Our friend, M. F., who came out so gallantly when the "distinguished scholars" refused to write me a line, has presented us an essay dealing with the characters of Beetach, I suspect there is nothing known at all. The name seems to imply mere existence, an adjective. The first which comes is "the first of all." Völkersarmen were flourishing on the grave of the "Living Creature."  

The Irish Plays.  
The production of A. E.'s "Deirdre," and W. B. Yeats' "Kathleen Ni Houlihan," by Mr. Fay's Irish National Dramatic Company, at St. Teresa's Hall, Claremont-street, has caused considerable interest. "Deirdre," has been published in A. E. It is founded on the well-known Irish legend, which forms, with "The Children of Lir," and "The Children of Fuachreas," the saga of Ireland. "Deirdre" is the Gaelic Helen, and, in dramatizing her story, A. E. has endeavoured to embody, as far as it is possible, beauty which finds no home in any heart, or in the world, but shines for a moment in a life time, and the hopes and plans of years go down before it, as Troy before Helen and the Red Branch flame to ruin at the coming of Deirdre. By the rhythmic beauty of his sentences, by the rise and fall of emphasis, he never breaks into discordant violence; by careful grouping of the actors, and the choice of A. E. true colour scheme, A. E. tries to create in the mind of the spectators the mood through which ideas of beauty flash like radiant figures in a dream. His play is not realistic; it is not a study of character; it does not enforce a moral idea; it scarcely even tells a story; it is rather a strain of music carrying a sweet and subtle suggestion. Like a strain of music, if it does not fascinate, it fails completely, and as a masquer note breaks the harmony, so a gesture or the tone of a voice is enough to spoil "Deirdre," as a play, makes the utmost demand on those who act it, since it is by suggesting, rather than by expressing emotion, that they must succeed. All the actors in the Fay Company worked at their parts most enthusiastically, and it is difficult to imagine anything more satisfactory than Mr. Biggs' presentation of "Deirdre's" second Act." This remarkable act on the first night give an idea of the effect of the play on the audience. At the end of the first act a man turned to his neighbour and said warmly, "He can't sit through three acts of this singsong thing." At the end of the third act, a bright-eyed old man, who had been listening intently all the time, bent forward to say to a friend enthusiastically, "That's something like a play; that's the play for me."  

Kathleen Ni Houlihan shows us the inside of a peasant's cottage in the west. An old man, Peter, is talking to his wife about their son Michael who is to be married in the morning. An old man is proud of his grain he has made with the girl's father and the wife is looking over the wedding clothes. There is a sound of distant cheering, and they talk of their hopes. Their old woman, Peter's mother, is sound asleep. The son enters and there is more talk of Delia and the wedding, broken again by cheering, which seems to have come from some very old corner of the house. The latch is lifted and an old woman enters, with the "God save all here!" of the country folk. She sits by the fire crooning a strain of a song belonging to herself. Michael, at the side of her; he would fain know who she is and when she comes. The old couple are disquieted; they offer food and money but their gifts are refused. "Who would help me must give me all—be must give me himself." When the stranger rises to go they ask her name—she replies, "Some call me 'Deirdre,' and some call me 'Kathleen, the daughter of Houlihan,'." While they are wondering, she passes through the door chanting a song that had come to her mind. There is a burst of cheering, and Michael's brother enters with the news, "The French have landed in Killala." Michael stands as if dazed; Delia, who has come in with Michael's brother, goes up to him, and Bridget tries to coax him to the fire, but the voice of the stranger chanting her song of Deirdre. Victory comes through the open door, and Michael breaks from his mother and sweetheart to follow the Shan Van Vocht.  

It is an exquisite little play, and the simplicity of the dialogue and its quaint peasant humour form a most effective setting for the wild, strange songs Kathleen chant to herself. Short as the play has been, Yeats has contrived by a few masterly touches to make the characters live. The shrewd old peasant with his love of bargaining; the kindly, practical wife; Michael with his latest enthusiasm; the strange woman for whom so many lovers had died; all are real; and after one night one seems to have known them a long time. The acting was very good. Mr. Fay, as the peasant father, brought down the house; Miss Quinn, as Bridget, was splendid; so was Mr. Diggs as the Shan. While Miss Walker's Deirdre and Caulfield's Patrick were most excellent. Kathleen was played by Miss Gonne, but she could scarcely be said to act the part she lived it. She was the véritable Shan Van Vocht, and when she entered the little fire-lit room there came with her a sense of tragedy and the passion of deathless sadness. When she drew herself proudly to her full height as Kathleen Ni Houlihan, old age fell away from her, and for one short moment she was the woman of Lir, "star-crowned, victory-compassing, girl, with a beauty immortal."  

Correspondence.  
INTENSIVE AGRICULTURE.  
TO THE EDITOR OF ALL IRELAND REVIEW  
DEAR MR. O'GRADY,—I am glad to see you are maintaining your keen interest in intensive cultivation. I thought, perhaps, these old evidences of sincere faith, now nearly five years old, and I think, before Rodolph Kin's day, which were then not, but now are to be met with on all sides, might give you evidence and proofs of facts which you might find useful. May I use you like of them, but do, pray, keep me, at any rate, in the background—behind the scenes altogether, I hope, in A.I.R. You are terrible for bringing your contributors into the very midst of the company with the most sudden, disquieting, and informal of introductions.  

[Yes, I was good reading, and when it comes my way it is good.—Ed.]  
Try and return me the cuttings some day, though I suppose I must forgive you if you lose them. 

That valued cutting from "Fainn an Lae," that got on your traces up Mount Leinster has, I suppose, gone down the wind, "Don't worry, but dream hopes of ever seeing it again.

Gilmore, earnest poet.  
Mr. [Yes, can a more pure, noble, and gracious wind, the wind that blazed poets, "star-crowned and Mount Leinster. Dear C., I go about with all my pockets stuffed with letters, bills, receipts, cheques, poetry, friendly letters, hostile letters, poetry, prose, &c., &c., and can't help losing things now and then.—Ed. A.I.R.]  

GAELIC POETRY.  
TO THE EDITOR OF ALL IRELAND REVIEW.  
DRAN S.—Your "second daughter" spoils the poem, but she is not genuine—an obvious gloss. The phonetic rendering vocalizes the verse as near as letters can possibly do what is language but music, and is, for me, more musical. I shall not learn Gaelic, but the revival of the spoken tongue has all my good wishes. Why, I ask again, enquire here and there the most archeological, the most sound orthography in literature, or dazzle with an unnecessary alphabet eyes that can but imperfectly follow the sufficient Roman. Repair your scholars are all your scholars are all your scholars are all your scholars are all your scholars are all your scholars are all your scholars are all your scholars are all your scholars.

Is it not common sense, as it is sound scholarship, to make a difficult task as easy as may be for people like me? I believe you think so. Go and say it is "very loud and clear."  

[Dear R.—I don't think that you are such a philosopher as you used to be. Don't you know that difficulty, of a limited kind, adds a charm to everything? I found it so in billiards, I found it so in golf. When I became a good billiard player and a good golf player I ceased to take an interest. 

You are quite wrong about the letters and the orthography of the Gaelic. The letters are a great charm and incentive; and the orthography, once you understand the true fire of it, makes the prononciation quite easy. I suppose you know at least that "roo" is Irish for "red." Is it not a pleasure to know that the true Gaelic for red has "roru" in it, and that the word is "ruadh." We the Irish love vowel sounds, and so we have abolished the final "a" in this word. Can you reconcile anything from our national and racial modern hatred of consonants? [Continued on page 105].