turned out to shew the *tuath dé Danann* fight. Said fair-haired Aine: 'of those five battalions' stress I will relieve you, and for all duration of Eve's seed and Adam's let the charming hill have its name from me.' 'Girl, 'tis a huge task,' said Uainidhe, said Eogabal, 'successfully to fend off those five battles, unless indeed that magic come to help against them.' Thereupon Aine sallies forth, and falls to operate by spells upon those battles five; throughout all *Luachair's* ways she routs them, and scatters wide the ancient tribes. [She and hers] then sit down around the hill and quarter it: the brave and gentle men make of it four equal portions. Uainidhe was to the north, right facing chilly Uisnech; Fer-fi, he was to the south, with his dwelling in a comely cairn. Eogabal was in the western end, and thus it has ever been; while Aine was at the eastern point, and so the hill is shared 'mongst friends. *Cacht* was the queen of noble Eogabal; *Emer*, of bellicose Uainidhe; Fer-fi had red-cheeked Eter, and Aine lived in spinsterhood. Each cleared his own share of its wood, so that the hill's precinct was smooth; *druim collchoille* 'ridge of the hazelwood' is abolished, and Aine's name has stuck to it [*cnoc Aine*]. *Aine*, bestowed by the king, is its name for ever, both ordinary and extraordinary; oh well for them that continually resort to it: an abode of kings and queens it is!" (Eg. 92, f. 37 *b*).

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C. Green & Son, Printers, 178, Strand.

To face p. 604.

SUPPLEMENTARY.

The anonymous verses given at tr. p. 575, and apposite to XXII., were inserted to fill a blank too small for version of four concluding quatrains; it runs thus (a few epithets and chevilles omitted) :—"The utterance of keen *Gilla garbhdin* [or Garbhan's keen *gilla*? i.e. the poet] is that out of it proceeded *Ciar*; thereout came *Cuan*, a valiant man, and thence too *Fergel* once upon a time. Out of the same *Eoghan* issued, and *Amalgaidh*; and so, as I have heard, did *Eolchobor*. There now undoubtedly you have the names of all the kings to whom the bonny hill was 'kind'; also [succession of] their reigns, O *Ciarmhac* [my interrogator]. *Ciarmhac* of [*Aine*] *cliach*, out of *clí Máil*, O noble youth of rank: Knockany, from first to last, 'tis from me that its fortunes rightly are required." Addressed to *O Ciarmhaic* (*Ciarmhac*), lord of *Aine cliach*; whose name is anglicised 'Kiarwick' 'Kerwick' and (by false analogy) 'Kirby' 'Berwick.' Of this race were my great friend, the late John Kirby of the Irish bar, and the Recorder of Cork (Berwick) who perished in the terrible railway calamity at Abergele.

P. 94, Ir., lin. penult., leg. *mac Lugach*; p. 214, l. 21, leg. *anuas*; p. 233, l. 16, leg. *can ingnadh* (hod. *cá hingnadh*).

P. 408, tr., l. 7, render *Ocha alachath* by 'of Ocha (another battle)'; p. 409, lin. ult., for 'bear it laboriously into' leg. 'shoot it in.'

Pity that considerations of bulk forbade translation of the numerous verses in XXVIII., which very distinctly are 'poetry' as opposed to bald mnemonic stuff, and fine specimens of very pretty and spirited metres.

Several place-names wanting in index B were to have appeared in index C under head of 'Battles,' and others.

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