

to say, namely — which power is the strongest there is on earth?"

"I know that," saith the Roman warrior. "It is wine; for it is wine that has intoxicated the host, so that they were without reason, without sense, and they were besotted and drunken, so that it has cast them asleep at the feet of their enemies."

"Well said!" saith the man from Greece; "but it seems more likely to me that stronger is the power of the prince by whom the wine was given. Strongest of men is the prince. Wisest of creatures is man. It is his power that has made us be without drunkenness, without sleep, though we are drinking wine."

"Good," saith the warrior of the Hebrews; Nemiasserus was his name. "The things are good that have been put here. It is more likely to me," said he, "that the power of woman is greater. I should not wonder, moreover, if you will remember it to-morrow."

There they are till morning. "Well, now," said the king, "what discussion was between you last night?" "This is what we talked about, which power was the greatest on earth." "I said," saith the warrior of the Romans, "the power of wine." "I said," saith the warrior of the Greeks, "the power of the king." "And I said," saith the Hebrew, "the power of woman."

The queen was on one hand of the king, who wore his diadem of gold on his head.

"The wine is strongest," said one of the men. "The power of the king is strongest," said the other. "Am I then without power?" saith the queen, giving a blow with her hand to the helmet of the king, so that it was on the floor of the house. "Kill her!" cried all. The king looked aside. At that the queen laughs. Forthwith the king also laughs. "No harm shall be done to the woman," said the king. "From that then," saith Nemiasserus, "(I gather) her power is strong." "It is true," saith the king. "The power of woman is greater than any other power; for in her brow is her guardian-Satan, so that no blame can be put on her, whatever she does."

The foregoing is a curiously distorted

and thoroughly Irish version of the third and fourth chapters of the Third Book of Esdras, Solomon being substituted for Darius, Nemiasserus for Zorobabel. ¶ The conclusion and point of the story is rendered more dramatic by the actual introduction of what in Esdras is only mentioned as an argument to prove the superior power of woman, as follows:—"Videbam tamen Apemen filiam Bezacis, mirifici concubinam regis, sedente in iuxta regem ad dexteram et auferentem diadema de capite eius et imponentem sibi, et palmis caedebit regem de sinistra manu. Et super haec aperto ore intuebantur eam: et si arriserit ei, ridet; nam si indignata ei fuerit, blanditur, donec reconcilietur in gratiam."

NOTES.

cobleo, a compound of con and p^leo.
por-gab, seized them or him, *r* being an infixed pronoun of the third person singular or plural;

gerra, borrowed from Latin *sextarius*, W. *hestawr*. Cf. ceterū pīect gerra vo Lemlače, Harl. 5280, fo. 66 b. As to the probable size of the measure, see Ducange, who says: "Apud Anglos sextarius vini continet quattuor jalones."

é-tarpirr, the opposite of é-tarpirr, faithful, loyal, hence, trusted. Cf., uair pob iat po ba tarpirr Lárin piñ vo é-tarpirr in bairr, "because they it was who were trusted by the king to visit the crown," Echtra Neraí, 8.

atločup, with or without beroe, *I thank*.

pogus, cf. hono pogus, gl. extensio, Ml. 37d, b.

porgerir, gl. producatur, Ml. 110, 1.

oir = do riup, to know, introducing indirect questions.

po-n-pgum, that has made us, with infixed pronoun (-n-) of the first person plural.

é-tun, dat. sing. of é-tan, forehead.

KUNO MEYER.

CONNEMARA GAELIC.

(D. O'FAHERTY.)

RÁDMON MAC RÍG LAIGEAN.

Bí ní i g-cúigearád Laigean rao ó; rúsgað mac óó agur tuigáð Rádmon mairi annu aij. Bí gnáir ann, an t-am rín, nuairi beiriti mac vo piñ, go n-órántaoi a cleamhnaí le ingín piñ eile a beirffaoi an oróce éeuona. Tábla go rúsgað mhean vo piñ na Spáinne an oróce a rúsgað Rádmon, agur rúsgneadh a cleamhnaí léi. Seal gealpí 'na óirí rín muairi a máctaír bár. Ó'fan a stáirí gan páras go mairb Rádmon 'na fealp. Tubaist

ré ann riu: "tá mé gan céile ó cailleach do móráilí, agus ní ńerðeas níor furde gan bean. Tá inisean álumh teag ag miú na Seapmáinne agus ír miú liom tuil tó h-iajphair; an t-oisceára liom?" "Raéan," aigh Raómon. "Óiméidsear leo go o-táin-gasdaig go cùiltiut miú na Seapmáinne. Óinniut miú Láigean fáid a éipimh. Cuirpeas fáilte iomhá. Caitéadair an oisce riu le fléirí a'g feuproa. Aír maroin, lá aír na máláid, ceapaid cluine comórtair iomhí mac miú na Seapmáinne agus Raómon mac miú Láigean. Rómheas na fír (Leat aír gáid taoibh) aéit éiupí Raómon 'r a éiupí feair an latachróta amach. "Níl mo éiuro feair ag obair d'ainmra comh maist a'g tó do éiurofe feair ag obair d'uit-re," aír riu mac miú na Seapmáinne. "Tá go maist," aigh Raómon; "beuifear níre leat mo éiuro feair ómit a'g feicimír cia éiupifear an latachróta amach." Ríghneas aímlair, aéit buaidh Raómon an báire. Leig an rígeul a giotamhád, éiart Raómon an aighair an ionláin a'g éiupí ré an latachróta amach oifris. Tájla go mairb inisean miú na Seapmáinne a' dearcadh oifris tóimhneoidh aír fead an amha Éiupí rí teacáitair faoi d'eam Raómonin 'éid iappairt riuair do'n éiupíleán óiri éiupí rí gréigí móír ann, a'g buri feadair léi é mair cíle 'ná a stáil. Óuileas Raómon an cuirpeas, óiri riuamh ré aír an b-fáid bi leig. Mair gheall aír an tairisírme ro bi riu aici tioigaltais óimítear aír Raómon.

Pórtach iú Láigean agus inisean miú na Seapmáinne, a'g tuisg ré a baile leig go h-Éirinn i. Bróideas an iú agus Raómon ag reilg gáid uile lá. Lá d'á o-táimic ré a baile ó'n t-reilg, iunnu a bhean muihrán leig faoi na fágbaile fa m-baile aonraic, 'r duibh, "buró cíupí ómit-re do mair a fágbaile mair comhluadar liom; ni mair go a bhi mé i g-cúiltiut m' aéilí."

O'fág an iú Raómon fa m-baile lá aír na máláid, 'r o-iméidig ré féin 'na reilge. Niophí faora bi ré iméidigte 'nuairí faoil ríre oisibh beagte imítear aír Raómon. Ríte ré uaité a'g

níoi rítao ré go o-táimic ré go cùiltiut miú ná Spáinne. Fáiltigeadh iomhá agus riaghiallaighedh de fáid a éipimh. Óinniut níe riu uóib. Duibh, an iú leig nac b-fusigeas aon feair a h-insean aéit an feair a málbóidh tuisi fáidcás tá i n-Doiríneann-a-b-fáid. "Aéit," aigh an iú, ír oile m'aithne nó ír tú Raómon mac miú Láigean 7 m'a' tó, ír leat m' inisean, óiri juigheas a cleamháig leat an oisce riuaschó é. "Lé aighaird gairge riuaschó mé, a'g le aighaird gairge tó mé, agus iuto aír b'ic a óeupfar feair aír b'ic," aigh Raómon, "tá me fáid a óeupnaidh fúil gheobair mé o'insean." So moí maroneas, lá aír na máláid miú ré a euordan, cíorí ré a éeann, o'ic ré a b'elis, 'r o-iméidig ré go Doiríneann-a-b-fáid. Tállamh ré amach a gheur teimeas aighairiunne teine ó-dhéin. Ríse ré aír éaorla, mairbaisg ré i, 'r éiupí ré aír an teimhí i a' b'is. Ni mairb ceathramhád thí iúte aighairi éamh an fáidcás 'r duibh, "fú, fá, fearfós! fágair boladh Eímuonnais b'inn, b'leisgair b'friordais." "Oo donaist 'r do'ntoileall* oírt féin, agus m'ile mairbháis oírt; ni lé cíorí ná ceajt a chabairt duit éamh níre annaig, aéit Lé gáid uile cíorí aighair ceajt a baint d'ioit," aigh Raómon. Óionnraisdear a céile, 'r níl gairdínéas ó éair an doimhín go deireadh an doimhín nac o-tiucfaidh ag b'leacáin fáid oifris d'á m-beis-éas fíor aca go mairbhadair lé céile. Cúinnig Raómon nac mairb feair a éamh, ná a fínte, ná a éiupíe ran aigéadaid, 'r éisg ré eorí fáidcás a éiupí aír a ghlúnaidh é, a'g d'ónn daifne eorí leag ré é. "Fóil, a ghearrfóidig ír feárrí ja' domhan, faoil mé nac mairb feair aír b'ic m-an riu a óeupnaidh liom aéit Raómon mac miú Láigean, ná é riu féin go m-beisdeas ré in aoir a bliadóna 'r fiúeas. Beuifear m' leat mo miosdácta lé mo b'eo, a'g i eilis lé mo mairb; riu aighair mo clairdeaní róinair a óeupfar folair i n-doríeadaid, má leigeanann tú mo éeann liom." "Cá b-fenúcfáidh m' faobhar do cláróim?" aír riu

* Compare mo dona 'r mo d'úirne in Donegal.

Raðmon. Feué ari an g-cíann cíon rín éall é. "Ní feicim cíann ari bít i g-síána 'ná do ceann cíon liat." Úsail ré i g-comháir an cinn 'r an mhuineil é, 'r bain ré an ceann de. Shníomh ré gao do'n éoill, 'r éinig ré amach éis na óa éluaig é, a'g éis moí rín a báile go mhs ná Spáinne é. Nuairi éamic ré i b-roinse geáct n-iomairse 'r geáct n-aclá do'n teád, éait ré an ceann óe 'r ériort ré an éinig. Éamic ré airtéad 'r suibhaint, "iñ liom trian do'n mhsin, a jis na Spáinne." "Iñ leat eisig i, má 'r tú Raðmon mac jis Láigean. Céat riad an oisce rín, trian le fionnairgeáct, trian le fionnairgeáct trian lé caiteád bhr a'g tisge 'r le fáinm-coolata; cupána teota, blar na meala ari gáid gneim, a'g gán an daonna gneim ari aon blar.

An tseára lá mairbhais ré fáctaile eile. Aír éinniall a baile óó, an tuisíomh lá tarj éir an fáctaile a mairbád, éamic ceo móir 'r cípreatád a muga é. Cualair ré euscaim bocht 'r jinne ré ari. "Cia tú féin," ari ja Raðmon. "Tá," ari jé, "cípreatú i ná g-cípreatú, 'r bochtán na m-bochtán, a' ceangail na fáctaile gúar intóu." Sgaoil Raðmon é; aét cia bí ann! an cípreatád ari tajnochtáisté, mac jis na fuaingairdeáta, nájí b-féirí i a mhucaid, nó a bátaid, nó a mairbád, mairi naid ann féin bí a anam. Ceangail ré Raðmon gúar in a áit féin; éis ré ceann an fáctaile ait jis na Spáinne. "Iñ liom 'n-ísean," ari jé, "a' bhualaod méri faoi na cíuor 'r gá tabhairt leir.

Móchtas an jí nájí b'é Raðmon éis leir i. Cualair ré ari a éoirí 'r fuaingairdeáta le teutóraéada tiglaotódeáctá agus earrainn-ódeácta é. "Nil ré i n-dán tú a fionnleabhadh," ari an jí, mairi bhrin mo éuro fola comhglan naid féirí i cám a éipi le mo geáct fionnri. Leir rín bain ré fuli ari féin, cíunil ré do na teutóraéadaí i, 'r tuit riad lobha ó céile. "Táj liom agus gan liom." "Ní fánfad," ari ja Raðmon; "ní bér mé lárda go bhráigeadh mé gneim ari an g-cípreatád." Óimíteig leir gus é tuit an oisce

aír. Rúnne bochtán thóré pán; éarrainn ré ari a ghealair teimeadó; o'fádair ré teime a'g leas ré a lón jomhí. Éamic cí aige a'g tisge "cúlin nó cnáinín, cint ari leit níó coilín lé tabhairt ag mo éuro cíleán." "Seobairi rín 'r fáilte." "Iñ feapáig go móir éi 'ná ari cípreatád ari a éuair éairí an tseára ariéig a'g an bean iñ aílne dá bhraca rún leir, 'r gao deoig lé na rún éomh móir lé monoghléibe; tisge "mhean" ari; éait ré a fionn fáthá lion, a'g fóthair go m-bamhrád ré an ceann tisom; má éteagruaighéann congnaid mo leitáire-gea uait go bhrád, glaoraid ari éi-in an Doire liat, agus bérí mhe agas." Lá ari na mairi a lean ré loisg an cípreatád. Círaodh geabacán na h-aille bheag leir agus jomhí ré leir. Duibhaint ré:—"cíuairdán ari bít in a m-béir tú, glaoraid oírn 'gur bérí me agas." An tuisíomh lá círaodh mairi' uirge na h-aille tuibh óó. O'isge "áit ari bít a o-teagartócaidh mo congnaid ní mo éuorúigéad uait glaoraid oírn 'gur bérí me agas." An lá rín, ran meadomh lae, bí ré ag carpleán an cípreatád. Bí ré féin ari baile, aét bí fáilte móir aici jomhí. O'innig jí thó go náib anam ari cípreatádha in uib a bí i m-bolg laéan, a bí i m-bolg leisce, a bí i láír fáile a bí jisig ran foilleáig agus mairi m-beuphrád ari an gíordó móir, agus é a éuir jisig o'asón buille agus an tráil a éisbhail d'asón iarrainn, agus an tráil a fionntaod d'asón buille, anngairt tríocfaidh an leisce amach, a'g an meul a éuphrád ré a'g, cluinníre ran doimhín fóirí é; beirdeadh an leisce ag jis é ari an g-cípreatád ari agus eisign a deunaod ari an leisce. Dá m-beuphrád ari go mhcéadó an laéa amach, agus d'asón m-beuphrád ari an laéa go mhcéadó an uib ran m-ball d'asón tá faoi na cicé éili, naid parb ré i n-dán é mairi bád. "Nil aon feap ionan rín a ñeunaod aét Raðmon mac jis Láigean a v'fág mé

ceangailte." Rug Raómon ari an ghróid agus éigéid ré an tráil; rgoilt ré an tráil d'aois bhuille; iut an peitse amach ag méileadh. Cualairt an cneacádóir an méill agus bí ré ag neunaid ari. "Cá b-fuil tú a cuim an doirfe liat?" "Tá mé annreos agus an peitse i ngeimeam agam." Súid amach an laaca ar bolg an peitse. "Cá b-fuil tú a feabacín na h-aille bheagdha?" "Tá mé i annreos agus an laaca i ngeimeam a'm." Súid an uib ar bolg na lachan agus júnne rí earcum. Bí rípe ag neunaid ari an loch: "cá b-fuil tú a maoir' uirge na h-aille duibhe?" "Tá mé annreos a'ri an earcum i ngeimeam a'm." Rug Raómon uirge. Súid aige an cneacádóir a'ri a cuio eurach ríróníte ag na oifigeachait. Úail Raómon leir an uib é, agus éinit ré mairb. Tug Raómon inéasán iugd na Spáinne leir go o-tí a h-aistíri a'ri comhnuigtheári leir go nearteaó a m-beata.

Cliúoc.

beata agus báis duine-uasail éigin.

an craobhán aoi bhinn evo.

Cliabán óiri fút, a'ri tú ós.
Máetairi cóiliout, a'ri neart pós.
Capall aérláid, a'ri tu d'óganaid,
Sgoil agus léigean, a'ri ollut-chomránaid.
Bean álann a'ri tu i o'fearai,
Teac faillifing, i'g daid níod o b'fearai.
Bean mán, páirtiúde, réinosa,
Ba, maom, táinte, i'g tipeoida.
Áit ruithe agus áit ruithe,
Neart leibh agus neart vise.
Túra do fheanóirí amealais fheanóirí,
Ag fágair meajta 'gur onóirí'.
Is é ceann ari coirte, ari éinit, ari cónairíle,
's níorí mireadh éin na fheanóirí.
Seirfe lámháid, i'g an báid ann rin,
An t-airgeudaid, an cláid, i'g an cill.
'S ead é tá 'gao de báill an oíche
Ari Éadámon-na-oíche no Seágan Bocht!

IRISH IN NATIONAL SCHOOLS.

At the late Congress of Irish National Teachers, Mr. Manning, of Dingle, delivered an eloquent address on the teaching of Irish, in the course of which he said:—

"For the past ten years there have been indications of a hopeful kind for lovers of the old language of Ireland, but these are far from being as bright and vigorous as they should be. It is disheartening to find that it is an individual from an obscure and remote part of the country that appears in the national metropolis, to plead the cause of the national language. The efforts now making to preserve the olden language of our country may appear to some amongst you as matters merely as sentiment and patriotism, and not at all as coming within the category of things practically important or materially advantageous. I am not a bit afraid to appeal to the National teachers of Ireland, even on the ground of sentiment and patriotism. A well-known Irish scholar, writing to me a few days ago, says:—'I can hardly express to you the high respect and sincere admiration I feel for the teachers—truly enlightened and patriotic—who do not grudge their little leisure to encourage the study of the old language of their country. There are national teachers even in out-of-the-way schools who, if they got a little training, would soon, by their own talents, industry, and knowledge of Gaelic, be in the front rank of Irish scholars.' It ought to be a pleasure to our body at large to find so flattering a compliment coming from a source so competent to form a judgment on the point. But is not from the standpoint of patriotism and sentiment alone that I would speak to you in the interests of the Irish language, but as a matter of great and every-day practical importance to me, to hundreds of teachers, and hundreds of thousands of children along the south-western, and north-western seaboard from Waterford to Malin Head in Donegal. I must here remind you that amongst the glens and mountains, and particularly at the extremities of the innumerable promontories that abound along this extensive and much-indented stretch of coast—the language of Ireland is by no means a thing of the past—it is still very much alive. You'll hear it in the school when the children get the chance of interchanging a word with their neighbour. You'll hear it from them on the playground, on their way to school, when returning home, and by the fireside. You'll hear it from the altar and the pulpit. Danish or Russian spoken from these places would be about as intelligible as English to nine-tenths of the audience. In those places, Irish is still the instrument of thought and the medium of communication. It is still the language in which are transacted the every-day business of life. It is used not only by the old, but, as I have said, by the young, and in several of the localities I have indicated it is still the only language in which both old and young can accurately convey their thoughts and feelings, their wants and wishes—the only language in which they can adequately or satisfactorily transact the ordinary affairs of life. This reminds me of how often I have seen in courts of law our Irish-speaking peasantry grievously wronged, non-suited, abused, and kicked off the bench, because they would not undertake to state their cases in a language (English) of which they practically knew next to nothing. In those remote and illiterate corners of our island which I have referred to, the Irish language will, I am convinced, continue to be the spoken language for centuries yet to come. A glance at a map will satisfy a person of this. Because of their extreme remoteness and complete isolation they are quite cut off from almost all communication with the outside world. No stream of civilization flows through or near them, and as they are they will continue

to be for years to come. As a rule, the places referred to are congested districts. They are thickly populated, and the population is in exceedingly poor circumstances. Such people emigrate in thousands. Need I tell you, National teachers, how indispensable some education and a knowledge of the most useful of all modern languages, English, is to these emigrants. This brings me back to a former statement—that it was principally from a practical standpoint I wished to treat the question of the preservation of the Irish language in Irish-speaking districts, and the teaching of it in the schools of such districts. In order to intelligently and effectively teach such people English, we must do it through the medium of their own language, and so teach them Irish at the same time. Schools are established in these districts from almost the very inception of National Education, and yet they continue to be still almost exclusively Irish-speaking, and practically destitute of a knowledge of English.

"A great Irishman, the late Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam (applause) charged the National Schools with being the graves of the National language. This is a terrible, a sad, and a humiliating indictment to be brought against any system of popular and national education. No doubt, in our case it is, without any fault of ours, generally true; but on our western seaboard district the National schools appear to have had no more effect in extinguishing the popular speech than have the fierce waves of the Atlantic on our bold and rock-bound western coast. The reason is obvious. Teaching in the schools in Irish-speaking districts is begun at the wrong end. The recognised principle in education is to proceed by easy stages from the known to the unknown. In the schools I have spoken of this rational common-sense principle is entirely reversed. Our children are set to learn a language (English) which is as foreign to them as Danish or Russian through the medium of that very foreign language of which they absolutely know nothing, and hear nothing except within the four walls of the schools. Even in the schools we, the teachers, when we want to reach their little intelligences as in teaching arithmetic, grammar, &c., are compelled by the very necessities of the case to discard the modern language (English), and resort to the familiar and intelligible vernacular. But it is when we attempt to explain the ponderous and high-flown English of our advanced reading books that we are lost in despair and give up the task as utterly unattainable. You cannot possibly imagine anything more stupefying or intelligence destroying than this mode of teaching children through an unknown tongue. How such modes of teaching have continued to be used in the schools I have indicated, is to me amazing, when I consider that their grave and serious disadvantages struck the great and illustrious Irishman (some 40 years ago when Head Inspector in Donegal), who for the past twenty and odd years has so worthily and so ably presided over the destinies of National Education in this country, and who, by his direction and management of it, has been quietly and unostentatiously a benefactor to his race and nation. We must only assume that the prejudices, or the want of correct knowledge in those more highly placed, were too strong for him. But without doubt the result of the present modes of teaching in districts such as those I come from is that the people have neither good Irish nor indifferent English. I could cite innumerable ludicrous instances of this, but that I do not wish to weary you. Since the educational journals announced that I was to read a paper on the Irish language before your Congress, I have received from various correspondents materials for a very long paper indeed. Several of my correspondents complain of the

too great difficulty of the present Irish programme for children of tender years; others of the want of suitable text-books; while all complain of the unreasonable fetters and restrictions placed on the teaching of the National language in National Schools. The two points which I desired to put before you are (1) the irrational methods of teaching that at present obtain in National Schools in exclusively Irish-speaking districts; and (2) to appeal from this platform to teachers in Irish speaking districts to lend a hand, and a strong hand, in preserving the noblest heritage that comes down to us from our fathers. We have all read of how, when our ancestors were pagans, and the youthful St. Patrick was a slave amongst them, he beheld in a dream or vision our fathers with outstretched hands crying out to him to save them. Somewhat similarly the languishing language of our country calls upon us to-day to save it from extinction. The language in which Patrick, Brigid and Columba prayed and sang—the language through which we were christianized and civilized at a time when the progenitors of the present nations of Europe were painted savages—the language of the warriors, bards and chiefs, and of the ancient saints and sages of your country, calls upon you not to let it ignominiously perish. Let us, teachers in Irish-speaking districts, do our duty by our grand old language, and we may hope that at no distant day our schools may give other O'Currys, O'Donovans, and Joyces to Irish literature" (applause).

SCOTTISH GAELIC.

The Rev. John MacRury has reprinted from *Life and Work* his serial *Eachtraidh Bretha Chriosd*, the first Gaelic Life of Christ of any size. Th work is beautifully produced at Sinclair's Celtic Press, Glasgow. Mr. MacRury is one of the first writers of Scottish Gaelic, and his Gaelic needs no recommendation. In p. 55, the phrase *tónnus gu robh iad inbhe aul fotha*, so that they were on the point of sinking; helps to explain the Donegal phrase *cá mé in mnib a déanadh*, I am able to do it; in Leitrim, *cá mé in ionarb*, am on point of; both of which may be the origin of the much contested Connemara *cá mé i nán*. It may be noticed that this common phrase has the two meanings (1) to be able (2) to be fit. Another Scottish and *airidh*, worthy, is often heard in Ulster, and may explain the Connemara *aingseácht*: e.g., *má cás an lá i aingseácht*, if the day is suitable. Many other places help to elucidate obscure expressions in various dialects of Irish Gaelic. In return, perhaps the frequent *dol dachaidh*, go home, is the old Irish *via éag*, to his house, c.f. Book of Leinster, p. 186, a, 20; *luto in gilla via éag=vo éuэр an giolla a baile=dh' fhaibh an gile dhachaidh*.

The *Scottish Canadian* publishes a Gaelic column every week, and sometimes it prints Irish Gaelic.

A Collection of Catholic Gaelic Hymns is on the point of being published. We give a specimen in another column.

The arrangements are completed for the great Gaelic *Mòd*, to be held in Oban in September next—it promises to be a great success.

"The Fairies' Song," published in No. 42 of this Journal, by Mr. Lyons, was reprinted in a recent issue of the *Oban Times*. A Perthshire correspondent thereupon wrote:—

"In common with all lovers of Gaelic song and story,