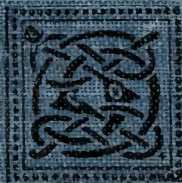


PAIRIC MAC PEARSE,
Sgeairde,

Patrick H. Pearse:
Storyteller

JAMES HAYES, M.A.



PB1399 TALBOT PRESS, LIMITED
9 TALBOT STREET, DUBLIN

P3Z842

THE BOOK SHOP
GALWAY.

2/-



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

πάτριας τῆς πατρίας,
ἐξέλπιθε.

ΠΑΤΡΙΑΙC ΜΑC ΠΙΔΡΑΙΓ,
ΣΖΕΔΛΥΙΘΕ.

ΣΕΔΜΥC Ο ΝΑΟΪΔ, Μ. Ε.,
ΤΟ ΣΖΡΓΙΟΒ.

ΕΙΘ ΙΥΘΤ ΔΗ ΤΑΙΒΟΤΑΙΣ.

Patrick H. Pearse:
Storyteller.

JAMES HAYES, M.A.

BOSTON COLLEGE LIBRARY
CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

THE TALBOT PRESS.

PB 1399.

P3 Z8 H2

CLAR. copy. 2

Καίριοιολ	Δ ηδον	Θυβρίλν αν ρίαρραις.
„	Δ Όό	“Ιοραζάν.”
„	Δ Τρι	Άιλνεατ αν τσαοζαιτ ροτλαις
„	Δ Σεαταρ	Ύινέαζρα αν τσαοζαιτ.
„	Δ Κύις	Αν Όά Ύυντερέιτ.

299942

CONTENTS.

- Chapter I. .. THE STANDARD OF REVOLT.
„ II. .. ÍOSAGÁN.
„ III. .. THE BEAUTY OF THE IRISH WORLD.
„ IV. .. THE VINEGAR OF LIFE.
„ V. .. CHARACTERISTICS.

CAIBIDÍOL A NAON.

TUDBSLÁN AN PIARSAIS.

SA bliadam d'aoir an Tigearna a 1903 do toḡad pádraic Mac Piarair mar easairtóir ar an gCLAIÓEAM SOLUIS. Ba gearr ra póirt riu do nuair a buaireadh irtead 'na aighe níor damhne ná riam, pé feabhar a bi tagairte ar éirt na gSolunne mar beo-teangaim de bárr raotair an Connairta, gur ruarac le fiad an crot a bi uirtí fóir i gcúirraib lítríocta. Níor léir do go raib don deallriam foḡanta ar fáir bhíogmar do teadt féin nḡsolunn gan moill de bhíḡ ná tuigead luét a rḡríobta féin i gceart cad ba lítríoct ann agus go móir móir cad ba lítríoct ann com fada ir a bam le rḡéaluióct. Nuair a táinig Oirín ear-nair ó tír na nÓg agus nuair a connaic pé

“cúirt Finn na ríóḡ,

Ní raib na hionad ann go fíor

Ac fiaitile, fiaid agus neanntós.”

Ar an gcuma gceadna nuair a toirnuigead airtir ar an nḡsolunn do rḡríobad, do ruaradar go raib rean nóranna gan bhíḡ nú thóc nóranna ar fad taréir teadt go boirb i réim ra teangaim mar do bead fiaitile ir neanntós, agus gurab é ba fiactanaige ar dtúir ná iad ran do tibiric eun nóir bhfoḡanta do eun i bhfeidm 'na hionad. Níor fiactanaige riam an tibiric riu ná i gcúirraib rḡéaluiócta. Ir mó rḡéal a cuirte eun an Piarrais i noifis an CLAIÓIIM; ac dá lionmaire iad na rḡéalta, pé an déanam céadna a bíod ort. Sean-rḡéalta b'ead iad. An réamrád céadna ort: “ní

mire ceap. Níl aḡampa ac mar a cuala. Ní cuala ac mar aDubhad, aḡur ní Dubhad ac b'réaḡa nú éiteac ar fad." An torac céadna orca: "Ói fear ann fadó aḡur ip fadó bí. Dá mbead rinn ann an uair rin, ní bead rinn ann anoir . . ." Na heactraí aiféireaca céadna ionnta; an deire céadna leo. Bíod sup máit go leor a leitíodí i gcóir reoruióca nú le hinnrint coir teime (aḡur sup cuige rin ip túirḡe a cúmad iad); bíod sup ceart iad do bailiḡad ip do cleactad aifír, do tuig an B'arrac nár tairbe do'n ḡaolunn iad do beit i ríor úráio, nár tairbe do luct rḡríobca na ḡaolunne iad do beit mar rár r'amp'laí liteartá, nár tairbe do luct léiḡte na ḡaolunne iad do beit san c'rot san céill, san baint acu le cúrraib an ḡnát-r'aoḡail, san ruim acu i gcúrraib léir'meara. Ói a'p'ú mói tagait'e ar an rean-r'aoḡal f'odlac aḡur murab ionann ip daoine eile, do ceap ré zéillead do'n a'p'ú ran. Fadó do tagad an rean'caide i lár an c'ruinniḡte aḡur o'innreac ré a cuio rḡéal do'n r'obal le "com'rad béil." O'fás ran a rian go tréan ar réim na rḡéaluióca óir níor deacair do'n luct éirte a r'oil o'imirt ar an rean'caide. Dá b'riḡ rin, ní leir'c'í do' tornú go r'ó-obann ar an rḡéal; do b'ainfead ran dá mbonnaib iad; níor mói do'ib b'rollac éir'gin pé oeaḡ mói é. Ní héir'c'í puinn le mion c'ur ríor, ní h'arr'caí ac eactraí móra ip im'ceacta ḡrinn. Ní ceatuiḡc'í do' r'ó com'ḡar camnte mar ní r'ó máit a tuigtear an leat-focal a labartar nuair a bíonn an cuileacta mói. Ac "ar ionpáil na n-eac, t'is a'arr'ac na rḡéal," aḡur nuair a bí deire le ré an trean'caide, níor mói zéillead do ré an cló'óra. Níor ceart a r'ad fearca ná raib i rḡéal ac "camnt an trean'caide aḡ inrint a cuio réim eactra" nuair ná h'air'c'í zlóir an trean'caide a tuille. Níor ceart "a c'air'oe mo cléib" "a daoine m' árann ip

m' anama" do tabairt feartha ar an nduine anaidhneó a léigfeadh an rḡéal i n-uaignear a feomra. Níor éarct claoiḡ le rean-nórannaib̄ de b̄ríḡ sup rean-nóranna iad. Sin é ántas a b̄ití t'á t'éanam̄. Agus éinne a c̄uirfeadh c̄un rḡeíl a r̄iomadh agus ná leasraḡ amas é do r̄eír t'éanta an t'rean-rḡeíl, is beas buidéalach a beadh i n'ob̄n t'ó. Cuirfí b̄earlaach i leit an rḡeíl, do t'ráctraí ar "maḡlaach̄ ealadh̄an na ḡCeilteas," do cáirfí ḡan t'ruas̄ ḡan tair̄e an rḡr̄iḡb̄n̄oir—agus b'ín t'eir̄e leir an iarract̄.

Is r̄ior ḡo raib̄ an cáineadh r̄an tuille as c̄uir t'eer na rḡr̄iḡb̄n̄oirib̄, ḡo m̄or m̄or c̄om̄ raḡa is a b̄ain le c̄ainnt a rḡeál. B̄i t'oul amú m̄or ar c̄uir t'acu nuair a m̄earadh̄ar c̄ainnt litearḡa a rḡr̄iḡb̄adh̄, canam̄aint r̄é leit do cúmad̄ ḡan claoiḡ le c̄ainnt na n'ob̄aine. Do c̄uir SÉADH̄A t'eir̄e leir an n'oul amú r̄an. Ac̄ do b̄i t'adh̄ eile leir an ḡeir̄t .i. t'éanam̄ n̄ú c̄rot litearḡa an rḡeíl; agus níor b̄ac t'asraḡe ná raḡar an t'ar̄ar r̄eadh̄ar leir an t'adh̄ r̄ain t'e'n̄ c̄eir̄t. Cuirim̄is ar SÉADH̄A. B̄iḡḡ sup iarract̄ m̄or b̄reas̄ t'e rḡeál é a cúm t'uine ana-l̄eir ana-ḡeair-c̄uirfeadh̄, b̄iḡḡ sup t'oirim̄in t'ábdact̄ an buntuarim̄in atá leir, ní r̄áḡann r̄an. ná sup rḡeál é ḡan aon c̄rot lit̄r̄iḡct̄a. Tá b̄lar na ḡaolunne ann ac̄ n̄il b̄lar na lit̄r̄iḡct̄a ann. Leadh̄ar m̄or readh̄ é, leadh̄ar is r̄iú r̄t̄uir̄eair. Ac̄ ní leadh̄ar le h̄air̄r̄ir é, ní leadh̄ar r̄il é. Is r̄ior nac̄ ar an leadh̄ar ná ar an uḡdar ar raḡ atá an loct̄. Ní c̄un rḡeíl c̄orais̄ do r̄n̄iom̄ a cúm an t'ádar̄ r̄eadh̄ar é ac̄ c̄un ḡaolunne b̄larḡa a rḡr̄iḡb̄adh̄: ní ar ḡnár̄aib̄ an t'raoḡail a b̄iḡḡ r̄é as c̄uir̄-neam̄ ac̄ ar ḡnár̄aib̄ c̄ainnte. Is ar an r̄óir̄o l̄eir̄m̄eara a b̄iḡḡ ar r̄iudal an t'ráct̄ r̄an agus ar an r̄óir̄o ḡoile c̄un rḡeál a b̄iḡḡ i b̄reir̄om̄ is mó atá an loct̄. Ac̄ r̄in mar̄ ba ḡeir̄e ḡáḡ le t'uine éis̄in do t'eadct̄ a noct̄raḡ r̄iḡe

nua do'n coitcéantaóct cun rḡéal do ríomadó, tuine a élaoidḡeadó le camnt na nḡaoime mar éanamaint an leabair ac ná bacraó le nóranais na reancúiocta. Aḡur de bḡis gur cúis páḡraic Mac Piarair so raib an ḡadó ran ann aḡur gur bḡraic ré ann féin an neart do fḡeasḡrócaó do'n ḡadó, do táimis ré amac ra bliadóin a 1905 ar mácaire an dubḡláin, do buail ré buille maic tréan ar an ḡcuille comḡraic aḡur d'fóḡair ré an cat ar a raib ann de rḡríobnóirib na reanrḡéal. "ÍOSAḡÁH" an rḡiaó éoranta a bí aige.

Ceḡre bliana 'na ḡiaio ran, aḡ féadaint riar do ar cúrraib ná laeteanta ran, do rḡríob ré an camnt reo tíor ar an MACADOM aḡ noctaó a rúin do éac.

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

Ir léir ón ḡcamnt rin gurab é a bí ar incinn aḡ an bḡiarrac nuair a cúm ré ÍOSAḡÁH, ná ealaóda na nuarḡéalúiocta fé mar a tuigtear ir a taicḡtear i ḡtíorḡtaib iaracḡa í, d'airḡriú so héirinn aḡur fuirm nua do cup i bḡeioḡm ar inḡint an rḡéil ḡairio. Deimtear a leitéro i nḡac beo-litḡioct ra doḡan aḡur ní doḡoáó an Piarraó gurḡ oic an ní é ann féin é d'éanam do litḡioct na ḡaolumne. Do ceap ré an beart do d'éanam féadaint cionnur a éireoáó lei, mar ní féioir a oicar ná a feabair atá an ní do bḡeioḡn i ḡceart so ḡtí so ndeimtear é. "Tar éir a tuigtear ḡac beart." Sé fḡeasḡra a tabarraó ré an an té doéarraó "ná dem

nóir ná ná bhir nóir ” ná “ ní curtar fíon nua i rean-ár-
 taid leatuir; nū má curtar, bhirtear na hártáí aṣur
 doirtear an fíon aṣur imtígeann na hártáí ṣan tairbhe.
 Ac curtar an fíon nua i nártáib nua aṣur coimeádotar
 iad araon.” Cúin na healaṑan ram ó’foillriú do’n róbal,
 níoir tuis ré ṣurṑ bearna do ruo a’ déanfaṑ ré ná rṣéal
 do cúmaṑ uaid féim dá réir. U’rim fé nṑear do’ com
 faṑa aṣur a tuisim a aigne, cuimneam ar an rṣéaluióct
 i naon óor.

Ré’r doimán é, r’é “ ÍOSAṢÁIN ” an céad iarract a
 dem ré ar rṣéal do’ ceapaṑ aṣur tá a lán loct ann mar
 le hiarract ó’á raṣar. Nil an rṣéal córac deaṣcúmta.
 Tá cur-ríor faṑa ṣan puinn bhríṣ ná éifeact leir ar
 Sean Índiatar; tá bearna oet nū naoi leatanaṑ ioir
 torac lom-oiréac an rṣéil aṣur an céad taṣairt do’n
 leaṑṑ Neaíṑa. Deirtear ṣo b’fuil “ buige ” ṣo huiré-
 reac ann aṣur ṣo b’fuil “ mairiú ” tar teorainn ann.
 Do b’rait an Doctúir de Hindeberṣ ṣo raib Impressionism
 ann ir “ an nóta Ceilteac ” ir “ rlanṣ,” ṣo raib
 beartaṑar aṣur Ṣréigeaṑar aṣur Ṣramaṑac b’réige.
 Taréir dealuṣaṑ aṣur mion-dealuṣaṑ do’ déanam ar
 an dá céad aic de’n rṣéal do’, do’ cuir ré deirne le
 n-a éainnt mar reo:—

The present specimen is particularly vile. though
 apparently intended for a classic. . . . Considered
 as an emanation from these [Pearse’s educational in-
 fluences] then if Irish Literature is the talk of big, broad-
 chested men, this is the frivolous petulancy of latter-day
 English genre scribblers and their utterance is as the
 mincing of an under assistant floor-walker of a millinery
 shop.”

Tá cur do’n fírinne ra méirí rín ṣo léir cé náir dem
 an Doctúir don iarract ar buntuarim “ ÍOSAṢÁIN ”

DO tuisrinc ac an t-ugthar féin do marlú; agus níor léis fé éar an tríoimádo leatanae do'n leabhar. Mar rin féin geibim de dhánuioct ionnam a riádo sup móir ar fad an céim ar aghaidh an leabhar fan. Tá fé mar do beaó malairt SÉADONA. Má bhunuis ir má bhunuis SÉADONA cainnt na n-daime mar cainnt litearóda na Saolunne i nua-litrióct ár fé, do gearr ÍOSASÁN an trlige amaé cun ealaóan na litriócta do cup i bfeidm ar fuirim na rgealuiocta. U'é meirge Dubslán an Íarrais é, Dubslán na healaóan i scoinne na sean rgealuiocta. U'rin é an buaid fé leit a bain leit mar rgeal agus ir dá féir rin ir ceart é meap.

CAIBIDÍOL A DÓ.

“ÍOSASÁN.”

Tá trí tréite nua as baint le “hÍOSASÁN” mar rgeal agus ir iad ir mó a bí mar cúir acrainn nú mar ceap magaidh ó torac. 'S iad na tréite iad ná (1) crot an rgeil .i. an rgríobhóir a beit as cúmaó rgeil i nionad an treanóaire beit gá mrint—this ethereal, extra-corporeal omniscient intelligence, mar tugadh air; (2) torac lom díreac an rgeil—this now popular explosive opening; (3) mion cup ríor ar an áit—this apotheosis of the utterly unimportant. Tá tréit nae iad ann sup fiú tagairt di .i. cup ríor ar an noume. Ní foláir maétnam éisim do dhéanamh anro ar na ceitre tréitibí reo má'r áil linn teagarc an Íarrais do tuisrinc.

Do crot an rgeil ar dcúir. Seo mar a cúir an Doctúir De Hinneberg ríor air: It will be noticed that this is not the talk of a chronicler telling his tale of happenings, but rather the musings of a hypothetical extra-corporeal

intelligence that is omniscient. Mar aoubairt ceana, ba léir do'n fidiarrac go maib deire le ré an treancáirde agus go maib ré an élóóora i bfeiróm, agus do ceap ré géillead do'n atriú raoḡail ran marab ionann ir daoine eile. Ba míriú leir d'a bhuḡ rin deire cupi leir an nóir bpreige a cleactad na rḡriobnóiri fóir 'na gcuro rḡéal .i. a leigint oirca gur reancáirde iad a bead as inrinc a gcuro eactra féin do'n pobal le comrád béil. Ar an nóir sam read a fíolhuigead an cúir ir mó de loctaid na ḡnác-rḡéaluiócta, dar leir agus do fíl ré dá túirge a éairfead na rḡriobnóiri díob an púicín bpreige rin de fean nóir gurab ead ba luaithe a tiocfad feabair ar céirir ir ar érot litearóda na rḡéal. Ar an adair ran níoir rḡriob ré réamháid ná brollac ac corruis go lom díreac ar an rḡéal; níoir rtaon ré ó'n mion cupi ríoir ar áit ná ar dúine pé uair a mear ré go maib ḡad leir; do cupi ré irteac go mion minic ar ḡluairteac ir ar ḡníomairteac an eactra. S'é cúir gur dem ré na neite reo go léir ná gur rḡriobnóiri é a bí as cupi ríoir ar cúirraib an traḡail móiri bḡraonais i mionad reancáirde ná 'neorad ac a cúir féin eactra.

Tá roinnt daoine fóir agus deirir go mbaineann lomobainne an corais d'a mbonnaib iad .i. bí Sean Maiciar 'na fuidhe le hair a d'oirir. “By the way,” arir an Doctúir, agus ní ḡan ḡreann a d'ubairt ré é, “his individual having been projected upon our notice without the least ceremony of introduction, has slightly the advantage of us.” Níoir tuigear maib gur nóir ḡadólac introduction den tróir ran ac pé 'ri doiman é, nac minic ar fad i gcúirraib raoḡailta a buailtear um dúine iacta, ḡan aicne ḡan coinne. Ní d'eanfad an Doctúir don ḡearán dá mba gur mar reo a rḡriobfai: “bí rean-dúine ann fad ó agus ré amm a bí air ná Maiciar. Don

lā amāiḥ ṭo bī rē 'na fūiḏe le hair an ṭorair.” Ḑc nī ḏomōcāḏ rē, ir ṭōcā, ḑo ḏfuit an ḏrīḑ cēāṭna leir an ṭā inṭint. Tā ḏm ḏḡur cōngḡarācṭ cainṭe ḏḡ an ḑcēāḏ cēann maṛ ḏuāḏ ar an ṭṭarṭna cēann. Ḑeirṭo ṭṭoime naḥ an ṭoḥṭūir ḑur mōṛ an loḥṭ ar an rḑéal nā hīnṭṭeār ṭūinn cērḏ é Maīṭiar ḏḡur cēr ṭiōḏ é, cioca feirṭeōir é nū iarḑairṭe, cioca feār pōṛṭa é nū fean-māiḑṭeān fir. Ḑc ba cūma cioca ṭo rēir cūṛṛāi an rḑéil; ḏḡur ṭe ḏrīḑ ḑurāḏ' eāḏ, ṭ'fāḑ an ṫiarṛāc fūinn fēm é. “Sḑéal ḑairṭo” a bī ḏiḑe le rḑrīōḏāḏ ḏḡur r' é cēāḏ nī ir maḥṭanaḥ ṭo'n rḑrīōḏnōir ṛa ṭraḑar ṛan rḑéil nā ṭiṛiḑe cainṭe nū ṛmaḥṭ ar a ṫeann. Maṛ ṛin, bī air ṭoṛṫnū cōm cōngḡarāc ṭo cṛoīḏe-lār an rḑéil ḏḡur ṭo ḏ'fēiṭoir ṭō. Nī ṭōiḑ liom ḑurḏ' feārṛa ṭō cūiḑe ṛin ḏon ṭoṛāc eile nā an ṭoṛāc a foillṫeocāḏ ṭūinn Sean Maīṭiar 'na fūiḏe le hair an ṭorair, ar maīṭim Ḑé Ḑomṫnaḑ, an pōḏal ḑo léir ḏḑ ḑāḏāil an ḏōṭar ṭairṫ ḏḡur ḑlōṛ ḑlḑ ḑlīnn cluiḑ an ḏiṫṫinn ḏḑ ṭeācṭ cūiḑe le ḑṭoīṭ ar cūimeār na maīṭone. Ruḏ eile, mā'r ceārṭ ḏḡur mā'r ḑāḏ an fīoṛṫācṭ ṭo mūṛcaīlṭ i n-ḏiḑne an léiḑṭeōṛa i ṭṫṫeō ḑo mḏeirṭo an rḑéal ḑṫeim air ó ṭoṛāc ḏḡur ḑo ṫiṭiḏ a ṫṫāoimṫe ar ḏḑāiḏ leo cūn ciall an rḑéil ṭo ṭéānaḫ ḏmaḥ, cionṫur ir fēiṭoir an fīoṛṫācṭ ṛan ṭo cūṛ i ḏṫeīḏm air nīoṛ cṫuimṫe nā maṛ a cūiṫṫeāḏ an ḏḏairṫ ṭoṛaiḑ ṛin é? Ḑeirṫeār leir ḑurāḏ é ba luḑa ba ḑānn ṭo'n ṫiarṫāc nā a noḥṭāḏ ṭūinn caḏ cūiḑe nā ṭéiḏeāḏ Sean Maīṭiar ar ḏiṫṫeann. Ḑ' é ṫūn an ṫṫeānṭoime é ḏm, ṫūn nār noḥṭ rē ṫiam le hēimṫe ḏeō ḏc leir an ṫaḑarṫ rē ṫéala na ṫāoīṫime. ḏḡur ṫé'r ṭōmān é, caḏ é an ṭeirṫiḑeācṭ a ṭéānṫāḏ rē ṛa rḑéal cioca a noḥṫṫāi é nū nā noḥṫṫāi. Ḑ' é ba ḏun leir an rḑéal nā ṭéiḏeāḏ rē ar ḏiṫṫeann. Ḑ' éiḑm ṭo'n ṫiarṫāc é ṫin ṭ'imṫint cōm ṫṫéān i nḥiṫṫinn ḏḡur ṭ'fēāḏ rē é, ḏḡur 'na ṭiāiḏ ṫin, rē

féim do bí fíor fáta an rúim rin o' foillriúgáð tóinn nú gan a foillriúgáð. Máir rin, i n-ionáð loét o' fágáil ar an rḡéal, i n-ionáð foḡa déanam fé'n uḡðar de deapcaib an torais obann, ramluigeann fé dom gur éirte a fáð gur deacair a málaire do rḡríobáð gan an rḡéal do loé. Sa méir gur tús páopaic Mac Diapair oḡuim a láma le nór an treandairde éun airtire déanam ar nór uḡðar na hÉurópa, do deim fé an ceart do féir cúrraí an traosáil, do féir na ríunne agus do féir na licríocá. Ir léir do éac anoir gur éirḡ leir an nua nór ro do buaná. Éinne a léiríð rḡéalta páopaic líí Conaire nú na rḡéalta gearra a bíonn ar fáinne an láe agus ar an lócráim féim, éiríð fé nár bréas do'n Diapraé nuair a túbairt fé go raib “an méirḡe nua” i n-áirte agus rḡríobnóirí na ḡaolumne as tarrainḡ go teann na céann fá feol. líí beas de deimne é rin náé nór i gcóinne nádúra na ḡaolumne an nua-nór ran.

Má b'fuáé le luét léirḡe ÍOSAḂĀM an toraé obann ran, ba reáét b'fuáé leo an mion éur fíor ar an áit a lean an toraé ran. “Cuala Sean Máitiar oloḡán na tóinn ar na carrairḡreacáib ḡ monabár an trruicléám as ríleáð leir an ḡcloár. Cuala fé rḡrécé na curpe éirḡ ón noúrling agus ḡéimneac na mbó ón mbuaile agus ḡealḡáire na bpaírte ón bpaírde.” “This ethereal intelligence,” ar' an Doctúir airtir, “is petulantly nice in insisting on the inalienable rights of trifles and perpetually strives to encompass the apotheosis of the utterly unimportant. And the more trifling an item, or, in other words, the less connection it has with the plot, the greater its importance. But the natural grading of the importance of things is also founded on Truth and all subversion of it is a sham and an offence against Keltic Art.” líí beas de f'péagra ar an ḡcainnt rin an éainnt a deim an Doctúir Cúno

Ṫo ṛḡṛiob̄ Seān̄ ó Coileān̄, an̄ tār̄o-ḡile ip̄ ṵeíṵean-
aiḡe ṵiob̄, aḡ cup̄ ṛiōṛ ṵó an̄ léip̄ṛḡṛiōṛ Ṫiḡe Molāḡa :—

Éiṵneān̄ aḡ earcup̄ óṛ ṵo ṛṵuaiḡ,
Neannṵóḡ ṛuaṵ an̄ up̄lār̄ úṛ,
Ṫarann̄ caol̄ na ṛionnac̄ ṛeāḡ,
Aṛ ṵṛónān̄ na n-ear̄ aṵ éúio.

Ṫá ṛian̄ na ṵṛéite ṛin̄ ḡo ṵṛéan̄ an̄ am̄ṛánaiṵ na ṛṵaoine
éom̄ maiṵ ; aḡur̄ ba ṵeacaiṛi Seān̄ ó Ṫuiṵiṛ nū Cill
Cais̄ nū Éamonn̄ an̄ énuic̄ ṵo ṛár̄ú le na áitne
atá ṛi ionnta :

Ṫṛuic̄ ip̄ miolta ḡearṛia,
Cṛeabaiṛi na ṛḡoba ṛaṵa
ṛuaim̄ aḡ an̄ macalla,
Aḡur̄ lām̄ac̄ ḡunnai ṵṛéan̄ ;
an̄ ṛionnac̄ ṛuaṵ an̄ an̄ ḡcarṛiaiḡ,
m̄ile liú aḡ maṛcais̄,
Aḡur̄ bean̄ ḡo ṵubac̄ ṛa mbealac̄
aḡ áṛeaiṵ a cur̄ ḡé.

Ip̄ ṛiōṛi nac̄ mimic̄ a cleac̄taí an̄ ṵṛéit̄ ṛin̄ i bṛṛiōṛ na
ḡaolunne ac̄ am̄ám i bṛuiṛm̄ na ṛeopaiṵe a éaitneac̄
éom̄ móṛ ṛan̄ le haiḡne an̄ ṵṛeanc̄aiṵe .i. “ bí an̄ lár̄i b̄án
aḡ ṵul̄ an̄ ṛc̄ac̄ na cup̄óḡe aḡur̄ an̄ éup̄óḡ aḡ ṵeiteac̄
uaiṵi,” nū “ bí an̄ Sluaḡ Siṵe aḡ iom̄áint̄ an̄ an̄ mac̄aiṛe
aḡur̄ liam̄ na Sop̄óḡe aḡ ṵabaiṛṵ ṛoluiṛ ṵóib̄.” Ip̄
ṛiōṛ nā ṛuil̄ aon̄ éup̄ ṛiōṛ an̄ ṵuṵaiḡ Séáṵṵna maṛ ni
cup̄ ṛiōṛ am̄mneac̄a na ṛliab̄ a éonnaic̄ Séáṵna ó b̄ár̄i
an̄ énuic̄. Ac̄ ní hionann̄ ṛan̄ aḡur̄ a ṛáṵ ḡur̄ “ ṛeaca
i ḡcoinne éalaṵan̄ na ḡCeilṵeac̄ ” é cleac̄taṵ aṛiṛ.
Nuaiṛi ṵ’oiṛi ṛé ṵo’n̄ áṵaiṛi ṛeac̄ṵaiṛi ṛéim̄,niōṛi m̄óṛ leiṛ ṵá
éaiṵiṵiōiṵ ṵo ṛḡṛiōbaṵ ’na SḡÉál̄ ṛéim̄ aḡ cup̄ ṛiōṛ
an̄ an̄ ḡcuaiṛo a éuḡ ṛé an̄ an̄ Manḡarṵaim̄. “ The Iri-h̄,”
aṵubaiṛṵ an̄ Ṫoṵṵúṛi i náit̄ éiḡm̄ eile, “ took the sunset

for granted.” Ac ní fásann ran ná so ngealað a gceoiðe i gcomnuirðe ar a ðfeicirint doib “an talaím, an tír ir íosaḂ na rpeire.” Níor ðem an Riarrað ac fülleað ear nair ar fean-tréit Ḃaorðlaig a bíoð ar áilneact an doimain acu ra trean-filioct, nuair a cuir pé ríor so mion beact ar ar airig Sean-MaitiaḂ agur é na fuid le hair an doirar ar maidin Dé Doimnaig.

S’i an ceatramað tréit a ðameann le híOSAḂĀil gur mian liom tagairt dí anro ná an cuma ’na gcuirpeann an Riarrað ríor ar an nduime. Ní ðeirim gur tréit nua ar fao aige í. Tá rí ar feabhar ag an átair Peaðar, ag an Seabac agur ag a lán eile nað iad; ac tá rí níor cruinne níor cuaroungte ag an bRiarrað, ðar liom. Nuair ðeinníto maectnam ar an gcuid reo ðe céirto an rḂéaluirðe— agur r’i an cúit ir tábaactaige dí í—ir léir so ðfuil ðá cuma pé leit ’nar gnátað i éleactað. Tá ar ðúir cúntar beact a tabairt ar ðeild ir ar pearrain ir ar imeon an duime, a mrint dúinn a doirðe atá pé, rað a rúl ir luirne a ceannaða agur mar rin, pé mar a ðeimeann an tátair Peaðar i tcaob Cormaic Báille. “Táinig an báille irteað. Nata bán air. Rluic air. Rur móir-cúirpeac air. Camcín ramhar air. Mumeál beactungte air. Capós ðréirðe Ḃlar-éaorac air. Dolg móir air. Colpai air. Nata trom ðraigim ðuib ’na láim. É ag cneaðaig ir ag réirdeað.” Ir mar rin ir mincá a ðeintí cur-ríor ar an nduime ra Ḃaoluinn;—ir eol do éac cionnur mar a curtar ríor ar laocra na ðpinn-rḂéal nú ar rpeir-ðruinneallaib na nairling. Tá an nóir céatna ag an Seabac. Seo mar a ðeimeann uḂdar Saranað magað pé’n nóir (mar tá pé coitceann i lictioct gað tíre): I may tell you that his eyes are pale blue, his features regular, his hair silky brown, his legs long, his head rather stooping, his mouth commonly closed. There are the facts, and you have

seen much the same in a nursery doll. Such craft is of the nursery.” Ní mar rín a deimtear fa “nua-ḡluairéact” é. Tasaḡtar go neam-díreac tapaid̄ dor na neitib̄ reo b’féidir ac curtar an tume féim ’na rteilibeactaid̄ or ar ḡcoid̄, é ’na ḡnát-rioc̄t, é aḡ déanam̄ an ḡnát-ḡnīm, é mar adveiptear i ḡcamnt na nḡaoime, ’na fearam̄ ar a éarn doilig féim. Seo mar a mínigean̄ Roibeárd̄ Mac Stiabna é: To embody character, thought, or emotion, in some act or attitude that shall be remarkably striking to the eye, the hardest thing to do with words, the thing which, when once accomplished, equally delights the schoolboy and the sage, and makes in its own right the quality of epics.” Do deim an tādair̄ Peard̄ar an mior-
 baid̄t rín nuair̄ do cuir̄ ré Diarmuid̄ liac̄ or ar ḡcoid̄. Cé hé an tume nac̄ léir̄ dó an riorad̄oir̄ mead̄on doḡta liac̄ úd̄ a fanad̄ i mbéal dorair̄ a riora, a ḡual̄a leir̄ an uir̄ain aḡur é aḡ féacaint̄ rior̄ an bótair̄, ruar̄ an bótair̄, aḡur ná féad̄rad̄ p̄féacán teact̄ ar̄o an bótair̄ anuar̄ i ḡan rior̄ dó? Ac cao é an méid̄ eolair̄ a fuair̄eamar̄ air̄ ir̄ a ráó go b’fuil̄ ré com̄ ro-faic̄re rín or ar ḡcoid̄? Ní cuim̄in liom̄ ḡur innreac̄ d’úinn ac̄ go raib̄ ré liac̄. Do cuir̄ an tādair̄ Peard̄ar am̄ an tume liac̄ rain i ruid̄eam̄ a oir̄ ar fear̄dar an doim̄am t’á t̄réitib̄ meom̄ ir̄ fear̄ran. Nior̄ ḡad̄ a tuille do déanam̄; tá an tume ’na rteilibeactaid̄ or coid̄ na rúl fear̄ta. Sa rḡéal ro ÍOSAḂĀN do deim an Piarraḡ iarrac̄t ar an dá t̄ráiḡ do f̄fear̄tal. Innreann ré go raib̄ Sean-Miatic̄iar “’na fear̄n-fear̄ c̄rion éait̄te, a cuir̄o ḡruaiḡe liac̄-bán, ruic̄ ’na éad̄an, a r̄lin-neáin c̄rom̄ta,” ac̄ nac̄ ionann ran ir̄ a ráó ḡurad̄ é SEAN-Miatic̄iar a b̄i ann. Díriḡeann ré anran ar t̄réitib̄ ir̄ ar b̄éaraid̄ an t̄rean̄duine do léiriú go mion ir̄ go beact̄ d’úinn aḡur ir̄ beaḡ má tá t̄réit̄ nū b̄éar̄ oḡta nac̄ duat̄ do ḡac̄ fear̄n̄duine ra doim̄an a deimeann caid̄ream̄

le ruḑáí beaḑa. Ar an tsaob eile, éiríḑeann níor fearr leir ḑnát-moct an tpeanḑuine do noctatḑ aḑur pictiúir buan a foillriúḑatḑ ḑúinn nuair a cuirteann ré ríor air mar seo. : “ An té a ḑadḑatḑ an bḑotar, rílratḑ ré ḑur dealb cloice nú marmuir a bí ann—rin nó duine marḑ—mar ní cḑreitoratḑ ré ḑo bḑeatoratḑ fearr beo fanact com ciúim, com rocair rin. Úí a ceann cḑomta aise aḑur cluar air aḑ éirteact.” Nuair a cuimníḑim féim air ámtac, r’í seo an cainnt ir túirḑe a cuirteann an peanḑuine féim ór mo cḑoir: “ Cuir an Ráirde a lám i lámí tanatḑ cḑarais an tpeanrír aḑur tḑiallatar cor ar cḑoir tḑearna an bḑotar. Súitḑ Sean-Maitiar ar a cḑataoir aḑur tḑarraisḑ ré Íosaḑán le n-a bḑollac.”

Tá curta ríor aḑam com mion beact ro ar tḑréitib an rḑeíl seo ÍOSAḑĀN de úríg ḑurab é an céat rḑeál a cúm an Riarac aḑur ḑurḑ é a mairḑe cata é. Na loctanna ir mó a fuaratar air, ní ríor loctanna iat, aḑur mairir leir na loctannaib eile, ir beaḑ céat-iarraact ná fuil a leitíotí le raḑáil ann. Do buatḑ an Riarac ran ḑcat ḑ’fḑḑair ré i tḑreo ná fuil anoir ac ruim an rḑáiride rna “ ceirteannaib móra ” a bí á bḑléitḑe aḑ an nDoctúir De Hindeberḑ aḑur aḑ ḑaime nac é. Mar rin féim, do b’fíú liom iat ḑ’at-ḑléitḑe anro i tḑreo ḑur cḑuinne-de a tuirḑí cat fé nḑear ḑur cúir acraim nú ceap maḑatḑ leir na blianaib an rḑeál ro ÍOSAḑĀN.

CAIBIDÍOL A TRÍ.

ÁILNEACHT AN TSAOĞAIL FODLAIS.

Lá áirigíte i lár Cathair Corcaigeadó agus gabáil do rtyóear uian faoda, do tós an tÁimhirsíneac a ceann ó'n mbóro agus do rít an rmaoineamh ro cúise:

Ir é mo dít beit ceangailte go faon las

Ir neart mo cléib dá táctad anro ra trráio

An fáio tá réim na habann agus saot glan na fairrige
as glaothac ir as sairim ar an scroide reo 'm lár.

Ní mirt doúinn cuimneamh ar an leat-rann ran agus ar an ngear éar ar a dtáinig ré, má'r áil linn a tuigrint i sceart sac a mbaineann le rgealtaid an céao leabair do cuir pádraic Mac Riarrar fé éio .i. ÍOSAĞÁH AĞUS SĞEALTA eile. Mar léireochar an leat-rann ran an bun-rmaoineamh a bí 'na aigne ar a scúmad do; míneocharo ré doúinn an "meon" 'nar cuir fé le céile iao, agus noctfairó fé na buada ir na loctanna ir mó a bain-eann leo.

Ádubarc tuar gurab é oicar na gnát-rgealuiocta a cleactai an uair rin as furmhór rgríobhóir na Saolumne ir túirge, dar liom, a rpreas an Riarrac cun gním. Ní raió don dúil móri aige i rgealuioct mar rgealuioct, ac do tuig fé dá mb'áil leir don feabar do cur ar céiro na rgealuiocta, nárb fearra do ruo a deapad fé ná rgeal do ceapad uairó féin do réir na nua-nór. Ní hí rin an trlige ir fearr cun teact ar ráir-rgealuioct; ní móri corruige na hanama féin beit as rgríoraó an uđoair cun raochar. Ac ní túirge a bí rochar as an bRiarrac rgeal do ríomad ná do rít rmaoineamh cúise mar rmaoineamh an Áimhirsínis. Com luac ir do dírige fé ar adbar rgeil do cuaroad, do corruis

. . . réim na habann agus saot glan na fairrige
 AS glaothac 'r AS sairm ar an gcroíde rin 'na lár.
 I gceart lár áit Cliaic tó, agus neart a cléib dá taictad
 anfan ra trráid, do mótuig ré glaothac na saodaltaicta.
 O'airis ré crónán na dtonn agus monadh ar an trruit-
 leáin, do réio saot glan ón bhfairrige aniar air. Do
 veinead airling tó agus o'éaluig ré leir go dtí an áit
 uaigneac úo ar éiumair na héireann 'nar éait ré cuio
 máit o'á raogal. Do dem ré maictnam ar na laeteannta
 zeala a éaitead ré ar oileánaib Áirann agus coir cuam
 na Saillime agus do táinig éun cuimnte tó na daome
 a labair leir, na heactraí a bhain tó, na rgealta a hinnreac
 tó. Táinig aróu aigne air. "AS cur na rgealta ro i
 n-easair dom" ar'airean i reamráo an leabair, "ní
 hiongna go bhfuil mo rmaointe ar na cáirde o'innir dom
 iad agus ar an áit uaignis ar éiumair na héireann 'na
 bhfuil a gcomnuide. Feicim ór cóir mo fúl taob tíre
 énoacé gleanntac, aibneac, loacé; beanna móra as
 dagaire a mullaic ar imeall na rreire ra gceart tíar
 dothuaid; cuan caol caointeac as ríneac irteac ar
 zac taob de nor; an nor as ártuagad aníor ó ériortac
 an éuam ac san an iomarca doirde ann i gcommear
 leir na énocaib mágcuairt nó leir na beannaib i gcéin;
 cnuaract beas tigite i ngeac gleanntán ir máim rleide,
 agus botán fánaic anro ir anréo ar gualainn na genc.
 Feictear dom go gcluinim crónán na n-eas ir na n-abann,
 glaoth binn na feadóige ir an érotaig, agus glóir íreal
 na n-daome as comráo coir teme." Do lár a éroide
 le hácar nuair a éuimnis ré ar na rgealtaib do hinnrcí
 tó fan na mbótar bhada mbán nú ar na júnaib a noctáí
 tó i lócrann na teme. Do éuimnis ré ar an reantúine
 ná téirdeac ar airreann ac go mbioo tráo iongantac
 aige o'anam an páirte agus cionnur mar a táinig Dia

na Sliocht féin éirí na deireneacha i meic an Leinb Neamhóda. Do éirí na féir ar an lár gearr rannraoibh 'nar feol bhríghíon é go cliaitín eirí ar bhuac an loca éin go dtairbeánao rí do uais bhairbre imearsh na raicnige mar do beaó tobair ra bhárac: " méiríní as fáir as ceann na huaisge asur neomíní ir bainne bó bliocáin go fairrmeas na timceall." Do éirí na féir ar éis beas an gleanna 'nar innir líora do goctá an tsaoğairc asur i sá nige ir sá rshúrao ór cóir na teme; asur ar an dtis uaisneac féir ac na fannreoidge 'nar innir Eiblin do rgeal éaluisge Eogamín go dtí an tír 'na mbíonn féir 'na rannraoibh i scoimuirde an fáir do bí na fáinnleoga as riorarrais féir rpreir le linn dul féir do'n ngréim.

As cuimneam mar rín do oira, asur é i bhrao i gcéim uata i nÁc Cliait, cáir iongna sur táinsh árouğao aigne air. Dubhairt féir féin go sraicteao a éiríde le nácar nuair a éiríde féir

Some green hill where shadows drifted by,
 Some quiet hill where mountainy man hath sown,
 And soon would reap; near to the gate of Heaven;
 Or children with bare feet upon the sands
 Of some ebbed sea, or playing on the streets
 Of little towns in Connacht.

Mar ir sraicteao, do méaduis ar an ácar ran go móir nuair a éiríde féir ar cup rior oira. Do dearmao féir sur ruar cloac an talam ann, sur beo boct an fear rleibe, sur ruarac an barru arhair a beaó le baint aige. Ir ar áilneacht an tsaoğail fódlais a bí a maictnam go léir, a sradómaire a bí na daome, a sile a bí na páirtí, a áilne a bí an tír. Maicreair do an dearmao ran, ac ní fágan ran ná sur loct ar an leabar é. Idealization a tugtar ar an loct ran asur tá a rian go láirir ar na rgealtair

go léir. Ní locht mór é agus pé'n domhan é, tá an tréit rin ar na tréitibh is tréire a bain le meon is le haigne an Buarraigh. Mar rin féin ramhluigeann pé domh gur mó a baineann an locht ran le fuideamh na rzhéal ná le léiriú na ndaoine. An "mairiú" a dheim Beatrice Elvery ar pictiúirí an leabhair, is é a dheim an Buarraic ar fuideamh na rzhéal. Sean-Maitiár, Uirgítoín agus Páraic, Nóra agus Eibhlín táid go léir do péir an éirt agus na fírinne; tá nádúir an duine go cruinn ionnta. Ac tá fuideamh na rzhéal go ró-foilleadh glé ghal. Sé is dealtraíche ná gur sean-iarceaire cráidhte dealb Sean-Maitiár ac níl a dealtraíam ran ar an rzhéal. Agus is mar rin dóibh uile. Ní fólar níl go mbíonn cruadhtan an traozhail go trom ar muintir Ror na gCaoiric. Uaireannta dóibh ag imirt an anama ar an bhfairrge ghairb' éirí, uaireannta eile dóibh ag rclábuíocht ar an dtalamh lomfuar éirí, is beag a mbíonn acu de bháir an traozhair go léir. Is minic dóibh beir ráidhte i n-umair na haimiléire agus gan de fólar acu ac a muintearthar is a gcarthanna ac féin. Ní nochtann an Buarraic an cruadhtan ná an aimiléir; is fearr leir go mór an carthanna ac is an muintearthar do léiriú. Tá bhígh rin ní hiaid iomraim na dtonn ná ghradh na ngoric a bíonn i gceirt aige ina rzhéaltaibh reo; ní hiaid na hiarghairí dealbha ná na rzhlábuíidhte loma a bíonn ar fuibál aige; ní hiaid ac ná ráirtí beaga ag rúghradh ar an mbán níl an rean duine is an máthair ag cozhairmuis ar a dtainteán féin.

S'é locht is mó atá ar rzhéaltaibh an céad leabhair reo ná a luigeadh atá adhbair rzhéil ionnta. Nuair do labhair an Dochtúir De hInnseberg ar the mincing utterance of these tales in contrast with Irish Literature, the talk of big, broad-chested men, do bhí curd maic de'n carth aige. An eadtra níl an ghníomh a bíonn le hinnrint ag an

b'riarrac, bíonn ré ró-beas ann féin cun rgeíl do déanamh de gan móran do cup leir. Ar an adbar ran bíonn an iomarca ar fad de'n cup ríor ann; múctar an gníom-airneacht fé'n gcainnt ornáidis, go mór mór i nÍOSAGHÁIL 7 i mBÁIRBRE. Táir na rgealta ró-foclaé ró-ornáid-eac. Ruo eile tá an tréit ar a dtugtar banamlaé a g baint leo. I' banamail an éaoine le na dtáctann 'an riarrac ar Sean-Maitiar, ar Úrighiúin i' an dá bábóis, ar Eoghainín na néan. Ní tabairfinn sentimentality ar an gcaoine rin; bí an motucán ar a ríolruis rí ró-úoimín, ró-ríor, ní maib don buise b'réise a g baint le meon an ríarrais. U'fearr liom banamlaé a tabairt ar an gcaoine rin a gur ba tréit i a bí do réir a nádúra féin, an tréit a deineann na rgealta go léir beit com binn b'rónaé corruigtheac ran. Ní mincing utterance ná frivolous petulancy atá mar loct ar an gcéad leabhar ro ac luigead an míanais ionnta, a gur an t-árou aigne a táinis ari a g maectnam ar Áilneacht an tsaghail fódlais do a gur é i b'fad i gcéin.

Ní mian liom cup ríor go mion ar na ceit're rgealtaiú reo an céad leabhair. So dluirti litearóda reat id. I' b'beas liom go mór mór an SAGART a gur EOGHAINÍN NA NÉAN: an eiot atá ar an gcéad rgeal, an corruide atá ra tarma ceann. Da deacair rgeal páraic do páru le rimplioct: féac na mionruoi atá anro i' an ríú ann .i. Nóra a g tabairt rós i' purós gac re nóimeac o'á peata atá a g béiceat i' á iomlarc féin ra daéac uirge; páraic feirtigte i gcóta deais a máctar mar do beat éide an trairt a gur "Framró rromró" ar ríudal aige mar laiom; gan dearmat a déanam de'n a gurín deireannac: "A g dul a cóblaó oí an oitóe rin, b'iat na focla deirid adubairt rí léi féin, 'beit mo maicín 'na rairt! A gur cá b'fior dom' ar' i' re a g

oúnað na rúl oi, ‘cá b’fior dom nac ’na earbog a beir pé amac anro.’” Tá eoġaimín na néan mar fáar-veir-mireacét ar a málairc de móð rġríobta, móð nac rġríob-tar focal ná oipeann do fuidéam an rġéil nú do’n bun córrfuidé ar a dtáinig an rġéal ar dtúir. Tá oiraoiðeacét as baint leir an rġéal ro asur nil b’uiread ar an n’oiraoiðeacét ran go dtí go “ġcluintear ġol mná ran áit uaignis úo—ġol mátar as caoinead a páirte.” Ir ionġantaé an atmosphere atá ann; ciúinear asur uaignear an foġmair, riorairnac éan asur doircuġad róluir; read asur

An ġaot doctuid am leatad
asur b’ar inr an r’péir.

Do’n raġar ġrinn atá ra leabair ro. Ni roiléiré an veirf’igeadé atá ioir móð nua an f’iarrairis asur rean móð an treancairde i leabair a d’ubflám ná an veirf’igeadé atá ioir ġreann a cúro rġéal asur ġreann na rean rġéal. Ni minic an ġreann as an b’iarrac: nil a túairirġ le raġáil ra tarra leabair i naoncor larmuid de’n ġadairde (comairta i rin, dar liom, ar an dtú a táinig ar a aigne); ac tá pé go haibid aise ra céad leabair. Saġar ġrinn pé leit read é ġan amhar. Imteacéta níor aite ná a céile, eadtraí airéireada ar fat a bíod mar doðair ġáiré as an reancairde. Ni bíod uair ac na rcarra ġáiride do baint ar an luét éirte. “ġáiride an cúirp” a túġtar ar a leitéiró rin de ġreann asur ir maic mar ainm é. Uairéannta eile cé go mbaintear an ġáiride cúirp ro ar an n’oume, ir minic a bíonn rearbúr asur ġéiré an doir as baint leir mar ġreann. Tá an dá raġar rin ġrinn ar feadair as an Seadac mar ir léir do’n té a léiréann an baile seo ’ġaimne. Tá raġar eile ann ámtac, an ġreann a cúireann an aigne as ġáiride mura ġcúireann

ré an corp féin aš záiríde. Cuimnígmír ar fáraic aš léigead an aifinn nú ar ūmítoín ip an dá bábdóis. Seo ūmítoín aš ráð paitip na hoitíde :

“A Íora Críort zo mbeannuígíó tú ašur zo rabálaríó tú rinn! Zo mbeannuígíó tú Deairde ašur Mama ašur ūmítoín ašur zo zcuipíó tú plán fábalíte ó tubairte ašur ó anacáin na bliadna rinn, má’r é toil mo Šlánuígíteóra é. A Ūia zo mbeannuígíó tú m’ Oncail pádmaric atá anoir i Meiriocá ašur m’ Aint Ūairbpe——”. Do rtao pí zo hobann ašur cúip pí záir ácáir aipri.

‘Tá ré ašam! Tá ré ašam, a Ūeairde!’ ar’ ípe.

‘Céairt tá ašat, a šráó? Fan zo zcriócnócaríó tu oo cúip paitipeaca?’

‘M’ Aint Ūairbpe Ip corpmáil lem’ Aint Ūairbpe í’.

‘Cé ip corpmáil leo’ Aint Ūairbpe?’

‘An bábdóisín! Sin é an taimm a cúiphear me uipri! Ūairbpe!’

Leis an t-ácaip a fean reairt záiríe ar rap ar cúimníš ré nac ráib na paitipeaca criócnuígíte. Ní ūearna ūmítoín záiríe ar bit ac lean uipri mar reo:—

‘Ó a Ūia! zo mbeannuígíó tú m’ Oncail pádmaric atá anoir i Meiriocá ašur m’ Aint Ūairbpe ašur (reo ašuirín a cúip pí féin leip) zo mbeannuígíó tu mo Ūairbpe beaz héin ašur zo zcoimbígíó tu ó peacaó marbta í. Amén, a Ūigearna!’

Scairt an t-ácaip aš záiríde aipri. Ū’féac ūmítoín aip ašur iongna uipri . . .”.

Ní dóig liom zo zcuipread an méio pim éinne rna tripíó duá ac ar an tcaob eile níl éinne ná bampead doibnear doimín ar, ašur ū’á éruinne ip ū’á mínicí a léigread ré é, read ip móide a bampead ré an tcaibnear ar. Fíor-špeann fíor-šultmar doimín read a leitíio, špeann a fíolpuigean ar nádúir an duine i nionad ra

gníomh nua imteaceta éigin. Tá rult ag baint leir ó feabhar ar n-aicne ar thaoine mar an leanb ro agus a ngotaí spreannmára; tá rult ag baint leir ó éruinnear na camnte féin; agus tá rult ag baint leir ó méir ar n-aicne ar an ughdar com mair. Is minic a leitéir de spreann i rgealtaib an céad leabair ro. Ac cé gur spreann é, ní bíonn binnear an bpoim i bpat uair agus rin é a cuirteann a thar fé leit ar spreann an piarrais. Aduabairt tuine éigin gur cleacht an piarraic an soltraige is an suanttraige ac nár cleacht fé maí an seantraige. Níl iomláine na pírimme ra méir rin. Do cleacht ac is píor go mbíonn binnear an soltraige ag gluairteacht trío i gcomnuirde beagnac mar do beaó doróán.

Luair a léigim na rgealta ro, ramluigeann fé dom i gcomnuirde gur léir dom pátraic Mac piarraic fé mar do bí fé i dtúir a faogail. An corruige, an banamlaecht, an "maire" féin atá ionnta, ní deir do ac a noctad dom cionnar mar do bí píon seal na hóige ag gluairteacht na cuirleannaib an trát ran; agus má'r é a luigeat atá adbar na rgealta féin é, cao é an tóigbáil é rin ac a léiriu dúinn gur rona ruairnearaic a bíod fé an uair rin idir corp agus anam. An té ná léigfead ac suanttraige agus soltraige nua an *Singer* nua an mátdair agus sgealtá eile, ní tuigfead fé an piarraic i gceart. Níl móir mion camnt bpoim le bairbre agus le maí Cinn Óir o'infuicad má'r mian linn a tuigint cao é an ragar píor a bí ann i dtúir a faogail, i mblat a óige ran ar luig anró agus sprándaect an domáin go trom air.

CAIBTÓIOL A CEADAIR.

BINÉAGRA AN TSAGHAIL.

Dá méid rpeír a cuirtear i n ÍOSAGHÁIN mar “meirge cafa an piarraig”, ir ría go móir a cuimneócar ar an mÁTÁIR 7 ar an bEan Chainte. Dá bhrí 7m, ir miéid aghair do tabairt ar an tarna enuaraét dá cuirtear rgeal d’foillirig fé i bhfuirm leabair ra bliadain a 1915 .i. an mÁTÁIR AGUS SGÉALTA EILE. Do clóbuailéad tpi cinn tóib-ro ceana ra CLAIÓEAMH SOLUIS—bí an mÁTÁIR ar Seancaithe na Noilag, 1913—ac deir “Cóilín” sup cúmad a bhfuirmór beagáinín taréir teact amac don céad leabair .i. timcheall 1908-9. Ir deacair ran do éiredeamaint mar ir móir ar fad an t-átrú atá le feicint i móir rghróbta ir i mianac ir i rmaointib an dá leabair.

Má’r ar áilneact an tsaghail fíolais ir mó a bíod pátraic Mac Piarraig ag cuimneam nuair a cum fé rgealta an céad leabair, ir ar an mbrión agur ar an mbuairt atá a máctnam ra tarna ceann. Dá áilne, dá neam-urcódóige iad muintir Ror na gCaorac, nil éinne acu náir bhríghad fé bhráca an bpióm. Cuir acu ag éirige amac i scoinne anéirte an domáin: Nóra Cól Labrair corca de beit’na harailín beag gearrcaile ag á máctair ir ag sac uile duine; i bfeirig le Dia na Slóirte féin nac gearúr fir a deim sé tí; bhrígho na ndáirán ag riudal roimpi fé ochar ir fé anró go hác Cliaé’na reabac donair toirg na héagcóra a deinead uircti ar feir Máig Caoráinn. Cuir eile acu go humal fé mallact náir tuilleadair: an fear Siudail a cail a cuir de’n traogal toirg an muintearbair a deim a mgean leir an nDearg Daol; Cólín Múirne a fuair bár ra ppiórún agur a máctair a cail a meabair cinn toirg fillbeairt

an t-*poicé* *duine*. Níl *rimaoimeadh* *ra leabhar* *ro ar* *geall-*
gháire *na bpaírte* *as rúgra* *le hIoragán* *ná ar* *gocaité*
gpreannmápa *an tSagairt* *ná ar* *mioncainnt* *meiōris*
Ḃrigiōin *le* *Ḃairbhe*—níl *ra* *ḂADAIŪE* *fém*. *Asur* *fé*
mar *ba* *mian* *leir* *an bPiarraic* *an t-aeirú* *mōr* *ro* *do* *noct-*
taō *nior* *cuinne* *rōr* *dúinn*, *féac* *nac* *é* *an tEarrac* *ná*
an Samraō *ná an* *foğmar* *fém* *a* *bionn* *fé* *féim* *aise*
rna *rgealtaité* *ro* *aé* *gmuaim* *na* *Dub-luacra*. “*Oirōce*
garb *geimhrō* *nuair* *a* *bí* *an* *gaoč* *as* *caomeaō* *taite* *tim-*
ceall *an* *tige* *ar* *nōr* *mná* *as* *caomeaō* *na* *maib*” *b’eaō*
an *oirōce* *a* *d’innir* *an* *feap* *Siubail* *rgeal* *an* *DeapS* *Daol*.
“*Oirōce* *airneam* *ra* *geimhrēaō* *i* *lōcrann* *na* *teme* *do*”
d’innir *atair* *Cōilin* *rgeal* *máirne* *na* *gCaomeaō* *dó* *ó*
túir *deire*. *Ba* *mimic* *do* *máirne* *máatair* *beit* *na* *reapaín*
“*fé* *ōrūct* *na* *hoirōce* *as* *cup* *a* *himpiōe* *ruar* *go* *huaisneac*
cun *na* *rpeap* *nnopea.*”

Cad *ir* *bun* *leir* *an* *aeirú* *ro* ? Níl *de* *fneasra* *asam* *air* *aé*
“*bineasra* *an* *traoğail.*” *feap* *ar* *daisgeanta* *ro-cōrruigte*
uapal *a* *b’eaō* *an* *Piarraic*. *Le* *unn* *a* *ceao* *cúro* *rgeal*
do *cúmaō* *dó*, *do* *bíōd* *a* *ēriōde* *ar* *lapaō* *le* *hácar* *nuair*
a *cúimnigeaō* *fé* *ar* *áilneac* *an* *Domam*; *nior* *leir* *dó*
an *uair* *rin* *a* *griánraéc*. *Bíōd* *fé* *ráirōte* *irteac* *i* *raōcar*
an *Cōnnapea* *asur* *é* *lán* *de* *dútraéc* *ir* *de* *dōcar* *asur*
ceapaō *fé* *sur* *leor* *an* *dútraéc* *ir* *an* *dōcar* *cun* *na*
rleibte *do* *leagaō* *ir* *na* *gleannta* *do* *líonaō*. *Ir* *ar* *clú* *ir*
ar *ar* *féim* *na* *rean-gaođal* *a* *bíōd* *a* *rctúdeap*; *ba* *beas* *a*
cairpeam *leir* *an* *raoğal* *mōr* *bhraonaic* *a* *bíōd* *na* *timceall*.
Ba *cuma* *é* *nú* *duine* *a* *beaō* *’na* *cōimuirōe* *i* *ngriannán*
álunn *asur* *ná* *riublōcaō* *puinn* *ar* *an* *rriáir* *ná* *ar* *an*
aonaic. *I* *nnoiaō* *ar* *nnoiaō* *do* *táinis* *an* *t-aeirú* *air*. *Do*
buaileao *irteac* *’na* *aisne* *ná* *maib* *as* *ēirige* *cōm* *geal*
ran *le* *cúir* *na* *teangán*, *go* *maib* *muintir* *na* *hēirpeann* *go*
lag-mirneamail, *go* *maib* *a* *náimōe* *go* *fiočmar* *láirir*.

Ba mó a cáirdeam leir an scoitceantaact agur ip beas
 oume árdmeannnac a deim an cáirdeam ran nár blair
 go géar dméagra an tsaogail. Do bí cúram Sgoil Éanna
 'na luige go trom air. Do connaic pé leir ar gac taob
 de comrac an Éirt i nağairó Ancéirt an Domáin, géar-
 troid na macántaacta ip an éroidé glain i nağairó gliocair
 an troid-oume. Bí baint níor dlúite aige le cúpraib
 poilitiacta agur ba léir dó an émarctiol ip an élaon-
 taact a élaactaí pé reat na náirúntaacta; ba beas air
 imteaacta na gnat-poilitiacta. Ní ar pé Cúculainn a bí
 a rtúdear fearra ac ar pé Tone agur Emmet. Sé an
 déirtean i monav an dócáir toraó an rtúdeir rin.
 Bí uair agur deiread pé go hárd uairdeac

Míre Éire

Sine mé ioná an Cailleac Déarra.

Móir mo glóir'

Mé do ruğ Cúculainn epóda.

ac pé ruo a cúiread pé leir rin de deargaid a cúro nua
 eolair ná

Móir mo náir'

Mo élan féin a díol a mátair.

Míre Éire

Uaignige mé ioná an Cailleac Déarra.

Pion na hóige a beic 'na cúirleannaib ag cúmad rgeal
 na céad énuaracta dó, dméagra an troidoair a beic le
 na beolaid ag píomad na tarra énuaracta dó— rin í
 bunbhíğ an átrúigte móir atá idir an dá leabair.

Ní féarad átrú móir ó'a rağar teact ar aigne an
 rgríobhóra gan a pian féin ó'ráğaint ar a móó rgríobta
 com mair. Tá camnt an tarra leabair reo do péir
 átrúigte an meoin. Tá dorodán an broid ip an uaignir
 ag gliuireact tré tuicim na bfoal; mar adubairt
 Orpino raóó "this music hath a dying fall." Oirdeann

an tOiréán ran go hiongantac do céill na rḡéal agus impeann an dá ní i tteannta a céile oḡaoidheac̄t aerac ar an luēt léiḡte. Níor cuataar an ceol oḡaoidheac̄ta ran ac go hannam̄ ra ḡaoluinn iarmuic de'n filioct. Sí oḡaoidheac̄t doḡasáin Uí Raḡaillle, ir oḡaoidheac̄t CILL CAIS, ir oḡaoidheac̄t SOLTRAIḠE IS SUANTRAIḠE í. Do rḡríoḡ an Diairac̄ an p̄ríoḡ fé mar a rḡríoḡfaḡ file é. Do toḡaḡ ir do toḡaraḡ fé ḡac focal o'á cainnt, ní cuarḡuiḡeaḡ fé an cor cainnte cruaiḡ, ní éiliḡeaḡ fé ac an focal ḡunta ceolmar. Ní tait̄neaḡ cair̄e na naidheac̄t leir; ní bac̄aḡ fé na r̄aíḡte oḡnaídeac̄a; ir i mbriḡ noct na cainnte a cuireac̄ fé ruim. Mar rin fé an p̄ríoḡraḡóir ir ḡlaine ir ir ḡreanta é a labair̄ f̄oḡ t̄río an nḡaoluinn. Dealb̄oḡir marmuir a b'eaḡ a aḡair̄ agus tá rian na céir̄oe rin ar r̄aḡtar an m̄ic. Do ḡearr̄ ir do f̄aḡr̄uis ḡé ḡac focal, do ḡlan fé amaḡ ḡac airm̄eíḡ ir oḡnaíḡ b̄reiḡe, níor f̄as ḡé 'na oiaíḡ ac an r̄maoineam̄ foḡ noct. Focail ir beas r̄iolla, cainnt oḡreac̄ r̄impli ir mó a b̄ioḡ i núr̄aíḡ aiḡe, ac fé mar ba ḡáḡ, do b̄uireac̄ an filioct t̄r̄é r̄úil̄ib̄ na r̄implioct̄a. Seo foḡluis̄ air̄ .i. "o'ér̄t r̄i go foiḡdeac̄. Do b̄i an teac̄ r̄ém̄ oar̄ léi agus a r̄aib̄ ann ioir̄ beo agus neam̄-beo as éir̄teac̄t r̄reir̄m. Do b̄i na cnuic as éir̄teac̄t agus cloca na tal̄m̄an agus reanna r̄eal̄tannaḡa na r̄p̄eire." Má'r̄ é an t̄aḡair̄ r̄eaḡar̄ "the Father of Modern Irish prose" ní don airm̄ar̄ ná ḡur̄ab̄ é an Diairac̄ an céac̄ ceair̄oaiḡe. Agus mar ba oḡual do ceair̄oaiḡe, tá focail agus r̄aíḡte fé leit̄ go r̄l̄uir̄reac̄ 'na leabair̄ a t̄as̄ann air̄ir̄ ir air̄ir̄ eile cun cuim̄nte an léiḡteóira .i. c̄onnaic̄ r̄i loḡr̄ann an loca t̄río an ḡraob̄aiḡ; i as r̄iubal na mb̄oḡtar 'na caḡan don̄raic̄; o'á r̄úil̄ oḡba mar do beaḡ o'á aib̄leóiḡ, ar lar̄aḡ 'na ceann; i 'na r̄earam̄ i loḡr̄ann na teime; do b̄aineac̄ ḡeit̄ air̄ti nuair̄ a cuata r̄i ḡl̄oḡ an

éin éom tobann rin ašur riabhán a reiatán. Nuair a léigim na ršéalta ro an tarpa leabair, ceapaim i gcom-nuidé naé foláir nú go mbamead an piarpac rior doibnear ar áilneact na rpeire ran oidce. Samluigeann pé dom go bpeicim amuic pé'n rpeir é i nam máirb na hoirdce. Tá an pé 'na ruidé go hárd ip na flaitir san rmal; tá šac réalt aš rpreacairnis go šear pé mar do bead riod ann; tá an domán uile 'na ſuan. Ip mar rin a mínigim dom péin an oiaoidéact a braitim atá 'na cuio ppoir. Ip glé glan an éainnt ann, ip réaltannaé gleoite na focail ann, ašur mar bair ar šac ní eile, tá maoréact na pé ašur ciúnear an domán aš baint le gluaireact an ppoir.

Ip treire ámtac ar adbar na ršéal ná ar an bpoir péin an taéru meoin rin ar ar tušar “binéasra an traošail.”

Upón ar an mbár; 'ré tub mo éroidé-re

O'ſuadaiš mo šrad, ip o'fás mé claoirdé.

ar' an bean trléibe aš caomead a mic; ac 'ré an bpoir céatna ran o'árduis a haigne ašur do bain an ceol neam-šaošalta airci. Ar an gcuima gcéatna pé “binéasra an traošail” a bain de'n piarpac an laš-banam-lact do bí pa céad leabair ašur a deimeann na ršéalta ro an tarpa leabair beic éom haoibinn corruigšteaé doimin. Ip doibinn liom na bpoir ršéal an šearcáir o'ſuilng Nóra Cól Labráir. Tuig an piarpac go dian maic aighe an dora óis. Tuig pé go luigeann a gcuio beaš de buairt an traošail go trom oirca ašur o'á luigead é an buairt dar linne, ſupab ead ip truime oirca é. Da deacair buadéaint ar an gcéad cuio de'n ršéal le náduirdéact: a dáille atá an taéair ip an mácáir ašur a neamcuirige a bpušann riad fúca i san rior miana éroidé an leimb; Cuimin 'na ſearam ór cóir an reatán ašur san de cúram

air ac an coilt do dhéanam 'na cúro spuaise; agus nóra boct 'na fuide le hair an éliabáin agus pur uiréi agus toct 'na croide le neart diombáir ip buile. Tugtar fé n-deara supab i an éirtin ip mó a bíonn i sceirt as an bpiarra. An ságart, bairbre, eoðaimín na néan ra céad leabair; an máttair, an bean éaoimne na bóitire ra tarma ceann; fé raðar pictiúr a léirig-eann ríad so léir ná an raðar úo ar a tustar "un intérieur". Ní bacad an piarra leir na heactraib móra ná le cúrraib an traogail móir bpaonais; ba mó aise mion-eactraí an lintige ar lic a tceinteáin féin. Ní gá doom tagairt do'n airtling a deimead do nóra ra coilt le bpeacad na gealaige trío an gpaobais; ní dhéanad don éaimnt ac baint ó'n áilneact atá ra cúro rin de'n rgeal. Níor rgríob an piarra don póp ba mó líric ná an méir rin. Ip doibinn liom an bean éaoimne—rgeal múirne na gcaomead. Níl leabair i litríocht na héireann, pé acu i mdearla nú i nsholunne, ip fearr a noctann brón máttar na héireann. Níl doir ó taeat i dtír do'n gail, ná leigro uata a gclann mac—plúr na bpear ip enó na hóige—cun an fóro do fearam i scoimne an namad. Cío rinte ar fóro an báir íad, bpireann an croide 'na lár le neart an bróm ac ní tagann an báir éua féin cun íad o'fuarcailt ó'n bpém ip ó'n uaignear. "You poor women," arpa Mac Dara, "suffer so much pain, so much sorrow, and yet you do not die till long after your strong young sons and lovers have died." fanair na noiaio

To speak their names in the long nights
The little names that were familiar once
Round their dead hearth.

A leicéir de máttair atá i múirne na gcaomead: cum-neoðar so deo uiréi i litríocht na sholunne. "Bean

ἀπο ἐαοι το βί μντι, α cloigeann cōm zeal leir an pneaéta, αsur τὰ φύιλ ὄυθα μαρ το βεαὸ τὰ αἰβλεόις ἀρ λαρὰ ἴνα ceann Scaitce το βιὸ τὸ ρί ας cniotáil nú ας cárōáil αsur ἰ ας cρiónán ὄρ ἰρεαλ τὸ πέμ; ἀετ πέ ἀν ρυτ ἰρ μὸ το βιὸ τὸ ρί το ὀέανάμ νυαιρ α ἡάδανηρε ἀν βεαλαέ, ἰνα ρεαρὰμ ρα τὸραρ αsur ας βρεαέτνυἡαὸ υαιτὶ ροιρ ἰρ ἀνοιρ ἀν βόταρ ἡο τὸρρεαέ ἰρ τὰ μβεαὸ ρί ας ρανάμἰαιτ le τυμε εἰἡιν το βεαὸ ἀμυἡἡ υαιτὶ αsur ἰ ας φύιλ leir ἀβαἡε.”

Μαρ ρἰμ πέμ, ἰρ ἔ ρἡéal ἰρ βἰννε ἡομ τὸιὸ ἡο λέιρ ná Αἰλ ἡἡἡἡἡἡ. Sean-nór na ἡαὸθαλαέτα οἰτὸε Νοτλαἡ —ἀν τὸραρ ἀρ leαέτὸ αsur cōmneal ἀρ λαρὰ αsur caέαοιρ ρεαρἡαιρ ὄρ cόιρ ἡρἡορἡἡἡ na teime; ρεαν cρiónán na μβαν—cρiónán na ὀαναλτρα—ρἰμ ἡαὸ βἡν εἰρἡμε ἀν ρἡéιλ. Ἀέ ἰρ αοἡβἡἡ ἀρ ραὸ ἀν ρυτὸεαἡ τὸ cύμ ἀν ρἡαρραέ ἰ ἡcόιρ na ρεαν-αἡμρἡρεαέτα ρἰμ .ἡ. τὰ τίς αsur βεαν. Τἡς ὀαιρβἡε ἀν ὀροἡέτἡ οἰτὸε αἡρνεαἡ αsur ἡαν le cloιρἡἡτ ἀνν ἀέ “τὸρἡἡán na τὸτἡἡρἡἡ αsur ρλέαρἡαὸ na teime αsur ceἡleaδαρ na ἡcρἡοἡἡαρ” αsur ἀνοιρ ἰρ αἡἡἡ cὸμρὰτ ἰρεαλ na μβαν, “α ἡἡἡἡἡα ας τὸέανάμ cὸμἡβἡἡἡἡρ le τὸρἡἡán na τὸτἡἡρἡἡ μαρ α βἡορ ἡἡἡ ἀν τρεανρἡἡἡ le cρiónán na ἡτορ.” Τἡς ἡἡἡἡε πέμ οἰτὸε Νοτλαἡ ρέ cἡἡἡεαρ ἰρ ρέ υαέἡἡρ ἀν ἡεαὸον οἰτὸε —ἀν τὸραρ ἀρ ορcaἡἡτ αsur ἰ ἀρ α ἡἡἡἡἡἡ ρέ na ρcaέ ας εἡρτεαέτ αsur ἰρ λέιρ τἡ ἡο ὀφυἡἡ “na cἡυἡ ας εἡρτεαέτ ρρἡἡἡἡ αsur cloéα na talἡἡἡἡ αsur ρεanna ρéal-annaéα na ρρἡἡἡ.” Ἀsur ἀν βεαν πέμ: “αἡαἡἡ ၲατὰ ρἡορ-ἡρἡεαντα το βἡ υἡἡἡ, mala ἡἡἡ leaέαν, ἡρἡἡἡ ὄυἡ αsur ἰ caρτα ἴνα τρἡορἡἡἡἡἡ ၲατὰ ρέ na ceann αsur τὰ φύιλ ἡἡἡἡ το ὀεαρἡαὸ ἡο mall μαορἡἡἡ ἰρ ἡο βυαἡἡ-εαρἡἡ βρἡἡἡἡ ὄρτ.” ἡἡἡἡ ἡἡἡ τὰ cρἡἡἡἡ—ἡἡἡἡ cloἡἡἡ. ἡἡἡ ἡον ρἡéal ná—τὰ naβρἡἡἡἡ ἔ—ἡον ρἡἡἡἡἡἡ τὰρ ρἡἡἡἡἡἡ ρέ, αsur α cἡἡἡ ρἡἡἡἡἡἡ το cἡρ leir, ἡἡἡ τρἡἡἡ

air pian fé leit an ñiarrais ná an rgeal ro. Tá an éaoine ann, tá an éraibíteact ann, tá an daonnact ann—an daonnact a táinig air de bárr bñoin a éroidé féin, ar a dtugaimíó lacrymae rerum. Tá pian na n'oeor ar ađaid na n'aoine go léir atá ar riuđal aise i rgealtaiđ an tarra leabair reo. Ní foláir nú go raib “main na n'oeor” 'na luide go tñom air féin le linn a gcúmta dó.

CAIBIDÍOL A CÚIG.

AN DÁ BUNTRÉIT.

“Ba deacair gan éirteact lem atair nuair d'innreath fé rgeal mar rin coir teallais,” arsa Cólín ra rgeal an bdean éaointe; “ba binn an rgealuide é. Is minic a éarainn go raib ceol 'na glór; ceol binn uaigneac mar atá i nandorñ an orđain i náro teampall na Tuama.” Mar rin leir do'n ñiarrac. Má fiarrnuigtear óiom cao iad na tréite fé leit atá le feicrint ma rgníobinnib, fé mo fneagra ar an gceirt ná na tréite a bñait Cólín do beit i nglór a atar,—na tréite céatna a bñait muntir Ror na gcaoraac a beit i nglór bñuigio na n'ámpán—.i. an binnear ađur an t-uaignear.

Do'n binnear ar dtúir. I dtreo go mbeath fíor-binnear, binnear an binnir, ađ baint le hampán, ní foláir é baint le ceol an ampán ađur le fñiotallaiđ na camnte ađur le glór an ampánuide. Ar an gcuma gcéatna i dtreo go mbeath fíor-binnear, binnear an binnir, ađ baint le rgealtaiđ an ñiarrais, ní foláir é baint le fñiotallaiđ na camnte ar dtúir ađur anñan le raogal na n'aoine go bñuil an éainnt rin ađ tagairt dóib ađur le hanam an té a rgníob an éainnt rin com mair. Táio na coin-

zeallada ro go léir ar comhionad i rgealtaib an bharr-
raig.

Mar adubart tuar, an ceol a baim pé ar gluaiseacht
na bhfocal féin, ní minic a hairiúead a leitéir i bhpróir
na Saolumne. Níor b'é a bdear miam an focal cruaid
ciorra do éarhad, an cori camnte neam coitceannta
do loig. U'fearr leir i scoinnuide an camnt simpli
d'iread. Cuirte focal ir veire ppiotal ir ceol camnte—
rim ar éarhadis pé. Mar rin cé gur coitceannta ar
fad an camnt a togar pé ir uaral greanta an úráio a
deinead pé oi agus ir neam-coitceannta deiread an
ceol a bainead pé airt. Tugtar pé ndeara a áilne atá
aim na n-ait mar Rop na gCaoraic ir Máig Caoraicinn,
agus a ceolmaire atá aim na ndaoine mar Íorasán
Eomín na nEan, Driúio na nAmhrán, Múirne na gCaomead.
Agus maidir le ceol an bhóir, ní beag de foúlúio air
an gíota a togar ceana ó'n rgeal, AN MÁTAR; seo
gíota ar a malairt do móó ó NA BÓITRE.

“Do raimluigead oi gur lionad an ait de cineál leat
foluir, folur do bi idir folur gréime agus folur zealaise.
Do connaic sí go han-foiléir buin na gcrann agus iad
dorca i naghaid rpreire buide uaitne. Ní fada sí rpreir
ar an ndat raim miam poime agus do b'aluinn léiti i.
Do euala sí an coircéim agus do tuig sí go raib duine
éigin ag teact cuici aníor ón loc Do
euala sí gleo agus do lionad an ait de luét aim. Do
connaic sí aigte dorca diablaide agus li lann agus
aim raobair. Rugad go naimdead ar an mac mánta
agus do rtracad a cuio éadais de agus do gabad de
reúrraib ann go raib a colaim 'na corair cró agus
'na biotgein ó malaim go bonn troige. Do cuiread
coróinn rpionta ar a mullac módamail anran agus do
leasad ciod ar a suailnid agus d'imtis poime go troig

mall truaḡánta bealaḡ brónaḡ a tupaip cun Calḡari.”

Sa tairna áit má'r ceadaigḡte dom é ráḡ mar seo, tá binneap aḡ baint le raḡḡal na ndaoime ḡo bfuil an éainnt binn aḡ tagairt dóib. Óir cé hiaḡ na daoime ip minicí a bíonn ap riubal aige? An ḡáḡ dom iaḡ d'ainmniú? Páirteí mar Eoḡamín ip Páráic ip Driḡtoín, Antoine ip Cóilín ip Nóra Cóil Labraip. An ní adubairt pé i ttaoḡ Sean Maitiaip, ip fíor ḡo héas é 'na taoḡ féin. “Ip ionḡantaḡ an ḡráḡ atá aige do'n ní ip áilne ip ip ḡile dá'r éruḡaig Dia; anam ḡlé ḡeal an páirte.” Ip cun áitne níor epunne aḡur comáct níor treire do beit aige ap anam an páirte a cúip pé Scoil Éanna ap bun. “Ní heol dom aḡ aon cúip amáin .i. an ḡráḡ atá aḡam doḡ na páirtib, dá n-imteaḡta, dá ḡcomluadaip aḡur an mian atá aḡam cabrú le deaḡ fearaib do d'éanaim de'n oipead dóib ip ip féidip dom. Dar liom, r'é an páirte an ní ip rpéireamla ra doiman.” Aḡur nuair a ḡaib mí-mirnead é ra deire, ba móir an páraim aigne aige é beit ap a cúmar ro do ráḡ:

“D'ionnmur ná de ḡlóip'

Ní fáḡraḡ in mo deoib,

(Liomra, a Dia ip leor)

Aḡ m'ainm i ḡcoirde lemb.”

An áilneaḡ ip an ḡile a mótaig pé i nanam an páirte, do mótaig pé leip iaḡ i nanam na mátaip. Ip beas rḡéal ná fuil tráct ann ap na máitreaḡaib aḡur nil focal ná rmaoineam ná fuil lán de báir, de ḡráḡ, de truaḡ dóib. “Ip fearr le Dia,” ap' eipean, “na mná ná na fir. Ip éuca-ran a cúipeap Sé na bróim ip mó aḡur ip oḡta-ran a bponnar Sé an t-aoibneap ip mó.” Aoibneap ap mátaip an tSaḡairt, brón ip aoibneap le céile ap Máiḡe, brón ap mátaip doḡraic Eoḡamín, brón ḡo héas ap Múirne na ḡCaomeaḡ. Ní deacair a ráḡ cé múm do

an tsrád doimh beomair ran bí aige uoir na máitmeadaib:

Tugtar fé n-deara leir sup bhinn ar fad na fuaimheanna tagann cuḡaimn ó cúrraib an rḡeíl. Ar n-ór Sean Maitiair féin, airmḡmíto i ḡcomnuide, má bíonn don áirḡ aḡaimn áir, “ ologón na uotonn ar na carrraigmeadaib aḡur monadair an trruitleám aḡ ríleaḡ leir an ḡcloḡar.” Airmḡmíto “ rḡrḡeac na cuirre éirḡ ón uúirliḡ aḡur ḡéimneac na mbó ón mbuaile aḡur ḡealḡáirre na bḡairḡí ón bḡairḡe.” Nil ac don uair amám ’na fuil an rḡuirin aḡ éirḡe aḡur na tonntaca móra aḡ bḡirleaḡ le fuamán i ḡcomne cloḡ an élaḡaig. Áirḡr ir áirḡr eile, ir léir uúinn an trḡeir ceoil aḡ an éanlaic fé’n ḡcoill. Bíonn an rḡmólac aḡ ceileadair ar an ḡraoib aḡur an lonuḡ aḡ labairḡ ḡo neoin; bíonn na fáinnleoga aḡ cnuaraḡt ar bárr na fúinnreoiḡe aḡur iaḡ aḡ riorarraig le céile le ḡlór beaḡ bídeac rar a n-imḡiḡeann ríac fé uéin na tíre ’na mbíonn fé ’na fáirpaḡ i ḡcomnuide. Binnear, binnear ar fad, rna tigḡib mar an ḡcáona. “ Ba ceol leac,” ar’ eirḡan, “ beic i uoig uáirbḡe an uoiḡicḡ aḡ éirḡeacḡ leir na mnáib aḡur a nḡlórca aḡ uéanam com-binnir le uoirḡán na uúiríní mar a bíor ḡlór an trḡanrúir le crónán na uoir.”; nú i uoig eiblin aḡ reiteam le heḡamín uo teacḡ irḡeac. “ Táirḡ ríobairre na ḡríoraigḡe amaḡ aḡur uoiruig ar a porḡ éroiḡeamail. Táirḡ na ba abaile ón ḡcomín. ḡlaḡó an ceare cúici ar na héimínib. Cúicḡ an lonuḡ ir an uoiḡilín ir mionuaoime eile na coille a coḡlac. Coirḡeaḡ ar uoirḡán na ḡcuileog ir ar meirḡliḡ na nuain. Uúirliḡ an ḡruan ḡo mall ḡo raiḡ rí i naice na rḡéirre, ḡo raiḡ rí ḡo tíreac ar bun na rḡéirre, ḡo raiḡ rí fé bun na rḡéirre. Séirḡ ḡála fuar anoir, leac an uoircaḡar ar an uotalam.”

Aḡur ḡo móir móir bí an binnear ran aḡ baic le hanam an ríarraig nuair a cúm fé an cúicḡ ir mó uer na rḡeal-

tairé. Ní foláir nú go raib ré go rona ruaimnearac
 an trát rim ó'á raogal. Bí pion na hóise as gluairéad
 'na cuirleannaib; asur cé sur blair ré binéasra an
 oríodair ar ball, ní raib air é díúgáó go fóill. Sé an
 zráó a bíóó ar laráó 'na érióde ir as zpiórad a aigne
 éun raótar, zráó do Dia asur zráó ó'Éirinn. Ní luigeáó
 a fúile ac ar an rcéim ir ar an nziaráó ir ar féanáó na
 tola. Seanóaoime a éonnaic an páirte Neamóda, máit-
 reáca a labair leir an Maigóin Muire, páirti a bíóó as
 rúzra le hforazán—b'rim iad a éomluádar. Níl cuim-
 neam ar fálaáar an domáin ac ra DEARZ DAOL, níl
 tráct ar anraáct na nZall ac ra BEAN ÉAOINTE.
 Bí a aigne ar ruaimnear. Ó'aitim ré coircéim Dé ar na
 enocáib ciúme asur ó'aitim ré zlóir Dé as labairt fé
 reanna réaltannaáca na rpreire; bí Dia as riubal an
 domáin fóir 'na zradam. "Bim anro i zcoinnuirde,"
 arra forazán. "Bim as tairéal na mbótar ir as
 riubal na zenoc ir as treábad na étonn." Ó'fada uair
 fóir an t-am nuair ná véanrad fé a máctnam ac ar páir
 Ériort ir ar lom-léan an éine óaonna, nuair a véanrad
 fé tré éainnt Mac Óara "He has revealed His face to
 me. His face is terrible and sweet, Maoilsheachlainn.
 I know It well now . . . His Name is suffering.
 His Name is loneliness. His Name is abjection." ac le
 linn furmóir na rzéal ro do rzióbadó do, r'é binnear an
 domáin a bí ar reinnt i n-aigne ir i n-anam an píarraiz.

Má'f é an binnear an éeáó buntréit acá noétaigte i
 raótar an píarraiz, fé an t-uaignear an tarra ceann.
 Tá an t-uaignear ran as baint le fuiréam na rzéal asur
 le raogal na nóaoime asur le meon an ugdair.

Ror na zCaoraáca a tuztar ar an zceanntar 'na éfruit
 coinnuirde ar na óaoime reo aize. Ceanntar beaz iar-
 zcúla ir eáó é i nlar éonnaétaib ar imeall cuam na

Saillíne mar a dtugann pé a sair ar tonntaí na
 fairrge móire. Agus tá a dulaíam san ar an gceann-
 tar go léir. Ní hamán go bfuil an tír gearrta amac
 'na cuantaibh ír 'na cuaraibh, 'na ceannaibh ír na poraibh ;
 ac pé tpeo 'na ngeobta ann, ba léir duit fuamán na
 uonn ag bhíreab le fúinneam i scoinne an élaois
 nú críonán na taoide ag borraibh irteac san na trága
 samhige. Tá saolta ag na "Riders to the Sea" i n-
 enuaraet bhig tuis ann mar pé rin an ceannatar agus pí
 rin an fairrge a baim doibhnear ír uabdar ír filioct ar
 croidé Seáin Synge nuair a tárla do teact an tpeo.
 Ac ní hé contabairt ná cuac na páile a bíonn i gceirt ag
 an bhriarrac ac uaignear na gcnoc agus iarscúlact na
 ngleann. U'fearr leir a cúl do tabairt leir an bhfairrge
 bhíocmair agus leanamaint air pé déin na dtuis atá i
 n-
 gac "gleannatán ír máim rleibe" ann, nú pé déin na
 "mboctán bhánac anro ír anpúo ar gualam na gcnoc"
 cun camnte le rean Daoine caitte ír le máitreacla don-
 racla. Óir daoine donracla ionnta féim reab a cáirde i
 Roí na gCaoracl. Tá Máire agus "ba míic di éirige
 agus fanamaint reaclam fáda pé dhúct na hoitde ag
 cur a himpíde go huaigneac cun na rpear ntorcla."
 Do píil Nóra Cíil Labrair go míic "go mba bpeag an
 raozal beit ag imteact roimpi 'na reabac riubail san
 beann aici ar dúine ar bit. Bóitpe na héireann roimpi
 agus a haíab oíra ; cúl a cinn leir an mbaile agus le
 cruabótan agus le cruabact a muintipe." B'i Máir
 Eogáin agus í ag caoi coir teme agus "cíoó pí na
 páinnleoga cuici gac don traimrao ac ní páca pí eipean
 ag baint an uoirar irteac cuici." Ac ní huaignear a n-
 uaignear-san reaclar uaignear na mná caomte. Uaigneac
 an crot a bí uiréi, uaigneac na rmaomte a bíob aici,
 uaigneac an tuisin 'na scoinnuigeab pí, uaigneac an turur

a tuḡ sí uircti féim—bóítepe raḡa na héireann ó Uactar Árho go b'í' áe Cliaḡ, bóítepe cruada Sariana ó Liberpúl go Londuin; uaigneac éar na beartaib na caomte aḡeireadú sí. “Connactar dom,” ar' an buacail beaḡ, “go raib uaignear na ḡnoc i nam maḡḡta na hoitḡe nḡ uaignear na huaiḡe nuair ná corruḡeann inti ac na cnuma ran ḡceol ran.”

Tá an rian ro an uaignir com dian ar fuidéam ir ar ḡaoimib na rḡéal nac foláir nḡ bí ré go dian leir ar aigne ir ar meon an p̄iarrais. U'féitir nac ró-máit an focal “uaignear” ra céill reo aḡur ḡurḡ féarri donarántaḡḡ to rḡríobad. Ac pé'r domán é, bí tréit mar i aḡ baint leir víreac mar a bameann sí leir an anam atá p̄iréan ḡlé ḡeal ra ḡleann ro na nḡeor. Da binn leir beit 'na donar, aḡ déanam a rmaomte aḡur aḡ cúmaḡ a cúto airtinḡ. U'aoibinn leir an ball iarrḡcúla aḡur an duine donrac, an oitḡe ciúm aḡur an coil ḡorca. Cé ḡur mimic a trmall i nḡeire a r̄aogail ar t̄is ir ar tréib, é 'na fuidé aḡ ceann cláir ar éruinnḡcib, é aḡ ḡríoraḡ na ḡcéadta cun ḡnīm, ramluḡeann ré dom ḡurḡ uaigneac ann féim c̄oide an duine a bí ráitḡe irteac ra comluad-ar, ran obair rin. “One has strange lonesome thoughts,” ar'ra Mac Dara, “when one is in the middle of crowds.” Ná tuḡtear ó'n ḡcainnt reo ḡur b̄rónac ḡólárac c̄oide an duine a beaḡ donrac mar reo. Ir r̄ior do'n té a rḡríob “there is a kind of melancholy that is without bitterness or pain; it is a vein of that pleasure that does not express itself by merriment. There is nothing morbid about such a melancholy: rather it is healthful and noble”; aḡur aḡubairt Addison raḡó “it is a kind of melancholy or rather thoughtfulness that is not disagreeable.” De'n traḡar ran ir eaḡ a bí uaignear an p̄iarrais nuair a bí na rḡéalta ro á ḡceapaḡ aise. Má cuir pé r̄ior ar

áiteannaib̄ iarscúla agus ar̄ óaimib̄ donriáca, ir̄ iad an t-aoibneap ir̄ an binneap atá ina leitéio rim̄ o'áit ir̄ de thime a nochtann ré. Uaigneap san fearthar san péim 'readó an t-uaigneap san.

Mar rim̄ 'riadó an t-uaigneap ir̄ an binneap an t-á buntréit, dar̄ liom, atá nochtaiḡte i rḡealtaib̄ an bharrais. Ir̄ iongnatac̄ an ḡrád̄ a bí aise o'Éirinn, toirc̄ a uairleac̄t ir̄ a ḡile a bí an muintir, toirc̄ a áitne ir̄ a báine a bí an tír. Ac̄ ní hé átar an ḡráda ná ḡáire an ḡráda a tuis ré uaird̄ ac̄ uaigneap ir̄ brón an ḡráda. Níl don fíor-ḡáire san rcaíl i naon ceann deir na rḡealtaib̄. Níl don leatanac̄ san rmaoineam̄ binn brónac̄ ann. Ir̄ ionann an ḡrád̄ a bí aise o'Éirinn agus an ḡrád̄ a bíonn as an máthair o'á mac nuair ir̄ eol oi an brón ir̄ an buairt atá i náiraiḡte oó.

“ A bheil ḡáirig, ir̄ é cprádar me

ḡo mbiaid̄ tu as caoi ;

A ḡné áluinn, ir̄ é mo cár-ra

ḡo uatpar̄ do lí.”

Asur pé mar̄ a cuaird̄ pé i ocaitige ar̄ an rasoal, agus mar̄ a tuis pé a ḡrándac̄t a bí ḡníom̄ na coitceantac̄ta, a luigead̄ a bí an fíor-rppio ḡaoúlac̄ agus a míre a bí rí as fasáit bair, do méaduis ar̄ an mbrón, do neapuis ar̄ an uaigneap agus ar̄ an mbinneap. Oir̄ táio rḡealta an bharrais ar̄ nór ceoil na héireann : o'á brónaige iad 'readó ir̄ binne iad.

Tá oán a cúm pé ar̄ Déarla i nArbour Hill cúpla lá poim̄ bap̄ oó. Níorb̄ fearra dom̄ ruo a oéanpaim̄ ná é o'at-rḡríobad̄ anro. Tá pé com̄ fíor com̄ epuinn san,

The beauty of the world hath made me sad,

This beauty that will pass ;

Sometimes my heart hath shaken with great joy

To see a leaping squirrel on a tree,
 Or a red ladybird upon a stalk,
 Or little rabbits in a field at evening,
 Lit by a slanting sun,
 Or some green hill where shadows drifted by
 Some quiet hill where mountainy man hath sown
 And soon would reap ; near to the gate of Heaven :
 Or children with bare feet upon the sands
 Of some ebb'd sea, or playing on the streets
 Of little towns in Connacht,
 Things young and happy.
 And then my heart hath told me :
 These will pass,
 Will pass and change, will die and be no more,
 Things bright and green, things young and happy ;
 And I have gone upon my way
 Sorrowful.

Pádraic Mac Briathair, Sgéalaíde roir corp agus anam
 atá noctuighe túinn fá tán ran.

A Cíoc Saí.

TRANSLATION.

CHAPTER I.

THE STANDARD OF REVOLT.

IN the year 1903 Patrick H. Pearse was appointed Editor of the "*Claidheamh Soluis.*" He was not long in that post when he became convinced more and more that whatever progress had been made in the restoration of the language as a spoken tongue through the activities of the Gaelic League, very little had been yet done for its re-establishment as a living modern literature. Nor did he hope for a rapid improvement in this respect so long as little attention was paid to the claims of Literature, and above all to the craft of storytelling, by most of the living writers. When Oisín had come back from the Land of Youth, to revisit the haunts of the Fianna, he found "the Court of Fionn of the Hosts choked with weeds, with chickweed and nettles." When Life began to stir again in the deserted ways of Irish Literature, it was similarly found that old-fashioned customs or out-worn conventions had come up to choke the new growth, and that the first thing necessary was to clear them away in the interests alike of the soil and the seed. Nowhere was this more needed than in storytelling. Tales innumerable passed through the Editor's hands; but their numbers were deceptive; they were all minted on the same mould. They were but folk tales. The same preamble: I am not the composer,

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

The same opening : Once upon a time, and a very good time it was, there lived a man——." The same extravagant or merely farcical adventures ; the same conclusion. Pearse knew that, adapted as such tales were for recital in company or by the winter's fire (which was their original *raison-d'être*), and necessary as was their collection and their preservation, yet their constant use was not profitable to the language. It was not wise, he held, that writers of Irish should regard them as literary models nor that readers of Irish should be served only by tales deficient in form and divorced from contact with real conditions of life and art. The fundamental conditions that created the genre were gone for ever, and, unlike most of his contemporaries, he thought to yield to circumstance. Long ago the shanachie stood in the midst of the company and gave his tale by word of mouth ; and the form of his art was strictly determined by that fundamental condition, for never was it easier for an audience to inflict their will on the artist. Too abrupt a beginning, therefore, was not allowed ; that would be to sweep them off their feet ; so some preamble, short or long, was demanded. Minute description was not desired, adventure and amusing incident being the vogue. Conciseness of language was not required : the " half-said thing " is not intelligible in large companies. But times change, and men with them ; and when the era of the shanachie was dead, men must bow to the era of the linotype. It was no longer necessary to define a story as " the talk of a chronicler telling his tale of happenings," since the voice of the chronicler was still. It was but mockery to address as " friend of my heart," and so forth, the unknown person who should read the tale in the loneliness of his room. It was not just to cling to old customs

simply because they were old. Yet those who, recognising the changed conditions, tuned their strings to a new time, were but scantily rewarded. Their tale was convicted of béarlachas, they were airily reminded of the "canons of Keltic Art," accused of breaching the continuity of the literature and finally dismissed from court as literary Bolshevici.

The excesses some of the new writers committed through pedantry, especially in regard to language, gave colour and body to the charge. When they thought to erect a literary diction apart from the spoken tongue, they were far astray. "*Séadna*" set them right. But the form of the story was a thing apart, and neither the practice nor the teaching of an tAthair Peadar concerned form. No one will deny that "*Séadna*" is a great book written by an acute, original mind, and searching in its criticism of life; but its great weakness is in manner. Its production was a considerable achievement, but it is not a literary model, nor is it even a seed-book. Admittedly the fault lay not altogether with the book, nor with the author. An tAthair Peadar set himself to write not a well-planned piece of art but a well-written piece of Irish; his thought was of the tricks of idiom, and not of the ways of literature. The fault lay rather with the standards of criticism in vogue and with the condition of the literary market. The need of the hour therefore was the emergence of a writer who, while accepting the speech of the People as the literary medium would discard the story formula of the people as the literary manner and so would discover a new way of storytelling for a reading public. And because Pearse understood the need there was for such a forward move and felt in himself the power correspondent to that need, he came

forward in 1905 on the Plain of Challenge, and casting down his gauntlet in the lists called on the defenders of the folk tale to do and to dare. The favour he wore was the story "*Íosagán*."

Four years later, passing in review the events of that time, he wrote these words in his school magazine, "*An Macaomh*," revealing his intention to all:—" *Íosagán* has been de cribed by an able but eccentric critic as a standard of revolt. It was *meant* as a standard of revolt, but my critic must pardon me if I say that the standard is not the standard of impressionism. *It is the standard of definite art form as opposed to the folk form*. I may or may not be a good standard bearer, but at any rate the standard is raised and the writers of Irish are flocking to it."

These words (the italics are mine) make it clear that Pearse's purpose in *Íosagán* was to acclimatise in Ireland the principles of story writing as they were understood and practised in foreign lands, and above all to interpret the modern formulæ of the short story. Such service is readily accepted in every living literature, and Pearse could not admit that of itself it would prove a disservice for the Irish language. "Wisdom comes after the event." He determined, therefore, to make the attempt, conscious that such was the only true means of deciding the adaptability or otherwise of the exotic doctrine. To those who cried aloud from the house tops, "Don't make a law nor break a law," he would reply, "No man putteth new wine into old bottles." And as he understood that there was no better way of propagating his ideas on the art of storytelling than to write a story himself, he determined boldly to make the attempt. Such, at least, it seems to me, is the genesis of *Íosagán*. As a first story, it has

many faults. It is neither well planned nor well proportioned. The lengthy account of old Mathias lacks force and directness ; eight or nine pages of sheer description intervene between the abrupt opening of the story and the first mention of the Divine Child. It has been charged with sentimentality and with excessive idealization. One critic, Rev. Dr. Henebry, convicted it of Impressionism and Hellenism, and the Keltic Note ; he found in it Béarlachas and bastard grammatical forms and slang ; and after subjecting the first two paragraphs of the tale to a minute tabulated analysis, he concluded his survey of it in these words : " The present specimen is particularly vile, though apparently intended for a classic Considered as an emanation from these (Pearse's educational influences), then if Irish literature is the talk of big, broad-chested men, this is the frivolous petulance of latter day English genre scribblers, and their utterance is as the mincing of an under-assistant floor walker of a millinery shop." There is a sense in which Dr. Henebry, though he made no attempt to understand the view-point of *Íosagán*, and though he went out of his way to be offensive, was right. Nevertheless, *Íosagán* was a great advance for Irish storytelling. It represents the counterpart of *Séadna*. If *Séadna* established the Speech of the People as the literary expression of the new literature, *Íosagán* opened the way, for the recognition of artistic principles in the manner of that literature. It was, as Pearse said, "the standard of revolt, the standard of definite art form as opposed to the folk form." That is its merit, and its extrinsic importance, and on that ground it stands for judgment.

CHAPTER II.

ÍOSAGÁN.

THREE features in particular mark Pearse's revolt in *Íosagán*, and they have been from the beginning the subject of much controversy and ridicule. They are—(1) The attitude of the storyteller—"this ethereal, extra-corporeal, omniscient intelligence"; (2) The abrupt opening of the tale—"this now popular explosive opening"; and (3) Detailed natural description—"this apotheosis of the utterly unimportant." To these may be added a fourth: the quality of personal description. Though it is but to stir the ashes of extinct fires to recall what was once urged and opposed, yet the interest of *Íosagán* and its literary importance are involved. We must tarry a while over that controversy if only to understand why the appearance of the little tale marks the second milestone in the history of our modern prose literature.

I have already referred to the first of these revolutionary features. It has been described in these words: "It will be noticed that this is not the talk of a chronicler telling his tale of happenings, but rather the musings of a hypothetical, extra-corporeal intelligence that is omniscient." Pearse had frankly abandoned the attitude of the shanachie who, standing in the middle of the floor, tells his tale of adventures as more or less personal experiences. To that convention he traced most of the faults of contemporary narrative, and he believed that the sooner the mask was discarded, the better for the craft of story-telling. Therefore, he wrote no preamble, but began his tale quite abruptly; therefore he dwelt in minute description over place and person; therefore,

he interrupted at will the action of the story. He did all these things because he was no longer a chronicler telling his tale of happenings, but a writer and an artist expressing his own musings on the things of life.

The "explosive opening" of the story ("Old Mathias was sitting beside his door") shattered many nerves. "By the way," says the same critic, not without humour, "this individual, having been projected upon our notice without the least ceremony of introduction, has slightly the advantage of us," forgetful of how frequently such happens in real life. No complaint would have been made if Pearse had written—"There was once a man named Mathias. One day he was sitting beside his door." But it would perhaps be merely begging the question to point out that the same meaning is conveyed in both versions, although fifteen words are required where seven would have sufficed. Fault, too, is found that Pearse did not tell who and what Old Mathias was; but because it mattered nothing for the purposes of the story whether he was a farmer, or a fisherman, a widower or a bachelor, Pearse remained silent. He was writing a short story, and he held that reticence was the first thing necessary. He had moreover to begin as close to the heart of the story as possible. How better could he have done so than by placing the old man seated at his door motionless while the neighbours pass by in groups along the roadway, and the soft notes of the Mass bell are borne to his ear through the clear and silent morning? If the art of the storyteller be to arouse by his opening words an active curiosity so that the mind may of itself rush forward to anticipate the issue, I know of no more effective way than by thus presenting the old man to us in the situation that most calls for explanation, in the attitude that is the very

essence of the mystery. But it is said that at least we might have been told why Old Mathias did not attend Mass. That was the old man's secret, which he never communicated except to the priest under seal of confession. Besides, the reason mattered nothing in the story, but the fact mattered everything. It was the very heart of the situation, and for that the writer had to describe it with all the emphasis at his disposal. That done, it was a moot question whether he should satisfy our curiosity or not. Therefore, in so far as Pearse abandoned the convention of the shanachie to imitate the example of European writers of short stories, he but acted in accordance with the ways of Life, of Truth, and of Art. That Time has approved him is clear to anyone who reads Pádraig ó Conaire, or the short stories that appear in "*Fáinne an Lae*," or in that treasure house of tradition, "*An Lóchrann*." "The standard is raised," said Pearse, "and the writers of Irish are flocking to it," no better proof that the revolt he heralded had in it nothing innately opposed to Irish tradition. The "explosive opening" no longer shatters the nerves.

The emphasis laid by Pearse on natural description, however, in the opening paragraphs of *Íosagán*, raised a point of controversy not yet finally laid to rest. This was the most offending passage. "Old Mathias heard the croon of the waves on the rocks and the murmur of the stream as it dropped among the stones. He heard the cry of the heron from the stony beach, and the lowing of the herd from the pasture, and the light laughter of the children from the green." "This ethereal intelligence," wrote Dr. Henebry, "is petulantly nice in insisting on the inalienable rights of trifles and perpetually strives to encompass the apotheosis of the utterly unimportant.

And the more trifling an item, or, in other words, the less connection it has with the plot, the greater its importance. But the natural grading of the importance of things is also founded on Truth and all subversion of it is a sham and an offence against Keltic Art." It is perhaps sufficient reply to quote the well-known words of Dr. Kuno Meyer, speaking of Ancient Irish Poetry, "It is a characteristic of these poems that in none of them do we get an elaborate or sustained description of any scene or scenery, but rather a succession of pictures and images which the poet *like an impressionist*, calls up before the mind by light and skilful touches," "Twenty-five pictures and twelve noises," says Dr. Henebry farther on, "all contained within the compass of 330 words—was budget ever so stuffed, or with gear that kept up such a jangle"? But the "*Hermit and the King*," to cite but one classic from old Irish literature, sets up a "jangle" seven times worse confounded. In the sixteenth century, too, Gerald Nugent might write without offence (I quote Pearse's translation):—

“ Sad to fare from the hills of Fál,
 Sad to leave the land of Ireland !
 The sweet land of the bee-haunted bens,
 Isle of the hoof-prints of young horses !
 Sod that is heaviest with fruit of trees,
 Sod that is greenest with grassy meadows,
 Old plain of Ir dewy, crop abounding,
 The branchy, wheat-bearing country ! ”

Even in the "classical" poetry of the eighteenth century it is not difficult to find in the best known examples "this apotheosis of the utterly unimportant." The *Fair Hills of Ireland* is full of it, and the *Midnight Court* can supply such lines as—

“ My heart used brighten when I beheld . . .
 The ducks in long line on a stainless wave,
 The swan in their midst proceeding with them ;
 The fish, for joy, rising to the surface,
 A perch under my very eye, speckled and weighty ;
 The colour of the lake, and the blue of the waves
 As they come in serried ranks, thunderous and heavy.”

Seán ó Coileáin, the last great poet of the period, writing of the ruins of Timoleague Abbey, tells of —

“ The ivy sprouting above your arch,
 The brown nettle on a moist floor ;
 The shrill barking of lean foxes,
 The hum of the weasels in your corner.”

The very folk songs *Seán ó Dwyer*, *Cill Cats*, and *Ned of the Hill*, for example, enshrine superb pen pictures of natural description treated in the best impressionist manner : —

. . . I hear
 Badgers and small hares,
 Woodcock with long beaks,
 The voice of the echo
 And the strong firing of guns ;
 The fox i- on the rock,
 Halloos burst from the horsemen ;
 A woman stands sad by the way
 Counting her geese.

It is true that in prose such natural description as Pearse employed is rare except in the form of the ornamental run so dear to the shanachie : the fairy host is hurling on the moor, Will o' the Wisp shows his lantern, the white mare is hastening to the dock leaf, and the dock leaf fleeing before her. It is true that it is non-existent in *Séadna*, for the mere recitation of the mountains *Séadna* saw is not natural description. But that is not to say

that its practice is "an offence against Keltic Art." An t-Athair Peadar himself in *Mo Sgeul Féin* devotes two chapters to an account of his visit to Mangarton. "The Irish," said Dr. Henebry somewhere, "took the sunset for granted," but every Gael will admit with Brian Merriman, that his heart leaps for joy when he sees "the earth, the land and the shape of the sky." Pearse, therefore, merely went back to an old Gaelic trait superbly rendered in the earlier literature, when he dwelt with loving detail on the sounds and sights noted by Old Mathias sitting beside his door.

One other trait, though not the subject of controversy, calls for some mention here. That trait is the quality of his personal description. I do not urge that it is exceptional in Pearse; indeed, an t-Athair Peadar and many others illustrate its practice admirably, but with Pearse it is more conscious. Personal description—the most important part of the storyteller's art—is usually attempted in two ways. It may be cataloguing; it may be impressionist. In the first way a detailed account is given of person and form, and disposition, as in an t-Athair Peadar's description of Cormac the Bailiff:—"The bailiff came in. He wore a white hat. He had heavy cheeks, overbearing mouth, thick nose, bull neck, a great paunch, and great, strong legs. He was dressed in a grey frieze coat and carried a heavy, blackthorn stick. He was blowing and grunting." Such is the more common form of description in Irish; one remembers the descriptions of the heroes of old, or the Spéirbhean in the Vision poems. But in the modern school it has been rightly censured. Meredith says:—"I may tell you that his eyes are pale blue, his features regular, his hair silky brown, his legs long, his head rather stooping,

his mouth commonly closed. These are the facts, and you have seen much the same in a nursery doll. Such craft is of the nursery." There is then the impressionist way: a short indirect reference to those facts perhaps, but a deliberate attempt to set the person before us as a living being in his characteristic setting, or in Stephenson's words, "to embody character, thought, or emotion in some act or attitude which shall be remarkably striking to the eye, the hardest thing to do with words, the thing which, when once accomplished, equally delights the schoolboy and the sage, and makes, in its own right, the quality of epics." One may cite Diarmuid in *Séadna* as an example. Where is the reader who does not clearly see that grey-haired, middle-aged shopkeeper who "stood at the door of his shop, his shoulder against the door post, all day long, looking up the road and down the road, so that a crow could not come down the rise of the hill unknown to him?" But what personal detail has been furnished us that we should see him so clearly? None except that he was grey-haired. But an t-Athair Peadar framed that grey-haired man in a setting that flashed a living picture to the mind, in "an attitude that is remarkably striking to the eye." No need then to labour further, the portrait lives. In this story of *Íosagán*, Pearse attempted to serve two masters. He describes in detail how Old Mathias was a spent old man, with white hair, furrowed brow and bent shoulders—that is to say, he was Old Mathias. He elaborates his qualities and habits, though there is hardly one of them not characteristic of any old man in the country who loves children. On the other hand, when he tells us that "any one passing the road would imagine him a figure of stone or marble—that or a dead person—for no living man could remain

so quiet, so still," he succeeds far better in rendering his characteristic attitude. Yet, when I try to visualize Old Mathias, the words that flash the most vivid picture to my mind are these: "The Child laid his hand in the thin, knarled hand of the old man, and step by step they travelled across the road. Old Mathias sat down on his chair and drew *Íosagán* to his breast."

I have thought it right to dwell in detail over this story of *Íosagán* because it was Pearse's first tale, and because it was his standard of revolt. It illustrates the artistic principles for which he stood better than the other stories, because more violently or more crudely expressed. The controversy its appearance roused has now only an academic interest; it merely served to confound its promoters. The principles for which Pearse wrote, triumphed, and so *Íosagán* marks, after *Séadna*, the second milestone in the progress of our modern prose literature.

CHAPTER III.

THE BEAUTY OF THE IRISH WORLD.

One day, we are told, as he laboured in long and serious effort in the closeness of a city, Osborn Bergin raised his head suddenly from his books and his thought expressed itself in these words:—

"I am ruined, to be bound thus weak and spiritless,
With the strength of my breast choked here in the town
While the sweep of the river and the clean wind from the
sea

Call ever and ever on my heart within."

If we would understand all that concerns the first collection of stories which Pearse issued in 1907 under the

title "*Íosagán, and other Stories,*" we will bear those lines in mind. They will interpret for us the root thought of Pearse's mind, and the mood in which he wrote; they will reveal to us at once the sources of strength and of weakness in his work.

I have said it was the poverty displayed in their storytelling by most of the writers of Irish, that first, as it seems to me, impelled Pearse to weave a tale. He was not, I think, primarily interested in storytelling for its own sake; but he understood that there was no better way of promoting an interest in the newer principles of the craft than by producing a story written on those principles. Good stories are seldom written when exterior motives rather than inspiration urge the pen; and that is one of the defects of *Íosagán*. When, however, Pearse began to cast about for subject-matter, emotion surged up in him as in Bergin, and "the sweep of the river and the clean wind from the sea" began to call ever and ever on his heart. It was the call of the Gaelthacht he heard, and at the summons his mind raced back to reminiscences and experiences of his youth spent among the Aran Islands, or of his holidays spent along Galway Bay amid the great expanse of sea and sky. "As I edit these stories," he said, in the introduction, "it is no wonder that my thoughts should rest on the friends who told them to me, and on the lonely place on the seaboard of Ireland where they dwell. I see before my eyes a countryside abounding in hills, in valleys, in rivers, in lakes. Great peaks lift up their heads along the horizon to the north-west; a narrow crooning harbour stretches in from the sea on each side of a promontory; the promontory springs up from the edge of the water, yet not too lofty in comparison with the circling hills or the peaks

far off. I see a little cluster of houses in each small glen and mountain hollow, and a solitary cabin here and there on the brow of the hills. I seem to hear the murmur of the waterfalls and the streams, the sweet cry of the plover, and the curlew, and the low whisper of the people as they talk by the fireside." He remembered then with a thrilling delight the stories told him along the bare white roads, the confidences exchanged beside the open fire. He thought of the old man who would not frequent Mass, but who loved children with a passionate love, and how God Himself came to him in the end in the form of the Child Jesus. He remembered how little Brideen on a summer's evening showed him Barbara's grave guarded by foxglove, enamelled with daisy and buttercup standing in a little oasis of its own amid a wilderness of bracken on the hillside overlooking a lake. He remembered how in the little house off the main road Máire told him the antics of her little Priest as she washed and scoured him unwilling before the glowing turf; or how in that desolate home beside the ash tree Eileen told of the stealing away of her Eoineen to the Land where it is always summer, while the swallows twittered round the eaves, and the autumn sun sank low.

Thinking thus on them far away, barricaded in the walls of Dublin, what wonder if his spirit became exalted. He tells us himself that his heart was shaken with great joy when he beheld—

"Some green hill, where shadows drifted by;
Some quiet hill where mountainy man hath sown
And soon would reap near to the gate of Heaven;
Or children with bare feet upon the sands
Of some ebb'd sea, or playing on the streets
Of little towns in Connacht"

How much greater must that joy have been when, in the light of his imagination he began to set down their features? He forgot that the land was cold and stony, that the mountainy man was poor to destitution, that the crop he was to reap was wretched. He thought only of the Beauty of the Irish World, the sweetness of its people, the purity of its children, the fairness of its landscape. The fault will be forgiven him; it remains a fault, nevertheless, the fault of Idealization. It is not a great fault, and it was inseparable from the mood in which he conceived the tales and from his own mental outlook at the time. Yet it seems to me that his idealization concerns more the setting of the story than the characterization; it arises more from what is not told than from what is set down. As Beatrice Elvery etherealizes the background in her illustrations, so does Pearse in his tales. Old Mathias, Brideen and Páraic, Nora and Eileen are true to life, are natural; they are set against a gleaming landscape. Life in Rosnageerach must be bitter and grinding. Wrestling on the pitiless ocean for one season, grubbing on the cold, stony soil for the others, the western seaboard knows only one solace, the warmth of human society, the charity of neighbourly hearts. "There, indeed, when death knocks at any door, there is an echo from every fireside, and a wedding drops its white flowers at every threshold." Pearse gives no hint of the harshness of life in these tales; he idealizes the home, and sets before us only the pulsating love of human hearts. He was not sufficiently attentive to the wail of sorrow, for in his own veins ran the joy and the hope of youth; there is little sense of the futility of human endeavour, for in his own heart was the flame of enthusiasm and faith.

The stories of the first collection suffer, however, from a greater fault than that of idealization. When Dr. Henebry spoke of the "mincing utterance of these tales in comparison with Irish literature, the talk of big broad-chested men," he pointed to their real weakness—triviality of subject. The central incident is too slight, and the texture too thin to bear the weight of sheer description; the action is lost in verbiage and ornament. Pearse hardly knew where to stop, above all in *Íosagán* and *Barbara*. They suffer, too, from a certain feminine gush of emotion, though that emotion is very real, and a certain prettiness; witness Brideen and her two dolls, and Eoineen of the Birds. It is not altogether sentimentality, because the mood that gave it birth was too genuine; rather, it is the strong tinge of femininity which was in Pearse's nature and which, if it makes the tales so pretty, makes them also so sweet and sad. But these faults were heightened by the exalted mood in which he wrote, the wistfulness of the distant lover, thinking of the beauty of the Irish world.

I do not intend to dwell on these little tales; they are in the nature of literary dainties; to analyse them is to break them. *The Priest* is the most perfect in form, *Eoineen of the Birds* in atmosphere. The story of Páraic's antics could hardly be surpassed for simple naturalness: one remembers how Nora in turn slaps and kisses her pet as he struggles in the bath, how Páraic vested in his mother's red petticoat, recites "Fromso, Framso" for Latin before his improvised altar, and how the mother's last words as she sinks into bed are "my little son will be a priest . . . And how do I know but that it's a bishop he'll be yet." Eoineen gives a fine example of writing within a mood. Hardly a word

from beginning to end but suits the atmosphere and the setting of the tale ; not a sound breaks the spell until the climax is reached—" the cry of a woman was heard in that lonely place, the cry of a mother keening her boy." There is the stillness and the melancholy of autumn over all, the swallows twitter, light thickens,

The north wind perishes one,
And death is in the sky.

A word remains to be said about the character of the humour in these tales, for nowhere is there greater difference between the style of the folklorist and the standardbearer of revolt than in the manner of this humour. Pearse, of course, was no humorist. Nothing in his second collection, except, perhaps, the *Thief* bears traces of mirth (a sign of the change that came over him) ; but in the first volume he displays a vein of quiet humour all his own. The shanachie sought for laughter by extravagant tales, by ridiculous adventures, but such laughter is, as a French writer said, only " the laughter of the body." At other times the humour is grimmer and the bitterness and the sting of satire remain after the body has laughed. One need only recall "*An Baile seo gainne.*" In examples of these two kinds Irish literature abounds. But there is another kind which, " though it may not move the body, stirs the mind to mirth," and of such a character is Pearse's humour. Take for example Brideen's night prayer (after she has received her new wooden doll).

" Jesus Christ bless and save us. Bless daddy and mammy and Brideen and bring us safe and sound from the troubles and hardships of the year, if it is your Holy Will. God bless my uncle Páraic now in America, and

my aunt Barbara"—She stopped suddenly and gave a cry of joy.

"I have it, I have it, daddy," she cried.

"What have you, love? Wait till you finish your prayers."

"My aunt Barbara! She is like my aunt Barbara."

"Who is like your aunt Barbara?"

"The doll. That is the name I will give her. Barbara."

Her father gave a great shout of laughter before he remembered that the prayers were not finished. Brideen never laughed but continued on—

"O God bless my uncle Páraic who is now in America, and my Aunt Barbara, and (here she made a little addition all her own), God bless my own little Barbara and keep her from mortal sin. Amen."

The father roared again. Brideen looked at him with wondering eyes. . ."

Such a passage never roused a burst of laughter, but, on the other hand there is no one whom it does not delight and the more frequently and closely it is examined, the higher is the delight. For the humour depends, not on incident, but on character. Such humour springs in large part from our knowledge of Brideen and of children like her, and from the nature of the language used; it springs, too, from our idea of the personality of the author behind the character. It is therefore real humour that deepens with our increased knowledge of the factors involved. Some critic has said of Pearse that, though he practised the *goltraighe* (the sad music) and the *suantraighe* (the slumber music), he never touched the third great chord of Irish melody, the *geantraighe* (the mirthful kind). That is not quite true. He struck it again and again in these tales though it is to be admitted

that it is never quite free from an underswell of sadness—the individual quality I think, of all his work.

To conclude, the abiding charm of these tales, with all their weakness and their defects, is that they reveal quite clearly the marks of the man in the morning of his life. Their warmth and idealization tell of the clear wine of youth, their very triviality tells of the happiness of mind and heart. To go back from the poignancy of the "*Suantraighe agus Goltraighe*," from the terrible despair of *the Singer* to the innocent nothings of Brideen and her two dolls, is to catch again the vision splendid of an unclouded spring.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VINEGAR OF LIFE.

PATRICK PEARSE will, however, be longer remembered as the writer of "*The Mother*," and the "*Keening Woman*" than as the herald of revolt in "*Íosagán*," and so it is time to turn to the second volume of his stories issued in 1915. Three of these had already appeared in the *Claidheamh*—"The Mother" was printed in the Christmas Supplement for 1913—but Coilín says in his little brochure that all these stories, though not published till long after, were written about the time of his first collection, say 1908-9. That is hard to believe, so great is the change in style and in mood, in manner and in thought.

If it is on the Beauty of the Irish World that Pearse is thinking in his first collection, it is on its sorrows and anguish he dwells in the second. Beautiful and innocent as are the people of Rosnagerach, not one of them but is bruised beneath the harrow of tribulation. Some of them rise out in revolt against the injustice of the

world : Nora C  il Labhrais, tired of being the ass of burden for her mother and all the family, rebels against God Himself that He did not make her a boy ; Brigid of the Songs tramps the long roads from Oughterard to Dublin in hardship and hunger because of the wrong done her at the Feis of Moykeeran. Others of them rest suffering, but submissive under a curse they did not deserve : the tramp from Joyce's country loses his all in this world because of the harmless intercourse his little one makes with the Dearg Daol ; C  ilin M  irne loses his life, and his mother her memory, because of the treachery of the evil doer. No thought here of the bright laughter of the children romping round *  osag  n*, nor of the antics of the little Priest, nor of the sweet childish prattle of Brideen with Barbara. And as if to enforce this change still more on the attention, Pearse has given us, not the brightness of Spring, nor the warmth of Summer, nor the glow of Autumn as a background for his tales, but the blackness of Winter. " " One rough winter's night when the wind was keening round the house like a woman keening her dead," the tramp told his tale of the *Dearg Daol*. " Sitting in the red torch of the fire, as they worked well into the winter's night," C  ilin's father told the sorrows of M  irne of the Keens. M  aire loved to stand under the dew of night, " sending up her petitions to the dark, lonely skies."

What is the cause of this change ? The answer must be, I think, " The Vinegar of Life." Pearse was a high-minded, noble, sensitive man. While writing his earlier stories, his heart glowed to think of the Beauty of the World ; he was not then alive to its ugliness. Immersed in the work of the League, full of zeal and hope, he felt that hope and zeal alone would bring down the mountain

peaks, would fill every valley glade. His imagination rested on the glories of the old Irish world ; his intercourse with the modern one was small. He was like one who dwelt apart in a sunny bower of his own making, and whose traffic was slight with street or with market-place. By degrees, the change grew on him. It grew on him that all was not well with the Language Movement, that the people of Ireland were faint of heart, that their enemies were powerful and fierce. His business brought him more closely into contact with men and few high-minded men have made that contact without tasting of the vinegar of life. The care of St. Enda's was heavy upon him. He saw on every side of him the struggle of the righteous and the clean of heart against the soilure of the world. In closer touch with politics, he saw the trickery and intrigue practised under the name of Nationality ; his soul sickened at the spectacle of Irish politics. He who dwelt with such pride on Cuchulainn and the Heroic Days, who cried—

“ I am Ireland :
 I am older than the Old Woman of Beare.
 Great my glory :
 I that bore Cuchulainn the valiant,”

now found his thoughts all turn to the dark days of Tone and Emmet ; and in sadness and abasement of spirit he added :—

“ Great my shame :
 My own children that sold their Mother,
 I am Ireland :
 I am lonelier than the Old Woman of Beare.”

The wine of youth coursing through his veins when he

wrote *Íosagán* ; the vinegar of the dregs at his lips when he wrote "*The Mother*" ; that, I think, is the explanation of the change.

Such a revulsion of feeling could not but work its effect upon the writer's style ; and accordingly, the language of the second book reflects the changed outlook of the mind ; and the drone of sorrow and loneliness echoes through the cadence of the words. In Orsino's phrase, this "music hath a dying fall." This cadence harmonizes wonderfully with the spirit of the stories, and both together exercise a magic that is indescribable. Such magic was seldom heard in Irish outside the poetry. It is the dying fall of O'Rahilly's verse, of *Cill Cais*, of the *Suantraighe agus Goltraighe*. Pearse wrote his prose as a poet would. He chose and measured each syllable, he did not seek the hard involved idiom, but the musical concise word. He loved neither the riotous flow of adjective, nor the ornamental run of phrase, but the naked beauty of the language. So he is the most chaste stylist who wrote yet in Irish prose. His father was an artist in marble, and the marks of the craft are all over Pearse's mature writings. He carved and polished each phrase, he cut away each unevenness and false ornament, he left only the clear sharp line of simple beauty. Yet, though his words are common and his phrase simple, real poetry breaks out at will, as for instance : "She listened patiently. The house, it seemed to her, and all within it, living and non-living, were listening too. The hills were listening and the stones of the earth, and the starry spaces of the sky." If an t-Athair Peadar be the "father of modern Irish prose," Pearse is its first artist. And as was to be expected of an artist, individual words and phrases abound in his writings that burn into the

mind of the reader. I take at random from the "*Roads*": "she saw the lake in the moonlight glow like a torch through the branchy wood," "she went on, and on, like a solitary barnacle goose," "he stood in the lantern of the fire," "she started when she heard the sudden voice of the bird and the sweep of its wings beside her." Pearse must, I think, have been a "listener in woods, and a gazer at stars." I think to see him often under the deep skies jewelled with innumerable stars: the moon sits high, and all the world is asleep. For that is the impression his prose makes upon me. The language is clear and chaste, each word glitters like a star in frost, and the stateliness of the moon and the silence of the earth beat through the measures of his prose.

The change of outlook, which I have ascribed to the *Vinegar of Life*, affected the matter of the stories even more deeply than the quality of the prose.

"Grief on the death—it has blackened my heart:
It has snatched my love, and left me desolate."

sings the mountainy woman keening her boy; but it is the same woe that exalted her spirit and struck the unearthly music out of her. In the same way it is the *Vinegar of Life* that struck the effeminacy from Pearse's second series, and makes them so sweet, so moving, so deep. I should love to go minutely over those tales, to point out what in them I think fine, to trace the lineaments of all those sad faces. But I must on. Read them alone, read them in the quiet night, when all around is still, and their beauty will grow upon you, their sweet sad humanity will win you. I love the "*Roads*," that moving tale of the little girl who fled to the long roads from the little-great tyranny she felt at home, and who,

in the dark wood, amid fitful gleamings from the shining lake, learned the lesson of endurance from the spectacle of the Son of Man going to His Passion. Pearse understood right well the movement of the child's mind. He knew how their little share of the world's bitterness weighs upon them, pressing them all the more for their elders' indifference. He paints with charming naturalness the blindness of the father and mother as they crush, all unconscious, the aching desires of the child's heart; Cuimin, her brother, stands before the glass with no care but the exact parting of his hair, while she sits beside the cradle pouting, her heart black with rebellion and bitterness. It is noteworthy that Pearse again and again frames his little tales against the hearth; *The Priest*, *Barbara*, and *Eoineen of the Birds* in the first collection, the *Mother*, the *Keening Woman* and *The Roads* in the second, are examples; he loves to trace beyond all things else the homely lines of "an interior." Not for him far-flung adventure nor movements of the great wide world but the intimate relationships of the family on their own hearthstone. I love, too, the *Keening Woman*. No picture in all Irish or Anglo-Irish literature has presented with such simple but surpassing art the sorrows of the Women of Ireland. In every generation they have seen their sons rise in magnificent if unavailing effort against a power that beats them with its weight, that overreaches them with its guile. They see those sons stretched in death; their hearts break with sorrow and desolation, but death never comes to release them from their pain. "You poor women," says MacDara, "suffer so much pain, so much sorrow, and yet you do not die till long after your strong sons and lovers have died." They are left behind for a higher immolation, a more intense pain:

“To speak their names in the long nights,
The little names that were familiar once
Round their dead hearths.”

The picture of Múirne of the Keens will become a National heritage. “A tall, spare woman she was, with hair as white as the snow but with two black eyes that glowed like embers in her head. At times she would be knitting or carding as she crooned quietly to herself; but what I most often saw her doing as I passed the road, was standing in the doorway and gazing away east and west along the road just as if she were waiting for someone who was out from her and expecting his return home.” Nevertheless, I think I love most *The Mother*. Founded on that old custom of the Gaelthacht for Christmas Eve—the open door, the glowing hearth, the chair beside, the lighted candle, tokens of welcome and hospitality, so that if Mary should pass the way, she should not find as of old every door barred and bolted against her; founded on that old croon of the women—Cronán na Banaltra—learned once, it was said, from the lips of Mary as she crooned her Child to sleep; such a story could only come out of Gaelic Ireland. A tale of two houses and one woman. Barbara of the Bridge’s house, late at night, with nothing to be heard but the hum of the spinning wheels and the crackling of the fire and the chirp of the cricket and the quiet talk of the women whose voices made harmony with the hum of the wheels as the voice of the wind murmuring through the rushes. Máire’s own house on Christmas Eve in the silence and dread of the midnight—the door is open and she kneels in the shadow, listening, “and it is clear to her that the hills are listening, too, and the stones of the earth and the stairy spaces of the sky.” And the woman herself.

“ A long, chaste face she had, with smooth broad brow, and black hair curling in long tresses from her head, and grey eyes that looked at you slow and mild, but troubled and sorrowful.” One great anguish swept her—no child suckled at her breast. There is no work that Pearse has left us—even including his poetry—which, to my mind, bears stronger upon it the stamp of his personality. His gentleness is there, his spirituality is there, his humanity is there. With him we feel as never before, the tears of things. The traces of tears are on the cheeks of all the characters of this second series; the oppression of tears unshed must have been heavy then on his own spirit.

CHAPTER V.

CHARACTERISTICS.

“ It would be hard,” says Cólín in the story of the *Keening Woman*, “ not to listen to my father when he was telling a story in this way beside the hearth. He was a delightful storyteller. I often thought that there was music in his voice—sweet, lonely music, such as is in the harmonies of the organ in Tuam Cathedral.” So with Pearse. If I am asked to define what are the characteristics of Patrick Pearse, Storyteller, my answer would be the characteristics that Cólín found in his father’s voice, the characteristics the people of Rosnagcerach found in Brigid of the Songs—the characteristics of sweetness and loneliness.

With regard to sweetness first. Just as if real sweetness, the sweetness of sweetness, is to pertain to a song, it must pertain to the music of the song, the sound of the words and the quality of the singer’s voice. So, if real sweetness,

the sweetness of sweetness, is to belong to Pearse's stories, it must belong to the fall of the words in the first place, to the lives of the people to whom these sweet words refer in the second, and to the soul of the writer in the third. These conditions are all fulfilled in Pearse's stories.

As I have already said, the music he drew from the march of his words was seldom heard in Irish prose. It was never his way to search out the hard, cross word, the difficult involved idiom. His preference was always for simple direct speech. Justness of expression, beauty of word and melody of sound were all he sought. Therefore, though the language he chose is common, it is never commonplace and the music he struck from it is unusual and weird. The sheer beauty of his place names may be noted: Rosnageerach, Moykeeran; the very names of his characters sing: Íosagán, Eoineen na nÉan, Brigid na nAmhran, Múirne na gCaoine. No translation can, of course, suggest the music of the original, and I shall not attempt one. I shall but refer to the passage from the *Mother* given above, or the excerpt from *The Roads* given over and pass on:—

Do ramhlúigeadh d'í gup líonadh an áit de éimeál leat-
 íoluir, íoluir do bí íoluir íoluir ghréime agus íoluir gealaige.
 Do éannaic rí go han-íolúir buin na gcrann agus iad
 doirca i na gairí r'éiríe buirde-uairne. Ní fáca rí r'éiríe ar
 an n-ocht rín riam íolúe agus do b'áluinn léití í. Do
 éuala rí an coirceim agus do tuig rí go raib' duine éigin
 ag teacht éuicé aníor ón loc Do éuala
 rí gleo agus do líonadh an áit de luét airm. Do éannaic
 rí aigíte doirca diablaíde agus lí lann agus airm faobair.
 Rugadh go naimídeac ar an mac mánta agus do r'cracadh a
 éirí éadaiğ de agus do gabad' de r'cúirraib' ann go

μαῖθ̄ ἃ ἐὸ λαινὸν ἴνα κοραῖν ἐπὶ ἄστυρ ἴνα βιοτῆσιν ὁ μάλαιν
 σο bonn τροίξε. Ὁο κυρεαὸ κορῶνν ῥπίοντα ἀρ ἃ μύλλας
 ἠοδαμὰι ἀνραν ἄστυρ το λεῖσαὸ ἐπὸς ἀρ ἃ ζυαῖνιθ
 ἄστυρ ὀἴμτῆς ποῖμε σο τροίξ-μὰι τρυαζάντα βελας
 βρόνας ἃ τυραῖρ ἐυν Κατβαρί.”

In the second place, there is sweetness in the lives of his characters. For who are they? Need I name them? Little children like Eoineen and Páraic and Brideen, Anthony and Cóilin, and Nora Cól Labhrais. What he wrote of Old Mathias was ever true of himself: “Wonderful was his love for the fairest and most beautiful thing which God has created; the pure, white soul of the child.” It was to know that soul better and have greater influence in shaping its destiny that he founded St. Enda’s. “I am conscious,” he says, “of one motive only, namely, a love of boys, of their ways, of their society, and a desire to help as many boys as possible to become good men. To me a boy is the most interesting of all living objects.” And when dejection came down on him in the end, it was no small compensation when he could write with perfect sincerity:—

Of riches or of store
 I shall not leave behind me
 (Yet I deem it, O God, sufficient),
 Only my name in the heart of a child.

But the beauty and the purity he found in the heart of the child, he found also in the heart of the mother. Hardly a tale in which there is not mention of mothers, and not a mention but is full of love, of sympathy, of compassion. “God,” he says, “loves women more than men. To them he sends the greatest sorrows, but on them also he bestows the highest joys.” Joy to the

mother of the "Priest," joy and sorrow together to Máire, sorrow to the lonely mother of Eoineen, sorrow unto death to Múirne of the Keens. It is not hard to know whence Pearse derived the deep abiding love he felt for mothers.

Notice also that the sounds that come to our ears from the setting of the stories are sweet, sweet if sad. Like Old Mathias himself we always hear if we but attend "the hollow beat of the waves on the rock, the murmur of the stream trickling among the stones. We hear the cry of the heron from the stony beach, the lowing of the cows from the pasture, and the bright laughter of the children from the green." Only once the storm is rising and the great breakers crash along the shore. Again and again we are aware of the raptures of the birds in the little wood; the thrush is busy on the branch, the blackbird's cry is loud till evening, the swallows gather round the ash-tree, twittering with small, thin voices before they fly away to the land where it is always summer. So too, in the houses, sweetness everywhere. "You would love," he says, "to be in Barbara-of-the-Bridge's house listening to the women while their voices make harmony with the hum of the spinning wheels, like the voice of the chanter through the drone of the pipes," or in Eileen's house as she waits for Eoineen to come in. "The cricket stole out and began his hearty tune. The cows came home from the meadows, The hen called to her little ones. The blackbird and the wren, and all the small dwellers of the wood went to rest. The drone of the flies and the bleating of the lambs grew quiet. The sun sank slowly till it was close to the horizon, till it was just on the horizon, till it was beneath the horizon. A cold wind blew from the east and darkness spread over the land."

But, above all, I think sweetness wrapped round the soul of Pearse when writing the most of those tales. He must have been happy and at rest at that period of his life. The wine of youth was in his veins, and though the vinegar of its dregs was later at his lips, he had not to drain it yet to the lees. Love was aflame in his heart, and enkindling his imagination, love for God, and love for Ireland. His eyes rested on beauty and love, and self-abnegation. Old men who had seen the Divine Infant, mothers who had spoken with the Virgin Mary, children who had sported with Íosagán, those were his associates. There is no thought of the soilure of the world, except in the *Dearg Daol*; there is no mention of the tyranny of the Gall, except in *The Keening Woman*. His mind was in repose. He heard God's footfall on the quiet hills, he recognised God's voice under the starry spaces of the sky; God still walked the earth in glory. "I am here always," says Íosagán, "I am treading the roads, and walking the hills and ploughing the waves." There came a time when his thoughts dwelt only on the Passion of Christ when he cried in anguish like MacDaora "He has revealed His face to me. His Face is terrible and sweet Maoilsheachlain. I know it well now His name is suffering. His name is loneliness. His name is abjection." But that time was as yet remote. The sweetness of interior peace was singing in the mind and heart of Patrick Pearse, Storyteller.

If sweetness then is the first characteristic of these stories, loneliness is the second. That loneliness is in the setting of the stories in the lives of the people and as it seems to me in an especial way, in the mind of Pearse.

The homeland of all his characters, Rosnageerach, is a little remote district in Iar Connacht, on the shores of

Galway Bay, where it fronts the storms of the Atlantic. The mark of those storms is over all the land : not only in the fact that it is carved out into headlands and inlets, into islands and creeks, but that, wherever you go there, you are aware of the booming of the breakers on the shore, or the croon of the falling tide along the sandy beach. The "*Riders to the Sea*" have relatives in every cluster of houses there, for this is the land that struck rapture and terror and poetry from the soul of John M. Synge. But it is not the hardships nor the cruelty of the sea that touched Pearse so deeply, rather the loneliness of the hills and the remoteness of the glens. He turned his back on the wild ocean and shaped his solitary course to the "houses clustering in each valley and mountain hollow," or to the "single cabins perched on the brow of the hills," there to talk with spent old men and with lonely mothers. For lonely in themselves are his friends in Rosnageerach. Máire loved to rise and "stand for long whiles under the dew of night urging her petitions alone to the black skies." Nora Cóil Labhárís often thought how grand it was to travel on and on like a "seabhad siubhail" "the roads of Ireland before her with her face to them and her back to her home and the hardness and crossness of her own people." Eoineen's mother sat weeping by the fire and "she saw the swallows come back every summer, but her boy she never saw darkening the door." But their loneliness is as nothing to the terrible loneliness of Múirne of the Keens. Lonely her appearance, lonely her cabin, lonely her thoughts, lonely the journey she took upon herself, another Jeannie Deans—the long roads of Ireland from Oughterard to Dublin, the hard roads of England from Liverpool to London—but lonely above all the keens she sang. "It seems to me," said

the small boy, "that the loneliness of the hills at dead of night, or the loneliness of the grave where nothing stirs but the flesh worm, was in that music."

Loneliness, too, was in the very texture of the mind of Pearse, not that loneliness one dreads, but that sweet, sad loneliness that the righteous feel in this valley of tears. He must have loved to be alone, making his own high thoughts, weaving his dreams, and though his later years were spent in closest intercourse with men of action, the heart of the man who sat there at the head of the table or swayed the hearts of hundreds by his winged words, was, I think, ever solitary. "One has strange, lonesome thoughts," says MacDara, "when one is in the midst of crowds." It is not to be thought that such loneliness is unhealthy or morbid; "there is a kind of melancholy," says Addison, "or rather thoughtfulness that is not disagreeable," or, as another writer puts it, "there is a kind of melancholy that is without bitterness or pain. It is a vein of that pleasure which does not express itself by merriment. There is nothing morbid about such melancholy; rather it is healthful and noble." Such was, I deem the loneliness of Pearse; it is also, I believe, an essentially Irish quality abiding deep beneath an external gaiety. If Pearse loved the remote place, the solitary person, the silence of night, the darkness of woods, it is the sad sweetness of such persons or times or places that attracted him. It is such he loves to reveal.

So sweetness and loneliness are the two most characteristic qualities of Pearse's stories. He had a wonderful love for Ireland, for her pure, noble people, for her fair, glorious land. But it is not the ecstasy of love he shows, nor the laughter of love, but the sorrow and the loneliness that are at the heart of all real love. The love he gave to

Ireland is the love the mother gives to her son whom she sees grow up destined for trouble and woe.

“ O laughing mouth it is it torments me
That you must weep ;
O beautiful face, it is my sorrow
Your beauty must fade.”

And as he grew in experience of life and understood the malice of the deeds of men and the quick decay of the old Irish qualities, the sorrow deepened on him, the sweetness and the loneliness increased. The stories of Pearse are like the Music of Ireland ; they are most sweet when they are most sad.

There is a poem which he wrote in the last days in Arbour Hill Detention Barracks. I cannot do better than re-write it here ; so perfectly does it mirror the essential character of the stories and the mind of the author when he wrote them.

“ The beauty of the world hath made me sad,
This beauty that will pass ;
Sometimes my heart hath shaken with great joy
To see a leaping squirrel on a tree,
Or a red ladybird upon a stalk,
Or little rabbits in a field at evening
Lit by a slanting sun ;
Or some green hill where shadows drifted by,
Some quiet hill where mountainy man hath sown
And soon would reap ; near to the gate of Heaven ;
Or children with bare feet upon the sands
Of some ebb'd sea, or playing on the streets
Of little towns in Connacht,
Things young and happy.

And then my heart hath told me :
These will pass,
Will pass and change, will die and be no more,
Things bright and green, things young and happy,
And I have gone upon my way
Sorrowful."

In these lines we have revealed to us in body and soul,
Patrick H. Pearse. Storyteller.

198942

BOSTON COLLEGE



3 9031 01192346 3

PB1399

198942

.P3Z8H2

Author

Hayes, James.

Title

Patrick H. Pearse: story-

HAYES, J.

PB1399

.P3Z8H2

Boston College The Library

Chestnut Hill 67, Mass.

Books may be kept for two weeks unless a shorter time is specified.

Two cents a day is charged for each 2-week book kept overtime; 25 cents a day for each overnight book.

If you cannot find what you want, inquire at the delivery desk for assistance.



