

Current Events

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# All Ireland Review.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1902.

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EDITED BY STANDISH O'GRADY.

[ONE PENNY.]

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THE FINANCIAL RELATIONS QUESTION.  
NESSA.  
ACHILL ISLAND.

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## Current Events.

THE correspondence columns of the *Irish Times* supply the most interesting kind of Irish journalism that can be read anywhere to-day. I observe with pleasure that those who write against the National Conference are afraid to sign their names: while those who are in favour of it show their earnestness and sincerity by writing down their names like men. The letter which here follows, from such a typical representative of the class of resident Irish landlords as Mr. Walter Kavanagh of Borris, is very pleasant reading to all who like this Editor believes that for all that class the right way and the safe way out of their troubles is to come to an understanding with the Nation, and afterwards direct the British Statesman to register *our* settlement in an Act of Parliament:—

"However much landlords may dislike the idea, however much they may cling to old traditions and old memories, the fact must be admitted by the great majority of those who have thought out the subject, that for the future peace and the prosperity of Ireland, the dual ownership in the land, with all its attendant controversies, must be put an end to. This crisis in the question has been brought about:—firstly, by the action of successive Governments, with their incessant Land Acts, fostering and increasing as they do the complications and disputes of this whole land question; and secondly, by the increasing wish—and it is a wish we can all sympathise with—of the Irish tenant to eventually become owner of the land he was born and bred on."

"In the face of this crisis, what are we landlords doing? Are we facing the situation boldly and bravely by taking counsel together as to what is best to be done, both for our own interests and for the welfare of our country, or are we still adopting the *non possumus* attitude which, as Colonel Poe says, has been our policy in every political crisis in our history?"

"There is no doubt we have arrived at a point in this question when there is a desire on both sides for a settlement by mutual agreement. If landlords would only meet together—I mean the great body of us smaller landlords, not the wealthier ones, who are independent of their Irish properties—and try to arrive at some agreement amongst ourselves, fairly and as business men, having regard both to our own interests and to the present value of Irish landed property, as to the price we could afford to take, and then let our representatives meet those of the tenants at a round table conference, as Mr. Healy suggested, I believe that the basis of a settlement of this great question would be arrived at which would be satisfactory to both the interested parties."

"On the other hand, if landlords do not take the initiative, if they allow the present opportunity, in public

opinion, to slip by, what will happen? For an answer they have only to read the later pages of Irish history—better still perhaps, the back pages of their own diaries. That will all happen again; and do they want it all repeated? You may say, however: 'In the event of such an agreement being arrived at, what about the British taxpayer?'—because, of course, in any such settlement there must be a certain balance between what the landlord can afford to take and what the tenant can afford to give, which will have to be made good out of the Imperial Treasury, a sum which Colonel Poe calculates at between seven and ten years' purchase. From past experience I admit Irishmen have not much reason to expect great concessions from the English Treasury, but we must remember that we have never put forward a united request for the settlement of this question: we have never yet agreed amongst ourselves as to what we want; and I, for one, believe that if we Irishmen, landlord and tenant, could go to the English Government with a scheme of land sale and purchase, the terms of which we had all agreed on—a unanimous request for the settlement of this long-disputed question—the British taxpayer would not hesitate long.

"COLONEL POE went on to touch on the question of Home Rule, after the settlement of the land question, and I may say that I do not believe in the complete settlement of the Irish question without the further granting to Irishmen of the management of their own affairs. These two questions, the land question and the Home Rule question, are to my mind so dovetailed, so interwoven, one with another, that the settlement of one without the other would not bring that complete peace and contentment to Ireland which we must all hope for.

"For instance, if Home Rule was granted without, first, a settlement of the land question, it would only increase the strife and controversy which has been raging round this question for generations, and on the other hand if the land question was settled without Home Rule being given, it would still leave the great National wish of Irishmen for the management of their own affairs, unfulfilled.

"I believe in the dual settlement of these two questions, land and legislation, and then I look forward to Irishmen, their differences ended, their battles over, working together with one aim and object in view, the welfare and prosperity of their dear country."

MR KAVANAGH's ideas on the self-government question have been well commented upon by a later correspondent who signing himself "a small landlord." He thinks the inclusion of Home Rule with the land question a mistake, and that whenever Ireland is fit for self-government there will be no difficulty about it.

THAT is so. When we are ready for self-government, and want it, we shall not ask for it; we shall take it. There will be no *asking* at all. How can the British Statesman and his Parliament give us our liberty and Independence? He has not got it to give; never had.

### MAN AND THE EARTH.

MY DEAR O'GRADY,—I enclose an extract from A. I. R. which seems to me to favour very curious ideas of honesty. It runs as follows:—

"One of the great Manufacturers of the North of Ireland gave me an example of the injustice which is worked out through the present system under which outsiders are able to salt the Manufacturers. A brother-in-law rented a bit of Belfast ground from Lord Shaftesbury, upon which he built a house, on a thirty years' lease at a cost of £2,000, to which he added several more thousands in the development of his business; an enthusiast, no doubt.

"Well, at the end of the 30 years, the landlord, Lord Shaftesbury, the pious and philanthropical, kindly took possession of the house and the business. And, if this is not something to set men in a rage, I don't know anything that can."

Surely you must know that the lessee, referred to in it, deliberately, and without any computation, after due consideration and with the advice and assistance of a solicitor, entered into the most binding agreement with the lessor

that could be devised to hand him back at the end of the term the land, house and all improvements without exception. The lease did not merely bind the lessee to pay rent; it was also a solemn promise to keep all the other covenants, express and implied. The lessee has got all he asked for, namely the use of the ground for 30 years. He got this use on certain conditions, and he is bound, as an honest man, to fulfil those conditions. Let me put it in brief. Says A to B:—"Give me the use of C for 30 years and I will do so and so in return."

"Very well," says B. A has the use of C, and at the end of 30 years B makes A do what he promised, and Standish O'Grady says it is an awful shame! Oh! Standish! Standish!

Your horrified friend,  
G. P.

[DEAR G. P.—This kopje of yours is miserably weak and untenable, defended by nothing save custom and prejudice. Considering how I may best outflank you and turn you out of it, I think it best to fall back upon my old trade of story-telling.

A British land and sea robber, a renowned corsair of the olden times whose name was Coroticus, descended once upon the Irish coast and made a clean sweep of your district, driving away much cattle and thousands of captives whom he brought to Bristol to sell in the great slave market then kept by the spirited burghers of that great centre of West British Commerce. St. Patrick wrote to him requesting the return of the captives, and Coroticus laughed at him; *fecit cachinnos de eo*. He tells us the story himself in his rude Latin. Well, Coroticus sold them all in market overt, in Bristol, and put the money in his pocket, and sailed home, and was received with smiles and kisses by his affectionate wife, as an active, brave and successful husband ought to be.

You, dear G. P., though you don't remember it, were amongst the captives, and were purchased for 50 pounds weight of silver by a Pembrokehire gentleman, who brought you home and bragged mightily about you amongst his neighbours.

"He is a good sturdy knave," he said, meaning you, "and well worth 75 pounds, for I learned quite accidentally, that he was a first-rate oarsman and stroke of his boat when he was at the University. So I can send him straight into my galley, without any training at all. A right good bargain."

Presently, St. David, stirred up by St. Patrick, came to claim your release, saying that such traffick in flesh and blood was wrong and unchristian. "Do you think me a fool?" roared the Pembrokehire gentleman. "The fellow is my property. I bought him; in open market; in Bristol; for 50 pounds of my hard-earned money, good silver, weighed out on the tables. Phew! you are a knave and a scoundrel, for all your books and bells and holy airs, and, if you dare to come here again on your knave's errand, by Llewellyn's right hand I'll set my wolf-dogs on you; see if I don't."

"You, my men, see this holy chap off the grounds. He is sure to steal something, otherwise, or try to put some of his own dishonesty and his scoundrelly notions into the heads of my field thralls."

The Pembrokehire gentleman was genuinely shocked, angered and disgusted. Here was a fair bargain, as honest as the daylight and it and he were being, as it were, arraigned by a fellow pretending notions and ideas, just in fact an unmitigated rogue.

The honest fair-dealing man, who pays his debts, and meets his contracts and never looks below or beyond held to be respectable is always so affected when brought face to face with ever-lasting justice. Now, the exploitation of land for the mercantile purposes for which it is used by Lord Shaftesbury and the Duke of Westminster is, essentially, below all that surface of contracts and moneys paid, and man-made laws and rules, a great crime, trampling upon the native God-made rights of men, women, and children in the name of Property!

They don't know it, can't be expected to know: you don't know it—yet—but it is a crime, and a crime of exactly the same nature as the buying and selling of human beings, such a crime as was that of Coroticus when he sold you in market overt in the slave-market of Bristol in the midst of the honest, respectable and pious burghers of the same.

A word more. Get me an acre of the ground on which Belfast stands and I will not exchange it with Coroticus, should he come again, for the plunder of all Meath and Munster. For through the ownership of that acre I can prey, year by year, upon the capital and labour and skill and enterprise of man here, where they are so productive

and profitable, and my power to do so will last till the Day of Judgment! Get me that acre, G. P., and I shall forgive you.—Ed.]

DEAR MR. O'GRADY—We have subscribed to your paper, if not from the first, at all events from a very early period of its existence. So your specimen copy came to an unknown supporter. I think A. I. R. fills an important place of its own. Little by little, feeding it with drops of honey which it instills into the carefully protected Protestant and Unionist mind, something of a genuine love of Ireland, and of a feeling of romance and poetry in connection with Ireland. It reaches people, whom the Nationalist papers can't reach; and helps to educate them in the right way—that is in the right kind of *sentiment*, (for on matters of opinion, especially political opinion, I shall rather not pronounce)! We both hope that the All Ireland Review may have a large circulation and a prosperous career.

M. H.

[DEAR MR. H.—Thanks for pretty speeches; I shall try to deserve them. But as well as I can make out A. I. R., he is not trying to distill "little drops of honey" so much as to suggest a way of looking at politics and political economy, and social problems in which things that are right shall seem to be of first and last importance and not things that seem to be immediately profitable.

E.G., amongst other questions I have been asking, is it right to pollute our rivers. Is this thing right? If it is not right. If it is not right—I would suggest that economies and other material profits and results arising from their conversion into drains and useful channels cannot be of real value to the nations that practise and sanction such things.

John Ruskin you know kept asking his own people that question. They laughed at him, but I think there will never be a time when some one will not be found and in every country to stand up for the rivers. I hope you know Spenser. How would he have answered that question?

In short, if river pollution is wrong—as it most assuredly is shocking and hideous can it ever be really profitable to the Nations that practice it.—Ed.]

Edenderry House,  
July 29th.

DEAR SIR,—I have been for some time using Paterson's Matches, instead of Bryant and May's, the former being home made and good.

I noticed that as well as being equally good, they seemed to have more last in them than B. and M's., and being curious to know the cause of this I counted out the matches contained in three boxes of each of the rival makers, with the following result. Bryant and May's contained respectively, 84, 74, 76, while Paterson's contained, 98, 86, 100, averaging 94½ to B. and M's. 78.

The reason of this difference is, that Paterson's matches are smaller, though quite large enough for their purpose.

Yours truly,  
ELLEN F. BROWN.

[DEAR MRS. BROWNE,—I am glad to see you are so much in earnest. There is a Liverpool match "Puck's" which amongst the quarters of the working people of Dublin seems to be beating out both Paterson's and B. and M's. Is this a fair beating or the consequences of ignorance.

It will be a serious thing, if Mr. "Puck," whoever he may be, gets possession of such a market as that which is afforded by our toiling millions.—Ed.]

#### TOY BOAT INDUSTRY.

DEAR MR. O'GRADY,—I am so glad to learn that the Brehon Laws enacted that besides furniture and other trifles people must keep toys "to expel melancholy out of children." It never struck me indeed that children required to have melancholy expelled out of them so much as men; but that is because the Great Enchantment has now been long over the land, obscuring all issues and paralysing all energies except the misdirected; so that sane men require the expulsion of melancholy more than children; whereas in those days, perhaps, it was not so.

Now you are the best representative of the Brehon lawyers that I can find at present; and you might just enact that all families should for the summer holidays be provided with Claddagh toy boats. Melancholy would thereby be expelled, in the making of the boats, as well as there in the sailing of them.

It was you that started me at this last year; and several

were willing to help with orders. Mrs. J. S. Brown and Mr. A. P. Graves being particularly kind about it. But this supply was not forthcoming, and we lost heart. I think the thing is on a business footing, at last, and should do all right. So I am sending an advertisement to A. I. R.—Whence it will be seen that applications need not be sent to me but to Mr. Hill in Galway, who has taken it up.

Very truly yours,  
W. F. TRENCH.

[DEAR MR TRENCH,—Yes, I make the law with pleasure. If the Claddagh boats to-day are as good as they used to be they are very good indeed. I have seen them crossing a firth under a gale most gallantly and exhibiting the finest sailing qualities.

I have been a score of times disgusted at the knavery of shopkeepers selling to our boys ships made to sell and not to sail, ships that capsize in a tub of still water. The poor boys' sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns were therefore stolen from them, just as much as if the vendors had picked the money out of their pockets. Then, everything of that kind is highly injurious to the morals of the young people besides, and all the vexations and fret. I think besides those grand seaworthy boats, Mr. Hill should get the Claddagh boys to make something more refined, more suitable for ponds and gentle breezes; fast sailers; also tell him not to sell any boat that has not been tested, remembering always the profound disappointment of the little purchaser who after having saved up his money and bought his boat finds that it won't sail.—ED.]

RIVER NAMES.

SIR,—With regard to the derivation of "Nore" ūn seems a good shot, albeit delivered in the dark. The name "Yare" (a river in Norfolk) also seems kindred to "Nore;" and was not Roderick Dhu's fiery cross carried down Strath-Ire? The traditional derivation of "Barrow" is scarcely safe. The river names "Boro" (in Wexford) and Bure in Norfolk are probably the same as "Barrow," and are they boiling streams? In the case of the Bure I think not; and I always thought the Barrow a stolidly respectable river. Dooan and its offshoots are open to much the same objection as the traditional derivation. The name "Soar" (of a river in Leicestershire), also the name "Sow" (of rivers in Wexford and Staffordshire) seem akin to "Suir," and it is not improbable that the name "Stour" (of four English rivers) is of the same family. None of these rivers, except the Tipperary stream and perhaps the Suffolk Stour, belong to riverine sisterhoods. With regard to the name Sabhann we have still the Shournagh flowing into the Lee at Cork, and the headwater of the Thames is called the Churn. [I am afraid I shall be accused of Fluellenism]. Professor Rhys in his Bradford lecture (in '99 I think) challenged any philologist to give the true meaning of the names of many rivers of this archipelago.—

"SIEEGOUNA."

THE CORMORANT

FROM MISS LAWLESS'S "WITH THE WILD GEESE"

Now the seagull spreads his wing,  
And the puffin seeks the shore,  
Home flies every living thing,  
Yo, ho! the breakers roar!  
Only the Cormorant, dark and sly,  
Watches the waves with a sea-green eye.

Under his bows the breakers fleet,  
All alone, alone went he;  
Flying alone through the blinding sleet,  
Flying alone through the raging sea.  
Only the Cormorant, dark and sly,  
Watches the waves with a sea-green eye.

Round his bark the billows roar,  
Dancing along to a lonely grave;  
Death behind, and Death before.  
Yo, ho! the breakers rave!  
Only the Cormorant, dark and sly,  
Watches the waves with a sea-green eye.

Hark! the waves on their iron floor,  
See Kilstiffin's naked brow!  
Iron cliff, and iron shore,  
Erin's saints preserve him now!  
Only the Cormorant, dark and sly,  
Watches the waves with a sea-green eye.

Hark! was that a drowning cry?  
Erin's saints receive his soul!  
Nothing now 'twixt sea and sky,  
Yo, ho! the breakers roll!  
Only the Cormorant, dark and sly,  
Watches the waves with a sea-green eye.

These beautiful verses belong to a class of poetry common in our time—vague, illusive, indirect, and suggestive—nothing clearly told, while much is hinted.

I wonder poets have not more often celebrated that very interesting bird the Cormorant, whom our coast people in the West call very properly the Cormoral, *i.e.*, *corn mureamait*, the sea crow.

I recall a verse from Longfellow:—

As the fierce cormorant,  
Sailing with wings a-slant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
With his prey laden,  
So towards the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane,  
Bore I the maiden.

THIS year three cormorants appeared and seemed resolved to make their home in the Nore, some three miles south of Kilkenny, and upon that reach of the river along which the Ulster lads, who came to act Hugh Roe, had pitched their camp. On the 15th a brutal sportsman came along the opposite bank of the river and killed them all in one shot; finding them all together. The harmless visitors were all murdered before any one could interfere. Neither laws nor newspaper denunciations will ever put down wanton brutality of this kind. Nothing will put it down but a system of education which will include, amongst its indispensables, Natural History and the study and love of Nature generally. Our Ulster visitors, when they are at home, are, amongst other things, a field club. Not one of them would shoot a harmless bird out of sheer mischief and mere lust of destruction. A strong movement in this direction, *viz.*, towards the instruction of the young in the love of Nature, and of animals, birds and insects, is rising in England under the guidance of Professor Geddes, of Cambridge. I wish the correspondent, who sent me the outlines of his lectures on the subject, would let me know from time to time how that noble new departure is faring there.

THE "education" of our children in the National Schools of Ireland is not so much futile as disgusting. Reform here won't come from above, but from below. Some day the people themselves will demand the replacement of the present barbarous and even brutal system by something rational and human. It is therefore with great pleasure that I print the following resolution passed by the Organizing Committee of the County of Cork Land and Labour Association, which consists mainly of agricultural labourers. I have been myself through the vile mill of what is called "primary education," and carry the soreness of it about with me still. These Cork men have at least begun to nibble at the net.

RESOLVED—"That, inasmuch as Ireland is almost essentially agricultural, and considering the large number of existing cottages with applotments throughout the country and the consequent necessity of a practical knowledge of agriculture, so that the occupiers of those cottages may be able to cultivate their plots with skill and advantage, we, the delegates of eleven branches and representing a membership of 2,000, desire to issue this resolution as an instruction to the Government that they shall acquire a suitable plot in the vicinity of each rural school where boys of ten years old and upwards shall be taught practical

**FALKNER'S**  
*Extra Old*  
**IRISH WHISKEY.**

**83 GRAFTON ST.,**  
**36 DAWSON ST.,** } **DUBLIN.**

agriculture for half an hour every second school day when the weather is favourable for that purpose, and that this resolution be sent to Mr. Wyndham, Mr. John Redmond, and Mr. D. Sheehan.

\* \*

AUG. 16, we had our open-air play, the captivity, &c., of Red Hugh O'Donnell, last night. It went off admirably and was witnessed with evident pleasure by some two thousand Ossorians. The Ulster lads, none of whom had ever acted before, played their several parts very well indeed, and Hugh Roe, from the first line that he uttered to the end of the play, bore himself and delivered himself like—well, like Hugh Roe, the lame, tireless, tameless warrior, Prince of the North-West and West. The kidnapping of the boys by Birmingham and Dudall was a very dramatic scene, and the passage of Hugh Roe and his conductor, on horseback, under Slieve Gullion and through the Gates of the North, had a fine spectacular effect. The night watchman of Dublin, bawling "all's well," and bragging of his vigilance, while the hostages of Ulster were slipping past him, made the congregation laugh, and, altogether, we had a very pleasant and most successful night.

\* \*

At the end of the play, Captain Cuffe, in whose woods it was acted, stepped out and delivered a short epilogue.

"Our play is over and our tale is told—  
This stirring story of the days of old.  
Hugh Roe we've launched upon his great career;  
No rest for *him*, till stretched upon the bier.  
If in our play you have detected aught  
That's wanting—which of us is free from fault?  
Found anything to carp at, or deplore,  
We've done our *best*; and what can man do more;  
And now, Ossorians, send your voices forth—  
A grand cheer for our comrades from the North."

It was something that Thomas Davis would have been rejoiced to hear—the spirit with which our Leinstermen welcomed the response to this challenge, and applauded their visitors, the brave Ulster lads who came to the Nore, to play for us their great Northern Story, and who played it so well. Something, I suspect, will grow out of this; what, exactly, is not clear yet; but time will tell.

\* \*

ON Saturday, the 16th, the Ulster lads invited the country side to a bonfire entertainment with songs, harp-playing, bagpipe-playing, step-dancing, stories, &c., &c., which they gave in their camp; the hosts all wearing their 16th Century costumes. At the conclusion of the festivities, Hugh Roe, on behalf of "the Princes of Ulster," solemnly presented the two banners which they carried in the installation procession, to Captain Cuffe and to Mr. Brooke, to whose practical instruction in the art of acting the success of their play was so largely due, "as a memento" of their visit to the Nore. One of these represented the O'Donnell arms, and the other showed the likeness of the rising sun. They will, I understand, be put up in the Social and Gymnastic Club in Kilkenny, as an ornament and a memory, and continue there, from year to year, we trust, to radiate good influences of many kinds.

\* \*

DEAR A. I. R.—I perceive that you have some rooted aversion to setting out your ideas on any subject *in extenso*, also that sometimes a plumping question does not elicit a thumping reply—so I shall take my chance. Please answer, or do what you like with the following queries.

1. You deny the right of private property in land. Do you seriously believe that men will plant, drain, build upon, fence, and generally improve land that they don't own—that belongs to some one else?

2. If land cannot be justly owned by any man, then his ownership is an injustice—he is a robber; therefore he should be expropriated without any compensation—rather, he should be compelled to disgorge the profits coming to him out of the land for the time during which he was in its occupation. You seem to admit the right

to compensation for expropriation. Is your position logical?

3. Your Belfast friend's "brother-in-law," who built a house, and created a business, and, at the end of thirty years, saw both taken possession of, by the ground landlord. Where is the injustice? He had a lease for thirty years. On the security of that term he spent his money. He knew what he was doing. He did it with his eyes open, for he was a capitalist. As a Belfast man, and a business man, and a capitalist he must have known that he was making a good bargain, and that he would recoup himself, and with a great profit, before his thirty years' lease ran out. Lord Shaftesbury's resumption of the house and business was only another way of getting the fair rent. Had the lease been for 100 years, or for 1000, the rent obviously would have been greater in proportion. Lord Shaftesbury did not compel him to take the lease; he came to Lord Shaftesbury and asked for it. Where is the injustice?

ENQUIRER.

\* \*

[DEAR ENQUIRER—I perceive that you are only fiddling with the fringe of the subject and playing on the surface. I don't think I am called upon to answer these questions, all of which are answered by New Zealand, not in words, which as they break no bones, so I fear they have generally small power of conviction but in laws and institutions.

Please order, and read, and study Mr. Demarest Lloyd's "Newest England." You will learn there how New Zealand denies to the capitalist the right of exploiting the land of New Zealand, and from your daily paper the facilities, nevertheless, enjoyed by the New Zealand nation in the money markets of London and Paris of borrowing money at par, at some 3 per cent.

Absolute ownership is not necessary for any improving tenant, only a secure possession at an equitable ground rent, equitably advancing, or equitably declining according to the advance or decline of contiguous wealth and population.

On a New Zealand lease men can build and create businesses, and know that the lessees will not and cannot take possession of their houses and business.—ED.]

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BIRDS—DEAR A. I. R.—I am very much interested in the list of Irish bird names, and with your permission offer a few suggestions. I think the name *coitíem cáta* should be translated "green linnet," as the grey linnet is never found looking for grain amongst chaff. I believe *Donnacao an Capáin* refers to the reed bunting, the male having a black head, and *Maírin an Oúir* to the female. I have never seen a black-cap in Ireland, though, it appears, it is found in some southern districts. *Smólac oúirtige* is evidently the common bunting. I have heard a somewhat kindred name given to it. It is from *oúir*, a briar, and the bird is somewhat like a small thrush. *Seabán ríobat* would not properly indicate the bunting, which is a shy bird, and I have never seen one near a barn or farmhouse. At least it does not join with the yellow bunting and other familiar birds in their raids on stack yards in winter. As the hooded-crow is the only real crow indigenous to, or at least found in Ireland, I think *pnéacán* might be translated "rook." The word is certainly applied to the rook. I was rather surprised to see *maóóg* (ree-a-wogue) translated "hedge-sparrow." The *maóóg*, in my native Connacht, is the tit-lark, and this is the bird which we credited with pursuing the cuckoo. We called the hedge-sparrow *brácair-a'-oieoitin* (wren's brother), but translated it "wren's man." There is no bird so like it as the wren, their song especially being the same in kind. I fancy the *tapair coitíe* must be the golden-crested wren. It is never found out of the wood, whereas the goldfinch is seldom found in it. No one can be dogmatic in regard to the names of the less known birds. They are all folk names, and some are not well fixed. "*Rirceas*" has not included in his list—*eata*, the swan; "*ctocapán*," wheatear, (Mayo name), nor the domestic birds; *taca*, duck; *ge*, goose; *cearc* *francac*, turkey. I fear the best producible list of Irish bird-names would be very imperfect. As I write I call to mind the tit-mouse group and some of our summer visitors, such as the white-throat, the willow-

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throat, the willow-wren. The siskin, I think, is an all the year round bird, but I had better end.

Ir mipe,  
le meap mór,  
Seumur Mac Donnóada.

Cúirtaéain.

\* \*

[DEAR S. M. D.—In West Munster I often heard the country people use the expression :—“Dhunnaha a caupeen agus Maureen a throosh.” What is this last word which you have as *tróúir*.” Donough of the little cap, and little Mary, his—?

The blackcap was very common there when I was a boy; always a little demon when he alit upon a seed-bearing plant.

The red-winged thrush we used to call *Seacán Sneácta*, because he used to come in with snow and cold weather. What is the root of this word *Seacán*?

The English word gull I suspect to be the same as the Gaelic *gob*—lamentation.

It is an interesting reflection that all the names of birds were at some time quite clear and appropriate to those who used them though so many are now meaningless. We know why the blackbird is the blackbird, but why is the thrush, the thrush? Language is, indeed, as Trench used to say, fossil poetry.—ED.]

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MR. McCANN, as Chairman of the Grand Canal Company, announced last week, at their half-yearly meeting, a dividend of 3½ per cent. Sir Ralph Cusack, at the corresponding function of the Midland Great Western Railway Company, announced one of only 3 per cent. This is interesting, the 18th century, with its primitive mode of haulage, beating the 19th and 20th, with their iron rails and grooved wheels and steam-engines. Yet the Canal Company had passed through an unusually bad half year, having had to pay over £1,000 for expenses incurred in their struggle with the Port and Docks Board. All this bodes well for the campaign which their chairman is about to enter upon in the valleys of the Boyne and the Blackwater.

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SONG OF THE WAVES ON THE STRAND OF BALA.

The sea moans on the strand,  
Moans over shingle and shell.  
O moaning sea! what sorrowful story  
Do thy wild waves tell?

Ever they moan on the strand,  
And my ear, like a sounding shell,  
Chants to me the sorrowful story  
The moaning billows tell.

“For Bala, the sweet-voiced, moan!  
Here, on the lonely strand,  
Fell Bala, Prince of the Race of Rury,  
Slain by no foeman’s hand.

“Sweet was thy tongue, O Bala,  
To win men’s love! Thy voice  
Made sigh for thee the maids of Eman:  
But nobler was thy choice.

“She gave for thy heart her heart,  
Warm in her swan-white breast,  
Aillin of Laighen, Lughah’s daughter,  
The fairest bird of his nest.

“To meet here by the shore,  
Their pledge was, come joy or pain;  
And swift in his chariot Bala from Eman  
Sped o’er Muirthemhne plain.

“He found her not by the shore,  
Gloom was o’er sea and sky,  
And a man of the *Shee* with dreadful face,  
On a blast from the South rushed by.

“Said Bala, ‘stay that man!  
Ask him what word he brings?’  
“A woe on the Dun of Lughah! A woe  
On Eman of the Kings!

“Wail for Aillinn the Fair!  
Wail for him; her feet  
Were swift to seek on the lonely strand  
Where they shall never meet!

“Swift were her feet on the way,  
Till me she met in her track,  
A hound of swiftness, a shape of fear,  
A tiding to turn her back.

“Swift are the lover’s feet,  
But swifter our malice flies!  
I told her: *Bala is dead*: and dead  
In her sunny house she lies.’

“He scowled on Bala and rose,  
A wraith of the mist, and fled  
Like a wind-rent cloud; and suddenly, Bala  
With a great cry fell dead.

“Moan for all lovers true,  
Moan for all beautiful things,  
Vanished, faded away, forgotten  
With dead forgotten springs!’

So moans the sea on the strand,  
Moans over shingle and shell.  
Grey sea of many and many a sorrow,  
Thy sad waves tell.

JOHN TODD HUNTER.

THE SHEESTOWN MASQUE.

THE play was preceded by a little introductory masque which it may not be amiss to print here as a part of the event.

Enter Captain of Ossian Fians and page; Fians with hunting spears and dogs following. He turns suddenly and addresses his men.

“Comrades I would be alone for a while. Wander now where you will through these forests till you hear the sound of the horn; rouse the boar and drive him into your well-spread nets, chase the roe-buck, draw to land the shining salmon out of the dark bosom of the Nore, or wander together or alone where you will through these leafy glades.”

*Responsive cries*—“Aye, Captain, we will be with you at the sound of the horn.”

*Captain*—“Aed Beg!”

*Page*—“Ay, Captain.”

*Captain*—“Aed Beg, leave me, but remain within call.”

*Captain (soliloquising)*—“I have been thinking much of late about Finn, Ossian, Oscar and the famous Fianna Eireann; all their great life.

“In those old times the Fian bands of Erin, though scattered far and wide over the provinces, yet often drew together for the chase, for war, or for the feast. When their great captain sounded the Dord Fian, they came to him from the ends of the island, all together—a knot of heroic valour and mutual trust and affection which no power on earth could untie. Now, alas; it is not so. I and my faithful Fian band, here by the Nore, know not whether we have friends or comrades anywhere; know

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