

■ AN · MACAOM · ■

· EDITED · BY · P · H · PEARSE · AND · WRITTEN ·
· BY · THE · MASTERS · AND · PUPILS · OF ·
· ST · ENDA'S · SCHOOL ·

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Ըիտ Ծո՛ն ԿրթեաԾար րօ Ծաւե Ըճա Ըւաճ, ԶԿը ՏՏօւ Էաննա, Ի ԾրօԾ
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Ainm do'n iupileabair ro aN MACAOm. I' uime ceana tugad an
 t-ainm rin aip, da cupi i gcéill supab iad macrao na Sgoile reo, maille le
 luét a múinte, atá as á rghioaba asur as á epaobrgaioileao. Pát eile
 pá n-ai tugad an t-ainm rin aip, da cupi i gcéill supi do macrao na
 hÉipeann ai ceana asur do'n oream ai ionmúin leo macrao na hÉipeann
 atátar as rghioaba asur as epaobrgaioileao an iupileabair céana. Pát
 eile pór pá n-ai tugad an t-ainm rin aip, da cupi i gcéill supi mian de
 mianab epiorde luét rghioaba an iupileabair mipeac asur meanma do
 múrghailt i macrao na hÉipeann, amail baó dual rinnreapir oíob; óir
 tuigteapir go bfuil da bpió leir an bpocal úo, .i. macaom, mapi atá, mac
 ós, asur óslac; asur dob' áil le luét rghioaba an iupileabair reo óslac
 do déanam de sac mac ós da bfuil beo de élanmaib Saedeal, ionnur go
 mbaó laoc ai at nó reapir fairpe ai áro sac mac oíob asur é as cornam a clú
 péin asur clú a éinro ai foirneapir daoine asur deamán na cruinne.

Is é iompará óleasair sae macaomh do óéanamh, .i. eiriompláir an macaomh do b'feairi dá ruasá i nÉirinn siamh do leannáin, .i. Cúcúláinn mac Sualtáin; óir do éail an macaomh rin a beata pul dá scaillfead ré a eimead, asur, dáta Macaomh eile ar a otriáctramuio ar bail, sío so siab ré péin neamh-éionntaé, éus ré a beata ar son éionnta a éinir. Ní iarrfai an méio rin ar don mac de macraio an lae inoiu; áet iarrfai ar sae mac ar an domán eiriompláir an macaomh eile úo do leannáin, .i. an Macaomh do éuair piof so napaet triat asur do bi umal dá máctair asur dá áctair.

PAÓRAIC MAC PIARAIS.

By Way of Comment.

DURING the past six or seven years I have grown so accustomed to having an organ at my disposal for the expression of my views and whims that I have come to look on an organ, as some men look on tobacco and others on motor-cars and aeroplanes, as among the necessities of life. Use is second nature, and the growing complexity of civilisation adds daily to the list of indispensable things. I have a friend who wonders how I manage to exist without a Theatre of my own to "potter about" (being a poet in his public capacity he relaxes by being slangy in conversation), and another who marvels that I find the running of a School more interesting than the running of a Palæstrina Choir. But Providence gives each of us his strength and his weakness, his wisdom and his folly, his likes and his wants as different one's from another's as the markings on the palms of our hands. I have never felt the need of tobacco or of an aeroplane (I am sure that both one and the other would make me dizzy), but I do find the possession of a School and of an organ necessary at once to my happiness and to my usefulness: a School for bringing me into contact with the wisdom of children and an organ for the purpose of disseminating the glad and noble things I learn from that contact. Whether those to whom I preach will place the same value on my preaching as I do myself is another question: enough for me that my tidings are spoken, let the winds of the world blow them where they list.

It will thus be understood that it is a fortunate thing for me, if not for the public, that I had founded AN MACAOMH before I descended from the bad eminence of the editorship of *An Claidheamh Soluis*. I have still my organ; and it is a luxury to feel that I can set down here any truth, however obvious, without being called a liar, any piece of wisdom, however sane, without being docketed a lunatic. AN MACAOMH is my own, to do with it as I please; and if, through sheer obstinacy in saying in it what I think ought to be said, I run it against some obstruction and so wreck it, at least I shall enjoy something of the grim satisfaction which I suppose motorists experience in wrecking their thousand-guinea Panhards through driving them as they think they ought to be driven.

A slight change in the sub-title of AN MACAOMH hints at a slight, a very slight, widening in its scope. The Review will remain identified with our adventure at Sgoil Eanna as long as the two endure, but I think it will become less and less of a School Magazine (at least in the accepted sense) as time goes on. My hope is that it will come to be

regarded as a rallying-point for the thought and aspirations of all those who would bring back again in Ireland that Heroic Age which reserved its highest honour for the hero who had the most childlike heart, for the king who had the largest pity, and for the poet who visioned the truest image of beauty. I think I shall be able to give AN MACAOMH this significance without departing from my original intention of admitting to its pages the work only of those who are in some way associated with Sgoil Eanna. Nearly everyone in Ireland whose name stands for high thought or achievement in any sphere of wholesome endeavour will in his turn address our boys in their Study Hall; and these addresses will find a place in AN MACAOMH along with the work of the masters and pupils (the boys, by the way, are so much pre-occupied with other concerns just now that we have not pressed them to contribute to this Christmas issue).

Philosophy is as old as the hills, and the science of to-day is only a new flowering of the science that made lovely the ancient cities and gardens of the East. With all our learning we are not yet as cultured as were the Greeks who crowded to hear the plays of Sophocles; with all our art institutions and art coteries we have not yet that love for the beautiful which burned in the heart of the Middle Ages. All the problems with which we strive were long ago solved by our ancestors, only their solutions have been forgotten. Take the problem of education, the problem, that is, of bringing up a child. We constantly speak and write as if a philosophy of education were first formulated in our own time. But all the wise peoples of old faced and solved that problem for themselves, and most of their solutions were better than ours. Professor Culverwell thinks that the Jews gave it the best solution. For my part, I take off my hat to the old Irish. The philosophy of education is preached now, but it was practised by the founders of the Gaelic system two thousand years ago. Their very names for "education" and "teacher" and "pupil" show that they had gripped the heart of the problem. The word for "education" among the old Gael was the same as the word for "fostering"; the teacher was a "fosterer" and the pupil was a "foster-child." Now, to "foster" is exactly the function of the teacher: not primarily to "lead up," to "guide," to "conduct through a course of studies," and still less to "indoctrinate," to "inform," to "prepare for exams," but primarily to "foster" the elements of character already present. I put this in another way in the first number of AN MACAOMH when I wrote that the true work of the teacher may be said to be to help the child to realise himself at his best and worthiest. One does not want to make each of one's pupils a replica of oneself (God forbid), holding the self-same opinions, prejudices, likes, illusions. Neither does one want to drill all one's pupils into so many regulation little soldiers or so many stodgy little citizens, though

this is apparently the aim of some of the most cried-up of modern systems. The true teacher will recognise in each of his pupils an individual human soul, distinct and different from every other human soul that has ever been fashioned by God, miles and miles apart from the soul that is nearest and most akin to it, craving, indeed, comradeship and sympathy and pity, needing also, it may be, discipline and guidance and a restraining hand, but imperiously demanding to be allowed to live its own life, to be allowed to bring itself to its own perfection; because for every soul there is a perfection meant for it alone, and which it alone is capable of attaining. So the primary office of the teacher is to "foster" that of good which is native in the soul of his pupil, striving to bring its inborn excellences to ripeness rather than to implant in it excellences exotic to its nature. It comes to this, then, that the education of a child is greatly a matter, in the first place, of congenial environment and, next to this, of a wise and loving watchfulness whose chief appeal will be to the finest instincts of the child itself.

It is a long time since I was first attracted by the Gaelic plan of educating children. One of my oldest recollections is of a kindly grey-haired seanchaidhe, a woman of my mother's people, telling tales by a kitchen fireplace. She spoke more wisely and nobly of ancient heroic things than anyone else I have ever known. Her only object was to amuse me, yet she was the truest of all my teachers. One of her tales was of a king, the most famous king of his time in Ireland, who had gathered about him a number of boys, the children of his friends and kinsmen, whom he had organised into a little society, giving them a constitution and allowing them to make their own laws and elect their own leaders. The most renowned of the king's heroes were appointed to teach them chivalry, the most skilled of his men of art to teach them arts, the wisest of his druids to teach them philosophy. The king himself was one of their teachers, and so did he love their companionship that he devoted one-third of all the time he saved from affairs of state to teaching them or watching them at their play; and if any stranger came to the dun during that time, even though he were a king's envoy demanding audience, there was but one answer for him: "the king is with his foster-children." This was my first glimpse of the Boy-Corps of Eamhain Macha, and the picture has remained in my heart.

In truth, I think that the old Irish plan of education, as idealised for boys in the story of the Macradh of Eamhain and for girls in that of the Grianan of Lusga, was the wisest and the most generous that the world has ever known. The bringing together of children in some pleasant place under the fosterage of some man famous among his people for his greatness of heart, for his wisdom, for his skill in some gracious craft,—here we get the two things on which I lay most stress in education, the environment, and the stimulus of a personality which

can address itself to the child's worthiest self. Then, the charter of free government within certain limits, the right to make laws and maintain them, to elect and depose leaders,—here was scope for the growth of individualities yet provision for maintaining the suzerainty of the common weal; the scrupulous co-relation of moral, intellectual, and physical training, the open-air life, the very type of the games which formed so large a part of their learning,—all these things were designed with a largeness of view foreign to the little minds that devise our modern makeshifts for education. Lastly, the "aite," fosterer or teacher, had as colleagues in his work of fosterage no ordinary hirelings, but men whom their gifts of soul, or mind, or body, had lifted high above their contemporaries,—the captains, the poets, the prophets of their people.

As the Boy-Corps of Eamhain stands out as the idealisation of the system, Cuchulainn stands out as the idealisation of the child fostered under the system. And thus Cuchulainn describes his fostering: "Fionnchaomh nourished me at her breast; Feargus bore me on his knee; Conall was my companion-in-arms; Blai, the lord of lands, was my hospitaller; fair-speeched Seancha trained me in just judgment; on the knee of Amhairgin the poet I learned poetry; Cathbhadh of the gentle face taught me druid lore; Conchubhar kindled my boyish ambition. All the chariot-chiefs and kings and poets of Ulster have taken part in my bringing up." Such was the education of Cuchulainn, the most perfect hero of the Gael. Cuchulainn may never have lived, and there may never have been a Boy-Corps at Eamhain; but the picture endures as the Gael's idealisation of the kind of environment and the kind of fostering which go to the making of a perfect hero. The result of it all, the simplicity and the strength of true heroism, is compressed into a single sentence put into the hero's mouth by the old shaper of the tale of Cuchulainn's Phantom Chariot: "I was a child with children; I was a man with men."

Civilisation has taken such a queer turn that it might not be easy to restore the old Irish plan of education in all its details. Our heroes and seers and scholars would not be so willing to add a Boy-Corps or a Grianan to their establishments as were their prototypes in Ireland from time immemorial till the fall of the Gaelic polity. I can imagine how blue Dr. Hyde, Mr. Yeats, and Mr. MacNeill would look if their friends informed them that they were about to send them their children to be fostered. But, at least, we can bring the heroes and seers and scholars to the schools (as we do at Sgoil Eanna) and get them to talk to the children; and we can rise up against the system which tolerates as teachers the rejected of all other professions rather than demanding for so priestlike an office the highest souls and noblest intellects of the race. I think, too, that the little child-republics I have

described, with their own laws and their own leaders, their life face to face with nature, their care for the body as well as for the mind, their fostering of individualities yet never at the expense of the commonwealth, ought to be taken as models for all our modern schools. But I must not be misunderstood. In pleading for an attractive school-life, I do not plead for making school-life one long grand pic-nic: I have no sympathy with the sentimentalists who hold that we should surround children with an artificial happiness, shutting out from their ken pain and sorrow and retribution and the world's law of unending strife; the key-note of the school-life I desiderate is *effort* on the part of the child himself, struggle, self-sacrifice, self-discipline, for by these things only does the soul rise to perfection. I believe in gentleness, but not in softness. I would not place too heavy a burden on young shoulders, but I would see that no one, boy or man, shirk the burden he is strong enough to bear.

As for the progress of things at Sgoil Eanna, our Boy-Corps here now numbers just a hundred, which is two-thirds the muster of the Boy-Corps of Eamhain. When we reach Eamhain's thrice fifty I think we shall stop. I do not know that any man ought to make himself responsible for the education of multitudes of children: at any rate, to get to *know* a hundred and fifty boys as a master ought to know his pupils is a task that I feel sufficiently big for myself for the present. The work is fascinating. One's life in a school is a perpetual adventure, an adventure among souls and minds; each child is a mystery, and if the plucking out of the heart of so many mysteries is fraught with much labour and anxiety, there are compensations richer than have ever rewarded any voyagers among treasure-islands in tropic seas.

In the Midsummer number of AN MACAOMH I threw out a modest hint to millionaires that Sgoil Eanna was in need of an endowment. I am afraid no millionaires read AN MACAOMH. Of the wealthy people who do read it none took my hint. I begin to fear that it is only poor men that are generous. Or perhaps the explanation is that wealth and ideas do not consort. At any rate, except that one kind friend has undertaken to provide us with a School Chapel, we have been left the proud privilege of carrying out our new building scheme unaided. We have now our Study Hall, built to hold thrice fifty with room and verge to spare; our Art Room; our Physico-Chemical Laboratory; a new Refectory, the old Refectory having been converted into a Library (where we have already 2,000 volumes); and a new Museum. I do not know that we need much else in the way of accommodation or equipment for teaching, except perhaps a special room for Manual Instruction. That will doubtless come in good time. We have a way of getting things done here, and are commencing to eliminate the word "impossible" from our vocabulary.

Mr. MacDonagh, Mr. MacDonnell, Mr. Smithwick, Father Landers, and my brother continue to work with me. Dr. Doody has come to us as a fourth Resident Master, his special subject being Classics. Mr. Moynihan has joined the staff as Science Master, and we have been fortunate enough to get Mr. Colum to take charge of a class in English Literature. Mr. Seumas O Cuisin of the Commercial classes, Mr. Joseph MacDonagh of a class in History, and Mr. Forde of a class in Irish. The discontinuance of the Girls' School has set my sister and Miss Browner free for important work among the little boys. I hope someone else will take up the project of an Irish secondary school for girls: our hands are full.

The Extern Lecturers of the session have been Dr. Hyde, whose theme was the language movement and the part which the schools should play in it; Mr. Shane Leslie, who gave the glow of a romance to his story of Oxford and Cambridge in Catholic days; and Miss Helen Laird, of whose demonstration lectures on plant life we intend, if possible, to get more.

The original Prospectus of Sgoil Eanna announced that where the parents so desired pupils of the School would be prepared for the examinations of the Board of Intermediate Education. Nevertheless, having no guarantee that we should receive any credit for our direct method teaching of languages or for our bilingual methods of instruction in other subjects, we decided last year, with the concurrence of the parents of our boys, to hold aloof from the Intermediate. The establishment of a system of oral inspection by the Intermediate Board has brought about a new state of affairs which makes it possible for us to avail of the Board's grants, without sacrificing any of our principles. We have not converted the School into an Intermediate School pure and simple, but we are prepared to fulfil the announcement in our first Prospectus, that is to say, to send forward for the examinations of the Intermediate Board such boys as we think its programme suits, always presupposing the willingness of the parents. The only change in our method of working which this entails is that towards the end of the year we shall have to devote a few weeks to translating the prescribed language texts into English: for the rest, all our language teaching will still be done on the direct method. Our classes in Physics and Chemistry have been placed under the inspection of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction: here, unfortunately, English must reign until Irish evolves a body of technical terms in these subjects. This cannot be done in a day or in a year. As a preliminary we want Irish-speaking students to study Physical Science and then to write text-books. I would advise the Gaelic League to interest itself in the training of Irish speakers as Science teachers. To an advertisement last year for a Science Master "with a knowledge of Irish" I received no reply; to an

advertisement making no stipulation with regard to Irish I received forty. The explanation is not far to seek. The fact that Irish does not form part of the essential basis of education in Ireland, not being essential for entrance to the Universities and hence not essential in the secondary schools, means of course that students who intend to specialise in Science neglect Irish as unnecessary to their purpose.

The want of text-books is one of the things that make bilingual teaching difficult in secondary schools. Our own series will shortly come to relieve the situation. The first volume, a Geography of Ireland in Irish by Mr. MacDonnell, is ready for publication. It will be followed early in the new year by Parts I. and II. of my Irish Conversation and Reading Lessons on the Direct Method, for which Mr. Edwin Morrow is making pictures. Then will come Book II. of Virgil edited with an Irish commentary by Mr. O'Nolan, and later Mr. MacDonagh's School Anthology of Anglo-Irish Verse and my School Anthology of Irish Verse. I hope that Dr. Doody, Mr. Smithwick, Mr. Colum, and Mr. Joseph MacDonagh will also contribute to the series.

Nothing has given me greater pleasure during the past session than to watch Sgoil Eanna developing as it has been doing on the athletic side. Our boys must now be among the best hurlers and footballers in Ireland. Wellington is credited with the dictum that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-field of Eton. I am certain that when it comes to a question of Ireland winning battles, her main reliance must be on her hurlers. To your camans, O boys of Banba!

The first issue of AN MACAOMH appeared on the eve of our Cuchulainn Pageant and the Distribution of Prizes. The Pageant was a large undertaking, but we seem to have satisfied everyone except ourselves. We had over five hundred guests in our playing-field, including most of the people in Dublin who are interested in art and literature. I think the boyish freshness of our miniature Macradh, and especially the shy and comely grace of Frank Dowling as Cuchulainn, really pleased them. Mr. Colum wrote very generously of us in *Sinn Féin*, Mr. Ryan in the *Irish Nation*, and Mr. Bulfin in *An Claidheamh Soluis*. The *Freeman's Journal*, in addition to giving a special report, honoured us with a leading article from the pen of Mr. Stephen MacKenna. I am grateful to be allowed to re-print this article in AN MACAOMH: it makes a worthier record of our Pageant than any mere report.

Mr. MacNeill distributed the prizes, and he, Mr. Bulfin, and Dr. Henry addressed the boys and our guests. I have a grievance against the reporters for leaving before the speeches. They were only speeches at a school fête, but they contained things that were better worth recording than all the news that was in all the newspapers the next day.

I did not go beyond what I felt when, in tendering the speakers the thanks of the masters and boys, I said that our year's work would have been sufficiently rewarded if it had received no other recompense than the high and noble things Mr. MacNeill had just spoken in praise of it.

Our plays this year will take place sometime between] St. Brigid's Day and the beginning of Lent. They will consist of a Heroic Play in English and a Miracle Play in Irish. Mr. Colum is writing the English play for us: its subject is the doom of Conaire Mor at Bruidhean Da Dearga. The Miracle Play will probably be the dramatised version of "Iosagan" which I print in this number of AN MACAOMH.

In writing the Cuchulainn Pageant I religiously followed the phraseology of the Tain. In "Iosagan" I have as religiously followed the phraseology of the children and old men in Iar-Connacht from whom I have learned the Irish I speak. I have put no word, no speech, into the mouths of my little boys which the real little boys of the parish I have in mind—boys whom I know as well as I know my pupils at Sgoil Eanna—would not use in the same circumstances. I have given their daily conversation, anglicisms, "vulgarisms," and all: if I gave anything else my picture would be a false one.

The story which I now dramatise has been described by an able but eccentric critic as a "standard of revolt." It was meant as a standard of revolt, but my critic must pardon me if I say that the standard is not the standard of impressionism. It is the standard of definite art form as opposed to the folk form. I may or may not be a good standard bearer, but at any rate the standard is raised and the writers of Irish are flocking to it.

"Iosagan" is not a play for ordinary theatres or for ordinary players. It requires a certain atmosphere, and a certain attitude of mind on the part of the actors. It has in fact been written for performance in a particular place and by particular players. I know that in that place and by those players it will be treated with the reverence due to a prayer. In bringing the Child Jesus into the midst of a group of boys disputing about their games, or to the knee of an old man who sings nursery rhymes to children, I am imagining nothing improbable, nothing outside the bounds of the everyday experience of innocent little children and reverent-minded old men and women. I know a priest who believes that he was summoned to the deathbed of a parishioner by Our Lord in person; and there are many hundred people in the countryside I write of who know that on certain nights Mary and her Child walk through the villages and, if the cottage doors be left open, enter and sit awhile at the firesides of the poor.

ṖḶṐṚḶḶḶ ḶḶḶ ṖḶḶḶḶḶ.

To James Clarence Mangan.

Poor splendid Poet of the burning eyes
And withered hair and godly pallid brow,
Low-voiced and shrinking and apart wert thou,
And little men thy dreaming could despise.
How vain, how vain the laughter of the wise!
Before thy Folly's throne their children bow—
For lo! thy deathless spirit triumphs now,
And mortal wrongs and envious Time defies,

And all their prate of frailty: thou didst stand
The barren virtue of their lives above,
And above lures of fame;—though to thy hand
All strings of music throbbed, thy single love
Was, in high trust, to hymn thy Gaelic land
And passionate proud woes of Roisin Dubh.

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

Ṭaoipeac na Laine Duibe.

[Iy minic iarrar na buacaili i Sgoil Éanna oim rṡéal o'innpint doib i ṡaoib Staire na hÉireann. Muna mbionn pean-rṡéal aṡam bionn oim rṡéal do cumad. Ceann de na rṡéaltaib reo iy ead "Ṭaoipeac na Laine Duibe." Nioi rṡrṡobar na ceirṡeanna do cuipead oim ná na rṡeasraí do tusaṡ oṡta, aet nuair do mṡiṡear ṡac ruo duṡairṡ mo éairṡe óṡa ṡur tairṡiṡ an rṡéal leo aṡur "iy coramail ṡo mbéiré ré fíoir ṡo póill" ar ríad-ran. Ní do duine ar bit aet do na ṡaeṡealairṡ óṡa ro do rṡrṡobar an rṡéal, má'r rṡéal é.]

1n halla na Caṡrac i mbéal áta an ṡeada do tárluig ré. An t-am, an rṡaetṡad lá de ṡeipead ṡoṡmair ran mbliadain naol ṡeádo ṡeas aṡur oá fíeio.

Ṭráetṡóna doibinn do bí aṡainn ran larear. Ní táinṡ aon bliadain le raṡa com breas leir an mbliadain reo. Bí ṡac punann arṡair iny na hioṡlainnib, baíl mair ar an tír ar raṡ, aṡur ṡlionnṡar i ṡeioṡde ṡac duine. Bí na feirirí ṡaeṡealaca baílṡṡe ṡo baile áta Cliaṡ ceana féin mar bí ceirṡ na máirṡealac aṡur ceirṡ nua-oibṡṡe na long le rocuṡad, aṡur b'éigin doib teact le éile nioi luairṡe 'ná mar ba ṡnátac. Nioirṡ' é ṡo raib na máirṡealairṡ féin mī-fárta leir an oṡiṡe a bí teasṡa amac of a ṡcomair. Oar mo lám ní raib, mar tír-ṡrṡóṡuṡṡeoir do bí i ṡṡac duine a raib baínt aṡe le Cablac na hÉireann ó'n Uaetaraín anuar ṡo oṡi an ṡrṡabairṡe óṡ eioṡdeamail nac raib tṡi rṡaetṡaine ar an bṡairṡiṡe. Bí fá'r mór taṡta ar obair an cablaṡiṡ ioir Éipe aṡur an mór-tír, aṡur bíṡear le oṡe long de na ceannaib ba mṡo do tṡṡáil com luat aṡur o'ṡeapairde a ṡeanam. Bí Áro-Rí na hÉireann le teact cuig béal áta an ṡeada an oṡde rin le n-a ṡuasraṡ ṡo ṡuirṡeamail ṡo raib ceirṡe cinn de na luigṡiṡealairṡ reo le tṡṡáil i bpoirṡ tṡṡa na luigṡiṡeac i ṡCill Alairṡ. Táinṡ an oairṡbir iy an raibbir, írle aṡur mór-uairle an ceannṡair le n-a náro-Ríṡ o'ṡeicéil. Oá méir é an halla nioi cuill a rṡaetṡad cuir oá raib ran ṡeatair ann. Aet conaiceadair an tÁro-Rí aṡ teact amac ar an traen airṡeirṡiṡ. Cuipeadair na mīlte iy na mṡrṡa fáilte ioime. Nuair rṡaetṡar taob amuig de poirṡ na traeneac é hárouṡeasṡ ṡáir na fáilte. Cuair an ṡáir rin tṡi ṡríom-fíairṡ na caṡrac tṡearna an oṡoicṡo irṡeac ṡo háro na Ríeṡ i ṡConnṡae ṡliṡiṡ. Ar air léicṡ airṡ do'n poirṡ aṡur tṡearna na Muairde airṡ iy airṡ eile. Ní raib an oirṡeac átair ar mṡinnṡir béal áta an ṡeada

o'n lá úo ar baínt an tÁro-Rí rṡoipṡeacṡ na hÉireann amac le n-a éalmaet iy bí anoir oṡta ar a ṡeicéil doib (Oia oṡir eapainn féin aṡur an oṡoipṡeacṡ!) nó leir na rṡoṡraib bliadain ioime rin, aet lá amáin eile b'ṡeoirṡ, .i. an lá úo ar cuirṡ humbearṡ 'an bṡat ṡlar ar cuirṡ béal áta an ṡeada."

Bí ṡac aon duine aṡ iarrairṡ ṡeanam ar an halla mar reo. Neac ar bit a raib cuipead aṡe ó oṡiṡeaoṡoir na caṡrac leigead irṡeac é, aṡur na oṡoime eile nioi leigead—ní raib aṡ aca ann.

1 oṡrṡat ioime reo cuipead poir ar Áro-báir na hÉireann ṡo béal áta an ṡeada le fáilte rṡeṡamnac do eir ioim an Áro-Ríṡ. Cuair an t-iomraṡ ó béal ṡo béal ṡo raib ré aṡ ṡeanam ar an halla mar reo. Bí. Táinṡ ré ar an luigṡ ó tír Conaill aṡur bí ré aṡ poirṡ na traeneac aṡ an am ceana leir an Áro-Ríṡ. Tar éir rṡataim táinṡ an beirṡ aṡur luat rṡiṡra na caṡrac cuig an halla. Ar oṡl irṡeac doib ṡear a raib láirṡeac ruar ar oṡoir doib, aet nioi duṡraṡ rṡirṡo nó nioi bualaṡ boṡ an uair reo. ṡirṡo ṡo raib eioṡde ṡac duine aṡ eir tar maol le ṡlionnṡar bí a poir aca ṡo raib ṡear ráir-ṡeanta na ríoir-fáilte do'n Áro-Ríṡ i n-a mearṡ, aṡur baṡ oṡoc-béarac leo eir irṡeac air, mar bí ríoir-fáilte aca ioim an mbáirṡ mór-éluimail féin. Do ṡabṡadair-ran ar an ároán. 1 ṡceann cúpla nóiméoir o'éirṡ an báirṡ. Cuair ré aṡur o'ṡas ré a lám éir ar baírṡ a éairṡiṡe. ṡear breasṡ oṡeṡ-oṡeṡeac do bí ann aṡur é annrin i n-a rṡearam rṡeṡ le labairṡ. Labairṡ ré de ṡuṡ binn íreal a raib a neairṡ aṡur a láirṡeacṡ ar eoraint aṡe. Ceappá ṡo raib a anam aṡ lonnraṡ i n-a oá fáil irṡiṡ. Cia ar bit ráṡ do bí leir, bí a eadain rá oṡeacṡar éigin, mar lá tóirṡiṡe i meadon-traimraṡ nac mbead a poir aṡat an ṡṡlanraṡ na rṡamailṡ nó an bṡeairṡraṡ ré i n-a ṡeal-tinnṡeac rṡioṡa.

"Ní canraṡ rann nua, ní luatṡar aon fáilte anoet. Cṡaoṡṡaoirṡeac rṡéal a mbéirṡ na báirṡ aṡ eir ríoir air raṡ iy bṡar ṡrian of ar ṡcionn nó muirṡ eairṡ timceail Éireann. Innreocao anoet oṡoib rá rún na háirṡne oṡiṡe.

"Caṡreac oṡl riar ṡo oṡi an ceac Coláirṡe Oá-ṡeangac do cuipead ar bun i mbaile áta Cliaṡ. Iny an ṡColáirṡe rin do cuipead léiṡeann ar an Áro-Ríṡ. Le linn a oṡe bí ré mar buacailṡ ar bit eile do bí ran ṡColáirṡe leir, aet ṡo raib a eioṡde óṡ tuṡta aṡe o'Éirinn tar aon buacailṡ eile. Séarṡ a ṡniti le ṡac ṡaeṡeal óṡ ar oṡl irṡeac oṡ ran ṡColáirṡe rin Stair na hÉireann do mṡineac oṡ; rṡealṡa rá fíonn aṡur na fíanna ṡo léir o'innpint oṡ; a inṡinn óṡ do eir ar laraṡ le rṡealṡaib rá uairṡeacṡ aṡur rṡearmīlac oṡir a fínnirṡ, aṡur tar ṡac ruo eile calcaṡ irṡeac i n-a eioṡde ṡur le rṡioet na mór-ṡníoim n-uairṡ do baínt ré féin aṡur ṡo raib air oṡeṡ-iomcúir aṡur oṡeṡ-béara do éleactad ar a rṡon féin aṡur ar rṡon a tíre. aṡur ṡan náirṡe do eir ar a rṡeal-airṡealairṡ ran úir ṡan "loirṡ na laocraṡ" do leannmairṡ oá n-iarrṡarṡ Éipe air rin do ṡeanam.

"Ní raṡa ṡo mbíor eolair beact aṡ na macaib léiṡinn ar rṡair na tíre, ṡo háirṡe ó aimirṡ úirain úoirṡe anuar. Cuipeadair féin an-tṡuim ran rṡair. 1r ṡearṡ ṡo raib a poir aca cia hiaṡ na ceannṡuirṡ aṡur cia méac ṡear do bí ar ṡac taob aṡ Cluain Tairṡ. ṡeoirṡ féin amac ran bṡairṡ.

toḡaróir taoiriḡ. Éirphead ríad-ran na 'hairm' pá aclairdeáct. Tugad 'Drian Dóirne' mipead dá curo raigroíuiri asur tugaróir cat Cluain Tairb air.

"Asur Eoghan Ruad Ó Néill! Nac iad a raið pái-meap aca air; nac iad do bí bródamail ar asur do ḡráduiḡ le ḡrád uirpamad calmad ḡlóimhar Eoghan Ruad! Bainphead ré an ceo ar cporde don neic beo beit as aihapc oirca as tabairt 'Cata na Veinne Duirbe' lá breas ran ramrad. Nó as mapcardeáct le páoraiac Sáirpéal go Baile an Fáoiḡ. Ciero uaim go ḡcuiróir bñḡ leir an bpocal fairp úo, .i. an pocai fairp do fuair páoraiac Sáirpéal ó'n tpean-mnaoi—An Sáirpéalac an pocai—an Sáirpéalac an fear!

Ḳaitniḡ go mói leo an cat do tug Ball Dearḡ Ó Domnaill i ḡConnaḡtaib nuair do cuir ré ḡac duine nac raið ḡaebliḡ aise paoi paobair an élaróim. Ir iomda pát do bí as na macaib léiḡinn le ḡaebliḡ o'poḡluim. Aḡt an pát ba mó ar paó: Bí a pior aca nac bpeaparaóir beit i n-a bpiop-Éirpennacaið i meapḡ a ḡcom-ḡaebdeat ran ḡColáirte ḡan teangain a rinnpír do beit go ḡlunn ḡlé-binn ḡlionnoraḡ aca féin.

"Nuair do bíod peandur na típe i n-a éporde as mac léiḡinn óḡ, asur teangá na típe aise ar a comairle féin, cuirí ar an ároán ran halla mói é lá beirte taoiriḡ ná lá cata mói. ḡniti tráḡtar ar an puo mói do bain leir an lá úo. ḡniti tráḡtar ar deaḡ-obair asur oirphead an Éirpennaiḡ óiḡ féin. Deirí ḡur ríú a cuir i meapḡ na nḡaebdeat fearḡ. Cuirí air annpín, map ḡniod Seagán ḡlóimhar Mac Éil, ḡeall do tabairt go n'óanpáð ré ḡac puo fearḡ go mipeamail asur go huapal ar pon Dé do épuḡuiḡ é, ar pon na típe do ḡráduiḡ ré, asur ar a pon féin. Annpín tugḡaoi an Clairdeam Dub óó, an Clairdeam úo le n-ar ḡonad go mapbḡad an Tíḡearna Éamonn Mac ḡearailḡ. Póḡad ré é le pípinne a oioḡraire do daingniugad. Ní hannam do tuitead deor ar an lann duib úo laeteannḡa de na laeteannḡa úo. Má tuitead, ní ar cporde paitead a puḡḡaoi bun oóib, aḡt ar cporde do bíod as cur tar maoil le píméro.

"Lá aca po do éuair ar n-áro-Rí amad i bpaitece an Coláirte asur peadnac na n-óḡ-laoc leir—bíodair le cat Beil an Áca Duirde o'at-époro. Bí eolap paiteannḡa aca ar an ḡcao i oḡugad an cat úo ran mbliadain 1598. Toḡad buacaili le beit i n-a doó Ruad Ó Domnaill or cionn arim típe Conaill i ḡConnaḡtaib, buacaili eile le beit i n-a māḡ Uróir ar fearpáib Monac, asur map rin de. Seap 'Ó Néill' amad or a ḡcomair asur cuir ré pá aclairdeáct iad. Tug ré oprouḡad bpaḡac na Láime Deirḡe do pinead leir an nḡaoiḡ. O'umliugeadair iad féin ar paó or comair an bpaḡaiḡ. Tug 'Ó Néill' óráro uair as cur pior ar ḡac ar fuiling an típ pá éaimléirpéad asur ḡear-leannaint na nḡall. An éaoi ar éorain a n-aicpéadā Éirp ran am paó ó, asur go oḡi inoiu féin. 'Anoir,' ar peirpéan, 'tá orpáinn ar n'oualḡar féin do oéanam inoiu, asur fear ar biḡ bēapḡar o'puim ar ar námaro an lá po, cladóirp deapḡ asur peallḡóir o'Éirpenn asur dom-ra é.'

"ḡáir na buacaili amad nac raið don éladairp i n-a meapḡ.

"Mo ḡoirp go deo ríð,' arpa 'Ó Néill,' 'tá paoirpéad asur ḡlóirp poimáinn inoiu. Ar n-aḡaró ar na ḡallaib i n-ainm Dé.'"

Bí an báro as labairt or áro. Ir cinnḡe ḡur moḡuiḡ ré ḡac a n'ouairp ré i oḡaoib na mbuacaili i n-a éporde féin. Socpuiḡ ré pior a ḡut tar éir an méro rin beit pároḡe aise.

"Níor mói dom mo ḡḡeal do oéanam ḡearp anoir," ar peirpéan. "Tá ré le peiceál as don duine i nánnálaib an Coláirte go mbad é 'Ó Néill' do cuir Cpaob na Láinne Duirbe ar bun. Tá ré ḡḡróbḡa i ḡCoḡad ar Saoirp-ḡeacḡa ḡurab i an Cpaob rin do tug ceannpuiḡ o'Éirpenn le linn an éoḡaró úo. Ní péroir cur pior ar a ḡcalmad. Bainpéad paoirpéad amad o'Éirpenn. Monuair ḡur ioc curo aca ar le n-a mbár. Ceapann muinnḡir na n-Éirpenn ḡur mapbuiḡeao peadairp na Cpaob rin ar a oḡugḡaoi 'Taoirpéad na Láinne Duirbe,' asur ḡur mapbuiḡeao é an oróce úo ar oóbir ré na ḡaill ar Baile Áḡa Cliaḡ, an oróce úo a raið an Lipe deapḡ le fuil. Bpéas ḡlan i rin. Tá ré i n-am an ḡḡeal rin do mülleao. Tá an taoirpéad beo i ḡcomnarde."

O'iompuirḡ an báro ar an áro-Rí, puḡ ré ḡreim ar a láim asur ouairp de ḡut áro ceolmair:

"Cuirp mīle ir na mīlte páilte mópa poḡac ó muinnḡir an larpairp anocḡ, a áro-Rí Éirpenn asur a taoiriḡ na Láinne Duirbe!"

TOMÁS MAC DOMNAILL

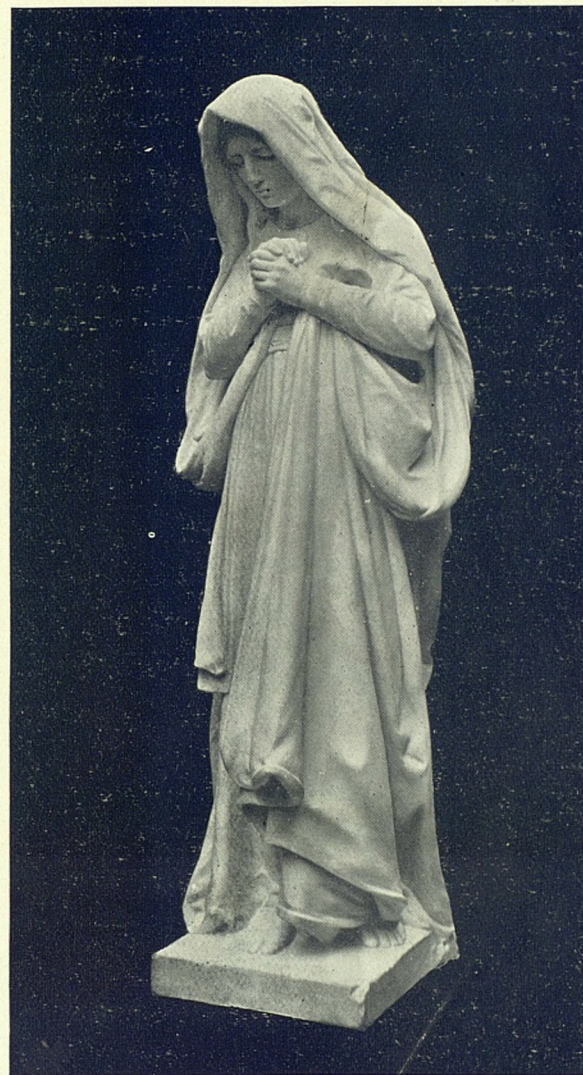
Snow at Morning.

As with fitful tune,
All a heart-born air,
Note by note doth fall
The far vision fair
From the Source of all
On the dreaming soul,
Fall to vanish soon,

From the darkening dome,
Starlight every one
Brightening down its way,
Each a little swan
From a cygnet grey,
Wave on wave doth sail,
Whitening into foam.

Late unloosed by God
From their cage aloft
Somewhere near the sky,
Snow flakes flutter soft,
Flutter, fall, and die
On the pavement mute,
On the fields untrod.

THOMAS MACDONAGH.



MATER DOLOROSA. From the Statue in the Mortuary Chapel, St. Andrew's, Westland Row, by William Pearse.

A Sketch.

A YOUNG man was on a road that mounted through the Dublin Hills. He was walking with visible exertion, but his mind was stirred with the reminiscences of boyish adventure. The bracken-covered side of the hill was the waste remote from man, and the other side, with its dark-green furzes and bright green grass, had tracks of rabbits and covers for birds. Peter Horgan was the youth's name. He was twenty-six, but he had not outgrown the schoolboy's mentality. Perhaps he had reached the verge of a more virile experience, but now he was thrust back to the wistfulness of recollection. He was stooped and his face was white. . . . Before he left the hospital a nun had inspired him with good courage. Peter had put the sadness of thought from him, but he knew he would not outlive the winter.

It was the forenoon of a bright winter's day and the clear air stirred the blood. On the road ahead there was a youth carrying a cage. He turned an unwashed face and nodded to Peter.

"Are you going to catch?" Peter asked, responding to the free-masonry implied.

"I am," said the youth, showing a goldfinch in the cage.

"Can you take goldfinches about here?"

"Any amount of them," said the boy.

"Did you catch that goldfinch yourself?"

"I did." He held up the cage and the pretty bird fluttered about spreading out wings and tail. "Look at the half-moons on his tail," said the owner. Peter noted the little white markings, that were points in the value of a finch.

"A grand bird," he said. "I think the cage is too small. Look at the way it flutters round."

"It's a finch's cage," said the youth with a philosophic finality. Peter thought it a pity that finchs' cages should be made so small. They walked on in silence. Suddenly the boy thrust out his black hands:

"Look at my hands with the birdlime."

"Do you make the birdlime yourself?"

"Yes. I make it with linseed oil and Archangel tar. Do you keep birds?"

"I used to keep birds. When did you catch the goldfinch?"

"Last year. How much would you get for finches in Dublin?"

"I don't know."

"I hear you'd get one and sixpence for a good goldfinch. You'd get that for a finch just caught, but then I have this one for a year."

"And why wouldn't they give as much for a finch that you have a year?"

"Sure they'd give more for a finch that you have for a year. Because finches might die after they're caught."

"Yours won't die."

"No fear. I have him for a year. He'll live out the winter."

The words left Peter standing in the middle of the road, and the boy with the cage went sullenly up the hill. The bird would be alive when *he* would be in the clay. Was God sorry, he wondered. He sat down on the side of the ditch and watched the broken wall.

There grew up in his mind the picture of fields under Killiney Hill. He saw the group loitering at the wall and he could name them all. He heard the cry "she's down, lads, down," he saw the race to the cages, and saw the live thing fluttering on the twig. These things were taken from him and he was left lonely. For a while he sat there, thinking of nothing.

The memory of Sister Paul came to him and he had courage again. He crossed the fields and went up the face of the hill. He went along the path that went through the furzes, feeling again the stir of the blood. Something started at his feet. It was a hare. It stopped and lay quiet, sensing the intruder. He watched its brown body behind the stalk of bracken, hoping the creature would remain for a while. Suddenly the big puss made off, running up the other side of the hollow. Peter noticed the rich brown of its body, its white underparts, and its scut-tail. In the brown of the mountain it was lost and Peter was left alone.

A loneliness came to his spirit, a loneliness that was without bitterness. He stood beside a clear pool, and the animaculae darted away at his shadow. Far down the hillside he heard the blackbird's cry. He sat for a while in a little hollow, his eyes on the sea. Then he went back towards the road. Out of one of the depressions in the ground a great bird lifted itself. It was a crane with a slate-coloured body and wide wings. It drifted about sideways as if the great wings could hardly bear its sluggishness. It dropped into another hollow, and with curiosity and interest Peter went towards its resting place. The crane rose again. It drifted away and settled down in a far place. He would never see it again.

II.

The loneliness of the hills had depressed his vitality and Peter was glad to come into a house. Sister Paul had commended him to the care of Mrs. Gaynor, whose house and shop was upon the roadside. Mrs. Gaynor provided Peter with a meal, and after he had sat for a

while by the fire despondency lifted from him. Mrs. Gaynor brought her knitting and sat near him. She was placid, shrewd, and kindly, and her presence was as comforting to the lonely youth as the warmth of a fire to one who has been out in the cold of the night. They talked together, and the evening drew on. Mrs. Gaynor asked him to have tea, and she brought him into the parlour. In the room there was a book-case filled with boys' books. Peter knew many of them, and he stood before the case opening the books and re-capturing the excitement of the first reading. They sat down to tea, and Mrs. Gaynor told him that the books belonged to her only son, a youth of Peter's age who was now at sea. He saw the photograph, and he thought that a boy so healthy, so cared for, and with such books must have had a happy boyhood. Going back to the shelves he discovered a book by Jules Verne, *The Journey Round the Moon*. He opened it with an excitement that made his hands tremble. Peter had read the first part years ago, but had never seen the sequel. Standing before the lamp, he opened the book at different places, reading here and there; time pressed and he wanted to cram himself with the excitement of the wonderful voyage. He came on a chapter and began to read through: Mrs. Gaynor left him and went down to the shop. He read on, but he had the consciousness that he was abusing the hospitality of the house. He began to plunder the book again, turning here and there. No. He could never possess himself of the whole of the story. He put the book back in the case and went into the shop.

Mrs. Gaynor was at the counter and he bade good-bye to her. Peter was leaving when a hand was laid on his shoulder. There, as portly and as rubicund as ever, stood Mr. Sinclair, his former chief. "And what are you doing here?" he said in his portly voice. "Mrs. Gaynor, do you know this young man?" Peter intimated that he was going towards the tram. "Easy now," said Mr. Sinclair. "You can be with me. A half a dozen eggs, Mrs. Gaynor, and I'll take them with me." He took the paper of eggs in one hand, and with the other he held his umbrella. "Good-night, Mrs. Gaynor, I'll take this young man with me." Peter was on the road with the man whom he was under when he went into the shipping office eight years ago. He was shy with his former chief, but the kindness of Mr. Sinclair, while it embarrassed, restored him to a certain dignity.

A pony-trap was waiting under the hill. Mr. Sinclair brought Peter to it. "I'm going towards the tram and I'll drive you some of the way," he said. A girl sat forward in the trap holding the reins. "Jane," said Mr. Sinclair, "we're going to give a lift to a young man who is a former colleague of mine." Peter went after Mr. Sinclair, Jane tightened the reins, and they drove off.

The adventure was as strange as the Voyage to the Moon. Peter remembered the day years ago when he came to Mr. Sinclair's desk

with some Shipping Lists. "When I finish this letter I'll attend to you," said the chief. He addressed an envelope and left it down before him. "Miss Jane Sinclair, St. Alban's School." In the eight years since Peter had constructed many romances about the maid. Now they were on the mountain road, Mr. Sinclair talking in that well-remembered voice, and the girl whose face he did not see, breaking into laughter now and then. Once she turned her head, but it was dark, and the face was muffled with her scarf. They came to the road that led to the place of Mr. Sinclair's retirement, and before them were the lights of the tramway station. "We'll drive you down to the tram if you like," said Mr. Sinclair, but Peter had descended from the trap. "Good-night, Mr. Sinclair," he said, "good night, miss."

He went down the road. The pony-trap went up the hills, and he heard the girl's voice.

"Who is he, father?"

"The poor fellow, he's . . ." the portly voice became inaudible. Peter Horgan walked towards the lights of the tram.

PADRAIC COLUM.

What is white?

The soul of the sage, faith-lit,
The trust of Age,
The infant's untaught wit.

What more white?

The face of Truth made known,
The heart of Youth
Singing before her throne.

THOMAS MACDONAGH.



IN CO. WICKLOW. From the Water-Colour in Sgoil Eanna by Patrick Tuohy.

Δ ἄνις βίς νὰ ἡλεαρ.

Δ ἄνις βίς νὰ ἡλεαρ,
ἵρ μαῖτ ἵρ ἡαρ ὅμ
Ἥο νῶαρναιρ μί-ἡνίμ :
Can ἡο ἡίορ ὅο ἡότ.

Μαῖτῖμ ὅμτ, Δ ἡεῖνῶ
Δν βέῖλ ὀεῖῡς βυῖς :
ἡί ὀαοῖῡῡ ἡίμ ἡεῖ
Δρ ἡεῖῖῖ ἡῖρ ῡυῖς.

Ὅο ῡεῖνν μαῖῡεῖ ῡῖς
Ἥο ἡῖῖῖῖ ὅο βέῖλ :
Μῖ' ῡῡῡῡε ῡον ὀῖνν ῡῖν,
ἵρ ῡῡῡῡε ἡῖῡ ῡ.

ῡῖ ῡῡῡῖῖῖ ῡῖ' ἡῖς
ἡῖῖῖ ῡῡῖ ῡῖῡ ἡίμ
ἵ ἡῖῖῖῖ νὰ ἡῖῖ
ἡῖ ἵ ἡῖῖῖῖ Δ ἡῖῖῖ.

Δ ἄνις νὰ ἡῖῖ ἡῖῖῖ,
Δν ἡῖῖῖ ῡῖν ῡῖ' ἡῖῖῖ
Ὅεμ' ῡῖῖῖν ὀεῖῖ ὀῖν
Ὅῖ ἡῖῖῖῖ ἡο ἡῖῖῖ.

Δν ῡῖ 'ῖῖ ὀῡῖῖ ἡο ἡῖῖῖ,
ἡῖ ῡῖ ῡ ῡεῖῖῖῖῖ ἡεῖ :
ἡῖ ῡῡῖῖ Δν ὀῖῖ ῡῖν,
Δ ἄνις βίς νὰ ἡλεαρ ?

ῡῖῖῖῖῖ ἡῖῖ ῡῖῖῖῖῖ.

The Personal in the New Poetry.

"THE Dublin Book of Irish Verse: 1728-1909," edited by Mr. John Cooke, and published this month by Messrs. Hodges, Figgis and Co., suggests thoughts on the new poetry in Ireland and on some of its characteristics. One of these is the frequent fine use and the frequent misuse of the dramatic lyric form. The form is almost as old in Ireland as poetry itself, but only modernly, I think, has it had the intense human thrill of individual subtle character. Early Irish poems of this sort are more direct; they often begin with the simple announcement of the speaker's name, and then tell in those vivid nervous lines of the *dán díreach*, clear and simple thoughts of passion or emotion—poems that translate so literally into all languages that in translation they appear almost too simple. The monologue of Eve published in "Erin" by Dr. Meyer is a good example of its kind:

Mé Eba ben Adaimh uill,
mé rosháirigh Iosa thall,
mé (ro)thall nemh ar mo chloinn,
cóir is mé dochóidh 'sa crand.

Roba lem ríghtheag dom réir,
olc in míthoga romthár,
olc in cosc cinad romchrín,
forir! ní hiodan mo lámh.

Ní biadh eighredh in gach dú,
ní biadh geimreadh gaothmar glé,
ní biadh iffern, ní biadh brón,
ní biadh omun, minbadh mé.

mé.*

* These are the first, second and fourth stanzas; in the following translation, I have kept almost word for word with the original.

I am Eve, great Adam's wife,
I that wrought my children's loss,
I that wronged Jesus of life,
By right 'tis I had borne the cross.

I a kingly house forsook,
Ill my choice and my disgrace
Ill the counsel that I took,
Withering me and all my race.

I that brought the winter in
And the windy glistening sky,
I that brought terror and sin,
Hell and pain and sorrow, I.

I.

There is no poem in this anthology of English-Irish verse of just that same dramatic nature, in the first part of the book none at all resembling it; the dramatic lyric has had to evolve again in Ireland in this new poetry of the foreign tongue; something of it has come with the language in which it is now written, something from the Irish through translations and transmission.

The opening poem of the "Dublin Book" is Oliver Goldsmith's "When lovely woman stoops to folly." In his book on Browning Mr. G. K. Chesterton says: "In Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* two poems, each of them extremely well known, are placed side by side, and their juxtaposition represents one vast revolution in the poetical manner of looking at things. The first is Goldsmith's almost too well known "When lovely woman stoops to folly." Immediately afterwards comes, with a sudden and thrilling change of note, the voice of Burns—"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." They are two poems on exactly the same subject, and the whole difference is this fundamental difference that Goldsmith's words are spoken about a certain situation and Burns' words are spoken in that situation." Such too in general is the contrast between the poems in the beginning of this anthology and those at the end. The younger poets are personal and human; their poems are not merely poetical songs; they sing out of the heart of the situation. And it is with this very merit that the fault comes, the abuse of the personal, something which misses the justification of exuberant fancy at its extreme, something which is too literally expressed to be other than literal, and which, if literal, is untrue. I prefer to go outside the book for an example of my meaning and to take a well-known English poem, that most frequently quoted of W. E. Henley's:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

This to many readers seems the cry of a strong man "in the fell clutch of circumstance;" and when they know of the poet's sufferings

and refer this to his actual life they admire it the more. I have talked to some who knew Henley and know that they regarded him as a strong man with a great personality. But the poem, full of fine phrase and all as it is, is wrong and unworthy of a great personality,—the poem thus personal, thus auto-biographical in form, thus boastful. The poem, whither directly personal or dramatic, rings false. The strong man is strong in character and conduct, not braggart in words. If he claim for himself such courage and self-reliance, it is by way of protest and denial to one who has doubted these things in him. But a protest addressed to the unseen, unheard God—to “whatever gods may be”—is vain, not meant to be heard by ears divine, but to be overheard by human. It becomes the boast of a vain man, useless so made. The poem I believe to be the work of a weak, conventional, self-flattering mood of the poet's. And it might have been so good a poem in another form, a tribute so splendid if written of another man, so fine an honour then to the poet himself as man and poet!

In the fell clutch of circumstance
He had not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
His head was bloody, but unbowed.

It mattered not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
He was the master of his fate,
He was the captain of his soul.

So in some of the dramatic lyrics in the “Dublin Book” the statement as of personal experience and of personal feeling spoils the sincerity or at least spoils our pleasure. I would not be taken as denying in any way the claim of the dramatic lyric and the dramatic monologue to the justification of imaginative rightness. The poetical is, as George Brandes says, rarely identical with the personal *ego*, and good poetry, while it must always be founded on real life, is rarely or never an exact copy of it. I think that intuition can give more to a poem than the record of actual experience; the potential lover, if he may be called so, or the potential vagabond, being a poet, will write as fine love poems or as fine vagabond poems as the actual lover or the actual vagabond. If that actual lover or vagabond do write fine poems wrung out of life, still the imagination is more at the expense of them than anything else,—the imagination and the interpretative faculty. For after all poetry is an interpretation and not a narrative. It recalls, it suggests, it brings a light, it brings a key. Born of joy it happily and spontaneously communicates gladness. Born of sorrow it unburthens sorrow through sympathy, in exultation. Poetry interprets by philosophy—wisdom in great words—by knowledge through experience so

selected; by knowledge through life, dramatic; by knowledge through intuition always, the plenary vision; by a flash of expression that a word gives, that a rime brings, suggested by a whim of the mind, by a dream of the night, by a colour in the sky, by an air of music, by a mute animal, by a chance word, by a word half heard, by a word misread, by a mistranslation—suggested by such, but suggested to the poet who is the *vates*, the seer, the interpreter, and then the maker—the poet who is the voice of his time.

Those of our writers who bring us this interpretation in sincere words, narrative or dramatic, will be the voice of this time; those who assume tones of actual record and then outrage our credence will be no such thing.

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

A Schoolboy plays Cuchulainn.

Way there ! for onè who hastens forth
To guard the Marches of the North,
Where Connacht's hosts with flame and brand
Hurl menace toward his native land,
And Macha's Curse on arm and will
Hangs dreadfully from hill to hill.

Way there ! Four valorous feet of height,
Twelve long, long years of age and fight,
He fronts without a thought of fear
Ten thousand with his wooden spear.
Soon shall he fling the charging field
Back on his puissant pasteboard shield,
And soon shall haughty Meadhbh bend down
A vassal to his tinsel crown.

Way there ! Who laughs has hardly heard
A hidden trumpet's secret word,
Or glimpsed, through those poor arms he bears,
The weapons that the spirit wears.
In that wild breast a thousand years
Rise up from ineffectual tears,
And kindle once again the flame
Of Freedom at a burning name.

What if for him no flag unfurled
Shall shake red battle on the world ;
On other fields, in other mood,
The ancient conflict is renewed,
And Michael and his warring clan
Tramp onward through the heart of man.

At Life's loud fires he shall anneal
A subtler blade than transient steel,
When Love, invincible in Faith,
Shall smile upon the frown of Death,
And Will and Heart as one conspire
To dare the utmost of desire.
Then shall he, with his spirit's lance
Unhorse cold Pride and Circumstance,
Shake Wrong's old strongholds to the ground,
And Right's victorious trumpet sound,
And light Earth's ramparts with the gleam
Of Ireland's unextinguished Dream
That burned in him who hastened forth
To guard the Marches of the North,
When Macha's Curse on arm and will
Hung dreadfully from hill to hill.

SEUMAS O CUISIN.

Pageants.*

THE pageant is coming back to the modern world. In England, in France, in Ireland people have rather suddenly seen that this mediæval form has peculiar merits. It is a happy blend of many arts. It stands between the drama and the mere professional show, in a happy freedom of its own. It is less rigid in its intellectual demand than is the drama, which must always labour with a greater or less depth of psychology. Yet it, too, tells a human story, and can carry a great intensity of emotion. It gives far prettier pictures to the eye than any mere procession, more varied and blended colour of costume, and more of the natural grace of pose and action. It can use lyric poetry in choruses, or even in single singing, as naturally as it can give march-music or the ornate prose of solemn discourses. It is, in brief, a creation of infinite diversity, with just enough unity to make it pastime for the intelligence as well as harvest for the eye. In the Middle Ages all the world seems to have loved the pageant. Some authorities even hold, or used to hold, that the pageant, during the long stretch of years or centuries when there was no drama, did the invaluable service of keeping the dramatic instinct alive in the peoples, and so of preparing the way for the great outbursting of literatures in the days of the Renaissance. Even after the great indoor drama was an established and dominant form, the noblest writers did not disdain the Pageant or the Masque. It is a pity that in the end the new, or rather the reborn, Muse crushed the out-of-door rival. The two need not be at war: each has its place and time and scope, indoor and outdoor, night and day, bound to hard demands of dramatic development, and free as the wind among the trees.

As slowly we begin to gather together the broken threads of our own national history it may probably be found that even the troubled Ireland of the Middle Ages shared in the common European love of the loosely-tied drama of the open air. Dr. Sigerson thinks—or, cautiously, is “tempted to infer” from various traces indicated in his “Bards of the Gael and the Gall”—that the Gael had miracle-plays and dramas. He discovers an ancient drama concealed under the romance of the Sorrow of the Sons of Uisneach. He has, too, in a note, this suggestive passage: “If we remember that the Gael is dramatic even in conversation,

and that masquerading parties, with deer-skin masks, used to visit Anglo-Irish quarters such as Charlemont, the probability becomes almost a certainty: this piece (the story of the children of Uisneach) may therefore be the first tragedy, outside of the classic languages, in the literature of Europe.” Mr. Eoin MacNeill, in a brilliant and most valuable lecture delivered before the Ard-Chraobh of the Gaelic League, seems almost to go bail for some kind of pageants as part of the Aonach Carmain, the August festival of games and business held before the Leinster King. It is curious that in William Hone’s “Ancient Mysteries Described,” this is the end of the article on pageants: “The last Solemn Mock Procession round the bedizened statue of King William in College Green took place in 1821. This annual insult to three-fourths of the people of Ireland was finally suppressed by Marquess Wellesley, the Lord Lieutenant.”

If this was the last pageant of the old era in Ireland, we are not so poor to-day. A very large number of people will remain long under the impression of the new order of pageant as they saw and heard it yesterday at St. Enda’s School in the inspiring presentation of the Boy-Deeds, or Youthful Exploits of Cuchulainn. St. Enda’s is bilingual, but its magnificent youthful exploit of yesterday was unilingual, Irish. And of all the large audience stretched over the sunny pageant-field, all must have felt that here was at once a new form of art and a new reason for hope shown in the country. The story of Cuchulainn, in boy-deeds and hero-suffering alike, all the world knows to be beautiful. As Mr. Pearse rightly says in his “book,” it is one of the very most moving of the epic stories of all literature. But here, as the first boyish triumphs were acted out before us, it took a new and closer meaning. With all the beauty of the sumptuous costumes, exquisite by the art of colour-blending as they are of themselves graceful in line and flow, there was the Irish itself, perfectly enunciated and modulated, or delightfully chanted, by fresh Irish children, who, ninety-four already, are growing up to be Irish, and talk Irish and think Irish, the new generation Gaelic in the grain. No one with one dash of the Celt but must have been deeply moved to hear the beautiful heroic story of Cuchulainn and his peers opened in the language that has not died in Ireland from the days of Cuchulainn himself and of Conor MacNessa and of the Red Branch; there was a magic in the old tongue telling the old tale: it seemed like a prophecy of hope for the Gael to hear the rich Irish from the boys on the hurling-field and in the hunting booths of the story and flowing freely from the lips of scores of the spectators gathered to hear the old Gaelic at a twentieth century pageant on the fringe of Dublin City. More than twenty times one thing was said at St. Enda’s: “If only all Dublin could have been compelled to be here!” And there is the force of the pageant. If there could only be such displays in every town of Ireland—as beautifully

* Reprinted, by permission, from the *Freeman’s Journal*.

arranged and as defiantly and inspiringly Irish—the very nobility of the spectacle would first attract, and then the nobility of the ideal would work its way. The pageant educates while it delights. And it has the peculiar merit that, given good will, it can be made popular, open to all: it does not necessarily, as do other means of propaganda, mean doors only opened by money: a free field, the pleasant artistic service of managers and personages, a few plutocrats, perhaps, to pay scot and lot, and all the rest can come in freely, the more the merrier. It would not be possible everywhere to arrange a pageant so sumptuous, so perfect in every detail of story, language, costume, and conduct, as this of the Boyish Exploits of Cuchulainn. But mediæval pageants must have had many a rustic roughness, many a naive simplicity, many a droll breakdown: there is no very sound reason why in country Ireland we should make it a motto to do nothing unless we can be masters of a city-like perfection in everything we do. It would not be a bad thing if we could make ourselves a little mediæval in spirit, that so we might make Cuchulainn and his like serve modern Ireland. It is extraordinary to think of the long time during which all this old beauty, with its modern use, lay locked up, away from the popular mind—the stories that are so healthful and so helpful and so delightful. They are not so far from us now as they were only a decade ago; it will be well for Ireland if a decade hence they furnish the main fund of the thought of every boy and girl in the land. They are as full of fragrance as a garden of apple-trees in bloom, and the people that walked in these pleasant places, from childhood onward, should grow up radiant with health and happy courage. It is tradition that makes a nation, and it is loyalty to some common fine ideals that makes a great nation; perhaps no people has a healthier ancient fund to draw on than we have in these hero-tales; it is a noble work to help to make the race owner again of its own best possessions, the memories of its old-time chivalry, recorded in beauty, and ringing Irish still after two thousand years.

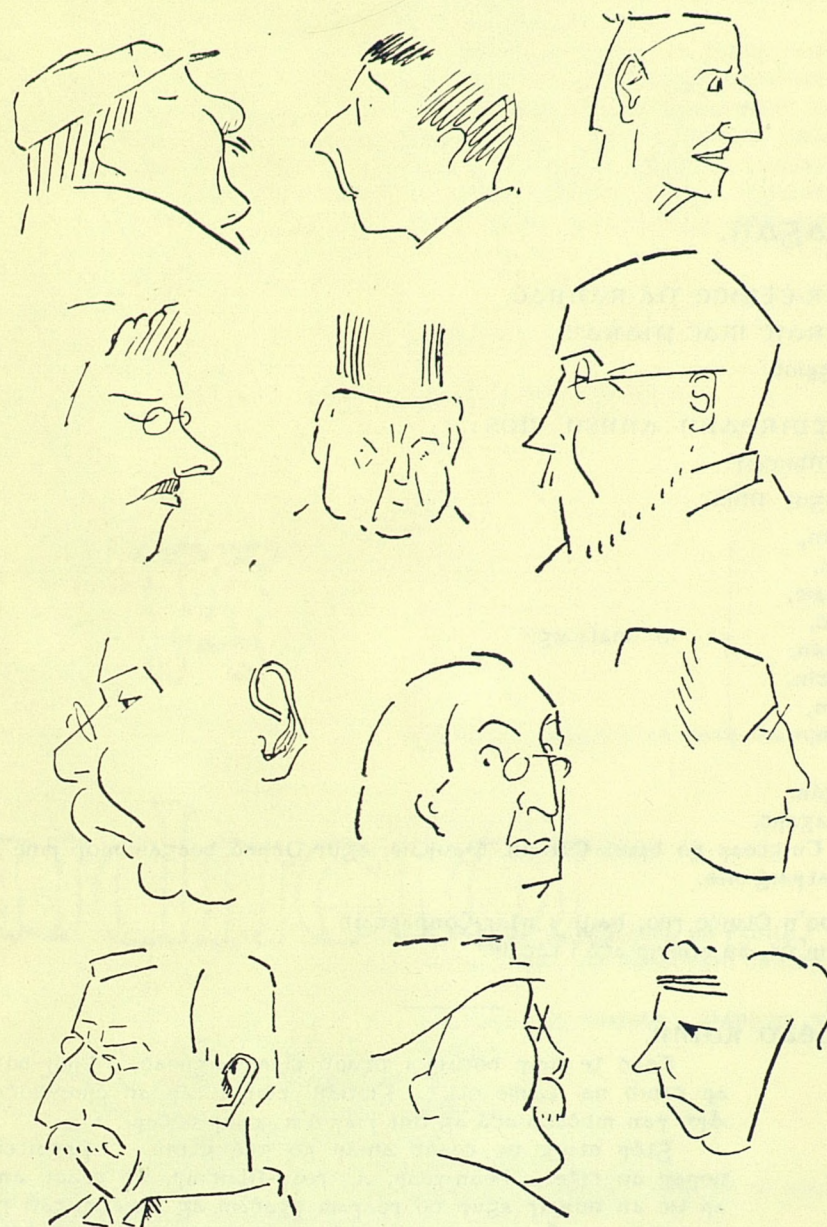
STEPHEN MACKENNA.

SWALLOWS.

A MURAL DECORATION IN SGOIL EANNA PROMPTS A WISH FOR A FRIEND.

May kindly thoughts with each new day
Fly, swift as swallows, to your heart;
But may no Autumn's cloudy gray
Hang out their signal to depart.

SEUMAS O CUISIN.



FACES. By Patrick Tuohy.

Íorazán.

.1. úr-cluiche d'á-rannac.

pádraic mac piaraís

do ríob.

an fúireann annso síos:

Sean-Maitiár.

Fir agus Mná.

Cuimín,

Cóilín,

Pádraic,

Daia,

Uíocán,

Máirtín,

Eoghan,

Féicín,

.1. malpaig.

Íorazán.

An Sagar.

Tuigtear go bfuil Cuimín, Pádraic, agus Daia beagán níos rime 'nā na malpaig eile.

Áit do'n Cluiche seo, baile i nIar-Connaictaib.

Áimpiríú, an áimpirí atá i láthair.

AN CÉAD ROINN.

Tea le hair bótar i dtaob tise uaisneac. Cior-bótar ar taob na láime clí. Siobán féir i lár an cior-bótar. Áro ran mbótar atá as uil riar ó'n gcor-bótar.

Slór cluig do teaet aniar go slé glinn. Orgailtear uopar an tise. Sean-fear, .i. Sean-Maitiár, do teaet amac ar lic an uopar agus do fearaí ríatam as bneadnuagó riap an bótar. É do fúide annsin ar cátaoir atá taob amuig

do'n uopar, a d'á láim i ngraim i maroe, a ceann cionta aise, agus é as éirteact go hairneac le slór an cluig.

Daoine do ériall éar an uopar, as gabáil an bótar riap, i n-a nuine ip i n-a nuine agus i n-a mion-opeamannaiú. Comrád ar riubal aca ór íreal. Curo aca do bneadnuagó ar an Sean-fear aet gan beannuagó do. Iao d'imteact riap an t-áro agus riap ar amare. An clois do ríat d'á bualaó.

Sgata malpaic, .i. Cuimín, Cóilín, Pádraic, Daia, Uíocán, Máirtín, Eoghan, agus Féicín, do teaet ar an láthair i n-a ríe. Cuimín do labhairt:

Cuimín.—Céaro impeoár muro inoiu?

Cóilín.—Púicín!

Pádraic.—Aia, bí 'do corc, tú féin ip do púicín!

Cóilín.—Seataí ároa, mar rin!

Pádraic.—Ní heaó! Támuo tuirpeac do na seataib ároa rin!

Daia.—'b'fálógaib!

Uíocán.—Faic!

Máirtín.—Sicíní!

Cóilín.—Ní heaó! Déanaó muro lúrabós!

Pádraic.—Déanfaó mé lúrabós díot-ra!

Cóilín.—Bionn tú liom i gcomharde, a Pádraic.

Pádraic do bheic air.

Cóilín.—Éir tú liom, aoirim teat!

Cuimín.—Aia, éir leir, a Pádraic.

Daia.—Éir leir.

Pádraic do leigean do.

Cóilín.—Labair tú féin, a Pádraic, ó tárla naé ucuagann tú ceao cainnte do nuine ar bíe eile.

Pádraic.—Caiteaó muro léim mar rin!

Eoghan.—Caiteaó muro léim! Caiteaó muro léim!

Daia.—Cuipró mé seall go mbuailpró mé tú, a Pádraic.

Pádraic.—As caiteam léim, an eaó?

Daia.—'Seao.

Pádraic.—Ar ndóig, ná buail mé aepuagó inoe tú ar éreigean na rgoile?

Daia.—Mipe i mbannaiú naé mbuailpró tú inoiu mé. An bneadnuagó tú leir?

Pádraic.—Ní féadfaó. Tá mo coir tinn.

Na malpaig eile do corpuagó as gámuoe; Pádraic do labhairt agus coramlaet náire air:

Pádraic.—B'feara liom cluiche liaepóroe.

Eoghan.—Cluiche liaepóroe! Cluiche liaepóroe!

Daia.—Bfuil liaepóroe as nuine ar bíe?

Cuimín.—Agus d'á mbeaó féin cé n-impeoacó muro?

Pádraic.—Impeoacamuro i n-agaó binn tise Sean-Maitiár. Níl áit ip oirpe le fágáil.

Cóilín.—Cia aise a bfuil an liaepóroe?

Cuimín.—M'anam nac' bfuil sí ašam-ra.

Óarac.—Níl, ná ašam-ra.

Páoraiac.—Ašat féin a bí sí Dia h'adoinne, a Cóilín.

Cóilín.—Ar ndóig, nac' ruš an máigirtir uiréi ran áit a raib mé 'gá hopáil ra ršoil i rúe an Teasairš Óríortairde?

Féicín.—Ír fíor' duit, a m'anam!

Cuimín.—M'anam muiré sup' ceap mé šo 'otuibrao' pé an t'rlat duit an uair údan.

Cóilín.—Óuibrao' fíeirin marac' šo raib pé aš rúil leir an r'asair a ceac' it'eac'.

Óarac.—'Sí an liairíóir a ceartuis uair. Béró cluice aige le na peelers inoiu tar éir áirinn.

Páoraiac.—M'anam muiré šo mbéró, ašur ír é atá i n-ann na peelers a bualaó fíeirin.

Óarac.—Níl pé i n-ann an sergeant a bualaó. 'Sé an sergeant an fear ír fearr aca uilš. Buail pé Hoskins ašur an fear ruao' le céite Dia 'Domnais' reo caite.

Bhíocán.—Ára, r'op! Ar buail?

Óarac.—Buail, muir. Bí an fear ruao' ar buile, ašur an máigirtir ašur na peelers uilš aš gáirde paol.

Páoraiac.—Cuiréó mé geall šo mbuail'rao' an máigirtir an sergeant.

Óarac.—Cuiréó m'iré geall nac' mbuail'rao'.

Páoraiac.—An g'cluin r'ib é?

Óarac.—Cuiréó mé geall šo bfuil an sergeant i n-ann fear ar bíe ra tír reo a bualaó.

Páoraiac.—Ára, cá bhíor' duit-re an bfuil nó nac' bfuil?

Óarac.—Tá a fíor' ašam šo maic' šo bfuil. Nac' mbím aš breacnušao' oiréa i gcomnairde?

Páoraiac.—Níl a fíor' ašat!

Óarac.—Tá a fíor' ašam! Ír ašam-ra atá a fíor'!

laó 'do bagairt ar a céite. Šleo 'ó'éršge r'oir na šarúraib uile, curó aca aš ráó "Ír fearr an sergeant!" ašur 'oream eile "Ír fearr an máigirtir!" Sean-maitiar 'ó'éršge i n-a fearraí ar élor an torainn rin' dó, ašur 'do ceac' éuca; é enap'ta c'rom'ta ašur šan tarraing na šcor ar éigín ann. É 'do labairt leo šo m'ín rocair aš leašan a láime ar éloigean maitiarš:

Maitiar.—Ó! ó! ó! Mo náire r'ib!

Páoraiac.—Oeir pé reo nac' mbuail'rao' an máigirtir an sergeant aš iníit liairíóirde.

Óarac.—Ar ndóig, nac' mbuail'rao' an sergeant 'uine ar bíe ra tír reo, a maitiar?

Maitiar.—Ná bacaró leir an sergeant. Féacaro an caóan donraic rin' atá aš 'éanam' o'rainn tar loé éileabrac'! Breacnušró!

Ná šarúir uile 'do breacnušao' ruar.

Páoraiac.—Féicim é, a m'anam!

Óarac.—Cér'b ar a bfuil sí rin' aš ceac' anoir, a maitiar?

Maitiar.—Ar an 'óman' t'oir. 'Óearrainn šo bfuil míle míle riubal'ta aici ó 'ó'pás r'í a neao inr na c'rioc'ab' ó tuaró.

Cóilín.—An c'réatúr! ašur cé luig'rear r'í?

Maitiar.—Ír'eac' šo h'árainn macar r'í, tá fearr. Féacaro anoir i amac' tar r'airrge! Mo šráó tú, a caóain donraic!

Cóilín.—Innir r'šéal 'óinn, a maitiar.

É 'do fúirde ar éloic' atá ar an n'šioán f'íir ašur na mairiaš 'do fúirde i n-a éim'eall.

Maitiar.—Cia an r'šéal innreoc'ar me?

Féicín.—Eac'tra an šíor'raín š'lar!

Máirtín.—'Préacán na g'Ceare ír an 'Oreotín!

Bhíocán.—Fatac' an 'Óá' ceann!

Cóilín.—Im'eac'ta an 'ríobairé i g'Caipleán an t'Seilmroe!

Eogán.—'Seao, a m'anam, im'eac'ta an 'ríobairé i g'Caipleán an t'Seilmroe! Na mairiaš ('ó' don šut).—Im'eac'ta an 'ríobairé i g'Caipleán an t'Seilmroe!

Maitiar.—'Óearrao' rin. Bí Seilmroe ann raó ó ašur ír raó ó bí. 'Óá mbeao' rinne ann an uair rin' ní beao' rinn anoir ann; beao' r'šéal úr nó rean-r'šéal ašainn ašur níor 'óic'ige rin' 'ná beir šan don r'šéal. 'Sé an áit comnairde a bí aš an Seilmroe reo an caipleán ír breac'ta 'óá b'aca rúil ruam. Ba mó i b'rao ašur ba breac'ta míle uair é 'ná caipleán Mearóbe i Rác 'Cruacán nó 'ná caipleán Áro-Ríog éireann féin i 'ó'eamair na Ríog. 'Tus an Seilmroe reo šráó 'do 'óubán álla.

Cóilín.—Ní beao, a maitiar, nac' 'do šnácaro m'óir a tuš pé šráó?

Maitiar.—M'anam šo bfuil an ceart ašat. Céaro tá aš tréac' oim?

Páoraiac.—Lean leat, a maitiar.

Maitiar.—Bí an Spigneanta reo an-'óat'mail ar raó.

Bhíocán.—Cia an Spigneanta, a maitiar?

Maitiar.—An Spigneanta a 'otus pé šráó 'ó.

Máirtín.—Ac' ceap mé sup' 'do šnácaro m'óir a tuš pé šráó?

Maitiar.—An eaó? Tá an r'šéal aš im'eac't uaim. Bí an 'ríobairé reo i n'šráó le inšín Ríog 'Connaet.

Eogán.—Ac' níor labair tú ar an 'ríobairé r'ór, a maitiar!

Maitiar.—Ná labair? An 'ríobairé,—'raó, a m'anam, an 'ríobairé—Tá mé aš caitleao' mo meabrac'. Breacnušró, a comurra, ní bacra-muro leir an r'šéal inoiu. Bíor' am'án ašainn.

Cóilín.—Haró 'óiré 'óum!

Maitiar.—Bfuil r'ib r'árta?

Na mairiaš.—Támuro.

Maitiar.—'Óearrao' rin.

É 'do šabáil na ruann ro i n-ar' noiaró:

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—

Ἠαὶ ὄρνιθ' οὐμ, ἀν κατ' ἱρὰ μᾶταιρ,
Ὀ' ἰμῆϊς σο γαίλιν' ἀς μαρκαῖρεαὲτ' ἀρ' ὑάροατ.

ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΪΣ.—

Ἢρ' ἡαὶ ὄρνιθ' οὐμ!

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—

Ἠαὶ ὄρνιθ' οὐμ, ὅο τᾶνις ἀν ὑάιρτεαὲ,
Συρ' φλιυῶσ' σο εἰαίεααν ἀν κατ' ἱρὰ μᾶταιρ.

ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΪΣ.—

Ἢρ' ἡαὶ ὄρνιθ' οὐμ!

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—

Ἠαὶ ὄρνιθ' οὐμ, ὑὰ ἡόβαιρ' σο μβᾶίτ'ριθε
ἀν κατ' ἱρὰ μᾶταιρ, μο εἰρεαὲ ἱρ' μο ἐράθ' ἰαθ'!

ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΪΣ.—

Ἢρ' ἡαὶ ὄρνιθ' οὐμ!

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—

Ἠαὶ ὄρνιθ' οὐμ, μο γῆαθ' ἐ ἀν ὑάροατ,
Ὅο πυς λειρ' σο γαίλιν'—

ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΪΣ.—

'Σεαθ', ἀ ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ?

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—

Ὅο πυς λειρ' σο γαίλιν'—

ΚΟΙΛΙΝ.—

—ἀρ' εἰσιν—

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Μαίτ' εὔ, ἀ ΚΟΙΛΙΝ.

Ὅο πυς λειρ' σο γαίλιν' ἀρ' εἰσιν πα τ'ρῆαθ' ἰαθ'.

ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΪΣ.—

Ἢρ' ἡαὶ ὄρνιθ' οὐμ!

Ἀ ἔεανν' ὅο ἐραθᾶθ' σο τ'υιρ'εαὲ ὅο φεαν-ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ; ἐ ὅο
λαῦβαιρ' ὅε ζυτ' βρόναε:

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Τὰ μο εὔρο ἀμῆρᾶν ἀς ἰμῆεαὲτ' υαίμ, ἀ ἐομυρ'ρᾶνα. Ἢρ' γεαλλ' τε
φεαν-βερόλιν' μέ ἀ μβεαθ' ἀ εὔρο φρεαγ'σᾶ β'υιρ'τε.

ΚΟΙΛΙΝ.—Ναὲ ὕφ'υλ' ἀν "ὑάροιν" ἀσατ' ἰ γκομῆναῖρε, ἀ ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ?

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Τὰ, ἀ μ' ἀναμ: βέρο πέ ριν ἀγαμ' φ'αθ' 'ρ' βεο μέ. Νί ἐαίλλ'φ'ρο
μέ ἀν "ὑάροιν" σο ρίντεαρ' ραν ὕρ' μέ. ἀν μβέρο πέ ἀγαίμν?

ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΪΣ.—Βέρο!

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Ὑφ'υλ' ριβ' ρέρο τε οὐλ' ἀς ἰομ'ρᾶθ'?

ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΪΣ.—Τάμυρο!

Ἰαθ' ὅο εὔρ' εὔμα ορῆα πέιν ἀμᾶιλ' ἱρ' ὅο βεῖρορ' ἀς ἰομ'ρᾶθ'.

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—

Εἰρεαθ'ό μέ ρεοι' ἱρ' γαῦφ'αθ'ό μέ ριαρ,

ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΪΣ.—

Ὅρ'ό, μο εὔρ'αίεἰν' ὀ!

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—

'S σο ἡΟρόε 'le εοιν' νί εἰρεαθ'ό μέ ἀνιαρ,

ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΪΣ.—

Ὅρ'ό, μο εὔρ'αίεἰν' ὀ!

Ὅρ'ό, μο εὔρ'αίεἰν' ὀ,

'S ὀρ'ό, μο ὑάροιν'!

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—

Ναὲ βρεαῖς ἰ μο ὑάροιν' ἀς ρῆαθ' ἀρ' ἀν γεαυ,

ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΪΣ.—

Ὅρ'ό, μο εὔρ'αίεἰν' ὀ

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—

Νὰ μαίρ'όι' ὅα ὀταρ'ρᾶινγε—

Ἐ ὅο ρ'εαθ' ὅε'ν ἐεοι' σο ἡοβανν', ἀσυρ' ἀ λᾶμ' ὅο εὔρ' τε ν-α
ὑάταιρ.

ΡΑΤΡΑΙΕ.—Ἐαῖρ'ό τὰ ορ'ε, ἀ ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ?

ΕΟΓΑΝ.—Ὑφ'υλ' εὔ τινν', ἀ ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ?

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Ρυθ' εἰεἰν' ἀ τᾶνις ἀρ' μο ἔεανν. Νί ταῦα ἐ. Ἐαῖρ'ό ρο βί μέ
ἀ ρᾶθ'?

ΚΟΙΛΙΝ.—Ὑί' εὔ ἀς ρᾶθ' ἀν "ὑάροιν", ἀ ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ, ἀετ' νὰ ὑαε λειρ' μ'υρᾶ
ν-αίρ'ιγεααν' εὔ εὔ πέιν' σο μαίτ'. Ὑφ'υλ' εὔ τινν'?

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Τινν'? ἀρ' ἡοοἰς, νίλ' μ'ιρ'ε' τινν'. Ἐαῖρ'ό ἀ ὀέαν'φ'αθ'ό τινν' μέ?
Τορ'όεαμ'υρο ἀρῖρ':

Ναὲ βρεαῖς ἰ μο ὑάροιν' ἀς ρῆαθ' ἀρ' ἀν γεαυ,

ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΪΣ.—

Ὅρ'ό, μο εὔρ'αίεἰν' ὀ!

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—

Νὰ μαίρ'όι' ὅα ὀταρ'ρᾶινγε σο λᾶρορ'—

Ἐ ὅο ρ'εαθ' ἀρῖρ'.

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Ἀ ἐομ'υρ'ρᾶνα, τὰ ἀν "ὑάροιν" πέιν' ἰμῆϊς'ε' υαίμ.

Ἰαθ' ὀ'φ'ανῆαἰν' ἰ ν-α ὀτορ'ε' ρ'εαθ'αθ', ἀν φεαν-φεαρ' ἰ ν-α
φ'υρ'ε' ἀσυρ' ἀ ἔεανν' εἰομῆα' ἀρ' ἀ ὑετ', ἀσυρ' νὰ μαλ'ραῖς ἀς
ρ'εαῶαἰν' ἀρ' σο βρόναε. ἀν φεαν-φεαρ' ὅο λαῦβαιρ' ὅε γεἰτ':

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—ἀν ἰαθ' ριν' νὰ ὀαοι'ε' ἀς τεαετ' ἀ ὑαίτε' ὀ'ν' ἀίρ'ρεααν'?

ΚΟΙΛΙΝ.—Νί ἡαθ'. ἀρ' ἡοοἰς, νί βέρο ρ'ιαθ' ἀρ' ρᾶγᾶιλ' σο ἔεανν' λεαθ'-υαίρ'ε' ρ'όρ'.

ΚΟΙΛΙΝ.—'Τ'υιγε' ναὲ ὀτέρ'εααν' τυρᾶ ἀς ἀν ἀίρ'ρεααν', ἀ ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ?

ἀν φεαν-φεαρ' ὀ'εἰρ'ιγε' ἰ ν-α φεαρᾶθ' ἀσυρ' ἀ λᾶμ' ὅο εὔρ' τε
ν-α ὑάταιρ' ἀρῖρ'. Ἐ ὅο λαῦβαιρ' σο βορ'β' ἰ ὀτορ'αε', ἀσυρ' ἰ ν-α ὀιαρ'ό
ριν' σο μῖν:

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—'Τ'υιγε' ἀ ρ'αῶαἰν' ? . . . Νίλ' μέ ρᾶθᾶε' μαίτ'. ἀρ' ἡοοἰς, νί
εἰρ'εαθ'ό ὀια' λ'ιομ. . . . Ἐαῖρ'ό ρο τὰ μέ ἀ ρᾶθ' ? . . . [Ἐ ὅο
γᾶίρ'ιθε]. ἀσυρ' τὰ ἀν "ὑάροιν" εἰαίλλ'τε' ἀγαμ', ὀειρ' ριβ' ? Ναὲ μέ
ἀν ὀιολ' τ'ρ'υαῖς'ε' ἀγαῖθ' γαν' μο "ὑάροιν'!"

Ἐ ὅο ἐρ'υαίλλ' τ'ρεαρ'να ἀν ὑόταιρ' σο μαίλ'. ΚΟΙΛΙΝ' ὀ'εἰρ'ιγε'
ἀσυρ' ἀ γ'υαλα' ὅο εὔρ' ρᾶ λᾶμ' ἀν τ'ρεαν-φῖρ' τε εὔροἰγ'αθ'ό λειρ'
ἀς οὐλ' τ'ρεαρ'να ἀν ὑόταιρ' ὀό. Νὰ μαλ'ραῖς ὅο ἐορ'ν'υγ'αθ'ό ἀς

imirt cnaipí go ciúin. Sean-Maitiar do fúrbé ar an gcaitíocht arís agus Cólín do théacht ar ais. Dárac do labairt de glór íreál:

Dárac.—Tá muid eicint ar sean-Maitiar iníu. Ní deapna ré deapnao ar an “mBároin” riamh roimhe.

Cuimín.—Cuala mé m’ádhair as ráð le mo mádhair an oróche éana suph gearr eile a mairpead ré.

Cólín.—Meaf tú an bhfuil ré an-dorta?

Ráoraic.—Tuise ar éirí tú an éirí rín air i ndaoibh an díspinn? Nac bhfuil a fíor asat nac bpaetár ar díspinn é le cumhne na ndaoine?

Dárac.—Cuala mé sean-Cuimín Éanna as ráð le m’ádhair go bpaca ré féin sean-Maitiar ar díspinn nuair a bhí sé i n-a ríochas.

Cólín.—Meaf tú cia an fáth nac dtéirdeann ar díspinn anoir?

Ráoraic (i gcozair).—Ar ndóig, deirtear nac gceirdeann ré go bhfuil don Dia ann.

Cuimín.—Cuala mife ádhair Sheagáin Éamhinn a ráð supab é an éaoi rinne ré peacá uatbárac eicint i dtúr a raogáil agus nuair nac dtiubhá an ragar abrolóro do ar raorítean suph táinig eúac feirge air i suph mionnuis ré nac dtaobódac ré ragar na réiréal go deo air.

Dárac.—Ní mar rín a euala mife é. Don oróche amáin nuair a bhí mé ar mo leabair bhí na sean-daoine as cainnt i as cozar coir teine, agus euala mé Máire an Oróicé as ráð le na sean-mháib eile supab é an éaoi díol Maitiar a anam le fear Mór eicint a capad do uair ar mullac énuic an Damh, agus nac leirpead an fear ro do an tairpinn a éleactad.

Ráoraic.—Meaf tú an é an diabhal a énnac ré?

Dárac.—Níl a fíor asam. “Fear Mór” d’ubairt Máire an Oróicé.

Cuimín.—Ní éiríonn focal de. Ar ndóig, má díol Maitiar a anam leir an diabhal caiteir ré suph oróc-éine atá ann.

Ráoraic.—Ní oróc-éine é, mair. Nac cumhneac leat an lá d’ubairt íoragán suph d’ubairt a ádhair go mbead Maitiar i meaf na ndoim lá an tSleibe?

Ráoraic.—I cumhneac go mair.

Cólín.—Cá bhfuil íoragán uainn iníu?

Dárac.—I ionnduail nac dtagann ré nuair a bíor éine fára as bpaet-nuagá orainn.

Cuimín.—Nac raib ré annro peacthain ’r an lá iníu nuair a bhí sean-Maitiar as bpaetnuagá orainn?

Dárac.—An raib?

Cuimín.—Bí.

Ráoraic.—Bí, agus coicigir ’r an lá iníu fheirín.

Dárac.—Tá seanr go dtiocfaid ré iníu mar rín.

Cuimín d’éirge agus do bpaetnuagá roir.

Cuimín.—Ó, péac éugann é!

Íoragán do théacht ar an ládhair, .i. garúr beag donn, cóta bán air, agus é gan bróga gan cairín ar nór na malpac eile. Na malpacs do beannuagá do.

Na Malpacs.—Sé do beata, a íoragán.

Íoragán.—Dia ir Muiré díb.

É do fúrbé i n-a meaf, lám leir fá muneál Dárac; na malpacs do éorpuagá as imirt air go ciúin roair gan gleo gan impearán. Íoragán do éorpuagá as imirt leo.

Maitiar d’éirge de geit ar théacht ar an ládhair d’íoragán, agus do fearam as péacaint air. Tar éir rgaetam díb as imirt, é do théacht eua agus annrín do fearam air agus do glaoac anonn éirge ar Cólín.

Maitiar.—A Cólín!

Cólín.—Abair!

Maitiar.—Sad i leir annro éugam.

Cólín d’éirge agus do dul anonn éirge.

Maitiar.—Cia hé an malpac édan feicim in bup meaf le coicigir, é rín a bhfuil an cloigean donn air—acé painic nac bán-muá atá ré: níl a fíor asam an túb nó pionn é ’r an éaoi a bhfuil an grian as rgalac air. An bpaetann tú é,—é rín a bhfuil a lám fá muneál Dárac?

Cólín.—Sin é íoragán.

Maitiar.—Íoragán?

Cólín.—Sin é an t-ainm a éugar ré air féin.

Maitiar.—Cia dár díb é?

Cólín.—Níl a fíor asam, acé deir ré go bhfuil a ádhair i n-a rí.

Maitiar.—Cé gcomnuigeann ré?

Cólín.—Níor innir ré é rín riamh dúinn, acé deir ré nac fáda uainn a théac.

Maitiar.—An mbionn ré i n-éiríge líb go minic?

Cólín.—Bíonn nuair a bíor muid as caiteam aimrpe dúinn féin mar reo. Acé iméirgeann ré uainn nuair a éagar daoine fára ra ládhair. Im-éocair ré anoir uainn éom luat i ríorócar na daoine as théacht a baile ó’n díspinn.

Na malpacs d’éirge agus d’iméacé i n-a éine ’r i n-a éine ar éiríe nuagá an éluice díb.

Cólín.—Ó! Tá raad as dul as caiteam léim!

É do ríe amac i ndoim na cóta eile. Íoragán agus Dárac d’éirge agus do glairpeacé. Maitiar do théacht ar ádhair agus do glaoac ar íoragán, ríom iméacé do.

Maitiar.—A íoragán!

An leand d’ionntó ar air agus do théacht éirge ar ríe.

Maitiar.—Tar i leir agus ríu ar mo glúin go fóillín, a íoragán.

An leand do tabairt a láime i lám an trean-rí agus iad do éruil trearna an bódhair cor ar coir. Maitiar do fúrbé ar a éadair agus do éarraig íoragán éirge.

Μαίτιαρ.—Cé gcomnuigeann tú, a Íoragáin?

Íoragáin.—Ní fáda ar po mo teac. Cad éiuge naé utagann tú ar éuairt éugam?

Μαίτιαρ.—Beaó páitíor oim i teacé míogóda. Deirtear liom go bfuil t'ádaí i n-a míg.

Íoragáin.—Ír é Áro-Rí an Domáin é. Áet níor gábaó duit páitíor a beir ort nóimé. Tá ré lán de érócaíe agus de gíabó.

Μαίτιαρ.—Ír baoglaé liom náir éoingbí mé a ólígé.

Íoragáin.—Iarr maíteamínar aír. Déanrao-ra ír mo m'ádaí eadair-íurde ar do fon.

Μαίτιαρ.—Ír truaí liom naé b'aca mé nóimé reo tú, a Íoragáin. Cé maib tú uaim?

Íoragáin.—Bí mé annro i gcomnairde. Bím as tairteal na mbótar ír as riubal na gnoe ír as treababó na utonn. Bím i lár an bóbaíl nuair éruinnigear ríabó írteac i mo teac. Bím i meafg na b'áirteí fásar ríabó i n-a nóiaíó as cleapáirdeac ar an trháro.

Μαίτιαρ.—Bí míre mó-fáiteac, nó mó-uairdeac, le dul írteac i do teac, a Íoragáin: i meafg na b'áirteí a fuair mé tú.

Íoragáin.—Níl don áit ná am dá mbíonn páirteí as rúgíabó dóbí féin naé mbím-re i n-a b'rócaí. Amannra peiceann ríabó mé; amannra eile ní peiceann.

Μαίτιαρ.—Ní fáca míre maib tú go dtí le goimro.

Íoragáin.—Bíonn na daoine fára dáil.

Μαίτιαρ.—Ásur i n-a dáiaí rín geallabó dom tú feiceál, a Íoragáin.

Íoragáin.—Áus m'ádaí ceao dom mé féin a foillíruabó duit de b'íg sur áus tú gíabó dá páirteí beaga.

Glóiré na ndaoine as fílleabó ó'n áiríeann do teacé aniaí.

Íoragáin.—Cáiríó mé imteacé anoir uair.

Μαίτιαρ.—Leig dom imeall do cóta a mógaó.

Íoragáin.—Déan.

Imeall an cóta do mógaó dóbí.

Μαίτιαρ.—An b'feiríó mé áirí tú, a Íoragáin?

Íoragáin.—Feiríí.

Μαίτιαρ.—Cia an uair?

Íoragáin.—Ánoet.

Íoragáin d'imteacé. An rean-feaí do fearam ar lic a d'oiríar as féacáint i n-a dáiaí.

Μαίτιαρ.—Feiríó mé ánoet é.

Na daoine do gábaíl an bótaí aniaí as teacé a baile ó'n áiríeann.

CRÍÓC NA RANNA SIN.

AN DARA ROINN.

Seomra rean-Μαίτιαρ. É an-doréa. An rean-feaí i n-a luíge ar a leabaíó. Duine do bualaó ar an d'oiríar taob' amuig.

Μαίτιαρ do labairt de glóir laí:

Μαίτιαρ.—Gáí írteacé.

An Sagarí do teacé írteacé.

An Sagarí.—Go mbeannuigíó Dia annro.

Μαίτιαρ.—Dia ír Muíre duit. Cia hé reo éugam?

An Sagarí.—An ragarí.

Μαίτιαρ.—Tá fáilte nóimé, a ádaí. Baó maib liom labairt leac. Suró annro lem' aír.

An ragarí do fúirde le hair na leabaíó agus r'oirítean an trean-fíí d'íirteacé. Μαίτιαρ do labairt ar n-a beir éróc-nuigé dóbí.

Μαίτιαρ.—Cia dubairt leac go maib tú as teartáil uaim, a ádaí? B'í mé as fúirde Dé go d'oiríeá áet ní maib don teacéaíe agus le cur fá do d'íin.

An Sagarí.—Áet éurí tú teacéaíe fá mo d'íin, ar nóig?

Μαίτιαρ.—Níor éuríear.

An Sagarí.—Níor éuríí? Áet táimí g'áiríín beas agus buaíl ré ar mo d'oiríar agus d'ubairt ré go maib mo éongnaí as teartáil uair.

An rean-feaí do d'íruíabó aniaí ra leabaíó agus r'oiríar i n-a fúilí.

Μαίτιαρ.—Cia an róir g'áiríín a b'í ann, a ádaí?

An Sagarí.—G'áiríín beas caoin a maib cóta bán aír.

Μαίτιαρ.—Ar áus tú fá deaí maí beaó r'áile r'oluir áirí tímceall a éinn?

An Sagarí.—Áusar, agus éurí ré iongnaí móí oim.

Orzáiltear an d'oiríar. Íoragáin do fearam ar an tairííí agus a dá láim rínce amaé áise éum Μαίτιαρ; r'oluir iongnaíac tímceall a éadain agus a éinn.

Μαίτιαρ.—A Íoragáin!

É do éuitim ríar ar an leabaíó agus é maib; an Sagarí do d'uiríim go r'ocair leir an leabaíó agus do d'únaó a fúil.

A CRÍÓC-SAN.

Half-Holiday Lecturers at St. Enda's.

Dr. Douglas Hyde on the Language Movement.

On Oct. 11th there were notable scenes at Sgoil Eanna when Dr. Douglas Hyde fulfilled an engagement of long standing to address the pupils. Dr. Hyde was accompanied by Miss Agnes O'Farrelly and by Col. Moore, and later on the party was joined by Major Cameron, a Scottish Gael who was visiting Ireland for the purpose of taking notes out of the Gaelic League's educational notebook. The visitors were received by Mr. P. H. Pearse, B.A., B.L., Head Master; Mr. MacDonagh, Second Master; and Mr. MacDonnell and Dr. Doody, Assistant Masters. The boys, who mustered a hundred strong, greeted An Craoibhin with ringing cheers as he entered the Study Hall, and then settled down to listen to his address in rapt attention. The first half of the address was in Irish, and the second half in English.

Dr. Hyde commenced by expressing the interest and pleasure with which he found himself in a School which was so much talked of throughout the country, a School whose name he found in people's mouths almost everywhere he went. The eyes of all interested in the welfare of Irish education were fixed on that School. The friends of educational reform along Irish lines were watching the career of Sgoil Eanna with hope and sympathy; the enemies of true national education were watching it with no less interest. He could assure Mr. Pearse that the results of his work would not be confined within the four walls of Cullenswood House, nor to the boys who came under his immediate influence: the School must of necessity force the pace Irishwards for the secondary schools and colleges throughout the country, and already he had observed a decided trend Irishwards in certain schools and colleges which were anything at all but Irish before Sgoil Eanna came on the scene.

This School was almost the only school in the country in which everyone, boys and masters, realised what was expected of an Irish school. Its object was to train up Irish boys to be Irish men. They must not

be ashamed or afraid to be Irish. When he was a little grabaire like some of them, and was paying his first visit to England, an English boy said to him mockingly: "Irish Paddy with your Irish brogue." He caught him by the neck and said to him: "You little divil, I speak English as well as you do, even if I have a brogue, and I speak my own language as well. I am twice as good a man as you, for you have only one language." That was the way to talk to Englishmen. You must stand up to them and give them blow for blow. The boys of Sgoil Eanna would be masters of at least two languages, and would thus have twice the mental range of monoglot Englishmen and Irishmen.

They must make Ireland Irish again. They must, so to speak, wipe out the last two generations of Irishmen. It was a funny thing, but they must, in a manner of speaking, wipe out the history made by their own fathers and grandfathers, and get back again to their great-grandfathers, who had been Irish-speaking. Perhaps he ought not to say that there, for the boys before him were plainly the children of patriotic Irishmen and Irishwomen, else they would not be in that School. But, speaking generally, Irishmen had to get rid of their fathers and grandfathers, and get back to their great-grandfathers. They had nothing to be ashamed of in their history. They were no mean people, but a proud race who were great and cultured when the English were savages. As late as the sixteenth century the names of O'Neill and O'Donnell and O'Moore were more widely known on the Continent than the names of any Englishmen.

They were living in extraordinary days. When he was a boy he was reproved by a relative for "wasting his time" and "spoiling his accent" by talking Irish to a beggarman at his father's door. At the moment he was taking down from the beggarman the beautiful Irish song, "Mo bhrón ar an bhfairge." He had lived to publish that song, and to see it on the programme of the Royal University. He had never heard the song from anyone else. Wasn't

it an extraordinary thing that University students all over Ireland had to study that old song which he had written down from the poor bacach on his father's doorstep? No such miracles were happening in any European country at that moment as were happening in Ireland.

In conclusion he congratulated the boys on being pupils of Sgoil Eanna. He need hardly say that if he were a gasun again he would like to be a pupil of that school rather than at Shoneenville Academy or West British College—where those places were they knew as well as he did.

Before leaving the Study Hall, Dr. Hyde put the Head Master under *geasa* to give the boys a half-holiday the next day. The Head Master replied that he never refused Dr. Hyde anything, and that he was powerless to refuse the present appeal. Subsequently Mr. Pearse voiced the gratitude of the staff and pupils to An Craoibhin for his address. They were but humble privates in the army that was fighting for Ireland's intellectual independence, and it was a proud thing for them to have their commander-in-chief in their midst.

Later on, Dr. Hyde and the other visitors made a tour of the school buildings and grounds. An Craoibhin was delighted to meet among the pupils the children or near relatives of so many of his most prominent colleagues in the Gaelic League. He spent some time in the playground and garden, and lingered long in the School Museum, where his interest was divided between the natural history specimens and the case of antiquarian and historical relics.

Mr. Shane Leslie on Oxford and Cambridge in Catholic Days.

On Friday afternoon, Oct. 29th, Mr. Shane Leslie succeeded Dr. Douglas Hyde as Half-holiday Lecturer. His subject was the great Catholic National University foundations of Oxford and Cambridge.

It was too often forgotten, he said, that those two noble seats of learning had been bequeathed to England by Catholics. It would do them good, on the eve of the opening of a University for Irish Catholics, to see what Oxford and Cambridge were like in Catholic days. Perhaps in time they might have in Ireland a University life as rich and beautiful as was the University life of mediæval Oxford and Cambridge. The lecture was illustrated by a series of fifty

lantern slides of unique interest, many of them having been specially prepared by the lecturer himself. The first slides made vivid to the audience the architecture of the period in which Cambridge had its beginnings; next were passed in review the more famous of the Cambridge Colleges, the lecturer dwelling kindly, and with many picturesque and humorous details, on his own College of King's, the foundation of King Henry VI. He gave glimpses of the student-days of many noted Cambridge men, including amongst those who should be of special interest to his audience, John Milton, "The Lady of Christ's," Oliver Cromwell, Cardinal John Fisher, whom he thought the greatest Catholic Cambridge had produced, and Charles Stewart Parnell. Incidentally much history and folklore, as well as several entertaining tales of students' pranks, were introduced.

Passing on to Oxford, the lecturer traced its growth from the days of William of Durham. He told fascinating things about the Bodleian Library, with its treasures of Irish MSS. and its vast store of printed books, growing at the rate of 7,000 books a year, or one book every seven minutes. He dwelt particularly on Oriel, the College where Newman was Fellow, and on St. Mary's Church, where he preached. Next to Newman, Oxford's most illustrious Catholic was, perhaps, Cardinal Wolsey, who graduated there when only 15. Throughout the lecture Mr. Leslie constantly drew attention to the survival of old Catholic forms in the academic and social ceremonial of Oxford and Cambridge.

In conclusion he drew a dramatic contrast by throwing on the screen a picture of the sad relics of an even greater University than either Oxford or Cambridge—the crumbling tower and the broken cross of Clonmacnois. If Oxford and Cambridge were famous, Clonmacnois was famous before them, and when an English King wanted to introduce letters to his half-barbarous subjects, it was to Clonmacnois he sent for a scholar to inaugurate the work. Clonmacnois was in ruins, and Oxford and Cambridge were flourishing. Such were the ups and downs of history. The boys around him would in a few years be helping to mould a new University. They must remember that it is only a great University that can be tolerant, and that it is only a National University that can be great.

The Head Master, Mr. P. H. Pearse, B.A., B.L., voiced the gratitude of the staff and students for the lecture, which, he said, had been as fascinating as a mediæval romance. Their ideal was an Irish University as Irish

as Oxford and Cambridge were English. They must build up a new Clonmacnois in Ireland, and the new Clonmacnois must be as National as the old Clonmacnois, yet, like the old Clonmacnois, as broad as the human thought and culture of its day.

Miss Helen Laird on Plant Life.

On Dec. 3rd and 10th Miss Helen Laird delivered two demonstration lectures on Plant Life. Her object was to bring home to her audience as vividly as possible the fact that plants are living creatures, that they possess many wonderful powers and gifts in common with animals, that they live and die, are subject to diseases, eat and drink, marry and rear families, and in some cases make the most careful provision for the future welfare of their young. As Nature Study forms one of the favourite subjects at Sgoil Eanna everyone in her audience already knew that the mouths of plants are on the surface of their leaves and that the leaves also serve the purpose of stomachs and digestive organs; that for drinking plants had special mouths, —their rootlets; and that the young of plants are their seeds, which might be compared to the eggs of birds. Miss Laird accordingly passed on to speak of the provision plants make for setting up their offspring to the best advantage in life. In some cases it was sufficient if the seed merely dropped underneath, but generally the services of the wind, of water, or of animals had to be requisitioned for the purpose of transporting the seeds to suitable localities. The most interesting cases of all were those in which the seeds themselves were endowed with the power of walking. Certain seeds, when exposed to variations of temperatures and moisture,

contracted or expanded in such a way as to make a series of jumps along the ground, and in this manner they were able to progress a considerable distance. As illustrations of two types of walking seeds, Miss Laird exhibited specimens of the seeds of the *Avena Sterilis* or Animated Oats and of a species of *Erodium* (Cranes-bill), popularly known as corkscrew or snake seeds. Each boy was provided with two or three specimens, which he placed under observation. When moistened and placed on paper, the *Avena Sterilis* waved its arms or legs (the boys were in doubt as to which to call them) majestically and then proceeded to walk deliberately across the paper. The corkscrew or snake-seed slowly uncurled when moistened, but on being placed in a warm atmosphere executed weird gyrations, finally coiling up again. The evolutions of these very distinctly "live" seeds occupied the main part of the first afternoon. In her second lecture Miss Laird told the story of the gradual clothing of a desert island with plant life. First the wind blew the seeds of mosses and ferns across the ocean, and these took root and spread; next birds carried the seeds of flowering plants and trees; lastly cocoa-nuts came floating across the sea, and soon there were groves of cocoa palm and of all the rich forms of vegetable life and these they associated with South Sea islands. The lecturer then exhibited various specimens of seeds which are borne by the wind, showing how some could be compared to monoplanes, some to biplanes, and some like that of the thistle to the more elementary form of the parachute. Others again were like life-boats with air-tight compartments enabling them to float great distances on water. Before leaving Miss Laird presented many interesting specimens of seeds for inclusion in the School Museum.

The Making of Athletes.

In "A Note on Athletics" in the first number of AN MACAOMH, we avowed our determination to make Sgoil Eanna a name to be respected on the hurling field and on the football field. We have been keeping our word. Already in our second season we stand in the forefront of the Minor teams of Dublin. In a sense fortune has favoured us, for of last year's athletes all except Eugene McCarthy are with us again this year, while there have been notable accessions to our fighting strength in the persons of such "new boys" as Vincent O'Doherty, MacGarvey, Fegan, Delany, Goodwin, and John McDermott among the bigger boys and Kavanagh, Fred O'Doherty, Burke, Cronin, and Walter Sweeny among the juniors. These with such old hands as Bulfin, Fraher, Connolly, Conroy, O'Connor and Tuohy, and such dashing light-weight hurlers as Eoin MacGavock, John Power, and Herbert Buckley, make up an athletic corps from which it is easy to pick a football or hurling team that must be formidable to any Junior or Minor team that can possibly be selected to face it.

Realising that we had admirable material, we set to work right in the first week of the session, playing hurling or football conscientiously on every whole and half-holiday. Fraher's re-election as captain of hurling was a matter of course, as was Bulfin's as captain of football, while Vincent O'Doherty succeeded Eugene McCarthy as Master of Games. These officers worked like men in organising and training the teams, MacGarvey lending expert and whole-hearted assistance. Though our first successes were won on the hurling field, circumstances have caused us to specialise in football this session, but we hope before the season is over to show that hurling remains the game of Sgoil Eanna.

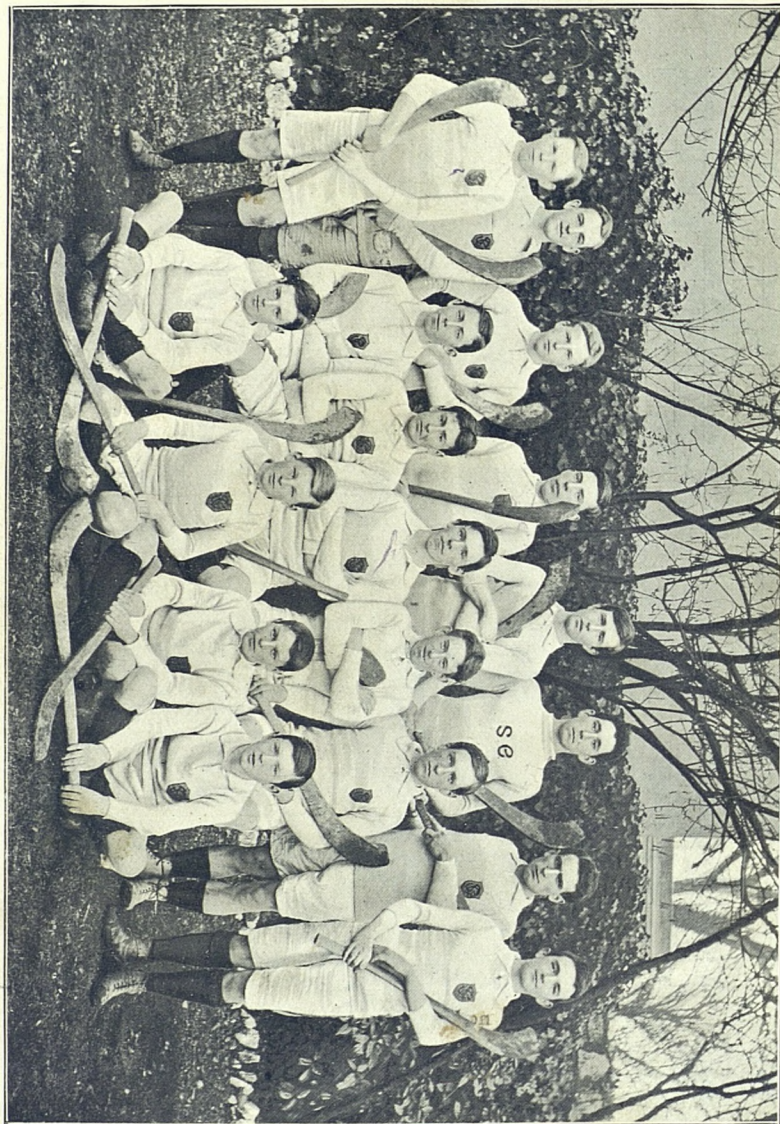
Of the first important football match of the half-season we quote the report of the Gaelic Athletic Edition of the *Irish Nation*. We inaugurated the year by boldly challenging the St. Laurence O'Tooles,

generally acknowledged the leading Minor team in Dublin. We met in the Phoenix Park on October 23rd. The *Nation* of October 30th reported the play as follows:—

"The match was interesting from many points of view. The O'Tooles are the only team now with us who were affiliated to the Schools' League, whilst Sgoil Eanna are expected to make a name for themselves in G.A.A. circles in the near future. The Sgoil Eanna lads were accompanied by the principals of their School and many of the boys wore the national costume.

"Sgoil Eanna were first away, and after some good football in the forward line were awarded a point. Following this they kept the O'Tooles pinned to their posts till Geale effected a fine clearance, and the O'Toole forwards got going, a brace of points being scored. The Enda boys replied with a minor for which Eamonn Bulfin was mainly responsible, but this was their last score in the first half, while O'Tooles added a goal and two points. On the restart Sgoil Eanna warmed to their work and the O'Toole back division was kept busy. Bulfin centred into the goal-mouth and a major was scored. To this O'Tooles replied by a couple of minors, whilst the Enda boys secured another goal, which was followed by a point. With the score standing 1—6 for O'Tooles to 2—3 the play became very exciting till the ball was well centred, and Strang scored a major for O'Tooles, which was supplemented by a minor. At full time the score was: St. Laurence O'Tooles, 2 goals 7 points, Sgoil Eanna 2 goals 3 points.

"The game was very evenly contested. Sgoil Eanna have plenty of material for a fine football team. All things considered, they made a great stand against their more experienced opponents. MacGarvey played a splendid game at full back, and it is mainly due to his efforts that the score was not larger. Cronin, Connolly and O'Doherty were also good, whilst Fraher, Bulfin, and Burke did great work in the forwards. On



m. Caoimhánac, D. Ó Conchúir, S. mac Sárbaí, U. Ó Dochartaigh, E. Bulfin, P. Ó Conaigh, S. Ó Paolagáin, U. mac Sárbaí, S. mac Diarmada, A. Ó Sorain, M. Ó Fearáil (Ceann Feadma), P. Ó Conaigh, P. Ó Tuatháin, P. Ó Dochartaigh, D. Ó Clóinn, P. Ó Dúic, E. mac Báire, Iománadóir Sgoil Eanna, 1909-10.

On the throw in O'Tooles were away, but Fraher and Conroy relieved for Sgoil Eanna. Midfield play followed. O'Tooles again pressed and opened the scoring with a point. On the kick out the ball was brought to the O'Toole posts and Burke equalised with a point for Sgoil Eanna. Vincent O'Doherty and Bulfin were now playing splendidly for Sgoil Eanna, the latter following up Burke's point by two others. Geale and Colgan were conspicuous in the defence for O'Tooles. Three points more were secured for Sgoil

This victory over the leaders of the Minor League places us in the foremost rank of Minor football. We are now affiliated to the G.A.A., and hope to go on to new achievements.

A black and white photograph of a large group of young men, likely a sports team, posing outdoors in several rows. They are wearing light-colored, possibly white, uniforms. The background shows trees and a fence. The group is arranged in approximately five rows, with some individuals standing and others sitting or kneeling. The uniforms consist of light-colored shirts and shorts or trousers. Some shirts have dark patches or logos. The setting appears to be a grassy field with trees and a fence in the background.

[illegible]

Annála na Sgoile, roghmar go n-ollais, 1909.

1909.

Mí rogh. 6. Tognócamur agh obair arís i mbáiread tar éir rairne an trairmar. Cuiread rair mór ar Teac na Sgoile ó o'fágh-amaí é i mí an Meithim. Tá halla móir, phoinnteac, agus Seodaán nua tógáil, agus Séiréal beag dá tógáil. An éas buacail comhairte do éinir inoir, .i. Maéghamain Caománac ó Co. Cille Mannáin, buacail nua (tá hoirbeair ó buacalla anoir le mí); éinir na buacail comhairte eile i n-oir a éile, mar atá, Seaán rair, Tomár rair, Conéubair mac Fionnlaioir, Adáinnán mac Fionnlaioir, Eoin Mac Óaireac, Éamonn buirín, Colm ó neactain. Phoinnriar de búirca ó Co. Cille Dair (buacail nua), uilleoc ó móir, phoinnriar ó Conáile, páirac ó Conáile, fearroirca ó Doéarraig ó Co. Múigeo (buacail nua), Riobáir ó Ruairín, Luáir mac Suirne agus uairéair mac Suirne ó Co. Ror Comáin (buacail nua), Muir ó fearacair, fearroirca hóirén ó Baile ála Cliaí (buacail nua), Air mac Cuáil agus bheannóán mac Cuáil ó Baile ála Cliaí (buacail nua), agus maolmúir mac Seairraig ó Baile ála Cliaí (bí maolmúir i n-a buacail lae agairn anuir agh i n-a buacail comhairte beair ré agairn i mbliáil). Bíomar ag rúil le Taóir ó Ceairballáin anoir agh fearreamar rgeal uair gúir éinir bheir air an trair agh Cheir. Fairíoir nac mbéir Eoán mac Cairraig agairn i mbliáil: tá ré roiruirte ríoir mar fear gnoí i Lonnóin Sair. Tá rúiríoir na mbuacail comhairte do bí agairn anuir éirinn anoir. Tá na máiririr éirinn rreirín, mar atá, páirac mac Rairair, an táir-máiririr, Tomár mac Donnáil, an leair-máiririr, Tomár mac Donnáil, agus an Doéuir páirac ó Dubá, máiririr comhairte nua. Béir Máiriréas nic Rairair agus Máir ní Rairair i n-a máiririréairí conair i Sgoil Éanna i mbliáil, ó táir agh ceair na Sgoile íóirair leir an Sgoil uairéair agus agh cur rreir le Sgoil na gCairilí.

1909.

Sept. 6.—Sgoil Éanna enters on its second working year to-morrow. The school buildings have almost doubled in area during the summer vacation. We find a new Study Hall, a new Refectory, and a new Museum. A Chapel is in course of erection, and one of the class-rooms in process of transformation into a Science Laboratory. The old Refectory is a comfortable Library. The first arrival to-day was Mathew Kavanagh (Co. Wicklow) a "new boy"; other new boarders are Frank Burke (Co. Kildare), Fred O'Doherty (Co. Mayo), Louis and Walter Sweeny (Co. Roscommon), Fred Holden, Arthur and Brendan Cole, and Milo Mac Garry (all from Dublin). Milo was a day boy last year, but comes this year to dwell in the bosom of our family. The "old" boys have turned up in the following order:—Herbert Buckley, Dublin (who, in fact, has been here for the past month), John and Tom Power (Co. Waterford), Conor and Eunan MacGinley (Belfast), Eoin MacGavock (Antrim Glens), Eamonn Bulfin (King's Co.), Colm Naughton (Connemara), Ulick Moore (Co. Mayo), Frank Connolly (Connemara), Patrick Conroy (Connemara), Robert Ryan (Co. Roscommon), and Maurice Fraher (Co. Waterford). We have been expecting Tadhg Carleton (Bristol), but a wire has just arrived to say that he has missed his connection at Chester. One face we miss: Eugene McCarthy has settled down as a commercial man in London. Sgoil Éanna wishes him luck. Last year's resident staff is re-assembled with the addition of Dr. Doody, who comes to us with a great reputation from St. Kieran's, Kilkenny, and St. Colman's, Fermoy. Miss Pearse and Miss Browner, we learn, have joined the staff of Sgoil Éanna proper, as the Junior School is henceforward to be under the same management as the Senior School, and the Girls' School has been discontinued.

m. pōg. 7. Tōpnuigēamari aḡ obairi inoiu, ceitne pōgri buacaili ar lioin, ioiri buacaili comnairōte aḡur buacaili lae. Tá mōri-feriari oe buacaili lae nua aḡainn ran Sgoil uacairi, .i. pápōaic ó Dubhlláine, Eoin ó Dúnlainis (dearbriatari oo phoinnriar), Rircearho mac amlaoib, Seaḡán ó Dálais, pápōaic ó Rōnaiḡ, aḡur pápōaic ó Tōhnaḡ; aḡur feriari pa Sgoil iōctairi .i. tñuiri Ceallac, Doimnall ó Dhuain, Doimnall ó Dhuoin, aḡur Dheannroán ó Monḡáin. Cpuinnuigēamari le céile ran halla mōri aḡur cūirēamari aḡne ar a céile. Annpin pōinneao i n-ari mbuironib rinn oe pēiri ḡráo buiro an Oirēacair mēadonaiḡ. Staoao v'obairi na Sgoile ar an mēadon lae. Táinḡ Tāos ó Cearballáin i vtiḡi plán ar maroin, aḡur táinḡ buacaili comnairōte nua pa tñátnóna, .i. Diaimaro ó Cpióinín ó Co. Ciarraiḡe.

m. pōg. 8. Cūamari i n-ēaoan ar ḡcuro oibne i ḡceairt inoiu. Ó bí pé i n-a leac-lá paoirne bí cluice báirne aḡainn pa bráirne. Tá iomán-aiōte mairte i mēarḡ na mbuacaili nua, ḡo mōri-mōri pphoinnriar oe búirca, Diaimaro ó Cpióinín, ferarhoirca ó Doairtaiḡ, aḡur mēḡḡamain Caománac.

m. pōg. 9. Pá lán-pēim oibne vūinn ferar. An-ātar ar mīcēal mḡs Ruairōri mari ḡeall ar pata ávbal-mōri oo baint vó i nḡairiōa na Sgoile. Táinḡ buacaili comnairōte nua, .i. uinnreann ó Doairtaiḡ (dearbriatari v'ferarhoirca) tñátnóna inoiu.

m. pōg. 10. Bí cpuinnuḡao aḡainn ran halla mōri. V'ac-ēoḡamari Oirḡiḡ aḡur Coirte na bliadna anuairō mari cōirte realaro le ḡnōta na Sgoile oo rēiḡmḡḡao ḡo ceann mīora.

m. pōg. 11. An céao cluice peile pa bráirne. Tá an búirca, an Cpióinēac, an Caománac, aḡur an beirte Doairtaiḡ ḡo mair ar páirne na Liatñáirve Coirte.

m. pōg. 13. Táinḡ buacaili lae nua inoiu, .i. pápōaic ó ferarḡail. Táinḡ Doimnall ó Concubairi ó Co. Cille Daria oo bí i n-a buacaili lae anuairō le comnairō aḡainn i mbliadna, aḡur táinḡ buacaili comnairōte nua naó é, .i. arit ó ḡoroin ó Cāairi Cōrcairḡe.

m. pōg. 15. Táinḡ buacaili lae nua maroin inoiu, .i. Éamonn ó Nualláin.

m. pōg. 16. Fuairi maolmūirne mḡs ḡear-riaiḡ pēileacáin bñeḡ oe cñeál an áomriail Deirḡ ran nḡairiōin inoiu aḡur é mairb. V'earuḡ arit mac Cūmairi é le haḡairō an tSeoḡacáin, aḡur bhonn pé orainn é mairle le pōinnit pēileacáin aḡur cuileos oo bí bairḡḡe aḡe pēin. Tōpnuḡ Seorain mac Donncaóa ar Stairi aḡur Tlacé-eolar oo mūineao oo buacaili an ḡráro mēadonaiḡ.

Sept. 7.—We commenced work. New day boys include Patrick Delany, John Dowling (a brother of Frank's), Richard Humphreys, John Daly, Patrick Roddy, and Patrick Thunder, in the Senior School; and Robert, Desmond, and Dermot Kelly, Donal O'Brien, Donal Byrne, and Brendan Mangan, in the Junior School. We assembled in the Study Hall, fourscore strong, and made or renewed acquaintances. After classes had been organised we adjourned for the day. Tadhg Carleton turned up smiling this morning, and a new boarder, Jerome Cronin (Co. Kerry), arrived in the evening.

Sept. 8.—Classes at work already. We played our first hurling match. Among the new boys, Frank Burke, Jerome Cronin, Fred O'Doherty, and Matthew Kavanagh are good at the caman.

Sept. 9.—Work in full swing. Extraordinary jubilation of Micheal Mhag Ruaidhri on unearthing a potato of preternatural size in the School Garden. A new boarder, Vincent O'Doherty (Co. Mayo), a brother of Fred's, arrived this evening.

Sept. 10.—Meeting of the School in the Study Hall. We re-appointed last year's Officers and Committee to hold office for a month, when there will be a General Election.

Sept. 11.—First football match. Frank Burke, Jerome Cronin, Matthew Kavanagh, and the two O'Dohertys are formidable footballers. We shall be much stronger on the athletic side this year.

Sept. 13.—New day boy, Patrick Farrell. Donal O'Connor (Co. Kildare), who was a day boy last year, pitched his tent among us as a boarder this evening. Yet another new boarder arrived later on, Arthur Goodwin (Cork City).

Sept. 15.—A new day-boy, Edward Nolan.

Sept. 16.—Our Nature Study Log Book records that Milo MacGarry found a fine specimen of the Red Admiral Butterfly in the School Garden to-day. It was dead already (we are under *geasa* not to kill wild things), so Arthur Cole undertook to mount it for the Museum. Arthur also presented to the Museum some Butterflies and a rare Dragon-fly from his own collection. Mr. J.

m. pōg. 18. Táinḡ beirte buacaili comnairōte nua inoiu, .i. Seaḡán mac Diaimaro aḡur a dearbriatari Stiopán (ar Co. Ror Comáin vóib).

m. pōg. 19. Doimnac na ḡaeóilḡe. Siubair buacaili na Sgoile uacairi aḡur pōinnit oe buacaili na Sgoile iōctairi i mōrúail na nḡaeóeal inoiu, ar mbriatāc or ar ḡciorinn aḡur buirēan ríobairi i n-ari vtorac.

m. pōg. 20. Buacaili lae nua, .i. Rircearho ó Raairle.

m. pōg. 21. Cūg an tātairi Cpióib ó Co. Loé ḡCairmain cuairt ar an Sgoil.

m. pōg. 23. Cūg Éamonn ó Donncaóa ó Cōrcairḡ aḡur a deirbriúri, Cāit, cuairt ar an Sgoil. V'fuaḡairi an táro-māḡiriri ḡo mabtar aḡ bairiḡao aḡḡo an pon Cirt na Teanḡan an tpeactmairi reo aḡur v'airi ar na buacaili lām cōnḡanta oo tabairt ran obairi. Bhonn pphoinnriar ó Dúnlainis pēirne arcluaḡa il-uacāc ar an Seoacān.

m. pōg. 24. Cūg an bean uapal eiblin ní ḡḡearnaiḡ cuairt ar an Sgoil aḡur ḡeall ḡo vtiubraó lēḡeact ar an luib-eolar vūinn ḡo ḡoimro. Fuairi an táro-māḡiriri *Drosera Rotundifolia* ó Colm mac Doimnall atá aḡ caitēam téarima i náro-Sgoil Cūilm Cille i ḡClóiré Cionnḡalairō.

m. pōg. 25. Táinḡ pápōaic mac Cuilm cum beairla oo mūineao oo buacaili an ḡráro mēadonaiḡ.

m. pōg. 26. Bhonn Eoin mac Vairbeac iarḡ pēaltac, pōinnit rliḡeán, aḡur rñátao mōri ar an Seoacān.

m. pōg. 27. Táinḡ Samhairle mac ḡarbhairi mari buacaili lae. V'fuaḡairi an táro-māḡiriri ḡo mair cūḡ punnt bairiḡḡe aḡe ó na buacaili aḡur ó na māḡiriri ar pon Cirt na Teanḡan aḡur ḡo mair an t-airḡeao reolta cum Connairca na ḡaeóilḡe.

m. pōg. 28. Cūg an tātairi uilliam oe lúnnora a céao cuairt orainn i mbliadna aḡur labairi linn ran halla mōri. V'fuaḡairi ḡo mbhonnraó pé bonn óri aḡ vñeao na bliadna ar an mbuacaili vob' ferari a mbeao eolar aḡe ar an Tearḡ Cpiórtarōe i nḡaeóilḡe aḡur i mbéairla.

v. pōg. 1. Tōpnuḡao ar an Dúil-eolar oo mūineao pá Roimn na Calmairōeacta aḡur an Oirēacair Cēaromla. Táinḡ áinriar ó

MacDonagh came to teach History and Geography in the Middle Grade.

Sept. 18.—Two new boarders, John and Stephen McDermott (Co. Roscommon).

Sept. 19.—Irish Language Sunday. The boys of the Senior School and some boys from the Junior School marched in the Language Procession behind the School banner and a band of pipers.

Sept. 20.—A new day-boy, Richard O'Rahilly.

Sept. 21.—Rev. Father Crosby, a Co. Wexford Gaelic Leaguer, visited the School.

Sept. 23.—Mr. Eamonn O'Donoghue, of Cork, and Miss Cait O'Donoghue visited the School. The Head Master announced that the annual collection in aid of the Language Fund was being made in the district and asked the boys and masters to join in a School collection, the proceeds of which he would forward to the treasurer of the Gaelic League through the local Branch. Frank Dowling presented a pair of Chameleons to the Museum.

Sept. 24.—Miss Helen Laird visited the School and accepted the Head Master's invitation to deliver a Half-Holiday lecture on Botany during the session. Our Nature Log records the receipt to-day of a specimen of the *Drosera Rotundifolia* or Round-leaved Sundew from Colm MacDonnell, who is getting up a Northern *blas* at the Ulster College of Irish at Cloughaneely.

Sept. 25.—Mr. Padraic Colum took up the teaching of English Literature and Composition in the Middle Grade and Matriculation Class.

Sept. 26.—Eoin Mac Gavock presented a Starfish, some rare shells, and a handsome Saw-fly to the Museum.

Sept. 27.—A new day-boy, Samhairle MacGarvey. The athletes note that he will be a big acquisition in the football field. The Head Master announced that the amount collected from the boys and masters for the Language Fund had reached the creditable total of £5, which he had forwarded to the proper quarter.

Sept. 28.—Our Chaplain, Father Landers, gave us his first address for the session. He announced that he would present a gold medal at the end of the year for the best answering at an examination (in Irish and English) in the subject matter of his instructions during the year.

Sept. 31.—Classes in Experimental Science and Chemistry under the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction com-

Sam. 18. An-obairi ar riuḃal aḡ ar t mac
Cumail, uilleoc ó mórtá, aḡur hoiribearo
ó buacalla aḡ réanaí deiróplán.

Sam. 27. Ծ'իմքշեամար լոււեք քելե եւե
1 n-ճարօ Շումանն լորճանն Նաօմէա ճշը
Բուսեւեամար 1տօ օք մարտ 2 շնի 7 շնիւն 1
n-ճարօ 1 շնի 4 շնիւն. Բարօ ամբա. Շամոնն
Բուրխն օօ ճի մար Շամոնն քարծմա ճի ար
ճիւրքաւոն. Ծ'իմք Շամոնն, Մարք ճ քարա-
ճար, Տամարիւե մաճ ՏարԲաւշ, յա ԾօճարԲաւշ,
քիօնրարիւ ճ Ծոնշաւ, քաթար ճ Ծօնարե, ան
Բիւրճճ ճշար ան Երօմոնեճ ճօ հիօնշաւաճ.

Sam. 28. Τὸ ἄμαρτι καθαίρει ἀπὸ θεοδικίας
να ἤλθῃσαν.

Sam. 29. ba bhrónač linn rgeal báir mátor
aintoraiar uí muinneacán ro élor inoiu. Ar
óeir Dé so maib a hanam.

mí na n. 3. O'innir an táro-máiziriri
 óinn zo raib úr-cluice oéanta aige
 o' "iozapán" asur zo raib ré as briaé ari é o
 léiruagó i oeannta cluice pároaic mhic
 cuilm rá lá féile briaé.

mí na n. 4. *Thug an bean uapal eiblin níc
 tigeamais léigeaíocht dúinn ar an luib-eolar.
 Is áluinn maith éuip rí ríor ar na ríoltaib agur
 ar an póirt gluaireadta atá ag ríoltaib áiríte.
 Thug an Doctóir Seánán Mac Énri agur
 Phionnriar ó haité cuaité onainn inoib.*

mi na n. 5. Bi ar bapurthor i lathari as an
gcluide perle bi roir zairzioris ciarriarige asur
zairzioris luszmarige noiu. Siao na ciarri-
marigis muz cpaob na heimeann leo. Bi oarib-
lathari oo tharimaro o cpoimn an fupunn
ciarriarige.

mí na n. 8. Lá féile muipe san Smál. Lá
 raoinne.

μίνα π. 9. Τορνυζεαὸ ἀμ ρζήνυσιζτιβ να
 νοσλας. Ο'φθαλαμ αν τάρη-μάιζιρτσιμ ζο
 mbéimír ας ρζαιρεαὸ ὁ céile αν 18αὸ 1ά.

μί na η. 10. λέιγεαὲτ εἰλε ἀρi ἀν λυιθ-
εολαp ó εἰβλiν níc τiζεαpηαιζ.

Day in Holy Week. The Head Master announced that Mr. Colum was writing an English play for us on the subject of Da Dearga's Hostel and the death of Conaire Mor, and added that he would shortly make an announcement about the Irish play.

Nov. 14.—Feast of St. Lorcan O'Toole, in whose honour we had a free evening.

Nov. 18.—Mysterious noises and lights in a storeroom in the lower regions led to rumours of a ghost, or the hatching of a gunpowder plot. It turned out that Arthur Cole, Ulick Moore, and Herbert Buckley had established an aeroplane factory—Arthur Cole has completed a large model which he guarantees will fly.

Nov. 27.—We played the O'Tooles in football again, and wiped out our defeat of Oct. 23rd by a noble victory. We were the better team all through, though at one moment the issue looked doubtful. The final score stood 2 goals 7 points for us against 1 goal 4 points for the O'Tooles. This victory over the leaders of the Minor League is something to be proud of. Bulfin captained and played splendidly, and wonderful work was done by Fraher, MacGarvey, the O'Dohertys, Connolly, Conroy, Burke, and Cronin.

Nov. 28.—Visit to the Science and Art Museum.

Nov. 29.—We were grieved to-day to hear of the death of Mr. Moynihan's mother in Cork. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a hanam.

Dec. 3.—The Head Master told us that he had written a Miracle Play on the subject of "Iosagan" and that this would probably be the Irish play to be staged with Mr. Colum's English play about St. Brigid's Day.

Dec. 4.—Miss Helen Laird gave us a delightful Demonstration Lecture on Plant Life, with special reference to "walking" seeds. Dr. Henry and Mr. Francis O'Hart of Mexico visited the School.

Dec. 5.—Most of us were present at the All-Ireland Football Final between Kerry and Louth at Jones' Road. We cheered Kerry's victory, especially as Jerome Cronin's brother, Frank, was on the team.

Dec. 8.—Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Special Whole Holiday.

Dec. 9.—Christmas Exams. commenced. The Head Master announced that the Christmas Holidays would begin on the 18th.

Dec. 10.—Miss Laird delivered a second lecture on Plant Life.

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