

• AN • MACAOM •

• EDITED • BY • P • H • PEARSE • AND •  
• PUBLISHED • AT • ST • ENDA'S • SCHOOL •

*AN MACAOMH is published at St. Enda's School, Cullenswood House, Rathmines, and can be ordered through all Booksellers or direct from the Wholesale Agent, Kevin J. Kenny, 58 Middle Abbey Street, Dublin. Price sixpence; post free ninepence.*

*Copies of No. 1 can still be obtained. Price sixpence; post free ninepence. Nos. 1 and 2, bound together, can be obtained for one shilling; post free one shilling and sixpence.*

*AN MACAOMH is published twice yearly, at Midsummer and at Christmas. An annual subscription of one shilling and sixpence entitles subscribers to receive each copy, post free.*

• A  
• EI  
• PI

# · AN · MACAOÍ ·

· EDITED · BY · P · H · PEARSE · AND ·  
· PUBLISHED · AT · ST · ENDA'S · SCHOOL ·

Imleab. I. Uim. 2.  
VOL. I. No 2.

NOV 13, 1909.  
CHRISTMAS, 1909.



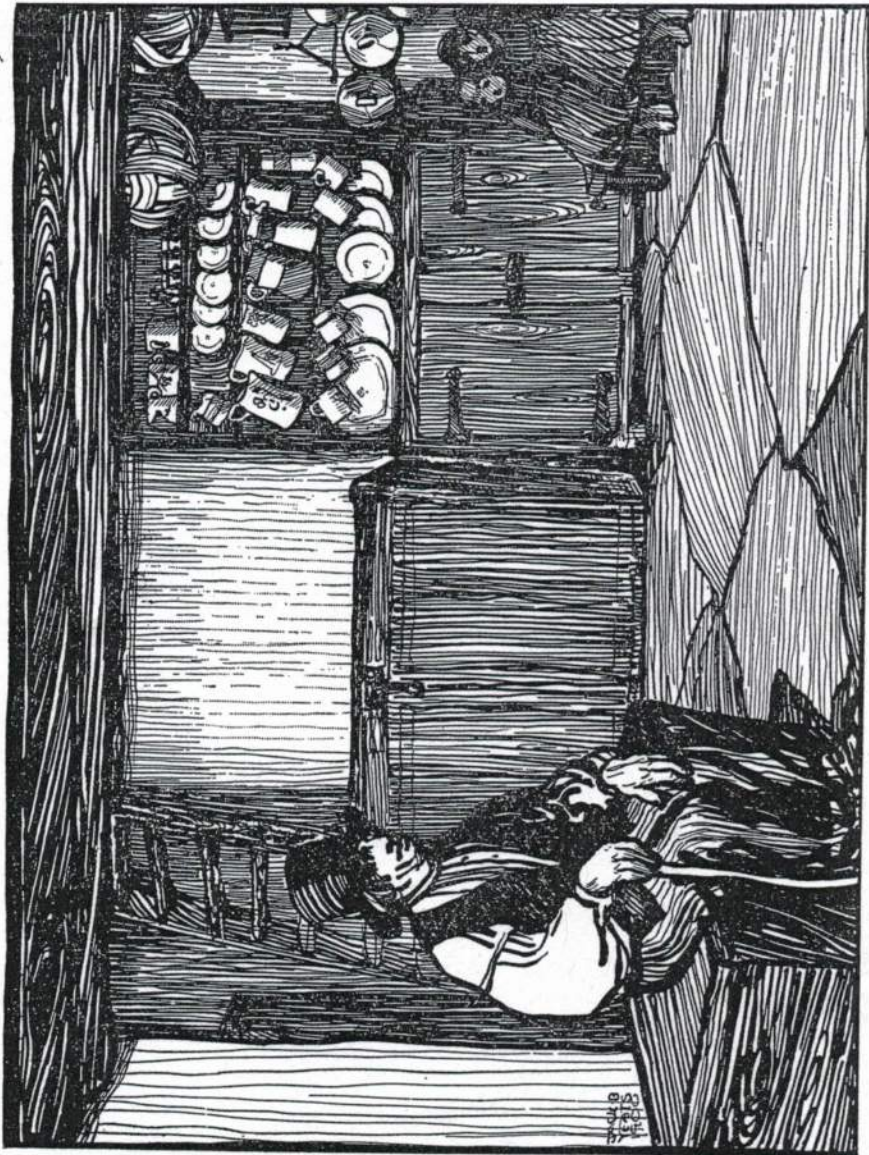
t  
I  
T  
S  
A  
X  
I  
I  
I

## CLÁR AN IRIEADHAI SEO.

	Leathanac
Óróllac. pádraic mac riarair .. .. .	.. 9
By Way of Comment. pádraic mac riarair .. .. .	.. 11
To James Clarence Mangan. Thomas MacDonagh .. .. .	.. 19
Ṫaoireac na Laine Duibe. Tomás mac Domhnaill .. .. .	.. 20
Snow at Morning. Thomas MacDonagh .. .. .	.. 24
A Sketch. Padraic Colum .. .. .	.. 25
Δ míe Óis na SClair. pádraic mac riarair .. .. .	.. 29
The Personal in the New Poetry. Thomas MacDonagh .. .. .	.. 30
A Schoolboy plays Cuchulainn. Seamus O Cuisin .. .. .	.. 34
Pageants. Stephen MacKenna .. .. .	.. 36
Íoraḡán. pádraic mac riarair .. .. .	.. 40
RECORD.—Half-Holiday Lecturers at St. Enda's .. .. .	.. 50
The Making of Athletes. p. mac p. .. .. .	.. 53
Annála na Sgoite, Fosḡmar go Noḡlaidis, 1909. p. mac p. asur p. Ó C. .. .. .	.. 55

## Illustrations.

The Man that Buried Raftery. Jack B. Yeats	..	..	..	..	<i>facing page</i>	9
Mater Dolorosa. William Pearse ..	..	..	..	..	" "	24
In Co. Wicklow. Patrick Tuohy ..	..	..	..	..	" "	28
Faces. Patrick Tuohy ..	..	..	..	..	" "	38
Ιομάναρθε Σγοι Έanna ..	..	..	..	..	" "	53
Ρετσαοόρη Σγοι Έanna ..	..	..	..	..	" "	54



THE MAN THAT BURIED RAFTERY. From the Pen-and-Ink Drawing in Sgoil Eanna by Jack B. Yeats.

t  
Ct  
Ti  
eA  
Li  
Ti  
AS  
fA  
AS  
C.  
Lu  
pA  
hE  
AC  
eIl  
m.  
mú  
Cui  
óS,  
oo  
mt  
féi

.. facing page 9  
.. " " 24  
.. " " 28  
.. " " 38  
.. " " 53  
.. " " 54





THE MAN THAT BURIED RAFTERY. From the Pen-and-Ink Drawing in Sgoil Eanna by Jack B. Yeats.

## ḂḡOLLAC.

Ḃit do'n iḡleabair ro Ḃaile Ḃḡa CliaḂ, aḡur Sgoil Ḃanna, i ḂḡioḂ Cuirinn, ḡo ronnraḂḡac. Ḃimriḡ Ḃo Mí na NoḂlaḡ, an tan ba naoir do'n Tigeirna mile aḡur naoi ḡcḡao ḂliaḂan aḡur a naoi. Feair oḡḡuigḡe aḡur eaḡair Ḃo Ráḡraic Mac Riarair, .i. Ḃro-Máigirḡir na Sgoile rḡamráḡḡe. Luḡḡ rḡḡioḂḡa Ḃo máigirḡí aḡur oḡoí aḡur mic léiginn na Sgoile cḡaona. Tuḡaḡo a Ḃéanna aḡur a cḡirḡa oḡ coḡair an rḡobair, .i. Ḃo cḡm imḡeacḡ aḡur uirḡḡeal na Sgoile ḡoḡainn Ḃ'fairnéir Ḃo cḡc, aḡur Ḃo cḡm toḡarḡo rḡoḡair ḡuinnḡirḡe na Sgoile, roir léigḡann aḡur rinnlitirḡeacḡ, roir rḡoḡ aḡur ḡannaiḡeacḡ, Ḃo tiomḡuḡaḡo le cḡile aḡur Ḃo coḡḡeao.

Ḃinn do'n iḡleabair ro ḂḂ MACḂAOḡḡ. Ir uime cḡana tuḡaḡo an t-ainn rin air, Ḃá cḡir i ḡcḡeill ḡurab iao macraḡo na Sgoile rḡo, maile le luḡḡ a ḡúinte, acḡ aḡ ḡ rḡḡioḂḡo aḡur aḡ ḡ cḡraḂḡḡaḡoileao. Rḡc eile rḡa n-air tuḡaḡo an t-ainn rin air, Ḃá cḡir i ḡcḡeill ḡur Ḃo macraḡo na hḂeirḡann air cḡana aḡur do'n ḡḡeam air ionḡuinn leo macraḡo na hḂeirḡann acḡḡair aḡ rḡḡioḂḡo aḡur aḡ cḡraḂḡḡaḡoileao an iḡleabair cḡaona. Rḡc eile rḡoḡ rḡa n-air tuḡaḡo an t-ainn rin air, Ḃá cḡir i ḡcḡeill ḡur ḡian ḡe ḡianair cḡoḡḡe luḡḡ rḡḡioḂḡa an iḡleabair ḡirḡeacḡ aḡur meanna Ḃo ḡúḡḡairḡe i macraḡo na hḂeirḡann, amair baḡ ḡual rinnḡear ḡoḡ; oir tuigḡear ḡo ḡruil Ḃá ḡriḡ leir an ḡḡocal úḡ, .i. macraḡḡ, maḡ acḡ, mac óḡ, aḡur óḡlḡc; aḡur ḂoḂ' Ḃil le luḡḡ rḡḡioḂḡa an iḡleabair rḡo óḡlḡc Ḃo Ḃéannaḡ ḡe ḡac mac óḡ Ḃá ḡruil beo ḡe cḡannaib ḡaḡeal, ionnur ḡo ḡbaḡo laoc air ac ḡo feair fairḡe air Ḃro ḡac mac ḡioḂ aḡur é aḡ coḡnaḡ a cḡlú rḡin aḡur cḡlú a cḡirḡo air foirḡearḡ Ḃaḡine aḡur Ḃeamhan na cḡuinne.

1r é iomoiria óleasar fad macaom' vo' déanam, .i. eiriompláir an  
mácaom' vo' b'feairi dá ruasó i nÉirinn riam' vo' leannáin, .i. Cúcúláinn  
mac Suaitam; óir vo' éall an macaom' rin' a' beata' rui' dá' fcaillfead' ré  
a' eimead', a'sur, dáita' macaom' eile ar' a' deáctamuro' ar' bail, sío' so' ruid'  
ré' féin neam'-cionntaó, tu' ré' a' beata' ar' ron' cionnta' a' éinó. Ni' iarrfar'  
an' méro' rin' ar' don' mác' de' mácraó' an' lae' inoiu'; áct' iarrfar' ar' fad' mac'  
ar' an' domán' eiriompláir' an' mácaom' eile' úo' vo' leannáin, .i. an' macaom'  
vo' éuaró' ríof' so' Narair' eplá' a'sur' vo' bí' umál' dá' mácair' a'sur' dá' ácair.

pádraic mac piaraís.

nám, .i. eipiompláir an  
 leannám, .i. Cúculáinn  
 za pul dá scaillpeadó pé  
 uro ar ball, sro so raib  
 ta a éinro. Ni iarrfar  
 áct iarrfar ar sac mac  
 eannám, .i. an Macaomh  
 mátar asur dá átar.  
 RAIC MAC PIARAIS.

## By Way of Comment.

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

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

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

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

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

this  
sys  
ind  
sou  
the  
anc  
anc  
live  
bec  
wh  
tea  
pup  
to:  
tha  
con  
wh

edt  
hai  
a-k  
thi  
am  
wa  
gat  
kin  
cor  
ow  
to  
art  
hin  
tha  
to  
car  
der  
is  
Co

for  
of  
the  
ple  
pec  
gra  
in

irations of all those  
Age which reserved  
childlike heart, for  
st who visioned the  
, give AN MACAOMH  
iginal intention of  
o are in some way  
Ireland whose name  
phere of wholesome  
ir Study Hall; and  
long with the work  
, are so much pre-  
ve not pressed them

ce of to-day is only  
e ancient cities and  
e not yet as cultured  
of Sophocles; with  
ot yet that love for  
iddle Ages. All the  
ed by our ancestors,  
problem of education,  
constantly speak and  
mulated in our own  
solved that problem  
e better than ours.  
t the best solution.  
The philosophy of  
the founders of the  
nes for "education"  
gripped the heart of  
ne old Gael was the  
s a "fosterer" and  
er" is exactly the  
p," to "guide," to  
to "indoctrinate,"  
ly to "foster" the  
another way in the  
e true work of the  
e himself at his best  
of one's pupils a  
ppinions, prejudices,  
one's pupils into so  
tle citizens, though

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

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

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

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

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

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

desc  
face  
fost  
wea  
mus  
not  
with  
with  
and  
the s  
self-  
to pe  
place  
one,

now  
Boy-  
we sl  
respo  
to ge  
pupil  
The v  
an ac  
the p  
much  
ever 1

I  
hint t  
I am  
who d  
men t  
ideas c  
taken  
privile  
now o  
spare;  
Refect  
(where  
know t  
for tea  
That w  
done h  
from o

hen, the charter of  
to make laws and  
was scope for the  
ning the suzerainty  
moral, intellectual,  
of the games which  
hings were designed  
ds that devise our  
"aite," fosterer or  
ordinary hirelings,  
ad lifted high above  
nets of their people.

idealisation of the  
of the child fostered  
ibes his fostering:  
us bore me on his  
lord of lands, was  
in just judgment;  
Cathbhadh of the  
kindled my boyish  
nets of Ulster have  
tion of Cuchulainn,  
y never have lived,  
Eamhain; but the  
nd of environment  
perfect hero. The  
true heroism, is  
o's mouth by the  
ariot: "I was a

it might not be  
its details. Our  
ng to add a Boy-  
their prototypes in  
lic polity. I can  
McNeill would look  
to send them their  
e heroes and seers  
and get them to  
e system which  
sions rather than  
ouls and noblest  
-republics I have

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

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

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

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

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

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



ck, Father Landers, and  
is come to us as a fourth  
s. Mr. Moynihan has  
been fortunate enough  
English Literature. Mr.  
r. Joseph MacDonagh  
sh. The discontinuance  
wner free for important  
will take up the project  
s are full.

Dr. Hyde, whose theme  
ch the schools should  
w of a romance to his  
lays; and Miss Helen  
ant life we intend, if

ounced that where the  
l be prepared for the  
acation. Nevertheless,  
y credit for our direct  
l methods of instruction  
the concurrence of the  
e Intermediate. The  
the Intermediate Board  
makes it possible for us  
g any of our principles.  
Intermediate School pure  
nouncement in our first  
aminations of the Inter-  
suits, always presuppos-  
change in our method of  
nd of the year we shall  
escribed language texts  
ching will still be done  
s and Chemistry have  
ment of Agriculture and  
glish must reign until  
subjects. This cannot  
we want Irish-speaking  
write text-books. I  
in the training of Irish  
t last year for a Science  
ved no reply; to an

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ṖḂṖṚḂḂ ḂḂḂ ṖḂḂḂḂ.

ring the speakers the  
ir year's work would  
no other recompense  
spoken in praise of it.

between] St. Brigid's  
st of a Heroic Play in  
is writing the English  
Mor at Bruidhean Da  
dramatised version of  
MACAOMH.

giously followed the  
as religiously followed  
-Connacht from whom  
word, no speech, into  
boys of the parish I  
ow my pupils at Sgoil  
I have given their  
ill: if I gave anything

described by an able  
It was meant as a  
re if I say that the  
the standard of definite  
r may not be a good  
raised and the writers

atres or for ordinary  
a certain attitude of  
ritten for performance  
now that in that place  
reverence due to a  
st of a group of boys  
n old man who sings  
g improbable, nothing  
e of innocent little  
en. I know a priest  
bed of a parishioner  
ndred people in the  
ights Mary and her  
ge doors be left open,

ΔΙC MAC ΠΙΔΑΔΙS.

## To James Clarence Mangan.

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

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

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

## Ἐπιπέλας καὶ Λαίμη Βοῦβε.

[Ἰς μίμη λαίμη καὶ βυδαίλι 1 Σγοίλ ἕαυνα οἷμ ῥῥέαι ὀ'ινηρὶντ ὀοῖβ 1 ὀταοῖβ Σταίρη καὶ ἠέιρηαν. Μυνα μβίονν ῥεαν-ῥῥέαι ἀγαμ βίονν οἷμ ῥῥέαι ὀο ἕμαδ. Ἐεανν ὀε καὶ ῥῥέαιταῖβ ῥεο ἰρ εαδ "Ἐπιπέλας καὶ Λαίμη Βοῦβε." Νίορ ῥῥηῖοβάρ καὶ εῖρηεαννα ὀο εῖρηεαδ οἷμ νά καὶ ῥῥεαῖβ ὀο τῦγαρ οἷτα, ἀετ νυαῖρ ὀο μίμηῖεαῖ ῥαε ῥυδ ὀυδαῖρητ μο εἰρηε ὀῖα ῥυρ ταιῖνῖς ἀν ῥῥέαι λεο ἀῖυρ "ἰρ κοῖρηαιλ ῥο μβέρο ῥέ ῥίορ ῥο ῥοῖλ" ἀρ ῥαδ-ῥαν. Νί ὀο ὀυῖνε ἀρ βῖτ ἀετ ὀο καὶ ῥαεεαλαῖβ ὀῖα ῥο ὀο ῥῥηῖοβάρ ἀν ῥῥέαι, μἀ'ῖ ῥῥέαι ἔ.]

ἰν ἠαλλὰ καὶ Καῖρη 1 μβέαι ἀτα ἀν ῥεαδὰ ὀο τάρηυῖς ῥέ. ἀν τ-αμ, ἀν ῥεαετῖμαδ λά ὀε ὀεῖρηεαδ ῥοῖμηαιρ ῥαν μβηαιδαιμ ναιοῖ ῥεεαδ ὀεαῖς ἀῖυρ ὀά ῥίερο.

Ἐῖρηεαδ ἀοῖβῖνν ὀο βῖ ἀῖαιμ ῥαν λαῖταρ. Νί ταιῖνῖς ἀον βηαιδαιμ λε ῥαδὰ κοῖμ βῥεαῖς λεῖρ ἀν μβηαιδαιμ ῥεο. Βῖ ῥαε ῥυανν ἀρβαιρ ἰηρ καὶ ἠοελαῖνῖβ, βαιλ μαιτ ἀρ ἀν τῖρ ἀρ ῥαδ, ἀῖυρ ῥηῖοννδαιρ 1 ῥεοῖρηε ῥαε ὀυῖνε. Βῖ καὶ ῥεῖρηῖ ῥαεεαλαεα βαιηῖῖε ῥο βαιηε ἀτα Ἐπαιε ἕεανα ῥέῖν μαρ βῖ εῖρηε καὶ μαιρηεαλαε ἀῖυρ εῖρηε νυα-οῖβῖῖε καὶ λοῖς λε ῥοεῖρηεαδ, ἀῖυρ β'εῖρηε ὀοῖβ ῥεαετ λε ἕεῖηε νίορ ῥυαιηε 'νά μαρ βα ῥηαεαε. Νίορβ' ἔ ῥο ῥαιβ καὶ μαιρηεαλαῖς ῥέῖν μῖ-ῥάρτα λεῖρ ἀν ὀηῖε ἀ βῖ ῥεαετὰ ἀμαε οἷρ ἀ ῥεοῖμηαιρ. ὀαρ μο λάμ νῖ ῥαιβ, μαρ τῖρ-ῥηαετῖρηεαδ ὀο βῖ 1 ῥεαε ὀυῖνε ἀ ῥαιβ βαιηε ἀῖε λε Καβλαε καὶ ἠέιρηεανν ὀ'ν ὀαεταῖρη ἀνυαῖ ῥο ὀεῖ ἀν ῥηαεαῖρηε ὀῖς εῖρηεαῖηαιλ νάε ῥαιβ τῖρ ῥεαετῖμαῖνε ἀρ ἀν βῥαιρηῖε. Βῖ ῥάρ μῖρ ταετὰ ἀρ ὀβαιρ ἀν εαβλαῖς ῖοῖρ ἕῖρηε ἀῖυρ ἀν μῖρ-εῖρ, ἀῖυρ βῖεαῖρ λε ὀεῖε λοῖς ὀε καὶ εεανναῖβ βα ῖο ὀο τῖρηεαῖ κοῖμ ῥυαε ἀῖυρ ὀ'ῥεαεῖρηε ἀ ὀεανναῖ. Βῖ ἀρ-ῖο-ῖο καὶ ἠέιρηεανν λε ῥεαετ εῖρηε βέαι ἀτα ἀν ῥεαδὰ ἀν οῖρηε ῖρηε λε ν-α ῥυαεῖρηε ῥο ῥηῖρηεαῖηαιλ ῥο ῥαιβ εῖρηε εῖρηε ὀε καὶ ῥηῖρηεαεαῖβ ῥεο λε τῖρηεαῖ 1 βῖοῖρηε τῖρηεαῖ καὶ ῥεῖρηεαῖ 1 ῥεῖρηεαῖ. Ἐῖρηεαῖ ἀν ὀαῖρηε ἰρ ἀν ῥαῖρηε, ἰρηε ἀῖυρ μῖρ-ῖρηε ἀν ἕεαννηαιρ λε ν-α νάρ-ῖο-ῖο ὀ'ῥεαεαῖ. ὀά ῖρηε ἔ ἀν ἠαλλὰ νίορ εῖρηε ἀ ῥεαετῖμαδ εῖρηε ὀά ῥαιβ ῥαν ῥεαεαῖρ ἀν. ἀετ εονηαιεαδαιρ ἀν τῖρηε-ῖο-ῖο ἀῖ ῥεαετ ἀμαε ἀρ ἀν ῥηαε ἀῖβῖρηε. Ἐῖρηεαδαιρ καὶ ῖρηε ἰρ καὶ ῖρηεαῖ ῥαῖηε ῖρηε. Νυαῖρ ῥαεταῖρ ταοδ ἀμῖρηε ὀε ῖρηε καὶ ῥηαεεαε ἔ ἠῖρηεαδ ῥαῖρ καὶ ῥαῖηε. Ἐῖρηε ἀν ῥαῖρ ῖρηε τῖρ ῖρηε-ῖρηεαῖ καὶ εαῖρηεαῖ ῥηαεῖρηε ἀν ὀρηεαῖρηε ῖρηεαε ῥο ἠῖρηε καὶ ῖρηε 1 ῥεονηαιε ῖρηεαῖ. ἀρ ἀῖρ ῖρηε ἀῖρηε ὀο'ν ῖρηε ἀῖυρ ῥηαεῖρηε καὶ ῖρηεαῖρηε ἀῖρηε ἰρ ἀῖρηε ἕῖρηε. Νί ῥαιβ ἀν οῖρηεαδ ἀταῖρ ἀρ ῖρηεαῖρηε βέαι ἀτα ἀν ῥεαδὰ

Ἰσάλ ὠ'innrinc ὀοῖθ  
ἰάλ ἄsam bionn orim  
"Ἰαιοῖρεὰὶ nά Laine  
m nά nά ppeasrai ὀo  
: mo cáirpe ὀsa sur  
é pior ḡo póil" ἄr  
ḡsa ḡo ὀo Ἰσῖoῖoap

ἄrhuḡ ré. ἄn τ-am,  
naoῖ ḡcéao ὀéas ἄsur

ἄainḡ ἄon ὀliáoῖin le  
punann ἄrḡap inḡ nά  
ἄr ḡ ḡorḡde ḡac ὀuine.  
ḡeana péin mar ḡi ceirḡ  
ὀcrḡḡad, ἄsur ὀ'éisḡin  
ḡioḡḡ' é ḡo ḡaḡḡ nά  
ἄ amac ὀr ἄ ḡcoḡaiḡ.  
Ἰḡac ὀuine ἄ ḡaḡḡ baḡnḡ  
ḡo ὀcḡi ἄn ḡḡabaiḡe ὀs  
ḡi pár moḡ ḡasḡa ἄr  
ḡap le ὀeic lonḡ ὀe nά  
ḡe ἄ ὀéanaiḡ. ḡi ἄro-  
ἄ ἄn ὀoḡde rin le n-ἄ  
ἄ luḡḡḡreacaiḡ ḡeo le  
ἄainḡ ἄn ὀarḡḡir Ἰr  
ἄ n-ἄro-Riḡ ὀ'ḡeiceál.  
ἄ ḡaḡḡ ḡan ḡeacaiḡ ann.  
Ἰr ἄn ḡraen aiḡléirḡḡ.  
uair ḡacḡar ḡaoḡ amuiḡ  
ḡuarḡ ἄn ḡáir rin ḡrḡi  
ḡ ḡo n-ἄro nά Riḡs ḡ  
sur ḡraen nά Muarḡe  
ḡir ḡéal ἄḡa ἄn ḡeḡḡḡ

ὀ'n lá ὀo ἄr ḡain ἄn ḡἄro-Ri ḡaoḡḡreacḡ nά ḡéiréann amac le n-ἄ cálmacḡ  
Ἰr ḡi ἄnoḡḡ ὀrḡa ἄr ἄ ḡeiceál ὀoḡḡ (ḡia ὀilir eapḡaiḡn féin ἄsur ἄn ὀaoḡḡreacḡ !)  
nó leir nά ḡḡorḡaiḡ ὀliáoῖin ḡoḡe rin, ἄcḡ lá ἄmáin eile ḡ'ḡeḡoir, .i. ἄn lá  
ὀo ἄr ḡuir ḡumbeairḡ 'ἄn ḡraḡ ḡlar ἄr ḡúirḡ ḡéal ἄḡa ἄn ḡeḡḡḡ."

ḡi ḡac ἄon ὀuine ἄs Ἰarḡarḡ ὀéanaiḡ ἄr ἄn ḡalla mar ḡeo. ḡeac ἄr  
ḡit, ἄ ḡaḡḡ ḡuiréḡḡ aiḡe ὀ ὀliḡeḡḡoḡir nά caḡḡac leḡeḡḡ Ἰrḡeacḡ é, ἄsur nά  
ὀaoḡne eile ḡioḡ leḡeḡḡḡ—ní ḡaḡḡ aiḡ ἄcḡ ann.

ḡ ὀcrḡáḡ ḡoḡe ḡeo ḡuiréḡḡ ḡior ἄr ἄro-ḡáro nά ḡéiréann ḡo ḡéal  
ἄḡa ἄn ḡeḡḡḡ le ḡáilḡe ḡeileamḡac ὀo ḡur ḡoḡḡ ἄn ἄro-Riḡ. ḡuarḡ ἄn  
ḡ-iomḡarḡ ὀ ḡéal ḡo ḡéal ḡo ḡaḡḡ ḡé ἄs ὀéanaiḡ ἄr ἄn ḡalla mar ḡeo. ḡi.  
ἄainḡ ḡé ἄr ἄn luḡḡ ὀ ḡir ḡonaiḡ ἄsur ḡi ḡé ἄs ḡorḡ nά ḡraeneacḡ ἄs ἄn  
ἄn céaḡna leir ἄn ἄro-Riḡ. ḡar éir ḡḡacaiḡ ἄainḡ ἄn ḡeirḡ ἄsur luḡḡ  
ḡriḡḡa nά caḡḡac ḡuirḡ ἄn ḡalla. ἄr ὀul Ἰrḡeacḡ ὀoḡḡ ḡeap ἄ ḡaḡḡ láirḡeacḡ  
ḡuar ἄr ὀnḡir ὀoḡḡ, ἄcḡ ḡioḡ ὀubḡarḡ ḡirḡo nó ḡioḡ ḡualacḡ ḡor ἄn uair ḡeo.  
ḡro ḡo ḡaḡḡ ḡroḡde ḡac ὀuine ἄs ḡur ḡar maḡil le ḡlionḡar ḡi ἄ ḡior ἄcḡ  
ḡo ḡaḡḡ ḡeap ḡár-ὀéanḡa nά ḡior-ḡáilḡe ὀo'n ἄro-Riḡ ḡ n-ἄ meapḡ, ἄsur  
ḡar ὀroḡ-ḡéapḡac leḡo ḡur Ἰrḡeacḡ aiḡ, mar ḡi ḡior-ḡáilḡe ἄcḡ ḡoḡḡ ἄn mḡáro  
moḡ-ḡliḡaiḡ féin. ḡo ḡabaoḡar-ḡan ἄr ἄn ἄroḡn. ḡ ḡceann ḡúpla nḡiméroi  
ὀ'éirḡḡ ἄn ḡáro. ḡuarḡ ḡé ἄsur ὀ'ḡás ḡé ἄ lám ḡli ἄr ḡarḡ ἄ ḡiáirḡḡe.  
ḡeap ḡreḡḡ ὀeḡ-ὀrḡeḡeacḡ ὀo ḡi ann ἄsur é annḡin ḡ n-ἄ ḡeapḡaiḡ ḡeḡḡ le  
labairḡ. Labairḡ ḡé ὀe ḡur ḡinn Ἰreap ἄ ḡaḡḡ ἄ neapḡ ἄsur ἄ láirḡeacḡ ἄr  
ḡorḡaiḡ aiḡe. ḡeapḡá ḡo ḡaḡḡ ἄ ἄnam ἄs lonḡarḡ ḡ n-ἄ ὀá ḡáil Ἰrḡiḡ. ḡia  
ἄr ḡit ḡác ὀo ḡi leir, ḡi ἄ éaoḡn ḡá ὀorḡeaoḡar éisḡin, mar lá ḡóirḡḡe ḡ  
meḡḡon-ḡraḡḡarḡo nác mbeacḡ ἄ ḡior ἄsac ἄn ḡḡlanḡarḡ nά ḡḡamailḡ nó ἄn  
ḡpleapḡḡarḡ ḡé ḡ n-ἄ ḡeap-ḡinnḡeacḡ ḡriḡa.

"Ní caḡḡar ḡann nua, ní luacḡarḡ ἄon ḡáilḡe anocḡ. ḡraoḡḡḡaoḡḡeapḡ  
ḡḡeal ἄ mbeḡḡ nά ḡáirḡo ἄs ḡur ḡior aiḡ ḡar Ἰr ḡéap ḡḡian ὀr ἄr ḡionn nó  
ḡuir ḡarḡ ḡimceailḡ éiréann. Innḡeocḡo anocḡ ὀaoḡḡ ḡá ḡún nά ḡaiḡne  
ḡeirḡe.

"Caḡḡeapḡ ὀul ḡiar ḡo ὀcḡi ἄn céao ḡoláirḡe ὀá-ḡeangacḡ ὀo ḡuiréḡḡ  
ἄr ḡun ḡ mḡaile ἄḡa ḡiaḡ. Inḡ ἄn ḡColáirḡe rin ὀo ḡuiréḡḡ ḡéirḡeann ἄr  
ἄn ἄro-Riḡ. Le linn ἄ aiḡe ḡi ḡé mar ḡuacaiḡ ἄr ḡit eile ὀo ḡi ḡan  
ḡColáirḡe leir, ἄcḡ ḡo ḡaḡḡ ἄ ḡroḡde ὀs ḡusḡa aiḡe ὀ'éirḡinḡ ḡar ἄon ḡuacaiḡ  
eile. Séapḡ ἄ ḡḡici le ḡac ḡeḡeacḡ ὀs ἄr ὀul Ἰrḡeacḡ ὀo ḡan ḡColáirḡe rin  
ḡeapḡ nά ḡéiréann ὀo ḡúineacḡ ὀo; ḡḡealḡa ḡá ḡionn ἄsur nά ḡianna ḡo  
leir ὀ'innḡinc ὀo; ἄ inḡinn ὀs ὀo ḡur ἄr ḡarḡ le ḡḡealḡaiḡ ḡá uairḡeacḡ  
ἄsur ḡeapḡaiḡacḡ ὀilir ἄ ḡinnḡir, ἄsur ḡar ḡac ḡur eile caḡcḡo Ἰrḡeacḡ ḡ n-ἄ  
ḡroḡde ḡur le ḡiḡocḡ nά moḡ-ḡḡiom n-uapal ὀo ḡain ḡé féin ἄsur ḡo ḡaḡḡ  
aiḡ ὀeḡḡ-iomḡur ἄsur ὀeḡḡ-ḡéapḡ ὀo céacḡacḡ ἄr ἄ ḡon féin ἄsur ἄr ḡon  
ἄ ḡipe. ἄsur ḡan náirḡe ὀo ḡur ἄr ἄ ḡeap-aiḡreacaiḡ ḡan úir ḡan "lonḡ nά  
ḡaoḡḡar" ὀo leannḡainḡ ὀá n-Ἰarḡarḡ éirḡ aiḡ rin ὀo ὀéanaiḡ.

"Ní ḡarḡ ḡo mḡioḡ eolapḡ beacḡ ἄs nά maḡaiḡ léirḡinḡ ἄr ḡeapḡ nά ḡipe,  
ḡo náirḡe ὀ aiḡirḡ ḡḡian ὀoḡḡe anuap. ḡuiréḡḡar féin ἄn-ḡruim ḡan  
ḡeapḡ. Inḡ ḡeapḡ ḡo ḡaḡḡ ἄ ḡior ἄcḡ ḡia ḡiao nά ceannḡuirḡ ἄsur ḡia ḡéacḡ  
ḡeapḡ ὀo ḡi ἄr ḡac ḡaoḡḡ ἄs ḡluaiḡ ḡairḡ. ḡéroiḡ féin amac ḡan ḡráirḡ.

Togairí tairí. Cuirtear rian-ran na 'hairm' fá aclairdeact. Cuzad 'Drian Dóime' mífneac dá curó rairíóirí agus tugairí cat Cluain Tairí arí.

"Agur Eogan Ruad Ó Néill! Nac iad a rairí rár-mear aca air; nac iad 'oo bí bródamail ar agur 'oo ríaduis le ríad úrramác calmacé glóimair Eogain Ruad! Dairtead ré an ceo ar ciorde don neic deo beic ag amair orca' ag tabairt 'Cata na Deinne Duirbe' lá breag ran rairíad. Nú ag marcardeact le páraic Sáiréal go baite an faoirí. Ciero uaim go rcuríoir brí leir an bocal fairíe úo, .i. an bocal fairíe 'oo fuair páraic Sáiréal ó'n tpean-mnaoi—An Sáiréalac an bocal—An Sáiréalac an fear!

Tairí go mói leo an cat 'oo tug Dall Dearg Ó Domhail i rConnactair nuair 'oo curí ré rae duine nac rairí raeóilz aige rai rairí an élaróm. Ir iomda rae 'oo bí ag na macair léiginn le raeóilz 'o' ríolm. Act an rae ba mó ar rae: Bí a ríor aca nac bréarairí beic i n-a brior-Éireannair i meair a rcom-raeéal ran rColairte ran teangain a rínnir 'oo beic go rínn ríe-binn ríonnoraic aca réin.

"Nuair 'oo bíó rairí na ríe i n-a ciorde ag mac léiginn óz, agur teanga na ríe aige ar a comairle réin, curí ar an aróan ran halla mói é lá beirte rairí ná lá cata mói. Ríicí ríactar ar an ríó mói 'oo bain leir an lá úo. Ríicí ríactar ar rae-obair agur ríreact an Éireannair óiz réin. Deirí rí ríú a curí i meair na rraeéal rairí. Curí ar an rínn, mar ríó raeóan ríóimair Mac Éil, raeall 'oo tabairt go ríeánraó ré rae ríó rairí go mífneamail agur go nuair ar ríon Dé 'oo cirtuis é, ar ríon na ríe 'oo ríaduis ré, agur ar a ríon réin. An rínn ríreaoi an Clairéam Dub 'oo, an Clairéam úo le n-ar ríon go maríeac an ríreann Éamonn Mac rrairí. Ríeao ré é le rínn a ríreann 'oo ríreannraó. Ní hannam 'oo ríreao rí ar an ríann ríó úo raeannra 'oo na raeannra úo. Má ríreao, ní ar ciorde ríreao a ríreaoi bun ríó, act ar ciorde 'oo bíó ag curí arí mair le ríreao.

"Lá aca rí 'oo curí ar n-áir-Rí amac i rrairíe an Colairte agur raeónac na n-óz-laoic leir—bíó ar le cat réil an ára ríre 'o' at-ríro. Bí eolar ríreannra aca ar an raeoi a ríreao an cat úo ran mbliadain 1598. Togad buacail le beic i n-a ríó Ruad Ó Domhail or ríonn arí ríe ríonnair i rConnactair, buacail eile le beic i n-a ríaz úo ar rrairí Monac, agur mar rínn ríe. Rair 'Ó Néill' amac or a ríonnair agur curí ré fá aclairdeact iad. Cuz ré oríreao ríreac na Láimhe Deirge 'oo ríreao leir an ríreoi. 'o' ríreannra iad réin ar rae or ríonnair an ríreoi. Cuz 'Ó Néill' ríreao uair ag curí ríor ar rae ar ríreann an ríe fá ríreannra agur ríreannra na ríreall. An ríreoi ar ríreann a n-áirreaca Éire ran an ríó ó, agur go ríe ríreann réin. 'Anoir,' ar ríreann, 'rá ríreann ar ríreannra réin 'oo ríreann ríreann, agur rair ar bíe ríreann ríreann ar ar ríreann an lá ríe, clairíe ríreann agur ríreannra 'o' Éirínn agur ríreannra é.'

"Ríreann na buacail amac nac rairí don clairíe i n-a meair.

"'Mo ríreann go ríe ríe,' arí 'Ó Néill,' 'rá ríreannra agur ríreannra ríreann ríreann. Ar n-áir ar na ríreann i n-áir ríe.'

Bí an Dáirí  
ré i ríreann na m  
an ríreann rínn beic

"Níó mói  
ré le ríreann ag  
'oo curí ríreann na  
ríreann ríreann i a  
úo. Ní ríreann cu  
Monair ríreann ríe  
ríreann ríreannra  
ríreann,' agur ríreann  
ára Clairíe, an ríreann  
ré i n-áir an ríreann

'o' ríreannra an  
ríreann ríreannra

"Curínn míf  
ríreann, a ríreann-Rí

## Snow at Morning.

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

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

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

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

rá aclaíreáclt. Tugad  
sairtír cat Cluain Tairb

r-mear aca air; nac iad  
amacl calmaclt glóimair  
neic beo veit as amairc  
s ran ramhrad. Nò as  
oicis. Cieru uaim so  
raire do fuair pádraic  
-an Sáirreáclac an fear l  
Domnaill i sConnacraib  
i faobair an clairóim. Ir  
fozluim. Aclt an rácl  
n-a bpior-éireannaclac  
in a rinnirir do veit so

as mac léiginn ós, asur  
in ároán ran halla mór  
ar an fuo mór do bain  
óilreáclt an éireannaic  
beal fearca. Cuircl air  
do tabairc so noéanrad  
ar ron Dé do éruclac é,  
in. Annpin tugcaoi an  
jo marbclac an Tigearna  
iozraire do óaingniugad.  
eannca ve na laeteannca  
bun oóid, aclt ar cpiorbe

raiccl an Coláirce asur  
lca Duibe o'at-épioro. Ói  
úo ran mbliadain 1598.  
raill of cionn arim tíre  
i mias Uiróir ar fearaib  
s of a scomair asur cuir  
i Láime Deirge do finead  
comair an bpaclac. Tug  
ncl an tír rá claimléireac  
in a n-aicreáclac éire ran  
n, 'clá opainn ar noaclgar  
ruim ar ar námaio an lá  
om-ra é.'

re i n-a mearf.

clá raoirreáclt asur glóime  
i Dé.'"

Ói an Dáro as Labairc of áro. Ir cinnce sur moclac ré sac a noúairc  
ré i ocaoió na mbuacailli i n-a épiorbe réin. Socruic ré ríor a sur car éir  
an méro rin veit rárdce aicse.

"Níor mór oom mo rseal do óéanam gearr anoir," ar reirean. "Clá  
ré le peiceácl as aon duine i nánnálaib an Coláirce so mbaó é 'Ó Néill'  
do cuir Craob na Laimne Duibe ar bun. Clá ré rsepiorbca i sCozac ar Saoir-  
reáclca surab i an Craob rin do tug ceannpiurc o' éirinn le linn an óozaró  
úo. Ní réirir cuir ríor ar a scalmaclt. Óaineacair raoirreáclt amacl o' éirinn.  
Monuar sur ioc curo aca ar le n-a mbár. Ceapann muinnclir na h'éireann  
sur marbuigead reaclairc na Craoióe rin ar a oclugcaoi 'Claoireac na Laimne  
Duibe,' asur sur marbuigead é an oíóce úo ar oíbir ré na saill ar baile  
áclca Cluac, an oíóce úo a raib an líre veairc le fuil. Óréas slan i rin. Clá  
ré i n-am an rseal rin do mílleac. Clá an claoireac beo i scomnaicbe."

O'iompuic an Dáro ar an áro-Ric, ruic ré sreim ar a lámh asur tubairc  
ve sur áro ceolmair:

"Cuirim míle ir na mílte ráicte móra roíac ó muinnclir an íarclair  
anoct, a áro-Ri éireann asur a claoiric na Laimne Duibe!"

TOMÁS MAC DOMNAILL



## A Sketch.

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

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

"Are you going to catch?" Peter asked, responding to the freemasonry implied.

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

"Can you take goldfinches about here?"

"Any amount of them," said the boy.

"Did you catch that goldfinch yourself?"

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

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

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

"Look at my hands with the birdlime."

"Do you make the birdlime yourself?"

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

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

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

"I don't know."

MACDONAGH.



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

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

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

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

"Yours won't die."

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

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

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

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

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

## II.

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

while by the  
her knitting  
and her prese  
of a fire to o  
together, and  
and she brou  
case filled wit  
before the cas  
first reading.  
the books be  
now at sea.  
healthy, so c  
boyhood. G  
Verne, *The Jo*  
that made his  
but had never  
book at differ  
wanted to cr  
He came on  
him and went  
that he was a  
the book aga  
himself of the  
and went int

Mrs. Gay  
Peter was lea  
portly and as  
"And what a  
Gaynor, do y  
was going to  
can be with n  
with me." F  
he held his u  
man with me.  
when he went  
his former chi  
restored him t

A pony-t  
Peter to it.  
the way," he  
"Jane," said  
who is a form  
tightened the  
The adve  
remembered t

dfinch. You'd  
e for a year."  
1 that you have  
ave for a year.

t the winter."  
e road, and the  
l would be alive  
ndered. He sat  
1 wall.  
ler Killiney Hill.  
name them all.  
the race to the  
hese things were  
ut there, thinking

d courage again.  
He went along  
stir of the blood.  
ed and lay quiet,  
behind the stalk  
while. Suddenly  
hollow. Peter  
ts, and its scuter  
er was left alone.  
at was without  
imaculae darted  
e blackbird's cry.  
Then he went  
in the ground a  
loured body and  
reat wings could  
hollow, and with  
lace. The crane  
place. He would

itality and Peter  
mmended him to  
pon the roadside.  
he had sat for a

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

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

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

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

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

He went down the road. The pony-trap went up the hills, and he heard the girl's voice.  
"Who is he, father?"  
"The poor fellow, he's . . ." the portly voice became inaudible. Peter Horgan walked towards the lights of the tram.

PADRAIC COLUM.

---

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

What more white?  
The face of Truth made known,  
The heart of Youth  
Singing before her throne.

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

letter I'll attend to you,"  
I left it down before him.  
In the eight years since  
I met the maid. Now they  
are in that well-remembered  
place, breaking into laughter now  
as the night was dark, and the face was  
the same as that led to the place of  
the lights of the tramway  
I met you if you like," said Mr.  
trap. "Good-night, Mr.

went up the hills, and he  
his voice became inaudible.  
The tram.

PADRAIC COLUM.

lit,

down,

AS MACDONAGH.

### Δ ἄνθρωπος οὗτος καὶ ἔσται.

Δ ἄνθρωπος οὗτος καὶ ἔσται,  
ἵψος καὶ ἵψος ἄνθρωπος  
ἔστω ἄνθρωπος καὶ ἔσται:  
Καὶ ἔστω ἄνθρωπος οὗτος.

Μακάριος οὗτος, ἄνθρωπος  
ὃς οὐκ ἔσται ἄνθρωπος:  
ὃς οὐκ ἔσται ἄνθρωπος  
ὃς οὐκ ἔσται ἄνθρωπος.

Ὁ ἄνθρωπος καὶ ἔσται ὁ  
ἔστω ἄνθρωπος οὗτος:  
Μὰ τὸν οὐρανὸν καὶ τὴν γῆν,  
ἵψος καὶ ἵψος ἄνθρωπος.

Τὰς ἀνθρώπων τὸν οὐρανὸν  
καὶ τὴν γῆν καὶ τὸν οὐρανὸν  
καὶ τὴν γῆν καὶ τὸν οὐρανὸν  
καὶ τὴν γῆν καὶ τὸν οὐρανὸν.

Δ ἄνθρωπος καὶ ἔσται ἄνθρωπος,  
ὃς οὐκ ἔσται ἄνθρωπος  
ὃς οὐκ ἔσται ἄνθρωπος  
ὃς οὐκ ἔσται ἄνθρωπος.

Ὁ ἄνθρωπος καὶ ἔσται ὁ οὐρανὸν,  
ὃς οὐκ ἔσται ἄνθρωπος:  
καὶ τὴν γῆν καὶ τὸν οὐρανὸν,  
καὶ τὴν γῆν καὶ τὸν οὐρανὸν?

ΠΑΤΡΙΑΚΟΝ ΜΑΚ ΠΑΡΑΙΣ.

## The Personal in the New Poetry.

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

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

Roba lem rítheag dom réir,  
oic in míthoga romthár,  
oic in cosc cinad romchrín,  
forítr! ní hiodan mo lámh.

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

mé.\*

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

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

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

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

I.

There is just that same resembling it; this new poet the language through trans

The oper  
"When lovely  
G. K. Cheste  
each of them  
juxtaposition  
of looking at  
"When lovely  
with a sudden  
banks and br  
same subject  
that Goldsmi  
words are spo  
between the  
end. The y  
not merely  
situation. A  
abuse of the  
exuberant f  
expressed to  
prefer to go  
take a well-  
W. E. Henle

This to  
clutch of cir

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

try.

Mr. John Cooke,  
and Co., suggests  
characteristics.  
the misuse of the  
Ireland as poetry  
these human thrill  
of this sort are more  
of the speaker's  
the *dán díreach*,  
is that translate  
appear almost  
" by Dr. Meyer

; translation, I have



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

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

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

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

selected; by  
intuition alwa  
word gives, t  
a dream of th  
mute animal,  
misread, by a  
poet who is t  
poet who is t  
Those of  
words, narrat  
assume tones  
no such thin

I have talked  
in as a strong  
phrase and all  
the poem thus

The poem,  
e strong man

If he claim  
of protest and  
But a protest  
is may be"—

overheard by  
made. The

self-flattering  
poem in another  
fine an honour

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

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

THOMAS MACDONAGH.

lin Book" the  
ling spoils the  
ken as denying  
atic monologue  
al is, as George  
d good poetry,  
never an exact  
poem than the  
may be called  
te as fine love  
c or the actual  
e poems wrung  
of them than  
faculty. For  
It recalls, it  
it happily and  
it unburthens  
interprets by  
gh experience so

## A Schoolboy plays Cuchulainn.

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

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

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

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

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

SEUMAS O CUISIN.

## Pageants.\*

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

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

\* Reprinted, by permission, from the *Freeman's Journal*.

and that  
Anglo-Irish  
almost a ce  
therefore l  
literature o  
lecture del  
almost to  
main, the  
King. I  
scribed," t  
Mock Pro  
Green too  
people of  
Lord Lieu

- If thi  
poor to-d  
the impre  
yesterday  
Deeds, or  
but its m  
And of a  
all must b  
for hope s  
and hero-  
Pearse rig  
epic stori  
were acte  
the beaut  
blending  
the Irish  
chanted  
up to be  
Gaelic in  
must ha  
of Cuchu  
died in M  
MacNess  
tongue te  
to hear  
hunting  
of the sp  
pageant  
thing wa  
pelled to  
could or

In England, in  
at this mediæval  
arts. It stands  
happy freedom  
an is the drama,  
of psychology.  
nsity of emotion.  
procession, more  
e natural grace  
or even in single  
ornate prose of  
e diversity, with  
as well as harvest  
is to have loved  
en hold, that the  
ramatic instinct  
e great outburst  
n after the great  
m, the noblest  
It is a pity  
use crushed the  
ach has its place  
7, bound to hard  
among the trees.  
n threads of our  
even the troubled  
opean love of the  
s—or, cautiously,  
in his "Bards of  
lays and dramas.  
romance of the  
te, this suggestive  
en in conversation,

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

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

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

STEPHEN MACKENNA.

### SWALLOWS.

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

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

SEUMAS O CUISIN.

by nobility of the  
the ideal would

And it has the  
ular, open to all:  
nda, mean doors  
rtistic service of  
pay scot and lot,

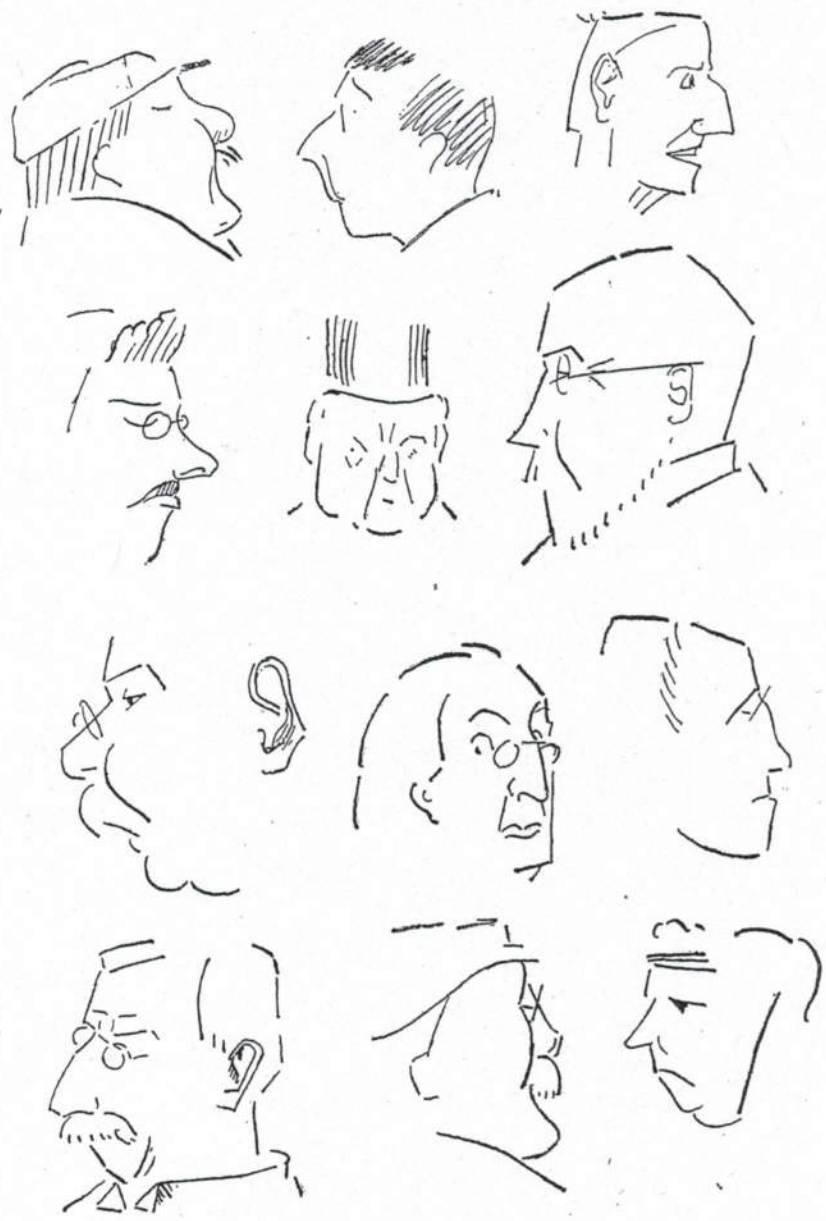
It would not be  
us, so perfect in  
t, as this of the  
ts must have had  
ny a droll break-  
reland we should  
ters of a city-like  
thing if we could  
we might make  
extraordinary to  
, with its modern  
e stories that are  
re not so far from  
ll for Ireland if a  
ght of every boy  
i garden of apple-  
asant places, from  
alth and happy  
s loyalty to some  
s no people has a  
these hero-tales ;  
in of its own best  
corded in beauty,

EN MacKENNA.

SH FOR A FRIEND.

y  
;

CUISIN.



FACES. By Patrick Tuohy.



## ÍORAZÁN.

.1. ūR-CLUICE ÓÁ-RANNAĆ.  
PÁTORAIC MAC PIARAIS  
DO RĚRĪOB.

AN FUIREANN ANNSO SĪOS:

Sean-Maitiar.

FĪR AĒUR MNÁ.

Cuimín,  
Cóilín,  
Pátoraic,  
Darać,  
Driocán,  
Máireín,  
Eoġan,  
Féicín,

.1. mairiag.

ÍORAZÁN.

AN SAĒAR.

Tuiscear go bfuil Cuimín, Pátoraic, AĒUR Darać beazán níor rine 'ná na mairiag eile.

Áit do'n Cluice reo, baile i nIar-Connactaib.

Aimriġ óó, an aimriġ atá i Látair.

## AN CÉAD ROINN.

Teac le hair bótair i otaob tġne uaisneac. Cġor-bótair ar taob na láime clí. ġiobán féir i lár an cġor-bótair. Áro ran mbótair atá aġ uil riar ó'n ġcġor-bótair.

ġlór cluig do teact ariar go ġlé ġlġnn. Orġailtear uorġar an tġġe. Sean-fear, .1. sean-Maitiar, do teact amać ar lic an uorġair aġur do fearam ġġatam aġ bġeactnuġad riar an bótair. É do ġurde anriġin ar cátaoir atá taob amuig

oe'  
aġu  
i n  
Cor  
an  
an  
m  
Cu  
Cuimín.—Céar  
Cóilín.—Púicín  
Pátoraic.—Ára,  
Cóilín.—ġeactá  
Pátoraic.—Ní he  
Darać.—'b'fató  
Driocán.—Faic  
Máireín.—ġicín  
Cóilín.—Ní hea  
Pátoraic.—Déar  
Cóilín.—Dionn  
Cóilín.—Éirt  
Cuimín.—Ára,  
Darać.—Éirt  
Cóilín.—Laba  
do u  
Pátoraic.—Cait  
Eoġan.—Cait  
Darać.—Cuiri  
Pátoraic.—Aġ  
Darać.—Sead  
Pátoraic.—Ar  
Darać.—Mire  
Pátoraic.—Ní  
Pátoraic.—D'fe  
Eoġan.—Cluic  
Darać.—Bfuil  
Cuimín.—Aġur  
Pátoraic.—Im  
le páġá  
Cóilín.—Cia

‘de’n ‘doras, a ‘dā lām i nshaim i maide, a ‘deann cromča aise, ašur é aš éirteáct go hairteáct le glór an cluig.

‘Daoine ‘do ‘tiall ‘tar an ‘doras, aš ‘gabáil an ‘bótar riar, i n-a ‘nuine ip i n-a ‘nuine ašur i n-a mion-‘dreadmannaið. Comráð ar riubal aca ór íreal. Curo aca ‘do ‘breatnušad ar an ‘fean-‘fean a‘ct ‘šan beannušad ‘do. Iad ‘o’imteáct ruar an t-ár ‘do ašur riar ar ašairc. An cloš ‘do r‘ad ‘dā bualað.

Šzata malraá, .i. Cuimín, Cóilín, Pádraic, ‘Daraá, ‘Driocán, Máirtín, ‘Eošan, ašur Féicín, ‘do teáct ar an lártair i n-a ríct. Cuimín ‘do labairt:

Cuimín.—Céaró imreócar muro inoiu ?

Cóilín.—Púicín !

Pádraic.—‘Dra, bí ‘do ‘torc, tú féin ip ‘do púicín !

Cóilín.—‘Seataí ároa, mar rín !

Pádraic.—Ní heaó ! Tá muro tuirreáct ‘de na ‘seataíð ároa rín !

‘Daraá.—‘b’falóšaið !

‘Driocán.—‘raic !

Máirtín.—Sicíní !

Cóilín.—Ní heaó ! ‘Déanað muro lárabóš !

Pádraic.—‘Déanrað mé lárabóš ‘diot-‘ra !

Cóilín.—Dionn tú liom i ‘scómnaide, a Pádraic.

Pádraic ‘do ‘bheit ari.

Cóilín.—Éirt liom, a‘deirim teat !

Cuimín.—‘Dra, éirt leir, a Pádraic.

‘Daraá.—Éirt leir.

Pádraic ‘do leigean ‘do.

Cóilín.—Labair tú féin, a Pádraic, ó ‘tárla nac ‘tušann tú cead cainnte ‘do ‘duine ar bit eile.

Pádraic.—Caitéad muro léim mar rín !

‘Eošan.—Caitéad muro léim ! Caitéad muro léim !

‘Daraá.—Cuirtró mé ‘seali go mbuailtró mé tú, a Pádraic.

Pádraic.—Aš caitéam léim, an eaó ?

‘Daraá.—‘Sead.

Pádraic.—Ar noóis, nár buail mé ašrušad inoé tú ar ‘breigéán na ršoitte ?

‘Daraá.—Mire i mbannaíð nac mbuailtró tú inoiu mé. An ‘b’féacrað tú leir ?

Pádraic.—Ní féacrað. Tá mo. coir tinn.

Na malraíš eile ‘do ‘tornušad aš ‘šáirde ; Pádraic ‘do labairt ašur coramlaáct náire ari :

Pádraic.—‘b’feairr liom cluice liatróde.

‘Eošan.—Cluice liatróde ! Cluice liatróde !

‘Daraá.—‘b’fuil liatróde aš ‘duine ar bit ?

Cuimín.—Ašur ‘dā mbeaó féin cé n-imreócað muro ?

Pádraic.—Imreócamuro i n-ašaró binn tige ‘fean-‘Maitiair. Níl aic ip ‘deire le rāšáil.

Cóilín.—Cia aise a ‘b’fuil an liatróde ?

ior rine ‘nā

Cpor-‘bótar  
Cpor-‘bótair.

Oršaittear  
teáct amac  
‘t‘nušad riar  
taob amuš

Cuimín.—M'anam nac bfuil sí aḡam-ra.

Ṫarać.—Níl, ná aḡam-ra.

Ṫáoraic.—Aḡat féin a bí sí 'Dia n'aoine, a Cólín.

Cólín.—Ar n'óig, nac fuḡ an máigircti uircti ran áit a raib mé 'ḡá hopáil ra rḡoil i rict an Teḡairḡ C'riortaróe?

Féicín.—Iḡ f'ior 'duit, a m'anam!

Cuimín.—M'anam muirḡ ḡur óear mé ḡo 'duib'raó ré an t'rlat 'duit an uair 'úan.

Cólín.—'ḡuib'raó f'feirín ma'rać ḡo raib ré aḡ r'úil leir an raḡairt a teacć iḡeacć.

Ṫarać.—'S'í an liaḡróro a te'arctiḡ uairó. 'Déro cluicé aigḡe le na peelers in'oiu tarí éir áir'inn.

Ṫáoraic.—M'anam muirḡ ḡo mb'éro, aḡur iḡ é atá i n-ann na peelers a bualaó f'feirín.

Ṫarać.—Níl ré i n-ann an sergeant a bualaó. 'S'é an sergeant an fear iḡ fear'í aca uirḡ. 'Buail ré Hoskins aḡur an fear ruao le céile 'Dia 'Dom'naiḡ reo caitte.

Ṫriocán.—'Ara, r'cop! Ar buail?

Ṫarać.—'Buail, muir. 'Bí an fear ruao ar buile, aḡur an máigircti aḡur na peelers uirḡ aḡ ḡáir'róe raoi.

Ṫáoraic.—Cuir'ró mé ḡeall ḡo mbuail'feao an máigircti an sergeant.

Ṫarać.—Cuir'ró muirḡ ḡeall nac mbuail'feao.

Ṫáoraic.—An ḡcluin r'ib é?

Ṫarać.—Cuir'ró mé ḡeall ḡo bfuil an sergeant i n-ann fear ar bit ra t'ir reo a bualaó.

Ṫáoraic.—'Ara, cá b'fior 'duit-re an bfuil nó nac bfuil?

Ṫarać.—Tá a f'ior aḡam ḡo ma'it ḡo bfuil. Nac mbím aḡ b'reac'n'ḡaó or'ca i ḡcom'naróe?

Ṫáoraic.—Níl a f'ior aḡat!

Ṫarać.—Tá a f'ior aḡam! Iḡ aḡam-ra atá a f'ior!

laó 'oo b'ḡairt ar a céile. 'ḡleo 'ó'éirḡe roir na ḡar'úraib uile, curó aca aḡ ráó "Iḡ fear'í an sergeant!" aḡur 'oream eile "Iḡ fear'í an máigircti!" Sean-Ma'itair 'ó'éirḡe i n-a fear'am ar ólor an to'raim r'ín 'oo, aḡur 'oo teacć éuca; é cnar'ca c'rom'ca aḡur ḡan tar'raim'ḡ na ḡcor ar éirḡin ann. É 'oo lab'airt leo ḡo m'ín roca'ir aḡ leaḡan a láime ar óloirḡeann 'Ṫara'ḡ:

Ma'itair.—Ó! ó! ó! Mo náire r'ib!

Ṫáoraic.—'Deir ré reo nac mbuail'feao an máigircti an sergeant aḡ im'it liaḡróro.

Ṫarać.—Ar n'óig, nac mbuail'feao an sergeant 'duine ar bit ra t'ir reo, a Ma'itair?

Ma'itair.—Ná bacaró leir an sergeant. Féac'aró an ca'óan aon'raic r'ín atá aḡ 'óeanam or'aimn tarí loc éileab'rać! 'B'reac'n'ḡiḡó!

Na ḡar'úir uile 'oo b'reac'n'ḡaó ruar.

Ṫáoraic.—Féicín

Ṫarać.—Cér' b a

Ma'itair.—Ar an

ó 'ó'f'áḡ r

Cólín.—An c'réa

Ma'itair.—Iḡtea

rair'ḡe!

Cólín.—Innir p

Ma'itair.—Cia a

Féicín.—Eacćra

Ma'itair.—P'réa

Ṫriocán.—Faca

Cólín.—Im'ead

Eoḡan.—'Seao,

Na Ma'itair'ḡ ('ó'

Ma'itair.—'Déa

mb'eaó p

rean-r'ḡe

'S'é an

b'reac'ca

uair' é 'n

éir'ean

'Dubán a

Cólín.—Ní hea

Ma'itair.—M'a

Ṫáoraic.—Lea

Ma'itair.—'Bí a

Ṫriocán.—Cia

Ma'itair.—An

Ma'itair.—'Acć

Ma'itair.—An

n'ḡaró t

Eoḡan.—'Acć

Ma'itair.—Nár

mé aḡ

muro le

Cólín.—Naró

Ma'itair.—'B'p

Na Ma'itair'ḡ-

Ma'itair.—'Déa

ῥῶσῃαι. — Feicim é, a m'anam!

Ṫara. — Céir' b ar a bfuil rí rin as teacé anoir, a maitiair?

maitiair. — Ar an Ṫoman Ṫoir. Ṫearraimn go bfuil míle míle ríubalca aic  
ó o' fás rí a nead inr na críocáib ó tuaró.

Cóilín. — An créacúr! Asur cé luigfear rí?

maitiair. — Irteacé go n'árainn macar rí, tá fear. Féacáir anoir i amac ear  
farrise! Mo sráó tá, a caóain donraic!

Cóilín. — Inniir rseal dáinn, a maitiair.

É 'oo furde ar cloic atá ar an ngríodán féir asur na  
malraig 'oo furde i n-a timceall.

maitiair. — Cia an rseal innreóar me?

féicín. — Eacra an sríorráin sráir!

maircín. — Préacán na sCearc ir an Ṫreolín!

Ṫmócán. — Fáac an Ṫá Céann!

Cóilín. — Imteacá an ríobaire i sCairleán an tSeilmroe!

eošan. — Sead, a m'anam, imteacá an ríobaire i sCairleán an tSeilmroe!

na malraig (o' don srá). — Imteacá an ríobaire i sCairleán an tSeilmroe!

maitiair. — Déanfaró rin. Bí Seilmroe ann faró ó asur ir faró ó bí. Ṫá  
mbead rinne ann an uair rin ní bead rínn anoir ann; bead rseal úr nó

fean-rseal asainn asur níor dóicige rin 'ná beir san don rseal.

'sé an áic comharóce a bí as an Seilmroe feo an cairleán ir

breaáca dá b'aca ríul ríam. Da mó i b'rao asur ba breaáca míle

uair é 'ná cairleán Mearóbe i Rát Críuacán nó 'ná cairleán áro-Ríog

éireann féin i Ṫeamáir na Ríog. Tus an Seilmroe feo sráó 'oo  
Ṫubán álla.

Cóilín. — Ní nead, a maitiair, nac 'oo snácaro móir a tus fé sráó?

maitiair. — M'anam go bfuil an ceart asat. Céaró tá as t'beacé oim?

ῥῶσῃαι. — Lean leat, a maitiair.

maitiair. — Bí an Spigneanta feo an-Ṫacámar ar faró.

Ṫmócán. — Cia an Spigneanta, a maitiair?

maitiair. — An áic comharóce a 'tus fé sráó bí.

maitiair. — Ác ceap mé sur 'oo snácaro móir a tus fé sráó?

maitiair. — An ead? Tá an rseal as imteacé uaim. Bí an ríobaire feo i  
n'sráó le ináin Ríog Connacé.

eošan. — Ác níor labair tá ar an b'ríobaire fór, a maitiair!

maitiair. — Náir labair? An ríobaire, — fead, a m'anam, an ríobaire — Tá  
mé as caillead mo meabrac. Breaánuigro, a comharana, ní bacra-  
muro leir an rseal inoiu. Bíod amháin asainn.

Cóilín. — Haró oioit dum!

maitiair. — Bfuil ríó fára?

na malraig. — Tá muro.

maitiair. — Déanfaró rin.

É 'oo sráó na ríann ro i n-ar noiaró:

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—  
 Ηαρό υοιυ υου, αν εατ ιρ α μάταιρ,  
 Α Ο'ιμτίζ ζο ζαλλιμ άς μαρκαρδεαετ αρ βάρσαλ.  
 ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΙΖ.—  
 Ιρ ηαρό υοιυ υου !  
 ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—  
 Ηαρό υοιυ υου, υο τάνιζ αν βάρτεαε,  
 Ζυρ φλυαό ζο εραεαυν αν εατ ιρ α μάταιρ.  
 ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΙΖ.—  
 Ιρ ηαρό υοιυ υου !  
 ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—  
 Ηαρό υοιυ υου, βα ηόβαιρ ζο μβαίεφρθε  
 Αν εατ ιρ α μάταιρ, μο ερεαε ιρ μο εράό ιαό !  
 ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΙΖ.—  
 Ιρ ηαρό υοιυ υου !  
 ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—  
 Ηαρό υοιυ υου, μο ζράό ε αν βάρσαλ,  
 Οο ηυζ λειρ ζο ζαλλιμ—  
 ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΙΖ.—  
 'Σεαό, α ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ ?  
 + ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—  
 Οο ηυζ λειρ ζο ζαλλιμ—  
 ΟΟΙΛΙΝ.—  
 —αρ είζιν—  
 Χ ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Μαιε τά, α ΟΟΙΛΙΝ.  
 Οο ηυζ λειρ ζο ζαλλιμ αρ είζιν ρα ερναή ιαό.  
 ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΙΖ.—  
 Ιρ ηαρό υοιυ υου !  
 Α εεαν υο 'εραεό ζο τυρρεαε υο ρεαν-ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ ; ε υο  
 λαβαίρε δε ζυε βρόναε :  
 ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Τά μο ευρο αμράν άς ιμτεαετ υαιμ, α κομυρρανα. Ιρ ζεαλλ λε  
 ρεαν-βερόλιν μέ α μβεαό α ευρο ρρεαυζα βηίρε.  
 Ουιμίν.—Ναε βφυλ αν "Βάροιν" άζατ ι ζκοηναρθε, α ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ ?  
 ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Τά, α μ'αηαμ : βερό ρε ριν άζαμ ραό 'ρ βεο μέ. Νι εαλλεφρο  
 με αν "Βάροιν" ζο ριντεαρ ραν υίρ μέ. Αν μβερό ρε άζαινν ?  
 ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΙΖ.—Βερό !  
 ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Όφυλ ριβ ρερό λε ουλ άς ιομραή ?  
 ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΙΖ.—Τάμυρο !  
 Ιαό υο ευρ κυμα ορτα ρέιν αηαιλ ιρ υο βεροιρ άς ιομραή.  
 Sean-ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ υο ζαβαίλ να ηανν ρο ι η-αρ ηοιαρό :  
 ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—  
 Οροεραό μέ ρεοι ιρ ζαβφαρό μέ ριαρ,  
 ΝΑ ΜΑΛΡΑΙΖ.—  
 Όρο, μο ευραεείν ό !

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.  
 ΝΑ Μ  
 ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ  
 ΝΑ Μ  
 ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ  
 Ράορα  
 Εοζαν.  
 ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ  
 ΟΟΙΛΙΝ.  
 ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ  
 ΝΑ ΜΑ  
 ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ  
 ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ  
 ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ  
 ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ  
 ΟΟΙΛΙΝ.—  
 ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ  
 Ε  
 Σ  
 Α

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—

'S go hOróce 'le Eoin ní tlocparó mé aniar,

Na Maíraíḡ.—

Óró, mo cúraicín ó!  
Óró, mo cúraicín ó,  
'S óró, mo bároin!"

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—

Nac breaḡ i mo bároin aḡ rnaḡ ar an ḡuan,

Na Maíraíḡ.—

Óró, mo cúraicín ó

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—

Na maíró dá ḡarraingḡ—

É 'oo rḡao 'de'n ceol ḡo hobann, aḡur a lám 'oo cúri le n-a  
bácair.

Ράοραic.—Céarḡo tá orḡ, a Maíraíar?

Eoḡan.—'ḡruil tú tinn, a Maíraíar?

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Ruo eicint a táinig ar mo ceann. Ní taḡa é. Céarḡo ro bí mé  
a ráḡo?

Cóilín.—Bí tú aḡ ráḡo an "Bároin," a Maíraíar, aḡc ná bac leir mura  
n-aiḡuḡeann tú tú féin ḡo maíḡ. 'ḡruil tú tinn?

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Tinn? Ar noḡiḡ, nil mipe tinn. Céarḡo a 'ḡeanraḡo tinn mé?  
Toḡócamuro aríḡ:

Nac breaḡ i mo bároin aḡ rnaḡ ar an ḡuan,

Na Maíraíḡ.—

Óró, mo cúraicín ó!

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—

Na maíró dá ḡarraingḡ ḡo lároir—

É 'oo rḡao aríḡ.

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—A cómuḡrḡana, tá an "Bároin" féin imḡiḡḡe uaim.

Iaḡo 'ḡ'annmaint i n-a 'ḡoḡḡe rḡaḡam, an rḡean-fḡear i n-a  
fuirḡe aḡur a ceann cḡomḡa ar a uḡc, aḡur na maíraíḡ aḡ  
rḡeácaint ar ḡo bḡónac. An rḡean-fḡear 'oo labairḡ 'de ḡeit:

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—An iaḡo rin na 'ḡaoine aḡ teacḡ a báile o'n aḡrḡeann?

Cuimín.—Ní hiaḡo. Ar noḡiḡ, ní bḡéḡo rḡiao ar ráḡáil ḡo ceann leac-uairḡe rḡoḡ.

Cóilín.—'Tuḡe nac ḡtéḡeann tuḡa aḡ an aḡrḡeann, a Maíraíar?

An rḡean-fḡear 'ḡ'ḡiḡe i n-a rḡearam aḡur a lám 'oo cúri le  
n-a bácair aríḡ. ] É 'oo labairḡ ḡo boḡb i 'ḡoḡraḡ, aḡur i n-a 'ḡiaḡo  
rin ḡo mín:

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—'Tuḡe a raḡaínn? . . . Nil mé ráḡac maíḡ. Ar noḡiḡ, ḡí  
ḡiḡḡeacḡo 'ḡia liom. . . . Céarḡo ro tá mé a ráḡo? . . . [É 'oo  
ḡáirḡe]. aḡur tá an "Bároin" caillḡe aḡam, 'ḡeir rḡib? Nac mé  
an 'ḡiol ḡruaiḡe aḡaib ḡan mo "Bároin!"

É 'oo ḡriall ḡrḡearna an bócair ḡo maíḡ. Cóilín 'ḡ'ḡiḡe  
aḡur a ḡuala 'oo cúri rá lám an ḡrḡean-fḡir le cuḡḡuḡaḡo leir  
aḡ 'ool ḡrḡearna an bócair 'ḡo. Na maíraíḡ 'oo toḡnuḡaḡo aḡ

al.

Maíraíar; é 'oo

ir ḡeall le

?  
Ní caillḡo  
aḡaínn?

ir aḡ iomḡam.

imire cnaipí go cíúin. Sean-Máirtiar do fúide ar an gcatsóir  
arís ašur Cólín do teáct ar ais. Dárac do labairt de glór  
íreat :

Dárac.—Tá rud eicint ar sean-Máirtiar inoiu. Ní dearna ré dearmad ar  
an “ mBároin ” suam romhe.

Cuimín.—Cuala mé m'áair aš rúd le mo máair an oíde ceana sur searri  
eile a máiread ré.

Cólín.—Mear tú an bfuil ré an-aopta ?

Ráoraic.—Tuisge ar cuir tú an ceirt rin air i staoib an airinn ? Nac  
bhuil a fíor ašac nac bfacear ar airneann é le cuimne na ndaoine ?

Dárac.—Cuala mé sean-Cuimín Éanna aš rúd lem' áair go bface ré féin  
sean-Máirtiar ar airneann nuair a bí ré i n-a rtoac.

Cólín.—Mear tú cia an rác nac stéideann ar airneann anoir ?

Ráoraic (i scošar).—Ar ndóig, deirtear nac seirdeann ré go bfuil don  
Dia ann.

Cuimín.—Cuala mire áair seadán Éamuinn a rúd surab é an éaoi rinne  
ré peacac uatbárac eicint i stár a rdošail ašur nuair nac deudrad  
an ršaric abrolóro do ar raoricean sur táinig cútac reirge air  
sur mionnuig ré nac staoibéac ré ršaric ná réiréal go deo arir.

Dárac.—Ní mar rin a cuala mire é. Don oíde amáin nuair a bí mé ar mo  
leabard bí na sean-daoine aš camnt ir aš cošar coir teine, ašur  
cuala mé Máire an Dhoicró aš rúd le na sean-mnáib eile surab é an  
éaoi díol Máirtiar a anam le fear Moir eicint a carad do uair ar mullac  
Énuic an Daim, ašur nac leirgead an fear ro do an tairneann a  
éleáctad.

Ráoraic.—Mear tú an é an diaabal a éonnaic ré ?

Dárac.—Níl a fíor ašam. “ fear Moir ” adubairt Máire an Dhoicró.

Cuimín.—Ní éreoirinn focal de. Ar ndóig, má díol Máirtiar a anam leir  
an diaabal caicéir ré sur oíoc-duine atá ann.

Ráoraic.—Ní oíoc-duine é, mair. Nac cumneac leat an lá adubairt  
fošarín sur adubairt a áair go mbead Máirtiar i mearš na naoim  
lá an tšléibe ?

Ráoraic.—Ir cumneac go maic.

Cólín.—Cá bfuil fošarín uainn inoiu ?

Dárac.—Ir ionnduail nac stasann ré nuair a bíor duine fára aš breac-  
nušad orainn.

Cuimín.—Nac raib ré anro peacéamín 'r an lá inoiu nuair a bí sean-Máirtiar  
aš breacnušad orainn ?

Dárac.—An raib ?

Cuimín.—Bí.

Ráoraic.—Bí, ašur coicéir 'r an lá inoiu freirin.

Dárac.—Tá fearš go oíocfard ré inoiu mar rin.

Cuimín o'éirge ašur do breacnušad roir.

Cuimín.—Ó, féad éugainn é!

Íoragán do teacht ar an láchair, .i. Sárúr beas donn, cóta bán air, agus é san bhóga san cairín ar nór na malraí eile. Na malraí do beannúgadh dó.

Na Malraí.—'Sé do beata, a Íoragán.

Íoragán.—Óia ir Muire d'ib.

É do fuidé i n-a meaf, lám leir pá múineál Dairí; na malraí do tórnúgadh as imirt air go ciúin rocair san Gleo san impearán. Íoragán do tórnúgadh as imirt leo.

Maitiar d'éirge de geit ar teacht ar an láchair d'Íoragán, agus do fearaí as féadaint air. Tar éir ríadait d'ib as imirt, é do teacht euga agus anghin do fearaí air agus do glaothac anonn euga ar Cóilín.

Maitiar.—A Cóilín!

Cóilín.—Abair!

Maitiar.—Sábh i leit angho eugam.

Cóilín d'éirge agus do dul anonn euga.

Maitiar.—Cia hé an malraí údhan feicim in bhuir meaf le coicteigir, é rin a bhfuil an cloigeann donn air—acé paimic nac bán-ruad atá pé: níl a fíor agam an túb nó fionn é 'r an éaoi a bhfuil an srian as ríadait air. An bpeiceann tú é,—é rin a bhfuil a lám pá múineál Dairí?

Cóilín.—Sin é Íoragán.

Maitiar.—Íoragán?

Cóilín.—Sin é an t-ainm a túsar pé air féin.

Maitiar.—Cia thár d'ib é?

Cóilín.—Níl a fíor agam, acé veir pé go bhfuil a dtair i n-a rí.

Maitiar.—Cé scoinnuigeann pé?

Cóilín.—Níor innir pé é rin ruad uáinn, acé veir pé nac pado uáinn a teac.

Maitiar.—An mbíonn pé i n-éinuis líb go minic?

Cóilín.—Bíonn nuair a bíor muid as caiteam aimpire d'áinn féin mar reo. Acé imtígeann pé uáinn nuair a túsar daoine fáirta ra láchair. Imtígeann pé anoir uáinn eom luat ir tórcáir na daoine as teac a baile ó'n aimpireann.

Na malraí d'éirge agus d'imtígeann i n-a n-uine 'r i n-a n-uine ar éirígnúgadh an éluice d'ib.

Cóilín.—Ó! Tá ríad as dul as caiteam léim!

É do fuidé amac i noiar na cota eile. Íoragán agus Dairí d'éirge agus do glaothac. Maitiar do teacht ar aghar agus do glaothac ar Íoragán, roim imtígeann dó.

Maitiar.—A Íoragán!

An Leab d'ionntóó ar air agus do teacht euga ar fuidé. Maitiar.—Tar i leit agus fuidé ar mo gláim go fóillín, a Íoragán.

An Leab do tabairt a lámhe i lám an tpean-fir agus iad do éirígnúgadh an bdeair cor ar cor. Maitiar do fuidé ar a dtair agus do tairígnúgadh Íoragán euga.



ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Cé zcomnuigeann tú, a Íoragáin?  
Íoragáin.—Ní fáda ar po mo tead. Cao cúise nac 'tadagann tú ar éuaire  
éugam?

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Bead faircéor orm i 'téalé niozód. Deirtear liom zo bfuil  
t'áear i n-a níz.

Íoragáin.—Ír é áro-Rí an Domáin é. Áct níor zábád 'duit faircéor a beir  
oirt moime. Tá ré lán de t'rócaire agur de zráó.

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Ír baoglaic liom nári éoinzóbiz mé a 'ólize.

Íoragáin.—Íarri maiteamnar air. Déanrao-ra ír mo máeari eadair-zurde ar  
'oo fon.

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Ír t'ruaz liom nac b'aca mé moime reo tú, a Íoragáin. Cé maib  
tú uaim?

Íoragáin.—'Bí mé annro i zcomnarde. 'Bim az tairteal na mbóear ír az riubal  
na znoc ír az t'reabád na 'tconn. 'Bim i lár an pobail nuair éruinnigear  
riao irtead i mo tead. 'Bim i mearz na b'áirceí fázar riad i n-a noiaró  
az cleapáideact ar an t'ráro.

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—'Bí mire ró-fairtead, nó ró-uairtead, le 'vul irtead i 'oo tead, a  
Íoragáin: i mearz na b'áirceí a fuair mé tú.

Íoragáin.—Níl don áit ná am dá mbíonn páirceí az rúzriao 'óib réin nac  
mbim-re i n-a b'róeari. Amannra feiceann riad mé; amannra eile ní  
feiceann.

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Ní fáca mire maib tú zo 'vci le zoiuro.

Íoragáin.—'Bíonn na 'daoine fáirca 'vall.

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Agur i n-a 'vairó rin zcallad 'vom tú feicead, a Íoragáin.

Íoragáin.—'Tuz m'áeari ceao 'vom mé réin a foilriuzad 'duit de b'riz zur  
tuz tú zráó dá páirceib beaza.

Zlóirca na 'daoine az fillead ó'n áirreann 'oo teadct aniar.

Íoragáin.—Cairp'ró mé imteact anoir uair.

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Leiz 'vom imeall 'oo córa a rózaó.

Íoragáin.—'Déan.

Imeall an córa 'oo rózaó 'ó.

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—An b'feicp'ró mé arí' tú, a Íoragáin?

Íoragáin.—Feicp'ri.

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Cia an uair?

Íoragáin.—Anoct.

Íoragáin 'v'imteact. An rean-feair 'oo fearam ar lic a  
'voraif az féadaint i n-a 'vairó.

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Feicp'ró mé anoct é.

Na 'daoine 'oo zábáil an bóeari aniar az teact a baile ó'n  
áirreann.

CRÍÓC NA RANNA SIN.

AN DARA ROINN.

Seomra rean-ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ. É an-'vora. An rean-feair i n-a  
luize ar a leabairó. 'Duine 'oo buaid ar an 'voraif taob amuz.  
ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ 'oo labairt de zlóir laz:

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Ώδ ιρτεάδ.

ΑΝ ΣΑΖΑΡΤ ΟΟ ΤΕΑΔΤ ΙΡΤΕΑΔ.

ΑΝ ΣΑΖΑΡΤ.—Ώο μβεαννιζιρό Όια άνηρο.

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Όια ιρ. Μιιρε ουιτ. Cia hé peo éygam ?

ΑΝ ΣΑΖΑΡΤ.—ΑΝ ΡΑΖΑΡΤ.

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Τά πάιτε πομάτ, α άταιρ. Οαδ μάιτ λιομ λαβαιρτε λεατ. Συρό άνηρο lem' ай.

ΑΝ ΡΑΖΑΡΤ ΟΟ ΠΥΡΟΕ ΛΕ ΗΑΙΡ ΝΑ ΛΕΑΒΑΘ ΑΣΥΡ ΡΑΟΙΡΤΕΑΝ ΑΝ ΤΡΕΑΝ-ΡΗΡ Ο'ΕΙΡΤΕΑΔΤ. ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ ΟΟ ΛΑΒΑΙΡΤ ΑΡ Ν-Α ΒΕΙΤ ΕΡΗΟΟ-ΝΥΙΖΤΕ ΟΟΙΘ.

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Cia ουβαιρτε λεατ Ώο παιθ τύ ας τεαρτάιλ υαιμ, α άταιρ ? Όι μέ ας ζυρόε Όέ Ώο οτιοορά άττ νί παιθ άοη τεάάταιρε αςαμ λε κυρ pá το οέιν.

ΑΝ ΣΑΖΑΡΤ.—Αττ έυηρ τύ τεάάταιρε pá μο οέιν, αρ ηοόιζ ?

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Ηιορ έυηεαρ.

ΑΝ ΣΑΖΑΡΤ.—Ηιορ έυηηρ ? Αττ τάιηζ ζαρύηην βεαζ αςυρ βυαιρ πέ αρ μο οοραρ αςυρ ουβαιρτε πέ Ώο παιθ μο έοηηαη άς τεαρτάιλ υαιτ.

ΑΝ ΡΕΑΝ-ΡΕΑΡ ΟΟ ΟΪΡΗΥΑΘ ΑΝΙΑΡ ΡΑ ΛΕΑΒΑΘ ΑΣΥΡ ΡΑΟΒΑΡ Ι Ν-Α ΡΪΛΙΘ.

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Cia αν ρόρτε ζαρύηην α βί ανη, α άταιρ ?

ΑΝ ΣΑΖΑΡΤ.—Ζαρύηην βεαζ έαοηη α παιθ έότα βάν ай.

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Αρ έυζ τύ pá οεαρη μαρ βεαδ ρζάιτε ρολυηρ έαρτ τιμέεαλλ α έιηη ?

ΑΝ ΣΑΖΑΡΤ.—Έυζαρ, αςυρ έυηρ πέ ιοηηαδ μόρ ορη.

Ορζαίτεαρ αν οοραρ. Ϊοραζάν το ρεαρη αν αν ταιρηζ αςυρ α οά λάηη ρηητε αμαδ αηζε έυη Μαιτιαρ ; ρολυηρ ιοηηαηταδ τιμέεαλλ α έαοαη αςυρ α έιηη.

ΜΑΙΤΙΑΡ.—Α Ϊοραζάν !

Ε το τυιτιμ ριαρ αν αν λεαβαθ αςυρ έ μαρη ; αν ΣΑΖΑΡΤ ΟΟ ΟΡΗΥΟΙΗ Ώο ροαηρ λειρ αν λεαβαθ αςυρ το ούηαδ α ρύλ.

Α ΕΡΗΟΟ-ΣΑΝ.

## Half-Holiday Lecturers at St. Enda's.

### Dr. Douglas Hyde on the Language Movement.

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

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

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

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

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

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

it an ex  
students  
old song  
the poor  
No such  
European  
happening

In con  
on being  
hardly say  
would like  
than at  
British C  
they knew

Before I  
put the H  
boys a half  
Master rep  
Hyde anyt  
refuse the  
Pearse voi  
pupils to A  
were but h  
was fighti  
pendence,  
to have th  
midst.

Later on  
made a to  
grounds.  
meet amon  
relatives of  
colleagues i  
some time i  
lingered lon  
his interest  
history spe  
quarian and

### Mr. Shane Cambridge

On Frida  
Shane Leslie  
Half-holiday  
the great  
foundations

It was to  
those two n  
bequeathed  
would do the  
ing of a Univ  
what Oxford  
Catholic days  
have in Ire  
and beautifu  
mediæval O  
lecture was

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

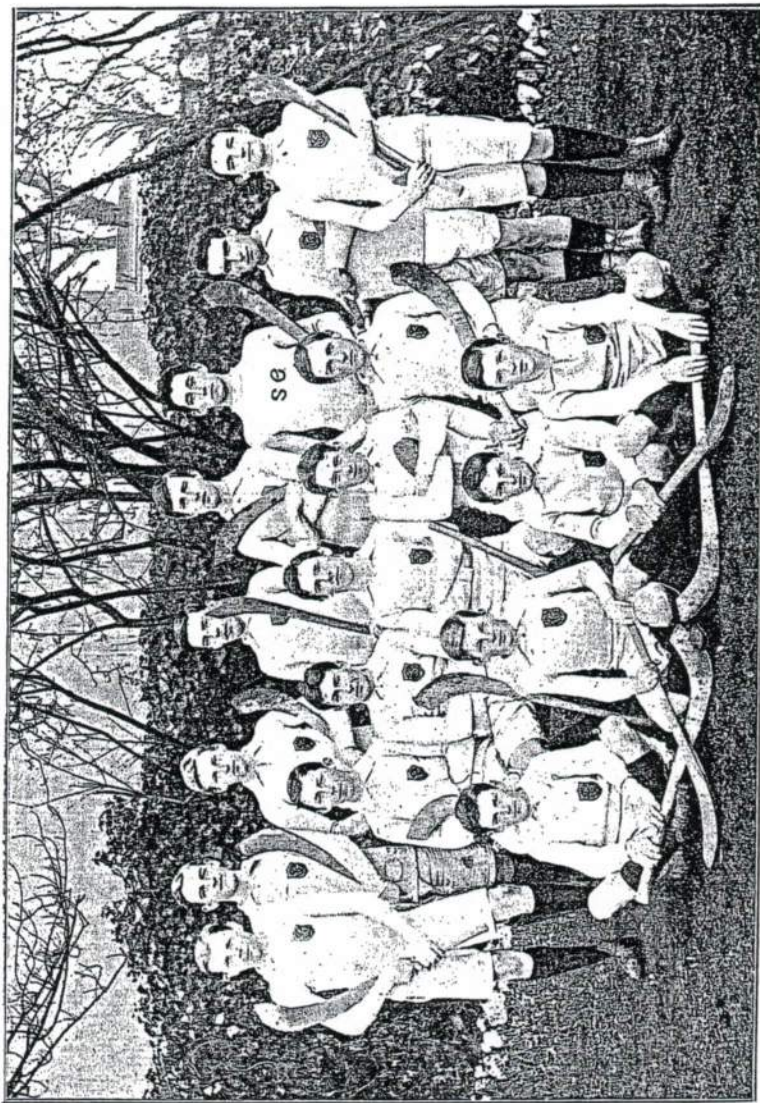
#### Miss Helen Laird on Plant Life.

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

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

# The Ma

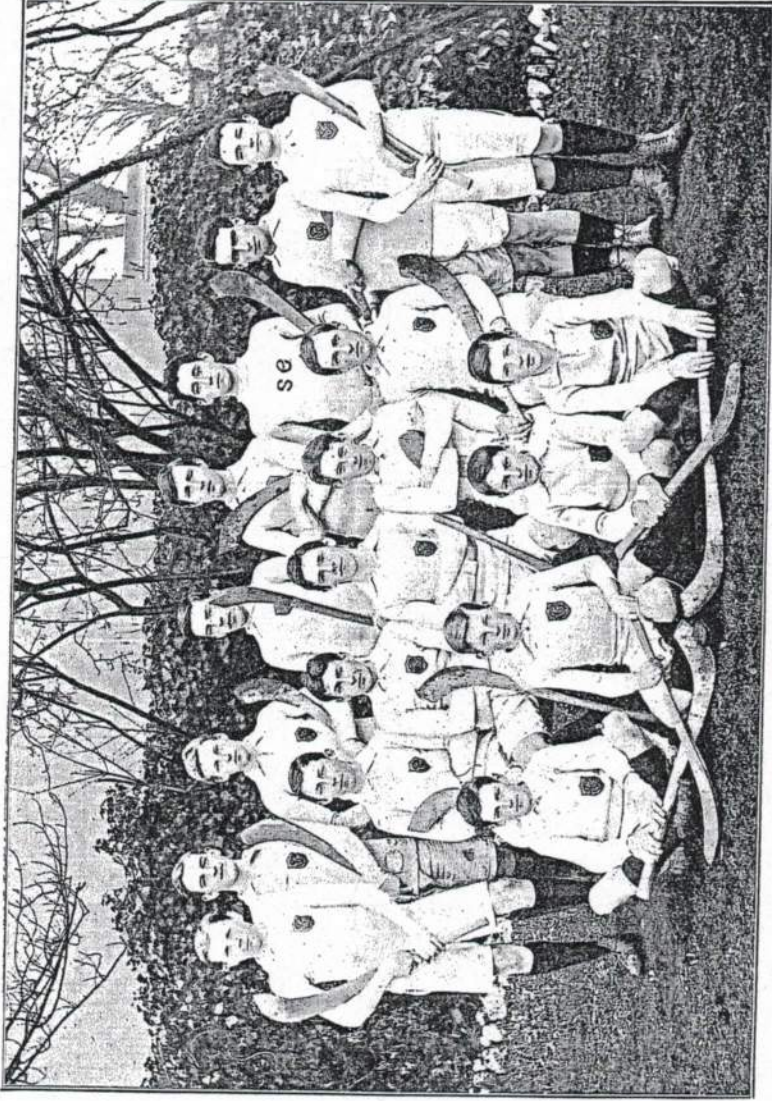
In "A No number of a determinant to be respect the football: our word. we stand in ti of Dublin. us, for of las Eugene Macd year, while th to our fighti such "new l MacGarvey, John McDerm Kavanagh, and Walter These with su Connolly, Con such dashing MacGavock, Buckley, mak which it is eas team that mus Minor team ti face it. Realising th we set to worl session, playi scientously on Praber's re-eli was a matter captain of foot succeeded Eug Games. The organising and lending expert Though our fu hurling field, hope before th to specialise it hurling remain Of the fir-s of the half-s to the Gaelic Nation. W boldly challen



Η. Καοιάναδ, Ο. ό Κοκκούβαη, S. Mac ΣαηθαίS, η. ό ΔοάμπαίS, ε. Δυηίμ, Ρ. ό Κοναηε, S. ό Γαοόαζάμ, η. Mac Σαηθε. S. Mac Διαμπαο, Δ. ό Σοοίη, η. ό Ρεαηάοηη (Οεανη Ρεαόμα), Ρ. ό Κοζάηε, Ρ. ό Ουδρ-Λάηε. F. ό ΔοάμπαίS, Ο. ό Σπόηηη, Ρ. οε Δάμπα, ε. Mac Όαηθεαό. Ιομάνηαηόθε SΣοίη έάηηα, 1909-10.

# The Ma

In "A No number of 7 determinator to be respect the football: our word. we stand in ti of Dublin. us, for of las Eugene Macc year, while th to our fighti such "new l MacGarry, ] John McDerm Kavanagh, Fi and Walter These with su Connolly, Con such dashing MacGavock, Buckley, mak which it is eas team that mus Minor team ti face it. Realising th we set to worl session, playi scentiousl on Fraher's re-el was a matter captain of foot succeeded Eug Games. The: organising and lending expert Though our fi hurling field, to specialise th hope before th hurling remain Of the half-s of the Gaelic W Nation. W boldly challen



Μ. Λαοπίπας, Β. Ο Κοιλιώτης, Σ. Μας Σαββαΐς, Η. Ο Δοκάρις, Η. Ο Βουλφίρ, Ρ. Ο Κοιλιώτης, Σ. Ο Φλοδοσίμ, Η. Μας Σαββίς.  
 Σ. Μας Βιολίμω, Δ. Ο Σορίν, Μ. Ο Ρεζαζαΐη (Ουανν Ρεζόμα), Ρ. Ο Κοιλιώτης, Ρ. Ο Ουιρλίμ.  
 Φ. Ο Δοκάρις, Β. Ο Σορίν, Ρ. Βε Βίμια, Ε. Μας Βαϊβας.  
 Ιομάνιρτε σζοι έλληνα, 1909-10.

## The Making of Athletes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



the O'Toole side Geale at back played a fine game, and brought off some very good clearances. He was ably partnered by O'Doherty, whilst the rest Kirwan and Colgan in centre-field, and McDonnell, O'Carroll, and Smith in the forwards, were best."

This defeat was more glorious than many victories, and more useful than any victory, for it put us on our mettle. As soon as we had schooled ourselves by a month's hard work in our practice-field, we challenged the O'Tooles again, though in the meantime they had won fresh laurels and now stood at the head of the Minor League in Dublin. The result was a decisive victory for us. The match was played in the Phoenix Park on November 27th.

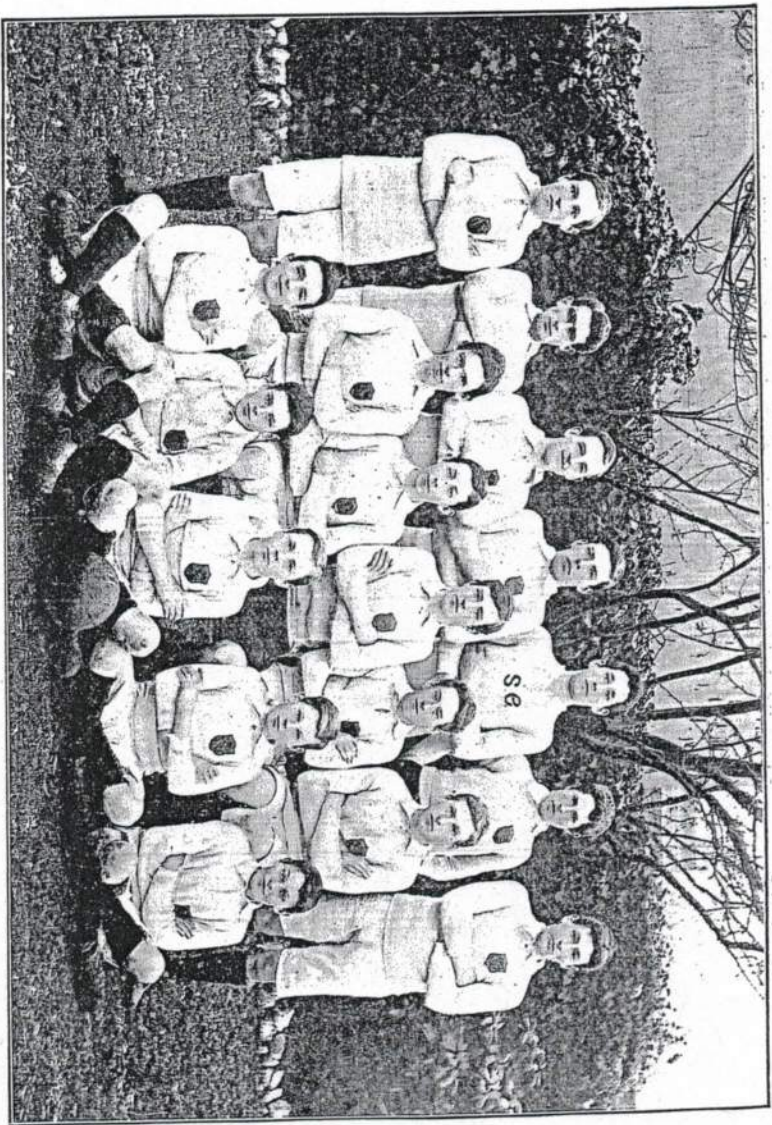
On the throw in O'Tooles were away, but Fraher and Conroy relieved for Sgoil Eanna. Midfield play followed. O'Tooles again pressed and opened the scoring with a point. On the kick out the ball was brought to the O'Toole posts and Burke equalised with a point for Sgoil Eanna. Vincent O'Doherty and Bulfin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

Eanna before the half time whistle, all attempts of the O'Tooles to get near the Sgoil Eanna goal-post being in vain. Shortly after change of sides, however, O'Tooles were awarded a point. The play now became very fast, Sgoil Eanna attacking with great vigour. From some excellent play Cronin and Burke added a goal each to the Enda score in rapid succession. The O'Tooles rallied after this, and the rest of the match was chiefly remarkable for the sound defence of MacGarvey, Fraher, and Tuohy, against the O'Toole forwards. However, Burke for O'Tooles (he is an elder brother of the Sgoil Eanna Burke) scored a goal and a point, while Bulfin added two more points for Sgoil Eanna. At full time the score was: Sgoil Eanna 2 goals 7 points, St. Laurence O'Tooles 1 goal 3 points.

All the Sgoil Eanna boys surpassed themselves, but specially distinguished were Bulfin, Burke, and Cronin in the attack, and MacGarvey, Fraher, and Tuohy in the defence. Conroy, too, played exceptionally well, and O'Doherty did yeoman service.

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

p. mac p.



p. Ó Dubhfláine, S. Ó Fearóidín, O. Ó Conchubhair, U. Ó Dochartaigh, P. Ó Conaire, P. Ó Cuatáir, A. Ó Soráin  
 M. Ó Feartaigh, S. Mac Diarmada, E. Buitéin (Ceann Feadmaí), P. Ó Conzáile, S. Mac Satháir.  
 U. Mac Saibne, F. Ó Dochartaigh, M. Caonánac, O. Ó Ghóin, P. Óe Dúirca.  
 Peileadóirí sGoil eanna, 1909-10.

## Annála na Sgoile, Fozmar 30 Nollais, 1909.

1909.

**Foz. 6.** Tornaicamuis ag obair arís i mbáiread tar éir rairie an trairiaró. Cuirlead rai mór ar Tead na Sgoile ó 'Fáz-amaí é i mí an Meitrim. Tá halla mór, rhoimntead, agus Seorasán nua tógta, agus Séipeal beas óa tógáil. An éeao buacail comnaróte oo éainis inoiu, .i. maíghairin Caoimánac ó Co. Cille Mannzáin, buacail nua (tá hoirbeapo ó buacalla anho le mí); éainis na buacaili comnaróte eile i noiaró a éeile, maí atá, Seaáán Raor, Tomár Raor, Conéubar mac Fionnlaoic, Adaínnán Mac Fionnlaoic, Eoin mac Dairbeac, Éamonn Duilrin, Colm ó Neacáin. rhoimniar oe Dúica ó Co. Cill Dara (buacail nua), Uilleoc ó Mórúa, rhoimniar ó Conáile, Ráoraic ó Conaire, Raarora ó Doárcaiz ó Co. Muigeo (buacail nua), Riodápo ó Ruairín, Luáiró Mac Suibne agus Uáiréar mac Suibne ó Co. Raor Comáin (buacaili nua), Muir ó Raaróair, Raarora hóloen ó Baile áea Cliaé (buacail nua), Ar mac Cuihail agus Dhéannóán Mac Cuihail ó Baile áea Cliaé (buacaili nua), agus maolmairie maíghairiz ó Baile áea Cliaé (bí maolmairie i n-a buacail lae agáinn anuaró acé i n-a buacail comnaróte béar ré agáinn mbliadó). Bío maíghairiz le Taós ó Ceairballáin anoct acé fuairamaí ríeal uairó gur éinn air bheir ar an trair ag Cherter. Fairioí naé mbéir éoáan mac Caíraiz agáinn i mbliadna: tá ré raoráizte raor maí Raar ríóca i Lonnoain Saaran. Tá fuiróí na mbuacaili comnaróte oo bí agáinn anuaró cruinn anoir. Tá na maíghairi cruinn raerir, maí atá, Ráoraic mac Raarair, an tápo-máighairi, Tomár mac Donnóca, an Raar-máighairi, Tomár mac Donnóail, agus an Doctúir Ráoraiz ó Dubra, maíghairi comnaróte nua. Béró maíghairéao Nic Raarair agus Máirie ní Dhanaí i n-a maíghairraib conáanta i Sgoil Éanna i mbliadna, ó táair ag ceangal na Sgoile íoéair leir an Sgoil uacáir agus ag cur veiró le Sgoil na gCarlini.

1909.

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

m. 7. 7. **Τορνωξεαμαρ** ες οβαιη ινου, ceitne r3on buacaili ar lion, iom buacaili comnarote asur buacaili lae. Ta morn-ferreap ve buacailib lae nua asainn ran s3oil uactair, .i. p3omac o Dubrlaine, Eoin o Dúnlaing (vearbrátaim vo p3oinnriar), Rirteap mac Amloib. Sea3án o Dálai3, p3omac o Kovai3, asur p3omac o Tórnai3; asur ferreap ra s3oil ioctair .i. tpiup Ceallaé, Doimnall o Buiam, Doimnall o Buiam, asur Drieannoán o Mon3án. Cpuinnu3eamaρ le céile ran halla morn asur cuimheamaρ aítne ar a céile. Annpin poinnead i n-ar mbuioib rinn ve p3er 3iávo Buiro an Oivoeacair Meadonai3. Stavao v'obair na s3oile ar an meadon lae. Táim3 Taos o Cearballám i v3ir plán ar maioin, asur táim3 buacail comnarote nua ra tpiátnona, .i. Oiarmao o Cpióin o Co. Ciarraige.

m. 8. 8. **Cuamaρ** i n-éadan ar 3eiuo oibne i 3ceapc inoiu. O bi ré i n-a leat-lá raoime bi cluice báime asainn ra bráirc. Tá iománaiote maite i meap3 na mbuacaili nua, 3o morn-morn p3oinnriar ve búica, Oiarmao o Cpióin, fearuoréa o Uocapraige, asur ma33amain Caoimánac.

m. 9. 9. **Pa lán-p3eim** oibne óinn fearca. An-áep ar micheál ma3 Ruaidhri mar 3eall ar faca doval-morn vo baio vo i n3arip3a na s3oile. Táim3 buacail comnarote nua, .i. Uinnp3eann o Uocapraige (vearbrátaim v'fearuoréa) tpiátnona inoiu.

m. 10. 10. **Bi cpiuinu3eao** asainn ran halla morn. U'at-to3amap Oip3i3 asur Coipce na bliadna anuipar mar Coipce p3ealao le 3nóta na s3oile vo rpiúpu3eao 3o ceann mio3a.

m. 11. 11. **An céao cluice** peile ra bráirc. Tá an búica, an Cpióineac, an Caoimánac, asur an Bepc Uocapraic 3o maie ar páirc na Lia3pávo Coipe.

m. 13. 13. **Táim3 buacail** lae nua inoiu, .i. p3omac o fear3ail. Táim3 Doimnall o Concu3air o Co. Cille Uapra vo bi i n-a buacail lae anuipar le comnarote asainn i mbliadna, asur táim3 buacail comnarote nua nac é, .i. ar o 3oioin o Ca3air Coipraige.

m. 15. 15. **Táim3 buacail** lae nua maioin inoiu, .i. Éamonn o Nuallám.

m. 16. 16. **Puap maolnuime** ma3 Seaρ-riai3 p3eileacán bpeas ve éineál an dompail Ueip3 ran n3áipóin inoiu asur é maip. Ueapri3 ar mac Cuimail é le ha3aró an tSeo3acám, asur Buiam ré opaimn é maille le poinnce p3eileacán asur cuileos vo bi baile3te aige féin. **Τορνωξ** Seo3am mac Donnca3a ar Stair asur Tiact-eolar vo múinead vo buacailib an 3iávo meadonai3.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

m. 7. 7. **Τορνωξ** ες οβαιη ινου, ceitne r3on buacaili ar lion, iom buacaili comnarote asur buacaili lae. Ta morn-ferreap ve buacailib lae nua asainn ran s3oil uactair, .i. p3omac o Dubrlaine, Eoin o Dúnlaing (vearbrátaim vo p3oinnriar), Rirteap mac Amloib. Sea3án o Dálai3, p3omac o Kovai3, asur p3omac o Tórnai3; asur ferreap ra s3oil ioctair .i. tpiup Ceallaé, Doimnall o Buiam, Doimnall o Buiam, asur Drieannoán o Mon3án. Cpuinnu3eamaρ le céile ran halla morn asur cuimheamaρ aítne ar a céile. Annpin poinnead i n-ar mbuioib rinn ve p3er 3iávo Buiro an Oivoeacair Meadonai3. Stavao v'obair na s3oile ar an meadon lae. Táim3 Taos o Cearballám i v3ir plán ar maioin, asur táim3 buacail comnarote nua ra tpiátnona, .i. Oiarmao o Cpióin o Co. Ciarraige.

m. poξ. 18. , táimis beipte buacailli com-  
naitúte nua inoíu, .i. Seaζán Mac Oíarmada  
aζur a óeapthrátaim Stiopán (ar Co. Roρ  
Comáin uóib).

m. poξ. 19. Doínnac na ζaeóilze. Siubail  
buacailli na Sgoile uaétauí aζur muonnt ve  
buacailli na Sgoile íoctaíu i mópúáil na  
nζaeóeal inoíu, ar mbratac of ar ζcionn  
aζur buídean ríobairí i n-ar uτοpáe.

m. poξ. 20. buacaillin lae nua, .i. Ríρteaipo  
ó Raéaílle.

m. poξ. 21. Cúg an tacuteíu Cíopbá ó Co.  
Loé ζCapmáin cuairt ar an Sgoil.

m. poξ. 23. Cúg Éamonn ó Doínncaóa ó  
Cíopcaíg aζur a óeapthrátaíu, Cáit, cuairt ar an  
Sgoil. O'fuaζaíu an tápo-máíζiρtíu ζo maéar  
aζ baíuζaó aírζiρ an ρon Cíρte na Teanζan  
an tpeacétauíu ρeo aζur o'iaíu ar na buac-  
ailli na lám cónζanta uo tacuteíu ρan obair.  
Uíonn ρhoínnaíu ó Uúnlainz ρéipe aρc-  
luacáa íl-uatac ar an Seoaacán.

m. poξ. 24. Cúg an dean uapal eíblín ní  
tíζeapnaíg cuairt ar an Sgoil aζur ζeall ζo  
uoiubraó léíζeac ar an luib-eolap uúinn ζo  
ζoiho. ρuaíu an tápo-máíζiρtíu *Drosera*  
*Rotundifolia* ó Éolm mac Doínnail atá aζ  
caíteam téapma i nápo-Sgoil Cúilm Cílle i  
ζClóie Cíonnρaoláe.

m. poξ. 25. Táimis ρápoaic mac Cúilm  
cum béapla uo múneac uo buacailli an  
ζráio meacónaíg.

m. poξ. 26. Uíonn Eoín mac Uaíbeac íapz  
méaltae, ρoinnte ρlizeán, aζur ρnáeao móp ar  
an Seoaacán.

m. poξ. 27. Táimis Saíhairle mac ζapbaíg  
maí buacaili lae. O'fuaζaíu an tápo-  
máíζiρtíu ζo maíb cúg punnt baíuζte aíze ó  
na buacailli aζur ó na máíζiρtíu ar ρon  
Cíρte na Teanζan aζur ζo maíb an t-aíρzeao  
ρeolta cum Connaréta na ζaeóilze.

m. poξ. 28. Cúg an tacuteíu uílliam ve  
Lúnnopa a céao cuairt oρaínn i mbliacna  
aζur labair linn ρan halla móp. O'fuaζaíu  
ζo mbhoínpaó ρé bonn óm aζ veípeao na  
bliacna ar an mbuacaili uob' ρeapm a mbeao  
eolap aíze ar an Teapapz Cíopcaíuóe i  
nζaeóilz aζur i mbéapla.

O. poξ. 1. Cíρmuízeao ar an Uúil-eolap  
uo múneao ρá Roínn na Talmaíbeacéta aζur  
an Oíoeacáir Ceaρoaílla. Táimis aínopaiu ó

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

muinneasáin marí mílúgairí conzanta le n-a mínead.

O. Foz. 5. Toghuiséad ar an tarrmáing-  
teoiriead do mínead pá Roimn na talmáir-  
eacáta agus an Oirdeáir Ceapóamla. Feasá  
fíor-éoin fáilte roim William Mac Ríarair,  
an mínteoir, ar b'illead ó páirir na  
Frainnce dó.

O. Foz. 9. Eus an t-áirí mac Seasairt  
o'gho bhóinnriar naomta cuairt orainn  
inon. B'i crumnuzáo gnóta agáinn fan  
halla móir le oifisís do tozáo le hazáir na  
bliaóna. Táris Seapmáma ó Rian ainm  
Donncáda míc Finn, .i. toirpead na bliatna  
anúair, marí táoirpead, áit o'ghis Donncáda i  
n-a feasáin agus táris ainm éamunn Duilrin.  
Do tozáo éamonn annrín. Tozáo uinnreann  
ó doáirpáir marí táairte. Táriséad  
ainmneacá páorais uí Conaire agus  
bhóinnriar uí Conzáile le hazáir na  
múnaróeacá. áit tarrmáing páorais a ainm  
riar agus o'fás bhóinnriar i n-a Rúnaróe.  
Át-tozáo muirir ó feasáirí o'áon eus marí  
ceann feadma na hiománaróeacá. Luadár  
ainmneacá éamunn Duilrin agus Samhairle  
míic Seapmáir le hazáir ceannuir na liathróe  
Coire áit toirp earbáda ama cuiread an tozáo  
rin agus na tozáta eile ar cáirpe so ceann  
míora.

O. Foz. 10. O'fíll Colm Mac Donnairll  
éusáin ó éloic éionnóalair agus blar tír  
Conairll so háluinn aige.

O. Foz. 17. Eus an Coirnéal Muirir ó  
móiró agus Seoirpe ó móiró, .i. áairí agus  
oncal uilleoic, cuairt ar an Sgoil.

O. Foz. 18. Táris páorais O Dubhláine  
ó Co. Muirgeo do bí i n-a buacairll lae ó túr  
na bliatna cum coinnaróte fan Sgoil. Eus  
an Craobhín doirinn, úna ní fáirceallais, an  
Coirnéal Muirir ó móiró, agus an Major  
Campán, .i. veas-óime ve Seasáirib Alban,  
cuairt ar an Sgoil. Feasá fíor-éoin fáilte  
roim an Sgoibhín óirí do b'i reo a céao cuairt  
orainn. Labair ré linn so háluinn i n-Seasáirib  
agus i mbéairla, S-ar molaó agus S-ar  
nSgoiréad. Roim imteacá do cuir ré an t-áir-  
máiríar pá Seasáirib leat-lá raoirpe do  
éabairt uáinn lá ar n-a dáirpead agus Seall  
an t-áir- máiríar so veirpáda.

O. Foz. 19. leat-lá raoirpe i n-onóir an  
Craobhín.

O. Foz. 21. Eus an Campánac cuairt eile  
orainn agus bí láirpead le linn ceacá Seasáirib  
do mínead do'n áir- máiríar agus le linn  
ceacá Céimreacáin do mínead do Tomár  
Mac Donnairll. Táris Seamúr ó Cuirín cum  
luat-Sgribheoiriead agus Coirnéal Leabair

menced, Mr. A. M. Moynihan taking up  
his duties as Science Master.

Oct. 5.—The classes in Drawing under the  
Department commenced. We gave the  
teacher, Mr. W. Pearse, a rousing welcome  
on his return from Paris.

Oct. 9.—Father Fitzgerald, O.S.F., Galway,  
visited us. At a meeting of the School in  
the Study Hall, we proceeded to the election  
of school officers for the year. Desmond  
Ryan proposed the re-election of Denis  
Gwynn as School Captain, but Denis pro-  
posed instead the name of Eamonn Bulfin.  
After some other nominations and with-  
drawals, Eamonn Bulfin was elected. Sub-  
sequently Vincent O'Doherty was elected  
School Vice-Captain. The names of Patrick  
Conroy (last year's Secretary) and Frank  
Connolly were proposed for the office of  
Secretary, but P. Conroy withdrawing, F.  
Connolly was declared elected. Maurice  
Fraher was unanimously re-elected Captain  
of Hurling. For the Football captaincy the  
names of Eamonn Bulfin and Samhairle  
MacGarvey were proposed, but owing to the  
lateness of the hour this and the other  
elections were postponed to a further meeting  
to take place a month hence.

Oct. 10.—Colm MacDonnell returned from  
Cloughaneely with a delightful Tirconnell  
bias.

Oct. 17.—Colonel Moore and Mr. George  
Moore (Ulick Moore's father and uncle)  
visited the School.

Oct. 18.—Patrick Delany (Co. Mayo), who  
has been a day-boy since the beginning of the  
session took up residence as a boarder. Dr.  
Douglas Hyde paid us his long-expected visit  
and delivered a deeply-moving address in  
Irish and English. He was accompanied  
by Miss Agnes O'Farrelly, Colonel Moore,  
and Major Cameron, a Scottish Gael who is  
studying Irish educational methods. Before  
leaving the Study Hall Dr. Hyde put the  
Head Master under *geasa* to give us a special  
Half-Holiday to-morrow.

Oct. 19.—Half-Holiday in honour of An  
Craobhín's visit.

Oct. 21.—Major Cameron again visited us  
and was present during an Irish class con-  
ducted by the Head Master and a bilingual  
Geometry class conducted by Mr. MacDonnell.  
Mr. Seumas O Cusin came to take up the  
Shorthand and Bookkeeping classes, Mr.

oo múir  
n-imtea  
O. F.  
n-áirí  
fíonn-u  
buadár  
n-áirí  
an-tíor  
feadma  
  
O. F.  
Rirtear  
o'fásá  
le n-a  
Sgoil  
áit so  
140.  
O. F.  
Chóirde  
cuairt  
i n-a p  
O. F.  
b'peas  
arí cá  
leat-é  
aige ag  
O.  
anna,  
Sam  
dár n  
Ruair.  
ó raor  
steacá  
leabair  
  
Sam  
halla  
ceann  
tairg  
bhóinn  
Cuiread  
reacá  
Sam  
tozáo  
na Se  
agus p  
áit t  
beir t  
ro i  
steam  
mac t  
ó Ri  
nuall  
Soche  
húiré  
táir-  
r'fíor  
o'iré

nihan taking up

Drawing under the  
We gave the  
rousing welcome

1, O.S.F., Galway,  
of the School in  
ed to the election  
year. Desmond  
lection of Denis  
but Denis pro-  
Eamonn Bulfin.  
tions and with-  
as elected. Sub-  
erty was elected  
names of Patrick  
tary) and Frank  
for the office of  
withdrawing, F.  
cted. Maurice  
e-elected Captain  
ball captaincy the  
and Samhairle  
but owing to the  
and the other  
a further meeting

2.  
ell returned from  
htful Tirconnell

and Mr. George  
her and uncle)

(Co. Mayo), who  
beginning of the  
a boarder. Dr.  
ng-expected visit  
ving address in  
was accompanied  
Colonel Moore,  
tish Gael who is  
nethods. Before  
. Hyde put the  
give us a special

1 honour of An

again visited us  
Irish class con-  
and a bilingual  
Mr. MacDonnell.  
to take up the  
ig classes, Mr.

vo múineadó i n-ionad Seaxán Uí Dúinn, ar  
n-imteacht go dtí an Dánmarc go Seaxán.

O. Foz. 23. O'imhuigearaí cluiche peile i  
n-ádhair Cumáinn Lorcáin Naomhtha i bPáirc an  
Fionn-uirge. Tar éir imeartha an-óine  
buadad oimhne de neart 2 cúl 7 gcúlín i  
n-ádhair 2 cúl 3 cúlín. Rinne ar mbuadairlí  
an-ghoib. Éamonn Bulfin vo bí mar éeann  
feadma ar ar bhruinniun.

O. Foz. 26. Táinig Seoirre Bairéad aghur  
Riarteair Bairéad cum rlan aghur beannaict  
o'rádail aghairn aghimteacht toib go hameriuocá  
le n-a muinntir. 'Sí fúide a gcomrád i  
Sgoil Eanna go n-éirigh leo go zeal tál  
act go bpeicteair ar éalaín na héireann aghir  
140.

O. Foz. 28. Cúg áro-shír Clochar an  
ghoibde Naomhtha i mbeannair na Sionainne  
cuairt ar an Sgoil. Bí eiblin nic áarrtaiz  
i n-a fochar,

O. Foz. 29. Cúg Seaxán Learlaoi léizeact  
bheas dúinn ra halla móir ar Oxphro aghur  
ar áambhuoze le linn na Caotliceacta. Bí  
leat-éad pictúir ar an lóghann oghoibdeacta  
aize agh léiriuzead an rzeil.

O. Foz. 30. Oibde Sáimna. ubla, cnó-  
anna, aghur gheann aghairn.

Sám. 1. Lá Sáimna. Bí rsoithe aghairn moir  
oár noibz. Siublamar go bairi an tSléibe  
Ruair. Bí buadairl comraote nua, i. Seorain  
ó raodáizín ó Co. na Gaillimne, roimain ar  
steact a baile dúinn. Bí céiribe aghairn ran  
leabairlainn triádnóna.

Sám. 5. Bí oimniuzead gnotha aghairn ran  
halla móir. Tozad éamonn bulfin mar  
éeann feadma na peile, uinnreann ó Dochar-  
taiz mar máizirir na gCluicé, aghur  
prounriar de búica mar leabairlaíhnaioe.  
Cuiread na tozta eile ar cáirde go ceann  
feactáime.

Sám. 12. Oimniuzead gnotha eile ran halla.  
Tozad ar mac Cumáil mar feair Coiméadta  
na Seov. Socruizead go mbead na hoiriziz  
aghur reirear eile i n-a steannata i n-a gCoirte,  
act triúr ar a laizead ve'n reirear rin vo  
beir i n-a mbuadairlíb lae. Tozad an reirear  
go i n ar noiar le beir i n-a gCoirte i  
steannata na noirizead, mar atá: Donnad  
mac Finn, Samhairle Mac Gaibdaiz, Dearnuha  
ó Riain, páoiaic ó Conaire, éamonn ó  
nualáin, aghur Doimnall ó Concubair.  
Socruizead zui pá lá féile bhuzoe béar na  
húicluicé aghairn i mbliadna, aghur o'innir an  
cáiro-máizirir dúinn go raib cluicé óá  
gziobad agh páoiaic mac Cuilm dúinn pá  
oibead Conaire móir agh bhruioin Oá Dearza.

Dunne, last year's teacher, having left Ireland  
for Denmark.

Oct. 23.—We met the O'Tooles (the best  
minor team in Dublin) in football in the  
Phoenix Park, and after a stubbornly con-  
tested match lost by 2 goals 7 points to 2 goals  
3 points. We are proud of having made such a  
stand against so experienced and so heavy a  
team. Eamonn Bulfin captained us, MacGar-  
vey, O'Doherty, Fraher, Cronin, Burke, and  
Connolly playing splendidly.

Oct. 26.—George and Dick Barrett came  
to-day to say good-bye to Sgoil Eanna, on  
their departure with their family for Chicago.  
Their comrades here wish them good luck  
wherever they go, but hope that their native  
land will see them again.

Oct. 28.—The Mother Superior of the  
Sacred Heart Convent, Banagher, accom-  
panied by Miss Eveleen MacCarthy, visited  
us.

Oct. 29.—Mr. Shane Leslie delivered a de-  
lightful lecture in the Study Hall on Oxford  
and Cambridge when they were Catholic,  
illustrating his story by fifty magic lantern  
slides.

Oct. 30.—Halloweve. Apples, nuts, and  
fun.

Nov. 1.—All Hallows. Whole Holiday.  
We walked to the top of the Three Rock  
Mountain. On our return we found Joseph  
Fegan (Co. Galway), a new boarder. In the  
evening we held a Ceilidhe in the Library,  
Donal O'Connor contributing songs and  
Arthur Cole music.

Nov. 5.—Meeting of the School in the Study  
Hall. Eamonn Bulfin was elected captain  
of Football, Vincent O'Doherty Master of  
Games, and Frank Burke, Librarian. The  
other elections were postponed for a week.

Nov. 12.—At a meeting in the Study Hall,  
adjourned from the previous Friday, we com-  
pleted the elections. Arthur Cole being chosen  
Keeper of the Museum, and the House Com-  
mittee appointed. It was agreed that the  
Committee should consist of the officers  
and of six others of whom at least three  
should be day boys. The following six  
were then elected to serve on the Committee  
in addition to the officers:—Denis Gwynn,  
Samhairle MacGarvey, Desmond Ryan,  
Patrick Conroy, Edward Nolan, and Donal  
O'Connor. It was arranged that our Plays  
should take place this year in celebration  
of St. Brigid's Day, as St. Patrick's Day  
would occur in Passion Week and St. Enda's

Sam. 14. Lá féile Lorcáin uí tuitail. Bí raoinne aghainn trátnona inoioi i n-ómór 'oo Lorcáin naoimta.

Sam. 18. An-obair ar riubal agh ar mac cumail, uilleoc ó mórbá, agh ar noibearo ó buacallá agh oéanam aeróplán.

Sam. 27. D'imhíreamar cluiche peile eile i n-aghaid cumainn Lorcáin naoimta agh ar buaireamair iao ve meart 2 cúl 7 gcúilín i n-aghaid 1 cúl 4 cúilín. Buairó aghia. Éamonn builfin 'oo bí mar Céann feadoma ar ar bhruinn. D'imhíreamonn, Muirir ó feara-éair, Samairle mac Garbháiz, na Docharcáiz, bhoinnriar ó Conzáile, pátraic ó Conaire, an búicac agh ar Cróiníneac go hionganac.

Sam. 28. Tuamair cuairt ar Seosaán na héireann.

Sam. 29. Ba bhónac linn rgeal báir mátar ainriar uí mhúinneacán 'oo élor inoioi. Ar veir 'Oé go raib a hanam.

Mí na n. 3. D'innir an t-áro-máizirirí uúinn go raib úr-éluice oéanta aize o' "Iosagan" agh ar go raib ré agh ar é 'oo léiriuicé i oéanna cluiche pátraic mhic Cuirn fá lá féile bhígoe.

Mí na n. 4. Tuag an bean uaral eiblin nic tigeamair léizeac uúinn ar an Luib-eolar. Ir álunn mar éirí rí ríor ar na ríolcáib agh ar an róir gluaracáta agh agh ríolcáib áirite. Tuag an Doctúir Seagán mac éirí agh ar bhoinnriar ó hárte cuairt oíainn inoioi.

Mí na n. 5. Bí ar bhruinnóir i Láear agh an gcluiche peile bí roir gairgíóiz Ciarmáize agh ar gairgíóiz Luimáize inoioi. Síao na Ciarmáizí muz Craob na héireann Leo. Bí oearb-máear 'oo Oiarmaio ó Cróinín ar fuirinn Ciarmáize.

Mí na n. 8. Lá féile Muire gan Smál. Lá raoinne.

Mí na n. 9. Torruicéac ar rghúoiúicéib na noolag. O'fuaear an t-áro-máizirirí go mbéimír agh rgeareac ó céile an 18o lá.

Mí na n. 10. Léizeac eile ar an Luib-eolar ó eiblin nic tigeamair.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## IT'S A PITY

I cannot give away High-class Photos for nothing; but to make known to the Dublin Public, my New Studio at

**37 Grafton Street, Dublin,**

(OVER THE LOUVRE),

any person who brings this Card to above, will get Three Nice Cabinet Photos, for 2/- (as an advertisement).

---

# ROE McMAHON,

11 Harcourt Street & 25 O'Connell Street.

*"THE YOUNG IRISHMAN WITH THE BIG NAME."*

---

ASK FOR **BOLANDS' BREAD**

— AND —

**SELF-RAISING FLOUR.**

BAKERIES :

Capel Street & Grand Canal Quay, Dublin; and Kingstown.  
MILLS : Ringsend Road, Dublin.

---

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.      YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, 6s. 6d.

### An Claidream Soluis.

Everyone wishing to Understand the Language Movement,

to know the aims and methods of the Gaelic League, to learn the true meaning of its doctrines, to become acquainted with its organisation and development, must read

"AN CLAIÐREAM SOLUIS."

Published by the Gaelic League, and the only authoritative exponent of its views. "An Claidream" contains stories, poems, and readable articles on current topics by the best living writers of Irish; lessons in Irish and hints to students; and English articles by the most brilliant thinkers in Ireland.

Offices—25 RUTLAND SQUARE, DUBLIN.

### New Gaelic League Publications.

Féilte na Saeóitze, 1910. Nett 3d.;  
ost free, 4d.

'Sa mháimín Oíleir: Oireachtas Test  
Piece, for 1910. Net 2d.; post free, 2½d.

Smóilín na Rann. By Fingín na  
Leasínna. Net 3d.; post free, 4d.

Εάετρα ROBINSON CRUSOE. Limp  
Cloth, 3s. 6d.; post free, 3s. 9d. Cloth  
Boards, 4s., post free, 4s. 2d.

Χηαδ Κοναίλ. Τιομφυζαδ Σπίοτόζ  
οε Σπίοτόζ οε Σζέλαρδεατ αν ποέλα  
1s. 6d.; post free, 1s. 8d. net.

Σταηη να ηέηεαηη. By μήεαί  
οηεαίηαδ.

πόηα ηήαηαη οίζ. By π. ό. Κοηαηε.

Complete Catalogue from  
Manager, Clodhanna Teoranta, Ath Cliath

**PHOTO-BLOCKS**  
MADE IN DUBLIN  
BY IRISH WORKMEN.

FOR ILLUSTRATING  
ALL KINDS OF MAGAZINES,  
BOOKLETS, COLLEGE ANNUALS  
ADVERTISEMENTS. Etc.

**IRISH PHOTO**  
ENGRAVING Co  
ORIEL HOUSE,  
33, WESTLAND ROW, DUBLIN

## A Selection

FROM

## The New Publications of M. H. GILL & SON, Ltd.

### Second Impression.

**The Light of the West**, and other Wayside Thoughts and Studies. By the Rt. Hon. Sir William Butler, G.C.B. Crown 8vo., Irish linen; 5s. net.  
*In addition to the title Essay this book contains also Lectures or Studies on Napoleon, Gordon, Parnell, Belgian Battle Fields, etc.*

**Rose Kavanagh and other Verses.** Edited by the Rev. M. Russell, S.J., with some verse tributes from her friends, with portrait. Small 4to, Irish linen; 2s.

**The Prose Work of William Rooney.** A Selection with Portrait and Introduction. Fcap 8vo., Irish linen; 1s. 6d. net.

**The Science of Ethics.** By the Rev. M. Cronin, D.D., M.A., ex F.R.U.I., Professor of Ethics and Politics in the National University of Ireland. Demy 8vo., cloth; 12s. 6d. net.

**The History of the Church in the Nineteenth Century.** By the Rev. James McCaffrey, Lec. Theol. (Maynooth), Ph.D. (Freiburg i. B.), Professor of Ecclesiastical History in St. Patrick's Coll. Maynooth. Demy 8vo., cloth, 2 vols.; 12s. 6d. net.

**Old Criticism and New Pragmatism.** Essays on Philosophy. By J. M. O'Sullivan, M.A., Ph.D. (Heidel.) ex F.R.U.I. Demy 8vo., cloth. 7s. 6d. net.  
*This is a thesis presented to obtain the degree of Doctor of Philosophy (with highest honours) in the University of Heidelberg, and some other Essays on cognate subjects.*

A New List (with Press Notices) of our Latest Publications will be sent Post Free to any Address on application, or may be obtained (as all our publications) through all Booksellers.

**M. H. GILL & SON, Ltd.,**  
PUBLISHERS, PRINTERS, Etc., Etc.  
DUBLIN and WATERFORD.

# CALVERT'S STORES, RANELAGH,

*For Choicest Qualities in*



Groceries, Provisions, Fruit,  
Flowers, Vegetables, &c. . .

My\*Prices at all Seasons in Home Produce are Right, but don't forget that the memory of QUALITY lingers long after price is forgotten.

*Hotels, Clubs, &c., Special Quotations.*

**FURNITURE** FOR CASH, or on  
EASY TERMS.

**BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.**

**ONLY IRISH HOUSE IN THE STREET.**

**FURNISHING ON INSTALMENT SYSTEM.**

Bedroom Furnished	from	£3	17	6
Diningroom	"	5	5	0
Kitchen	"	1	10	0

**Sinn Fein**

(LIMITED),

64 LR. CAMDEN ST., DUBLIN.

*Support Home Industries.*

v.

g Trade.

actors to—

University,  
Colleges  
k, & Galway,  
ge of Science,  
lege, Dublin,  
, &c.

agents for  
rrington Bros.  
chemicals of the  
ranteed Purity.  
prepared for  
Educational and  
al purposes.

ns of the  
essons in  
equally

k.

hers,

# THE LEADER.

The Advocate of Irish Ireland and  
Pioneer of the Industrial Revival.

Everyone who takes an interest in Ireland should read "THE LEADER."  
A Review of Current Affairs, Politics, Literature, Art & Industry.

— Published every Thursday. —

Subscription Rates:—Post free to any part of Ireland or Great Britain—  
Yearly, 6s. 6d.; Half-yearly, 3s. 3d.; Quarterly, 1s. 8d. For Foreign  
Postage the Rates are 8s. 8d.; 4s. 4d.; and 2s. 2d. respectively.  
Offices: 32 LOWER ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN (32 Στράσο να Μαιριςτρεαδ  
Ιοετται, Βαίτε Δεα Χίαιε).

## NO MORE LEAD POISONING.

Revolution in Domestic Plumbing.  
Aluminium Water Pipes to replace Lead and Copper.

Purer, Stronger, and Cheaper than Copper. Brighter,  
Cleaner, Safer, and CHEAPER than Lead.

For New Hot Water Services in the Pipes of the Future, and for  
repairs and replacing defective Lead and Copper  
pipes with Aluminium send to—

**J. BRIDGE,** Expert in Aluminium Plumbing.  
1 Lower Leeson Street, DUBLIN.

ALL ALUMINIUM WORK GUARANTEED 10 YEARS.

ESTIMATES FREE.

SÉAMUS mac EOCASÁIN 7 A mac,

DIADÓTAIS,

103 LOWER LEESON STREET,

Are pioneers in the language movement in their own way. They put their names over their places of business in Gaelic and on their vehicles and they have in many other ways helped the cause. That entitles them to some support, and they have got it from the most *prominent* Leaguers. But they don't ask support as DIADÓTAIS for that reason, but because they supply the very best Irish meat at reasonable prices.

---

# Sinn Féin



The Official Organ of

*The Sinn Fein Policy*

APPEALS to all who desire the progress of Irish Industries,  
the elevation of Irish thought, and the independence  
of the Irish Nation.

---

**TWICE DAILY. PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.**

**AGENTS EVERYWHERE.**

Offices: 49 Middle Abbey Street, DUBLIN.

**Geo. MORROW & Son, Ltd.,**

✱ SPECIALISTS IN ✱

**House Painting and Decoration,**

**15 D'Olier Street, DUBLIN.**

*Telephone 332 Y.*

*Designs and Estimates Free.*

---

**IRISH IRELAND AND HER INDUSTRIES**

IS THE PREDOMINANT FEATURE AT

**LOUGHLIN'S,**

IRISH MADE SHIRTS from 2/6.

IRISH KNIT VESTS AND PANTS from 2/11.

HOMESPUN FLANNEL SHIRTS from 3/9.

IRISH KNIT AND BALBRIGGAN HALF-HOSE from 1/- per pair.

IRISH POPLIN NECKWEAR from 1/6.

IRISH CYCLING HOSE. SWEATERS from 2/6 & 3/11 each.

IRISH HATS, TWEED CAPS, WEXFORD STRAW, etc.

GLOVES, BRACES, etc., etc., at Lowest Prices.

**T. J. LOUGHLIN,**

IRISH + OUTFITTING + HEADQUARTERS.

**10 Parliament Street, DUBLIN.**

---

***THIS MAGAZINE***

PRODUCED AT

**DOLLARD'S LTD.,**

**WELLINGTON QUAY, DUBLIN.**

VI.

## Marching Forward—

¶ Progress and Development have always been the watch-words of **THE KILKENNY WOODWORKERS.**

¶ During the past few years our business has developed to such an extent that we have had repeatedly to enlarge our showrooms in Nassau Street by purchasing adjoining shops.

¶ A very large additional factory has just been built at our works in Kilkenny, the existing building having proved entirely inadequate for the great and increasing demands made upon it.

¶ These facts speak for themselves—and there is only one way to account for such substantial progress—sheer merit.

¶ If our goods were not artistically perfect, economically competitive, and commercially sound, we would not have this tale to tell.

¶ But every article turned out by us, no matter how big or how small, receives the same highly specialised treatment, and **MUST** please because it bears the imprint of extraordinary care.

¶ That is the secret of our success—nothing leaves our workshops that will not be an everlasting pleasure to the purchaser.

May we prove this to you?

## **THE KILKENNY WOODWORKERS,**

**6, 7, 8 Nassau Street, Dublin.**

Camans, 1/-, 1/6, Best 2/6

Irish-made Jerseys, 3/6

Gaelic Footballs, 10/6

Hurley Balls, 1/-, 2/6, 3/6

Cycle Tubes, 2/6; Covers, 4/9, 5/9.

**CROTTY'S, Ltd.,**

**62 Grafton Street, DUBLIN.**

The only Irish Firm in the complete Laboratory Furnishing Trade.

**JOSEPH  
M. MAIBEN & CO.**

*The Irish Laboratory  
Furnishers,*

**31 EDEN QUAY,  
DUBLIN.**

*Telegrams:*

"APPARATUS," DUBLIN.

*Telephone No. 2397.*

New "Adjustable" Tangent  
Galvanometer, provisionally  
protected No. 2213.

Designed by

REV. FR. JOHN KEARNEY, C.S.S.P.

Manufacturers of every descrip-  
tion of Scientific Instruments.



*Contractors to—*

**National University,  
University Colleges  
Belfast, Cork, & Galway,  
Royal College of Science,  
Trinity College, Dublin,  
&c., &c.**

*Sole Agents for*

**Messrs. Harrington Bros.,  
Irish-made Chemicals of the  
Highest guaranteed Purity.**

*Specially prepared for  
Technical, Educational and  
Analytical purposes.*



## The Cheapest and Best.

ΔΩΒΑΡ ΓΑΙΝΝΤΕ ΑΝ ΜΥΝΤΕΟΡΑ:

(The Teachers' Conversation Charts.)

These Wall Charts, 40 inches by 30 inches, printed in six colours, are reproductions of the pictures in use in *Coláiste Laiseán* for the Direct Method-Teaching of the Lessons in the Handbook of Modern Irish and *Cearta Cainte an mÚinteora*. They would be equally useful for teaching *an mÓr Oíreac* or any other direct method book in any language.

No. I. FOURTH EDITION, .....	Price 4/-
No. II. THIRD .....	" 4/6
No. III. IN THE PRESS, .....	" 5/-
No. IV. .....	" 5/-
Per Post, 4d. each extra.	

*The only Language Chart bearing the Irish Trade Mark.*

**FALLON & CO., Limited,** *Educational  
Publishers,*  
**DUBLIN AND BELFAST.**