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na n Tacobal

— 1939 —

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(THE GAELIC LEAGUE OF LONDON)

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OBJECTS OF THE GAELIC LEAGUE :

The preservation, teaching and extension of Irish as our National Language ; the popularisation of Irish music, dances, games and industries ; and, generally, the advancement of a free, Gaelic-speaking Ireland.

Membership is open to everyone of Irish birth or descent, irrespective of religious or political affiliations.

Our work is carried on entirely by voluntary effort and all monies subscribed are devoted to the furtherance of the League's objects.

You are asked to become a member ; to study the Irish language, and to place the merits of the League before your friends.

CONNRAÐ NA GAELICHE LONNDAIN

Office: 28 JOHN STREET, THEOBALDS ROAD, W.C.1.

Telephone: HOLBORN 7129

TEACHING CENTRES

SCHOOLS are held in various districts throughout London. The Central School meets every Monday evening during each Session at Argyle Street, L.C.C. School, King's Cross, W.C.1., at 8 p.m.

Programme: Language Classes, 8—9.30 p.m.;

Irish Dancing, 9.30—10.30 pm..

Local Schools:

Tuesday — ROTHERHITHE and DEPTFORD at St. Joseph's Schools, Paradise St., S.E.16. Children's classes 7—8.30 p.m.; Language, history and dancing. Adults language classes 8.30—9.30. Dancing 9.30—10.30 p.m.

Thursday — HIGHGATE.—St. Joseph's School, Highgate Hill, N.19 at 8 p.m.
KENSINGTON.—Stadium Club, 45 Brook Green Road, Hammersmith, W.6, at 8 p.m. Céilíróe at the same venue every Sunday and Tuesday evening

Friday — FOREST GATE.—Upton Cross School, Plashet Road, near St. Antony's Rd., E.7., from 8 to 10.30 p.m.
BARKING—Sec. Miss M. Duggan, 35, Broomhill Rd., Goodmays, Essex.

Members may attend both Central and Local Schools, and may enter for the examinations, held at the end of each full year's course. Prizes and certificates are awarded; and a scholarship—consisting of a fortnight's course at one of the Irish summer colleges with all expenses paid—is offered for competition amongst the students of Grades III and IV.

Lectures and discussions (in Irish and English) on subjects of Irish interest are held at the Gaelic League Offices on the second Saturday of each month, commencing at 7.30 p.m.

Frequent Céilíróe are organised by the *Árta Coiríoe* and Local Schools. The next Céilíróe *nóir* will be held at 7.30 p.m. at the Express Dairy Hall, 18 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2., on Saturday, 29th April.

The Ancient Gaelic Festivals (heralding the four seasons) of SAMHAIN, URRÍS, BEALTAINE and LÚGNARA are specially celebrated with a view to bringing them back to popular recognition.

"*Féile na hGaele*" the quarterly magazine of the League, is published on the above Festivals and distributed free to all members.

A Rambling Section has recently been formed and weekly outings are arranged. Full particulars of forthcoming rambles may be had on application to LIAM O'DONNGHAILE.

EVERYONE OF IRISH BIRTH OR DESCENT SHOULD JOIN
THE GAELIC LEAGUE.

ALL PARTICULARS MAY BE HAD FROM THE HON. SECRETARY.

Minimum Annual Subscription—2/6.

AR SON

ṬÍR ΔΣΥΡ ΤΕΔΗΣΑ

IRISH IS A LIVING LANGUAGE TO-DAY.

In six of the North-Eastern counties the freedom to revive Irish, which now exists in the "Twenty-six Counties," is still denied. All possible obstacles are placed in the way of those who would teach it; and the remuneration ordinarily allowed to language teachers is withheld from the teacher of Irish.

The prime object of the Gaelic League is to restore our National language to its former pride of place throughout the length and breadth of ÉIRE. To us, Ireland is Ireland from Fair Head in Antrim to Mizen Head in Cork.

You are asked, therefore, to contribute generously this evening to a fund for the provision of scholarships in the ΣΔΕΥΤΑΔΥΤ for children from the Northern counties. The collection will be taken during the interval.

ΣΟ ΜΑΙΡΙΘ ΔΡ ΗΣΑΕΘΙΣ ΣΛΑΗ.

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ΛΑ ΠΕΙΛΕ ΡΑΘΗΑΙΣ

A Bi-lingual Magazine, containing the Programme of the Forty-first Annual Musical Festival held by the Gaelic League of London at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, W.1., on St. Patrick's Night, 1939.

To all contributors to this Magazine our grateful acknowledgements are tendered.

ηΓΟΕ ΘΕ ΒΥΙΤ,
Editor.



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Α ΛΥΑΪ ΣΥΛΛΟΓΗ	

AN CLÁR

Part I of the 1939 St. Patrick's Night Concert.

ITEM

- I. ORGAN SOLO : "Gradh mo chroidhe mo chruisichin," *Traditional*
"Lough Sheelin," "Battle Hymn," "The *Irish Airs*
Beautiful City of Sligo," "Paisdin Fionn,"
"Let Erin Remember"
UNA DILLON.
2. PIPERS' BAND : "St. Patrick's Day," "The Bard of *Traditional*
Armagh," "Peggy Morrissey," "Nora *Irish Airs*
Criona," "The Men of the West"
πίουδαίρί αν έονναρέα.
3. SONG : "St. Patrick's Day" *arr. Moffatt*
PATRICIA BLACK.
4. SONGS : "Úna Bán" *arr. Hardebeck*
"The Lark in Clear Air" *arr. Eposito*
ALFRED O'SHEA.
5. FIGURE DANCES : "Eight-hand Reel," "Slip Jig,"
"Double Jig."
CHILDREN OF ROTHERHITHE GAÉLIC LEAGUE SCHOOL.
Accompanied by LIAM MCGANNON and JERRY HARTIGAN.
6. SONGS : "O Bay of Dublin" *Traditional*
"Cailín ní Uallaíam" *Traditional*
MONICA WARNER.
7. Διηγήματα : "Sal ós Ruad" *arr. N. Bartholomew*
"An Spailtín Fánac" *arr. N. Bartholomew*
"Oinnead mac conchoilleadó.
8. RECITATIONS : "Patrick's Day," *William Rooney*
"Josephine." *John O'Brien*
PAUL FARRELL.
9. SONGS : "Nuallóubadó Óéithe" *arr. Needham*
"My Countrymen! Awake! Arise."
PATRICIA BLACK.
10. HARP : "Cúina Eóξaim Ruadó tí Néill," "An *Traditional Irish Airs*
Feirmeoiri Saébealac," "Spailtín
Δ Rún," "Coimhóira Óoipe" *arr. T. nic Cormaic*
TRESA NIC CORMAIC.
- II. SONGS : "Cat Céim an Fíad" *arr. Hardebeck*
"There's No Land like Ireland."
ROBERT IRWIN.

At the Piano ... AGNES MACHALE.

Interval of Ten Minutes. Doors closed promptly. Admission only between items. There will be a collection to provide scholarships in the Gaeltacht for children from the Northern Counties of Ireland.

UNA DILLON will play the following selection of traditional Irish airs on the Organ : "Brian the Brave," "The Lark in Clear Air," "Kelly of Killann," "Óft in the Stilly Night," "Avenging and Bright," "Cailin Deas Chruite na mbo," "The West's Awake."

“ ST. PATRICK'S DAY.”

What Island is fairest of isles of the ocean,
What cause throughout history shines ever bright ;
What spirit has called forth the deepest devotion
And granted each peasant the soul of a knight ?
Whose voice, thro' the bars
Of Grief and Wrong,
Still sang the clear song of the Morning Stars,
And grew the more sweet
In storm and in sleet ?
Ah, that cause, and that island, that voice, and that spirit
Were thine, O Queen Erinn, our hope, and our stay,
Whose claim we remember, whose fame we inherit,
Whose honour we sing on St. Patrick's Day.

Of old, 'mid the ages of rapine and wreckers
When nations broke, thundering, wave upon wave,
Thou stood like an Angel of Peace o'er the breakers
And raised thy high lamp to illumine and save !
Oh ! still on our skies
Let love thus shine.
In radiance divine, from they dear, deep eyes,
Till hearts, taking fire,
Shall flame and aspire !—
Till the light of thy Spirit, so earnest yet tender,
Ennoble each soul by its lifegiving ray,
And our Nation arise, in a new dawn of splendour
To honour thy name on St. Patrick's Day !

—GEORGE SIGERSON
(1839-1925)

* An article on the life and work of Dr. Sigerson by Terence O'Hanlon appeared in *ΣΥΓΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ*, 1938, some copies of which are still available.

“ ὕνα βᾶν.”

(This magnificent poem, written in Cromwellian times by Strong Thomas Costello, ranks amongst the greatest of Irish love songs. The poet was in love with Fair Una MacDermott, whose father would not give his consent to their union. Una died of a broken heart and was buried on an island in Lough Key. The poet used to swim his horse to the island at night to lament over her, until one morning he was found dead on her grave.)

Δ ὕνα βᾶν, ἀ βλάτῃ νὰ πῶλαοι ὀμπράδ,
 Ἐὰρ εἶρ ὄο βᾶν ὄε βᾶν ὄροῦ-ῶμαίρτε.
 ῤεὺς ἀ ἕρᾶδ ῶα ἀα ἀ β'ῤεᾶν ὄε'ν ῶμαίρτε,
 Δ εἰν ἰ ἕκταβᾶν, ἰρ μέ ἰ νᾶτ νὰ ὄονότσε.

Δ ὕνα βᾶν, βᾶ ῤῶρ ἰ ηἕταιρῶν τῦ,
 'S βᾶ ῶομπλεῶν ὀν, ἀρ ὄορῶ νὰ βᾶνῆοἕνα τῦ.
 ὄα ῶεἰτεᾶβᾶν 'ρ βᾶ ῶεοἰᾶν ἄἕ ἕᾶβᾶν ἄν βεᾶταἕ ῤεο ῤοᾶν τῦ,
 'Sé mo ῶρεᾶῶ-ᾶᾶrone βῤῶνᾶῶ, νᾶρ ῤῶρᾶδ ἕοᾶν τῦ.

Δ ὕνα βᾶν, ἰρ τῦ ὄο ᾶεᾶνἕ mo ῶαἕἕ,
 Δ ὕνα, ἰρ τῦ ἀ ῶαἕἕ ἕο ὄἕῶ ῤοἕρ μέ ἀρ ὄἕα.
 Δ ὕνα, ἄν ῶρεᾶἕἕ ῶᾶᾶᾶᾶ ἀ ἕἕἕἕἕἕ ῶᾶᾶ ἕᾶᾶ
 Νᾶρ β'ῤεᾶν ὄοᾶᾶ ἀ βεἕῶ ἕᾶν ῤῦἕἕἕ ἕᾶ ὄ'ῤεἕἕἕἕ ᾶᾶᾶᾶ.

—ῶᾶᾶᾶ ἕᾶᾶᾶ ῶἕᾶᾶᾶ.

“ THE LARK IN THE CLEAR AIR.”

Arranged Esposito.

Dear thoughts are in my mind, and my soul soars enchanted,
 As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.
 For a tender, beaming smile to my hope has been granted,
 And to-morrow she shall hear all my fond heart would say.

I shall tell her all my love, all my soul's adoration,
 And I think she will hear me, and will not say me nay,
 It is this that gives my soul all its joyous elation,
 As I hear the sweet lark sing in the clear air of the day.

SIR SAMUEL FERUGSON.

[Sir Samuel Ferguson deserves to be remembered as archæologist as well as poet. Born in Belfast, 1810, he died at Howth, Co. Dublin, on August 9th, 1886. A man of great learning, industry and poetic power, his translations are truthful and gracious and his original work manifests depth, freshness and wide research.]

"OH, BAY OF DUBLIN."

Traditional.

Oh ! Bay of Dublin, my heart you're troublin',
Your beauty haunts me like a fevered dream ;
Like frozen fountains that the sun sets bubblin',
My heart's blood warms when I but hear your name ;
And never till this life-pulse ceases,
My earliest thought you'll cease to be ;
Oh ! there's no one here knows how fair that place is,
And no one cares how dear it is to me.

Sweet Wicklow Mountains ! the sunlight sleeping
On your green banks is a picture rare,
You crowd around me like young girls peeping,
And puzzling me to say which is most fair,
As though you'd see your own sweet faces,
Reflected in that smooth and silver sea,
Oh ! my blessin' on those lovely places,
Tho' no one cares how dear they are to me.

How often when at work I'm sitting,
And musing sadly on the days of yore,
I think I see my Katey knitting,
And the children playing round the cabin door ;
I think I see the neighbours' faces
All gathered round their long-lost friend to see ;
Oh ! tho' no one knows how fair that place is,
Heaven knows how dear my poor home was to me.

LADY DUFFERIN.

"CAITILÍN NÍ UALLACÁIN."

Traditional.

Ó meapaimíó nac a calm rín do'n buairíhc 'ran Spáinn,
Ac meallaó ríge cún cafa cloróm do tabairt i opraé,
Beo galla aríó dá leasaó ríor le lúe ár lám
Ár mac an Ríó as Caitilín ní Uallaacáin.

Ó seallam oib nac fao' aríó sur buarfa an fáin,
As arim faobair da seapaó um, ir fuasar lámáis ;
Ir tapa ciumm do ppeabfímír 'r ir buacac áro,
Ac mac an Ríó beic as Caitilín ní Uallaacáin.

Ir faoa rimm as faire 'noir le fuarcal o'páíat,
'n-ár rcolairíó gan balcairí ná a luac 'n-ár lámáis
Beo bapca líonta ar bapra caoite 'r fuam ar ráil,
Le mac an Ríó cún Caitilín ní Uallaacáin.

Δ Μυιρε δΐλνρ ! Δ εΑρα εΑομ, ζΑε υαηρ 'η-Αη υρΑηε
 Δζαηλ λορα Αη ροη ηα ηζΑοηθεαλ, ηρ εηυαηρ Αη εΑη !
 λυεε Αη ηρβηε υο εηρ Αη δΐβηε, Αη ρευαηε ηηΑ,
 'S Δ εεηε ρΐοη υο εεΑεε εΑη εΑοηρ' ζΑη υυαηε 'ηα υΑηλ.

[This resounding patriotic song was composed about two hundred years ago by the blind poet Heffernan of Shroneil, County Tipperary, commonly known as Liam Dall (Blind William). He speaks his hopes for Ireland in passionate tones, referring to her under the "secret" name of Kathleen Ni Houlihan.]

SAL ÓS RUADÓ.

Arranged Carl Hardebeck.

ΗΑε ηηρε Αη εηυαζ Μυιρε Αζ υοη ζο εΑηηαηζηη Αη ρΑηαηζ
 Δζ ζοη ηρ Αζ ζΑηεΑηζηλ ηρ Αζ υεΑηαηη υηρϐημ,
 Δζ οηεΑηαηε ηο λειυβ Αη υΑεΑη ηο λΑηηε,
 ηρ ζΑη ρΐυ Αη υηαοηη υαηηε Δ υεΑηεΑηηη υϐ.

Ηηλ ηε Δε ζο εηεηε-λαζ, ηηλ ζΑβΑε υΑ ρεΑηαε,
 Μαιρε ηηλ ηε Αη Αοη ηϐρ Δε ηαη Αη εεο,
 εΑ ρυη ηο εηοηθε 'ρτεζ υΑ ρηεΑε 'ηα υηαοηεΑ,
 ηρ Δ υΐα ! εε Αη ηοηζηαε η ηϐηαηρ ηο ζΑη Οζ Ρυαε.

υ'ρεΑηη ληοη ζο ηϐρ 'ηο υΐαηρ ρΑη ηϐϐ η,
 Δ υεηε Αζ υλεΑζαη ηο υϐηη ηϐ η ηυηη ηο εηζε,
 ΗΑ ραηϐυρεΑη ζεοηηρε ηρ ε ραζΑηλ λε εηηρϐηηρε,
 ηρ ζυη ρε ηα ρϐϐΑη Δ εηηη ηε ζηαε ηο εηοηθε.

"AN SPAILPÍN FÁNAÉ."

Traditional.

ζο υεϐ υεϐ 'ηΐρ ηη ηαζαε ζο εΑηεαλ
 Δζ υΐοη ηΑ ηεηε ηο ρλΑηηε ;
 ΗΑ Αη ηαηζαε ηα ραοηηε Αη ηυρθε εοηρ υαηηα
 Αη ηζΑοηηρε Αη λεΑε-εΑοηυ ρηΑηε ;
 υοοΑηη ηα εηηε Αζ εηζεΑεε Αη Δ ζεΑαηηλ,
 υ'Α ρηαηηαηε Αη υηυηηηη ηηηΑεεΑ,
 Ο εεΑηαη εηυ ηυυαηλ, εΑ'η εηηηηα ρΑεΑ
 ζεο Αη ηυυαηλ Αη ζπαηηρην ρΑηαε !

Αη ζπαηηρην ρΑηαε ρΑζαε ηηηε,
 Δζ ρεΑηαη Αη ηο ρλΑηηε ;
 Δζ ηυυαηλ Αη υηυεεΑ ζο ηϐε Αη ηαηοηη
 'S Δζ υαηηυζαε ζΑηαη ηΑηε !
 Ηη ρεηερεΑη εοηΑη Αη λΑηη εηυ υαηηε
 ζυηηε ηα ρεΑε υεαζ ηαηηηε
 Δεε εολοηρ ηα υηηαηηεΑε οη εεΑηη ηο λεαηεΑη,
 'S ρηε Αζαη εηυ ρΑηεε.

'Sé dubairt saé flait nár maic leir triall—
 “ Gluairtò so mear! tá an cat o’á riar
 aghur téigimí ‘na cómair!”
 Tánsgadair na ráir-éir—suróim ácar ar Clanna Saoróil.
 Ciománadair na páimis le pánaró ar reól.

—máire buiòe ní laozaire.
 (Circa 1790—1859).

THERE'S NO LAND LIKE IRELAND.

By T. D. Sullivan.

They talk of foreign countries
 As well indeed they may,
 But I've been far from Ireland,
 And this is what I say—
 The hardy sons of Erin,
 Despite of every foe,
 Will rise to fame and glory
 Wherever they may go —
 But, oh, for love and kindness,
 For pleasures great and small
 You'll find no land like Ireland,
 Anywhere at all!

God bless the men of Ireland!
 God bless the women too,
 God keep them as He made them,
 Warm-hearted, brave and true,
 May trouble, pain and sorrow
 No more to them be known,
 And may His right hand help them
 To win and hold their own —
 God send the light of freedom
 On mansion, hut, and hall,
 For there's no land like Ireland
 Anywhere at all!

CAISLEÁN AN DROMA-MÓIR.

Tá saóe an seimpró ríallta fuar
 Tairt éimcioll an Dróm'-móir
 áet mī an halla tá ríocéán, mo páirde beas árcóir
 Tá saé rean-ouilleós out ar éiré, áet ir ós an bhronglán tú
 Seimpríto lóicín ló ló lan, lóicín ir lul lá lá.

Πάρι έις άσιν ύποέ-μω τωιη μέ'ρ μο παρθεανάν ζαν ύμόν ;
 Πάρι έις άσιν ταιρ ο'ν άβαινν ήόρι ná θεανν-γρθε Cloume Εοζάιν
 τά Μυιηε ήάέαιη όρ άρ ζςιονη άς ιαημιαρό ζηάριτα ούμην
 Ο Σεμνφιμίο τότιέιν τό, τό-ταν, τότιέιν ιη λάλ λά λά.

(The words by Δη Εμαοίβη άοιβίην have been wedded to a fine old
 tune which has become notably the best-known Suantraidhe in modern
 Ireland.)

HASTE TO THE WEDDING.

I'd polished the pewter, I'd tidied the kitchen,
 My dresser looked white as a stack in the snow ;
 And here by the window my skirt I was stitchin',
 For I'm very neat with a needle to sew.
 Said I, " What's the use o' me mendin' my finery,
 Till it is fit for a queen on her throne ?
 For it's oh, dear ! there isn't the sign o' me
 Gettin' a man an' a place o' my own.'

Chorus :

'Twas Haste to the Weddin' and Haste to the Weddin'
 I sang as I sat at the window alone ;
 Mavrone, O ! 'twas oft I was dreadin'
 I'd not get a man with a place o' my own.

'Twas nearly made up once between me and Larry,
 That lives o'er the Mountain o' Forth, by the bounds,
 With forty-five acres o' land and a quarry—
 He'd take me, and welcome, with ninety-five pounds.
 When he couldn't get it, he said we'd regret it,
 And then he got wed to a widow in town ;
 And it's oh, dear, I lost Larry Petit,
 A sensible man with a house of his own.

Chorus :

'Twas Haste to the Weddin', etc.

I found in my first cup o' tea the next Monday,
 A lucky red tea-leaf—some stranger to call ;
 I tried seven times and he travelled on Sunday,
 I wondered who was it was coming at all.
 Who was it but Lanty, last Sunday for Nancy—
 He buried his mother last May in Kilcone ;
 And it's now, dear, I'll marry my fancy—
 The boy o' my heart with a place of his own.

Chorus :

'Tis Haste to the Weddin' and Haste to the Weddin'
 Not long I'll be sittin' and singin'-alone ;
 For soon, dear, with young Lanty Reddin,
 I'll reign like a queen in a house o' my own.

Words by P. J. McCALL.

"FAREWELL MY GENTLE HARP."

Arranged Milligan-Fox.

Farewell my gentle harp, farewell,
Thy master's toils are nearly o'er ;
These cords that want with joy to swell,
Shall thrill no more.
My faithful harp, the wild and gay
And plaintive notes were all thine own
Though now my trembling hands can play
The sad alone.
And these alas ! must die away
When I am gone.

And oh ! 'tis well that age and pain
May find a home where mercy dwells ;
For here the wounded heart in vain
Its sorrow tells.
No more my soul can o'er thee shed
The light of song that once it knew ;
The dreams of hope and joy have fled
That fancy drew.
My faithful harp when I am dead
Be silent too.

(" No Gaelic words survive in association with this air except the opening line of the lament : " Ta me dall, aosda, a's bacach " (" I am blind, old and beggared "). The English words are by an anonymous author, who published the air in a now extinct Dublin magazine in 1842, giving it as taken from a miscellaneous collection of MSS., with a learned disquisition on the surviving compositions of Rory Dall. These include Port Lennox, Port Atholl, and the exquisite air to which Burns wrote " Fare Thee Well, Thou First and Fairest." O'Cahan's harp key was for long in the possession of Lord MacDonald of Skye, and is alluded to in Dr. Johnson's Tour of the Hebrides.

From " Songs of the Irish Harpers."

"A NATION ONCE AGAIN."

When boyhood's fire was in my blood,
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
Three hundred men and three men.
And then I prayed I yet might see
Her fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A Nation once again.

And from that time through wildest woe,
That hope has shone, a far light ;
Nor could love's brightest summer glow
Outshine that solemn starlight,

It seemed to watch above my bed
 In forum, field and fane ;
 Its angel voice sang round my bed
 " A Nation once again."

It whispered, too, that " Freedom's Ark
 And service high and holy,
 Would be profaned by feelings dark
 And passions vain or lowly ;
 For Freedom comes from God's right hand,
 And needs a godly train ;
 And righteous men must make our land
 A Nation once again."

So, as I grew from boy to man,
 I bent me to that bidding —
 My spirit of each selfish plan
 And cruel passion ridding ;
 For thus I hoped some day to aid —
 Oh ! can *such* hope be vain —
 When my dear country shall be made
 A Nation once again.

THOMAS DAVIS.

'pé 'n éirínn í.

Arranged N. Bartholomew.

Í ngléanntam réim ná h-eirge bíom
 Í bfanntair réimn í ngeib fad laoi ;
 An t-peas bean gle ba béarac fhad
 'Do fhanntaró mé, 'pé n-éirínn í ;
 'pé n-éirínn í.

Ní tráda mé air céile naoir,
 Tuḡ ár na n-faeodal air o-téad don éirínn
 Ná'n báb ón n-freig do céar an t-fad,
 Le fhad mo éirib, 'pé n-éirínn í
 'pé n-éirínn í.

Air neoin nuair éiríom air éad Surde-finn,
 Fá bhón a f-cém 'r fan don don buríom,
 Cia feólfad don m'ac Dé an líon
 A éc rtor mo éirib, 'pé n-éirínn í
 'pé n-éirínn í.

A ÉIRE MÍLIS UASAL.

Arr. N. Bartholomew

Sro é 'n t-am le Saeóealaib na hÉireann beit i sLuairceáct
Fá d'ém an cáta d'ém, agus Déarla do ruasairt ;
I' talam ár laócharde, ár nÉigre, 'r ár ruada
Do carad ar n-air go Saeóealac fé péim mar ba dual d'í,
A Éire mílir uasal i n-uac'tar go b'rác.

O cumhngóir Saeóil ar zac béim máit do buairead ;
Zac searr-ad b'piread lae 'sur zac t'hean suir i' ruadac
Cuir clann Inuir Éilge, bí Saeóealac go luat-rmior,
Ar s'namair-irg an éitig, an Déarla, 'r an uabair,
I' Éire mílir uasal i n-uac'tar go b'rác.

I' olútuigeao go d'ána 'sur párgaró na cruac'tuib,
Nár lagaró cor ná lám lib go b'rác ar búir ngluairceáct
I' bíore neam-pleadac san éan-rzac roim an b'ruac't-riur
Go b'piceam Inuir fáilbe go ráim ar a ruamnear,
I' Éire mílir uasal i n-uac'tar go b'rác.

THE GARTAN MOTHER'S LULLABY.

Arranged by Herbert Hughes.

Sleep, O babe for the red bee hums,
The silent twilight's fall.
Eeval from the Grey Rock comes
To wrap the world in thrall . . .
Alyan van o, my child my joy,
My love and heart's desire . . .
The crickets sing you lullaby
Beside the dying fire.

Dusk is drawn, and the Green Man's thorn
Is wreathed in rings of fog ;
Sheevra sails his boat till morn
Upon the starry bog . . .
Alyan van o, the paly moon
Hath brimm'd her cusp in dew . . .
And weeps to hear the sad sleep-tune
I sing, O love to you.

Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums
The silent twilight's fall.
Eeval from the Grey Rock comes
To wrap the world in thrall . . .
Alyan van o, my child, my joy,
My love and heart's desire . . .
The crickets sing you lullaby
Beside the dying fire.

Words by SEOSAMH MAC CATHMHAOIL.

OH! PROUD WERE THE CHIEFTAINS OF GREEN INNIS-FAIL.

Arranged Moffat.

Oh ! proud were the chieftains of green Innis-Fail,
*Δ'ρ τρυσξ ζαν οτόμε 'να θραρραδ !
The stars of our sky and the salt of our soil,
Δ'ρ τρυσξ ζαν οτόμε 'να θραρραδ !
Their hearts were as soft as a child in the lap,
Yet they were " the men in the gap "—
And now that the cold clay their limbs doth enwrap—
Δ'ρ τρυσξ ζαν οτόμε 'να θραρραδ !

Oh ! sweet were the minstrels of kind Innis-fail !
Δ'ρ τρυσξ ζαν οτόμε 'να θραρραδ !
Whose music, nor ages, nor sorrow can spoil ;
Δ'ρ τρυσξ ζαν οτόμε 'να θραρραδ !
But their sad stifled tones are like streams flowing hid,
Their caoine and their piobracht were chid,
And their language " that melts into music " forbid ;
Δ'ρ τρυσξ ζαν οτόμε 'να θραρραδ !

How fair were the maidens of fair Innis-Fail !
Δ'ρ τρυσξ ζαν οτόμε 'να θραρραδ !
As fresh and as free as the sea-breeze from soil ;
Δ'ρ τρυσξ ζαν οτόμε 'να θραρραδ !
Oh ! are not our maidens as fair and as pure ?
Can our music no longer allure ?
And can we but sob as such wrongs we endure ?
Δ'ρ τρυσξ ζαν οτόμε 'να θραρραδ .

THOMAS DAVIS.

* What a pity that there is no heir of their company.

" FINEEN THE ROVER."

Arr. Moffat.

An old castle towers o'er the billows
That thunder by Cleena's green land,
And there dwelt as gallant a rover
As ever grasped hilt in the hand.
Eight stately towers of the waters
Lie anchored in Baltimore Bay,
And over their twenty score sailors
O ! who but the Rover holds sway ?

Then ho ! for Fineen the Rover !
Fineen O'Driscoll the free ;
Straight as the mast of his galley,
And wild as the wave of the sea !

The Saxons of Cork and Moyallo,
 They harried his land with their powers ;
 He gave them a taste of his cannon,
 And drove them like wolves from his towers ;
 The men of Clan London brought over
 Their strong fleet to make him a slave ;
 They met him by Mizen's wild headland
 And the sharks gnawed their bones 'neath the wave.

Then ho ! for Fineen the Rover,
 Fineen O'Driscoll the free ;
 With step like the red stag of Beara
 And voice like the bold sounding sea !

Long time in that old battered castle,
 Or out on the waves with his clan,
 He feasted and ventured and conquered
 But ne'er struck his colours to man.
 In a fight 'gainst the foes of his country,
 He died as a brave man should die,
 And he sleeps 'neath the waters of Cleena,
 Where the waves sing his *caoine* to the sky.

R. D. JOYCE.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

Let Erin remember the days of old
 Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
¹When Malachi wore the collar of gold
 Which he won from her proud invader ;
 When her kings with standards of green unfurl'd
 Led the Red² Branch Knights to danger
 Ere the em'rald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve's declining,
³He sees the round tow'rs of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining ;
 Thus shall mem'ry often in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;
 Thus, sighing, look thro' the waves of time,
 For the long-faded glories they cover.

THOMAS MOORE.

[¹ "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one as trophy of his victory."—Warner's *History of Ireland*.

- ² Military orders of Knights were very early established in Ireland ; long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster called Caraidhe na Craibhe ruadh, or the Knights of the Red Branch.
- ³ It was an old tradition in the time of Giraldus that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated. He says that the fishermen in clear weather used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water.]

“ **AMHÁN NA BFIANN.** ”

Seo óib, a cáirve, duan Óglais,
 Catréimeac, bríoghar, ceolhar,
 Ár dtainte cnám go buacac táro,
 'S an rreir go min réaltógac,
 Ir fonnhar faobharac rinn cun gleo,
 'S go tíunnhar glé roim éioct ve'n ló,
 Fé éiunnar éaoim na h-otóce ar reol:
 Seo óib, canais Amhán na Bfiann.

Cuirá :—

Smne fiaimna fáil,
 Acá pé seall as éirinn,
 Duidean o'ár riuas,
 Tar tumh vo ráimis éúgamh,
 Fé móro veit raor,
 Sean-tír ar rinnreap fearca,
 Ní fárgar pé'n otiorán ná pé'n vtráil.
 Anoct a téam ra veáirnam buogail
 Le sean ar fáedil, cun báir nó raogail,
 Le suna rgréac pé lámac na bpréar,
 Seo óib, canais Amhán na Bfiann.

Coir bánca péide, ar árhoib réibe,
 Da buacac ar rinnreap roimamh,
 As lámac go tréan pé'n fáir-vrat féim,
 Tá tuar ra fáoit go reolta.
 Da óutear miám o'ár scime cáro,
 Gan ionfáil riap ó imire áir,
 'S as riúbai mar iao i scoinnib námao:
 Seo óib ! canais Amhán na Bfiann.

—PEADAR KEARNEY.

Irish translation by LIAM Ó RINN.

SING THE IRISH NATIONAL ANTHEM IN IRISH !

Sgéal na Bó

The following story was taken down by me from Pádraig Ó Catháin, An Rí, on the Great Blasket Island some twenty years ago. It is of a type common in folklore, narrating an incident in the wanderings of the Blessed Virgin and the Christ Child. Such stories are commonly connected with an ortha or charm and the three verses at the end here are no doubt to be taken as a milk-charm. Many women in the West assert that their cows give milk most copiously when sung to and this is one of the ways in which folk songs have been preserved.

ROBIN FLOWER.

NUAIR a bhí Slánuightheóir an domhain agus a mháthair ar an dtalamh do bhíodar ag imtheacht timpíoll go bocht dealbh ó dhorus go dorus agus ag lorg ostuidheachta ar gach éinne do thabharfadh dóibh é. Duine do thugadh agus duine do dh'éitigheadh, ach do bhuaileadar isteach chuinn bean bhocht i dtosach na h-oidhche agus do loirgeadar a bheith istigh go lá. Ní raibh mórán slighe aici dhóibh ach ba dheacair di iad a dh'éiteach agus n' fheadair sí cérbh iad féin ach dubhairt sí go bhfágfadh sí istigh go maidin iad ó chruadhtain na h-oidhche. Do shuidheadar síos agus ní raibh aon ní aici do chuirfeadh sí chúcha lé caitheamh ach aon bhó amháin a bhí aici agus gamhain óg do bhí ag an mbó. Sin a raibh do speilp uirthi agus n' fheadair sí cad a chuirfeadh sí chúcha lé n-ithe. An bhó ní thabharfadh sí aon bhraon bainne dhi gan an gamhain do bheith féna cheann go gcuimileóchadh sí a teanga leis faid do bheadh a bainne á bhaint di. Do chaith sí amhras orra mar do bhí sé cloiste aici go raibh Slánuightheóir an domhain agus a mháthair ag imtheacht timpíoll agus do chuimh-nigh sí go mb'fhéidir gurbh iad a bhí ann. Ní raibh aon ní ach an aon bhó aici do chuirfeadh sí chúcha agus dubhairt sí léna fear go marbhóchadh sí an gamhain a bhí ag an mbó agus go gcuirfeadh sí chúcha blúire dho lé n-ithe. "Ná mairbh an gamhain," ars an fear, "mar ní thabharfaidh an bhó an bainne dhuit á cheal." Bhí trioblóid mhór uirthi ach cad do dhéanfadh sí, agus insa deire do thoilighheadar chuinn an gamhain do mharbhughadh agus chuinn blúire dho do chur ag beirbhiughadh dhon mbean bhocht agus dona mac i gcóir na h-oidhche. D'itheadar go léir a ndóithin do agus lá lar na mhárach d'imthig an bhean bhocht agus a mac agus annsan do thug si léi an bhó chuinn í chrudhadh. Dubhairt an fear léi. "Ní thabharfaidh an bhó an bainne anois," ar seisean, "ón uair go bhfuil an gamhain marbh." Do rug sí ar an árus agus do chuaidh sí féin mbó chuinn í shniugadh agus dubhairt sí:

Tabhair, tabhair, a laogh, tabhair a ghrádh na n-ae
Mar do tháinig Muire is Mac Dé ar an mbaile seo chughainn aréir
Ní ghlacfaidís uainn gan feóil 7 do mharbhuihmar dóibh do laogh.

Do líon an bhó dhá channa bainne agus do bhí an lánamha bhocht lán d'áthas.

Litriocht Náisiúnta i nGaedhilg

LEÓN O BRION DO REPIOB.

TÁ sé le léigheamh i sgríbhinní na bhfear is mó a bhfuil machtnamh déanta aca ar an gceist, go háirid Dónal Ó Corcora, gurab é a mbarúil nach féidir litriocht náisiúnta a bheith againn i nGaedhilg mara dtagann sí anuas chugainn go nádúrtha ón aimsir atá thart agus mara léirigheann sí príomh-thréithe ár náisiúin. Duine ar bith a fhéachfas isteach sa leabhar a sgríobh Dónal faoi Synge roint bhlianta ó shoin, cuir i gcás, chífadh sé na trí fórsaí atá ag obair chó fada sin ar mheon an Ghaedhil go ndéanann siad é dhealú amach ar fad ar fad ón t-Sasanach, dar le Dónal. Chionn sé gur cuid dosgartha den Éireannach a chreideamh, a náisiúntacht agus a thalamh.

Anois, is dóigh liom go n-aontóchaimid go léir, ón gcleachtadh atá againn ar an saol, gur fíor do Dhónal a ndeireann sé mar gheall ar árd-chomhacht na trí bhfórsaí sin agus go n-admhochaimid nach litriocht náisiúnta ná nach ealadhain náisiúnta aon litriocht nó ealadhain dúchasach nach bhfeictear rian na bhfórsaí sin go gléineach orra. Níl aon agó mar sin ná gur tábhachtach é go ndéanfadh sgríobhnóirí na h-Éireann, pé teanga a bhíos aca, go ndéanfaidís an mhuinntir óna dtagann siad do nochtadh dhóibh féin ar chuma gur féidir leis an muinntir sin iad féinn d'aithint sa litriocht agus bun-fhirinne a ndeirtear ina dtaobh do thabhairt faoi deara. Ach nuair a fhéacaimid le sin a chur i bhfeidhm maidir le n-a lán dár sgríobh Éireannaigh le n-ár linn féin i mBéarla féachaidh gur annamh a bhíos mar is dóigh liom ba cheart. Ní h-amháin sin é ach tá údair ann agus ní bhfuighféa in aon rud dár sgríobhadar gur thuigeadar go raibh na tréithe sin a luadhas Dónal Ó Corcora ag muinntir na h-Éireann chor ar bith, ní áirighim cothrom do thabhairt dóibh. Sé a thagas as sin go mbuanuighítear an rud nach fíor, gur sórt staicín áiféise an Gaedheal i litriocht an Bhéarla, duine greannmhar guagach, gan bonn gan bunús, duine nach féidir muinighin do chur as. Mara mbídh sgríobhóirín na Gaedhíle san áirdeall, tá baol ann go siubhefaidh siad an bóthar céanna, gur ag déanamh aithrise a bhéas siad ar chaighdeáin na sgríobhnóirí ó Éirinn a sgríobhas Béarla, sgríobhnóirí a fhághas moladh mór go minic ar sgór a gcuid saothair do bheith réadamhail (realistic) nó deagh-sgríobhtha.

Is furasta glán nó gluaiseacht litriochta do chur dá treoír agus is dóigh liom go bhféadfaí a rádh le fírinne go raibh cuid againn-ne ag dul amudha, go rabhamar gan compás, gan caighdeán náisiúnta minic go leor, agus gur ghnáthach linn feabhas ár gcuid oibre do bhreithniú de réir na gcaighdeán le n-a sgrúdaigheann léir-mheastóirí an Bhéarla sgríbhinní Bhéarla na hÉireann. Ní gádh dom a rádh gur caighdeán iad-sin, dá feiliúnaighe iad do shaothar i mBéarla, nach dtugann áird, ceal eolais agus tuisgiona, ar dhá phríomh-bhuaidh an Ghaedhilgeora (1) an tarraint atá aige ar na fórsaí náisiúnta go ndéanann Dónal Ó Corcora tagairt dóibh ina leabhar ar Synge agus (2) an neart agus an ionspioráid atá le fáil san nGaedhilg féin. Ba mhairg dúinn dá dtugaimis druim láimhe leis na buadhanna sin : dá malartúighimis ar éinní, dá thaibhsighe ar an taobh amuigh, iad. Táim dóchasach go leor, ámh, nách ndéanfar an dearmad sin agus go mbainfidh nua-sgríobhnóirí na Gaedhilge feidhm as a mbuadhanna dúchasacha féin : go n-aimseochaidh siad iad agus go gcuirfidh siad í gcion ina saothar iad. Ma dhéanann siad amhlaidh, ní baol do litriocht na Gaedhilge. Tá an oiread déagh-sgríobhnóirí ag eirghe chugainn agus go dtiocfaidh leo, ach an fheallsúnacht cheart a bheith aca, an litriocht sin do bhunú go daingean.

Isé an chéad rud ba mhaith liom, go sgríobhfaí níos mó leabhar ina luighfí ar an gcuma ina bhfuil an fórsa sin a chuireas Dónal Ó Corcora i dtosach na bhfórsaí náisiúnta, an creideamh, fíchte fuaighte le saol na tíre. Cine Críostúil is eadh sinn, cine fíor-chráibhtheach : nach ceart go léireochadh ár litriocht gurab amhlaidh dúinn ? Is ionann sin is a rádh gur cheart go mbeadh dul na Críostúochta ar ár litriocht, go mbéadh sí faoi smacht ag na fírinní síorruí faoi mar do bhí an mhór-litriocht Chríostúil oriamh gach áit, go dtuigfí aisti gur daoine iad na Gaedhil nach ndearmadann gur ar an gCrois do ceannuigheadh iad agus nach bhfuil aon “Chathair Bhuan” aca ar an saol seo. Ní deirim gur ceart go mbeadh an creideamh mar ábhar aca i gcomhnuí nó sgáil na hEaglaise a bheith anuas ar gach rud dá sgríobhann siad nó gur ceart an innsint do bhriseadh faoi mar do rinne an t-Athair Peadar le Séadna fad ó chun slí do dhéanamh do rud éigin nár bhain go dlúth leis an sgéal. Isé ba mhaith liom go mbraithfí go soiléir ach go h-ealadhanta, mar bhéadh cúl-bhrat i ndráma ann, an nídh sin is soiléire ná éinní eile dá bhfuil le tabhairt faoi deara ar mhuinntir na h-Éireann,

pé dít ina gcomhnuigheann siad, ar an tuaithe nó i sráideanna na gcathrach, i mBaile Átha Cliath nó i Londan, i. a gcreideamh. Ní chuirfidh sé mórán stróbh ar an sgríobhnóir Gaedhilge an fórsa sin a fheiceál chomh luath agus a thosuigheas súil an chreidimh atá againn go léir ag tabhairt soluis dá intinn.

Isé an cás céanna é maidir leis an dá fhórsa eile : an náisiúntacht agus an talmh. Ní gádh dom trácht ar chomhacht na talmhan le daoine gur tóigeadh a bhfurmhor, is dóigh, ar an talmh ná labhairt i dtaobh brí na náisiúntachta ach an oiread le Gaedhil Londain. Is iad na hoibreachta ealadhanta is mó a bhfuil rian a dtíre fein orra, dar le Jacques Maritain, is daonnachtúla agus is aoirde gradaim ar fuaid an domhain uile. Is fíor dó. Má bhíonn rian an chreidimh, rian na náisiúntachta agus rian na talmhan ar litríocht nua-aimseartha na Gaedhilge beidh rud againn nach miste dhúinn bheith bródamhail as, rud fírinneach fíor-áluinn.

НА ТРИ Коинте

MIÉAL O SRÍOÛTA DO PERÍOÛ.

BÍ DÁ ÉIS FUIÛTE LE HAIR A CÉILE AR MIALAMN PCÉIRÛEAMAIL CNUIC leac-míle nó marí rín ar an otaob tuaró den bótair móir. Níor ró-íada an t-airtear é rín dá mbeaó an tuag-íóó go maíe, ac ní maíe. Toza oíoc-bótair uob eaó é ; bí curó ue go hanfocair cloacé asur curó ue go pleamam leacac, asur é go léir eóim lúbac ran go maíe bpeir ír míle o'íaro ann. Bí copán tré rna páirceannamíó tamall ar an otaob tíar den bótair ran asur b'é an capán ran an gnáit-bealac as coiríóitíó.

Sean-baimtreabac dárb ainm Suibí a bí ina cóimharde ra tíg ba tuaró den dá éis, asur bí rí ina haonarí ann. Bí rí póirta le linn a hóige le fear dárb ainm Seán Máire, asur do raogluigeaó tríúr mac dóib. Fuairí zac dume den tríúr báp rúil a maíe ré reacé mbliaóna o'aoir, asur íázaó an lánama go huaisneac. Ní dóca go bfuil epáróteacé ann ír mó goillear ar epóirde mácar ná báp a lemb, ac níor íríl Suibí oíreao asur deorí maíe ina noiaró, asur deireao cóimarram ná maíe tuisrimc aca uiréi go mba mí-náóúirta an maire bí gan beir as lógoíreacé ír as íreaoaó a bar nuair eíóir í lá na póirtaue ina fuirde anáirde ar an ícóimarram bíg ar an rúige cun na íeirúge asur gan maíreíne ar bíe ar ríudal aicí.

“A Suibí,” arra dume éisim léi, “ír dóca, cé ná caoiríe do leandáí, go bfuil an-uaisnear oíe ina noiaró.”

“Táto í bplaitear Dé,” arra Suibí, “asur ní móir líom do Dúa íao ó curí ré fíor oíe.”

Tuime le Dia doob ead Suidi. Níor ariug éinne riamh as gearrán i, pé mí-áó a bainfeadh sí ní feiceadh sí ann ac toil Dé, agus b'fada uairt cumhneamh ar beit as canpán. Da deacair ip b'annósac an raogal a bí aici san rólár san ruaimnear as rtrácaíl ó dub go dub o'iarriaró cõir beadh do baint ar leictir neam-
coptamail. Táinig rcoilteada ar a fear agus níor fan de tneoir ná de maitear ann ac caitee ra cúinne as " feiceam leir an lá breas " agus dá caomeadh féin. Ar ball do cuaró pé i n-olcar agus b'éigean do claoró leir an leabaró. D'fín tuille den anró ar Suidi, ac níor gearrán sí. Dubairt sí le Seán a toil do cur le toil Dé agus pionór a colna do glacad agus o'fulang ar maite le n-a anam, agus b'fétoir go leigfeadh Dia óo a purgasóirfeadh do cur de adur.

Tar éir tréimhe fada den leabaró o'as Seán, agus págadh Suidi ma haonar. Ac do éabhuigeadh na cómarraim go uilir léi, agus do érudadh Neanr, an cailín ós a bí ra tís ba zoirpe ói, do érudadh sí na ba agus do dmeadh an cuigeann sí.

" A Neanr, " arfa Suidi oróde agus iad ma furde coir na teime, " bíor as taróbreamh ar na leanbháí aréir. Taróbreageadh dom go breaca me iad a otriúr agus sibíóí oíca agus comneal ar lafad ma lámh deir as zac tuime aca. Úiodar—mar beoír—as páiltiú rómam."

" Sin é e, a Suidi. Deir ríad as páiltiú rómac i b'flaitear Dé rór, agus ip maite an taróbreamh é rín, a Suidi."

" Go maiteó Dia dom é beit de t'reallamar ionnam cumhneamh ar a leicéro, mar ní ríú mire— "

" Óe, éirp do béal, a Suidi. Mar an ríú le Dia do leanbháí aingealda do leigint ro comne-re ip cuaró do dáomib eile."

Táinig Neanr an mardean ma diaró rín, ac ní raib Suidi ma furde poimprí. Rug sí ar éanna agus o'éaluis go ciúm amac ar easla go noúireadadh sí an t'rean-bean. Do érudadh sí na ba agus do cuir an baimne ma furde, agus táinig irtead ra tís aríp. Ní raib zíos le cloirint. Cuaró sí irtead i reompa na leabcan. Bí Suidi ma coola, agus níor maite le Neanr i úiireadh. Cuaró sí abailte i bpeigil a curó oibhe féin. O'fíll sí ar tís Suidi um érátnóna. Bí an t'rean-bean ma úiireadh ac bí sí ra leabaró.

" A Suidi, " ar rípe, " an b'puitir san beit go maite? "

" Táinig ríam im éadob aréir, a Neanr, " arfa Suidi, go lag-zlópac. " An zcloirir an énead, a cuirle? Tá mo pé éaric. Ní feadar, a Neanr, an ražad— "

" Cuirfear ríor ar an ražaric láit'readh, " arfa Neanr.

Táinig an ražaric le crónú lae agus do cuir an ola uiréi. Nuair bí pé imigéte cuaró Neanr irteadh cúici.

" A Neanr, " ar rípe, " táim go breas anoir, buirdeadar le Dia. Ac—amám— "

" Céaró é, a Suidi? "

" Cuirfear m'asibó féin ar Seán nuair bí pé as ražáil báir, agus níl asibó agam."

" Tá abíó as Máire ní Néill, " arfa Neanr; " b'fétoir go utadarrfad sí dom i."

Bí pé ag cáiteadh rneaceta ó marom agus bí bhrac bán tuig ar an ucalam. Do ghuair Neanr léi le fánaró ó dear agus anonn tpearna an bócair móir agus níor rtao go dtáinig go tús Máire ní Néill. Bí Máire ra leabharó, leir, ag feiceam leir an nglaoó, ac mar rin féin eus pí an aibíó do Neanr. “Seobaimó aibíó eile,” ar ríre, “dar n-óig is goire cabair Dé ná an bógar.”

Táinig Neanr an bealaic céanna ar air agus d'éirig léi go maic nó gur ríoié pí mullaic enocám ar a dtugcaí an Tulán. Ní maib rian a cor le feicrint aici annan ná tor na ériann a deimneocad a bealaic di, ac an áit go léir i n-aon fáraic amáin. Ac bí oireao ran taitéige aici ar an airtear gur éear pí ná féarfaó pí dul amuza, agus do ríubail pí léi. Bí clarde áro bárr-leatan fío ra bealaic ríompi agus rpeara air. Bí oig ar zac taob den élarde agus ní maib ragaíl aici ar dul anonn muna dtéigeao pí éar an rpeara. Ac ní féarfaó a díceall an rpeara d'áimrú. Do ríubail pí ríor ruar cor an élarde ac pé d'allaó a bí uiréi do teip uiréi i ríomnaide. Sa deire, agus an cailin boic tnaicete go leor, do ríubail pí ar air go malann an Tulán agus do érom ar an dtreo do bheacnú.

“A Dia,” ar ríre, go himrdeac, “go leigir go mbeao i n-am leir an aibíó!” Agus annan, láitread, do éannaic pí na trí roillre beaga zeala ag tonnaó, mar ríil pí, ór éionn an rpeara. Do éuir pí ríogair na ériore uiréi féin agus do dturo go mall raitceac i dtreo na roillre, agus d'fanaoair annan go maib pí beagnac ar mullaic an élarde, agus d'imigeaoair ríompi amaic agus ruar i dtreo an dá tús. Ní maib le feicrint aici ac trí comhle agus iao mar beoír ar érocaó ran aer agus gan taca ar bíe rúca. Com luac is ruair Neanr maóire ar éis Suibí do ceileadnaoair.

Do éuaró pí irteac ra tús. Bí ceatrar nó cúigeair ann agus an ériom Máire dá máó aca. Bí rúile Suibí dúnta, ac bí an t-anam innici. Cuireaoair an aibíó uiréi. Tar éir tamail d'orcal pí na rúile go las agus d'féac ar an ríomnil beannuigete agus ar an aibíó agus ar Neanr, agus do lar a gnuir le zean-gáire. Do éuir pí orna beag airéi agus do dún na rúile aríir, agus—rim a maib ann. Bí maóire ag Suibí ar na Trí Comhle!

na báro is féarr ar múir

OSCAR MAC UILLIS do ríriod.

Is beag ruo dúcaic beo i n-érimn larmuic den teanga agus de rna ruoái a téigeann léi, go bfuil móran árruiocta leir. Ar an mbeagán rim tá na báro a éagann anuar éugáinn leir an ríannóir agus a deimtear ra mbaile go dtí an lá moiu. Is beag ada ná bíoó “coite” dá curó féin i n-úrúio uiréi go dtí le deannaige, agus tá curó de rna coití rim beo buacac moiu féin mar atá coite na Sláimige, coite na Dearda, coite na Síuiré le n-a ríi neam-coitianta iompaína, coite áluinn na n-ádamn Móiré a cuireann ríiteac árra an aon ériann i ríumne dúit, agus a lán eile náir

reárouigeadó i gceart fóir. Ac níl fúm cur ríor ar na coití árra san airte reo, ac ar na naoimóga nó curraáca a fínáimann na fairrighí móra ar taob na h-Atlantice o'Éiríinn. Tá ugoarár ra t-rean-
saeóilg, ra mbreathair agus ra larom go mbíod curraáca de feití fuáite, mór go leor o'foirinn fíde fear agus le crann agus reo iral ár, ag treabaó na otonn ó Albainn go o'tí an ffrainne. O'foglum lúl Céarar véanam na naoimós san, nuair a bí pé ra breataim. Le linn na loclannaá, ám, reuabaó ón bfairrighse iao agus ní máirto anoir ac ar aibhnte, agus ar iar-óirta na h-Éireann. Táro ar fáil ar pé cinn o'aibhnte na breataime bíge agus ar don abainn amáin i n-Éiríinn, an Dóinn.

Táro rúo ub-époacá nó zeall leir, an bun leatán cún toparg agus mór go leor no duine nó béroir do beirt. Deintí o'áon t-reice bó iao, teanntuice ear breatalac raileac corúil le cipeán reaoilte. Ar an mDóinn amáin reao leantair den éroiceann leatair o'úraro. Sin é an rašar ir fímplíre, ac tá a col-éatair beo lionmair ar Cuan na Long i oTír Conaill, é raóa caol fímplíre éatrom ar don ffráma lároir amáin go mbíonn na rúdeacám nó toctai ar époacó leir. Sašar ríor in-rpéire é reo mar ir ann ir roiléire cítear an saol roir curraáca abainn agus curraáca na mara.

Tá rašar eile lairtair de rúo i oTír Conaill. Curraicín tímpéal naoi no veic o'troite ar fáro le duine ar a glúnaib cún toparg le rluarao nó céarlaá cún i éairighse ear an uirce. Táro reo ana áiríúil, mar ir féroir le duine ceann aca a iompar ar a suailne san cabair, ar nóir na naoimós abainn. Ir iontaá leir, an oiréao agus ir féroir leo iompar, agus óom rábáilte roair atáro ar a o'tóimce rére.

I Muigeo reao cartair curraáca linn arír, éuar ar Cuan an Inbir móir, i n-Inir Cére, agus earc ar Acail. Tá oá rašar nó trí ra éanntar ro, ac fóir táro ag braá ar an bfráma donarac trom.

Cítear an topac breag áro den céao uair anro, é rúo go bfuil braon beag den " fuil " loclannaá ann béroir, agus i rašar aca veire áro rábáilte óom maít. Ir breag líom an rašar veireannac ro. Bío tímpéal fíde troite ar fáro, tríúr ag iompar agus oá bpi rim pé maróí ráma san uirce aca. Ir breag an raóaric iao agus ir iontaá éarcarg ar bair na otonn iao.

I gConnamara inr na cuanta agus i mearc na n-oirleán, áit a mbíonn tonnraáca zeairra ároa uairheannta, tá rašar pé leit le topac leatán áro oiríúnac oá leitéro. Anro cítear an ffráma íoctarac íomlán den céao uair agus an oá ffráma níor éatruime oá réir.

Tá a málaire de épot ar raó ar curraáá ámann agus ar a o'rioatár ar Co. an Cláir. Táro i b'ao níor éatruime ná curraáca Connamara a veimtar de cláraáca tanaróe ar raó beagnac, táro níor furóe agus níor caoile, agus ceapó iao do éonnta móra raóa an aigém. Tá oiréao eú ag curraáca ámann go bfuil go leor ann a ceapann ná fuil a málaire i n-iaréar Éireann go léir.

Sa deirne tairi tá naomhóg Chiarraige. Is mó agus is furoe í ná don naomhóg eile mar tá sí cúig troidte fideas ar fadó dá troidis fa' domineadé agus ceitne troidte agus pé órlais ar leiteas. Bíonn rois torac agus deirne áro. Is féidir léi tuairim is trí tonna meadólam a iompari san baol, agus bíonn ceathair as iompará. Is minic a árouigtear peol, ruo a deimtear go h-annam i n-árainn, ac ná deimtear miám i n-don áit eile go bhíor dom. I gcuimnear le n-a méro, is éacruime naomhóg Chiarraige ná don ceann eile, agus is féidir le beirt lárois i' iompar. U'fearri liom féin beir ar duine de tríúr fúití, áh !

Da ódri dom focal a máo faoi na maróí ráma. Bíonn peróre víob as zac aenne den foirm, agus is záo ran, le báo san eille, a fínáman i gceitne nó pé órlais o'uirce, cun i comeasó díreac. Bíonn cluar nó glambín ar zac maroe agus poll ann go dtéigean ann doia nó cruza trío agus an doia feirtite fa' gúnaí. Is neam-choitianta an móo iompará é sin ac tá pé i n-úraro m' na báro admuro go léir le fao na Sionamne, agus tuigtear dom go mbaintear ferom ar mar feirt ar córta na Spáinne agus na Port-ainseile agus ríor go Maóira. Ca bhíor nac é seo an "bráon" r'páinneac fa' báo? Tá an méro seo foiléir sup ón loclannir a t'asam na focla "tocta" agus "doia." Má cuireann aenne r'péir i r'ceal ro na naomhóg, molam do an leabair breas úo le James Hornell "British Coracles and Irish Currachs" do léigean. Tá pé curta amac as Bernard Quaritch i Lonnam. Tá r'ar-obair eoluiocta véanta as an bhéar seo, agus tá zac mion eolar ann, agus a lán pictiúirí. Is truas ná duabair pé a tuille beas faoi Chiarraige agus Muigeo, áh.

Tá comnuroe oim féin coir mara ar élaas cloac garó san éuan san foitím. Níl asam ac r'lip. Bhírear mo órom as útamáil le báo admuro. Táinig r'coim anran agus líonac agus bualaó agus bhíreac oim i. Bíor com cráite le r'eadán pórtá ! Is anran a r'maoimigear ar naomhóg do véanam. Ní ceapámpáim an céas ceann a deimear o'aenne, ac, mar sin féin o'fogluimigear a lán a véanam. Tuzar cuairt eile ar an n'haelacé anran agus is mó ná haedils o'fogluimigear ann. T'ornuigear arir m' na tr'ádnóintí i noiaró mo éuro oibhe, tímpeal torac mí Deirne fo'gáir, agus bí t'is mo gluarceam corúil le h-Oileán na Dámpiona ar ran go Noilais. Cuaró an naomhóg i bháirige anran, agus ba cuma liom Séamur Hornell féin as teacé as péacaint uiréi, ac amáin go mbéac faictíor oim go do'ornocac pé ar a tomár, agus ar a h-earnaí a óiréam, agus ar a cláru mar r'asar nua le fuil mearcáite ! Tá r'urdeacám do páirnéirí, mte, ceap t'reo don éram, sibiní coranta l'armuic den éroiceann, agus a lán eile a oiréann dom.

Táim lán-t-ráta sup éirigear ar na báro clárac. Níro oirúnac don córta san éuan. Tá r'eadé do'roidte véas mo naomhóg ar ceitne troidte, ar fide órlais, agus trí toctáí rámuiocta. Connac ceathair véas inné as Poir Omna anuracó agus fínám sí go maic, ac ní dóig liom féin go r'abdar compóracé ! Téigean

rí amac go fupar ar fairsige fuaite le trídri nó ceathrar, nuair ná beaó ré rábáilte o'áon báo admuio dá méro beic amuic. Agus leir rim go léir ip péioiri le beiric agann i iompar ar ár nguailne gan duaó. Níor córnuiú rí ac cúis púnt agus mo cúro oibre. Níor ceartuiú ac ríuméarheacó agus fuáil fimpilí, agus tá rí go maic moiu i ndiaó ré bliana oibre.

Ní h-amáin go bfuilim réim pársa ar paó léi, ac tá curraó a d'emeamar réim ag ceathrar de mo cómarraim. Curraó dá coéta timpeal ceirne nó cúis troicé deas a bfuimóir. Táro fupar le deánam. Gearr clár ré órlaig ar órlac ríor trí n-a lári. Sin iao an dá taóib agat. Cuir na coétaí trí troicé ó céile tpearna oirca agus rim é an ffráma ioctaraó. Gearr clár eile mar a céile, agus rime agat na sunailí nó ffráma uacáraó a raáaró or cionn an ffráma eile i tceao go mberó an dá taóib corúil le peóire d'réimiri ar a otaó. Ag an topaó cuir peóire beas eile de rna "d'réimiri" rim ag claonaó ruar agus le céile, agus mar péioiri leat an cúro rim do líbaó le gal ip gearr mar rim é. Car an t-iomlán beal ré anoir, gearr puill ra bfráma ioctaraó agus ráó na fonnraí, abair fonnraí bapaille, nó laaí líbca le gal, ráó ircaó rna puill iao, timpeal ré órlaig ó n-a céile. Tá deallraim báro ar an gcupraó faoi reo. Cuir ríubíní faóa timpeal trí oétaicé ar órlac ó topaó go deirne tar na fonnraí anoir, ag ceangailt gaó ruo le córtaí ar oúir mar tríall. Úrúis ircaó an cúro reo, agus tairpings amac é ríúo agus ceangail na córtaí a reileaoó cuige aríir. Anoir go bfuilir pársa le n-a deilb ceanglaí an t-iomlán le tairpingsí copair, an ceann ircaig agus an bapraó larmuic. Má iarrann tú go dear múinte ar do learmácair beóiri go noéanraó rí an daóú duic anoir!

Anraí cuireann tú an canabár go h-éacrom ar an gcraeatalac. "ouck"-caóar, nó lín ar a daó réim atá ann. Fuáin tú é le córta agus rcaúg-rnácaó doóctúra, agus rliucann tú é le n-a ceannraó. Nuair a bíonn ré tairim aríir ceanncuigeann tú an cpoiceann le rrionnriúir á greamú o'uaótar na nguailne le tairpingsí beasga. Tá rí réro doon céao cóta anoir agus tairra tanaí te é rim. Ní trímóro ran go taparó agus ní gaó ranaó leir ac oircaó. Deirbigeann tú tairra anoir le oircaó pice ip a tósparó ré, agus máim blianaig le n-a trímú. Sin é an tairra cóta ramaí agus tá an curraó réro le dul ra múir. Ná deim dearmao ar puill nó cluibíní do rna tolaí cúis órlaig deas riar ó rna coétaí. Ar agaró leat anoir a léigceoir cóiri agus deim do curraó réim agus go n-éirige an t-áó leat. Ní raib a oircaó ran eolair agam-ra nuair a córnuigear.

Tá gluairceán beas agam agus cuirim cairr leanúna ar dá roó caob éiar de, leir an gcupraó i n-áirde air rim agus puball agus rrimur agus áóbar leapaó. Cuirim ríor ar beiric nó trídri carao agus ar go briaó linn go bfráspaimíó an gluairceán áit éigim ar bpuacaib na n-abann inreolta atá com líonraí ra tír reo agus ná cuireann aenne rpeir ionnta. Caicimíó real ag iomraim, real ag iarcaó, real ag cócáil, real ag reolaó le cóiri gaóicé,

real aḡ cuarṑaḡ bīṑ, real aḡ camnt leir na ṑaome, real aḡ tōḡaint an pūbail, aḡur fōr real maīṑ mōr paṑa 'nār ḡoṑla ḡo rām !
Iṑ amlarō a cūarṑuīḡeamar an τ-Sionaimn uaḡararāḡ, an τ-Sionaimn iōḡararāḡ le loḡ ṑeirḡ ṑeirḡ, an τ-Slāmḡe, aḡur an ṑōimn, aḡur nīlimīṑ fōr aḡ aḡ tūr an cūarṑarīḡ, mar iṑ mōr an tīr i ḡirḡe, aḡur iṑ paṑa lūbaḡ a h-aīḡnte aḡur iṑ paṑa manntāḡ a cōrta, aḡur iṑ iontaḡ lāḡaḡ le luḡt tarīṑil ar mo cūma-pa na ṑaome a cōimnuīḡeann mnṑe.

Tā rūil aḡam ḡo ḡcuiṑrō curo maīṑ aḡaīḡ eolar ar an nḡna am-aīḡnro peo ṑ'ḡirimm, aḡur tā rūil aḡam ḡo ṑoimṑrō rīḡ é pé naomōiḡ ṑūḡararīḡ mar, nīl a rārū ṑe bāṑ ar muiṑ.

ceol na h-ḡireann

Oiṑṑeoaḡ na h-ḡireann tā uairleaḡṑ aerarāḡ aoīḡimn ann,
Tā anamaīḡlaḡṑ, ḡirim, clū iṑ rēim ar rinṑear ann,
Tā calmaḡṑ ar laoḡ ann ḡo ḡlēmneāḡ iṑ buaḡ ḡar meoḡan,
Tā ruairṑear ann in ḡimṑeaḡṑ le ḡlē-rṑiorarāṑ rona rōḡaḡ ;
Caom cēol ar ṑṑirḡe iṑ ḡnaoi linn ḡaḡ rīolla ṑe,
Iṑ rōlār ṑo'n ḡrōrḡe é, iṑ binn linn a ṑṑiṑtal cearṑ,
I milṑeaḡṑ i mōrṑaḡṑ i mōir-ḡrīḡ i meannam,
Nīor clumeaḡ rīam a cōm-rāmāil ṑe cēol ar ṑṑimn an talaim
peo.

ṑūṑraḡṑ, ṑoimneāḡṑ, ṑaonnaḡṑ, mṑleaḡṑ, ḡirṑeaḡṑ, aīḡeantaḡṑ,
Le h-iomaṑ eile ṑrēiṑe, tāro ḡo léir i ṑṑairṑe ann,
Tā teāḡarṑ aḡur ṑreorū ar ḡōḡar na raoiṑṑe ann,
Tā reanḡar ar ḡrōir ann iṑ loḡramn a ṑoīṑeaḡṑa,;
Ceol binn na rōṑla ar mōrṑar ar mīṑneāḡ é,
Ar ḡṑurṑeaḡṑ i ṑoólār, ar reoṑ aḡur ar ḡcīṑṑe é,
Ar nḡurṑal, ar ṑoóḡar, ar nḡlōir cearṑ ar nḡile é
Ar mbuaīḡ aḡur ar mbṑoḡe, ar rōḡ aḡur ar rōīḡṑeaḡṑ.

Ceol mear rultmar rclēirṑeaḡ, tā ḡaṑṑromaḡṑ iṑ rīmneam ann,
Tā ruamīḡear in ar rēim-cēol, ruamīḡar, rāorṑa, rōimneanta,
Ceol ṑruarīḡmēileāḡ caomṑeaḡ, ṑā rṑiorṑararāṑ ṑā ḡrōnaīḡe é,
Tā caomnaḡ aḡur caomear ann, rāoirṑeam aḡur rōirṑimṑ ;
ḡeantṑarīḡe ḡur ruantṑarīḡe ḡur ḡolṑarīḡe iṑ ionmum iāṑ,
Iṑ lionmar a mbuaḡa, iṑ luāḡmar, iṑ milir iāṑ,
Tā aoīḡnear neam-rāoḡalṑaḡ i rāor-ḡur ḡaḡ nōṑa ṑiob,
Tā cṑorḡeamīḡlaḡṑ na nḡaḡeḡal in a ḡcaom-ḡairim cēolmar
caom.

ṑonnaḡṑ ṑo luāḡam.

The Future of History in Ireland

By JAMES J. AUCHMUTY, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.Hist.S.,
Chairman of the Irish Committee of Historical Sciences.

THE last two years have been years of considerable advance in the organisation of Irish history teaching and research. The political, social and religious quarrels of the past had made it well nigh impossible for any considerable band of serious minded workers to strain their energies after historical truth without immediate denunciation from one party or another which immediately saw in any new work obvious evidences of attempted partiality. The establishment of self-government did not entirely remove these obstacles to serious research, and even those scholars who confined their attention to events centuries remote from our own time could not avoid the charge of attempting to make political capital out of ancient records.

Against such charges the conscientious and scholarly historian had little defence, and it was only too easy for those who possessed not even a nodding acquaintance with the original sources to write reams of condemnation of works of serious scholarship. Such condemnation can never be prevented, but tests of Irish scholarship have at last been established; firstly through the foundation of the "Irish Historical Society" and of the "Ulster Society for Historical Studies," and secondly by the establishment under the joint ægis of these two societies of a periodical devoted to historical scholarship entitled *Irish Historical Studies*. Not only do Irishmen now have societies in which to discuss their theories and discoveries, but through the medium of their journal the latest advances of Irish historical thought are presented to the judgment of the world. For too long had estimates of Irish historians and of their work been based on articles and reviews in British and American journals. Henceforth Irish standards are set by Irish scholars, thoroughly competent to their task and fully conscious of their responsibility.

But another advance has also been made. Of the known world, Ireland was almost the only cultural unit which was not represented on the "Comité International des Sciences Historiques"—the great international clearing house of historical information. This deficiency was remedied this year when the two historical societies joined together to form a representative body which would seek admission at the Quinquennial Congress held at Zurich. Not only so, but the delegation accredited to the Zurich meeting was representative of Ireland as a whole, and not of any political unit, and to that end the new representative body is accorded financial support by both the Belfast and Dublin governments.

Thus in two years the whole outlook of Irish history has been transformed. No longer are Irish historians unrecognised save by the grace of others, in the world at large; no longer is Irish scholarship forced to find expression in non-Irish periodicals. This is not to malign the many excellent history articles which appeared in various Irish periodicals which were not primarily of a historical nature, but the time has come when a review wholly devoted to Irish historical scholarship is meeting with a world-wide reception.

These advances should have wide-spread consequences. In years past much slipshod work, much partisan writing and much political propaganda has passed for Irish history. The primary aim of history is the search for truth, and with friendly collaboration between north and south such an aim cannot but have beneficial consequences. Every addition to our knowledge of the past adds to the understanding of the present, and makes us increasingly masters of our own destinies. Representation abroad serves to remind nations not merely of our independent cultural status, but also of our historic greatness—a greatness which we hope to see revived until once again Ireland occupies that leading position in the world of culture and scholarship which once was hers.

The inspiration for these changes came from two young Irish historians—Dr. Dudley Edwards of the National University and Dr. Moody of the Queen's University, Belfast, but they have been ably supported by the senior historians at the various Irish colleges, so that no name of prime Irish historical importance is now missing from the list of those associated with the new societies. It now depends on the historically minded public whether Ireland can maintain its independent scholarly historical position, and it is sincerely to be hoped that no financial difficulties may force the new societies to curtail their work. In this respect the three universities have been generous in their assistance, but it is useless to write serious Irish history if no one is prepared to read it. It is hoped that the apathy of the general public to works of scholarship may be lessened, for historians cannot live "in vacuo," they depend upon the cordial co-operation of the reading public, and this co-operation the Irish historians anticipate now that they have placed themselves as a separate entity upon the map of international culture.

But it is the aim of modern Irish historical scholarship not merely to lift its work out of the sphere of party politics, but also to reform the whole system of history teaching in our educational system. Competent scholars are now preparing excellent text-books to replace much that was fanciful and erroneous in the works of former generations. I would refer especially to Mr. James Carty, who is following up his well-written *Class Book of Irish History* with a similar survey of European history. Mr. Carty's services in the field of bibliography are through the influence of the National Library keeping historians the world over in full touch with every development of modern Irish historical research.

Ireland has never been wanting in historians, many of them world famous. But too often they lived their lives, wrote their work and found their public in countries far. To seek the final judgment on some matter of Irish interest it was often necessary to go to London or Paris, to Berlin or New York. That is the situation we hope to change, and although we shall welcome collaboration from any quarter our hope is to create a live national school of historical research qualified to hold its own with any other nation in the international community. The first steps have been taken. Our aim is high and we hope—nay, we are certain—we shall not fail.

Discussion

Irish as a Growing Language

(1)

LANGUAGE is so intimate an element in daily life as to exist almost unperceived. It originated and developed from the desire for intercommunication between men possessing grouped interests and is essentially so to-day. Linked to it are ideas of faith and even divinity, for nomen, numen, aimn and anam are more than merely apparently similar, and, 'word' may mean a man's 'faith' and 'honour' as well as 'deity.' The operation of conscience is nowhere so pronounced as in regard to the language of civilized communities of which both English and French are pronounced examples and the cult of fixity, clarity and precision of meaning is a living principle in both. Just as a fixed principle of governance has operated in both countries in the direction of a central administration a central dialect, which has become the national dialect, has been slowly evolved both in England and France without destroying wholly the local dialects which have largely fed it and which take their own origins in remoter if smaller nationalities.

Up to the twelfth century Irish possessed a similar position in Ireland and a similar trend in the direction of fixation of form and meaning can be detected quite easily in our language up to that epoch. Early evidence of dialect is very difficult to trace especially as what is written is largely the work of trained writers who were themselves the repositories of this tradition, which originating in the Celtic schools of Europe may well have points of union with the tradition which has shaped French into what it has become and possibly even English itself.

The impact of a foreign conquest and the foreign ideas it brings in its train may be relied upon to bring about a concurrent disorder in speech and this has happened in Ireland. Although it may be said quite truthfully that the suppression of Irish only became

serious in the last century or so, the exclusion of Irish speaking natives from every important walk of life began much earlier and the campaign of contempt and impoverishment may be said to have begun at the date already mentioned. Even in modern times too close an association with Irish has been known to interfere with professional status and rank, odd though it may seem to say so. The writer who has had a very intimate association with this aspect of the history of the language could give some very amusing evidence on this score—if he had sufficient courage!

It can be seen from what has been said therefore that when one speaks of reviving Irish we are not speaking of a simple problem but rather of a dual problem, namely the revival of the language as a form of common speech as it was say 150 years ago, and, its revival as a medium of full national expression as it was say about 1200. This is a point of view that did not occur to our Gaelic revivalists and in fact from this point of view many of them were not revivalists at all: to say that they were opposed to the revival of Irish might indeed be nearer the truth, and here again, I could quote some very intriguing examples to show the truth of what I have said!

I will deal with an aspect of my personal history to illustrate this angle of thought. While still at school I was bitten with the bug of Gaelicism and determined to eradicate as far as I was concerned myself the last trace of English from my mental machinery. I did this by applying myself very thoroughly to mastering Irish but as that charming language provided very little mental pabulum for the growing brain I sought refuge in French and French rather than any other language is still to-day my 'reading' language. On the other hand my writing language became Irish and when I went to the University, a little foolishly perhaps, or rather a little obstinately, I took up Celtic Studies, which at any rate enabled me to get under the skin of the language.

When, however, I was appointed to the National Museum I found myself in the odd predicament of being brought into contact with an adult science which knew not Irish and in fact did not care a straw about it, which is the unsentimental way of all sciences.

Still being somewhat obstinate and unwilling to face a career of English reading and writing which Archæology entailed I began to deal with the problem as best I might and began to build up with whatever skill I had learned during my University years a vocabulary to suit the purposes of the profession into which a peculiar providence had thrust me; no one who knows the material will be surprised if this vocabulary took form under the head of Architecture which conveniently embraces all the manual and plastic arts and the historical and scientific considerations connected with them. This was my method of beating down a peasant-cum-disorganised literary language to the practicalities of everyday concepts. This vocabulary has been running in short lots in the *Waterford News* and any few instalments will indicate the still essentially tentative and provisional character of the equivalents

proposed and I may add that it has provided a number of interesting discoveries.

Let us consider this vocabulary. It is essentially the product of a personal need. To contact what people, class, profession, are these words required? The answer has to be they do not exist! There was no architectural movement after 1250 and there is not one to-day in so far as the language side is concerned; there are no books, lectures or courses in the subject. On the other hand it is obvious that such a work helps me and others to build up a mode of expression in this particular sphere. In other words, it is the practical application of revival tactics in the second order to which I alluded above.

The multiplication of this line of attack will undoubtedly provide the most effective weapon in restoring Irish to the position of a practical national language as apart from a sentimental jargon of meaningless conversational exchanges, which is what it is to-day. My attempt is not the only one, of course. When I came to the Museum first, Dr. Scharff, the Keeper of the Natural History Division was busy preparing lists of animal names (mammals, birds, fishes, insects) and I collaborated rather extensively in these which were afterwards published in the *Irish Naturalist*. In the matter of bird-names, District Justice Ford, and in the matter of fish-names, Mac an Iomaire have materially improved these early attempts. I regard these as being the only properly posited efforts towards a solid vocabularisation of the language.

Nor again are they the only efforts. Two groups working apart under Government auspices are busy making terminologies: the Translation Department and the Terminology Committee; I am familiar with the work of the former through practical contacts and I was a member for a time of the latter. The personnel in both cases is excellent, enthusiastic, conscientious and well-informed. It would however be quite impossible to give undivided approval to either group, and for the following reason.

A national language gives evidence (especially to the philologist) of a unity of design which is as recognisable as that of a Persian carpet and which arises by a process of selection and rejection over many centuries in accord with fixed principles. My criticism of the work of the schools referred to is that no such principles have either been worked out or are being applied. The position resulting is that as in blood transfusion where the blood selected is unsuitable, a poisoning of the linguistic conscience is taking place, and a result achieved which may lead us back eventually not to Irish but to English speech.

We may illustrate the point by two examples: for legal purposes it is absolutely necessary that a generalising term for vehicle should be available. The word selected is feithicil. It is no criticism to say that this is an English borrowing. It is a criticism of it to say (1) that it is phonetically abhorrent; (2) it has no justification in spoken speech outside perhaps one locality, and that uncertain;

(3) it has no justification in the written language, and other objections could be raised. Passing to the Terminology Committee we find that they have popularised the word *muirthéacht*, for revolution. *Muir théacht* means a frozen sea and as this is a rarity in Ireland (or rather Connaught where the word is in common use) it may be applied to any unusual and startling event. As we know from our Burke that not all revolutions are either 'great' or 'sudden' we may question from the start the use of the term as fundamentally and irremediably bad: the French Revolution a frozen sea? We are less enthusiastic still when we realise that in complimenting a painter on an outstandingly brilliant picture we might say: *Tá sé in a mhuir-théacht agat!* Revolution? I should imagine not.

These examples must not be regarded as by any means completely typical: many brilliant equivalents have been achieved by both groups; but they are none the less determinative in that they represent the absence of fundamental working principles, in the presence of which such sciolisms could not arise. This may lead to deterioration and weakening of the fabric of a language which has survived by the very concentration and lucidity (within recognisable limits) of form, and, of course lessens the arguments in favour of abolishing English.

This state of things will have a tendency to become general and school and shop vocabularies will have a similar tendency to choose the line of least resistance, the very policy that should be eschewed. The whole problem requires study and it would be out of place for me here and now to outline the natural steps to be taken to avoid all menace to the integrity of the national language, not of course as a kind of nationalistic flag, but merely as a language. Summarised however the following are the requisites. Since language is the expression of a group the 'new' Irish language can only mature if such a group exists and as such is 'entire,' that is to say is possessed of the full activities of a civilized group, social amenities, the arts, crafts and professions and so forth; note how effectually this principle, now completely lost, motivated the early League days, when a new style of painting, drama, poetry, even dress, appeared concurrently. The failure of nationalism has led to the destruction of this, detail by detail, accompanied by linguistic deterioration. From the practical aspect these principles can best be operated by people who are 'historically' proficient in the language, that is to say, possess a scientific knowledge of the language and the literature of the language viewed historically *ab initio*, and who at the same time possess the widest possible cultural background, not excluding an intimate, even philological knowledge of other European languages.

What of our dialect material? It is of course the first source. Many words in this category have had their meaning altered and even debauched. The fundamental meaning should be restored, e.g., *laitiméir*, a cheat, a scoundrel, properly, a latimer or court official, *vulg*, cheat, etc.

Neither of these conditions may be considered as particularly difficult to supply ; all that is requisite is the fundamental alteration of the philosophical outlook of the 3,000,000 people, odd, which we label the 'Irish people' !

L. S. GÓGAN.

(2)

I HAVE a high regard for Liam Gógan as author and personality. His Gaelic poetry has given us something novel, in mood, thought and word-artistry. So I came to his article in an expectant and very friendly spirit, to find some of it suggestive, part of it surprising, not a little of it quite certain to be misleading to students and general readers. Incidentally, certain phrases are odd, to say the least, coming from a scholar and a sensitive artist. In two salient general statements I see no relation to truth from any angle. They are : (1) "as that charming language [Irish] provided very little mental pabulum for the growing brain I sought refuge in French," and (2) "a sentimental jargon of meaningless conversational exchanges, which is what it is to-day." I quote from the typescript, which the Editor kindly let me see. Both assertions are deplorable.

Much of the article does not really concern what I would regard as growth, but rather manufacture, a sort of procedure remote from the genius of the language. Yet Liam Gógan is quick to see the crude (or serio-comic) sides of the work of the Governmental Translation Department and Terminology Committee. Speaking generally, he appears to take an over-intellectual, or even artificial, view, surprising in a poet. He tells us at the outset that language "originated and developed from the desire for intercommunication between men possessing grouped interests." That is to say, it was a purely human contrivance, a primeval "business proposition." The truth is far deeper. We should not waste time or thought with materialistic theories that arose in the nineteenth century.

Keeping to the question of Irish, we ought to begin by looking inward and realising the things in which the language is so rich and vital. The mere student who will spend a few evenings going through the pages of a work in which Liam Gógan himself had a fine part, the later edition of Father Dinneen's Irish-English Dictionary, will make graphic discoveries. Root-words, idioms, illustrations, expressive phrases, highways and byways of mind and mood, it is all arresting, often fascinating. A dictionary points the way to a whole civilisation, suggests heights and deeps of experience. On this evidence alone the student can feel how well and worthily all the abiding human interests can be expressed in Irish, to what high demands it will respond. And when he is able to appraise all the best Gaelic work of the last forty years, including that of authors, from Pádraig Mac Piarais to Micheál

Mac Liammhóir, who "acquired" the language, he will realise how vigorous and promising is its new literary life, though some of the writers have been rather conservative, and at times cranky.

I believe there is nothing in a master-work like Dante's "Commedia" or Goethe's "Faust" that could not be adequately translated into Irish. I have tried it often with favourite parts of each of them. Were I to give my general experience with Irish it would be a story very different from Liam Gógan's. Here is some of it. A long series of articles on philosophers and philosophies, a detailed study of our own Johannes Eriugena, with the intellectual subtleties as well as the sublimity of "De Divisione Naturae" (both these efforts in the Gaelic League weekly), a novel of contemporary life in city and country, published by the Gaelic League, a survey, issued by the Education Department, of the comprehensive labours of European scholars for Gaelic learning and literature: these were no light tests, yet the Irish that I knew met them easily enough on the whole. But I did not start from the outside, with a grave sense of the trials and difficulties of texture and terminology. I wrote of things in which I was keenly interested, kept my mind on the central interests and issues themselves, made all the points as clearly and simply as I could, and I found the course animating and natural.

We have heard a good deal about "fitting Irish for the expression of modern thought," and so on. The best modern thought can be expressed quite simply, and rather briefly. Much that passes for "modern thought" is superficiality and wordiness. Irish will not fail us with what is worth saying. To be sure, in certain directions it has as yet been little utilised, or not at all. But new writers, using their brains and souls, will change that story. Difficulties of terminology, etc., have been grotesquely exaggerated. Irish in point of fact is already rich in several kinds of terminology. Those needed will duly come, through the great formative power of the language, for one thing. Certainly, as Liam Gógan says, there must be "fundamental working principles." But not merely intellectual ones; psychological and spiritual factors are essential.

All this problem, the language in its varied phases, is not a thing apart or isolated in the national life and economy. How we speak and write depends largely on how we think, work and live: on the interior resources we cultivate. Given an earnest Irish people, a proper education system, a young generation wisely trained, fitting social and intellectual life for the folk, a high co-operative, cultural and creative ideal altogether, then Gaelic will inevitably share in the growth and the glow.

Let me say finally that, as in other years in "An Claidheamh Soluis" and the "Irish Nation," and in later days in our "Féile na nGaedheal," I always prefer to discuss our intimate Irish problems in Irish itself.

LIAM P. Ó RIADH.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The principle that, "where there is life there is growth, where there is growth there is change, and where there is change there is controversy" prompted us to devise the foregoing discussion. We chose the controversialists for their erudition, experience and enthusiasm and believe that we have paid each a subtle compliment in the choice of opponent. While preserving editorial impartiality we think it pertinent to quote the following extracts from "The Story of Early Gaelic Literature," published in 1893 by An Chraoibhín Aoibhinn.

" Everyone knows now, or ought to know, that Irish is, like Greek, Latin and Sanscrit, a pure Aryan language, and a highly-inflected and very beautiful one also. The numerous continental scholars who have studied it (and who now freely admit that the old Irish ranks near to Sanscrit in importance for the philologist) all speak of it in terms of highest praise, and one German has said that had it continued to be cultivated down to the present day, it would—flexible as it is—have been found as equal to the wants and emergencies of modern life as German itself. As it is, the language has not received even a trace of fair play, not having been spoken in Law Courts, Camps or Colleges since the first half of the seventeenth century During the eighteenth century it ceased to be spoken or written by scientists and men of learning, or to put things more plainly, the men who spoke it were unable to produce men of science or learning since they were by law deprived of education. This being so, the Irish language has not kept abreast of the last century and a half, and has not, like other languages, produced vernacular names for scientific, political, banking, engineering or mathematical terms. That it could have done so with the greatest ease is certain, and since the small attempt made within the last few years to rake a few live cinders out of the expiring Gaelic fire, Irish has been found to supply quite readily most of the terms required by this *fin de siècle* life, thanks to it's power of forming word-combinations, in which it scarcely falls short of Greek and German."

H. B.



Irish Embroidery

By EVELYN GLEESON

I HAVE been asked to write about "Irish Embroidery," but, although I have worked at it for long years, I find it a difficult subject. It is like following a path which disappears at intervals breaking off abruptly to the dark. The love of ornament is a human need, primitive and strong. It is found allied to the crudest constructions, showing painstaking effort at adorning things of practical necessity. In our National Museum among prehistoric relics, there is a fragment preserved, part of a garment of untold age, just a few inches of fringe. It is exquisitely neat and shapely, expressing a love of proportion and finish. It is part of a garment, judged to be over two thousand years old. It is made of horse-hair, black and shining, soft and silky; proving so much refinement. How did the maker arrive at such a use of his material? One finds it hard to express our admiration. Hundreds of years later the illuminations of the Christian period show lovely lines and colour and the drawings of the sacred figures and their garments, prove that embroidery must have been employed for religious purposes. In its nature embroidery is easily destroyed. We can hardly hope for many survivals in a climate of constant humidity among notoriously careless humanity and the risks of fire and warfare. An exceptional survival is found in the instance of the Waterford vestments. At the Reformation, the Cathedral passed into new hands. In the crypt a number of ancient oaken chests securely locked were piled roughly together and it was only during the early years of this century that one of them was found to contain a set of superb green vestments—Chasuble, Cope and Dalmatics—with accessories. They were decorated with braids woven in an embossed pattern of a paler shade of green and gold. Some of them were richly embroidered and they had remained untouched by moth or mould or dust in the stout oak chest. Because so little Irish embroidery has survived, these vestments are now rightly esteemed as a great treasure. They ought to be photographed and copied by skilful hands.

At the Exhibition in Galway some years since Dr. MacCormack arranged a splendid collection of ancient Church Plate; it was shown with some manuscripts and embroidery. The Bishop took us to the Dominican Convent where were preserved many memorials of the Penal Days. There was a notable example of Irish embroidery worked in secret by the ladies of Galway, several of whom were professed nuns who had to return to their family homes. This most important piece, is a large square Altar-frontal with a deep border of French knots blended in various tones of green like moss. At intervals on this ground are coats of arms belonging to the workers and on the margin, their names are marked in black silk.

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The centre is grounded with a pale rose silk adorned with flowers surrounding ecclesiastical emblems. There is also a set of pale rose vestments (probably having been a deeper tone originally) also a humeral veil and several stoles. They are all very worn and faded but deeply interesting not alone in their execution, but as the work under infinite difficulty and bravery of noble Irish women. In Galway sought refuge some half-dozen Irish ladies who were professed in France and returned under the control of Madame Molony. They had been driven out of Dublin while ministering to the poor and after many hardships they found a home on an island on the Corrib river still called "Nun's Island."

Also on view in the Museum at present, are photographs and coloured drawings of Church Embroideries executed by the Dun Emer Guild. These include the Altar Frontal for the Honan Hospital Chapel, Cork-made to the order of Sir John O'Connell, and the vestments for St. Patrick's Church, San Francisco. These vestments (of Dublin-made Cloth of Gold) were ordered by the late Monsignor Rogers. The cloth of gold was woven on silk by Messrs. Atkinson and is embroidered with an all-over pattern in gold thread. The orphreys have over forty different panels, each representing an incident in the life of an Irish saint.

In the National Museum in Dublin the following pieces of Irish embroidery are preserved :

Portion of sampler white needle point insertion with the initials M.R. and the date 1662. Said to have been made by a lady in Co. Wexford.

Coverlet of fine linen embroidered with coloured silks in a design of groups of flowers. A most beautiful piece of work, with a great variety of stitches and delightful colouring in rose, grey, soft greens and golds. Worked by Florence Gyles, Youghal, 1709.

Another Coverlet by the same lady in 1710, is of white linen with an all over design quilted on it worked in back-stitch in white thread.

There are several other interesting coverlets of the middle half and late part of the eighteenth century. Some in white quilted and some in coloured silks on white grounds

A Pillow Cover of embroidered linen worked by Anne MacClune, Keady, Armagh, in well-known Mount Mellick work. Late eighteenth century.

Embroidered Chairseats, canvas worked in coloured wools and silks in cross-stitch. Date 1741.

A very elaborate and beautifully worked chair-seat in "gros point" illustrating one of Aesop's fables. Middle eighteenth century.

Embroidered Chair-seats, canvas with wool and silks in cross stitch, predated 1741.

Coverlet linen quilted design outlined in back stitch. Initials F.G. worked by Florence Gyles. 1710 date in design. Made in Youghal.

Coverlet, linen embroidered in coloured wools in tambour,

seed and satin stitches. Late eighteenth century.

Mitre, white satin, embroidered design based on Irish ornament of the seventh century. Made at the Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare.

St. Columbcille Banner designed by Jack Yeats and worked in coloured wools and silks by Miss Lily Yeats about 1928.

In the neighbourhood of Cork, Lady Bandon discovered splendid curtains on white sheeting worked in Broderie Anglaise in magnificent colours. Many were found throughout Irish country houses and were copied during the Land Agitation by a number of ladies whose incomes ceased then by stoppage of rents and interests. They were sold to advantage by Messrs. Liberty of London.

In the Museum.

Among family belongings I possess a sampler worked on fine India muslin, surrounded by a wreath of shamrocks in floss a map of Ireland. All the counties and chief towns are beautifully marked in fine black silk. Worked by my grandmother, Margaret Molony, 1810.

Indian muslin gown circa. 1812. Embroidered in thick cotton on the flounces. A very gracefully designed garment. Margaret Molony, 1812.

Very effective counterpane of fine white linen, bordered with wide garland of coloured flowers in appliqué of chintz. Centre surrounded by garland of olive leaves worked in crewel stitch in dark green outlined in black silk. Worked by Margaret Purcell, 1821.

Quilted Cot Quilt—handmade linen and fringe. Patterned with flowers in outline. Eighteenth century. Lent to Museum with several pieces of fine work early nineteenth century in white.



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Now you are gone you seem a visitor,
Something that haunted for a little time
The splendour of the evening, or astir
With bees in blooms of lime ;

Or, at the hour when mothers tell old tales
To children, something passing through the gleams
Of cottage windows ; or, on western gales
Riding, a king of dreams ;

Or about hawthorns lingering to greet
The earliest may amongst the blazing green,
Or through the heather travelling to meet
Spirits we have not seen ;

A lovely radiance of a passing star
Upon a sudden journey through the gloaming,
Lighting low Irish hills, and then afar
To its own regions homing.

DUNSANY.



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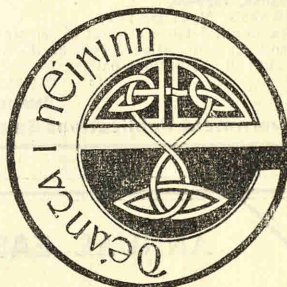
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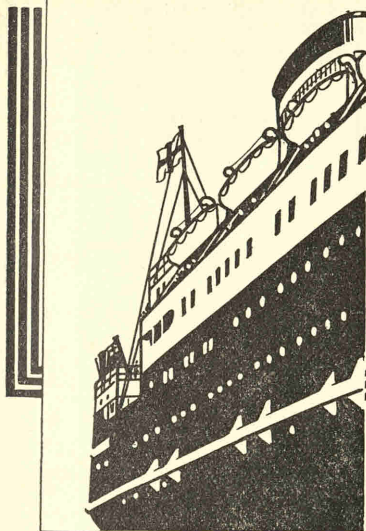
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