All Ireland Review

St. Coemgin or Kevin, Abbot of Glendalough, County of Wicklow (Continued)

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Source: *All Ireland Review*, Vol. 2, No. 42 (Dec. 21, 1901), pp. 347-348

Published by: [All Ireland Review](#)

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/20545719>

Accessed: 24/06/2014 10:05

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IN A GARDEN.

Was I waking? Was I dreaming?
When I stood
On that pleasant spring-time morning,
In a garden that adorning
Grew Lilly-of-the-valley fair.
Ah! sweet its fragrance on the air.

Was I waking? Was I dreaming?
When I saw
Troops of tiny faries dancing,
In and out like sunbeams glancing.
I saw them shake those bell-shaped
flowers
As though they meant to ring the
hours.

Was I waking? Was I dreaming?
When I heard
Peals of merry music ringing
From those bells so lightly swinging,
Together wafted scent and sound,
Upon the charmed air around.

Was I waking? Was I dreaming?
When I thought,
It is a fairy's wedding day,
So they shake with laughter gay
From bell-shaped flowers a magic
chime,
And sing thereto a fairy's rhyme.

C. I. L.

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TEY FADOW, TEY FADING, AND
TEY PHIP.

DEAR S.,—The best authorities say that Fading the name of a dance, is of unknown origin, but your idea is suggested by Murray in the New English Dictionary; or, rather, he says it has been suggested. "The Irish feadan pipe; whistle has been suggested." As the name of a dance Fading is often referred to in the Elizabethan drama. It is, for instance, mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's famous play—*The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (III.5.) Wife "George, I will have him dance Fading; Fading is a fine jig." Shakespeare, it will be remembered, uses the word fading for the burden of a song (*Winter's Tale* IV.4. 195). At the end of *Winter's Tale* in Malone's Shakespeare, edited by Boswell (1821), two letters are printed concerning the old Irish dance the fading, written by Alexander Caldwell, Esq., of Dublin. In the first of these the derivation, from feadan, a pipe, is I think foul doggerel, in the latter the method of dancing it is described. The song to which the words "with a fading" are the burden, appears, writes Gifford, "to have been of a licentious kind." The word Fadow is quite unexplained. It is not in the New English Dictionary. Your suggestion as to "the Phip of Dunboyne (Dunboy), is interesting; but I should like to get an instance of "Phip" in the sense you refer to. By the way, in "*The Coxcomb*," a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, a wild Irish footman, is called in derision, "a Kilkenny ring."

"Maria. What's he would speak with me?"

"Servant. A Kilkenny ring; there he stands, madam" (II.3).

Antonio, the coxcomb, is personating an Irish footman. No suggestion worth much has been made as to the meaning of this expression.

W. CRAIG.

IRELAND TO-DAY.

We never remember a time when the mind of this country was in a state of such confusion with regard to all public issues, so much so that even its parties, factions, and conflicting interests cannot exhibit their meaning with an approximation to rationality and good sense. Let us for a moment look fairly and squarely at these clashing interests, these intermixed and intricate parties and factions and report faithfully concerning them according to the evidence of our eyes and ears, our experience of the past, and our knowledge of human nature in general, and of Irish human nature in particular, and, we trust, without the least prejudice or passion. The dominant political party is, of course, the Irish Parliamentary, with Home Rule in the forefront of its programme, the chief plank of its platform, a party whose imposing dimensions seem to make it not a mere party but almost, as it were, a nation organised and coming into action. This huge and now politically dominant party by its hugeness and electoral successes would seem to render an Irish Parliament, Irish self-government, one of the certainties of the next twelve or twenty-four months, and many people in Ireland and elsewhere, and noticeably so in America, identify it with Ireland herself, and seem to see in it a Nation at last upon the march. But let us look closer.

Obviously this party cannot get an Irish Parliament and the right to govern Ireland and make laws for Ireland from the Conservatives now in power. To accomplish their purpose they must have a Liberal Party in power, and also a Liberal Party between whom and the Conservatives they shall hold the balance, for everyone who knows anything of English public life knows that a Liberal Administration in a position to despise the Irish vote will pursue its own interests and purposes, and refuse to embark upon any such dangerous courses as those to which Mr. Redmond and his friends would invite them; these last being, according to our assumption, quite powerless to affect their policy.

Let us suppose now that the Liberal Party are in power owing to the Irish vote, that the Irish Parliamentary Party holds the balance, and are therefore in a position to direct Liberal policy. It is a contingency very improbable, for the English people move politically in masses, and if now in these exciting times they swing towards Liberalism, they will do so with a vengeance. But assuming that this party when next in power is dependent on the Irish vote—what then? Will not then that political situation be exactly reproduced which we witnessed a few years since when, for three years, a Liberal Administration lived from week to week upon the support of this Irish party, while all the time this Irish party was unable or unwilling to affect the action of that Government by a hair's breadth; if we except the creation, through the excellent Mr. Davitt, of a few second-rate J.P.'s, who have been doing such signal services ever since to the cause of "Ireland a nation" by the multiplication of public-houses in the land. For three years they held the fate and fortunes of the great Liberty Party "in the hollow of their hand"—to quote their leader—yet did absolutely nothing. Simple folk

imagine that if such a situation were again brought about they may be trusted to do great things. But does anyone, anyone who thinks and observes, believe it?
FERGANANIM.

VAGRANT THOUGHTS.

My thoughts are like singing birds
Blown about the sky,
If I could but find some words
And cage them thereby!

Foolish thoughts like flying birds
Flitting here and there
From whence come these thoughts
and birds
Like to phantoms fair?

Raised by hope, depressed by fear,
Birds and thoughts alike.
Notes of joy now falling clear
On hearts' sorrow strike.

When I happy birds have caught,
They drooped and died;
When I write my shining thought,
Are hopes belied.

Birds and thoughts may wing their
flight
To what height they will,
They may flit through day and night,
While I watch them—still.

Birds and thoughts together pass,
Touched by light and shade;
I in turn must go—alas!
All things droop and fade.

C. I. L.

[DEAR C. I. L.;—Walt Whitman, after a beautiful passage in praise of the birds, writes:—

"I believe in these winged purposes." You have caught the same thought. Please pay more attention to your metre. Let no line pass till it sings; no stanza, till all the lines sing together in full concert.

Make a brave music in the land, and lift up the hearts of the poor dejected people, so that they may have the spirit to do things, and cease from merely talking and dreaming about things.—ED., A. I. R.]

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ST. COEMGIN OR KEVIN, ABBOT
OF GLENDALOUGH, COUNTY
OF WICKLOW.

BY CANON O'HANLON, M.R.I.A.

(Sixth and Seventh Centuries.)

(Continued.)

When evening came and the flock had been counted over, still it was found, that the number of sheep remained complete. Thus, it would appear, the Almighty wished to reward this charity of his servant, and to avert all blame from him, because of his great liberality. Coemgen felt greatly strengthened in the love of God, after this occurrence. It is stated, that when seven years of age, our saint was sent by his parents to receive a literary and religious training from a holy man called Petrocus, who was a Briton by birth. He lived as a hermit, and having left his paternal kingdom, Petrocus embraced a monastic life. About A.D. 498, he is said to have been distinguished for sanctity, in Ireland. Here, he remained for twenty years, which expired in A.D. 518.

The writer of Kevin's Life says, that

while his youth was spent in the house of his parents, many miracles were wrought through him. These are not written, it is alleged, so that thus his biographer might sooner arrive at those incidents, connected with our saint's more mature age. Seeing so many indications of sanctity in their son, the boy's parents placed him under direction of three holy men, who dwelt in a cell. Guided by these venerable seniors, who were named, Eogoin, Lochan, and Enna, our saint prosecuted his studies with the greatest diligence. A local tradition has it that St. Kevin lived near Bray, in the county of Wicklow, before he went to Glendalough. Nothing is distinctly known regarding Eogoin, Lochan, and Enna, although it may fairly be supposed they lived not very far distant from the home of St. Kevin's parents. This event of our saint's life is said to have occurred in his twelfth year, and consequently, assuming the earliest chronology, about A.D. 510.

We are told, shortly after this period and in the bloom of youth, that our saint was greatly distinguished for his comely appearance. While engaged at work with the brethren of his cell the young novice was one day seen by a young and beautiful maiden. She then conceived a particular affection for him. At first this female began to manifest great friendship towards our saint, but dissembling her real object for some time, she endeavoured to engage the love of this holy youth by her looks, her words, and sometimes by her messages. However, Kevin rejected these several advances. Thus baffled and disappointed, the maiden sought an opportunity and found him alone. The brethren being at work in the wood, Kevin separated from them. Soon was he found in a solitude by that young female, who had followed the band of workmen. Seizing an opportunity that now presented itself she approached our holy youth. With words of affection, and with blandishments capable of overcoming one less firmly resolved, she sought to tempt him from that course of life he had voluntarily embraced, but Kevin arming himself with a sign of the cross, and being filled with the graces of the Holy Spirit, at once fled from the maiden's solicitations. He sought concealment within a wood. Here the pious youth buried himself among some nettles; yet, having discovered his place of concealment, the girl followed him thither, when binding a bundle of nettles our saint repelled her further advances by striking her several times with them. These nettles stung her severely. In fine, she became repentant, for indulging in her former thoughts. Prostrate on her knees she asked pardon from God, and from the saint. Kevin offered up his prayers for her. Afterwards she promised to dedicate her virginity to God, and in presence of his servant Kevin. At this moment, the brethren coming up were in admiration at what they had heard and seen. The maiden modestly related what had taken place before their arrival; and, on learning this the brethren were more confirmed in their love for holy purity. Thenceforward that female became distinguished for great prudence and sanctity. During the whole of her subsequent life, she diligently observed the wise and holy admonitions of blessed Kevin.

There is a local tradition that when St. Kevin resolved on retiring from the

world, to commence his religious course of life, he selected for such a purpose, that retired and deep valley, now known as Luggela. Whether this was the place of his noviceship or not is unknown, but it seems to be sufficiently probable. It must be observed, according to the peasantry living near the district of Lough Tay, county of Wicklow, St. Kevin is said to have founded a monastery, in the upper part of this romantic valley, before he retired to Glendalough. The site of this cell or monastery is yet pointed out, on a delightful spot, adjoining the waters of Lough Tay, where the Annamoe River enters it, and on that beautiful lawn, extending in front of Luggela Lodge. Hardly a vestige of the old building now remains. A shapeless pile of stones, just rising over the earth, and grass-covered mounds, mark the site of a former religious edifice, which undoubtedly occupied this exact spot. The people of Luggela neighbourhood supposed it a profanation to destroy any of those branches, that grew within the ruins of St. Kevin's deserted hermitage, and that some evil must be sure to await any such offender. The local traditions hardly leave a doubt on the inquiring mind, that at one period of his life St. Kevin hallowed this lone dell with his presence and prayers. The scenery around possesses features of the most magnificent and romantic character. Even in a district of country, unrivalled for the grandeur and loveliness of its varied landscapes, no more appropriate or fascinating spot could be selected for the quiet hermitage of an ascetic or a contemplative. One day our saint was told to go into a wood near the cell, and in company with a namesake, known as Coemgen the senior. This latter told our saint to bring fire into the wood for some purpose required by the brethren. His orders, however, were forgotten and neglected. When they had come to the place where he wished it to be kindled, the senior Coemgen asked where was the fire. Then St. Coemgen, junior, declared that he had forgotten the mandate. The senior cried out: "Brother, run quickly for the fire and bring it with you." St. Kevin asked in what manner he should bear it, when his senior rather hastily answered: "In your bosom." Then going to the kitchen Kevin placed a burning torch, as we are told, with some living coals, in his bosom, thus literally observing the senior's mandate. Coming towards him the young novice threw his fire on the ground, in the presence of his superior. Not alone his flesh, but even his garments seemed to suffer no injury. When the senior Coemgen witnessed this miracle, he cried out: "O holy youth, I see that thou art full of the Holy Ghost, and that thou oughtest to rule over our community. The youthful saint replied: "It must be an absurd supposition that reverend old men should serve under the rule of a foolish young man; but tell this occurrence to no person." The senior said: "Now it is more proper that thou be set over others than that thou shouldst be under a superior. Truly a day must come when all of us and our place shall be subject to thee." The senior then related such a miraculous occurrence to Kevin's superiors, and to all the brethren. This, however, displeased our saint, and it gave him much inquietude. His resolution was soon formed. As a lone wanderer he took his

departure from among them. He then journeyed far off, and through a desert country, to seek a more convenient retreat for practices of austerity and contemplation.

THE LAMENT OF FINOOLA, DAUGHTER OF LIR.

THE CHILD'S SONG IN "HISTORY OF IRELAND," VOL. II, p. 227.

In Moyle's cold waters I'm all alone,
On the cruel hard rocks are my frozen feet,
And the harsh wind piercing my every bone
Through ruffled feathers doth fiercely beat.

On Carrig-na-ron I sit lone and weary,
With the cold grey sky far above my head,
And white-topp'd waves sound sad and dreary,
Ever breaking from Ocean's bed.

Oh, brothers, why have ye from me flown?
From each wave's crest on the foam-ing sea,
Aed and Fiechra, and Conn, my own,
One of your fair heads look up to me.

Once we were happy on Moyle together,
Happy were we on this rocky hill;
Ey kin forgotten and robed in feather,
Lone and deserted, yet happy still.

Oh! Aed the noble, if here once more,
With Fiechra, the pleasant, and Conn
so true
On Carrig-na-ron, as in days of yore,
My happy wings I would spread o'er you.

In our own form on Slieve Feu together,
Contented we with our father slept;
And happy once in the stormy weather,
In the sheltered clefts of the rocks we kept.

J. A.

CORK INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1902.

The state of affairs with regard to the progress of the scheme for holding an International Exhibition in Cork from May to November next year ought to be of some interest to the readers of this journal.

The idea, when it was started in February last was not a very ambitious one, but as time went on the scope of the project spread, and a site was selected extending to some 40 acres on the banks of the Lee, partly inside and partly outside the city boundary. This site was selected from three suggested ones by reason of its natural loveliness, and buildings covering some eight acres in extent are now pretty well advanced. They include an Industrial Hall, a Machinery Hall, a Concert Hall, a Fine Arts' Gallery, an Agricultural Hall, an Aquarium, and various other buildings of a minor character.

The time limit for receiving applications for space closed on the 30th of November, and on that date the space applied for was 10,000 feet in excess of that originally provided, and the committee were obliged to considerably extend the Industrial Hall in order to make room for the applicants. Towards the close of the time fixed for receiving