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DESTRUCTION OF DA DERGA'S HOSTEL.

(Continued.)

"I beheld another trio in the room by them. A handsome (bald) man who had got his baldness newly. By him were two young men with manes upon them. Three mixed plaids they wore. A pin of silver in the mantle of each of them. Three suits of armour above them on the wall. Liken thou that, O Fer-rogain?"

"I know those," quoth he. "Fergus Ferde, Fergus Fordae and Domáine Mossud, those are the king's three judges. Woe to him who shall wreak the destruction were it only because of that trio! A man will perish by each of them."

"To the east of them I beheld another ennead. Nine branchy curly manes upon them. Nine grey floating(?) mantles about them; nine pins of gold in their mantles. Nine rings of crystal round their arms. A thumbing of gold round each man's thumb; an ear-tie of gold round each man's ear; a torque of silver round each man's throat. Nine bags with golden faces above them on the wall. Nine rods of white silver in their hands. Liken thou (them)."

"I know those," quoth he (Fer-rogain). They are the king's nine harpers, with their nine harps above them; Side and Dide, Duloth and Deichrienne, Caumeel and Cellgen, Ol and Olene and Olchói. A man will perish by each of them."

"I saw another trio on the dais. Three bed-gowns girt about them. Four cornered shields in their hands with corsers of gold upon them. Apples of silver they had, and small inlaid spears."

"I know them," says Fer-rogain, Cliss and Clissine and Clissameen, the king's three conjurors. Three of the same age are they; three brothers, three sons of Naffer Rochless. A man will perish by each of them."

"I beheld another trio hard by the room of the king himself. Three blue mantles around them, and three bed-gowns with red insertion over them. Their arms had been hung above them on the wall."

"I know those," quoth he, "Dris and Draigen and Aittit (Thorn and Bramble and Furze), the king's three lampooners, three sons of Sciath Foilt. A man will perish by each of their weapons."

"I beheld a trio naked on the roof-tree of the house; their jets of blood (coming) through them, and the ropes of their slaughter on their necks."

"Thou I know," quoth he, "three . . . of awful boding. Those are the three that are slaughtered at every time."

"I beheld a trio cooking in short inlaid aprons; a fair grey man, and two youths in his company."

"I know those," quoth Fer-rogain; "they are the king's three chief kitcheners, namely, the Dagdae, and his two fosterlings. Séig and Segdae, the two sons of Trofer Singlespit. A man will perish by each of them."

"I beheld another trio then. Three plates of gold over their heads. Three speckled mantles about them; three linen shirts with red insertion; three golden brooches in their mantles; three wooden darts above them on the wall."

"These I know," says Fer-rogain; "the three poets of that king: Sin and Rodni and Fordni; three of the same age, three brothers; three sons of Maphar of the Mighty Song. A man will perish for each of them, and every pair will keep between them one man's victory. Woe to him who shall wreak the destruction!" etc.

"There I beheld two warriors standing over the king. Two curved shields they had, and two great pointed swords. Red kilts they wore, and in the mantles, pins of white silver."

"Bole and Root are those," quoth he, "the king's two guards, two sons of Maffer Toll."

"I beheld nine men in a room there in front of the same room. Fair yellow manes upon them. Short aprons they wore and spotted capes; they carried smiting spears. An ivory-hilted sword in the hand of each of them, and

whoever enters the house they essay to smite him with the swords. No one dares to go to the room (of the king) without their consent. Liken thou that, O Fer-rogain!"

"Easy for me is that. Three Mochmatuichs of Meath, three Buageltachs of Bregia, three Sostachs of Sliab Fuait, the nine guardsman of that king. Nine decads will fall by them in their first conflict, etc. Woe to him who shall wreak the Destruction because of them (only!)"

"Ye cannot," says Ingeél. "Clouds of weakness. And who sawest thou then?"

"Then I beheld another room, and a pair was in it, and they are 'oxtubs,' stout and thick. Aprons they wore, and the men were dark and brown. They had short back-hair on them, but high upon their foreheads. They are as swift as a water-wheel, each of them part another, one of them to the (king's) room, the other to the fire. Liken thou those, O Fer-rogain?"

"Easy to me. They are Nia and Bruthne, Conaire's two table servants. They are the pair that is best in Erin for their lord's advantage. What causes brownness to them and height to their hair is their frequent haunting of the fire. In the world is no pair better in their art than they. Thrice nine men will fall by them in their first encounter, and they will share prowess with every one, and they will chance to escape. And after that, whom sawest thou?"

(To be continued.)

[The reader will have noticed the appearance of the Dagda playing a quite minor part in Conari's household, as a kind of cook. Then, in the ensuing battle, he is only credited with slaying "one" of the assailants.

Yet, elsewhere the Dagda appears as a mighty god, if not the Zeus of the Irish Pantheon.

Can any one offer an explanation? Either the cycle in which the Dagda figures as a great being had already become dim and half forgotten, or the cycle of which Conari Mor is the centre had only begun to absorb the Danaan, which represented a conquered race, whose gods would only be gradually acknowledged by the conquerors.—ED.]

PHAUDRIG.

The strangers calls me "Murphy," an' my comrades call me "Pat,"

The one's as good as the other, an' I make no point of that,

But it minds me of another name I never hear at all,
It was "Phaudrig" my mother gave me at home in Donegal.

But what's the use of thinkin'? Sure, it fills my heart with pain,

When the hills rise up afore my eyes I may never see again,

The purple on the heather, an' the blue upon the sea,
An' the sheep upon the mountain side that used to look for me.

I wish I could be there again—a little barefoot boy,
'Twas a sorry day I wore the brogues, they've brought me little joy,

'Twas them that set me wanderin', but it's me will bless the day,

When home will turn the weary feet of him that went away.

So call me "Mister Murphy," or call me simple "Pat,"
One name's as good as another, an' I make no point of that;

But ye've minded me of my mother's name, the name she'll surely call

Her "Bouchal Roe" the day she sees him back in Donegal.

EDITH WHEELER.

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