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MAY, 1913.

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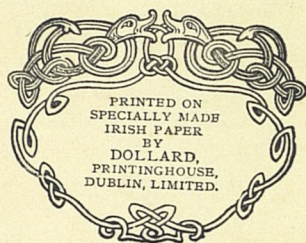
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mbaδ lαoú ari áτ nó fearí fairne ari áirō zác mac díob aζur é aζ cornam a clú
féin aζur clú a éinrō ari fóirneairt dáoine aζur deamán na cquinne.

Ir é iomoiria óleazár zác macaom̄ do d'éanam̄, .i. eiriompláir an
macaom̄ do b'fearí dā muzad̄ i n'éirinn miam̄ do leamhain, .i. Cúculainn
mac Suaitam̄; óir do éail an macaom̄ rin a beata pul dā zcaillreab̄
fé a einelá, aζur, dailta Macaom̄ eile ari a d'páctramuro ari ball, zró
zo maib̄ fé féin neam̄-éionntac̄, éuz fé a beata ari ron éionnta a éinrō.
Ni iairfear an méirō rin ari don mac de macraib̄ an lae inóiu; aét iairfear
ari zác mac ari an domán eiriompláir an Macaom̄ eile úo do leamhain,
.i. an Macaom̄ do éuair̄ ríor zo narpairt eirác aζur do bí umal dā máclair
aζur dā áclair.

ράτοραϊc mac pīarais.

By Way of Comment.

WHEN I sent out the last number of AN MACAOMH from Cullenswood House I had no more idea that within twelve months I should be sending out this number from a slope of the Dublin Mountains than that I should be sending it out from the plains of Timbuctoo. Yet very soon afterwards I had convinced myself that the work I had planned to do for my pupils was impossible of accomplishment at Cullenswood. We were, so to speak, too much in the Suburban Groove. The city was too near; the hills were too far. The house itself, beautiful and roomy though it was, was not large enough for our swelling numbers. The playfield, though our boys had trained themselves there to be the cleverest hurlers in Dublin, gave no scope for that spacious outdoor life, that intercourse with the wild things of the woods and the wastes (the only things in Ireland that know what Freedom is), that daily adventure face to face with elemental Life and Force, with its moral discipline, with its physical hardening, which ought to play so large a part in the education of a boy. Remember that our ideal was the playgreen of Eamhain, where the most gracious of all education systems had its finest expression. In a word, St. Enda's had the highest aim in education of any school in Ireland: it must have the worthiest home.

To these considerations was soon added another. The parents of some of my boys were pressing me to establish a similar school for girls. I had hoped that this burden would be taken up by someone else; but, though many were eager to join us, no one seemed quite sufficiently detached from the claims of other service to become the standard bearer of this new adventure. Then it came to me, with the clearness of a call to action, that by taking one very bold step I could at once achieve a more ample future for St. Enda's and make it possible for a sister-school to come into being, with similar potentialities of growth. If I could transplant St. Enda's to some wide and beautiful place among or near the hills, Cullenswood House (which was fortunately my property) would naturally become the cradle of a girls' school, even as it had cradled St. Enda's. Here was a great possibility. All those interested in my work agreed as to its desirability. I have constantly found that to desire is to hope, to hope is to believe, and to believe is to

accomplish. I wrote to some friends, poor but generous people who had helped me in other causes; I consulted those of the parents of my boys whom it was my privilege to know personally; a sufficient number of those thus appealed to shared my desire transmuted, through hope, to faith; and our faith has found its inevitable fruition in accomplishment. St. Enda's has now as noble a home as any other school in Ireland can have had either in old time or in new; and Cullenswood House shelters its sister-school of St. Ita's. Thus the adventure of three years ago is seen to have been the forerunner of a new order; and AN MACAOMH, hitherto the organ of a School, becomes in some sense the organ of a movement.

The permanence of that order is not yet guaranteed; the issue of that movement I do not yet see. Wise men have told me that I ought never to set my foot on a path unless I can see clearly whither it will lead me. But that philosophy would condemn most of us to stand still till we rot. Surely one can do no more than assure oneself that each step one takes is right: and as to the rightness of a step one is fortunately answerable only to one's own conscience and not to the wise men of the countinghouses. The street will pass judgment on our enterprises according as they have "succeeded" or "failed"; but if one can feel that one has striven faithfully to do a right thing does not one stand ultimately justified, no matter what the issue of one's attempt, no matter what the sentence of the street?

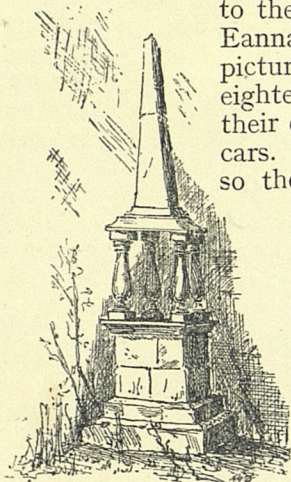
In most of the affairs of life a fund of faith is a more valuable asset than a sum in Consols. Many years ago I knew a parish priest who wanted to build a church. He went to his bank for a loan. When asked by the bank manager what security he had to offer, he made the simple and natural reply: "St. Joseph will see you paid." "St. Joseph is an estimable saint," said the bank manager, "but unfortunately he is not a negotiable security." The *mot* passed into a proverb among the commercial folk of Dublin and the bank manager gained the reputation of a wit. Both bank manager and priest have since gone down to dusty death; but the priest's dying eyes saw his church walls rising slowly and to-day the church stands, grave and beautiful, in the midst of the people. The laugh, to speak without irreverence, is on the side of St. Joseph. So does the spiritual always triumph over the actual (for the spiritual, being the true actual, is stronger than the forms and bulks we call actual), and a simple man's faith is found more potent than a negotiable instrument. If sometimes this does not seem to hold, it is because of some wavering or unworthiness on the part of those who profess the faith, some shrinking from an ultimate heroism, some coming home to them of an old and forgotten sin. That is why in the history of the world the tales of its lost causes move us most and teach

us best. Each of our own souls has its own unwritten annals of causes lost and won. Some of us might fight our silent interior battles more stubbornly if we realised that the issue of each one of them has a bearing on the issue of every battle that shall ever again be fought for all eternity. The causes, earthly and divine, which we champion suffer from every defeat that Right has ever undergone in the fortresses of our hearts. Lonely as each soul is in its barred house, it is part of a universal conscription, and its every disgrace brings dishonour on the flag. It can best be true to its causes, and to the great cause, by being true to its finest self.

So much depends on what we only half know and on what we know not at all in ourselves and in those about us, that no man can be certain how his schemes will eventuate. But be sure that if we do manfully the thing that seems right to us we must in the long run rise to some achievement. It may not be the achievement we dreamt of; it may, to the world and even to ourselves, wear the aspect of a failure. But the world is not our judge, and a weary and disappointed spirit is often unjust to itself. My friends and I hope and believe that we have founded in Sgoil Eanna and Sgoil Ide two noble schools which for many years to come will send out Irish boys and girls filled with that heroic spirit which in old days gave Macha strength to run her race and prompted Enda to leave a king's house for the desolation of Aran, and which in the days of our great-grandfathers sent Emmet with a smiling face to the gibbet in Thomas Street and nerved Anne Devlin to bare her back to the scourges of SIRR's soldiery. A new heroic age in Ireland may be a visionary's dream, or it may come about in some other way than that which we have planned; our schools may pass away or degenerate: but at least this attempt has been made, this right thing has been striven after, and there will be something to the good somewhere if it be only a memory and a resolve in the heart of one of the least of our pupils.

I am not sure whether it is symptomatic of some development within me, or is merely a passing phase, or comes naturally from the associations that cling about these old stones and trees, that, whereas at Cullenswood House I spoke oftenest to our boys of Cuchulainn and his compeers of the Gaelic prime, I have been speaking to them oftenest here of Robert Emmet and the heroes of the last stand. Cuchulainn was our greatest inspiration at Cullenswood; Robert Emmet has been our greatest inspiration here. In truth, it was the spirit of Emmet that led me to these hillsides. I had been reading Mr. Gwynn's book, and I came out to Rathfarnham in the wake of Emmet, tracing him from Marshalsea Lane to Harold's Cross, from Harold's Cross to Butterfield House, from Butterfield House to the Priory and the Hermitage. In Butterfield Lane the house where he lived and where Anne Devlin kept

her vigil still stands ; the fields that were once Brian Devlin's dairy farm are still green. At the Priory John Philpot Curran entertained and talked, and there Emmet came and raised grave pleading eyes to Sarah Curran. Across the way, at the Hermitage, Edward Hudson had made himself a beautiful home, adding a portico and a new wing



SGOIL EANNA: The Grave of Sarah Curran's Horse.
(drawn by Alfred McGloughlin.)

to the solemn old granite house that is now Sgoil Eanna, and dotting his woods and fields with the picturesque bridges and arches and grottoes on which eighteenth-century proprietors spent the money that their descendants (if they had it) would spend on motor-cars. The Hudsons and the Currans were friends ; and, so the legend runs, Emmet and Sarah met oftener at the Hermitage than at the Priory, for they feared the terrible eye of Curran. Old people still point out the places where they walked and sat : the path that runs through our wood to the left of the avenue is known as Emmet's Walk, and the pseudo-military building occupied as one of our lodges is called Emmet's Fort. A monument in the wood, beyond the little lake, is said to mark the spot where a horse of Sarah Curran's was killed and is buried. I have not troubled to verify these minute traditions ; I doubt if they are capable of verification. The main story is true enough. We know that Emmet walked under these trees (some of them were already old when with bent head he passed beneath their branches up the walk, tapping the ground with his cane as was his wont) ; he must often have sat in this room where I now sit, and, lifting his eyes, have seen that mountain as I see it now (it is Kilmashogue, amid whose bracken he was to couch the night the soldiers were in Butterfield House), bathed in a purple haze as a yellow wintry sun sets, while Tibbradden has grown dark behind it. I do not think a house could have a richer memory to treasure, or a school a finer inspiration, than that of that quiet figure with its eyes on Kilmashogue.

Edward Hudson's son, William Elliott Hudson, was born in this house on August 11th, 1796. He lived to be the friend of Davis and Duffy, and whenever any good cause they had at heart was endangered for want of funds, Hudson's purse was always open. The Celtic and Ossianic Societies found him an unwearied patron. He died in 1857, having a few months before his death endowed the Royal Irish Academy with the fund for the publication of its still unfinished Irish Dictionary. He also left the Academy his library. If ever we have money to spare we will place a bust of that good man in one of our halls (the Academy has,

I think, a marble bust of him by Christopher Moore). It is a strange and a symbolic thing that the house in which William Hudson was born should after a hundred and fourteen years become the locus of such an endeavour as ours, and that his father's grottoes and woodland cells, though they never (as Hudson seems to have hoped posterity might believe) resounded to chant of monk or voice of mass-bell, should re-echo the Irish war-cries of eighty militant young Gaels who find them admirably adapted for defence, in the absence of cannon. Edward Hudson, in the eighteenth century, had his eyes on the sixth century, but he was building for us in the twentieth. His quarrying had ends he did not foresee, and his piled stones have found at last their destined use.

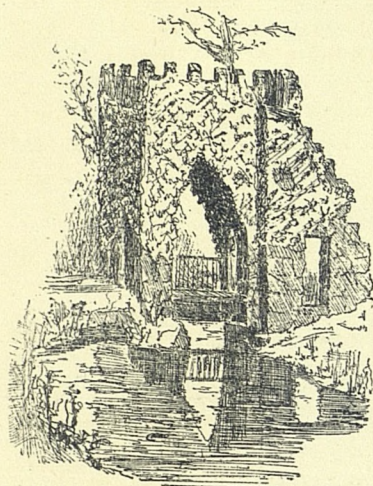
One of the Hudsons married James Henthorne Todd, whose place is the next to ours on the Dublin side. On the other side of us stretches Marlay, through which our stream comes from Glensouthwell and the hills. "Buck" Whaley's more modest mansion is beyond the Priory. They were noble homes, those eighteenth-century mansions of Co. Dublin. An aroma as of high courtesy and rich living, sometimes passing into the riotous, still adheres to them. The Bossi mantelpieces, the great spaces of hall, the old gardens, with their fountains and sun dials, carefully walled in from the wilderness, all this has a certain homely stateliness, a certain artificiality if you will, not very Irish, yet expressive of a very definite phase in Irish, or Anglo-Irish, history. In such mansions as these lived those who ruled Ireland ; in such mansions as these lived those who sold Ireland.

A prayer for Edward Hudson who made this home for us. A prayer for him for the spaciousness of soul which, while he was sufficiently the creature of his day to wall his inner garden with walls as straight and square as ever eighteenth-century formalist loved, prompted him to fling his outer walls now near, now far, up hill and down dale, so as to include within their verge not only the long straggling wood, and the four wide fields, but a winding strip of mountain glen with a rushing stream at its bottom. Perhaps I ought to say that I am not really sure that it was Hudson who built these walls : indeed



SGOIL EANNA: Where the River comes in!
(drawn by Alfred McGloughlin.)

walls were here half a century before his time; but there is a fashion at Sgoil Eanna of attributing everything, ancient and modern, to Edward Hudson, who has become a sort of local equivalent of the Roman guide's Michelangelo. "'Tis wonderful the life a bit of water gives to a place," said my predecessor's gardener when conducting me



SGOIL EANNA: An Old Bridge on the Stream (drawn by Alfred McGloughlin.)

on my first tour over the Hermitage. The stream makes three leaps within our grounds, and over each cascade thus formed a bridge has been thrown. When the river is in spate, as now, I hear the roar of the nearest cascade, a quarter-of-a-mile off, at night from my bedroom. It reminds me of the life out there in the woods, in the grass, in the river. And in truth I don't think more of wild life can be crowded into fifty acres anywhere else so near Dublin. It is not merely that the familiar birds of Irish woods and gardens seem to swarm here in numbers that I do not remember to have seen paralleled elsewhere, but that the shy creatures of the mountains and hidden places abide with us or come down often to visit us, as if they felt at home here. With a smothered cry a partridge or a snipe will sometimes rise from your feet in the wood; when you come through the fields on some wide place of the stream you will not seldom surprise a heron rising on slow wings and drifting lazily away; often a coot will splash in the water. But the glory of our stream is its kingfishers. You catch athwart the current, between the steep wooded banks, a quiver of blue, a blue strange and exotic amid the sober greys and browns; then another and another, sometimes as many as five at a time, like so many quivering blue flames. We are all under *geasa* to cherish the rare, beautiful creature that has made our stream its home. There are fiercer and stronger fishers that haunt the stream too. Once or twice I have seen the lithe eager form of an otter gliding behind the sallies where the stream cuts deep. I think it is partly to that freebooter we owe it that the trout are not as numerous now as they were of yore. Yet we will not intervene between him and the fish: let them fight on their old war, instinct against instinct. Sometimes rabbits come out and gambol under the trees in the evening; and they are happy, in the foolish way of rabbits, till one of the river rats wants his supper. So day and night there is red murder in the greenwood and in every greenwood in the world. It is murder and death that make possible the terrible

beautiful thing we call physical life. Life springs from death, life lives on death. Why do we loathe worms and vultures? We all batten on dead things, even as they do, only we, like most of our fellow-creatures, kill on purpose to eat, whereas they eat what has been killed without reference to them. All of which would be very terrible were death really an evil thing. . . . The otter and the river rats had made me forget the gentle squirrels. They share our trees with the birds, and try in vain to teach them (and us) their providence. A flying hurley ball has no terrors for them, and sometimes they disport in the chestnut tree in the playfield even while a hurling match is in progress. They have a distant outpost beyond the walls. Often I see one running across the road from the Priory woods to ours. Long may their little colony flourish.

If our boys observe their fellow-citizens of the grass and woods and water as wisely and as lovingly as they should, I think they will learn much. That was one of my hopes in bringing them here from the suburbs. Every education must be said to fail which does not bring to the child two things, an inspiration and a certain hardening. Inspiration will come from the hero-stories of the world and especially of his own people; from the associations of the school place; from the humanity and great-heartedness of the teacher; from religion, humbly and reverently taught, humbly and reverently accepted, if it be really a spiritual religion and not a mere formula. In proportion as they bring such inspiration schools fulfil well the first part of their task. But they have more to do than this.

No dream is more foolish than the dream of some sentimentalists that the reign of force is past, or passing; that the world's ancient law of unending strife has been repealed; that henceforward the first duty of every man is to be dapper. If I say that it is still the first duty of every man to be good, I shall be accused of being trite; but I am not more sure of the rightness of this than I am that it is the second duty of every man to be strong. We want again the starkness of the antique world. There will be battles, silent and terrible, or loud and catastrophic, while the earth and the heavens last; and woe to him who flinches when his enemy compasses him about, for to him alone damnation is due. If this is true, it is of the uttermost importance that we should train every child to be an efficient soldier, efficient to fight, when need is, his own, his people's, and the world's battles, spiritual and temporal. And the old Ossianic definition of efficiency holds good: "Strength in our hands, truth on our lips, and purity in our hearts."

"Strength in our hands." Our boys at Sgoil Eanna (and our girls at Sgoil Ide) have been seeking and gaining strength in their hands and

all that strength of hand connotes (for the Ossianic storyteller meant the phrase to cover much) in many places and by divers ways, but chiefly on their playing fields and by wielding their camans. My salient recollection of last year will always be of a sunny hurling field and the rush of our players up it; of the admiration of the onlookers to see such light boyish figures, looking whiter and slighter in their white jerseys and knickers than they really were, pitted against young men, yet going into the field so nonchalantly; of the deep cheer often repeated as their opponents piled up points; of Maurice Fraher, grand in defence, rallying a losing field; of the battle-cry "Sgoil Eanna" ringing out in clear boyish voices as Eamonn Bulfin received the ball from Vincent through Fred O'Doherty; of breathless suspense at a passage of miraculous passing between Eamonn Bulfin, Brendan O'Toole, and Frank Burke, back and forward, forward and back, all the world wondering; of Jerome Cronin standing ready, a slight figure, collected and watchful; of Burke, daring as Cuchulainn (whom he resembles too in his size and in his darkness), outwitting or prostrating some towering full-back; of a quick pass to Jerome Cronin, Jerome's lightning leap, his swift swinging stroke, and the ball singing into the goal as the heavens rang to the shout of "Sgoil Eanna!" Some such rally as this (it was like Cuchulainn's battle-fury when Laegh reviled him) brought us absolute victory or changed rout into honourable defeat on many a hurling and football field last year. We fought our way through the season, winning the leadership and medals in the Juvenile Hurling League and losing them in Minor Hurling and Football only in the finals.

This year we have called into existence (or rather Dr. Doody has called into existence on our behalf) a Leinster Inter-College Championship in Hurling and Football, which will further stimulate Sgoil Eanna to excel at its chosen games. And I am seeing to it that all our lads learn to shoot, to fence, to march, to box, to wrestle, and to swim. I hope that the other schools and colleges will follow us here, too. Every day I feel more certain that the *hardening* of her boys and young men is the work of the moment for Ireland.

The National University is at work, and Irish is part of its essential basis of study. The banner of Sgoil Eanna has been carried proudly into it by Denis Gwynn. At the examination in October for Entrance Scholarships at University College, Dublin, he won the first of the Classical Scholarships (£50), fighting, like our hurlers, a boy against men. His subjects were Greek, Latin, and Irish. This of course is the highest academic distinction open to any pupil of a secondary school in Ireland. We may do memorable things in the years that are to come, but nothing more memorable, nothing more gallant, than this achievement of Denis Gwynn's in the first year of the National University.

Frank Connolly, Joseph Fegan, and William Bradley have also matriculated, so that something of our soldier spirit will soon be surging through Irish student-life outside these walls.

We sent forward some of our boys for the Intermediate last year, deviating from our maxims so far as to devote some weeks towards the end of the year to translating Irish and French texts into English. In the issue, John Dowling won an Exhibition in the Modern Literary Course of the Junior Grade, qualified for a Prize in the Science Course, and won a Composition Prize in Irish. If we had concentrated on Intermediate work and adopted Intermediate methods I have no doubt we should have done even better. But we have not concentrated on Intermediate work, and have no intention of doing so; and as for methods, it is for the Intermediate Board to adopt ours, not for us to adopt theirs. In this coming year we shall use the Intermediate even more sparingly, convinced that our boys will be the gainers.

If we had been believers in luck we should never have left Cullenswood House, seeing that we achieved there last year the highest academic distinction and also the highest athletic distinction achievable by a secondary school in Ireland. Whatever tradition of success clings around the place our boys magnanimously bequeath to their sisters and little brothers who now sit in their old classrooms and play in their old field. Of these newcomers in Cullenswood House little can be written here, for they have yet their history to make. When I go to see them I find them full of a great eagerness to attempt something, to accomplish something, if need be, to suffer something. I think that is the right spirit in which to begin the making of history.

When our boys returned to Cullenswood House last January, after their Christmas Vacation, I had to convey to them a New Year greeting from a dead comrade. Robert Ryan had been with us since our earliest months. He left us on October 11th,—it was the day that Dr. Hyde visited us, and poor Bob's last answer to the familiar Sgoil Eanna summons was to hear An Craoibhin speak in our Study Hall. Afterwards, as I stood with Dr. Hyde in the Gymnasium, he came to me to say good-bye. For two months we heard tidings of him, now hopeful, now despondent, from those who watched in his western home. On the last night of 1909 he died. After he was dead came his message to us, with a gift for the School leader whom he had loved. There is nothing in the setting free from its prison of so beautiful a spirit as his at which anyone should repine: as well repine when a fair forest bird is restored to liberty from a barred cage. I think God makes some delicate souls for Himself only, and that in infinite tenderness He stretches out His hands to them before the world's woe has appalled

them, as a father takes a sensitive child in his arms lest the evening dark affright it.

Bob Ryan's affection for Sgoil Eanna was very moving. To it, directly or indirectly, we owe half-a-dozen of last year's and this year's pupils. Loyalty to places, to persons, was in him an instinct. He was full of little plans for the future of the School, full of little contrivances for perfecting its organisation. Serious beyond his thirteen years, he was yet not an "indoor" boy: gay and brave in the hurling field, he was a daring horseman, and, indeed, an accident in the Jumping Competition at the Dublin Horse Show of 1909 was the remote cause of his death.

It was to Eamonn Bulfin Bob Ryan sent his last gift. Very soon after, Eamonn himself was struck by a nearer sorrow. When the knightly spirit of our School Captain's father passed away in February, the greatest grief next to that of his own household was surely Sgoil Eanna's. He had been with us and had spoken at our Distribution of Prizes a few months previously, and we had felt as we stood erect under the spell of his character that the heroes were not all dead.

It seems a far cry now back to our plays of February last on the little stage at Cullenswood House, and their subsequent performance in the Abbey Theatre. Mr. Colum's dramatisation of one of the high tragedies of the Gael, "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," was in the mood of great antique art, the mood of Egyptian sculpture and *dán díreach* verse, solemn, uplifting, serenely sad like the vigil of those high ones who watch with pitying but unrelenting eyes the awful dooms and dolours of men. It is a great privilege to be allowed to publish it in this number of AN MACAOMH. The other play, my dramatisation of my own "Iosagan," owed whatever beauty it had, a beauty altogether of interpretation, to the young actors who played it; and they did bring into it something of the beauty of their own fresh lives, the beauty of boyhood, the beauty of childhood. I fear we shall find it difficult in the future to achieve anything finer in acting than was achieved by Sorley MacGarvey, Eamonn Bulfin, Desmond O'Ryan, and Denis Gwynn in "The Destruction of the Hostel," and by Patrick Conroy and the whole group of children in "Iosagan." And an almost higher achievement was the vast solemnity, the remote mysteriousness, put into the chant of the Three Red Pipers by Fred O'Doherty, John Dowling, and Milo MacGarry. We performed the plays three times in our theatre during February. In April we repeated them at the Abbey with Dr. Hyde's "An Naomh ar Iarraidh" and Mr. O'Grady's "The Coming of Fionn."

We brought the year to a close by going down to Cuchulainn's country and performing the Cuchulainn Pageant at the Castlebellingham

Feis. I think that was the most spacious day in all our two years since we had come together to Sgoil Eanna. I shall remember long the march of the boys round the field in their heroic gear, with their spears, their swords, their hounds, their horses; the sun shining on comely fair heads and straight sturdy bare limbs; the buoyant sense of youth and life and strength that was there. There was another march with our pipers and banner to the station; and then a march home through the lamplit streets of Dublin. It was our last march to the old Sgoil Eanna. We have a larger school now, in a worthier place; but the old place and the faces in that march (for some who marched that night have never since answered a rally of Sgoil Eanna and never will again as schoolboys) are often in my mind; and sometimes I wonder whether, if ever I need them for any great service, they will rally, as many of them have promised to do, from wherever they may be, holding faith to the inspiration and the tradition I have tried to give them.

• ρᾶΤΟΡΑΙC ΜΑC ΠΙἈΡΑΙC.

Interior.

The little moths are creeping
Across the cottage pane :
On the floor the chickens gather,
They make talk and complain.

And she sits by the fire
Who has reared so many men ;
Her voice is low as the chickens'
With the things she says again.

“ The sons that come back do be restless,
They search for the thing to say,
Then they take thought like the swallows,
And the morrow brings them away.

“ In the old old times upon Innish,
The fields were lucky and bright,
And if you lay down you'd be covered,
By the grass of one soft night.”

PADRAIC COLUM.

CAIRMEARTA CAṬA.

B'é iarrma ba meara de'n leactrom agus de'n anforlann do himpead ar ḡaeḡealaib le cian amripe, an t'e uabair agus an náire do ḡaib iad fá n-a mbunad agus fá n-a dteangain féin. Ba móir an tuairliar agus an tionóirḡ a leitéro d'áon éinead, áct ba feadct meara do ḡaeḡealaib é 'ná d'áon d'eam eile ; mar ḡur d'áoine nac n'óeannann feidm ná éifeadct mara mbionn a mórdáil agus a meanna uallaḡ d'á ḡcoirnam ar an ḡcinnemaint agus 'ḡá m'p'ortuḡad eum a n'óeḡraḡct do éaiteam agus a n'óeḡeall do d'eanam. T'ráct ir féioir leo a ráḡ “ Tout est perdu, fors l'honneur ” ir ionntaob' iad ; áct nuair cailltear clá a n-oiḡḡ agus a mórdáil féin arca féin, ní feicfeair ionnta áct éinead nem-éifeadctac meadta r'p'iuinnlaite, iad ḡo laḡ ḡan coirp'ige ḡan iarradct i n-umar na hamleire. Ní coir d'á d'earḡaib rin b'riḡ beaḡ do d'eanam d'éin-nid d'á laiḡead d'á mbaineann le r'áirḡ agus le huabair árraide ar ḡcinnro. Ir beaḡ d'úine c'uirfeair i n-éifeadct toiraḡ ionlán na ḡcáit'eadct agus na n-áir'óeann do b'ionn Oia air ; ir é áir ir feairi c'uirge reo 'ná lán-muiniḡin do beit áḡ d'úine ar féin agus baramail baramail lároir aige ar a comadtaib—áct cur ḡo teann de d'earcaib ḡnám leir an mbaramail rin. Ní luḡa ir feoir do éinead 'ná do d'úine ; agus ní t'iofpaíḡ an tuairim rin do ḡaeḡealaib nó ḡo mberḡ an mórdáil árraide aca ar a rinnfeairiaib agus ar ḡac bunad o'n ar fiolp'uirgeadair ; ḡo nac mberḡ ḡarrún nó ḡearr-b'otac de'n t'rean-fuil nac mberḡ lán-eolar aige fá ḡac d'ig'it agus ceannar réime, fá ḡac nóir agus ḡac ruaidceantar, d'áir bair le h'Ó Ceallaig i n'ead'óruim nó le h'Ó Ruairc D'heirne, le h'Ó Súilleabáin nó le Mac Cairteais nó le h'Ó Maoiruaian, le h'Ó ḡallc'obair nó h'Ó b'aoiḡill, 'read, agus ní fáḡam ḡan áir'eam ḡearraitaig agus p'aoirais agus b'arrais Ruad'á nó cinéal ar bit eile, óir ir iad bí ḡo maic ḡo minic i n-am an ḡábatair.

B'i a ceol féin áḡ ḡac éinead. Áḡ baint le c'uiriaib eogairḡ a f'ur'óir. An ḡnár céadna áḡ na b'áir'obair do c'uir buair'ead ar tuḡct ionairḡ riḡḡe ḡarana, ir é do éleadctuis na r'io'obair do bí líonmair agus éifeadctac i n-ágarḡ na n'ḡall ; agus b'é nóir é, áḡ cumad a n'óain féin, áḡ molaḡ na n-uairle, agus cinn ḡac cinnro. Tá a lán de'n fiul'eadct úo, áct ir beaḡ atá áḡainn de'n ceol, nó baḡ c'uirge a ráḡ, nil áḡainn áct b'úrḡar an ceoil úo, agus ir d'earcair a f'naḡmad le céite ar an nuad.

D'úine ar bit féadcar leabair Liam ḡra'ctanaig Uí M'óir'euite, leac. 181-6, éirḡo ré c'ru'eam'nar d'ainḡean ar éabáct na b'io'obair, i líon na b'p'ar'óin do c'uir'ead amac leir an R'iaḡaltair d'óib. Cia an fáct ar t'earctuis na p'ar'óin ro uacá ? De bair an d'lig'e do minnead i n-a ḡcoinnib toirḡ an áir'ó-éim do bí aca i ḡc'uiriaib áca, agus a n'olúct-baint le réim agus le cáil mórdálaḡ ḡac cinnro. Ir f'ura an nid céadna d'feic'iric i n'áibain fá lácair agus i ḡca'airḡ áibanaḡa airim ḡarana.

Δε πο im' óiarò ceol cógairò tSíl Cóimniḡ i nAlbain

Ureacadh an tse	Supracán
An Cruinnuḡadh	Tulaḡ Ḍro
Forrián nuair ḡagann an Ceann Cinnò i Láthair	Fáilte Mhic Cóimniḡ
Mairreadh mall	An Cúilfionn
Mairreadh éargairò	Cairteal Dunain
An ionnparòde	Calair Féro
Spreacadh i ruic an cāta	Cat tSroin
Cumha aḡ Soḡrao	Cumha Mhic Cóimniḡ
Lurḡe na ḡrēine	Siubal Cioinn 'Cōimniḡ
Tatoo	Ceann Oroiḡero Ḍainn
Rabadh leat-uair roim' óinnḡar	Cat ḡlunn Siadail
1 ḡcaiteamh na ppoinne	Cat Slēibe an tSiora

Δε πο readar an méro reo tā fáilte firi Cōmarac aḡur Cumha Eaduin Mhic Cōimniḡ an ḡarlocā aḡur curò eile nac iao.

Ir pollur, aḡt eolar do cup ar óealḡ aḡur ar óeanamh p̄iobairpeac̄ta Ḍban, nac ḡfuit i n-ar ḡcuro jigs aḡur reels aḡt ḡr̄p̄rḡar 'p̄iobairpeac̄ta'; ir léir nac ḡfuit i ḡcuro áir̄ite óiob aḡt roinn ḡeir̄o p̄iob-p̄uir̄ic éir̄in, an Cpannluac̄ nó an Cpannluac̄ amac̄. P̄uir̄ic Mairreada ir ead̄ curò eile aḡ aḡur forrián nó fáilci nó cumāi ir ead̄ curò ḡe na hamr̄ánaiḡ atā ḡo coitḡeann aḡainn.

An cēao um̄ir̄ eile ḡe'n M̄AC̄AOM̄, mā'r plān beo ḡáinn ḡo léir, cuir̄read̄ ir̄teac̄ leaḡan p̄iobairpeac̄ta ar na por̄taiḡ reo leanaḡ :—

1. Mairreadh ḡruain ḡóir̄ine.
2. Mairreadh Óail ḡCair̄ (An ḡótar̄ Ó ḡuarò ḡo ḡraḡḡli).
3. An Fillead̄ ó fine ḡail (Ó ḡruain).
4. Mairreadh Uí Óonnabáin (Feao an Iolair̄).
5. Mairreadh Uí Súilleabáin M̄óir̄ (Seo jig coitḡeann ḡo ḡcantar̄ ráim̄er̄ éir̄in leir̄ i mḡearta "There was an ould woman tossed up in a blanket." aḡt tā an rean-ainm ceart aḡ na ḡaeóitḡeir̄ib "Mairreadh Uí Súilleabáin," aḡur na poela ro leanaḡ :—

De beata-ra, De beata-ra, De beata-ra, 'Uí Súilleabáin,
 De beata-ra a baile, 'Uí Súilleabáin M̄óir̄,
 De beata-ra a baile, a mair̄caḡ tar̄ páile
 De beata-ra 'r' do plāinc', 'Uí Súilleabáin M̄óir̄.

Ir léir ó'n méro rin ḡurab é fáilte Uí Súilleabáin M̄óir̄ atā ann; n̄l inr̄ an "mairreadh" aḡt ḡluair̄eac̄t éargairò ḡeir̄o an p̄uir̄ic. 'Sé leaḡan ir̄ read̄ir̄ atā le páḡáil air̄ ro 'nā an leaḡan atā i leabair̄ f̄earḡuir̄ ḡe Róir̄ciḡ i Lunnec̄ Tuad̄m̄han.

6. Mairreadh Ḍar̄or̄uim̄ m̄óir̄ Mhic Cōlla Cioḡaiḡ Mhic Óom̄nait̄l. (P̄iob-p̄oir̄c̄ f̄aḡa eile : tā ranna éarḡraḡla ḡe i nḡac̄ áit. An leaḡan ir̄ iomlāine ḡo cōnnac̄ mé ḡo póill, tā ré i leabair̄ an Róir̄ciḡ).

7. Mairreadh Uí Cōnait̄l (Cuir̄ead̄ am̄r̄án mōlta Óom̄nait̄l M̄óir̄ Uí Cōnait̄l "1 n̄b̄ Rāc̄ac̄ t̄iar," leir̄ an ḡronn ro aḡur p̄ór "Up with the Green Flag.")

8. Mairreadh Mhic C̄air̄caḡ ("The Lady in the Boat" t̄ur̄car̄ air̄ ḡo m̄im̄e i mḡearta).

9. Mairreadh Mhic Cōm̄ara.

10. Mairreadh Uí Ḍic̄ir̄.

11. Mairreadh Uí Óonnaḡaḡa an ḡleanna ("C̄im̄ an ḡleanna.")

(F̄iḡe na t̄ri cinn ḡeir̄o ro roḡainn, m̄aille le leaḡan ar̄ Mairreadh Uí Óom̄nait̄l aḡur ar̄ "F̄air̄e! F̄air̄e" leir̄ an ḡp̄oac̄ ó f̄ean-p̄iobair̄e uilleann i lonn̄oain ḡe m̄uim̄t̄ir̄ Ḍic̄ir̄. Tā r̄iḡo le páḡáil i leabair̄ an Róir̄ciḡ.)

12. Mairreadh Uí Óom̄nait̄l.

13. Mairreadh Ḍoḡa Ruarò.

14. Mairreadh Seaāin an Óiom̄air̄.

15. Mairreadh Eoḡain Ruarò Uí Néil.

16. Mairreadh Ruaròr̄i Uí M̄óro.

17. Mairreadh Mhic Cion̄aer̄ic̄ (Coil̄ite ḡl̄ara an ḡruḡa).

18. Mairreadh Mhic tSuid̄ne F̄anaic̄.

19. Cruinnuḡadh na nḡleann.

20. Mairreadh an tSair̄read̄aiḡ.

21. Mairreadh an C̄air̄c̄in ḡriallaiḡ.

22. Mairreadh na ḡp̄oac̄ (P̄leair̄aca na ḡlunne.)

Óeanann Ḍimeir̄leir̄ Ó ḡr̄aḡa t̄r̄ac̄t, i réam̄r̄ad̄ na ḡara coḡa ḡe "ḡóruḡeac̄t Óair̄m̄aḡa aḡur ḡr̄áinne," ar̄ Mairreadh Uí Súilleabáin ḡo Uair̄or̄uim̄ (1602).

Tā "Mairreadh M̄iḡ Uir̄oḡir̄" c̄ior̄ aḡ an Seoiḡeac̄ i n-a C̄nuar̄ac̄t M̄óir̄ C̄coil ḡaeóeal̄aiḡ, aḡt n̄il inr̄ an ḡronn ro aḡt mairreadh éir̄in Ḍbanac̄ nóta ar̄ nóta, nac m̄óir̄, mā'r ceart ir̄ cum̄in liom.

I n-a ḡp̄ar̄m̄ad̄ ro tā a lán "cum̄a" nó "c̄oim̄ead̄" aḡt t̄r̄ac̄t̄far̄ or̄ḡa rin uair̄ eile.

Tā, p̄ór, na p̄uir̄ic̄ reo leanaḡ ann aḡt n̄i p̄ior̄ cia leir̄ iao :—

F̄air̄e! F̄air̄e!
 F̄all̄ainḡ ar̄ f̄all̄ainḡ nó "An f̄all̄uim̄ḡin M̄uim̄neac̄."
 An R̄eilt̄eann leanaḡac̄ (Iḡ Rāc̄ac̄?)

ḡp̄ar̄c̄ain̄ ra ḡḡil̄eao (Mairreadh Óail ḡCair̄. ḡeir̄ Seoiḡre M̄aḡ f̄lann̄c̄aḡa nac r̄aiḡ inr̄ an ainm reo aḡt lear̄-ainm an f̄ir̄ t̄ur̄ ḡo'n c̄eolt̄oir̄ é).

Cat an Ruarò.

Um̄ir̄ 158. Curò I. Complete Petrie Collection.

Um̄ir̄ 487. " " "

Um̄ir̄ 295. " " "

F̄aḡp̄am̄uro r̄úo mar̄ atā ré.

P̄lāineao M̄uir̄e Eo, ḡml.

ḡioll̄abr̄iḡḡe ó cat̄áin.

A Poet Patriot

His songs were a little phrase
Of eternal song,
Drowned in the harping of lays
More loud and long.

His deed was a single word,
Called out alone
In the night when no echo stirred
To laughter or moan.

But his songs new souls shall thrill,
The loud harps dumb,
And his deed shall have echoes still
When the dawn is come.

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

The Destruction of the Hostel:

A DRAMATISATION OF THE SAGA "THE DESTRUCTION OF
DA DERGA'S HOSTEL."

CHARACTERS:

LOMNA DRUTH } foster-brothers to
FERROGAIN } Conaire, High
FERGOBAR } King of Ireland.

INGCEL, a British outlaw.

MAINE HONEYMOUTH, son of Medb of Connacht.

CONALL CERNACH } Heroes of
CORMAC CONDLOINGEAS, } the
son of Conchobar } Red Branch.
BRICRIU of the Evil Tongue }

MAC CECHT, the King's Champion.

NI-FRI-FLAITH, the King's little son.

THE THREE RED PIPERS FROM THE ELF-MOUNDS.

Scene: a place near the sea.

TABLEAU

A crowd of men, massed together, are looking intently out to sea. They are the outlaws from the British ships. One of the men is standing on the stump of a great tree. They perceive a signal. A lighted torch is handed to the man on the tree stump. He makes an answering signal with the torch. The men begin to arm hastily. Having armed they go off left. The man on the tree stump stands for a while. He goes off left.

The Banner of the Britons—a red Dragon on a white ground—is displayed back right. Lomna Druth is standing down from right. He is bare-headed and unarmed. Ferrogain, his brother, enters from left and goes to him.

LOMNA DRUTH, FERROGAIN.

FERROGAIN

You are unarmed, Lomna Druth.

LOMNA DRUTH

I stand here unarmed, for this is our native land, Ferrogain.

FERROGAIN

Our native land it is. But we are outlaws in our native land, Lomna Druth.

LOMNA DRUTH

Since the ships were turned towards Ireland my sleep has been sad and unquiet. This is our native land. We are outlaws in our native land. But our outlawry is little to me now. We have come to spoil our country. Conaire is King of Ireland. Once we were King Conaire's foster-brothers, and now we have come into Ireland, with outlaws of Britain, to waste Conaire's dominion.

FERROGAIN

It was King Conaire who banished us to the seas.

LOMNA DRUTH

Ours the fault, Ferrogain.

FERROGAIN

Banished from our own country we made league with Ingcel the Briton. This was our bond—that he should give us the spoil of Britain, and that we in return should give him the spoil of Ireland. 'Tis just.

LOMNA DRUTH

'Tis just, but it is woe for us.

FERROGAIN

Our brother Fergobar is steadfast for the raid.

LOMNA DRUTH

I will take no part in the raid.

FERROGAIN

Our words are pledged to Ingcel.

LOMNA DRUTH

I have thrown my sword into the sea.

(Ingcel enters from left, Ferrogain and Lomna Druth part. Lomna Druth goes to the right, Ferrogain down left.)

LOMNA DRUTH, FERROGAIN, INGCEL.

INGCEL

Companions, remember your bond with me. Remember the raid on my country when the King of my land was slain, and remember, too, who perished in the King's house.

FERROGAIN

We remember, Ingcel. Thy father and thy seven brothers perished there.

LOMNA DRUTH

It was in mixed battle and all unwittingly they were slain.

INGCEL

Destruction for destruction I will have. (He comes down). Ferrogain, it is given to you that you know every valley, and hill, and mansion, in Ireland. Tell me now, what mansion it is where the light of a fire comes from the main door and shines through the spokes of chariot-wheels?

FERROGAIN

Surely it is the guest-house that stands on the road to Tara—the guest-house of Da Derga.

LOMNA DRUTH

A guest-house is sanctuary in every land. 'Tis wrong to sack a guest-house.

INGCEL

Lomna, when we made our oaths we made no reservation as to a guest-house. Now, Ferrogain. Outside the house are the chariots of a great cavalcade. What concourse would be there?

FERROGAIN

It may be the cavalcade of some sub-King on his way to Tara.

INGCEL

Tara is the place of your High King, is it not?

FERROGAIN

It is so, O Ingcel.

INGCEL

And the High King—who is he?

FERROGAIN

Conaire he is named.

INGCEL

And ye were fostered with Conaire, the High King?

FERROGAIN

We were fostered with him.

INGCEL

But Conaire banished ye from your possessions ?

FERROGAIN

It is so, O Ingcel.

LOMNA DRUTH (coming to the centre).

It was we who were in the wrong. From the time Conaire assumed the Kingship until we disturbed his reign not a cloud veiled the sun from the middle of Spring to the middle of Autumn. Not a dew-drop fell from the grass till it was past the mid-day, and in that time, from year's end to year's end, peace was kept with the wolves even. In Conaire's reign there were the three crowns on Ireland—the crown of corn-ears, the crown of flowers, the crown of oak-mast—and each man deemed the voices of others as melodious as the strings of lutes, for law, and good-will, and peace were prevailing.

INGCEL

Lomna Druth repeats the praise of Conaire's bard.

FERROGAIN

Alas, it was we who broke the peace. Pride and wilfulness possessed us, and we went reiving through Ireland. We plundered a poor man each year—the same poor man each year for three years—and this out of wilfulness, to see what the King would do to us.

LOMNA DRUTH

And when all complained the King said "Let every father slay his own son, but let my foster brothers be spared." But at last he withdrew his protection from us. Then, rather than we should be slain, he banished us into Alba. On the seas we met thee, O Ingcel, and we made our league with thee.

INGCEL

Thy voice breaks, O Lomna.

LOMNA DRUTH

For the sake of this great King who has kept the peace, no destruction should be wreaked.

INGCEL

Clouds of weakness overcome thee. Here is the one we sent to spy. What news from the Hostel, Maine Honeymouth ?

(Maine enters from right, Lomna Druth goes down from left, Ferrogain goes left centre, Ingcel goes down from right.)

LOMNA DRUTH, FERROGAIN, INGCEL, MAINE HONEYMOUTH.

MAINE

Great is the prey, my chief. There are seventeen chariots lofty and beautiful, with steeds small-headed and broad-chested, each steed with a bridle of red enamel. There are grey spears over the chariots, and those on guard have ivory-hilted swords by their sides and silver shields above their elbows.

INGCEL

Of what likeness are the champions within doors ?

MAINE

Two of the champions I have seen before. One is a man of noble countenance with clear and sparkling eyes, a face broad above and narrow below. He has golden hair and a proper fillet around it. There is a brooch of silver in his mantle, and in his hand a gold-hilted sword. His shield has five golden circles upon it.

INGCEL

Who is the champion, Ferrogain ?

FERROGAIN (going towards INGCEL)

Easy for me to say who he is. He is Conchobar's son, Cormac Condloingeas, the best hero behind a shield in the land of Ireland. Never will he go with life from the defence of his lord, whoever that lord may be.

LOMNA DRUTH

O Royal brother, may it not be thou !

INGCEL

What other champions are in the Hostel ?

MAINE

One is there who is the fairest of Ireland's heroes. Blue as a hyacinth are his eyes, dark as a stag-beetle are his brows. His spear is thick as the chariot's outer yoke. His is the blood-red shield, with rivets of white bronze between plates of gold.

FERROGAIN

Well do the men of Ireland know that shield. They have given it a famous name. The man is Conall Cernach. Never will he go with life from the defence of his lord, whoever that lord may be who is with him to-night.

(LOMNA DRUTH makes a gesture of dread).

INGCEL

What other champions are in the Hostel?

MAINE

There is one whose like I have never seen. He is a man with a strong and fear-inspiring countenance. The shaft of his lance is the weight of a plough yoke. He has a wooden shield covered with plates of iron. Upright in his hand is a spear, whose iron point is blood-red and dripping.

INGCEL

Who is this champion?

FERROGAIN

Well do I know him. He is Mac Cecht. May his lord not be with him to-night!

INGCEL

And his lord—who is his lord?

FERROGAIN

Mac Cecht is wont to serve Conaire the King.

INGCEL

Speak—whom else did you see?

MAINE

One sat upon a couch and a juggler played before him. I marked the juggler well. The shame of baldness is upon him. White as mountain cotton is each hair that grows out of his head. He had three shields, three swords, and three apples of gold, and each was rising and falling past the other like bees on a day of beauty. And as I looked the things in the air uttered a cry and fell down on the floor.

LOMNA DRUTH

He is the juggler of King Conaire.

FERROGAIN

Until to-night his juggling never failed him.

INGCEL

Describe him who sat upon the couch.

MAINE

Of all forms I ever beheld, his is the most beautiful. The colour of his hair is like the sheen of smelted gold. The mantle around him is even as the mist on a May day. Diverse are the hue and semblance each moment shown upon it. A hand's breadth of his sword was

outside the scabbard and a man in front of the house could see by the light of the blade.

(LOMNA DRUTH covers his face with his mantle).

FERROGAIN

Easy to say who that man is. He is the most splendid, noble, and beautiful King that has come into the whole world, and he is the mildest and gentlest in it. There is no defect in the man whether in form, shape, or vesture, wisdom, skill, or eloquence, knowledge, valour, or kindred. He is the over-king of all Ireland. He is Conaire the son of Eterscel.

LOMNA DRUTH

He is our foster-brother.

(FERGOBAR comes from left. He carries a lighted torch in his hand.)

FERROGAIN

O Fergobar, the King of Tara is in the Hostel. Maine has seen him in the Hostel.

LOMNA DRUTH

Woe to him who shall wreak the destruction! Woe to him who shall put Conaire under the hand of a foe!

FERGOBAR

He took from me what were my sire's and grandsire's gifts to me—Freedom, Plunder, and Rapine.

FERROGAIN.

Better the triumph of saving him than the triumph of slaying him.

FERGOBAR.

Me he never loved. Let him abide by the chance that has brought him into the Hostel. (He throws the torch down.) Speak, Maine, and say whom else you saw.

MAINE

I saw a small freckled lad in a purple cloak, one who had the manners of a maiden, and who was taken from bosom to bosom.

FERROGAIN

The King's little son. Oh, for the sake of that tender lad refrain from the destruction.

INGCEL

There is nothing that will come to me in the place of the father and the seven brothers to whom ye brought destruction. There is nothing I cannot endure henceforward.

FERGOBAR

Unless the earth break under us the destruction shall be wrought.
Neither old men nor historians shall declare I quitted the destruction
until I accomplished it.

LOMNA DRUTH (coming forward)

Ye cannot take the Hostel. Neither Cormac nor Conall will quit his
lord, and as for Mac Cecht he will triumph over your hundreds.
When he shall chance to come upon ye out of the house, as numerous
as hailstones, and grass upon a green, and stars of Heaven, will be
your cloven heads and skulls. And as for Conaire, though great is
his tenderness, great is his fury and courage when awakened. He
alone would hold the Hostel until help would reach it.

FERGOBAR

Ill luck has brought him to the Hostel.

MAINE

Beside Strength and Beauty I saw other sights within the Hostel—sights
that would put fear on those that are within.

FERGOBAR

What else, O Maine?

MAINE

I beheld a man who had only one eye, one foot, and one hand. He held
a squealing pig at the fire.

FERGOBAR.

He is Fer Caille, the swine-herd of Bodb Derg from the Elf-mounds.
Ruin has been wrought at every feast at which he has been present.
Say what else you saw?

MAINE

A woman stood by the door-posts of the house casting the evil eye on
the King. Her cloak was soiled and smelt of damp earth. Great
loathing was on the company at the sight of that woman. "It is
a prohibition with me," said the King, "to let such as thou amongst
my company." She forced her way into the Hostel and cast her
mantle down on the ground. "To night," she said, "the King will
stay with me."

FERGOBAR

It is the ill-luck of Conaire come into the Hostel.

INGCEL

What further thing did you see?

MAINE

I saw three pipers who were all in red. Their mantles and their hoods
were red. And their steeds in front of the Hostel had bridles of red.

FERGOBAR

Easy it is to know who these three are. They are from the Elf-mounds
and they bring destruction to the King. Only after the death of
Conaire can they return to the Elf-mounds.

INGCEL

Omens and portents are with us. Rouse up, then, ye champions, and
get to the Hostel.

LOMNA DRUTH

Not to you the loss which will be caused by this destruction. You will
carry off the head of a King of a foreign land and you will escape.

(INGCEL goes off left.)

FERGOBAR

I will give my band orders to go.

(He goes after Ingcel. Maine begins to arm himself.)

LOMNA DRUTH, FERROGAIN, MAINE HONEYMOUTH.

LOMNA DRUTH

Woe to him who goes! Woe to him with whom he goes! Wretched
are they who go, wretched are they to whom they go! The
Destruction of the Hostel, the waste of Tara, the breaking of the
sovereignty of Ireland!

FERGOBAR

O Maine, son of Medb of Connacht, will you too go to this destruction?

MAINE

Great will be the spoil and I would bring some of it to Connacht.

LOMNA DRUTH

Is the death of the King of Tara nothing to you, Maine Honeymouth?

MAINE

Tara is far from Cruachain.

(The outlaws come on in a crowd. They arm themselves from a heap
of arms back right. They go off shouting "Ingcel," "The Hostel,"
"The Hostel," "Ingcel." Maine Honeymouth goes with them.
Ingcel and Fergobar cross. Fergobar takes up the Banner of the
Britons. Ingcel makes a motion with his sword. Fergobar goes
off right carrying the standard. Ingcel goes after him.)

LOMNA DRUTH, FERROGAIN

(The Music of Pipes is heard.)

FERROGAIN

What music is that?

LOMNA DRUTH

It is unlike earthly music.

FERROGAIN

It is the music of the pipers who go with King Conaire.

LOMNA DRUTH

The music of the Three Red Pipers from the Elf-mounds. Brother, what will you do?

FERROGAIN

Unarmed I will dash into the Hostel and my head shall fall before the King.

LOMNA DRUTH

I will go down to the sea and I will let the waves overwhelm me.

(Lomna goes out left and Ferrogain goes out right. The music continues. It comes from different direction. The first of the Red Pipers enters from right.)

THE THREE RED PIPERS.

FIRST PIPER (chanting)

Great the story! A Hostel burns! A generous King perishes! Soon shall we ride the horses of Donn Tetscorach, soon shall we ride to the Elf-mounds.

(The Second Piper enters.)

1ST PIPER

What are the tidings, brother?

2ND PIPER

Great the tidings. Through ancient enchantments a company of nine has yielded. Soon shall we ride the horses of Donn Tetscorach, soon shall we ride back to the Elf-mounds.

(The Third Piper enters.)

1ST PIPER

What are the signs?

3RD PIPER

Great the signs. Destruction of life, sating of ravens, feeding of crows, strife of slaughter, wetting of sword-edge, shields with broken bosses in hours before sunrise.

1ST PIPER

A hero with nine comrades sallied forth from the Hostel. I went before them and played the music of the pipes, and them I led from battle and defence.

2ND PIPER

Another rose and sallied forth with his companions, but I played the bewildering music and led him away.

3RD PIPER

I played such music that the horses broke from the chariots and spread confusion around.

(Outside one calls "Cormac Condloingeas")

1ST PIPER

The horses of Donn Tetscorach await us.

2ND PIPER

Come, brother.

3RD PIPER

Far is the place to which we ride to-night.

(The three Pipers go off left.)

(The cry is heard "Cormac, Cormac Condloingeas." Conall Cernach enters. He has a broken spear. He calls again "Cormac Condloingeas." The cry is heard "Conall Cernach." Cormac enters.)

CORMAC

Conall, is the King safe?

CONALL

I found myself on the strand and no one with me.

CORMAC

There have been enchantments to-night, but no enchantment will draw me from the defence of my lord.

(They turn to the Hostel.)

CONALL

Look.

CORMAC

The Hostel is on fire.

CONALL

Let us go towards the King.

CORMAC

One comes this way.

Who is he?
 'Tis Bricriu, the satirest.
 (BRICRIU enters from right.)

BRICRIU
 Good are ye, ye champions of Ulster.

CONALL
 What of the King, O Bricriu?

BRICRIU
 The King is slain, and the Hostel is burning, but ye are here in safety.

CORMAC
 I swear to you that it was enchantments led us from the defence of the King.

BRICRIU
 Show me your shield arm, Cormac.
 (Cormac shows his arm.)

BRICRIU
 This arm is mangled, maimed, and pierced.

CONALL (showing his wounds).
 These wounds are not white, old satirest. Still, more can be endured.
 We will fall upon the marauders and wreak vengeance on them.

BRICRIU
 The dawn is coming on the seas, and I see the fleet of the foreigners lifting sails to the wind. The Destruction is accomplished. The sovereignty of Tara is broken and the shame of the men of Ireland will be perpetuated.
 (MAINE enters.)

MAINE
 Champions, ye will not slay me. I am of the reivers, but it is I who know the full story of the Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel.

CORMAC
 We give you security, Maine. Relate to us how the King died.

MAINE

I will tell how the reivers prevailed against those who were outside the House. Then Conall Cernach came forth with nine companions and a Piper in red went before them. He made the circuit of the House, going through the reivers as the hawk goes through the small birds. He passed through the ranks and he did not return. Then Cormac Condloingeas came forth, and with him also there was a Piper in red. As the ship goes through the waves this champion went through the reivers. He broke the ranks, and he did not return. Then the man of the Hostel, Da Derga himself, armed his house-folk and came forth. Great and strong was the fight they made, but they were overpowered by the fierceness of Ingcel's onslaught. Then issued from the house a band terrible to the reivers, a band of men whose dress was of rough hair, who had girdles of oxhide and who were armed with flails, each flail having chains of iron triple-twisted. They were the giants taken by Cuchulainn at the beleaguerment of Faldal. They went through the reivers, their savage eyes shining through cow's hair. But Ingcel called out to them and made terms with them and drew them to his own side. It was then that the head of Ferrogain was flung into the Hostel. The King wept over it. He called in his champion and put his little son in charge of Mac Cecht. Then he armed his harpers and jugglers and cup-bearers, and with the last of the Red Pipers he went out of the hostel. Good was the fight the King of Ireland made, but a harper cried out that the people of the Elf-mounds were against the King, because the King's father had torn up the Elf-mounds in his search for the Queen who had been brought from the world. Then the harper made sad music, the music of defeat. The giants turned against the King's company—all perished—the sword of a reiver cut off the head of the King.

(They stand with heads bowed; a cry is heard).

CORMAC
 Who calls?

THE VOICE
 Mac Cecht, the Champion of the King.

CORMAC
 What do you bring, Mac Cecht?

THE VOICE
 The son of the King of Ireland.
 (Mac Cecht comes from right carrying the child in his arms.)

MAC CECHT

I lift up the child and I hold him with his face towards Tara. O Royal Child, may'st thou grow in strength so that all strength may flow towards thee!

(They strike their shields and cry out "The King of Ireland's son.")

(THE SCENE CLOSES.)

NOTE.

"The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel" was put into this form for the boys of ST. ENDA'S SCHOOL. It is a dramatic arrangement of the saga "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel." Conaire, King of Ireland, was fostered with the grandsons of Donn Desa, and "whatever meal was prepared for him, the four of them would go to it. . . . The same raiment and armour and colour of horses had the four." When he was given the Kingship certain prohibitions were placed on Conaire, one of the prohibitions being that no rapine should be wrought in his reign. The grandsons of Donn Desa took to marauding, and thieved from a man every year for three years. Finally they were seized and brought to Tara. To avoid condemning them to death, the King banished them to the seas. The outlaws met Ingcel, a man banished out of Britain, and made an alliance with him. The confederates raided Britain and in the raid Ingcel's father and seven brothers were slain. Ingcel claimed the spoil of Ireland as a recompense.

Now Conaire had gone into Thomond to settle a quarrel between two chiefs, thereby breaking one of his prohibitions. On the return to Tara, other prohibitions were broken, and Conaire's cavalcade journeyed towards the Hostel of Da Derga, ill-omened figures going with them. In the meantime the pirates had landed, and Ingcel claimed the spoil of the Hostel as his due. A spy was sent to the Hostel. Two of the foster-brothers, Ferrogain and Lomna Druth, were loth to attack, but Fergobar and Ingcel were steadfast for the raid. The attack was made, the Hostel was burnt, and the King of Tara slain.

The place where the outlaws landed was Fuirbthe, the Merrion Strand of to-day. The Hostel was situated on the Dodder, probably near the present Donnybrook Bridge. The date was about the time of Our Lord.

The dramatic version is based on the translation by Whitley Stokes, published in the *Revue Celtique*, Vol. 22. In many of the speeches the actual words of the saga as translated by Stokes have been used. Something has also been taken from Ferguson's fine poem "Conary."

PADRAIC COLUM.

ΝΙΟΡ ΣΥΜΝΗΓΕΛΘ ΛΙΟΜ-ΡΑ ΟΡΙ.

ΝΙΟΡ ΣΥΜΝΗΓΕΛΘ ΛΙΟΜ-ΡΑ ΟΡΙ;

ΔΗ ΕΛΥ ΤΟ ΠΡΙΤ ΛΙΟΜ, Τ'ΡΕΘΘ;

ΣΑΝ ΝΣΗΔΘ ΤΟ ΡΥΔΡΑΡ ΒΡΘΝ

ΜΟ ΠΔΟΞΑΙ ΤΟ ΡΕΙΡΣ:

ΤΕ ΙΟΝΝΗΥ ΝΑ ΤΕ ΞΙΘΙΡ

ΝΙ ΠΔΞΡΑΘ ΙΝ ΜΟ ΤΕΟΙΘ

(ΛΙΟΜ-ΡΑ, Δ ΏΔ, ΙΡ ΤΕΟΡ)

ΔΕΤ Μ'ΑΙΝΝ Ι ΞΕΠΟΙΘΕ ΤΕΙΝΘ.

ΡΑΤΟΡΑΙΟ ΜΑΟ ΡΙΑΡΑΙΟ.

For Plays in Irish: A Suggestion.

I believe that it would be better for Ireland and for the Irish language if instead of the Gaelic League as it is, we had a different thing, a folk movement in the Gaedhealtacht, a movement coming from the West eastward, not an organisation with the official institutions of a political propagandist society, with its capital the capital of the Pale. It would, no doubt, be better still to have both things, the folk movement and the League, but there is little chance of that. I do not think that my criticism or the criticism of others will now make the Gaelic League reform itself, and set about work in a different way, yet my criticism is not factious, as it would be if I thought that nothing might possibly come of it. The workers in the Gaelic League do the work to their hand; but they do little to foster the growth of a new literature in Irish. Most of us agree that if modern Irish had a fine literature,—fine poetry, fine drama,—very many who are not now seriously affected by the propagandist appeals to them to learn Irish would do so, not because it has patriotic claims or grammatical or philological claims, but in order to read and know Irish literature, as they learn Italian to read Dante and Carducci, or German to read Goethe and Heine,—as some have learned the languages of Mistral and Ibsen to read and understand those masters at their true best. Mr. George Moore has said that if he had learned Irish, the language would probably now be saved, as he might have written such masterpieces in Irish as readers in this and other countries could not neglect to study in their original versions. Even with knowledge of Mr. Moore's work, and with the example of Mistral before me, I am not certain that alone he could have done all that, but his idea is a right idea. If a language has a good literature, it is certain to be recognised and to have students. Now the Gaelic League does little to foster the production of such a literature; it tries to do much, but fails. In the circumstances it could not but fail. Since I have been interested in Irish I have come to see the possibility of truth in Gray's line about a "mute inglorious Milton." I had learned to believe that as all men now have as much chance of acquiring the culture from which literature comes as Burns had, and as some of the ancient writers had, genius would out. There are no rules for genius, but still there is force in that thought of Gray's, a force that weakens the argument in which I believed. Burns had behind him all the

tradition of Lowland Scottish literature, freshened by acquaintance with Shakespeare and the great writers in English, which is really the same language. So with the ancients in their different age—I will not now labour the points of difference. But the people of the Gaedhealtacht have no models except the out-worn verse-forms of the later Irish poets, and such English literature as comes their way. In Ireland at present the model should be the drama, and the Gaelic League could, I believe, by giving dramatic models to young Irish writers, do more even towards making Irish attractive to English speakers and foreigners, than by giving many prizes at the Oireachtas for all sorts of essays and stories and plays. This would be doing the work indirectly, no doubt, but would be the better way in the long run. It is on the authority of Mr. W. B. Yeats that I propose drama as the right form to foster. Writing in *Samhain* in 1904, Mr. Yeats said: "There are two kinds of poetry, and they are co-mingled in all the greatest works. When the tide of life sinks low there are pictures, as in the 'Ode to a Grecian Urn,' and in Virgil at the plucking of the Golden Bough. The pictures make us sorrowful. We share the poet's separation from what he describes. It is life in the mirror, and our desire for it is as the desire of the lost souls for God. But when Lucifer stands among his friends, when Villon sings his dead ladies to so gallant a rhythm, when Timon makes his epitaph, we feel no sorrow, for life herself has made one of her eternal gestures, has called up into our hearts her energy that is eternal delight. In Ireland, where the tide of life is rising, we turn, not to picture making but to the imagination of personality—to drama, gesture."

The new Gaelic literature must have its centre in the drama. The drama may be a graft on the Gaelic tree, but that tree is all but barren now, and we want new fruit. In order to found and to foster a new Gaelic literature it is necessary to teach young writers what the drama is. One cannot, with all the good will and all the good money in the world, produce literature to order, but one can lay down canons of criticism, one can strive to keep the way clear for the coming of a good thing by correcting false impressions, and—which is more to the point in this matter—one can set up good models and display them, when the models are at hand and the pedestals empty.

Canons of criticism are not brain-spun and merely theoretic; they are, or should be, drawn from masterpieces. There are certain qualities in all true art, in all fine poetry, in all good drama. Writers of plays in Irish want to produce dramas of a certain kind—very distinctively Irish, very characteristic in the right sense, but still of the same kind as certain plays in other languages,—to take the example nearest home, as certain plays about Ireland written in English. They want to produce such dramas, but they have not studied the models which have been followed by the writers of the plays in English. They

‘dul i bpolac i scuaraib ip i scoilltib go ‘dci sup eiruig leir ealod ar boiro
luinge anonn cum na ffrainnce. Cailt an bunad Saedevalac a scuio uctais
ar imteact do. Cuir Alarodair Mac Donnaitl a beannaect leir mar peo :

A Muir, rinn ta ar ar ceapad !
Ar di-ceille rinn gan cal ;
Teaplae Stiubairt Mac Riġ Ssamur,
A bi na eigean anur ġac car ;
Sup he rin a rinn ar leirleod
Sup he ‘r feadur da su‘m pas,
Sinn na deig gan airm, gan eivleod,
Palb in ainm De ; act eis, a ġrad.

Ar mile beannaeda d’diar, ‘S Dia do d’ ġleigeod anur ġac ait ;
Muir a‘r tir a veit com ierod duit
M’urruig ġear leat fein or ar ;
‘S ġe do rġar mi-foitun deapac
Sinn o ceile, ‘r ceam ro’n dar,
Act roparod plan leat, a mic riġ Ssamur
Suġ mo ceille, eis gan cal.

Ta mor-curo loc asur abann i nAlbain. Ar an taoib tiar go
hairuro ta na ceapta oilean amuig inr an fairrġe ġairb. Ar pioair go
raib ar muinntir an iartair dul irteac ar na hoileanib go minic, cuireadar
eolar maie ar badoirleact. Daineann curo de na hampanaib lei. Ir e an
birlinn an ruo ip furde dar rġriod Alarodair. Cinéal bairo birlinn. Da le
Tigearna Clann Raonaitl an birlinn. Iarman an file raē o Dia uirēi :

Go‘m beannuig Dia long Clann Raonaitl,
A ceap la do cuar ar rail’,
E fein a‘r a epein-fer ġa caiteam,
Tpean a cuar tar maitear cal ;
Go‘m beannuig an Co-dia naom,
An iurair anail nan rpeir,
Su‘n rġuabta ġairblac na mara,
‘ġar tarpuinn go calad ierod,
Actair a epuēuig an fairrġe !
‘S ġac ġaoc a ierodear ar ġac air,
Beannuig ar caol-bairt ‘r ar ġairġiō
‘S cum i fein ‘ra ġairraō plan.
A mic, beannuig fein ar n-actair
Ar riul, ar veirtein, asur rēiur,
‘S ġac dromir ta epocēa r’ar epannair
S toir go calad rin le d’iul.

Beannuig ar raedon ‘r ar rlaē,
Ar epainn ‘r ar taoiaib go lei,
Ar rēad a‘r ar tarraing cum pallain
S na leig-re nar capam beuro.
An Spiorad Naom bioō ar ar rēiur,
Seolad e ‘n t-iul a bioir beairt ;
‘S eol do ġac long-foit ro’n ġrein
Tilġeamuro rinn fein po beact

Annrin iarman rē beannaect ar a scuio arim :

Go mbeannuig Dia ar clardean,
‘S ar lannan rrainntead ġear ġlar,
‘S ar lūruēan epoma maileac,
Nac ġearr-te le raobair tar ;
Ar lannan epuadac, ‘r ar ġōrrair,
‘S ar rġioēan an-dealbac dualac ;
Beannuig ġac epmaeo go nomlan,
Ta ar ar n-iomēur ‘r ar epior-ġuairle.

ġero rē ar aġair mar rin as briorcuġad na n-iompanairēte :

Sacair amac cleatan riġne,
Liaē-tom comnar,
Raman min-lunnaea dealbac,
Socair eadrom.

Annrin labman rē le ġac badoir ar leit, .i. leir an feair-rġōroē, leir an
feair-beairte, asur le feair na rēiurac, ġc., ġc., act ta na ceairmaia rō-
fada le tabairt anuro. Ir breas an ġaedilġ atā inr an “ birlinn ” peo.
Nil don ampar nac raib an teanġa ar a comairle fein as Alarodair.

Rā‘n am po cuir na Sapanairġ olige i bpeidm as iarraō ar na
ġaedalaib cur ruar de veit as caiteam an breacain asur an fillio bis.
Nior luġa le bunad na ġaedalēta an rēo inr an tarraō ‘nā na bairēi
do caiteam. Ta an mero rin ioncuigē ar a n-abrann Alarodair rā d’taoib de‘n
breacain Uallac :

he an clo dub,
ho an clo-oub,
he an clo-oub,
D’feair an breacain.

D’feair liom breacain Uallac
Um mo ġuairle an ‘r a cur fom’ aclear
Na ġeo ġeibinn cōta,
De‘n clo ir feair eis a Sarpinn
Fior-cular an traigroear,
‘S neam-ġloiceil le uct na cairmeact ;

'S ciotac 'ran adbanr t'ú
 Fo ffranncaic nam piob 'r nam bhratac
 Ta rinn ra tream-nádúir
 A ba rinn no am an acta
 Am pearrannan 'r an innctinn,
 'S an ar muisealac, ca téro lasac.

Do máirí file eile i n-Éirinn-Šaedeal le linn Alarodair Mhe Mairgirtir
 'dair' ainm Donnac Mac an tSaoir, nó "Donnac Bán na ndáir" mar
 glaođtaoi air. Ir d'ócraic an méro amrán do cum Donnac. Deirdear nac
 maib ré lá ar rsoil maib asur nac b'eadrao ré leabair do légead dá
 b'ruigead ré ór na cruinne air. Acé mar rin péin, bí cumme maic cinn aige
 asur don muo do cuala pé ó na sean-daoimib éoingbis pé gheim air go dti
 lá a dáir. Bíod pé i gcomnárde as cairteal na dtiúca as iaršairdeac nó
 as ršaoilead le n-a sunna nuair bí pé ós. Bí pé i n-a fairsiúir tamall acé
 ní ró-maic a d'eiúg leir inr an arim; bíod pé i dtólam "as déanam b'airrai
 ir a' ceartužad ceoil" nuair ba ceart do beic ar šárda nó as ullmužad bío
 ra campa. Acé ir coramail sur beas a b'fiú leir beic as tpoio ar ron Rioš
 Seoirra. U'feair leir beic ar an taoib a maib fupmóir na nŠaedeal.
 Dálta Alarodair Mhe Domnall rinne pé amrán i ttaoib peacé an éadair.
 Seo ceatramá de:

A'p ó cuir rinn ruar na bhuogran (b'irici)
 Sur neam-meirneamail linn a' culait úo
 'Šar teannaó um na hioršannan
 Sur tpoiblóideac linn umainn iad
 Can šaod rinn beic ruigeairac
 Ó caoicail ar culait rinn
 Can aicnic rinn a' céile
 Lá péile no cruinneacair.

Caic Donnac tamall dá šaogal i noúicé Uraio-Albann mar a b'fuit
 dá áit b'ead, .i. gleann ar a dtugtar Coire Ceatáic (=ceo) asur enoc a b'fuit
 Veinn Dóráin mar ainm air. Bí an-dúil aige inr na háiteacair péo. Rinne
 pé dá dán caicte as á molaó. Ar fásáil na tpe rin do, d'fás pé plán as
 Veinn Dóráin:

CEAD DEIREANAC NAM BEANN.

Úá mé inóe i mVeinn Dóráin
 'S na cóir ca maib mé ain-eolac
 Cúna' mé gleanntáin
 'S na beanntaicean a b'aitne dom;
 U'é rin an peallac doibinn
 Beic as mteacé ar na pléibic
 Nuair bíod a' šman as éirige
 'S bíod na féig a' lanšanaic.

Úá mé inóe ran donac
 'S bí rmaointean móir ar m'aire-ra
 nac maib an tuét-šaoil a b' a dáir
 Beic a' ruibal fáraic mar rium ann
 'S a Veinn, ir beas a šaoil mé
 Šo noeanac ipe caoicla;
 O tá i anoir ra caoimic
 'S ann tuš an šaogal ear aram

Mo šaomair leir na f'itean,
 Ó'p miorbairteac na beannan iad,
 le biolar uaine a'p f'ior-uirš,
 Deoc uaral r'iomac éanailca,
 Na bláran a tá r'iréil,
 'S na fáraicean tá lionmar,
 Ó'p áit 'a leir mé úiom iad,
 Šo b'rác mo míle beannaic leo.

Tá a lán focal coméicicac i n-úráio as Šaedealair Alban nac b'fuit
 coitcéannta i b'fup, acé cairir rin, ir beas uirp'ideac acá roir an dá
 éanamaint. Tá uul na cainnce mar an šcaona. Dáó maic do b'fiú do
 Šaeditšoirpib na tpe peo beasán r'airdeara do déanam ar an "Ghaidhilg."
 Dáó ceart poirta šo mbead dlúe-éairdear roir Šaedealair šac tpe inr
 an érué ir surb' feair a tiocrao leo a dtéanša asur a nóranna do fábdáil
 ó'n Šalidacar.

[Rinnear an uirp'uzac d'airpuzac beasán inr na dántair^o r'iomam le n-a
 noéanam níor ro-tuicé.]

ÉAMONN UA TUACÁIL.

Dawn Music.

When in the forenoon of the year
The dawn comes over the ridge of the earth
I hear glad music faint and clear,
Singing day's birth.

Its dear delight thrills the dawn through
With melody like a strange lay
Of country birds and morning dew,
And of the May.

I love to hear the first cock crow,
And then the twitter in the eaves,
To gaze upon the world below
Through green rose-leaves ;

And see the white mist melt away,
And watch the sleepless sheep come out
Under the trees that hear all day
One cuckoo's shout.

The happy music faint and clear
Is not of these or of the earth,
Though in the forenoon of the year
It brings day's birth.

Though its delight thrills the dawn through
With melody like an old lay
Of country birds and morning dew,
And of the May.

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

Shacrpeare Do ċáinīs zo héirinn.

An Fíle.—An tucis ríð fá veapa ruam cóim fuirirte ašur atá ré Šaeóilz
do cúir ar an fíliúeacé ir doimne ašur ir cruairé ar doimán ?

An Doóaire.—Droó-Šaeóilz, an ead ?

An Fíle.—Šaeóilz de cinéal éigin.

An Doóaire.—Tabair rómpla dúinn.

An Šníomáirde.—An roéanraó “ To be or not to be ” an šnó ?

An Fíle.—Níor báinear tmuil ar ríúo ruam, acé ro iarraéc faoi anoir. Acé
féac ! Ní fuilim ar tí fíliúeacé do véanam i látair. Ní fuil uaim
acé an cumacé coitcéann meabrac iol-buaóac atá i šcainnt na
Šaeóilze do tairbeaint úib.

‘Sead múir’ !—“ To be or not to be ”—

“ Veit beo nó šan veit beo—féiróicš an céiré úo !

Ciaca ir feairíde fear šur ríú é an t-ainm

Ualac na colna, ualac an traošail reo ’iomcúir,

řianta, buaóarća, břionća, břúicšte ’fulaing

Šo calma cřóða foróneac ;—nó ’aon léim laoić

Éirze amac i n-ašairó na ’tonntac třeán-tuile.”

An Šníomáirde.—Šo maic—šo meaparaó maic. Acé cošar, a míc ó. Óa
mbead Šhacrpeare anro ašur Šaeóilz aize, ní aićneoacó ré a cúro
řmaointe féin ar ’airtřiušad.

An Fíle.—D’féoir é. Acé duine a mbead eolar aize ar “ Hamlet ”
ašur eolar aize ar an Šaeóilz, ’aićneoacó řeirean na řmaointe
ar ball ašur řin zo víreac an řuo atá uaim.

An Šníomáirde.—Ca veirim nac břuil an ceairt ašac řa méro řin—acé lean leat.

An Fíle.—Cúir tá irteac ořm. Ní féoir liom leannmáint ve’n šiota řin.
Tabair óam líne eile.

An Doóaire.—“ There is no art to read the mind's construction on the face.”

An Fíle.—Ir fuirirć řin ’airtřiušad.

“ Níl céaro ar doimán a veirear cumacé do duine
Meon duine eile a břeacnušad ó n-a ašairó.”—

An Doóaire.—Féac cóim řaóalac ašur tá ré, ar a řon zo mbíonn
Šaeóilz níor *epigrammatique* ’ná véarila zo coitcéannta.

An Fíle.—Nac neam-řárća ataoi ! Řiclearš atá óa véanam ašam anoir.
Ćioeřaó liom an cáinnt do šearraó ašur na řmaointe do cóim-
ólútaó óa mbead am ašam cúize. Níl an ’oicš *epigrammatique*
cóim oireamnac óa léicéiro reo ’fíliúeacé ašur tá do šearř-
řannaió mar “ An Šřuašac Uaral.”

An Šníomáirde.—Ó ! An Šřuašac Uaral ! Ar ’oicš, ní řile mire, acé tá
řoinnt véarřai nuad-céarća ašam téreap leir an řonn řin.
Amaroiže éřioćnuicšte atá ionnta, acé cřeioim zo mbíonn níor
mó tairbe i n-a léicéiro úo ’ná i n-airtřiušac an doimán zo léir.

An Fíle.—Ó ! molann šac duine a céaro féin. Úi dúil ašac i šcomáirde inř
an šreann i šcainnt ašur ní aićneann a acarřac leat i licirdeacé.

Δη Γνιωμαρδε.—Ιρ ριου δuit ριν. Νι τuizim ι ζceapc ζοροε δη ρατ. Ιρ ιουζαπαε λιου ε. Ιρ μιου μιuc οο δεμεαρ μαετναμ αιρ. Ιρ cιnνε ζο οτουζεαnn ζαε ουιue υπατο αζυρ ματεαρ να cαιnνε νο να ρζηιδνε θερεαρ ζρεαnn αζυρ ρυτε οο'n λειζθεοιρ νο οο'n ειρτιζθεοιρ, αζυρ μαρ ριν δε.

Δη Βοδαρη.—Ue ! leiζ ue οο ευρο ρεαλλραμναετα, α ουιue. Σζαοιτ ευζαμν να θεαρραι υο.

Δη Γνιωμαρδε.—Μαιε ζο λεορ—ματε ζο λεορ, α μιc ο. Ο'ιnnιρ ζαρυρ δη ρζεαλ οαμ αζυρ ευρεαρ ριλιδεαετ leiρ. 'Νοιρ, η'ρεαοαρ δη θρui δη ροnn ι ζceapc αζαμ.

(Ε οο ρειnmm.)

I.

“ Ο, θι μιρε λα θρεαζ 'ουτ δη Σζοιτ Εαnνα
—Σορδ λιουn ουθ burde—
Αζυρ cαραο Σεοιnιnιn ζηλάνθα να mθρεαζ ορm
—Σορδ ζεαρρ οο λαοι.

II.

Ο'ρiαρρuiζ οαμ ρειn ce'n αιτ ραιθ με 'ουτ ανη
—Σορδ λιουn ουθ burde—
Αζυρ ουθαρτ ζο ραθαρ α' βοζαο δη ρζοιτ λιου
—Σορδ ζεαρρ οο λαοι.

III.

' O ! come tell me now what school are you caned at,'
—Σορδ λιουn ουθ burde—
' Ο ! ιρ ανηαμ ιρ ζαο δη τριλα δη Σζοιτ Εαnνα '
—Σορδ ζεαρρ οο λαοι.

IV.

' Arrah ! what in the world do you mean by Σζοιτ Εαnνα ? '
—Σορδ λιουn ουθ burde—
' Ορδ ρζοιτ ε δη ρεαρρ leiρ δη ζαεοιτζ 'να 'n θεαριλα '
—Σορδ ζεαρρ οο λαοι.

V.

Νυαιρ α ευαλαο ρε ρειn να θρiαερα θρεαζετα
—Σορδ λιουn ουθ burde—
Ορδ ευιτ ρε ι θραnταnαρ ριουρ δη δη θεαλαε
—Σορδ ζεαρρ οο λαοι.

VI.

Ο ! τοζ μιρε ρυαρ δη μο ζυαιlne ζο ηαρ ο
—Σορδ λιουn ουθ burde—
Αζυρ ευζαρ ζαη μοιιλ ζο Σζοιτ Εαnνα να mθαρ ο
—Σορδ ζεαρρ οο λαοι.

VII.

' Ο ραν ζο ροιλλιn, α μιc, ιρ leiζ ριουρ με '
—Σορδ λιουn ουθ burde—
Ορδ ρλεαμνuiζ α ευρο θεαριλα ζο ζιαν δη δη τριζε uαο
—Σορδ ζεαρρ οο λαοι.

VIII.

' J'éprouve, mes amis, un' chos' merveilleus' ο ! '
—Σορδ λιουn ουθ burde—
' Να ιρ leiρ οαμ ανοιρ ζυραθ ι ρεο μο τιρ ουεταρ '
—Σορδ ζεαρρ οο λαοι.

IX.

' Ue ! ειρτ οο θαοε-cαιnνε, α ουιue ζαη ceιιι ο, '
—Σορδ λιουn ουθ burde—
' Sure, ηι mιουζαπαε ριν ιρ τα δη Σζοιτ Εαnνα '
—Σορδ ζεαρρ οο λαοι.

X.

' Ο ! sure, je pense que vous avez raison ο ! '
—Σορδ λιουn ουθ burde—
' Δετ ηι τuizim ι ζceapc cαο ιρ buη leiρ δη ρζεαλ ρο '
—Σορδ ζεαρρ οο λαοι.

XI.

' Ο ! ιρ ρζεαλ τuiζρεαρ ηιουρ ροιτερε ρεαρτα '
—Σορδ λιουn ουθ burde—
' Νυαιρ θεαρ μεοη να ηθαοιue 'α ζαεθεαλυζαο ζο ταραο ανη '
—Σορδ ζεαρρ οο λαοι.

XII.

Ουιue ιnοιου αζυρ ουιue ι mθαραε
—Σορδ λιουn ουθ burde—
Αζυρ ουιη' ειτε ρορ 'αεα'n λα ζο cιουn ραιτε
—Σορδ ζεαρρ οο λαοι.

XIII.

ζαεθεαλ θρεαζ ιnοιου αζυρ ζαεθεαλ θρεαζ ι mθαραε
—Σορδ λιουn ουθ burde—
Αζυρ ζαεθεαλ θρεαζ ειτε 'αεαη λα ζο cιουn ραιτε
—Σορδ ζεαρρ οο λαοι.

XIV.

Δετ αβε ζυρ οεαnαο ceηη ταραο ριουρ-ζαεθεαλ οιοτ
—Σορδ λιουn ουθ burde—
Ορδ cηεοιm ζυρ θαρ α ευθραο Σζοιτ Εαnνα ουιτ
—Σορδ ζεαρρ οο λαοι.

XV.

Δετ ανοιρ ο'ρ αηιλαο ζυρ οεαnαο ριουρ-ζαεθεαλ οιοτ
—Σορδ λιουn ουθ burde—
Ορδ cηεοιm ζυρ ροnαρ α ευθραο Σζοιτ Εαnνα ουιτ
—Σορδ—ριν μο λαοι ! ”

A Day with the Gauchos.

The sun is getting hot; the sky is cloudless. The dew is rising from the grass under the heat, like steam from a kettle. The sheep in the corral are blowing and are beginning to look for shelter from the glaring sun.

No sign of life from the Estancia yet. The peons should be up by now. The sheep know this. They are looking every now and then towards the mud huts where the peons sleep. This time something draws their attention. A door opens and a man comes out, with a bridle on his arm, yawning and stretching. He makes his way to where a horse is hobbled. He removes the hobbles, puts on the bridle, mounts, and rides over to the corral. He hitches his horse to a stake. Another man comes out. He too goes over to the corral.

"Pedro," he shouts, "don't let the sheep out yet. We'll want one for to-day. The dogs finished one last night, confound them."

"Bueno Señor, I'll catch one and leave it here. Juan will be out soon. He can kill it. I have to bring up the horses."

"Very well, hurry up now. We have a lot of work to do to-day." He goes back again.

Pedro goes into the corral, and looks over the sheep for a minute or two. He selects a fine fat one, catches it, ties its four feet with the hobbles, and leaves it there. He then takes down the poles which close the entrance. The sheep rush out, pell-mell; jostling, tumbling, buck-jumping, out they come, a good thousand of them or more. They race for the pasture, and begin to graze ravenously. Pedro mounts his horse and rides away driving them before him.

A man is approaching the corral. He is a typical Gaucho, short, sinewy, well set; elastic rather than strong. A swarthy complexion, black hair, and piercing black eyes. His dress is picturesque. The trousers are very loose, in fact at first sight they appear like a skirt. A red cotton sash knotted at the side holds them up. His facon or dagger, which he is never without, can be seen projecting below the sash at his hip. He wears short top boots with enormous spurs which clank when he moves. His short tight-fitting jacket sets off his square shoulders to advantage. The gaudy handkerchief knotted round his neck and the broad-brimmed sombrero pulled over his eyes give him that fearless expression which is characteristic of the Gaucho.

He carries the sheep left by Pedro to the shade near the Estancia, where the sheep are always killed. A couple of uprights joined on top by a crossbar make an excellent frame for hanging meat. With his keen-edged facon he cuts the sheep's throat and lets it bleed for a while. Then with a couple of sharp prods and quick slashes he skins and guts it, finally hanging it by the hind legs on the frame.

All the other peons are lolling around in the shade outside the meal room. Some, having finished their breakfast, are smoking cigarettes. Others are still sucking mate and discussing last night's spree.

"Where's Pedro?" says a burly fellow leaning against a tree. Not that he cares where he is, but just to show that he is awake and sober in spite of all the cañia he drank the previous night.

"He's gone for the horses," says a tall lanky individual who seems loth to part with his mate gourd, although he has the bottom nearly sucked out of it. But he possesses a strong imagination.

"He's a long time away. They must be down at the lagunas; when they get down there it's not an easy job to get 'em up, I can tell you."

"Ugh! who'd mind you?" says the burly one. "But listen, here they come."

He is right. A sound like the rumble of distant thunder, the tinkle of the madrina's bell, and the horses come galloping, kicking, neighing, and biting. The madrina first,—she is easily distinguished by the bell round her neck. She heads straight for the horse corral. The rest follow. Pedro helps them in with well-directed cuts of his whip. When they are all in, Pedro, guiding his horse with his knees, sidles him up to the gate, then without dismounting closes it.

He rides up to the Estancia. The major-domo meets him.

"Hello, Pedro," says he, "what kept you so long?"

"Beg pardon, Señor, but the wire over Casa Blanca side is cut, and the horses were gone to the deuce when I got down there."

"Better go and tell somebody to ride down and mend it."

"They are all coming now, Señor."

"Well, Pedro, go in and get your breakfast. Hurry out again. We'll want you."

Pedro hurries in to get his breakfast.

"Gomez and Sancho," says the major-domo speaking to two peons who are passing, "get a horse each and ride down to Casa Blanca side and mend the wires there. You can skin the dead sheep on your way back."

They catch a horse each and saddle it, and leaping lightly into the saddle gallop back along the fresh trail of the horses.

Turning to the rest of the peons who are standing by, the major-domo continues, "We'll have to tame some of these poltros to-day and brand the foals. Have you all got your lassos there, boys?"

"Si, Señor," they all answer.

"Bueno, in you go; you can leave your gears outside for the present. Look here, Paulo, do you see that bronco over there near the madrina?"

"Si, Señor."

"I think you may as well catch him. You can help him, Antonio."

Paulo and Antonio make ready their lassos. Then, their lassos in their right hands, twirling them round their heads, they advance towards the bronco. First they separate him from the other horses. The bronco, not liking the appearance of the two men, tries to regain his comrades. But Paulo, judging his distance at a glance, shoots his right arm. The long noose swishes through the air and lands under the bronco's hind legs. The moment the lasso touches the ground, Paulo, with a quick upward jerk, catches the horse's legs. The bronco tumbles over on his side. Then Antonio, quick as a flash, throws his lasso and catches the beast's forelegs. Two other peons now bring a saddle and bridle. After a short struggle they manage to put on the bridle.

Antonio next removes his lasso from the horse's forelegs. Paulo slackens the strain on his and loosens one of the hindlegs, still keeping the other secure. The bronco gets up and shakes himself. Antonio prevents him from biting by holding the bridle securely, and Paulo from kicking by keeping the hindleg up off the ground.

The saddle the Gauchos use is altogether different from the European saddle. Instead of being in one piece, like the European one, it is in several parts.

First they put an ordinary saddle cloth on the horse, a dried sheepskin next; then two leather cylinders, about eighteen inches long and a couple of inches in diameter, stuffed with horse hair or straw and joined at each end by leather thongs. These give the saddle its shape. They secure them with a cowhide girth about six inches wide, to which the stirrups are attached. They next put on another sheepskin softer and woollier than the first, and cover the whole with a fine leather cloth. They fasten these by a long narrow girth.

Paulo now cautiously frees the lasso from the beast's leg. Then he advances to mount him. He experiences some difficulty at first, but at length succeeds in mounting.

The horse stands perfectly still for a minute. Suddenly he springs forward and gallops at top speed for fifty yards, then stops dead in his tracks, lowers his head, kicking his heels in the air at the same time.

But Paulo is too well accustomed to this ruse to be beaten by it. He leans back in the saddle and pulls up the animal's head. Beaten in that passage, the bronco tries another dodge. He circles round, plunging and kicking. Paulo sticks to him like a leech. The horse makes up his mind to rid himself of the man. He stops circling and gallops round and round the corral twisting and writhing himself into

all sorts of shapes. Paulo is astride him still, sitting as calm as if sitting on a chair.

The bronco gathers all his remaining strength for a last effort. He rushes away again, suddenly stops, and springs straight into the air arching his back like a bow. Paulo, half expecting this, throws himself forward, saving himself in time. The bronco is tame. He stands stock still. Streams of sweat pour down his flanks. Paulo dismounts, and removes the saddle and bridle. The horse rejoins his comrades.

The rest of the peons are also busy, some taming poltros, others branding foals. Pedro, who is out again, helps to brand. Two peons are holding a foal by lassos which catch the fore and hindlegs. Pedro heats his brand at a log fire; when red hot he presses it against the foal's flank. There is a hissing and frizzling sound, a smell of burning hair, as the brand touches the animal's skin. Pedro takes away the brand, and there remain two letters, the initials of the owner.

The sun is at its zenith. It glares down with intense fury. Everything shrivels under its fierce rays. The earth is hard and dry. Gaping cracks appear in the ground. Not a breeze disturbs the stillness, not a breath. It is the Siesta hour.

The peons let the horses out of the corral, and then seek the shadiest spot in which to sleep.

Sancho and Antonio are hurrying back. Before them on their saddles they have four or five bloody sheepskins. Riding to a wire fence before the Estancia they spread them on it. Unsaddling their horses, they hobble them under the shade. Then they too lie down to sleep.

The heat is growing less. A breeze is blowing. Evening is drawing near. One by one the peons wake up, and make their way to the meal room with their gears under their arms. They leave them outside and enter. Five or six of them take the mate gourds which are spread on the table, put in some mate (or Paraguayan tea as it is called sometimes), and fill them with boiling water. Each man then produces his sucker and drinks his mate, sucking it through the sucker, and eating biscuits with it.

When they have had enough, they hand the gourd to other men. They finish their meal, and then smoke two or three cigarettes each, chatting and joking the while.

The major-domo comes to the door. "Juan," he says, "it's time to bring up the cows. Pedro, you'd better bring up the sheep too."

Both men go out and, taking their gears with them, saddle their horses.

In half an hour Juan comes back with the cows. Two of the other men are waiting for him. As soon as the cows come up they go over with their stools and buckets and milk them. When they finish milking they bring the milk in to the Estancia. The cows make their way back, grazing slowly.

Pedro now comes up with the sheep. They go into the corral. Pedro closes the gate after them, unsaddles his horse and lets him go, then goes toward the Estancia.

All the men are sitting round a log fire on skulls of horses and cattle. Pedro draws one over and joins them at the fire.

A side of a sheep is roasting on a spit over the embers. Two props support the spit, so that the meat can be turned according as one part is roasted. The meat roasted, one of the men lifts the spit and sticks it in the ground. Each man cuts a slice of the juicy mutton with his facon. No such thing as a fork. If the slice is too big for a mouthful, he cuts it again, gripping one end in his teeth and the other in his left hand.

The sun is setting. Night is falling,—there is no twilight on the Pampas. The prairie dogs and foxes leave their lairs in search of food. Their bark is heard from time to time. An owl flits in and out through the tall eucalyptus trees, uttering her weird cry at intervals. A bat, attracted by the fire, flies down and hovers over it and then flutters away again.

The meal finished, the men smoke a couple of cigarettes, play a few games of cards or dice, and then retire to rest.

EAMONN BULFIN.

The cars run rattling down the hill,
As up the hill walk I;
And they go fast, and faster still
The moon goes in the sky;—
And yet 'tis I go fastest till
The day I stop and die.

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

Uan Dó.

An trác bí Héiríro aS mteacé ar a éirannaió cumáca le d'roó-
gníomáircaib méar pé ar a neam-muiniúin péin go mbaó é áro-
rí na cruinne é, “ aS ur cao ar,” mar veir pé péin, “ a noéanfaíde níó ar bíé 1 n-áic ar bíé
zan a toil-ran?” Mar d'ubairt an fear fao ó, téirdeann ar zac níó acé
ar glóir na bflaítear, aS ur b'feairacé rin le Héiríro é. An trác meabruigeacé
dó faoi an réalc do t'reoiriú anoir na t'ri níúce mánlúicé, aS ur faoi b'péit
an leinb, baimeacé crué-eagla ar a cómpléarú dá méro a cumáca, mar éuir
cóiriacé na níúce 1 n-iúl do go raib Ri ní ba cumácaicé 'ná eiréan tar éir
teacé 1 mearú ril ádaim.

“ A ní,” ar ríao-ran, “ ní in do cumáca-ra acé ó inoiu go d'ci 1 mbárac,
acé maírró a cumáca-ran go lá an trléibe.”

D'fás pé reo faoi mí-fuaimnear Héiríro aS ur bí imníde air 1 gcomnarde go
mb'féirir, dá méro a cumáca, go d'cáinú áro-rí d'ionntócaó a cumáca-ran
d'ruim ar air. Ar an ádóar rin, d'ubairt pé leir péin go d'ciuibracé pé giorr-
acéan raogail do'n áro-Riú ós ro do cáinú. Sgaoil pé a éuro raigóirí
aS ur é d'íoc orca ó n-a béal péin zac uile málracé rin carraide orca ó doir
bliadna go haoir a t'ri mbliadán do éur cum báir.

T'oiriú na raigóirí ar a gcuir oibre, aS ur mo léan! ba maic éuiré
íao. Níl léirgeacé ná inhiric r'gél ar an méro do cuiréacé cun báir, mar
ba géal maic íao aS caacé na gceann oíob le r'péaladóir aS baicé
éuiréneacé lá r'ógmair.

Cáinú imníde móir ar Múiré Mácair aS ur ar Naom lórep 1 d'caoib an
leinb naoimca do bí faoi n-a gcuiram, aS ur iunneacé comairle go mb'feair
dóib éalóó com luacé aS ur b'féirir leo ar t'ri a noúccair aS ur an leinb
ríogamail do tabairt leo. D'earuigeacé cun cinn aS éalóó lá ar lá aS ur
ir mnic do bí na raigóirí rácaé zar dóib, acé dá góiré ba furde, mar bí
cumáca Dó dá gcuimacé. Um an taca ro bí na raigóirí r'zarpte ar furó
na t'iré com tuig le r'neacé zar ar mácairé glar aS ur ba doilúg do'n lána-
máin íao péin do córaicé ó na maírcinib.

Don lá amáin bíodar t'rom tuirpéac le fao na rúige, earbair bíó, aS ur
ganncanar oige, nuair éualacé na raigóirí r'pómpa aS ur 1 n-a noiaró. Ní
trác railúge do bí ann aS ur irteacé leo tar balla an b'ócair. T'uzadar
faoi deara maor aS foirdeacé a éuro caoracé ran b'páiré.

D'earuig an maor 1 n-a n-áice, mar connaic pé go raibadar faoi
r'ganncanacé móir aS ur bí a fíor áige go raib na raigóirí ar dóir leinb.

“ Tabair d'om-ra an páirte,” ar r'péiran, “ aS ur iméig r'ib-pe líb aS ur

cuirfíod míre ircead fáoi mo óda é, agus ní dóigís go scuifíod na raiḡoírí
don ceirt oim-ra.”

ḡusaḡar an páirce dó agus o’imḡeasḡar leo. Cuir reirean fáoi n-a
caróig é.

San ruim moille táinig na raiḡoírí, mar bí rḡeala aca go noeacáid
an lánamain naomta an bealac. Connacḡar an maor agus o’fiarpuig-
easḡar de an bḡaca ré doinne as dul táirir. Dubairc an maor nac bḡaca
agus bíḡar as imḡeac nuair o’iompuig duine aca ar air agus bḡeacnuig
ré go ḡuinn ar an maor, mar ḡus ré fáoi deara toirc fáoi n-a arḡail.

“ Cao é rin fáoi t’arḡail asac ? ” ar reirean.

“ Muire, ” arḡa an maor, “ níl ann acḡ uainín beas las san móran
bḡíge ann agus cuir mé fáoi mo caróig é tamall ó fuaac na haimirre. ”

“ Leig amac an t-uainín, ” arḡ an raiḡoírí go boib.

Ní maib don neairc as an maor boac air. O’forḡail ré a caróig. Léim
uainín beas amac agus rit ré as méleac i meairc na ḡeacac. O’imḡis na
raiḡoírí leo agus ní doac a maib go maib ionḡantar ar an maor fáoi an nio
do tárla. Táinig an lánamain agus ḡusaḡar leo an leanb lán-buaḡac.

San é mo rḡeal-ra, agus rin é an pác nac o’táinig don o’roac-ḡalar ar
cḡoiceann caorac maib ó foim.

prommsias ó conḡate.

The Old Man and His Stick.

As I was going up the road
I met a man with a heavy load ;
And he had this load tied up in a sack,
And he had this sack upon his back.

And he was long and he was thin,
And his eyes were small and sunken in ;
And in his hand he held a stick,
And if he caught you a good strong lick,
He’d knock you down as dead as a brick
With his stick.

And on dark nights along the road
With his stick he would probe and prod,
And I pity you then if you were near,
For he’d catch you by the lobe of the ear,
And he’d set you roaring half a year,
He’d give you a thrashing so severe
With his stick.

And when down the village street he’d go,
With his stick in his hand and walking slow,
Then the children around would dance with glee,
Just because he was bent at the knee ;
And his shoulders were round,
And he stooped to the ground ;
Then all of a sudden he’d shout aloud,
And turn and face the laughing crowd ;
Then he’d aim a savage blow at one,
Making the laughter’s fingers numb,
And nearly breaking the poor lad’s thumb
With his stick.

Now poor old Ben is dead and gone,
For he died one night on the vicar’s lawn,—
He died in the night without turning a hair,
And was buried next day in the churchyard there,
With his stick.

WALTER HOUSTON.

Desmond O’Ryan : His House.

If, like the famous Three Monks of old, I could retire from the world and choose a dwelling-place, I should turn my back on Dublin and go towards the hills. There, in a well-wooded and elevated place, would be my abode, not too far from the town, but remote enough from it to be able to admire it.

And surely the town looks best at a distance. The view of it from the hills on an autumn evening is not unpleasant. Round one stretches an expansive slope, covered with bracken, heather, or furze, studded here and there with grey moss-speckled boulders, and surrounded by low stone walls which cross over and scale the neighbouring hills.

From the wooded hollow below comes the sound of bells and voices. At times a cloud of smoke will emerge from the tree-tops, followed by the sharp rushing noise of a passing train. In the remote fields cattle are grazing peacefully. Small dark figures run up the mountain side endeavouring to collect reluctant horses which always elude them.

Howth stands out starkly amid the windings and dimnesses of the Bay. A mist of smoke hangs over the roofs and red-brick chimneys of the city, from which comes a low, an almost inaudible, hum.

Only after the evening shades into nightfall does one get a really distinct view of the city. A ring of lights commences to spring up on all sides, away among the trees at first, some blinking methodically out above the sea, others skirting the city’s fringe, standing high up from the quay sides and casting weird, long reflections in the black slow-heaving water, at last entering the city and boldly flinging a blaze of defiance at the dark sky.

Then one admires, yet dislikes Dublin. Down among those lights one knows that Talbot Street, O’Connell Street, and the North Wall are. One remembers the Ringsend tram, and the sad contentedness, the wild humour, and grim outspokenness which distinguish its inside passengers. Even the Abbey Theatre and the National Library do not seem alluring.

So let the house be built among the hills. As to the kind of house. A modern or an old fashioned one? Neither! But one of unique plan entirely devised by my judicious beauty-loving friends.

I am not sure as to the exact details, but there must be one large general hall, a tower on the roof, and a moderate library. A pleasant company of my friends would meet me in the large hall when they felt disposed to see me or I them.

On clear nights or summer evenings, I should sit out upon the tower, smoking a hubble-bubble or reading poetry. In dreary weather most of my time would be spent in the library, or in resting, but not slumbering.

Land hunger does not trouble me, but good-sized grounds, sufficient to bar off policemen and other busybodies, would be welcome, nay, necessary. Tramps, provided they respected the flowers, loved the birds, and kept off the grass, would have free access. If not too unwilling they would be “on view” in the large hall so that any poet or dramatist desirous of so doing might study them. If preferable the tramp might be observed wild in the grounds.

From the hall door a sanded rock-lined path would wind gracefully to a huge iron gate on which would be inscribed the following legend in Irish, English, and Esperanto :—

“Desmond O’Ryan : His House. Stop and enter, O tired wanderer tossed by the storms of Life and Fortune. You are in a land where the sun of the Golden Age is rising fast.”

And the weary one raising his eyes will see the smoke of the hubble bubble floating above the tower in graceful salute to the Dawn of Our Mother Eire’s Freedom. Our Mother Eire’s Freedom? Yes! When the humblest of her sons riots upon the hilltops things are indeed marching!

DESMOND O’RYAN.

The Making of Athletes.

IN the last issue of AN MACAOMH we wrote in reference to our victories and defeats in the football field: "Before the season is over we hope to show that hurling remains the game of Sgoil Eanna." In this, as in other matters, we have more than kept our word. We play football, but we are emphatically a hurling School. By speaking our own language (and many of us are native speakers of Irish), by studying it and Irish history, by wearing the Irish kilt, by our plays in Irish and on Irish subjects, and by numerous lectures from masters and distinguished visitors, we have been constantly reminded that we have a country of our own. The practice and love of our national pastimes, too, have been powerful factors. Never was it more clearly seen what a fascination the grand game of hurling has for the youthful Irish mind. During the last term we practised hurling morning, noon, and evening, never wearying of it, improving steadily, indeed rapidly, in the finer points of the game; growing quick and sure to catch and strike. This feature of the game we adopted from the methods of that brilliant hurling team that now four times, almost in succession, has brought to the Suir and Nore the honours of the All-Ireland Hurling Final. Their praises are written in "The Gaels of Moon-dharrig," from the preface to which we quote: "Long ago the writer learned from the hurlers the secret of the game—to be swift to strike when the chance came—never to quail, but with tightened lips to bore in against the fiercest and most overwhelming onslaughts. When victorious to be kindly and modest, when bruised and beaten, cheerfully to make the best of it! Not bad rules these, even for the more serious conflict of Life."

We preferred skill and speed to strength, learned one another's play, and knew how far we could depend on each player. On no account did we tolerate slowness, whether pressed or not, always believing the faster our play the more bewildering it is to our opponents; at times spreading out, and

again uniting in one determined rush, so often with Eamonn Bulfin leading the charge, bearing down all opposition and carrying the ball in triumph through the posts.

Unlucky the forward who, by sending wide, spoiled a combined effort at scoring. Amongst other things he was told that he should rather have left the ball untouched, or passed back to a comrade.

Sometimes, too, we placed our wing forwards on the end-line, with instructions to prevent long drives from going over, and pass into the goal-mouth. In many a League and Championship match it was remarked how few overs we had.

But in ground play we were not so reliable. Fraher, Bulfin, Fegan, and Goodwin had no need to improve, and our whole under-fifteen team always realised its importance, but in general we could make our teams more formidable by attention to this important branch of the play.

Our victories were already won by constant practice on our own grounds. True, we suffered some defeats, but they were relatively few, and served a useful purpose. For we insisted that then more than ever there was need for thoughtful practice. We learned to persevere bravely, and not to be discouraged; that, no matter what the cause may be, it can be won by true men who persevere firmly.

During the first half of the year we devoted our energies mainly to football. Most of our boys had come from districts where Gaelic football was played. Accordingly our football team was a strong one. Our forwards have won the admiration of many a follower of the game by their courage, combination, and neat play. The best known as a result of our numerous matches are Bulfin, Cronin, and Burke. Equally strong was our back division. With MacGarvey, Fraher, Fegan, and Conroy, we could cope with any attack. But we must admit that both in football and in hurling our mid-field was weak. On many a hard-fought field Vincent O'Doherty played well, and his efforts often led us to

victory, especially in football, for he is a strong and well-trained player, and one could not easily choose between him, MacGarvey, Bulfin, and Fraher. At midfield good work was done also by John McDermott, Fred O'Doherty, and others. Yet it remains for us to strengthen that part of our team, and we intend to do so.

These notes and criticisms are set down here in the hope that our youthful footballers and hurlers will be encouraged and instructed by them, and prepared for more strenuous contests during the opening season, especially as we have just succeeded in establishing a system of Leinster Inter-College Championships, in which Sgoil Eanna must render a good account of itself.

Besides friendly matches, our under-seventeen teams played for the Minor Championship in hurling and football, and in hurling we entered teams under seventeen and under fifteen for the Minor League.

Our Senior Footballers got into the Championship Final for the medals, but were beaten by the O'Tooles at Croydon Park.

Our Senior Hurlers were beaten by the Davises in a great match in the Minor Championship Final.

Our under-fifteen Hurlers, however, were never beaten. In a long series of matches against the best juvenile teams in Dublin they were successful every time; the O'Tooles and the Kevins, commonly regarded as the most formidable teams in the metropolis, went down before them; and the Lord Edwards giving them a walk-over in the Final, Frank Burke's team won for St. Enda's pride of place among all the juvenile hurling teams of Dublin. It was a great achievement in our first year in the League.

The following are accounts of matches played.

SENIOR FOOTBALL.

SGOIL EANNA v. DOLPHINS.

On Sunday, 13th March, we played in the Phoenix Park our first match after the Christmas holidays. The month of February had been rather severe for outdoor games, so there was gladness in our hearts as we travelled to the Park on that bright Sunday in the early Spring. All our boarders came to enjoy the outing and the match, as they did on all subsequent occasions. From Easter till Summer there was not a Sunday but we played an out match either at the Phoenix or at Croydon Park. These matches fostered that spirit of comradeship and of interest in the School cherished at Sgoil Eanna.

This match was a football friendly with the

Dolphins, and there was no age limit. We fielded our strongest team, but on lining up it was evident that the Dolphins were heavier.

Play commences at 12.30 p.m. and our backs are called on to defend. Conroy catches well—his towering height always giving him a great advantage in this respect—and sends to O'Doherty at midfield. O'Doherty is fouled, but the free goes for nought. The ball is played back to our territory, and Delany and O'Doherty again effect a clearance. Our forwards have possession, but they are too light for the opposing backs, and Jerome Cronin is compelled to send over. Frank Connolly, on the back, saves well, but the ball comes to him again, and he is held. The Dolphins bring the ball to our posts, and Fraher sends to the side line. On the throw in, the Dolphins score the first point, and quickly follow it up with three others. Our boys now see the necessity of getting possession of the ball on delivery, and Burke comes down to help. There is a rush by Burke, Delany, O'Doherty, and MacGarvey, resulting in a point for Sgoil Eanna. Presently our goal-keeper is outwitted by the Dolphins' full forward. A free is taken by Delany, who sends well up, and a point is scored. Conroy saves well. This is pre-eminently one of the matches in which the O'Dohertys play a grand game. Vincent now passes to MacGarvey for a point. The Dolphins score another point, and during the last ten minutes of the first half the play is kept well within the Dolphins' fifty yards line, and a point each is added to our score by MacGarvey, Cronin, and Burke, leaving the score:—

Dolphins	..	1 goal 6 points.
Sgoil Eanna	..	5 points.

After the interval O'Doherty and McDermott are seen doing useful work at centre, with the result that Sgoil Eanna press, but the ball goes wide. In spite of the efforts of Fraher, Fegan, Conroy, and others, the Dolphins assert themselves and score a goal and a point. For eight minutes there is a great exhibition of football. The ball travels up and down the field, but neither side can score. Sgoil Eanna are awarded a free. With a well-directed shot the ball is at the Dolphins' goal, and excitement runs high as Sgoil Eanna find the posts for a major. The O'Dohertys and O'Toole give a taste of their quality, and end with a minor. Play is even during the remainder of the time—point answering to point. MacGarvey is prominent, assisted by O'Toole and Cronin,

but the ball goes to the side line. The Dolphins receive and press for a score, but our Juniors manifest their pride and confidence when Maurice clears. Now O'Toole has the ball and scores a soaring point. The Dolphins score again, and MacGarvey gets another well-earned point. Cronin has a chance and, always sure, does not fail to add a minor. Conroy, Delany, and Fraher are challenged, and the Dolphins raise the white flag. Tuohy sends to MacGarvey who performs certain turns round his man, and scores a point from the side-line. The kick-out is watched by Tuohy and Burke, who send well up, but to no purpose. Again the Dolphins score, and the play is well contested till the final whistle sounds a truce, and the referee declares the score:

Dolphins	..	2 goals 12 points.
Sgoil Eanna	..	1 goal 10 points.

The play was fast and vigorous, and each player was well proved. Nothing could give us greater pleasure than the well-sustained efforts of our boys to carry off the laurels even from a stronger and winning team. Far from going to pieces against a bigger team, each one played a cool, determined game to the end. Notably on one other occasion, in the hurling final against the Davises, our boys deserved similar commendation.

SENIOR FOOTBALL.

SGOIL EANNA v. DAVISES.

On Sunday, April 10th, our Seniors played the Davis football team on No. 1 Ground, Phoenix Park. The match resulted in a win for Sgoil Eanna on the score:—

Sgoil Eanna	..	4 goals 6 points
Davises	..	2 goals 11 points.

At one o'clock the referee has the teams lined up, and the Davises are the first to break away. Fraher sends them to the right about, and within the first two minutes Burke draws first blood, raising the white flag for Sgoil Eanna. On being kicked out, the ball is again in possession of our forwards, but goes wide. During the next seven minutes both teams settle down in earnest to their work, and we are treated to a fine exhibition of up and down play. Each player marks his man, and contributes his best to the success of his team. This bout ends in a goal for the Davises through their full forward. The ball travels up the field and at once Bulfin replies with a goal for Sgoil Eanna, to which he quickly adds a point. Now Carroll, for the Davises, leads up to a point. Bulfin gets

another chance and bangs through for a goal. The Davises, per O'Brien and Carroll, storm our posts, and are now leading by a point when O'Doherty from midfield passes to Bulfin for the equaliser. Fraher is hard pressed and concedes a fifty from which O'Brien scores an easy point. But O'Doherty, Burke, and Bulfin send to Cronin who again equalises. The Davises are now attacking, Crowley saves well, and the whistle leaves us even:—

Sgoil Eanna	..	2 goals 5 points.
Davises	..	2 goals 5 points.

All display a keen interest in the play during the second half, and though the Davises cannot be denied their six points, the deadly accuracy of Cronin's shots for goals leaves us winners by the narrow margin of one point.

On the throw in, Fred O'Doherty, Kavanagh, and Goodwin play to Cronin, who raises the green flag amidst ringing cheers. Play at midfield ensues. The Davis forwards are doing well during the second half, and send in two points from loose play near the fifty yards line. A powerful kick-off by Conroy is held by O'Doherty who sets his forwards going, and the green flag is again floating for Sgoil Eanna.

We are leading by four points, and great is our excitement when the Davises score twice. Our backs are giving a good account of themselves. Soon a high point is scored for us from the right wing. The Davises are making desperate efforts and are rewarded with two points, but the whistle blows, and we are the happy winners.

Sgoil Eanna	..	4 goals 6 points.
Davises	..	2 goals 11 points.

SENIOR HURLING.

SGOIL EANNA v. CROKES.

On the following Sunday we were to meet the Crokes in a match for the hurling Championship. We played nothing but hurling that week, and, in addition to our ordinary recreation time, we got a special half-holiday for a practice match. We foresaw our contest on the 17th would be a strenuous one, and we were not disappointed. The Crokes' team included players that were evidently illegal, and though we were defeated by five points, on appealing to the Dublin County Committee, we were awarded the match. In our opinion this was the best of all the matches we played during the year, and one of the most interesting. We often won by large margins, sometimes having over

fifty points to our credit. Such victories do not bring out all that is best in a team, though in our case they proved the vast superiority of our under-fifteen selection.

This match, which was played on the Hurling Ground, Phoenix Park, was noted for the general excellence of our Senior Hurling team, and the brilliant play of Fraher and Bulfin; also for the manly spirit in which it was played to a finish by our boys.

There was a large number of spectators when the ball was thrown in. The speed of the players in getting to their places and their rather neat style of hitting gave early evidence of a great match. Bulfin, perhaps the fastest of the players, hewed his way through the opposing backs and swept under the goal-bar for a major. The ball comes well up field, and the Crokes swarm into our territory. Twice our cul baire, Kavanagh, saves, but the Crokes' screeb is again in possession, and hits a lightning shot through. Fraher sends a mighty stroke, over eighty yards, down the field. Burke swings it on to Bulfin who again rushes in from the left and scores a point. The delivery is well attended to by John McDermott and Fred O'Doherty who beats his man and passes to Goodwin and Bulfin along our strong left wing. Callaghan saves, and the ball goes to the side-line. Up and down the ball is played. The Crokes get a point for each of the three we score. For the remaining ten minutes the Crokes keep the ball in our ground, and add three minors, one off a fifty. Fegan, Conroy, Connolly and Delany proved their merit during the pressure, and repeatedly cleared for Fraher who sent splendidly down the field. The score at the end of the first half was:—

Crokes	..	1 goal 6 points.
Sgoil Eanna	..	1 goal 3 points.

But the second half was particularly Fraher's. He then effected his most daring clearances, striking the ball in a manner worthy of an all-Ireland player, and winning the admiration of all the onlookers. During the first ten minutes the Crokes score two goals and a point. For the remainder of the time our boys remain in possession. We send Fegan down among the forwards, and run up five points. The score at full time was:

Crokes	..	3 goals 7 points.
Sgoil Eanna	..	1 goal 8 points.

Callaghan, Slater, Mills and Kennedy played well for the Crokes.

SENIOR FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP FINAL.

SGOIL EANNA v. O'TOOLES.

The final for the medals in the under-seventeen football Championship was played by us against the O'Tooles on Sunday, 23rd April, at Croydon Park. The day was showery, and a strong wind blew. Play commenced at 11.30 a.m., but the high wind and wet pitch rendered good football impossible.

Sgoil Eanna got the ball and tried for a score. But Smith foils our efforts, and soon his team get a goal. The kick-out by Delany is blocked by the O'Tooles, and a point results. Conroy sends well out, and McDermott and the O'Dohertys show they are not discouraged by the big score standing against them. There are too many frees in this match. O'Doherty is fouled, and from the free the ball comes up field. The O'Tooles relieve and pass to their forwards who score a minor. Fraher makes some of his best saves, but another minor completes the O'Tooles' score.

O'Tooles	..	2 goals 3 points.
Sgoil Eanna	..	Nil.

During the second half our forwards seem too eager, and lose some chances. Cronin saves us from disgrace by getting a point, and the final score leaves the O'Tooles winners.

O'Tooles	..	2 goals 7 points.
Sgoil Eanna	..	1 point.

It may be remembered that we beat the O'Tooles before Christmas, and that in this match some of our Senior team were unable to play. Their places were taken by boys under fifteen.

To have got into the finals in the Hurling and Football Minor Championships was in itself an achievement. We could not have been expected to win them, playing, as we were, boys against young men. But in Juvenile Hurling, as already recorded, we had it all our own way.

JUNIOR HURLING.

SGOIL EANNA v. LORD EDWARDS.

Our under-fifteen hurling team played a friendly with the Lord Edwards at No. 2 Ground on Sunday, 1st May.

Our Juveniles are a strong, even team, and win by tremendous scores. They have never been defeated, and are proud of their unbeaten record. Some of them will strengthen our Senior teams next year.

MacGavock was our full forward, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, he had scored a goal. Dowling and Burke send back the ball to him for a point—followed by another, per O'Toole, from the right wing. Matters look well with us, but a free to the Lord Edwards ends in a point. The Lord Edwards keep up the pressure, but Goodwin easily saves, and sends to Burke, who meets the ball in the air, and passes to O'Toole for a point. The Lord Edwards score another. A grand bout of passing by Cronin, O'Kelly, and O'Toole, finds MacGavock sunning himself, and Colm is angry at the opportunity lost. To atone for this, point after point is piled on, John Power hitting in from the left and Moore being responsible for one score. At half-time the teams were:

Sgoil Eanna	..	1 goal	7 points.
Lord Edwards	..		4 points.

For the rest the play was nearly all on our side. Our boys were far better hurlers—better at catching and hitting, and showing more combination. The final score was:

Sgoil Eanna	..	3 goals	20 points.
Lord Edwards	..	2 goals	5 points.

Dillon played best for Lord Edwards.

JUNIOR HURLING LEAGUE.

SGOIL EANNA *v.* WOLFE TONES.

On Sunday, 8th May, our under-fifteen hurling team played their first League match against the Wolfe Tones, and won by a comfortable margin.

Heavy showers were falling, and a strong wind blowing. We lined up punctually, as usual, at one o'clock on the Hurling Ground. The spin of the coin gave the very great advantage of the wind to our Captain, who ordered his men to keep well up the field and make a large score while they had the chance. Bravely did they respond, but we were all surprised when the first whistle went after twenty minutes' play. We knew we could give the Wolfe Tones the wind for the hour and beat them, so we did not care.

The second period lasted forty minutes, play being suspended for a time owing to a shower of hail.

The ball is in, and the Wolfe Tones are off. They get a fifty from Goodwin, but MacGinley, our renowned custodian, saves to Colm, Power (who is playing back to-day), O'Kelly, Burke, and MacGavock, right through for a goal. Again Burke sends in, and a goal is lost, but MacGavock will not be denied a score, and, on a pass from Moore, meets and sends shoulder-high for a major.

O'Doherty, who, though somewhat off-colour to-day, is far too good for any of his opponents, lifts the ball and sends in a long one that just misses the uprights. The Wolfe Tones attack, Goodwin slips in the act of saving, Conway robs him of the ball and raises the white flag. O'Doherty and Burke pass to each other. They are supreme at midfield. MacGavock fails, but O'Toole, who is rapidly improving, sends in a point. Burke catches and sends a few inches over the goal bar. Burke never hits high or wide. A fifty to the Wolfe Tones makes Conor busy, but nothing comes of it. The score is:

Sgoil Eanna	..	2 goals	2 points.
Wolfe Tones	..		1 point.

On changing sides the play is more even. Burke soon scores a goal and O'Toole a point. The Wolfe Tones are much encouraged by their supporters, and from good play make a goal and some high points. Burke has another point in a downpour. Play ceases for a time, and then we add two points, and the Wolfe Tones one. Final score:

Sgoil Eanna	..	3 goals	6 points.
Wolfe Tones	..	1 goal	8 points.

SENIOR HURLING LEAGUE.

SGOIL EANNA *v.* WOLFE TONES.

We played our first match in the under-seventeen Hurling League on Sunday, 15th May on No. 2 Ground. When we arrived in the Park rain commenced to fall, and continued throughout the first half. The match was then awarded to us on the score, sixteen points to one.

During the half hour the ball scarcely left the Wolfe Tones' ground, and Bulfin, Fegan, Burke, and O'Toole, had a surfeit of scoring. On a truce being sounded, we went home satisfied with our victory of sixteen points to one.

JUNIOR HURLING.

SGOIL EANNA *v.* DAVISES.

At 4.0 p.m. on Saturday, 21st May, our Junior Hurlers played a friendly with the Davises. We were requested to put on a very young team, and did so. The evening was very fine and we thoroughly enjoyed the match, which was a good one. Great praise is due to E. MacGinley, Power, Joyce, and MacGavock.

The ground was very long for boys of such tender years, and great efforts were required to bring the ball from one goal to the other. The all-whites were bent on rivalling the

brilliant victories of their Seniors and well they did so.

Already we have a goal and a point, when a free to the Davises results in a goal. Most of the play is at mid-field, Cole and O'Kelly frequently sending along the right wing. Each team scores two points before half time.

Sgoil Eanna	..	1 goal	3 points.
Davises	..	1 goal	2 points.

In the second half our training told, and we were able to win by:

Sgoil Eanna	..	3 goals	6 points.
Davises	..	2 goals	3 points.

SENIOR HURLING CHAMPIONSHIP FINAL.

SGOIL EANNA *v.* DAVISES.

The final of the under-seventeen Hurling Championship was played against the Davises on No. 1 Ground on Sunday, 22nd May. The Davises were a well-chosen team, and good hurlers. In the first fifteen minutes, while we had only sixteen players, the Davises scored rather easily 3 goals 3 points to 1 goal 1 point, but then we put on our seventeenth man, and until the end the scoring was even, 1 goal 3 points each.

The Davises won the toss and rushed for a score, but fouled. The free was missed, yet we opened the scoring with a goal. At the beginning of the second half matters looked promising for us. Again and again Fegan, Bulfin, and Burke were seen attacking, Bulfin striking magnificently in the air for a point, and Burke adding another very safe one. O'Doherty sends in from mid-field for a point, and at full time we had lost the trophy by:

Davises	..	4 goals	6 points.
Sgoil Eanna	..	2 goals	5 points.

SENIOR HURLING LEAGUE.

SGOIL EANNA *v.* KICKHAMS.

Our under-seventeen team played their second match in the Hurling League against the Kickhams on No. 2 Ground on Sunday, 29th May. A strong wind blew down the field, and Captain Fraher played with it in his favour.

Sgoil Eanna break away and send over the cross-bar. From the delivery another point is scored. Now Connolly, MacGinley, and Fraher are clearing, and Delany is fouled. Combined play by Fraher, Fegan, Burke, and Bulfin leads to a goal. We score another point and goal. It is evident we have an easy victory to-day. The Kickhams get their

solitary point, and the O'Dohertys and O'Toole a point each for Sgoil Eanna.

Sgoil Eanna	..	3 goals	6 points.
Kickhams	..		1 point.

On resuming Burke gets a clever goal. The Kickhams add four points with the wind. Again we score. A free to the Kickhams gives them a goal and leaves the score:

Sgoil Eanna	..	4 goals	7 points.
Kickhams	..	1 goal	5 points.

SENIOR FOOTBALL.

SGOIL EANNA *v.* ST. JAMES'.

We were invited to play a football friendly with the St. James' team on Sunday, 5th June. Our opponents took advantage of the strong wind, and scored many points, but not a single goal. How could they with Fegan between the posts?

In the second half Cronin scores a point. Frequent attacks are made on our goal, but in vain. We learned much from the tactics of the winners.

MacEvoy excelled for St. James'.

JUNIOR HURLING LEAGUE.

SGOIL EANNA *v.* ST. KEVINS.

On June 11th our under-fifteen team beat the Kevins by fifty-three points to one at No. 4 Ground.

All our forwards—Power, O'Toole, Burke, Moore, and MacGavock—and some from midfield—Fred O'Doherty and S. McDermott—scored many times. Burke was everywhere, catching and striking. Power sent well in on the run. O'Toole is now one of our best forwards. Browner was best for the Kevins.

JUNIOR HURLING LEAGUE.

SGOIL EANNA *v.* O'TOOLES.

We defeated the O'Tooles by a large score in the under-fifteen Hurling League. Power was very reliable as full forward, and O'Toole never played a better game. Burke and O'Doherty were excellent; Colm and Goodwin safe on the back. We carried Joyce in triumph off the field.

Smith and the MacDonnells played well for O'Tooles.

SEMI-FINAL JUNIOR HURLING LEAGUE.

SGOIL EANNA *v.* DAVISES.

On Thursday, 16th June, we won the semi-final of the under-fifteen Hurling League,

defeating the Davises by forty-seven points to one. In nearly every detail this match was a repetition of the Kevins' disaster.

FINAL JUNIOR HURLING LEAGUE.

SGOIL EANNA v. LORD EDWARDS.

This match was fixed for 25th September, but the Lord Edwards gave us a walk-over,— and the medals.

These were our teams during the year :—

SENIOR FOOTBALL.

J. Fegan
 M. Fraher. S. MacGarvey.
 F. Connolly. P. Conroy. A. Goodwin.
 V. O'Doherty. D. O'Connor. P. Delany. C. Naughton.
 J. McDermott. M. Kavanagh.
 F. O'Doherty. B. O'Toole.
 E. Bulfin (Capt.). F. Burke.
 J. Cronin.
 Subs.—W. Bradley, M. Staunton, S. McDermott,
 W. Sweeney.

SENIOR HURLING.

C. MacGinley.
 J. Fegan. M. Fraher (Capt.).
 F. Connolly. P. Delany. P. Conroy.
 V. O'Doherty. D. O'Connor. C. Naughton. J. McDermott.
 M. Kavanagh. A. Goodwin
 F. O'Doherty. B. O'Toole.
 F. Burke. E. Bulfin.
 J. Cronin.
 Subs.—W. Bradley, M. Staunton, S. McDermott,
 W. Sweeney.

JUNIOR HURLING.

(Leaders of Dublin Minor League, Division B.)

C. MacGinley.
 C. Naughton. A. Goodwin.
 J. Cronin. W. Sweeney. S. McDermott.
 M. Staunton. M. Kavanagh. J. Dowling. B. Joyce.
 B. O'Toole. F. O'Doherty.
 A. Cole. F. Burke (Capt.).
 U. Moore. J. Power.
 E. MacGavock.
 Subs.—E. MacGinley, V. O'Toole, H. Buckley,
 and M. O'Kelly

SGOIL EANNA ANNUAL SPORTS.

TUESDAY, 24TH MAY, 1910.

The most favourable atmospheric conditions prevailed at our Annual Sports, which were held on Tuesday, 24th May.

Some weeks previously the House Committee had met and decided on the date, events, and other details. On the 21st they found themselves in possession of some prizes presented by friends, and a large prize-

fund from which several beautiful prizes were purchased. Many a Meeting of greater pretensions would have to yield the palm to us for the excellent design and workmanship of our gold and silver medals, and the pleasing variety of our other prizes. Our sports were well organised and well conducted. No wonder they were so successful.

The following Clar, with rules and entries in Irish, was gone through :—

- I. 100 yards (Junior).
- II. 100 yards (Senior).
- III. 100 yards (Junior), Semi-Final.
- IV. 100 yards (Senior), Final.
- V. Slings 28 lbs.
- VI. 100 yards (Junior), Final.
- VII. Long Jump.
- VIII. 220 yards (Senior).
- IX. 220 yards (Junior).
- X. 220 yards (Senior), Final.
- XI. Mile Race.

INTERVAL.

- XII. 440 yards.
- XIII. Pushing 28 lbs.
- XIV. Siamese Race.
- XV. 880 yards.
- XVI. High Jump.
- XVII. Obstacle Race.
- XVIII. Three Mile Race.
- XIX. Tug o' War.
- XX. Distribution of Prizes.

I.—100 YARDS (JUNIOR) HANDICAP.

Run in Heats. Seven in each Heat.

- | | | | |
|------------------|------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| HEAT I. | | HEAT II. | |
| 1. A. Goodwin. | 1. C. Naughton. | 2. S. McDermott. | 2. F. Burke. |
| 2. S. MacGarvey. | 3. T. Power. | 3. W. Sweeney. | |
| HEAT III. | | HEAT IV. | |
| 1. B. O'Toole. | 1. F. O'Doherty. | 2. J. Cronin. | 2. M. Kavanagh. |
| 2. J. Cronin. | 3. H. Staunton. | 3. M. Staunton. | |

HEAT V.

1. E. MacGavock.
2. R. Humphrys.
3. L. Sweeney.

Thirty-six entered.

II.—100 YARDS (SENIOR).

- | | | | |
|------------------|-----------------|------------------|------------------|
| HEAT I. | | HEAT II. | |
| 1. E. Bulfin. | 1. M. Fraher. | 2. S. MacGarvey. | 2. V. O'Doherty. |
| 2. S. MacGarvey. | 3. D. O'Connor. | 3. J. McDermott. | |

VI.—100 YARDS (JUNIOR) FINAL.

1. A. Goodwin.
2. W. Sweeney.
3. C. Naughton.

VII.—LONG JUMP, HANDICAP.

Great interest was taken in this contest. There were twenty entries.

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|-----|------|
| | ft. | ins. |
| 1. M. Fraher (Scratch) .. | 17 | 11½ |
| 2. E. Bulfin (Scratch) .. | 16 | 9 |
| 3. S. MacGarvey (1 foot) .. | 16 | 8¾ |
| 4. F. Burke (1 foot) .. | 15 | 6½ |

VIII.—220 YARDS, HANDICAP.

HEAT I. HEAT 2.

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. O'Doherty, (3 yds.) | 1. M. Fraher (Scr.). |
| 2. E. Bulfin (Scr.). | 2. J. Power (16 yds.). |
| 3. J. McDermott | 3. S. MacGarvey |
| (6 yds.) | (4 yds.). |
| 4. A. Goodwin (5 yds) | 4. E. MacGavock. |
| | (12 yds.). |

IX.—220 YARDS JUNIORS (under 14 years).

1. E. MacGinley (6 yds.).
2. H. Staunton (4 yds.).
3. T. Power (2 yds.).
4. C. Byrne (Scratch).

Eighteen ran.

X.—220 YARDS (SENIOR) FINAL.

1. E. Bulfin.
2. V. O'Doherty.
3. M. Fraher.
4. J. McDermott.

XI.—MILE RACE, HANDICAP.

1. P. Tuohy.
2. V. O'Doherty (18 yds.).
3. P. Conroy (15 yds.).

XII.—440 YARDS, HANDICAP.

1. V. O'Doherty (15 yds.).
2. D. O'Connor (8 yds.).
3. P. Tuohy (12 yds.).
4. E. Bulfin (4 yds.).

XIII.—PUSHING 28 LBS. HANDICAP.

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|-----|------|
| | ft. | ins. |
| 1. P. Conroy (Scratch) .. | 20 | 11½ |
| 2. M. Fraher (Scratch) .. | 19 | 6½ |
| 3. S. MacGarvey (9 inches) .. | 18 | 0¼ |

XIV. SIAMESE RACE.

1. D. Ryan and W. Bradley.
2. E. MacGavock and C. Naughton.
3. S. MacGarvey and P. Tuohy.
4. B. Joyce and V. O'Toole.

XV.—880 YARDS, HANDICAP.

1. J. Fegan (Scratch).
2. B. O'Toole (20 yds.).
3. P. Delany (20 yds.).

XVI.—HIGH JUMP, HANDICAP.

- | | | |
|------------------------------|-----|------|
| | ft. | ins. |
| 1. P. Conroy (1½ inches) .. | 4 | 6 |
| 2. A. Goodwin (2½ inches) .. | 4 | 5¾ |
| 3. W. Sweeney (3 inches) .. | 4 | 5¼ |

XVII.—OBSTACLE RACE.

1. P. Delany.
2. M. Kavanagh.
3. M. Staunton.

XVIII.—THREE MILE HANDICAP.

1. V. O'Doherty (40 yds.).
2. B. O'Toole (65 yds.).
3. P. Conroy (Scratch).
4. M. O'Kelly (65 yds.).

XIX.—TUG O' WAR.

Teams selected by the Head Master and Dr. Doody respectively pulled, the Head Master's team winning two out of three obstinately contested tugs.

Mr. McDermott officiated as handicapper and starter and was indefatigable throughout the day. Dr. Doody, Eamonn Nolan, and Micheal Mhag Ruaidhri acted as judges. In the evening we assembled on the lawn and Miss Pearse distributed the prizes to the winners.

p. 60.

Our Lecturers.

In the Orient with Father Fitzgerald.

The interval between Tea and Second Study holds a quite special place in the strenuous daily life of Sgoil Eanna. It is our diurnal Carnival, our *Fête des Fous*. Its spacious freedom is bound up with all our notions of popular liberty. In the spring and summer we devote it to practising our pet feats in athletics; in the autumn and winter it is sacred to billiards, chess, and fireside ceillidhes. During that hour the masters either join us at our games or retire to their inner sanctuaries. No master has ever been known to appear *togatus* during this joyous interlude: a gowned master in the Study Hall between 8 and 9 p.m. would be as incongruous and as superfluous a figure as a policeman at a Language Procession. Such being our unwritten charter, it will be realised that, under ordinary circumstances, the proclamation made by the Head Master at Tea on the evening of Friday, November 25th, would have evoked a feeling akin to consternation; for he announced that we were to devote the interval to a Geography lesson! We looked at his face: it was grave and impassive. "Béidh ceacht tlacht-eolais againn," he repeated imperturbably in answer to our questioning glances; adding, by way of afterthought,—"ó'n Athair Tomás Mac Gearailt; agus geallaim dhíbh go mbéidh sé chomh maith le céilidhe." Knowing him to be a man of truth, and not prone to exaggeration, we were satisfied with this assurance, and cheered lustily for Geography and Father Fitzgerald. Then in we all trooped to the Study Hall, and took our places; and when the tall Franciscan came up the room we gave him the traditional Sgoil Eanna welcome.

Facing round suddenly, Father Fitzgerald asked us to accompany him on a voyage to Australia; and straightway we all booked passages. But we never reached Australia; for the mighty Orient laid the spell of its

magic on us, captain and crew and passengers, and we lingered so long at Port Said and Aden, at Bombay and Colombo, that the journey, like a tantalising dream, ended just as we were making Sydney Harbour. Father Fitzgerald spoke alternately in Irish and in English, and he had a fashion of drawing each section of his address to a close precisely at the most exciting moment,—as a cinematograph picture sometimes shuts off just when the small boy who has robbed the orchard has been chased to the end of a plank stretching from the top of a high roof to nowhere, or as (in the papers we read before we came to Sgoil Eanna) we used to knock bob up against 'To be continued next week' at the exact moment when the villain had fired a fuse connected with the deadly bomb which he had cunningly attached to the heroine's person, leaving us in dreadful suspense as to whether the hero would arrive in his aeroplane from the North Pole in time to foil the hellish plot. Thus, Father Fitzgerald weighed anchor in Colombo Harbour while we were watching with horrid fascination a row of grinning sharks drawn up on our starboard, while a party of scantily-clad Cingalese were diving for pennies on our larboard; leaving us totally in the dark as to how many Cingalese got their pennies and how many sharks their luncheons. Talking of sharks, that is a gruesome mode of fishing by which mariners in the Indian Ocean sometimes, according to Father Fitzgerald, beguile the tedium of a voyage. A charge of dynamite is neatly packed inside a junk of pork; the dainty is let down into the sea by a fishing-line; a shark seizes it; he finds it indigestible; there is an explosion; "and then," said Father Fitzgerald with a bland smile, "the atmosphere is full of shark." What with the "thrashers," of whose ancient feud with the shark Father Fitzgerald also told us, and the South Sea dynamitards, the life of a shark must be an exciting one, and his end often picturesque. The lonely outlaw deserves some sympathy.

But before we got to the South Seas, we had traversed with Father Fitzgerald many a famous highway of mariners ancient and modern, and paused at many a famous city of the Occident and the Orient. We had met the forlorn, bedraggled flocks of the birds of passage and seen them, all spent with travel, dash into the face of the Eddystone Lighthouse; we had encountered squalls and *mil-de-mer* in the Bay of Biscay; we had beheld flaunting from the Rock of Gibraltar the flag that some of us hope to pull down from Dublin Castle; we had paused, awestruck, under Stromboli in eruption, "the most glorious and terrible sight," said Father Fitzgerald, "I have ever seen on land or sea;" we had walked through the silent streets of Pompeii, seen the ruts of the cartwheels of the Romans, the pathetic preparations for the evening meals that were never eaten, and the place where the sentinel pictured by Poynter had stood, faithful unto death; we had gazed at Vesuvius the destroyer, and the blue Bay at its feet. "'See Naples and die'; I don't know about that," said Father Fitzgerald, with one of his ironical touches; "if the proverb were *smell* Naples and die, I could understand it, for the lovely blue Bay is an open sink into which great cities have poured all their garbage for two thousand years."

Then we voyaged through the classic seas, and so came to Port Said, the Gate of the East, and mingled in its thronged streets with its motley crowd of Europeans, Egyptians, and Asiatics, "the riff-raff of three continents," declared Father Fitzgerald. Next through the Suez Canal, hewn out by de Lesseps in the track of some forgotten water-way of the ancients, for Father Fitzgerald is certain that this is not the first canal that has pierced the Isthmus of Suez. We spent a night at anchor in the canal with the silent desert stretching at each side of us, the solemn starlit sky of the desert overhead; we saw the dim procession of ships which nightly thread the canal, coming from the ends of the earth and going to the ends of the earth, no man knows whence or whither; we coaled at Suez, and listened to the monotonous song of the black porters as they passed and repassed up and down the gangways, each bent under his burden of coal; then down the Red Sea and, after pausing at Aden ("another pestilential hole," said Father Fitzgerald), across the wide Arabian Sea, 1,700 miles, to Bombay. Here we were under the full spell of the Orient: grave subtle faces of Mohammedan, Brahmin, and Parsee crowded round us; we marvelled at

the devilry of the fakirs; we visited the Place of Vultures where the Parsees bury their dead,—saw the black ominous cloud of unclean birds circling with their hungry "auch" above the platforms, "on the look-out for a funeral," said Father Fitzgerald, "for they enjoy funerals"; heard the rush of their wings as a corpse was deposited; and then— withdrew. Father Fitzgerald directed our attention to the strange social and political conditions of the moment in India; there is electricity in the atmosphere. The British Government has made a gigantic mistake, from its own point of view, in giving education to the Hindoos: you cannot govern a reading and thinking people against its will.

Setting sail from Bombay, we ran down the Malabar coast, 870 miles, to Colombo, where we were introduced to a new and more sprightly Eastern people, and wandered for some days amid their tea-plantations and cinnamon-groves. Then across the Indian Ocean, some 4,000 miles, to Perth and Adelaide and Melbourne and Sydney. We jumped to New Zealand, too, and met the Maoris, civilised and self-governing, but retaining their own language. At some unknown island we dined with certain converted cannibals, Father Fitzgerald telling us that he felt just a little nervous lest one of his hosts might mistake him for the ham. And where was it that we met the distinguished foreign-looking ecclesiastic engaged in teaching a school of blacks? "Parlez-vous français?" asked Father Fitzgerald politely, and to his astonishment was met with the reply, "Arrah, don't be foolish, man! My name is O'Brien and I was born in Tipperary!" These are details which in the maze of the impressions left on us by our journey under Father Fitzgerald's conductorship we cannot properly place. But his main pictures, brilliant and graphic as they were, remain stamped on our memories, and as he left the Study Hall, our ringing cheers proclaimed that the lecturer had more than justified the Head Master's assurance,—that his lecture had been in very sooth "as good as a ceilidhe."

Tongues in Trees interpreted by Professor Houston.

Professor David Houston, F.L.S., who is one of our near neighbours at Rathfarnham (he lives in the beautiful old house that was once the home of "Buck" Whaley), promised early in the year to give us a series of talks

on plant life. Once we caught a glimpse of him conducting a party of his pupils at the College of Science through our wood; and some of us abandoned our camans for the afternoon to follow him afar off. On another occasion one or two of us found him in high disputation with Micheal Mhag Ruaidhri on the momentous theme of vegetable marrows: ordinary people have no idea of what picturesque heights a discussion on such a subject, between competent disputants, can rise. The thing that struck us most about Professor Houston in these fleeting glimpses was his great, kindly, intimate, all-embracing love for the plant world,—his enthusiastic interest in every lowly, beautiful thing that shares with us the gift of life, "from the cedar that is in Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." So we knew that when Professor Houston came to lecture to us we should be given a very rare privilege,—the privilege of listening to a man who can talk, talking about the things that he loves.

And we were not disappointed. On Friday, December 2nd, Professor Houston introduced his subject in an address to boarders and day-boys in the Study Hall. First he drew a distinction between the "crops" of a country and its "vegetation." Its "crops" it owes to man; its "vegetation" it owes to nature. The vegetation depends largely on the kind of soil. We all remembered the parable of the sower who went out to sow his seed. Some fell by the wayside and it was trodden down. Other some fell upon a rock, and as soon as it was sprung up it withered away. Other some fell among thorns, and the thorns, growing up with it, choked it. And other some fell upon good ground and being sprung up yielded fruit a hundred-fold. The sower had sown the same kind of seed in each place. If we could imagine him scattering handfuls of mixed seed the result would have been very different. Suppose he had scattered corn, plantain grass, herb Robert, and Robin-run-the-hedge. The plantain grass would have sprung up by the roadside, but none of the others; the herb Robert only would have sprung up among the rocks; only the Robin-run-the-hedge among the thorns; but all of them, including the corn, would have sprung up on the good ground. The good ground, so to speak, offered a dish of which all could partake, whereas other soils offered dishes appealing only to particular palates.

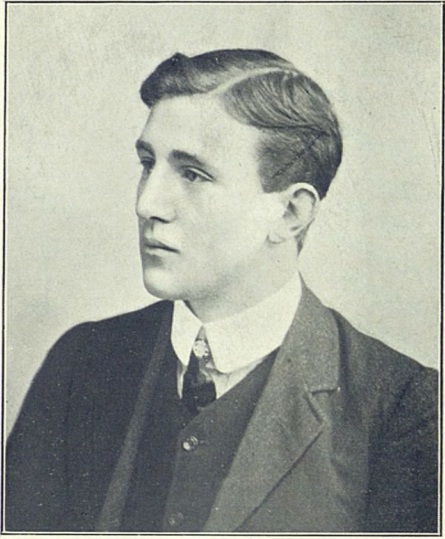
The wind is the greatest of Nature's sowers. We have all seen the wind scattering the down

of thistles and the beautiful puff-balls of the dandelion. The birds and the rivers, too, help Nature in her good work of sowing. These various agencies scatter seeds broadcast; what will grow depends on the seed scattered and the place where it falls.

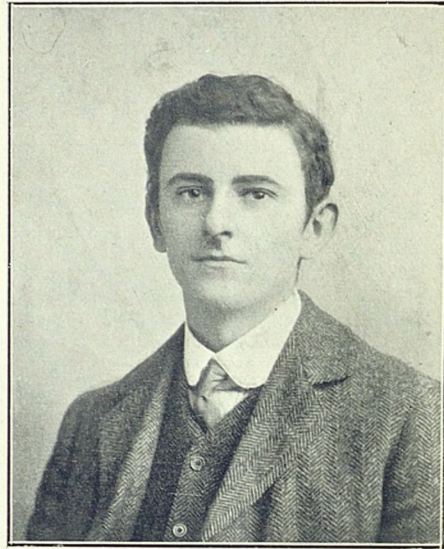
In accounting for the vegetation of Ireland we must remember the build of Ireland. Professor Houston sketched the mountain framework of Ireland on the blackboard. The biggest and deepest gap is that through which the Shannon flows to the sea. Through this gap blows the soft, moist West wind bringing verdure in its train. Hence the greenness of Kerry and the richness of the Golden Vein. The prevailing winds of Ireland are the West and South-west. In the West of Ireland all the trees point towards Dublin: it is not that the wind blows them thus, but the growth is naturally on the less exposed side,—the side that looks to the East.

Ireland's most characteristic vegetation is its grasses—symbol that it is a land of frequent showers. Next come its bogland plants. Professor Houston described the formation of a bog—originally a mere hollow with a rocky floor through which water cannot percolate; vegetation collects in it, and in the course of ages this vegetation is pressed and condensed into what we call a bog. There are bogs which cover whole counties; there are bogs no bigger than the blackboard. Next we have Ireland's native trees, poor remnant of the forest mantle that once clothed the Island of Woods. Prominent among them are the so-called Scotch fir, the Irish yew (one of whose chief homes was anciently this district of Cuala), and the oak. The grasses, the bog plants, and the trees are characteristic of the limestone country which makes up so large a part of the plains of Ireland. Pushed up through the limestone we have great masses of granite and kindred stones which we call mountains. Here the characteristic vegetation is the furze, the bracken, the heather; higher still, on the stony summits, we have the lichens.

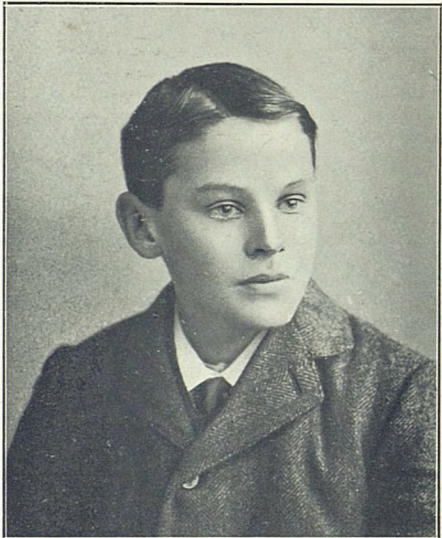
In concluding Professor Houston promised in a second lecture to deal in detail with the plant life of the Rathfarnham district, and finally he asked us all to accompany him on a botanising expedition to the neighbouring mountains. In thanking him and accepting the invitation, the Head Master said that his heart throbbed at the thought of the coming of spring and of that tramp through the hills with Professor Houston.



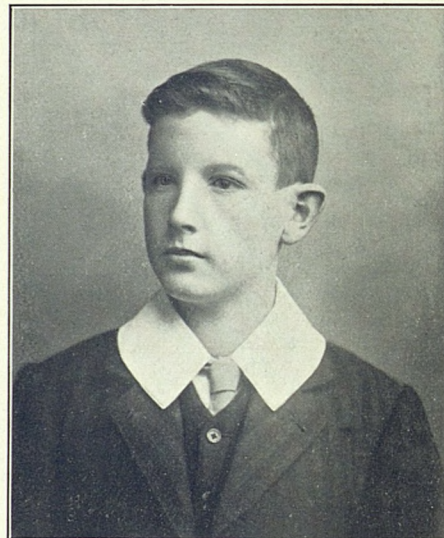
ÉAMONN BULFIN.
EAMONN BULFIN (School Captain).



ḌOHNÉAD MAC ḌINN.
DENIS GWYNN (Winner of the first Classical Entrance Scholarship, University College, Dublin, October, 1910).



FEARGUS DE BURCA.
FRANK BURKE (Captain of Sgoil Eanna's Junior Hurlers, Leaders of Dublin Minor League, Division B.)



EOIN Ó DÚNLAINḌ.
JOHN DOWLING (Winner of Exhibition in Modern Literature, Prize in Science, and Composition Prize in Irish, Junior Grade Intermediate, 1910).

SGOIL EANNA, 1909-10: LEADERS IN STUDY AND ATHLETICS.

Annála Sgoil Eanna, Fostáir 30 Nolláig, 1910.

1910.
m. foz. 12 . Ciuinnigheamair i n-áir nua Sgoil Eanna inoiu ó éúis éúisib na héireann. Leat-ééao tuine ar líon anocht áet támuro as rúil le n-a éuilleat. Caoimhgin ó héanacáin ó Seactle an ééao tuine o'fhéasair an coinne i mbliatna. Seo i n-ár n-oiatú áireadh na mbuacáilí coinnatúete nua atá cruinn anoir: Caoimhgin ó héanacáin ó Seactle, i ndeireniocá; Uhéannatán ó Cléirig, Caoimhgin ó Cléirig, asur Feasur ó Cléirig, ó Iar-Míre; Cionaoí ó Roireáin asur Toimao ó Roireáin, ó Fine Gall; Rirteairt Mac Anlaois, ó Cáeari Lunnig; Seoráin ó Buacálla, ó Co. Éill Dara; Rirteairt ó Concóbari, ó Cáeari Corcaige; Seoráin ó Concóbari, ó Co. Éill Mannáin; Feasur ó Maolmuatúe, ó Éirí Conaill; Dáorais Uhéatnac, ó Iar-Connacáit; Feasuroia ó Fozairtáig ó Co. Múigeo; Tomár Ruiréal, Séamur ó Dubha, Seoráin ó Maolmuatúe, Éamonn ó Néill, Diarmuid ó Néill, asur Uilliam Mac Siolla Dé, ó Cáeari Uaire áea Cliaé. Tá Siollabúigeo ó Cáéin, Feasur ó Nualláin, asur Éamonn ó Tuatáil anro i n-a máisirtib coinnatúete i tceannta an áro-máisirtir asur Dáorais Uí Úbha.

1910.
Sept. 12. We mustered to the new Sgoil Eanna to-day from the four beautiful green fields of Caitlin Ni Uallachain, but watchful Irish America was before us in the person of Kevin Henahan. There are many other new faces, so many, indeed, that the "old boys" (though most of them are here) look a strangely small band in the midst of the newcomers. Some faces and figures we sorely miss: Maurice Fraher will never more turn a forlorn hope on the hurling field into a glorious victory for Sgoil Eanna,—his place henceforth is with the hurlers of his native Deise; if Conroy ever again quavers forth the songs of sean-Mhaitias or tells the famous tale of the Piper in the Snail's Castle it will be to the little boys of Tir Eoghain to whom he has gone to teach his Iar-Connacht Irish; nearer home Denis Gwynn is carrying the banner of Sgoil Eanna into the National University; and we feel sure, though we have not heard from him, that Joseph Fegan is preaching his gospel of fiery nationalism among his fellow-students in Galway. Where is Matt Kavanagh? He had hoped to be with us, but duty (Matt never shirked the call of duty) has beckoned him elsewhere: we shall see him from time to time, however, for his work for the present lies in Dublin. Others who are not here to-day will surely answer the roll-call later in the year. We cannot afford yet to part with Eoin Mac Gavock, or Ulick Moore, or Jerome Cronin; Fred O'Doherty promises that his brother Vincent will be with us within the month; Willie Bradley, though matriculated (he is probably the youngest undergraduate in Ireland), will study with us for another year before he settles down to medicine; and on the western breeze comes a faint murmur of the possibility of the return of Frank Connolly, another of our undergraduates. It is pleasant to find our comrades so loth to leave us. Eamon Bulfin is here, of course, looking taller and more heroic than ever, and with him O'Connor and Delany, among last year's seniors, and the great bulk of the juniors. Dick Humphrys and Joseph

u-úpaio aɣaínn. Úí úna ní fáiméallaiɣ
aɣup Tomáɣ mac Úonncaóa i n-a úpocaiɣ.

Saím. 4. Úuacáilín lae nuá, .i., caéal ó
tuacáil.

Saím. 5. Úmonn maíɣmécú níe fíaraíɣ
boipó "bílliaipóɣ" oíamón.

Saím. 10. Úmónnamáɣ íɣáe fcaíamne aɣ
an áipó-máíɣipóɣ i ɣcupíne aɣ a lá bpeíte.

Saím. 20. Cáipɣ Seopáin ó Cléipɣ le
"comáipéúáó" le bpaacáic úo níúineáó
úúinn.

Saím. 23. Úopnuíɣ an Colbáipocá aɣ
acáipocáe úo níúineáó úúinn.

Saím. 24. Ú'fócáip an táipó-máíɣipóɣ
ɣo íaíb faoi "fíanna" úo cúp aɣ bun ían
ɣoip.

Saím. 25. Úɣ an cáeip Tomáɣ mac
íeapáip léiɣeáe úúinn aɣ "úipáɣ úo'n
úomán ceap."

Saím. 26. Cúipocú Cúipocú-míí léiɣean
ían íománáipocáe aɣup ían bpeil aɣ bun
fá ceannup an acáip úí Úuboa, úacéapán
Coláipce áipáip, aɣup áipó-máíɣipóɣ ɣoip
éanna.

to-day to take notes as to our methods of
bilingual instruction. They were present at
classes in Irish, French, and Latin (Mr. Nolan's
Direct Method teaching of Latin exciting
much interest), and at lessons in Mathematics
and Geography conducted solely in Irish.
Mr. D'Alton, Senior Inspector, subsequently
thanked the Head Master for the privilege
accorded them, and the latter in reply
touched on some of the problems which
beset the bilingual teacher. The party was
accompanied by Miss Agnes O'Farrelly and
Mr. MacDonnell (our own Tomas) of the
Leinster College, and by Mrs. Bloomer and
Mr. and Mrs. Dryhurst.

Nov. 4. New day-boy, Cathal O'Toole. A
prey-seeking peeler haunts the premises to
the wrath of Micheal Mhag Ruaidhri.

Nov. 5. Arrival of our billiard table, the
gift of Miss Pearse to the senior boys.

Nov. 7. Frank Connolly develops a touch-
ing friendship for a lame magpie.

Nov. 10. This was the Head Master's
birthday. We presented him with an
umbrella in memory of the occasion. After
morning prayers he thanked us for the
unexpected gift and, in one of his rare bursts
of self-revelation, spoke to us of his friendships
and intimacies with pupils of the School,
past and present.

Nov. 16. Micheal Mhag Ruaidhri has found
and lost a bat. Catching it at daybreak he
held it captive till sunset in order to show it
to the Head Master who has a gruesome
affection for such small deer. As Micheal
opened the box to display his capture, the bat,
to Micheal's utter amazement, disappeared
"in the vaults of the air and the wastes of the
firmament."

Nov. 20. Mr. Clarke started a class in
code-signalling.

Nov. 23. Mr. Colbert gave us our first
lesson in military foot drill.

Nov. 24. The Head Master explained his
plan for the formation of a body of Fianna
in the School, with the object of encouraging
moral, mental, and physical "fitness."

Nov. 25. The Rev. T. F. Fitzgerald, O.S.F.,
gave us a delightful lecture on "A Trip to
Australia."

Nov. 26. The Leinster Inter-College
championships, the movement for the
establishment of which we inaugurated last
year, were formally launched to-day at a
meeting in the Shelbourne Hotel convened
by Dr. Doody. The Rev. Dr. Doody,
President of St. Kieran's, Kilkenny (our
Dr. Doody's uncle) was elected chairman of
the Committee and our Head Master Vice-

Saím. 27. Úuáil buíocan ɣaeóipce ɣioíla-
úipíocé úí acáip buíocan ɣaeóipce an áipó-
máíɣipóɣ i n-íománáipocáe úe neapc 6—0
i n-aɣáio 5—0.

Saím. 28. Cúipocú fíanna ɣoip éanna aɣ
bun anocé. Úá acé ip na fíannaíb aɣ íao,
ɣac acé fá ceannup móp-úoipíɣ. Ceíipe
úuíocan ían ɣacé, ɣac buíocan fá ceannup
úoipíɣ. ía fíanna aɣ íao fá ceannup áipó-
úoipíɣ. íáopáic mac íiaíap an táipó-
úoipíocé, éamonn ó tuacáil aɣup áipó-
mac locláipn na móp-úoipíɣ, éamonn
úuipín, úipíocéann ó úocáipce, ípíopíap
ó conɣáipce, úoínnáil ó conócáipce, íáopáic
ó úubríláipne, úilliam ó úpíllacáipn,
úeapíúúna ó íáipn, aɣup eoin ó úúnláipn
na úoipíɣ.

m. na í. 2. Úɣ an eopoc Úáipé íopúon
léiɣeáe úúinn aɣ an lúip-eolap.

mí na í. 4. Úuáil buíocan ɣaeóipce an
áipó-máíɣipóɣ buíocan ɣioílabpíocé úí
acáipn i bpeil úe neapc 5—0 i n-aɣáio 4—1

mí na í. 7. Úo com-ɣlacáó úilliam ó
Úpíllacáipne i n-a ball úe'n cóipce.

mí na í. 8. íeile lá íeile níúipe ɣan
Smál. Céipíocé um éipáéópna. Úɣ
macéáipáipn caoíánac cúapc oíamón.

mí na í. 12. Úopíúúeáó aɣ íɣpíúúeáó
na ípíllacáip. Céipíocé um éipáéópna.

chairman. We hope to enter a team in the
under-eighteen division.

Nov. 27. A passion for hurling and football
dominates the juniors. Mr. Kane's Irish
class (Irish speakers of the Second and Third
Catha) in a hotly-contested hurling match
defeated to-day a team picked from the Head
Master's Irish Class (beginners of the Second
and Third Catha). The score was 6—0 to 5—0.

Nov. 28. The Fianna of Sgoil Eanna were
duly organised to-night. We are divided
into eight *buidheanta* or companies, each under
a Taoiseach or Captain, and these are
grouped into two *catha* or battalions, each
under a Mor-Thaoiseach or Colonel. Mr.
O'Toole and Mr. McGloughlin are the Mor-
Thaoisigh, Eamonn Bulfin, Vincent
O'Doherty, Frank Connolly, Donal O'Connor,
Patrick Delany, Willie Bradley, Desmond
O'Ryan, and John Dowling being the Taoisigh.
The Head Master retains the commandship-
in-chief under the title of Ard-Taoiseach.
Our programme includes drill, gymnastics,
shooting, fencing, boxing, wrestling, swim-
ming, ambulance work, mountain marches,
camping out, and scouting.

Dec. 2. Professor Houston, F.L.S., gave
us a fascinating lecture on "The Vegetation of
Ireland."

Dec. 4. The Head Master's Irish Class
avenged to-day its defeat of last Sunday by
defeating Mr. Kane's Irish Class in football
on the score 5—0 to 4—1. The Head Master
says he would have preferred to win in hurling
but he is glad the honours are divided.

Dec. 7. At a meeting of the Committee
to-day, Willie Bradley was unanimously
co-opted a member and nominated Delegate
from the School to the Dublin G.A.A. bodies.

Dec. 8. Feast of the Immaculate Con-
ception. Special whole-holiday. We had a
Ceilidhe in the evening. Donal O'Connor's
singing of "Fainne Geal an Lae" and "Lift
your Heart up, Mother Erin" pleased us
mightily. Fred O'Doherty sang too, and
James Dodd played on the piano. Mr.
O'Toole introduced a chorus which rivals Mr.
Kane's in picturesqueness. Frank Molloy and
Joseph O'Connor came out of their shells, the
former singing an Irish song from his native
Tirconnell and the latter dancing to Dick
O'Connor's fiddling. Best of all, we had Matt
Kavanagh with us for the night, and he
danced as blithely as of yore.

Dec. 12. The Christmas Exams. began.
We held a Ceilidhe in the evening by way of
farewell to Mr. Kane, who is leaving us to
become an Inspector of National Schools.
Everyone who had ever contributed the
smallest item to a Ceilidhe was called on and

mí na n. 14. Cuairet arí donac na n-ollas.
 mí na n. 16. Arí ríubal linn.

answered the call. Vincent O'Doherty broke silence for the first time this year, and sang two battle songs with more than olden vigour. We discovered that Cork and Wicklow are not so far apart but that Richard O'Connor and Joseph O'Connor could join in a reel.
 Dec. 14. Visit to Aonach na Nodlag.
 Dec. 16. Home for Christmas.

o. ó r.
 p. mac p.

Annála Sgoil Íoe, Fogháin 50 Nollais, 1910.

1910.
 m. fogh. 12. Toghuis Sgoil Íoe as obair. Táinig cuio veer na cailínib coinnaróite.
 m. fogh. 13. D'oirsail an Sgoil asur bí poinnit máit veer na cailínib lae i láear.

m. fogh. 14. An céad uair do'n áear ó Caáin as ceáit ar éuarit éugáinn.
 m. fogh. 18. "Móir-ríubal na Saeóilge." Éuaró na cailíní ann. Bí óá éaríarce asáinn. Bí bhac na Sgoile ar íomcuir as Cailín níe éugearnán, Tairreac na Sgoile, asur as máire Builfin, Tairreac na SCluicé. Bí ruaitéanac na Sgoile as na cailínib. ní ruib cailíní ó don rgoil eile ran Móir-ríubal.

m. fogh. 19. Togruigeamair arí éamós-áiréac asur ar líatúró láime asur cuimnío ruim móir íonnet arí don.

m. fogh. 20. Cus máirgheac níe ríarair éuarit oráinn.
 m. fogh. 23. Togruis an éáir-máirgheir arí na tráéarairib bhíogáma acá ré le eádarit óáinn uair ra éoiréir. Táimio as véanair ar nóicéil éun beit éom máit le Sgoil éanna i ceaoé Saeóilge oo ládarit go líoméa, acé ó' r ruo é ná ruib Saeóilge acé as ro-óinne veer na cailínib, tá ceairgíte asáinn roiré oo beit asáinn go róill.
 m. fogh. 24. Cuairet arí éearólaonn na Caérac.

m. fogh. 25. Éuaróamair go veer na ríeúte

1910.
 Sept. 12. Arrival of First Boarders. They were Maysie Clarke, Eileen Clarke, Shiela Clarke, Mary Bulfin, and Lola Bloomer.
 Sept. 13. The School opened, Mrs. Bloomer (House Mistress), Miss Cotter, Miss Maguire, and Miss Browner in charge. We had our first day's class. Including all our day pupils, we had about forty.
 Sept. 14. We had a visit to-day from Father Keane.

Sept. 18. The School took part in the Language Procession. We drove in two brakes. The School banner was carried by Kathleen Kiernan, the School Captain, and by Mary Bulfin, Captain of Games. Our banner in blue and gold was greatly admired. All the girls wore the School badge—a monogram with the School initials made in silver in a Gaelic design—on their hats. We were the only girls' school represented at the procession.

Sept. 19. We have taken enthusiastically to playing hurley and handball. We have a fine playing field and a very good hand-ball court. Some of our less daring maidens do not as yet take kindly to hurley.

Sept. 20. Miss Pearse called to see us.

Sept. 23. The Director (Mr. P. H. Pearse) began his fortnightly series of rousing addresses to the girls. We are striving to rival St. Enda's in our fluency in Irish, but as none of our girls could speak it in the beginning, and as only a couple had a foundation knowledge, we do not expect to have fairly good speakers till after Christmas.

Sept. 24. We all went to the Dublin Mountains. On the way back we missed the train at Balrothery and so had to walk a long distance.

Sept. 25. The School paid its first visit to



Cailín níe éugearnán.
 KATHLEEN KIERNAN (School Captain).



máire builfin.
 MARY BULFIN (CAPTAIN OF GAMES).



máire cusóg.
 MARY CUSACK (School Secretary).



elís níe áinóiríais.
 ELSIE ANDREA (School Librarian).

SGOIL IDE'S LEADERS.

Δεσφ βί ορμιν ριυδαλ α βαλε τοιρξ ná μαιβ α
ριορ ΔΣαμ έαταιν ο'ιμτίξ αν τρμην.

μ. ροξ. 27. Έυξ αν ταταρ Ο θεαταίν
ευαιρε αρ αν ΣΣοιλ.

μ. ροξ. 30. Αμ γσεάο ευαιρε αρ να λυθ-
ξαρρτάιβ.

Ο. ροξ. 12. Ευαθ μυντεοιρμ Δεφρ καίλινί
να ΣΣοιλε έυμ αν έεάο έρμυννιξτε δε Ευμανν
να Ρίμυννε Κατλιχιζε. Ευρεαμαρ αν-
ρρέιρ ι η-α ηουβαητε αν Όοεταίρ Ο Όοιηναλλ.

Ο. ροξ. 13. Ευαθάμαρ γο οτί ερμυννιυξάθ
ειλε δε'η Ευμανν Δξ έιρτεαετ λε Σεαξάν
λεαρλαί. Βί άταρ ορμιν έ α έλορ ό'ρ μυο έ
εφρ τάλτα δε έοηαλταρ να ΣΣοιλε έ.

Ο. ροξ. 14. Έάιμξ Σεαξάν λεαρλαοι
αρ ευαιρε ευξαιην Δεφρ έυξ ρέ όρμίο
ρμυννεαίμυλ υαίθ.

Ο. ροξ. 20. Έυξ αν ταταρ Σηερμυν ευαιρε
αρ αν ΣΣοιλ. Ουβαητε ρέ λυη εφρ μόρ αρ
ραο αν ταρθε οο'η τίρ να καίλινί Δεφρ να
μνά α θείε Δξ καθρυξάθ λέι.

Ο. ροξ. 21. Έάιμξ Ιηξεαν ηηε έαρρταίξ
Δεφρ Ιηξεαν υί ξηίοθεα αρ ευαιρε ευξαιην.

Ο. ροξ. 23. Ευαθάμαρ γο οτί ΣΣοιλ
έαηνα. Βί έείλυθε ηρεαξ ΔΣαηνν Δεφρ
ταίτη αν ευαιρε έαρ βαρρ λυη.

Ο. ροξ. 26. Έυξ θεαν αν Όρμυηηρεταίξ
ευαιρε αρ αν ΣΣοιλ.

Ο. ροξ. 29. Ευαθάμαρ γο οτί αν Ιοίρκοιλ.
Βί να ξηάθαηνα θά μβηοηηαθ αρ να μακαίβ
λέιξηην.

Σαη. Ι. Λά Σαηηα. Βί ρέ 'η-α Λά ραοιηε
ΔΣαηνν Δεφρ βί έείλυθε ΔΣαηνν 'ρα τρλάεηόηα.
Έάιμξ ευορ οερ να βυαέαιλλίβ ό ΣΣοιλ έαηνα
Δεφρ βί αρ ηοόεαιη ηυηηε ΔΣαηνν.

the Municipal Art Gallery in Harcourt Street
We all like modern pictures better than the
old masters, and the Harcourt Street gallery
delighted us.

Sept. 27. Visit from the Rev. Father
Behan, Prior, O.C.C. He asked some of the
little ones funny questions in mental
arithmetic and they were delighted with him.
We hope he will come again soon.

Sept. 30. First visit to Botanic Gardens.

Oct. 12. The boarders with the teaching
staff attended the opening of the Catholic
Truth Conference. The Most Rev. Dr.
O'Donnell's address was very interesting.

Oct. 13. The boarders attended Mr. Shane
Leslie's address to the Catholic Truth Society
on the "Social Position of Catholics." It
was very witty and amusing. We were
especially interested in it because he is a
member of our School Committee. He
promised to come over to see us the next day.

Oct. 14. Mr. Shane Leslie came and gave
us a short inspiring address.

Oct. 20. Visit from the Rev. Father
Sherwin. He told us that the foundation of
our school was one of the hopeful things in
Ireland, for the salvation of the language and
the country really depends on the women and
girls.

Oct. 21. Miss MacCarthy and Miss Griffin
visited the School.

Oct. 22. Our new desks arrived. Grace
MacCormac went to London for two weeks.

Oct. 23. All of us, boarders, day pupils,
and teaching staff went out to St. Enda's,
Rathfarnham. We were received by the
Head Master, some of the Assistant Masters,
and Miss Pearse. They showed us round their
beautiful house and still more beautiful
grounds. The younger and more adventurous
among us climbed up to the top of the arch-
way and Emmet's Fort. The boys gave us a
Ceilidhe and entertained us with songs and
recitations, after which we all had tea in the
Library.

Oct. 26. Mrs. N. F. Dryhurst, London, paid
us a visit.

Oct. 29. We went to see the conferring of
degrees in the National University.

Nov. 1. All Saints' Day. This was the most
exciting day since the opening of School. We
had a Ceilidhe and a fancy dress ball. The
girls all made their own dresses and they were

marvels of skill and taste. Some of them took a very long time to make. We had to get off school one whole day to finish them. Those of the boys of St. Enda's, who had sisters or relatives in St. Ita's were invited, and they came looking very picturesque in their kilts. Miss Pearse and the Head Master came with them. Other visitors who came were Mrs. Dryhurst, Miss M. B. Pearse, Mr. W. Pearse, Rev. Father Keane, Mr. Padraic Colum, Mr. Thos. MacDonagh. A prize was offered for the most original dress, and one for the most artistic. The visitors decided that the most artistic dress was Lola Bloomer's. She came in a beautiful dress of black and silver with a quaint mediaeval cap, and represented Sgoil Ide. The prize for the most original dress went to Maysie Clarke who came as a pen-wiper. Mrs. Bloomer gave a special prize for industry to Lena Kiernan whose dress, representing music, had taken so much time and trouble. Some people were of opinion that the most successful dress was Minnie Cusack's who was a stage French waiting maid to the life. Mary Bulfin looked very imposing as Queen Meadhbh, wearing a beautiful dress and barbaric jewellery. Susie Colum represented Niamh, and her dress of sea green with a white brath was very successful. By far the most elaborate dress was Maud Kiernan's as Emer, the wife of Cuchulainn. The four seasons were represented by Mabel Gorman (Spring), Muriel Loughrey (Summer), Kathleen Kiernan (Autumn), Eileen Clarke (Winter). Other striking costumes were Sheila Gwynn's as a Swiss peasant girl, Elsie Andrews as a poppy, May and Nance Moore as flowers, Eveline MacGinley as a gipsy girl. Dorothy Higgins represented superstition, Maureen Nugent was a little fairy, and Irene Kelly a leprechaun. Our youngest boarder Sheila Clarke was a much admired little figure in kilts. We were all sorry that Gracie MacCormac was still in London and so missed the fun. We had supper in the dining room at 9.30. We continued dancing till 12. If the House Mistress had permitted us we could have danced till morning. We had plenty of songs as well as dancing. Richard O'Connor from St. Enda's played the violin very beautifully.

Sain. 10. Lá raoinne.

Sain. 11. Dá rópórc mórc d'gáinn. Síleap t'púrc cailín iasó péin d'gáir níos d'icnóis éinne 140.

Sain. 17. Cúg an tAdair Sheiruin Céilróe sóinn.

Sain. 25. Connacamaí "The Shuiler's Child" d'gáir "Hyacinth Halvey," ó léimúgáó i ndáimreclainn na Maidircead.

Sain. 27. Tópáó leccúirí atá an tAdair t'ghe le tabairt uairó ar fead na raedóimne.

Sain. 30. Leat-lá raoinne.

Mí na n. 1. Cúg an Dóctúir Ó Muiadáó leccúirí uairó.

Mí na n. 2. Cúg an tIngean Uí Cúgairnais ar éuairt éugáinn d'gáir cúg rí leccúirí b'raeó uairó ar an Luib-eolar.

Mí na n. 6. Cúgámaí cum sóirpómeáca a hí ar riuéal i gcólaírte mhúre, Sráto eccleir. Cailín óg atá ra cólaírte so léig an ráiréar d'gáir ir maic so óein rí é. B'é adóar na sóirpómeáca "Riaáaltar na hímeann."

Mí na n. 8. Lá féile mhúre gan ríal. Lá raoinne. Labair an tÁro-mháirceirí Linn.

Cá rúil d'gáinn uil go sói donac na noslas lá éigin se'n t'raedóimne reo d'gáir tá cuiread fáca d'gáinn uil cum sóirpómeáca a beiró ar riuéal i gcólaírte na híolrcoile. Tá rúil d'gáinn go sóirpóimíó a mberó ar riuéal, mar ir Síeóilg ar fead a beiró ar labairt ann.

Nov. 10. We asked and obtained a half-holiday in honour of the Director's birthday.

Nov. 11. Minnie Cusack, Lola Bloomer and Lena Kiernan dressed in grown up clothes with hats and veils and presented themselves at recreation time in the drawingroom, as visitors. Their disguise was so good that

they completely deceived the Mistress on duty, who received them with great formality.

Nov. 17. Ceilíde at which Father Sherwin and Mr. Wade sang.

Nov. 25. We all went to the Abbey Theatre and enjoyed "The Shuiler's Child," and "Hyacinth Halvey" very much.

Nov. 27. The girls are attending a Retreat at Cullenswood Church.

Nov. 30. We had a half-holiday in honour of Mrs. Bloomer's birthday.

Dec. 1. Dr. Murphy gave us a very instructive lecture on Hygiene.

Dec. 2. Miss Laird gave us a delightful lecture on Botany. We hope she will give us another soon.

Dec. 6. Five of our older girls went to a debate in St. Mary's University College, Eccles Street. The paper was read by Miss Askins on the "Self Government of Ireland." We were interested to hear speeches from so many professors of the National University. We are taking a great interest in the elections.

We are all invited to a debate in University College on Wednesday, Dec. 14th, which we hope to attend in a body. We also intend going to the Aonach to buy our Christmas presents.

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m. níg u.

LANDY'S RATHFARNHAM BAKERY

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