

## Fictions of our Forefathers

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When the powers attributed to poetic satire in those times are considered, we must suppose the comfort of the relieved chiefs and kings to have been very great indeed. An instance is given from the introductory matter of the second volume, edited by Mr. O’Kearney.

“Seanchan and his troop of subordinate Ollamhs having paid a visit to Guaire, king of Connaught, who was celebrated for great liberality, the cross old man, becoming displeased with the treatment he received at court, refused to take the rations which had been dressed for his use. After a three days’ fast his wife persuaded him to accept an egg, but by some neglect of the servants, the mice (we had then no rats) had devoured the contents. The Ollamh was so exasperated that he vowed to satirize the mice ; but upon reflection, determined instead, to make the cats feel the venom of his satire, since they suffered the mice to live, and thereby do him the injury.

The royal cat was therefore condemned to suffer the effects of the bard’s satire. This regal animal having felt the venom of the satire in his cave, told his wife and daughter that Seanchan had satirized him ; but that he would proceed to the palace, carry the old man away, and tear his flesh to pieces. He kept his word ; he found the Ollamh, and casting him on his shoulders, carried him off despite the guards. When he was passing near Clonmacnoise with the satirist on his shoulder, St. Kieran being in a neighbouring forge, and seeing the position of affairs, snatched a red hot ploughshare from the fire, made short work with the marauder, and freed the poor Ollamh.”

This noble brute kept high state in the cave of Cnobha, rejoicing in the name of *Dorasan*, son of *Arasan*, and enjoying the society of *Riachall* his wife, and *Rinn-gear-fhiaclach* his daughter. Before the Ollamh proceeded to hard measures with him, he had made a prentice essay on the mice, ten of whom fell lifeless from the venom of the cutting poetry.

We find another raouser suffering from the effects of satire administered by himself. He occupied a pillar stone, and gave true oracular answers to those, who in consulting him, adhered in their statements to strict truth. A man missing his mare, whom he supposed to be with foal, having asked her whereabouts, the cat answered from within : —

“Thou of the bare and toothless gums,  
Thou of the peevish, drizzly nose,  
Pursue down to Truach  
Thy hoofy mare without a foal.”

Then the stone split with a crash, and the guardian cat stepped out on the mound. The enquirer was so galled by the satire, that he killed the animal, who in dying, made a solemn request that he would repeat this quatrain to his own domestic animals when he reached home : —

“ Inform the fire-raker  
And Gleadaigh of the ash-pit.  
That O’Cathalain has killed  
The royal cat of Cruachan.”

O’Callan was a man of his word, and very innocently repeated the rhyme to the watchers of his hearth, who incontinently tore him to pieces.

We find a horse giving oracles at *Samhain* (All Hallows) and several traces of supernatural gifts inherent in animals, among the old Irish legends. It is probable that they were supposed to be the abiding places of spirits either bad or good as the case might be. However, the highest form of worship among our ancestors seems to have been addressed only to the Sun and Moon, and perhaps to Crom and Mananan Lir. The boar seems to have exclusively enjoyed the privilege of possession by evil powers.

Places that got their names from animals are frequent through the island ; and it is probable that the circumstance is owing to some supposed manifestation of power in the possessed beasts, at an early period in the various localities.

We find the influence of the ancient forms of expression still prevailing among our people who are acquainted with the English language only. The *consuetudinal* mood is still used in a fashion by English-speaking Celts. Instead of saying, ‘ He, is in the habit of strolling along the river-banks every day,’ or, ‘ he is accustomed to stroll,’ &c., thus making use of an infinitive mood or participle along with the principal verb, they say. ‘ He *does be* strolling along the river-banks every day.’ To every one accustomed to hear English spoken with Irish idioms, this last sentence, though inelegant in form, is more expressive, and conveys a fuller notion of continuity than the ordinary phrase, ‘ He strolls along the river banks every day.’ To this Celtic characteristic of attachment to old institutions, and dislike of change, is owing our tautology, and circumlocution, and the preservation of Irish and Anglo-Norman words and phrases. A peasant will still say, ‘ the fever is very *brief* (a mistake for *rife*) in such a place ;’ and on entering a company, he will use the old salutation, ‘ Sit ye merry, or, Sith ye merry,’ as if he was a Saxon of the reign of Edward IV. He does not renounce—he *reneagues* his bad ways ; he calls his shelves for crockery and pewter ware after the old French *dressoir* ; his son is not a boy or lad, he is *gorsoon*. The inhabitants of the ‘ Big House,’ are not ladies and gentlemen, they are the ‘ Persons of Quality,’ or simply, the ‘ Quality’ of Queen Anne’s reign. Instead of saying, ‘ I had the good fortune to break my whiskey bottle,’ he recalls the Anglo-French of the times of the *Pale*, and cries, ‘ I made *brishe* of my bottle of whiskey.’ He translates the Gallic *mal* literally, and complains of being very *bad*, when he is only *sick*. Of a subtle nature, he will not call a ‘ spade,’ a *spade*,’ he prefers the Irish equivalent *Fac*, and when dirt is very dirty, he calls it *Sal*.

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“ On my passing thro’ the Glen of the Thrushes,  
I saw a great assembly there :  
Three hundred men and more  
Were before me in the glen.

One of the assembly spoke,  
And he said with a loud voice ;  
‘ Come to our relief, O kingly champion.

And deliver us from difficulty !’

I then came forward.  
And the host had a large flag of marble,  
The weight of the flag was down on them.  
And to uphold it they were unable !

Those that were under the flag below.  
Were being oppressed weakly.  
By the weight of the great load  
Many of them lost their senses.

One of the stewards spoke.  
And said—‘ O princely young hero !  
Forthwith relieve my host.  
Or not one of them will be alive.’

I lay upon my right breast.  
And I took the flag in my hand ;  
With the strength and activity of my limbs  
I sent it seven perches from its place !

With the force of the very large flag.  
The golden girth broke on the white steed ;  
I came down full suddenly.  
On the soles of my two feet on the lea.

No sooner did I come down,  
Than the white steed took fright ;  
He went then on his way,  
And I, in sorrow, both weak and feeble.

I lost the sight of my eyes.  
My form, my countenance, and my vigour,  
I was an old man, poor and blind.  
Without strength, understanding, or esteem.

Patrick ! there is to thee my story,  
As it occurred to myself without a lie.  
My going and my adventures in certain.  
And my returning from the ‘Land of Youth.’ ”

Anxious for the success of the labors of this truly-national Society, we wish every care taken for the non-appearance of blemishes. They cannot prevent two mere stories or legendary poems from differing in the relation of the same circumstance, or from putting a warrior to death, or reviving him with no regard, each to the other’s chronology. But granting Fion and *Goll Mac Morna* to have been real men and not myths,—a belief in which they are borne out by Tiernach and the Four Masters, let them not countenance such an inconvenient instance of longevity as that of *Goll* who was present in the battle of Magh Lena in A.D. 125, and lived down near to that of Gabhra, A.D. 296 or thereabouts. Begging them again by all they hold dear, to moderate the rancor of poor *Oisín* in his future (published) controversies

with St. Patrick, our fault-finding ceases. We exhort them to reprint (if practicable) the second, third, and fourth volumes : they may use their own discretion as to the first. Furthermore, we exhort every man of literary or archæological taste, whether he rejoices in Celtic, Saxon, or Cumbrian (*Pictish*) descent, to get his name forthwith on the list of subscribers. The Irish language or a kindred branch of it was spoken in every country of South Western Europe from the time that the early colonies, migrating from the plains of Shinaar, were gradually occupying them. It is hence the most ancient of the cognate European languages, whether existing in books or on the tongues of living men, and traces of it may be still found in every one of the various resting places of the old colonists in the names attached to rivers, hills, old cities, harbours, and capes. The language itself is regular, copious, expressive, euphonious, peculiarly fitted for being moulded into verse, and adapted to every modulation of which the gamut is capable.

Next to Latin and Greek, the written remains of our language are the oldest in Europe ; and we would be glad to see those archæologists who would give up all their worldly possessions for the recovery of the lost books of Livy or the plays of Menander, bestow a moderate interest on the preservation of the once common language of Italy, Gaul, Iberia, Britain, Caledonia, and Ierna. Let them fancy their extasy on the recovery of a manuscript of the language spoken in King Arthur's Court, copied in the tenth century from one nearly coeval with Sir Launcelot and Sir Gawin, or of a Welsh, Cornish, or Breton one, a couple of centuries later. Let them fancy this rather improbable circumstance, and rejoice that there are pieces of the ancient Celtic tongue extant in manuscripts of the ninth century, which themselves were compiled from manuscripts four hundred years older. If incredulity disturbs their archæological comfort, let them reveal their doubts to any of our excellent confessors,— Drs. Todd, O'Donovan, or Petrie, or our no less excellent Professor Eugene Curry, and we promise them perfect ease of mind on the subject. [1]

The French, Italian, and Spanish tongues being in some inexplicable way, moulded from the Latin by the northern nations, who made a kind of chemical combination of their own dialects and the sort of Latin spoken by the colonies, and which had been previously affected to some extent by the native Celtic of these countries, we need not look for much regularity in these languages, nor the existence of manuscripts as early by some hundreds of years as among the unconquered Celts or Teutons.

We regard with much interest a copy of the *Song of Rollo*, a Saxon legend in rude verse or prose of the days of Alfred, either of the *Eddas*, *Reynard the Fox*, or the *Nibelungen Lied*, and give up as fruitless, all hopes of ever discovering romance, poem, or history in the Celtic dialect spoken by Boadicea, or Caractacus, or the valiant Celtic Gauls who gave such trouble to Cæsar. Let then the literary world receive with welcome, those lays which delighted our ancestors, before *La Belle Izoud* bathed in the Liffey ;—which were committed to writing long before Alfred learned to read, and which have been since perpetuated by zealous family historians, by religious men in their cloisters, by poor school masters, by farmers after their laborious day's toil, or by blacksmiths when their arms were reposing from wielding hammer or sledge. Many a valuable piece has been lost, and there are some which in part at least, are not worth preserving ; but thanks to *Grinæus* our Celtic Apollo, many are now out of danger, preserved in legible type ; and thousands of manuscripts are still religiously watched in our College, our Academy, in the libraries of the English Universities, and those of the Continent. If it be objected by hypercritics or natives of *Bæotia* that the specimens given do not warrant our enthusiasm, we beg to cite one convincing proof of the injustice of their objection. We lately heard extracts read from the third volume, in a party where there was a sprinkling of dissipated young fellows, who, whenever they read at all, patronise the worst samples of *fast*

literature of the day, and all these to a man, either fell asleep, yawned, or stole away on some pretence.

We will not offer our readers the affront of attempting to prove to them, that the extracts given breathe a genuine poetic spirit, that they exhibit happiness of description, a picturesque beauty, originality, and vigour. In presenting even the bare literal translation deprived of the charms of rhythm, appropriate poetical idiom, and such conventional agreeability as arises from alliteration and assonance, we reckon on the consent of the body of our readers that the Ossianic remains are most worthy of preservation.

Our era is so far fortunate, that in our metropolis, and scattered through the country, at this present time, we possess a fair average number of sound Irish scholars, not only learned in the tongue, but anxious for its permanent endurance. We have called on literary people in general to join the ranks of the subscribers, but we call more emphatically on the masters of the old language, to use diligence about the editing and translating of such pieces as are really worth preservation, and not to be chary with any information concerning the old usages, laws, and modes of life, not yet dwelt on in the volumes published.

From the materials now collecting with such diligence, our sons may probably see that "History of Ireland" so long looked for, completed at last. It is a little depressing to think that ourselves will not have the pleasure of reading it, but what good man planting an acorn, expects to sit under the shade of the future oak ! The long shadows cast from our round towers have cooled or damped our zealous co-operation, and will continue to have that bad effect, till we know whether their architects were fire-worshippers or good Christians. The question will hardly be laid at rest in our time. So let our Seanachies, forgetting their differences, call to mind that they were *Gaels* before they were either *Heathens* or *Christians*, and vigorously continue to unearth our long-buried national treasures. [2]

Our mere English reader will feel small comfort from the appearance of some Irish names met in the present paper, especially when he finds three or four consonants without the interposition of a vowel. However, let him simply pronounce whatever one or two of them makes the most euphonious sound with the vowel going before or following, and in most cases he will not be far from the true pronunciation, *d* loses its sound in most cases when united with *h*, so he will sound 'Eochaidh,' as if written *Achy* or *Uchy*, and 'Aodh,' *ee*. *e* is always hard, thus 'Ceann' (head) is pronounced *Kaoun*, and the final *e* is always sounded. 'Bh' and 'mh' are mostly sounded like *v*, for instance 'bhan,' *van*, 'mhor' (great), *vor*. Your mere Briton has some time in his life heard a real or a stage Irishman pronounce *Ochone* ; let him remember, and apply his knowledge if he can, to words that have *ch* or *gh* in their construction. It has often struck us as singular, the difficulty English people find in achieving a guttural sound, whereas the German tongue, the base of their own, is full of such. The general aspiration of *d* and *t* in Irish, has influenced the sound of these letters in English words as pronounced by our peasantry. The diphthong *ea* gets the sound of *ai*, but *ie* is not incorrectly sounded by our people in any instance. It is very easy to know whether an Irish sketch is written by a native of England or Ireland, by the mode in which such words as 'Priest' or 'Chief' are written. They are always, (as already said) pronounced correctly, but under the Briton's pen they come out *Praste* and *Chafe*. Ah ! if Mr. Dickens or the Messrs Chambers could only be sensible of the pain they inflict on the eyes and ears of their Irish subscribers, by neglecting the travelling and other sketches of their contributors on Irish subjects, they would in pity employ as corrector of the press, some one born West of the Irish sea. In *All the Year Round*, August 13, among other atrocities laid at the door of the poor Connaught man, he is made to pronounce 'flying' 'flaying' 'thief' 'thafe', &c. Paddy usually makes use of the expression 'let them alone' but the *Year Round* man makes him say, 'let them be,' and

call a 'girl' a *gurl*. *Mike*, for the only time in his life, we are sure, mentions in presence of the sage tourist—'a pair of breeches as mightily takes his fancy.' The same *Mike* relates, how *Bianconi* was ship-wrecked in a desert island early in life, with three shillings in his pocket, and how he incontinently purchased pictures in Dublin for these coins. We know that such things happen in dreams, but how the man, the Desert Island, and the Dublin picture shop, came in such close neighbourhood, is very difficult to be realized.

Our Solomon meets on his tour the mountain 'Benatola,' where *Benabola* formerly ruled over the twelve pins, and has the good taste to call the former member for Galway, 'Old Cruelty to Animals' He relates how a man went to cut turf, intending to boil his potatoes with it on the same day, though our peasants are so wayward as to leave it to dry some days before it is used for fuel. This man took a *log* on his shoulder, and a *kippeen* (twig or stick) at his back ; he went into the bog, cut his *kippeen* full of the (wet) turf ! tied it up in a cord, and carried it off to burn on the very day. We wondered what the man wanted the log for, till we recollected that in some parts of Ireland, a spade is called a *loy*, on purpose we suppose, for the mystification of foreign tourists. The use to which the *kippeen* was put, still remains a mystery. In one particular we do justice to our tourist's sagacity : he spells 'Sheebeen' *Shabbeen*, quasi 'shabby-inn'—an expressive title. Such is life : *Sir Anthony Absolute* gets angry with his son, his son reproves his valet, the valet cuffs the errand boy, and the errand boy kicks the house-dog. The great national taker of portraits, *A. Dumas*, entices *John Bull* into his painting-chair, and on pretence of making his portrait, he shortens his legs, adds a foot or so to the breadth of his body, where the waistcoat ends, an inch or two to the breadth of his nose, claps a round hat jauntily on a pair of coquettish short horns, and is just at the moment called out of the room. *John* takes that opportunity to look at his 'counterfeit presentment,' and is far from flattered. His cousin *Pat* steps in at the moment ; the annoyed sitter assumes palette, pencils, and maul stick, makes the new comer assume the chair, and takes revenge on him for the wrong himself had just suffered.

Any words used by the English, Spaniards, French, and Italians, that cannot be clearly traced to the Celtic, the Saxon, the Greek, or the Latin, may be looked on in the same light as those sprung up in later times in America or our distant colonies, and having strictly local or accidental significations. May we see published in our own times, at a moderate price, a Polyglot dictionary of the English, and those four early tongues of Europe, merely containing words common to three of them at least ; something in this fashion :

<i>English.</i>	<i>Celtic.</i>	<i>Teutonic.</i>	<i>Greek.</i>	<i>Latin.</i>
Mother.	Mathair.	Mutter.	Meter.	Mater.
Father.	Athair.	Vater.	Pater.	Pater.
Nose.	Riuu.	Nase.	Ris or Kin.	Nasus.

A vocabulary follows of Celtic words, many of which enter into the composition of proper names, or are still used by English-speaking natives, while they fancy they are conversing in the pure Anglo-Norman dialect, a few only of the many words common to both languages being admitted. Let the English reader remember that *c* and *g* are always sounded hard, and *d* and *t* generally pronounced *dh* and *tk*.

*Aban*, (*Avon*) Water, River (*Avonmore*, large river).  
*Aill*, Cliff (*Albion*, white cliff).  
*Aingith*, Silver.

*Ard*, High (*Armagh*, High Field).  
*Ath*, Ford.

*Baile*, a Town (*Baile ath cliath*, Town on Ford of Hurdles, Dublin).

*Ball*, Spot.

*Bas*, Death.

*Be*, Life, Woman (Eve ?).

*Beal*, Beul, Mouth.

*Bealach*, Pass.

*Bearna*, Gap.

*Beg*, Beag, Little.

*Ben*, Hill (*Ben a Dair*, Hill of Oaks, Howth).

*Bo*, Cow.

*Bodach*, Cow-keeper.

*Both*, Tent, hence Bothy, a Hut.

*Brathach*, a Banner.

*Breac*, Speckled, a Trout.

*Breath*, a Judge, hence Brehon.

*Brugh*, Town, Residence.

*Bunn*, Foundation.

*Caemh*, Caomh, Crooked.

*Calbh*, Bald (*Calvus*, Lat.).

*Caoch*, Blind.

*Caol*, Short, Slender.

*Capall*, Horse.

*Carn*, Heap of Stones.

*Carraic*, Corrig, Rock.

*Cathair* (pr. *Caer*) Town (*Carlow*, Town on the lake).

*Cath* Battle.

*Ce*, *Tit*, the Earth.

*Ceann*, Head (*Kantire*, Cape of the Tower).

*Cearc*, Hen.

*Ceir*, Wax, (*Cera* L.)

*Ceo*, Fog.

*Cil*, Cell, Church (*Kildare*, Church of the Oak).

*Cineal*, Family, Tribe.

*Cish*, *Cias*, a Rent.

*Cleach*, *Cliath*, Wattle, Hurdle.

*Clo*, Nail (*Clavus*, L.).

*Cloch*, Stone.

*Clogh*, Bell, (*Clogher*, Golden Bell, or Stone of Gold, or Stone of the Sun).

*Cluain*, *Cluan*, Meadow (Clontarff. Bull's Pasture).

*Cnoc*, Hill.

*Coilech*, a Cock.

*Coille*, a Wood.

*Col*, an Impediment (*Cul*, Fr. ).

*Corc*, *Currach*, Bog, Marsh.

*Cosh*, Foot.

*Craeb*, *Craob*, Branch.

*Craig*, Gullet, Claw.

*Creach*, Booty, Spoil.

*Croagh*, Crock, Cross, Crook.  
*Crioicenn*, Skin, Hide.  
*Cruit*, a Harp.  
*Cu*, Hound.  
*Cuisle*, Vein.  
*Curadh*, Knight.

*Dair, Duir, Oak* (*Derry*, Oak Grove, hence *Druid*).  
*Dal*, Blind.  
*Daltha*, Foster Child.  
*Daol*, a Reptile.  
*Dearg*, Red.  
*Delg*, Thorn.  
*Deoch*, a Drink.  
*Di, Do*, Two.  
*DIA*, God.  
*Dia*, Day.  
*Doire*, Grove.  
*Domnach*, Sunday.  
*Donn* (pr. *dhoun*). Brown.  
*Dorn*, Fist.  
*Dorus*, Door (*Deoch an Dorus*, Stirrup Cup).  
*Druim, Drum*, Ridge (*Rathdrum*, Fort on the Hill Ridge).  
*Duan*, Poem.  
*Duine*, a Man.  
*Dun*, a Fort.  
*Dur*, Hard (*Durus*, L.).

*Each, Ech*, Horse (*Leim an eic*, Horse leap).  
*Ealt*, Flock (*Moynalty*, Plain of Flocks of Birds).  
*Ealg*, Noble (*Ethel* in Saxon).  
*Earr*, Hero.  
*Eglais*, Church.  
*Eilit*, a Hind.  
*Eiric, Eric*, a Fine.  
*En, Ean*, a Bird.  
*Erc*, Ox.  
*Es*, a Waterfall (*Assaroe, Es Aodh Ruadh*, Cascade of Red Hugh, Salmon leap at Ballyshannon).

*Facc*, Spade.  
*Fadh*, Tall, Long.  
*Failte*, Welcome.  
*Fail*, Ring, Stone, Blood, Name of Ireland.  
*Falc*, Hook (*Falx*, L.).  
*Fasach*, a Desert.  
*Far*, Why ? (*Warum* in German).  
*Fead*, Whistle, Sword.  
*Feis*, Parliament.  
*Fer, Fir*, a Man.  
*Fesog*, Beard.  
*Fiac*, a Raven.

*Fiacal, Fecc, Tooth.*  
*Fian, a Hero.*  
*Fib, Laughter.*  
*Fiad, Deer.*  
*Fid, Whistle.*  
*Finn, Fair.*  
*Fiodhga, Woody.*  
*Flaith, Flath, Prince, Heaven.*  
*Flann, Blood, Red.*  
*Fledh, Feast (Pleedogue, Children's Feast of Easter Eggs).*  
*Folt, Hair.*  
*Fort, Strong (Fortis, Lat.).*  
*Fraech, Fraoch, Heath, hence Frauchans.*

*Ga, Javelin.*  
*Gab, Mouth.*  
*Gad, Withe.*  
*Gaill, Foreigner.*  
*Ge, Goose.*  
*Geal, White.*  
*Gean, Woman, Daughter, Love (Guné, Gr.).*  
*Gealach, the Moon.*  
*Gen, Sword.*  
*Gear, Gar, Short.*  
*Giall, Hostage.*  
*Giolla, Gilla, Servant (Gilmour, Mary's Servant).*  
*Glac, Fist, Fork, (Galloglach, Armed Partizan ; Giolla, Attendant, and the above).*  
*Glas, Green.*  
*Gleirr, White of Egg.*  
*Gluin, the Knee.*  
*Glib, Lock of Hair.*  
*Gloir, Sunrise, Glory.*  
*Glor, Voice.*  
*Goban, Smith, hence Gow.*  
*Gob, Beak.*  
*Goil, Knighthood.*  
*Gort, Garden.*  
*Gorm, Blue.*  
*Gradh, Love.*  
*Graf, Scion, Sprout.*  
*Graig, Manor.*  
*Grian, the Sun (hence Grange).*  
*Gril, Iron Grating.*  
*Gris, Ashes.*  
*Gruag, the Hair.*  
*Grinn, Hedgehog.*  
*Gug, Gog, Egg.*

*I, Island.*  
*Iar, West (Ireland, West Land).*  
*Inbher, a Rivers' Mouth; Aber in Welsh.*

*Inis (Inch)*, an Island,  
*Ir*, Anger.

*La*, Day (*La Samhna*, Sun's Day, Lammas).

*Laech*, Hero.

*Laith*, Milk (*Lac*, Lat.).

*Lamh*, *Lav*, Hand.

*Lann*. Sword.

*Laoi*, Poem.

*Leabhar*, Book (*Liber*, L.).

*Leacht*, Bed.

*Leanbh* (hence *Llanna*), Child.

*Leac*, Flag, Stone (*Læca*, Saxon).

*Lecht*, a Grave.

*Leith*, Half.

*Leim*, a Leap (*Limavady*, Dog's Leap),

*Linn*, Pool (*Dublin*, *Dubh Linn*, Black Pool).

*Ler*, *Lir*, the Sea.

*Lis*, Fort, House.

*Liath*, Grey.

*Lios*, Cottage.

*Loch*, Lake, Pool.

*Loinges*, a Fleet.

*Long*, *Lüing*, a Ship.

*Losc*, Blind of one eye (*Luscus*, Lat).

*Luachair*, Rushes.

*Luaidh*, Ashes, Lees.

*Luain*, the Moon.

*Lugnas*, Lammas.

*Luath*, Sharp, Swift (Name of a Hound).

*Lus*, Herb, (*Lusmore*, Large Herb, Fox-glove).

*Luim*, New Milk.

*Luin*, Spear.

*Mac*, Son (*Mackay*, *Mac Hugh*, *Mac Kew*, *Mac Aodh*, Son of Hugh).

*Madra*, Dog (*Madra Rua*, Red Dog, Fox ; *Madre*, Cunning, Foxy, Fr.).

*Maer*, Steward.

*Magh*, *Mathaire*, a Field.

*Mairt*, Execution.

*Mala*, Eyebrow.

*Mam*, *Breast*, *Mother*, *Mount*.

*Manach*, Monk.

*Man*, Hand.

*Maoit*, Moist.

*Maol* (*pr. Miul*), *Bald*, *Hornless*.

*Maor*, Earl, Baron, Sergeant.

*Mathair*, Mother.

*Me*, My, Me, I, Myself.

*Meas*, Yard, Measure Judgment.

*Measg*, Mixing.

*Mer*, Finger.

*Mer*, a Blackbird.

*Mir*, a Part.  
*Mion*, Small.  
*Misnecht*, Courage.  
*Moin*, Bog.  
*Molt*, Sheep, Wether.  
*Mor, Mhor*, Big. (*Major*, L.)  
*Mos*, Custom.  
*Muic*, Pig  
*Muidh, Moy*, Plain (*Moytuir*, Plain of the Tower).  
*Muinter*, Tribe.  
*Muir*, the Sea, (*Mare*, L.).  
*Muis*, Pouting Lip.

*Naemh, Naomh*, a Saint.  
*Nead*, Nest (*Nidus*, L.)  
*Neul*, Cloud (*Nephele*, Gk.).  
*Noed*, Naked, Nude.  
*Noi*, Ship (*Navis*, L.).  
*Nuall*, Angelical voice [*Noel*, Christmas, Fr.).

*Og, Oig*, Young, Virgin.  
*OI*, Drink.  
*Olann*, Wool.  
*Oir*, the East (*Orient*).  
*Oll*, Great.  
*Ollamh*, Doctor.  
*Or*, Gold.  
*Os*, Mouth.

*Pain*, Bread.  
*Paisde* Child, (*Pais*, Gk.).  
*Partan*, a Crab, (in use in Scotland).  
*Piast*, Worm, Serpent.  
*Pib, Piob*, Pipe, Flute.  
*Port*, Tune, Jig, Harbour.  
*Pus*, Lip.

*Rae*, the Moon.  
*Rann*, Verse.  
*Raom, Rim*, Number, Rhythm (root of the word *Arithmetic*).  
*Rath*, Fortress.  
*Ri, Righ*, King.  
*Righan*, Queen.  
*Rinn*, Nose, Promontory.  
*Ros*, a Green Plain.  
*Rosg*, the Eye.  
*Roth, Roit*. Wheel (*Rota*, L.).  
*Ruadh*, Red.

*Sa*, It, It is.  
*Sagarth*, Priest.  
*Sail*, Willow.

*Sal*, Heel, Dirt.  
*Salthair*, Chronicle.  
*Samh*, the Sun.  
*Sanihain*, End of Summer, All-hallows.  
*Samhradh*, Summer (pr. *Saura*).  
*Saor*, *Saer*, Mason, Carpenter. Free.  
*San*, Holy,  
*Scath*, Shade.  
*Scaff*, Ship, Skiff.  
*Sceall*, Story, Shield.  
*Scealp*, Cliff, Bite.  
*Sceath*, *Sgat*, *Sge*, Hawthorn.  
*Sceul*, *Scel*, Tidings, Story.  
*Scian*, Dagger, Knife.  
*Sciath*, Shield, Basket.  
*Sraith*, Sod ; Vulgo, *Scraw*.  
*Se*, He, Six.  
*Sean*, Old.  
*Sech*, Dry (*Siccus* L.).  
*Seas*, Heap of Sheaves.  
*Si*, She, Her.  
*Sia*, *Sighe*, *Sidhe*, *Siog*, Fairy.  
*Sinnach*, Fox.  
*Siol*, Tribe.  
*Sios*, Down.  
*Siur*, Sister, Country.  
*Slab*, Mire.  
*Slainte*, Health.  
*Slan*, Health.  
*Sleg*, Spear.  
*Sliabh*, Mountain Ridge.  
*Sliochd*, Tribe.  
*Slod*, Puddle (hence *Sludge*).  
*Smaois*, Nose (pr. *Smuish*).  
*Smoll*, Trush.  
*Snathad*, Needle.  
*Sneachd*, Snow.  
*Snuad*, Fair Head of Hair, hence *Snood*.  
*Soisgel*, the Gospel.  
*Soalt*, a Leap (*Saltus*, L.).  
*Solas*, Comfort.  
*Soc*, Beak, Plough Share, Nose.  
*Suil*, the Eye.

*Ta*, I am, It is.  
*Tain*, Herd of Cattle, Land.  
*Taim*, I am.  
*Talamh*, Earth.  
*Tarbh*, Bull (*Taurus*, L.).  
*Tart*, Thirst.  
*Tech*, *Teach*, House.  
*Tea*, Rope.

*Teidhm*, Death.  
*Teine, Ten, Tin*, Fire.  
*Ti*, Him or Her.  
*Tigherna*, Lord.  
*Tir*, Land Country.  
*Tlachd*, Burying Place.  
*Tobar*, a Spring Well.  
*Tonn*, a Wave.  
*Tort*, Cake.  
*Tra, Traig*, Strand (*Bantry, Ventry*, Fair Strand).  
*Tradh*, Fishing Spear.  
*Traill*, Slave.  
*Trean*, Strong (*Treanmor*, Very Strong — Proper Name).  
*Trus*, a Girdle.  
*Tuath*, People.  
*Tuc*, a Rapier.  
*Tulach*, a Hill.  
*Turr*, a Tower.  
*Tus*, Incense, (*Thus*, L. )

*Ua, O*, Grandson.  
*Uiagh, Uaim*, Cave.  
*Uais*, Noble (*Duine Uasal*, Gentleman).  
*Uan*, Lamb.  
*Ucht*, Breast.  
*Ui, Hy* District.  
*Ubh* (pr. *Uv*), Egg.

[1] Besides our scholars already mentioned, we wish to express the obligations under which the Irish reading public stand to Messrs Graves, Hackett, O'Brennan, O'Connellan, O'Mahony, Windele, and to the deceased Bryan Geraghty, publisher of the *Annals of the Four Masters*.

[2] The chief Bard owning a thousand tales is not to be *literally* received. Seven times fifty tales of the first rank, and three times fifty of the second rank, were his stint. In *Grainne and Diarmuid* towards the commencement, *Duibhne* is erroneously printed for *O'Duibhne* in two or three instances.

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