



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



**HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY**

THE GAEL

(AN GAOEL.)

MONTHLY BI-LINGUAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION
OF THE LITERATURE, HISTORY, LANGUAGE, ART,
MUSIC, INDUSTRIES, ETC. OF IRELAND.

Conducted By STEPHEN J. RICHARDSON.



VOL. XXII. JANUARY TO DECEMBER 1903

... 1903 ...

THE GAEL PUBLISHING CO.

NEW YORK.

INDEX.

AUTHORS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

B

- Barlow, Miss Jane—The Obstructed Road 287
 Barry, Kathleen Eileen—Character Sketch of Edward J. O'Mahony (Opera and Concert Basso) 274
 Bigger, M. R. I. A., Francis Joseph—In Goldsmith's Country.. 371
 —A Ballad of Doe in Donegal. 417
 Booth, Eva Gore—The Harpers Song of Seasons 369
 Boyle, William—Aroon 306
 Brennan, Joseph—My Wife 172
 Burke, John J—A Stronghold of the Gael 415
 Butler, Mary E. L.—An Idealist.... 7

C

- Carbery, Ethna (Mrs. S. Mac-Manus)—Obituary 25
 —The Little Head of Curls. 410
 Casey, J. K.—The Rising of the Moon 315
 Cavanagh, Michael—A Day in Ireland 409
 Coleman, P. J.—King Uriel's Daughter 272
 —The Ransom Races.... 300
 Conroy, Mrs. J. P.—The Cradle Ship 224
 Cox, Eleanor R.—Shane O'Neill's Visit to the Court of Elizabeth. 271
 Croker, B. M.—Lady Mary Slattery. 324
 Crosbie, W. J.—Cicely Reilly..... 339

D

- Davis, Thomas—The Flower of Flinae 119
 —A Nation Once Again..... 351
 Degidon, Nora Frances—Working for a Wife..... 69
 Dollard, Rev. J. B. (Sieve-na-mon)—The Burial of Moran Og.. 1
 —When Stubborn Ross Ran Red 73
 —The Isles of Arran..... 31
 —The Cattle Spoiling of Cooley. 370
 —Moondharrig Versus Tir na n-Og 405
 —Mo Phearlai An Mhuir Mhor. 410
 Doyle, Crissie M.—Womanhood and Nationhood 52
 Dinneen, M. A., Rev. P. S.—Dirge for the Desmond..... 295
 Dufferin, Lady—"Oh! Bay of Dublin" 172

E

- English, Thomas Dunne—The Death of Lora..... 215

F

- Faherty, Stephen M.—Exile Yearnings 77
 Farrah, LL. A. (Mary)—My Irish Witch 188
 Fletcher, M.—The Lost Passage Money 154
 Fogarty, W. M.—An Irish Heart.... 132
 Furlong, Miss Alice—Silk of the Kine 248
 —The Well of Forgetfulness.... 396

G

- Garnett, M. A. Edward—The Cu-chullin Saga 173
 Geary, Eugene—April Memories.... 119

- Gregory, Lady Augusta—The Rising of the Moon..... 377
 Griffith, G. Mortogh — Paudh Kithoge's Hurling Match..... 281
 —Voices Calling..... 313
 —The Fairy Hare of Dangan-more 321
 —Ere the Wings of the Wild Geese Grew..... 401
 Gwynn, Stephen—Ossian's Vision of Hell 24
 —Ireland 175

H

- Hackett, Francis Byrne — The Shadow of the Rope..... 161
 Hinkson, H. A.—My Lady's Honor.. 220
 —The Honorable Lady Biddy... 303
 Hope, Angela—To Kitty..... 214
 Hopper, Nora (Mrs. Chesson)—A Connacht Lament..... 48
 —World's Delight..... 77
 —The Banshee's Bridal..... 97
 —In Memoriam, Charles Gavan Duffy 103
 —The Fairy Woman..... 260
 —The Little Red Dog..... 263
 —The Black Boreen..... 295
 —Green Fields in Ireland..... 370
 —The Woman With Two Shadows 385
 —Donegal 409
 Hudson, J.—Christmas Bells..... 420

J

- Johnson, Lionel—"Dead"..... 26

K

- Kavanagh, J. W.—William Smith O'Brien—Centenary of His Death 392
 Kelly, Richard J., Hon. Sec. Galway Arch. Soc.—The Round Tower of Kilbannon..... 255
 Ketchum, Arthur—The Lights o' Home 219
 King, Richard Ashe—Irish Humor.. 139

L

- Lindsay, Lady—A Carol for Christmas 418
 Lonergan, Thomas — The Irish Christian Brothers..... 411
 Looney, D.—The Felon's Appeal... 299
 Lynch, Michael—Epic Material in Old Irish Literature..... 125

M

- Mac Aircill, Padraig—The Lass of Delvinside 234
 McAuliffe, Joseph P.—Heed Ye the Seer 289
 McCall, P. J.—The Bouchaleen Bawn 132
 McCarthy, D. A.—The Irish on Parade 72
 —Ireland in the Spring..... 95
 —Robert Emmet 333
 —The Wind from Sieve-na-mon 132
 —The "Twang" of the "Re-turned Yank" 137
 Mac Donagh—Irish Provincial Journalism 227
 —Biographical Sketch with Portrait 233
 MacFinegall—The Little Bohreen.. 409
 —An Exile's Plaint..... 410

- MacGarbhaigh, Cathal—A Qu Weecheel
 —Longing
 Macleod, Fiona—An Appreciation Mr. W. B. Yeats.....
 —The Magic Kingdoms.....
 —Song in My Heart.....
 MacManus, Seumas—Disillusioned McWilliam, Rose—Tir na n-Og..
 Maguire, P. I.—The Dear Little Widow
 Mahon, Miss Sheila—The Keeper of the Fairy Gold.....
 Mangan, James Clarence—A Visit of Connacht in the Thirteenth Century
 Meyer, Ph. D. (Prof. Kuno)—The Necessity for Establishing School of Irish Literature, Philology and History.....
 —Proposed School of Irish Studies in Dublin.....
 Monks, W.—Tom Moore.....
 Moore, Mr. George—Books Printed in Ireland.....
 —Home Sickness.....
 Mulcahy, Mrs. J. B.—A Pen Picture of Mr. Yeats.....
 Mulroy, Martin J.—Irish Legend Voyagers
 Murphy, M. J.—Our National Heritage

O

- O'Brien, R. Barry—Five Times A Raigned for Treason.....
 O'Callaghan, B. A. J. P.—Tir na n-Og
 O'Grady, Standish—The Battle of The Curlew Mountains.....
 —The Outlawed Chieftain.....
 —Philip O'Sullivan, Historical Soldier and Poet.....
 O'Growney, Rev. Eugene—Gael Greetings and Blessings.....
 —Funeral of..... 35
 —Disposal of the O'Growney Fund

- O'Higgins, Brian—A Little Rugge Boreen Far Away.....
 —Beyant the Bog.....
 O'Keefe, Margaret—Tir na n-Og, Vision
 O'Kelly, Pat—The Curse of Donegal
 O'Neill, Moira—Denny's Daughter.
 —Looking Back.....
 —The Blackbird.....
 O'Reilly, Michael — Dermot the Fenian
 —The Kerry Mermaid.....
 —Irish-English Dictionary.....
 O'Reilly, Mrs. Mary A.—A. Shel from Mem'ry's Shore.....
 —The West Wind's Message...
 —Review of Lady Gregory's "Poet's and Dreamers".....
 O'Shea, L.—Irish Love Song.....
 O'Sheridan, Mary Grant—"Sho-heer Sho" (Lullaby).....

P

- Patten, Miss Winnifred M.—Time and Tide.....
 Peterson, Maud Howard—An International Affair.....

Phillips, Harold A.—"God Save Ye".	91
—The Beauty of Dark Rosaleen.	257
R	
Roche, James Jeffrey—And Then?.	269
Rooney, William—Mo Stoirin Dhu..	283
—Grainne Mhaol.	369
Russell, George ("A. E.")—Connia's Well	370
Russell, T. O'Neill—Shane O'Neill's Letter to the Lord Deputy.....	142
—An Ancient Irish Deed (Translated)	187
—An old Poem from the Book of Leinster (Translated).....	352
Ryan, Rev. C. P.—Where the Beautiful Rivers Flow.....	269
S	
Sangster, Margaret E.—Christmas..	423
Shandon, John—The Stolen Princess	148
—The Enchanted Trout.....	46
T	
Todhunter, John—Irish Music.....	226
—Maureen	333
Tynan, Katharine (Mrs. Hinkson)—	
A Terrible Big Lie.....	100
An Irregular Transaction.....	129
The Fair Quakeress.....	380
POEMS, ETC., PRINTED IN IRISH.	
A	
Ag filleadh.....	425
Ag ro fheaghasat Óáidró Du Íarra aipí Ceirt páiríais Cúnuán i n-Íao- Óal.....	23
"An Clárdeamh Solair" agus an Gao- òal.....	21
C.	
Cáitseán an Uaíne. Aifriúinúadh le Seán Ó Séagáin, Cáitseán-Saitóidín	273
Cáitseán an Glair.—Aifriúisté Leir an Áitáin Eoghan Ó Gráinne.....	23
"Cill Áirne."—Trácht an gceáid locháin agus na tíre 'n a tíméall leir an Áitáin páiríais ua Quininn	23
B	
A Celtic Section in the New York Public Library	182
A Famous Mayo Poet (Rafferty)....	115
A Gaelic Songstress (Miss Julia O'Donoghue)	193
An Ancient Irish Deed (Translated by T. O'Neill Russell).....	187
An Autumn Night in the Hills.....	116
Ancient Hinba	155
Ancient Order of Hibernians.....	95
An Englishman's Impressions of America	302
A New Irish Play.....	407
A New Society to Help Ireland.....	182
An Irish Rose (Lady Limerick)....	339
Anti-Emigration Society.....	339
A Poet (Mr. George Russell, "A. E.") on a Poet (Mr. W. B. Yeats).	330
A Pot of Broth (A Play in One Act) 310	
Art—Irish Ornamental Art.....	265
A Short Guide to Choice Reading..	103
A Stronghold of the Gael.....	415
A Veteran Regiment (Ninth Conn. Volunteers)	214
A Wexford Monument to the Men of '98.....	330
C	
Carpet Making in Ireland.....	188
Castlecomer Coal Fields (Co. Kilkenny)	334
Catholic Centenary in Australia....	235
Catholic Truth Society.....	140
Celtic Mythology.....	123
Celtic Scholarship	375
Chartran and the Pope.....	306
Co-operation in Ireland.....	309
Correspondence.....	235, 318, 431
Costume—The Revival of Irish Costume	314
Crees Lament for Cael.....	261
Curlew Mountains, The Battle of..	201
D	
Davis, Thomas, Poet—Brief Sketch of	299
E	
Decrease in Crime in Ireland.....	348
Denvir's Irish Library.....	330
Dermot—Castle Dermot (Co. Kildare)	16
Donegal—Handloom Weaving and Spinning in	408
Dromohair (Leitrim) Co-operative Society	257
Druids of Paris, The.....	96
F	
Féis Ceoil, An Irishman's Impressions of	4
W	
Wall, J. M.—In Jail with Parnell, A Reminiscence.....	164
Walsh, Ph. D., M. D., James—Last of the Bards.....	262
Ward, John W.—Where the Waves Come Rolling In.....	295
Weld, M. R.—Cree's Lament for Cael	261
Wilton, R.—The Poet Priests.....	48
Y	
Yeats, William Butler — Adams' Curse	48
—A Pen Picture of.....	425
—The Old Age of Queen Maeve. 170	
—On Art.....	89
—A Pot of Broth (A Play in One Act).....	310
—The Old Men Admiring Themselves in the Water—.....	315

Shaw, William Stanley—We're Going Home to Ireland in the Morning	370
Sheppard's Bronze Figure "1798"....	330
Sigerson, Dora (Mrs. Shorter)—The Mother	77
Slieve, Margy—My Little Noreen Sweet	31
Smyth, P. G.—The Passing of the Clan William.....	110
—When Lucan Died.....	168
—The Vigil of Sir Milo.....	241
Strange, Barry—The Bodagh Glas	307
Synge, J. M.—An Autumn Night in the Hills	116

—An Irish Outlaw (Michael Dwyer)	17
--	----

W

Wall, J. M.—In Jail with Parnell, A Reminiscence.....	164
Walsh, Ph. D., M. D., James—Last of the Bards.....	262
Ward, John W.—Where the Waves Come Rolling In.....	295
Weld, M. R.—Cree's Lament for Cael	261
Wilton, R.—The Poet Priests.....	48

Y

Yeats, William Butler — Adams' Curse	48
—A Pen Picture of.....	425
—The Old Age of Queen Maeve. 170	
—On Art.....	89
—A Pot of Broth (A Play in One Act).....	310
—The Old Men Admiring Themselves in the Water—.....	315

POEMS, ETC., PRINTED IN IRISH.

Clóúanna Nuadó.—"Imreabhar na Gaeilge.".....	22
Cóimhíneadh an t-Óirín.....	56
O.	
Ólápmhuisne na Féinne Maoile — Ag "Báirí-ua-h-Asóine.".....	83
F.	
Filíóeacht. Aifrling — Ólápmhuisne ua h-Íarpláta iu éan.....	56
S.	
Seal-Eipíse na Raé.....	315
I.	
Ionáinín Cíp.....	189
L.	
"Leabhar Mhúnaíodh na Gaeilge."—Ag Peardas Mac Fionnlaic.....	23

Maighdha Óscaim uí Shiúlánnaí.....	390
R.	
Róis Céile Órcáilí thíic Óirín.—Féar-Sur, file Finn, ro, éan.....	189
S.	
Séamus Ó Óiríseáin.....	55
Seilg Gleanna an Smóil.....	231
Sheaghan Ólurúhe.....	281
T.	
Tá lápmhais 'na Ólápmhuisne.....	315
Tír na n-Ós—Aifrling.....	54
Túirneamh.—Ari Ó Óir Ónncaúna (Óaile Ósá) thíic Céartáig.—Séamus Mac Gearailt uo Scipio.....	144

GENERAL SUBJECTS.**B**

Bibliography of Scarce Irish Books. 351	
Blarney Stone Found.....	50
Book Reviews.....	12, 27, 57, 88, 120, 156, 183, 196, 232, 270, 296, 346, 397, 427
Books Too Little Known—The Cu-chullin Saga.....	173
Bravest People on Earth, The.....	407

C

Carpet Making in Ireland.....	188
Castlecomer Coal Fields (Co. Kilkenny)	334
Catholic Centenary in Australia....	235
Catholic Truth Society.....	140
Celtic Mythology.....	123
Celtic Scholarship	375
Chartran and the Pope.....	306
Co-operation in Ireland.....	309
Correspondence.....	235, 318, 431
Costume—The Revival of Irish Costume	314
Crees Lament for Cael.....	261
Curlew Mountains, The Battle of..	201

D

Davis, Thomas, Poet—Brief Sketch of	299
---	-----

E

Editorial Notes....30, 62, 94, 159, 198, 236	
Emmet's Body	308
Emmet, M. D., Thomas Addis—Report on the Investigation to Determine the Burial Place of Robert Emmet.....	341
Emmet, Robert—Some Portraits of. 384	
English-Irish Dictionary.....	368
Epic Material in Old Irish Literature	125
Esmonde Family, The.....	343
Estates for Sale in Ireland.....	400
Evictions in Ireland.....	229
Evolution of the Stage Irishman... 13	

F

Féis Ceoil, An Irishman's Impressions of.....	4
---	---

Five Times Arraigned for Treason..	349
Fleming Companionship, The.....	47
Folk Song—Irish Folk Song.....	93
Forty-eight Volumes Given for Ideas.....	230
Franciscan Manuscripts.....	47

G

Gaelic Concerts (Cuirm Mhor Ceoil).	87
Gaelic Figures.....	123
Gaelic Greetings and Blessings.....	290
Gaelic League in Australia.....	345
Gaelic League in Ireland.....	219, 339
Gaelic League in London.....	170, 400
Gaelic League in Longford, The.....	3
Gaelic League Publications.....	15
Gaelic Orchestra in Dublin.....	387
Gaelic Postal Cards.....	160
Gaelic to Rebuild Ireland.....	195
Galway, A Plea for.....	260
Gill, Mr. T. P.—Appreciative Sketch	398
Gregory, Review of Lady Gregory's Book—"Poets and Dreamers".....	421

H

Harp Festival in Belfast.....	176
Harp, Revival of the.....	289
Healy, M. P., Mr. T. M.—A Character Sketch of, With portrait..	298
Henebriates on the Run.....	19
Historic Points of Interest near Dublin	151
How Irish Names are Changed.....	248
Humor—Irish Humor.....	90, 139, 271

I

Improved Creameries.....	309
Improved Transit in Ireland.....	192
Industrial Notes.....	64, 309
In Goldsmith's Country.....	371
International Automobile Race in Ireland	190
Ireland as It Is (At St. Louis World's Fair).....	423
"Ireland" Club in London.....	219
Ireland's Mineral Wealth.60, 257, 262, 360	
Irish Agricultural League of America	198
Irish Christian Brothers.....	411
Irish Club, New York City.....	235
Irish Dialects Should be Discouraged	104
Irish Farmers in Denmark.....	160
Irish History Contest—Prizes Awarded	316, 395

Irish History in Schools.....	11, 63
Irish Industrial League.....	278
Irish Industries, Prosecution of Dishonest Shopkeepers in London..	278
Irish in England.....	278
Irish Legendary Voyagers.....	284
Irish Literary Society, London.....	146
Irish Literary Society, New York... 62, 181, 198, 237, 256	
Irish Made Goods.....	181
Irish Minerals	160
Irish National Theatre.....	25
Irish Texts Society, London.....	146
Irish Treasure Trove, Ancient Gold Ornaments Found.....	250
Irish Workhouses.....	195

J

Joker's Corner, The.....	109, 141, 199, 229, 239, 279, 319, 359, 399, 435
Journalism, Irish Provincial.....	227

K	
Kells, The Book of.....	49
Killbannon (County Galway) Round Tower of	255
Kilbride, M. P., Denis.....	280
Kilcormac's old Irish Name Restored	240
Kildare Archaeological Society Proceedings	355

L

Landsdowne Estates in Kerry.....	257
Last of the Bards.....	262
League of St. Columba.....	257
Libraries in Ireland.....	238
Literary Treasures in the Royal Irish Academy	286
Longevity—Beyond the Allotted Span	188

M

McBride, Mrs. Maude Gonne.....	183, 240
MacDermot, K. C. P. C.—The Right Hon.	225
Meagher's Sword Speech.....	340
Missing Irish Manuscripts.....	109

N

Necessity for Establishing a School of Irish Literature, Philology and History.....	177
New Publications.....	140, 184, 193, 271
Newry, Historic Buildings in.....	18
Notes from Ireland.....	28, 51, 86, 124, 158
Notes of Interest.....	192, 200

O

O'Flaherty, Miss Mary.....	283
Oireachtas Week in Dublin.....	189
O'Mahony, Edward J. (Opera and Concert Bass)—An Appreciative Character Sketch of.....	274
O'Neill—Shane O'Neill's Letter to the Lord Deputy.....	142
Ordnance Survey of Ireland.....	90, 375
O'Rell, Max, and the Four Races..	265
Ossianic and Other Early Legends..	217
O'Sullivan, Philip—Historian, Soldier and Poet.....	412
Our National Heritage.....	268

P

Parish Libraries.....	214
Parnell—In Jail with Parnell, A Reminiscence	164
Peat Bogs as Fuel Sources.....	323
—Irish Peat for the British "Persian" Carpets Woven in Donegal	331
Pipers' Club Concert.....	58
Pipers' Club, Dublin.....	176
Plunkett, Archbishop, Relic of.....	12
Potato Culture in Ireland.....	191

Q

Question in Parliament.....	163
-----------------------------	-----

R

Redmond, Mr. "Willie".....	80, 240
Rockingham House (Co. Roscommon)	53

Romance of a Crown.....	69
Royal Irish Academy, The.....	175
Russell, M. P., Mr. T. W.....	248

S

St. Patrick Dead 1,410 Years.....	136
St. Patrick's Day Celebration in Dublin (1903).....	138
Sale of Tara Hill.....	103
Samhain, 1903.....	379
Scotland, The Population of.....	265
Sligo, Development of.....	283
Stage Irishman, Crusade Against..	145

T

Taafes of Austria, The.....	294, 348
Tetuan, Death of the Duke of.....	128
The Dun Emer Press.....	302
The Farmer and the Statesman.....	146
The Fiery Cross.....	76
The First Good Friday.....	183
The Irish Alphabet.....	184, 249
The Irish Color.....	140
The Irish Joan of Arc Sounds a Note of Discord.....	183
The Irish Land Bill.....	150
The Irish Language.....	249
The Magic Kingdoms.....	133
The New York Times and the Irish Revival	113
The Passing of Clan Uilliam..41, 78, 110	
The Premier Duke of England.....	140
The Rising of the Moon (A Play in One Act).....	376
The "Twang" of the "Returned Yank"	137
The Union Flag (British).....	286
The Wandering Spear (Book Review)	61
Tinkers in Clonmel.....	82
Three, Island of.....	31
Tir na n-Og.—The Land of Perpetual Youth.....	433
Tobacco in Ireland.....	219
Trouble with the English Language	323
Twenty-five Volumes as Prizes for Answers to a Series of Irish Historical Questions	234
Twenty-five Volumes Given for Ideas	92, 122, 194

U

Ulster Flax Industry.....	87
---------------------------	----

W

Wales, Literature in.....	407
Womanhood and Nationhood.....	52
Woolen Industry in Ireland.....	170
Wyndham, George, Pen Sketch of..	169

X

Yeats', John B., Portrait of John O'Leary	182
Yeats, Mr. W. B.—Yeats' Irish Plays Charmingly Acted in New York	237
—Fiona Macleod on W. B. Yeats	40
—An Appreciation and Bibliography, By F. Sidgwick....	266-267
—Yeats to Lecture in the United States	387

POETRY.

A

A Ballad of Doe in Donegal.....	417
Adams' Curse	48
A Day in Ireland.....	409
A Little Rugged Boreen Far Away	26
A Nation Once Again.....	351
And Then?.....	269
An Exiles Plaint.....	410
An Irish Heart.....	132
April Memories.....	119
A Quare Weechiel.....	175
Aroon	306
A Shell from Mem'ry's Shore.....	136
A Song for the Girl I Love.....	180
A Song of Defeat.....	147
A Vision of Connacht in the Thirteenth Century.....	323

B

Beyant the Bog.....	168
---------------------	-----

C

Christmas	423
Christmas, A Carol for	418
Christmas Bells	420
Cicely Reilly	339
Connacht Lament, A.....	48
Connla's Well.....	370
Cooley, The Cattle Spelling of.....	370

D

'Dead"	26
Deirdre's Lament on Leaving Alba (Translated from the Irish).....	189
Denny's Daughter.....	48
Dirge for the Desmond.....	295
Disillusioned	26
Donegal	409

E

Emmet (By T. D. Sullivan).....	384
Emmet, Robert.....	333
Exile Yearnings.....	77

G

"God Save Ye".....	91
--------------------	----

Grainne Mhaol.....	369
Green Fields in Ireland.....	370
—A Song of Defeat.....	147

I

I'll Go to Sneevogue.....	103
In Memorium, Charles Gavan Duffy.....	103
Ireland	175
Ireland in the Spring.....	95
Irish Love Song.....	275
Irish Music.....	226

K

King Uriel's Daughter.....	272
----------------------------	-----

L

Leinster—An Old Poem Translated from the Book of Leinster.....	352
Longing	269
Lullaby—Irish Mother's (plagiarism)	235

M

Maureen	333
Mo Phearia An Mhuiir Mhor.....	410
My Irish Witch.....	188
My Little Noreen Sweet.....	31
My Share O' the World.....	3
My Wife.....	172

N

N'il Amarac Ann!.....	99
-----------------------	----

O

"Oh! Bay of Dublin".....	172
Ossian's Vision of Hell (Poem).....	24

P

Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne.....	332
--------------------------------------	-----

S

Shane Bul (Yellow John) Transla- tion	231
Shane O'Neill's Visit to the Court of Elizabeth	271
Sho-heen Sho (Lullaby).....	235
Silk of The Kine.....	248
Song in My Heart.....	301
Sunset	409

T

The Battle Song of Oscar, son of Oisin (Translated from the Irish)	189
The Beauty of Dark Rosaleen.....	257
The Blackbird.....	351
The Black Boreen.....	295
The Bouchaleen Bawn (From the Gaelic)	132
The Chase of Gleann na Smoil (Translated from the Irish).....	231
The Cradle Ship.....	224
The Curse of Doneraile.....	163
The Dear Little Widow.....	119
The Death of Labhradh (Lora).....	215
The Fairy Woman.....	260
The Felon's Appeal.....	299
The Flower of Finae.....	119
The Four-Leaf Shamrock.....	96
The Harpers Song of Seasons.....	369
The Irish on Parade.....	72
The Isles of Arran.....	81
The Lass of Delvinside.....	234
The Lights O'Home.....	219
The Little Bohreen.....	409
The Little Head of Curls.....	410
The Mother.....	77
The Old Age of Queen Maeve.....	171
The Poet-Priests.....	48
The Ransom Races.....	300
The Return to Erin.....	410
The Rising of the Moon.....	315
The Well of Forgetfulness.....	396
The Wind from Slieve-na-Mon.....	132
Tir na n-Og.....	369
To Kitty.....	214
Tom Moore.....	396

V

Voices Calling.....	313
---------------------	-----

W

We're Going Home to Ireland in the Morning	370
When Lucan Died.....	168
Where the Beautiful Rivers Flow.....	269
Where the Waves Come Rolling In.....	295
World's Delight.....	77

COMPLETE STORIES.

A

An Idealist	7
An International Affair.....	335
An Irish Outlaw (Michael Dwyer)	17
An Irregular Transaction.....	129
A Terrible Big Lie.....	100

B

Burial of Moran Og.....	1
-------------------------	---

D

Dermot the Fenian.....	83
------------------------	----

E

Ere the Wings of the Wild Geese Grew	401
---	-----

F

Folk Lore—The Enchanted Trout..	46
---------------------------------	----

H

Home Sickness.....	105
--------------------	-----

L

Lady Mary Slattery.....	324
-------------------------	-----

M

Moondharrig Versus Tir Na n-Og	405
My Lady's Honor, A Tale of Old Dublin Society.....	220

P

Paudh Kithoge's Hurling Match....	281
-----------------------------------	-----

S

St. Patrick, A Legend of.....	91
-------------------------------	----

T

That American Girl.....	38
The Banshee's Bridal.....	97
The Bodagh Glas.....	307
The Fair Quakeress.....	389

The Fairy Hare of Danganmore... ..	321
The Honorable Lady Biddy.....	303
The Keeper of the Fairy Gold.....	258
The Kerry Mermaid (Translated from the Irish).....	185
The Little Red Dog.....	263
The Lost Passage Money.....	154
The Lost Standard.....	65
The Obstructed Road.....	287
The Outlawed Chieftain.....	361
The Shadow of the Rope.....	161
The Stolen Princess, A Tale of Sorcery and a Magic Harp.....	148
The Vigil of Sir Milo.....	241
The Woman with Two Shadows... ..	385
Time and Tide.....	419
Tir na n-Og.—A Vision.....	54

W

When Stubborn Ross Ran Red.....	73
Working for a Wife.....	69

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A

- Abduction, The..... 215
 A Knight in Armor..... 41
 Ancient Gold Ornaments—Torc,
 Chain, Bowl, Etc..... 251
 Ancient Viking Ship Under Sail..... 284
 Annakeen Castle, Ruins of..... 81
 Arms on the Tomb of MacWilliam
 Bourke, Moyne Abbey..... 80
 Arms of the Bourkes..... 79
 A Town Shop in the West of Ire-
 land..... 422
 Auburn, Sweet—"The Decent Church
 that Topped the Neighboring
 Hill"..... 371
 —Lough Ree near Sweet Auburn. 371
 —Ruins of "The Busy Mill"..... 372
 —"The Noisy Children Just Let
 Loose from School"..... 373
 —Ruins of the Goldsmith Rec-
 tory..... 373
 —Country Lane at Sweet Au-
 burn..... 374
 —The Village School..... 374

B

- Ballylahan, Arrival of the Barons
 at..... 242
 Barker, Mrs. Mary (Actress) Por-
 trait..... 237
 Boyle—Remains of Boyle Abbey,
 County Roscommon..... 203

C

- "Can You Tell Me What Place This
 Is?"..... 324
 Claddagh, Scene in the..... 416
 Claddagh, View of from the Sea..... 415
 Clifford and his Forces Leaving
 Boyle (From an old print)..... 208
 Cong Abbey, County Mayo..... 79
 Costume of an Irish Soldier in the
 XIV. Century..... 247
 Cromleac at Howth, Aideen's Grave. 152
 Cuffe, Captain Otway (Portrait)..... 314

D

- Davis, Thomas, Poet (Portrait)..... 299
 Dermot—Ruins of Castle Dermot
 Abbey..... 16
 Donegal—The MacSweeney Castle at
 Doe..... 417
 Donnelly, Miss Dorothy (Actress)
 (Portrait)..... 238
 Dorothy Was an Interesting Type... 34
 Duffy, Charles Gavan (Portrait)..... 350
 Dwyer, Michael (Portrait)..... 17

E

- Emmet, Robert—Portrait of..... 127, 341
 —Death Mask of..... 343
 —Supposed Grave of in St. Mi-
 chan's Churchyard..... 342
 —Supposed Grave of in the Prot-
 estant Graveyard at Glasnevin. 344
 Emmet, M. D., Thomas Addis, Por-
 trait of..... 345
 English Expedition on the March
 (From an old Print)..... 365

F

- Frisbie, Rev. Bro. G. T. (Portrait).... 411
 Funeral of Moran Og..... 2

G

- Gallowglasses, Costume and Armor
 of..... 245

- Gill, Mr. T. P. (Portrait)..... 398
 Gregory, Lady Augusta (Portrait).... 376

H

- Healy, M. P., Mr. Timothy (Por-
 trait)..... 298
 Howth—Ireland's Eye in the Dis-
 tance..... 153
 —Remains of Howth Abbey near
 Dublin..... 151
 Hugh Kneeled Down Beside Her.... 98

I

- Interior of An Ancient Irish Home.. 244
 "It Was Hard to Say Good-bye".... 7

J

- Johnstone, Mr. Jack (Portrait).... 13
 Joyce, P. W., LL. D. (Portrait).... 11

K

- Kilbannon (County Galway) Round
 Tower of..... 256
 Kilmainham Prison, Entrance to.... 165

L

- Lady on Horseback..... 35
 Limerick—Defence of the Bridge at. 403
 Lough Mask Castle, Ancient Resi-
 dence of the Bourkes..... 112

M

- Macha Sped Along the Meadow..... 301
 "Madam, We May Not Meet
 Again"..... 221
 Mahon, Miss Sheila (Portrait).... 258
 Map of Mac William's Country.... 43
 Map of the Course for the Interna-
 tional Automobile Race in Ire-
 land..... 190
 Map of the O'Sullivan Beare Coun-
 try..... 413
 Margaret Received a Letter from
 Denis..... 9
 Moyne Abbey, Ruins of, from a Re-
 cent Photograph..... 111
 Moyne, Monastery of, Co. Mayo.... 80

N

- O'Brien, Miss Nora (Actress) (Por-
 trait)..... 238
 O'Brien, William Smith (Portrait).... 393
 "O'Connor Sligo Lay Cooped Up at
 Colloony"..... 205
 O'Donoghue, Miss Julia (Portrait).... 193
 O'Growney, Rev. Eugene (Portrait). 290
 O'Mahony, Edward J. (Opera, Ora-
 torio and Concert Bass) (Por-
 trait)..... 274
 O'More, Rory Oge (Reproduced from
Pacata Hibernia)..... 362
 O'More, Rory Oge—XVI. Century
 English Cartoon Representing... 367
 O'Reilly, Mr. as "Father Luke".... 14
 O'Sullivan—Donall O'Sullivan Beare
 (Portrait)..... 412

P

- Parnell, Charles Stewart (Portrait).... 164
 Pat Saw a Leprahawn Busily Dig-
 ging..... 259
 Peasant Girl at Work..... 408
 Piper—Irish Piper in the Time of
 Elizabeth..... 206
 Procession Passing Father Ma-
 thew's Statue in Dublin..... 138
 Procession Passing Nelson's Pillar.. 138

R

- Ratcliffe Fell Severely Wounded.... 21
 Remains of St. Fintan's Church,
 Howth..... 15
 Rock, Mr., as "The Irishman"..... 1
 Rollestane, Mr. T. W. (Portrait).... 31
 Ruins at Kilbarrack, Co. Dublin.... 15
 Ruins of The Hag's Castle, Lough
 Mask..... 11

S

- St. Brendan the Voyager at Sea.... 2
 St. Patrick..... 1
 Sarsfield—Statue of Patrick Sars-
 field, Earl of Lucan, at Lim-
 erick..... 10
 Scene at the Hunt..... 3
 Scene in "A Pot of Broth," Per-
 formed at Carnegie Hall, New
 York..... 31
 "She Took the Worst—a Good Look-
 ing Boy"..... 226
 "She Was Engaged in Knitting and
 Surrounded by her Children".... 228
 Sidney, Sir Henry (Lord Deputy).... 364
 Sir Richard of the Curved Shield... 44
 Sparks, Mr. Isaac, as "Folgard".... 14
 Stage Irishman, The..... 13
 Starting for the Hunt..... 33

T

- Taliaferro, Miss Mabel (Actress)
 (Portrait)..... 23
 The Attack on the Sedan Chairs.... 38
 The Attack on Three Bullet Gate.... 7
 The Battle in the Streets of Ross
 The Best of All Schools is an Irish
 Mother's Knee..... 52
 The Dance at the Cross Roads.... 71
 The Desmond's Head Impaled on
 the Tower of London..... 29
 The Duel in the Park..... 223
 The Fairy Hare Winked his Left
 Eye..... 322
 The Hurling Match..... 281
 The Jokers Corner..... 106
 The Little Red Dog..... 26
 "The MacDermot" (Portrait).... 21
 The Obstructed Road..... 24
 "There Standing, by a Pillar, I saw
 Lady Peggy"..... 222
 The Riding Master's Favorite Pupil.... 39
 "This is My Mr. O'Brien," She Ex-
 claimed..... 337
 "Tis Uriel's Daughter," they
 Shouted..... 27
 Tom Cut Across Country..... 5
 Triumphant Return of the English
 Soldiers..... 368

W

- Wall, J. M. (Portrait)..... 161
 Walsh, Mr. Townsend (Actor) (Por-
 trait)..... 237
 Woodkerne—Irish Chieftain and
 Soldier in the Costume of the
 Period..... 363

- Wyndham, Mr. George (Portrait).... 169

Y

- Yeats, Jack B.—A Town Shop at
 Christmas Time in the West of
 Ireland..... 422
 Yeats, William Butler (Portrait).... 266, 310
 "You Must Write as I Bid You,
 Patsy"..... 101
 "You've Come on a Bad Day," Said
 the Old Woman..... 117

THE BURIAL OF MORAN OG.

By REV. J. B. DOLLARD (Sliav-na-mon).

PRICE
10c.

January, 1903.

THE GAEL

San Dáodáil

CONTENTS

AN IDEALIST. By Mary E. L. Butler.
Illustrated.

THE GAELIC LEAGUE IN LONGFORD

MY SHARE O' THE WORLD. Poem.
By Cathal O'Byrne.AN IRISHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF A
FEIS CEOIL.IRISH HISTORY IN AMERICAN
SCHOOLS.
CASTLE DERMOT ABBEY, Co. Kildare.
Illustrated.AN IRISH OUTLAW. By Katharine
Tynan. Illustrated.OSSIAN'S VISION OF HELL.
By Stephen Gwynn.DISILLUSIONED. Poem.
By Seamus McManus.

THE GAELIC LEAGUE IN IRELAND.

A LITTLE RUGGED BOREEN FAR
AWAY. Poem. By Bryan O'Higgins.

HISTORIC BUILDINGS IN NEWRY.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

IRISH BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

NOTES FROM IRELAND.

41-5 1998

THE EVOLUTION OF THE STAGE IRISHMAN. By W. J. LAWRENCE.

**THE
GRAPHOPHONE**
Prices \$5 to \$150
ENTERTAINS
EVERYBODY
EVERWHERE



Latest NEW PROCESS Records.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Columbia Phonograph Co.,

Wholesale and Retail:

93 CHAMBERS STREET.

Retail only:

573 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK.

• **All Ireland Review** •

Edited by STANDISH O'GRADY.

A WEEKLY IRISH LITERARY JOURNAL.

History, Stories, Essays, Sketches, Poetry,
Correspondence, Archaeology, &c., &c.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

One Year - - - - - 8s. 8d.

Six Months - - - - - 4s. 4d.

All Communications to be addressed to

STANDISH O'GRADY,

86 HENRY ST., DUBLIN.

**EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL
SAVINGS BANK,**
51 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK
INCORPORATED 1888.

Dee Depositors - - - - - 360,347,791.93
Surplus Fund - - - - - 5,966,500.95

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES.

JAMES McMAHON, President.
JAMES G. JOHNSON, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN C. McCARTHY, 2nd Vice-President.
LOUIS V. O'DONOHUE, Secretary.

ROBERT J. BOGERT. FREDERIC R. COUDRETT
JAMES McMAHON. VINCENT P. TRAVERS
JOHN C. McCARTHY. HUGH KELLY
JOHN GOOD. JOHN BYRNE
LOUIS V. O'DONOHUE. JAMES McGOVERN
CHARLES V. FORBES. MICHAEL K. BANNIN
JAMES G. JOHNSON. MICHAEL J. DRUMMOND
JOHN CRANE. JOSEPH P. GRACE
HERMAN RIDDER. THOMAS M. MULRY
MYLES TIERNEY.

MARCUS J. McLOUGHLIN, COMPTROLLER
WILLIAM HANHART, ASST. COMPTROLLER
LAURENCE F. CAHILL, AUDITOR.

Try L. J. CALLANAN'S
AMERICAN MAN'S WHISKEY
TEN YEARS OLD

NONE	TRADE MARK	MELLOW WITH AGE
BETTER MADE	41	

ABSOLUTELY PURE



Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

—THE BEST OF ALL—

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



DO YOU KNOW

That PAUL'S CHOICE INKS are adopted by all the U.S. Govern-



• PRESENT •

ment Departments, including The Senate and The House of Representatives. If you send \$1.00 to our nearest branch office in New York City, Philadelphia, Pa., Boston, Mass., Baltimore, Md., St. Louis, Mo., or Chicago, Ill., we will deliver Express Paid Paul's No. 6 Set, containing enameled tray and three automatic Paul's Safety Filled Ink Wells (one each fluid, crimson, mucilage).

Safety Bottle and Ink Co., 117-119 Ninth St., Jersey City, N. J.

ALSO BUFFALO, N. Y., TORONTO, CANADA, AND BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

**REVISED
SIMPLE LESSONS IN IRISH**

GIVING
The Pronunciation of Each Word.

BY THE LATE

REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY,
M.R.I.A.

With Appendix Containing a Complete and Exhaustive Glossary of Every Irish Word used in the Text.

IN presenting to the public "Revised Simple Lessons in Irish" we are endeavoring to carry into effect the expressed wishes of the late lamented Rev. Eugene O'Growney.

These revised Lessons are the last literary production of that great Gaelic scholar and lover of Ireland and her language.

To the student of Irish this little work will be found a most useful and helpful compendium. Great care has been given to the compiling of the "Phonetic Key" system. By following instructions, every word given in the book can be pronounced according to the usages of the best modern speakers of the vernacular. The author's chief aim was simplicity and clearness of expression.

FOR SALE BY THE GAEL,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

PRICE, Paper Covers, 15c.; Cloth, 25c.
By mail, 30c.

**A GUIDE TO
IRISH DANCING**

By J. J. SHEEHAN.

This little Book contains Directions for the proper performance of a dozen Popular Irish Dances. An effort has been made in this work to convey instructions so that persons who are not familiar with Irish dancing, and who cannot procure a teacher, can instruct themselves.

Published by JOHN DENIR, LONDON.
48 pages, bound in pasteboard cover.

Price, 1c.

Address, THE GAEL, 140 Nassau St., New York

How to Write Irish.

The Irish Copy Book,

Giving the Most Improved Method
of Writing the

GAELIC CHARACTERS.

A BEAUTIFUL MANUAL OF
CELTIC PENMANSHIP.
EVERY IRISH SCHOLAR NEEDS ONE.

Price, 10 Cents. Sent free by mail.

For Sale at the office of THE GAEL,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

R.I.P.A.N.S

The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels is Ripans Tabules. They go straight to the seat of the trouble and relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general toning up.

At druggists.
The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

SEAN GAOÓL.

(The Gael.)

A MONTHLY BI-LINGUAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF THE
LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, MUSIC, AND ART OF IRELAND.

No. 1 VOL. XXII.
NEW SERIES.

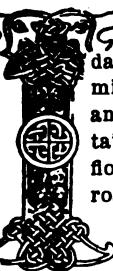
NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1903.

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR
OF PUBLICATION.



The Burial of Moran Og.

By Rev. James B. Dollard (Sliav-na-mon.)


T was a dreary November day in Moondharrig. A cold mist swept across the valley and hid the surrounding mountains from view. Rivulets flowed along the sides of the roads, and small ponds were to be seen covering the fields. It was a time for comfort by the blazing hearth, but all Moondharrig was abroad. Along the road leading from the church to the ancient graveyard a long funeral cortège was moving.

As the distance was short most of the people were on foot, and behind the coffin a great body of the Gaels of the district walked in a solid and ordered mass. It was the funeral of Moran Oge O'Lochlin, one of the most promising of the young hurlers, and the hearts of his brother Gaels were heavy and sad. A tragic touch was given to the affair by the fact that young Moran had just spent some

months in prison for resisting the "forces of the Crown" at an eviction, and the blame of his death was laid to the rough treatment he had received while in jail.

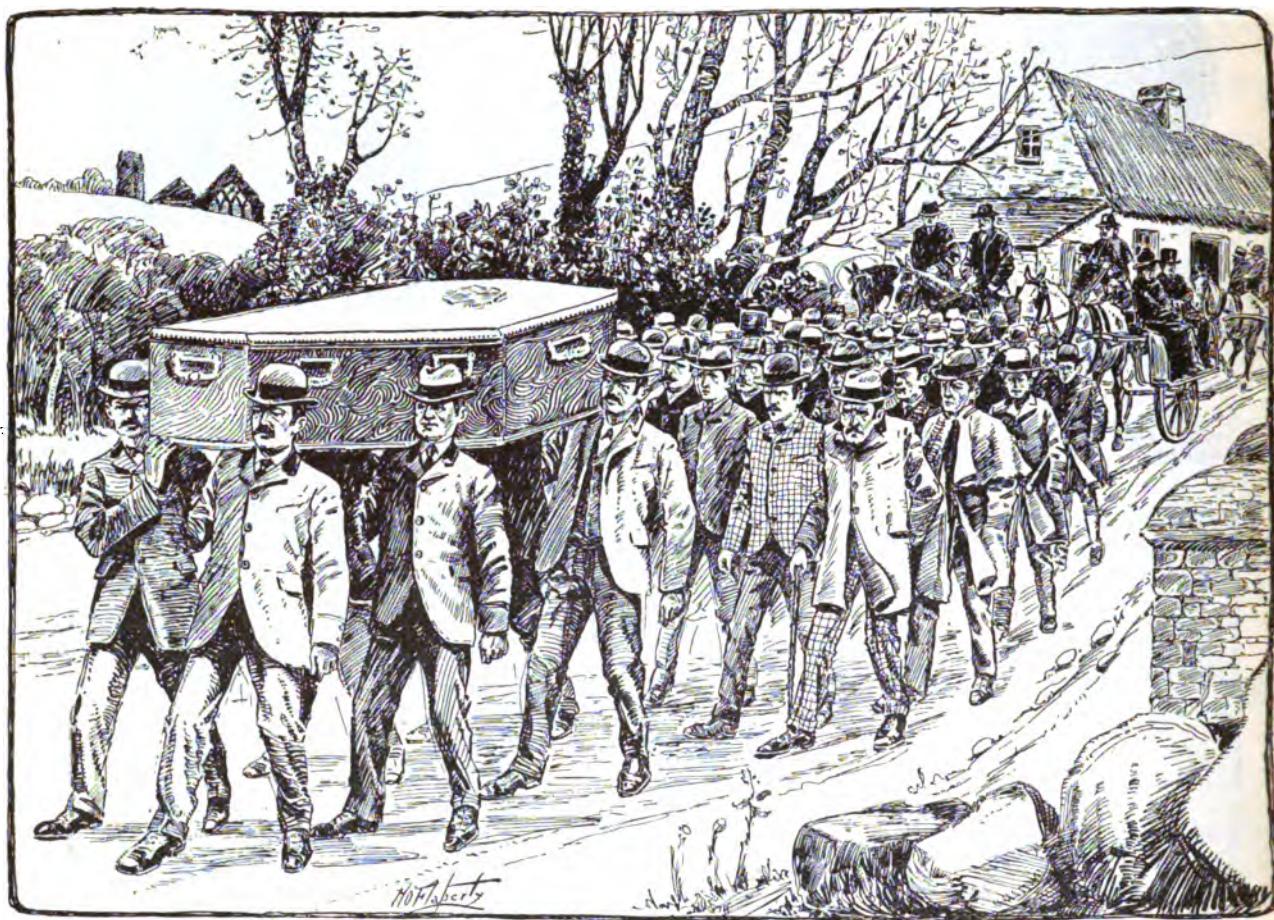
At the above-mentioned eviction, as the family was being driven out, one of the bailiffs had used vile language towards, and brutally struck a young girl, who wild with her grief clung to the door-post as she was being ejected. On the instant a tall youth burst through the cordon of police and dealt the ruffian a terrible blow which stretched him insensible. For this manly and wholly excusable act the representatives of an alien and unsympathetic government sentenced young Moran O'Lochlin to three months imprisonment with hard labor.

It was no wonder that the people who followed his corpse to its last resting place were sullen and angry at heart, and that many a stifled imprecation on the hated "Castle Rule"

came to their lips. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of six stalwart Gaels, who walked in pairs with arms interlocked. Every little while they came to a stand, the front pair slipped from under the coffin, the men behind moved up, and two fresh and eager bearers came in at the rear. This manœuvre was accomplished with great gentleness, but with small loss of time.

Our acquaintances, Dermot Roche, Malachy Gilmartin, Pete O'Hara and Meehal-na-gCaman were among those who followed close after the coffin. To this four as special friends of the deceased, had been allotted the sad duty of carrying the body into the graveyard, placing it in the grave and covering it.

"He was very fond of you, Captain," Meehal-na-gCaman was saying to Dermot Roche. "I remember the day ye hurled the Galway men, when you made that great play at centre, one of



THE FUNERAL OF MORAN OG.

the Connacht backs, a big giant of a fellow, ran half the length o' the field to get at you. But just as he got to you Moran Og, God rest his soul, went at him wud' a heavy body-check an' they rolled over together two or three times. Moran tould me after that his shoulder an' ribs were sore for a month, but he didn't care as long as he saved the captain."

"He was the pluckiest boy on the team, Meehal," said the Captain, emphatically. "He didn't know what fear was, an' maybe the poor fellow'd be alive to-day if he wasn't so hot-headed an' brave. I'll never forget the way he rode through the peelers at Carrick the day they were tryin' to arrest William O'Brien—God bless him—I was right there on the spot, an' when I saw Moran chargin' on that wild horse he had I thought he was done for. There were two lines o' police with fixed bayonets, but he rode through 'em without a scratch, though two of the bayonets cut through his clothes."

"He was fond of a harmless joke, too," put in Malachy Gilmartin. "He

often made me laugh tellin' about Peter Whelan's coortin—Peter, you know, never was a great hand at conversin', and when he went to see Molly Dunphy—that's his wife now—they used to meet at the big log near Walshe's gate. Peter would sit on one end o' the log and Molly on the other, an' not a word'd pass between 'em, but every five minnits or so Peter'd turn to her an' say: 'Well isn't id a fright of a fine night, Molly?'"

"The old father feels terrible about id," said Pete O'Hara. "'Tis his death blow I'm afeared. He was that proud o' him the poor old man, he used to follow the team everywhere to see Moran play. I mind one match in Dublin against Meath. Moran an' another player got jostlin' an' they wern't long at id whin the old man came in on the ground wua a blackthorn, wild to take the boy's part, an' he that quiet at home he wouldn't speak cross to the old *druimin dubh*."

"No use in talkin', it's a hard world," commented Meehal-na-gCáman, "there's the poor old man all alone now at the end of his days."

As the funeral had by this time arrived at the graveyard our four friends went forward to bear the remains to their last resting-place. The graveyard had formerly belonged to an abbey, part of whose walls gray with uncounted years was still standing. Gigantic elm and ash trees surrounded the place, and the breeze stirred their moaning branches into a solemn dirge for the dead.

Several tombstones, green and tottering with age were scattered around, and a venerable Celtic Cross, mournful relic of the dim past, after the storms of centuries still stood bravely erect. It was indeed a solemn and a lonely place, and at night when the mournful force of the moon looked at one through the broken abbey windows, and the shadow of the Celtic Cross fell darkly o'er the moss-covered stones, thoughts of death and the hereafter, sombre thoughts impossible to express came into the mind.

As Dermot Roche and his companions bore the coffin in, and laid it by the empty grave, Moran Oge's father, a bent and gray-haired old man, burst

into a passionate lament, unburdening his great sorrow in the expressive Gaelic tongue:

"Moran, a mhic mo chroidhe bh-fuil tu marbh? bh-fuil tu marbh." (Moran, son of my heart, are you dead? are you dead.) Oh, vein of my heart, light of my eyes, treasure of my years, and do you know who they are that carry you to your long sleep? They are the friends of your heart with whom you delighted to be. Often have you played together on the bawn, and your feet were swift as the wolf-hounds, your eye sure, and your arm strong and skilled to strike the ball through the posts, *mo chroidhe*. They'll miss you, Moran, a mhic, on the hurling field, but your old father will miss you more than all!

"Tis you that were the comfort of his life, and earned the bread for his eating. The horses heeded your voice in the ploughing-field and the furrow you made was straight as a beam of the rainy sun. The people passing stopped to admire the straight, smooth-turned sods and to hear your cheery greeting when you turned at the headland. They'll miss you from field and headland, but, *mo bhrón*, I'll miss you more than all.

"Three nights ago a mhic mo chroidhe coming from Portlaw Fair along the banks of the Suir, near the old castle of Gurtheen I heard the Banshee cry aloud in the night.

"Och ahee! but 'twas a bitter cry, and the flesh of my heart shook and the sweat came out on my brow with the woe and loneliness of it. Moran Dhilish I prayed to God's son that died for us that you might not be taken, but myself instead, an old broken man.

"He willed it otherwise—aye—but did He will it?" Here a terrible change came upon the afflicted father, a whirlwind of passion shook him, his face grew dark and scowling, his voice loud and strident, so that many of the people fell away from him in terror.

"Ay did He will it? No! You were murdered, my noble boy. They murdered you, the hounds of hell, the heartless Sassenach! May the curse of a heart-broken father fall on the English dogs that tracked you to death."

Going on his knees by his son's grave the unhappy man now poured forth the most awful maledictions on England, and the British government which he held responsible for his son's death. As he poured forth these terrible imprecations a sort of silent awe

fell on the crowd. No one stirred until at last Dermot Roche approached and touching the old man on the shoulder said quietly:

"'Tis time for the prayer now, sir; we have the grave filled in."

At the touch O'Loughlin stood up and looked around him wildly, like one awakening from a horrible dream.

"The prayer," he gasped. "Of course—the prayer. Then in a piteous cry "Oh Moran, a mhic, my innocent boy, have I been cursing over your grave, you that never hurt man or beast, that never had a bad word in your mouth? Forgive me, oh God, and you Moran down in the cold clay, forgive me—forgive—"

The old man suddenly put his hand to his forehead, staggered uncertain for a moment—tried again to speak, then with a low, weak cry fell insensible into the strong arms of the Captain of the Hurlers.

THIS good story comes from Scotland. A traveler observing an ancient couple arguing and gesticulating in the road, in order to avert bloodshed asked the cause of the dispute. "We're no deesputin' at a'," answered the man; "we're baith o' the same mind. I hae got a half-crown in ma pouch, an' she thinks she's no gaun to get it—an' I think the same."

My Share O' The World.

My share o' the world,
With your brown head curled—
Close to my fond heart so cosily.
To the island of dreams
'Neath the pale moonbeams

You've flown on the wings of the
Sluagh sidhe.*

On the yellow strand
Of that bright dreamland,
Where day dies never, you'll wander
free,
Till your boat of pearl—
Like a silver curl,
On the green-streamed sea, bears
you back to me.

Then safe on my bosom
Oh, pink-white blossom
You'll rest till the night's dark wings
are furled,
When the dawn of your sleeping—
A blue eye peeping,

Shall greet me, a *leanbh*, my share
o' the world.

CATHAL O'BYRNE.

Beersbridge Road, Belfast.

**Sluagh sidhe*, pronounced *slua shee*, the fairy host.
† *leanbh*, pronounced *lhaniv*, child.

The Gaelic League In Longford.

THE little town of Longford, in the centre of Ireland, has two flourishing branches of the Gaelic League. Verily has the seed of Irish nationality taken root and a new soul is once more coming slowly but surely into the heart of Ireland. To us it is pleasant to read this cheering news. Longford was, until very recently, the most backward spot in Ireland so far as Irish national life and character were concerned. It was a stronghold of Anglicization and *scóinintem*, but the light of an Irish Ireland has penetrated the darkness and a new spirit is coming into the people. Thanks to the good work of Mr. Thomas J. O'Boyle (Conall Gulban), and his able and patriotic assistants, both ladies and gentlemen, who rank among the best known commercial and professional life in *Longphuirt uí Fhearghaill*, the ancient name of the county as well as the name by which the men's branch of the League is known.

Prominent among the Gaelic League workers in Longford we may mention Mr. Patrick Hanley, Mr. Thomas J. O'Boyle (Conall Gulban), Mr. F. R. O'Sullivan, Mr. Thomas O'Connell, Mr. J. Cullins; the Misses Thornton, O'Sullivan, McHugh, Vaughan and McNerney.

Classes for the study of the language are held at the rooms of the League, Market Square, for men, every evening except Saturday and Sunday; and for ladies at their club-room in Ballymahon Street, every Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Mr. O'Connell acts as instructor in the ladies' branch.

"The Roscommon Herald," which circulates largely in Longford, has done and continues to do splendid work for the advancement of the Gaelic League in that district. The editor is to be congratulated for the magnificent enterprise which characterizes every feature of his paper. The Gaelic Department, conducted by Conall Gulban, shows marks of scholarship and erudition not often met with in many of our pretentious metropolitan journals. *Béar duadh agus beannacht, a Chonaill calma, crodha, guithbhinn, Gulbain, agus saoghal fada dhuit!*





An Irishman's Impressions of a Feis Ceoil.



IN the last issue of this magazine we printed a clever sketch of a meeting at Galway between Mr. William Bulfin, editor of "The Southern Cross," Buenos Aires, and Dr. Douglas Hyde, Vice-President of the Gaelic League in Ireland. The story of their meeting and interruption by Mr. W. B. Yeats, the poet, was told very amusingly by Mr. Bulfin.

Later on, he attended the *Feis Ceoil*, held in Galway, and sent his impressions of the affair to his paper in Buenos Aires for publication. This description has at last reached us (by way of South America), and we present it to our readers as the impressions made on a long absent Irishman by a genuine Irish function.

We compliment Mr. Bulfin on his keen appreciation and felicity of expression, in describing the *Feis*.

"I was present during the greater part of the competitions on the 21st and I also attended the gala performance given on the same evening in the Town Hall. Dr. Hyde was for placing me on the platform with the Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack, Bishop of Galway, and Dr. O'Hickey and Edward Martyn and Fr. Considine, the leader of the Galway Gaels, but I managed to escape without courtesy and get in among the people.

"The Editor of *An Claidheamh Soluis* offered me a ticket for the reserved seats, but I begged to be allowed to decline it, and consequently I went in amongst the crowd in the gallery, and was thus in the best of positions to feel the pulse of the occasion as it were.

"During the competitions also I spent most of the time in the thick of

the audience. I wanted to find out at first hand what the people were thinking and saying; and the best way of doing that is to go quietly into a crowd with eyes and ears open.

"The singing competitions were of various kinds; men's solos, women's solos, quartettes, duets and choral singing. All were of great interest. I think the men's solos attracted most attention. The hero of the contest was Padraic Barret, of Galway. Another fine singer was Seamus O'Brennan, of Roscommon. Nicholas O'Halloran, of Galway, also sang remarkably well.

"There were over a dozen competitors and not one of them sang badly. The palm was awarded to Padraic Barrett. His style was the old, melodious, traditional Irish style. He sang, as all Irish traditional singers do, without accompaniment. It was in listening to Padraic that I made a discovery. We have not lost the traditional style of singing in my own part of the country, although we have lost the language. The lilt of the milkmaid and the ploughman and the strains of the parish singers at wedding or dance are all in the traditional style. The airs are the same, although they are allied to English words. There is a great deal of melody in this style. The notes dovetail into one another like the notes of a 'cello.

"Compared with modern singing wherein harmony has so frequently the advantage over melody, Irish traditional singing is the 'cello compared to the piano. The Galway audience left no doubt on my mind as to which style they preferred. They were unanimous in favor of traditional singing. The singers who sang Irish airs to the accompaniment of the piano, and phrased their vocalism in the modern way were applauded, but they evoked no real enthusiasm. They could not touch the hearts of the people as the traditional singers did. In the modern style the singer cannot al-

ways be understood. His words are drowned in his notes. But in traditional singing the vocalist can be understood perfectly. Every word is distinct.

"The judges take three things into consideration—time, correctness of air, and correctness of pronunciation. I believe they give as many marks for correctness of pronunciation as for correctness of air. Dr. Hyde, Miss O'Farrelly, and all the scholastic Gaels whom I interrogated on this question said that the modern style will not do at all. It can only give negative results and will have to be discarded for the traditional style.

"The dancing would put motion into the feet of a marble statue. Of course the music was excellent. It came from the bag-pipes. I ought to tell you that first there was a bag-pipe competition between Denis Delaney, of Ballinasloe, Peter McDonagh, of Galway, and Martin Reilly, of Galway.

"It was a fine thing to see the Gaels leading in the pipers, for the three musicians were blindmen. The competition included three pieces—an air, a reel and a jig. The pipers were three noted men in their art and each played his best. Martin Reilly won, but no one was surprised at this, as he has the name of being the best piper in Ireland. The rule is that the piper who is declared the winner in the pipe competition is chosen to play for the dancing. Each competitor tells the piper what to play, and with good music, a favorite tune, and a perfect floor, the performance could not be anything but splendid.

"The only competitors were from Galway and they were all of the gentler sex. There were six in all—one married woman and five girls. With one exception they were all from the Claddagh. It was a beautiful sight. The girls were dressed in red skirts and the old-fashioned yellow shawls. They were all typically and beautifully

Irish in face and form—some were only nine or ten years old, some were nearly twenty. But such eyes and hair and such complexions and expressions you would go far to equal. The Claddagh people are of a splendid race, and their women are amongst the comeliest in Europe.

"The winner of the prize was Mrs. O'Toole. Her dancing was wonderful—a poem. They were all excellent dancers, but she was easily the best, in style, grace, and time. There was a little daughter of hers in the competition and she would have been awarded the second prize only she danced too quick. The piper played his quickest reel and jig, but she was before him. The dancing competition also included a four-handed reel. The audience cheered themselves hoarse over the heel-and-toe and the bag-pipes. I have rarely seen such enthusiasm anywhere.

"The single reels and jigs were danced by each competitor upon a raised dais about six feet square, so that each step could be seen; and as the notes of the pipes were shaken out in mad melodiousness the dancer threw herself into the spirit of the music and forgot all about the judges and about the crowd. She seemed to be cutting notes out of the floor, and kicking them here and there with her flying feet.

"Such tip-toeing, crossing, and doubling I never saw before. When it was all over I found myself roaring with the rest, and with somebody's child held at arms' length above my head so that she might see the fun. The child's father was taking her back from me. He had been holding another of the children himself. He said a whole lot to me in Irish, and the eyes of him were fairly ablaze with merriment, but to my shame I didn't know what it was.

"My God! If I could only understand you!" I said—but I said it in Spanish. It is at such moments that an Irishman feels most keenly the shame of not knowing his own language. I have learned some of it since I came home, but it is only by practice that you can acquire any degree of facility in speaking it. That is of course the only way to acquire facility in any language.

"I want to tell you something now about Irish drama, that is, about drama written in the Irish language and in an Irish spirit. The day is coming, if indeed it has not already come, when there will be no need to particularize an Irish production by saying that it

is Irish in language and spirit. Already you will hear people saying: "He's an Irishman," meaning "he's an Irish speaker." They imply the distinction unconsciously. But of these matters I will write more fully later on when I have verified all my observations made up to the present. Suffice it to say that events are marching rapidly in Irish Ireland, development crowds upon development, and a complete and fundamental revolution of Irish thought is going on.

"The drama which was presented to the public for the first time at the Feis Connacht was a little one-act piece by Dr. Douglas Hyde, entitled 'An Posadh' (The Wedding). The plot is simple, but the motif is very human and, in elaborating it, the author brings out some of the best points of the Irish character.

"There is a newly wedded pair who are in some trouble. They are very, very poor, and it is the evening of their wedding day. The husband's poverty disagreeably surprises the wife, who fancied that he was 'snug.' She gives expression to some feelings of disappointment on finding herself in his squalid home, but he tries to comfort her by reminding her that they are the whole world to each other. She is trying to find consolation in this and is preparing their extremely frugal meal of bread and boiled eggs, when a stranger arrives. The stranger is the hero of the piece—Raftery, the blind Connacht poet. He is famishing for the want of food which he has not tasted for twelve hours, and the fiddle which he carries trembles in his feeble hands as he lays it on the table and takes the chair which they bring him. They give him their own meal and he eats it greedily. With true Irish hospitality they deprive themselves of food in order to feed the wandering stranger.

"The role of the blind poet was filled by Dr. Douglas Hyde, who is a born actor. The other parts were also creditably filled, so that even those who only understood a word or two here and there in the dialogue could still follow the argument of the play by the action alone.

"It appears that good luck followed anybody who was kind to Raftery, and that anybody upon whom he composed sarcastic verses was considered to have met with a misfortune. Anyhow, soon after Raftery begins to play his fiddle in honor of his kind hosts, presents begin to arrive. In comes one

neighbor to bring them a bag of flour as a wedding gift. Another follows with a bag of meal. Bacon, eggs, vegetables, pigs' feet, a fleece of wool for the carding, and other gifts come in rapid succession.

"Raftery sits there commenting on each gift as it arrives. He makes verses full of keen Irish wit on everything and everybody. As each neighbor delivers his gift to the wedded pair, Raftery asks him or her for a largesse. They do not refuse. They are all delighted to see him. They shake his hand in joy and sing his praises, and as he rolls out his versified laudations of them they put money on the little plate which he keeps near his elbow and shakes from time to time in order to remind them that he is open to receiving a little gift from his admirers.

"One old miser comes in with a few groceries for the wedded lovers, and all he gives Raftery is a pinch of snuff. Raftery makes such jokes about this that the miser is nearly laughed out of his senses. He upbraids the poet with his unkindness, but Raftery flies into a passion and tells him that unless he puts a sovereign on the plate there will be a poem made about him that will blacken his name in all Ireland down the ages to the fiftieth generation. Moreover, bad luck will follow him, and he will lose all his coin and cattle and land.

"The miser terrified by this shells out his sovereign, and then, after a dance to Raftery's playing, the guests depart. While the lovers are admiring all the good things which have come in, Raftery steals away, leaving the plateful of money behind him. They were kind to him; they gave him all they had. He will repay them; he gives them all he has to give of worldly wealth. When they find the plate and the money they are moved to tears at his kindness. They rush out to call him back, but he has disappeared—gone off on his rambles into the silent night.

"It is a beautiful piece. It moves you strangely, powerfully, deeply. There is laughter as well as tears in it. I don't know what the critics will say about it. But for my part I call it a work of genius. It is Irish through and through; and it is the highest of art in its sweet simplicity, in its helpful spirituality, and in its beautiful exposition of human life as men and women lived in Raftery's days. There is nothing gross or materialistic or im-

pure about it. The subject is holy, the treatment of it is a poem, the moral of it is a sermon.

"But if you were to see how they shouted and applauded, aye, and even cried when the play was finished. The author received an ovation which would make any one feel proud. They called him all the endearing Irish names they could think of as he stood there in his ragged toggery bowing with the serene and winsome grace which is his birthright. Then he spoke to them, and when the other items on the programme were over he spoke to them again. He spoke in Irish. Artful, playful, genius that he is, he thanked them Raftery-like, in verse, for their applause, and then when the time came to deliver a closing address, he turned to prose. I have rarely seen an audience so responsive.

"An Craobhín, as they call him, is one of the greatest moral forces that Ireland has known for a long time. And yet his leadership is suggested rather than positively enforced. He rules by love alone. In precept and example he is an Irish Irisher, and he gives to the cause with which he has so unselfishly allied himself the prestige of his splendid scholarship and of his undoubted genius. Yet he does not push himself forward. He has to be dragged. He never takes half the lead that his friends would cheerfully give him. He keeps as far as possible in the background. To what he may come I cannot say. But that his name is destined to live long and gloriously in the history of our land I am as certain as that the Irish revival movement is the coming force in Irish life.

"And now a closing word about Irish oratory. I can only judge of it, unfortunately, from two standpoints: the sound of it, and the effect it has upon an audience. I heard several Irish addresses at the *Fets*. All were in the same style. The accent of all the speakers was more or less the same. I learned too that each speaker dealt in plain, concise, practical ideas, and expressed them, in terse and vigorous modern Irish. So far so good. Here then is a plain statement of how all this sounded to a plain man.

"At first the sound of Irish oratory is a little harsh to the untrained and unaccustomed ear. But this is only for a moment or two. There is a deep note of passionate earnestness in the rugged majesty of the words, and there is a sledge-hammer power in the sonorous roll of the sentences. In the

Irish there are sounds as sibilant as the Italian, as mouth-filling as the Spanish, as nasal as the French, as gutteral as the German, as deep as the English. But the language resembles none of these. It appears to belong to another sphere altogether. It seems like a language which would disdain many of the assonances and cadences and rhythms that are tuneful only to the ear. It seems to have been coined laboriously by men who had grand and great and glowing things to say to each other. It bursts impetuously in huge masses of sound through the sense of hearing and knocks thunderously at the heart and soul of a man. And meantime it is not unmusical. It is not by any means flat or sharp. But there is no fluting about it. There is no whine in it. Its diapason is essentially masculine. It is the big organ among the languages, with many registers, able to run up and down the gamut of human feeling and touch every responsive fibre of being, and sound the depths of joy and sorrow, and rouse to lofty passion and to the noblest endeavor. This I say, from attentively listening to the sound of the language and observing its effects upon audiences who understood it.

"In singing, the Irish language is singularly sweet. It is not the Italian sweetness, nor the German sweetness (for the German, in song, is one of the most musical of languages). The sweetness in Irish song is unique, and you cannot describe it. It has a wondrous appeal in it. At the *Fets* the test song in one of the competitions was "Culifhionn" (Coulin). When Caitlin Ni Bhraonain (Miss Kathleen Brennan) sang it in the traditional style it pulled you all to pieces.

"In the grand concert at the Town Hall the choir from the Claddagh school sang the Shan Van Vocht. I never heard the silvery voices of children blended so melodiously. Their singing was something extraordinary. How such music could be evolved out of human speech was a mystery, and at the same time a revelation. But then so was the *Feis* itself. It was grand. Only for it my visit to Galway would have given me more bitterness of soul than I could have shaken off in a month. As it was, I left Galway with hope—for Galway and for Ireland."

Yorke An Incapable Critic.

IT happens frequently, that whenever a certain sort of writer attempts to ridicule someone who is his superior he succeeds merely in exposing his own ignorance. The Editor of the "Leader" of San Francisco apparently is seeking to get himself advertised by attacking others. If one may judge from his weekly abuse of Catholic universities, Catholic priests and Catholic lay editors, he is a sorehead of the first magnitude—the Supreme Grand Croak-frog of the Pacific Coast. In the latest issue of his self-styled "Leader" he remarks:

"The 'New World' of Chicago is weeping tears of joy. It has just learned by special dispatch over its own private wire—the shortest in the world—that Surgeon-General Robert of the Army is a practical Catholic. Its lacrimal torrent breaks over the levees, when it reflects that our own 'Jim' Smith is a good Catholic and that the first Assistant Postmaster General is a Catholic; and becomes a perfect deluge at the thought that Bishop Spalding of the Coal Miners' Strike Commission is a Catholic. Blow softly, ye zephyrs of Lake Michigan, and break gently the news that the Pope is a Catholic, and the Emperor of Austria and the King of the Belgians and the Queen Regent of Spain and the Negus of Abyssinia; break it gently lest the soulful lay editor of Chicago be drowned in his own tears."

This is unadulterated rot. It is unqualifiedly false that the 'New World' "learned by special dispatch over its own private wire" that Surgeon General O'Reilly is a Catholic. Second, no Catholic lay editor in this country would be such an absolute fool as to write of "the Queen Regent of Spain" since King Alfonso's accession to the throne. Third, King Leopold of Belgium is not a practical Catholic. Fourth, the Negus of Abyssinia is not a Catholic at all.

Such are the blunders of a cackling charlatan who, for months, has been abusing Catholic priests and laymen, the country over, through the columns of his execrable sheet. Whenever "The New World" desires advice as to how its pages ought to be conducted it will apply to someone more capable than the San Francisco philanderer. For years he has been showing his admiring friends that he is afflicted with elephantiasis; now he is merely showing them that his big head is very sore.—*The New World*, Chicago.



Don't fail to procure Mrs. WINLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for your Cildren while cutting teeth. It soon soothes the child, softens the gums, relieves all pain, cures whooping-cough, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

AN IDEALIST.

By Mary E. L. Butler.

MARGARET O'KELLY sat in a train speed-ing homewards. She leaned out of the window to catch the first breath of the bog-land air, and the color rushed back to her pale cheeks and the light to her quiet brown eyes as she recog-nized with delight the familiar objects which met her view.

It was good to be going home. She had been well content to work for a while in the city, but her heart had hungered all the time for home. Her thoughts were busy. She wanted to give herself up undisturbed to the enjoyment of thinking these thoughts. Her fellow-travelers had decided that the pretty, quiet looking girl, dressed simply but tastefully in dark blue Irish homespun, was unsociable when she declined their offers of magazines and gave abstracted replies to their re-marks, so they soon left her to her own devices. She proceeded to enjoy the greatest luxury of a person who is usually busy, an idle hour in which to do nothing but think over pleasant thoughts.

Margaret O'Kelly had been a teacher in a technical school in Dublin and for nearly a year she had not revisited her native village in the plains of Leinster. She was an orphan, the only child of Martin and Mary O'Kelly, who belonged

ed to the tenant family class, and she had been brought up by her uncle and aunt, Michael and Kate MacSweeney, who kept a small general shop. The MacSweeneyes were kind enough guardians if not very judicious ones, and they would have been satisfied if their niece had remained with them "to lend a hand with the shop," and to look after her younger cousins, till she "set up" in a house of her own. But Margaret's disposition was an independent one. She wished to be self-supporting. She therefore qualified herself as a teacher in a technical school, and having secured a post in Dublin, she set out to seek her fortune.

It was a wrench to tear herself away from the only place she knew, and where the only people she knew and cared for lived. She had never been strongly attached to her uncle and aunt, but she was fond of her little cousins and she was still fonder of some of her school companions and neighbors, while she reckoned among her best friends Father James Mac-Dermott, the parish priest, and Dr. Dan Delaney, the dispensing doctor. Both Father James and Dr. Dan could be gruff enough to those who did not gain their approval, but they had always a word and a smile for quiet little Margaret. Her sweet, serious ways and gentle good sense gained their good opinion, and Father James used to say that she had more in her than all the rest of the girls in the parish put together.

It was hard to say good-bye to all these friends but it was harder still to say good-bye to Denis O'Daly. On the evening that he and she clasped hands for the last time at the stile she knew in all its intensity the bitterness of parting. Denis and she had known each other all their lives, and had loved each other all their lives. It

IT WAS HARD TO SAY GOOD-BY.



seemed to Margaret that her love was part of herself. She could no more help loving Denis than she could help breathing. He had grown into her heart and until her heart ceased to beat it must beat in unison with his. Perhaps her nature was the higher and stronger of the two, but if his lacked anything she did not recognize the fact.

She had idealized him and invested him with all the qualities which she would have liked her lover to possess. The intensity of their feelings made words appear halting and inadequate, and they spoke little of their love, resting content in the assurance of one and their perfect comprehension. But on the last evening a long pent-up feeling gave way and found expression in vehement protestations on the man's side, in blinding tears on the girl's side. Holding her hands fast he begged her again and again not to forget him among all the new faces she would see and all the new friends she might make, and she said simply:

"Ah, sure Denis, you know well I was never one to change. I'll be true to you. Don't doubt me and I won't doubt you, either."

Denis took Heaven to witness that he would never change. Then for the first time in her life she let him take her in his arms and kiss her as his promised wife, and they walked home together through the fields, their hearts oppressed with a strange mixture of grief and gladness.

* * * * *

The year in Dublin passed quickly after all, as time fully occupied always does, and Margaret led an exceptionally busy life. Not only was her work in the school engrossing, but she had joined the ranks of the busiest body in the world, the Gaelic League, the members of which work harder "for love of the cause" than other people do for a livelihood.

Margaret immediately on her arrival in Dublin had been engulfed in a wave of enthusiasm which at that time was sweeping over the working classes in the capital, filling them with noble impulses and urging them to strenuous endeavors.

"Irish Ireland" was the rallying cry of the earnest enthusiastic souls with whom it was Margaret's good fortune to be thrown; "Irish Ireland" was the ideal which they had set themselves to realize. They counted no sacrifice except that of principle too great to make, no labor too tedious or exhaust-

ing to undertake, no obstacles too formidable to overcome, in order to realize the beautiful, grand ideal embodied in those two magic words "Irish Ireland."

The seed fell on good soil when the sowers planted it in Margaret's heart. She drank in eagerly the new doctrines, new to her and to so many others, but in reality old as Truth itself. She had always instinctively sought for the true and beautiful, and in the new gospel she found what she had longed for.

Margaret's first thought was: "How beautiful a prospect life is in the light of this new day." Her second thought was: "I must share my new-found treasure with Denis. Denis and I must share everything, feel everything, know everything together. Denis will be as eager and delighted as I am. I must write at once to tell Denis."

So she sat down to write to him, and tried to impart to him the inspiring knowledge which had come to her, laying her burning thoughts and hopes and fears, her longings and strivings for "the cause" before him whom she loved. Denis' reply was somewhat disappointing. It was not that he was not ready to endorse all that she said, but he did not seem to be able to entirely enter into her feelings.

"Whatever you say and think must be right, my dear," he wrote, "but I don't rightly understand your meaning yet. It's new and strange to me. We never hear that kind of talk down here. You have different ways and notions up in the city it seems, but I am sure when I hear it all from your lips and listen to your voice I'll understand things better—and I'll like whatever you like and think whatever you think, and do whatever you wish. It's dreary work waiting for you. I find it very hard to get on without you, dear. I wish the time could be hurried up between this and your holiday time, and I don't think I'll let you back again once I have you down here, that is if you can be satisfied for the rest of your days with such a dull place as this, and such a dull fellow as I am.

"I know I am not good enough for you, Margaret, but such as I am I trust you won't give me up for any of those 'Irish Irelanders' you talk about in your letter, whatever sort of people they may be. I am afraid I don't understand all your fine talk, but I love you truly."

Such was Denis' reply, and though

Margaret found it rather unsatisfactory she did not attribute its unsatisfactory character to any want in Denis, but to the defective manner in which she must have explained her "notions."

"It will be all right when we meet," she told herself. "With my hand in his I can tell him all so much better than I can write it. He will enter into my ideas then and we will be one in heart and mind, and we will devote our lives to working together towards the realization of my—of our ideal."

So the time passed till Margaret found herself on the train journeying homeward. When she reached the station it was with a pang of disappointment she found that Denis had not come to meet her, but she knew this feeling of disappointment to be unreasonable. Denis' father was what the neighbors called "a crusty old customer." He kept his sons hard at work on the farm, and holidays were few and far between with them. So Margaret told herself it was not Denis' fault that he had not come to meet her, and she comforted herself with the reflection that this evening at the old trysting place, the stile in the meadow, he and she would be clasping hands.

Mr. Michael MacSweeney, J. P., had driven to the station in his battered gig to meet his niece. Mr. MacSweeney, J. P., seemed to have grown stouter and more enlivened than ever, and to his fastidious niece his manners appeared even more commonplace than his looks. When the first greetings were exchanged Margaret lapsed into silence wondering uncomfortably if she would find all her home surroundings as uncongenial as she found her uncle, who distressed her very much by stopping at a public house for a drink on the way home, and annoyed and humiliated her by keeping her waiting in the trap quite ten minutes while he refreshed himself.

"Perhaps Aunt Kate and the children will be wiser," she reflected, but when she arrived at her destination she found that her other relatives were no "wiser" to her mind than the first specimen of the family she had encountered on her return.

She was welcomed home warmly but there was a restraint and lack of ease in the intercourse of the members of the household with the relative who had returned home after her prolonged absence. She and they moved on different planes.



MARGARET GOT A LETTER FROM DENIS.

Margaret heaved a sigh of discouragement, almost despair, as she looked around and saw the materials existing under this roof out of which Irish Ireland was to be built up. Shoddy, shoddy, everywhere. Nothing genuine, nothing original, nothing uplifting, nothing beautiful. She sighed again as she looked at the trashy books on the parlor table, at the daubs of pictures on the walls, at the inane songs piled on the jingling, tuneless piano, and finally at the children, Sylvia and Sylvester, living witnesses of their parents' stupid vulgarity.

The MacSweeney's downward progress might be traced in the nomenclature of their children. The two eldest were called by family names; Annie, after her maternal grandmother, and Coleman after his paternal grandfather, while the two younger were called Sylvia and Sylvester after the hero and heroine of a favorite novelette of their mother's.

Mrs. MacSweeney, garbed in a greasy black silk dress sat all day in the stuffy, untidy parlor behind the shop reading fashion journals and novelties from which retirement she emerged to attend to customers when the latter announced their presence by

rapping on the shop counter. She then, in the intervals of gossiping, dealt out shoddy foreign manufactured goods to the neighbors, and neither shop-keeper nor customer ever gave a thought to the fact that they were helping to strangle the life out of their unfortunate country.

The atmosphere in which Margaret found herself was anything but invigorating, but she kept her heart up as well as she could, hoping and yearning for a word about Denis. When would it come? She could not summon up courage to ask for him, but she longed with heart-sick longing to hear what she shyly shrank from asking. The word was spoken soon enough in the end.

"Did you hear the news about your old friend Denis O'Daly?" asked Mrs. MacSweeney. "He sailed for the States last week."

It was the same world as it had been before Mrs. MacSweeney spoke. The same to everyone else except Margaret. It would never be the same again to her. Her ideal was shattered. Denis, in whom she had believed, Denis whom she had loved, Denis had failed her. But it was necessary to face life still. To meet Mrs. MacSweeney's inquisitive

glance with a smiling face and make an apparently careless rejoinder to that announcement which had changed the whole outlook of her life. She succeeded in keeping up an appearance of indifference for the remainder of the evening, with that extraordinary faculty of dissimilation which the most candid and sincere of women are endowed with on occasion. Outraged pride, stronger even than love, overmasters pain and stifles its expression.

Margaret kept up bravely as long as she was with the others. At length the longed-for release came. She pleaded fatigue and escaped to the peace and quietness of her own room. For hours she wrestled with her grief, shedding the bitterest tears that can fall to the lot of anyone to shed, the tears of the disillusioned lover who must still live though belief in the Beloved has departed. The grey light of early morning was creeping in through the chinks of the shutters when at length, thoroughly worn out, she fell into a troubled sleep.

When Margaret awoke she had a strange numb feeling in her heart, she felt she could never be the same again. All the buoyancy and brightness had been crushed out of her life. She had hitherto lived in and for another, that other had failed her. Henceforth she could no longer live but merely exist.

A few days after her arrival home Margaret got a letter from Denis written from New York. He gave a lame explanation of his conduct and apologized for it shamefacedly. He declared that he could no longer stand the "deadly dullness of the life at home; no pleasure, no variety, nothing but one dreary round, one day the same as another, and no improvement to look forward to; nothing but poverty and monotony for the rest of his days.

"So I just cut and ran," he said. "I never want to see the place again or the people in it except yourself. I want you as much as ever. I hope you will come out to me when I get on and make my way a bit. Truth to tell I was afraid to face saying good-bye to you so I cleared off the week before you were expected home. I know you have got some notions into your head about it not being right for people to emigrate if they can help it. You said something in one of your letters about it being 'treason to the motherland,' but I think that is a nonsensical notion and I hope you will get to see things as I do and come out to me as soon as

I am able to send for you, and leave the old dull life of drudgery forever behind. Till then believe that I am always Your devoted,

"DENIS."

Margaret tore the letter up into shreds and never answered it. She would have liked to have torn the writer out of her heart, but she could not do so, try as she might. She devoted herself with feverish energy during her holidays to her missionary work as an apostle of Irish Ireland. She worked tirelessly and incessantly to spread the light amongst those who dwelt in darkness, and this town-land was in inky darkness.

The result of her labors was that a rather spasmodic little branch of the Gaelic League was started, and that a preliminary meeting to discuss the formation of a co-operative industry was held. A village library and reading room were also mooted, and a committee formed to give prizes for the best-kept cottage garden and home-stead in the neighborhood. The influence of the girl gradually began to make itself felt. Some, including her own relatives, remained impervious to argument and entreaty, but others took kindly to the new Gaelic doctrines. Among her disciples was Edward Kiernan, the local national school teacher, who humbly worshipped her. He was a fine type of young Irishman, and would have been a fitting mate for Margaret if she had met him in time. It was now too late. She could not love and unlove at will.

Margaret's two firm friends, Father James and Dr. Dan, saw plainly how matters stood, and their hearts grew sore and wrathful as they noticed the girl growing thinner and whiter every day.

One day Father James met Margaret taking a solitary walk. He stopped her and said bluntly without any preamble: "Child, he is not worth a trainin'. Why do you trouble your head about him? Why do you vex your heart over a good for nothing fellow who isn't fit to black your boots?"

Margaret's wan face blushed.

"Don't say anything against him, please, Father James," she said imploringly. "I would rather hear myself abused than hear a word against him. We women are made that way. Yes, I know it is very foolish, but we can't help ourselves. Once we care we have to keep on caring to the end, no matter what happens."

"God help you, girl, if that's the way

with you," the old priest said gruffly, hurrying so that she would not see that he was moved. When he went home he sat down at once to write a letter to Denis O'Daly.

"Margaret O'Kelly is here," he wrote. "If you have a grain of sense in your head, which I very much doubt, and if you are not utterly good for nothing—which I very much fear you are—you will take your passage home as soon as you get this letter, and ask the girl to overlook your conduct, which to my mind, is inexcusable, and to marry you. She is far too good for you. I don't at all like the idea of her throwing herself away on you. If she took my advice she would not do so. However, if she does care for you all that I can say is that you should be thankful for the good fortune which has been sent to such an undeserving fellow, the love of a good noble-hearted woman, and do your best to repay it by devoting the rest of your life to her. Needless to say she does not know I am writing to you."

Father James dashed this letter off without pausing to reflect, and without reading it closed, addressed and posted it. Then he sallied off to pay a visit to his old friend Dr. Dan.

"I want your professional opinion of Margaret O'Kelly. I am afraid she does not look very robust lately," he remarked in his usual brusque manner. Dr. Dan replied with equal brevity. "She is fretting herself into the next world."

Father James gave vent to an exclamation of consternation, while Dr. Dan blew his nose violently and looked a degree gruffer than usual. After a moment Father James asked: "What's to be done?"

"I can't prescribe for her. The only remedy would be for that worthless, backboneless scamp, Denis O'Daly, to return home."

"I have sent for him," announced Father James quietly.

"Hum," commented the doctor, "I suppose it was the best thing to do under the circumstances, but I do wish she could put him out of her head and start life afresh. She is infinitely his superior. Margaret O'Kelly was always a girl above the average. There isn't another girl in the parish like her. It's most unlucky that she should have leaned on such a broken reed as Denis has proved, instead of turning to some one like Edward Kiernan, as fine a natured young fellow as ever stepped."

"I don't pretend to understand anything about these matters," the priest

declared, "but it has always seemed to me one of the most inexplicable things in human nature that the best women often give the most enduring devotion to the most good for nothing men. To me it is unaccountable, but perhaps you can account for it."

But Dr. Dan declared himself equally at a loss to account for the unaccountable.

"One feels angry when people behave so irrationally, but one is sorry for them all the same," he said. "I am truly sorry for poor Margaret."

"Poor Margaret indeed! As time went by her face grew whiter, her look more listless, her heart heavier. She found the burden of her life greater than she could bear, and rejoiced with a strange unhappy satisfaction to feel that the burden was slipping from her.

After an interval Denis replied to Father James' letter. His answer was a lengthy one. He took pages upon pages in which to explain and excuse himself. But the upshot of his explanations was that he could not face the dull life of a country village in Ireland. If Margaret came out to him he would be very glad, but he could not come home."

Father James was never so indignant in his life. "That is the first time I ever interfered in a matter of the kind and it will be the last time I will do so," he declared to Dr. Dan. "In future I will confine myself to minding my own avocation in life. I can do no good, only harm by going outside my own sphere of action. But I am sorrier than ever for the girl. Heaven help her."

Margaret knowing nothing of the negotiations which had been conducted on her behalf had made up her mind that there was no chance of matters ever righting themselves. She had almost ceased to wish that they might come right, since she had realised what Denis was made of. And yet—mystery of feminine human nature—the love of her heart survived the disillusionment of her mind.

She returned to her work in the school in Dublin at the end of her holidays, but only for a while. Dr. Dan was right. She fretted herself into the next world.

Six months later Father James cabled to Denis O'Daly in New York: "If you want to see Margaret alive come at once."

A few weeks afterward a quiet funeral wound its way to the village churchyard. There were white flowers on the coffin and many men and women followed weeping and lamenting. The schoolmaster was among the crowd but did not join in the noisy demonstrations of sorrow. His feeling was too deep for words. Father James and Dr. Dan walked home together in silence. On their way they met a young man walking hastily, sobbing convulsively and unrestrainedly, and seeming half mad with grief.

"You are too late," the priest told him gravely. "She has gone to a land where at length she is happy and where only the highest ideals can be realized."

Irish History in American Schools.



HERE is a growing demand for books (in English) relating to Irish history and literature. The study of Irish history is being introduced into many American parochial schools, and in consequence, a new interest in Irish literary matters has become apparent and is being felt.

When a demand arose for books on Irish history which could be placed in the hands of Irish-American school children, there were few to select from, but after considerable research it was found that the series of books written by Dr. P. W. Joyce came nearer to filling the requirements than any other works, and they were eventually approved and are now in general use in all American schools where Irish history is taught.

Dr. P. W. Joyce, the eminent Irish scholar and historian, is a prominent figure in Irish literature. His contributions to Irish history and literature are many. Among his best known works are "A Short History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to 1608"; "A Concise History of Ireland, from the Earliest Times to 1837"; "The Origin and History of Irish Names of Places"; "Old Celtic Romances"; "Ancient Irish Music," and his especially popular and latest books, "Child's History of Ireland" and "A Reading Book in Irish History," etc.

It is interesting to note that Dr. Joyce's "Child's History of Ireland" was adopted not long since as a supplementary reading in the public schools of the city of Chicago. There seems to be quite a tendency in schools throughout the country to recognize the subject of Irish history in the schools.

"A Reading Book in Irish History" contains a mixture of Irish history, biography and romance. A knowledge of the history of the country is conveyed partly in special historical sketches, partly in notes under the illustrations, and partly through the biography of important personages, who

flourished at various periods, from St. Bridget down to the great Earl of Kildare.

The following extracts showing the manner in which Irish music and musicians were appreciated by our ancestors, are taken from that work:

ANCIENT IRISH MUSIC.

From the most remote times the Irish took great pleasure in music, they studied and cultivated it so successfully that they became celebrated everywhere for their musical skill. Irish teachers of this art were thought so highly of that from about the seventh to the eleventh century, or later, they were employed in colleges and schools in Great Britain and on the Continent, like Irish professors of other branches of learning (see p. 47). Many of the early missionaries took great delight in playing on the harp, so that some brought a small harp with them on their journeys through the country, which no doubt lightened many a weary hour during the time of hard missionary work. In our oldest manuscript books, music is continually mentioned; and musicians are spoken of with respect and admiration.



P. W. JOYCE, LL. D.

The two chief instruments used in Ireland were the harp and the bagpipe. The harp was the favorite with the higher classes, many of whom played it as an accomplishment, as people now play the piano. The professional Irish harpers were more skilful, and could play better than those of any other country; so that for hundreds of years it was the custom for the musicians of Great Britain to visit Ireland in order to finish their musical education, a custom which continued down to about a century and a half ago.

The bagpipe was very generally used among the lower classes of people. The form in use was what we now call the Highland or Scotch pipes—slung from the shoulder, the bag inflated by the mouth. But this form of pipes took its rise in Ireland, and it was brought to Scotland in early ages by those Irish colonists already spoken of (page 5). There is another and a better kind of bagpipes, now common in Ireland, resting on the lap when in use, and having the bag inflated by a bellows, but this is a late invention.

The Irish musicians had various "styles," three of which are frequently mentioned in tales and other ancient Irish writings; of these many specimens have come down to the present day. The style they called "mirth-music" consisted of lively airs, which excited to merriment and laughter. These are represented by our present dance tunes, such as jigs, reels, horn-pipes, and other such quick, spirited pieces which are known so well in every part of Ireland.

The "sorrow-music" was slow and sad, and was always sung on the occasion of a death. We have many airs belonging to this style which are now commonly called Keens, i. e., laments, or dirges. The "sleep-music" was intended to produce sleep, and the tunes belonging to this style were plaintive and soothing. Such airs are now known as lullabies, or nurse tunes, or cradle songs, of which numerous examples are preserved in collections of Irish music. They were often sung to put children to sleep. Though there

are, as has been said, many tunes belonging to these three classes, they form only a small part of the great body of Irish music.

Music entered into many of the daily occupations of the people. There were special spinning-wheel songs, which the women sang, with words, in chorus or in dialogue, when employed in spinning. At milking time the girls were in the habit of chanting a particular sort of air, in a low gentle voice. These milking songs were slow and plaintive, something like the nurse tunes, and had the effect of soothing the cows and making them submit more gently to be milked. This practice was common down to fifty or sixty years ago, and many people now living can remember seeing cows grow restless when the song was interrupted, and become again quiet and placid when it was resumed. When plowmen were at their work they whistled a sweet, slow and sad strain, which had as powerful an effect in soothing the horses at their hard work as the milking songs had on the cows, and these also were quite usual till about half a century ago.

Special airs and songs were used during working time by smiths, by weavers, and by boatmen. There were besides hymn tunes, and young people had simple airs for all sorts of games and sports. In most cases words suitable to the several occasions were sung with lullabies, laments and occupation tunes. The poem at page 83, (Deirdre's Lament for the Sons of Usna) may be taken as a specimen of a lament. Examples of all the preceding classes of melodies will be found in the collections of Irish airs by Bunting, Petrie and Joyce.

The Irish had numerous war marches which the pipers played at the head of the clansmen when marching to battle, and which inspired them with courage and dash for the fight. This custom is still kept up by the Scotch, and many fine battle-tunes are printed in Irish and Scotch collections of national music.

From the preceding statement we may see how universal was the love of music in former days among the people of Ireland. Though Irish airs, compared with the musical pieces composed in our time, are generally short and simple, they are constructed with such skill, that in regard to most of them it may be truly said, no composer of the present day can produce airs of a similar kind to equal them.

There are half a dozen original col-

lections of Irish music, containing in all between 1,000 and 2,000 airs; other collections are mostly copied from these. But numerous airs are still sung and played among the people all through Ireland, which have never been written down, and many have been written down which have never been printed. Thomas Moore composed his beautiful songs to old Irish airs, and his whole collection of songs and airs—well known as "Moore's Melodies"—is now published in one small cheap volume.

Of the entire body of Irish airs that are preserved we know the authors of not more than about one-tenth, and these were composed within the last 200 years. Most of the remaining nineteenth have come down from old times. No one now can tell who composed the popular airs known as "The Coolin," "Savourneen Dheelish," "Shule Aroon," "Molly Asthore," "Garryowen," "The Boyne Water," "Patrick's Day," "Langolee," "The Blackbird," or "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and so of many other well-known and lovely airs.

The national music of Ireland and that of Scotland are very like each other, and many airs are common to both countries, but this is only what might be expected, as we know that the Irish and the Highland Scotch were originally one people.

(From Joyce's "Reader in Irish History," price 50 cents. By special permission of Longmans, Green & Co., Publishers.)

"**I**RISH Reading Lessons" is the title of a series of neatly printed books compiled by Miss Norma Borthwick, one of the most enthusiastic Gaelic workers in Dublin.

Parts I., II. and III. of the series have been issued by the Irish Book Co., Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin, and are sold for ninepence for the three.

Miss Borthwick has attempted to provide an easy method of learning Irish for three classes of learners—Irish-speaking children, adult Irish speakers who wish to read Irish, and English speakers of all ages who wish to learn Irish.

Miss Borthwick has based the arrangement of the lessons on her own knowledge of the difficulties confronting the student who wants to read Irish. She has submitted the lessons to the Rev. Peter O'Leary, P. P., and that eminent Irish scholar and writer has expressed his full approval of them. The books are copiously and strikingly illustrated by Mr. Jack B. Yeats.

DENVIR'S Monthly Irish Library

An Illustrated Publication on Original and Striking Lines.

IRISH HISTORY, POETRY, BIOGRAPHY, AND LITERATURE.

Each Number consists of a complete Booklet by a popular writer

Articles—Essays—Reviews—Sketches

GAEIC PAGE

BY EMINENT IRISH SCHOLARS, Etc.

The following are the "Books of the Month" in the Numbers for 1902:

Jan. - "Thomas Davis." By W. P. Ryan.
Feb. - "Hugh O'Neill, the Great Ulster Chieftain."
Mar. - "Ireland's Appeal to America." Mich'l Davitt
April - "Irish Fairy Legends and Mythical Stories."
May - "John Boyle O'Reilly." By Wm. James Ryan.
June - "John Mitchel." By John Bannon.
July - "Art McMurrough." By Daniel Crilly.
Aug. - "Owen Roe O'Neill." By John Denivir.
Sept. - "Robert Emmet." By John Hand.
Oct. - "Daniel O'Connell." By Sileas Donard.
Nov. - "Rescue of Kelly and Deasy." By I. R. B.
Dec. - "Dr. John O'Donovan." By Thos. Flannery.

Price, 5c. each, or 50c. per dozen.

Address: THE GAEL, 140 Nassau St.,
NEW YORK.

Relic of Archbishop Plunkett.

A STRABANE man writes us as follows: Seeing in your "National Calendar" of this week an account of the "trial," and death of Archbishop Plunkett I take the liberty of drawing your attention to the fact that the head of the great martyr is preserved in the Dominican Convent in Drogheda. I had the privilege of seeing the interesting relic about eight months ago, and it is certainly a wondrous sight.

The head, which is in a glass case, is well preserved, and has suffered little from the ravages of time, and but for the brown color I might say is life like, it is certainly more like the living head than those weird wax features which abound in our wax works.

If the Archbishop succumbed to his enemies in life he certainly triumphed over them in death, for nowhere do we find even a trace of their resting place, and their names are almost forgotten, yet in this beautiful convent in Drogheda, after the lapse of 221 years, his head is still to be seen reminding us that although God may allow the enemies of his friends to conquer in this life yet he will raise up to their memory monuments which will endure for ever. The good nuns of the convent are willing at any time to allow visitors to inspect this relic.

—*The Derry People.*

Digitized by Google



By W. J. Lawrence, Belfast.

ALTHOUGH several crude attempts had been made as early as the days of Dekker and Ben Jonson to create laughter at the expense of the wild Irish. Paddy's prominence on the stage as a *persona grata* to the dramatist dates no farther back than the year 1665, when Sir Robert Howard's play, "The Committee," first saw the light.

When we take into consideration the abiding influence the character of Teague in this piece

had upon subsequent delineators of Milesian idiosyncrasy, it is interesting to note that the honest, simple-minded fellow was a study from the life.

When we take into consideration the abiding influence the character of Teague in this piece had upon subsequent delineators of Milesian idiosyncrasy, it is interesting to note that the honest, simple-minded fellow was a study from the life.

In the Duke of Norfolk's "Anecdotes of the Howard Family," we learn that "when Sir Robert was in Ireland his son was imprisoned here by the Parliament for some offence committed against them. As soon as Sir Robert heard of it he sent one of his domestics (an Irishman) to England with despatches to his friends, in order to procure the enlargement of his son.

He waited with great impatience for the return of this messenger, and when he at length appeared with the agreeable news that his son was at liberty, Sir Robert, finding that he had then been several days in Dublin, asked him the reason of his not coming to him before. The honest Hibernian answered him with great exultation that he had been all the time spreading the news, and getting drunk for joy among

his friends. He, in fact, executed his business with uncommon fidelity and despatch; but the extraordinary effect which the happy issue of his embassy had on poor Paddy was too great to suffer him to think with any degree of prudence of anything else.

The excess of his joy was such that he forgot the impatience and anxiety of a tender parent, and until he gave his own delight sufficient vent among all his intimates, he never thought of imparting the news where it was most wanted and desired. From this, Sir Robert took the first hint of that odd composition of fidelity and blunders which he has so humorously worked up in the character of Teague."

So much vitality was there in the characterization that the humors of Teague—admirably rendered by a long line of clever players from Lacy, Estcourt and Tony Aston, to Macklin, Joe Miller and Jack Johnstone—preserved the comedy on the acting list at the patent theatres down to the end of the eighteenth century. Even the germ of the play expanded into new life through being transplanted by Knight, the actor (in 1797), into a farce called "The Honest Thieves," in which the

good-humored, blundering Celt became the moving spirit.

Passing over Thomas Shadwell's malignant portraiture of the Irish priesthood in his two political plays, "The Lancashire Witches" and "The Amorous Bigot," as aspersions which played their part in sowing the seeds of dissension between the sister countries, we find ourselves landed, oddly enough, at Bartholomew Fair, where, at Saffry's booth, in the year 1682, was enacted an incomparable entertainment called "The Royal Voyage; or the Irish Expedition," in which the momentous struggle between England and the last of the Stuarts had vigorous if not somewhat flippant treatment. The play is full of "alarms and excursions," and much fun is made of the cowardice and indifferent soldiering of several supposititious Milesians.

Occasionally we note a feeble striving after local color, as in the scene of the Irish camp, wherein a funeral is represented with "tapers, crones and dirges and two fat friars singing and praying for his soul." Round the grave gather the friends of the departed one, tearing their hair, throwing up dirt, and indulging in a lyrical lament after the following manner:

"Ah, Brother Teague, why didst thou go?
Whillilla, lilla, lilla, lilla, lilla, lilla,
loo!
And leave thy friends in grief and woe,
Aboo, aboo, aboo, aboo, aboo, aboo,
aboo!
Hadst thou not store of household
stuff?
Potatoes and usquebagh enough,
Aboo, aboo, aboo, aboo, aboo, aboo,
aboo!"

So little respect did the author of this production pay to the Unity of Place, that the ghost of Aristotle must have haunted him forever after. In truth, "The Royal Voyage" is perplexingly panoramic in construction, the scene shifting rapidly from Enniskillen to Londonderry, and thence to Dundalk, Newry, Belfast, Carrickfergus and Bangor Bay.



MR. JACK JOHNSTONE.

From an Engraving by Martyn in Hibernian Magazine.



MR. O'REILLY AS "FATHER LUKE."

Departing willingly from such an atmosphere, we come to Farquhar's comedy of "The Twin Rivals," which, as presented at Drury Lane in 1703, refreshingly reproduces our old friend Teague. Although kept off the scene until the third act, the droll takes a by no means inconspicuous part in the action, and proves on acquaintance to be a very humorous specimen of the lower class Milesian. Bubbling over with mother wit, he is asked how he intends to live at a juncture when his master has just experienced a rude reversal of fortune. "By eating, dear joy," he replies, "fen I can get it, and by sleeping fen I can get none—tish the fashion of Ireland."

When Richard Brinsley Sheridan's father was a boy at school, somewhere about the year 1740, he wrote a farce called "Captain O'Blunder; or The Brave Irishman," basing his plot on the "Pourceaugnac" of Moliere. As most pieces in which poor Paddy had previously figured had held him up to view in somewhat unfavorable light, small wonder that even an unpretentious trifling presenting a good-humored treatment of a blundering, affected native met with a hearty reception from an alert Dublin audience. Throughout the illimitable domains of France nothing funnier is to be found than the scene in which the Captain, chaf-

ing under the indignity thrust upon him by the miserable little Frenchman, his rival in love, who has called him "praty-face," makes the quaking whipper-snapper consume a fine, raw specimen of the esculent tuber.

Isaac Sparks, the original Captain O'Blunder, was so popular in the character in Dublin that public-house signs of him as the brave Irishman abounded. One day, in coming out of a tavern he passed under one of these and a chair-man standing by, looking first at the original with great admiration and



MR. ISAAC SPARKS AS FOIGARD IN "THE BEAUX STRATAGEM."

then at the copy, vociferated: "Oh, there you are, above and below!" We present a portrait of Sparks in another of his Irish characters, Foigard, in "The Beaux Stratagem."

Sheridan's farce is otherwise noteworthy from the fact that its central figure formed the prototype of Sir Callagan O'Brallaghan in Macklin's famous comedy, "Love à la Mode." The knight was originally acted by Moody, who is said to have been the first player to bring the stage Irishman into repute, and to render the character one of a distinct line, whereby a performer might acquire position and moderate fame. But, as Lady Morgan once re-

marked, before the days of Cumberland's Major O'Flagherty, English audiences were satisfied with poor acting in Irish parts, "for they had not yet got beyond the conventional delineation of Teague and Father Foigard, types of Irish savagery and Catholic Jesuitism."

When Hugh Kelly, that redoubtable champion of sentimental insipidities, had his "School for Wives" produced at Drury Lane in 1774, it was found that the man who first drew breath at Killarney had sketched an excellent Irishman in the muddle-headed, whole-souled Connolly, without betraying partiality on the one hand, or descending into caricature on the other. It is matter of common theatrical history that when Sheridan's maiden effort, "The Rivals," was produced at Covent Garden in January 1775, the play was well-nigh damned through the incompetence of Lee, who was cast for Sir Lucius. When the role was given to Clinch, the atmosphere cleared at once, the comedy gaining life, and the actor reputation by the change.

Early in March, 1803, a play was produced at Covent Garden which, to adopt the words of Boaden, "seized upon general admiration as a charm, and has held it as by a patent." The piece was none other than Colman's comedy of "John Bull," in which handsome Jack Johnstone represented Dennis Bulgruddery, and sang a whimsical epilogue to an old Irish air. Although



MR. ROCK AS THE IRISHMAN.

Digitized by Google

only a poor devil of an innkeeper with a rascally wife, Dennis considers himself "a jintleman" because he was "brought up to the church"; which, being interpreted, means that as a lad he "opened the pew doors in Belfast," and lost his situation for snoring so loud during sermon time as to awaken the rest of the congregation!

Down to the close of the eighteenth century the stage has seen a vast amount of Irish characterization but practically no Irish drama. Of early plays with a distinctively Irish atmosphere one can only recall Shirley's "Saint Patrick for Ireland" (1640) and Macklin's clever satire, "The True-Born Irishman; or Irish Fine Lady" (1760). Hence it was that the stage Irishman was shown for the most part in uncongenial surroundings, a bright gem in indifferent setting. So much of caricature often crept into the portraiture that there were characters like the Captain O'Cutter of Colman's "Jealous Wife" (1761), that not even the most complacent of Dublin audiences would tolerate.

To the building up of Irish drama proper many circumstances contributed. With the taking off of Jack Johnstone, adequate exponents of the chivalrous-minded Irish gentleman became rare birds on earth, and very like black swans. There were twenty Teagues for one Sir Lucius. Irish chivalry could no longer be embodied, and the dramatist had perforce to fall back upon the unfailing supply of Irish humor. Admitted that high tragic flights were eventually reached, as in the "Brian Boromh" of Sheridan Knowles and "The Warden of Galway" of the Rev. Edward Groves, still the record of Irish drama in the nineteenth century is purely a record of melodrama and farce. Its trend in the beginning was largely influenced by the Union, which by dint of making absenteeism fashionable, and of creating discord between landlord and tenant, gave to the Irish playwright a plentiful supply of incident and characterization.

Irish drama proper, however, may be said to have owed its origin and derived its inspiration from the vogue of the novels of Lady Morgan, Maria Edgeworth, Gerald Griffin, Lever and Samuel Lover. So early as 1831 Griffin's profoundly tragic tale, "The Collegians" (eventually to be the source of "The Colleen Bawn"), had been dramatized for performance at Chapman's City Theatre, in Milton Street;

Cripplegate. Moreover, the chicanery of middlemen and laxity of absentee landlords had formed the theme of "The Irishman's Home," as produced at the Westminster Theatre, in Tothill Street, London, in May, 1833. Apart from these tentative efforts, however, the immediate sponsors of Irish melodrama were assuredly Buckstone, Boucicault and Edmund Falconer.

Transferred with the red corpuscles

of the people, the conventional stage Irishman gained new life at the hands of Dion Boucicault, that master of his craft, who endowed the type with imagination as well as wit, pathos as well as humor. If no one has taken his place, or shown earnest of being able to carry on his work, we must console ourselves philosophically with the reflection that the century plant only blossoms once in a hundred years.

Gaelic League Publications.

THE Publication Committee of the Gaelic League in Ireland met on Monday, December 1st, Mr. J. H. Lloyd in the chair. Also present were Miss A. O'Farrelly, M.A.; Messrs. Seamus O'Kelly, B. A.; Eamonn O'Neill, B. A.; S. J. Barrett, and P. H. Pearse, B. A., B. L. Mr. P. O'Daly, general secretary, was also in attendance. It was reported that since the last meeting of the committee the following new publications had been issued from the press:

1. School edition of "Cormac Ua Conaill," edited with notes and vocabulary by the author, Father Dinneen.

2. School edition of "Beatna Eoghain Ruaidh," edited with notes and vocabulary by Father Dinneen and J. J. O'Kelly. Both these works are on the Intermediate Programme, 1903, and the former is on the programme for the Gaelic League Teaching Diploma.

3. "Dubhthalach MacFirbhsigh," a biographical sketch, by Owen Naughton, published with notes and vocabulary, at 2d. This work is also on the Diploma Programme.

4. Part II. of "An Aithriseoir," or Irish Recitation Book, edited by Tadhg O'Donoghue and P. H. Pearse, B. A., B. L., and containing a number of pieces in prose and poetry suitable for recitation; price, one penny.

5. "A Handbook of Irish Teaching," by P. T. MacGinley. This work was awarded first prize at last year's Oireachtas. It is based on the discoveries of M. Gouin, and contains a set of Gouin series and a vocabulary; price in paper, 1s., in cloth, 1s. 6d.

6 and 7. "Pearla an Bhrollaigh Bhain" and "Seaghan Ua Duibhir an Ghleanna," being Nos. 4 and 5 of the Oireachtas Choir series of Irish songs, arranged in four parts by Robert Dwyer; price, 3d. each.

8. "Lessons from Modern Language

Movements," a new propagandist pamphlet in English, by W. P. O'Riain.

9. Fr. O'Donovan's recent "O'Growney Memorial Lecture," delivered in Dublin, under the auspices of the Dublin Coisde Ceannair.

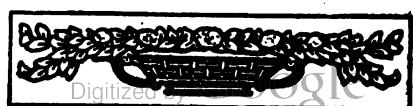
It was reported that the following works now in the press would be issued immediately:

1. School Reading Charts, based on the committee's Irish Infant Primer. The charts, which measure 2 ft. 6 in. by 1 ft. 8 in., are bound in books of 56 pages, and will be published at 2a. 6d. each.

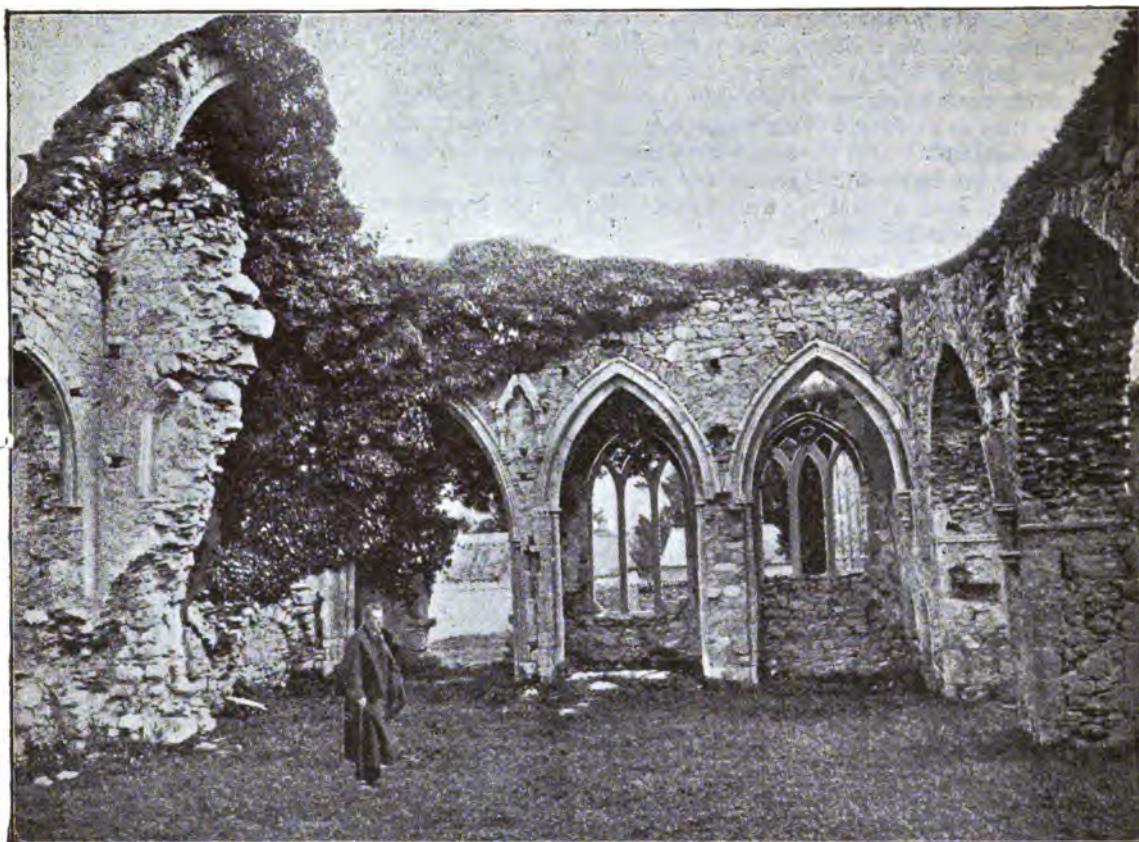
2. "An tAilleán," a child's picture book in colors, written by Tadhg O'Donoghue, and illustrated by George Fagan. The book contains, in addition to a colored cover, eight full-page colored pictures, and numerous black and white sketches. It will be on the market almost immediately, and will form a beautiful and useful gift book. The price will be 1s.

The following new works submitted to the committee were accepted for publication: "Duine le Dia," a short story by Miss O'Farrelly; "Beirt Fheár," a collection of sketches in dialogue by J. J. Doyle.

It was decided to issue as a propagandist leaflet the Report on the Teaching of Irish in the John Street schools, Dublin, recently made by Miss Killeen and Mr. Pearse. It was agreed that the series of Bilingual Readers should be pushed on with all possible speed, and that a series of Geographical Readers in Irish should be at once undertaken. The publication of a set of short plays suitable for acting by school children in Irish-speaking districts, was also discussed.



Castle Dermot, Co. Kildare.



RUINS OF CASTLE DERMOT ABBEY.

THE ancient Gaelic name of the locality in which the noble ruins pictured above are situated was *Disert Diarmada*, which means in English the Secluded, or Sequestered Place of Diarmid or Dermot.

The word *disert* was borrowed originally from the Latin "desertum," which means a desert or wilderness. The Gaelic form means a lonely hermitage.

Castle Dermot Monastery was founded about the year 500 by Diarmid, a pious grandson of King Aedh Roin of Ulidia. During the long war with the Danes and Anglo-Normans the monastery was repeatedly plundered and burned, only to be again and again restored. Finally, in 1650, the sacrilegious forces then devastating the country, prevailed and completed the destruction of the famous monastery, leaving only a portion of the walls standing.

Castle Dermot Abbey is often mentioned in the "Annals of the Four Masters" and other annals handed down to us from ancient times. The famous

Cormac Mac Cullinan, afterwards King of Munster and Archbishop of Cashel, was educated here. He was slain in 907 and buried within its walls.

It was the chief residence of the O'Toole, and on the English invasion was with other territories of that sept given to Walter De Riddlesford, who here erected a castle and founded a priory for Crouched Friars, which with its possessions, was granted at the Dissolution to Sir Henry Harrington, Knt.

In 1264 such was the power of the Geraldines that Richard De Rupella, Lord Justice of Ireland, Lord Theobald Boteler, and Lord John Cogan were taken prisoners by Maurice Fitzgerald, and Fitzmaurice.

In 1312, a Franciscan friary was founded here by Thomas, Lord Offaley.

In 1316, John, eldest son of the Earl of Kildare, died at Lathrach Ul Bhrian and was buried here. Same year the Scots, under Robert and Edward Bruce destroyed the town, but were soon after defeated by Lord Edmund Butler.

In 1328 Thomas, second Earl of Kill-

dare, died and was buried here with his wife, daughter of De Burgh, Earl of Ulster.

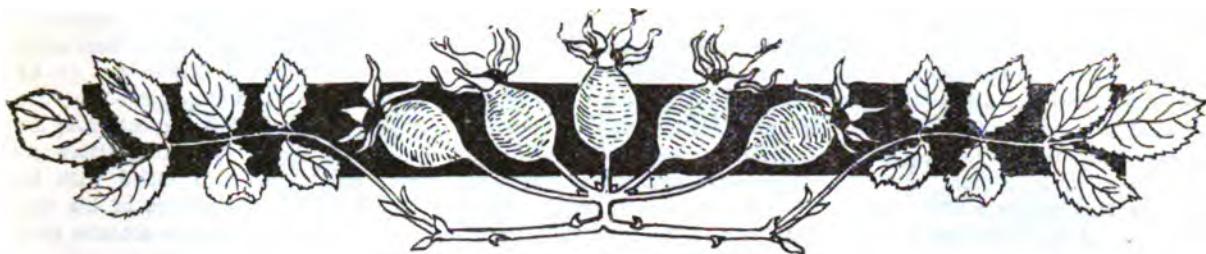
In 1499, a parliament was held here, and an act passed inflicting penalties on such of the nobles as rode without saddles. A mint was also established here for coining money.

It was taken for Cromwell by Colonels Hewson and Reynolds in 1650, since which time its extensive ecclesiastical buildings have been in ruins.

The first charter school in Ireland was opened here in 1734 for forty children.

In May, 1798, the town was attacked by a party of Kildare and Wicklow insurgents. They were badly armed and failed to capture it from Captain Mince and a detachment of the Sixth Regiment, who defended it.

In Rawson's "Statistical Survey of the County of Kildare," published in 1807, we find an itemized account of the rental of the Earl of Kildare's estates in the seventeenth century. "The manor of Castledermot set to William Holme and William Wright for 41 years, from May 1st, 1657, at £100-0-0 the first year and £120-0-0 the remainder, a fat ox, and forty couple of rabbits."



An Irish Outlaw.

By Katherine Tynan.

N the old days when Dublin was a Norman city and fortified, it was perpetually harrassed by the Irish septs O'Byrne and O'Toole, who were always sweeping down from the mountains, seizing the cattle and crops of the Palesmen, and battering at Dublin gates till the comfortable merchantmen within were fairly distracted. The hills of Dublin and Wicklow, with their narrow glens and steep passes, their gorges and ravines, were no places in which to pursue a fleet and sure-footed enemy; one, too, who knew every cavern and hiding-place of the hills, every morass to which to lead the pursuer.

In 1798 these same hills served their outlaws. There was Holt, of course, who was practically impregnable against the redcoats; but Michael Dwyer, the outlaw, was a far finer and more heroic figure than Holt, the soldier of fortune, who, when the day came, made what terms he could and saved his life.

Michael Dwyer was the son of a small farmer at Baltinglass, on the borders of Wicklow and Kildare. He was twenty-five or twenty-six when the United Irish Society began to be treasonable, and he was already, as they say, a hunted man.

In the spring of that year of fate he married a neighbor's child, Mary Doyle, who was as ready as the "Nut-brown Mayde" to go to green-wood or anywhere else with a banished man. As a matter of fact, she shared his hunted life for six years, and at the end of that time went with him into exile.

He fought through the Rebellion, and escaping without a

wound, he retired at its close into the fastnesses of the Wicklow mountains, and from thence waged a guerilla warfare on the Government men and loyal inhabitants.

Legend and story gathered thick upon his track. But he was not by any means lawless and bloody as it is the way of outlaws to be. He had been as a boy and young man excellently well-conducted, and, as a guerilla chief, he seems to have remained simple, God-fearing, gentle, and affectionate.

Some attempt was made at the time to associate him with acts of midnight robbery, but unsuccessfully. He waged

war daringly, and with great presence of mind, resource, tirelessness, and capacity for command.

He and his men and Mary Dwyer lived in the caves of the mountains. These they had stocked with provisions, and lined against the cold with moss and herbage. Their principal retreat of this kind, their home in fact, was in the Glen of Imaal, a purple mountain gorge where the thrushes sing all the day long. The entrance to the cave was hidden by a great sod, and here the outlaws rested and fed during the days, while at night they took to the mountains.

Other hiding-places they had, such as the hollowed out interior of a turf-stack, and these dotted here and there where they could retire to them if too hotly pursued.

Once Dwyer had entered a hospitable cabin for warmth and food, and was surprised there by the Highlanders under Col. MacDonald, while in the cabin asleep, an hour or so before day. There was with Dwyer one McAlister, a deserter from the Antrim Militia. Dwyer was called upon to surrender. "We came in here without these people's permission," he said, "will you let them pass unharmed?"

The answer was "Yes," for the Highlanders fought like true soldiers and humane men, and left the deviltries of that day to the yeomen and the Hessians. The peasants fled out one by one. As the last passed Dwyer slammed the cabin door, and shouting: "Now, I will fight till I die," prepared to stand a siege. There was a good deal of firing on both sides, and at last McAlister was wounded. "I'm done," he said to Michael Dwyer, "and the house



MICHAEL DWYER,
Reproduced From An Authentic Portrait.

is on fire," as it was. "Prop me up in the doorway," he said, "and open the door. They will all fire at me. Then when the blunderbusses are empty let me see what a spring you'll make."

It happened as this heroic follower and comrade anticipated. Dwyer sprang over McAlister's riddled body into the open. A little ice had formed on a pool by the door, and he slipped and fell on it, but was up in an instant. A shot went through the collar of his shirt; he was almost naked as he had slept. He was off like a hare, with the Highlanders in pursuit, and another corps of soldiers who had come up. He ran through the Glen of Imaal, forded the river, and in the winter night led the soldiers a weary dance, till at Slaney, which he crossed, the soldiers gave up the pursuit because the river was in flood.

He ascribed his escape to the pursuit of a Highlander, who covered him—perhaps that friend of his, Cameron, a sergeant of the Highlanders, who used to give him warning when the scent was keen.

Another time he crept under a mountain waterfall, and sat in the spray of it while the redcoats rode by.

A police-barrack was placed at the entrance of his glen, but that did not seem to affect Dwyer. Perhaps he held a small opinion of the police, or he would have served it as he did the barrack at Glenmalure, which he allowed to be built almost to the last stone, and then, laying a train of powder under it, blew it sky-high.

An adventure of some of Dwyer's men is worth telling, though the chief was not with them. In December, 1800, crossing a river near the Seven Churches, their arms got wet. They had reached one of their hiding places, a hollow turf-stack, when a party of cavalry in search of them rode up. These passed at first, but returned and began demolishing the turf-stack. A man named Thomas, who was concealed there, fired at the yeomen, but without effect, as his powder was wet. "It's the first time she failed me," he said; and then, with the others, made a rush for it. They broke through the mounted men safely, and since there may be neighborliness between yeos and rebels, the only injury was to Thomas from a blow of the butt-end of the pistol of one Manby, a yeoman. But it was believed that Manby would have got out of Thomas's way if he could. However, an amateur of the sport, one Weekes, out duck-shooting

joined the pursuit, and shot Thomas in the thigh, and being down, he was despatched, and the head chopped from the mutilated body was spiked in the Flannel Hall, at Rathdrum.

Another man, Harman, who was starknaked and a giant in build, was pursued by one Manning, his equal in stature and strength, but the mounted man soon began to sink in the bog-water, while the rebel knew where footing was to be had. At length, (after a chase of three miles), Harman, coming to a narrow bridge, was confronted by Darby, a yeoman, who had the thought of riding round to cut off the rebel at this point, but Harman sprang at him with his wet blunderbuss in his hand, shouting, "Now, Darby, it's you or I for it." Darby swerved aside at this extraordinary apparition, and Harman, passing him, got safely away.

A little later the yeos at Rathdrum had information that a house between Rathdrum and Hacketstown was to be robbed on a certain night. Hoping that Dwyer or his men might be in the plot, the yeomanry surrounded the house in ambush, and one, Williams, a sure shot, was hidden within the house, with orders not to shoot unless in great danger; for they hoped, no doubt, to catch Dwyer or his men alive. The robbers came in due course, and one man made the entry of the house alone. Williams, who was a pretty good shot, and could hardly be restrained from using his firearms, shot the man dead. His comrades got off scot free. On examination he proved to be no rebel, but one Mundy, of the Hacketstown Yeomanry, so to be impartial his head flanked that of Dwyer's man on the Hall in Rathdrum.

An exciting adventure of Dwyer's was when he and his brother-in-law Byrne, intercepted a letter offering terms to Holt. At this time they were forming part of an outpost of Holt's army. Dwyer himself carried the message to Holt, and taking him aside, out of earshot, but within sight of his army, said to him: "But that you are a Protestant"—that is to say, of naturally alien blood—"I would shoot you dead; as it is, show your face no more among the people." Holt took him at his word, left his men, and wandered about, being for some time in great danger from both sides, as he had not concluded his treaty with the Government.

Dwyer was in Emmet's rebellion, which, of course, failed. After that,

abandoning hope, he surrendered to Captain Hume. After imprisonment in the Castle of Dublin and on Kilmainham he was transported for life.

As one might expect from his character, this redoubtable outlaw, who had intercepted and killed with his own hand three traitors of his following, made an exemplary colonist in the new land. His wife had followed him there; and later he was High Constable of Sydney for several years, and farmed a considerable slice of land.

"He was, before his outlaw days, well-behaved and good-natured," says a contemporary record, "moral in his conduct, civil and obliging to his acquaintances, and very true to his friends. He could read and write. He went to school at Bushfield."

And for his person, says an enemy, "Dwyer is an active, vigorous fellow, about five feet nine inches high, with something of a stoop about his shoulders. He has a ruddy complexion, with lively penetrating eyes, and said to be wonderfully patient of fatigue and fearless of every kind of danger."

The career of Michael Dwyer fascinated Mr. Parnell, who knew the topography of all his fights and adventures.

Historic Buildings in Newry.

M R. JOHN TOMAN, auctioneer, has just disposed of two very valuable properties in Newry, known as "The Abbey" and "Abbey Park." It was in the Abbey that the monks of past centuries resided. The ancient Abbey, however, was burned, and the present premises were built a couple of centuries ago. After some spirited bidding the premises were purchased by Messrs. Sheridan and Russell, solicitors, in trust for the Christian Brothers of Newry, for £1,425.

Another very historic old building in Newry was also sold by Mr. Toman. It was Dromalane House and grounds, the property of Mr. Garland. Messrs. Carroll and O'Hagan, solicitors, were declared the purchasers, in trust for Mrs. Boden, of Newry, at £1,150. It was in this house that the famous Irish patriot, the late John Mitchell, breathed his last after returning from exile. In the same house the late John Martin, M. P., expired a week after the death of John Mitchel.—*The Anglo-Celt.*



The Henebriates on the Run.

IN THE November GAEL we printed an account of the proceedings of the Gaelic League Convention at Philadelphia, which was interrupted by certain Western rowdies sent there for that specific purpose.

The New York, Chicago and Philadelphia men who have been identified with the Gaelic Movement in America since its first inception, refused to be a party to a fist fight on the floor of the hall, and, when threatened with bodily assault by the thugs, adjourned the meeting and withdrew rather than be a party, no matter how innocently, to any row that would bring disgrace on the Irish Movement.

The account of the proceedings which appeared in THE GAEL did not tell all the facts of the horrible affair and was written under a strong sense of wrong and outrage imposed on honest, men by a vicious and cowardly set of hoodlums, who undoubtedly had been selected and shipped on from the West for the sole purpose of either ruling the Convention or ruining it.

Thanks to the good sense of the Eastern delegates the Henebriates failed to accomplish their purpose and stand to-day exposed and utterly discredited.

Since that account was published and the machinations of the Henebriate conspirators laid bare to public scrutiny,

a gnashing of teeth, and tearing of hair has taken place in San Francisco, accompanied by a flow of vile, abusive blingsgate in Father Yorke's "organ" that is unprecedented in journalism and unprintable in decent publications.

Commenting on the vile language used by Father Yorke's paper, "The Irish World," of December 13, has this to say:

"The attack occupies over a page and a quarter of the character-thieving sheet. It contains not one solitary fact—we said we would be satisfied with a recital of even indefinite facts of wrong-doing on the part of these New York people—but not even these are furnished to sustain an attack that surpasses anything we have ever read in a public print in viciousness, lying malevolence and sheer brutality.

"The only limit to this fanatical malice is that the writer has, perhaps, avoided the criminal libel law, displaying diabolical purpose and vindictiveness bounded only by the fear of the consequences of his viciousness, the way of all slanderers. By a curious coincidence, we received in the same mail a paper containing a lecture on calumny. It says: 'Because slander is the fruit of deliberate, criminal spite, jealousy and revenge, it has a character of diabolism. The calumniator is not only a moral assassin, but he is the most accomplished type of the coward known to man.'

"A respected pastor of Chicago also comes in for his venom, because he would not be a party to, but exposed, a wretched trick. 'The Leader' writer has taken two months to explain that trick and he hasn't done it. In his wild fury he now has to admit the Chicago priest did not sign the document that he and his serfs claimed was signed by him."

Mr. Richardson, proprietor of THE GAEL, and Rev. Father Carroll, P. P. of St. Thomas' Church, Chicago, are the chief objects of Father Yorke's abusive attack.

Mr. Richardson alone had the courage to expose the combin-

ation of Chicago and San Francisco forgers and fist fighters who endeavored to dominate and use the Gaelic League of America.

Father Carroll refused to be a passive accessory to their crime, and boldly denounced the forgery of his name to their fake announcement.

When Mr. Keating, President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, was publicly attacked and vilified by those unscrupulous men he said, resignedly, "I will leave them to God. He will not let them go unpunished. I will make no reply to their scandal and abuse."

That is what they had calculated on, and because of it they became bold. It takes a brave man to stand up and denounce a vituperative clergyman for violating moral laws.

In all denominations it will be found that ninety-nine out of every hundred clergymen—in fact, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand are God-fearing, good-living men who devote their lives, not to politics and lobbying, but to helping, cheering and comforting their fellow men. The exception, the one-in-a-thousand, is usually a mean, vicious, unscrupulous scoundrel devoid of moral principle and lacking in Christian charity.

But that description of a type is taking us away from the subject. We will return to Father Yorke and his "organ."

In the issue of that delectable publication dated Nov. 22 he devotes more than a page and a quarter to abusing and vilifying Mr. S. J. Richardson and his friends, interspersed with occasional attempts to exculpate Father Fielding from the miserable charge of forgery under which he groans, and to explain why he himself suppressed Father Carroll's indignant DENIAL and repudiation of the forgery.

To show his inconsistency, Father Yorke says: "As to Richardson, he is of absolutely no consequence." This we cheerfully admit, but if Richardson is of no earthly consequence, why did the Henebriates think it necessary to lie about him and issue a lying "Announcement" in which they denounced him, and to which the whole outfit put their names, and also to which one of them FORGED the name of Rev. Father Carroll.

If Mr. Richardson is of no consequence, why did Father Yorke devote a page and a quarter in one issue to abuse of him? Mr. Richardson seeks no prominence in the public eye. His name does not appear in THE GAEL. He has no desire for publicity. He will accept no position in any organization. He is one of very many who endeavor to do things humbly, quietly and unknown.

Individuals of the Yorke type cannot comprehend any man doing anything for a cause without receiving payment or an equivalent of some sort.

It has been remarked that people of highly artistic temperament frequently have something unhealthy in their moral tone. If that is true, Father Yorke is a great artist in his own special line.

The forgery of Father Carroll's name and the printing of the forgery in Father Yorke's paper together with the exposure of the Henebriate crowd who were identified with the crime has disturbed Father Yorke very much. The fact that he deliberately suppressed Father Carroll's emphatic denial has not tended to clear the atmosphere and leaves him in a very uncomfortable position. He pretends to ignore the whole affair but the crime will not down. Here is his miserable story of the shameful affair copied word by word from his paper:

FATHER YORKE'S STORY OF THE FORGERY!

"Father Fielding states and Father Carroll has not contradicted him that Father Carroll promised to sign the manifesto on the O'Growney funeral.

"Not only did he *promise* to sign, but he requested Father Fielding to make several copies of the document for the press, with the signature appended. *Father Fielding did as he was asked*, and it was one of his mimeographed copies that we received. He returned the original to Father Carroll who *promised* to sign it and forward it to Dr. Henebry.

"Immediately Father Fielding left for Ireland. NOT HAVING THE FEAR OF HIS ASSISTANT BEFORE HIS EYES, Father Carroll put the document into an envelope and sent it to Colorado *unsigned*," etc.

There we have the shameful story of the forgery in all its unscrupulousness. He PROMISED to sign (?) and when he wouldn't Father Fielding signed it for him!!!

Let us examine and analyze Father Yorke's story and comment as we proceed: "Father Fielding states, and Father Carroll has not contradicted him, that Father Carroll promised to sign the manifesto on the O'Growney funeral."

Father Yorke publishes a deliberate untruth right there. In the August GAEL he will find printed a copy of the letter sent to him by Father Carroll under date of June 24 in which Father Carroll said:

"I was astounded to see my name, because I did not sign the document, because I did not authorize any person to sign it for me, and because I do not approve of the method of attacking S. J. Richardson," etc.

Does Father Yorke know of any more positive and circumstantial denial than that, WHICH HE RECEIVED IN CALIFORNIA AND REFUSED TO PRINT IN HIS ORGAN? Why did he refuse?

We will proceed: Father Yorke says: "Not only did he *promise* to sign, but he requested Father Fielding to make several copies of the document for the press with the signatures appended. FATHER FIELDING DID AS HE WAS ASKED (?) and it was one of those mimeographed copies which we received. He returned the original to Father Carroll who PROMISED to sign it and forward it to Dr. Henebry."

There is the pitiful story of the crime in all its shamelessness. The precious document purported to be a Gaelic League Announcement and was issued for the purpose of denouncing Mr. Richardson for assuming to make arrangements for the O'Growney funeral without their permission. It was reproduced and printed in the August GAEL where our readers can examine it. According to Father Yorke (and he has not been contradicted), Father Fielding mimeographed the lying calumnious document for the press and appended the signatures of others to it before sending it out. Dr. Henebry was in Colorado. Father Yorke was in California. Father Carroll was probably in the next room, but what matter, Jim the Penman signed for all!

Reading between the lines the impression is apparently conveyed that Father Fielding did not originate the idea of the forged document. Father Yorke (who seems to know all about it), says "FATHER FIELDING DID AS HE WAS ASKED!" Who asked him? Father Carroll asserts HE didn't ask him. Then who did? Was Father Yorke the instigator, or was Dr. Henebry?

In reading Father Yorke's shameful explanation it will be noticed that the word "PROMISED" crops out in almost every sentence. The frequent use of that word indicates that Father Fielding will probably offer as a defence the plea that Father Carroll *promised* to sign it for him, which claim Father Carroll positively and indignantly denies.

When it comes to a question of veracity between the respected and honored Father Carroll and Father Fielding there is no doubt as to which will be believed.

Suppose, for sake of illustration, that a man *promised* to sign a check for Father Fielding and failed to do so (or perhaps never promised), would Father Fielding feel justified in signing that man's name to the check?

Would the judge and jury who would be sure to pass on it later accept the plea of "He promised to sign it?"

We are very sorry, but really Father Yorke will have to invent a more plausible story. We cannot accept that, not even with a grain of salt!

We will take the next sentence: "Father Fielding immediately LEFT for Ireland."

Of course he left for Ireland. He got out of the way! It was high time. He presumed Father Carroll would allow his name to go out to the public as one of the signers of the lying announcement, but he made a mistake. Although he lived with Father Carroll he did not know him. Father Carroll is an honest man and despises trickery. He wrote to Father Yorke

repudiating both the "Announcement" and the signature. Father Yorke did not publish it.

Mr. Richardson received a similar letter from Father Carroll with permission to publish it in case Father Yorke refused to make the correction. The public knows the result.

We will take the next sentence: "NOT HAVING THE FEAR OF HIS ASSISTANT BEFORE HIS EYES Father Carroll put," etc.

What does Father Yorke mean by that scandalous statement? Was Father Carroll habitually in fear of his assistant? Why should he fear him? Did he fear physical violence at his hands? Has Father Carroll complained or has Father Fielding spread the report? All those and many more questions *born* from them occur to every reader of Father Yorke's paper. We have heard them asked here in New York, "Why was not Father Yorke more explicit or else suppress the whole miserable story?"

One of the California delegates to the Philadelphia Convention, when questioned regarding how Father Yorke contrived to be absent so frequently from his parochial duties, said that Father Yorke is a bigger man in California than his bishop, and the bishop is afraid of him. We understood at the time that the bishop was afraid of Father Yorke's political strength.

The fact that Father Yorke has been shamed into admitting his knowledge of the forgery after the fact shows clearly that the Henebriates are on the run. True, or untrue, the story of Father Fielding's terrorism over his pastor should have been withheld, but alas, Father Yorke spares neither friend nor foe. Its publication does not hurt Father Carroll, which it evidently was intended to do.

The story is a boomerang and strikes back at the man who sent it out and injures Father Fielding deeply. No sober man would reveal such things. Its publication clearly indicates the mental and moral standing of the band of degenerates who stooped to forgery and to purloining private letters in order to blacken the character of men who would not be controlled by them.

Dr. Shahan's letters were peddled around by Father Yorke's representative at Philadelphia. Mr. Richardson's private letters have been gotten somehow and published without his permission. The degenerates are now desperate. Probably if they had to do it all over again they would leave the forgery out. The odium of it will stick to them for years. It has brought them nothing but misfortune and disaster.

One has been relegated to a sanitarium, another has been removed from his parish, a third has sunk into obscurity, while the last and noisiest is expecting something to happen in the very near future. They are a disgrace to their race.

DEPARTMENT OF Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland.

IRELAND:

INDUSTRIAL and AGRICULTURAL

New issue considerably enlarged & practically re-written.

THIS—the most important work on the economic resources of Ireland—*long out of Print for many years*—has been published under the superintendence of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland. It is thus an authoritative work on the Industrial, Economic, and Educational position of Ireland at the dawn of the twentieth century.

Over 100 pages of entirely new matter have been added to the present edition; nearly a dozen of the original articles have been re-written, and considerably amplified; and the whole book has been thoroughly revised and brought up-to-date.

The Volume, which contains over 500 Super Royal Octavo pages, is Profusely Illustrated with upwards of 100 full-page Plates, Maps and Diagrams, and numerous illustrations in the text.

NOW READY.

Price, in Cloth extra, \$2.50 Net: by mail 30c. extra.

PUBLISHED BY
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153-157 FIFTH AVE.,
NEW YORK.

Digitized by Google

"An Claidheamh Soluis"

Agus an Gaoðal.

Á dhír g-cóimhinníreád, "An Claidheamh Soluis," an-údian go léirí ar an Gaoðal, agur ír meá, agur ír eadromh-ériúiteas a dhroinn ré rinn, gan riún n tuath i chuir ar fein cum na cairte a chuirtear rul ar chas ré a bhreit nítheas, tuatail. Leigean ré ar go d-tuigseann ré gur mar gheall ar nár' togsaí rinn ar an g-Coiste Ghósta ír eadó faoi n-deara Úainn craobhghaoileadh a dhéanamh ar an achrann a chuir Connacht na Gaeilge in Ameríca faoi Úan-társúirne.

Do chugamair tuairíre ar comhitionol Philadelphia ar an aðúar céadta go d-tuigseann liríleabhair eile tuairírc ar níde in a g-cuiridh riad riuit. Niop chuiríamair bhréag ar doinne, agus níl chuiríamair riór acht corrpláin na fírinne, acht ír rean-focal é go m-bionn an fírinne gealbh go minic. Ní rinnne do tairisius írteach fán n-earráidh ro ainnm aon duine atá a níthinn, mar náic é Doctúir Ó h-Íceadha féin a fáctaí a céann, gan gád, gan riostanar fán imrears; agus ní mar níthinn leir a g-céart, acht cum comain a chuir ar a chapa, an t-Áctair York. Tá a fiúr agáinn 'nuair a b' an t-Áctair York a chuir rinníúr aifrigidh go d-tí Connacht na Gaeilge gur cum Doctúir Ó h-Íceadha a fheol ré é i n-ionad é chuir ar aghaidh go d-tí Círtedír Connachte na Gaeilge.

Ní fuil aon níb bun oí ciorn anufo acht aithnín go dtarbhéannan ré go b-fuil an bheirt Úaointe uairle ro an-úluit le céile i g-cáirdear. Úaointe an Doctúir a ghnó go níos-mháit agus a láim a comháid ar earráidh ná páib aon chinn tuairírc aige uirtí, agus ní rudo cónair do chaothúas le duine i d-trois mar gheall ar cláirdear ná carthóeann.

Tá obair mór le Úaointe i gColláirte Mhag-Úaointe tá molláca do fean-rciobhanna aon i tortha, agur tá mórán do feanraibh bheighe aon go b-fuil fonn oíche cum Gaeilge fógluim, acht ír oíche i linn a nád gur beag do'n t-raostaí a chuitinn le láim Oide na Gaeilge.



Ó éas an Doctúir Ó h-Íceadha, leas-uachtáin Connachte na Gaeilge, óráto bhríosínear uairí i liocháin púil iro' orúce Dia Luim. Do éráct ré éar cúní na teangeal, a fár agur a feabhar, níl aithíar ná gur fár rí go h-éacáid, agur baobh duntarúteas an rudo d'á g-cuirfriúr i n-úthair do Gaeilgealair ead aon na h-áobhair do éiomáin chónaí tarairte i chum cinn. Ír roiléigi go bhfuil na Úaointe oí a ciorn ag obair go diaid. Ír beag uairí aca a gaothair féin do molaó. Ní minic deas-Gaeilgeal ag maoiúeáin ar a bhríosíb fén.

Aonúiúseann Doctúir Ó h-Íceadha gur beag eolair ari chuir na teangeal fór inar na tuitéar Gaeilgealaca. Ír gheannmári an fheáil

baobh mhaic leir an g-Claidheamh go n-deanfaimír pé trois a bhois ar láim agaínn i nGaeilge. Caintear mhaic ár d-tuairírc a tairisí i m-Úaointe mar na Úaointe a fuair an "Úaointe" dár leir an g-Claidheamh ní tuigseáil aon teanga eile, agur níl ceatráir i n-a'mearg a feadfaidh "an madraid a chur amach" i nGaeilge. Náic iongantac ná chuiríann an Claidheamh a bhríathra féin i b-feidhm.

Niop éaint ré linn nácor an trois leanbháidé a b' iorú an Claidheamh agur rathar in Óriain, a fáicírint clodhbaulite i d-teanga na n-Úaointe. Agur an feair i níthinn a mears é féin i d-trois na nGaeilgean fán tír ro, ír ré an feair ceana atá a m-bun a' r m-báirí na trois iorú an Claidheamh agur an t-Áctair Ó fearascáir. Ír éacáid go deo aon eion atá aige Doctúir Ó h-Íceadha an achrann, agur fóglamaito ar bhrídean na Gaeilge gan leigint do féin ná do aon eile teacht iorú iad agur cúní na teangeal. Tá ré mar locht ar chuid d'áir n-Úaointe go h-áirítear ar Úaointe go bhríul a beag ná mór do teirdil aca, gur d'óig leis gur b' a' r an níorúim a éigseann an grian. Go Saoradh Dia Eire o'n rathar rinn Úaointe, rathar beag-ghnótaí mór-ghloir.

Ní fáid fíath aon caintear agaínn a bheit ar Coiste Ghósta Connachte na Gaeilge in Ameríca. Bhoíomair le trí ná ceatáir do bhláthnáid ar an g-Coiste-ro, agus níl an "Claidheamh" an céad páipéir a tuisítear go rabamairí ar loings oifige ná aon teirdil eile ó Connacht na Gaeilge, agur rinn rudo n'áir cúní ar náthair ná ar g-cáinteadhíreád faoi 'n áir leit.

Tug an Claidheamh a chuaípim, agur tug ré i d-tuatail. Ó féidirí ná fuilimíodh gan locht, acht níl an "Claidheamh" gan bhréall, agus níl fuilimíodh leir aonair, mar bhuileann ré fán leacain déir rinn ná bheit aon fonn oícheann pléairg eile i fúilairn uairí ari an leacain cé.



DR O'HICKEY, Vice-President of the Gaelic League, delivered a significant address in Liverpool on Monday evening (November 3). He discoursed on the language movement, its origin, and its growth. There can be no doubt that the movement has grown immensely, and it would be an advantage to have Gaels enlightened as to the main causes which have pushed it forward so rapidly. Clearly its leaders are working earnestly. They have little time to shape into narrative the history of the movement, little desire to laud the result of their own industry. Rarely does the genuine Gael talk loudly about his own maxims.

é seo, má'r fíor é, agus Tímhíriúche ó Connacht na Gaeálige ag taistíleadh na tíre le trí ná ceatair de bhláthantaibh. Ní veacain a tuigínt náír' éuirí na daoine aon an-fhium i g-cúir na teangan ceitíre bhláthain ó foin, aictí ní féidirí aon leit-rcéal do bhí aca aonair. Is beag reachtáin 'na go g-clóúduileann Connacht na Gaeálige leabhairín léigeannta i m-béarla bhrisíodháig i gcairtear na leabhairíníde seo gán rítaonád ari furo na vúitce. Do éuirí an déan leabhairín aca ro, clóúduileadó ceitíre bhláthain ó foin, chrit-eagla ari Colláirte na Tríonóide, agus, 'ná ceannnta foin, do cuij ré Connacht na Gaeálige fénim ari an m-bealac ceart. So u-tí rin b'í ré ag dul amúsga: seo mar innithealp úininn ari aon éuma. Ó foin anuas cuimhealó deir leabhairíníde fícheal éigín: g-clóú i níos aig a céile, agus is beag 'ná go mairt gac uile ceann aca cón fógsanta leir an g-ceann torair.

* * *

Náír' mait an siúd dá g-clóúduilearaiú leabhairíníde beaga: n-Gaeálíg agus iad do gcairpead iñp na vúitce gaeálacha. Is mó ruime éuirífead na daoine ionnta, is feárrí a tuigír iñp na vúitce. Agus b'férionn leir go g-cuimheadó na leabhairíníde seo eagla ari Colláirte na Tríonóide. Má éuirí vúilleoigín i m-béarla fíadaid ari leóghantair an Óain Halla ro minne cogairó do théanadó mór-tímeall rípiobhóna na vúilleoig, is beag baogal ná go m-bairneadó vúilleoigín i ngeálíg geit airta cón mairt. Ba éoirí, go h-árisgíte, go g-cuimheadó na leabairín Gaeálige go léir atá rípiobta ag an Ataír Ó Duinnín chrit-eagla—náire, ná eagla, ari a laigear—ari na peitníreacáid vioimáine i g-Colláirte eibhlír, Labhrann go h-áro i u-taois na teangan, aictí ná gníóideann fáic eile ari a fion. Ní uða gur éum an Gaeálíg 'do éur: bheabair tuigtar an tuairírtar mór doibh seo amach; is u-títeig go mór gur éum i do millead é.

* * *

Is bhláthain no do rípiob an t-Ataír Ó Duinnín "Cormac Ó Conaill," "Cill Áirne," "Dánta Uí Ráthaille," "Dánta Eogain Ruaidh," "Dánta Seapairí Uí Óonncaó," "Dánta Seagáin Cláiríos," "Beata Eogain Ruaidh," "Ríor Gaeálacha," agus leabhairí eile náid iad. Ba éoirí go g-cuimheadó na leabairín seo, gán trácht i m-bonáirí éar an b-focloí, chrit-eagla ari púinnítear an tuairírtar mór is an vioimáintir, i g-Colláirte na Tríonóide. Ba éoirí go g-cuimheadó "Círeosamh i' Bóirí" agus "Tobair Óraoisídeacsta" veairg-náire orna. Dá n-úearfainn gac Gaeálach ornead orbie le h-uigíosair na leabair ré, ná n-úearfainn "Scolairíóide" na Gaeálige a fícheamád éuro fénim ní beadh aon earrba litriúleacsta orpíann feargta. Aictí is gúarach an maitear fúil do bhítear leir seo do mairt gac deallphairim.



CLOÓANNA NUADÓ.

"IRISLEABHAR NA GAEÁLIGE."

Imléabhar Gaeálach iñp imleabhar na Gaeálige aonair, ag ní fícheamáir ó cuimheamáir aitne ari aon uibhir co bhrisíodh, co déis-féicriontach ná cón Gaeálach le h-uibhir na Nodlach. Tá culait bhealaigh nuaid ari, ag tá pictíúiríde iobáilne ari gac vúilleoig uile, agus is fúiríte aitint go bhríil an clíreacast óriúindeacáthail i ciútear iñp na rían leabhairí ag aitbheosúsga ari, ag ní béalúmio feargta gán loingisítear ari an m-burdean naomhá léigeannta, fán-eoligach, dear-láthach a bheastais leabhar na g-Ceall (Book of Kells), agus na mór-leabhartha eile a tainig anuas éigíann of na ciantair, agus a gaoiradh ó ceine na n-eacátháin allóta.

Ní'l focal Sacraí fan uibhir ro, agus is mór é ari u-tímeallig do'n Eireannach náid fúil uilte ari é a taisí-saod. Tá trácht ann ari fíor Colmáin ag an rípiobhónair

Dr. O'Hickey admits little is yet known about the language movement in the Irish-speaking districts. This is singular, if it be true, considering that the Organizers of the League have been traversing the country for three or four years. It is not difficult to understand that the people paid no very great attention to the language cause four years ago, but there is no valid excuse for this now. Scarcely a week elapses but the League publishes a learned pamphlet in choicest English, and these little pamphlets are being constantly circulated throughout the country. The very first of the pamphlets, published some four years ago, made Trinity College tremble to its foundations, and, in addition to this, it put the Gaelic League on the right road; so, at least, are we now told. From that time forward some thirty different pamphlets have been printed, almost every one of which was as admirable as the first.

* * *

Would it not be a good thing if some little pamphlets were published in Irish, and distributed in the Irish-speaking areas? The people would appreciate them far more; they would understand them very much better. And these pamphlets, too, may make Trinity College tremble! If one little pamphlet in English terrified the champions of this Foreign Stronghold into dancing a war-dance round the author of that particular pamphlet, it can hardly be doubted that a pamphlet in Irish would frighten them somewhat also. No wonder, at any rate, that all the Irish books written by Father Dinneen would simply terrify—shame or frighten, at the least—those lazy loungers in the College of Elizabeth, who talk so loudly about the language but never do anything in its interest. It is hardly likely though that big salaries are given them with the object of promoting the language; it is likelier far that they are given them with the real object of destroying it.

* * *

Within the past year or two Father Dinneen has given us "Cormac O'Conaill," "Killarney," "O'Rahilly's Poems," "Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan's Poems," the Poems of MacDonnell, and of Geoffrey O'Donoghue, the Life of Eoghan Ruaidh and "Irish Prose," with various other works besides. Little wonder all these books, without referring at all to his Dictionary, would terrify the men of "big salaries" and of "idleness." Little wonder his "Faith and Famine" and "Enchanted Well" would put them to shame. If all Gaels did as much as the author of these books, or if the Irish "scholars" did only one-twentieth as much there would be no dearth of literature henceforward. But there is little good in hoping thus at least according to all appearances



bhrisíodh, Íarbhais Mac Suibne; "Scoil Gaeálach," ag "Conán Maol." Is mait an comháile atá ran ait ro, agus tá an éaint go bog i go blárta mar gac n'í d'áirí rípiob Conán. "Ba Óuba Locha na h-Eorpa," ag "Gruagach an Tobair;" is Alainn go léir an nGaeálíg atá ag an nGruagach; "Árdaí na nGaeálach," ro trácht bhealaigh ari an nDraíma Í eadair, "Forlongborth Óuna Óuirde" ag Seágan Ó Muimhneacháin, is mait an tuairírté é ro ari cait Óain Óuirde, "Taobh na Fáiríge," ag "Oírin." So trácht ari fíubair coir na fáiríge, agus is deacair ait ba bheagáta éum fíubair a ghabair 'ná an ait céadna. Do éuirí ré a fíubair éum rocair mar do tainig feargtaíarna ari go mairt an nGaeálíg go blárta aige, agus do rípiob "Oírin" fíor an t-ábhrán "An Ait Da'n Ghabar" ó canadh an Gaeálachseora. Cuirí an rípiobhónair Gleibh céol ari. Tád Ó Donncaóda an Fíor-eagair, agus iudh gac é rin do mór.

"CILL ÁIRNE."

Tract an ghréasáin-riathaircaibh loca lein agus na tíre
'n a timcheall.

Leir an Acaipí Údóraig Ua Duinnin.

Leabhairín iongantach is ead é reo; óir, do níl éar mór
is i an dultac timcheall loca lein, ar a' n' tuairíre e,
an tír is dhuirídeachtaíla feadaí agus tairbhéanach
dá bhrúil le fágáil i n-Éirinn iac-éiglair na geoideire,
is é reo an leabhairín is deire, is anamamhla, T
is tairbhainstíche Gaeálisg d'á' n' cuimín linn o'fáicín.

Níor b'fhuairtar do gán a bheit, T ní h-iongnaidh linn a
bheit amhlaidh, de bharr eolair T fóglumta an údóraig
áilneacáta na dultaise agus a g-cuirpeann pé riór; Aict,
uime rím, is iongantach mór linn uimhí na n-dearpmad
a tár fágáil gán ceartúsgaod i n-easgáin na cainte, amhail,
címíte in ran neamh-focal, "cum ruit is reclíp do
deanamh;" i n-ionad "cum ruit agus reclíp do
deanamh;" "ír linn ar fad i," in áit "ír linn i ar fad;"
"le na milte bliadain" mar a' n' ceart, "le na milte
bliadain;" "ír mór is dár o-tír leáir-maire loca lein
dá b-faicimír i," mar a' n' leáir "bád mór a b-fidh o'áir
o-tír leáir-maire loca lein dá b-faicimír i," an
ceart. Aict ní fuil rúise agaínn é cum leanta 're' ro
agus is ot linn aon locht do bheit le fáicín ann.

Tá an t-údóraig cíúinn go leorí i n-a tuairíre. Ni
leáir d'áinntí aict amháin t'á dearpmad aip. Is dearpmad
do a nád, ar béal mic Uí Shúilleabáin Muic-muiri, Búri
ab' aip geallamhain riottána do mealladh piarair feir-
tear go Cill-Áirne, óir is i g-cóiníb a dor gán cead
do do tuigád ann é. Do b'í piarair feirtear i b-folac
i o-tír an Chreantais i m-Baile-an-t-réibhe, i n-iarctúr
fionntáig. Do bhrait feair te mhuinntir leigín é;
Gádád an feirtearach T tuigád go Cill Áirne é; agus
do teic feair a bhráitte tar éis fáiríse, aict do caradh
clann piarair aip in ran Spáinn agus o'isíoséadair é.
Is é an dara dearpmad go n-údarpméann pé "muintir
Eogúra aip na Núraidéas, agus Muiriúr O h-Eogúra
ar Muiriúr Núraidéas Catairí-n-fáinn; óir ní o'áon fuil
Gaeálaisg na Núraidéas. Té Núraidéas Córca
Uibhne de b'ead muintir Cill Áirne; de cealgach
Salla-tírium i n-Oirí-Úilidé do b'ead Núraidéas Córca
Uibhne, agus b'ad de phuict Raymond Husé, a tainig
an-all i g-cóiríb Muiriúr mic Gealait, do b'ead
Núraidéas Salla-tírium.

Ní fáicimíte de earran aip ionláine na tuairíre
aict gán aon ainmíúsgaod do bheit intí aip naomháibh
Cill Áirne ná ar Maolruicáin O Ceardaill, agus gán
an aimpír i n-a' n' mairi Dóthnall (na n-gimleac) O
Donncháda do bheit ariúigte le phuaiméant.

O'gáillings go d'á gáillings, do níl é an cumhád, is
ead fiaca an leabhair.

"LEABHAR MÚNAIDH NA GAEÁILGE."

Ag peadar Mac Fionnlaioic.

Tá acaipí mór oppainn an leabhair ro fáicint mar is
córta eile é go bhrúil an Gaeálisg ag dul cum éinn,
agus is mór is fiú dor na Gaeálgeodíre nád b'fuiil
púinn eolair aca aip múnad an ríliúsgaod agus. An
caobair atá le fágáil aca aip an eadlann ro i leabhair
mic Fionnlaioic. Tá níosgalta cum na teangean
do múnad annro, agus mór tuigtear a g-ceart iad T

má leantaibh go dultac tachas d'á n' níl deir an bocair
a b-fad níor níl na bheit ré leisne ro cum na teange-
an a leatanúsgaod.

Níl puinn mear ag an údóraig aip múnad leabhair
cum eolair a tábairt aip aon teanga, T is a g-cóiríad
atá a mhuingín cum teanga a múnad ná a fóglumta. Is
doisg linn gúr aige atá an ceart mar is ó cóiríad is
ead o'fóglumtais gád duine agaínn pé teanga atá
aige, T m'a' mian le h-Éireanncaibh Gaeálisg a bheit
aca ír pé an plíse aiconta cum eolair a gádáil uirtí
i fóglumta. O béal an Gaeálgeodíre. Ni ceart do
aon mhuinntear a bheit 'gá eagair.



AS RO FÍREAGRA Ó ÓDÁIBH ÓU DARRA AIR
Ceirt Údóraig Cúntaún i n-GAOÓDAL
Mícmh-an-Fóglumtaí—

Pe air bit feair do ríordán an rann,
'S cuir pípíneadh éigorta i laoi na g-cíann,
Bád mairt an riadair duit é gán meann;
Óir is é Dia do connaircair ann.

Na ceitíre cíann a t'áonnaircair tríad,
An Tríonóid naomhá in aon Dia;
'S táid ceangailte t'á céile co'olut 'ran cár,
Nád' riór cíad ríordán aip a bhrúil an t-aon eile ag fár
agus mhuineann aip gcealairdeamh d'áinntí gád am,
Go bhrúilidh cónáir, cónfóirtí, cóníreannair.

Do b'í an t-ácaipí 'n a Dia gán cumarsa Ódóna,
'S an Mac 'n a Dia 'r'na duine i n-áonadach;
Do b'í bláth na daonacáta aip an Mac gán bárraist,
A'g bláth na daonacáta b'í aip an ácaipí;
A'g b'ad aon toghadh b'ad gán cláonad;
Óir b'ad an t-toil fáorad na cinne daona;
Aip a céile o táid ag fár mar maoisíomh-re
Do gníod a n-uimhí a h-oct de'n aon Dia cinnse.

CAITÉAMH AN ÉLAIS.

Airtíseachte leir an Acaipí Eogán O Gáimhna.

A pháid a ríóir, an g-cuaolair fár go n-dearpmad aitne 'r
ulige,
Gán Seampiós bheit ag fár i g-círe na h-Éireann fearta
doiríodh?
Gán lá féil Údóraig caitéamh, gán duille glas bheit 'r
fágáil,
Aipí feair ná mhaor—rúd é an ulige ar Sáraona anall!
Ó! caradh nápparé Táiní Óam, a'g rúg ré aip mo Láirn,
"Cia 'n éasó," aip ré, bhrúil Éigse bocht? ná b'fuiil rí fár t'á
crádó?"
"Sí an tír is boíteach cráidte is d'á bhrúil 'ran doimhne aip fad
Gád feair a'g bean a caitéar glas d'á g-croíleád fúar gán
rtád."

má' r é 'n dat le caitéamh, a n-Deas is fulteac fén,
Ó! cuipír is g-cumháis d'áinntí an fuiil do óróir na tréimh;
Cuipí 'dios, mar rím, an t-Seampiós, caití uaití, aict na caroil
naé g-cuipír is g-cumháis rí a gneáma ríor: ní h-eagair tó, ní baozal.
"Nuair a coirgeas ríle na Sáraona aip feurí ó bheit ag fár
nuair a coirgeas ríle an tuisleabair inr an riathair ó bheit
glas,

Ó, bainfíodh mór an t-Seampiós té mo cháiðín an lá uó,
aict leanfaróimé, le cunglair Dé, n'ón d'áinle glas go rúd."



OSSIAN'S VISION OF HELL.

By Stephen Gwynn.

Copyrighted, 1902, by The Gael Publishing Co.

[NOTE: Every one knows how in the days of Cormac MacArt, Finn MacCool and his Fianna, or braves, were the champions of Ireland; and how at last a fairy woman appeared among them and dared any to go with her; how Ossian, Finn's son, took up the challenge and followed her to *Tir-na-n-Og*, where he lived for a while, till, thinking long for his own country, he defied her warning and went back, to find himself old and broken, his comrades dead and forgotten, and a new faith supreme in the land. Every one knows how he was brought to St. Patrick, and how in colloquies between them the great deeds of the Fianna were related; for all this makes the main theme of Irish folk-tale. But one chapter of that cycle of saga had slipped out of mind, and never saw print, till my friend Seamus MacManus, recovered it. He heard the poem in Donegal from an old man, an evicted tenant, whose cabin had been pulled down, but who lay bed-ridden under a roof of scraws, propped to the shaky gable. Lying on the roof by the vent-hole, at once chimney and window, for there was no room in the kennel, he noted down what the bed-ridden peasant chanted to him—the lay that I have Englished here.]

I TELL you an ancient story,
Learned on an Irish strand,
Of lonely Ossian* returning
Belated from fairy land

To a land grown meek and holy,
To a land of mass and bell,
Under the hope of heaven,
Under the dread of hell.

It tells how the bard and warrior,
Last of a giant race,
Wrestled a year with Patrick
Answering face to face;

Mating the praise of meekness
With vaunt of a warrior school
And the glory of God the Father
With the valor of Finn MacCool;

Until at the end the hero
Through fasting and through prayer
Came to the faith of Christians,
Forsaking the days that were.

Then, says the story, Patrick,
Seeing the fierce grown mild,
Laughed with joy on his convert
Like father on first-born child.

"Well 'twas for you, O Ossian,
You came to the light," he said.
"And now I will show you the torment
From which to our God you fled."

Then with a pass of his crozier
He put a spell on the air
And there fell a mist on the eyeballs
Of Ossian standing there.

*Oisin (son of Fionn MacCumhall) is pronounced Ossian in Connacht and the Highlands of Scotland, and Usheen in Munster.

Shapes loomed up through the darkness

And "Now," says the saint, "look well,
See your friends the Fianna,
And all their trouble in hell."

Ossian stared through the darkness,
Saw as the mist grew clear,
Legions of hell-black warriors
Raging with sword and spear:

Footmen, huge and mishapen,
Stiffened with snarling ire,
Chariots with hell-black stallions
Champing a spume of fire;

And all of the grim-faced battle
With clash, and yell, and neigh,
Dashed on a knot of warriors
Set in a rank at bay.

Ossian looked and he knew them,
Knew each man of them well,
Knew his friends the Fianna
There in the pit of hell.

There was his very father,
Leader of all their bands,
Finn, the terrible wrestler,
Gripping with giant hands;

Oscar with edge-blade smiting;
Caolite with charging lance;
Diarmuid poised a javelin,
Nimble as in the dance;

Conan the crop-eared stabber
Aiming a slant-way stroke,
And the fiery Lugach, leaping
Where the brunt of battle broke.

But in front of all by a furlong,
There in the hell-light pale,

Was the champion, Gull MacMorna,*
Winding a monstrous flail.

And still the flail as he swung it
Sang through the maddened air,
Chanting the deeds of heroes,
A song of the days that were.

It swung with a shrilling of pipers,
It smote with a thud of drums,
It leapt and it whirled in battle
Crying, "Gull MacMorna comes!"

It leapt and it smote, and the devils
Shrieked under every blow;
With the very wind of its whistling
Warriors were stricken low.

It swept a path through the army
Wide as a winter flood,
And down that lane the Fianna
Charged in a wash of blood.

Patrick gazed upon Ossian
But Ossian watched to decry
The surf and the tide of battle
Turn as in days gone by.

And lo! at the sudden onset
The fighters of Elre made
And under the flail of MacMorna
The host of the foemen swayed;

Broke; and Ossian breathless,
Heard the exultant yell
Of his comrades hurling the devils
Back to the wall of hell.

And the sword blades reaped like
sickles,
And the javelins fell like hail,

*Gull (MacMorna) is generally spelled Goll and usually pronounced "Gowl".

And louder and ever louder
Rose the song of the flail,

As whirling in air the striker
Swung shrill or thudded dull
When, woe! the tug on a sudden
Broke in the grasp of Gull.

Handstaff and striker parted,
The song of the flail was dumb;
On the heart of Ossian watching
Fell that silence numb.

And oh! for a time uncounted
He watched with straining eyes
The tide of the devils' battle
Quicken, and turn and rise.

He watched the Fianna's onset
Waver, and hang in doubt,
He watched his leaderless comrades
Swept in a struggling rout;

Till Gull, in the crash and tumult,
And dashed with a bloody rain,
Knotted his flail together
With sinews out of the slain.

And, as the gasping Fianna
Felt their endeavor fail,
Chanting their ancient valor
Rose the voice of the flail.

And again in the stagnant ebbing
Of their blood began to flow
The tide of a surging courage
The faith in a crowning blow.

And the heart of their comrade watch-
ing
Stirred with joy to behold,
Feats of his by-gone manhood,
Strokes that he knew of old.

Again he beheld the stubborn
Setting of targe to targe;
Again he beheld the rally
Swell to a shattering charge.

And surely now the Fianna
Would slaughter and whelm the foe
In a fierce and final triumph
Lords of the realm below.

As they leapt in the battle madness
Climbing on heaps of slain—
And again Gull's wizard weapon
Flew on a stroke in twain!

For a time and times uncounted
Ossian endured the sight
Of the endless swaying tumult,
The ebb and flow of the fight.

His face grew lean with sorrow,
And hunger stared from his eyes
And the laboring breath from his
bosom
Broke in heavy sighs.

Until at the last St. Patrick
In a voice of pity spoke
"Vexed is your look, O Ossian,
As your very heart were broke.

Courage, O new-made Christian!
Great is my joy in you,
I would like it ill on a day of grace
My son should have aught to rue.

Therefore for these your comrades,
I give you a wish to-day
That shall lift them out of their tor-
ment
Into some better way.

Speak—be bold in your asking,
Christ is strong to redeem."
Ossian turned on him sudden
Like one awakened from a dream.

And the old man's cheek was flushed
now,

Praying had left it pale—
"PATRICK, GIVE GULL MACMORNA
AN IRON TUG TO HIS FLAIL."

Patrick is dead and Ossian,
Gull to his place is gone,
But the words and the deeds of heroes
Linger in twilight on.

*In a twilight of fireside tellings
Lit by the poet's lay,
Lighting the gloom of hardship
The night of a needy day.*

*And still the Gael as he listens
In a land of mass and bell
Under the hope of heaven,
Under the dread of hell.*

*Thinks long like age-spent Ossian
For the things that are no more,
For the clash of meeting weapons
And the mad delight of war.*

MMR. GEORGE MOORE, the Irish author, avers that in connection with the Irish printing industry "it is as easy to bring some thousands of pounds into Dublin as it is to call an outside car." His idea is that Irish authors should make a practice of asking their publishers to have their books printed in Dublin.

His own publisher has consented to have his new book printed in the Irish capital, having ascertained that printing in that city is not more expensive than in London or Edinburgh.

Mr. Moore asks other authors who "live by describing Irish people and scenery"—such as Dr. Barry, Miss Jane Barlow, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and Mr. Frankfort Moore—to follow his example, and to "pay their model" by having their books printed in Ireland.

Irish National Theatre.

THE Irish National Theatre Society, the members of which produced the Irish plays during Samhain week at the Antient Concert Rooms, Dublin, have opened their hall at 34 Lower Camden Street, with what ought to prove an attractive programme, including Mr. Fred Ryan's play, "The Laying of the Foundations," Mr. Yeats' farce, "A Pot of Broth," and Mr. MacGinley's play in Irish, "Eills agus an bhean deirce."

Mr. W. G. Fay, the stage manager of the Society, under whose direction the pieces are produced, appeared in "A Pot of Broth."

Late Mrs. Seamus MacManus.

IN the little country churchyard of Frosses, County of Donegal, where rest the remains of Ethna Carbery, a beautifully sculptured Celtic cross has been erected to her memory by her father, Mr. Robert Johnston, of Belfast. The inscription is in the language which was dear to the heart of her that is dead, and for the revival of which she strove so worthily and well.

The Irish wording is the work of a friend and fellow-laborer whom she valued dearly, the well-known Conan Maol. It is thus:

"I m-bliat na h-óige do báilliúg Dia leir-
eitne CAIRBRE,
bean Seamus Mac Maghnuir,
um Cárta. 1902.

"Bean-uarral árho-aigéantac, glé-inntin-
eac, neag-étheisgeac do b'ead eitne: bean-
file i'f tigí-reacor i'f oibhreig go rian-cálma
an ron teangeáil i'f rocais i'f tigé, i'f do chuir
brié-teine le b'rié i'f n-inntin Saeócal le
n-a-briáchtáin binne.

"Ag glán Dé inorú tá a h-anam geal ag
Guró le h-aigáin an lao úvo na nGaeócal
atá i'f n-dan do ceáct."

(Translation as follows):

In the bloom of her youth God gath-
ered to himself

EITHNE CARBRY,

Wife of Seamus MacManus,
Easteride, 1902.

A magnanimous, pure-minded, highly accomplished noble lady was Eithne. A poetess and patriot who worked strenuously for the cause of the language and freedom of her country, and put living fire and spirit into the minds of the Irish race with her sweet words.

At the knee of God now her bright soul is praying for that day that is to come for the deliverance of the Gael.

Disillusioned.

From a far world, and cold, and lone, I plead a heart-wrung plain,
 O, Mountain Guardians of my home, throw wide your arms again!
 For, desolate, heart-hungry, and sore sick of soul am I,
 In my heart's sad depths I yearn, I yearn within your arms to lie.
 The world has proved so false, and life grown bitter on my tongue,
 Gone every rainbow hope that 'fore my foolish eyes had sprung.
 I'm weary-worn, and at my breast there gnaws a sharp-toothed pain—
 O, Mountain Guardians, take me to your loving arms again!
 Dark Mountains of my love, long-lost, forbear that hurting frown:
 To my woeful weight of sorrow add not Sorrow's iron crown
 You cherished me in childhood, you held me, when a boy,
 In your big embrace, and gave me all the world may give of joy—
 You told me tales, and sung me songs, and showed me treasures gay.
 I turned my back on you—may God forgive!—one evil day;
 Nor dropped a tear; but left you; and now, when sorrows rain,
 I cry, O Mountains of my home, throw wide your arms again!
 Woe worth that luckless day of days I climbed thy topmost knoll!
 That bitter day and hour down-dropped from me my peace of soul.
 I saw a glittering world beyond: whereat a strange unrest,
 That my dream-life had never known, was stirring in my breast.
 A-through that world, afar, it drove me many a footsore mile,
 To find it base, its glitter false, and treacherous its smile.
 My breast is racked, my heart is dry, and throbbing loud my brain—
 O Mountains, take me, draw me to your loving arms again!
 O, Rugged Ones! with hearts so warm for all ye look so wild,
 Stretch out your mighty arms and gather me, an errant child,
 In your great clasp, and bathe my weary spirit with your balm;
 To your blue bosom fold me, cloak me with your holy calm
 That's only broken by the black-cock's crow, the plover's flap,
 And plash of speckled trout on the still lakes within your lap.
 With ye I'll find forgetfulness of a world so void, so vain—
 O, Mountains, Mountains of my youth, fling wide your arms again.

SEAMUS MAC MANUS.



A Little Rugged Boreen Far Away.

There's a little rugged boreen far away!
 Where the dusty road is winding to the dreamy, golden west
 And the heather-hills are sleeping, like a weary host at rest,
 And when evening shades are falling
 I can hear the birdeen's calling
 In that little rugged boreen far away.
 O, that little rugged boreen far away!
 How our thoughts at times will leap across the chasm of the years,
 And the voices of the past will come, unbidden, to our ears,
 And will touch our hearts in greeting
 Like the leafy branches meeting
 O'er that little rugged boreen far away!
 O, that little rugged boreen far away!
 When the hawthorn scent was floating on the holy morning air.
 And the fairy dew was glistening on the pure, white blossoms there,
 With the thrushes all a-singing
 On the branches lightly swinging
 In that little rugged boreen far away.
 O, that little rugged boreen far away!
 With the grand old poplars thrusting up their heads into the sky,
 Till you'd think they'd say: "God save ye," to the white clouds drifting by,
 And the leaves with laughter shaking
 At their mystic merry-making
 In that little rugged boreen far away.
 O, that little rugged boreen far away!
 When the people sat at evening in the shadow of the trees
 And with voices, low and gentle, as the whispering of the breeze,
 Passed the time in song and story
 Till the stars came out in glory
 O'er that little rugged boreen far away.
 How I love that little boreen far away,
 It is shrined within my memory like a mother's angel smile
 That no clouds of earth can darken nor no change of time defile,
 And my love shall live, unending—
 As the blue sky, lowly bending,
 O'er that little rugged boreen far away.

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

Dead

In Merioneth over the sad moor
 Drives the rain, the cold wind blows.
 Past the ruinous church door
 The poor procession without music goes.
 Lonely she wandered out her hour and died.
 Now the mournful curlew cries
 Over her, laid down beside
 Death's lonely people: lightly down she lies.

In Merioneth the wind lives and walls
 On from hill to lonely hill:
 Down the loud triumphant gales
 A spirit cries "Be strong!" and cries "Be still!"

LIONEL JOHNSON.



THE poems of the late Lionel Johnson are to be collected and published in a volume to which Katharine Tynan will contribute a preface. His prose essays are to fill another volume.

BARONESS BONDE was an Irish lady who married a Dutchman residing in an official position in Paris in the revolutionary days of 1848. She set down in her journal many intimate revelations of the period and its celebrated personages, and this journal is now to be published.

A COMPLETE translation into Welsh of Dante's "Divina Commedia" is in course of preparation. Only fragments of the work have existed so far in Welsh. The book is to be illustrated by a Welsh artist, Mr. Edwards, who has been visiting Florence.

WE have received from Mr. P. H. Pearse a copy of "Seaghan O'Duibhir an Ghleanna," the fifth of the Oireachtas choruses. It is beautifully harmonized by Mr. Robert O'Dwyer and turned out in the same tasteful style as those which we have already noticed. The price is the same—threepence.

MISS MARGARET BLAKE-ROBINSON, editor of the "Herald of Light," has written a charming story of Irish life to which she has given the unusual title of "The Left-side Man." His real name is Cahal Desmond and his sweetheart is Nanine Nolan.

Miss Robinson aims to show that Ireland is not as caricaturists picture it, and in doing so mixes love, politics, and moonlighting. 325 pages, 8vo, cloth. Herald of Light Publishing Co., New York.

BLACKIE & SON, London, announce "The Literature of the Celts, its History and Romance."

By Magnus MacLeal, M. A. D. Sc. F. R. S. E. 416 pages, demy 8vo.

As a book of reference on Celtic literature, this work will prove of great assistance to every student alike of general as of special literature.

MESSRS. CRAMER, WOOD & CO., music publishers, Dublin, are bringing out a new Irish song, the music of which is by Mr. O'Brien Butler.

The name in Gaelic is [Caitlin] "Cawteen." The Irish words are by Tadhg O'Donoghue. The English translation by Dr. Waller, is under the title of "Kitty Nelli." The song is dedicated to Lady Gregory.

HARPER BROTHERS, New York, announce "On an Irish Jaunting-Car Through Donegal and Connemara." By Samuel G. Bayne. An amusing journey taken by the author and his friends from New York to Londonderry and thence through the beautiful Irish country on a jaunting-car. Illustrated by photographs furnished by Lawrence, Dublin. Post, 8vo, cloth, \$1.25.

THE first yearly volume of Denvir's Monthly Irish Library is completed by the publication of the book for December. This is from the pen of Mr. Thomas Flannery, and its subject is "Dr. John O'Donovan." No person is more competent to write in popular form a sketch of the life, labors, and character of the great Irish scholar and antiquarian.

The little volume contains a good portrait of Dr. O'Donovan, which has been drawn by Mr. William O'Dubhain, from a likeness of his father lent by Mr. Richard O'Donovan, of Liverpool.

MR. T. O'NEILL LANE, Tournafulla, Newcastle West, County Limerick, announces that he has in preparation an English-Irish Dictionary. This dictionary will contain between 30,000 and 40,000 English words and their modern Irish equivalents, and where there are several equivalents for the same word they have been differentiated as far as practicable without making the book too large.

AN appropriate New Year's gift is a new volume of verse entitled "A Martyr of the Mohawk Valley," and other poems by P. J. Coleman, published by the "Messenger," Nos. 27 and 29 West 16th St., New York, and which has been received with great favor by literary critics. The work is artistically bound with gilt top; is printed on fine paper and will make a desirable addition to drawing room or library.

In its contents, it is up-to-date, touching on many events of the day—the religious persecution of France, the Boer war, the late visit of Rochambeau to America and kindred topics. The price of the volume is \$1.00 postpaid.

KOTTO: Some Japanese Curios, with Sundry Cobwebs," by Lafcadio Hearn, will be published next month by the Macmillan Company. Hearn's writings are very interesting, partly through the choice of his subjects and partly through the delicacy of his fancy and expression. He visited the secret places of the east, wrote about what he saw, and translated it. His mother was Grecian and his father was Irish.

JOSEPH MARTIN, Official Lecturer, Board of Education, New York City, announces that he is open for engagements for stereopticon lectures on Ireland and Irish subjects.

Address: 124 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.



The past twelve months have witnessed a development of the Gaelic League which must give high hope to everybody sincerely interested in the perpetuation of Ireland's nationhood. The number of affiliated branches of the League increases steadily, and County and District Committees are springing up all over the country to regulate local affairs. The organizing, editorial and clerical staffs have each been largely augmented, the League's organs have been appreciably improved—all its departments have in fact been placed on a practical business basis. And its new and original publications follow each other with almost startling rapidity. Moreover, the attitude of the press towards the movement has become decidedly friendly.

In no part of Ireland has the language movement got such a hold as in Dublin. Cities, of course, lend themselves peculiarly to organization, and sustained organization necessarily influences communities everywhere. Hitherto there has been a very healthy rivalry between the various units of the organization in Dublin; but the branches have now so multiplied as a result that the frequency of their individual functions has become almost embarrassing. This is a promising even if embarrassing state of things. Henceforward the desirable *innovations* even the most ambitious *social flights* of the League's earlier days will be regarded as quite commonplace, other features more racy, more distinctively native will supersede them, and so, the ideal will be gradually and steadily approached.

The Keating Branch has since its inception done much to nationalize the League's work. Its proposals at last Congress, though then misinterpreted and somewhat stoutly opposed, have resulted in a very visible opening up of the organization. Its inaugural address for the current session was happily chosen, having been delivered by Mr. P. J. O'Shea, better known as "Conan Maol." On the invitation of the

Lord Mayor, the popular president of the branch, the lecture came off in the Mansion House. Being exclusively in Irish, and followed by an exclusively Irish debate, it may be said to have been the first purely Irish function held within the Mansion House walls. Under the auspices of the branch Fr. Lee, of Limerick, has also delivered a most instructive lecture on "The Life-work of O'Curry." Among the other public lectures of the session are "Irish Dances," by J. G. O'Keeffe; "Irish Music," by Fr. Brennan, propagandist lectures by Fr. Dinneen, Dr. Hyde, Dr. Coffey and weekly historical lectures by the branch students.

The Keating Annual Concert (*Cuirne Cheoil na Samhna*) was as *Banba* puts it, "a feast of the native essence of Irish social life such as Dublin has not been treated to for long ages." Among its features was a representation of Fr. Dinneen's drama "*An Tobar Draoidheachta*," which had previously been produced and enthusiastically received both in Tralee and Killarney.

Later the Keating Hurliers, who have been winning an unbroken series of victories on the hurling field, held a smoking concert on a more than usually ambitious scale. Being hurlers, not hypocrites, they provided and partook moderately—most moderately indeed—of refreshments other than soda and oranges. This is the testimony of an eye-witness of their evening's entertainment. Some of the critics have in their lip-antipathy to bung-taken umbrage at this feature of the concert. Critics are of course legitimate if not necessary members of society. But particular critics might have the sense to realize that hurlers of the intellectual and physical calibre of the "Keatings" are well able to look after themselves, and can moreover afford to regard criticism offered in a rash and carping spirit as officiousness. The candid hurler will not deny being subject to the common weakness of enjoying limited stimulants of some form or other periodically. The hurler who will not admit this weakness

or a qualified sympathy with it is a hypocrite.

The scope and character of the Christmas number of *Banba*, just received, justify the departure made in the pioneer illustrated Gaelic magazine. Henceforward it is to "be published monthly, and four pages, or one-seventh of its entire space, will be devoted to critical notes in English. As an ideal, the new *Banba* may seem inferior somewhat to the first volume, but as a weapon to be used with effect in a nation's struggle for existence it must certainly be far more efficacious in its altered form. The possibility of producing an illustrated magazine exclusively in Irish has been amply demonstrated by the success which attended the first volume, and it therefore becomes the right of the governing body of the organization, admirably equipped as it now is, to produce and conduct a journal of such an exclusive character.

Nowhere outside of Dublin has the Gaelic League been embraced so earnestly as in the County Wexford where it owes its inception and growth mainly to the magnetism of Mr. Michael O'Sullivan. Already the county committee have secured two traveling teachers, and, judging by the unprecedented success of the great *Feis* held recently in Enniscorthy, which by the way, is also the cradle of the Anti-Treating League, the Wexfordmen of to-day seem determined to fight as earnestly in the language and industrial revival as did their ancestors in defence of their homes in '98. Gaelic Leaguers everywhere will be pleased to learn that Mr. O'Sullivan has decided to place himself in the custody of a fair guardian early in the new year. Those who know how unselfishly *Micheal* has toiled will pray that the future sharer of his fortunes may prevail on him to abate his ardour in the language cause for a time at least. He has truly done giant work and is well entitled to a holiday. "*Saoghal fada go raibh ag an lanamha i dh-focair a cheile.*"



Many of the Leinster counties are tolerably well organized, notably Meath, Louth, Wicklow, Kildare and Longford. But Carlow, Westmeath and *nídh nach longnaoh*, the King's and Queen's counties are yet in a very backward way. The difficulty of providing teachers for the non-Irish speaking districts is already giving the League serious concern. If the present demand for extern and traveling teachers continue, a couple of years hence will find most of the young men of the country drawn deeply into the language movement, and the political leaders will, as a consequence, find themselves confronted by a very serious problem.

Mr. John Hogan, Fr. O'Callaghan and Dr. Henry have been co-opted on the Gaelic League Executive. This will be welcome news to everybody, particularly the co-option of Dr. Henry who, though resident in London, has taken more than a mere ordinary interest in the organization of Connacht. Every step calculated to rouse and quicken the West is to be encouraged. Galway has of course been comparatively active from the onset, and Mayo has now become quite militant. But

Sligo and Leitrim are yet very far behind. And even Roscommon, in spite of the keen light radiating from Ratra is anything but ardent.

The Dublin Pipers' Club concert, held on December 13th, was among the most successful concerts of the present session. To the tireless energy of Mr. E. T. Kent is it especially due that the *Plóibairidhe* are, at length, in such a very promising position.

The subject of discussion at a recent meeting of the Dublin Grocers' Debating Society was: Whether is Douglass Hyde or John E. Redmond the better Irishman? The result has not transpired. But rumor says that Mr. Heaver, who comes from the Ratra neighborhood, urged the "prior claims" of Mr. Redmond very successfully.

Fr. Dinneen's Irish Dictionary is not likely to be ready for six months.

In the Central Branch of the League (Dublin) a number of Irish plays, notably "Aodh O'Neill," by Mr. P. J. O'Shea, are being earnestly rehearsed.

With Gaelic writers Cork and Kerry are now well in harness. Kerry has,

to an even greater degree than Cork, contributed itinerary workers to the Gaelic League. It has given P. J. O'Shea, Dermot Foley and M. J. Hussey to Belfast; Fr. Dinneen, Denis Lynch, Dr. Coffey, Domhnall O'Connor, and Patrick O'Shea to Dublin; Michael O'Sullivan to Wexford; J. J. Doyle to Derry; Mrs. O'Keane, Fr. O'Sullivan, and Fionan MacCollum to London. It has sent Michael C. O'Shea and P. J. O'Daly to Boston; J. P. O'Neill to Toronto; Michael O'Reilly to New York; in fact, to detail the work done by the children of "the kingdom" would be to relate half the history of the language movement.

The *Oireachtas* Syllabus for 1903 is out. This time the National Festival will be on a more ambitious scale than ever, and must, from its character, entail double the expense of the last *Oireachtas*. It is only the very few who have any conception of the drudgery and worry attending such a festival, and it is only because of the systematic handling of its complicated details by Mr. James Casey, the genial secretary, that everything connected with it has hitherto passed off so very satisfactorily. Everybody in a position to respond to the *Oireachtas* appeal should do so cheerfully and promptly.

THE GAEL

(AN SAOÍL.)

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-class Matter.
Postage free to any point in the United States,
Mexico or Canada.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE GAEL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
110 Nassau Street, New York.

TERMS

Price.—Subscription \$1.00 per year. Single copies 10 cents. Subscriptions from Ireland, England and Scotland, 5 shillings per year.

Remittance must accompany each Subscription and may be sent by Check, Registered Letter, or Money-Order. Stamps or currency may be sent, but at the sender's risk.

Subscriptions commence with the current issue. Change of Address should, in all cases, be accompanied by the old address as well as the new.

The date of expiration of each Subscription is printed on the address label on the wrapper each month. To ensure a continuance of the Magazine subscriptions should be promptly renewed.

Persons desiring the return of their manuscripts, if not accepted, should send a stamped and directed envelope. We cannot, however, hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of uninvited MSS. Authors should preserve a copy.

ADVERTISING RATES UPON APPLICATION.

In the latest issue of the "Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie," Dr. Whitley Stokes, the distinguished Celtic savant, roundly excoriates Dr. Robert Atkinson, of Trinity College, Dublin, for his lack of scholarship, so far as Irish is concerned, displayed in the recent volumes of the Breton Laws, edited by him. Dr. Stokes fills several pages of the "Zeitschrift" with instances of Atkinson's lack of Irish scholarship. He cites hundreds and hundreds of blunders and mistakes wherein he is entirely at fault, and shows that he is far behind Continental scholars in the latest discoveries of philology.

This is not the first time that Dr. Stokes has had to administer a like rebuke to this pseudo Irish scholar, nor is Dr. Stokes alone in this respect, it is now about four years since the Rev. Peter O'Leary, of Castlereagh, proved most conclusively that Dr. Atkinson in his edition of "Tri Bior Ghaoite an Bhais," did not know the use of the verb "to be," in Irish.

Prof. Atkinson has the useful talent of forcing himself into positions for which the world now knows he is totally unfitted. From being a professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Trinity College he worked himself into the good graces of the Council of the Royal Irish Academy, and last year was elected president of that body. From this he had only to appoint himself "Todd professor of

Celtic" to that institution at a salary of £100 per year. He has also filled the office of editor of "The Irish MSS. Series" to the Academy.

He has for nearly a quarter of a century drawn the sum of £300 per year from the government for the compilation of a complete Irish Thesaurus of which he has as yet only reached the letter "G" in manuscript. He has for over fifteen years held the office of editor of the Breton Laws to the Breton Law Commission, which is also under the supervision of the Royal Irish Academy, of which he is president. How many other sinecures Prof. Atkinson fills in and around the garrison stronghold we do not know, but we have known for a long time that Dr. Atkinson, like Dr. O'Hickey, has had a reputation for Irish scholarship and learning which he never earned. We know that when he promised to translate Keating's "Tri Bior Ghaoite an Bhais," he made it with the hope that poor old Mr. Fleming would not be called so soon to his eternal reward.

Prof. Atkinson will be remembered as the man who appeared before the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland a few years ago and declared that our old Irish literature, when not religious, was either silly or indecent. This is the man who in conjunction with Prof. John Pentland Mahaffy, also of Trinity College, denounced the Gaelic League and the Gaelic revival movement. This is the

man who by his public denunciation of the Irish language has drawn down upon himself the public condemnation of Profs. Zimmer, Kuno Meyer, and other great Continental Celticists, as well as Dr. Douglas Hyde, Father O'Leary and others.

The Council of the Royal Irish Academy is composed of men representing the highest types of scholarship and learning. Ripe and profound Irish scholars like Stokes, Meyer, Standish Hayes O'Grady, Dr. Edmund Hogan, Dr. MacCarthy and others are comparatively numerous.

Why they have not discovered and exposed the ignorance and incompetence of Prof. Atkinson long before this is a mystery to all. How long they are going to tolerate him, now that the deception has been discovered, is a question for the present. It is plain to all that he is a clog on the wheels of progress and must be cast aside.

The world asks, aye demands that the beauties of our old Irish sagas be given publicity and placed within the reach of all. Dr. Atkinson is an obstacle in the way, therefore he must be brushed aside. Recently he refused to permit even a catalogue of the Irish Manuscripts in Trinity College and the Royal Irish Academy to be compiled, although the British Museum, thanks to the efforts of Standish Hayes O'Grady, has now a complete catalogue of the collections of Irish MSS. preserved within its walls.

Before the learned world Prof. Atkinson now stands condemned as a man devoid of literary taste and lacking appreciation of the value and beauties of our ancient literature.

AGGRESSIVE—INDEPENDENT—OUTSPOKEN.
IRELAND'S MOST REPRESENTATIVE PAPER.

"THE LEADER"
A Weekly Review of Current Affairs, Politics, Literature, Art
and Industry

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"The ideal of *The Leader* is a Self-Governing and Irish Ireland. Its contributors include many of the ablest Irishmen of the day. It deals with all phases of Irish life. It advocates the restoration of the Irish language. One of its features is an article in Irish every week."

The Leader will be sent post free to any address in the United States, Canada, or Mexico one year for 8s. 8d.—shorter periods in proportion.
Address: THE MANAGER, 200 GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET, DUBLIN.

J. M. COLLINS, High-Class TAILOR,

Large Selection of IRISH TWEED SUITS, from 37/6 to 55/-

CLERICAL TAILORING A SPECIALTY.

Nr. St. Paul's
Cathedral

22 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON E.C.

Nr. St. Paul's
Cathedral

Carriage Paid to the United States.

THE Christmas numbers of the Irish newspapers and magazines are now arriving by every mail and show a pronounced advance both in literary and artistic merit over those of former years. Where all are so commendable it is difficult to make selection.

"A Celtic Christmas" is the title given to the Christmas issue of "The Irish Homestead." It is a most interesting number filled with well selected contributions from the best Irish writers, and accompanied by a special art supplement "the Spirit of the Daffodil" by "A. E."

The Christmas number of the "Dublin Weekly Independent" makes its appearance expanded to forty pages and enclosed in an attractive cover. Among the many interesting features are "The Sons of Tuireann," by Seamus MacManus; "Footprints on the Sand," by M. A. Manning; "A Weird Attraction," by P. J. McDonnell, etc. The literary matter is genuinely and correctly Irish in tone and sentiment and should be widely read. It retails for ten cents in this country.

The Christmas number of the Dublin "Weekly Freeman" is bigger, better, and more interesting than ever. Among the many items that go to make up the contents we notice "At the Door of Death," by Alice Furlong; "The Lazy Bush," by Seamus MacManus; "In the Glare of the Fire," by Mary Fitzpatrick Sullivan; "The Risks and Dangers of Emigration," by T. C. Russell; "The Nativity," a play in Gaelic by Dr. Douglas Hyde; "The Man in the Haunted Ruins," by Sarah J. Boyers, etc. The price in the United States is 15 cents per copy.

The Christmas number of the "Anglo-Celt," published at Cavan, is one of the brightest and most readable Christmas publications issued outside of Dublin. It is full of interesting reading, and contains a number of stories of a seasonable and fascinating character. It is thoroughly Irish in every respect and deserves encouragement.

The Christmas number of "Ireland Illustrated" contains twelve additional pages, but it is published at the usual price—sixpence. No fewer than eight pages of this issue are given over to a finely-illustrated account of the Irish pilgrimage to Rome. In connection with recent social events in Ireland a number of beautiful pictures are given. It is published by Seely, Bryers & Walker, Dublin.

The Christmas "An Claidheamh Soluis" contains over forty-two columns of reading matter in Irish, including articles by such well-known writers as Father O'Leary, Mr. McDowell ("Cu Uladh"), Mr. Ward ("Cois Fhárrge"), and Mr. C. Desmond, and a charming Irish love song by Dr. Douglas Hyde. A writer from California contributes an article on the best means of keeping the young people of Ireland from emigrating. It is a double number. The price is two-pence.

Not Appointed.

WE learn through our San Francisco correspondent that a number of politicians in that city have petitioned Governor Gage of California to appoint Father Yorke a Regent of the State University in succession to the late General Barnes.

So sure were they of his appointment that they gave the story to the "Bulletin" which printed it, only to discover next day that it was not true. The Governor had only "promised" to consider his application. The politicians say his appointment will be a "vindication." Evidently they consider he needs a vindication or they would not endeavor to secure it. Politicians have a lively sense of favors to come. They never work for nothing.

A PRINTING company has been formed in Dublin for the purpose of taking over the establishment which issues *An Claidheamh Soluis* and *The Gaelic Journal*.

The company is formed entirely of staunch Gaelic Leaguers such as Dr. Douglas Hyde, Dr. Sinclair Boyd, P. T. MacGinley, Seamus MacManus, etc. They hope to develop an extensive Gaelic printing business and an English one also.

My Little Noreen Sweet.

Tho' proud may be the dames and fair
That grace the Saxon court;
And great the tall ships anchored there
In many a noble port.
Yet were they laden deep with gold
And priceless jewels complete
Far dearer than them all I'd hold
One little colleen sweet,
My fair Noreen, my gay stoirin,
My little Noreen sweet.

A patriot's heart beats in her breast.
She loves old Ireland well—
Yet, too, for me her love's confess'd
How from her lips it fell.
Then what care I for wealth or fame
They're but at best deceit
Since happiness unto me came
With a colleen fair and sweet
My fond Noreen, my loved stoirin,
My little Noreen sweet.

SLIEVE MARGY.

THE island of Tiree on the west coast of Scotland, near Mull, owned by the Duke of Argyll, has recently been put up for sale at auction and withdrawn because there were no bidders.

The island is noted for its salubrious climate and magnificent shooting, and has been in the possession of the Campbells, of Argyll, for centuries. It is less than twenty-five miles from the Isle of Saints, Iona, or I Colmcille, the centre of all the finest Early Christian traditions of the Hebrides.

The eloquent auctioneer described it as a freehold domain known as the "granary" and "flower" of the Hebrides, reached by frequent steamers from Oban and Glasgow, and comprising an area of 21,741 acres. The population is 2,500. The gross rental is about £4,600 per annum. A great feature of the property is the vast body of white, pink and green marble, of which the island is largely composed. The snipe shooting is the finest in Europe. At the outset the auctioneer suggested £100,000, and afterwards asked £90,000, £80,000 and £50,000. As no bids were forthcoming he withdrew the property.

CORRIGAN & FRENCH

20 ALDERSGATE, CITY,
And at 32 ROSEBERRY AVENUE,
LONDON, E. C.



OVERCOATS
OF
IRISH TWEEDS or
FRIEZE from
30s.

JACKET SUITS
FROM
37s. 6d.

The Principals make special journeys to Ireland for the express purpose of securing GENUINE IRISH-MADE GOODS.

The IRISH HARP.

Now made in Ireland for the first time in generations. Correctly Modelled according to the ancient historic Harps in the National Collection of Antiquities. Played with success at the recent Feis Ceili and Oireachtais Competitions in Dublin. Testimonials for tone, etc., from distinguished Irish Harpers and Musicians. VARIOUS PRICES

APPLICATIONS FOR PARTICULARS INVITED

JAMES M'FALL,

22 YORK LANE . . . BELFAST.

Denvir's Monthly Irish Library.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH FOR DECEMBER:

"SARFIELD,"

By John Hand.

HISTORY—POETRY—BIOGRAPHY—GAELIC PAGE, Etc.

Free by post 50c. per year.

American or Canadian Stamps taken.

JOHN DENVIR, 61 Fleet Street, LONDON.

WILLIAM F. COMBER,

Successor to WILLIAMS & BUTLAND,
Newsagents, Booksellers, and Dealers
in Church Requisites,

47 LITTLE BRITAIN, LONDON, E.C.

W. F. COMBER is London agent for THE GAELO and other American publications. Newsagents anywhere in Great Britain supplied at Wholesale price.

GAEL ADVERTISING RATES

IN IRELAND AND GREAT BRITAIN.

FULL PAGE	one insertion	-	-	per insertion	£	s.	d.
" "	six insertions	-	-	" "	3	5	0
" "	twelve insertions	-	-	" "	3	0	0
HALF AND QUARTER PAGES PRO RATA.							
ONE INCH	one insertion single col. (3 columns to page)	per insertion		0	2	9	
" "	six insertions "	" "	" "	0	2	6	
" "	twelve insertions "	" "	" "	0	2	4	

A METEORITE weighing more than nine pounds fell near the village of Crumlin (about ten miles to the west of Belfast, on the morning of October 13th, and, thanks to Mr. L. Fletcher, F. R. S., it is now in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, London.

It fell in a cornfield on Crosshill Farm, which is under cultivation by Mr. Walker, after exploding with a loud noise like that of the bursting of a boiler, and buried itself to a depth of one and a half feet in the ground.

Mr. Fletcher states that it is the largest stone which has been seen to fall from the sky in the British Islands for eighty-nine years, and is larger than any which had fallen in England since the year 1795.

IS it not a deplorable thing that in most of our country towns and villages there is nothing to quicken the intelligence, no mental food of any kind? British periodicals of an inferior class, written for and to the standard of the minds of Britishers, are almost the only things we have.

Foreigners visiting Ireland again and again deplore the genius that is running wild and waste in this country. Travelers also say that the peasantry of Ireland are amongst the keenest and most intellectual in the world. This is no exaggeration, it is no blowing of our own trumpet; it is the simple truth. How sad it is that there is so little real education in our midst; nothing to foster that wasted genius, nothing to guide and control that keen intellect. We all in the country seem like one who has lost his health, and finding that he possesses no hold upon life, lets everything run into ruin. Daily Independent, Dublin.

Instruction in Gaelic.

Lessons in Gaelic given at your home by an experienced teacher of the language.

Terms Reasonable. Write to

M. J. O'SULLIVAN,
216 E. 80th St., New York

COMANN NA SGRIEANN
GAEÓILGE.

Irish Texts Society,

Established for the publication of Irish Texts, with English Translations, Notes and Glossaries.

PUBLICATIONS.

Vol. I.—"Giolla an fhuá" i "eac-ta clóinne ríg na h-IORRAÍOE." Two 16th and 17th century Romances, Edited by DOUGLAS HYDE, LL. D. (Issued 1899).

Vol. II.—"pleo bricren." Edited by GEORGE HENDERSON, M. A., Ph. D. (Issued 1899).

Vol. III.—"Dánta aodagáin ui nascáile." Complete Edition. Edited by REV P. S. DINNEEN, M. A. (Issued 1900).

Vol. IV.—"FORAS FEASA AR ÉIRINN," or Geoffrey Keating's "History of Ireland." Edited by DAVID COMYN, M. R. I. A. (Vol. for 1901 now ready).

Vol. V.—"DUANAIRE FINN." Edited by JOHN MAC NEILL, B. A. (Part I. will form the Society's Vol. for 1902).

The annual subscription of 7s. 6d. (American subscribers, \$2.00), entitles members to all publications for the current year. All who are interested in the preservation and publication of Irish manuscripts should join the Society. The Society is also bringing out an Irish English Pocket Dictionary of the Modern Language, edited by REV. P. S. DINNEEN, M. A.

Intending subscribers should communicate with the Hon. Secretary,

MISS ELEANOR HULL,
20 Hanover Square, London, W.

cill t-sléibe.

DRAWING OF PRIZES

AT BESSBROOK,
NEWRY, IRELAND.

Will take place on Monday, February 16, 1903. Holders of tickets will please return duplicates as soon as possible to Hon. Secy. at above address.

NOW READY.

"IRISH MIST & SUNSHINE"

Being a collection of Poems and Ballads, by the REV. JAS. B. DOLLARD (Sliau-na-mo.)

Cloth, 144 pages. Handsome Cover in two Colors, Gilt Top, with an excellent Photograph of the Author. Price, Postpaid, \$1.50.

"Father Dollard treats Irish Life and Sentiment *** with the intensified passion of an exile ** every line rung true to life and home and with the tone as heart-moving as the Angelus which holds Millions peasants in its spell. Nobody can well read his verses without feeling a breath of healthy air pass through the lungs, and a pleasant twitching at the heart such as effects one who in dreams in a distant clime, hears the sound of the chapel bells of his young days floating on his ears."—WM. O'BRIEN, M.P.

BLAKE'S BOOKSTORE,

602 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO, Canada.

BOOKS RELATING TO IRELAND

Address: THE GAEL, 140 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

Irish Music

THE Irish Songs and Music comprised in the books advertised here have been chosen to represent as far as possible the various characteristics of the people from which they have sprung.

Thus, glimpses into the lives of the Irish peasant, fisherman and mechanic are given through the Lullabies, the Love Songs, the Lays of Sport and Occupation, and the Lamentations for the Dead; while the romantic Historical subjects of the remote past have not been neglected. The airs are in the main selected from the Petrie collection, also from Mr. Bunting's and Dr. Joyce's collections.

Songs of Erin. A Collection of Fifty Irish Folk-Songs, the words by Alfred Perceval Graves, the music arranged by Charles Villiers Stanford. Paper cover.....Price, \$2.00

The Irish Melodies of Thomas Moore. The Original Airs Restored and Arranged for the Voice with Pianoforte Accompaniments, by Charles Villiers Stanford. Paper cover..Price, \$2.00

Songs of Old Ireland. A Collection of Fifty Irish Melodies, the words by Alfred Perceval Graves, the music arranged by Charles Villiers Stanford. Paper cover, \$2.00; cloth gilt.\$3.25

Irish Folk-Songs. A collection of Twenty-five Old Irish Melodies, hitherto comparatively unknown, the words by Alfred Perceval Graves, the airs arranged by Charles Wood. Paper cover.....Price, \$2.00

The Songs of Ireland. (The Royal Edition.) Comprising the most favorite of MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES and a large collection of OLD SONGS and BALLADS. Edited by J. L. Hatton and J. L. Molloy. Paper cover, \$1.00; cloth gilt.....\$2.00

Literature

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF IRELAND FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE DEATH OF O'CONNELL. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. With specially constructed map and 100 illustrations, including facsimile in colors of an illuminated page of the Gospel Book of MacDurnan, A. D. 850. Crown 8vo. \$1.25. By mail 15 cents extra.

A READING BOOK IN IRISH HISTORY. By P. W. Joyce, with 45 illustrations; 12mo. 75 cents. By mail 10 cents extra.

BANDON.—The History of Bandon and the Principal Towns in the West Riding of County Cork. By George Bennett, Esq., B. L. Enlarged Edition with two lithographic portraits. Imp. 8vo., roxburgh. Cork, 1869. Price, \$2.50; postage 25 cents extra.

BARRINGTON'S RISE AND FALL OF IRISH NATION.—Illustrated with portrait and steel engravings. 12mo., cloth. 75 cents.

CALEDONIA, OR A HISTORICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF NORTH BRITAIN. From the most Ancient to the Present Times. With a Dictionary of Places. By George Chalmers, F. R. S. F. S. A. Illustrated with large folding map of Scotland. Maps and plans of Roman sites, ancient antiquities, etc. 7 Vols., 4to, boards, perfectly new and clean, published at Paisley, 1837, at \$35.00. Price \$15.00

THE OGHAM INSCRIBED MONUMENTS OF THE GAEDHIL IN THE BRITISH ISLANDS. With a Dissertation on the Ogham Character. Illustrated with fifty photo-lithographic plates. By Richard Holt Brash, M. R. I. A. Edited by George M. Atkinson. Quarto, 1/2 leather, London, 1879. Price \$6.00; postage 60 cents extra.

IRISH FIRESIDE STORIES, TALES LEGENDS.—Containing forty humorous and pathetic sketches. 12 fine, full-page illustrations. Large 12mo, cloth. \$1.25.

LEGENDS AND FAIRY TALES OF IRELAND.—Being a complete collection of all the Fairy Tales published by Crofton Croker, and embodying the entire volume of Kenedy's "Fictions of the Irish Celts." With fifty wood engravings. Large 12 mo, cloth; \$1.25.

LIFE OF JOHN MITCHEL. By William Dillon. With an introduction by John Dillon, M. P. Portrait. 2 Vols in one. 8vo, cloth. London, 1838. \$1.50.

MADDEN (DR.).—LIFE AND TIMES OF ROBERT EMMET.—With numerous notes and additions. Embellished with a portrait on steel.—To which is added a memoir of Thomas Addis Emmet, with a steel portrait. 12mo., cloth; 90 cents.

McGEE (THOMAS D'ARCY).—HISTORY OF IRELAND. By Thomas D'Arcy McGee. 2 vols, 12mo., Leather, half morocco, gilt tops. \$1.75.

MY LIFE IN TWO HEMISPHERES. By Sir Charles Garvan Duffy. 2 Vols. 8vo, cloth, gilt tops. 2 photogravure portraits. Published at \$8.00. Present price \$3.00.

O'BRIENS. HISTORICAL MEMOIRS of the O'Briens. Compiled from the Irish Annalists, with Notes, Appendix and a Genealogical table of their several branches; 8vo cloth. Dublin, 1860. \$2.50.

O'CONNOR (BARRY).—Turf Fire Stories and Fairy Tales of Ireland. The stories are all short and brimful of genuine wit, exceedingly humorous. Illustrated with woodcuts. 405 pages, large 18mo. cloth; \$1.25.

PAGAN IRELAND: An Archaeological Sketch; a Hand-book of Irish Pre-Christian Antiquities. By W. G. Wood-Martin. With 412 illustrations. \$5.00. By mail 20 cents extra.

REGISTRUM PRIORATUS OMNIVM SANCTORVM JUXTA DUBLIN (All Hallows). Edited by the Rev. R. Butler. 4to, cloth. Dublin, 1846. Published by the Irish Archaeological Society. \$3.50.

RUSSELL (T. O'NEILL).—DICK MASSEY.—A story of the Irish Evictions during the famine. By T. O'Neill Russell. 450 pages, 12mo., cloth, gold and ink designs. 60 cents.

OLD CELTIC ROMANCES. Twelve of the most beautiful of the ancient Irish Romantic Tales Translated from the Gaelic. By P. W. Joyce. Crown 8vo. \$1.25. By mail 20 cents extra.

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF IRISH NAMES OF PLACES. By P. W. Joyce; 2 vols. Each \$1.75. By mail 15 cents each vol. extra.

THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY AND GEOLOGY OF IRELAND. 2 colored maps and 26 woodcuts. 12mo., cloth. London, 1878. \$1.00.

TRACES OF THE ELDER FAITHS OF IRELAND. A Folksore Sketch; a Hand-book of Irish Pre-Christian Traditions; 2 vols. \$12.00. By mail 20 cents per vol. extra.

LUKE DELMEGE. By Rev. P. A. Sheehan. \$1.50.

STATISTICAL SURVEY OF THE COUNTY ROSCOMMON. Drawn up under the Direction of the Royal Dublin Society, by Isaac Weld, M. R. S. M. R. I. A., etc. This volume contains an exhaustive account of Roscommon at that period. Every lake and river, every town and village is fully described. Thick 8 vo., 750 pages, in good condition. Dublin, 1832. Price, \$5.00.

THE SCOTTISH GAEL, or Celtic Manners as Preserved among the Highlanders, being an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Inhabitants, Antiquities and National Peculiarities of Scotland, more particularly of the Northern or Gaelic parts of the country, where the habits of the aboriginal Celts are most tenaciously retained. By James Logan. First American edition published at Hartford, Conn., 1846. 8 Vo., sheep, embossed. Frontispiece, many illustrations. Some pages slightly foxed, otherwise a good copy. Price, \$2.00.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA. By John Francis Maguire, M. P. 8 vo., cloth. New York, 1863. Price, \$1.50; postage 20 cents extra.

TREACY (REV. WM. P.).—IRISH SCHOLARS OF THE PENAL DAYS.—Glimpses of their labors on the Continent of Europe. New edition. By Rev. Wm. P. Treacy. 16mo., cloth; 60 cents.

WALSH (REV. THOMAS).—ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF IRELAND.—Octavo, cloth, 888 pages: \$1.25.

ZOZIMUS PAPERS.—The Blind Story-Teller of Dublin, with portrait. A series of comic and sentimental tales, fairy stories, and legends of Ireland. 12 mo. Cloth. 75 cents.

Books in the Irish Language

THE PURSUIT OF DIARMUID AND GRAINNE. 8vo, cloth. Published by the Ossianic Society. Dublin, 1857; rare. \$2.00.

MOLLOY (REV. FRANCIS). Lucerna Fidelium, sive Fasciculus Decerptus ab Outhoribus magis versatis, qui tractarunt de Doctrina Christiana. 12mo, original covers. Roma: Typis De Sac. Congreg. de Propo. Fide. 1678. This work, although bearing a Latin title-page, is in the Irish language and character. It is very rare. \$2.50.

SPEECHES ON THE LEGISLATIVE INDEPENDENCE OF IRELAND. By Thomas Francis Meagher, with Richard O'Gorman's Memorial Oration. Portrait. 12mo., cloth. New York; new. \$1. Contains his most brilliant orations, the famous sword speech, his speech in the dock at Clonmel, which latter is embodied in the memorial oration of Richard O'Gorman.

THE POEMS OF JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN, containing German Anthology, Irish Anthology, Apocrypha and Miscellaneous Poems. With Biographical and Critical Introduction by John Mitchel. 12mo., cloth; new. \$1.00.

MOORE (THOMAS). The History of Ireland from the Earliest Kings. Vigettes by Finden. 4 vols. 12mo, cloth. London, 1840; rare. \$2.00.

Except where Extra Postage or Express Charges are to be added any of these books will be forwarded upon receipt of price. In some instances we have only one copy, therefore persons desiring it should order at once. Digitized by Google

The Celtic Association

97 STEPHENS GREEN,
DUBLIN.

THE Celtic Association is the only Pan-Celtic organization in the world, and is the governing body of the Pan-Celtic Congress, the central assembly of the Celtic Race. The next Congress will take place in 1904.

"Celtia,"

the origin of the Celtic Association, gives all the news of the Celtic movement throughout the world, and contributions in Irish, Gaelic, Manx, Welch and Breton by the best writers.

Annual Subscription to the Association, \$2.50.

Annual Subscription to "Celtia" . . . 1.75.

"CELTIA" IS SUPPLIED FREE TO MEMBERS.

Trade



Mark.

THE LEADING TYPEWRITER OF THE WORLD.

THE only Polyglot—Using a hundred Type Shuttles in Twenty-six Languages (including Irish), all immediately interchangeable. Now adds to its Undeniable Perfections (Perfect Alignment and Impression, etc.).

Each day has its own cares
Ein jeder Tag hat seine Plage
Basta al dia su afan
Bo ympo neuemca o eacu
A chaque jour suffit sa peine
All Hammonds use 40 styles type

A CROWNING GLORY.

The Best Manifolder, where Quality and Quantity are desired.

The Hammond Typewriter Co.

69th to 70th Street, East River,

NEW YORK, N. Y.

London Branch Office:—50 Queen Victoria St., London, E. C.

an cláiríochtaí solais

asúr

páinné an lae.

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK
IN IRISH.

Literary Articles, Songs, &c.,
in Irish.

Reports of Gaelic League Branches,
the Progress of the Movement,
&c., &c.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year	8s. 8d.
Six Months	4s. 4d.
Three Months	2s. 2d.

Subscribers in the United States and
Canada may remit in Dollar Bills.

Address:—THE MANAGER,

An Cláiríochtaí Solais,
24 O'Connell St., Upper,
DUBLIN.

O'GROWNEY'S REVISED SIMPLE LESSONS IN IRISH.



Edited by Rev. RICHARD HENEBRY, Ph. D.

NEW YORK:
THE GAEL PUBLISHING CO.,
150 NASSAU STREET.

PRICE, FIFTEEN CENTS.

Digitized by Google

PRICE
3d.

THAT AMERICAN GIRL

By KATHLEEN EILEEN BARRY

PRICE
10c.

February, 1903.

THE GAEL

an GAAOIL



CONTENTS

- IRISH FOLK LORE, THE ENCHANTED TROUT. By John Shandon.
- FRANCISCAN MANUSCRIPTS.
- FIONA MACLEOD ON MR. W. B. YEATS.
- ORDNANCE SURVEY IN IRELAND.
- THE BOOK OF KELLS.
By James A. Clarkson.
- DUBLIN PIPERS' CLUB CONCERT.
- ADAM'S CURSE. Poem. By W. B. Yeats.
- WOMANHOOD AND NATIONHOOD.
Review. By Crissie M. Doyle.
- IRELAND'S MINERAL WEALTH.
- A CONNACHT LAMENT. Poem.
By Nora Hopper.
- GAELIC DEPARTMENT.
- IRISH HISTORY IN AMERICAN SCHOOLS
- NOTES FROM IRELAND.
- IRISH BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

THE PASSING OF CLAN WILLIAM. By P. G. SMYTH.

THE
GRAPHOPHONE
Prices \$5 to \$150
ENTERTAINS
EVERYBODY
EVERWHERE



Latest NEW PROCESS Records.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Columbia Phonograph Co.,

Wholesale and Retail:
93 CHAMBERS STREET.
Retail only:
573 FIFTH AVENUE.
NEW YORK.

• **All Ireland Review** •

Edited by STANDISH O'GRADY.

A WEEKLY IRISH LITERARY JOURNAL.

History, Stories, Essays, Sketches, Poetry,
Correspondence, Archaeology, &c., &c.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

One Year - - - - - 8s. 8d.
Six Months - - - - - 4s. 4d.

All Communications to be addressed to

STANDISH O'GRADY,
56 HENRY ST., DUBLIN.

**EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL
SAVINGS BANK,**
51 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK

INCORPORATED 1860.

Due Depositors 960,347,791.93
Surplus Fund 5,966,000.95

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES.

JAMES McMAHON, President.
JAMES G. JOHNSON, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN C. McCARTHY, 2nd Vice-President.
LOUIS V. O'DONOHUE, Secretary.

ROBERT J. HOGUE. FRED'K R. COUDERT.
JAMES McMAHON. VINCENT P. TRAVERS.
JOHN C. McCARTHY. HUGH KELLY.
JOHN GOOD. JOHN BYRNE.
LOUIS V. O'DONOHUE. JAMES McGOVERN.
CHARLES V. FORNER. MICHAEL E. BANNIN.
JAMES G. JOHNSON. MICH'L J. DRUMMOND.
JOHN CRANE. JOSEPH P. GRACE.
HERMAN RIDDER. THOMAS M. MULRY.
MYLES TIERNEY.

MARCUS J. McLOUGHLIN, COMPTROLLER.
WILLIAM HANHART, ASST. COMPTROLLER.
LAURENCE P. CAHILL, AUDITOR.

Try L. J. CALLANAN'S
AMERICAN MAN'S WHISKEY
TEN YEARS OLD

None	TRADE 41 MARK	MELLOW WITH AGE
BETTER MADE		

ABSOLUTELY PURE



Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

—THE BEST OF ALL—

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



DO YOU KNOW

That PAUL'S CHOICE
INKS are adopted by
all the U.S.
Govern.



—PRESENT.

ment Departments, including The Senate and The House of Representatives. If you send \$1.00 to our nearest branch office in New York City, Philadelphia, Pa., Boston, Mass., Baltimore, Md., St. Louis, Mo., or Chicago, Ill., we will deliver Express Paid Paul's No. 6 Set, containing enameled tray and three automatic Paul's Safety Filled Ink Wells (one each fluid, crimson, mucilage).

Safety Bottle and Ink Co., 117-119 Ninth St., Jersey City, N. J.

ALSO BUFFALO, N. Y., TORONTO, CANADA, AND BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

**REVISED
SIMPLE LESSONS IN IRISH**

GIVING
The Pronunciation of Each Word.
BY THE LATE
REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY,
M.R.I.A.

With Appendix Containing a Complete and Exhaustive Glossary of Every Irish Word used in the Text.

IN presenting to the public "Revised Simple Lessons in Irish" we are endeavoring to carry into effect the expressed wishes of the late lamented Rev. Eugene O'Growney.

These revised Lessons are the last literary production of that great Gaelic scholar and lover of Ireland and her language.

To the student of Irish this little work will be found a most useful and helpful compendium. Great care has been given to the compiling of the "Phonetic Key" system. By following instructions, every word given in the book can be pronounced according to the usages of the best modern speakers of the vernacular. The author's chief aim was simplicity and clearness of expression.

FOR SALE BY THE GAEL,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

PRICE, Paper Covers, 15c.; Cloth, 25c.
By mail, 30c.

**A GUIDE TO
IRISH DANCING**

By J. J. SHEEHAN.

This little Book contains Directions for the proper performance of a dozen Popular Irish Dances. An effort has been made in this work to convey instructions so that persons who are not familiar with Irish dancing, and who can not procure a teacher, can instruct themselves.

Published by JOHN DENIR, LONDON
48 pages, bound in pasteboard cover.

Price, 15c.

Address, THE GAEL, 140 Nassau St., New York

How to Write Irish.

The Irish Copy Book,

Giving the Most Improved Method
of Writing the

GAELIC CHARACTERS.

A BEAUTIFUL MANUAL OF
CELTIC PENMANSHIP.
EVERY IRISH SCHOLAR NEEDS ONE.

Price, 10 Cents. Sent free by mail.

For Sale at the office of THE GAEL,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

R.I.P.A.N.S

The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels is Ripans Tabules. They go straight to the seat of the trouble relieves the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general toning up.

At druggists.
The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

An Gaoil.

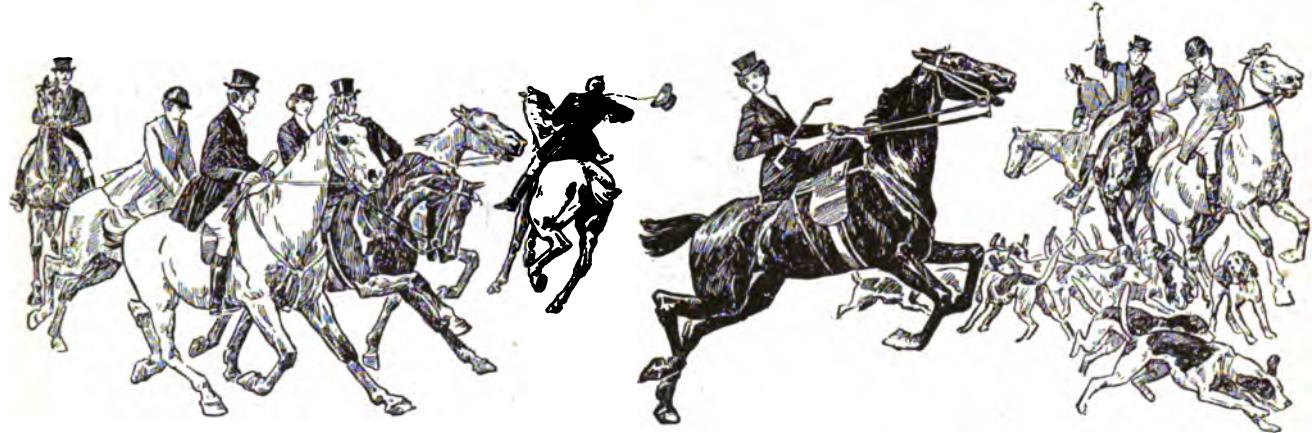
(The Gael.)

A MONTHLY BI-LINGUAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF THE LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, MUSIC, AND ART OF IRELAND.

No. 2. VOL. XXII.
NEW SERIES.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1903.

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR
OF PUBLICATION.



That American Girl.

By Kathleen Eileen Barry, New York.

CHAPTER I.

OULD on tight, Miss! We'll be there in a jiffy!" bawled Larry Corcoran.

Miss Wentworth did not answer. Her head was bent low to avoid the wind and rain that swept along in great gusts, and she was intent on retaining a seat on the swaying jaunting-car. But notwithstanding the discomfort of the situation, this drive in the darkness through a strange country delighted her adventurous spirit.

She was an American girl from the wild and woolly West, and had crossed the Atlantic in her capacity as correspondent for the "New York Trumpeter." It was just three weeks since

she landed in Queenstown. Within that time she had visited many places in search of material for articles on home government and the vexed question of landlord versus tenant. Incidentally, she had done considerable damage to susceptible Irish hearts. And now she had come to Midleton, with letters of introduction to Mrs. Flood, the feminine autocrat of the town. But she counted without her host. When she arrived at "Rose Cottage" there were only the servants to receive her. They explained that "the mistress an' the young master" had gone to Glounthane for the opening of the hunting season, and would not be home for several days.

Now, aplomb was a natural attribute of Dorothy Wentworth, but for once it failed her. It was impossible to return until morning to the people in Cork, whose hospitality she had been enjoying; it seemed equally impossible to

forestall her welcome by invading the cottage in the absence of its owner.

As she ruefully contemplated that portion of the landscape visible through the rain, Larry Corcoran, under whose tutelage she had come from the station, said persuasively: "Supposin' you let me dhrike you to Glounthane, Miss? It's only a thrif of nine mile or so. Mrs. Flood an' all the quality is visitin' at Castle Mona, an' shure the tayspoonful of mist won't hurt you!"

Dorothy had heard much of the castle, and the prospect of seeing it was alluring, but she questioned the propriety of descending uninvited on its inmates in this unceremonious fashion.

Her misgivings were set at rest by Mrs. Flood's housekeeper, who exclaimed: "Ah, do go, Miss! Never fear but you'll get a welcome that'll warm the cockles of your heart. The Donohoe family is wan of the raal ould

stock, an' the castle is open to rich an' poor, gentle an' simple. Of course if you'd rather stop here, I'll send after herself, but then she'll miss the big fox-hunt to-morrow, an' that 'ud be a pity!"

"Thru for ye!" chimed in Larry. "Come, Miss, jump up on me car an' we'll be there in two shakes of a lam's tail."

It is easy to persuade one to do that which is personally agreeable, especially as she also had letters of introduction to the Donohoes of Castle Mona, so without further waste of words, Dorothy climbed on the outside car, and they drove off in state.

The girl's arrival at the castle created a sensation. Mr. and Mrs. Donohoe disengaged themselves from a gay group and came forward to give courteous welcome to the stranger within their gates. The situation was soon made clear, and she was gracefully and hospitably placed on the footing of honored guest.

During the hunting season, which commenced in October and ended in March, there was plenty of life and movement in Glounthane, but for the balance of the year it was very dull, and at all times the advent of a stranger was hailed with delight. Then, too, Dorothy was an interesting and unusual type—a fact evidenced in her face, bearing and even in the cut of her garments, besides she bore letters of introduction from their good friends in the States.

The majority of women would look wretched and bedraggled after driving through a rain-storm in the teeth of a gale, but she was radiant. Her sunny hair, from which an ocean of "mist" could not extract the fluffiness, was crowned by a grey felt sombrero, fantastically caught up at the side with a jewelled pin, and a cloak of cadet blue water-proof material enveloped her from throat to feet.

While she was being presented to Mrs. Flood that lady was joined by her son, otherwise known as "Master Paul." He made no effort to conceal his admiration for Dorothy, and when she flashed a glance at him from eyes that in color resembled blue malachite, he promptly succumbed to their witchery.

Presently she was carried off to one of the guest-chambers, where she changed her travelling costume for a charming Empire gown, and then went downstairs again.

She stood for a moment at the door



DOROTHY WAS AN INTERESTING TYPE.

of the drawing-room, thereby discovering that the adage, "listeners hear no good of themselves," is sometimes a fallacy.

Paul Flood was stationed within a few yards of her, talking to Mr. Donohoe.

"Looks like an empress," he was saying with a touch of scorn. "Poor man, there's not an empress alive could hold a candle to her! If you said a Grecian goddess I might agree. I wonder if all American girls are—oh!" He stopped in dire confusion as a slight movement from the doorway betrayed her presence.

She advanced slowly to the center of the room where her hostess was chatting with a bevy of girls.

A sudden silence fell upon the party. All eyes were riveted on the young American. And in truth she was well worth looking at. She might have stepped out of a picture in her quaint gown of palest green with its broad sash knotted under her arms. Her face was devoid of color, but that creamy pallor like a magnolia leaf had

a beauty all its own. There was a touch of hardness about the drooping corners of her mouth, and instinctively one knew that she had at some time or other traversed the thorny paths that wind through the Garden of Gethsemani, and one guessed, also, that she had borne her suffering in proud silence.

At this moment she seemed absolutely unconscious of the admiration that was being divided impartially between her striking beauty and aesthetic garb. Indeed, she had long since grown accustomed to the furor that invariably followed her appearance in public.

But the guests at Castle Mona were too well-bred to continue staring at the stranger, and the interrupted hum of conversation was speedily resumed.

The party was a large one. It consisted of representatives of prominent hunt clubs, invited by Mr. Donohoe to attend the opening meet of the season with the "Duhallows," of which he was master, and embraced that portion of the feminine contingent among the

county families who usually graced the hunting-field.

Everyone looked forward excitedly to the great event. The "Duhallows," one of the oldest and steadiest packs of fox-hounds in Ireland, always afforded good sport, and Mr. Donohoe was the most popular master of the hounds in the entire south.

Dorothy enjoyed the animated chatter, and encouraged the men to talk about the many spirited runs in which they had participated. Paul Flood, who hovered around her with moth-like persistency, succeeded in monopolizing her attention for awhile, but presently was dislodged by Mr. Donohoe, who said good-humoredly: "Run away, little boy—it's my turn now. Miss Wentworth, do you ride? If so I can offer you a mount to-morrow."

Did she ride? As she smiled a demure affirmative, a vision rose before her mind's eye of madcap races over level plains in that far western home; of quieter rides in winding paths with one whom she had fondly hoped would be close beside her all through life's swift run; and of still another ride under the glare of gaslights, with the blare of trumpets sounding in her ears, and tier above tier of curious faces turned towards her—faces that were all blotted out when there appeared among them one dear, familiar visage with a cruelly unfamiliar sternness upon it, and—

Her wandering thoughts were checked by Mr. Donohoe's plea for "an American song." Mechanically she accepted his arm and went to the piano, closely followed by Paul, who, misguided youth, was proving in his own person that there did exist such a casualty as falling in love at first sight.

She sang "Maryland, My Maryland" and "Away Down South in Dixie," and when the delighted audience clamored for just one more, she essayed a negro melody, sweet and plaintive, but half way through broke down and hurriedly left the piano. No one but Paul saw her lips quiver, or the tears that for a second gleamed on her lashes. He cleverly screened her from observation, and was rewarded by a grateful glance that made his heart beat wildly.

Poor Paul! If only he had known what memories were evoked by that song! If * * * Ah well, it would never do if the thoughts and remembrances that we hide in the deepest recesses of our hearts, were as a print-

ed page before alien eyes!

When Dorothy reached her room she opened the window and leaned out. The rain had ceased, and the moon was struggling to pierce the scudding clouds. The trees were whispering mysteriously. In the distance a belt of water shimmered in the uncertain light.

She was still quivering with emotion called forth by the song he used to sing with her in the old days, and almost unconsciously a passionate cry escaped her: "Oh my love, my love, come back to me!"

As the words died into a sobbing whisper, she heard the sound of horse's hoofs clattering up the avenue.

Her arms dropped to her side, and she stood in an attitude of strained attention. Who could be approaching the castle at this unseemly hour? And oh, what meant the rapturous sensation that was stealing over her, numbing her heart with its very intensity! Where and when had she experienced it before?

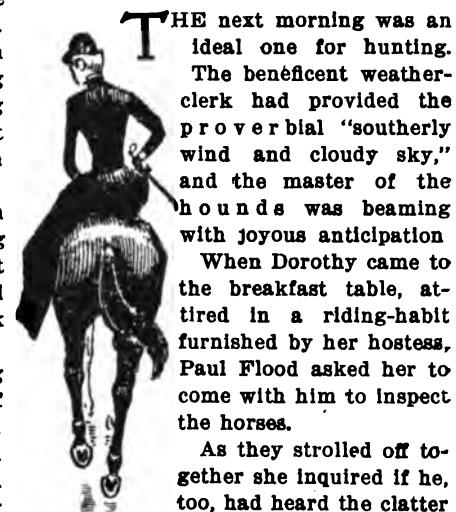
Ah yes, she remembered! In the dear old days when he was near, and even before he came into sight, love's telepathic power conveyed to her the knowledge of his presence, and she used to thrill, even as now, in the thought that his arms would soon enfold her.

And this was the land of miracles and fairy-lore! Perhaps the tiny, red-capped folk who danced all night on grassy knolls, would be kind to her. Perhaps they would bring her lover back! Perhaps—

She shook off the fantastic fancies and went to bed, but for hours she could not sleep. Again and again her thoughts reverted to the man whom she had loved with all the strength of an emotional nature.

She remembered how happy and hopeful they had been; how they had planned the future, and rejoiced like two light-hearted children in their youth and mutual love. And then, without any preliminary warning, a blow had fallen upon her, producing at first a sense of blankness and dull pain which gradually became unbearable torture as she began to realize that she had been deserted, slighted, her love flung back at her as a worthless gift. But she had made no moan, save deep down in her own proud heart, and none knew of the tempests that now and then shook her when some trifling, as that half-forgotten song, brought back an echo of the past.

CHAPTER II.



THE next morning was an ideal one for hunting. The benevolent weather-clerk had provided the proverbial "southerly wind and cloudy sky," and the master of the hounds was beaming with joyous anticipation.

When Dorothy came to the breakfast table, attired in a riding-habit furnished by her hostess, Paul Flood asked her to come with him to inspect the horses.

As they strolled off together she inquired if he, too, had heard the clatter of hoofs resounding through the grounds while night and dawn were blending.

His bright face clouded over as he answered: "Oh yes, that was a chum of mine returning after a long hard ride. He came to my room for a smoke and chat. I used to play Damon to his Pythias, but he doesn't care so much for me now, or indeed for anyone. He went to America a couple of years ago, and came back so changed that his nearest friends hardly recognized him."

"How strange! What happened? Did we do anything very dreadful to him over yonder?"

"Well, there was a woman at the bottom of it. There generally is, you know. Didn't some fellow once say that women were at the root of all evil?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Flood! Don't allow yourself to grow cynical. You are too nice a boy for that. Keep your faith in us for always—if you can."

It was very pleasant to listen to the soft voice with its tinge of pathos, and to gaze into the glorious eyes that were almost on a level with his own, but the word "boy" jarred on Paul. It is only the graybeards and men past life's prime that are gratified when this appellation is bestowed on them by a woman. Therefore his tone was a trifle cold as he continued: "Well, anyway, I'm awfully sorry for him. He was such a fine fellow, and now he's queer as queer can be. Some people think he's a bit cracked. The Donohoes' are very fond of him, and he often stays at the castle. Sometimes he gets a restless spell while here, and rides off without a word, as he did three days ago. But he turns up all

right again. Oh, I say, there's the chestnut that's destined to carry you to the meet. The brute's a goer, but his mouth is like iron, and he pulls—"

She made an impatient gesture. "Yes, yes, but your friend! Somehow I'm greatly interested. Won't you tell me something more about him, Mr. Flood?"

Before he could answer, two of the guests drew near. One was a lean, silent little man who rode like a centaur; the other a woman of the "icily regular" order, as haughty as she was beautiful. Hers was the only dissentient voice in the chorus of praise that went up from the inmates of Castle Mona when speaking of the American girl.

"I do not like her," she had said positively, but when they asked: "Why not, Miss Brian?" she could only give the vague answer: "Oh, just because!" Dorothy, on the other hand, had been repelled by the mannerisms of the supercilious beauty. It was one of the natural antipathies that sometimes spring up between people without apparent rhyme or reason.

Neither of them were aware that they each loved the same man. They were total strangers, yet so complicated is the web of fate that the existence of the one had well-nigh changed the whole current of the other's life.

The two passed on, and Paul began: "It's deuced odd that you should want to hear my chum's history, for he was desperately interested when I spoke of you. Now isn't that a coincidence?"

"My curiosity is at fever heat. Please gratify it."

"Here goes then. He took a trip to New York a few years ago and fell head over heels in love with a girl he met out there. I believe she was awfully clever and fascinating. Anyway, he wrote to his mother saying that he intended to bring home a wife. She cut up rough about it. You see he's an only son, and she had other views for him. She set off hot foot for America, and he returned with her, minus the girl. Good old Tom! He has never been the same from that day to this. Now, Miss Wentworth, I'm afraid we must get back to the house. It will soon be time to start."

"Wait a minute!" cried Dorothy excitedly, "that's only half the story. I must know the rest. Oh, I must!"

Something in the agitated face arrested the surprised query that rose to his lips, and he resumed soberly:

"Perhaps I shouldn't speak of my friend's trouble, but as you're so awfully eager to hear of it I'll tell you this much—he discovered through the merest accident that his betrothed was a circus rider or something equivalent."

He paused and looked curiously into Dorothy's dilated eyes.

"Go on!" she panted. "Please go on!"

"Well, it seems she rode twice a day on a mustang or bucking pony, or whatever style of beast the cowboys affect, and was queen of a troupe. It was an awful blow to the poor fellow. You see she deceived him right along. But I think he would have forgiven all that, only he found out she belonged body and soul to a circus-man, and—oh, Miss Wentworth, what's the matter? Don't, I beg of you, don't laugh like that!"

The peal of harsh, hysterical laughter ceased abruptly, and she faltered. "A moment—give me a moment. Don't speak to me—don't touch me!"

He turned away and contemplated the tree tops. He was bewildered and somewhat alarmed. Presently he felt a light touch on his arm, and Dorothy said unsteadily: "Let me tell you something. I am the girl to whom he was engaged. Oh, don't look so shocked. Indeed, I'm not a circus-rider. It was all a mistake."

Paul turned swiftly and grasped her hands. His face glowed with feeling as he said: "If you were a circus-rider ten times over it would make no difference to me. I know that you're all that's sweet and womanly. I—"

She held up a warning finger and said gently: "Thank you, but say no more about me. Where's Tom—I mean Mr. Morton?"

"In his room," he answered moodily. "He's tired out after his long ride and doesn't intend to get up at all to-day. Do you want to see the brute? Are you going to make it up?"

Her flashing eyes and scornful expression answered him even before she said vehemently: "No, I despise him! He ran away from New York without making an attempt to see me. If you loved a woman, or pretended to love her, would you believe ill of her even under suspicious circumstances? Would you give her a chance to explain, or sneak out of the country and thus tacitly condemn her?"

In this proud, disdainful woman who spoke with such biting contempt, no resemblance could be traced to the

girl whose yearning cry for her lost love had floated out into the darkness. But if Eve's fair daughters were not inconsistent occasionally, that variety which is said to be the spice of life would be sadly missed.

Paul Flood's impetuous answer to her question need not be recorded here. Suffice it to say that there flashed across her mind the thought: "Tom is very human. He would wince with jealous misery if I accepted the homage of his own familiar friend, even though he gave me up so lightly. Shall I make him suffer through this medium?"

Perhaps the thought was an unworthy one, but then there is a latent savagery in most of us which prompts the giving of blow for blow. The mightier our love the keener the pain that can be dealt us by the loved one. And Tom Morton had hurt her cruelly! Revenge was within her grasp. Would she take it? But no—a thousand times no. Her better self triumphed and the sweet kindness of her repulse, bound Paul Flood to her for all time in strongest bonds of friendship.

They sauntered back to the house and mingled with the other guests. It is a fact beyond dispute that the majority of women have more finesse than the average man, which, after all, is another way of hinting that the sex feminine are born actresses. At any rate, Paul looked very conscious, but nothing in Dorothy's appearance would lead people to suspect that she had just run the whole gamut of emotion.

Her dainty boot rested lightly in Mr. Donohoe's hand for the fraction of a second, and as she sprang into the saddle with an ease acquired only by long practice, many glances were bent admiringly on her.

She made a mighty effort to quiet the tumult in heart and brain, and concentrate her attention on the pleasure of the moment, but it was no easy task to still those tempestuous memories. Her mind would persist in wandering back to the last time she had ridden, and to all the misery wrought by her girlish prank. It happened thus:

Phil Brooks, an old playmate and sweetheart, who had cast in his lot with a troupe of famous rough-riders, came to New York with his "show." He had been a wild youngster and had developed into a veritable scapegrace, but she still liked him as well as when he had fought her battles and given her the biggest bite of his apple. For the sake of auld lang syne she went to

Madison Square Garden on his opening night, and he took her behind the scenes. He was featured on the bills to do a superb riding act with "The Queen of the Cowboys," a professional horsewoman, but just before it was time to enter the arena, she sprained her ankle.

He was in despair until an inspiration came to him, and clutching Dorothy's arm he said pleadingly: "Dolly, dear, won't you help a fellow out? This specialty of mine is only the old trick I taught you long ago. You can go through it like a bird, and not a soul will know you. It will only take four minutes altogether, and think what a glorious lark 'twill be! Dolly, stand by me in this—it means everything to me!"

She was still in her teens, and the spirit of fun and comradeship was rife within her. She remembered, too, that all his family had disowned him because he had cast in his lot with this troupe, and she resolved to help him. She resigned herself to the hands of a dresser, and presently made her appearance in the ring beside Phil.

Their magnificent horsemanship brought down the house. As she wheeled back to bow her acknowledgments to the shouting crowd, she caught sight of Tom Morton in an arena box, his face blanched with horror and rage.

Next day she remained indoors, expecting he would call to demand an explanation, but the hours wore on, another day dawned, and still another, yet he made no sign. Then she sent



him a note. It read: "Tom, dear, why don't you come to me? I want to confess and be forgiven." He did not come, and three days later she heard he had sailed for Ireland.

These painful recollections were not dispelled until she reached the meet, where her attention was enthralled by the animated beauty of the scene.

Paul Flood availed himself of the first opportunity to draw rein beside her, and asked if he might give her a lead.

At this moment the hounds gave tongue. When Dorothy heard that musical cry, followed by the huntsman's "Tallho! Whoop! Gone away!" her heart beat exultantly. She gave the chestnut his head, and he darted in the wake of those scarlet-clad figures. What mattered it now that love lay bleeding! What cared she for the pain of other days! As she sped on, with the cool October wind wooing color to her cheeks and the lust of the chase in her heart, there was room for no thought save to keep up with the swiftly-moving cavalcade, to leap her horse over ditch and fence, and at all hazards to keep the panting hounds in sight!

CHAPTER III.

ALL this while Tom Morton paced his room, torn with conflicting emotions. The words spoken by Paul Flood still rang in his ears: "Her name is Miss Dorothy Wentworth, and by heaven, old chap, she's a stunner! It won't be my fault if she leaves Ireland again!"

She was here then! The same roof sheltered them! Flood was raving about her beauty. Damn the fellow! How dared he lift his eyes to Dorothy!

Suddenly he groaned as he remem-



bered that cursed night when he had seen her, all flushed and breathless, bowing right and left to the gaping throng. How it all came back to him!

When she left the ring he had tried to force an entrance behind the scenes, but the Cereberus on guard waved him back. He could not bring himself to name Dorothy to this rough, tobacco-chewing clod, and he bunglingly explained that he must see at once the girl who had just ridden off.

The door-keeper, who was not aware of the substitution, laughed knowingly as he answered: "Oh, you mean Phil Brooks' beauty—her as did that breakneck act! Why, you can see her any old time. She rides here twice a day, but if you're after her, I'd advise you to go slow, young feller. Brooks won't stand no poachin' on his preserves, as some of them mashers knows to their cost. Oh, she's a daisy, she is!"

Tom slipped some money into his hand, put a few leading questions, then staggered away, dazed and heart-broken.

He cast himself at his mother's feet, just as he used to do when seeking comfort in his boyish troubles, and poured out the whole story, then springing up vowed he would seek Dorothy and upbraid her with her baseness and perfidy. But stately Mrs. Morton, to whom vice meant vulgarity, and vulgarity the unpardonable sin, implored him not to go. She feared lest the girl's beauty would lure him back. She had always looked forward to his marriage with Miss Brian, an heiress whose estate adjoined her own, and she had arrived in New York that very day in the hope of inducing him to return home with her without saying good-bye to "that American girl."

She succeeded, as strong-willed women are won't to do, and before he fully realized her plans she had him on board the *Lucania*. Then ho for Ireland and Miss Brian!

Unhappy Tom! Day after day he paced the deck, looking back wistfully towards the shores where his heart remained. He still loved Dorothy, although he hated himself for doing so. But how can a strong, true man disentangle at a moment's notice the fibres of his heart which have wound themselves about a loving and deeply loved woman!

Since his hurried departure from New York he had heard nothing of Dorothy until Paul Ford burst into

his room and voiced ecstatic admiration of "the lovely Yankee."

And now he took out her note, trying once more to extract a new meaning from its appealing simplicity.

"I want to confess and be forgiven!" To "confess!" Ah, there was no need—he knew—he had heard! He had seen with his own eyes that which dashed to earth his belief in her. And yet, something within him, higher and truer than the evidence of his own senses, persistently cried out that she was innocent.

He remembered her almost childish gayety; her love of frolic and adventure; her independence of thought and deed; the Bohemianism and unconventionalities begotten of her unfettered life on the plains. He remembered, also, the limpid purity of her mind and the girlishness that had been a delight to him, and his heart told him he had wronged her.

But still he knew little or nothing of her antecedents or daily life. He had been introduced to her at a literary reception in New York, and the only member of her family he had ever met, was an elderly cousin with whom she lived in a flat.

From others he had learned that she was a shining light in the newspaper world, and as their friendship progressed she gave him to understand that he would never find her at home between noon and three o'clock, or after 7 P. M. This last had seemed a damaging confirmation when he heard that she rode twice a day in the ring.

Many times he had been sorely tempted to return to New York, but there was always his mother's appeal to hold him back. He could not gratify her wish by marrying Miss Brian, but he could and did obey her behest in keeping the broad Atlantic between him and the girl who haunted his waking and sleeping thoughts.

Now that she was actually within reach, his heart-hunger grew more intense. He felt he could no longer immolate himself on the altar of filial duty. He must feast his eyes on the face that was still so dear to him, or go mad.

She had gone to the hunt. His bosom friend was in close attendance. Possibly they were riding side by side, as was his sole privilege in other days! Oh, those rides—how his heart ached as he thought of them! And had not Paul Flood vowed it would not be his fault if she left Ireland again! Conceited fool! Perhaps Dorothy's won-



TOM CUT ACROSS COUNTRY.

derful eyes were even now turned on him in all their brilliant beauty! And surely Paul was whispering soft nothings into her ear! Strange, it had never before occurred to him what a consummate puppy young Flood was!

His restless misery grew too strong for him. Would he ride after them? Yes! No! And yet again, yes!

But that sickening tale the old door-keeper had told him! He ground his teeth as he thought of it. He longed to have his strong hands about the throat of the grinning mischief-maker. He hated him now, just as we always hate those who brush the scales from our eyes when we would prefer to remain blind.

He ran to the door, then drew back again. His mother! What would she say? Well, he could not help it. He had sacrificed his own inclinations long enough. He had always been dutiful and patient although she made his life a burden by urging a union with Miss Brian. Ah! That was why she hurried him away from New York. He saw it all now!

Dorothy, his dainty sweetheart! There was some mistake. Yes, he was sure of it. Well, he would see her. Not another minute should be wasted. He would plead for forgiveness because he had ever doubted her. She would listen. She had loved him well.

He rushed to the stables. All the horses were in the hunting-field except a vicious, partially broken colt, who champed and stamped in the stall, rolling his eyes wickedly.

The old groom protested loudly against the animal being ridden, and finally refused point blank to saddle him.

Don't fail to procure Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for your Children while cutting teeth. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Digitized by Google

"The Angel Gabriel couldn't keep a sate on him, sir," he said almost tearfully. "He's as fresh as paint. He'd break yer neck an' his own in the bargain, an' then the masther 'ud never forgive me, for he's worth his weight in goold, let alone what Mrs. Morton 'ud say if you came home to her as dead as a door nail!"

Tom laughed grimly, and with his own hands prepared the colt for a swift run.

Dandy did his best to dislodge this audacious rider, but finding it was no go, settled down to business right gallantly.

Tom calculated that by cutting across country he would catch up with the hounds. Every inch of the ground was familiar to him as he had hunted with the "Duhallows" for years. But in this instance his reckoning was at fault, and he was about to abandon all hope of finding the riders when the sight of a few straggling red-coats, besmirched with mire, showed him that he was on the right trail at last.

He dashed on, keeping the colt well in hand, and presently he saw in the distance a slight, graceful figure, riding a big chestnut.

It was Dorothy! He could not be mistaken. He knew too well that lissom form, and the poise of the shapely head. He bent his energies to the task of overtaking her, and the landscape fairly flew past.

The chestnut was doing his best, but Dandy was more than a match for him, and inch by inch the pursuer gained upon the pursued, until only half a field divided them.

Then she turned. When she recognized Tom she swayed in the saddle, but recovering quickly, plied whip and spur, and forging ahead widened the distance between them.

The panting fox that raced along with the pack of hounds in full cry at his heels, was not less frightened. The thought of seeing this man face to face unnerved her. She feared lest the meeting should resuscitate the love she had been at such pains to crush but which she well knew was only dormant. And she felt that her self-respect would suffer severely did she now allow the magic of his voice and the sorcery of his presence to blot out the memory of all she had endured because of him.

The hounds were going at a killing pace, and the hunters lagged behind. Only a few minutes before she had given up all hope of being in at the

death, but now she urged her horse to increased speed.

She passed Paul Flood and he shouted to her to be careful, but she neither heeded nor paused in her headlong career. The chestnut bounded over ditches and gates under the deft guidance of her small hands. Her hat fell off; the pins were shaken out of her hair, and it streamed in the wind in all its sunny luxuriance. She might well have been mistaken for one of the Valkyries speeding to Valhalla on her winged steed.

The mettle of horse and rider was thoroughly aroused. A species of madness seized her, and indeed we are all more or less mad in moments of intense excitement. She would win this race or die! History must needs repeat itself, and now she would run away from him!

She glanced over her shoulder, and smiled triumphantly as she saw that Dandy was losing ground.

Suddenly she heard the melody of the hounds who were fast closing in upon poor reynard. In the same moment her swift course was checked at the sight of a sunken fence some ten feet wide. She could see that there were points about it that would make the leap a dangerous one, but she put the chestnut at it, steadily, coolly, and he took it on the fly. A sense of wild exultation swayed her. She rushed on, and soon found herself close to the hounds. She turned her eyes away as they leaped on the quivering fox and bore it to the ground.

Mr. Donohoe hurried up and presented her with the brush, complimenting her highly on her clever riding. She hardly heard him. Her eyes shone, her cheeks flamed, and she was half beside herself with excitement.

In another minute some belated riders appeared on the scene, Paul Ford at their head. Dorothy noticed his pallor and marvelled at it. He drew Mr. Donohoe aside. Then she heard the half-smothered exclamation, "Good God! Is it possible? Poor old Tom! Who will break it to his mother?"

Quick as thought she stepped between the two men and grasping an arm of each, gasped: "What has happened to Tom? Is he dead? Tell me at once. Mr. Flood, speak, I implore you!"

While Mr. Donohoe stared at her in amazement, Paul took her hands and said gently: "He came to grief while trying to top that devilish fence. I've sent a groom for the doctor. Now,

Miss Wentworth, you must be brave! He is not dead—at least, I hope he is still alive, and I've come to take you to him."

She went with him across the fields, silently, tearlessly, followed by the startled men. When they reached the spot where Tom Morton lay, she threw herself down beside the motionless figure, and brushing the hair from his blood-stained forehead, looked at him with all her heart in her eyes. But he could not see that loving glance; his ears were deaf to the voice that called him with such despairing passion. She forgot what he had made her suffer. She remembered only that she loved him. All the tenderness and infinite pity of her heart welled forth at sight of this bruised and blood-stained man. Never had he been so dear to her as now. And sinking lower and lower until her head rested on his breast, she whispered: "Tom! Oh, my darling, don't die! I love you, Tom! Please don't die!"

And Tom did not!

Books in the House.

D. R. HUNTER, who edited the "Encyclopaedic Dictionary," had so many books in his house that his landlord in Mecklenburg Street, London, took alarm lest the floor should give way. This led to his leaving, and building a house for himself. But he was not so perplexed as Thomas Rawlinson, of whom we read he resided in Gray's Inn, but in 1716, having filled his four rooms so completely with books that he was obliged to sleep in the passage, he was compelled to move.

DENVIR'S
Monthly Irish Library
An Illustrated Publication on Original
and Striking Lines.
IRISH HISTORY, POETRY, BIOGRAPHY,
AND LITERATURE.
Each Number consists of a complete
Booklet by a popular writer
Articles—Essays—Reviews—Sketches
GAELIC PAGE

BY EMINENT IRISH SCHOLARS, Etc.

The following are the "Books of the Month" in the Numbers for 1902:

Jan. - "Thomas Davis." By W. P. Ryan.
Feb. - "Hugh O'Neill, the Great Ulster Chieftain." By Daniel Crilly.
Mar. - "Ireland's Appeal to America." Mich'l Davitt
April - "Irish Fairy Legends and Mythical Stories." By John Boylin O'Reilly.
May - "John Boylin O'Reilly." By Wm. James Ryan.
June - "John Mitchell." By John Bannon.
July - "Art McMurrough." By Daniel Crilly.
Aug. - "Owen Roe O'Neill." By John Deniv.
Sept. - "Robert Emmet." By John Hand.
Oct. - "Daniel O'Connell." By Sileen Donard.
Nov. - "Rescue of Kelly and Deasy." By I. R. B.
Dec. - "Dr. John O'Donovan." By Thos. Flannery.

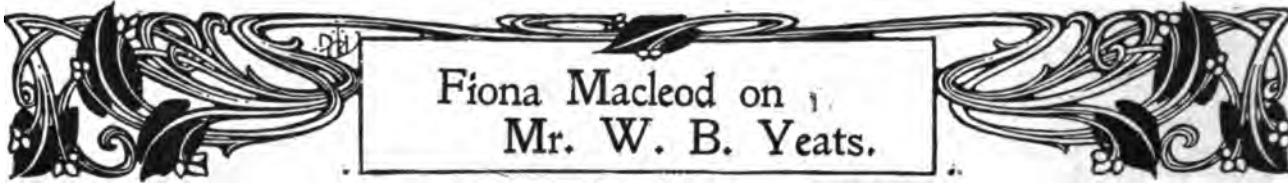
"Books of the Month" for 1903:

Jan. - "Sarsfield." By John Hand.
Feb. - "Brian Boru." By Daniel Crilly.

Price, 5c. each, or 50c. per dozen.

Address: THE GAEL, 140 Nassau St.,

Digitized by Google



Fiona Macleod on
Mr. W. B. Yeats.

AN interesting literary event. No one can have a greater claim to write understandingly concerning Mr. Yeats than the writer who has devoted herself to clothing in modern literary speech the legends and tales which haunt the wave-acquainted rocks of Gaelic Scotland: from no one, we may conceive, could appreciation be more valued by the poet himself. Fiona Macleod writes, of course, as an apostle of the Anglo-Celtic movement, which we know under various names.

That is a strange and remarkable new development in Ireland, particularly the Ireland whose first literary avatar was through such poets as Davis and his comrades, in patriotic ballads and the like, but it is the neglected Mangan who has triumphed after all; for assuredly the spirit of "Dark Rosaleen" comes nearer to that of the present school than does the spirit of Davis.

But the poetic standard-bearer of the movement is certainly Mr. W. B. Yeats. Fiona Macleod is not wrong when she says, in the "North American Review," that even the contemners of the Anglo-Celtic school allow his position in literature. Her article is specially given to his later work, in which she recognizes the "beginning of a new music and a new motive." It is a finely written article—here and there a thought too remote for perfectly-expressed criticism, but that is a trait inherent both in her subject and herself.

There is one quite lovely phrase, where she says of a certain passage in "The Shadowy Waters" (comparing it with the preceding passage) that it is "the cold radiance of precious stones after the glow and flame of that little infinite trouble in the dark, the human heart." Mr. Yeats' latest poems do, as she says, display the dawning of a new motive; but of a new music we are not so sure. There are poems in the older volumes which seem to us to have all the quality of the latest ones.

The new motive is the uncontrolled set of his poetry towards that mysticism to which it always, consciously or unconsciously, tended. It has its dangers, which Fiona Macleod clearly sees and indicates. The greatest lies in his research of symbolism. For it is more than a use of symbolism; we would go further than Fiona Macleod, and call it an actual abuse of symbolism. Symbolism is used (to our mind) where not only was its employment unneeded, but the meaning could more beautifully have been given without it. This, however, is a temporary phase, we believe, which will rectify itself.

In Mr. Yeats' discovery of a novel power (since symbolism is no less) he has come to love and use it for the mere delight in using it; as a young artist revels in technique for the sake of technique. The painter presently learns to handle technique severely

as a means to an end; and the like sobering will come about in Mr. Yeats' handling of symbolism. Yet we cannot quite sign to Fiona Macleod's dictum that "the things of beauty and mystery are best sung, so that the least may understand." If it were always possible, then it were indeed best so. But the highest "things of beauty and mystery" cannot be sung so that they may be understood of the least. Where, else, were the mystery?

But in the bulk of Mr. Yeats' work, even of this latest work, there seems to us nothing beyond the proper and beautiful indefiniteness of remote suggestion. Such is that exquisite poem which Fiona Macleod quotes:

"Had I the heaven's embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light;
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light;
I would spread the cloths under your feet;
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet,
spiritual drama, ranging under no existing precedents,
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams."

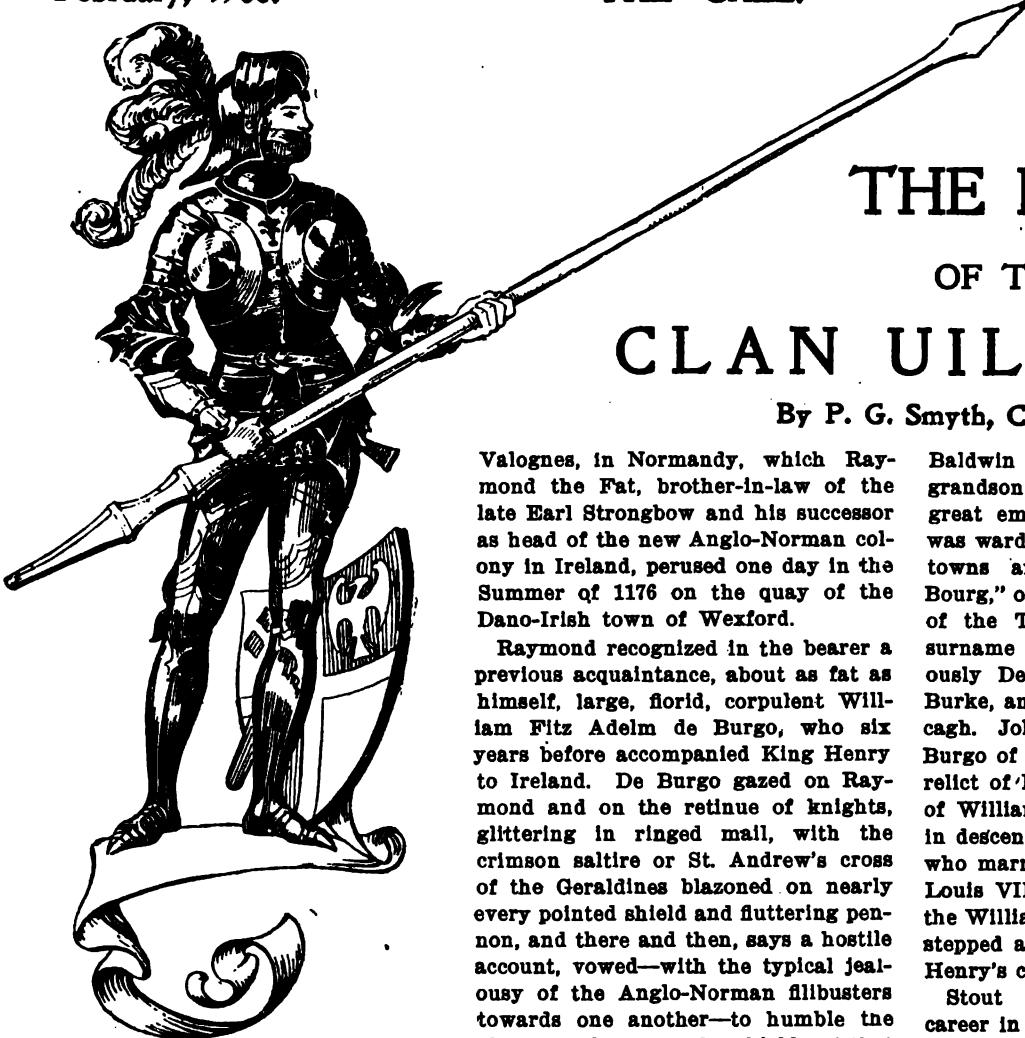
There is a poem by an older Irish writer, which ends with one fine line:

"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet,
love!"

If Mr. Yeats ever saw the poem, then with the skill of a consummate artist he has ennobled the line into a thing of perfect beauty, which is rightfully his own.

His highest work, like this poem, stirs echoes in the imagination which reverberate to the dimmest verges of consciousness. It is this unique power of subtly remote suggestion which makes him typically the poet of what we understand by Celtic spirituality. The ics, which are lost at last on the other side this life.

Whether Fiona Macleod's final conjecture be correct, that Mr. Yeats may yet work out a new and words seem to awaken a series of answering harmonies another matter. To us, as to her, it seems impossible at present that his genius should fit the stage. He has declared his conviction that such a drama must revert to the Shakespearean stage, and shake off the trammels of scenery. Wagner's conception of a new drama went the other way, demanding the last perfection of scenery and mechanical device. Yet we strongly incline to it, that in this matter Mr. Yeats is right. Nothing would drag us to see "The Tempest" mounted with even Bayreuthian completion. But is spirituality possible short of a Greek or lyric drama? And after all, Mr. Yeats' ethereal gift seems to us to have no rightful connection with passion at all, save the clear passion of yearning for the infinitely far, and regret for the unknown, which is plaintive in all his verse.—The Academy.



THE PASSING OF THE CLAN UILLIAM.*

By P. G. Smyth, Chicago.

Valognes, in Normandy, which Raymond the Fat, brother-in-law of the late Earl Strongbow and his successor as head of the new Anglo-Norman colony in Ireland, perused one day in the Summer of 1176 on the quay of the Dano-Irish town of Wexford.

Raymond recognized in the bearer a previous acquaintance, about as fat as himself, large, florid, corpulent William Fitz Adelm de Burgo, who six years before accompanied King Henry to Ireland. De Burgo gazed on Raymond and on the retinue of knights, glittering in ringed mail, with the crimson saltire or St. Andrew's cross of the Geraldines blazoned on nearly every pointed shield and fluttering pennon, and there and then, says a hostile account, vowed—with the typical jealousy of the Anglo-Norman filibusters towards one another—to humble the plumes and scatter the shields of that proud family.

Much ado has been made of the antiquity and patriotism of the Fitzgeralds, especially since Davis lauded them to glowing excess in his splendid oft-quoted poem; but, discounting the story of descent from Anreas of Troy through the Gherardini of Florence, with which some ingenious seanachies complimented the progeny of Maurice, son of Gerald of Windsor and the infamous Nesta, founder of the race in Ireland, the antiquity somewhat shrivels, and, leaving out Lord Edward Fitzgerald and a few others, the patriotism is not very prominent. Comparison is, of course, odious, but it is about the most effective way of gaining some idea of the antiquity of the Bourkes, once, under the auspices of the famous Red Earl, the most powerful family in Ireland, and now one of the most numerous in Christendom.

The Bourkes came originally from the imperial loins of Charlemagne.

Baldwin II. of the House of Blois, grandson of Charles, fifth son of the great emperor, had a son John, who was warden or governor of his father's towns and was thence styled "de Bourg," or "of the towns." From John of the Towns comes this numerous surname of erratic orthography, variously De Burgh, De Burgo, Bourke, Burke, and in Irish Burcaidhe or Burcagh. John's descendant, Harlowen de Burgo of Normandy, married Harlette, relict of Robert the Devil and mother of William the Conqueror; and third in descent from Harlowen was Adelm, who married Agnes, daughter of King Louis VII. of France. Their son was the William Fitz Adelm de Burgo, who stepped ashore at Wexford with King Henry's credential letter in his hand.

Stout William's thirty-one years' career in Ireland was a lurid one. The monk historian of the invasion, Gerald Barry of Cambridge (Strongbow's secretary), describes De Burgo, whom he heartily disliked, with a pen of gall; a gross and sensual man of large and powerful frame; a crafty, wily man, smooth and sweet-tongued even to his foes and concealing enmity under a bland face; a man corruptible by gold and fond of wine and women.

De Burgo's unpopularity with the English colonists, whom he debarred from plundering the Irish, caused his removal from office. The Irish, on the other hand, objected to his wasting raids—although with some of the spoils taken in Connacht he piously built religious houses in Munster—and to his abduction of their women. One night the Connachtmen arose and put all his soldiers, billeted among them, to the sword. Some years after, in furious revenge, he came back and made a trail of fire over the province, making special pyres of churches and abbeys. For this the outraged clergy solemnly cursed him with bell, book and candle, and under that black



THE opening scene in this history is laid on the quay in the Dano-Irish town of Wexford on a Summer's day in 1176. Strongbow was dead and had been succeeded by his brother-in-law, Raymond the Fat, who was now the recognized head of the Anglo-Norman colony in Ireland. He had just received a missive written by King Henry II. of England from Valognes in Normandy. It ran as follows:

"I now send to you, Guillaume Fitz Adelm, my seneschal, whom I have entrusted with the management and arrangement of affairs in my stead and as my viceroy; wherefore I enjoin and command that you shall attend to him as to myself, and that you shall obey all his commands on my behalf, as you value my good will, and on the allegiance which you owe unto me. I shall confirm his proceedings as if executed by myself, and all your transactions with him shall be ratified by me."

Such was the royal missive, written by King Henry II. of England, from

*Uilliam, the Irish of William or Guillaume, pronounced "ul-yeem"—accent on second syllable.

malediction in the same year (1204) he died. Some accounts say that he was buried in the Augustinian abbey he

had founded at Athassel, or Asse's Ford, in Tipperary; others that, excommunicate, abandoned by his men under the dread ban of the church, he died of a hideous disease, miserably and alone, amid the ruins of a village whose people he had massacred, and that his remains were thrown into a well, from which they were never afterwards taken.

By his wife Isabella, natural daughter of King Richard the Lion Heart and widow of Llewelyn, Prince of Wales, William de Burgo left a son Richard, whom the Irish called from his mother Mac an Cundaioise Sasanaighe, son of the English countess. This, the first MacWilliam Bourke and as great a freebooter and plunderer as his father, married Una, daughter of Hugh O'Connor, King of Connacht, through whom he audaciously claimed the title of Lord of Connacht. He had two sons, namely, Walter, who married Maud, daughter of Hugh de Lacy, Earl of Ulster, and thus obtained the latter title, and William Og, or young William, whose Christian name, contracted to Uliog, or Ulick, thenceforth became a favorite one in the De Burgo family.

Walter de Burgo's eldest son, Richard, second Earl of Ulster, is known in Irish history as the Red Earl. This active and aggressive peer, florid of face and sanguine of temperament, whose regime ran from 1272 to 1326, made himself the most powerful man in Ireland, extended his sway far and wide, riding roughshod over English and Irish alike and planting his red-cross banner on many a castle. An account, probably exaggerated, gives his possessions as extending from Luchud in Thomond, now Lughid bridge, in the barony of Inchiquin, Co. Clare, to Ballyshannon, and from Forbagh, six miles west to Galway, to Ballymacscalan, near Dundalk.

His daughter, the Lady Ellen, married King Robert Bruce. One of her sisters became Countess of Kildare, and another Countess of Desmond, thus forming family alliance with the Bourkes' old enemies, the Geraldines.

During the Pentecost of 1326 the Red Earl entertained at a magnificent banquet the Anglo-Irish nobles attending a parliament which was held at Killkenny. Then, bidding war-like pomp farewell, he entered the monastery of Athassel, founded by his great grandfather, and exchanged his steel and velvet for the habit of an Augustinian friar, in which he tranquilly ended his stormy career June 28th following.

The first Ulick Bourke, younger brother of Walter, Earl of Ulster, and ancestor of the Bourkes of Connacht, was executed in 1271 by the fiery Hugh O'Connor, King of Connacht; but his death was bloodily avenged, forty-five years later, by his son William Liath Bourke, or Sir William the Grey, at the great slaughter of Athenry, where the white and yellow waves of linen-clad Irish clansmen went up against the steel-clad ranks of Anglo-Norman archers and men-at-arms as vainly as a host of dervishes against a park of Gatlings, and 8,000 corpses lay around the fallen oak-tree banner of the O'Connors.

Sir William the Grey, titled Lord Warden of Ireland and one of the greatest history-makers of his day, founded the Dominican abbey of Rathfran, in North Mayo, in 1274, and the Franciscan monastery of Galway in 1296. In the latter house he was interred, he dying February 12th, 1324, and there, in June, 1779, the tomb of

this grim and grey old veteran was discovered about four feet underground, carved with his family arms and a very long broadsword. By his wife Finola Ny Jordan, of the family of the Barons of Athleathan, or Broad Ford, on the River Moy, he left several sons, including Ulick, whom the "Four Masters" call "the most distinguished young nobleman of the English in Ireland for hospitality and generosity," and whose castle of Anakeen still stands in good preservation on the eastern shore of Lough Corrib; Sir Edmond the Scot, one of the most war-like and turbulent men of his day; Richard, whose descendant Walter was ancestor of the MacWalters; John, ancestor of MacSeonin or MacShoneen (son of little John), twisted into Jennings; and Philip, from whose four sons, Gibbon, Philip, Theobald or Tibbot and Meyler descend respectively the families of Gibbons, Philbin, MacTibbet or Tibbett and Moyles. David Bourke was ancestor of the MacDavidis, now Daveys and Davitts. So went scattering wide the seed of this prolific filibustering family.

But now Ireland was startled by a quick series of monumental domestic crimes, as those fierce and ambitious De Burgos began to imbrue their hands in one another's blood. The Red Earl's young grandson, William, called the Dun Earl of Ulster, seized his kinsman Walter, who ambitioned to be King of Connacht, and starved him to death in the Green Castle of Inishowen. Gyle, the murdered man's sister, incited her husband's people, the Mandevilles of Ulster, to avenge him, and the Dun Earl fell beneath their daggers while on his way of Carrickfergus church on Sunday morning, June 6th, 1333. The people of the neighborhood arose and slew all implicated in the Earl's assassination to the number of 300; but the Earl's wife, who was Maud, daughter of Henry Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, fled in terror to England, bearing with her her only child, her one-year-old daughter Elizabeth.

Great was the alarm amongst the Connacht Bourkes; the Dun Earl's heiress, they considered, would in course of time marry, and the Earl's vast possessions be transferred into the hands of strangers. So they seized the dead Earl's lands for themselves. Furthermore, they renounced English







laws, language and dress and adopted those of the Milesian Irish. They divided themselves into two great clans, under the headship of the first and second sons of Sir Walter the Grey.

Ulick of Annakeen received the Irish title of MacWilliam Uachtar, or the Upper MacWilliam, because his clan and lands lay in "Upper" or Southern Connacht, represented by the present County of Galway; Sir Edmond the Scot that of MacWilliam

Iachtar, or the Lower MacWilliam, he being situated in "Lower" or Northern Connacht, represented by the present County of Mayo and the counties adjoining. The Upper MacWilliam was better known as MacWilliam of Clanrickard. The surname of the clan was also spelt differently in the two territories, and is to the present day: in Galway Burke, in Mayo, Bourke.

Among the Bourkes one crime was often the parent of another, sometimes of many. Edmond-na-Feisoge Bourke, or the Bearded, younger son of the Red Earl and uncle of the Dun Earl, was appointed with Archbishop Malachy MacHugh of Tuam to administer English government in Connacht. Evil was the day when this poor bearded Bourke started on his mission. Low Sunday, April 19th, 1338, fierce Edmond the Scot and his brothers, with a party of armed followers, beset the friars' house at Ballinrobe, where their kinsman the royal commissioner was staying. In vain the companions of the latter tried to protect him, Roger de Flet, seneschal of Connacht; Nicholas Lynott and others losing their lives in his defence.

That night the Bourkes brought their noble captive to Lough Mask Castle, the next night to Ballindeonagh Castle, and the third night to a lonely islet in the southern arm which the lake pushes far amid the rocky hills of Partry. Hither, after hard riding from Tuam, came Archbishop MacHugh, praying and pleading hard for a reconciliation between the kinsmen. But, while the negotiations were pending the bearded Edmond's guards,

who were a party of the Stauntons, fearing for their own safety if he were released, enveloped him in a sack, which they weighted with stones, and flung him to a miserable death in the lake.

The islet was called from the tragedy *Oilean-an-iarla*, the Earl's Island. The posterity of those who perpetrated the deed were called the Clan Ulkin, or Clan of Evil (*olcainn*). Many of the Stauntons, some say through shame at this infamy, Celticized their name to Mac-an-Mhileadh, (from their ancestor Miley Staunton), now MacEvily. From the drowned Edmond descend most of the Burkes of Munster.

Sir Edmond the Scot—so-called from long hostageship in Scotland—experi-



SIR RICHARD OF THE CURVED SHIELD.

enced the wrath of the Connacht chieftains for his part in the doom of Edmond the Bearded. However, having married Sabina O'Malley, he obtained protection and assistance from her clan of mariners and with additional help from Scotland he managed to reinstate himself in his possessions. He made peace with the King of England and broke it again, warred upon and humbled his nephew, MacWilliam of Clanrickard, gave lands to the abbey of Cong, and died at an advanced age in 1375, "after the victory of repenance."

For the Bourkes were pious in their way. Sir Edmond's son Thomas, whom Richard II. appointed chief and governor of the English in Connacht, also granted lands to historic Cong; and the latter's son, Thomas the Red, founded in 1460 the stately Franciscan

monastery of Moyne, whose lofty campanile looks out on the Atlantic over the yellow dunes of Bartra, and at the gospel side of whose altar may still be seen the escutcheoned tomb of the noble founder, showing, with the Bourke arms, the crescent, emblematic Franciscan cell at Annies, on Lough of a second son. Walter founded a Carra; he died there of the plague in 1440. Sir Richard of the Curved Shield, who established the Bourkes' power in Tirawley, granted land for the foundation of the Dominican abbey at Burrishoole, on Clew Bay, in 1484. And so abbeys, as well as castles, became numerous in MacWilliam's country.

For more than sixty miles, as the crow flies, from where the lofty rock of Dunbrista towers over the Atlantic billows, on the Tirawley coast, to where the Black River meanders past the castles of Shrue and Moyne into Lough Corrib, in that remote west of Ireland, extends what was known for many centuries as the country of MacWilliam—about conterminous with the present County of Mayo. The district is about as wide as it is long, running east from the misty cliffs of Achill to the fat green lands of the O'Connors' country. The clan lands proper of the MacWilliam and his people ran north and south, about ten miles wide, through the central and most fertile portion of it, rich in pasture and arable, waving with woods, spangled with lakes, sprinkled with the square, grey, feudal castles of the lords of the soil. The borders of the MacWilliam's country had in the main strong natural defences of thick forests and wild bogs, through which ran difficult passes.

It was in the middle of the thirteenth century that the place first became an English or Anglo-Norman feudal colony, which grew up and spread out around the old monastery of "Mayo of the Saxons," magnet, in the old pious days, of another and a milder English colony, the hundreds of monks and students—the latter including Alfred the Great—who were attracted to this great fane of religion and learning by the fame of the Irish St. Colman and his disciple, the Saxon St. Gerald. Truth to tell, the newcomers did not show much respect for the venerable monastery, whence of yore the torch of knowledge had gone forth to Britain; the freebooter Guillaume de Burgo plundered and burned it in 1204, just as ruthlessly as



the Norseman, Turgesius, had done three centuries before; and twenty-two years later his son, Richard, "left not a rick or measure of corn in the great church of Mayo, or in the church of St. Michael the Archangel, and his troops carried off from these churches eighty measures of corn."

In later years, however, having seized and settled in the country, the barons of the English colony exercised a kind of protectorate over this ancient house, and by way of ironical return of the generosity of the old Irish chieftain who had given the "field of the yews" (*Magh-eo*) for the purposes of Anglo-Saxon education, they decreed, in the conservatism of their colonial piety, that no "mere Irishman," that is, any Milesian Mac or O, should be allowed to make his profession as monk in the monastery of Mayo.

Among the chiefs of the English colony were the Stantons, who held Kin-turk and other castles, west of Mayo abbey; the D'Exeters, whose crimson banner, with its yellow lion and three cross crosslets, flew over the towers of Ballylahan and eleven other strongholds to the eastward, built circuitously to guard against the incursions of the "Irishry"; the Prendergasts, whose white and blue pennant of "vair" (or furs) and oak leaves streamed from the ramparts of Brieze and Castle Mac Garrett, in the district south of the D'Exeters'; and the Nangles, whose yellow flag, with its three azure lozenges, flamed over many a strong tower guarding the passes in the most easterly section of the colony. In the northern portion of the territory, or Tirawley, was the numerous and powerful Welsh tribe of Barrett.

And now these western Anglo-Irish threw off all allegiance to the English Crown and established a clan government of their own. The judges of their courts gave way to the Brehon with his scroll; the legal Norman-French was abandoned for the Gaelic. Anglo-Norman gallants married apple-

cheeked Milesian girls. Children were exchanged between the races to be brought up in the strong, combining bonds of fosterage. At the baptismal font, standing sponsor for one another's children, Celt and Anglo-Norman contracted the sacred ties of gossipred. The land was gaveled or divided among the members of the clan, whose "gentlemen swordsmen" had the province of electing the head chief or ruler and also his successor in case of death, a kind of vice-president called from his position the tanist, from *tanaiste*, the Irish for the heir apparent, or next in command. The English king's writ became as waste paper in Connacht.

The chief Bourke was called Mac-William, from William de Burgo. The various families of the clan took surnames in the Irish style by adopting the father's Christian name with Mac (son of) before it; and thus came MacGibbon (from Gibbon Bourke), MacPhil or Philbin, MacHugh or Moyles, MacDavid, MacHubert, Mac-Hugh, MacSeonin or Jennings, and others. As for the vassal or semi-vassal clans, promptly following the example set them the D'Exeters became MaeJordans, from their founder Jordan D'Exeter; the Prendergasts MacMorris, from Maurice or Morris De Prendergast the Nangles or D'Angulos MacCostello, from Gilbert De Nangle or Costello; the Stantons MacEvilly, meaning son of the soldier (Mac an Mhileadh); and the Barretts Clan Wattin and Clan Padden, from their forbears.

Between these various clans and branches of clans of this large, isolated, independent Anglo-Irish colony, governed by Irish laws, there often occurred differences and quarrels, sometimes accompanied by bloodletting and cattle-lifting. In that day of hot blood and ready sword, red murder, fratricidal, sacriligious, stained the annals of the Bourkes. Two sons of Sir Richard of the Curved Shield and his wife Sighle or Sheelah Ny Jordan, "the most exalted woman in Connacht," were foully slain even within the sanctuary of abbeys; John of Tirawley, "one of the most worthy young men of the English in Ireland," in Ballintubber, by the treacherous sons of his uncle Ulick, in 1506, and seven years later (February 6th, 1513), in the sacred precincts of Rathfran, by his evil nephews, the sons of his brother Walter.

Even some of the women of the fam-

ily are said to have worn the crimson stain. David Bourke, son of one of the fore-mentioned homicides, had by his first wife a son named Walter the Tall and by his second, who was Finola O'Flaherty, Iron Rickard and William Caoch, the Blind Abbot. To make way for her son Rickard the step-mother instigated her brother Donal to murder Walter the Tall (ancestor of the Bourkes of Partry). The foul deed was perpetrated in the castle of Iveran, near Minna, Co. Galway. In due course Iron Rickard became Mac-William.

A very war-like and restless individual was this stern man in iron, who owed to the murderer's skene his presentation with the white wand of chieftaincy. He was called Risdeardan-Iarainn from his continually going in armor. The "Four Masters" describe his as "a man noted for depredations, conflicts, marches and valorous deeds, who often forced the dangerous pass against his enemies, and who was also often defeated." Such a man looking around for a helpmate, naturally found a most suitable one in the daring sea-queen Graine O'Malley, who, after marrying him, continued to practice what she called her "thrade of maintenance" as Irish buccaneer:

She left the close-air'd land of trees
And proud MacWilliam's palace,
For clear, bare Clare's health-salted
breeze,

Her oarsmen and her galleys;
And where, beside the bending strand
The rock and billow wrestle,
Between the deep sea and the land
She built her Island Castle.

The Spanish captains, sailing by
For Newport, with amazement
Beheld the cannon'd longship lie
Moor'd to the lady's casement;
And covering coin and cup of gold
In haste their hatches under
They whis'per'd, "'Tis a pirate's hold;
She sails the seas for plunder!"

(To be continued.)

ONE of the most interesting Gaelic League publications is "Smuainte ar Arainn," from the pen of Miss Agnes O'Farrelly, M. A. Miss O'Farrelly's book consists of a series of charmingly-written sketches, descriptive of life in Aran, that stronghold of Irish speech and customs and the Mecca of students of Irish. The book is written in a bright and attractive manner, and the printing, binding and appearance of the book reflect much credit on the publication committee.

Irish Folk-Lore.

The Enchanted Trout.

By John Shandon.



NOTE.—[this story, which is an allegory on the sin of gluttony, and shows how strongly meanness is detested in Ireland, was given to me by a horseboy employed at the stud farm at Ballanahane in the barony of Condons and Clongibbon, Co. Cork. His mother's people had no English in them and it was she who made the stories for him. He had a good store but was slow to give them.]

“THE Galbally farmers are the meanest men in Munster! Whoever knows anything knows that. It was a priest who gave out that saying on them, and he never spoke a truer word. It is a sight to look at them in the market or at a fair. At Cahirmee the whole world knows them for a blister and a blemish on the five counties. There they are all for *airgead stios*, and luck pennies back, and neither pedigree, nor blood, nor learning, nor Latin, has any sway with them, nothing but the ready lucre and the yellow gold. And the price they'd offer for a horse one would think it was how you stole him. Yea the young children despise them, and going on along the road would show never a one of them a bird's nest for fear the *bodach* would rob it against night came.

But bad as they are now, their fathers before them were a sight worse in the old times. 'Tis how one of them used to be coming across the hills into the country when the mills were grinding at Killavullen and Castletown. Well he was the mean man. If ever he had a name of his own even the women disremembered it. But they had a song on him and a bye-word, and the “Trencherman” was the name they put on him. 'Tis he that was long of leg and long of step, a tall, thin, and lathy man. If he was anything at all 'tis one of the White Knights' people he was, and curse-bound like the whole box and dice of them.

Well he was the mean man. His endeavors were for ever to be eating and drinking. The worst of it was nothing would fatten him. My hand to you but he could eat and drink for a month of Sundays and be still lean and hun-

ger-bitten. He vexed many a hospitable house and spluttered over many a good table. As soon as ever the miller sat down to his bit or sup, morn, noon or night who throws his long sack of a body across the half door but my bould Trencherman. 'Be the same token they said he was born at meal times, set to the porridge in the morning, or the roosters at night and never abashed comes in my boyo, with his puss all mouth only for the two little slits of eyes he got from a weasel for ever on the hunt for meat and drink.

You should see him at a “patron” bumming about from booth to booth. Full of talk to men he never saw before though in truth he was befamed in every parish. 'Tis queer things were heard tell of him. He once plucked a poor redousel and ate her without salt, and they made a joke of his 'cuteness, saying he'd drown an eel in an eggcupful of water, and so on.

Wake or wedding he was always on the make until he was counted the curse of the country—dragging it down—and men began to aggravate themselves against him. As for the women—they found him out entirely. With them he was no good for King or Kilbenny country. He was once at a funeral and when all was over, and the sod spread and the boys and girls beginning to amuse themselves slashing one another with nettles, didn't they discover that some one had eat the priest's breakfast, and his reverence not yet at the *Munda Cor meum** of the Mass, and the Book not passed. 'Twas how he went into the kitchen tracing relations and when the good woman of the house ran in to say a few prayers, he out with the meat in

his maw like the mean mongrel he was. Well, the women fell on him and the whole congregation were at him trying to make him behave himself.

After that not a bit would he get for love or money or God-sake in the whole world, so he was minded to put the length of Ireland between himself and the people. He cut his stick and greased his brogues and off beyond the hills to Galbally and nothing with him but a dish cover he stole. He crossed the Funcheon by Athnaneen and spent the night in a haggard east of Kilderry, with no other companions than the owl and wildcat-kind for him. He made three parts of that night, one cursing the country for turning sour on him, one contriving to be venged on them, and one making a moan for the emptiness of this world.

There is a well hard by there under the mountain ash blessed for healing by St. Molaga; the water is so mellifluous that people say the bees be washing golden honey in it. There is a little white trout do be in that well from old-time out of mind. He was the Saint's own little storeen and pet, and came from beyond seas with him. He is blessed, too, and shines in the dark places of the water, and at night, like a star through the trees. Moreover, he is most knowledgeable and no one ever envies him on 'is happy swimmingness. The children that see him will never lose the sight of their eyes nor do the cattle get murrain.

They say many things of that Molaga trout, that are too wonderful to remember. Time is a good story-teller but he is getting old. Once a little otter that had been ginned and hurted before her escape could not go a hunting that day, no nor the next day, nor

the other day, and her five whelps were like to starve.

"My dear, love to you for ever," said the otter in Irish to the trout. "Comradeen of the clear water, my children are small and 'tis food they want. Help me for Molaga's sake, and in the Long Day, at the Latter End, by the Brink of Judgment, I will stand by you."

"No sooner said than done," made answer the Blessed Trout, and he opened his veins and gave his ripe rich blood to whet the weeny water dogs.

Another time, a little *mionnan** got beyond the tight tether of the spancel and reached and grasped a groundsel on the high rock. One of the Sons of the Rock—a small echo—gave a shout out of him, scared the *mionnan*, and she slipped down deep into the well. She was like to be drowned having sank the third time, when as God would have it, she saw the little Trout.

"My dear love to you forever," says the *mionnan*. "Sweet Sire, save me for Molaga's sake, or I perish, and those that need my milk in the bime-bye will wither away."

"No sooner said than done," said the little Trout, and he spread forth his fins, very wonderful to look upon—a rarey show. The goat stepped on their golden edges and climbed on the dry land.

When the Trencherman saw this little Trout he hungered for him and he got his dirty dish cover and put it deep in the well and cajoled the little fellow into it. Then he made himself a fire and put the dish cover upon it filled it with water and the little trout swimming and sparkling inside.

Then he said in his heart: "Gillaroo you're mine now or never," and he smacked his thick lips.

Well it was never!! Because he boiled and watched and watched and boiled until the night was coming and the Trout began to shine. Just as the Trencherman, wonderstruck, looked into the pot, the Trout gave a shake out of his joints, slapped his fins and jumped back with himself into the well! The first bubbles splashed into the Trencherman's eyes and knocked the sight from him. Out rushed the Otter and her five young ones and stuck their teeth in him until they heard every bone in his body crack. That is their nature. Down jumped the goat and put her horns through him and let in the east wind, and it blew the life out of him. And there he lay on the bed of nettles beside the four big stones, food for crows, and all that was left of him was a byword for gentle and simple."

*Pron. Meenawn—a little goat, a kid.

Franciscan Manuscripts.

A PUBLIC announcement has just been made that the British branch of the International Society of Franciscan studies is collecting material, with a view to undertaking the compilation of a catalogue of Franciscan MSS. in Great Britain and Ireland. In this catalogue it is proposed to include

(1) MSS. of works bearing on the history of St. Francis and the Franciscan movement;

(2) MSS. containing the writings of Franciscan friars (the majority of which will be scholastic treatises);

(3) MSS. transcribed by Franciscan friars or formerly belonging to Franciscan houses;

(4) Service books.

As a general rule, it has been decided that no MSS. of later date than the beginning of the sixteenth century will be noticed, and charters will be excluded. It is proposed to arrange the catalogue according to libraries, to issue it in parts, and to index it subsequently. Owners of private collections of mediæval MSS. are asked to supply the society with any information they are willing to give regarding their collections, and to permit the compilers of the catalogue to describe in it any Franciscan MSS. that may be found in the collections.

The society is making this appeal to owners of private collections in the belief that nearly all collections of mediæval MSS. will be found to contain some Franciscan MSS. The Hon. Sec. of the British Branch of the International Society of Franciscan Studies is the Hon. and Rev. James Adderley, St. Mark's Vicarage, Marylebone Road, London, N. W.

Amidst the sordid materialism of the age it is noteworthy that this cult of the Patriarch of the Poor should engage the minds and hearts of so many who are separated from that Church of which St. Francis of Assisi was so devoted a servant and so bright an ornament.

THE Friendly Sons of St. Patrick have issued a neat little 12mo. volume containing the Proceedings at the Dinner to the Rochambeau Special Mission given by the Society at Delmonico's (New York), on May 29th last year.

The book contains an introduction by Mr. J. I. C. Clarke and is mainly valuable as a souvenir of an interesting and patriotic function.

Mungret "Annual."

THE students of Mungret College, Limerick, favored THE GAELE last month with a copy of their sixth "Annual," which arrived too late for acknowledgment in our last issue. The college, under the management of the Jesuit Fathers, is beautifully situated on a gentle eminence a little to the south of the Shannon about three miles west of the city of Limerick.

At the close of each year its ex-students and graduates in Eire and in lands beyond the sea send greetings and loving messages to their Alma Mater, many of which tend to cheer and encourage the youngsters in college.

The present Annual is a most creditable production filled with interesting literary matter and handsomely illustrated in half-tones. The printing has been done by Guy & Co., Cork, and is up to the usual standard of excellence of that house.

The Fleming Companionship.

THE Fleming Companionship met on Friday, January 2d, at 1 Mountcharles, Belfast, the following companions being present: Elise Murphy, W. A. Leyden, R. A. Foley, John J. Murphy and M. Griffin. The Companionship generally will be grieved to hear of the deaths of Mrs. Bergin in Cork, and of Aonghus Draoi, both occurring within the week.

The papers for the December examination are now in the hands of the examiners. It was announced that applications to attend the February examination should be sent to the Fleming Companionship, Cork, on January 10th.

The reissue of *Banda* was warmly acclaimed, as there is no question that this spirited publication will help the development of Gaelic along natural lines—a policy for which Fleming spent his life. The Examination Supplement is now on sale in Belfast at McLennan's, in Chapel Lane, or it can be had direct from the Companionship in Cork together with the Examination Programme. It was remarked that the adoption of this programme has braced and steadied every class that has taken it up and that it seems to breathe new life and vigor into all Gaelic organizations.





Adam's Curse.

WE sat together at one Summer's end
That beautiful mild woman your close friend
And you and I, and talked of poetry.

I said: "A line will take us hours maybe,
Yet if it does not seem a moment's thought
Our stitching and unstitching has been naught.
Better go down upon your marrow bones
And scrub a kitchen pavement or break stones
Like an old pauper in all kinds of weather;
For to articulate sweet sounds together
Is to work harder than all these and yet
Be thought an idler by the noisy set
Of bankers, schoolmasters, and clergymen
The martyrs call the world."

That woman then
Murmured with her young voice for whose mild sake
There's many a one shall find out all heartache
In finding that it's young and mild and low.
"There is one thing that all we women know
Although we never heard of it at school,
That we must labor to be beautiful."
I said: "It's certain there is no fine thing
Since Adam's fall but needs much laboring.
There have been lovers who thought love should be
So much compounded of high courtesy
That they would sigh and quote with learned looks
Precedents out of beautiful old books;
Yet now it seems an idle trade enough."

We sat grown quiet at the name of love.
We saw the last embers of daylight die
And in the trembling blue-green of the sky
A moon—moon worn as if it had been a shell,
Washed by time's waters as they rose and fell
About the stern and broke in days and years.

I had a thought for no one but your ears,
That you were beautiful and that I strove
To love you in the old highway of love;
That it had all seemed happy and yet we'd grown
As weary hearted as that hollow moon.

W. B. YEATS.

The Poet-Priests.

AS from the East unto the utwest West
God bids the banner of His lightning shine,
The flashing signal of the Face Divine
With whose fair radiance earth may soon be blest;
So speeds the Heavenly Muse, at His behest,
Across the waters; so the spreading vine
Of sacred poesy, with clusters fine,
By Western airs is welcomed and caressed.
O ye whose sires our Irish fields have trod,
By holy Patrick's feet made hallowed ground,
His dower of truth and beauty ye have found;
With you still buds and blossoms Aaron's rod,
Proclaiming you the poet-priests of God,
To wave the incense of His praise around.

—R. WILTON.

Denny's Daughter.

DENNY'S daughter stood a minute in the field I
was to pass,
All as quiet as her shadow laid before along the
grass;
In her hand a switch o' hazel from the nut-trees
crooked root—
An' I mind the crown o' clover crumpled under one
bare foot.

For the look of her,
The look of her,
Comes back on me to-day—
With the eyes of her,
The eyes of her,
That took me on the way.

Though I seen poor Denny's daughter white an' stiff
upon her bed,
Yet I be to think there's sunlight fallin' somewhere
on her head.
She'll be singin' Ave Mary where the flowers never
wilt—
She, the girl my own hand covered with the narrow
daisy quilt.

For the love of her,
The love of her,
That would not be my wife—
An' the loss of her,
The loss of her,
Has left me alone for life.

—MOIRA O'NEILL.

A Connacht Lament.

I WILL arise and go hence to the west,
And dig me a grave where the hill winds call;
But O, were I dead, were I dust, the fall
Of my own love's footstep would break the rest.

My heart in my bosom is black as a sloe!
I heed not cuckoo, nor wren, nor swallow;
Like a flying leaf in the sky's blue hollow,
The heart in my breast is that beats so low.

Because of the words, your lips have spoken,
O, dear black head that I must not follow,
My heart is a grave that is stripped and hollow,
As ice on the water my heart is broken.

O lips forgetful and kindness fickle,
The swallow goes south with you; I go west,
Where fields are empty and scythes at rest.
I am the poppy and you the sickle;
My heart is broken within my breast.

Digitized by NORA HOPPER.



The Book of Kells.

The Most Beautiful Book in the World.

By James A. Clarkson.



CORDING to the distinguished English archaeologist, Dr. Westwood, the Book of Kells, now in the library of Dublin University, is the most beautiful book in the world. He is not alone in his opinion. Not only poetical historians like Henri Martin, but grave scholars like Wyatt, Waagen, Keller, Zimmer and others grow almost lyrical when describing this marvel of art. "In delicacy of handling, and minute but faultless execution the whole range of palaeography offers nothing comparable to these early Irish manuscripts, and the most marvelous of all is the Book of Kells. Some of the ornaments of which I attempted to copy but broke down in despair," says Mr. Digby Wyatt. Waagen tells us that "the ornamental pages, borders and initial letters exhibit such a rich variety of beautiful and peculiar designs, so admirable a taste in the arrangement of the colors and such uncommon perfection and finish that one is absolutely lost in amazement."

The Book of Kells is an illuminated manuscript of the Four Gospels in Latin, it contains prefaces, explanations of the meaning of Hebrew names, summaries, and the tables of the Eusebian Canon.

It was formerly believed to have been composed by St. Columba in the second half of the sixth century. Conservative archaeologists are pretty generally agreed at present that it was produced during the second half of the seventh. It cannot well be later; the saints in it are represented with a Celtic tonsure, which consisted in shaving the front of the head from ear to ear. As the Roman tonsure which is entirely different was universally accepted by the Irish church several years before

the close of the century, it seems a natural conclusion that these saints would have had the Roman tonsure if the manuscript had been composed after the year 700.

The real manuscript of St. Columba of what is left of it, is in the library of the Royal Irish Academy. It has a somewhat curious interest in connection with an incident which may be regarded as the first attempted enforcement of a law of copyright. We are told in an Irish manuscript of the eleventh century published by Windisch, that Columba requested permission of Bishop Molaise to copy the gospels of St. Finan, which had been lately placed in the Episcopal Cathedral. Meeting with a churlish refusal he stole into the church night after night, until the whole had been copied. When Molaise learned the trick that had been played on him, he fell into a terrible rage, demanded the copy, and on Columba's refusal, appealed to King Diarmaid, then in residence at Tara. After hearing both parties, Diarmaid sought for precedence in all the libraries in Erin, but there never before had been a case in which the rights of an author or transcriber in his work were involved. However, there had been any number of cases, dealing with the ownership of cattle, and on these was the king's judgment based. The "calf," he said, "belongs to the owner of the cow, and the little book to the owner of the big book." *Le gach boin a boinin, 'agus le gach leabhar a leabhair*; literally: "to each cow belongs her little cow, and to each book her little book."

The text of the Book of Kells is written in the noble semi-uncial character adopted by all the Irish scribes of the period, but it is the illustrations, borders, initial letters, etc., that render it a perfect house of artistic wealth. No wonder Giraldus Cambrensis, who was sent by Henry II. on

an embassy to Ireland in 1185, should have insisted that it could have been written only by angels. Fancy what seems a mere colored dot to the naked eye becoming, under the power of the microscope, a conventional bunch of foliage with a conventional bird among the branches. In speaking of the minuteness and almost miraculous correctness of the drawing, Professor Westwood mentions that with the aid of a powerful lens, he counted within the space of one inch 158 interlacings of bands or ribands, each ribbon composed of a strip of white, bordered on each side by a black strip!

"No words," says Dr. Middleton, professor of Fine Arts in Cambridge University in his admirable work on illuminated manuscripts, "can describe the intricate delicacy of the ornamentation of this book, lavishly decorated as it is with all the different varieties of ingeniously intricate patterns formed by interlaced and knotted lines of color, plaited in and out with such complicated interlacement that one cannot look at the page without astonishment at the combined taste, patience, unfaltering certainty of touch and imaginative ingenuity of the artist. With regard to the intricate interlaced ornaments in which, with the aid of a lens, each line can be followed out in its windings and never found to break off or lead to an impossible loop of knotting, it is evident that the artist must have enjoyed not only an aesthetic pleasure in the invention of his pattern, but must also have had a distinct intellectual enjoyment of his work such as a skillful mathematician feels in working out a complicated mathematical problem."

It would be impossible, in our limited space, to enter into an analysis of the different classes of ornaments in this book, the most wonderful example of human workmanship the world has ever produced. One of the most note-



worthy is formed by bands or diapers of step-like lines surrounding minute spaces of entrancingly brilliant color, a sort of *cloisonne* inlay suggested evidently by the inlay with bits of transparent carbuncle employed by the Irish jewelers in gold jewelry. Another prominent feature is the use of spirals imitated from the application of gold wire to flat surfaces. It may be as well to state that the scribes of the Irish manuscripts were evidently much indebted to the goldsmith's art, which, judging by the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, must have attained an unapproachable delicacy and beauty in Ireland during the first centuries of the Christian era.

In his "Bilder und Schriftzue in den Irischen Manuskripten," Dr. Keller considers the spirals the most difficult part of the patterns. "They are," says he, "real masterpieces which furnish magnificent evidence of the extraordinary firmness of hand of the artist! The beautiful trumpet pattern of which so much has been written is the expansion of the spiral into something in the form of a trumpet."

The Dublin University has a priceless collection of manuscripts dating from the sixth to the fourteenth centuries. One of them, the Book of Dur-

row—a century older than the Book of Kells—is little inferior to it in beauty.

Some years ago a Dublin publishing house issued a series of photographic reproductions of the principal pages and most striking initials, under the title "Celtic Ornaments from the Book of Kells," a copy of which is in the Library of the office of THE GAEL. But it was found impossible to reproduce, by any mechanical process, the colors, which are as fresh and brilliant to-day as when the artist laid them on 1,200 years ago. Consequently the work, though interesting is but a pale, almost ghostly reflection of the splendid manuscript that is a living witness to the civilization and culture of the century which gave it birth.

Didn't Have a Rich Father.

THIS story is told of Senator Clark, the Irish-American multi-millionaire, of Montana: After having received a shave and haircut in a barber shop he asked the barber "how much."

"Well," said the barber, "your son generally gives me \$5."

The senator asked the regular charge and paid it, remarking:

"My son has a rich father, and I have not."

Restrictions in Brittany.

THE London Times' Paris correspondent says it is reported that Minister Combes has forbidden the priests in Brittany to catechize in Breton Gaelic, but that Bishop Quimper ascertained that the 110 parishes of his diocese do not contain a single child capable of receiving religious instruction in the French language, and in one small town only 12 out of 150 of the inhabitants understood French.

Blarney Stone Found.

MICHAEL GROGAN, of Division 4, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Louisville, Ky.), wants another Irish fair, so well was he pleased with the last one, and by the way there is a good story going the rounds concerning Mike and the fair.

When the model of Blarney Castle was torn down the piece of the blarney stone was mysteriously missing. A thorough search was made but the missing fragment could not be found. Everybody came to the conclusion that the goat that was in the yard next the peasant's cabin had eaten it.

Now it turns out that Grogan has the stone. He told Jim Kenealey that he would not give it up until the Hibernians gave another Irish fair.—*Kentucky Irish American*.



Notes From Ireland.

MANY believe the League has already gone sufficiently far with the publication of pamphlets in English and that an effort should now be made to have a series of propagandist pamphlets in Irish published and distributed. There are plenty of Irish writers in all the provinces at present who, set to the definite task of preparing pamphlets for propagandist purposes, would be able to produce something of real literary merit.

Particularly some of the better writers have dropped out of the *Oireachtas* competitions, and failing the arrangement of special competitions for them, there seems no other practical outlet for their talents. Many a man might be found to write an exceptionally good and instructive essay who never would, never, perhaps, could write a book.

The League's organizers, too, would soon be able to do much in this way. No body of men in the service of any modern Irish movement have been given such latitude, have had so much confidence reposed in them as have the organizers of the Gaelic League. They have every possible facility for investigating Irish peasant life, their associations are specially calculated to excite and develop a literary taste, some of them have already given evidence of literary ability, they have a wide and fertile field to operate upon, which has not been touched since the days of Keating; and, considering the local color and flavor and freshness they could impart to every line, the traditions with which they could embellish every chapter they wrote, there seems scarcely a doubt that these men will in time produce rich volumes of racy native literature.

It is not easy to realize the extent to which the Gaelic League has excited literary ambition among all classes in Ireland. This ambition might be welcomed if it were not that in many

cases the result is a regrettable misconception of the national characteristics, wanton theorizing, and consequent serious confusion of thought and of ideas.

Whenever an Irish writer forgets himself, imagines he does, while he does not, comprehend Ireland's political situation in its entirety, possibly the best corrective he could take would be a complete course of the '48 literature. This will help to show him his own level, to broaden his sympathies, to extend his horizon, it will teach him to respect the memory, to appreciate the aspirations, the methods and the motives of men who, though mostly ignorant of their native tongue, possessed all the better instincts and more than the average fidelity of their race. If we must, as we must, read the language of the spoiler, let us through it become acquainted with the definition of nationality, embodied in the literature of the '48 period. It is a faithful reflex of the nobler life of a noble era.

Materialism is, always will be essential to national progress: unrelieved materialism ever must be demoralizing.

One of the striking features of the last League Congress was the marked earnestness of the northern delegates. It is largely as a result of this characteristic earnestness that the Ulster Feis, just held in Belfast, showed such a great advance on the previous Feis held two years ago. On that occasion your correspondent had the pleasure of traveling from Dublin with William Rooney, and two ladies—Miss O'Donovan and Miss Killeen—who from the very first have been the most earnest and most consistent workers in the Gaelic League. Poor *Fear na muinntire* sang and told stories during the whole journey lasting well over three hours, each succeeding song and story being suggested by the various scenes of historic interest that fringed the

route. The first person to greet us on the Belfast platform was the lamented Mrs. Seamus MacManus, then Miss Anna Johnston. And such a truly warm greeting! Who would have dreamt that evening that before the next Feis the hand of Death would have stilled the fertile intellects of Ethna Carbery and *Fear na muinntire*?

The London "Daily News" of the 13th ult., contains the following:

"The Macroom Board of Guardians has put into force its resolution to transact its proceedings in the Irish language. At its last meeting the applications for outdoor relief were discussed in Irish, the chairman signed all the orders in Irish, and most of the ordinary business was transacted in Irish. Some of the members were apparently bewildered by the course of the proceedings, and obviously unable to follow what was going on; and when they attempted to protest, the other members pretended not to understand them. However, in Macroom there are very few who are not sufficiently familiar with Irish to be able to speak it fluently."

The peculiar humor of the "Daily News" is well exemplified in the assertion that "the other members pretended not to understand them." Otherwise the paragraph is a plain statement of fact. Well done, Macroom! In addition to supplying more than its proportion of the itinerant workers, Cork has promoted the interests of the Gaelic League within its own boundaries with a practical earnestness unknown in any other county in Ireland.

The *Coiste Gnotha* at its last meeting unanimously adopted the following resolution:

"That we regret very much the action of the present French government towards the Breton language, and we hereby express our sympathy with our fellow Celts, the Bretons, in their language war."



WOMANHOOD and Nationhood." This was the happily chosen title of Miss Butler's very fine paper, read for her by Miss Jennie O'Flanagan, in the rooms of the Gaelic League, Central Branch, Dublin.

Miss Butler is one of the youngest, most earnest and most gifted writers of the Irish revival movement, and her lecture contained a wealth of noble sentiments, practical advice, and sound common sense, clothed in charming literary style, and was from beginning to end an earnest and heartfelt appeal to her country women, to take up the cause of their native land, showing them the best means of doing so, and telling them very plainly their duty towards the language and industrial revival.

But it was to the mothers—the young Irish mothers round whose knees cluster the little children of to-day who will be the men and women of years hence—that Miss Butler pleaded with impassioned fervor, to bring up those little ones in a truly holy and Irish atmosphere, so that they may be really Irish in heart, in soul and feeling, as well as in name, and to teach them to know, honor and love the land of their birth, and all that pertains to it.

They should make the homes, now alas! usually such "dull, colorless, unoriginal and imitative things," purely Irish. The books that are read there, the music and songs, that are played and sung, the language that is spoken and prayed in, the topics discussed, the furniture and decoration of the rooms, and the clothes worn, all should be Irish throughout. They should be taught, too, to admire flowers, and all the beauties of nature, so that the love of what is beautiful, and good and refined which is inherent in the Irish character (though crushed down perhaps to a great extent by force of cruel circumstances) may be developed.

Nor does Miss Butler neglect the material side of the question. She admits

that, taking them generally, it is very true "Irish women are the best wives and mothers, but the worst housekeepers in the world," and she exhorts them to make an effort to improve in this matter.

She strongly condemns the boarding-school education, for girls at least, as she holds it to blame for the weakening of the home ties and affections, which is one of the evils of the age, and which is daily evidenced by the apparent unconcern with which parents and children part, often without hope of meeting again, but here also, as she points out, it lies with the mother to make those family ties so strong, those affections so deep and

true, that nothing on earth—even separation, if unfortunately it becomes inevitable—can break or chill them.

On the emigration question, Miss Butler spoke in words which thrilled one, by the sorrow and despair which they breathed, and hopeless indeed must be the case of the woman, who, hearing them, would not feel her heart stirred with pity and the desire to do her part in helping to stop it. And that every woman in Ireland, nay every Irish woman the world over, can aid in this great work, was but too clearly shown. Indeed, Miss Butler seems to have almost unlimited faith in the power and influence of her own sex, and she justifies herself for this



"THE BEST OF ALL SCHOOLS IS AN IRISH MOTHER'S KNEE."

belief, by quoting from many great writers, French and German as well as Irish, in proof of it. And, as she rightly says, to do her share in the building of an Irish Ireland, a woman need not be a genius, nor need she be wealthy or highborn, neither does it require any self-sacrifice, or neglect of the personal and private affairs of life. The woman in the little wayside cabin, or the artizan's wife, have just as much influence—in the past they had more—as the mistress of the grand mansion or stately city home.

Altogether it was a lecture to which no Irish woman could listen unmoved, and I only wish that more of them had been present to hear it, but, unfortunately, even the few who were there, though they could not fail to derive great pleasure and profit from it, were those who perhaps needed it less than the large number of our sisters, who alas! still remain outside the magic circle of the Irish revival. I would that a copy of it should be sent to every Irish home and convent, and school, and that every Irish woman the world over might read it once. Will the Gaelic League see to it that this is done at least in part?

Miss Curran proposed a vote of thanks which was seconded by Mrs. Wyse Power, and both ladies made charming, if brief, speeches, the last-named expressing the hope that if "his lordship—man" desires the assistance of woman in the revival movement he ought to be satisfied now and again to sacrifice his "creature comforts" for its sake, and not grumble, if, once in a way, when his wife is helping to organize a meeting or such like, his dinner is not up to the usual high standard. Miss Hayden also spoke well and to the point, whilst Miss O'Farrelly, who made a capital "chairman," after seeing that every one who could utter a word got a chance of doing so, gave a very charming little address.

Indeed, I must say both the lecture and speeches were brimful of that quality in which our sex is said to be so sadly lacking, namely—wit. It being a ladies' night, only a few men were accorded the privilege of expressing their views. Mr. Eamor O'Neill did so with "much fear and trembling," but Dr. O'Hickey and Mr. Kent evidently considered discretion the better part of valor, and contented themselves by saying how beautiful the paper was, and that they agreed with everything the ladies had said.

CRISSIE M. DOYLE.

Rockingham House.

A RRANGEMENTS have been perfected for taking over Rockingham House, Boyle, County of Roscommon, as a country residence for the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Provision has been made for a staff of thirty servants, and for stable accommodation for the horses of the Body Guard.

Rockingham was the residence of Viscount Lorton, afterwards Earl of Kingston, when Queen Victoria came to the throne, and devolved through the Kingston family on the right Hon. Colonel King-Harman, M. P., who sat some time for County Dublin in Parliament, and was Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Ireland at the close of his career.

The mansion and its broad acres, the demesne comprising about 2,000 acres, now belong to his grandson, young Charles Edward Stafford, who has taken the surname of King-Harman. Miss King-Harman, an only child, was a lady of great culture and ability, and she acted in the capacity of private secretary to her popular and gifted father; but her marriage with Dr. Stafford, at that time a dispensary doctor in the neighborhood, deprived her of the estate, which has passed to her son. Dr. Stafford subsequently became Local Government Inspector, and he is now a member of the Local Government Board.

Rockingham House, which is probably the finest residence in Connacht, is situated about two miles from Boyle, on the southeastern shores of Lough Key, a picturesque lake beautifully timbered to the water's edge. The Ionic style of architecture prevails throughout the building, the principal facade being adorned with a noble portico, supported by six Ionic columns, and there are six also at either side.

On the northern front there is a colonnade of six columns, while on the east there is an entrance through an orangery. The house is approached by four entrance lodges, and the principal entrance is through a magnificent avenue of trees. Indeed, the whole demesne is richly planted with choice timber. The pheasant shooting is the best in the West. The house, gardens, demesne and shooting and fishing have been recently let to Mr. Andrew Barclay Walker, of Liverpool, under a lease, made by the Land Judge's Court, which terminates very soon.

The house is rich in art treasures, notably pictures by some of the great masters of the eighteenth century.

Lough Key is the most picturesque of the chain of lakes connected by Boyle River. It contains several wooded islets, some of which have both historical and archaeological interest. On one are the ruins of the Abbey of the Trinity, founded by the White Canons, and in which "The Annals of Lough Ce" were written, and on another is a castle once the fortress of a McDermot chieftain. Close to the town of Boyle are the ruins of a once famous Cistercian Abbey, founded in 1161 by Maurice O'Duffy, which later on received into its community McDermot, Lord of Moylurg, also the Church of Asselyn, and a fine cromlech. Not far off in a cemetery by Lough Meelagh, lies the body of Carolan, the bard.

Rockingham House was burnt down in 1863, and then rebuilt on a terrace set with roses and planted with thickets of rhododendron.—*Roscommon Messenger*.

The Miser's Mound.

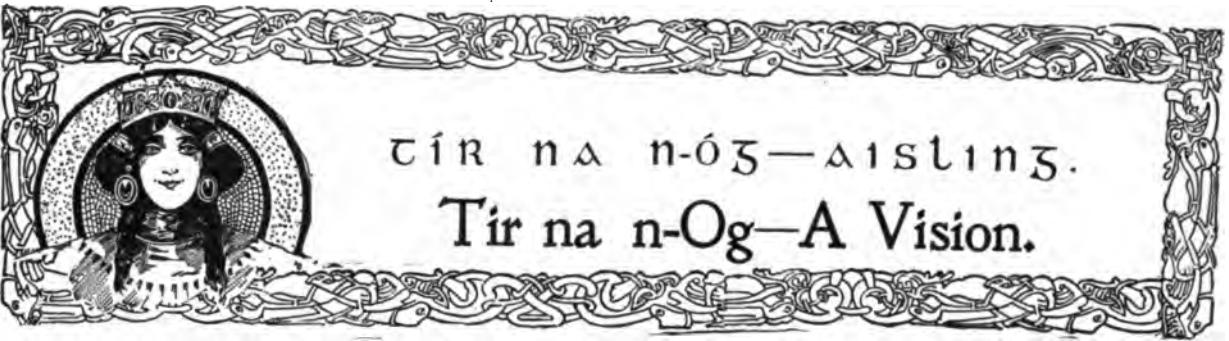
THAT clever little three-act drama, "The Miser's Mound," written by Rev. W. Delany, C. C., which appeared in the October GAEL, has been taken up by Irish societies in various American cities and is being presented by amateur talent before crowded houses. The following account of its presentation may be taken as evidence of its popularity:

"The Miser's Mound" was given by local talent, under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Ancient Order of Hibernians and under the direction of Mrs S. P. Bloomfield, of this city (Cortland, N. Y.). To say that the immense crowd was highly pleased with the presentation of the drama and the excellent programme would be far from expressing the enthusiasm that was manifested.

The entertainers were at their best, and the people were not slow in showing their appreciation. Curtain calls were the rule rather than the exception, and the whole evening was one of greatest enjoyment to the listeners.

Not only was there a great crowd present that filled the hall, the capacity of which has been largely augmented, but a very large number of people had to be turned away from the doors. The sale of tickets had to be stopped yesterday, as more tickets than the house would hold were being sold.

In the drama all the participants did well. Joseph McGuire as "The Rambler," was exceptionally pleasing. The greatest interest was manifested in the progress of the drama and all were pleased with it."



TÍR NA N-ÓG—AISLING.

Tir na n-Og—A Vision.

By Margaret O'Keefe, Kingwilliamstown, Cork.



SAN T-PEAN AIMPIRÍ BÍ BAINTEAGHLAIGH DOCHT 'NA CÓIMHLAÍÓE : T-ÉIGÍN DEAR : NÍGIOIRÍAÍT DO LOCHANNÁID CILL-ÁIRNE, T- DÍ INGEAN AICI GO PAIBH BRÍGÍO MÁI AIMH NIPI. OÍTÓE NOVLAS ÁIMIÚSTE, AGUR A MATÁIR 'NA COULÁD, BÍ BRÍGÍO 'NA H-ADARÍ LE H-ASÍR NA TEIME, AGUR I 45 FÉACÁINT AÍR COMHEALL NA NOVLAS A BÍ AÍ LAFAD AÍR AN FUINNEOG. BÍ RAN GO MÁIT GO T-ÉI, I G-CEANN RÍGÁILÍN GUÍR IMÉIREACH AN COMHEALL OÍR CÓIMHLAÍ Ó RÚL, T- IN A H-IONAD, IRÉ AN PUÍO A BÍ ANN, 'NA PRÍOEOÍGIN. DÁIN RE AN-PRÉAB AÍR AN G-CAILÍN NIÓ NÁÍ 'B-IONGNAÍD: AÍCT RÚL A PAIBH YANNÍN AICI AON NIÓ A ÓÉANÁM, BÍ AN PRÍOEOÍG IMÉIGTE TRÉ GLOINNE NA FUINNEOGSE. LEIR RÚN, TÁIMÍS AN-CHÁIRTE DO BRÍGÍO AGUR DO NIÚT RÍ AN DOPIAR ÁMÁC AGUR I N-DAIRÍG NA PRÍOEOÍGE, A BÍ AG ÓÉANÁM FAOI ÓÉIN LÓCA LÉIN T- LÁR A DICHL. DO NIÚT BRÍGÍO I N-ANÁITE AN T-RAOTÁIR GO T-ÁINÍG RÍ GO BRIUAC NA LÓCA. AGUR IS É AN PUÍO A CHÚIT ÁMÁC NÁ ÓÉAN AN PRÍOEOÍG IARÍG DÍ RÉIN AGUR PUÍO IRTEACHT-RAN NIUÍGE AN T-ÁIRÍG AGUR BRÍGÍO LEIR. SIOP LEÓ TRÍO AN NIUÍGE GO T-ÉI, I N-DEIRMEADÓ BAIPE, GUÍR BUARLEASÁIN TALAMH AGUR DO FUARNAIDH IARÍ RÉIN AÍR OILEÁN BEAG, GLAF, A BÍ FAOI AN LOC ÓHMUIRHEACHTA.

NÍ TÚIÚGE GO PAIBH AN TALAMH BUAILTE AG AN IARÍG 'NA ÓÉAN RÉ CAPAÍL RE RÉIN AGUR RÍGÁILÍN AG AN CAPAÍL AGUR VAT Ó T-PRÉACHTAÍS AÍR, SIOP LEIR AÍR A ÓÁ GLÚINÍ CUM BRÍGÍO A GHÁBÁIL AÍR A ÓRÓM, COMH LUAT AGUR BÍ RÍ AÍR A ÓRÓM AÍR GO BRIUAC LEÓ TRÍO AN DÉP NIOR EADHTHOIMHE 'NÁ AN GHÁOÍT. DO PUÍS AN T-EACHT BÁN AÍR AN GHÁOÍT A BÍ PUÍMÍS, AGUR NÍ PUÍS AN GHÁOÍT A BÍ : N-A DAIRÍG AÍR, I T-PRÉO NÁ PAIBH TRÍI NÓMAT IMÉIGTE 'NUAIR A BÍOSAÍR TRÍI MILLIÚN MILE, GEALL LEIR OÍR OILEÁN GLAF.

DAÓ PÓ GHÉAPRÍ GUÍR BUAIL AN T-EACHT TALAMH AÍR, AGUR DO FUARÍP BRÍGÍO I RÉIN AÍR T-ÉI ÉIGÍN GO PAIBH POLAR NÍ DAÓ GLÍLE 'NÁ GRÍAN MEITÍM AN T-SAMHLAÓ AG POILÍPÍUÍGÁO ANÍOR NIPI. CONNACHT RÍ PRÍOIRIÚDHE GLÉÍGEALÁ AG PUÍBAL TÓIBH RÉIN TRÉ COILÍTÍD GLAFRA, T- THÉ GLEANNNTAÍN GHÉALLA GO PAIBH PRÍOIRÍNA CÓIMH GLAN LE CHIORTAÍ AG NIÚT TRÍOÍTA AGUR BLÁTA AÍR GHÁC AON VAT Ó 45 RÁP AÍR BRIUAC GHÁC PRÍOIRÍ. BÍ PRÍEADÓ ÁIRNE, ZÓPMA, LE RÉICRINT I D-FAD, AGUR CÁD A CÍÚPÉADH BRÍGÍO AÍR DÁBHÍR CÉANN ACA, AÍCT TÍG CÓIMH LEIR AN T-PRÍLADH RÉIN, T- VÍON ÓIR I FALARÓE AÍRÍGÍO AÍR. TÁINÍS IONGNAÍD A CHOIÓNE NIPI TÓIRG BHEAGHTAÍCA AGUR MÓRDACTA AN TÍGE AGUR DAÓ GHÁIRÍO GUÍR ÉUG RÍ AÍGHAÍD A CAPAÍL AÍR NA PRÍEADÓ, T- RÁ ÓÉAN AN TÍGE, AGUR DAÓ GHÁIRÍO AN MHAILL OÍRTA É PRÍOIRÍNT. T-PRÍS RÍ AN T-EACHT LAF AMUÍG DE'N GHÉATA ÓRÓA A BÍ ÓR CÓIMHLAÍ AN TÍG. AÍCT DO PRÍAD RÍ I N-AICE LEIR AN DOPIAR, AGUR RÍGÉON INNTI, MÁP BÍ AN ÁIT IRTÍG NÍ DAÓ GLÍLE 'NÁ AN ÁIT AMUÍG RÉIN, AGUR DO B-ÉIGÍN DÍ T- LÁR PÚIL A ÓÚNAÓ LE NEART AN T-POILÍPÉACHT. DAÓ GHÁIRÍO GUÍR AÍRÍG RÍ GUÍT DÍNN OÍR A CIÓNNA, AGUR LEIR RÚN ÉOG RÍ A PÚILE IN ÁIRNE AGUR TÁINÍS CÉLT LÁM 'T- CÓIR NIPI 'NUAIR A CONNACHT RÍ CÁD A BÍ ANN.

BÍ RÍ AGUR BAINÍPÍOÍGHAN 'NÁ PUÍDE AÍR ÓÁ CÁÉLAORÍ ÓRÓA AÍR ÁRÓÁN AGUR DO FÁMLAÍS BRÍGÍO 'NÁÍ 'B-FÉOIRÍ LE AINGEAL 'T- NA PLAÍTEAR BEICHT NIOP ÁILNE 'NÁ AN BAINÍPÍOÍGHAN RAN. BÍ A ÓÁ PÚIL MÁP RÉALTAIBH T- SÁC BUAIL GRÍASÁIGH AÍR ÓÁT AN ÓIR I 45 PRÍOIRÍNT RIOP LEIR GO T-ÉI



THE olden time a poor widow resided in a nice little house close to the Lakes of Killarney, and she had a daughter named Brigid. On a certain Christmas night when her mother was asleep, Brigid was alone by the fireside looking at the Christmas candle that was burning in the window. So far, so good, but in a short time the candle disappeared before her eyes and in its place appeared a robin. This startled the girl very much, and no wonder, but before she had time to move the robin had passed out through the glass of the window. At this the girl acquired great courage and she ran out the door after the robin that was going towards Loch Lein in full flight. Brigid ran with all her might until she arrived at the brink of the lake. And the result was that the robin transformed herself into a fish and plunged into the water, and Brigid followed. Down they went through the depths until at length they reached the bottom when they found themselves on a beautiful green island that was in the enchanted lake.

No sooner had they alighted on land than the fish transformed itself into a winged snow-white steed. The horse stooped to his knees so that the girl could mount him without difficulty. With the girl on his back the horse proceeded through the air lighter than the zephyrs. The white horse overtook the wind that was in front of him and the wind that was after did not overtake him, and scarcely had they been three minutes on this journey when they were three million miles from the green island.

In a short time the horse stooped to land again and Brigid found herself in a world illuminated by a light brighter than that of the mid-summer sun. She saw white spirits walking through green woods and bright glens through which were running streams as clear as crystal, and on the banks of the streams were growing flowers of every hue. In the distance could be seen high green mountains, and on the summit of one of those mountains Brigid beheld a house quite as large as the mountain itself; the roof was of gold and the walls of silver. She was very much astonished at the size and grandeur of the house, and she led her horse toward the mountains and in the direction of the house, and it did not take long to reach the desired place. She left the horse outside the gate that was opposite the house and she proceeded to walk in directly, but she paused in amazement near the entrance, for the interior of the house was even brighter than the outside, and she had to shut her eyes because of the dazzling brightness. In a short time she heard a musical voice above her and she lifted her eyes and trembled at the sight that met her gaze.

A king and queen were seated on two golden thrones on a platform, and Brigid thought that it was not possible for the angels of heaven to be more beautiful than this queen.

AN TALAMH. Ói chualairí éadaig comh gseal leir an eala um uimpi: acht níodh baile gile 'ná a curu éadaig féin, do b' i a chroícean. O'fearáidh Bríghis rúar oíche agus iongadó a chiorúde uigíti. I g-céann rúgáilte do Láthair an t-áth gríobhar (mar a tháth gríobhar a b' ann), agus iongadán le Bríghis teasté cúcá.

"Nuair a b' i láthair 'n a bhríomháireachas ghearradh 'chéad míle fáilte' roimpi, agus o'fíagairiachas ghearradh ní ciannor a b' an t-geanáin docht 'nn a tóisach. Minicéadán anngan gur b' i an áit fan Tír na n-Óg, agus gur b' i anngan gur mairi anamna na n-Geaoíl 1491 páigéil an t-geanáin doibh, agus na Léigfriúleachas i gceannas i tóisach na n-Óg, acht anamna clann na n-Geaoíl aithní.

"Agus," ari fan rí, "cróifí fearta, a ingin ó an t-riúise go scartéar an nolláin; i tóisach na n-Óg." Agus leir rún o'fíagairi reanáin díri a b' i bhríomhá raoi éadaig doimhí Láthair do'n árbaon, a chuaibhirt le Bríghis féacaint i gceannas. O'fearáidh rí, comh maist, agus iir beag ná cailleach i le neart glóríomharaista an pháisairc a leat píomh 'n-a rúilidh, mar b' iad liríomh leathúil.

I láthair na h-áitíse b' alcóirí móri, níneanta d'oiri agus o'airíse, a bláthá dána 'r' chuaibhinn glára ari a mullach, a gluasg nuaime 'n a tíméadair, agus eadaig ghealú nuaime, agus cláiríomh óir ag gac duine aca, agus iad go léirí ag reimh, agus a léitítear do ceol níos mó fáiltearánach na nuaime ari éadaíomh. Tug Bríghis raoi n-veamha go mairb coipón ríomhóig tíméadair ari ceann gac duine aca agus go mairb na falainne agus an t-áiríleán d'éanta do fheabhsa, acht, gal a mairb nuaime aici a chailleacháin éadaibh raoi n-veamha do ónúnaid an doimhí.

Táinig bhrón a chriúise uigíti agus o'fíagairiachas rí do'n rí gus cao na éadaibh ná' i' Léigfriúleachas ná a chailleacháin féiníre, acht níneadaí an rí go mairb Tír na n-Óg mo-neamhá u' aonáin ó éadaíomh, agus, mara imteagóidh rí do bhrá, chailleacháin i le neart ceoil agus na glórí.

Ba éigínean do Bríghis dul i n-áitíse ari an eacán gan mairi, agus iir iad na focal téangeannach gur ariúidh rí ná: "Beannáacht Dé agus mhuile agus pháoraig leat."

Ari go bhráit leir an eacán thíos an ariú, agus ba é chuiríodh go mheasú ari éair 'n aír ann fa bhaile leir an t-riúise céadáin gur imteigeadar. Cumh gheal gairíodh a óéanáin ó, ní tuisgeadh b' i an t-eacán 'nn a grian-eog ariú 'ná rúar leir ari an bhríomhneáig, agus cao a óéanáin ó rí féin acht conneall na nollágaí mar b' iáin.

"Nuair a'riúidh an mótaír an gheal níneadaí rí gur ba é tairbhreáis a b' iéanáin do Bríghis, acht ní chuiríofear an chailín ó aonáin 'ná go mairb rí i tóisach na n-Óg, ari fíriú, an oiríche nollágaí ná



SEAMUS O' DRAIGNEÁIN.

O'Éag, i ghráidh Nuaforon, i m-Bortán, Dia domháis an ceathairmhíle la de Shionbhar, 1903, Séamus O'Draigneán, a b'aitneadh le fada do Shaoilgeoirí ná na catrach fán mar faoi chearteoír titceallach ari fionteangeáin a b'uitéar.

Bearasan bliadan ó fiont do b' i ré 'n a leabhar-uaftáin ari Connpháidh Shaoilge an Oileáin Uíri, agus pé duine a bhadh Láthair a ná bhadh, ag cinniúintí Cumainn Séan Shaoilgeach Bortán, do bhadh Séamus O'Drágneán Láthair, agus é a gcoimhneáde go deaig-ghnótaísc ag múineadh gac aonáin le a'ri' mian teanga a fírinneadh o'fóglúim.

Tá ariúearán bliadan ó fiont do b' i ré 'n a leabhar-uaftáin Séamus O'Draigneán, agus ní mairb rí eisíneadh ari a cónaí ó t' éirísc an tionsúilis ríin do, a'ri' níct do tigríneadh an-Údarán ó Cárta-uaftáin a b' ag déanáin ari, an t-áth fiont Oideachais Nollágaí, do chuit rí eisíneadh ari an gcorán agus do bhríomhá agus do ghearradh a aghaidh a' ceann. O'n marlach ro níor éirísc rí eisíneadh ari a fiont do

Her eyes were like stars, and each lock of her golden hair reached down to her feet. She wore a garment whiter than the swan, but whiter than all was the color of her skin. Brigid viewed them in astonishment as was indeed natural, the two spirits spoke (for they were spirits), and they asked Brigid to come up to them.

When she came in their presence they tendered her a hundred thousand welcomes, and they asked how was the poor old land after them. They explained to her then that the land which she beheld was *Tír na n-Óg*, and that it was here resided the souls of the Gaels after leaving their earthly abode, and no souls would be permitted to enter *Tír na n-Óg* but the souls of the Gaels.

"And," said the king, "you will know in future how Christmas is spent in *Tír na n-Óg*." And opening a golden door that was concealed by the drapery which hung behind him he asked Brigid to look in. She looked as directed and she nearly died of the excitement of that glorious sight that opened before her eyes for the magnificence of heaven itself was portrayed everywhere.

In the center was a big altar made of gold and silver surrounded by white blossoms and green boughs, and hosts of people around it wearing white tunics, and each having a golden harp, and all were playing, and such music was never even conceived by the denizens of earth. She noticed that each wore a crown of shamrocks on their head, and that the walls and floor were of diamonds—but before she could notice any more the door was closed and her heart filled with sorrow, and she asked the king why he would not allow her to feast her eyes a little longer; but the king said that *Tír na n-Óg* was too sacred for any mortal of earth and that if she did not leave presently she would die from the effects of the melody of the music and the glare of glory.

She had to mount the white steed without delay and the last words she heard were "the blessing of God and Mary and Patrick to you." Away went the steed through the air and they returned by the same route they came, and in a short time they were at home. To conclude the horse became a robin again, and he went up on the window and transformed himself into a candle—the original form.

When the mother heard the story she said it was only a dream, but Brigid would not believe from anybody that she was not in *Tír na n-Óg* that Christmas night.



B'fuaileadh ré tóigéadair ariú agus fiontálaidh. Ir earrainn do chúir na Gaoílge é b'leit ari láthair, agus iir fada fanais a chumhne b'eadh imeachas Shaoileadh Bortán.

O Rinn-an-Óéilis fó udar de béal cuain Choncaighe ead b'eadh an O'Draigneáin, acht iir iondára bliadan ó táinig ré 'an tóigéas geo.

So utugairí Dia fuaimeáear riomháidhe o' a anam.

"BÁNTA."

Tá uifír na nollágaí de "Bánba" mar gac uifír eile do'n lúileabhar ro, go ríleáctar go briogáin agus go tairneamhach. Béid áitair ari mórlán doinean a cloírint go b'fuit "Bánba" ag teasté amach gac m' ari ro amach. Tá na Shaoilgeoirí i fíleáin i nÉirinn a ríomh do "Bánba." Ní fáisceamair in aon pháipéir fóir aon níodh do rágair comh maist le notairde an fíreagair, níl ari Shaoilgeoirí cíarparáide ná ari leat fígláin, acht go níodh, agus go roiléin agus go liomha.

Leat níodh i fíad fiacaí Digitized by Google

CÓIMÍREAGARTAS.

Δ Εαρητσίη Αν Γαοðαί:

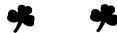
Cuimí cùsac tairisighseacét o litir do ghríobh Ó Néill cum Úarún Sláine, in ran bliadain 1561. Ói an litir ro cloðbhuailte in ran "National MSS. of Ireland" riomh bliadán ó roin, aet b'fheisir go b-fuil mórán ùaoinne ag fóshluim Úaethuis agor ná'r leigheas. Ír beagnáid iad na focail céadna do ghríobh Úireannach inbriú, a ña m-beirg ré ag ghríobh litir mairi rinn, gur gur rai'b litir Ó Néill ghríobh Ór cionn trí céad bliadán ó roin.

Tá ré éo fórum do bhuine o Cúige Mumhan le bhuine o Cúige Ulaidh nò cùise Connacht an litir ro a chuisgeann, agur airi an ñáthair rinn iñ cinnne gur b'i an caint céadna do labhrad in Éirinn go leir in ran aoir rinn:

—CNOIC MAOL DONN.

"Deannacét annro cum an Úarún Sláine, agur cum ingine an lapla; agur innir dhoibh gur gáthmé litrieadh an lúrtír, ar ari chuis me nac toil leir an lúrtír me fein, no mò litrieadh do chur ne mo fheagair a ceann na báriugha; agur nac ail ac gabaltas do ñéanach in m'feagair agur in mo ñúctair, amair mairi innirtear ñam gac laoi gur ab' ari leir lapla Ulaidh da gairim de. Agur iñ mairt an ñeagaird ari rinn, cón luat agur tamic an lúrtír a neirinn, mair nac mairi a fior agam. Ír é a contráil do jinne an lúrtír. Cón luat agur tamic ré a n-Éirinn, nír cùir teacra no litir cùgam-ra le gseala é fein do cheart, ac tamic ari tair inn mo ñúctair do ñéanach gabaltair innit, ñap leir fein. Agur iñ ñeimhín gur ñeacair rinn do ñéanach do toil. D'eo ag up mif in mo ñeacair, agur go fóir-mór an cùir agam do leictrom. Agur ña m-beit an cùir iñ feirg do Clannair Ó Néill agur mif ñan anmain, ní ñéanta gabaltas ari an cùir do ñeit beo ace. Agur iñ minic a chuirgeas gabaltas do ñéanach oifid, agur nír cùiochadh rinn a riadair ace.

"MISI, O NÉILL."



FÍLIOÍ Ó EADAÍC.

AISLING.

Óiríomhaoi ña h-Íarphlaata ño ñan.

Ceo ñuiriðeaceta fóol oróce cum fáin me,
iñ ari mán teamhair támpla cum ruain,
Dom fíor-éarrad i g-coillteib ñan áitrieadh,
Ño ñraoi-loc na Bláirnann do ñuasáir,
Do fineair coir crainn iñ a rai'b bláit airi,
Agur ñaor ñiomh go ñ-táinig ri ruair,
An pio-ñan mairreas mionla baò ñreáchtas,
Ó'ári fíor-riais ó ñádair anuair.

Biogáinn mo ñíoróe ionam le h-áthair,
Óa gnaoi ñaor ñeasair lán-ñeasair go luat,
Óa ñraoi-ñeas, ña míñin-ñor, támpla,
iñ ña caorin-ñeacain alainn ñan ñíoróe,
Óa ñraoi-ñeasair tuiñ, ñuair, cárta fáinneacá—
's a ñá cíoc ñíoróe, Bláirnára, cruaó—
's gur ñ'fiong ñ-ñeasair i an oróce níor cár liom,
Ñeit ag fíor-áthair áileacá a ñruair.

A ñuiriðeaceta na mán-ñlaois iñ áile,

An tú ñoibhill ó'n m-ban-éarrasig éuairg?

An tú Clionóna, nò ñoifre, nò ñine?

Gur ñiochaltais fuaire báirí mairi ó'n ñluairg?

nò an ñoileann tuig ñaor leir tarb páile—

nò an fionn-éarrasac ñíor ñuas?

nò an cuide leat-ra innpint a u-ñrát dom,

Cia an tír ari a u-táinigair ari cùmair?

Ó'fiong clannair miliù le páid me,

'n ári ñírgeas ño cairde ñum ñuasain,

Ír fíor coir ñan-ñoibhinn do ghnáthairgim,

Ír le ñiocháir go ñ-táinig 'n po ari cùmair,

Óa ñiomh go m-biair ñiocáin na Bláirnann,⁴

'n a n-ail-ñrígaird ariair go luat;

's an ñtobairgo ño ñi real go fánaí,

'n a riñ ari trí h-áitrieadh go ñuas.

Atá ní ñeile ari m-inntin le páid leat,

má'r binn me ño éarras ari go luat,

Go ñraoi-ñeasair go ñuiriðeaceta 'r an Spáinead,

's a b-ppiomh-Loingear, lán ñírgeas ñíorair,

ní ñiaidh ñaor ñeagair i g-cíoc ñiñ páilse,

ná ñuiriðeaceta ña náthair go luat,

's gur a b-ppiong-ñrígaird fíor-ñeire an ñláirca,

Óa ñaor ñeasair go h-áigte an ñuas.

A ñeimh-ñiñ ná ñeigis me ari an ñeibh-ño,

Agur tairbhanam linn fíor go Tír-ñeasain,

mair ñraí ñeasair ñeacan ñuiriðeaceta ann;

A n-ñadair-ñrígaird fíora 'gur ñíoríl;

Ñiaidh ñeigis ñeaceta ñaor leat iñ ñoibhneair,

Ñeaceta 'gur ñíoríl, 'gur ñeóir, ;

* * * * *

Ñeigis ñeaceta ñoibhneair;

Ñaigair tairbhair ari ñeaceta ñi ñeasair,

Go ñ-téneadair real ag ñeaceta ño ñeasair,

's go ñeaceta ñeaceta ñeasair,

ír mo caorin-ñeaceta coróce cùir leó;

ír go ñeigis ñeaceta ñeaceta ñeasair,

má ñeigis tui ñeaceta ñeaceta ñeasair.

Do ñeigis ñeaceta le cíle an ñeaceta ñeaceta,

An ñaor ñeaceta ñeaceta ñeaceta go ñeasair,

Do ñi ñeaceta ñeaceta an ñeaceta in ári ñ-tímeal,

's na h-éin beaga ag ñeigis ñeaceta ñeaceta,

Ñeigis ñeaceta ñeaceta ñeaceta ñeaceta,

Do ñeigis ñeaceta ñeaceta ñeaceta ñeaceta,

ír mairi cùir ari mo ñeigis ñeaceta ñeaceta,

Óa béal ñeaceta ñeaceta ñeaceta.

¹ ñoibhneair, qc. Three celebrated fairy princesses.

² fionn-éarrasac, the Fair-formed. The poet refers to ñíam ñíoráca, the bride of Tail, son of Treon, the heroine of one of the lays of Oisin.

³ ñan-ñoibhneair, a locality situated south of Mallow, in the county of Cork, and north of Blarney, the scene of the present vision or dream.

⁴ ñiocáin na Bláirnann, the Viscount of Blarney. This title belonged to a branch of the MacCarthies, but was forfeited by them, together with the Castle and estate of Blarney, on account of their adhesion to the fortunes of the House of Stuart.





M R. JOHN LANE, London, announces a new volume by Mr. Nicholas P. Murphy, author of "A Corner in Ballybeg." It is a story of London life, graphically and humorously presented.

A N important addition has just been made to the publications of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland in the shape of a booklet, entitled "J. K. L.: A Great Irish Bishop," by Rev. P. Coakley, O. S. A., which gives a very able and interesting account of the remarkable character and life-work of the Most Rev. Dr. Doyle, the gifted Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

M D'ARBOIS DE JUBAINVILLE'S great work on the mythology of the Celts, which is known to all scholars as the best work, and indeed as the only authoritative treatment of the subject, has been translated into English by Mr. R. I. Best, and is being published in Dublin.

M. de Jubainville's book, which is only obtainable in an expensive form in French, is the most notable storehouse of Irish legends in existence.

A HANDBOOK of Irish Dances with an Essay on their Origin and History" is the title of an exceedingly neat little 12mo. volume written by Mr. J. G. O'Keefe and Art O'Brien, and published by Donohue & Co., Dublin.

This work gives for the first time, an historical account of Irish dances; but it is more than this. It is a thorough guide and hand-book to the subject, giving complete descriptions of 26 dances and particulars of many others.

It is the only work which, while a guide, also traces the origin, development and possibilities of the national dances. Chapters on dance music, on the various collections of traditional Irish airs, etc., are also added. Dances from Cork, Kerry, Donegal, Wexford,

Limerick, etc., are described and explained.

The work is very complete and is the finest example of Dublin typography and printing that we have seen in a long time. The price is one shilling in paper covers, two shillings in cloth.

IN a recent number of St. Stephen's there is an article entitled "Two Irish Heroines and a Benefactor," by Dr. George Sigerson, F. R. U. I., which will be read with special interest. It gives the translation of an octavo pamphlet recently examined by the distinguished author in the "Bibliotheque Nationale," of Paris.

The pamphlet was printed in Paris, and at Orleans in 1642, at a time when Charles I. and the English Parliament were at strife, when Ormond represented the King in Dublin, with a Parliament behind him, and when many of the nobles of the Anglo-Irish Pale had been driven into confederacy with their ancient foes, the Gaelic Chieftains.

The pamphlet gives an account of the siege of the Castle of Knocklinch by the Earl of Ormond at the head of 4,500 men, and of its heroic defence by fifty men inspired by the courageous example set them by Lady de Lacy. The second of the Irish heroines whose exploit Dr. Sigerson chronicles is the Lady Mary Fitzgerald, wife of Sir Luke Fitzgerald, whose defence of the fortress of Tectorghan, in Meath, he refers to.

The Irish benefactor, who is introduced by Dr. Sigerson is Jean de Cologan or MacCologan de Kilcolgan, who is described in another pamphlet in the "Bibliotheque Nationale" as "a gentleman descending from the ancient and noble families of Ireland who were expatriated on account of their religion at the time of the Revolution under King James, born at Teneriffe, one of the Canary Isles, where his family settled and possesses considerable es-

tates." The pamphlet contains a record of the gratitude of some of the emigrant French nobles for MacCologan's kindness towards them when exiled during the Rebellion.—*Daily Independent*.

O NE of the most recent Gaelic League publications is "Dubh-attach MacFirbisigh," which is issued in the Popular Booklet Series. The book has been written by Eoghan Ua Neachtain (Owen O'Naughton), and he has done his work well. It deals with the life and works of this noted Irish scholar, who was the author of, amongst others, the Great Book of Genealogies and the "Chronicum Scotorum."

Mr. Ua Neachtain has gathered together in his little booklet all that is known of MacFirbisigh, whose sad and violent death in 1670 at the hands of Crofton in a shop at Dunlin has ever awakened the sympathy of his countrymen. Some helpful notes and a fairly copious vocabulary are added to the text. The little book is published at twopence.

FATHER TOM of Connemara" is the title of a charming story of life on the west coast of Ireland, written by Mrs. Elizabeth O'Reilly Neville and published by Rand & McNally, Chicago.

Father Tom was an ideal Irish priest who identified himself intimately with the interests of the community, wept with the sorrowful, laughed with the happy, and when it was necessary acted the part of a reformer with a muscular hand.

The story is so charmingly and interestingly told one feels the authoress has not acquired her information at second hand.

Mrs. Neville resides at Whiting, Ind., and has been engaged by her publishers to prepare a history of Ireland suitable for use in parochial and public schools.

THE second annual report of the *Inghintidhe na h-Eireann*, just issued, records much good and useful work, accomplished for Ireland by this young and vigorous Society during the past twelve months.

In addition to the history and language classes, dancing and singing classes were started, with the result that at all the Irish concerts organized in and around Dublin the *Inghintidhe na h-Eireann* Children's Choir and dancing quartettes were popular attractions.

IMMIGRATION of the Irish Quakers into Pennsylvania, 1682-1750,

"with their Early History in Ireland," is the title of a volume by Albert Cook Myers, published by the author at (Swarthmore, Pa., \$3.50 net).

Mr. Myers has brought great skill and industry to the lighting up of a small corner in the religious history of England and America, and to the excavation of genealogical matter interesting to a large number of families. While the early immigrations of English and Welsh Quakers into Pennsylvania have found historians, the Irish inflow has received little attention, although it produced a statesman like James Logan.

After outlining the early history of the Quakers in Ireland and describing their inducements to emigrate and the hard conditions under which they crossed the Atlantic, Mr. Myers describes their new homes and meeting-houses, and with the aid of original documents presents some very curious pictures of the new social life on which they entered. These Irish Quakers made good pioneers. Little accustomed to peace and comfort at home, they did not look for it at once in Penn's colony.

The book is a mine of quaint information and family history, and members of the Quaker families of More, Marsh, McMillan, Pym, Lightfoot, Sheppard, Calvert, Chandlee, Garnett and many others are sure to find in it matter of personal interest.

A T Southby's Auction Salerooms, London, recently, great interest was excited in the offer of three of Shakespeare's plays printed in Dublin in 1721. They were "Caesar," "Othello," and "The Tempest"—tiny volumes without boards, and evidently acting versions.

Hitherto bibliographers have always

regarded the "unique" "Tempest," printed in Dublin in 1725, as the first of the plays of the Bard of Avon, printed in Ireland, but the dates of the three volumes referred to prove their priority. The lot was knocked down to Mr. Pearson, a well-known bookseller in London for \$1,774 (£355).

Drawing of Prizes.

A GRAND drawing of prizes will take place at the Maghernahely schools, Bessbrook, Newry, Ireland, on February 16th. All holders of tickets are requested to kindly return duplicates at once to the Honorary Secretaries at the above address.

For this well-known centre of Irish linen industry containing a large working population, a convent and schools are a real necessity. The Bazaar has been organized with the approval and under the patronage of His Eminence Cardinal Logue, and is being conducted by the Rev. Thomas McDonald, C. C., assisted by Rev. T. Rogers, C. C.; Rev. P. Lyons, C. C.; Rev. Mother Agnes O'Halloran, Convent of Mercy, and others.

Cardinal Logue in his letter of approval said:

"Those who aid you in carrying out this project may rest assured that they are contributing to a real work of charity. There are few places where the devoted labors of the good Sisters are more necessary, or where they can produce more abundant fruits.

"Besides the children, whose education is to be provided for, there is a large working population of young girls, to whom the care and direction of the Sisters will be invaluable. Hitherto the good nuns have been laboring under very serious disadvantages. They have been obliged to use a farmhouse as their convent, and its offices as their schools. Thus hampered for room they could not possibly carry out either their community duties, the instruction of the children, or the care of the young mill-workers with all the efficiency and success which would otherwise attend their efforts."

Special efforts have been made to secure prizes of Irish material and manufacture. Among the prizes are an Irish harp, by McFall, Belfast; a shamrock Bicycle, a set of Irish pipes, by O'Mealy, of Belfast, while the woollen, linen and lace industries, etc., are also represented by valuable prizes.

We hope this deserving enterprise will meet with a generous response from the charitable public.

Pipers' Club Concert.

THE first Irish concert of instrumental music has been given by *Cumann na bPiobari* in the Large Concert Hall, Rotunda, Dublin. There was a crowded attendance. The first item, a concerted selection of pipes and fiddles, was rendered by Messrs. Kent, Doran and O'Toole. A double jig by Misses Cahill and MacQuillan and Messrs. Doran and Cosgrove followed. Miss May Carroll sang "The Coolin" beautifully. Mr. Owen Lloyd played selections on the large harp, including his celebrated "Chanter's Tune" and "Brian Boru's March."

Miss D. Kearns, of the Oireachtas Choir, was much applauded for her singing of "Sa Mhuirnín Dilis." An unusual item, the Kelly's three-hand reel, brought down the house. They danced a hornpipe for an "arie." Miss May Reidy, Sch., R. I. A. M., played a very effective selection of Irish airs on the 'cello.

A recitation, "Pinch and Caoch O'Leary," by Cathal MacGarvey, provoked a storm of applause, to which he had to respond with another, this time a humorous piece. Pat MacCormack, of Ardee, specially brought up for the occasion, delighted the audience with his playing on a double-chanter set of pipes. He also played for the four-hand reel of the Colmcille Branch of the Gaelic League.

James Ennis, of Naul, rendered several Irish airs and quick tunes very sweetly on the flute. A hornpipe by Mr. Charles Cosgrove, of the club, was vociferously encored. A great novelty was the singing to pipes accompaniment of "An maidrin Ruadh" and "Cád n'Deanfamaoid," by Mr. Thomas Carrin, of Dungarvan. Mrs. Kenny (fiddler), many times prize winner, was heard to advantage in "The Blackbird," "The Dear Irish Boy" and "The Groves" (reel).

We have specially omitted so far all mention of the great "star" artistes of the evening, Tom Fitzgerald (fiddler, Co. Clare), and Martin Reilly (piper, Galway). The former was a revelation of traditional playing to a Dublin audience—he made the violin speak with the "Irish voice." Martin Reilly is our last truly great piper. His performance of the famous "Fox Chase" was a relic of the old times. His "Battle of Aughrim," a vividly descriptive piece of playing, is likely to be spoken of in Dublin Gaelic circles for many a long day. It is to be hoped this veteran blind piper may be given opportunities of displaying his skill during the coming year in all parts of Ireland.

To the Winter Resorts South

SOUTHERN RAILWAY
TO THE RESORTS SOUTH

FLORIDA
NEW ORLEANS
CALIFORNIA
MEXICO
PINEHURST,
THE LAND OF THE SKY AND SAPPHIRE COUNTRY

The service of the Southern Railway is the highest development of luxurious railway travel. The Southern's roadbed is the best and its schedule the fastest in the entire South, while its Pullmans are the latest and finest. Its Dining Cars are of the highest standard. The scenic attractions are numberless and unrivaled.

Florida and Cuba, Asheville and Hot Springs, North Carolina.

“The Land of the Sky and Sapphire Country.”

Atlanta, New Orleans, Texas, Mexico and California. Three fast trains daily, with superb Pullman Sleeping and Dining Car service. Connections at New Orleans with Southern Pacific Sunset Limited Special Annex Car. Observation Car New York to Atlanta.

Pinehurst, Asheville [“The Land of the Sky,”], Memphis, Hot Springs, Ark. Three fast express trains giving all the comfort and luxuries of modern travel.

Leaving New York daily for the greatest health resort in America.

Augusta, Aiken, Camden, Thomasville, Florida, Nassau and Cuba. Three superbly equipped fast trains during the tourist season, giving the most satisfactory schedule. Sleeping and Dining Car Service to the Winter Resorts of Georgia, the Carolinas and Florida. Connections both at Miami and Tampa with the Peninsular and Occidental Line for Key West, Havana and Nassau.

“The Southern's Palm Limited” Leaving New York daily, except Sunday, at 12:40 noon. This magnificent train, the most luxurious in the world, runs through solid from New York to St. Augustine. The train is composed of Pullman compartment cars, drawing room sleeping cars, library, observation and dining cars, with every convenience and luxury. On the trains will be operated a Pullman drawing and stateroom car, New York to Aiken and Augusta.

NEW YORK OFFICES: 271 and 1185 BROADWAY.

W. A. TURK, Pass. Traffic Mgr. S. H. HARDWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. ALEX. S. THWEATT, Eastern Pass. Agt.

Digitized by Google

THE GAEL

(AN GAAOÍL.)

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-class Matter.
Postage free to any point in the United States,
Mexico or Canada.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE GAEL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

TERMS:

Price.—Subscription \$1.00 per year. Single copies 10 cents. Subscriptions from Ireland, England and Scotland, 5 shillings per year.

Remittance must accompany each Subscription and may be sent by Check, Registered Letter, or Money-Order. Stamps or currency may be sent, but at the sender's risk.

Subscriptions commence with the current issue. Change of Address should, in all cases, be accompanied by the old address as well as the new.

The date of expiration of each Subscription is printed on the address label on the wrapper each month. To ensure a continuance of the Magazine subscriptions should be promptly renewed.

Persons desiring the return of their manuscripts, if not accepted, should send a stamped and directed envelope. We cannot, however, hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of uninvited MSS. Authors should preserve a copy.

ADVERTISING RATES UPON APPLICATION.

New York Irish Literary Society.

THE need has long been felt for the foundation of a Society in New York with the objects (1) of affording a centre of social and literary intercourse for persons of Irish nationality or descent; and (2) of promoting the study of the Irish language, Irish history, Irish literature, music and art, and the keeping alive of Irish nationality.

Persons of any nationality who, in the opinion of the membership committee, possess special qualifications for belonging to the Society, may be admitted as associates. The subscription for city members will be five dollars a year; for non-resident members three dollars a year; and for associates two dollars a year.

The aim of the Society will be to develop and foster the intellectual resources of Ireland and of Irishmen in Ireland and in America and to stimulate original work of Irishmen in the United States.

It is proposed that during each season lectures shall be delivered before the members of the Society and that historical classes shall be organized to meet every month or twice a month, when papers will be read and discussed. It will be the aim of the Society to advance the cause of social assemblies, musical meetings and art exhibitions, as well as to have lectures for

its members. All kindred enterprises will have its loyal sympathy and support. It will be able to act more or less in co-operation with the Irish Literary Society of Dublin and with the Irish Literary Society of London, both of which have been splendid successes since their formation. The Society will also be a home and place of cheer and welcome and hospitality for visiting Irishmen, and when occasion offers it will welcome Irishmen prominent in the Irish literary movement which is to-day attracting attention in all English-speaking countries and members of the Gaelic League and all persons interested in the sacred cause of Irish nationality.

It is planned to have a library, a lecture room and a meeting room at a moderate rent, say fifty to seventy-five dollars per month, with a librarian in charge, with the rooms open day and evenings, and that gradually pictures and objects of interest relating to Irishmen, and above all a library of standard Irish literature and the current publications of Ireland will be gathered together and made accessible to the members of the Society and their friends.

Lectures delivered and papers read before the Society will be published as pamphlets, or in book form, and sent free to all active, associate, and non-resident members.

The Society will be non-political and non-sectarian.

It is proposed to incorporate the Society under the Membership Corporation Law of the State of New York.

With these objects in view, it is proposed to hold a meeting for the purpose of perfecting the temporary organization of the Society and appointing the committees charged with the duty of providing for it "a local habitation and name."

All persons who have been spoken to about this venture have expressed surprise that such a society as contemplated had not been organized before, and have stated that the Society would have their cordial good wishes and that they would join with their fellow-workers in carrying forward the good work.

THE record for longevity in Ireland is held by the province of Connacht. The latest census returns show that there are in the five counties which go to make the western province, no fewer than 102 persons who claimed to be "100 years old and upwards," 41 of whom were males and 61 females.

Under the heading of "95 and under 100" we find a total of 245, while 813 advanced a claim to figure under the heading of "90 and under 95." The counties of Galway and Mayo tie in the matter of centenarians with a total of 35 each, while, strange to say, in the number of those who are over 95 and under 100 they are again almost equal, the former county holding 79 as against the latter's 71.

It is interesting to notice in this connection that the detailed census of the county of Surrey, England, which is in great part urban, discloses that in 1901 the population of the county was about equal to that of Connacht, but had only four females and one male who claim to be centenarians.

AGGRESSIVE—INDEPENDENT—OUTSPOKEN.
IRELAND'S MOST REPRESENTATIVE PAPER.

"THE LEADER"
A Weekly Review of Current Affairs, Politics, Literature, Art
and Industry

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"The ideal of *The Leader* is a Self-Governing and Irish Ireland. Its contributors include many of the ablest Irishmen of the day. It deals with all phases of Irish life. It advocates the restoration of the Irish language. One of its features is an article in Irish every week."

The Leader will be sent post free to any address in the United States, Canada, or Mexico one year for 8s. 8d.—shorter periods in proportion.
Address: THE MANAGER, 200 GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET, DUBLIN.

J. M. COLLINS, High-Class TAILOR,

Large Selection of IRISH TWEED SUITS, from 37/6 to 55/-
CLERICAL TAILORING A SPECIALTY.

Nr. St. Paul's
Cathedral

22 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON E.C.

Nr. St. Paul's
Cathedral

Carriage Paid to the United States.

Irish History in Schools.

“**T**EACH Irish History in the American Parochial and Public Schools.” This was the unanimous opinion of the delegates to the meeting of the United Irish Societies of Hudson County, held in Humboldt Hall, Newark Avenue, Jersey City.

The meeting was well attended. Mr. Patrick O’Mara presided. Mr. Larkins acted as secretary. Speeches were made by the Rev. William T. McLaughlin, rector of St. Augustine’s Roman Catholic Church, Union Hill; the Rev. James A. Kelley, of St. Michael’s R. C. Church; Patrick O’Mara, former Director of the Board of Freeholders Michael B. Holmes, Corporation Counsel James F. Minturn, of Hoboken; State President James F. Brennan, of the Ancient Order of Hibernians; and National President James E. Dolan, of the same Order.

Mr. O’Mara was the first speaker. He said the object of the meeting was to discuss and also propose the advancement of the study of Irish history in American parochial and public schools. He told of some of the parochial schools in which it is being taught today and said he hoped all would adopt the same study shortly.

Father McLaughlin was introduced and said he was one of the first to introduce the study in the parochial schools, and the first one to introduce it in Hudson County. He said the pupils of his school in Union Hill study it now and they are apparently very much interested with it.

Father McLaughlin said there are 35,000 children attending parochial schools in New Jersey.

Secretary Larkins offered a resolution advising the systematic teaching of Irish History in both parochial and public schools. It was adopted unanimously.

A committee was appointed to wait upon the Bishop, Archbishop and school boards.—Jersey City News.

“**W**ITCHCRAFT and Second Sight,” by the late John Gregerson Campbell (Macmillan), is a comprehensive collection of surviving superstitions in the highlands and islands of Scotland, and is based entirely upon tales and traditions collected from oral sources. Besides second sight and witchcraft, ghosts, goblins, spells, and charms have their respective chapters. The following weird story of a headless ghost is reprinted:

At the shore and forming part of the boundary between North and South Morar, on the west coast of Inverness-shire, there is a large rocky mound (*snoc mor creise*), which was long the cause of terror in the district. At the base of the mound a road can be taken along the shore when the tide is out. No one, however, taking it along after nightfall lived to tell the tale. His remains were found next day among the large boulder stones (*comach mor chlach*), of which the shore is full, mangled, and bearing traces of a ghastly and unnatural death. Persons who had the second sight looking over the rocks that overhung the shore said they saw a phantom or “something” haunting the place, having the shape of a headless human figure. Macdonall or MacCull, as he is styled, of South Morar (*Mac Dhughail mhorair*), whose house was not far from the scene of the Headless Body’s violence, unexpectedly became the means of expelling it from its haunt.

But the feat was not accomplished without a preliminary tragedy:

He was one winter evening unexpectedly visited by a friend. He had no one to send to Bracara, across the river, to invite some more friends to come and join in the entertainment of his guest, but his son and heir, then about eighteen years of age. He strictly enjoined the youth not to return that night unless men came with him, for fear of the Headless Body. The young man did not find the friends he was sent for at home, and with the temerity natural to his years, came back alone. The Body met him and killed him, and in the morning were found traces of a fearful struggle, large stones displaced and clots of blood, as if the youth had put out his heart’s blood. MacCull made a solemn vow neither to eat nor drink till he avenged his son’s death.

All that evening his friends tried to persuade him to remain at home, but to no purpose. The Headless Body never appeared but to those who pass-

ed alone, and the chief’s friends had to return while he went on unaccompanied to the haunted rocks. The Body came out and said: “You have come to take your son’s ransom (*airic*); take counsel, and go home.” To this the chief replied by clasping his arms round the hated apparition. A furious struggle commenced, and to this day the stones may be seen which were rolled out of their way in the dread encounter. At last the strong and fearless chief got the Headless Body under, and drew his dirk to stab it. The Body cried: “Hold your hand, MacCull, touch me not with the iron, and while there is one within the twentieth degree related to you (*air an fhicheadamh mhar*) in Morar, I will not again be seen.

The ghost apparently kept troth:

When this story was heard some years ago, there were only two alive within this relationship to the ancient chief, one a harmless idiot, the other a poor woman in Fort William. One or the other of them must be still alive, for the headless ghost has not yet made its reappearance. The person from whom it was heard was a firm believer in its truth, and in his youth, half a century ago, was well acquainted with the district in which the events were said to have occurred. He had learned and practiced the tailoring trade there.

To Our Readers.

THE GAEL is unique and unexcelled. There is no other Irish magazine at any price so good or so interesting.

Tell your friends about it. You will do them a favor by calling their attention to it.

If you think some of them would like to see a copy, send us their names and addresses and we will mail to each a sample copy free of charge.

All the leading newsdealers everywhere keep it on sale. Some of the little dealers may not have it, but they can procure it for you from their News Company.

The surest way is to send a dollar bill, or a check, or a postoffice money order for \$1.00 to THE GAEL, 140 Nassau Street, and you will then receive the magazine regularly and promptly each month for a year.



CORRIGAN & FRENCH

20 ALDERSGATE, CITY,
And at 32 ROSEBERRY AVENUE,
LONDON, E.C.



OVERCOATS
OF
IRISH TWEEDS or
FRIEZE from
30s.

JACKET SUITS
FROM
37s. 6d.

The Principals make special journeys to Ireland for the express purpose of securing GENUINE IRISH-MADE GOODS.

The IRISH HARP.

Now made in Ireland for the first time in generations. Correctly Modelled according to the ancient historic Harps in the National Collection of Antiquities. Played with success at the recent Festa Ceil and Oireachtas Competitions in Dublin. Testimonials for tone, etc., from distinguished Irish Harpers and Musicians. VARIOUS PRICES

APPLICATIONS FOR PARTICULARS INVITED

JAMES M'FALL,
22 YORK LANE . . . BELFAST.

Denvir's Monthly Irish Library.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH FOR FEBRUARY:

"BRIAN BORU,"

By Daniel Crilly.

HISTORY—POETRY—BIOGRAPHY—GAELIC PAGE, Etc.

Free by post 50c. per year.

American or Canadian Stamps taken.

JOHN DENVIR, 61 Fleet Street, LONDON.

WILLIAM F. COMBER,

Successor to WILLIAMS & BUTLAND,
Newsagents, Booksellers, and Dealers
in Church Requisites,

47 LITTLE BRITAIN, LONDON, E.C.

W. F. COMBER is London agent for THE GAEL
and other American publications. Newsagents
anywhere in Great Britain supplied at Whole-
sale price.

GAEL ADVERTISING RATES
IN IRELAND AND GREAT BRITAIN.

			per insertion	£	s.	d.
FULL PAGE	—one insertion	-	-	3	10	0
"	" six insertions	-	-	3	5	0
"	" twelve insertions	-	-	3	0	0
HALF AND QUARTER PAGES PRO RATA.						
ONE INCH	—one insertion single col. (3 columns) " to page	per insertion		0	2	9
"	" six insertions "	"	"	0	2	6
"	" twelve insertions "	"	"	0	2	4

Industrial Notes.

IRISH industrial figures make interesting reading. The fish crop would support the country if it were sensibly harvested. But only 12,000 persons are engaged in fishing. Nearly 3,000,000 tons of potatoes are raised annually on 700,000 acres of land, and when there is a poor potato crop, destitution ensues.

Less than a quarter of a century ago the potato acreage was over 850,000. About 50,000 acres are put in wheat, 17,000 in barley, 1,100,000 in oats, 11,000 in rye, 2,300 in beans, 300,000 in turnips, 70,000 in beets, 50,000 in cabbage, 50,000 in flax and 13,000,000 in grass for hay and permanent pasture.

The live stock includes 500,000 horses, 5,000,000 cattle, 4,500,000 sheep and 1,250,000 pigs. Bee-keeping is becoming an active industry, the annual yield being over half a million pounds.

REV. PETER YORKE in his personal organ of vituperation refers to John Boyle O'Reilly and Archbishop Ireland in connection with the American Catholic Congress of 1889 (which he erroneously says was held "some fifteen years ago") and does injustice to both the living and the dead.

Of the noble O'Reilly he says: "The Puritans did well when they took up O'Reilly and patronized him. He did more than Cromwell to un-Irish the Irish. He may not have meant it, but his eyes were closed to the fact that Anglo-Irishism is a kind of Englishism, not a kind of Irishism." What claptrap! A few years ago we expected better things of Father Yorke than attacking the best men of the Irish race.—The Irish Standard, Minneapolis.

Instruction in Gaelic.

Lessons in Gaelic given at your home by an experienced teacher of the language.

Terms Reasonable. Write to

M. J. O'SULLIVAN,
216 E. 80th St., New York

comann na sgríobhaíann
Gaeilge.

Irish Texts Society,

Established for the publication of Irish Texts, with English Translations, Notes and Glossaries.

PUBLICATIONS.

Vol. I.—"SIOLLA AN FHIUSA" 1 "EACHTA CLOINNE RIJS NA HIORRAÍOÉ." Two 16th and 17th century Romances, Edited by DOUGLAS HYDE, LL. D. (Issued 1899).

Vol. II.—"PIER BRICKENT." Edited by GEORGE HENDERSON, M. A., Ph. D. (Issued 1899).

Vol. III.—"DÁNTA AGÓDÁIN UI RAT-AITLÉ." Complete Edition. Edited by REV P. S. DINNEEN, M. A. (Issued 1900).

Vol. IV.—"FORAS FEASA AR ÉIRÍANN," or Geoffrey Keating's "History of Ireland." Edited by DAVID COMYN, M. R. I. A. (Vol. for 1901 now ready).

Vol. V.—"DUANAIRE FINN." Edited by JOHN MAC NEILL, B. A. (Part I. will form the Society's Vol. for 1902).

The annual subscription of 7s. 6d. (American subscribers, \$2.00), entitles members to all publications for the current year. All who are interested in the preservation and publication of Irish manuscripts should join the Society. The Society is also bringing out an Irish-English Pocket Dictionary of the Modern Language, edited by REV. P. S. DINNEEN, M. A.

Intending subscribers should communicate with the Hon. Secretary,

MISS ELEANOR HULL,
20 Hanover Square, London, W.

cill t-sléibhe.

DRAWING OF PRIZES

AT BESSBROOK,
NEWRY, IRELAND.

Will take place on Monday, February 16, 1903. Holders of tickets will please return duplicates as soon as possible to Hon. Secy. at above address.

NOW READY.

"IRISH MIST & SUNSHINE"

Being a collection of Poems and Ballads, by the REV. JAS. B. DOLLARD (Sliau-na-mon)

Cloth, 144 pages. Handsome Cover in two Colors, Gilt Top, with an excellent Photograph of the Author. Price, Postpaid, \$1.50.

"Father Dollard treats Irish Life and Sentiment . . . with the intensified passion of an exile . . . every line runs true to life and home and with the tone as heart-moving as the Angelus which holds Millets peasants in its spell. Nobody can well read his verses without feeling a breath of healthy air pass through the lungs, and a pleasant twitching at the heart such as affects one who in dreams in a distant clime, hears the sound of the chapel bells of his young days floating on his ears."—WM. O'BRIEN, M.P.

BLAKE'S BOOKSTORE,

602 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO, Canada.

Digitized by Google

BOOKS RELATING TO IRELAND

Address: THE GAEL, 140 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

Irish Music

THE Irish Songs and Music comprised in the books advertised here have been chosen to represent as far as possible the various characteristics of the people from which they have sprung.

Thus, glimpses into the lives of the Irish peasant, fisherman and mechanic are given through the Lullabies, the Love Songs, the Lays of Sport and Occupation, and the Lamentations for the Dead; while the romantic Historical subjects of the remote past have not been neglected. The airs are in the main selected from the Petrie collection, also from Mr. Bunting's and Dr. Joyce's collections.

Songs of Erin. A Collection of Fifty Irish Folk-Songs, the words by Alfred Perceval Graves, the music arranged by Charles Villiers Stanford. Paper cover.....Price, \$2.00

The Irish Melodies of Thomas Moore. The Original Airs Restored and Arranged for the Voice with Pianoforte Accompaniments, by Charles Villiers Stanford. Paper cover..Price, \$2.00

Songs of Old Ireland. A Collection of Fifty Irish Melodies, the words by Alfred Perceval Graves, the music arranged by Charles Villier Stanford. Paper cover, \$2.00; cloth gilt.\$3.25

Irish Folk-Songs. A collection of Twenty-five Old Irish Melodies, hitherto comparatively unknown, the words by Alfred Perceval Graves, the airs arranged by Charles Wood. Paper cover.....Price, \$2.00

The Songs of Ireland. (The Royal Edition.) Comprising the most favorite of MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES and a large collection of OLD SONGS and BALLADS. Edited by J. L. Hatton and J. L. Mollo. Paper cover, \$1.00; cloth gilt.....\$2.00

Literature

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF IRELAND FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE DEATH OF O'CONNELL. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. With specially constructed map and 100 illustrations, including facsimile in colors of an illuminated page of the Gospel Book of MacDurnan, A. D. 860. Crown 8vo. \$1.25. By mail 15 cents extra.

A READING BOOK IN IRISH HISTORY. By P. W. Joyce, with 45 illustrations; 12mo. 50 cents. By mail 10 cents extra.

BANDON.—The History of Bandon and the Principal Towns in the West Riding of County Cork. By George Bennett, Esq. B. L. Enlarged Edition with two Lithographic portraits. Imp. 8vo, roxburgh. Cork, 1869. Price, \$2.50; postage 25 c. extra.

BAR STON'S RISE AND FALL OF IRISH NATION.—Illustrated with portrait and steel engravings. 12mo., cloth. 50 cents.

CALEDONIA, OR A HISTORICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF NORTH BRITAIN. From the most Ancient to the Present Times. With a Dictionary of Places. By George Chalmers, F. R. S., F. S. A. Illustrated with large folding map of Scotland. Maps and plans of Roman sites, ancient antiquities, etc. 7 Vols., 4to, boards, perfectly new and clean, published at Paisley, 1837, at \$35.00. Price \$15.00

DISSERTATIONS ON THE HISTORY OF IRELAND. To which is subjoined A Dissertation on the Irish Colonies Established in Britain, with some remarks on MacPherson's Translation of Fingal and Temora. By C (harles) O'Connor, of Balengar, Co. Roscommon; 8vo, old calf, in good condition. Dublin, 1764; scarce book; \$3.50.

DE REGNO HIBERNIAE SANCTORUM INSULA. Commentations; Authore Illustris Ac Reverendiss Domino, D. Petro Lombardo, Hiberno. Edited by Rev. Patrick F. Moran, D.D.; 8vo, cloth. Dublin, 1868. Price, \$1.00.

LUKE DELMEGE. By Rev. P. A. Sheehan. \$1.50

MADDEN (DR.).—LIFE AND TIMES OF ROBERT EMMET.—With numerous notes and additions. Embellished with a portrait on steel.—To which is added a memoir of Thomas Addis Emmet, with a steel portrait. 12mo., cloth; 90 cents.

MC GEE (THOMAS D'ARCY).—HISTORY OF IRELAND. By Thomas D'Arcy McGee. 2 vols., 12mo., Leather, half morocco, gilt tops, \$1.75.

MY LIFE IN TWO HEMISPHERES. By Sir Charles Garvan Duffy. 2 Vols. 8vo, cloth, gilt tops. 2 photogravure portraits. Published at \$3.00. Present price \$2.00.

MOORE (THOMAS). The History of Ireland from the Earliest Kings. Vignette by Finden. 4 vols., 12mo., cloth. London, 1840; rare; \$2.00.

O'BRIENS HISTORICAL MEMOIRS of the O'Briens. Compiled from the Irish Annalists, with Notes, Appendix and a Genealogical table of their several branches; 8vo cloth. Dublin, 1860. \$2.50.

OLD CELTIC ROMANCES. Twelve of the most beautiful of the ancient Irish Romantic Tales. Translated from the Gaelic. By P. W. Joyce. Crown 8vo. \$1.25. By mail 20 cents extra.

PAGAN IRELAND: An Archaeological Sketch; a Hand-book of Irish Pre-Christian Antiquities. By W. G. Wood-Martin. With 412 illustrations \$5.00. By mail 20 cents extra.

REGISTRUM PRIORITY OMNIUM SANCTORUM JUXTA DUBLIN (All Hallows). Edited by the Rev. R. Butler. 4to, cloth. Dublin, 1845. Published by the Irish Archaeological Society. \$3.50.

RUSSELL (T. O'NEILL).—DICK MASSEY.—A story of the Irish Evictions during the famine. By T. O'Neill Russell. 450 pages, 12mo., cloth, gold and ink designs. 60 cents.

SMITH'S CORK.—The Antient and Present State of the County and City of Cork; in four books:

1. Containing the Antient Names of the Territories and Inhabitants etc.
2. The Topography of the County and City of Cork.
3. The Civil History of the County.
4. The Natural History of the same. Embellished with correct Maps of the County and City. Perspective Views of the Chief Towns and other Copper Plates; 2 8vo. vols., in good condition, but needs rebinding. Price, \$7.50. (Postage 50 cents extra).

STATISTICAL SURVEY OF THIS COUNTY ROSCOMMON. Drawn up under the Direction of the Royal Dublin Society, by Isaac Weld, M. R. B., M. R. I. A., etc. This volume contains an exhaustive account of Roscommon at that period. Every lake and river, every town and village is fully described. Thick 8 vo., 750 pages, in good condition. Dublin, 1832. Price, \$5.00.

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF IRISH NAMES OF PLACES. By P. W. Joyce; 2 vols. Each \$1.75. By mail 15 cents each vol. extra.

THE OGHAM INSCRIBED MONUMENTS OF THE GAEDHIL IN THE BRITISH ISLANDS. With a Dissertation on the Ogham Character. Illustrated with fifty photo-lithographic plates. By Richard Holt Brash, M. R. I. A. Edited by George M. Atkinson. Quarto, ½ leather, London, 1879. Price \$5.00; postage 60 cents extra.

THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY AND GEOLOGY OF IRELAND. 2 colored maps and 26 woodcuts. 12mo., eighth. London, 1878. \$1.00.

TRACES OF THE ELDER FAITHS OF IRELAND. A Folksore Sketch; a Hand-book of Irish Pre-Christian Traditions; 2 vols. \$1.00. By mail 20 cents per vol. extra.

THE SCOTTISH GAEL, or Celtic Manners as Preserved among the Highlanders, being an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Inhabitants, Antiquities and National Peculiarities of Scotland, more particularly of the Northern or Gaelic parts of the country, where the habits of the aboriginal Celts are most tenaciously retained. By James Logan. First American edition published at Hartford, Conn., 1845. 8 Vo., sheep, embossed. Frontispiece, many illustrations. Some pages slightly foxed, otherwise a good copy. Price, \$2.00.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA. By John Francis Maguire, M. P. 8 vo, cloth. New York, 1868. Price, \$1.50; postage 20 cents extra.

TREACY (REV. WM. P.).—IRISH SCHOLARS OF THE PENAL DAYS.—Glimpses of their labors on the Continent of Europe. New edition. By Rev. Wm. P. Treacy. 16mo., cloth; 60 cents.

THE INDUSTRIAL RESOURCES OF IRELAND. By Robert Kane, M. D. Second Edition; 8vo, cloth. Dublin, 1845. Price, \$1.00. Postage 20 cents extra.

THE POEMS OF JAMES CLARENCIA MANGAN. containing German Anthology, Irish Anthology, Apocrypha and Miscellaneous Poems. With Biographical and Critical Introduction by John Mitchel. 12mo, cloth; new. \$1.00.

THE HISTORY OF IRELAND. From the Invasion of Henry II., with a Preliminary Discourse on the Ancient State of that Kingdom. By Thomas Leland, D.D. Senior Fellow of Trinity College and Prebendary of St. Patrick's. Dublin; 3 vols., 8vo, ½ calf. Dublin, 1814. Price \$1.00 per vol.: \$3.00.

WALSH (REV. THOMAS).—ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF IRELAND.—Octavo, cloth, 888 pages: \$1.25.

ZOZIMUS PAPERS.—The Blind Story-Teller of Dublin, with portrait. A series of comic and sentimental tales, fairy stories, and legends of Ireland. 13 vols. Cloth. 75 cents.

Except where Extra Postage or Express Charges are to be added any of these books will be forwarded upon receipt of price. In some instances we have only one copy, therefore persons desiring it should order at once.

Digitized by Google

The Celtic Association

97 STEPHENS GREEN,
DUBLIN.

THE Celtic Association is the only Pan-Celtic organization in the world, and is the governing body of the Pan-Celtic Congress, the central assembly of the Celtic Race. The next Congress will take place in 1904.

"Celtia,"

the organ of the Celtic Association, gives all the news of the Celtic movement throughout the world, and contributions in Irish, Gaelic, Manx, Welch and Breton by the best writers.

Annual Subscription to the Association, \$2.50.
Annual Subscription to "Celtia" - - 1.75.

"CELTIA" IS SUPPLIED FREE TO MEMBERS.

AN CLARDEAM SOLUNS

AS GUR
PÁINNE AN LAC.

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK
IN IRISH.

Literary Articles, Songs, &c.,
in Irish.

Reports of Gaelic League Branches,
the Progress of the Movement,
&c., &c.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year	8s. 8d.
Six Months	4s. 4d.
Three Months	2s. 2d.

Subscribers in the United States and
Canada may remit in Dollar Bills.

Address:—THE MANAGER,

An Clardeam Soluns,
24 O'Connell St., Upper,
DUBLIN.

DEPARTMENT OF
Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland.

IRELAND: INDUSTRIAL and AGRICULTURAL

New issue considerably enlarged & practically re-written

THIS—the most important work on the economic resources of Ireland issued from the Press for many years—has been published under the supervision of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland. It is thus an authoritative work on the Industrial, Economic, and Educational position of Ireland at the dawn of the twentieth century.

Over 100 pages of entirely new matter have been added to the present edition; nearly a dozen of the original articles have been re-written, and considerably amplified; and the whole book has been thoroughly revised and brought up-to-date.

The Volume, which contains over 500 Super Royal Octavo pages, is Profusely Illustrated with upwards of 100 full-page Plates Maps and Diagrams, and numerous illustrations in the text.

NOW READY.

Price, in Cloth extra, \$2.50 Net: by mail 30c. extra.

PUBLISHED BY

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153-157 FIFTH AVE.,
NEW YORK.

THE GAEL has made arrangements whereby subscribers to this magazine can obtain a copy from us by mail at \$2.15. If they call at the office and take the book it will cost them \$1.85, as the postage will be deducted.

It is a really valuable and timely book as it presents the Industrial conditions of Ireland exactly as it is.

Address: THE GAEL, 140 Nassau Street, New York.

O'GROWNEY'S REVISED SIMPLE LESSONS IN IRISH.



Edited by Rev. RICHARD HENEERY, Ph. D.

NEW YORK:
THE GAEL PUBLISHING CO.,
150 NASSAU STREET.

PRICE, FIFTEEN CENTS.

Digitized by Google

PRICE
3d.

THE BANSHEE'S BRIDAL

BY NORA CRESSON.

PRICE
10c.

April, 1903.

THE GAEL

in
SÉAN Ó DHOON



CONTENTS

HOME SICKNESS. By George Moore.

A TERRIBLE BIG LIE.
By Katharine Tynan.

IRISH DIALECTS.
By T. O'Neill Russell.

A FAMOUS MAYO POET.
Lecture, by Dr. Douglas Hyde.

AN AUTUMN NIGHT IN THE HILLS.
By J. M. Synge. Illustrated.

THE FLOWER OF FINAE.
Ballad. By Thomas Davis

THE N. Y. TIMES AND THE IRISH REVIVAL.

THE DEAR LITTLE WIDOW. Poem.
By P. J. Maguire.

THE JOKER'S CORNER.

BITS ABOUT THE NEWEST BOOKS.

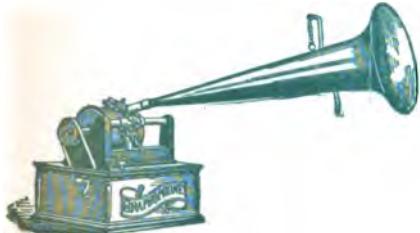
EPIC MATERIAL IN OLD IRISH LITERATURE.

WHERE THE WAVES COME ROLLING IN. Poem. By John W. Ward.

IRISH INDUSTRIAL NOTES, ETC.

THE PASSING OF CLAN WILLIAM. By P. G. SMYTH.

THE
GRAPHOPHONE
Prices \$5 to \$150
ENTERTAINS
EVERYBODY
EVERWHERE



Latest NEW PROCESS Records.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Columbia Phonograph Co.,

Wholesale and Retail:
93 CHAMBERS STREET,
Retail only:
573 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK.

• **All Ireland Review** •

Edited by STANDISH O'GRADY.

A WEEKLY IRISH LITERARY JOURNAL.

History, Stories, Essays, Sketches, Poetry,
Correspondence, Archaeology, &c., &c.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

One Year - - - 88. 8d.
Six Months - - - 48. 4d.

All Communications to be addressed to
STANDISH O'GRADY,

66 HENRY ST., DUBLIN.

**EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL
SAVINGS BANK,**
51 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK
INCORPORATED 1860.

Due Depositors - - - 360,347,791.93
Surplus Fund - - - 5,966,500.95

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES.

JAMES McMAHON, President.
JAMES G. JOHNSON, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN C. McCARTHY, 2nd Vice-President.
LOUIS V. O'DONOHUE, Secretary.

ROBERT J. HOQUET.
JAMES McMAHON.
JOHN C. McCARTHY.
JOHN GOOD.
LOUIS V. O'DONOHUE.
CHARLES V. FORBES.
JAMES G. JOHNSON.
JOHN CRANE.
HERMAN RIDDER.
MYLES TIERNEY.

FRED'K R. COUDERT.
VINCENT F. TRAVERS.
HUGH KELLY.
JOHN B. BURKE.
JAMES M. GOVERN.
MICHAEL E. BANNIN.
MICH'L J. DRUMMOND.
JOSEPH P. GRACE.
THOMAS M. MULRY.

MARCUS J. McLOUGHLIN, COMPTROLLER.
WILLIAM BANHART, ASS'T. COMPTROLLER.
LAURENCE F. CAHILL, AUDITOR.

Try **L. J. CALLANAN'S**

**AMERICAN
MAN'S WHISKEY**
TEN YEARS OLD

NONE	TRADE	MELLOW
BETTER	41	WITH
MADE	MARK	AGE
ABSOLUTELY PURE		



Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

— THE BEST OF ALL —

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SORTS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WINI COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

—United States Government Standard— FOUND AT LAST!



PAUL'S No. 6 EXTRA SET.



—PRESENT—

Do You Know that PAUL'S CHOICE INKS are adopted by all
United States Government Departments?

If you send \$1.00 to us we will express one outfit containing, Enamelled Tray and
Three Automatic Paul's Safety Filled Inkwells (one each Fluid, Crimson and Mucilage).

SAFETY BOTTLE & INK CO.

Factory, Jersey City, N. J.

New York City, 111 Nassau Street.

Chicago, Ill., 134 E. Van Buren Street.

When writing to Advertisers please mention THE GAEL.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

**REVISED
SIMPLE LESSONS IN IRISH**

GIVING

The Pronunciation of Each Word.
BY THE LATE

REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY,
M.R.I.A.

With Appendix Containing a Complete and
Exhaustive Glossary of Every Irish Word
used in the Text.

IN presenting to the public "Revised Simple
Lessons in Irish" we are endeavoring to
carry into effect the expressed wishes of the
late lamented Rev. Eugene O'Growney.

These revised Lessons are the last literary
production of that great Gaelic scholar and
lover of Ireland and her language.

To the student of Irish this little work will
be found a most useful and helpful compen-
dium. Great care has been given to the com-
piling of the "Phonetic Key" system. By
following instructions, every word given in the
book can be pronounced according to the
usages of the best modern speakers of the
vernacular. The author's chief aim was sim-
plicity and clearness of expression.

FOR SALE BY THE GAEL,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

PRICE, Paper Covers, 15c.; Cloth, 25c.
By mail, 30c.

**A GUIDE TO
IRISH DANCING**

By J. J. SHEEHAN.

This little Book contains Directions for the
proper performance of a dozen Popular Irish
Dances. An effort has been made in this work
to convey instructions so that persons who are
not familiar with Irish dancing, and who can
not procure a teacher, can instruct themselves

Published by JOHN DENIR, LONDON.
48 pages, bound in pasteboard cover.

Price, 15c.

Address, THE GAEL, 140 Nassau St., New York

How to Write Irish.

The Irish Copy Book,

Giving the Most Improved Method
of Writing the

GAELIC CHARACTERS.

A BEAUTIFUL MANUAL OF
CELTIC PENMANSHIP.
EVERY IRISH SCHOLAR NEEDS ONE.

Price, 10 Cents. Sent free by mail.

For Sale at the office of THE GAEL,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

R·I·P·A·N·S

The simplest remedy for indigestion,
constipation, biliousness and the many
ailments arising from a disordered stom-
ach, liver or bowels is Ripans Tabules.
They go straight to the seat of the trouble
relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the
affected parts, and give the system a
general toning up.

At druggists.

The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordi-
nary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents,
contains a supply for a year.

Seán Gaoaal.

(The Gael.)

A MONTHLY BI-LINGUAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF THE LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, MUSIC, AND ART OF IRELAND.

NO. 4. VOL. XXII.
NEW SERIES.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1903.

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR
OF PUBLICATION.



THE BANSHEE'S BRIDAL.

A LEGEND OF BREFNI.

By Nora Chesson.

It is a legend—nothing more;
It may be false or true;
It may be but an idle tale
By one with naught to do.

VER the low fire in the middle of the waste place, that had been a banquet-hall, couched Hugh O'Rourke! he was wet and chilled to the bone with a long ride through mountain mists in the heart of Winter.

There was Winter in his heart, too, for his sept was a broken one and his name proscribed, and, where his father might have held together the breaking fortunes of name and clan by the sheer power of voice and face, Hugh the younger had been borne by his mother in a time of tempest and terror, and his face was wan and uncomely and his eyes wild and sad.

He held his hands to the fire, but there was little warmth in it, and there

was no comfort elsewhere in all the great house where he dwelt, a little kernel in a great shell made for one fairer and stronger far than he.

He took up his sword and laid it across his knees, looking at it with weary eyes, for his was not the soldier's nature, and many a time had his heart sickened at the thought of battle and blood, though he was a pretty fighter when the red time came and men were cheering and grappling together for the Red Hand and the Wolf.

But to Hugh now, in this chill of doubt and danger, the old lights seemed dim and there was no new star rising, and he fell to wishing that he had died in the birthing, or ever his mother set her cold kiss upon his unwelcome face.

"My father did not well to take a woman by force," he said aloud to the sinking fire that was all his company. "Black eyes and yellow hair pleased him well, belike, but he pleased not

my mother, and she revenged her upon me who was innocent and unborn, giving me an April mind and a craving heart for her gifts on the day that she conceived me. That I was little and ugly hurt not me, nor that I was sickly, for my father loved me as well as he loved handsome Diarmid, who is dead—and God rest him! But that I was born of anger and fear hurts me sore, and I shall abyte it to the end. Who enters there, in the name of God —?" He sprang up, sword in hand, and then laughed at his outcry, for it was a girl-child who stood in the doorway, a little maid of eleven years, fair to see, white as a snowdrop, with pale yellow hair streaming from under her put-back hood.

"Little maid, you come to an empty house," Hugh O'Rourke said, "but you are welcome. You do not come alone?"

"I come alone, Aodh," she said, answering his English with the Irish tongue. "I shall not fill your house."

Hugh stood still beside the fire while she came slowly down the room towards him, shaking the rain-drops from her flowing hair as she came. A little way from the fire she stood, looking at him with large eyes.

"Why do you meet me with bare steel?" she said. "I looked for other greeting from your father's son, Hugh O'Rourke."

Hugh cast down his sword upon the bench he had risen from and took a step forward to meet her. Then he stopped, amazed, for it was not a child she was, but a grown woman it was that cast off hood and cloak and came to him with eager face and eager hands.

"Hugh O'Rourke," she said, again in the kindly Irish tongue, "have you forgotten me so soon?"

"Have I ever seen you before, O fair one?" Hugh said. Then, because her fingers were warm in his and her eyes dwelt on his, he ceased questioning and had no more wonder or fear at the fairy change that had passed upon her in a moment, making a woman out of a child.

"I am she you have desired so long," she said, with tears and laughter in her voice. "I am she whose eyes you have seen in many faces that looked not kind on you, whose breast you have desired to lie on so many times, whose soul your soul has sought and never found. And never would you have found me in this life, beloved, if I had not sought you out. Your name means light, Hugh, but there was thick darkness on your own eyes till to-night. Now"—she fitted the deed to the word—"now I have kissed them, can they see?"

And she laid her mouth to his mouth and the beating heart of her fluttered like a bird against his breast, and the fairy eyes of her darkened and laughed and lightened into his and set all his blood on fire.

A little while they clung together so; then he put her from him and held her at arm's length, looking at her with eyes that were an-hungered.

"Is there a spell of silence upon you, Hugh?" cried the woman. "Speak to me, beloved, and look the while!"

"Might I die looking!" Hugh said. "I should not then think—and grow cold to think—of nothing on the other side."

"Nothing? Where is your faith, O'Rourke?"

"My mother taught me no faith, fair one. My father taught me only sword-

play, and myself has taught myself to distrust myself, and no more."

"Learn faith in yourself, then, of me, O'Rourke. Shall I not be on that other side you speak of? For I came thence to-night."

"If I dared only think it, beloved," Hugh said. "Yet you have mortal beauty upon your face and body."

"What do you know of mortality, Hugh O'Rourke? And beauty is that core of our little life that cannot pass away, though the fruit that covers it turn rotten after growing ripe. Kiss me—nay, but only with your eyes, beloved—and tell me how mortal I am."

He kneeled down beside her now and cast his arms about her fair body as she sat in his seat, looking up at her with eyes that changed slowly their wonder for worship. Then he loosed

a hand and drew down a thick curl of yellow hair to his lips and presently blindfolded his eyes with its softness.

"I am answered," the woman said, at last. "That which is not mortal in you has spoken to me immortal, and we know one another. So"—she drew the bandage of hair from his eyes and smiled down into them—"you love me, Hugh?"

"If I know what love is, beloved."

"You know the better now for having waited to know it. Men have lost their souls learning their lesson too early. You shall lose only your body, Hugh."

"Not a sore loss, beloved. My body has served me long enough."

"Yet I was drawn to that body, Hugh. It has not served you all so ill, beloved." She uncovered his eyes



HUGH KNEELED DOWN BESIDE HER.

and looked deep into them, laughing. "I am beauty and I am love, and I have chosen to lie on the bosom of a man whom the tongue of the world knows not—a dreamer who has achieved none of his dreams, a soldier whose sword has won him nothing—and there is beauty and success and strength in the world outside. How is it you can keep me here, Hugh?"

"Sweet, I shall never know."

"Hush, unbeliever! Let us be man and woman together for a little. My feet are cold, and I have hunger and thirst upon me, Hugh. Are you alone here?"

"I have two serving-men."

"You shall be my serving-man to-night. Let your men sleep, and we will eat our marriage-feast together."

"But you are cold, beloved. Let me bring wood to mend the fire."

"Nay; bring me food and drink, and let be the fire. You shall warm my hands in your hands, Hugh, when we have eaten together."

"Dear, what will you eat? There is only coarse bread here, but I have red wine in my butt, and there is honey in the comb, I think, and store of apples in the loft—Winter Queenings, and the like."

"Bring me here the bread and wine and honey, beloved, and we will make a wedding-feast of these. And bring me a Winter Queening that we may play ball with it when we have eaten. Are you quick-handed at the ball-playing, Hugh?"

"With you, maybe, beloved. I have been slow at all games until to-day."

He went out, and came back soon with the bread and wine in a basket on his arm, the apple in his hand, and a silk coverlet over his shoulder. He laid the quilt down at her feet.

"This for your carpet, beloved. Now will you eat?"

She drank half the cup of wine that he poured out, and Hugh drank after her; then they broke bread and ate the honeycomb together.

"We have eaten and drunken and you have not asked my name," she said, when their meal was finished. "Is it that you are very wise or a fool, Hugh O'Rourke?"

"Herein I was a wise man, beloved." "Tell me my name, Hugh?"

"Grania, maybe, because you shine so bright, beloved?"

"No."

"Esca, then, because your face is as pale as the moon when she is young?"

"Not Esca. Have you heard ever of

a woman that was bitterly wronged of an O'Rourke long ago, and died cursing him, and has come back and back to cry for the passing of every O'Rourke since then?"

"I have heard of her, beloved."

"I am she, the banshee of your house, Hugh O'Rourke; but for you I shall not cry. Barren years have I abided in mine anger, but now I lift my curse, for my love is put upon a man of the house that wronged me. Do you take me for your wife, O'Rourke, knowing this?"

"I take you to be my wife, Banshee, in the face of sun and moon, and I plight troth to you past death, whether it come to-night or in fifty years."

"I take thee to be my husband, Hugh O'Rourke, and I lift off my curse from thy house, thus and thus."

The woman drooped to his feet, shod in worn brogues as they were, and kissed them; rose to her knees and kissed his hands and the hilt of his sword; rose to her feet and kissed his mouth.

Then they went, handfast, into the shadowy upper end of the room, where the climbing firelight could no longer find them.

And when the morning came, rosy and wind-tossed, Hugh O'Rourke came out to his serving men with life and the joy of life in his eyes, and he and the fair woman clinging to his arm gave them good-morrow and went forth, laughing. But, an hour later, these found the body of Hugh O'Rourke lying on his bed with shut eyes and folded hands, long cold. So the serving-men knew that they had seen and bidden farewell to the soul of Hugh O'Rourke and that all was well with him at last.

It is a legend—nothing more—

By one whose heart was sad.
We know it never happened so,
But, oh, what if it had?

Industrial Revival.

MAJOR JAMESON, M. P., has organized an association under the title of the Irish Industrial Revival Association. The Association proposes to appoint representatives in every county in Ireland to examine into and report as to the condition of existing industries, to distribute industrial literature, and if any existing industry is capable of extension, and if the conditions favor the formation of a new industry, the Association will, to the best of its ability, supply the requisite funds.

N'il Amarac Ann!

(Connacht Seanfhocal.)

"Patience! Patience! Self-reliance!
Have them; keep them—keep them
ever!"

Thus the song—thus the chime,
In our ears for ages ringing!
Ringing! Ringing—Always Ringing!
Always Singing;
But ADVANCING—Never! Never!

Hear the Mountains—Let them teach
ye:

"Patience! Patience! Patience ever!
Time is potent—Why then hasten?"
Thus for aeons; Hear them Preaching!
Preaching! Preaching! Always Preach-
ing!

Always Teaching;
But advancing—Never! Never!

Hark! The Grave—List it's calling:
"Patience! Patience! Patience ever!
Myriad millions, in my bosom,
More than Patient, heard my Hum-
ming!

Humming! Humming! Always Hum-
ming!

Always Coming—
YOU'RE advancing to me—Ever!"

Brothers! Life is swiftly going—
Youngest growing older—ever!
Seize the Present—ACT in time!
Lest "To-morrow" finds you Dream-
ing!

Dreaming! Dreaming! Always Dream-
ing!

Always Scheming!
But advancing—Never! Never!
Philadelphia. "TROID."

"M. A. P." is the title of a weekly
"society" paper published
in London by Mr. T. P.
O'Connor, M. P. From a recent issue
we extract the following:

"Lady Beatrice O'Brien has had a little girl. She was Lady Beatrice Hare, daughter of Lord and Lady Listowel, pretty and popular, and at the age of nineteen made a love-marriage with a younger brother of the present Lord Inchiquin.

"This family, by the way, emphasize their descent from Irish kings in the choice of their baptismal names. Lady Beatrice's husband is Donough, and other men of this ancient race bear the names of Phadrig, Murrough, Turlough, Terence and Desmond; while their women have the pretty appellations of Clare, Moira, Eileen, Doreen and Geraldine. Mr. Edward Donough and Lady Beatrice O'Brien make their home in Ireland, and reside at Moyrisk, Co. Clare."



A Terrible Big Lie.

By Katharine Tynan.


HERE were two people in the little cabin, a small old woman looking straight before her with her two tiny work-stained, work-worn hands lying purposeless in her blue

check lap, and a boy of about thirteen, with the alert hectic look that comes of a sickly precocity, his large saucer-blue eyes fixed on the old woman as though they would leap at her.

The boy was sitting at the table. He had a pen in his hand, and at the end of it there was a great blob of ink just ready to fall. Under the pen was a cheap sheet of note-paper with a spray of forget-me-nots in one corner.

"Are you ready to begin, Patsy?" asked the old woman.

Her eyes stared patiently at him as though she were blind, or at least purblind.

"Fire away, ma'am," said the boy, "or 'tis wastin' the ink on me you'll be."

"Miss Katie Mulcahy, 45 Market Street, New York, have you that wrote?"

"'Tisn't usual," objected the scribe, "to begin letters that way."

"Then keep the directions for the envelope. But begin 'Miss Katie Mulcahy,' all the same."

The boy began to write, his tongue out on his lower lip in the labored frenzy which belongs to such unaccustomed scholars as he.

"Miss Katie Mulcahy—I've that wrote."

"This is from your friend, Patsy

Hourigan, to inform you that your mother, the widow Mulcahy, died of a bronchaytus last Tuesday was a week."

"Arrah, what are you sayin' at all, ma'am? Is it gone out of your mind you are? Sure what 'ud I be writin' the likes o' that terrible big lie for?"

"Write as I bid you, Patsy. Didn't I promise you the bantam hen for your trouble whin I'd be gone out of it?"

"You're not goin' out of it that way, anyway. Sure there's no sickness on you. What would I go for to be tellin' lies like that and givin' Katie a terrible fright into the bargain?"

"Listen, Patsy avourneen. 'Twas yesterday the doctor told me I was goin' blind, an' there was no hope for me. An' Katie's killin' herself over

there in New York to send me the money. I'll never be anything but an idle ould block any more. I won't be on her hands. So I'm goin' to the poorhouse where none o' my name ever went before me. Don't you see, Patsy? 'Twould break Katie's heart if I said a word o' the poorhouse to her. I can't keep myself now, nor even help to. An' I have an idea the little girl has a chance o' betterin' herself. She'll be better widout a poor ould blind mother in Ireland, let alone one in the poorhouse, for that 'ud destroy her altogether."

"H'm! Is that what you're after, ma'am?" said the boy doubtfully. "I thought at first 'twas your sivin' senses lavin' you."

"You'll write it, Patsy, like a good boy."

"I think I'll be takin' me mother's advice about it."

"Oh, no, Patsy, you won't do that, like a good child. Sure, what harm am I doin' to anybody, just dyin' out of it whin I'm helpless and a burden on my little girl? Didn't Mrs. Merrigan's daughter, Aisther, come home to them a bag o' bones, wore out, the crathur, wid workin' for the money that 'ud keep them in their little place? Didn't I see her with the bags o' skin hangin' under her eyes where the flesh had withered off her, and her hands no bigger nor kite's claws, an' the dead-tired streef of her as she kem up the hill. Sure, nothin' could save her, the crathur. 'Tisn't fair the childher should give up their lives like that. Anyhow, I'm not goin' to take Katie's."

"True for you' ma'am," said the boy. "Poor Aisther was a terrible scarecrow! I heard the man that carried her at the funeral say she was no heavier nor a wren; yet she went out of it a fine girl."

"You can have the bantam cock as well as the bantam hen," pressed the old woman, seeing he was wavering, "if you write the letter and say nothin' to nobody about it. Your mother can have the few sticks too."

"Might I have the bottle up there wid the cross in it, the one your uncle Tom that was a sailor made?"

"You may have it, an' welcome. Little good it 'ud be to me where I'm goin'."

"Whin will you go, ma'am?"

"I've money in the tay pot for a few weeks yet. I'm not in that hurry."

"You'd be sure to go after all? Not

that I want you to, Mrs. Mulcahy, ma'am."

"Write the letter, an' you can take the bantams home wid you."

It was too much of a temptation for Patsy, who perhaps had been wrought upon by the old woman's reasoning, and the memory of Esther Merrigan.

"Very well, ma'am, I'll do as you bid me; 'died of bronchaytus last Tuesday was a week.' What next, ma'am?"

"You're a clever boy, Patsy, to do it so quick. Say now: 'She died greatly respected, and had as fine a funeral as ever I wish to see. She bid you the last thing not to be frettin' for her, for she's in a better place. The Lord forgive me for sayin' the like!' she went on, looking round the smoke-browned cabin.

"Anythin' else?"

"From your sincere friend, Patsy Hourigan." I think that'll be enough, unless you'd say, 'excuse writin' an' spellin'!'"

Patsy shot an indignant glance at her, but was mollified by the innocent expression of her sightless eyes.

"I wouldn't say that. 'Tis old-fashioned. But I'd better put in about the bantams. 'She said as I was a fine scholar an' writ all her letters for her

I might have the white bantam cock an' hin, and the cross in the bottle her uncle Tom the sailor giv' her.'"

"You can put it in if you like," the widow said, smiling faintly. "But I don't think Katie'd dispute the things wid you, Patsy, avourneen."

The boy answered nothing. He was laboriously adding his careful emendation to the scrip.

When it was done and addressed he accompanied Mrs. Muleahy to the post-office in the village, which was round the bend of the road, and saw the letter posted; nor did the memory of it seem to trouble his conscience overmuch. He seemed indeed to have put the thought of "the quare letter" out of his mind, and to have forgotten about it in his delight over his new possessions, which, indeed, gave him quite an extraordinary importance in the eyes of the other children, an importance he needed, since he was lame, and could take no part in their games.

Now that the widow had cut herself off from Katie, she yet showed a strange unwillingness to be gone to her new home. She had a freehold of her cottage and was attached to it as the place to which she had come a bride, where Katie had been born, and passed

her tender childhood. True she could no longer see the pictures on the wall, nor the crockery on the dresser. She only knew by a luminous haze about her when it was day, by the deeper darkness when it was night. Patsy Hourigan did her errands to the village for her. Some one had given her a job of knitting, and the few pence it would bring would enable her to put off abandoning the house for another week or two.

Sitting there in her doorway, while the luminous haze slowly grew, slowly waned, fell into pitchy blackness or was replaced by mild silver memories, weird fancies thronged about her as they had done when she could go to and fro like other people. The husband and the children she had lost, the girl who was separated from her by miles of ocean, began again to people the cabin.

She grew more and more unwilling to go. What room would there be for those gentle ghosts of hers in the crowded workhouse wards, with the incessant chatter and quarrelling as of a grove of sparrows going on all about her? They would go away again and leave her to a society whose ways she would not approve of. Bold hussies of



girls, watery-eyed, degraded old women, smoking a black pipe, or smuggling a black bottle, dull, pasty-faced children growing up without joy, without hope.

Mrs. Mulcahy began to wish that her letter to her daughter might be only anticipating an event. She had done it to save Katie, so she did not repent. There was none of her kin in the countryside now to know of her degradation. Patsy had promised her secrecy, and Patsy was unlike other children and could keep a secret. She would steal away some morning to the poorhouse, before anyone was awake. It was a long way off, glory to goodness! and if Patsy were staunch, no one need know that Larry Mulcahy's widow, Katie's mother, the mother of the dead babies, above there in St. Bride's, had to end her days in the House.

She was uneasy till the time came when she felt that Katie must have received the letter. She felt the cruelty of the blow she had to inflict; but then it was a question of her and Katie. And did she not suffer herself in being cut off from Katie's letters—from the hope of Katie's return? Oh, blessed Mother, she did suffer!

Katie was young, the creature, and would get over it. There was that chance of bettering herself, shyly hinted at in Katie's last letter. There would be some one to comfort her.

When she knew the blow had fallen Mrs. Mulcahy became placid, hugging her peace in the little dark house because every second brought her nearer to its loss. If she could only die there, she thought, while the money in the tea-pot, eked out by the knitting, yet lasted!

At last she was forced into activity by the benevolent meddlesomeness of Dr Joyce at the dispensary, who came to see her in her cabin one day.

"You're not safe here alone," he said. "You'll be stumbling into the fire one day, and getting burned up before we know anything about it. I shall write to your daughter, Mrs. Mulcahy."

The widow turned a scared face on him. He wondered what she was so terrified about. Then her inventiveness came to her aid. It was easy enough to go on once one had begun.

"Sure, I'm goin' to her, doctor," she said. "What, didn't you hear? I'm traveling wid friends from Clashmore. Thursday morning' I'll be off. I'm obliged to you for steppin' in to see me. Mrs. Hourigan below is to have

the cabin an' the few sticks. A decent woman. You'll be a witness o' that, doctor?"

"With pleasure, if anyone disputes Mrs. Hourigan's claim. Perhaps I'd better write it for you, and you can sign it. I'm glad you're going to your daughter. She'll take care of you as no one else can."

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Mulcahy was sitting in the full blaze of the sunset outside her cabin door. The radiance of it was flushing her eyeballs with a sea of gold. The cabin was by itself, down a grassy lane, full of dew and the songs of the birds.

To-morrow night by this time she would be in a whitewashed ward, in the new horrible surroundings she shrank from with such dread. She had heard they were often not decent women there, in their speech at least. She would have disgraced Larry and the children according to the peasant code. Never mind—it was something that had to be done for Katie. Perhaps Larry where he now was would understand. Perhaps the poorhouse wasn't so bad. The big brown beads dropped through her fingers in nervous haste.

She did not hear till it was close upon her the wheels of an outside car coming down the boreen. When at last she heard them she got up all in a flutter and stood staring in the direction of the sound. It stopped and some one launched herself upon her, and caught her up in two strong young arms.

"You bad, wicked ould woman!" It was Katie's voice. "To think of your tryin' to break my heart like that! I've a mind never to forgive you. Only for Patsy Hourigan, the little spaldeen! If he hadn't put what he did, I'd have broken every bone in his body! Ay, indeed, so I would. And here's a son-in-law for you, ma'am. I hardly gave him time to marry me before we were off. Sure, you can't see him, mothereen. Bother me for a great ould omadhaun, to go forgettin' it! There, feel the big strong hand of him! We've come here to settle."

It appeared that Patsy Hourigan, after all, had betrayed his trust, for, having written as the widow had instructed him, he had added on his own account:

"She made me write it. She's goin' blind, and is off to the poorhouse."

Patsy Hourigan and his mother and all her family had followed the outside car down the boreen, and were now standing looking on at the meet-

ing between mother and daughter, their little group being added to by the arrival of one neighbor after another.

Suddenly Katie became conscious of the many interested eyes upon her, and her mother, and the young man in the fine grey suit, who had taken the widow's hand in his and was smiling so kindly at the darkened face.

"Sure, you weren't goin' to die on your son as well as on your daughter?" he was saying. "Och, begorra, ma'am, that was the quare ould trick you wor on for playin' us!"

Katie suddenly relinquished her mother to him and darted away towards the group. Her movements were always as quick and bright as those of a trout in a mountain river.

Seeing her come, Patsy Hourigan held up one ragged coat sleeve as though to ward off a blow.

"Musha, you imp of a boy, did you think I was goin' to bate you?" Katie cried, seizing him and dancing about with him. "My mother gave you the bantams, did she, for writin' that letter, an' sure you're welcome to them an' to anything' else she gave you. An' I wouldn't be surprised if it was a gold sovereign that young man over there was after givin' you. The bit of a place? Sure your mother may have it an' welcome. John over there—his name is Mr. Driscoll—an' meself is about takin' a farm, an' we'll have the mother along wid us. Sure, what would we be wantin' wid cabins? But mind, Patsy Hourigan, if you hadn't put in that bit of a postscript, 'tis comin' I'd have bin all the same, an' I'd have bate you till you were black and blue."

She relented, seeing how even the averted peril had power to terrify Patsy.

"Never mind," she said. "You wor a rale good little boy, so you wor, and we'll see if Mr. Driscoll won't find you a job on the farm, somethin' light and airy that'll just suit you."

Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll were not long in finding a farm in the neighborhood, to which Katie removed her mother as soon as possible. And, after all, the blindness, as the result of a successful operation, was averted.

Mrs. Mulcahy lived in a dim world of her own to be sure. But still she could see, in a dim way; and Katie's face, and the faces of her grandchildren were never far away from the impaired vision.

"Tis more than you deserve," Katie would say, in the tender, threatening

way which she used to her mother, "you bad ould woman! Sure I'd have dropped dead out of my stannin' if I'd believed that big terrible lie of yours, and then, ma'am, what 'ud ha' become o' John Driscoll an' of you? Och, indeed, 'tis the terrible bad ould woman you are!"—*Irish Homestead*.

I'll Go To Sneevogue.

I'M sick an' I'm sore an' I'm weary o' walkin'

O'er highways an' byways, thro' bohereens an' glens,
An' colleens wid dowries my best plans are baulkin',

For where I ax cattle, they offer me hens!

I travelled Baldaragh, Kinoud, and Iar-curragh,

Through Grallagh an' Murragh, and found not wan pogue

But, plaise God, to-morrow for joy or for sorrow,

I'll laive plough an' harrow, an' go to Sneevogue.

Och! Sneevogue's the place where there's many a stockin',

Wid the round yalla soverins all shinin' inside,

Where the colleens is civil an' far above mockin'

A boy wid a farm who is seekin' a bride.

There's none o' them tendher, too fair or too slender—

They're tough, for their gender, as e'er wore a brogue;

But I am no chicken, by fair to be stricken,

I'll chance wan more kickin' an' go to Sneevogue.

I failed seven times wid as many matchmakers;

Full fifty bright soverins I want an' a cow;

For I have a farm of forty good acres,

An' Sneevogue's the place where I'll seek a wife now.

I've done wid young misses, who sigh for caresses;

I want not the kisses of any sich rogue,

But some steady maiden, whose cash will be paid in

The day o' the weddin'—I'll go to Sneevogue.

—PAUDRIG MacAIRCHILL.



Sale of Tara Hill.

ON Thursday, February 12th, a large number of prospective purchasers assembled at the auction rooms of Messrs. Ganly, Sons & Company, Usher's Quay, Dublin, when part of the lands of Castletown, Co. Meath, on which the famous Hill of Tara is situate, were put up for public auction.

The lands, which contain 239a. 3r. 15p, statute, were formerly in the possession of Sir Patrick Boylan, now deceased, and the administrator of that gentleman's effects placed the valuable and historic property under the hammer. Mr. Richard Ganly was the auctioneer, and, having read over the conditions of sale, invited biddings.

The competition opened with an offer of £2,000, and bidding proceeded very briskly until Mr. George Collins, solicitor (Casey and Clay), was declared the purchaser in trust for a lady client at £3,700. The biddings, in pounds, were as follows: 2,000, 2,100, 2,200, 2,300, 2,400, 2,450, 2,475, 2,500, 2,600, 2,700, 2,800, 2,850, 3,000, 3,050, 3,100, 3,150, 3,200, 3,250, 3,300, 3,350, 3,375, 3,400, 3,425, 3,450, 3,475, 3,500, 3,525, 3,550, 3,575, 3,600, 3,650, 3,675, 3,700.

Mr. Ganly described the farm as being valuable for its fattening and finishing qualities, and incidentally referred to the fact of its including a part of the far-famed Hill of Tara. The sale was concluded in about forty minutes.

Messrs. William Mooney & Son were the solicitors having carriage of the sale.

A Short Guide to Choice Reading.

Read:

Macaulay.....	For Clearness
Bacon.....	For Logic
Homer.....	For Action
Pope.....	For Conciseness
Milton....	For Sublimity of Conception
Kipling.....	For Strength
Virgil.....	For Elegance
Franklin.....	For Common Sense
Whittier.....	For Simplicity
Cervantes.....	For Humor
Holmes.....	For Wit
Balzac.....	For Imagination
Thackeray.....	For Satire
Byron.....	For Poetry of Passion
Poe.....	For the Weird
Scott.....	For Historical Romance
Hawthorne....	For Exquisite English
Shakespeare for Universality of Genius	

In Memoriam: Charles Gavan Duffy.

CH! Paddy dear, and did ye hear the ill news goin' round?
'Tis Duffy that will never more set foot on Irish ground.
The brave old fighter, ochane! he's laid him down to rest,
And we must keep our keening low, the old man's sleeping sound,
And he shall wake in Tir-na-nOg, the Island of the Blest.

Och! Paddy dear, it is not fear of man on him had power:
He took the rough time and the smooth as lightly as a flower
Takes rain that pelts it down to earth the sun that bids it rise,
And if it be a speedwell give back the blue o' the skies
(My mind run on forget-me-not in this unhappy hour).

Och! Paddy dear, not smile nor tear will wake the old man now,
We'll sign the cross upon his breast, the cross upon his brow—
He bore the body's prison once, but never on his soul
Had any evil thing or thought a day's or night's control—
But sing more softly for his sake, you mating birds on bough.

—Nora Chesson, in the Westminster Gazette.

THE GAEL can be purchased regularly each month from any of the following agents:

IRELAND.

Eason & Son, Ltd., 89 and 91 Middle Abbey St.

DUBLIN.

Gill & Son, 50 Upper O'Connell St.
ENGLAND.

Williams & Butland (wholesale agents)
47 Little Britain, London, E. C.
Robert Thompson, 5 Tudor St., Blackfriars, London.
Conlon & Co., 5 Crosshall St., Liverpool.
Thomas McGlynn, 80 Warde St., Hulme, Manchester.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. Kelly, 154 Saltmarket, Glasgow.
James Kinsella, Bank St., Coatbridge, Lanarkshire.

FRANCE.

Mme. Lelong, Kiosk 10 Boulevard des Capucines, Paris.

AUSTRALIA.

M. E. Carey, 106 Sturt St., Ballarat.
P. F. Ryan, 324 Hay St., Perth, West Australia.

SOUTH AFRICA.

H. Bullen, Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony.

Irish Dialects Should Be Discouraged.



To the request of some friends who are interested in the preservation of the Irish language Mr. T. O. Russell sent the following letter to the Gaelic League, Dublin, on January 26th, 1903:

To the members of the Council, Central Branch of the Gaelic League:

Ladies and Gentlemen—Please permit me in the most friendly manner to call your attention to a placard recently issued by the Gaelic League, in which it was stated that the paper on which the "Gaelic Journal" was printed was made in Ireland. The Irish word used for "was made" was *seineadh*. It should have been *ninneadh* or *righneadh*. *Deineadh* cannot be found in any grammar that I know of; is a local and incorrect form of the perfect passive of *deannahn*—I make or I do. See Keating's "Three Shafts of Death," appendix, page xxviii.; see also O'Donovan's Irish Grammar, page 252.

On the title page of the "Gaelic Journal" the word *uibreach* appears as the genitive singular of the noun *uinher* or *uinhir*, but the genitive singular is *uibhre* or *uinmre*. See Coney's Irish Dictionary; see Irish Bible, Exodus xii., 4, both in Archbishop Mac-Hale's and in Bedel's Irish versions of the Pentateuch.

The above examples are given merely as illustrations of what has been practiced in the publications of the Gaelic League since its foundation, and what has in recent years been practiced by the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, namely, printing incorrect dialect Irish without a word of explanation as to what dialect it belonged, and leaving the reader to suppose it was correct Irish.

It is interesting and instructive to know the dialects of a language, but to print and publish them without note or comment, as your society has been doing for many years, and as the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language has lately been doing, seems so very unwise that it must give pain to those who think seriously about it, and who are interested in the matter of the resuscitation of our national language.

I am sorry to have been driven to the conclusion that the Irish language

can never be permanently resuscitated on the lines that your Society and the one already mentioned are following at present. To endeavor to keep the language alive in those parts where it is still spoken should, by all means, be an object of primary importance, but it is greatly to be feared that it cannot be done; for never has the Irish language faded away more quickly, been neglected more wantonly, where it had been spoken for scores of centuries, than since the establishment of societies for its preservation. This fact is well-known to everyone conversant with the places where Irish was generally spoken thirty years ago, and where hardly a word of it is heard to-day.

The one great, paramount cause of the decadence of the Irish language during the last century was its utter neglect by the educated classes. Until they take an interest in it, the Gaelic League, were those who control and guide it even a hundred times more devoted, enthusiastic, and hardworking than they are, cannot save the language from death.

But how can the educated or the uneducated classes who want to learn Irish take real interest in it when they see it written in dialects—Munster dialects, Connacht dialects, and Ulster dialects—without a word of explanation as to what dialect is written. If Irish had no standard; if there was no approach to classic correctness, in any work in modern Irish; if it was as much in want of a standard as English was in the time of Chaucer, there might be some excuse for printing unexplained dialects; but modern Irish has a classic standard in the works of Keating, Donleavy, O'Molloy, Bedel, and many others. In their works there may be said to be but one frequently employed word that is really unknown in the modern language, and that is the preposition *re* in Latin letters, "re" too; its compounds need hardly be included.

When we look abroad we find that many languages of peoples subject to the rule of alien governments are in a flourishing condition, and to an Irishman they form a painful contrast with the state of his national speech. But it is easy to know why Bohemian, Welsh, Polish and Basque live and flourish, and why Irish is dying. It is

because the flourishing languages mentioned have not been ignored by the educated classes of the countries where they are spoken, while in Ireland Irish has been ignored by the educated classes for more than two hundred years, and consequently it is fading away. If you want the Irish language to live you must have the aid of the educated classes, and to get their aid, incorrectness of speech, vulgarities, and dialects must be avoided as much as possible, and one, and only one, Irish language placed before them to induce them to study it.

The uselessness of printing dialect Irish, especially without saying what dialect is printed, must be apparent to anyone who thinks about it. The people of Munster will never use the dialects of Ulster, and the people of Ulster and the northern part of Ireland will never use the dialects of Munster. Why, therefore, print dialects at all, except as curiosities? You cannot but know that localism and provincial differences have been from the earliest times the curses of Ireland and the primary causes of her loss of nationhood and of her present unhappy political and economic condition.

Small as the differences may be between the dialects of Irish, their cultivation, especially in print, can do no possible good in a literary point of view, and may lead to the resuscitation of provincial hatreds, rather than the resuscitation of the Irish language. You cannot but know that the person who knowingly writes incorrect, dialect Irish, with a view to its acceptance as a general standard, can neither be wise nor patriotic, for he tries to put his own province over the rest of Ireland, and is, consequently, unfitted to take any part in the resuscitation of the national language.

As one who assisted at the foundation of your Society, and of the older one I have mentioned, I beg of you, in the most earnest and the most friendly manner, not to allow any more dialect, incorrect Irish, to appear in any of your publications as correct language. If you allow it, you will perplex the ignorant and disgust the learned, and make the praiseworthy object for which you are so earnestly working all the more difficult of attainment—Believe me, very sincerely yours,

Digitized by Google
T. O. RUSSELL.



Home-Sickness

By George Moore.

HE told the doctor he was due in the bar-room at 8 o'clock in the morning. The bar-room in which he worked was in a slum in the Bowery; and he had only been able to keep himself in health by getting up at five o'clock and going for long walks in the fields.

"A sea voyage is what you want," said the doctor.

"Why not go to Ireland for two or three months? You will come back a new man."

Lately Bryden had begun to wonder how the people at home were getting on; he had often felt he would like to see Ireland again; the doctor had just told him what he wanted to hear. He thanked him, and three weeks afterwards he landed in Cork.

He had been thirteen years in America; he was now eight-and-twenty; and as he sat in the railway carriage he recalled his native village—he could see the village, and its lake, and then the fields, one by one, and the roads. Stretching out into the winding lake there was a large piece of rocky land—some three or four hundred acres of rocky headland—and upon it the peasantry had been given permission to build their cabins by former owners of the Georgian house, standing on the pleasant green hill. The present owners considered the village a disgrace. However, the villagers paid high rents for their plots of ground, and they bore with it.

The train jogged along all day, and

when it stopped at James Bryden's station the Summer sun was setting. And seeing the fine windless evening, Bryden was sorry he did not feel strong enough for the walk. It was fair day at Ballyholly, and he would meet many people going home; he would be sure to meet some whom he had known in his youth, and from them he would find out where he would be able to get a clean lodging. He felt that the sea voyage had done him good, but seven miles was too far for him to walk to-day, and he remembered that the last time he had walked the road he had walked it in an hour and a half though he was carrying a heavy bundle on a stick. There was a car waiting at the station; he felt he had better take it, and very soon the carman was asking him about America; but Bryden wanted to hear of those who were still living in the old country, and after some questioning, after hearing the stories of many people he had forgotten, he heard that Mike Scully, who had been away in a situation for many years as coachman in the King's County, had come back and built a house with a fine concrete floor.

The carman told him there was a good loft in the house, and that Mike would be pleased to take in a lodger. Mike Scully had been a groom at the big house on the hill; he had intended to be a jockey, but had suddenly shot up into a fine tall man and had had to become a coachman instead. Bryden remembered that this was so, and he tried to recall Mike's face, but his recollections of those days were dim, and he was surprised when the driver pointed to a tall man coming through

the lodge gates and said: "There is Mike Scully."

Mike had forgotten Bryden even more completely than Bryden had forgotten him, and many aunts and uncles were mentioned before he began to understand.

"You have grown into a fine man, James," he said, looking at James' great breadth of chest. "But you are thin in the cheeks, and you are very swallow in the cheeks, too."

"I haven't been very well lately—that is one of the reasons I have come back! but I wanted to see you all again."

And then James paid the carman, wished him "God-speed," and the two men walked on together. They walked round the lake, for the townland was at the back of the demesne; and while they walked James proposed to pay Mike ten shillings a week for his board and lodging.

Bryden saw great changes in the demesne: he remembered the woods, thick, and well forested; now they were wind-worn, the drains were choked, and the bridge leading across the lake inlet was falling away. Their way led between long fields where herds of cattle were grazing; the road was broken—Bryden wondered how the villagers drove their carts over it. At last they came to the village, and the mud made by last week's rain was not dry there. It looked a desolate place, even on this fine evening, and Bryden thought that the very pigs must feel depressed on a wet day.

It was at once strange and familiar to him to see chickens in the kitchen; and wishing to reknit himself to the old country, he begged of Mrs. Scully

not to drive them out, saying he did not mind them. Mike told his wife Bryden had been born in Duncannon—that was the name of the village—and when he mentioned Bryden's name she gave him her hand, after wiping it in her apron. He was heartily welcome, she said; she had known his father and mother, "the Lord have mercy on their souls." But coming back from America she was afraid he would not care to go up a ladder and sleep in a loft.

But Bryden said a dry loft was just what he wanted. "You think a good deal of America over here, but I reckon it isn't all you think it. Here you work when you like and you sit down when you like; but when you have had a touch of blood-poisoning, as I had, when your hands begin to wither, as I have seen hands wither, when you have seen young people walking with a stick, you think that there is something to be said for Ireland."

Mike told him that he might have a pail of water to wash in; but he would have to wash in the kitchen—it would be difficult to get a pail of water up the ladder into the loft; moreover, the lake was handy, and bathing was pleasant there in fine weather.

"Now won't you be taking a cup of milk, sir? I am sure you will be wanting a drink after your travelling."

This milk was his first taste of Ireland. He handed her back the cup, and she went into the cabin; and not knowing what to say, Mike asked him if he would like to go inside, or if he would like to go for a walk.

"There is not much to show you here," he said. "I have got three sheep in the next field."

He had two pigs at the back of the house, and he regretted that the sow had not littered, for little pigs would have been something to show the American. However, this did not seem to matter, for Bryden said he was tired and they went into the cabin. Mike gave him a chair by the fireside, and they began to talk about America, of the long hours in the bar-room.

"Here a man of sixty is younger than a man of forty is over there."

And when he said all that he could think of he asked Mike about Ireland. But Mike did not seem to be able to tell him much that was of interest. They were all very poor—poorer, perhaps, than when he left them.

"I don't think any one except my-

self has a five-pound note to his name."

Bryden remembered Mike a young man, a daring rider, an excellent ball-player, a romantic young fellow. He was now a middle-aged and not very successful farmer. But after all, Mike's life and prospects mattered little to Bryden. He had come back in search of health, and he felt better already; the milk had done him good, and the bacon and cabbage in the pot sent forth a savory odor. And then the Scullys were very kind: they pressed him to make a good meal, and they told him that a few weeks of country air and country food would give him back the health he had lost in the Bowery.

As soon as they had finished their meal Mike proposed that Bryden should fill his pipe, and Bryden, to his surprise, felt that he longed to smoke, and Mike said that this was a sign that his health was coming back to him. For during Mike's long illness he had never wanted to smoke, and he was a confirmed smoker.

It was comfortable to sit by the pleasant peat fire and to see the smoke of their pipes drifting up the wide chimney, and Bryden thought that after all he would pass a pleasant evening. But about nine a number of villagers came in, and their talk was the same kind of depressing talk as Mike's. He remembered one or two of them—he used to know them very well when he was a boy—and he tried to pick up the old thread and to tie it to the new. But the old and the new thread did not seem to bind very well together; every moment the threads broke.

He was not moved when he heard that Higgins, the stone-mason, was dead; he was not affected even when he heard that Mary Kelly, who used to go to do the laundry at the Big House, had married; he was only interested when he heard she had gone to America. But America is a big place, and he had not met her there. Then Bryden remembered Patsy Carabine, who used to do the gardening at the Big House. He asked what had become of Patsy. Patsy had been very unlucky: one winter he had not been able to do any work on account of his arm. His house had fallen in; he had given up his holding and gone into the workhouse.

This was all very sad; and to avoid hearing any further unpleasantness he began to tell them about America.

They sat round listening to him; but all the talking was on his side, and he wearied of it. And looking round the group, he recognized a ragged hunch-back with grey hair—twenty years ago he was a young hunchback—and turning to him Bryden asked him if he were doing well with his five acres.

"Ah! not much. This has been a bad season. The potatoes failed; they are watery—there is no diet in them."

And after striving to take an interest in the fact that O'Connor had lost a mare and foal worth £40, he began to wish himself back in the slum. Even ill health seemed better than the depressing, lonely life of the fields. These peasants were all agreed they could make nothing out of their farms, even if they had them for nothing. Their regret was that they had not gone to America when they were young; and they told him all the young people were going there. And when they left the house Bryden wondered if every evening would be like the present one. Mike piled up the fire with fresh sods, and he hoped that it would show enough light in the loft for Bryden to undress himself by.

The cackling of some geese in the road kept him awake, and the loneliness of the country seemed to penetrate to his bones, and to freeze the marrow in them. There was a bat in the loft, a dog howled in the distance, and then he drew the clothes over his head. Never had he been so unhappy; and the sound of Mike breathing by his wife's side in the kitchen added to his nervous terror. Then he dozed a little; and lying on his back he dreamed he was awake, and the men he had seen sitting round the fireside that evening seemed to him like spectres come out of some unknown region of morass and reedy tarn. He stretched out his hands for his clothes, determined to fly from this house; but remembering the lonely roads that led to the station, he fell back on his pillow.

The geese still cackled; but he was too tired to be kept awake any longer. He seemed to have been asleep only a few minutes, when he heard Mike calling him. He had come half way up the ladder, and was telling him that breakfast was ready. "What kind of breakfast will he give me?" he asked himself, as he pulled on his clothes. There were tea and hot griddle cakes for breakfast, and there were fresh eggs; there was sunlight in the kitchen, and he liked to hear Mike tell of

the work he was going to do in the fields.

Mike rented a farm of about twenty acres; at least fifteen of it was grass; he grew an acre of potatoes and some corn, and some turnips for his sheep. He had a nice bit of meadow, and he took down his scythe, and as he put the whetstone into his belt Bryden noticed a second scythe, and he asked Mike if he should go down with him and help to finish the field.

"You haven't done any mowing this many a year; I don't think you'd be much of a help. You'd better go for a walk by the lake, but you may come in the afternoon if you like and help to turn it over."

Bryden was afraid he would find the lake shore very lonely, but the magic of returning health is the sufficient distraction of the convalescent, and the morning passed agreeably. The weather was still and sunny; he could hear the ducks in the reeds; the hours dreamed themselves away, and it became his habit to go every morning to the lake. One day he met the landlord, and they walked on together talking of the country, of what it had been, and the ruin it was slipping into.

James Bryden told him that ill health had brought him back to Ireland; and the landlord lent him his boat, and Bryden rowed about the islands, and resting upon his oars he looked at the old castles, and remembered the prehistoric raiders that the landlord had told him about; he came across the stones to which the lake dwellers had tied their boats, and these signs of ancient Ireland were pleasing to Bryden in his present mood.

As well as the great lake there was a smaller lake in the bog, where the villagers cut their turf; this lake was famous for its pike; the landlord allowed Bryden to fish there, and one evening, when he was looking for a frog with which to bait his line, he met Margaret Dirken driving home the cows for the milking.

Margaret Dirken was the herdsman's daughter, and she lived in a cottage near the Big House; but she came up to the village whenever there was a dance, and Bryden had found himself opposite to her in the reels. But until this evening he had had little opportunity of speaking to her. He was glad to speak to some one, for the evening was lonely; and they stood talking together.

"You're getting your health again,"

she said. "You'll soon be leaving us."

"I'm in no hurry."

"You are grand people over there; I hear a man is paid four dollars a day for his work."

"And how much," said James, "has he to pay for his food and for his clothes?"

"You don't find the country too lonesome?"

Her cheeks were bright, and her teeth small, white and beautifully even; and a woman's soul looked at Bryden out of her pale Irish eyes. He was troubled, and turned aside, and catching sight of a frog looking at him out of a tuft of grass, he said:

"I have been looking for a frog to put upon my pike line."

The frog jumped right and left, and nearly escaped in some bushes; but he caught it and returned with it in his hand.

"It is just the kind of frog a pike will like," he said: "look at its great white belly and its bright yellow back."

And without more ado he pushed the wire to which the hook was fastened through the frog's fresh body, and dragging it through the mouth, he passed the hooks through the hind legs and tied the line to the end of the wire.

"I think," said Margaret, "I must be looking after my cows: it's time I got them home."

"Won't you come down to the lake while I set my line?"

She thought for a moment, and then said: "No, I shall see you from here."

He went down to the reedy tarn, and at his approach several snipe got up, and they flew above his head uttering sharp cries. His fishing-rod was a long hazel stick, and he threw the frog as far as he could into the lake. In doing this he roused some wild ducks; a mallard and two ducks got up; and they flew toward the larger lake. Margaret watched them; they flew in a line with an old castle; and they had not disappeared from view when Bryden came towards her, and he and she drove the cows home together that evening.

One evening she said: "James, you had better not come here so often talking to me."

"Don't you wish me to come?"

"Yes, I wish you to come well enough; but keeping company is not the custom in the country, and I don't want to be talked about."

"Are you afraid the priest would speak against us from the altar?"

"He has spoken against keeping company; but it is not so much what the priest says, for there is no harm in talking."

"But if you are going to be married there is no harm in walking out together."

"Well, not so much; but marriages are made differently in those parts; there is not much courting here."

And next day it was known in the village that James was going to marry Margaret Dirken.

His desire to excel the boys in dancing had aroused much gaiety in the parish, and for some time past there had been dancing in every house where there was a floor fit to dance upon; and if the cottager had no money to pay for a barrel of beer, James Bryden, who had money, sent him a barrel, so that Margaret might get her dance.

She told him that they sometimes crossed over into another parish, where the priest was not so averse to dancing, and James wondered. And next morning at mass he wondered at their simple fervor. Some of them held their hands above their heads as they prayed, and all this was very new and very old to James Bryden. But the obedience of these people to their priest surprised him.

When he was a lad they had not been so obedient, or he had forgotten their obedience; and he listened in wonderment to the priest, who was scolding his parishioners, speaking to them by name, saying that he had heard there was dancing going on in their houses. Worse than that, he said he had seen boys and girls loitering about the roads, and the talk that went on was of one kind—love. He said that newspapers containing love-stories were finding their way into the people's houses—vulgar stories about love, in which there was nothing elevating or ennobling.

One evening as they were dancing a knock came to the door, and the piper stopped playing, and the dancers whispered, "Some one has told on us: it is the priest."

And the awe-stricken villagers crowded round the cottage fire, afraid to open the door. But the priest said that if they did not open the door he would put his shoulder to it and force it open. And every one was afraid except Bryden. He moved towards the door, saying he would allow no one to threaten him, priest or no priest. Margaret caught his arm and told him if he said anything to the priest that the

priest would speak against them from the altar, and they would be shunned by the neighbors; and then Mike Scully went to the door and let the priest in, and he came in saying they were dancing their souls into hell.

"I have heard of your goings-on," he said—"of your beer-drinking and dancing. I will not have it in my parish; if you want that sort of thing you had better go to America."

"If that is intended for me, sir, I will go back to-morrow. Margaret can follow."

The priest said if such practices were to be brought back to Ireland from America, he wished those who had left the country would remain out of it.

But it had suddenly occurred to him that he might be breaking off a marriage, and then he said it was not so much the dancing he objected to as the late hours that were the result of the dancing, and taking out his watch he said it was after midnight. But Bryden's watch said it was only 11.30, and while they were arguing about the time Mrs. Scully offered Bryden's umbrella to the priest, for in his hurry to stop the dancing the priest had gone out without his; and as if to show Bryden that he bore him no ill-will the priest accepted the loan of the umbrella.

"I shall be badly off for the umbrella to-morrow," Bryden said, as soon as the priest was out of the house. He was going with his father-in-law to a fair. His father-in-law was teaching him how to buy and sell cattle. And his father-in-law was saying that the country was mending, and that a man might become rich in Ireland if he only had a little capital. Bryden had the capital, and Margaret had an uncle on the other side of the lake who would leave her all he had, and that would be £100. Never in the village of Duncannon had a young couple begun life with so much prospect of success as James Bryden and Margaret Dirken, so it was said.

Some time after Christmas was spoken of as the best time for the marriage; James Bryden said that he would not be able to get his money out of America before the Spring. The delay seemed to vex him, and he seemed anxious to be married, until one day he received a letter from America, from a man who had served in the bar with him. His friend wrote to ask Bryden if he were coming back. The letter was no more than a passing wish to see Bryden again. Yet Bryden

stood looking at it, and every one wondered what could be in the letter.

It seemed momentous, and they hardly believed him when he said it was from a friend who wanted to know if his health were better. He tried to forget the letter, and he looked at the worn fields, divided by walls of loose stones, and a great longing came upon him.

The smell of the Bowery slum had come across the Atlantic, and had found him out in this western headland; and one night he awoke from a dream in which he was hurling some drunken customer through the open doors into the darkness. He had seen his friend in his dream, in his white duck jacket, throwing drink from glass into glass amid the din of voices and strange accents; he had heard the clang of money as it was swept into the till, and his sense sickened for the bar-room.

But how should he tell Margaret Dirken he could not marry her? She had built her life upon this marriage! He couldn't tell her that he would not marry her. . . . Yet he must go. He felt as if he were being hunted; the thought that he must tell Margaret that he could not marry her hunted him, day after day, as a weasel hunts a rabbit.

Again and again he went to meet her with the intention of telling her that he did not love her, that their lives were not for one another, that it had all been a mistake, and that happily he had found out that it was a mistake soon enough.

But Margaret, as if she guessed what he was about to speak of, threw her arms about him and begged him to say that he loved her, and that they would be married at once. He agreed that he loved her, and that they would be married at once. But he had not left her many minutes before the feeling came upon him that he could not marry her—that he must go away.

The smell of the bar-room hunted him down. Was it for the sake of the money that he might make there that he wished to go back? No, it was not the money. What then? His eyes fell on the bleak country, on the little fields divided by bleak walls; he remembered the pathetic ignorance of the people—and it was these things that he could not endure.

As he stood looking at the line of the hills the bar-room seemed by him. He heard the politicians, and the excitement of politics was in his blood

again. He must go away from this place, he must get back to the bar-room. Looking up, he saw the scanty orchard, and he hated the spare road that led to the village, and he hated the little hill, at the top of which the village began, and he hated more than all other places the house where he was to live with Margaret Dirken—if he married her.

He could see it from where he stood by the edge of the lake, with twenty acres of pasture-land about it, for the landlord had given up part of his demesne land to them.

He caught sight of Margaret, and he called her to come through the stile.

"I have just had a letter from America."

"About the money?" she said.

"Yes, about the money. But I shall have to go over there."

He stood looking at her, seeking for words; and she guessed from his embarrassment that what he would say to her was that he would have to go to America before they were married.

"Do you mean, James, you will have to go at once?"

"Yes," he said, "at once. But I shall come back in time to be married in August. It will only mean delaying our marriage a month."

They walked on a little way talking, and every step he took James felt that he was a step nearer the Bowery slum.

And when they came to the gate Bryden said: "I must hasten, or I shall miss the train."

"But," she said, "you are not going now—you are not going to-day?"

"Yes, this morning. It is seven miles. I shall have to hurry not to miss the train."

And then she asked him if he would ever come back.

"Yes," he said, "I am coming back."

"If you are coming back, James, why not let me go with you?"

"You could not walk fast enough. We should miss the train."

"One moment, James. Don't make me suffer; tell me the truth. You are not coming back. Your clothes: where shall I send them?"

He hurried away, hoping he would come back; he was not sure. He tried to think that he liked the country he was leaving, that it would be better to have a farmhouse and live there with Margaret Dirken than to serve drinks behind a counter in the Bowery. He did not think he was telling her a lie when he said he was coming back. Her offer to forward his clothes touched

his heart, and at the end of the road he stopped and asked himself if he should go back to her. He would miss the train if he waited another minute, and he ran on. And he would have missed the train if he had not met a car. Once he was on the car he felt himself safe—the country was already behind him. The train and the boat at Cork were mere formula; he was already in America.

He felt the thrill of home, the thrill that he sought for in his native village and had not found. The smell of the bar, the roar of the crowds in the bar-room, were delicious to his ears and in his nostrils, and he offered up many a thanksgiving for his escape from life in that western townland. A month after he and his friend had purchased the bar-room; and at the end of the year he and his partner discovered from their accounts they were doing remarkably well. James married. His family grew up, his wife died; property came and went. One day the thought suddenly struck him that the only thing he really possessed in the world was a memory. The desire to see Margaret again was intense, so intense that he often thought he would go back. But he did not go back. He often wondered why. He was too old. Every one has a personal life that none knows but himself, and James Bryden's personal life was his memory of Margaret Dirken; and what he saw most clearly was the green hillside with the bog lake and the rushes about it, and the greater lake in the distance, and behind it sinuous lines of wandering hills.

Missing Manuscripts.

IN an interesting lecture on the blind poet Raftery, recently delivered by Dr. Douglas Hyde, he stated that on two occasions, manuscript collections of poems of the whereabouts of which he had been informed, when sought for by him later on, were said to have been taken to America by their owners.

It is possible that many valuable collections of Irish manuscripts are stowed away in odd places in this country presumably in the custody of persons who do not know their value.

THE GAEL will be glad to hear of any such collections and if possible would like to obtain a list or catalogue of their contents. Any reader knowing of such a collection is requested to communicate with this magazine.

The Jokers' Corner.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

A FIRE ENGINE rattled up Eighth Avenue, New York City.

"That reminds me of the story of the two Irishmen who had just landed in this country and taken rooms in one of the down-town lodging houses in New York," said Mr. T. St. John Gaffney. "In the middle of the night they were awakened by a great noise in the street. One of the Irishmen got up and looked out of the window. Two fire engines tore along, belching smoke and fire and leaving a trail of sparks.

"What is that?" asked the chap who remained in bed.

"They're movin' hell," said the man at the window, "and two loads have just gone by."

Two Good Highlanders.

SOME years ago a vote was taken among the men of a certain Highland regiment (at that time not wearing the kilt) to find out how many would be in favor of wearing the Highland costume. In due course the sergeant-major appeared before the commanding officer with the result of the voting.

Officer—"Well, sergeant-major, how many are in favor of the kilt?"

S. Major—"Two men, sir."

Officer—"Only two; well I'm glad there are at least two good Highlanders in the regiment. What are their names, sergeant-major?"

S. Major—"Privates Patrick O'Brien and Michael Rooney, sir."

Collapse of commanding officer.

Sorry He "Stood Pat."

THE funniest experience that I have ever had in all my years of practice at the bar occurred during a murder trial," said one lawyer to a lot of fellow-practitioners, who had assembled in his office. "An Englishman was to be tried for murder, and from what I had learned about the case I felt that my client would be convicted, if not for first degree murder, then surely for second degree murder. I was so uneasy about the matter that I went to an Irish friend of mine and deliberately planned to prevent conviction in either degree. This friend of mine was a juror,

and his chances of getting on the jury in the murder case was very good, so I urged him to stick until the last for a verdict of manslaughter. He said he would, and I knew that he would keep his promise.

"The panel was exhausted, and my friend Pat was one of the twelve men in whose hands rested the fate of my client. I was positive that he would not hang. The trial was an interesting one, and the jury retired after listening to the judge's charge. Seven hours passed before they returned.

"The poll of the jury showed that the prisoner was guilty of manslaughter, and after the jurymen were discharged, I walked up to Pat and said:

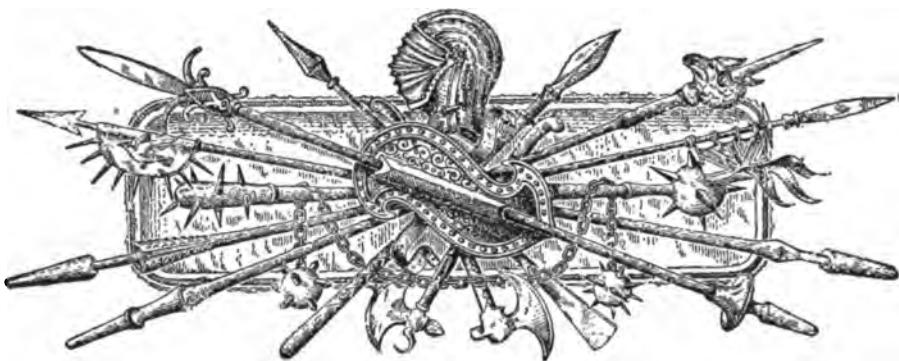
"'Pat, you saved the day. It was a great piece of work for you. How did you manage to bring the other eleven to your way of thinking?'

"'Oh, I had the devil's own time of doin' it. This is on the quiet. When we first began to ballot, eleven of them fellows was for acquittal, but I stuck to my job until I brought them around to manslaughter. Sure I'll do as much for an Englishman any time.'"
—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Very Old Yarn.

THE expression attributed to Mr. Kilbride in the speech for which he was tried at Maryborough, Kings County, as constituting an incitement to murder—"Why were landlords shot at? Because of drink. Why were landlords missed? Because of drink"—formed the chief part of one of the stories of the late Sir Thomas Upington, who was Prime Minister at the Cape and a famous raconteur, and is really a very old yarn.

"I heard Sir Thomas Upington in the dining-room of the Cape Legislative assembly," writes a correspondent, "attribute the expression to an Irish temperance lecturer, whose speech he recited: 'What makes so many widows? Drink. What makes so many orphans? Drink. What is the cause of so many crimes? Drink. What makes tenants shoot at their landlords? Drink. What makes them miss their landlords? Drink.'"
The story has its humorous side certainly, but it has a serious side also.—M. A. P.



The Passing of the Clan Uilliam.

By P. G. Smyth, Chicago.

(CONCLUDED.)



NEXT year, 1590, Birmingham established at Cong "a numerous and clamorous camp of kerns," and made a fresh invasion. He was strategically opposed by MacWilliam, now the Blind Abbot, and his forces, who marched parallel to him, harassing him, until they reached the Lagan, in north Mayo (where the French landed in 1798). Here MacWilliam, when charging the Queen's kerne, who were setting fire to the cornfields, lost his foot by the stroke of an enemy's ax. He was afterwards carried in a litter through the country and lay for some time on an island in Lough Conn. This brave fighter was probably one of the lay abbots, or vicars, who appropriated church lands when religion was paralyzed by civil war and the suppression of the monasteries. A fierce opponent of the invader, he lived to hear of O'Neill's great victory over the Sassenach at the Yellow Ford, and died a lone wanderer from his native territory in September, 1598. His dust reposes in the ruined Franciscan monastery of Quin, in Clare.

Other MacWilliams succeeded, best of whom—twelfth in descent from the original old William de Burgo, and therefore the thirteenth of unlucky member of the family series in Ireland—was the gallant young Tibbot or Theobald Bourke, cousin of Red Hugh

O'Donnell and one of his ablest lieutenants in conducting his Connacht campaigns. He recaptured the castle of Belleek on the Moy, from the English, in 1595, took part with his clansmen in the victory of the Yellow Ford, and combated English influence in Mayo, which was represented by *Tibbot-na-Long* Bourke or Theobald of the Ships, erratic and ambitious son of Iron Richard and *Grainne NiMalley*—who sometimes championed the Irish when it looked like the winning side. At length, in 1601, all hope gone, this last MacWilliam departed for Spain, where Philip II. bestowed upon him the empty title of Marquis of Mayo and granted him a liberal pension, in hopes there might be a return and a day of reckoning. This title and pension passed to his son, Walter *Kittagh*, or the left-handed, who, dying without issue, says Lodge, "left it in custody of his half brother, Colonel Plunket, until it should be claimed by some of his heirs general."

It does not appear that it was ever claimed: no pictured Spanish sails ever bore back the exiles, and the waterfalls over the ledges of Belleek murmur an endless dirge for the past and gone MacWilliam Bourkes and the now landless MacWattin Barretts.

Theobald of the Ships (born on sea during one of his mother's piratical excursions) was created, for his services to the English, Viscount of Mayo in 1626, which titulary honor he enjoyed only three years, dying June 18, 1629—killed, says Mayo tradition, by an idiot brother-in-law, near Ballintubber abbey, where he was interred, the affair originating a Mayo peasant curse, that of "*Tibbot-na-Long's* journey to

Ballintubber," meaning no returning, or sudden violent death. His remains were interred in the old abbey, where his tomb was discovered some sixteen years ago, and where also lies the dust of the notorious priest-hunter of the eighteenth century, *Shawn-na-Sog-garth* Malowney.

"There are more able men of the surname of the Burkes than of any name in Europe," wrote Sir John Davies, the English solicitor-general for Ireland, in 1606. But, broken and landless, their ability now availed them but little. The arrangement by which they signed away their ancient rights and possessions in return for being granted in perpetuity certain large estates was scouted as waste paper: the English Crown lawyers claimed and maintained that Lord Deputy Perrot had not been authorized to grant any estate whatever and that the arrangement was merely intended to be a composition of taxes. In 1635 came the able, unscrupulous Deputy, the Earl of Strafford, and with bribe and threat made out the title and ownership of King Charles I. to all the land of Connacht.

The title was claimed through Elizabeth, daughter of the Dun Earl (assassinated in 1333, Earl of Ulster and Lord of Connacht), who married Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III., whose descendant Margaret married James IV. of Scotland, great grandfather of Charles I. Elizabeth, sister of Charles, married Frederick, King of Bohemia, through whom the title again passed to the English reigning family, the Guelphs, so that the present King of England's brother is Duke of Connacht.

During the insurrection which commenced in 1641 Colonel John Bourke of Mayo commanded the Irish forces in Connacht. *Tibbot-na-Long's* son, Miles Bourke, second Viscount Mayo, did what he could to preserve the peace and remained practically neutral; nevertheless he was one of those whom Cromwell "exempted from pardon of life or estate." His son and successor, Theobald, did his utmost to prevent the massacre of Protestants at Shruple, February 13, 1642, and had to be carried struggling, sword in hand, across the bridge, to save his own life, by Sheriff John Garvey.

However, he was tried in Galway by a jury of Cromwellian officers for alleged complicity in the crime, convicted with what even Froude admits to have been a mockery of the forms of justice, and sentenced to death. His end was a sickening scene of bungle and butchery. Thrice the platoon drawn up to shoot him fired, and thrice missed him. At length a corporal blind of one eye hit him, and the blood of the unfortunate Lord Mayo smoked upon the stones. His estates of fifty thousand acres and five manors were then

seized by the government, and his orphan child allowed a pittance of £30 a year.

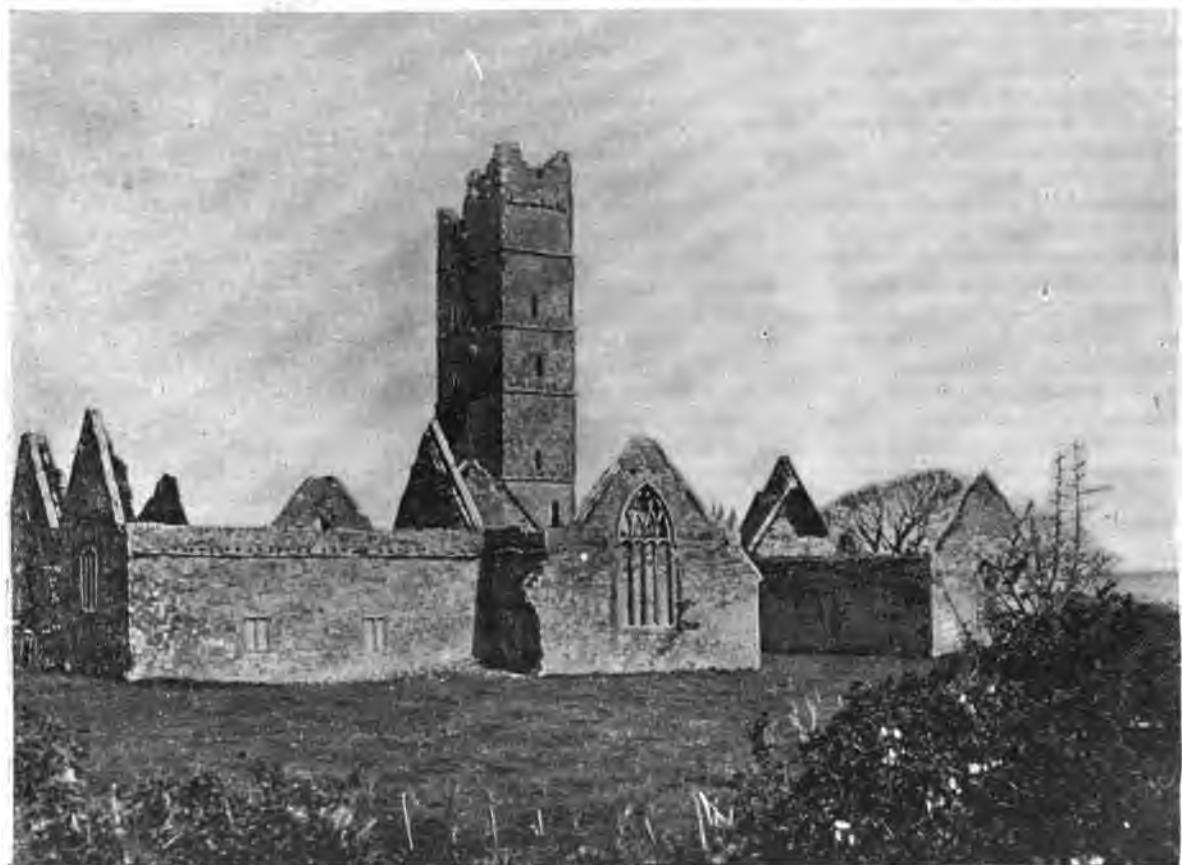
To him succeeded five other Viscounts Mayo, the family retaining part of their estates by turning Protestant. They kept hospitable house at Castle Bourke, now in ruins, on Lough Carra, maintaining bards and harpers, and were mostly buried in Ballintubber. The line became extinct when John, eighth viscount, died in London in 1767.

The title was revived in 1781 in favor of John Bourke, M. P., for Naas, who was created Viscount Mayo, of Money-crower, near Ballinrobe, where the family still retains a remnant of their former possessions. In 1785 he was made Earl of Mayo. He was a descendant of a MacWilliam, John of the Termon, who died in 1550. The seat of the Earl of Mayo is Palmerston House, Straffan, Co. Kildare. The present Earl's father, Richard Southwell Bourke, Viceroy of India, was assassinated in the Andaman Islands, February 8, 1872. Probably the present Viscount Mayo has never seen the county from which he takes his title.

Sir Richard Bingham, the Bourkes' old enemy and almost exterminator, died in Dublin in 1599, aged 70, "with an assured faith in Christ," says the grim adventurer's monument, in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey. He left only a daughter. His brother John landgrabbed extensively in Mayo, obtaining in particular the fine estate of the Bourkes of Castlebar, which the Bingham family still retains.

One of John Bingham's descendants married Anne Vesey, granddaughter of the celebrated Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan; hence the latter title was revived for Sir Charles Bingham of Castlebar in 1775, ancestor of the late Earl of Lucan, of Balaklava charge-the-guns celebrity, one of the greatest exterminators in Ireland in the famine days. Another branch of the Binghamhs, also occupying lands formerly owned by the Bourkes, at Ballyglass and Foxford, is that of Lord Clanmorris. The first lord got his title in 1800, with an immense sum of money, for voting for the Union with England.

In north Mayo the forfeited lands of the Bourkes were granted to Sir Arthur Gore, ancestor of the Earl of



RUINS OF MOYNE ABBEY, FOUNDED BY THE BOURKES. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

Arran (whose seat is Deel Castle, now Castle Gore), also to the Jacksons, Vaughans, Watts, Webbs and other Cromwellian troopers. The forfeitures in Mayo amounted to 19,294 acres of land, valued at £37,598 3s.

One of the last of the famous fighting Bourkes of Mayo was Walter Bourke of Turlough. He was member of parliament for Mayo and raised a regiment for King James in 1690. At the battle of Aughrim he held the old castle on the Irish left and lost nearly all his men, they being by mistake or treachery supplied with bullets that would not fit their muskets. On the Continent he commanded the celebrated Regiment of Bourke, which won special distinction at Cremona:

"Would you read our name in honor's

roll,

Look not for royal grant;

It is written in Cassano

Alcoy and Aliante.

Saragossa, Barcelona,

Wherever dangers lurk

You will find in the van the blue and
the buff

Of the Regiment of Bourke."

This gallant commander died a field marshal at Barcelona in 1775. His brother, Captain Thomas, proved a traitor to King James and betrayed Galway to the enemy. Captain William Bourke, of the Ballinrobe branch, besieged in the castle of Grange, Co. Sligo, in 1691, blew up the place and died with all his men rather than surrender to the Williamites. The Bourkes' estate of Turlough was granted to the Fitzgeralds, one of whom was the celebrated duellist, George Robert, "fighting Fitzgerald," who was hanged at Castlebar in 1786.

In the Irish army of James II. there were about eighty commissioned officers of the surname of Bourke or Burke, including five noblemen; hence the ax of confiscation struck heavily for the third time at the clan—root, trunk and branch—involving general attainder and exodus, so that when

more than a century later the French landed in Ireland, at Kilcummin, in the extreme north of the old territory of the Clan Uilliam, there was but one Bourke of prominence to join them in that desperate effort to free Ireland from English rule. He was Richard Bourke of Ballina, and he paid with his life for his patriotism, being hanged by the English at Killala in September, 1798.

Shawn More's brother, David Bourke of Rathroe Castle, slain at Shrue battle in 1570, left as posterity the Bourkes of Rathroe, Iniscoe and Carronkeel (west of Lough Conn). Of this line was "big Walter," the counsellor, famed as a Mayo lawyer and wit half a century ago, also the late Canon Ulick Bourke, a good Irish scholar and author of many excellent works on Irish history. Nephew of the counsellor was the late ill-fated Walter M. Bourke, of Curraleagh, near Claremorris, himself a counsellor, who after a brilliant and successful career in India, returned to Ireland in the Land League days, made a losing race as candidate for M. P. of Mayo, had various disputes with his tenantry, and was unfortunately shot to death, with a soldier escort, near his residence in Rahassane Park, near Gort, Co. Galway, June 8, 1882, the last Bourke of prominence in the affairs of Mayo.

In all the extensive territory once occupied by the clan and still thickly strewn with the grey or ivied ruins of the castles of the chief Bourkes, vain now to search for a representative man of the surname. A few petty landlords and lawyers, a sprinkling of farmers and shopkeepers, this is the amazing

little that is left of the once numerous descendants of William de Burgo in Lower Connacht, the able, war-like, powerful race that for centuries independently owned the soil, with their own laws and customs, their own flag and army. Few or none of the



LOUGH MASK CASTLE, ANCIENT RESIDENCE OF THE BOURKES.

name may be found on the present public boards or bodies of the county. Rapid and brilliant was the rise of the Burcagh chieftains; marvelous and melancholy their fall. Not a bard has raised a lament over their departed glory; from Ballycastle to Shrue the wild birds nestle in their dismantled towers, the grass springs unkempt over their forgotten graves.

And so, under the relentless law of phantasmagorian Irish change, passed the Clan Uilliam.

Irish Industries and the Coal Supply.

THE Dublin "Daily News" says: "That Ireland has great natural resources awaiting development is a matter of common knowledge. But an idea exists in this country that there is a lack of capital in Ireland for development purposes. That is not really the case.

"Desperately poor as so many of the peasantry are, there is no lack of money in Ireland, and the object of those at the head of the new movement is to encourage Irishmen to invest it for the development of their own land. If Irishmen had invested at home the money they have lost in recent years in shaky companies their country would be better off to-day. It is not English capital that Ireland wants as much as Irish investments in Ireland; English capital will follow.

"Ireland has no coal," is the objection always raised when industrial schemes are projected. That might have been a fatal objection at one time, but not since the perfection of electric motor power, for the generation of which Ireland has a copious supply of water."



RUINS OF THE HAGS CASTLE, LOUGH MASK.

The N. Y. Times and the Irish Revival.

THE New York Times is the representative in the United States of the London Times and of course follows in the footsteps of its notorious namesake in belittling and decrying almost everything Irish. The Irish Literary Revival is the latest object of attack and the New York Times loses no opportunity of ridiculing it.

The Times prints each week a signed letter from its London correspondent, W. L. Alden, in which everything British is lauded and everything in the most remote way anti British is found fault with.

During the Boer war Mr. Alden found constant opportunity to interject his anti-Boer views into his literary (?) letters to The Times and we happen to know half a dozen Times' readers who stopped taking that paper because of it. When President Kruger's book was announced Mr. Alden, as was to be expected, declared it in substance to be utterly worthless, unreliable, and untrue.

In The New York Times of February 7th last Mr. Alden gravely stated in his London letter, which is always given a prominent place in the paper, that he does not believe there are more than four, or at the most five persons who can read Irish—then wherefore the use of printing books or papers in Irish?

In reply to that statement in The Times Mr. John Quinn, a young American-Irish lawyer, sent a letter to that paper which they refused to publish. The New York Sun gladly found place for it and it is such an excellent letter and covers the ground so thoroughly that we reprint it herewith:

To the Editor of The Sun:

Sir:—A writer from London, of the cheap, slap-dash sort, lately spoke of "the so-called Irish literary movement" as "the maddest of all literary crazes," and asserted that not more

than five people have ever wasted their time in learning an obsolete language without a literature to repay the trouble. Now, what are the facts?

Up to the great famine in Ireland in 1847 the Irish language may be said, roughly speaking, to have been the language of the whole of Ireland, except the northeast corner, and it had been spoken there for two thousand years not only by the Milesians themselves but also by the children of every invader who gained footing in Ireland—Normans, Danes, Elizabethans and Cromwellians.

Because of the enforced emigration the population of Ireland since the famine has diminished by over one-half. During that time the Irish language, because of the efforts of the so-called "national schools" which excluded Irish from their courses, and the poverty of the people, which made them unable to provide Irish teachers of their own or to print and buy Irish books for themselves, was threatened with extinction. Consequently the Gaelic League was formed not as "a literary craze," but with the noble object of preserving to the Irish people the priceless heritage of their language in which was enshrined their history, their tradition, their poetry, their great epics, and the very soul and genius of their race.

The Irish language has never died out. It has always been a living language, largely as the result of the propaganda of the Gaelic League during the last fifteen years. The official census of Ireland for 1901 shows that the number of persons returned as speaking only Irish was 38,192, and the number speaking both Irish and English was 640,953, making a total of Irish speakers in Ireland in the year 1901 of 679,145. Look at these statistics of those who spoke Irish and those who spoke both Irish and English:

Counties.	Irish Only.	Irish and English.
Cork	2,273	117,447
Donegal	7,073	55,000
Galway	17,638	107,929
Kerry	4,481	69,701
Mayo	4,234	106,131
Waterford	1,321	36,158

Irish is also largely spoken in the highlands of Scotland by nearly as many people who know no English as in Ireland itself, the number being estimated at about 40,000. Irish is, in short, to-day the living tongue of almost as many people as speak half a dozen modern languages of Europe—Welsh, Greek, Servian, Bulgarian, Norwegian or Danish.

It is the living language of nearly 700,000 people; hundreds of books and pamphlets are printed monthly in it, newspapers entirely in the Irish language, even down to the advertisements, are printed and circulated weekly throughout Ireland; addresses and songs and speeches and poems in Irish are spoken and recited from stages where not a word of English is spoken; sermons are preached and prayers are read in Irish, and scholars from many universities of Europe go each year to Ireland to study the Irish language as spoken by the people of Ireland to-day.

To-day the Gaelic League under the presidency of Dr. Douglas Hyde has over four hundred branches throughout Ireland, each branch with a membership of from fifty to four hundred members. Many thousands of Irish children are studying Irish in the schools. The Gaelic League has sold 50,000 of its Irish textbooks in a single year. Fine plays are written and successfully performed in Irish. I myself in September last attended a *Féis*, or festival, at Killeeneen, in County Galway, near the burial place of the Irish poet Raftery, where there were over two thousand people assembled

on a beautiful Sunday afternoon to listen to speeches, songs and recitations in Irish from a platform where not a single word of English was spoken throughout the entire day. Out of the 2,000 people there assembled, certainly ninety in every hundred understood and talked Irish as their native tongue.

So far from being the "maddest of all literary crazes," European scholars like Zeuss, Bopp, Grimm, Ebel, Zimmer, Windisch, Zimmerman, D'Arbois De Jubainville, Dr. Whitely Stokes, Dr. Standish Hayes O'Grady, Prof. Kuno Meyer and Dr. Douglas Hyde, to name only a few out of many, have devoted a large part of their lives to the study of Irish literature and the Irish language. The twenty-two volumes of the "Revue Celtique" are devoted to the Celtic language and literature, and there are kindred German publications, the "Zeitschrift fur Cetische Philologie" and the "Irische Texte," edited by Dr. Ernst Windisch of the University of Lepsic.

Standish Hayes O'Grady's great catalogue of the Irish manuscripts in the British Museum, of history, law, medicine, poetry and folklore, occupies nearly seven hundred pages and is one of the most fascinating Irish books ever published. It is estimated by a competent scholar that there is still in manuscript in Ireland enough of Irish written within the last two hundred years to fill a couple of hundred octavo volumes. The Royal Irish Academy has catalogued about one-half of the manuscripts in it and the catalogue is contained in thirteen volumes, with 3,448 pages, and contains about ten thousand pieces, varying from perhaps a single verse of a song up to a long epic. M. Georges Dottin, Professor of French literature in the University of Rennes, writes:

"It is not with Greek that Irish ought to be compared, it is rather with the literatures of the Middle Ages—French, Germanic, and the rest. From this point of view Irish literature, almost as considerable as the French literature of the Middle Ages, possesses the same qualities and the same defects—qualities of imagination and of picturesqueness, defects of composition and expression. Nobody has ever contested the interest of the French literature of the Middle Ages, and I cannot believe that any one could dream of seriously denying the qualities possessed by the ancient literature of Ireland."

Irish literature possesses an almost perfect system of prosody, self-evolved, self-invented in Irish, that no other European country possesses. As early even as the year 750 Irish poets were making most perfect rhymes, a thing not known for at least two centuries later in any other modern vernacular; and the great scholar Zeuss, who put Celtic studies on a sure foundation, and Constantin Nigra have strongly urged the fact that it is to the Celts that Europe owes the very invention of rhyme, and the modern poets of Ireland have carried rhyme to a perfection that people who have not actually read their poems cannot even dream of.

Dr. Hyde's monumental "Literary History of Ireland" will reveal to any person interested in the subject conclusive evidences that the Irish language is one of the richest and its older literature among the greatest of the older literatures of the world. Dr. Sigerson's "Bards of the Gael and Gall," an anthology of very nearly one hundred and fifty poems metrically translated from the Irish and covering the ground from the earliest unrhymed chant down to the peasant days of the eighteenth century, puts it into the power of any English readers to judge of some of the qualities of Irish poetry for themselves. The Irish translation of the New Testament is older than the English version or than the Douay edition of the Old Testament.

I would also refer to Lady Gregory's monumental and beautiful translation of the Irish prose stories centering around the life and death of Cuchulain, known as "Cuchulain of Muirthemen" (London: John Murray, 1902). Let any one read Lady Gregory's spirited rendering of "The Courting of Emer," or "Bricriu's Feast," or "The War of Words of the Women of Ulster," or "The Fate of the Children of Usnach," or "The War for the Bull of Cuailgne," or "The Only Jealousy of Emer," or "The Great Gathering at Muirthemen" and "The Death of Cuchulain," and see if there is "no Irish literature."

"Its immense merit as literature," says a writer in The Nineteenth Century Magazine of last May, "is that, without tampering with the text, or rather the many texts, of the manuscripts it has followed, it has succeeded in giving to a series of disconnected episodes a single romantic form, building it into a single tragic story, precisely as 500 years ago Malory turned out of the Arthurian legends his eter-

nal monument, 'The Life and Death of King Arthur.'"

Mr. Henry Newbolt, in The Monthly Review of last November, speaks of Lady Gregory's translation as "a treasure that will be ours for our lives and a joy for many generations after us," and he says further:

"The Celtic heroes have the magic gift, which the Greek heroes had not, of inspiring their English interpreters. We have known four-and-twenty versions of Homer, and, fine as some of them are, we all agree with Mr. Lang that none is, or is likely to be, a final one. On the other hand, Lady Gregory's 'Cuchulain' was not born for death: he is not like him 'who slew the slayer, and shall himself be slain.'

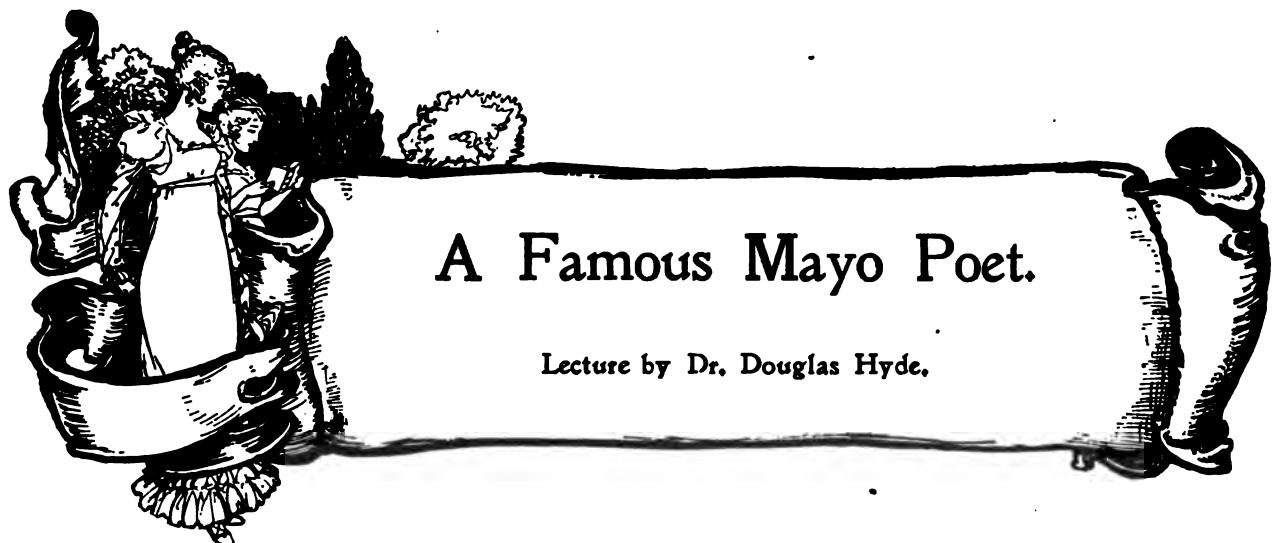
* * * 'The beauty of the women, Deirdre and Emer and those other brides of ancient song, is more convincing than that of all the Brynhilds, and the passions of Nibelungs and Volksungs are hoarse and barbarous compared with the loves and hates of Cuchulain and his peers. * * * It is characteristic of these legends that with all their vivid sense of beauty and brilliantly seen coloring, they have, as compared with 'The Iliad' or 'The Odyssey,' less material splendor and more spiritual, less of manner and more of feeling, and a sense of mystery or of imaginative romance that is entirely wanting to the Greek. The passage at the conclusion of the great epic (the death of Cuchulain) does not strike us as less true to human life than the burial of Hector or the final scene between Odyssus and Athena."

I need not refer to Renan's well-known essay on "The Poetry of the Celtic Races" and to Matthew Arnold's fascinating "Study of Celtic Literature."

JOHN QUINN.

Pre-Phoenician Writing In Crete.

MR. ARTHUR EVANS, whose name is identified with the recent excavations on the site of the Palace of Minos in Crete recently, gave a lecture at the Royal Institution in London in which he advanced his belief that well-defined writing existed among the Greeks as early as 1800 B. C., and doubtless could be traced back as far as 3000 B. C. He has been able to trace the evolution of pure pictographic writing to linear—a syllabary growing out of pictographic forms. His inference is that these forms were not borrowed from Egypt, but were indigenous.



A Famous Mayo Poet.

Lecture by Dr. Douglas Hyde.

AT a recent meeting of the National Literary Society, Dublin, a lecture entitled "A Poet of Mayo" was delivered by Dr. Douglas Hyde before a large audience. The lecture had reference to the life and poems of Raftery, a biography and appreciation of whose work Dr. Hyde has compiled as the results of much labor and research.

Dr. Sigerson, F. R. U. I., who presided, in introducing the lecturer, spoke of his distinguished literary work, the result of wide investigation, research, and critical judgment. Not the least of his services to his country and its literature was his discovery of the literature of Connacht. Since the days of Hardiman that province had lain in darkness, and was looked upon as unproductive. Dr. Hyde had cleared away the cloud with completeness, and had shown to them a literature forgotten and neglected, yet beautiful.

Dr. Hyde, who was received with applause, said he wanted to speak of one of the most remarkable men of whom he had ever found traces in the West of Ireland, and one of the strangest poets that ever wrote a verse or composed a stanza. The man whom he was going to speak of was one of those many geniuses of whom Ireland still remained in almost complete ignorance—a man whose life and deeds and works could only have been recovered by the longest and closest and most diligent searching amongst the old people of a generation who had now almost passed away.

The hero of the paper was a man who could neither read nor write. He had no access to books of any kind, or to any form of literature, except what,

his eyes being blind, he was able to pick up through his ears as he traveled from peasant's cottage to peasant's cottage with his bag over his shoulder, picking up as he went, his day's meal. Proceeding, Dr. Hyde went on to describe how he first came upon traces of Raftery.

About twenty years ago, when he was a gossoon, he was going out one frosty morning with his gun on his shoulder and his dog at his heel, when he saw an old man sitting at the door of a cottage singing to himself an old Irish song, which, as it afterwards turned out, was Raftery's "County of Mayo." The old man, at his request, taught him the song, and he went his way. It was fully twelve years after when he again came on traces of the poet, whom he did not know at the time had written the song.

He was one day in the Royal Irish Academy poking through some old manuscripts that were lying there rotting on the shelves, when he came upon a little manuscript written in a shaky, scrawling hand, containing a number of poems ascribed to a man called Raftery, and amongst them the very song that he had learned that blessed morning long ago. Seven years more elapsed before he came on what the African hunter would call a "hot spoor" of Raftery. He had taken a house in Blackrock, and was walking down to the station one morning when he met an old blind man begging alms. Having given him a penny and passed on about a hundred yards it struck him suddenly that he should have addressed the old man in Irish. He turned back, and having addressed the old man again, found he could speak excellent Irish. He conversed with him for

an hour, and amongst the things they talked about was Raftery.

The old man gave him minute directions as to a little house in a village in Southern Galway into which Raftery had been taken to die. Three or four years ago, Dr. Hyde went on to say, he found himself in the locality denoted, and going ten or twelve miles out of his way actually found the identical old man who had tended Raftery on his sick bed, had called in the priest for him, and had seen him die. Everybody in the village knew something about him, but nobody had written down his poems. The old man indicated a place where he had heard there was a man who had Raftery's poems written down in a book. He went there and found that the man had gone to America twenty years before and taken the book with him. He was directed to another house where the poems were, but with the same luck—the man had taken the book with him to America fifteen years ago.

With the aid of some of the people he was able to get some of Raftery's poems, and took them down. With the help of Lady Gregory he was able to find out a third manuscript belonging to an old stonemason, which contained fifteen or sixteen poems in addition to those he had already got. Then he came back to the Royal Irish Academy, but could not get a trace of the old manuscript he had seen many years ago. The index and catalogue afforded him no assistance, because, said Dr. Hyde, since the death of O'Curry they had left it in exactly the condition that that great Irishman had let it pass from his hands uncompleted. But after two whole days' search he again found the little roll of paper,

and discovered that it contained twenty poems, several of which he had not got before.

Other poems had been got from Miss McManus, the editor of the "Gaelic Journal," the town clerk of Tuam, and Father O'Looney, of Loughrea. One was obtained from a pawnbroker in Dublin, and several more came from out of the way directions. Altogether he had collected forty-five poems that everybody believed were lost and gone.

Dr. Hyde, in the concluding portion of his paper, described Raftery and the times he lived in, as illustrated by his poems, many of which he read out in Gaelic and in English. Born between 1780 and 1790, he saw the light first near Kiltimagh, his parents being very poor people. Smallpox deprived him of his sight early in life, so that he had never any better occupation with which to make a living, than that of fiddler. Yet, though absolutely destitute and practically dependent on alms, no poet of the people had ever exercised so widespread influence upon those among whom he lived. It was only in Ireland that the poems and life of such a man could have been all but absolutely lost, and it was passing curious that their recovery should have been the result of the mere accident of a man walking back a hundred yards to give a penny to a blind beggar.

On the motion of Dr. M. F. Cox, M. R. I. A., seconded by Miss McManus, and supported by Mr. Hugh Kennedy, B. L., and Miss Agnes O'Connor, a vote of thanks was passed to Dr. Hyde for his lecture.

GOLDSMITH'S house in London, 6
Wine Office Court, Fleet Street,
where he dwelt from 1761 to 1764
has lately been braced up by wooden
crutches, in order to prevent its fall-
ing down in company with the house
next door, but preparatory to its own
demolishment.

It was here that Goldsmith lived with a relative of John Newbery, his publisher. The arrangement was that Newbery's man should continually urge the not over diligent author to produce copy, and the device was more or less successful.

of less success.

Here Goldsmith was visited by Dr. Johnson, who is said to have dressed with immaculate neatness on these occasions in order to set an example to his careless friend—truly an amusing picture of the untidy old moralist. In this house Goldsmith wrote "The Traveller," and probably finished "The Vicar of Wakefield."



An Autumn Night in the Hills.

By J. M. Synge.

It was an afternoon of September, and some heavy rain of the night before had made the road which led up to the cottage* through the middle of the glen as smooth as a fine beach, while the clearness of the air gave the granite that ran up on either side of the way a peculiar tinge that was nearly luminous against the shadow of the hills. Every cottage that I passed had a group of rowan trees beside it covered with scarlet berries that gave brilliant points of color of curious effect.

Just as I came to the cottage the road turned across a swollen river which I had to cross on a range of slippery stones. Then, when I had gone a few yards further, I heard a bark of welcome, and the dog ran down to meet me. The noise he made brought two women to the door of the cottage, one a finely made girl, with an exquisitely open and graceful manner, the other a very old woman. A sudden shower had come up without any warning over the rim of the valley, so I went into the cottage and sat down on a sort of bench in the chimney-corner, at the end of a long low room with open rafters.

"You've come on a bad day," said the old woman, "for you won't see any of the lads or men about the place."

"I suppose they went out to cut their oats," I said, "this morning while the weather was fine."

"They did not," she answered. "but

they're after going down to Aughrim for the body of Mary Kinsella, that is to be brought this night from the station. There will be a wake then at the last cottage you're after passing, where you saw all them trees with the red berries on them."

She stopped for a moment while the girl gave me a drink of milk.

"I'm afraid it's a lot of trouble I'm giving you," I said as I took it, "and you busy, with no men in the place."

"No trouble at all in the world," said the girl, "and if it was itself, wouldn't any one be glad of it in the lonesome place we're in."

The old woman began talking again:

"You saw no sign or trace on the road of the people coming with the body?"

"No sign," I said, "and who was she at all?"

"She was a fine young woman with two children," she went on, "and a year and a half ago she went wrong in her head, and they had to send her away. And then up there in the Richmond asylum maybe they thought the sooner they were shut of her the better, for she died two days ago this morning, and now they're bringing her up to have a wake, and they'll bury her beyond at the churches, far as it is, for it's there are all the people of the two families."

While we talked I had been examining a wound in the dog's side near the end of his lung.

"He'll do rightly now," said the girl who had come in again and was putting tea-things on the table. "He'll do rightly now. You wouldn't know he'd been hurted at all only for a kind of a cough he'll give now and again. Did they ever tell you the way he was hit?" she added, going down on her knees in the chimney-corner with some dry twigs in her hand and making a little fire on the flag-stone a few inches from the turf.

I told her I had heard nothing but the fact of his wound.

"Well," she said, "a great darkness

and storm came down that night and they all out on the hill. The rivers rose, and they were there groping along by the turf track not minding the dogs. Then an old rabbit got up and run before them, and a man put up his gun and shot across it. When he fired that dog run out from behind a rock, and one grain of the shot cut the scruff off his nose, and another went in there where you were looking, at the but of his ribs. He dropped down bleeding and howling, and they thought he was killed. The night was falling and they had no way they could carry him, so they made a kind of a shelter for him with sticks and turf, and they left him while they would be going for a sack."

She stopped for a moment to knead some dough and put down a dozen hot cakes—cut out with the mouth of a tumbler—in a frying pan on the little fire she had made with the twigs. While she was doing so the old woman took up the talk.

"Ah," she said, "there do be queer things them nights out on the mountains and in the lakes among them. I was reared beyond in the valley where the mines used to be, in the valley of the Lough Nahanagan, and it's many a queer story I've heard of the spirit

does be in that lake."

"I have sometimes been there fishing till it was dark," I said when she paused, "and heard strange noises in the cliff."

"There was an uncle of mine," she continued, "and he was there the same way as yourself, fishing with a big fly in the darkness of the night, and the spirit came down out of the clouds and rifted the waters asunder. He was afeared then and he run down to the houses trembling and shaking. There was another time," she went on, "a man came round to this county who was after swimming through the water of every lake in Ireland. He went up to swim in that lake, and a brother of my own went up along with him. The gentleman had heard tell of the spirit but not a bit would he believe in it. He went down on the bank, and he had a big black dog with him, and he took off his clothes.

"For the love of God," said my brother, "put that dog in before you go in yourself, the way you'll see if he ever comes out of it." The gentleman said he would do that and they threw in a stick or a stone and the dog leapt in and swam out to it. Then he turned round again and he swam and he

swam, and not a bit nearer did he come.

"He's a long time swimming back," said the gentleman.

"I'm thinking your honor'll have a grey beard before he comes back," said my brother, and before the word was out of his mouth the dog went down out of their sight, and the inside out of him came up on the top of the water."

By this time the cakes were ready and the girl put them on a plate for me at the table, and poured out a cup of tea from the tea-pot, putting the milk and sugar herself into my cup as is the custom with the cottage people of Wicklow. Then she put the tea-pot down in the embers of the turf and sat down in the place I had left.

"Well," she said, "I was telling you the story of that night. When they got back here they sent up two lads for the dog, with a sack to carry him on if he was alive and a spade to bury him if he was dead. When they came to the turf where they left him they saw him near twenty yards down the path. The crathur thought they were after leaving him there to die, and he got that lonesome he dragged himself along like a Christian till he got too weak



"YOU'VE COME ON A BAD DAY," SAID THE OLD WOMAN.

with the bleeding. James, the big lad, walked up again him first with the spade in his hand. When he seen the spade he let a kind of a groan out of him.

"That dog's as wise as a child, and he knew right well it was to bury him they brought the spade. Then Mike went up and laid down the sack on the ground, and the minute he seen it he jumped up and tumbled in on it himself. Then they carried him down, and the crathur getting his death with the cold and the great rain was falling. When they brought him in here you'd have thought he was dead. We put up a settle bed before the fire, and we put him into it. The heat roused him a bit, and he stretched out his legs and gave two groans out of him like an old man. Mike thought he'd drink some milk so we heated a cup of it over the fire. When he put down his tongue into it he began to cough and bleed, then he turned himself over in the settle bed and looked up at me like an old man. I sat up with him that night and it raining and blowing. At four in the morning I gave him a sup more of the milk and he was able to drink it.

"The next day he was stronger, and we gave him a little new milk every now and again. We couldn't keep him here all day in the kitchen so we put him in the little room beyond by the door and an armful of hay in along with him. In the afternoon the boys were out on the mountain and the old woman was gone somewhere else, and I was chopping sticks in the lane. I heard a sort of a noise and there he was with his head out through the window looking out on me in the lane. I was afraid he was lonesome in there all by himself, so I put in one of our old dogs to keep him company. Then I stuffed an old hat into the window and I thought they'd be quiet together.

"But what did they do but begin to fight in there all in the dark as they were. I opened the door and out runs that lad before I could stop him. Not a bit would he go in again, so I had to leave him running about beside me. He's that loyal to me now you wouldn't believe it. When I go for the cow he comes along with me, and when I go to make up a bit of hay on the hill he'll come and make a sort of bed for himself under a haystack, and not a bit of him will look at Mike or the boys."

"Ah," said the old woman, as the girl got up to pour me out another cup from the tea-pot, "it's herself will be lone-

some when that dog is gone, he's never out of her sight, and you'd do right to send her down a little dog all for herself."

"You would so," said the girl, "but maybe he wouldn't be loyal to me, and I wouldn't give a thraneen for a dog as wasn't loyal."

"Would you believe it," said the old woman again, "when the gentleman wrote down about that dog Mike went out to where she was in the haggard, and says 'They're after sending me the prescription for that dog,' says he, 'to put on his tombstone.' And she went down quite simple, and told the boys below in the bog, and it wasn't till they began making game of her that she seen the way she'd been humbugged."

"That's the truth," said the girl, "I went down quite simple, and indeed it's a small wonder, that dog's as fit for a decent burial as many that gets it."

Meanwhile the shower had turned to a dense torrent of mountain rain, and although the evening was hardly coming on, it was so dark that the girl lighted a lamp and hung it at the corner of the chimney. The kitchen was longer than most that I have met with and had a skeleton staircase at the far end that looked vague and shadowy in the dim light from the lamp. The old woman wore one of the old-fashioned caps with a white frill round the face, and entered with great fitness into the general scheme of the kitchen. I did not like leaving them to go into the raw night for a long walk on the mountains, and I sat down and talked to them for a long time, till the old woman thought I would be benighted.

"Go out now," she said at last to the girl, "go out now and see what water is coming over the fall above, for with this rain the water'll rise fast, and maybe he'll have to walk down to the bridge, a rough walk when the night is coming on."

The girl came back in a moment.

"It's riz already," she said. "He'll want to go down to the bridge." Then turning to me: "If you'll come now I'll show you the way you have to go, and I'll wait below for the boys; it won't be long now till they come with the body of Mary Kinsella."

We went out at once and she walked quickly before me through a maze of small fields and pieces of bog, where I would have soon lost the track if I had been alone.

The bridge, when we reached it, was a narrow wooden structure fastened up

on iron bars which pierced large boulders in the bed of the river. An immense grey flood was struggling among the stones, looking dangerous and desolate in the half-light of the evening, while the wind was so great that the bridge wailed and quivered and whistled under our feet. A few paces further on we came to a cottage where the girl wished me a good journey and went in to wait for her brothers.

The daylight still lingered but the heavy rain and a thick white cloud that had come down made everything unreal and dismal to an extraordinary degree. I went up a road where on one side I could see the trunks of beech trees reaching up wet and motionless—with odd sighs and movements when a gust caught the valley—into a greyness overhead, where nothing could be distinguished. Between them there were masses of shadow, and masses of half-luminous fog with black branches across them. On the other side of the road flocks of sheep I could not see coughed and choked with sad gutteral noises in the shelter of the hedge, or rushed away through a gap when they felt the dog was near them. Above everything my ears were haunted by the dead heavy swish of the rain. When I came near the first village I had to pass I heard noise and commotion. Many cars and gigs were collected at the door of the public house, and the bar was filled with men who were drinking and making a noise. Everything was dark and confused yet on one car I was able to make out the shadow of a coffin, strapped in the rain, with the body of Mary Kinsella.

Irish Lace.

SWITZER & CO., Ltd., Dublin, are about the largest sellers, wholesale and retail, of Irish lace in Ireland. They buy direct from the producing centers, and not from local wholesale firms, thus saving the wearer an intermediate profit. They employ a staff of lace workers in Dublin and in the country.

THE GAEL will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada for one year for \$1.00, or to any address in Ireland or Great Britain, one year for 5 shillings.

All subscriptions are payable in advance. Checks or Post Office Money Orders should be made payable to THE GAEL, 140 Nassau Street, New York.



The Dear Little Widow.

COSY and warm was the widow's wee kitchen,
Bright as a button were dresser and shelf,
Buxom and rosy and sweet as a posy
Beside the turf-fire sat the widow herself!
"Welcome!" says she with a smile so bewitchin'
I knew from that minute her slave I would be;
While you'd be winkin' the china was clinkin',
And the dear little widow was makin' the tea!

Sweet were the pancakes and fresh was the butter,
Neat was the table as heart could desire,
But what could be sweeter or fresher or neater
Than Mary herself, as she sat by the fire?
Was it the tea set my heart in a flutter,
Or was it the love-light that shone in her glance?
Drawn by her power as the bee to the flower,
I sat by her side like a man in a trance!

"Mary!" I whispered, at last growin' bolder,
"Barney!" was all she could say in reply;
My arm stole around her and tenderly bound her:
"My darlin', I'm *dying* about you!" says I.
Fondly she nestled her head on my shoulder:
"I'd rather you'd *live* for me Barney!" says she—
Now the wee kitchen two childre' is rich in:
There's one like herself and another like me!
Belfast.

—P. I. MAGUIRE.

April Memories.

A GREEN mist hung o'er the waking trees,
The valley shone in its ecstasies
Of April—month of the star-bright blossoms.
Dear Island Mother, I cling to these.

The hawthorn snow-white, the woodbine sweet,
The wild blue-bell in its lone retreat,
No wonder memory always traces
Ol'ien places with golden feet.

Over my heart was that soft, sweet air—
Childhood is April everywhere—
Years ago—and, I sometimes wonder,
If shadows are still remembered there.

April, sunny, with smiles and tears
Like poor Ireland—it chills and cheers,
Oh, but I long to see the clover
Over and over—across the years!

Grief is mine for a mother's thrall,
For love lies there in a dark, dark pall,
In Memory's glass, I can see before me
My father's grave by the abbey wall.

New York.

—EUGENE GEARY.

The Flower of Finae.

A BALLAD OF THE IRISH BRIGADE OF FRANCE.

By Thomas Davis.

[This is one of Davis' finest ballads and tells the story of a young Irish couple in the days succeeding the gloom of Aughrim. Fergus O'Farrell campaigned for eight years and fell mortally wounded at Ramillies, where the French, under Villeroi, were defeated by the English, under Marlborough, in May, 1706. Clare's Irish regiment captured, while fighting in retreat, the colors of the English regiment of Churchill and hung them in the convent of Ypres (eepr) in which Eily McMahon, after the death of her lover, became a nun. "The Cravats" alluded to in the ballad were the famous Royal Guard of France.]

BRIGHT red is the sun on the waves of Lough Sheeling,
A cool, gentle breeze from the mountain is stealing,
While fair round its islets the small ripples play,
But fairer than all is the Flower of Finae.

Her hair is like night and her eyes like gray morning;
She trips on the heather, as if its touch scorning,
But her heart and her lips are as milo as May day,
Sweet Eily MacMahon, the Flower of Finae!

But who down the hillside than red deer runs fleetest?
And who on the lake side is hastening to greet her?
Who but Fergus O'Farrell, the fiery and gay—
The darling and pride of the Flower of Finae.

One kiss and one clasp and one wild look of gladness,
But why do they change on a sudden to sadness?
He had told his hard fortune, no more can he stay—
He must leave his poor Eily to pine in Finae.

He fought at Cremona, she hears of his story,
He fought at Cassano—she's proud of his glory;
Yet sadly she sings "Shule Aroon" all the day—
"Oh come, come, my darling—come home to Finae!"

Eight long years have pass'd till she's nigh broken-hearted;
Her reel and her rock and her flax she has parted,
She sails with the "Wild Geese" to Flanders away,
And leaves her sad parents alone in Finae.

Lord Clare on the field of Ramillies is charging,
Before him the Sassenach squadrons enlarging,
Behind him "the Cravats" their sections display,
Beside him rides Fergus and shouts for Finae.

On the slopes of La Judoigne the Frenchmen are flying,
Lord Clare and his squadrons the foe still defying,
Outnumbered and wounded retreat in array,
And bleeding rides Fergus and thinks of Finae.

In the cloisters of Ypres a banner is swaying,
And by it a pale weeping maiden is praying;
That flag's the sole trophy of Ramillies' fray;
This nun is poor Eily, the Flower of Finae.



A POPULAR edition of the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's autobiography, "My Life in Two Hemispheres," will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin shortly. This new edition will be in two volumes and will be issued in "The Reformer's Bookshelf."

C. J. CLAY & SONS, Cambridge University Press, London, announce "Two Biographies of William Bedell, Bishop of Kilmore, with a Selection of his Letters and an Unpublished Treatise." Edited with Notes by E. S. Shuckburgh, M. A. The price is 10s.

M R. P. F. Collier, of "Collier's Weekly," is establishing a publishing business in London, and may possibly bring out his clever periodical there. He is looking for copyrights of the works of the leading English writers, and proposes to bring out all sorts of good literature "in accordance with the latest American ideas in printing and binding."

M R. MICHAEL M'DONAGH, of London, who was an intimate friend of the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy during the closing years of his life, is engaged on a biography of the veteran patriot.

Mr. M'Donagh is eminently fitted for the undertaking. He has written "J. K. L.," a Biographical Sketch of the Great Bishop Doyle, "Irish Life and Character," "The Life of O'Connell," and other works.

J OHN MURRAY, Publisher, Albemarle St., London, announces a new edition of "Wakeman's Handbook of Irish Antiquities," edited by John Cook, M. A., F. R. S. A.

This is a revised edition of the late W. F. Wakeman's well-known Handbook, with new chapters added on burial customs, ogham stones, raths and stone forts, lake dwellings, etc., by the editor, who has kept in close touch with the results of recent scientific exploration in Ireland.

M ISS AGNES O'FARRELLY, M. A., Dublin, at the request of the Irish Texts Society, London, has undertaken the work of editing the poems of "O'Neachtain, the Meath Poet."

The work is in good hands, and

when ready should prove a valuable addition to our fast-growing body of available Irish literature.

M R. T. O'NEILL LANE'S great "English-Irish Dictionary" is steadily progressing to a finish; and, in fact, is at present passing through the press. It will be a remarkable work for one man to have carried through single-handed.

The author compiled the book in the British Museum, in the first instance, and he then spent five years in various parts of Ireland where the language is still spoken revising it.

The publishers are Messrs. Sealy, Bryers & Walker, of Abbey Street, Dublin.

A TRIP on a Jaunting Car" is the title of an interesting and handsomely gotten-up book just issued by Harper Bros. The volume was written by Mr. S. G. Bayne, and describes his experiences in a brief Irish tour from Londonderry to Cork by way of Donegal, Sligo, Connemara and Limerick.

The full page photographs with which the volume is illustrated form a most attractive feature.

We can imagine no short European trip half so likely to restore a business man as this of Mr. Bayne's, who spent his month's vacation among some of the most beautiful mountain and lake scenery in the world, far from the tourist throng, and in the mild, soothing air that ensures appetite and sleep.

It is to be hoped that his experiences will inspire many, but not too many, others to avoid railways and towns, and drive at their ease in an Irish side-car in that lonely country that lies on the extreme western verge of Europe.

The book is advertised on another page of this issue.

TO-DAY and To-morrow in Ireland" is the title of a work by Stephen Gwynn, Hodges, Figgis & Co., Dublin. Price, 5s

In this book, the latest addition to the already formidable mass of modern Anglo-Irish literature, Mr. Gwynn has collected ten essays from various reviews and journals, essays differing widely in interest, but all of which possess a unity of subject.

All the essays deal with Ireland, and

combine in formulating a distinct accusation of English civilization and English modes of thought. Mr. Gwynn is a member of that large and progressive party which seeks to establish an Irish literature and Irish industries.

The first essays in his book are literary criticisms, and it may be said that they are the most interesting. Some are mere records of events, and some written to give English readers a general notion of what is meant by the Gaelic revival.

His account of the establishing of the fishing industry in the west of Ireland is extremely interesting, and so are his accounts of dairies, old-fashioned and new-fashioned, and of carpet-making.

The volume, admirably gotten up, is a credit to the Dublin firm to whose enterprise its publication is due.

H ENRY GRATTAN," an essay by Alfred E. Zimmern (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell), possesses much merit. It will impress many readers as the most important contribution to the understanding of the life and policy of a great Irishman that has appeared since Mr. Lecky's essay on "The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," which was first published anonymously forty years ago.

If Mr. Lecky then was partially responsible for the rise in an educated circle of home-rule principles, it is to be hoped that Mr. Zimmern's essay will now help towards an enduring settlement between Great Britain and Ireland.

A T a recent meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, Dawson Street, Dublin, the president, Professor Atkinson, announced that the translation of the Book of Armagh, which had been under way for years, has at last been completed, the text is in print and the work will soon be published.

He said the work was anxiously looked forward to by scholars all over the world with the greatest possible interest, as not only likely to furnish the basis of solution for many vexed questions, but also to add a stimulus for further research.

M OIRA O'NEILL, whose Antrim Glen lyrics were eulogized by Dr. Sigerson at the National Literary Society recently, is one of those writers whose personality has

been kept considerably in the background. Whilst her poems appearing in "Blackwood's Magazine" have been universally quoted and admired, biographical paragraphs have rarely been published about her, nor does she seem to appreciate publicity.

The circle of her literary admirers, will be glad to know that though on her marriage some few years ago she went to reside far west in Canada, she has returned to reside in Ireland, let us hope permanently. Her maiden name was Nesta Higginson; she was a member of an old landed family in the Antrim glens, and is now Mrs. Skreen.

She is distinguished particularly for having brought into poetic diction the homely idiom of the Ulster English speech. This is a dialect quite apart from the lowland speech of the descendants of Scotch settlers, and is far more true to life than the brogue talk of other well-known writers. In fact, so far, Moira O'Neill may be said to be the only poet of her school.

A COPY of a new and beautiful "Hymn to St. Patrick," by the Rev. George O'Neill, S. J., has been received.

It is tender, pathetic, prayerful, and at the same time reveals that spirit of sweet simplicity which appeals so strongly to one's sense of the appropriate. This is the opening verse:

"Dear Apostle, Blessed Patrick, faithful lover of our land,
Thou so tender in compassion, in thy fortitude so grand;
See thy children gathered round thee,
let thy heart be open wide
To the voice of their appealing, be our father and our guide."

Messrs. Fallon & Co., 29 Lower O'Connell St., Dublin, are the publishers.

THE Amsterdam Book Co., 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, have been appointed agents for the publishing house of David Nutt & Co., London. We have received from them a copy of a charming little book, "The Courtship of Ferb," being the first volume of the Irish Saga Library consisting of early Irish prose and verse translated into English prose and verse.

"The Courtship of Ferb" is an old Irish romance dealing with a minor raid, one of several which preceded and led to the famous "Tain bo Cuailgne." The story was transcribed in the twelfth century into the Book of Leinster and has been now translated into English prose and verse by Mr. A. H. Leahy. The volume costs in cloth 75 cents, in limp leather \$1.50.

NESSA" is the title of a handsomely bound little volume containing a charming story by Miss L. McManus. It is dedicated to the Gaelic League.

The scene is laid in the time of the Cromwellian Settlement, when the war was over, and the Cromwellian troopers were still in occupation, some of them, indeed, awaiting their allotment of the lands whereof the Irishry had

been plundered and despoiled. By taking the period of the "pacification" rather than of the war itself, the author has adroitly avoided the too common lines of Irish historical tales, and has so managed to give her little story a rather novel background.

The style is simply admirable, and renders the book a real little literary pearl in its way. An unique feature of the book is the way in which the "atmosphere" of the time, and of the place—the neighborhood of Loughrea—is suggested and preserved throughout.

A serial story from the pen of Miss McManus is now running in the pages of "The Irish Rosary."

MESSRS. M. H. GILL & SON, Publishers, Dublin, have in preparation what promises to be the best and most exhaustive work on Robert Emmet yet published.

The author, Mr. J. J. Reynolds, of Dublin, is an occasional contributor to THE GAEL and a man in every way well qualified for the work he has so successfully accomplished.

Before being placed in the printer's hands the manuscript was sent to this country and submitted to Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, the famous and learned historiographer of the Emmet family, who approved its publication.

The volume will be super royal octavo, green cloth, Celtic ornamental border, gilt lettered title with profile head of Emmet and autograph on cover. There are more than fifty half-tone illustrations, several of which are entirely new.

Dr. Emmet kindly gave permission to reproduce the choicest pictures from his great work which cost \$30,000 to produce and of which only one hundred and thirty copies were printed when the type and plates were broken up. That, of course, is a very rare book.

A sketch of Emmet's trial from the Joly collection in the National Library of Ireland, together with several rare prints which have not heretofore been reproduced will add much to the value of the work.

Mr. Reynolds possesses a charming literary style and his book will be a decided acquisition to the subject which becomes, if possible, more absorbing with the passage of the years.

A LL on the Irish Shore" is the title given to a series of Irish sketches by Messrs. E. A. Somerville and Martin Ross, which Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. will place before the public almost immediately. The writers are, perhaps, best known as the authors of "The Reminiscences of an Irish R. M." The book is to be illustrated.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO. have in the press a new edition, in two volumes, 8vo, of "The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland: Flood—Grattan—O'Connell," by the Right Hon. W. E. H. Lecky. This new edition is greatly enlarged and re-written, and contains a new introduction.

WE have received from Hodges, Figgis & Co., Dublin, "Poets and Dreamers, Studies and Translations from the Irish," by Lady Gregory. The volume consists of a series of critical essays on Irish Poets and ballad writers, and translations of specimens of their work.

The first paper is devoted to Raftery, the famous Mayo itinerant poet, and contains several interesting anecdotes relating to him. Other chapters are given to West Irish Ballads, Jacobite Ballads, An Graobhán's Poems, Boer Ballads in Ireland, A Sorrowful Lament for Ireland, On the Edge of the World, etc.

In a chapter devoted to An Craobhán's Plays, Lady Gregory says: "I hold that the beginning of modern Irish drama was in the Winter of 1898, at a school feast at Coole, when Dr. Douglas Hyde and Miss Norma Borthwick acted in Irish in a Punch and Judy show; and the delighted children went back to tell their parents what grand curses *An Croíthín* had put on the baby and the policeman.

"A little time after that, when a play was wanted for our Literary Theatre, Dr. Hyde wrote, and then acted in 'The Twisting of the Rope,' the first Irish play ever given in a Dublin theatre."

Lady Gregory also gives translations of some of Dr. Douglas Hyde's plays in Gaelic, including a Miracle play and a Nativity play.

The volume is well wrinded on Irish made paper. 8vo. boards, price 6 shillings.

WHAT promises to be an excellent "Illustrated Scotch Gaelic Dictionary" is being published in parts by E. Macdonald & Co., at the Gaelic Press, Ardmor, Lyminge, Kent, England.

Three parts have already been issued. Part I. consists of 39 octavo pages—fifteen of an introduction (in which very full and minute rules of pronunciation are given, as well as a very complete grammar of the language) and twenty-four pages of the Dictionary, namely, from *A*, *Ailm* (the elm tree), down to *Aitichte*, pt. part. of *aitich* (inhabited, settled, etc.).

Parts II. and III. contain thirty-two pages each, and bring down the Dictionary to *Bewc*, s. m., (roar, bellow, yell, outcry; noise, clamor).

It is admitted that in compiling the Dictionary the author has been largely indebted to "MacLeod & Dewar's Gaelic Dictionary," but the sources of all the important additions are carefully given in the vocabulary.

The Dictionary is carefully and well printed on good hand-made paper made in Scotland, while the illustrations are excellent, and will be found a great aid.

Gaelic Department.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances the Gaelic Department has been delayed this month but will appear regularly hereafter.

Google



Twenty-five Volumes Given for a Few Ideas.

LAST month we offered twenty-five volumes written by Irish authors, in exchange for any ideas that our readers may send in by which this magazine may be improved and its circulation increased. The winners will be announced in the July GAEL. Suggestions may be sent in any time until the middle of June. Parties interested in the contest are invited to read the offer in the March GAEL. It will not be reprinted. The following are from among a large number received:

Editor THE GAEL:

Dear Sir.—Your magazine is too small and does not come out often enough. It should be published every week. The intervals between issues are too long and people lose interest in the Gaelic Movement and forget all about it between times.

American publishers give a great deal for ten cents. Why not imitate them in that respect? My suggestion is that you make it a weekly publication with twice the present number of pages. The circulation will become doubled within a few months.

W. H. D.

Baltimore, Md.

Editor THE GAEL:

Dear Sir.—I think the name of your magazine, "THE GAEL," is against it. I don't believe that one Irishman in twenty knows what the word means. Ask a few and find out. You will discover that many never heard the word "Gael" before. Less than two years ago the Dublin "Gaelic Journal," in referring to your publication, spelled it "Gail." What do you think of that?

People do not like to buy publications the name of which they do not understand. Change the name to "The Celtic Magazine," or "The Irish Literary Monthly," or "Erin's Hope," or something that conveys a meaning or a sentiment which the present name does not, and your circulation will increase.

P. M.

Youngstown, O.

Editor THE GAEL:

Dear Sir.—I take great interest in THE GAEL and offer these few weak suggestions, not in hopes of winning a prize but because I love the magazine and fully appreciate the value, from an educational and patriotic standpoint, of the great work it is performing.

Candidly I do not know of any Irish magazine conducted on the same broad liberal lines, that is as good or anywhere near as good, as THE GAEL. There is none. The trouble is you have set yourself such a high standard of merit that it is difficult to improve on it.

The size of THE GAEL is just right.

Do not enlarge it. I subscribe for a number of periodicals, and to keep abreast of the times must read them. If THE GAEL should be enlarged most probably I will be unable to enjoy it.

While keeping THE GAEL a truly Irish magazine be careful and continue to avoid taking sides with any of the political factions which are always with us, ever battling with one another for supremacy. They all mean well. God bless them. But all cannot be right.

Chicago.

"SOGGARTH."

Editor THE GAEL: March 5th, 1903.

Dear Sir.—In response to your request for suggestions that may tend to popularize THE GAEL, I beg to offer the following:

Devote at least one page each month to A. O. H. notes and engage one member in each organization to take subscriptions on commission.

Enlist the services of a good spokesman at their National Meeting to recommend it to all members, showing how it keeps alive the memory of the old land, etc.

Print each month a short write-up of some branch of the A. O. H., giving names and pictures of the leading men, taking the precaution to announce this feature in advance at the place to be written about.

Have THE GAEL more generally displayed on newsstands than at present. Its bright face looks beautiful among the other magazines.

Have it listed with the Subscription Agencies which offer special inducements for introduction. A magazine can be made popular through advertising regardless of whom it may cater to.

Send out a coin card offering a three month's trial subscription for twenty-five cents. This has been proven a successful scheme.

Send to papers everywhere advance announcements of forthcoming articles asking insertion for the same. Many editors print such notices. One prominent American magazine does this regularly, and gets an immense amount of free advertising.

Send out an agent to solicit subscriptions and to appoint some one at each place to collect renewals.

Print each month a page of news notes from as many different points as possible. Our people are clannish and, while they love Ireland as a whole, yet they love their home place especially, and like to see its name in print. I consider it of the greatest importance that THE GAEL should be presented and praised to every Irishman by some other pleased Irishman who takes it regularly.

Print plenty of pictures of Irish scenery;

everybody likes pictures. Have an Irish castle or round tower on the cover, and have a short article each month describing entertainingly some event in Irish history, such as the "Treaty of Limerick," "Story of Sarsfield," "Lord Edward's Arrest," etc.

There is a large number of young Irish amateur writers who find difficulty in procuring recognition. Enlist their services by offering prizes for short stories or poems, making it a condition that one or two subscriptions must be sent with each manuscript entered for competition.

Always remember that under modern conditions merit alone cannot be depended upon for success. Many inferior articles and commodities supplant better ones through being better advertised and exploited.

Respectfully yours,
P. McL.

Augusta, Ga.

New York, March 7, 1903.

Editor of THE GAEL:

Dear Sir.—I have read in the March number of THE GAEL your request for suggestions, which might tend to the further circulation of the same. The magazine is already so excellent, so interesting, that it seemed difficult to think of any; nevertheless, on a further consideration of the subject, these few, which I believe you might find both practical and beneficial, presented themselves to my mind:

I.—Have a serial—a story of the lively, hair-breadth-scape order if possible. This would add to the paper's interest for country people especially, and, I believe, would materially increase its circulation in Ireland. My reason for suggesting this is that I remember, as a little girl, with what delight we used to look forward to the coming every week, to our Ulster farmhouse, of "Young Ireland" and the "Weekly News," and how in the meantime we used to discuss the probable events of the serial in each coming number. I remember one of these continued stories dealt with the fortunes of Shane O'Neill and another with the life of a modern Irish M. P., and while of course at this distance I cannot speak definitely of their literary quality, I remember that their influence was altogether uplifting and enlightening.

II.—Have poems—at least one or two—with a little more "blood" in them. I mean just the quality that is wanting in the verses of Yeats and Hopper and the rest of the quasi-Gaels. Very often patriotic poetry is not of a high literary order, but for my own part, I can see a more redeeming quality of true Celticism even in the poems of a man like Michael Hogan, the "Bard of Thomond," than I

can find in the verses of the more refined Anglo-Celts—though this, of course, may be a defect in myself.

III.—Be more modern. Ireland did not die in '98 or '48. Have a little more of living issues. There is or was at least, a few weeks ago, right here in New York, a quite ordinary-looking Ulster Irishman (Joseph Devlin) who is waging as heroic a fight for his country, just now, as Wolfe Tone, or Brian Boru, for that matter, ever attempted. Surely a portrait of such a man deserves a little space. Or would a notice of his work be out of place? Perhaps you would say "yes"—in a literary monthly. Yet, if you aim to make THE GAEL more than that, if you aim to increase its circulation, and make it a factor in the larger life of our race, I do not see that more practical advice than this could be offered.

In anything Irish, there cannot be half-measures. A decided line is always necessary. See the example of the New York "Daily News!" It had always been Irish and Democratic. Munsey bought it, and with a great self-tooting, turned it into a sort of quasi-magazine without any line in creed or politics. Before, I think, six months, he had demonstrated he had made a mistake. Therefore, I would say, publish the portraits of Ireland's distinguished men—publish the portraits of other noted people, too, for nowadays people like to see the people they read about. Also whenever a telling cartoon on Irish matters appears, I think it would be good policy to reproduce it.

IV.—Let you magazine be better known. See that it receives notices in every publication possible. Get it noticed in the Irish newspapers; have advertisements placed on the New York newstands, with copies conspicuously displayed for sale.

Now, there are my suggestions. When I look over them, it seems to me as if they might sound impertinent; but that in truth they are not, being merely given sincerely, if crudely in the intervals of office-work. With best wishes for the future of THE GAEL, I remain,

Very truly yours,

New York. (Miss) E. R. C.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH announce that they have ready for immediate publication an historical novel on the Irish Rebellion of '98, which gives a most vivid picture of the struggle between Catholic and Protestant Ireland under Lord Castlereagh's rule.

The title, "Croppies Lie Down," has been taken by the author, Mr. William Buckley, from the famous Protestant song of the period, but it is, of course, possible to use a title in an ironical sense.

THE GAEL.

Caelic Figures.

AS is well-known, fishing boats must have their numbers marked on them in plain figures. Donald McTavish had had his boat newly tarred, and went to sea omitting to replace the number on it. The first day he put to sea H. M. S. Scorpion hove in sight, her course taking her near Donald's boat. "Boat ahoy!" came from the former's deck. "Where is your number?" "On the other side," bawled Donald.

Off went the Scorpion, making a circuit round the boat to verify the truth of this statement. Throwing down the nets on which he was working Donald went below, and soon reappeared with a piece of chalk. Then leaning well over the side, he soon had the number down in large white figures. "That's hoo to cheat them," he remarked to his mate. But, alas! neither of them had considered the fact that, as the figures as seen by them were in their correct position, they must appear to the others upside down.

"Can't make out that number," came from the Scorpion. Donald saw his mistake, but sang out—No wonder, sir, it's in the Gaelic." There was silence on the gunboat for a minute, followed by a hearty burst of laughter, and the good-natured command to go home and have the Gaelic figures translated into English.—*Scottish American.*

The "Oil Discovery" In Dublin.

THE editor of "Petroleum" states that an examination of a sample of oil taken from the natural petroleum spring at Summerhill, Dublin, shows that it has scarcely any oily odor—that, in fact, any oil there may be in the liquid is not mixed with it, but really floats as a thin film on the surface.

Reports from Dublin state that the production of the spring five weeks ago bore larger traces of oil, and that the sample received in London, and now in the hands of Dr. Redwood, is not one of the best secured.

The idea that the entire business is a "fake" is not credited in London, but no definite opinion is likely to be formed until some drilling work has been done, and there has been a thorough investigation of the conditions under which oil is stored in neighboring premises.



Celtic Mythology.

WE have received from Messrs. O'Donohue & Co., Publishers, Dublin, an advance copy of Mr. Richard Irvine Best's translation of Professor D'Arbols de Jubainville's celebrated work on "The Irish Mythological Cycle and Celtic Mythology."

The need of a comprehensive handbook on Celtic Mythology has long been felt by students of Irish literature and by the ever-increasing number of persons who are becoming interested in the ancient legends and traditions of their country.

The above mentioned translation of M. D'Arbols de Jubainville's great work has been undertaken in order to supply this need. The original has for many years been the standard work on the subject. The author, who fills the Chair of Celtic at the College of France, is one of the most distinguished of Celtic scholars, and by his numerous and learned publications has done much for the advancement of Celtic studies.

The work gives a clear and connected account of the early colonizations of Ireland, and of the heroes that took part in them, until after the defeat of the Tuatha de Danaan by the Milesians. The principal gods of the divine race of the Tuatha de Danaan are described at length. Throughout the book parallels are drawn between the Irish legends and those of other countries; citation and references are given for every statement advanced, and this constitutes not the least of its merits as the leading work on the subject.

The book is printed on Irish paper, post 8vo., cloth, price 6s.

Denvir's Monthly Irish Library.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, POETRY, &c. GAELIC PAGE.

Each number contains a complete book by a popular writer.

BOOK OF THE MONTH FOR MARCH:

"*The Rescue of the Military Fenians*"

Chiefly from the narrative of John Breslin.

Free by post 50c. per Year.

Now Ready—The volume for 1902, in artistic cover, free by post, 50c.: in cloth, 60c.

American or Canadian Stamps Taken.

JOHN DENVIR, 61 Fleet Street, LONDON.

Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for your Children while cutting teeth. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Digitized by Google



NOTES FROM IRELAND.

By Our Special Correspondents.

THE enterprise of the Central Branch of the Gaelic League in getting up a series of dramatic sketches lasting over three nights deserved all the success which attended it. On two of the three nights they had packed houses, and throughout the enthusiasm was simply intense. Dr. Hyde, as the blind fiddler in his own drama, was inimitable, and the proud defiant bearing of Cathal MacGarvey in the character of Hugh O'Neill seemed for the time to imbue his audience with the martial spirit of the dauntless chieftains of the North. But then Cathal grew up to manhood in historic Rathmullen—became an adept in the use of the caman and kindred weapons under the capable training of Michael Cusack in the early days of the G. A. A.—and, in addition to being among the sweetest of our traditional singers, is perhaps the foremost Irish elocutionist of the present day. The excellence of his acting therefore surprised those only who had not already known him.

No man has placed the revival movement under deeper social obligations than has Mr. MacGarvey. Scarcely does a night go by on which he has not to appear at some Gaelic League or Charity function. It is by no means an uncommon thing to hear him recite at places as far apart as Dublin and Kingstown on the same night, and—all at his own personal expense. Thus has the language movement been built up, though one would, of course, prefer that its exigencies entailed less exacting demands on individuals. The Gaelic Leaguers of Dublin have just decided to mark their appreciation of Cathal's unselfish services in a fitting way.

* * *

The funeral of Gavan Duffy was uncommonly impressive and in spite of its spontaneous character, very representative. The deportment of the great bulk of the spectators disclosed an absence of deep sympathy that could not be attributable to the modification of National sentiment which half a century might bring about. Duffy's strictures on Mitchel and others, coming when they did, were not merely regrettable, they were uncharitable, and must have prejudiced many. Clearly the younger generation of Irishmen respect his memory for what he dared. Beyond that his aspirations and theirs would have little in common.

* * *

The recent articles in the "Southern Cross" of Buenos Aires from the pen of its genial editor, Mr. William Bulfin, have attracted considerable notice in Ireland. Mr. Bulfin, as is well known, has recently been on a visit to his native

land, and judging by his impressions, as recorded in his own paper and elsewhere, he seems to have felt the pulse of the Irish revival very effectually. It is not too much to say that no journalist of our time has evidenced such a true and characteristic sympathy with the aspirations of the Ireland of to-day, and yet—poor Ireland seems to have no appropriate place for such a spirit. It is a sad reflection. Mr. Bulfin made hosts of friends during his brief stay in Dublin, where his charming personality was scarcely less admired than envied. His leave-taking was almost pathetic. Those who saw him off say that the gentlemen who display such a watchful interest in the movements of Dr. Mark Ryan sometimes paid him also the distinction of escorting him to the boat. Such is the revival!

* * *

Mr. P. A. Pearse, who has just been appointed editor of "An Claidheam Soluis," undertakes a much more critical task than is generally realized. Hitherto the standard of the official organ has not even approached the ideal of the earnest Gaelic Leagues. To its defects many things contributed, and nobody knowing the difficulties that had to be encountered in the very rapid development of the organization would adjudge it too harshly. In future, however, with the gradual systematizing of arrangements at headquarters, the extended connection, increased influence, and riper experience, a better and higher tone may reasonably be looked for.

* * *

Henceforward Gaelic Leaguers will be mainly concerned with the preparations for the Representative Congress and Oireachtas to be held in May. Before these notes appear the excitement over the National Holiday and Annual Procession will have subsided, and the net result will be approximately known.

* * *

The great Feis announced for the end of June in Killarney promises to be eminently successful. It will occupy a whole week, and among its features will be an effort to revive the Bardic Sessions, a conference of the foremost living Irish writers, and a pilgrimage to the grave of the famous Kerry poet, Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan. The Killarney Festival is calculated to do more for the living speech in Kerry than all the work hitherto done under the direction of the League. It is too much to hope that this announcement may catch the eyes of such American Gaels as Messrs. O'Daly, O'Reilly and Ferriter, and induce them to pay a brief visit to the old sod which

has too long been abandoned to the tripper.

What the League in Killarney owes to Fr. Brennan and his earnest lieutenants is well-nigh incalculable. Among the most earnest of these earnest lieutenants is Mr. Diarmuid O'Sullivan. Diarmuid's school days were passed on the island of Valentia. It is noteworthy that some of the best workers in the Language Movement have been recruited from the islands off the coast. Tomas O'Connonon, for instance—the well-known organizer—hails from the far-famed island of Aran, and Mr. James J. Ward, the equally popular organizer, comes all the way from distant Tory.

Dublin, March 12, 1903.
Editor THE GAEL:

I dare say you have been expecting a line from Dublin but there really is nothing going on here that would be likely to interest American Gaels.

There is some excitement and fuss about Irish Language Week and Annual Procession, which are practically upon us, and an agitation for a National holiday, but that is about all.

The League "organ," An Claidheam Soluis, has been running the organization to ruin for the past twelve months or more. First there was a protracted controversy with the Aran clergy, then a wanton attack on Dr. Atkinson, T. C. D., for which the League had to publicly apologize, and to-night there is a special Executive meeting to consider a rash ignorant and reckless attack on the Catholic Hierarchy.

Father Dinneen and others have publicly repudiated the article.

Because of all this and more a new editor was appointed and has been in office a week, but, apparently, he is no better than the old.

Dr. O'Hickey had a candidate up for the vacant editorship, but in spite of the most vigorous canvas he was able to secure only three votes as against nineteen for the successful candidate (Pearse). When Dr. O'Hickey found his influence had vanished, he became almost crazy, and it is believed he will resign at the first opportunity.

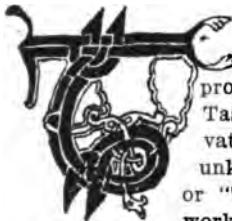
MacNeill, who has been a most unscrupulous wire-puller, has also lost the confidence of all sincere Gaelic Leaguers, both in Ireland and in England.

Judging from present appearances there is a very stormy time ahead of the League here. Whatever strictures may or may not have been considered necessary in America, there is no likelihood of either Fr. Yorke or Dr. Henebry being invited to Ireland in the present crisis. Things will be bad enough without having them made desperate by the presence of such formidable factious. We understand here that the Gaelic League in America as an organization is practically dead, and the death is laid at the door of the factious.



Epic Material in Old Irish Literature.

By Michael Lynch.



TRUE epic literature has never been produced by educated writers like Virgili, Tasso, or Milton, in polished and cultivated ages. Rather like Homer, or the unknown author of the "Song of Roland," or "The Nibelungenlied" has it been the work of men who believed in the more than mortal strength and valor of their heroes, and, that the fortunes of these heroes were watched over by the immortals who scrupled not to personally assist or oppose them. It is, probably, now too late for the production of an Irish epic, but time was, and that not so long ago, when the thing was possible, for the subject matter was always ready at hand.

Such a subject was the great struggle culminating in the Battle of Clontarf. Indeed, old Mac Liag in his "War of the Gaedhill with the Gaill" had early discovered that fact, and though denied the gift of song, came very near producing a great epic in prose. I remember of having seen a curious attempt to do this with Dr. James Henthorn Todd's translation of that work. The person attempting it added nothing. He simply left out, sometimes, whole pages of whatever was not essential to the swift telling of the story. He reduced the vast redundancy of epithets, only putting in, here and there, a connecting word. But the gathering of the storm that preceded the battle, and the great battle-scene itself he left untouched. Not one-third of the whole work was used, but the result was almost as perfect a thing as literature has to show. Had it been possible to have produced anything so meritorious out of an English work of equal antiquity it would now have been famous. But, though the paper that printed it was devoted to Irish interests, and its editor was a very well-known literary man of Irish birth, it was hidden away on an inner page and published without one word of comment. It fell, as the saying is, still-born from the press. The Gaelic revival was not yet in being. The

thing was merely Irish, and "Can there come anything good out of Nazareth?"

Old Irish literature is, indeed, filled as no other is, with everything necessary to the making of epic poems. Men scarcely yet past the prime of manhood can remember, how during the long stormy nights in Winter by a blazing turf fire in Ireland the old *seanchaide* poured forth an inexhaustible volume of stories about Fionn Mac Cumhaill and the Feinne to the great delight of his hearers. That was a God-given education for a young man of poetical gifts, but, alas! the seed fell on barren soil and nothing grew therefrom.

When we consider what Keats did, who, ignorant of Greek, dependent on Jacob Bryant's dusty old classical dictionary, and dying at twenty-four, yet left behind his splendid fragment of Hyperion it is maddening to think that the genius never came at the same time with the opportunity to produce a like work to be the everlasting glory of Ireland and of Irish literature.

Yet whatever might have been the case in later times, there was, surely, no lack of genius in the men who produced the earlier literature of Ireland. The fullest, the fairest flowers of that literature are unquestionably the "Three Sorrowful Tales of Irish Story Telling." But they are only a little sweeter, a little more perfect than the rest. Search the beginnings of literature in any land and where may be found fuller and more perfect material for epic poetry in what are called the three great cycles of Irish imaginative literature; that oldest which circles around Lugh of the Long Arms, that which having for its centre Conor Mac Nessa has for its heroes Cuchulain, Conall Cearnach, Fergus Mac Roigh, with many another figure nearly as great; and that where Fionn Mac Cumhaill towering above the swirl of combat looks down upon Oscar, Oisin, Diarmuid O'Duibhne, caolite the fleet-footed, and Goll Mac Moirne.

THE GAEL

(A N S A O Ó A L.)

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-class Matter.
Postage free to any point in the United States,
Mexico or Canada.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE GAEL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

TERMS:

Price.—Subscription \$1.00 per year. Single copies 10 cents. Subscriptions from Ireland, England and Scotland, 5 shillings per year.

Remittance must accompany each Subscription and may be sent by Check, Registered Letter, or Money-Order. Stamps or currency may be sent, but at the sender's risk.

Subscriptions commence with the current issue. Change of Address should, in all cases, be accompanied by the old address as well as the new.

The date of expiration of each Subscription is printed on the address label on the wrapper each month. To ensure a continuance of the Magazine subscriptions should be promptly renewed.

Persons desiring the return of their manuscripts, if not accepted, should send a stamped and directed envelope. We cannot, however, hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of uninvited MSS. Authors should preserve a copy.

ADVERTISING RATES UPON APPLICATION.

Death of the Duke of Teutan.

GENERAL Don Carlos Abrue Joris Rodriguez de Abrua O'Donnell, second Duke of Tetuan, Count of Lucena, of Aliaga and first Marquis of Altimiza, of the ancient royal stock of the kings of Ireland, and of the O'Donnells, kings of Tyrconnell, who died in Spain on the 9th of February, 1903, after a severe illness of a few weeks' duration, was the grandest, greatest and most experienced statesman of Spain.

His career was in many ways unique. Born at Valencia, in Spain, in 1834, he was therefore in his sixty-ninth year. He entered the Spanish army, and spent the larger part of his early manhood in the Philippines, where the town of O'Donnell is named in honor of his family. Returning to Spain, he held several staff appointments, and in 1859 he was sent to Italy to study the war then in progress.

He fought in the war against Morocco (1859-61), and especially distinguished himself at the storming of the Cato Negron Pass, which earned for him the San Fernando Order with the title of Don. He was created first marquis of Altimiza, and afterward succeeded to the titles and estates of his uncle, Marshal Don Leopold O'Donnell, first Duke of Tetuan, Count of Lucena and Viscount of Aliaga, formerly Premier of Spain, who died in 1867.

He took part in the capture of Te-

tuan, and was severely wounded in the battle of Sacusa. After the revolution of 1869-1874 he retired from the army with the rank of general, and entered politics. After trying ineffectually to support the throne of Aladeo, King of Spain, he rallied to the side of Alfonso XII., King of Spain. The new regime sent him as Spanish Ambassador, first to Brussels, then to Vienna, and subsequently to Lisbon. In 1879 he entered the Martinez Campos Cabinet as Minister of Foreign Affairs, which position he held almost continually until after the Spanish-American war of 1898.

He was Spanish Delegate, senior representative of Spain, and also the most conspicuous and interesting figure at The Hague Peace Conference, where as soldier, politician and diplomatist he brought a wide range of special knowledge to the deliberations.

He married Dona Maria Vargas and had by her three sons: Don Carlos O'Donnell, the new Duke, born in 1863; Don Juan O'Donnell, born in 1864; Don Leopold O'Donnell, born in 1874, and also four daughters: Mercedes O'Donnell, Maria O'Donnell, Victoria O'Donnell and Josefa O'Donnell.

He was the son of Gen. Don Carlos O'Donnell, a General of Cavalry and Chief of Carlist Body Guards, born in 1802 and killed in action at the Battle of Echanzi in 1835, aged thirty-three years; eldest son of His Excellency Gen. Don Carlos O'Donnell, Captain-General of Castile and of the Canary Islands; born in 1772, died 1830; one of the four O'Donnells, brothers, who figured conspicuously during the Spanish Peninsular War, and were the first in Europe to offer successful resistance to Napoleon, Emperor of France, and which eventually caused the defeat of the Napoleonic schemes.

They were the sons of Gen. Don Jose O'Donnell, the first of their line to settle in Spain, and who was seventh in descent from Calvagh More O'Donnell, King of Tyrconnell, uncle of the famous Hugh Roe Oge O'Donnell, King of Ireland and Tyrconnell, the friend and ally of the great Hugh O'Neil in the Nine Years' War, 1593 to 1602.

Ever since the disastrous day of Kinsale, in 1602, when Hugh Roe Oge O'Donnell and Hugh O'Neil were defeated in battle, the Milesian Irish have cherished the belief that an O'Donnell having on his shoulder a red mark (Ball-dearg) would return to Ireland and free them from the English yoke, in a great battle near Limerick.

Very many of the O'Donnells of the Royal and Regal family of the O'Donnells of Tyrconnell (Donegal) had a curious red blood mark, of Ball-dearg, beneath the skin, usually on the side, and we know many of the O'Donnells have borne, even to the present time, this unmistakable red mark of the great and ancient Tyrconnell line; and the old rhyme prophecies of Ireland, foretold of an O'Donnell with the red mark, or Ball-dearg, on his shoulder, who was to be a proud and mighty champion of the Irish race, who would return to Ireland, gain a great battle near Limerick, free the Irish forever from English rule and reign for years as absolute King of Ireland.

The Irish naturally cherished a generous memory of the O'Donnells, and the popular belief that they were alluded to in the prophecies contributed to make the great mass and also some of the ablest of the Irish people to look anxiously to their return to Ireland. And even still they are not forgotten, for there are a large number of the Irish who fondly cling to the illusion that the exiled O'Donnells of Tyrconnell may one day be placed by circumstances in a position to renew the stern struggle for their faith and lands, in which a cruel fate had declared against their forefathers.

THE GAEL will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada for one year for \$1.00, or to any address in Ireland or Great Britain, one year for 5 shillings.

All subscriptions are payable in advance. Checks or Post Office Money Orders should be made payable to THE GAEL, 140 Nassau Street, New York.



*Do you want to understand
Modern Ireland? If so, read*

“Banba”

(THE IRISH-IRELAND MAGAZINE)

Contributions by the best Irish Writers, Articles, Stories, Poetry and News of the Gaelic Movement.

Post free to any part of the world for four shillings (dollar bills accepted).

Address:—The Manager, “Banba,”

29 Gardiners Place, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

The IRISH HARP.

Now made in Ireland for the first time in generations. Correctly Modelled according to the ancient historic Harps in the National Collection of Antiquities. Played with success at the recent Feis Ceoil and Oireachtas Competitions in Dublin. Testimonials for tone, etc., from distinguished Irish Harpers and Musicians. VARIOUS PRICES

APPLICATIONS FOR PARTICULARS INVITED

JAMES M'FALL,
22 YORK LANE . . . BELFAST.

NOW READY.

"IRISH MIST & SUNSHINE"

Being a collection of Poems and Ballads, by the REV. JAS. B. DOLLARD (Sliav-na-mo.)

Cloth, 144 pages, Handsome Cover in two Colors, Gilt Top, with an excellent Photograph of the Author

Price Postpaid, \$1.50.
"Father Dollard treats Irish Life and Sentiment . . . with the intensified passion of an exile . . . every line runs true to life and home and with the tone as heart-moving as the Angelus which holds Millets peasants in its spell. Nobody can well read his verses without feeling a breath of healthy air pass through the lungs, and a pleasant twitching at the heart such as affects one who in dreams in a distant clime, hears the sound of the chapel bells of his young days, floating on his ears." —WM. O'BRIEN, M.P.

BLAKE'S BOOKSTORE,
602 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO, Canada.

Instruction in Gaelic.

Lessons in Gaelic given at your home by an experienced teacher of the language.

Terms Reasonable. Write to

M. J. O'SULLIVAN,
216 E. 30th St., New York

Denvir's Monthly Irish Library.

[Printed in Ireland on Irish Paper]

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH FOR APRIL:

"IRISH STREET BALLADS,"

By John Hand.

HISTORY—POETRY—BIOGRAPHY—GAELIC PAGE, Etc.

Free by post 50c. per year.

Now Ready, the Volume for 1902 in Artistic Cover, free by post 50c. In cloth, 60c.

American Stamps taken.

JOHN DENVIR, 61 Fleet Street, LONDON.

WILLIAM F. COMBER,

Successor to WILLIAMS & BUTLAND,
Newsmen, Booksellers, and Dealers
in Church Requisites,

47 LITTLE BRITAIN, LONDON, E.C.

W. F. COMBER is London agent for THE GAEL and other American publications. Newsagents anywhere in Great Britain supplied at Whole sale price.

ON AN IRISH JAUNTING-CAR THROUGH DONEGAL AND CONNEMARA

BY SAMUEL G. BAYNE

INTIMATE pictures of the Irish country folk, humorous incidents by the way, and explorations of wonderful scenery, combine to make this a thoroughly delightful and entertaining volume of travel. Richly illustrated from photographs.

Square 8vo, Cloth, Gilt top, \$1.25 net (postage extra)

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQ., NEW YORK

AGGRESSIVE—INDEPENDENT—OUTSPOKEN.
IRELAND'S MOST REPRESENTATIVE PAPER.

"THE LEADER"
A Weekly Review of Current Affairs, Politics, Literature, Art
and Industry

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"The ideal of *The Leader* is a Self-Governing and Irish Ireland. Its contributors include many of the ablest Irishmen of the day. It deals with all phases of Irish life. It advocates the restoration of the Irish language. One of its features is an article in Irish every week."

The Leader will be sent post free to any address in the United States, Canada, or Mexico one year for 8s. 8d.—shorter periods in proportion.

Address: THE MANAGER, 200 GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET, DUBLIN.

COMANN NA SGRIEANN
SÁEOLÍSE.

Irish Texts Society,

Established for the publication of Irish Texts, with English Translations, Notes and Glossaries.

PUBLICATIONS.

Vol. I.—"SIOLLA AN FUAŞA" & "EACTRA CLÓINNE RÍG NA h-IORRAÍOE." Two 16th and 17th century Romances. Edited by DOUGLAS HYDE, LL. D. (Issued 1899).

Vol. II.—"FLEO BRICRENTO." Edited by GEORGE HENDERSON, M. A., Ph. D. (Issued 1899).

Vol. III.—"TÁNTA AOÓAGÁIN UI RAT-ÁTTE." Complete Edition. Edited by REV. P. S. DINNEEN, M. A. (Issued 1900).

Vol. IV.—"FORAS PEASA AR ÉIRINN," or Geoffrey Keating's "History of Ireland." Edited by DAVID COMYN, M. R. I. A. (Vol. for 1901 now ready).

Vol. V.—"DUANAIRE FÍNN." Edited by JOHN MAC NEILL, B. A. (Part I. will form the Society's Vol. for 1902).

The annual subscription of 7s. 6d. (American subscribers, \$2.00), entitles members to all publications for the current year. All who are interested in the preservation and publication of Irish manuscripts should join the Society. The Society is also bringing out an Irish English Pocket Dictionary of the Modern Language, edited by REV. P. S. DINNEEN, M. A.

Intending subscribers should communicate with the Hon. Secretary,

MISS ELEANOR HULL,
20 Hanover Square, London, W.

DENVIR'S

Monthly Irish Library

An Illustrated Publication on Original and Striking Lines.

IRISH HISTORY, POETRY, BIOGRAPHY, AND LITERATURE.

Each Number consists of a complete Booklet by a popular writer

Articles—Essays—Reviews—Sketches
GAELIC PAGE

BY EMINENT IRISH SCHOLARS, Etc.

The following are the "Books of the Month" in the Numbers for 1902:

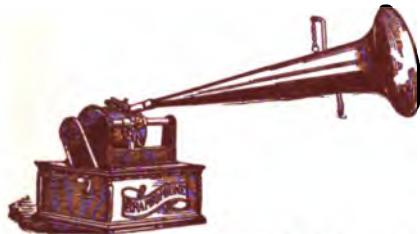
Jan. - "Thomas Davis," By W. P. Ryan.
Feb. - "Hugh O'Neill, the Great Ulster Chieftain,"
Mar. - "Ireland's Appeal to America," Michael Davitt
April. - "Irish Fairy Legends and Mythical Stories,"
May. - "John Boyle O'Reilly," By Wm. James Ryan.
June. - "John Mitchel," By John Bannon.
July. - "Art McMurrough," By Daniel Crilly.
Aug. - "Owen Roe O'Neill," By John Denvir.
Sept. - "Robert Emmet," By John Hand.
Oct. - "Daniel O'Connell," By Silean Donard.
Nov. - "Rescue of Kelly and Deasy," By I. R. B.
Dec. - "Dr. John O'Donovan," By Thos. Flannery.
"Books of the Month" for 1903:

Jan. - "Sarsfield," By John Hand.
Feb. - "Brian Boru," By Daniel Crilly.
Mar. - "The Rescue of the Military Fentans,"
April. - "Irish Street Ballads," By John Hand.

Price, 5c. each, or 50c. per dozen.

Address: THE GAEL, 140 Nassau St.,
Digitized by Google
NEW YORK.

THE
GRAPHOPHONE
Prices \$5 to \$150
ENTERTAINS
EVERYBODY
EVERWHERE



Latest NEW PROCESS Records.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Columbia Phonograph Co.,
Wholesale and Retail:
98 CHAMBERS STREET,
Retail only:
573 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK.

• **All Ireland Review** •

Edited by STANDISH O'GRADY.

▲ WEEKLY IRISH LITERARY JOURNAL.

History, Stories, Essays, Sketches, Poetry,
Correspondence, Archæology, &c., &c.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

One Year - - - - - 8s. 8d.
Six Months - - - - - 4s. 4d.

All Communications to be addressed to
STANDISH O'GRADY,
56 HENRY ST., DUBLIN.

—United States Government Standard—**FOUND AT LAST!**



PAUL'S No. 6 EXTRA SET.

Do You Know that PAUL'S CHOICE INKS are adopted by all
United States Government Departments?

If you send \$1.00 to us we will express one outfit containing, Enamelled Tray and
Three Automatic Paul's Safety Filled Inkwells (one each Fluid, Crimson and Mucilage).

SAFETY BOTTLE & INK CO.

Factory, Jersey City, N. J.

New York City, 111 Nassau Street.

Chicago, Ill., 184 E. Van Buren Street.

When writing to Advertisers please mention THE GAEL.

**EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL
SAVINGS BANK,**
51 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK
INCORPORATED 1886.

Due Depositors - - - - - \$60,347,791.93
Surplus Fund - - - - - 5,966,500.95

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES.
JAMES McMAHON, President.
JAMES G. JOHNSON, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN C. McCARTHY, 2nd Vice-President.
LOUIS V. O'DONOHUE, Secretary.

ROBERT J. HOGUE, FRED'K R. COUDERT,
JAMES McMAHON, VINCENT P. TRAVERS,
JOHN C. McCARTHY, HUGH KELLY,
JOHN GOOD, JOHN BYRNE,
LOUIS V. O'DONOHUE, JAMES McGOVERN,
CHARLES V. FORNES, MICHAEL E. BANNIN,
JAMES G. JOHNSON, MICH'L J. DRUMMOND,
JOHN CRANE, JOSEPH P. GRACE,
HERMAN RIDDER, THOMAS M. MULRY,
MYLES TIERNEY.
MARCUS J. McLOUGHLIN, COMPTROLLER
WILLIAM HANHART, ASST. COMPTROLLER
LAURENCE F. CAHILL, AUDITOR.

Try **L. J. CALLANAN'S**
AMERICAN MAN'S **WHISKEY**
TEN YEARS OLD

NONE BETTER MADE	TRADE 41 MARK	MELLOW WITH AGE
	ABSOLUTELY PURE	



Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

—THE BEST OF ALL—

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



PRESENT.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

**REVISED
SIMPLE LESSONS IN IRISH**

GIVING
The Pronunciation of Each Word.
BY THE LATE

REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY,
M.R.I.A.

With Appendix Containing a Complete and
Exhaustive Glossary of Every Irish Word
used in the Text.

IN presenting to the public "Revised Simple Lessons in Irish" we are endeavoring to carry into effect the expressed wishes of the late lamented Rev. Eugene O'Growney.

These revised Lessons are the last literary production of that great Gaelic scholar and lover of Ireland and her language.

To the student of Irish this little work will be found a most useful and helpful companion. Great care has been given to the compiling of the "Phonetic Key" system. By following instructions, every word given in the book can be pronounced according to the usages of the best modern speakers of the vernacular. The author's chief aim was simplicity and clearness of expression.

FOR SALE BY THE GAEL,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

PRICE, Paper Covers, 15c.; Cloth, 25c.
By mail, 30c.

**A GUIDE TO
IRISH DANCING**

By J. J. SHEEHAN.

This little Book contains Directions for the proper performance of a dozen Popular Irish Dances. An effort has been made in this work to convey instructions so that persons who are not familiar with Irish dancing, and who cannot procure a teacher, can instruct themselves.

Published by JOHN DENIR, LONDON.
48 pages, bound in pasteboard cover.

Price, 15c.

Address, THE GAEL, 140 Nassau St., New York

How to Write Irish.

The Irish Copy Book,

Giving the Most Improved Method
of Writing the

GAELIC CHARACTERS.

A BEAUTIFUL MANUAL OF
CELTIC PENMANSHIP.
EVERY IRISH SCHOLAR NEEDS ONE.

Price, 10 Cents. Sent free by mail.

For Sale at the office of THE GAEL,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

R·I·P·A·N·S

The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels is Ripans Tabules. They go straight to the seat of the trouble, relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general toning up.

At druggists.
The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

Digitized by Google

Éan Gaoða! (The Gael.)

A MONTHLY BI-LINGUAL MAGAZINE Devoted To The PROMOTION OF THE LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, MUSIC, AND ART OF IRELAND.

No. 5. VOL. XXII.
NEW SERIES.

NEW YORK, MAY, 1903.

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR
OF PUBLICATION.

An Irregular

BERNARD RIORDAN was the untidiest mortal in the parish of Ballinacoppal. Of course, people excused him, if they were very soft-hearted, on the plea that he'd grown up by himself in that "disolit ould house of his," and had never a woman to put in a stitch for him nor to see that he went out tidy even on a Sunday. Bernard's mother had died when he was a child.

It was a pity he should be such a scarecrow, the neighbors were agreed, seeing that he was a fine, straight, clean limbed fellow, the very cut of an athlete. Indeed, it was only in his football jersey he showed to advantage. He wasn't dirty, because he was a great swimmer, and, careless as he was, he would run a razor over his face once a week at least. But the forlorn clothes of him! His curls peeped through a hole in his caubeen; when he lifted his arms you could see the rents and holes in his garments. His stockings had hardly more than legs to them. In fact, he was barely decent, so ragged was he.

His farm showed the same raggedness of aspect as himself. Hedges were unclipped, gates swung loose on their hinges, thistles and ragweeds grew where they oughtn't; his very bits of cattle had staring coats; his oats grew more in patches than his neighbors'.



It wasn't as if the man drank, said the neighbors who sat in judgment upon him. Bernard had no vices. He was a merry, gentle, laughing philosopher. He liked to take his ease and dream his dreams while he sucked at the little black pipe. What though he grew poorer and poorer every year! It would last his time, he said, and there was no one to come after him. There were fearsome stories told of the condition of his house. Few penetrated it; it was only a sort of roof for Bernard of nights. He carried the key in his pocket all day; he was essentially a lover of the fields and the open air.

One person had remonstrated gravely with him on his reckless ways. This was Mr. Morris, the travelling organizer of the Board of Agriculture, who explained agricultural banks and the desirability of new seeds and implements, new stock and new ways, to

Transaction.

By Katharine Tynan.

the conservative people. He had routed them out of their conservatism, too, for they were quick witted and could see an advantage when it was set before their eyes.

Mr. Morris had taken an odd fancy to Bernard Riordan. As a matter of fact, they were kindred spirits. Both were dreamers of dreams, seers of visions. Only, as it happened, some tricky fairy at Mr. Morris' christening had dropped a little measure of practical wisdom into the child's cup. So it was that the Board found his services invaluable. He won the people's confidence by having so much in common with them, and when he had won it he appealed to the little kernel of common sense that lay wrapped away amid their impracticable ways.

He had remonstrated with Bernard, telling him what could be made of the farm. Bernard had invited him to a seat on the grassy bank which he himself occupied.

"Sit down here, sir," he said, "and let us talk of ghosts and fairies. It'll last my time."

"Why shouldn't you marry?" asked the organizer, "and have a son to leave the farm to?"

"I'm no more made that way than yourself," said Bernard, with a sly look at him. "I like women, but not to marry them."

The organizer blushed. As a matter of fact, he had disconcerted all his

friends by taking a wife to himself in the most unexpected way, and when he was at home he was as much interested in the details of a baby's upbringing as he was even in agricultural banks. "Very well," he said, resignedly. "Let us talk of ghosts and fairies."

And talk they did till dusk fell on the fields, and a young moon wheeled up in the southeastern sky, and it was time for Bernard to go back to his dark house and the squalid discomfort in which he yet was able to dream his dreams and be merry.

So he would doubtless have gone on to the end, or died before he ought from a neglected cold or some such thing, if Susy Whelan hadn't risen on his horizon, beautiful as the morning star. As a matter of fact, the girl had come to live with her uncle, Myles Whelan, and his wife, who had the village shop.

Bernard saw her first at mass one morning, and his eyes happening to rest on her by accident, he received such a shock that he felt as though his very rags must have quivered in the sight of all the folk about him.

He put his face down in his hands after that. His visions included saints and angels, and even higher persons as well as ghosts and fairies, and he had a great capacity for reverence. But, try as he would, he could not concentrate his thoughts on his prayers after that momentary glimpse.

When mass was over, he hastened out of the church and back along the road to his own house, not waiting for any of those long, leisurely chats on the road home which were his delight. He was afraid that Myles Whelan might overtake him and slap him on the back, as he was used to, and that the eyes which he had not seen, but conjectured, in Susy's pure, fastidious face might roam over his own person with a surprised and disgusted air.

Till he was in his wretched kitchen he had no leisure to think. Then, before setting the potatoes among the ashes to roast and the teapot beside him, he sat down and stared at his muddy boots despondently. He really did not see them. He was contemplating the spotless little person with the fair hair like satin waving back under the neat little black bonnet, with the clean, fresh gown of lavender print, a bunch of pansies in the bosom of it, the gloves, the pretty lace tie—all the little daintiness which made Susy something quite different from other maidens of her class.

He had taken in Susy's appearance with an extraordinary eye for its detail. Fortunately, he had been in a dim corner, and her gaze, even if it had not been fixed religiously on the altar, would hardly have discovered him. At the thought that she might have, his forehead broke out in a cold sweat. For the first time his dreams and illusions had deserted him; for the first time he saw himself in rags and squalor, living like the beast. It was extraordinary how the sight of the satin-cheeked, silk-headed girl had broken his old world to pieces.

For a time he contemplated the toes

of his boots. Then he drew himself suddenly alert. A look of fixed determination came into his face, and one might have seen of a sudden that the face was made for action, by whatever accident inertness had taken it for its own. He had bathed and washed his face that morning and had shaved, so that its well cut outline was unimpeded by a week's growth of beard. His dark blue eyes, his wholesome, ruddy complexion, his slightly curling dark hair, belonged to a handsome fellow. The fact was borne in on him even though the bit of looking-glass which he at last unearthed was by no means a flatterer. If he were like other men—he had been wont to pride himself on not being like other men—he would have a chance with Susy.

He spoke something out aloud as he stood up, with a motion of his arms and body as though he would shed the old rags, something that was in the nature of an oath that he would be another man than he had been, in order to win Susy Whelan.

It was Sunday, a day he usually spent in the fields, sucking his black pipe and contemplating the works of God in a spirit not so unlike that of the hermits of old. This Sunday—wonder of wonders!—after he had eaten his wretched meal, he began to tidy up. In the kitchen there was the accumulation of years of rubbish—a perfect mountain of it. He began to clear it away with feverish energy, turning the contents almost bodily out into the yard. When he had the place comparatively clear he looked around him.

"It would be a deal better for a coat o' whitewash," he said; "an, sure, soap an' water hasn't been on it these twenty years."

Suddenly he flung up his hat with a boyish shout. "Mary Maclean," he said. "I never thought o' Mary Maclean, yet she's the very woman for me."

Mrs. Maclean was a somewhat dour widow who had married a north of Ireland man and spent her married life in Ulster. After she had been widowed she returned to her native place with "notions" about thrift and cleanliness which made her generally unpopular in Ballinacoppal. She was a kinswoman of Bernard Riordan, and had an odd liking for him despite his ways, which she abhorred. She would defend him, indeed, against herself, saying that he wasn't any worse than others that had less reason, and so on.

The day after that fateful Sunday Bernard interviewed Mrs. Maclean in her spotless cottage, which he had been used to feel a cold kind of habitation. Now it was himself that was the blot on the white floor, against the white walls, with the little bright windows full of musk and fuchsias and vinegar plants, gay with pictures of saints and patriots.

"I don't know what you're doin' it for," said Mary Maclean, austerely—she would have scorned to ask—"but I know it's time for it to be done, and I'm the woman to help you."

Bernard's farm was a lonely spot under the mountains, little visited. Day after day Mrs. Maclean trudged there in the early hours of the morning, returning late at night. She was a silent person and little likely to satisfy people's curiosity about her business, if anybody had manifested it. But, as a matter of fact, she came and went practically unnoticed.

If it had got out in Ballinacoppal that Bernard Riordan was buying soap and soda and scrubbing brushes at the shop, curiosity would have been all agog. But Mary managed that for him. The opinion of Ballinacoppal was that Mary would scrub the house from under her and the face off herself one of these days, so any eccentricities on her part were safe to pass unnoticed.

In fact, the real transformation of the place had been accomplished before one day, an urchin rushed into the forge at the cross-roads just outside Ballinacoppal village with the news that Barney Riordan was mending his gates; that his house was new whitewashed and bits o' curtains at the windows, the yard cleaned up, and a hape o' rubblidge as big as Slievemore over there was burnin' itself away at a safe distance from the house.

"The man's goin' to be married," said the serious wag of the company.

"He's in all his ould rags an' tatters, just the same as ever," said the urchin.

"I thought there was somethin' up wid him," said the smith. "He does be terrible unsociable this while back."

"When Barney Riordan is gettin' tidy," said another, "it must be the change before death is on him."

At this very moment Mary Maclean was drawing the hood of her cloak over her white cap in Bernard Riordan's kitchen, preparatory to going home. Her eye roamed about it in justifiable pride. No one could have recognized it for the same place. It was whitewashed, the floor of red tiles was ochred over, the grate had been polished up, the windows shone. It was not ill-furnished either. The rubbish had yielded up some unexpected treasures. It was the same all over the house. The good furniture in which Barney's mother had taken pride had emerged unharmed from its disguise of dirt. The place had become a quite presentable farmhouse.

"I'm obliged to you, Mary," said Bernard, with awkward gratitude.

"You came to the right woman," replied Mrs. Maclean. "I didn't forget the good turn your mother did me long ago, and I could put elbow grease into the work not like these women in Ballinacoppal. And now, Barney Riordan"—she fixed a compelling eye upon him—"the least you can do is to tell me who is the girl."

Bernard stammered, tried hard to deny, finally yielded to the compelling eye and confessed.

As his confession came out Mary Maclean's jaws dropped.

"Why, you unfortunate fellow," she said, "don't you know that her match

is to be made to-morrow night with old Tom Dempsey of the Grange?"

For the one and only time in his life Bernard's face lost its ruddy tints; then they returned, dark and threatening.

"I'll fight Tom Dempsey," he said, "ere ever he laid a hand on her. I will so help me——!"

"What nonsense have you?" said the widow rather scandalized. A passion like this was beyond her comprehension and experience. "Sure, you only seen the little girl once."

"I'll fight him before ever he gets her," repeated Bernard, with a glowing eye.

"Sure, why wouldn't you get her yourself?" asked the widow, suddenly hopeful. "You're young and handsome. Not that a girl of sense 'ud be mindin' that. But the farm's not bad if it's worked properly. If you'd a clane shirt an' a new shuit o' clothes—I seen a beautiful shuit hangin' in Molony's shop the last day I was in Kilcashel—'t would make another man of you."

Bernard's face lightened and darkened.

"It 'ud cost money," he said, "an' I haven't a shillin' in the stockin', an' where to borry I don't know. Sure, every one's poor at this time before the harvest."

"The time's short," said the widow; "still"— She thought a minute. "I have it!" she said, exultantly. "Borry it of the bank. It meets to-night."

"The bank? 'Tis for givin' money for seeds an' ploughs an' the like. Mr. Morris wanted me to borry to stock the land; but I said it 'ud do my time. They don't lend money to buy clothes."

"They might if 'twas put to them. If I was you I'd clane my face an' streef up to the town an' ask them. If you got the money to-morrow mornin' you could get the shuit in Kilcashel an' spoil ould Dempsey's match before the day was over."

Barney attended the meeting of the Ballinacoppal Agricultural Bank and made his application. At first it was looked upon with disfavor by the Board of small farmers; but Barney, grown crafty through love, discovered the plea that moved them.

"The girl has a tidy bit of her own," he said. "It'll stock the land for me. She wouldn't look at me if she saw me in my rags. She'll take me in the new clothes."

The "bit" prevailed where more sentimental reasons would have failed. Bernard Riordan was voted a loan of \$4 for clothes and accessories, and went home full of trembling hope.

He was standing outside the door of Molony's shop in Kilcashel as soon as the shutters were taken down the next morning. He was back in his own house by twelve o'clock, with his big brown paper parcel.

That evening in the parlor behind Whalen's shop the match-making was in progress. Old Dempsey, a wizened little yellow man of about sixty-five, was sitting at the table, facing Myles Whelan. There were tumblers and a

bottle of whiskey between them, and a friend of old Dempsey's, who was acting as match-maker, was hovering uneasily between the two men, making such suggestions from time to time as were likely to facilitate the bargain.

The girl whose match was being made sat by the window, looking out somewhat drearily over the little neglected garden at the back, which had more of the debris of the shop in it than it had flowers. Mrs. Whelan stood partly behind her husband's chair, looking at the would-be bridegroom with an unfriendly gaze. He had shown a tightness, a graspingness, about the bargain which had affronted her. Otherwise she saw nothing to object to in the union of December and May, nor the manner of the making.

Her own match had been made for her; and where was there a kinder man than Myles? And if Dempsey was a bit ould, wouldn't the girl have everything a girl could want? She could choose for herself the next time, thought the good woman, cynically. She had her hand on her husband's shoulder. Now and then Myles' face would darken at some greedy exactation of the suitor. The atmosphere was electrical, though for all the girl at the window heeded it might have been smoothness itself. They were selling and buying her like a heifer. It was the custom of the country, and she would no more have thought of protesting against it than against the will of God for her.

Suddenly into the intimate group came an uninvited guest—Bernard Riordan. Yes, it was Barney, though no one would have known him, in a smart gray suit and a new hat, with a crimson tie oddly becoming to the dark, soft, handsome fellow.

Every face was turned toward him.

"Don't be blamin' Andy," he said, quietly. (Andy was the youth behind the counter.) "He told me you were busy and couldn't be interrupted, but I thought I had a word to say in it. Myles Whelan, will ye have me for a husband for your niece? Ye'll never regret it and she'll never regret it. The land's good land. I have neglected it, but I'm going to do by it as I ought to."

The girl at the window looked at him like Andromeda at her deliverer. As it happened, Bernard had arrived at the psychological moment. Old Dempsey had just demanded Mrs. Whelan's best feather bed as a part of her niece's dowry. Down went Myles Whelan's fist with a great clang among the tumblers.

"Hang it!" he said, "let the girl speak for herself. I'm sick o' the business. An' the world knows, Barney Riordan, that you nayther drink nor play cards, that the farm's a good one an' you only want the bit o' go to make a man o' you. What do you say, Susy? Will you have the ould man here, that's for emptyin' the house before he'll take you, or will you have Barney Riordan?"

Bernard Riordan turned the most shy, love-litten face toward Susy. Mrs. Whelan saw the expression, and her

woman's heart became suddenly soft and kind within her.

"Sure, she'll have Barney," she began. "An' the sooner some other trash I could name takes itself out o' my house"—

Mr. Dempsey was scrambling to his feet, his little pig's eyes aglow with indignation.

"Where I'd never have come if you hadn't invited me, Ma'm," he was saying with resentment.

But Barney had stepped up to Susy's chair, and, leaning over her, he was between her and the company.

"It's 'yes,' darlin', isn't it?" he whispered.

* * * * *

No one was more delighted over Barney's reclamation than Mr. Morris, whose affection for Barney enlarged itself to take in Mrs. Barney.

"At the same time," he would say, laughing, "that transaction with the bank was quite irregular. We don't give loans for clothes. Still, the result has certainly justified the departure. And if you want another loan—those bullocks are beautiful, Barney—for a legitimate purpose, you can have it."

"Sure, isn't she like a flower?" asked Barney, looking delightedly at his wife. "An' where would flowers grow but in gardens?" 'Tis a garden I'll be makin' the place for her, an' keepin' in it."

"Long may your garden grow!" returned the organizer. "It's well for us, Barney, that we still have flowers to make gardens for!"

RAILROADS.

\$35.50

**NEW YORK
TO
NEW ORLEANS
AND RETURN**

Special trains of the American Medical Association, who hold their annual session from May 6th to 8th, will be run over the ILLINOIS CENTRAL to New Orleans, via Cincinnati, at \$35.50 return trip.

For full particulars as to special rates and dates from other points apply to A. H. HANSON General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill., or W. J. MCLEAN, General Eastern Passenger Agent, 336 Broadway, New York City.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO.

NEW YORK TO MEMPHIS

Through Pullman buffet sleepers leaving New York daily, via Pennsylvania Railroad, Southern Railway and


**FRISCO
SYSTEM**
EXCELLENT SERVICE FROM

**MEMPHIS
TO ALL POINTS IN THE
SOUTHWEST.**

Detailed information in regard to rates, train service, etc., furnished upon application to

**F. D. RUSSELL, General Eastern Agent,
383 Broadway, New York**

The Bouchaleen Bawn.

A Spinning Duet.

(From the Gaelic.)

Maureen:

I WENT to the wood when the morning was breaking,
The lark a new song for true lovers was making,
And whom did I meet but my Bouchaleen Bawn!

Cauth:

To meet Shaun O'Farrell you roved thro' the wild wood—
The love of your prime is the love of your childhood—
So take him and make him your Bouchaleen Bawn!

Maureen:

'Twas not Shaun O'Farrell I went to meet therein;
With a gad on his back let him plough over Erinn!
Then bind me and find me my Bouchaleen Bawn?

Cauth:

Alas, fickle colleen, where can you find better?
He sings a sweet song and he writes a nice letter—
Then take him and make him your Bouchaleen Bawn!

Maureen:

I like song and letter, not writer or singer,
And for one who'd love me the longer would linger—
Then bind me and find me my Bouchaleen Bawn?

Cauth:

You went to the greenwood to meet Mike O'Malley,
Who whistles a jig as he rides down the valley—
So take him and make him your Bouchaleen Bawn!

Maureen:

I'd love him, and prove him, and wear him forever;
But he is too stupid, or I am too clever—
So take him and make him your Bouchaleen Bawn!

Cauth:

Yet go with the dull if he be but good-hearted;
By east and by west may you never be parted—
Then take him and make him your Bouchaleen Bawn!

Maureen:

The song bird would pine in the smoke and the smother!
Go east and go west till you chance on another—
Then bind me and find me my Bouchaleen Bawn?

Cauth:

For Donal O'Falvey you'd roam the world over—
Tho' many his darlings you may be the lover—
So take him and make him your Bouchaleen Bawn!

Maureen:

Ah, Sheevaun O'Kelly would tear out my tresses
If Donal should venture to seek my caresses—
So bind me and find me my Bouchaleen Bawn?

Cauth:

That jewel is rarest whose finding was hardest;
That cargo is dearest whose journey was farthest—
Then take him and make him your Bouchaleen Bawn!

Maureen:

No tree ever grew but 'twas matched by another;
And the King of the Forest is Brian, your brother!
Now, bind me and find me my Bouchaleen Bawn?

P. J. Mc'CALL.

The Wind from Slieve-na-mon.

By Denis A. McCarthy.

THE gentle wind from Slieve-na-mon, how softly would it sing
Across the verdant valleys at the opening of the Spring;
How tenderly 'twould whisper of the Summer coming on,
The sighing wind, the singing wind, that came from Slieve-na-mon!

The balmy wind from Slieve-na-mon, how kindly would it croon,
Across the silent meadows in the summer-stricken noon,
What respite and relief it brought to every weary one,
The kindly, cooling, blessed wind that blew from Slieve-na-mon!

The wailing wind from Slieve-na-mon, I seem to hear it still,
As long ago I heard it from the fairy-haunted hill,
As long ago I heard it when the harvest moon was wan—
And feared the banshee's wailing in the wind from Slieve-na-mon!

The roaring wind from Slieve-na-mon how wildly would it blow,
When Winter cast upon its wings the burden of the snow,
It shook the house with fury and it shook our hearts, anon,
The wild and wintry wind that came from stormy Slieve-na-mon!

The magic wind from Slieve-na-mon—sometimes it was a blast
Of some enchanted bugle blown from Ireland's glorious past,
It called up memories of days when Ireland's banner shone
And Irish cheers were mingled with the wind from Slieve-na-mon!

The lonesome wind from Slieve-na-mon—Ah, weary heart of mine!—
It blows across a grave, to-day, as holy as a shrine,
It blows across my mother's grave wherein, when life is gone,
God grant that I may rest beneath the wind from Slieve-na-mon!

An Irish Heart.

TAKE Innocence and Candor and a love for every Right,
And mix them up together with a goodly share of Fight—

And add a dash of Pathos and of Sympathy a share,
And equal parts of Faith in God and fervor in the Prayer,
And Charity's sweet emblem might be tucked in there to show

That Hope is e'er resplendent in a soft, ecstatic glow.
Then label it with Courage and a sense of Wit and Fun,
Nor be ashamed to claim it nor to stand by what you've done:

But simply pour in Humor of the brilliant, wholesome kind,
And all the loved ingredients of healthy, human mind,
And set it on a pedestal of onyx grand and white,
And then call all the people in to witness while you write
This fond and true inscription, taken from Life's every part:

"This is, dear friends, a common thing—'tis just an Irish heart."

Indianapolis.

W. M. FOGARTY.



The Magic Kingdoms.

By Fiona MacLeod.

 **T** is not an ill thing to cross at times the marches of silence and see the phantoms of life and death in a new way. It is not an ill thing, even if one meet only the fantasies of beauty. It is well, is it not, any time, anywhere to meet a spirit of wisdom and beauty, or to look on the perfected symbol that is the moment's raiment of an immortal life, or the moment's illusion of a thought that is itself the garment or dwelling of an immortal divinity?

Perhaps one may meet Airlil himself, the Light of Youth, of whom the island Gaels speak as *Airlil nan Og*, Airlil of the youthful—*Airlil ail nan Og*, Beautiful Airlil of the Young: in whose fellowship death may or may not be, but with whom in life youth is as a green grass that does not wither, and beauty as a wild rose that does not fade.

In speaking of the Magic Kingdoms, I use the phrase with two meanings. One is an indication of what is taken to be supernatural, i. e., beyond our known realities, or phantasmal in imagination; mysterious certainly, and beyond the proof-reach of everyday thought; magical, a possible illusion of the dreams beyond us that are powers, or a possible illusion of the dreams that are powers within our minds, having there at once sustenance and dominion.

The epithet is not less apt in its other meaning: the kingdoms of lost wisdom, the old wisdom that was once ours in great part—how great a part we do not know, and now can never know, for with every lapsing age the forgotten art and faded powers of memory grow more dim and more confused.

The Magic Kingdoms are the Mage-Kingdoms, the Knowing Kingdoms, and in a nearer and lesser sense are the mirrors where our lost commun-

ions, our lost intimacies, our remembrances, our broken dreams, our dim conjectures, are imagined. They are then the kingdom of images. But, so, they are as the fabled floating Pool of Manan, where the son of Lir, looking down, could see in the depths the images of the dreams and thoughts of mortals, and know these to be alone seen of men, and, turning, could see in the depths above him the images of the dreams and thoughts of uplifted spirits, gods, powers, and the inscrutable dominions: and looking to the south could see the rise and set of all the empires of the world, and the flashing of the first spears and the last: and looking to the north could see the joyous withdrawn life of the elder children of the earth, of the immortal Sidhe, of the Sidhe that are mortal, and of secret and mysterious lives.

We who are but the far-away forgetting kindred of Manan cannot at will reach the Floating Pool, where the images of dreams acted and imagined are perhaps not less real than is our brief mortal underplay. But, at times, one here, another there, may pass over it, as the wild swans are said to pass over the forbidden lynes of blue calm at the pole; or, in the other life of sleep and vision, may pass through it, as the shadow of a flying seabird passes through a still inland water, its phantom wing brushing the very mysteries, its phantom flight, swift and silent as the secret and swift and silent life it traverses but does not wake.

To what end? some will say. "Even if there be this other life, to what end, as it is not for us, or we for it? We have not time for the things of the half-light, having to hurry to climb the vanishing noon every day, and being forever overtaken by the dark." But as well may I ask, why this ceaseless hurry to chase shadows and to evade shadow. With Emerson I would say, let us leave hurry to slaves. There

is always time for the things of the spirit.

"But we can have enough of beauty in what we already know for our delight, that we can make our own: raiment, pictures, statues, all that art can give."

But beauty does not dwell in things themselves, only in that spiritual vision wherein the images of things take color and form, images of light and shadow each after its kind.

"But to look into this other life, is it not to disarrange or to disturb our own?" Why so? Both are in the swaying deeps. If I go from one to the other I find, in each, life moving as before in its long rhythms of joy and of sorrow.

There are two imaginations. The two may become one, but each can be a thing apart.

There are two ways of approach to what is secret and for wonder, even when the things of secrecy and wonder are not absolutely hidden, and are no more strange (and from one aspect, no more remote) than is your life or mine. The one is the way of those whose minds leave the thoroughfares of thought, and follow the obscurer byways that lead to the imagined and legendary magic kingdoms, and return, and tell what they have learned, and bring what they have gathered.

The other is the way of those who in the spirit—that inward life which is in part a fire fed by a flame from without, and in part a subtle breath from within, come one knows not whence, going one knows not whither—have so often from love and longing sojourned in these lost realms, that thought of them is of the nature of reminiscence, the tale of them but a windthrow of gathered memories.

Each has its authenticity. To some, who care only for these things as the hunter cares for the slot on the trail, the value of the first is all-important; that of the second, worthless; because the first are old, and have been curi-

ously sought, and skilfully gathered; while the second are so near as to be incredible, or belong so much to to-day as to be lacking in the charm of the vague and distant. To others, the tale told to-day on the loch-water or by the red peats is of not less import than the same tale told when Oisin's mother was a hind upon the hill.

To some, indeed, it means more: for it means that though the clans of the Gael are broken, and the old ancestral world is fast slipping away, the Gaelic heart has still its dim loves and loyalties, the Gaelic mind its time-grey ancient faith. If I read in some old tale, recaptured from the past by Mr. Whitley Stokes or by Mr. Kuno Meyer, that a man walking by a mound in a place of faery is met by a beautiful woman, and loves her, and is led away by her through the mound to a secret country, not to return, or, if so, to come back old and grey and mazed to a world unknowing him: am I to be the more moved by this than if Seamus Macallister, let us say, whom I meet on the heather hereby or on the shore yonder, tells me that his kinsman Michell or Ian was crossing the hill one day, and saw a young and beautiful woman milking a deer while the herd broused unheeding; and that Michell spoke to her, and that with her eyes looking into his and her smile gripping him round his heart his will faded out of him as sunset-light out of a pool, and he became her *leannan*, and went over the brae with her, and for days and weeks after that was strange and sullen, and then sullen no more but hush and listening, till one day he took his pipes (and he the proud *piblair*) and played "Lochaber no more," with a heartbreak new note to it, and then went to his Leannan-Shee laughing, and over the brae the two of them, and never to this day word or sign of him again?

And if the retold word of a forgotten dreamer of old says that the People of the Mounds love music, is that of more value than if Elsie coming from the byres, or Ewan the Shepherd coming from the moor, says that beyond the old thorn near the green mound the one heard the *frith-cheol min nan sith-each seang*, "the soft low music of the slender people"; or the other saw for a startled moment the *luchd nan trus-gowan naine*, "the tribe of the green mantles"? Or is it of greater value if the testimony of an unknown *erionach* quoted by O'Curry is of the other world-murmur he had himself heard, or if, perhaps, Mr. Yeats be the witness?

In the same way there are those who delight in the old tale, let us say, of the island-home of Manan or Mananan, told perhaps by Keating; or of Deirdre and the Sons of Usnach, told by, let us say, O'Curry; or of Diarmid and Grainne, told in, it may be, the *Silra Gadilica*—who would scorn, or at best be indifferent to, a variant told to-day, though with an authenticity neither more nor less; though it were told by an unlettered Gael, as the present writer has heard the story of Diarmid and Grainne told on the spot between

Loch Tarbert and Loch Fyne where Diarmid had his death-wound from the boar, before laughing Finn; and the story of Deirdre, told by that calm bay in Benderloch, where the Dun of the Sons of Usna still fragmentarily stands and on the Moss of Achnacree where she and they oftentimes crossed, and in that Clyde-washed Arran that was of old Emhain Abhlach, the Isle of Apple Trees, where she bore her two children, Gaer and Aebhgrein; and the story of the ancient Firbolg king, Lir (he who afterwards had his name given to an unknown god, him that fathered Manan, god of waters), a fathom-reach from the sunken *Bogha Lhir*, "the reef of Lir," off the lonely shores of the isle of Vallay in the Outer Isles.

Shall it be said then that stories of the other life heard, gathered or imagined to-day are worthless since they have not the "authenticity" of the unknown source and of time grown old? Who saw, and shaped, the tales of faery, but those whose thought was a creative remembering, a personal vision? Is the lore less, when, found on the wind's lips, it is spoken anew, half in fear it be not true, half in wonder that it is, than when it was heard on the lips of the wind a thousand years ago?

Is it of worth only when a grey wandering dust is all that is left of the teller, and time's shadow heavy on his ancient words? Is one who stoops and listens to-day but an idle dreamer imagining a vain thing: while one who repeats what others long ago listened to is held worthy? Truly he is worthy but is not the other also?

"It is all illusion." Let the phrase pass, for we are in a world of illusion. It is by illusion, it is through illusions, the secret and divine powers use us nobly, and that the secret and destroying powers are swift to use us ignobly: it is through illusion they communicate with us, that they continually persuade or delude us. For the divine race has to use the mortal and changing illusions of things immortal, and the evil race the multiform and phantasmal illusions of what is mortal only. We respond through the leap of instinct, or the slow pulse of conscience, or the mind rising like a bird on the wind, or, on the other part, through another instinct and a number or perverted conscience and a mind like a hound held ever earthward on the trail of earthly things.

And this raiment of truth and untruth that we call illusion is dyed in many lovely hues, gathered out of love, devotion, heroism, courage, endurance, faith, honor; and out of the opposites of these: it is the raiment worn by all art, of sound, of color, of formal rhythm, of words; and it is the raiment of dreams and visions, that primitive language.

And the simpler, the less subtle, the franker the method of illusion, the more illusory is the "actuality." We can all believe, because we all understand, what the old Frisic poet—the old Frisic shaper of the thought of many minds—wrote of the creation of

Adam and Eve: "God created the first man from eight things: the bones from stone, the flesh from earth, the blood from water, the heart from wind, the thoughts from clouds, the sweat from dew, the hair from grass, and then breathed into the creature the holy spirit."

But no one believes that stone and earth and water, that wind and cloud, that dew and grass were thus transmuted: only that certain potential elements of life were shaped into one concrete life, and that the mystery of flesh and blood, of the heart that longs and the thought that is an eternal pilgrim, were represented by the symbol of the earth or of water, of wind or of cloud.

Not here and to-day only, but long ago when thought and language first flowered, and in the Magic Kingdoms themselves, it has ever been so: the instinct and need of the soul for illusion—the symbol for the eyes, and the mind that leans to see; and the illusion for the thought, and the mind that raises itself upon that thought, and knows "leagues upon more leagues beyond that sea."

In one of the old Celtic tales, the "Tale of the Ordeals," we read of the circlet of magic wood to be had from Ochamom the Fool on Sid Arfemin, to be used for the distinguishing between truth and falsehood. Or, in another tale, of the vessel of crystal got at the well-side by the wife of Badurn the King from two women whom she had seen pass beyond the well into the fairy mound above. And what is that magic circlet or that vessel of crystal but a symbol of the illusion that we can judge between the illusions of truth and falsehood?

The evil of the world and the beauty of the world—that also had of old, as now, to be shown in symbol or revealed by illusion. There is an island-tale of one Manus, a King of the Suderoer, who, placed on an oaken dais by the shore (it is of another Canute, with a different burthen), bade the foam-men of the flowing tide rein in their foaming chargers, and ride back whence they had come: but when the sea, blind and deaf, covered the king with flying spray and clotted spume, Manus cursed it, and all it held within it, and all upon it, and cried out that it was but the froth and spittle of a drunken god. And that is one way of the illusion of the world that is beyond us. Again, in the ancient Irish tale of Morann MacMain, we are told that the first words of the child-king Morann, when held against the sea till the miracle of the ninth wave gave him speech, were:

"Worship, ye of mortal race,
God over this beautiful world."

And that is another way of the illusion of the world that is beyond us.

When, in a rhetorical survival, we speak to-day of letting loose the hounds of war or of the gathering of the eagles, we neither mean nor are taken to mean actual hounds or actual eagles. We do but employ an illusion of words that once were an illusion of association. And no doubt the sagaman who told how Daurrud of Caith-

ness saw twelve folk riding together to a bower, and followed, and looked through a slit in the wall, and saw twelve women who had set up a loom where men's heads were the weights and men's entrails the warp and weft, and that a sword was the shuttle, and that the reels were arrows: and then saw them pluck down the woof and tear it asunder: and then how, hidden, he saw these dread foretellers or weird sisters mount fierce stallions and ride six to the south and six to the north . . . no doubt this saga-man consciously used an illusion of words that had also or once had an illusion of association.

There is a Gaelic tale of a man who could not believe in the mystery of the Trinity, till one day his druid (minister or priest) told him to look at a dark cloud overhead. "There's rain in that cloud," he said, "and there is thunder in it, and there is lightning in it; but it is one cloud." And then he lit a torch, and said: "Here's yellow flame, and here's red flame, and here's a heart of violet; but it's all one flame." And by these visible symbols he opened a window to that mind.

In an early Scandinavian folk-tale a king disguises himself as an old wayfarer, and at last reaches the Hall of Illusions in Asgard. He sees three thrones, one above another, and a man seated on each. He asks who these kings or jarls may be, and the Asgard man beside him says that he on the lowest throne is a king named Har (High), and that the next is Jafuhar (Equally High), and that the highest of all is Thrithi (the Third), who is neither more high nor less high.

And by those crude verbal symbols he conveyed what the other had conveyed by the symbols of the torch and the cloud.

And so I, or you, may take a symbol, as one takes a sword and means by that war, or takes a lily and means by that purity, or takes a dove and means by that peace: or we may use an illusion to others, even as the divine and evil powers speak through illusion to us, and say that, like King Gylfi among the Aesir folk, we think we stand steadfast in a world of realities, when we are in truth flying shadows on a whirling dome. Read in Snorri's "Edda" of how Gylfi, the king, was troubled, and wondered much how the Aesir folk were so wise that everything went as they willed: pondering often if this came of their own uplifted nature or was caused by the divine powers whom they worshipped.

And of how he made a journey to Asgard, traveling thither and entering there in the guise of a very old and weary man with his death-hour on him. But, we are told, the Aesir were too wise in foreknowledge, and knew of his journey long before he came and while he was on his way, and received him with illusions. So when he entered Asgard he saw only that he was in a hall so vast that he could not see its further walls, and so high that he could not see its roof, though the part he saw was covered with gilded shields like a roof of shingle or of great scales.

Are they lesser powers than the folk of Aesir, they who have foreknowledge of our deeds and dreams, and see our thoughts while yet a long way off, and our souls slowly following these, and, smiling in their calm, immortal wisdom, likewise receive them, and us, with illusions?

The Magic Kingdoms have many names. The most beloved is Tir-nan-Og, the Land of Youth; for youth is the shape of the heart's desire and the color of its immortal dream. I-Breasil or Hy-Brasil, an island west of the sunset; Tir-na-thon, the Land of the Wave; Tir-fo-thuinn, the Land under the Waves, are natural to those who dwell on isles or by the shores of that lonely West which kneels in grey cliffs at the feet of the sea. The Avalon of the Bretons and the Cymry is the Land of the Apple Orchards, natural to races blown about by continual wars, and generation by generation driven from old homelands by fierce herdsmen of yellow-haired hosts; and the Alban Gaels had also their Emain Abhlach, or Isle of Apple Trees—a haven to dream of against the Pictish arrow, or the spear of Firbolg, or the sudden galleys of the men of Lochlann.

"The Country of Music" is natural to a people who love a music born of the hill-wind, and the sough of pines, and the sighing wave as "The Country of the Sidhe" is natural to a people who love beauty best when it is crowned with mystery.

When the old Alban Gaels spoke of the spiritual kingdom of their longing, it was as natural to them, sons and daughters of the unsleeping sword, to call it Flaitheamhnos, now Flathanas of Flathas, the Place of Heroes, as it was for them to call the kingdom of their fear and hate, Ifurin—the Isle of Eternal Cold; for what hell could more be dreaded by the Gaels of the North than a place wetter and colder than their own desolate north in the months of dark and gloom?

A man whose father had been "taken away" in his youth, but restored after three days, told me that his father, who was dazed to the hour of his death, always spoke of the kingdom he had gone to as a Place of Laughter, and would keep on asking with eagerness, and in a voice unlike his own, "co shinneas an fhideag airgid," as much as to say, "who will now be playing the silver flute?" And that, too, was natural.

And have not all the poets of the Gael, in Ireland and Scotland, loved to speak of the Land of Heart's Desire? And some have named it the Isle of Sleep, and some the Land of Peace, and some the Hills of Silence. Perhaps no name is nearer Tir-nan-Og, the Land of the Young, than that mentioned in the ancient tale of the fairy love of Connla, the son of Conn of the Hundred Battles, which the curious will find in one or other of the translations of the "Leabhar na H'Uldhre."

The love that Connla had was for a woman of the other world, but none knew this, till, by the king's will, a druid asked her whence she was come, and when she answered that it was

from the land of those who live a beautiful and deathless life, he knows that she is a woman of the Sidhe. So he chants a spell of mortality, and she goes away because of the smell of death.

Later she comes again, and none seeing her save Connla only, she having given him the dew, I suppose. Conn, the king, however, hears her saying to Connla in her chanting voice, that it is no such lofty place he holds "amid short-lived mortals awaiting fearful death," that he need dread to leave it, "the more as the ever-living ones invite thee to be the ruler over Tethra . . . the Kingdom of Joy."

But the name that is commonest of all in the tales of old is the Land of Promise. That is the refrain of half the broken chants that have floated down the grey tides of time. It is the burden of the song that drew Cuchulain to Fand, and that Liban sang to wandering Mananan of the waters, and that drew Connla across the red wave, and that led Oisin after Niamh by the spell of lovely words, and of the songs and tales of a hundred others whose memories are green yet in our love.

In that day, as later, it was the enchantment of youth that was the spell. For all the joys of the Land of Promise are the joys of youth. Moy Mell, the Plain of Honey, the poets call it often.

And there are other kingdoms of Faery of which I will not say anything now, but later. Of some none can now speak, for their secret is long ago dust upon the wandering winds. Of such is that wild land of mountainous cliff and climbing surge, where was seen of Calite the mysterious Battle of the Destroying Birds, with their beaks of bone and breaths of fire, and a wind as cold as a spring-wind issuing from beneath their wings: and where all slew each other with their beaks of bone and breaths of fire.

And there is the kingdom guarded by the ramparts of fire, a circle of flame lit every night by three men, who have gifts of wonder: for one can heal all, and another can obtain all, and the third can bring to the hand the secret desire of the heart.

These are the three men of the Tuath De Danann who gave their names to Finn, in the Tale of the Oak-grove of the Conspiracy. But the tale has surely a deeper significance: and the first of the men, who says: "I am called Dark," is perhaps a personification of Night, and it may be of Sleep or Oblivion; and the second, who says: "I am called Strife," is perhaps a personification not only of war, but of adventure and conquest, and the energy that has the lordship of the earth; and the third, who says: "I am called the Eagle," is perhaps a personification of the soaring mind and of the imagination—for is it not added in the tale that he had also another gift, a reed of music, that could soothe all the weariness of men and put sleep and dreams upon them, however great their ill?

And if in these lost lands strange and terrible figures appear at times . . . as the Red Swineherd, and the

three Blood-Red Horsemen, and women with hawks' heads, or these dread creatures who are the evil opposites of the Healer and the Maker and the Soother by the Ramparts of Fire, of whom I have just spoken, who, in the story of the Little Rath of the Incantation, appear to Finn and the three battalions of the Fianna, with three spears dropping venom, and venom on all their weapons, on their dress, on their hands and feet, and dropping like sweat from the fells of the three red hounds that go before them. . . . there are others and more, with whom meeting is gladness.

And there are some noble and beautiful among the most noble and beautiful of all the children of earth: as Etain Fairhair, daughter of Aed Whitebreast, King of the Elf-Mound of Ben Etair, and wife of Oscar the son of Oisin, the story of whose death by the body of her husband and friend and first love is as full of noble beauty as the story of the death of Emer by the body of Cuchulain, when upon each queen *tainic glaist's duthe* . . . had "come greenness and darkness"—the same Etain Foltfind who gave so queenly an answer to Finn when the king asked the maiden: "Well, Etain Fairhair, what condition dost thou ask from the son of the son of the king-champion, even Oscar?" . . . (Said the damsel): "Never to leave me until my own evil deeds come against me." Or, again, as Cailte, that true hero, who, when Patrick the Shaven asked him what had so maintained him and his Pagan folk in their heathen life, answered: "Righteousness in our hearts, and strength in our arms, and fulfilment in our tongues."

And if one may meet the dread Morigan, or Maeve that dark queen, one may meet Fand, that white star of love, or Niamh of the tresses, or Flind-abair that white flower. And there are others, of whom one must not speak overmuch: the *Amadan Dhu*, the dark Fool of the Secret People; and Be-mannair, daughter of that very Aineol of the *Tuatha De Danann* who with his companions appeared before Finn and the Fianna dropping venom . . . herself the she-messenger of the *Tuatha De Danann*, "and 'tis she," as the old Gaelic poet says, "that shifts into the shape of a *spegduban* and a whale, and forms herself into the semblance of a fly, and of a true lover, both man and woman, so that all leave their secret with her"; or as Allenn the Multiform, daughter of Bove the Red, the Dagda's son.

And that reminds me that it is only the later poets and story-tellers who confuse the *Tuath De Danann* and the peoples of the Sidhe. For this very Allenn the Multiform, when she was challenged before Aed, King of Connacht, and his host, answered aright: "I am not an Elfwoman, but one of the *Tuatha De Danann*, with whom my own body about me."

But of these Hidden Kingdoms, and the dwellers in their many realms, and of the people of the Sidhe, and the greater and the less, I must say no more now. There is a saying of the

Sidhe: "the grey feet of the wind go before you!" and that is said when they pass a Cairn of Rest; and that, now, is where I stand.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

A SPECIAL meeting of the "Board of Erin" Ancient Order of Hibernians was held on March 8th at Clones, Ireland. Brother James McKiernan, Feimagh, presided. There was a full attendance of the Irish county delegates, and the North of England and Scotland was also represented.

The meeting was one of the most important the branch has held for a generation. For some time past negotiations have been in progress for amalgamation with the American Order. Correspondence of a most satisfactory nature on the subject was read by the National secretary. Only one small matter of procedure now awaits settlement to put the Ancient Order of Hibernians on the same footing all the world over. A resolution covering this point was agreed upon, and the National Secretary was instructed to forward same to the National President of the American Board.

On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Bro. Scullion (Derry), it was also agreed to request the National President and the executive of the American Branch of the Ancient Order of Hibernians to officially co-operate with and assist Mr. Joseph Devlin, M. P., in extending the United Irish League in America, and a manifesto expressive of the views and opinions of the Order in Europe on this matter was unanimously adopted for transmission to the National President of America. It was also agreed to send copies of this document to Bishop M'Faul and to Mr. Jos. Devlin, M. P.

On the motion of Bro. John Crilly (Belfast), seconded by Bro. John Trainer (Armagh), and supported by Bro. M'Govern (Cavan), the following resolution was also unanimously adopted:

"That this meeting of the 'Board of Erin' Ancient Order of Hibernians, as the oldest National Society in Ireland, with a history and memories dating back through many generations of our country's sorrowful but still glorious story, hail with delight the apparent hopeful dawn of better times for our beloved land; we have watched with satisfaction the recent conferences between the representatives of the landlords and the Irish Parliamentary Party for the abolition of dual ownership in Ireland, and the establishment of a universal proprietary;"

"We think our opinion of the proposed terms of settlement will be best and most fittingly expressed in the reaffirmation of our confidence in the Chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party and the other responsible guides of Irish Nationalism associated with him; and we accordingly record our belief that whatever policy Mr. John E. Redmond, Mr. John Dillon, Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Michael Davitt may adopt to

rid Ireland of landlordism will be logically accepted by the whole nation.

"Having, therefore, unquestioned confidence in our leaders, we request the Nationalists of Ireland to suspend judgment on the Land Conference proposals till the promised Land Bill is introduced, when alone the nation will be in a position to judge the interpretation the Government have given to the new treaty of peace, and to decide accordingly."

An important matter in connection with the government of the Order in Scotland was discussed; but a decision on this, together with other business had, owing to the exigencies of train arrangements, to be postponed to the ordinary quarterly meeting. A resolution of regret at the death of Sir Chas. Gavan Duffy was passed, and several delegates paid warm tributes to his life and work at a stirring period in Irish history.

A Shell from Mem'ry's Shore.

O NE day we wandered on the strand
A merry group were we,
Who left the staid and solid land
To gambol by the sea,
The waves in fury rose and fell,
But when the storm was o'er
I found this little pearly shell.
This shell from Mem'ry's shore.
This little pink and pearly shell
A shell from Mem'ry's shore.

Each scanned my prize and deemed it fair,

Then tossed it back to me.
The sands a golden glory were,
A rainbow spanned the sea.
Joy winged the air, the hearts as well,
Dear happy hearts of yore,
Now breathing only in this shell,
This shell from Mem'ry's shore.
This little pink and pearly shell,
A shell from Mem'ry's shore.

O Love, thy legacy is tears
To those who cherish thee.
When mocking Fates forerun the years
And severed lives decree,
But still the souls among us dwell
Of loved ones gone before.
They breathe within this little shell,
This shell from Mem'ry's shore,
This little pink and pearly shell,
A shell from Mem'ry's shore.

—MARY A. O'REILLY.

St. Patrick Dead 1,410 Years.

S T. PATRICK, Ireland's apostle, died in the Monastery of Saul, County Down, on March 17, A. D. 493. He has been dead 1,410 years. McGee says: "He was buried with national honors, in the Church of Armagh, to which he had given the primacy over all the churches of Ireland; and such was the concourse of mourners, and the number of masses offered for his eternal repose, that from the day of his death till the close of the year the sun is practically said never to have set—so brilliant and so continual was the glare of tapers and torches."

The "Twang" of the "Returned Yank."

By Denis A. McCarthy.



If there is anything which particularly annoys sensible Irishmen and women in Ireland it is the absurdly outlandish accent which "returned Yanks" so often affect. A "returned Yank," as so many of my readers know, is a person, born and reared in Ireland, who has spent some time in America. Nearly every Irish community, no matter how remote, can boast of some "returned Yank"—some native who has gone to the United States, and who for some reason or other has returned to the old familiar place.

His sojourn abroad may have been for twenty years or twenty months, but no matter how destitute he may be, on his return, of other American possessions, he is nearly always sure to bring home a Yankee "twang"—something fearful and wonderful to listen to—a "twang," by the way, which is most decidedly not American.

The shorter his stay in America the more pronounced is the accent he carries home. Indeed, the fellow who comes out to see (as the phrase goes) "what time it is," is much more likely to affect a foreign accent than the man who has been in America for years, and who has had time to learn the foolishness of all affectation and the vanity of superior airs.

(I remember distinctly that young men of my native town who wore a red tunic for three months in the militia retained forever after a Cockney accent. This by way of parenthesis.)

The Irish emigrant to America who returns to Ireland is very often one who in the severe and unceasing grind of the American fight for existence has learned the virtues of patience, perseverance, sobriety and steadiness, but quite as often he is a fellow puffed up with pride at being a traveler, who weaves beautiful and alluring romances of American life which find ready credence among the inexperienced youths of the country-side, who in their turn long to leave their own country to seek the fortune which they are persuaded surely awaits them on this side of the Atlantic.

It is this latter example of the "returned Yank" who uses the "twang" and who is full of strange American profanity. He is an active disseminator of the emigration idea, and as such deserves to be most decidedly frowned upon. Instead of telling the truth about the hardships which the emigrant, in nine cases out of ten, encounters here, he dwells upon the fine wages, the easy work, and the certainty of making a fortune in a few years.

The other side of the picture he carefully hides; and his devil-may-care swagger, his assumption of knowledge, and the freedom with which he discusses matters which the average Irish boy would not dare to think of, have

an intoxicating effect upon young blood and young brains. Of course he is a *boshoon* of the first water, but he doesn't know it. Neither do his young hearers.

This sort of creature is not, I am sorry to say, confined to the male sex. Unhappily too many of the Irish girls who return do so apparently for the purpose of showing off their tawdry American finery, and of posing before the astonished villagers as a "returned Yank." They also affect the fearful and wonderful accent, and from their lips which in youth formed the fine old Gaelic phrases of greeting and blessing, nothing is heard more un-American than "hello," or "say," or "I guess," and a lot of the cheap slang which is the counterfeit currency of American speech.

Sensible Irish people, however, are not misled by the "returned Yank" or his "twang," or his slang or his yarns. They see through him instinctively. They know pretty well, though they may never have been outside their native village, the difference between common-sense and *ramais*, and their comments on the "returned Yank" are usually racy of the soil. The correspondent of the "Southern Cross," of Buenos Ayres, Argentina, who was recently in Ireland, tells of speaking, while there, with a farmer's wife whose opinions on the "returned Yank" are as follows:

"Oh, don't be talking! They'd break your heart so they would. Its only by straining yourself that you could get to understand a word here and there out of them at all, at all—with their 'aiyow—you—yaows', and talking through their noses, and—oh, 'deed you wouldn't be long until you got tired of it."

The correspondent suggested that these "returned Yanks" hear people talking that way all around them in the United States and they grow in time to talk in the same manner; whereupon the good *vanithe* replied:

"Maybe so. But sure, I've seen some of them coming back after being only a few months away and they'd be as bad as th' others. They'd annoy you, I tell you. If one o' them came into your house its findin' fault with you they'd be before they done much more than bid you the time o' day. And its 'Awe, naow, what are you doing with them old chairs?' And 'why don't you burn them old stools?' And 'why do you wear that sort of a cap?' You never heard the like o' them. And never content with anything!"

"Turning up their noses at your clothes and your house and your gridle cakes, and your bacon and cabbage. There was a girl who used to live convaynient to here once, and she came home last Christmas after being five years away. Well, the dickens a word I could understand at all out of

her. I could cry to hear the 'yow yaows' of her every time she came in here, for she was a good little girl an' she growing up, an' meself an' her poor mother—God be good to her—was bosom friends.

"Oh! them people that comes home from North America makes me head ache, so they do. I'm not saying anything against the country they live in, for it must be a good country, and a power of money comes home to Ireland from it; and sure, like that, a power of the best flesh and blood in Ireland goes out to it, too."

The United States seems only to vulgarize some Irish emigrants, and it is these vulgar and ostentatious individuals who, when they find their way home, proceed to give a very erroneous idea of what America is. Sometimes they have money, and then their vulgarity is all the grosser. Sometimes they return almost penniless, but coming from America they are fondly believed to have a "pile." But they are all sure to have that detestable "twang" which has made the name of "returned Yank" an abomination.

THE GAEL will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada for one year for \$1.00, or to any address in Ireland or Great Britain, one year for 5 shillings.

All subscriptions are payable in advance. Checks or Post Office Money Orders should be made payable to THE GAEL, 140 Nassau Street, New York.

THE GAEL can be purchased regularly each month from any of the following agents:

IRELAND.

Eason & Son, Ltd., 89 and 91 Middle Abbey St.

DUBLIN.

Gill & Son, 50 Upper O'Connell St.

ENGLAND.

Williams & Butland (wholesale agents) 47 Little Britain, London, E. C. Robert Thompson, 5 Tudor St., Blackfriars, London.

Conlon & Co., 5 Crosshall St., Liverpool.

Thomas McGlynn, 80 Warde St., Hulme, Manchester.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. Kelly, 154 Saltmarket, Glasgow. James Kinsella, Bank St., Coatbridge, Lanarkshire.

FRANCE.

Mme. Lelong, Kiosk 10 Boulevard des Capucines, Paris.

AUSTRALIA.

M. E. Carey, 106 Sturt St., Ballarat. P. F. Ryan, 324 Hay St., Perth, West Australia.

SOUTH AFRICA.

H. Bullen, Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony.



St. Patrick's Day Celebration in Dublin.

A PROCESSION of enormous dimensions, organized by the Gaelic League, with the object of marking the opening of the Irish Language Week and stimulating public interest in and support for its work, took place through the streets of Dublin on Sunday, March 15th last, being witnessed by immense crowds all along the line of route. The procession was marked by the utmost orderliness and splendid organization, and occupied two hours passing any given point.

The pictures given herewith are reproductions of snap-shots taken by our Dublin correspondent and show the procession passing through O'Connell Street.

Afterwards most of the processionists and a large number who had been sympathetic spectators of the scene assembled at Smithfield, where a public meeting was held, at which an address in Irish by Dr. Douglas Hyde was delivered. The proceedings, both at the immense street parade and at the public meeting, constituted a splendid testimony to the success of the work and organization of the Gaelic League.

The desire to make St. Patrick's Day a National holiday has been growing apace during the past year particularly. The Gaelic League have been busy propagating the idea, and bringing it to its present advanced position. The business people were asked to close

their shops and offices, and most of them complied cheerfully with the request.

The majority of the shops closed, thus throwing those which remained open into unwonted prominence. It

must be said that there existed some doubt in the minds of some of the business people as to which was the better course to adopt.

There was no very definite program to go by, and it was not difficult to un-



PROCESSION PASSING FATHER MATHEW'S STATUE.

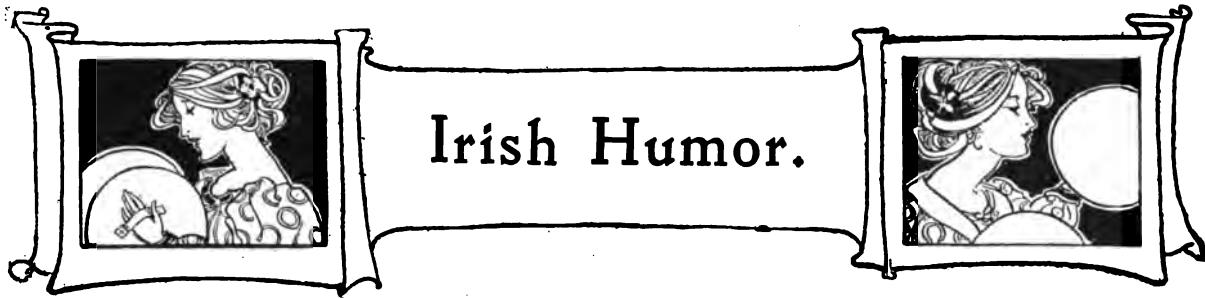


PROCESSION PASSING NELSON'S PILLAR.

derstand the attitude of vacillation which some of the traders in the city held. On the other hand, there were many large business concerns whose managers never hesitated as to the right course to pursue. They fell in at once with the suggestion to make St. Patrick's Day a holiday in the fullest sense of the word, and the feeling is growing that before the next anniversary comes round, even without the force of the Act of Parliament, which will soon be passed, the whole population will agree to make the day a general and a national holiday.

THE occupations or avocations of the most prominent Gaelic Leaguers in Ireland are as follows:

Mr. J. P. Craig is professor of Irish in St. Eunan's Seminary, Letterkenny; Mr. James J. Ahern, B.A., is professor of Irish and mathematics in the De La Salle Training College, Waterford; the Rev. Dr. Michael O'Hickey is professor of Irish in Maynooth College; Mr. J. J. O'Kelly teaches Irish at Newbridge College; Mr. Osborn J. Bergin is tutor of Irish at the Queen's College, Cork.



Irish Humor.

By Richard Ashe King. Author of "The Wearing o' the Green."

T looks as though wit and humor are indigenous in Ireland but exotic in England and Scotland when you find the English and Scots humorist usually laughing at his subject and the Irish *with* his. In Dickens' novels, for instance, and in those of Mr. Barrie, the peasant personages say their humorous things in wooden unconsciousness of their humor, but what character in any Irish play or novel says a humorous thing—other than a bull—unconsciously?

"I joke wi' great deeficulty," says the Scotsman; but the difficulty with the Irishman is to refrain from joking. Hence I think one characteristic of Irish wit and humor—its lightness of touch and tread. It needs but a light touch to strike a match on a prepared surface, and the surface of the Irish mind is always prepared for a joke.

Some time ago a friend of mine asked a Dublin corner boy why he was staring intently after an old gentleman who was tripping up Grafton Street with all the jaunty elasticity of youth, "What's the matter with the old gentleman?" "What's the matter wid him? Look at the walk of him! Begor! he is so light on his feet he only touches the ground in high places!" In right of his Celtic blood the Irishman, in his wit and humor especially, never walks with the ponderous policeman's tread but "only touches the ground in an odd place."

I cannot resist quoting here a similar comment made on senile agility by an old beggar woman which the late Father Ryan overheard in Harcourt Street. The Catholic dean, a septuagenarian, broke off a conversation with Father Ryan in order to hurry after and catch a passing tram, to the amazed admiration of the old beggar woman. "Yerah, look at the ould dane," she cried more to herself than to Father Ryan, "skippin' about like a new-married flea!"

If "the ould dane" had been a Protestant dignitary her comment would probably have been as caustic as that of another old woman whom Le Fanu, the novelist's brother, overheard in Stephen's Green.

Archbishop Whately, who delighted to shock conventions, was sitting and swinging on the rails which fence the green opposite his palace, playing with his dog, when two old Catholic ladies approached. "That's the archbishop!"

whispered one to the other, who thinking it must be the Roman Catholic archbishop, exclaimed rapturously, "Ah, the dear, darlin' man! As innocent and as playful as a blessed lamb!" Whereupon her friend angrily explained, "It's the Proteshtant archbishop!" to the instant changing of the tune of her companion, who snorted, "The ould fool!"

And here I may note a significant contrast—explicable historically—between popular and literary Irish wit and humor. Literary Irish wit and humor, being those of the Pale and of the ascendancy class, are cheerful and good-natured, whereas popular Irish wit and humor, being those of a people who for centuries have been oppressed and suppressed, are sarcastic and sardonic. "Pasquinade" is a word which dates back to a day and to a city in which suppression was pushed to the last turn of the screw, and it is probably to the character of their history as much as to their own character that the Italians owe their just reputation of being the most sarcastic people in Europe. It is even more to the character of their history than to their own character that the causticity of popular Irish wit and humor is due.

Why otherwise should Irish literary wit and humor have the singular merit of good nature? Singular, since ninety-nine hundredths of all the recorded wit of the world is ill-natured and owes its currency to its ill nature. It is preserved by its brine. "I hear Mr. Rogers," said a lady friend to the poet, whose tongue cut like a sharp razor, "I hear, Mr. Rogers, that you are in the habit of saying very ill-natured things." "Perhaps so, madam," replied the poet. "But, as you hear, I have a very weak voice, and if I did not say ill-natured things nobody would hear me." It is the ill-natured things which, like diseases, are propagated, while the good-natured are no more infectious than health.

It is much to its credit, therefore, that Irish literary wit is sweet-natured. How tart, for instance, is the wit of the wittiest of English comedies—the comedies of the Restoration—of Congreve, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, with one exception, that of an Irishman, Farquhar. "Farquhar," says Hazlitt, "of all the dramatists of the Restoration, alone makes us laugh from pleasure, not from malice."

The same critic again, after saying

of Sheridan's "School for Scandal" that "it was the most finished and faultless comedy we have," adds, "Besides the wit and ingenuity of this play there is a genial spirit of frankness and generosity which does the heart good." How sweet-natured, too, the humor of Goldsmith and of Dick Steele. By the way, it is to a comedy of Steele's that Sydney Smith pays the compliment of selecting from it an ideal specimen of humor. Here it is:

In Dick Steele's "The Funeral"—what a title for a comedy!—the undertaker arranges the mutes in the order of the forlornness of their countenances—the most lugubrious-looking near the coffin, the least near the door. When, however, he turns to give the place of honor near the corpse to his premier knight of the rueful countenance he finds to his disgust his countenance rueful no longer. "You infernal scoundrel!" he exclaims. "Didn't I take you out of a great man's service? Didn't I give you the pleasure of receiving wages for the first time? Didn't I raise your wages from ten shillings a week to fifteen, from fifteen to twenty? Yet I declare to God I believe the more wages I give you the more cheerful you look!"

If you were to ask critics of any school what English author shows most of that divine combination of the guilelessness of childhood with the tenderness of womanhood and the strength and wisdom of manhood which we call "chivalry," would they not unanimously name Oliver Goldsmith—the name which in all the literature of the eighteenth century smells sweetest and blossoms from the dust?

Even in that poem which anger might well have inspired—for no one received more frequent, stupid or brutal provocation from his friends than Goldsmith—even in "Retaliation," where is the retaliation? His humor plays there upon the faults, follies, and frailties of these friends like moonlight upon a ruin, showing, indeed, gaps and rents and breaches of decay but softening them even while it shows them. Indeed, Irishmen, from Farquhar to Goldsmith, have done a finer thing even than write the finest comedies in the English tongue—they have made us love as heartily as they have made us laugh at human nature.

But popular Irish wit is as mordant as Irish literary wit is genial; for the

rollicking Irish humor of carmen, boatmen, and guides is purely histrionic, a farce deliberately played to tickle and catch—as trout are caught by tickling—the English tourist.

Here is a significant encounter a friend of mine overheard between a Dublin vendor of oranges and an English lady tourist who had bargained down the fruit to the lowest farthing. As the English lady hurried away with her purchase the orange woman volleyed after her a shower of Irish. "What are you saying?" asked the English lady turning back. "Sure I was wishing the grace of God to folley yer ladyship while ye live an' the heavens to be yer bed whin ye die." This, however, was a free translation of what she really had said in Irish: "Ye're the manest anatomy of famine that ever was raked out of the embers of hell."

The humor of the Irish peasant who is not playing the fool to the order or the taste of the tourist is almost always sardonic. Here, for example, is the retort of a Cork peasant to a mild joke of an English parson. The parson complained to my friend, with whom he was on a visit, that he had never heard—what he had so often heard of—the wit of the Irish peasant. "But have you ever spoken to an Irish peasant?" "No." "Then let us try the next man we meet." The next man they met was leading by a halter a horse with a white blaze on its face, which suggested to the parson the mild remark: "What a white face your horse has got!" "Faix thin, it's yer own face 'ud be as white if it had been as long in the halther!" retorted the peasant in a tone which suggested that the wish was father to the thought.

And I shall not soon forget the sardonic tone of a remark with which a Dublin beggar woman cut down at one stroke my sister and myself—myself as a muff, my sister as a virago—since she took us for husband and wife. Having begged vainly from my sister she slunk behind us and groaned as from the bottom of her heart, "Ah thin, God help the poor man that couldn't say 'No' to ye!"

Yet more scathing was the rebuke of another beggar woman which an Irish barrister assured me he had overheard in a Catholic church in Sligo. As the bishop was expected the church was so overcrowded that a grandly dressed lady had much difficulty in elbowing her way through the congregation towards the confessional. An old beggar woman who resented being hustled aside by this superb personage screamed after her: "Ah thin now, do ye think nobody's got a resarved case but yerself!" a "resarved case" being the case of a crime so heinous that only a bishop could absolve it.

AT Mayo Assizes Michael Morley, Bekan, Ballyhaunis, was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment with hard labor for embezzling £17 belonging to the Bekan Co-operative Agricultural Society, of which he was secretary.

The Premier Duke of England.

THE Duke of Norfolk, who led the procession of British peers at the Vatican recently, is not likely to repeat the mild sensation he caused on his visit to Rome two years ago, when he expressed in public a wish for the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope. The Duke is a sincere Roman Catholic, earnest in his religion as in everything else, and there is not in the peerage a more kindly and courteous peer than he.

In order, it was supposed at the time, to emphasize the loyalty of Roman Catholics in England, the Duke went out to South Africa almost without a day's warning. The idea that he should go came as a sudden inspiration, and he only joined the company after it had been made up, when, as he said to a friend, "strictly speaking, there was no room for me." But the Duke found time to take his sword to Archbishop's House at Westminster and have it solemnly blessed by Cardinal Vaughan.

Nobody could say that the Duke of Norfolk is a haughty man; his carelessness of rank and his homely manner make it almost impossible to think of him as a duke. There is probably some truth in the stories which have their origin in his disregard of dress—such as that, for instance, of the telegraph girl who was impolite and was only brought to her senses when the man at the counter handed in a form addressed to an official of the Post Office and signed, "Norfolk, Postmaster-General."

Another story comes to mind. The Duke was going to Stonyhurst College for speech-day, and a carriage met him at the railway station. Two tall and well-dressed gentlemen preceded him, and as they reached the carriage an official asked: "Stonyhurst College, gentlemen?" Upon replying "Yes," they were allowed to enter the carriage. Behind them came a man not by any means faultlessly dressed, and as he was about to step into the carriage the official said, "Stand away, please; Duke of Norfolk's carriage." "Yes, I know," said the other, "I am the Duke of Norfolk."

The Earl of Fingall (family name Plunkett), one of the four Earls who usually accompanies the Duke, is always at home in Rome, where he was born. He has claims to hospitality in many countries, for, while he was born in Italy, the family comes from Denmark, he enjoys an Irish earldom, and a barony of the United Kingdom, and he has fought for England in South Africa.

His father was born in Naples, and his grandfather in Geneva, so that the birthplace of the Plunketts have been as fairly distributed as they well could be. Lord Fingall is the premier Roman Catholic baron of Ireland, as the Duke of Norfolk is of England.

The family has been settled in Ireland for six or seven centuries, and their seat through all these years has been in the County Meath.

The Irish Color.

GREEN is universally regarded, says the "Westminster Gazette," as the Irish color. But antiquarians say that green as the national flag of Ireland is of comparatively modern origin.

The latest authority to express an opinion on the subject is the Rev. Canon French, a learned member of the Royal Irish Academy. He does not accept the explanation that the green flag was adopted by the United Irishmen at the close of the eighteenth century by blending the orange and the blue, the latter being then regarded by some as the Irish flag.

He asserts the emerald green standard was used in Ireland in the sixteenth century, but it was not till the eighteenth century that it became the national color.

THE Catholic Truth Society has issued three new publications.

They are: "Novena to St. Patrick," by the Very Rev. Arthur Ryan, P. P., Tipperary; "St. Senan and Scattery," by his Honor Judge Carton, M.R.I.A., K.C., and "Nellie Donovan's Trial," by Miss Mary Maher.

Judge Carton tells us that in writing "St. Senan and Scattery" his purpose was to carry out the suggestion made to him by the late Miss Margaret Stokes, the gifted and earnest Irish scholar and antiquary, and to give a modern version of the life of St. Senan as it is told in the Book of Lismore.

A short time before her death Miss Stokes, it appears, wrote him a letter in which she stated that she often wished some writer like himself would extract from the mass of her brother's (Dr. Whitley Stokes) writings, translations into simple English of the legends abounding in them, and suggesting the story of St. Senan.

The Book of Lismore, Judge Carton explains, is a manuscript belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, which was found in Lismore Castle in 1814 in a walled-up passage by some workmen employed in making repairs. It was lying along with a crozier in a wooden box; and it contains the lives of the nine ancient Irish saints translated by Dr. Whitley Stokes, of whom St. Senan is one.

All that is known of its previous history, it seems, is that it was compiled from the lost manuscript of Monasterboice and other manuscripts in the latter half of the fifteenth century for M'Carthy Reagh and his wife, Catherine, daughter of Thomas, eighth Earl of Desmond, and that in 1629 it was in the hands of Michael O'Clery, one of the Four Masters.

Judge Carton has admirably performed a task, and has given us an instructive narrative, beautifully written and beautifully illustrated, which will make the life of a great Irish saint, and the picturesque locality in which he lived and labored, and the character of that ancient period of our history better and more widely known than they have hitherto been.

The Joker's Corner.



"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

REMOVABLE MAGISTRATE (irascibly)—Sir, you are trying to show your contempt for the Court.

Defendant's Counsel—On the contrary, I am trying my level best to conceal it.

LORD SPENCER has finally come to the conclusion that the conduct of the Irish M. P.'s in applauding the disasters to British arms during the Boer War was reprehensible. The decision is all the more valuable in that it is not a hasty one.

THE other day, not far from Bolton, two men were fighting, Lancashire style, and the smaller of the two was getting the better of the fight, when the bigger man called out to the onlookers: "Why don't you stop us, chaps? Can't yo see that I'm too big for him?"

SCENE: Parade Ground. Squad of soldiers marching about after a hard morning—men dead beat.

Captain, Now, my lads, smarten up—double!

Sandy (aside to Pat)—To the de'il with doublin'.

Pat (indignantly)—An' to the hot place wid Glasgow, then!

BETTY HORAN, of Thrummon, Co. Donegal, was a very pious old Methodist. Father Dan often dropped into Betty's for a gossip.

"Betty," said Father Dan, "I always find you stuck in your Bible. Now, tell me truly, do you understand it all?"

"Of course I do," indignantly.

"Well, well. I've been studying it all my life, and I don't understand it all yet."

"An' if yer reverence is a blockhead, do ye think every wan else like yerself?"

AWOE-BEGONE specimen of the tramp tribe made a call at a rural residence the other day to ask for aid. The door was opened by an impersonation of Hood's "masculine lady in curls," a female of angular proportions, severe demeanor, and uncertain age and temper.

She said: "I shall not give you anything. If you had been wise you would not have come here. Do you know who I am?"

The weary wanderer said he did not. "Well, I am a policeman's wife, and if he were in he would take you."

The tired tourist gazed at her a moment from head to toe and replied: "I believe you, ma'am. If he took you he'd take anybody."

"Twas well for him he had two seconds' start in the race.

M R. MACREADY'S autumn tour in the West of Ireland was fruitful of interesting incidents and amusing stories. He tells the following in connection with the local salt water baths at Lahinch, Co. Clare:

"The shower bath was very popular at first, but a little incident that happened soon after the opening of the baths has rather discounted their popularity with the fair sex.

"A lady stopping at the Golfers' Hotel was indulging in a salt water bath, but when she gave the signal, instead of the water descending, she heard a gruff fisherman's voice overhead saying: 'If ye'll move a little more to the wesht, ma'am, ye'll get the full benefit of the shower,' and, looking up, she saw a man peering down a small aperture in the ceiling, through which he was about to pour the barrel of sea water, which stood ready in the loft above.

"Whether she moved to the west, or whether that shower ever fell, history does not relate. The baths have been since brought more up-to-date."

A MERCHANT in a small town in Kerry found, when counting his day's sales money one evening, that he had got a bad half-crown. Highly enraged he determined to dispose of it as soon as possible.

Next day, when walking at a distance from his shop, he saw a young fellow who was considered the village fool. Going up to him the merchant gave him the bad half-crown, and said: "Here, Jimmy, get an ounce of tobacco for that and bring me the change, but you may keep the tobacco."

The merchant told him to get the tobacco at a rival's shop. Jimmy soon came back, having the tobacco and the change. The merchant was elated at his success. "How short you were, Jim?" he said. "Did you get it at the shop I told you?" "Oh no," said Jim, "I just passed it in at your own shop; it was nearer."

IN times gone by in Ireland the Protestant minister collected tithes in the harvest, while the Catholic priest got in his stipends at Christmas. Fr. Edward and the Rev. Sandy Montgomery were one day riding together, in their usual friendly way, through Inver, and bantering each other about their callings.

"Here's the *Bacach Ruadh*," said Father Edward; "let us have his opinion."

The *Bacach Ruadh* (or Red Beggarman) was an arrant knave, too clever to work whilst he could live upon the fat of the land without.

"Shawn," said Father Edward to him, "if you had a son, would you sooner make a priest or a minister of him?"

"If I had a son, yer reverences, I should have him a minister in the Harvest an' a priest at Chrissmas."

JEREMIAH KELLER was a famous Irish wit and barrister of the last decades of the eighteenth century and the early decades of the nineteenth. Both Moore and Keller came into collision, though under widely different circumstances, with John FitzGibbon, Earl of Clare—"Black Jack" as he was called—the lord chancellor of the union.

Moore was examined before Lord Clare, as chancellor of the University of Dublin, on the visitation held in April, 1798, to inquire into the existence of treasonable associations in the college, and narrowly escaped expulsion.

To Jeremiah Keller, Lord Clare, both at the bar and on the bench, had the aversion felt instinctively by a mean and treacherous nature.

Keller's powers of repartee were illustrated at the time of Lord Clare's death. "The lord chancellor," said a friend, "will be buried the day after to-morrow." "Dead chancellors," said Keller, "are usually buried." "The bar will attend the funeral in a body. Will you go?" "No," said Keller, "I will not go to Lord Clare's funeral, but I approve of it."



Shane O'Neill's Letter to the Lord Deputy.

Translated by T. O'Neill Russell.



THE following interesting letter in the Irish language from the celebrated but unfortunate Shane O'Neill to the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has never been correctly translated. A photograph of it, and a very incorrect transliteration and translation of it may be seen in "The National Manuscripts of Ireland," the original is in the British Museum, London.

The Irish of the letter is hardly at all different from the Irish of the present day, except for the archaic spelling of some words; but in spite of the modern form of the language in which the letter is written, it is about as tough a piece of Irish as could well be found to translate correctly owing to its total want of punctuation and the many and unusual contractions with which it abounds.

The transliteration and translation of it in the National Manuscripts of Ireland are very incorrect. I will not guarantee that the following version of it is absolutely correct for there are a few words in it which, owing to the contracted forms in which they are written, and the partial defacement of some of the letters, are very hard to make out. Of the dozen or more letters which Shane O'Neill says he wrote to the Deputy, or Justiciary, there seems to be but two of them preserved, namely, the following one and another which may be seen in the "Flor-Chairsearch na h-Elreann," published by Sealy, Bryers and Walker some four years ago.

It does not seem to be known whether the following letter is in the handwriting of Shane himself, or his secretary; but experts seem to think that the signature is in a different hand from that of the letter, and that the former is really Shane's writing.

It would appear that it was the Earl of Sussex, who was Lord Deputy in 1561, and to whom Shane wrote the letter; but whenever Sussex went to England either the Earl of Kildare or Sir W. Fitzwilliam used to act as Deputy, and it is not easy to find out which of them was in office in 1561, when Shane wrote the following letter:

Shane was one of the most unfortunate of the O'Neills. The great mistake of his life was his wanton at-

tack on the Cineal Connall, as the O'Donnells and the people of Donegal were then called. It was with great truth he was called "Seann an diomuis" or Shane of Pride. He could not brook any rival in Ulster, and aspired to be king of the whole province; hence his hatred of the O'Donnells, and his consequent ruin.

According to the State Papers, Shane had an army of 5,000 foot and about 1,000 horse. Sussex made many complaints against him, but never gained a victory over him, but suffered many defeats. Shane's pride is made apparent by what Sir Henry Sydney (the deputy who succeeded Sussex) said of Shane: "I believe Lucifer was never puffed up with more pride and ambition than O'Neill is. He says of his attack on us, 'If it were to do again I would do it for my ancestors were Kings of Ulster, and Ulster was theirs, and Ulster is mine, and shall be mine.'

Sidney seems to have been in great terror of Shane, for he wrote to the Earl of Leicester saying, "O'Neill continually keepeth 600 armed men. He is able to bring to the field 1,000 horsemen and 4,000 footmen; he hath already in Dundrum (Co. Down), as I am credibly advertised, 200 tuns of wine, and much more he looketh for; he is the only strong man in Ireland; his country was never so rich or so inhabited; he armeth and weaponeth all the peasants of his country, the first that ever so did of an Irishman; he hath agents continually in the Courts of Scotland, and with divers potentates of the Irish Scots; he is able if he will, to burn and spoil to Dublin gates and go away unfought."

But great a man as Shane O'Neill undoubtedly was, he had many faults, and his greatest fault was his ambition. He wanted to be supreme lord of Ulster; he was jealous of the Cineal Connall, or O'Donnells, knowing that they were the only Irish of the province who would oppose his absolute power and sway in it. He therefore attacked them in an apparently most wanton manner, and without any just cause, in the year 1567, but was defeated by them, and his army almost annihilated himself barely escaping. The Four Masters say that he lost 1,300 men, that there were multitudes drowned in the flight across the river Swilly,

and that some stated that his entire loss was over 3,000 men.

After Shane's defeat by the Cineal Connall, he sought refuge among the Scotch of Antrim. They had been for a long time friends and allies of Shane, and he seems to have invited them to make settlements in Antrim; for in those days the Scotch, both highlanders and lowlanders, were allies and friends of the Irish, and both the O'Neills and O'Donnells were seldom without Scotch—mostly Highlanders—fighting under them against the English. But Shane had maltreated the Scotch. He feared they were getting to be too powerful and shortly before his defeat by the O'Donnells he had attacked them, defeated them and captured their two principal leaders. Those were the "friends" to whom Shane fled after his defeat by the Cineal Connall. It is hardly to be wondered at that they killed him. He was hacked to pieces by the Scotch, and we are told that his body, wrapped in a kern's old shirt, was thrown into a pit near the place of his assassination. The English had offered a reward of 1,000 marks a mark was 13s 4d for his head, and £500 "to him who shall kill him," though he bring neither head nor body." The last sentence is copied from the State Papers.

Shane's head was sent "pickled in a pipkin" to Sidney, who was then deputy. It was Captain Wm. Piers, an English officer, Governor of Carrickfergus, who sent Shane's head to Dublin and got the reward. It is said in the life of Shane in the National Biography that his head was seen stuck on a pike over Dublin Castle in 1571. It was the barbarism of this act that inspired the author of the magnificent poem, "Shane's Head." Sussex, the English Deputy, tried England's often used plan of getting rid of her enemies, for he tried to bribe some of Shane's people to assassinate him. This fact is stated openly in Shane's life in the National Biography.

It would appear that Shane got the loan of the money asked by him in the following letter, for he visited Queen Elizabeth in London in 1562, when he is said by English authorities to have publicly submitted to her; but this statement must be taken as entirely unproved, and comes from a very unreliable source. Shane was accom-

panied to London by a bodyguard of his gallow-glasses, and created a great sensation among the Cockneys of the period. The grand mistake of Shane's life was his attack on the Círeál Connall; it was it that ruined him: and it was the same international quarrel-

ing that ruined the political past of his country.

It is very curious that the O'Neills, of all the Irish claims, should be the only ones that seem to have adopted the English Christian name, John; for Seaghan or Seann, as it is spelled by

"The Four Masters," is generally and apparently rightly, allowed to be an Irish form of John. A Seann O'Neill is mentioned by "The Four Masters" as early as the year 1339. The following is the Irish text and translation of Shane's letter to the Deputy:

Shane's Letter.

 EANDAÉCT ó ua Néill doúcum an Luisirtír mór óliseagair ró, agur doúcum na coda eile do'n Comáirle; agur atáim ag a fícheallfuisé óisodh círéid do-junne mé do ní [ó] do mhaodá a n-eair-onóirí no a nuaigdáil do'n bheanmhuighain, no ósaoiúr, ar a n-úrigeadhair oípm gan fácha, gan aódhair, agur tairisgean gábaltaur do óenamh oípm, gan gialla gan litir do éamh éugam ó do éanagdáir a n-éirinn; agur an Luisirtír do fágabair in buri n-ionáu a n-éirinn, go mhadamúrione umáil ró; agur naéidh do mairle oípm gan mo phearára fén do óul a brialóinire ghráir na bannmuighain, aét an mério guri éuip mé iarrpáirí aíri fócasáil aírgír oípm an mbanmuighain, ar son naéidh imigírtann aírgír oípm na h-Eireann, a Saxonóid; agur guri fúrpáil mé mo dháirge gill fén do éamh pír an innamh rín no go bprillinn fén ar Saxonóid.

Agur ar i ro an dháirge gill, .i. an mac i fheadair dom élonn, agur mo Óeasraíomhla, .i. mac m'orúe, agur mo bhuime agur mo bhráthairí: agur iad rín do éamh a n-úisíoll iergír bág aingír, ar naéidh bhráthairí mo ghealla vá mbeinidh gan mo gheall pír; agur guri éuip mé mo ósaoine fén agur ósaoine an Luisirtír vó aét-iarrpáirí rín a n-úisíoll aíri na bhráigíodh rín a gceann na bannmuighain; agur an uair do faoileamh rín do tseáct éugamh ne buri [o]jteáctra a n-éirinn, ní h-ámlairí rín do mhuileadhairí, aét an [nó] naéidh faoileamh do óenamh ósaoi; agur naéidh rín do éanagdáimh a deicé no a óul óéig do lirpeacáil a gceann an Luisirtír do buri a n-éirinn ó do imigéadairí; fóir, agur tuigéar na lirpeacáil rín do Lácaíl; agur cuimímpri fiaónúrige Dé agur na lirpeacáil rín oípm; agur fiaónúrige an mério éigearg cogur do óenamh do'n Choimáirle, naéidh mairle no mairneáctairí roideadh dám gan doil a brialóinire ghráir na bannmuighain gorf éigearsta, aét uit an innamh rín no go mbeiríodh re oípmáin; agur atá an éirí innamh do buri agam gur tteigírt aonair agam um óul a gceann na bannmuighain, aét an mério tairimhig do éanagdáirí oípm go h-ánoirícheair, .i. gábaltaur do éamh am ósaoi gan aódhair; uairí an fad bialr éin ná Saxonóid am tír dom neamhdoil, ní éuippe mé iergír búsáit nó tseáctairí eacáit éugamh ón uairí aíre, aét mo chogaodh do éamh [aí] rílge ele a gceann na bannmuighain do iníon rí mair do éanagdáirí an tairimhig rín oípm; agur do éaná mé mo óidéall aíri an mbaírúa rín agur ar gac duine vá gcuimíre ann iad, no go mbeiríodh rín iad; agur má tá a juin agóid gan mo tairimhig ní iir mó, beiríodh mo muintir éugamh, máir toil le buri n-onóir é, agur do óenamh la níb mair iir tairisge deirgear ríb mo muintir éugamh do éanagdáirí gac ghealla agur gac tairisgeanna vá tuig mé do'n bannmuighain.

Agur bhoí a deimín agus naéidh aír o'earglá círéid do gheall mé na ceantá a iomáine, aé a n-úisíoll aír a h-onóirí agur ar a ghráfaidh do cíúmáid gac neit vó bpril agam dám, agur dom mheúshád ó ro fuaig innur go ttaigaind na tigéar fiaónára atá fum, do éamh fídeltaur agur do cum mairí; agur innur go caictíon mé rén agur gac duine vá mbaí am óláig, ne reipbír agur ne h-onóirí na bannmuighain agur an feáomántais bialr a n-éirinn uairé. Agur buri feirfeadh éigear uile mo óulra a gceann na bannmuighain, do éaná Dé; uairí ní bialr a n-éirinn én duine do éanagdáirí gaothóir beg no móir aír a feáomántas, ar a fseapáidh re [an] faoibhóir ríb do éanagdáirí Dé agur t'áonta (?) na bannmuighain agur do'n tseapáidh do óenamhne o' a feáomántas. Ní bieg rín; aét guróimh ríb gac juin agur gac físeagára bialr agus aíri rín, do éamh éugam gan mairle, agur gan ní iir mo do óenamh oípm no go tuig ríb físeára, agur tairbheáin mo lirpeacáil do mairtibh na Comáirle.

mise o'neill.

Translation.

A BLESSING from O'Neill to the Justiciary, as in duty bound, and to the rest of the Council, and I am asking of them what have I done that would go to the dishonor or to the injury of the Queen or to you, on account of which you have, since your arrival in Ireland, broken in on me without reason or cause, trying to make conquest on me without sending a messenger or a letter; for we were obedient to the Justiciary whom you left in your place in Ireland; and, inasmuch as it was not malice that prevented me from appearing in my proper person before her grace, the Queen, but that I asked for a small sum of money from the Queen, because the money of Ireland does not pass current in England.

And I offered to give up my own hostages for this money loan until I should return from England; and these hostages would be, namely, the best sons of my children, and my foster-brother, namely, the son of my tutor, and my nurse, and my brother, and these to put in pledge for a small sum of money; for I would not break my promise if I had not given and pledge; and I sent my own people and the people of the Justiciary to request this again of the Queen for a pledge; and when I thought that loan would come to us on your coming to Ireland, it was not so you acted, but the thing we did not imagine was what you did; and indeed we sent ten or twelve letters to the Justiciary that was in Ireland since you left; also these letters were presented; and I put the witness of God and these letters (as testimony) for me, and also the witness of the amount I conscientiously tried to do for the Council, to show that it was not malice or negligence that was the cause of my not going in the presence of her grace the Queen up to the present time, but want of that money until it would reach us.

And the first intention which I then had of visiting the Queen I have still, but for the amount of obstruction ye put on me wantonly—namely, making conquest in my country without cause; for as long as there shall be one son of an Englishman in my country against my will, I will not send settlement or messenger to you from that time forward, but will send my complaint by another way to the Queen, telling her how ye put that hindrance on me; and I will do my best (to rout or kill) those soldiers (the men that had been sent to make conquest in his country), and on everyone who will send them there, until they are taken out of it; and if ye desire not to obstruct me any more, take my people (that is, the hostages) to you, if it please your honor, and I will appoint a day with you as soon as you take my people to you to fulfil every promise and every proposal I made to the Queen.

And be ye assured that it was not for fear of war that I promised her previously (that I would visit her), but on account of her honor and her graciousness to preserve everything I possess for me, and to increase me henceforward, in order that I may bring the wild countries that are under me to civilization and goodness; and in order that I myself and every person who shall be after me, may be devoted to the service and honor of the Queen and the Deputy who shall be (sent) from her to Ireland. And all Ireland would be the better of my going to visit the Queen, with the will of God, for there will not be any person in Ireland who would put little or much of offence on her Deputy, for he would bear that offence by the powers of God and the consent (?) of the Queen, and by the service that we do to her Deputy. This is a good deal; but we beseech you to send me every secret and every answer which ye shall have without malice, and not to do any more (evil) to me until ye bring news, and until ye show my letters to the chief men of the Council.—I am

O'NEILL.

AN GAOÐAL.



AR BÁS DONNCAÓA (BAILE AOÐA)
MIC CARCTAS.

SEAMUS MAC GEARAILT DO SCRIFO.

Ár aogair mallaistéar 'r mairg do fíoráidim
leat,
ná 'éir a tótháis fór i' u' Líontasib,
O'Éir na gCártasach Órlaitheamail, Órliontach,
fuair ceannar foibh, gcoimíon ón dílinn.

Do éuit fír úsáidé gan fíoráileadh,
áir gan airgead i' mallaist an trionnári,
airi airgead fíoráile, mo léan dá n-úisgeadh,
fá fírmaid gall gan fadair ari binnre.

ní hár agairn a ngráidam ve'n líne,
mairi éil úsáid aét péasla an aoi-éan,
aét Donncaó mac Coimíac an fíor-éalaí,
bunneán fuaireach gan fírúam i' n' inntin.

Flóir na gCártasach bláth na buiríne,
plannuas ceannairí pollán fíor-éalaí,
lochrán rolaír gan éogair, gan comhcheair,
ná 'n' ceacairí cail a dtábhairne an fíona.

Laoch Líontasach mairi Lúghair na g-craoíreac,
ri' mairi Órcáir a u-toirí na buiríne,
nó mairi aicill do éireagairí na milte,
15-Cat na tráis éug áir ná 'n' éimreac.

níor éireine Conall ag iomair le roirte,
ná Clann Uíriúis bád mianc na comháin,
ná Díomhain meair fíal ó Uisíne,
ná mo éuair Ó Cúlburíe gírioféasib.

Láimh-éorantaí na m-boirbheón do tréimíosa,
riulóirí na'ri' Óearbóil i' n-íorúil,
Crainn daigír airi' Ónáiríb biondá,
ná 'n' leig a céart le neacá dá aírthe.

Leógan calma, feairnála, fíor-éanaí,
réaltan rolaír airi' fíorúna ná 'n' Óíreas,
Craonaidh leig airi' Ónáiríb biondá,
ír laochair gall do fand fá úsáidre.

Do n-éanraíonn maecthaír ari fíorairí ná
muigéadta.

15-Cáil i' bpreáiríain, i' mairg 'r min cíuá,
ní Óraíonn fíor-éalaí tréan ná taoireac,
bád éróna laimh ná hár an aoi-éan.

Mo thí, mo theacair náic mairi do fírít tú,
Ameairg na rílóid ná 'g-comhíac roirte,
's náic mairi laoc fán gírén gan tímcheall,
Dá n-geilleoréad Donncaó airi' éolc ná airi
éimreac.

Níor Óiongnaú Donncaó beirte boirb ná
éimreac,

Coileán tréan do fírítim fílócht mileadh,
A'ir Seán na fíoráine 'r fíorúir an tríona
's Coimíac Láorúig ópparó fíor-éalaí.

O fírítib Caireil 'r éalaíb Óirínre,
Ráib na gairge do fíoráileadh do tréimíosa,
Bhádair i meán na laoc an iomad,
's Óirínnaill Ríabairg trílaíc na u-tíomhá.

ní truaig le h-ál na cíanaíc comháis,
mo buinne buadach fuaireach fíor-éalaí,
ná 'n' fírson 'scaéil i' u-tíomhá ná 'g-comhíac
fíor-éalaí.

15-CILL-ÉNE do fíon laig fíne,

ír móir an t-éalaí i' n-éirínn fíor-éalaí,
mo gílaúaire cumaraíc uigíranáí cláiríte,
Dá fuaireach gan éuallacth 'n' a tímcheall,
's gan aét fíorúir gan leigí uá comhíomhá.

Atáir roirte Caireibheac tréaradhára
cláiríte,

Sínte i' nglóraib náic mairi fá Líontasib,
mairi ná 'n' éualláth an uairí go níomhaí,
Ón Oileán móir go Cíol-na-gCoillteach.

Tá Múrgmhaioise an t-íomáil fá Óraíca,
n-úasáidre,

Gan éeann tréorú, gan éreón, gan éaoireac
mairi ná 'n' fíorúteachair cláca 'gur coillte,
trír an n-úasáidre 'r 'g-comháis na rílín
dáir.

Cá nglóib mná na m-ban nglac míontas?
náic mairi i' t-íomáil-ge atóbar gan fírge,
Do éimreac le h-éireac do gaoilaí fíor
dáir,
airi' gac taoibh do'n fírítim ó ari fíniú.

Tá baile aodá na réad gan aoi-éan,
's beirte an Cíol-riéad go brióna cláiríte,
Cnoc-an-Óileán go ríngil fa Ósairíre,
's an Caireán móir ari bhuac na bhríde.

A éanáin lic gírén ó éimreac na roirte,
Do gírén ní cláirí, níor fíorúir, níor
éimreac,
Ó tábla Coimíac fíorúir 'r a thír mha,
's péarla an bpolairg gíl Donncaó taobh
leat.

Do gírén loch Léin gan bhríde le tréimíosa,
's do éuairí an leathainn go fann i' n-úasáid,
níor fán teoirí le bhríde gan laoi gíl,
ná gan abairt-móirí bád fírúamhá Líontas.

Tá an t-Siúilí gan Óraíca aét tréan ní
taoíte,
an fíorúir 'r an mairg 'n' a tréarúig 'r an aoi-
ne,

Síonnan na fíorúir gan laet 'n' a cíocháid,
gan énuair, gan óuille, gan fíolair, gan
fíorúdá.

Cluinnim uairí ag fíorúig fíor-éalaí,
airi' gac aoi-éan aoi-éan, aoi-éan,
bunúir fuaime go náiríb ar Líontasib,
Ó Cluain-Meala go Cíol-riéad fíorúir.

15-Atáir fíorúir bhróna cláirí-Óirínre,
's aoi-éan Caireil do bhríde gan fírúam,
dine éimreac an éilí éair cíorú,
Óirínne, Sarb, meadó 'r aoi-éan.

Bhríde na laochair léigeannta, líomhá,
Ceallaí-Óirín Caireil na n-Óanair do tímíre,
Óillil' Oluim, Eogain, a'ir Caoilte,
Ó fíag Donncaó gan roíriúan Líontas.

Tá maireacán mlocha 'r Conn na b-fíor-éan,
briúan na fíor-éan bád fíorúam 'r fíorúam,
Coimíac mac Lúghair do fuaire clá na
tímíre,
do bheirí tréan tréan éaradhára i' n-éim-

Ó u éag an pláit vó'i ceapit,
 'S móran eile náic cuimí i'm' Laoisib,
 Seabac na muag vó'i óual beit cinné,
 Do chait gan rpéir an raoisg go ríleas.
 Cior na Sacram 'r ari fealbaisg laoiseac,
 Óri na Spáine 'r pláta an impipe,
 Da mberóeaó na feilid ari leisg a fíneap
 ní óéanfaid taighe gan caiteam le tigear
 maist.

Teargairí na bpláit ari feadó na ríogácta,
 Dóinnéadó an Cúil ran uír go cláoróe,
 Saoríbheacáe tall go fann ran imphreacá,
 Tuig mo ériacá gan cláir vó' coimheacá.
 Saol an lapla aniar ó'n inre,
 'S lapla Tuá-thúmáin na ríuasg bató lion.
 maip.

lapla feanairí Cillaine 'r Úrigóe,
 A' r lapla gároa Cill'-Dara vob' aíre.
 Saol an lapla ó Sciat na Laoi tú,
 'S an lapla da éuairó te éuairí tairí coinn-
 muiip.

lapla Antírium feadac na raoiteád,
 'S lapla bárraíc na ríabal gan ríaoileadó.
 Do b' do fíaoi le raoi-pláit fáore,
 le h-eocairó lonn vo' bponn an rínn-pors,
 le Tícheapna an Cláir gan clár le náimhíb,
 le Dóimhíl chroí 'r le móri-pláit Cinn-
 Tuig.

Brátaí ghráthairí Seághain fuaip píre,
 A' r Seághain gan échuaibh ó Cluain-an-fíona
 Seághain ríomha na b-pláplaíc scíonta
 Coimhac Spáimíg 'r Seághain na raoiteád.

Saol an Ríope cumaraig fínn tú,
 'S Ríope-an-Gleana vo' leagad ran túnre
 an Ríope uafail ó éuan na bfaoleán,
 'S an Ríope érén vo' príomh fílioct ite.

ní'l Rí ná píonnpa, Díac ná Bicount,
 Dúairírlíb Sacram ná do mhaistí na ríogácta
 gan a n-gaoil, gan bhéig fá tuis leat,
 'S a gcuirí folá'n a píonnpa i' d'éiríorbhéal
 Seacáit scéadó véag gan bhéig a' r chíocád,
 A' r naoi m-bláidóna an ríagairí díneac,
 doip' thic Délí vo' réirí gac' repíbinn,
 aip' ériú Dóinnéadá i' bhoíteapaisg fáoin-fíliuic.

AN CEANSAÍ.

Mo bóldear an ríona-bile ná'ri' rtán :
 m-briúin,
 Lám éoranta : n-georra-foil vo' fáraig
 náoir,
 Do torcraícta fá foirim lic aír láir gan bhéig
 Dóinn' a' mac Coimhac vo'n Cárptuill
 aírho.

Fuil óirídearic Síri Coimhac vo' fáirgeadó
 ériu,
 Fuil Coimhac thic Dóinnéadá vo' cláoróeado
 tairí tuinn,
 Fuil Coimhac thic Coimhac bató tóna a n-
 gniomí,
 'S na gCoimhac vob' fóllar vam vo'n Cárpt
 fuil aírho.

Seabac foilbhrí na ngeorra-pors vob' áille
 ériore,
 plannra óirídearic ná'ri' fóllar geacá : utád-
 aipne díge,
 Chann corpraícta na m-boríb éon : mbeairn-
 nain baogail,
 'S ábhair doilbhrí gan oícheas foirí na véag
 gan t-rlige.

Crusade Against "The Stage Irishman".

“McFADDEN'S Row of Flats” is the title of a stage production which has been touring the United States and Canada for a couple of years past. It is a musical farce which at first sight seems frivolous enough but which has in reality a deeper significance. The characters represent the lowest type of Irish and the men are “made up” with ape-like faces surrounded by green whiskers, while the women are pictured as inexpressibly vulgar in language and demeanor, smoking dhuideens, etc. A pig is a member of the family and appears on the stage, also a donkey. The dialogue is as vulgar and low as the appearance of the characters, and the entire play was an abomination to every clean-minded person, no matter what their nationality might be.

The production of this play and the appearance of the colored posters announcing it have been extremely objectionable to patriotic Irishmen and women in this city.

It appeared to them that the American people as well as American citizens of other nationalities are liable to get incorrect impressions of Irish home life from seeing distorted and libelous misrepresentations of our people in such disgusting plays as “McFadden's Row of Flats,” and that an irreparable injury is done us by such vile caricatures.

In this city and in Philadelphia the play was hissed and the actors rotten-egged off the stage by large organized bodies of men consisting of members of the Gaelic League, the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Clan-na-Gael.

As a result the play has been “toned down” and most of the objectionable parts eliminated.

A number of the egg-throwers were arrested in this city and also in Philadelphia, but were subsequently discharged unpunished. The newspapers made much fun out of the occurrence, but all without exception sympathized with the raiders.

In New York it happened that some of the eggs thrown on the stage had been unsuccessfully hatched at some previous time and were full of gas and other things. When thrown those eggs exploded with a loud noise which gave rise to the report that the Clan-na-Gael were throwing hand grenades.

It would not be correct to say there was nothing in the report, for its odor pervaded the atmosphere and accompanied the actors (?) when they ran off the stage.

The New York “Irish World” is enthusiastic in support of this movement of protest. It says:

“The stage Irishman has been a standing insult to the Irish race for a generation and more. And it is to the discredit of the race that he has been permitted to go so long in his brutal caricature.

“But to-day, thanks to the Gaelic League and the United Irish League and the Ancient Order of Hibernians, a spirit of self-respect has been infused into the young men of Irish blood which asserts its life in action and which, if only persisted in, is bound to sweep into the cesspool of contempt those filthy wretches who are doing England's work in the caricature guise in which our common enemy would have all Irishmen appear to the world as their true selves.

“The men who are engaged in this work of driving the stage Irishman off the boards are not rowdies. They are gentlemen. They are good citizens. They are impelled to enter upon this work in the spirit of crusaders. They feel that the outrage has gone on long enough, and they are resolved to put an end to it. God speed them!”

A correspondent of the “New York Sun” remarks:

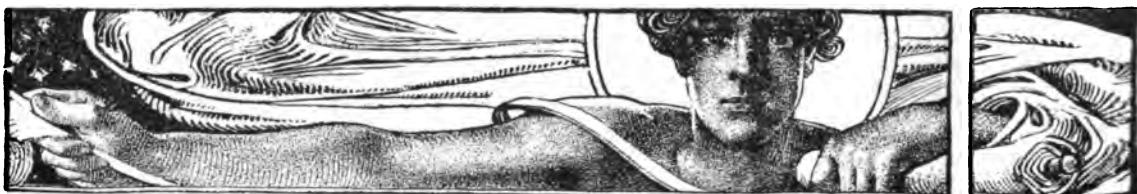
“This protest of the Irish people against the degrading of themselves and their race on the stage is not a mushroom growth of to-day or yesterday. At home in Ireland this movement has long since matured, and there the people have already driven from the public stage the disgusting and degrading caricatures imported from England and elsewhere; and the movement of the Irish here is but the continuation and spreading of that movement to end once for all what they consider a grave injustice.”

The “Kansas City Journal,” on the other hand, is full of regret at the thought that the stage Irishman may be banished from the boards. It comments:

“The Irish are caricatured oftener, perhaps, than any other race, but if they would stop to think, they would see that people always like and never despise the stage and cartoon Irishman. Does anybody imagine that the world has less regard for the Irish since Mr. Dunne created ‘Mr. Dooley’? Nobody ever despised Dooley and nobody ever disliked him, except, possibly, the interesting old Chicago saloonkeeper after whom he was patterned.

In reply to the foregoing we would say the “Kansas City Journal” completely misunderstands the situation. Irishmen do not object to honest caricature or clean dialect humor of the Peter Dooley Dunne type, they enjoy it and see and appreciate the points quicker than anyone else, but they emphatically object to vile caricature in which they are pictured as living in the same apartment with pigs and where Irish women are represented as habitually using vile and obscene language, which is not a trait of our race.

Irish people themselves know that our women are not addicted to the vulgarities attributed to them in “McFadden,” and the play would not worry them were it not for the evil and misleading effect it is having on the American people and others who have not had opportunity to know the Irish at close range.



Irish Literary Society. London.

WE are in receipt of the Annual General Report of the Irish Literary Society, London, for 1902, from which we learn the membership has shown a steady increase, the figures being for 1900, 482 members; 1901, 502 members; 1902, 525 members.

The secretary complains that many members are dilatory in paying their dues.

The worst consequence of the irregularity in payment (which leaves the Society with a balance for the year only of some £50 of income over necessary expenditure) is that it prevents the Society from publicly justifying its existence by the issue of Transactions. And in the absence of such publication, country members (who number close on 100) are left with no privileges except when they visit London.

The Committee are so sensible of this that they have determined to embark upon the production of a volume of Readings in Irish history, which will be distributed free of charge to country members.

The volume will be made up as follows: General Butler's lecture on "Cromwell in Ireland"; Mr. Wilson's paper on "The Reign of Charles II.", with a supplement specially written treating of the Administration of Tyrconnell; Mr. Gwynn's paper on "Sarsfield"; Mr. Mangan's prize essay on the "Sieges of Derry and Limerick"; and Miss Murray's paper on the period from the Treaty of Limerick to 1775.

It may be said confidently that the volume will not only do credit to the Society, but will be a contribution of permanent value to Irish History. It will be issued to town members on application at trade price, which will not exceed 4s., and may be under 3s. Members willing to subscribe for copies are requested to apply at once to the secretary, as a good subscription list would greatly facilitate arrangements.

The publication of the Petrie Collection is nearly completed, two parts being issued, and the third, which will contain an index to the whole, being in the press.

Irish classes have been held in the Society's Rooms. First, a class for the advanced students reading the Munster Poets. On the discontinuance of this a beginners' class was formed, which at present meets at 5.30 P. M. on Wednesdays, and is three or four times more largely attended than the

similar classes held at St. Ermin's Hotel.

Three very pleasant house dinners have been held at the Cafe Florence, with an average attendance of about forty-six. The respective chairmen were: Mr. Hagberg Wright, Mr. Stephen Gwynn and Mr. Roland McNeill.

IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY.

This Society continues to increase in numbers. The first volume of Keating's "History of Ireland," edited by Mr. David Comyn, M. R. I. A., was issued to members in 1902; and the first portion of the collection of Ossianic Poems known as the "Duanaire Fhinn," edited by Mr. John McNeill, B. A., is now passing through the press.

The following works are in course of preparation for the Society:

The second volume of Keating's "History of Ireland," to be edited by Mr. David Comyn.

"The Flight of the Earls," a contemporary account of that event, written by Teigue O'Keenan, an associate of the Earls in their flight to Rome; to be edited by Miss Agnes O'Farrelly.

"Romance of Fergus MacLeide," to be edited by Mr. Patrick MacSweeney.

"The Leabhar Gabhala," or Book of Invasions, to be edited by Mr. R. A. S. Macalister.

The attention of the Council has been much occupied by arrangements in connection with their "Irish Dictionary," which is being compiled and edited under their auspices by Rev. P. S. Dinneen, M. A., and by the effort to raise funds for its completion.

A sum of £200 was raised privately, partly as a loan and partly in donations by members of the Council and their friends, to defray the expenses of the first year's outlay, but it is found that a further sum of £350 to £400 is absolutely necessary if the work is to be carried out in a satisfactory manner.

Archbishop Walsh having offered to contribute £20 to the work if the remaining £380 can be raised within six months' time from the date of his offer, the Council earnestly hope that through the generosity of friends they may be placed in a position to avail themselves of his Grace's promise. Two sums of £20 have already been offered in response to the appeal.

The subscription price to the Dictionary is fixed at 5s., and Mr. Nutt is now prepared to receive the names of

subscribers for copies of the work, which will be issued at the end of the year.

All communications to be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Irish Texts Society, 20 Hanover Square, London, W.

The Farmer and the Statesman.

THOSE who imagine the Irish farmer has a fair chance may be interested in knowing the following facts:

To deliver a ton of eggs from the banks of the Boyne to Leeds, in England, costs more than ninety shillings.

To take a ton of eggs from St. Petersburg to Leeds costs less than thirty shillings, and from the south of France less than twenty shillings a ton.

A member of the British government, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, was traveling in Ireland. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre is a benevolent, conscientious man, and it was his intention, if possible, to awaken the Irish peasants to the error of their ways, from the point of view of political economy. Wherever he went he had the latest reports from the London Times, showing the market value of eggs, chickens, pigs, etc., and he always impressed on the peasants the value of enterprise.

He found one old Irishman sitting beside a small pool of water, watching some chickens on the bank and some ducks on the water. This conversation took place:

"My good man, what do you do with those chickens?"

"Eat them," said the Irishman.

"What do you do with the ducks and with the eggs?"

"Eat them, too."

"But let me read you the price of eggs, chickens and ducks in London this morning, and you will see how prosperous you would be if you would sell in the big city the things you raise."

"Do you see that pool of water?" said the Irishman. "Well I suppose if I had that pool of water in hell I could get any amount of money for it. The trouble is to get it there."

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre is now an ardent advocate of reduced railroad transportation rates in Ireland.

Don't fail to procure Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for your Children while cutting teeth. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.

Digitized by Google



A Song of Defeat.

By Stephen Gwynn.

NOT for the lucky warriors,
—The winner at Waterloo,
Or him of a newer name,
Whom loud-voiced triumphs acclaim
Victor against the few:—
Not for these, O Eire,
I build in my heart to-day
The lay of your sons and you.

I call to your mind to-day,
Out of the mists of the past.
Many a hull and many a mast
Black in the bight of the Bay
Over against Ben Edair;
And the lip of the ebbing tideway all
Red with the life of Gael and Gall,
And the Danes in a headlong
slaughter sent;
—And the women of Eire keening
For Brian, slain at his tent.

Mother, O gray sad mother,
Love, with the troubled eyes,
For whom I marshal to-day
The sad and splendid array,
Calling the lost to arise.
—As some Queen's courtier unbidden
Might fetch her gems to the sun,
Praising the glory and glow
Of all that was hers to show—
Eire, love Brian well,
For Brian fought, and he fell;
But Brian fought, and he won:
God! that was long ago!

Nearer and dearer to you
Eire, Eire *mo bhrón*
(List to a name of your own,
O sweet name. My sorrow!)
Are the suns that flamed and faded
In a night that had no morrow.

I call to your mind Red Hugh,
And the Castle's broken ward.
I call to your mind O'Neill
And the fight at the Yellow Ford—

—And the ships afloat on the main,
Bearing O'Donnell to Spain,
For the flame of his quick and leaping
soul
To be quenched in a venomous bowl;
—And the shore by the Swilly's shad-
ows,
And the Earls pushed out through the
foam,
And O'Neill in his grave-clothes lying
With the wish of his heart in Ireland,
And his body cold in Rome.

I call to your mind Benburb
And the stubborn Ulster steel,
And the triumph of Owen Roe:
Clonmel, and the glorious stand
Of the younger Hugh O'Neill:
—And Owen dead at Derry
And Cromwell loosed on the land.

I call to your mind brave Sarsfield,
And the battle in Limerick street,
The mine and the shattered wall,
And the battered breach held good,
And William full in retreat;
—And, at the end of all,
Wild Geese rising on clamorous wing
To follow the flight of an alien king,
And the hard won treaty broke
And the elder faith oppressed,
And the blood—but not for Ireland—
Red upon Sarsfield's breast.

Ended the roll of the great
And famous leaders of armies,
The shining lamps of the Gael,
Who wrestled a while with fate
And broke the battle on foemen,
Ere the end left widowed Eire
Lone with her desolate wail.

Lone, yet unforsaken:
Out of no far dim past

Call I the names of the last
Who strove and suffered for Eire
Saddest and nearest of all,
See how they flock to the call,
The troop of the famous felons;
Who won no joy of the sword,
Who tasted of no reward
But the faint-flushed dawn of a wan
sick hope
And over whose lives there dangled
Ever the shame of the rope.

I call to your mind Lord Edward;
Tone with his mangled throat;
Emmet high on the gallows;
O'Brien, Mitchel and Meagher—
Aye, and of newer note
Names that Eire will not forget,
Though some have faded in far-off
lands
And some have passed by the hang-
man's hands,
And some—are breathing yet.

Not for these, O Eire,
Not for these, or thee,
Pipers, trumpeters, blaring loud,
The throbbing drums and the colors
flying,
And the long drawn muffled roar of
the crowd
The voice of a human sea;
Theirs it is to inherit
Fame of a finer grace,
In the self-renewing spirit,
And the untameable heart,
Ever defeated, yet undefeated,
Of thy remembering race
For their names are treasured apart,
And their memories green and sweet,
On every hillside, and every mart,
In every cabin, in every street,
Of a land where to fail is more than
to triumph,
And victory less than defeat.

The Stolen Princess.

A Tale of Sorcery and a Magic Harp.

By John Shandon. Cork.

speech to the tongue of Aideen. Great and wonderful were the rewards he promised them should they succeed.

But they worked their spells and exhausted their stores of wisdom in vain. Aiden the beautiful remained dumb, and could not be cured.

At this time there was at the court of Eocha a young knight named Aodh. For strength and beauty there was not his like to be found in all the land of the Gael. The eyes in his head were piercing and tender and on his mouth of beauty there was ever a smile.

Terrible was he in battle in his awful height, his noble head standing high above all others in the warring host and his sword of might like lightning flashing blinding rays in the eyes of the enemies of the High-King as he harried them off the field, comely and gentle, in time of peace, he had found favor in the eyes of Aideen. His charge it was to keep guard over the White Dun in which she dwelt with her women attendants.

Music was the one great pleasure in Aideen's life of silence, and in that was Aodh well skilled. He had a little five-stringed *cruath*, and in time of peace he would lie on the green sward outside the Dun gently plucking the strings. Then the music wedded with his voice of power and sweetness would float love-laden up to the ears of Aideen.

At that her great shadowy eyes would melt and glow, and bending her lovely head lest her women should notice, she would veil her blushes in the mantle of hair that rolled down to her small feet in waves of yellow light.

In the hall of banquets they often met, and the eyes of Aodh would scarcely leave her face until her hour for retiring. Then he, too, would leave the hall, proud of his office as chief guard of the White Dun.

Long after the Druids and sages had ceased to work their spells on Aideen in the vain hope of curing her dumbness a strange harper came to the court.

HE night on which Aideen, daughter of the high king, was born there was a terrific battle of winds around and over the great Dun. Within the hall of thunder of many hards and fierce war-songs were chanted until the shields and spears upon the walls jangled and clashed as with the din of battle.

Suddenly a great stillness fell upon the assembly, and out of the heart of it came a strain of music so strange, so sweet and delicate that it seemed no louder than the thoughts which sometimes move the human heart to sadness or to joy. In that moment each man saw as in a vision his own soul.

The music had lingered but a few moments on the air when it faded out softly into the silence whence it came. Then heavy tears rolled down from the eyes of the high king, Eocha, and many there present, and fell upon the ground. In that hour Aideen the beautiful was born in the Dun of the high queen.

She was the seventh of the High-King's children and lovelier than any other child in all Erin, but she was dumb. Dearer was she to the hearts of her parents than any of her brothers and sisters, and dearer she became to them with every year of her growth until she passed from childhood to maidenhood. Then the thought of her dumbness became heavy on the heart of Eocha the High-King and it grieved him that the thoughts of her heart should never pass her beautiful lips to break in melody upon his ear.

He commanded his Druids and sages to work their spells, and seek from stores of wisdom, power to give



He was made welcome for his fame was widespread. Weird and wild was his appearance, and he carried a strangely-fashioned harp. He was summoned to the hall of banquets and bidden to play for the pleasure of the princess.

She fixed her soft eyes upon him expectantly and he played. It was a strain of love that the strings breathed forth, and her eyes glowed and sparkled and dwelt half-timidly upon Aodh the knight.

Then the air changed and told a tale of hate and vengeance. At this Aideen's eyes grew frightened, her cheek paled and she fell swooning to the ground. Then Aodh came swiftly and bore her in his arms to her women in the White Dun.

In the confusion the harper slipped away. Lying on his bed of dried ferns that night he thought of many things and he said exultingly:

"I have found that which for years I have sought, a soul that is music. No longer need I wander from court to court, dependant on the pleasure of the great. Now at last shall I be a king among harpers."

With that he closed his eyes and slept. One hour before dawn he rose and taking his harp he went forth. Standing under the great White Dun where Aideen lay sleeping he softly touched the brazen harp strings and a sound arose like the murmur of many little streams.

Hearing it Aodh the knight, who was on guard, swayed and fell down where he stood in a deep slumber, and the guards of the inner court also fell into the same sleep.

Then the harper entered the Dun. On her royal couch lay the High-King's daughter sleeping, and the glory of her hair made a gold light in the room.

The harper stood over her and again

he touched the strings. The sound was softer, and more delicate than ever mortal ears had heard. Closer and closer he came, touching the strings and singing a strange w.- song of unearthly beauty, and opening her eyes she listened half-sleeping, and yet drinking in the music with eagerness.

Gradually the music and singing became fainter and at last it ceased. Then a great white cloud filled the room, wrapping the princess from the sight of the harper, and, exhausted, he swooned away.

When he awoke Aideen was no longer there, but in the red dawn-light, upon the royal couch there stood a fair white harp with strings of shining gold. Trembling with ecstasy and triumph he slung it upon his shoulder. In doing so his fingers touched the strings and a wailing sweetness arose from them, whose echoes sounded lingeringly around the walls of the White Dun long after the strange harper had gone upon his way.

There was bitter woe and sorrowful wailing in the court of Eocha the High-King when it was found that Aideen had disappeared. Aodh and the other guards had been found sleeping and no man could wake them. frantic with rage and grief the High-King ordered them to be burned alive, and the slumber still on them; but his advisers declared that it would not be lawful to put them to death without trial, and they slept where they had fallen for seven days and seven nights.

While they slept the king sent his Chief Druid and a great body of armed men to search through all the land for the harper, who had disappeared. The thought was in every mind that he it was who had stolen the princess.

After many days they returned unsuccessful having found neither harper nor princess. Neither did they meet man or woman who had seen them.

When Aodh and his companions had awokened from the magic slumber they were bound and brought before the High-King and his judges.

Harsh and bitterly reproachful were the words of Eocha to Aodh the knight as he commanded him to give an account of what had happened the night the princess had disappeared. Then Aodh spoke and the bitterness of his sorrow was fearful to behold, and he told how in the dark hour before dawn he had seen a tall figure coming towards him afar off, and how he had waited until it should come closer, without moving, then he heard the music and remembered no more.

At this he bowed his noble head and wept. The others had but the same story to tell, and they waited with heads bent low in shame to hear their sentence from Eocha.

And that sentence was banishment forever from their native hills and the court of the High-King. Then Aodh lifted up his voice and spoke for his companions begging forgiveness for them. He alone was to blame, he said, he was chief guard and he had failed in his duty, he alone should be punished. And he vowed an awful vow to seek for the harper, through the length

and breadth of the land, and to wreak upon him a terrible vengeance.

And he also vowed in the presence of Eocha and his court that even though his body be hacked into small pieces his soul should not leave it until he had found and brought back Aideen.

And because of his great might and prowess formerly in battle, and because of the noble way he had spoken, and perhaps, because he was still dear to Eocha, his prayer was heard, and his companions were set free, and permitted to remain. Then he was unbound and they gave him his shield and his spears and his sword, that was named lightning, and also the little harp he loved. And he went forth upon his quest.

Who can tell what were the thoughts of his burning brain and sorrowful heart as he journeyed through the lonely mountain passes seeking vengeance? Did his soul hear afar off through the mists the mournful wailing of his lost Aideen, who had at last found speech?

Certain is it that for many years he journeyed up and down through Ireland from court to court seeking ever for those he could not find. And at last he came to be known as the mad knight of the harp.

One night he slept in a cave on the side of the Mountain of Swords and he had a dream. He dreamed that he saw the weird strange harper about to throw Aideen into a deep lake as if to drown her, and she stretched out her arms and her beautiful lips parted saying: "Aodh, come to me." Then he awoke.

The next morning he crossed the waters to Alba, for the lake of his dream was in that country. It was called the Lake of Tears, and upon its lonely brink the mystic harper had made his dwelling.

There was no harper in the whole world like to him and no harp to equal his beautiful white harp with strings of gold had ever been seen or heard. But of late he had not been sought for and courted as before for the sadness of his music had drawn the life out of many hearts and they died.

Try as he would his beautiful white harp would only breathe strains that told of love and death. Daily the music grew more beautiful and deadly. This was a sign that the spirit that was alive in the harp was about to pass away, and the harper knew it, so he determined to go in the darkness of night and hurl it into the deep Lake of Tears, for when the soul should pass out he knew that the harp should resume the bodily shape of Aideen the princess.

Should that ever happen and mortal eyes behold the body his doom was upon him in that hour. The night-birds heard his thoughts and carried them in a dream to the brain of Aodh the knight as he lay sleeping on the Mountain of Swords.

One night the harper gave a great banquet in his castle by the Lake of Tears and many princes and nobles were present. In the midst of the revelry Egbar the Red-eyed asked him

to play for them on his beautiful white harp. Many times he refused fearing the vengeance of the nobles should death follow the music, but at last he was forced to comply. Then he commanded a servant to bring the white harp to the banquet hall.

At that moment there arose a great clamor at the end of the hall where the humbler classes were seated, and the harper sent with angry words to find the cause of the tumult. Then the steward came and told the harper and his guests that a beggar had forced his way into the hall and claimed to be the greatest harper in the world so they had sought to drive him forth, but he was strong and would not go.

"Bring him hither," said the harper, "he will serve to amuse my patrons." And they brought him.

He came and stood before them all, a great wild looking man whose matted locks fell down over his face almost concealing his features. But his eyes glowed like red fire when he looked on the harper.

"Play us a strain of love," said Egbar the Red-eyed, contemptuously.

Then the beggar man drew a small harp from under his ragged cloak and began to play. At that moment a servant brought in the white harp to the hail of banquets. But still the beggar played on and noted it not. The memory of Aideen enwrapped his soul and the tones of his harp were clear and sweet and tender, and great was the applause when he had ended. Then the harper wild with jealousy that a strange beggar man should be praised thus in his presence, seized the white harp and swept the golden strings with his long, slim fingers.

The wailing sweetness that came forth was so unendurable that many there present swayed and fell down, and the life went out of them.

But Aodh, for he it was who appeared in the guise of a beggar-man, stood up and listened and drew near and nearer with every note, for was not Aideen there somewhere, and her soul was speaking to his. Then the wailing ended and the harper held the white harp towards Aodh and he said with icy scorn:

"Do thou try thy well-skilled fingers on this."

And Aodh took it as in a dream, and softly he touched the strings of shining gold. Suddenly such a gush of joyful sound came from the harp that all hearts beat madly with the pleasure of being alive and happy. In a kind of rapture Aodh played on and love and tears and laughter were blended in the music until with a little sobbing wail it suddenly ceased. His fingers swept the strings but they were dumb.

Then the harp fell from his fingers to the ground, and a great white cloud filled all the room and hid it from his sight. Yet through the dazzling haze he clearly saw the harper with evil smile and drawn sword stealing towards him.

"At last, mine enemy, at last," said Aodh, and drawing his sword that was called lightning he fell upon him. And

there they fought over the white harp in the cloud-filled room of enchantment among the spellbound living and the stiffening bodies of the dead.

The red dawn was breaking through the casements when the cloud lifted and it showed many dead men and many more in an enchanted slumber in the hall of banquets.

Covered with wounds the harper lay in a corner—dead. Beside him lay Aodh the knight and he was dying, but Aideen the princess held him to her heart and her lips were on his hair. There was now sweet speech upon her lips, but death was in her eyes. "Aodh, my beloved," she murmured, "wake, for it is Aideen who calls you." And he opened his glazing eyes and looked upon her.

Then the love that is stronger than death animated him and he rose and knelt before her.

"I have sought and found you, O princess," he said, "let us journey home, for I have fulfilled my vow."

"Yes," said Aideen, "let us go together." And she gave him her hand. Thus hand in hand but swaying and tottering they went forth. When they came to the green sward outside they fell down silently and their souls went out together to where there is always music.

And the birds of Angus singing softly circled over and around them in the air.

The Irish Land Bill.

NEARLY all Irish thoughts and interests are now concentrated on the bill introduced on the 25th of March by Chief Secretary Wyndham.

The object of the measure is to offer such pecuniary inducements to landlords to sell and to tenants to buy as will bring about a wholesale, or very large, transfer of ownership without actual compulsion. So far as the landlords are concerned, this has been done.

Whereas the selling price of landlords' estates in the best of times was on an average not more than twenty-three years' purchase of the rental, and for the last twenty years about seventeen years' purchase, the price which the bill proposes will be from twenty years' purchase for the worst class of estates to nearly thirty-three years' for the best.

Hitherto, landlord sellers have been paid in 2½ per cent stock, worth before the South African war 113, but now only worth 90. Under the bill they will be paid in cash.

The money required is estimated to amount to about one hundred million pounds sterling, and is to be raised by the issue of stock carrying 2½ per cent interest for thirty years, after which it will be redeemable at par.

The payment of the interest on the stock will be secured

(1) By the annuities payable by tenant purchasers;

(2) By various grants which are now made from the Exchequer in aid of

local taxation, for the support of lunatics, police, and for educational purposes;

(3) By the local rates, which the Lord Lieutenant can order to be increased in case of any loss by default in payment of the land-purchase annuities.

Mr. Wyndham anticipates that it will take fifteen years to issue the whole amount of purchase money; and as there will be an immediate loss on the issue at a discount of the 2½ per cent stock, the fund made immediately liable for that loss is a yearly grant of £185,000 for educational purposes—a grant made to balance a similar one arranged last year for Great Britain.

It was hoped that the now well-ascertained and almost universally admitted overtaxation of Ireland might have been a sufficient reason for throwing the expenses and losses in carrying out this great reform on the shoulders of the whole body of the United Kingdom taxpayers; but that is not to be so.

The British rule is, that Ireland is not a separate financial entity when it is a question of increased taxation for British purposes, but that she is, and must bear the entire cost, when it is a question of expenditure on Irish national objects.

The British Treasury claimed, when the overtaxation of Ireland was demonstrated to the Financial Relations Commission, that their expenditure in Ireland, pronounced wasteful and demoralizing, should be taken as a set-off. Mr. Wyndham announced that savings made in Irish administration during the last few years amounted to £440,000, and that he hoped to effect very much larger savings; but no intention of allocating these savings to Irish purposes was intimated.

The British Treasury must win, and will win largely, over this business.

Now for the tenant purchaser's position. Hitherto he had agreed to buy for a lump sum, which he usually reckoned at so many years' purchase of his rent. He could repay this by paying an annuity of 4 per cent on the price for forty-two and one-half years; or he might have this annuity reduced by 10 or 12 per cent at the end of each of the first three decades, and then continue paying 2½ per cent on the original loan until seventy-two years had elapsed from the date of his purchase; or he might pay off the whole or any part of the loan at any time. When he bought he became full and absolute owner of his farm. He was proprietor *a coelo usque ad inferos*.

That is not to be so under the Land Bill. No purchaser will become absolute owner, nor is he to agree to buy for any known sum. He must agree to buy for an annuity which is not to be less than 10 per cent or more than 40 per cent below his existing rent; seven-eighths of this annuity will be terminable in sixty-eight and one-half years, and one-eighth is to remain a perpetual charge on the land.

Mines, minerals, rights of shooting, hunting and fishing do not pass to the

purchaser, but are to remain the property of the state—i. e., at present, the Treasury.

The purchaser will not become the owner; he will be a state tenant, with a right to use the surface of the land for farming purposes only, and without power to explore or develop its mineral resources if they exist.

If a tenant wants to know what price he is paying for this limited ownership, he must divide the annuity he has agreed on with his landlord into two parts, and multiply one-eighth of the annuity by 36.36 and seven-eighths by 30.7.

The selling landlord will get in addition a bonus of from 15 per cent on the purchase money of estates not exceeding £5,000 capital value, to 5 per cent on estates where the total price exceeds £40,000. The purchasing tenant cannot be said to pay this bonus, except so far as he contributes to it as a taxpayer.

Another provision in relief of the landlords is that they may sell their demesnes and home farms to the state, and then re-annuity of 3½ per cent for sixty-nine years; but in these cases the mines, minerals and sporting rights do not vest in the state.

The owners will retain full ownership; they can buy off any rent charges they are now subject to for twenty years' purchase, and, by paying off mortgages on which the interest would usually be from 4½ to 6 per cent, they materially increase their income at the expense of the public.

The entire bonus expected to be given to the landlords during the next fifteen years is estimated at about twelve millions. There are some excellent and unobjectionable provisions in the bill for expediting the investigation of landlords' titles and the distribution of the purchase money. Red tape and lawyers' cobwebs are swept away if the administrators act in the spirit in which these clauses are conceived.

Looking at the measure as a whole, it is not fair as between landlord and tenant. It gives the landlord far more than the value of his estate, and does not give the tenant the full ownership that he desires to have, nor adequate consideration for what he will have to pay. It is unfair between Great Britain and Ireland, for it puts an unnecessarily heavy charge on the Irish taxpayer for a reform from which England will derive not only a large benefit, but a profit.

It is questionable whether the tenants will be very anxious to buy on the terms offered. They will see the general unfairness of the terms, but they may be driven to accept whatever alleviation of their present burdens is obtainable, as a hungry man might pay a shilling for a loaf when he knew the fair price should be fourpence.

AT the Spring show of the County Cork Agricultural Society, King Edward carried off the first two prizes in the Short-horn class for the best pure-bred bull and heifer calves.



Historic Points of Interest Near Dublin.



ITHIN easy reach of Dublin and so close as to be included in a one day's expedition, lies a series of interesting architectural and antiquarian studies, one at least of which is too little known to the average Dublin citizen. The names of Kilbarrack and St. Fintans are, to be sure, borne in on his mind by their appearance on the tram tickets of the electric service which now engirdles old Ben-Edar, but we wonder how many of the crowds who throng the hill in the Summer months have ever visited or have ever heard of the existence of the great Howth cromleac, the reputed "Aldene's Grave," on which Ferguson

has written his beautiful poem which reproduces so admirably the atmosphere of the Hill he knew and loved so well.

The first of these—Kilbarrack—the Church of Berach, a disciple of St. Kevins, is rather bleakly situated on the sea shore before one reaches the promontory of Howth, and except for some circular and pointed arches, presents no very striking architectural features.

Here, however, is still pointed out the grave of the notorious Higgins, the "Sham Squire," the proprietor of the "Freeman's Journal" during the Rebellion of '98, and who was buried here in 1804. The small broken stump at the extreme left of the photograph is

now all that is left of a ponderous tabular tomb which recorded in the most extravagant language the eminent merits of the deceased. The popular opinion of the man, judging from the destruction of the monument, seems to have been strangely different and Mr. Fitzpatrick even doubts whether the corpse itself had escaped similar kind attentions at the hands of medical body-snatchers. Nearby, too, is the grave of Margaret Lawless, mother of the patriot peer Lord Cloncurry.

Continuing our journey to Howth and ascending the main street we come to St. Mary's Abbey, said to have been originally erected early in the eleventh century by Sitryg the Dane, but en-



REMAINS OF HOWTH ABBEY, CO. DUBLIN.



RUINS AT KILBARRACK.

larged and considerably altered by Archbishop Luke in 1235, when the prebendal church—dating from the sixth century—was removed from Ireland's Eye (Inis-Ereann) to the mainland. The style—pointed Gothic—is rare in County Dublin.

"It had in its perfect state a double roof, supported at each end by pointed gables and each division of the church had an eastern window. The larger one consists of three compartments divided by mullions, the two extreme ones are trefoiled at the top and the center division rises in the pointed form above an archway which seems to have been a later addition. The window of the back aisle is also divided into three compartments, the center one rising the highest though all their tops are circular. There are two entrances by Gothic pointed arches—one at the south side which had formerly been a porch, into the body of the church, and the other at the west end into the back aisle. A flat embattled belfry with pointed arches for three bells springs from the gable at the western extremity opposite the great window. These bells are still preserved at Howth Castle.

Further west on the other side of the Hill are the ruins of a little oratory known as St. Fintan's church. It is extremely small—only twelve feet in length by about eight in breadth, with a disproportionately sized belfry at one end over a pointed arch entrance. The eastern window forms a rude cinque-foiled arch. Within its shadow now rest the remains of Miss Margaret Stokes, who in her life did so much to systematize the study of Irish architecture.

The Cromleac is situated about one-fourth mile from St. Fintan's, in the demesne of Lord Howth, at the base of the cliff called Muck Rock, from which the immense quartzite blocks forming it had become detached. The

table or roofing-stone lies east by west and measures seventeen feet in length by twelve in breadth and is six feet thick. Its circumference from point to point round the edge is 56 feet and its girth 45. This enormous weight estimated at 70 tons, has forced the supporting stones to give way to some extent, inclining them in an eastward direction and breaking one of them in two. The roofing-stone did not come to the ground, however, being arrested by the fractured stump.* The cromleac is traditionally known as

"The measurements are those of the Rev. Maxwell Close taken from Borlases "Dolmens of Ireland."

"Aideen's Grave," who after dying for grief at the loss of her husband, Oscar, son of Oisin, who was slain at the Battle of Gavra, is said to have been buried at Howth by the Fenian heroes near the mansion of her father, Angus of Ben-Edar.

They heaved the stone, they heaped
the cairn.

Said Oisian, "In a queenly grave
We leave her 'mong her fields of fern
Between the cliff and wave."

The cliff behind stands clean and bare
And bare above the heathery steep
Scales the clear heavens' expanse to
where
The Danaan Druids sleep.

And all the sands that left and right
The grassy isthmus-ridge confine
In yellow bars lie bare and bright
Among the sparkling brine.

A clear pure air pervades the scene
In loneliness and awe secure
Meet spot to sepulchre a queen
Who in her life was pure.

Here far from camp and chase removed
Apart in nature's quiet room
The music that alive she loved
Shall cheer her in her tomb.

That while from circling year to year
The Ogham-lettered stone is seen
The Gael shall say our Fenians here
Entombed their loved Aideen.

The humming of the noon-tide bees,
The lark's loud carol all day long,
And borne on evening's salted breeze
The clanking sea-birds song



THE CROMLEAC AT HOWTH, AIDEEN'S GRAVE.



HOWTH. IRELAND'S EYE IN THE DISTANCE.

Shall round her airy chamber float
And with the whispering winds and
streams
Attune to Nature's tenderest note
The tenor of her dreams.

And oft at tranquil eve's decline
When full tides lip the Old Green
Plain,
The lowing of Moynalty's kine
Shall round her breathe again.

* * * * *
And when the fierce De Danaan ghosts
At midnight from their peak come
down,
And all around the enchanted coasts
Despairing strangers drown;

When mingling with the wreckful wail

From low Clontarf's wave-trampled
shore
Comes booming up the burthened gale
The angry sand-bull's roar.

Or angrier than the sea, the shout
Of Erin's hosts in wrath combined
When terror heads oppressions rout
And Freedom cheers behind.

Then o'er our lady's placid dreams
When safe from storms she sleeps,
may steal
Such joy as will not misbeseem
A queen of men to feel.
* * * * *
And here hard by her natal bower
On lone Ben Edar's side we strive
With lifted rock and sign of power
To keep her name alive.

Irish Peat for the Navy.

A PARLIAMENTARY correspondent says: "Mr. Wyndham and the Irish Government have a most important project in hand, which may bring great results to Ireland in the immediate future. This is nothing less than the utilization of the peat which is deposited in such enormous quantities in different parts of Ireland, as a fuel for household and steam-raising purposes.

Experiments have been in progress for some time, and a firm at Dumfries is actually manufacturing a species of fuel from peat. The Irish Government intends to set up or aid a manufactory on a considerable scale, and Mr. Wyndham personally is full of enthusiasm for the scheme.

The peat when taken from the bogs will be compressed and dried, so as to get rid of the water. It will then be pulverized and mixed with a proportion of coal dust and crude oil, with a little clay to act as a cement for the whole, enabling it to be compressed into briquettes, which will be burned as we burn coal.

An experiment made on these lines on a very small scale about ten years ago was completely successful, and it is plain that if the same results can be obtained when working with machinery, a new industry will be established in Ireland which may give profitable employment to an immense number of persons for an indefinite time.

The new fuel is to be tried for naval purposes, and it may prove almost as good a substitute for coal as the crude oil, which Lord Selborne states has been so successful during the past year.

Confirmation of this report comes from a correspondent at Cork, who writes: "A most interesting and important project is at present on foot for the utilization of Irish peat, and in this connection experiments are being carried out on several turf bogs in Ireland for the purpose of testing the value and quality of the product from a commercial point of view. The enterprise has its origin in London, the promoters being English capitalists desirous of developing the Irish peat industry. A prominent London engineer, interested in the scheme, has written to a well-known priest in Cork, Rev. P. J. Dowling, to obtain from him any available data that would be likely to help forward the project."

It is calculated that Ireland could produce an output of peat equal to about three-quarters of the British coal supply if the extensive turf bogs abounding in the country were only properly utilized and worked to the best advantage. Cubes of turf, measuring six inches by six inches are being cut, dried, and weighed as samples of the output obtainable in different localities, with a view to having operations begun in the near future in the most favorable districts.

Machinery for the compression of peat is being brought into use in various places in the United States where peat bogs are found.



ST. FINTAN'S CHURCH, HOWTH.



The Lost Passage Money.

By M. Fletcher.

"WISHA, I don't know what could have become of it at all, at all," and the speaker shook out her skirts as though her lost purse might have stuck to them in some mysterious fashion.

"I hope, Mrs. Clancy, ye don't think I have anything to do with your loss for its meself is well-known here in Cork Market, and me father and mother before me, and—" A slight pause for breath enabled Mrs. Clancy to break in with—

"Arrah, me honey, don't be aither taking on like that. It's meself had no right to come near the market at all until I had taken me ticket for New York. But praise be the saints, maybe I'll find the purse agin."

She stopped and looked reflectively at her dudheen.

"Tis ne'er a draw at all it'll draw," she murnured; then brightened up as a man at a neighboring stall offered her a light.

The rosy, apple cheeked little old woman thanked him heartily and was soon pouring out the story of her lost purse.

"And wur ye not going to get yere bit of meat from me this mornin', according to custom," queried Pat Ryan as he peered here and there in search of the lost purse.

"Wisha, faix, to be sure I was. I only stopped at Mary Reardon's stall with a message from me daughter Kate—you know what cronies they are."

"Yes, and yourself with Mick Reardon, too," commented Pat, with a sly wink.

"Hush," whispered the old woman, "she'll be aither hearing," pointing to Mary Reardon, "an glory be if here isn't me daughter Kate herself. Wisha, Kate, it's the bitter day of misfortune has dawned on us."

"And how do you make that out, mother, agra? Shure wasn't it singing to yerself ye wor when ye left the cabin this mornin', plased with the thought that ye were going to get yer ticket to go to Dinis in Ameriky, and leave me behind in the old country!"

"Ah! shure, Kate asthore, ye would-

n't come with me; ye'd rather stay here with the Reardons and yere other friends. But its sorra a bit meself is like to go at all, for me passage money's lost."

"Lost, is it! —and how on earth did that same happen?"

"Wisha, faix, not a know I know replied the old woman. "I was talking to Mary Reardon here, and all of a sudden I put me hand in me pocket, and lo and behold! me purse was gone."

Pat Ryan wondered if he was mistaken, for he thought he observed something like a gleam of pleasure in Kate Clancy's fine eyes. However, she expressed the deepest sympathy.

"Bad cess to them, whoever they be who'd be after robbing a poor widdy woman. And it's every corner of Cork Market we'll look for the same purse."

"Shure, maybe she lost it before she entered at all, at all."

The speaker was Mary Reardon, who still resented the fact of the purse being first missed near her stall.

"Tis sense Miss Reardon do be speaking," observed Pat Ryan, who had long indulged in dreams of uniting the two stalls and making a fortune. "Shure, Mrs. Clancy, maybe ye could be aither remembering where ye saw the purse last?"

Mrs. Clancy, thus appealed to, puffed harder than ever at the dhudeen in her efforts to think, while her good-humored, rosy apple face grew puckered and unusually anxious.

"If I don't disremember," she said at last very solemnly, "I was just coming out of the Ginerel Post Office; it was there I put the purse in me under pocket."

"And wasn't it only this blessed morning," said her daughter, "that ye swore to meself ye'd keep it safe in yere buzom?"

"Arrah, girl, be aisy. Me under pocket's quite as safe."

"Well, it seems to me," put in Mary Reardon, "it's all the way between here and the Ginerel ye'll have to search, not only in the Market."

"Wisha, glory be, but its sense Miss Reardon has." But the lady only

tossed her head at the compliment, and Pat Ryan turned to serve a customer, murmuring something about a heart of stone. More people than ever was flocking into the market, and the Clancy's, mother and daughter, resolved to start a systematic search. Kate, for reasons of her own, said she would inquire at the places outside of the market where her mother had been.

"For I make no doubt," she said, "'twas many a bit of gossip ye stopped for between here and the Ginerel."

"Well, shure, and it's not uncivil ye'd like me to be, and this me last Saturday maybe in Cork City. I just passed the time of day with Dan Connell on the South Mall."

"And what took ye to the South Mall?"

"Shure to say good-bye to the old master. Then I wint into Maggie Leary's shop, and there I met Mat O'Hara, and he says, 'Arrah, Mrs. Clancy, sure ye're not cruel enough to be aither laving us?' And shure, sez I, 'I must do me duty to me offspring,' and with that he ups and sez, 'Anyways, ye'll come and have a drop of the cratur, as old friends ought before parting.' And its not meself could say him, nay, and—"

But here the daughter interrupted—"That's three places ye were at, anyhow. I suppose it was Mrs. Meagher's licensed house ye went to?"

The old woman nodded.

"Well, mother, I'll be off, and meanwhile ye can be making inquiries round the market."

Arrived at the South Mall, Kate looked eagerly. She might chance to meet Mat O'Hara, perhaps. But it was not an old man, but a handsome young one, who came up to greet her.

"Begorra, Kitty, asthore, it's meself has been looking around for you this long while."

"Arrah, shure, yer dinner isn't over yet, Mike. Come into one of the back streets beyant; it's a lot I have to tell yez."

The story of the lost purse was soon told.

"Wisha, faix, its not sorry I am.

Your mother ought to consider you as much as your brother, and it's well she knows that if she goes to Ameriky the man with the mortgage won't let you kape on the holding, and it's small chance I have of it. Don't be down on her, do ye say? Wisha, how can I help it, when she trated me like the dirt unther her feet; sez I'm an idle fellow, and so on. Though what she expects me to do without ere a bit of land is more than I know."

His handsome face flushed; the land hunger his countrymen know so well was tugging at his heartstrings; deep down the land was dearer to him than the woman at his side. She watched him half pityingly, half tenderly.

"If the purse is not found," she whispered, "mother can't go."

"Och, but shure it will be found. Who dare rob a widdy woman? Cork people are not thieves."

Kate was silent; the thought that had entered her brain had not penetrated his slower mind. She pondered over it after he had gone back to his work.

"If I was sure it was meself as much as the land he was afther I'd risk a mortal sin for him. But it's not a mortal sin, and, anyway, the chance has not come in my way yet."

It was dusk when Kate returned to the market, and her mother said she was tired waiting for her. "And I can see by your face ye've had no more luck than meself."

"I have been trapezing all over the place, and sorra a bit did any of your cronies know about the purse."

The journey home to Blarney in the electric tram was taken in silence, for both the Clancys were tired and sad.

On the Sunday afternoon the two Reardons and Pat Ryan came out to Mrs. Clancy's to see if the purse had been found, or at least that was the ostensible reason, but as everyone knows, Blarney is a delightful spot for love-making.

When the visit was over, Mary Reardon found herself going home alone with Pat Ryan.

"Wisha, don't be angry. Miss Reardon, but I gave yere brother the wink, and he was only too plased to stay longer enjoying Kate Clancy's society."

Mary Reardon blushed and smiled, so Pat, taking heart of grace, continued: "'Tis a rock of sense ye are at yere business and everything else, and seeing ye there in the market beside me, I often wonders which stall is the best, and maybe 'tis yerself will do the same!"

"Well, I won't say the thought has never crossed my mind."

"No; and would ye be afther picturing to yourself what a purty blnness the two combined would make?" Mary blushed again, and the butcher boldly took her hand and placed it within his arm.

"As our stalls are side by side in the market, Mary, so let us walk through life side by side."

"Go aisy. 'Tis taking a lot for granted ye are. Mike has a share in the

business." Pat Ryan's eyes twinkled. "Sure 'tis glad he'd be of the little bit of money I have in the bank. It would help him powerful with old Mrs. Clancy."

"The next evening Mike Reardon rushed out to Blarney as soon as his work was over.

"'Tis the great news entirely I do be bringing," he called out when Kate came to the door.

"And what may that same be?"

"Wisha, my sister and Pat Ryan are after making up a match, and himself offered me a fine sum for my share in the stall." He whispered the amount to her, and Mrs. Clancy, who had heard the conversation at the door, for the top half was open, called to him to come and tell her all about it. "Now," she said, "if this had happened before, I need not have thought of crossing the ocean. It was the interest of that mortgage that worried me, but sure if ye could pay it off ye'd have only to come in and hang up yer hat here."

"Do you mane it, mother, asthore?" Kate's eyes gleamed with hope as she asked the question.

"It's too late now," replied the old woman, somewhat sadly.

"But if the purse is not found, would ye be content then?"

"Arrah, very likely I would, faix."

Tuesday morning brought a letter from America.

"And what do be in Dinis's letter at all, at all, mother, ye looks so worried over it?"

"Shure, 'tis thinking of getting married again he is. The saints be praised it's not embarked I am. There's no need for me to mind his young chilidern now, though indeed he says he hopes I'll come all the same."

"And will you go if the purse is found?"

"Is it anxious to get rid of me ye are, afther almost imploring me on yere bended knee to stay at home? Purse or no purse, de'll a haporth I'll stir from ould Ireland."

Kate knew her mother meant what she said.

"Ye needn't think I didn't mane to give it ye in time to start," the daughter said slowly and half ashamed. "I only waited to see if anything would happen before Friday."

"And where did ye find it at all?"

"At the old masther's. Ye dropped it on the floor of his office, and himself put it away in his safe for you. And it's he'll be pleased to hear ye have sense enough to stay in the old counthry where ye were born and bred. Shure, did ye never hear:

"Me son's me son till he gets him a wife,
But me daughter's me daughter all her life."

"And begorra it's the threue saying ye'll find it."

This was the nearest approach to any outward expression of tenderness, for though the Irish have a flow of words to the mouth, they do not wear their hearts on their sleeves. These two, anyway, did not, and they quickly be-

gan to talk over future plans, and wondered whether Denis would want the passage money back.

When, however, the latter heard of his sister's approaching marriage, with true Irish pride he resolved she should not go to her husband empty-handed, more especially as the bridegroom was paying off the mortgage on the holding. So the passage money was a gift to the bride.

There was a double wedding that summer, and when Mike Reardon went to hang up his hat in Mrs. Clancy's cabin, the family name was effaced from the old stall—and now, any day you like to take a stroll through Cork Market, you may see, behind an enlarged counter, Pat Ryan and his sensible wife serving their customers side by side.

Ancient Hinba.

AT the usual monthly meeting (March) of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, held in Edinburgh, an interesting paper was read by Dr. W. W. Ireland on a visit to Eilean na Naoimh, one of the Garve Loch Islands, the ancient Hinba of Adamnan.

In his life of St. Columba Adamnan frequently refers to the saint's visits to Hinba, in which he founded a monastery, one of the very earliest institutions of the kind. The locality of this foundation remained unidentified until the publication of Reeves' edition of Adamnan in 1857.

The island is now uninhabited, but on a level spot not far from the landing-place Dr. Ireland found a group of ruins of dry-stone buildings, comprehending a small early church, besides a few rudely carved slabs belonging to the ancient graveyard. Not far from the landing-place is Columcille's Well.

To Our Readers.

THE GAEL is unique and unexcelled. There is no other Irish magazine at any price so good or so interesting.

Tell your friends about it. You will do them a favor by calling their attention to it.

If you think some of them would like to see a copy, send us their names and addresses and we will mail to each a sample copy free of charge.

All the leading newsdealers everywhere keep it on sale. Some of the little dealers may not have it, but they can procure it for you from their News Company.

The surest way is to send a dollar bill, or a check, or a postoffice money order for \$1.00 to THE GAEL, 140 Nassau Street, and you will then receive the magazine regularly and promptly each month for a year.





A STORY of Irish life by Mr. Edmund Downey ("F. M. Allen") will be published early this month under the title of "Clashmore."

M R. DAVID NUTT, publisher, London, announces a reissue of Miss Fiona MacLeod's shorter stories rearranged, and with additional tales. In three vols., 3 shillings net, or each volume separately, 1s. 6d.

L ONGMANS, GREEN & CO. announce "Adventures with the Connacht Rangers from 1809 to 1814," by William Grattan, Esq., late Lieutenant Connacht Rangers. With photogravure illustrations, plans and maps, large crown 8vo; cloth \$2.50.

T HE nephew of Father Prout, T. J. O'Mahony, D. D., All Hallows College, Dublin, is also a poet, and an American edition of his verses is soon to be presented by the Abbey Press under the title of "Wreaths of Song." The poems are religious and philosophical.

I N a recent lecture under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society, Mr. Bryce incidentally remarked that Professor Bury, recently of Trinity College, Dublin, and now late Lord Acton's successor in the Chair of Modern History at Cambridge University, was engaged in the work of "reconstructing" a Life of St. Patrick.

M ISS ELIZABETH YEATS, a sister of the Irish poet, has started in Ireland a "Dun Emer Press," in which she is attempting to rival the Kelmscott work.

Paper made of pure linen has been procured from Irish mills, and Miss Yeats is doing her own printing, with the help of an assistant. The first volume is to be a collection of poems by Mr. W. B. Yeats, "In the Seven Woods."

M R. W. B. YEATS has, in the last six years or so, contributed a good deal of miscellaneous prose writing to various periodicals. These articles have been collected, and will be published shortly by Mr. A. H. Bullen, under the general title, "Ideas of Good and Evil." Mr. Bullen also has two volumes of plays by Mr. Yeats ready for almost immediate publication.

M R. SEUMAS MAC MANUS will begin this month in Dublin the publication of a little penny monthly illustrated series of his stories entitled "Irish Nights." Most of the stories have appeared before but the series will be leavened with new stories, poems, sketches, etc. The office will be at 70 Great Strand Street, Dublin. The subscription price is 1s. 6d. per year.

E THNA CARBERRY'S beautiful book of poems, "The Four Winds of Erinn," is now in its ninth edition. A volume of short stories from her pen is now in the publisher's hands and will appear shortly under the title "The Passionate Hearts."

It will be a well printed artistic book with a colored cover design by "A. E." The price will be 1s. in paper, 2s. in cloth binding.

W E note the publication of the following Parliamentary Papers: Appendix to the Final Report on University Education in Ireland (1s. 3d.); Education, Scotland, Report for the Northern Division (2d.); Education, Code, Scotland, Code of Regulations for Day Schools, with Appendices, 1903 (5d.); Fifty-fifth Report of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners (6d.).

T HE latest number of the "New Liberal Review" includes in its contents "Ireland To-day," by Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P.; "Poets and Dreamers," by Mr. W. B. Yeats; and a further article in reference to the "Encyclopaedia Biblica," by the Rev. J. O. F. Murray, discussing Professor Van Manen's theory of the Pauline Epistles.

T HE April issue of "Banba," being the fourth number of this excellent monthly magazine, printed entirely in Irish, presents a variety of attractive features. On the front page appears an interesting picture of Mr. Michael O'Sullivan, late of Enniscorthy, who did so much for the Gaelic League in Wexford, and his wife accompanied by a brief sketch. There is an interesting story by Mr. D. D. Murphy, an important contribution from the pen of the Rev. Peter O'Leary, P. P. Castleyon; and a comprehensive article on the writings of Geoffrey Keating.

IN his interesting preface to the new edition of his "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland" Mr. Lecky points out that he first issued the book anonymously in 1861, when it made but little impression. In 1871 he revised it and acknowledged its authorship.

It reached popularity through the notice of Gladstone and other prominent politicians, when the Irish question came to the fore. The present edition has been further modified by the consultation of sources not previously available, and has been issued by Messrs. Longman, Green & Co.

T HE current number of "Folk-lore" contains a long paper by Mr. E. S. Hartland on the *Lia Fail*, or Stone of Destiny, as an example of the world-wide belief among barbaric peoples of special augury talismans connected with the transmission of kingly power.

Incidentally he discusses whether the *Lia Fail* was really carried to Scotland, and is now in the Coronation throne at Westminster Abbey.

C ANON O'HANLON, P. P., Sandymount, Dublin, is to be congratulated on the recently issued Part 102 of his monumental "Lives of the Irish Saints," bringing the work down to October 12th, 1902. The present instalment deals with the lives of those Irish saints whose feasts are commemorated on October 10th, 11th, and 12th, whose names will be new save to the few scholars who have made a study of Irish hagiology.

Much the greater part of the work now under notice is filled with a critical memoir of St. Canice (*Cainneach* or Kenny), patron saint of Kilkenny, adequately illustrated, wherein the venerable Canon has utilized the latest researches for the purpose of elucidating all that is genuinely known of this great saint, who died on October 11th, 598, at Aghaboe, Queen's County.

Three more parts will complete Volume X., completing the month of October, and it is to be hoped that the aged pastor of Sandy Mount will be spared to finish the two remaining volumes. Canon O'Hanlon has been 35 years laboring at the compilation of the Irish "Acta Sanctorum," surely a stupendous monument of unwearied labor, as may be evidenced in the 6,528 pages in royal octavo now printed by Messrs. Sealy, Bryers & Walker.

Scarce Miscellaneous Books For Sale.

ADDRESS THE GAEL, 140 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

ANNALS OF THE FOUR MASTERS. Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland by the Four Masters, from the earliest period to the year 1616. The text from the original MSS., with a translation and copious notes by John O'Donovan. 7 vols. 4to cloth. Best issue, with the index volume. Pages have never been cut. Price, \$55.00.

A LITERARY HISTORY OF IRELAND. "From the Earliest Times to the Present Day." By Douglas Hyde, LL.D. 654 pages. With frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth. Price, \$4.00.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF IRELAND FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE DEATH OF O'CONNELL. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. With specially constructed map and 100 illustrations, including facsimile in colors of an illuminated page of the Gospel Book of MacDurnan. A. D. 850. Crown, 8vo. \$1.25. By mail 15 cents extra.

A READING BOOK IN IRISH HISTORY. By P. W. Joyce, with 46 illustrations; 12 mo. 50 cents. By mail 10 cents extra.

BANDON.—The History of Bandon and the Principal Towns in the West Riding of County Cork. By George Bennett, Esq., B. L. Enlarged Edition with two lithographic portraits. Imp. 8vo. Roxburg. Cork, 1869. Price, \$2.00; postage, 25 cents extra.

BROWN (C. F.). Artemus Ward, His Travels and Artemus Ward in London. Illustrated. 2 vols. crown 8vo, cloth (poor copies). N. Y., 1867. Price, \$1.00.

CALEDONIA, OR A HISTORICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF NORTH BRITAIN. From the most Ancient to the Present Times. With a Dictionary of Places. By George Chalmers, F. R. S., F. S. A. Illustrated with large folding map of Scotland. Maps and plans of Roman sites, ancient antiquities, etc. 7 vols. 4to, boards, perfectly new and clean, published at Paisley, 1887, at \$35.00. Price, \$18.00.

CELTIC ORNAMENTS FROM THE BOOK OF KELLS. Issued by Hodges Figgis, of Dublin, and Quaritch, of London, in 1892. The work was issued in 9 parts and consists of reproductions of the principal pages and most striking initials taken from the most beautiful book in the world. The photographs are large and are mounted on pages in the book. The 9 parts are complete and perfect; good as new. Price, \$10.00.

DISSERTATIONS ON THE HISTORY OF IRELAND. To which is subjoined a Dissertation on the Irish Colonies. Established in Britain, with some remarks on MacPherson's Translation of Fingal and Temora. By Charles O'Connor, of Balengar, Co. Roscommon; 8vo, old calf, in good condition. Dublin, 1764; scarce book. \$3.50.

DRUIDS—THE CELTIC DRUIDS; or, An Attempt to Show that the Druids were the Priests of Oriental Colonies who Emigrated from India, etc., etc. By Godfrey Higgins, Esq. Illustrated with folding plates, maps, diagrams, etc.; very scarce book, in good condition, quarto, cloth. London, 1828. Price, \$12.00.

GRIFFIN (GERALD). The Works of Gerald Griffin. Illustrated with frontispieces. 9 vols. post 8vo, half morocco (not uniform); bindings rubbed. Price, \$3.00.

HENRY (PATRICK). Life and Sketches of his Life and Character. By Wm. Wirt, of Richmond, Virginia. Portraits. 8vo, sheep (poor binding). Hartford, 1852. Price, 50 cents.

HISTORY OF IRELAND. By Thomas D'Arcy McGee. 2 vols. 12mo. leather, half morocco, gilt tops. Price, \$3.00.

IRISH FAIRY AND FOLK TALES. By W. B. Yeats. Selected and Edited with an Introduction. Illustrated. 12mo. Price, \$1.50.

IRISH RACE IN THE PAST AND THE PRESENT. By Rev. Aug. J. Thebaud, S. J. Royal, 8vo cloth, extra, black and gold. Price, \$3.50.

IRISH SCHOLARS OF THE PENAL DAYS. Glimpses of their labors on the Continent of Europe. New edition. By Rev. Wm. P. Treacy. Cloth, gilt side. Price, \$1.00.

KNIGHT (Charles). Pictorial Half Hours; or, Miscellanies of Art. Colored frontispieces and illustrations. 4 vols. square 8vo, half morocco. London. Price, \$2.00.

MACKINTOSH (SIR JAMES). Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honorable Sir James Mackintosh. Edited by his son. Portrait. 3 vols. 8vo, cloth. Boston, 1853. Price, \$1.00.

MASSACRE OF GLENCOE. Gallienus Redivivus, being a True Account of the De Witting of Glencoe, Gaffney, etc. Reprint of a contemporary account, edited by E. Goldsmith. Post 8vo, vellum, wrapper. Edinburgh, 1886 (Reprinted 1886). Price, \$1.00.

MINNESOTA. Bond (J. W.). Minnesota and its Resources With Notes of a Trip from St. Paul to Pembina, and Selkirk Settlement on the Red River. Front, vignette title and folding map. Post 8vo, cloth. Scarce. N. Y., 1868. Price, \$2.20.

MOORE (THOMAS). The History of Ireland from the Earliest Kings. Vignettes by Flinden. 4 vols. 12mo, cloth. London, 1840; rare. \$2.00.

MY LIFE IN TWO HEMISPHERES. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, gilt tops. 2 photogravure portraits. Published at \$8.00. Present price, \$3.00.

NAPOLEON III. The Public and Private History of Napoleon III., with Biographical Notices of his Generals, Relations and Favorites. Portraits by John Sartain. Post 8vo, cloth. Phila., 1869. Price, \$1.25.

NINETY-EIGHT AND FORTY-EIGHT. The Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland. By John Savage, with an appendix and index. 12mo, cloth. Price, \$1.00.

OLD CELTIC ROMANCES. Twelve of the most beautiful of the ancient Irish Romantic Tales. Translated from the Gaelic. By P. W. Joyce. Crown, 8vo. \$1.25. By mail 20 cents extra.

PAGAN, IRELAND: An Archeological Sketch; a Hand-book of Irish Pre-Christian Antiquities. By W. G. Wood-Martin. With 412 illustrations. \$5.00. By mail 20 cents extra.

READ (CHARLES A.). The Cabinet of Irish Literature. Selections from the works of the Chief Poets, Orators and Prose Writers of Ireland, with biographies of the writers. Illustrated with portraits. 4 vols. royal 8vo, half morocco, uncut. London, 1890. Price, \$5.00. By mail 20 cents extra.

REID (HENRY A.). Topographical Drawing and Sketching, including Applications of Photography. First edition. Illustrated. 4to, cloth. N. Y., 1866. Price, 50 cents.

SONGS OF ERIN. A Collection of Fifty Irish Folk-Songs, the words by Alfred Perceval Graves, the music arranged by Charles Villiers Stanford. Paper cover. Price, \$2.00.

SONGS OF OLD IRELAND. A Collection of Fifty Irish Melodies, the words by Alfred Perceval Graves, the music arranged by Charles Villiers Stanford. Paper cover. \$2.00; cloth gilt. \$3.25.

SMITH'S CORK.—The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork; in four books:

1. Containing the Ancient Names of the Territories and Inhabitants, etc.
2. The Topography of the County and City of Cork.
3. The Civil History of the County.
4. The Natural History of the Same. Embellished with correct Maps of the County and City. Perspective Views of

the Chief Towns and other Copper Plates; 2 8vo. vols., in good condition, but needs rebinding. Price, \$7.50. (Postage 50 cents extra).

STATISTICAL SURVEY OF THE COUNTY ROSCOMMON. Drawn up under the Direction of the Royal Dublin Society, by Isaac Weld, M. R. S., M. R. I. A., etc. This volume contains an exhaustive account of Roscommon at that period. Every lake and river; every town and village is fully described. Thick 8vo, 750 pages, in good condition. Dublin, 1832. Price, \$4.00.

TANNAHILL (ROBERT). Works, with Life and Memoir of R. A. Smith, the musical composer, by P. A. Ramsay. Portrait and vignette title. 12mo, cloth. London, Edinburgh and Dublin, 1853. Price, 50 cents.

TONE (THEOBALD WOLFE). Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone, written by Himself and continued by his Son. With his Political Writings and Diary, and Narrative of his Trial, Defence and Death. Portrait. 2 vols. 8vo, half crimson morocco extra. Fine copy. Best edition. Wash., 1826. Price, \$10.00.

THE CUCHULLIN SAGA IN IRISH LITERATURE. Being a collection of stories relating to the hero, Cuchullin, translated from the Irish by various scholars. Compiled and Edited with Introduction and Notes, by Eleanor Hull. 12mo. Price, \$2.75.

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF IRISH NAMES OF PLACES. By P. W. Joyce; 2 vols. Each \$1.75. By mail 15 cents each volume extra.

THE IRISH MELODIES OF THOMAS MOORE. The Original Airs Restored and Arranged for the Voice with Pianoforte Accompaniments. By Chas. Villiers Stanford. Paper cover. Price, \$2.00.

THE DRUIDS, THE ANCIENT CHURCHES AND THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND. By the Rev. Richard Smiddy. 8vo boards. Dublin, 1871. Price, \$1.00.

THE LIFE OF CHARLES STEWART PARRELL. By R. Barry O'Brien. With One Photogravure Portrait, a facsimile of Parnell's Handwriting and a Picture of Avondale; 73 pages. Two volumes in one. Crown 8vo, cloth. Price, \$2.50.

THE SCOTTISH GAEL, or Celtic Manners as Preserved among the Highlanders, being an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Inhabitants, Antiquities and National Peculiarities of Scotland, more particularly or the Northern or Gaelic parts of the country, where the habits of the aboriginal Celts are most tenaciously retained. By James Logan. First American edition published at Hartford, Conn., 1846. 8vo, sheep, embossed. Frontispiece, many illustrations. Some pages slightly foxed; otherwise a good copy. Price, \$2.00.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA. By John Francis Maguire. M. P. 8 vo. cloth. New York, 1868. Price, \$1.50; postage 25 cents extra.

THE WIND AMONG THE REEDS. By W. B. Yeats. Price, \$1.25.

TRACES OF THE ELDER FAITHS OF IRELAND. A Hand-book of Irish Pre-Christian Traditions; 2 vols. \$12.00. By mail 20 cents per volume extra.

WALSH (REV. THOMAS). ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF IRELAND. Octavo, cloth, 888 pages. \$1.25.

WHITELOW (ALEXANDER). The Book of Scottish Song. Frontispiece and vignette. Square cr. 8vo, cloth, red edges. London. Price, 50 cents.

Except where Extra Postage or Express Charges are to be added any of these books will be forwarded upon receipt of price. In some instances we have only one copy; therefore, persons desiring it should order at once.



Notes from Ireland.

“**P**ERHAPS the greatest procession that has been witnessed in Dublin for three decades!” So has a keen observer of Irish Nationalist demonstrations referred to the magnificent Language procession that filed through Dublin’s streets on the Sunday preceding St. Patrick’s Day.

It was in many respects an impressive spectacle; its orderliness commanded undivided admiration and respect; its proportions overawed the enemies of the Gaelic League; its character must have been gall to those who would scoff at the League’s aspirations, its spirit, clearly awakened feelings of hope and enthusiasm in the gratified spectators, which few of them expected ever to experience.

Its educational value cannot easily be gauged, for it illustrated what is best in Ireland’s history as it has never perhaps been publicly illustrated before. The effects of such a salutary lesson must be far-reaching. One could have wished that the Cork Exhibition had given half so successful an illustration of Ireland’s industrial resources.

And yet the whole demonstration was comparatively spontaneous. The Dublin press did not boom it, though sections of the Dublin press would now claim to have all but made and sustained the Language movement. When evidences of the progress of any organization become visible, leaders of thought naturally look around for the causes, and it happens not infrequently that the progress is ascribed to the wrong causes.

After all, only the very few will hesitate to claim credit for their share in advancing the interests of the Gaelic League. In some cases competition necessitates this. But those who claim the results of their own efforts—sometimes more than they are entitled to claim—should not be entirely unmindful of the feelings of those who by willingly plunging into unseen drudgery have really sustained the Gaelic League.

The actual source of the League’s progress must be sought in the Branch classes. The steadiness and earnestness of the class-work has been phenomenal simply, but its results, when they become apparent—and should be unmistakeable—are often lightly claimed as the results of other forces. If half the claims rashly put forward

in this way were admitted, nothing would remain to be credited to the tireless men and women who by their self-sacrifice have converted the League branches into National schools of which we have every reason to be proud.

* * *

The prime concern of the serious Gaelic Leaguer is the preservation and cultivation of the Irish language, literature and traditions. From his individual point of view every other consideration becomes subordinate, first, because the cultivation of Irish is a matter of such exceptional urgency, in which only very few can render practical assistance, and secondly, because there are so very many engaged in one sphere or other in looking after the country’s material interests.

While every one must admit that the Gaelic League has contributed at least its share towards the general revival, no other body can claim to have done anything practical towards promoting the primary object of the League. The more earnest workers in the Language movement even complain that the cultivation of the native speech, where alone it can be rationally cultivated, has never received due attention at the hands of the League’s own governing body. When Father Dinneen and others enter a candid plea for the Irish-speaking districts they are characterized as pessimists even by co-workers, co-workers doubtless deceived by mistaken evidence of progress.

* * *

From this viewpoint the Language procession had one very disappointing feature. Of the hosts upon hosts who constituted it, it may safely be computed that not one in every thousand goes so far as to pay a penny weekly for the League’s official organ. Is it to be inferred from this that the work, the concerns, the destiny of the League have not yet excited any deep national interest in Ireland? It seems easy to over-rate the significance of imposing processions.

* * *

The idea first suggested in an early issue of “*Banba*” of establishing an Irish school amid favorable surroundings is being urged forward by Father Dinneen, Messrs. P. J. O’Shea, J. J. Doyle and others. The difficulty of equipping such a school seems in the present tension somewhat formidable.

Until the difficulty is overcome, however, and Irish is used freely and generally in imparting instruction, the Gaelic League cannot be said to have entered fully on its mission. Members of the League Executive in Ireland could, without missing it, finance such an experiment. What have they to say?

* * *

Only very few notices of motion for the League Congress, which commences on the 11th inst., have yet been published. Among those that have appeared are two from the virile Keating Branch, Dublin. One has reference to the organization of the Irish-speaking areas, another recommends that the Oireachtas and Annual Congress be held alternately in Cork, Galway, Derry, Limerick and Belfast for the next five years. There can be no doubt as to the advantages which would result from holding the Congress as far as possible in the vicinity of an Irish-speaking district. The prospect of witnessing it too would be a great incentive to the different provinces to work in turn, and every incentive to work is to be recommended.

* * *

The barony of Iveragh, Co. Kerry, has at length committed itself to a Feis which is fixed for the 11th of June in Cahirciveen. There are few districts in Ireland, if any, that have retained such a wealth of the literary and social traditions as has Iveragh, and its Feis is therefore certain to be uncommonly interesting. Mr. MacDonagh Mahony is the moving spirit there. At Caherdaniel, in the adjoining barony, Mr. Dan O’Sullivan is assiduously promoting a Feis for the end of July. This is encouraging news, as it affords a prospect of solid work being accomplished. The Cahirciveen Syllabus is ambitious enough almost for the Oireachtas.

“**S**AUCY JACK BARRY” is the title of a new play written by M. J. Murphy, and the story has for a central figure the immortal Irish Commodore, who has the credit of being the first commander of the United States Navy, who first bore the American flag to victory on the high seas, and who fought the last battle of the Revolution, driving off three British frigates single handed. Mr. Murphy will star in the play.

THE GAEL

(AN SAOÍL.)

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-class Matter.
Postage free to any point in the United States,
Mexico or Canada.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE GAEL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

TERMS

Price.—Subscription \$1.00 per year. Single copies 10 cents. Subscriptions from Ireland, England and Scotland, 5 shillings per year.

Remittance must accompany each Subscription and may be sent by Check, Registered Letter, or Money-Order. Stamps or currency may be sent, but at the sender's risk.

Subscriptions commence with the current issue. Change of Address should, in all cases, be accompanied by the old address as well as the new.

The date of expiration of each Subscription is printed on the address label on the wrapper each month. To ensure a continuance of the Magazine subscriptions should be promptly renewed.

Persons desiring the return of their manuscripts, if not accepted, should send a stamped and directed envelope. We cannot, however, hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of uninvited MSS. Authors should preserve a copy.

ADVERTISING RATES UPON APPLICATION.

THE present number of THE GAEL has been gotten out in accordance with suggestions received from many readers who expressed themselves deeply interested in the continued success of our magazine, and is, we believe, the best number ever issued.

* * *

It will be observed that Irish political subjects (the Land Bill, Home Rule, etc.), are touched upon for the first time. They are dwelt upon in an explanatory way and not for the purpose of advocating or exploiting any special views or theories.

The subjects treated in this number, it will be noticed, are more varied than usual and are given with a view of interesting with each succeeding number a wider circle of readers than before.

The spaces between the lines in this issue have been removed and the lines of type brought closer together. By doing this we have been enabled to give our readers the equivalent of EIGHT MORE PAGES without increasing the size of the magazine.

* * *

It is true the pages look a little blacker and the type appears a shade smaller but it is only in appearance as the type is exactly the same as we have been using from the beginning. This innovation has also been suggested by a correspondent. Incidentally we may mention that we have received hundreds of suggestions regarding the conduct of this magazine from friends in all parts of the world. It is impossible to find space to acknowledge them all. We must say, however, they are thankfully and gratefully received and many of them will be acted upon.

In the meantime may we ask our readers to tell their friends about THE GAEL and the good work it is engaged in. A few words of commendation spoken by a pleased reader to a friend is of great value to us and will have more influence in inducing a person to become a subscriber than a dozen circulars or sample copies sent from this office. May we ask our readers to speak those few words for us?

THE following significant extract is taken from "Claidheamh Soluis," date of April 4th. The italics are ours:

"Maynooth was one of the most Irish spots on Irish soil on La Fheile Padraig. The chief event of the day was Father O'Doherty's Irish sermon delivered in the College chapel before the assembled students and staff. We believe this was the first sermon in the history of the College. Father O'Doherty's theme was the zeal of St. Patrick and the Irish saints.

"Incidentally, the grave fear for those who with the loss of their language, and all its lore, had forgotten the traditions of their saints, was touched on, and a strong appeal was made to the priests and future priests of Ireland to make religion *national*, in its sources of inspiration as well as in its expression.

"After the sermon, Dr. O'Dea, Vice-President of the College, gave out the Rosary in Irish, and a hymn in Irish was sung during Benediction. A racy concert, with an Irish address from the Vice-President, signalized the evening."

As usual when making statements regarding events connected with the history of the Irish language movement, with which it should be better acquainted, the "Claidheamh Soluis" has fallen into error.

Its assertion that the sermon preached at Maynooth on St. Patrick's Day was the first ever preached there in Irish is incorrect.

At the beginning of the last century (about 1808) Rev. Paul O'Brien was Professor of Irish at the College. He was a south of Ireland man whose home language had been exclusively Gaelic. He spoke Irish and Latin with great fluency and eloquence but expressed himself in English (an acquired tongue) with some difficulty. He lectured and preached in Irish in Maynooth College nearly a hundred years ago. He compiled an Irish Grammar which was published in Dublin and is now considered obsolete. THE GAEL has a copy in its reference library.

At present Maynooth College maintains a professor of Irish who contrives to keep himself very much before the public eye in the newspapers, not through what he accomplishes, but through what he implies he is going to accomplish—some day. So far the quantity and quality of his literary work in Irish is conspicuous by its absence.

Maynooth College as a representative Irish institution of learning has every

reason to be profoundly ashamed of its inactivity. During the past eighty years it has published only three books in Irish. The first step towards a better condition of affairs is to dispense with the *poseur* and procure a real professor of Irish, one competent and willing to translate and publish some of the rare old manuscripts now mouldering on the library shelves.

Crimeless Ireland.

AT the opening of the Mayo Criminal Sessions recently, Mr. Thomas F. Rutledge, sub-sheriff, presented County Court Judge Wakely with white gloves.

DURING the recent violent storms in Ireland the Shannon's overflow extended several miles inland, causing great destruction of property.

THE Boards of Guardians of Athlone and Roscommon have decided to grant no tobacco contracts except to merchants who will guarantee the goods to be supplied are manufactured in Ireland.

THE Derry Chamber of Commerce of Londonderry, has issued to Members of Parliament a statement declaring that "in the near future Ireland will require the control of her own railways for the purpose of developing the agriculture and manufactures of the country."

IN the recent violent storms the floods washed away the railway between Coleraine and Londonderry. The whole district for miles presented the appearance of a raging sea. The damage done is almost incalculable. Belfast Lough was for days full of storm-bound vessels of every description.

M. R. E. E. FOURNIER, B. Sc., editor of *Celtia*, delivered an astronomical lecture in Irish recently in the Hall of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, Stephen's Green, Dublin, the subject dealt with being "The Sun." There was a large attendance. The lecturer gave an interesting account of recent discoveries in connection with the sun, and illustrated his remarks with a series of excellent slides.

...SELECT... IRISH ENTERTAINMENTS

ROBIN ELLIS, Dramatic Expressionist

—AND—
Dialect Reader in conjunction with first-class vocal and instrumental artists is prepared to supply exclusively high-class Irish entertainments as "concerts, Musicales, Receptions, etc., etc." Robin Ellis is the only public reader in the United States of the vernacular "Bogland Ballads" of Miss Jane Barlow. Repertoire includes "The Battle of Fontenoy," "Shamus O'Brien," "Robert Emmet's Speech" and other standard Irish selections. Address for particulars, open dates and terms, to

ROBIN ELLIS, 5 E. 14th St., New York
TELEPHONE 6456, 16TH STREET

The Electrotonic Battery.

brain and vital organs.

Outfit consists of Electrotonic Battery in Aluminum Case, Electric Hair Brush, Electric Face Massage Roller, Electric Body Sponge and Electric Foot Bath.

Price \$5.00 Complete,

SENT C. O. D. ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

.... Send for Booklet

SWAN ELECTRIC M'F'G COMPANY, 59 William St., NEW YORK



Irish Minerals.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London "Daily Chronicle" says: The Irish granites, limestones, sandstones, red, green and black marble, etc., are of fine quality, and some of them of great beauty, and I venture to say if these were properly developed, and the railway rates readjusted to meet the traffic, that capitalists would not only receive a fair return for their money, but employment would be given to thousands, which would do something towards relieving the distress which undoubtedly exists in many parts of the country.

Why cannot part of the large sums spent by the Government in developing poor agricultural land be used in this connection, and the stone utilized on some of the various Government works for which great quantities are required?

ASK FOR

SA-YO
MINT JUJUBES
QUICKLY RELIEVE

COUGHS AND THROAT IRRITATIONS

5c. BOXES

*Singers, Smokers and the Public
Speakers find them invaluable.*

One placed in the mouth at night, when retiring, will prevent that annoying dryness of the throat and insure a restful sleep.

Are Better than all the
So-called Cough Drops

A Handsome Photo in Each Box

If not on sale in your neighborhood, send 5 cents in postage stamps and we will mail a package.

WALLACE & CO., New York City

Irish Farmers in Denmark.

A PARTY of four gentlemen who left London recently to make a close investigation of Danish agricultural systems and progress, the Co-operative movements, the "high schools" and popular education in Denmark, have now started from Copenhagen on their three weeks tour in the country.

The party, consisting of Messrs. P. J. Hannon, D'Alton, Slattery and Viscount Ikerrin, of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Science, arrived on March 12th at the town of Kallundborg, where the Danish Government agricultural adviser, R. Schou, conducted them through the local bacon factory and egg-packing establishment. They intend also to pay visits to the large bacon factory at Odense, as well as the largest Co-operative dairy in Denmark, "Trifolium," where the milk of 4,500 cows is collected regularly.

The results of their observations will be embodied in a report which will be published and widely circulated in Ireland.

Gaelic Postal Cards.

A DUBLIN publishing house has just issued a number of post-cards in thirteen different varieties. There are pictorial cards with Irish scenic views and incidents of Irish history and emblematic figures, each accompanied with suitable verses or mottoes. Other cards have ancient Gaelic tracing and spiral work from the illuminated manuscripts and provincial and other armorial bearings, accompanied by proverbs in Gaelic with English translations.

BERNARD MICHAEL CARLEY, Tullycross, late secretary of the Clonlonan Agricultural Co-operative Society, County Westmeath, has been arrested in London.

The accused is charged with having between October, 1902, and March, 1903, in the barony of Brawney, parish of St. Mary's, Athlone, embezzled the sum of £157 14s. 10d. delivered to or received for his employer, the Clonlonan Co-operative Society.



*Do you want to understand
Modern Ireland? If so, read*

"Banba"

(THE IRISH-IRELAND MAGAZINE)

Contributions by the best Irish Writers, Articles, Stories, Poetry and News of the Gaelic Movement.

Post free to any part of the world for four shillings (dollar bills accepted).

Address:—The Manager, "Banba,"

29 Gardiners Place, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

GENEALOGICAL AND HISTORICAL MAP OF IRELAND SHOWING THE FIVE KINGDOMS

Meath, Ulster, Connaught, Leinster and Munster AS THEY EXISTED UNDER THE MILESIAN KINGS,

Together with the Names of all the old Irish Families and the localities from which they originally came. The Ancient Territories, possessed by the Irish Princes, Lords and Chiefs are indicated, as well as the Ancient Cities, Seats of Learning, Historic Places, etc. Price, 50 cents.

The Map is mounted ready to hang. A copy will be mailed free to every NEW subscriber. Old subscribers and renewals will not receive one.

the irish harp.

New made in Ireland for the first time in generations. Correctly Modelled according to the ancient historic Harps in the National Collection of Antiquities. Played with success at the recent Féis Ceoil and Oireachtas Competitions in Dublin. Testimonials for tone, etc., from distinguished Irish Harpers and Musicians. **VARIOUS PRICES**

APPLICATIONS FOR PARTICULARS INVITED

JAMES M'FALL,

22 YORK LANE . . . BELFAST.

NOW READY.

"IRISH MIST & SUNSHINE"

Being a collection of Poems and Ballads, by the **REV. JAS. B. DOLLARD** (*Sliav-na-mo*) Cloth, 144 pages, Handsome Cover in two Colors, Gilt Top, with an excellent Photograph of the Author. **Price Postpaid, \$1.50.**

"Father Dollard treats Irish Life and Sentiment *** with the intensified passion of an exile ** every liner runs true to life and home and with the tone as heart-moving as the Angelus which holds Millets peasants in its spell. Nobody can well read his verses without feeling a breath of healthy air pass through the lungs, and a pleasant twitching at the heart such as affects one who in dreams in a distant clime, hears the sound of the chapel bells of his young day, floating on his ears." —W.M. O'BRIEN, M.P.

BLAKE'S BOOKSTORE,
602 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO, Canada.

Instruction in Gaelic.

Lessons in Gaelic given at your home by an experienced teacher of the language. Terms Reasonable. Write to
M. J. O'SULLIVAN,
216 E. 80th St., New York

Denvir's Monthly Irish Library.

[Printed in Ireland on Irish Paper]

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH FOR MAY.

"THE NORMANS IN IRELAND."

By J. M. Denvir.

HISTORY—POETRY—BIOGRAPHY—GAELIC PAGE, Etc.

Free by post 50c. per year.

Now Ready, the Volume for 1902 in Artistic Cover, free by post 50c. In cloth, 60c.

American Stamps taken.

JOHN DENVIR, 61 Fleet Street, LONDON.

WILLIAM F. COMBER,

Successor to WILLIAMS & BUTLAND,
*Newsmen, Booksellers, and Dealers
in Church Requisites,*

47 LITTLE BRITAIN, LONDON, E.C.

W. F. COMBER is London agent for THE GAEL and other American publications. Newsagents anywhere in Great Britain supplied at Wholesale price.

**ON AN IRISH JAUNTING-CAR THROUGH
DONEGAL AND CONNEMARA**

BY SAMUEL G. BAYNE

INTIMATE pictures of the Irish country folk, humorous incidents by the way, and explorations of wonderful scenery, combine to make this a thoroughly delightful and entertaining volume of travel. Richly illustrated from photographs.

Square 8vo, Cloth, Gilt top, \$1.25 net (postage extra)

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQ., NEW YORK

**AGGRESSIVE—INDEPENDENT—OUTSPOKEN.
IRELAND'S MOST REPRESENTATIVE PAPER.**

"THE LEADER"
*A Weekly Review of Current Affairs, Politics, Literature, Art
and Industry*

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"The ideal of *The Leader* is a Self-Governing and Irish Ireland. Its contributors include many of the ablest Irishmen of the day. It deals with all phases of Irish life. It advocates the restoration of the Irish language. One of its features is an article in Irish every week."

The Leader will be sent post free to any address in the United States, Canada, or Mexico one year for 8s. 8d.—shorter periods in proportion. Address: **THE MANAGER, 200 GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET, DUBLIN.**

**comann na sgríbeann
Gaeilge.**

Irish Texts Society,

Established for the publication of Irish Texts, with English Translations, Notes and Glossaries.

PUBLICATIONS.

Vol. I.—"Giotta an fhuise" & "eac-ta cloinne rig na h-iorraide." Two 16th and 17th century Romances, Edited by DOUGLAS HYDE, LL. D. (Issued 1899).

Vol. II.—"Fleó briceno." Edited by GEORGE HENDERSON, M. A., Ph. D. (Issued 1899).

Vol. III.—"Dánta aodagán ui rat-aille." Complete Edition. Edited by REV P. S. DINNEEN, M. A. (Issued 1900).

Vol. IV.—"Foras feasa ar éirinn," or Geoffrey Keating's "History of Ireland." Edited by DAVID COMYN, M. R. I. A. (Vol. for 1901 now ready).

Vol. V.—Duanaire Finn. Edited by JOHN MAC NEILL, B. A. (Part I. will form the Society's Vol. for 1902).

The annual subscription of 7s. 6d. (American subscribers, \$2.00), entitles members to all publications for the current year. All who are interested in the preservation and publication of Irish manuscripts should join the Society. The Society is also bringing out an Irish English Pocket Dictionary of the Modern Language, edited by REV. P. S. DINNEEN, M. A.

Intending subscribers should communicate with the Hon. Secretary,

MISS ELEANOR HULL,

20 Hanover Square, London, W.

**DENVIR'S
Monthly Irish Library**

An Illustrated Publication on Original and Striking Lines.
**IRISH HISTORY, POETRY, BIOGRAPHY,
AND LITERATURE.**

Each Number consists of a complete Booklet by a popular writer

**Articles—Essays—Reviews—Sketches
GAELIC PAGE**

BY EMINENT IRISH SCHOLARS, Etc.

The following are the "Books of the Month" in the Numbers for 1902:

Jan. - "Thomas Davis." By W. P. Ryan.
Feb. - "Hugh O'Neill, the Great Ulster Chieftain." Mich'l Davitt
Mar. - "Ireland's Appeal to America." Mich'l Davitt
April - "Irish Fairy Legends and Mythical Stories."
May - "John Boyle O'Reilly." By Wm. James Ryan.
June - "John Mitchell." By John Bannon.
July - "Art McMurrough." By Daniel Crilly.
Aug. - "Owen Roe O'Neill." By John Denvir.
Sept. - "Robert Emmet." By John Hand.
Oct. - "Daniel O'Connell." By Sileen Donard.
Nov. - "Rescue of Kelly and Deasy." By I. R. B.
Dec. - "Dr. John O'Donovan." By Thos. Flannery.
"Books of the Month" for 1903:

Jan. - "Sarsfield." By John Hand.
Feb. - "Brian Boru." By Daniel Crilly.
Mar. - "The Rescue of the Military Fenians."
April - "Irish Street Ballads." By John Hand.
May - "The Normans in Ireland." By J. M. Denvir.
Price, 5c. each, or 50c. per dozen.

Address: **THE GAEL, 140 Nassau St.,
NEW YORK.**

The Celtic Association

97 STEPHENS GREEN,
DUBLIN.

THE Celtic Association is the only Pan-Celtic organization in the world, and is the governing body of the Pan-Celtic Congress, the central assembly of the Celtic Race. The next Congress will take place in 1904.

"Celtia,"

the organ of the Celtic Association, gives all the news of the Celtic movement throughout the world, and contributions in Irish, Gaelic, Manx, Welch and Breton by the best writers.

Annual Subscription to the Association, \$2.50.

Annual Subscription to "Celtia" - - 1.75.

"CELTIA" IS SUPPLIED FREE TO MEMBERS.

AN CLÁRDEAMH SOLUIS

AS ÚR

PÁINNE AN LAE.

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK
IN IRISH.

Literary Articles, Songs, &c.,
in Irish.

Reports of Gaelic League Branches,
the Progress of the Movement,
&c., &c.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES :

One Year	8s. 8d.
Six Months	4s. 4d.
Three Months	2s. 2d.

Subscribers in the United States and
Canada may remit in Dollar Bills.

Address:—THE MANAGER,

AN CLÁRDEAMH SOLUIS,
24 O'Connell St., Upper,
DUBLIN.

TOOTH INSURANCE

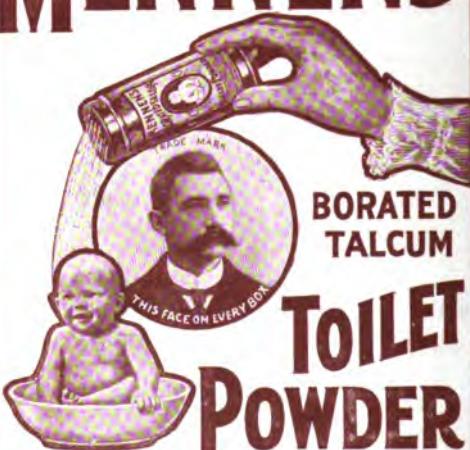
IS A POSSIBILITY HAVING BEEN
MADE FEASIBLE BY THE INTRODUCTION
OF

DENTACURA

A tooth paste commended by
Three Thousand Dentists
—Let 25¢ (the cost of a tube)
represent the premium.
The policy is an Endowment,
without options as you will
receive these three returns:
1st Teeth preserved.
2nd Bacteria destroyed.
3rd Breath sweetened.

25¢ at your Druggist. **Dentacura Co.**
We will send it direct for 25¢
if your dealer will not supply it. 7 ALING ST.
NEWARK, N.J.

MENNEN'S



DELIGHTFUL AFTER BATHING, A LUXURY AFTER SHAVING

Beautifies and Preserves the Complexion.

A positive relief for PUICKLY HEAT, CHAFING and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin. For sore, blistered and perspiring feet it has no equal. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get MENNEN'S (the original), a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. AVOID HARMFUL IMITATIONS. (Sample free.)

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N.J.

Something New **Mennen's Violet Talcum** Something Exquisite

Digitized by Google

PRICE
4d.

IN JAIL WITH PARNELL. Illustrated.

BY J. M. WALL.

One Dollar per Year.

FOURPENCE PER COPY, (IN IRELAND AND GREAT BRITAIN.)

15 Cents per Copy.

June, 1903.

THE GAEL



CONTENTS

- THE SHADOW OF THE ROPE. A Folk-Lore Story. By Francis Byrne Hackett.
- THE CURSE OF DONERAILE. Poem.
- PEN SKETCH OF GEORGE WYNDHAM. Author of The New Irish Land Bill. With Portrait.
- GAEILIC TO REBUILD IRELAND. By Father Coffey.
- THE OLD AGE OF QUEEN MAEVE. By W. B. Yeats.
- INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE RACE IN IRELAND
- THE CUCHULLIN SAGA. By Edward Garnett, M.A.
- POTATO CULTURE IN IRELAND.
- THE KERRY MERMAID. Translated from the Irish by Michael O'Reilly.
- WHEN LUCAN DIED. Poem. By P. G. Smyth.
- THE IRISH WOOLEN INDUSTRY.
- AN ANCIENT IRISH DOCUMENT Translated by T. O'Neil Russell.
- GAEILIC DEPARTMENT.
- BOOK NOTES.
- CORRESPONDENCE, Etc.

**THE
GRAPHOPHONE**
Prices \$5 to \$150
ENTERTAINS
EVERYBODY
EVERWHERE



Latest NEW PROCESS Records.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Columbia Phonograph Co.,
Wholesale and Retail:
93 CHAMBERS STREET,
Retail only:
573 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK.

• **All Ireland Review** •

Edited by STANDISH O'GRADY.
A WEEKLY IRISH LITERARY JOURNAL.

History, Stories, Essays, Sketches, Poetry,
Correspondence, Archaeology, &c., &c.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

One Year - - - - - 8s. 8d.
Six Months - - - - - 4s. 4d.

All Communications to be addressed to
STANDISH O'GRADY,
66 HENRY ST., DUBLIN.

—United States Government Standard—**FOUND AT LAST!**



PAUL'S No. 6 EXTRA SET.

Do You Know that PAUL'S CHOICE INKS are adopted by all
United States Government Departments?

If you send \$1.00 to us we will express one outfit containing, Enamelled Tray and
Three Automatic Paul's Safety Filled Inkwells (one each Fluid, Crimson and Mucilage).

SAFETY BOTTLE & INK CO.

Factory, Jersey City, N. J.
New York City, 111 Nassau Street.

Chicago, Ill., 134 E. Van Buren Street.

When writing to Advertisers please mention THE GAEL.

**EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL
SAVINGS BANK,**
61 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK
INCORPORATED 1880.

Due Depositors - - - - - 360,347,791.93
Surplus Fund - - - - - 5,966,800.95

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES.

JAMES McMAHON, President.
JAMES G. JOHNSON, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN C. McCARTHY, 2nd Vice-President.
LOUIS V. O'DONOHUE, Secretary.

ROBERT J. HOQUET.	FRED'K R. COUDERT.
JAMES McMAHON.	VINCENT P. TRAVERS.
JOHN O. McCARTHY.	HUGH KELLY.
JOHN GOOD.	JOHN BYRNE.
LOUIS V. O'DONOHUE.	JAMES McGOVERN.
CHARLES J. FORNER.	MICHAEL J. BANVILLE.
JAMES G. JOHNSON.	MICHAEL J. DRUMMOND.
JOHN CRANE.	JOSEPH P. GRACE.
HERMAN RIDDER.	THOMAS M. MULEY.
MYLES TIERNEY.	MARCUS J. MCLoughlin, COMPTROLLER.
	WILLIAM HANHART, ASST. COMPTROLLER.
	LAURENCE F. CAHILL, AUDITOR.

Try **L. J. CALLANAN'S**
AMERICAN MAN'S WHISKEY
TEN YEARS OLD

NONE BETTER MADE	TRADE 41 MARK	MELLOW WITH AGE
		ABSOLUTELY PURE



Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

—THE BEST OF ALL—
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used
for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS
for their CHILDREN with ABSOLUTE
PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD SOON
ENDS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WINI-
DOLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA.
Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure
and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. *AM*
take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

R.I.P.A.N.S.



•PRESENT.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.
**REVISED
SIMPLE LESSONS IN IRISH**

GIVING
The Pronunciation of Each Word.
BY THE LATE

REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY,
M.R.I.A.

With Appendix Containing a Complete and
Exhaustive Glossary of Every Irish Word
used in the Text.

IN presenting to the public "Revised Simple
Lessons in Irish" we are endeavoring to
carry into effect the expressed wishes of the
late lamented Rev. Eugene O'Growney.

These revised Lessons are the last literary
production of that great Gaelic scholar and
lover of Ireland and her language.

To the student of Irish this little work will
be found a most useful and helpful compen-
dium. Great care has been given to the com-
piling of the "Phonetic Key" system. By
following instructions, every word given in the
book can be pronounced according to the
usages of the best modern speakers of the
vernacular. The author's chief aim was sim-
plicity and clearness of expression.

FOR SALE BY THE GAEL,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

PRICE, Paper Covers, 15c.; Cloth, 25c.
By mail, 30c.

**A GUIDE TO
IRISH DANCING**

By J. J. SHEEHAN.

This little Book contains Directions for the
proper performance of a dozen Popular Irish
Dances. An effort has been made in this work
to convey instructions so that persons who are
not familiar with Irish dancing, and who can
not procure a teacher, can instruct themselves.

Published by JOHN DENIR, LONDON.
48 pages, bound in pasteboard cover.

Price, 15c.

Address, THE GAEL, 140 Nassau St., New York

How to Write Irish.

The Irish Copy Book,

Giving the Most Improved Method
of Writing the

GAEILIC CHARACTERS.

A BEAUTIFUL MANUAL OF
CELTIC PENMANSHIP.
EVERY IRISH SCHOLAR NEEDS ONE.

Price, 10 Cents. Sent free by mail.

For Sale at the office of THE GAEL,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

R.I.P.A.N.S.

The simplest remedy for indigestion,
constipation, biliousness and the many
ailments arising from a disordered stomach,
liver or bowels is Ripans Tabules.
They go straight to the seat of the trouble
relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the
affected parts, and give the system a
general toning up.

At druggists.
The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary
occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents,
contains a supply for a year.

Digitized by Google

An Gaoil.

(The Gael.)

A MONTHLY BI-LINGUAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF THE LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, MUSIC, AND ART OF IRELAND.

No. 6. VOL. XXII.
NEW SERIES.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1903.

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR
OF PUBLICATION.



Irish Folk-Lore.

The Shadow of the Rope.

By Francis Byrne Hackett.

NE wet Winter's night,
the rain pourin' down,
an' the cold, enough to
freeze the marrow in
your bones, a poor stu-
dent was on the road
to Danesforth, on his
way to Dublin. An'
there wasn't a dry stitch on his body,
an' the peltin' rain was tricklin' down
his neck, an' squelchin' in his boots,
an' the big dhrops fell from the trees
above, every step he tuk, an' he was
cold an' hungry an' tired.

Everythin' was black as pitch wid the
boughs meetin' overhead, but far away
in the distance he could see the light
in the windy of a cabin. An' he made
up his mind to stop when he came to
the cabin, an' ax them for shelter out
of the rain.

When he came to the cabin he
knocked on the door, an' sez: "Let me
in, in the name of God. I'm a poor stu-
dent on me way to Dublin; let me in
out of the rain."

An' the voice of a man within sez:
"Go away, good man, we can't let ye
in."

An' sez the student agen: "Let me
in, in the name of God, for I'm cold
an' wearied, an' nearly drownded wid
the rain."

"Go away," sez the man's voice agen.

"There's a woman, an' she's sick with-
in."

But a wake voice sez: "Let in the
poor man, Patsie, in God's holy name."

So the man of the house took down
the bar from the door, an' opened it,
an' the student walked into the kit-
chen, all dhreepin' wet. "God save all
here," sez he.

"God save ye kindly," sez himself,
an' he barred the door again.

"Tis a bad night for the travelers,"
sez the student.

"Indade it is that," sez himself.
"Stand up to the fire, ye must be per-
ished wid the cold."

"I am so," sez the student, standin'
wid his back to the fire an' the steam
comin' out of his clothes, an' the water
runnin' down in little pools on to the
floor where he stud. An' the woman of
the house was over on a bed in the
corner, moanin' wid the pain, an' the
finger-smith was with her, for her time
had come.

An' the student looked at her, an'
her cheeks all flushed wid the fever,
an' he sez to the man of the house:
"Do ye know how bad herself is? An'
nather priest or doctor along wid
her."

"Ah, she'll be all right in the morn-
in'," sez he.

"Faith, an' I dunno," sez the stu-

dent, "I think ye ought to go for the
priest for her."

"Ah lave her be," sez himself, "she
has the finger-smith. Masha, I can't
lave her alone, so I can't."

"Tis afeard to go he is," sez the
finger-smith, "afeard of Mad Louise."

"Of who?" sez the student.

"Of Mad Louise, that haunts the road
near the village of Danesforth," sez
she.

The student looks at the man an' he
sez nothin'.

"Shame on ye," sez the student, "to
be afeard of such a thing wid your wife
near dyin' in the bed!" "Are ye a
man," sez he, "are ye a man to be
afeard!"

"No man can go out on the road to
Danesforth wid Mad Louise, so they
can't."

"Are ye a man?" repeated the stu-
dent. "Here I am, wet an' hungry an'
tired, an' if you'll tell me the way I'll
go myself an' bring the priest to your
wife."

An' wid that he puts on his hat, an'
starts to button up his coat. An' the
man of the house looks at him, an' he
puts on his coat himself.

"Hould on," sez he, "sure I'll go a
bit of the way wid ye, an' show ye the
right road."

An' he follies the student out into

the road, an' the finger-smith shuts the door afther them.

They went along without sayin' a word till they came to a lonely piece of the road, where the boughs shut out every stim of light. An' the farmer catches a hould of the student an' sez he in a whisper: "Tis here the damned sowl haunts the road." An' before they took another step out of the dark at the other end of the grove comes a wild boar chargin' at them, wid his eyes rollin' in his head, an' his tusks shinin', an' he foamin' at the mouth. An' this was the damned sowl in the shape of a boar. An' the farmer in fear an' terror catches hould of the student, but the student stands steady as a rock, an' raisin' his hand, he sez, "Be gone, in the name of the Father an' of the Son an' of the Holy Ghost, Amen," an' at the holy words the beast vanished.

Now the farmer was tremblin' from head to foot because of the apparition, but when he seen the beast vanish so sudden he took heart, and made up his mind to go along wid the student to the priest's house. An' when they come to the house the student knocked three times on the door an' there was no answer. So he threw a handful of gravel up to the windy an' it was opened, an' the priest stuck out his head. "Who's there?" sez he. "What d'ye want?"

"We're from near the cross-roads Father," sez the student. "This man's wife here is sick, an' she wants you very bad."

"Well, well, can't she wait till the mornin'?" sez the priest, pullin' the blanket round him, an' he shiverin' in the cold.

"Begob, if she's dead afore mornin' the bishop will hear about it," sez the student.

"Oh, all right," sez the priest, "if she's that bad I'll come. Wait, an' I'll be ready in a minute," an' he shuts down the windy.

Out he comes in a minute, an' they start back again, an' all went well till they came to the same lonely piece of the road.

"Tis here," sez the priest, "that Mad Louise haunts the road," an' before the words were out of his mouth they sees a fierce bull tearin' down on them from under the trees. An' at the sight of him even God's anointed was terrified. But the student sez again, "Be gone, in the name of the Father," usin' the same holy words, an' the bull disappeared. An' the priest couldn't believe the sight of his eyes, an' he was ashamed of himself for bein' afear'd. But he sez nothin', an' so they went on again till they came to the house, an' nothin' further happened.

The minute the poor woman seen the priest her face grew brighter, an' she was better on the instant. An' the child was just afther bein' born, an' it was a boy. So the priest blessed her, an' she was comforted, an' from that on there was no fear of her.

Now the priest an' he goin' away spoke to the student, an' sez he: "My man; you have taught me a lesson to-

night I'll never forget," an' he gave him a gold sovereign to help him on his way to Dublin. An' afther the priest's goin' the student made ready to start out, but the poor woman begged of him not to lave, because she wanted him to stand for the child at the christenin'. So the student stayed wid the husband, an' the next day the child was christened, an' the student was the god-father. An' the child was strong an' healthy.

An' the student stayed for a few days afther the christenin' an' the mother cudn't see enough of him afther what he done for her. But the time came for him to lave, an' before he goin' the mother axed him to give her a token for the child to remember him by, an' the student sez nothin'. But on she axin' him again he took an Agnus Dei, an' tied it round the neck of the boy, an' sez he to her: "Let no wan touch this Agnus Dei, but when the boy grows up an' he's a scholard let him open it an' read what's in it himself." An' afther that the student sez good-bye to them all an' starts off on his journey to Dublin.

Now the child was healthy an' strong an' he grew up to be a fine boy altogether. He went to school in the village of Danesforth an' there wasn't a lad in the three parishes as good a scholard as himself. An' his mother an' father were that proud of him, an' they meant him for a priest when he grew up, if God Almighty was willin'.

An' when the boy was about seventeen years of age, his mother sez to him wan day, sez she: "Me boy, did ye ever read what your god-father put in the Agnus Dei about your neck?"

"Indeed an' I never did, Mother. Ain't it a real Agnus Dei?"

"Yes," sez she, "but there's a bit of writin' in it for yourself to read, an' nobody else. Open it, me son, an' read it alone be yourself, an' see what it sez."

So he went off be himself into the fields to read what was in the Agnus Dei, an' when he came back he never sez a word about it at all.

But shortly aftherwards the boy sez to his mother he was thinkin' of lavin' home. An' she axed him what was the matter wid him, an' he sez "nothin'" but he wanted to go to Dublin an' seek his fortune. The poor woman did her best to persuade him to stay at home, but he kept at her about it, an' at last he made up his mind to start, so they gave him a bit of money, an' bade him Godspeed an' he sez good-bye to his father an' mother. An' she was heart-broken to have him lave home, an' cried afther him, but it was no use, an' he went away.

An' the raison he left home was because of what he read in the Agnus Dei, for there was a terrible curse in it, an' this is what it said: "You will be hanged before you are twenty-one." An' he dreaded to stay at home an' have his mother know of the curse.

When he got to Dublin he walked through the streets an' along the quays lookin' for work, but every place he axed them he was told they had all they wanted, an' to wait an' come back

some other time. An' he was tired an' weary an' forlorn walkin' along be the river, when he chanced to see in the windy of a small shop a placard, "Young man wanted," an' he stepped inside an' axed to see the master.

An' the master was a man wid grey hair, an' he spoke to the boy, an' axed him where he come from an' all about him. An' afther a long talk he engaged him for a shillin' a week an' his board. An' the boy was to run messages an' sweep out the shop an' make himself handy. An' the master lived in the house along wid his wife an' daughter, an' there was two young men there apprenticed to him.

Afther the boy bein' there a bit the master took a likin' to him, an' he let him serve behind the counter, an' have his meals along wid himself an' his wife an' daughter. An' the boy worked hard in the shop, an' he liked his master an' them all, but he kept to himself all the time, because of the curse that was on him.

Now when the master got talkin' wid him an' heard he was from near the village of Danesforth he was surprised. For it was himself an' no other that was the student, the boy's own god-father. An' sure the hand of God must be in it when he guided the boy to the student's house. But he never told the boy of his visit to Danesforth.

Now the boy stayed wid his master three years, an' the master liked him better every day. An' the lad was in love wid his daughter, an' she loved him back, but he never spoke a word of it, because of the curse on him. An' he spent most of his time by himself.

But the young men in the shop were always hintin' to the master about him because he never took anythin' from the till, an' they did, an' they were afear'd he would tell on them. An' when he went out with a message they always laid the blame on him for everythin'. An' they sez afther a while he wouldn't ever go along wid them, an' they tould the master he kept company wid bad people. An' the master was uneasy, an' he made up his mind, because of his daughter, to folly the boy wan day an' see where he went.

An' so this day afther the shutters were put up, an' they had their supper, the boy went out, an' the master follid afther him, an' he unaware. An' the boy went a long ways by the river, an' then turned up a side street, wid the master afther him. An' then he stood in the street, an' looked up an' down, because the prentices often follid him to torment him, an' the master stepped into a doorway so as not to be seen. An' when he came out he saw the lad just turnin' into an alley, an' when he got there he found it was the entrance to a chapel.

But the master thought the lad might be afther seein' him so he stole into the chapel, an' up on the gallery to watch the lad. An' he was down below by himself, prayin' at the alther rails, forinst the tabernacle, wid his head in his hands. An' there was nobody else in the chapel.

An' the master knelt behind a pillar in the gallery watchin' him prayin'.

An' suddenly he saw somethin' come slowly down from the roof above the head of the lad. An' he cudn't make out what it was—an' then he saw it was a rope, wid a nooze on the end of it. An' it slid down slowly over the lad wid his head bowed in his hands.

An' the master tried to call out to him, an' he cudn't make any sound. An' he sees the rope lower an' lower till the nooze of it came forninst the lad. An' the nooze swung over round the lad's neck without a sound. An' there an' then he was lifted up off the ground, once, twice, three times! An' then the nooze fell off his neck, an' the rope disappeared.

An' then the master knew what had happened, an' when he saw the lad stand up he shouted down to him, an' in a minute he was tellin' him what he had seen. An' the two of them knelt down, an' thanked the good God for the passin' away of the curse.

An' the lad's heart was light as a bird's because of the passin' of the curse. An' the master knew now he was honest an' good. An' he took him into the family, an' treated him like a son. An' afther all the hardship the lad knew the blessin' of God was on him when He sent him the Agnus Dei.

An' the lad grew up to be the good man he promised to be. An' he was true to the love of his master, an' the master's daughter.

Questions in Parliament.

M'R. T. M. HEALY asked the Chief Secretary whether the intention of the Government in withdrawing Ancient Irish Manuscripts publication from the Master of the Rolls series was to secure effective editing under the responsible supervision of the Royal Irish Academy; whether the effect had been to reduce the sums made available by the Treasury for such translations; and would he ascertain how soon the translation of "Tigernach," to which scholars attach much value, will be put in hand.

The Hon. Arthur Elliott, said: "The hon. member is, I think, under some misapprehension. There has been no transfer of the publication of ancient Irish manuscripts from the Master of the Rolls series to the Royal Irish Academy. Ancient Celtic manuscripts (with the exception of the Ancient Laws of Ireland, including the Brehon Laws, which are published by a special commission), are produced under the direction of the Royal Irish Academy, which has long been specially concerned with this work, and which has received, in addition to its grant, various sums for the publication of the 'Annals of Ulster.' I am sorry to find that the Royal Irish Academy are disinclined, with their present means, to undertake the translation of the 'Annals of Tigernach.'"

Don't fail to procure Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for your Children while cutting teeth. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

The Curse of Doneraile.

DONERAILE is a market town (formerly an Irish Parliamentary borough), in the barony of Fermoy, County Cork. It is situated about twenty-one miles northwest of Cork.

Sir William St. Leger, who was president of Munster in the reign of Charles I., held his court here. He purchased the estate of Sir Walter Welmon and John Spenser (son of the poet).

In 1645 the Irish under Lord Castlehaven took the castle and burned the greater part of the town. The castle stood near the bridge over the River Awbeg, but not a vestige of it remains to-day.

In the vicinity are the ruins of Killcolman castle, which are interesting from having been at one time the residence of the poet, Edmund Spenser. It was originally a structure of some magnitude, the property of the Desmond family, and on their forfeiture, was, with about 3,000 acres of rich land granted by Queen Elizabeth to Edmund Spenser, who resided here for about twelve years, during which period he composed his "Faery Queen."

There is nothing to distinguish Doneraile from other Irish towns, but early in the last century it was made famous in the south of Ireland by an absurd poem written by a schoolmaster from the County Galway, named Pat O'Kelly, who had the ill-luck to lose there a watch and chain, and seal which he valued highly.

Pat O'Kelly's high opinion of his own merits as a poet may be understood by his travestyng the celebrated sonnet commencing: "Three poets in three distant ages born," etc., and in it alluding to himself and comparing his talents with those of Byron and Scott: "Twould take a Byron and a Scott, I tell you,

Combined in one to make a Pat O'Kelly."

His "Curse of Doneraile" was widely circulated all over Ireland and created a great deal of amusement. To appease him Lady Doneraile presented him with a handsome "watch and seal" in place of the one he "lost" upon which he wrote an eulogium which we have not space to print.

THE CURSE OF DONERAILE.

Alas! how dismal is my tale,
I lost my watch in Doneraile.
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,
Pilfer'd at once in Doneraile.
May Fire and Brimstone never fail,
To fall in show'rs on Doneraile.
May all the leading fheads assail,
The thieving Town of Doneraile.
As light'nings flash across the vale,
So down to Hell with Doneraile.
The fate of Pompey at Pharsale,
Be that the curse of Doneraile.
May Beef, or Mutton, Lamb or Veal
Be never found in Doneraile.

But Garlic Soup and scurvy Cale,
Be still the food for Doneraile.
And forward as the creeping snail,
Th' industry be, of Doneraile.
May Heav'n a chosen curse entail,
On rigid, rotten Doneraile.
May Sun and Moon forever fail,
To beam their lights on Doneraile.
May ev'ry pestilential gale,
Blast that curs'd spot called Doneraile.
May not a Cuckoo, Thrush, or Quail,
Be ever heard in Doneraile.
May Patriots, Kings and Commonweal,
Despise and harass Doneraile.
May ev'ry Post Gazette, and Mail,
Sad tidings bring of Doneraile.
May loudest thunders ring a peal,
To blind and deafen Doneraile.
May vengeance fall at head and tail,
From North to South at Doneraile.
May profit light and tardy sale,
Still damp the trade of Doneraile.
May Fame resound a dismal tale,
Whene'er she lights on Doneraile.
May Egypt's plagues at once prevail,
To thin the knaves of Doneraile.
May frost and snow, and sleet and hail
Benumb each joint in Doneraile.
May wolves and bloodhounds trace and
trail,

The cursed crew of Doneraile.
May Oscar with his fiery flail,
To Atoms thrash all Doneraile.
May every mischief fresh and stale,
Abide henceforth in Doneraile.
May all from Belfast to Kinsale,
Scoff, curse, and damn you, Doneraile.
May neither Flow'r nor Oatenmeal,
Be found or known in Doneraile.
May want and woe each joy curtail,
That e'er was known in Doneraile.
May no one Coffin want a nail,
That wraps a rogue in Doneraile.
May all the thieves that rob and steal,
The gallows meet in Doneraile.
May all the sons of Granuvalle,
Blush at the thieves of Doneraile.
May mischief big as Norway whale,
O'erwhelm the knaves of Doneraile.
May curses wholesale and retail,
Pour with full force on Doneraile.
May ev'ry transport wont to sail,
A convict bring from Doneraile.
May ev'ry churn and milking pail,
Fall dry to staves in Doneraile.
May cold and hunger still congeal,
The stagnant blood of Doneraile.
May ev'ry hour new woes reveal,
That Hell reserves for Doneraile.
May ev'ry chosen ill prevail,
O'er all the Imps of Doneraile.
May no one wish or pray'r avail,
To soothe the woes of Doneraile.
May th' Inquisition straight impale,
The rapparees of Doneraile.
May curse of Sodom now prevail,
And sink to ashes Doneraile.
May Charon's Boat triumphant sail,
Completely mann'd from Doneraile.
Oh! may my Couplets never fail,
To find new curse for Doneraile.
And may grim Pluto's inner gaol,
For ever groan with Doneraile.



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

In Jail with Parnell—A Reminiscence.

By J. M. Wall.



WELCOME to Kilmainham, Wall! We've been looking forward to your arrival this good while." Glancing backward o'er the long lapse of time—a mere matter of twenty-one years or so—since this curious greeting was given me by Charles Stewart Parnell, the most successful political leader that Ireland has ever had, I could almost persuade myself that this central episode in my career never happened. It all seems so shadowy and unreal now.

This imprisonment for Ireland, nevertheless, was the pivot of my whole existence in those days, as it must have been for each of the other "suspects" who, braving the bluster of old "Buckshot" Forster, were locked up in the various jails throughout the country, at the whim of any English sympathizer who had a grievance to exploit.

A copy of the warrant of arrest, thrust into my hand by the Inspector of Police, who trembled as he read it—probably through sheer shame; for he was an Irishman like myself—which I have had carefully framed and preserved, makes me feel, whenever I look at it, as though I had not been wholly wanting in my duty to Ireland in those bye-gone days. Besides, to be released thus early in one's career from the stigma of political inaction, was more or less of a compliment. Irishmen everywhere, understanding

the situation thoroughly, share in this belief.

"Not on bed of down, nor under shade Of canopy reposing, is heaven won."

An American writer of distinction says that the soul is but "an endless succession of phases of consciousness." Now, therefore, the phase of consciousness which I am enabled to summon back, as the scene in the exercise yard, that bleak November morning in 1881, unfolds itself once again in plain view, is indeed a precious possession.

Parnell was out for a mouthful of air in the stuffy little spot, girted by grim walls ninety feet in height, through which the sky was plainly visible. The din of Dublin is all but dead as it passes overhead; but the whistling and puffing of the locomotives at the railroad works at Inchicore, a few miles away, may be heard day and night. Yells of the warders, urging convicts to their daily toil in another portion of the prison, stole upon one at times.

John Dillon was nearby, and James O'Kelly—"Jim" Kelly, as the boys used to say—and one or two other members of Parliament. There were also some who, later, became duly accredited to the great talking emporium near Westminster Bridge, where they got a chance to say things which, thus far at all events, they've never said.

Two other newspaper men, besides myself, that I recall were there like-

wise—Jasper Tully and William O'Brien; and they continue in evidence still—more now, in fact, than then—both aiming well-directed blows at John Bull, yet both as far apart in temperament and modes of thought as any two Irishmen you can think of.

The Earl of Cowper at this time was Lord Lieutenant, and W. E. Forster ("Buckshot") Chief Secretary. In pleading in Parliament for a coercion law that would enable him to make arrests without indictment or trial, Forster had described us as "village tyrants" and "dissolute ruffians"; making use often even of the well-worn French phrase, *des mauvais sujets*.

I suppose "dissolute ruffians," sounding the more formidable, must have been meant for Parnell, and perhaps Dillon; while the lesser designation became the sign-manual of manhood for the rest of us.

The most signal proof of devotion to high ideals that an Irishman can give is to be known in his own country as a political law-breaker. In these opening years of the twentieth century, Ireland remains the only civilized country where it is an honor to be in jail. The English even now are unable to see this; and it is my deliberate belief that before this insular conceit, or stupidity—so costly to them and so ruinous to Ireland—can be eradicated, the race will have to be made over again.

People of three counties cheered me when I was put in prison, and pressed

forward in their eagerness to shake my hand, when the brutal peelers hustled me aboard the train. People of three counties cheered me again when I was let out. And yet the chief ground of my arrest, remember, was that I had been "intimidating" those very people! Oh, you English!

In an alleged comic paper in London called "Punch," a joke is said to have been discovered some sixty odd years ago, and it has been subsisting on the reputation of that one joke ever since. What wonder?

The political prisoners in Kilmainham were indeed a wonderful admixture. Each county contributed its quota. Varied walks of life had one or more representatives. Lawyers, doctors, newspaper men, bankers, priests, clerks, farmers, Members of Parliament and landlords jostled one another. The great majority were young, vigorous men, who had bothered England appreciably, let me tell you, and made it pretty hot for the Castle gang. This, of course, is deemed a pious duty by every Irishman worthy of the name; and if there be one among them who fails to perform it to the best of his ability, he certainly will have much to answer for.

"Would you believe it, Father Healy," said Gladstone, "that when I was in Rome I was assured that I could have a plenary indulgence for ten pounds?"

"Ten pounds!" Father Healy ejaculated. "Well, then, anybody that'd give you a plenary indulgence for ten pounds, Mr. Gladstone, would be letting you off mighty cheap, let me tell you!"

* * * * *

"Welcome to Kilmainham!" There stood a man in a long flowing robe of eider-down; on which were fanciful tracings of birds and flowers and things. A silk smoking-cap, deep purple in color, covered his dome of thought. He had a whole lot of articles of that kind, no two alike, worked by patriotic women in different parts of the country and forwarded to the imprisoned chief. I had never seen Parnell in what I may call underdress before, so I was a bit confused, not recognizing him at the moment. He kept smiling and waiting, while the rest of the prisoners formed a ring around us almost before I was aware what had happened.

"Welcome to Kilmainham," said he again and put out his hand. "You would scarcely call this an Irish welcome, Mr. Parnell?" I ventured. He held my hand, looking up at the high walls the while. "Possibly not Wall," said he, "but then you must remember that within this inclosure we may be said to be on English rather than Irish territory."

This clever turn, so unusual with him, made everybody laugh. The prisoners then resumed their circular

tramp around the narrow inclosure, Jasper Tully and Parnell alone remaining to continue the conversation. I had had full charge of Tully's paper, "The Roscommon Herald," and my arrest came as a big blow to the business, there being nobody at the moment competent to take my place.

"Tully, I suppose you don't like to see Wall here?" said Parnell suddenly.

"Why not?" said Tully.

"Your paper, you know," continued Parnell.

"On the contrary, Mr. Parnell," answered Tully bluntly, "I'm delighted to see him here; for I consider it the best proof that he has done his duty."

"Quite right, Tully," Parnell replied; "but I do not forget that you yourself laid a good solid foundation in both Leitrim and Roscommon before we sent Wall over there."

Jasper Tully has, since then, it is but fair to say, undergone more petty and persistent persecution and prosecution at the hands of the English Government than probably any other man in Ireland, with the exception of Edward McHugh, M. P., whose newspaper property "The Sligo Champion," was burst up completely through the same malign agency. Tully fight; his corner to the last inch, permitting no man to do his thinking; a policy so rare in public men that it deserves to be spread upon the record. He has been imprisoned fully a half-dozen



ENTRANCE TO KILMAINHAM PRISON.

times since sleeping on a plank bed and starving on prison fare.

He has done more than a man's part in helping undermine landlordism. A peaceful agitator nominally, he considers all Parliamentary effort a means to an end merely. There is thought behind every line he pens, every phrase he utters. Flamboyant rhetoric and he are not even on speaking terms. "I'm nothing but an old gradgrind, Wall," I've often heard him say. All very fine, but the more gradgrinds of his stamp in the service of Ireland the better for Ireland.

Under a native Parliament, it would be impossible to ignore such a man as Tully, for he is fitted to command in any department of the public service. He has the industry and tenacity of Joe Biggar; and anyone who has followed current Parliamentary history knows that it was this sturdy Belfast Presbyterian who made Parnell himself possible.

I know of no more fitting man to refer to Jasper Tully, this tireless fighter for Ireland, than by describing him as a Boer. He may be overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers, as were the Boers; but to vanquish Tully in argument, even the cleverest Member of the House of Commons would find it essential to arise before the sun was seen peeping from behind the hills. Irishmen should not fail to recognize the disinterested and loyal service he has rendered from the day when, a mere boy, twenty-two years ago, he quitted Summer Hill College, Athlone, to this very hour.

As a brother newspaper man, I have followed his fight for Ireland, as recorded in the newspapers on both sides of the ocean, and I am enabled to tender this voluntary tribute all the more freely, in that I have neither seen Tully nor heard from him during all that time. I hope, however, I may not die before I have a chance of again taking him by the hand and squeezing it good and hard.

Parnell was quartered in a section of the great building separated from the main body of the "suspects"; but it was his custom, two or three times a week, to come into the yard and march round the ring with the rest of us, taking exercise. Sometimes he absented himself for long periods, showing himself then for only a few minutes at a time; so that there were some among the new arrivals who never got a chance to see him at all.

What I may call the Kerry delegation was numerous, aggressive and picturesque, and were the subject of as much comment among the city chaps, who thought that they themselves were "the whole thing," as Shane O'Neill and his followers were said to be when they foregathered at the court of Elizabeth. Among them was a big, brawny fellow named Ned Hussey, whom I remember well. If he

could only get a good look at Parnell, whom he had never seen, he would, so it was declared, "die aisy."

"Ned," said I to him one day, "would you like to see Parnell?"

"Would I like to see Parnell," he echoed. "Would a monkey climb a tree!"

"Very well then; come along," and I led him from the exercise yard into what was known as the association hall. This was a spacious indoor apartment, roofed with glass, where those who were not robust, or who wished to avoid the crowd, elected to remain until the bell warning us back to our cells rang out. Parnell, wrapped as usual in his dressing gown, happened on this occasion to be wrapt also in a game of chess with P. J.



J. M. WALL.

Murphy, of Cork. Sitting around were Dr. Cardiff, a prominent Wexford physician, whose efforts to sustain a wholly inequitable allotment of adipose tissue and look dignified at the same time, made his movements seem cumbersome and languid; "Long John" O'Connor, of Cork; William O'Brien, William Abraham, of Limerick; Mr. Carew, who used to show a gold snuff-box the Empress of Austria gave him when she had a hunting box in Meath; Dr. Kenny, M. P., of Dublin, and a number of others.

"There's Parnell now," said I.

"Which wan, Misther Wall?" said Ned eagerly.

"The man playing there. He's facin' you now; see."

"Do ye mane th' man wid th' bed-tick around him?"

A nod was all the response I was able to make; I couldn't trust myself to speak. As it was, I had as much as ever I could do to hold in.

"Glory be to the Heavenly Father!" he ejaculated, loud enough for everybody to hear; "an' do ye tell me for a fact that that's Parnell?"

"That's the very man, Ned, me boy," I said.

He seized my hand on the moment, giving it a firm and, can I not say, vicarious squeeze.

"Shure, man alive," exclaimed the poor fellow, tears of genuine delight streaming down his cheeks, and a quiver of nervous enthusiasm throbbing through every part of his big body; "shure, man alive, I wouldn't ask better fun, Misther Wall, than fightin' an dyin' for a man like that!"

"And so would every one of us, Ned," I said.

"An' so we ought, Misther Wall," he whispered, still gripping me hard.

"And so we ought, Ned, me boy," I repeated, the enthusiasm of this simple Kerry peasant infecting me as quickly as living organisms stir the blood, or a measure of strong drink urges the heart to unwanted activity.

"Shure, Misther Wall," he resumed, "Parnell med most o' thim Mimbers of Parliament, that thinks they're such great fellows; so he did. Oh, I know. I tell ye, I wouldn't ask better fun than dyin' for a man like that, Misther Wall," he repeated.

There was a certain prophetic eagerness in the poor fellow's words which impressed me as well as startled me. Within a few brief years there came, not alone to every man who had been in Kilmainham jail, but to every man in Ireland as well, an opportunity, not, indeed, if you please, of dying for Parnell, but of living for him and of fighting for him. But, alas! the opportunity was suffered to pass unheeded. All of a sudden this mighty leader himself died. They gave him in Dublin the greatest funeral ever given an Irishman. Of course, they did;

and as the tearful tens of thousands followed the body to the National Cemetery in Glasnevin there came over the Cromwellians a broad grin, and they whispered each to the other: "There goes one more English difficulty that the Irish themselves have settled for us."

"Do not," he pleaded passionately, in his memorable manifesto "To the People of Ireland," "do not throw me to a pack of English wolves who are howling for my destruction." It was a vain appeal. They did throw him to the wolves; and, what is more remarkable, it was the Irish themselves who turned out to be the wolves, and not the English. It was a cowardly and ignoble abandonment of a great man,

who had brought the case of Ireland before the whole world; won over Scotland and Wales and split England herself into two hostile camps, where before she had been an opposing unit.

The Parnell episode, one of the saddest in the history of our unhappy country, is merely a memory now, but it will be many a long day before the misfortune which the desertion of this great statesman brought upon Ireland can be atoned for. In the opinion of many, it never can be atoned for.

Forster, to whom Parnell referred in a speech at Galway as "this hypocritical, humanitarian Secretary Buckshot Forster," because he had ordered buckshot served to those policemen who were assigned to evictions, died leaving this ignominious epithet his most prominent mark of identification from end to end of the land. His dying words were reported to be: "No Home Rule."

Some wag wanted it understood that there was a way of reading the phrase—and that, too, the correct way, he even asserted—which would show that the old despot repented at the last moment; and that was by inserting a semicolon after "No." It is too subtle a distinction, however, to waste words upon at this late day.

Forster could do mean things to a political opponent; but perhaps the meanest thing of which he was guilty was to peer through the bars one day at Parnell, while he happened to be taking exercise with the other prisoners in the association hall. The incident has never before been referred to; and as I find it in the manuscript of my little "jail journal," which I have preserved all those years, and of part of which this article is merely a transcript, I make mention of it now for the first time.

Captain Barlow, as I remember, was chairman of the Prisons Board. We knew that from the record. Forster's face and lumbering, uncouth figure were familiar to everybody, for they had been published far and wide, more especially since the designation "Buckshot" Forster had been given him. A few of us, who were "on the inside," got the tip from one of the warders that the Chief Secretary was visiting the prison; and so we were on the watch. Parnell himself was unaware of it.

Presently, on the outer side of the iron-barred gate leading to the hall, a group of solemn-visaged men, all well fed and comfortably dressed, gathered and talked in barely audible tones. There sure enough stood old Forster and his bushy beard, a group of Prison Board people with him.

They had come, no doubt, to see the animals. Captain Dennehy, the Governor—I think that was his name—stood alongside, flanked by Patterson, the Deputy Governor. Captain Dennehy, as I remember, was a Catholic; which surely ought, of itself, have made every man of us a loyal subject of the Queen—were it not that the Irish are known to be such an incorrigible race! Not far away was Searle

the chief warden, jingling the keys. He was frequently in full control.

A sleeky oily customer was Searle, his grey eyes denoting cruelty, had he the opportunity to be cruel. I can see him plainly now. I never looked at this official without thinking of Dr. Trevor, who had charge of that same Kilmainham jail, when Robert Emmet was led forth to execution, one hundred years ago; and whose merciless treatment of the political prisoners of that day was a counterpart of the conduct of the notorious Cunningham, who had charge of the old hell-hole in City Hall Park, New York, whence Nathan Hale marched out to the gallows. Searle had come originally from out the Orange preserve in Ulster, and had a perpetual grin, but, of course, no country. He just looked it, too. There they stayed, the personification of robber strength and security, until Parnell had passed by.

I know he didn't see them; but it is my impression that he heard afterwards of the incident. How it affected him, or whether he suffered it to affect him at all, can probably never be told, for Parnell cultivated the art of inward feeling in a way common to no other man of note who has ever appeared in the history of our hapless land.

But how mean and unmanly was all this. The doings of England in Ireland reek with just such petty provocations. After the Fashoda affair and during the Boer war, Premier Salisbury, complaining of the criticism of England by the French newspapers and French public men, spoke of it protesting as a series of pin pricks."

England should be the last to make complaint of that kind, in view of her behavior toward our people. Bereft of imagination themselves, the English appear unable to understand that there can be any form of pain save bodily pain—a primary emotion merely, that might arouse a pig as readily as it would arouse a man.

The lord and master at St. Helena for a time during the imprisonment of Napoleon was Sir Hudson Lowe—a village Dogberry on a tuppenny throne. His methods and "Buckshot" Forster's methods were strikingly alike. Lowe made life hell for Napoleon by his vindictive pettiness.

His conduct reached the straining point on a certain occasion, when this one-horse squireen invited his distinguished prisoner, the man who had made and unmade kings and kingdoms, and on whose brain at one time the safety of the British Empire had hung, to dinner "to meet the Countess."

For very shame's sake, the Government sent him at last about his business, just as it did Forster, if I'm not mistaken. But it was then too late; the damage had been done. Surely, they are an unnatural lot those English; especially when their relations with Ireland come to be reckoned.

My space is all but spent, so I shall close. What remains to be said in

closing? Ah, me! There remains more to be said of those Kilmainham days than I could squeeze into a score such articles as this; more, probably, than I shall ever find time to say. Here now it lies beside me in manuscript, and in the rough, my little "jail journal," exactly as it was penned from day to day, twenty-one years ago, when each incident was fresh, each personality vivid, and each conclusion, in a measure, it maybe, immaterial.

As reflection must precede conclusion, if we are to think aright, I was given most of all to the former process of thought in those days; to the latter in these. If I should describe my lot as irksome, rather than unhappy, the situation would appear fairly clear. Browning tells how

"Irks care the crop-full bird—
Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast."

But as we were neither "crop-full" nor "maw-crammed," the "irks" and the "frets" must have proceeded from other causes.

Each day was but a repetition of the preceding one, save when our little colony was increased by the arrival of some prominent "suspect" from the outside, around whom we gathered to learn how the fight was going on. With the approach of Christmas, everybody became gloomy. Parnell was ill. Certain petty punishment had been visited on him because he had tendered one of the warders, a fellow named White, a half-sovereign to take out a letter.

What Jasper Tully amusingly described as "skilly and whack," had been our diet during some months; but Christmas Day, for the first time, we were regaled from the outside at our own expense; and in the interior of more than one dead fowl delivered at the prison that memorable Christmas morning, there was found tucked away a tiny bottle of something which cannot with truth be described as ginger ale!

As I lay down to sleep that night I can say that all present troubles seemed for the moment dissipated, and I lived and moved in some vast, unknown realm, where there were neither prisons nor coercion acts, and where the might of England had been more than once successfully defied.

"I cannot paint my dream; it was so bright,

So fraught with dazzling radiance to me

It threw a glamor o'er my wildered sight

And left me blinded by my ecstasy. My longing soul essayed in vain to soar

Beyond the shining path of sun and stars,

But all too soon she languished as before,

Panting and worn, behind her prison bars!

When Lucan Died.

[An Irish Vidette's Soliloquy in Flanders.]

STATUE OF PATRICK SARSFIELD, EARL OF LUCAN,
AT LIMERICK

UNDER the stars the camp-fires quiver,
Under the stars the sleeping host,
The windmill gaunt by the sluggish river
Waves its arms like a warning ghost.
Mallach! go leor on this Flemish mireland,
Flat as army soup, dull as lead,
Give me the fine old days in Ireland
When Lucan led,
Sunny valley and hill in Ireland,
When Lucan led!

Soul of honor, as firm, unmoving,
As oak tree set on a Gaelic dun,
Valorous heart, strong hand for proving,
And face that cheered like the Irish sun!
Happy the camp when—fight or raiding—
"Boot and saddle" the trumpet sped;
Glad was the mount and swift parading
When Lucan led,
Blood and fire all felt like wading
When Lucan led!

Jingle of steel and creak of leather,
Cavalry ranks in brave array;
"Ready, ma bouchals, spur together,
Lively work for our blades to-day—
Charge!"—and his guiding sword is throwing
Rings of light round his kingly head:
Fareer gair for the Saxon's showing
When Lucan led,
Crimson the crop and fierce the mowing
When Lucan led!

Memory comes of an action featy:
The sentry's challenge, the answer clear,
As our squadrons thundered on Ballyneety,
"The word is 'Sarsfield'—the man is here!"
And the man was there with a sword unsparing,
And the mighty guns, 'mid a pile of dead,

Were blown to the sky for the good of Erin
When Lucan led,
The grandest light ever flashed in Erin—
When Lucan led!

Mo bhron the change—decay, inaction,
Ruined castles and broken men,
The devil's hoof of the foreign faction
Desecrating each hallowed glen;
The Limerick scroll is defiled and tattered,
Tyrants swagger where heroes bled,
The cream of our race exiled and scattered
Since Lucan led,
Erin a hulk by the billows battered
Since Lucan led!

Lost to the old land? Lucan? Never!
Waits and watches his faithful soul
To help his people their bonds to sever
When the trumpets ring and the volleys roll,
They'll seem to see, 'mid the tumult gory,
His stately shade at their charging head,
And they'll fight as their fathers fought in story
When Lucan led,
With the force and fire, with the glee and glory
When Sarsfield led!

Chicago.

—P. G. SMYTH.

"Beyant the Bog."

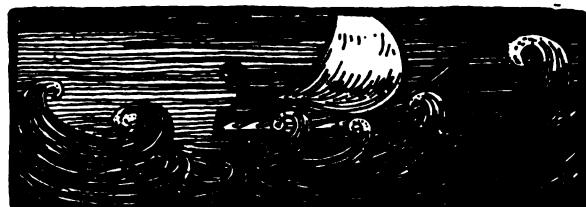
I 'M sittin' alone lookin' out to the West
Where the light of the day is dyin',
And a sob swells up in my weary breast,
And the tears from my eyes I'm dryin';
For Shaun my boy is goin' away.
He says to me he'll come back some day;
But I'm thinkin' he'll sleep in the stranger's clay,
In the world beyant the Bog!

Our world was here by the bogland side,
With the heather around us bloomin'
And stretchin' away from us far and wide
To the hills in the Eastward loomin'.
Our home was small but 'twas all our own,
Mo bhron, 'tis now 'twill be sad and lone,
For its light and its hope will soon be goin'
To the world beyant the Bog!

I thought that he'd stay with us always here;
Sure 'twas only a mother's dreamin'
His father's path, and my own, to cheer
Till we'd see God's home-lights gleamin'.
My pride was he, so fair and tall;
How my poor heart wailed like the Banshee's call,
When he said, "I'll be goin' in the early Fall,
To the world beyant the Bog!"

He says that he'll send me a stire of gold,
But 'tis little I care about it;
For all he may say it is poor and cold
And I'd rather have him, without it
For 'twould be like sellin' our own *ceanaran*,
For a faded rose from the stranger's lawn,
If I'd look in vain for my brown-eyed Shaun
To the world beyant the Bog!

Dublin. BRIAN O'HIGGINS.





Pen Sketch of George Wyndham.

Author of the New Irish Land Bill.

GEORGE WYNDHAM, the father of the new Irish Land bill, which is to bring peace and a large measure of contentment to Ireland, "walks delicately," possesses a great air of distinction and refinement, and is always wonderfully well groomed and courteous.

Not yet forty, he has, after a brilliant career in subordinate offices of the administration, swung himself during the last few weeks by his wonderfully clever Irish Land bill into the very forefront of English statesmanship, and has come to be looked upon as the most striking individuality and as the most powerful force in the Cabinet, with the exception of Joseph Chamberlain. Indeed, rumors are already in circulation to the effect that to him may be offered the succession to the Premiership on the retirement of Arthur Balfour, which is regarded in many quarters as imminent.

George Wyndham, however, is Conservative, like his father, the Hon. Percy Wyndham, and since by his successful treatment of the Irish question, which has been the bugbear of every successive administration in Downing Street for the last hundred years or more, he has proved himself to be a statesman of the foremost rank, it is exceedingly probable that he will be called upon ere long to take the place of Arthur Balfour as Prime Minister of the British Empire.

He has achieved what has until now been regarded as the impossible task of reconciling the conflicting interests of Irish landlord and Irish tenant in such a manner as to command the good will and the approval of Englishmen of every shade of political opinion, and this feat in itself is looked upon as one which demonstrates his qualifications for the assumption of the helm of the British ship of state.

George Wyndham has a strong strain of fine old Irish blood in his veins, a circumstance which goes far to account for his versatile brilliancy.

For he is a great-grandson of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, son of the first Duke of Leinster, who sacrificed his life at the end of the eighteenth century to the Irish cause. Lord Edward took part in the American War of Independence, fighting in the English ranks, and being so seriously wounded in one of the engagements that he was left for dead. For a time he figured conspicuously in the famous Grattan Parliament in Dublin, but left it after being cashiered from the army for attending a banquet at Paris at which he avowed his sympathy with the French Revolution and publicly renounced his title of nobility.

It was during his stay on the banks of the Seine that he married the fa-

mous Pamela, daughter of that Duke of Orleans who was, on account of his republican sympathies, nicknamed "Egalité," and of Mme. de Genlis, and on his return to Ireland with her joined the Society of United Irishmen, and for the next few years took a very active part in the Irish revolutionary movement, of which he became one of the leaders.

Betrayed into the hands of the police, he was arrested after a desperate struggle, during which he was severely wounded, and after being incarcerated first in Dublin Castle, and subsequently at Newgate, in London, succumbed in the latter prison to his injuries.

His widow, Lady Edward Fitzgerald, a half-sister of King Louis Philippe of France, subsequently married a Mr. Pitcairn, the United States Consul at Hamburg, but eventually separated from him, and died in considerable poverty at Paris about seventy years ago. Lord and Lady Edward Fitzgerald had only one child, a daughter Pamela, who married General Sir Guy Campbell, and their daughter Madeline is the mother of the Right Hon. George Wyndham, the Secretary for Ireland. On his father's side the latter is the grandson of the first Lord Leconfield, and among his sisters are Lady Elcho, Mrs. Charles Adeane and Mrs. G. P. Tenant.

Henry Labouchere, M. P., the genial proprietor of London "Truth," on one occasion divided the apple of beauty, as far as the House of Commons is concerned, between the late Lord Russell of Killowen, who had not at that time been raised to the peerage, and George Wyndham. As to the justice of this award there can be no question. For the Irish Secretary is a remarkably handsome man, tall, slight, with well-cut features, fine eyes, to which long lashes give an air of gentleness, and dark hair, now slightly silvered with premature gray, which, however, merely serves to emphasize the youth and the distinction of the face. He is sympathetically courteous,



MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM.

too, and has, besides, that sincerity of speech which usually accompanies good brains.

He started life as a soldier, and as an officer of the Coldstream Guards took part in the Suakin campaign against the Dervishes, receiving both the English medal and the Khedival star for his services. He left the army to become private secretary to his close friend, Arthur Balfour, when the latter was in charge of the Irish Department, and attracted public attention by the controversial letters which he published in the London daily papers in defence of his chief and of the latter's policy.

The mastery of fact which they showed was so great, and the hitting so hard and so neatly placed that the public at first imagined that they came from the pen of Mr. Balfour himself. Nor was it until the Tory leaders nominated him as the Conservative candidate for Dover, and he entered the House of Commons as member for that constituency, that the public realized that he was fully capable of having written the letters in question. He soon made a mark for himself at Westminster, and ere long was appointed to the financial secretaryship of the War Department.

The period which the Conservatives were out of office—namely, from 1892 to 1895—he devoted to travel in South Africa, and, after thoroughly mastering the problems connected with that portion of the world, attached himself to the fortunes of Cecil Rhodes, acting as the semi-official representative of the latter in the House of Commons, and likewise championing his cause on the South African Parliamentary Committee, appointed to investigate the Jameson raid and the affairs of his chartered company.

On Lord Curzon's being promoted to the Vice-royalty of India, and St. John Brodrick being selected to take his place as assistant to Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office, Mr. Wyndham was appointed to the Under Secretaryship of State for War, and during the earlier stages of the Boer War performed in a wonderfully clever manner the difficult and ungrateful task of explaining to a terribly disappointed people how it had happened that an army on which they had for years been spending almost as much money as is devoted annually by Germany to military expenses should have met with the most humiliating reverses on the first occasion that it was called upon to encounter white men instead of Asiatics and Africans.

Not only did he succeed in doing this to such an extent that popular confidence was restored in the defeated troops and outmanoeuvred generals, but he likewise, by his eloquence, called forth a burst of patriotism sufficiently strong to silence to a great extent party differences, and to lead men of rival political factions to resolve to support the government in its efforts to carry the war to a successful issue.

On the next ministerial reorganization Lord Salisbury assigned the post of Irish Secretary to George Wyndham

and so well did he fulfil popular expectations in connection with his management of this most difficult and arduous post of the entire administration that when Arthur Balfour became Premier George Wyndham was admitted to the Cabinet, in which he is Ireland's chief representative.

Although Mr. Wyndham's official title is that of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant and Viceroy of Ireland, yet he is virtually the latter's superior officer. For the present Viceroy, Lord Dudley, does not have a seat in the Cabinet, and is merely the titular executive of measures decided upon by the Cabinet, on the recommendation and suggestion of George Wyndham, who is to a far greater extent than the Viceroy the real administrator and ruler of the Emerald Isle.

George Wyndham, although on the sunny side of forty, can boast of being a grandfather; that is to say, he has step-grandchildren. For his wife has a son and two daughters by her former marriage to the late Earl Grosvenor, who have all three married and have children. The son is the Duke of Westminster; one of the daughters is the Countess of Shafesbury, and the other the Countess of Beauchamp. The Irish Secretary has also a boy of his own, now some sixteen years of age, who gives promise of inheriting his father's good looks, his brilliancy and his passion for fox hunting.

Gaelic League, London.

THE Gaelic League in London has had several local entertainments of a special character during the month just closed. Each of them would really merit a long description. The localities in some ways suggest quite different worlds; from Kensington, or Fulham, or Clapham to East London is a long journey, in more than one sense.

Few things can better illustrate the spirit prevailing in the League than the fact that one system and purpose work out so harmoniously and well in these widely different areas. Many of those responsible for local schools seldom come under the general ken, but they are among the very best workers in the League.

At headquarters the various sub-committees have done a surprising amount of detailed work of late. Teaching, organization, entertainment, industrial and financial matters are carried out in a smooth and scientific way that is suggestive of long-established and specialist departments. The main work of the League will be continued as usual throughout the Summer, with the addition of the popular *Seilí*.

The examination scheme for 1904 is already far advanced. Irish history will have a considerable place in the programme, and in connection with the *Féis* planned for next year there will probably be several artistic competitions. Preparations for the *Aonach* of the coming Summer are being ad-

vanced. Certain friends have, so far, unaccountably forgotten the matter of their annual subscriptions. To defer such necessary duties much longer would be a bad break with London traditions.

The Irish Woolen Industry.

THAT Ireland is making very considerable advance industrially is beyond question. Evidences thereof are multiplying on all sides. But perhaps in no line are we making such progress as in the woollen industry. Here in the South many new mills have been established in recent years; and they, as well as the woollen factories previously in existence, it is gratifying to learn, are all thriving and prosperous.

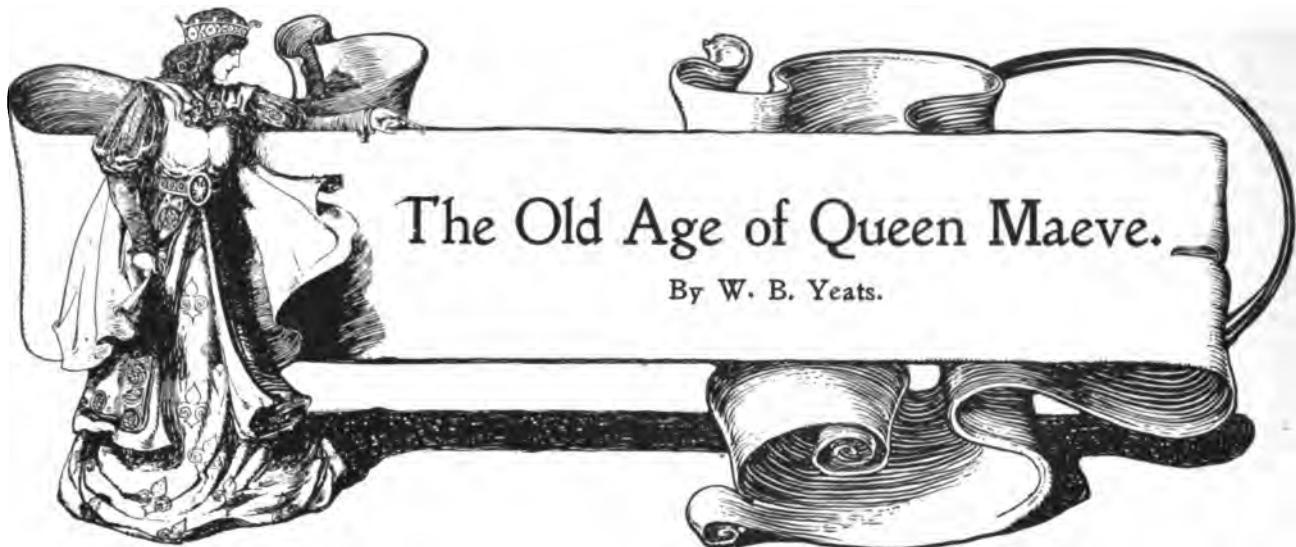
In the North of Ireland it would seem that of late years there has been a considerable development of woollen manufactures; so that altogether it would really appear as if Ireland were destined to recover the pre-eminence in this particular industry that she enjoyed before selfish British laws crushed it out.

We need not point out to our readers that it is the duty of all Irishmen to help in the retrieving of our olden supremacy in this direction, and the effective way to do so is to purchase only the products of Irish woollen mills. There is absolutely no excuse for Irishmen purchasing English or Scotch tweeds. It is beyond doubt that the tweeds produced in this country cannot be excelled for durability, beauty and cheapness.

There may have been some justification in former years for the complaint that Irish tweeds were not equal to English or Scotch in beauty of design and that there was little variety in the patterns. But of late years Irish manufacturers have made great advances in these respects, as was abundantly evidenced by the display of handsome tweeds at the Cork Exhibition of 1902; so that even the poor defence formerly pleaded by the un-patriotic Irishmen who were unwilling to patronize the home-made article will no longer avail.

One of the most successful woollen mills in the North of Ireland is that of Mr. John Haldane, Newry, County Down. Mr. Haldane had the advantage of a long and practical experience with some of the leading firms in Scotland and Ireland, and the articles he himself turns out now are really first-class.

Among the goods manufactured by him are cheviot tweeds (made from the best Irish wool), homespuns, indigo blue and woaded black serges, Irish frieze, blankets, shawls, flannel and plaiding, car and traveling rugs, wool shirting and knitting yarns. These articles can be had direct from the manufacturer at mill prices, and he pays carriage on all parcels to any address. Patterns are supplied post free.—*Weekly Examiner*, Cork.



MAEVE, the great queen, was pacing to and fro,
Between the walls covered with beaten bronze
In her high house at Cruachan; the long hearth,
Flickering with ash and hazel, but half showed
Where the tired horse-boys lay upon the rushes,
Or on the benches underneath the walls,
In comfortable sleep. All living slept;
But that great queen, who more than half the night
Had paced from door to fire, and fire to door.
Though now in her old age, in her young age
She had been beautiful in that old way
That's all but gone, for the proud heart is gone,
And the fool heart of the counting-house fears all
But soft beauty and indolent desire.
She could have called over the rim of the world
Whatever woman's lover had hit her fancy,
And yet had been great bodied and great limbed,
Fashioned to be the mother of strong children,
And she'd had lucky eyes and a high heart,
And wisdom that caught fire like the dried flax,
At need, and made her beautiful and fierce,
Sudden and laughing.

O, unquiet heart,
Why do you praise another, praising her
As if there were no tale but your own tale
Worth knitting to a measure of sweet sound!
Have I not bid you tell of that great queen
Who has been buried some two thousand years?

When night was at its deepest, a wild goose
Cried from the porter's lodge, and with long clamor
Shook the ale-horns and shields upon their hooks,
But the horse-boys slept on, as though some power
Had filled the house with Druid heaviness;
And wondering who of the many-changing Sidhe
Had come, as in old times, to counsel her,
Maeve walked, yet with slow footfall, being old,
To that small chamber by the outer gate.

The porter slept, although he sat upright
With still and stony limbs and open eyes.
Maeve waited, and when that ear-piercing noise
Broke from his parted lips, and broke again,
She laid a hand on either of his shoulders
And shook him wide awake, and bid him say:
Who of the wandering many-changing ones
Had troubled his sleep. But all he had to say
Was that the air, being heavy, and the dogs
More still than they had been for a good month,
He had fallen asleep, and though he had dreamed nothing,
He could remember when he had had fine dreams,
It was before the time of the great war
Over the White-horned Bull, and the Brown Bull.

She turned away; he turned again to sleep,
That no god troubled now, and, wondering
What matters were afoot among the Sidhe,
Maeve walked through that great hall, and with a sigh
Lifted the curtain of her sleeping-room,
Remembering that she, too, had seemed divine
To many thousand eyes, and to her own
One that the generations had long waited
That work too difficult for mortal hands
Might be accomplished. Bunching the curtain up
She saw her husband, Ailell, sleeping there,
And thought of days when he'd had a straight body,
And of that famous Fergus, Nessa's husband,
Who had been the lover of her middle life.

Suddenly Ailell spoke out of his sleep,
And not with his own voice, or a man's voice,
But with the burning, live, unshaken voice
Of those that it may be shall never fade.
He said, "High queen of Cruachan and Magh Ai,
A king of the Great Plain would speak with you."
And with glad voice Maeve answered him, "What king
Of the far-wandering shadows has come to me,
As in the old days, when they would come and go
About my threshold to counsel and to help?"
The parted lips replied, "I seek your help,
For I am Aengus, and I am crossed in love."

"How may a mortal whose life gutters out,
Help them that wander, with hand clasping hand,
By rivers where the rain has never dimmed
Their haughty images that cannot fade,
For all their beauty, like a hollow dream?"
"I come from the undimmed rivers to bid you call
The children of the Maines out of sleep,
And set them digging into Anbual's hill.
We shadows, while they uproot his earthy house,
Will overthrow his shadows, and carry off
Caer, his blue-eyed daughter, that I love.
I helped your fathers when they built these walls,
And I would have your help in my great need,
Queen of high Cruachan."

"I obey your will
With speedy feet and a most thankful heart,
For you have been, O Aengus of the birds,
Our giver of good counsel and good luck."
And with a groan as if the mortal breath
Could but awaken sadly upon lips
That happier breath had moved, her husband turned
Face downward, tossing in a troubled sleep;
But Maeve, and not with a slow, feeble foot,
Came to the threshold of the painted house,
Where her grand-children slept, and cried aloud
Until the pillared dark began to stir
With shouting and the clang of unhooked arms.

She told them of the many-changing ones;
And all that night, and all through the next day
To middle night they dug into the hill.
At middle night, great cats with silver claws,
Bodies of shadow, and blind eyes like pearls,
Came up out of the hole, and red-eared hounds
With long white bodies came out of the air
Suddenly, and ran at them and harried them.

The Maines' children dropped their spades and stood
With quaking joints and terror-stricken faces,
Till Maeve called out, "These are but common men,
The Maines' children have not dropped their spades
Because Earth, crazy for its broken power,
Casts up a show, and the winds answer it
With holy shadows." Her high heart was glad,
And when the uproar ran along the grass,
She followed with light footfall in the midst,
Till it died out where an old thorn tree stood.
Friend of these many years, you too have stood
With equal courage in that whirling rout,
For you, although you have not her wandering heart
Have all that greatness, and not hers alone,
For there is no high story about queens
In any ancient book but tells of you,
And when I've heard how they grew old and died,
Or fell into unhappiness, I've said,
"She will grow old, and die, and she has wept,"
And when I'd write it out anew, the words
Half crazy with the thought, "she too has wept,"
Outrun the measure.

I'd tell of that great queen,
Who stood amid a silence by the thorn
Until two lovers came out of the air
With bodies made out of soft fire. The one
About whose face birds wagged their fiery wings
Said, "Aengus and his sweetheart give their thanks
To Maeve and to Maeve's household, owing all
In owing them the bride-bed that gives peace."
Then Maeve, "O, Aengus, master of all lovers,
A thousand years ago you held high talk
With the first kings of many-pillared Cruachan,
O, when will you grow weary?"

They had vanished,
But out of the dark air over her head there came
A murmur of soft words and meeting lips.

Looking Back.

WATHERS O'MOYLE an' the white gulls flying,
Since I was near ye what have I seen?
Deep great seas, an' a strrong wind sighin'
Night an' day where the waves are green.
Struth na Moile, the wind goes sighin'
Over a waste o' wathers green.

Slemish an' Trostan, dark wi' heather,
High are the Rockies, airy-blue;
Sure ye have snows in the Winter weather,
Here they're lyin' the long year through.
Snows are fair in the Summer weather,
Och, an' the shadows between are blue!

Lone Glen Dun an' the wild glen flowers,
Little ye know if the prairie is sweet,
Roses for miles, an' redder than ours,
Spring here unther the horses' feet.
Ay, an' the black-eyed gold sunflowers—
Not as the glen flowers small an' sweet.

Wathers o' Moyle, I hear ye callin'
Clearer for half o' the world between,
Antrim hills an' the wet rain fallin'
Whiles ye are nearer than snow-tops keen;
Dreams o' the night an' a night-wind callin'—
What is the half o' the world between?

—MOIRA O'NEILL.

"Oh! Bay of Dublin."

O H! Bay of Dublin, my heart you're troublin',
Your beauty haunts me like a fevered dream,
Like frozen fountains that the sun sets bubbling.
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 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 tho' 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 neighbor's faces
All gather'd 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.

My Wife.

This beautiful poem was written by Joseph Brennan, an Irish poet, who died in New Orleans a number of years ago. He had been but a short time in this country, and his wife was still at their old home in the Emerald Isle.

COME to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,
Day time and night time I'm thinking about thee;
Unwelcome my waking which ceases to fold thee;
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to brighten,
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten,
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy loveingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will fit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing;
And thoughts of my love and its manifold treasure
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure;
Oh, spring of my heart, oh, May of my bosom,
Shine out on my soul till it bourgeon and blossom;
The waste of my life has a rose root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure—that moves like a song through the even,
Features—lit up by a reflex of heaven;
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where sunshine and shadow are chasing each other!
Smiles coming seldom, but childlike and simple,
And opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple;
Oh, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming,
Is left to the exile the brightness of dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened,
Dear, are you sad now, to hear I am saddened?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love;
As octave to octave and rhyme unto rhyme, love;
I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing;
You cannot smile but my cheeks will be glowing;
I would not die without you at my side, love,
You will not linger when I will have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
Strong, swift and fond as the words which I speak, love,
With a song at your lips, and a smile on your cheeks, love;
Come, for my heart in your absence is weary,
Haste, for my heart is sickened and dreary;
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee,
Come to the heart which is throbbing to press thee.



Books Too Little Known.

"THE CUCHULLIN SAGA."

By Edward Garnett, M.A.

A BOOK that is little spoken of, a book that does not make too many concessions to the ordinary reader, and one that is placed among the score of books the present writer would least willingly part with, is that fine piecemeal translation of the Irish *Iliad*, "The Cuchullin Saga," compiled and edited by Miss Eleanor Hull for Mr. David Nutt's "Grimm Library" (1898).

A good deal of attention has been bestowed lately on Lady Gregory's "Cuchulain of Muirthemne," a popular recension which takes the reader over much the same ground of early Irish romance that Miss Hull's compilation had previously covered. We are by no means ungrateful to Lady Gregory for her enthusiastic labors, and if in point of style and of fidelity to the spirit of the great Irish epic we adjudge her translation inferior to Miss Hull's collected version, let the reader understand that it is not because we rank her book low, but because we place Miss Hull's very high.

Lady Gregory has undoubtedly succeeded in the difficult task of boiling and dressing the pagan roast meats to suit a modern table, and her skill has justly earned for her the praise of many hundreds of people who do not demand that the translation shall be absolutely faithful to the spirit of these old Irish pagan Sagas.

We therefore hasten to say that nobody can lay an indictment at Lady Gregory's door in asking: What is this spirit of the Irish *Iliad* that a translator may be true to? Some men will say one thing and some men will say another, and if we venture here to give some reasons why we set Miss Hull's book first and Lady Gregory's second, we do it knowing that Lady Gregory has many skilful champions ranged on her side, such as Mr. Yeats, Mr. Stephen Gwynn and Mr. Arthur Symons, champions with whom it is an honor to break a lance.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn in his essay, "Celtic Sagas Retold," has stated the main issue with his usual admirable clearness:

I had previously essayed it (the story of Cuchulain) several times in the best versions I could come at, and got no pleasure except from the single lay which tells the fate of Deirdre. . . . I owe to Lady Gregory's skill—and thousands will probably acknowledge the same debt—the vision of Cuchulain in his beauty, his terror, his charm. . . . Those who are connoisseurs in literature rather than simply lovers of poetry will prefer the literal version which keeps the quaintness, the crude savor of primitive literature—though for my own part I think that barbarisms, which in the original even of Homer fall naturally into their place, acquire a disturbing salience in translation.

This is excellently put, and it suggests a further question. If Lady Gregory's version does not keep the quaintness, the crude savor of primitive literature, what does it put in its

place? Must not the Cuchullin Saga become transformed in its barbaric spirit under the influence of a modern taste that rejects its "crude savor"? We think this is the answer we must arrive at.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn argues that Lady Gregory in her "task of conciliation" has done for the Irish epic what the Welsh bards under Norman influence did for the *Mabinogion*—but is not the analogy rather stretched? The chasm between our modern civilized society and that ancient Irish society to which the blood-stained tribal forays of the Cuchullin Saga appeared as realities of daily life, is so profound that it may be doubted whether a Victorian can possibly make a "recension" of the sagas of Beowulf's day without destroying their tone. And this is what we think Lady Gregory has done.

Admirable her adaptation may indeed be in respect to modern literary taste, admirable in retaining so much of the original beauty and poetry of these early Irish romances, but we must not be surprised if the price we have to pay for appeasing or conciliating thousands of modern readers is simply that the very spirit of this barbaric literature has mysteriously and gently transformed itself to please modern requirements.

It is not merely that Lady Gregory has omitted "certain amplifications of description," "clumsy iterations of incident," artistic "blunders" (in Mr. Stephen Gwynn's phrase), it is not merely that she has (to quote her preface) "left out a good deal that I thought you would not care about for one reason or another"; it is rather that in part by her omissions and condensations, and in part by her adoption of Irish peasant forms of speech, she has actually modernized the original.

If we find, then, in her versions generally a certain leveling softness of tone, an affection for colloquialisms in her characters' language, a strong disposition to retain all that goes to make a beautiful picture and a disposition to reject or to modify all that is grimmest, wildest, and most uncompromising, we shall be able to see how this mysterious, and to many readers welcome transformation in the character of the Cuchullin Saga has come about.

Let us give a passage from Miss Hull's version which Lady Gregory's passes over almost entirely:

"THE APPEARANCE OF THE MORRIGU."

Miss Hull's Version, pp. 103, 104.

When Cuchullin lay in sleep in Dun Imrid he heard a cry sounding out of the north, a cry terrible and fearful to his ears. Out of a deep slumber he was aroused by it so suddenly, that he fell out of his bed upon the ground like a sack, in the east wing of the house.

He rushed forth without weapons, until he gained the open air, his wife following him with his armor and his garments. He perceived Laegh in his harnessed chariot

coming towards him from Festa Laig in the north. "What brings thee here?" said Cuchullin. "A cry that I heard sounding across the plain," said Laegh. "From which direction?" said Cuchullin. "From the north-west," said Laegh, "across the great highway leading to Caill Cuan." "Let us follow the sound," said Cuchullin.

(We have only space here to give one of the three pages of Cuchullin's conversation with the Morrigu.)

" . . ." said the hero—

"I shall strike down their warriors
I shall fight their battles,
I shall survive the Tain!"

"How wilt thou manage that?" said the woman, "for when thou are engaged in a combat with a man as dexterous as terrible, as untiring, as noble, as brave, as great as thyself, I will become an eel, and I will throw a noose round thy feet in the ford, so that heavy odds will be against thee." "I swear by the God by whom the Ultonians swear," said Cuchullin, "that I will bruise thee against a green stone of the ford; and thou never shall have any remedy from me if thou leavest me not." "I shall also become a grey wolf for thee, and I will take (. . . ?) from thy right hand, as far as thy left arm." "I will encounter thee with my spear," said he, "until thy left or right eye is forced out; and thou shall never have help from me if thou leavest me not." "I will become a white, red-eared cow," said she, "and I will go into the pond beside the ford, in which thou art, in deadly combat with a man as skilful in feats as thyself, and a hundred white, red-eared cows behind me," etc., etc.

Now, when Mr. Yeats says (and I must here own to be an old friend of Mr. Yeats and an admirer of his work) in his preface to Lady Gregory's book:

Lady Gregory has done her work of compression and selection so firmly and reverently that I cannot believe that anybody, except for a scientific purpose, will need another text than this, or than the version of it the Gaelic League has begun to publish in modern Irish.

I must beg leave to differ from his conclusions with a reverent and a humble firmness. The force, the meaning, the quality, the very essence and genius of the Irish original, "The Appearance of the Morrigu," is done away with in Lady Gregory's adaptation. The wild, fierce, free spirit of Irish paganism is attenuated, and something that is prudently English has taken its place. Lest anybody should infer that we are judging Lady Gregory on the evidence of a single passage we invite our readers to turn to others, such as:

The Death of Deirdre. Miss Hull, p. 53. Lady Gregory, p. 139. The Wooing of Emer. Miss Hull, p. 62. Lady Gregory, p. 22. Mesgogra's Combat with Conall. Miss Hull, pp. 92, 93. Lady Gregory (no version given). Calatin's Children. Miss Hull, pp. 240, 251. Lady Gregory, p. 330.

And they will find that for the racy flavor of the original version a somewhat tame, over-refined, and semi-modern abbreviation has been substituted.

We do not blame Lady Gregory for these abbreviations. She herself says in her preface, "I have left out a good deal that I thought that you would not care about for one reason or another," and if she has not rendered faithfully the savage fierceness of the Morrigu and has passed over entirely the wonderful combat between Mesgogra and Conall *cernach*, it is only fair to say that Miss Hull has also had a moment of weakness, and in "The Wooing of Emer" has thought it fit "to omit a few passages that might wound modern susceptibilities."

Really, these modern susceptibilities! how beautiful they are, and how unnecessary! What an extraordinary thing it is that an age which delights in the "Visits of Elizabeth" should find it necessary to blush, and turn away its innocent head from the chaste severity of thirty lines in a barbaric saga! Miss Hull has, however, had the great good sense to see that the racy version of Dr. Whitley Stokes' "Siege of Howth" must be retained, and as we consider

that the combat of Mesgogra with Conall *cernach* is one of the finest things in the whole Cuchullin cycle, so free, wild, savage is it, yet recounted with a strange delicacy, we extract the episode which Lady Gregory omits:

Now as he went out of the ford, westwards, Conall *cernach* "the Victorious" entered it from the east. "Art thou there, O Mesgogra?" said Conall. "I am here," said the King; . . . "I claim my brothers from thee," said Conall. "I do not carry them (i. e., their skulls) in my girdle," said Mesgogra. "That is a pity," said Conall. "It were not champion-like," said Mesgogra, "to fight with me, who have but one hand." "My hand shall be tied to my side," said Conall. Triply was Conall *cernach*'s hand tied to his side. And each smote the other till the river was red with their blood. But the sword-play of Conall prevailed. "I perceive that thou wilt not go, O Conall," said Mesgogra, "till thou takest my head with thee. Put thou my head above thy head, and add my glory to thy glory." . . . Then Conall got alone into his chariot, and his charioteer into Mesgogra's chariot. They go forward then into Nachtar Fine till they meet fifty women, namely Buan, Mesgogra's wife, with her maidens, coming southwards from the border. "Whose are thou, O woman?" said Conall. "I am the wife of Mesgogra, the King." "It hath been enjoined on thee to come with me," said Conall. "Who hath enjoined me?" said the woman. "Mesgogra," said Conal. "Hast thou brought a token with thee?" said she. "Behold his chariot and his horses," said Conall. "Many are they on whom he bestows treasures," said the woman. "Behold then his head," said Conall. "Now am I lost to him!" she said, etc.

For the superb ending we must refer the reader to Miss Hull's book.

Now this is as characteristic of the aristocratic pagan Irish in its quality as the chapter "Skarphedin's Death" in "The Story of Burnt Njal" is characteristically Norse. It is both fierce and tender, wild and refined in its feeling.

Note how the bardic narrator, unlike the Scandinavian scalds, is on the side of the conquered man, and how Buan, Mesgogra's wife, is not allowed to fall into the conqueror's hand. How subtle and noble is Mesgogra's acknowledgement of his defeat: "I perceive that thou wilt not go, O Conall, till thou takest my head with thee. Put thou my head above thy head, and add my glory to thy glory." That touch of the King allowing his gillie to sleep first, the proud response of Buan to Conail, "Many are they on whom he bestows treasures," the incisive artistic shaping of this tragic episode, so savagely strong yet so delicate—all this suggests that any touch of superadded nineteenth century softening culture on the translator's part would be precisely its artistic destruction. Now this translation we owe to Dr. Whitley Stokes, and it is the translation of a master.

The most superb passage in Lady Gregory's and in Miss Hull's compilations is undoubtedly the Death of Cuchullin, and on comparing them closely, though we own to a preference for Miss Hull's, we find that both ladies have followed Dr. Whitley Stokes so closely that the glory of the achievement is his and no other's. After some little experience of the translations of Irish romances put forward by the little band of learned scholars, we have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Whitley Stokes' and Dr. Kuno Meyer's versions seem to us to set a standard which surpasses all others.

Dr. Joyce and Dr. Hyde and Mr. Standish Hayes O'Grady have done most excellent work, each in their separate departments, but we can find nothing in "Old Celtic Romances," "A Literary History of Ireland," or in "Silva Gadelica" to touch Dr. Whitley Stokes and Dr. Kuno Meyer's specimen tales from "The Cuchullin Saga," or the last mentioned scholar's "The Vision of MacConglinne."

If the reader really wants to taste the wild flavor, the free charm of early and medieval Irish literature, he must turn to the Cuchullin Saga and to MacConglinne vision. If he wants to understand the charm of Irish peasant poetry he must turn to Dr. Hyde's Connacht Love Songs (the prose versions); if he wishes to understand how the old Celtic romances lived on as an abiding tradition in the rougher peasant minds of the Gaelic speaking population he must turn to "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition."

To conclude, "The Cuchullin Saga," though it can be examined and enjoyed in Miss Hull's compilation, exists there only in piecemeal and skeleton form. What we want most is the translation of the central tale, "The Tain Bo Cuailgne," promised by the German scholar, Dr. Windisch; and next what we want is a translation of many of those romances marked in Miss Hull's chart of the Cuchullin Saga as extant but untranslated. How many years are we to wait?

It is melancholy to think that the noblest and the greatest literature Ireland has produced is in the earliest, the most pagan cycle. Therefore it is that we fear any modernization of its spirit. "Amplifications of description," "clumsy iterations of incident," can be cleared away from the context along with genealogical catalogues and mere topographical information; but the tone, the tone of the Irish *Iliad* ought to be no less sacred than the tone of the great classics. And the Cuchullin Saga is to Ireland what the *Edda* is to Iceland, or the *Nibelungen Lied* is to Germany.

You cannot improve on the tone of the Irish bards of the eleventh century. You can adapt them for the use of people who cannot assimilate the spirit of the original, and it is this feat that Lady Gregory has skilfully performed. We repeat we are not ungrateful to Lady Gregory, we feel sure that her adaptations will open the eyes of many thousands of people who would never have heard of Cuchullin but for her aid; but we hope that the readers will make further explorations, and journey on till they can appreciate Dr. Whitley Stokes' and Dr. Kuno Meyer's incomparable versions.

Meanwhile, we ask for an expanded edition of Miss Hull's "Cuchullin Saga." Let Mr. Nutt see to it, and let those who want fine literature not rest till they have read and made acquaintance with "The Cuchullin Saga" and with "The Vision of MacConglinne."

A Quare Weechiel.

HE was a quare wee weechel wi' curious quare wee ways,
He was nationate and odd-like and gentle a' his days
Still he never had a hard word from the people 'round be-
cause
He was always open-handed and big-hearted, so he was.

Now his father was as sensible as any ither man,
But his mother was a woman that folk couldn't understand:
She was quet and quare and dreamy, and the neighbors
often said
"Twas no wonder that her "gasur" had such notions in his
head.

"Though often like the ither weans wi' marbles an wi' tops,
And willin' too in spring-time at helpin' wi' the craps,
Still you couldn't tell the minit he'd be taken wi' a spell
And wander up along the burn wi' no one but himself."

"Tis often that I saw him there, the ferns and briars among,
And him a kind o' list'nin' as the waters ran along—
And there he'd sit for hours, and him a-piannin' in his head
Some nonsensical ould story about what the water said.

And plenty folk believed too that he saw uncanny sights
When he rambled by himself among the braes on moonlight
nights;
And, feth, it was no wonder that the weechiel's brain was
soft;
For wi' stories o' the "wee folk" ould Pether had him daft.

Still my blessein' be about him, for if he was odd itsel'
There wasna' mony youngsters that the neighbors liked as
well,
I'm towld he's doin' bravely in the city; but withal
I'm thinkin' that there's longin' on him still for Donegal.

—CATHAL MAC GARBHAIGH.

Ireland.

IRELAND, oh Ireland! centre of my longings,
Country of my fathers, home of my heart!
Over seas you call me: Why an exile from me?
Wherefore sea-severed, long leagues apart?

As the shining salmon, homeless in the sea-depths,
Hears the river call him, scents out the land,
Leaps and rejoices in the meeting of the waters,
Breasts weir and torrent, nests him in the sand;

Lives there and loves, yet, with the year's returning,
Rusting in the river, pines for the sea,
Sweeps back again to the ripple of the tideway,
Roamer of the waters, vagabond and free.

Wanderer am I like the salmon of the rivers;
London is my ocean, murmurous and deep,
Tossing and vast; yet through the roar of London
Comes to me thy summons, calls me in sleep.

Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,
Purple are thy mountains, home of my heart,
Mother of my yearning, love of all my longings,
Keep me in remembrance, long leagues apart.

—STEPHEN GWYNN.

Royal Irish Academy.

A GENERAL meeting of the Royal Irish Academy was held recently at the Academy House, 19 Dawson St., Dublin. The President, Professor Atkinson, presided, and there was a fairly large attendance of members.

Mr. C. Litton Faulkner, M.A., read a short paper on "A Manuscript Diary of Charles Lever," in the course of which he said that readers of Fitzpatrick's "Life of Charles Lever" would recollect that shortly after taking his degree in Trinity College, on his return from a brief visit to America, the future novelist proceeded to Germany and passed several months of the Winter of 1829-30 at Gottingen and Heidelberg.

Lever's experience of student life in the two German university towns furnished the occasion of his first excursion into literature. The "Dublin Literary Gazette" of 1830, a journal which was the predecessor and herald of the celebrated "Dublin University Magazine," contained "The Log Book of a Rambler," a series of papers in which the future author of "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley" first exhibited his talent for lively and humorous description.

The stories and descriptions of the "Log Book" were in great part reproduced from the little manuscript volume which he had the honor of offering for the acceptance of the Academy as an interesting addition to its collection of autographs of distinguished Irishmen.

The note-book has inscribed on the cover "Carl V. Lever: Goettingen, 1823." It is a random record—part journal, part common-place book, part sketch-book—of Lever's first travels in the Germany he afterwards became so familiar with.

Fitzpatrick, in his Life, quotes from the "Dublin Literary Gazette" several passages of the "Log Book," the originals of which here survive as they were first penned, interspersed with verses from Schiller and sketches, by the author's pencil, of scenes on the Rhine.

The note-book came into his possession through a relative who had acquired it from a medical friend—a doctor in the North of Ireland—to whom Lever had given it. There could be no doubt of its authenticity, and he had much pleasure in placing it at the disposal of the Academy as a thoroughly characteristic memento of perhaps the most popular of the Irish novelists of the nineteenth century.



Digitized by Google



Irish Harp Festival in Belfast.

From *The Northern Whig*, Belfast.

 HE exhibition of Irish harps and pipes, old Irish music, portraits, and publications illustrative of the history of music in Ireland that was opened in Linen Hall Library, Belfast, yesterday, and will be continued until the end of next week, is a most praiseworthy expression of the revived interest in Irish music, in which Belfast very largely participates.

Belfast has every reason to feel proud of its championship of the national musical instrument of Ireland, for was it not here in 1792 that the old Irish harpers were gathered together by the patriotic exertions of Dr. MacDonnell and other eminent citizens of the day?

The influence of that celebrated gathering on Irish music can never be adequately calculated. Bunting was there to note down all the tunes played, and it is to this we mainly owe Moore's beautiful melodies, for the poet was not slow to take advantage of wedging his silvery verse to the sweet, sad, passionate music that lived in the remote valleys and glens of the country.

One of the most interesting features of the festival is the loan exhibition, which includes harps whose original ownership is ascribed to Arthur O'Neill and Brian Boru, together with the models of many famous instruments. The Tara model of the Irish harp, made by James M'Fall, Belfast, attracted much attention. Mr. M'Fall deserves to be congratulated on the success he has achieved in harp manufacture.

The Committee who have organised the festival are worthy of the greatest credit, and are as follows:—Messrs. F. J. Bigger, M.R.I.A.; C. H. Brett, J. St. Clair Boyd, M.D.; A. Gibson M.R.I.A.; S. Shannon Millin, B.L.; W. Swanston, F.G.S.; J. Vinycomb, M.R.I.A.; R. Young, J.P.; and H. Hughes (Hon. Secretary). A very large number of the general public visited the exhibition, where they derived much interesting and valuable information.

Last evening an entertainment in connection with the festival was given in the Linen Hall Library. There was no charge made for admission, but the accommodation was not sufficient to seat one-tenth of those who presented themselves at the entrance.

It was indeed a novel entertainment for an ordinary Belfast audience. It resembled in every way a Feis or Gaelic League concert, and if the cry of "encore," instead of the Gaelic "evishe," was not so constantly heard

one might well imagine himself amongst a gathering of youthful and ardent Irish revivalists.

Never was there a musical festival with such a fine healthy atmosphere—absolutely free from vapid sectarianism, narrow prejudice, or unreasoning bias. "The Boyne Water" and "The Wearing of the Green" were well and excellently played, to the loud applause of all, and the dancers wore neat rosettes of orange and green.

Mr. James Williamson played magnificently on the Irish pipes, but there can be no doubt that the popular piper of the evening was the blind player on the Irish pipes, Martin O'Reilly. This wonderful old man played the ancient airs with such a feeling, expression, and profound understanding of their suggestions and meanings that he simply took the house by storm. He played the dance music for Miss Minnie Magee and Mr. Art MacGann, who went through a hornpipe with graceful agility.

Of performers on the harp there were many. First must be mentioned Mr. Owen Lloyd, who rendered some of the old traditional airs with his customary skill and fascination. Praise must be also given to Mrs. Toner, Miss Davis, Miss Florence Kerin, Miss Emily MacDonald and Master Malachy M'Fall for the pleasure and enjoyment which they afforded by a display of their thorough control over the old Irish instrument.

All the airs played were traditional, with the exception of those attributed to Carol O'Daly, the famous Irish harper, who in the seventeenth century won his mistress on the eve of her marriage to another by playing for her "Eileen Aroon," which he specially composed for that momentous occasion. The vocalism of Mr. Frederick Cairns Hughes was cultured and artistic. His songs were the old Jacobite air "Lament for Sarsfield" (arranged by Stanford) and that pathetic and heart-touching ballad of Moore's which so sweetly tells of the love of Sarah Curran for the ill-fated Robert Emmet in the lines which begin "She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps." A chorus by the West End Gaelic League Choir brought the concert to a close.

During the course of the entertainment Mr. F. J. Bigger, who was loudly applauded, said he wished to be allowed to say a word or two. In the first place, he wished, on behalf of the Harp Festival Committee, to thank most heartily one and all who had contributed to their pleasure that evening.

It would be invidious for him to pick out any single one where all have done their best. (Hear, hear.) They had succeeded beyond their utmost expectations in giving a sympathetic programme of their own loved ancient Irish music on their native instruments, the harps and pipes. (Applause.) Never since 1792, when the great Harp Festival was held in Belfast by their ancestors, had so many Irish harpers played at a performance in their city. This was a fact for which they had every reason to feel proud. (Applause.) That they had had such a meeting, with such unusual musical excellence, was due largely to his friend Mr. Herbert Hughes, the (Hon. Secretary of the Festival, on whom the labour largely fell, and who had so cheerfully brought it to a successful issue. (Loud applause.)

The Pipers' Club.

THE annual general meeting of the *Cumann na bPobairt* was held at the rooms of the Club, 41 Rutland Square, Dublin. Mr. H. J. McDonagh presided. The annual report, which was read by the Secretary, showed that the Club is in a highly prosperous condition, and had made gratifying progress during the past year.

The Chairman, in moving its adoption, said the members had every reason to congratulate themselves on the state of the Club, and especially on the success which it had attained during the year. The one thing to be regretted was that there were many pipers scattered throughout Ireland who did not belong to the Club. They should make it their endeavor to know where these pipers were to be found, and induce them to become members.

The *Oireachtas* week would be a suitable opportunity for making an effort in that direction, and he hoped it would be availed of for the purpose of getting all the pipers in the country to come into line, and enable them the more effectually to popularize the Irish pipes and preserve the traditional airs, of which they in many cases were the sole preservers. The report was unanimously adopted.

Dr. St. Clair-Boyd (Belfast) was re-elected president for the ensuing year. The following Executive Committee was appointed: Miss Byrne, Miss Brennan, Miss Washington, Messrs. Kent, Nally, Daly, Cassidy, O'Farrelly, McDonagh and Murphy.

The Necessity for Establishing a School of Irish Literature, Philology and History.

By Prof Kuno Meyer, Ph. D.

HE Gaelic revival, one of the most remarkable and unexpected National movements of our time, is an event of such recency that even the youngest among us can remember its beginnings. It is one of those almost elemental phenomena the suddenness and force of which seems to carry everything before it, while it astonishes no one more, perhaps, than those who have started it. Nor can the calmest and most sceptical onlooker remain indifferent, for the object at stake is the salvation of a nationality at the eleventh hour.

Will this object be attained? Or will the movement come to a standstill as suddenly as it has sprung up? No one, I venture to say, can foretell, and I least of all. Friends both in England and in Ireland often ask me as one who has watched the movement from its beginning, and one who, as an outsider, may be supposed to have kept his head cool, what I think of it all, and whether I regard it as likely to be lasting. I can only answer that it has taken me completely by surprise.

When I remember the apathy which existed but yesterday with regard to the Irish language and literature, to Irish art, and, indeed, everything genuinely Irish, both among the people and the educated classes; when I call to mind that twenty years ago, when I first knew Ireland, under one of the most grotesque educational systems the world has ever seen, children were thrashed for talking Irish within the hearing of the schoolmaster; or when I remember the pathetic endeavors of the men who then rallied to the rescue of an apparently dying language, the men who founded the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, and those who started the "Gaelic Journal"; when I recollect that we

looked upon Hennessy, Standish Hayes O'Grady and John Fleming as the last native Irish scholars whom the world would ever know—and then see what is going on around us now, I have to rub my eyes like one awaking from a dream to daylight and reality. But for all that, I would not venture to prophecy.

Not long ago Principal Rhys, the eminent Welsh scholar, told me that some time during the seventies of the last century he had predicted that the Welsh language would linger on for a generation or two, and then die out. No one had better opportunities to know than he; no one could have been less prejudiced; there is no more ardent lover of his nationality and of his native language; and yet see how false his prediction has been. Some hidden fire still smouldered unnoticed among the ashes, a fresh breeze springs up, and almost in a moment the whole country from end to end is ablaze.

The Welsh language is now more firmly established than it has been for centuries. It is spoken and written by a young generation in a purity which has been unknown since the days of Goronwy and Lewis Morris in the eighteenth century. It is taught in the schools, recognized by the National University as ranking by the side of Greek and Latin; papers and periodicals abound; a national press is issuing the classics of the nation in splendid editions; a national library has been founded; the Elsteddod—the Welsh Oireachtas—flourishes.

A similar development seems to be taking place in Ireland under our eyes. Wherever one goes now one finds men and women, young and old, able to speak and read and write Gaelic; it is taught in the schools; ancient customs are revived; papers are springing up; Irish literature is being printed; the interest in the history and traditions of the country and the race is widening and deepening; scholars are en-

couraged in their work. And, over and above this, the lives of thousands have been transfigured, and a new zest and spirit has entered into a nation whose despondency, whose listless, hopeless attitude towards itself and its interests used to be the saddest features in its character.

But I need not dwell on this wonderful transformation, familiar as it is to you all. I believe that its beneficial effects will not be confined to Ireland. I do not mean to refer to the advantage which must inevitably accrue to the best interests of the Empire from a strengthening of the Irish nation—there is the history of many centuries to prove that the policy to keep it weak was disastrous—I desire to speak of a much humbler sphere which the Gaelic revival is sure to influence most favorably—Celtic scholarship at home and abroad.

One of the discouraging phenomena to the foreign student hitherto was the curious circumstance that in what should have been the home of Irish and Celtic studies an almost complete indifference to these very studies prevailed among the learned as well as among the general public and the people at large. Another no less discouraging circumstance was the difficulty of acquiring, either through books or by an easy intercourse with the people, the necessary knowledge of the spoken language in all its idiomatic force, and with all its dialectical varieties.

Anyone who has followed the development of modern philology knows that its greatest achievements are derived from a minute study of the living languages, not from that of the more or less artificial language of literature. It would have been an irreparable loss to Celtic research for all time if the Irish language, which the German philologist, Schleicher, rightly called the Gothic of the Celtic family of speech—that is, the most primitive and original of all Celtic languages,

had been suffered to die without having been studied exhaustively at the source and on the spot, without having been chronicled down to the minutest details of sound grammar and idiom. There is no fear of that now.

Ireland is in the fortunate position of having retained her dialects, while in other countries like England, they are now rapidly disappearing before a colorless and artificially polite standard on the one hand, and the vulgar and debased speech of the great cities on the other. Let me here express the hope that nothing will be done to discourage the dialects as the *spoken* language of the home and of every-day life. They are the rich source from which the literary language will continue to draw its best inspiration. The literary language can take care of itself. It will develop with the taste, the culture, the learning of the individual writers. As the language spreads and grows great writers will come to set the standard, to serve as models, as Keating has done now, for many generations.

Now, while this is the hopeful prospect of the movement, there yet remain two important and essential things to be done, and the sooner they are done the better. One is to broaden and strengthen the movement at the root by rousing those districts in which Irish is still the mother tongue to a better realization of their importance and responsibility.

That, I understand, is already part of the programme of the Gaelic League. The second requirement is the necessity of bringing the movement into direct and intimate relations with scholarship, to provide an avenue for every student of Irish to the higher regions of study and research, to crown the whole edifice by a revival of native scholarship, and thus to bring about a second golden age of Irish learning.

The aims of the Gaelic revival and those of scholarships are not incompatible; it would be deplorable for either if they were. The scholar's task is to study and elucidate the same past in which the roots of the movement lie—the same past, the chasm between which and a degenerate, modern Ireland you have succeeded in bridging over. This chasm threatened to sever for all eternity the Ireland of the past from an Ireland rapidly becoming wholly anglicised.

In 1851 Dr. O'Donovan, writing to a correspondent who had asked where the best speakers of Irish might be found, answered: "In the poorhouse." You have altered this. You have placed the best speakers of Irish in a seat of honor. But, remember, that you have also to fill a void—the gap which through the death of O'Donovan and O'Curry was cleft in native scholarship.

The work which those two men achieved has never yet met with full recognition. Apart from the work they did themselves, it was their knowledge and their original research which enabled scholars like Petrie, Todd and Reeves to achieve great re-

sults in Irish archaeology, history and literature.

When O'Donovan and O'Curry were dead further progress was rendered difficult and almost impossible. The work which they left behind them has been, in Ireland at least, almost at a complete standstill since then in what I may call academic and official scholarship. You have all heard of the severe criticism which scholars at home and abroad have directed against the five volumes published under the auspices of the Breton Laws Commission. The fact is that the bulk of the five volumes of laws is merely work done by O'Donovan and O'Curry over forty years ago. O'Donovan died in 1861, O'Curry in 1862; the fifth volume was published in 1901.

It seems that the Breton Laws Commissioners consider their work ended now that the excerpts and translation prepared and left by O'Donovan and O'Curry have come to an end. I gather this, in the first place, from the fact that a glossary to the five volumes has been published, a glossary again based upon faulty impression of O'Donovan and O'Curry's extracts, not upon the original MSS.; and, secondly, from the rumor which has come to my ears that the Commissioners entertained the idea of sending an Irish scholar abroad to search for unpublished manuscripts of Breton Laws in the libraries of the Continent. This would have been a wild goose chase, for the MSS. do not exist.

Every scholar knows that if O'Donovan and O'Curry had lived they would have told them that, with the exception of a few fragments of a legal treatise at Copenhagen, which has already been published by Stokes, of which there is a copy in the Royal Irish Academy, there are no law tracts in any of the Continental libraries. When I tell you, further, that all the time there are the most valuable legal documents lying unused and unpublished in the libraries of Trinity College, of the Royal Irish Academy, of the British Museum, and of the Bodleian, you will have some information as to the value of Royal Commissioners.

Am I not right, then, in saying that Irish scholarship, academical and official, is extinct since the time of O'Donovan and O'Curry? The question seems to me of such great importance that I may mention that it is my intention to address an open letter to the Commissioners on the whole subject. I am not, of course, unaware of the fact that there are excellent and hard-working Irish scholars in Ireland, but these scholars are isolated. They are working single-handed, and in the positions in which they are placed have no chance of creating a School of Irish Philology or History. There is the crux of the whole matter.

If O'Donovan and O'Curry had but left a school behind, and in every other country they would have been enabled to do so, we should not now complain of the standstill of Irish scholarship in Ireland. But the fault was not theirs. They met with little encouragement,

except from a few enthusiasts. There was, and there is not now, any proper organization for the academic pursuit of these studies. There was, and there still is, little interest in research and higher scholarship. I know that O'Donovan held for a time a professorship in Belfast, but he seems to have had no pupils. At least, so I gather from a letter of his which has come into my hands. In the letter, written in 1851, O'Donovan says:

"I shall be in Belfast very soon again to deliver some lectures on the Celtic dialects. I do not believe that you or any other friends there will be able to procure me any pupils, and I am, therefore, afraid I cannot live among you."

I venture to say that if he were to come to Belfast now he would not be left without pupils, but that hundreds would flock to his classes. It has not always been so in Ireland. As late as the seventeenth century there existed throughout the country bardic schools in which the Irish language and Irish literature, supported by liberal contributions from the chiefs, were taught and studied, just as law schools and medical schools were kept up and supported in a similar way.

These were the academies and universities of ancient Ireland. As you turn over the pages of "The Four Masters" you come again and again upon the obit of one of the professors of these schools.

Now it is absolutely necessary, if there is to emanate from Ireland work of first-rate importance in history, philology, literature, archaeology, that there should be established a school in which the foundation for these studies would be laid by a study of the Irish language and literature. Without a knowledge of the Irish language in all its stages—old Irish, middle Irish, modern Irish—no real advance in our knowledge of the various subjects mentioned above is possible, because the sources, the documents, are written in Irish. I need not here again dwell on the wealth and variety of Irish literature in all branches, or reiterate what I have said elsewhere, that no one is in a position to speak with authority of it as a whole. The facts are not yet before us.

But let us consider for one moment the magnitude of the task that has yet to be accomplished. Let me begin with the language. To trace the history of the language from the oldest available records to modern times, to establish the laws which govern it, to follow its changes from period to period, from dialect to dialect, then, when all this has been done, to date and locate every piece of prose or poetry with exactness—these are some of the tasks which await the student of Irish philology.

As to the literature, the amount and variety of the work to be done is even greater. Here is the oldest vernacular poetry and prose of Western Europe handed down in hundreds of manuscripts, very few of which have been edited, many of which have hardly

been opened for centuries, while the majority has only been hastily glanced at. What a task for generations of students! Who can say what revelations await us, what revolutions in our knowledge may be in store here? Every new publication comes as a surprise. The general reading public and the majority of the learned world almost refuse to credit the wealth, the age, the beauty of this literature.

Only the other day I sent a copy of a few old Irish nature poems to a well-known French scholar, who was delighted with them, but would not believe that I had not in my translation brode—faked—the vast part of them. This is characteristic of the ignorance and credulity prevailing even in the circles of the learned.

The truth is that my poor reading labors in vain to express the beauty of the Irish original. Scholars and the public will judge differently when once the Irish classics from the earliest times down to the eighteenth century will be before the world in critical editions. This is a task essentially for Irishmen to perform. The difficulties for a foreign student are often too great and numerous, quite apart from the language, and to be surmounted demand an intimate knowledge of native lore that few foreigners can hope to attain.

When we next consider the purely historical document, whether of church history or secular history—first those bearing upon pagan times, then those dating from the golden age of Ireland before the Norse invasion, next those of the Viking age of the ninth and tenth centuries, then those of the renaissance during the eleventh century, and so on in unbroken tradition to the eighteenth century—you will realize that it is idle to attempt to write the general history of Ireland or the history of any special period before they have all been published and made the subject of critical study.

It would take me too long to continue this sketch of the work awaiting the hand of the historian, archaeologist, and topographer. I will say once more that whatever the foreign student may achieve, he cannot hope to cope with its difficulties so successfully as the native student. It is a task which must be accomplished by Irishmen and Irishwomen essentially.

Instead of further enlarging on this, let me illustrate what I have said by one single example, which must stand for hundreds that I might give. Among the priceless Stowe MSS. which were deposited by the British Government with the Royal Irish Academy in 1885 there is the "Book of Hy-Man." You may remember the pathetic indignation of O'Curry when he was denied access to the MSS. by its former owner, that churlish nobleman, Lord Ashburnham; O'Curry knew what its contents were, and ate his heart out. Now the MSS. has come back to Ireland; but there it has lain in the Academy unutilized, uncatalogued for nearly 20 years, and yet what treasures it contains!

There are to be found among other

things the poems of MacLiag—the bard of Tadg Mor O'Rell, the follower of Brian Na Broimhe—all unedited. Imagine what might happen if it became known that an old English MS. existed containing poems by a bard attached to King Alfred, who had sung his battles, and the warriors who had fought under him. The news would spread like wildfire throughout the world of letters, and editions learned and popular would follow in rapid succession.

Now, where are those Irish scholars to lift these and hundreds of similar treasures? They will not be found until a school of Irish philology has given them the necessary instruction and training, and has taught them the proper methods of study and research.

The field is there, the materials are abundant, the laboratories, so to speak, are fully equipped, the workers alone are wanting. This is a National concern. To provide such students with the necessary instruction, to initiate them into the study of the older stages of the language, is, in my opinion, a question of National importance. How is it to be done? At present there is no provision of this kind.

If we could rely on the foundation of a National University in the immediate future, of a Celtic University, if I may so call it, the solution would be easy. In such a university there should be Chairs of Irish Philology, for Irish History, and Archaeology, and a well-equipped library, and we might look forward then to a flourishing school of Irish research; but these things lie on the knees of the gods, and meanwhile valuable time is being lost.

It is necessary also to train scholars who can take their places as teachers in that University when the time for it comes. Can we expect anything from Trinity College? No, I think not. I see no sign of it. Trinity College is modelled upon the obsolescent system of the older English Universities, in which instruction is given almost exclusively in certain recognized subjects while the time of instruction is controlled by prescribed curricular examinations, so that the true object of learning is lost sight of. Such a system is concerned almost exclusively with the acquisition of knowledge which is already common property, instead of widening, increasing and advancing knowledge and learning.

The question next arises whether the Royal Irish Academy can be expected, or can be induced, to organize such a school. Not unless the Gaelic League were to storm it, reorganize it on scholarly lines, and make it what it ought to be—the home and center and the workshop of Irish studies and research. No, I think little or no support is to be looked for from these quarters.

If it were really alive to the progress and to the needs of Celtic scholarship, if it were really the home and center of Irish studies, no institution would be more suited to take up such a scheme. But it cannot be called so. It has founded no school, it trains no scholars, it has published no catalogues of its MSS. When its President was

approached some time ago to co-operate in inducing the Government to make a grant for the cataloguing of Irish MSS. he declined to do so. Since the days of O'Curry, it has, I believe, not bought a single MS. What, then, are we to do?

At this point, perhaps, you will bear with me if I tell you an old story, which may be new to some of you. One day during the end of the eighth century, when Charlemagne sat upon the throne, a British merchant ship landed upon the coast of France having two great Irish scholars and divines on board as passengers. While the merchants put forth their wares and were busy proclaiming them these two Irishmen cried out to the people: "If there is anyone in search of wisdom and knowledge let him come to us, we have some to dispose of."

The rumor of their arrival spread throughout the land, and reached the ears of the Emperor. He sent for them, and asked them what they required for their merchandise. They declared they needed nothing but a suitable place to teach in, intelligent students to teach, and for themselves food and dress. Charles immediately placed one of them, Clement by name, at the head of a school at his own Court, and placed the other, whose name was Dungal, at Pavia.

Such is the story told by the chronicler of St. Gall. I think its application to our case is evident. Secure but the necessary scholars, able and willing to teach; furnish a place for them to teach in, and provide them with earnest and intelligent students, and the thing is done.

The question of funds is not the first and only consideration in such matters. The determination to carry the scheme through, co-operation, organization, are infinitely more important. I venture then to suggest the following simple scheme: Begin in the simplest, humblest way. I feel sure that men like Father Hogan, Father Dineen, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Prof. Strachan, Dr. Joyce, Mr. Coffey—to mention only a few whose names occur to me—will one and all give their help and their services, each in his own province of learning. As for myself, I am ready to begin to-morrow, if you provide me but with a room and a blackboard and the students.

Liverpool is but a few hours' pleasant sail from here, and I can come over often. Let the Gaelic League take the matter in hand. Hire a room or two somewhere in the center of the city; furnish them with the nucleus of an Irish working library. As for the necessary money—and very little will be needed to start—use your organization, approach the corporation, the rich men and women in sympathy with the movement, open a subscription list tonight. Then we will found a periodical devoted to Irish research, and exchange it with the great libraries and academies of the world.

Perhaps when you have achieved so much, the eyes of the Government will be opened, and they will bestow their money where they will get better value

for it. Do not, I beseech you, regard my little scheme as Utopian. Its success depends upon one thing, and upon one thing only—the enthusiasm and application of the students.

But I must have gauged the Gaelic movement wrongly if we cannot depend on this. I believe there are hundreds of young men and women who have already acquired a scholarly knowledge of the modern language,

eager to avail themselves of every opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the ancient language of their native land, of equipping themselves with the necessary knowledge for independent research in the vast mines of its literature, and of swelling the ranks of a small band of Celtic students. There I leave the matter for the present, in the full belief that I have not spoken in vain.

Oireachtas Week in Dublin.



THE Oireachtas Festival for 1903 opened at the Rotunda, Dublin, on Monday, May 11th, and continued all week. The great annual Gaelic Competitions attracted an immense number of visitors and large crowds were constantly present in the different rooms in the building where the competitions were being decided.

Delegates attended from every county in Ireland except Queen's County, Fermanagh, Longford and Westmeath, and represented 209 Irish branches in all. In addition to these, eight branches from Scotland, nine from England, and two from America were represented. The total representation of branches was 232, and the delegates numbered between 300 and 400.

The growth of the importance of the Oireachtas is demonstrated by the fact that when first started the proceedings lasted only one day; now they extend over a whole week. The number of delegates has also increased, and competitions are now held in a greater variety of subjects than formerly. The competitions are much keener, and the results, as a consequence, are looked forward to with greater interest.

Aside from the various competitions which took place during the week, consisting of singing, recitations, story-telling, conversational contests, dancing, musical contests, etc., the principal events consisted of a lecture delivered by Prof. Kuno Meyer in the large concert hall of the Rotunda, and the production of Dr. Douglas Hyde's "An Posadh" (The Marriage).

The pretty little play was presented with a wonderful appreciation of the author's meaning by the members of the Ballaghaderreen Branch of the Gaelic League. Mr. J. Gaughan gave a very clever impersonation of the good-intentioned wandering poet.

At the conclusion of the sketch the players were again and again "called," and on each occasion the approval of the audience found expression in loud and prolonged cheering, which was renewed when Dr. Hyde came to make his acknowledgments of the call for the author.

"An Posadh" was followed by the Rev. Father Dinneen's "An Tobar Draoidheachta" (The Enchanted Well) by the members of the Cork (North Parish) Branch of the League. The story of the play was admirably in-

terpreted by the performers. The ensemble was particularly picturesque, and the interesting subject of the work was carefully preserved throughout.

"IT strikes me that this is about the slowest railroad in the country," said the impatient tourist to the station master at Longford.

"I knew you were going to kick," replied the station master, genially, "as soon as you asked for a time-table. You are one of these people who believe everything they see in print."

A Song for the Girl I Love.

A SONG for the girl I love—
God love her!
A song for the eyes of tender
shine,
And the fragrant mouth that melts on
mine,
The shimmering tresses uncontrolled
That clasp her neck with tendril gold;
The blossom mouth and the dainty
chin,
And the little dimples out and in—
The girl I love—
God love her!

A song for the girl I loved—
God love her!

A song for the eyes of faded light,
And the cheek whose red rose waned
to white;
The quiet brow with its shadow and
gleam,
And the dark hair drooped in a long,
deep dream;
The small hands crossed for their
churchyard rest,
And the lilies fair on her sweet dead
breast.

The girl I loved—
God love her!

Some Splendid Stories of Ireland.

The Squireen

A powerful novel of
North Ireland
By
SHAN F. BULLOCK

The scene is laid in County Ulster, and the plot deals with a dare-devil landlord, deeply in debt who throws over his true love to marry a girl with money.

"The story never fails in interest from first to last. Its literary quality is excellent."—*Chicago Tribune*.

\$1.50.

A Lad of the O'Friels

A pastoral and idyllic novel
By SEUMUS MACMANUS

Telling the Life and Love of a Youth
of Donegal

"A captivating tale narrating a peasant boy's joys and pastimes and occupations. It has rare literary quality and charm."—*Detroit Free Press*.

\$1.50.

Darby O'Gill and the Good People

Quaint and fascinating fairy tales
By HERMINE TEMPLETON

Told on the road between Killarney and
Ballinderg

"They are the incarnate spirit of fairy lore."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Good stories all, full of the sly humor of the race."—*N. Y. Sun*.

\$1.50.

MCCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO., N. Y.



The Irish Literary Society of New York.


HERE has recently been organized in New York City the Irish Literary Society of New York. The need has long been felt for the foundation of such a Society here. The aim of the Society is to promote the study of the Irish language, Irish literature, history, music, drama and art; to establish for this purpose a center of literary intercourse and in general to foster in Americans of Irish birth or descent a spirit of interest in the language, poetry and history of their forefathers. Lectures will be delivered before the members of the Society and their friends. History classes will be organized to meet every month or oftener when papers will be read and discussed.

The Society will also hold musical meetings and give art exhibitions and produce original Irish dramas each year. It will also, it is hoped, be able to act in co-operation with the Irish Literary societies of Dublin and London. The Society is non-political and un-sectarian.

The President of the Society is Mr. Charles Johnston, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and a friend of Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. John O'Leary, Mr. George W. Russell, (A. E.), and other writers prominent in the Irish literary movement. Mr. Johnston participated in the formation of the Irish Literary Society of London some ten years ago, and it is believed that he will make an ideal first President of the Society.

The Society has elected as Honorary Vice-Presidents Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States; Right Rev. John M. Farley, Archbishop of New York; Right Rev. P. J. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia; Mr. John La Farge, the well-known artist; Mr. John O'Leary, of Dublin; Dr. Douglas Hyde, President of the Dublin Gaelic League; Right. Hon. Horace Plunket, former President of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, and the Right Hon. Lord Castletown, of Upper Ossory, President of the Pan-Celtic Society.

One of the chief aims of the Society will be the encouragement of those Irish writers who, in English, are doing the best literary work in Ireland, work which many believe is the best work being done in literature and the drama anywhere in

the world to-day. These writers are writing from their own souls for their own country and get very little substantial recognition in England.

If such writers as Lady Gregory, W. B. Yeats, Douglas Hyde, George Russell (A. E.), Standish O'Grady and Dr. George Sigerson—to name only a few out of many—made up their minds to please the English mind by holding Ireland up to ridicule as some Irishmen unfortunately have done, they would find plenty of buyers and plenty of praise in England.

It is felt that the Irish Literary Society of New York may do great things in Ireland for Irish writers by forming itself into a sort of Academy to report on the Irish literary and dramatic work during each year and to publish a journal either monthly or quarterly calling attention of Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen in America to the fine work now being done in Ireland. Ireland is one of the ancestors of America and Ireland is much nearer to the heart of America than England can ever be.

One of the chief aims of the Society will be to give a sympathetic hearing and encouragement on this side of the Atlantic to writers who with little hope of profit are doing the best work in Ireland. England herself has lately waked up a little and shows signs of trying to understand the Irish mind and even the Tory "Spectator" of April 18th contained a page article under the title, "Wanted an Irish Sir Walter Scott."

It may some day even become the fashion in England to admire the works of Dr. Hyde, W. B. Yeats, Geo. W. Russell (A. E.), Standish O'Grady, Lady Gregory and the others of the Irish school.

The Society hopes to encourage these writers by giving intelligent and independent criticism of their works and affording sufficient market to make them independent of England and of English buyers. Writers of the old generation who held up Irishmen and Ireland to ridicule found plenty of buyers and plenty of praise in England.

The writers of to-day who are attempting to give some idea of the real Irish mind, to show the real genius and soul of Ireland, cannot expect wide encouragement in commercial England.

The Society will have a lecture and meeting room and a library with a

librarian in charge, all of which can be arranged for a moderate sum.

The yearly dues will be made as moderate as possible consistent with the maintenance of good rooms and suitable accommodations for members, and will probably not exceed five dollars a year.

All those who are interested in the purposes of the Society and desirous of becoming members are cordially invited to communicate with the Secretary of the Society, Mr. John Quinn, 120 Broadway, New York City.

Irish Made Goods.

THE Gaelic League of London has issued the following important circular:

"The Gaelic League of London propose to hold a Midsummer Aonach, or Fair, for the advertisement and sale of Irish-made goods and farm produce. The Hon. Secretary of the Aonach Sub-Committee will be pleased to hear from manufacturers, schools of handicraft, co-operative societies, and ladies and gentlemen connected with cottage industries, who will undertake to supply the Gaelic League with Irish-made goods, on sale or return, at prices which will allow the Gaelic League to retail the goods at the regular price, and leave a small margin of profit to defray the expenses.

"The object is to introduce Irish-made goods and produce to the notice of the Irish population of London, and create a demand which would be met through the London tradesmen, or directly by the producer. The Gaelic League undertakes the return of any goods of a non-perishable nature of which they may be unable to dispose, if required.

"It is most desirable that goods be packed in an attractive manner, and that sample show-cases be forwarded where possible. The show-cases might perhaps be kept permanently on show at the offices of the Gaelic League, space permitting, and would be a valuable advertisement.

"To ensure the clearance of the goods, guarantees are being obtained from members of the Gaelic League and their friends for the purchase of same. Further information may be had from Miss G. L. Griffin, Hon. Secretary to Aonach, and particulars as to goods for sale should be addressed to her, care of the Gaelic League, 9 Duke Street, Strand, London, W. C."

A New Society to Help Ireland.

ARTICLES of incorporation for an organization called the Irish Industrial League of America have been filed in New York City with the County Clerk. The incorporators and members of the first Board of Directors are:

Morgan J. O'Brien, James Byrne, John D. Crimmins, John Byrne, Vincent P. Travers, Hugh J. Grant, Richard Deevs, Eugene A. Philbin, Thomas H. Kelly, John W. Goff, John Quinn, Charles W. Sloane, George J. Gillespie and Eugene Kelly, all of Manhattan, and Thomas B. Minahan, of Columbus, Ohio.

The objects of the League are stated as follows:

"To aid in the promotion, by voluntary pecuniary aid or otherwise, of industrial, commercial, agricultural, technical and artistic pursuits in Ireland; to promote and develop the economic and material resources of Ireland, to aid and promote the development of agricultural and technical instruction in Ireland, and in general to aid in the development and advancement of the material resources and the common industrial interests of Ireland; to acquire, improve or develop and otherwise deal in all property, real and personal, in the city of New York or elsewhere, for the purpose of carrying out the benevolent objects of the said corporation."

Putting it briefly, the object of the new organization is to co-operate in every possible way with the Irish Agricultural Organization Society in its efforts to save the Irish farmer. The Right Hon. Horace Plunkett is the moving spirit of that organization. He has for a long time been receiving support from a number of leading citizens of Irish birth or descent in this country. Among these the incorporators of the Irish Industrial League have been conspicuous. The incorporation of the League means simply that they are to extend and systematize their efforts.

James Byrne, of the law firm of Hornblower, Byrne, Miller & Potter, has been chiefly instrumental in bringing about the organization on this side of the water. It will have offices in this city and will establish branches throughout the United States and Canada. It intends to raise funds by membership dues, subscriptions, the arrangement of lectures and in various other ways.

It will be wholly non-political and

non-sectarian, refraining from all agitation and restricting its activity to giving economic support to the Irish Agricultural Organization Society and similar institutions which aim at the redemption of Ireland by practical and economical means. The incorporators have already issued a pamphlet entitled "The Irish Agricultural Organization Society: its organization and what is has accomplished."

The aims of this Society are to improve existing agricultural industries in Ireland, to establish subsidiary interests to agriculture, to establish small town industries, and to do all these through the medium of co-operation.

The Irish Agricultural Organization Society has already established in Ireland 685 subordinate societies with a membership of 69,311. Last September it had registered 324 creamery or dairy societies, 125 agricultural societies for the purchase of seeds and farm implements, 134 agricultural banks, through which farmers are enabled to borrow money at 4½ to 5 per cent interest; 45 home industrial societies and 30 miscellaneous societies, embracing woollen and linen weaving, furniture making, carpet weaving, bee keeping and similar pursuits. The annual turnover of the societies is \$10,000,000. The Society makes for itself the claim of having achieved these five great improvements:

It has saved the Irish butter trade and has placed Irish butter at the top of the market by the establishment of co-operative creameries and dairies.

It has improved the egg and poultry industry and has made honey a staple and profitable Irish product.

It has introduced cheap credit into Ireland on a sound economic basis.

It has improved Irish tillage by means of experimental plots.

It has appreciably reduced emigration by providing work for the people.

"All this," the pamphlet says, "has been accomplished by the expenditure of about \$150,000. If the Society had an assured income of about \$50,000 for five or six years, the 70,000 members of the co-operative movement in Ireland could be easily increased to 600,000, forming the whole farming population of the country."

It asks the help and co-operation of Irishmen and descendants of Irishmen in America.

A Celtic Section in the N. Y. Public Library.

A STRONG plea for the establishment of a Celtic or Irish section in the New York Public Library was put forward in Carnegie Lyceum on May 30 by Supreme Court Justice Morgan J. O'Brien.

"Irish intellectualism," he said, "was forced down as the result of political thralldom, but to-day there is a revival, and it is worth while to consider what shall be the effect upon Ireland, on New York, on mankind, for New York is destined to be the center of the intellectuality of the world. The Irish language has the grandest literature of the world."

"It strikes one that to clear away the popular ignorance regarding Ireland and Irish affairs, is to establish an Irish library or an Irish section of the New York Public Library."

"A few months ago a prominent Hebrew gentleman donated enough money to establish a Semitic section in the New York Free Library. I am happy to have the opportunity of suggesting here to-night that some one man or more donate enough to establish also an Irish section in the New York Public Library."

Justice O'Brien presided at a lecture by Mr. Charles Johnston preparatory to the presentation of three of Mr. Yeats' plays on June 3d and 4th under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society of New York.

M R. JOHN B. YEATS has just finished a very fine portrait in oils of Mr. John O'Leary, the most prominent survivor of the Fenian Movement. The portrait, which is life-size, is considered to be the best "counterpart presentment" of the veteran patriot yet painted, and has been privately viewed at the artist's studio by several of Mr. O'Leary's friends and admirers, who one and all expressed the highest admiration of Mr. Yeats' treatment of his distinguished subject.

This fine example of Mr. Yeats' work was painted for Mr. John Quinn, Secretary of the Irish Literary Society of New York, an ardent admirer of Mr. O'Leary, who was in Ireland some six months ago, and who takes the keenest interest in everything pertaining to the old country.

Mr. Yeats also received a commission from him to paint a life-size portrait of Dr. Douglas Hyde, President of the Dublin Gaelic League.

A Disgraceful Affair.

AMERICAN Gaels were disgusted and deeply mortified when they read cable dispatches received last week from Ireland announcing the story of a riotous mob headed by Mrs. McBride, Edward Martyn, Seamus Manus and others, which, falsely claiming to represent the Gaelic League, made its way uninvited upon the platform at a Nationalist meeting being held in the Rotunda and caused there an unseemly, in fact, a disgraceful disturbance.

The Gaelic League, as every one knows, is non-political and unsectarian and had absolutely nothing to do with the disturbers. Advanced Nationalists like Mr. John O'Leary have since taken opportunity to disclaim all knowledge of the affair which was gotten up by a small irreconcilable faction who call themselves "The People's Protection Society."

It is asserted that the disturbers really belonged to a small notoriety-seeking association recently formed for the purpose of exciting a feeling of hostility towards any proposal for presenting an address to the King on the occasion of his approaching visit to Dublin.

Had they been engaged by the enemies of Ireland for the specific purpose of bringing discredit on the Irish

party they could not have performed their part any better.

After an uncalled for interruption which brought on a violent row the disturbers were ejected from the hall by force. Their object in invading the hall was, it seems, to question Lord Mayor Harrington, who presided, regarding his attitude toward the proposed visit of King Edward to Ireland.

No one questions their right to ask questions of the Chief Magistrate of the city of Dublin, but there is a time and place for everything, and the exceeding bad form displayed on that occasion by Mrs. McBride, Mr. Martyn and their followers is decidedly reprehensible.

Our artist has tried to express the feeling of the majority of American Gaels regarding Mrs. McBride's apparent position in the matter.

AN old Scotch farmer, being elected a member of the School Board, visited the school and tested the intelligence of the class by his questions. His first inquiry was:

"Noo, boys, can o' you tell me what 'naething' is?"

After a moment's silence a small boy in a back seat arose and replied:

"It's what ye gie me t'other day for haudin' yer horse!"

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY of New York, have just published a play entitled "Where There Is Nothing," by the Irish poet and essayist Mr. W. B. Yeats, and are about to bring out two other works of the same author—a book of essays entitled "Ideas of Good and Evil" and a new edition, with several added chapters, of "The Celtic Twilight."

THE Welsh-American National Eisteddfod, which is held annually in this country, opened on Saturday, May 30th in the Exposition Music Hall, Pittsburg, Pa.

There were 10,000 Welsh representatives at the opening ceremonies. The prizes amount to \$4,000 in cash. Entries in some of the literary contests have been received from all parts of the world, many being from Wales.

MISS HERMINE TEMPLETON, author of that droll collection of Hibernian fairy stories just published by McClure, Phillips & Co., with the title "Darby O'Gill and the Good People," is the daughter of an English army officer. Although born in India, Miss Templeton by long residence in Ireland has absorbed much of the Irish manner in story telling, and in her volume she has presented what are actually "legends of place" and folk-lore tales in a literary setting.



THE IRISH JOAN OF ARC SOUNDS A NOTE OF DISCORD,

Digitized by Google



THE Irish Literary Society of New York, which was recently organized, will present on Wednesday and Thursday, June 3d and 4th, at Carnegie Lyceum, Fifty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue, three original Irish dramas by W. B. Yeats, the well-known Irish poet, with a picked cast composed entirely of professional actors.

The first play is "The Pot of Broth," in one act, in Mr. Yeats' lighter vein. It deals in a humorous way with the manner in which a shrewd and wide-awake beggar-man gets his dinner from a stingy housewife by means of a magic stone warranted to produce any thing that its possessor desires.

The second play is "Cathleen-ni-Hoolihan," a one-act play, dealing with 1798, the bewitching of a young man on the eve of his wedding by Cathleen-ni-Hoolihan, the spirit of Ireland, and his leaving his bride-to-be to fight and die for his country on the morrow.

The third play is the "Land of Heart's Desire," which created such a favorable impression here on its previous representation at Wallack's Theatre some two years ago. For the latter play the Society has secured Miss Mabel Taliaferro.

Among others who will appear in these three plays are Mrs. Mary E. Barker, who for a decade of years was associated with the late Dion Boucicault in his Irish dramas; Miss Nora O'Brien, lately of Miss Le Moigne's company; Miss Dorothy Donnelly, who has been for the past season leading woman for Robert Edeson; Frank McCormack, stage manager for Mrs. Fiske in her recent production of "Mary of Magdala"; William P. Kitts, the well-known Irish actor, and Miss Moira L. Ray.

The Society has secured the services of Henry F. Gilbert, the well-known composer of Boston, who will give for the first time his overture founded on Sir Samuel Ferguson's "Lament of Dierdre," and who will also conduct the incidental music of the plays.

These plays, together with Mr. Yeats' "Hour Glass," were recently given by members of the Irish National Theatre Society in London under the auspices of the London Irish Literary Society. The various performances brought together large, interested and critical audiences, and the critics spoke in the highest possible terms of Mr. Yeats' work.

A NEW Catholic quarterly, price one shilling, will be published in Scotland beginning next Autumn. The editorial policy of this new periodical will be strictly Roman Catholic, but the contents will not be exclusively ecclesiastical.

The Irish Alphabet.

ENG. LETTERS.	IRISH LETTERS.	IRISH SOUNDS.	
CAPS.	SMALL.	CAPITALS.	SMALL.
A	a	A	au
B	b	B	be(t)
C	c	C	ke(t)
D	d	D	dhe(t)
E	e	E	ae
F	f	F	fe(t)
G	g	G	ge(t)
H	h	H	he(t)
I	i	I	ee
L	l	L	el
M	m	M	me(t)
N	n	N	en
O	o	O	o
P	p	P	pe(t)
R	r	R	er
S	s	S	se(t)
T	t	T	the(t)
U	u	U	oo

Banba.

THE current issue of "Banba" contains the usual quantity of interesting literary matter, and its numerous illustrations are very fine. They include beautiful views of Gougane-Barra and excellent portraits of Mr. William Doyle, the patriotic managing director of the well-known Wexford Engineering Works, and of Mr. McDonagh Mahony, the pioneer of the language and industrial revival movement in Kerry.

Making Linguists.

THE practice of exchanging children by parents living in French and German Switzerland, in order to enable their boys and girls to learn another language, is spreading greatly in Italy.

Recently an exchange agency to further this object was founded at Zurich. A Swiss child has the opportunity of picking up three languages—French, German and Italian—at practically no cost to the parents.

In about six months a child is able to converse freely, and is then sent to school to learn the grammar and literature of the newly acquired language.

A N addition to the private printing presses, of which four already exist in the United Kingdom, their books being eagerly sought by collectors, will be founded in Dublin by two sisters of W. B. Yeats. Their first book will be a volume of their brother's poems.

Latest Publications.

- "A Lad of the O'Friels." By Seumas MacManus. McClure, Phillips & Co.
- "A Mummer's Wife." By Geo. Moore. New York: Brentano's.
- "Adventures with the Connacht Rangers, 1809-14." By William Grattan. Edited by Charles Oman. New edition (illustrated), with a preface, notes and maps. Cloth, pp. 340. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.50.
- "A Lay of Ossian and Patrick with Other Irish Verses." By Stephen Gwynn. Small 12mo. pamphlet. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.
- "Clashmore." By Edmund Downey ("F. M. Allen", author of "Through Green Glasses," etc. 6s. net. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., Ltd., London.
- "Darby O'Gill and the Good People." By Herminie Templeton. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.
- "Echoes from Erin." By William Westcott Fink. 12mo., pp. vii.-200. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; price \$1.25 net.
- "Four Old-Irish Songs of Summer and Winter." Edited and Translated by Kuno Meyer. Demy 8vo., sewed, 2s. net; 2s. 2d. post free. David Nutt, 57 Long Acre.
- "The Dramatic Works of Richard Brinsley Sheridan," comprising Dramas, Poems, Speeches, Translations and Unfinished Sketches, with a Short Account of His Life. Illustrated. Two Volumes, printed and bound in library style. Crown 8vo., 830 pages, cloth, extra gilt, gilt top. Price 12s. 6d. net. Samuel Bagster & Sons, London.
- "The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer." By Charles Lever. London: George Newnes; New York: Scribner's. In a flexible, green leather edition, pocket size.
- "The Untilled Field." By Geo. Moore. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
- "Two Biographies of William Bedell, Bishop of Kilmore." With a Selection of his Letters and an Unpublished Treatise. Edited, with Notes and Index, by E. S. Shuskburgh, D. Litt. Demy 8vo, 10s. net. London: C. J. Clay & Sons, Cambridge University Press.
- The Biography of a Great Diplomatist. The Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, Diplomatist, Viceroy and Statesman. By C. E. Black. In one large, handsome volume, cloth, gilt, about 400 pp. With 24 full-page illustrations and a photogravure portrait, 16s. net. London: Hutchinson & Co, Paternoster Row.
- "Where There Is Nothing." Being Volume I. of Plays for an Irish Theatre. By W. B. Yeats. 12mo. Pp. 209. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25 net.

The Kerry Mermaid

(TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH).

By Michael O'Reilly.

she disappeared in the water. In her great anxiety to get away she forgot her mantle and Donal instantly seized it and held it firmly in his grasp.

"That was the mermaid, or sea-nymph, about which we have heard so much," said Donal, "but this is the first time I ever laid eyes on her, though I have been to sea early and late."

Scarcely had he spoken these words and while yet beneath the cliff when the woman returned and demanded her cloak. With this demand Donal refused to comply, and the mermaid threatened that she would send a mighty wave against the cliff that would overwhelm them and sweep them into the depths of the ocean. This threat did not in the least alarm Donal for he had often heard that a mermaid had no more power than any other women after having parted with her mysterious mantle. When the men reached the road she was still following them and ceaselessly imploring Donal to return the garment, but her cries and screams and supplications did not in the least weaken his resolve to retain the cloak, and he folded it carefully and secured it inside his overcoat.

The woman's great distress moved the other men to pity—pity, perhaps, not unmixed with fear. Old Donough acted as spokesman and remonstrated with Donal.

"It is not lucky for you Donal," said he, "to keep such a strange thing, and it is not safe or wise for you to bring it into your fine house, and the mermaid, the poor thing, will drop dead if you keep that cloak."

"Luck, or ill-luck," said Donal, "I will not part with the cloak, and as soon as I reach home I will lock it in the large trunk."

The men were pained at Donal's strange behaviour but save an exchange of ominous looks they did not venture any further persuasion.

When the mermaid understood that there was no prospect of obtaining her cherished garment she regained her composure and followed Donal meekly to his house where she henceforth took up her abode.

Donal was at this time about thirty years of age, and though there were hundreds of good looking, modest, amiable young women within the circle of his acquaintance, he was yet a bachelor. For a man in his station of life he was possessed of considerable wealth, in fact, he was the richest man in the barony. It was not necessary

for him to follow fishing as a means of livelihood, but he always accompanied his men, and he was passionately fond of the sea. There was not from Valentia to Cape Clear an abler boatman than Donal; in the severest storm he could always manage to steer his boat to safety, and he was stalwart, clear-headed and fearless.

As already stated, the mermaid made Donal's home her abode, and there was not in his household any maid as skillful, as deft, or as zealous in the discharge of her duties. She was a beautiful young woman and Donal became enamoured of her when first he saw her seated on that rock beneath the cliff at early dawn passing her shapely fingers through her bewitching ringlets.

Shortly a great transformation came over Donal's temperament, he was no longer to be seen with his fishermen and he also absented himself from most of the social gatherings of the district. He appointed Donough captain of the boat, and although Donough, too, was an able seaman the men did not have the same confidence in him nor did they give him the same unquestioned obedience that they had unreservedly given to Donal.

"What is coming over Donal at all," queried Diarmuid, "he cares for us no more. We miss him very much, and it is many a long night he shortened for us with his stories and songs and pleasant words."

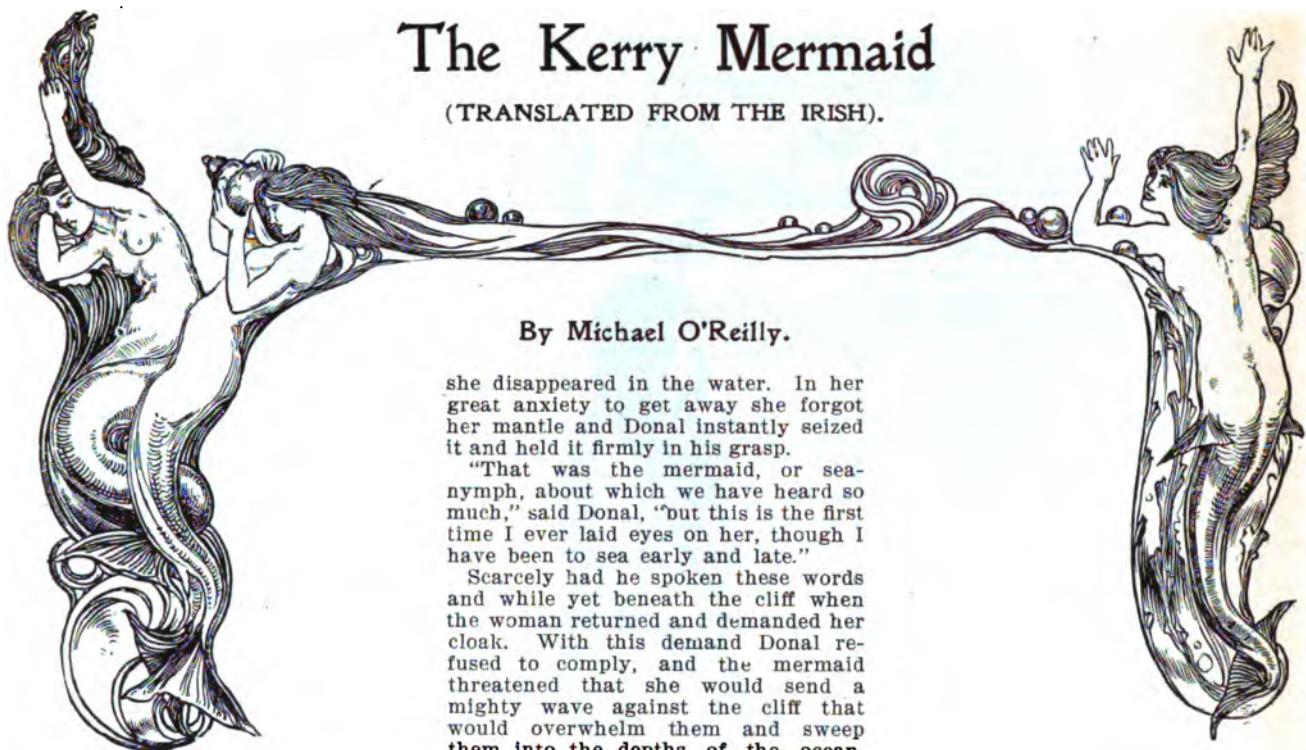
"I am afraid," replied Donough, "that we won't see him very often again in this boat. It was a bad day for us all when he met that mermaid or whatever she is. He is so much in love with her that he has no thought for anybody or anything else. There is a



TINGE of gray faintly illuminating the mottled clouds in the eastern sky was heralding the approach of dawn just as Donal More and his men were coming ashore after having been all night to sea. No sooner had those bronzed fishermen landed than they proceeded to temporarily store the fish—their night's catch—in a hut on the beach, and this task completed they secured their boat in a sheltered cove in close proximity to the hut.

Tired, sleepy and hungry the natural impulse of those men was to reach home as quickly as possible, and by the easiest and most direct route. Their way lay along the strand for a mile and from the strand to the public road that led to their homes there was a short, narrow, rocky path beneath a tall cliff, and at high water this path was impassable. This passage was called Aghgar, the alternate way was a difficult path over a steep mountain, and to avoid this circuitous route many a desperate risk was taken and many a life was sacrificed in crossing the short but dangerous path of Aghgar.

On coming to Aghgar it was yet dark but not too dark for the men to discern that the tide was receding—a condition that made it possible for stalwart men such as they were to cross with comparative safety. They clasped hands, Donal leading as usual, and no sooner had they entered the passage than they saw before them seated on a rock a woman adjusting her tresses. As soon as she beheld them she seemed to get alarmed, and quick as lightning



rumor that they are to be married next Sunday."

"This is queer," said Diarmuid, "nobody ever heard of anything like it before. I can't understand how a man of Donal's standing can ever stoop to marry a mermaid that he knows nothing about, and that is not akin to any good old family. However, she is such a beautiful creature that it is hard to blame him for falling in love with her. We all know now why Donal was so stony-hearted on the morning that he first met her and why he refused to part with the cloak."

The attachment of Donal to the mermaid was discussed far and near and many ventured to predict that the mermaid would take Donal to Tirnanog as Niad had taken Ossian a thousand years before.

Donal and the mermaid were married and there was not in all Kerry a more loving couple than they. Nor had he any reason to regret his choice for the mermaid was a dutiful wife and an exemplary mother, and time only still more enhanced her in his esteem. She had an aversion to certain drinks and foods, she never tasted broths or roast meats, and she would not allow fish of any kind to be brought into the house.

They had now been married over thirty years and they were blessed with a large grown-up family. The daughters were like the mother remarkably handsome, and there were not living at that time any women who approached them in beauty, and they had qualities more enduring than beauty that endeared them to their neighbors and acquaintances. The sons were tall and stalwart and they inherited their father's passion for the sea. They were leaders in every manly exercise, and there was not in all Ireland more skilled and fearless seamen. Sons and daughters were verily a credit to their parents and their happy home was the rendezvous of scholars, seannachies and musicians.

Everything prospered with this worthy family and with wealth came a desire for social distinction. To satisfy this desire they purchased a fine residence in the capital city of the province. All arrangements having been completed the moving day arrived and moving was then even a more



formidable task than now, for the vans of over two hundred years ago were rather primitive, and the ideal roads of to-day were then unknown.

It was long past midday when the heavy laden wagons were ready to proceed to the city. The family were seated in their coaches ready for the journey when the mother alighted from her coach and returned to the house presumably for something she had forgotten, or perhaps to take another look at the interior of a home in which she had lived so long, where she had spent the happy days of youth, where her children were born, and where she resided until arrived at serene and contented old age.

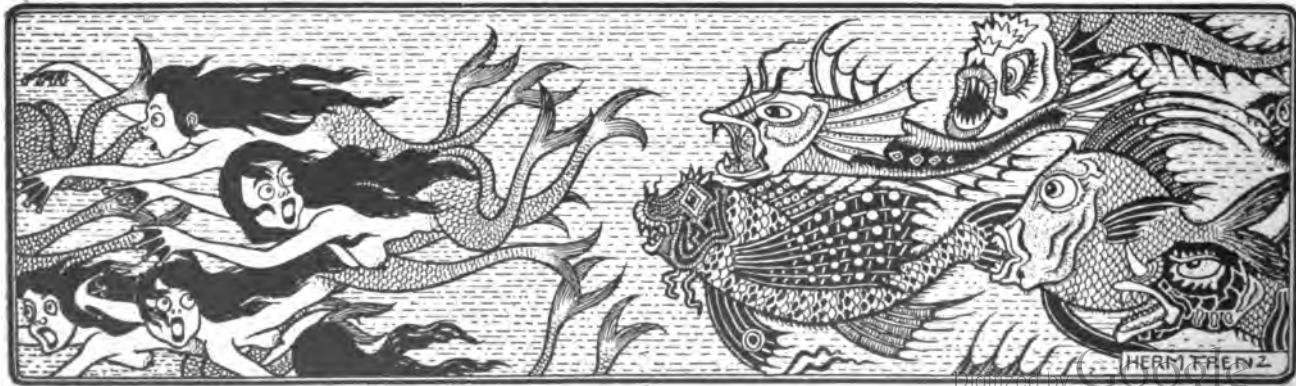
On passing through one of the now almost empty rooms—empty of everything worth removing—she noticed that a large trunk that contained miscellaneous old articles had fallen to pieces, and the contents were scattered broadcast on the floor.

She stooped and picked up what appeared to be an old dust-covered, well-worn garment, and no sooner did she grasp it than she laughed so loudly that her laugh was heard all over the village—if Donal had forgotten the magic mantle not so had the mermaid—in an instant she regained her former youth and beauty, she no longer cared for husband and children, and swifter than the velocity of the March winds she returned joyfully to her beloved Tirnanog on the blue rim of the western ocean.

Squeezes.

A CERTAIN weekly wakes up its delinquent subscribers in this lively fashion: "It is said that a man who squeezes a dollar never squeezes his wife. A glance at our subscription book leads us to believe that many women in this section are not having their ribs cracked. Come in and settle and show that all's right at home."

A glance at our subscription list will show that there are more women around Hazel Green who have not been squeezed in the last two or three years than any other part of the State.—Hazel Green Herald.





An Ancient Irish Deed.

Translated by T. O'Neil Russell.

THE following interesting and curious deed or agreement in the Irish language, between the Earl of Kildare and Mac-Geoghegan of Westmeath, is preserved in the British Museum of London. It has never been put before the general public until now. A photographed fac-simile of it may be seen in the Royal Irish Academy, in the National Manuscripts of Ireland.

The original manuscript is so defaced, blotted, written in such a bad hand, and the words are so contracted that the full forms of some of them cannot be much more than guessed at. It is carelessly and incorrectly written, and it is difficult to give a proper translation of it. The following translation is, with the exception of a few words, the one given in the "National Manuscripts of Ireland":

The deed was drawn up in the year 1510. At that time the MacGeoghegans were lords paramount of that part of Westmeath in which both the Coill-Tubairs, or, as they are now spelled, Kill-tobar, are situated. One of them is in the barony of Moycashel, and the other in the barony of Kilkenny West, parish of Drumraney, County Westmeath. Rath-drishoge is also in the barony of Moycashel.

It is the only townland of the name given in the list of townlands in the census published by the Government in 1851, so it seems pretty certain that the Rath-drishoge mentioned in the following deed is the one in the barony of Moycashel, for the MacGeoghegans owned the country in which it is situated. Whether it is the Kiltobar of the barony of Kilkenny West, or of that of Moycashel that is mentioned in the deed must remain in doubt.

The MacGeoghegans had also a castle at Lisande in Kilkenny West. The remains of the road that led from it to the castle of Kiltobar are plainly visible. It is still called the "old road." If there was a place called Rath-drishoge, in the barony of Kilkenny West, the name is now unknown in it; but that is not to be wondered at, for the Irish names of townlands, sub-divisions of townlands and of fields have been changed or lost by the thousand since Irish has ceased to be spoken by the peasantry and farmers.

No less than six Irish names of townland sub-divisions and of fields have been within fifty years totally

lost in the townland in which I was born, so it need not be wondered at that the name Rath-drishoge, if there ever was a place of the name in the barony of Kilkenny West, should be lost also.

Here is the deed, and its translation, as well as it can be made out. If there were any signatures to it, they do not appear in the photographed fac-simile:

Amen. In Dei nomine.

Ar e re coj ari a ० bruidh Seaporo, mic Comair mic Sheoir, i. lapla Chille Dara. . . gheim na Raata-ompreroguise o Laignec mac Conn mic Acaise burde i. tighearna Chineoil piaca, ocus toil pleacta Acais burde i pleacta Neil ocus Feanraigil muaió cuaigi rin, i. an tlapla vo tigbail Coill-tobuir in a uplain pén o fil Conculdairi vo fannntuig feapann cloróeim vo géanam 0; ocus a gcuim doicum cora vo gennam ne mac Eoéagan; ocus atá o Mac Eoéagan vo'n tlapla a [5]cenn in feapann éu [re] tó, doicinn an comhluim rin vo gennam, i. leat marig ari Coill-tobuili fein vo gnat vo fein ocus v'a mac in a ñeagairiò ocus v'a plict; ocus v'a mbeirte cosá ari in tlapla ne mearfa re a leir mia (?) Coill-tobuir u'fagail vó, doicum in cósairi; ocus v'a mbeirte pann aigz vo mearfa atel mia (?) comhluile in tlapla vo gennam, ari Coill-tobuir vo deit ari marci nír in pann; ocus v'a mbeirte nacl tigfaid vo mhac Eoéagan no v'a plict, Coill-tobuir vo ñaíriadacht, in tlapla vo cuir ñaíriada innti.

TRANSLATION.

"Amen, in the name of God.

"This is the manner in which Garrett, the son of Thomas, son of Shane, Earl of Kildare, obtained possession of Rath-drishoge from Lighnach, son of Connall (MacGeoghegan), son of Hugh the Yellow Lord of Cineal Fiachadh,* and the descendants of Hugh the Yellow and of Farrell the Red were consenting to that namely, the Earl (of Kildare) to take Coilltubuir into his own hands from the race of Connor, who desired to make

*"Cineal Fiachaidh."—This seems to be a mistake, as, so far as I remember, the MacGeoghegans were known as the Cineal Fiachach. The word that has been translated "Fiachaidh" is written in such a contracted manner in the deed that it is impossible to know exactly what it is.

sword-land of it, and he is to force them to make terms with MacGeoghegan; and there is to be given from MacGeoghegan to the Earl on account of the land (he) gave him, in order to do rightly, half a mark out of Coill-tobuir itself in perpetuity to himself and to his son after him and to their posterity. And if there should be war on the Earl, and that it should be advantageous to him to get Coill-tobuir for the purposes of war, or if he should have an ally to whom it would be advantageous, according to the Earl, Coill-tobuir to be given to such an ally; and if it should happen that MacGeoghegan or his descendants should not be able to defend Coill-tobuir, the Earl to put defends into it."

A few words of explanation regarding both the English and Irish of the above deed may be useful to some. "Sword-land" was applied to districts that had been conquered by one clan from another, land that had been won by the sword. Who the "race of Connor" were seems unknown. They might have been a branch of the MacGeoghegans. A "mark" was about 13s. 4d. in modern money.

It is evident from the small amount that MacGeoghegan was to pay the Earl of Kildare in acknowledgment of the Earl's supremacy over Rath-drishoge and Coill-tobuir, that there could not have been much land attached to them, and that it was the castles that were on them that the Earl of Kildare valued most. This is in a great measure proved by the word "bardacht" and "parda," meaning guarding and guards. The word "bard" is now used only as meaning a poet, but it also meant in ancient times one of a garrison, and "bardacht" meant a garrison, and was never applied to soldiers in the field.

The Irish of the deed is neither as correct nor as modern as the Irish of other deeds written about that time or even earlier. Very few of the many deeds and agreements that have been preserved in Irish are correctly written. There are about twenty to be seen in the Royal Irish Academy; but most of them are far from being specimens of good Irish. None of them was written before the Anglo-French conquest, or settlement of Ireland; and it is an undeniable fact, no matter to whom it may refer or be disagreeable, that no

June, 1903.

sooner did the Anglo-Normans, or to us a more correct term, the Anglo-French, set their feet in Ireland than everything in it declined—arts, learning, language and everything expressed by the word civilization.

The most correctly written of perhaps any deed or agreement in modern Irish, is one drawn up about the year 1540 between the MacGeoghegan and the Fox, or the "Sionnich," as the clan were called at the time. It was printed many years ago in some book by the Royal Irish Academy, but I do not remember where. The original document is, or was recently in the possession of Sir Richard Neagle, of Westmeath. It is a lamentable fact that the name Geoghegan is now one of the rarest in the very district where the clan owned so much land in ancient times.

Beyond the Allotted Span.

MRS. ELLEN O'MULLANE, who had achieved the amazing age of 115 years, died two years ago this month at Gneevies, near Millstreet, County Cork. She left behind her three daughters, the oldest being 82, and she had besides twenty-five grandchildren and eighteen great grandchildren. It would have been interesting to have been able to bring Mrs. O'Mullane into company with the next oldest inhabitant in Ireland who lived to see King Edward on the throne, and who, for all one knows, is still alive to-day. She is—or was—Mrs. Whelan, of Clough, County Kilkenny, and was born almost further back than we can think—in 1787.

She was born before Napoleon had seen a battle, and she lived for thirteen years in an Ireland ruled by a Parliament on College Green. Her father was a blacksmith, who shod the horse of Myles Byrne, the rebel, and Mrs. Whelan has never forgotten being compelled to witness the hanging of her father to a cart shaft.

The last heard of Mrs. Whelan was that she was living in great poverty at Clough, and if she is still alive it is not true that Mrs. Neve was "the King's oldest subject." There is a shepherd working for his living on the banks of Allan Water at 102 years of age, and an Irishman living in St. Peter's House, South Lambeth, reached his 105th birthday last month; but these become mere youngsters in comparison with Noah Roby, who lives in New Jersey.

We are apt to pooh-pooh the case of longevity we read in ancient history, but there seems no doubt that Noah Roby has just reached the age of 130. Noah's story is as incredible, no doubt, as if one said he had built the Ark, but his age is believed to be 130 by the authorities of the poor-house in which he has spent the last thirty years. Noah is almost blind, but in other respects retains his faculties. He has smoked for 120 years, and, in his own words, "has had plenty to eat all his life and enjoyed himself as much as most men." —The Monitor, London.

Carpet-Making in Ireland.

OUR London correspondent writes: "It is not, I believe, generally known, even in Ireland, that there exists in County Donegal an industry which gives constant employment to nearly a thousand young women, who are engaged by Messrs. Morton, of Darvel, in making tufted carpets from Oriental designs supplied to them by Messrs. Liberty & Co., of Regent Street, London.

Messrs. Liberty, who are manufacturers of artistic fabrics, have given these carpets a thorough trial, and they unhesitatingly pronounce them to be equal in every respect to anything of the same description imported from the Ottoman Empire or Persia.

With a view to extending the industry in the west of Ireland, Messrs. Liberty have engaged the Grafton Gallery, Bond Street, London, where for a week fully a hundred specimens of Donegal carpets will be displayed on the walls and floors of two spacious rooms.

At a private press view, recently, I inspected the collection, and was astonished at the examples of work and art, both in coloring and design. The carpets are all pure wool, dyed with vegetable dyes by the same hands that deftly construct the tufts or mosaics of small woollen squares.

They are of all sizes. I was particularly struck with one carpet, having a ground of lichen-green, with turquoise blue and cream introduced. Then there was another that arrested my attention, a tulip design, with melon shaded green arranged in separate panels.

And there was another, a hearth-rug, designed by Mrs. G. F. Watts. This rug is symbolical—the hearth, the centre for love and happiness; the heart, the symbol of love; the cross, of expansion; the dragons, caretakers; light and dark chequers, the sign of watchfulness, the birds, pelican feeding her young with her own blood, all deftly introduced. The colorings are crimson, red, olive, green and china blues, relieved with cream. The size of the rug is 9 feet by 4 feet.

Messrs. Morton, who have founded this national industry, very properly claim support for these Irish hand-made carpets upon comparison of relative merit and value. The exhibition will certainly open the eyes of the wealthy classes in London to these exquisitely beautiful Irish products, and to their eminent suitability to the modern style of furnishing.

Welsh Antiquarian Dead.

CHANCELLOR SILVAN EVANS, rector of Lanwrin, Montgomeryshire, died recently. The deceased was a Welsh antiquarian of note, and was engaged on a Welsh Dictionary after the style of Dr. Johnson. Several numbers have been published, and his death will leave the work incomplete.

My Irish Witch.

SHE rides no magic broom, they say,

On strange nocturnal missions,

Nor does her taste in dress obey

The most approved traditions;

But Och! the darlin's witching eyes!

They're safest at a distance,

For in each tender glance there lies

A spell beyond resistance!

She does not stir, with mystic sign

Or muttered incantation,

A cauldron deep—this witch of mine

Would scorn such occupation;

She culls no herbs at midnight's hour

To mix a lover's potion,

But faith! her rosy lips have power

To win a life's devotion!

No ancient Book of Magic, rich

In necromantic treasure

Knew half the charms my Irish witch

Can exercise at pleasure.

Och, shure! to break her spells I've

found

A fruitless, vain endeavor—

My heart, by Love's sweet witchcraft

bound,

Is hers alone for ever!

—MARY FARAH, L.L. A.

The First Good Friday.

RESEARCHES conducted by Prof. Hans Achelis, of Königsberg, on the basis of a series of most exact calculations made by the Royal Astronomical Institute in Berlin, have established with what seems to be a high degree of historical accuracy the fact that the date of the crucifixion was April 6, in the year 30. How Prof. Achelis arrived at this result he explains in a paper published in the proceedings of the Royal Scientific Society of Göttingen.

The four Evangelists, it is pointed out, agree that Our Lord died on Friday, and according to St. John the day was the 14th of the month Nisan, when the Passover lamb was being prepared; but according to the three other Evangelists Christ had already partaken of the Passover meal, and was crucified on the first day of the Passover, that is the 15th of the Month Nisan. The year is nowhere mentioned, but it was during the governorship of Pontius Pilate, who was appointed in the year 26 and removed just before Easter in the year 36.

From the material supplied to him by the Astronomical Institute, Prof. Achelis found that during these ten years the 15th of Nisan never fell on a Friday, but that the 14th of Nisan fell on a Friday twice, namely, according to our reckoning on April 6th, in the year 30, and April 3d, in the year 33. The precise data given in Luke iii., and the fact that the statement in John 11:20, could only have been made in the year 27-28 prove that Our Lord's ministry ended in the year 30.

From this agreement of astronomical calculations with the Bible record we have, concludes Prof. Achelis, good grounds for accepting April 6th of the year 30 of our era as the date of the first Good Friday.—London Daily Chronicle.

filiðeac̄t na n̄gæðeal

ROSS CATHA OSCAIR THIC OISIN

Fergusur, file Finn, no, čan.

Éiríg, a Oscarír féil,
A fír an corgaír óruaó,
Leó' bhrataig áig,
Beiri neart ḡ buaó.
A mic Oírin na mbéimeann,
Gad tmeir gac̄ comláinn,
Ná féac̄ do mheá ropláinn
Aig éac̄ ná gó utúplionn.
Di mair t̄oinn tuile,
Nó mair t̄rom-téine,
Cé lionmáig an buile,
Beiri níste ariale.
A gnúig īr caoin c̄lúda,
Éiríg īr tuair caéa,
Le feirg mo ḡoéa
A meirgse īr veangs dath.
Ba buaóac̄ do t̄uig,
Do éac̄a vā n-amair,
Cuir pláta vā ḡcumair;
Cé go c̄nótaig áláinn,
Di go rúgac̄ rír-binn,
A c̄aig ban Éireann,
Lám aig do gnúig min,
Orcair naé utug éiteac̄;
Gad corgaír ni obaó;
Cuir toisímann do bhratac̄,
Pan mór gan doðraç.
Fhaoig géine do lainne,
Ó t̄hémé do buille;
'S do luatáig read gac̄ duine,
Luatáig fá na gcoinne.
A fílair na pleasg roðraç,
Mairt do lut aig eacraç;
Beiri leat do fílair c̄orpaç,
A fír náig t̄hreig aigé,
Do pleasg go rárga páimig.
Le hág do móir-méanmann;
Do cláirdeamh ná t̄uigean
Do cláiró feair néigean;
Do ḡéar-lonn vā mbuaó,
Déan tanaó vā b̄riannab;
Do ḡairge ná fuadáu
Fhearrdail īr éiríg.

(Literal Translation.)

The Battle Song of Oscar,
Son of Oisin.

By Fergus, the Poet of Fionn.

Arise, thou generous Oscar,
O man of hard-fought conflicts,
Under thy valorous banner,
Win power and victory.
O thou son of Oisin of the Blows,
Gain superiority in every contest;
Look not to thy greatness of power
Over man, until he is prostrated.
Be as a tide wave,
Or as a great fire,
Though its rage may be furious,
As kings were of old.

Thou of the wild countenance,
Arise in the front of battle,
Through the wrath of my voice,
O banner of reddest color.
Let thy march be successful,
Thy battalions attacking;
Deprive princes of their power.
As thou art well-shaped and handsome
Be merry, and ever melodious,
Thou friend of Erin's women.
Place thy hand on thy gentle forehead,
Oscar who never told a falsehood,
Nor slaughter ever shunned.
Raise the terror of thy standard;
Be potent without cruelty.
Envenom the keenness of thy sword
From the power of thy blow,
And thy expertness above all others;
Hasten to meet them.
O prince of the spears of freedom,
Great is thy vigor on a steed;
Bring with thee thy blood-stained
shield.
Thou man who has not forsaken thy
fathers.
Thy spear has been adapted
To the valor of thy great prowess,
Sheathe not thy sword
From slaying the men of Erin,
Let thy keen-edged blade strike them
down,
Thin the ranks of their Fenians,
Let thy valor not grow cool,
Prepare, and march forward!

IONTHUIN TÍR.

Ionthuin tír an tír úd t̄fóir,
Alba eo n-a hiongantaid;
Nocht utiopainn aigte ille,
Muna utiopainn le Naoise.

Ionthuin Dún fioðaig 'r Dún Finn
Ionthuin an Dún ór a gcionn
Ionthuin inir Óroiðneac̄ ve
Aigur ionthuin Dún Suibne.

A Coill Cuan! ón, a Coill Cuan!
Suf utigeat̄ ainnle, mo nuair!
Saipio liompa jo di ann
Īr Naoise īr-iaptar Alban.

Gleann Laoró! ón, īngleann Laoró,
Do c̄olainn fá'n earráid c̄aomh;
Iarig īr oifífeoir īr fáil b̄riuc,
Fa hi mo curio īngleann Laoró.

Gleann Maráin! ón, Gleann Maráin!
Áig a cneam, geal a gáraim;
Do ḡníomír c̄oláid c̄omhac̄
Ór inbeaig mongaé Maráin.

Gleann Arðain! ón, Gleann Arðain!
Fa hé Gleann víreas v̄iúim-ðaoin;
Notáig b̄uallat̄ feair a doire
'ná mo Naoise īngleann Arðain.

Gleann Eitche! uč ón Gleann Eitche!
Ann do tóigdar mo céatigé;
Álann a fioú iap n-éirge,—
Baile ḡéine Gleann Eitche.

Gleann vā Ruáó! ón Gleann vā Ruáó;
Mo cion gac̄ aon fíear vár' dual:
Binn gac̄ cuайдé aig c̄haoibh c̄huiim
Aig an mbinn ór Gleann vā Ruáó.
Ionthuin Óroiðin ór t̄rónan t̄ráig,
Ionthuin a uirge ór gáinim ḡlair;
Nocht utiopainn aigte vē
Muna utiopainn lem' ionthuin.

(Literal Translation.)

Deirdre's Lament on Leaving
Alba.

Dear the land, yon to the eastland,
Alba with its wonders;
I would not have come from it hither,
If I had not come with Naoise.

Dear Dun Flodhaigh, and Dun Fionn,
Dear the Dun above them;
Dear Inis Droighneach, too,
And dear Dun Suibhne.

O wood of Cuan! alas! O wood of
Cuan!
Whither used to come Ainnle, alas!
Short to me was his stay there,
With Naoise to the west of Alba.

Glen Laoidh! alas! in Glen Laoidh,
I used to sleep under my soft covering;
Fish and venison and badgers' meat
Was my portion in Glen Laoidh.

Glen Masan! alas! Glen Masan!
High its hart's tongue, fair its stalks;
We enjoyed a rocking sleep
O'er the grassy harbor of Masan.

Glen Archan! alas, Glen Archan!
It was the straight glen of pleasant
ridge;
There was not a more gallant man of
his age
Than my Naoise in Glen Archan.

Glen Eitche! alas, O Glen Eitche!
There I built my first house;
Beautiful its wood upon rising;
The sun's retreat is Glen Eitche.

Glen-da-Ruadh! alas, Glen-da-Ruadh!
My love to each man to whom it is
native;
Sweet cuckoo's note on curving bough,
On the peak o'er Glen-da-Ruadh!

Dear is Droighin, o'er the stern strand
Dear its waters o'er pure sand;
I would not come from it at all
If I did not come with my beloved.



Good Roads in Ireland.

International Automobile Race in Ireland.

ALL the essential arrangements for the international automobile race, to be run on July 2d over the Irish course, near Dublin, have been completed and the first maps of the route as finally amended in the House of Lords before the passage of the authorizing bill have reached this side. As will be seen in the accompanying map, the changes have made the course more compact, cutting out two big triangles at opposite sides of the original course, and leaving an easily divisible course of about 100 miles.

The original course included the roads marked in dotted lines at the northeast and southwest corners. The final course, which is drawn in black lines, excludes these roads and has undergone slight modifications at Old Kilcullen and Athy.

Various considerations—narrowness of roads, badness of surface, dangerous corners and other difficulties—suggested these changes, the net result of which is to reduce the length of the course from 131 miles to 102½ miles. It is necessary to explain that the thirteen miles of road between Athy and the junction (marked A), below Old Kilcullen are counted twice in this estimate.

The race will start, in all probability, from a point on this road, and, following the arrows toward the southeast, will execute a figure of 8, thus: A, Ballitore, Castle dermot, Carlow, Athy; A, Kilcullen, the Curragh, Kildare, Monasterevin, Maryboro, Stradbally, Ballylynan, Athy, and so back to the starting place.

This stretch of thirteen miles, which will be covered six times by each competing car, is beautifully straight and smooth, and will admit of the highest speeds. The race was to have been three times around the original course (393 miles). It will be three and a half times (about 360 miles) around the corrected course, and is expected to occupy near eight hours.

Over this stretch, beginning at 7.24 o'clock in the morning, the first Thursday of July will whirl a series of green, blue, red and white machines, the pick of the makes of Great Britain, France, America and Germany.

Great Britain, by virtue of the victory of S. F. Edge last year will have the leading position at the start, and in honor of the Irish course, the English machines will be painted a vivid green.

France gets second place with a blue Panhard, and an American car, to be painted red, will start third. Germany, the last team to enter, will be fourth, in a white car.

Each of the first four cars to start will be numbered 1. The number 2's will start in the same order—green, blue, red and white—as will those numbered 3 and 4.

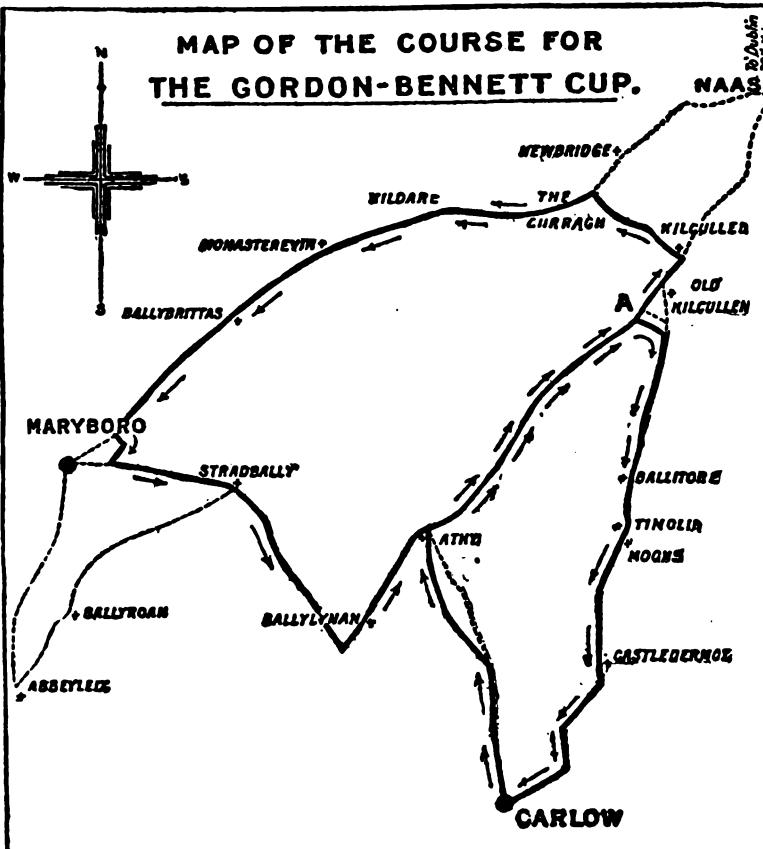
The correspondent of the "London Times" describes the course, and his trip with the commission appointed to examine it, fix controls, etc., as follows:

"The country in which the course is laid is smooth and undulating. There are few steep hills, but many long and gentle slopes admirably suited for fast racing. The roads, if not as straight as the French roads, are remarkably straight for Ireland; and there are at least three such perfect stretches of several miles as could hardly be bettered in the United Kingdom. Mr. Edge expresses the opinion that, as regards both straightness and surface, the course compares favorably with that on which he won the cup last year and with the course on which Mr. Jarrott, who will also be a competitor this year, won the Ardennes race.

"The course is everywhere practicable, and the parts which are rather bad are not nearly so numerous as those which are very good. The best sections include the double stretch of twelve miles between Monasterevin and Maryboro, the road, straight as a ruler for six miles, between Maryboro and Stradbally, and several perfect stretches on the Carlow-Kilcullen road. The second half of the road between Stradbally and Ballylynan is not good; and the Ballylynan-Athy road, though broad and straight, is very rough from the large coal traffic which passes that way from the mines at Castlecomer to Athy.

"The commission marked several permanently dangerous spots with flags, and many others more amenable to treatment will be eliminated by the county surveyors before the race. The repairs which these gentlemen have undertaken to make are, principally, steam-rolling the roads to a perfect surface, rounding off bad corners, and levelling up the road on each side of the little bumpy culverts which are so common in Irish country districts.

"These culverts present no dangers to slow-touring cars, but they provide racing cars moving at the rate of forty yards a second with a 'jump-off' for leaps of thirty or forty



feet through the air. The cost of all these repairs which will be considerable, will be largely met by the Automobile Club; but it is hoped that the county councils and other public bodies in Ireland will make contributions.

"Controls"—that is to say, spaces through which the cars will have to proceed slowly under supervision of racing officials—have been arranged at Castledermot, Carlow, Athy and Kildare—five in all, since the 'control' at Athy will come into force twice in each round of the course. It was decided on Wednesday to avoid the necessity of a 'control' at Maryboro by taking in the little crossroad, marked in the map, which brings the course quite away from the town.

An important matter which the commission left still undecided after two days of careful consideration was the location of the point for the start and finish of the race. But it will probably be selected somewhere in the neighborhood of Tippeenan, a hamlet about three miles south of A on the double stretch between that point and Athy. The reasons in favor of this position are that, as I have explained, the cars will pass six times over this road, and that a beautiful vista of straight road will enable their flight to be watched continuously for nearly five miles.

"At the place chosen for the start and finish the club will erect a stand for members and an enclosure for the paying public. As for myself, if I am so fortunate as to be on the ground, I shall take my stand on the moat of Ardkull, a splendidly preserved Danish fort about four miles north of Athy on the same road, which commands on one side a stretch of two miles, and on the other a stretch of four miles. The course is within an hour's railway journey from Dublin. Intending visitors by that route will do well to remember that on the day of the race neither love nor money will buy a passage across the track, and that the only way to the inside of the course (from which any point on it may be reached) will be through the 'control' at Kildare.

"Mr. Johnson and his assistants have still to grapple with the big problem of keeping the public off the course on the day of the race. It is made bigger by the fact that the Irish peasant adds to his traditional recklessness complete ignorance of the terrific speed of racing motor-cars. The races committee of the Automobile Club suggests in the current issue of its official organ that the road should be divided into sections of a quarter of a mile, each in charge of two members of the club. This formidable army of 1,400 persons may possibly be increased by levies of the military and police, who would be extremely glad to give their aid, and by drafts on the local peasantry.

"It is very certain that the Gordon Bennett Cup race of 1903 will more than repay the trouble of a visit to Ireland, even if the visitor abstain from the other and varied delights which the Automobile Club has arranged for the public during its 'Irish fortnight.'"

Potato Culture in Ireland.

MR. RUSSELL, Inspector of the Department of Agriculture, during the course of an interview at Clonakilty, Co. Cork, which he had visited for the purpose of inspecting and giving advice in reference to the cultivation of a number of plots in which early potatoes are being grown for the English market, said that there was a mine of wealth in the growth of early potatoes for sale in England, yet it was only last season that a few tentative experiments were adopted in this direction.

In response to questions, Mr. Russell emphatically asserted that this was one of the most profitable branches of agriculture if the potatoes could be placed on the market early in the season. In May exceptionally high prices were procurable; in June the prices were still good enough to secure very remunerative profits; and even during the early part of July the prices to be obtained paid much better than the ordinary or maincrop.

The early potato season in London opened with potatoes from Malta and Teneriffe. In May the markets were supplied from the Jersey Islands and southern France, while in June the west coast of Scotland had the monopoly. Ireland, especially the counties of Cork, Kerry and West Clare, was eminently suited for this industry. The climate of West Cork was almost equal in salubriousness to that of the south of France, and the sandy, warm soil was well adapted to the growth of early potatoes.

In support of this contention, Mr. Russell pointed out that early last season potatoes from Clonakilty were sold in England at 8s. per cwt., and this, allowing from six to eight tons to the acre, which was the average yield, would mean at the rate of from £4 to £6 per acre for the crop. The Clonakilty men themselves estimated that they made an average of £40 an acre on what they sold.

The experiment was only tried tentatively last season, but so successful was it, and so struck were some of the local merchants with its feasibility, that they organized a syndicate specially for the growth of early potatoes, and had rented a piece of land specially for the purpose. In all about twenty acres of early potatoes were being planted in the vicinity of Clonakilty this season for sale in England, and it was hoped to dispose of those at prices which would vary from £40 to £50 per acre.

Mr. Russell thought that with average fair weather the crop would be ready for the market during the latter end of May or early in June, and this would be the most suitable and profitable time of the year.

In order to secure the best results the land must be specially prepared for the crop. It should be ploughed early in the Winter, and before the drills are made in the Spring the earth must be pulverized until it is very fine. The potatoes are sprouted in specially-constructed boxes, and are planted by hand, the buds being from four to six inches long at the time of planting.

Ordinary farmyard manure is used, together with a mixture of compound manure composed of the following percentages: Nitrogen, 8 per cent; potash, 4 to 5 per cent; soluble phosphates, 18 to 20 per cent. About 25 tons of farmyard manure and six cwt. of artificial is sufficient for an acre.

Mr. Russell pointed out that even from a commercial point of view the project would be successful. All expenses, rent and transit included, would be covered by from £20 to £25, which would leave a net profit of nearly the same amount. He said that, so far as he was aware, the only places where early potatoes were being grown in Ireland for the English market were Clonakilty, West Clare; Barrow, Co. Kerry; Rosse's Point and Strand Head, Co. Sligo, and Rush, Co. Dublin. In most of these places there were gentlemen carrying out the experiment from a commercial standpoint. It might also be mentioned that in Clonakilty a number of the experimenters were growing vegetables for the English market.

The greatest drawback, which the Clonakilty gentlemen had to contend with last year was the lack of transit facilities and the high price of carriage. The potatoes were sent to Liverpool in specially constructed barrels supplied by the Liverpool brokers, but the delay in receiving these on one or two occasions meant a loss of several pounds, the prices having been reduced from 8s. to 6s. per cwt. in the meantime.

The carriage on the empty barrels was also excessive. The total amount of this was £5 8s. 2d. but owing to the intervention of the Department and Mr. Wallace, the Inspector, a rebate of £4 0s. 9d. was secured, and this week a further rebate of 9s. 6d. was received in Clonakilty, making the total rebate £4 10s. 3d., and the carriage on empties 17s. 11d. instead of £5 8s. 2d. This shows the work which will have to be undertaken under the proposed Irish Development Scheme.

THE GAEL will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada for one year for \$1.00, or to any address in Ireland or Great Britain, one year for 5 shillings.

All subscriptions are payable in advance. Checks or Post Office Money Orders should be made payable to **THE GAEL**, 140 Nassau Street, New York.

NEW YORK TO MEMPHIS

Through Pullman buffet sleepers leaving New York daily, via Pennsylvania Railroad, Southern Railway and



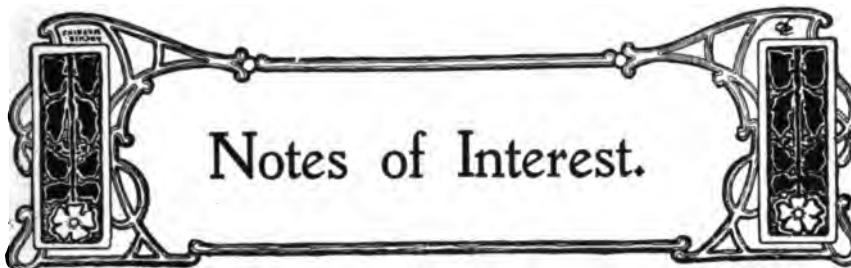
EXCELLENT SERVICE FROM

MEMPHIS
TO ALL POINTS IN THE
SOUTHWEST.

Detailed information in regard to rates, train service, etc., furnished upon application to

F. D. RUSSELL, General Eastern Agent,
885 Broadway, N. W. York.

Digitized by



Notes of Interest.

IN one month more the Cork International Exhibition, which proved such a remarkable success last summer, will again be opened to the public. Arrangements will shortly be completed with all the English and Scotch railway companies for issuing special excursion rates to Cork.

CANON ROBINSON, Waterford, has been appointed Vicar of Belfast in place of the Right Rev. Dr. D'Arcy, recently elected Protestant Bishop of Clogher. The appointment carries with it the title of Dean of St. Anne's, Belfast.

ROBERT THOMPSON, the famous Irish piper, died in Cork recently. Mr. Thompson gained notoriety as a piper by winning first prize against all comers at the Feis Ceoil held in Dublin in 1897, and the following year at Belfast he was also successful in heading the list.

JDGE CURRAN, at Birr, King's County, Quarter Sessions, recently, said he was happy to announce there was no criminal business to transact. The Sheriff then presented his honor with a pair of white gloves. This is the third time within two years that white gloves have been presented at the Birr Quarter Sessions.

TWENTY-SIX of the tenants on the estate of Mr. Guillamore O'Grady, at Ballybehy, Limerick, Ireland, have been served with ejectments for non-payment of rent.

The tenants recently proposed to purchase their holdings at seventeen years on their second-term rents, and offered to pay a half year's annuity or interest based on these terms. This proposal has been declined.

AN enterprising delf and china manufacturing firm in Manchester has sent a representative over to Ireland to ascertain the quality of the white clay to be had along the Tyrone shore of Lough Neagh.

In an interview this gentleman informed a correspondent that he had struck on a bed of clay thirty feet deep, suitable for delf manufacture in the townland of Ballynakeely, adjacent to Coalisland, and he has sent samples of the clay to the firm. He states it is the intention of the firm to establish a pottery for the manufacture of earthenware and china suitable for the Irish trade.

THREE is much complaint from Ireland because under the new Department of Agriculture there are many new offices created which did not exist before. The real superintendent of the department is a Scotchman. Almost all the appointments to situations of any importance or value are made from across the Channel.

THE Shannon Water & Electric Power Company has been formed to provide a station or stations in Limerick, and the surrounding area for the purpose of supplying electrical energy in bulk.

To do this the unlimited power of the River Shannon is to be requisitioned. The area of supply is, roughly, a radius of thirty miles in Clare and Limerick, and includes many important towns.

AT Easter Quarter Sessions, Ennis, County Clare, Ireland, before County Court Judge Carton, K.C., decrees were granted in a large number of cases against tenants on the estates of the Marquis of Conyngham, Mr. H. S. Vandeleur, Westby F. W. Gore, B. Hickman, D. L.; Mr. Henn, Mr. Wilson Fitzgerald, Mr. J. Butler, Mr. Robert Bouchier, Mr. R. V. C. Chambers, Mrs. Olivia Creagh and Mr. Chas R. MacDonnell. The cases numbered fifty-four rent decrees and fourteen ejectments.

The Irish Transit Scheme.

SEVERAL important details of the new Irish transport scheme have been obtained in Belfast.

Mr. Pirrie has recently been in London, but it has been ascertained that the capital involved will be about two millions.

Four distributing centers will be started in different provinces, with a series of sub-centers. The scheme will be worked out on the lines of the creamery movement, and motor vehicles will be extensively utilized to bring in produce. A large number of experts will be employed.

It is generally acknowledged that the lack of material prosperity in Ireland has hitherto been largely due to the scarcity of transport facilities. Not only so, but where transport facilities do exist the tariffs are so high that only an infinitesimal margin of profit is left, far short of what is required to

encourage agricultural or industrial activity.

Of course, the central idea is the utilization of motor cars. Each car will have a certain route to traverse daily, tri-weekly, bi-weekly, or weekly, as the arrangement may be. The farmers will have their produce ready at the appointed time, and when the car has covered its stipulated round it will make for the most convenient spot where the produce can be shipped by canal or otherwise to the cross-Channel markets.

The great point for farmers will be a regular collection of produce, as will obviate the system prevailing at present whereby a grower is never certain whether he will be able to sell his produce or must allow it to decay. Thus the magnetic influence of encouragement will be given to the Irish farmer and he will be induced to do his utmost to keep up the reputation of Irish produce, which, when received in good condition, can beat all foreign rivals.

The project will be a distinct improvement on anything hitherto attempted, as it will embrace the purchasing as well as the transport of produce, so that the farmer will be able to sell and deliver at his own door, knowing that the produce will be shipped at the earliest possible moment by the most convenient and quickest route to the best markets.

The scheme will first be introduced in congested districts of the West of Ireland, and will then be gradually extended to all parts of the country. That it will be a boon to industrial and agricultural Ireland is, of course, a mere truism, since it will afford the best means of reaching hitherto impossible markets. With such facilities there is sure to be a great revival in Irish agriculture.

The London "Daily News" says:

"Lord Iveagh's scheme for the improvement of transit services in Ireland, so properly lauded by Mr. Wyndham, is in reality a strong condemnation both of the railway companies of that country and of the policy of subsidies associated with the Prime Minister's regime as Chief Secretary. Mr. Balfour's policy of opening the country by railway extensions was good in itself, but large sums of public money have gone under that policy, as enforced, largely to assist the railway companies, against whom every man's hand is raised in Ireland."

"Some of the most important railway extensions in Ireland made under subsidies granted by Parliament have been to all intents and purposes forced largely to assist the railway companies. Moreover, a considerable charge is still made annually in the estimates in connection with these railway schemes. For the current year a sum of £107,214 is asked for under this heading."

"Where the authorities have failed is in not compelling Irish railway companies to provide, in return for the many favors granted them, better transit facilities and cheap through freights, which are now left to private enterprise."

A Gaelic Songstress:



MISS JULIA O'DONOOGHUE.

MISS JULIA O'DONOOGHUE, whose portrait we present herewith, was born near Caherciveen, Co. Kerry, Ireland, and came to the United States at an early age. Her father was one of the founders of the old Ossianic Society in the early 50's that did so much for the preservation of the Ossianic literature of Ireland, and is lineally descended from the O'Donoghues of the Glen.

In and around the district of Caherciveen the people have always spoken and still continue to speak the Gaelic, and it was naturally the first language spoken by Miss O'Donoghue.

She imbibed a love for its study from her parents. Her father, who is an accomplished Irish scholar and writer, has taken much pains to instruct his entire family in a mastery of the written and spoken vernacular. So ardently is he attached to the Irish tongue that he hardly ever speaks English in his own home.

When the subject of this sketch commenced her musical career she invariably sang the Irish melodies for her father in Gaelic, and under his tuition. It was not, however, until after she heard Mr. William Ludwig, the celebrated Irish baritone at a concert in Philadelphia, that she really gave the subject of Irish songs any serious consideration.

Miss O'Donoghue had up to this time sung much in opera and at private recitals and musicales, but nothing had previously inspired or impressed her so much as the singing of the Irish ballads by Mr. Ludwig. A few years later when the National Opera Company was organized by Mr. Ludwig Miss O'Donoghue became one of the principal figures in that short-lived venture. It was during her short tour with that company that her Gaelic songs and the natural manner in which she rendered them, especially "The Coulin," "The Last Rose of Summer" and "The Harp" gained for her the title of queen of Gaelic singers.

Miss O'Donoghue resides in Philadelphia and is an earnest advocate of the revival and cultivation of Irish music and Irish literature. In a lecture given by her recently on Irish music and song she dwelt at some length on the beauty of

Gaelic, its soft harmonious sounds and sweet melody which when sung artistically subtly fascinates and haunts the hearer, and reminds one of the words of Frances Browne:

"Sweet songs of our land you are with us for ever,
The power and the splendor of thrones pass away,
But yours is the might of some fast flowing river,
Of Summer's bright roses, or Autumn's decay,
Ye treasure the voice of each swift-passing ages,
And truth which time writeth on leaves or on sand,
Ye bring us the bright thoughts of poets and of sages
And keep them amongst us, sweet songs of our land."

M R. W. B. YEATS, the poet, writes to "The London Times" a letter decidedly worth quoting: "Mr. Churton Collins has for many years commended accurate learning and the university teaching of literature as the only certain guides to good taste. It is, therefore, interesting to know that he himself, the accuracy of whose learning is notorious, thinks Blake's lines ending 'Did He who made the lamb make thee?' not only 'falsetto,' but, when taken from their context, 'nonsense pure and absolute.'

"When I was a boy my father was accustomed to read to me passages of verse that seemed to him and to his friends great poetry, and this very stanza was among them; and now that I have edited Blake, and thought much over every line that he wrote, I cannot think that cry 'Did He who made the lamb make thee?' less than a cry out of the heart of all wisdom.

"A recent article of Mr. Churton Collins about the importance of learning as a guide to taste almost converted me to his opinion, but now I return to my own opinion that many a cultivated woman without learning is more right about these matters than all the professors."

THE great hope of the newest revival of poetic drama in England lies, to my mind, in the fact that it is more independent of the Elizabethan tradition than any previous movement of the kind has been.

Neither Mr. Yeats in his Irish folk plays, nor Mr. Stephen Phillips in his three remarkably successful experiments has permitted himself to be bound down by the mannerisms which so grievously handicapped, to speak of no others, such illustrious predecessors of theirs as Tennyson, Browning and Mr. Swinburne.

Mr. Yeats, in common with M. Maeterlinck and certain other Continental playwrights of the latest school, obtains new effects by plunging deeper than the dramatist has hitherto been expected to plunge into the agitation and exigenices of the soul. He uses the symbol to awaken the mystical sense; he works before our eyes the psychological phenomena of mystery, and excites our curiosity with regard to those "invisible principles" on which the author of *La Princesse Maleine* delights to insist.

In this species of drama, with its incessant suggestion of the unseen, the unknown, there is something childlike. It takes us back to the infancy of feeling, to the Maytime of the world. It does not pretend and would not desire to obtain gross successes in the popular theatres of large world centers.—Edmund Grosse, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

"POEMS by Eliza Boyle O'Reilly," will be issued in the Fall by Messrs. Lee & Shepard in a pretty volume containing some excellent things. Miss O'Reilly is the poet's second daughter, and was named for his mother, whom he always lamented as the real victim of his death warrant, for the news of his sentence was fatal to her.

His daughter is a graduate of Elmhurst, has studied at Radcliffe, and has traveled in Europe during the greater part of the last few years, but her home is in Brookline, Mass., with her younger sister.

In a quiet way she has aided in "settlement work," taking classes, and entertaining her pupils in her own house, but her tastes have always been literary, and for some years she has been writing and rewriting her verses, and at last has decided to publish them.

They will probably appear in London also, but in an authorized form, not pirated like the recent edition of her father's "Moondyne." Perhaps it is worth while to note here that if anyone profited by the issue of that book it was not Mr. O'Reilly's orphan daughters, his sole heirs.



Twenty-five Volumes Given for a Few Ideas.

IN the march GAEL we offered twenty-five volumes written by Irish authors, in exchange for any ideas that our readers may send in by which this magazine may be improved and its circulation increased. The winners will be announced in the July GAEL. Suggestions may be sent in any time until the middle of June. Parties interested in the contest are invited to read the offer in the March number. The following are from among a large number received:

To Editor of THE GAEL:

Sir—I am a regular subscriber to your magazine, and this shows that I like it; but I say that it is not so perfect that it could not be improved. The following are some of the points which I consider would improve it, and increase its circulation many times:

The name is most appropriate, and could not be improved upon, and the shape and size are most suitable. If you make an alteration let it be by increasing the number of its pages.

The Irish language is far too high-classed, and therefore too difficult to interest the majority of your readers. What we want is "work-a-day" Irish, and not the Irish of the schools. There are few who aspire to a classical knowledge of the language, while there are many who desire a practical knowledge, so as to enable them to converse and read an ordinary publication in that language. Give short, simple stories, items of news, witticisms, fables, proverbs, old Irish songs, etc., in the Irish language, and this department will become desirable to many of your readers.

I am strongly opposed to all fairy tales, or tales of ghosts, headless horsemen, goblins, leprahawns, etc. No other country that I know has admitted such silly trash into its literature, and I wonder why has Ireland got a monopoly of them. They are most injurious to the youth, for they foster superstition, and they engross valuable time which could be employed to better advantage. We live in a "matter of fact" age, and we have to compete with "matter of fact" people, so we cannot afford the time to spend on a subject which brings neither recreation nor knowledge. Besides, they are overdone. They have all been repeated thousands of times around the turf fires of the Irish cabins. Expunge them from your magazine.

What the Irish want particularly is a knowledge of the history of their country, and the most fascinating dress to clothe history is the novel-

novels after the style of Banim's "Boyne Water," and Griffin's "The Invasion." A good, sound, historical romantic tale of any of the many subjects afforded by our common country would be read by thousands with avidity.

There is an inexhaustible mine of historical information in the countless numbers of old castles, monasteries, holy wells, etc., which could be explored with much interest to Irish readers. The laws, manners and customs of the ancient Irish is another fruitful field. Descriptive articles on Irish scenery, with any legends attached, and biographical sketches of eminent men and women would be read with delight.

The fortunes of our countrymen in foreign lands should be treated so as to instigate emulation or to forewarn. It is useless to particularize, as the subjects are so varied. Whatever is written should have the true Irish ring about it—always aiming to foster patriotism, manhood and virtue.

This has been the weakest point with THE GAEL, for it seemed indifferent to the nationality of Ireland. There is nothing which brings more eclat to a magazine than good poetry, as there is nothing which belittles it like inferior poetry. It is better have no poetry than poetry of the "wifey-washy" kind. If poetry of a good standard cannot be obtained, then produce selections from eminent poets of the past, in Irish or English. Davis' "Flower of Fínae" was worth all that appeared in THE GAEL for a twelve-month.

Have a department for wit and humor, but be careful of palming off any insipid jokes as true Irish wit. In this especially the article should be genuine. Open a question and answer column. People like to get information through the press; besides, you could give advice, and correct correspondence through this channel.

I would have less space devoted to "Books." One or two reviews of the best Irish books of the month would be sufficient. There is no information in saying that a book is issued by such a publisher. I like the drawings—they are admirable. So much for the magazine, now a few words to yourself personally.

Avoid siding with any of the political or social parties which make up our Irish race. Let them fight their battles out elsewhere. It is your mission to supply them with readable matter, regardless of their politics or party. The pages of THE GAEL should not be open to any party or

faction—literature never flourishes in strife. Get a reputable Irish or Irish-American newsagent in every city, town, village and hamlet in the United States to sell the magazine, and have it thoroughly advertised throughout the land by bill and placard. You should seek subscribers, and not they you. Several years passed without my knowing that THE GAEL existed, and then only by the aid of a friend. If you work on these lines I have no doubt but the circulation of THE GAEL, as it richly deserves, will shortly be increased a hundred fold.

Waltham, Mass. T. C.

To Editor of THE GAEL:

Dear Sir—if the subscriptions would allow of the enlarging of THE GAEL by, say ten pages, I should advise its enlargement. As to its make-up, I would recommend that its first page be occupied by a map, not necessarily colored, of Ireland. This for the purpose of enabling readers to understand thoroughly the historical sketches, which are, and I hope will continue to be, such an interesting feature of THE GAEL. For instance, a map like what I mention would be of great help towards comprehending and remembering well the sketch of the Bourke family that has just been concluded, as well, of course, as all other such sketches. It would add to THE GAEL'S usefulness as an instructor. To be sure, most of us have maps of the old country, but then they are rarely at hand when we are perusing our GAEL.

I believe you ought to print a little more Gaelic matter, present day Gaelic, of course. A short story, or notable newspaper article from some of the standard writers of the day, always with translation. Also some popular ballad, or one of the "melodies"; many people would thus be enabled to learn in Gaelic songs they already know in English.

As regards pictures: Yes; pictures of old castles, abbeys, scenery, etc., and of living celebrities, but let them be celebrities. I would vote also for the portraits of eminent men of our race and friends of our race, such as the late Archbishop Croke, Gavan Duffy, Don Carlos O'Donnell, with little sketches of their lives when they have passed away.

Continued stories, almost without exception, I believe, ought to be avoided. Few people keep up interest in a story which can be had only in small monthly instalments.

Industries, and statistics dealing

with the social conditions, commerce, population and with such financial transactions as affect our people, yes, by all means, in a simple and concise manner.

It has been often said that the poetry of the "Nation" had much to do with the splendid circulation and powerful influence which marked its early years. Like causes produce like effects, we are told. THE GAEL resembles the "Nation" in many ways, it is high class, intellectual, has a wide field in Irish-America, and is the only thing of its kind in the field. Poetry, therefore, of the sort that "Fear-na-Muntir" and "Ethna Carbery" wrote, and that "Irisolkyrn" and others write, would, to my mind, largely affect the circulation of THE GAEL, and affect it in the right way.

I think it would be well to have a few columns devoted every month to an account of the life of some of the less known geniuses of our land: Literati, painters, sculptors, with a photo of the subject of the sketch if possible; this would be interesting and enlightening.

I believe you should devote a page or so to leaderettes; I think a newspaper or magazine without editorial comments seems somewhat timid, lukewarm or wanting in earnestness. THE GAEL used to have such a page as I mean a few years ago.

Extracts from newspaper and magazine articles dealing with any phase of

the Irish question, Gaelic Revival, Land Tenure, Home Rule, etc., to the extent of a page, more or less, I should welcome. Such selections would give us an idea of what figure we cut in the public eye, and help us to see ourselves and our affairs as others see them and us.

I would, if I were you, offer a few prizes, say \$5, \$3 and \$2, or something to that value, but cash is the most encouraging, for the best essay or poem on some given Irish subject, open only to subscribers, or on whatever other conditions you might see fit to prescribe. The prizes of the Fireside Department of the "Weekly Freeman" long ago, had an excellent effect on the children and young people, and even on the parents as I happen to know by experience, and added considerably to the circulation of the "Freeman," already the most popular paper in the country. Of course, I do not suggest anything like a similar department in THE GAEL, but merely mention the matter in connection with the prize idea.

As to lowering the tone of THE GAEL, my advice is, don't. There is no place for you in the lower market, it is all fully occupied. In doing so you would lose the greater part of the patrons you have, and you could scarcely hope to compete successfully in gathering the crowd, with those already established there.

New York City. T. M.

Gaelic to Rebuild Ireland.

(From an Address by Fr. Coffey, B. D.)

THE Gaelic League aims at making and keeping Ireland Irish; it sees clearly that Ireland cannot be a distinct Irish nation without the Irish language; it holds that the National language enshrines the Nation's life and spirit, that if the Nation's language goes the nation itself craves a tomb. It aims at Ireland a nation; and, therefore, first and above all, it aims at saving and preserving the language of the nation.

It has counted the cost of the work it has undertaken; it has seen in that work a struggle for the Nation's life; it has gone into that work determined to succeed. Writing on its banner "Native land and native language," adopted as its watchword mainly self-reliance; knowing that "God helps those who help themselves," saying "here goes in the name of God," it threw itself into the work, and it has amply justified its early hopes by succeeding so far all along the line. It has steadfastly pinned its whole faith all through to the revival of the language as the motive power of all its work; and one who does not believe in and aim at work for the revival of the language ought not to call himself a Gaelic Leaguer, nor does he understand the Gaelic League.

The Gaelic League is a growing and a vigorous power in the country; and though it is still young it has left its mark on the history of the last ten

years. People may ask, What has the Gaelic League done? I ask in turn, What has been the cause of the present industrial revival in all its phases? Most undoubtedly, the spirit and the teaching of the Gaelic League. What has induced us to protest against the incompetence and bigotry of the railway systems that are stifling, by their short-sighted policy of impossible rates, the industry of the very people on whom they depend? The courage and determination instilled into us by the Irish revival.

Why have certain newspapers ceased to puff the indecent play and the caricature known as the stage Irishman, and why have they become a little more Irish and more wholesome and more practical to read? Because the strong voice of Irish Ireland has made them.

Why are our Irish games and pastimes being revived? Because the Gaelic League wants to keep our young men and young women at home in Ireland, and it knows well they often emigrate, not from want of employment or labor at all, but from want of something to attract them and attach them to home and to give them a real interest and a real pride in their own country and kith and kin.

All these things, my friends, and more, the Gaelic League has been doing and is doing every day; and now ask a Gaelic Leaguer—he ought to

know best—ask a Gaelic Leaguer what is the secret of it all? What has brought about those movements and generated those forces within the Gaelic League? He will answer you at once that the language revival is at the bottom of it all; that without the language as root and foundation, industries and all the rest will come toppling down like a house of cards.

Irish Workhouses.

A STRANGE scandal is brought into prominence by Mr. Wyndham's announcement that a commission is to be appointed to inquire into the proposal in favor of amalgamating the Poor Law Unions in Ireland with a view to economical management of workhouses.

Ireland was presented with workhouses in 1840. The institutions were detested from the outset, and they are more hated than ever now, because while the population has been steadily decreasing the cost of the workhouses has been advancing.

An examination of the latest official figures leads to truly astonishing results. There are 159 workhouses in Ireland for the accommodation of 40,500 paupers of all ages daily in the average. As many as one-fourth of these, all of them great roomy buildings, are occupied by from 40 to 100 inmates only. Only 24 workhouses have an average population of over 300 inmates.

The province of Connacht, which though poorest, has the least pauperism, has 28 workhouses for 3,724 inmates; the County Mayo has eight workhouses for 874 paupers.

It is when the cost of management is taken into consideration that the terrible scandal of this system that has been forced on Ireland is best realized. The salaries and rations of the workhouse officials actually cost on the average £4 10s. per pauper in the year.

In the smaller workhouses the cost of the officers in some cases is simply astounding. For instance, in the Donegal workhouse it costs £14 a year to keep each pauper in order, while the food and clothing of each pauper costs less than £12. Every pauper inmate of an Irish workhouse costs just about £20 per annum, of which £11 goes for food and clothes.

How many poor Connacht peasants can afford this sum for each member of the family? But the most amazing thing of all is the position of the workhouse schools. According to the last return of the National Education Board, there were 150 workhouse schools in connection with that body. In thirty of these schools the number of children varied from two to nine, 54 schools had less than 20 children in average attendance. Of teachers there was a most lavish supply. The schools under lay management, 125 in number, had 218 qualified teachers, paid by the state for the instruction of a few children. Many Irish prisons have been closed, and the time has come for many of the costly and superfluous workhouses to follow them.



THE fourth part of "Ceol Sidhe," being No. 13 of the Leighean Eirean series of penny booklets, edited by Miss Norma Borthwick, has been published by the Irish Book Co., 35 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin. Sixteen favorite Irish songs are included in this collection.

THE "Claidheamh Soluis" in its enlarged form and under its new editor, Mr. Pearse, continues to present its readers with a bright and interesting assortment of articles and notes on current affairs, both in Irish and English. Most of the best writers of Irish Ireland are to be found among its contributors, and its pages are seldom dull.

THE Very Rev. Dr. Charles P. Grannan of the Catholic University at Washington, has been appointed a member of the International Biblical Commission created by the Pope to conduct extensive researches in order that the Catholic Church might possess the best translation of the Bible.

The Commission has been increased from the original twelve to forty members, and work has been begun through correspondence. A session of all members is expected to take place at Rome in the Autumn.

THE second part of Mr. F. Elrington Ball's "History of the County Dublin," has been published by Messrs. Thom & Co., Dublin. It deals with that portion of the county comprised in the parishes of Donnybrook, Booterstown, St. Bartholomew, St. Mark, Taney, St. Peter, and Rathfarnham; and treats of the Fitzwilliams of Merrion, now represented by the Earl of Pembroke, and of the Loftuses of Rathfarnham at considerable length. The fact that it contains numerous illustrations greatly enhances the value and interest of the volume.

BEFORE the national Literary Society, Dublin, in the large hall, 6 St. Stephen's Green, Mr. Seamus MacManus recently delivered a lecture on "St. Patrick's Purgatory."

In the Middle Ages St. Patrick's Purgatory was a place of world interest, and it was visited by pilgrims and

penitents from every part of Europe. It has influenced the literature of many countries, and from the historical, antiquarian and ecclesiastical points of view, is a place of unique and entrancing interest. The chair was occupied by the President, Dr. George Sigerson, F. R. U. I.

THE committee appointed by Mr. J. W. Whitbread, lessee of the Queen's Theatre, to adjudicate upon the dramas submitted in accordance with his offer of £100 for the best Irish melodrama dealing with the period of 1798, have made their award, giving the prize to "The Old Land," the successful author being Mr. Robert Johnston, 3 Nora Terrace, Botanic Road, Dublin.

In pursuance of the conditions, the name of the author only became known when the winning play was decided upon, the sealed envelope containing the writer's name being then opened.

SEUMAS M'MANUS, whose Donegal tales won him a reputation and who has recently brought out a novel, "A Lad of the O'Friels," is, so rumor has it, planning to join the Irish contingent of America.

Mr. McManus is a fighting Irishman and a hot-headed patriot, and upon all matters pertaining to Ireland's rights he is most militant.

As a consequence the government authorities in Donegal call him a troublesome character and devote so much of their attention to him that he is resolute under the restraint and surveillance, and thinks of trying a home in a freer land.—New York Sun.

FIONA MAC LEOD, in an article in the "Fortnightly Review," pays a remarkable tribute to the poetic genius of the late Ethna Carbery as displayed in her posthumous volume of verse, "The Four Winds of Eirinn."

This is what the Highland lady of mystery has to say in comparing the dead Ulster poetess with other Irish writers: "In essential poetic faculty she stands high among the Irish poets of to-day. In this respect, indeed, she falls behind none except Mr. Yeats and 'A. E.' and as an Irish writer, for an Irish public, I doubt if any of those just named has more intimately reach-

ed the heart of the people." And she adds: "Ethna Carbery is Irish in a sense in which the other poets of her hour and nation cannot claim to be.

With Ethna Carbery, Ireland is always the Motherland, and she the child that will not be put away from her."

From this criticism it will be seen that Fiona MacLeod has rightly appreciated the note that rings so truly in the lyrics of Ethna Carbery, and which is almost wanting, or vaguely expressed, in the works of those poets of the mystic school she alludes to. It is the note of devoted patriotism and aspiration for national freedom, and because of it the lamented writer has found a place in the hearts of the people of her race.

"THROUGH the Ivory Gate," is the title of a little volume of poems from the pen of Mr. Thomas McDonough, a Kilkenny man, dedicated to Mr. W. B. Yeats. The work is divided into two parts.

The first, to quote the author's words, represents "the struggle of soul from the innocence of childhood through disillusion, disappointment, and ill to doubt; and thence through prayer and hope and the pathos of old memories to lasting Trust and Faith"; and the second part entitled "Roisin," consists of poems on various subjects mostly Irish.

It is published by Messrs. Sealy, Bryer & Walker, in a charmingly decorated little book, and is printed throughout on paper of Irish manufacture.

A GIFTED Irish-born authoress, Mrs. Mary A. Sadlier, who resided in Montreal, passed away in the early part of last month. The deceased lady, who was a daughter of Francis Madden, of Cootehill, County Cavan, was born on December 31st, 1820.

She left Ireland for the United States in 1844, and two years later married James Sadlier, of the firm of D. & J. Sadlier, publishers, of New York, Boston and Montreal. She spent the greater part of her life in New York, but she lived altogether in Montreal during the last fifteen or twenty years.

The deceased lady commenced to write early, and the excellent books

she produced have been read, of course, with as much interest in her native land as in the land of her adoption. The following were, perhaps, the most widely known: "Confederate Chieftains," "Willy Burke," "The Blakes and Flanagans," "Con O'Regan," "Eleanor Preston," and "Aunt Honor's Keepsake."

Among her latest productions was an edition of the Poems of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, with an introduction and biographical sketch.

WE are in receipt of a little booklet published at the office of the "Star and People," Tralee, Co. Kerry, containing a number of patriotic songs in Irish. Most of the songs are National, such as O'Donnell Abu, The Rising of the Moon, The Wearing of the Green, etc., but there are a few local to the county in which they are published. The publisher says: "Kerry is full of songs and stories. In Iveragh alone there are hundreds of both, and if this little collection is favorably received many more will be issued until all or nearly all of the songs of Kerry are in print."

The price is only one penny, or five cents in the United States. THE GAEL has ordered one hundred copies which we will supply to all who desire them as long as they last.

McCLURE, PHILLIPS & CO. announce Seumas MacManus' latest book, "A Lad of the O'Friels," also "The Squireen," by Shan Bullock, and "Darby O'Gill and the Good People," by Hermine Templeton.

"A Lad of the O'Friels" appeared serially in the Dublin "Weekly Freeman" and is now issued in book form for the first time.

Dinny O'Friel, the "Lad," spent most of his time curled up in the corner of the shoemaker's shop which was the neighborhood club in Knockagar, hearing and learning many things.

From the boy's point of view we have a chronicle of an Irish village. His neighbors are admirably drawn types of deviltry or sensibility; he himself is happily compounded of both, equally at home in the shoemaker's corner, rambling over the hills, lighting the fires on Bonfire night, buying ribbons at the harvest fair, or going on a pious pilgrimage to Lough Derg.

Notwithstanding a few broken heads the prevailing air is one of Irish kindness and neighborliness lending cheer and point to the story. The charm of the Irish dialect falls persuasively on the ear.

The humor is thoroughly Irish, but not all local; the good-bye note of the "Vagabone" departing for America is one of the cleverest things in the book. Indeed, we think that those who are indifferent or hostile to Irish stories in general, considering them fatiguing by reason of unpronounceable brogue, may yet find in this humorous idyl an hour of relaxation, if not of refreshment.

"IRELAND and Her Story," by Justin McCarthy, will be the thirteenth volume in the series, "Story of the Empire," published by Horace Marshall & Son, London.

AVOLUME of critical studies of various periods of Irish history is being prepared for publication by the Irish Literary Society, London. These papers will include the essay on "Cromwell in Ireland," which Sir William Butler read to the society not long ago.

J. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have in active preparation an important volume entitled "Ireland Under English Rule," by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet. It will be published before the centennial of Robert Emmet's execution. In some ways this work is expected to give an interesting and personal touch to the debates which have begun in the British Parliament on the Irish Land bill.

Dr. Emmet writes with considerable freedom and draws an indictment against that unique political organization known as the British Government; a system, in his opinion, well fitted for the oppression of the whole human race, with the exception of the English people themselves. A full statement of England's policy in Ireland will be given.

He says that he feels deeply and strongly concerning the means which were employed to bring about the conviction of his uncle, Robert Emmet. At the same time and beyond all personal feeling he trusts that he will be found to have given "English Rule" its due.

His work does not end with the Irish rebellion of 1798, but the narrative is brought down to the present day, and will probably include a discussion of the present Land bill and an estimate of its benefits or shortcomings as ultimately passed.

THE first number of this new penny monthly of Seumas MacManus' has just appeared. It is well printed on good paper, and well illustrated, and it presents an attractive appearance.

It contains two humorous stories—"Barney Brian's Monument" and "Father Dan and Fiddlers Four." Barney Brian is a character, and the monument to this hero was worthy of the man, "a monument," in the words of the book, "walking about on four legs, and giving milk, and thieving in Martha Miller's kail garden."

There have been wonderful adventures, but perhaps few more wonderful than Barney's in the Ameriky war. If, however, Barney's adventures could be equalled, perhaps they were equalled by poor Father Dan's adventure with his "Fiddlers Four."

The scene which occurs when the unexpected bishop, seating himself opposite the affrighted Father Dan, by Father Dan's own parlor fire, begins chatting away unconcernedly, and unconscious of the four fiddlers, whom

Father Dan has concealed beneath the table, must be read to be properly appreciated.

For the June number of "Irish Nights" we are promised "Billy Baxter's Holiday" and "The Sorrow of Phelim Ruadh."

AN interesting reprint is "Two Biographies of William Bedell," edited, with Notes and Index, by Evelyn Shuckburgh, M. A. The first life is by the Bishop's son; the second is the work of Alexander Clagie, an Anglican clergyman, who married the Bishop's stepdaughter, and was his chaplain from his appointment to the Sees of Kilmore and Ardagh in 1629 (Ardagh he resigned within a very short time) till his death in 1641.

This biography, of which there are two manuscripts differing from each other in some important particulars, was not printed till 1862. Mr. Shuckburgh has added a number of letters, written by Bedell to various correspondents.

The greater part of these—there are sixty-three in all, including some replies—are addressed to Dr. Samuel Ward, Master of Sidney Sussex College, 1609-43. These touch on a variety of matters, personal and controversial. And there is a correspondence with Laud, whose aid Bishop Bedell vainly invoked in a controversy that he had with the Chancellor of his diocese.

Anything more scandalous than the condition of the Church in Ireland, as it comes out in these letters, it would be difficult to imagine. Bedel himself was an honorable exception to a generally prevailing laxity.

St. Cathal's Basilica in Taranto.

THE remarkable discovery just announced by a Roman correspondent, that a crypt had been unearthed in the Cathedral of Taranto recently which, on examination had turned out to be none other than the ancient basilica constructed by our Irish saint, Cathal (Cataldus), must be gratifying to all lovers of Ireland's early saints.

St. Cathal was fourth Bishop of Lismore, County Waterford, a native of Carty, near Cappoquin, where he was born in 635, his parents being Eochy and Ethnea, of a good Desian family. Being a brilliant student in the University of Lismore he was given charge of the district of *Slab Cua* (Slievegue, near Dungarvan), of which he was named *Ard Easpoc*, or Chief Bishop, and built two churches near Lismore, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin.—In which connection it is remarkable that, in the recent discovery at Taranto, one of the figures on the triptych represents the Mother of God.

Fired with the Celtic passion for travel, about the year 660 he journeyed to Palestine, visited all the holy places, and then labored for a time in Rhoetia (the present canton of the Grisons, in Switzerland, the capital of which was Coire, or Queral), also at Geneva, and finally settled at Taranto.

THE GAEL

(AN GAOÓL.)

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-class Matter.
Postage free to any point in the United States,
Mexico or Canada.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE GAEL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

TERMS

Price.—Subscription \$1.00 per year. Single copies 10 cents. Subscriptions from Ireland, England and Scotland, 5 shillings per year.

Remittance must accompany each Subscription and may be sent by Check, Registered Letter, or Money-Order. Stamps or currency may be sent, but at the sender's risk.

Subscriptions commence with the current issue. Change of Address should, in all cases, be accompanied by the old address as well as the new.

The date of expiration of each Subscription is printed on the address label on the wrapper each month. To ensure a continuance of the Magazine subscriptions should be promptly renewed.

Persons desiring the return of their manuscripts, if not accepted, should send a stamped and directed envelope. We cannot, however, hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of uninvited MSS. Authors should preserve a copy.

ADVERTISING RATES UPON APPLICATION.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Francis Joseph Biggar, M. R. I. A., we are in receipt of a copy of the handsome souvenir catalogue issued by the Committee in charge of the Irish Harp Festival and Exhibition that was held at Belfast on May 8th to 16th.

The educational value of the Exhibition was much enhanced by this very excellent catalogue, which contains brief biographies of all the famous Irish harpers as well as numerous descriptive and historic notes compiled by Mr. Shannon Millan.

The cover of the tasteful publication was designed by Mr. John Vinycomb, M. R. I. A., and is in true Celtic style, with the ancient arms of Ireland in the centre. Large initial letters ornamented with Celtic interlacy are used in the title.

The Festival was opened at the Linen Hall Library but the attendance from the start was so great that hundreds were turned away for want of room, therefore it was moved to the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association where all could be accommodated.

The circumstances of a thoroughly Irish concert being held in such a building is significant in itself, and emphasizes the fact overlooked by many, that the Irish Revival embraces all of Irish birth, be their creed or politics what they may, and is not confined to any particular section of our people.

Undoubtedly many persons would attend an Irish concert in the Y. M. C. A. Hall who would be loth to patronize such a function were it held in other places, and if the movement is to be universal it must, therefore, not be confined to one district or to the halls of one denomination. It is not very likely that the gentle music of

the harp will altogether still the beating of the factionist drum; but it may somewhat subdue the discordant note.

DUBLIN celebrated the centenary of the birth of James Clarence Mangan, and the event was suitably commemorated by a gathering at the Round Room of the Rotunda under the auspices of the Cuman-na-nGaedhal.

There was a large attendance, and a suitable programme was submitted selected from Mangan's works. Mr. W. H. Grattan Flood read a letter from the Rev. Dr. Sheehan, of Donegal, and delivered an address appreciative of Mangan's writings and merit as a poet.

A movement is on foot to provide some permanent memorial of Mangan in his native city. Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue has interested himself in the matter, and states that he has discovered the cast of Mangan's features taken after death, so that should the memorial take sculptured form, there is authentic delineation of feature accessible.

M. R. T. M. HEALY, M. P., who, it is reported, will shortly be called to the English Bar, is following the example of his near relative, the late Mr. A. M. Sullivan, who, while an Irish Nationalist member, also qualified himself to practice in the English Courts.

Mr. Sullivan, who was one of the members for the undivided County of Louth, the Northern Division of which has been represented by Mr. Healy for many years, was generally regarded as the most eloquent Irishman of his time. He was giving every promise of attaining a leading position in the English Courts, when he passed away in the prime of life.

ON Saturday evening, May 30th, Mr. Charles Johnston, the recently-elected President of the Irish Literary Society of New York, delivered a Lecture at Carnegie Lyceum on "The Recent Irish Literary Revival."

Mr. Johnston is a graduate of Trinity College, an intimate friend of Dr. Douglas Hyde, President of the Dublin Gaelic League, W. B. Yeats, George Russell (A. E.), Dr. Sigerson, Mr. John O'Leary and others prominent in the Irish literary revival, and participated in the formation of the Irish Literary Society of London some ten years ago. He recently delivered a most successful lecture on Irish literature before the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle of Boston.

The lecture at Carnegie Hall was given under the auspices of the newly-formed Irish Literary Society of New York and attracted widespread attention. The hall was filled to the doors with an enthusiastic and appreciative audience.

The Secretary of the Society is Mr.

John Quinn, 120 Broadway, to whom all applications for membership, etc., should be addressed.

THE Ulster Journal of Archaeology edited by Francis Joseph Biggar, M. R. I. A., and published quarterly at Belfast, is from historical, literary and antiquarian points of view one of the best and most useful publications issued in Ireland. We cannot commend it too highly. Any educated Irishman at home or abroad interested in the history of his country who can afford to take this valuable publication and neglects to do so misses a great treat.

The subscription price is only \$1.50 per year. Address McCaw, Stevenson & Orr, Publishers, Belfast.

WE take pleasure in announcing the formation in this city of two much-needed Irish societies from which good work may be looked for in the near future.

One is the "Irish Literary Society of New York," modeled after the National Literary Society of Dublin and the Irish Literary Society in London.

The other is "The Irish Agricultural League of America," which starts out with the avowed intention of encouraging the sale of Irish-made goods of every description in this country and incidentally assisting the Irish Industries Association and the Irish Organization Society, of which Mr. Horace Plunket is the active representative.

THE Irish Department of Agriculture has decided to organize a special exhibit of Irish industries for the St. Louis Exposition. The Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Wyndham, in making this announcement in the House of Commons, said that the Department had been informed that if it undertook the organization of an Irish exhibit a special pavilion would be provided from American sources.

The Department is now in correspondence on the subject with the Royal Commission, whose co-operation in the project had been secured.

...SELECT...
IRISH ENTERTAINMENTS
ROBIN ELLIS,
Dramatic Expressionist

AND—
Dialect Reader in conjunction with first-class vocal and instrumental artists is prepared to supply exclusively high-class Irish entertainments as Concerts, Musicales, Receptions, etc., etc. Robin Ellis is the only public reader in the United States of the vernacular "Bogland Studies" of Miss Jane Barlow. Repertoire includes "The Battle of Fontenoy," "Shemna O'Brien," "Robert Emmet's Speech" and other standard Irish selections. Address for particulars, open dates and terms, to

ROBIN ELLIS, 5 B. 14th St., New York
TELEPHONE 6466, 18TH STREET

The Jokers' Corner.



"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

A PERSONAL REFLECTION.

"**I** SEE the villain in your face," said a western judge to an Irish prisoner.

"May it plaze yer worship," replied Pat, "that must be a personal reflection, sure."

IN NO HURRY.

"**S**AY," remarked the impatient passenger on the old jaunting-car, "don't you ever go any faster than this?"

"Don't get gay," snapped the jarvey, "if it don't suit you, get off and walk."

"Oh! I'm not in such a hurry as all that," replied the passenger, sarcastically, "I don't want to get there ahead of the car."

SUPPOSING.

CONSTABLE—What, sir; dae ye suggest that I would tak' a bribe? Dare ye dare to insult me, sir?

The Erring One—Oh, excuse me; I really—

Constable—Bit, now, supposin' I was that kind o' a man, hoo much wid ye be inclined to gie?

EXAMPLES OF MACKLIN'S WIT AND HUMOR.

MACKLIN was exceedingly quick at a reply, especially in a dispute. One day Dr. Johnson was contending some dramatical question, and quoted a passage from a Greek poet in support of his opinion.

"I don't understand Greek, though, doctor," said Macklin.

"Sir," said Johnson, pompously, "a man who undertakes to argue should understand all languages."

"Oh, very well," returned Macklin; "how will you answer this argument?" and immediately treated him to a long quotation in Irish.

NO THERMOMETERS THERE.

A DOCTOR was attending a dangerous case where a Scotch butler was engaged. On calling in the forenoon he said to Donald: "I hope your master's temperature is much lower to-day than it was last night."

"I'm no sae very sure aboot that," replied the butler, "for he dee'd this morning."

CURRAN'S PLAYFULNESS.

ONE day Curran had a violent argument with a country schoolmaster on some classical subject. The pedagogue, who had the worst of it, said in a towering passion, that he would lose no more time, but must go back to his scholars. "Do, my dear doctor," said Curran, "but don't indorse my sins upon their backs."

STUDIED ECONOMY.

A BEGGAR was coming out of a house when another beggar met him at the garden gate, and asked what chance there was of getting anything. "It's not worth while knocking," was the reply. "The people are not up to much. They're poor. I have just had a peep through the window, and saw two ladies playing on one piano."

RURAL SPORT.

"**Y**ES," remarked the native of Stradbally, "our parson claims that these racing automobiles are keeping some of his flock away from meeting."

"You don't mean to say anyone owns a racing automobile around here?" asked the visitor in surprise.

"No, they don't own them, but they sit by the side of the road all day Sunday and throw stones at those that pass."

A LADY waited four hours at a way-side station of the Midland Great Western Railway. The train came along and she got in. The hours dragged by, and at each stoppage she asked if it was Sligo. Finally the guard became irritated. "Don't worry, madam; I'll let you know when we reach Sligo." "But I've been nearly all day on this journey." "Well, madam, I've been on this railway three years, and I'm not worrying." "Poor man!" she retorted, "you must have started the next station beyond mine."

MADE IN BELFAST.

A CLERGYMAN in the neighborhood of Enniskillen was complimenting a tailor in his parish on repairs which he had done for him. In the course of conversation he, however, inadvertently observed: "When I want a good coat, I go to Belfast. They make them there." Before leaving the shop he inquired: "By the bye, do you attend my church?"

"No," was the reply. "When I want to hear a good sermon I go to Belfast. They make them there."

NO ROOM FOR COMPLAINT.

A LIMERICK man was traveling in a train accompanied by a friend when two very stout ladies entered their compartment. They placed themselves on each side of Denis, and he got much crushed between them. The friend, on seeing him so placed, said: "Denis, are you sure you are content, are you comfortable?" To which Denis quickly replied, "Sure it's plain to be seen I haven't much room to grumble."

PAT SCORES.

A N Englishman, a Scotsman, and an Irishman were discussing the question of nationality. "If I hadn't been an Englishman," said the first, "I would like to have been a Scotsman."

"And I," said the Scot, wishing to return the compliment, "would like to have been born in England."

"Well, well," said Pat, "if I hadn't been born an Irishman, I would be ashamed to have been born at all."

IRISH VS. AMERICAN WIT.

WHEN the Lord Chief Justice of England (Lord Russell of Killowen) visited the United States he was known to the legal world as Sir Charles Russell, the acknowledged leader of the English Bar.

Walking with a friend one day they came to a lake about a half mile across over which Sir Charles was assured by his companion the great George Washington once threw a silver dollar.

"But," added the American slyly, "a dollar went further in those days than it would now."

The ever-ready wit of the gifted Irishman was at once brought into play. "Tut, tut," instantly replied Sir Charles. "Your illustrious countryman accomplished a much greater feat than that: he threw an English sovereign (George III.) across the Atlantic."

The Electrotonic Battery.

brain and vital organs.

Outfit consists of Electrotonic Battery in Aluminum Case, Electric Hair Brush, Electric Face Massage Roller, Electric Body Sponge and Electric Foot Bath.

Price \$5.00 Complete,

SENT C. O. D. ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

... Send for Booklet



SWAN ELECTRIC M'FG COMPANY, 59 William St., NEW YORK

To Our Readers.

THE GAEL is unique and unexcelled. There is no other Irish magazine at any price so good or so interesting.

Tell your friends about it. You will do them a favor by calling their attention to it.

If you think some of them would like to see a copy, send us their names and addresses and we will mail to each a sample copy free of charge.

All the leading newsdealers everywhere keep it on sale. Some of the little dealers may not have it, but they can procure it for you from their News Company.

The surest way is to send a dollar bill, or a check, or a postoffice money order for \$1.00 to THE GAEL, 140 Nassau Street, and you will then receive the magazine regularly and promptly each month for a year.

ASK FOR

SA-YO
MINT JUJUBES
QUICKLY RELIEVE
COUGHS AND THROAT IRRITATIONS

5c. BOXES

*Slagers, Smokers and the Public
Speakers find them invaluable.*

One placed in the mouth at night, when retiring, will prevent that annoying dryness of the throat and insure a restful sleep.

**Are Better than all the
So-called Cough Drops**

A Handsome Photo in Each Box

If not on sale in your neighborhood, send 5 cents in postage stamps and we will mail a package.

WALLACE & CO., New York City

A reliable remedy for Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Nervous diseases. Will restore vitality to debilitated people, toning the system and invigorating the functions of the

The "Ould Sod."

THE formal opening of Luna Park, the new amusement resort of Coney Island, took place on May 16th. The delay was caused by the failure of the contractors to complete the great electric tower in the center of the park. The management opened the gates of the park at 8 o'clock, Saturday evening, May 16th, simultaneously with the turning on of 250,000 electric lights in the tower and the forty buildings within the enclosure.

Thirty-two barrels of the real "ould sod" from Ireland, one from each of its counties, were received at the park, to be used in laying out a genuine "Little Ireland" in one of the buildings. The sod was obtained through the efforts of Edwin H. Low, a member of the Lotos Club, and it is accompanied by letters and affidavits from priests in all of the counties.

The total valuation of land in Ireland is estimated at £9,065,000.

The heaviest bicycle rider in the world is Dr. Meldon, of Dublin, who tips the beam at twenty-seven stone.

Dean Swift's School Doomed.

KILKENNY College, the most famous of Irish public schools, has fallen on evil days and seems doomed to extinction. Among the numerous distinguished alumni of Kilkenney were Peter Lombard, Prior, Butler, Bishop Berkeley, Steele, and Dean Swift.

One of the school desks still bears the name of the famous Dean rudely carved, like that of Dryden at Westminster. Swift was a day scholar, and resided at the house of his uncle, Godwin Swift—the Attorney-General of the Palatinate of Tipperary—whom he cordially detested, and whom he described as having given him "the education of a dog."

Kilkenny College was refounded by the Ormonde family in the sixteenth century, and, on the attainder of the Duke of Ormonde in 1715, became an appanage of the Provost and Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, who appoint the headmaster.—*Westminster Gazette*.



*Do you want to understand
Modern Ireland? If so, read*

"Banba"

(THE IRISH-IRELAND MAGAZINE)

Contributions by the best Irish Writers, Articles, Stories, Poetry and News of the Gaelic Movement.

Post free to any part of the world for four shillings (dollar bills accepted).

Address:—The Manager, "Banba,"
20 Gardiners Place, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

GENEALOGICAL AND HISTORICAL MAP OF IRELAND SHOWING THE FIVE KINGDOMS

Meath, Ulster, Connaught, Leinster and Munster AS THEY EXISTED UNDER THE MILESIAN KINGS,

Together with the Names of all the old Irish Families and the localities from which they originally came. The Ancient Territories, possessed by the Irish Princes, Lords and Chiefs are indicated, as well as the Ancient Cities, Seats of Learning, Historic Places, etc. Price, 50 cents.

The Map is mounted ready to hang. A copy will be mailed free to every NEW subscriber. Old subscribers and renewals will not receive one.

Instruction in Gaelic.

Lessons in Gaelic given at your home by an experienced teacher of the language. Terms Reasonable. Write to
M. J. O'SULLIVAN,
216 E. 30th St., New York

NOW READY.

"IRISH MIST & SUNSHINE"

Being a collection of Poems and Ballads, by the

REV. JAS. B. DOLLARD (Sliav-na-mon)

Cloth, 144 pages. Handsome Cover in two Colors. Gilt Top, with an excellent Photograph of the Author. Price Postpaid, \$1.50.

"Father Dollard treats Irish Life and Sentiment . . . with the intensified passion of an exile . . . every line runs true to life and home and with the tone as heart-moving as the Angelus which holds Millets peasants in its spell. Nobody can well read his verses without feeling a breath of healthy air pass through the lungs, and a pleasant twitching at the heart such as effects one who in dreams in a distant clime, hears the sound of the chapel bells of his young days floating on his ears."—WM. O'BRIEN, M.P.

BLAKE'S BOOKSTORE,
602 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO, Canada.

the IRISH HARP.

Now made in Ireland for the first time in generations. Correctly Modelled according to the ancient historic Harps in the National Collection of Antiquities. Played with success at the recent Feis Ceoil and Oireachtas Competitions in Dublin. Testimonials for tone, etc., from distinguished Irish Harpers and Musicians. VARIOUS PRICES

APPLICATIONS FOR PARTICULARS INVITED

JAMES M'FALL,
22 YORK LANE . . . BELFAST.

Denvir's Monthly Irish Library.

[Printed in Ireland on Irish Paper]

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH FOR JUNE:

"ST. COLUMB-CILLE,"

By Michael O'Mahoney.

HISTORY—POETRY—BIOGRAPHY—GAELIC PAGE, Etc.

Free by post 50c. per year.

Now Ready, the Volume for 1902 in Artistic Cover, free by post 50c. In cloth, 80c.

American Stamps taken.

JOHN DENVIR, 61 Fleet Street, LONDON.

WILLIAM F. COMBER,

47 LITTLE BRITAIN, LONDON, E.C.

W. F. COMBER is London agent for THE GAEL and other American publications. Newsagents anywhere in Great Britain supplied at Wholesale price.

By GEORGE MOORE

Author of "SISTER TERESA," etc.

THE UNTILLED FIELD

"A book with a purpose. A dramatic lesson, often literature, and has passages of beauty."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

"Presents the Irish people to the world in a new light. The book has good heart; the dramatic quality is strong."—*St. Louis Republic*.

Postpaid, \$1.50.

Publishers: J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Philadelphia.



AGGRESSIVE—INDEPENDENT—OUTSPOKEN.
IRELAND'S MOST REPRESENTATIVE PAPER.

"THE LEADER"
A Weekly Review of Current Affairs, Politics, Literature, Art and Industry

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"The ideal of *The Leader* is a Self-Governing and Irish Ireland. Its contributors include many of the ablest Irishmen of the day. It deals with all phases of Irish life. It advocates the restoration of the Irish language. One of its features is an article in Irish every week."

The Leader will be sent post free to any address in the United States, Canada, or Mexico one year for 8s. 8d.—shorter periods in proportion. Address: THE MANAGER, 200 GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET, DUBLIN.

comann na sgríobhánn
Gaeilge.

Irish Texts Society,

Established for the publication of Irish Texts, with English Translations, Notes and Glossaries.

PUBLICATIONS.

Vol. I.—"SIOLLA AN FIASCA" & "EACTRA CLOINNE RÍG NA h-IORRÁIDE." Two 16th and 17th century Romances, Edited by DOUGLAS HYDE, LL. D. (Issued 1899).

Vol. II.—"FLEO BRICRENÓ." Edited by GEORGE HENDERSON, M. A., Ph. D. (Issued 1899).

Vol. III.—"DÁNTA AODAGÁIN UI RATÁILLE." Complete Edition. Edited by REV. P. S. DINNEEN, M. A. (Issued 1900).

Vol. IV.—"FORAS PEASA AR ÉIRINN," or Geoffrey Keating's "History of Ireland." Edited by DAVID COMYN, M. R. I. A. (Vol. for 1901 now ready).

Vol. V.—"OUDNAIRE FINN." Edited by JOHN MAC NEIL, B. A. (Part I. will form the Society's Vol. for 1902).

The annual subscription of 7s. 6d. (American subscribers, \$2.00), entitles members to all publications for the current year. All who are interested in the preservation and publication of Irish manuscripts should join the Society. The Society is also bringing out an Irish English Pocket Dictionary of the Modern Language, edited by REV. P. S. DINNEEN, M. A.

Intending subscribers should communicate with the Hon. Secretary,

MISS ELEANOR HULL,

20 Hanover Square, London, W.

DENVIR'S

Monthly Irish Library

An Illustrated Publication on Original and Striking Lines.

IRISH HISTORY, POETRY, BIOGRAPHY, AND LITERATURE.

Each Number consists of a complete Booklet by a popular writer

ARTICLES—ESSAYS—REVIEWS—SKETCHES

GAELIC PAGE

BY EMINENT IRISH SCHOLARS, Etc.

The following are the "Books of the Month" in the Numbers for 1902:

Jan. - "Thomas Davis," By W. P. Ryan.

Feb. - "Hugh O'Neill, the Great Ulster Chieftain."

Mar. - "Ireland's Appeal to America," Michl Davitt.

April. - "Irish Fairy Legends and Mythical Stories."

May - "John Boyle O'Reilly," By Wm. James Ryan.

June - "John Mitchel," By John Bannon.

July - "Art McMurrough," By Daniel Crilly.

Aug. - "Owen Roe O'Neill," By John Denvir.

Sept. - "Robert Emmet," By John Hand.

Oct. - "Daniel O'Connell," By Sileen Donard.

Nov. - "Rescue of Kelly and Deasy," By I. R. B.

Dec. - "Dr. John O'Donovan," By Thom Flannery

"Books of the Month" for 1903:

Jan. - "Sarsfield," By John Hand.

Feb. - "Brian Boru," By Daniel Crilly.

Mar. - "The Rescue of the Military Fenians."

April. - "Irish Street Ballads," By John Hand.

May - "The Normans in Ireland," By J. M. Denvir.

June - "St. Columb-Cille" By Michael O'Mahoney.

Price, 5c. each, or 50c. per dozen.

Address: THE GAEL, 140 Nassau St.,

Digitized by Google
NEW YORK.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**The
Celtic Association**

97 STEPHENS GREEN,
DUBLIN.

THE Celtic Association is the only Pan-Celtic organization in the world, and is the governing body of the Pan-Celtic Congress, the central assembly of the Celtic Race. The next Congress will take place in 1904.

"Celtia,"

he organ of the Celtic Association, gives all the news of the Celtic movement throughout the world, and contributions in Irish, Gaelic, Manx, Welch and Breton by the best writers.

Annual Subscription to the Association, \$2.50.
Annual Subscription to "Celtia" - - 1.75.
"CELTIA" IS SUPPLIED FREE TO MEMBERS.

AN CLÁIRDEAMH SOLUIS
AS GUR
PÁINNE AN LÁE.
THE NEWS OF THE WEEK
IN IRISH.

Literary Articles, Songs, &c.,
in Irish.

Reports of Gaelic League Branches,
the Progress of the Movement,
&c., &c.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES :
One Year 8s. 8d.
Six Months 4s. 4d.
Three Months 2s. 2d.

Subscribers in the United States and
Canada may remit in Dollar Bills.
Address :—THE MANAGER,
AN CLÁIRDEAMH SOLUIS,
24 O'Connell St., Upper,
DUBLIN.



TOOTH INSURANCE
IS A POSSIBILITY HAVING BEEN
MADE FEASIBLE BY THE INTRODUCTION
OF
DENTACURA

A tooth paste commended by
Three Thousand Dentists
Let 25¢ (the cost of a tube)
represent the premium.
The policy is an Endowment,
without options as you will
receive these three returns:
1st Teeth preserved.
2nd Bacteria destroyed.
3rd Breath sweetened.

25¢ at your Druggist. **Dentacura Co.**
We will send it direct for 25¢
if your dealer will not supply it. 7 ALLING ST.,
NEWARK, N.J.

MENNEN'S



**BORATED
TALCUM**

**TOILET
POWDER**

DELIGHTFUL AFTER BATHING, A LUXURY AFTERSHAVING.
Beautifies and Preserves the Complexion.

A positive relief for PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin. For sore, blistered and perspiring feet it has no equal. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get MENNEN'S (the original), a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. AVOID HARMFUL Imitations. Sample free.
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N.J.

Something
New **Mennen's Violet Talcum** Something
Exquisite

PRICE
4d.

THE BATTLE OF THE CURLEW MOUNTAINS

By STANDISH O'GRADY.

July, 1903.

FOURPENCE PER COPY,
(IN IRELAND AND GREAT BRITAIN.)
15 Cents per Copy.

THE GAEL

in GAOGL

CONTENTS

- OSSIANIC AND OTHER EARLY LEGENDS.
- THE DEATH OF LORA. By Thomas Dunne English.
- MY LADY'S HONOR. Illustrated. By H. A. Hinkson.
- THE CRADLE SHIP. Poem. By Mrs. J. P. Conroy.
- THE RIGHT HON. THE MacDERMOT, K.C. P.C. With Portrait.
- THE LASS OF DELVINSIDE. Poem. By Padraig MacAinchill.
- IRISH PROVINCIAL JOURNALISM. By Michael McDonagh.
- IRISH MUSIC. Poem. By John Todd-hunter.
- EVICTIONS IN IRELAND.
- GAEelic DEPARTMENT.
- BOOK NOTES.
- AWARD OF BOOK PRIZES.
- CORRESPONDENCE, Etc.
- THE JOKER'S CORNER.



HISTORY CONTEST.
Coupon **A**
THE GAEL, N. Y.

THE
GRAPHOPHONE
Prices \$5 to \$150
ENTERTAINS
EVERYBODY
EVERWHERE



Latest NEW PROCESS Records.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Columbia Phonograph Co.,

Wholesale and Retail:
98 CHAMBERS STREET,
Retail only:
573 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK.

• All Ireland Review •

Edited by STANDISH O'GRADY.
A WEEKLY IRISH LITERARY JOURNAL.
History, Stories, Essays, Sketches, Poetry,
Correspondence, Archaeology, etc., etc.

Subscription Price:—One Year . . . 8s. 8d.
" " Six Months . . . 4s. 4d.

All Communications to be addressed to
STANDISH O'GRADY
56 HENRY ST., DUBLIN.

—United States Government Standard—**FOUND AT LAST!**



PAUL'S No. 6 EXTRA SET.



•PRESENT.

Do You Know that PAUL'S CHOICE INKS are adopted by all
United States Government Departments?

If you send \$1.00 to us we will express one outfit containing, Enamelled Tray and
Three Automatic Paul's Safety Filled Inkwells (one each Fluid, Crimson and Mucilage).

SAFETY BOTTLE & INK CO.

Factory, Jersey City, N. J.

New York City, 111 Nassau Street.

Chicago, Ill., 134 E. Van Buren Street.

**EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL
SAVINGS BANK,**
61 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK

INCORPORATED 1888.

Due Depositors \$60,347,791.93
Surplus Fund 5,966,800.95

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES.

JAMES McMAHON, President.
JAMES G. JOHNSON, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN C. McCARTHY, 2nd Vice-President.
LOUIS V. O'DONOHUE, Secretary.

ROBERT J. HOQUET. FRED K. COUDERT
JAMES McMAHON. VINCENT P. TRAVERS
JOHN C. McCARTHY. HUGH KELLY
JOHN GOOD. JOHN BYRNE
LOUIS V. O'DONOHUE. JAMES McGOVERN
CHARLES J. FORBES. MICHAEL E. BARRY
JAMES G. JOHNSON. MICHAEL J. DREMOND
JOHN C. GAGE. JOSEPH P. GRACE
HERMAN RIDDER. THOMAS M. MULRY
MYLES TIERNEY.

MARCUS J. McLOUGHLIN, COMPTROLLER
WILLIAM HANHART, ASST. COMPTROLLER
LAURENCE F. CAHILL, AUDITOR

Try **L. J. CALLANAN'S**
AMERICAN MAN'S WHISKEY
TEN YEARS OLD

NONE BETTER MADE	TRADE 41 MARK	MELLOW	WITH AGE
		ABSOLUTELY PURE	



Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

—THE BEST OF ALL—

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

**REVISED
SIMPLE LESSONS IN IRISH**

GIVING
The Pronunciation of Each Word.
BY THE LATE
REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY,
M.R.I.A.

With Appendix Containing a Complete and Exhaustive Glossary of Every Irish Word used in the Text.

IN presenting to the public "Revised Simple Lessons in Irish" we are endeavoring to carry into effect the expressed wishes of the late lamented Rev. Eugene O'Growney.

These revised Lessons are the last literary production of that great Gaelic scholar and lover of Ireland and her language.

To the student of Irish this little work will be found a most useful and helpful compendium. Great care has been given to the compiling of the "Phonetic Key" system. By following instructions, every word given in the book can be pronounced according to the usages of the best modern speakers of the vernacular. The author's chief aim was simplicity and clearness of expression.

FOR SALE BY THE GAEL,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

PRICE, Paper Covers, 15c.; Cloth, 25c.
By mail, 30c.

**A GUIDE TO
IRISH DANCING**

By J. J. SHEEHAN.

This little Book contains Directions for the proper performance of a dozen Popular Irish Dances. An effort has been made in this work to convey instructions so that persons who are not familiar with Irish dancing, and who cannot procure a teacher, can instruct themselves.

Published by JOHN DENIR, LONDON.
48 pages, bound in pasteboard cover.

Price, 15c.

Address, THE GAEL, 140 Nassau St., New York

How to Write Irish.

The Irish Copy Book,

Giving the Most Improved Method
of Writing the

GAEILIC CHARACTERS.

**A BEAUTIFUL MANUAL OF
CELTIC PENMANSHIP.
EVERY IRISH SCHOLAR NEEDS ONE.**

Price, 10 Cents. Sent free by mail.

For Sale at the office of THE GAEL,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

R.I.P.A.N.S

The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels is Ripans Tabules. They go straight to the seat of the trouble relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general toning up.

At druggists.
The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

ÉIN CHAOÍN

(The Gael.)

A MONTHLY BI-LINGUAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF THE LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, MUSIC, AND ART OF IRELAND.

No. 7. VOL. XXII.
NEW SERIES.

NEW YORK, JULY, 1903.

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR
OF PUBLICATION.



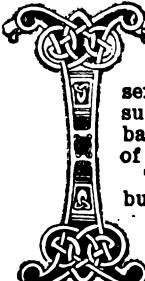
THE BATTLE OF THE CURLEW MOUNTAINS.

By Standish O'Grady.



CHAPTER I.

CLIFFORD INVADES SLIGO.



Ntreating of the fall of Queen Elizabeth's favorite, Robert, Earl of Essex, historians have not at all sufficiently recognized his very bad record as Chief Governor of Ireland.

They say he did nothing, but in fact he did a great deal less, for he was beaten by the insurgent lords at many points.

As he marched through the Queen's County young O'More, lord of that region, routed his rear guard and plundered his baggage in the Pass of Plumes. At Askeaton, Co. Limerick, he was beaten by the Geraldines and driven back out of West Munster. The sons of Feagh MacHugh defeated his cavalry in one battle and his infantry in another. Finally, his lieutenant, Sir Conyers Clifford, President of Connacht, was first beaten by Red Hugh at Ballyshannon and afterwards beaten disastrously in the Curlew Mountains.

With such an Irish record it is not surprising that on his return to London his reception should have been so cold. I propose here to give a sketch of this latter battle, partly to enable

the reader to form some idea of the curiously embroiled and intertwined relations of the chieftainry with each other and with the State, and partly with the purpose of illustrating the war-methods of the sixteenth century as practiced in Ireland.

When the "Nine Years' War" broke out Sir Richard Bingham was master of all Connacht. Presently he came into collision with Red Hugh, and Red Hugh beat him. Red Hugh was only a boy, yet he beat the veteran and shook most of Connacht loose from his control.

When Essex came into Ireland, Bingham was hopelessly beaten and could hardly venture to show himself outside the gates of Athlone. The Burkes of Clanricarde and the O'Briens of Thomond, two zealous royalist clans, alone kept the Queen's flag flying in the open, and Red Hugh was destroying them. Then the Queen recalled Bingham in disgrace. He was brought to London as a State prisoner pursued by an infinity of complaints urged against him by chieftains of the West, and Sir Conyers Clifford appointed President of Connacht simultaneously with the appointment of the Earl of Essex as Lord Lieutenant of the realm.

Clifford seems to have been a man of signal nobility of character. "The Four Masters" declare that "there did not come of English blood into Ireland

in the latter times a more worthy person." His reputation preceded him, and on his arrival a considerable proportion of the western lords who had been previously in rebellion and allies of Red Hugh waited upon him and tendered him their allegiance.

So without striking a blow Clifford recovered immediately the greater portion of the province. Then at the head of a considerable army he marched northwards for the invasion of Tyrconnel but did not succeed. Red Hugh beat him at Ballyshannon, drove him back and resumed his operations in Connacht.

The County of Sligo was one of the divisions of Connacht in which the change produced by the coming of Clifford was not felt. It was still strongly held by Red Hugh's lieutenants. In 1598 Clifford flung into that county a young Royalist chieftain and a body of horse with the object of exciting there a rebellion of Red Hugh's feudatories. A cavalry battle ensued in which the Royalists were overthrown by Red Hugh's horse, and the leader of this forlorn hope, in fact the O'Conor Sligo, was driven within the fortress of Collooney and there besieged by Red Hugh.

Partly to relieve him, partly to deliver another great stroke at Red Hugh, Clifford mustered his forces at Athlone. When all was in readiness

Clifford rose thence and marched to Boyle, a strong town in the north of Roscommon, close to the frontiers of Sligo.

Between Roscommon and Sligo lay the Curlew Mountains, on the north side of which all the country was held by Red Hugh, except Collooney, which he was blockading. Clifford's force numbered 2,500 infantry and 300 horse. It consisted of Connacht-Irish, Meath-Irish and regulars. The regulars were, for the most part Irish too, but officered to some extent by English gentlemen. The Connacht and Meath contingents represented the military quotas which those provinces were bound to furnish for war.

On demand under certain conditions, all the nobles and landowners were bound to "rise out," as the phrase ran, at the head of a fixed body of foot and horse well equipped and serve at their own expense for forty days. To our notions Clifford's army on this occasion was absurdly small. But in the sixteenth century such a force was not small, but, on the contrary, a great host.

The State was seldom able to put into the field for active service an army of more than 4,000 men nor the insurgent chiefs one of greater dimensions. When at Kinsale the contending powers severally brought all their forces to a head, out of the whole of Ireland there were but some six or seven thousand effective men on each side.

At the head of this force Clifford, on the 13th of August, marched through the gates of Boyle in the midst of mild weather and heavy pouring rain. The army had come that day from the town of Roscommon and entered Boyle wet and weary and thinking only of supper, rest and sleep. Clifford took up his quarters in the monastery there, the rest of his army was billeted throughout the town.

Monastery and town must have been of considerable capacity, for I find a little later a garrison of 1,500 men posted here. Clifford's army, I say, expected to sleep comfortably in Boyle that night, but they did not. Shortly after their arrival the army was on march again, moving silently through darkness and rain towards the Curlew Mountains. Why we shall see presently.

CHAPTER II.

NIAL GARF MOUNTS GUARD OVER COLLOONEY.

When Red Hugh heard of this invasion he lay, with cavalry only, blockading the castle of Collooney. Within that castle was the O'Conor Sligo. Hugh was very anxious to lay his hands upon O'Conor Sligo who had, for a long time, given him a great deal of trouble. Hearing the tidings, Hugh wrote to Tyrone to come and help; Tyrone came by forced marches, but was unable to help. He came too late.

Hugh also sent the usual war-summons to all his feudatories and captains, and all these being near came to him at once. These were O'Dogherty, the three M'Sweeneyes, O'Boyle, O'Byrne, M'Clancy, O'Gallagher and

others. His army when assembled consisted of about 2,500 men, horse and foot. We see here a proof of Red Hugh's military power. On the sudden he was able to draw together a force as great as that of the Queen's President of all Connacht. Nor was it in any respect less efficient. Hugh now rose from Collooney, but left behind him 200 horse to continue the blockade.

To the command of this force, he appointed his cousin, *Nial Garf*, i. e., Nial the Rough. I notice him here particularly, for it was this rough cousin whose defection a little afterwards broke Red Hugh's brilliant career. Nial Garf rebelled against Red Hugh, became the "Queen's" O'Donnell, and led a great Queen's party in the northwest. He was a violent, headstrong, implacable young man, and most furious both in speech and demeanor.

As Hugh Roe with the bulk of his army marches southwards from Collooney, imagine Nial Garf with his 200 horsemen moving round that fortress through the trees and Nial's fierce and strident voice uplifted at times ringing out words of menace and command. That young man, afterwards the Queen's O'Donnell, was certainly the roughest, ruggedest, and most bull-headed and bull-hearted creature to be found anywhere at this time. On the march Red Hugh detached a second force. This went to the town and harbor of Sligo. Why I shall now explain.

CHAPTER III.

THE LAND BURKE AND THE SEA BURKE.

The large army with which Clifford marched to Boyle represented only one wing of his invasion. He was, in fact, invading Red Hugh's country by sea as well as by land. Amongst Clifford's Connacht allies was one noteworthy figure, Theabod Burke, son of Granuaile and of her second husband, *Rickard-in-Iron*, lord of all Mayo. Granuaile, I think, was still alive. A short time before this she had written to her friend, Queen Elizabeth, informing her that she had now quite done with war and was engaged "in farming."

I must mention, however, that at the same time Bingham also wrote to the Queen complaining that Granuaile, in spite of her great age, was the root of all the hurley-burleys and disturbances of the West of Ireland. "Even in our ashes live our wonted fires."

This Theabod was commonly called "Theabod of the Ships," and said to have been born by Granuaile on the high seas while she was returning to Ireland from her famous visit to Queen Elizabeth. Both these termagants entertained for each other a kindly feeling. They kept up a correspondence, and it was ever friendly. There is no truth in the tradition that Granuaile affected any sort of equality with the Queen, though possibly enough she did refuse a countess-ship at the hands of Elizabeth which would have been only a white elephant to her in Connacht.

At this time "Theabod of the Ships" inherited his mother's authority over the brave seafaring nation of the O'Malleys. By law or by the strongas

hand he was Admiral of Connacht, and had armed galleys and sailors enough to support his claims. He was also pretender to the Northern MacWilliamship, that is to say, to the supreme government of the great county of Mayo. He put forward this pretension in right of his father, *Rickard-in-Iron*, the late MacWilliam.

In the beginning of the Nine Years' War Theabod had rebelled against Bingham and allied himself with Red Hugh, in fact all the MacWilliam Burkes of Mayo had rebelled on that occasion. Red Hugh marched into the county and held a great convention of all the Burkes with the purpose of appointing a new MacWilliam.

Now the claimant who had the best right according to Irish law happened to be very old, whereas Hugh required a stout, active soldier to act as his lieutenant in Mayo. He accordingly chose as fittest for his purpose a youth known as Theabod, son of Walter, and solemnly installed him as the new MacWilliam, passing over the claims of Theabod, son of Granuaile. The latter Theabod accordingly rebelled against Red Hugh and joined Clifford.

I may here observe that from this "Theabod of the Ships," son of Granuaile, sprang the Earls of Mayo, one of whom not long ago distinguished himself so much as Governor-General of India. Theabod also made a private treaty with the O'Conor Sligo and married his sister. When Clifford determined to invade Tir-Connall he resolved to utilize the services of this welcome ally. He intended upon this expedition to rebuild the great castle of Sligo which commanded the roads from the north into Connacht and which Red Hugh had recently dismantled.

In obedience to Clifford's request Theabod brought all his ships to Galway and there loaded them with lime and timber, and building tools and materials of all kinds, taking also on board a great number of masons. This done he sailed round Connacht, put into the harbor of Sligo, and there cast anchor, waiting till Clifford and the invading land force should arrive. He would then disembark all his masons and materials.

Red Hugh accordingly as he marched south to the Curlews detached to Sligo that force of 400 men to keep a watch upon Theabod. Red Hugh prudently appointed to the command of this force a gentleman who was certain to do his very best upon Theabod. This was Hugh's new MacWilliam, the other Theabod, Theabod son of Walter.

The reader, while other developments are coming, will keep in mind these two Burkes, the land Burke and the sea Burke glowering upon each other at Sligo, the sea Burke rocking idly on the blue waters of the bay, and the land Burke encamped about the ruins of the old castle observing the motions of his adversary, an adversary whom he regarded as a rebel against his just and legitimate authority, and whom if he could catch he would hang with the greatest pleasure. For the land Burke was the MacWilliam, and such lord of every Burke in the



REMAINS OF BOYLE ABBEY. (TO RIGHT OF PICTURE)

north of Connacht, including the sea Burke.

On the other hand, the sea Burke who had been also nominated Mac-William, regarded the land Burke with just the same feelings. For the present, however, they can do nothing but scowl at each other and hurl opprobrious expressions. It was like a war between a sword-fish and leopard.

CHAPTER IV.

RED HUGH BLOCKS THE CURLEWS.

Hugh Roe at the head of the rest of his army marched straight forward to the Curlews, going with his accustomed velocity and encamped on the northern slopes of the same. From Boyle two roads led through the mountains into Sligo. One of these was circuitous, rugged and easily defended. It was unlikely that Clifford would try to force the Curlews by this road, nevertheless Hugh blocked it with 300 picked men, pikes and guns, no cavalry. He himself leading the bulk of his forces, and a considerable body of churls bearing spades and axes advanced from his camp along the direct road till he came to the blackened ruins of a castle which once commanded a gorge on the southern slope of the mountains.

This castle had been erected by Bingham both for the defence of the Pass and as a fetter on the war-like MacDermot clan who occupied this re-

gion. Shortly after the breaking out of the war it had been stormed and burnt by the chief of this clan, MacDermot of the Curlews, a brave man, not at all so rude and wild as one might imagine, as the reader will discover later on.

At this point Red Hugh determined to fight with Clifford, and to that end ordered the erection there of a barricade with double flanks. This was early on the morning of the 13th, and at the time when Clifford was marching out of Roscommon along the road to Boyle. The morning was bright and fine, but the atmosphere was suspiciously transparent. From the mouth of the gorge, through a small opening in the trees, the walls, towers, and turrets of Boyle could be distinctly seen white and glistening in the sunlight. Red Hugh, who was on horseback, and surrounded by his chiefs and principal officers, stood still for a while, and regarded it intently.

This young man, now for many years the terror of all Royalists in the West, was only 26 years of age, and even looked younger than he was, so clear and fresh was his complexion, so vivid his countenance, so alert and rapid was he in all his movements. Yet he was no boy, but already a skilful commander in the field, and a strong and resolute administrator. Then he bade his men fall to, and the adjoining woods rang with the noise of axes, and presently sounded with the crash of

falling timber. Meantime the gorge was alive with spademen laboring diligently under the directions of the young chief's engineers, and gradually the barricade began to assume form.

Once for all, let me warn the reader against the common and ignorant notion that the armies of the insurgent lords were rude crowds of what are vaguely known as kerne. They were armies in the proper sense of the word, armed, directed, and handled according to the best military methods in vogue at the time.

Shortly after noon the sky became overcast, and at two o'clock the rain fell, and continued to fall. At four there was a sound of the firing of heavy ordnance from the direction of Boyle; it was the garrison of Boyle saluting the army of the President. The flashes were quite visible. Red Hugh believed that Clifford, after a short halt, would roll forward again, and force the passage of the Curlews. The probability also was that he would advance by the direct road.

Should he prefer the more circuitous route, Hugh believed that the three hundred planted there would be able to retard his advance sufficiently to enable himself to transfer his army by the nearest cross country ways, and fight Clifford upon that road at a point which he had already settled in his mind. Clifford, in fact, was not aware that Red Hugh was in this neighborhood at all; for Hugh had come from

Collooney with extraordinary celerity. Clifford imagined that he had only to deal with MacDermot of the Curlews, Hugh's marcher-lord in this region.

Behind the barricade Hugh's people stood under arms, the gunmen forward with matches already lit, behind them the battle, and on the wings kerne, i. e., light foot, armed only with swords and javelins. His few horsemen were posted under shelter of a wood on the right of the barricade. Presently the whole of Clifford's army reached Boyle, and instead of advancing, as Red Hugh firmly expected, entered Boyle, presumably for a short rest and for refreshment. Now, however, hour succeeded hour, and there was no sign of the emergence of Clifford's people from Boyle. On the contrary, as night fell, Hugh's scouts came in with intelligence that all the bugle notes heard in the town indicated that the Royalist army would pass the night there.

The rain now began to fall in torrents, and the wind rose to a storm howling in the forest, and whistling round the crags of the mountain sides. It grew dark two hours before darkness was due. Red Hugh now determined to lead his army back to camp, leaving a force of gunmen to hold the barricade as well as they could in the event of a night attack. Such an attack might possibly be delivered, but was he to keep his army here all night under arms waiting for an assault which might never come? In that event his tired men would have to contend in the morning with Clifford's well rested and refreshed forces.

Hugh was himself full of strategy, and tactical wiles and guiles, renowned for the suddenness of his onfalls and the celerity of his movements. He did not credit Royalist commanders with a talent for the execution of such strokes, and rightly. The Queen's armies, for reasons into which we need not now inquire, were slow in their movements, and their action could, as a rule, be predicted. Hugh bade the officer in charge of the barricade send a swift mounted messenger to him at the first sign of the approach of Clifford's men, bade the bugles sound retreat, and rode away with his army, winding darkling, through the wild Curlews.

CHAPTER V.

THE QUEEN'S M'SWEENEY.

Red Hugh did not succeed in bringing all his soldiers back to camp. Shortly after that sounding of the trumpets, there emerged from the woods on the right side of the barricade, three men wearing brazen morions, two with guns on their shoulders, who stepped down the slope swiftly, going in the direction of Boyle. The man who had no gun was a gentleman of the McSweenys.

His name is unknown, but his purpose is well known. He was about to change sides and ally himself with the cause of the Queen. He believed that his change of sides would be peculiarly welcome to the Queen's people just now, because he brought with him im-

portant intelligence. He could tell them that the narrow gorge at the head of the Curlew Pass was undefended, that Hugh Roe, trusting to the blackness and wetness of the night, had marched back to camp, and that if they wished to do a good stroke upon him, now was the time.

No one can study the history of Elizabethan Ireland without being amazed and disgusted at the choppings and changings which marked the careers of nearly all the chieftains. Granuaile's son fought first for Hugh Roe and then for the Queen, and changed sides twice after that. His rival, the land Burke, now with Hugh Roe, was once a pillar of the Queen's cause in Mayo. Red Hugh himself, once the Queen's O'Donnell, and her sworn ally, is now in rebellion.

His cousin, Nial Garf, now in rebellion, will one day be a pillar of the Queen's cause in the northwest, and before the end of the war will be in rebellion again. O'Conor Sligo, now as a Queen's man blockaded in Collooney, will presently be Red Hugh's man, and in a year or two be a Queen's man again, so that Red Hugh will have to seize and imprison him and give his lordship to his brother. But in each case there is an explanation, and if one looks closely into the explanation, one does not find the apparent treacheries so very surprising.

As for the deserters now stepping down the slopes of the Curlews, making for Boyle, whose red lights show through the darkness and the rain—why are they changing sides? The explanation is this:

Shortly after Hugh Roe arrived at the chieftainship, his foster father, McSweeny of the Battle-Axes, died. There were two candidates for that chieftainship, the son of Hugh's foster father, and the son of a former McSweeny, who was one of the most famous chieftains of his day, Murrough the Slow, a man grandly eulogized by "The Four Masters."

The name of the latter candidate was Miler McSweeny, and of the two, I believe he had the better right, according to Irish law and custom. But the custom being so often broken by the strong hand, was not paramount, and so Red Hugh manfully stood by his own foster-brother and made him McSweeny of the Battle-Axes. He himself, Hugh Roe, was not O'Donnell by Irish law. There were others who had better claims.

He, himself, was O'Donnell partly by the strong hand, and partly by Royal favor, for he began his career as the Queen's O'Donnell. He had, therefore, naturally, no superstitious reverence for Irish law and custom which enjoined that the eldest of the clan regnant, whether nephew, son, uncle or cousin, should succeed to a vacant chieftainship. Accordingly, Hugh Roe made his foster-brother "The McSweeny," and passed over Miler, son of Murrough the Slow.

Miler, collecting his most faithful followers and kinsmen, rebelled, was beaten, and fled out of Tir-Connall. He and his then enlisted in the service of the Queen. The authorities promised

him that after the overthrow of the usurping Hugh Roe, he should be McSweeny of the Battle-Axes. So he became a Queen's man heart and soul.

He was with Essex in the Munster campaigns, and so distinguished himself there for valor and conduct that Essex knighted him. He was now Sir Miler McSweeny, and one of the celebrated soldiers of the day. He had recently come from Munster into Connacht. He was a close friend of Sir Conyers Clifford, the President, and was, I believe, captain of his life-guard. Sir Miler McSweeny is now marching northwards, hoping to overthrow Red Hugh, to drive out the usurping McSweeny, and to rule in his stead over the lordship of which he had been so tyrannously deprived.

The three men whom we saw deserting Red Hugh, are ancient friends or kinsmen of Sir Miler. Learning that he was so near, they resolved to take advantage of the darkness and rain, and join him in Boyle. No doubt they loved Sir Miler, and probably enough, like many soldiers, had various grounds of complaint against their own commander.

So these three men stepped from the slopes of the Curlews, crossed the dark wet plain, presented themselves to the sentinels at Boyle, and were led into Sir Miler's presence. To him they explained the situation. By him it was also explained to Sir Conyers and his officers, with the result that in a short time the bugles rang out, and all Boyle sounded with the noise of military preparation. In spite of darkness and teeming rain, Clifford's army got on march again, and rolled forward through the night towards the pass in the Curlew Mountains, which, as we know, was now practically undefended.

CHAPTER VI.

BRIAN OGUE OF THE BATTLE-AXES.

When Hugh Roe arrived at his camp he found himself reinforced by the arrival of the Lord of Leitrim, The O'Rourke, Brian Ogue of the Battle-Axes. It was he whose milk cows Bingham had seized upon the lawn at Dromahaire. It was he who, by exacting vengeance on the Bingtons for that insult, had unintentionally kindled all the North into rebellion, and so precipitated the Nine Years' War. He arrived in camp leading a little army of horse and foot, and amongst the foot 160 big gallowglasses clad in shirts of glittering chain-mail, and carrying long battle-axes. As these gallowglasses played a great part in the Battle of the Curlew Mountains, the reader must not forget them.

Brian Ogue came late, and in fact till the last moment had some notion of not coming at all. If it be asked whether Brian Ogue's record as an insurgent was fair, clear and consistent, I must reply that it was not. He, too, hovered from side to side. The explanation of Brian Ogue's vacillations is interesting in itself, and will help to illustrate the character of the times.

Brian Ogue was his father's eldest son, but was not legitimate. He was the son of Brian of-the-Ramparts, that

inordinately proud chieftain, by a concubine who afterwards married a merchant in the town of Sligo, and was living there now as a married woman. It must be remembered that all over Europe even great nobles did not hesitate to espouse the discarded concubines of kings. Similarly in Ireland, merchants and the minor gentry thought it no shame to marry the discarded concubines of great lords and high chieftains. The low standard of morals which this practice implies was not peculiarly Irish; it was common to all Europe, and was one of the results of king-worship. There were no such king-worshippers anywhere as the Irish, and dearly they paid for it in the next century.

Subsequently Brian Ogue's father married the Lady Mary Burke, sister of Ulick, Earl of Clanricarde. I would have the reader remember that there was little or no difference between great people in Ireland and great people in England and elsewhere at this time. They were essentially the same class. So we find that while Brian of the Ramparts married one sister of Ulick the Earl, Sir Henry Malby, the Queen's President of Connacht, married another.

Again, the eldest son of Ulick married the Lady Frances Walsingham, who was widow of Sir Philip Sidney, and also of Robert, Earl of Essex. So this high lady, one of the highest in the Empire, called Brian of the Ramparts O'Rourke, "uncle." They were all essentially the same sort of people, and recognized each other as such.

The Lady Mary Burke bore a son to O'Rourke. He was called Cathal. When O'Rourke went into rebellion Cathal was a child. So, for purposes of war and government, he had to lean on his eldest son, the son of the concubine. Consequently, when the old O'Rourke was executed for treason, Brian Ogue, in spite of illegitimacy, succeeded him as chieftain.

Meantime, Lady O'Rourke sent her boy to school to Limerick, where he was put under the care of a certain Master White, who kept a large school there, frequented by the sons of the western and southern lords. The government kept an attentive eye upon that school. When boys were removed in large numbers it was a storm signal. It meant that their fathers were going into rebellion.

The reader will now see that though Brian Ogue, the son of the concubine, was lord *de facto* of Leitrim, his half brother, the school-boy, being his father's eldest legitimate son, was lord *de jure*. Brian Ogue had, in fact, no claim whatsoever to that seigniorie, save the right of the strong hand. When Clifford came into the province Brian Ogue intrigued with him.

He hoped that Clifford in return for military assistance would be able to establish him in his insecure lordship and strike some arrangement between himself and the house of Clanrickarde which, of course, supported the title of their kinsman the boy Cathal.

In fact Brian Ogue about this time would have openly sided with the Queen and supported Clifford to the utmost of his power but for the menaces of Red Hugh. Red Hugh had to flash his sword, so to speak, several times in the eyes of Brian Ogue before he could deter him from that course.

Though Brian Ogue now came late to Red Hugh's hosting he did come and his arrival was very welcome to Red Hugh. This Brian, as we have seen elsewhere, was an Oxford man. He was at the University when his father went into rebellion. Hearing the news he fled from Oxford and came home through Scotland and Ulster.

Hugh marching south to the Curlews left no enemy behind him. Ballymote, the third great fortress of the territory, had fallen into his hands in the previous year. It was the capital, as one might say, of the barony of Corran, the lord of which barony was a MacDonough.

In the previous year this MacDonough of Corran captured Ballymote from the O'Conor Sligo and drove out the Queen's people. He then sold

Ballymote to Red Hugh, after which it became Hugh's headquarters. This event, as recorded in "The Four Masters," is curiously suggestive of the times:

"The Governor of Connacht and O'Donnell, i. e. Red Hugh, were bidding against each other for the castle and proposing to purchase it from the MacDonoughs. But the end of the matter was that the MacDonoughs gave the castle to O'Donnell on terms of purchase and contract in the middle month of the harvest of this year; £400 and 300 cows was the price which O'Donnell gave the MacDonoughs for the town."

Here then we see a powerful chieftain affecting neither cause, but anxious only to make the most he could out of the situation. But to judge any of these men, we must get out of the nineteenth century and take our stand in the midst of the sixteenth, and that, indeed, is not easy.

CHAPTER VII.

RED HUGH GIVES HIS MEN A GOOD BREAKFAST AND A SHORT SPEECH.

Now drew on the Feast of the Virgin Mary, a festival still known among our peasantry as Lady Day in harvest. On the day before the feast Red Hugh proclaimed a solemn fast. All fasted, confessed and "received the Body of

Christ" and went to bed hungry but comforted. All the confederated chieftains gave themselves out as champions of the Church. Policy if not principle led to the adoption of that course. The assumption of such a role would give them greater power over their followers, and enable them to draw support from the Catholic princes of the Continent.

The religious question, however, had, I think, very little to do with this or any of the Irish wars of the sixteenth century. The princes of Ireland really fought in defence of their feudal independence. Born kings, and educated under all the old dynastic influences, they could not brook the huge invasions which the advance of the central authority during this century made upon their *jura regalia*—the tax-gatherers, the sheriffs, the Provincial Presidents, the going judges of Assize, the abolition of cuttings and spendings, of suppers and cosherings, etc.

The Queen's Irish were all Catholics, too, and I suppose



"O'CONNOR SLIGO LAY COOPED AT CULLOONY."

*It may interest the reader to know that Ballymote was the *nidus* of the Taaffe family, now for a long time very powerful in Austria. When the Nine Years' War came to an end Ballymote was granted to the Taaffes who were created viscounts of Corran. They fought for the Crown against the Puritans, were expelled, and went into the Austrian service.

quite as devout. But the confederate chieftains, for one reason or another, were wont to represent themselves in a peculiar degree as champions of the Church. So Red Hugh solemnly proclaimed a fast on the eve of Lady Day, after which he and his warriors went to bed hungry but comforted.

Hugh took good care of his men. They were protected from the weather and from ague and rheumatism by good leathern tents*. Hence we may presume that such a successful campaigner and swift journeyer looked well also to his commissariat, and that his men lacked nothing which fighting men should have. Night fell, and also rain. Whoever waked that night heard it loud-pattering against the leathern walls, provoking thoughts.

It was the eve of the day of battle. All expected that Clifford would attempt to force the Pass on the morrow. Some did not sleep and could not, viz., Red Hugh's scouts and sentinels keeping watch up the Pass looking Boyleward from the bristly barricado, wet to the bone, but vigilant, peering through the darkness, or listening with inclined heads.

Morning dawned, still teeming, rain, rain, the heavy black sky promising an abundant downfall. Red Hugh looked out, and in his red head arose the conviction that the President would not move this day, would, on the contrary, remain comfortably in monastic Boyle. In gunmen the President was superior. Apart from natural disinclination to march and fight under such very pluvious conditions, he would be unwilling, thought Hugh, to neutralize his fire-arms. In those days of tow-matches and matchlocks the gunman was helpless before rain.

Brave Hugh, too, I suppose, had little stomach for a wet day's fighting, and the fasting of the previous day, perhaps, made him less alert than usual, and helped the wish to engender the thought that Clifford would not stir, and that this, the Virgin's own day, would be spent in peace and festivity. His captains came and received their orders, not murmuring, whatever they may have thought, "for truly whatever he ordered it should be done according, as he commanded it by the word of his mouth."^t

In social hours the young chieftain was gentle, but in all that related to war and government most imperative and masterful. His captains departed, and Red Hugh's camp gave no sign of an early arming and preparation.

But now arrived visitors of a different sort. Horsemen galloped up to the great central tent, and springing swiftly from the saddle, announced that the enemy was on the march, and, at their ease, crossing or about to cross the strewn timber. The battle would not now be fought where the advantage was with the northerns, but on this side of the selected point and on even terms.

A swift shadow crossed the face of the young prince at these ill tidings. Had he known that this blow came

*"Historia Hiberniae," p. 210.

†"Four Masters," 1601.



IRISH PIPER IN THE TIME OF ELIZABETH.

From Derrick's "Image of Ireland."

from his own revolted vassal, Sir Miller, it would probably have been deeper. But quickly recovering himself he invented new plans and sent out new orders. "Breakfast at once for the whole army," was the first of these; surely a good beginning for a day which promised to be one of long and continued battle. Breakfast, too, was doubly necessary this morning, for his devout warriors were hollow-bellied enough after yesterday's severe abstinence.

The ordinary fare of Irish soldiers in this century was oatmeal or oat-cake and butter, with milk. I have seen a contract made between Hugh and one of his captains, very precise about meal and money, but with no allusion to meat. If the reader be not too anxious to get on to the battle, perhaps the following Homeric picture of the interior of an Irish camp at night, and of the supper served round to the guards of a sixteenth century Irish chieftain may not be unwelcome:*

"When Calvach heard that Shane had advanced to that place with his forces he sent two of his faithful men to reconnoitre them, whose names were Donough Ogue, son of Donough Roe Maguire and Maurice MacAllin. Those twain went forward unnoticed until they were in the midst of the warriors of Shane, who were so numerous that they could not know one another even by day save only by recognizing their leaders.

"Those two just-mentioned persons moved on from one camp-fire to an-

other, till they came to the great central fire which was in front of the tent-door of the son of O'Neill, from which an immense light blazed forth, for here in the center was the commander himself, and around that fire were sixty war-like gallion-glasses ready for action, with their sharp, well-mounted battle-axes, and sixty resolute determined Scots, with their broad, weighty, sore-smiting swords in their hands, watching and guarding the son of O'Neill.

"When the time arrived for the forces to take their food, and while it was divided and distributed among them, these two spies extended their hands for their portion, like the rest, to the distributor, and what they received was their helmets full of meal, with a due proportion of butter.

"With these proofs they returned to their people. That night Shane was attacked, his army destroyed, and he himself barely escaped. In the division of the booty there fell to the share of Con, son of Calvach, the splendid steed of the son of O'Neill, which was called Mac-an-Ilar, son of the eagle."

Red Hugh's warriors on this eventful morning got some such breakfast,* with milk. Meat probably, was added as far as possible. The prince surely gave his men as good a breakfast as his commissariat could supply.

*"Extemplo jubet O'Donnellus milites cito capere cibum quo firmiores praetendit do sint." Forthwith O'Donnell directs his soldiers to eat breakfast in order that they may be stronger for fighting.—Philip O'Sullivan.

*"Four Masters," A. D. 1557.

Meantime he sent for one of his best officers, MacDermot of the Curlews, his marcher lord in this region, also for his own foster-brother, MacSweeny of the Battle-Axes, and for two brothers of the war-like and famous sept of the O'Gallaghers, namely, Eocha and Tully O'Gallagher. These he directed to take six standards of foot, gunmen for the most part, to advance into the mountains and gall and impede Clifford, all they could, in his progress through the Curlews; and he appointed MacDermot chief in command. He also ordered Brian Ogue of the Battle-Axes to follow MacDermot with his 160 heavy-armed Breffnian gallow-glasses, as a solid back to that skirmishing party.

These captains having received their orders, returned to their quarters and made the necessary preparations. Breakfast now over, Red Hugh appeared in armour before his tent, where the army was summoned to attend, and delivered a brief military harangue. He was now 26 years of age, had been for seven years prince of Tir-Connall, and had enjoyed seven years of almost unbroken triumph in war. The speech has been preserved by Philip O'Sullivan, who was personally acquainted with many who heard it. (See "Historia Hiberniae," p. 210.)

In striving to imagine this scene, the reader will remember that Red Hugh was a very handsome youth. "His countenance," say the veracious "Four Masters," who knew him, "was so beautiful that every one who looked upon him, loved him." He was perfectly proportioned, very strong, and well set in figure, of middle height, rather tall than short. His complexion was of that clear brightness which usually accompanies red hair, and his eyes, full, gray, and luminous, and keen as an eagle's.

"Soldiers, through the help of the Holy Virgin, Mother of God, we have ere this, at all times conquered our heretic foe. To-day we will annihilate him. In her name yesterday we fasted. To-day we celebrate her feast. So then in the Virgin's name, let us bravely fight and conquer her enemies."

Shouts and the clash of arms proved that he had touched the right chord in the hearts of those simple warriors, for whom the middle ages had by no means passed away, but who were still as devout, and in the old way, as their forefathers of the days of the Crusaders.

With banners waving, war-pipes screaming, MacDermot and his 600 men marched swiftly into the mountains. Rain still fell, but not heavily. After him, at a slower pace, followed Brian Ogue and his mailed gallow-glasses, over whom waved the O'Rourke banner, showing the lions of the house of Breffney surmounted by a mailed hand grasping a dagger.

As MacDermot and Brian Ogue disappeared, folded away and hidden in the hollows of the hills, Red Hugh and his host also advanced till they reached a point at which Clifford's progress

might best be obstructed.* The point selected by Red Hugh for fighting the Battle of the Curlew Mountains, was one where cavalry could not operate, and where his flanks could not be turned. He sent his war-horses to the rear and dismounted his lancers, for he was resolved to put his whole strength into the contest at this selected point.

Here he was rejoined by the 300 whom he had previously planted as a guard upon that unused and circuitous road, and where their presence was no longer necessary. Having made all his dispositions, he and his chief officers rode forward in the track of MacDermot and Brian Ogue, to see how matters fared in the hills, whence probably sounds of firing already came.

Red Hugh expected that he would be soon rejoined by his skirmishers, falling back before Clifford's advance.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLIFFORD ENTERS THE CURLEWS.

To return to Clifford. The three deserting McSweenies arriving at Boyle informed their dear lord, Sir Miler, that the Curlews were undefended, Hugh Roe having marched back to camp. Sir Miler brought the news to Clifford. Clifford sent out the necessary orders, and presently all Boyle rang with the sound of bugles and the noise of military preparation. The tired soldiers had to buckle on their war-gear again and face once more the raging elements.

Soon the whole army, horse, foot, and carriages were again upon the road. The walls and turrets of monastic Boyle were left behind and Clifford's host rolled along the great road leading into Ulster across the Curlews, men and horses plodding wearily forward through the miry ways and driving rain. Clifford, by Sir Miler's advice, avoided the unfrequented way which Red Hugh had beset with 300 men. At the foot of the Curlews he bade Markham halt with the horse in a green pasture. Day now dawned, not rosy-fingered, but wet exceedingly.

It was about this time that at the other side of the Curlew Mountains the conviction arose in a certain red head there that Clifford would not march that day. The army now began to ascend the Curlews in three divisions. The vanguard was commanded by Sir Alexander Ratcliffe, son of the Earl of Sussex, the battle, i. e., the strong central division by Clifford himself. The rear-guard was brought up under Sir Arthur Savage, captain of a Norman-Irish sept of the County of Down.

About a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the passage Ratcliffe came upon "a barricado with double flanks," in fact the woody obstruction at which Red Hugh had intended to dispute the

*The name of this place was, Dunaveeragh. In one account of Red Hugh's speech, he is represented as concluding with these words: "The congregation at the altar will make way for you, murmuring, 'This is a man who fought at Dunaveeragh.'"

passage of the Curlews.* There were a few sentries there who discharged their muskets and fled. The place was practically undefended.

Opening a passage through the barricado Sir Conyers placed guards upon the same with instructions not to stir until they should hear from him again, which they never did. On the right flank of the half-ript barricado he put Lieutenant Rogers and his company, on the left Ralph Constable, an officer held in high and deserved honor "for his virtue."

Not far from Constable and on the same flank he posted Captain Walter Flood and Captain Windsor. Each of these captains had forty men. There were 160 in all, Ralph Constable being chief in command. Should the army suffer a disaster in the mountains the Governor believed that Constable would hold the half barricaded gap and check the onrush of the pursuers. He was a prudent general and looked behind as well as before.

Having made these sensible arrangements, Clifford led his army into the heart of the Curlews. The Curlews are not so much mountains as great bleak highlands of a boggy character like nearly all Irish highlands and hills, a fact which accounts for the softness and rounded beauty of our mountain scenery. Presently, still ascending, the army came upon a great expanse of brown moorland looked down on by distant hills. A gray road traversed the bog and at the further end stopped short suddenly in a green wood. The wood blocked the view northwards. Clifford could not tell what was going on at the other side of that wood.

The road was not straight but swerved considerably, resembling a well-bent bow. It was bordered by some ground moderately firm, studded with yellow furze whence its name *Boherbuide* or the Yellow Road. As string to this bent bow there ran straight across the bog a sort of causeway, not exactly a way, but more of the nature of firm ground, rough and obstructed. Its course was traceable by the eye, for it was greener than the surrounding bog. This causeway leaving the regular road at a certain point north of the barricado fell in again with the road well on this side of the wood; let the reader remember this rough causeway intersecting the bend of the road.

The army went by the road advancing as before in three separate divisions. Sir Aleander Ratcliffe was in the van, Clifford in the battle, Sir Arthur Savage leading the rear column. Carts and horses, mules and *garvans* bearing panniers filled the spaces between the columns. Here in fact went the baggage, ammunition and provisions.

*Sir John Harrington in one of his letters says that on his return to England he will hold his own with any the loudest captain and talk as well as he about barricades, cazemets, etc., etc., and truly in the Irish journal which he kept there is a bewildering maze of uncouth military phraseology thrown in I believe with humorous intent.

CHAPTER IX.

RATCLIFFE CLEARS THE BOHAR-BUIDHE WOOD.

So over the vast brown bog the Royalist army, minus the cavalry, wound its way slowly towards the wood. Below them lay Constable and his 160 guarding the barricado. Below these, again, Clifford's cavalry took their ease at the foot of the hills southwards. The passage of the Curlews was not yet achieved nor a point reached at which horse could be anything but a danger and encumbrance.

It was now morning. The pouring rain of the previous night gradually ceased, the sky cleared, and the sun rose. The peasantry who from the hills watched the army saw the glittering of armor and weapons with thoughts friendly or hostile as the Queen's host slowly threaded the brown bog curving round towards the wood where all believed that the battle of the Curlew Mountains would now be lost or won.

As the atmosphere cleared the picturesqueness of the scenery became observable, lit up now in the light of the rising sun. Hills stood well defined against the blue of the sky. Bits of primeval forest showed here and there. The heather which still clothes these mountain sides was purpling with the advance of Autumn, but had not yet assumed its deepest hues. Swollen by last night's pouring rain mountain streams flashed white in the distance. The Curlew Mountains, however, though picturesque, are not imposing and hardly deserve the name.

Such was the scene amid which the Queen's host advanced curving round

by that bent road and approaching the wood which bounded the vast brown bog on the north. Flocks of crying curlews, scared by the sound and glitter, rose here and there, settling down at greater distances. All eyes were now fixed on the wood. It was obviously the next point, and Sir Conyers thought the last point at which the passage of the Curlews could be disputed with any advantage to the northerns.

All believed that this wood was filled with Red Hugh's warriors, and that the battle would be fought amid its depths. It was August 14th, and here as elsewhere Autumn was laying a fiery finger on the leaves, upon the mountain ash chiefly, a tree very common in primeval Irish woods—also the first which yields itself to autumnal painting.

Nor were Clifford's conjectures quite wrong, though too far from quite right. As Ratcliffe approached the wood the still quiet groves of it became suddenly alive. From some half thousand matchlocks scattered along its edge, each gunman there posted well behind a protecting tree, tongues of fire flashed out through the leaves and scrub, bullets of lead and iron began to rain into Ratcliffe, and smoke concealed all greenery. Hoarse voices in Gaelic shouted words of command, for here was The MacDermot with Red Hugh's 600 arquebus men, archers, and musqueteers. The Battle of the Curlew Mountains had begun.

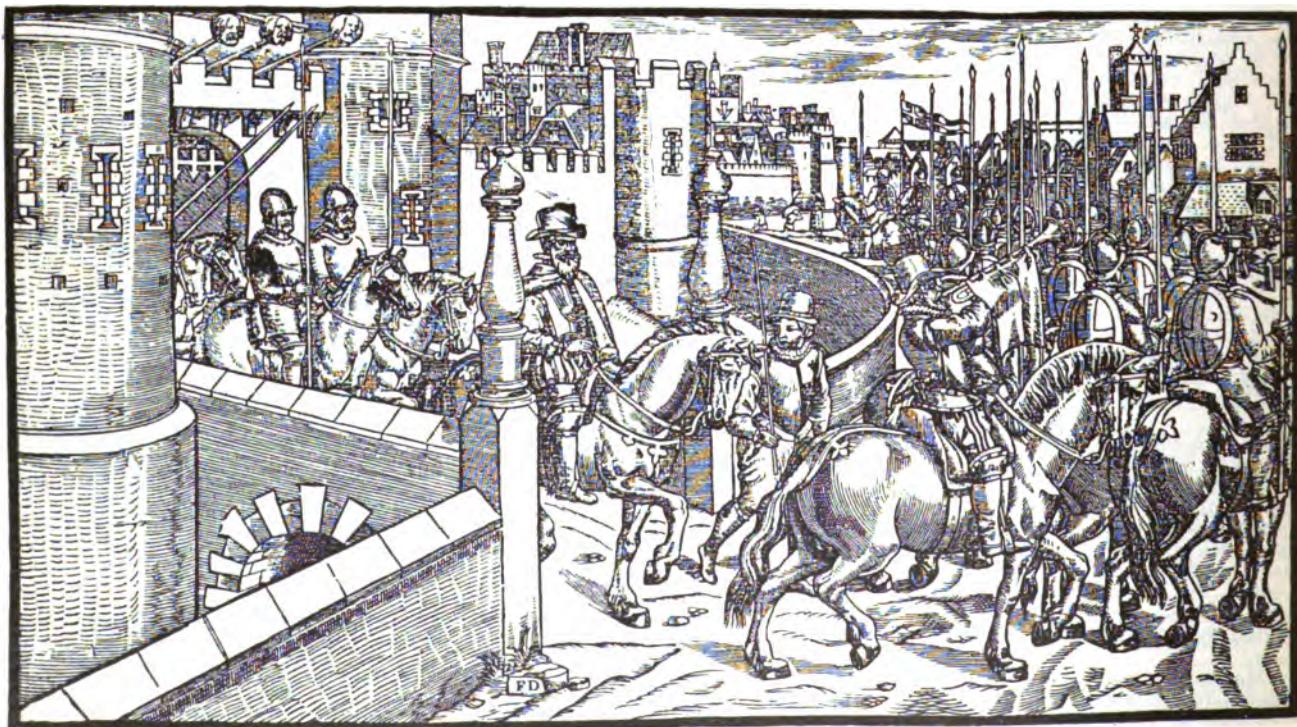
Forthwith Ratcliffe formed his column for attack, light troops forward, gallowslasses behind, and plunged into the smoke regardless of the fast-flashing tongues and the raining bul-

lets. The firing suddenly ceased. If there was any fighting it was mostly hand-to-hand and unseen amid the trees. I believe there was not much. As bold Ratcliffe and his men with a shout plunged into and through the wood, firing as they went, MacDermot and his men began to pour out at the other side.

Although the wood might have been successfully maintained had Red Hugh concentrated all his forces there in time, it was not maintainable by such strength as MacDermot had at his command. I may mention here casually that Boyle had been the capital of the MacDermot nation till fierce Bingham took it from them, and, the Queen being agreeable, conferred it upon himself, and that the Boyle monastery was a foundation of the same family. So MacDermot had in this war something to fight for beyond glory.

MacDermot, however, could not hold the wood. He fell back, he and his gunmen, retreating upon Brian Ogue, who also with his gallowslasses fell back northwards and nearer to Red Hugh's camp, far enough, at least, not to subject themselves to any very deadly fire on the part of Ratcliffe's men, who now emerged, cheering, on the northern borders of the same, probably sending thence a volley by way of military farewell into MacDermot's rear.

Ratcliffe had cleared out the *Bohar-Buidhe* wood in fine style, opening up, so far, the passage of the Curlews. From the wood, which was half a mile in depth, the road still running northwards and Collooneywards, now traversed another brown bog, and along this moving off leisurely and in good



CLIFFORD AND HIS FORCES LEAVING BOYLE (FROM AN OLD PRINT.)

order Ratcliffe saw MacDermot and the expelled gunmen retreating in the wake of Brian Ogue of the Battle-Axes and his small but formidable-looking cohort of mailed gallowglasses trailing their long battle-axes.

Beaten so far were the northerns, but obviously not beaten to flight. Genial Homer would have pictured MacDermot and Brian Ogue as two raw-devouring lions beaten off from the cattle fold, but retreating slowly, looking around and askance, not being at all terrified in their minds. In suchwise did Brian Ogue of the long-shadowed battle-axe and MacDermot of the loud war-cry yield before to the fierce onrush of the *Mac-an-Iarla*.*

CHAPTER X.

BUT FINDS THAT THE BOG MUST BE FOUGHT FOR.

As soon as Clifford learned that Red Hugh's people had been driven out of the wood and that the way was cleared, he despatched a messenger with orders to Markham to bring up the horse. He, the messenger, aide-de-camp as we would now say, rode along the curving road through the first bog past Ralph Constable and his detachment who guarded the barricado, communicating to them the glad news, and so fared downwards and southwards to that green pasture, where the horses were grazing and the men were strolling about or sitting on their big military saddles the ground being so wet.

But we must hasten back to more exciting scenes, noting only that at this time Markham and the Queen's horse began to get under way. Meantime the invading army was traversing the dangerous *Bohar-buidhe* wood which had been so gallantly cleared by Ratcliffe and the vanguard.

Here for half a mile the solid slow wheels groaned and screeched and the tramp of marching men echoed in the dim depths of the forest, intermingled with the sharper noise of the hoofs of horses, "and the trees waved above them their green leaves" sparsely touched with fire and gold "dewy with Nature's tear-drops as they passed."

Through this half mile of primeval forest rolled the army, a scene of sylvan loveliness and beauty through which Destiny had determined that it should roll again not so harmoniously.

Savage and the rear guard were probably still among the trees when the sound of fresh firing in front proved that Ratcliffe and the van were again engaged with the enemy, opening up a mile or two more of the wild road through the Curlews. The army as it emerged from the wood observed the same order of advance. Ratcliffe with his gunmen and light troops still in the van.

The road now traversed another bog, bare too, save that there was on the eastern side, that to Ratcliffe's right, another wood lying rather further than a calyver's shot from the road. Upon this road MacDermot's men were

still in view and also as Ratcliffe soon perceived deploying for fight, "not being at all terrified in their minds."

The left wing of MacDermot's little army abutted on and was protected by the wood. His right leaned upon the hillside, for the road at this point skirted the mountain. The bog-plain sloped from right to left. MacDermot's right so leaned upon high and rugged ground, and his left upon the wood a necessary arrangement, seeing that otherwise he, being of inferior strength would be out-flanked and compelled to retreat even without shot fired. The ground upon which MacDermot deployed, though described as bog, was yet notwithstanding consistent enough for fighting purposes.

Ratcliffe also drew out his men and disposed them in fighting order. There was no opportunity for manoeuvering or nice feats of generalship. It was a fair and even duel between the gunmen of both armies.

MacDermot's men had the advantage of the ground, for they were more inured to fighting in such an element than regular troops. Ratcliffe's on the other hand, were superior in numbers and furnished probably with a better style of weapon. Moreover, MacDermot's six hundred were not all gunmen. With them were interspersed bowmen, Scots for the most part, Red Hugh's maternal kindred, and javelin-men who hurled their spears exactly like the warriors of the Iliad, casting with great force and accuracy to an extraordinary distance.

Remember, too, that Elizabethan fire arms were very different towards ours. Good armor could resist the impact of their bullets and their range was very short. So javelin-men, Homeric spear-casters trained from childhood to the practice of the art, were of considerable service when the opposing ranks come into some relative nearness.

Behind Ratcliffe's fast deploying men the rest of the Royalist army stood "refused," waiting till he should disperse this obstruction and clear the way once more. Immediately behind him was the first division of the convoy, then the main battle under the President, then the second convoy, after which Savage and the rear guard still struggling through the *Bohar-buidhe* wood.

CHAPTER XI.

FIGHT ON THE BOG SIDE.

It was eleven of the clock, a clear and bright forenoon, all nature well washed and glittering from the heavy rainfall of the preceding night.

Now began in right earnest the conflict which is called the Battle of the Curlew Mountains. Many a battle had been fought upon this famous road as far back as the bright semi-fabulous epoch of Queen Maeve, and far beyond. By this road Ulster invaded Connacht, and Connacht Ulster. Here defenders had the advantage, and many a fierce conflict had been fought and won upon these brown bogs.

The great John de Courcy and his

ally, *Cathal, Red-Hand*,* passed this way to fight William Fitz Adelm de Burgh, patriarch of all the Irish Burkes. By this road, too, a son of the Red-Hand, fleeing before the face of the children of William, once lifted all his people bodily out of Connacht, seeking shelter with Red Hugh's ancestors.

Many a famous march and battle had been enacted in these celebrated mountains, which now for the first time rang with the thunder of modern weapons of war. So the descriptive energy of our "Four Masters" is not quite redundant and uncalled for as we might imagine, when they pause amid their *fasti* to supply a picture of this new form of martial terror:

"As to the vanguard"—Ratcliffe's gunmen—"they kept on advancing till they met the foreign battalions," Red Hugh's Tir-Connallians under MacDermot. "When they came close together, MacDermot's men cast forth at them a destructive pouring rain of their well-shaped ashen spears; flights of sharp-pointed arrows shot from their long, strong and effective bows, and thick volleys of red-flaming flashes and of hot fiery balls of lead from their perfectly straight and sure-aiming guns.†

These shooting volleys were answered by Ratcliffe's warriors, and their reports and echoes and resounding thunders were heard in woods and in waters, and in the castles and stone buildings of all surrounding territories. Marvellous that the weak-hearted yea, and the brave, too, did not flee from the conflict, hearing such battle-clangour, and the thunderings and echoing of that powerful firing, for on both side champions were pierced and heroes slain."

Mark here, as elsewhere, the beautiful impartiality of our noble "Four Masters." Few, if any, historians ever rivalled them in generosity and magnanimity, such their heroic love of heroism, of manly or womanly virtue, no matter what its origin or the cause in which it was exhibited.

The Protestant and the Catholic, the Englishman and the Irishman, the Milesian chief, and Norman-Irish noble, or English courtier fresh from the Queen's smiles—all in strict proportion to their worth or unworth—are stigmatized or praised in their pure and ardent pages. Modern historians of that temper we need, and I hope yet will have as magnanimous, as just, and as veracious as that famous mediæval *Four*.

The Royalist vanquard, now well deployed, soon settled down steadily to their war-like work—steadily, though the nature of the ground was anything but favorable to straight shooting, and

"Cahal Mor, of the Wine-Red Hand," into whose heart God hath breathed more piety and virtue than into any of the Irish of his time."—Four Masters.

I believe it is to this battle that Mangan refers in his poem of "The Dark Rosaleen," when he puts the following words into Red Hugh's mouth:

"And gun-peal and slogan-cry

"Wake many a glen serene
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die
My dark Rosaleen."

*Ratcliffe was son of the Earl of Sussex. The Irish at this time had a great respect for Mac-an-Iarlas.

many a brave soldier, as he levelled his piece, found it hard even to keep his feet in the yielding soil. Under the eyes of the President and the whole army, Ratcliffe's men deployed, took rank, and fired; loaded, advanced, and fired again, ever advancing and ever firing, and the Tir-Connallians, spite their showers of arrows and spears, and the "thick volleys of red-flaming flashes" with which they responded, began to fall back, their steady ranks wavering, trembling, as it were, towards breakage and dispersion.

The men had not expected that they would be required to fight a *outrance* with Clifford's whole army now fast emerging from the wood, and getting into position behind their vanguard. They believed, and no doubt rightly believed, that their commander's instructions had been to fight and fall back, and expected momentarily to hear the bugles sing retreat. But MacDermot perceived that his handful might even so, by determined valor, defeat and destroy all Clifford's army.

Could he but beat Ratcliffe and the vanguard, and drive them back in confusion upon the convoy, and then double up the convoy and the vanguard together upon the battle, what might not happen in such obstructed ground to an army left bare of its horse and encumbered with its own weight?

At all events he saw his opportunity, and would not have the bugles sing retreat at all, but advance if anything, and the war-pipes shriek only battle and onfall. Nothing loath, the pipers stepped out and piped.

They were brave men, these pipers. The modern military band retires as its regiment goes into action. But the piper went on before his men and piped them into the thick of battle. He advanced, sounding his battle-pibroch, and stood in the ranks of war while men fell round him. Derrick in his "Image of Ireland," about this date, gives a wood-cut representing a battle. In the fore-front of the Irish lies a slain figure reflecting little credit on the artist, but under which Derrick writes "pyper," well aware that the fall of the musician was an event of importance second only to that of a considerable officer. So in the State Papers we often read such entries as this:

"Slew Hugh, son of Hugh, twenty-five of his men, and two pipers." "Slew Art O'Connor and his piper."

An illegitimate brother of Black Thomas of Ormond gives a long list, name by name, of the rebels whom he slew. Divers pipers are specially mentioned, and in such a manner as to indicate that the slayer was particularly proud of such achievements.

So here upon the brown bog Red Hugh's pipers stood out beyond their men sounding wild and high the battle-pibrochs of the north with hearts and hands brave as any in the wild work, and the bugles sang only battle, rang battle, onfall and victory in men's hearts and ears, and the awful music of the oaths out-sang all other sounds, out-pealed the bugle-calls and battle pibrochs, the thundering of the cap-

tains rose above the thundering of the guns.

Up and down, to and fro, ran these, adjuring and menacing, striking and beating back the runaways. Hither and thither with swords drawn ran the Irish officers, MacDermot, lord of the Curlews, and Red Hugh's foster-brother, McSweeny of the Battle-Axes, and the two O'Gallaghers, Eocha and Tully To and fro, up and down the wavering ranks they rushed thundering abuse, protestations, and many a fierce Irish oath and curse; raising high the sacred name of Mary, "Mary" not O'Donnell *a-bo* seems to have been the war-cry that day.

Behind the wavering gunmen stood the lowering mailed figure of the young Oxonian, Brian Ogue and his century and a half of ranked gallowglasses, their long weapons levelled, not likely to show cowards any mercy. Silent and steady they stood to rear of all the battle clangor and confusion, a mass, though a small one, of valor educated and trained to the point of perfection; clad in complete steel, ready to go on or go back at a word from their young chieftain, not at all ready to loose rank in either movement—flower of the Brennymen, "very great scorers of death."

And again rear-ward upon some eminence stood famous Red Hugh, if we could only contrive to see him, with his blue flashing eyes and notorious fiery locks escaped from the helmet and falling on his mailed shoulders, his countenance which "no one could see without loving," not now soft, bright and amiable as the "Four Masters" beheld it when they were boys, but stern and minatory. Somewhere far off stood Red Hugh with his brothers, brave Rory, afterwards Earl, one of the two who made the Flight of the Earls and closed a great chapter of Irish history; and Manus, the well-beloved, who was to die at home in Tir-Connall, slain by the hand of his own rough cousin *Nial Garf*; and *Cath-barr*, "Top of Battle," youngest of the famous four.

Then near at hand, just in the rear of the fighting men, rode O'Rourke's bard, and MacDermot's, and Red Hugh's as close as they might to the field of battle, noting who were the brave and who the recreant. The public entertain a very false notion of the medieval bard. They picture him as an old bent man, with flowing white beard, sad, bowed down in spirit, but flashing up under the influence of liquor and the spell of poetic rage, a humble wight receiving gifts which were a sort of alms. Such is our modern romantic conception of the bard.

The real bard was a high-spirited, proud, and even wealthy man, chief of a sept, and lord of extensive estates, holding the same by right and not by grace. If he received gifts and favors he gave them, and his well-replenished house was open to all comers. He was a gentleman, and ranked with the best.

When he went abroad he was as well mounted and attended as other chiefs. He had men of war to wait on him, though he himself wore no arms, and never fought, for fighting was not his

function but the causing of others to fight well. He carried no harp, and no orphan boy carried one for him, and though he made poems and knew poems by the hundred, he was no reciter. He went to the wars as an observer and watcher, and men feared him. Somewhere, I say, in the neighborhood of the battle such bards, mounted on fleet steeds, watched the progress of the fray, noting who were the heroes and who the poltroons.

And still in the brown bog the captains thundered and the bugles rang battle, and the banners waved defiance and advance, and the war-pipes sounded their shrillest and maddest, the brave pipers standing out well in advance of the fighters. Again, through the hearts of the wavering Tir-Connallians the fading battle-fire blazed out anew; again, with firm men and unbroken ranks they stood steady to their war-work and hurled their rain of spears and arrows, and levelled and fired their "perfectly straight and sure-aiming guns" upon the advancing Royalists.

CHAPTER XII.

MAC DER MOT BREAKS THE BATTLE ON THE QUEEN'S HOST.

Once again Red Hugh's men stood steady and unwavering under the Royalist fire, returning the same and with interest. The Royalists had had a long and wet march, and were not in such good condition as Red Hugh's fresh and well breakfasted troops. Now in their turn they too began to slack fire, to waver in their ranks, and finally to retreat upon the pike men, probably throwing them too into disorder. The Tir-Connallians pressing forward began to rain their bullets into the dense ranks of the Queen's gallowglasses of the first division, who had neither cavalry or musketeers to sweep back their assailants. So the latter at their ease poured volley after volley upon the unresisting mass.

Ratcliffe seeing that his gunmen were now beaten past the rally sought to organize a charge of his gallowglasses, crying loudly that he would lead the charge himself, calling all true men to follow, and even summoning individuals by name out of the wavering and confused ranks. Meantime Red Hugh's "fulminators" were pouring into the struggling crowd out of which Ratcliffe sought to disengage the braver elements and fashion a forlorn hope.

Having in some sort compassed his purpose, though already suffering from a shot in the face, he was leading them on "with unconquerable resolution" when his leg was broken by a gunshot which brought him to a sudden halt. So while the blood of his first wound ran down his face, stood Ratcliffe supported in the arms of two of his officers,* and in this situation roared to Henry Cosby,† who seems to

*One of them, Godred Tyrwhit, brother of Robert Tyrwhit of Ketley in Lincolnshire.

†He had command of a third part of the vanguard.

have been next in command, directing him to lead the charge, but perceiving him slack and as he was being withdrawn out of fire he called anew to his Lieutenant: "I see, Cosby, that I must leave thee to thy baseness, but will tell thee ere I go that it were better for thee to die by the hands of thy countrymen than at my return to perish by my sword."*

But Cosby went not on. He was son of Francis Cosby of Stradbally Hall in O'More's country, Cosby of the decorated tree, and brother of Alexander who (as it was surmised) so cleverly dodged the wild cutting and slashing of Rory Ogue by using his comrade as a shield. Cosby came not on but the Tir-Connallians did. They drew close, archers, cross-bowmen, casters and gunmen, ranked before this jammed mob of soldiers, and slaughtered at their leisure, while flaming Ratcliffe was being carried to the rear, and cowardly Cosby "showed slackness" in leading the forlorn which his brave commander had disengaged and fashioned out of the clubbed vanguard.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BRENNY MEN LET LOOSE.

This was the moment for a cavalry charge which, under such conditions, would have cut the vanguard to ribbons. But cavalry there were none on either side. Neither Clifford nor Red Hugh would trust their precious cavalry in those bogs and obstructions. But in the rear of MacDermot's men there was something as good, better in such ground as this. Here in shining ranks stood O'Rourke's Brenny men standing at their ease watching the fray, waiting for one word from their chief. At last the word came, literally a word. Brian Ogue, in tones not familiar to the class-rooms of Oxford, where not long since Brian Ogue of the Battle-Axes O'Rourke did nonsense verses or boggled over the mysteries of *Barbara, Felapton, Darii Ferioque priores* and the irregular verbs of Lilly's Latin grammar,† shouted *Earragh*.

"Farragh," he cried now, not Ferio, and like hounds slipped from the leash, O'Rourke's Brenny men went upon the Queen's vanguard. Only 160, but mailed gallows-glasses, picked men and strong, the flower of Breffney, all in rank perfectly fresh, eager as hounds certain of victory. MacDermot's gunmen and archers gave way to the right hand and to the left, opening out like folding-doors as the Brennymen with

a shout which at such an instant changed fortitude to alarm and alarm to panic terror, went upon the foe.

The battle harvest was ripe and these were the reapers; ripened, if I may say so, by that rain of darts and spears and heat of "red-flaming flashes" and fiery balls of lead. Guess how coward Cosby, who showed slackness in charging the gunmen, met this forward-sweeping wave of steel, with its crest of glittering axes. Cosby and his forlorn quickly fell back as if there were any hope in demoralized numbers, terrified yet more by the retreat of the only corps which still showed some rudiments of formation.



RATCLIFFE FELL SEVERELY WOUNDED.

The vanguard was hopelessly clubbed, gunmen and halberdiers inextricably entangled. Nor at this juncture had they a leader to disentwine the tangle and pull the lines straight and distinct. The vanguard was captainless, reduced to that disastrous state by Ratcliffe's broken leg and Cosby's lily heart. Brave men, surely abundant enough even now in this wild moment, had no chance, mobbed, overborne by the cowards unable to find each other out in the press and stand together disengaged from the ruck. What chance ever have the brave left captainless—what fate but to be trampled down by the fools and cowards?

*Here we learn a remarkable fact, viz., that the Cobles were Irish; let those who set down Mullaghmast to the debtor side of England's account remember this.

†It was ordered that no Latin grammar but Lilly's should be taught in this kingdom," in order to assimilate the instruction of youth in the two countries. A. D. 1587.—"Sir James Ware's Annals."

Had that random bullet but spared their captain's shank-bone things might have been so different. Were he at this moment to return as he had promised, and, as he had promised, run his blade through Cosby for a swift and salutary beginning, he, standing clear of the chaos, would have gathered all these to himself, crying to them in general and calling men by their names. But the *Mac-an-Iarla* was well on his way to the rear now. Brave Ratcliffe was gone and Cosby's lily heart struck work while his shaking knees were already turning to flight and the vanguard was hopelessly clubbed and the yelled "Farragh" of the Brennymen clove all ears and hearts.

To left and right MacDermot and his gunmen opened out like double doors unfolding as Brian Ogue went into the Queen's vanguard. To left and right they opened and now poured in their fire transversely on either flank of the struggling mass, while in front Brian Ogue and his reapers fell to the despatch of their red work. A moment the raised axes, razor-sharp and bright glistened in the sun, then fell ringing with dry clangor or more horribly silent, rising not so bright, rising and falling like lightning, such a war harvest to be reaped, such battle-fury in men's hearts, and such an opportunity!

And on the flanks MacDermot volleyed transversely, and soon his spear-hurlers clutched sword and fell on, and the gunmen slung the slow calyver, gripped swordhilt and did likewise.

Not long the struggle under such conditions. Back rolled the vanguard, back on the battle where Clifford was ranking his men and making his dispositions, seeing how matter went in front. Back rolled the vanguard, effusing afar their own panic, back in the first instance on the forward convoy. Here the peasant drivers cut their wagon traces, mounted and ran, and the trains of mules and pack horses stampeded, and amid this confusion the flying vanguard tumbled into through and over the battle, while brave Clifford did all that man could do to stem the raging flood, and MacDermot's prophetic soul was justified by the event.

He had doubled back the vanguard and the first convoy upon the battle. And the battle too was broken and rolled back on the second convoy and the rear guard.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLIFFORD'S HEROIC DEATH.

At this moment a cry arose: "The President is dead!" The President had gone down in the midst of the raging flood but he was not killed. His horse was shot, and he had fallen. He was soon on his feet again roaring commands and encouragements to his own men so far as they were still rational

beings, endeavoring in vain to restore the fight, commanding, entreating, doing all that a brave man could do. "There had not come of the English into Ireland in the latter days a better man."

Seeing the day utterly lost, two of his Irish officers, the lieutenant of Captain Burke, name not given, and Sir Miler McSweeny urged him to leave the field.

"Overcome with wrath and shame, he declared, Roman-like, that he would not overlive that day's ignominy. But that affection which moved Sir Miler McSweeny to use entreaties persuaded him now to practiz force, by which they carryed him from the pursuing rebels some few paces, when enraged with the wildness of his men, which he often repeated, he brake from them in a fury, and turning head alone, made head to the whole troopes of pursuers, in the midst of whom when he was stroake through the bodye with a bullet* he died fighting, consecrating by an admryable resolucion the memory of his name to immortality and leaving the example of his virtue to be entytuled by all honorable posterities."†

Yet, even after Clifford's death his division or parts, of it rallied and fought on. Savage and the rearguard managed to keep their ranks while the roaring deluge of flight and panic terror raged past them. There was tough fighting, or at all events, resistance of some sort, after the fall of Clifford, and before the best materials of the Queen's host gave way utterly, and the rout became universal.

Savage, I feel sure, played a brave part; I should be much surprised if he did not, for gallantry was in his blood. Four centuries had elapsed since the founder of the clan Savage marched from Dublin with the great John de Courcy and a handful of Norman knights and archers to the conquest of Ulster, and did conquer Ulster.

And de Courcy planted the Savage in the north of *Dal-Aradia*‡ as one of his barons, and there for four centuries, while houses rose and fell, many a wild storm of war, Edward Bruce's invasion amongst them, broke upon but broke not this hardy Norman-Irish clan.

They were Queen's men now, and Sir Arthur was their most distinguished representative. He served the Crown in honorable posts after this rout in

the Curlews, and behaved with gallantry and distinction in the Battle of Kinsale in 1602.*

Savage, surely, like Clifford and Ratcliffe, did his best to save the battle, but at last all broke and fled, Brian Ogue's battle-axes going like smith's hammers or the flails of thrashingmen on their rear and MacDermot volleying from right to left, and all solid companies getting broken up and swept away by the torrents of panic-stricken humanity.

So at last the whole of the Queen's host was reduced to chaos, streaming madly away, and the Battle of the Curlew Mountains was fought and lost and won. On rushed the fugitives, disappearing not too rapidly within that half mile of Autumnal forest. The road was choked with baggage wagons, provisions, camp furniture, impedimenta of various kinds, and the running mass of men collided and jostled against each other and the trees, as the Royalists retraveled these primeval solitudes, while battle-axe and sword and calyver and pistol played ever on their rear.

CHAPTER XV.

MARKHAM STRIKES IN WITH THE QUEEN'S HORSEMEN.

As the runaways emerged from the southern fringes of the forest a sight was presented fit to recall to a sense of shame and obedience to their captains the minds of men not utterly frenzied and unmanned by fear. Before them if they could see anything for fright lay the great brown bog threaded by its narrow white road gorse-fringed, and on the road the clear midday sunlight glancing from bright morions and armor, the Earl of Southampton's horse advancing under the command of Sir Griffin Markham; quietly, leisurely following Sir Conyers under full belief that the passage of the Curlews had been forced, riding four or five abreast along the road which wound through the great bog that intervened between the wood and "the barricado with double flanks."

What a spectacle for their brave commander when the wood suddenly began to spout its rills and torrents of wild runaways, kerne, gallowglasses, musketeers, common soldiers, and officers tumbling out thence in every direction, falling into peat-holes, and rising and running, the better part without weapons, many tearing off and flinging away their armor as they ran.

Markham, a brave man who had a head for war and also an eye in his head, at a glance took in the situation and decided swiftly on his course. When he first witnessed the extraordinary spectacle far out in front at the other side of the great bog, viz., the green wood vomiting forth at a hundred points the whole Royalist army which was to have conquered North Connacht, he was not far from that "barricado with double flanks," and ad-

*Dymok says by a pike. He was slain by a bullet; the pike-thrust was given afterwards as the victors ran past. The account given by the "Four Masters" is doubtless correct. Sir Miler lived afterwards in Tir-Connall, where he must have related to many the exact manner of Clifford's death. In Tir-Connall the Annals were written, and quite possibly the "Four Masters" knew Sir Miler and talked with him.

†Philip O'Sullivan says that he offered these gentlemen great rewards if they would see him safe out of the battle, and that he fled a considerable distance. This is absurd. Dymok's account is more in keeping with all that we know about this brave and chivalrous gentleman.

‡Co. Down.

vancing along the main road which swerved so much, stretching across the bog like a bent bow. But besides this wheel-way there was, as formerly mentioned, another way more direct.

It was a mere continuity of moderately firm ground, rocky and furze-strown, solid enough for his purpose, which fell in with the main road on this side of the wood. Quickly taking in the situation, he advanced as well as he could, and as swiftly, along this rough short-cut by which the panic-stricken army did not run, and which was open to his use. They, poor wretches, for the most part, poured poured along and on both sides of the main road.

So avoiding that shameful torrent of wild humanity, he and his dragoons by this short-cut struck in upon the main road behind them, between the runaways and the pursuers. Here Markham formed his men on the road and on both sides of it, the ground being firm enough and charged MacDermot and his gunmen, now disordered in pursuit; charged them, and also broke them, cutting them down in all directions or driving them into the wood and far out into the wetnesses of the bog.

Now was the time for Captain Burke, Sir Miler McSweeny or some other brave and competent officer to take charge of that roaring flood of ruin, and reorder such of its elements as were not utterly demoralized; for the pursuit was stayed, and the pursuers in their turn overthrown by brave Markham and the cavalry.

CHAPTER XVI.

IS COUNTER-CHARGED BY THE OXONIAN.

Markham's spirited charge gave an opportunity of converting the rout into a victory. MacDermot and his gunmen were now shattered and dispersed, driven out into the bog on both sides of that firm ground where Markham had charged. But now while the Royalist dragoons rushed along, sabring and spearing, their ranks quite disordered in pursuit, and while some stood firing pistol shots at the gunmen out in the bog, Markham and his horse came full tilt upon a new and unexpected foe.

From the wood emerged Brian Ogue with his century and a half of heavy-armed foot, steady, ranked, in perfect order. Fearing the event, Brian Ogue kept his gallowglasses well in hand, and here, following with slow deliberate foot in the rear of the kerne, emerged to sight. From the green forest came to sudden view that formidable phalanx, their shining battle-axes now dull enough.

The Royalist horse were now charged in front by Brian Ogue, while MacDermot's gunmen closing in from the bogs fired transversely through their ranks from each side. Markham and the horse could not win the battle alone. Then as now, horse were no match for foot that would keep their ranks and decline to be frightened by mere show and glitter.

Charged by Brian Ogue, Markham

**"Pacata Hibernia," last chapters, where his name is several times mentioned with honor.

could not stand the impact of the Brenny men. Down tumbled horses and their riders to the cleaving of Brian Ogue's battle-axes. Markham, too, was utterly routed, so routed that he lost "all his pennons and guidons." Brian Ogue handled the Queen's horsemen that day better than I think he ever handled Lily's irregular Latin verbs at Oxford.

There was another Oxford man, but of the Queen's Irish in this battle, Richard Burke, Lord Dunkellin, chief designate of the High Burkes. Brian Ogue in this melee received two wounds one in the hand and another in the leg. Markham did not escape without receiving some tokens. He had the small bone of his right arm broken "with the stroke of a bullet and his clothes torn by another.

So the cavalry too broke and fled, following the fugitives, and again the flood of flight and chase rolled down the slopes of the Curlews. The guard so prudently planted at the barricado participated in the disgraceful rout, which was perhaps the most remarkable example of cowardice in this whole shameful business.

They were 160 in number and might have held the pass for hours against any army unprovided with artillery. Clifford had not destroyed the barricado, but merely opened a passage through it. The gap was narrow enough for defence and not wide enough for the torrent of ruin which now sought to pour through. Some wiser than the rest clambered over the rampart and the bristling palisades. Most of the fugitives rushed at the open passage and blocked it. But for the relief afforded by Markham there would have been an awful slaughter here.

Of the beaten army the Meath Irish fared worst. The great mass of the army were Connacht Irish, who were well acquainted with the Curlews and knew good paths over the bogs and through the hills. Many of their officers and lords had, I suppose, been often here hawking. The Meath Irish knew nothing of the country, and so thought of nothing save of rushing straight along by the way they came. The few English soldiers here shared their fate. They were certainly few.

As we have seen, Bingham had purged the Connacht army of Englishmen. Bingham meant no slight upon English valor which was and is as good as any in the world, but when English recruits were scarecrows with whom Falstaff "would not march through Coventry," "a great many diseased, and many mad," what other course was possible for Bingham contending* for his life and honor against Red Hugh, and Granuaile's son, and MacDermot of the Curlews, and Brian Ogue and divers other fire-breathing dragons of the West?

These timber barriers which the Royalists had passed so joyfully that

*These are the words of the Mayor of Chester, who received and forwarded to Ireland those astonishing levies. Even in great Eliza's golden time, there was an incredible amount of folly at headquarters.

morning proved now an obstacle to their flight. Here, those who still kept their weapons flung them away, and here also quantities of clothes and armor were found. The pursuers consisted only of the 600 fulminators, now reduced to less than 400, and Brian Ogue's century and a half of gallows-glasses. But resistance was never thought of.

From the mountains the mingled flood of chase and panic-flight rolled towards the town of Boyle, execution never ceasing, for Sir Griffin seems not to have been able again to get his cavalry in order. Through the gates of Boyle it poured, and kept pouring, till the gates had to be closed against the foe.

Red Hugh's lieutenants and their warriors encamped that night under or not far from the walls, and one of the most remarkable battles recorded in Irish history came to an end. In war there is a great deal of luck, and we may observe, too, that scratch armies are admirably fitted for the losing of battles.

Here were Meathian Irish and Connacht Irish—men one might almost describe, such was the disjointed state of the land, as of different nationalities; here veterans of the army of Essex, and soldiers drawn from the garrisons; here, finally, were English soldiers mixed with Irish, and the Irish for the most part not regulars, only the rising-out of Meath and Connacht, that is to say, the local gentry and their followers. Yet the little band of conquerors was a scratch army too, so from any point of view it must be accounted a most glorious victory.

The battle was won by 600 musketeers and archers, and a company of Breffneian gallows-glasses. A very remarkable battle in every way; lost to the Crown seemingly through the cowardice of the Royalist vanguard, or shall we say, of Henry Cosby, who, we may hope, got well killed. In this battle there were slain of the Royalists one thousand four hundred, no quarter being given. MacDermot and Brian Ogue lost in killed and wounded only 240 men. The baggage, standards, etc., and nearly all the arms of the invading army fell into the hands of the conquerors.

When in reading English history we perceive the intense wrath felt in London against the Earl of Essex and his conduct of the Irish wars, we must remember the sense of imperial humiliation which was felt at a defeat such as the foregoing sustained under his government. The Nine Years' War is throughout a wonder, miraculous everywhere. From beginning to end the insurgent lords only lost one battle, the Battle of Kinsale. Yet they were beaten!

CHAPTER XVII.

CLIFFORD DECAPITATED.

Brian Ogue, as stated, received two bullet wounds during his victorious tussle with Markham and the horse. He rode or was borne in a litter homewards to the camp along that corpse-strewn road. His scratches don't seem

to have troubled him much. He paused as he went, scrutinizing with deliberation the bodies of those who by their superior armor seemed men of rank, and which were exhibited to him as he passed. Amongst them he was shown the familiar features of Sir Conyers Clifford, President of Connacht.

He knew him well. He had been to visit him on his first coming into his Presidenciad, and had only been prevented from allying himself and his Breffneian nation with the Queen's cause by the stern menacing attitude assumed towards him by Red Hugh. He ordered his attendants to behead Clifford, and sent the head forward as a trophy and token to Red Hugh. The decapitation of slain foes was a universal custom of the age. Had Brian Ogue fallen, Clifford would have decapitated him.

Among the rows of heads which adorned the battlements of Dublin Castle at this moment was the tarred head of Brian Ogue's own father, the brave proud Brian na Murtha. Clifford's head was forwarded to Red Hugh in the north; his body was conveyed south to MacDermot, to the Castle of Gaywash, hard by Boyle, where MacDermot and his army were now encamped.

I like Brian Ogue and am sorry, custom or no custom, that he ordered the decapitation of Clifford. My regret has been anticipated by the "Four Masters."

Red Hugh sent a swift detachment of horse with Clifford's head to Collooney, to Nial Garf, his cousin in command there. Nial Garf, demanding a parley with the defenders of the Castle, informed Sir Donough of the defeat of the Royalists, and in proof of the statement exhibited the head of the slain general. That was enough. Sir Donough gave up Collooney, and himself and its defenders as prisoners without demanding terms for his condition was desperate.

Shortly after Red Hugh himself appeared upon the scene, and held a long colloquy with his captive. The result of this conference was that Sir Donough undertook to transfer his allegiance from the Queen to Red Hugh, and to hold all Sligo from him on the same terms that his ancestors used to hold it from Red* Hugh's ancestors. Hugh reinvested him in the lordship of Sligo, presented him with horses, cattle, sheep, ploughs and all manner of farm instruments, and even with a population, so that in a short time the wasted land became once again an inhabited, industrious and well-settled principality.

Red Hugh gave him what the Crown first would not, and then could not give him, viz., the estates of his ancestors. Hugh took his hostages and thenceforward directed all his motions I may add that subsequently, when troubles began to close round the young chief of Tir-Connall, Sir Donough took to intriguing anew with the Queen's party, and Red Hugh had to

*One was that three bards, all nominated in the deed, should satirize the party who first broke contract. Modern times were coming but had not yet come.

July, 1903.

imprison Sir Donough, and raise his brother to the chieftaincy.

Granuaile's son, Burke the Marine, long rocking idly before the ruins of Sligo Castle, weighed anchor and sailed with all his lime, cannons and provisions. I dare say he annexed them, for I find that he now transferred his allegiance to the victorious Red Hugh. The land Burke having watched grimly the sinking sails of his cousin, marched back to his principality of Mayo, ruling and regulating there as Red Hugh's MacWilliam.

Released from his formidable opponent, Clifford, Red Hugh resumed his operations speedily, made himself virtual master of Connacht, and meditated now the overthrow of Thomond and the O'Briens.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAC DERMOT'S LATIN LETTER.

As mentioned, the headless body of the President was carried southwards to MacDermot. The treatment which it received at his hands will be perceived from the following curious letter, despatched probably a day or two after the battle, by that chieftain, to the Constable of Boyle. It fell into the hands of Sir John Harrington, and was published by him in his "Nugae Antiquæ." It is by him "censured" justly enough, to be "barbarous for the Latyn, but cyvill for the sence":

"Conestabulario de Boyle salutem:

"Scias quod ego traduxi corpus gubernatoris ad monasterium Sanctae Trinitatis propter ejus dilectionem, et alia de causa. Sivelitis mihi redire meos captivos ex praedicto corpore quod paratus sum ad conferendum vobis ipsum; alias sepulta erit honeste in predicto monasterio et sic vale, scriptu apud Gaywash, 15 August, 1599; interim pone bonu linteamentum ad praedictum corpus, et si veltis sepelire omnes alios nobiles non impeditam vos erga eos.

"Mac Dermon."

Probable translation of the foregoing:

"To the Constable of Boyle, greeting:

"Know that I have surrendered the body of the Governor to the Monastery of the Holy Trinity, on account of his command and for other cause. If you wish to restore me my captives in return for the aforesaid body, I am ready to confer with you in person. In any case, he will be honorably interred in the aforesaid monastery. So fare thee well.

"Written at Gaywash, August 15, 1599.

"In the meantime wrap (I have wrapped) a good shroud round the aforesaid body, and if you wish to bury all the other nobles, I will not interfere with your doing so."

Note the aristocratic feeling expressed here: MacDermot seems to think that the Constable would only be at the pains of burying the bodies of the gentlemen. The "redire meos captivos" is funny enough, but the letter

is the letter of a soldier and a gentleman.

Dymok adds the following, which has some interest, though inconsiderable.

"By this letter is too truly interpreted a troublesome dream of the Governor's, which he had about a year before his defeat, when being awakened by his wife out of an unquiet sleep, he recounted unto her that he thought himself to have been taken prisoner by O'Donnell, and that certain religious men of compassion conveyed him into their monastery, where they concealed him. And so indeed, as he dreamed, or rather prophesied, the monastery hath his body, world his fame, and his friends the want of his virtue."

A Veteran Regiment.

VETERANS of the Ninth Regiment Connecticut Volunteers are engaged in the very laudable endeavor of raising funds for a monument which will perpetuate the valor and patriotism of the gallant Ninth, a Connecticut regiment composed almost exclusively of Irishmen and sons of Irishmen, which during the Civil War bore the brunt of many a hard fought fight in defending the flag and maintaining the integrity of the Union.

Arrangements are being made for the publication of a history of the regiment. Of the 1,606 men who enlisted in this command, less than 100 are alive this day.

It is proposed to erect the monument at Bay View Park, the old camp ground of the regiment, on Howard Avenue, New Haven. August 5th next has been designated as the date of unveiling. Invitations to attend the ceremonies have been accepted by the representatives of the State and nation. The American-Irish Historical Society will hold a special meeting in New Haven on that date and will participate in the services of the unveiling.

Taking part in the parade and other ceremonies will be the G. A. R., several companies of the Connecticut National Guard, and detachments of the Naval Battalion, with a number of civic societies. It will be a fete day in New Haven, and thousands of visitors will be present. In view of the magnificent demonstration now made certain, the committee anticipate an increased expenditure, and has enlarged upon its plans.

This will be the first regimental monument to be erected in the city of New Haven, commemorative of the stirring deeds of '61. The occasion will be one of the most memorable in the history of the city for many years. It is urged that all who desire to aid in the furtherance of the movement should do so promptly.

Remittances may be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. James F. Brennan, P. O. Box 589, New Haven, Conn.

Hon. James P. Pigott is Chairman, Dr. T. W. Cahill vice-president. Hon. James P. Bree secretary and James F. Brennan treasurer.

Parish Libraries.

M. R. THOMAS O'DONNELL, M. P., has sent a circular letter to each of the 1,500 members of the teachers' organization in Ireland pointing out to them the fact that Rural District Councils in Ireland now are empowered to levy a rate of 1d in the £ for the purpose of establishing parish libraries.

There is no need for buildings nor for librarians' salaries. The schools will hold the libraries and the teachers control them. Mr. O'Donnell urges that the Act should be immediately and generally put into operation.

Mr. "Willie" Redmond.

M. R. WILLIAM REDMOND, M. P., who was forty-two last month, has spent twenty years of his life in Parliament. He enjoys the rare distinction of having represented constituencies in three of the four Irish provinces. He sat for Wexford, in Leinster, in 1883; for Fermanagh, in Ulster, in 1886; and he has represented East Clare, in Munster, since 1892.

Mr. Redmond was in prison for his opinions before he was in Parliament, and he has been there twice since. He was in Kilmainham with Mr. Parnell when Mr. Foster was at Dublin Castle: he was in Wexford prison in the "Plan of Campaign" days; and a second term in Kilmainham terminated only recently. In the midst of his political activities he found time to become a barrister-at-law and to go on a shooting trip in the Australian Bush, about which he has published a little book.

To Kitty.

I'T'S the plague o' me life ye are, Kitty, dear Kitty,
For whin I would call ye me beautiful star,
"An' am I a star?" it's yer quick tongue that answers,
"Why I'm miles then above ye, och iver so far!"

It's the light o' me life ye are, Kitty, dear Kitty,
When I look on the ocean an' call ye me pearl.
Sez you, "Is it wather that's taken yer likin'?"
Ye'll git plenty nate, fishin' there for a girl."

It's the love o' me life ye are, Klty, dear Kitty,
An' still when I call ye me treasure of gold,
"Is it gold that I am?" sez you, "shure that wants gittin'"
An' care in the keepin' as well, so I'm told."

It's me queen that ye've always been, Kitty, dear Kitty,
An' sleepin', an' wakin', me thoughts are wid you,
So now then for better or worse will ye take me?
Is yer tongue for once silent? Yer lips dear, will do!

—ANGELA HOPE.



The Death of Labhradh (Lora).

By Thomas Dunne English.

[The name of the wicked prince in this legend is arbitrary, though the ancient Irish had an *Ard Rígh* (high king, or emperor) thus called. Of the latter is told, with some variations, the tale of *Midas*. The story was caught probably from some traveled monk in the days when Ireland stood pre-eminent in classical as well as theological learning, and it became filtered through the peasants' sieve. This *Labhradh Loingeach*—*Lora Lonshach* of the common tongue (Leary?)—was gifted with a pair of horse's, not ass's, ears. The barber relieved his mind of the awful secret not by whispering it to a hole in the ground, but into a split

which he made in a willow. Of this the king's musician chanced to make a harp that treacherously, at a public festival, uttered the barber's words, "Da Chluais Cappal ar Labhradh Loingeach" i. e., *Lora Lonshach* has horse's ears. As for *Donn*, called *Firineach*—the teller of truth—from the invariable fulfilment of his predictions, he may be set down as an Irish Thomas the Rhymer. His identity is not fixed. Sometimes he is called a local fairy king, and sometimes set down as a son of *Milesius*, the conqueror of Ireland, who has taken up his residence in a rocky hill, waiting until the country recovers its nationality.]

PROUDLY arose *Cnocfirinn*'s height, at that time clothed with trees,
Whose many leaves showed light or dark, synchronic with the breeze.

A castle stood upon its crown—now lie its ruins low—
But that was in the olden time, twelve hundred years ago.

And there the cruel *Lora* reigned, the king of all that land;
No trace of justice in his heart, no mercy in his hand;
To noble high, or peasant low, denying ruth or right:
Black be his memory, *Lora-na-Ard*, the tyrant of the height!

His wrath the worst on *Cormac* fell—on *Cormac* of the Glen;
His hate for him was twice of that he felt for other men—
His cousin *Cormac*, rightful heir, whose crown usurped he wore.

Who *Glann-a-dord* alone retained of all he held before.
But naught for sway did *Cormac* long; a noble, shunning strife;
His greatest treasures, children, twain and *Amarach* his wife—
Oscur, his son, a stripling tall, of proud and noble air,

And *Niav*—right well *Fiongalla** called—the innocent and fair.

Long time had *Lora* set his eyes on daughter and on land;
To wrest the last, to wreck the first, a deadly scheme he planned:
For tempting from his lofty towers, in all its pride complete,
Was *Glann-a-dord*, its woods and fields—and *Niav* was young and sweet.

So when one morning *Niav* went forth with handmaids in her train,
As was her wont, to taste the air that swept the dewy plain,
There sudden from behind a knoll rode gallowglasses base,
Who rudely seized the lady fair and bore her from the place.

The gallowglasses of the king their saffron jerkins showed,
And to the summit of the hill the vile marauders rode.
The royal *rath* they entered, and with victory elate,
With shouts their lovely prize they bore within the castle gate:

*Fair-Cheek.

Her brother heard her piteous shrieks, and snatching spear
and brand,
Sprang light of foot up rock and cliff to intercept the bane;
But only gained the castle gates to find them closed to him,
And at a wicket, sheltered well, the warder old and grim.

"What do you here?" the warder cried, "with spear and
glaive displayed,
Our royal lord no comer brooks in hostile guise arrayed.
Begone, rash boy, or dread his wrath!" "Tis Lora's self
I seek.
Where skulks this coward king of yours, oppressor of the
weak?"

Oped at the words the castle gates, and poured the wretches
forth,
The vile assassin kerns well armed, the hirelings from the
North.
The first went down before the sword, two others followed
fast;
But all too many they for one, who, wounded, fell at last.

They haled him soon where Lora sat, and grimly said the
king,
"For this, at dawn, before your house, on gallows-tree you
swing;
And for the treason that is bred in nest at Glann-a-dord,
Your father's lands are forfeited unto his sovereign lord!"

Ill news will travel fast; and hence, ere quite an hour had
flown,
A mother's heart was throbbing quick, a mother's voice
made moan;
A white-haired father bent in grief, all pride and state laid
by,
His only son, his hope, his pride, next morn was doomed
to die.

Amid their grief the sunset fell, the hour was growing late,
When came a tattered beggar there, and rapped upon the
gate.

"I am," said he, "the poorest man among the sons of men;
God save ye kindly, give me bed and supper at the Glen."

"Alas, poor man," a servant said, "seek not for shelter here;
Avoid a house upon whose roof there falls such grief and
fear."

"Nay, nay," said Cormac; "spurn him not! Whatever be
our woes.
No man in need, while yet I rule, from hence unsuccored
goes."

They let the beggar in the gate, they set him at the board.
Where some one told him of the doom that hung on Glann-
a-dord.

"Oh, sha gu dheine?"* said he then. "But Oscur shall not
die:

Not his, but Lora's race is run, I say, who cannot lie!"

The night had passed, the dawn was there, no cloud upon
the sky;
And soon they raise before the door the ghastly gallows
high;
And soon with mournful sound of horns the sad proces-
sion shows—
The troops of Lora on the march, and Oscur bound with
those.

Came forth the beggar with his hosts, and with scarce-
hidden laugh,
Exclaimed in measured accents, as he leaned upon his staff:
"Last night there was no banshee's cry, that ever death
portends;
Take comfort, gracious Bhan-a-teagh, † the right the right
defends!"

Proud Lora prances on his steed, and lightly leaps to
ground:

*Is that so?
†Vanithee (*vulg. dict.*)—i. e., woman of the house.

He gazes on the gloomy tree, then looks revengeful round.
When Amarach, with tottering steps, approaches where
he stands,
And on her knees for mercy begs with high uplifted hands.

"The boy shall die!" the monarch said, "so treason may
be checked,
And vassals taught their sovereign's will to hold in due
respect."

"You err, O king," the beggar said; "not he, but you shall
die.
I say it, I, Donn Firineach, the one who cannot lie!"

"Peace, fool!" replied the king. "And learn, O Cormac, to
your cost,
Your son his life and you the lands of Glann-a-dord have
lost.
But as for Niav, my leman she, to grace my palace hall.
"Thou liest, king!" the beggar said. "She has escaped thy
thrall."

"Now who are you?" the monarch cried, "who dares to
wake my wrath?
Far better in the woodland stand within the wild wolf's
path.
Vile beggar-churl, this insolence to-day you well shall rue,
The tree which they have reared for one, has room enough
for two!"

A noise as though the lightning-stroke a thunder-cloud
had kissed,
Cnocfirinn opened at its base, poured forth a cloud of mist.
Impetuous over rock and mead in mighty mass it rolled,
And hid the beggar from their sight within its silver fold.

All stood appalled. What sign is this? Now guard us,
Holy Rood!
Closer the cloud of mist advanced to where the monarch
stood;
An arm in glittering mail came forth, a hand that bore a
glaive;
It rose in air, then sweeping down, the head of Lora clave.
Then shrank the cloud away, dispersed, and showed a glit-
tering ring
Of warriors bold in green and gold, and at their head their
king—
Beggar no more—Donn Firineach, who one time ruled the
land;
And to her sire the Lady Niav he led with kindly hand.

"From my deep sleep in yonder hill," he said, "I heard
your woe,
And came to raise the humbled right, and wrong to over-
threw.
There lies the tyrant's worthless corse; inearth the soul-
less clay.
King Cormac has his own again, and none shall say him
nay."

His green-clad soldiers formed in rank; they marched
toward the hill;
The awe-struck throng in wonder stood, their breathing
low and still.
Cnocfirinn opened wide its base; the green elves entered
there;
It closed; and rock and cliff around again were gray and
bare.

Then joy was in the people's cup, o'erflowing at the brim;
For Cormac ruled o'er Munster wide, and Oscur followed
him;
And Niav, before a year had gone, her young heart fairly
won.
Was Queen of Ulster in the North, and bride of Nessa's son.





Ossianic and Other Early Legends.



T never entered the head of the glorious author of the *Iliad*, or its separate rhapsodies, to publish his work by subscription, or sell his copyright to the Longmans, or the Murray, or the Macmillan of Ephesus or Athens; such literary patrons did not exist in his day.

He recited it in the theatre or the agora, and was well or ill-requited. So no Irish *Bolg an Dana* (wallet of poems) in the good old times, with a new work ready for issue, would walk into *Luimneach*, or *Portlairge*, or *Balleathachliath*,* with his manuscript in his srip, and make arrangement for its publication.

He betook himself to the hall of king or chief, or to the Fair of Tailtean, and recited his production to an excitable crowd. If the subject was a fine-spun treatise in narrative, *a la Balzac*, on the physiology of marriage, or the long-enduring woes of a lady not appreciated by her coarsely-moulded husband, or the tortures of a man of fashion who longs for a divorce, he would soon detect a portion of his constituents yawning, and the rest striving to escape from the uninteresting lecture.

But our sixth or ninth century-man knew better. He was a poet or story-teller of the first or second order: and if he had lately invented nothing new, he rattled on with a sieve, a burning, a battle, an adventure in a cavern, a search over land and sea for some priceless commodity, a love-chase, a war between the *Ard-Righ* at Teamor and one of his petty kings, or an adventure of the Fianna in some stronghold of the Danaan Druids, where they underwent spells, and at last found an unexpected deliverance.

Sometimes it was a coward-hero, who endured troubles and terrors for a whole night in a strange castle, and in the morning found himself uncomfortably shivering in a ditch. Occasionally a wife was false, and the strife waged by the wronged husband against faithless spouse and lover furnished a theme. But the poet chiefly dwelt on the hairbreadth escapes of the false fair, and the wonderful adventures that befell all parties, and made no attempt to prove marriage an unjust and tyran-

nical institution, or to show the blessings that would hallow a cheap system of divorce.

There is no pressing need of pity or contempt for the childish taste possessed by the kings, and chiefs, and franklins of old in common with their wives and daughters. There was no such thing as learned leisure for any of the conditions of humanity mentioned, no sitting in comfortably furnished libraries, reading the last quarterly, monthly, or weekly.

The king was leading his troops to battle, heading them in the strife, or devising measures with his Ollamhs or Fileas for the better or worse government of his province. The chief had a less extent of land and fewer individuals to attend to, but his life also was fully occupied at the proper business of his chieftancy, or in the battle or chase.

The grazier had his land and his cattle to look after, and queens, chieftainesses, and graziers' wives found the hours too short for the well administering of their households. A late dinner or early supper put an end to the daily cares, and the poets in the early times, and the prose story-teller later on, helped men and women to forget their own cares for two or three hours by their wondrous recitals.

Would it have been a wise measure on the part of the story-teller to relate a narrative having the same relation to the state of existing society as the modern novel has to our own? Not at all. If he drew a faithful picture of the common life of the time, he would find his noble audience yawning or going to sleep.

Every one had come to be interested or electrified; every one's expectations were enhanced by those of his neighbors. So the grand, the terrible, the deeply affecting, and occasionally the ludicrous, must be presented. The earliest subjects of our old bards were the real events of days then ancient, the exploits of the ancestors of the noble chiefs or kings before them, all of course magnified by the glowing medium of romance and poetry through which they were presented.

The readers of the tales here collected are necessarily unconscious of the pleasure which the recitals of the originals gave the Irish-speaking listen-

ers of former days. For this there is no remedy. The tales are given, not so much for their intrinsic merit as for their value as literary curiosities—relics of the social usages of a people whose circumstances, aspirations, and tastes were as different as they well could be from those of their living descendants.

An archæological artist may have it in his power to present us with a good idea of the outer man of an ancient Celt. If it were given to us to overhear the conversation of the same Celt and a few of his neighbors on some phases of their ordinary life, we should obtain a glimpse of his character, his likings, his dislikings and his tastes. As this is out of the question, we must content ourselves with such knowledge as the stories to which he listened in his hours of relaxation can afford.

Most welcome to the audiences of kings or chiefs' halls were the wild stories of the *Fianna Eirionn*, or Heroes of Ireland, some of whom really flourished in the third century of the Christian era.

In the following tales it will be seen that both chess and hurling were among the amusements of the Fenian chieftains.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF GEAROIDH IARLA.

In old times in Ireland there was a great man of the Fitzgeralds. The name on him was Gerald, but the Irish, that always had a great liking for the family, called him *Gearoidh Iarla* (Earl Gerald). He had a great castle or rath at Mullaghmast, and whenever the English government were striving to put some wrong on the country, he was always the man that stood up for it. Along with being a great leader in a fight, and very skillful at all weapons, he was deep in the *black art*, and could change himself into whatever shape he pleased. His lady knew that he had this power, and often asked him to let her into some of his secrets, but he never would gratify her.

She wanted particularly to see him in some strange shape, but he put her off and off on one pretence or other. But she wouldn't be a woman if she hadn't perseverance; and so at last he let her know that if she took the least fright while he'd be out of his natural

form, he would never recover it till many generations of men would be under the mould.

"Oh! she wouldn't be a fit wife for *Gearoidh Iarla* if she could be easily frightened. Let him but gratify her in this whim, and he'd see what a *hero* she was!" So one beautiful Summer evening, as they were sitting in their grand drawing-room, he turned his face away from her, and muttered some words, and while you'd wink he was clever and clean out of sight, and a lovely *goldfinch* was flying about the room.

The lady, as courageous as she thought herself was a little startled, but she held her own pretty well, especially when he came and perched on her shoulder, and shook his wings, and put his little beak to her lips, and whistled the delightfulest tune you ever heard. Well, he flew in circles round the room, and played hide and go seek with his lady, and flew out into the garden, and flew back again, and lay down in her lap as if he was asleep, and jumped up again.

Well, when the thing had lasted long enough to satisfy both, he took one flight more into the open air; but by my word he was soon on his return. He flew right into his lady's bosom, and the next moment a fierce hawk was after him.

The wife gave one loud scream, though there was no need, for the wild bird came in like an arrow, and struck against a table with such force that the life was dashed out of him. She turned her eyes from his quivering body to where she saw the goldfinch an instant before, but neither goldfinch nor Earl Garret did she ever lay eyes on again.

Once every seven years the Earl rides round the Curragh of Kildare on a steed, whose silver shoes were half an inch thick the time he disappeared; and when these shoes are worn as thin as a cat's ear, he will be restored to the society of living men, fight a great battle with the English, and reign King of Ireland for two score years.

Himself and his warriors are now sleeping in a long cavern under the Rath of Mullaghmast. There is a table running along through the middle of the cave. The Earl is sitting at the head, and his troopers down along in complete armor both sides of the table, and their heads resting on it. Their horses, saddled and bridled, are standing behind their masters in their stalls at each side; and when the day comes, the miller's son that's to be born with six fingers on each hand, will blow his trumpet, and the horses will stamp and whinny, and the knights awake and mount their steeds, and go forth to battle.

Some night that happens once in every seven years, while the Earl is riding round the Curragh, the entrance may be seen by any one chancing to pass by. About a hundred years ago, a horse-dealer that was late abroad and a little drunk, saw the lighted cavern, and went in. The lights, and the stillness, and the sight of the men in armor cowed him a good deal, and

he became sober. His hands began to tremble, and he let fall a bridle on the pavement.

The sound of the bit echoed through the long cave, and one of the warriors that was next him lifted his head a little, and said in a deep hoarse voice: "Is it time yet?" He had the wit to say: "Not yet, but soon will," and the heavy helmet sunk down on the table. The horse-dealer made the best of his way out, and I never heard of any other one getting the same opportunity.

The terrible superstition of the *Lianan Sighé* dates, as we here find, from an early period.

It was the fate of those mortals who loved, and were beloved by, women of the *Sighé* people, that they could not be freed from the connection unless with the entire consent of their wayward mistresses. In illustration of the system, we subjoin the very old legend of

ILLAN EACHTACH AND THE LIANAN.

Illan was a friend of Fion, and was willing to become more intimately connected with him by marrying his aunt Tuirrean. It had come to Fion's ears that Illan was already provided with a *Sighé*-love, so he secured the fate of his aunt in this wise. He put her hand into that of Oisin, who intrusted her to Caoilté, who intrusted her to Mac Luacha, etc.; and thus she passed under the guardianship of Diarmaid, Goll Mac Morna, another Luacha, and so into the arms of Illan.

Her married life was happy for a while, but it did not please the *Sighé*, *Uchtdealbh* (Fair Bosom) that her mortal lover should be happy in any society but her own. So she paid her a visit in the absence of her husband, and invited her out, as she wished to give her an important message from Fion, relative to a feast he wanted to have prepared.

Being safe from the eyes of the household, she muttered some words, and drawing a druidic wand from under her mantle, she struck her with it, and changed her into the most beautiful wolf-hound that eyes ever beheld. She then took her to the house of Fergus Fionnliath, on the shore of the Bay of Galway.

Illan, hearing on his return that his wife had gone out with a strange woman, and had not since been seen, guessed that Fair Bosom had disposed of her in some way, and began to tremble for the result. It was not long arriving. Fion, missing his aunt, demanded her safe in life and limb at the hands of Oisin, who demanded her from Caoilté, who demanded her from Mac Luacha, etc., till Luacha, the second, demanded from Illan the person of his wife in good health, or his own head. Illan acknowledged the justice of the request, and merely demanded a few days' grace.

He at once set forward to the palace-cavern of his *Sighé*, and obtained his wish, but on the pure condition of being faithful to her till his death, and never more seeking mortal mistress or

wife. She then sought out Tuirrean, and bringing her to some distance from Fergus' rath, restored her to her pristine shape, and then delivered her over to her nephew. Luacha the second, the last of the sureties, represented to the great chief that the least recompence he could make him for the terror he had experienced, was the hand of the restored beauty, and Fion gave his gracious consent to this second espousals of his aunt.

During the lady's transformation she brought to the world the two celebrated hounds *Bram* and *Sceoluing*. Fair Bosom was willing to give them the human shape when she restored it to their mother, but Fion preferred them to remain as they were.

THE QUEEN WITH THE SPECKLED DAGGER.

Fion son of Cumhall was one day separated from his knights as they were engaged at the chase, and came out on a wide grassy plain that stretched along the sea strand. There he saw the twelve sons of *Bawr Scullog* playing at *coman* (hurling), and wonderful were the strokes they gave the ball, and fleetier than the wind their racing after it.

As Fion approached they ceased their sport, and all coming forward hailed him as the protector of the wronged, and the defender of the island against the white strangers. "If you like to amuse yourself, Fion son of Cumhall," said the chief of one party, "take my *coman*, and pull down the vanity of our opponents."

"I would do your party no honor with this toy," said Fion, taking the *coman* between his finger and thumb.

"Let that not disturb you," said the hurling chief. So he pulled up a *neantog* (nettle), and muttering a charm over it, and changing it thrice from one hand to the other, it became a weapon fitting for the hand of the son of Cumhall. It was worth a year of idle life to see the blows struck by the chief, and hear the terrible heavy sound as the *coman* met the ball, and drove it out of sight.

And there was *Cosh Lua* (fleet foot) to pursue the flying globe and bring it back.

"My hand to you," said the eldest boy. "I never saw hurling till now."

Fion's party won the first game, and while they were resting for the second a boat neared the land, and a man sprung out and approached the party.

"Hail, very noble and courageous chief!" said he, addressing Fion. "My lady, the Queen of *Sciana Breaca*, lays on you *gensa*, binding on every Curadh, that you come forthwith to visit her in her island. She is persecuted by the powerful witch *Chluas Haistig* (flat ear), and she has been advised to call on you for help."

"Perhaps in vain," said Fion. "I can find out from the gift of the Salmon of Wisdom what is passing in any part of the island, but I am unprovided with charms against witchcraft."

"Let not that be a hindrance," said the eldest boy of *Bawr Scullog*, *Grune Ceanavaltha* (young bearded man):

"my two brothers, *Bechunach* (thief), and *Chluas Guillín* (Guillín's ears), and myself will go with you. We were not born yesterday."

He took two hazel twigs in his hand; and when they came to the edge of the water, one became a boat and the other a mast. He steered; one brother managed the sail, the other baled out the water, and so they sailed till they came to the harbor of the island, and there the helmsman secured the boat to a post with a year's security.

They visited the Queen, and were hospitably treated, and after they were refreshed with the best of food and liquor she explained her trouble.

"I had two fair children, and when each was a year old it fell sick, and on the third night was carried away by the wicked sorceress *Chluas Haistig*. My youngest, now a twelve-month old, has spent two sick nights. This night she will surely carry him away unless you or your young friends prevent her."

When the darkness came, Flon and the three brothers took their station in the room of the sick child; *Grune* and *Bechunach* played at chess, *Chluas Guillín* watched, and Flon reclined on a couch. Vessels full of Spanish wine, Greek honey (mead), and Danish beer were laid on the table. The two chess players were intent on their game, the watcher kept his senses on the strain, and a druidic sleep seized on the son of Cumhall.

Three times he made mighty efforts to keep awake, and thrice he was overcome by powerful weariness. The brothers smiled at his defeat, but left him to repose. Soon the watcher felt a chill shiver run over him, and the infant began to moan. A feeling of horror seized on the three boys, and a thin, long hairy arm was seen stealing down the opening above the fire. Though the teeth of *Chluas Guillín* were chattering with terror, he sprung forward, seized the hand, and held it firm.

A violent effort was made by the powerful witch sprawling on the roof to draw it away, but in vain. Another, and then another, and down it came across the body of *Chluas Guillín*. A deadly faintness came over him, the chess-players ran to his aid, and when his senses returned, neither child nor arm was to be seen. They looked at each other in dismay, but in a moment *Chluas* cried:

"*Grune*, take your arrows, you. *Bechunach*, your cord, and let us pursue the cursed Druidess."

In a few minutes they were at the mooring post, and away in their boat they went as fleet as the driving gale, till the enchanted tower of the witch came in sight. It seemed built with strong upright bars of iron, with the spaces between them filled by iron plates. A pale blue flame went out from it on every side, and it kept turning, turning and never stood at rest.

As soon as the boat approached *Chluas* began to mutter charms in verse, and to raise and sink his arms with the palms downwards. He called on his gods to bring a mighty sleep on the evil dweller within, and cause the

tower to cease its motion. It was done according to his incantation, and *Bechunach* taking his cord-ladder and giving it an accurate and very powerful heave, it caught on the pike of the steep circular roof, and up he sprung fleetier than the wild cat of the woods.

Looking in through the opening, he beheld the dread woman lying on the floor weighed down with the magic sleep, the floor stained with the blood which was still flowing from her torn shoulder, and the three children crying, and striving to keep their feet out of it.

Descending into the room he soothed them, and one by one he conveyed them through the opening, down the knotted cords, and so into the boat. The power of the spell ceasing as soon as the boat began to shoot homewards, the tower began again to whirl, and the witch's shriek came over the waves. It was so terrible that if *Chluas* had not covered the heads of the children with a thick mantle, their souls would have left their bodies with terror.

A dark form was seen gliding down the building, and the dash of an oar was heard from the witch's corrach, which was soon in swift pursuit.

"Draw your bowstring to your ear, O *Grune*," said *Chluas*, "and preserve your renown." He waved his arms and said his spells, and light proceeding from his finger-ends, illuminated the rough, dark, foam-crested waves for many a fathom behind them.

The hellish woman and her corrach were coming fleet as thought behind, but the light had not rested on the fearful figure and face a second moment when were heard the shrill twang of a bowstring, and the dull stroke of the arrow in her breast. Corrach and rower sunk in the waters; the magic light from *Chluas'* hands vanished, but a purple-red flame played over the spot where the witch had gone down till the boat was miles ahead.

As they approached the harbor, the landing-place and all around were lighted up with numberless torches held in the hands of the anxious people; the sight of the three children and their three deliverers made the sky ring with cheers of gladness.

At the entrance of the fort they met the mother and her attendants, and the joy at the sight of the recovered children gave them is not to be told. Flon had awakened at the moment of the witch's destruction, and was found walking to and fro in high resentment against himself. He knew by his druidic knowledge that the children were safe on their return, and cheered the Queen with the glad news, and thus the people had been waiting at the mooring point.

Three months did Flon and the three boys remain with the Queen of *Scianna Brea*, and every year a boat laden with gold and silver and precious stones, and well-wrought helmets, shields and loricas, and chess-tables, and rich cloaks, arrived for the sons of *Bavor Sculloye* at the point of the shore where the Queen's messenger had laid *geasa* on the famous son of Cumhall.

Official Report.

THE latest official report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland throws suggestive sidelights on the progress of the Celtic revival in Ireland.

A report just issued shows that the Gaelic League had last year 101 branches (all details are given) in the province of Ulster alone. Cork County (to take the other extreme) had 55, Dublin had 53.

The Irish in England, Scotland, Wales, America, New Zealand (Australia is now represented), and even South Africa (Cape Town and Kimberley), had also their branches.

Irish Tobacco.

HERE was an interesting debate in the House of Commons recently on the cultivation of the tobacco plant in Ireland. It was initiated by Mr. Wm. Redmond, who was supported by Mr. Field, the latter also submitting certain grievances under which Irish tobacco manufacturers labour.

Mr. Ritchie was sympathetic, but non-committal. He however gave an undertaking that he would gladly assist as far as it lay in his power the establishment and extension of the tobacco growing industry in Ireland.

The Ireland Club.

THE new association which Lord Charles Beresford is promoting in London for the development of Irish industries is to be styled the Ireland Club. The Club is to be organized on the lines of the Elighty Club, and it is proposed to have periodical dinners, to which distinguished guests will be invited, and after which Irish questions will be discussed.

The Duke of Connacht is to be invited to be the first president, and the original members will include Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Iveagh, Mr. Pirrie, the Hon. Charles Russell, Mr. Vesey Knox, Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. Slattery, chairman of the National Bank, and Mr. Morton Frewen.

The Lights o' Home.

TWENTY ships in Bantry Bay,
Good-bye to the lights o' home:

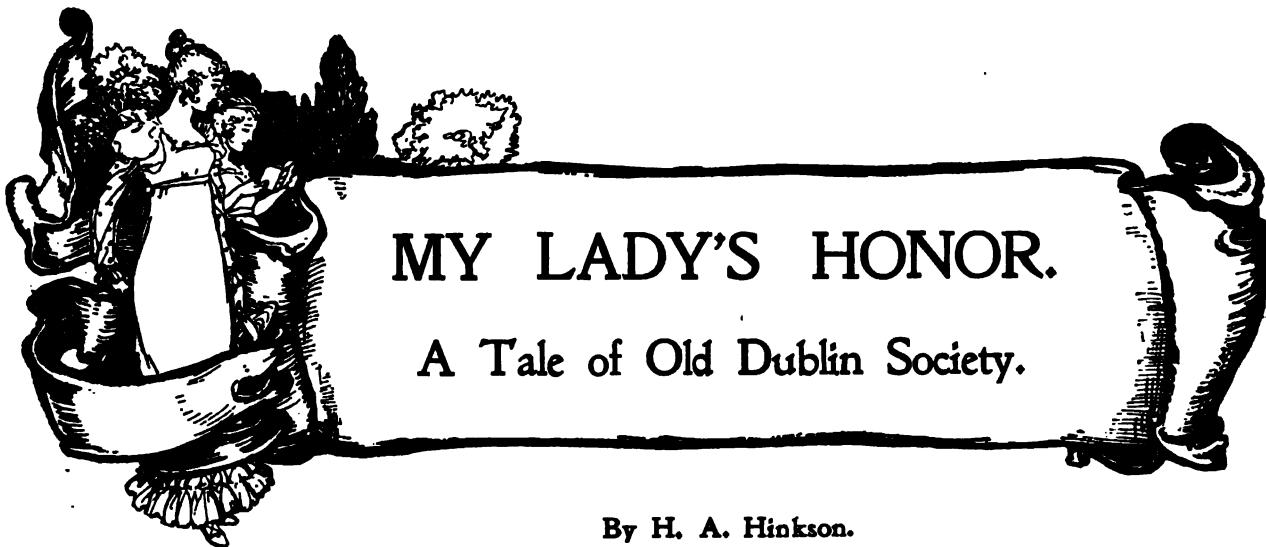
For a lad's heart's one with the wandering wind

And ever a lad must roam;
Twenty hands mayn't stay him,
Or twenty hearts delay him,
The sails are spread in Bantry Bay,
Good-bye to the lights o' home.

Over the world to Bantry Bay,
Win home, lad, at the last:
For a man's heart's fain to anchor there
And furl the sail to the mast.
And a thousand suns mayn't blind him,
Or a thousand leagues mayn't bind him
For the light that shines o'er Bantry
Bay

Will lead him home at last.
—ARTHUR KETCHUM.

Digitized by Google



MY LADY'S HONOR.

A Tale of Old Dublin Society.

By H. A. Hinkson.

Y father loved peace greatly, albeit he was Galway born and had been suckled on the Code of Honor as every gentleman was and need to be. He was a poor man at the bottle, and found little pleasure in quarrelling with his friends or in laying them in the Friar's Field. Thus it was that he had few friends, while my uncle Roger had many that loved him and would have died for him, as indeed not a few did, to prove that Roger Blake was the straightest shot in the kingdom.

My father was gentle and loved poetry better than drinking, and that he was no mean poet himself I dare swear, since my Lord Bishop of Derry was used to put many of his verses into the sermons which he preached before the Viceroy's Court. Moreover, he loved women better than he loved men, for which the women scorned him and the men made jests about him when the wine flowed, and Roger shouted with laughter at their wit.

It was Roger that taught me all the things that I knew of sword-play and of point blankers, and how to fire straight at a hand gallop. When I was ten and could repeat the "Gentleman's Creed," as the Code of Honor was called, he told me that I knew all that a gentleman had need to know, and forbade me to forget that it was he who had taught me.

"I'll never marry, boy," he said, "for women are kittle-cattle for a man to manage unless he gives them all his time. So Roger, my lad, you shall be your uncle's heir, as well as your father's. My blessing is worth little, my dueling pistols 'Sparks' and 'Lay 'em out' are worth much to a man of sense and discretion. They shall be yours when I am done with them."

I gazed at his favorite pistols with the notches graved on the stocks, telling of those whom they had hipped, winged, or laid, and I was filled with pride and not a little awe. I was impatient to become a man, that I might go out with my uncle in the mornings

and blaze at a friend in the Friar's Field, and no longer at the wooden figure which he had made for me.

I came into my inheritance sooner than I had thought to do, for one morning, while my father and I were still at breakfast, Roger Blake was carried into the house, with a ball in his head and as lifeless as an empty bottle.

"Twas but a half-mounted gentleman, after all, and one that had never fired straight before, who robbed the country of the gallantest rider and straightest shot in the kingdom, and had Roger Blake foreseen what would happen, 'twould have broken his heart to think that he would be put to sleep by a man who was not his equal, instead of by one who loved him, and that the honor of killing him had gone to a stranger.

For days my father was distraught and I little better, albeit I had some comfort, for I took my uncle's pistols and soon fell asleep, kissing them and sobbing over them. My father never ceased grieving for his brother, albeit his death had made him head of the house, and Lord of the Castle and lands of Inishogue. So Sir Denis took the place of Sir Roger, and the crowds of gallant gentlemen came no longer to drink buttered claret at night and plan meetings for the morrow.

And I must needs learn Latin and such things, albeit my Uncle Roger had declared that at ten years of age I had learned all that a gentleman had need to know. So I must spend the morning hours in the library, when I was fain to be out on the hills with the gun, or on horseback following the deer.

But the big, strong man was dead, and Sir Denis had other plans for his son than had Sir Roger for his heir. Yet, in secret, I loved my uncle best, and resolved that I would forget none of his teaching for all my peaceful life.

Now, Sir Roger had ever been a man great at spending money and caring little whence it came. Sir Denis, too, thought more of a sonnet, especially if it was after the Italian fashion, than he did of a hundred guineas.

So it was not unnatural that, when I was come to a man's estate, I should bethink me of seeking fortune elsewhere than at home. And for this latter I might have been better fitted if Sir Roger had lived, for then I had not spent so much of my time in reading the Latin and Italian poets and striving in secret to rival them, when I might have been drinking with my friends, or blazing at them, as the custom was.

But my father had set his face against fighting since the death of Sir Roger, and so it came about that, when I had reached my twenty-third year, I had never blazed at anything, save the wooden figure that my uncle had made for me, and had never faced a pistol aimed by friend or enemy.

My father was fair to keep me at home in peace, but the need was great that I should seek fortune, and I was no longer satisfied with tales of love and battle, but impatient to be accounted a man by those who had heard of Sir Roger.

So I set out for Dublin, bearing a letter commanding me to the Lady Isabel Carmody, who was a kinswoman, and accounted of great fashion and influence in the capital, and chiefly with the Viceroy.

As soon as the tailor had made me better pleased with myself, and, therefore, more confident, I presented myself to my cousin. She was still handsome, albeit no longer young, and to me would have seemed the most beautiful woman that ever I had seen had it not been for the presence of another to whom she presented me.

The Lady Isabel received me graciously enough, but with much dignity, as though she would not have me forget how greatly honored I was to be so greeted.

"You are welcome, sir," she said, giving me her hand, which I kissed humbly, "and you may command my services when they are needful."

"You are very gracious, madam," I murmured; "and I trust that soon I shall have the chance to show my gratitude." At this she seemed pleased.

"The son of Sir Roger Blake is well worth serving," she answered, "if he resemble his father aught. God's sakes, Peggy, that was a man."

"You are mistaken, madam," I said, "for I am not Sir Roger's son, but only his nephew."

At this she drew back, and the smile left her face.

"Indeed, sir, I am," she retorted, "for now I think of it, you are more like a poet than a fighter. Fighters should ever be ruddy of face and full of blood; but your eyes are dark as night, and your face pale as the moon. Is it not so, Peggy?" and she turned to her companion.

"True, Lady Isabel," the lady answered, so sweetly that my resentment was quickly cooled. "Yet many poets have been great fighters too. How can a man sing worthily of battles who dares not do the deeds he sings?"

I turned from my cousin to the lady, and bowing low before her:

"I thank you, madam," I said, "both for the goodness of your heart, as well as for your wisdom, for, albeit I am no poet, I know that your words are true."

My cousin looked perplexed a moment, then burst out laughing.

"Since Lady Peggy Devereux, so long the despair of every gallant gentleman, has taken my kinsman's side," she exclaimed, "twould be strange and not easy to be forgiven were I against him. Forgive, me, Roger; I did but jest. No doubt that your sword is as ready as it should be, since you are a Blake, and Lady Peggy believes in you."

And she smiled mockingly at the girl who seemed to be somewhat put out of countenance by my cousin's raillery. But for answer, I made Lady Peggy a low bow.

"T'were enough to make a coward brave, madam," I said, "to know that you believed him to be so. When Lady Peggy would make trial of Roger Blake's courage or gratitude, she shall have it," and I tapped the hilt of my sword.

"I thank you, sir," the young lady answered, very sweetly, "since a lady might well trust the honor and courage of a Blake, and be proud to lean upon it."

"Very pretty, indeed, by my faith," cried Lady Isabel. "Would there were more to witness so sweet a play. Has Diana loosed her zone at last for a wild hunter from the west, because he has the eyes and the cheek of a poet? How the city will talk when it hears that the Lady Peggy's heart has been won by a boy who has never fleshed his sword, and whose voice has yet scarce got the ring of a man in it. Lord, Peggy, you will be the death of my kinsman!" and she burst into loud laughter.

But Lady Peggy did not join in her laughter. Her cheeks flamed, and her eyes flashed. She drew herself up very haughtily.

"Lady Isabel," she returned, calmly, though her bosom heaved, "I see no cause for such rude mirth, since I have only declared my belief in the honor and courage of a gentleman who is

your own kinsman. My wits are dull to-day, or else I am lacking in humor, since I find such a matter unsuitable for jesting."

Then she made us a low courtesy, and swept from the room. When she had gone, I turned to my cousin:

"Madam," I said, coldly, "I had not thought in the house of a kinswoman my honor would stand in need of a stranger's defence. I pray you pardon me that I have claimed more than kinship warrants. I had thought to find a friend."

"Tush, boy, where are your wits?" she cried, impatiently. "You have found a friend, and, if I mistake not, a lover, if so be you have the heart to win her."

"My wits are indeed dull," I returned, "for I see little wit in the jest."

"'Tis no jest," she made answer, "for I think you have touched the lady's heart."

"The lady's heart?" I echoed.

"Aye, in truth, the heart of Lady Peggy Devereux, that every buck in the city would risk his life for, albeit she only mocks them for their pains. Yet 'twill be no easy thing to win and hold, seeing that she loves daring and gallantry, however she talk of poetry and such things."

"You are pleased to jest again, Lady Isabel," I said, albeit my heart beat fast, thinking of so much beauty, and that, maybe, 'twas not all a jest.

"'Tis no jest," she answered, impatiently, "if you have a drop of Sir

Roger's blood in you and think the lady fair."

"I have never seen one half so fair," I burst out, so eagerly that I think my cousin would have been as well pleased with less vehemence.

"You have lived in a cloister, Roger," she returned, coldly; "yet many men think her fair, and she has a great fortune."

"For that I care nothing," I cried.

"Since you are Sir Roger's heir, and he has left you——"

"His blessing," I interrupted.

She burst out laughing.

"I could have sworn it," she said.

"And his pistols," I went on.

"Ah, that is better, if you can use them," she replied, more seriously. "Can you shoot straight?"

"Were you a man, I could answer you," I returned, for, since she was a woman, I dared not tell her that I had never yet blazed at a man, albeit I could hit the red patch on Sir Roger's wooden figure at twenty paces.

"Being a woman, I am answered," she said. "Forgive me, Roger, if I have wronged you, since I loved Roger Blake," and she gave me her hand. I was amazed, seeing the tears in her eyes, for I had thought her a cold woman of the world, because I knew nothing of women. So I took her hand and kissed it.

"If you need a service, Cousin Isabel," I returned, "pray remember that I am Roger Blake's kinsman as well as his namesake, to sustain the honor



of the family both with sword and pistol, as my uncle taught me."

"If Roger Blake taught you, and you are true to your pledge, then I should be a proud woman," she said; "and indeed so I am, since it was only the tongue of a woman that did you wrong, when her heart gave it the lie."

Then, when I would have kissed her hand, she presented her cheek to me. But I kissed her boldly upon the lips, at which she feigned anger, blushing very becomingly.

"A man might well be proud to serve so fair a kinswoman, and be so rewarded," I said, and would have saluted her, but she drew back laughing.

"Truly you are Sir Roger's heir," she cried, "for he loved women only with his lips. Go, lest I grieve to think that there are twenty years between my youth and me."

So I went down the stairs, feeling as though it were years since I had entered. As I passed through the hall, the Lady Peggy met me. She made me a courtesy as her eyes greeted mine and I could have sworn that her color was grown deeper. Taking a sudden resolve, I turned and stood before her.

"Madam," I said, bowing low, "we may not meet again, but I would fain thank you for your kind words to a stranger."

"No, not a stranger," her lips murmured.

"I thank you again," I went on, "and would pray you to remember that whenever Lady Peggy Devereux would make trial of the gratitude of a poor gentleman, she may command the sword and life of Roger Blake."

"I shall remember," she returned, smiling very sweetly. "Such a pledge and backed by such a name is not lightly to be forgotten," and again she made me a courtesy and passed on.

Then I went out, and for some minutes could see nothing save her face, so dazzled was I by its beauty.

Now the times were troubrous, and a woman was wont to hold a ready sword or a straight shot near as dear as her honor. So I was mightily proud that a lady of so much wit and beauty should have chosen to lay her quarrels upon me, who was a stranger with my spurs yet to win, and that, too, albeit, if gossip spoke truly, there was no lack of gentlemen in the city ready to shed their own and others' blood to win a smile from her. Yet I was not vain enough to lay this to the credit of my own deserving, rather than to my uncle's name, albeit Sir Roger had last drawn a hair-trigger a dozen years before.

Now this was what my father had feared most greatly, lest, at the Court, men should forget that I was the son of Sir Denis, in remembering that I was the nephew of Sir Roger. Thus it was that, before I set out for the capital, I must needs pledge myself to be a man of peace for thirty days, nor draw a sword or a pistol, save in the defence of my honor or my life.

"The Viceroy has brawlers in plenty about his Court," said Sir Denis, "and will prize a man of peace and discretion."

So I gave him the promise, albeit I knew that 'twould have broken Sir Roger's heart to think that one of his name should keep his barkers, "Sparks" and "Lay 'em out," so long idle, and that I should so soon forget what he had taught me. Yet at the time it seemed no very grave matter, nor could I have guessed that so light a thing should go near to prove my undoing.

Now, when I came to the capital, I was welcomed with great kindness by the bucks who had loved Sir Roger, and by the young bloods who loved his memory, and must needs drink to him and to his barkers at the Black Horse Tavern, and all the while no man spoke of Sir Denis, but only of Sir Roger, and of "Sparks" and "Lay 'em out," and of those that he had hipped, winged, or laid. Yet, albeit their love was very agreeable to me, I must keep a cool head, seeing that I was pledged to be a man of peace for thirty days.

So I would not pass the third bottle lest my head should grow hot and I should forget my promise. This was little to their liking, since I was named

after my kinsman, and Sir Roger had never cried "enough" till within an hour of sunrise, when he had business to settle and feared lest the dawn should dazzle his eyes and make his aim unsteady, which had happened once when he was a lad, so that he failed to hit his man, but only broke his leg.

Now, when they could not break my resolve, they took it ill, grieving over me as if I were sick of a fever and must die in my bed, and no longer bade me drink with them nor spoke of Sir Roger. So I determined that I would go no more to the Black Horse Tavern until I might drink buttered claret with them at night and meet them with point blankers in the morning; for, in truth, I was grieved to make them sad, since already I was grown up to love them, and, most of all, Amby Burke, who was but a month older than I, and had met his man sixteen times—five times with the sword at a hand gallop, as the old custom was, and eleven times with the hair-trigger.

It wanted but two days to complete



"THERE STANDING, BY A PILLAR, I SAW LADY PEGGY.

Digitized by Google

the thirty and set me free to follow Sir Rogers' teaching, when I received a message from the Lady Isabel Carmody, bidding me to her rout that same night. I had never seen anything half so brilliant, for my cousin was a lady of fashion as well as of beauty, and her wit made men forget the years she had counted. So it was that all the most gallant gentlemen of the city came to kiss her hand and to whisper scandal of the fair women that denied them. And of fair women there was no lack, albeit my eyes were blind to their beauty while I sought for Lady Peggy Devereux.

I found it no easy matter to greet my cousin, so great was the throng about her, but at length I grew impatient and pushed my way through the crowd. When her eyes fell upon me, she smiled very pleasantly.

"You are late, Cousin Roger," she cried, giving me her hand.

"Since you have many lovers," I returned.

"The true lover should ever be first, lest he come too late," she retorted, laughing.

So I kissed her hand, and would have withdrawn to make way for others, but she held me back, and, putting her lips near to my ear, whispered: "Go, seek the Lady Peggy, and greet her as publicly as you can, for the sake of your honor."

Then she turned from me and I drew back like one in a dream, so amazed was I at her words. Yet, seeing that I had but little hope to discover her meaning, I resolved to obey her, and that the more readily since my heart backed her words. If my honor were in peril, I well knew how to defend it.

I made what haste I could through the crowd, until I came to a chamber where the minuet was forward. There, standing by a pillar, I saw Lady Peggy. The light of the candles flashed on the jewels in her hair, but her eyes were brighter than they and her neck whiter than the pearls that encircled it. About her was a group of gentlemen who seemed eager to win her smile, as indeed well they might, since her laughter was sweeter than the song of the thrush.

I watched her a moment, marvelling at her beauty. Then, of a sudden, her eyes met mine, and I could have sworn that I saw the blood flame in her cheeks. I hesitated no longer, but strode forward, caring naught for the angry looks that were cast upon me.

"Roger Blake begs that the fairest lady in the kingdom will tread a measure with him," I said, and bowed low before her.

"I know not who she may be," she answered, smiling.

"And I know none half so fair as the Lady Peggy Devereux," I cried.

"A pretty speech, by my faith. Is it not so, gentlemen?" she returned. "And indeed I know not how to answer it, since I am so greatly honored."

"Yet I would have an answer," I said.

"Then, sir, you shall," she broke out. "Peggy Devereux is proud to



THE DUEL IN THE PARK.

step it with the bravest gentleman in the kingdom. Here's my hand on it," and I thought she looked defiantly at those about her. But I knelt and kissed her hand and then placed it upon my arm. And so, when she had made them a courtesy, I led her away, and my heart leaped at the anger in their faces.

"By my faith, 'twas a bold stroke," she said, after a moment, "to make so many enemies so quickly. Yet I love you all the better for it, since none but a Blake would dare it."

"So you love me, I care not if every man in the world were an enemy," I cried.

"Hush, I pray you," she murmured, "till we may speak freely, for I have somewhat to say to you in private."

So I led her to an alcove where we might speak without fear of listeners.

She spoke in so low a voice that the beating of my heart was louder.

"Tis but a few days since that you pledged yourself to defend my honor. Now I have need of your service."

"Your honor is safe," I returned.

"Yet I fear there is danger," she went on, watching me.

"I have not been taught the meaning of the word," I said, proudly. "Tell me what I must do, and it shall be done. Believe me that I shall bring no dishonor upon the name I bear."

"I could have sworn it," she muttered, as though she answered her own thoughts. "I am proud to be so served."

"And the service?" I asked.

She came close to me.

"It is now past daybreak," she said. "Go hence without delay and send a message to Sir Miles Cogan, bidding him meet you in the Nine Acres one hour after dawn to-morrow."

I started, for she had named the straightest shot in the kingdom, and one not like to miss at sixteen paces.

"You can play with the barkers?" she asked, a little anxiously, as I thought.

"If Sir Roger has taught me well and I am no dullard," I returned, "I will hit the rascal."

"I thank you, sir," she said, very sweetly. "And your reward? What shall it be?"

"It is so great that I dare not ask for it!" I answered, for my blood was grown hot, seeing the color in her face.

"Then, sir," she made answer, "if you shall find courage to ask for it, Peggy Devereux will not complain of the terms." And, making me a courtesy, she turned and left me before I could find a word.

So I forsook Lady Isabel's ball room and made haste to return to my lodgings. Neither did I lose any time in keeping my promise to Lady Peggy, but at once dispatched a message to Sir Miles Cogan, begging that he would honor me with his presence in the Nine Acres an hour after sunrise on the next day.

In a little while the answer was brought me that Sir Miles Cogan would have great pleasure to put a hole in Mr. Roger Blake's body at whatever point was most agreeable to him. Then I wrote a letter to my father telling him how that I had kept my pledge and been a man of peace for thirty days, but was now about to defend my honor as Sir Roger had taught me.

I had scarce finished the letter when a sword hilt rattled noisily upon the door, and Amby Burke entered. He made me a curt bow, then, flinging his hat upon the table, he threw himself into a chair whence he gazed at me for some moments with a mournfulness that would have grieved me had I been more at leisure. But I saw only that his cheek was flushed and his eyes dull as though he had drunk deep.

"I am much honored by your visit," I said, when I had waited for him to speak; "yet I fear that fortune has played a scurvy trick upon you."

"Aye, that she has," he cried; "for

July, 1903.

I never felt sadder in my life; but my tongue is dry and I have no mind to talk."

"Then drink," I said, pushing the wine towards him; "for I have some faith in the claret."

He raised the wine to his lips, then suddenly dashed it to the floor.

"Pah!" he exclaimed. "It is foul, and such that no gentleman should give another. By my honor, it is foul."

"By my honor!" I cried, for the blood was in my head, "it is as good claret as ever came out of France, and he lies that dare deny it."

He took his hat from the table and made me a bow.

"To-morrow," he said, "I shall be at your service."

"And I at your the day after," I returned.

"How so, sir?" he asked, in some surprise.

"Since I have invited Sir Miles Cogan to meet me to-morrow."

"With point blankers?" he asked, and his eyes sparkled.

"With point blankers," I replied.

He cast his hat upon the floor, and flung his arms about my neck.

"God forgive me, Roger," he cried, "for I have split the best drop of claret that ever came out of France."

"So you have," I retorted, for I knew what was in his mind, "yet there is more if you would drink to a merry meeting and load my pistols in the morning."

"Aye, that I will, and carry you home and be your chief mourner, if need be," he cried out, "if you will forgive me for doubting a Blake, and Sir Roger's kinsman to boot."

Then I must needs drink buttered claret at the Black Horse Tavern, and learn how greatly they loved me, who had lately looked coldly upon me, because I was to meet Sir Miles in the morning.

So, within an hour after sunrise, Burke and I were upon the ground and Amby loaded my barkers, after that he had kissed them reverently in memory of Sir Roger.

Sir Miles was a big man and the mist had not yet risen. Moreover, he wore a waistcoat of scarlet satin which was very plain at twelve paces, and reminded me of the red patch on Sir Roger's wooden figure at Inishogue.

"Never look at the head or the heels," whispered Amby in my ear, when the ground was measured, and he had placed "Lay 'em out" in my hand; "the hip for ever."

So we blazed as near as possible together, and, to my great surprise, I found myself still standing and no wound that I could discover, save what my tailor could mend, since the ball had torn a great portion of my sleeve away. But Sir Miles made me a bow and fell upon his face, for I had left a ball in his hip as I had sworn to do.

Then Amby and I went back to the Black Horse Tavern, where many awaited us, eager to know the cause of the quarrel, but I would tell them nothing, since, indeed, I knew of no cause, and had never before set eyes upon Sir Miles.

Now, when the town had ceased to wonder how Roger Blake had hipped Sir Miles Cogan, and that, too, on his first blood, I grew impatient to learn how Lady Peggy regarded the matter, and if I might dare demand the reward which she had promised me.

So, having learned that she was at my cousin's house, I made haste to wait upon her. She was alone when I bowed before her.

"The Lady Isabel is from home, sir," she said, making me courtesy.

"'Tis not my cousin, but the Lady Peggy Devereux that I have come to see," I answered.

"For which she is greatly honored," she returned, and there was mockery in her voice.

I drew back, stung by her coldness, and remembering that I had staked my life for her honor.

"I had not thought to find my presence unwelcome," I returned, "or it may be that you have forgotten a poor gentleman who has striven to serve you without hope of reward and would serve you again."

"Without reward?" she asked smiling.

"Since his life is of so little worth."

"What would you have?" she murmured. "For since you have served me you shall have what you ask, for my honor is pledged."

"But your heart," I broke out.

"'Tis pledged already," she murmured, looking down at her feet, since Roger Blake has saved my honor."

"Your honor!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, my honor and your own," she answered, raising her eyes to my face, "since there were those that doubted it. So I played this trick upon you to prove me right. And for this I have been sorely punished, since I had no rest till they told me you were safe," and her head drooped until it rested upon my heart.

Then I knew indeed now the Lady Peggy Devereux had saved my honor and how near I had gone to losing it.

A CURIOUS but not creditable occurrence took place not long ago in the port of Dublin. The Glasgow steamer arrived at the North Wall with a large piece of machinery, weighing about 25 tons, when it was found that none of the cranes were able to unload it, with the consequence that the steamer was compelled to go to Belfast and land the machinery there, and send it by rail to Dublin.

The Irish Lights Board had to send away their steamer to the Clyde lately because there was no crane in Dublin able to lift out her boilers. It seems too bad that a port like Dublin should be left without the means of handling cumbersome goods.

THE council of Dublin University has recommended that the senate approve of the admission of women to the rights of the University. The council also asked the senate to approve the abolition of Greek as a compulsory study.

The Cradle Ship.

WHEN baby goes a-sailing, and the breeze is fresh and free, His ship is just the queerest craft that ever sailed the sea. Ten fingers true make up the crew that watch on deck must keep, While, in a row, ten toes below are passengers asleep; And mother is the pilot dear—ah, none so safe as she— When baby goes a-sailing, and the wind is fresh and free.

When mother rocks the cradle ship, the walls—for shores—slip past; The breezes from the garden blow when baby boy sails fast— So fast he flies that dolly cries she fears we'll run her down, So hard a-port; we're not the sort to see a dolly drown; And then, you know, we've got the whole wide carpet for a sea When baby goes a-sailing, and the wind is fresh and free.

When baby lies becalmed in sleep, and all the crew is still, When that dear ship's in port at last all safe from storm and ill, Two eyes of love shall shine above, two lips shall kiss his face Until in deep and tranquil sleep he'll smile at that embrace, For mother watches, too, at night while through his slumbers creep Dreams—memories of sailing ere the breezes fell asleep.

—MRS. J. P. CONROY.

A N interesting discussion took place at a recent meeting of the Enniskillen Board of Guardians in reference to the important railway scheme embraced in the Ulster and Connacht Railway Bill, which, if constructed, would do much to open up and develop the great tract of country intervening between Ruskey, on the Shannon, and Newry, some miles from Carlingford Lough, County Down.

The line is of National importance, and would be of incalculable value to the country. In the district of Arigna, which the proposed railway would touch, there was an iron industry in active operation 100 years ago, and when the line is completed it is hoped to re-establish and develop that industry.

There is also coal in the district, which is at present being used on the Cavan & Leitrim Railway. This Arigna coal is superior to Welsh. The railway will enable the farmers to send their produce to English markets at a much lower rate than at present.

THE GAEL will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada for one year for \$1.00, or to any address in Ireland or Great Britain, one year for 5 shillings.

All subscriptions are payable in advance. Checks or Post Office Money Orders should be made payable to THE GAEL, 140 Nassau Street, New York.



The Right Hon. The Mac Dermot, K. C., P. C.

He man who admittedly to-day occupies pre-eminently the leading position at the Irish Bar is the Right Hon. Hugh Hyacinth O'Rorke MacDermot, better known by the ancient Celtic title of "The MacDermot." In two former Liberal administrations he was respectively Solicitor and Attorney-General, and before that he occupied the responsible position of Crown Prosecutor at Green Street, the blue ribbon of the prosecutor posts at the Irish Bar.

In any other country but Ireland, where political and religious cleavages are so marked, a man of such eminence and erudition would have been long since on the Bench, that is, if professional merit brought one there, as it does, apart from political considerations, in England, and indeed in Scotland too.

In Ireland alone, so unrelenting and fierce is party spirit, so pronounced the feeling that to the "victors the spoils," that no government would venture to promote a deserving lawyer, however otherwise recommendable, who was not of their own party, and, as a result, the most curious anomalies are sometimes witnessed in the Irish courts.

The MacDermot comes from an old Catholic, Celtic and Connacht family, and is the representative of the historic house of Coolavin. The family title was originally that of Prince of Moylurg, Tirolle, Airteach and Clancuain, as may be seen in the Books of Lecan, Ballymote and Killionan, and the Annals of Lough Cé and the writings of Dr. O'Conor, Burke's "Hibernia Dominicana."

Driven from the ancient patrimony during the Cromwellian wars, the then chief of the race removed to Coolavin, on the picturesque shores of Lough Gara, in the County of Sligo. The title has since been territorially connected with the portion of the family possessions which escaped confiscation. It is one of the few Irish titles still surviving, and has been distinctively borne by the chief of the name for a period extending over eight hundred years.

The MacDermot is a J. P. and D. L. of the County Sligo, a Privy Councillor and King's Counsel, and a Bencher of the King's Inns. For over thirty years he has been prominently engaged in every great *Nisi Prius* issue heard in the Four Courts or upon the Connacht Circuit, upon which he was for several years the acknowledged leader.

The first forensic triumph of MacDermot on circuit was the defence of Barret, who was charged with shooting at Captain Tom Lambert, and of which, despite strong evidence, he was acquitted. The next *causa celebre* was the

Mullarkey poison case, also a marvellous feat of adroit and able advocacy. MacDermot also appeared in the historic Galway Election Petition for Captain (now Colonel) Nolan, and the trial lasted in Galway for over a month.

Subsequently MacDermot appeared in Dublin in all the great *Nisi Prius* trials, taking a prominent and pronounced part in the proceedings. He was engaged for the defence in the Joyce and Clanricarde libel case, the Wilfrid Blunt prosecution, and for the prosecution in the Sullivan case, and the bare record of his work is practically a history of the jury trials that for half a century were held in Dublin.

In the O'Conor Don's interesting history of the O'Conors, we read that Denis O'Conor was uncle to MacDermot of Coolavin, and that both were members of the Catholic Convention of 1791. Speaking of Tone's writings, MacDermot said in a letter to O'Conor: "A better pamphlet than Tone's I never read. It may be called the manual of the North, but it certainly ought to become the manual of every person who is worthy of being an Irishman."

Thus did O'Conor and MacDermot join in the foundation of the United Irishmen, keeping up in their generation the continuity of inherited patriotism. Denis O'Conor was the father of Charles O'Conor of Belenagare, so famous for his writings, and was married to Catherine, daughter of Martin Brown of Cloonfad, and his daughter, Eliza, married her first cousin, MacDermot of Coolavin.

The Elizabethan Indenture of Composition, the English charter of previously existing Irish rights, mentions as a territory Moylurg, alias "MacDermot's Country," and confirms the lands in the family. Later on, in 1587, Bingham, on the part of the English, took as hostages for the father's loyalty two sons of MacDermot. This Bingham it was who next year committed such depredations that in the words of the record of the Annals of Lough Key, "he made a bare polished garment of the province of Connacht."

Closely associated in many enterprises and expeditions through generations were the O'Conors and the MacDermots. We find them fighting the Clanricarde Burkes, protecting each other's children during minority, rising together with O'Donnell in 1607, fighting and suffering together, though occasionally differing in the old Irish fashion among themselves.

The MacDermots, the O'Conors and other powerful native families derived a common origin from Murryach, surnamed Mullahan, who reigned over Connacht in the seventh century. The MacDermots possessed a large tract of territory known as "MacDermot's Country," including a considerable portion of the



"THE MAC DERMOT."

counties of Roscommon and Sligo, and even extending into and comprehending some parts of Mayo. The Cromwellian confiscations and the troubles incidental to loyalty in the Williamite wars, deprived them of many thousands of their broad acres.

The brother of the King of Connacht, Maolruna Mor, known in the ancient annals as "Prince of Moylurg," was, according to Burke, and better authorities, the prepositus of the race as distinguished from the O'Conor or elder branch descended from the above-named Conor. Maolruna's son led his sept at the Battle of Clontarf in 1014. Dermot, or Diarmaid (an Irish name of much use, derived from Dia, a god, and airmuid of arms, and meaning "a god of arms," a title appropriate to chiefs) was the lineal descendant of Maolruna in the sixth generation.

He died in 1165, "distinguished alike for valor and wisdom." His son, Conor MacDermot, succeeded him, and from him the surname MacDermot originated. His son was Tomaltach na Carrig, or Timothy of the Rock, so-called from the strong fortress which he built in 1204, on the Island of Lough Cé, near his chief mansion house, called from the fortress Portnacarrige.

The direct fiations between him and Bryan MacDermot, next referred to, are Cormac Conor Gillachrist (Famulus Christi) Maolróny, Tomaltach, Conor Hugh, Roderick Teig, Roderick, who died in 1540, and was succeeded by his son.

Bryan MacDermot, chief and Prince of Moylurg, married Sarah, a daughter of O'Conor Sligo, and niece of O'Donel, prince of Tyrconnell, and his son, Bryan MacDermot, the younger of Carrig MacDermot—the family seat now known as Rockingham, the beautiful residence of the Viceroy. Bryan being under age at the time of his father's death, the family patrimony was put in wardship, and in the Patent Rolls of the third year of the reign of James I. he is described in connection with this wardship as chief of his name.

In the thirteenth year of the same reign a grant by patent was made him of the lordships, manors, and advowsons comprising Rockingham, in the barony of Boyle, and large territories in the counties of Roscommon and Sligo. This patent, richly illuminated, covers sixteen skins of parchment, and is in the possession of the present MacDermot of Coolavin, together with the articles entered into upon the marriage of the same Bryan with Margaret Burke of Clancarrie.

He had issue by her, two sons, Terence and Charles. Terence, who died unmarried, by indented deed dated 1640, assigned the family patrimony, including 389 quarters, to his brother, Charles MacDermot, of Portnacarrig, styled Cathal Roe, who became chief and prince of Moylurg, and who married Eleanor, youngest daughter of O'Mulloy of Ughtera, in the County of Roscommon.

During the Cromwellian wars this Charles was, unfortunately for him and his property, a devoted adherent of the Stuart cause, and this loyalty to his prince led to the confiscation of his estates. Driven from his fortress, the Rock at Rockingham, he retired to Coolavin, on the shores of Lough Gara.

In 1689 his eldest son, Hugh, garrisoned Sligo at his own expense, raising the standard of James II., and in 1690 he was again restored to the family inheritance. The order of his restitution is dated 1690, and bears the signature of Theobald Viscount Dillon, as Lord Lieutenant of the County Roscommon, and it directs possession to be given to him, Charles, of the Castle of Carrig MacDermot, the castle and stronghold of Conbo and other lands, which are therein described as his "ancient inheritance." This interesting document is in the possession of The MacDermot of Coolavin, with the earlier title deeds of these extensive estates.

At Aughrim, Charles' son, Hugh, fought for James and was taken prisoner, and in consequence the family were driven from Roscommon, and their estates again, and, for the last time, were confiscated.

The County Viceregal residence in the West, Rockingham, which was the old seat of the MacDermots, is a most picturesque spot. Tradition ascribes to the old castle in its lake strange stories of the family. It was a great stronghold, admirably adapted by nature for the purpose—the island being of a circular form, the defences in consequence adopted that figure, the keep was surrounded by a fortified

wall, so there was no landing except at a breach in this rampart. A more romantic and picturesque spot it would be impossible to conceive. This was the ancient stronghold of the MacDermots before driven thither to Coolavin in Sligo.

The old name for Rockingham Island was Trinity Island, situated in the beautiful waters of Lough Cé, or, as it is modernly described, Rockingham Lake. At the beginning of the present century it was the possession of Lord Lorton, now it is owned by the King Harman. In "The Landowners of Ireland" The MacDermot is given as possessing estate in three counties—215 acres in Mayo, 185 acres in Roscommon, and 4,340 acres in Sligo; in all 4,740 acres, valued at £1,400.

In the Indenture of Connacht between Sir John Perrot, Lord Deputy for and on behalf of Queen Elizabeth, and William, Archbishop of Tuam, John, Bishop of Elphin, Hugh O'Conor of Ballintubber, otherwise The O'Conor Don, Ferrall MacDermot Roe, Conor Oge MacDermot, Mulmory MacDermot, chieftain of his name, John Crofton of Canove, Collo O'Flynn of Clydagh, are the other contracting parties. The territory called MacDermot's territory or Moylurg, is described, delineated and set forth in detail.

It confirms the possessions of Bryan MacDermot in these words: "That Bryan MacDermot for his better maintenance of living, and also in recompence of such customary duties, exactions and spendings as he pretended to have of MacDermot Roe and other freeholders in the barony of Boyle, shall by letters patent have not only the Castle of Carrick MacDermot and all such other castles and land as belong to the name and calling of MacDermot, but also all such as he is now entitled as his inheritance, to run in succession from him to his heirs by course and orders of the laws of England, and also four quarters free as a demesne to his Castle of Castle Carrick MacDermot." This was signed in 1585.

These possessions, then so long in the family, when confirmed in 1585, but since much shorn of their ancient extent, are those lands already mentioned as forming the patrimony of the MacDermots, and some of which have been inherited and more have been acquired by purchase by The MacDermot the present lineal representative of the old sept, and the head of that fine old Catholic Celtic clan.—Ireland Illustrated.

Irish Music.

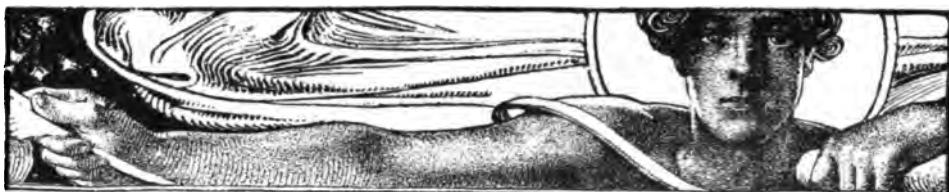
A VOICE beside the dim enchanted river,
Out of the twilight, where the brooding trees
Hear Shannon's druid waters chant for ever
Tales of dead Kings, and Bards, and Shanachies;
A girl's young voice out of the twilight, singing
Old songs beside the legendary stream,
A girl's clear voice, o'er the wan waters ringing,
Beats with its wild wings at the Gates of Dream.

The flagger-leaves, whereon shy dewdrops glisten,
Are swaying, swaying gently to the sound,
The meadow-sweet and spearmint, as they listen,
Breathe wistfully their wizard balm around;
And there, alone with her lone heart and heaven,
Thrush-like she sings and lets her voice go free,
Her soul, of all its hidden longing shriven,
Soars on wild wings with her wild melody.

Sweet in its plaintive Irish modulations,
Her fresh young voice tuned to old sorrow seems,
The passionate cry of countless generations
Keenes in her breast as there she sings and dreams.
No more, sad voice; for now the dawn is breaking
Through the long night, through Ireland's night of tears,
New songs wake in the morn of her awaking
From the enchantment of nine hundred years!

—JOHN TODHUNTER.





Irish Provincial Journalism.

By Michael MacDonagh.



WENTY years ago I was a reporter on an Irish provincial newspaper, published in a county town in Munster. Pleasant are the impressions of these first years of journalistic work which have survived the wet sponge that Time is constantly applying to the blurred and tangled memories of the past, wiping them completely out of mind.

I enjoyed the life thoroughly. I was very young then, and youth, it is true, transfigures everything. But looking back upon that time, in the light of the varied journalistic experiences which I have since obtained, it seems to me that the calling of a reporter on an Irish provincial newspaper has more than its full share of the joyousness, excitement, and adventure associated with reportorial work everywhere.

One experience there was of a harrowing nature, though looking back upon it now through the softening shadows of twenty years, all its terrors have disappeared, and I see only its mingled pathos and comedy. That was the anxiety I shared with the editor for the hour or so before the paper was put to press the two evenings of the week on which we published, lest by an accident, which was always liable to occur, we should lose the night's post.

The paper consisted of four pages. The outer pages—the first and the fourth—were printed the day before publication. About seven o'clock every evening of publication, the foreman printer might be seen bending over a table with a stone slab on which he was "making-up" the columns of the two inside pages within the "chase" or iron frame. He was a fussy, nervous little man, with weak sight, and unless closely watched by the keen-eyed editor and reporter was liable to perpetrate some terrible "mixes"—placing a section of the leading article among the advertisements, or jumbling up a wedding and an inquest, or a speech at a Land League meeting with a sermon in a Catholic church.

"What's that you're putting in now?" the editor would ask as the foreman printer transferred a handful of matter from the last galley to an open column.

"The end of the Board of Guardians, sir," the foreman would reply.

"Do you see where you're putting

it?" the editor would roar. "Right in the middle of the breach of promise case. It's the other column, you ass."

At last the make-up was completed; and the pages were locked within the "chase." The critical moment had now arrived—the transference of the pages to the machine. "Silence!" the editor cried. Every one in the machine room stood still hardly daring to breathe. Just as the foreman and his assistants were about to lift the pages a laugh, perhaps, was heard, or something fell, in the adjoining loft in which the compositors work. "Hould your noise up there, the paper is goin' to the machine," some one shouted at the foot of the ladder. Then the pages were raised, with cries of "steady now," "steady now," from the anxious editor; slowly and cautiously carried to the machine, and deposited in their bed.

A delicious feeling of relief suffused us all when that operation was performed without a mishap! What we dreaded was the dropping of some of the matter out of the frame. Occasionally, that awful catastrophe happened. Who that has heard it can ever forget the ominous patter of lines of type on the stone bed as the pages of a newspaper, not stereotyped, are about to be placed in the machine! I know it struck a cold chill to our hearts, for the remedying of the accident meant unimaginable trouble and confusion, and the probable closing of the post before the copies for our country subscribers could be printed.

On most publication evenings, however, the columns, being a tight fit, remained intact. The impression of the first copy of the paper being clear and clean the editor gave the order "full speed ahead." Manual labor was the motive power of the machine. Two men by turning a wheel kept the machine going; another man perched on a high stool acted as "feeder"—seeing that each sheet of the pile of paper, already printed on one side, was properly gripped and carried round on the revolving cylinder—and a fourth man received the sheets as they came out of the machine.

The boy was soon busy in the outer office folding the papers and placing them in the wrappers for the post. The news, "the News is out," spread abroad, and there was a constant stream of townspeople into the office to purchase copies.

Sometimes this quiet, steady prog-

ress of things was suddenly interrupted by a shout of indignation in the editor's room. There was a rush of feet; the banging of a door; and the rumbling of the machine ceased for a quarter of an hour. The editor had lit his pipe, and with a soothing sense of contentment that the worries of the day were at an end was placidly ranging his eye over the columns of the paper, when he discovered that, notwithstanding all his care, the foreman printer had tacked on "the end of the Board of Guardians" to a notice of "East Lynne" at the Theatre Royal!

As his staff is very limited, the editor of an Irish provincial journal has to discharge other functions, which, perhaps, are not strictly editorial, besides supervising the "make-up" of the paper by the foreman printer. He is his own sub-editor. He selects from other journals the matter to fill the columns for which there are no advertisements or local news. He assists the foreman printer, who in Irish provincial newspaper offices is "the proof-reader," in correcting the proofs. He takes a turn at reporting on busy non-post days. He is the general manager of the establishment; and if there is a jobbing business or a general printing office attached he supervises that also.

As a journalist there is not a tinge of "yellow" in his methods. The local news at his disposal often lends itself to sensational treatment and flaring headlines—an eviction scene; an encounter between police and people; the arrest of the local M. P.—but being like most of his race extremely conservative, indifferent to new methods, he is usually content to jog along in the old rut of his predecessors, and he presents his news in the dry and sober fashion of the middle nineteenth century. As a consequence, all the provincial newspapers of Ireland, are eminently respectable—and, many of them, dull.

The only "purple-patch" in most of these journals is the leading-article, but its color is "green." The woes of Ireland are generally its theme. The editor of a provincial weekly, too often contemptuous of local topics, or blind to the social abuses which call for redress at his very door, selects "the National Question" for the subject of his "leader"; and generally he treats it in the grand manner—pedantically and bombastically. If you meet the editor personally you are charmed with his

simple, easy manners. His wit and humor, his picturesque expressions, and pointed sayings, delight you. But when he takes his pen in hand to write his "leader" these natural gifts seem to desert him. The truth is, the Irish provincial newspaper tradition is that in writing you must be didactic and artificial and flowery. At best the leading article, dealing with the grievances of Ireland, reads like a speech of rude but forceful eloquence. It is only when the editor is strongly moved to abuse some local personage or institution that he shows his human nature in his writings. Then his "leader" reads as if it were penned with the point of a shillelagh, it says things so forcibly and in so sprawling a fashion.

There is no mystery or anonymity about the editor of an Irish provincial newspaper. Every one in the little town knows him. But he does not suffer from that contempt which familiarity is said to breed. In his own sphere he is as formidable a personage as the editor of a great English daily who hobnobs with Cabinet Ministers and Dukes; and is regarded by people to whom he is known only by appearance with greater admiration and awe. Nowhere more than in Ireland are the legendary terrors of the press believed in. Nowhere more than in Ireland is the majesty and potency of "the fourth estate" more generally acknowledged. The influence of even the provincial newspaper is enormous. That little rudely printed sheet is, in the eyes of the people of the town, more powerful, I will not say than an army with banners, but than a policeman's baton. They would prefer a blow from a truncheon, wielded by a brawny young constable—a most unpleasant experience, I can say from personal knowledge—to the sting of a paragraph in the local journal.

The Irish are not a book-reading people; but they are great readers of newspapers. To the peasantry, especially, the newspaper is a source of rare delight. They take a keen interest in current affairs, politics particularly; and they heartily bless the man who invented the newspaper which lifts them out of the monotony and narrowness of their daily life and brings them into close touch with the great world outside their barony. Every item of intelligence is eagerly perused, the ins and outs of it are discussed; and when the news is exhausted the advertisement columns are turned to with the same eagerness. The offers and invitations of the advertisers are deliberately weighed and contrasted, though at the time the heads of the family may have no intention of making a purchase. This attraction of the newspaper is universal in Ireland. No class escapes its charm.

I was once told by a country priest, typical of his order, that day after day from year's end to year's end he read every line in the "Freeman's Journal." He began with the first birth advertisement in the first column of the front page, and read steadily in regu-

lar order through the "sixpenny ads"; the "leaders" and editorial paragraphs, the London Letter, the displayed advertisements; the reports of the public boards; the stocks and shares column, the markets, the sporting intelligence, the business announcements on the back page, until brought reluctantly to a full stop by the imprint. If any one wants to reach the Irish people—whether he be preacher, or teacher, or advertiser—let him use the Irish press.

Most of the provincial journals have good circulations, despite the ever-dwindling population and the rather stagnant prosperity of the country. One of the effects of the spread of education downwards in Ireland, as everywhere the world over, is the enormous increase in the newspaper-reading public. The population of Ireland has fallen by one-half since the famine of '47; but at the same time readers of newspapers in Ireland have multiplied a hundred-fold. As I have already said, the people of Ireland are newspaper readers rather than book readers—a remark, which applies, I think, to all nationalities in the sense, at least, that the newspaper is everywhere the popular form of reading; or, to put it in another way, the newspaper is in Ireland the chief form of recreation.

Times of public excitement, when a country is agitated by some stirring political controversy, or a great national crisis, are usually good for the newspapers. Their circulations rise with the eagerness of the people for news. Ireland is always in a turmoil which if hurtful to the general prosperity of the country, is beneficial to the newspapers. And people do not confine themselves, nowadays, to one newspaper. In the Irish provinces as well as in the English the city daily is read for its general intelligence and the local weekly for its district news. The bulk of the readers of the Irish provincial papers are what are called "subscribers," that is, for a yearly or half-yearly subscription they receive the paper through the post. I am afraid that in Ireland "subscribers" do not always pay their subscriptions. Perhaps it is a trait of human nature everywhere to put lightly aside, if not absolutely to ignore, the demand for the year's subscription for the local paper delivered at the door by the postman. I copy from an Irish provincial newspaper the following announcement—minatory, but with touches of pathos and humor, the heart-cry of an editor stung to desperation by the silence which followed his frequent personal appeals for the settlement of accounts:

"AN ALPHABETICAL LIST is prepared for publication of non-paying landlords and others who flatter themselves with the notion that a newspaper should be in their hands free gratis for nothing at the expense of the proprietor. Some of the parties in question never enjoyed better times than the present, yet they withhold the laborer his due."

Newspapers are something else besides purveyors of news. They are business directories—they are guides to intending purchasers; and in the discharge of that function lies their chief source of income. Indeed, a newspaper may exist upon very little news; but only upon advertisements does it wax fat and prosperous. The Irish are not an advertising race—at least, not in the newspapers. Loudly though their voices resound through the world on the subject of their political grievances, few of them that are in business cry their wares from the advertising columns of the provincial newspapers.

There is a very clever weekly paper in Dublin by the name of "The Leader"—an organ unique in many respects among Irish newspapers, but, perhaps, most unique in its refusal to insert any advertisements of anything English—which has happily and appropriately dubbed the manufacturers and traders of Ireland who do not advertise "the Dark Brotherhood."

One of my own earliest recollections of the reading of the advertising columns of the Irish newspapers is the memory of a rhyme in which a well-known Dublin "bill-sticker" (as one who covers dead walls and hoardings with business announcements is called in Ireland), offering his services to the public, enshrined an eternal truth:

"Go forth in haste, with bills and paste,
Proclaim to all creation
That men are wise who advertise
In every rank and station."

It was a "standing advertisement" that appeared, years upon years, in every issue of many Irish newspapers. But I am afraid that though the words of the poet planted themselves in many minds they bore little fruit. As a rule Irish tradesmen, especially in the sleepy country towns, content themselves, in the way of advertisement, with putting their names over their doors and displaying their goods in their windows.

A story, characteristic of Irish business ways, is told of a Dublin publisher who rarely advertised. In his shop, one day, a man picked up a book from the counter, and on seeing its title said to him, "Why I see you have brought out So-and-so's book." "He has!" cried the author, who happened to be standing by. "But say nothing about it, as he does not wish it to be known."

Yet newspaper advertising pays well in Ireland, for—I repeat—it is through the press that the Irish people can be most effectively reached. The more enterprising among the local shopkeepers—drapers and grocers, and general traders, principally—and outside traders of agricultural stuffs and machinery, are the chief advertisers in the provincial newspapers; and that this pays is proved by the fact that once a firm begins to advertise it never stops.

But if local traders are shy of advertising, and subscribers slow to pay up,

and if the evening of publication has its worries, there are compensations in Irish provincial journalism. The life of the editor and reporter is full of adventure and vicissitude. The editor of a Nationalist provincial journal upholds "the cause" not only in the editorial columns, but goes into the streets or up the hillside to take part in the fray; drafts the fiery resolutions to be proposed at the League meeting, supplies the chairman with the manuscript of a flamboyant speech or delivers it himself. He goes to jail for six months for publishing what are interpreted as intimidatory and boycotting notices, and on the expiration of the sentence is escorted home from the jail with bands and banners, elected to the urban council, or county council, or sent to represent the division in the House of Commons.

There is no popular distinction, no popular honor, too great for the editor of a provincial Nationalist journal. The people will bring out their bands and banners for him, light bonfires for him, vote for him, make him Mayor or Member of Parliament, stone the police for him, get batonned for him—anything, but pay the subscription for his journal.

I remember a case in which a provincial newspaper gave up its entire literary staff to the cause—the editor was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, and its sole reporter was laid up in a hospital, the police having knocked out his teeth, and broken in his head, in the course of a popular demonstration following the conviction of his chief. It must be said in justice to the police that the assailants of the reporter were not aware that he was a journalist, and that in any event, there are grounds for believing that it was stone-throwing and not note-taking he was about when struck down.

My own journalistic recollections of the Royal Irish Constabulary are not always of the kindest. As a reporter on the provincial and metropolitan press of Ireland during the Land League and Plan of Campaign agitations, I have received some rough treatment at their hands—some baton blows and rifle thrusts—which it is impossible to escape when mixing at the call of duty in disorderly crowds. A colleague of mine had his silk hat broken by a blow of a policeman's baton at a proclaimed meeting—which was to have been addressed by some Nationalist M. P.'s.

"No more of that," said my friend, "I'm a reporter."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," cried the constable very penitently. "Shure, I thought you were a Member of Parliament."

To journalists whom they recognize, whether they be the representatives of Nationalist or Unionist newspapers, the Irish Constabulary are invariably most obliging. They are extremely anxious to facilitate newspaper men in their work; and, in my experience, are far more considerate and far more helpful to journalists than the English police.

I have heard of only one case of an

THE GAEL.

Irish constable failing to understand the position of a reporter. There was a big fire in a provincial town and the journalist pushed his way through the crowd to the cordon of police surrounding the burning building.

"Where are you going," demanded a constable.

"I'm a reporter; I want to get some particulars about the fire," was the reply.

"Here, get out of this," said the constable, pushing the newspaper man back into the crowd. "You can read all about it in the papers to-morrow."

London, June 1, 1903

Evictions in Ireland.

A PARLIAMENTARY Paper showing how farms from which tenants were evicted on various estates in Ireland since May 1, 1879, were occupied (1) at the time of the inquiry of the Evicted Tenants' Commission, and (2) on May 1, 1903, has been laid on the table of the House of Commons.

The paper deals with 17 estates in different parts of the country. It shows that out of a total of 1,451 farms in which evictions were carried out at various periods, 338 had on May 1 last been relet to new tenants, 24 had been purchased by new tenants; 678 of the former holders had been reinstated, and 329 had been purchased by the old tenants.

On the estate of the Marquis of Clanricarde out of 254 evicted farms 129 had been let to new tenants, and 97 of the former tenants had been reinstated, but no purchases by either class had been made.

Fifty-one evictions had been effected on the estate of Peter de Penthony O'Kelly, but the estate has been sold, the former tenants being the purchasers in every instance.

On the estate of Charles W. T. Ponsonby the number of evictions were 243. Fourteen of the farms are in the possession of new tenants, and 226 of the old tenants have purchased.

Out of a total of 111 evictions on the Smith-Barry estate 99 of the former tenants have regained possession of their farms, and there are 10 farms let to new tenants, but there have been no purchases.

On the Marquis of Lansdowne's estate there were 60 evictions. Twenty-four of the farms have passed to new tenants, 23 have purchased, and eight of the old tenants who were reinstated have also purchased.

On the estate of Mr. G. F. Brooke out of a total of 87 evictions there were 24 reinstatements and 56 of the farms are in the possession of new tenants. A somewhat similar state of things prevails on the estate of Viscount Massereene, where there were 68 evictions and 14 reinstatements, 52 of the farms being relet to new tenants.

On the estate of Lord Cloncurry there were 37 evictions and 34 reinstatements, the remaining three farms being held by new tenants.

Out of 47 evictions on the property of Mrs. Hannah Lewis there have been 24 reinstatements, the remaining holdings being without tenants.

On the property of Michael D. Keatinge and Maurice D. Keatinge there were 12 evictions. None of the farms

have passed to new tenants, and only one of the former holders has been reinstated.

All the evicted holdings on the estate of The O'Grady are now tenanted, three being in the possession of the former holders, and three being new tenancies, while ten of the old tenants have purchased their farms.

On the estate of Mr. James E. Byrne there were nine evictions, and the farms have not been re-let to any tenants, while on the estate of Mr. Arthur Langford four tenants who were evicted have purchased their holdings.

There were in all 326 evictions on the Wylvants Olphert property. Twenty-one new tenancies now exist, and 305 of the old tenants have regained possession of their holdings.

Out of 16 evictions on the estate of John H. Swiney, eight of the old tenants have purchased, seven others have been reinstated, and one farm is purchased by a new tenant.

On the estate of Mrs. Anne Stewart there were 56 evictions. The holdings all being re-let, four to new tenants and 52 to the former occupiers.

On the estate of Mr. Wm. Anketill, the last one treated of, 54 tenants were evicted. Thirteen of the farms have been re-let to new tenants; 18 of the evicted tenants have been reinstated, and 22 have purchased their holdings.

Poetical Concession.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was asked why he had made Ellen Douglass the Lady of the Lake.

"Because," he replied, "if I had made her the Lady of the River, there might have been a run on the bank."

Realizing the poet's pecuniary conditions, his friends congratulated him on his foresight.

Capacity and Tact.

MRS. HENNESSY—"I'm afraid I'm losing my mind. When I borrow money from any of my friends, I'm sure to forget all about it."

Mr. Dooley—"Why, that is no sign of mental decline. On the contrary, it shows a fine business capacity."

Hennesy—"But I also forget when a friend owes me something."

Dooley—"That's all right. That's tact."

Don't fail to procure Mrs. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup for your Children while cutting teeth. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Digitized by Google



Forty-eight Volumes Given for Ideas.

IN the March issue of this Magazine we offered a series of prizes in the form of books to be awarded to the persons sending us the most useful and most practical ideas tending to improve its pages, increase its circulation and enlarge and extend its usefulness amongst its readers.

In response to that invitation we received 753 letters containing advice, recommendations, and suggestions more or less valuable. A great many, of course, contained repetitions of ideas suggested by others, but all were evidently sent in the most friendly and appreciative spirit, and we take opportunity to sincerely thank the kind friends who wrote them.

Our original offer was twenty-five volumes, but we have increased the award to forty-eight volumes, and if the recipients experience half the pleasure in receiving them that we have felt in sending them, we will be repaid an hundred fold.

Of the large number of suggestions offered many are considered good, but for various reasons not necessary to particularize cannot be utilized. Only a few of the letters have been published.

The editor of THE GAEL, in the nature of things, is the best judge of the value and practicability of the ideas offered and has made the following awards:

FIRST PRIZE. TEN VOLUMES.

Awarded to Mr. James F. Byrne, Tarvin, Oranmore Co., Galway, Ireland.

1—A Literary History of Ireland from the Earliest Period to the Present Day. By Douglas Hyde, LL.D., M. R. I. A.

2—Ireland, Industrial and Agricultural. Profusely illustrated with over 100 full-page plates, maps, diagrams, etc.

3—Tom Burke of Ours. By Charles Lever. Illustrated edition, 2 volumes in one.

4—A Reading Book in Irish History. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D., with illustrations.

5—Luke Delmege, a Story of Irish Life. By Rev. Father Sheehan, author of "My New Curate," etc.

6—Ballads in Prose. By Norah Hopper.

7—The Elf-Errant. By Moira O'Neill.

8—My Lady's Slipper. By Dora Sigerson.

9—Irish Mist and Sunshine, Ballads and Lyrics. By Rev. James B. Dillard (Sliav-na-mon).

10—The Spanish Wine; a Tale of Dunluce Castle. By Frank Mathew.

SECOND PRIZE. EIGHT VOLUMES.

Awarded to Rev. Percy Robinson, Stanfordville, N. Y.

1—Old Celtic Romances. Twelve of the most beautiful of the Ancient Romantic Tales, Translated from the Gaelic by P. W. Joyce, LL.D.

2 and 3—Origin and History of Irish Names and Places. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. (2 volumes).

4—The Four Winds of Erin (Poems). By Ethna Carberry.

5—Songs of Old Ireland. A collection of fifty Irish melodies. Words and Music.

6—The Courtship of Fergus. An old Irish Romance translated from the Book of Leinster. By A. H. Leahy. (Volume 1, "Irish Saga Library").

7—Castle Rackrent and the Absentee. By Maria Edgeworth. Illustrated by Chris Hammond.

8—Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon. By Charles Lever. Illustrated edition.

THIRD PRIZE. SEVEN VOLUMES.

Awarded to Miss E. R. Cox, 213 East 40th Street, New York City.

1—Irish Scholars in the Penal Days. By Rev. William P. Treacy.

2—The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith, with thirty-two illustrations by William Mulready, R. A.

3 and 4—History of Ireland. By Thomas D'Arcy McGee. (2 volumes).

5—Poems of Thomas Davis with Notes, Historical Illustrations, etc., and an introduction by John Mitchell.

6—The Collegians, a Tale of Garrowen. By Gerald Griffin.

7—Turf-Fire Stories and Fairy Tales of Ireland. By Barry O'Connor.

ADDITIONAL PRIZES.

Among the hundreds of letters received there were many which contained one or more excellent ideas, which if not practicable or timely now, may be used or adapted later on. From these we have selected twenty-two which we consider worthy of "honorable mention" to the senders of which we have sent each a single volume together with a brief letter of thanks in which we take opportunity to acknowledge our appreciation of their kindness and good will.

1—Thomas Coan, 16 Ripley St., Waltham, Mass. "Samuel Bayne's on an Irish Jaunting Car."

2—Patrick Cooney, 607½ So. 6th St., Reading, Pa. "Willy Reilly and his Colleen Bawn." Carleton.

3—Rev. T. E. Ryan, Harrisville, R. I. Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times." 2 Vols.

4—D. A. McCarthy, East Cambridge,

N. Y. "Where There is Nothing," by W. B. Yeats.

5—Miss Nellie Condon, 31 East 57th St., New York. "Lallah Rook," by Thomas Moore.

6—B. Regan, 108 East 86th St., New York. "The Squireen," by Shan F. Bullock.

7—Mrs. Eleanor Morgan, 13 Livingston Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. "Ireland, Agricultural and Industrial."

8—Patrick J. Carpenter, Blackditch-Duleek, Co. Meath, Ireland. "Kerrigan's Quality," by Jane Barlow.

9—D. O'Donovan, St. Croix, Perry Co., Indiana. "Charles O'Malley the Irish Dragoon." Lever.

10—J. Long, 11 St. John St., London, N., England. "In the Wake of King James." Standish O'Grady.

11—James Shields, 139 Christopher St., New York. Jane Barlow's "Strangers at Lisconnel."

12—William Lawson, Douglas Island, Alaska. "A Lad of the O'Friels," by Seamus MacManus.

13—John MacDuffie, the MacDuffie School, Springfield, Mass. "On an Irish Jaunting Car Through Donegal and Connemara."

14—J. J. Hughes, 54 Emily St., Philadelphia, Pa. "The Croppy, a Tale of 1798," by John Banim.

15—Andrew O'Kane, 62 Washington St., Greenfield, Mass. "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," by William Carleton.

16—J. C. Brennan, 4402 So. 13th St., Omaha, Neb. "Fate and Fortunes of O'Neills and O'Donnells."

17—John Egan, Cambridge, Mass. "Rory O'More," by Samuel Lover.

18—B. Abnis, 28 McDonnell Sq., Toronto, Canada. "Legends and Fairy Tales of Ireland."

19—John O'Carroll Robinson, 1911 Pleasant St., Fall River, Mass. "Irish Fireside Stories, Tales and Legends."

20—Eugene O'Donovan, New Haven, Penn. "Sally Kavanagh," by Charles Kickham.

21—James Quinn, Garberville, Humboldt Co., California. "The Collegians," by Gerald Griffin.

22—M. H. Brennan, Devil's Lake, North Dakota. "Baynes Donegal and Connemara."

The volumes have all been sent out. Mr. Byrne's books have been forwarded via the American Express Company. The others were sent by mail. We respectfully beg to call attention to a new competition which will be found on another page.

FILÍÓEACHT NA NGAEÓEAL

SEILG GLEANNA AN SMÓIL.

AG TMIALL ÉUM REILGE MARVIN CÉÓDÁC
SO GLEANN AN SMÓIL NI ÁR NGAEÓEAL RÓ
MOÍ,
BA MÓR ÁR NOÓCÁR AR LUAR ÁR SEON.
DO BÍ SGÉOLÁN IR ÓIRAN ÁR ÉILL
AG FIONN NIÉRÓ I N-A ÓÓÍO;
DO BÍ A CÚ AG GAC NOUINE DO'N FÉINN,
IR ÁR NGAEÓEAL RÉIL-ÚINN AG TÉANAMÍ CÉOIL.
DO ÉSNAIRÉAMARÍ ÉUM TULCA OF CIANN
GLEANNA,
MARÍ ÁR Ó-ASÚINN OUILLEADHAR ÁR ÉIRÍANN
AG FÁR;
BÍ ÉANLAÍT RUAIIC AG CEILEADHAR ANN
'RAN CUAC GO CEÓL-ÚINN ANN GAC ÁRÓ.
DO LÉIG A MÉADAMAR ANN DO'N FÉINN
ÁR NGAEÓEAL LÚAÍT LÉIMNEAC FÁN
NGLEANN;
DO FGASOIL FIONN A ÓA ÉCÉADHAR ÓÉAD
IR BA BINNE LINN NÁ TÉADA A NGLAM.

ÓÚIRTEAR LEO AN EILÍT MHAOL,
BA ÉILE A TAOB NÁ EALA ÁR LINN;
AN TAOB EILE TÓI ÁR ÓAT AN GHAUL,
IR BA LUATÉ I NÁ FEADAC ÁR ÓAILL.

DO FGASOIL GAC NOUINE 'GAINN A CÚ TA
HEILL,
IR DO FGASOIL FIONN FÉIN ÓIRAN;
Ó IMÉIGEADHAR ÁR ÁR N-AMHAC GOC LÉIR,
IR BA ÓEADH ÁR NGAEÓEAL TEACHT NA NGAEÓEAL.

IR MÓR ÁN T-IONGNAÍ DO JUINN AN NI
DO'N EILÍT MHAOL FÁ N-A LUAR;
LE N-AIR FÁRUIÉ MÁRTÉAR CON NA GÉRÍOC,
IR ÓIRAN, NIATH NÁP LÉIG REILG UAIÓ.

O MÓC MARONE BA MÓR ÁN RIÁDÁC,
DO LEAN GO VIAN AN EILÍT LUATÉ;
GO DTÁINIG OIRIANN TUÍD NÁ HORÓCÉ,
IR NAC ÓIRACAMARÍ GACÁDH NÁ CÚ.

(Literal Translation.)

The Chase of Gleann an Smoil.
GOING to the chase on a misty
morning
To Gleann an Smoil early with
our hounds,
* * * * *
Great were our hopes in the fleetness
of our dogs.

Géolán and Bran were leasher
In mild Fionn's hand;
Each of the Fiann had his own hound.
And our sweet-tongued dogs in full cry.

We proceeded to a hill above a glen,
Where sweet blossoms grew on trees;

Pleasant birds were warbling there,
And the sweet-toned cuckoo on every
side.

All of the Fiann, who were assembled
there,
Let loose their swift hounds in the
glen;
Fionn loosened his twelve dogs,
And sweeter to us than harp strings
was their howl.

A young doe was started by them,
Her side was whiter than a swan on a
lake;
The other side was dark as coal,
And more swift was she than a hawk
in the wood.

Each of us loosened his hound from its
leash,
And Fionn himself let go Bran;
They departed from our sight,
And small was our chance of nearing
them.

Great was the amazement of the King,
At the fleetness of the young doe;
In which she outstripped the best
hounds in the land,
Even Bran, who never lost a chase.

From morn's dawn great was the
chase,
In quick pursuit of the swift doe;
Until the darkness of the night came
upon us,
And we did not see a hound or dog.

SHEÁGHAN DHUÍOHE.

M'PHAOINTHEIRÍPHE THRAOCHDA NA PEARCA-CHOIN
AORUA,
AIR LANNÁIBH BUATH LÉIRÍ A'R AIR LÁMHACH
RAIGHIOTT,
DO GHLEANPÁOIR ÁR EIRÍNN MARÍ ÓIRAMPÍ
NA MÉIRÍLICH,
'S AIR M-BAILTEOIR PHAOIRÍATHÓ ÁRÓ-CHIOP:
ÓA MAIRPEARTH NA FÉINNE 'R AIR N-AIRÍM
BHEITH REÚNMHAIR,
AIR NGASUIM BUATH TRÉUNMHAIR AG TRACHT
RIOR,
'S AIR MAIRÍS DO BHÉUÍPÁOIR LEAR-LAMM AIR
SHÉUPÍLÁR
DO M-BAMPÉARTH A RÉIM CHEAPRT DE
SHEÁGHAN DHUÍOHE.
DO CAILLEAOIR LE TRÉIMÍHRE ÁR S-CEALLAÍ
CHÉILE,
O T-EARÍGAIIR NA FAOL-CHOIN A BH-FÁIL-
CHRIÓCH,—
DO LEAGADHAR LACÓCHRA CHUM CATHA BUATH
TRÉIME,—
NÍL ACHT CREAACHAON AGUR CÉUÍPÁOIR AGUR
CROÍOHE:

IR ÁRÓ ATÁ AN BÉUPÍLÁ 'R SAN TAPASÍT 'R AN
N-GEAOÍNHAILSE,

IR BALBH ÁR N-EÍSÍRÍ AG SGÁTH-CHAOÍOTH,
DO T-AGASÁOIR LÁ ÉIGÍN TAPÍ FAIRÍGE SÉUPÍLÁR,
DO BHAMPÉARTH A RÉIM-CHEAPRT DE SHEÁ-
GHAN DHUÍOHE.

MAR CHEANGMHAIRÍT IR MÉALA, TAPÍ CALAICH
GUR BH-ÉIGEAN
DO'N B-FHAIRPÍRE THREÍGHTHEACH-RO RÁT-
HACH A PIÍR,
LE CEALG 'R LE CLAONAOIR NA H-ASCMÉ NACH
ÓÉAPÍRÁO

THUG BANBHA ÓÉUPÍACH MARÍ TÁ PIÍ:
AÍCHIM A'R ÉIGHMHÍM AIRÍ ATHAÍR AN AÉN-
MHEIC,
SIOBH ATHAÍR GACH AÉN-NEICH AN T-ÁFRO-
IGH,
DO S-CAPASÍT ÁR SÉUPÍLÁR 'R AN BANBHA GO
GLEÚPORA,
DO BHAMPÉARTH A RÉIM-CHEAPRT DE SHEÁ-
GHAN BH-IOHE.

(Translation.)

Shane Bui.*

(An Old Irish Jacobite Song.)

OH WHERE ARE THE HEROES—THE LIGHTS OF
OUR STORY,
OUR LAND FROM THE DANE THAT DEFENDED?
COULD DEATH YIELD THEM BACK, WITH
THEIR BRIGHT WREATH OF GLORY,
ONE MORE LIVING LEAF MIGHT BE BLENDED;
COULD OUR PRAY'R'S THE PROUD FINIANS
RECALL FROM THEIR SLEMBER
OH THE PRIDE OF THE WORLD WE'D AGAIN BE!
NOT A FOE TO OUR PRINCE ERIN'S SOIL
SHOULD ENCUMBER,
AND WOE TO THE POWER OF SHANE BUI.

THE SHRINES OF OUR FAITH ARE DESTROYED
AND POLLUTED,
BY TREACHEROUS WOLVES THAT ASSAILED US;
THE RACE OF OUR MIGHTY IS FALLEN AND
UPROOTED—
OH WEEP, FOR OUR HIGH HOPE HAS FAILED US.
Rude jargon our sweet native lan-
guage supplanting;
Mute, mute, shall the harp's thrilling
strain be;
Till Charles, with his flag on the ocean
breeze flaunting
Shall humble the power of SHANE BUI.
OH SAD IS MY HEART THAT FOR EXILE AND
DANGER
OUR GENEROUS PRINCE SHOULD HAVE LEFT US
But Banba's wild curse shall alight on
the stranger,
Whose perfidy thus hath bereft us;
Dread Avenger Supreme! hear my
soul's supplication!
Swift, swift let his course o'er the
main be
Our Charles shall bind up the deep
wounds of the nation,
And Erin exult over SHANE BUI.
*Literally Yellow John (John Bull).



MESSRS. DUCKWORTH & CO., London, announce "The Orrery Papers," by the Countess of Cork and Orrery. 2 vols., demy 8vo. With twenty-three photogravures. Price, 42s. net.

A. CONSTABLE & CO., London, announce "Castle Omeragh," by Frankfort Moore, author of "The Jessamy Bride." "A story of the days of Cromwell in Ireland, told with remarkable force and feeling and true appreciation of the Irish character."

M. R. FISHER UNWIN, London, announces "British Political Leaders," by Justin McCarthy. Illustrated from photographs. Large crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d. net. The men written about in this volume are Arthur James Balfour, Lord Salisbury, Lord Roseberry, Joseph Chamberlain, John Morley, Sir William Harcourt, Lord Aberdeen, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, John Burns, John E. Redmond, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, James Bryce and Henry Labouchere.

"IRELAND Under Elizabeth," Chapters towards a History of Ireland in the Reign of Elizabeth. Being a Portion of the History of Catholic Ireland, by Don Philip O'Sullivan Beare. Translated from the original Latin by Matthew J. Byrne. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker. Price, 7s. 6d.

Mr. Byrne's book is one which is packed full of interest for the student of Irish history. It will help him to a closer acquaintanceship with some of the great names which figured in the tumultuous days of Elizabethan Ireland, and will assist him in some degree to understand how by their lack of national cohesion the Irish became a conquered people.

M. R. FISHER UNWIN, London, has arranged to publish a volume by Prof. Mahaffy on the early history of Trinity College, Dublin. The period covered is that from 1590 to 1660, and the book may be said to be an educational and religious history of the country, written from the point of view of the founding and early history of the College.

The author has especially endeavored to preserve a just and sympathetic attitude towards the Roman Catholic Church, which maintained, andulti-

mately conquered in, a most difficult struggle by holding the hearts of the people.

As a companion to Dr. Mahaffy's work, Mr. Unwin will also publish (in quarto form) a volume containing the "Particular Book of Trinity College, Dublin," the old entries and accounts in which shed much light on the early days of the College.

C. J. CLAY & SONS, Cambridge University Press, London, announces "The History of Scotland," by P. Hume Brown, M. A., LL. D., Fraser Professor of Ancient (Scottish) History and Palaeography in the University of Edinburgh.

Vol. I.—To the Accession of Mary Stewart. With 7 Maps. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Vol. II.—From the Accession of Mary Stewart to the Revolution of 1689. With 4 Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Vol. III.—From the Revolution of 1689 to the Disruption of 1843.

M. R. W. B. YEATS dedicates his play "Where There Is Nothing," to Lady Gregory. Mr. Yeats says: "When I was a boy I used to wander about at Rosses Point and Ballisodare listening to old songs and stories." He wrote down what he heard, and then went to London to make a living. But he began to forget "the true countenance of country life":

"The old tales were still alive for me indeed, but with a new, strange, half-unreal life, as if in a wizard's glass, until at last, when I had finished 'The Secret Rose' and was half-way through 'The Wind Among the Reeds,' a wise woman in her trance told me that my inspiration was from the moon, and that I should always live close to water, for my work was getting too full of those little jewelled thoughts that come from the sun and have no nation."

SIR JOHN MOORE, the English soldier whose death at Corunna evoked from Charles Wolfe one of the most memorable poems in the English language, left behind him a MS. diary which is only now to be published.

It extends, we are told, from December 5th, 1792, to December 24th, 1808, and covers the whole period from the siege of Toulon to Moore's advance on

Sahagun, twenty-three days before his death.

It deals with the siege of Toulon, at which Napoleon's career began, with the capture of the West Indian Islands, the Irish Rebellion of 1798, the campaign in Holland in 1799, the campaign in Egypt of 1800, in which Sir Ralph Abercrombie fell; Moore's creation of the Light Division at Shorncliffe, the expedition to Sweden, and the campaign in Spain up to Sahagun.

THE latest addition to Lippincott's Select Novels Series is Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson's "A Red Red Rose." This is a capital novel, in which the two most important characters are introduced in New York and then transported to England.

There is no woman living who can tell a love story with the grace, the charm and the vivacity that mark Mrs. Hinkson's work. She shows what a good training the writing of poetry is for one who turns to prose.

A. H. BULLEN, Publisher, London, announces "Ideas of Good and Evil", a book of essays, by W. B. Yeats. Crown 8vo. Price, 6s. Like Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Meredith, Mr. Yeats appeals to us almost as much by his fine skill in "that other beauty of prose" as by the infinite and delicate beauty of his poems. He alone of living writers has the music and the color and the light of words; for he alone of living writers has the faculty of producing a definite effect not by the emphasis, but by the delicacy of his assertions."

A NEW addition to the ranks of Irish Ireland journalism has made its appearance under the name of "An Mhuineach Og." The Journal is bi-lingual, but the larger and more important sections of the paper are written in Gaelic. The names of several of the most prominent writers of Irish are to be found among the contributors, including Father O'Leary, J. J. Doyle, etc.

The English departments of the paper are all written from the Irish Ireland standpoint, and treat current topics in a manner both well informed and virile. "An Mhuineach Og" is published in Dunmanway, County Cork, and from all accounts has a large field of work in its own province.

MR. C. LITTON FALKINER, M. A. has just had published by the University Press, Dublin, on behalf of the Royal Irish Academy the remarkable interesting paper which he recently read before that body on the "Commercial History of Dublin in the Eighteenth Century."

THE Rev. J. A. Knowles, O. S. A., has just had published by Messrs. James Duffy & Co., an extremely interesting historical sketch of Fethard and its ancient Abbey Church. Many memories of a notable kind cluster round the little Tipperary town, which was once a military stronghold of no small importance and a borough returning two members to the Irish Parliament.

A N T-U'r-Ghort. Sgealta le Seorsa Mordha, aistrighthe ag Padraig O Suilleabhain. (Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker.)

Many readers will fail to recognize in "Seorsa O'Mordha" Mr. George Moore, author of "The Celibates," "Esther Waters," etc. The volume consists of Irish translations of short stories which have just been published here in English under the title of "The Untilled Field."

The translator of one of them is Mr. O'Donoghue, the editor of "Irisleabhar na Gaedhilge" (The Gaelic Journal), while the renderings of the others are by Mr. Patrick O'Sullivan, of Trinity

College, Dublin. Mr. O'Sullivan, like Mr. Moore himself, is an instance of the unexpected elements that have been drawn into the Irish language movement. The Irish is very creditable as the work of a student.

NEW IRELAND," a penny weekly journal published in London, has passed into the hands of the Irish Publishing Company, Ltd., 68 Fleet street, London, and will henceforth be conducted as a high-class review of the industries, literature, art, and politics of Ireland.

STEPHEN GWYNN, author of "Highways and Byways in Donegal," has a novel in press with the Macmillan Company which is out of the usual order of this author's former writings. It is a romance, the action and scenes of which are placed in Spain at the time of the expulsion of the Jesuits about twenty-five years ago. It will be called "The Pagan at the Shrine."

THREE Irish Airs" is the title of a musical publication issued by the London firm of Moore, Smith & Co. The three airs are "The Bright Lamp," "Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill," and "Avenging and Bright," arranged by Mr. Patrick Delany, the well-known Dublin musician.

Mr. Delany has arranged the three

airs for the violin, with accompaniment for the piano, and in each instance it can be truthfully said that he has given admirable musical interpretation to the words of the poet.

"The Bright Lamp" is written in slow, impressive movement. The true glamor is on the music; its delicate texture is like a film in the moonlight.

The arrangement of the "Lament" is characteristically Irish. The wail of the banshee echoes through the air. The introduction is somewhat quaint, but the whole impresses one with its reality and modernity.

From this to "Avenging and Bright" is a long step in all that constitutes style and character. It opens with vigor, and throughout the meaning of the poet is carefully preserved in the spirited violin music and no less spirited accompaniment.



MR. MICHAEL McDONAGH

MR. MICHAEL M'DONAGH, who writes on "Irish Provincial Journalism" in this issue, is thus referred to in "Who's Who," the annual biographical dictionary of the United Kingdom:

"Author and journalist; born, Limerick; education, Christian Brothers' schools. Became a reporter on a local paper at an early age. In his 22d year joined the 'Freeman's Journal,' Dublin; and for eight years was one of its special correspondents in Ireland and in the Houses of Parliament. For some years has been a member of 'The Times' Parliamentary staff. He is a frequent contributor of articles on Ireland, Press life, and Parliamentary history and custom to the magazines. A Fellow of the Institute of Journalists. Publications—'Bishop Doyle,' 'The Book of Parliament,' 'Irish Life and Character,' 'Parliament: its Romance, its Comedy, its Pathos.' Clubs—National Liberal, Irish Literary Society, Connradh na Gaedhilge Lonn-duin."

NEW BOOK By the Authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M."

ALL ON THE IRISH SHORE: IRISH SKETCHES

By E. O. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS,

Authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M."

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. O. SOMERVILLE. Crown 8vo, \$1.50.

"There is a raciness in the telling of these Irish stories and a knowledge of the subtleties of the Irish character that charm the reader, and no Irish story-writer since Lever has been as successful as these two."—*Pall Mall Gazette, London.*

"Eleven capital Irish sketches—racy, light hearted, and high-spirited, without anything of the clownishly boisterous. Both authors love horses and dogs, and the artist can draw them. The rustic types, natural in their brogue and modes of thought, are a picture-gallery of clever vignettes."—*Outlook, London.*

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 93 5th Ave., N. Y.



Twenty-five Volumes for Answers to Questions.

WE desire to test our readers' familiarity with prominent or striking events in Irish history, and to that end propound a series of twenty miscellaneous questions relating to past events in the history of our country.

They are not difficult or profound questions, and can be easily looked up in any library containing a good history of Ireland, "Annals of the Four Masters," a file of THE GAEL, and a few other Irish reference books.

The answers to each must be as brief as possible. It is not necessary that ALL questions should be answered. Send replies to as many as possible.

To the person who sends correct replies to all, or to the largest number of those questions we will send free of all charges a set of 12 Volumes selected from the works of Charles Lever.

To the person sending the second largest number of correct replies we will send Dr. Douglas Hyde's "Literary History of Ireland," Father Dollard's charming book of poems, "Irish Mist and Sunshine," and "Ireland, Industrial and Agricultural."

To the ten persons who come next in rotation (according to the number of correct replies sent in by them) we will send each, free of charge, a handsome volume by some well-known Irish author.

CONDITIONS.

1. Write only on one side of the paper and attach name and address of sender legibly.
2. Send a coupon cut from the cover of THE GAEL with your letter. If the coupon does not accompany the replies your letter will not be considered. We ask this for the purpose of confining the contest to GAEL readers exclusively.
3. There is no objection to your consulting or seeking information concerning the answers to those questions from members of your family or from your friends.

The winners will be announced in the September GAEL. All replies should be in not later than August 15th.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS.

1. Give date of the famous windstorm known as the "Night of the Big Wind."
2. Which is the largest lake in Ireland, and what is its superficial area in acres?
3. The County of Clare originally formed one of the counties of Connacht. When was it added to Munster?
4. What famous Irish poet wrote those lines, and where can they be found:
"Where village statesmen talked with looks profound
And news much older than their ale went round"?
5. Where is the "Joyce Country"?
6. What became of Devorgil, wife of O'Rourke, Prince of Brefni, after she eloped, and when and where did she die?
7. A lady and her son together with two alleged accomplices were imprisoned in Ireland charged with sorcery and witchcraft. One of the men was found guilty and burned at the stake. The woman escaped. When and where did this take place, and what was the name of the woman?
8. Define briefly the meaning of the term "Gael."
9. When and where did Michael Dwyer (the famous Wicklow rebel) die, and where is he buried?
10. When was the Battle of the Curlew Mountains fought, and what celebrated English leader was killed there?
11. The Earls of Ormonde and Desmond were at war (A.D. 1462) and a pitched battle was fought between them at Pilltown, in the County Kilkenny, where Or-

monde was defeated with considerable loss. His kinsman, Mac Richard Butler, was taken prisoner, and we may judge of the value of a book and the respect for literature in Ireland at that period, from the curious fact that a manuscript was offered and accepted for his ransom. What did the manuscript consist of and where is it now?

12. By whom, and in what year was the monastery of Clonmacnoise founded?
13. Name the "Tribes of Galway."
14. When and where did Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, die?
15. When was the first newspaper issued in Dublin?
16. Name the "Four Masters" who compiled the famous "Annals," and give date of commencement of that great work.
17. When and by whom was the Abbey of Multifarnham, County Meath, founded?
18. When was the treaty of Limerick signed?
19. A life-size statue of St. Patrick ornaments the facade of a famous church in Rome. Name the church.
20. Brian Boru ascended the throne of Munster about 978. The following year a new king succeeded to the throne of Meath. He captured Dublin from the Danes after first defeating them at Tara, and later fought with Brian, in fact, he fought several battles with Brian. Eventually they met on the shore of Lough Ree and made peace. What was that king's name, and how did he end his reign?

The Lass of Delvinside.

WHEN first we met, the grass was wet with the dew of the Summer morn,
As she milked her cow 'neath the blossomed bough
of a spreading old white thorn;
As the milk-jets rang in her pail she sang, and her voice
with the blackbird's vied—
The colleen ruadh who milked her cow adown by the Delvinside.

Oh, her eyes are bright as the sun's first light, when it rises
o'er Knockbrack Hill.
And her white teeth gleam like the Delvin stream, where it
tumbles by Mervyn's mill.
You've seen the sun when the day is done behind Mulla-
teelin hide,
Then you've seen him wear the gold of her hair who trips
by the Delvinside.

Oh, I've sailed east, and I've sailed west, where stormy bill-
ows roar,
And girls I've seen, where my paths have been, on many a
foreign shore;
But never yet has a maiden met my vision by shore, or
tide,
Like the colleen ruadh who milked her cow adown by the
Delvinside.

When first we met the grass was wet with the dew of the
Summer morn,
And since that day far I've strayed away from the spread-
ing old white thorn;
But soon again, o'er the eastern main I will hasten to claim
as my bride
The colleen ruadh who milked her cow adown by the Del-
vinside.

—PADRAIG MAC AIRCHILL.



Correspondence.

Chicago, Ill., June 14, 1903.

Editor THE GAEL:

I ENCLOSSE some verses, written by me which are set to music by Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck, of Chicago, and which are to be included in a school book, and also a gift book which the Rand & McNally Co. are bringing out for me.

I wish you to publish them and the plagiarism by Father Fielding, side by side, and accompanied by the statement which I have made and will swear to, and I refer you to Mr. Seeboeck, who had my manuscript in October last, and to Mr. Perry, and to the "Catholic World," and I can refer you to a dozen others in Chicago, to whom I read my manuscript long before the Rev. Fr. Fielding had dreamed of it.

The verses which I have called "Sea-hin-sea Sea-ho," were written by me while on a train bound from the White Mountains to Boston last Sep-

tember, and were shown by me to Mr. Bliss Perry, editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." Mr. Perry said they were "charming verses." I afterward sent them to the editor of "The Catholic World."

Not being able to read Gaelic, I wished to know the exact pronunciation of "Sea-ho," and knowing the whippoorwill, a bird I had named in my original draft, did not sing in Ireland and also wishing that the song should have Gaelic "local color" I asked the Rev. J. K. Fielding of the Chicago Gaelic League, for information. He asked me to let him see the manuscript of my song. I sent it to him and he had it in his possession for several weeks. When I went to get it from him, he had taken the liberty of writing a plagiarism, appropriating my idea, which, as Matthew Arnold says, "is everything in poetry."

The entire design, plan, incidents,

phraseology, etc., he has unblushingly imitated and begins his plagiarism by adopting bodily my two first lines, with the exception of using the singular shoon, where I have used shoon. He has published them over his signature in the "Liberator," Chicago, June issue.

I leave the public to judge whether the Rev. Fr. Fielding is justified in presenting to them as original matter his production written after he had had access to my unpublished manuscript—manuscript which was written six months prior to his having seen it.

I will be greatly pleased if you will print this letter. I am a daughter of Daniel O'Sheridan, of Madison, Wis. You will find an article of mine in "The Dolphin." If I cannot have redress this way, I must resort to legal means.

Yours most sincerely,
MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN,
4005 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

(Original.)

Sho-heen. Sho.

(Lullaby.)

By Mary Grant O'Sheridan.

The leprechaun out in the haggard
Is mending his little red shoon;
And wee, fairy folk in the meadow
Dance light 'neath the sheen of the
moon.
The brown-throstle nestlings are
dreaming
Of love, on the low laurel bough.
And elfin craft sallying the river
Have fire pennants flung from the
prow.
Then sleep my heart's birdling, my
darling!
The brown-throstle mother and I
Together keep watch o'er our loved
ones
Sea-hin-sea Sea-ho lullaby.
(Sho-heen-sho sho-ho lullaby).

The silver mists curl in the valley,
And red lilies bend in the dew,
The drolleen sings out in the hedge-
row,
The drolleen, he sings love for you!
The white, powdered wings of the
night-moth
Flit down to the half-opened rose;
And mother will kiss your dear eye-
lids,
And seal them with love when they
close.
Then sleep my heart's flower, my dar-
ling,
The moon o'er the mountain hangs
low,
And brown-throstles peep in their
dreaming.
Sea-hin-sea, sea-hin-sea, sea-ho.
Boston. September, 1902.

(Plagiarism.)

The Irish Mother's Lullaby.

By Father Fielding.

(J. K. Fielding of Chicago Gaelic
League.)

The leprechaun out in the haggard
Is mending his little red shoe,
Away to the hills he will hie him
He's looking mavourneen for you.
The sheeogs are coming alanna,
I hear them anearing the door.
The Banshee is now at the window,
Sea-hin-sea, sea-hin-sea, astoir.

(Chorus.)

Then sleep until morning my darling,
The fairies with daylight must go,
They're waiting and watching to steal
you,
Sea-hin-sea, sea-hin-sea, sea-ho.

The wind through the keyhole is blow-
ing,

The Banshee is combing her hair
And keening for somebody's darling.
Then sleep, dear, I'll watch you with
care.

Shure dreolin is snug in the holly
The preachan will watch on the tree.
Then sleep until daylight, my darling.
The angels will watch you with me.

(Chorus.)

Then sleep until morning my darling,
The fairies with daylight must go.
They're waiting and watching to steal
you,
Sea-hin-sea, sea-hin-sea Sea-ho.

St. Patrick's Day, 1903.

Published in June number of "The
Liberator," Chicago.

The Irish Club Incorporated.

THE Irish Club of New York City
was incorporated at Albany on
June 8th, to conduct a club for
men of Irish birth or lineage, to co-
operate in redeeming the national and
material interests of the Irish race
from the wreck and spoliation of cen-
turies of British rule in Ireland and
perpetuate the friendly relations which
have existed between the people of
Ireland and this Republic since its
foundation.

The directors are John J. Rooney,
James Burke, Patrick Gallagher, J. P.
McWalters, David Nugent and Dr. J.
L. C. O'Donoghue of New York City,
and J. B. Murphy, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Catholic Centenary.

ON May 15th last the Roman Cath-
olic Church celebrated the cen-
tenary of its establishment in
Australia. Three Irish Catholic priests
and one Protestant minister were
transported to Australia in 1798, as a
result of their connection with the re-
bellion of that year.

The Protestant minister was allowed
to resume his ministerial duties imme-
diately on landing, but it was not until
May 15th, 1803, that one of the
priests, the Rev. James Dixon, was
permitted to officiate at mass. A con-
vict made a tin chalice for the occa-
sion, and the vestments were fashioned
out of damask curtains.

To-day the Roman Catholic Church
in Australia has one cardinal, four
archbishops, nearly a score of prelates,
hundreds of priests and a million com-
municants.

Digitized by Google

THE GAEL

(AN GAOÓL.)

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-class Matter.
Postage free to any point in the United States,
Mexico or Canada.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE GAEL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

TERMS:

Price.—Subscription \$1.00 per year. Single copies 10 cents. Subscriptions from Ireland, England and Scotland, 5 shillings per year.

Remittance must accompany each Subscription and may be sent by Check, Registered Letter, or Money-Order. Stamps or currency may be sent, but at the sender's risk.

Subscriptions commence with the current issue. Change of Address should, in all cases, be accompanied by the old address as well as the new.

The date of expiration of each Subscription is printed on the address label on the wrapper each month. To ensure a continuance of the Magazine subscriptions should be promptly renewed.

Persons desiring the return of their manuscripts, if not accepted, should send a stamped and directed envelope. We cannot, however, hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of uninvited MSS. Authors should preserve a copy.

ADVERTISING RATES UPON APPLICATION.

A WRITER in the London *Spectator* recently said that Ireland urgently needs a Sir Walter Scott to describe her beautiful scenery and weave a thread of historic romance around her crumbling monasteries and dismantled castles. It is entirely possible that a series of Irish historic novels written in English by a gifted pen would do much to popularize Ireland in the minds of English speaking people the world over, but—there are obstacles.

Anyone at all familiar with Irish history knows that it is extremely difficult to find any episode in which the English invader appears to advantage. There is nothing but a long series of chapters of robberies, spoliations and confiscations on the part of the invader. These are not palatable to English readers, therefore historic facts of the complexion which would best suit English taste in literature do not exist consequently there is little chance for an Irish "Sir Walter" to appear.

In his absence we present in this number a story by Mr. Standish O'Grady, "The Battle of the Curlew Mountains," which because of its historical accuracy, deserves to be widely read. Mr. O'Grady's works are not very well known in America, but we hope to popularize them by occasionally printing one of his short stories.

WE learn from our correspondent in Dublin that the Executive Committee of the Gaelic League in Ireland received a letter recently from the Rev. Richard Henebry, one time Professor of Gaelic at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., in relation to the removal of the remains of the late Father O'Growney to Ireland, in which removal it seems he is anxious to participate.

The Executive Committee, we are informed, instructed their Secretary to refer the communication to the Gaelic League in America. What disposition has since been made of the letter we have not heard, but inasmuch as there is no recognized central organization of the Gaelic League in this country, we presume the communication is still in Dublin.

It will be remembered that in THE GAEL, December, 1901, we started a fund for the purpose of raising sufficient money to defray the expense of removing the remains from California to Ireland.

The fund has been raised, the sum we started out to collect has been gathered and is in hand, but the Gaelic League as a National organization or as a central governing body in this country does not exist. It is true, there is a gentleman, without following, in Philadelphia, who claims to be the President of the Gaelic League in America but, in view of the fact, that he was elected irregularly and illegal, and has been openly repudiated by nearly every branch of the Gaelic League in his own city, as well as in other cities in the East, he is not recognized as the President of the organization.

He is the gentleman who occupied a box at the theatre where "McFadden's Flats" was played the night the performers were rotten-egged by members of the Irish Societies of Philadelphia. On that occasion he gave out an interview to the newspapers in which he stated he saw nothing objectionable in the play, and his countrymen were at fault in causing the disturbance!

It will also be remembered that at the Gaelic League Convention assembled in Philadelphia last year two delegates came on from California and attempted to cast 33 votes, which was not permitted, and two rival delegations came on from Chicago each claiming to be the real bona fide article and as their claims could not be peaceably adjudicated, the meeting ended in a row and was adjourned until next day.

After the adjournment certain delegates returned to the hall and elected (?) officers, which since then have been falsely claiming to represent the Gaelic League in America.

The disgraceful rowdyism exhibited at that convention disgusted a large number of members and there are many who abandoned the movement because of it.

After the Gaelic League as a National organization had been disrupted the usurpers then turned their attention to the O'Growney Fund and have made every possible effort short of highway robbery to get control of it.

Their object is to exploit and glorify themselves at the expense of the fund by posing as pall-bearers self-appointed, to accompany the remains to Ireland. This they consider a "vindication" of their illegal and unprincipled actions in the past.

The Editor of THE GAEL as custodian of the Fund is most anxious to have the wishes of the contributors carried out. He is impatient at the

enforced delay and has done everything possible to hasten matters. THE GAEL has at no time desired to appoint anyone as pall-bearer and has no name to suggest for that honor, but it started the fund and must insist that the ceremony of removal is carried out if not by the Gaelic League in America then by some other representative Irish organization with all due respect and solemnity, and therefore, is opposed to the self-seekers and factionists who want to use the removal for their own personal rehabilitation.

Some three months ago the Editor of THE GAEL had a conference with the National President and Secretary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, during which he suggested that the A. O. H. take charge of the removal for these reasons:

The A. O. H. is numerically the largest and most influential Irish organization in America. It encourages and promotes the study of the Irish language, Irish history, Irish music, literature, art, etc. It made the first practical move towards preserving the Irish language by donating the handsome sum of \$50,000 with which to found and maintain a Chair of Celtic at the Catholic University, Washington. It is a thoroughly representative Irish organization, and as there is at present nothing left of the Gaelic League governing body but a few remnants of factions, it is meet and proper that the Ancient Order should be invited to step in and take charge of the removal.

If the A. O. H. will accept the charge THE GAEL will at once turn over the O'Growney Fund to their National Treasurer and assist them in every way possible.

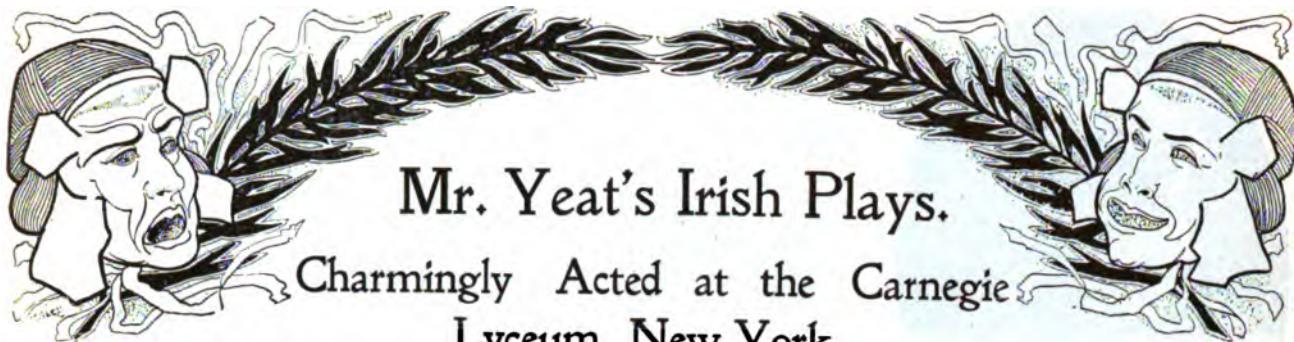
Mr. Dolan, the National President, said he would like to take a little time to consider the matter, and asked that the proposition be formally submitted to the A. O. H. Executive at their meeting next month. This will be done and it is sincerely to be hoped that the banner Irish organization of America may see its way to taking charge of the removal of the illustrious dead.

In handing over the O'Growney Funeral Fund the only condition imposed is that no one connected directly or indirectly with either of the factions into which the Gaelic League in America has split shall be appointed or selected to accompany the remains in any capacity.

SUBSCRIBERS to THE GAEL will each find enclosed in their copy of this magazine a small pink subscription blank which they are respectfully requested to hand to some friend with a view to inducing them to become subscribers to it.

In introducing THE GAEL they are doing a favor to their friends, because THE GAEL is the only distinctively Irish literary magazine catering to the millions of refined and cultured Irish and Irish-Americans in the United States and Canada.

The Boston *Pilot* says THE GAEL is the best Irish magazine in the world.



Mr. Yeat's Irish Plays. Charmingly Acted at the Carnegie Lyceum, New York.

THE production of a group of three short plays by William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet and dramatist, at Carnegie Lyceum on the evenings of June 3d and 4th, under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society

law, were also excellent. There is a weird pathos in this little play, that holds you in a thrall which brings you perilously close to tears. Miss Taliaferro recited the lyric of the Faery Child delightfully. It runs in this wise:

"The wind blows out of the gates of the day,
The wind blows over the lonely of heart
And the lonely of heart is withered away,
While the faeries dance in a place apart,
Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
For they hear the wind laugh, and murmur and sing
Of a land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue;
But I hear a reed of Coolaney say,
'When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
The lonely of heart must wither away!'"

The second play, "A Pot of Broth," made a capital contrast and was excellently played by Messrs. Townsend Walsh, Hugh Cameron and Mrs. Barker. It is droll and full of Irish wit.

Mr. Cameron's brogue was delicious. It ought to be preserved in some way to serve as a model for all stage Irishmen.

"A Pot of Broth" is the story of a crafty beggarman who took advantage



MISS MABEL TALIAFERRO.

of New York was in many ways an exceptional event.

Rarely has a semi-professional performance out of season and undertaken in the interest of literary art received such respectful attention or aroused such hearty applause. The evening also had its patriotic side. Loyalty to and love for Ireland were constantly in evidence.

The plays were "The Land of Heart's Desire," a symbolistic drama; "A Pot of Broth," written in the spirit of farce and turned on superstition, and "Cathleen-ni-Houlihan," which again went back to symbolism and was almost tragic in its significance.

The first play is familiar on the New York stage through its performance in connection with "In a Balcony" at the Knickerbocker Theatre two years ago.

Two of its roles, The Faery Child by Miss Mabel Taliadferro, and Maire Bruin, the young wife, by Miss Nora O'Brien, were exquisitely played. Mr. William Mack, as Father Hart, and Mrs. Mary Barker, as the mother-in-



MRS. MARY BARKER.



MR. TOWNSEND WALSH.

of an old couple's greediness and superstition and robbed their larder by making them believe that a stone which he had picked up to throw at a dog possessed the magic power of brewing broth out of water. It was practically a monologue for Townsend Walsh, who, as the beggarman, presented the character humorously and breezily.

The final play, "Cathleen-ni-Houlihan" was the story of a patriotic influence symbolized by a poor old woman, and exerted over a young man about to go to the wedding altar. Young Michael Gillian is going to wed Delia Cahill, and old Peter, Michael's father, sits lovingly caressing the golden sovereigns—Delia's dower. But everybody feels something is going to happen. An old sad-faced woman enters, begs shelter and is given true Irish courtesy by the peasants. The visitor (who typifies Erin) sits by the fire wailing and singing strange scraps of song. Strangers have entered her house, she com-

July, 1903.



MISS NORA O'BRIEN.

plains, and have seized her lands, and she is helpless and unable to drive them forth.

Many have loved her, but those that do must die for her, and young Michael is strangely drawn toward her, and goes out, leaving father and mother and bride, and silently follows her.

Then the people outside are heard shouting the news that the French have landed at Killala, and then the stranger appears with the face of a radiant girl. She is the symbol of the spirit of Ireland, it need not be said, and you knew it from the first, and feel it, and lean back in the orchestra chair, unwilling to break the dream.

Dorothy Donnelly in the difficult role of a beautiful girl, disguised as the old woman, acted with much power, her excellent elocution being one of the features of the evening. Townsend Walsh, Joseph A. Wilkes, Frank McCormack and Mary E. Barker completed the cast.

The value of Mr. Yeats' plays lies in



MISS DOROTHY DONNELLY.

their polished literary finish, their definite underlying purpose clothed in symbolism, and their unerring beauty of expression.

A musical setting, Gaelic in spirit and significant in meaning, accompanied the action of each play. These little plays deserve to rank among the few theatrical gems of the season.

The music was exceptionally well-rendered and consisted of: 1. Overture. 2. Irish Melodies. 3. Introduction and incidental music to "The Land of Heart's Desire," composed by Mr. Julian Edwards. 4. "The Emerald Isle," (Sir Arthur Sullivan). 5. Ossianic Air.

The Ossianic Air and the incidental music for "A Pot of Broth" and "Cathleen-ni-Hoolihan" were specially arranged for these plays by Mr. Henry F. Gilbert, from Melodies in Bunting's "Ancient Airs of Ireland."

The Irish Literary Society takes opportunity to express its indebtedness to the ladies and gentlemen who have kindly given their services in acting these plays.

In addition to the regular meetings of the Irish Literary Society of New York, at which papers on Irish literature, and particularly recent Irish literature, both in Irish and in English, on Irish History, Music and Art, will be read and discussed, the Society intends to have special lectures on such subjects by eminent scholars, American and Irish. It will also produce next year some plays by Dr. Douglas Hyde in Irish and also in English, such as "The Twisting of the Rope" and "The Marriage," two plays of delightful humor and naturalness, and also his two wholly beautiful and tender dramas, "The Lost Saint" and "The Nativity." In addition to producing these plays, which are in themselves exquisite poems, the Society hopes to give other plays by Lady Gregory, by A. E. (George W. Russell), by W. B. Yeats, Mr. Edward Martyn and others.

Parties desiring information regarding membership in the Irish Literary Society of New York are requested to address the Secretary, Mr. John Quinn, 120 Broadway, New York.

Not in Society.

OF a pretentious but not well read dame of the Victorian period, Lady Bulwer used to relate this incident:

The conversation turned on literature one day, and this lady, who aimed at forming a salon, got rather out of her depth.

"Who is this Dean Swift they are talking about?" she whispered at last to Lady Bulwer. "I should like to invite him to one of my receptions."

"Alas, madam," answered Lady Bulwer, "the Dean did something that has shut him out of society."

"Dear me! What was that?"

"Well, about a hundred years ago he died."

Successful Irish Farmers.

PRESIDING at an agriculturist's meeting at Belfast recently, Lord Londonderry declared that the Irish farmer was holding his own with English and Scottish competitors, and by his energy, ability and zeal he had been making more out of his land than for some years past. The Department of Agriculture was taking up the question of flax-growing in Ireland, and he appealed to farmers to grow flax of such a character as would compete satisfactorily with that introduced from Russia and Belgium.

Owing to the technical education given in foreign countries, Irish agriculturists had dangerous competitors against them. His advice to them was to follow the foreigners' example and thoroughly learn their trade, develop the resources of their land, and make the most of every improvement that came out.

Libraries in Ireland.

WE have received from Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin, an interesting pamphlet (52 pp.) entitled "Public Libraries for Ireland," in which the general aspect of the subject is discussed by Mr. Michael J. Gill, B. A., and its legal aspect by Mr. W. J. Johnston, M. A., LL. B.

The object of the writers, as the preface explains, has been to facilitate the movement for the more extended adoption of the Public Libraries Acts in town and country. The attention of members of corporations and local councils may be usefully directed to this instructive brochure.

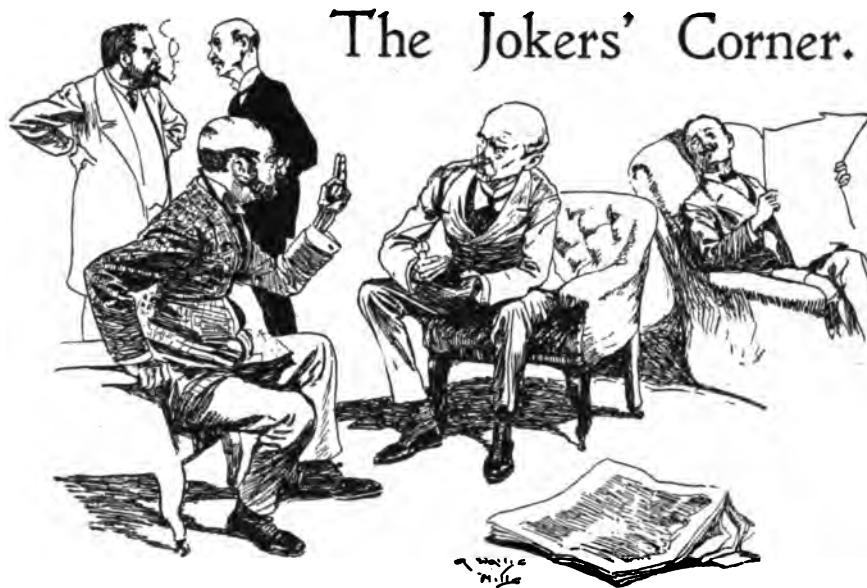
Mr. Gill explains very clearly the many advantages of convenient access to libraries, and makes some valuable suggestions with regard to the most suitable persons to be selected as members of the library committees, and also with respect to the library buildings.

Mr. Johnston sketches the history of public library legislation in Great Britain, which may be said to have commenced in 1849, and its extension to Ireland, and shows that by the Act of last Session rural districts are now empowered to adopt the Public Libraries Act and establish free public libraries, as well as urban districts.

He explains the provisions of the Act of 1902, and gives some figures to show the sum that has been expended yearly in certain public libraries in England and Ireland. With reference to the amount of money to be expended on a library, there is, of course, neither a minimum nor a maximum prescribed.

A town library, Mr. Johnston remarks, may be begun in a small way with a total of one hundred good volumes, which might easily be purchased by a twenty-five pound note, and ten pounds a year might be paid to the National School teacher of the district for seeing after the lending of them to borrowers, or it might be started on its career with the aid of £10,000.

The Jokers' Corner.



"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

MOTHER—"Dear me, the baby has swallowed a piece of worsted."

Father—"That's nothing to the yarns she'll have to swallow if she lives to grow up."

A FUSSY gentleman was traveling by rail to the Cork Exhibition, and was very careful about his trunk. At every station the train stopped at he used to shout out to the porter, "Halloa, Pat, is my trunk all right?" At last the porter became annoyed and said to him, "I wish you were an elephant instead of a donkey, then you would carry your trunk about with you."

A DISSENTING minister was called in to see the sick child of a working man, and after his ministration, he asked the father what church he attended.

"The Barony church," came the answer.

"Barony!" exclaimed the minister; "then, why didn't you send for Dr. MacLeod?"

"MacLeod is it?" cried the man. "Send for Dr. Norman MacLeod, and this a bad case o' smallpox. Nae fear, I think too highly of him."

A BELFAST man who had eight unmarried daughters, of ages ranging between 27 and 40, was interviewed the other day by a youth who wanted to marry one of them. He hurried off to his wife with the news, and informed her that their prospective son-in-law was a wine merchant.

"Which girl does he want?" asked Madame anxiously.

"Humph! I quite forgot to ask him," admitted the unbusinesslike father. He's a successful wine merchant, though, and—"

"A wine merchant," exclaimed the old lady. "Thank goodness for that. He'll be sure to select one of the older brands."

D OCTOR—"Thomas, did Mrs. O'Brien get the medicine I ordered yesterday?"

Thomas—"I believe so, sir; I see crape on the door this morning."

A YOUNG English lady of great beauty and attraction, who was an ardent lover of Ireland, crowned her praises by saying: "I think I was meant for an Irish woman."

"Cross the Channel, madam," said Lover, who was present, "and millions will say you were meant for an Irishman."

A N American, concluding a visit to Ireland, was bidding farewell to an attendant.

"Good-bye, Pat."

"Good-bye, yer honor. May heaven bless ye, and may every hair in your head be a candle to light ye to glory."

"Well, Pat," replied the tourist, showing him a bald pate, "when that day comes there won't be much of a torchlight procession."

I T was the busiest part of the day at the railway station, and Michael Flynn, the newest porter, rushed up to the incoming train. "Change here!" he cried. "Chanjeer for Limerickgalwayanmayo!"

But the lynx-eyed station master was at hand, and he descended upon Micky. "Haven't I told you before," he cried, "to sing out the names of the stations clearly and distinctly? Bear it in mind. Sing 'em out! Do you hear?"

"I will, sir," replied the porter.

When the next train came in, the passengers were considerably astonished to hear Micky sing:

"Sweet dreamland faces passing to and fro,
Change here for Limerick, Galway and Mayo."

ON THE WIN'ING SIDE.

I NQUISITIVE CALLER—"Is Miss Callaghan your aunt on your mother's or your father's side?"

Jimmy—"Sometimes she's on one side and sometimes on the other. It depends 'pon who's getting the worst of it."

A DIPLOMATIC COMPLIMENT.

A N aged lady, getting into a cab in Dublin, said to the driver: "Help me in, my good man, for I am very old."

"Begorra, ma'am," he replied, "no matter what age you are, you don't look it."

EASILY ARRANGED.

YOUNG MISTRESS—"Now, Sarah, you have broken more china this past quarter than the whole of your wages due can cover. What are we to do?"

Sarah—"That's more than I can say, ma'am; unless you make ends meet by raising my wages."

ON THE CARS.

T HE other day an Irishman entered a tram-car, and before he could find a seat the car suddenly started, and precipitated him into the lap of an old lady. The lady, much annoyed at such a proceeding, indignant-ly exclaimed:

"Sir, you are very rude; who are you, and where were you born?"

"Indeed," replied Pat, "I always thought I was an Irishman, but after all I must be a laplander."

FIT CAUSE FOR TEARS

A T a golden wedding in County Meath recently an entertainment was given to the surrounding tenantry of the aged couple. At the close of the proceedings the elderly host rose, and relieved his feelings in an eloquent speech.

"Look at that, Pat," whispered a woman present, nudging her husband's elbow; "did ye see the ould gentleman wid the tears in his eyes?"

"And why wouldn't he be crying," was her husband's unexpected retort, "and he married to the same woman for fifty years?"

A QUICK WITTED WOMAN.

T HE story is told of how a quick-witted Irish lady once saved her husband from an awkward situation. One afternoon, while enjoying a good book in the parlor, she noticed coming up to the front steps old Mrs. Cassidy, a woman whom her husband particularly detested.

The husband fled precipitately, leaving his wife to meet the caller. After half an hour had passed the husband came out of his room and listened at the head of the stairs. Hearing nothing below, he called down to his wife: "Has the horrible old bore gone yet?"

The caller was still there. The wife was equal to the emergency, however, and she called back: "Yes, dear, she went nearly an hour ago. Mrs. Cassidy is here now."

The Electrotonic Battery.

brain and vital organs.

Outfit consists of Electrotonic Battery in Aluminum Case, Electric Hair Brush, Electric Face Massage Roller, Electric Body Sponge and Electric Foot Bath.

Price \$5.00 Complete,

SENT C. O. D. ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

... Send for Booklet



SWAN ELECTRIC MFG COMPANY, 59 William St., NEW YORK

MRS. MAUD GONNE-M'BRIDE, who visited this city some years ago, when she was Miss Maud Gonne, has not been taken seriously in her effort to disturb a Nationalist meeting in Dublin the other day.

Mr. John Redmond's explanation that all was harmony when she and her friend Mr. Martyn left the hall, caused "Punch" to break into poetry:

"When she was gone then fury fled,
And in its place came peace anon,
Harmony reigned—so Redmond said—
When she was gone."

"So, changed in nothing but her name,
Her own wild way she still goes on—
Yes, Maud was very much the same
When she was Gonne."

There ought to be some limits to political advertising.—New York Evening Sun.

ASK FOR

SA-YO
MINT JUJUBES
QUICKLY RELIEVE

COUGHS AND THROAT IRRITATIONS

5c. BOXES

*Singers, Smokers and the Public
Speakers find them invaluable.*

One placed in the mouth at night, when retiring, will prevent that annoying dryness of the throat and insure a restful sleep.

Are Better than all the
So-called Cough Drops

A Handsome Photo in Each Box

*If not on sale in your neighborhood, send 5 cents.
In postage stamps and we will mail a package.*

WALLACE & CO., New York City

A reliable remedy for Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Nervous diseases. Will restore vitality to debilitated people, toning the system and invigorating the functions of the

MR. WM. REDMOND'S humorous and pointed interjections are becoming quite a feature of Parliamentary life. The House of Commons was favored the other day with another laughable interruption from the hon. member.

Just before the House adjourned an Irish member managed to move the second reading of the Town Tenants (Ireland) Bill. Thereupon Sir F. Banbury arose to perform his customary function of talking out the bill.

The Member for Peckham succeeded in speaking for many minutes without saying anything—much to the disappointment of the Irish members. "For these reasons, Mr. Speaker," continued Sir F. Banbury, "they ought to send you to the House of Lords," put in Mr. Redmond, amidst a roar of laughter. But the Member for Peckham, who received his title at the Coronation, rose to the occasion. "Unfortunately," replied the unabashed Sir F. Banbury, "that is a matter which it is not in my power to decide."



*Do you want to understand
Modern Ireland? If so, read*

"Banba"

(THE IRISH-IRELAND MAGAZINE)

Contributions by the best Irish Writers, Articles, Stories, Poetry and News of the Gaelic Movement.

Post free to any part of the world for four shillings (dollar bills accepted).

Address:—The Manager, "Banba,"
29 Gardiners Place, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

GENEALOGICAL AND HISTORICAL MAP OF IRELAND

SHOWING THE FIVE KINGDOMS

Meath, Ulster, Connaught, Leinster and Munster

AS THEY EXISTED UNDER THE MILESIAN KINGS,

Together with the Names of all the old Irish Families and the localities from which they originally came. The Ancient Territories, possessed by the Irish Princes, Lords and Chiefs are indicated, as well as the Ancient Cities, Seats of Learning, Historic Places, etc. Price, 50 cents.

The Map is mounted ready to hang. A copy will be mailed free to every NEW subscriber. Old subscribers and renewals will not receive one.

Instruction in Gaelic.

Lessons in Gaelic given at your home by an experienced teacher of the language. Terms Reasonable. Write to
M. J. O'SULLIVAN,
216 E. 30th St., New York

NOW READY.

"IRISH MIST & SUNSHINE"

Being a collection of Poems and Ballads, by the REV. JAS. B. DOLLARD (Sliān-na-mo.) Cloth, 144 pages, Handsome Cover in two Colors, Gilt Top, with an excellent Photograph of the Author. Price Postpaid, \$1.50.

"Father Dollard treats Irish Life and Sentiment *** with the intensified passion of an exile *** every lineruns true to life and home and with the tone as heart-moving as the Angelus which holds Millets peasants in its spell. Nobody can well read his verses without feeling a breath of healthy air pass through the lungs, and a pleasant twitching at the heart such as effects one who in dreams in a distant clime, hears the sound of the chapel bells of his young days, floating on his ears."—WM. O'BRIEN, M.P.

BLAKE'S BOOKSTORE,
602 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO, Canada.

the IRISH HARP.

Now made in Ireland for the first time in generations. Correctly Modelled according to the ancient historic Harps in the National Collection of Antiquities. Played with success at the recent Fela Ceoil and Oireachtas Competitions in Dublin. Testimonials for tone, etc., from distinguished Irish Harpers and Musicians. VARIOUS PRICES

APPLICATIONS FOR PARTICULARS INVITED

JAMES M'FALL,

22 YORK LANE . . . BELFAST.

Denvir's Monthly Irish Library.

[Printed in Ireland on Irish Paper]

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH FOR JULY:

"THE IRISH HARP,"

By Rev. James O'Laverty, P.P., M.R.I.A.

HISTORY—POETRY—BIOGRAPHY—GAELIC PAGE, Etc.

Free by post 50c. per year.

Now Ready, the Volume for 1902 in Artistic Cover, free by post 50c. In cloth, 60c.

American Stamps taken.

JOHN DENVIR, 61 Fleet Street, LONDON.

WILLIAM F. COMBER,

47 LITTLE BRITAIN, LONDON, E.C.

W. F. COMBER is London agent for THE GAEL and other American publications. Newsagents anywhere in Great Britain supplied at Wholesale price.

By GEORGE MOORE

Author of "SISTER TERESA," etc.

THE UNTILLED FIELD

"A book with a purpose. A dramatic lesson, often literature, and has passages of beauty."—Chicago Evening Post.

"Presents the Irish people to the world in a new light. The book has good heart; the dramatic quality is strong."—St. Louis Republic.

Postpaid, \$1.50.

Publishers: J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Philadelphia.



AGGRESSIVE—INDEPENDENT—OUTSPOKEN.
IRELAND'S MOST REPRESENTATIVE PAPER.

"THE LEADER"
A Weekly Review of Current Affairs, Politics, Literature, Art and Industry

PRICE ONE PENNY.

"The ideal of *The Leader* is a Self-Governing and Irish Ireland. Its contributors include many of the ablest Irishmen of the day. It deals with all phases of Irish life. It advocates the restoration of the Irish language. One of its features is an article in Irish every week."

The Leader will be sent post free to any address in the United States, Canada, or Mexico one year for 8s. 8d.—shorter periods in proportion. Address: THE MANAGER, 200 GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET, DUBLIN.

comann na scribeann
Gaeilge.

Irish Texts Society,

Established for the publication of Irish Texts, with English Translations, Notes and Glossaries.

PUBLICATIONS.

Vol. I.—"GIOLLA AN FRIUGA" & "EACTRA CLOINNE RIŚ NA h-IOARRAIDE." Two 16th and 17th century Romances, Edited by DOUGLAS HYDE, LL. D. (Issued 1899).

Vol. II.—"PLEO BRICREND." Edited by GEORGE HENDERSON, M. A., Ph. D. (Issued 1899).

Vol. III.—"DÁNTA AODAGÁIN UÍ RATHAILLE." Complete Edition. Edited by REV P. S. DINNEEN, M. A. (Issued 1900).

Vol. IV.—"POIRAS FEASA AR ÉIRINN," or Geoffrey Keating's "History of Ireland." Edited by DAVID COMYN, M. R. I. A. (Vol. for 1901 now ready).

Vol. V.—"DUANAIRE FINN." Edited by JOHN MAC NEILL, B. A. (Part I. will form the Society's Vol. for 1902).

The annual subscription of 7s. 6d. (American subscribers, \$2.00), entitles members to all publications for the current year. All who are interested in the preservation and publication of Irish manuscripts should join the Society. The Society is also bringing out an Irish English Pocket Dictionary of the Modern Language, edited by REV. P. S. DINNEEN, M. A.

Intending subscribers should communicate with the Hon. Secretary,

MISS ELEANOR HULL,

20 Hanover Square, London, W.

DENVIR'S

Monthly Irish Library

An Illustrated Publication on Original and Striking Lines.

IRISH HISTORY, POETRY, BIOGRAPHY, AND LITERATURE.

Each Number consists of a complete Booklet by a popular writer

Articles—Essays—Reviews—Sketches

GAELIC PAGE

BY EMINENT IRISH SCHOLARS, Etc.

The following are the "Books of the Month" in the Numbers for 1902:

Jan. - "Thomas Davis." By W. P. Ryan.
Feb. - "Hugh O'Neill, the Great Ulster Chieftain." By John Hand.
Mar. - "Ireland's Appeal to America." Mich'l Davitt.
April. - "Irish Fairy Legends and Mythical Stories." By Daniel Crilly.
May. - "John Boyle O'Reilly." By Wm. James Ryan.
June. - "John Mitchel." By John Bannon.
July. - "Art McMurrough." By Daniel Crilly.
Aug. - "Owen Roe O'Neill." By John Denvir.
Sept. - "Robert Emmet." By John Hand.
Oct. - "Daniel O'Connell." By Sileen Donard.
Nov. - "Rescue of Kelly and Deasy." By J. R. B.
Dec. - "Dr. John O'Donovan." By Thos. Flannery.

"Books of the Month" for 1903:

Jan. - "Sarsfield." By John Hand.
Feb. - "Brian Boru." By Daniel Crilly.
Mar. - "The Rescue of the Military Fenians." By J. M. Denvir.
April. - "Irish Street Ballads." By John Hand.
May. - "The Normans in Ireland." By J. M. Denvir.
June. - "St. Columcille." By Michael O'Mahoney.
July. - "The Irish Harp." By Rev. James O'Laverty, P. P., M. R. I. A.

Price, 5c. each, or 50c. per dozen.

Address: THE GAEL, 140 Nassau St., NEW YORK.

The Celtic Association

97 STEPHENS GREEN,
DUBLIN.

THE Celtic Association is the only Pan-Celtic organization in the world, and is the governing body of the Pan-Celtic Congress, the central assembly of the Celtic Race. The next Congress will take place in 190.

"Celtia,"

the organ of the Celtic Association, gives all the news of the Celtic movement throughout the world, and contributions in Irish, Gaelic, Manx, Welch and Breton by the best writers.

Annual Subscription to the Association, \$2.50.

Annual Subscription to "Celtia" - - 1.75.

"CELTIA" IS SUPPLIED FREE TO MEMBERS.



TOOTH INSURANCE

IS A POSSIBILITY HAVING BEEN
MADE FEASIBLE BY THE INTRODUCTION
OF

DENTACURA

A tooth paste commended by
Three Thousand Dentists

Let 25¢ (the cost of a tube)
represent the premium.
The policy is an Endowment,
without options, as you will
receive these three returns:
1st Teeth preserved.
2nd Bacteria destroyed.
3rd Breath sweetened.

25¢ at your Druggist. **Dentacura Co.**
We will send it direct for 25¢
if your dealer will not supply it. 7 ALLING ST.
NEWARK, N.J.

AN CLARDEAMH SOLUIS
A5UP
FÁINNE AN LÉI.
THE NEWS OF THE WEEK
IN IRISH.

Literary Articles, Songs, &c.,
in Irish.

Reports of Gaelic League Branches,
the Progress of the Movement,
&c., &c.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES :

One Year	8s. 8d.
Six Months	4s. 4d.
Three Months	2s. 2d.

Subscribers in the United States and
Canada may remit in Dollar Bills.

Address:—THE MANAGER,
AN CLARDEAMH SOLUIS,
24 O'Connell St., Upper,
DUBLIN.

PRICE
4d.

OUR NATIONAL HERITAGE

By MYLES J. MURPHY.

August, 1903.

One Dollar per Year.

FOURPENCE PER COPY, (IN IRELAND AND GREAT BRITAIN.)

15 Cents per Copy.

THE CAEL In CAEL



CONTENTS

- THE VIGIL OF SIR MILO. Illustrated.
By P. G. Smyth.
- SILK OF THE KINE. Poem. By Alice Furlong.
- IRISH TREASURE TROVE. Illustrated.
- THE ROUND TOWER OF KILBANNON, CO. GALWAY.
By Richard J. Kelly, B.L.
- THE BEAUTY OF DARK ROSALEEN. Poem. By Harold A. Phillips
- THE KEEPER OF THE FAIRY GOLD. Illustrated. By Sheila Mahon.
- THE FAIRY WOMAN. Poem. By Norah Hopper.
- CREE'S LAMENT FOR CAEL. Translated from the Irish. By M. R. Weld.
- THE LAST OF THE BARDS. By James Walsh, Ph.D., M.D.
- THE LITTLE RED DOG. Illustrated. By Norah Hopper.
- WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. An Appreciation. Portrait. By F. Sidgwick.
- SHANE O'NEILL AT ELIZABETH'S COURT. By Eleanor R. Cox.
- THE WEST WIND'S MESSAGE. Poem. By Mary A. O'Reilly.
- BOOK NOTES, CORRESPONDENCE, Etc.

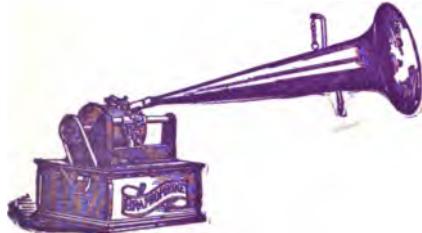


HISTORY CONTEST.
Coupon A
THE GAEL, N. Y.

THE GRAPHOPHONE

Prices \$5 to \$150

ENTERTAINS
EVERYBODY
EVERWHERE



Latest NEW PROCESS Records.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Columbia Phonograph Co.,

Wholesale and Retail:

98 CHAMBERS STREET,

Retail only:

573 FIFTH AVENUE,

NEW YORK.

All Ireland Review

Edited by STANDISH O'GRADY.

A WEEKLY IRISH LITERARY JOURNAL.
History, Stories, Essays, Sketches, Poetry,
Correspondence, Archaeology, etc., etc.

Subscription Price:—One Year . . . 8s. 8d.
" " " Six Months . . . 4s. 4d.

All Communications to be addressed to

STANDISH O'GRADY
56 HENRY ST., DUBLIN.

—United States Government Standard—FOUND AT LAST!



PAUL'S No. 6 EXTRA SET.

Do You Know that PAUL'S CHOICE INKS are adopted by all
United States Government Departments?

If you send \$1.00 to us we will express one outfit containing, Enamelled Tray and
Three Automatic Paul's Safety Filled Inkwells (one each Fluid, Crimson and Mucilage).

SAFETY BOTTLE & INK CO.

Factory, Jersey City, N. J.

New York City, 111 Nassau Street.

Chicago, Ill., 134 E. Van Buren Street.

When writing to Advertisers please mention THE GAEL.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK, 51 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK

INCORPORATED 1860.

Due Depositors 360,347,791.93
Surplus Fund 5,966,500.95

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES.

JAMES McMAHON, President.

JAMES G. JOHNSON, 1st Vice-President.

JOHN C. McCARTHY, 2nd Vice-President.

LOUIS V. O'DONOHUE, Secretary.

ROBERT J. HOGUE, Director.

JAMES McMAHON, Director.

JOHN C. McCARTHY, Director.

JOHN GOOD, Director.

LOUIS V. O'DONOHUE, Director.

CHARLES V. FORBES, Director.

JAMES G. JOHNSON, Director.

JOHN CRANE, Director.

HERMAN RIDDER, Director.

MYLES TIERNEY, Director.

MARCUS J. MCLOUGHLIN, Comptroller.

WILLIAM HANHART, Asst. Comptroller.

LAURENCE F. CAHILL, Auditor.

FRED'K R. COUDERT, Director.

VINCENT P. TRAVERS, Director.

HUGH KELLY, Director.

JOHN BYRNE, Director.

JAMES MCGOVERN, Director.

MICHAEL E. BANNIN, Director.

MICHAEL J. DRUMMOND, Director.

JOSEPH P. GRACE, Director.

THOMAS M. MULRY, Director.

None Better Made

Trade 41 Mark

Mellow with Age

ABSOLUTELY PURE



Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

—THE BEST OF ALL—

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COOLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



PRESENT.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

REVISED SIMPLE LESSONS IN IRISH

GIVING
The Pronunciation of Each Word.
BY THE LATE

REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY,
M.R.I.A.

With Appendix Containing a Complete and
Exhaustive Glossary of Every Irish Word
used in the Text.

In presenting to the public "Revised Simple Lessons in Irish" we are endeavoring to carry into effect the expressed wishes of the late lamented Rev. Eugene O'Growney.

These revised Lessons are the last literary production of that great Gaelic scholar and lover of Ireland and her language.

To the student of Irish this little work will be found a most useful and helpful compendium. Great care has been given to the compiling of the "Phonetic Key" system. By following instructions, every word given in the book can be pronounced according to the usages of the best modern speakers of the vernacular. The author's chief aim was simplicity and clearness of expression.

For SALE BY THE GAEL,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

PRICE, Paper Covers, 15c.; Cloth, 25c.
By mail, 30c.

A GUIDE TO IRISH DANCING

By J. J. SHEEHAN.

This little Book contains Directions for the proper performance of a dozen Popular Irish Dances. An effort has been made in this work to convey instructions so that persons who are not familiar with Irish dancing, and who can not procure a teacher, can instruct themselves

Published by JOHN DENIR, LONDON.

48 pages, bound in pasteboard cover.

Price, 15c.

Address, THE GAEL, 140 Nassau St., New York

How to Write Irish.

The Irish Copy Book,

Giving the Most Improved Method
of Writing the

GAELIC CHARACTERS.

A BEAUTIFUL MANUAL OF
CELTIC PENMANSHIP.
EVERY IRISH SCHOLAR NEEDS ONE.

Price, 10 Cents. Sent free by mail.

For Sale at the office of THE GAEL,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

R.I.P.A.N.S.

The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels is Kipans Tabules. They go straight to the seat of the trouble relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general toning up.

At druggists.
The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 80 cents, contains a supply for a year.

ÉINÉAGAON

(The Gael.)

A MONTHLY BI-LINGUAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF THE LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, MUSIC, AND ART OF IRELAND.

No. 8. VOL. XXII.
NEW SERIES.

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1903.

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR
OF PUBLICATION.

THE VIGIL OF SIR MILO.

An Episode of Feudal Life in Ireland.

By P. J. Smyth.

CHAPTER I.

WAS truly a grand gala week at Ballylahan when Lord Richard, powerful feudal lord of that Anglo-Norman colony, brought down with him from Dublin, in celebration of his appointment as judiciary or viceroy of Ireland, a dozen or more of his fellow barons to enjoy sport and hospitality, with imposing accompaniment of their squires, men-at-arms, pages, hawks and hounds.

Not with full heartiness had some of them accepted his invitation, for the times were troubous and it meant a journey of about a hundred and fifty miles, mostly through the woods and bogs of the country of the "wild Irishry." But coming from the king's representative, the message of Lord Richard D'Exeter had been an appeal to their loyalty and a command:

"To honor the king and to learn how brave hearts and strong hands are building up his kingdom in the wild west of Ireland."

"And now that you have come," said Lord Richard, when he saw the brilliant array of lances and pennons as-

sembled on the green banks of the Moy, "I will show you such sport as will be well worth the telling when you are returned to the walls of Dublin."

"If we ever return alive," thought Tristram of Howth, who had lost his father in a foray in these western parts.

So they had hunting and hawking and jousting and feasting. The fierce imported talbots, or hunting dogs, vied with the sharp-muzzled native wolf-hounds in chasing the red deer through the woods and glens of Gallen. The falcons soared in the blue air and shot at the quarry, which fell bleeding after a puff of feathers. And there was a lively tournament in which knights of the Pale, or chief English district in Ireland, and knights of the western colony contended with great galloping of steeds and tilting and thudding of headless lances for the approval of their seniors and the smiles of beauty. The tourney had now closed, but the arena of the lists was still strewn with splintered shafts, and still stood the fence on which the unfortunate bungling or defeated contestants had been obliged in ignominy to sit astride and listen to the derisive shouts of the spectators while the lucky victors gracefully acknowledged the plaudits and rode off with fair ladies' silken

riband favors fluttering from their helmets or lances.

"Verily a fair and goodly country this of yours, Lord Richard," remarked the Lord of Howth, as, the tournament over, the party of nobles rode towards the castle of Ballylahan.

"And goodly arms it needs to guard it," replied D'Exeter. "It has taken much blood to engross the title deeds, and much more, I fear me, may be needed ere they are made perfect. When it comes to seizing their lands, even in the name and in the honor of the king, our Irish neighbors are hard to appease; O'Hara and O'Ruaan recognize only the arguments of strong castles, sharp steel and good armor."

"Which arguments, my lord, you can fortunately supply in good plenty," said, with a laugh, Lord David de Barry, D'Exeter's neighbor in the colony and his immediate predecessor as Viceroy of Ireland—stout and stern Lord David, who had, as it were, thrust his iron frame between the hostile Anglo-Norman families of Fitzgerald and Burke and compelled them, powerful though they were, by dint of routed armies and broken castles and threats of block and gibbet, to abate their bitter personal feud for sake of the King of England and of his majesty's government in Ireland.

De Barry, a man of firmness and

August, 1903.

foresight, with heart stronger than his sword, was among those who helped most to plant deep the tenacious roots of English rule in the unfriendly soil of Ireland.

"But you forget your potent and favorite appeal of a high gallows," continued he, pointing to a corpse-bearing gibbet on the castle lawn. "One of your native neighbors?"

"Yes; a wood kerne that our riders found too near our cattle. They hanged him offhand, which was foolish, considering the Irish blood eric. If his people are of any account we'll hear from them."

"But only a mere kerne?"

"A clansman all the same, Lord David, and you know their clannish motto, 'Spend me and defend me.'"

"A fig for all their defending!" put in crusty old Sir David de Prendergast, D'Exeter's father-in-law. "Down at the castle of the Brighs we have sent dozens of them up the ladder just to teach them to keep outside the settlements. If the knaves value their necks they'd better keep away from our western Pale."

With a circular sweep of his arm the grizzled knight indicated the bounds of the great Anglo-Norman landgrab which was made some thirty years before with the steel-gloved hand. Very fair looked what of the district was visible, in its mellow Autumn setting of red and gold, gilding the bosky woodlands. On the mountain slopes the drifting white clouds made changeful masses of mauve and purple. The sickles of the reapers flashed amid the yellow corn, and the scythes of the mowers gleamed in the shimmering haze of the rippling meadows. In the fishful River Moy the fishers hauled their nets, making a silvery

flashing of wriggling salmon on the green river bank.

At the painted town butts a company of archers—England's terrible archers, main factor in victory and conquest—enjoyed merry practice, the frequent shouts announcing whenever a whirring cloth-yard or grey-goose shaft quivered in the center of the target.

Most prominent object of all, looming on a level space in an angle between two rivers, the Moy and the Guisden, where the former widens into the fordable shallows that give the place its name (Baile-atha-leathain, the town of the broad ford), towered the great grey stronghold of Ballylahan, chief of the viceroy's family castles and now centre and main garrison place of English rule in the west of Ireland.

Two massive round towers, with numerous slits for archery, flanked the entrance gate, over which was sculptured the lion of the D'Exeters and their motto, "Percussus resurgo." The same lion gleamed on a crimson flag that fluttered on the castle battlements beside the royal standard of England.

Also on the battlements appeared a row of ghastly objects, human heads, pallid and blood streaked, with long hair that blew in the wind, menacing trophies taken in warfare with the Irish enemy and displayed as an Indian would his victim's scalp.

Foreign feudalism, in all its grimness and terror-striking severity, strange and abhorred introduction on the soil of democratic Erin of proud chieftains and free clansmen!

In England, in their castle-building scheme of subjugation, the Norman barons sometimes seized their Anglo-

Saxon victims, hung them up by the heels and "smoked them with foul smoke." In Ireland the barons did not pursue this form of torture. One native chief, whose lands they coveted, they dragged him to death between horses. But in the main, they were satisfied to go out and surprise and slay the natives and bring in their heads.

Therefore the gory trophies on Ballylahan walls.

"We have two heads on Castle Barry for every one that's here," remarked Lord de Barry, strenuous type of soldier statesman.

"My taste in such matters is modest and easily satisfied," retorted D'Exeter, "especially as I believe the Irishry are won't to keep tally of their missing *caput*s and occasionally to take an unfair share of ours in exchange."

"No fear of them trying such exchange now, in face of all those sturdy bills and bows and lances. By the way, how keeps your wild neighbor O'Ruan?"

"He bides quietly in his cranog, perched on piles in Lough Callow, content to fish and hunt and tend his herds and flocks."

"Herds and flocks, say you? Lord Richard, it is a glorious chance. Suppose we taste of them to-morrow?"

"Suppose otherwise, my dear lord. Let sleeping wolf-dogs lie."

"Ah, I remember," said De Barry tauntingly; "six years ago, when some of your people killed Maher O'Ruan in the porch of St. Sesgen's church—evil breach of sanctuary, was it not?—Odo O'Connor, who audaciously calls himself King of Connaught, avenged the killing with a broad track of blood and fire."

"Which has been in part requited," said the Viceroy.

"And I recall me," persisted De Barry, "how Black Donal O'Hara, who called himself, forsooth, lord of this territory, with MacKearney in his accursed train, made a grievous slaughter of our people, and as a most welcome tribute presented the heads of thirty-one of them in a gory pile to O'Connor. Is not the time ripe for retribution?"

"Black Donal fell by English steel at Ardnaree, and MacKearney is also gone to his forefathers," coolly replied D'Exeter. "No, my good lord, your dark reminders cannot provoke me into sweeping off, *en revanche*, O'Ruan's stock of cattle—though verily I shall be strongly tempted to try it anon unless his daughters or the daughters of his people cease sweeping off my men."



ARRIVAL OF THE BARONS AT BALLYLAHAN.

"How in mystery mean you? By witchcraft?"

"Of course—deadly Irish female witchery! Six more of our best men gone off into the woods this week to wed Irish wives, don Irish clothing, grow Irish coulins of long hair, raise Irish families and be for ever lost to the service of the King. The traitorous knaves, deserting to the enemy! It is high I'll hang them if I ever catch them. And a malison on those red-cheeked Irish sirens that beguile brave but foolish men from their allegiance."

De Barry laughed heartily. "Why censure the victims of love? Your own father, Sheriff Jordan, took to wife a fair and noble Irishwoman in the lady Finola O'Connor."

"Ay, honor to her dear memory. But that does not make me less a loyal subject of the King of England and his faithful deputy in Ireland."

Faithful he was and of good fighting stock, this representative of Henry III. of England in the year 1269. The D'Exeters took their surname, at the time when English surnames came in vogue, from the city of Exeter, and the first leading member of the family in Ireland was hardy Jordan D'Exeter, who took his first name from a crusading ancestor, and whose dangerous office as English Sheriff of Connacht was closed by a violent death. From him the family was called, in the Irish way, the Clan Jordan, and the head of it Mac Jordan. Lord D'Exeter was the leading baron of the western colony, through which one might ride near thirty miles, as the crow flies, from Castle Barry (now Castlebar) to Castlemore of the De Costeloes.

His family had built a large number of the feudal towers that sentinelled the hundred miles or so of circumference of the English district, outside which in unquiet times—and the times were generally unquiet—no colonist durst venture unless well armed and attended, for there lurked the native men of the woods, cunning in ambush and deadly with the cast of the javelin.

CHAPTER II.

Large, lively and motley was the throng that trampled the emerald velvet of the castle lawn into unsightly patches. Never before had the grim prison-like fortalice looked upon such an assemblage.

"Just one hundred years since my ancestor Sir Maurice, the first Norman in Ireland, stepped out of his ship," said old Prendergast of the Brighs, "yet here already we have little England."

Soldiers, burghers, monks, jongleurs or minstrels, jesters in jingling belled caps passed and mingled. Warrior victims of the morning's sports, pounded black and blue, limped proudly about; one of them, half naked, his face drawn with pain, was undergoing treatment for a broken clavicle. Before the gate stood ranks of mounted men-at-arms, glittering in ringed mail, with bristling lances and fluttering pennons, also a strong force of crossbow men and archers of the long bow.

There were several Knights Temp-

lars in their long white mantles, with the red crusading cross on the left side, their long bushy beards also distinguishing them from the rest of the close-cropped and clean-shaven Anglo-Normans, and there were some of the Templars' rivals and later successors, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, in their red war habits, with the eight-pointed white star on the left breast.

These had come in the Viceroy's retinue from the banks of Liffey. Then there were the heads of the colony with their followings; the Barrys and Stauntons of Carr, the Prendergasts of Clan Morris, the Costeloes and Cousins of Siulae Lugh, the Berminghams, Butlers, Dolphins and Lawlesses, the Barretts, Walshes and other fierce Welshmen of Tirawley. It was a grand and imposing reunion of the men who by dint of steel, stone and mortar had set themselves to the hard task of ousting and supplanting the old Irish clans.

Over all there was a loud confused murmur, a jingling of guitars and acoutrements, a chaos of tongues and accents. There were heard the rapid intonation of Norman-French, then the language of camp, court and castle, and the ruder Saxon, and the guttural accents of the Cymry. But the native Gaelic was absent save as spoken occasionally by the Viceroy himself and a few others of the half-blood, who had learned it from their Irish mothers, and by some of the dark, protruding-mouthed little Firbolgs, local husbandmen, for over two thousand years, and sadly fated to be serfs and toilers under the new Anglo-Norman lords as they had been under the Milesian chieftains.

"Your fair daughter comes again, my lord," observed De Barry. "Truly lively is her spirit and great is her love of gentle sport."

"Great enough to suit a whole score of damsels," said D'Exeter, with the suggestion of a growl. "Never quiet, ever on the move. Her mother's blood, her mother's ways."

"Think you it safe she should thus ride forth?"

"As safe as if she were within the walls of Dublin town."

"But prowling Irishry, murderous kerne?"

"As quiet as rabbits. Though lenient towards them I have taught them the weight of the iron gauntlet. And whither now, Ysemain, my lass?"

Forth from the castle gateway came riding a merry cavalcade of gallants and ladies, with escort of esquires, pages and men-at-arms, with hooded falcons on wrist, gaunt hounds in leash. At their head, on a white palfrey, rode a vivacious, rosy-cheeked damsel. Her green gown was gold-embroidered and a filmy veil floated from her horned head-dress.

Fair patrician faces beamed around her, and the brave browned ones of brothers and lovers, some of whom wore knightly spurs won on Irish battlefields, while others, though young, had on their left shoulders the white cross which showed that they had visited the Holy Land.

"To the woods of Bohola, father," replied the girl; "the game is good there and the ride will be pleasant."

A rather cruel sport and science, the noble one of falconry, yet ardently pursued, studied or affected by blue-blood Anglo-Norman knights and dames, and even made, like heraldry and chivalry, subject to the social code, which provided the gerfalcon for a king, the falcon gentle for a prince, the falcon of the rock for a duke, the falcon peregrine for an earl, the sacre for a knight, the lanere for an esquire, the merlin for a lady, and so down to the goshawk for a yeoman, the muskel for a clerk and the kestrel for a "knav" or servant—everybody being allotted the bird of his or her rank, so they might all with meet etiquette go a-hawking.

"Right, my lass, game in Bohola under every bush," said D'Exeter, with sudden change of manner and hearty paternal approbation, yielding to his daughter's dash and animation. "Well, friends, may your birds fly well. See you bring home many strings of fat pigeons and partridges to help our larder for the many healthy soldier appetites now in Ballylahan."

"Depend upon my Strongbow," cried Ysemain, raising aloft the crimson-hooded bird that sat on her wrist. "My gold brooch to a bodkin that he makes the best killing to-day!" She had named her favorite hunting bird after the chief Norman invader of Ireland.

"Bright good luck be yours, sweet maid," said Lord de Barry. "But beware in the wood the fierce wolf, the wild bear, the hart in his fit of madness. To your safe return, good ladies all. The ride will aid your beauty."

It would surely aid their health and beauty. Cooped up most of the year in the stone castles of their fathers or husbands, the Mabilias and Basilias and Ysemain and Siles (later spelt Shela), of the Anglo-Norman colony had much less of the free and open enjoyment of life than had their Irish sisters, the Finolas and Evas and Lazarinas and Unas, in the duns and raths and cranogs among their native fastnesses.

"I trust, my lord De Barry," gravely said Sir Adam Staunton, the senior knight in the hawking party, "that the lady Ysemain and these fair dames and damsels, her gentle guests, have with them enough loyal hearts and trusty swords to guard them from evil hap-pening."

"Spoken like the flower of chivalry that you are, Sir Adam," replied De Barry. "But never underrate your enemy. Therefore, say I, fair Ysemain and all of ye, beware the skulking wood kerne, his sly approach and fiendish javelin. Avoid the close cypses, look out for the goatskin jackets, the heads of shaggy hair, the white and yellow shirts."

"You forget that my mother was an Irishwoman, Lord David," exclaimed Ysemain, her bright eyes flashing indignantly, "and I'd have you to know that I'm not afraid of my mother's

people. No, by the relics of blessed St. Kieran of the Lake!"

The castle maidens of the thirteenth century received a fairly gentle education as regarded embroidery and music and heraldry and housekeeping. But there was one startling defect in it; they swore, and sometimes they swore very hard.

"Spirited as she is lovely," muttered the baron in admiration. "My lord, have you as yet a fitting mate in mind for her?"

The Viceroy was hesitating over a reply when, as if in swifter answer to the question, a new procession issued from the castle gate.

In front walked a priest and two acolytes. Next came a stalwart and handsome young man clad all in white, pacing slowly along in attitude of devotion, his hands clasped before him and his gaze fixed on the ground. On either side of him walked a knight in full panoply even to his emblazoned surcoat, and behind marched an escort of men-at-arms.

A hush of profound respect fell on the spectators. The hawking party drew aside to make way. Only one voice was heard, that of Lady Ysemain.

"A peaceful and sanctified vigil to thee, brave De Costello. God and his good angels be with thee during the watches of the night!" If she could swear with vigor she could bless with grace.

The young man momentarily raised his eyes, then flushed slightly and bowed, and the little procession continued on its solemn way towards the abbey. Soon afterwards Ysemain gave the signal and the hawking party cantered gaily off towards the game-abounding woods.

"So you confer the accolade to-morrow," remarked De Barry.

"Yes—and never was it better merited. It is young Milo de Costello, son of our friend Sir Gilbert. For fully a dozen years he has served me as page and esquire and is to me dear as my own son. Right sturdily has he fought by my side in many a heady conflict with the Irish. Once he saved my life. It was on the red day of Lugnafulla, the bloody hollow, when we tested with sword and lance the O'Ruaans' Irish title to Cruachan Gailenga. In the heat of the fight my horse was slain, and helpless in my armor, I saw the fierce kerne come rushing to make 'mercy knives' of their long skians and let my life out through my visor. Then came my brave Milo, valiantly bestriding my body and slashing around him till a charge of our cavalry deliv-

ered me. Preserve us, what's that?"

A round ghastly object fell from the castle wall; one of the poor relics of mortality, loosened from its spike, bounced from the parapet and fell crashing on the grass, almost beneath the hoofs of the Viceroy's steed.

"Faugh! take the thing away and bury it," said D'Exeter, dismounting. "Come, gentles, and join in the broaching of as good a pipe of malvoisie as ever came over the water."

"An omen, comrades, that I have never known to fail," commented Gervalise, a war-scarred leader of archers, as he picked up the battered and discolored cranium. "There is trouble and death in the air! A stout gallows-glass was this fellow in his time, and it was I who brought him in. Quick, bring a pick and shovel!"

CHAPTER III.

While in the banquet hall the Viceroy and his guests were clinking their goblets, in the abbey church of

late with everybody; that he would protect woman from danger and insult at hazard of his life"; so ran some of the knightly vows that he mused upon, combined in his mind with fervent orisons for grace to keep them.

The castle, as well as the cloister, had its school, and it was in the towers of Ballylahan that young Milo had received instruction and training.

"In letters, arms, Fair mien, discourses, civil exercises, And all the blazon of a gentleman."

By evening he had undergone the preliminary ceremony of investiture. First there was the bath, symbolic of purification, on emerging from which he was clothed in the white robe, symbol of purity. Next there was placed on him a red robe, to remind him that he should be always ready to shed his blood in the cause of the Faith; and, thirdly, the young knight-elect put on a black robe, the solemn memento of death.



INTERIOR OF AN ANCIENT IRISH HOME.

Strade knelt the young esquire, Milo de Costello, entering on the twenty-four hours' fast and vigil that was to precede his reception of the order of knighthood. After many years' probation he was to receive one of the highest honors aspired to by manhood, and the ennobling vows and obligations attached to it already lent new dignity to his face and mien. "That he would fear, revere and serve God religiously, combat in the faith with all good will, and rather die a thousand deaths than renounce Christianity; that he would serve his sovereign prince faithfully; that he would defend the rights of widow, orphan and virgin; that he would guard the honor and rank of his companions in arms; that he would keep faith invio-

His arms and armor lay near him on a bench. There was the flat-topped helmet with its aventail or face-guard; the long coat of chain mail, the camail or neck-guard, the chausses, leggings of mail; the sollerets, for the feet; the baldric, or richly decorated belt; the pointed, kite-shaped shield, and the spurs. And there was the knightly surcoat or tabard, to be worn over the armor; it was blazoned with three azure lozenges on a golden ground. Against the wall stood the steel-tipped lance and the long cross-billed sword.

Knighthood as it blossomed in Ireland under the Anglo-Normans was a rather bloodstained flower. The invading Christians opposed the native Christians as fiercely as if the latter



COSTUME AND ARMOR OF GALLOWGLASSES (FROM THE TOMB OF FELIM O'CONNOR A. D. 1265 IN TULSK ABBEY, CO. ROSCOMMON.)

were turbanned Paynims, and the natives retorted in kind. Probably many a young Norman felt confused as to his knightly vows and fealty on his first beholding blazing Christian villages, churches and monasteries, and hearing the cries of massacred Irish women and children. It somehow clashed with his chivalric ideas of purity and chastity, of defence of the helpless and innocent and of the Faith, of the solemn lesson of the bath, and of the white, red and black robes.

But then, on his side, he had the Pope's written word and the King's commands. There was the bull of the only English Pope, Adrian IV., generously authorizing his "dearest son in Christ," Henry II., "to enter Ireland, to reduce the people to obedience under the laws, and to extirpate the plants of vice," on condition that he would pay from each Irish family "a yearly pension of one penny to St. Peter."

What though the Irish clansmen ignored the authority of the Pope to give them into subjection and bloodily resisted his bull as a slave bill of sale?

To the Anglo-Norman knight that same bull was a religious and chivalrous palladium. So he mounted his war-horse and laid his lance in rest for St. George and Merrie England.

Such thoughts as these filled the mind of the good squire Milo until the evening sun glowed red as the haws on the thorn trees around the abbey, until the long, pearly Irish twilight deepened to dark, until the stars peeped through the windows, until the last monks silently passed away to their dormitory.

"Peaceful be your vigil, my son, and great your morning happiness in the house of the Lord," said, on parting, young Brother Stephen D'Exeter, or, as he Latinized it, *Frater Stephanus de Exonia*. He was a kinsman of the Baron of Athleathan and author of the *Annals of Strade* (A. D. 1245 to A. D. 1274).

A solitary lay brother lingered to sweep and adjust, then vanished like a shadow, leaving the candidate alone in the awesome silence. A noble shrine of a wealthy community was the abbey chapel, with its elaborate carvings and

stately high altar, sculptured with images of the Virgin and Child flanked by those of adoring saints. Strade was originally founded for Franciscans, but was transferred to their theological opponents, the Dominicans. It was built in 1253, burnt the following year and immediately rebuilt on another site.

A rich and patrician house was that *Abbey de Sancta Cruce* of Strade, endowed by the Baron D'Exeter with over twelve hundred acres of the best land he had taken by the sword from the O'Garas and O'Ruaans. It was a typical monument to the religion of the invader.

CHAPTER IV.

In the solemn hush and semi-gloom the candidate watched the light from the few lamps glimmer on his arms and armor, on banners and escutcheons, on the graven tombs of the dead. His soul felt the strong white bonds of religious chivalry. The fair face of Ysemain D'Exeter floated in his mental vision, and with her as partner in it he wove a rosy future of delight. His days of humble service were over: humble, but in laws of chivalry honorable, as steps in its profession. In such initiatory offices as waiting at table, caring the plate and making the beds he had had strict and severe training under the baron's first wife, the Lady Mabilia, a dame unsparing of the rod for page and maid. He fancied he saw her stern face glaring at him from her tomb yonder, where also slept three other dead women of the castle. He recalled fields of slain until the swaying ivy tapped like ghostly fingers at the window, enough to freeze the blood of a Galahad. Frequently he told the beads of his paternoster, as the crusaders called the rosary.

Then he began to feel heavy, drowsy, and he floated away to a dreamland where the glittering hosts of Christian and Paynim were drawn up in battle array, drawn up on a tawny sand, with the white walls of the Holy City in the distance. Suddenly he sat erect and alert, tense with the instinct of danger. A face was watching him through the southern window, a rugged, swarthy face, framed in dark hair that made a bulging fringe on the forehead. And to this face was swiftly added another and another, and with them came a glittering of steel spear heads.

"Irish kerne! A raid!"

He was on his feet now and rushing towards the door. But ere he could reach it the great oaken, iron-bound portal was rudely clanged open and through it came pouring into the church a frantic half-dressed throng of men, women and children, people of the English settlement. The glow of a conflagration shone through the many-colored figures of angels and saints on the windows; the colonial street, or *straid*, without—whence the name Strade—was in flames. Almost simultaneously came the loud, swift clanging of the abbey bell, almost human in its strenuous appeal. Through

the cloister door the alarmed monks streamed into the chancel. Milo's first movement was towards his long sword, the sword with which he was to be girded in knighthood.

From the outside came the yelling and shouting of human voices, the trampling of many hoofs, the lowing of cattle, with now and then a shout of command or a scream of mortal agony.

"The Irishry! the Irishry!" cried one of the refugees; "they have surprised the town, they are burning our homes, they are seizing and driving off our cattle, they will put us all to death!"

There was a sudden clatter of arms at the door, and into the church strode a warrior in Irish battle garb of steel and leather, a stalwart man with a large native *crommeal*, or moustache, and a flowing brown *coulain*, or long hair, whose glossy curls lay in masses on his broad shoulders. With him came clanking a bodyguard of tall gallowglasses with broadswords and conical helmets, covered with ringed mail from head to knee, just as we see them sculptured to-day on his father's tomb in the Black Abbey of Roscommon.

For the newcomer was the dreaded scourge of the English settlements, the fiery and restless Aodh O'Connor, King of Connacht, whom the Saxons called Hugh and the Normans Odo. The crowd of refugees drew back from him as from a pestilence; he was to them a later Attila. Ignoring the startled throng he quietly doffed his helmet and made a genuflexion before the altar. Then forward, with upraised crucifix, stepped Brother John Tancard, afterwards first English bishop of Killala.

"O king, desecrate not this sacred place! Stain not this holy house with the blood of the innocent!"

"Fear not, brother," came the haughty reply; "the Irish always respect the rights of sanctuary be the house of God raised by Irish or by Sassenach hands. But would that you had given such advice to your foreign flock ere the blood of Maher O'Ruaan smoked in the porch of St. Sesgnen! I am here to snatch a cattle prey from under the hand of King Henry's chief man in Ireland, and many a Sassenach horn shall I sweep off this night to the rich grass of Ballintubber. My friendly and solemn warning to Norman knight, esquire and troubadour, to Saxon churl and Welsh villein: get back to your own country, back to your merry England, back to your beef and beer, for here you are but as a race of robbers, whom not steel nor stone shall save from the red vengeance of the Gael."

"Why do you wear that churlish scowl?" abruptly demanded the king of a man who was regarding him with a dark expression of countenance. "Verily your looks are not those of love."

"Scant reason why they should be," answered the colonist, "with the blood of my kinsman on your hands. It is thirteen years since the black night

you took David Cuisin's castle and put all therein to the sword."

"Yes, I remember—it was the stern punishment of a dark crime, Cuisin's treacherous slaughter of his gossip the Lord of Slieve Lugha, brave Rory O'Gara, a true and honorable man who had stood sponsor for his slayer's infant at the sacred font of baptism. Enough—it is the province of the King of Connacht to punish infamy in either Gael or Norman. But pray," demanded King Aodh, pointing to Milo de Costello's arms and armor, "what means this brave display of war harness? Is the church of Strade a Norman armory? Are these the Sassenach 'weapons of the spirit'?"

"It is but the equipment of this young gentleman," explained Friar Tancard, referring to Milo, "who by the law of chivalry is keeping fast and vigil to receive in grace the honor of knighthood."

"The better to slaughter the Irish and seize their lands," grimly commented the king. "St. Brendan, what pious plunderers!"

"The better to live a true knight," boldly said Milo, "to be loyal to my lord and faithful to my trust, to defend the honor of dames and damsels, to never seek a wrong contest nor shun a just one. And such aims I know, O king, from my sojourn in your house, to be worthy of praise and promotion even with the Irishry."

"Your sojourn in my house," repeated the king in surprise.

"Ay, some years hence, my two brothers and I, as hostage for our father, Sir Gilbert de Costello."

"Ha, that he might be of good behavior to his Irish neighbors; and well the good gentleman abided his agreement. Your face comes back to me, my son, and I rejoice to see you well. And what of your two brave brothers?"

"One fell at Lugafulla. The other, Sir Philip, is a good knight and true."

"Truly I have heard no ill of him, son of Gilbert, and neither, I trust, shall I hear it of you," said the king, with sudden hearty kindness. "*Ban-naghth lath*, avic! Do no dishonor or robbery on the Gael and you will never meet an enemy in me."

But here an Irish warrior hurriedly entered the church and whispered in the ear of King Aodh, who immediately departed with his retinue. His stentorian voice was heard raised in thunderous Gaelic orders outside and then came a gust of battle cries, a fresh thunder of galloping hoofs. Some misdirected arrows came crashing through the windows and quivered in the wood-work of the chancel.

"They are English shafts," said Milo; "the Irishry are in retreat."

The refugees rushed to door and windows and gazed out upon a spectacle of war, illumined by the flames of three or four burning houses. English and Irish horsemen were flitting and floundering hither and thither, each side being known by its style of riding and fighting; the colonial cavalry, with long lances couched under their arms

and triangular shields before them, tilting hither and thither on heavy mail-clad steeds; the raiders, riding bare-backed, some with lances poised over their right shoulders, others swinging battle-axes, light-armed hobilers, darting to and fro amid a pandemonium of whoops and yells, the clashing of arms, the screams of wounded horses.

And so the combatants whirled away like an army of spectres into the green moonlight and were lost in the hazy distance, the din of conflict growing gradually less on the midnight air.

Then came another band of horsemen with loud beat of hoof and jingle of spur and reined up breathlessly at the church door.

"Know ye aught of the Lady Ysemain?" hoarsely inquired the foremost, dismounting—Lord Richard D'Exeter, bareheaded, with a streak of blood on his face.

A figure darted forth, a figure in black, bearing lance and sword, and girding on the latter with frantic haste. It seized and nimbly bounded upon the horse of a slain man-at-arms.

"Ysemain not returned! Then be it mine, my lord, to seek and save her."

"You, boy, weak with fasting—"

"Nay, please you, my lord, strong as a lion."

"Then go, go!" cried the noble impatiently. "Take Gervaise and his archers. But one thing, De Costello, I charge you on your coming honor of knighthood."

The Viceroy's face was deathly pale and his eyes flashing with rage as he gazed on the burning houses, the dead and wounded in the lighted roadway and fields, the ghastly effects of the sudden wrath of war.

"Yes, yes, my good lord," said Milo eagerly.

"Bring me back in bonds, like the vilest malefactor, the caitiff knight, the traitor or sluggard, whose infamy let the Irishry come upon us unawares through the pass of Bohola. I vow that the miscreant, the cause of tonight's disgrace and misfortune, with the spurs of knighthood chopped from off his craven heels and all the degradations of felony placed upon him, shall swing to-morrow from Ballylahan gallows. Now go, and fortune favor you."

CHAPTER V.

The ardent knight candidate rode like the wind through the perilous forest paths, heedless of the dangerous projecting limbs, with the archers clattering behind. At intervals were passed dead and wounded men, dead horses and cows.

"He rides wonderfully well on a stomach full of emptiness," commented grizzled Captain Gervaise. "Sad the pity if his lady love has been carried off and held to ransom by those saucy O'Connors and O'Garas; worse, alas, if she and her company have been slain by the savage wood kerne."

The hopes and fears that trembled in Milo's bosom soon, however, found relief. A light glimmering amid the trees guided the rescuers at first streak

of dawn to the little oratory or cell founded centuries before by the virgin Saint Tola, whence Bohola took its name (Both-Tola: Tola's cell), and there the whole hawking party was found in safety. The gallants and ladies had received timely alarm and the right of sanctuary had protected them. But their horses, their trophies of swans, pigeons and partridges, and even some of their falcons, abandoned in haste at the alarm of danger, had fallen into the hands of the raiders.

Having reassured Ysemain as to the safety of her father and dispatched messengers for some horses to carry the party home Milo set out with a party of the archers to carry out the stern and hard part of his mission—to escort to a dishonorable doom on the gibbet the unfortunate knight who was responsible for the calamity that had befallen by not keeping proper watch and ward at the pass of Bohola.

As they approached the grey tower he questioned a party of men-at-arms who came to meet him.

"Tell me, my men, what recreant knight commands this tower and pass."

The soldiers looked at one another in surprise and embarrassment. It was some time before one of them answered. Then Milo de Costello felt his heart grow suddenly chill, his blood turning to ice. A dark cloud enveloped him, blotting out and killing his brightest hopes. The landscape danced and swam. He swayed feebly in his saddle and would have fallen but for the strong arm of old Gervaise. For the answer he received was:

"It is your brother, Sir Philip de Costello."

His brother Philip, his only brother, whom he was in loyal duty bound to conduct as a traitor or negligent to a degrading doom on the gibbet!

A silence fell, broken only by the oak leaves rustling dismally in the raw breeze of early morning. The archers gazed at him furtively, sadly, every rough battle-scarred visage wearing a look of sympathy.

"Courage, young sir," vaguely whispered Gervaise; "this is hard, this is cruel—but courage!"

Milo dismounted with an effort. "You will escort the prisoner," he said hoarsely, choking at every word. "For me, I cannot, in human nature I dare not. I resign the command to you," and, unable to say more, he strode unevenly into the tower.

"Hard fortune this, comrades, and on the very day intended for his accolade," said one of the chain coats.

"Shut up, there!" grunted Gervaise, whose tear-dimmed eyes blurred his vision of tower and woodland.

"'Twould be hard to blame them were both to flee to the Irishry," said another.

"Traitor! I'll cram my sword down your throat," said Gervaise. "This is no time to talk of escape."

Presently a knight in armor, with visor down, emerged from the low, frowning gateway of the tower and stood for a few moments as if irresolute, then advanced and presented to

Gervaise the hilt of his sword.

"I have heard my doom," he said in a hollow voice, "and I accept it. Do your duty as a soldier."

"Bitter grief to me is my duty this day, Sir Philip," replied the veteran, making a sullen sign to some of his men. The knight, with his arms bound behind him, was placed on a led horse and the party faced about for Ballylahan.

CHAPTER VI.

Blackened ruins, smoldering embers, dead bodies, pools of blood—changed was the scene from that of the previous day as the morning sun shone on the English settlement beside the Moy. Many were the haggard and excited faces on the castle lawn, most haggard and excited of all that of the lord of the castle, his eyes bloodshot, his voice hoarse, his attire disheveled from his long hours of unrest.

"Ha, here comes the cause of our woe," he cried, and a howl of execration arose as the archers led forward a pinioned knight.

"Have patience, friends, for justice shall be remarkably swift in this case. Through the sloth or treason of a recreant the king's honor is tarnished and the blood of the king's subjects is crimson on the sward. Down with the carrion from yon gibbet; make place for a viler tassel."

The captive knight, still helmed, was assisted from off his steed, and he stood, unhappy scapegoat of the late rapid but gory drama, before the enraged representative of English royalty. Small mercy was visible in the ring of pallid and fer-

cious faces around him; muttered curses were heaped on him from all sides as the one mainly responsible for the night's calamity; even the women of the colony clamored for his blood.

"My curse on thee, Philip de Costello!" wailed a lamenting dame; "through thee I am this morning a widow."

"To the gallows with him!" came a roar of angry voices, and there was a rush which was promptly checked by Gervaise and his horsemen, whose prancing steeds cleared a space around the culprit, who stood unmoved as a statue.

"Off with his helmet," commanded D'Exeter; "no wonder the wretch in shame hides his face."

As an archer removed the captive's helmet there was a sudden murmur of amazement and renewed wrath. Before them was the pale set face of the young postulant for knighthood.

"Milo de Costello!"

The Viceroy glared and purpled with rage. "Where is the traitor Philip? Where, my good squire? Where, my would-be knight, who art so ready to break thy vows like cobwebs and prove false to honor and duty when a traitor is of thy dishonored blood?"

"My lord," said Milo, proudly and firmly, "I am here to take my brother's place and atone for his error, if error it be. And my name or blood bears not stain nor dishonor."

The Viceroy, with clenched hand, made as if he would strike the bound prisoner. "This day you were to take arms and honor at the holy altar," he said, "but now not the blade of knighthood but the hangman's rope shall give your accolade. Haste and be shriven, for here and now you shall die."

A girl darted through the crowd and stood panting between the Viceroy and the intended victim. It was Ysemain D'Exeter.

"By my mother's bones he shall not!" she cried. "For years he has lived beneath your roof, eaten your bread, served you well as page and esquire. Ay, you owe him even your life, yet now in spite would you murder him."

"Go hence, girl," growled the Viceroy. "De Costello's life is forfeit to our liege the king, and as the king's loyal servant I punish a traitor."

"Then punish the dolts—the curse of St. Tola on them!—who accuse him of treason, either he or his brave brother, for the Irishry entered not through the pass of Bohola at all!"

"That they did not," exclaimed a stalwart young knight, almost the counterpart of Milo, who had just arrived, pressing through the throng. "My brother's life need not be sacrificed for mine, for here stand I, Sir Philip de Costello, to answer for myself. Where are my accusers? My gage of battle to any vile dog who charges me with neglect or treachery."

The Damon-and-Pythias incident had an immediate effect on the crowd. Men who but a few minutes before



COSTUME OF AN IRISH SOLDIER IN THE
14 TH CENTURY.

were howling for the blood of Milo now pressed forward to embrace him and to cut his bonds.

An Irish gallowglass, a solitary mail-clad captive whom his guards were with difficulty preserving from maltreatment, suddenly shouted in Gaelic:

"By my hand, Mac Costello is right! Why vent your spleen and madness on him who knew not how nor when we came to hurt you? Sleepy foreign churls, to think that the Gael can raid your pastures and paddocks only by way of the poor pass of Bohola!"

On a day when the English colony had somewhat recovered from the effects of King O'Connor's foray the music pealed, the chant of psalmody arose and the incense floated in the abbey church of Strade. The eloquent friar preacher painted the glorious career and duties of a true Christian chevalier. The candidate, cynosure of a brilliant congregation of brave knights and ladies fair, approached the altar with his sword suspended from his neck. The priest took off and blessed the weapon, then hung it on again, and the candidate knelt before the Baron D'Exeter, Viceroy of Ireland, who addressed him in the usual formula:

"To what end do you desire to enter this order? If it is that you may obtain riches, ease and honor without doing honor to knighthood, then you are unworthy of it."

The test questions were satisfactorily answered and the knightly vows made and received. Then the strong hands of knights and deft ones of ladies helped to array the candidate in hauberk, gauntlets, baldric, sword and spurs, and again he knelt before the officiating noble.

Three blows of the flat of the sword on the shoulder:

"In the name of God, St. Michael and St. George I dub thee knight. Be thou faithful, bold and fortunate. Arise, Sir Milo de Costello."

Over six centuries have flown since the establishment of the feudal Anglo-Norman colony in the west of Ireland, and there remain as archaeological relics of it but a sprinkling of ruined castles and abbeys, best preserved among them being the hoary remains of Ballylahan and Strade.

"Gone are all the barons bold,
Gone are all the knights and squires,
Gone the abbot stern and old
And the brotherhood of friars."

The wind blows free and the wild birds build in each crumbling fortalice. In the roofless monasteries the tall grass and nettles wave over the mingled dust of knight and dame, squire, page and yeoman. But the old surnames still survive, the families of Celt and Norman are still there, all now fused and blended in one kindly Irish race that has successfully braved more political and social storms than burst over the land in the days when baron and chieftain contended for its possession.

Above all other parts of Ireland

peace and prosperity specially flourish in the old territory of the De Costelles, for there, as an initial experiment, the peasant tillers have been made owners of the soil, though unfortunately in neighboring districts the baneful tree of feudalism, originally planted in these parts with such plentiful watering of human blood, is still dropping its poisonous fruit in agrarian feuds as strenuous in their way as that which disturbed the knightly vigil of valiant Milo de Costello.

How Irish Names Are Changed.

THE celebration recently of his eighty-ninth birthday by Sir Erasmus Ommanney, the veteran British Admiral, who became a midshipman in the navy seventy-seven years ago, may serve to call attention to the circumstance that the surname Ommanney is one of the many surnames which have been Anglicised. Ommanney is, of course, an English version of the Irish surname O'Mahony.

Silk of the Kine.

O SILK of the Kine, they have driven you forth
From the valleys of plenty, not knowing your worth,
By marsh and copse, to the chill mountain-tops,
To the bald, bitter mountains that look to the north.
O Silk of the Kine!

There was grass in the ditches, all gray with the dew,
There was slender, sweet grass in the meadows for you:
And not a harsh wind, blowing cold and unkind,
Ever lifted a hair on your side.
Dhrimmin dhu,
And Silk of the Kine!

But, O Silk of the Kine, you are lost in the night
Where the snow's in the wind, and the wind's on the height:
'Tis we that would close our doors to the snows,
And share our last shelter with you, our Delight.
The Silk of the Kine!

O Silk of the Kine, if we had our own way
We would feed you with clover and new meadow hay,
Secure from all danger, your head to the manger,
And straw for your bed at the end of the day.
O Silk of the Kine!

And, Silk of the Kine, when the winter was past,
With the ice and the snow and the hard-blowing blast,
We would lead you to feed in the gay, golden mead,
In the deep dewy fields give you comfort at last
O Silk of the Kine!

ALICE FURLONG.

T. W. Russell, M. P.

UNTIL a short time ago T. W. Russell, the apostle of the new land movement in Ireland, was a very unpopular person. He is a man of intense conviction, a born fighter, giving no quarter and asking none.

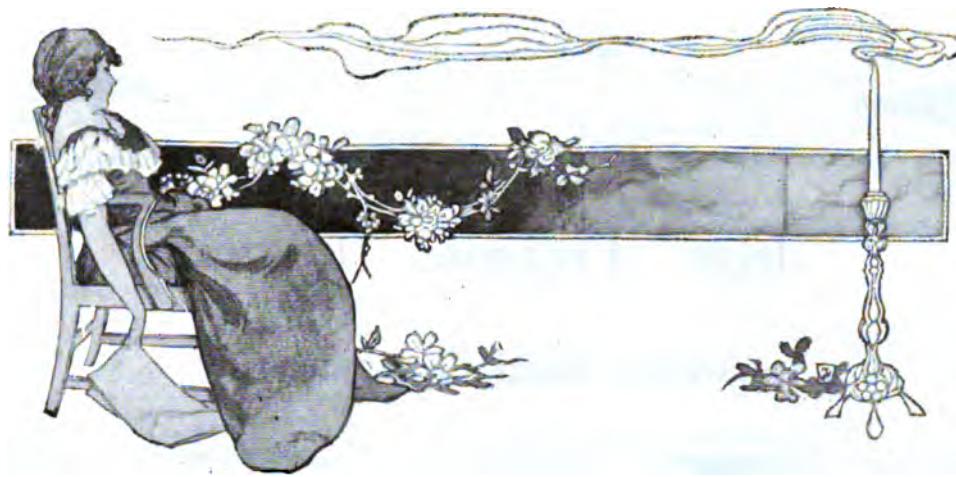
When he removed to Dublin from Cuper-Fife, in Scotland, where he was born in 1841, he became an officer of one of the temperance associations of the city. For twenty-eight strenuous years he was the unrelenting foe of the publicans or saloonkeepers. At every licensing session there was Russell. What he didn't know about the liquor business wasn't worth knowing.

The best lawyers that the trade could obtain might as well have butted their heads against stone walls as to try to break him down when he appeared as a witness against applicants for new licenses or as an applicant to have old ones revoked. As he sat on the witness chair, alert, always ready with the right retort, always ready with the facts and figures, he went through a practical training that stood him in good stead when he went into politics later on.

Russell proceeded at once systematically to arouse the farmers of Ulster, and met with great success. He elected two Members of Parliament in opposition to the Government candidates on his platform of land purchase. His meetings were very large and enthusiastic. The campaign, which he carried on for a time single handed, showed him in a new light. The energy that he had brought to the fight against Home Rule he now turned to conciliation. He compelled attention everywhere in the Protestant north.

As a speaker this new Irish leader is not greatly impressive. His shoulders seem too wide for his slight figure. He elevates them as he talks. But as he warms to his subject his pallid face makes his eyes seem even darker than they are. As he strikes one hand into the other to emphasize a point you feel that there is a man with strong beliefs in that slender frame. Some Scottish peculiarities linger in his speech, but hardly enough to be noticeable, especially in Ulster, where the local accent suggests in many places that of the land across the Strait.

The leaders of the Irish party from hating Russell came to respect and admire him. The Government began to look on his agitation with some distrust, as it was complicating the situation. Russell favored a land bill that would be acceptable to all sections of the nation. He took the attitude that as long as Irishmen were divided an English Cabinet had an excuse for doing nothing. He wanted Parliament to decide whether or not it would try to deal with the Irish question from the Irish and not from the English point of view. All the previous land laws, like the Home Rule bills, had been attempts to conciliate one section of the Irish people in the face of the determined opposition of the rest.—F. J. Gregg, in *Everybody's Magazine*.



The Irish Language.

THE Celtic race formed the first large wave of immigration from Asia to Europe. At first the Celts spread all over Europe, by degrees they retreated to the northwest. At an early period the race divided into two branches, Gaelic and Brythonic. Celts of the Gaelic branch occupied Ireland, the Isle of Man, and Scotland. Those of the Brythonic branch occupied Britain, and were afterwards driven into Wales and over to Brittany.

The Gaelic dialect of Celtic is the best preserved, and has the largest literature. This dialect is spoken in Ireland, where it is called Irish or Irish-Gaelic, in the Isle of Man, where it is called Manx, and in Scotland, where it is called Scottish Gaelic or Erse, i. e., Irish.

The Brythonic dialect is spoken in Wales (Welsh or Cymric), and Brittany (Breton).

Until recently the Gaelic spoken by the people was little studied, and few were aware of its beauty and value. People often ask where the best Gaelic is spoken. We may say in answer:

(a) That the spoken Gaelic, when written down, is practically the same in all districts, except that some places have a richer vocabulary than others.

(b) That the differences in pronunciation in various places are not great, and that a good speaker from any district will be understood by all speakers of Gaelic, especially after a little practice.

(c) That the pronunciation in Ulster is, in some respects (such as the sound of a long), nearest to the older language, while that of Connacht is most uniform, and that of Munster most musical and sonorous.

(d) That the vocabulary of the North is simple and graceful, that of the West an ideal for a good prose style, and that of the South the richest, most poetical and very idiomatic. The Munster spoken language is worthy of special study.

Gaelic was spoken in Ireland for many centuries before the coming of St. Patrick. Until then most of the literature was conveyed orally, but to some extent there was writing on stone

and wood in Ogham characters, which were combinations of long and short lines.

St. Patrick and other Gaelic missionaries introduced the Latin letters, as they were then used in writing, and encouraged the writing down of the native laws (Brehon Laws), traditions and literature. These early forms of the Latin letters are in use for writing and printing Irish to the present day.

For hundreds of years the idea has been permitted to obtain that Irish was an exceedingly difficult language to acquire.

Such is not the case. The absence of suitable text-books for beginners had much to do with the prevalence of that idea, but within the past few years, commencing with Father O'Growney's series, a number of excellent books containing simple lessons for beginners have been published at a cheap price and placed within the reach of all. To-day any person of ordinary intelligence with a little assistance from some Irish-speaking person (to

correct pronunciation, etc.), can readily acquire a considerable knowledge of the Irish language.

The Irish alphabet is the easiest in the world to learn as with the exception of two letters *n* (r) and *r* (s), each of the capitals and corresponding small letters are alike.

In the English alphabet there are 26 letters and 40 different forms of characters, making it much more difficult to acquire.

Some languages have sounds that are unknown in others. Thus Irish and German have some sounds that do not exist in English. In Irish we have no sounds exactly like d, j, t, x, z, or ch in chip, nor soft dh, th.

By printing the Irish and English letters side by side in this column our readers can see at a glance whatever differences in form exists between them and can readily learn to distinguish them.

The approximate sounds of the Irish letters are given phonetically, as nearly as English letters will permit.

The English letters are named only by their sound, but in ancient times the Irish letters were each given a distinctive name. It happened that they were given the names of trees and shrubs. It is not necessary to learn these names. They are given in O'Growney's Simple Lessons."

In comparing the sounds of the Irish and English letters given above it will be noticed that the Irish "c" corresponds in sound with the English "k."

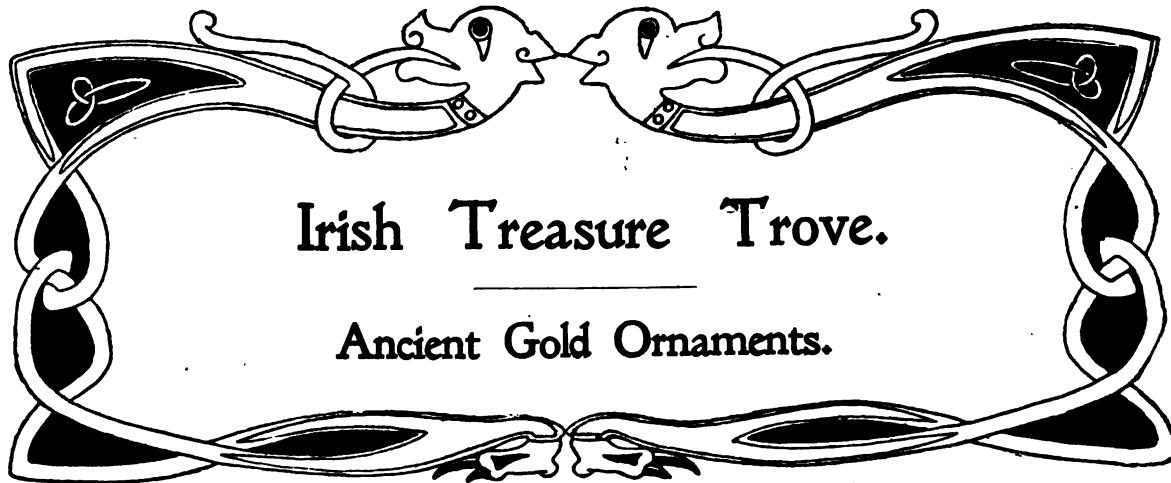
The Irish "c" is never soft as in the English words cell, cent, certify, etc. The Irish "c" must be sounded hard as in cork, cold, or like "k" in the word kill.

A great many persons pronounce the word *celt* as if it were spelled "selt," which is wrong. The proper Irish pronunciation is "kelt" with c sounded hard as in Cork, Carrig or Carrick.

To all persons interested in the study of Irish we recommend Father O'Growney's Revised Simple Lessons in Irish. Send fifteen cents in stamps to THE GAEL and we will send Part I., bound in paper. For thirty cents we will send a copy handsomely bound in cloth.

The Irish Alphabet.

ENG. LETTERS.		IRISH LETTERS.		
Caps.	Small.	Capital.	Small.	Sound.
A	a	Á	á	au
B	b	Ó	ó	be(t)
C	c	C	c	ke(t)
D	d	D	ó	dhe(t)
E	e	E	e	ae
F	f	F	f	fe(t)
G	g	G	g	ge(t)
H	h	H	h	he(t)
I	i	I	i	ee
L	l	L	l	el
M	m	M	m	me(t)
N	n	N	n	en
O	o	O	o	o
P	p	P	p	pe(t)
R	r	R	r	er
S	s	S	r	se(t)
T	t	T	t	the(t)
U	u	U	u	oo



THE ancient gold ornaments here illustrated were found in the north of Ireland, and bought in the ordinary way by the Trustees of the British Museum. Considerable discussion has since arisen as to the rights and wrongs of this purchase, and there has been much animated correspondence and arguments, the Irish Academy, backed by the Irish Government, contending that they are treasure-trove, and as such the Royal Irish Academy has the right of pre-emption out of funds granted for this express purpose.

The ornaments in question consist of a collar, chains, a bowl, and a model boat, all dating from about the beginning of our era. From the ploughman who found them in 1896 they passed to his master, who sold them to a jeweller in Belfast; from him they were bought by Mr. Day, a collector of antiquities in Cork and a member of the Royal Irish Academy.

In January 1897, he exhibited them at an ordinary meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of London, of which he is a Fellow, and an exhaustive paper was read upon them. In the following May, after the negotiations usual in such cases, they were bought in the open market by the British Museum for £600. Two years subsequently the Irish Academy awoke to the fact that they had failed to acquire, when opportunity offered, the finest specimens of Celtic gold workmanship ever found in Ireland and then put in a claim, to which the Trustees of the British Museum replied that an Act of Parliament prevented them from parting with objects once acquired, save duplicates or useless specimens.

In the Chancellor's Court, London, the suit of Attorney-General vs. the Trustees of the British Museum came on for hearing before Mr. Justice Farwell. It was brought to decide the claim of the Crown to the gold ornaments a treasure-trove which were found in a field near the shores of Lough Foyle by two men ploughing,

and which afterwards came into the possession by purchase of the British Museum.

The Attorney-General said this was an information to establish the title of the Crown to certain articles which were found in Ireland at Lough Foyle, the title being based upon the fact that they were treasure-trove.

His Lordship—Are the articles here?

The Attorney-General said they were. The first was a collar of gold which, he said, was early Celtic work. Then there were three torcs, the date of which was uncertain, but they were probably of not so early a date as the collar. Then there were some gold chains, which he thought were not quite distinctive Celtic work, and were probably obtained from abroad, and their origin was uncertain.

His Lordship—Is there any distinction between the articles so far as the claim was concerned?

The Attorney-General said there was not. The other articles were a gold bowl and a model of a curragh, a kind of boat which, he was told, was still in use on portions of the coast of Ireland. The learned Attorney-General referred to the finding of the articles. They were found in 1896 by two men, named Nicholls (who was still living) and Morrow (who had since died), as they were ploughing in stiff clay.

The articles were a little distance from the surface, and within a space of 9 inches, in such a way as to demonstrate that they had been hidden there. The articles came into the possession of a Mr. Day by purchase, and he sold them to the British Museum. The question now arose whether Mr. Day had any title to sell them. The facts lay in a very small compass, but the inference was, in his opinion, that the articles had been deposited there.

The law as to treasure-trove had been laid down by a number of authors, but he would only cite from Lord Coke in *Third Institutes*, page 132. It was there laid down that treasure-trove was when any gold or silver had been of ancient time hidden, and such, wheresoever found, when no

person could prove property, it belonged to the King or to some lord of the soil.

That stated the law so clearly that it was not really necessary to cite any other authorities. Of course, if the British Museum could show that they became the owners of these articles from the persons who deposited them there would be nothing more to say. That, of course, they could not do, and there was no other way by which they could make a good claim as against the right of the Crown.

For the defence, it was argued that the land in which the articles had been found had been at one time covered by the sea, and that that interfered with the title of the Crown; but he did not think it would be necessary to call learned gentlemen to show how many centuries it was, probably before our era, since what was now dry land had been the bottom of the sea. (Laughter.)

Another point put forward by the other side was that these articles had been deposited as a votive offering to some Pagan deity; but even if that could be shown to be a fact, he did not see that it made them any less treasure-trove. It was contended that under the charter of the Irish Society the prerogative of the Crown had lapsed. There was no doubt that the charter covered the ground in which the articles were found.

Mr. Wallington said he wished to indicate at this stage, on behalf of the Museum authorities, the evidence they proposed to call, and then the law would have to be applied to that evidence. He considered that his learned friend (Sir R. Finlay) had put the delimitation of treasure-trove too high, and that he had taken it from sources which might be regarded as too conservative. His (counsel's) authority would be Blackstone's definition of it, which was that treasure-trove consisted of money, coin, gold, or silver hidden in the earth, the owner thereof being unknown, in which case the treasure belonged to the Crown. But the contention of the defendants in this action would be that this was not

a case of the hiding or the abandonment of such treasure at all, but that it was a votive offering made to a deity in very ancient times.

Mr. John Milton Myers, described as an eminent antiquarian and a distinguished member of various learned societies, was then examined by Mr. Haldane, K. C. He proceeded to explain what the general characteristics of a votive offering were.

He said it was an object given by some person to some deity, god, or spirit to secure some advantage from the deity, or in thank offering for some advantage already received.

Mr. Haldane—Take the case of a votive offering destined for a water deity. Have you come across instances showing how such an offering was made? Yes; I have seen accounts of them.

The Attorney-General—If this gentleman is merely referring to what he has read, I should like to see the books.

His Lordship—I doubt whether this evidence is admissible at all.

The witness, further questioned by Mr. Haldane, said there was a well in Co. Roscommon in which it was customary to drop votive offerings in ancient times. He went on to state instances of the recovery of what were supposed to be such votive offerings in portions of Denmark and other European countries that were once submerged in the sea.

Witness, further examined, said he agreed with the view that these gold ornaments were deposited in Lough Foyle as votive offerings to a Sea Lord. Down to the fourth century these ornaments were probably submerged at a depth of several feet below the surface, and were afterwards covered with non-marine soil on top of the raised beach, as the result of the usual geological processes of change.

Cross-examined by the Solicitor-General—You say the elevation began in the fourth century. How long did it take to get to the present level? That is a question impossible to answer.

Can you form any estimate at all? It might be raised a foot in a century.

Then it might take fifteen hundred years? No; not anything like that.

May we take it that the rise was anything from one foot to twenty feet in a century? Yes.

Then it might have taken from twenty to twenty thousand years to attain the present elevation? Oh, no (laughter).

According to your theory, when the land began to rise it brought those ornaments up? Yes.

What date do you fix for that? I cannot fix the date.

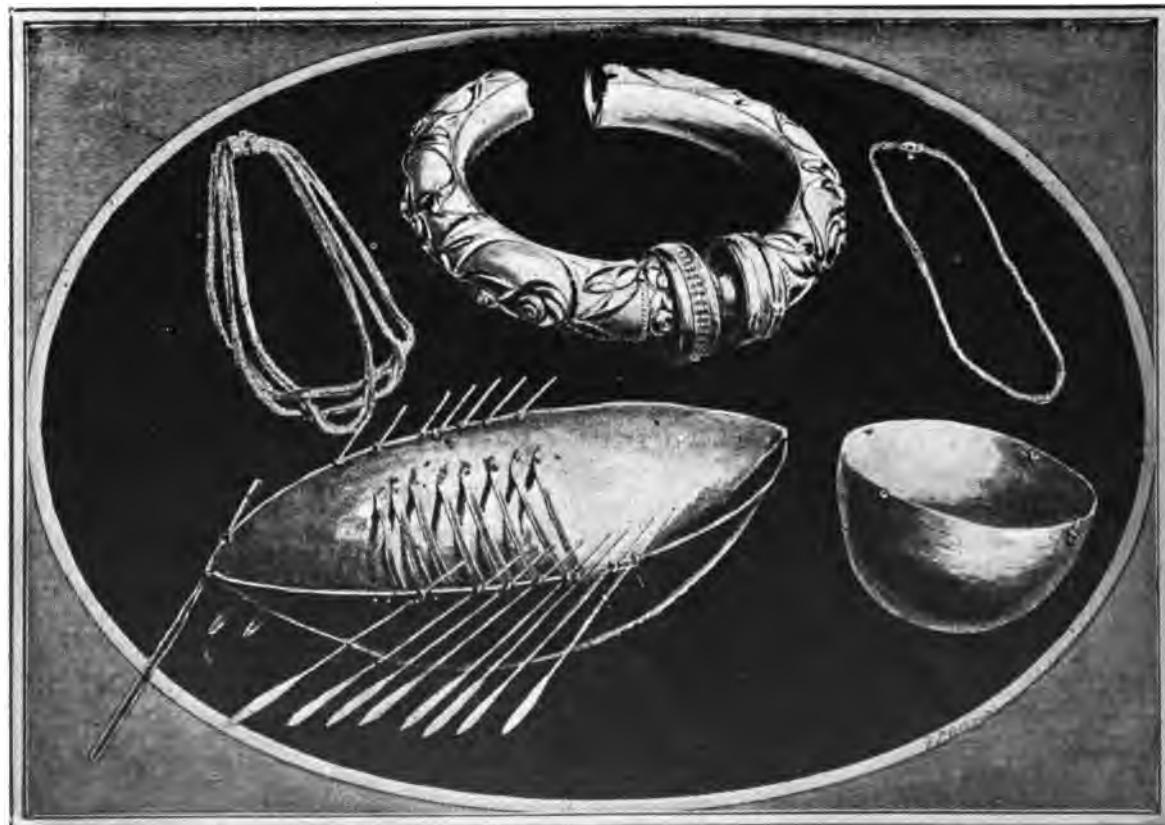
Further cross-examined, the witness admitted that it was a disputed question as to what particular time the sea receded from the raised beaches.

Mr. Wallace, of the firm of Johnston and Co., goldsmiths and silversmiths, Grafton street, Dublin, deposed, in reply to counsel, that Mr. Day brought the ornaments in 1896 to have them put in proper repair. Mr. Day asked to have the greatest possible care taken of them. The gold collar was in a very battered condition, and one end of it was broken off. Great care and skill had to be shown in getting the articles back to their proper shape.

This closed the evidence for the defence.

Mr. Monroe, Edinburgh University, and Member R. I. Academy, examined by the Attorney-General, said he had devoted great attention to the subject of antiquities. He saw the gold ornaments. He knew of no instance in Ireland or Scotland of votive offerings having been made in the manner suggested by the defendants. The theory put forward that these articles were votive offerings was, in his opinion, a very improbable theory. There was no evidence at all to support the assertion, that they were votive offerings. They seemed to him to belong to a time between the late Celtic period and the introduction of Christianity into Ireland.

Mr. George Coffey, Council Member of the R. I. Academy, and Keeper of Antiquities in the National Museum, Dublin, deposed that, in his opinion, all the circumstances pointed to the conclusion that these articles were



CHAIN.

TORC.

BOAT WITH OARS.

CHAIN.

BOWL.

concealed treasure. There was no evidence that the ancient Irish made votive offerings to sea gods. The very facts of the finding of these ornaments excluded such a theory.

Cross-examined by Mr. Warmington, K.C., the witness said very little was known about the pagan deities of ancient Ireland. Strictly speaking, he would admit the custom of votive offerings only when there was recorded evidence of it. That evidence would depend more on its own consistency than on mere statistics.

Mr. Cochrane, examined by the Solicitor-General, said he had made an extensive study of antiquarian questions. He was not aware of any recorded instances of votive offerings to the pagan gods in ancient Ireland. He had made a special study of ancient Irish shrines. There was evidence that a considerable number of them existed near Lough Foyle.

Cross-examined by Mr. Haldane, K.C., the witness said it was his theory that these ornaments came from a Christian shrine. There was a church founded by St. Columba in the parish in which these ornaments were found, and all St. Columba's shrines contained objects of great value, and hence were raided occasionally.

Mr. Fraser, C.E., examined by Sir E. Carson, said he had made a special study of the geology of the north coast of Ireland. His opinion was that the elevation of the beach was completed in prehistoric times. There was clear evidence that the elevation took place during the period known as the stone age.

Mr. Grenville Cole, Professor of Geology in the Royal College of Science, Dublin, agreed with the last witness that the upheaval of the land at Lough Foyle occurred before the close of the stone age in Ireland, and that age was distinctly prehistoric.

Thomas Nicholl, examined by the Solicitor-General, deposed that in the year 1896 while ploughing for Mr. Gibson in a field at Broiton, near Lough Foyle, his plough struck against something in the soil. He finished the furrow and went back to examine the ground. He found a number of things which shone brightly. One of them appeared to have been broken by the plough. He now identified the various articles—a collar of gold, a boat-shaped article in gold, a set of bowls in gold, and some small gold chains.

Witness found them all in a space of about nine inches square and at a point in the field about fifteen yards from the hedge. He took them home and had them washed, and subsequently handed them over to his employer, Mr. Gibson.

Cross-examined by Mr. Warmington, K.C., the witness said the occasion in question was the first on which he had ploughed there in several years. On this occasion another ploughman named Morrow had ploughed the field first to a depth of six inches or so, and he (witness) followed going six or eight

inches deeper. The articles were bright and shining when witness first saw them, and were shaped somewhat as they are at present except the boat, which was more like a bowl when he found it. The gold chains were inside the collar.

The Attorney-General said this was all the evidence he proposed to give.

His Lordship—You are not tendering any evidence on this point as regards Ireland. If this evidence is to be of any value you must show that in this part of Ireland there was deity worship of the kind referred to at some reasonable period.

Mr. Warmington, K.C., read the deposition of Mr. Arthur John Evans, a distinguished archaeologist, who is at present engaged in excavations in Crete. In the course of the deposition the witness stated that in 1894 he studied Irish antiquities in Dublin, and gave lectures on Celtic art in Edinburgh in 1895. He had heard from Mr. R. Day, Cork, of the discovery of the gold ornaments, and had the ornaments in his own possession for some time for the purposes of study. He had examined them very carefully, and his opinions were fully expressed in a paper printed in the "Archaeological Journal."

The Attorney-General objected to this evidence.

His Lordship said he was ready to hear it within reasonable limits, but if they were to go into the question of votive offerings from the beginning of the world, he did not know where the case would end.

Mr. Warmington proceeded to read the paper from the "Archaeological Journal."

His Lordship suggested to counsel to read the general conclusions. As he would probably reserve judgment in the case, he could read the entire paper at his leisure.

Mr. Warmington then proceeded to read extracts from Mr. Evans' paper, in the course of which the writer, after discussing the possible Viking origin of the ornaments, went on to dismiss as far-fetched the suggestion that they were plundered from a shrine. The collar, he said, was undoubtedly an ancient Irish fabric, and was the finest example existing of that class of gold work.

He says that the "nearest approach" to the "snake-like coils" of the ornament is found on a shield from the River Witham. He compares other features with details on objects from England, from Scotland, and from Ireland. The compass work of the collar, he points out, is illustrated best by objects from a tomb in the County Meath. The "fine repousse reliefs" of certain well-known bronze discs found in Ireland, he writes, "suggest more than one analogy with those of the gold collar." Some in the Royal Irish Academy furnish "a distinct indication that both were made in Ireland."

Reviewing the whole evidence of the "find," Mr. Evans states, in conclusion, "there is at least no question as to the

indigenous Celtic character of the most important relic contained in the Ulster hoard. The hollow gold collar, with its bold repousse designs, is undoubtedly an ancient Irish fabric, and it is at the same time the finest example existing of this class of work." (Archaeologia, Vol. 55, pp. 402-407.)

The conclusion which he (Mr. Evans) formed was that the articles were deposited probably in the first century (A.D.), when the custom of making votive offerings was very widespread. All of the circumstances, he thought, as well as the nature of the articles, pointed to the conclusion that these articles were a thank-offering made by some ancient Irish sea king to a marine divinity for having been saved from the perils of the sea.

Mr. Stewart, C.E., the Londonderry Harbour Engineer, examined by Mr. Beaumont, gave evidence of his inspection of the place where the ornaments were found.

Professor Hull, a well-known geologist, who was director of the Geological Survey of Ireland, in which he was engaged for twenty years, was examined by Mr. Haldane, K.C., and deposed that he had examined the place where the ornaments were found. It was a raised sea bed, and the limit of the upheaval at Lough Foyle might be about fifteen feet above high water mark. Going south from the Antrim coast the raised beach gradually diminished in height. Near Dundalk it was about ten feet; north of Dublin it was from four to six feet; and approaching Wicklow Head it was not much above the present high water mark.

It was possible to determine approximately the date at which the raising of the beach began. That was inferred from the character of the objects which were to be found embedded in the soil, such as flint heads and iron anchors, the skeletons of whales, etc.

To his Lordship—My opinion is that the elevation of the beach commenced from the fourth century onwards.

Mr. Warmington, K.C., for the Trustees of the British Museum, resumed his argument on the interpretation of the Royal grant to the Irish Societies, contending that the grant by King James of the manor in which the field near Lough Foyle was situated, to the Irish Societies, which Societies conveyed it to the London Fishmongers' Company, through which the tenant of the land held the right, conveyed all rights, and that the decided cases laid it down that all franchises passing by the charter included the Crown's prerogative.

The counsel went on to argue that Treasure Trove was among the franchises: If the word "franchises" in the grant had been "royalties," there would be no doubt about it.

Mr. Haldane, K.C., followed on the same side. He remarked that the case came before the court in a most peculiar form, and the materials with which the court had to deal were exceedingly attenuated. The entire case

rested on presumptions, and it was difficult for the court to come to a conclusion, because even on the general circumstances of the finding of the gold ornaments, and on their probable origin, there was a wide divergence of scientific opinion. He then reviewed the evidence about the raised beach near Lough Foyle, and submitted that it was quite possible that these articles were deposited in the Lough as an offering to a marine god by a pagan chief or king in the earliest ages, and that they subsequently came up with the raising of the beach. He maintained that the theory of the votive offering was just as plausible and probable as the theory put forward by the Crown, and, in conclusion, urged that the Crown, on the evidence produced, was not entitled to succeed.

The Attorney-General (Sir R. Finlay), replying on behalf of the Crown, submitted that the inference was irresistible that these articles were hidden at one time or another, and came within the definition of treasure trove. The evidence put forward by the defendants would show that these articles came up when the land near the Lough was gradually raised, but to suppose that gold ornaments, exposed on the beach until in the process of geological change a layer of new soil covered them, would remain for any length of time so exposed in a district where disturbances and disorder prevailed was perfectly preposterous. It was clear that the formation of the 18 inches of earth under which the ornaments were found would take a considerable time.

As regards the custom of making votive offerings, the evidence showed that such a custom was confined chiefly to Scandinavia. There was no evidence whatever of its existence in ancient Ireland. There was no case of it on record. An effort was made to give some special significance to the alleged mutilation of the articles. But Mr. Coffey's evidence disposed of that part of the defendants' case. Counsel went on to argue that all the hypotheses put forward by the defendants were blown to the winds. The case they made served no other purpose than to afford innocent amusement to all who heard it. As regards the question of the charter, the latter part of the document dealt a death-blow, in his opinion, to the theory urged by counsel for the defendants as to its proper interpretation.

He submitted further that the form of proceeding in this case or the question of the Court in which the case was brought could not make the slightest difference in the rights of the Crown.

His Lordship reserved judgment.

THE JUDGMENT.

In the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, London, Mr. Justice Farwell delivered his reserved judgment in the action brought by the Attorney-General to have it declared

that certain gold ornaments discovered at Limavady, Co. Derry, were treasure trove.

His Lordship said that in 1896 two ploughmen were driving a furrow in a field near Lough Foyle, the leader with a six-inch plough and the second man with a fourteen-inch plough. The latter struck something hard at the bottom of a furrow, and he found certain gold articles all lying together in a space of about nine inches square. The articles consisted of:

1. A hollow collar, with repousse ornaments.
2. A model boat, with thwarts and a number of oars, spars, etc.
3. A bowl with four small rings at the edges.
4. A solid gold torque.
5. One-half of a similar torque.
6. A necklace consisting of three-plated chains, with fastening.
7. A single chain.

The two last were found inside the hollow collar; the oars were much bent and were inside the bowl, which was flattened, and the boat was crumpled up. The ploughman took the articles to his master, and they were sent to the factory of Messrs. Johnson, in Grafton Street, Dublin, who restored them to the shape in which they have been shown in Court.

They are articles of great interest and beauty, of Celtic origin, the dates suggested for their manufacture being from 300 B. C. to 600 or 700 A. D., but his lordship thought they might fairly be attributed to the second or third century after Christ. Ultimately, they were purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum, and they were now claimed by the Crown as treasure trove. The defendants set up two defences:

One—That the articles were not treasure trove.

Two—if they were, they alleged that, by a charter of Charles II., right to treasure trove was vested, not in the Crown, or themselves, but in the Irish Society.

No direct evidence could be given of the intention to hide the articles or the intention to abandon them by a person who was ex hypothesi unknown; the direct evidence must necessarily be confined to the discovery of the articles; in fact, concealed, and the Court must presume the intention to hide or abandon from the relevant surrounding circumstances and the motives that usually influenced persons acting under such circumstances, according to the ordinary dictates of human nature.

The articles were obviously of considerable value, but of a miscellaneous nature such as might well represent the store of a native chief or the spoils gathered in the raid of some Norse pirates. The articles were all put close together, the chains being actually concealed within the hollow of the collar, in the mode which a person hiding them for safety with a view to returning to claim them would be likely to adopt. Their value rendered

it improbable that they would be abandoned except under stress of imminent danger and the care with which the chains were put inside the collar and all the articles being collected together pointed to the absence of any such imminent danger as would necessitate abandonment.

The inference therefore was that they were intentionally concealed for the purpose of security. There was no evidence at all as to the date of concealment, but the state of Ulster from the beginning of its history down to comparatively modern times had been such as to render it highly probable that treasure would have been concealed on many occasions and in this very district. There was record of a great invasion by Norsemen, who overran the land comprising this spot about the year 850 A.D. The inference was irresistible that this was *vetus depositio* unless the defendants could displace it.

It was argued on behalf of the British Museum that it was enough for them to show any other plausible theory. He (the learned Judge) did not agree with that argument, and in his opinion the defendants' theory was not even plausible. He desired to speak with all respect of the gentlemen who had been called as witnesses for the defence, but the Court had been occupied for a considerable time in listening to fanciful suggestions more suited to the poem of a Celtic bard than the prose of an English law reporter.

The defendants' suggestion was that the articles were thrown into the sea, which they suggested then covered the spot in question as a votive offering by some Irish sea king or chief to some Irish sea god at some period between 300 B.C. and 100 A.D., and for that purpose the defendants asked the Court to infer the existence of the sea on the spot in question, the existence of an Irish sea god, the existence of a custom to make votive offerings in Ireland during the period suggested, and the existence of sea kings or chiefs who would be likely to make such votive offerings.

The whole of the defendants' evidence on these points—if it may so be described—was of the vaguest description. He (the learned Judge) came to the following conclusions:

First—There was no evidence to show that the sea ever flowed over the spot in question within any period during which the articles could have been in existence. It was not disputed that the raised beach on which the spot was situated was of later origin by upheaval than the surrounding land, but there was nothing to show that it was raised at any time since the Iron Age began, and so far as he could see it might have been at any time between 2000 or so before Christ and some time before the beginning of the Christian Era.

Second—There was nothing to show that votive offerings of the sort sug-

gested were ever made in Ireland. There was no such consensus of expert opinion as would enable him to find that such offerings had ever been made in Europe since the Bronze Age. No case was known of a votive offering anywhere of a ship coupled with other miscellaneous articles, and there was no case on record of any votive offering having ever been made in Ireland at any time.

Third—Notwithstanding the passage in Ogham, it was by no means certain that there was any Irish sea god at all, or that there were any Irish sea kings or chiefs, who made offerings to a god, if any such god existed. Further, the negative inference against the defendants' theory were of considerable weight. Votive offerings to a Pagan deity would be offered in such a way as to make the most display.

No one meaning to propitiate an anthropomorphic deity, who, like Baal, might be engaged in hunting or sleeping, would be likely to conceal two of his gifts in the hollow of a third. Nor would the donor mutilate some only of the objects, as the defendants had alleged. Mutilation would either be essential or an insult. One would expect, therefore, to find all or none mutilated. Again, by virtue of what process had all these articles of such different sizes, weights, shapes, been kept together during all these years under the 'whelming tide'? What magic bag had the Irish sea king which would withstand the action of the waves till the ornaments confided to the care of the sea had found a safe resting-place in the soil formed on the surface of the beach when the sea receded?

It was, perhaps, natural that the defendants should grasp at theories, which, in justice to them, he might say were not invented for the purpose of this defence; but it was really little short of extravagant to ask the Court to assume the existence of a votive offering of a sort hitherto unknown, in a sea not known to have existed for 2,000 and possibly not for 4,000 years, to a sea-god by a chieftain, both equally unknown, and to prefer this to the commonplace but natural inference that these articles were a hoard hidden for safety in a land disturbed by frequent raids and forgotten by reason of the death or slavery of the depositor.

It was, perhaps, hardly necessary to mention that his observations as to votive offerings of the character suggested by the defendants had nothing to do with votive offerings in Christian churches, or with offering to wells or fountains, of which many instances were collected in "Brand's Popular Antiquities."

The view he had expressed on the facts rendered it unnecessary for him to express any opinion on the Attorney-General's further point that votive offerings might be treasure-trove. The defendants also submitted that the right to treasure trove was granted by

a charter of Charles II. to the Irish Society, and that the Crown had, therefore, no title. In 1613 James I. granted a charter to the Irish Society for the purpose of effectuating the settlement of Ulster. In 1638 this charter was cancelled, and in 1662 the existing charter was granted for the purpose of restoring all the property and rights created by the charter of James I. The charter included waived chattels and franchises, but not treasure trove or royalties, and the Society was appointed as Vice-Admirals of the Coast, with all royalties and the grant of wreck flotsam and jetsam.

It was argued that treasure trove passed under the word "franchises," but he held that that contention failed. Franchises which belonged to the King by right of his prerogative could not pass under the general word "franchise" in a grant from the Crown, because they did not exist as such. Until created by grant they were part of the prerogative; if created and resumed they merged in the prerogative, but franchises which were no part of the flowers of the Crown had no existence until the Crown expressly created them. It was clear that treasure trove belonged to the Crown by virtue of the prerogative.

The fact that the only royalties granted were those that belonged to the office of Vice-Admiral raised a strong presumption that none others were intended to pass. He had arrived at the conclusion that treasure trove did not pass by the charter by applying the ordinary rules of construction, as far as was compatible with the subject-matter of the grant. It was unnecessary for him to express any opinion on the last point raised by the Attorney-General, which was of considerable general importance, namely, that in all claims to property the Crown was entitled to treat the defendant as if he were plaintiff, and to insist that he must succeed on the strength of his own title, and could not defeat the Crown merely by showing that the Crown's title was bad. The result was that he would make a declaration that the articles in question were treasure trove belonging to his Majesty, by virtue of the Prerogative Royal, and order the delivery up of the same accordingly.

It is now possible for the Royal Irish Academy to obtain the ornaments, but that fact does not lessen the blame attached to the negligent officials, who neglected to secure them when first offered for sale in Dublin.

The first to call public attention to the remissness of Irish antiquarians in this matter was a prominent member of the Irish Party, Sir Thomas Esmonde, M. P., who, in his place in Parliament, boldly asserted the indefeasible right of Ireland to their ownership as a matter of simple justice and equity. He claimed that being Irish treasure-trove, the proper depository for them was the Irish National

Museum in Dublin, and after an expenditure of much time and money in the controversy that has since taken place, Sir Thomas has now the satisfaction of seeing the claim triumphantly established in the English law courts.

London, July 10.—After years of agitation the Irish gold ornaments are to be returned to Ireland. Mr. Balfour yesterday announced amid general cheers that the King had expressed the desire that the ornaments should be presented as a free gift to the Royal Irish Academy, and that instructions to that effect had been issued.

Sir Thomas Esmonde, who was the pioneer of the movement for the recovery of the ornaments, and who is to be cordially congratulated on the result of his action, gracefully thanked both Mr. Balfour and Mr. Wyndham for their assistance in the matter.

It was no simple exploit to recover from the British Museum authorities the interesting articles which they are now obliged to deliver up, and which they succeeded in annexing mainly by the power of the purse. Determination did it.

ONE of the principal objects of the Midland Railway Company of England, in purchasing the Belfast & Northern Counties of Ireland Railway is to develop tourist traffic from the industrial centers of Yorkshire and the Midlands. Some of the most picturesque holiday resorts in Ireland are on the Northern line. There are the Giant's Causeway, the Falls of Glenariff, Larne and Londonderry.

ANOTHER candidate for a terminal for the ship service from Canada is Fenit (County Kerry), close to Tralee. There is a very good harbor at Fenit, and it is maintained by the Tralee people that it is the port of all others, as it would shorten the journey by five or six hours as compared with Galway or Blacksod Bay.

Lord Strathcona has been written to by the Tralee and Fenit Harbor Board, and his lordship's reply was that he would be happy to receive a small deputation on the matter.

NEW YORK TO MEMPHIS

Through Pullman buffet sleepers leaving New York daily via Pennsylvania Railroad, Southern Railway and



EXCELLENT SERVICE FROM

MEMPHIS
TO ALL POINTS IN THE
SOUTHWEST.

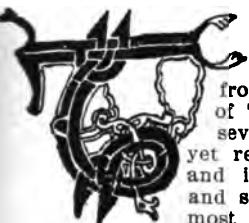
Detailed information in regard to rates, train service, etc., furnished upon application to

F. D. RUSSELL, General Eastern Agent.
385 Broadway, New York



The Round Tower of Kilbannon.

By Richard J. Kelly, B. L., Hon. Secretary of Galway Archaeological and Historical Society.

 HE Round Tower of Kilbannon, some two miles from the historic town of Tuam, is one of the seventy-two of its kind yet remaining in Ireland, and is in size, structure and situation one of the most interesting of that famous group.

These curious works have been divided into four groups representing the different forms of architecture. The first style are of a rude sort, built of rough field stones untouched by hammer or chisel, not rounded but fitted by their length to the curve of the wall, roughly coursed, wide jointed with small stones fitted into the interstices. The mortar used was, of course, made with unsifted sand or gravel.

The next class consists of stones roughly hammer-dressed, rounded to the curve of the wall, decidedly though somewhat irregularly coursed—often badly bonded together and having mortar freely used.

The third style has the stone laid in horizontal courses, well dressed and carefully worked to the round and batter, the whole cemented in strong plain mortar of lime and sand.

The fourth class has strong rough but excellent ashlar masonry rather open jointed and therefore closely analogous to the English Norman masonry of the first half of the twelfth century or in some instances finest possible examples of well-dressed ashlar sandstone in squared courses.

The most learned and critical researches into the origin and purpose of these buildings establish the following conclusions:

1. The various styles of towers and different modes of construction clearly indicate that all were not built at one period, but were erected at various times during a period covering many centuries.

2. The first and second class (earliest) towers were built after the Irish had become acquainted with the use of mortar and the hammer.

3. The third class towers indicate by their style of construction that they were erected during the period of transition from the entablative style of the early Irish period to the round-

arched decorated Irish-Romanesque style.

4. The greater number of these towers were built before the transition had been established and while the Irish builders were feeling their way to the arch.

5. That as it is known this transition in style of architecture took place during the period between the time of Cormac O'Killeen, A. D. 900, and Brian Boru, A. D. 1000, the fourth class group of towers now standing were probably erected during that period.

Kilbannon belongs to the second style, as does Meeleek, Monasterboice, and Cashel. Here the doorway which in all these towers is placed some six feet from the ground gives one the first idea of an arch, the curve being scooped out of three or four stones, the stones of the entrance being of the same material as the rest of the tower but roughly worked to the round. The windows are of the same material as the rest of the building. About a fourth of the shaft and apex of the tower have disappeared, but in its present dimensions, about some thirty feet high sufficient remains, to give one an idea of its ancient symmetry and beauty of design.

It stands at the angle of what is now the present graveyard of Kilbannon, and was anciently the grounds of the Dominican monastery which was erected there. A road separates the tower and graveyard from the Catholic church—a neat building erected as the inscription over its doorway tells us—by a former parish priest of Kilcony, with which Kilbannon has for centuries been incorporated—the Rev. Father Gibbons.

Curious their most famous foundations should be so situated close to each other. The schools of Kilbannon and Cloonfush as it is now called, but Cluainfois as it originally was known, are but a few miles apart and from the classic retreat of the meadow can easily be seen the tower that stood beside the church of Benin.

Kilbannon, as its name signifies, means the church of Benin or Benignus, who was one of our most famous saints. In the "Martyrology of Donegal" St. Benignus is thus referred to:

"November 8th Benignus, i. e., Benen, son of Seschen, disciple of St. Pat-

rick and his successor that is primate of Ard Macha. The Holy Benin was benign was devout. He died on the 9th of November, 468, and a short time before his death he resigned his primatial coadjutorship into the hands of St. Patrick, who was then living.

As a boy he was present when St. Patrick preached and became so attached to the apostle that nothing could separate them. He accompanied the saint everywhere. His voice was sweet and pleasing and he was remarkable for his knowledge of and proficiency in singing the Psalms. Hence, as Dr. Healy says in his most interesting work, "Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars":

"He was Psalmist to St. Patrick and led the choir of priests and monks on all solemn occasions, and trained the wild-eyed Celtic youth to sing the praises of God like another Orpheus, softening them into Christian meekness by the charms of sweet melody—the melody of his voice and the still sweeter melody of his gentle heart."

St. Benignus founded a famous school at Kilbannon and his sister Mathona was one of the first nuns veiled in Erin and settled down at Tawnagh in the County of Sligo. Benignus preached the gospel in Kerry, in Clare and South Connacht. He blessed that province with a special blessing from Bundrowes, near Bundoran, to Limerick, and the natives paid him and his successors a yearly tribute of milk and butter, calves and lambs, as well as the first fruits of their fields. Kilbannon was his principal church and continued so for years. His most famous disciple was St. Jarlath, the founder of Tuam.

Speaking of Kilbannon that great antiquarian, John O'Donovan, says in an unpublished manuscript:

This well-known parish situated near Tuam, and so familiar to our people, is so designated from the two Irish words *Cill* and *Benin*, so called after St. Benin of Mionnan, the servant of St. Patrick, who was buried at the foot of the Reek, where his *leachta* is still visited by pious pilgrims. There is a holy well near the church of Kilbannon also called after the saint; and furthermore near the old church building, which stands in the graveyard, is one of the ancient *cloch-teach-oill*, called locally *cloch-teach-oill Beannan*, or

church towers, and said to have been built by or for St. Beanin.

The door of the tower is about fourteen feet from the ground, and the church beside it is of the Gothic style of architecture, and not many centuries old. Stations were up-to O'Donovan's time (in 1838), when he wrote about it, and for some years subsequently, performed to the well of St. Benin on *Domnach Chroin Dubh*, or Garland Sunday.

The parish priest of Kilbannon in 1838, the Rev. Father Joyce, or, as O'Donovan calls him in his unpublished letters, "the present coarb of St. Benin," tried to stop these. "He," says the antiquarian, "is making every exertion to put a stop to these 'tourasses,' because he believed that the tower was a pagan fire temple, that worship at the well was of Druidical origin, and that St. Benin was obliged to transfer them to Christian purposes to please the superstitious natives, and I might as easily argue with a cataract of the contrary as with the present coarb of St. Benin."

Thus is quaintly but expressively described by O'Donovan the strong, obstinate views erroneously taken by the old parish priest, and the impossibility he felt of trying to convince him or of reasoning him out of his views to the contrary. It seems stupid of the clergyman, for in the minds and hearts of his parishioners the place was associated alone with the sainted memories of the Saint, and only the perverse ignorance of the pastor attempted to give a pagan flavor and complexion to otherwise harmless and laudable pious practices.

Whether through the exertion of the Rev. Father Joyce or not, the Stations have anyway died out, and become things of the past, as unfortunately have too many other good, pious practices and harmless customs.

KILCREEVANTY.

Near Kilbannon is the townland of Kilcreevancy, and situated in the same parish. Here stand the ruins of "the celebrated nunnery of Cill Craebhnata. Its exact location had not been known until 1838, when it was discovered by O'Donovan, who describes it as affording evidence of the extensiveness of the old building. The doorways and windows are destroyed, excepting one on the north transept, which is of round shape and measures eight feet six inches in height, and four feet six inches in breadth on the inside, but the outside portion has been demolished.

From the observations made it would seem the nunnery was originally constructed in the

shape of the letter T, the nave and choir being 120 feet in length and 57 feet in breadth; the foundation can still be traced, but not much of the old structure is extant, as the east and west gables are gone, and only 72 feet of the south wall remains, some 20 feet in height. A shapeless hole now does service for the door, and there is another hole at the western extremity, under which is a large, well-cemented piece of the wall laid prostrate. The mortar used, as with all these old buildings, is of excellent material. Twenty-four feet of the northern wall are yet standing, and were 18 feet high.

There were two chapels attached to this building, one at the south and the other at the north side of the choir—the first (21 feet in breadth) containing the windows already referred to, and the southern part level with the ground.

By an inquisition taken on the 10th of April, in the thirty-fourth year of the reign of Henry VIII., we find that the nunnery of Kilcreevancy contained a church and belfry, dormitory, hall, three chambers, a kitchen, a garden and sundry closets.

The Annals of Lough Key, as quoted by Archdall, tell us that this nunnery, which was also called "of the chaste wood," was founded for Nuns of the Order of St. Benedict about the year 1200 by Charles, the Red-handed O'Connor. The "Four Masters" relate that Fynola, the daughter of Felim O'Connor, Abbess of Cill Croabhnata, died in the year 1301. From Archdall we learn further that Dervail Ny Connor was the last Abbess of the Nunnery of Kilcreevancy.

On the top of the townland of Ballygaddy in this neighborhood will be found a heap of stones called Leachta Phadrigg, or the monument of Saint Patrick. O'Donovan is of opinion that

from the name "*Cill Croab-nata-cella-croeratae*," that there was a primitive little Irish church in that place, on the site of which the extensive establishment of Cathael Crobhdhearg was subsequently built in the thirteenth century.

Reference to the towers occurs very early in our histories. The Annals of Ulster in A. D. 448, speak of a terrible earthquake, and mentions that fifty-seven of the towers were then destroyed or injured by its ravages. The "Annals of the Four Masters" mention the existence, in the year 898, of the Turaghan-Angson, or fire-tower of the anchorite at Inis Cailtre, in the Shannon, and the same authorities note the destruction, by lightning, in 995, of the hospital, cathedral, palace and round tower of the town of Armagh.

In the old annals also recur the names of such places as *Muighe Tuireadh nabh Fomoroch*, that is, the plain of the Fomorian tower; while in the west, still perpetuated, is Moytura—the plain of the tower; and *Tor Inis*—the island of the tower.

Etymologically considered, we can get but a very slight inkling of their origin. In some parts the towers are called *cilcagh*, which, as translated, means a fire-temple; yet I am sure an equally plausible explanation in another direction might be hazarded. Undoubtedly, structures very like the Irish round towers have been found in many parts of the east. Hanway, a famous traveler, mentions four, which he saw at Sari, round in form, built of the most durable material, about thirty feet in diameter, and running to a height of 130 feet, corresponding curiously with ours in these details.

Pennant, speaking of the Indian Polygars, says that they retain their old religion, and that their pagodas are "chiefly buildings of a cylindrical or round tower shape, with tops circle-pointed or truncated."

Lord Valencia described, in 1837, two round towers he saw at Bhangulpore, in India, and which, he says, "much resemble those buildings in Ireland. The door is elevated above the ground by some ten or twelve feet, they possess a stone roof, and four large openings at the summit."

The Brahmins had their fine temples, which they called "coll," from "chalana," to burn. These are generally the chief grounds of the theories of pagan origin as far as I can gather.

It is also said that the towers were erected for and used as belfries in Christian times, and the theory rests on the fact of their always adjoining



ROUND TOWER AT KILBANNON, CO. GALWAY.

or round tower shape, with tops circle-pointed or truncated."

Lord Valencia described, in 1837, two round towers he saw at Bhangulpore, in India, and which, he says, "much resemble those buildings in Ireland. The door is elevated above the ground by some ten or twelve feet, they possess a stone roof, and four large openings at the summit."

The Brahmins had their fire temples, which they called "coil," from "chala-na," to burn. These are generally the chief grounds of the theories of pagan origin as far as I can gather.

It is also said that the towers were erected for and used as belfries in Christian times, and the theory rests on the fact of their always adjoining churches. Under the foundations of some towers, when excavated, have been found human remains, and I think it was at Kilmacduagh there was discovered, some years ago, a skeleton which, from its position and some pious ornaments found with it, might go to prove the theory of their being Christian burial places; but then if the tower had a basement story, as the Cork Tower had, it might be possible to inter the corpse from the inside, or indeed easy to bury one from the outside, deep down under the foundations, while, in any case, we know that either the appearance of the cross with the position of the corpse would of themselves conclusively establish a Christian origin for the burial.

Gerald Barry (Cambrensis), speaks of the legend connected with Lough Neagh, where it is supposed the fisherman

"Sees the round towers of other days In the waves beneath him shining"; and he says that vast expanse of water was supposed to have been due to the overflow of an enchanted well, which submerged a large tract of country, "inhabited by a wicked race of men." This quaint old observer calls the buildings "ecclesiastical"; but his testimony while going to prove their antiquity, may also be adduced as evidence that they were put to sacred use in his time.

There they stand in all their simple grandeur, models of archaic architecture; monuments of constructive skill, in a country which can boast of a long, pure civilization—a farther reaching record than any other in Europe.

EIGHTEEN years' rent as a fair basis to purchase was sanctioned as the price of a small estate in the County Longford, Ireland, by the Land Commission. This is far less than the new land bill makes the minimum.

THE sales of the Dromahair (County Leitrim) Co-operative Agricultural and Dairy Society, Ltd., for the year 1902 amounted to £9,006 3s. 6d. After charging all working expenses, interest paid to shareholders, repairs and the usual depreciations on the machinery and buildings, there remained, as the result of the year's trading, a net profit of £303 6s. 3d. The total amount of milk received during the year 1902 was 47,926 gallons.

The Beauty of Dark Rosaleen.

By Harold A. Phillips.

I'LL pledge ye the beauty of Dark Rosaleen,
Whom the world counted fallen for ever;
Sweet hope of blest Liberty, glorious Queen,
And soul of each patriot endeavor.
She rises again
From the shrine of her slain,
Where Liberty's beacons are burning,
And the harp's swelling song
Breathes the tidings along,
'Tis the spirit of Freedom returning.

From the slumber of death she awakens at last,
Oh, radiant and bright is her beauty;
And clear on the air, like a clarion blast,
Rings the voice that recalls ye to duty.
With power and with might
For the conflict of Right,
She stands in her glory before ye;
While, piercing the haze
Like a halo of praise,
The sunburst of Erin shines o'er ye.

I'll pledge ye the beauty of Dark Rosaleen,
Unsheathed be your swords to defend her
Heaven smiles on the cause of our long suff'ring Queen,
And the loyal loving hearts that attend her.
Tho' tempest and storm
Have encircled her form,
And long seemed the day in its dawning,
Oh, the sorrows and tears,
Of dead slavery's years,
Are lost in the splendor of morning

A MEETING arranged by the Ulster Association was held recently at the Imperial Institute, when a lecture was delivered by Mrs. St. John Lyburn on "Ireland's Mineral Resources."

Mr. Lyburn is the mining expert of the Department of Irish Agriculture and Technical Instruction, in charge of the collection of Irish building materials now at the Imperial Institute. The lecturer declared that the mineral resources of Ireland were deserving of the attention of capitalists.

With regard to coal deposits, he pointed out that in the counties of Tyrone, Kilkenny and Tipperary there were coal deposits which certainly would repay substantial borings. Iron ores were also known throughout the country, but transit difficulties stood in the way of proper development.

The other minerals which might be worked to advantage in Ireland were lead ore, zinc, copper, gypsum, barytes, rock-salt, pottery-clay, and there were besides a large number of granite, limestone, sandstone and marble deposits. He believed there was a great future in store for Ireland in the development of its granite industry. What was wanted was first inspection and then prospecting, to be followed by vigorous development where the discoveries justified such a course.

THE Marquis of Lansdowne spent Whitsuntide at his Irish seat, Darreen House, Kenmare, County Kerry. The history of the vast Lansdowne estates in Kerry is of interest. The first of Lord Lansdowne's ancestors to come to Ireland was Dr. William Petty, who, in September, 1654, came to Ireland as Physician-General in Cromwell's army.

Until June, 1659, his salary was twenty shillings a day, and he had private practice. Within a few years he was owner of about 60,000 acres in Kerry, and, as he states in his will—a remarkable and interesting document—he had in Ireland "without the County of Kerry, in land, reservations, and remainders about £3,100 more."

In the same document he quaintly adds that he dies "in the practice of such religious worship as I find established by the law of the country." Dr. Petty, who was subsequently knighted, was not only the founder of the Lansdowne estates in Ireland, but the author of the "History of the Down Survey" and of the "Political Anatomy."

The League of St. Columba.

WE have received from the Rev. John Kelleher, Hon. Sec. of the League of St. Columba, Maynooth College, a copy of the Journal of that body's proceedings during the past twelve months.

The League has been founded for the purpose of fostering among the students of the College an interest in studies bearing on the Irish language and literature, Irish history, Irish hagiology, archaeology, Irish social manners and customs, etc., and of instilling into the students' minds an appreciation of the fact that a furtherance of national knowledge is bound up in the interests of religion.

The League has gained an extremely strong foothold in the College, and the greater number of the students are enthusiastic members of it. During their college days they show their sympathy with the Irish Ireland movement by diligent study of the subjects above named, and by contributing many thoughtful papers to the Society's Journal, and after their ordination several of the recently-ordained priests have acted in the various missions on which they have been sent as pioneers of the Columbian doctrine, which is in substance that of the Gaelic League.

The League aims at attaining its end principally by means of papers and discussions. The present publication contains a number of papers read before one or other of the three branches of the League; several prize poems and essays; a tribute in verse to the memory of Father Eugene O'Growney; and an amusing two-act play in Irish.

There is enough interesting matter in these pages to make this year's Record of the League of St. Columba one of the most interesting Irish publications of the year.

Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for your Children while cutting teeth. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, eases wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.



MISS SHIELA MAHON.

The Keeper Of the Fairy Gold.

By Shiela Mahon.

low. "I'll stay here if it should be to the judgment day, so it would be better for you to come down at once. I'm well on to your tricks. Let you out of my sight? Indeed, I know better than that," he added sarcastically.

"Besides the magic cap," continued the Leprahawn, "I have a bottle containing a liquid that cures everything under the sun. I will give it to you also if you let me down."

Pat pricked up his ears at this and the Leprahawn seeing his advantage pursued it. "You would be the wise man of Awnascawil in earnest; in fact, you would be the wisest man in the world," he said temptingly.

For a second Pat hesitated, but only for a second. "You little thief of the world," he cried, "let me at you," and he made a futile endeavor to climb the tree. "Do you think I am going to be fooled by you? But I'll tell you what I'll do," he added diplomatically, "if you throw down the cap and the bottle I'll try the cap on, and if what you say is true, I'll turn my back on you."

"Agreed," cried the Leprahawn, and he threw a little red cap which Pat caught dexterously between his fingers but alas! with the movement he let his eye off the Leprahawn, and the wee chap, taking advantage of that brief second, disappeared with a burst of mocking laughter.

Pat, with a rueful look, examined the red cap. He felt greatly chagrined at not being smart enough to get the bottle. He could have cured all Ireland with it, and how much it would have added to his reputation. Still, he had reason to congratulate himself that he was not altogether outdone by the Leprahawn, for had he not the cap. Again he looked at it as it lay in the palm of his hand like a hawberry, which it curiously resembled. It was shaped like a jockey's with a little peak on it daintily fashioned. Pat put it carefully into his waistcoat pocket for he wanted to think well over what he was going to wish.

For two days and two nights (for he got very little sleep, he thought and thought, but could not come to any decision,

On the third day he was walking along the road when who should he meet but an *amadan** carrying a big load of potatoes. There was a hole in the bag, and one by one the potatoes

AT MAHONY was a great believer in the "good people," not that it had ever been his luck to meet one, but he lived in hope. He was learned in all the fairy-lore of the barony, besides being well versed in charms and dreams. He was known far and near as the Wise Man of Awnascawil and very proud was he of the title.

People came from all parts to ask his advice, which was not strange considering that he was the seventh son of a seventh son and was born with a caul. Even the fishermen, for Awnascawil lies near the sea, when they happened to meet a red-haired woman the first thing in the morning (for that is the height of bad luck), ran to Pat for advice and he was never behind-hand in giving it.

The consequence of all this popularity was that in attending to other people's business he neglected his own, and his little farm from being one of the finest in the neighborhood became the most uncared for.

"Pat," said his good wife to him one day when her patience was taxed opening the door for the numerous visitors, "Pat," said she, "it would suit you better to be minding your own business than attending to all the rascallions that run after you." The good woman was irate and did not mince her words. "Take my advice," she concluded, "and mind your own business or it won't mind you."

Pat paid no attention to this wise counsel, so the consequence was that his farm from being a model of neatness became one of the most neglected in the parish.

Just outside the village of Awnascawil there is a fairy fort which Pat used to visit very often, in the hope of meeting some of the wee folk. Time after time he had gone but with no results. It was the one cloud in his sky, only for that he would have been the happiest man in Awnascawil.

They say fortune comes to him who

waits, and Lo! and behold, one morning whilst sitting on the mossy banks of the fort, what should Pat see but a Leprahawn busily digging at the foot of a white thorn. He was a cute little chap all dressed in green with a tiny cocked hat perched jauntily at the side of his head, for all the world like a general's, and little brogues with silver buckles on his feet, and a wee shining sword that flashed in the sun like forked lightning.

Pat advanced cautiously to seize him for to catch a Leprahawn requires great diplomacy; but once you do catch him your fortune is made for he is the banker of the fairies, and keeps guard over all their hidden treasures.

Pat's eyes were starting out of his head with excitement, as he put forward his hand to grasp him, but alas! just when he thought he had him, a grey rabbit scuttled across the grass, and at the sound the Leprahawn turned round and perceived Pat. With marvellous rapidity he ran across the fort, and Pat after him as hard as he could run, finally after running several miles the Leprahawn coolly climbed to the highest branch of a lofty tree and looked down at Pat puffing and panting at the foot.

Pat was a stout man and hadn't a breath of wind left to climb it, so behold him standing looking helplessly up at the mischievous elf grinning maliciously at him through a veil of leaves, its tiny face for all the world like a wee wizened apple.

"The top of the morning to you, Pat," said the Leprahawn pleasantly. "I'm afraid that you are a bit out of breath. You nearly caught me napping, but to tell you the truth, Pat, I'm in a hurry, for I have to meet Will o' the Wisp, at a certain hour, and I always like to keep my appointments, so I'll make a bargain with you. I have a magic cap with me and whoever wears it has a wish. I can drop it down, but only on the condition that you turn your back on me for a moment."

"Sorra a fut I'll stir," said Pat, keeping his eyes steadily on the little fel-

**Amadan*, the Irish name for a fool.

were rolling out. "Stop, you fool; do you not see that you are losing all your master's potatoes," cried Pat.

"Fool yourself," answered the *amadan*. "I am setting them as I go along. There will be a fine crop here this time next year."

"I wish I were your master," cried Pat in disgust, "I'd soon—" the sentence was never finished, for lo! and behold, he found himself changed into a decrepit old man with a hump between his shoulders. At the sight of him the *amadan* threw down the bag and ran for his life, shouting: "It's the master himself," and flew along the road like a madman.

The worst of it all was Pat knew he was Pat, and yet felt that no one would recognize him. How he wished he had never meddled with the wee folk. Even the wife of his bosom would only laugh at him if he ventured to say: "I am Pat Mahony, the man who married you in Awnascawil chapel." Well the only thing to be done was to go home and see for himself what would happen.

When the hapless Pat reached the house he perceived quite a commotion, as if something had occurred. Several of the neighbors were standing in groups gesticulating violently. Timidly he passed without seeming to see them, but heard one of them saying: "There goes ould Jimmie Rafferty, the skinflint. I wonder what has brought him in this direction."

Horror of horrors, was he Jimmie Rafferty's double, the greatest miser in

Awnascawil. Afraid of going in by the front door, the wretched man sneaked in by the back door. He saw his wife in the kitchen talking to a neighbor. "Don't fret, *acushla*," she was saying, "when Pat comes home he will make it all right. It's he that is the grand man for working the charms. I expect him in every moment."

"I don't know what the parish would do without him," said the neighbor, "an' he is so kind-hearted, never thinks anything a bother. It's no wonder he is called the wise man of Anascawil."

"It would fit him better if the parish knew less of him, and the house more," said his wife sharply; "not but that it is a grand thing to be born with a *cawl* and to be the seventh son of a seventh son."

Pat could listen no longer; now or never was his time. "Mary," he said timidly, at the sound of his voice his wife turned round, "I'm your husband, Pat Mahony." Before he had the words right out she flew at him with a broom. "You ould villain," she cried, "who gave you leave to call a daient married woman out of her name? You, my husband, you crooked back heap of lies. I'll teach you manners. Out you go," and she at him in earnest with the broom, whilst the neighbor bent double with laughing, and Pat had to run for his life, followed by the mocking laughter of the two women.

The poor fellow sat down on a ditch and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

He made a sorry looking object. He thought and thought until his brain became bewildered as to how he was to get the better of the Leprahawn and resume his own shape. He, the wise man of Awnascawil, would only be the laughing stock of the parish if he persisted in saying that he was Pat Mahony. When he sat down he did not notice that it was underneath a fairy thorn, and there on the other side of it, peering at him through the branches, was the same Leprahawn who had been the cause of his misfortune.

"Jimmie Rafferty," said a mocking voice, "what is the matter with you?"

When Pat saw who it was his rage was indescribable. He made a dart for the Leprahawn, but the latter was too nimble for him and ran round and round the thorn until Pat's head became dizzy, and his limbs refused to act, and he sank down again on the ditch exhausted whilst the Leprahawn resumed his position behind the tree.

"Easy now, go easy," said his tormentor, "you have nobody but yourself to blame. If you had been minding your own business you would not be in this plight;" and he grinned maliciously. "What would you give to get out of it? If you guess correctly some of your own will come back to you."

"I'd give the head of my body," cried Pat, "to the man that it belongs to." And lo! while you would wink, he felt the head jumping off him and his own falling into its place.



PAT SAW A LEPRAHAWN BUSILY DIGGING.

August, 1903.

"You got the better of me that time," said the Leprahawn, "but you still have the hump; you'll find it harder to get rid of it."

"Would you like a present," said Pat innocently.

"Yes," said the Leprahawn, incautiously.

"Well, you can have the hump. I'm sure Jimmie Rafferty won't object."

With that the hump left Pat and hopped unto the Leprahawn's back where it stuck like a limpit. The Leprahawn was now in a worse plight than Pat, for as Pat afterwards in telling the story said: "The divil a fut he could move with the weight of the hump."

Pat rolled on the ditch in a paroxysm of laughter when he saw that he had his enemy at his mercy.

"Pat," said the Leprahawn, as soft as butter, "take this infernal thing off me and I'm your friend for life."

"Go easy now, take it easy," said Pat, echoing the Leprahawn's own words. "What will you give me for relieving you of it?"

"Anything in the world," said the Leprahawn.

"I'm not hard to satisfy," said Pat. "Grant me three wishes and I will take it off you."

"Anything in the world," screamed the Leprahawn, "but take it off, take it off."

"Well, the first thing I want," said Pat slowly, "is to get my own shape back again." He had no sooner the words said when he felt a strange feeling all over him, and to his satisfaction saw that he had regained his own form.

"Hurry up," screeched the Leprahawn, "don't keep me in agony any longer; the weight of the hump is killing me."

"My second wish," said Pat, "is for the bottle of medicine that you so cleverly got out of giving me before."

"Here it is, and welcome," said the Leprahawn, "but take great care not to let it fall, for once broken it can never be replaced." And he handed Pat a small crystal bottle. "That will never be empty," he added.

Pat put the bottle carefully away in his breeches pocket. "My third wish," he said, "is to know where my Uncle Seumas stowed away the stocking full of guineas that could never be found after his death."

"Easily answered," said the Leprahawn, "in the field at the back of your house beside the whin bush there is a grassy mound; dig it and you'll find the gold."

With a loud whoop Pat went to run for the guineas, but the Leprahawn besought him to keep his promise and relieve him of the hump.

"Seeing that Jimmie Rafferty came into the world with a hump I wish him to go out of it with the same adornment," said Pat solemnly, and lo! the hump went skipping along the road like a black ball, as if it were in mad haste to get to its destination.

Pat stood looking after it until it disappeared behind the hill. When he turned round the Leprahawn was gone.

He put his hand into his pocket for the precious medicine, and in his hurry pulled out a bunch of mayflowers not perceiving that the tiny bottle was hidden amidst the yellow blossoms. A crash revealed his error as the crystal bottle flew into a thousand pieces and the precious contents were lost for ever.

With a rueful countenance Pat turned homewards but before going into the house took a spade and dug underneath the whin bush and there, sure enough, was the stocking full of gold. The first words that his wife met him with was: "Ould Jimmie Rafferty, the miser, has gone crazy. He was here and what did the crathure imagine but that he was you. I thought I would have died laughing."

Pat shuddered at his narrow escape, as he told her the whole story. From that day he never meddled with the good folk, but minded his own business, which prospered exceedingly, for the contents of the stocking helped him to restock the farm, and it soon became known far and wide as the most comfortable in the parish. But although he refused to work any more charms the name of the wise man of Awnascawil never left him, thus carrying out the old adage: "When a man gets the name of early rising he can sleep all day."

A Plea for Galway.

A CORRESPONDENT writing in regard to the Atlantic trade and the nearest and most suitable terminal port in Ireland, says:

"A glance at the map will show that Galway is splendidly situated for the Atlantic trade. It is the most westerly port in the British Isles, possesses an excellent harbor, and is considerably nearer the American coast than Queenstown, Liverpool or Southampton, to name but three of the British ports which will compete most keenly with it when the new line between Galway and Newfoundland is started.

"The harbor at Galway is capable of being enlarged and developed to an almost illimitable extent, and with a thoroughly efficient line of steamers and a good train service to Dublin it should soon become one of the busiest of Atlantic trading British ports.

"What Galway is on this side of the Atlantic, St. John's is on the American side. They are, as it were, outposts, and with these two bases the success of the contemplated enterprise depends entirely upon the proper equipment of the steamers and the careful organization of the connecting links between the ports and the chief centers of industry.

Galway as a terminal port will build up Connemara. It may be confidently expected that of the continuous stream of passengers a good many will break their journey at Galway to explore the surrounding country. An enormous traveling population will be introduced, money will be freely spent, and the long-needed spell of prosperity will commence for the West of Ireland."

The Fairy Woman.

By Nora Hopper.

I MET a fairy woman—a woman of the shee,
And whiter was her forehead than foam upon the sea.
Her voice was clear as water that dances down a hill,
And woe's me for her laughter, for O! I hear it still.

I met a fairy woman—a woman of the shee,
And for a minute's laughter she took my soul from me.
The sweetness of that laughter goes through me like a spear,
And her doom is heavy on me the four sides of the year.

After the fairy woman—the woman of the shee,
My body needs must follow and the poor soul of me.
And if she falls to piping, I dance and would not care
Though the bridge twixt me and drowning, were thinner than a hair.

I love the fairy woman—the woman of the shee,
My face is turned from fortune and grace is turned from me.
Because her eyes are hazel, because her foot is light,
And the hair of her is blacker than the thickest cloud of night.

I hear the fairy woman—the woman of the shee,
My father's voice I hear not, my child I cannot see.
If the dead wife I buried should rise up from her grave
With tears to heal my madness, with hands held out to save.

I could not put my hand in hers, her eyes I could not meet,
Nor from the fairy dances keep my enchanted feet.
May death come soon to stay me and set my sick soul free
From following forever a woman of the shee.

To Our Readers.

THE GAEL is unique and unexcelled. There is no other Irish magazine at any price so good or so interesting.

Tell your friends about it. You will do them a favor by calling their attention to it.

If you think some of them would like to see a copy, send us their names and addresses and we will mail to each a sample copy free of charge.

All the leading newsdealers everywhere keep it on sale. Some of the little dealers may not have it, but they can procure it for you from their News Company.

The surest way is to send a dollar bill, or a check, or a postoffice money order for \$1.00 to THE GAEL, 140 Nassau Street, and you will then receive the magazine regularly and promptly each month for a year.



Cree's Lament for Cael.

 AINT PATRICK, with his traveling missionary retinue, including *Caelite*, we are told, was one day sitting on the hill which is now well-known as Ard-Patrick, in the County of Limerick. The hill before this time was called *Finn Tulach*, the Fair (or White) Hill, and Patrick asked *Caelite* why or when it had received that name.

Caelite answered that its first name was *Tulach-na Feine*; but that Finn had afterwards given it the name of *Finn-tulach*. "And," continued *Caelite*, it was from this hill that we marched to the great battle of *Finntragh* (now Ventry Harbor).

"One day that we were on this hill, Finn observed a favorite warrior of his company named *Cael O'Neamhain* coming towards him, and when he had come to Finn's presence, he asked him where he had come from. *Cael* answered that he had come from *Brugh* in the north (that is the fairy mansion of *Brugh* on the Boyne).

"What was your business there?" said Finn.

"To speak to my nurse, *Muirn*, the daughter of *Derg*," said *Cael*.

"About what?" said Finn.

"Concerning *Crede** the daughter of *Cairbre, King of Kerry*" (*Ciaraighe Luachra*), said *Cael*.

"Do you know," said Finn, "that she is the greatest deceiver (flirt, coquette) among all the women of *Erinn*; that there is scarcely a precious gem in all *Erinn* that she has not obtained as a token of love; and that she has not yet accepted the hand of any of her admirers?"

"I know it," said *Cael*, "but do you know the conditions on which she would accept a husband?"

"I do," said Finn. "Whoever is so gifted in the art of poetry as to write a poem descriptive of her mansion and its rich furniture, will receive her hand."

"Good," said *Cael*, "I have with the aid of my nurse composed such a poem; and if you will accompany me I will now repair to her court and present it to her."

*The name is written *Crede* or *Credhe*, but the *dh* is silent and the name is pronounced "Cree."

Finn agreed to this proposal, and having set out on their journey they soon arrived at the lady's court, which was situated at the foot of the well-known mountains called the Paps of Anann, in Kerry.

When they arrived the lady asked their business. Finn answered that *Cael* came to seek her hand in marriage.

"Has he a poem for me?" said she.

"I have," said *Cael*, and he then recited a remarkable poem which has been preserved but is too long to print here.

It is printed in full in Gaelic in Appendix No. xciv., O'Curry's "Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History," and a literal translation into English is given commencing on page 309, same work.)

The young lady was, it seems, delighted with the poem, and readily consented to become the wife of the gifted *Cael*, and their marriage, we are told, took place soon after.

Their happiness was, however, of short duration; for *Cael* was almost immediately called away to the great battle of Ventry Harbor, where he was killed in the midst of victory, fighting against the host of foreign invaders.

According to Crede's version *Cael* met his death after the invaders had been defeated and were in flight endeavoring to escape in their war galleys. Crede swam out after one of the boats, the occupants of which seeing him approach and believing him to be one of their escaping warriors, waited until he came alongside when he grappled with their chief and dragged him down to death beneath the water.

He was buried by his comrades on the south side of the harbor in a place which was (after him it is said) called *Traigh Cael* or the strand of *Cael*.

Crede composed an elegy for him which is valuable to us, among other things, as containing some curious allusions to ancient customs as well as a description of the grave of her lover and the manner of his interment.

Crede also composed a lament, which will be found in the *Ca Fintragh-a* or Battle of Ventry Harbor, edited by Prof. Knuo Meyer, *Anecdota Oxoniensia*, "Mediaeval and Modern Series," Vol. 1, p. 4.

Nine stanzas are given in the ori-

ginal which have been translated for THE GAEL by Mr. M. R. Weld in the same measure and in imitation of the internal rhymes and assonance of the Gaelic.

CREE'S LAMENT

Moans the haven,
As the wave on yonder head
Breaks with sob of wildest grief,
Mourning for the chieftain dead.

The grey carne,
In the wet marsh, straining wide
Sheltering wings, her nestlings twain
From the red fox fain would hide.

Dead, the swan
Floats upon the water wan;
While his brood, in mute surprise,
Bend sad eyes their sire upon.

Sad the moan
Of the stag for her, his own
Mate, the lately-slaughtered hind,
By unkind fate left alone.

Sad the cries
Of the thrush around me rise,
While the blackbird's mellow throat
With as sad a note replies.

Shall I fall
When e'en beasts and birds bewail,
When e'en lifeless wind and wave
Mourn my brave unconquered *Cael*?

Dead, aye dead,
Lies my *Cael*, by him who fled
From the onset of his spear,
Waters drear roll o'er his head.

Oh woe's me!
Dead is he who lay by me.
Ah, that he, while here I weep,
Lies there deep down under sea!

Tears a shower,
As they tower, the billows pour.
No more joy in life have I
Now that my brave lord's no more.

Glad the days
When my suitors brought me lays
Many an one, to pay me court.
Me and my fair fort to praise.

Cael drew near
In his turn, and to mine ear
Words so sweet he knew to use,
How could I refuse to hear?

Since we wed
All too fast the moments sped.
Angry aspect ne'er wore he,
Harsh word ne'er to me he said;

But pale fear
Seized the foe as he drew near.
Many a chief of loftiest mien
Felt the keen thrust of his spear.

In the field
Sword or spear no more he'll wield;
Nor to weapon-stroke shall sound
Any more his wounded shield.

What is left
Me, now death the band hath cleft?
What more joy can earth afford
Me, of my dear lord bereft?

Requiem grand
Ring the waves upon the strand.
Thou wouldest follow him would sail,
Woe's me, *Cael*, forth from the land;

When he fled
From the field of battle red;
Gained his ship, with sail and oar
Pushed from shore in panic dead,

Thy spirit high
Brooked not e'en one foe should fly;
Bade thee plunge to follow him,
Plunge and swim, alas to die.

Thinking thee
One of theirs who strove to flee,
Lay they on their oars at rest,
Paused, nor pressed their flight to sea.

O'er the side
Stretched his hand that chief of pride;
Dragged he was in thy strong grip
From his ship into the tide.

Down together
To the nether sea-sands cold
Went ye under ne'er to sunder
More from that grim hold.

Sad the strain
To the shore sung by the main—
What though death be near, I die
But to fly to *Cael* again.

Sad the shame
On the shore beat by the wave—
When I go here lay me low,
By the shore scoop out my grave.

—M. R. WELD.

Irish Minerals on View.

THE Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland has placed on view for a period of three months at the Imperial Institute, London, the extensive collection of Irish minerals and building stones which formed one of the most interesting and valuable of their exhibits at the Exhibition in Cork.

The exhibition embraces samples of the varied and excellent building materials and marbles in which Ireland is particularly rich, and the opportunity of examining these samples will be of advantage to those who are concerned in the many large building schemes now in progress in London and elsewhere in Great Britain.

Last of the Bards.

By James Walsh, Ph. D., M. D.

THE Parisian literary world is prone to have its fads, if possible, even more than other so-called literary worlds. In the inner circles of it, of late years, there has been the greatest interest in a man to whom the literary critics had given the name, illustrious in its flavor of antiquity, of "The Last of the Bards."

The bearer of the name was Narcisse Quellien, the unfortunate poet who only a few months ago was run over in Paris by an automobile and died not long afterwards.

Quellien had had an extremely interesting career and was in every way a being distinctly unmodern and almost touchingly helpless in the presence of modern life. He was not created for what the continentals call "great city life," and was especially prone to lose his head in the midst of the bustle of the crowded streets, or busy open squares. It was almost heart-rending for him to have to cross an especially crowded highway during busy hours.

Quellien was brought into special prominence in Paris by a series of lectures delivered by Professor Gaidoz, at the College de France on the youthful poet's works. Professor Gaidoz holds the Chair of Celtic Languages at the University of Paris.

Quellien's writings were done in that form of Celtic that still exists to some extent in the old French Province of Bretagne. While he knew the French language very well he preferred to take chances of literary immortality by the expression of his poetic thoughts in his Celtic mother tongue, rather than in what he considered the decadent idiom of his French compatriots.

It has been well said that he was for the north of France what Frederic Mistral, the famous Provencal poet, was for the south. The Provencal has, of course, created a wider circle of interest for itself than has the Armorican, that is, the ancient Celtic language of Bretagne; but Quellien has done much in recent years to make known the possibilities of poetic expression in the older tongue.

When Professor Gaidoz announced his course for the present year on Quellien, world-wide attention was attracted to this branch of Celtic which has scarcely been known outside of its own home except to a few philologists and specialists in Celtic tongues.

Quellien's idea, however, was not to get fame for himself and the title "The Last of the Bards," he welcomed only because it helped to draw atten-

tion to what poetic souls had accomplished in his mother tongue centuries ago. Their work unfortunately had been almost entirely forgotten. Like the old bard, he wanted not widespread fame nor successful exploitation of the public. He wished to be the poet of a nation, and willingly gave his sad songs to the beggars of Brittany to be sung all over the land in their wanderings.

Gaston Paris, who visited this country on a lecture tour in very recent years, was one of Quellien's greatest admirers. He considered that the Celtic poet of Bretagne understood better than anyone else in these modern days how to bring out all the alluring mystical character of the old myths. He entered into their spirit and saw them with the sympathy of the original believers. This has sometimes been spoken of as a lost sense in literature.

Quellien's most important and most popular work contained the poetic revivification of an old Celtic legend in which the heroine played a role in ancient pagan days not unlike that of Joan of Arc in medieval times. The legend is sometimes known as the "Story of the Car of Death." Among the old pagans of the north of France it seems that a mystical religious frenzy caused the devotees to throw themselves to their death beneath a huge car on which their pagan deities were borne somewhat as did the Indian devotees beneath the car of Juggernaut.

It is the sad irony of bitter fate to find that the poet who restored the old legend of the Car of Death to its poetic rights should himself find an untimely end beneath the wheels of a modern prosaic automobile.

Poor Quellien found his Juggernaut upon a Parisian boulevard. The cause that he represented is however brought into pregnant public interest by his sad fate. The spirit of the old languages is abroad, and Pan-Celticism, like Pan-Slavism, is to make its influence felt in the historical and ethical development of the century just opening so gloriously.

THE GAEL will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada for one year for \$1.00, or to any address in Ireland or Great Britain, one year for 5 shillings.

All subscriptions are payable in advance. Checks or Post Office Money Orders should be made payable to THE GAEL, 140 Nassau Street, New York.

THE LITTLE



PEN the door wide, Allie; did ye not hear the knockin'?"

"Open the door yourself, ye long-legged *omadhauin'*" retorted Teague O'Mulconry's shrewish wife, as the knocking was repeated.

A rude answer would most probably have required her sharp speech had not one of the children, cowering together for warmth in the furthest corner, risen and gone quickly and quietly to the door and taken down the bar.

"Lettin' the cold wind in on us, are ye, and we cold enough already, ye little divil?" the woman said, sharply, but without looking round. "Come in—whoever's there—in the name of the Great *Dhoul*!"

"There's nobody there, mammy," whimpered another of the children; "an' tell Dermot to shut the door, for we're cold—an' it's outside he is, mammy."

"Och, come in, Dermot, *asthore*, or sleep the night outside," Alice O'Mulconry said, in a tone that went ill with her gentle words. "Shut the door fast now, *ma bouchaleen buidhe*" (my yellow-haired boy). "Quick now, or your father'll find a way to hurry ye, lame though ye be."

Lame Dermot shut the door quickly and softly, and came forward to the hearth with a deprecating glance at his mother's red and wrathful face. "It's a little red dog is in it," he said, shrinking a little, as if he expected a blow, "and no one else outside at all."

"Tis as foxy as the hair av ye, Allie," his father said, with a careless laugh. "Put the creature down and let it feel the fire—tis drenched it is. Here, Allie, woman, give us holt of a pratie; maybe the little beast's hungry."

"Out it goes afther supper, were it the Queen's own dog," Allie said, as Dermot stood, holding the wet, rough little beast closely in his arms, watching it eat and drink voraciously of a potato and a sup of buttermilk.

"Set it down on the hearth, now, an' let it get warm," Teague said, when the little creature was fed and satisfied. "Hurry now, boy, an' roast these praties in the ashes for your mother. Wisha, but how pleased the little red beast looks to be warm again! Did ye go to the priest's house to-day now, Allie darling, an' Dermot with ye?"

"Yes," his wife said, sullenly; "an' Father Francis was onplisant because



By Norah Hopper.

table * * * an' * * * thirsty are ye, my jewel? Dermot, take the jug now an' give wee Mary a sup of the buttermilk.

"Oh, Dermot!" the little girl whispered, as her brother limped across the room and knelt down that she might drink the easier. Dermot, I niver saw Daddy look so black. He's not angry wid me?"

"No, sure; only with me, Mary darling," Dermot whispered back. "Go to sleep an' don't be afraid now,avourneen."

"Will he be afther beltin' you now?"

Dermot nodded, smiling a little as wee Mary's thin little fingers tightened over his hand.

"Daddy looks so black, Dermot avick, it's frightened I am. Sure, he won't kill ye, will he?"

"No,avourneen," Dermot whispered, comfortingly, "he'll not kill me . . . but"—lower still—"I wish he would. Hush now, girleen dear," as Mary's blue eyes dilated with terror. "Shut your eyes fast and go to sleep now. Let me go, pulse of my heart." He put the clinging little hands away, and came back to the table, setting the jug down.

"It's asleep she is?" his mother said, sharply.

Dermot shook his head. "No, not yet, *Vanithee*" (woman of the house), he said, gently. "It was frightened she was, lying there in the dark corner; but she'll sleep now."

"You'd betther, girleen," Allie said, less harshly, with a glance at the corner where the four children lay huddled together on a bed of fern. "Put another peat on the fire, Dermot, an' stow the pratie-kish away, * * * an' do it quietly now and not wake the childher."

"Yes, mother," the boy said below his breath, as he went softly about his task of bringing some sort of order out of the disorder of the frowsy cabin, conscious the while that his father and mother were watching him with eyes of contempt and dislike that was fast growing into hatred, a hatred that fed on his lameness, his physical helplessness, and the white nature that neither of them could smirch or soil, however their malice disfigured its garment of flesh-and-blood.

The little red dog raised its muzzle from its paws and seemed to be watching him, too, but kindly; and when his work was done and he leaned

of the rent that wasn't paid, an' said he knew that Larry Doyle, the landlord, wanted the money worse than we—an' he niver afther dhrinkin' a sup av anything in a neighborly way."

"Did he, now?" Teague said, with a great laugh. "That was cruel hard av Father Francis, sure now. An' did you weel the Father's garden to-day, Dermot?"

"Yes, father," the boy said, lifting the roasted potatoes from the ashes and piling them on his mother's plate.

"An' the money? Come, Dermot, my son, give it to me quick, for the little brown jug is empty, worse luck!"

"Cruel little 'tis, too. * * * But the money, Teague, every penny, Dermot paid into Larry Doyle's hand, an' me abusing him for the thief av the world all the time!" Mrs. O'Mulconry said angrily. Her husband's gray eyes grew a trifle lighter in color, and his lips tightened into an unpleasant smile, as he asked, quite coolly:

"Is that so, Dermot, or is a lie?"

"No, father; I gave the sixpence to Larry Doyle."

"Did you, now? Come here, boy. * * * Oh, you're not afraid av me, then, like Fergus and Tim?" Under his ruffled thatch of yellow hair, Dermot's dark eyes looked up at the threatening quiet of his father's face with the fearlessness of complete knowledge.

"No, father, I'm not afraid."

"Come now, that's brave hearing. Tell me now, *ma bouchaleen buidhe*, how many beatings do I owe ye?" Dermot glanced at the belt on the figor and its formidable buckle, and his lips paled, though his eyes kept their clear courage.

"Three * * * you said, father."

"An' did ye think it's belting ye I would be for payin' Doyle that money? Speak, now."

"Yes, father."

"Four that makes. Pick-up that belt now an' put it ready to my hand on the

August, 1903.

against the wall for a minute, gathering up his breath and closing his tired eyes against the dazzle of the fire, the little creature left its warm couch and nestled its cold nose gratefully into his hand.

"Open the door an' put it out," Mrs. O'Mulconry said. "Move quicker now, Dermot!"

"Mother, it's dark an' wet it is outside, an' more rain coming. Let the dog bide here to-night," the boy begged. "Look how friendly 'tis."

"Put the dog out * * * or shall I?"

Dermot opened the door a little way, and put the dog gently outside; then he closed the door and turned quickly at the sound of a loud exclamation from his mother: "Omadhaun as ye are, look there now!"

"The door's shut fast, mother."

"An' the red brute's lying on the hearth again * * * an' the door shut fast, is it? Dermot, *ma bouchal*, does Father Francis teach you to lie?"

"I shut the door fast, father," the boy said in his gentle, hopeless voice, "an' the dog was outside. Maybe it's a fairy dog it is."

"Maybe or maybe, my fine lad, you shut the door fast an' the little red dog inside all the time," Teague said, smoothly. "Come here now, for your punishment, *ma bouchaleen buidhe* * * * or," as the boy hesitated, "is it fetch ye I must?"

"Did ye see the little red dog there?" the children whispered one to the other, when, bruised and breathless, Dermot had thrown himself down among them again, with his face to the mud wall. "Did ye see the eyes av him when Daddy was beltin' Dermot? An', for two pins, 'ud he have bin at Daddy's throat. I'm thinkin', boys * * * an' won't we set him at Phil Casey's ould goat tomorrow? * * * An', Dermot, Dermot—come, it's not asleep ye are now—why wouldn't ye be after bawlin', as Tim an' I do, an' Daddy's hand 'ud be lighter on ye? Dermot, I say—Dermot, avick—look now, Mammy's noddin', an' ye niver tould us the ind o' that story * * * Dermot!"

The touch of the eager little hands was like fire on Dermot's bruised shoulders, but his thirteen years had taught him the uselessness of complaints; and so he lay still and tried hard not to wince while Fergus and Tim crept close to him and Mary and little Paudene thrust their cold hands inside his shirt to be warmed in his breast.

"An' the Princess' women poured milk into the sthrame?"

"Ay, did they, Fergus! * * * An' when he saw the hill-stream run white, up the hill went the Prince. An' he killed Blathmat's husband and set free his hostages, an' then—"

"He married Blathmat?" said a drowsy little voice.

"Ay, Paudene. * * * Hush now, for mother's awake."

The last of the children passed from pretended to real slumber before Allie O'Mulconry had finished upbraiding

her husband for his extreme severity to the lame boy, and before her harrangue was half ended, Teague had thrown himself down upon the bed and was asleep, too; but Dermot and his mother lay long awake, and, just ere the rain came, quenching the embers of the fire with a sputter, Allie O'Mulconry saw the little red dog creep from the warm hearth and, crossing the room stealthily, lie down on Dermot's breast. She made no further objection to its presence, and during the hard year that followed—made harder by persistent unkindness—little Rua was a good friend to Dermot, and helped to keep the boy's nature sweet, in spite of rough words and rougher usage.

"There's a kind av weed grows all along the esker there; red it is an' climbing' an' where wance it has grown it cannot be stamped out, an' the weed is like Dermot's patience," Teague O'Mulconry said on a day when the back of the winter was broken, and the primroses gleamed yellow here and there among the tall grass of the esker running away west a few yards from

you Fergus an' Tim * * * an' here's a hot pratie for ye, Paudene, my man. What's that, Mary? No, ye will not be after callin' Dermot into dinner. Dermot can tell the 'good people' when it's hungry an' thirsty he is. Dermot, are ye hearin' me now?"

"Yes, mother, I hear," Dermot said, bending his pinched face lower over the iron pot he was patiently trying to mend.

"There was a grand carriage went through Aghyurush to-day, an' Jimmy Whelan got a silver sixpence for showin' his withered arm. Did ye see it, Dermot?"

"Yes, mother."

"An' you were too fine to go out an' beg," Tim put in.

Mrs. O'Mulconry's face was dark with anger now, as Dermot turned and looked quietly at her with his steady, sorrowful eyes.

"Go hungry or beg, Dermot—wan or t'other you'll do. An', av it's your mind to starve, sure it's little I care," she said harshly. "An', av the fancy takes ye to eat bread an' sup milk o' my buyin', my yellow-headed boy, you'll have to be after runnin' beside in the dust av the cars an' beg quality for a penny, like other lame childher. A pretty thing for ye to be after eatin' when ye don't work!"

Dermot looked at the bread with hungry eyes, but he did not speak or protest, somewhat to the virago's disappointment.

"Go out an' beg," she said again.

"There's a carriage comin' down the hill now, an' quality in it.

Go out an' beg a little penny in av them. * * * Tell them ye can buy joy for a penny in Tir-na-nOg. Go quick, now!"

stamping her foot angrily.

Dermot obeyed slowly and with a curious look in his dark eyes—a look which his mother could not understand and which made her follow him to the door and stand there watching the slender, stooping figure limping through the dust towards the approaching carriage.

The dust was blowing past her now so thickly that she could scarcely see, but she could hear the wheels coming nearer—could hear, too, a cry that was not Dermot's, and then the wheels died away in the distance, and through the dust Allie saw her husband coming toward her with Dermot in his arms—bruised and broken by the wheels and hoots under which he had thrown himself, but breathing still.

"No, don't touch him!" Teague said fiercely, as he laid the boy down on the bed of fern. "Whisht, woman, an' don't be after throublin' him now. Isn't the docthor in it at Arramore today, Paudene? Go see, annyhow, an' tell him Dermot's dyin' do ye hear?"

"An' take that brute out of it wid ye," Allie said, angrily, as the little red dog crept up to Dermot and began to lick his white face. Teague frowned.

"Let the creature be; kinder has it been to him than aither av us, Allie. An' how is it wid ye now, Dermot avick?" as the boy moved uneasily, and sighed for the sharp pain that followed the movement.



THE LITTLE RED DOG.

"I'll be better soon * * *," he said patiently, " * * an' will you be letting Rua be, father? It's not hurting me he is * * * an' little Mary's after playing by the well, mother."

"Go see to her," Teague said, curtly, and, as his wife went out unwillingly, he stooped down and looked directly into Dermot's eyes. "Do ye know it's dyin' ye are, *ma boucha!*?"

"Yes, I know," the boy said, quickly. "An' it's glad I am. I was always the mouth too many."

"God forgive us * * * an' so ye were. But I niver thought ye'd cut the knot yourself, Dermot, an' under the wheels av quality too * * * Dermot"—suddenly—"it's not worse ye are? Sure, an' I sent Paudeen for the docthor and Tim for the priest, an', please God, that's him now knockin' at the door there. Come in, Father Francis, God bless ye; come in wid ye."

Nobody entered, however, and the knocking was repeated, so Teague opened the door and confronted a lady, hooded and cloaked in green.

There was a wild bark, and the little red dog leapt up into her arms and lay there looking up into her face with shining eyes while she crossed the threshold, uninvited, and sat down on a stool beside the empty hearth.

"You fed my dog for a year and more," she said, looking up at Teague, who stood near, watching her uneasily, "yet he growls at you * * * How comes that? Did you grudge the food?"

"Yes," Teague said, sullenly.

"Did no one give my dog kindness as well as food?" she asked, still keeping her bright eyes on the man's face. "Is there no grace left to the name of Mulconry? Or did you all forget that the 'good people' are strong people yet?"

Teague drew back a step or two, with the uneasy fear quickening in his face. "Is it teasin' ye are?" he muttered; then, as he caught the lady's eyes, he backed again. * * *

"Well?" * * *

"Woman o' the *Shee*, he liked the little red dog," nodding at Dermot, who grew from red to pale and from pale to red again as the lady turned in her seat and looked fixedly at him.

"Ay!" she said, nodding; "it was I who threw you down. And is it whole again you'd rather be? No? I thought I was giving you a good gift, Dermot avourneen."

"You did," Dermot said, faintly, "an' it's glad I am of it, Woman o' the *Shee*."

"Glad am I, too," she said, rising, with her eyes still on him; "and will you make me gladder, Dermot? Come to me, then."

She set the little red dog down now and held out both her hands, and Teague watching, saw a flash of joy shoot across Dermot's face as she spoke. Then he sprang back, crying out aloud, for Dermot had risen and without any symptoms of lameness had come to the lady's side, and his eyes were shining into hers."

"God save all here!" said Father Francis, as he pushed past Allie and stooped over Dermot. "My grief, Mrs. O'Mulconry, you fetched me too late!

See here, now! Poor boy, poor boy!"

As the priest stooped lower to cross the dead lad on breast and forehead, Allie broke into loud crying and tears; but, in the sunlit doorway, Teague O'Mulconry laughed softly to himself as he looked across the potato field to the smooth ridge of the esker, amid whose fair green grass and tall meadow-sweet went the nameless lady, with Dermot walking erect beside her, while behind them ran and frolicked the little red dog.

The Population of Scotland.

THE annual report of the Registrar-General on the births, deaths and marriages registered in Scotland last year have been issued as a Blue Book.

It states that the population of Scotland at the middle of the year 1902 was estimated at 4,531,299, the males numbering 2,204,503, and the females 2,326,796. The births recorded during the year were 132,250, the deaths 77,946, and the marriages 31,878. Hence for every 100 of the estimated population there were 2.92 births, 1.72 deaths, and 0.70 marriages.

Comparing these rates with the rates for the previous year a decrease is found in the case of the births and deaths, the marriage rate being almost the same. The birth rate was the lowest recorded. The last census showed that for the first time the population of Scotland exceeded that of Ireland.

Max O'Rell and the Four Races.

WHEN Max O'Rell came to Montreal some years ago," said a man from that city, "we fixed up a little joke on him. We had noticed how gracefully he could unite a caustic criticism with a compliment, a faculty that enabled him to say the sharpest things without offending the people he was criticizing. We proposed to put that faculty to a test.

"We had him lunch with us, and there were at the table, besides himself, an Englishman, a Scotchman, an Irishman, and a French Canadian. When we got our guest off his guard, we demanded an honest opinion of the different races we represented. As the opinion had to be given in the presence of all four, the situation for him was a rather delicate one. But it never seemed to trouble him, and he gave his opinion without a moment's hesitation.

"The Scotchman," he said, and he clenched his right hand tightly and pretended to try and force it open with his left. "The Englishman—" and he went through the same performance, opening the hand at the end after an apparent struggle. "The Irishman—" and he held out his hand wide open, with palm upward. "The Frenchman—" and he made a motion with both hands as if he were emptying them on the table.

"There was not a word of explanation, but we all understood thoroughly, and had a hearty laugh. Max O'Rell had maintained his reputation."

The West Wind's Message.

By Mary A. O'Reilly.

POOR heart o' me lie low, lie low,
The West wind has begun to
blow,
Then to the river we shall go
To hear the news he brings.

He comes from o'er the Western sea;
All secrets of the air hath he,
God gave him leave to wander free
And spread his wondrous wings.

But when he lights on our dark Nore,
He stays those mighty wings, asthore,
And to the rushes by the shore
He whispers a wave—croon—

A wave-croon sweet to hear, machree,
All knowledge of the earth and sea
To us would but a burden be
Without this mystic rune.

I set my soul the words to hear,
In minor notes they reach mine ear,
Love-music from a voice most dear,
Beyond th' uniting sea.

Poor heart o' me when thou art sore,
Ah, turn to mortal kind no more,
Go seek the rushes by the shore,
Sweet peace they'll give to thee.

Irish Ornamental Art.

M R. GEORGE COFFEY, Keeper of Antiquities in the Irish Museum, Dublin, delivered an interesting lecture on "Irish Ornamental Art" to the Irish Literary Society, at 20 Hanover Square, London. Mr. Herbert Trench presided during the first part of the lecture, but was obliged to leave early, when Mr. A. P. Graves took the chair.

The lecturer dealt with the art and progress of the great Celtic race, which was the greatest power in Europe from 1000 B. C. to 400 B. C. In 392 B. C. these Celts, known as the great Celtic Empire, sacked Rome. Celtic art is distinct from Roman and Greek art. It has more life and energy. The curve lines, which are characteristic of Celtic art, were known in Ireland 400 years B. C. These curves were revived in Gothic art many hundred years after, and by the Celts. Ireland was a part of the great Celtic Empire, the lecturer contended, cut off by the sea.

The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides, and many exquisite specimens of ancient Irish stone and metal work were shown, amongst them the Shrine of St. Patrick's Bell, date 800 A. D., and the Cross of Cong, date 1123 A. D. All Irish shrines had keepers. The post was hereditary, and the keepers' names were registered. Also the dates were engraved on the shrines, with the names of the donor and maker, so the date of those famous shrines can be fixed. Illustrations from the Books of Kells and Durrow were given. The work of the former is so fine that, in former times, many believed that it could not have been executed by human power.



William Butler Yeats.

By F. Sidgwick.

IRELAND, where all has failed." These words are used by Mr. Yeats in one of his books, which alone is sufficient to disprove his statement. The recent output of literature from Ireland has been one of the most remarkable events of the last twenty years; and there is still a prophet to be found who says that the next literary giant of our islands will be one of the race of Irish Celts.

Especially in poetry and folk-song is Ireland rich. Headed by Mr. Yeats, the list includes many well-known names: Dr. Douglas Hyde, Lady Gregory, Mr. George Moore, "A. E." (Mr. George Russell), T. W. Rolleston, "Moira O'Neill" (Mrs. Skrine), Miss Norah Hopper (Mrs. Cheson), Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson), Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Shorter), and others.

Mr. Yeats' literary activity, since he gained a name for the charm of his writing, has been no less remarkable than his versatility. Poems, plays, prose; criticism—literary, artistic and dramatic; the gathering of folk-tales, the compiling of anthologies, and the editing of other poets—in each he has done good work.

Beginning with poems contributed to periodicals in Dublin in 1892, Mr. Yeats published "The Countess Cathleen," which first drew the attention of a larger public than is environed by the shores of Ireland. This book contains the little drama that gives its name to the book, and which has since been acted in Dublin—with thirty policemen in attendance to preserve order!—and the book also contains a few of Mr. Yeats' most beautiful lyrics, notably, "When you are old and gray and full of sleep," and "The Lake-Isle of Innisfree."

In the next year, 1893, besides writing "The Celtic Twilight," a book of strange and beautiful legends, the tenor of which may be guessed from the title of the book, Mr. Yeats found time to edit in two forms the works of William Blake, mystic, seer and poet, whose splendid symbolism and strange

philosophy Mr. Yeats has elaborated and explained.

"The Land of Heart's Desire," "The Secret Rose," "The Wanderings of Oisin," "The Wind among the Reeds," "The Shadowy Waters"—the very titles of Mr. Yeats' books are suggestive of their peculiar charm, and symbolic of the curious vague longings

of all Mr. Yeats' own work in prose or in verse. Read the concord of sweet sounds in the poem referred to above, "The Lake-Isle of Innisfree," or read this sentence, chosen at random from the later edition of "The Celtic Twilight": "I love better than any theory the sound of the Gate of Ivory turning on its hinges, and hold that he alone who has passed the rose-strewn threshold can catch the glimmer of the Gate of Horn."

Old Hobbes says in the "Leviathan" that words are the counters of wise men and the money of fools; which means that the wise man utters nothing base. Mr. Yeats uses his counters with consummate skill and charm.

Lately some of his shorter prose plays have been acted in London under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society, by members of the Irish company that originally produced them in Dublin for the Irish National Theatre.

"Cathleen-ni-Houlihan," which has been published in London for English readers, is an allegory in one act of the power of love swayed by Cathleen-ni-Houlihan—an ancient poetic name of Ireland herself—over her sons; wherin a young man on his bridal-eve is called away to fight for his country.

"The Pot of Broth" is a comedy, showing how a beggar obtained his supper by tricking a miserly old peasant woman.

"The Hour Glass" might be called the Irish "Everyman." It is a morality, showing the terror and repentance of the wise man, who on a sudden receives a divine message of approaching death, and the pains of purgatory, if he cannot find one who believes, in the short hour ere his death. Pupils, wife, children—he has taught them all to believe not what they see not; but a poor fool who has begged pennies of him believes, for he has spread nets on the hills to catch the feet of angels.

Before these lines appear, there will have been issued two new books by Mr. Yeats: "Ideas of Good and Evil," a book of essays, some collected from



WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

Born June 13th, 1865.

and dreamy desires which are characteristic of the Celtic temperament. And, as Rossetti said of the five hand-maidens of Mary, the Irish names with which Mr. Yeats peoples his books are so many "sweet symphonies"—Aodh, Doctora, Oisin, Oona, Maive, Forgael and Cuchulain.

This poetry of sound, typical of the sweet Irish tongue, is part and parcel

magazines, some new; and a prose five-act play, "Where There is Nothing." It is a curious tale of an Irish land-owner who, from utter weariness of artificiality, gave up the life and laws of society, and joined first a vagrant band of tinkers, and afterward a brotherhood of monks.

The drama, indeed, has of late occupied much of Mr. Yeats' thoughts. He seeks to reform not only the writing of plays, but scenery, acting and speaking. Mr. Yeats' theory of scenery is simply the massing of colors; and we must certainly praise any effort, such as Mr. Gordon Craig's first attempts, to replace the gaudy, eye-distracting impossibilities which now cause play to be described as "richly mounted."

And amongst all our serious actors and actresses there is scarcely one—excepting perhaps certain past and present members of Mr. F. R. Benson's company—who knows how poetry should be spoken. We sincerely trust that Mr. Yeats and his supporters, including Mr. T. Sturge Moore, himself a writer of poetical drama of excellent merit, will yet do much to reorganize the prevalent methods of speaking, of acting, and of scenery, three reforms of which the modern stage stands in great need.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

- 1885—Poem: *The Seeker*. Dublin University Review: Sept.
- 1886—The Two Titans. Dublin University Review: March.
Mosada. Dublin University Review: June.
Miserrimus. Dublin University Review: Oct.
The Poetry of Sir Samuel Ferguson. Dublin University Review: Nov.
- 1887—Mosada.
- 1889—The Wanderings of Oisin.
- 1892—The Countess Kathleen. John Sherman and Dhoyna.
- 1893—The Celtic Twilight. Irish Fairy and Folk Tales. The Moods. Bookman: Aug.
The Stolen Bride. Bookman: November.
- 1894—The Land of Heart's Desire. The Song of the Old Mother. Bookman: April.
- 1895—A Book of Irish Verse. Poems.
To Some I have Talked With by the Fire. Bookman: May.
On Irish National Literature. Bookman: July to October.
A Song of the Rosy-Cross. Bookman: October.
- 1896—On William Morris' Book "The Well at the World's End." Bookman: November.
Everlasting Voices. New Review: January.
- 1897—The Secret Rose. The Tables of the Law, The Adoration of the Magi.
- 1897—On Robert Bridges; a Living English Poet. Bookman: June.

THE GAEL.

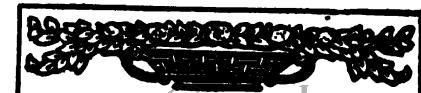
- The Desire of Man and of Woman. Dome: vol. 2.
O'Sullivan the Red upon His Wanderings. New Review: August.
On the Tribes of Danu. New Review: Nov.
- 1898—A Book of Images, introduced by W. B. Yeats.
On Ernest Rhys' "Welsh Ballads." Bookman: April.
Bressel, the Fisherman. Cornish Magazine: December.
On the Celtic Element in Literature. Cosmopolis: June.
Aodh to Dectora. Dome: May.
Song of Mongan. Dome: Oct.
On Miss Althea Gyles and the Coming of Symbolic Art. Aodh pleads with the Elemental Powers. Dome: Dec.
On Irish Death Superstitions; The Broken Gates of Death. Fortnightly: April.
On Superstition in Ireland; The Prisoners of the Gods. Nineteenth Century: Jan.
- 1899—A Note on National Drama. John Eglinton and Spiritual Art. The Autumn of the Flesh. Poems.
The Wind Among the Reeds.
On Ireland Bewitched. Contemporary Review: Sept.
On the Theatre. Dome: April.
On "Dust hath closed Helen's Eyes," by Raftery. Dome: Oct.
On the Literary Movement in Ireland. North American Review: Dec.
- 1900—The Shadowy Waters.
On the Irish Literary Theatre. Dome: Jan.
On the Symbolism of Poetry. Dome: April.
On the Philosophy of Shelley's Poetry. Dome: July.
- 1901—Poems.
On the Fool of Faery. Kensington: June.
On Magic. Monthly Review: Sep.
- 1901—Cathleen-ni-Houlihan; a Play. The Celtic Twilight (New and enlarged edition).
What is Popular Poetry? Cornhill Magazine: March.
Speaking to the Psaltery. Monthly Review: May.
Baile and Aillinn. Monthly Review: July.
Adam's Curse. Monthly Review: December.
- 1903—Ideas of Good and Evil: a Book of Essays.
Plays for an Irish Theatre: vol. I. "Where There is Nothing."
- WORKS EDITED BY W. B. YEATS.
- 1888—Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry.
- 1889—Stories from Carleton, with an introduction.
- 1892—Irish Fairy Tales.
- 1893—The Works of William Blake. Poems of William Blake.
- 1899—Beltaine. The Organ of the Irish Literary Theatre.

MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON W. B. YEATS.

- 1887—Note on W. B. Yeats. Irish Monthly: March.
- 1889—J. Todhunter on Yeats' "Wanderings of Oisin." Academy: vol. 35, p. 216.
To William B. Yeats, by Robert Reilly. Irish Monthly: May.
Our Poets—W. B. Yeats, by R. Mulholland. Irish Monthly: July.
- 1892—Lionel Johnson on "The Countess Kathleen." Academy: October.
- 1893—Katharine Tynan on W. B. Yeats. Bookman: Oct.
A Review of W. B. Yeats' Wm. Blake. Review of Reviews: February.
- 1894—On W. B. Yeats' Poems. Critic: June.
Note on The Land of Heart's Desire. Critic: July.
Notes on Celtic Twilight. Critic: September.
Biographical Notice. New Ireland Review: Dec.
- 1895—Note on W. B. Yeats. Critic: Dec.
- 1896—E. Rhys on W. B. Yeats' Poems. Academy: Feb.
- 1897—A Living Poet, by Richard Ashe King. Bookman: Sept.
Review of "The Secret Rose." Critic: Nov.
- 1899—The Countess Cathleen. New Ireland Review: June.
- 1900—Dora M. Jones on "The Celtic Twilight." London Quarterly Review: July.
The Shadowy Waters. North American Review: May.
New England Dawn and Celtic Twilight; notes on the philosophy of W. B. Yeats by Mrs. Duncan. Theosophical Review: Sept.
- 1902—W. B. Yeats, with portrait. Great Thoughts: April.

THE contents of Mr. W. B. Yeats' forthcoming volume of essays, "Ideas of Good and Evil," include chapters on What is "Popular Poetry"? Speaking to the Psaltery, Magic, The Happiest of the Poets, The Philosophy of Shelley's Poetry, At Stratford-on-Avon, The Philosophy of William Blake, William Blake and His Illustrations to "The Divine Comedy," Symbolism in Painting, the Symbolism of Poetry, The Theatre, The Celtic Element in Literature, The Autumn of the Body, The Moods, The Body of the Cather Christian Rosencrux, The Return of Ulysses, Ireland and the Arts, The Mind of Women, The Three Shafts.

The volume will be published by the Macmillan Company.





Our National Heritage.

HERE is nothing in all material nature that shows the handiwork of the great Creator to such a marvellous degree as the brain of man. That organ, whereby all that is divine in humanity manifests its presence more or less clearly, according to the perfection of the instrument, is, owing to the requirements of man's spiritual nature, at once the most delicate, the most sensitive and most intricate in his body. Its development marks the intellectual capacity, reasoning power and gift of expression of the owner. There is a natural development which is a primary condition born in the individual, the result of heredity, and an artificial development, a secondary condition brought about by education.

It is with the natural development that this paper will mainly deal, for without the necessary physical brain perfection, all the education in the world could not create an intellect. Each brain has its possibilities. When these possibilities are realized, the limit of artificial development has been reached. The organ is then working to its utmost limit, and to require more from it than it has been fitted by nature to do, is to break down and ruin for ever the delicate mechanism of which it is composed.

A many-sided brain, an organ of great possibilities, is the natural heritage of the Celt, and more particularly the Irish Celt, whose varied gifts denote a wealth of natural brain cells not found in any other race of which I know. What is also true is the apparent evenness of development found in these cells, resulting in a lack of any dominant aim, a restlessness which has won for him the title of "the Frenchman of the Celtic race," and a peculiar adaptability to all conditions and circumstances. Mark the high sense of chivalry, to be found in even the roughest men; the lofty spiritual trend of the race which has given the world countless Irish saints, missionaries and ecclesiastics; the wild love, amounting almost to a passion, for music and poetry that has caused Ireland to be called the Land of Song; and last, though not least, observe the wonderful facility in the use of words that makes the speech of not merely the most highly educated scholar but also that of the humblest farm laborer sparkle with gems of humorous wit.

It has long baffled the ethnologist to account for the frequent instances where Irishmen, born of uneducated parents, have leaped from the humblest strata of society into the front ranks of thinkers, orators, litterateurs, artists and professional men, without the intervention of a single generation between the peasant and the celebrity. There is no race in all Europe in which there are such numerous cases of rapid mental development to be found and the phenomenon has caused much discussion regarding the natural laws to which may be ascribed the extraordinary physical growth which so often separates two generations by a broad intellectual gulf.

Psychology alone will solve the enigma for us, as it opens the book of nature's law at a page where a satisfactory explanation can be found. It teaches us that once a brain cell is created through a stimulus of the sensorial tract by some impression received through the organs of sensation, it remains in the brain until the death of that organ. When some new stimulus occurs of a similar nature to that which created the brain cell, or similar to one received in association with it, the brain cell is once more set into action and a mental image is created. The oftener such a cell is called into action the more vigorous its growth, and if overdeveloped by excessive use becomes a dominating influence, disturbing the equilibrium of the brain and absorbing its

power of purposive action. Reason then becomes dethroned and the condition is termed mania.

There is no doubt in the minds of physiologists that the characteristics of the brain are transmitted hereditarily from one generation to another, with as much fidelity as are the external features of the body. The brain cells being a physical quantity are, therefore, as truly a heritage as the color of the hair, the shape of the head or the stature of the body. Conditions of life may be such that the surroundings cannot furnish the sensorial impressions necessary to stimulate these cells into an activity which would denote their existence, but they are there, nevertheless, and only await the time when such a stimulus will be given, be it in this generation or in ten generations hence.

Let us take a natural gift of the Irishman, one for which he is celebrated—his readiness of language, and ascertain why it is so largely a trait of the race, no matter what the condition or position in life. Does anyone of even fairly good reasoning powers imagine for a moment that climatic influence is accountable for it? Surely none can credit the food he eats with giving him that rapid choice of words which makes him, with the necessary education and proper environment the greatest of orators, and, under any and all conditions, the most brilliant of wits.

This faculty for selecting words sub-consciously is not primarily developed in an individual; it was not created in a generation, nor in a hundred generations. Far into the misty past, ere the wolf suckled the founders of ancient Rome, and before Athena's earliest shrine crowned the Acropolis of Athens, the development of that faculty had begun. Long before the saintly Patrick arrived in Ireland, the racial brain had reached a high degree of development, for at a much earlier date there were books in the country, music and the more material arts were in a comparatively advanced state of excellence; centuries before he was born Ireland had a complete legal code which was sufficient for all the needs of the age, and this was at a time when its neighboring island was in a state of savagery; fully five centuries before Ethelbriht, King of Kent, first collected together the meagre scraps of existing Saxon law, and seven centuries before Alfred the Great, whose education had been credited to Ireland, made the first compilation of English law that could be at all dignified by the name of a code.

The wonderful intellectual capacity of the Irish race is not to be credited to the early Christian missionaries, for they were settled in southern England long before they obtained a footing in Ireland, and the little impression they left on the Saxon brain after their long sojourn in Britain does not argue well for any claim on Irish cerebral development that might be made for them.

Again, the Irish code of laws was complete before the foot of a Christian was placed on Irish soil, and, for aught we know, centuries before the Christian era. To the early soldiers of the Cross belong the credit, without question, of the introduction of letters, systematized music, and many other arts and sciences into Ireland. But a brain was there of sufficient capacity to absorb and quickly digest their teachings: a brain capable of immediately grasping the full significance of their spiritual mysteries, so that the conquest of the Irish soul was accomplished by Christianity without the loss of a single life.

Before the death of St. Patrick letters were almost universal in the island, with a host of scholars who were not only conversant with their own tongue, but also with Latin.

This wonderful result could not have been achieved with any aboriginal or primitive brain in the short space of sixty years which elapsed between the arrival of the saint and his death. A brain capable of accomplishing such a feat had certainly been developed through ages of culture. How long the building of the mass of brain cells had been going on before the coming of St. Patrick, we cannot tell, but it is sufficient for our purposes here to know that even then it had taken a great cycle of centuries.

The origin of the poetical art in Ireland is also lost in the recesses of the past. More has been demanded of poetry there than elsewhere, and it was brought to the highest state of perfection. The most intricate metres and forms were invented for the correct oral transmission of history, law and sciences. In fact, all records which needed absolute protection from alteration were composed in poetical form; the more valuable accounts being in the most intricate metres, so that any attempt to change them was instantly detected by the false quantity in the measure, absence of proper alliteration or imperfection in rhyme. This necessitated a wonderful command of words on the part of the poetic constructor. Let any English scholar, who deems this an easy task, attempt an historical essay of ten or twenty stanzas in one of the antique Irish forms, such as Dr. Douglas Hyde has explained in one of his books dealing with Irish metrical poetry, and I feel sure that he will be convinced of the pre-eminent intellectual ability of the old bards before he has finished.

The faculty developed by such mental exercises as this complex construction of poetry is, in my belief, responsible for the fluency of speech which is now natural to the Irish race. Musical culture of so high an order that the island harpers were everywhere in demand during the Middle Ages; the artistic training which has left such traces behind as the Book of Kells, the Tara Brooch and the Cross of Cong; and the chivalry of the Knights of Emania; all these did not generate in a brief space of time, nor shall they die out in a few years. The portions of the brain which were then powerful enough to enable a race to accomplish such wonders have not become extinct; they lie asleep until the necessary impulse arrives which will arouse them into activity.

This is the heritage of the Irish race. Centuries of ancient culture has given it an organ on which that God-like attribute, the soul, can play the most glorious harmonies the world has ever known. It is all there and it is the property of each and every member of that race. What wonderful possibilities, therefore, are within the reach of all our people, if they will but realize the value of their national heritage! If we could but make ourselves a race of readers, so that we can learn to know ourselves; to realize the powers within us and seek the best means of utilizing them! Could we achieve these things we would become a race of intellectual giants, and Ireland would be once more, as she was in the past, the teacher of a world.

M. J. MURPHY.

Longing.

I'M just smothered in the city till I'm not myself at all,
An it's kilt I am from strivin' not to think of Donegal!
Och! an' weary's on my dreamin'! When I should be
sleepin' soun'.
Sure it's climbin' up Knockalla that I am, or runnin' down:
Yet there's nothin' back o' Mescoun, barrin' black an'
mouldy peat,
An' there's nothin' on Knockalla fit for man or beast to eat;
An' sure, what is there on Croghan but gray rocks an'
heather brown?
An' who'd be givin' for the like, that ever saw a town?
Yet that same is just the puzzle that I never can get right;
It moiders me the live-long day, an' worries me all night,
For, while here I've lots of everythng, an' boots upon my
feet.
Sure it's cracked I am to run again unshod amongst the
peat!

—CATHAL MAC GARBHAIGH.

And Then?

S HALI, we fold our hands when the fight is ended,
And the broken fetters reluctant fall?
When freedom comes after long endeavor,
Shall our hate be buried in love forever,
And the bitter past be forgotten all?

Shall we think no more on the blood expended,
On the days of want and the nights of woe,
On the galling chains and the taunts more galling,
And the famine-murdered for vengeance calling,
Where the graves, like waves, lie row on row?

Could we bury our hate in some desert lonely,
That its eyes might never accuse us more!
But there's not a rood of our land unwatered
With the blood of myriad martyrs slaughtered
In the grievous years that have gone before.

Hadst thou left us a poor God's acre only
We had buried our bitter burden there;
We had clasped in love the hand extended,
Forgiving all when the fight was ended,
But that hallowed spot, we shall find it—where?
—JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

Where the Beautiful Rivers Flow.

O H, I'll sing to-night of a fairy land, in the lap of the ocean set,
And of all the lands I have traveled o'er, 'tis the loveliest I have met;
Where the willows weep, and the roses sleep, and the balmy breezes blow,
In that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

But oh, alas! how can I sing?—'tis an exile breathes the strain,
And that dear old land of my youthful love I may never see again;
And the very joys that fill my breast must ever change to woe
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

But I'll sing of the lonely old church-yards where our fathers' bones are laid—
Where the cloisters stand, those ruins grand that our tyrant foes have made;
And I'll strike the harp with a mournful touch, till the glist'ning tears will show
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Emmet's lonely fate, and of his lonely grave—
Of his early doom in his youthful bloom, and his spirit more than brave;
But ah! how blest and calm his rest, tho' his grave be cold and low,
In that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Tone and the Geraldine, Lord Edward the true and blest—
They won the crown—the martyr's crown—and they sleep in shade and rest;
In heavenly mold their names are enrolled—they died in manhood's glow,
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Ireland's ancient days, when her sires were kingly men,
Who led the chase, and the manly race, thro' forest, field and glen;
Whose only word was the shining sword—whose pen, the patriot's blow.
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

—REV. C. P. RYAN.



MICHAEL MONAHAN, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., is about to publish the first number of "The Papyrus," a new monthly magazine of literary character.

KATHARINE TYNAN, the writer of Irish stories, has just completed a new novel, and her publishers in this country, the J. B. Lippincott Company, will issue it immediately under the title, "Red, Red Rose."

MISS IDA TAYLOR, a kinswoman of Smith O'Brien, has completed a "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," who after an eventful and picturesque career became one of the leaders of the Irish revolution of 1798 and died in prison. The Hutchinsons, London, will publish the book.

MR. FISHER UNWIN announces a volume of essays called "British Political Leaders," by Justin McCarthy. The various chapters deal with thirteen politicians, including Arthur J. Balfour, the Marquis of Salisbury, Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Rosebery, Henry Labouchere, and Sir William Harcourt.

Mr. Unwin will also publish a "History of Trinity College, Dublin, 1590-1660," by Prof. Mahaffy, which will be practically an educational and religious history of Ireland in that period.

MRS. ALFRED NUTT has an interesting letter on Celtic literature and the "Celtic spirit" in the "Athenaeum." Of George Moore and the "Untilled Field," he says:

"Mr. Moore is an Irishman; he is clever enough, did he give his mind to it, to write his stories in Irish instead of getting them translated. But though he did so that would not make them manifestations of the 'Celtic spirit'; they would still be examples of an art morally, intellectually, aesthetically alien to, opposed to—I had almost said repugnant to—the genius of the Celtic race as it manifested itself in literature for over 1,500 years.

"In its strength, as in its weakness, Mr. Moore's work is un-Celtic—for the present, at least. I add these words, for who can say the Gael must necessarily develop in the future along the old lines? An Irish Balzac may some day arise; the 'Celtic spirit' may be

transformed into a likeness of that of France, instead of, as in the past and present, differing from it more vitally and essentially than from any other expression of man's heart and brain. I can only take things as they are, and, thus taking them, I assert—and emphatically assert—that the Celtic spirit (or shall we say a Celtic spirit?) is apparent in the works of several writers using the English tongue—apparent in a more marked degree, perhaps, than in any work at present being written in any Celtic tongue."

FOR the new edition of Miss Edgeworth's "Helen," printed by the Mac Millans in their series of "Illustrated Pocket Classics," Mrs. Ritchie has written an introduction. In it she quotes this description of the author in her later years written by Mrs. S. C. Hall:

"In person she was very small—smaller than Hannah More, and with more than Hannah More's vivacity of manners; her face was pale and thin, her features irregular—they may have been considered plain even in youth—but her expression was so benevolent, her manners so entirely well bred, partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness, that you never thought of her in reference either to plainness or beauty—she was all in all; she occupied, without fatiguing, the attention, charmed by her pleasant voice, while the earnestness and truth that beamed in her bright blue—very blue—eyes made of value every word she uttered. Her words were always well chosen, her manner of expression was graceful and natural, her sentences were frequently epigrammatical."

THE announcement that Sir Frederick Maurice has been working steadily to complete his edition of the "Diary of Sir John Moore," which has remained in manuscript since Sir John Moore's death, at Corunna, and which extends from December 5, 1792, to December 24, 1808, just 23 days before his death, will be welcome news to students of Irish history of the '98 period."

Sir John Moore is, principally remembered in Ireland by the celebrated poem "The Burial of Sir John Moore," written by an Irish Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Charles Wolfe, the original manuscript of which, on a

sheet of notepaper, in a letter to a friend is now preserved in a glass case among the literary treasures of the Royal Irish Academy, in Dawson street, Dublin.

It is not generally known, however, that Sir John Moore was in command of a Division of the British Army in Ireland during the Insurrection of 1798, was distinguished for his humanity and desire to avoid bloodshed, and on more than one occasion counteracted the bloodthirsty ferocity of Lord Lake. His diary will, no doubt, be found, when published, to abound with expressions of condemnation of the methods of barbarism which were adopted by the English soldiery to "the rebels."

Sir John Moore, writing in one of his published despatches of the County of Wicklow, where he had been chiefly employed during the Insurrection, states his opinion "that moderate treatment by the Generals, and the preventing of the troops from pillaging and molesting the people, would soon restore tranquillity, and that the people would certainly be quiet if the gentry and Yeomanry would only behave with tolerable decency, and not seek to gratify their ill-humour and revenge upon the poor."

A GAELIC drama, with an English version added, entitled "The French are on the Sea," has just been published by Messrs. M. H. Gill & Sons, Dublin.

It is written by "Cu Uladh," and dedicated to "the Gaelic Leaguers of Strabane and district, who, in face of many difficulties and disabilities, are making an earnest effort to realize the ideal of an Irish Ireland." It is in five acts, and deals with the stirring period of the United Irishmen, the scene being laid in Lifford and its vicinity.

The play, which should act very well, gives an interesting and vivid picture of the sort of methods of English misgovernment and oppression in vogue in Ulster at that time, while the development of a little love affair serves to lend piquancy and an air of verisimilitude to the story.

MRS. GEORGE MOORE is now living in England, and is engaged on a series of critical studies of literature which will shortly begin publication in Lippincott's Magazine.

REV. WM. CARRIGAN, C. C., M. R. I. A., Durrow, Queen's County, has now ready for publication "The History and Antiquities of the Diocese of Ossory," in four quarto volumes, with numerous illustrations and a carefully-prepared map.

The learned author has devoted every moment of his spare time for the last twenty years to the compilation of this great diocesan record. He has visited and examined every ancient church and abbey, every graveyard, every holy well, every Mass-station of the penal times, and every ancient castle from the top of Slieve Bloom Mountains to the Bridge of Waterford, and from the Munster River to the River Barrow.

He has copied every ancient inscription to be found in the diocese. He has taken down the Irish forms of almost all the Ossory church and townland names from the lips of old native Irish speakers. He has taken copious extracts from the priceless documents in the Public Record Office, the Royal Irish Academy, and Trinity College, Dublin; from the MSS. in the British Museum and the Bodleian Library; from the records of the Catholic See of Ossory, beginning with the Episcopate of Dr. de Burgo in 1759, and now preserved in the Diocesan Archives; from the Red Book of Ossory, a MS. on the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and from many other MS. collections inaccessible to the general public.

The result of all these extensive and laborious researches will be found embodied in the forthcoming work which will be published by Messrs. Sealy, Bryers & Walker, of Middle Abbey Street, Dublin.

New Publications.

"All on the Irish Shore." By E. de Somerville and Martin Ross. Illustrated. 12mo. Pp. 274. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

"Castle Omeragh." By F. Frankfort Moore, author of "A Damsel or Two," "A Nest of Linnets," etc. 12 mo. Cloth, \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Columban, Saint, Monk and Missionary. 539-615 A. D. Notes Concerning His Life and Times." By Clarence Wyatt Bispham. 4vo. Pp. 63. New York: Edwin S. Gorham. \$1.50.

"The Dean of St. Patrick's." A Play in Four Acts. By Mrs. Hugh Bell. 12 mo. Pp. vii-95. London: Edward Arnold. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.00.

"The Espurgatoire Saint Patriz of Marie De France." With a Text of the Latin Original. By T. Atkinson Jenkins. Printed from Volume VII. The Decennial Publications. Follo. Pp. 98. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. Paper.

"A Literary History of Scotland." By J. H. Millar. A new volume in the Library of Literary History. \$4.00 net. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Shane O'Neill at Elizabeth's Court.

Editor of THE GAEL:

Dear Sir—I was much interested in the article on "Shane O'Neill," by T. O'Neill Russell, in a recent issue of THE GAEL, as also in the translation of the chieftain's letter to Elizabeth. Apart from their historical value, I believe though, that the impression left on the casual reader by their perusal, would scarcely be just to the memory of that "Shane the Proud," who struggling greatly against unequal odds, may be regarded as the pioneer of all subsequent notable movements to place Ireland on an independent footing.

Of course the polished phrases of the letter may be taken for just what they are worth—even Hugh O'Neill himself chose to play courtier for a time. As for that visit of Shane to the court of Elizabeth—I remember reading a version of that episode entirely at variance with that of the English historians, and which I like to think was the true one. I know that once—I believe I was about sixteen—moved by it to a white heat of enthusiasm for the splendid, unfortunate Shane, I commemorated the incident in the accompanying poem, which, if it be not too lengthy for insertion in THE GAEL, would, I think, be appreciated by some of your readers.

ELEANOR R. COX.

New York.

SHANE O'NEIL'S VISIT TO THE COURT OF ELIZABETH.

THE courtiers thronged the royal hall,
Wise Cecil, Walsingham and all
Bold Raleigh, brave Kildare;
The men who with strong brain and hand
Had ramparted their Queen and land,
Were round her gathered there.

He greeted them in accents brief,
Such as might well beseem a chief
To those of less degree:
Then with right royal mien and proud
Advanced before the Queen, there
bowed
With gentlest courtesy.

Then for a moment all amazed,
Elizabeth in silence gazed,
As changed to carven stone.
Was this the savage chief whose hand
Had wasted all Eblana's land,
The Prince of wild Tyrone?

And much she marvelled at his air
Of chivalry, his golden hair,
His robe of silken sheen,
His forehead broad, his flashing eye
In which the monarch well did lie,
His bright and jewelled skein.

But when the Chieftain silence broke
The Tudor spirit in her woke,
Into her eyes there came
A shadowy gleam, a boding light,
And all her cheek and forehead white,
Were tinged with darkling flame.

"Most royal Lady at thy 'hest,
And my Lord Essex's fair request,
I, Shane, Prince of Tyrone,
Have come as bound in honor bright,
And as a true and courtly knight

To bow before thy throne;

"And to thee as an equal tell
Why I have ever sought to quell
Within my land thy might,
And ever followed haughty word
With haughty gleam of soldier's sword

In warfare for our right.

"Kings were my sires, and chieftains
brave
And clansmen strong allegiance gave
To them for many a day,
Unworthy were it then in me,
Their son your soldiers basely see
Usurp their ancient sway.

"My chieftains they are faithful too,
My clansmen they are not a few,
And though they love me well,
Yet think you if to England now
Their Prince should, recreant, choose
to bow,
They too their faith would sell?

"No! for the current of their blood
Is strong and fresh as mountain flood
That sweeps unto the sea:
And I, the Chieftain of their land,
Must govern with a lavish hand,
All warlike, fair and free.

"I too, while God shall give me breath,
This purpose hold for Life or Death,
For triumph or defeat,
To sheath not sword till on the shore
Of holy Elre's seen no more
The print of foeman's feet."

He ceased, and then the Queen with
eye
Quick-brightening said, "The Tower is
nigh,

The torture and the chain:
Yet as ye came alone and free,
Trusting unto our courtesy,
Free you shall go again."

"Thanks for that grace," he simply
said,
Then bade farewell the royal maid,
And homeward took his way.
And after with true heart and hand,
Fought well he for his native land
Full many a gallant day.

—ELEANOR R. COX.

Very Ordinary.

ORD RUSSELL of Killowen (when Sir Charles Russell) was once examining a witness. The question was about the size of certain hoof-prints left by a horse in sandy soil. "How large were the prints?" asked the learned counsel. "Were they as large as my hand?" holding up his hand for the witness to see. "Oh, no," said the witness, honestly, "it was just an ordinary hoof." Then Sir Charles had to suspend the examination while everybody laughed.



King Uriel's Daughter.

By P. J. Coleman.

WITH plunder of victory laden the ships of the Gael, in the track
Of the sunset, with bondman and maiden from Orkney to Erin rode back.
Full rich was the gold and the guerdon they won by the war-reddened spear;
But they bore too, a sorrowful burden King Uriel dead on his bier.

He had charged the stout men round him gathered, the while that he lay on his shield,
"Defend her, mine Elmer, unfathered on yesterday's conquering field!
An' ye be to her loving and loyal, full glad from the hosting of spears,
Shall I pass to my place 'mid the royal green graves of my warrior peers!"

With right hands uplifted to heaven, they sealed with strong oaths the great pledge;
While the soul of King Uriel, shriven, took flight to the bar of its Judge,
And with dirges and ritual solemn they heaped o'er his ashes the cairn,
And carved at his head the grey column, and left him alone in the fern.

You've seen the white lily unfold when April hath breathed on the mere,
And the crown of the crocus is golden—so Elmer grew stately and fair.
As a rose of the Summer doth burgeon to beauty in sunshine and dew,
In blossom of innocence virgin, the child into womanhood grew.

As lissome and lithe as a sapling that sways in the wind of the west—
Not a youth, nor a strong man nor stripling but had died at the damsel's behest.
Not in all the wide land was a warrior—so brave in the foray or field—
But had made of his bosom a barrier, the maiden from insult to shield.

Now a day full of shame and of sorrow for Uriel's homes was at hand,
When with dawning of bloodshed, the morrow let loose the fell foe on the land,
And over the seas in their galley's, the Vikings, for vengeance athirst,
With torch and with sword on the valleys of Erin impetuous burst.

'Twas then there was mounting of horsemen and muster of bonnacht and kern,
As forth 'gainst the plundering Norsemen rode chieftain and warrior stern.
Rock-fast 'mid the tempest of onset, like granite the Gael took their stand
All day till the flushing of sunset, for sweetheart, and altar, and land.

As earth from its bases asunder were rent by an earthquake's strong throes,
All day o'er the land rolled the thunder and shock of the host-hewing foes.
All day to the blue vault of heaven ascended the sound of the fight
Till at sunset the shield-wall was riven and the Gael from their foemen took flight.

"Look out from your eastern oriel, my guardsmen," said Elmer afar.—
In the gray castle turrets of Uriel, "and tell me how fareth the war."
"Christ save us! they fly!" said the henchmen; "the Northmen are hard on their track!
See, see—God be merciful!—henchmen who never from foemen fell back!"

Up then spoke their princess and lady, and proudly she smiled as she spoke;
"My whitest of raiment make ready; my steeds to the chariot yoke!
They love me, my people; I love them; our altars and hearths are at stake.
I'll go forth to the battle to prove them; they'll die, ere they die, for my sake."

Like the wind were her steeds in their fleeting, as forth from the castle she rode,
And met the full tide of retreating, where crimson with carnage it flowed.
Then into the maelstrom of danger she plunged, and they saw her anon,
So stately and white, where the stranger, gore-gorged, like the tempest came on.

"'Tis Uriel's daughter!" they shouted, "our lady, our lily so white!"
And they that were riven and routed paused full in the panic of flight;
And turned in the teeth of the foemen and fortressed her car with their dead.
And locked their ranks round her, for no man might harm the least hair of her head.



"TIS URIEL'S DAUGHTER," THEY SHOUTED.

So staunch in their deathless devotion, so true to their trust,
as a rock
Flingeth back the wild billows of ocean, they flung back
the Northers' shock;
Till shivered and shattered and sundered they fled unto
galley and sail,
While paeon on paeon out-thundered the jubilant chant of
the Gael.

"Hurrah for King Uriel's daughter! Our lady, our lily so
white,
Who stayed the red torrents of slaughter and turned back
the tide of our flight.
The crown of our King set upon her, our valiant, our lovely,
our queen,
Who washed white her people's dishonor, and rescued our
valleys of green!"

So there in her chariot they crowned her with Uriel's
diadem-helm,
Her princes and nobles around her, high-queen of their
beautiful realm.
And she made them a generous sovereign, supreme in the
council and field
Her people with wisdom to govern, her land from dishonor
to shield.

And over the weltering water, the ships of the Viking set
sail
To tell of the terrible slaughter and publish the deeds of
the Gael.
And loud was the wail of the widow and shrill was the
dirge of the bride,
Lamenting in sorrow and shadow, for lovers in Erin who
died.

("The Wearing of the Green.")

Caitteadh an uairne.

Aitseanach le Seághan O'Séagáin, Cáitair-Sairbhín

I.

Ár aitseáigh róir á bháid an rgeáid maraír neamhnaidh uilige
Se réamhriú do fáid níos mó trí-oleán glas róir 'náir,
fíel páiríairg róir do coimeád go coili n'fheáinbham go teo ariú
maraítá uilige ériuairi anaighiú ro 'lúlúdaim, caitteadh an uairne
mín.

Cáraid am lion náireach Táin 'gur 'ériúit go ghráidé Liom Láim,
"Connúr a fáoi 'ta Ériuinn Ériáinn" aili ré "no 'm-bíonn u'á
craobh,"
Tí i an tír i fhráitóire i u'á b-peascáidh raoi na dáim,
Má caitteann daoníne daé a u-tíre crioctair iad gán gráir.

II.

Má ré an neairis féin aili n-dáé, raoi riéim na gaeilgean cláon,
Béaró cíúinne mhaé ag gaoiríol aili fáid aili fáil do éarbhlaingh ré,
Do g-caitéar píomáit an t-reamhriú doen'laata'í róir na riéir,
'S cé gataleáisbhíne uirte róir fárrfaiú go coili u'á eir.
Nuairí éoráisbhí óirnúgaú báisí an feoir an fáid níos mó'n mhuile,
'San glas-óuilleógs' ra t-reamhriú róir go n-deanfarai o'fearóis le
uilige
An t-reamhriú annfarai daíri n-udóig n'feicfai go teo 'm Cáitair,
Go u'tí pan ruair le toil an uairn mhaighaird uilige a m-buaic mo
fínn.



A Character Sketch of Edward J. O'Mahony.

Opera, Oratorio and Concert Bass.



MONG the many gifted sons of whom Old Ireland has good reason to be proud, Edward J. O'Mahony holds a foremost place. As a basso-singer he has no peer, and that he is an artist to his finger-tips no one who has ever heard him in opera, oratorio, or concert will dispute. His personality, too, is unique in its way, and presents the unusual combination of strength and sweetness.

Mr. O'Mahony is a native of 'Cork's own town', and consequently is one of 'God's own people.' His ancestry is pure Irish and among his forebears were many distinguished men including his great grand-uncle who was a professor of the Irish language and a philosopher par excellence.

From earliest childhood this singer, who is known and loved in many lands, evinced great talent along musical lines. When a child of eight years he led the choir of his fellow-pupils taught by the Christian Brothers, whose apt pupil he was, and in sacred song or native melody his voice was enjoyed by people who came from far and near to listen to 'the wonderful boy-singer.'

Mr. John Fleming of Cork shares with the Christian Brothers the labor of love involved in his early musical training, and often prophesied great things for him.

Edward J. O'Mahony's first public appearance was made when he was ten years old. At that time he was the possessor of a wonderful and sympathetic contralto voice, which even then created a furor owing to its unusual quality. His rendering of the grand old melody "When he who adores thee" gave marked promise of the artistic excellence he has since attained. It was noticeable that he threw his whole soul into the song. He has been doing that same thing ever since, and no matter whether he sings a pathetic ballad, a rollicking drinking-song, patriotic verse, or impassioned love-ditty, he is bound to carry his audience with him, simply because he makes them feel the true meaning of every word.

At the age of sixteen he earned for himself the soubriquet of "The Juvenile Lablache," and when he was about nineteen he interpreted in masterly manner the role of Raphael, in Haydn's "Creation," and "The Master" in Romberg's "Lay of the Bell." His musical education at this time was

conducted by Monsieur Roeckel of the Paris Conservatory, who always considered him one of his most promising pupils.

In 1878 he went to Italy and studied under the celebrated maestro, Antonio San Giovanni, at Milan. It was there he learned the beautifully exact Italian pronunciation which adds so much grace to his delivery and is as rare as it is delightful.

His debut in English Opera was made in 1880 when he was specially engaged by Mr. Carl Rosa to create various roles at Her Majesty's Theatre, London. His success drew forth the most laudatory comments from press and public, and resulted in extended engagements with the Carl Rosa Opera Company. During this period he was associated with his dearest and most intimate friend, Mr. Charles Santley, and with Madame Minnie Hauk, Signor Randeggar, as well as other singers whose names have long been household words.

After achieving many triumphs in Europe, and receiving personal congratulations from Kings, Queens, and the nobility in general, he visited

America, and as usual met with instantaneous success. While the American Opera Company was in being, he took the leading basso roles, and made 'a palpable hit' as Sarastro in "The Magic Flute;" Count Rodolfo in "La Sonnambula;" Pagano in "I Lombardi," and the King in "Aida" and "Lohengrin." His work in "Figaro," in "Dinorah" and in "La Contessa d'Amalfi" also created a sensation, and there was not a single dissentient note in the chorus of praise that went up from admiring critics who could not apparently say enough in favor of his methods and his deep, rich voice.

His operatic repertoire is extensive, embracing as it does thirty seven roles, many of which are exceedingly difficult and exacting.

He scintillated for eleven years as one of Gilmore's brightest stars, and travelled all over the country with the famous bandmaster, winning fresh laurels in every state and city in the Union. He tells interesting anecdotes of these days, and speaks with touching affection of the lamented Gilmore, and of the associates who with him sang their way into American hearts.

Mr. O'Mahony possesses a striking personality and always wins more than a second glance. His blue-gray eyes are bright and kindly; his broad white brow shows intellectuality, and the long, drooping moustache and beard that hide the lower part of his face gives him a somewhat foreign and distinguished air.

His voice is of the real basso-profundus type and timbre, but it runs up into the baritone register with ease and brightness, and is as full, round, resonant, and far-reaching as the most captious critic could desire. Its compass is truly wonderful, extending from CC into the highest baritone, and its sweetness and flexibility is a joy to the trained ear. The unusual clearness of his enunciation is also worthy of note, and taking him altogether this gifted artist is in a class all by himself.

Then, too, the magnetism, without which even the best-trained singer is half a failure, is one of the dominant characteristics. The moment he faces the audience,—the instant he smiles in his own unaffected, whole-souled fashion at the uplifted faces before him, he has every mother's son and every father's daughter in the house with him. They hang upon his every glance, movement, and tone, and when



EDWARD J. O'MAHONY.

he ceases, a burst of spontaneous applause rings out with a good will which is nothing short of inspiring. But no success, however great, and no triumph, however far-reaching, seems to have any effect upon Mr. O'Mahony's simplicity. One can see, of course, that he is gratified because of being able to please those for whom he sings, but not a shade of self-consciousness or vanity mars his manner. In short, from every standpoint his is a charming personality, and one that few people are able to resist.

His love of Ireland amounts to a passion. He sings her grand old songs as they have never been sung before. His voice vibrates with feeling which is instantly communicated to the audience, and it is no unusual sight to see men and women furtively brushing away a tear as they listen to the melodies that were familiar to them in childhood's hour, before fate and fortune sent them adrift from 'the ould dart.' But he does not always make them sad. His is the power to kindle their eyes and make them involuntarily straighten their shoulders as he sings "The Minstrel Boy to the War is Gone," and when he gives them "The Cruiskeen Laun" their lips part in smiles, and sometimes their head, hands, and feet keep time to the flowing melody.

Mr. O'Mahony's most cherished dream is the revival of the Gaelic tongue, and he does his very best to give the movement now on foot, a sturdy impetus. The annual concert with which he delights the music-lovers of New York include select Gaelic numbers, and his glorious voice seems to lend a peculiar fascination to the language of his forefathers. The Irish words as they fall from his lips are as soft as a caress, as sweet as a mother's lullaby to her first-born, and as melodious as the lark's greeting to morning. Not only does he sing Ireland's national airs in Gaelic, but he arouses interest and enthusiasm by giving "The Star-Spangled Banner," and other characteristically American compositions, in the same tongue. His versatility is shown by the manner in which he renders an Irish number, and for encore gives some classic selection, such as that beautiful aria from Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers," "O tu Palermo," which if full of patriotism that is almost pathetic. It is the variety and beauty of the melodies heard at these annual concerts that help to make them an eagerly-looked-for feature of metropolitan musical life, and it would seem that their popularity increases with each succeeding year.

Mr. O'Mahony makes a point of visiting his native city every summer. There are dear ones there who look forward to his arrival, and as soon as he touches Irish soil a happy family re-union takes place with his talented wife, the daughter of the late Michael E. Shannahan, and his clever son, John Joseph O'Mahony, who is as the apple of his eye, and who was born in Milan at the time when the basso was just beginning to win fame

as one of the greatest singers of the day. Then there is his father, hale and hearty despite his advanced years, and countless relatives and friends, all anxious to be the first to bid him a hundred thousand welcomes.

To conclude this brief sketch without making special mention of Mr. O'Mahony's skill as an oratorio and church singer would be simply impossible. His temperament renders him admirably suited to this branch of musical art, and he has long been associated with it. He is particularly fond of the Gregorian chant, that most ancient and simple form of choral music, and he has created a profound impression in many New York churches by his rendering of it. But indeed he makes the same impression whether he appears as basso primo in opera, in oratorio, in the choir of the churches to which music-lovers flock to hear him, or on the concert stage where he shows all the polish, finish, and dignity so necessary to that line of work, and one can only repeat with greater emphasis that Erin may well be proud of her talented son!

KATHLEEN EILEEN BARRY.

THE GAEL will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada for one year for \$1.00, or to any address in Ireland or Great Britain, one year for 5 shillings.

All subscriptions are payable in advance. Checks or Post Office Money Orders should be made payable to THE GAEL, 140 Nassau Street, New York.

THE GAEL can be purchased regularly each month from any of the following agents:

IRELAND.

Eason & Son, Ltd., 89 and 91 Middle Abbey St., Dublin.
Gill & Son, 50 Upper O'Connell St., Dublin.

ENGLAND.

Williams & Butland (wholesale agents)
47 Little Britain, London, E. C.
Robert Thompson, 5 Tudor St., Blackfriars, London.
Conlon & Co., 5 Crosshall St., Liverpool.
Thomas McGlynn, 80 Warde St., Hulme, Manchester.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. Kelly, 154 Saltmarket, Glasgow.
James Kinsella, Bank St., Coatbridge, Lanarkshire.

FRANCE.

Mme. Lelong, Klosk 10 Boulevard des Capucines, Paris.

AUSTRALIA.

M. E. Carey, 106 Sturt St., Ballarat.
P. F. Ryan, 324 Hay St., Perth, West Australia.

SOUTH AFRICA.

H. Bullen, Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony.

Irish Love Song.

By L. O'Shea.

I MIND the day we parted by the lough,
The curlews whistled low and sweet,
The laughin' waters runnin' to the shore
Broke ripplin' where the alders meet.
List, lad, list! Can ye hear them callin',
The laughing waters in the windin' glen?
Here, love, here, the silver rain is fallin',
The curlew whistles oft as then.

I mind the day we wandered to the Head—
The sea lay dimplin' 'neath a sapphire sky—
An' looked away, away, toward the west,
Wherein St. Brendan's holy islands lie.

List, love, list! Can ye hear them wailin',
The sea-gulls flyin' o'er the tossin' foam?
Here, lad, here, I watch the boats a-sailin',
And fondly dream of thee comin' home.

I heed the time we climbed the brae-side,
The Fairy Thorn was white as snow—
Do ye mind the kiss ye stole then?—
While harebells softly chimed all low.

Hark, dear, hark! Do ye hear them singin',
The golden-throated Summer thrushes?
Here, love, here, all aroun' me springin',
The green an' slender mountain rushes.

An' now I spin me weary wheel aroun',
An' ever mind the day that's yet to be,
While winds o' night go whisperin' down the glen
To guide the ship that brings you home to me.

Shine, stars, shine! The time is by for sadness,
My heart is waitin' for the dawnin'.
Rise, sun, rise, an' flood the world with gladness,
My love is comin' in the mornin'.

FOR many years the Dublin, Wicklow & Wexford Railway Company have been battling against the inroads of the sea on the portion of their line between Bray Head and Newcastle, Co. Wicklow. On several occasions a section of the railway has been swept away. The company has now decided to divert the line further inland, and Parliamentary powers are to be asked for that purpose.



Proposed School of Irish Studies.

Another Interesting Lecture by Dr. Kuno Meyer.

ON Tuesday, June 23rd, in the Aula Maxima of University College, St. Stephen's green, Dr. Kuno Meyer delivered another lecture elaborating his scheme for the establishment of a School of Irish Studies, which formed the subject of an address delivered by him on May 14th in connection with the Oireachtas.

The Very Rev. William Delaney, S.J., LL.D., who presided, in introducing Dr. Kuno Meyer, said Dr. Meyer now came before them to outline more fully the work of which he laid the foundation in his lecture in connection with the Oireachtas, and to call on those present and on the public at large to take up this work, which he verily believed would, if taken in the spirit in which they hoped it would be, very rapidly place the Irish language in the possession of the people, and at the same time one holding first place amongst the great learned languages of Europe (applause).

Dr. Kuno Meyer, who was warmly applauded, in the course of his lecture, said: The widespread sympathy and approval with which the plea he had advanced recently for the establishment of an independent and permanent school of Irish learning and research in Dublin had been received had induced some enthusiastic ladies and gentlemen to provide the necessary funds for making a small but important beginning. The authorities of University College had promptly supplied the room which had been asked, the best available teacher had been secured, and they were thus in the fortunate position of being able to commence immediately a summer school of Irish studies (applause).

He had been asked to deliver the inaugural address for the purpose of explaining in detail what the objects of such a school should be, and appealing to all who had the revival of Irish studies at heart to enter energetically into the work, and give it their best support. The undertaking was so important that every one who was interested in it should freely express his opinion, and so give his best advice as to the most practical way of accomplishing the object they had in view. He had read attentively the let-

ters that had appeared on the subject, and he desired to thank the Dublin Press for the support it had given his scheme, particularly the letters from Father Peter O'Leary.

Before referring to the wider scheme which they had before them, he wished briefly to explain what they proposed to do in the school that would be opened next month. In his opinion, in which he was supported by all serious students of Irish literature and history, there was nothing more important and necessary for the advance of Irish native scholarship than a thorough acquaintance with the older stages of the Irish language. That had been so often insisted on that there was no necessity to dwell upon it. Without it, no genuine progress could be made in the study of Irish literature, Irish history, or Irish archaeology, nor was it possible to possess a scholarly knowledge of the modern language. Their first object, therefore, should be to provide instruction in old and middle Irish, or in the language in which the large mass of Irish literature, poetry, and romance as well as their historical, legal and ecclesiastical documents, were written.

They were fortunate beyond hope and expectation in securing an acquaintance with the older forms of the language, and in having been able to obtain the services of the foremost scholar and authority on the subject, who, along with Dr. Whitley Stokes, occupied the same position in this country that Windisch, Zimmer, and Thuraysen did in Germany—Dr. J. Strachan, professor of Greek at Owens College, Manchester.

Of all living Irish scholars, no one had made the subject of old Irish grammar his own as Professor Strachan. His investigations into the history of the language had introduced a new method of research and marked an epoch in the history of Irish scholarship. By tracing the most characteristic forms of the older language throughout the centuries to their final disappearance, he had for the first time enabled them to date with something like approximate accuracy hundreds of ancient poems and prose texts

which it had hitherto been impossible to assign to a definite period.

He had also made himself a thorough master of the difficult science of etymology, and the number of Irish words which he had for the first time connected with their congeners in different Aryan languages, and traced to their oldest form, was very large. In conjunction with Dr. Stokes, he had also undertaken an addition to all Irish prose and poetry found in MSS. previous to 1000 A. D.—a monumental work which would for long continue to remain the text book for all who desire to study the older language at the source—the *Thesaurus Paleohibernicus*.

The study of modern phases of the language had also engaged the careful study of Dr. Strachan. Though, like some of them who had approached the study of Irish from the origin, he was not able to speak modern Gaelic fluently, he was fully alive to its importance, to its organic relationship with the older language, to the place which it must hold in any curriculum of Irish study. He had read its literature, and was familiar with its various dialects, and to him they owed the preservation of a most interesting specimen of Gaelic literature, a pretty Manx love song, which he took down from the lips of a Barra fisherman, near Port Erin, and published with a translation in the first volume of the *Celtic Zeitschrift*.

Dr. Strachan was coming among them to devote part of his vacation to the great cause which he, in common with the promoters of that school, had at heart. He (the speaker) hoped that all who desired to learn the language would realize that they had now a golden opportunity of doing so under a great master. They had also to realize that the study implied hard work, and that a difficult language could not be learnt without daily application. To guide and direct them in their studies, Dr. Strachan had chosen the only proper and scientific method of instruction. Classes would be held each evening for two consecutive hours, and the time would be divided between grammar and the interpretation of texts, so that his students

would know how to apply at once the knowledge gained.

Dealing with the question of the establishment of a permanent school for the study of Irish, he said he hoped that it would be taken up enthusiastically by the Gaelic League, but at the same time he wished them to understand it was not his idea that the working of the scheme should be left entirely in the hands of the League, as he considered the scheme had too many aspects for the League to deal with.

The interests concerned in the establishment of an Irish school were wider than the interests of the Gaelic League; they were not only national, but, like all science and scholarship, international. The fact was generally becoming recognized throughout the learned world that the time had come when Celtic students take their place side by side with classical and modern languages. Britain, as usual, was behind the other nations, but in the University of Liverpool the creation of a Chair of Celtic was now only a question of time; and in London, Cambridge and Glasgow also the establishment of Celtic Lectureships was on the programme.

One naturally looked to Ireland, and in Ireland to Dublin, for a similar course to be adopted. The necessity of having a supply of candidates for chairs and lectureships that were sure to be created, both in Ireland and Great Britain, would soon be felt. It was not enough in order to be equipped for such posts that they should know one Celtic language only, and that in its modern stage, but their studies should embrace all Celtic languages, and comparative philology as well (hear, hear).

As all those subjects came inside the scope of such a school as was proposed (though some of them might probably not be provided for all at once), it would be seen that the Gaelic League, in order to carry out the scheme in its entirety, must co-operate with the different institutions and bodies, which had those varied interests at heart, such as the Royal Irish Academy, the National Museum, the Archaeological Societies and the prominent men and women who represent Celtic scholarship in all its branches. He suggested a small committee, consisting of three or five representative individuals resident in Dublin, together with a sub-committee of the Coisade Gnotha of the Gaelic League, to bring about the desired organization.

As regarded the school itself, no elaborate arrangements, regulations or stipulations should be needed, and there was no reason why such a school, though aiming at the highest scholarship, should not be popular in its character. After all, the task of such a committee would not be very heavy or complicated, but, on the contrary, comparatively simple. There was, first of all, instruction to be provided in various branches of learning, and when one had the right men the thing was already half done (hear, hear). Some,

like Prof. Strachan, could only come for a summer school, others could come for occasional lectures throughout the year, while men resident in and around Dublin would see that the work was carried on during the winter session.

The subjects taught should embrace in the first place old, middle and modern Irish, both language and literature, grammar as well as reading, critical interpretation of texts, paleographical lectures, i. e., learning to read and classify and catalogue Irish MSS., and in addition classes for the study of history and archaeology. The teaching, to be thoroughly effective, should be carried on, not so much in set courses of lectures as in practical classes, and should be done as much as possible by direct contact of master and pupil, and from the sources and materials themselves (hear, hear).

The question of funds naturally presented itself, and the public, whose assistance they invited, would be desirous to know what sum would be required to establish and maintain such a school as he had sketched. A beginning, and no despotic beginning, could, he believed, be made with comparatively little money, but if the scheme was to be carried out in its fulness, and a permanent school, well equipped and endowed, and maintained, was to be established, a capital sum of £10,000 to £12,000 would be required. The interest of such a sum would be sufficient to defray all costs in connection with the school.

Though through the kindness of Dr. Delaney, S.J., the summer school had been housed, the permanent school must have a home and habitation of its own, and an ordinary house, with one large and several smaller rooms would suit the purpose in every way. He did not despair of getting the necessary sum, if not at once, at least in installments, and he had been encouraged in that hope by the fact that before any public appeal had been made many offers of subscriptions had been made.

A well-furnished library was also an essential item of the scheme, and should include all the handbooks, editions and periodicals bearing on the studies. Many of those works were expensive and difficult to obtain, but without them the work of the school could not be carried on successfully. An excellent opportunity was afforded for some of their well-to-do citizens assisting them in providing such a library, and he was happy to be able to state that he had already received several generous gifts in aid of it.

There should also be scholarships to enable students who might not have the necessary means to attend the school, and more particularly to enable native speakers from all parts of the country to live in Dublin and study at the school for a session or two. It gave him great pleasure to announce that Mrs. J. R. Green the widow of the historian, had promised to establish several such scholarships, if the school were established, and he hoped the public would generously contribute towards the same purpose (applause).

It would also be necessary to have a periodical in connection with the school, devoted exclusively to Irish learning and research. It would be none too soon to start such a publication to-morrow, and there would be no lack either of contributors or subscribers. It surely was an anomaly that Irish literature such as the Life of Colum Cille, of the Midnight Court, or a glossary to Donlevy's Catechism should be published in Germany, and not in Ireland. Indeed, from the outset this should be one of the primary objects of the school, to train in it the future editors and translators and commentators of Irish literature (applause). If the young generation of Irishmen was not trained for this important task, the whole of the ancient literature of Ireland would within the next fifty years be edited by Germans, Frenchmen, Scandinavians and Englishmen.

Lastly, in a school such as was contemplated no earnest worker should be excluded, and provision should be made for all the various needs and grades of Irish students, native Irish speakers, those who had acquired modern Irish from books or orally, students of literature, history or archaeology, classical or modern language students, desirous of becoming acquainted for literary or philological purposes, all should find in the school what they wanted. The contact and intercourse of such varied classes of students alone would be of mutual benefit of no small importance. They would learn as much in this way from one another as from their teachers and, to mention only one point, everyone who had studied the older languages, understood how important it was to have a good knowledge of the modern idioms, and whoever knew the modern languages only was constantly obliged to fall back upon the older language for derivation and original meaning of words and phrases.

The outline which he had given represented his conception of a well-equipped school for the study of Celtic languages, the motto of which should be an increase of scholarship, an advance in knowledge and learning for the benefit of mankind and the glory of God (loud applause).

Dr. Douglas Hyde said he heartily agreed with the opinion expressed by Professor Meyer in his exceedingly able lecture. If Dublin was ever again to become the center of Irish studies, which was absolutely necessary to the making of an Irish Ireland, the only possible way would be to train up the people in Dublin to take their place among the learned men of Europe. After Father Hogan, there was no Irish scholar of the first rank who was either qualified or willing to distribute his knowledge among students. In obtaining the services of Dr. Strachan, Prof. Kuno Meyer had placed them under a deep debt of gratitude, as there was possibly no man after the distinguished Irish scholar whom he had mentioned who was able to stand upon the same plane with him in the study of ancient Irish

August, 1903.

grammar. And without a knowledge of that important subject they could not have a knowledge of ancient, mid- or modern Irish literature (applause).

Dr. Cox, Dr. P. W. Joyce, Very Rev. Father Hogan, S.J.; Mr. John McNeill and Mr. T. W. Rolleston having expressed their approval of the ideas expressed by Dr. Kuno Meyer.

Dr. Delaney conveyed the thanks of the meeting, and said he deplored the tendency of modern times to make universities merely channels in which students were trained to pass examinations, without any regard to the knowledge or actual instruction communicated. It was the ruin of all true education and of all true knowledge (applause). The competitive system was the great evil of education at the present day, and as long as they had any competitive system in which the teaching energy of colleges was expended in trying to secure the greatest number of honors and exhibitions that meant always running in grooves and within limits. It was simply the interest of the teacher to do only what would pay and get his pupils through. He hoped that the new school for Irish studies would not be satisfied merely with examination tests, and that the response from the country would enable those interested in the work to bring it to a successful completion (applause).

Dr. Kuno Meyer, having expressed his acknowledgements, the meeting concluded.

Irish Industries—Important Prosecution.

MESSRS. ISAAC WALTON & CO., tailors and outfitters, of Ludgate Hill, pleaded guilty at the London Mansion House Police Court to-day to three summonses under the Merchandise Marks Act, which charged them with having unlawfully applied a certain false trade description, viz., "White Shirts—Irish Linen," to goods made of union and cotton, also for selling and having in their possession for sale goods to which a false trade description was applied.

Mr. Moseley, representing the Belfast Flax Spinners' Association, said that the Association was formed in Belfast for the purpose of protecting Irish linen industries, and for preventing goods being sold either dishonestly or negligently to the public as Irish linen which were not in fact linen. The sale of such goods inflicted harm on the manufacturer and the grower of flax, and the object of these proceedings was to stop any infringement of the Act. The shirts, the subject of the charge, contained scarcely a particle of linen.

Mr. Walters, on behalf of the company, said that there had not been the slightest intention on their part either to mislead or deceive the public in respect of the sale of the goods in question. The whole matter rose out of a mistake of a local manager. The com-

pany was a highly respectable firm, having branches all over London and the provinces.

Mr. Ald. Smallman imposed a fine of £5, with ten guineas costs, on the first summons, and £5 on each of the other summonses.

In a second case, Mr. George Lewis, of 36 B King William street, pleaded guilty to three summonses for similar offenses in respect of collars, described as Irish linen, but made of linen and cotton.

Mr. Muir, barrister, urged on behalf of the defendant that he had been in business a number of years in the city. There was no suggestion that there had been any intent to deceive the public. No doubt a mistake had been made in the description applied to the collars. There was a time, said counsel, when probably more linen was used in the manufacture of collars sold at 6½d., but now that collars had become something between a breast plate and a straight waistcoat, it was impossible to buy the quantity of linen required to make them for the money. Still the public demanded the 6½d. collar. It was impossible to buy a linen collar in London at the present day.

Mr. Moseley.—Give us an order, and we will soon execute it (laughter).

The Alderman imposed fines and costs, as in the preceding case, amounting to £16.

An Unfortunate Gael.

COLUM WALLACE was born on Gortumna Island 107 years ago. He is now an inmate of Oughterard Workhouse. He is a good Gaelic scholar and the author of a number of poems, some of which, notably "Cuaire an tSrothain Bhuidhe," have had a reputation all over Connacht. Even in his advanced years he has all his faculties unimpaired, and keenly feels his position.

The editor of "An Claidheamh Soluis" has started a fund for the purpose of removing the old man from the poorhouse and sending him back to his native island, where it is his wish to die. The amount collected so far is about £150-0. We understand that the Central Branch of the Gaelic League, Dublin, is about to organize a great Aeridheacht in aid of the fund.

The Irish in England.

THE number of Irish in England is much larger than is generally supposed. Of the 35,000,000 persons enumerated in England and Wales, 426,565 were born in Ireland, this number being made up of 224,967 males and 201,598 females. London claimed 27,374 of these Irish-born males, and 32,837 of the females.

The English county having the largest number of Irish-born persons in its population is Lancashire, which, at the time of the last census was taken, had a total of 145,301 within its borders. Of the other English counties Yorkshire follows Lancashire, with an

Irish-born contribution to its population of 39,145.

There are 22,496 persons of Irish birth in Durham, 18,268 in Cheshire, and 9,613 in Northumberland. The Counties of Surrey, Kent, Sussex and Hampshire have between them 35,961 Irish. There is no English or Welsh county without some native-born Irish residents, the lowest figures being reached in Rutlandshire, with 99.

It is curious to note how strongly the females of Irish birth in London and some of the surrounding districts outnumber the males. Taking the whole of Surrey and Sussex, together with London itself, there are 39,546 females of Irish birth to 32,455 males.

Industrial League.

THE Irish Industrial League maintains a headquarters at 57 Dame street, Dublin. At a recent meeting the Secretary was instructed to write to several firms who have been detected selling foreign-made articles as Irish.

The League adopts a very fair method to those who are discovered carrying on this unfair work. Shops are visited from time to time, and to those who are detected selling or substituting foreign-made goods for Irish letters are written and a caution given.

Very soon the League will institute legal proceedings under the Merchandise Act. A Vigilance Committee will be formed at next meeting, whose business will be to watch the interest of Irish manufacture and protect it against fraud.

THE newspaper stories about the marriage of Sir William Macgregor, who has become known by the unenviable title of "the Pauper Baronet," have brought other needy titled persons into notoriety. For instance, in Ireland there is Sir Thomas O'Connor Moore, who is the eleventh holder of a baronetcy created in 1861, who lives in a very humble way in Cork, where he keeps a small shop for the sale of coal in a working-class neighborhood.

Another Irish baronet who has had to be content with a comparatively lowly position is Sir Thomas Echlin, the seventh baronet, who was for many years a constable in the Royal Irish Constabulary, and afterwards attained the rank of sergeant. Yet another baronet is Sir Charles Algernon Coote (not Sir Algernon Charles Coote, the premier baronet of Ireland), who is in a really destitute condition, and is (or was till very recently) an inmate of the North Dublin Workhouse. Many other instances might be given.



The Jokers' Corner.



"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

SHE—"If it were necessary, and I were your wife, would you go through fire and water for me?"

He—"Do you think it would be necessary?"

She—"It might be."

He—"Then I think you had better go and marry a fireman. Good-bye."

FAME is guilty of many injustices," remarked Mr. T. St.

John Gaffney. "We are constantly talking about the electric light and the telephone, while the geniuses who discovered the corkscrew and the lemon squeezer sleep unrewarded and unglorified."

WHAT'S the difference between a bishop and a monsignor?" a friend asked of Archbishop Ryan recently.

"Well," answered the distinguished Philadelphia prelate, after a moment's reflection, "a monsignor is a sort of counterfeit bishop. The genuine bishop you may know by the ring."—New York Express.

AFARMER'S son in the village of Fethard conceived a desire to shine as a member of the legal profession, and undertook a clerkship in the office of the village pettifogger at nothing a week. At the end of the first day's study the young man returned home.

"Well, Peter, how do you like the law?" was the first paternal inquiry.

"Taint what it's cracked up to be," replied Peter. "Sorry I learnt it."

THREE never was an Irishman," said an insolent Cockney to a worthy son of Erin whom he was visiting at Cork during the Exposition last year, "who did not want to get out of Ireland."

"I'll not gainsay that," replied the Irishman, "as it is generally conceded

that laws are framed in England for the specific purpose of driving our people out of Ireland, but there were some thousands of your countrymen who wanted to get out of Ireland on the day of the Battle of the Yellow Ford. They lost their fight and they're lying there yet, and have never been able to get out of Ireland since."

AN Edinburgh paper tells of a farmer who made his first acquaintance with London the other day, and was asked on his return how he had enjoyed his visit.

"Man, I liket fine," he replied; "but I couldna sleep, the licht was burnin' a' nicht."

"Could ye no' blaw't oot?" his friend inquired.

"No, man! ye canna do that noo; they keep it in wee glass bottles!"

HE was a hot-tempered man, and a member of the Cork Corporation, and it happened that a quantity of rubbish had been accumulated in front of his house. He remonstrated with a laborer employed in making repairs in the street, and the following dialogue ensued:

Councillor—"What the d—l made you put that opposite my door?"

Laborer—"And sure it should be put somewhere until the street is mended, yer honor."

Councillor (in a rage)—"Well, take it to h—l out of that."

Laborer—"Shure, I'll carry it to heaven; it might be more out of yer honor's way."

THERE'S NOTHING IN IT.

MRS. CURRAN was addressing a jury at one of the state trials in 1803 with his usual animation. The judge, whose political bias, if any judge can have one, was certainly supposed not to be favorable to

the prisoner, shook his head in doubt or denial of one of the advocate's arguments.

"I see, gentlemen," said Mr. Curran, "I see the motion of his lordship's head; common observers might imagine that implied a difference of opinion, but they would be mistaken; it is merely accidental. Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days you will yourselves perceive that when his lordship shakes his head there's nothing in it!"

A MATTER OF SPELLING.

JUSTICE MORGAN J. O'BRIEN, while on his way to his seat at the dinner given by the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, spied among the guests "Abe" Gruber. He looked at the little Hebrew lawyer for a second and then said, with evident amazement:

"Why, 'Abe,' what are you doing here? This is a gathering of Irishmen, sons of Erin."

"So am I," said Gruber. "I am a son of Erin, only our people spell it differently—A-a-r-o-n."—New York Times.

NOT THAT KIND OF LIGHT.

AFIRE in a Bowery clothing store excited some discussion on the subject of its origin. Mr. Abrahams, one of the partners, thought it occurred from the electric incandescent lamps. Mr. Moses, the other partner, blamed the arc light, and possible sparks therefrom. The fire inspector next interviewed Pat Murphy, the porter of the establishment. "Now, Pat," said he, "what caused the fire? Mr. Abrahams thinks it was the incandescent lights, and Mr. Moses says it was the arc lights—what do you think?"

"Faith," replied Patrick reflectively, "I'm inclined to think it must have been the Israelites!"

A POLITICAL HURRAH AT A FUNERAL.

ASCENDING the mountain road between Dublin and Glencullen, in company with an English friend, O'Connell was met by a funeral. The mourners soon recognized him, and immediately broke into a vociferous hurrah for their political favorite much to the astonishment of the Sassenach, who, according to the solemn decorum of English funerals, was not prepared for the outburst of Celtic enthusiasm upon such an occasion. A remark being made on the oddity of a political hurrah at a funeral, it was replied that the corpse doubtless would have cheered lustily, too, if it could.

A VILE SLANDER.

SOME of the Scots worthies will sigh no sigh on hearing of the death of the witty Frenchman, Max O'Rell. It is reported that a Highland waiter once refused to serve the Frenchman at dinner, and when reproved explained:

"It's no' to be expected that a self-respecting Scotsman could serve him with ceeveelity. Didn't he say we took to the kilt because our feet were too large to get through trousers?"—St. James Gazette.

August, 1903.

The Electrotonic Battery.

brain and vital organs.

Outfit consists of Electrotonic Battery in Aluminum Case, Electric Hair Brush, Electric Face Massage Roller, Electric Body Sponge and Electric Foot Bath.

Price \$5.00 Complete,

SENT C. O. D. ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

... Send for Booklet



SWAN ELECTRIC M'FG COMPANY, 59 William St., NEW YORK

IN a report issued recently from the Irish Agricultural Office, statistics of acres and crops for last year are given, which show that 320 tons of honey were produced, and nearly three tons of wax manufactured in Ireland. The number of swarms from which this result was achieved was 28,533. In 1888 the year's product was 210 tons of which the value was about £12,000; so that last year the bee brought to the coffers of the Irish farmer something like £18,000.

In some introductory remarks on the Irish agricultural statistics as a whole, it appears that, comparing the extents under the chief cereal crops in 1902 with those for 1901, there was an increase of 1,310 acres, or 3.1 per cent, in wheat, a decrease of 17,191 acres, or 1.6 per cent, in oats; an increase of 6,254 acres, or 3.9 per cent.

ASK FOR

SA-YO

MINT JUJUBES

QUICKLY RELIEVE

COUGHS AND THROAT IRRITATIONS

5c. BOXES

*Singers, Smokers and the Public
Speakers find them invaluable.*

One placed in the mouth at night, when retiring, will prevent that annoying dryness of the throat and insure a restful sleep.

**Are Better than all the
So-called Cough Drops**

A Handsome Photo in Each Box

*If not on sale in your neighborhood, send 5 cents
In postage stamps and we will mail a package.*

WALLACE & CO., New York City

A reliable remedy for Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Nervous diseases. Will restore vitality to debilitated people, toning the system and invigorating the functions of the

THE GAEL

(AN SAOÍL.)

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-class Matter.
Postage free to any point in the United States,
Mexico or Canada.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE GAEL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

THE IRISH

Price.—Subscription \$1.00 per year. Single copies 10 cents. Subscriptions from Ireland, England and Scotland, 5 shillings per year.

Remittance must accompany each Subscription and may be sent by Check, Registered Letter, or Money-Order. Stamps or currency may be sent, but at the sender's risk.

Subscriptions commence with the current issue. **Change of Address** should, in all cases, be accompanied by the old address as well as the new.

The date of expiration of each Subscription is printed on the address label on the wrapper each month. To ensure a continuance of the Magazine subscriptions should be promptly renewed.

Persons desiring the return of their manuscripts, if not accepted, should send a stamped and directed envelope. We cannot, however, hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of uninvited MSS. Authors should preserve a copy. ●

ADVERTISING RATES UPON APPLICATION.



*Do you want to understand
Modern Ireland? If so, read*

“Banba”

(THE IRISH-IRELAND MAGAZINE)
Contributions by the best Irish Writers,
Articles, Stories, Poetry and News of the
Gaelic Movement.

Post free to any part of the world for four shillings (dollar bills accepted).

Address:—The Manager, “Banba,”
29 Gardiner's Place, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

GENEALOGICAL AND HISTORICAL MAP OF IRELAND

SHOWING THE FIVE KINGDOMS

Meath, Ulster, Connaught, Leinster and Munster
AS THEY EXISTED UNDER THE MILESIAN KINGS,

Together with the Names of all the old Irish Families and the localities from which they originally came. The Ancient Territories, possessed by the Irish Princes, Lords and Chiefs are indicated, as well as the Ancient Cities, Seats of Learning, Historic Places, etc. Price, 50 cents.

The Map is mounted ready to hang. A copy will be mailed free to every NEW subscriber. Old subscribers and renewals will not receive one.

Instruction in Gaelic.

Lessons in Gaelic given at your home by an experienced teacher of the language. Terms Reasonable. Write to
M. J. O'SULLIVAN,
 218 E. 30th St., New York

NOW READY.**"IRISH MIST & SUNSHINE"**

Being a collection of Poems and Ballads, by the **REV. JAS. B. DOLLARD** (Sliav-na-mor) Cloth, 144 pages, Handsome Cover in two Colors, Gilt Top, with an excellent Photograph of the Author. **Price Postpaid, \$1.50.**

"Father Dollard treats Irish Life and Sentiment . . . with the intensified passion of an exile . . . every lineruns true to life and home and with the tone as heart-moving as the Angelus which holds Millets peasants in its spell. Nobody can well read his verses without feeling a breath of healthy air pass through the lungs, and a pleasant twitching at the heart such as effects one who in dreams in a distant clime, hears the sound of the chapel bells of his young days floating on his ears."—**W.M. O'BRIEN, M.P.**

BLAKE'S BOOKSTORE,
 602 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO, Canada.

The IRISH HARP.

Now made in Ireland for the first time in generations. Correctly Modelled according to the ancient historic Harps in the National Collection of Antiquities. Played with success at the recent Feis Ceoil and Oireachtas Competitions in Dublin. Testimonials for tone, etc., from distinguished Irish Harpers and Musicians. **VARIOUS PRICES**

APPLICATIONS FOR PARTICULARS INVITED

JAMES M'FALL,
 22 YORK LANE . . . BELFAST.

EASON & SON, Ltd.**— Wholesale Newsagents —****79-80 MIDDLE ABBEY ST., DUBLIN.**

Meers. Eason and Son can supply Newsagents in Ireland with any periodical published in Great Britain or America.

Meers. Eason & Son are Special Agents for **THE GAEL.**

WILLIAM F. COMBER,**47 LITTLE BRITAIN, LONDON, E.C.**

W. F. COMBER is London agent for **THE GAEL** and other American publications. Newsagents anywhere in Great Britain supplied at Wholesale price.

comann na sgríobhánn
 gaeilge.

Irish Texts Society,

Established for the publication of Irish Texts, with English Translations, Notes and Glossaries.

PUBLICATIONS.

Vol. I.—"SIOLLA AN FIUSA" & "EACTRA CLOINNE RIÉG NA h-IOARRAÍDE." Two 16th and 17th century Romances. Edited by DOUGLAS HYDE, LL. D. (Issued 1899).

Vol. II.—"FLEO BRICRENÓ." Edited by GEORGE HENDERSON, M. A., Ph. D. (Issued 1899).

Vol. III.—"TÁINTA AODAGÁIN UI RATAILLE." Complete Edition. Edited by REV. P. S. DINNEEN, M. A. (Issued 1900).

Vol. IV.—"FORAS PEASA AR ÉIRINN," or Geoffrey Keating's "History of Ireland." Edited by DAVID COMYN, M. R. I. A. (Vol. for 1901 now ready).

Vol. V.—"DUANAIRE FÍNN." Edited by JOHN MAC NEIL, B. A. (Part I. will form the Society's Vol. for 1902).

The annual subscription of 7s. 6d. (American subscribers, \$2.00), entitles members to all publications for the current year. All who are interested in the preservation and publication of Irish manuscripts should join the Society. The Society is also bringing out an Irish English Pocket Dictionary of the Modern Language, edited by REV. P. S. DINNEEN, M. A.

Intending subscribers should communicate with the Hon. Secretary,

MISS ELEANOR HULL,
 20 Hanover Square, London, W.

**DENVIR'S
 Monthly Irish Library**

An Illustrated Publication on Original and Striking Lines.

IRISH HISTORY, POETRY, BIOGRAPHY, AND LITERATURE.

Each Number consists of a complete Booklet by a popular writer

Articles—Essays—Reviews—Sketches
 GAELIC PAGE

BY EMINENT IRISH SCHOLARS, Etc.

The following are the "Books of the Month" in the Numbers for 1902:

Jan. - "Thomas Davis," By W. P. Ryan.
 Feb. - "Hugh O'Neill, the Great Ulster Chieftain."
 Mar. - "Ireland's Appeal to America." Mich'l Davitt
 April. - "Irish Fairy Legends and Mythical Stories."
 May - "John Boyle O'Reilly." By Wm. James Ryan.
 June - "John Mitchel." By John Bannon.
 July - "Art McMurrugh." By Daniel Crilly.
 Aug. - "Owen Roe O'Neill." By John Denvir.
 Sept. - "Robert Emmet." By John Hand,
 Oct. - "Daniel O'Connell." By Sileen Donard.
 Nov. - "Rescue of Kelly and Deasy." By I. R. B.
 Dec. - "Dr. John O'Donovan." By Thos. Flannery

"Books of the Month" for 1903:

Jan. - "Sarsfield." By John Hand.
 Feb. - "Brian Boru." By Daniel Crilly.
 Mar. - "The Rescue of the Military Fenians."
 April. - "Irish Street Ballads." By John Hand.
 May - "The Normans in Ireland." By J. M. Denvir.
 June - "St. Columcille." By Michael O'Mahoney.
 July - "The Irish Harp," By Rev. James O'Laverty,
 P. P. M. R. I. A.

Price, 5c. each, or 50c. per dozen.

Digitized by Google
 Address: THE GAEL, 140 Nassau St.,
 NEW YORK.

The Celtic Association

97 STEPHENS GREEN,
DUBLIN.

THE Celtic Association is the only Pan-Celtic organization in the world, and is the governing body of the Pan-Celtic Congress, the central assembly of the Celtic Race. The next Congress will take place in 1904

"Celtia,"

the organ of the Celtic Association, gives all the news of the Celtic movement throughout the world, and contributions in Irish, Gaelic, Manx, Welch and Breton by the best writers.

Annual Subscription to the Association, \$2.50.

Annual Subscription to "Celtia" . . . 1.75.

"CELTIA" IS SUPPLIED FREE TO MEMBERS.



TOOTH INSURANCE

IS A POSSIBILITY HAVING BEEN
MADE FEASIBLE BY THE INTRODUCTION
OF

DENTACURA

A tooth paste commended by
Three Thousand Dentists
- Let 25¢ (the cost of a tube)
represent the premium.
The policy is an Endowment,
without options as you will
receive these three returns,
1st Teeth preserved.
2nd Bacteria destroyed.
3rd Breath sweetened.

25¢ at your Druggist. *Dentacura Co.*
We will send it direct for 25¢
if your dealer will not supply it. 7 ALING ST.
NEWARK, N.J.

AN CLARDEAM SOLUIS

AS GUR
FÁINNE AN LÁE.

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK IN IRISH.

Literary Articles, Songs, &c.
in Irish.

Reports of Gaelic League Branches
the Progress of the Movement,
&c., &c.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES :

One Year 8s. 8d.
Six Months 4s. 4d.
Three Months 2s. 2d.

Subscribers in the United States and
Canada may remit in Dollar Bills.

Address :—THE MANAGER,
An Clardeam Soluis,
24 O'Connell St., Upper,
DUBLIN.



RICE
1d.

FIVE TIMES ARRAIGNED FOR TREASON.

BY R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

PRICE
15c.

October, 1903.

THE GAEL

San DAOIN

CONTENTS

- THE FAIRY HARE OF DANGANMORE
Illustrated. By G. Mortogh Griffith.
- LADY MARY SLATTERY. Illustrated.
By B. M. Croker.
- "PERSIAN" CARPETS WOVEN IN
DONEGAL.
- THE PURSUIT OF DIARMUID AND
GRAINNE. Poem.
- ROBERT EMMET. Poem. By D. A.
McCarthy.
- AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR. Illus-
trated. By Maud Howard Peterson.
- CICELY REILLY. Poem. By W. J. Cros-
bie.
- MEAGHER'S SWORD SPEECH.
- THE TAAFE PEERAGE.
- A NATION ONCE AGAIN. Poem. By
Thomas Davis.
- AN OLD IRISH POEM FROM THE
BOOK OF LEINSTER. Translated
by T. O'Neill Russell.
- KILDARE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SO-
CIETY EXCURSION.
- IRISH BOOKS AND AUTHORS.
- THE JOKER'S CORNER, Etc.

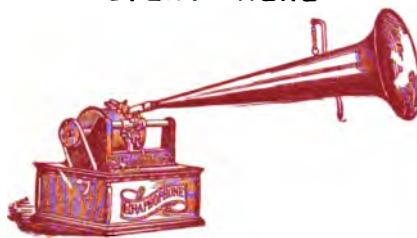
10 cents per copy. (IN IRELAND AND GREAT BRITAIN.)

ILLUSTRATED. BY DR. THOMAS ADDIS EMMET



THE GRAPHOPHONE

Prices \$5 to \$150
ENTERTAINS
EVERYBODY
EVERWHERE



Latest NEW PROCESS Records.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

Columbia Phonograph Co.,

Wholesale and Retail:
93 CHAMBERS STREET,
Retail only:
573 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK.

• All Ireland Review •

Edited by STANDISH O'GRADY.
A WEEKLY IRISH LITERARY JOURNAL.
History, Stories, Essays, Sketches, Poetry,
Correspondence, Archaeology, etc., etc.

Subscription Price:—One Year . . . 8s. 8d.
" " Six Months . . . 4s. 4d.

All Communications to be addressed to

STANDISH O'GRADY
56 HENRY ST., DUBLIN

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK,

51 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK

INCORPORATED 1860.

Due Depositors \$60,347,791.93
Surplus Fund 5,966,500.95

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES.

JAMES McMAHON, President.
JAMES G. JOHNSON, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN C. McCARTHY, 2nd Vice-President.
LOUIS V. O'DONOHUE, Secretary.

ROBERT J. BOGERT
JAMES McMAHON
JOHN C. McCARTHY
JOHN GOOD
LOUIS V. O'DONOHUE
CHARLES V. FORBES
JAMES G. JOHNSON
JOHN C. McCARTHY
HERMAN RIDDER
MYLES TIERNEY.

FRED'K R. COUDERT
VINCENT P. TRAVERS
HUGH KELLY
JOHN BYRNE
JAMES MCGOVERN
MICHAEL E. BANNIN
MICHL' J. DRUMMOND
JOSEPH P. GRACK
THOMAS M. MULRY

MARCUS J. MOLoughlin, Comptroller
WILLIAM HANHART, Asst. Comptroller
LAURENCE F. CAHILL, Auditor

TRY L. J. CALLANAN'S AMERICAN MAN'S WHISKEY

TEN YEARS OLD

NONE	TRADE 41 MARK	MELLOW WITH AGE
ABSOLUTELY PURE		



Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

—THE BEST OF ALL—

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN while TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COILIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Theatre Calendar for 1904

The Handsomest of all the Calendars

The Theatre Calendar was published for the first time in 1903 and the edition was exhausted in a very few weeks. We were unable to fill a great number of duplicate orders. The price of The Theatre Calendar was \$2.00.

The Theatre Calendar for 1904 is beautifully gotten up in a more elaborate style and contains magnificent reproductions of portraits of the following favorite players:

MISS EDNA WALLACE HOPPER
in "The Silver Slipper"

MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL
as "The Marquise"

MISS ANNIE RUSSELL
in "Mice and Men"

MISS ANNA HELD
in "The Little Duchess"

MISS MABELLE GILMAN
in "The Mocking Bird"

MISS CECELIA LOFTUS
as "Ophelia"

MRS. LESLIE CARTER
in "Du Barry"

MISS JULIA MARLOWE
in "Queen Flammette"

MISS IRENE BENTLEY
in "The Girl from Dixie"

MISS BLANCHE WALSH
in "Resurrection"

MISS BLANCHE RING
in "The Blonde in Black"

MISS HENRIETTA CROSMAN
in "The Sword of the King"

Each picture is printed in ten colors and is in an artistically colored frame, forming a calendar of twelve pictures, one for each month, tied up with a ribbon and put in a box. Price, \$1.25

MEYER BROS & CO., Publishers, 26 W. 33d Street, NEW YORK.

When writing to Advertisers please mention THE GAEL.

FIRST AMERICAN EDITION.

REVISED SIMPLE LESSONS IN IRISH

GIVING
The Pronunciation of Each Word.
BY THE LATE

REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY,
M.R.I.A.

With Appendix Containing a Complete and
Exhaustive Glossary of Every Irish Word
used in the Text.

IN presenting to the public "Revised Simple
Lessons in Irish" we are endeavoring to
carry into effect the expressed wishes of the
late lamented Rev. Eugene O'Growney.

These revised Lessons are the last literary
production of that great Gaelic scholar and
lover of Ireland and her language

To the student of Irish this little work will
be found a most useful and helpful compen-
dium. Great care has been given to the com-
piling of the "Phonetic Key" system. By
following instructions, every word given in the
book can be pronounced according to the
usages of the best modern speakers of the
vernacular. The author's chief aim was sim-
plicity and clearness of expression.

For SALE BY THE GAEL,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

PRICE, Paper Covers, 15c.; Cloth, 25c.
By mail, 30c.

A GUIDE TO IRISH DANCING

By J. J. SHEEHAN.

This little Book contains Directions for the
proper performance of a dozen Popular Irish
Dances. An effort has been made in this work
to convey instructions so that persons who are
not familiar with Irish dancing, and who can
not procure a teacher, can instruct themselves.

Published by JOHN DENIR, LONDON.
48 pages, bound in pasteboard cover.

Price, 15c.

Address, THE GAEL, 140 Nassau St., New York

How to Write Irish.

The Irish Copy Book,

Giving the Most Improved Method
of Writing the

GAELIC CHARACTERS.

A BEAUTIFUL MANUAL OF
CELTIC PENMANSHIP.
EVERY IRISH SCHOLAR NEEDS ONE.

Price, 10 Cents. Sent free by mail.

For Sale at the office of THE GAEL,
110 Nassau Street, New York.

R.I.P.A.N.S

The simplest remedy for indigestion,
constipation, biliousness and the many
ailments arising from a disordered stom-
ach, liver or bowels is Ripans Tabules.
They go straight to the seat of the trouble
relieves the distress, cleanse and cure the
affected parts, and give the system a
general toning up.

At druggists.
The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordi-
nary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents,
contains a supply for a year.

ÉINÉ GAOÓL.

(The Gael.)

A MONTHLY BI-LINGUAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE PROMOTION OF THE LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, MUSIC, AND ART OF IRELAND.

No. 10 VOL. XXII.
NEW SERIES.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1903.

TWENTY-SECOND YEAR
OF PUBLICATION.



The Fairy Hare of Danganmore.

By G. Mortogh Griffith.



DINNY MAHER is regarded as the most "knowledgable" man in Moontheen, and Moontheen as every one knows, carries the brains for the parish of Danganmore. Indeed, it may be called the capital of Danganmore, for it contains the forge and two huxteries, a flour mill and the residence of the "docthor," not to mention at least half a dozen more pretentious buildings.

Dinny Maher owns the largest of the "huxteries" and farms four acres of the brown mountain-side of Carrickmourne, a mile and a half away and in his leisure time, which is three days in the week, in nine months of the year, fishes for trout, courses hares, breaks every "game law" on the statute book, reads the newspapers and poses by general consent as the guide, philosopher and friend of every man, woman and child in Danganmore.

In all the five and thirty years of his life it is said he has never once been "dumfoundhered," though during that time problems, many and perplexing, must have come before him for solution.

It was therefore with a feeling akin to awe that the parish heard that Dinny had at last met his Waterloo. And they came to hear him tell the story—down from Mong and Ruppa, and away from Ballyroe and Dicert and Grennan, till every night for many weeks the little cottage fronting the big, dep, silent Nore and redolent of honest, homely turf smoke, held an audience unmindful of everything but the little man in the chimney corner and the weird story he had to tell.

But it was the night of the occurrence that Dinny told the tale at his best—when the scene was fresh upon him in all its vividness, and Shaun Kelly, who had participated in it, sat before him. There was a select audience too. Cauth, his wife, large

good-humored and sceptical; Dick Gaul of Poulhuv; Petho Whelan of Coolgrain; Shaun Connor and Paudh Fleming, and the humble narrator of Cloghabrody.

It was a winter's evening, and the smouldering turf, though sending out pleasant heat, scarce relieved the room from utter darkness. One by one we had dropped in and sitting in a circle round the fire, whiled away the time with the chit-chat of the parish. The master of the house alone was mute.

"Musha, what ails you, Dinny, achorra," said Dick Gaul, after addressing Dinny on three separate occasions without receiving a reply. "Are ye deaf that you didn't hear me spakin' to you? Sittin' there like a sulky grannogue is not the way with you."

This time Dinny condescended to reply. "I seen quare sights to-day, Rich Gaul," he said. "I seen a thing to-day that would turn the eyes in yer head, let alone puttin' a spannel on yer

tongue," and Dinny again became stolidly silent.

"Arrah, what was it man?" asked Petho Whelan.

"Shaun there he see it, too; he'll tell it," said Dinny, indicating Shaun Kelly with a nod of his head and speaking as if he found it difficult to find words.

"Troth, then, he won't then," said Shaun. "You'll tell it yerself Dinny. I only see a bit of it."

"Musha do, Dinny! Go on Dinny!" chorused the audience.

Dinny as he found himself the center of attraction seemed suddenly to find again his native eloquence. He laid his pipe down on the hob, shoved his hat back on his head, and without any further preliminaries, began.

"Mesef an' Shaun there went to first mass this mornin', and when we war walkin' up to the chapel, Shaun, he ses to me, 'Dinny,' he ses, 'it's a gran' day.' Shure there was no gainsayin' that an' the sun shinin' like a May mornin', an' I says to Shaun: 'Twould be a great day for a run wid the dogs.' 'Begob, Dinny,' ses Shaun up an' an-swerin' me, 'the very same thing was in my own head. How did you think of it at all!'"

"Musha," ses I, "wouldn't anyone but a rale omadhawn think of it, wid the sun shinin' fit to break the stones. Where'll we go try?" ses I.

"We ought to try Cloghabrody," ses Shaun. "We could go round by Killmurry and borry a loan of Tom Powers' red tarrier. Wid him an' the two hounds an' me own ould mongrel 'twill be quare if we don't get a rabbit if we don't rise a hare. There's one hare in it for sartain—a big divil wid a red back and 'tis said that 'tis a fairy hare it is. Jack Meaney coorsed him, an' Dicky Hale God be merciful to him, had many's the run out of him, but the dogs couldn't get next or near him, an' be gonneys, Dinny, meself and yoself 'll have a turn out of him now."

"He's no more a fairy hare than I am," ses Shaun, "only Cloghabrody is a bad townland for coorsin', an' me boyo knows every inch of it; so in the name o' God, Dinny," he ses, "we'll go afther him and by this time to-morrow he'll be over a good share of the road to the pot."

Well, sure when we heard mass, we went home and ate our breakfast, an' then made our way over to Tom Powers' an' borried the tarrier. Then we crossed up through Rich Moore's stubble to Ballyroe and we bate that, thin we wint into Ballygown and bate it high up an' low down, ditches and hedges, furze an' freach, field an' fallow, down to the very wall of the Killfane demesne without as much as risin' a tit lark.

"Now for Cloghabrody," ses Shaun. "he is in it sure, Dinny, because he'd never cross the bogs be the Leena Tocar into Columbcille. He's too ould a hayro to do the likes of that," ses Shaun.

We crossed into Cloghabrody an' first and foremost thried the five or six big fields along be the Killkenny road and down to Spruhan's boreen, goin' down on our very knees when we came



"THE FAIRY HARE WINKED HIS LEFT EYE."

to a gap to see could we see his thracks in the mud. But sorra a sight or light of him we came across till when we war goin' through Ned Kavanagh's turnips with the four dogs in a bunch about ten yards in front of us Powers' tarrier gives a bark an' a yelp an' I gives a "hulloo" an' up goes as powdherin' fine a jack hare as ever I clapped me pair of eyes on.

Off he goes for the stile in the corner in an' aisy, quick sort of a trot, an' the dogs afther him, an' I after the dogs, an' Shaun after me. I was up on the stile on the heel of the last dog. The hare, he took down along be the ditch wid the whole hue an' cry afther him an' I stannin' on the top of the ditch shoutin' my encouragements. But what d'ye think? Instead of makin' for the next field he keeps runnin' round the one he was in an' the dogs turnnin' him very often, an' he eludin' them like the ould thrick o' the loop, till in the end of his perambulations he comes up to about twenty foot of me. an' then? O, be the hony, if he didn't go an' sit down on his two hind legs straight forinst me an' rose his right paw up to his face an' rubbin' his whiskers with it gives me a wink with his unnatheral, big left eye as much as to say, "That for yerself and yer hounds an' yer tarriers, Dinny Maher."

Whin I saw that hare winkin', a traymor wint thro me body that stopped the coorse of me blood. An' thin off he walks with himself, fair an' aisy with the dogs in full purchute, and takes across the field be Miller's bog into McGrath's houldin', an' away for the big Rath on the top of the hill over the poorhouse. I was feelin' quare like an' I turns round to Shaun an' there he was, the poor fellow, sittin' in the middle of a brake of briars at my back.

"Did ye see the coorse, Shaun," I ses to him.

"No thin, Dinny, I didn't," he ses. "because when I was standing on the top stone of the stile at your shouldher if I didn't get a polthogue between the eyes that mesmerized me into the bushes. Oh, Dinny, achorra," he ses, "that's the quare 'hare'."

"You may sing that," ses I, "givin' him the end of a bottle of sperits I had in my pocket, "but come on till we pick up the dogs, anyway."

We crossed over the quarter of a mile or so to the ould fort, an' whin we got to it there was the tarriers an' they runnin' here an' there through the bushes, an' the two greyhounds lyin' down jawkin' afther the run.

"Call off the dogs, Shaun," ses I, "in the name of God. Coorsin' sheogs an' lurragahauons is not fittin' sport for dacent people."

Shaun called off the dogs, an' without as much as a word the two of us walked up McGrath's boreen to the Dublin road. Well we were barely out on the road when we saw a little ould crayther of a man, with a hareskin cap on him an' a blackthorn bunyawn in his hand. Meself an' Shaun there we know a gra'ide of people an' we never saw this ould lad before, an' he wasn't a thramph either, because he was too dacent lookin'. But the minute I set eyes on him I knew he was quare, an' the very dogs they came up all in a lather of fresh sweat an' put their noses in me fist. An' the two tarriers began yelpin' an' yowlin' the mortal same as if they smelt a hare. The ould lad he comes up grinnin' an' he ses, "Fine day, boys."

"Aye," ses I, not wishin' to waste my breath on the likes of the crayther.

"Fine day for coorsin'," he ses, standin' as bould an' brazin' fornt me on the road as if he was a common peeler.

"Is it," ses I, dhry like.

"Tis that," he ses. "Did ye get a

coorse?" with a grin on him. Then me blood rose an' I up an' ses: "We did get a coorse an' a mighty quare coorse it was, too, an' there's them," I ses, not very far off that's knows a good deal about it. "You ould boccagh," ses I, "look at the very dumb, insensible craythurs, sick with huntin' a dirty *lurragahauen*, houldin' their noses in my fists for fear they would be overlooked."

"Oha, oha, oha," ses the ould craythurs turnin' in an' walkin' down the very boreen to the rath. An' Shaun an' me—faith we walked home an' why wouldn't we?

Now ye have the whole story, an' I don't want to be asked questions about it because I'm not a janus an' can't give straight answers to crooked questions. But it happened as I tould it to ye, an' anywan that wants to know the truth of it can go an' coorse the hare. An' Shaun saw it as I saw it, an' heard it as I heard it, an' I dare him to contradict a word of it."

And Dinny's personality, as much as his last sentences, both then and on all other occasions, precluded question or argument from Shaun or anybody else.

Peat Bogs As Fuel Sources.

I HAVE but lately returned from Europe, after an exhaustive study to determine the fuel value of "prepared mud," or in other words, peat bogs. In New York, New Jersey and in New England there exist thousands of acres of a black, dense deposit that varies in its fuel value. In Connecticut the fuel from a very rich peat bog having an average depth of 27 feet for an area of ten acres, and at the deepest point 40 feet, has been tested under boilers with very satisfactory results.

At many points in the Berkshire Hills are found various sized bogs that show a satisfactory result when burned under boilers. The shrewd, careful Yankee farmer on whose property these deposits occur is not spending much time either cursing or praising this condition of affairs; he is, to use an old expression, "sawing wood."

In Germany and Holland the manufacture of fuel from peat bogs for industrial purposes dates from 1859, when there was established a German machine for turning out this fuel at Zintenhof, where a cloth factory was supplied. At the present time the industry in Germany represents an output of 2,000,000 metric tons of peat fuel. Russia makes about 4,000,000 metric tons; Norway and Sweden about 1,000,000 each, and Holland 2,000,000, of which a single manufacturer produces 100,000 tons. This country, as well as Canada (where at present attempts are being made to establish this industry), contains many thousand tons of "mud fuel" that will be worked up some day for local consumption.—Henry H. Wotherspoon, Jr., in New York Sun.

A Vision of Connacht in the Thirteenth Century.

By James Clarence Mangan.

I WALKED entranced
Through a land of morn;
The sun, with wondrous excess of
light
Shone down and glanced
Over seas of corn,
And lustrous gardens a-left and right.
Even in the clime
Of resplendent Spain
Beams no such sun upon such a land;
But it was the time,
'Twas in the reign,
Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand.

Anon stood nigh
By my side a man
Of princely aspect and port sublime.
Him queried I,
"Oh, my Lord and Khan,
What clime is this, and what golden
time?"
When he—"The clime
Is a clime to praise;
The clime is Erin's, the green and
bland;
And it is the time,
These be the days,
Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand!"

Then I saw thrones,
And circling fires,
And a dome rose near me, as by a
spell,
Whence flowed the tones
Of silvery lyres,
And many voices in wreathed swell;
And their thrilling chime
Fell on mine ears
As the heavenly hymn of an angel-
band—
"It is now the time
These be the years,
Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand!"

I sought the hall,
And behold! a change
From light to darkness, from joy to
woe!
Kings, nobles, all,
Looked aghast and strange;
The minstrel-group sate in dumbest
show!
Had some great crime
Wrought this dread amaze,
This terror? None seemed to under-
stand!
'Twas then the time,
We were in the days,
Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand.

I again walked forth!
But lo! the sky
Showed fleckt with blood, and an alien
sun
Glared from the north,
And there stood on high,
Amid his shorn beams, a skeleton!
It was by the stream
Of the castled Maine,
One autumn eve, in the Teuton's land.
That I dreamed this dream
Of the time and reign
Of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand!

THE weaving industry is being

greatly encouraged in Ireland. New and improved hand looms have been introduced, and greater care in the spinning and dyeing has been demanded by those handling the cloth for foreign markets. Several Irish industrial societies have labored to impress the importance of keeping up and improving the old standards of scouring the wool properly before dyeing, and of avoiding aniline dyes.

Donegal tweeds are sold at the monthly fairs at Ardara, Carrick and other towns, and are not there very costly. They are sold in large rolls, twenty-five and sixty yards in length, and only about twenty-eight inches wide. It is observed that the home-spuns sold in the shops are all double width goods, such as no peasant loom could possibly produce.

The Trouble With the English Language.

IN Harper's Magazine for August, Brander Matthews voices the need for the development of a purely English language and criticises some of the present characteristics of the language:

"At the beginning of the nineteenth century English was spoken as a native tongue by a few more than twenty millions of men and women; and at the end of the century it was spoken by very nearly a hundred and thirty millions.

"Probably the English-speaking race cannot possibly quintuple itself again or even quadruple itself in the twentieth century, but it will pretty certainly double, and it may very likely treble itself within the next hundred years.

"Before the year 2000 the number of those who use English as their natural speech will be between two hundred and fifty millions and five hundred millions. Before the year 2000 English will have outstripped all its rivals—excepting only the Russian, which represents another civilization in a more or less remote part of the globe. Before the year 2000 English will have forced a recognition of its right to be considered a world language.

"And in what condition is the language itself to undertake the vast work thus laid upon it?—to serve as a medium of communication for so many hundreds of millions of men and women. Fortunately the condition of English is in the main not unsatisfactory. English has discarded most of the elaborate syntactical machinery which still cumbers more primitive languages like the Russian, its future rival and the German, its chief Teutonic sister-tongue.

"It is therefore a very easy language to learn by word of mouth. Its most obvious defect is that its orthography is more barbarous and more unscientific than that of any other of the important languages. Almost every one of the leading scholars in linguistics is on record in denunciation of English orthography as it is to-day."



"CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT PLACE THIS IS?"

OME years ago, when I was one of a fishing party in the South of Ireland, it was my custom each Sunday afternoon to sally forth for a long constitutional, in order to stretch my legs—cramped from sitting in a boat for the greater part of the week—and to explore the country. I generally explored alone, for my brother and his wife preferred to spend the shining hours reading, gossipping, or idling under the ash-trees in the hotel grounds.

During one of my aimless rambles I found myself about five miles from our quarters, turning into a shady road, the prettiest I ever remembered to have seen. Sheer above me, to the left, towered the dark purple "Reeks"; low on the right glittered a silver lake, of which each bend in the way or break among the trees revealed an enchanting vista of wooded island, bays, or promontories.

But by degrees this prospect became lost to sight; a high, dilapidated wall screened it completely—a wall bulging out dangerously here and there, but clothed with thick moss and delicate fern, and held together with ropes of ancient ivy. A dilapidated entrance corresponding to the wall presently came into view, and perched on one of the tumble-down gate-piers, sat an old man in his Sunday clothes, smoking a

black dhudeen. This he took out of his mouth in order to say: "A fine evening, yer honor"; for the Kerry peasants are always gracious, and never meet a stranger without some civil remark.

"Can you tell me what place this is?" I inquired, halting at the gate, and pointing down the grass-grown avenue which wound away among the trees.

"An' why wouldn't I?" he replied. "'Tis called 'Fota.' But sure 'tis in ruins—an empty house hereabouts falls to pieces in ten years. 'Tis the soft climate as does it."

"And has this place not been occupied for ten years?" I asked.

"No, nor for thirty. Maybe ye'd like to come in and take a look around, for it was wance the loveliest spot in Kerry."

"That is saying a good deal," I answered. "Thank you. I should be glad to see it." And I promptly clambered over the broken stile. Meanwhile, the old man knocked the ashes out of his pipe, deliberately descended from his perch, and led the way between an overgrowth of trees and shrubs, down the back avenue into a yard entirely surrounded by large roofless out-houses.

"Now, did ye ever see the like?" he demanded, waving one hand dramatically.

No, I certainly never had! Rank grass a foot high covered the stones, the pump was a wreck, the stables

were lairs of nettles and old iron.

"An' when the ould master, General MacCarthy, lived, sure there wasn't as much as a straw astray." And he nodded his head expressively.

We next passed through a gap in a wall, and came upon the track of the front avenue, winding out of a forest of trees. There were trees on all sides, and on a sort of wide plateau stood the house. I was miserably disappointed at first sight, I must admit. "The house" was a mere cottage, and from the dimensions of the yard, the entrance, and the imposing stretch of lawns and timber, I had expected a mansion. The grounds sloped gradually down to the water's edge, which was almost entirely hidden by a dense growth of laurels; and scattered over a wilderness, to the left, were wonderfully luxuriant flowering shrubs, pampas grass, arbutus, rhododendron, giant fuchsias, and at a distance, a high and hoary garden-wall. I peered into this, through its rusty gate, and beheld a dense jungle of grass, wild flowers, and aged fruit trees gone mad.

Then I slowly retraced my steps, and joined the old man, who was sitting on a low window-sill, and from this coign of vantage we overlooked the lake for a considerable time in absolute silence. The situation and the view were not to be surpassed.

"And so you say this cottage has been empty for thirty years?" I remarked at last.

"Yes, 'tis thirty years last June since they left it—I worked here for the General—man and boy—and the garden below was just a wonder. When he died it was let for a term; after that it went to rack and ruin."

"And does no one ever come near it?"

"The caretaker once a week," he replied. "It is let to graziers for dry heifers, and that's all. 'Tis a mortal pity."

I stood up and gazed into the empty shell of a house. It was originally a glorified cottage, with four spacious rooms and a wide hall; apparently the kitchen and servants' premises were at

the back. The roof was still intact, there were remnants of rich carving, and scraps of expensive wall paper still streaked the walls (which also bore the signatures of half the county); in the drawing-room was a boat, while the dining-room evidently served as a byre for the dry helpers!

"Of course when a house is left empty for years, 'tis a sore temptation," observed my companion in an apologetic key. "The poor people around have made away with the grates, and doors, and window-sashes. Faix! the old General spared no money on it, and if he was to see it now, he'd haunt the place."

"It looks as if it ought to have a history," I observed, as I once more seated myself beside him.

"Faix, then, no, yer honor, I can't say as it has; but I could tell you a mighty quare tale of a child that was born there."

"I should like to hear it, if I may," I said, offering him my tobacco-pouch.

"Well, then, and hear it you shall! —here goes!" stuffing as he spoke a generous amount of tobacco into the bowl of his pipe, and thrusting it down with a horny thumb. " 'Tis more than thirty years ago, when there were no gentlemen's lodges round the lake, no, nor no coaches, or railroads, or telegraphs, but terrible long journeys, and hardships on cars, and the best of fishing and fowling. Now we have a power of quality coming to and fro, and admiring all this"—waving his hand—"and bringing good money, God be praised, for it's badly wanted. But when I was young, a stranger hereabouts was as much of a curiosity as an elephant; and it made a notorious stir when this very place was took by the Earl of Mortimer and his Countess."

"English people," I remarked. "I know the name," (I knew the present Earl by sight, and had seen his historical abbey, his celebrated library, his priceless pictures. He was a rich, arrogant, childless old hermit—a martyr to gout and pride.)

"Yes, Mortimer, sir. I learnt off the name thinking of mortar," continued my companion. "They was not too long married, and come on a spree-like and without many servants—"

"What brought them here?" I asked. "How did they discover it?"

"I don't rightly know," he replied; "but they were highly delighted, I can tell ye—his lordship wid the sport; for in those days ye couldn't put your foot on the mountain without standing on a bird; and as for fish, they were waiting on ye!"

"More than they are now!" I retorted. "Many a day I've waited on them!"

"Himself liked the fishing, and her ladyship the place. It was soon after the master dying, and was just fairyland. The fuchsia-hedges were a sight, the palms a wonder, the magnolia-trees the size of a cabin—as for the passion flowers, the house was smothered between them, and roses; and the carnations scented half the lake!"

He paused, and drew breath after

this burst of eloquence, struck a match, and resumed—

"Ye may see this terrace here? I keep it still weeded. 'Twas here the old master took his stroll—'twas here she used to walk." He heaved a profound sigh, and then continued, in a brisker key—

"Yes, his lordship and her ladyship was well contented, though maybe it was a bit lonely for her. Many an evening I've seen her walking up and down this same terrace here, watching for the boat. Oh, she was like a picture, I declare!"

"Do you remember her?" I inquired.

"An' who wouldn't? Bedad, I do! If I was to shut me eyes I could see her standing there still, her hair (and she had crowds of it), what would stuff a pillow, was dark red, like a copper beech—a small lily face, set on a long white throat, a pair of laughing eyes, and wee hands just a blaze of stones. Her voice was as sweet as a song, and when she smiled—ochone, ochone! it gave yer heart a squeeze. I never saw anything like it before."

"Or since?" I suggested.

"Oh, bedad, sir, I've seen the very comrade of it, and I'll tell ye no lie! Well, her ladyship was mad on flowers, and she used to come and talk to me when I was working, asking questions about the country-folk, and their matches, and quare ways, and about the ould master, God rest him! And she said how sad it was to see his place let to strangers. 'It's a paradise,' says she; 'the loveliest spot I've ever seen. You ought to be proud of your country, Mat Donovan.'"

"I told her I was so, and prouder again, that it was plasin' to her."

"That was a real bit of blarney," I remarked.

" 'Twas not, sorry! 'Twas her due," he retorted with vehemence. "Well, one night there was a terrible whirraloo. Her ladyship had a baby unexpected! No doctor, nor nurse, nor clothes ready, and old 'Betty the Brag' called in, for the French maid was no good at all—but for screeching!"

"The baby was a girl, and a cruel disappointment, as a boy was wanted. However, she had to be reared all the same, and there was no means of feeding the creature till Betty bethought her of Katie Foley—she had a young infant. Katie was about forty, a big, strong major of a woman. She'd been terribly unlucky, and lost five children—some was born dead—some had just the breath in them. People give it out it was a fairy blast. Howsoever, she had a living child at long last, three weeks old, and she took on the other poor little crawneen, and it throng elegantly. Well, when everything was going fair and aisy, bedad! her ladyship, all of a sudden, took and died. Just went off, wid no more warning nor a snowflake!"

"I tell ye, his lordship was like a madman, and out of his mind wid grief. The windows used to be wide open—it was the summer, ye know, and I've heard him calling on her, and crying to her to come back. I declare to ye, sir, 'twas enough to melt the

Rock of Cashel, but sure, she was gone. They took her to England, along with a great train of black mourners, and left the place just as it stood, and the child wid Katie.

"She had a nice, decent house of her own, and his lordship would not so much as look at the baby, and was terribly bitter against it. Faix! there seemed a sort of blight on the family, for in a couple of months the child pined off and died, and was packed in an elegant little white and silver coffin and taken away to the grand family burying ground and laid alongside the mother.

"His lordship sent Katie Foley fifty pounds to bank for her little Mary, and there was an end of that. The news came after a few years as how his lordship was drowned off a yacht. He had never married again, and his cousin fell in for all the estate and grandeur.

"Little Mary throng well. She was a rare beauty, and just the core of John Foley's heart, and the apple of his eye. She was that clever and quick, wid such taking ways, but awful dainty about her food, and wid a terrible high sperrit, and just bone-idle. Learning was no trouble to her, if she took the notion, and she grew up a lovely girl; and it wasn't alone the golden sovereigns she had to her fortune, as made all the boys crazy to marry her. 'Twas her pretty face and queer ways—not bold at all, but impudent and commanding. She could ha' married anyone she pleased. There was a strong farmer from this side of Kenmare crazy about her, and I knew a police sergeant that was just out of his mind."

"And which did she take?" I asked indifferently, for my attention was ebbing fast.

"Neither o'—or other," he solemnly responded. "She would have no match drawn down, but was for pickin' and choosin', just like a lady! At the heel of the hurn', she took the worst of the pack—a good-looking boy from near Tralee, as wild for fun and dancing as herself; and sorra a penny or a penny's worth but a landing-net and a concertina.

"In spite of all that her mother could say, she would have Mick Slattery, and no one else, and so they were married. She has a whole house full of chilfer, and no work in her at all. She's smart enough in her dress, and keeps the youngsters tidy, but no more. She'll spend half the day standing in the door, colloquing and laughing wid the neighbors, or running off to the town, and she's at every dance and wake in the barony. Mick does half the work himself, and Mary is so funny and so clever he cannot say a cross word to her. Oh, she's a rare one to talk, and has always a word with the men; and a pick and a bit out of them!"

"But how do they live if he had nothing but a concertina?" I asked impatiently.

"Sure, Mick Slattery has charge of a piece of the line and a good snug house at the 'level-crossing, so they don't do too badly, though she's a terror for spending.

"Well, old John, who was terribly proud of Mary, died, and his wife, well over seventy, was all her lone, and got very queer in her head. They say her mother was the same, though some made out it was tay-drinking: she never had the taypot out of her hand. Whatever it was, she was so mortal strange that Mick and Mary brought her home, and let her own the house; but it wasn't better, but worse she got—terribly onaisy and restless, and worrying in herself. At long last, she bid them send for the priest, as she had something on her soul; and when he came she up and told him—and she told Mary, and she told anyone that would listen to her—and this was her story."

Here Pat took one or two loud sucks at his pipe, and then continued impressively: "What do ye think Katie giv out? That her child died—it was always droopy—and she could not bear to part wid the other. She loved it as if it was her own. Its father hated it, and would marry again, and rear a family, and never grudge her the little girlie at all; and so she sent off her dead baby to the grand place in England, and kept the stranger, who grew up lovely and strong and clever, and everything that was surprising for quickness and talk.

"Katie took great pride out of her, and soon forgot as she wasn't her own flesh and blood. And John Foley, he never knew; and he just lived for his daughter. Well, this lasted for years and years, but now that Katie was growing old, her sin rose up before her, her conscience tormented her, and she said she must ease her mind before she died; and she made out she felt awfully bad, and that when Mary looked in her face, with her ladyship's own eyes and her ladyship's smile, she just stiffened in the bed!"

"And how did everyone receive this amazing news—what did they say?" I demanded.

"Faix, Mary only jeered at it for pure balderdash. She was a Kerry woman born and bred, and Irish came easier to her than English. To be an English countess, and own castles and coaches and servants, and to wear a gold crown on her head, why, it would kill her if it was true! Her mammy was joking; she was her own little Mary, and no one else."

"And what did the priest say?" I inquired with rekindled interest.

"His reverence gave it against Mrs. Foley too. Anyhow, she was too late. Thuryt years had passed, and why go to upset a grand English family, maybe for nothing? Katie had no proof but her bare word; no document, no witness. Everyone laughed at Mrs. Foley's queer notion, and treated the story as being a fairy-tale. Mary was no Englisher; there was not a lighter foot in a jig or a better warrant to sing an old Irish lament in all the countryside.

"Howsomdever, Katie used to whinge and whimper and moan, praying and begging leave to make restitution. She was altogether bedridden, and they had her within, up in the room, and there she used to lie all day

long, beating her two hands on the bare walls, and praying, and crying by the hour. Ye know, the head of her was not right; and her mother went the same way before her. She never called her daughter aanything but 'Lady Mary'—that was her madness, ye see—and many a time she'd screech, 'Sure, them's not my grandchilder at all, but the grandchilder of the Earl of Mortimer—hasn't Johnny the very

moral of his fatures—oh, wasn't I the wicked woman?—I had no scruple; may the saints pity me!—but the little warm, live child just caught me by the heart—how could I send her away and sit again by the empty cradle?'

"Well, Katie carried on like this for a good while, no one minding the poor crazy creature—seeing, as I tell ye, her own mother was took in the same way! And in the end she died. She



"SHE TOOK THE WORST—A GOOD-LOOKING BOY."

Digitized by Google

got the height of respect, and a funeral that cost ten pounds—two long cars, no less, and lots of porter, and meat, and whisky. Faix, the Slattery's buried the old lady in style."

"And was that the end of it?" I inquired.

"It was the end of Katie," he replied; "but I believe, on me solemn oath, that there was something in her story, all the same. It's getting a bit late," he added, rising. "Me old bones is full of rheumatiz: I'm as stiff as a crutch, and I must be going before the dew falls, or me daughter will have me life."

"But, surely, not before you finish your story," I urged, as I also rose and followed him towards the avenue. "What grounds have you for thinking there was something in it?"

"Faix, it's no secret! Anyone could see it that nad eyes in their head. John and Katie was as black as the crows. Mary has hair like a copper kettle, a white swan throat, a dancing eye, and a little weenchie hand. Oh, she's just the born image of her ladyship. Now isn't that strange?" and he halted and looked hard at me.

"Not if she is her daughter," I answered promptly.

"Whist!" he cried, turning about as if he was afraid that the very trees had ears. "Never let that pass your lips! I only think of it in my heart when I come here alone—as I do every Sunday."

"And has this strange likeness struck other people?" I asked.

"No, sir. You see none of the neighbors had much chance of seeing the Countess. She was mostly out boating, or staying at home, and it's thirty years ago, ye know, and not wan remembers whether her hair was black or yellow. Now, I saw her every mortal day—and for hours, too—and I can never forget her, for I never saw anyone like her for beauty; no, and never will again."

"Except Mary Slattery. Is she not admired and remarked all over the country?"

"No, I can't say as she is. She's too slim and small made for the Kerry folk, and has no great color. They talk of her singing, and dancing, and clever smart chat within these three parishes, but no one thinks much of Mary's looks."

"I must confess that I should like to see her," I exclaimed.

"That's aisy enough," he replied, "If ye will give yourself the trouble to walk up some afternoon to the level crossing beyond the chapel. There ye will see Mary herself, standing in her doorway, wid a clean apron, and her hair as shining as new brass, ready to have a word and a joke wid the first passer-by, and the house behind her just scandalous! She has no heart for work."

"Well, you have told me a most interesting story, and I shall do my best to visit Mrs. Slattery," I said, as we came at last to a halt outside the gate

"Yes, and it's Bible truth I'm after telling ye, and here our roads go dif-

ferent ways. Augh! not at all, sir," he exclaimed. "Sure, I couldn't be taking your money! Well, well, then I'll not say agin the tobacco. I'm thankful fer yer company, and for yer kindness to a bothered old man, listening to his quare foolish talk," and with a hasty nod, he turned his back on me, and hobbled away.

In a short time I, too, was rapidly leaving the woods behind me. In spite of the tangled undergrowth and its yawning ruins, Fota was a lovely spot, and I honestly marvelled that it had never found a second tenant, or that no one appreciated its beauty but this ancient retainer? And was his all mere foolish talk? I asked myself, as I hurried along. Truth was frequently stranger than fiction—why should not this be truth?

The rugged old gardener, still haunting the spot where he had worked (man and boy), and conjuring up the image of the beautiful lady who had inspired him with such deathless admiration, presented a curious, not to say romantic picture! I think it occasionally happens that when one hears of an unusual circumstance or even name, or lights upon an uncommon story, it soon crops up a second time—or is corroborated in some unexpected quarter.

That very same evening Mary Slattery appeared as a topic of conversation and it was not I who introduced her, but Dolly, my vivacious sister-in-law.

"So you have been for one of your dreadful Sunday tramps," she remarked to me over the soup, "and seen a most beautiful spot. Well, I have barely strolled a mile and seen a most beautiful woman."

"That's a common sight in Kerry," I retorted.

"Yes, of a certain style—black hair, grey eyes put in with a dirty finger—but my discovery is of a different type. Chestnut locks, delicate features, graceful figure, she carries her head like royalty, and Vandyke would have been glad to have painted her hands—though they are rather red, I must confess!"

"Yes," I answered, "I know the beauty. She lives at a railway-crossing, and her name is Mary Slattery."

"Pray, how did you discover her?"

"I have heard of her," I replied evasively. "But how did you make her acquaintance?"

"Through one of her children who was swinging on a gate—a pretty little cherub called Johnny. I have quite a circle of new friends about here, and I know Mrs. Slattery pretty well. I've promised to go and see her to-morrow, and to take the children a cake and some clothes."

"Take me, too," was my unexpected request.

"You are not in earnest. It is our last day, and you grudge every hour you have no rod in your hand."

"I'll give the fish a holiday to-morrow afternoon. I should like to see your wonderful beauty."

"And shoot her with a kodak."

"Happy thought; if she has no objection, I shall be charmed," I replied. "She looks brimming over with good temper and good-will. I dare say she will be delighted to sit, if you will promise her a copy; but I know perfectly well that, when to-morrow comes, you will have forgotten her very existence; and, by the way, you left your kodak at Killarney!"

But my lively sister-in-law was mistaken for once. Five o'clock the next afternoon found me escorting her along the high breezy road which runs parallel down to the line, carrying her offerings in the shape of a paper bag (half a dozen sponge-cakes, the best she could procure) and a large, mysterious parcel of soft goods. We soon came in sight of the white gate and the snug house beside it; this latter faced due south, was within about twenty yards of the railway line, and its commonplace face was almost concealed by a thick veil of crimson roses.

Outside, on a reversed bucket, sat a slender auburn-haired young woman, engaged in knitting a black stocking, and endeavoring to keep order between four lively children, a puppy, a singed white cat, as well as a mixed multitude of presumptuous poultry, who crowded around, watching her every movement with expectant attention. She raised her head, then rose to her feet as we approached, greeting Dolly with a radiant glance. So this was Mary Slattery! Yes; and, although not locally credited with "looks," she was undeniably pretty—nay, even beautiful; with clean-cut, high-bred features, and, for all her peasant's clothes, an aristocrat to the tips of her little pink fingers!

"Ah, thin, sure it's too kind of your ladyship to be thinking of these children!" she exclaimed, with a wonderful smile that lit up her whole face. (Her ladyship's smile!) "Johnny, will yer take yer hand out of yer mouth, and say 'Thank ye!' nicely to the lady," for Johnny had clutched the paper bag in a vice-like grip—evidently cakes were a rare prize!

"You will share it with your brother and sisters, won't you?" pleaded Dolly in a coaxing key.

"An' to be sure he will; and bye maybe a bit for the dog and the cat, too. He's no *nagur*," answered his mother, as she carefully portioned out the cakes among her clamorous offspring, whilst the chickens gathered anxiously around, hoping for crumbs.

"This is my brother-in-law," explained Dolly, introducing me at last.

"I'm glad to see yer honor, and hope ye have had sport galore," she said politely.

"Pretty well, I thank you," I replied. "How do you like living so close to the railway, Mrs. Slattery?"

"Faix, I like it well enough, sir; it's gay to see the trains going by—four a day—and two on Sunday, foreby the goods."

"And do you mind the gate?"

"Yes, when Mick is up the lines—that's himself," now pointing to a good-looking man, with a shock of

dark hair, who was busily occupied in digging potatoes.

"Do you eat many potatoes?" asked my sister.

"Augh! no," with a gesture of abhorrence, "I hate potatoes; and when our bag of flour went astray on the train 'ere, last week, I was daggin' round for something to keep me alive —so I was!"

"And what did you find?" I said.

"Ned Macarthy give me a couple of salmon-trout. I've rather a delicate stomach—wid respect to you—I never can stir in the morning till Mick makes me a cup of tay."

"Then do you mean to say your husband gets up and lights the fire, and boils the kettle?" cried Dolly in great surprise. Nothing would induce her husband to do so, as she and I well knew!

"Oh, Mick is mighty good to me!" she confessed with a saucy smile. "Sure, he knows I'm not up to much!"

Here Mick himself arrived, with a basket, and touching his hat to us, said:

"Won't the lady come in and take a sate, and a cup of milk? Mary, me girl, where's your manners?" It struck me that Mary would have infinitely preferred to lounge outside, knitting and talking, and had evidently not the true Irish instinct, which instantly offers a welcome, a seat, and, if possible, refreshment.

"Ah, sure, the house is all upset, and through other," she answered, reluctantly opening the door as she spoke, "and not fit for company. Still, I'll be proud if the lady will walk in and sit down."

On this invitation we both walked in and the untidiness of the abode fully justified old Pat's strictures. It was scandalous!

The room was a good size, the furniture strong and useful; but the fire was dead out, a pot hung over a pile of white ashes, a tub with a half-wash-

ed pair of corduroy trousers stood in the middle of the floor, a variety of cups and saucers, unwashed, studded the table, and the ground, littered with sticks and cabbage-leaves, was badly in need of sweeping. Mary Slattery's little hands were evidently incapable of rough work, but there were futile efforts at decoration! The dresser exhibited some gaudy delf, and various cracked pieces of crockery. There stood a huge bunch of wild flowers in a tin porringer, and on the walls was quite a gallery of colored pictures from the illustrated papers. The window-curtains were looped back, and that in the most approved fashion, yet I descried an old goat under the stairs and a clocking hen behind the door.

Meanwhile Mick made a desperate effort to "redd up" the place. He carried away the tub, chased forth the goat, put forward two chairs, and endeavored with the whole strength of his lungs to rekindle a few turves among



"SHE WAS ENGAGED IN KNITTING AND SURROUNDED BY HER CHILDREN."

the pile of ashes. All this time Mary, his wife, with true patrician unconcern, stood knitting, and talking to Dolly, precisely as if she were receiving her amid the most luxurious surroundings, and absolutely unconscious of any shortcomings.

Now if she had been a true born Irishwoman she would have been pouring forth an irrepressible torrent of excellent and plausible excuses. And here, to me, was an incontrovertible proof that in Mary Slattery's veins ran no Foley blood, but that she was the descendant of a colder race—daughter of a hundred earls! As she conversed with serene nonchalance, her four little bright-eyed children, with high-bridged noses, watched us with unchallenged curiosity, whilst they munched their stale sponge-cakes.

Dolly, who was impetuous and volatile, made wonderful use of her tongue, and I on my part made use of my eyes. The young woman leaning against the dresser was plainly not in keeping with her background; her pose was grace itself, unconscious and unstudied—possibly the heritage of centuries of court life and elaborate courtesies. Her short blue cotton skirts revealed a pair of black woollen stockings and cobbler's shoes, but even these failed to conceal the high-arched instep and slim little foot; and the hands that twinkled among the flying knitting needles might have been painted by Vandyke, so delicate, taper, refined, and absolutely useless did they look! Mary Slattery had a sweet voice and a pleasant and melodious brogue; she and Dolly had much to say to one another. Dolly talked away and asked questions, and listened in return to accounts of funerals and wakes, dances, matches and matchmakers.

"Then matchmakers does go up and down the country making matches," said Mrs. Slattery. "One of the pair must have land, and the other money, and when it is all fixed the young man comes to the house one evening, they are married at once; and if they are well liked, get a great drag home."

"But if the young man does not fancy the girl, what happens?" asked my sister, with raised brows.

"Oh, he makes an excuse. But that's very seldom," replied the other; "and the girl never. The old people take the money and clear out; the young ones has the farm and works it. The matches answer well enough; but I knew a boy once who never seen the girl till the morning they were married. Faix, he was not too well satisfied!" and she gave a mischievous laugh.

"I am sure your match was not made in that fashion," boldly announced Dolly.

"In troth, then, an' it was not!" replied Mrs. Slattery with emphasis. "Mick and I were at school together, and I was before him in the books. Wasn't I now, Mick?"

"Bedad, ye were before me in everything," he answered with a sheepish grin. "I often wondered where she got her brains from! She's mad for read-

ing," he continued proudly, "and she'd be stuck in a book all day long if she could get hold of one."

"What part of Ireland do you come from, Mrs. Slattery?" continued Dolly. "You are not Kerry, at any rate. Any-one can see that!"

"Deed then I am, ma'am," she replied emphatically. "And where else? Why wouldn't I be Kerry born bred?"

"Because you are so unlike the other people, who have dark hair and blue or gray eyes, and are more strongly built. And you—"

"Oh, yes," she interrupted, "I'm aware I'm different. Very small sized, wid red hair and brown eyes, and no color to speak of; but it's just a chancy thing, like a piebald horse or a blue-eyed cat! We can't be all cut out on wan pattern—there's the childer, too. None av them favors no one," pointing to the four intent faces, and fine aristocratic noses outside the door. "I don't know how on the living earth they come by their looks. Their fine soft hair, and their little ears—aye! and their queer tempers. Come in here to me, Micky," she added suddenly, "and pull a good few roses for the lady."

Micky immediately obeyed, and presently entered, bearing a large straggling bunch, which he at once offered to my sister without the least *mauvaise honte*, and the air of a little gentleman.

"That's the boy!" cried his mother approvingly. He was a handsome, well-made fellow, with a square chin and clear hazel eyes that looked you full in the face.

"Thank you, Mick," said Dolly. "How old are you?"

"Ten, ma'am."

"And going to school, of course?"

"Oh, yes; I'm in the third book."

"What are you going to be when you grow up?"

"A soldier."

"Oh, there'll be two words to that," protested his mother. "What put soldiers in yer head, Micky ava?"

"I don't know rightly," and he colored up. "I think they were always there. Mammy, there's a goods train coming!" And he scampered out.

Mrs. Slattery instantly laid down her knitting and hurried after him.

"Are you not afraid of something happening to the children?" I asked, as we rose and followed her. "You are so close to the line."

"Indeed and I was, sir, when they were little," she said. "I once got a terrible fright with Johnny. I'd only just time to tear him off the ground ere the train passed. I was away at the back, feeding the pig, when I saw the train coming very fast, and he had crawled out of his bed and on to the rails. Holy Mary! but I ran that day; I tell you, the fright knocked the heart out of me!"

"Oh, dear! I declare it is six o'clock, and we must be going," suddenly announced Dolly, looking at her watch. "We shall just have time to run across before you close the gates. Good-bye, to you all—*au revoir!*"

She hastened over, and stood and

nodded back to Mary, whilst I dragged forward and shut the two heavy gates for which service I was rewarded with a brilliant smile, and a demure little courtesy, and that was the last I saw of "Lady Mary Slattery."

"Well," exclaimed Dolly, as we turned our backs on the railway and our faces towards a long stretch of heather and a noble range of mountains, "now tell me frankly what you think of her. Is she not beautiful? Has she not an extraordinary air of refinement and distinction?"

"Oh, yes; she's uncommon-looking and all that," I muttered in reply.

"Did you notice her low voice and her odd slow smile—a family smile, I should imagine? And yet, of course, I'm talking the most arrant nonsense! Can you believe that her mother was some old Kerry peasant woman who dug potatoes and smoked a pipe? Come now, can you?" she repeated.

"No, I cannot," I answered doggedly.

"And yet there are her husband and her barefooted children, just peasants; and she talks of a rise of eighteen-pence a week to Mick as if it were the utmost bounds of her ambition. The first time I was there I gave her a sovereign, and you should have seen how she colored up with pleasure, though she did not say much, and I almost felt as if I were offering it to an equal. One would take her for a lady if she were dressed up—a Somebody, in fact."

"Yes, Lady Mary Slattery," I mentally added, and we walked on in silence for a considerable time. The Mortimers were a notoriously haughty family, ancient, exclusive and wealthy; they had dwindled down to one rather frail old branch. What would the Earl of Mortimer say to this Irish heiress who fed pigs, and washed, and cooked (very badly); who was the wife of a Kerry working-man, mother of four fine Kerry children? Could she ever be trained, educated, changed, and fitted for her high degree? Never!

"Come, you have not opened your lips for half a mile," broke in Dolly impatiently. "A penny for your thoughts. What are you thinking about?"

"That I hope we shall have cranberry tart for dinner," was my mendacious answer.

"Oh, you greedy person! I fancied you might be puzzling out the enigma of the young woman at the crossing. I must confess that she baffles me. She is not the least like any countrywoman I've ever seen."

Should I tell Dolly or not? No.

"She's a physiological freak—she's a white crow! What business has she to feed pigs with those little taper hands? Tell me that!"

For my part I was not disposed to tell her anything; Dolly had an active and eloquent tongue, an insatiable curiosity, a world-wide correspondence. Why should I rake up old ashes, and possibly embroil myself with Lord Mortimer and his friends? Silence is golden. No, I would not speak. I would leave Lady Mary as I found her—to her wash-tub and her gate! She appeared to be perfectly satisfied with that state

of life into which God had called her—and who was I that I should interfere? Nevertheless, I entertained no shadow of doubt as to her identity, and felt a profound conviction that old Katie's story was *true*, after all!

A Poet On a Poet.

MR. GEORGE W. RUSSELL ("A. E.") contributes to the "New York Reader" a note on the poetry of Mr. W. B. Yeats. It is always interesting to hear a poet on a poet, particularly when both are of one nation and one period.

"A. E." says:

"I confess I have feared to enter or linger too long in the many-colored land of Druid twilights and runes. A beauty not our own, more perfect than we ourselves conceive is a danger to the imagination." That land of Druid twilight and rune is Mr. Yeats' particular desire and inspiration, but his critic, or rather his appreciator, finds it too remote for his personal needs:

"I am too often tempted to wander with Usheen in Tir-nan-n-Oge and to forget my own heart and its more rarely accorded vision of truth. I know I like my own heart best, but I never look into the world of my friend without feeling that my region lies in the temperate zone and is near the Arctic circle; the flowers grow more rarely and are paler, and the struggle for existence is keener."

A little later the writer says:

"I am interested more in life than in the shadows of life, and as Ildathach grows fainter I await eagerly the revelation of the real nature of one who has built so many mansions in the heavens. The poet has concealed himself under the embroidered cloths and has moved in secretness, and only at rare times, as when he says 'A pity beyond all telling is hid in the heart of love' do we find a love which is not the love of the Sidhe; and more rarely still do recognizable human figures, like the Old Pensioner or Moll Magee, meet us. All the rest are from another world, and are survivals of the proud and golden races who move with the old stateliness and an added sorrow for the dark age which breaks in upon their loveliness."

In a word Mr. Yeats' world is a world outside and beyond that which is. It is beautiful, and mildly sad, a world of spirit and of dreams.

Denvir's Irish Library.

THE book of the month for September in Denvir's Irish Library is from the pen of Mr. John Denvir himself, and its subject is "Irish Architecture and Antiquities." It is full of interesting information, and is copiously illustrated. It will be found an exceedingly useful compilation, more particularly for the young people, whom Mr. Denvir's books are helping to interest in the history and literature of their country. Copies can be had from THE GAEL at 5 cents each.



SHEPPARD'S MODEL "1798."

A Wexford Monument to the Men of '98.

WE give herewith a sketch of the '98 Memorial which the men of Wexford are about to erect in their historic town. It was decided that the Memorial should be a bronze figure of a young Irish peasant armed and ready. The work was entrusted to Mr. Oliver Sheppard, R. H. A., who has turned out a masterpiece.

The statue was recently inspected in his studio, Pembroke Road, Dublin, by representatives of the '98 Association, and all were delighted with the artist's fine conception of a National monument. A plaster cast will next be taken, which will be sent to an eminent firm of bronze founders in Paris, and the monument will probably be ready for the unveiling by St. Patrick's Day of next year.

The statue is beautiful and artistic in the extreme, and expresses with marvellous eloquence the sad, brave story told by the solitary inscription the pedestal will bear—"1798."

"T. P.'S First Book."

ILITTLE knew when I started out on the task what a gigantic business it was going to be. Indeed, the book nearly killed me. To it, perhaps, more than to anything else, I may attribute the success and reputation I began from its publication to attain.

It was bought at a price which few now would be able or willing to pay. In order to write the book I had to go through forty years of "Hansard," and "Hansard" for one year usually consists of five or six big volumes. I had to read almost every line Disraeli ever spoke, whether it was at hustings at election times, or to his constituents during the Parliamentary vacations; I had to read all his own works—which amounted to something like a library in themselves; and, in short, I had to spend on this work almost as much time as would have enabled me to write a considerable history.

All through this period I was so absorbed that it was difficult for me to seek or to do any other work, with the result that my entire income consisted of the occasional checks for five pounds which Mr. Beeton gave me. And the result was that I was in black poverty.

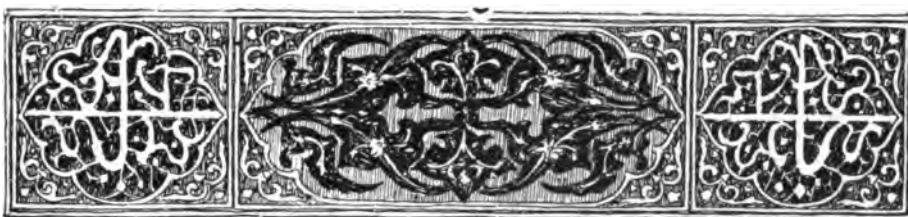
Indeed, I was so poor part of the time that even paper was a consideration to me, and I was delighted when a friend of mine, who was a chemist, gave me large bundles of leaflets setting forth the merits of some plaster or ointment. These leaflets were printed on one side only; the other side I used for my manuscript. I was rather careless then in collecting anything associated with myself, and I don't believe I have the manuscript of a single book I ever wrote; but I did make an exception in the case of these chemical leaflets; I have preserved some of them still.

They are in a drawer in my study, and now and then, when I am running through my papers, I come across them. In a trice I can see again the scene in which they were written; the little parlor in the south of London, and the faces of my companions—some of them passed beyond these voices—and the feverish and killing work, with the curious sense that, after all, the reward would come, sooner or later, or that, at all events, I had begun a task, and could no more escape from it than the convict from his appointed doom.—T. P. O'Connor, in M. A. P.

The Monoglot Englishman.

THE incapacity of the average Englishman to express himself in any language save his own is due partly to lack of imagination, partly to a half-conscious belief that everything which is worth saying at all can be said in English fully as well as in any other tongue, and, very largely, because the absence of confidence in his mastery of any other idiom or accent makes him shy and indisposed, as he would say, to "make an exhibition of himself."

—*The Times*, London.



“Persian” Carpets Woven in Donegal.



seen illustrated in the paintings on Greek vases more than 2,000 years old.

The tufts or mosaics of small woollen squares are tied by the fingers in knots into longitudinal warps which are stretched between two long parallel beams. The design is placed in front, and the girls, varying in number according to the size of the carpet, as many as twelve, sometimes working at the loom, select the colors indicated, row by row; these are then tied and bound down by “shoots” of woollen weft drawn across the entire width, and beaten down by small heavy iron-toothed combs.

These hand-tufted carpets are exquisitely beautiful.

The girls employed at the work have displayed artistic skill, both as regards color and design, such as has astonished their instructors.

The carpets can be made to any size and shape. Purchasers can, also, if they so please, have the carpets woven according to any design which they may select.

The unqualified success which has attended the venture has encouraged the promoters of the industry to increase their efforts. They have planned to extend the industry all over the west of Ireland, thus affording profitable employment to hundreds of young people.

FOR THE FARMERS' PROFIT.

Another important feature of the new industry is that it will give wonderful impetus to the rearing of sheep by the Donegal farmers. The carpets are made entirely of wool, and it is part of the scheme that all the wool used in their manufacture shall be spun from the fleece of sheep reared in these mountain regions.

It has been calculated that in a few years the fleeces of 10,000 score of sheep would be required annually.

The factory at Killybegs affords accommodation for more than 400 workers, all living within a radius of two miles.

Being situated on a branch line of the Donegal Railway, and having an excellent harbor, Killybegs has been chosen as the chief center of the industry.

For those girls who live too far away to attend a factory, a simple arrangement has been contrived by means of which, after having learned the art, they can take the frame looms away

into the seclusion of their mountain homes. Who can tell how much the artistic instincts of these children of the mountains may be quickened by the magical effects of light and shade on those mighty peaks?

One of the Donegal carpets was presented to Queen Victoria on the occasion of her last visit to Ireland. King Edward has also been pleased to order five of them for the royal yacht, and some of these lovely carpets are also in Buckingham Palace.

Wherever these beautiful productions are known they are highly appreciated, especially by lovers of things artistic. Orders have been received at Killybegs from the highest decorative art critics in England and America. The Donegal “Persian” carpets have undoubtedly a most successful future before them.

ERIN DOLLS.

Another new industry which has sprung into existence in Ireland within the last few years is the Erin doll industry, started by a clever Irishwoman, who has discovered a method of making unbreakable dolls.

Taking as her model various distinguished personages, she faithfully and artistically reproduces their features. Different types of nationalities are also accurately reproduced. In every instance the utmost care and attention are paid to every detail of dress characteristic of the individual or type which it is sought to represent.

These Erin dolls are known far and wide, and are to be found in the nurseries of the highest in the land, the Princess of Wales being among the first to recognize their merit by purchasing some of those shown at the sale of Irish work held in London on St. Patrick's Day.

So numerous are the orders received that it is almost impossible to keep pace with the demand. Although all the features are modelled by one hand, the making of these dolls finds work for scores.—London Express.

—Agitation for the removal of the statue of the Phoenix in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, is rife. It is said to be an obstruction to traffic.

Don't fail to give Mrs. Wm. Lowe's Moring Syrup for your Child while cutting teeth. It soon soothes the child, softens the gums, relieves all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

A factory has been established at Killybegs by Scotch manufacturers for weaving “Persian” carpets and rugs. The venture has been most successful, and large numbers of girls and boys are employed in the new industry.

The peculiarity of these carpets is that they must be entirely made by hand and by the method which may be

AT KILLYBEGS.



AN ANCIENT IRISH LEGEND.

I.

AT the high Court of Tara, Grania,
The fairest woman of the younger world,
Watched with wide eyes the azure distances
For what should come: And by her side the Bard
Waited and watched in silence for the sun
To strike aslant the shining brim of helm,
The gray-blue points of spears, the saffron cloaks,
The golden throatlets of the cavaliers
Who rode with Finn, the Fenian chivalry.
For on that day was Grania to behold
For the first time her lover and her lord,
Finn, Cumal's son, since so the word was passed
'Twixt Finn and Cormac.

Beautiful Grania,
Poised on the hill's high forehead, gazed afar.
With wide bright Irish eyes as gray as glass,
Looking along the valleys and the wold,
As one who looks into a wizard's glass,
And wonders, with a high, undaunted front,
What shadowy visions of the yet to be
Will dazzle in the crystal, for indeed
The fate of Grania lay behind the trees
Through which, or soon or late, the knights should ride,
Escorting Finn, her lover and her lord,
Whom she had never seen.

Ah, fair she was,
With such a fairness as our older world
Scarcely conceives. Her beauty graced her youth,
Her youth her beauty, with such sweet accord
As makes life music. Her enchanting eyes,
Whose gray depths never mirrored any man
That would not gladly fling his life away
To see them smile upon him tenderly,
Now seemed most lovely in their grave regard
Of all the wooded valleys; and her hair,
Stirred by the softness of the summer wind,
Trembled like living fire about a face
That shamed all praise. Her white arms met
Before her, with the fingers tightly clasped,
As if some torment she would fain conceal
Tugged at her very heart, and her sweet lips,
Whose smile was life and death to love and hope,
Were firmly set as if some secret thoughts
Were pent and strove for freedom. All erect
She stood upon the forehead of the hill,
Her queenly head held high, and as she stood
The silent Bard beside her fixed his gaze
Upon her perfect loveliness, as one

Who longs to speak and still must keep his peace
For very fear of what is yet to be.

But in a little Grania turned her head
And looking on the Bard with troubled eyes
And trembling lips, like petals which the wind
Vexes at sea, asked him, speaking low,
As if her very voice affrighted her
With nameless fear, "How shall I know my lord
When all the knights come riding up the hill?"
And as she spoke her question died away
Into a sigh, and still her troubled eyes
Fearfully questioned her companion's face,
While her lips quivered.

Then the Bard replied:
"Of all the lovers in this happy world
Finn is the fairest, noblest, mightiest:
Know him by that, for in the press of knights
He shines alone, a moon among the stars,
Larger and lovelier than his fellow-men."

Then Grania, speaking quickly, asked again:
"Is he not old, has not his hair grown gray;
And how can such outshine his fellow-men,
As Finn does in your praises?"

And the Bard:
"Age feareth Finn as all the heroes fear
The son of Cumal. Age must hold aloof
From such a matchless king; and for his hair,
Enchantment may have woven some silver threads
Among its midnight masses, nothing more;
And still must Finn remain the pride of earth,
The flower of chivalry, the first of kings;
Be sure, the fairest hero you behold
Is Finn himself, your lover and your lord."

Even as he spoke, and as she turned away
With happier eyes, there came a gleam of gola
Through the dark masses of the distant wood,
And hollow, hollow, hollow through the hills
A great horn sounded, blowing down the wind,
And on the plain a goodly company
Broke, riding swiftly, heading for the hill.

II.

In the great hall among the press of knights,
The eyes of Grania resting eagerly
Upon a hero taller than the rest—
Or so he seemed—and fairer than the rest—
For so he seemed to her—and mightier.
And in the sunlight streaming through the hall

His hair seemed slightly silvered, and her heart
Beat with great hope, and to her soul she said:
"Now this is Finn, my lover and my lord,
And I the happiest woman in the world,
For I shall love him while my life endures."
And even while she smiled at that fair thought
The chivalry divided, and along
The shining lane of heroes Cormac came—
Cormac the king—conducting by the hand
Finn, son of Cumal.

He was tall and strong
As any oak that ever swept the skies,
And on his noble face the hand of time
Had traced few furrows. Any woman's heart
Might welcome such a lover, such a lord,
For never since the world began to be
Did such a kingly presence gladden it.
But over Grania's heart stole such a chill
As murders youth, and her unhappy eyes
Stared blindly through a mist as red as blood
Upon the king, and with a hollow groan
She fell back fainting in her women's arms.

III.

Through the high hall where all the chieftains sat
Carousing through the dusk, a woman passed,
Soft-footed, silent, moving through the peers,
And glancing swiftly on the face of each,
As one who seeks and finds not, till she came
To where sat Dermot with the younger lords—
Dermot, the rose of Fenian chivalry.
The stoutest swordsman in a warring world,
The fleetest foot to follow up the chase,
The matchless Dermot.

By his side she paused,
And whispered, "Follow me," and Dermot rose
And followed, no man noting in the hall
Where all were mad and merry, heeding naught.
And so they passed through many a curtained door
And many a dimly-lighted corridor
Until they came into a garden close,
And Dermot's forehead felt the evening wind,
And here the woman left him, saying, "Stay."

IV.

In that dim garden, with a beating heart,
Dermot delayed. The trembling large-boughed trees,
Quivering their full leaves in the evening wind,
Girdled him round like shadows of the dead,
And half he fancied he had dipped between
The golden gates of life, and stood alone
In the dream-kingdom where the heroes go
After their hour is spun; so still it was
In that green corner of the world, so still,
So deeply drowned in darkness and in peace,
That Dermot, dizzy with the wassail late,
Troubled by visions of a haunting face
First seen that day, perplexed by this strange tryst,
Half wondered if he dreamed in very truth;
But with the thought there came a silken sound,
The stir of fairy feet across the grass,
And through the close between the darkling trees
A woman swiftly came, and Dermot saw
The face of Grania in that hollow place.
And Grania, looking lovingly in his eyes,
Spoke, and her voice came weaker than the wind,
That died away among the sighing leaves:
"Dermot, I lay this law upon thy life,
That thou must be my lover and my lord,
Because I love thee as no woman yet
Loved or shall love until the world be dead,
As we shall die, who still before we die
May taste delight; ah, love me, pity me
That am not faithless, neither false of heart,
But most unhappy, being pledged to Finn
And loving Dermot."

With a bitter wail

Her voice broke, and she sobbed with tearless eyes,
While Dermot, wondering, stretched his hand to her,

And would have spoken, but she caught his hand
In both of hers and clasped it desperately,
And spoke again before he found his speech,
And told him of her error—how she deemed
That he was Finn, the noblest man on earth,
And gave the love she could not give again.

V.

What fairer legend lingers than the tale
Of Grania's love and Dermot's agony,
And how the lords of Fenian chivalry
Bade him accept love's blessing and love's bale;
And how the lovers fled o'er hill and vale,
Striving in vain against their destiny,
Till at the last Finn's vengeful eyes might see
The noblest hero lying cold and pale.

The world has changed since that fair tale was told,
But still in the enchanting Irish tongue
And duller alien speech the song is sung,
That tells of love which never waxeth old,
And hero-deeds by which men's hearts are wrung,
Until the hot blood of the world grows cold.

Robert Emmet.

(Hanged and beheaded, September 20th, 1803.)

In Dublin City one September day—
Ah me, how fast a hundred years will run!—
A dastard deed in Thomas Street was done,
A deed whose memory hath not passed away;
For there, begirt by troopers in array,
Upon a ghastly scaffold in the sun,
Young Emmet, Ireland's best-beloved one,
Went forth the forfeit of his life to pay!

Dead, aye, he's dead. A century of years
Have dropped their blossoms on his grave since then,
Have made the grasses green above his head.
And yet not dead. Let us forget our fears;
No martyr like to him can die while men
Have hearts to feel; or women tears to shed!

—DENIS A. M'CARTHY.

Maureen.

O, YOU plant the pain in my heart with your wistful eyes,
Girl of my choice, Maureen!
Will you drive me mad for the kisses your shy, sweet mouth denies,
Maureen?

Like a walking ghost I am, and no words to woo,
White rose of the west, Maureen?
For it's pale you are, and the fear that's on you is over me, too,
Maureen?

Sure it's one complaint that's on us, asthore, this day
Bride of my dreams, Maureen;
The smart of the bee that stung us his honey must cure,
they say,
Maureen?

I'll coax the light to your eyes, and the rose to your face,
Maureen, my own Maureen!
When I feel the warmth of your breast, and your nest is my arm's embrace,
Maureen!

O, where was the King o' the World that day—only me?
My one true love, Maureen!
And you the Queen with me there, and your throne in my heart, machree,
Maureen!

—JOHN TODHUNTER.

Castlecomer Coal-fields.



THE Coal-fields of Castlecomer, as they are generally known, cover an area of about 400 square miles. They are surrounded by railways, the nearest of which does not come within eight Irish miles of the pit, and the cost of cartage from the pit to this railway is about 6s. 8d. per ton, thus adding that amount to the price of the coal before it can be placed on rail to compete with English or Scotch coal. The coalfields of Castlecomer have the great disadvantage of not being very accessible.

Their discovery was purely accidental. It appears they are now working for 175 years, and the knowledge of their existence was brought about through the fact of a number of men being employed raising iron ore, which is very prolific in this district. Having worked out the ore in one district, the workmen came suddenly upon a seam of coal. Pits were opened in various directions, and coal has been found in great abundance ever since.

In the year 1801 the coal mines of Castlecomer were brought under the notice of the Government of the day, and a grant was made by the Board of Inland Navigation of a sum of £40,000 towards the construction of a canal to connect Castlecomer Mines with Monasterevan, and thus bring the coal to the midlands of Ireland.

Through some unknown cause it has never been constructed, and on many occasions since the people of this district made various efforts to get railway connection, undergoing heavy expenses in having several suggested routes mapped and levelled. All these efforts fell through on account of the Great Southern and Western Railway directors not taking up the project.

At the present time a strong and united request is being made to the Government for a grant out of the Development Fund, and the people expect that they should get at least the amount which was voted the district before, but which was not expended—namely £40,000—in aid of a light railway to the collieries, and if this amount be granted the remaining amount necessary to complete the line will be forthcoming.

A survey of the mines was made by Griffith in 1814, and a further survey was made by the Geological Society in 1879. The survey showed three workable seams, but since then, and quite recently, Mr. R. H. Prior-Wandesforde, the owner of the estate, has made bor-

ings underneath the above seams, and it is considered that the result is quite satisfactory, and further brings to light a mineral wealth of vast importance, and we understand he is at present putting down two more bore-holes to prove the extent of this deep, or Skehana seam.

Mr. Wandesforde has had experiments made of the gas-generating properties of the coal, and the report from the Athlone Woolen Mills Company is a proof of the valuable qualities of the coal as gas-producer.

For malting purposes, Professor Nardman, Fellow of the Chemical Society, etc., made a careful analysis of the Castlecomer coal, as well as the best (anthracite) Welsh coal as imported into Dublin, and in his report on them made the following comparisons: One ton of Jarrow (Castlecomer) coal evaporated 2,934 gallons of water at 212 degrees Fahrenheit, while the same quantity of Welsh coal will evaporate only 2,512 gallons, so that 16½ cwt. of Castlecomer coal is equal to 20 cwt. of Welsh, whereas for lasting power in an ordinary fire the Castlecomer coal burns twice as long as the Welsh.

All over Ireland a wave of industrial revival has set in, but in no part of Ireland is there a greater need for same than in the Castlecomer district of North Kilkenny, and in no part of Ireland are the means so available; and, notwithstanding that fact, it is saddening to think of the large numbers of young and old who have left the district within the past thirty years, as will be seen by a comparison of the population according to the census return of 1871, and that of 1901:

Population of the Castlecomer district in the year 1871, 14,302; population of Castlecomer district in the year 1901, 10,114; reduction in population during the past thirty years, 4,188 souls.

The collieries are turning out about 80,000 tons of coal annually, and employing about 600 miners, but the present output would be very considerably increased, and the number of hands earning money much multiplied, if a connection be made with one of the existing lines of railway, and in addition to the increased employment given in this locality, all the outlying districts would be very much benefited by having the native coal delivered at a rate in fair competition with the imported article. It is believed the demand for the coal for malting purposes and for gas generating purposes under the new patent would be much increased.

In the course of a letter to the Urban Council of Kilkenny, Mr. Patrick O'Brien, the popular and energetic member for Kilkenny city, in pledging his strongest support to the railway project wrote:

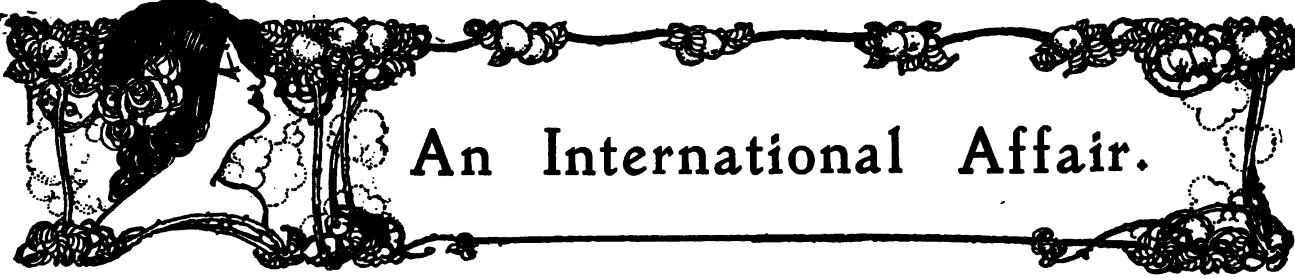
"I would suggest, as a good preliminary to seeing the Chief Secretary, that a deputation should see Mr. Horace Plunkett, as head of the Agricultural and Industrial Department, to help the work. Industrial development is the principal duty of the Agricultural and Industrial Department to get facilities for distributing Castlecomer coal all over Ireland by means of the railroads of the country, from which it is now cut off, is of the first importance. I may say that I had a short and hasty conversation a few days ago with Mr. Plunkett on the subject, and I believe that he will be found, when properly approached on this matter, ready to give the movement all the available help of his Department."

Early in the seventies of the last century two gentlemen from England came to Castlecomer in search of the iron ore which they had ascertained existed in Castlecomer district. They required the ore for the purpose of purifying gas. Calling at the house of a professional gentleman in Castlecomer, he gladly drove them to Glenmullen Wood, a place about a mile outside the town, and showed them stones laden with the ore laying on the surface.

They were thoroughly satisfied with the ore and had contract papers in their possession for several thousand tons of the stone, but on learning the added cost which the cartage of the stone or ore to the nearest railway station would be they were debarred from entering into any contract with the proprietor, and thus another great industry was choked for want of rail facilities.

Mr. J. B. Dobbs, the popular lessee of the Jarrow seam, has done his utmost to develop the mines, and give employment, but the want of transit facilities has always retarded his efforts to develop them in the way he would wish, but now there has arisen an united demand from all the local authorities in county Kilkenny, supported by strong and widespread feeling among all classes of the community for fair treatment for this important industry, and the hope is strongly entertained that the Government will accede to the request of the public, and give the grant looked for in aid of a light railway for the mines, and place the collieries in a position to compete with the imported article, and properly develop the Castlecomer coal industry.

A great seam of coal also exists in the southwestern portion of Co. Kilkenny but has never been worked. Beginning near New Ross it extends a good distance into the mountainous country. It was also said that an outcropping of anthracite had been found on Carrickmourne Hill, near Thomastown.



An International Affair.

By Maud Howard Peterson.

CHAPTER I.

HE was an Irishman, blue eyed and thirty-seven. His hair was black and thick on his head, but showed glimpses of gray. He was six feet; an all-round good fellow; a gentleman born, and a riding master.

That he was of gentle birth, went without question. How he became one of the instructors at the big New York riding academy was the wonder.

Time, however, did not appease his associates' curiosity. Few ever heard him speak of his home and kin, and perhaps none knew of the existence of a vine covered, century old manor house, overlooking the

waters of Killarney, where an old man still waited trustingly, as did the prodigal's father, for the return of this, the wildest but dearest of his sons.

"There's a new pupil for you tomorrow at eight," said the manager, looking up from his ledger, as the Irishman sauntered in one hot afternoon.

O'Brien leaned against the window ledge and proceeded slowly to draw off his riding gloves.

"Man or woman?" he asked.

"Woman."

"By Jove, if she's like that one, I'll throw up my job," he whispered tragically, glancing toward a girl who tipped the scales at a hundred and seventy, and who was just leaving the academy; "Jerry's the strongest ladies' horse we've got, and even he staggered under her."

The clerk laughed good naturedly. There was something irresistible in O'Brien's soft voice.

"She isn't. She's slender and rather pretty and bright. She came yesterday to see about lessons. Asked whom I would recommend and I said you."

"Ah!"

O'Brien tapped his boot thoughtfully with his whip. He was wondering if, after all, this sort of life paid. He was glad he was to leave town in

three weeks. He disliked the city in Summer.

"It was good of you, Smithson, to recommend me," he said presently, "but you'll have to find some one else to teach the young lady after the seventeenth. A class has been offered me at Westhampton."

Smithson looked up.

"I'm sorry for that, and she'll be sorry, too," he said. "She set her heart on having you, since I told her what an A1 rider you are."

"Just as I haven't set my heart on her," laughed O'Brien. "I suppose she's like all the rest of these American girls," he added presently; "mighty nice to a man if he's ticketed and labeled and bears the mark of approval from a titled somebody, but unbending as iron where there's not a formal introduction."

O'Brien's voice had a bitter ring beneath the soft tones. Smithson glanced at him in surprise.

"I think," he said, thoughtfully, after a pause, "I think, O'Brien, you'll find her a bit different from the rest.

CHAPTER II.

And the next morning it poured. When O'Brien entered the riding academy it was five minutes past eight.

"Of course, my new pupil hasn't come," he said confidently.

Smithson looked up with a quizzical smile.

"Of course she has," he answered. "She's been here since ten minutes before. I told you she was different from the rest."

He rang the bell connected with the stables as he spoke.

"Miss Maury's and Mr. O'Brien's horses," he called through the tube.

They were presently led forth by the groom and stood a living illustration to the circular that declared them to be "mild, gentle and safe."

Mechanically O'Brien followed the clerk to the door of the ladies' parlor. He was as well trained as the horses in this matter of introduction.

"Miss Maury, your horse is waiting and this is Mr. O'Brien, of whom I told you."

A tall girl in a black riding skirt, black shirt waist and derby, stepped out, looked straight into O'Brien's Irish blue eyes and smiled.

"I am so glad to meet you, Mr. O'Brien," she said cordially.

O'Brien smiled in sympathy. Undoubtedly Smithson was right. She was different from the rest.

"Have you ever ridden before, Miss Maury?" he asked, pausing by the horse she was to mount.

"Long ago, when I was a child," she said, laughing, "but not since. I want you to polish me up a bit. Indeed, I almost feared I've forgotten first principles."

He assisted her to mount, arranged her skirt, adjusted her stirrup, sprang on his own horse and motioned her to follow him into the deserted ring. And then a new era and a new life opened for O'Brien.

It was perhaps something in the proud carriage of her head that first attracted him. It was his deference, his soft Irish accent, and his Irish eyes that held the charm for her.

The hands of the great clock moved slowly around the dial and yet no mention was made that the lesson was coming to a close. He found her an apt pupil, who asked pardon for her mistakes, much as she would have done of a friend, instead of a paid master. They discussed horses and dogs, America and foreign politics.

"Now take the Irish, for instance," she said, looking innocently at him, "that poor, weak, down-trodden—" He caught her eye, and she nodded her head. "Yes, I know," she went on with a smile; "you couldn't hide your nationality even if you wished. Now, just look at you all; for years trying to get Home Rule. You mustn't think I don't admire your King; I think he's one of the most judicial, tender, manly of men that live; but you see, I'm a thorough democrat and don't believe in kings."

"And yet in some ways, we're more democratic than you Americans," he answered, looking straight ahead of him between his horse's ears; "we never pass anybody on the road in Ireland, even the poorest peasant, but we say 'Good morning,' or 'Good day.' I've been three years in a boarding house on Fifty-first Street, and there isn't a soul I know to speak to."

"You mustn't judge all of us by the New Yorkers," she said gently, her quick ear noting the weary note: "the people here are all in such a rush they haven't much time to be friendly."

She did not add, "with riding masters," but she thought it.

"Now, down South," she continued, "it's much the same as in your country. There, one and all, from the plantation owner down to the blackest little boy, exchange greetings."

"You are from the South?"

The words were out before he was aware of it. She looked at him and smiled.

"I was born there and reared there until I was seven," she said simply.

He almost hoped she would say more and yet he was glad that she did not. This girl, with her winning manner and the proud carriage of her head, evidently knew just how far to go.

She had been cordial to him; more so than any woman had been to him in this strange country, and yet she never seemed to let him lose the consciousness that she was his pupil and he her riding master.

It hurt him to-day as it had never hurt him before, and he fell silent.

He helped her to dismount, saw her gather up her long cloak, and walk away. Her "Thank you for a pleasant ride" was still ringing in his ears when he went into the office to report.

"Miss Maury seems very nice" remarked Smithson, looking up.

O'Brien lifted his head. There was something in the gesture that made one think of Miss Maury.

"She's a thoroughbred," he said below his breath, and turned away.

CHAPTER III.

O'Brien waited with a strange impatience, at which he himself wondered, for Miss Maury's second ride. But it was not until two weeks later that he managed to tell her he left for Westhampton the next morning to be gone two months.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "By that time all my tickets will have been used."

"Couldn't you buy more?" he pleaded reproachfully.

Miss Maury laughed and brushed a fly from her horse's neck.

"I'm afraid not. These were a present, and there aren't enough pennies in my little tin bank for others."

"Can't you save a few tickets until my return?"

Miss Maury smiled.

"There are mighty few as it is," she said, "but perhaps I can manage to reserve a couple."

She struck her horse into a gallop. He followed close behind.

"I think I saw a comb or something fall from your hair," he said.

She put up her hand.

"It's my little bow that I always wear," she began.

He dismounted, swung the bridle over his arm and began to search in the soft brown tan. Miss Maury walked her horse close to his.

"You know that's a pretty serious thing for a girl to lose," she added soberly.

He glanced up and she met his merry Irish eyes and they both laughed.

"No fear of losing that when I'm

around," he said, laying the lost article in her outstretched hand.

He looked at her fearfully, as if dreading a rebuke, but to-day she was transformed.

"You are an Irishman through and through," she said, "even to kissing the Blarney stone."

He swung himself on his horse.

"I've never been near it in my life," he protested. "Why, do you know you have to crawl on your knees to it?"

"What a lot of trouble for anything so unresponsive," she said, thoughtfully.

He could not see her eyes, but he knew they hid a smile.

An hour later when Miss Maury entered the empty hall of her own home, she walked deliberately over to the mirror above the low mantel and looked at herself reproachfully.

"Sarah Tazewell Maury," she began, addressing the reflection opposite, "you've behaved disgracefully. You've flirted with a riding master, you ridiculous girl. It's a wonder that all the shades of the Randolphs and Skipwiths and Carters didn't descend in a body and gobble you up, before his very eyes; yes, it is! You've flirted and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, but you're not. That's the discouraging part about you; you're never ashamed when you should be!" She shook her head gravely at the reflection.

"Of course, I acknowledge, Sarah,

that you had some provocation in that soft voice and those Irish eyes. And then he's going away. Of course, Sarah, you wanted to leave a good impression. You wouldn't be a woman if you didn't! And think of being three years in a boarding house and not knowing a soul to speak to! That's pretty hard, Sarah. I grant you, too, he's undoubtedly a gentleman. I flatter myself you have enough discrimination for that, but still he's a riding master, and riding masters—"

Some one entered the hall and Miss Maury turned from the mirror.

"Why, Henry!" she exclaimed, "what on earth are you doing here this time of the morning?"

"You needn't give a fellow such a blamed cool kind of a greeting, when you haven't seen him for two weeks," rejoined the young man, in an injured tone.

"Two days, you mean," briskly corrected Miss Maury. "You haven't answered my question."

"Things are what they seem. Well," he went on, comfortably settling himself in a chair, "principally to see you, and incidentally to borrow one of uncle's law books. I wonder where he is. I'm in a big hurry."

"He's where he ought to be, downtown," snapped Miss Maury, "do you wish me to bring the library to you or are you going to it?"

Henry smiled coolly.

"Do you know that rig isn't half unbecoming?" he said.

"Thanks, but I've been told it was exceedingly so."

Henry sat bolt upright in his chair.

"By that cad of an Irish riding master, I suppose," he growled.

"Nothing of the kind. He's a gentleman, and doesn't make personal remarks," sniffed Sarah.

Her visitor rose wrathfully.

"I see through his little game," he began; "he's trying to make you believe that he is what he is not. He's trying to—"

Miss Maury looked at him calmly.

"That's enough, Henry," she said pleasantly; but there was a dangerous angle to her chin that should have warned her visitor. He did not see it, however, and rushed straight on to self-destruction.

"He's a great posing, sneaky foreigner, who thinks just because you're a girl and an American, he can say what he pleases. I'll teach him a thing or two, and that he'd better not infringe on my preserves!"

"If you mean me, you can reserve your strength and take that last remark back. I'm not your preserves. I never have been and what is more—"

"But, Sally—"

"And what is more, I never shall be, and I'm tarter than you think, and some day you'll find it out to your sorrow," Miss Maury went on with a fine disregard for her English.

"I'd like to get a chance to try," muttered Henry below his breath, looking at her mouth that was smiling in a way to drive a man crazy.

Miss Maury rose and with a laugh

THE RIDING MASTER'S FAVORITE
PUPIL.



rushed across the hall to him like an animated young whirlwind. Her foot tripped in her long skirt and she would have fallen if her cousin had not caught her. He held her for a moment, while she tapped him on the arm.

"Henry, you're so foolish about some things," she said.

He let her go suddenly.

"Yes," he said, with a queer little catch in his voice, "sometimes hopelessly foolish, I think, about some things, Sally."

After he had gone and Miss Maury had changed her dress, she sat down on the edge of a lounge and leaned forward with her chin in her hands.

"Now, here are two men," she said aloud, in a precise, judicial way, as though addressing a court, "the name of the first is Henry Venable Nelson, and he's 'blood' and a cousin and a successful lawyer and he has fine principles and is very clever—so every one says; and he's in love with me. The other's name is Dermot O'Brien"—Miss Maury sighed profoundly—"and he's an Irishman and a riding master, and he's evidently fond of horses, and horses are risky and a temptation, and while he's a gentleman, he may drink. I've heard horses and drink, well, almost always went together, and I'm in love with—his eyes and his accent."

There was a long silence. She lifted her chin and looked straight ahead of her thoughtfully.

"I'm a very unhappy girl," Miss Maury said, plaintively.

CHAPTER IV.

It would be difficult to say just the effect that last ride produced on O'Brien. His own mind was in a very chaotic condition during the rest of the day, and that night, when he got back to his own room, in the boarding house, he flung himself wearily into a chair and stared into the empty grate.

He never remembered feeling so hopelessly lonely in all his life, except perhaps the morning when years and years ago his father had come into the nursery, lifted him out of his little bed, and told him that his mother had died in the night.

Even then he had been conscious of the sustaining strength of that father's arms—that father whom he had left in his old age, to come to this strange land alone. He had outgrown the simplicity of the great home overlooking Killarney; he was restless and wanted to "see life."

He had seen his money melt beneath his touch and had found himself stranded in New York. He was too proud to go home, even to ask for help, and he had turned his one and only accomplishment to practical use. He had never felt the humiliation of it as he felt it now. In all his life he had never so longed for any thing as he longed to go to her and proudly say:

"See, my race, too, extends back into the shadows of the past—a proud race of warriors, statesmen, sages; I, the very least worthy of them all. Yet I am your equal by birth, by breeding

and by my university training. I am fit to be more to you than your riding master!"

"Was he fit?" the question came back to him.

True, he had never won money by dishonest means; in that he had been beyond fear and beyond reproach. He stretched out his arms on the table and leaned his head upon them.

"Colleen bawn," he murmured, "oh colleen bawn."

CHAPTER V.

When O'Brien returned in September the lessons were resumed. Miss Maury had improved greatly and the old secret of handling her horse, lost since her childhood, had come back to her two-fold. He remarked on it.

"I fear Mr. Caswell has proved a better teacher than I could be," he said, "or that you must have used nearly all your tickets."

"I have only ridden with Mr. Caswell four times," she said briefly.

"But—"

"But I was home, down South, for three weeks, and rode then."

"You won't need me any longer, I'm afraid."

"To give me leaping lessons—yes."

The old charm in her had not faded for him; had not been an illusion of his brain, as he had thought it might. The old charm of the soft voice in him did not pall on her.

The coupons on the ticket were reducing week by week. Only two were left. She pleaded with him to have the groom raise the bar one point more.

"I'm afraid that horse you're on can't take it," he remonstrated.

"Let me convince you that he can," she begged and smiled into his eyes.

He drew his own horse silently to one side and watched. He saw her reach the hurdle, saw the horse balk and her determination to conquer. Three times she tried. The fourth the horse rose, his hind feet catching in the bar, which, by some chance, did not yield. The next, Miss Maury was sitting in the middle of the

ring with a bewildered expression on her face. The groom ran to her, but O'Brien fiercely pushed him to one side.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"To be sure, I'm not. That is, excepting my pride. There isn't even anything romantic about it," she added, plaintively.

He laughed a laugh of sheer relief.

"Bring the horse around," commanded Miss Maury of the groom.

"Don't try it again," O'Brien begged.

"And let that beast think he's got the best of me?"

O'Brien smiled.

"You're a born horsewoman," he said.

He helped her to remount. The groom set up the bar and Miss Maury took the hurdle in great style.

O'Brien applauded, and as she helped her off, gave her unstinted praise. She suddenly lurched forward.

"I've hurt my back," she whispered, with white lips, "but I wouldn't give in until I had made that horse obey."

CHAPTER VI.

Those were weary days that followed. Miss Maury had not been hurt seriously, but the bruise needed time and patience in healing. In the first excite-



"THIS IS MY MR. O'BRIEN?" SHE EXCLAIMED.

Digitized by Google

ment relatives and friends crowded around her, but on finding out that only rest was needed to make her well again, one by one dropped off and left her to the hardest period of an illness, the convalescing.

The maid reported that a dark-haired, blue-eyed gentleman had called daily until the surgeons reported that the injury was not dangerous, when his calls ceased. He had never given his name nor had he asked to come inside.

Her pale cheeks had flushed as the maid proceeded. There was something in this mute devotion that appealed to her more strongly than even Henry's daily visits.

Weeks after, when she was herself again, she went to the academy under pretext of seeing about having her saddle repaired.

"Glad you are about again, Miss Maury," Smithson said cordially; "that was an ugly fall you had."

"Yes," she made answer.

O'Brien never said a word, but he seemed dreadfully cut up about it. You were his prize pupil, you now."

Miss Maury smiled; then asked indifferently:

"By the way, how is he?"

"I haven't heard since he went away," replied Smithson, making out her receipt.

"Gone away?"

"Yes, to Ireland, you know."

Miss Maury folded the bit of paper carefully.

"Thanks. No, I hadn't heard."

"He didn't say much on leaving, but he seemed very much excited. It's my opinion there must be some attraction there."

Miss Maury forced herself to smile. "I hope he will be happy," she replied.

Then she went home.

CHAPTER VII.

The long weeks dragged themselves away. Miss Maury had lost her interest in riding. She said it was because her tickets were exhausted. She went off on two or three visits and returned. She did not seem to be able to settle to anything.

One afternoon in late November a maid brought her a letter and a card. She looked at the former first. There was something in the handwriting that made her think she had seen it before. She opened it and read:

Collooney Castle, Ireland.

November 3d, 1898.

My Dear Miss Maury:

This will introduce Mr. Dermod O'Brien, a friend of mine, who is about leaving for America, and who, on his arrival, will present this note to you. I do not know him personally very well, but his cousin, Lord Kilmallock, is my husband's most intimate friend. He is the grandson of the old Lord Kilmallock, of whom you have doubtless heard. He tells me he has been in America before, but has few friends there. Any kindness that you may be able to extend to him will be a personal favor to us. Sincerely,

Mary Hamilton Collooney.

She glanced at the card and read— "Mr. Dermod O'Brien."

"The gentleman is waiting in the parlor," said the maid respectfully.

"Tell him I will be right down," Miss Maury answered.

The letter of introduction had come as a thunderbolt. She had almost forgotten she had ever had a friend who had married and settled in Ireland. She read it through again.

She went down stairs, walked to the parlor and drew aside the portiere. A tall man rose from a corner of the room. It had grown dusky and she could not see his face.

"Is this Miss Maury?"

The words had a little amused ring and an Irish accent.

"It is *my* Mr. O'Brien!" she exclaimed as she extended her hand in welcome.

"I hope so," he said suggestively.

She grew confused and lost her natural aplomb.

"Won't—won't you sit down?" she faltered.

She rang for lights, and then for the first time she saw him as he really was. The old genial smile, the old gentle deference, the Irish eyes and the soft voice was still there, but added to them was the assurance and new dignity that had come to him with the knowledge that at last he was meeting her on her own ground.

"Shall we begin formally," he asked, "as if we had never met before, or—otherwise."

"Otherwise," she said smilingly. "Now tell me, what you have been doing since I last saw you?"

He looked into the burning coals in the grate.

"Sometimes," he said thoughtfully, "I think the gods are kinder than many of us deserve. I have often dreamed of meeting you like this, and sitting here in your own home. It seemed a very remote possibility a few months back. I don't think it was exactly false pride, and yet—I wanted you to know."

She did not pretend to misunderstand him.

"I never doubted," she said simply. He looked at her and smiled.

"One day there came to me a letter from my father in Ireland, telling me a childless uncle had died, leaving me his sole heir. I didn't believe it at first—these things are hard to grasp, I think. They always occur in novels, you know, but rarely in real life—"

He paused and looked again into the coals.

"I went home and I appreciated what a dear old country Ireland is after all, as I never appreciated it before."

"But you came back?"

"Yes," he smiled. Then asked irrelevantly, "You still ride?"

"Seldom."

"You will take a turn with me to-morrow in the park?"

"I should be very glad to."

He rose and held out his hand.

"I'll not detain you longer. I will see to the horses. Shall it be at four?"

She glanced at the card and read— "Mr. Dermod O'Brien."

"The whisper stole out on the stillness of the dying day and came back to her like a caress. She did not look at him, but off toward the network of bare trees.

"One could tell you were of Irish birth," she said with a little laugh.

"And yet it was to America that I had to come to find my queen!"

It was then she looked at him and read the rest of the untold story in his eyes.

"I think," Miss Maury said after a pause. "I've changed a bit myself." She was recalling the answer she had given to cousin Henry the night before. "I don't altogether approve of your home rule."

THE END.



THE GAEL will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada for one year for \$1.00, or to any address in Ireland or Great Britain, one year for 5 shillings.

All subscriptions are payable in advance. Checks or Post Office Money Orders should be made payable to THE GAEL, 140 Nassau St., New York.

THE GAEL can be purchased regularly each month from any of the following agents:

IRELAND.

Eason & Son, Ltd., 89 and 91 Middle Abbey St., Dublin.
Gill & Son, 50 Upper O'Connell St., Dublin.

ENGLAND.

Williams & Butland (wholesale agents)
47 Little Britain, London, E. C.
Robert Thompson, 5 Tudor St., Blackfriars, London
Conlon & Co., 5 Crosshall St., Liverpool.

Thomas McGlynn, 80 Warde St.,
Hulme, Manchester.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. Kelly, 154 Saltmarket, Glasgow.
James Kinsella, Bank St., Coatbridge,
Lanarkshire.

FRANCE.

Mme. Lelong, Kiosk, 10 Boulevard des Capucines, Paris.

AUSTRALIA.

M. E. Carey, 106 Sturt St., Ballarat.
P. F. Ryan, 324 Hay St., Perth, West Australia.

SOUTH AFRICA.

H. Bullen, Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony.



The Gaelic League.



A recent meeting of the Publication Committee of the Gaelic League, Dublin, the Committee had under consideration the starting of a collection of MSS. and rare printed books, and made recommendations to the Coisde Gnotha to provide suitable accommodation for its safe keeping.

Mr. O'Donoghue offered his services as custodian of the collection pro tem., and it was suggested that he should publish a description and index of the MSS. in the "Gaelic Journal" as they come in. The Committee had three MSS. before them, and authorized Mr. O'Donoghue to enter into negotiations with a view to their purchase.

It is intended to publish fac-similes of the rarer and more valuable writings, while the whole collection may be used by bona fide students. A first subscription of £5 to be devoted to this purpose was received from Mr. Dix. Those desirous of helping the Committee in this work are invited to send their subscriptions to Mr. Stephen Barrett, Treasurer Gaelic League, Dublin, who will acknowledge them through "An Claidheamh Soluis."

Arrangements are about to be made for the publishing of a series of four-part harmonies in the tonic sol-fa notation, and the Secretary was instructed to communicate with a competent musician on the matter.

Relative to a communication received from the Irish Texts Society, London, the Committee forwarded a recommendation to the Coisde Gnotha to advertise the society's Irish-English Dictionary as widely as possible in the League's papers, and to use all the powers of the organization to assist the society in publishing the work.

The plan of the proposed book of surnames was carefully considered, and the Secretary was instructed to communicate the Committee's views on the matter to the compiler of the volume.

The Committee are in a position to announce that the rewriting of the O'Growney series of Simple Lessons in Irish will be taken in hand at the end of a few months. The lessons will first appear weekly in "An Claidheamh Soluis" in order to afford an opportunity to Leaguers throughout the country of pointing out possible errors and offering suggestions during the progress of the work.

Final arrangements for the bringing out of "An Cruttire," Mr. Owen Lloyd's collection of traditional Irish airs, arranged for the harp, and Mr. Thomas Hayes' original story, "An Gioblachán," were made. These two important works may be expected immediately.

Cicely Reilly.

HERE was scarcely room for two on the stile,
So we didn't sit far apart:
I'm sure, while I stammered my love,
she could hear
The fluttering beats of my heart!
The stars peeped out, the cool breeze
came,
And roguishly kissed the rye,
But still we sat on that old oak stile.
My own little lassie and I,
Cicely, Cicely, dear little Cicely,
Cicely Reilly and I.

Cicely's father has farms galore;
And what would he say if he knew
That his daughter, the pride of his
heart, and I
To each other had vowed to be true?
I scarcely know: but I dread to think
Of our interview by-and-by.
For I reckon we both have tempers
quick,
Cicely's father and I,
Anthony, Anthony, dour-faced Anthony,
Anthony Reilly and I.

But who can resist my Cicely's voice,
And the glance of her eloquent eyes?
Not Cicely's father. When Cicely
pleads
He cannot resist if he tries.
And so I have hopes the paternal con-
sent
And the blessing will come by-and-by;
If not we must marry without them, I
guess,
Sweet Cicely Reilly and I.
We're both of one mind on the mat-
ter, I find,
Cicely Reilly and I.

—W. J. CROSBIE.

THE Dublin "Leader" has this to say about the American Irish:

"The 'patriots' in America who blustered of England and revel in sunburstry and Tin Pilkey, but never come over here with their money and their skill, when they possess them, to help in nation-building, are responsible for a lot of the emigration. They 'patriotically' send over the passage money, that enables a full-grown man, raised at Ireland's expense, to make a present of himself to America. * * The Irish-Americans, as a class, are not good to Ireland. * * The Irish in America to-day, taking them as a class, are the enemies of Ireland. They keep their money and their skill and themselves over there, and they draw off a portion of our population every year. They, or some of them, play at Irish patriotism, as the crowd go to a melodrama—it gives them 'thrills.' The sooner Ireland turns its back to America, as well as to England, the better."

An Irish Rose.

BEAUTY belongs by right to the Emerald Isle. For centuries past—from the days of the Gunnings downward—the women of Ireland, both gentle and simple, have been noted for their charms and graces. And the reigning Lady Limerick fully maintains the traditions of her race. She was Miss May Burke Irwin, daughter of Mr. Joseph Burke Irwin, of Stelleen House, Drogheda, and married Lord Limerick—then Lord Glentworth—in 1890.

It is said that this was a case of love at first sight, and that as soon as the young heir saw the lovely girl he determined to make her his wife. They married, and there are two children—a little Lord Glentworth, aged eight, and Lady Victoria Mary, a charming child now ten years old. The family place is Dromore Castle, Limerick, and the young Countess spends much of her time in Ireland at her own home or in Dublin.

Lady Limerick is of medium height, with dark, silky hair, a brilliant complexion, and lovely eyes of a deep violet color, shaded by long dark eyelashes. Her features are small and straight, of a somewhat classical outline. In the evening she often wears white, trimmed and garlanded with her favorite shamrock, and on her head a high, round crown of diamonds, which shows to great advantage on her wealth of dusky tresses.

Music is one of the chosen occupations of her life. She is a brilliant pianist, composes well and has studied in Paris under the guidance of Paderewski. At one time she rented a pretty *appartement* not far from the Arc de Triomphe and spent many hours of the day in diligent practice and in lessons from the famous professors.

The three best society pianists of the moment are Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, Mrs. Clifford Cory and Lady Limerick—the last perhaps first in her mastery of the instrument. Her sister, Miss Burke Irwin, has also musical talent and is an accomplished violinist.—Mainly About People.

Anti-Emigration Society.

AN association to combat emigration, and especially emigration from the Irish-speaking districts, has been organized in Dublin under the title of the Anti-Emigration Society.

As a large portion of the initial work of the new Society will be the collection of exact and detailed information on the subject, persons interested throughout the country are invited to become correspondents of the Society and to communicate with the Honorary Secretary, 6 D'Olier Street, Dublin.



Meagher's "Sword Speech."



THE following extract is taken from the speech delivered by Thomas Francis Meagher, in Conciliation Hall, Dublin, July 28th, 1846. It was part of an argument for the purpose of considering deliberately whether any gentleman could continue to be a member of the Repeal Association who entertained the opinion conscientiously that there were occasions which justified a nation in resorting to the sword for the vindication of its liberties.

Mr. Meagher was interrupted by John O'Connell, who stated "that it was the strongest conviction of his soul that it would not be safe to let him (Mr. Meagher) proceed." Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Dillon and others, left the meeting, and afterwards formed the Irish Confederation.

"But, my Lord, I dissented from the peace resolutions before us, for other reasons. I stated the first. I now come to the second.

"I dissented from them, for I felt, that, by assenting to them, I should have pledged myself to the unqualified repudiation of physical force in all countries, at all times, and under every circumstance. This I could not do. For, my Lord, I do not abhor the use of arms in the vindication of national rights. There are times when arms will alone suffice, and when political ameliorations call for a drop of blood, and many thousand drops of blood.

"Opinion, I admit, will operate against opinion. But, as the honorable member for Kilkenny (John O'Connell) has observed, force must be used against force. The soldier is proof against an argument—but he is not proof against a bullet. The man that will listen to reason—let him be reasoned with. But it is the weaponed arm of the patriot that can alone prevail against battalioneed despotism.

"Then, my Lord, I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it profane to say, that the King of Heaven—the Lord of Hosts! the God of Battles!—bestows his benediction upon those who unsheathe the sword in the hour of a nation's peril.

"From that evening, on which, in the valley of Bethulia, he nerved the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent, down to this our day, in which he has blessed the insurgent chivalry of the Belgian priest, His Almighty hand hath ever been stretched forth from His throne of Light, to consecrate the flag of freedom—to bless the patriot's sword!

Be it in the defence, or be it in the assertion of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; and if, my Lord, it has sometimes taken the shape of the serpent and reddened the shroud of the oppressor with too deep a dye, like the anointed rod of the High Priest, it has at other times, and as often, blossomed into celestial flowers to deck the freeman's brow.

"Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for in the passes of the Tyrol, it cut to pieces the banner of the Bavarian, and, through those craggy passes, struck a path to fame for the peasant insurrectionist of Inspruck!

Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for at its blow a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic, and by its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its crimson light, the crippled colony sprang into the attitude of a proud republic—prosperous, limitless, and invincible!

"Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for it swept the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belgium—scoured them back to their own phlegmatic swamps—and knocked their flag and sceptre, their laws and bayonets into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt.

"My Lord, I learned that it was the right of a nation to govern herself—not in this hall, but upon the ramparts of Antwerp. This, the first article of a nation's creed, I learned upon those ramparts, where freedom was justly estimated, and the possession of the precious gift was purchased by the effusion of generous blood.

"My Lord, I honor the Belgians. I admire the Belgians, I love the Belgians for their enthusiasm, their courage, their success, and I, for one, will not stigmatize, for I do not abhor the means by which they obtained a Citizen King, a Chamber of Deputies."

The Vatican.

THE Vatican, in which the Conclave of Cardinals assembled, though commonly spoken of as a palace, is rather a series of palaces. It stands on one of the famous seven hills to the west of Rome and the Tiber, and north of the Janiculum. It did not even always form part of the city.

The palace, as it now exists, is in three stories, contains twenty courts, 13,000 apartments, eight grand staircases, and 200 smaller ones. Unhappily there is no exterior facade. The foundation of the Vatican is lost in antiquity, and bears traces of all styles of architecture, culminating in that of the Renaissance.

October, 1903.

The Tragedy of Robert Emmet.

M. MICHAEL M'DONAGH has contributed a remarkable article under this heading to the September number of the "Cornhill Magazine." The story of the Emmet insurrection is told in an entirely new light, for Mr. MacDonagh has had access to original correspondence in the British Museum, now available for inspection for the first time, in which Lord Hardwicke, the Viceroy, in 1803 conveyed "private and confidential" information to the Government of the outbreak, and of Emmet personally.

The romantic episode of Sarah Curran has been treated in an original manner, in view of the correspondence now for the first time disclosed. John Philpot Curran is also brought into Mr. MacDonagh's article in a singularly striking light.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

IN ORDER TO BRING
THE GAEL

"The Leading Irish Magazine in America," to the attention of new patrons a trial subscription three months for twenty-five cents is offered to those only who have never before subscribed to this magazine.

FOR ONE DOLLAR

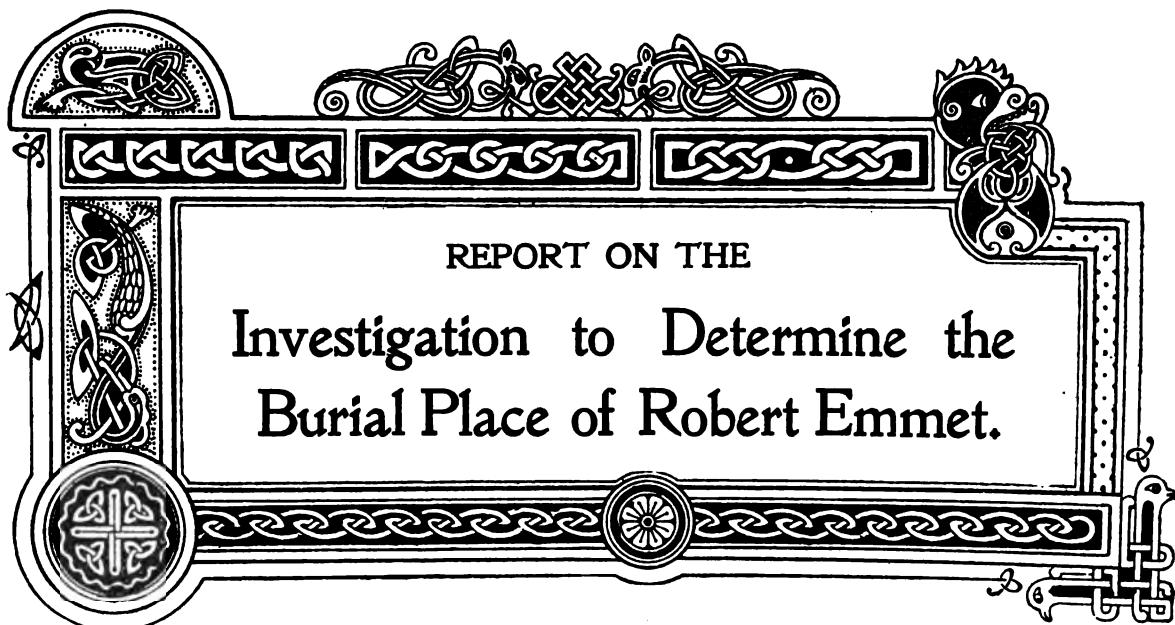
Any person who has never before subscribed for this magazine will receive (upon sending us one dollar) THE GAEL for the months of October, November and December this year, and also during the twelve months ending with December next year, 1904. Fifteen months in all.

Old subscribers can of course, pay at this special rate for friends to whom they may desire to present the magazine in an endeavor to make them acquainted with the excellent literary and historical matter contained in THE GAEL each month, but we will not accept renewals of their own subscription at this rate, address

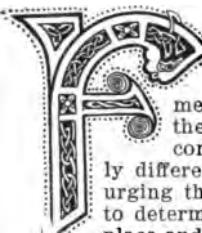
THE GAEL,

140 Nassau Street, New York.

JUSTIN McCARTHY, the well-known historian and author, will tell in a coming number of Harper's Magazine of many of the English statesmen and literary men whom he has known. His article will include his personal reminiscences of Dickens, Thackeray and many others equally famous.



By Thomas Addis Emmet, M. D.



OR a year or more previous to the centenary of Robert Emmet's death the writer was the recipient of a number of communications from widely different portions of the world, urging that steps should be taken to determine accurately his burial place and it was held the initiative could only be made by the family.

The writer had already made the attempt, in 1880, to begin such an investigation at Glasnevin but had met with so discourteous a response from the Rector at that time as to render him unwilling to place himself again in a false position.

It happened by good fortune the writer was last winter in correspondence with Mr. Francis Joseph Bigger, the editor of the Ulster Archaeological Journal of Belfast, and other friends in Ireland and by them it was represented the difficulties supposed to exist were in all probability exaggerated.

In addition, David A. Quaid, Esq., a noted solicitor of Dublin, presented me at the time with a copy of his admirable work "Robert Emmet," in which he presents an accumulation of evidence to show that Emmet's remains were at some time placed in the family vault, St. Peter's Church-yard, Dublin. This view was so in accord with my own convictions that I determined to act.

This decision was hastened by the promised assistance of Messrs. Bigger and Quaid. Without further delay a personal application through them was made by me, as the representative of the family, early in the

present year to obtain the necessary permission for beginning the investigation at St. Peter's and, as I resided in New York and Mr. Bigger in Belfast, the work in detail was placed in Mr. Quaid's hands.

At the beginning of the investigation it became evident the examination would be confined to three places—the family vault, St. Peter's Church-yard; the uninscribed grave in St. Michan's church-yard, which had for years been accepted by a great portion of the Irish people as the hallowed spot; and, finally, to open the uninscribed grave in Glasnevin parish church-yard.

After some delay all obstacles were removed. Mr. Bigger's influence was most important at the beginning, the indefatigable energy of Mr. Quaid advanced the undertaking in detail, and finally, success was achieved by the co-operation of Mr. G. F. Fuller, architect of the Representative Church Body. In fact I fully realize that, without the earnest co-operation of this gentleman difficulties, which were easily overcome by his aid, would otherwise have been almost insurmountable. On the report of these gentlemen it is but a just tribute to acknowledge the great courtesy and consideration shown by all in authority, from his Grace the Archbishop, the Church authorities of St. Peter's; with the good wish of the rector, the Rev. Mr. Mahaffy and during his absence, the valuable co-operation of his assistant the Rev. Mr. Robinson.

Before entering upon the report of the examination made the reader should gain a knowledge of some other details.

At the close of the eighteenth century the Emmet family of Dublin resided on Stephen's Green, West, and Lamb's Lane, near the corner of York Street adjoining the present College of Surgeons, where the house still stands, though having undergone some alterations.

The parish church was St. Peter's fronting on Aungier's Street. According to a map used by "The Wide Street Commissioners" between 1790 and 1800, the plot of the church-yard may be described as a parallelogram obliquely truncated on the west boundary. Aungier's Street running north and south, the north boundary being at a right angle and extending to Peter's Row or



ROBERT EMMET.

White Friars Street and this thoroughfare intersected the plot by an oblique course from N. W. to S. E., taking off a good portion of the length of the south wall, which was parallel to the north one. The church at that time occupied the middle third of the plot in the shape of a parallelogram extending east and west with an addition to the north of an incomplete transept extending nearly to the north wall.

At a later period and subsequent to 1860 a similar addition to the church was made southward to complete the shape of the cross. At one time outside the south wall of the yard extended Church Alley, from Aungier's to White Friars Street, which seems to have been partially built upon. In the southeast corner on Aungier's Street and the Alley stood a watch or guard-house built over the church property to the depth of twenty-two feet and this building was in use before the beginning of the last century but was removed after 1830.

There exists no known map to indicate the exact locality of the Emmet family vault and the only clue is given by Dr. Richard R. Madden in "The Lives of the United Irishmen," etc., and in the second edition published previous to 1860 Dr. Madden records the death and burial of Dr. Robert Emmet as follows:

"Dr. Emmet died at Casino, near Milton, in the autumn of 1802. He was buried in the graveyard of St. Peter's Church in Aungier's Street, on the right hand of the entrance close to the wall on the south side."

If my memory is correct it is stated in the "Sham Squire" that the Emmet burial-place was in the southeast corner of the graveyard, which would have been close to the rear of the old guard-house, and the author of this work probably made the statement from his own knowledge. Dr. Madden further records that the stone covering the tomb or vault had the following inscription on it:

"Here lies the remains of
Robert Emmet, Esq., M. D.,
Who died the 9th of December, 1802,
In the 73d year of his age."

In 1880, the writer was unable to find the vault or the covering, bearing the inscription among the head-stones of the different graves which were at that time laid in piles along the walls of the yard. On inquiry it was ascertained that the completion of the transept to the south had been made a few years previously and, as all interments had then been prohibited by law, the surface of the ground had been covered in from five to six feet with earth along White Friars Street to the level of Aungier's Street.

At the present time the tomb and head-stones, which the writer examined in 1880 and which were then placed one on the top of another, are now secured upright against the outer walls of the church and the enclosure with a few laid on the surface of the ground at random, for there existed no guide

to indicate their proper position with any relation to the old graves or tombs.

Dr. Madden described the stone which covered the Emmet vault as a large flat one, and, as it was not found among those said to be all which had been disturbed, it was thought, in 1880, that the tomb had been simply covered in with the earth used for levelling the surface of the yard.

After enclosing a portion of the southeast section of St. Peter's churchyard by a high board fence, at an early hour on Monday morning July 6th last in the presence of Messrs. Bigger, Quaid, Fuller, the Rev. Mr. Robinson the assistant curate of St. Peter's Church, Mr. Robert Emmet my son, myself, the contractor and a number of laboring men, a wide trench was opened extending along the south wall of the yard westward for twenty-eight feet. In this space a vault, eight feet long and eight feet and a half wide, was uncovered, besides two detached

graves bricked in as single vaults, which were not opened.

The large vault occupied the supposed location of the Emmet burial-place in the southeast corner of the yard close to the south wall and about ten feet west from the remains of the foundation of the guard-house. The excavation was thus extended from the uncovered foundation of the guard-house along the south wall until the line of the west wall of the new portion of the transept had been reached and across nearly to the south wall of the church.

This exposed a concrete surface of from eight to twelve inches thick, which had been laid over the original surface of the ground after the head and foot-stones, with some of the coverings of the vaults, had been removed and on this was placed the earth used to fill in, the depth increasing towards the west. This uncovered vault projected above the surface of the concrete and its top was but a few inches below



SUPPOSED GRAVE OF ROBERT EMMET IN ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCHYARD, DUBLIN.

the present surface of the yard. It was opened at each end, to expedite the examination and to remove the necessity for disturbing the contents, and in addition the concrete and refuse filling in the original stone steps were cleared away so that a depth was reached nearly to the level of the vault floor.

The vault contained four coffins, two of which were in a fair state of preservation; on two of these were coffin-plates bearing different names and from the dates it was thought that these bodies were among the last buried before the prohibitory law went into operation and the conclusion was reached that this had been the receiving vault of the church. After a search of five days nothing was found in connection with the Emmet family. The vault was carefully closed but before filling in the trench where the concrete had been removed, at different points the ground beneath in every direction was sounded by means of an iron bar introduced to a depth of several feet.

It was the opinion of all if another vault had been below it would certainly have been found by this means, while in no instance were the remains in any grave disturbed nor even reached by the iron bar from above. It is proper to state during the whole time of exploration Mr. Quaid or Mr. Robert Emmet, with one or more of the other gentlemen present at the beginning, attended and directed the work.

On the following day, after completing the search first undertaken, Mr. Robert Emmet, thinking an additional exploration might be in accord with Dr. Madden's statement, directed that another trench be extended along the south wall of the church to the right of the church entrance but nothing was found. The only conclusion to be drawn from this investigation is that, if other vaults were formerly situated in this portion of the church-yard, the tops, with a portion of the side walls must have been broken down and the vaults then filled in. The broad stone which Dr. Madden described as covering the Emmet vault must have been buried elsewhere, after the destruction of the vaults or it certainly would have been found by means of the iron bar and, as a proof of this supposition, one large flat stone with the inscription perfect and portions of broken ones were found which had been used to fill in with.

The earnest effort to find the Emmet family vault in St. Peter's Church-yard was not pursued simply for the purpose of determining its site, however gratifying such a result might have been, but in the firm belief that if it ever be found the final resting-place of Robert Emmet will be demonstrated.

In a work just published by G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York, "Ireland under English Rule, a Plea for the plaintiff," I have detailed at some length in the Appendix my reasons for believing that Robert Emmet's body was finally placed with the remains of his father, mother, brother, sister and other relatives in the family burial-place but to enter on any consideration of this subject would be out of place here.

At my request Mr. Fuller took charge of my application to make the exploration in St. Michan's Church-yard and on his report I beg to acknowledge my thanks for the courtesy and prompt-

fore the excavation had been completed Sir Lambert Ormsby, M. D., the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin, attended, and to him was submitted for examination the remains here found, after they had been photographed. It was decided best to obtain the services of Professor Alec Fraser in addition before the examination was made and, in accord with this agreement, on the following day these gentlemen attended and their conclusion was so readily reached that the remains were soon replaced, the grave refilled and the original uninscribed stone was put back in the same place it had occupied so many years.

Mr. Fuller had also discovered in the receiving vault under St. Michan's Church a skull, having a piece of crape tied around it to hide the eye cavities. It has been believed by many that the elder Petrie had carried Emmet's head away to take a plaster cast and that Petrie did not return with it until after the coffin containing the body had been removed by the Rev. Mr. Gamble of St. Michan's Church, from the Gate House at Bully's Acre on the night of Emmet's execution.

With a knowledge of this tradition and that in this vault it was supposed the Rev. Mr. Gamble had deposited for some time Robert Emmet's body, the possibility suggested itself that this might be Emmet's skull which Dr. Madden or some one else knowing its history had placed there. On being submitted, however, to the judgment of the above-mentioned gentlemen, it was decided at once that the skull could not have been that of Robert Emmet.

Before the reception of the report of these gentlemen my son, Mr. Robert Emmet, who had a medical training, and I reached the same conclusion from a careful inspection of the photographs sent us of this skull and our testimony is offered in corroboration.

The following reports I have received from these gentlemen and I wish to express my sincere thanks not only for the personal favor but for the great service rendered by them to the public in determining beyond question that this uninscribed grave, so long cherished as the hallowed spot, does not contain the body of Robert Emmet.

REPORT ON THE SKELETON AND OTHER BONES SUBMITTED TO ME FOR INSPECTION IN ST. MICHAN'S CHURCH-YARD, DUBLIN, BY MR. J. F. FULLER, F. S. A., ARCHITECT, AND MR. DAVID A. QUAID, SOLICITOR, AUGUST 3D, 1903:

After my departure from Dublin this uninscribed grave was opened on Saturday, August 3d, 1903, in the presence of Messrs. Fuller, Quaid, two churchwardens of the church, and others. Be-



DEATH MASK OF ROBERT EMMET TAKEN BY DR. PETRIE
SHORTLY AFTER THE EXECUTION. NOW IN POS-
SESSION OF DR. EMMET, MADISON
AVENUE, NEW YORK

On Monday, August 3d, I met by appointment at 4.30 P. M., both the above named gentlemen, and they submitted to me for my inspection and opinion several human

bones taken out of a grave which was alleged to be that of Robert Emmet, who it was alleged was placed in this grave some time in the year 1803.

The skull that was submitted to me I immediately stated was the skull belonging to an aged man and could not have been that of Robert Emmet, who had not reached his 25th year. The lower jaw fitted the skull and in my opinion belonged to the same person. In addition to these bones and which were found in the same grave were portions of a parietal bone of the skull of a young child, and portions of ribs of same. I stated to the above two gentlemen that I would far prefer, before I gave a definite opinion and report in writing, to have every bone that could be found in the grave removed therefrom and placed in order on a flat slab so that I could examine the skeleton as a whole and then compare accurately each bone separately of the skeleton submitted. Accordingly on Tuesday, August 4th, at the hour of 5 o'clock, I again attended at St. Michan's Church-yard, being accompanied by Prof. Alec Fraser, F. R. C. S., Professor of Anatomy, Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, in order that he should act with me in this important and far-reaching investigation. We then carefully examined the skull, low-

er jaw, vertebrae, and long bones of the limbs taken out of the grave and laid out in order as directed by me and we had no hesitation in saying that the skeleton belonged to an old man and one who must have been at least six feet in height and therefore could not possibly have belonged to Robert Emmet, who was a young man of short stature. I am therefore of opinion that Robert Emmet could not have been interred in this particular grave in St. Michan's Church-yard. I also certify that another skull was submitted to me which I was informed was found in the vault under St. Michan's Church by itself, and for the same anatomical reasons already stated I adjudge that the individual to whom it belonged died at an advanced age.

(Signed) LAMBERT H. ORMSBY,
M. D., F. R. C. S., Kt.,
President Royal College of Surgeons
Ireland. August 12th, 1903.

REPORT OF PROFESSOR ALEC
FRASER, PROFESSOR OF ANAT-
OMY, ROYAL COLLEGE OF SUR-
GEONS IN IRELAND:

HAVING been asked by Sir Lambert H. Ormsby, President of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, to inspect and give my opinion upon certain remains in the

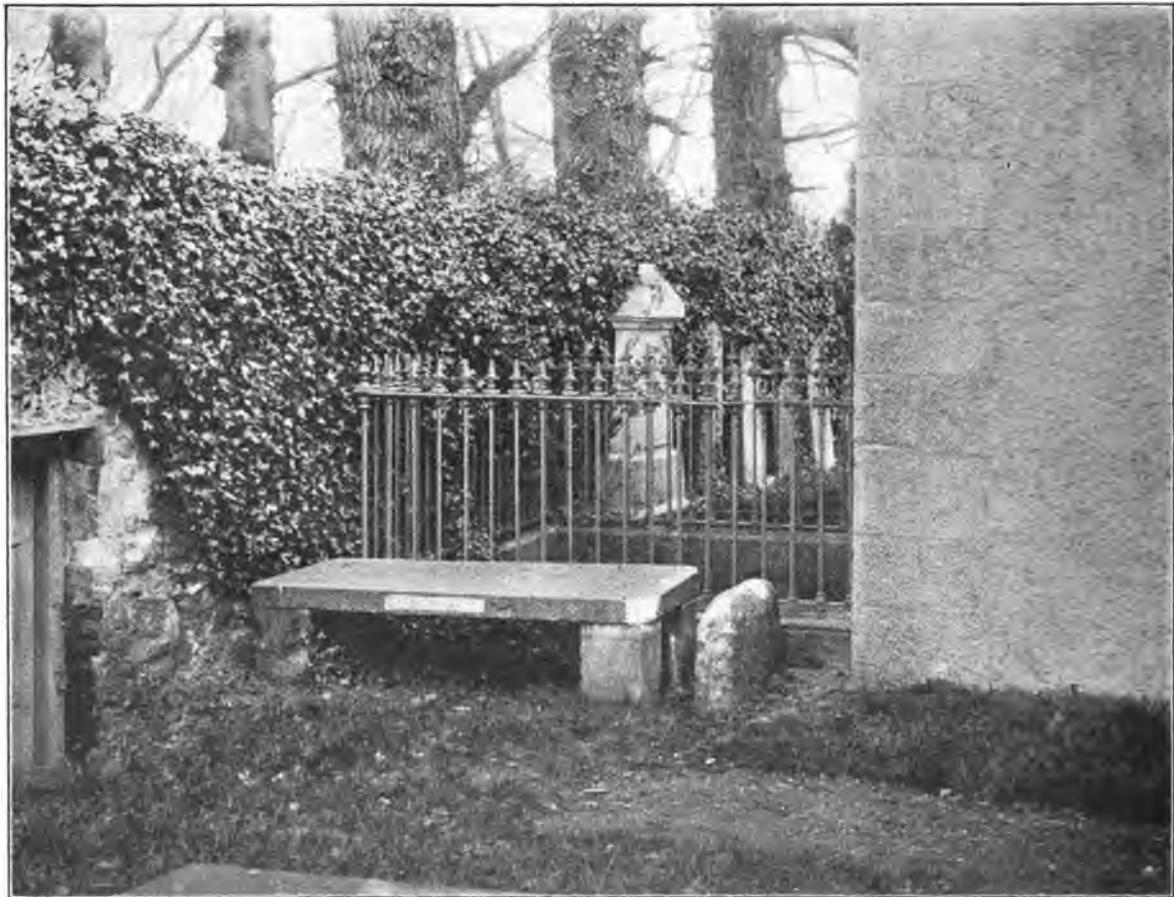
church-yard of St. Michan's, Dublin. I went there at 5 P. M., on the 4th of August, 1903, and in his, and in the presence of two other gentlemen, was shown,

First, a skull with lower jaw, the latter though separate belonged to the same head. From the absorption of the alveolar arches of the upper jaw bones, the partial disappearance of the cranial sutures, and from other characteristics, there was no difficulty in deciding that these belonged to the head of an aged male.

Second. Spread out on a slab, were seen the bones of the trunk, and of the fore and hind limbs, almost complete. There was no difficulty in determining from the length of the long, and the size of the trunk bones, as well as from other features that these belonged to a man over six feet in height. There were also seen here a few human bones which had belonged to a female skeleton and also some bones from the skeleton of an animal.

Third. A second skull was examined and there was little difficulty in concluding that it also was from a male past the meridian of life, although not so aged as the first skull shown.

(Signed) ALEC FRASER,
Professor of Anatomy Royal College of
Surgeons, Ireland. August 22d, 1903.



SUPPOSED GRAVE OF ROBERT EMMET IN THE PROTESTANT CHURCH-YARD AT GLASNEVIN. THE UPRIGHT HEADSTONE INDICATES THE GRAVE WHICH HAS BEEN PARTLY BUILT OVER BY THE WALL SHOWN TO THE RIGHT.



THOS. ADDIS EMMET. M. D.

RECENTLY the supposed grave of Robert Emmet in the Glasnevin Parish Church-yard has been built upon by enlarging the chancel to within a foot and a half of the uninscribed head-stone.

Through fear of injury to this building the authorities have been unwilling to grant permission for opening this supposed grave to the full length, as a pathway nearly to the former rear of wall of the church extended across the uninscribed stone which was placed to indicate the head and direction of the grave.

September 1st last, Mr. David A. Quaid undertook an exploration within the limits permitted by the authorities and to the depth of six feet without finding any remains. I have no faith in the claim that Robert Emmet was buried at Glasnevin, but I regard the restricted exploration as being too incomplete to be accepted as a final settlement of the question.

Fortunately this may not be so necessary as I have in New York an original letter written previous to 1880 by the Rev. Mr. Carroll, the former rector, to Dr. Madden, in which he states distinctly that when he was placed in charge of the parish he attempted to clean up the graveyard which had been open and neglected for years. A number of head-stones had fallen and had been displaced. Many of these he set up wherever he found space and this particular uninscribed stone, which has for years been supposed to mark the grave of Emmet, he claims he placed there himself having found it in a path around nearly in front of the church.

This letter was given to me by Dr. Madden just before his death with other papers connected with my disagreeable experience in 1880 and he had evidently forgotten its existence. I made at the time but a casual examination of the contents which seemed to relate to an incident which I did not care to recall. I had forgotten the circum-

stance until this letter was accidentally found by me just before leaving home, among a mass of papers which had been laid aside. As my visit was made to Ireland for the purpose of opening this grave, if possible, to obtain the only positive proof, I did not consider the letter of any special weight at the time. On my return, if the examination at Glasnevin has not been completed I will send a copy of this letter for publication that the statement of the Rev. Mr. Carroll may be taken for what it is worth. For myself, while I have no pleasant recollection of his courtesy, I have too much respect for his calling to doubt his veracity.

In conclusion I can but express my great disappointment in many respects but, as a whole, the investigation has not been without profit and I am well satisfied that every effort has been made to obtain a successful result. By exclusion, the claims of St. Peter's are increased but the question remains as much of a mystery as before. The only solution rests in the hope that, through agitation of the public press, some forgotten document or correspondence may be brought to light by which positive information may be obtained as to the final resting place of Robert Emmet.

Holden's Journal

Justin McCarthy Pensioned.

A CIVIL List pension of £250 a year has been granted by the Prime Minister to Mr. Justin McCarthy in recognition of his services to literature.

A Very Useful Potato.

IRISH farmers are interested in the advent of a potato which defies frost, and has edible foliage. Such a vegetable is being cultivated in the neighborhood of Marseilles, and looks so promising that the attention of the French Minister of Agriculture has been drawn to it, with a view to its cultivation being extended and becoming a general industry.

An Irish Novelist.

MISS LANGBRIDGE, who has written one of the most successful stories in Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's well-known "New Novel" series—that is to say, "The Flame and the Flood"—is the daughter of the Rev. Frederick Langbridge, the rector of St. John's, Limerick, well known as a poet and playwright.

Miss Langbridge, who is still in her early twenties, has clearly a very considerable literary future ahead of her. Her first novel is praised by the "Manchester Guardian" as follows: "This new author is a born storyteller. In many places we are reminded of Miss Rhoda Broughton at her best."

Greeting from Australia.

Perth, West Australia,
August 10th, 1903.

Editor THE GAEL, New York:
Dear Sir—Your journal is very much appreciated amongst Irish readers here. There are three Gaelic classes in this State and they give occasionally displays of their progress. I enclose a cutting from to-day's daily paper concerning Gaelic affairs. With greetings from the Gaels across the great southern ocean. Yours very truly,

Patrick Fitz-Gibbon Ryan.

GAEILIC LEAGUE IN AUSTRALIA.

The usual weekly meeting of the Gaelic League of Western Australia was held last Tuesday evening at the C. Y. M. S. rooms, Hay Street. The attendance was not so large as usual, owing to a ball that was held at Subiaco the same evening. Mr. James Healy, vice-president, reported that he had received £1 1s. from Mr. P. Whelan, of Kalgoorlie, as a prize to be given in connection with the examination which is to take place next Tuesday evening. Mr. John Horgan, president, also donated £1 1s. as prize money. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to these gentlemen for their generosity.

The hon. teachers, Mrs. McCarthy and Mr. Healy, are pleased to have secured the services of the Rev. Father Brennan for the examination, as he has made a special study of Gaelic. Father Brennan purposes giving a maximum of 10 marks for each of the following subjects:

Translating English into Irish, translating Irish into English, and conversation in Irish. O'Growney's first and second books will be used for the senior pupils, and O'Growney's first book for the juniors. Should time permit after the examination Father Brennan will deliver an address on the progress of the movement in Great Britain and Ireland.

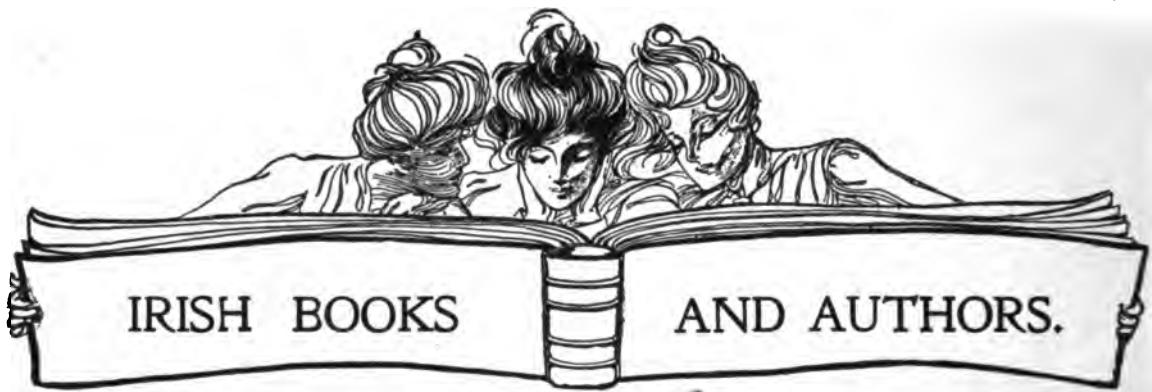
As admission is free, there should be a large attendance. There will, most probably, be a *Féis Ceoil* held in October at which prizes will be given, not only for literary items, but also for step-dancing and playing the best collection of Irish airs on any instrument. The League is a literary organization, being non-sectarian and non-political.

LEARN DRAWING BY MAIL.

Our students are now engaged in making drawings for newspapers and magazines all over the country. Write for prospectus. FREE LESSON.

Our MAIL COURSE was designed and drawn by Mr. D. M'CARTHY, and all criticisms are under his personal attention. It is the best mail course published; this is a fact that no well-known artist will deny. Cut this out, with your name and address, and receive our beautiful circular, with pictures of famous artists at work. Address:—

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF CARICATURE,
1st Floor, World Building, New York City.



MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE has offered the Dublin Corporation £28,000 for the erection of a free central library, provided the city levies £3,500 a year for the support of the library, and that a site be given, the cost not being a burden on the library.

MR. WYNDHAM has informed Mr. Pike Pease, in the House of Commons, that the Early Statutes of Ireland will be published in octavo form as part of the series of the Irish Record Office books.

About one hundred pages are in type and it is hoped that the first volume will be ready for issue early next year.

MISS BLANCHE M'MANUS is just completing a series of remarkable pictures for a book which the De La More Press of London and Messrs. L. C. Page & Co., of Boston, will issue in the early autumn. It is entitled "The Cathedrals of Northern France," and contains drawings in pen and ink, wash and monotone. Miss McManus is now resident in London, but is most often found on the Continent.

THOSE curious in the matter of titles are waiting with some interest for the announcement of the name to be given to Mrs. Dora Sigerston Shorter's volume of poems to be published in London in a few weeks.

Having passed from the childish "The Fairy Changeling," and the prettiness of "My Lady's Slipper," to the grimness of "The Father Confessor," and thence to the startling although successful "The Woman Who Went to Hell," nothing but anti-climax seems possible.

WSPURRELL & SON, publishers, Carmarthen, Wales, announce "An Introduction to Breton Grammar," 12mo. cloth, 2s., by J. Percy Treasure, member of the Council of the Cornish-Celtic Society.

The author, in calling attention to the first Breton grammar published in English, says the book is designed chiefly for those Celts and others in Great Britain who desire a literary acquaintance, through the English language, with their relatives and neighbors in Little Britain.

"THE Ruin of Education in Ireland" is the title of a book by F. Hugh O'Donnell, M. A., published by Nutt, London.

This work is an appeal by a Catholic layman for the betterment of Catholic lay education in Ireland, and for its deliverance—outside matters of faith and morals—from clerical control.

It is also an indictment of the clerical administration of public money in Ireland, and of clerical indifference to the rights of the Catholic laity, together with suggestions of reform.

ACOPY of the second little volume of "The Irish Minstrel," consisting of a collection of songs for use in Irish schools, selected and arranged by Mr. P. Goodman, Inspector of Musical Instruction to the Board of National Education, has reached us.

It is printed by Falconer, of Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin, and contains twenty-eight songs admirably adapted for Irish school children, including some of Moore's sweetest and daintiest lyrics. The work of selection and arrangement has been most satisfactorily performed.

THE friends of the Celtic revival find that many things are coming their way. Dr. Lucy Allen Paton, of Radcliffe, in her monograph entitled "Studies in the Fairy Mythology of Arthurian Romance," says:

"In the fairy lore or Arthurian romance we are dealing with rationalized myth, which produces a strangely incongruous and incomprehensible whole, unless it is interpreted in the light of Celtic tradition. That to each of the most important fays of the Arthurian cycle a Celtic origin is to be assigned is a view evidently enforced by an investigation of their nature."

"WITHIN the Pale, the True Story of Anti-Semitic Persecutions in Russia," the new volume by Michael Davitt, is to be published next month in this country by A. S. Barnes & Co. The book is based on the author's personal investigations of conditions in Russia which have not yet been described.

He thoroughly looked into the matters related when he went to Kishineff at the first outbreak of the anti-

Semitic persecutions. The events at that town form only a part of the book which is said to be a permanent history of the conditions prevailing within the Pale of Settlement allotted to the Jews in Russia.

The material has been gathered at first hand, and Mr. Davitt is said to write without prejudice. What he has written of the social and economic life and religious prejudice existing in the Russian Empire is said to almost challenge belief.

EJ. DILLON, author of a "Life of Maxim Gorky," recently published by McClure, Phillips & Co., began to learn Hebrew at eleven years of age. He is a native of Ireland, born of an Irish father and an English mother.

He began his life-work in Russia, and did his first writing in Russian. His first published articles appeared in the "Petersburgskia Viedemost," in 1880. In 1884 he was made Doctor of Comparative Philology, and elected professor. Soon after he was elected a member of the Armenian Academy of Venice, and is the only non-Armenian who enjoys this distinction.

It was some years later that he began to write in English, his first article being published in "The American Review of Reviews." Dr. Dillon is said to have a "working knowledge" of all the living languages of the world, and a student's acquaintance with the dead ones.

MMR. WM. H. GRATTAN FLOOD, who is a recognized authority on the subject, is about to publish a "History of Irish Music." Mr. Flood is a Wexford man, and the organist of Enniscorthy Cathedral. He has frequently lectured on our National music in different parts of Ireland, and also for the Irish Literary Society in London.

It is curious, notwithstanding all that has been said and written of "our glorious heritage," there has never yet been issued any one book dealing in an accurate and critical manner with the history of Irish music from pre-Patrician days to the nineteenth century. Mr. Grattan Flood's volume, for which he began collecting material twenty-five years ago, will, therefore, be welcomed. It will contain about 300 pages with illustrations, and be issued by Messrs. Browne & Nolan, Dublin.

REV. J. P. MAHAFFY, of Trinity College, Dublin, has been elected a Corresponding Member of the famous Accademia dei Lincei of Rome.

THE first of a series of "New Confessions of a Young Man," by George Moore, will be published shortly in Lippincott's Magazine. Mr. Moore is still at work upon other articles of this series.

A NEW and revised edition of "An Irish Cousin," by O. E. Somerville and Martin Ross, will be issued this month by Longmans, Green & Co. This book was originally published by Messrs. Bentley & Son, London, in 1889, as by "Gilles Herring" and "Martin Ross," and has been out of print for several years.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. announce, nearly ready for publication, "A Social History of Ancient Ireland," Treating of the Government, Military System and Law; Religion, Learning and Art; Trades, Industries and Commerce; Manners, Customs and Domestic Life of the Ancient Irish People. By P. W. Joyce, LL. D., Trinity College, Dublin; M. R. I. A. One of the Commissioners for the Publication of the Ancient Laws of Ireland. Illustrated. In two vols., 8vo.

WE have received from Mr. T. Hamilton Murray, Secretary of the American-Irish Historical Society, a copy of "Early Irish in Old Albany, N. Y., with Special Mention of Jan Andriessen, 'De Iersman von Dublin.'" By Hon. Franklin M. Danahar, ex-Judge of the City Court of Albany.

Judge Danahar read this paper before the Society at its last annual meeting when it was ordered printed and a copy sent to each member. It comes to hand in a neat 8vo. pamphlet 44 pp., with a frontispiece portrait of the author.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, the Irish poet, is to visit this country next winter for the first time. He will be the guest of friends here, and will probably have the pleasure of seeing some of his plays acted under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society.

Mr. Yeats' recent volume of essays, "Ideas of Good and Evil," has aroused a good deal of critical attention in this country. The Macmillan Company will publish within two or three weeks his new volume of poems, "In the Seven Woods," which is further described as "Being Poems Chiefly of the Irish Heroic Age."

In addition to the poems, the volume contains a new play, "On Baille's Strand." Special interest attaches to the volume because it has been printed in red and black ink by the author's sister, Miss Elizabeth C. Yeats, at her own Dun Emer Press, in Dublin.

"THE Irish in the Revolution and the Civil War: Revised and Enlarged; Embracing the Spanish-American and Philippine Wars and Every Walk of Life," is a pamphlet in green covers, compiled by Dr. J. C. O'Connell, and issued from the Trades Unionist Press, in Washington. Three pages are devoted to the Irish in the Revolution and half a dozen to those who served in the Civil War. To the latter branch of the subject one large volume could hardly do justice. Dr. O'Connell has not done justice to the subject.

IN a few days a volume of Irish melodies selected by O'Brien Butler, the composer of "Murghais," will be published by Messrs. Pigott & Co., and Messrs. M. H. Gill & Sons, of Dublin, Ireland. The paper is of Irish manufacture, and the printing and engraving was all done in Ireland.

The songs will be given with Irish and English words, and with piano-forte accompaniments. The poems are selected from Mangan, Edward Walsh, Eithna Carbery, Denny-Lane, and W. B. Yeats, and the translations into Gaelic are by Mr. Dan Lynch.

MESSRS. JACK of Edinburgh have at length completed their issue of the "Edinburgh" edition of the Waverly novels in forty-eight volumes, and of Lockhart's "Life" in ten.

Among the many plates are a series of twenty-one authentic portraits of Sir Walter Scott, several of which have never been printed before, and portraits of a number of the historical personages who figure in the romances.

The "Edinburgh" is the most complete, and probably the finest, edition that has ever been issued, and constitutes, as an English critic has said, "a splendid monument to the genius of Scott seventy years after his death."

MRS. JOHN G. FOTTRELL and Mr. Frank Fottrell, well-known Dublin solicitors, have prepared for publication in pamphlet form, by Mr. John Falconer, Upper O'Connell Street, an admirable summary or explanation of Mr. Wyndham's Land Act.

The booklet, which can be had for two shillings, opens with a reprint of an extremely interesting article recently contributed by Mr. George Fottrell to the London "Morning Post," epitomizing the history of land purchase in Ireland. Then comes the analysis of the Wyndham Act, which has been prepared by Messrs. J. G. and F. Fottrell, and which contains the fullest possible information upon every section of the measure.

The pamphlet contains, furthermore, the entire text of the Act, elaborate tables to assist landlords and tenants in calculating the purchase money of holdings and to assist trustees in selecting securities for the investment of the proceeds of sales, as well as a copious index.

THE "Gaelic Journal" for August, which has just come to hand, contains among many other interesting features a very humorous story from Grugach an Tobair, told in his own inimitable style; a folk-song (with music) from Miss Annie O'Reilly, Macroom, Co. Cork; an essay on the Evils of Emigration by B. O'Keeney, Strabane; and "Mangaire na te," by Connor Desmond, Ballyvourney, relating how the peddler wheedles the mistress of the house into buying of his wares. The present number is one of the best which has yet appeared. "The Gaelic Journal" ought to have a large number of subscribers in this country.

THE latest of the League publications is "The Poems of Pierce Ferriter," edited by Father Dinneen in his usual capable manner. Pierce Ferriter was one of the most prominent figures in the Irish civil wars, and one of the last Irish chieftains to hold out against the Cromwellian army. As well as being a soldier and a hero, Ferriter was a scholar and a poet; and these thousand lines of his poetry that Father Dinneen has edited are indeed a precious relic of a well-nigh forgotten past.

Not of the old Celtic race, he was one of those settlers who became "more Irish than the Irish themselves." A victim to English treachery, he was hanged in 1653 at Killarney. As usual with our poets who wrote in sorrow and tears, his genius finds its most beautiful expression in the elegy; and his elegy composed for the Knight of Kerry, who died in Flanders about 1644 or 1646, is a really fine poem.

A KNOWLEDGE of Gaelic, says the Dublin Daily Chronicle, would considerably smooth the difficulties of the Parliamentary candidates for Argyllshire, as a fair proportion of the constituents are Gaelic speaking.

In some parts of the county the candidates' election addresses are to be issued in Gaelic; and it will interest students of that difficult language to see how phrases such as "preferential duties," "reciprocity," "retaliation," and "bounty-fed" are turned into the tongue in which—as some believe—Adam conversed with Eve in the Garden of Eden.

It is fortunate for the candidates that the election takes place in summer, as a winter campaign that included trips to Coll, Tiree, Colonsay, Islay and Jura would test the sea-going capacity of an old "salt." From Ardnamurchan Point to the Mull of Cantyre is as rough a stretch of water as can be encountered round the British Isles, the nearest land westward being the North American Continent. Steam yachts are being offered to the candidates, who will require all the help extended to them to cover the widely-scattered constituency before the polling day arrives.

October, 1903



The Taaffe Peerage.

Sept. 1st, 1903.

Editor THE GAEL.

Dear Sir:

In reading the article in the September GAEL on "The Taaffes in Austria," I am reminded of a letter, a copy of which I enclose, which may be found in the "Memoirs of the Family of Taaffe," privately printed in Vienna in 1856. Truly yours,

JOHN D. CRIMMINS.

(Copy.)

To the Right Honourable Earl of Carlingford, Dublin.

Portumna, 8th January, 1677.

Dear Carlingford:

The fates ordering it so, that we three were together, when the most unwelcome news of your dear father's (and our most noble friend's) decease arrived to us, you cannot well imagine the surprise it put us in, nor are our resentments to be expressed by letter, but we hope you will easily believe, we lament your loss (and ours) with all the regret that mortals are capable of for their most dire misfortunes.

The first motions of it struck us into a dismal silence and astonishment, which forced us to have recourse to a healing brimmer of claret and that allaying in some measure the first assault of our grief, straight brought to our thoughts the incomparable solace of your Lordship's not only surviving your noble father with all the advantages of his excellent qualities, but also that we shall enjoy in you the same friendship and goodness we all of us found in him.

This reflection, My Lord, of a sudden turned our just grief into a satisfaction that wanted nothing to complete it but your Lordship's company, which we all heartily wish for, and begot another brimmer to your health and happiness, which was no sooner down but it produced this epistle at once to console Your Lordship's irreparable loss and to congratulate Your Honour to the increase, of which to the world's end we are just going to begin a third brimmer, but before we do that we think it convenient to subscribe ourselves with all the affection in nature. Your Lordship's most faithful and humble servants,

CLANRICARDE, DILLON, GALMOY.

some forty years ago, says that if the Count should make good his title to take part in the election of Irish Peers, it may yet come to pass that an Austrian nobleman shall sit in the House of Lords. The "Westminster" also recalls an episode in the past history of the Taaffe family, which is thus narrated:

"The title of Viscount Taaffe and the Irish estates were saved from forfeiture by an Act of Parliament in the reign of William III. In the reign of George II, a Protestant member of the Taaffe family laid claim to the Irish estates of the Viscount, who was a Catholic. The claim was unanswered, but a private Act of Parliament was passed for the sale of the estates and the payment of one-third of the proceeds to Viscount Taaffe, the great-grandfather of the late Viscount, the famous Austrian statesman, who died eight years ago."

The chronicle goes on:

"The founder of the fortunes of the Taaffe family boasted as one of his achievements the killing of a Catholic bishop in the person of Dr. Owen McEgan, a valiant warrior-priest, who was Bishop of Ross, County Cork, in Queen Elizabeth's time. Taaffe, father of the first Viscount, and a Catholic himself, was subduing Cork in 1602 when Bishop McEgan, at the head of his forces, attacked. The Bishop literally went into battle with his sword in one hand and his prayer book in the other, and, like 'Mr. Dooley's' priest, it was not the 'soord' he threw away."

This is as far as the "Westminster" goes. If its knowledge is complete it has omitted to mention that after his capture Bishop McEgan was promised liberty on condition that he would advise his people to confide in the English garrison. Led to the walls the patriot prelate addressed his countrymen in Gaelic which his captors did not understand, and warned them to put no trust in the Saxon:

"Beware of the cockatrice—trust not the wiles
Of the serpent, for perfidy skulks in
Its folds!
Beware of Lord Broghill the day that
he smiles,
His mercy is murder!—his word
never holds.

"Remember, 'tis writ in our annals of
blood,
Our countrymen never relied on the
faith
Of truce or of treaty but treason en-
sued—
And the issue of every delusion was
death!"

The Esmonde Family.

SIR THOMAS ESMONDE, Bart., M.P., to whom is mainly due the restoration of the Irish Celtic gold ornaments, sits, by an interesting coincidence, for a division of the very county—Wexford—which one of his ancestors invaded in the twelfth century.

It was Sir Geoffrey de Esmonde, K.T., who accompanied Strongbow in his invasion of Ireland in 1172, says the "Westminster Gazette," and landed at Bannow, in the County Wexford.

Sir Thomas, who, despite his youthful—almost boyish—appearance, has turned forty, is Chamberlain of the Vatican household, and on the occasion of the recent Jubilee of the Pope was deputed by his colleagues of the Irish Parliamentary Party to convey their congratulations. The hon. baronet has travelled much, and has recorded his experience in a volume which was issued some time ago.

Decrease in Crime.

ACCORDING to the Report of the General Prisons Board for Ireland, issued as a Parliamentary Paper, the number of prisoners in the local prisons of Ireland in 1902 was 82,395, or 52 in daily average attendance to every 100,000 of the population.

In 1854 the number was 60,445, or 93 per 100,000—a truly remarkable decline, especially when it is remembered that 60 per cent of the total number of convicted prisoners during the year were committed for terms not exceeding two weeks. Ten per cent were for terms of four days or less.

Fifty-seven sentences of penal servitude were passed during 1902, the smallest number ever sentenced in Ireland in one year, and even then a larger proportion than usual was for the minimum three years' term.

In 1855 there were 3,427 convicts in prison in Ireland. On the first day of this year the number was down to 249. It is worthy of note that fifty per cent of the convicted local prisoners were committed for drunkenness. The Catholic Chaplain's report of the conduct of inmates of Ennis Inebriates Home is that it has been very good. The after-history of some of the patients, however, is anything but satisfactory.

NEW YORK TO MEMPHIS

Through Pullman buffet sleepers leaving New York daily, via Pennsylvania Railroad, Southern Railway and



EXCELLENT SERVICE FROM

MEMPHIS
TO ALL POINTS IN THE
SOUTHWEST.

Detailed information in regard to rates, train service, etc., furnished upon application to

F. D. RUSSELL, General Eastern Agent.
885 Broadway, New York



Five Times Arraigned for Treason.

By R. Barry O'Brien, Author of the "Life of Charles Stewart Parnell," Etc.



N the Autumn of 1899 I spent three weeks in Switzerland with my friend the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. He was then eighty-three years of age, but full of intellectual vigor. Youthful in mind and manner, a more genial host or a pleasanter companion (at his best) could not be desired.

Duffy had a wide experience of men and books, and possessed a special faculty for collecting and telling good stories. He was the best *raconteur* I, at all events, ever met. He had a keen sense of humor, a ready, and caustic wit.

"What place will you give me in your ministry, Mr. Duffy?" a charming young woman once said to him in Melbourne.

"Indeed," replied Duffy, "considering that the last Government consisted of old women, we might have one young woman at least in the present ministry."

Born in 1816, and dying in 1903, his life covered an eventful period of Irish and of English history. One of the founders of the Young Ireland party, tried as a rebel, Prime Minister of Victoria, and ultimately Speaker of the Legislative Assembly in that Colony, he passed through many vicissitudes. I have before me a letter which Duffy, on the occasion of forming his first ministry, wrote to his friend John Cashel Hoey:

"Chief Secretary's Office,

"Melbourne, July 14th, 1871.

"My Dear Hoey:—I have such a strange story to tell you that it will need your unswerving friendship not to take it for a romance. When I commenced to frame an administration the two first men I communicated with, who hitherto have been, and been proud to be, lieutenants of mine, advised that I should put a respectable nonentity at the head of the Government (taking any other place I thought proper) to avoid the rooted prejudice against having an Irish Catholic in that position.

"I replied that I would see the Parliament of Victoria translated whole-

sale to Pandemonium before I would consent to degrade my race and people by permitting the Emancipation Act to be repealed in my person. They declined to act, and the next person I addressed had the same tale. These gentlemen even had their man ready and recommended him to me for his feebleness, 'which would leave me virtual, etc., etc.'

"I washed my hands of these feeble friends and formed a Government every member of which indeed, except the Law Officers, had been in office before, but only two of whom had much reputation for ability. I was met with a cry in which 'No popery' yells mingled with a laugh of derision. Nevertheless on the day I met my constituents the anxiety to hear the policy of the Government was something without parallel. Every journal in the Colony telegraphed the speech or a summary of it; a number of M. P.'s made a long journey to be present, and the place of meeting was full to bursting.

"I send you the speech, and you will wonder, as I do, what people found in it; but the *immediate* effect was to array a majority of the whole people on our side, to change the tone of the entire press except the 'Argus' and a little penny parasite of the 'Argus' called the 'Daily Telegraph,' and to place the administration by common consent in an unassailable position.

"It was, of course *the policy* which produced this effect. We have had invitations to banquets, and other public entertainments in the principal towns in the Colony, all the ministers then in office were elected without opposition, which has never happened before in this Colony (one of the Law Officers since chosen has still his election to win), and I have had the audacity for the first time to place *three* Catholics in the administration, relying on the favor of the people to overcome their prejudice.

"I am willing to admit that I have never had a success before if you choose, but this time I have hit the centre of the target. Unless I commit some blunder a dissolution would give me as good a majority as Gladstone got in the Irish Church; and I will carry out the policy which has satisfied

the people without delay or hesitation.

"There now, after that tremendous blast on the trumpet, I have done."

Twenty-three years before this letter was written Duffy stood in the dock in Green Street, Dublin, arraigned for treason. Walking one day in the grounds in Sonnenburg, above Lucerne, Duffy turned suddenly to me and said: "Do you remember my trial?" I said I did not. "Then you ought to be shot." I admitted the fact and said: "Well, tell me all about it now"; and Duffy, with characteristic directness, plunged in *media res*.

"The Government was determined that whoever might escape I should be convicted. Indeed, the frigate which was to take me to Van Diemen's Land was already named by the officials of the Castle. In August, 1848, I was put upon my trial. The charge was Treason Felony. As I stood in the dock waiting for the jury to be empanelled, the junior counsel for the Crown came quickly into court, dashed up to the Attorney-General, said something hurriedly to him; then there was a consultation of the Crown lawyers, and the Attorney-General rose and said: 'My Lord, I shall ask to have the prisoner, Gavan Duffy, put back; we do not propose going on with the trial this sitting.'

"I was amazed; could not make out what it meant. Sir Colman O'Loghlen (one of my counsel) came to me. I said: 'What is the meaning of this?' He replied: 'They have found a letter of yours in Smith O'Brien's portmanteau, and they think that it gives them a chance of indicting you for High Treason.'

"The letter which they thought would condemn me turned out to be my salvation in postponing my trial and leading the Castle into a succession of pitfalls. The Government thought that they might be able to hang instead of transporting me.

"I was accordingly put back. In October, 1848, I was put forward again. Up to the night before the opening of the Commission I did not know what I was to be tried for or where I was to be tried. On the morning O'Loghlen came to me in prison. 'Would you like

to have your trial postponed again?' he said. 'Certainly,' I said, 'if they play the game of postponement we will play it too.' 'Well,' said O'Loghlen, 'they can't try you to-day, because, in order to get a safer jury, they have transferred you from the city to the county, and they have failed to give the necessary notice.'

"The Government thought that a jury of County Dublin squires would be more reliable than a jury of Dublin tradesmen. When we came into court, Butt, my leading counsel, rose and asked in his bland and pleasant way:

"In whose custody is Mr. Duffy, my Lord?"

"Why, of course, Mr. Butt," said the Judge, 'in the custody of the Sheriff.'

"But, my Lord, which Sheriff?"

"The Judge having asked for the Calendar, replied: 'The Sheriff of the County Dublin.'

"Then, my Lord," said Butt, 'the trial can't go on. This is a change of venue. We are entitled to ten days' notice. We have not received ten days' notice or one day's notice.'

"The point was argued. But the judges had to decide in favor of Butt, and I was again put back.

"In December I was put forward again. The indictment was the longest which, I believe, was ever seen. It was a hundred feet of parchment. There was a new count charging me with inciting Smith O'Brien to rebellion. My counsel attacked the indictment count by count and riddled it. The judges ruled that four out of the six counts were bad in law. When the indictment was reduced to this condition, Butt said: 'My Lord, we are now ready to go on.' But the Crown said there was no necessity to go on; that as I had demurred I had admitted the facts, and all that was necessary now was to pass sentence.

"Butt protested, saying that in cases of High Treason the prisoner could plead as well as demur, and that the same rule applied to Treason Felony. The Crown denied this, and the point was hotly contested. Ultimately the judges decided in favor of Butt.

"But," said the judges, 'we cannot go on with the case now because we have arrangements which call us elsewhere, and the sittings must be adjourned,' and so I was put down for the third time.

"In February, 1849, I was put up for the fourth time. We did not get a copy of the panel, so I had no materials for preparing my challenges, but when the names were read out in court, Butt challenged the array, and while the arguments were proceeding I had copies of the panel taken and printed, and I sent them round to my friends to get information about the jurors. On the panel was

the name of Martin Burke. Burke was a Catholic, but hostile to the National Cause, and wholly under the influence of the Castle."

"A tame Catholic," I interjected.

"Exactly. That the Crown would put him on the jury was likely enough. His presence would give a color of impartiality, while in reality I would be as safe in the hands of any Protestant. That we should object to Martin Burke went without saying. But on the morning of the trial Mrs. _____ called on me with a message from Mrs. Burke. 'Don't object to Martin, whatever you do. Don't let your counsel object. Let him go on the jury. My daughter and I will be in court, and we will sit opposite the jury box.'

"That was enough for me. Martin Burke was called. Butt wanted to object, but I said 'No.' O'Loghlen told me that Butt would object on his own responsibility, as he considered the exclusion of Martin Burke vital, but I insisted that Martin Burke should not be challenged. I said, 'I shall take all the responsibility; let the consequences be on my head.' And Burke was sworn.

"The jury was soon empanelled and the trial began. Butt fought like a lion, as he did all the time. In due course the jury retired to consider their verdict. When they returned to court the foreman said that they could not agree. Eleven were for a conviction,

one, Martin Burke, was for an acquittal. The jury were locked up for the night, but Martin Burke held out. In the morning the jury were discharged. I thought that I should be discharged, too, after eight months' imprisonment and all the abortive attempts which had been made to bring me to book. But the Crown was resolved to keep me in its clutches, and I was again put back.

"In April, 1849, after I had been ten months in jail, I was put up once more. This was the strangest trial of all. All the other Young Irelanders had been tried by common juries. It was the rule to try felony cases by common juries. But the Crown was now resolved to try me by a special jury, believing that such a jury would be sure to convict. Now special jurors are drawn from the same class as grand jurors, and, as you know, a grand juror who has found a true bill against a prisoner cannot sit on the petty jury which is to try him.

"So many indictments had been sent up against me that several special jurors were disqualified from trying me because they had sat on the grand juries that considered these indictments. That was point number one. Again, several of the special jurors resided out of Dublin, and it was necessary that the jury which was to try me should consist of residents of the

City of Dublin, where my offence was committed. Thirdly, Butt argued successfully that no one over sixty years of age could serve on a jury. He said it was not a question of option, but compulsion, and so the Court ruled.

"The special jury panel contained 170 names. Of these only ninety attended, despite heavy fines. The prisoner was entitled to challenge twenty peremptorily, which we did. This reduced the number to seventy. Three were away through illness—'sick,' a witty barrister said, 'of the Queen against Davan Duffy.' Sixty-seven names then remained from which to select a jury.

"The empanelling of the jury gave rise to great merriment. A juror was called. He stepped into the box and took the book. Butt rose, and with a genial smile said:

"May I ask, sir, if you served on any of the grand juries which found a true bill against the prisoner?"

"The juror answered 'Yes.'

"Very sorry, sir," said Butt, 'that we cannot have your services in this case, but I must ask you to stand aside,' and he waved the juror out of the box.

"Another and another and another came forward, to be asked the same question and to disappear the same way.

"At length a juror came forward who had not been on any of the grand juries. Butt said:



Charles J. Duffy. 1843

'May I ask, sir, where you reside?' The juror said: 'In Blackrock.' 'Very sorry, sir,' said Butt, 'that we cannot have you in the case, but you live out of the district.'

"Another came who lived in Rathfarnham, another who lived in Kingstown, until a score was disposed of. Then some one was called who had not served on any of the grand juries, and who did not live out of the district. 'May I ask, sir,' said Butt, 'if you are over sixty years of age?' And the juror answered, 'Yes.' 'Very sorry, sir,' said Butt, 'that we cannot have the benefit of your experience in this trial, but I must ask you to stand aside.' Finally the list was so attenuated by this process that the Crown was forced to put on the jury Catholics who were not 'tame' and Protestants who were Liberal. Then the trial went on.

"It was Good Friday and long after nightfall. The jury retired to consider their verdict, and I was permitted to retire too. I was sent for at midnight, and came back to find the court crowded in every part. The Sheriff was sent to the jury-room to ask if the jury were ready. He came back in ten minutes to say they were writing their verdict. Then they came in, conferred with the Sheriff, and the Sheriff announced that they could not agree.

"There were six for a conviction and six for an acquittal. They were locked up for the rest of the night. When they came into court next morning the foreman said that they had not agreed and that there was no chance of their agreeing. There were seven now for an acquittal and five for a conviction. The Crown lawyers put their heads together, the judges deliberated, the jury was discharged, and—I was let out on bail."

Over a quarter of a century later Duffy had to defend his Government in Victoria against a vote of censure. He was attacked himself as an Irish rebel. He replied in a memorable speech:

"I will soon have to account for my whole life, and I feel that it has been defaced by many sins and shortcomings; but there is one portion of it I must except from this censure. I can say without fear, and without imp'etity, that when I am called before the Judge of all men I shall not fear to answer for my Irish career. I did what I believed best for Ireland, without any relation to its effect on myself.

"I am challenged to justify myself for having been an Irish rebel, under penalty of your fatal censure; and I am content to reply that the recollection that when my native country was in mortal peril I was among those who staked life for her deliverance is a memory I would not exchange for anything that parliaments or sovereigns can give or take away."

A Nation Once Again.

By Thomas Davis.

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
Our 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 head
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 riddling;
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.

The Three Hundred Greeks who died at Thermopyle, and the Three Romans who kept the Sublican Bridge.

The Blackbird.

(Lines written to an old Irish melody.)

THERE'S a bird that sings in the Narrow Glen,

The brave blackbird with a golden bill.

He'll call me after him, an' then
He'll sit, an' lave me still.
A bird I had was one't my own,
Oh, dear, my Colleen Dhu to me!
My nest is cold, my bird has flown—
An' the blackbird sings to me.

Oh, never think I'll tell her name,
I'll only sing that her heart was true:

My blackbird! ne'er a thing's the same
Since I was losin' you.
'Tis lonesome in the Narrow Glen,
An' rain drops heavy from the tree;
But whiles I'll think I hear her when
The blackbird sings to me.

I'll make a cradle of my breast,
Her image all its child shall be,
My throbbin' heart shall rock to rest
The care that's wastin' me.
A Night of Sleep shall end my pain,
A sunny Morn shall set me free,
An' when I wake I'll hear again
My blackbird sing to me.

—MOIRA O'NEILL.

An Irish Bibliography.

M R. J. KING, 53 Khedive Road, Forestgate, London, England, is deeply interested in Irish Bibliography and has compiled and printed a list of early Irish printed books which is of great value to librarians and book collectors in general. The following are offered for sale by him:

Armagh—Books and Pamphlets printed in Armagh in the eighteenth century (printed for private distribution), Dublin, 1901.....6d.

Cork—List of Books, etc., published in Cork during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries:

Part I.—Seventeenth century publications (reprinted from Cork Historical and Archaeological Journal) out of print.

Part II.—1701-50; out of print.

Part III.—1751-756d.

Part IV.—1776-906d.

Part V.—1791-966d.

Part VI.—1797-986d.

Part VII.—1799-18006d.

Dublin—Books, Tracts, etc., printed in Dublin in the seventeenth century:

Part I.—1601-25; Dublin, 1898. 2s. 6d.

Part II.—1626-50; Dublin, 1899. 2s. 6d.

Part III.—1651-75 Dublin, 1902, 2s. 6d.

Part IV.—1676-1700; in preparation.

Dublin—Catalogue of Early Dublin Printed Books belonging to Mr. E. R. McC. Dix Dublin, 1900, with later additions (some in manuscript) ...9d.

Dublin—The Earliest Dublin Printing (sixteenth century), 12mo; Dublin, 19011s.

Dublin—The Earliest Periodicals and Journals Published in Dublin. With two facsimile reprints; Dublin, 19001s.

Irish Typographical Gazetteer. List of Irish Towns and Dates of Earliest Printing in Each; London, 1903. 6d.

King's Irish Bibliography—the only General Subject Guide and Index to Irish Books and Literature; paper6d.

King's Irish Card Subject Index—the first thousand cards contains the information given in the Bibliography5s.

King's Bibliography of Irish Pictorial Postal Cards, indexed according to subject and containing list of publishers4d.

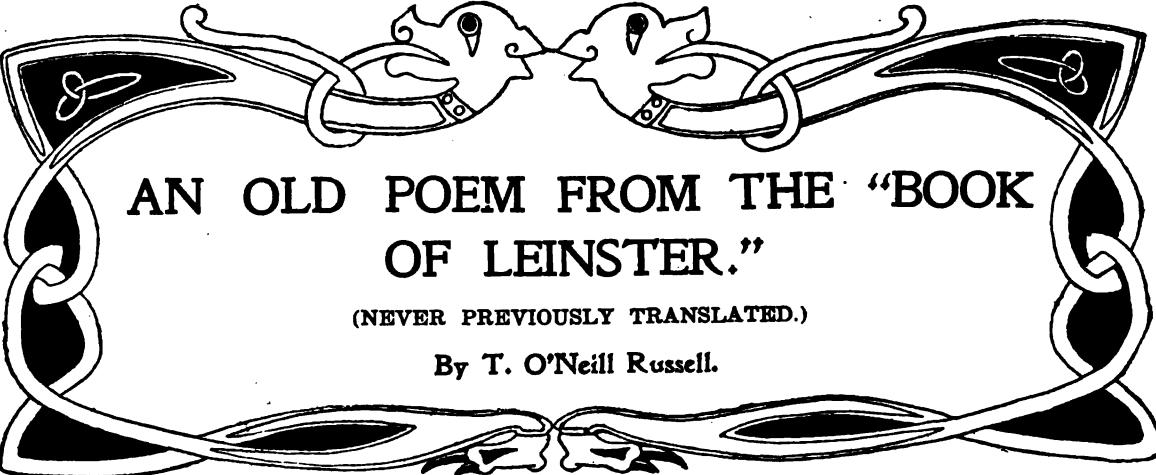
Newry—Literary History of Newry, etc., by Dr. F. C. Crossle2d.

Strabane—Books and Pamphlets Printed in Strabane in the eighteenth century with later additions; Dublin, 19019d.

Strabane—Literary History of Strabane, List of Local Printings, Authors, Printers, etc., by Mr. A. Albert Campbell6d.

M R. GEORGE W. SHERMAN, Publisher, announces the "Life of Captain Jeremiah O'Brien, Commander of the First American Naval Flying Squadron of the War of the Revolution." Illustrated. 12mo. Pp. xvii-247.

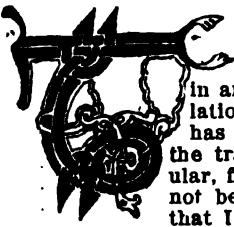




AN OLD POEM FROM THE "BOOK OF LEINSTER."

(NEVER PREVIOUSLY TRANSLATED.)

By T. O'Neill Russell.



HE following is one of the most curious, it might be said extraordinary, poems in ancient Irish. I have attempted its translation for the simple reason that no one else has made the attempt. I do not guarantee the translation to be correct in every particular, for there are words in the Irish that cannot be found in any dictionary or vocabulary that I have consulted, and the translations of them are, to a certain extent, guesses.

The poem will be found on page 295 of the fac simile of the Book of Leinster, and on page 63 of my modern Irish version of the Leinster Tribute, or "Boramha Laighean," where it is transcribed but not translated.

A version of the Leinster Tribute has been made by Mr. Stokes in the "Revue Celtique," and by Mr. Standish Hayes O'Grady in "Silva Gadelica," but neither of them has attempted the translation of this curious poem, evidently, it is to be supposed, because they found it so very difficult. It is certain that the poems in many of the tracts and legends in ancient Irish are much more difficult to understand than the prose, because they are often centuries older.

The tract on the Leinster Tribute may have been written hundreds of years before it was copied into the Book of Leinster, about the year 1150. The scribe who copied it could have modernized the prose part of it, and it seems almost certain that he did; but he could hardly have modernized the verse without spoiling the metre and the rhyme.

The prose part of the Leinster Tribute is, to a great extent, the language of Keating and Bedel. In putting it into modern Irish, I had not very much to do beyond modernizing the spelling, and giving modern words instead of some obsolete ancient ones: the construction of the prose had to be altered only in a few places.

I remember having read a whole page of the prose part of the Leinster Tribute for a native Irish speaker, and he understood every word of it, except some of the proper names. He could read and write the modern language well, but he had never before seen an ancient manuscript, or heard one read. This will show the folly of the wild assertion that some who pose as Irish scholars make when they say that the Irish of Keating, Bedel and Donlevy cannot be now understood.

There is only one word of what could be called even a slight difference in language between Bedel's Irish version of the first chapter of Genesis, and Archbishop MacHale's Irish version of the same chapter, and that difference, if it can really be called a difference, consists in the substituting of the preposition "le" by Archbishop MacHale, for the preposition "re" used by Bedel.

Bedel's Irish version of the Bible was made about the year 1640, and Archbishop MacHale's Irish version of the Pentateuch was made more than two hundred years later, yet both versions may be truly said to be in the same language. It seems wrong to dishearten students by telling them that

most of the ancient Irish language is so very difficult.

Anyone who has a good grasp of the Irish of Keating will have no great difficulty in understanding what is called "Middle Irish"; that is, the language written between the eleventh and fifteenth centuries. "Old Irish" is applied to the language written before the tenth century.

The great poem, the "Feilere of Oengus," is generally considered the longest piece of verse extant in old Irish. Nineteen-tenths of ancient Irish literature is in Middle Irish. For scholars, the most important part of Old Irish are the Irish glosses in Latin manuscripts preserved in the libraries of St. Gall, Wurtzburg, Milan, and other cities on the Continent. These glosses have the great advantage of originality; they are not copies; they were written by Irish monks and learned men who were the chief teachers of Christianity and of letters to the then pagan inhabitants of a great part of Continental Europe. Most of the glosses in Irish found in so many of the libraries of Continental Europe are supposed to have been written between the seventh and ninth centuries.

It is only fair for me to say that, imperfect as the following translation may be, it would have been still more imperfect were it not for the help I got from Mrs. M. A. Hutton, of Belfast, who is an excellent Irish scholar, and especially conversant with the old forms of the language. The following copy of the poem on the Leinster Tribute has been very carefully made from the facsimile of the Book of Leinster, and can be guaranteed exact.

The story of the cause of the imposition of the Tribute on the Province of Leinster is the most interesting and pathetic episode in all ancient Irish history. Tuathal Teachtmhar was Over-King of Ireland about the beginning of the second century, A. D. He had two beautiful daughters named Fithir and Darine. A King of Leinster named by annalists both Eochach and Dolmen, married Fithir; but thinking that Darine was the better of the two young ladies, he went to Tara, told Tuathal that Fithir was dead, and that he wished to marry Darine, her sister, and she was given to him. When Darine arrived at the King of Leinster's dun, or dwelling, she found her sister, whom she had thought dead, alive and well. Darine died of shame on finding how she had been treated, and on seeing her sister dead. Fithir died of grief. So Tuathal lost both his beautiful daughters.

On finding how his daughters had been illused, Tuathal summoned his vassals, the Kings of Ulster and Connacht, one of whom had been foster father to Fithir, and the other to Darine. Their forces, along with those of the chief king, Tuathal, invaded Leinster, defeated and killed its King, and imposed the enormous tribute mentioned in the following poem. It was paid on and off for nearly six hundred years, until it was remitted by the Over-King, Finnachta, in the seventh century.

The tribute caused battles beyond number, for the Leinstermen rarely paid it without a fight. It almost totally denationalized the men of the unfortunate province, and

was, almost without a doubt, the cause of their forming an alliance with the Danes, and fighting on their side at the battle of Clontarf, for they probably thought that if Brian Boru became too powerful he would reimpose the tribute.

The story of the Leinster Tribute in the Book of Leinster, or Book of Glendaloch, as it is sometimes called, is regarded by Mr. Whitley Stokes as one of the greatest historical romances in literature, and he has said as much in his

THE LEINSTER TRIBUTE.

Tuathal Teachmhar, teata in talman tictip co Tuathal via taig;
Deic cét do éataisb iu chuirig, cotic acaioi uirnig iu ari.
Iri é Tuathal tall a cinne de ná cíceadaib cen éile;
Iri é tu ringne plerc láma tinne dána tana ei.
Dá ingsin ac Tuathal Teachmari, cumma cen co riuctáir lib;
Siniu a meicc nata méria, giliu nát nélá do nim.
Fitri iu Dápine donogel; innisarafat túib immar biar;
Dá ingsin ac Tuathal Teachmari, ba h-olc duaclu vebla in túar
Fitri fuaipi tocmairic; Teamplaig, tennail tig; Rorra Ruad;—
Eochu mac Ecaic a h-áilinu, ba tpebthac a ainim duál
Álaino in ben, ben meic Ecaic, ingen Tuathal taulca glairr
Cu iu bhrír a céile a connáil fari rub plébe Collain carp.
Sebriu ríum riem iu Teamplaig taebhél, tóirpten níl ba éúil;
Anáisriu éirr ari m. 5. Muigna; buidin na meir cumha a cùl.
O iu ríadet in feir i. in Teamplaig, tilaéic toimleod mro Meub,
Innisfio a mnái do moé éc; iu bói fori oíric fét, co deir.
Ror fmeacairi fíri fírait feir funio, atfubairit; fírait móir,
"Rórtia Dápinec ni daibhír, cu lámpie o' fálgsib óir."
Tug leir a mnái co Maistin, maeánaeuin Teampla Dati;
Fuaipi iu déic a ríairi; plánti; do ériairi fíri na báipice hí.
Ropold le ráigur a ríairi, imma céile ní iu déil;
Aitbais noedenán de náire,—cúegearan oc Slane fein.
Mairi atbat Dápine donogel iu décrin ari fíri fíno,
Iri via cumairi iu mairi fíri, uch! iu po iu iu in plánto,
Nor tic in fíri fíno Samain, fíri mná nechtain curfir neim,
Ro bói longphéit aicu in Álmain cu taite rámharo iarrain.
Síppet in cíceo im Chápmair; ó Chápmair co Comuir-cas,
ni hénairit immar iu ringne; iuc héplaic a ingen ari.
Aitbais in neplaic iu hárion, innisfep feir bres naé beo;—
Tíri coicait cét bó caé bhláinair, —ba gairit lán liamna leo;
Tíri coicait cét plabharo náigairt álaino iu éatnáitír tall;
Iri abhaili ocar iu ríebgo, —plabharo caé oen bó ari;
Tíri coicait cét mucc no méttair im móir éaitib imbít lúin;
Tíri coicait cét moltaid monglach, —nuacn olc in congnaid ériu;
Tíri coicait cét lenobhratt líppi líosa, hettáir iu a láir;

translation of it in the "Revue Celtique." There is also a version of the Tribute in the Book of Lecan, a manuscript compiled in the latter part of the fourteenth century, or nearly three hundred years after the Book of Leinster.

A transcription of the following poem may be seen in "Silva Gaedlica," but the transcription in it differs considerably from the text in the Book of Leinster from which it was taken:

TRANSLATION.

Tuathal Teachmhar, envoys of the land used to come to his house.
Ten hundreds of battles he admitted (to have fought); he ploughed the fields of Uisneach.
It was Tuathal who cut the heads (1) off the provinces without concealment.
It was he who made hand-rods of steel (2) with skill for a slender steed.
Two daughters had Tuathan Teachmhar, no matter that they were not born with you;
Their pupils were older than their fingers (3); fairer (were they) than the clouds of heaven;
Fitri and brown-white Darine. I will tell you how it will be (4).
Two daughters had Tuathal Teachtmhar; bad were the disputes (5) of the two.
Fitri was wooed in Tara; (there was a) gathering of the house-of Ross Ruad.
Eocha, son of Echach, from Allen (her wooer) powerful was his rightful name.
Beautiful was the woman, the wife of the son of Echach, daughter of Tuathal of the green-hill;
Her husband broke his friendship (with her) for the pleasure of the mountain of Collancash (6).
He proceeded to white-sided Tara, a journey that was not a grief (to him);
She stayed south on Magh Mugna—the most fragrant of the fruit (7) (Fitri) was left behind.
When that man reached Tara, the mount in which Maeve's mead was consumed,
He says his wife (Fitri) had died young; he was on a bad journey indeed.
The true chief of the men of the west (Tuathal) answered him very quickly,
"Thou shalt have Darine, who is not poor, with hand-ornaments of rings of gold."
He took with him his wife to Maistin—the tender child of Dathi's (8) Tara.
She found her sister afterwards in health; she was of the true mould of the strong (9).
Grevious to her was the injury of her sister; she did not conceal what her husband was.
The child died of shame; that was a crying complaint at Slane (?).
When brown-white Darine died on looking at fair Fitri,
Of her grief died Fitri; alas! hard was the separation.
That stream (10) came before November; the stream of the wife of Nechtan with venom;
Then encamped in Allen until the beginning of the summer after that;
They searched the province round Carman, from Carman to Cummer-cas;
There was no force like that which was displayed; he (Tuathal) brought a fine for his daughters out of it.
Vast was the fine to recount, as a speckled man not alive tells:
Fifteen thousand (11) cows every year—a short time was full leaping left with them (12),
Fifteen thousand chains of beautiful silver that used to please long ago;
It is wonderful but no foolish lie, there was a chain with every cow in it;
Fifteen thousand pigs that used to be fattened in great woods where there was food;
Fifteen thousand woolly wethers—no bad possession of property;
Fifteen thousand linen cloaks of the beautiful Liffy (14), with ornaments across their centres;

Trí coicait cét nanaft nimba, cendat na dairc mighuda mán;
 Trí coicait cét coic n-uma i mbreibteas mro maige-móein;
 molt pír mbenao uct ari aile, ba hé luct in coipe cóeim.
 Coipe umá roib i Tempais, rá muicc réc ari pír ma réc,
 in rá muicc réc nucu ráphao, ipreto no línao a let;
 Cént co lin na muc rán d'airgib, ipreto no rcaillte aice tall;
 iir vo rán ba lán in caipie, vo cuptea ári aige ari;
 O né Thuatail roib 'cá toboé, coiré fínnachta na róic,
 Da fírcet níg vo claino Tuatail por ben a bhracáib Bríg-molt.

Fifteen thousand shining linen bed-draperies (13), with the color of horns of precious myrrh;
 Fifteen thousand copper cauldrons, in which was boiled the mead of Magh-moen;
 A wether with which would touch the breast of another, that was the load of the fine cauldron.
 A copper cauldron of them in Tara, twelve pigs down in it apart;
 The twelve pigs were not too much (?), it was they that filled half (the cauldron).
 Just with that number of pigs, the same number of calves, that used to fill it long ago;
 With that the cauldron was filled; a slaughter of calves was in it.
 From the time of Tuathal they levied it (the Tribute), to the time of Finnachta of the spears (15).
 Forty kings of the race of Tuathal exacted it from the borders of Brigh-mott (16).

NOTES.

Before noticing some of the difficult words and phrases in the above poem, it is only proper to warn students of ancient Irish poetry that they will find that the poets who wrote in it took more liberty with the language in which they wrote than, perhaps, was ever taken by any poets, ancient or modern, with any other language. Ancient Irish poets sacrificed not only orthography and grammar, but often sense, for rhyme, alliteration, and vowel and consonantal correspondence, as may be noticed in many places in this poem. They used to transpose words in an extraordinary way to suit the exigencies of their metres.

These things, along with the vast number of words that have become obsolete and that cannot be found in any dictionary, make it very hard to understand the verses of the old Irish poets. It should also be said that the scribe who copied this poem into the Book of Leinster seems to have taken great liberty with both orthography and grammar.

1. Tuathal formed the province of Meath by taking parts of the four original provinces, or, as the poet puts it, by cutting their heads off.

2. The exact meaning of this line is obscure; the translation is partly a guess; but it must refer to rods or wreaths of some kind.

3. This phrase, "rínú a meicc nata ména," means literally what it has been translated to mean. Meicc, meaning the pupils of the eyes, occurs in Destruction of Da Dergas Hostelry; but the phrase may have a conventional meaning in old times quite different from its literal meaning.

4. "How it will be," immar biar; here the relative future of the verb ráim seems to be used instead of the past tense, and, apparently, in order to make it rhyme with biar.

5. It does not appear that the two sisters had ever any disputes. The phrase an biar might be translated "about the two."

6. "The mountain of Collain-cash." This phrase puzzles me. I cannot find mention of any mountain of that name. It may be a euphemistic way of expressing what would hardly bear to be translated.

7. merr means both fruit and a foster child; either translation would suit, for the two sisters were foster children.

8. If this word Dathi means King Dathi, he did not reign until some centuries after Tuathal.

9. "Mould of the strong." This is a mere guess. The Irish is de ríma rín na báinche hi. O'Reilly gives báinche as an adjective meaning strong, brave, stout; but it is a noun in the poem. báinche, might have been intended for báinche, the ancient name of the Mourne Mountains in the County Down, for a and o and u were often used indiscriminately, one for another, in old Irish, and in middle Irish also; and the slender vowels, e and i, were used in the same way. báinche may be a proper name. O'Reilly gives báinche as also meaning a battle.

10. "That stream of the wife of Nechtan." This phrase will show how hard it is to fully understand the old writings because of the many allusions found in them to legends and things that are now forgotten, and can be known only by the merest accident. I am indebted to Mrs. Hutton for

the following explanation of the above curious line: There is a legend preserved in the Dineanchus in the Book of Leinster that there was a well in the place where a man named Nechtan lived. There was some sort of spell on the well; whoever broke the spell was to suffer for breaking it. Nechtan's wife broke the spell; the well burst out, drowned her, and formed the River Boyne. So "the stream of the wife of Nechtan" means the forces of the chief king and his vassals, who had come from the Boyne. That river's name was in ancient times, to a great degree, synonymous with the name of Meath, and between Meath and Leinster the greatest hostility prevailed from the time it had been made into a province by Tuathal Teachtmhar.

11. "Fifteen thousand cows, etc." This enormous tribute exacted from ancient Leinster, which extended no further north than the Liffey, and the Brosna in the King's County, will show how great were the wealth and population of Ireland in ancient times. Almost every old manuscript that is translated; almost every treasure-trove that is found, prove these facts. That the tribute was intended to be paid every year is certain; but that it was not paid every year is equally certain, for the Leinstermen rarely paid it without a fight; and they seem to have beaten the combined forces of the provinces as often as they were vanquished by them.

12. "A short time was full leaping left with them." This is very satirical. It means that the cattle used to be soon killed to feed their hungry captors. I heard a somewhat similar remark made by a herd when he saw a lot of stall-fed cattle jumping about after having been let loose to go to Liverpool to be slaughtered; he said, "ni rao go mb'imean an láim arca," o, the ju pi g will an be knocked out of them, for the poor beasts had only a day or two to live.

13. "I linen bed draperies." The whole of this line is very obscure; but that an ní nimba refers to some sort of linen cloth, seems clear. The n with which the word commences in the text is, as I take it to be, what is called a "transported" n; that is, an n taken from the immediately preceding word with which it ended, or was supposed to have ended, formerly.

14. "Of the beautiful Liffey," did not mean the river, but the country watered by it.

15. "Of the spears." na róic. I cannot find out the real meaning of the word róic. O'Reilly gives it as meaning what it means in English, a fork; but "fork" can hardly be an Irish word; the dictionaries say it is of Teutonic origin; if so, how did it get into Irish so early? But the word may be Irish, only I cannot find it except in O'Reilly. It should be remembered that a fork in old English did not always mean a two-pronged instrument. Compare Shakespeare's "Soft and tender fork of a poor worm"; consequently a spear might be called a fork.

16. "Brigh-molt." I have not been able to find out where this hill is, but it must be somewhere in Leinster under a different name. It means the hill of wethers.

It is to be hoped that some of the learned men who, not like myself, have made old and middle Irish their particular study, will rectify whatever mistakes I have made in translating this curious and interesting poem.



Kildare Archaeological Society.—The Annual Excursion.

N pleasing contrast with last year's weather conditions, the County Kildare Archaeological Society held their annual excursion meeting on Wednesday, September 2d, under the most enjoyable circumstances.

The party was a large one, and the itinerary embraced several places possessing not only much historic, but much scenic interest.

The majority traveled by train to Portarlington Station, where cars and wagonettes were in waiting. The arrangements, which were carried out under the personal supervision of Lord Walter Fitzgerald and Sir Arthur Vicars, K. C. V. O., F. S. A., the hon. secretary, were admirable, and the members and visitors were unanimous in voting the outing the most enjoyable yet provided for them.

The party included the following: The Earl and Countess of Drogheda, the Duke of Leinster, Lord Walter Fitzgerald, Lord Frederick Fitzgerald, Lord George Fitzgerald, Lady Nestor Fitzgerald, Colonel Vigors, Mrs. and Miss Vigors, Sir Arthur Vicars, Ulster King at Arms; Hans Hendrick Aylmer, Miss Frances Walker, Miss Mabel Ponsonby, Mrs. Betham, Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Synnott, Furness, Naas; Rev. Canon Adams, Miss Adams, Miss Ponsonby, Miss Tuthill, Mr. Jackson, Killkea, Mageney; Colonel W. Heighington, Donard, Co. Wicklow; Rd. Wright, Prumplestown, Carlow; Rev. E. Kavanagh, P. P. Monasterevan; Thomas Kelly, Castletown; Rev. E. H. Waller, M. A., Rector of Athy; Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmaurice, Mrs. Hopkins, the Dean of Kildare, and Mrs. Cowell, C. Drury, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, Rev. C. Ganly, A. A. Shortt, Dr. and Mrs. Woolcombe, R. D. Walshe, W. Grove White, Crown Solicitor for the Co. Kildare.

TINNAKILL.

Starting at 10.40 A. M. from Portarlington, a pleasant drive of four miles through a beautiful pastoral country brought the party to Tinnakill. On arriving here the party, under the guidance of Lord Walter Fitzgerald, proceeded a short distance into the fields off the road, and inspected the ruins of the square tower of the Castle of the MacDonnells. They were found to be in a fair state of preservation, for

which the credit is due to the tenant of the lands, who seems to take an unusually intelligent interest in preventing them from falling into a state of dilapidation.

Lord Walter Fitzgerald read a short paper on this castle. In the year 1557, he said, the O'Mores of Leix, the O'Connors of Offaly, and their sub-septs, including the O'Dempseys, and others, were subdued, and out of the districts thus conquered were formed the Queen's and King's Counties, while the lands were partitioned off among the military officers who had fought against the native chiefs.

Among those so rewarded was a captain of Gallowglass, of Highland Scotch descent, named Calvagh MacTurlough MacDonnell, to whom a grant was made in 1563 of the Castle of Tinnakill and the surrounding townlands, which he was to hold by knight's service at a rent of 2d. an acre for the first seven years, and 3d. an acre onward.

The MacDonnells of the Queen's County and those of the County Antrim came from the same stock, their common ancestor being Angus Oge MacDonnell, Lord of the Isles. Nothing noteworthy was known of the MacDonnells in Queen's County until 1641, when James MacDonnell, though only about 24 years of age, was a colonel in the ranks of the Confederate Catholics, and a reward of £400 was offered for his head. His estates were forfeited, and in 1650 the castle and lands of Tinnakill were granted to a William Legatt.

EMO.

Having resumed their seats a drive of about four miles brought the excursionists to Emo Park demesne, through which they were allowed to pass by kind permission of Mr. R. FitzHerbert, the agent to the trustees of the Portarlington Estate. No halt was made at Emo—a pretty little hamlet at one of the entrance gates—but Lord Walter Fitzgerald, with that energy which has characterized his efforts on behalf of the Society since its inception, had prepared a short record of its historical associations, of which the following is a summary:

In 1570 the lands of Emo were granted to one John Harries, gent., and after changing hands many times, either because of the outlawry of some one of the successive possessors or from some

other cause, were sold by Sir Henry Bennett (Earl of Arlington) to Sir Patrick Trant, a Jacobite, who met the same fate as some of his predecessors in the place, and was outlawed in 1601.

Eventually the lands were purchased by Ephraim Dawson, ancestor of the Earls of Portarlington, from an English manufacturing company, known as the Hollow Blades Company. Only the site of the old Castle of Emo remained, and, though there was a tradition that a monastery existed there at one time, no historical proof of it could be found. There is a very interesting baptismal font in the grounds between the house and the gardens, evidently dating from the fifteenth century.

The drive through Emo Park was highly enjoyable. The demesne is picturesquely wooded, and, although the ravages of the late storm were painfully apparent on every side, the grounds are so admirably kept that their beauty was but little impaired.

PORTARLINGTON.

A further run of four miles brought the party once more to Portarlington, where luncheon was excellently served by Mr. W. J. Browne, of the Imperial Hotel. The stay here was of about an hour's duration, so that the more enthusiastic antiquarians had leisure to peruse Lord Walter Fitzgerald's notes on the history of the district.

In olden days this locality lay in the ancient territory of Clannmalier, belonging to the O'Dempsey sept, but in 1641 the head of the clan was outlawed for participation in the rebellion and his estates were forfeited, and in 1666 were granted to Lord Arlington. In the following year Lord Arlington obtained a charter constituting the new settlement he had made of Eng'ish Protestants a borough, and changing the name of Cooltederry ("Tanners' Corner") to Portarlington.

Before his death in 1685 Lord Arlington sold the estates to Sir Patrick Trant, a hot Jacobite, who retired to France after the surrender of Limerick. The estates were forfeited, and were granted to a Frenchman named Henri de Massue, who was created Baron Portarlington, and later Earl of Galway.

In 1696 Lord Galway colonized the place with French and Dutch Hugue-

notes and officers of the recently-disbanded French regiments. Under the "Act of Reassumption" Lord Galway's estates passed to the Crown, and were sold in 1703 to the Hollow Blades Co., who, in turn, sold them to Ephraim Dawson, the son of a collector of revenue at Carrickfergus, the ancestor of the Earls of Portarlington.

Except for the quaint, wide, semi-circular approaches in front of some of the houses in the town, there is nothing peculiar to catch the eye in this former Huguenot settlement. The Communion plate of solid silver and the Crown bell, belonging to the French church are very interesting. They bear inscriptions in French, stating they were presented to the French Church by Queen Carolina (wife of George II.).

LEA CASTLE.

An ancient Fitzgerald stronghold, Lea Castle, two miles from Portarlington, was the next place of call. These magnificent ruins, which are in splendid preservation, looked most picturesque, portions being covered with a heavy mantle of ivy. Lord Walter Fitzgerald read a paper, detailing the history of the place. Lea was the name of a large district which comprised the eastern half of the present barony of Portnahinch and the present barony of Offaly. It was then in the possession of the O'Kelly sept.

As early as the commencement of the thirteenth century the Fitzgeralds were in possession of Lea. By the State Papers it was shown that at a very early date the Fitzgeralds were in possession of Lea Castle, which they held by knight's service from William le Marshal and his heirs, and it was proved that the castle was erected originally towards the end of the twelfth century, and was restored by the Fitzgeralds after repeated attacks and burnings by the native chiefs, and they made it the magnificent fortress its present ruins prove it to have been, and which could have still stood entire but for the use of gunpowder, to which it owed its destruction in 1650.

The plan of the castle was originally an oblong building, with walls from eight to ten feet thick, having at each of the four corners a large high circular tower. The walls of an extensive bawn which surrounded the keep or central castle still exist, as well as the barbican or gateway.

Lord Walter then traced the record of the feuds between the Fitzgeralds and the De Burghs, and the war waged on the Pale, the driving out of the English garrisons from the castles they occupied in Offaly. In 1279 reference was made to the "new town of Lea," which became an important borough, but not a trace of it now remains. In 1307 the O'Connors burned the new town of Lea and laid siege to the castle, but failed to take it, and were eventually driven off by a strong force under John, Baron of Offaly, aided by Edmund Butler, afterwards made Earl of Carrick.

In 1346 the Obores of Leix were on

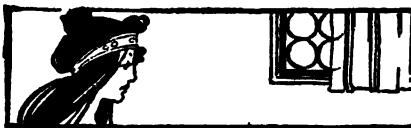
the warpath, and during the month of April burned the Castle of Lea. Subsequently the territory was invaded by the Judiciary, and the Earl of Kildare and Obores was forced to submit after a stout resistance. In 1422 the castle was again captured by the O'Dempseys, who were dispossessed in 1452 by the Earl of Ormonde, Lord Justice of Ireland.

In the month of June, 1534, Silken Thomas, son of the Earl of Kildare, having been informed falsely that his father had been beheaded in the Tower of London, resigned the office of Deputy Viceroy and rose in rebellion against Henry VIII., declared war against the Englishry, and to use an expression of "The Four Masters," "made a trampling sod of the land of Erin."

After the suppression of the rebellion the castle was delivered to the Government to put a garrison in, and James Fitzgerald was appointed its constable, and as such he applied for two more gunners and more powder and shot.

During the rebellion of 1641 the castle was seized by the Irish, but was retaken by the Parliamentarians, but they were in turn delodged, and was ultimately—having again fallen into the hands of Parliamentarians—blown up by Cols. Hewson and Reynolds to prevent its future occupation by the Irish. The condition in which they left it was what it appears to-day. At the present time the Earl of Portarlington receives a head rent of £600 per year from the Manor of Lea.

The return journey was made via Monasterevan to Moore Abbey. There the Countess of Drogheda read a paper on the history of the town, which showed much research, and was characterized by great lucidity. Afterwards the visitors were entertained at tea and shown various objects of artistic or antiquarian interest. Following new members admitted: Mrs. Synnott, Rev. E. Kavanagh, P. P.; Mr. Jackson, the Duke of Leinster, Colonel Heighington, Mr. Rd. Wright, Rev. E. H. Waller, M. A., and Mrs. Webber. This concluded the proceedings of the day.



Irish Literary Society of New York.

THE Constitution and By-Laws of the Irish Literary Society of New York have been handsomely printed in a neat booklet and issued to members.

Copies can be had free, on application to the Secretary, Mr. John Quinn, 120 Broadway, New York.

The House Committee of the Society is now in search of a suitable, permanent home and is engaged in making a selection from among a number of locations that have been suggested.

When the headquarters has been se-

lected and furnished the members will give a reception and housewarming to their friends.

Extracts from the By-Laws:

ARTICLE I.

NAME AND OBJECT.

Section 1. This Society shall be called "The Irish Literary Society of New York."

Section 2. Its objects shall be the promotion of the study of Irish literature, the Irish language, Irish history, drama, music and art; the affording of a center of social and literary intercourse for persons of Irish birth, nationality or descent; and the acquisition and maintenance of suitable rooms or a building for its library, and for the safe keeping of its property, and wherein meetings, lectures, dramatic performances, musical entertainments and art exhibitions may be given from time to time.

Section 3. The Society shall be unsectarian and non-political.

ARTICLE VI.

MEMBERSHIP.

Section 1. The active members of the Society shall be divided into two classes: resident and non-resident members. The number of non-resident members shall be fixed by the Executive Committee from time to time. Non-resident members shall be those who reside during the whole year more than fifty miles from the City of New York. The Executive Committee shall have power to elect twelve honorary Vice-Presidents and forty honorary members.

Section 2. Candidates for membership shall be persons of Irish birth or descent or of known devotion to the objects of the Society; they must be above twenty-one years of age and must be proposed by two members of the Society and their names entered in a book kept for that purpose, notice of which proposal shall be sent by the Secretary to the members of the Society at least ten days previous to action by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE VII.

YEARLY DUES.

Section 1. The yearly dues for resident members shall be five dollars, payable within thirty days after each annual meeting. The yearly dues for non-resident members shall be three dollars, the first dues payable within sixty days after their election; and subsequent dues within sixty days after each annual meeting.

Section 3. Honorary Vice-Presidents and honorary members shall not be required to pay any dues.

Section 5. The Executive Committee may elect persons to life membership in the Society upon the payment of a life membership fee of one hundred dollars.



Funeral of Rev. Eugene O'Growney.

BY the time this issue of THE GAEL reaches the hands of its readers, all that is earthly of the Rev. Eugene O'Growney will have been laid to its final rest in the cemetery at Maynooth College, Ireland.

Father O'Growney was born at Ballyfallon, Athboy, County Meath, in 1863, and was only thirty-six years old when he died on October 18th, 1899, in the Sisters' Hospital at Los Angeles, California.

On Saturday, September 12th, in San Francisco, the long sad journey was begun, which will end in Ireland. On Friday, a Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco, by the Vicar General, Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast. Archbishop Riordan pronounced the absolution.

After the Mass, the body was escorted to the railroad depot by the members of the Irish societies of the city, and was entrusted to Mr. Lawrence Brannick, of Los Angeles, who accompanied the remains to Chicago.

On Tuesday, the remains of the deceased priest reached that city and were met at the depot by a deputation of representative Irishmen and were conveyed to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, where they were laid in state till next morning, when a High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Very Rev. Andrew J. Morrissey, President of Notre Dame University. His Grace Archbishop Quigley and Bishop Muldoon were present in the sanctuary, and gave the final blessing.

After the services the members of the Irish societies present, consisting of the Seventh Regiment, Gaels and Hibernians, escorted the remains to the Lake Shore depot, for the journey to New York.

Mr. O'Donovan, of Philadelphia, it seems, had assumed charge of the arrangements in New York, and knowing the influential Leaguers in this city would not recognize him, had delegated the arrangements to what is known here as the "Scotland Yard branch" of the Clan-na-Gael, which on this occasion was represented by a Mr. Cohalan and a committee. This committee, as might be expected, bungled its part and as a result the remains of Father O'Growney arrived as baggage over the New York Central Railroad on Thursday, September 17th, about 3 P. M., unattended and were put on a truck and wheeled under a dark shed at Depew Place, where they remained until 6 P. M., when they were discovered by Mr. Christopher O'Growney, brother of the deceased.

The pallbearers who had shipped the remains in advance, arrived shortly after on a parlor car in high good hu-

mor with themselves and beamed on everybody. Mr. O'Donovan and a delegation from the Clan-na-Gael received them and took them away.

In this connection, it is proper to say that the Gaelic League as an organization has never been identified or affiliated directly or indirectly with the Clan-na-Gael, or any other political or factional party, and the action of Mr. O'Donovan in connecting them with it, or in endeavoring to do so, cannot be too severely condemned.

The Gaelic League, until the advent of the Western element, has been entirely non-factional and non-political, and while its members as individuals may belong to any political party or organization they choose, yet, when meeting or acting as Gaelic Leaguers, they avoid those subjects lest they offend their colleagues and cause dissension in the movement.

At 8.30 P. M. about one hundred and fifty persons had assembled, including twenty-four uniformed members of the Irish Volunteers. The remains were transferred to a hearse and a procession formed, which, led by the Volunteers, proceeded on foot very solemnly to St. Patrick's Cathedral, where brief services and the Rosary in Irish were said.

Throughout Thursday night the body rested in St. Bernard's and St. Brigid's Chapel, guarded by details from the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Irish Volunteers and some members of the local branches of the Gaelic League.

At 11 P. M. on Thursday a meeting was held at the Vanderbilt Hotel, at which Mr. Cohalan presided, when it was announced the manager of the Cunard Line Steamships had refused to permit a funeral or procession on their pier. The White Star Steamship Company, a competing line, would permit a procession but the Clan had bungled and neglected to ascertain the fact in time. After much discussion they finally decided to dispense with the proposed funeral procession next day from the Cathedral to the pier, and adjourned.

On the following morning the casket containing the body was placed on a catafalque, facing the high altar, and Rev. Dr. Michael J. Lavelle, Rector of the Cathedral, celebrated a Solemn Requiem Mass. Rev. Peter Cunniffe, C. S. S. R., of St. Alphonsus' Church, this city, preached the eulogy in Irish.

Archbishop Farley was present in the sanctuary and gave the last blessing. A number of the clergy of the archdiocese were also present at the Mass.

The body lay in state in the Cathe-

dral until four o'clock Friday afternoon, when, escorted by a small guard of honor from the Irish Volunteers and a few pallbearers appointed by the Irish societies, it was quietly conveyed to the Cunard line "Campania," which sailed on Saturday, September 19th, at 2 P. M.

For obvious reasons the press of New York had not been kept properly informed regarding the funeral arrangements, consequently only a few obscure paragraphs appeared in the leading newspapers, and as the committee failed to notify the public of the abandonment of the funeral procession to the steamship pier a large number of Gaels went to the Cathedral on Friday evening prepared to participate in the procession, only to learn that it had taken place some hours before.

The following persons accompanied the remains to Ireland: Rev. J. K. Fielding, Lawrence Brannick and P. C. B. O'Donovan, Father O'Growney's youngest brother, Mr. Christopher O'Growney, who has been in this country a short time, also accompanied the body to Ireland.

Disposal of the O'Growney Funeral Fund.

September 18th, 1903.
Douglas Hyde, LL. D., President Gaelic League, Dublin, Ireland.

Dear Sir:—This letter will be handed to you by Mr. Christopher O'Growney, who has been sent to accompany the remains of his brother, the late Rev. Eugene O'Growney, from this country to Ireland.

Enclosed you will find a draft on the Northern Banking Company of Ireland for £226 18s. 4d., being the net amount of the O'Growney Funeral Fund (less expenses of collection and expense of sending Mr. Christopher O'Growney to Ireland and return), raised by THE GAEL, New York, for the purpose of translating the remains of Father O'Growney from Los Angeles, Cal., to Ireland, and which has not been required for that purpose as the body is being removed by other parties.

This money is sent you as President of the Gaelic League to hold as the nucleus of a fund to defray the cost of erecting a suitable monument over the grave of Father O'Growney.

This fund was raised and was in hand at the National Convention of the Gaelic League in America, which was attempted to be held in Philadelphia in the month of October last year. That convention unfortunately split into two factions which could not agree on several vital points indispen-

sable to the peace and harmony of the League.

One of the causes of dissension was the fact that one faction wanted to control the management of the O'Growney funeral and desired to send as pallbearers and representatives of the Gaelic League of America certain men whom the other party considered eminently unfit for the honor.

THE GAEL was in hopes that after a time the angry feelings engendered at the Convention would gradually die away and that both sides, by each conceding a little, would eventually come together and agree upon mutually suitable representatives to accompany the remains. Because of this belief, and because all hopes of reconciliation had not yet been abandoned THE GAEL took no steps towards removing the remains although we had, and still hold, a written authority to do so from the O'Growney family in Ireland, which authorization has not been revoked or cancelled.

The Western faction disinterred the remains, I presume without authority as it is not likely the family would issue formal permission to two different parties, and are now in this city on their way to Ireland.

On a separate sheet please find a statement showing all receipts and expenditures in connection with the O'Growney Funeral Fund.

The O'Growney Funeral Fund.

Receipts and Expenditures.

Up to and including September, 1902, the total amount received from all sources and acknowledged in THE GAEL amounted to \$1,524.50
Additional small sums received after September and not yet printed in THE GAEL. 13.82

Total received \$1,537.82
Amount expended in postage, printing, etc. 227.88

Net amount \$1,309.94
Interest at 4 per cent from September, 1902, to date. 52.86

Total \$1,362.80
Deduct expenses connected with sending Mr. Christopher O'Growney to accompany the remains of his brother to Ireland and his return to America. 256.66

Net total \$1,105.64
The bank draft enclosed for £226-18-4 is the equivalent of above amount in English money.

Very truly yours,
Stephen J. Richardson.

STATEMENT SHOWING AMOUNTS RECEIVED FOR THE O'GROWNEY FUNERAL FUND SINCE THE LAST REPORT PRINTED IN THE GAEL:

Aug. 5, Prof. Kuno Meyer, New Brighton, England (£1) \$4.87
Aug. 23, David P. Sullivan, Stockbridge, Mass. 50

Sept. 2, Mrs. Eileen O'Brennan, Dayton, Ohio	50
Sept. 25, Rev. Francis Flannery, Coon, Bagnalstown, Ireland	1.20
Oct. 11, collected by R. J. Sheevers Milwaukee, Wis.	
Rev. R. J. Roach	\$1.00
R. J. Sheeran	1.00
Annie Murphy	25
Mrs. A. McQuade	10
Mr. J. J. Durnin	10
Mary E. Kennedy	10
Charlotte Sheevers	25
Thomas Trainor	1.00
Pat. Shannon	40
Joseph Roddy	25
Matt T. Sheevers	1.00
Sarah Sheevers	40
Pat. O'Connor	40
James J. Lynch	25
Total	6.50
Oct. 15, T. P. O'Galligan, Brooklyn, N. Y.	2.00
Oct 15, Wm. Johnson, Brooklyn.	25
Oct 28, James Flanagan, Sonora, Mexico	1.00
Oct 29, A. Bunce, Bristol, Pa.	1.00
Nov. 12, P. J. Shannon, Hamilton, Montana	1.00
Feb. 2, 1903, A. Madden, Sonoma, Cal.	1.50
March 30, 1903, F. C. Cannon, Summit Hill, Pa.	1.00
Total	\$13.82

BRIGHITT CRUS.

Ceanbhallaín nó chan.

A pháethair a'ir a chuirfe, ná tréig-rí choirche me-ri,
B'féríor go o-tiocfaidh gráidí ó Chriúró,
Nó m-bétoinn-rí agus tu-rá, n-éinseachta
Gan tuirfe:
Agus nach tú o-fáig ornach ann láir mo
chriúrhe:
Ní fhéudaim-rí coitá aén oíochche go
rocaim,
Acht as gmuaineach oírt-fa an tráth
rín do bhíohim;
Agus nír mo bheamhla 'r tú an féríín
fuairi ráirí
O bhénur, aír a gseimíortha go tráth an
Chriúrhe.

A dhriúghitt bheag, uheag, a bhéilín
meala,
Le'n ráebháin leat-rá fearta chpíche
fáil,
S gur bh'éirpeachtaisí gach ríomh o'a
léigtheas ñuáinn aír uheire
bhénur, lúno, hélen a'r ná Déisíre an
aigh,
A gseimh rúo 'r a n-glaíne n-émpheacht
gan earrbáorth,
Is easgal liom go deimhín gur ab agas-
ra tá,
méuna caéla, deara is tréimhthíche as
peinnseach
An phróh-phoirt chlárus aír chaoí-
chúuit pháimh.

Tá na céuva feap clíre, an-éclíre ar
meirge
Sgéul é nach g-ceileann páigh ri
óruiohe,
méan úr gan earrbáorth, ag éasnach a
leath-crom,
A ghéag ós na m-bachall m-bán agus
m buiohe;
'S i gceagán na m-ban i, bhréagán na bb-
feap i,
Séas as a m-biocheann taithneamh, cíl
agus gnáioih,
mhéanúigh ar pímal, agus do luigheasúigh
ar n-gean,
u' o thiaigh-ri le real, ó u'fág tu-ri an
tír.
Tá m'intinn aip meapbháll, agus m'intle-
aiche u'á dallach,
Le tráth-chiach le fada, Ló agus u-
oíochche,
'n-riagh vo dhinn-bhriathar m-blára,
na g-cruinnchíocha ngeala,
na g-craéidh-pholt m-breágh, i. os-
thte, is bheághdua aip bith phub;
Do ghrír-leaca thana, bheúrrfach faoi-
reamh vo lucht galair,
O'f'għbaix pian mój aip phearráib,
tráth de vo thíth;
má'p binn libh le n-áthar, 'r i an féríín
a chanaim,
nach aoibhinn vo'n u-calamh 'n ar
thápliagh, 'r i dhriúghitt.

SIMAOINTE.

II.

Imo ériúasg naidh óruim i n-éiríinn éasom:
'Sa nómán aip rao, an tír 'r mó férle,
'n-áit a mbíonn fíor-aoisneag i'f' gúan-
neaf rám,
'na gcomhuráidh ann rín i bhrócair a éirle.

III.

Is bónn laetanta m' óig' as teadct aip aip
cúgam,
i n-áipling vo cím na cárde ba duan,
na h-áiteada fíublann nuaip bídóear im-
óglach,
na páirceanna glasa, na bláta, na h-uain-

IV.

Is gceapir go bfuil deirnead leim fionar aip
rao,
bónn gseimíorth aip m' aipling mair céu-
riont an ngeáim:
An fada go mbéidó an lá seal as bheasach
nuair déirnead i n-éiríinn na gcuimh faoi
feun?

Séamus Mac Cormáic.

The Jokers' Corner.



"A little nonsense now and then
is relished by the wisest men."

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

MRS. O'CALLAGHAN—"I can't see why my husband should be jealous of me."

Her Friend—"No one can, my dear."

NEVER SATISFIED.

SHE—"Do you love me as much when you are away from me?"

He (fervently)—"I love you more, darling."

She (sighing)—"I wish I could be with you then."

BRANNIGAN—"The doctor told me to get a porous plaster for me stomach."

Druggist—"Yes, sir; what sort do you want?"

Brannigan—"Tis little I care what sort it is so long as 'tis ailsly digest-ed."

BENEFICIAL.

ELECTION AGENT: "That was a fine speech our candidate made on the agricultural question, wasn't it?"

Farmer Brady: "Oh, ay, it wasn't bad; but a couple o' nights good rain would a done a sight more good."

LIMITS TO HIS MADNESS.

MRS. CASEY—"If I were to die, Phil, what would you do?"

Mr. Casey—"I'd be nearly crazy."

Mrs. Casey—"Would you marry again?"

Mr. Casey—"No; I wouldn't be that crazy."

IMPORTANT BUSINESS.

YOUNG WIFE: "There's a gentleman in the library who wishes to see you."

Young Husband: "Do you know who it is?"

Young Wife: "You must forgive me,

dear, but that cough of yours has worried me so of late, and you take such poor care of your health, and—and you don't know how anxious I've been—and, oh, if I were to lose you, my darling!" (bursting into tears).

Young Husband: "There, there, dear; your fondness for me has inspired foolish and unnecessary fears. I'm all right. You must not be alarmed; but I'll see the physician, of course, just to satisfy you. Is it Dr. Fleet?"

Young Wife: "No; it is not a doctor, it's a—a life insurance agent."

THE schoolmaster called to ask why Johnny, the eldest boy, had not been to school.

"Why! he was thirteen last week, sir," said the mother. "I am sure he has had schooling enough."

"Thirteen, Mrs. Hennessy!" said the teacher, "why that is nothing. I did not finish my education until I was three-and-twenty."

"But, sir," said the mother, proudly, "my Johnny is no such blockhead as that, sir."

TAMSON—"So puir auld McNab is deid?"

Macgregor—"Is he, mon? Has he left onything?"

Tamson—"He's left everything he possessed to the Orphanage."

Macgregor—"Guid! I kent he had aye a big heart. Hoo muckle has he left to that institution?"

Tamson—"Three sons an' five dochters!"

KIDDING THE NEIGHBORS

TERENCE O'GRADY had only been married a week, but his bride was already making things lively in the little house in Ballybunion. He had been working for three hours in his little garden

when Bridget came to the back door and called out in strident tones that could be heard down the street:

"Terence, me boy, come into tay, toast and foive eggs."

Terence dropped his spade in astonishment and ran into the kitchen.

"Shure, Bridget, alannah, ye're only coddin' me," he said.

"Nay, Terence," replied Bridget, "it's not ye, it's the naybors I'm coddin'!"

HE NEVER USED A LANTERN.

AND an old country gentleman was returning home late one night, and discovered a young man with a lantern under his kitchen window, who, when asked his business, stated that he had only come courting.

"Come what?" cried the angry gentleman.

"Courting, sir. I'm courting Mary."

"If that be true, what do you want a lantern for? I never used one when I was a young man."

"No, sir," was the lover's reply, "I don't think ye did, judging by the looks of the missus."

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

MAGISTRATE (to witness): "Why didn't you go to the help of the defendant in the fight?"

Witness: "I knew it was a faction fight but I didn't know which one of them was going to be the defendant."

A KEEN old Glasgow "curler," who always went on the ice wearing a cap having useful flaps which he pulled down over his ears, appeared one day in a new head-gear.

"Hallo!" said a friend. "Where's yer auld lug-warmer?"

"Ah, I've never worn it since my accident!"

"Accident? I'm sorry to hear it. What was it?"

"A man offered me a dram o' whuskey an' w'l the dashed flaps I didna hear him!"

VOUR majesty," said the cook of the King of the Cannibal Islands, "how will you have the latest captive prepared?"

"I like to cook my game in some way appropriate to their national characteristics," replied the King. "Of what nation is the captive?"

"He is an Irishman, your majesty. Is it your pleasure that he be done into an Irish stew?"

"Oh, no. You may make soup of him."

"But is that characteristic of the Irish, your majesty?" asked the chef politely.

"Certainly it is. That is the way they cook young men themselves in Ireland."

"I beg your pardon, sire, but I never heard of it."

"That, my dear, sir, is because you have not as much time to read as I have. I, sir, have often met, in my reading about Irishmen, with the expression, 'a broth of a boy.' —*The Western Watchman*.

The Electrotonic Battery.

brain and vital organs.

Outfit consists of Electrotonic Battery in Aluminum Case, Electric Hair Brush, Electric Face Massage Roller, Electric Body Sponge and Electric Foot Bath.

Price \$5.00 Complete,

SENT C.O.D. ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

... Send for Booklet

SWAN ELECTRIC MFG COMPANY, 59 William St., NEW YORK



Superior Irish Marble.

THE Connemara marble quarries, which the King and Queen visited while in the West of Ireland, recently, belong to an American syndicate, the entire output practically being exported to the United States in rough or squared blocks.

The material has been found much superior to the quarry products of America, with the exception of the marble quarried in the States of Vermont and Maine, on the Canadian border, and in California.

It appears that stone raised in Pennsylvania and New Jersey contains such impurities as talc and mica, which affect its market value; while much of the Illinois marble is also vitiated by the presence of petroleum.

ASK FOR

SA-YO

MINT JUJUBES

QUICKLY RELIEVE

COUGHS AND THROAT IRRITATIONS

5c. BOXES

*Slayers, Smokers and the Public
Speakers find them invaluable.*

One placed in the mouth at night, when retiring, will prevent that annoying dryness of the throat and insure a restful sleep.

Are Better than all the
So-called Cough Drops

A Handsome Photo in Each Box

If not on sale in your neighborhood, send 5 cents
In postage stamps and we will mail a package.

WALLACE & CO., New York City

MR. H. J. THADDEUS, the Irish painter, whose portraits of Pope Pius IX., Leo XIII., Mr. Gladstone and other prominent personages won him fame, has, through the good offices of Cardinal Moran, obtained the privilege of being the first to paint a picture of the present Pope. He has already made two studies and taken a number of photographs, which required several sittings.

THE cairns or giant graves at Bosau, near Eutin, are being excavated under the direction of Professor Knorr, of the Kiel Museum of Antiquities. One grave has already been opened up, in which two urns and a gold bracelet, twelve centimetres in length, were found.

A stone grave three metres long and one hundred and seventy centimetres wide, containing a skeleton supposed to be over three thousand years old, was also laid bare. The work is to be continued, as it is supposed that an ancient cemetery or place of sacrifice existed there formerly—St. James's Gazette.

THE GAEL

(AN SAOÍL.)

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-class Matter.
Postage free to any point in the United States,
Mexico or Canada.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE GAEL PUBLISHING COMPANY,
140 Nassau Street, New York.

TERMS:

Price.—Subscription \$1.00 per year. Single copies 10 cents. Subscriptions from Ireland, England and Scotland, 5 shillings per year.

Remittance must accompany each Subscription and may be sent by Check, Registered Letter, or Money-Order. Stamps or currency may be sent, but at the sender's risk.

Subscriptions commence with the current issue. Change of Address should, in all cases, be accompanied by the old address as well as the new.

The date of expiration of each Subscription is printed on the address label on the wrapper each month. To ensure a continuance of the Magazine subscriptions should be promptly renewed.

Persons desiring the return of their manuscripts, if not accepted, should send a stamped and directed envelope. We cannot, however, hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of uninvited MSS. Authors should preserve a copy.

ADVERTISING RATES UPON APPLICATION.



Do you want to understand
Modern Ireland? If so, read

“Banba”

(THE IRISH-IRELAND MAGAZINE)
Contributions by the best Irish Writers,
Articles, Stories, Poetry and News of the
Gaelic Movement.

Post free to any part of the world for four shillings (dollar bills accepted).

Address:—The Manager, “Banba,”
29 Gardiners Place, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

GENEALOGICAL AND HISTORICAL MAP OF IRELAND SHOWING THE FIVE KINGDOMS

Meath, Ulster, Connaught, Leinster and Munster AS THEY EXISTED UNDER THE MILESIAN KINGS,

Together with the Names of all the old Irish Families and the localities from which they originally came. The Ancient Territories, possessed by the Irish Princes, Lords and Chiefs are indicated, as well as the Ancient Cities, Seats of Learning, Historic Places, etc. Price, 50 cents.

The Map is mounted ready to hang. A copy will be mailed free to every NEW subscriber. Old subscribers and renewals will not receive one.

Instruction in Gaelic.

Lessons in Gaelic given at your home by an experienced teacher of the language. Terms Reasonable. Write to M. J. O'SULLIVAN, 216 E. 30th St., New York

NOW READY.**"IRISH MIST & SUNSHINE"**

Being a collection of Poems and Ballads, by the REV. JAS. B. DOLLARD (Sliav-na-mo) Cloth, 144 pages. Handsome Cover in two Colors, Gilt Top, with an excellent Photograph of the Author **Postpaid, \$1.50.**

"Father Dollard treats Irish Life and Sentiment . . . with the intensified passion of an exile . . . every line runs true to life and home and with the tone as heart-moving as the Angelus which holds Millets peasants in its spell. Nobody can well read his verses without feeling a breath of healthy air pass through the lungs, and a pleasant twitching at the heart such as effects one who in dreams in a distant clime, hears the sound of the chapel bells of his young days, floating on his ears." —WM. O'BRIEN, M.P.

BLAKE'S BOOKSTORE,
602 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO, Canada.

the irish harp.

Now made in Ireland for the first time in generations. Correctly Modelled according to the ancient historic Harps in the National Collection of Antiquities. Played with success at the recent Fèis Ceili and Oireachtas Competitions in Dublin. Testimonials for tone, etc., from distinguished Irish Harpers and Musicians. **VARIOUS PRICES**

APPLICATIONS FOR PARTICULARS INVITED

JAMES M'FALL,
22 YORK LANE . . . BELFAST.

EASON & SON, Ltd.

— Wholesale Newsagents —
79-80 MIDDLE ABBEY ST., DUBLIN.

Messrs. Eason and Son can supply Newsagents in Ireland with any periodical published in Great Britain or America.

Meers. Eason & Son are Special Agents for **THE GAEL.**

WILLIAM F. COMBER,
47 LITTLE BRITAIN, LONDON, E.C.

W. F. COMBER is London agent for **THE GAEL** and other American publications. Newsagents anywhere in Great Britain supplied at Wholesale price.

comann na sgríbeann
Gaeilge.

Irish Texts Society,

Established for the publication of Irish Texts, with English Translations, Notes and Glossaries.

PUBLICATIONS.

Vol. I.—"GIOILLA AN FIUÍSA" & "EACHTA CLOINNE RÍG NA H-IORRÁIDE." Two 16th and 17th century Romances, Edited by DOUGLAS HYDE, LL. D. (Issued 1899).

Vol. II.—"PLEO BRICRENO." Edited by GEORGE HENDERSON, M. A., Ph. D. (Issued 1899).

Vol. III.—"TÁINÍA AODHAGÁIN UI RATHAILLE." Complete Edition. Edited by REV P. S. DINNEEN, M. A. (Issued 1900).

Vol. IV.—"FORAS FEASA AR ÉIRINN," or Geoffrey Keating's "History of Ireland." Edited by DAVID COMYN, M. R. I. A. (Vol. for 1901 now ready).

Vol. V.—"DUANÁIRE FÍNN." Edited by JOHN MAC NEILL, B. A. (Part I. will form the Society's Vol. for 1902).

The annual subscription of 75. 6d. (American subscribers, \$2.00), entitles members to all publications for the current year. All who are interested in the preservation and publication of Irish manuscripts should join the Society. The Society is also bringing out an Irish English Pocket Dictionary of the Modern Language, edited by REV. P. S. DINNEEN, M. A.

Intending subscribers should communicate with the Hon. Secretary,

MISS ELEANOR HULL,
20 Hanover Square, London, W.

DENVIR'S**Monthly Irish Library**

An Illustrated Publication on Original and Striking Lines.

IRISH HISTORY, POETRY, BIOGRAPHY, AND LITERATURE.

Each Number consists of a complete Booklet by a popular writer

Articles—Essays—Reviews—Sketches

GAELIC PAGE

BY EMINENT IRISH SCHOLARS, Etc.

The following are the "Books of the Month" in the Numbers for 1902 :

Jan. - "Thomas Davis" By W. P. Ryan.

Feb. - "Hugh O'Neill, the Great Ulster Chieftain."

Mar. - "Ireland's Appeal to America." Mich'l Davit

April. - "Irish Fairy Legends and Mythical Stories."

May. - "John Boyle O'Reilly." By Wm. James Ryan.

June. - "John Mitchel." By John Bannon.

July. - "Ari McMurrough." By Daniel Grilly.

Aug. - "Owen Roe O'Neill." By John Denvir.

Sept. - "Robert Emmet." By John Hand.

Oct. - "Daniel O'Connell." By Sileen Donard.

Nov. - "Rescue of Kelly and Deasy." By I. R. B.

Dec. - "Dr. John O'Donovan." By Thom. Flannery

"Books of the Month" for 1903:

Jan. - "Sarsfield." By John Hand.

Feb. - "Brian Boru." By Daniel Grilly.

Mar. - "The Rescue of the Military Fenians."

April. - "Irish Street Ballads." By John Hand.

May. - "The Normans in Ireland." By J. M. Denvir.

June. - "St. Columba-cille." By Michael O'Mahoney.

July. - "The Irish Harp." By Rev. James O'Leary.

Aug. - "The Curse of Cromwell." By Sileen Donard.

Sept. - "Irish Architecture and Antiquities. By John Denvir.

Price, 5c. each, or 50c. per dozen.

Address: THE GAEL, 140 Nassau St., NEW YORK.

...PUBLISHED BY...**Charles Scribner's Sons,**

153-157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

MADE IN IRELAND.

Glacier • Window • Decoration

IS THE ONLY PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR

ARTISTIC STAINED GLASS

and is manufactured in Belfast, Ireland, by

MC CAW, STEVENSON & ORR.

"Glacier" can be applied to windows of any size or shape and is guaranteed to withstand heat, cold and moisture for twenty (20) years.

THE ARTISTIC COLOR DESIGNS

in "Glacier" are endless and are adapted to Churches, Schools, and the Home, giving to windows the rich effect and soft appearance of the finest stained glass.

"Glacier" has been extensively used in Churches and private residences in New York and vicinity.

For Estimates and Catalogues address

DOYLE & SMITH,

(U. S. Agents)

117 John Street, NEW YORK.

144 Stuyvesant Avenue, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



TOOTH INSURANCE
IS A POSSIBILITY HAVING BEEN
MADE FEASIBLE BY THE INTRODUCTION
OF

DENTACURA

A tooth paste commended by
Three Thousand Dentists
Set 25¢ (the cost of a tube)
represent the premium.
The policy is an Endowment,
without options as you will
receive these three returns,
1st Teeth preserved.
2nd Bacteria destroyed.
3rd Breath sweetened.

25¢ at your Druggist. **Dentacura Co.**
We will send it direct for 25¢
if your dealer will not supply it.

7 ALLING ST.
NEWARK, N.J.

AN CLAIRDEAMH SOLAIS
asur
fáinne an lae.
THE NEWS OF THE WEEK
IN IRISH.

Literary Articles, Songs, &c.,
In Irish.

Reports of Gaelic League Branches,
the Progress of the Movement,
&c., &c.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES :

One Year	8s. 8d.
Six Months	4s. 4d.
Three Months	2s. 2d.

Subscribers in the United States and
Canada may remit in Dollar Bills.

Address:—THE MANAGER,

AN CLAIRDEAMH SOLAIS,
24 O'Connell St., Upper,
DUBLIN.

