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GAELIC AND RELIGION

By **SLIABH BLADHMA**

PEADAR O'Dubhda feels keenly on the subject of Gaelic and religion, and of course it is a very good thing so to feel. But his feeling seems to lead him at times to onesidedness, at others to unreality, and so the effect of his worthy purpose is marred.

I am thinking not only of his article in AN GAEDHEAL for March, but of his various recent ones in Irish (in "An tEireannach"). While in full agreement with his central plea, the reading of the whole has been a mixed pleasure to me.

In the notes to which he refers I said that "Back to O'Growney, back to all O'Growney stood for" would be an admirable motto to-day. It was scarcely necessary to declare that Father O'Growney stood for Irish prayers and Irish sermons! My particular concern, any way, was with "O'Growney Irish," and I tried to keep to the point.

I have a great regard for Peadar. I have enjoyed his Irish books, his Irish singing, and his playing of the fiddle. I remember how delightfully in his element he used to be as an ollamh in Colaisde Bhrighte, by the waters of Loch Cárlinne. Everybody caught something of his brightness; it was a time of glow altogether.

ATYPICAL session of the Colaisde illustrated a great deal that had no direct connection with the programme at all. How happily lay folk and priests (like an tAthair Lorcán O'Muireadhaigh) fraternised; how naturally students of different classes from centres as far apart as Dublin and Belfast, could blend; how gladly stories, songs and prayers of the old Gaels on the hills were given and received: these were just a few of the facts that suggested a deeper and healthier Ireland.

Yes, from day to day we learned things that were not in the texts or lessons, things about our better selves and the nobler Ireland that could be. They came to us without reasoning or argument; the fraternal spirit and atmosphere wrought the revelation.

Now, Peadar has grown argumentative and apparently distressed, and he pictures the situation in the darkest hues. Some of his statements are strange. He has declared several times that most of us, or all

of us, use Irish in secular matters only; prayer, the whole religious life, are linked with English.

Manifestly this is sweeping exaggeration. At Mass there must be thousands on thousands who follow the Latin of the priest with the Irish (on opposite pages) of such a prayer book as "Scáthán na bhFíréan," and whose morning and night prayers, and other religious exercises, are entirely in Irish.

NONE of us can have more than a faint conception of the inner religious life of our neighbours and contemporaries. It is not a matter on which the majority of sincere and simple people are likely to be communicative. But, needless to say, it is one of supreme importance.

While I want to have Irish associated naturally and reverently with every possible phase of religious life I feel that some theories of language and religion go much too far. Religion surely must be thought of in and for itself, and in its highest phases may lead beyond language altogether.

Anyhow, Peadar's objection to English as the language of Cromwell and Henry VIII. is of very doubtful value. What about the language of Dermot MacMurrough? And who would be so peculiar as to complain that the Catholic Church makes use of "the language of Nero?"

When Peadar treats of Irish in itself, for its own sake, and insists on its rights in the religious order, his insight and candour are admirable. I am sure he will persevere in the good work (though, by the way, his "football" figure of speech is not exactly felicitous). But how ironical a thing it is that in such a matter, so obviously affecting religious fortune and progress, it is laymen who have to do the missionary labour, and Church authorities—of course there are fine exceptions—who have to be converted!

IT is almost incredible that, as Peadar has noted in his Irish articles, a zealous teacher should be prevented, by Churchmen, from giving religious instruction, teaching prayers, etc., to eager pupils through Irish. The Penal Days in a new form! It is incredible that there should be English sermons in the Gaeltacht. Other things in the relation of Church and Gaelachas are incredible—yet true.

And all the time is practical Christianity increasing, is it even maintaining its ground, in Ireland? Various facts would suggest that it is not, and the Lenten Pastorals appear to tell a similar story. Yet there are bishops who neglect, if they do not dislike, the potent Gaelic factor.

In another order, Lord Longford, in "Ireland To-Day," describing a dramatic tour of the country, says that "talkies" have "debauched the public taste." I have a feeling that the effect of such inartistic montrosities as "talkies" can be no more than superficial, but perhaps it would not be wise to base much hope on that. Constructive and creative work on Gaelic lines is the way of intellectual and social salvation. And its spiritual value should not need to be stressed.

A new number of "Bealoideas" is a reminder of how well one engaging phase of the work continues to be fostered. These 140 pages from An Craoibhin, Seamus O'Duilearga, Sean O'Dubhda, and other friends, provide romantic, exciting, or curious tours for our imagination. We are borne far from all troublesome problems.

WE have glimpses of Tir na nOg, and fare anew with the Fianna, whose magic is inexhaustible. It is all part of the greater Ireland. It would be good to have the whole nation, lay and clerical, spending a while over such stories. It would freshen and brace them for the tasks and trials of habitual life.

John Th. Honti of Budapest contributes a learned article on Celtic Studies and European Research. It is attractive to think of such workers in the so-called "small" and "great" nations, in these days when so much of the "news" from Europe is crudely sensational or inhuman. It is also encouraging to find how far-extending is the interest in Irish possessions of which we do not always make as much as we ought ourselves.

Theories and theses about folklore, surveyed by Honti, are not indeed conclusive. Folklore has to fare much farther afield as a deeper, for reasons in the month. But meanwhile we find attraction in the lo.

The Ireland that is a land of lore and romantic tale for hundreds of years had a deeply religious nature. The sense of wonder and the spiritual sensibility were not incompatible; quite the contrary. Like the Kingdom of Heaven the immortal Ireland is within, and her borders are always Wonderland.

ROGER CASEMENT

"Take me back to Ireland and let my bones lie there."

Ireland owes a debt of gratitude to the Roger Casement Committee in London for the great gesture they have made in response to that dying appeal, the only appeal made by this brave and true Irishman, when he was sentenced to death, in August, 1916.

In a "reasoned statement respecting a nation's desire to honour a patriot," Mr. G. Allegham has made a clear, logical, and very able protest against the defiant retention of the mortal remains of Roger Casement in foreign soil. There is no word left to describe this callous denial of a nation's demand, except the word *vindictiveness*. Casement's is a unique case. His "crime" was called Treason, and his sentence was that of a criminal murderer. With his fate foredoomed, the English Government feared the repercussions among even the English people. They knew that Casement's work for his own country was only second to his great work for humanity. They knew that the civilised world was aware of his success. They knew why Casement returned their own tawdry-shoddy title, which lost its meaning to a true-born Irishman! But they stooped into the gutter to heap mud on Casement's character. They tried a two-fold murder, and the greater of the two was the attempted murder of his good name! Just as Finlay's plot was exposed, and the gold coins, the price of the murder, shown to the world, so Doctor Maloney has exposed the plot and the plotters for the betrayal of Casement! "Those who for Freedom fall, never shall die!" Casement ranks among the foremost of our 1916 martyrs. When a demand for their mortal remains was made by some of the relatives of the men who are buried in Arbour Hill barrack-yard, a demand to have their bodies restored, for burial in Christian soil, the late Doctor O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, wrote that "every inch of the soil of Ireland was hallowed by the blood of martyrs!" Casement has lain for nigh 17 years in the unhallowed ground of a criminal prison in England!

"Another dead for Ireland's cause, Dead by the force of alien laws! Dead! Murdered on a gallows tree—Not as a soldier's death should be. Write not his epitaph: the seal Of his great heart none can reveal; He loved his God, with true man's pride For Ireland lived, for Ireland died."

In the name of God, let us all, all who lay claim to the noble name of Irishmen, let us join in the work for which the Roger Casement Committee in London has pointed the way, and let us not rest until the last wish of Roger Casement is fulfilled—*Bring Casement home.*

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* * * * *

D'éas i lár na míosa seo caitte Tomás Ó Críomhann. Ní raib iongnáth orainn nuair eualamar go raib sé "ar an t-uaireall," mar a cuir sé féin é i t-uaireall a mácar 'sa leabhar 'An t-Oileánac.' Do réir a feallsamhacá fén bí a tráic tagta. Mar do glac sé féin le bás gac duine b'annsa leis, sin mar ba mian leis go nglacpaimis-ne an sceal so comh maic. Deir Turgéniv gurab iongnáth a laocá, a éinne, a socaire a glacáir na gnáit-Rúisig leis an mbás. Sin mar a glacáir na hoileánaig leis, agus sin mar is cóir a glacáir. Fura buan a anam i bParratás Soillseac. Tá iarracht déanta 'san d'án beag ar an leacánaí so ar éileabráid cóir 'fearaí d'ó.

* * * * *

Tá "Cáiss an tOcéais" arís tagairt. Ainsear aiseirige. Is dóig linn gur páda arís uaimn tairlingic an aingil, aet ní gá beir a' sult leis sin go síor. Tá obair ann le déanam duitse agus dúinne. Ní luza de do creideam nac dtugann Dia foillsiú miorbuitteac ar a iot-comactaib gac lá duit. Ní cóir go mba luza de do creideam as an náisiún so Gaedéal ná fuil borraí na

sprioc le motactáil ann timceall ort go soiléir. Tá ráirte ceana annso gur dóig linn go bfuil seal páda rómainn 'sa tír seo—ainsear siotcána, ainsear oio-creidim agus pacfuaire agus seirb-tin maidir le cúrsaí náisiúntais. Aet do conaite an tír seo tréimse dá leicéirí oiread ó ré Parnell go dtí Cáiss 1916. Agus féuc an méir a deinead 'sa tréimse sin ar maic leis an gcuid is luac-maire de'n oireadac náisiúnta—an teanga. Níl aet beag bris 'sa méir a deinead ó soim i gcom-práir leis. Nílmió-ne pós aet a 'baint úsáir as an adbar a cuiread ar págail dúinn ins na blianta san ó 1891 go dtí 1914. Anois feasta agaimn aga cún ar gcion féin a déanam. Agus tugaimis fé le móir-misneac. Níl de d'it aet creideam. Tiocpaíó fúntas le h-ainsir.

* * * * *

Ainsear cóimhionóla an Cáiss. Tagairt cumainn le céile le'n a gcuspóirí a aetnao-caine agus a cur ós comhair an pobail. Beir cló imitige air seo sara mbeir Comhóil na Muinteoirí Náisiúnta i gCorcaig, Comhóil na Meán-Muinteoirí i bPortlárige, Comhóil Cumainn Lúit-Cleas Gaedéal, Comhóil Connrad na Gaedilge, agus cumainn nac iad, fé seol. Cumainn tábaetaca iad san uilig—cumainn aetá preamhuigte i n-icir na náisiúnta, cumainn go mbraiteann go mór treoirí pobail na héireann orta. Tá dultas trom orta agus b'fearr dóib féacaint euge. Ní gnátaí do teact uata aet gaoí agus clamsán. Cloisimis malairt goa an tráic so. Chuiris eil go brátaí ar an leime, an pac-fuaire, an t-easbaí seasamhacá, i leir Gaol-uinne agus a mbaineann léi. Ní gáí daoine eile do cáinead. Ní gáí don blaomann áir i t-uaireall an té ná fuil liom tá sé im' coinnib. Tá níos mó ná ár nócáin de sin fácta agaimn le tamall. Aet gac cumainn agair do tabairt i ndáirírib ar an gceist. Bíod muingin aca as an gcine go seasair ar a son. Agus tar gac níó tugairis treoirí agus sompla dúinn.

cúinne na b'pílead.

AR BÁC COMAIS UÍ CRÍOMHANN.

1.

In úir a sinnsear cuiread é 'na luige le h-ais na dtonn—
An t-ugdar caoin fuair sean ó báir a's saoi—
Go traocá pann.
An uail do leat i gcéin "A leicéirí airis ní cuirear ann."

2.

Go mba sám do shan a píolair ghoide na mbeann,
féu' éré-cuile úr,
D'éis cráo a's buadairt, a's fulaing diabal a's deamán
fé spéaréaib duairc—
I ndán duit feasta coitlaíó ciúin féu' fóu-ghlas nua.

3.

Níor gníomh gan truaí an buille stop do éroide,
Do tuisgint gáir;
Ba doibinn dult 'san uair do mian gan claoidead,
fé doirtead déar:
Nár milltead duit beir beo 'sus rún do éroide in éas?

4.

Do éil is buan id' éis a's beir go fóill.
Is suairc do cás.
Do buadais duais nac baogal a dult an peodad.
Do élaoidis an bás.
Is nómaí an t-siorruioct éall, a's i b'pus ní luza do spás.

5.

In úir a sinnsear éir le h-ais na dtonn
Tá a corp 'na luige;
I ndútaig éaoin, i mbaile cois na h-adann
Beir a aiseirige—
A comais uí Críomhann séim do bás ag Gaedil is d'it."

— "Caoimhín."

1 meas na leabhar

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"Before I embarked on the ship I took a look at the crew—and her commander—the ship that you and others mistook in forty-three, for a war frigate because she hoisted gaudy colours and her captain swore terribly: I knew her at once for a leaky collier-smack, with a craven crew to man her, and a forsworn dastard and doubly forsworn traitor at the helm."

Ba d'ána agus ba ceann an cáinnic i sin agus i do teact ó'n té aub-airt—Seamas Piontáin Ó Leatlobar—d'itreaadac ainmáit nár aig-isead tráic ná tuairisg uair i gcúrsaí náisiúnta, gur brúic na príotail piacmára seo uair 'nár teit sé é féin roir corp agus anam istead 'sa "Déana Daogail." Níl don amhras ná gur bain an leicir do béir agus preab agus bíod as an Dubtác macánta, agus 'se an t-iongnatas ná gur sgaoilead i gcló riam i. Tugaimis creideamaint do'n Dubtác, gur aicín sé an geniús agus an d'itreaadac agus an fírinne atá ag borraí 'sa cáinnic agus gur bíod do'á gear-cúis ná'r suarac 's ná'r fóllam an té do' ugar dóib.

San cáinnic d'ána neamspéadac so tug Seamas Piontáin Ó Leatlobar a d'ubslán féin d'ingaois poilitic-eacta bí fé réim ar fuair fóla le na linn agus arb é an Conallac ghoide a príom-fáirí a soisgeal-áirde. Níl don d'it ná gurab d'ána an gníomh do gni—cat o' fógairt ós áir agus i gcom-clós do pobal na h-Éireann, ar léomán na teangan liomta—ar iordal an pobail. Arb eol do an basacá a fuair Dáibis boct, nuair o'iomnsaig sé an "Cioránac" ar l'ic a teinteáin féin? Mar "Cioránac" inóair-iré d'eac an Conallac ins na bliad-nta deireannaí san o'á ré, rud a

deimniúeann Seán Misteala agus doinne eile a raib sé de mí-áir orta teact fé n-a d'orn nó fé faobar a teangan sgamalaigé mí-trócairige. Aet cairs sin agus uile ba d'ian agus ba millteac an breic ag Fintan Lalor é, agus ní raib 'sa méir sin féin aet tosac na pléide. Ba seact miltige mar a damnuigeann sé an Liberator ins na h-iarractaí a scriob sé na d'iaró sin 'san "Náisiún" agus 'san "Irish Felon."

Prionsabail Éinnite v. Blaomann folam.

Agus cuimnigimis nárb fear gaoite nó blaomann é an fáir nua so. Is leor d'aoinne a déanfaíó scrúdaí ar na leicreaca fuinn-eamla piocmára uo leis gur cúrsaí ba mó agus ba d'áiríre ná cúrsaí blaomann ba seim agus ba cúram do'n b'fear a breac iad. Fear é seo atá inóairíre. Fear é seo atá ar mire buile le ceann d'áiríre. Agus 'na teannta san soisgealáirde isead é—soisgealáirde a b'fuil soisgeal le craobsgaoilead aigé, agus deimín déanta aigé de go b'fuil slánúgáí an náisiúin ag brat ar an soisgeal só, agus ar an tsúige a cuirear i b'fíom é. Agus bí an fear so cinnite de féin agus o'á soisgeal agus éreir sé go raib slánúgáí na h-Éireann ann o'á mb'áil leis an pobal claoide leis agus troir ar a son. Seo an príom-veipir a bí roir Fintan Lalor agus an Conallac agus a leicéirí eile 'sa Conciliation Hall—bí cuspóirí deardáca cinnite aigé, bunaigíte ar fírinm móra feallsamhacá a cuair go dtí smior agus smúsac agus iocáir-préam na beata daonóda. Rud eile ba léir do'n duine gear-cúiseac inntleactamail seo ó tosac, nárb fear buan é an Conallac—gurab fear gaoite agus blaomann riam é, ná raib feallsamhac ar

b'it aigé arb fíu tráitín é leat-is-amuig de'n Ethical experiment—moral force and Repeal—the means and the end: Arcades Ambo balmy Arcadians both. Cuairis a noubaire an Conallac i rit a saogail cuairis imeasg na milté milliún focal a aiseas sé as a acpuinn miorbuiticis agus déan áir-eam agus cunnatas ar an méir o'ioí a raib éipeac buan leó—a bí mím-láigte 'sa b'fírinne buan do-átrúigíte. Agus nac iongnatáí leat a' luigeat! Áirimigeann Seán Misteala dá ceann—an rud a dtugann sé an "Ethical experiment" air agus an feallsamhac náireac d'iamasluigtead uo atá breagnaigíte ar ócáirí gan cunnatas i stair suairte na tíre seo—an teagasc meacta mí-fearamail uo i t-uaireall doirtead folá agus saoirse. Amnsan an éist—céaró é an "vital voice" imeasg an ciot fealltóirí sin a bí ag gearraíó uaga an náisiúin Gaedéil? Ag sin agaib é—an mairtíreac crapta suarac so a raib inntleact an áirdaingil féin aigé—Fintan Lalor. Eistigimis leis an b'fear so—leis an ngut lag bíveac so—nuair atá sgamaill agus deatac púdar pléascáig an Conallac imitige n-a ceo tríó an aer—"Political rights are but paper and parchment—it is the racial constitution that determines the character and condition of a people—that makes and moulds the life of man." Beag an t-iongnatáí go b'fuil an Conallac agus a teagasc com-marb le Queen Anne—nóir buaine é ná a corp féin. Aet mairpíó teagasc agus feallsamhac an mairtíris boict leicte uo—Fintan Lalor—com páda agus a beir éag-cóir ceal leigis in-Éirinn iatglais.

Fáca le neart an Conallacis.

Don rud amáin eile atá ag déanam mearbail do móran macléiginn a

bíomn ag casaí le stair na linne sin do tuisgint—cat a d'áil muintir na h-Éireann nó cat é an ceo milt-úigíte a bí ar a n-aigé agus cat é an marb-buan a bí ar a meabair nár léir dóib a náimíde seacas a gcairde? Cat na taob gur leana-dar luét an fíll agus luét na mbreag agus eil do tabairt do luét na oileseacta agus na fírinne? Tá a mhiní san ar págail leis. Aineólas agus dailte ba cionntac leis—aineólas agus dailte d'uireasba oideacais agus oileamna. Níor aicín Gaedil d'eam a leasa agus a slánúigíte. Ní rabadar ollam i gceart do'n "Intellectual Leadership" bí n-a measc. Bí Seán (Ar lean ar l. a 11)

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TAIGHE AR AN LITRÍOCT



PRÓS

IV.

PEADAR COIS FAIRGE: SCÉALTA AGUS SEANÁS Ó BÉAL PEADAIR MÍC TUATALÁIN, SEANÁIDHE. SEÁN MAC SIOLLARNAÍ DO CHUASAIS AGUS DO CHUIR IN-EASAR.

Tá an leabar seo ar don d'ol, nác mór lé "Allagar na h-Innse" le T. Ó Críomhainn nó le "Clocá Sgáil" le Seán Ó Dálaigh maidir le bun-aodhar. Ba congnam do d'úine réamrád Seán Míic Siollarnáit do léigean go curamach o'fionn an leabar do meas go cóir. "Is amlaíó a rinneadh an leabar seo," a' d'v' Seán, "bíod peadar mac tuataláin a' scéalaió-eaict dúinn agus cinneas ar a' cur seán-sgéalta a' sgríobhad uaid. Chugas paol deara gan moill gur mó an fionn a' bí air a' beic a' seánas ná a' sgríobhad-eaict. Séilleas dá fionn, agus bí an seánas cóim cruinn spéisúil aige gur t'osúigeas ar gac ar innis sé dom a' cur síos. . . . Ba gaeóilgeoir grinn, cumasac é a' raib noimnt seán-sgéalta aige agus seánas ar eirle míle ní. Bí saibhreas cainte aige, agus binneas béil, agus bí féic an sgríobhad cóim láidir ann go raib sé indon crot agus craiceann litearda a' cur ar sgréal a' stuaim féin. Ba iad na seán-sgéalta a' tarrainn suaitheantas luic poitumta gaeóilge ar d'ús air, ac ba gaeóil a' bí eólas aca air gur aicnióeas do mb'feárr ar gac bealaí a' cumadóinead féin ná na seán-sgéalta. . . ."

Tá aon treóir tábatac amáin agaim le poitum as an réamrád agus sé nio é ná so—ná fuit scéal an béaloireasa meabraithe a' peadar mac tuataláin agus pé cumas scéaluiocta béil atá sa leabar gurab é tonaí a' cumadóinead féin 'n-a iomlán é. An fion seánaróe, ní bionn an scéal a' ceapad as a' stuaim aige, bionn sé meabraithe aige 'n-a' cumme, focal ar focal beaghad, díreac mar a' táinig sé anuas ó glúm go glúm cuige. Bí an-saotru déanta ar an scéal béaloireasa sa tír seo, mar nác meabair doime amáin na cumas aigne aon glúm amáin a' fein é, ac saotru an cinró 'n-a iomlán a' bí ann, ar fead na scéadta mblian. An cóir, an t-slaic agus an maise ná'r b'fios do'n a' d'air do' eóil do'n mac é, sa t-slighe 's gur pás sé agus gur tug blac mar a' tábapad an plannad a' gaeóil it-eineal leas-aighe. Ní h-iongnad mar sin go b'fuit sain-tréide litríocta san scéal béaloireasa—stíle poirbte críochnúil, cainte gheanta, gúnta agus abairtí a' b'fuit binneas agus rit na filíocta ionnta.

Is fuirist a' aicint nác seánaróe é peadar mac tuataláin, pé d'úctas sgréaluiocta atá ann féin. Ní' agaim ac an d'ornán scéal béaloireasa do léigean cun an t-easnam san do brait, tá an stíle, an pictiúiread, an 'cóirú catá' agus an ealaíad in-easnam ortá. Ní mó tar cnáma an t-seán-sgéal atá aige, ní an feóil curta aige ar an sgréatlaic lom. A' tógaint an scéal do "Sgólóg na féasóige

léite" mar sampla, tá an scéal san, pé a' tarrac anime b'féidir, le págal fós ingac gaeóilge sa tír. Déarpaim go b'fuit sé ar ceann de's na sgréalta is mó crot agus is críochnáma déanam dá b'fuit imbeal-ordeas na gaeóilge.

O'airigeas féin innsint de sa m'umain agus ba ró-léir dom ar léigean innsint peadair m'ic tuataláin ná raib ann ac gaeóil-innsint in-a' cur focal féin. Tá an laige céadna le brait ar na seán-sgéalta eile a' t'ugann sé—"An mac 's pice," "An cáilleac d'óinneac," "Comas d'úide úirid," agus "An gírrpiad ar an m'buailte."

Deir an t-easardóir linn gur i' d'ús m'aircín breacnaig, fígea-dóir, o'fóglum peadar mac tuataláin "an seánas, an sgréalaró-eaict agus an gontact gaeóilge." Do réir deallraim seánaróe a' raib cáil air do bead m'aircín breacnaic, bí sé indán seán-sgéal o'airis o'á luic éisteaicta mar a' déanpad aisteoir dráma do léirid ar stáitse. Bí peadar mac tuataláin ar an luic éisteaicta; tug sé innsint dúinn-ne ar seán-sgéal an t-seánaróe, innsint a' raib an drámaróeact, an poirbteact focal agus an iomlá ne cáille ann. Muna mead ann ac o'fionn cotram na féinne do tábairt do'n déal-sgéal-uioct, ní cóir innsint de seán-sgéal do cur iscló go o'í go mbitear sásta gurab é an innsint is iomláine, is poirbte agus is mó slaic é dá b'fuit imbeal seánaróe na tíre.

Síad na h-eactraighe gaeóil sa leabar an cur is mó cairbe. Tugann sé noimnt eactraighe ar a' saogal féin, a' gaeóil agus a' cóimarsana—go mór-mór d'aoime a' b'fuit tréitúlaic éigin air a' baint leó (eg. a' Uncail Colm, spriúmlóir). Tá an t-aodhar scéil céadna in—"Allagar na h-Innise." Ac sé an cur is inspéise o'á seánas ná an cur síos a' t'ugann sé ar an nádúir—na h-éiss, na h-eánlaicé agus na mion-míolta. Fear é a' b'fuit gaeóil a' baine leis agus is beag a' bí i' saogal na nádúire 'n-a' timceall ná'r féad sé cur síos taitneamach a' tábairt dúinn air. Ba cóir leis molaí ar léit a' tábairt do'n d'cuairis a' t'ugann sé ar saogal na nádúire i' gconnamara—saotru an lin (leat. 54), an carr-aigin (leat. 58) agus nós na m'buailtead (leat. 60). Is mó nós a' t'eactcuioim muinntir conamara agus nác eóil do'n móir-tír iad. Is truaí ná'r claoir sé leis an aodhar san mar aodhar seánas, bí an ealaíad agus an gontact innste aige cuige, bí an t'earmuioct fairsing ar an nádúir agus ar gac a' baine le saotru fíir cuairis aige. Pé mar atá is fíir go mór an leabar a' molaí agus a' cur i' gcomórtas le "Allagar na h-Innise" maidir le pictiúirí gaeóil gontac beóda ar d'aoime, nó le "Clocá Sgáil" maidir le t'earmuioct agus eur síos ar saogal na nádúire, ac is ró-léir laige innste an sgréil béaloireasa ann nuair a' cuirtear i' gcomórtas leis an "Seánaróe Mumneac." é.

filíocht

Dun-tréite na filíocta gaeóilme do meas le h-intinn scéim d'úctasac léirneastóireadta do ceapad.

'Craiftine' do scríob.

IV.

An t-Samluioct 'sa b'filíoct

gaeóilme (ar leanamaim).

Is mó slighe 'na d'cuigimíó pé ndeara teirce na samluiocta 'sa b'filíoct d'úctasac. Ní gac a' cur cummeam neomac ar aodhar na filíocta. Is anois a' t'ugimíó tábatac na fíirne a' luadad 'sa céad aiste de'n t-srait seo, ná fuit a' cur dá mór-aodhar 'sa b'filíoct gaeóilme—poitíoct agus creiream. Ní h-amlaró nác féidir filíoct samluig-teac do scríobad ar an dá aodhar san. Féac Lycidas agus Paradise Lost. Ac somplai pánaíad iad san 'nár árdúigead ar fead scaitím an poitíoct agus an creiream go plána neam-cóitciainta pé a' d'úide samluiocta sáir-fíle. Ac 'sa gaeóilme tá an filíoct ceangailte de'n dá aodhar san de síor agus ní táinig aon Milton riad ar ar gceine.

An claoíad cun fuirimílaicta.

Sé aic is mó ámtac 'na scrú-uigear easbad na samluiocta ná 'sa claoíad cun fuirimílaicta atá le feiscint ná'r b'filíoct d'úctasac o'n d'osac. Tá sé le feiscint 'san múnlaí a' t'osadad agus a' com-easbad 'na beataíó go o'í 1600 a.d., 'sé sin an Dán Díreac. Níor m'íde b'féidir a' tréide san do scrúu tamall. Tá fíis a' gheite coitciainta a' gac. Meadraic siollabac neam-aicimínta é go raib rialaíad d'aingeana dá ceangal maidir le h-uimíir na siollab 'sa line, uimíir na h-uam 'sa line, com-ardai, amuis 7 rl. Bí ana-cúir sag-sanna ann de, ac b'í an ceann ba coitciainta ná an d'uibíde. Má scrúuigimíó ceatrama 'sa mead-raic san d'fóimíó ní h-amlán na teórannta a' cur an meadraic san le scaoitteact, samluioct, liri-eaict, ac tréite coitciainta lit-earda na filíocta go léir a' ceapad 'san Dán Díreac. Tógaimis ceatrama as "Cuirim Seán Suidge" le pádraigín naicéad.

Ag sin uam i' mbeagán briatar dun mo teasta ar tír an óir,— éire somplai soiléir párrtais, bárrtais oilem corera cóir.

Cad iad na rialaíad a' bí le coim-líonad ag an b'píle.

(1) Cáit sé o'ct siollab a' beic 'sa céad agus 'san tríú line agus seact siollab a' beic 'san dara agus 'san ceatru line.

(2) Cáit sé siollab 'sa mbreis a' beic ag focal veirid an céad line ar focal veirid na dara line. Rinn an t-ainm speisialta a' b'air sin. Cáit sé siollab 'sa mbreis a' beic ag focal veirid na tríú ar focal veirid na ceatru line. Áird-rinn a' ainm siro. Féac:— Briatar, Óir; párrtais, cóir.

(3) Cáit sé uam a' beic ins gac line, 'sé sin dá focal ar a' lingeao ins gac line a' beic a' t'osad ar com-consan nó ar gúta:—mbeagán, briatar; teasta, tír; somplai, soiléir; corera, cóir.

(4) Cáit sé Trí h-Amuis a' beic aige 'san dá line d'uirid, 'sé sin trí focal ar aon fuaim, mar atá:— somplai, corera; soiléir, oilem; párrtais, bárrtais.

Cuimníg ar an gceangal a' cur na rialaíad san ar an b'píle a' t'osad do ar aodhar ar b'ic. An iongnad é filíoct na gaeóilme 'sa Dán Díreac a' beic neam-scaoitte, neam-liticeac, neam-tamluig-teac. Níor b'féidir an focal a' cur in-oiriúint do'n smaoineam—ac bí an smaoineam pé réir ag t'osad na b'focal. Uimíir aicite siollab, óróir aicite ar na siollab, fuaiméanna aicite cinnte o'n d'osac. 'Sé is mó is iongnad gur eirig leis na filí rúo ar b'ic ar poitím do scríob 'sa múnlaí san. Comarata ar so-lúb-taict na ceangan, ar líonmaire a' foctóra, gur eirig leó.

Tréite filíocta 'sa múnlaí so.

O'féapad an d'úine is d'úille iad a' coimream. Easbad litriceadta, céad ceann, mar scaoitteact agus saoirse is gac le h-ágaró liri-eaicta. Easbad ceoil, de bárr an neam-aicim. Mio-náóirteact agus ró-ealaíad priotail, de bárr beic a' freasdal ar na rialaíad. Seánaróe focal, de bárr easbad focal le h-ágaró comfuaime. Seánaróe gramadaige. An iomad de ceat-ammas píleatá—airis le h-intinn na rialaíad a' coimead. Maordáic gluaiseadta. Easbad ritime. Agus tar gac nio fuirimílaict. Tá an Dán Díreac com fuar na tréite ar an iomlán agus a' cumad ariam le múnlaí.

Buaine na d'Tréite san.

Nuair a' t'ioctam ar ball ar scrúu tréite an amráin ba cóir na tréite atá luairde cuas do coimead ná'r n-aighe, mar do maireadad cur aca i' b'pad t'réis mteact i' léis do'n múnlaí ar d'íob ó ceart iad. Gaeóil-par curó maic des na tréite san fíir ar na h-amráin, rud a' léirig-eann cad é a' buaine nádúir ceangan.

"Our Boys."

Do fuairas cóp do'n páipéar inspéise sin "Our Boys" le déanaige, agus do taitín na breácta beaga gaeóilge agus na pictiúirí a' gabann leo tar cionn lóim. So veimín d'uit agus go'beardéa, ba mór a' b'fíú do na gaeóil óga an páipéar do léigean gac uam o'á gaeóiltear amac é. Gaeóilad síad cuntaisí breagta ann ar iomad neite a' baineann leis an saogal gaeóilteac.

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GAELS & GAELDOM

A CAUSERIE ON CURRENT CONCERNS

By Vigilant

March's Wash Out.

The excessively adverse weather during the month of March was responsible for the large amount of inactivity on Gaelic fields Sunday after Sunday rain came down in more or less large supplies, irrespective of the importance of "fixtures" and the anxiety of officials to bring them off. It is to be hoped that "the man who holds the watering pot" will make amends honourable during the month of April.

The National Festival at Croke Park.

The annual hosting at Croke Park on St. Patrick's Day was of course the outstanding event of the month, and was luckily one of the real outstanding few fine days served up by the clerk of the weather. The Railway Cups always bring a big crowd of holidaymakers to Croke Park and the present occasion was no exception. Naturally enough the threatening of ominous clouds and some rain in the early hours of the morning deterred many from travelling up from the provinces, but yet a goodly crowd braved the elements and were appropriately rewarded by a splendid improvement in the weather, and two interesting contests.

From "Jones's Road" to Croke Park.

The work of reconstructing Croke Park and bringing it to that perfection that will give it the status of the leading sports venue in Ireland is making headway, though not as rapidly as many of us would desire. In the crowds that thronged the grounds on this occasion there were very many who could cast back their minds to the days when this place was known as "Jones's Road Grounds" and the "City and Suburban Sports Grounds," which was remarkable for trotting races and professional and semi-professional sports. There were from time to time several revivals of these trotting meetings, the last of them I remember was held on the Easter Sunday evening of 1916. The late Mr. Butterley was owner of the grounds before the property came into the possession of the late Mr. Frank B. Dineen, who in the days of his youth was one of the best sprinters of his time on the track. In after years he at different times filled the position of President and Secretary of the Gaelic Athletic Association. He knew more about athletics in general and certainly left behind him a great name as one of the most competent handicappers that ever conducted a meeting. Dinneen was a native of Ballylanders, Co. Limerick, and was in many respects a very remarkable personality. The first athletic

meeting I ever reported Dinneen was the handicapper, and the remarkably close results in the different events he handicapped with such judgment made me anxious to see more of him. He was at that time Chairman of the Athletic Council of the G.A.A., and was attached to the staffs of the *Freeman's Journal* and *Sport*, which was published weekly from the same offices. It was at the Deerpark Grounds, Carrick-on-Suir I first, came into personal touch with him and it was Maurice Davin of world athletic fame who introduced him to me. From that time on to the rather sudden end of his earthly career we were always on close friendly terms, though we held very different opinions on many matters. But I am digressing. It was from Dinneen that the Central Council of the G.A.A. took over the old venue and a special tournament for senior hurling and football leading teams was organised and produced some great contests and raised a large amount of money. It was in this tournament that Kerry and Louth played one of the greatest football games ever witnessed in any country, and it ended in a drawn game. The replay brought an even greater attendance of the public. This Croke Memorial Tournament also defrayed the cost of the Archbishop Croke statue in Thurles, and of the reconstruction of the Confraternity Hall. There is a vast difference in the old grounds with the footy "Grand Stand" and balcony and the expansive alterations and improvements now in course of completion.

The 1937 Railway Cups.

The finals played on St. Patrick's Day for the Railway Cups were not remarkable for big displays of spectacular play, but they were both good games, and both in the football and the hurling contests the second half-hour saw play at its best.

Connacht won the Football Cup, and deservedly so on their merits, but Munster certainly deserved more scores than they got. The Western Gaels played a faster and closer game right through. Munster's great defect was the looseness of combined action all through the first half-hour. In place of improving the defect as the minutes went by, it became more and more remarkable and a lot of great individual effort proved to be nothing more than a dissipation of much energy and squandered opportunities. In football at all events, it still looks as if "Kerry is Munster." But keen observers of discernment saw sufficient coincidence in this hour's work to know that if Kerry is to be Munster in this year's All-Ireland championship finals, there is vast room for improvement. I make no doubt at all as to the "Kingdom's" "material" and "determination," but the best material and the most vigorous determination availeth little without method, that perfect method of brain and action that I described long years ago as "Kerry's unique technique" in football. That certainly was not in evidence on St. Patrick's Day, no, not even during the best passages of Munster's play during the closing stages of the match.

Connacht fielded a good fast team with plenty of energy and "the will to win," but on the whole it was not a satisfying combination and only looked so much superior to their opponents simply because their opponents were so conspicuously the inferior side. Mayo has now a

deservedly fine reputation in the football arena, but it will take a lot more than this latest exhibition to sustain that reputation unless there is a general and decisive decline in the standard of the game. One of the very strong points that gave victory to Connacht was that there seemed to be much more Generalship about their movements with a keener sense of direction than Munster ever showed during the hour's test.

Munster's Triumph.

Munster's Hurlers as was generally expected secured the Hurlers' Cup, but there were times during the second half-hour's exciting play when Munster's prospects looked anything but secure. In the hurling contest Munster showed superior combination and quickly settled down to play a hard, strenuous game. It was a great pity that the Leinster men had not the advantage of playing even one game together when the selection was made finally. It was a right good team that gave nothing soft and travelled at top speed all the way to the finish, but even at the most rosy moments of its prospects it never seemed to get above its defects. The hurling was splendid and brimful of thrills, especially during the second half-hour. There was no buoyancy in the sod after the intense rainfalls and snowfalls of the previous weeks, but there was buoyancy galore in the fleet-footed boys with the camans and flying leather ball that was good to see. During the football game Burke won rounds of deserved applause for his magnificent goal-keeping, and Tim O'Connell was performing magnificent feats of repeated skill between the Leinster sticks. The closer the game came to its finish, the more determined Leinster persisted in search of scores against a strong and exceptionally clever line of Munster's trusty defenders. This battle of great hurlers against great hurlers was the outstanding treat of the day. It was magnificent and fought out in a sporting spirit mid the appreciative applause of the thousands. Munster deserved their victory, but on the play there was very little between the rivals.

The All-Ireland Congress.

All is ready for the Annual Congress of Gaeldom in Dublin on Easter Sunday. Like the progress reflected so obviously in the concrete reconstruction of Croke Park the recent annual Congresses of Gaeldom held in our capital also reflect every tangible progress on the part of the Association. Let us devoutly hope that the Gaelic Athletic Association is also making some small share also of the progress that is not the material brand, smelling pungently of the earth earthy—the progress of spirit of the Gael. Fifty-three years ago the Gaelic Athletic Association fought its way into existence amid sneers and jeers of Irish seoninism, and the fierce opposition of Britain's "planted garrison" in Ireland. Immediately this West British element at a meeting in Dublin sentenced "this Gaelic thing" to death as "a self-constituted body." The fight was fierce, but the "Gaelic thing" rooted in the people and guided by determined Irishmen soon made an end of the self-constituted opposition, so strong in the faith that all native sports, pastimes and customs had been eradicated from the soil of Ireland, soon found to its cost that national self-respect was still a living force in the land, and strong enough to reassert itself. It was just as well that the National Athletic Association experienced this rough passage into existence because it had the effect of stimulating it as a fighting force in defence of national aspirations and traditions. It is as such a force in the life of the country that the G.A.A. has sur-

vived through adversity to prosperity, and it is as such a force that the G.A.A. must be sustained.

Memories of the Past.

Those of the old guard of Gaeldom can scarcely help recalling men, matters and memories of the past when annual All Ireland congresses were held at Thurles, the birth-place of the Association. If our paper had one hundred pages it could be easily filled with memories of these dear old days of fierce but honest clashes of opinion, relieved by humorous incidents. In later years as the Association was continuously swelling in numbers and influence, there was an annual increasing feeling that the capital of Ireland was the most fitting centre for the annual congress. The Dublin delegates—a particularly able bunch at the time—including the late Mr. F. Crowe, Dan McCarthy, J. J. Hogan, D. Burke, led on this move which was naturally strongly opposed by the Tipperary delegates supported by other counties. I can still in fancy see the late "Andy" Mason, God rest his honest soul, raising his voice in excited expressions of indignation against "takin' the child out of the cradle in which it was born and reared." In vain delegates reminded him that the "child" was no longer a child, and that it had reached manhood's years. "Michael Cusack," snapped Andy, "always called Thurles the cradle of the G.A.A., and that is enough for me."

In Dublin.

At last the time came when the Congress at Thurles decided to hold the annual convention at Dublin and the City Hall at Cork Hill was the venue. I can recall that Easter Sunday morning when the palatial precincts of the Dublin City Hall first housed an annual congress of Gaeldom representative of all Ireland. It was indeed a big change from Thurles, but with all its "finery" and atmosphere of affluence it left many of us cold, for it lacked the glamour that has clung to Thurles for Gaeldom through the history-making years. There was nothing gaudy or garish about the old hall in the chief town of Munster's historic archdiocese where the Association was born and brought up. These were the days of the great and business-like debates, and of clear-thinking and straight talking. The Dublin City Hall nor no other place could ever take the place of Thurles for many of us despite all its splendid furnishing, upholstery and intensely polished brass fittings and valuable pictures as befitting a chamber for the accommodating of Dublin's "City Fathers." In company with Dan Fraher (Dungarvan), Pat McGrath (Tipperary), Larry Lardner (Athenry), Pat Larkin (Kiltormer), Tom Kenny (Craughwell) and Willie Walsh (Waterford), I walked across to Gaeldom's new scene of action, but we were not the first to arrive. Tom Coughlin and Con Kearney up from the "Banner County" and some others were already arrived.

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If only the men of Easter Week had won a military victory and the leaders had lived on to build up the Republic which they proclaimed twenty-one years ago!

Can you not imagine how Pearse would have planned and wrought for the re-Gaelicisation of Ireland under his presidency with the same ardour, high ideals and inspiring leadership as when he taught his young disciples at St. Enda's?

Can you not envision how he would have fashioned the character of the youth of Ireland in that heroic mould of the Craobh Ruadh code, and how he would have put into effect his own ideas of education?

Would he not have given added splendour to the spirit of the language revival and drawn satisfying inspiration from the Gaeltacht?

Do you not know that Connolly would have striven with all that mighty energy of his to have fulfilled, in consonance of Gaelic traditions of which he was ever mindful, the democratic programme enshrined in the Proclamation?

We would have no pratings of "corporative states" and imported "isms" were the great "Voice of Labour" here to give utterance to the tenets of true Christian socialism.

Would not Clarke and MacDiarmada—the one typical of the older, the other of the newer, tradition of uncompromising Fenianism—would not these two (if none else) have prevented any whittling down of the Separatist ideal?

And the other three executed signatories—Mac Donagh, Ceannt and Plunkett—had they lived, would not they have given lustre to Irish literature and art and music?

Twenty-one years ago they went out at the head of their brave band of comrades, the flower of Ireland's manhood, and they offered up their lives "that Ireland's soul might live."

But how are we justifying the sacred trust reposed in us? Are we being true to the ideals of liberty, of Gaelicism, of Christian democracy which the Irish Republic was established to fulfil?

For one thing, do we know what is meant by the slogan: "Up the Republic!" or do we try to know? Do we really mean to do our part in the task bequeathed to us by our martyred dead?

"The cause for which I die," wrote Sean MacDiarmada in his last letter before his execution, "has been re-baptised during the past week by the blood of as good men as ever trod God's earth."

What greater privilege could be ours than to follow in their path! What nobler lesson could we learn than the lesson of their unselfish and unceasing devotion to Ireland!

They did not put on a brave show of paraded patriotism on set occasions. They did not prate of records as achievements justifying future inactivity. They did not confine their work to mere motions at meetings and lectures to others. They did not stand idly by in a spirit of detached cynicism when nationality seemed all but lost.

Nor did they remain aloof from what Pearse called the ordinary routine of organisation. No, they strove in fair weather and in foul, by thought and word and action, for the cause they loved next to that of their religion.

It is that example that we should follow.

If you do send Easter Cards, make sure that you get those issued by Brian O'Higgins. But better than any Easter card especially for friends in exile, is a copy of the 1937 Wolfe Tone Annual.

It is replete with articles, stories and poems of the glorious fight in defence of the Republic in 1922, and brings back very forcibly the tragedy and the heroism of that period.

The biographical sketches of Cathal Brugha, Rory O'Connor, Liam Mellows, Dick Barrett, Joe McKelvey, Erskine Childers and others should be read by every Irish boy.

The poems by Rev. Dr. Patrick Browne, D.D., are an inspiration, and the articles on the "Joint Pastoral" of 1922 on "unauthorised murders" will be read with deep interest by all who went through that time of testing and tribulation.

The Wolfe Tone Annual, in an attractive coloured cover, is issued at 6d.; post free 8d., from Brian O'Higgins, 38 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin.

Naturally enough all Kerry men were proud of the St. Patrick's Day number of *The Kerryman*. It was a fine issue, and it is a pity that the other provincial papers do not imitate its example. I liked especially the historic review of the 'Tan days.



TWO THOUGHTS WITH A SINGLE MIND!

They've an Engagement to "See McHugh"—and to cycle for the Summer.

There are more using models from McHugh's because there are more models at McHugh's—why be satisfied with a substitute. "See McHugh" to be sure of Cycle Satisfaction.

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McHUGH HIMSELF, 39 TALBOT STREET

The rising generation is far too much out of touch with that period. The fraternal strife of 1922 at England's bidding, and the widespread emigration of the years 1924-9, broke many links with the heroic years from 1916 to 1921.

The provincial papers, by featuring events of local import during those eventful years, could do invaluable service to the nation in keeping the rising generation informed of the country's history.

Not only do we want to get back the 1916 spirit of sacrifice and heroism, but we want also to get back to the resource and courage and steadfast faith of each district during the years when the country responded to the call of '16.

There is a hockey club in Cobh which styles itself the "Queenstown Hockey Club." A nod is as good as a wink.

When I asked a Tipperaryman about the remark made at the Offaly Co. Board that "Tipperary had the better pull" with the Central Council, all he'd say to me was: "We've a pull all right. A tug it is, though. A tug-o-war, I'm tellin' you!"

The Roscrea correspondent of the *Midland Tribune* wrote this terrible indictment of the town:—

"St. Patrick's Day passed off very quietly. There was no language collection, very little display of Shamrock; and no evidence of the language. The forces at the moment contending in the various fields of endeavour, political, social and otherwise, are

apparently oblivious of anything cultural. Our schools even seem somnolent."

Surely in the historic old town of Roscrea there is some one to rally the young people and make the voice of Irish-Ireland heard there!

How is it that they have no camogie team in the city of Limerick? Has the fighting spirit of the "Siege" days waned?

It is good to hear that the Thurles Grounds are to be improved so as to accommodate 15,000 extra spectators. Such extension has been badly needed, as thousands were unable to see some of the games in recent years.

Rightly enough, too, the Munster Council made the stipulation that the town of Thurles should contribute a half share of the cost of the projected improvement scheme, the Council to grant the other half.

Surely the business people of Thurles, who have profited so well, and for so many years, by the mighty gatherings at Munster hurling championships, will appreciate the investment they are making by adding to the capacity of the Grounds!

Gaels of Munster are entitled to demand that the people of Thurles will do their duty in this matter.

The small committee working on the project would welcome new members and constructive suggestions. It is work, that should commend itself to all active Gaels, and I expect a big enrolment of members within the next few months.

It is heartening to see the manly young hurlers of the Faughs club gathered on Sunday evenings at the language classes and lectures, and to see them taking part in the Ceilidhe afterwards.

The Faughs Ceilidhe is held every Sunday night (8—11 p.m. 1/-) in Conarchy's Hotel, Parnell Sq., and anyone who relishes a real Irish Ireland entertainment of music, song and dancing should pay it a visit.

In the early days of the Gaelic League (as frequently pointed out by *Sliabh Bladhna*) there was no lack of descriptive writers to "write up" the many and varied activities of the League, and to write them in such a way as to do justice to their theme and to inspire others to take an interest in the work.

To day, there seems to be a dearth of such competent critics. Is it that we have lost discernment in pandering too much to the superficial requirements of propaganda?

But, truly, it is a pity that the talented and inspiring performances of the thousands of competitors in the numerous competitions of Feis Atha Cliath are not made known to a wider public.

It isn't that we are hiding our light under a bushel, but that we are not adjusting it to the right focus to make use of it to illuminate the dark places.

Again I appeal for readers' help in increasing the sales of AN GAEDHEAL. In many instances recently it has been reported that newsagents' supplies are sold out, and readers had to get their copies direct from this office.

They should have insisted on their newsagents sending the order for the extra copies to the wholesalers. Thus will circulation be increased.

Make a point of calling on your local newsagent during the coming week. Ask how sale of AN GAEDHEAL is progressing, and urge the ordering of extra copies.

At the same time canvass for new readers among your friends. Give them your copy to read. Tell them AN GAEDHEAL is the only paper in these days endeavouring to carry on the fight for Irish Ireland.

Make a special point of telling students that our new feature articles in Irish—the best of their kind, and invaluable for school programmes—are the very things needed to supplement their text books of prose and poetry.

The Castlecomer Golf Club announce the running of a Ceilidhe on Easter Sunday night! What do some of our hurling and football clubs who run *dawnces* think of that!

The Gaelic League of London had a huge success with their concert on St. Patrick's Night in the Covent Garden Opera House. What an example for us here at home!

CRAOB SEAM UÍ DÓNNA DÁIN,
Gateshead, Co. Durham.

"Do comoráid Céilidhe mhór na Craoibhe seo oróice lae 'le pádrais. Bí sluaas breas sa láthair roimh Gaeil ó Éirinn agus Gaeil ó Albain. 'Dó cáiteadán oróice suaire pléisiúrúla i gcuibreann a céile agus ba áca a bhí an taimse agus an ceol."

Arus na nGaedheal (All-Ireland G.A.A. Club) held its second successful Smoking Concert on March 16th, and already there are people enquiring about the third.

It is on such social occasions that the urgent need of central club premises in Dublin, where Gaels could foregather, is forcibly brought home to us.

When the Gaels resident in Dublin wish to meet the visiting Gaels in town on the eve of a big match, they have no headquarters where all can join together in friendly intercourse.

But there are far more advantages to be gained from the possession of the club premises contemplated by *Arus na nGaedheal*, and they are so important that it makes one wonder why so many people ignore them.

Such a Club would provide recreation rooms for ceilidhe, concerts, drama, chess, gymnastics, cards and so on. Why not boxing, too!

There would be rooms for reading, where a reference library of books and periodicals of Gaelic interest could be maintained.

The fact that Gaelic organisations and societies could hold their meetings there would make the place a recognised rendezvous of Irish Irelanders.

In short, *Arus na nGaedheal* would be a cultural as well as a recreational and organisational headquarters.

An Saeóéal

The Voice of Irish-Ireland

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Remember Easter Week!

WE recollect at Easter the Proclamation of the Irish Republic. We recollect, in terms of Pearse's and Connolly's teaching, our unbroken tradition of nationality, our period of early nationhood, our people's sacrifices through the centuries to stand erect again, our leaders' organisation of the republican idea since Tone, and finally and above all, the establishment of that idea on the Proclamation of the Republic to become physically operative with definite results achieved. In the Proclamation we read: "We hereby proclaim the Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades-in-arms to the cause of its freedom, of its welfare and of its exaltation among the nations. . . . The Republic guarantees religious and civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens and declares its resolve to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation and of all its parts, cherishing all the children of the nation equally." The Irish nation, through these few words, gave the momentum in which we move, the lead that it is of prime importance that we should understand, and the guidance that we can only understand by a study of the writings of Pearse and Connolly, the men in whose minds the Irish nation condensed the teaching of centuries to express it in that document of our race, The Proclamation of the Irish Republic.

Pearse's "Political Writings and Speeches" and Connolly's "Labour in Ireland."

Pearse's "Political Writings and Speeches" and Connolly's "Labour in Ireland" are works that should be in every Irish home. The former traces, principally, the political and armed aspects of Irish nationhood; the latter, the economic aspects: and all three aspects must be attended to, for, as an individual requires muscle and nerve to make adjustment to environment, vertebrae to maintain that adjustment and internal structure to absorb and assimilate from environment, so, equally, a nation requires a political system, an armed system and an economic system for analogous purpose of the nation's adjustment, maintenance and existence. Pearse went down to fundamentals and showed our ancient spiritual tradition of nationality as our spiritual impulse towards the restoration of our nationhood, towards our desire to stand erect and not crouched beneath the khaki of an empire, as we are still in the Six Counties—though straightening up. He showed that as the basis of our desire for freedom and, above all things, our consequential desire for separation. He went back to the period of our freedom, and traced as separatist action the entire chain of resistance since 1169. "The chain of Separatist tradition," he tells us, "has never once snapped during the centuries. Veterans of Kinsale were in the '41; veterans of Benburb followed Sarsfield. The poets kept the fires of the nation burning from Limerick to Dungannon. Napper Tandy of the Volunteers was Napper Tandy of the United Irishmen. The Russell of 1803 was the Russell of 1798. The Robert Holmes of '98 and 1803 lived to be a Young Irelander. Three Young Irelanders were the founders of Fenianism. The veterans of Fenianism stand to-day with the Irish Volunteers. So the end of the Separatist tradition is not yet."

The Separatist Principle.

Pearse found that Separatist principle first fully formulated by Tone. He quotes the well-known two sentences beginning "To subvert the tyranny of our execrable Government, to break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects." He holds "all Irish nationalism to be implicit" in the words of these sentences. Tone's utterances contain within them all subsequent teaching, as the seed contains the fuller life. They contained especially the teachings of Davis, Lalor and Mitchel, and all four Pearse regards as the Fathers of the movement. All four were, first and foremost, Separatists and, otherwise, exponents of other aspects of the general principles of nationality and nationhood. Davis made clear the spiritual facts of nationality the need for spiritual and intellectual separation and the need, to that end, for re-developing the inherited language of the people, their evolved means of adjustment to environment, "That the nation may live," wrote Pearse, "the Irish life, both the inner life and the outer life, must be

conserved. Hence the language which is the main repository of the Irish life, the folklore, the literature, the music, the art, the Social customs, must be conserved." We deduce from that that all things Gaelic must be conserved.

Armed Force.

Pearse found in Tone, Davis, Lalor and Mitchel unbounded reliance on separation—physical, intellectual and spiritual. It was their political and cultural means of reviving our nation and of adapting it to its world environment. He found also in them reliance on armed interference as the only operative means towards the attainment of separation. All were willing to accept constitutional steps leading towards their objectives, but all realized that such were inadequate and took their own steps to develop armed force within the national structure as an efficient and economical means towards the attainment of separation and nationhood.

Economic Objectives.

So far as to the political, cultural and armed objectives of the progenitors of the Republican movement. Next as to their economic objectives, we find also in Tone the germ of the idea of "equal opportunities" enshrined in the Proclamation, the germ of the idea of the reform of the selfish property system introduced by England. We find the same repeated in the democratic idea of Davis; and we find practical economic policy finally formulated in the mind of Lalor, and formulated in a manner in which it has since become operative in our partly developed systems of national ownership, peasant proprietorship and land division through which we retrace our steps to our ancient social system as visualized by Connolly, in relation to land and in relation to the immense items of property that have grown from land and mines since Lalor's time.

Gaelicism.

That the political, armed and economic principles of these men were accepted by Pearse and Connolly we need scarcely state. That they were developed we, however, wish to explain; and that they were developed by them into a system of Gaelicism is what we wish to suggest. Pearse developed from the separation of Tone and Davis the separatism of Gaelicism. His life was devoted to that aspect. He has given us our watchwords. It was, however, Connolly that gave us more fully the economic content of Gaelicism, Connolly that like Lalor, felt the pulse of the economic classes and that interpreted its beat in the bright light of his study of history and social science. He truly described his writings as "part of the literature of the Gaelic revival." We quoted previously his theory of "arrested development." We quote here again something more touching, something in which Connolly showed how the vital Gaelic life lived on. "Catholic women," he tells us, "were within the forbidden territory as wives of Protestant officers and soldiers, and by rearing up their children in their own faith, whispering old legends into their ears by day, or crooning old Gaelic songs to them at night, helped, consciously or unconsciously, to re-create an Irish atmosphere in the very heart of the ascendancy." Connolly, in that reference to the "whispering of old legends," and the "crooning of old Gaelic songs" showed his knowledge of that item of the technique of resurgence. He showed, too, an item that we now particularly require to remember, "that in the evolution of civilization the progress of the fight for national liberty of any subject nation must, perforce, keep pace with the progress of the struggle for liberty of the most subject class of that nation." He visioned the subversion of the Gaelic social and economic system of the past and the resurgence of that social and economic system in the future, with its Gaelic jurisprudence to give it effect in law. He saw his aims and sacrifice tending towards "the enthronement of the Irish nation as the supreme ruler and owner of itself, and all things necessary to its people—supreme alike against the foreigner and the native usurping ownership, and the power dangerous to freedom that goes with ownership."

A Plea for the Reading of Pearse and Connolly.

We plead for a wider and deeper reading of Pearse's "Political Writings and Speeches" and of Connolly's "Labour in Ireland." We plead for their inclusion in our libraries, for their establishment in our educational courses and examinations, and for their admission into our universities. Out of the Gaelic feeling and thought of centuries arose the feeling and thought of the young generation of 1916. Out of that arose the record of feeling and thought in the writings of Pearse and Connolly. Out of all arose the final syntheses in the Proclamation of the Irish Republic and in the references to freedom, arms and equal opportunities at its heart, the main impulses of the Irish life of to-day.

GOSSIP OF THE VILLAGE

By "An Fear Beag."

"I don't mind a bit what I see in the papers," Jamesy Heffernan was saying, "but I believe in sievin' an' sortin' it out for meself. A pack o' lies that's what do be in 'em an' a very small trifle o' truth. Sure what did the great Napoleon say of history? He said 'History is the fable that is agreed upon,' an' if Napoleon was alive to-day, he could say the same o' the newspapers."

"Jamesy," said Sean Ryan with mock solemnity, "you're a tough man."

"I'd want to be tough, an' to be alive these days," replied Jamesy.

"Hould aisy a minute let ye! What's that Cissy Doyle is tellin' John outside?" As she spoke, Minnie Murphy lifted back the corner of the curtain which hung betwixt shop and kitchen. "Did ye hear that?" she asked the assembly as she turned back her head, "Cissy Doyle says that Bridie Hanlon is after gettin' film struck."

"I'm sorry to hear of any harm befallin' any of Norry Hanlon's daughters. Is she much hurt, the poor girl?" asked Jamesy Heffernan.

"Ah you don't understand. 'Tis film struck she is, Jamesy, she is talkin' day and night about film stars an' wantin' to go to Hollywood."

"God help us, but sure when 'tis mental trouble with the poor girl, 'tis worse," murmured Jamesy.

"You're bothered about the whole thing, Jamesy," Sean Ryan explained. Bridie Hanlon is what is known as film struck, that is she is affected so much at watching cinema pictures that her sole desire now is to become a cinema actress."

"She is gone wild about Ginger Rogers," declared Cissy Doyle stepping into the shop. "She is dressin' up like her every day, an' she's givin' no peace to her mother, she's that mad to go to London."

"Poor Norry Hanlon," commented Jamesy. "I remember when she was rearin' her big family, the poor little woman usen't be able to lift her head out o' the wash tub, toilin' an' slavin' for 'em."

"Faith then, Jamesy, her daughter Bridie have none o' the look o' the wash tub about her," broke in Minnie Murphy. "Sure you must have seen her yerself in the shop last night, when you were passin' in?"

"The girl that stood at the counter with the little hat on the side of her head?" queried Jamesy.

"Yes, that was Norry Hanlon's daughter."

Jamesy stroked his chin meditatively. "Begor, 'twas the stink of perfume off her that made me look at her," he went on. "An' so that little wan with lips the same as if she was afther lickin' the inside of a jampot is Norry's daughter?"

"She is, then."

"Pon me word, when I looked at her red puss, an' her face the same as if she was afther wipin' it in a flour bag, I took her to be wan of the cracked straps up at Whitestown House."

"The young lady has been studying the art of make-up, Jamesy," Sean Ryan explained.

"Begor, 'tis a make-up she is for certain," agreed Jamesy, "an' sure the man that'll get that wan will be well made up, he will so, 'tis a bargain he'll get."

"He'll have to foot a weekly bill, Jamesy, for lipstick, powder, face cream, and a lot of other things," added Sean.

"An' the money to get her hair waved," interjected Cissy Doyle.

"Ah Sean Ryan," declared old Jamesy emphatically, "'tis the teachers are to blame for all this coddin' that's goin' on amongst the young people when they leave school. Fillin' their heads with nonsense ye must be, to have 'em as they are."

"You're wrong, Jamesy, this time," replied Sean. "I admit our daily programme is lacking in some things, but don't blame the schools for the new ideas which a lot of our young people have got. No, 'tis not the schools—'tis the cinemas."

"The schools to-day," asserted Sparky Flynn who had been a silent listener up to this point, "merely steam-roll the minds of the children in a modern process which is called education, and if . . ."

"Easy now, Sparky," interrupted Sean, "leave Jamesy and myself talk this thing out."

"'Tis talk an' all talk now!" blurted out Sparky. "Bejapers, Ireland is now a monster debatin' society, divided up into different sections." Content with this declaration Sparky rammed his pipe into his mouth, and pulled at it furiously.

"Jamesy," went on Sean "it is the cinema that is affecting our young people most deeply to-day. We teach the children Irish in the schools, and people wonder why they don't converse in Irish after leaving school. Well, 'tis like pouring water into a sieve except in a few cases here and there, for the pictures undermine the influence that the language has on them, at least that's my belief anyway. Life as it is depicted on the pictures simply reflects a pagan and an alien form of civilization that is deadly to national culture in the young mind. For remember, Jamesy, that in the pictures, morality as you know it is thrown to the winds, crime is vaunted as a new form of heroism, and all this thing is taking its toll amongst our children."

"An' if that be so, why not stop the pictures?" demanded Jamesy.

"Public opinion, Jamesy, public opinion," replied Sean, "we'd have to mobilize public opinion on our side first before we could tackle the picture business seriously."

"Well, 'tis wonderful how you can give a reason for anything," declared Jamesy. "'Tis a mortal pity I didn't think of something like that the day that little monkey man of an inspector wanted to make out there was warble fly on me few cattle beyant, an' they the cleanest lot o' cattle from here to Tipperary town. Yes, begor, I had right to say:—'look here me good man, before you interfere with them cattle, you'll have to prove to me that you have public opinion mobilized on your side.' Begor 'twould be a right sound reason for keepin' him out."

"Listen, Jamesy," interposed Sean, "the Government passed a law ordering the warble fly inspector to do his work, so that our cattle might be healthier, and that has nothing at all to do with the picture craze."

"An' if the Irish in the schools is to be killed by the cinemas, why the devil's father can't we have a law to prevent that too? Are the flies on the cow's backs more important than the black spots that are bein' put on the children's little minds and souls?"

"Jamesy, you fail to see that this picture business is affecting every country in the whole world. Everywhere both drama and music have practically gone down before the influence of the cinema show, and of course we could not hope to escape here."

"I still hould that we should strike

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at anything that keeps back the language," asserted old Jamesy.

"And I agree with you, Jamesy, but how are you going to do it?"

"Listen to me let ye," said Sparky Flynn, taking the pipe from his mouth, "'tis all talk but why don't ye do something? I'm sick hearin' about the pictures an' the harm they're doin'. Ye'd say, begor, that we were bound to go see 'em whether we liked it or not. Why not try an' give the people here something else instead of pictures? You have a fine lot o' fellows in your hurling team, Sean, why not get them to form a dramatic class? Anna Kelly, the captain of the Camogie team, could get a few of her girls to take part. Well, let ye select a good play. Produce the play in the hall above at Kilonan and then move about and produce it in the other parishes as far as Ballycrane. The money ye'll receive on the door will pay the travellin' expenses. An' when ye have that done ye can say ye have done something as far as the cinema craze is concerned."

"Put it there, Sparky," exclaimed Jamesy Heffernan, extending his hand, "if you're a bit contrairy itself, ye have a sound ould head on ye. Begor, the boys and girls here goin' around playin' a good Irish play would be something to keep the people out of the Jewman's cinema over in Ballycallan."

"I believe," went on Sparky, "if ye take this up an' make a success of it, that ye will have other clubs in the county followin' suit. What a splendid thing it would be if we could have a dozen amateur dramatic classes movin' about the country, what a number of plays we could give the people, an' what a change we could offer 'em towards the dirt of the cinema. Further 'tis a development o' something like this that could yet force public opinion to the point that it 'd call for a show down in the cinema business in regard to the harm it is doin'."

"Well, Sean, what have ye to say?" asked Jamesy, sitting back in his chair.

"I think, Jamesy," replied Sean, "that it is a very good idea."

"An' are ye goin' to go ahead with it?" enquired Jamesy.

"Well, that's easier said than done,

Jamesy. A thing like this takes a lot of doing."

"Listen to what I'm goin' to say to ye now, Sean Ryan," and Sparky folded his arms as he spoke. "We hear a lot about the dead who died for Ireland, God rest their immortal souls. But, tell me, aren't we a parcel o' hypocrites to be talkin' about our dead patriots an' we standin' by an' allowin' the things to go on that are happenin' in Ireland to-day. Answer me this question now, if wan of the poor lads who were shot in the trouble was suddenly to be told before his death, that in a few years' time English influences would come back again into Ireland, the very children would be corrupted, an' there would be none to lift a hand to save 'em. Tell me, Sean Ryan, on your word as a man, if that poor fellow goin' to be shot was told that, would he die happy? By heavens no! Sean, he would not, but I'd say he'd die cursin' those that were to come after him."

A hush fell on the group in the kitchen. It was Jamesy who broke the silence. "Well, Sean," he said, "that was straight talkin' for you."

"Sparky is right, Jamesy," said Sean Ryan, "and it is up to us to do something. Yes, we will go ahead with the dramatic class," he continued, "we can make a beginning in this parish, and as Sparky said, it may be the cause of gettin' the whole county going."

"Wisha, I never doubted ye Sean," asserted old Jamesy, "ye're a bit stubborn at times, but you're good for all that. Tell me, wasn't it Pearse, God rest his soul! who said that it would be the boys in the hurlin' field that would thrash the English when the trouble would start?"

"It was, Jamesy."

"An isn't it fittin' that it should be the boys with the hurleys that should put an end to the cinemas that are killin' the language an' everything that we hold most dear to us?"

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Ca) déarfai le saobhar a tosaigh mar tseachtá Dála? Tá's againn na freagraí searbhada a bhead le cloisint, dá gcuirtí an ceist sin as cáinní sráideanna áirithe sa cáitair seo againne. Ac lom dá riri? Ni féadpaimis a leitéir a déanam ar ndóig. Do rinnead a leitéir i gcaitair Wetzlar san Gearmain sa ceathrúad aois déag. As seo éios mar a tárla.

Sa cáitair sin Wetzlar bi ceannuirde darad ainm Gerhard Richwin, fear díolta bréidín agus gac sahas ádais oina, curd de a déantús féin, ac an fúmhór déantús iasacta. Bi sé an tsaróbir paon am a tosúgeann an sgeat seo—le saróbreas a énuasúig agus a coisil a leitir roime. Mar is minic le na leitéir de duine, scaipead sé an saróbreas nár saotruig sé, i bpat éireann níobá mire ná mar a cruinnigead sé é. Bi teac mór breag aige, teac a bi nua pös an tam san, mar coisgead é as an nua i mbliain 1358. I sráid Lahn a bi an teac, gairid do'n abainn Lahn, ainm atá cosamail le ainm abainn eile i gCiarraide.

San am san, mar is eol dár léig-teóirí, bíod Cumann Céirde ann, a bíod ana-cómaacta. Bi an ceannuirde seo Richwin na ball de Cumann na b'fígeadóirí.

Bi bean agus ceathrar cloinne as an duine seo, beirt gasúr agus beirt gearrcaite. De gnát bíod na gearr-bodais as súgrad sa tsiopa agus as dul sa tsiúge ar na custamaerí, an fáid a bhead na gearrcailí tuas a' stairgre as súgrad dóid féin, nó bád ceart a ráb as troir, as screadóigil agus as ciapad na mácara ins gac slíge is eol do leanbái óga i gcomnuirde, nuair nac gcuirtear smaect ceart orra. De' an iomarca trioblóirde do'n cáitair smaect a cur ar na gearr-bodais, a mhúin na droc-béasa dá n'oiriúirí. Eatorra go léir bi an sgeat as dul

tar fóir ar an mácair dóict. Uair-eannnta gníod si iad a gearán le na fear. Bi sé pánac aici. So minic ni tugad sé aon áiró uirri—nó tugad sé freagra, nár bain leis an sgeist ar aon cor. Bíod sé dár tostac léití na laete seo, rud a foill go mór uirri, mar bi 'fios aici go rab an éiríde maic aige, cibé rud a bi as déanam buadarta do le déirdeanaige. Ac bi foisgead aici, agus ba gá é, mar ba léir di paon seo, go rabas as déanam paillíge i ngnó an tsiopa.

Ni hé go raib an ceannuirde Richwin as déanam éagcóra ar duine ar bit, ac ba leasc leis i gcomnuirde an rud ba dóir agus ba gá a déanam. Fonn ar bit dá ttagad air, ni féadpad sé gan déanam dá réir. Nuair ba ceart do aire a cábairt do'n tsiopa, cáitead sé dul as marcúigeact. Dá mbead seans go bpuigead sé tuille gnóta, ac dul ar cuairt go caisteáin daoine uasal mágcuairt an baile, b'fearr leis pánact sa baile i mbun na fígeadóiréacta. Agus dá ttagad daoine istead sa tsiopa cun neite a ceannac, ba mó an áiró a tugad sé ar ná páisíí dána ná ar na custamaerí. Sa veire nuair a tugad sé aire do'n gnó, labrad sé leis na custamaerí go cruair searbh mar a bhead sé as camnt leis na páisíí. De réir a céile cuair a curd carad i luigead, de deasgaid na neam-suime agus an tarcuisne, mar b'factas dóid. Ar ndóig tosúig na searbhóganúirde sa tsiopa as déanam aicrise ar an máigistír. Tosúig luét cálcainnte 'a ráb gur-b'é Richwin féin an custamaer ab' fearr d'á raib aige. Cé go raib an gnó as dul i n-oleas, lean Richwin mar éreóirde na b'páisiún sa cáitair, eóta galánta ar a raib na muinlíí cóm páda agus cóm leactán san ann gur sroiseadar go tci na cosa, briste stríocac lomrac air, bróga bárr-gobaca, naca cruinn, casta suas caoib éiar agus caoib

coir, a curd gnuaise gearrta go díreac trasna an éadain, ac ab é dá ólaoi, a págac leis na cluasa. Cinnce measpái gur duine uasal bi ann, in ionad ceannuirde ná ceárúirde. Ac níor maic leis go ttagarfaí smiste air, toise an éirge in áirde. Cé gur mó uair a rinne sé rudai aisteaca caoib istig, bead sganrac air nös a brisead os cómair an tsagail—meon aigne nár dual do cáitac. So veimin féin bi a comráúirde sa Céaro-Cumann as éirge droc-amracac pé, as smaoinead go rab sé as iarrair an dá tráig a freasat agus go rab an t-uabar 'a spreagad cun páirt na n-uasal a glacad pé ceite.

Ba mairg do'n té a leitéir de clú beir amúig air na laeteannnta san—mar bi ana-corrúige agus clamsán ar siubal i measc luét Céaro-Cumann na gcaitac ar fuair na n-impireacta. D'ia na huaisle amáin a bíod sa Dáil agus a riaga-luigead an cáitair agus b'é corad a saotair, ualac trom piaca agus mí-ada a cur ar an gcaitair. Dá bitin sin bi fuat praocda as an gnát-pobal dóid agus bi ré a gcomacta as dnuirid cun deirid. Bi conspóir rúnda ar bun i measc na gCéaro-Cumann pá ceite agus pé bris na mionn ac bi si as pás go tiúg. "Is iomda sin cáitair a cur an ruais ar uaisle na Dála le déirdeanaige," ar siad leo féin, "cuige nac noéanpaimis-ne an cleas céatna?"

An fáid a bi an corraige, agus an glacad comairle agus an t-ullmúgad so go léir ar siubal i measc a comráúirde, o'fan Richwin go ciúin, neamburdeac, mar bád cuma leis. Ac b'é Richwin an duine ba mó cáil sa Céaro-Cumann ba mó le ráb, bi tioncúr mór aige i measc luét póite, fiú dá mbóis siúo as págail creise go tapad ar a luét gnóta. Bhead Richwin an-oiréamnac do'n conspóir ar a lán caoite—agus a curd gnóta as dul 'un donais céana—b'é an duine ceart é cun an pobal a spreagad. D'fiú an trioblóir é meallad agus rinnead gac uile sahas cogar-mogar agus plámás

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cuige sin. Bi sé pánac aca. Bi cáirde aige i measc na n-uasal agus ba breag leis a nósanna galánta, ceannóana. Pé sgeat é ní rab sé as tciú ile páirt a glacad le neactar caoib.

Tárla sé lá desna laeteannnta corrúigte seo go bpuair Richwin saobhar ós Spáinneac mar bronn-tanas. Dá méir teasbaig dá rab i bpuil pobail Wetzlar i gcoinne na nuasal, ba mó pé do an teasbac bi sa saobhar trí ráite agus dá ceann-dána dá rab a máigistír, ba measa an saobhar mór dub so gan múinead agus lán de mioscais.

Thasso a tugad ar an ngadur agus ba maic mar a tuill sé an t-ainm—ainm fír troda. Níor féad sé a dótain troda a o'páigilt. Ar ndóig ní rab sa troir aige ac spórt, ac ba deag duine gur teas-cuig uair dul as súgrad le Thasso mar spórt.

Dá mbead duine as siubal na sráide cuibseac tapad, tiocpad an saobhar caoib éiar de as léimc agus as breit greama ar a curd éadais agus ní scaonpad nó go mbéarpad sé leis lán béil de'n éadac.

(Tuille le Teact).

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ATHLETICS IN IRELAND

By "CELT"

IV.

I.—PERFORMANCES.

The evolution of Irish Athletics could be illustrated by the careers of those who set high marks of performance in various events. In retracing these it will be noticed that we have abandoned many splendid and typical items in recent years—the Standing jumps, several weight-throwing tests and race-walking. We were once in the forefront with these. The fact that they are not practised by other countries may be an explanation; but it is no acceptable excuse. The pursuits we neglect must inevitably decay and disappear and surely Ireland is not content to see ended for ever the line of jumpers that gave us such delightful exponents as Wall and Fahey: nor the race of strong men like Willie Real and John O'Grady: nor the pedestrian grace and speed demonstrated by Carroll and Forrester? These particular manifestations of athletic vigour were distinctive, congenial and praiseworthy.

OUR VERSATILE ATHLETES.

The flood of ability which the organisation of popular athletics unloosed made itself evident in the rapidity with which new native records were set up; by the ever-increasing series of noteworthy performances and the variety of the events contested.

In this last respect there was no other country—not excepting America—with such a wide and diversified programme.

All this prevailed for twenty years, up to about 1906. Within that period Ireland had brought forth an Olympian galaxy and was in the van of athletic achievements. Many of the finest performances were accomplished under crude conditions. The lay-out and equipment of our sports fields were as primitive as ever; but the atmosphere had been electrified by the introduction of open, equal opportunity for all.

During those twenty years of native athletic renaissance we had on the track, setting headlines for posterity, Vigne, Bulger, Murray, Meredith, and Day in the sprints; Conneff, Morphy, Mullen, McGough, Tinkler, Daly, O'Neill over distances, and Pat Davin and Dan Bulger over the hurdles. These men all made records. Later Conneff, across the Atlantic, created four of the "world's best" which endured until quite recent years. Daly also ran and won in the fast company in America. Tinkler, when he turned professional, put in some marvellous running, and probably never did himself full justice. I diminish none of their contemporaries' fame when I add Joe Magee in the Metropolitan and O'Mahony—the "Roscarbery steam-engine"—to the Munster group. These were just types of what that era produced in abundance.

In the jumping arena the crop of superb exponents was even more noteworthy. First in the running leaps we had Tom and Pat Davin, the latter holding both the jump records in the early eighties, till Jim Ryan and Paddy Leahy in turn improved the high jump figures, and Newburn and O'Connor appeared as supreme in the broad jump.

SUPERB JUMPERS.

Then there were Maurice Davin, Dan Fraher and Wall of Dungarvan, Chandler, Courtenay and Fahey in the Standing Jumps. Fahey subsequently set up a

world's record in the Three Standing Jumps at Chicago. Still more noteworthy, there was a wonderful trio—Purcell (called 'Honest John'), P. D. Looney and Dan Shanahan of Limerick, to raise Ireland to the pinnacle of fame in the Running Hop, Step and Jump. Shanahan's record remained the world's peak until surpassed by Ahearne of Athea in America.

In justice to the earlier champion and to Paddy Leahy, it is only right to state that both in their day accomplished performances which far surpassed the records accredited to them.

Since then, of course, Olympic aspirants have raised the summit of achievement to points almost inconceivable in the days to which I am referring; but this has only been done by dint of intense specialisation. The world champions of to-day would as soon think of contesting other events than their forte than the champions of the past would think of declining a challenge in them.

battle. Though the United States title has passed from Irish hands, Irish blood is asserting itself indirectly there. We had, I believe, more than the name-call on one of the trans-Atlantic exponents of the art—Sexton.

RECORD MAKERS.

Each one of these men held Irish records, and some held British and world records in their day. Their careers would illustrate the evolution of native athletics. They had scores of rivals who were often successful against the elect and were never far behind.

Intuitive skill, greater experience, or that elusive impulse, which is more psychological than physical, enabled them to engrave their names on our athletic roll of fame.

Yet that was not a tithe, and far from the greatest, of their feats. Athletes do not earn enduring fame by one phenomenal exploit in the arena. Not in Ireland, anyway.

Secret Disclosed

"Above all," writes S. Mac D. (Loch gCarman), "I must congratulate your Irish-Ireland paper on the truly magnificent work which you are doing to popularise the ballads of Irish nationality. It is not going too far to say that "Ar Staisiun Foirleatha" is the best feature in "An Gaeleal," and it is giving the young people especially a right outlook on their own history. As you may be aware, the Broadcasting authorities have recently, in their School Broadcasts, given a place to the teaching of history through ballads, and I think it would be a good idea if you could get in touch with Mrs. K. O'Doherty, who conducts the ballads feature on the wireless, so that you could have printed in "An Gaeleal" some of the ballads to which she has only the time to give passing mention."

We are sure S. Mac D., as well as all our readers, will be pleased to learn that Mrs. K. O'Doherty, who is very successfully conducting the series of "Stair na h-Eireann tre Ballads" talks on the wireless, has been contributing the "Ar Staisiun Foirleatha" feature to "An Gaeleal" since its inception, and prior to that, to "An Caman." We can assure S. Mac D. and others that Mrs. O'Doherty will be only too pleased to publish any ballad or poem required by readers. Words of ballads not recently published will be welcomed.

GREAT ALL-ROUNDERS.

The New World and the International arena have seen many of these men and bowed to their prowess. The ancient Greeks erected temples and instituted games in honour of Hercules. Between 1890 and 1910 we could have filled such a temple with living rivals of the Attic demi-god. Real, Mitchell, Davin, Kiely, Horgan and Flanagan invaded America and won triumphs there which would in the telling make an epic story. Nor were these men I have named one part players. Far from it. The versatility of the Davins was nearly unlimited. Horgan could jump and run in his lighter days. Flanagan could wield the caman with the best. Tom Kiely could do anything that became an Irish athlete and do it well. Horgan went across and won the United States championship—then gradually dropped out of competition. He died some years later. Horgan was the greatest shot-putter we have possessed. His performances never exhausted, or even approached, his possibilities. When in his prime he met no rivals to extend him, and he grew indifferent. Rose, also since dead, was the herald of a new race of shot-putters who have advanced the record to well over fifty feet. Slavs and Teutons have taken up the event and, with smaller orbs, have made the fight for supremacy an international

These men had scores of noteworthy victories to uphold their fame. They all flourished prior to 1910. They have passed out long since, and many of their best efforts have been cancelled by later champions and improved technique.

Our supremacy with the hammer defies all attacks. At one time, with a crude instrument—in reality a genuine hammer or sledge—we threw it in two ways and our kindred in the Highlands of Scotland in a third.

From the circle since the days of the ash handle to those of the steel wire and spinning head, we have held the crest of the world. I need only read out the names of our champions from the eighties to 1910—Barry of Cork, Mitchell, Keily, then Flanagan, Ryan (in America) down to our present native and Olympic champion, Pat O'Callaghan of Duhallow.

In this most modernised of events, we have always been in the lead—and can maintain it. Why can't we do so in others? Our earliest accepted record with the 16lb. Shot, now the most universally practised of all weights, was made sixty years ago in Dublin by one, Wadsworth. It was just beyond forty feet. Maurice Davin improved it gradually to about forty-four. Then the genial, carefree Denis Horgan, from Banteer, loomed up and he and Irish and English records became inseparable.

able. He created a record for successive victories in the Cross-channel championships, and for years held the Irish title. He was equally adept with the other weights. His Irish record was, however, captured by Ralph Rose, a Californian, who also set up world figures. Even his fine distances have been reduced to the commonplace and Germans and Hungarians—unheard of rivals in Horgan's day—now take a foremost rank in this event. It was only the other day since a Teuton got in a putt of over 16 metres, or beyond 54 feet.

WEIGHT EVENTS DISCARDED.

Irish Athletic Record (1907) specified no fewer than fifteen distinct weight events, apart from the hammer. Most of them were with the 56 lbs, a favourite plaything with earlier generations of our strong men. This missile has practically disappeared from modern programmes, but the records in pushing this and the other heavy weights remain in Irish hands. The late John O'Grady holds three of them. In America, where alone these weights still find any countenance, Pat MacDonald of Clare, and Matt McGrath of Nenagh have ensured and enhanced Irish repute. And Irish blood on the distaff side is also asserting itself, as we find recently that the latest record with a heavy weight there was accomplished by a youth with a Slavonic patronymic and a Mayo mother!

These weight events, lacking spectacular appeal, have waned in popularity and later generations will concede little recognition to the greatness of their exponents.

But those who understand the true native tradition, and have seen it in action will pay a tribute to such men

as Dr. Daly, Mitchell, Maurice Davin, Ned O'Grady, Willie Real, Horgan, Flanagan, Delany, Phelan, John Mangan and Tom Kiely, who survives as a link with an epic past.

All that was achieved during the twenty years prior to 1906 was the natural outcome of primitive ability. The recourse to intensive training methods as now understood and practised was regarded then as an exotic aid by the Irish athletes of that period. Most of them entered the arena as raw recruits; the abler amongst them profited by the experience acquired.

ATHLETICISM EXPRESSES HEALTH.

When an intimate history of those years comes to be written it will tell of the inconveniences, amounting to actual hardships, these men underwent to secure an outlet and to demonstrate victory over repressive influences. The triumph of any man who accomplishes something exemplary is always a grateful theme, and the trials of a man who literally agonises to attain his ambition or assert his worth are just as worthy of commendation and far more stimulating.

It is amazing and should be inspiring that, in a country which had suffered as this had done, so many men were found capable of splendid feats of strength and activity, and often a combination of both. Athleticism is the fitting expression of unimpaired natural health. These are gifts of Providence with which the Irish race has been bountifully endowed. But something more was needed to preserve those godly gifts. Opinions will differ as to how it was accomplished.

(To be concluded.)

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POBLACHT NA h EIREANN. THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN: In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom.

Having organised and trained her manhood through her secret revolutionary organisation, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and through her open military organisations, the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Citizen Army, having patiently perfected her discipline, having resolutely waited for the right moment to reveal itself, she now seizes that moment, and, supported by her exiled children in America and by gallant allies in Europe, but relying in the first on her own strength, she strikes in full confidence of victory.

We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland, and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible. The long usurpation of that right by a foreign people and government has not extinguished the right, nor can it ever be extinguished except by the destruction of the Irish people. In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national freedom and sovereignty: six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms. Standing on that fundamental right and again asserting it in arms in the face of the world, we hereby proclaim the Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades-in-arms to the cause of its freedom, of its welfare, and of its exaltation among the nations.

The Irish Republic is entitled to, and hereby claims, the allegiance of every Irishman and Irishwoman. The Republic guarantees religious and civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens, and declares its resolve to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation and of all its parts, cherishing all the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past.

Until our arms have brought the opportune moment for the establishment of a permanent National Government, representative of the whole people of Ireland and elected by the suffrages of all her men and women, the Provisional Government, hereby constituted, will administer the civil and military affairs of the Republic in trust for the people.

We place the cause of the Irish Republic under the protection of the Most High God. Whose blessing we invoke upon our arms, and we pray that no one who serves that cause will dishonour it by cowardice, inhumanity, or rapine. In this supreme hour the Irish nation must, by its valour and discipline and by the readiness of its children to sacrifice themselves for the common good, prove itself worthy of the august destiny to which it is called.

Signed on Behalf of the Provisional Government,

THOMAS J. CLARKE.

SEAN Mac DIARMADA.

THOMAS MacDONAGH.

P. H. PEARSE.

EAMONN Ceannt.

JAMES CONNOLLY.

JOSEPH PLUNKETT

Reduced Facsimile of the Proclamation of the "Irish Republic"

Promulgated on Easter Sunday, 23rd April, 1916, at Liberty Hall, Dublin.
The seven signatories to this document were all executed.

Cluicí na

gColáiste

Laeannsa Saoire na Cásca.

Tá laeannsa saoire aghaidh éana féin is dóca, a éadóiré óga. Is maí le gac aoinne sos beas ó am go h-am agus ead-rainn féin, a buacaili is maí leis na muinteoirí féin sos beas beir aca anois is arís leis. Bíonn laeannsa saoire as teastáil uair-se éo maí le cáe mar ní h-aon uóicín i-n-aon cor é beir as gabáil uos na leabair, as ullamú i gcóir an sgrúoacáin seo agus an sgrúoacáin siú. Ba maí liom u'páil amac céir é an file úo aoubairt gurú "aoibinn beata an gcoláiré." Ní poláir nó ná raib aon sgrúoairé ann an tráit úo i-n-aon cor. Tá solás amáin aghaidh-se, agus sé sin—tá na cluicí aghaidh-se. Tá aithe aghaidh-se ar noimnt maí buacaili agus muna mbeas na cluicí atá as gabáil leis an scoil beoís bréan amac is amac ue saogal scoile. Pé cruaoéan nó pé annró a gabann le cúrsaí léiginn déanarú dearmáto glan air éo túisge is a éirgeann siat amac ar páire na h-mearta.

cumann sgol na mbráctar.

Is beas an t-úil cinn a déan na com-órtaisi i rit na míosa so uo fad éarainn. Uo cuireas siar iat ó beactain go beact-máin. An t-úro-aimsear pé nuaera é. An deardaoim an lá atá ceapaité i gcóir na gcluicí, ac uo éarla go raib gac deardaoim as clagarnaig nó as cur sneacta i rit na míosa. Is ar éigin go mberú na comórtaisi críochnuigte i-n-aon cor roim an Samraó, mar éo luac is a berú na cluicí atá an siubál pé látair éart toshnócarú comórtaisi eile—com-órtaisi na gcoirn. Tá fuireann maí peile i Sgoil Uinsinn i mbliana agus berú sár-cluicé eatorra féin agus fuireann "b" ó Sgoil Uí Conaill. Berú fuir-eann ó Coláiste Caoinín páirteac i gcomórtaisi na gcoirn. Uo bameasdar an corn amac go glan leó anuirú ac uo réir mar a éloisim berú sé dian orra an beart a déanarú i mbliana mar tá sé beantraite as buacaili na catraé é a breit uata ar ais nó ar éigin i mbliana

luet buairte agus luet caillte.

Cé nár imrigeas mórán cluicí i mblá cluac i rit na míosa seo caite u'imrige-

EASTER WEEK, 1937.

WE had the luck, who fighting died
And won yourselves a place in story,
That singers sang and poets cried
The wonder of your lasting glory.

Ye had the luck, who proudly stood
Condemned by England's martial laws,
And sealing with your martyred blood
The sacredness of Ireland's cause.

Ye had the luck, who hewed the way,
And passing, beckoned us to follow,
For we are hampered in our day
By compromises false and hollow.

Ye had the luck—the others live,
Bemused by words, their finger pointing
At those who, persecuted, strive—
Disciples of your own anointing.

Ye have the luck; this Easter morn
Your honour's in our jealous keeping.
Rest peacefully no need is born
That we'd disturb a soldier's sleeping.

Ye have the luck! Yet pledged anew,
We pray for faith and strength and courage
To hold unstained, we faithful few,
The banner of our heritage.

"Toirdealtúac na gCaitréim"
Comrad na Gaedhe, Londain.

ead iat i n-áiteanna eile. Uo bí an-cluicé ar fad i gcoircaig cois laoi uo éuala. Craob na h-éireann i-n-íomáint abí i gcoircaig. Uo buairé buacaili na muman ac go h-áirte, ac ní raib ann ac san; mair ní raib ac uó éulín sa t-úroicé eatorra agus muna mbeas go raib sár éul-baire as na muinteoirí uo beas an sgéal éiar ar fad orra. Garsún ó Sgoil na mbráctar dúrlas éile abí sa éul agus uo déan sé gaisge ceart. Uo éuala ó úime a bí as péacaint ar an gcluicé go raib sé có glan agus có fearamail sin ná raib aon fad i-n-aon cor le moltóir. Molam-se sib a buacaili uó bárr san, mar tús sib deas-sompla ní h-amáin uo bur gcomráitíe ar fuair na h-éireann ac uo bur sinnsir éo maí.

Bam Coláiste Ureannóam. Cill-áirne Craob na muman amac i bpeil. Tá Craob Connaecta as Coláiste Iarlaite Naomta. Tuaim agus tá Craob Ulaó bainte amac as Coláiste Pádraig Naomta. Cabáin. Traoslúigimíto le luét buairte i n-gac éirge agus traoslúigimíto le luét caillte éo maí, mar seasadar a bpeó agus déanadar a noiceall. Traoslúigimíto mar a gceadóna le gac sgoil agus le gac coláiste eile a bí páirteac ins na comórtaisi i mbliana agus is cuma pioc sa éad baire nó sa baire deirneac a buairé orra, mar déanadar a gcoirn féin ar son Gaodaliú na h-éireann. Claoiréad ar le cluicí na n-gaodál agus níor bacadar le cluicí na n-gall ruo nár uéan daoine áirite eile, uár noig.

fuairéadar bás ar son na h-éireann.

We would be both ungrateful and lacking in the spirit that befits the

genuine Gael were we to allow this solemn occasion to pass by without recalling the sacrifices that noble and heroic men have made for Ireland's cause. You learn the national language, play the national games, but let us not forget, boys, that the Ireland of our dreams is Pearse's Ireland—an Ireland Gaelic and free, free and Gaelic. It is this spirit of nationalism that characterises our association and raises it above all alien importations. The Gaelic Athletic Association stands for an Irish Ireland, first, last, and all the time. It takes Ireland for granted. It is ever in sympathy with that brave band who fought and fell in Dublin during Easter Week—yea, many of its members answered the clarion call on that occasion and marched forth to strike a blow for the "old land." Gaels to-day cherish their memory just as did the Spartans that of Leonidas and his gallant band who fell at the Pass of Thermopylae or as the Romans did the legions of whom Cato (their historian) wrote, "they marched with alacrity to that place from whence they never expected to return."

Therefore let you too, my young friends, you who will be the men of to-morrow, stand erect and sing with all sincerity:—

"Who fears to speak of Easter Week?
Who dares its fate deplore?
The red gold flame of Erin's name
Confronts the world once more
So Irishmen, remember then,
And raise your heads with pride—
For great men and straight men,
Have fought for you and died!"

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ÉAN CUIDEÁIN:

PÁDRAIG ÓS Ó CONAIRE DO SCRÍOB:
le ceannac ó Oifig Dóilte Foill-
seacáin Rialtais. 2/- a luac.

“Ní breathnuijeann luét
sgríobta sgealta dá dónt istead go
doimín i gceol na pírinne.” arsa
Sean-Pádraig Ó Conaire a’ tagairt do
‘Seóir ó’n Iarlar Órda’ a sgríob
Pádraig Ós Ó Conaire. “Caiteamh aimsire
do luét a sgríobta agus do luét a
léite an cineál seo sgealtachta,
agus sgeat ar an dá bream roimh an
saothal aisteach atá ann. . . . Ní
mór bunpírinne éigin beir inisgeat sgeat,
agus is eagal liom ná fuil don doim-
neacht de’n, t-sóir seo i ‘Seóir ó’n
Iarlar Órda’, pe ar bit buairt eile atá
ann. . . . As cur síos ar áitneacht na
tíre is fearn pádraig ós ó Conaire.”

An breit seo a tug Sean-Pádraig ar
‘Seóir ó’n Iarlar Órda’, uoirpead sé
go mór do ‘Éan Cuideáin’. Dóbar caite-
amh aimsire atá ann go pór, caite-
neamh go leor le n-a léiteamh ac an té
bíonn a’ suil le plot pómbe, suil ná
sástar ‘sead aige ó. An fear a atá bun-
smaoineamh de sahas éigin, feallsam-
naict éigin maidir leis an saothal agus an
aighe naonua—bíot an feallsamnaict
san pór no fallsa-an fear a atá san in-
eamh, tá brí agus cuspóir an sgeit
ar fear ar ceal. Sin é dála an sceit seo
agus braiteamh an leigteoir láiteac
ná fuil cuspóir níos doimne as an ughar
ná áitneacht Connamara do dáta dúinn.
Ní fadann tréit áitne na bpearsan—
Colm, nan ná bairbre Riocairt—do
réir náonua, meastóir uime ná raib
gáradús ar bit a baint le Colm, nár
tuig sé go raib anam naonua ‘n-a innaoi,
Deat coime as uime go tiorcpad léan
agus sgríob ar saothal an tréir de bárr
namas na beirte ban, ac taréis pás do

teacht ar an namas so agus tuar clain-
pair agus bróm a teasbaint go láir,
níteamh an t-ughar air péin é tabairt
éun críche. Cailltear bairbre Riocairt
agus págan san an bótar réir le
h-agairt tairdeamh Cuilín ar doibneas an
t-saothal do cur mar críoch leis an
leabhar.

An loet mór atá le págail ar sae úir-
sgeat sa sgeit, tá sé ar an leabhar so
—cárlóga ar cúrsaí na tíre nó ar
saothal na saoltae agus san baint ná
páirt acu i bps an sceit. Táim a’ tag-
airt go sonnaoat do’n sgríobta a
tugtar ar an bpiarsac sa leabhar seo.
Ní fad ar bit leis agus ní h-aon breis
urraime a tarrainseóat so ar éimne
an piarsaig—cé gur dóca gur é sin an
deas-cuspóir a bí as an ughar.

An buat mór annso ná an sgeit;

tá cumas focal, leagan cainte agus
abairtí ann a bfuil slact agus veiseacht
na deas-sgeitige ort. Is truaas gan
piocitíreacht, sgeit agus náonuaict
na ngríanna sa cúrsios agus léiriú
Sean-Pádraig ar an naonua naonua.

p. ó h-u.

An seóir do-páigala.

“Dlact Áitne” do sgríob. le
ceannac ó Oifig Dóilte Foill-
seacáin Rialtais. 1/6 a luac.

Óglais Emmet! Uirsgeat staiream-
ail é seo, ní poláir, aoir uime—
leabhar de macsamail “In aimsir
eogam Ruairt” nó “The Forge of
Clohoge.” ac ní h-aon agus dom’
táir-se níor mian leis an ughar a leicéir.
Ins an dá leabhar atá luaithe agam tá

nua-foillseacáin a pitead.

I. leabhar.

Éan Cuideáin. Pádraig Ós Ó Conaire do scríob.
An Seóir do-páigala. “Dlact Áitne” do sgríob.
An leas-máicair. Séamas Ó Maolóia d’aistriú.
Loinnir Mac Leabhar. Seán Mac Giollarnac do bailiú.
Tairge ar stair na lúiríochta. Muiris Ó Droigheán do
tairiú.
An Seóir órta (The Talisman). Niall Ó Dóinnail
d’aistriú.

II. ceól.

Oc, Oc, Eirig Leigeas Ó. Carl J. Hardebec d’atcóir.
Eogam Cóir. E. De Regge do gléas.

Fuinn Fiafa Fuinó. Carl J. Hardebec.
(Leabhar a h-aon).

Táid na leabhar so le ceannac ó Oifig Dóilte Foillseacáin
Rialtais, 5 Sráid Tobair Pádraig, Baile Áta Cliat, M.2.

féac leat léirneas ar beata Dóinnail uí. Conailt ‘san
easraín so.

(ar lean ó l a 2)

Mistéal deigite uata i gceol-
eamh agus i gceolúir agus in-
oileamhaint. Bíonam dáil do
Tomás Oáibis. Agus piú amáin
Fintan Lalor, bíot gur uime de’n
coiticiantaict é—b’ait leó a gúe
agus b’ait ná san leó a briastra
beil agus a teagasc. Ní bíonn
meas ar fáir na dútaig. Tuig-
eavar an Connallac níb’ féarr agus
tuig sé síro iad san, agus o’imír
sé a toil ort mar a imreóat sé
a toil ar a capall féin. Da breas
leó blaomann agus gaot agus
plámás an Counsellor—agus steall
sé eúca ‘na ceatannaib go pial é.

Freagra ar Séan Ó Paoláin.

Ní bfuighear ‘san “Beata” so
Dóinnail uí Conailt le Dóinnail
Ó Súteabáin—ní bfuighear don
mórán pléir ná doimín-scrúit ar
na neite so a bfuil tráct deanta
agam ort. So deimín féin ní
leabhar staire ar don cor é agus
ní h-e mo tuairim gur cúrsaí staire
ba cúram do’n ughar a’ sgríobat
do. Seachnuijeann sé na puimntí
acramnaas agus piú amáin nuair
a tarraingean sé eúge gairm an
Apologist is go h-aitleasc a veim-
eann san, ac amáin ‘san áit a
bfuil a éosaint tar amras le méir
na fimmíreacht atá aige do veim-
mú a eúise nó le luige na cúise atá
na coime. Cuirim i gcás ‘san
caibridol atá aige ar “Géar-cúis an
Connallac,” tugann sé pé aighe an
Connallac i leir na sgeitige do
míniú agus do éosaint. So deimín
‘s go deardta ní téigeann sé com-
páda le Séan Ó Paoláin leis an
sceat. Dar le Séan gurab sin
éact is mó do’n deáirna an Connallac
—go raib sé de “vision” ann
neamfúntas na Teangan sgeitige
o’fiscint ó tosac agus gur mol sé
do pódal póda a caiteamh uata ar
pá. Anois nílim-se sásta mé
féin, pé mar aoir Séan Ó Paoláin
nílim-se sásta mar uime amáin
go raib don pioc de’n dara raó-
aire as baint le Dóinnail agus nílim
gan mo sgar de’n amras beir orm
gur i gceann Séan o’eascair an

smaoineamh iongantac so, ac go
bfuil sé com h-uimall san ná tab-
arpat sé an creideamhaint do féin
—ar eagla, b’féirir go tiorcpad
buille beas amrais ar uoime eile
‘na leir féin! Dála an sceit is
iongantac an méir “ceól” a
bain Séan as an sreang deatna úr
na sgeitige ‘san “Léirneas” bí-
aige ar “Sceala Éireann” le
deirdeanaige. Nílimí com dail
san ar fear ná peicimí go bfuil
ceals éigin a ptiocad.

Buata an leabair—agus a locta.

Tá cuntas an-mait ins an leabhar
so ar saothal an Connallac féin
agus dar liom gur ar an méir sin
amáin tá seasmán an leabair as
brat. Tá an-éarac deanta as an
ughar, o’réir deatnaim, agus tá
a rian san ar an saothar, tá sé
puleta, dingte le mion-scealta
tagartaca agus de cuntais suim-
eamla as léiriú itreite agus
éagsamlaict cáitíochta an Liberator.
Maidir le móir innste na scealta
so tá sé tar cáinead—siao an
cuir is fearr agus is suimeamla
agus—da’n-abramh é—is coirteamla
de’n leabhar iad. Is mór an truaas
nác ort ar fear a luig sé agus gan
beir as iarrat an dá tráig a
freastail—tráig na staire agus
tráig na h-eactraideacta—ruo gur
deacair a deanam i saothar gan don
ro-toirt ann. Inveiread an leab-
air tiar tá caibridol pé leir aige
ar “angConnallac sa Beal-Oideas.”
Cuipirí míleigim suim ar leir ‘sa
caibridol so—tá an sgeitige is
féarr do’n bfuil ‘sa leabhar ó tosac
veiread ins an roimh inspéise so.

Tá caibridol ar leir tugta aige
do “Léirneas” ar an gConnallac.
Ins an gcaibridol so ‘sead éideamh
an macleigim “scóip” an t-saot-
air—agus a teóranca atá. Tá an
léirneas sgáinte, neam-iomlán,
suarac agus b’féirre an leabhar
a págant ar lár. Tríó ‘s trío,
b’féirre an saothar ná bacpad
an t-ughar le cúrsaí atá o’réir
deatnaim tar a acpuim agus a
cúmais.

Maidir leis an nSgeitige tá sí
go cruinn náonua agus ar feabas
ar uairib, go h-áitne ins na
scealta agus na mion-cuntais a
tugann sé ar eactraí a bain do’n
Connallac ‘na imteactaí mar ólig-
eactóir agus mar fear éosanta sge
deaséise. Tá an t-ughar an-
tugta, amac, o’abairtí fada casta
agus ní ró-mait eirigeann leis
i gcomhairle an níó acramnaas úr—
an po-raó coibneasta, do Láim-
seail go h-éipeactac.

Tá roimh piocitíre ‘sa leabhar
agus b’féirir gur orm féin atá an
t-aiteas, ac ar cuma éigin sam-
luigtear dom iad do beir as port
—ní feavar an iad na dátaim na
eav tá bun ós cionn leó. Págam
pe leigteoir éigin an “ruo éigin”
sin o’aimsiú dom.

m. ó ploinn.

ceól.

Fuinn Fiafa Fuinó—leabhar a
h-aon. 2/- Carl J. Harde-
bec.

Eogam Cóir. E. de Regge. Raol
a fiafa.

Oc, Oc, Eirig Leigeas Ó! 60.
Carl J. Hardebec. Oifig
Dóilte Foillseacáin Rial-
tais.

Tosac na foillseacáin seo ar
scéim nua an “Sum” le h-intinn
amráin coiticianta na saoluime do
cur ar págail. Cúis maoríoch do’n
“Sum” iad cainte, an cuma caite-
neamh, an páipéar, an deas-leagan
éirí síos, agus a saoire atáir. Tá
tiorolacan pianó leó uilig. Ní fad
ac a tuigint gur Carl Hardebec
do gléas—is leor de molaó san ar
a bfeabas, mar is é pé láitair an
uime is fearr go bfuil tuigint
aige ar an sceol saothlac.

Sé h-amráin atá in “Fuinn Fiafa
fuinó” agus trá cinn díob san
“Máirín de Barra,” “An Gairtín
Eorann,” “An Lóndub” agus an Céir-
seac i mease na h-amráin is binne
atá agam. Mar tuigimse é, is
iad na hamráin atá foillseigte as an
gClaisceatol is mó go bfuil áirí a
tabairt ort ‘sa scéim seo, mar
níor foillseigead an ceól le’n a

stair na h-Éireann mar múnla doos na
sgealtaib. ‘Siao cúrsaí Éireann san ré
isgeist a míniqeann beata ‘s cuspóirí
pearsan na leabhar. Ac níl stair aimsir
Emmet riactanac go mór do’n sceat
so. Da beas áirí da fad le n-a eun
in-oiriúnt o’aimsin na b’píní nó do
1798. Tairluíonn Roibeard Emmet linn
uair amáin sa sgeat; tá tráct tar
sagraí scáinte ‘méirleac’ ar a gcom-
eav i gclár agus i gclarratíoch. Ac níl
cúrsaí na ré figte go dlúit leis an sgeat
a éirige.

Ní fad tíre is mó perom sa sceat.
Is treise a léirigeat fad ‘s éav ‘s
fuat uoime do’éile. Tá dá mian as
bairtí o’ Séasra, fear ceannais na
n-óglac—Éire do saoraó agus an bean
is annsa leis a pósaó. Ac tá malairt
ruim as áine ní Dóinnail. Tá socair
aici a beata a tabairt eun de mar
innaoi Riacta. Clairaire isead aear
áine agus cara le Gallat. Is beas cos-
amlaict roir áine ‘s a oirpíur eiblin.
Carlín i sin a bfuil éav ‘s formav ‘s
fadó dá síon-éavsaó. Eirigeann bairt-
laí a fadó ‘s pástar i pé anáil éav ‘s
fuata ‘s pill ‘s áitneála inoiair a
éile. Ac eav deapá ná bfuil fear
boet spavanta ar maréam atá sásta léi
o’aimíoch an iomlán. Ac eav is cor
do bairtí? Is óglac uilis é ar uilis,
a fuilmeann ptiocitac ‘s a téig-
eann i mbaoal báis go ponnmar. Ac
paciú est oescensus, seirveann an
t-uabar buairt ar a aighe. Fuatáigean
sé áine o’n gceolac. An beir amuis ar
an bpiarsa—stóim—áitneacas bairt-
laí—a fadó—áine do teact plán o’n
stóim. . . . Ní bfuigpinn géilleat do
eunim bairtí o’n uaisleact.

Leabhar an-éolige é ‘n-a bfuil iom-
amlaict leaganaea cainte.

m. ó m.

bpuimór san riam roimis seo. Ní
féirir doctain molta a tabairt do’n
seo. Amráin gléas do trí gúanna
‘sead ‘Oc, Oc, Eirig Leigeas Ó!’
Is minic tráct a deanam ar
feabas ar gceol outcais, ac ‘s
pírinne an sceat gur beas ar ois-
gint ann, mar is ní-beas de go bfuil
teact as an bpuil air pé érot eal-
adanta. Ní fad saotair is tairbíge
ná na hamráin seo a cur ar págail
ar an gcuma san.

T. ó f.

AN ROINN OIDEACHAIS—BRANSE AN CHEARD-OIDEACHAIS.

AN SCÓIL OILEAMHNA UM THIGHEAS.
(Cill Mochoda, Tigh Lorcáin, Co. Átha
Cliath).

SCRÚDCHÁN INTRÁLA. 1937.

Beidh seacht n-áiteacha ar a laighead
le lionadh, tré chomórtas puibidhe, ‘san
Scoil atá luaidhte thuas. Tá áiteacha
eile curtha i leith do chailíní ó’n bhFior-
Ghaeltacht go bhfuil Scoláireachtaí i
Meán-Scoileanna ‘aca cheana féin le Scéim
Scoláireachtaí na Roinne.

Tionólar Cuid I. de’n Scrúdúchán
(trial um oideachas geinearála) ar an
2adh Meitheamh, 1937, agus Cuid II.
(trial chomórtasach) ar an 6adh, 7adh
agus 8adh Iúl, 1937.

Caithfear iarratas le h-aghaidh an
Scrúdúcháin do dhéanamh ar Fhuirm
S. 170. Ní mór iarratas ar an bhFuirm
sin a bheith istigh i n-oifig na Roinne
ar an 17adh Aibreán, 1937, nó roimis.

Tá an Fhuirm S. 170 agus eolas i dtaobh
an Scrúdúcháin le fagháil ó’n Rúnaí, An
Roinn Oideachais, Brainse an Cheard-
Oideachais, Teach Talbóid, Átha Cliath,
M.10.

Tá Clár na Scoile le fagháil ó Oifig
Díolta Foillseachán an Rialtais, 5, Sráid
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AN STÁISIÚN FOIRLEATA

MR. DARMODY—The Master is to give a talk to-night on "Easter Week"—a national stock-taking he called it!

MRS. DARMODY—Who would believe that after twenty-one years we have not the Republic for which Pearse and his comrades fought and died? The children of 1916 are now into their manhood! Twenty-one years!

LARRY—You can add 700 to your count, ma'am. The fight was on all the time since the English invasion, and if the "Republic" was not named it was the objective of the Irish race all the time. The policy was complete separation! "Get out, and leave us our country." I!

MAIRE—Well, we have made great progress towards freedom in the last 21 years. We have put the best plank in the platform—the language. It is our own fault (in this generation) if the next generation is not Irish-speaking.

EAMON—It is a remarkable fact that all the triumphant epochs of our race have been co-existent with the periods in which the national language was in use. The falling away—the decadence in commerce, in art, in science—can be traced directly to the days when the language ceased to be used, universally. The spirit of nationality regains its consciousness when we talk Irish.

MAIRE—The Proclamation of the Republic in Easter Week was in English only—and you must admit that it was the grand old Anglo-Irish ballads that kept alive the spirit of nationality in the last century. "The Rising of the Moon" and "Davis" and all the "Nation" poetry. Mind, I'm not making a plea for English. I am showing you that we are making a mistake by neglecting to popularise the old ballads that enshrine our history.

LARRY—There is a lot in what Maire says. I could put my finger on dozens of young lads who can speak Irish fluently, as good as native speakers, but they are quite indifferent to events like Easter Week. You must have the punch, the national drive behind the language.

MAIRE—I sing lots of Irish songs myself—as you all know—but they are mostly love songs or laments. You can't rouse a crowd with "Mairín de Barra" or "Una Bhan" as you would with "Who Fears to Speak of '98!" or "Boollavogue."

MRS. DARMODY—Well, I believe there is an objection to translations—in what are called the higher Gaelic circles. Why don't they write some rousing songs in Irish, so that the young people could sing them to the airs that they know? Oh, here's the Master! Now you will hear something worth while.

MASTER—Dia annseó isteach! I will be as brief as I can, but I have made a summary of events which were the remote and the immediate causes of the rising in 1916 which we commemorate to-night.

In these days of modern civilisation where "might is right" it is hard for us here to get international understanding of our position. There is, in fact, no other country's status to be compared with our own. In international usage the very name of Ireland—the cradle of Christianity—is seldom used. We have "The Irish Free State"—which includes Donegal, the most northerly point in Ireland—and we have "Northern Ireland" or the "Six Counties." The greatest evil, the worst blow yet, has been Partition, and we have gained nothing so long as a square inch of Ireland is under England's rule. There is no question of the justice of our fight for freedom. We would be doing grave injustice to the future generations if we did not carry on as the men in every generation since the invasion have carried on. We are not a colony of England. We were a nation, invaded by England. Several attempts were made to plant Scottish and English colonists

here, and to exterminate the Celts. It is argued in certain quarters that because Ireland has been held in bondage for so long, that it is not right for us to fight against England! By the law of Heaven, there is no time limit that turns injustice into justice! And so, in every generation men arose to protest in some manner against England's right to be in Ireland!

Our trade was deliberately killed; our language was beaten out of the children; our faith was attacked; the Penal Laws were framed to kill our religion; our forefathers were evicted out of their little homes, and their lands seized. It is a miracle that there were enough men to put up a fight at all. If the "survival of the fittest" is a recognised axiom, then we are the fittest.

At the beginning of the century, 37 years ago, we had the sorry spectacle of Irishmen going hat in hand to Westminster, accepting a salary from England to represent our country. I think "Yes-men" is what the younger generations of to-day would call them. Home Rule was the be-all and the end-all of their talks! Certain Land Acts had been passed, but landlordism was by no means dead. The King, Lords and Commons were to remain, and the only outlets for the young landless men were either the British army or emigration to America. The youth were being educated in "National" Schools where no mention of the history of their own country could be made, unless stealthily by the teachers. The anglicisation of Ireland was apparently almost complete. The Shoneens copied everything—dress, songs, games, dances, social gatherings—from the garrison who held the jobs under English rule. But the "Hidden Ireland" which Daniel Corkery has unearthed to us, went silently on, despite the foreign imposed civilization.

*"One man with a dream at pleasure
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down!"*

The Anglo-Irish ballads and songs that were sung about the turning of the century awakened a spirit that became stronger and more virile, more defiant against England—and culminated in 1916. Irish-Ireland, so long subdued, now raised its head. Brian-na-Banban wrote a song to an air that was sung and whistled everywhere: "On with Irish Ireland. Eamon will sing a verse or two for me, just to illustrate my point, and to give me a rest.

EAMON (sings):
O sons of Roisin Dubh,
Who say your hearts have love
For her who walks along the thorny way,
Come forth and prove it now!
Stand up like men, and vow
To work and strive and fight for her
to-day!

CHORUS:

On, on, with Irish Ireland!
Leave the Saxon mireland—
Cast away the wiles of Seaghanin Buidhe
Wipe out the foreign stain.
And make our land again—
A land of men—a Nation free!

Then onward, onward all,
'Tis Ireland's final call!

Our cause is just, we must not, shall not fail—

The road we tread is long,

The foes we face are strong,

But those who fight for Freedom never quail.

CHORUS.

MASTER—The forces opposed to Irish-Ireland from the beginning of the revival were the pro-British Unionist minority in the country, who were a majority in the North-East corner. They were led by Sir Edward Carson. They threatened armed revolt against England if the Home Rule Bill were passed! When they saw that they could not prevent self-government for the whole of Ireland,

they demanded, first, the exclusion of Ulster, and then the partitioning off of the Six North-Eastern counties.

To enforce this demand, Sir Edward Carson founded the Ulster Volunteers, and at Larne, he ran guns to arm his forces! We know now, in the light of all the diaries and memoirs since published that the British Government were behind Carson in all his bluff.

EAMON—I think, Master, you might let me read a few verses now of "An Ulster War Song" showing the spirit of the nationalists of the North.

VOICES—Lean leat! Go ahead, Eamon!

EAMON (reads):
AN ULSTER WAR SONG.

The English thieves who rieved our land
Could never make us blush for shame;
They severed not our strong right hand,
We still were one in race and name;
But now their wiles would sweep away
The land of Shane and Hugh and Eoghan.

The land where many a hard-fought fray,
Brought quakings to the Saxon throne.

CHORUS.

But by Tir-Chonail's holy fanes,

By every field in green Tir-Eoghain,
We swear to break the Saxon chains,
To win and guard and hold our own.

The grass that grows on Ulster hills
Was nurtured by our Martyrs' blood,
And all her little murmuring rills
Tell us the tale of how they stood
'Gainst every fierce invading horde
That came to loot and spoil and slay.
They tell us how the Ulster sword
Cut straight the path to Freedom's day.

CHORUS.

The land that bore our own Red Hugh
That gave him all his faith and fire
That made him brave and strong and true,
Shall never be a Saxon shire?
The land of Hope and Betsy Gray,
Of Orr, McCracken and Munroe,
The land where Mitchel sleeps to-day
To English thieves shall never go:

CHORUS.

The land of saintly Colmcille,
The land where Padraig lies at rest,
The land whose every glen and hill
By glorious memories is blest
That land shall still be Ireland's best
Her smiting sword, her hand of steel,
To light the heart within her breast
And make the spoiler quail and reel.

CHORUS.

The Fenian movement, part of the Hidden Ireland, had lived on, though driven under surface. Many of the men, aged prematurely, after terms of imprisonment, were again active in the Irish-Ireland movement. Lines of communication were kept open between the Fenians (or the Clan-na-Gael) in U.S.A., and their counter-part at home, the Irish Republican Brotherhood. Tom Clarke stands out above all the rest for his work in directing the policy of the Irish Volunteers. He had spent his youth in jail in England. After his release he devoted all his energies to the work of establishing the Republic, and his was the first signature to the proclamation in 1916.

*"Honour and praise to the men who died
In the glow of their youth and ardour,
But glory to him who from youth to age
Loved always—the test is harder!"*

His friend and fellow-prisoner, O'Donovan Rossa died in U.S.A. and his remains were brought home to Glasnevin cemetery, so that his dust might mingle with that of his country-men. This funeral was more of a guarantee to the dead Fenian that the Cause was safe. Pearse's ovation to the hosting of Irish Volunteers at the grave-side was the greatest public gesture to our own people as well as to England—"While Ireland holds these graves (the graves of the Fenians) Ireland unfree shall never be at peace!" From that day on, the young men showed almost un-natural courage. The spirit of Freedom enveloped them. The World War brought the opportunity. Roger Casement's story is familiar to you all. The Rising was planned—The Republic was proclaimed—and if the men of 1916 did not get the immediate backing of the people at the

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time, their blank cheque was endorsed freely by the whole country in 1918, at the General Election. No man, nor handful of men can barter away that mandate of the people. The people of Ireland gave no mandate for a Treaty nor for Partition. Both of these—twin evils—must go. Let this be your resolve to-night, in commemorating the glorious fight of 1916—

*"The ballad singers long have cried
The shining names of far away
Now let them rhyme out those that died
With the three colours yesterday."*

Lest there be any among you who do not know those great names, I will read them: Padraig Pearse and his brother Willie, Tom Clarke and his brother-in-law, Edward Daly, Sean MacDiarmada, Thomas MacDonagh, James Connolly, Eamon Ceannt, Joseph Plunkett, Major John MacBride, Michael Mallin, Con Colbert, Sean Heuston, Micheal O'Hanrahan, Thomas Kent and Roger Casement. These were the executed men, but there were many casualties:

*"There was a rain of blood that day,
Red rain in gay blue April weather;
It blessed the earth till it gave birth
To valour thick as blooms of heather.*
And now, before I read you Dora Sigerson's poem, "Sixteen Dead Men," I ask you to reflect. Are you—everyone—doing all in your power to further the Cause for which these sacrifices were made? If you are not, then do not insult their memory by giving them lip sympathy.

Hark, in the still night. Who goes there!
"Fifteen dead men." Why do they wait?
"Hasten, comrade, death is so fair."
Now comes their captain through the dim gate.
"Sixteen dead men." What on their sword?
"A Nation's honour proud do they bear."
What on their bent heads? "God's holy word;
All of their nation's heart, blended in prayer."

Sixteen Dead Men. What makes their shroud?
"All of their nation's love wraps them round."
Where do their bodies lie, brave and so proud?
"Under the gallows-tree in prison ground."

Sixteen Dead Men. Where do they go?
"To join their regiment where Sarsfield leads.
Wolfe Tone and Emmet too, well do they know,
There shall they bivouac, telling great deeds."

Sixteen Dead Men. Shall they return?
"Yea, they shall come again, breath of our breath.
They on their nation's hearth made old fires burn.
Guard her unconquered soul strong in their death."

THE GRAFTON (141 STEPHEN'S GREEN)

North, South, East or West,
Where'er you go for a chat
and a rest,
A whiff of the pipe and a
drink of the best,
You can't beat the Grafton
bar.

Seán Ó Fáirceallaigh
(Fear a' Uíge)