An Claidheamh Soluis

Uimhir 897 — Clárúchán mar páipéar nuachta. — Meitheamh 5, 1915. — Pinginn.

CÚRSAÍ AN tSAOGHAIL.

Gaeilge, Creideamh agus Saoirse.

Seachtain ó'n gCeudaoin gach torrainn do tug an tAthair Tomás Toibín, Mainistir Fearmuighe seanmóin breagh Gaeilge uaidh i nGaeilais Naomh Peadair agus Póil, i gCorcaigh. Do bhí anachuid daoine sa láthair—sean daoine, daoine óga, seana-Gaeilgeoirí agus tosnuighcheoirí, iad go léir ag cur suime 'n-a chaint, agus cluas le héisteacht ar gach a raibh ann.

Ní raibh sluagh chomh mór ag aon chruinniú do Chualacht Muire ó cuireadh ar bun i tá bliain go leith ó foin nó mar sin. Is maith, tairbeach an comartha é sin; níl dabht ná go bhfuil ag eirigh léi go maith mar is ceart go n-eireóchadh. An tAthair Seumas Ua Floinn atá i mbun na Cualacha. Téidheann Fianna Fáil chun na Cualacha, agus do bhí cuid maith acu ann ag an gcruinniú deireannach.

Do chuir stiúrthóir Fianna Fáil rún a chuireadh i bhfeidhm ag cruinniú a bhí acu le deunaidhe ag triall ar an sagart atá i bhfeidhil na Cualacha a ráidh: "Go n-iarrfaimíd-ne ar an Athair Ua Floinn paidreacha puibliúdhe a ráidh ag chruinnighcidh Cualacht Muire ar son Saoirse na hÉireann—an t-saoirse iomlán a bhí aici—i dtreó is go dtuillfeadh sí arís an tiodal a bhí aici an tráth úd: Oileán na Naomh agus na nÉigeas." Seadh! is cóir agus is ceart beart a dheunamh dá réir.

Do bhí Seilg ag lucht an Chonnarta luan Cingcise ag Inis Carra, timcheall deich mile ó'n Seathair. Craobh na Paróisde Teas a bhí á stiúradh, ach do bhí daoine ó sna craobhacha eile ann chomh maith—cuid de lucht Craoibhe Chorcaighe agus cuid eile de mhinntir Ui Fhrainna. Ba breagh, aoibhinn, álainn an lá é agus do tháinn an rinnce, an tae, agus uile, go maith le gach a raibh ann.

Timcheall dá bliain ó foin, nó mar sin, do cuireadh cumann áirithe ar bun i gCorcaigh. Do bhí an cumann san ag obair ar feadh tamaill, agus do dhein sé a lán maithcasa, agus annsan do fuair bás go hobann. Cumann Pearacais na Gaeilge ab ainim dó. Na féadfaidhe é a chur ar bun arís' ó'n ruid é go bhfuil obair na mbuidheanta curtha i leat taobh i rith an tsamhraidh. Ba ceart iarracht a deunamh chun é a chur ar siubal.

"MAC CORMAIC."

Spéir-bean do Pósadh i gCorcaigh.

Ist oidhche Diardaoine seo caithe tháinig muinntear Craoibhe na Paróiste Teas le chéile. Is é an gnó pé leith a bhí acu le déanamh ná a thaisbeáint caidhé an méas agus an urraim agus an cion atá i na gcroidhe acu do dhaoine dá spéir-mnáidh .i. Eibhlin Ni Shiobúin, atá ar ti a pósta.

"Cuardaigh Éire, 'gus an domhan le chéile
Ó lár na Gréige go Donnchadh Dearg
'S ní bhfuighfeá spéir-bean dhob áilne thréithe
Ná Eibhlin féin ó bhruach na Laoi."

Do b'é Seán Mac Eoinín a bhí i gceannas an chruinnighcidhe agus, ar seisean:—"Tá áthas an tsaoghail orm go bhfuil Eibhlin Ni Shiobúin chun a pósta. Is fada d'Eibhlin sá chraoibh seo againne agus is dílis, díchéillach do fhaothuigh sí do chúis na Gaeilge. Is dhamhaidh dhfoghlaim sí ár dteanga féin agus niamh ná choidhche ni bhiodh scáth dá luighead uirre i labairt ná a cúis do phléidhead ach chomh beag.

"Is mór an chailleamhaint do'n Chraoibh Eibhlin ach níl aon amhras ach go bhfanfaidh sí i gcúram na bhanban go lá a bháis. Níl aon chur síos ar a feadhas agus ar a cáil agus is i mo guidhe láidhir go gcuiridh Dia na glóire rath is séan uirthe agus sliocht sleachta ar fhliocht a sleachta."

Dubhairt an Rúnchalach .i. an cisteoir, nár bhfada ó tug lucht na craoibhe onóir d'Eibhlin trát 's ceapadhar ina rúnaidhe dóibh i agus do thuill sí an gairim go maith. Furu ait leis furu iad na cailini is fearr beart is túisce a tógtar uainn. Ni ró-fhada ó chuaidh Máire Nic Lochlainn uainn i gcrích agus go n-eirigh leo go léir.

Dubhairt Pádraig Ó hUigin go raibh fir na craoibhe an-mhall á gcur féin i gcrích ach go raibh súil aige go mbeidh a mhalairt le haithris feasda. Do mhol sé Eibhlin tar ainneamh na Craoibhe ar a dhílseacht is bhí sí do'n Gaeilge.

SIR HUGH LANE, "Irish Lipe."
Do cailleadh san Lusitania.

Annsan do labair Máire Ni Laoghaire ag moladh Eibhlin. Do dhein Tomás Ó Donnabháin agus Micheál Ó Coileáin tráth ar dheagh-chréithibh Eibhlin chomh maith agus dubhradar gur maith leo an chúram céadna go minic ar an Uachtarán as so amach.

Annsin do tug an tUachtarán d'Eibhlin bronntanas ó chomhaltaibh na craoibhe—bosca scian do deineadh i nÉirinn abhaidh é agus clog órnáidheach.

Gaidh an spéir-bean buidheachas le na comhGaeilgeaibh as uchd a mheagh-guidheann uirthe agus dubhairt go sclaoidhfeadh le Caitlin Ni Mhallacháin an faid is beo dhi. "FIANN FÁIL."

Seón Ceannt.—I.

Na daoine a chuireadh suim san méid a bhí le ráidh againn ar Dafydd Ap Gwilym bhféidir nár mhiste leó mé a chur síos ar leabhar eile filidheacta ón mBreatain. Agus na daoine ná taitneann filidheacht ná Breathnais leó tá súil agam go maithfidh siad dam a méid a bhódhaim iad leó araon.

Isé fáth go scriobhaimse an oiread san an chúrsaí na teangan dúchais sa Breatain ná a lán a beith le foghlaim againne ó mhinntir na tíre sin—chomh fada agus a théigeann dhisceacht don teangain dúchais, agus an dúil dochlaoidhe a thagann dá dhruim chun na teangan do chur go dtaingean ar a bonnaidh. Is mór is iomholta na tréithe sin iontha súd; agus ba rómhaith an lá d'Éirinn agus don Gaeilg é dá mbéanfaidís Gaeidhl michris ar a mhráithrib Gaoil ar an dtaobh thall de Mhuir Mheann, agus aiam na tíre seo a choimeád gan truaillidh ón iasacht niar a théinid siadsan é.

Seón Ceannt ainm agus sloinneadh an duine go bhfuimid chun tagairt dó anois. Do cuireadh a faothar "filidheacta i gcló le déadhnaige pé chúram ar mhuine mhinntearta .i. Mr. T. Matthews ó Llandebie i mbeiscearc na Breatan. Deineann sé leabhar beag deas taitneamhach. Tá deagchló agus deighfhrithúirí ann; agus tá deagchlúdach daithe air. Ni misce liom a dhúbhail gur fada ná feaca féin leabhar filidheacta is deise clúdh 'ná é.

Tuairim is chúig bliadhna déag ó foin do bhailead isteach i n-aigne O. M. Edwards gur maith agus gur tairbheach an ruid sreat leabhar a foláthar agus seóda litridheacht na Breathnaise do chur i gcló iontha. D'iarr sé ar mhinntir na Breathnaise cuidh leis. Scilling an leabhar ó mhile duine a teastaigh uaidh. Ba ghéarr go bhfuair sé é, agus thuilleadh ina teannta. Cyfres y Fil .i. Sreat an Mhile an ainm a thug sé ar a sreat leabhar.

Do thosnuigh sé gan moill ar na leabhraibh a chur i gcló. I mbliadhain a 1901 do chum sé amach cuid de faothar Dafydd Ap Gwilym. Tháinig Sorony y Owen agus ugdair eile n-a diaidh sin. Agus níl aon bliadhain ó foin nár chur sé i gcló a dó nó a trí nó a ceathair de leabhraibh ina tsreat sóm. Filidheacht iseadh a n-urnóir, níl nach iongnadh. Daoine nach diolann rójm ré asca ni fhuláir dóibh scilling is réal do thabhairt ar gach leabhar. An leabhar so Seón Ceannt, isé sin an leabhar is déadhnaige ar an tsreat dó. Ni feadhar an bhuighfidhe mile duine féin i nÉirinn a dhíolfadh scilling an leabhar ás sreat den tsagas céadna i nGaeilg? Ar éigin é.

Ciar b'é an Seón Ceannt so? File, agus fear léigeanta do b'eadh é. Do mair sé sa Breatain sa ceathramhadh aois déag. Ni rómhór an tuairise le chruinneas atá ar fagáil n-a thaobh, mar do bhí beirt ar a laigeadh den ainm céadna an uair sin ann, agus fir léigeanta do b'eadh iad araon. Ár an adhbharsan ná deimmis iongnadh de go gcuirfidhe gníomharta duine aca i leith duine eile, nó go mbeadh neamhchruinneas eólais ina dtaobh san litridheacht féin.

Tugann Mr. Matthews cúnntas fairid ar beatha an file. agus deir sé ann gur tuairim is bliadhain a 1323 a rugadh Seón, i mbaile beag tuaithe ara dtugtar Abertridwr, i Sir Glamorgan. Deirtear leis gur go Pentyrch a théigeadh sé ar scoil, mara mbíodh sé ag foghlaim óna ongcail; agus gur ón ongcail sin dhfoghlaim sé céird na filidheacta. Pé scéal é, nuair d'eirigh sé suas da mhan leis beirt

* Gwaith Sion Cent. O Gasgliad a than Olygiaeth T. Matthews. 1914, Llanuwchlly Ab Owen. 1/6.

Nuair a dhéanfaighfeann tú an Claidheamh cabhraighfeann tú le cúis na Gaeilge. Tá do dhóthain uainn anois.

ina ṡagart, agus do ċuaiḋ sé i n-ord na mBráiṫre Bána .i. bráiṫre Cisteaux, i mainistir Grás Dé i gcríoċaiḃ Gwent, nó Monaoi. Do hoirdneaḋ ina ṡagart é i mbliaḋain a 1366. Agus tamall n-a ḋiaiḋ sin do tugaḋ dó cúram anmann paróiste Ċent, an paróiste is sia soir ó Ċuaiḋ i Sir Monaoi, nó Gwent.

Sa paróiste sin do ḃí teaġlaċ de ṁuinntir Scudamór ina gcoṁnuiḋe. Duine acasan a ḃí pósta le ingean Owain Glyndwr, taoiseaċ cluṁail na Breatan. Deirtear gur 'mó comaoin a ċuireadarsan ar an bfile, agus tá a lán béalaiṫris ar marṫain fós ag cur síos ar an gcoiṁréaḋ a ḃí idir Seón Ceannt agus Owain Glyndwr.

Baineann sé le deallraṁ gur ċuġ Seón a ṡaoġal ina ṡagart i gCent, mar is ann a fuair sé bás tuairim is bliaḋain a 1420, agus is ann atá sé curṫa.

Deir Mr. Matthews linn gur duine léiġeanta tar a lán de luċt a ċoṁaimsire do b'eaḋ Seón Ceannt. Agus go deiṁin' ní deocair soin a ṫuigsint óna ḟiliḋeaċt féin. Ḃí sé oilte go maiṫ ar an Laidin agus ar an nGréigis agus ar ḟeallsaṁnaċt a aimsire féin. I dteannta na ḟiliḋeaċta atá sa leaḃar so, deirtear gur scríoḃ Seón Ceannt Graiméar Breatnaise, agus scéalta áiriṫe, agus tráċtas ar Ḋuanaireaċt na Breatnaise; agus gur aistriġ sé go Breatnais Leaḃar an Aifrinn agus Soiscéal Naoṁ Eóin.

Tespeánann a ḟaoṫar filiḋeaċta, dá méid é a léiġeann agus a ḃuaḋ intleaċta, gur duine uiṁal simpliḋe do b'eaḋ Seón. Agus tá scéal ag Iolo Morganwg a neartuiġeann leis an dtuairim sin. Ar son naċ cuirfeaḋ Íḃar mac Uilliam puinn spéis i bfiaḋnaise Iolo, ní miste linn n-a ḋiaiḋsan a scéal d'innsint annso. Deir sé gur cuireaḋ Eisteddfod ar bun sa Dol Goch fé ṫearmonn Llywelyn ap Gwilym, agus gur táiniġ Seón Ceannt agus Rhys Goch Eryri ag iomaiḋeaċt ann. Ar son gur b'é Rhys dob ḟearr ar an aṁrán molta, "tug Llywelyn an tosaċ agus an ċaṫaoir," arsa Iolo, "don ṁionḋán; aċt níor ḃ'áil le Seón Ceannt seilḃ ċaṫaoir Ċeiridigean agus Dyfed do ġaḃáil ċuiġe féin, mar is do Ḋia aṁáin a ṫaḃarfaḋ seisean an tosaċ. Is ar an aḋḃar soin aḋeirtí gur b'é Dia féin a ḃuaiḋ an ċaṫaoir sin." —TORNA.

CONAMARA.

Le Pádraig Ó Domhnalláin.

Túir Mic Éide.—(ar leanaṁaint).

Feilméaraċt, nó ceardaiḋeaċt, nó iasgaireaċt go deiṁin! Ní [illegible] fir óga an t-saoġail seo i n-aon ċor. Ní mór an t-iarann do ċur sa teine ag-uaiṫ agus gaċ ní do ġeunaṁ as an nua. Caiṫfear an cloċ-ḃun do leaġan agus caiḋ ar ċaiḋ, agus caiḋ os cionn dá ċaiḋ do ṫóġáil go cumaṁaċ agus go Gaeḋealaċ. Má deuntar aṁlaiḋ b'féidir dúinn teaċ maiṫ do ḃeiṫ againn leis an aimsear. Ba ġeal le do ċroiḋe do ḃeiṫ annseo riṫ an t-saṁraiḋ le linn na mac-léiġinn do ḃeiṫ ann. Cosṁail iad le sait beaċan ag diul ábhair na meala dóiḃ féin—duine agus leaḃar fá'n a ḟiliḃ aige, óig-ḃean ṁaiseaċ ag cur ceisteann ar a coṁursa', fear óg ag sgríoḃaḋ aṁráin ar clár duḃ agus ag a ṁúnaḋ do ḋream eile, sagart ag baint cainnte as seanċaiḋe de'n áit, bráṫair ag innseaċt sgéil fá Oisín, doċtúr ag iarraiḋ faisnéise i dtaoḃ iasgaireaċta an loċa, oide sgoile ag teagasg ceaċta Céimseata, bean meaḋon-aosta agus a croiḋe "briste" le gramadaċ, má's fíor ḋí féin. Sin é an áit a ḃfuil an coiṁlinnt, agus ní i gColáiste Ċonnaċt aṁáin do ḃíos an coiṁlinnt sin aċt i ngaċ aon Ċoláiste eile dá leiṫeiḋ ar fud na h-Éireann. Agus cé'n doċar sin aċt an caranas agus an ġeanaṁlaċt do ḃíos ag baint leo uile. Taḃair fá deara iad tráṫ ḃíos cluiċe ar bun, nó an nuair ḃuailtear aṁaċ ar feilg, nó báḋoireaċt. Mar aḋúḃairt Gaeḋeal as Albain tráṫ 'clann d'aon ṁáṫair aṁáin iad.' Agus naċ sin é atá uainn? Caranas is grá do ḃeiṫ ag Gaeḋealaiḃ dá ċéile, agus a ḃeiṫ dílis do gaċ aon tréiṫ uasail do ḃain le Caitilín Ní Ullaċáin; ar máṫair do ṫóġail as amar na h-aimiléise agus í do ċur go gleoiḋte in a grianán ríoġaṁail féin arís. Do ċuaiḋ an saoġal go cruaiḋ léi leis na cianta. Do báiniġeaḋ as teaċ agus as árus í. Do tugaḋ síneaḋ maiṫ láiṁe—agus tugtar fós—dóiḃ seo d'feall uirri. Aċt ċeana do ġeall Dia ḋí do tiḋeaċt i dtír. Atá sí ag glaoḋaċ ort-sa agus orm-sa gaċ a ḃfuil aici do ṫárrṫu ó'n ngaḋuiḋe, go ḃfága sí an bráicín in a ḃfuil sí, agus go gcoṁnuiġe sí in a cúirt breáġ féin aṫ-uair.

Breaṫnuiġ tiṁċeall ort annseo. Is tiġ leat leaṫ Connaċt do ṫaḃairt fá deara. Feuċ siar uait Dúiċe Seoigeaċ: tír sin na gcnoc is na bfear mór. Soir uait an máġ ar baineaḋ deataċ as Gallaiḃ, agus iad in a gcosaiḃ-an-áirde "ó Ċaisleán a' Barra go Tuaim." Loċ Measga, Máġ Tuireaḋ, Loċ Coirb agus uait isteaċ go Gaillim ar t-agaiḋ. Sean-Olnecmaċt, ársa: "Connaċt aoiḃinn gan aon loċt" mar aḋúḃairt an file.

Dála muinntire na h-áite: is maiṫ féin an greim do ċongḃuiġeadar ar an nGaeḋilg. Atá sí ar a gcoṁairle féin aca. Atáid ar na cainnteoiriḃ is binne dá ḃfuil le fáġail. Atá laoiṫe agus dánta ar mullaċ a ċéile aca. Cá ḃfuiġfear sárú "An Greusuiḋe"—Mac Uí Ḋonnċaḋa ag aiṫris laoi nó ag fuagairt cruaiḋ-ċeistean ar luċt léiġinn is taiscil!

Mór féin an méid d'fulaingeadar tuilleaḋ agus leiṫ-ċéad bliain ó soin. Tráṫ lobaḋ an cur do ṫáinic luċt an an-ḃruiṫ in a ndo-ċum ag iarraiḋ iad do ṁeallaḋ ón gcasán díreaċ. Aċt sin a raiḃ dá ḃarr aca. D'oibriġ an t-euḋ annsin ionnta, agus do ṁionnuiġeadar agus do ṁór-ṁóidiġeadar go mbainfí sásaṁ de luċt an ċasáin ḋíriġ. Do ba é an Pluincéadaċ, árd-easbog gallda Ṫuama, tiġearna talṁan an ċeanntair. Níor fág sé muirigin ar éigin gan caiṫeaṁ leaṫ-taoḃ an ḃóṫair, do baineaḋ a gcuid isa maoin díoḃ. Níor fágaḋ sgiolltar aca, do ḃí troid, is bruiġean, is clampar ann. Bristí cloigne agus doirtí fuil. Aċt do ḃuaiḋ ceart ar neart fá ḋeireaḋ ṫall. Do ṫáinic leáġaḋ, lobaḋ, agus ceonaċ liaṫ ar na tíoránaġaiḃ. D'imṫiġ luċt riarṫa an t-súġa le sruṫ—imṫeaċt gan teaċt orra, agus atá an sean-ḃunaḋ go daingean sa limisteur dá n-aimḋeoin. A buiḋe sin le Dia, agus leis na treoraiḋṫe maiṫe do ḃí aca. Ceann an ḃuiḋ agus tús onóra do'n Aṫair Pádraic Ó Maolfaḃail, an tAṫair Pádraic ceudna do ḃeanḃaiġ uaiġ Toirḋealḃaiġ B. Mic Mágnusa, "méirleaċ," má's in-ċreiḋte an breugadóir is mó sa doṁan .i. Seán beaduiḋe Buiḋe! Níor ceart do Ġaeḋealaiḃ dearmad de ġeunaṁ ar na taoisiġiḃ do treasgair, is do troid ar a son lá a lagair. Tugaḋ toga congnaṁta do'n Aṫair Pádraic. Do ḃí fir maiṫe le'n a ċúl, fir mar Proinsias Mór, bráṫair de ord Naoiṁ Proinsias, Mac Uí Ṁaoil Ala, agus daoine naċ h-iad. Atá corr-ḋuine aca beo fós, aċt atá a ri-ḃfurmór in a gcodlaḋ suain go h-eiseirġe dóiḃ.

Agus anois tar éis gaċ ní atá muinntir Ṡléiḃe Pártraiġ ar an dream is ceolaiḋe i nÉirinn. Atá tiġṫe teoċa ceann-slinne go fairsing ann. Atá cur is treaḃaḋ ann. Atá eallaċ ar fliaḃ agus bonn sa sparán aca; agus agaiḋ na h-Éireann orra gaċ saṁraḋ in a ċeann sin. Aċt céḃi cé'n socaṁail atá aca, agus cé ḃí cé'n teugar atá ionnta, níor ċóir gan a ċoṫrom féin do'n buiḋeaċas do ṫaḃairt do'n Aṫair Seumas Ó Corbáin, an sagart paróiste atá aca le fiċe bliain nó níos mó. Níorḃ leas-ainm sliaḃ do ṫaḃairt air an áit, aċt atá bóiṫre is coṁngar ann anois rud naċ raiḃ nuair ṫáinic seisean ann, gan tráċt ar ḃóṫar tugaḋ do'n druing do ċongḃuiġ na Gaeḋil fá ċois ann. Fágfamuid slán aca uile an turas seo agus má's maiṫ atáid indiu go mba seaċt fearr a ḃéas siad ar teaċt dúinn arís.

An Líonán.

Siar linn ag casaḋ, is ag strapaḋ, is ag baint as i mbarr na bfásgai. D'feudfá "cnuic" do ráḋ leis na máma seo. Feuċ uait na caoiriġ beaga—cosṁail iad le bláṫa bána, ag fás annseo is annsiúd ar leicniḃ na gcnoc. Sa ngeiṁreaḋ, nuair ḃíos an t-síor-ḃáisteaċ ag clagairt gan aiteall bíonn na ceudta eas ar feaḋ do ṡean radairc. A ċruṫú sin ar na doṁan-ċlaisreaċaiḃ sin atá le feiceál ag an té do ṫéiḋeas an bealaċ. Garg, tagḋaċ a radas siad iad féin anuas le fánaiḋ. Ní monabar bog, binn a ḃíos aca, ná crónán ceolṁar, ná suantraiġe, aċt toranaí milleaċ, dána, coiṁ fíoċṁar, fraoċṁar le aon faṫaċ, trí-ċeann, trí-ṁuineál do fuair balaḋ Éireannaiġ riaṁ.

Gluaisimid tar gleann in ar dearnaḋ dúnṁarḃaḋ uaṫḃásaċ tráṫ, .i. Gleann atá fá ḃun Ṁám Treasna. Aṁaċ linn tríd an bfiaḋántas, agus an uaigneas agus síos le fánaiḋ, go gcasamuid ar an mbealaċ do'n Líonán. Tír Ṡeoigeaċ, mar oiltí, agus mar oiltear fir móra ċnáṁaċa, agus sgoláiní sár-ċlisṫe, sár-eolasaċa i n-ilḃeurlaiḃ. Atá féit an file, is an sgeulaiḋe, is an teang-eolaiḋe 'san druing atá fá sgáṫ na mbeann ann. A fiaḋnaise sin ar na Máilligiḃ, agus ar Conall Cearnaċ, agus daoine naċ h-iad. Sguabann an bás cuid aca uainn i mbláṫ a n-óige, agus is dúḃaċ, dobrónaċ, do ċaoin an bean-siḋe "Diarmuid Donn" ag tuar a imṫeaċta uainn. Soraiḋ! ó'n mbás ceudna, sé an sladaiḋe é!

Atámuid ag imṫeaċt linn le cóir agus ní fada go sroiċimid Líonán Ċinn Mara. Ċeana, atá an cuan go soileur os ar gcoṁair. Agus atá an cuan ceudna ar ċuantaiḃ aoiḃne, áilne na h-Éireann. Atá fosgaḋ aige ó na cnocaiḃ maorḋa, maiseaċa, agus ní cáiṫtear le siotai no cuaiḃtiġ é. Ba tiġ le caḃlaċ mór snáṁ ann, gan baoġal, cuma cé'n gála do séidfeaḋ, bíonn tarraingt ag coigcríoċaiḃ ann. Mór a meas air. Iongantaċ leo a áilneaċt. Aċt mo ċreaċ, níl long na árṫraċ Gaeḋealaċ le feiceál ann. Is iomḋa cor do ṫáinic sa saoġal ó'n mbliain úd (1,235) a raiḃ Aoḋ Ó Flaiṫbeartaiġ agus Eoġan Ó hÉidin, ag seolaḋ ar a ċrioslaċ gorm-fairior! má feol féin ní ar maiṫe le'n a gcáirdiḃ do ċroċadar a gcuid fár-ḃréid. Aċt cé'n maiṫ do ḃeiṫ ag á cuġcaoineaḋ sin anois. Ní aon uair aṁáin do riġne Gaeḋeal feall ar a ġaol agus gar-ċaraid, aċt go mion minic. Atámuid ag íoc go daor as na feill-ḃeartaiḃ i gcoṁnuiḋe!

B'aiṫ linn bualaḋ isteaċ i gceann de na tiġṫiḃ agus seanċus do ḃeiṫ againn le seanóir éigin, fá ċúrsaiḃ an t-saoġail, nó cadéis do ċur air fá'n mbualaḋ do ḃíoḋ idir ċlannaiḃ annseo tráṫ. Ní fios dúinn an cuiṁneaċ le muinntir na h-áite, .i. Ruaiḋrí Ó Caṫáin, treun-ḟear a ċinn. File darḃ ainm Seán Mac Conmara as an gcoṁursanaċt annseo do ḃí ag á ṁolaḋ uair, agus aḋúḃairt,

"Tógfá bratac Éireann,
'Gus le feróm do ċaiṫfeá í
Is dá gcuirtí c'róin ríoġ Seumas ort
Cia d'éileoċaḋ do ḃaint díot."

File eile de'n ċeanntar aḋubairt "go mb'fearr aon t-sluoġán aṁáin, ná an méid cainnt' do sgaoil Domnall Ó Conaill riaṁ."

Caisleán Ḃun Aḃann.

Ní aiṫriseoċtar ar n-imṫeaċta ó do fágamar iomaire an Líonáin go ráinigeamar an Cloċán. Baile deas iseaḋ an Cloċán, mar a gcoṁnuiġeann daoine a ḃfuil a ndóṫain de ṁaoin agus de ḟocaṁail an t-saoġail ag a ri-ḃfurmór. In a ċeann sin atá cáil air de ḃriġ go ḃfuil suiḋeaċán aer-ṫeaċta 'sa gcoṁursanaċt. Aċt ní indiu nó indé do cuireaḋ tús ar ċlú an ċeanntair seo. Do ṫráċtamar ċeana ar Domnall an Ċogaiḋ. Do ċuireamar i n-iúl naċ raiḃ a ṗárú ar a ṗloinneaḋ. Is ins an áit seo do ḃíoḋ in a ċoṁnuiḋe. Iomḋa sin uair dó féin agus d'á ċeiṫearnaiġiḃ ar sluaiġeaḋ ar muir is ar tír. Calma, cúṁaċtaċ dóiḃ i ngaċ gáḃaḋ. Buaḋaċ dóiḃ go h-iondual. Cá h-iongna dá ḃríġ sin óg-ṁná ag coiṁlinnt in a taoiḃ. Leis an aimsear do tug a ċroiḋe do'n óg-ṁnaoi ba oirḋearca dá raiḃ ar Gaeḋealaiḃ le'n a linn. Dá mba beo dúinn an tráṫ úd do ba tiġ linn í d'feiceál ar bord luinge, a bratac ag follaiṁain le gaot, longa as a ċéile ar gaċ taoḃ ḋí, agus í ag á dtreorú anagaiḋ na nGall. Nárḃ álainn an radarc bean-taoiseaċ na mara, ar urlár a soiṫiġ ag deunaṁ clasaċ tríd na tonntraċaiḃ, agus í ag ionnsuiġe, ag briseaḋ, agus ag ruagaḋ allṁuraċ ó imeall-ḃordaiḃ a cine is a gaoil. Naċ í féin an ḃainríoġan álainn do ċíos sinn 'sna h-aislingiḃ do ḃíos againn, agus sinn ag brionngloidiġ fá ár máṫair Éire. Óir is ionann Éire anois le fada an lá agus Gráinne Ní Ṁáille, an bean atá i gceist; an bean do ḃí in a ċéile ag Domnall an Ċogaiḋ .i. Domnall Ó Flaiṫbeartaiġ. Beirt mac .i. Eoġan agus Murċaḋ do ḃí ar a sliocht.

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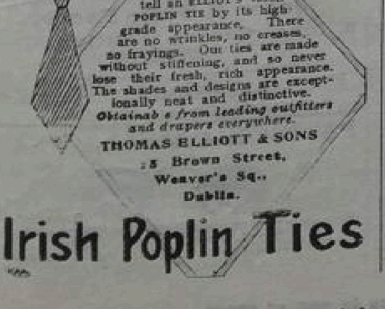

Meiṫeaṁ 5, AN CLAIḊEAṀ SOLUIS 1915.

EAGAR NA FOĠLUMA.

[Aiste é seo a sgríoḃ Eoġan Ó Neaċtain cúpla bliain ó ṡoin nuair moladh eagar níos fearr do ċur ar an bfoġluim. Níor cuireaḋ aon eagar fós uirṫi.]

Sin rud atá a' teastáil go géar a ḋéanaṁ obair foġluma na Gaeḋilge a leagan amaċ agus a ċur i n-eagar ceart. Tá na Gaeḋilgeoirí agus luċt a foġluma ar fud na tíre anois agus gan treoruiġṫe ná taoiseaċ aca—ní ceart dom sin a ráḋ, is treoruġaḋ atá uaṫa agus eagar ar a gcuid oibre. Foġluimeoċaiḋ siad beagán Gaeḋilge nó dá mbaḋ é an mórán é; agus annsin níl fios aca cá conair a raċaiḋ siad ag foġluim a tuilleaḋ, níl fios aca cé méad di atá foġlumṫa aca, ná níl fios aca an fada eile raċaidís go mbeidís na nGaeḋilgeoiriḃ maiṫe, ná níl fios aca aṁáin cad is Gaeḋilgeoir maiṫ ann,' ná an Gaeḋilgeoir maiṫ é an té a raiḃ an teanga ó ṫús aige. Tá fear an CLAIḊIṀ SOLUIS ag caint ar an gceist sin le seaċtṁain nó dó, tá Cú Uladh ag caint air an tseaċtṁain seo, agus sin é an rud is géire atá ó luċt foġluma na Gaeḋilge faoi láṫair. Ní headh aċt is í é atá ag teastáil le bliaḋantaiḃ.

Ba ċóir luċt na foġluma a roinnt do réir a n-eoluis ar an nGaeḋilg agus do réir a n-oideaċuis innti, agus céimeanna agus bunḋeanta a ċur ar bun, agus coṁarṫa éigin a ṫaḃairt don mac léiġinn do réir na céime ina mbeaḋ sé. Is cuma liom cé an coṁarṫa ṫiubrṫar dó; is beag naċ cuma liom cén cúrsa cuirfear air idir dá céim; is cuma leis féin é aċt fios a ḃeiṫ aige go bfuil sé ag dul ar aġaiḋ agus go ndearna sé a ċuid oibre go maiṫ i riṫ an ċúrsa.

Ḋéanfainn trí roinn go leiṫ de luċt na foġluma, sin é le ráḋ trí mór-roinn go leiṫ; mar atá roinn don aos óg atá ag foġluim is na sgolaiḃ náisiúnta, agus a gcoṫrom sin, sé sin daoine atá ag foġluim na leaḃra beaga atá dá bfoġluim ag luċt na sgol náisiúnta, bíoḋ na daoine sin ag dul ar sgoil nó ná bíoḋ. An dara mór-roinn ċuirfinn daoine a bfuil an oireaḋ so Gaeḋilge foġlumṫa aca; daoine mar an dream atá isna sgoltaiḃ idirṁeaḋonaċa. Is fearr iad-san ná na daoine atá sa mór-roinn tosaiġ. An treas mór-roinn bíoḋ daoine ann atá níos fearr ná sin arís, daoine mar atá ar an Ollsgoil agus bíoḋ luċt na hOllsgoile féin ann más breaġ leo é. Agus an leaṫ-roinn ċuirfinn na hollaṁain annsin ar luċt dóiḃ féin, na hollaṁain agus na húġdair agus na máiġistri re léiġeann.

Tá trí mór-roinn agat annsin, ná bac leis an leaṫ-roinn, agus mion-roinn iad sin go ndéana tú céim nó trí céim nó ceiṫre céim de gaċ mór-roinn, leag amaċ an obair a ṫiubrṫá don mac léiġinn le déanaṁ idir dá céim agus cuir ainm ar an gcéim. Déan ceiṫre cúrsa cuir i gceás den ċéad mór-roinn, trí cúrsa den dara roinn agus trí nó ceaṫair de ċúrsaiḃ den roinn is áirde, agus bíoḋ an céim i ndeireaḋ gaċ cúrsa.

Feilfe an t-eagar sin don tír ar fad, aċt leag amaċ an obair i gceart an dtús agus má feiceann na daoine atá ag foġluim go mbeiḋ onóir na céime ag dul dóiḃ as a gcuid oibre glacfa siad misneaċ aṫuair agus is mó an tairbhe tiocfas den Ġaeḋilge as ná ṫáiniġ as ceist na Gaeḋilge san Ollsgoil.

EOĠAN Ó NEAĊTAIN.

ĠNÓṪAÍ TIÚSCALAĊA.—TEARMAÍ.

Coiġċíos ó ṡoin do ḋeineas tagairt do'n easnaṁ a ḃí ar an nGaeḋilg toisc gan ainmneaċa na mbláṫanna do ḃeiṫ foillsiġṫe innti. An luiḃleaḃrán do ċuir an tAṫair Éamonn Ó hÓgáin, d'Órd Íosa, le ċéile 'sé an t-aon ċnuasaċt aṁáin dá ṡagas atá againn, aċt an té a ċuireann ċun leaḃair níosa oireaṁnaiġe ar ḃláṫannaiḃ do ṫaḃairt dúinn beiḋ bunphréaṁ an tsaoṫair le fáġáil aige i gcnuasaċt an Aṫar Éamainn. Ní hannaṁ a ċuiṁne agam ná gur ḃ'aiṫ an Gaeḋilg a ḃí ag cuid des na daoiniḃ i n-óige na gluaiseaċta so againn agus a ċeataiġe agus do cuireaḋ leaḃair i n-eagair an uair úd. Pé sceal é, ba ṁaiṫ an níḋ é leaḃairíní do ċur i ndeag eagair mara bfaġfaiḋe ainmneaċa Gaeḋilge ar ḃláṫannaḃ agus luiḃeaċa ċun leiġisce. Má's áil linn an teanga do ġléasaḋ le haġaiḋ na hoibre naċ fuláir a ḋéanaṁ innti, 'sé an tsliġe is fearr is dóiġ liom ċun breiṫ ar ċnáiṁdroma uirṫi, snaṫanna léiġeaċta ar ġnóṫaí lae an pobail do ċur ós a gcoṁair! aiṫeasc ar ḃláṫannaiḃ ar ḃeaċaiḃ ar ċearcaiḃ, ⁊ṫl., agus na daoine do ṫeagasc ar an ndeireḋ soin i dteangain na tíre. Ná baċtar le ceanntar seaċas ceanntar eile. Tá daoine ins na ceanntaraiḃ gallda agus baḋ binne leo léiġeaċta ar ġnóṫaiḃ tiúscail do ċloisint i nGaeḋilg dá ndéantaoi iarraċt ċun na léiġeaċta soin do ṡoláṫar dóiḃ agus na daoine a ċuirtear i mbun an ġnóṫa do ḃeiṫ díoġrasaċ n-a ṫaoḃ agus a ḃeiṫ deaġ iompurṫaċ ag ċur an ġnóṫa soin ċun cinn. Ní mór do luċt cosanta na Gaeḋilge féaċaint ċuige sin i n-am.

Tá an iomarca daoine dá ngléasaḋ féin ċun dul ag teagasc an pobail i dtaoḃ na Gaeḋilge. Tá an ċontúirt ag dul i dtuirse dínn agus ar scéal i dtaoḃ saoṫrú na Gaeḋilge mar tá an oireaḋ múinteóiri agus luċt cainte i dtaoḃ gcúram na Gaeḋilge agus do ḃearfaḋ teangaċa as hÉorpa cainte ag dul i gcúram na Gaeḋilge agus do ḃearfaḋ teangaċa as hEórpa ó'n mbás—má ċárluiġeann aon tionóisc a d'imṫeaċt orṫa agus is eagal liom go n-imṫeóċaiḋ, agus an saoġal atá istiġ againn. Ní feicim, ám, go bfuil aon gluaiseaċt mór uasal againn féin go n-oirfeaḋ dúinn sciaṫán do ġaḃáil ċugainn dá bárr.

Aon duine daoine go bfuil roinnt Gaeḋilge aca dá gcláoiḋfidís le ċéile agus scríoḃaḋ ċugam fé ċúram an páipéir seo raġaiḋ mé i gcaḃair dóiḃ má's mian leo na gnóṫaí tiúscalaċa seo do ċur ar bun agus an Gaeḋilg do ċur dá n-úsáid le n-a ndéanaṁ. Baḋ maiṫ liom a fios a ḃeiṫ agam an mbeaḋ an pobal freagarṫaċ do'n obair seo agus dá mbeaḋ d'féadfaimis í ċur n-a reaċt dliġe agus gaċ craoḃ fé leiṫ di a ċur i mbun an té is ainléirġṫe ċúiċi. Ní hamlaiḋ go bfuil aon eolas rómhór agam-sa ar na gnóṫaí tiúscalleaċa so. Níor ṁór do duine bliaḋanta fada do ċaiṫeaṁ ag ċur eolais orṫa agus n-a ċeannta soin a ḃeiṫ oilte go maiṫ ar an nGaeḋilg. Aċt le teaċt na haimsire, geofar na daoine is coltaiṡiḋe agus is fearr léiġeann agus tuisgint ċun a ḃeiṫ páirteaċ san obair agus ċun dul dá riaraḋ do réir mar a ṫiocfaiḋ beaṫa agus fás do'n iarraċt a ḋeinfimíd.

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Gleo na Gcat.

The Need of the Hour.

—M. John Sweetman has misunderstood a reference to him which was made in our last issue. He writes to us the following:—

"You state in one of your editorials that 'Mr. John Sweetman complains that his want of Irish prevents him assisting the League.' I certainly never wished to make such a complaint. You must have misunderstood something I have written in a contemporary of yours. You then ask whether I have ever troubled the League. I suppose you mean whether I have ever done anything for the revival of the Irish language outside the Coisde Gnotha. I am certainly not going to boast of any little I have been able to do. If you did not approve of my arguments in your contemporary, it would have been more to the point if you had replied to them instead of indulging in a cheap sneer."

Let us state at once, and we ask Mr. Sweetman to take our word for it, that we did not mean to sneer at him. We are not in the habit of sneering at friends of the Language movement or even at possible friends. The movement has been made, and its life depends on the voluntary work of the people who help. That being so sneers from us would be in very bad form. Our query was but a suggestion that there are places for work other than the Coiste Gnotha. In Dublin itself we have Coiste na Siamsai which is doing excellent propagandist work in addition to the raising of substantial sums for the Language Fund. We have Coiste na Feise which is just now conducting the Feis competitions for 1915. We have still another Coiste which is doing valuable work in providing entertainments in Irish for the Irish-speaking children of Dublin. We have the Collection Committee which has already done fine work for the present year, and there is the Deputation Committee which is badly in need of assistance. All of these committees require the counsel and active assistance of people with leisure and influence. The Arderaobh annual meeting recommend the taking up again of propagandist work through the press. There is dire need for such work at present, but all the active workers in the City have their hands full, and if the work is to be carried on new helpers must put their hands to the pen. Propagandist press work requires freshness and the virility of the missionary spirit. These essential things are not always at the command of the steady workers. Will a dozen of our good friends outside the League committees take up the work? Those who imagine that a Coiste Gnotha can run the League, and keep the movement effectively going throughout the country, have a very inadequate conception of the needs of the present hour. A policy, however, fine, and resolutions—in a resolution-ridden country, are not enough. The generals do not make the army. We require a League army and we require officers to keep the units at work, and we require shells, and more shells, in the shape of teaching and propagandist activities. Work by the League itself is now more important than ever, because the strongholds of Gaildhealtachas appear again to have gained a new lease of life. We can do a great amount of good effective work for Ireland for we have now more good teachers than at any time in the history of the League. We have many summer colleges. The political outlook, however dark, should make things more favourable for our propaganda. The saving of Irish nationality is surely as dear to Irish hearts as the saving of Belgian freedom. Irish people are talking, and some of them working for the latter. There are many more who will work for the former. There must be hundreds of people who know of and appreciate to the full the League's mission, but who are not active missionaries. Now is the time for them to come in. Many have concluded that because the Educational systems have not been forced into better ways the League has been a failure. Recent events should show those on whom such despair has fallen that Government departments are very strongly entrenched, and that full reform cannot come before the fall of the whole Castle system. But the League *work* has not been a failure. Real work, apart from agitation, is seldom a failure. The feiscanna show year after year that Irish is getting a hold in most unexpected quarters, and that the quality of the teaching is steadily improving. It may appear useless at the present time to expend our strength on an attack on the boards, but the teachers and managers are ready to listen to our demands, and to help our movement. Let us approach them in every part of the country. The training colleges are practically closed against Irish, but there is room in our Irish colleges for many thousands. Let us induce the teachers to go to them. Workers are the need of the hour.

—o—

An Craoibhin and the War.

In reply to a leading article in the "Irish Times" criticizing An Craoibhin's speech at the opening of the Wexford Feis, the Ard-Runaidhe sent the following letter:—

"To the Editor of the 'Irish Times.'

"Sir,—With reference to your leading article of to-day upon Dr. Hyde and the Gaelic League, I should like to refer you to the President's speech in Cork on the 15th of last December (since published as a pamphlet), in which he laid down a self-denying ordinance both for the officers of the Gaelic League and for himself—namely, that nothing except the Irish language movement, and its various phases should be spoken about at public meetings of the League.

"In pursuance of this policy he was able to bring together the Volunteers of both sides in that city. His life-long aim has been to bring all Irishmen together upon the simple and attractive platform of the national language and industries, and he believes that a Gaelic League meeting ought to concern itself with the interests of the Irish language and industries, and nothing else. To make it anything else would be to go back upon his own words, and to establish a precedent which, in the long run, would be certain to do more harm than good, because it might be availed of to the serious detriment of the language movement. The only way in which he has referred to the war has been to point out that the legend 'Made in Germany' is now less and less to be seen, and to hope that Irish manufacturers may take full advantage of this fact; it certainly is a trench, part of which at least they

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ought to occupy, during this appalling war, which, to repeat the words of our President on Sunday last, 'may God in His mercy soon bring to a close.' I enclose a copy of his address in Cork. —Yours, etc.,

P. O'DALAIGH, General Secretary.
"The Gaelic League, 25 Parnell Square,
"Dublin, May 25th, 1915."

An Oige ag an bhFeis.

"The children of the town schools," says the Wexford "Free Press" "gave an interesting marching display in the Show Grounds. The little girls were attired in varied coloured costumes, while the boys wore sashes of different hues. They went through a course of figure marching which excited a considerable amount of interest, and which in the handsome costumes worn, was very pretty to look at. The figures were executed with military precision, while the display generally was a remarkable success, and served the useful purpose of impressing on the children the value of being alert and attentive."

Announcements.

Coiste Ceanntair Bhaile Atha Cliath announces an aeridheacht for June 20th, in St. Enda's College grounds.

Craobh na gCuig gCuigi will have its first summer turas to Lucan on 12th inst. Trams depart from Park Gate Street at 2.30. Cyclists should set out from same place at 2.15.

The Una Ni Dhubhlaigh scholarship announced in our columns last week is to be tenable in an Irish college, and is worthy of support. The treasurers are An Dr. O Murchadha, Muiris O Hiceadh, and Sean O Floinn, Carraig na Siuire.

Iolsgoil na Rinne has issued its syllabus. Application for copies should be made to An Runaire, An Rinn.

The June number of "An Breagan" an article on Micheal Angelo, with an etching by Maire Nic Dhonnacha. The subscription is only one shilling a year, and the irisleabhar may be had from Craobh na gCuig gCuigi.

An Ard-Chraobh.

A Seilg will take place on Sunday next to Ticknock. Members meet at 3.15 p.m. at Branch premises; those preferring to go by train meet at Harcourt Street Station to catch 3.15 train to Drundrum. Tea will be had at Mrs. Mulligan's, Ticknock, at 5.30 p.m.

"The National Student."

The latest issue of "The National Student" is more courageous and more national than many of its predecessors. In his leading article the editor calls on the students to play a leading part in Irish National Movement: "We have a people to lead, a nation to build, and a whole life time to do it in. How often have young men had a better opportunity offered to them?" If the national students were to rise to the spirit of this article then, indeed, would University College rise to the dignity of a true university, and become a vigorous and important factor in the life of the nation. This number also contains a splendid article by Professor Eoin Mac Neill; a short story in Irish by Froinsias O Conghaile, book reviews, poems, and articles of its usual good quality. A correspondent in its columns attributes "the deplorable plight" of the College to the lack of "*Ginger*."

ST. ENDA'S MIRACLE PLAYS.

The Miracle Plays presented last week by the students of St. Enda's College were a fitting sequel to the rare solemnity and beauty of the Passion Play of 1911. The two plays were the work of Mr. P. H. Pearse. The delightful and effective grouping, the fine colour and scenic effects, the capable and gracious acting of the youthful players were of a kind not usually found in school performances, —delicate, intense, distinctive.

One of the plays "Iosagan" was in Irish, the second, "The Master," was translated by the author from his original Irish. Upon its first production, six years ago, "Iosagan" won the praise of competent critics. The simple tale of the old unbeliever, Sean Maitias, led back to faith in religion by the child Iosagan (Jesukin) because of the old man's love of children leaves an ineffable impression of beauty and child-like pathos with a poignant sense of the Eternal upon one. The West of Ireland setting, atmosphere and thought are made to live before us in this folk drama. But the high merit of "Iosagan" is not alone its simplicity, not its fineness of words but that it is deeply human. Pity, mercy, the ultimate folly of despair, sound upon the lips of children.

The "Master" is of an order more subtle, more profound, more uncommon. As a miracle play it is consistent and true, a miracle-play in the literal and best sense of the words. As such it is without reproach. The charm of the play is a two-fold charm, a charm of words, a clearness of action. The fault of the play, if fault it be, is its, perhaps, disappointing but quite truthful ending—the subjugation of a noble lover of life by a mere angel, however militant, however called for, however righteous. Yet that criticism arises from the play as the play developes. The wonder, the tangle, the pity of life are strong within it, and the mind wanders in search of profound truths behind the slender symbols evident and unmistakable. Two foster-brothers, Daire and Ciaran, had vied in youth for mastery. Daire became the king of his people, "a lover of men and women and the goodly sun," a hunter, a warrior, steadfast and unswerving in his Pagan creed, a crafty, subtle, but winning Pagan. Ciaran travels in search of renown. It eludes him. He embraces Christianity, he becomes a teacher of children, yet the old ambition is not dead, he fears himself, he doubts the truth of the gospel he preaches. In vain, he seeks peace in the loneliness of his cloister with a few pupils. They bring him a certain solace. Implicitly they believe his teachings. As the play opens they surround him, and discuss the Twelve Apostles with an airy and winsome reverence. The Master's favourite pupil Little Iollan, a character we regret we cannot dwell upon at greater length, is fervid in his eulogies of "good Peter of the Sword." But Ciaran upholds St. Paul and yearns shamefacedly for "poor doubting Thomas."

The Master asks them for poems of Christ's friends. A pupil, Breasal, chants a song to Mary Magdelene. It has in itself a touch not often found in modern religious poetry. It may be quoted in full:—

O woman of the gleaming hair
(Wild hair that won men's gaze to thee)
Weary thou turnest from the common stare
For the shuiler Christ is calling thee.

O woman with the wild thing's heart
Old sin hath set a snare for thee;
In the forest ways forspent thou art;
But the hunter Christ shall pity thee.

O woman spendthrift of thyself,
Spendthrift of all the love in thee
Sold unto sin for little pelf,
The captain Christ shall ransom thee.

O woman that no lover's kiss
(Tho' many a kiss was given thee)
Could slake thy love, is it not for this
The hero Christ shall die for thee?

The news that King Daire is hunting in the woods that surround Ciaran's cell has caused his pupils grave uneasiness. They urge him to flee; he refuses. A messenger brings an invitation to a feast Daire holds. Ciaran refuses. All his pupils except Little Iollan go out to Daire's ale feast. Then we see the profound doubt of Ciaran and Little Iollan's trusting faith in his Master, and in his master's teaching. The clash between the two foster-brothers is nearing its climax. Little Iollan believes God's great angels will uphold Ciaran against Daire's power incited to enmity by the Druids fearful of the strange new creed. Ciaran would fain believe it. "You will win this time, little Master" says the child confidently. "I hope so," says Ciaran. "I hope so, dear (aside I would I could say) 'I know so.'" This seems to me the hardest thing I have tried to do. Can a soldier fight for a cause of which he is not sure? Can a teacher die for a thing he does not believe?" Iollan is sure the angels will come, that all "the old chivalry stands harnessed in Heaven." Ciaran's spirit interpreted in soliquies reveals his thoughts, full of the courage of despair: "My spirit reaches out and finds Heaven empty. The great halls stand horseless and riderless. I have called to you O riders, and I have not heard the thunder of your coming. The multitudinous, many-voiced sea and the green, quiet earth have each its children, but where are the sons of Heaven? Where in all its temple of the world, this dim, and wondrous temple does its God lurk?"

Daire, the King, comes to seek his brother. He taunts him with his unbelief, he waves aside his apologies, his excuses, his defences. "I do not trust these skulking gods," he cries in scorn. He offers to make Ciaran the *second* man in his kingdom. He lifts up his sword and shield to Heaven as a challenge to God's great captains to come down to wage battle for the souls of his people. Like Thomas he must see ere he believe. Martyrdom will not move him. Have not men and women died for foolish and incredible things, for ghosts, and errors and vile causes? He calls Iollan to him. He raises his sword calling upon God to rescue the child while there is time. Ciaran stands silent and aghast. "Fear not little Master," cries Iollan." I remember the word you taught me. . . . Young Michael stand near me."

The figure of a mighty warrior, winged and clothed in light seems to stand beside the child. "I am he that is Captain of the Host of God," he proclaims to the kneeling king. Ciaran falls forward dead—a Master in very truth. "O Splendour!" he exclaims.

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Mr. Pearse has added to his reputation in his new work. He has written a fine religious play in an age when religious drama is neither very prominent, very sincere nor very thoughtful. In all seriousness we assert, he has held the ring for the Devil and Michael as Milton did once with somewhat similar fairness. In these tempestuous days of stress and horror and high ideals foresworn. Assuredly a welcome awaits every strong and noble soul who sounds aloud the old message with a newer beauty, but the olden truth. "Courage, my comrades, the Devil though not dead, rest ye sure is damned!" D. R.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE NATIONAL FUND, 1915-16.

The following additional subscriptions have been received and are acknowledged with best thanks. Remittances should be sent to the Treasurer, Gaelic League, 25 Parnell Square, Dublin.

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Cruinnigh di ann Dia Máirt, 18.5.1915; an Craoibhín i gceannas, iad so i láthair, leis: Seoirse Mac Niocaill, M.A.; Seán T. Ó Ceallaigh, Peadar Mac Fionnlaoich, "Scéilg," An tAthair M. Ó Riain, S.P.; Eiblin Ni Domhnaláin, An tAthair Mac Giolla Seannaigh, R. Ó Foghluda, An tAthair Brian Ó Críocáin, Pádraig De Brún, Ó Raghaille, Tomás Ó Conbhá, Seán Ó Fhuaghain, An tAthair Ó Grianáin, An Dr. Mac Énrí, Seumas Ó Catháseaigh, S. Mac Giolla an Átha, Eagarthóir "An Claidheamh"; S. Bairéad, Cisteoir; P. Ó Dálaigh, Árd-rúnaidhe.

Táinig leithi ón nDáil nDéisi gá ráth go radadar cum Crann Deuglán do chur ar bun ins na Déisibh díreach mar atá Crann Eichne i dTír Conaill. Tug an Coiste Gnóta lán-cead dóibh dul ar aghaidh leis an obair agus tiubharfaidh siad dóibh oiread congantha agus is féidir leo.

Ar comhairle an Dr. Mac Énrí agus an Athair Mac Giolla Seannaigh do haontaigheadh "£20 do chur i leithcaibh i gcóir feiseanna beaga i rith an tsamhraidh."

Di leithi ó Pádraig Ó Riain gá ráth go raibh post nua fásta aige agus gur ó leis go scaipfeadh sé scannaint le baintseoireacht an "Claidhm" agus le rúnaidheacht "Cloidanna," Teoranta, i gceann míosa. Dubhairt an Craoibhín, Car ceann an Coiste Gnóta, gur ó leis scannaint le hoifigeac cóm maith le Pádraig; go ndeineadh sé a chuid oibre go críochnamail i gcommuide agus go raibh súil aige go n-éireocadh leis go leat.

Do hórdaigeadh fósra, ag lorg baintseora nua, do chur sá "Claidheam" láithreach.

Do comhairlig "Scéilg" agus Seumas Ó Catháseaigh é seo:—

"Go n-iarrfar arís ar an Riaghtas agus ar lucht treoirca téigthe in Éirinn an Gaeilge do chur in iomad na Seanmháise i réimhdh oideachais na tíre seo, agus go gcuirfear an rún do ceapadh ag an gCoiste Gnóta i ndeireadh na bliadhna so caitte ag criall ar Registrar Queen's University, Belfast; Registrar T.C.D.; Registrar N.U.I.; Asst. Commissioners, Intermediate Education Board; Secretary Clerical Managers' Association; Chief Secretary for Ireland; Chancellor of the Exchequer; Sir E. Carson; John E. Redmond; William O'Brien."

Dubhairt "Scéilg" go mbfeadh leis féin an comhairle do haontaigheadh i mi na Samhna i dtaobh an Gnóta ceutha, agus le ceap an catháoirlig do chur sé os comair an chruinnigte i m iomad an cinn sin chuas. Do hearcaigh Seumas Ó Catháseaigh leis agus do haontaigheadh an comhairle mar atá anuso:—

"Más fuat le Riaghtas Sasana an Gearmáinis, iarfam orra cosac do tabhairt don Gaeilig ar an nGearmáinis feasta i gcúrsaibh oideachais na dTri Rioghacht agus i nGaeilge scrúdughadh dá mbeirí ar siúdat i gcomair beart féin gcoróin a. Civil Service Examinations. Táimid ag lorg a cirt don Gaeilig i scolaibh na nÉireann féin agus i scrúdughcidh i gcoitcinne le fada, act níor géilleadh dúinn. Dá brig sin iarfam ar an Riaghtas a chur dfiachaibh ar Ciste Sasana a cuilleadh airgid do tabhairt don Bórd Náisiúnta is don Bórd Iomrheadhnach i gcomair múinte na Gaeilge i scolaibh na nÉireann.

"Cuirfear an rún so ag criall ar na daoine atá ainmnigte thuas."

éire sa tSean-aimsir.

Le Caitlin Nic Gabann.

(Duais-aisce an Oireachtais, 1914.)

Eochaid, Ollam Fódla (39,22 A.M.)

Ri eaghnach fad-cheannach cóir a bi san Eochaid seo. Dad maith lec ceart agus cóir beit ag cách. B'aoibhinn leis cáirdeas agus síochain imeasg muintire na tíre, agus cóir beit aca ar léigeann b'eisean do chur Féis Teamhrach ar bun. Cuig an bFéis seo tagadh flatha agus naisle, filidhe agus fir léigeanntha na nÉireann le dligte agus reacta d'ordughadh, agus le gach a gcuirtí le Annálaibh na tíre a chur fá machtnam agus fá mion-sgrúdughadh. Fá Samain do furdeadh an Féis gach tríomhadh bliadhain, agus bíodh fleadh agus féastha aca roimh ré le cáirdeas a fnaómhadh agus a ceangailt le céile. Bíodh daoine ann as gach áiro, agus ag an bfleidh seo churidís aithne agus eolas ar a céile. Bíodh ionad suidhe ag gach féisire, de réir a céime, ag an bfleidh.

Duine ar bith sa tír do déanfadh coir ar bith, goid, nó airm d'imirt ar duine eile, nó é buaileadh, nó dligh a chur air fad is bíodh Féis Teamhrach i n-a suidhe beirí bás dó—ní raibh sé ar cumas an Rioghain féin maitheamhnas a tabairt dó.

Ni mimic a machtnughmid ar a breagtacht a's tá sé mar chrutughadh ar fidhaltacht agus ar eolas ár sean, go raibh a léithi d'Féis aca com fada sin siar i Seanchus an Domain.

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seáinín.

Nuair a ḋein Seáinín an óráid ċalma i dtiġ na Cúirte, ní ro-ċruinn do bí fios aige féin cad ċuige ġur ḋein sé í. Is deimin ġur mór an iongnaḋ a ḃeaḋ air dá ġceapaḋ aoinne, aċ an Captaen boċt, go raiḃ sé féin ċun dul le saiġdiúireaċt. Ní raiḃ aon fioċ dá ḟonn air aċ ċoṁ beag agus do bí ar na Siotċmaoir do bí ag éisteaċt leis. Is amlaiḋ a ċonnaic sé ball bog sa Ġiúistis, agus ċeap sé bob a ḃualaḋ ar an duine simpliḋe sin. D'éiriġ leis go maiṫ. Do tarraing an Captaen a peann tré mí-ġniomarta Seáinín, agus annsan ṫáinig sé anuas de'n dinnse agus do ċroiṫ sé lám leis—ruḋ a ċuir Seáinín beagán tré n-a ċéile. Annsan ṫug sé coróin do. Ceap Seáinín ġur ċuill an méid sin óráid eile de'n tsagas ba ṁaiṫ leis an gCaptaen. Do ḋein sé óráid i n-aġaiḋ Impire na h-Almáine. Is dearḃ dá gcloiseaḋ seisean meas Seáinín air go dtiocfaḋ náire agus ceann fé air, agus go raġaḋ sé sa ḃpásaċ ó ḋoimḋ ċun aiḋriġe agus úrnuiḋe a ḋéanaṁ. Nuair do bí deire ráiḋte aige do ċroiṫ an Captaon lám arís leis. Annsan do ċuir Seáinín a lám ċun a ċaipin mar ḋéanfaḋ saiġdiúir, agus nuair d'iompuiġ an Captaen uaiḋ do ċaoċ Seáinín súil ar a raiḃ láiṫreaċ. Annsan d'imṫiġ sé agus níor scaḋ sé go raiḃ sé i dtiġ óil, agus criocḋ fluuċ dá ċur ar an gcoróin aige.

Do bí a oiread san áṫais air i dtaoḃ dul ó'n ḋtiġ ġur éiriġ dásaċt ann, agus do luiġ sé ċun na dige a oiread agus do bí i gcumas na coroineaċ a ġeasaṁ. Ní fada go raiḃ Seáinín ar meisce agus ní fada na diaiḋ sin go raiḃ sé féin agus súmaire eile ag únfairt le na ċéile d'iarraiḋ a ċéile a ġortú. Ní raiḃ fios ag aoinne cad é an ċúis a bí aca; aċ níorḃ aon iongna é sin, óir níor ṁair an duine sin riaṁ a ṫuig aigne an duine eile beaḋ ar meisce. Ní mór an dioġbáil, áṁaċ, a ḋéineadar dá ċéile—sórt úṫamála gan fuinneaṁ a bí á ḋéanaṁ aca. Do ḃailiġ a lán ann—daoine ná raġaḋ i n-ao' ċor isteaċ sa tséipéal ċun daoine d'feiscint ag paiṫréireaċt.

Sé donas cruinniġte mar sin go mbailiġeann sé na Siotċmaoir leis, mar dream fiafruiġteaċ iseaḋ iad—nuair naċ gáḋ é. Ṫáinig beirt aca san agus ruġadar Seáinín boċt agus a ċéile comraic leo. Ní raiḃ a fios ag Seáinín go ruġaḋ i n-aon áit é go dtí maidin lá ar n-a máireaċ nuair ċonnaic sé an ġrian ag féaċaint isteaċ air idir barraiḃ na fuinneoige. D'aiṫin sé cá raiḃ sé láiṫreaċ. D'aiṫin sé níos fearr é nuair tugaḋ amaċ go dtí an púmpa ar maidin é agus ġur leiġeaḋ an t-uisce anuas sa ċúl air ċun é niġe—ruḋ nár ġáḋ, adubairt Seáinín.

Tamall 'na diaiḋ sin do buail Ceann na gConstábla le Captaen Fosaiġe. Ba ṁaiṫ leis scaincin a ḋéanaṁ ar an gCaptaen toisc Seáinín a faoraḋ ón ḋtiġ an lá roime sin. Do beannuiġ sé do sa tsliġ is gnáṫ ó Siotċmaoraiḋ do Ġiúistisiḃ. D'fiafruiġ an Captaen de an raiḃ aon scéal nuaḋ ó'n gcogaḋ aige. Dubairt seisean go raiḃ.

"Ó!" arsan Captaen, go suimeamail, "Cad é féin? Scéal fóġanta tá súil agam."

"Droċ-scéal atá agam," arsan Ceann. "Tá do faiḋdiúir-se 'na priosúnaċ ċeana féin."

"É? É? Cad é sin?" arsan Captaen, "cad dubrais?"

Do ġair an Priom-Constábla.

"Do ċoṁairteoċainn duit," ar seisean, "an ċéad uair eile a ġeobair saiġdiúir do'n Ri gan aon fioċ d'airgeaḋ an Ri a tabairt do go mbeiḋ greim diúid agat air." Ní raiḃ taiṫneaṁ ag an bPriom-Constábla do laoċraiḋe an airm—agus bí a ċúis aige. "Tá t'fear cogaiḋ-se againn-ne fé ġlas ó raer."

Do bí diombáiḋ mór ar an gCaptaen. Ba ḋeacair cur suas le masla an tSiotċmaoir seo ar faiġdiúiri an Ri; agus is dearḃ go raiḃ sé cráiḋte i dtaoḃ failliġe Seáinín ċun dul le saiġdiúireaċt, go mór mór nuair ṫuig sé a neam-failliġe ċun an coróin a ṫug sé féin do a ċur i gcríoċ. D'éiġean do ġéilleaḋ go raiḃ an ċuid doḃ' fearr de'n scéal ag an bPriom-Constábla, agus ná raiḃ caoi fréagarṫa aige féin. Do ġluais sé go dtí an Dearraig.

Nuair ċonnaic Seáinín a duine muinnteardha ċuige d'éiriġ a misneaċ. Ċonnaic sé go raiḃ fearg i súil an Captaen. "Muise, mo ġráḋ-sa do teaċt agus do ṫurus ċugam, a duine uasail," arsa Seáinín, agus do ċuir sé a lám amaċ ċun lám an Captaen do ċroṫaḋ. Do ċuir seisean a dá lám taoḃ ṫiar de agus do ḋruid sé i ndiaiḋ a ċúil ó Seáinín.

"Nár ġeallais indé dul le saiġdiúireaċt?" arsan Captaen agus fearg á fúl diriġte ar Seáinín.

"Do ġeallas," arsa Seáinín agus do buail sé a dá fáil le ċéile agus do ḋiriġ a ḋrom agus do ḋein sé deismireaċt saiġdiúra. "Aċ is deacair d'aoinne aon ruḋ a ḋéanaṁ sa tír seo agus a ḃpuil de piléiriḃ dioṁaoine innte agus gan de ċúram orṫa aċ beiṫ ag ropaḋ daoine isteaċ sa príosún."

Do bí an Captaen idir dá ċomairle i dtaoḃ na cainnte sin. Do bí urraim ṫar barr aige do'n ruḋ go dtugtar dliġ air aċ mar sin féin ba ṁaiṫ leis súnnc a ṫabairt do Ceann na gConstábla. Do scaoil sé an ċainnt sin ṫairis.

"An raḃais ċun dul insna saiġdiúiriḃ nuair a ċuir na Siotċmaoir seo fé ġlas tu."

"Ar m' anam is ar mo ṗláinte go raḃas!" arsa Seáinín gan moill. Ceap sé ġurḃ' é sin a leas.

"Má scaoilfear amaċ anois tú an raġair?"

Ṫáinig scaḋ i Seáinín.

"Á—um—á—á . . . . . raġaḋ," arsa Seáinín. Ní raiḃ leiġeas aige air. Do bí sé i ngreim. Ruḋ eile, ceap sé dá mbeaḋ sé amuiċ ar an tsráid aon uair amáin go ḃpáġfaḋ sé slán ag an amaḋán Captaen sin ar ċuma éigin.

"Siubail leat mar sin," arsan Captaen. Do fiubail Seáinín. Do ċaoċ sé súil go droċ-múinte ar an bPriom-Constábla. "Is truaġ liom beiṫ ag imṫeaċt uait!" ar seisean.

"Nara caṫaċ ic' diaiḋ me!" arsa Ceann na gConstábla.

Do bí crann na cubaisce ar Seáinín an lá san. Ní ṫúisce ḃíodar taoḃ amuiċ de dóras na bearraige ná buail an Sáirsint listeála leo. Do ġlaoiḋ an Captaen air. Do bí Seáinín ċun teiċte, aċ go ruġ an Captaen ar ġualainn air ċun é ċur i n-iṫne do'n Sáirsint. "Seo fear atá ar do lorg," arsan Captaen leis an Sáirsint. Do ġuiḋ Seáinín Captaeneaċa agus Sáirsinti i ḃpoċair a mbráṫar dúċċais—an Fear Mór. Ní fuair sé a ġuiḋe—go ceann tamaill.

Do bí deaḃaḋ ar an gCaptaen. "Abair é seo im' diaiḋ," ar seisean le Seáinín. Dubairt Seáinín ruḋ éigin adubairt an Captaen. Ní raiḃ fios aige ciarḃ é agus ba ċuma leis. leis. Nuair a bí sé ag ġabáil síos an tsráid 'na diaiḋ sin i dteannta an tSáirsint iseaḋ ṫáinig a ṫuiscint do go raiḃ sé tar éis mionn ceangail saiġdiúra a ṫabairt. Níor ṫuig sé briġ a ċúise féin i ġceart ġur tugaḋ ċun doċtúra é a ċuarduiġ a corp ó mullaċ talaṁ. Do ceap Seáinín go raiḃ sé féin ró-ḃeag, agus go mb' féidir go raiḃ seans fós aige. Níor fágaḋ an seans san aige, óir do bí

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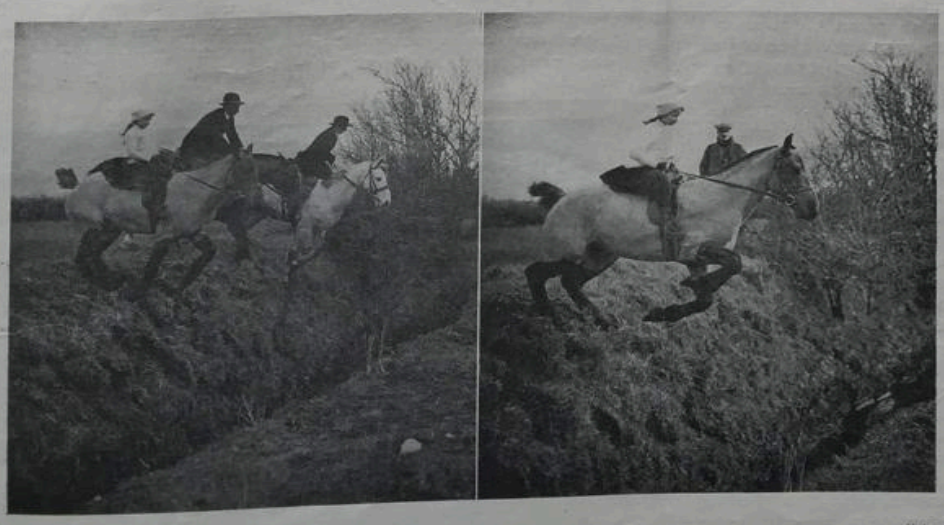

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leaṫ-ṫroiġ bainte d'airde saiġdiúra seaċas mar ba ġnáṫ.

Níor ṫuig Seáinín go raiḃ an fad sin féin ann, aċ duḃairt an doċtúir go raiḃ, agus b'éigean é ċreideaṁaint. Annsan duḃairt Seáinín go raiḃ glúin lag aige, aċ do ḃraiṫ an doċtúir í agus duḃairt gurḃ' iongantaċ an glúin le neart agus le lúṫ í. Do loċtuiġ sé ball eile dá ċorp aċ fuarṫas an ball san go slán, folláin. Nuair a ṫeip na baill amuiċ air, duḃairt sé gur istiġ do ḃí sé loċtaċ, aċ do ḃí giúirléidí ag an ndoċtúir agus tar éis iad a ċur ag obair ar Ṡeáinín duḃairt sé go raiḃ sé ċóṁ folláin istiġ agus do ḃí sé amuiċ. B'iongnaḋ le Seáinín—agus b'uaṫḃás—a ċorp a ḃeiṫ ċóṁ sláinteaṁail sin. Do ċuir sé air go mall agus go leisgeaṁail. "Dar piopán an ġanndail!" ar seisean agus do ṗuiḋ sé agus d'imṫiġ a ṁisneaċ. Do ḃí mearḃall air. Ṫug an Sáirsint listeála iarraċt ar ṁisneaċ a ċur air. Do ḃí sé ag cur pórtair isteaċ ann go raiḃ sé lán agus go raiḃ sé ar meisce. Aċ pé méid d'ólfaḋ sé ní ċuirfeaḋ sé aon ṗreab ann agus an ṁeisce ṫáiniġ air meisce ḃaoṫ ḃreallsaṁanta dob' eaḋ é, gan lúṫ, gan luadar. Nuair ṫáiniġ a ċiall arís do Ṡeáinín sé an áiṫ i ḃfuair sé é féin ná caiṫte na ṡac istiġ i mḂearraic na Saiġdiúirí agus fear ag iarraiḋ é ṁúscailt le na ḃróig.

"An Seaḃac."

Cumann na hÓige

PÁDRAIG BÁN AGUS A ĊÁIRDE.

Coigcíos ó ṡoin ḃíos ag caint ar na sídeogaiḃ agus ní raiḃ mé cinnte go raiḃ a leiṫéid ann ariaṁ. Naċ mé a ḃí amhreasaċ. Táid ann anois féin. Seo cunntas ar a n-imṫeaċtaiḃ, ó'n gCailín Donn.

Sprideanna Liaṫ.

Ní haon doċar beiṫ tuirseaċ má's féidir le duine a sgíṫ do leigint. Ḃí cailín le goirid i n-a suiḋe cois fuinneóige, agus í tórta de ḃarr an lae. D'airiġ sí roimpi amaċ an fairrge ar ḋaṫ an tsaṁaircín faoi'n leiṫ-ġealaiġ, agus i ḃfad uaiṫi soillsí na sráide móire, ar an dtaoiḃ ṫall de'n ċuan, ar nós fáinne móire lán de ṡeódaiḃ; ḃí soillsí beaga gorma ann, agus soillsí móra buiḋe; agus dá ṡolus móra, ceann bán agus ceann dearg, a ḃí ag teaċt agus ag imṫeaċt—seal geal, seal dorċa; soillse na mairnéalaċ dob eaḋ an dá ċeann sin. Ní raiḃ fuaim le cloisint aċt corr-faoileán ag glaoḋaċ agus cogarnaċ na fairrge agus í ag pógaḋ na trágá.

Ní raiḃ an cailín ag smaoineaḋ ró-ḃeaċt ar na rudaí sin. Sgaoileann tuirse an aigne ó smaċt na colna agus d'imṫiġ smaointe an ċailín i ḃfad agus is ar éigean a ḃí fios aici an ina codlaḋ nó ina dúiseaċt a ḃí sí. Ḃí sí ag breaṫnú ar an mball geal ins an ḃfairrge a ḃí díreaċ faoi 'n ngealaiġ, agus tar éis tamaill ceap sí gur airiġ sí an ball sin ag corruġaḋ agus ag borraḋ go haisteaċ. D'féaċ sí agus d'féaċ arís agus i ndeiriḋ na dála ḃain sí amaċ gur ċruṫanna liaṫḃána a ḃí ann agus iad ag éirġe aníos as an ḃfairrge. Sprideanna nó sídeóga a ḃí ann agus iad ag léimniġ agus ag gluaiseaċt agus ag rinnce ins an aer. Ṡeiṫ croiḋe an ċailín agus ṫáiniġ uaigneas mór uirṫi naċ ḃféadfaḋ sí dul ag rinnce leo, agus i mbeagán aimsire níor féad sí cosg do ċur uirṫi féin aċt glaoḋaċ orṫa. "Ó! leigiḋ dom dul i n-aoinfeaċt liḃ."

Ḃí na sprideanna ag éirġe ins an aer uaiṫe um an dtaca san, aċt triúr díoḃ a ḃí mall, ċualadar an glaoḋaċ agus d'fanadar nóiméid ag smaoineaḋ cad a ḋéanfadaois. Annsin sguabadar an cailín leó. Treasna ċuig an sráid móir a ġaḃ siad. B'iongantaċ leis an gcailín an gluaiseaċt a ḃí fúiṫe. Ċuir sé i gcuiṁne di seólṫóireaċt i gcurraċ ar an ḃfairrge, aċt aṁáin go raiḃ an gluaiseaċt so i ḃfad níos aeriġe. Ḃuaileadar isteaċ i seomra tiġe ina raiḃ buaċaill ina ċodlaḋ. Ṫosuiġ na sprideanna ag imirt ċluiċe iománaiḋeaċta. Ní fada nó go raiḃ an buaċaill corruiġṫe go leór aca agus é i n-a ṡuiḋe ina leabaiḋ ag glaoḋaċ: "Maiṫ an fear! Buail! Buail! Teannam ort, a duine!" agus mar sin de, nó go gcuala guṫ mór trom á ráḋ: "Éist do ḃéal, a duine gan ċéill. Ní féidir néal codlata d'fagáil le do ċuid gártaola." Ṫáiniġ sgannraḋ ar na sprideannaiḃ agus amaċ leo, an cailín i n-éinfeaċt leo i gcóṁnuiḋe agus saoṫar orṫa. Ḃíodar níos ciúine mar sin nuair a ṡroiċeadar an ċéad seomra eile. Ḃí beirt cailíní ina gcodlaḋ ann. Ṫosuiġ na sprideanna ag gabáil ceoil níos binne ná guṫ na n-éan. Ṫáiniġ mion-ġáire ar aġaiḋ cailín aca, agus connaic an cailín saoġalta tír álainn fá ġréin an tsaṁraiḋ, bláṫanna agus éanlaiṫ ann; tír ina n-éalóċaḋ míle bliadain tar duine gan nóiméid bróin ná fadaiġeaċta. Is iomḋa seomra ina raiḃ an cailín an oiḋċe sin. Áiṫ ina mbíoḋ duine an-ċiallṁar, ċuiridís an aḋairt fá'n leabaiḋ nó ar lár an urláir; áiṫ ina mbíoḋ duine brónaċ, ċuiridís ag gáire é; duine suairc, ċuiridís ar buile le teann aoiḃnis é; duine crosta, ċuiridís tré n-a ċéile é; áiṫ ina mbíoḋ beirt, ċuiridís duine aca ag srannṫarnaiġ nó go ndúiseóċtaí an duine eile agus é ar mire. Ḃí easnaċa an ċailín tuirseaċ le gáire, agus nuair a ḃí líne geal ag teaċt insan oirṫear ċuir na sprideanna a baile í. Ní gábaḋ dom a ráḋ gur ġaḃ sí a buiḋeaċas leo.

Is iomḋa oiḋċe ina diaiḋ sin a ṫángadar go dtí seomra an ċailín, aċt fead a saoġail níor féad sí brionnglóidí a ṫabairt mar ainm ar a ḃfeiceaḋ sí tré na codlaḋ.

An Cailín Donn.

Pósaḋ.

Do pós Colm Ó Gaora i mí an Aibreáin agus ṫug oidí sgoile Ċloċ na Rón bronntanas luaċṁar dó féin is dá ċéile le cur i n-iúl dóiḃ go ḃfuil meas ag na hoidiḃ ar an lánaṁain, agus go ḃfuil mór-ṁeas aca ar Ċolm mar ṁúinteoir Gaeḋilge. Ṫug Gaeḋil an Ċloċáin bronntanas eile do Ċolm. Go mba fada buan an beirt nua-pósta.

DON ĊUAIĊ.

Seinn-se a ċuaċ,
Ó ṫánag fé'n dtuaiṫ
Tuille det' ṡuairc-ċeol binn dom,
A ḃainfiḋ díom buairt,
A ṫaiṫnfiḋ lem ċluais,
Ós maiṫ liom go ṁuar do ċaoin port.

Dom ċuirir i n-iúil
An tráṫ sona úd
Nuair ḃinn-se go súgaċ meiḋreaċ,
Cois tiġe ċugainn ar ċuairt
Nuair ṫagaḋ an ċuaċ
Dár ngleann-na ar ḃruaċ na hEiḃlean.

Is minic do ḃíos
Sa gáirdín cois tiġe
Ag éisteaċt le binn-guṫ cuaiċe;
Ag a faire go cruinn
Ar an éinín beag díoḃ
Mar leanáinín deas síḋe sa ċuairt léi.

Is 'mó bliain fada cruaiḋ
Curṫa díom-sa, a ċuaċ
Ó ċuala-sa duan ót ṫamail-se;
Aċ is binn liom gaċ tráṫ,
Nuair ċloisim dúr ráḋ,
Mar tá draoiḋeaċt dom tar bárr it labarṫaiḃ.

Gan amras ar doṁan
Tá leanbaí anois ann
Ót glór-sa geiḃeann greann as sṗairceas,
Mar geiḃinn-se an t-am
Ḃíos gan eolas am ċeann
As gurḃ iongantaċ liom labairt na cuaiċe.

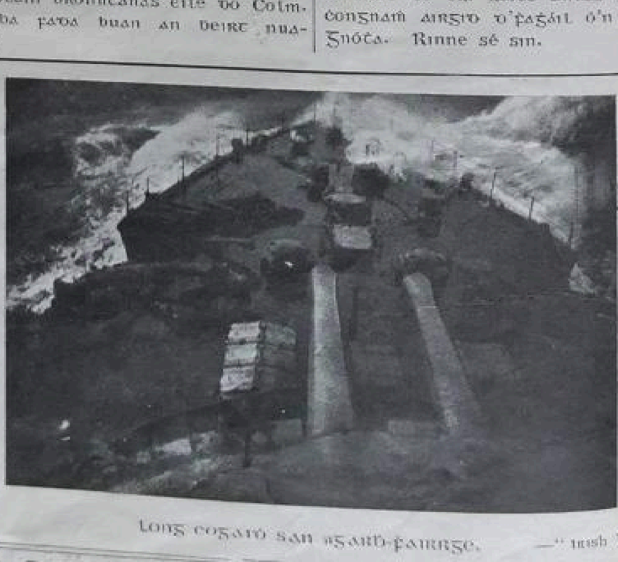
As anois féin bím suairc
Nuair ċím tu aṫ-uair
A' gluaiseaċt ar ċuairt trí Éirinn.
Leṫ "cu cú" ḃog ḃuadaċ
Go ceolṁar am ċluais,
Mar ní hannaṁ a ruaiġ sé léan díom.

Lean ort go binn
A ċuaiċín a ċroiḋe
Det aon-poirtín aoiḃinn aeraċ;
Mo ġráḋ é do ċeol
Ná staon de go fóill
Beannaċt ar do ġlór a éin deis.

Lorga Liaṫ-Ḃán.

Pádraig Ó Riain.

Tá ár mbainisteóir, Pádraig Ó Riain ag imṫeaċt uainn. Fear óg 'seaḋ é agus is maiṫ linn daoine óga a feiceáil ag dul ar aġaiḋ sa saoġal. Tá beart níos fearr ná mar ḃí aige fáiġṫe ag Pádraig, agus cé naċ maiṫ linn é ḃeiṫ ag imṫeaċt uainn, guiḋimíd raṫ is sonas air. Is mór le ráḋ go ndearna sé an Claiḋeaṁ do stiúraḋ le trí ráiṫe anuas gan aon congnaṁ airgid d'fagáil ó'n gCoiste Gnóṫa. Rinne sé sin.



Long cogaiḋ san aġaiḋ-fairrge. —"Irish Life."