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SEEKING THE FOLK-SOUL

By SLIABH BLADHMA

VERY ancient Ireland and a very recent Ireland have been much in my mind at the same time. They have not been out of harmony with each other; quite the contrary, as I may be able to make clear.

My ideas of the first were stimulated, or challenged, by the work of Mrs. Eleanor C. Merry, "The Flaming Door," published by the London house of Rider and Co. It is described at "a preliminary study of the Mission of the Celtic Folk-Soul by means of legends and myths."

I had previously read a number of articles and poems by Mrs. Merry, and a poetical drama, "Odrun," which brings us, as those who know the tradition will expect, to Iona and St. Columba.

In the words of the authoress, "St. Columba was one of the great spiritual leaders of the world, because it was his destiny not only to be a Christian missionary but at the same time to have a knowledge of the hidden workings of the spiritual formative forces of history." There is much about these forces in her new book. The Folk-Soul itself is to her a great spiritual reality.

HE is akin to certain thinkers and writers on the Continent, and to a lesser extent in England, who combine an intense interest in supersensible and mystical facts with a healthy intellectual clarity and an extensive knowledge of science, but the science is made to lead to spiritual borders and vistas.

The conception of planetary destiny, of man's complex nature, and of life in antiquity is vivid and striking, based on varied kinds of knowledge, exterior and interior. As to antiquity, we are far from the fantastic theory of anthropologists that "primitive" humanity can be explained through modern "savages."

Man and planet have come through various metamorphoses, out of the divine world. One key-point is that remote early races were less material in frame than

later ones, and somewhat dreamily clairvoyant. They had not our intellectual consciousness, theirs was pictorial. We are more "earthy," with stores of technical knowledge; but they had a sense of Nature-forces, Nature-beings, higher beings, and planetary life, now normally quite unknown to us.

THIS did not necessarily mean any special "goodness" on their part. It meant a different vision and order of existence. Authentic myths and legends are not inventions, but echoes or pictures from that old life—often more inner than outer—but it is very difficult for us, in our vastly different circumstances, to appraise them fitly, though we feel their attraction.

"No external event," says Mrs. Merry, "was ever regarded by contemporary observers in ancient times from its outer aspect alone; it was always mingled with visions of clairvoyance (the observer, so to say, lived in two worlds). Or, events which were solely the inner experiences of vision in the life of some human being, are clothed in the pictures and images of the material world, and so appear to a later age as actual historical narrative."

We could pursue these points with profit; the great myths and legends could teach us much, though we have not the older vision. Then there is a good deal that relates directly or indirectly to the special position and qualities of Ireland, between the West and the East (America "re-discovered" far later, appears in a new light). Folk in our island retained much of the old Atlantean lore and evolved a new order (the evidence for the lost Atlantis is regarded as overwhelming).

THE points about the Druids and Bards (before the ages of decay), the work of neophytes and Initiates in the Mystery-temples—the Hibernian Mysteries spread far in Europe—the preparation for the Christos, Who was to come from the divine Sun-sphere, raise considerations too deep and complex for treatment in brief. In-

centally, the story of the death of King Conchubhar MacNessa, and related traditions, are traced to expressive purpose.

Our earth is shown in relation to the larger planetary life and the Zodiac. Divers points may seem over-subtle at first. The connection between light and music, for instance. But it is light in a transcendental sense. It may be said that normally we never experience pure light, but only colour.

In Goethe's famous theory there is a transcendental element corresponding to the normal, visible light. And remember that in Genesis Light is created on the first "day," but sun, moon and stars far later: on the fourth "day." The supersensible Light-element comes first, the media afterwards.

In reading a number of Mrs. Merry's Irish references (she deals largely with Welsh traditions as well), I have felt, as often before, that the writing of ancient Irish history, in the full and deep sense, has scarcely begun. By the way, I have also found from experience that it is easier and seems more natural, to write on antique truths and interests (which are ever new) in Irish than in English.

THE recent Ireland, to which I referred at the outset, came back to me on hearing of the death of two old friends, Seán O'Catháin and Seumas O'Brannagáin, the one in Ireland, the other in London. They gave full and faithful lives to Gaelachas, and one could not picture them doing otherwise. They were in their element, as if born for their earnest rôles.

For years they were, portrayed in the London agus sláct ar the working day in, t-slíge agus go meas-in due seaso go bfuilro veisighe tar and Gaeltacht an gnáit-duine tuaithe Tír na nÓg con béit.

many le woleabair seo do cur ar spira beav don nio eile ann Gae dam do luét cocaitte Irgh beargas fíor o'páigail al san tír seo—

band, all its members, like themselves, full of character and enthusiasm: Micheál Breathnach, Fionán MacColuim, Father Michael Moloney, Pádraic O'Conaire, Dr. S. P. MacEnri, Conán Maol (in later stages), Art O'Briain, Francis A. Fahy, Tomás O'Flannghaile, his daughter Máire, now president of the London Gaelic League, Miss Drury (ex-Senator Mrs. Costello), Agnes MacHale, Thomas Boyd, Art O'Keeffe, were all to the fore. A rare company.

THE work of Seán for modern methods of Irish teaching became of national note; most of us know "Caint" and "Ceachta Cainnte Gramadaighe"; many of us can hear his heartsome voice and feel his leal personality through the lessons. The service of Seumas was not so prominent, but was none the less devoted.

Mrs. Merry's books sets us in way of finding gleams of the spiritual Folk-Soul, glimpses of an antique Ireland that served divinity and followed beauty till change and ordeal arrived. Our friends of the great days of the Gaelic League, with a different consciousness, had not a little of that Ireland in their nature and tried to translate it into their lives.

I have the deepest sympathy with those who mourn after Seán and Seumas, who feel a great void in heart and household. The relieving thought is that death is but a transition, that all such faithful workers fare to a state of being and experience far transcending even the Eire of their highest vision.

le páigail 'sa tsean-fíliocht Eisceadta iad, agus is an riagail an eisceadtuinn uainn léirir o'páig! sa gas fíliocht a ceapao —scrúuigmis na Ran "Measgra Dánta," nó in S pocal "le Tomás Ó Rataille an dán úo do ceapao 'san I aois—"Oro do Brian na Múrtá Ó Ruairc," nó "Do Dubh-Giolla, sgiat doora," a cumao siar 'san baó aois. Sin é sa gas fíliocht is oual agus is outéas do'n ré fada sin—molao maol o' nseirbiseac dá maigistair (a tug violioct do ar a son); caointe; aoir; gac don aóbar viob nios neam-liricige, nios neam-samluigcige ná a céile. Aét bi nios mó de'n loct ar an bfuirm ná ar an aóbar. An Dán Oiread an t-aon gne meadaraeta gur tugaó aomáit do. Agus ní raib múnlaó fíliocht riam ann is cinnte a brugpaó an liricead as an dán a cumpi pé'n a tioneur ná an Dán Oiread céatona. Agus mar barr uile, cumao purmór na fíliocht 'sa béarla péine—i mbéarlagar nár tug aoinne aet na fíli péim! (Ní Críoc.)

An Siamsa Mór

1 o'clig an árd-máoir.

8-11 p.m.

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col-fuineann col

TUAIRIM AN LUÉT EAGAIR

FÉACAINTE SIAR AGUS CAT-SÚIL ROMAINN

Cúis mór átais—agus maoríte—óinn a cloisint go bfuiltear ag cur oiread spéis sna hailt beaga Gaoluinne seo i scoileannaib na tíre. Má tá an spéis ann ní fada go mbeid an eadair linn. Aet is riain mall ag ár luét léigte a tuairimí do cur eugainn. Noctad an pobal a n-aigne óinn—ní féidir treoir a eadair san eolas an áis. Is leat-sa agus is duit-se an saotar agus an duaract. Teann linn.

* * * * *

Mí an Márta. Mí na Gaoluinne. Cait díot i mbliana an leisce agus an neam-duaract "Deata teangan a eadair"—da minicige a deirtear san linn ní an fírinne ann iméigte i bfeidm orainn pós. Mí féile pádrais. Ná bí sásta feasta le caiteam na seamróige ar an 17ú lá—ná le'n a bádao aet oiread—le comarta a eadair ar an náisiúntaet atá 'na eodlad ionnat. Tá lá an brait a's lá an droma móir, lá an béicrú agus lá an maoridm san bun, iméigte. Nár fillrú sé! Duail bas ar do éoride, mar afeirir i nDhubreacaid tiar, agus glac eugac an Gaoluinn i rit na míosa seo, más monamar briste san slact féin a bfuil agat. Ní lag don iarraet.

* * * * *

Is fada sinn a' feiteam leis an gcainnt a eualamar oide Luain an 22ú lá feabra ar oscailt oipigiúil feise áta Clia i tTeac an Áro-maor. Tá dallad mullóg da cur agaimn fada go leór orainn féin maidir leis an staid 'na bfuil an teanga pé látair agus maidir le hábhal-méad na

hoibre atá romainn le'n a buanú. Táimid fada go leór a' caint ar sádaíl na Gaoluinne. Ní h-aon ionghad naimde na teangan beir a' fonóm-aro fúinn. Mar tá sé tuillte go dtí seo agaimn. An trát do b'aoirde ar nglór ba luza ár misneac. Tuigtear go soiléir ná fuilimid a d'iarrad an Gaoluinn do sádaíl. Táimid a d'iarrad an Gaoluinn agus an Gaolacac do leatnú. Agus mar aoubairt an cainteoir ar oscailt na feise, más gáó óinn an tír d'iompóó eir-euacail eun é sin do déanam, deimimis anois é i n-ainm gac is mór agaimn!

* * * * *

Mól an príom-cainteoir, an Bratair Ó Tacaín, aire speisialta do ceapad 'sa Rialtas, aire cultúra Gaolais, a cuirfead iadall ar an bpopul aetint a eadair do'n Gaoluinn agus do gac comarta náisiúntais. Ní maic linn féin éigean ná deactóireact, fuair-eamar níos mó ná ár ndócair riam de, aet má's gáó beagán de 'sa cúis seo, ár ocoil agus ár gcabair le fonn eugie. Aet ní creidimid gur gáó an t-éigean. Ár gceirdeam-ne i gcomnuide, agus creirdeam é a bí ag gac dream náisiúnta romainn, ná fuil ó'n bpopul aet treodrú go bfuil bun leis. Má's mian leis an dá mór-cumact 'sa tír seo, an Eaglais agus an Rialtas, a gcuipóirí do slánú go tapad maidir le deag-móraltaet na tíre ar taob agus saoirse poiticeac ar an taob eile, ní'l úirlis is fearr ann aca, ní head, aet ní'l aon úirlis foirdte eile ann dóib, aet an Gaoluinn agus a mbaineann léi do buanú agus do leatnú.

Dá mbead dairire le feiscint i luét stiúrta na tíre, nó ins na cumainn móra 'náisiúnta' maidir le ceist na teangan, ár tuairim-ne go mbead an scéal slán sar a n-ionnsócpái é, agus níor gáó starda cáinte ná griosúigte dá leicéir seo. Aet mí'l san ann. Leat-sgéal an Gaoluinn ag a bfuirmóir—fíú an cúir is 'náisiúnta,' díob. Féac na páipéirí 'náisiúnta' laetiúla. An té deapad leat gur tairbe dá luigeat do cúis na teangan a mbíonn de Gaoluinn orta ó lo go lo ár gcomairle-ne duit do scairt fonómáide a leigint pé. Agus táimid a' tagairt anois go maol do "Scéala Éireann." Cosnuis sé go maic aet mo brón car iméig a neart. Ait agus díospóireacta ó'n raio, nuairdeact an lae, rudai atá cloiste ceana ag an léigteoir. Cuir leatanae na Gaoluinne i gcompráio le prim-leatanae an béalra. Aet ní'l na sgríobnóirí le págail. Táro, aet a noiol go maic. Aet ní díol-paio an leatanae as a costas. Díob an riabac ag an gcostas. Tá sé de ceart agaimn an treoir is fearr lictiócta Gaoluinne d'págail ó'n bpríom-páipéar a gairmeann náisiúnta de féin.

* * * * *

Máic óinn an cáinead. Ní'l leigead agaimn air. Caitprú duine éigin é déanam agus nuair a cuiteann orainn is sinne is truime léis a mótuíonn é.

* * * * *

Bá mian linn a cur ar a súil do'n luét léigte go bfuil tús a cur in uimh na míosa seo le roinn nua inspéise 'sa páipéar so, 'sé sin leatanae pé leit le hagaró léir meastóireact leabar. Déanfar go mór mór na prim-leabair a tagann ó Oipis na bfoillucán do meas ó mí go céile. Tá 'staff' oite léir meastóireacta agaimn agus is maic is fíú do gac duine go bfuil spéis 'sa lictióct Gaoluinne aige beir a' faire amac do'n roinn seo.

cúinne na bpilead.

(Fuair-eamar iarratas focail uile an amráin d'foillsiú a bí 'sa dráma beag ar uimh na míosa seo caite de "An Gaebeal." ag so éios iad mar atáid le págail in 'The Voice of Banba, chuasact amráin ó láim brian tí uigín.)

Fáilte do'n Éuaicín

(Fonn:—"Seobam airis an Crúiscín.")

Mise ar an bfeár, a's na soearta mar do bír-se, na beaca a's na h-éanlaic go séiseac im' éiméall, an ceól ó do béal-sa a' méadu im' éoride 'stis 'Sé deirim leat, a éin dí! i nGaeóitg mo tíre—mo míle, míle fáilte nómact, a éuaicín óis!

Fáilte nómact, a éuaicín! a's sláinte eugac, a múirnín! nár lagaio dia an eumact i' do ceól bínn go deó. Mo míle, míle fáilte nómact, a éuaicín óis!

Mo gáó do cúir amráin! óir is áluinn a ngrís sin, nuair a tagann siad ear sáile, an áro-óruim na gaoite; "Abú! Abú!" a' ráó linn, mar gáir eac' na saoirse. A's go mbíonn a bfuil i ndán dúinn go h-áro in ár smaointib—mo míle, míle fáilte nómact, a éuaicín óis! Fáilte nómact, nrl.

Tiocfaid na mbeir stóigte ar na báncaib' Cumaid a's beir naimidib: Clon an, A' A' A'

féile pádrais

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ARTISTS

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MAIRE SCULLY, Soprano.

DENIS COX, Traditional Singer.

ALFRED O'SHEA, Tenor.

MALCOLM MacEACHERN, Bass.

LEO ROWSOME, Uileann Pipes.

SEUMAS O'MATHGAMHNA, Violinist.

AGNES MacHALE, Accompanist.

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Príór na Saolúinne

"CARRAIS" DO SCRÍOB.

III. PEIS.

Peis Sears do Scríob.

"Deineas mo díceall ar cún-tas éruinn do cur síos ar an dream go raibí aithe agam orda, ionnus go mbeaó cuimne orainn nuair a beimis ar slíge na pírinne. Beidí daoine ag gluaiseacht ós ár gcionn, b'féidir go ráin-eócaó go mbuailfidís isteach cun na cille mar a mbeaó-sa im' luise. Ac ní beidí ár samail-ne acu le págail. Beam sínte go ciúin—agus tá an sean-saogál iméighe."

O'n gcainnt seo ceapadú tuine go mb'é "An t-Oileánac" a bí á cur fá meas at-uair de bárr mearball díge a beidí gabta las-náirde de "Carraig." Ac táim im' lán-céill ó tosnaígh an Carraig agus sin tuas agaid focal scuir Peis Sears le n-a cur saogál pín. Sé an céad smaoinéam a rithead cun tuine ná gur mideo dúinn beidí cuirseacht do'n aite-innsint seo ar saogál an Uisceadair agus gur leór "An t-Oileánac" mar saogál foir-bte ann pín ar an saogál iargúlta úd. Cé gur ionann do'n smaoinéam 'sa bpocal scuir 'san dá leabhar, ní h-ionann dóibí inéne ar bit. Is leat-lámhac fear tige san céile agus is leat-lán scéal Tomás Uí Chríom-táin san innsint na mná taob leis. Tá dearcad an pín aosta ar an saogál pé'n spéir agáin ó Tomás—aimliú an báir i lár mara a' cabairt cor iascaig, á cur pín i bpearas cun ceap móna do baint ar taob scéirdiúil an énuic. Ac ní h-ionann san 's do "Peis," sé geibimid uairte ná dearcad na mná críne ar an saogál a cuir sí dí agus is ar an oiteantán agus ar obair an tige ó'n otaob istig atá a h-aire. Níó eile is cionnteach le h-atacaé scéil a beidí ag Peis Sears ná gur ar an móir-tír a rugad agus a h-oilead i, éad sí tréimse dá h-óige in-aimsir sa Baile Mór agus níor tug sí agaid ar an mbloscaó go dtí gur pósad í. Da mó a teangmáil leis an saogál mór ná an fear nár gabá riam, ar éigean, tar an Oileán amac. Tá, pós, an contrártaéat bunaid a' gabáil leis an dá leabhar so, 'sé sin an contrártaéat atá ior meón pín agus meón mná.

Duad an Leabhair.

Tá rian na contrártaéata so le feiscint go láidir 'san óis leabhar. Is ar an oiteantán a d'ubrad a bí aire Peis agus is ar an oiteantán atá cur mór de'n cursios aice. Dá bárr san tá aon tréit mór amáin 'n-a leabhar agus sé nío é sin ná a iomláine agus a cuireann sí oirde áirneála agus seandúis i gceill dúinn. Tá dul pín-náidúirte ar an innsint, agus, cé gur simplíde an ealaída aice í, is mór píuntac an iarraéat uairte comrád, eactra beal-oideasa agus giotáí d'amrán d'fig-eaó 'na céile, 'sa caoi 's gur oráma beag ann pín gnát-tárlóga na h-oirde cois teinteáin. 'Sa méid sin b'píú tagairt do "Scéal Muiris Uí Séagda agus Dulláin an Tigearna," "Seamas na bpleasc" agus "Dó na bpúcaí."

Teangmáil leis an saogál agus a táinig de.

'Sa méid 's go raibí teangmáil aice leis an saogál mór níor éuair sé cun tairde d'a leabhar. Bí cat-súil aice ar an oiteantán agus súil mór ar imteactaí an t-saogáil máscuaird agus 'sé táinig d'a bárr nár bac sí ró-mór le n-a saogál pín agus gur luig sí, dála an átar Peabair, ar eactraighe a linne pín do breacadú síos. O'féadpaí dá roinn a déanam de'n mbun-aóbar—an cur-síos ar a beata pín, agus taob leis, na h-eactraighe ar neite a tárla le na linne. Maidir le na beata pín, 'sé an cur is luige dá saogál é mar ná fuil ann ac tárlós nó do a cuair i bperóm go mór ar a h-aighe (e.g. an t-eascáirdeas a tug bean a vritear 'n tige léi; a saogál in-aimsir 'sa Daingean; brón na mátar ar scaipead agus ar bás na

clonine). Tá an cur seo leat-ránac de b'ris gur nós léi beidí ag síor-tagairt do'n rúo céatna. Tá neart scéil Tomás in-easnam agus is 'sa méid sin a b'earpáin an éraob do "An t-Oileánac" mar an leabhar is fearr de'n óis.

Míne agus Banamlaéat.

Gabann a beag nó a mór de gairb-teact le meón pín agus tá a cion pín de ins "An t-Oileánac"—níó náic gá leat-scéal a gabáil tar a ceann—agus tá a rian ar an gcainnt eom maic 's atá ar an ghníom. Is dual do'n mnaoi an míne agus an banamlaéat agus táir na tréite sin go láidir i leabhar Peis 'sa t-slíge 's go bfuil malairt clóir aice pín ar na h-eactraighe céatna. Tag-rann sí do'n ól agus do ragairne na b'ear ac tá aice léargas an tuine cuicseanaighe n-a lán-céill ar fear na meisse. Tuigean sí cat is lá fánaé ragairne i saogál pín atá d'a caoach ag an annró.

An Náidúir.

Anso 's annsó tríó an leabhar buailimid le gearr-cursios ar an náidúir. Is ionmólta na h-iarraé-taí iad agus cuirio slact agus dat ar an leabhar. Ní beaó coinne ag tuine le n-a léitéir ó mnaoi tuairte nár oilead riam le saotrá litríocht d'rér caigheán na scol. Cídeann, mothaigean agus tuigean lué tuairte áilneacht na náidúire, ac rúo d'a gnát-saogál i agus is annam iad a' cur síos uirte, ac nuair atá olútbaint aice le h-obair an lae. Deallrócaó an scéal gur treóruig-eaó Peis Sears ar cur síos a déan-am ar an náidúir d'aonghó. Ac ní baineann san linne ac a ráó go n-eirigean go geal léi peiridúir ar an áilneacht san a cur ó's ar gcómar. Féac leat an cur síos so aici:—

"Bí an uain go h-aibinn 's an grian ag tairneam agus compóro ar gac uile nío. Bí fuaim na h-abann ag imteact agus ag síor-imteact go glórac le fánaí agus a ceól binn pín aice d'a déanam do réir mar steamnuigead sí le fánaí de úruim grin agus mion-clóc. Uaim sall bí beann áro gualann slíad an lolair, annsó go breag tairneam, cuma uasal air 's gaoé glan eumra na mara ag ciorad a d'laoi órda. Bíos ag éisteach le ceól na h-abann, agus ag féacaint ar an b'atac mór so a bí ós mo coinne sall, agus is ar mo éiríde a bí an t-aibneas mar is suarac an radarc dá sórt do connac-sa le ceitre bliatna roimé sin.

Súil dá'r túsas, do connac long mór ag teact orm aotúair. Bí an cuineas tar bárr ann, agus gan corruighe ar an b'airrge, mar bí sé eom ciúin 's go raibí scáil na lunge le feiscint go soiléir agam. Bí sí ag treadad na mara roimpi go maoráda agus a scaoilead an t-sáile siar le n-a dá cliaéan, do réir mar bí sí ag gearrad roimpi. "Molad do deó lé Dia!" arsa mise im' aighe pín. "Is comactac i an f'airrge mór 's arad gur p'oir léi ualac eom trom leis an luing móir sin d'ioméur ar a úruim!" Coinn-igeas radarc uirte nío gur cuir sí bealac an Oileán ó deas dí." nó airis ar seo:—

"Do súrdeas síos ar lannán deas pinnáin agus praois. Bí an uair go h-aibinn, agus leoithe beag deas pinnáin f'airrge ag séirdead. Tugas ceat gaoir ó éiríde dí mé pógad. Bí gráó agam don ngaoir a séirdeann ó'n b'airrge. Bí fáilte agam roimpi an uair úd. Cuir sí i gcuimne dom an aimsir aibinn aerac a binn pín agus Cáit Jim ag dul le biaó ar an genoc go dtí lué na móna a baint. Nac pava ó céile a b'iomar moiu! . . .

. . . Deirtear gur buan é tuine in a d'atáig pín. An bfuil aoinne 'sa domán ná lagócaó an radarc a éim é—na céatna cnoc ag ropad a gcinn de úruim a céile: lánm leó tá macairí míne réirde, agus páirceanna glasa eumra, feara agus mná agus porra-úruim orda

Pilíocht na Saolúinne

"CRAIFTINE" DO SCRÍOB.

Dun-tréite na pilíochta Saolúinne do meas le h-inntinn scéim outéasac léirneastóiréactaó ceapad.

III.

An t-Samluiocht 'sa b'pilíocht Saolúinne.

Samluiocht ceann de sain-tréite pilíocht ar bit. Gan a beag nó a mór de samluiocht i láthair ní p'oir pilíocht do beidí ann. Cruinneas meadraéata, veiseacht uaimé, toga priotail, is gá iad san freisin sara mberó piosa foirbte pilíochta ann. Ac 's an t-samluiocht an t-anam, anáil na beata: níl 'sna neite eile ac na gága, na veiseachta seact-araéa. Ac pé mar nac p'oir an t-anam do scarúint ó'n gcorp gan prionsabal na beata ann do lot, ní p'oir ac oiread samluiocht agus veiseacht fuirne do deigil ó céile. Is gnát go ngabair le céile com olúit san gur p'oir a ráó beagnac i gcomnuirde, pé ac 'na bfuil ceann aca gur cinnte an ceann eile a beidí annsan freisin. "Anam áluinn pé érot na h-áilneachta." Is annam nac p'oir san, agus is annamé pós nuair is ceist pilíochta é.

Má 'sead, aóearfar láitread, 's pilíocht na Saolúinne is samluig-tige ann. Nac sin agat an binneas, an veiseacht fuirne, an áilneacht seactarac aóeirir a beidí mar comarata samluiochta, nó mar buan-compánac aige ar a luigead? Go réir. An é pilíocht na Saolúinne atá i gceist agat nó pilíocht Eogaim Ruaird, nó saogál na bpíli amrán uile do bí a' cumad pilíochta 'san 18ad aois? Má's é an ceann veireannac is fuirist a feiscint cá bfuil an dul amú ort. Ré pé leit é an 18ad aois i bpilíocht na Saolúinne, ré go bfuil tréite cinnte air a veigleann glan é ó srut na pilíochta a cumad roimis sin, ac a coinnib 'na aimdeoin sin bun tréite na pilíochta Saolúinne gan brisead, mar a léirdeópar ar ball. Ní gá a ráó annso ac nac ionann cruinneas, iomláine, cinnteach, maidir le fuirne, agus áilneacht nó veiseacht. Ní gabann aon áilneacht pé leit le ciorcal nó ceannós nó triantán comstleasac, dá foirbte a n'eilb san.

An pilíocht roim 1600 A.D.

Téigean siar roim an mbliam 1600. Suas com pava leis an linn san, ó tosnaig scríobad pilíochta 'sa Saolúinne, bí an pilíocht á ceapad pé tioneúr sgol na mbáir. Ní h-ealaída dúinn i n-aiste dá

ag obair ins na páirceanna san, paorleáin bána go glórac ag eitíoll-aig ós ágcionn 'sa' spéir, ag tabairt iarraéat anois is airis pé túirleac ar an oclam cun bíó d'págail dóib pín . . .

An éloc marmair gan beidí veitbte.

Tá an-crot ar an gcursios ag Peis Sears, tá léire, foirbteact, críochnamlaéat agus slact ar na h-abairtí 'sa t-slíge agus go meas-pad tuine go bfuil veisighe tar mar tugann an gnát-tuine tuairte iad b'priotail beil.

Is pín na leabair seo do cur ar págail muna mbeaó aon nío eile ann ac mar congnam do lué tocaite na staire ar léargas p'oir d'págail ar an sean-saogál 'san t'ir seo—nósa na ndaoine, a slíge beata, a litríocht beil agus a ndearcad ar cúrsaí an t-saogáil agus ar cúrsaí creitíom. Ac tuiris sin tá an cábaéat eile ionnta—is ionnta atá an éaint gairid gonta, an munta abairte le h-aíad an uile smaoin-eam d'a casta é agus an téarmuiocht p'airsing ar gac a baineas le h-obair na tuairte ar talam agus ar mair. Níl ionnta gan amras ac an éaint pé cló na gairbe, an éloc marmair gan i beidí veitbte, ac ní págann san ná go bfuil an bun-aóbar ann le h-aíad áro-litríochta do tógáil. Is orta so a beidí seasam na n-úgar a' braic cun áro-litríocht do tionnsgnam, áro-litríocht a mberó outéas, snas agus cúlán outéasac a' gabáil léi.

Leitéir seo na gneite uile a bí a' baint leis na sgoileanna sin do luad. Ár gcuspóir-ne tréite na pilíochta a cumad pé anáil na ngnéite san do tagad. Bí an pilíocht san ar an iomlán neam-liriceac, neam-samluigheac. Cruinneas agus sun-tact agus maise focal agus veitbe, clisteach agus foirbteact mead-raéata, 's iad san tréite fuiríor mór pilíochta na Saolúinne roim 1600 A.D. Agus 's iad san go dtí an lá moiu bun tréite na pilíochta Saolúinne. Ar fead spás beag aimsire t'reis 1600 motuigead anáil na liriceachta 'sa b'pilíocht, agus fuairdeamar dá corad san ó tríúir nó ceatrar píli i ndeire na 17ad aoise agus i dtosac na 18ad aoise na dánta is fearr 'sa tean-gain. Ac dá gearr gur tréig airis an liriceact ann, mar ná raibí cóir oideachais ná aicme léiginn ann a éotocad an liriceact agus a cuirfead ag obair pé stúirad na samluiochta é. Ac ná ritimís roiminn.

Ceist agam ort!

Ac (veirir liom), cat mar geall ar na laoithe píannuiochta? Nár cumad iad san roim 1600. Agus míniú pós do ráirde agus na dánta san a curtar i leit Cúim Cille ós do comair. Nó an a' séanad a liriceachta agus a samluiocht san acáir? Nac liric aibinn tair-neamhac "Meissi ocus Pangur Bán," nó an dán san a sgríob an manac úd i mainistir ar an Roim Eórap ar éloisint an Londub do 'na gearra ar maidin? Féillim dá liriceact san, dá tairneam, don iomláine sásam a tugad do'n aighe—ac amáin dos na laoithe píannuiochta. Ar na gear-uac san dom fuairdeas rann amáin ceitre líne go b'p'airí a ráó go raibí an rian is luá de'n samluiocht air i n-aíad céat rann nac raibí ionnta ac an prós da máoile agus da léime.

Binn gur tuine i dtír an Óir,
Binn an glór eandú na h-eoin,
Binn an nuallán do-ní an corr,
Binn an tonn i mbun-dá-treoir.

Ní féadpaí a d'raoideact liriceac san do sarú. Ac mo nuar is beag dá saas san ann le meadéam i gcoinnib droc-bail rannaireachta dá leitéir seo teanas:

Do gheobair airgead is óir is bruit,

Díod sin agat ar do chúaird;
Imtíg anois, do ráirí pinn,
Is mideo liom do dul uaim.

Agus pé oic maic linn é 'sé an saas veiríó so buan-sompla an laoi píannuiochta.

Maidir leis na dánta eile a luadad, tuas tá preagra na paróbe a cuirio le págail ionnta pín. Mar nuair acáir san luairde tá luairde leis a bfuil le págail de'n t-saas san 'sa tsean-pilíocht Saolúinne. Eisceachta iad, agus is pínnighe-de an riagail an eisceact. Má teas-tuionn uaim léiriú d'págail ar an saas pilíochta a ceapad 'sa ré sin—scrúduigmis na Ránna in "Measra Dánta," nó in "Dán-pocal" le Tomás Ó Rácaille. Nó an dán úd do ceapad 'san 15ad aois—"Oir do Brian na Múrta Ó Ruairc," nó "Do Dub-giolla, sgiat dóda," a cumad siar 'san 6ad aois. Sin é saas pilíochta is dual agus is outéas do'n ré pava sin—molad maol ó'n nseirbiseac dá maigistír (a tug díolúocht do ar a son); caointe; aoir; gac aon aóbar díob níos neam-liricighe, níos neam-samluighe ná a céile. Ac bí níos mó de'n loct ar an bfuir na ar an aóbar. An Dán Dírdeac an t-aon gne meadraéata gur tugad amáil do. Agus ní raibí munta pilíochta riam ann is cinnte a brugad an liriceact as an dán a cumpí pé'n a tioneuk ná an Dán Dírdeac céatna. Agus mar bárr uile, cumad fuiríor na pilíochta 'sa Déarla Féme—i mbéantagair nár tuis aoinne ac na píli pín!

(Ní Críoc.)

GAELS & GAELDOM

A CAUSERIE ON CURRENT CONCERNS

By Vigilant

"Knowledge and Organisation will set Ireland free and make her prosperous."—DAVIS.

"The true test of civilization is not the census, not the size of cities, nor the crops; no, but the kind of man the country turns out."—EMERSON.

"We cannot carry on the education of a soul and a body separately. It is the whole man we want to develop."—MONTAIGNE.

I feel that my first duty this month is to offer my hearty congratulations to the Chairman of the Dublin County Board on his spirited action in dealing with the many "Mr. Facing-both-ways" who want to be with the G.A.A. and with the West British faction, who work so strenuously for the propagation of foreign games and customs in Ireland. I also congratulate the members of the Board standing loyally by their Chairman in his action against "men" who have shown themselves to be false and mean backsliders from the Association to which, apparently, they only gave a lip allegiance. If these "men" had any real sense of principle they would go over decently, bag and baggage, to the West British side. Now that the Dublin County Board has decided firmly on making an end of this nuisance, I trust that the position thus established will be maintained with the same vigour. The wretched thing has been allowed to go on too long to the detriment of the G.A.A., which it tried to bring into ridicule.

"Bonds of Empire."

No man of any understanding and with any sense of principle would think of joining any organisation with which he did not find himself in agreement. How does it come about, then, that we have these unwelcome suspensions and expulsions from the ranks of the Association? The only straight answer is that the Association picks up some members whom it could well do without. Men with little or no knowledge of the history, traditions, or ideals of the Association. Men who talk parrot-like phrases about "liberty to play any game" when what they really mean is to spread all sorts of foreignising influences in this country to the detriment of our own native sports and pastimes. The inferiority complex of such men

is so hopelessly pronounced that they do not see that it is their duty to be at least as attached to native games and customs as the Englishman is to his. No Englishman wants to propagate the games of this country in Britain, on the contrary, every Englishman is as Imperialistic as Lord Lonsdale in the desire to make British games world games, and the English language the world language. "Our games and our language are our strongest bonds of Empire and will keep our Empire's greatness of prestige before the world," said the noble Lord and the Irish seoinin yaps out "hear, hear!"

Away With Them!

Some of these quasi-Gaels are members of Trades Unions, and very properly so. They stick to the rules of such unions and never scream about liberty to play false to Trades Union principles by breaking accepted rules, helping "blacklegs" or "scabs" to lower wages or discredit Labour organisations. Why, then, should these men act the part of mean sneaks and traitors to the G.A.A.? That class of Gael is no acquisition to the Association and the sooner we get completely rid of that wretched brand of manhood from the G.A.A. the better.

Progress.

The annual county conventions have almost come to a close, and each county's record of work for the past year was splendid and more than sufficient in itself to stimulate Gaels with renewed enthusiasm through the present year's work.

Undaunted Galway.

I am glad to know that Galway's failure to rise above the All-Ireland championship selection in the Munster v. Connacht tie for the Railway Hurling Cup, has not in the least daunted the Western Gaels. The Connacht team was a Galway team,

with a single exception from Mayo, but was short three players of the original selection. The team fielded gave a very good account of itself throughout the game. Limerick has now, and for some years past, a deservedly great name as one of our formidable hurling counties. In this game the Munster team was short no less than six of the originally selected men and well representative of the province, including as it did men from Tipperary, Cork, Waterford and Clare as well as Limerick. The ground was very sodden owing to the heavy rains of the previous weeks, so that the contest was deprived of all chance of that quick resiliency of the ball and sod that makes play so fast and spectacular. Considering prevailing conditions there were some fine passages of play and the Munster victory of 4-5 to 3-1 had to be fought for all the way to the finish.

Mayo Again.

Mayo, All Ireland Champions, proved its superiority over Kerry in the sixth round of the National Football League tie at Castlebar (Group B). The Western team played with fine determination and good judgment throughout, and never under estimated the merits or resourcefulness of their opponents. It was a splendid game, brimful of clever and exciting incidents. The opening half was dominantly Mayo's half, and at the close they had a score to credit of 1-10 to 1-0 for the "Kingdom." Kerry reopened the play in promising style and as time proceeded they came on for the usual strong "Kerry finish." Play was at its best throughout this closing period, with Tom Burke giving a masterly exhibition of goal-keeping for Mayo. Amid scenes of great enthusiasm the contest came to a hard-fought finish with a lead for Mayo of 2-10 to 2-1.

Don't Worry!

I am not at all surprised to hear that the display of Tipperary against Clare in the recent National League Football tie at Ennis has left a very strong sense of disappointment in the "Premier county." No doubt a defeat on a score of 2-1 to 2-12 is rather humiliating to a county of Tipperary's past prestige in the game. Memories of Arravale Rovers, Bohercrow and other famous teams, even before Fethard came to the front to make such notable football history for the county some years ago, are not soon forgotten. However, it will serve no purpose for

Tipperary or any other county to brood over many recent defeats. The better way is to discover the cause of such defeats and determine to eradicate them.

Decisive Indeed.

Nothing more decisive in Gaelic football has been achieved than the completeness of Munster's victory over Leinster in the Railway Cup Football Semi-Final just decided at Portlaoighise. Munster will now meet Connacht at Croke Park on St. Patrick's Day in the final and on such sweeping form should give a big account of themselves. As a matter of fact, several are looking forward to a double-event for Munster.

The National Festival.

St. Patrick's Day is Ireland's National Festival and deserves worthy celebration from Irishmen the world over. One does not require to be very old to recall the time when St. Patrick's Day, apart from the religious observations, was very much the same as any other day of the year without any sort of proper recognition. The proper observance of St. Patrick's Day as a National Festival was only brought about within our own time and the honour belongs to the once much derided Irish-Ireland movement. We can clearly recall the uphill fight of the virile sections of that movement, such as the old Cumann-na-Gaedheal and subsequently the National Council (Sinn Féin) in trying to establish on proper national observance of the day and in destroying the stage Irishman type of caricatures passing as representative of Ireland and the Irish people. Many men then opposing the Irish-Ireland movement and its national propaganda were self-proclaimed "tried and true Nationalists" under the banner of the old Irish Parliamentary Party, with the English Parliament as their only centre of interest. Eventually the Irish-Ireland movement succeeded in spreading the light of sense and reason that clearly defined for intelligent observers the difference between mere ephemeral politics and the fundamentals of Irish Nationalism. Ireland then put her trust in herself and not in British politicians of any party brand, and Ireland—not London—became our central concern. We have marched far and fast since those pioneering days, but there is still some ground to cover.

(Continued on page 8.)

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OPEN TILL 6⁰⁰ EVERY SATURDAY.

My space is limited this month—an
a very good thing at that, I can imagine
some people saying.

The Provincial Conventions of the
G.A.A. were carried through with an
efficiency that reflects the ability of the
respective executive officers, who sub-
mitted admirable reports on the past
year's activities.

I wonder will the daily press now take
heed of the growing dissatisfaction among
Gael, stressed at these Conventions, at
the way in which Gaelic games are given
secondary publicity in what are termed
"national" newspapers.

Times out of number I have referred
to the matter in this page, and the case
is becoming worse each week. Surely the
Gael of Ireland are now sufficiently
organised in numbers to take steps to
make their protest felt in a practical
manner.

What a pity it is that we have not a
weekly paper such as was envisioned
when "Comh-Choiste na gCumann
nGaedhealach" was founded, and such
as "An Caman" should have been!

Are some of our "upper ten" nation-
alists developing an aristocratic com-
plex? I hear of a few who will not go to
an ordinary ceilidhe nowadays because
there are too many of the "common
folk" there!

And some of the society climbers do
not like to be reminded of their own
"democratic days." They'll get sense
yet!

Did I tell ye at all about a team that

was suspended lately for getting "out
side help."

I didn't expect that, considering that
they were from North Cork . . . and
note the grand name, "The Sons of
Liberty."

But as a wise old crow remarked to me
Sinn Fein amhain should have been their
policy.

Another birdeen has just been telling
me about the decision of a Divisional
Board in Cork to put up a trophy for the
local Secondary Schools.

I hope now that the schools concerned
will rise to the occasion.

The birdeen, however, assures me they
will, since they are all Christian Brothers'
Schools.

Ói rud nua éios ar an "Treóruíde
Longport," pógra fa foclaib "Sasra
an páinne" san focal Gaedilge eile,
pógra dráma béarla leis—san baun

hall, moirou. An Sasra an páinne an
"Sasra an páinne" sin?

Tá a malairt de scéal i Sligeac,
puireann no puireanna Gaedhealaí
i nGaic paróiste agus camóguioct go
lároir leis. Cuiríod siad an ruais
abailt ar na Sincstoun Robers.

Tá rud éigin as pás n: na h-olls
goileanna, siol aérú móir atá as teas-
cáil ionnta. Duabairt Riáctaire Cumann
éigse i nollsgoil na Gaillime: "Átas
a ba ceart beir ar éigse na héireann inoiu
pá rud 's go bfuil cuspóir coim uasal
amaic rompa mar éire a saorad, a Gaed-
ealaí agus a coim-na eartú ó éionn tsáile
go tóraigse."

Baineann sé sin le cuspóirí an lae inoiu.
Éios i n-ollscoil Corcaige, rinnead
tráct as oirigeac eile do'n stair taob
éiar de. Deim sé cur síos ar na dam-
sgoileanna agus na sgoileanna eile as
ar éirig na cuspóirí sin agus éir sé i
gcomparáid iad le na h-ollsgoileanna
atá san cuspóirí ar bit. Tá solus staire
as teact ar gac pás sa tír seo; agus,

nuair a beir a nouécas go soléir ós
ár gcomair beiríod inoiu iad do éogad
agus a saorad leis an gcuspoir Gaed-
ealaí éuas a éur éin érié.

Is ar oisailt feise áta éiaé go
bracamair an saogal nua atá as éirge
éigse agus na treóruíde óga atá
ná stiúrad msna bun-sgoileanna agus
msna meáon-sgoileanna. Siad san na
uoime a uéanparó cuspóirí a éur éin
éim agus tá suil asann go bpaigro siad
greim i n-ait éigin ar gac focal ná
nuabairt an bráctair ós a éus treóir
an oróce sin.

The Faugh a Ballagh Club (Dublin)
deserves heartiest congratulation on the
success of its ceilidhe on the last Sunday
in February which was "put on the air"
between 11 p.m. and midnight.

As the oldest club in Dublin, the
Faughs (to give it its popular name) is
living up to the ideals of its founder and
first president, Michael Cusack, and
maintaining the fine traditions of the
G.A.A. as well off as on the playing
fields.

It is one of the few clubs in the country
setting an example of Gaelic co-ordina-
tion, for it has a flourishing branch of the
Gaelic League as a prime part of its
activities.

I hope other G.A.A. clubs will imitate
the example of the Faughs and set up
Gaelic League branches. Thus will the
great ideal of the founders of the two
movements be realised.

If someone could do justice to the Feis
competitions held in Dublin during the
past three weeks, what an inspiring
description would be written!



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Here is something out of the ordinary and wonderful value too. It is a locknit Nightdress with wide shoulders and brassiere top of lace net. An all-round belt is an added attraction. Ample cut on full fitting lines and available in every shade. A genuine bargain at **2/11**

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Did you ever hear of such superb value—think of it. A slip and knicker set in superior quality locknit for **1/11**. The charming shaped slip has a brassiere lace filled top and a slim-fitting effect is achieved with darts. Dainty lace motif in contrast sets off the matching knickers. All shades. This set is only **1/11**

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Men's Black Box Calf Derby Boots with standard screwed solid bend soles. Leather lined throughout. The pair only **10/6**

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Ladies' Imitation Hogskin Gloves. Made from selected skins in pull-on style. Available in natural shade only. Unlined and guaranteed washable. Irish made. Per pair **3/11**

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Irish-made Gowns for Infants. Superior quality Flannelette. Neatly finished with Silk Embroidery. Really marvellous value from **10¹/₂**

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Children's All Wool Three-Piece Sets. These are exceptionally good quality. The Coat is set off with an all-round belt and is daintily embroidered. Price **5/11**

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Girls' Confirmation Frocks. Made up in many delightful styles in Georgette, Crepe Suede and Crepe Elaine. All manufactured in Dublin and are really stupendous value at the clearing prices.

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About 500 dozen to clear. Sizes, 24 to 28. Now offered at **4¹/₂**

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A special line made from a good linen-finished material. Two row hem stitched style. Guaranteed to give long-wear. Each **1/-**

TABLE CLOTHS

Size 54 by 54. Obtainable with colour borders of gold, pink, blue or green. Usually sold at **2/6**. Irish Week offer **1/11**

MEN and BOYS SUITS

Men's Irish-made Suits. Designed in S/B style and will wear as well as any garments costing **27/6** elsewhere. Guiney's Price **19/11**

Men's Irish Tweed Suits in good brown and grey mixtures. Another great bargain line. Worth **37/6**. Offered to clear at **29/6**

SHIRTS

Men's Irish-made Khaki Shirts with Zipp fastener. Made from strong reliable hardwearing cloth. Price **1/6¹/₂**

Also without Zipp Fastener at **1/-**

Men's Heavy Working Shirts in a really good Oxford cloth. Were produced to sell at **2/6**. Our Prices **1/3¹/₂**

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Boys' Whippoor Suits. Made up in light and dark shades. Sizes, 3 to 9. All offered at the one price **6/11**

Boys' Tweed Suits. Very well tailored in D/B style and obtainable in brown and grey shades. Sizes, 3 to 9. All one price **8/11**

RAINCOATS

Splendid value in Men's Fawn Gaberdine Raincoats. Self lined. Cut in D/B style with belt. All sizes **9/11**

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Men's Irish-made Flannel Pants. Obtainable in a nice shade of mid-Grey. Good heavy quality. All sizes. Price **3/11**

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EDITORIAL NOTES

OUR LANGUAGE

NOW, that Gaelic culture is advancing, we would appeal for a redoubled effort in the aim to establish the national language. In the decade 1927-'37, the games have advanced immensely, as have also Irish dance, music, drama and the teaching of history. From these new accessions of strength, new hope has arisen; and we would appeal to those who practise the games, the dances and the music of our country, and to those who study our history, systematically or casually, to give increased attention to the cause of the National language and to the claims of the Gaelic League and other organisations that organise language effort into the cohesion necessary to give it public effect.

Our Own Language.

Our most widely accepted argument for the support of the language is the fact that it is our own language. It is the language that our Gaels and Celts brought here; the language in which we learned of Christianity; the language in which our people wrought and thought for centuries; the language of 4,000,000 of our people in 1801, of 1,500,000 in 1861, of 641,000 in 1901 and of still about the same immense number to-day. It was the language of all our people for over 2,000 years. It is still the language of our most vital and most resurgent fraction; and in the schools, thanks to the foresight of the Gaelic organisations, it is now, shall we say, firmly and tenaciously established. And, again, remember that it is our own.

Our Gaelic Culture.

But further, in a more far-seeing view, it is this language of our Gaelic culture, our culture that arose from the contact of the Gael and the Celt with Christianity and that, thereafter, grew in all its branches—for a time, free, to Europe's great benefit; and for a longer time, in a struggle of centuries, from which it is again emerging and enlivening our people as its cultural influences approach into contact with them. In a drama the character of St. Patrick tells of the voices from our country: "In my boyhood I knew not their strange meaning, but now I know the language they speak, for I learned it in the days of my bondage." That tells of a re-beginning of Gaelic culture, of the origins of the Gaelic culture of to-day. In that language and in its thought there grew, in Ireland, the ideas and institutions of Christianity, that Ireland carried subsequently over Europe to bring about its renaissance. In that language and in its thought there grew also the ideas that expressed themselves in our early laws, literature, art, athletics and science. In that language and in its thought there evolved the schools and sciences from which sprang ultimately the great philosophic system of Scotus Eriugena, our race's reasoned explanation of the universe and the foundation of Europe's philosophy in the period of its light and guidance.

Of the worth of our Gaelic culture in those days, we might cite countless evidences. We might mention that it has been the subject of hundreds of treatises in foreign countries and foreign languages. We might quote from a great American research worker, Benedict Fitzpatrick, in relation to bearers of our culture to Europe that: "They restored civilization in the West, laying down the foundations of the astonishing supremacy of Europe with a solidity that has endured through the ages to our time." We might quote from Prof. Zimmer that: "They were instructors of every known branch of the science and learning of the time, possessors and bearers of a higher culture than was at that period to be found anywhere on the continent." We might add the words of Pope Pius XI. that: "As scholarship throws an increasing light on the obscurity of the Middle Ages, the more clearly is it manifest that the renaissance of all Christian science and culture in many parts of France, Germany and Italy is due to the labours and zeal of Columban—a demonstration to the glory of the whole Church and more particularly of Catholic Ireland."

Our Culture and Language in their Changes through Time.

That culture and that language flourished strong and vigorous in the early days after St. Patrick, and even through Danish and Norman invasions. Later, in Tudor times, Irish leaders began to copy the foreigners and other leaders followed their example in Stuart, Cromwellian and Williamite times. Our culture and our language suffered and our leaders went wandering over Europe. But our people, on the whole, stood their ground and treasured all that culture means, in

idea and institution, to bring it with the help of the Gaelic poets who in the view of Pearse kept the flame burning in the eighteenth century, right into the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. And to-day, thanks to those that suffered and sacrificed, it is our people's possession providing them, fortunately, with a whole philosophy of life to combat the many foreign "isms" that assail them from pagan and decadent Europe; and providing them, too, with a Christian Gaelic civilization that in terms of D. P. Moran's teaching on the "Battle between Two Civilisations," enables them to resist the greasy pagan feeling and thought that slips in with foreign dance, music and picture from the attacking alien civilization.

The Beginnings of Gaelic Organisation in 1884 and 1893 and the Functions of the Gaelic League.

In the struggle to bring these great cultural possessions through to us, great Irishmen have worked and sacrificed. We could refer to scholars, leaders, statesmen, churchmen, soldiers, patriots, to whom we are indebted and for whose sake we should work to carry on. It was the effort and sacrifice of all such that bore fruit in the organization of the Gaelic bodies that, since 1884 and 1893, have accomplished such change. Ideas, opinion, leadership, all need organisation—or living structure—to give them leverage within the national structure. To that end, in the sphere of the culture and the language, the G.A.A. has applied itself since 1884 and the Gaelic League since 1893. We ask especially of the G.A.A., and generally of all others working for the country, to appreciate the work of the Gaelic League since that date with a view to its present strengthening. All through the League has been itself a vigorous voluntary teacher of the language and culture, and is still, as in the two score branches in Dublin and Belfast cities. But its most important function is the maintenance of ideals and the organisation of opinion to stimulate or co-operate with government; a function without which government itself would be helpless, for government requires voluntarily organised public opinion in support of its policy.

In this sphere, the Gaelic League secured an increase in the number of primary schools in which Irish was taught as an extra subject from 235 in 1902 to 1,631 in 1911, and secured, further, a bi-lingual programme in 190 Gaeltacht schools. In the same period, Intermediate students presenting Irish went up from 1,851 to 7,110; and, arising too out of the League's pressure, Irish was made essential in the National University Matriculation. From that decade, expansion continued; and men schooled in the Gaelic League have, as members of government, made Irish what it is to-day in the schools of the twenty-six counties, supplemented by the still more praiseworthy voluntary work of the Gaelic League in the schools of the six counties.

The Gaelic League in the Movement for Freedom.

Concurrently in the movement for freedom, the teachings of the Gaelic League led to the strong collective ideal endorsed by the Congress of the Gaelic League of 1915, viz., the ideal: "Naisiun Saor Gaedhealach do dheanamh d' Eirinn"—to make Ireland a nation free and Gaelic. It was that collective ideal that Pearse expressed almost immediately after beside the grave of Rossa in the words: "Not Free merely but Gaelic as well, not Gaelic merely but Free as well"; and it was with that ideal before them that Pearse and Connolly went later into action: followed, then as in subsequent years, by many others whom the teachings of the Gaelic League inspired and whose work and sacrifice have won for us the fractions of freedom that we enjoy, the fractions of political, economical and cultural freedom.

The Gaelic League in Other Spheres of our Culture.

Beyond such contributions in the spheres of reviving language and freedom and, we would add here, national industry, the Gaelic League has, through its organisations, revived many other things that belong to or co-operate in the national uplift. It has revived co-operation and friendliness among the people and is still actively and widely training the young people to act together in a friendly way and to protect themselves against the attacks of the foreign dance-hall and the foreign picture house. It expresses that co-operation in its classes, debates, dramas, ceilidhes, concerts, aeridheachtanna, turasanna and feiseanna. Young people apprenticed in organising these opportunities for the school and school-leaving population were never more urgently required than at the present day. And the Gaelic League is supplying such apprenticeship from the class and ceilidhe of the smaller branch to the multiple activities of the larger. After decades of hard work and adversity, the Gaelic League is just now notable in adding to its older activities a growing dramatic movement and a growing co-operation in the new developments of radio and music. We claim, as due to the Gaelic League, that wealth of performance in Irish music on radio and otherwise that is certainly one of the most wholesome influences in the homes and gatherings of to-day.

(continued at foot of next page)

Back to O'Growney!

"Co-operation between the Church and the Language Movement is necessary" asserts Peadar O Dubhda in the following article

It was rather a strange coincidence that I had just finished reading a most interesting article on the Language Work—in which the great name of Father O'Growney was mentioned—when I opened the February number of AN GAEDHEAL, there to see the front-page article by Sliabh Bladhma with above title. The extracts given by the writer are worth our consideration. The Gaels of London—our exiled kindred—seem to have a much better grasp of the value of the Irish language than we at home have. They appreciate what O'Growney stood for—as a Gaedhilgeoir and as a Churchman—and they try to honour his memory in a fitting manner every year at least, while we here in Ireland try to work an up-to-date modern appreciation of our tongue through mathematicians and their problems. In our enthusiasm to bring the Gaelic language into the lives of the people we insist on our boys and girls doing their Euclid and Algebra and Maths., etc., through Irish. Our exiled Gaels in London, along with their other good work, insist on and persist in having prayers in Irish, hymns in Irish and sermons in Irish on the Feast-day of our National Apostle—at least.

We are quite content to pray and sing and hear the 1,500 years old teaching of St. Patrick through the language of Cromwell and the Black-and-Tans—every day of our lives, practically. And we insist on our boys and girls knowing all their secular subjects through the grand old language of "Patrick, Brigid and Colmkillie."

What a pity Sliabh Bladhma did not point out the defect in our Revival movement—point to our great Sin of Omission; the omission of the Spirit of Patrick and all our Irish saints; of O'Growney, MacHale, O'Leary, O'Duineen, and O'Tuathail, those great clerics of our Church who knew the real value of our language.

The spirit of these men is not to be found in our stupid and mad enthusiasm to-day—except in such a place as London.

How do the Gaels living in the capital of the Great British Empire celebrate St. Patrick's Day?

How do we do it? We go to a hurling match or a football match, and perhaps to a Ceilidh—but we pray to Patrick in a language he never knew.

Why don't we tackle this question, if we are sincere? Don't we know that it holds the solution to the whole Language problem? I'll let an abler pen than mine speak on the matter.

The article I'd been reading is by the Rev. Sean Mac Guaire, C.S.S.R., and is to be found in a recent issue of

"The Irish Ecclesiastical Record." Here are one or two points from this article:

"Between the ecclesiastical and civil power there must be a well-ordered union . . . it is obvious that this union desiderated by Pope Leo XIII. will be maintained and fostered only by a mutual recognition of rights and duties on the part of the two powers and a uniform willingness to co-operate in all laudable enterprises for the welfare of the citizens. . . . Every nation has a natural right to preserve its own national existence . . . and this natural right includes, implicitly, the right of preserving its own language. . . . And the nation (our nation) manifests a growing enthusiasm for such an ideal (an Irish-speaking Ireland). Children and hundreds of enthusiasts flock to the Gaelic-speaking areas in order to acquire an accurate speaking knowledge of the language.

In all departments of social and intellectual life there is a steady effort to achieve the ideal of a Gaelic-Speaking Ireland.

"However, it must be obvious to lovers of the language that all labour will be lost without the co-operation of the Church. In Ireland the language of the pulpit and the priedieu will always have prestige over any other fact as long as Irish people preserve the Catholic Faith."

And again this Rev. writer says: "Aloofness from the National movement on the part of the cleric will be fraught with serious consequences.

. . . . Then we must face the question of religious instruction through the medium of Irish.

. . . . It is obvious that if the Irish scholar can get instruction in Irish on everything except on religious topics, he is bound to nurse a grievance against the Church of his nation. He may go even further and adopt an attitude of hostility, on the plea that the Church is un-Irish, if not anti-Irish. It would seem opportune, therefore, to make some attempt to bring religious and secular education into line in this respect, according to the principles of Leo XIII."

I will quote just two other short paragraphs from this very valuable article of Father MacGuire's:

"If Irish is to be heard from teacher and Inspector, but never from any priest of the place there will always be occasion for adverse criticism. In these days all the younger clergy have some knowledge of the language. Hence all that is required is that they make

use of what they have. To do so will be to benefit the Church indirectly by winning for her the appreciation of workers for the language who will welcome her co-operation

" . . . Is it too much to hope, then, that we shall see in our day the beginnings of an Irish mission to Ireland?"

Here the Rev. writer quotes the great Archbishop MacHale, and then goes on:—

"The nation, then, turns in anxious expectation to 'the mountains from whence help will come.' In the Gaeltacht the broken remnant of an ancient and noble race re-echoes the cry of the Macedonians to Paul: 'Come over and help us.' In the Gaeltacht is a young nation just casting aside her swaddling bands, eager to test her youthful strength, her youthful pliability presaging immense possibilities for good or evil. Shall their turning be in vain? Surely not. . . . It shall not be said that MacHale, O'Growney, O'Leary, Dinneen have none to wear their mantle in this generation; nor shall it be said of the Irish priesthood that, like their prototypes in Machabees, 'Setting naught by the honours of their Fathers, they esteemed the Grecian glories for the best.'"

Now, this is the point I see in the quotation given by Sliabh Bladhma when he tells of the activities of the London Gaels. Yet he fought shy of the question. What a pity that we are so timid on this important question of our religion and the part it must play in our native and national culture. Co-operation between the Church and the Language movement is as necessary to the life of the Gaelic tongue as that between the soul and the body.

But we are making no attempt to bring about that co-operation. Not a word have I ever seen uttered in AN GAEDHEAL about it. Under "Boyle Roche's Bird" heading timely advice and encouragement are given to prepare for the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in a fitting Gaelic manner.

"Start the day well," he says "with the traditional language collection."

Shades of MacHale and O'Growney—and of Patrick!

" . . . then—concerts, plays, ceilidhe, etc. Not a word about getting something done to have an Irish sermon preached, to have hymns in Irish sung or to have provision made for the million people, at least, who can say their prayers in the language of Patrick! Would not this be a more fitting work for Gaels, and a more Christian way of beginning the great Feast-day of our National Apostle than by standing out in the morning with a "Language Collection" box under your arm?

This work is useful and necessary, I know—collecting, Irish dancing, Irish games, etc.—but we are neglecting the more important part of the work begun by O'Growney.

In spite of all our labour and enthusiasm we have to go on our knees and answer the prayers in the Sasanach tongue, and listen to our young boys and girls, who are already good speakers of Irish, sing 'Hail, Glorious St. Patrick' in the language that was the medium of all the enactments, proclamations and diabolical Acts of Parliament put in force to destroy and kill and squeeze out of us our national culture and our Faith! We shall have to listen to those children and see them carry on the Anglicising and de-Gaelicising of Ireland—in spite of themselves and us. And we

open not our mouths about this glaring and terrible tragedy!

Have we not got the courage in us to tackle this question in earnest and fearlessly? We know that our work is being undone—we see it with our eyes.

Will the holding of a concert or a ceilidh please Patrick better than using in our most sacred duty in life the language through which he Christianised us?

Let us be not children in sense. For fifty years we've been trying to keep up enthusiasm for the use of the Irish language—and yet, after fifty years we are not allowed to pray in that tongue.

A movement to remedy this and blot out our sin of omission is now on foot. Will AN GAEDHEAL join in and help us? If any paper ever published as an Irish-Ireland organ should then AN GAEDHEAL should.

Father Sean MacGuaire, C.S.S.R., has thrown in the ball—I'm giving it a kick myself. It's going to be the finest game yet played.

PEADAR O'DUBHDA,

Hi Fiachra, Dun Dealgan.

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(continued from previous page)

Our Appeal and End in View in Terms of MacSwiney's Teaching.

But, to keep all these branches of our culture growing and vitalizing our personnel and even our industries, constant voluntary effort in the Gaelic League is necessary. We appeal for that effort. We appeal to people to give some of their spare time to the Gaelic League, to the work of organising or helping, to the work of *cur le ceile* or of bringing the Gael together. We can assure them that it will repay in the satisfaction that it gives to live within the Gaelic group life. We can assure them, too, that it will repay in terms of MacSwiney's teaching that: "A man's life is counted by years, a nation's by centuries, and as work for the nation should be directed to bringing her to full maturity in the coming time, a man must be prepared to labour for an end that may be realized only in another generation." Let us labour for an end that will be realized partly in ours; for, in the sphere of culture, the native is fast expelling the alien. Such is nature's resistless law when physical conquest recedes.

Gaels and Gaeldom

(continued from page 4)

Croke Park's Attractions.

As usual Croke Park will be the hub of Gaeldom on St. Patrick's Day. The Inter Provincial contests for the Railway Cups are looked forward to with very keen interest. In the Hurling Final Leinster has made a very strong and satisfying selection, and though they will be meeting an exceptionally strong Munster side, as caman wielders they can be relied upon to give a tip-top account of themselves.

Leinster Hurling Selection.

P. Larkin, P. Blanchfield, T. Leahy, P. Phelan, E. Byrne, M. Whyte, J. O'Connell (goal) (Kilkenny), E. Wade, C. McMahon, C. Downes, D. Canniffe, T. Teehan (Dublin), A. Bergin, P. Farrell, H. Gray (Laoighis).

Munster's Pick.

M. Mackey, J. Mackey, P. Clohissy, T. McCarthy, M. Kennedy, T. Ryan, P. McMahon, P. Scanlan (goal) (Limerick), J. Maher, J. Cooney (Tipperary), C. Moylan, M. Brennan, J. Quirk (Cork), L. Beale (Clare), J. Keane (Waterford).

The Football Cup.

Although Connacht feel very sure of bringing home the Football Cup, Munster are equally confident of putting up an opposition that will not be easily disposed of. On recent form against Leinster in the semi-final there is every reason for assuming. The team will be selected from the following:—

Tim Landers, G. Fitzgerald, P. Whitty, M. Kelly, J. O'Gorman, J. O'Donnell, J. Walsh, P. Kennedy, M. Doyle, D. O'Keefe (goal) (Kerry), T. O'Keefe, T. Power, W. Scott, R. Allen (Tipperary), W. McMahon, M. Casey, G. Comerford, J. Burke, P. Begley, G. Slattery, G. Hogan (Clare), T. Cotter (Cork), D. Goode (Waterford), T. Cullane (Limerick).

Connacht's Dependence.

The following formidable combination will carry the confidence of Connacht:— "Purty" Kelly (Capt.), Tom Burke (goal), P. Quinn, T. Regan, P. Flannery, H. Kenny, J. Carney, P. Laffey, P. Moclair, J. Munnely (Mayo); M. Connaire, R. Beggs, D. O'Sullivan, J. Dunne B. Nestor (Galway).

The Fixture That Can't Fix.

The long awaited tie of the National Football League between Galway and Mayo has again succeeded in evading the decision to bring it off on the last Sunday in February, it refused to "fix" for the third time since the fixture was made originally. On two occasions the inclemency of the weather was responsible for the postponement and on another occasion the match was postponed so as to avoid clashing with the Sigerson Cup tie. There were two postponements in 1936 and one this year. Nothing daunted by such thwarted efforts the Central Council is about to have another try at nailing down the event.

Our "Nationalist" Press!

The game of an English college, the game, too, that had its origin in a breach of the rules of the football game previously known to the pupils, was played on Saturday evening in Dublin under the guise of an "International Match." There was nothing in the least international about the affair as it was played by a set of North Britons and West Britons, who regard Scotland and Ireland as mere British provinces. Scotland, which in days of old was an Irish colony, founded and populated by Gaels and taking its name from Queen Scotia of Ireland, had for centuries afterwards, like its mother country, the ancient games of Gaelic football and hurling as its national pastimes. It was of the old Gaelic football game in Scotland that such poets as Scott and Hogg, etc., wrote their fine football songs and ballads, and not of the mushroom substitutes originated in England centuries afterwards. Here in Ireland with all supposed progress we have a self-proclaimed "Nationalist" press that vies within its own circle in doing its best to accomplish the end of Irish Nationality by doing its utmost to foster and develop foreign games and customs in this country. Our wretched "Nationalist" organs actually go into a state of hysteria over these "internationals," which are nothing more than annual demonstrations of the chronic state of inferiority complex so manifest in our avowed West British imitators of Britannia, and a number of thoughtless people, more to be pitied than blamed. Ireland has her own games and customs and has no need to go out to imitate the games and customs of any other people. When we see Britons encouraging the spread of Irish games in Britain and preparing to meet Ireland in competition in our spheres of national games, it will be time enough for Irishmen to talk about meeting Britons in friendly rivalry in British as well as in Irish games. Maurice Davin's challenge of 1886 for a real International exchange sports basis still holds good, but grovelling shoneenism in its annual worship of the football games of John Bull is never likely to merit anything but contempt from people with any interests showing of national self-respect either in Ireland or Britain.

The Provincial Conventions.

The four provincial conventions were brought off during the last week-end of February. Progress was the keynote of each of these important gatherings, and even better still, a spirited determination to do better in the present year. In Ulster, where the Gaels are having the

hardest fight for a wider sphere of activities in a vitiated atmosphere, matters are looking well. His Eminence Cardinal MacRory sent a heartening welcome and encouraging message. His Eminence is no fair weather friend of the G.A.A., but rather a veteran supporter of the Gaels in days of the Association's struggle towards that prosperity it commands to-day. I remember publishing lectures and letters in support of the G.A.A. more than twenty years ago in the old *Gaelic Athletic*.

Father O'Dea Resigns.

The most notable incident at the Connacht convention was the resignation of the Rev. J. O'Dea from the Presidential Chair. Father O'Dea was elected an Hon. President of the Connacht Council, and Mr. P. Kilduff was elected to the vacant position. The Hon. Treasurer's Report showed a sum of £1,080 to the credit of the Council.

Leinster Convention Criticises Daily Press.

The Leinster Council Convention revealed a lot of real solid work during the past year. Arising out of the Secretary's Report, Father Murray (Louth) said some very pertinent things relative to the attitude of the daily newspapers towards the G.A.A., and in these remarks he was supported by the delegates present.

Mr. P. O'Keeffe (Secretary, Central Council), in the course of the discussion, intimated that the whole matter was at present under consideration of the Central Council.

COGAR DO CHUALA

SO RAIB CRUINNÍÚ AGUS CUMAN NA POBLAÉTA LE DÉANARÓE I MBÁILE ÁTA CLIAÉ 'NA TUGS SAGART Ó ÉIR NA MBASQUE LÉIGEACHT UARÓ AR AN SPÁINN. SUR ÉAN SÉ ROSC A ÉIRE PÉIN I DTEANGAM A ÉIRE PÉIN. AGUS—NÁR CLOISIB ÁR NAHARÓ SINN!—SUR EIRIS A LUÉC EISTEACHTA AGUS SUR ÉANARÓ ROSC NÁISIRMTA A DÉIRE SAN A SACS-DÉARLA BINN! Ó, Babington Macaulay! MAR ADEARPAÓ SEÁN MISÉAL.

* * *

SUR AIT MAR ATÁCAR A' CUR ÉUN OIBRE 'SAN OIBIRÉ COIRÉIANN SO ATÁ DÁ DÉANAMH AR LUÉC BRISTE RIAT NA SCLUIFÍ NGALLOA IN ÁÉ CLIAÉ. SO SCAOÉANN AN LUÉC FAIRE AR NA 'RÉALTA' NUAIR A ÉIRÉANN SÉ LEAS-MUIŠ DE DALYMOUNT IAO, AÉC SO BPREAD-AIO LE PUADAR AR AN DUINE BOÉT NÁ FUIL AON ÉAIL AIR. DUEL, NÁ BERÓ A AMM 'SA PÁIPÉAR MAROIM MHAIR? 'DIOILTAR AS AN SCLUIF? 'DIOILTAR AS AN NAHÁ-ÉILÍU ADEIRIM-SE!

* * *

SO BPUIL BURÉAN CÉOIL 'HARMONICA' (ORGÁN BÉIL OUISE, A BREALLSÚM) I MEASC SCOLÁIRÍ COLÁISTE THUIRE. NAŠAINN PÉIN ANN, AÉC BÍ ŠIORR-ANÁIL RIAMH ORM, NÍ RÉADPAINN FIÚ FIOÉŠ DO LÍONARÓ. NÁRA PARÓ SO SCLUISEAM PÉ LÁN SÉIRÉARÓ IAO.

* * *

NÁ RAIB OIBRE SO TEO PÉ MAR BERÓ 'SA MUILEANN ŠCEAR OIBRE LAE LE PÁDRAIS ŠEO ÉŠAMH. BERÓ CARLÍN NÍ UALLACÉIN PÉIN ANN CLOISIM! AGUS BERÓ DÁOINE A' TUL ŠIOS ANN Ó DÁILE ÁTA CLIAÉ. TÁ'S AŠAM CANATAOB LEIS AÉC—BAS AR DO BÉAL, NÁ ŠCÉIRÓ AON KÚN!

CONNRAO

NA ŠAEÓILŠE

Liverpool.

A splendid programme in honour of the National Saint has been arranged by Craobh Sheain Uí Dhonnabhain, Liverpool.

On Sunday, 14th March, in Holy Cross Church, Great Crosshall Street, a special Gaelic Service will be held at which Rosary, sermon and hymns will be rendered in Irish.

The annual Fleadh will take place in the Angel Hotel, none but Irish speakers will be present, and "Bearla" barred.

On St. Patrick's Night a Ceilidhe Mhor will be held in the Gainsboro' Cafe, from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. The Lagan Ceilidhe Band will provide the music.

The Branch Camogie team—"Caitlin Ní Uallachain"—have again won the Lancashire and District Championship, and are holders of the "1916 Memorial Cup" for the second year in succession.

The new class for children, which was formed after a very successful Children's Ceilidhe, continues to show an increase. This class is held every Saturday, and besides the language, ceilidhe dances and songs in Irish are taught.

The monthly meeting of Irish speakers in Liverpool and District, which is held in the League Hall on the last Sunday of each month, is a very popular item on the Branch programme, and is very well attended—only Irish being spoken.

The 3rd Annual Ceilidhe Mhor of the Sports Section was held last month (February), and was very well attended. Solo items were rendered by members of the Branch, and the Lagan Ceilidhe Band provided the music.

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CLár Oiriseadhail, 1937

cluicé-éannaísa lúisean.

tomáint Sínnsear	Dáta	Ionad
(1) IAR-míde v. míde (2) loé SARman v. uabráilze (3) (1) v. (2) (4) LAOISIS v. (3) (5) CILL éoinniz v. áé CLIAé (6) (4) v. (5)	16/5/37 23/5/37 6/6/37 20/6/37 27/6/37 11/7/37	Muilleann Ceann CILL éoinniz
Peil Sínnsear (1) loé SARman v. Ceácharloé (2) míde v. IAR-míde (3) CILL DARA v. CILL mAnntán (4) LAOISIS v. uabráilze (5) Lúsbaid v. áé CLIAé	23/5/37 30/5/37 9/5/37 16/5/37 23/5/37	CILL éoinniz An uaimh Ceácharloé Droicead nua An uaimh
R. (2) (1) v. (2) (3) v. (4) (5) leizte	R. (3) (1 nó 2 v. (5) (3 nó 4) leizte	R. (4) (3 nó 4) v. (1 nó 2 nó 5)

tomáint 7 Peil Sóisear	Dáta	Ionad
(1) Lúsbaid v. míde (2) LAOISIS v. CILL DARA (3) CILL éoinniz v. Ceácharloé (4) longport v. áé CLIAé (5) loé SARman v. CILL mAnntán (6) IAR-míde v. uabráilze	18/4/37 11/4/37 11/4/37 18/4/37 11/4/37 11/4/37	Dún Dealgán port LAOISIS CILL éoinniz páirc an érócaiz Eacdrum Eadan Doire
R. (2) (1) v. (3) (3) v. (4) (5) v. (6)	R. (3) (1 nó 2) v. (3 nó 4) (5 nó 6) leizte	R. (4) (5 nó 6) v. (1 nó 2 nó 3 nó 4)

tomáint 7 Peil Aosanaé	Dáta	Ionad
Roinn (1) (A) loé SARman v. CILL mAnntán (b) CILL éoinniz v. Ceácharloé *	25/4/37 25/4/37	Eacdrum Ceácharloé
Roinn (2) (c) LAOISIS v. uabráilze (d) áé CLIAé v. CILL DARA*	25/4/37 18/4/37	portLAOISISE páirc an érócaiz
Roinn (3) (e) míde v. Lúsbaid (f) *longport v. IAR-míde	25/4/37 16/5/37	An uaimh Muilleann Ceann

* = fuireann peile Amáin.

(A v. (b)	(A nó b) v. (c nó d)	(A nó b nó c nó d)
(c) v. (d)	(e nó f) leizte	v.
(e) v. (f)		(e nó f)

m. ó neill, Rún.

Cumann Lúic-Éilear Saeðeal—Cluicí Éeannair na Muínan—Clár, 1937

Cluicé	Ionad	Dáta	Moltóir	Cluicé	Ionad	Dáta	Moltóir
tomáin aosánae.				peil aosánae			
(a) port Láinge v. Ciarr- aíde	Tráigí	9/5/37	L. Ó h-eoáda	(a) port Láinge v. Tiobraio Árann	Cluain Meala	16/5/37	T. Ó Domnáil
(b) Cláir v. Luimneac	Luimneac	23/5/37	S. Ó Ríogáin	(b) Ciarráide v. Corcais	Cill Áirne	13/6/37	D. Ó Luanaí
(c) Tiobraio Árann v. Corcais	Dúrlas Éile	6/6/37	L. Ó Síeasáin	(c) Cláir v. Luimneac	Cill Ruis	13/6/37	S. Mac Cárcáis
(d) (a) v. (b)		4/7/37		(d) (a) v. (b)		27/6/37	
(e) (c) v. (d)		25/7/37		(e) (c) v. (d)		18/7/37	
tomáin ósánae				peil ósánae			
(a) port Láinge v. Ciarr- aíde	Dún Sarráin	25/4/37	D. Ó Caoimh	(a) port Láinge v. Tiobraio Árann	Dún Sarráin	25/4/37	D. Ó Riain
(b) Cláir v. Luimneac	Inis	9/5/37	D. Ó Riain	(b) Ciarráide v. Corcais	Baile 'n Misteála	16/5/37	S. Ó Laochá
(c) Tiobraio Árann v. Cor- cais	Baile 'n Misteála	16/5/37	D. Ó Riain	(c) Cláir v. Luimneac	Inis	9/5/37	D. Ó Riain
(d) (a) v. (b)		11/7/37		(d) (a) v. (b)		11/7/37	
(e) (c) v. (d)		1/8/37		(e) (c) v. (d)		1/8/37	
tomáin mionúr				peil mionúr			
(a) port Láinge v. Ciarr- aíde	Tráigí	9/5/37	L. Ó h-eoáda	(a) port Láinge v. Tiobraio Árann	Cluain Meala	16/5/37	T. Ó Domnáil
(b) Cláir v. Luimneac	Luimneac	23/5/37	S. Ó Ríogáin	(b) Ciarráide v. Corcais	Cill Áirne	13/6/37	D. Ó Luanaí
(c) Tiobraio Árann v. Cor- cais	Dúrlas Éile	6/6/37	S. Ó Ceallais	(c) Cláir v. Luimneac	Cill Ruis	13/6/37	S. Mac Cárcáis
(d) (a) v. (b)		4/7/37		(d) (a) v. (b)		27/6/37	
(e) (c) v. (d)		25/7/37		(e) (c) v. (d)		18/7/37	

An Litríocht agus an tsaoirse.

"CAOIMHÍN" DO SGRIOB

Ag macnamh dom, agus ag deunamh mo maranna ar litríocht na Saebeal le trí céad bliain anuas, ar an mbail a bi uirthi roimhe sin, nuair a tugsaí di an áit ba dual i saoghal cultúrda na tíre, agus annsin nuair a cuimhnighim ar an oide a beir i 'na d'áir sin, tagann smaoineamh áiríste isteach im' aigne. De thoradh an macnamh sin samhlaítear dom nó ba áirte dom a ráib deimhnítear dom, aon níl amháin a beir cinnte, maidir le litríocht ac go h-áiríste, agus 'sé an níl é ná so—ná féadfaidh áiríocht do teacht ac amháin as áiríocht. Agus pós ná bíonn áiríocht, ac mar a mbíonn dul eun cinn saoghalta a beag nó a mór de. Bainpead sé am agus aimsir oíom, dá mbeadh sé orm na cainteanna so do deimhní do sáasamh an pobail, ac dar liom, naé gá dol isteach com' doimhín san ionnta, mar aoinne a marannocadh do féin ar feadh oíche, raigad sé na luíge lom oíche go bfuil bunadhas na pírinne ionnta.

Rud eile, beadh stair litríochta an domain móir ag teacht go cruinn leis na tuairimí céadna. Tá litríocht na Sreige ar litríochtaí móra iongantaca an domain. Ní taise do litríocht na tíre é. Cad tá ingad litríocht d'íob? Tá toradh agus plás agus bláid sibialtaeac sae tíre aca, an t-am b'aoirde, ba' sairde agus ba comáctaeac dá raib na sibialtaeac san. B'ionann dáil do litríocht na Saebeal é i oíche a h-éipeacae. Litríocht mór b'ead i nuair a bi sibialtaeac lairíor d'úctasac náisiúnta taob' t'iar di.

Óir 'sé an tsibialtaeac poe na litríochta agus raigad an litríocht eun cinn nó eun deirí. Oíreir mar a raigad an tsibialtaeac eun cinn nó ar gcúl. Agus maidir leis an tsibialtaeac féin, rud isead i a bíonn ag brat ar toscaí, éagsamla seact-ráca. Oíche san luadhas dul eun cinn saoghalta .i. deag-bail a beir ar cúrsa saoghalta an náisiúin. Beadh san sair-riactannaic le go b'páspad sibialtaeac lairíor aiconta, agus is riactannaic pös é, eun an tsibialtaeac san do coeú agus do leactamú agus do coeaint. Nuair a cuirim dul eun cinn saoghalta, ar níl de na neite a cabruigeann le pás sibialtaeac a oíre, tá níos mó ná rud amháin im' aigne. Táim ag cur i gcás go oícheann an deag-bail atá ar cúrsaí saoghalta an náisiúin eun leasa a muinntire, maidir le na gcúrsaí o'feabús, agus maidir le na gcóetrom de suairecas na beata so do deimhní dóib, i oíche go mbeid caoi eun a oíche aca le na n-aigne do oíreir ar neite spriodálta agus ar an áirneac atá in anam an duine agus 'san saoghal 'na timceall do coeú, agus amlaí sin, teacht níos giorra do cuspoirí móra na beata do sroisint agus do baint amac. Táim ag cur san áireamh leis go otagann an dul eun cinn saoghalta so, i gcóir, tré bitin oíste an áirte agus na pírinne, agus naé tré na sárú san a tarluigeann. 'Sé sin le ráib guracom-arta anam polláin a beir is an náisiúin an deag-bail atá urtí i neitib saoghalta. Ac má's tré sairib na sobáilci móra a cuireann aon náisiúin i féin eun enne, truaillítear anam an náisiúin dá deascaib agus baintíor an sárú cuirpaeac úo, de áirneac agus de glóirímaireac na sibialtaeac.

Agus si an sobáilce is mó agus is minicige a sárúítear sa eas so, ná an tsaoirse. Nuair a gabtar de coeaid san "tsaoirse," gabtar de coeaid 'san b'pírinne, agus gabtar de coeaid i n'óia na glóire féin, sa méir is féidir a leicéir do deunamh. "For Freedom is necessary for a soul erect" mar adabaint Toirb-ealac Mac Suibne. San an tsaoirse níl aon pírinne ann.—níl

aon pírinne i saoghal an duine—breas 'na beatairí isead é. Má ceilt-tear an tsaoirse ar an náisiúin, ceilt-tear lócrann soluis a h-anama ar an náisiúin san, óir is ionann dáil do'n náisiúin agus do'n duine 'sa méir sin—surab i an tsaoirse urraideac a slánuigte do'n náisiúin pé mar si urraideac slánuigte an duine i.

Má tugtar géillead do'n méir sin, is fuirís annsan a tuigsint, an baint atá ag an "saoirse" le litríocht agus le sibialtaeac náisiúin i gcóir. Bainneann an tsibialtaeac le saotrí na oíche in-suirte is dual do pobal an náisiúin agus le na b'póillsí tré bitin ealadán agus litríochta. Cítear dúinn ar nómaic, a riactannaic atá an "tsaoirse" cuige sin. Tuigtear dúinn gur féidir gurab i an "tsaoirse" céadna ceann de na fórsaí is triese agus is tábactaeac as a geintear litríocht. 'Si beata na litríochta go pírinneac i, ós i a crann-b'gair agus a príom-s'giac coeainta.

Tuitle pós, má cuilleann náisiúin a saoirse, cuilleann si a h-anam, nó tá si i gcomtabairt a cuille. Cuilleann si urraí a buan-beataeac agus a leicteacais, agus má leanann an saoirse fada go leor, raigad an náisiúin i mbáid agus i mbuan-eas pé deoir. Nuair a baintear a saoirse de'n náisiúin seascuigtear anam an náisiúin agus éirígeann si aimrí, neam-tórtac. Tagann claochlóir an anam agus staoann sé de beir ag cruicú agus ag cumad. Ní faigann si bás ar an oíche, ac maireann si i mbraigeoanac agus i noeoraideac, óir is milis é an t-anam, agus 'sé náduir an anama troir in áiríor an báis go deire na s'gribe agus os rud spriodálta é an t-anam céadna, bíonn a oíche de biaí spriodálta uair eun maireac-tainte. Caeiríor sé an biaí a caicis sé riam o'fágail le na coeú—biaí na h-áirneac agus na pírinne óir siad an áirneac agus an pírinne beata an anama. Ac os rud é naé acpuinn do féin san rioe na b'fuil an biaí spriodálta úo atá com' riactannaic san, do deunam do féin, caiciríor sé tarrainge ar an scór atá curta i oíche aige. Is boe é a eas nuair a beirtear com' cruicú san áir, óir níl de ré saogail i b'pus aige ac fad a beir an scór san a foirí. Agus ná deiread aoinne leis gur rud do-mardac é anam náisiúin. Níl anam an náisiúin do-mardac munab ionann agus anam an duine. Tá sé so-mardac, agus 'si an tsaoirse urraí agus braig-sill a buan mardac. Uime sin ní féidir o'nam an náisiúin maireacai nín éagsamais na saoirse. In a h-éagsamais raigad sé i léis, agus pé fad, raigad a raigad tú 'sé an bás atá i geintead do i noeire.

Tuigtear dúinn aoinne an millead agus an feall agus an éagsóir a beintear a nuair a gabtar de coeaid i saoirse náisiúin. Tuigtear dúinn méir uatpásac na h-éagsóra a beintear amlaí ar pobal an náisiúin. Le tim ná saoirse bíonn raí agus séan ar cúrsaí an náisiúin, ar a cúrsaí saoghalta agus ar a cúrsaí spriodálta. Bíonn cultúr lairíor d'úctasac pé réim agus pé bláid. Bíonn litríocht d'úctasac a saot-arú le d'úctaeac agus le oígrais. Bíonn leigeann agus luic léiginn; píli agus pílioeac, pé meas agus pé g'radam. I saoghal an náisiúin pré céile bíonn "harmony" ungan-tac, agus as san tagann go mbíonn sé i gcumas. an náisiúin céim áir do sroisint i b'pár-pás spriodálta agus cultúra. Bíonn a rian ar an litríocht, bíonn si, uasal áluinn, glóirímar mar ba dual.

Iad é mar éreac agus mar baille tubaiste do'n náisiúin san, nuair a

ceól saebeal

Léigeac a tug Miceál Mac Cárlaig in Áiríor Connarí na Saolunne i oícheiríad Árainn, noílaig, 1936.

Is iomda slíge a noeuitgear uaisleac aigne agus anama cine nó náisiúin. Tá sé le feiscint 'na s'creideamh agus 'na feabas a cleac-tuigir é; in a gcúrsaib oibre agus g'nota; 'na gcúir siamsa agus caiteam aimsire, agus go sonnaeac 'na oícheann, 'na gcúir litríochta, agus ins an gceól a fanann buan 'na meas. Má's mian linn saoir-eamlaeac ar sean a meas ní'l aon t-slíge is féar cuige ná mion-ealú a déanamh ar a gcúir litríochta a's ceoil, mar is annsan atá an deatb is pírinne agus an píctiúir is léire dá n-uaisleac.

Acé feictear dom naé b'fuil aon s'gáin is féar leis an anam a ceas-baint ná an ceól. Domuighim naé otagann ceól ná litríocht os na daoine i gcóir. Cumann duine éigin an ceól agus scriobann duine éigin an litríocht. Níor glac an pobal i gcóir leis an litríocht, mar naé raib na leabair le fágail agus ná raib léigeann ar na daoine le'n a léigeam. Acé glacat ar leis an gceól agus deineat ar mairs-tineac é. B'e a solás é i n-aimsir broide agus bróin, bi sé fiste fuaiste 'na saogail. Mar g'eall ar sin níor ceart dúinn an ceól a leig-int i noearmado agus sinn ag stair-eir ar stair na h'eireann, agus scriobú a déanamh preisin ar an b'pailige atá dá déanamh ann.

Tuairimí ar stair an ceoil agus ar ceól na heaglaise.

Deir daoine is mó eolas ar an gceól ná mise go b'fuil ana-cosúlaeac roir ceól na h'eireann agus ceól na heaglaise. Deir daoine eile go b'fuil olúit-baint eacorta. Deir siad gur pás ceól na daoine (folk music) ins sae tír ó ceól na heaglaise. B'íor na tuairimí sin cuilmar nó amairdeac is píu breic-níu oíche agus an pírinne a éirad asta má's féidir. Agus coeac! pé torad a beas ar an gcóir ná measad aoinne go b'fuil aon rud acé píor-áir-meas agamsa ar ceól na heaglaise. Cumuighim ná fuilimí acé ag lorg na pírinne.

Domuighim o' tosac go b'fuil cosú-lac roir ceól na h'eireann—na sean-fuinn saolaeac—agus ceól na heaglaise, acé sara nglacaimí leis na tuairimí atá luairde tuas cuirimis na ceisteanna seo orainn féin: Áir' beas leis na manais i n-éirinn le tim na h'aoise oíche, cuir i gcás, a beir ag cantain ceoil go puilíre doos na daoine? Rud amháin atá cinnte naé é an Gregorian Chant a b'íor aca. Sílim-se naé móran de ceól na heaglaise pé mar a cuigimí-na é a b'íor a cánaí go oí gur táinig manais de saeas na bráitire bána go h'eirinn. An mbíor ana-baint ag na báirí agus ag na cláirseoirí na man-áir céadna? Ní'l aoinn go mbíor.

Baintear de an ceól na rudáí póganta so go b'fuil aoinn? Cad é mar claochlóir é a gcúrsaí an náisiúin pré céile? Imtígeann an tsaoirse, agus imtígeann in éin-feac léi sae rú a gabaim léi. Imtígeann beata a náisiúin. Agus dála an cuirp nuair a imtígeann an t-anam as, cromann ag oíchead agus ag imtígeac 'na ceo ar ceal coitceann, amlaí sin agus mar an gcéadna, cromann an náisiúin ar tuicim as a céile ag piastai, oícheac, amplaac a éom-cúir. Truaill-igeann an saoirse anam an náisiúin agus beir an truaillíu le feic-sint san litríocht ag tuarad a millte agus a mardac.

(Ní éiríe).

An fada ó b'íor na manais ag canad a gcúir 'salm sógail? Táimíor cinnte gur fada, mar is iomda bliain atá gabta eac o' éas éinrí VIII agus éiblis, agus is le'n a linn s'íor a stopad de'n sal-maireac. Aoinn cé go b'fuil sé deimhníteac go raib áiríoeól in-éirinn siar com' fada leis an áois oíche—o'admuigh S'alvius Cam-brensis go raib feabas ar leir a' baint le cláirseoirí na h'eireann, agus is beag plámás a caic sé ariam le saolaeac—mar sin féin ní oíge liom go b'fuil aon éiríu go oícheann purmóir na b'pinn n'saolaeac siar com' fada san. Agus tá cruicú agaimn gur eun cláirseoirí na 17ad agus na 18ad aoise cuirí mar' oes na fuinn is coitceanna 'na meas. Ní féidir linn preisin a ráib gur Folk Music ceart an ceól so 'sainne mar gur cláirseoirí clámala, gur beag a bi dall oíche maidir le'n a gcóir, a eun a purmáir.

'Siad na cosúlaeac a féicimse roir an dá ceól ná go b'fuil na mó-anna 'na scriobad iad cosúil uair-eamnta, agus na nócaí brónaca ag aic-teac go minic ionnta araon. Acé naé iad na rudáí brónaca na rudáí is binne—"Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought." Cosúlaeac eile atá eac-orta "go geantac mar a labar-tac" 'sé sin go mbraeann rícin an ceoil ar bríge agus ar rícin na b'pocal. Tugtar tosac doos na poe-ail i oícheac—ní'l 'sa ceól acé meoan eun smaointe a eun i gcóir go caicneam. Aoinn, is é seo an rian is cuiginaic agus is cuilmaire a féadfaid beir in aon ceól, agus is fuirís a cuigint go b'féadfaid sé beir 'sa dá ceól gan aon tioneir a beir aca ar a céile.

Gléasanna ceoil.

Ní traectac móran ar gléasanna ceoil saebeal, mar b'e ba mian liomsa ná ceol na n'saebeal do beir a seinm ar 'cuile sórt gléasa in sae poll agus pírinne ar fuair na tíre. Níor b'féidir áirteac gan tagairt beag éigin a déanamh do'n cláirsí, an gléas ar ar 'cuiread purmóir na sean-fonn ar fágail dúinn do'n céad uair. Naé truae gur beag ná go b'fuil ealad na gláirseoirí imtígeac uainn. Is oíche gur b'féidir linn na gláirseoirí n'saolaeac do comaiream ar méireanna na lám. Naé truae go raigad an ealad céadna a brostuig na mianta ba daonaic agus ba uaisle i gcóir ar sean, i noearmado agus i m'ioimne ar luic seanma na tíre seo.

Agus ná dearmadamaois na pí-geai. Naé iongantac a luigeac o' pírinib píobairí atá annso agaimn i nousceart na h'eireann. Náir' móir an t-áirí meannan a oíchead ins na daoine dá mbead buirdean píobairí ins sae paróiste i n-éirinn. Ní bead aon baogal go raigad spri- na n'saebeal i laige ná i leime de deasca an jazz nó de deasca na litríochta fállda agus an cultúra fállda i gcóir. Mar bead ar áir geumas na pírinne náisiúnta a comórad i gcóir agus anam na h'aoine leis na pírin coirúigteac céadna a brostuig ar sinnsir eun cata i n-áirí méirteac.

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ÁR STÁISIÚN FÓIRLEATA

LARRY—The more I see of the programmes from other stations I think our own holds first place.

PEG—I was listening-in to those talks called "If I Were Director of Broadcasting," from the Dublin Station—and I was thinking I could do a better one myself (*Laughter and applause*).

LARRY—How about giving us a few of your own ideas on it, Peg?

EAMON—Here's the Master, and he wants us to commemorate Robert Emmet to-night. The month of March brings to mind also the cruel fate of the fourteen men who were hanged in Mountjoy Jail in March, 1920.

MAIRE—How is it that we mention Emmet so often and I'll bet you none of you can mention off-hand the names of these fourteen men. Every man of them did as much for Ireland as Emmet.

MRS. DARMODY—We mention Emmet because it makes us think of the work that yet remains to be done before his epitaph can be written.

MASTER—You have heard so often the story of Robert Emmet that I need not repeat it now. How Emmet would plan to-day to get back—or to take back—the Six Counties! He would not say from the dock: "Until these 26 counties shall take their place among the nations..."

MRS. DARMODY—I will read you a poem which I think is new to most of you—"A Song of Wrong—of Weak and Strong." It is called "Emmet" and it will salute his memory to-night:—

(reads):
"The tender love of a maiden,
The joyous pulse of youth;
The bounding blood of the hale and strong,
And a heart of fire and ruth;
A golden store, a mind of lore,
And a soul of light and truth.

A cell, a dock and a scaffold;
A lie, a nameless grave;
Blood-lapping curs—and cur-hearted men
Gibing the fate of the brave;
And long but shame spake of his name
In the land he died to save.

A song of sorrow and sadness
A song of pain and woe;
A song of a chivalrous gentleman,
A song of a dastard foe;
A song of Wrong, of Weak and Strong
A song of long ago."

MR. DARMODY—And the leopard has not changed his spots, though he has tried to camouflage his appearance now and again!

MR. O'RUAIRIC—I met some foreigners in Dublin lately who think that we are so dependant financially on England that we could not exist without her help.

MASTER—How did we exist before England invaded us? Her help! Why, if we had one quarter of the money she has stolen from us we would be rich indeed.

LARRY—As Dan O'Connell said after the Union: "The only item England has not charged up to Ireland was the price of Castlereagh's razor!"

MASTER—Well, let us have that beautiful poem of Dora Sigerson's "The Story Without End." It is very fitting for Emmet's anniversary, and Eamon recites it well. Come on, Eamon!

MRS. DARMODY—Poor Dora Sigerson died of a broken heart after the Treaty of 1921.

EAMON (recites):

THE STORY WITHOUT END.

"Before my time my kindred were
As felons in their land!
Because they claimed the liberty
That freemen understand.

Ere I was born in Dublin town
Men's hearts were still aflame;
They spoke of Allen and Larkin,
And whispered Larkin's name.

When I slept on my mother's breast
A little babe, and frail;
Young Duffy's hearse went slowly by:
He died in Milbank Jail.

When I could read, I spelt and knew
The lives of patriot men.

When I could write, my pencil traced—
"A Nation Once Again."

I learnt of those who often knew
The baton and the cell.

Who asked for right by peaceful means—
O'Connell and Parnell.

And once when thro' the cheering streets
Some "felon" homeward came
I lit, amongst the gayer lights
My candles tiny flame.

When I was but a tiny child
I ran by Kickham's side
I heard his bitter story told
In reverence and pride.

And when with years he passed away
When life was young and fair
I stood upon time's crowded path
And met O'Leary there.

I saw with pity and amaze
A craven party go
Obedient to a Scotsman's word—
For Parnell's overthrow.

Before Kilmainham's bloodstained walls
I stood all cold and still;
I lived through all the awful night
That shadowed Pentonville.

If thus o'er one life's blotted page
Some neutral soul shall bend,
He'll read to-day—as yesterday—
The story without end."

MRS. DARMODY—Go maith! go maith.
And now for an Aris. Eamon, sing us the song, "Give me a rifle" to commemorate the brave men who died in Mountjoy.

"O! Give me a rifle and let me away
To the Green Hills of Holy old Ireland:
Her freedom to win or else fall in the fray,
On the Green Hills of Holy old Ireland
For a soldier I am, of Dame Nature's mould,

Like my father a rebel hot, fiery and bold—
And a rebel I'll be till in death I lie cold,
On the Green Hills of Holy old Ireland.

II
O! Give me a pike with a shaft long and straight
On the green Hills of Holy old Ireland:
Like my grandfathers bore in the year 98:
On the green Hills of Holy old Ireland:
For vengeance in Erin with vigour and zest.

Is the way to free this proud Isle of the West,
And 'twill oft and a sheath in a proud
foeman's breast—
On the green Hills of Holy old Ireland.

III
O! Give me a rifle and let me away
To the green Hills of Holy old Ireland:
Her freedom to win or else fall in the fray
On the green Hills of Holy old Ireland:
And there let me lie with the green
sward above.

Bedewed with the tears of Erin my love;
And just as a prayer for one who
struggles for
For the green Hills of Holy old Ireland.

MRS. DARMODY—There's a big change since the Treaty of 1921—since the pawn of Irish independence is no longer the ringing words of "Ar Craoibhí just as clearly now as then:—

"I ask you to join us in saying to the devouring demon of Anglicisation, whose foul and cottonous jaws have swallowed up everything hereditary, natural, instructive, ancient, intellectual and noble in our race—our language, music, sports, industries, dances, pastimes: 'ack demon, back! Not one of our men shall allow forever of the heritage of a nation!'"

EAMON—It must be truly fitting to him to-day to see the success of the Atha Cliath.

ARBOUR HILL
"No rising column marks the spot,
Where many a victim lies!
But Oh! the blood which here has
streamed
To Heaven for justice cries.

It claims it on the oppressor's head
Who weeps in human woe,
Who drenches the tears by misery shed,
And nocks them as they flow.

It claims it on the callous judge,
Whose hands in blood are dyed

LARRY—As Mrs. Darmody remarked—there is a big change in thirty years surely. Peg, I think has some new ideas about what should be done in our national Broadcasting Station.

EAMON—I'm afraid there are too many disgruntled critics—not meaning Peg, of course! Anybody who is not allowed to go before the "mike" condemns the Director, who is, in my opinion, working wonders.

LARRY—I heard a criticism in verse the other night, from one young man whose song was rejected. He parodied something he had heard on the Radio. "We Can't Let you Broadcast That." I remember a verse or two:—

I thought my repertoire of songs was fairly good, but when
I went for an audition to Dublin 2 RN—
'Flow Gently, Sweet Afton,' I started,
in E Flat.

"Oh, Players listen in," they said—
And we can't let you broadcast that."

So I looked my list of songs up—
(I'm Irish to the core!)
I thought—here's one will fill the bill
It's "Paddies Evermore."

"We know," they said, "the spirit's good—

All Corkmen tell us that—
But Power and Jameson listen in—
So we can't let you broadcast that."

Oh, he had dozens of verses in that strain—
all witty enough, too:—

So I looked my list of songs up—
By this time feeling small—
Till I came upon that rousing song
Called "Ireland Over All."

But they said that since Partition
We call this place *An Saorstát*,
And Stormont might be listening in
So we can't let you broadcast that!"

MASTER—I wouldn't take on that job for a million of money—trying to please everybody in this country.

PEG—Why should the Director have to please everybody? He should be given a free hand to—

LARRY—Now, Peg, tell us what you would do if you were Director of Broadcasting.

PEG—Well, first of all, I would demand to be made Minister of Arts and Crafts—not merely Fine Arts—but of Arts. Then I would have my department free from all other departments.

LARRY—But what the location? You couldn't beat the G.P.O., where all the instruments are installed now?

PEG—I would move them all out of the G.P.O. into a building set apart as the Ministry of Arts. I would have a small staff of live wires (no joke!) who would keep in constant touch with all groups who are interested in Arts and Crafts—in their widest meaning.

LARRY—And to whom would you be responsible, Peg?

PEG—I would claim a six months' Dictatorship. I would have records of all successes supplied to my station—The Feis Ceoil Prize winners, the School of Art successes, the Academy of Music the Theses on which University Degrees are granted, the arts and crafts in which the Vocational Schools are interested, etc. I would put Hitler Hitler in my propaganda against foreign influences.

I would have a weekly paper, bi-lingual. I would tell the women of Ireland every week what Irish foodstuffs were on the markets—in season. I would—

MASTER—I think, Peg, you'd better leave over the rest of it until the next night!

MRS. DARMODY—Well, all Peg says could be accomplished if people would act on Pearse's motto—"Take Ireland for granted!"

MASTER—Now, to finish up, I'll read for you a poem written by Robert Emmet himself. How appropriate it is for us to-day. (Reads):

ARBOUR HILL
"No rising column marks the spot,
Where many a victim lies!
But Oh! the blood which here has
streamed
To Heaven for justice cries.
It claims it on the oppressor's head
Who weeps in human woe,
Who drenches the tears by misery shed,
And nocks them as they flow.
It claims it on the callous judge,
Whose hands in blood are dyed

Who arms injustice with the sword

The balance throws aside.

It claims it for his ruined isle

Her wretched children's grave:

Where withered freedom droops her head

And man exists—a slave.

Oh, sacred Justice, free this land

From tyranny abhorred;

Resume—thy balance and thy seat,

Resume—but sheath, thy sword.

No retribution should we seek—

Too long has horror reigned;

By Mercy marked may Freedom rise,

By cruelty unsustained.

Nor shall a tyrant's ashes mix

With those our martyred dead;

This is the place where Erin's sons

In Erin's cause have bled.

And those who here are laid at rest,

Oh, hallowed be each name;

Their memories are for ever blest—

Consigned to endless fame.

Unconsecrated is this ground,

Unblessed by holy hands;

No bell here tolls its solemn sound,

No monument here stands.

But here the patriot's tears are shed,

The poor man's blessing given;

These consecrate the virtuous dead

These waft their fame to heaven."

ROBERT EMMET.

In a few short years after, poor Emmet was himself among the "Martyred Dead."

cluiicí na scoláisteac

Ó Dóire go Dainsean.

Is iongantac an toul cinn acá
deanta as ár gcluiicí náisiúnta ins
na scoileanna agus ins na coláiste-
teac ar fuidir na tíre. Fíce bliain
ó soin abair nior cuiread mórán
spéise i scoileanna lúta i-n-aon
scoil tuair nó teas ac amáin
b'féidir i gcorr-éann annso agus
annsó. Tá atriú tar éis teac ar
an saogal maidir le ceist na gcluiicí
pé ar domán é, agus is maí an
sgeal é leis go bfuil. Nuair abí
cuir agaim-ne as preastat scoile
ba beas an tríosad agus ba beas an
spreasad a tugad uinn suim a
cur i bpeil nó i-n-íománíocht. Ní
mar sin atá an sgeal anois, mar is
ar éigin go bfuil scoil nó coláiste
ó Dóire Colm Cille 'tí Dainsean
Uí Chúise san fuireann peile nó
fuireann íománíocht.

An Mainistir Tuair arís.

Cím gur buair an Mainistir
Tuair ar Dúrlas Éile i rí na míosa
sáb tarann—an céad bód a de
comórtas cuir Uí Ártais, Tá sé
an-deacair buadéam ar an Main-
istir Tuair—sá baile nó i gcein,
Ruo eile tá an-éaga aca, ac taob
amuis de sin ar fad tá croíde agus
anam sá doinne a bfuil ann, i
scois na gcluiicí
Cé gur iméir an lá i scoinnib
Dúrlas Éile eireócair arís. Bér
lá éigin eile aca

Cumann Sgol na mBrácar.

Tá na comórtaisí fé stiúirú
Cumann Sgol na mBrácar fé lán-
c-seól i láthair na h-uair. Peil
atá ar siubal aca an téarma so.
Dá roinn atá ann—roinn na sóisear
agus roinn na meadóac. Tá suas
le dósac fóirne páirteac i ngac
roinn aca san. Is deacair a rá
pós de an fuireann a déanfar an
craob a baint amac. Bér iongnad
ar cuir agaim muna ndéanfar
fuireann "D" ó Sgoil Uí Conaill
an beart i roinn na sóisear ac
go h-áirice.

Lá Mór i-n-Éirinn.

Ní fada uaim i-n-aon cor anois
lá 'le pádais—lá mór i gcoir
clanna Saodal. Pé atá tar lear
na mbionn Saodal ar an lá san is
ar Éirinn a bionn sé as smaoineam,
mo gairín é. Sead, tá oraoróeac
éigin as Saodal leis an lá san, tar
aon lá eile. Ní dóis-tiom go bfuil
aon at eile go gcuirí é sin 'na
luige ort pé mar a déanfaí i
bPáire a' Crocais. Bionn Utais
agus Muimnis, Connacais agus
Laisnis cruinnite le céile ann
bío ann, ós agus aosta, fíris mná
—plúr na h-Éireann a dúine.