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Fáilte Maighistir Ió Pluinceat

Author(s): H. Morris

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ḡáilte maigistír ió pluinceat.

AR A TEACHT A Cómnuirde úd cum an múimilte.

le maillig ingean pádraig mhic alionduin.

I.

Iḡ doibinn tulaḡ áluinn mhic cáinte fearḡa a corḡc,
Iḡ cian a maorḡtear atar léite de ḡáitib éearḡ beol na nḡraoi,
Ac anoir, ní bréas a tráctaim, 'rí an ḡara ḡarnarrur í,
Na ḡrota rin carḡália teacḡt láim léite ar nḡabail ḡsḡt,
As leanann naonmḡar maigḡean, ḡálta caoim na h-éisḡrí,
An mac rin cairḡin séamuir fuair céim ar ḡac ériḡ
Le linn a teacḡt ḡo ceann ḡo'n ḡlanḡa toraḡ iḡ tréitḡige
Beirḡ ór iḡ muiḡrḡh iḡ ḡóḡ na cḡuinne as ḡár na h-don Oirḡce.

II.

Iḡ a tulaḡ iḡ duit buḡ h-uaḡḡar ar nḡluairḡeacḡ ḡo'n ḡlata traoi,
ḡálta na h-aol Stuarḡe fá ḡo tuairim ar ḡteacḡ i ḡcḡic,
As Helicon a luairḡtear ḡo ḡfuair ḡé ḡe'n ḡabairḡ éaoim,
Iḡ ḡur ḡlao ḡan tarḡ an uair rin ḡe nua-éuirḡh i ḡtiobraḡ ḡíde.
Buḡ lionmḡar taitḡige uairḡe ann ar mḡas an ḡeḡḡa fuairḡnirḡ,
Re linn a ḡioḡrairḡ iḡ uaḡtarairḡe a fuair buan ḡear na nḡraoi;
Beirḡ éisḡrí ó ḡear ḡo tuairḡearḡ, iḡ na céaḡta boḡḡ ḡá ḡfuairḡailḡ,
Siḡḡ ḡoḡa 'na ḡḡara' iḡ torḡta mear as ḡár na h-don Oirḡce.

III.

Si an tulaḡ áluinn céaḡna-ra ḡus céim mairḡe ó élar na mḡíde,
Ó muiḡtaib ḡataḡail ḡó-ḡlan ériḡ' laigear ḡac áirḡ ar fuirḡeḡḡ,
Le maorḡtear ḡíḡ ḡe céilib buḡ h-éirḡeacḡ ḡe tráct a mbíḡḡ,
An t-atair 'r a mac i n-éirḡeacḡ le tréan-éuirḡiuḡḡḡ an Spiorḡḡo Naomḡ:
Tóirḡriḡ, trḡirḡeḡḡa tréarḡḡaḡa ḡo conla na nḡairḡiḡis' ḡaeḡealacḡ,
ḡlóir ḡo'n com-ḡé ḡléarḡ a mbíḡḡ i ḡtréan-nearḡ ar don;
Iḡ ḡá mairḡeḡḡ ollamḡuin éirḡeann ḡo lionḡḡḡ ḡtarḡḡa 'n-éirḡeacḡ,
Ar a ḡḡriall ḡa taitḡige ḡaltainn éairḡirḡ ar ḡár na h-don Oirḡce.

IV.

már a tēact ḡo Tulaiḡ céatona,¹ buḡ roḡa rir an mācraib ḡirḡ,
 buḡ céannur fearḡa do ḡaebiliḡ an méat-ra a beit mārtain rlan,
 an ruat rin mic ḡḡnāriur, aḡur Séamur ir uile cāin,
 Seabac luat na nḡeap-lann na nḡliaḡ ḡorḡa ir liomḡa lám :
 aḡḡ ḡuirḡim buime an don-mic ir na h-abrtail uile 'n-éinḡeact,
 Re Tib² a taḡairḡ raor ar na cḡiḡcāib ḡoir ne h-āin,
 ir ne linn a tēact ḡo ceann do'n ḡlanḡa ḡorair ir tḡeitḡe,
 beirḡ ḡac riaḡail i ḡceairt aḡe ió, do māc, aḡ fār na h-don Oirḡe.

V.

a leinḡ roḡnaoirḡ ruiāinḡ do ḡluairēatḡ de'n aicme úo a fḡitēat
 De rēoir na leomān uācḡracḡ dā'r dūal dōib a beit i ḡceannur cḡiḡc,
 fáilte dūit an uair-ri ar do nua-tēact ḡo fār na h-Oirḡe,
 ḡo mba raoḡalac annrin ruiāinḡeac ḡan dūbailce ḡan aicḡo éli :
 ḡo maiur leat an fūaim-ri noḡat bliatāin fá luairēib,
 Mar don ne do cuallairḡe do ḡlūin tḡeib na ríḡḡ ;
 Dīr a ḡeabur ceann ar fḡuairḡtib, aḡur tura le na nḡuailiḡ,
 aḡ riaḡluḡat cāta cḡiḡc' an beata ar nōr na naom.

VI.

'S a tulaḡ beirḡ ḡac éirēact ḡan léitḡe ḡan rḡeānuḡatḡ dōib,
 an tura ḡairḡoin éatāin aḡ rḡeāmatḡ ḡo h-ōḡ ir tīr ?
 Nī heaḡal dōam i ḡcēim a tēact nō éatā cum na h-aicḡiḡe elaiḡ,
 beirḡ torḡḡa roḡnaoirḡ raor ar do cḡraobairḡ ḡan cōrḡ ar don,
 aḡḡ le linn a tēact do'n āirḡ-flait 'ra éile a leanar rāra,
 ioreph aḡur Máire a ruiar ḡairḡoan na naom,
 De eocraib tḡe rārrḡair beirḡ cḡeiream ríor ir ḡrāḡ leo,
 ir élēir ḡan cōl arīr aḡ molaḡ fār na h-don Oirḡe.

VII.

'S a tulaḡ rin mic Cāinte ar a utarḡa mé tḡat bí mé óḡ,
 Nī rēarrainn fēim ḡo brāt leir an āirḡ-māḡ ḡion a māireann beo,
 aḡḡ a rēacāin ar na baircāib 'ra n-aibēir aḡ tēact raor feol,
 ir éanlait binne rārrḡair ḡac āirḡ oíom aḡ canatḡ ceoil ;
 aḡ rēacatḡ na h-iaira ruiatḡe 'r a n-eilit māol dā ruiatḡ,
 ir na ḡáḡa binne buatḡbailḡ dā nḡluairēact cum rḡóirḡ ;
 De oileamāin nī luairḡim, aḡḡ torḡḡa meala ar uatāib,
 Re oin narḡ b'annam bḡeaca ḡeala caorḡa aḡur enōḡ.

1.—Perhaps this should be *tulaḡ céin*, i.e. the Hill of Cein mic Cāinte.

2.—Tobias na Tib a bí o'ainm ar an māc a bí mḡraḡanra.

NOTES.

It is chiefly in connexion with the article on the "Ship-Temple" that the above poem is published, as every verse of the poem except the last refers to the *Fas na haon Oidhch*, or "One Night's Growth."

The poem was written to welcome "Master Joe Plunkett" on his coming to reside in Muinilt in the neighbourhood of the "One Night's Growth" or the modern Stumpa. The date of the composition is probably the middle of the eighteenth century. The writer of the poem was Mary, daughter of Patrick MacAlindon, one of the best known of south Ulster poets. It should be stated that some MSS. refer to Mary as sister of Patrick MacAlindon. The present poem, however, is taken from a MS. in my possession written by Dr. James Woods of Dundalk in 1821. O'Kearney tells us that James Woods was born of respectable parents at Lough Ros near Crossmaglen about 1758. He was intended for the Church, but his health having become delicate he turned to medicine. He died 6th January, 1828, aged 70 years, and is buried at Creggan. Matthew Moore Graham wrote his "Grave-lay" or Elegy. Some time before his death he projected the erection of monuments to our south-Ulster poets, but death cut short his projects. He also was the chief mover in the last "Bardic Contention" in Dundalk, a year or two before his death.

Mr. William Tempest, Dundalk, has kindly supplied me with the following further information. In the registers of the Dundalk Protestant Church there is a record of the birth, in 1782, of Anne Woods *née* Tyrell, wife of James, apothecary. In the north-east of the churchyard, near the vestry, there is a raised tombstone "Erected to the memory of Mary, wife of George Tyrell, late of Dundalk, who died 17th March, 1815, aged 56 years. Also her sister Anne, relict of the late James Woods, apothecary, who died 28th May, 1859, aged 77 years."

All this fixes the scribe, and his time with tolerable accuracy. Now a man who was born near Crossmaglen in 1758, and who himself became an enthusiastic Irish scribe and poet, would not be likely to have incorrect information regarding the identity of Mary MacAlindon, so that O'Kearney's statement that Mary was *sister* to Patrick cannot be relied on; first, because he was more than half a century later than Woods; and second, because he has a rather indifferent reputation for accuracy.

We may take it then that the authoress of this poem was daughter to Patrick MacAlindon. Another most interesting piece of information is given in the last verse of the poem, where the writer states she was reared, or at any rate lived from her youth, at Cnoc Cein mhic Chainte, now Killen Hill. This is the most exact piece of evidence I have yet come across as to where Patrick MacAlindon belonged. Patrick MacAlindon died 1733 according to his "Elegy" written by Fergus mac Bheathaidh (or mac Veigh), as found in one of the O'Laverty MSS., dated 1788. His daughter says she will never part from Cnoc Cein mhic Chainte, so that it is a reasonable conclusion that MacAlindon lived there also.

Matthew Moore Graham in his MS. *Collectanea Grahamea* quotes one verse of this poem, and tells that MacAlindon's house was a favourite resort of local poets: as many as eighteen were at one time assembled under his roof; his house was an informal school of Irish poetry. And we know that at least two of O'Doirnin's poems were written at Cnoc Cein mhic Chainte, one of them being an extempore poetic contest with Mary MacAlindon. This also goes to prove that MacAlindon's house was at Killen.

But these are all incidental questions arising out of the poem.

Who Joseph Plunkett was I cannot tell. He was son to "Captain James who

won dignity in every country." It is most probable that "Captain James" was a Captain in the Irish Brigade on the continent. It also appears from verse IV and the footnote thereto that Captain James had at this time another son called Tobias or Tib in Braganza in Portugal. O'Callaghan, in his "History of the Irish Brigade in the service of France," mentions several Plunketts, but none that I could connect with the characters in this poem.

There is not a trace nor even a recollection of either Plunketts or MacAlindons about Bridge-a-chrin at present.

Mr. Redmond Magrath remembers several families of Plunketts in Dundalk all very poor: even these are, I believe, now extinct. The Plunketts were wealthy folk when this poem was written. Joseph's wife's name was Mary, "of the tribe of kings"—that is, belonging to some once royal family, and it appears from verse VI that she used to "follow races," which probably means that she used to ride with the hounds.

I have another MS., written in County Monaghan in 1795, by Michael Callan, which refers in one of its poems to a "Master Joe," whether it be the same person or not:

ΣΙΒΙΡ ΔΣΥΡ ΔΙΤΥΣΑΘ ΔΟ'Ν ΜΑC-ΡΑ ΡΥΑΙΡ CΕΡΑΘ,
ΝΑΡ ΙΜCΙΣ ΔΝ ΤΕΑC ΡΟ ΝΟ ΔΝ ΤΡΕΙΒ ΡΕΟ ΞΑΝ ΟΙΘΡΕ,
ΞΟ ΜΑΙΡΕΑΝΝ ΡCΑΡΑΙΡΕ ΤΑΙΤΝΕΔΜΑC ΔΕΑΝΤΑ—
ΜΑΙΣΙΡΤΙΡ ΙΟ ΙΡ ΔCΜΥΝΝΙΣΕ Δ ΤΡΕΑΡΤΑ.

The place where Joseph came to live is given in the MS. as Muinilte, and Rev. N. Lawless, P.P., Faughart, has given me some interesting information about this. It is now called "Slieve," but this as locally understood has nothing to do with Slieve, a mountain; it is the common word *sleeve*, because the Irish word *múimilte* means the sleeve of a garment. Just one old woman whom Fr. Lawless consulted remembers the name "Muinilte" as an equivalent for "Slieve." She pronounced it "Mullinte," but this is merely an instance of the metathesis of l and n so common in Irish. Compare *ῥῥ ἄιν ῥιὸμ* for *ῥῥ ἄιῥ ῥιὸμ*. But the name Muinilte was well known in 1836 as appears from the following note copied by Fr. Lawless from the Ordnance Survey Name Book:—"Slieve, Munalta, *múimilte* = Hill of the Doe." A further note in the Name Book says "*múimilte*: I doubt this should be made Slieve."

The use of Slieve or Sleeve as a translation of *múimilte* is quite wrong, except we suppose it was on account of the townland having a very striking resemblance to the sleeve of a garment. Father Lawless says it has somewhat such a shape, it being narrow at the east end and opening out to the west. The old people in the townland regard it as being called "Sleeve" on account of its shape. But to a student of Irish place-names such a fantastic derivation is highly improbable. And Father Lawless says "Still I am not convinced that Sleeve is the name. Slieve, a mountain, would describe very well both it and the range of hills from Killen to Shortstone. The ground is very high, and if left without cultivation, as in old times, would be wild mountain soon enough. There is a reference in the charters of St. Mary's Abbey to the 'lands of Keen towards the mountains'—montana. This very possibly refers to Slieve."

The name could have any of the following meanings:

<i>múin na n-eirice</i> , the Ridge of the Doe.	<i>μαῖς n-eαιττα</i> , plain of the Bird-flocks.
<i>móin na n-eirice</i> , the Bog of the Doe.	<i>μόιν εαιττα</i> , Bog of the Bird-flocks.
<i>μαῖς na n-eirice</i> , the Plain of the Doe.	<i>múin εαιττα</i> , Ridge of the Bird-flocks.

Any of these could have been worn down to the form *múimilte*, but the

M

situation of the place, according to Father Lawless, precludes any of these derivations except the first. *Mum*, like *ṁum*, primarily means a back as of an animal, and is applied to ridges or hills shaped somewhat like an animal's back.

The poem is anything but clear in many of its lines, and to get a good version one would require two or three MS. copies. It is rather too long for translation, but may be paraphrased and summarised as follows:—

The Hill of Cainte's son will henceforth be joyous, though it is long since poets have had occasion to mention anything happy in connexion with it; but now she is the second Parnassus, since that lover of the muses and fosterling of the poets, the son of Captain James who found dignity in every country, has come to reside at Fas na h-aon Oidhche. It is the same beautiful hill that won dignity for beauty from the plain of Meath, and from all the stately ramparts (= forts, duns) that are seated throughout Leinster: but now—glory be to God—it may be boasted she has two spouses the father and the son, bright torches of the heroes of the Gael: and if the ollaves of Erin but lived they would fill histories on his coming to Fas na haon Oidhche.

If it is to this hill the young men of nobility choose to come, he will henceforth be a leader to the Gael—as many of them as still live, this swift hawk of the sharp lance in the conflict and the accomplished hand: and I pray to the nurse of the only Son and to all the apostles that Tib may be brought safe out of the eastern countries.

Thou handsome and illustrious child, the descendant of the lions of the south, (i.e. Leinster) to whom sovereignty or lordship was natural, welcome to thee this hour, on thy new-coming to Fas na haon Oidhche: long and peaceful may you live there together with your wife of the tribe of kings—a pair who lead hosts—conducting the battle of life after the manner of the saints.

And O Hill of Cainte's son, where I chanced to be when young, I would not part with thee while I live, but (remain) to behold the barks on the ocean coming under sail, and to hear the melodious birds on every side making music, to see the red hare and the hornless doe being chased, and to hear the sweet calls of the sportsmen's horns advancing to the sport; to see the bright trout in the river, the honeyed hawthorn in flower, with various berries and nuts, not to mention human friendships.

This gives not all but the principal features of the poem. Killen Hill was a much finer place then than now. Matthew Moore Graham's description of it in the *Collectanea Grahamea* has not I think been yet recorded in this Journal. It is as follows:—"Killen Hill, about two miles north-west of Dundalk, was in former days the scene of druidical ceremonies. It is an elevated spot from which there is a most enchanting prospect. On the top of this romantic hill stood one of the most remarkable *leabas* or heathenish altars in this part of the country. The mount on the top of the hill on which the *leabas* stood, was fronted with very ponderous stones taken from the adjacent river; the intermediate space was filled with small stones. In the very centre stood the altar faced with large coarse stones, which were flat on the inside and ornamented with dotted plumes which rose from a single stem. This grave—as it was commonly called—was 14 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 3½ feet high from the surface or top of the little moat. Three large flags or great stones of a greenish nature crossed the stones which stood upright, at a little distance from each other, and left room enough for a man of ordinary size to get inside. The under parts of these stones which crossed the altar were ornamented with figures similar to those which were marked on the insides of the stones on which they lay. No inscriptions were known to be on any part of the altar. On the side of the hill at some distance from the altar three large mountain stones were placed in a

triangular situation. The greatness of these stones and their situation are matters for inquiry, for it cannot be conceived by what mechanical powers they were conveyed from so distant a place as they must have been brought from—since there are no stones of such quality in the neighbourhood, which abounds with limestone only—and removed to their places, almost on the top of this very steep hill. The workmen were forced to blast them with gunpowder. This beautiful hill is now partly quarried away to supply the adjacent limeworks, and this venerable monument of antiquity, the altar itself, fell a victim to the quarryman's sledge. On this hill the neighbours of both sexes used to assemble during leisure hours to amuse themselves with some innocent rustic plays, to hear songs sung, and old stories recited, as well as to view the beautiful scenery around, the meandering river winding through rich meadows and pasture lands and watering fertile cornfields, with the lofty mountains, and the beautiful bay of Dundalk in the distance."

It is remarkable that while Graham, after the fashion of the Vallancey school, calls the monument an altar, he also quotes the general opinion of the country people that it was a *λεαβα* or grave. Here the popular opinion was right. The hill is now planted, so that even the fine view from its summit is lost—that view which moved Peadar O'Doirnin and Mary MacAlindon to raptures, and delighted many a generation of the Gael, ere the soulless Sassenach despoiler—not the present owners it should be stated—got a hold of this storied and historic spot.

H. MORRIS.