SAMHAIN

An Occasional Review, Edited by W. B. Yeats, containing Hyacinth Halvey by Lady Gregory, and Thoughts upon the Work of the Abbey Theatre, by the Editor, with list of plays produced by the National Theatre Society and its fore-runners. The Sixth Number. Published by Maunsel & Co., Ltd., Dublin; and sold for six-pence net.

A CELTIC CHRISTMAS.

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The same high standard of excellence will be maintained as that which characterised earlier issues of this annual, many of which are out of print and are being advertised for at high prices.

The Art Supplement will be a reproduction of JACK B. YEATS' gem of this year's exhibition:

"THE TINKER'S CURSE!"

A ***Celtic Christmas*** will make a most suitable Irish souvenir to send to absent friends. Order at once from your Newsagent.

MISS A. E. F. HORNIMAN,
From the picture by J. B. Yeats, R.H.A.

Samhain : An occasional review edited by W. B. Yeats.

Published in December 1906 by Maunsel & Co., Ltd., Dublin.

PRINTED BY
SEALY, BRYERS AND WALKER,
MIDDLE ABBEY STREET,
DUBLIN.

NOTES.

I HAVE re-printed from the *Contemporary Review* with the kind permission of the Editor, an essay of mine on the art of the Player, the Singer, and the Reciter, in relation to literature and to the art of the Abbey Theatre. It was written shortly after the opening of the Theatre, though through an accident it was not published until October of this year, and it gives a better account than anything I have written of certain dreams I hope the Theatre may in some measure fulfil. Our work has developed more quickly upon one side, and more slowly upon another, than I had foreseen. We have done little, though we have done something, to find music that would not obscure the meaning and the rhythm of words, and we have done nothing for the story-tellers, but now that our country comedies, with their abundant and vivid speech, are well played and well spoken, we may try out the whole adventure. We cannot of a certainty try it all at one time, and it will be easier for our audience to follow fragmentary experiments, now that the dream is there upon the paper.

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Our main business is to create an Irish dramatic literature, and a list of plays from the outset of our movement, printed at the end of *Samhain* will show that we have done something towards it. The movement was begun by the Irish Literary Theatre, which produced or promoted the performance of Irish Plays with English Players, there being no others to be had at the time, for one week a year, for three years, Mr. Benson's Company playing for it in its last year. After that, a company of Irish players, with Mr. William Fay to stage-manage them, and Mr. Frank Fay to teach them elocution, took up the work, and Lady Gregory and Mr. Synge and myself have been responsible or mainly responsible for the choice of plays and the general policy of the National Theatre Society, as this Company is now called, from the opening of the Abbey Theatre, the Company's first permanent home, in 1904. We have a small subsidy from Miss Horniman, the generous friend who has given us the free use of the Theatre, and are the only directors of an English-speaking Theatre who can say, as the artist can in every other art, "we will give you nothing that does not please ourselves, and if you do not like it, and we are still confident that it is good, we will set it before you again, and trust to changing taste." All true arts, as distinguished from their commercial and mechanical imitation, are a festival where it is the fiddler who calls the tune.

W. B. YEATS.

Literature and the Living Voice.

I.

ONE Sunday, in summer, a few years ago, I went to the little village of Killeenan, that is not many miles from Galway, to do honour to the memory of Raftery, a Gaelic poet who died a little before the famine. A headstone had been put over his grave in the half-ruined churchyard, and a priest had come to bless it, and many country people to listen to his poems. After the shawled and friezecoated people had knelt down and prayed for the repose of his soul, they gathered about a little wooden platform that had been put up in a field. I do not remember whether Raftery's poem about himself was one of those they listened to, but certainly it was in the thoughts of many, and it was the image reflected in that poem that had drawn some of them from distant villages.

I am Raftery the poet,
Full of hope and love;
With eyes without light;
With gentleness without misery.

Going west on my journey
With the light of my heart;
Weak and tired
To the end of my road.

I am now
And my back to a wall,
Playing music
To empty pockets.

Some few there remembered him, and one old man came out among the reciters to tell of the burying, where he himself, a young boy at the time, had carried a candle.

The verses of other Gaelic poets were sung or recited too, and, although certainly not often fine poetry, they had its spirit, its

naïveté—that is to say, its way of looking at the world as if it were but an hour old—its seriousness even in laughter, its personal rhythm.

A few days after I was in the town of Galway, and saw there, as I had often seen in other country towns, some young men marching down the middle of a street singing an already outworn London music-hall song, that filled the memory, long after they had gone by, with a rhythm as pronounced and as impersonal as the noise of a machine. In the shop windows there were, I knew, the signs of a life very unlike that I had seen at Killeenan; halfpenny comic papers and story papers, sixpenny reprints of popular novels, and, with the exception of a dusty Dumas or Scott strayed thither, one knew not how, and one or two little books of Irish ballads, nothing that one calls literature, nothing that would interest the few thousands who alone out of many millions have what we call culture. A few miles had divided the sixteenth century, with its equality of culture, of good taste, from the twentieth, where if a man has fine taste he has either been born to leisure and opportunity or has in him an energy that is genius. One saw the difference in the clothes of the people of the town and of the village, for, as the Emerald tablet says, outward and inner things answer to one another. The village men wore their bawneens, their white flannel jackets; they had clothes that had a little memory of clothes that had once been adapted to their calling by centuries of continual slight changes. They were sometimes well dressed, for they suggested nothing but themselves and wore little that had suited another better. But in the town nobody was well dressed; for in modern life, only a few people—some few thousands—set the fashion, and set it to please themselves and to fit their lives, and as for the rest they must go shabby—the ploughman in clothes cut for a life of leisure, but made of shoddy, and the tramp in the ploughman's cast-off clothes, and the scarecrow in the tramp's battered coat and broken hat.

II.

All that love the arts or love dignity in life have at one time or another noticed these things, and some have wondered why the world has for some three or four centuries sacrificed so much, and with what seems a growing recklessness, to create an intellectual aristocracy, a leisured class,—to set apart, and above all others, a number of men and women who are not very well pleased with one another or the world they have to live in. It is some comparison, like this that I have made, which has been the origin, as I think, of most attempts to revive some old language in which the general business of the world is no longer transacted. The Provençal movement, the Welsh, the Czech, have all, I think, been attempting, when we examine them to the heart, to restore what is called a more picturesque way of life, that is to say, a way of life in which the common man has some share in imaginative art. That this is the decisive element in the attempt to revive

and to preserve the Irish lauguage I am very certain. A language enthusiast does not put it that way to himself; he says, rather, "If I can make the people talk Irish again they will be the less English"; but if you talk to him till you have hunted the words into their burrow you will find that the word "Ireland" means to him a form of life delightful to his imagination, and that the word "England" suggests to him a cold, joyless, irreligious and ugly life. The life of the villages, with its songs, its dances and its pious greetings, its conversations full of vivid images shaped hardly more by life itself than by innumerable forgotten poets, all that life of good nature and improvisation grows more noble as he meditates upon it, for it mingles with the middle ages until he no longer can see it as it is but as it was, when it ran, as it were, into a point of fire in the courtliness of king's houses. He hardly knows whether what stirred him yesterday was that old fiddler, playing an almost-forgotten music on a fiddle mended with twine, or a sudden thought of some king that was of the blood of that old man, some O'Loughlin or O'Byrne, listening amid his soldiers, he and they at the one table, they too, lucky, bright-eyed, while the minstrel sang of angry Cuchulain, or of him men called "golden salmon of the sea, clean hawk of the air." It will not please him, however, if you tell him that he is fighting the modern world, which he calls "England," as Mistral and his fellows called it Paris, and that he will need more than language if he is to make the monster turn up its white belly. And yet the difference between what the word England means and all that the word Gaelic suggests is greater than any that could have been before the imagination of Mistral. Ireland, her imagination at its noon before the birth of Chaucer, has created the most beautiful literature of a whole people that has been anywhere since Greece and Rome, while English literature, the greatest of all literatures but that of Greece, is yet the literature of a few. Nothing of it but a handful of ballads about Robin Hood has come from the folk or belongs to them rightly, for the good English writers, with a few exceptions that seem accidental, have written for a small cultivated class; and is not this the reason? Irish poetry and Irish stories were made to be spoken or sung, while English literature, alone of great literatures because the newest of them all, has all but completely shaped itself in the printing press. In Ireland to-day the old world that sang and listened is, it may be for the last time in Europe, face to face with the world that reads and writes, and their antagonism is always present under some name or other in Irish imagination and intellect. I myself cannot be convinced that the printing press will be always victor, for change is inconceivably swift, and when it begins—well, as the proverb has it, everything comes in at the hole. The world soon tires of its toys, and our exaggerated love of print and paper seems to me to come out of passing conditions and to be no more a part of the final constitution of things than the craving of a woman in child-bed for green apples. When one takes a book into the corner, one surrenders so much life for one's

knowledge, so much, I mean, of that normal activity that gives one life and strength, one lays away one's own handiwork and turns from one's friend, and if the book is good one is at some pains to press all the little wanderings and tumults of the mind into silence and quiet. If the reader be poor, if he has worked all day at the plough or the desk, he will hardly have strength enough for any but a meretricious book; nor is it only when the book is on the knees that one's life must be given for it. For a good and sincere book needs the preparation of the peculiar studies and reveries that prepare for good taste, and make it easier for the mind to find pleasure in a new landscape; and all these reveries and studies have need of so much time and thought that it is almost certain a man cannot be a successful doctor, or engineer, or Cabinet Minister, and have a culture good enough to escape the mockery of the ragged art student who comes of an evening sometimes to borrow a half-sovereign. The old culture came to a man at his work; it was not at the expense of life, but an exaltation of life itself, it came in at the eyes as some civic ceremony sailed along the streets, or as one arrayed oneself before the looking-glass, or it came in at the ears in a song as one bent over the plough or the anvil, or at that great table where rich and poor sat down together and heard the minstrel bidding them pass around the wine cup and say a prayer for Gawain dead. Certainly it came without a price; it did not take one from one's friends and one's handiwork; but it was like a good woman who gives all for love and is never jealous and is ready to do all the talking when we are tired.

How the old is to come again, how the other side of the penny is to come up, how the spit is to turn the other side of the meat to the fire, I do not know, but that the time will come I am certain; when one kind of desire has been satisfied for a long time it becomes sleepy, and other kinds, long quiet, after making a noise begin to order life. Of the many things, desires or powers or instruments, that are to change the world, the artist is fitted to understand but two or three, and the less he troubles himself about the complexity that is outside his craft, the more will he find it all within his craft, and the more dexterous will his hand and his thought become. I am trying to see nothing in the world but the arts, and nothing in this change—which one cannot prove but only foretell—but the share my own art will have in it.

III.

One thing is entirely certain. Wherever the old imaginative life lingers it must be stirred into life, and kept alive, and in Ireland this is the work, it may be, of the Gaelic movement. But the nineteenth century, with its moral zeal, its insistence upon irrelevant interests, having passed over, the artist can admit that he cares about nothing that does not give him a new subject or a new technique. Propaganda would be for him a dissipation, but he may compare his art, if he has a mind to, with the arts that belonged to a whole people,

and discover, not how to imitate the external form of an epic or a folk song, but how to express in some equivalent form whatever in the thoughts of his own age seem, as it were, to press into the future. The most obvious difference is that when literature belonged to a whole people, its three great forms, narrative, lyrical and dramatic, found their way to men's minds without the mediation of print and paper. That narrative poetry may find its minstrels again, and lyrical poetry adequate singers, and dramatic poetry adequate players, he must spend much of his time with these three lost arts, and the more technical is his interest the better. When I first began working in Ireland at what some newspaper has called the Celtic Renaissance, I saw that we had still even in English a sufficient audience for song and speech. Certain of our young men and women, too restless and sociable to be readers, had amongst them an interest in Irish legend and history, and years of imaginative politics had kept them from forgetting, as most modern people have, how to listen to serious words. I always saw that some kind of theatre would be a natural centre for a tradition of feeling and thought, but that it must—and this was its chief opportunity—appeal to the interest appealed to by lively conversation or by oratory. In other words, that it must be made for young people who were sufficiently ignorant to refuse a pound of flesh even though the Nine Worthies offered their wisdom in return. They are not, perhaps, very numerous, for they do not include the thousands of conquered spirits who in Dublin, as elsewhere, go to see the "Girl from Kay's," or when Mr. Tree is upon tour the "Girl from Prospero's Island;" and the peasant in Ireland, as elsewhere, has not taken to the theatre, and can, I think, be moved through Gaelic only.

If one could get them, I thought, one could draw to oneself the apathetic people who are in every country, and people who don't know what they like till somebody tells them. Now a friend has given me that theatre. It is not very big, but it is quite big enough to seat those few thousands and their friends in a seven days' run of a new play; and I have begun my real business. I have to find once again singers, minstrels, and players who love words more than any other thing under heaven, for without fine words there is no literature.

IV.

I will say but a little of dramatic technique, as I would have it in this theatre of speech, of romance, of extravagance, for I have written of all that so many times. In every art, when it seems to one that it has need of a renewing of life, one goes backwards till one lights upon a time when it was nearer to human life and instinct, before it had gathered about it so many mechanical specialisations and traditions. One examines that earlier condition and thinks out its principles of life, and one may be able to separate accidental from vital things. William Morris, for instance, studied

the earliest printing, the founts of type that were made when men saw their craft with eyes that were still new, and with leisure, and without the restraints of commerce and custom. And then he made a type that was really new, that had the quality of his own mind about it, though it reminds one of its ancestry, of its high breeding as it were. Coleridge and Wordsworth were influenced by the publication of Percy's "Reliques" to the making of a simplicity altogether unlike that of old ballad writers. Rossetti went to early Italian painting, to Holy Families and choirs of angels, that he might learn how to express an emotion that had its roots in sexual desire and in the delight of his generation in fine clothes and in beautiful rooms. Nor is it otherwise with the reformers of churches and of the social order, for reform must justify itself by a return in feeling to something that our fathers have told us in the old time.

So it is with us, inspired by players who played before a figured curtain, we have made scenery, indeed, but scenery that is little more than a suggestion—a pattern with recurring boughs and leaves of gold for a wood, a great green curtain with a red stencil upon it to carry the eye upward for a palace, and so on. More important than these, we have looked for the centre of our art where the players of the time of Shakespeaee and of Corneille found theirs, in speech, whether it be the perfect mimicry of the conversation of two countrymen of the roads, or that idealised speech poets have imagined for what we think but do not say. Before men read, the ear and the tongue were subtle, and delighted one another with the little tunes that were in words; every word would have its own tune, though but one main note may have been marked enough for us to name it. They loved language, and all literature was then, whether in the mouth of minstrels, players, or singers, but the perfection of an art that everybody practised, a flower out of the stem of life. And language continually renewed itself in that perfection, returning to daily life out of that finer leisure, strengthened and sweetened as from a retreat ordered by religion. The ordinary dramatic critic, when you tell him that a play, if it is to be of a great kind, must have beautiful words, will answer that you have misunderstood the nature of the stage and are asking of it what books should give. Sometimes when some excellent man, a playgoer certainly and sometimes a critic, has read me a passage out of some poet, I have been set wondering what books of poetry can mean to the greater number of men. If they are to read poetry at all, if they are to enjoy beautiful rhythm, if they are to get from poetry anything but what it has in common with prose, they must hear it spoken by men who have music in their voices and a learned understanding of its sound. There is no poem so great that a fine speaker cannot make it greater or that a bad ear cannot make it nothing. All the arts when young and happy are but the point of the spear whose handle is our daily life. When they grow old and unhappy they perfect themselves away from life, and life, seeing that they are sufficient to themselves, forgets them. The fruit of the tree that was in Eden grows out of a flower full of scent, rounds

and ripens, until at last the little stem, that brought to it the sap out of the tree, dries up and breaks, and the fruit rots upon the ground.

The theatre grows more elaborate, developing the player at the expense of the poet, developing the scenery at the expense of the player, always increasing in importance whatever has come to it out of the mere mechanism of a building or the interests of a class, specialising more and more, doing whatever is easiest rather than what is most noble, and creating a class before the footlights as behind, who are stirred to excitements that belong to it and not to life; until at last life, which knows that a specialised energy is not herself, turns to other things, content to leave it to weaklings and triflers, to those in whose body there is the least quantity of herself.

V.

But if we are to delight our three or four thousand young men and women with a delight that will follow them into their own houses, and if we are to add the countryman to their number, we shall need more than the play, we shall need those other spoken arts. The player rose into importance in the town, but the minstrel is of the country. We must have narrative as well as dramatic poetry, and we are making room for it in the theatre in the first instance, but in this also we must go to an earlier time. Modern recitation is not, like modern theatrical art, an over elaboration of a true art, but an entire misunderstanding. It has no tradition at all. It is an endeavour to do what can only be done well by the player. It has no relation of its own to life. Some young man in evening clothes will recite to you the "Dream of Eugene Aram," and it will be laughable, grotesque and a little vulgar. Tragic emotions that need scenic illusion, a long preparation, a gradual heightening of emotion, are thrust into the middle of our common affairs. That they may be as extravagant, as little tempered by anything ideal or distant as possible, he will break up the rhythm, regarding neither the length of the lines nor the natural music of the phrases, and distort the accent by every casual impulse. He will gesticulate wildly, adapting his movements to the drama as if Eugene Aram were in the room before us, and all the time we see a young man in evening dress who has become unaccountably insane. Nothing that he can do or say will make us forget that he is Mr. Robinson the bank clerk, and that the toes of his boots turn upward. We have nothing to learn here. We must go to the villages or we must go back hundreds of years to Wolfram of Eisenbach and the castles of Thuringia. In this, as in all other arts, one finds its law and its true purpose when one is near the source. The minstrel never dramatised anybody but himself. It was impossible, from the nature of the words the poet had put into his mouth, or that he had made for himself, that he should speak as another person. He will go no nearer to drama than we do in daily speech, and he will not allow you for any long time to forget himself. Our own Raftery will stop the tale to cry, "this is what I, Raftery, wrote down in the book

of the people"; or "I, myself, Raftery, went to bed without supper that night." Or, if it is Wolfram, and the tale is of Gawain or Parsival, he will tell the listening ladies that he sings of happy love out of his own unhappy love, or he will interrupt the story of a siege and its hardships to remember his own house, where there is not enough food for the mice. He knows how to keep himself interesting that his words may have weight, so many lines of narrative, and then a phrase about himself and his emotions. The reciter cannot be a player, for that is a different art; but he must be a messenger, and he should be as interesting, as exciting, as are all that carry great news. He comes from far off, and he speaks of far off things with his own peculiar animation, and instead of lessening the ideal and beautiful elements of speech, he may, if he has a mind to, increase them. He may speak to actual notes as a singer does if they are so simple that he never loses the speaking voice, and if the poem is long he must do so, or his own voice will become weary and formless. His art is nearer to pattern than that of the player. It is always allusion, never illusion; for what he tells of, no matter how impassioned he may become, is always distant, and for this reason he may permit himself every kind of nobleness. In a short poem he may interrupt the narrative with a burden, which the audience will soon learn to sing, and this burden, because it is repeated and need not tell a story to a first hearing, can have a more elaborate musical notation, can go nearer to ordinary song. Gradually other devices will occur to him—effects of loudness and softness, of increasing and decreasing speed, certain rhythmic movements of his body, a score of forgotten things, for the art of speech is lost, and when one begins at it every day is a discovery. The reciter must be made exciting and wonderful in himself, apart from what he has to tell, and that is more difficult than it was in the middle ages. We are not mysterious to one another; we can come from far off and yet be no better than our neighbours. We are no longer like those Egyptian birds that flew out of Arabia, their claws full of spices; nor can we, like an ancient or mediæval poet, throw into our verses the emotions and events of our lives, or even dramatise, as they could, the life of the minstrel into whose mouth we are to put our words. I can think of nothing better than to borrow from the tellers of old tales, who will often pretend to have been at the wedding of the princess or afterwards "when they were throwing out children by the basketful," and to give the story-teller definite fictitious personality and find for him an appropriate costume. Many costumes and persons come into my imagination. I imagine an old countryman upon the stage of the theatre or in some little country court-house where a Gaelic society is meeting, and I can hear him say that he is Raftery or a brother, and that he has tramped through France and Spain and the whole world. He has seen everything, and he has all country love tales at his finger tips. I can imagine, too—and now the story-teller is more serious and more naked of country circumstance—a

jester with black cockscomb and black clothes. He has been in the faery hills; perhaps he is the terrible *Amadān-na-Breena* himself; or he has been so long in the world that he can tell of ancient battles. It is not as good as what we have lost, but we cannot hope to see in our time, except by some rare accident, the minstrel who differs from his audience in nothing but the exaltation of his mood, and who is yet as exciting and as romantic in their eyes as were Raftery and Wolfram to their people.

It is perhaps nearly impossible to make recitation a living thing, for there is no existing taste one can appeal to; but it should not be hard here in Ireland to interest people in songs that are made for the word's sake and not for the music, or for that only in a secondary degree. They are interested in such songs already, only the songs have little subtilty of thought and of language. One does not find in them that modern emotion which seems new because it has been brought so very lately out of the cellar. At their best they are the songs of children and of country people, eternally young for all their centuries, and yet not even in old days, as one thinks, the art of king's houses. We require a method of setting to music that will make it possible to sing or to speak to notes a poem like Rossetti's translation of "The Ballad of Dead Ladies" in such a fashion that no word shall have an intonation or accentuation it could not have in passionate speech. It must be set for the speaking voice, like the songs that sailors make up or remember, and a man at the far end of the room must be able to take it down on a first hearing. An English musical paper said the other day, in commenting on something I had written, "Owing to musical necessities, vowels must be lengthened in singing to an "extent which in speech would be ludicrous if not absolutely impossible." I have but one art, that of speech, and my feeling for music dissociated from speech is very slight, and listening as I do to the words with the better part of my attention, there is no modern song sung in the modern way that is not to my taste "ludicrous" and "impossible." I hear with older ears than the musician, and the songs of country people and of sailors delight me. I wonder why the musician is not content to set to music some arrangement of meaningless liquid vowels, and thereby to make his song like that of the birds; but I do not judge his art for any purpose but my own.* It is worthless for my purpose certainly, and it is one of the causes that are bringing about in modern countries a degradation of language. I have to find men with more music than I have, who will develop to a finer subtilty the singing of the cottage and the forecastle, and develop it more on the side of speech than that of music, until it has become intellectual and nervous enough to be the vehicle of a Shelley or a Keats. For some

* I have heard musicians excuse themselves by claiming that they put the words there for the sake of the singer; but if that be so, why should not the singer sing something she may wish to have by rote? Nobody will hear the words; and the local time-table, or, so much suet and so many raisins, and so much spice and so much sugar, and whether it is to be put in a quick or a slow oven, would run very nicely with a little management.

purposes it will be necessary to divine the lineaments of a still older art, and re-create the regulated declamations that died out when music fell into its earliest elaborations. Miss Farr has divined enough of this older art, of which no fragment has come down to us, for even the music of Aucassin and Nicolette, with its definite tune, its recurring pattern of sound, is something more than declamation. To make the chorus of Hippolitus and of the Trojan Women, at the Court Theatre or the Lyric, intelligible speech, even when several voices spoke together, she used very often definite melodies of a very simple kind, but always when the thought became intricate and the measure grave and slow, fell back upon declamation regulated by notes. Her experiments have included almost every kind of verse, and every possible elaboration of sound compatible with the supremacy of the words. I do not think Homer is ever so moving as when she recites him to a little tune played on a stringed instrument not very unlike a lyre. She began at my suggestion with songs in plays, for it was clearly an absurd thing that words necessary to one's understanding of the action, either because they explained some character, or because they carried some emotion to its highest intensity, should be less intelligible than the bustling and ruder words of the dialogue. We have tried our art, since we first tried it in a theatre, upon many kinds of audiences, and have found that ordinary men and women take pleasure in it and sometimes tell one that they never understood poetry before. It is, however, more difficult to move those, fortunately for our purpose but a few, whose ears are accustomed to the abstract emotion and elaboration of notes in modern music.

VI.

If we accomplish this great work, if we make it possible again for the poet to express himself, not merely through words, but through the voices of singers, of minstrels, of players, we shall certainly have changed the substance and the manner of our poetry. Everyone who has to interest his audience through the voice discovers that his success depends upon the clear, simple and varied structure of his thought. I have written a good many plays in verse and prose, and almost all those plays I have re-written after performance, sometimes again and again, and every change that has succeeded has been an addition to the masculine element, an increase of strength in the bony structure.

Modern literature, above all poetical literature, is monotonous in its structure and effeminate in its continual insistence upon certain moments of strained lyricism. William Morris, who did more than any modern to recover mediæval art, did not in his Earthly Paradise copy from Chaucer, from whom he copied so much that was naïve and beautiful, what seems to me essential in Chaucer's art. He thought of himself as writing for the reader, who could return to him again and again when the chosen mood

had come, and became monotonous, melancholy, too continuously lyrical in his understanding of emotion and of life. Had he accustomed himself to read out his poems upon those Sunday evenings that he gave to Socialist speeches, and to gather an audience of average men, precisely such an audience as I have often seen in his house, he would have been forced to Chaucer's variety, to his delight in the height and depth, and would have found expression for that humorous many-sided nature of his. I owe to him many truths, but I would add to those truths the certainty that all the old writers, the masculine writers of the world, wrote to be spoken or to be sung, and in a later age to be read aloud, for hearers who had to understand swiftly or not at all, and who gave up nothing of life to listen, but sat, the day's work over, friend by friend, lover by lover.

W. B. YEATS.

Hyacinth Halvey.

By LADY GREGORY.

First produced at the Abbey Theatre on 19th February, 1906 with the following cast:—

HYACINTH HALVEY	F. J. FAY.
JAMES QUIRKE, a butcher ...	W. G. FAY.
FARDY FARRELL, a telegraph boy	ARTHUR SINCLAIR.
SERGEANT CARDEN	WALTER MAGEE.
MRS. DELANE, Postmistress at Cloon	SARA ALLGOOD.
MISS JOYCE, the Priest's House-keeper	BRIGIT O'DEMPSEY.

SCENE—*Outside the Post Office at the little town of Cloon. Mrs. Delane at Post Office door. Mr. Quirke sitting at butcher's door. A dead sheep hanging beside it, and a thrush in a cage above. Fardy Farrell playing on a mouth organ. Train whistle heard.*

MRS. DELANE—There is the four o'clock train, Mr. Quirke.

MR. QUIRKE—Is it now, Mrs. Delane, and I not long after rising. It makes a man drowsy to be doing the half of his work in the night time. Going about the country, looking for little stags of sheep, striving to knock a few shillings together. That contract for the soldiers gives me a great deal to attend to.

MRS. DELANE—I suppose so. It's hard enough on myself to be down ready for the mail car in the morning, sorting letters in the half dark. It's often I haven't time to look who are the letters from—or the cards.

MR. QUIRKE—It would be a pity you not to know any little news might be knocking about. If you did not have information of what is going on who should have it? Was it you, ma'am, was telling me that the new Sub-Sanitary Inspector would be arriving to-day?

MRS. DELANE—To-day it is he is coming, and it's likely he was in that train. There was a card about him to Sergeant Carden this morning.

MR. QUIRKE—A young chap from Carrow they were saying he was.

MRS. DELANE—So he is, one Hyacinth Halvey; and indeed if all that is said of him is true, or if a quarter of it is true, he will be a credit to this town.

MR. QUIRKE—Is that so?

MRS. DELANE—Testimonials he has by the score. To Father Gregan they were sent. Registered they were coming and going. Would you believe me telling you that they weighed up to three pounds?

MR. QUIRKE—There must be great bulk in them indeed.

MRS. DELANE—It is no wonder he to get the job. He must have a great character so many persons to write for him as what there did.

FARDY—It would be a great thing to have a character like that.

MRS. DELANE—Indeed I am thinking it will be long before you will get the like of it, Fardy Farrell.

FARDY—If I had the like of that of a character it is not here carrying messages I would be. It's in Noonan's Hotel I would be driving cars.

MR. QUIRKE—Here is the priest's housekeeper coming.

MRS. DELANE—So she is; and there is the Sergeant a little while after her.

(*Enter Miss Joyce.*)

MRS. DELANE—Good evening to you, Miss Joyce. What way is his reverence to-day. Did he get any ease from the cough?

MISS JOYCE—He did not indeed, Mrs. Delane. He has it sticking to him yet. Smothering he is in the night time. The most thing he comes short in is the voice.

MRS. DELANE—I am sorry, now, to hear that. He should mind himself well.

MISS JOYCE—It's easy to say let him mind himself. What do you say to him going to the meeting to-night? (*Sergeant comes in.*) It's for his reverence's *Freeman* I am come, Mrs. Delane.

MRS. DELANE—Here it is ready. I was just throwing an eye on it to see was there any news Good evening, Sergeant.

SERGEANT (*Holding up a placard*)—I brought this notice, Mrs. Delane, the announcement of the meeting to be held to-night in the courthouse. You might put it up here convenient to the window. I hope you are coming to it yourself.

MRS. DELANE—I will come, and welcome. I would do more than that for you, Sergeant.

SERGEANT—And you, Mr. Quirke.

MR. QUIRKE—I'll come, to be sure. I forget what's this the meeting is about.

SERGEANT—The Department of Agriculture is sending round a lecturer in furtherance of the moral development of the rural classes. (*Reads.*) "A lecture will be given this evening in Cloon Courthouse, illustrated by magic lantern slides——" Those will not be in it; I am informed they were all

broken in the first journey, the railway company taking them to be eggs. The subject of the lecture is " The Building of Character."

MRS. DELANE—Very nice, indeed. I knew a girl lost her character and she washed her feet in a blessed well after, and it dried up on the minute.

SERGEANT—The arrangements have all been left to me, the Archdeacon being away. He knows I have a good intellect for things of the sort. But the loss of those slides puts a man out. The thing people will not see it is not likely it is the thing they will believe. I saw what they call tableaux —standing pictures, you know, one time in Dundrum——

MRS. DELANE—Miss Joyce was saying Father Gregan is supporting you.

SERGEANT—I am accepting his assistance. No bigotry about me when there is a question of the welfare of the rural classes. Orange and green will stand together to-night. I myself and the station-master on the one side; your parish priest in the chair.

MISS JOYCE—If his reverence would mind me he would not quit the house to-night. He is no more fit to go speak at a meeting than (*pointing to the one hanging outside Quirke's door*) that sheep.

SERGEANT—I am willing to take the responsibility. He will have no speaking to do at all, unless it might be to bid them give the lecturer a hearing. The loss of these slides now is a great annoyance to me—and no time for anything. The lecturer will be coming by the next train.

MISS JOYCE—Who is this coming up the street, Mrs. Delane?

MRS. DELANE—I wouldn't doubt it to be the new Sub-Sanitary Inspector. Was I telling you of the weight of the testimonials he got, Miss Joyce?

MISS JOYCE—Sure I heard the curate reading them to his reverence. He must be a wonder for principles.

MRS. DELANE—Indeed it is what I was saying to myself, he must be a very saintly young man. (*Enter Hyacinth Halvey. He carries a small bag and a large brown paper parcel. He stops and nods bashfully*).

HYACINTH—Good evening to you. I was bid to come to the post office——

SERGEANT—I suppose you are Hyacinth Halvey, I had a letter about you from the Resident Magistrate.

HYACINTH—I heard he was writing. It was my mother got a friend he deals with to ask him.

SERGEANT—He gives you a very high character.

HYACINTH—It is very kind of him indeed and he not knowing me at all. But indeed all the neighbours were very friendly. Anything anyone could do to help me, they did it.

MRS. DELANE—I'll engage it is the testimonials you have in your parcel. I know the wrapping paper, but they grew in bulk since I handled them.

HYACINTH—Indeed I was getting them to the last. There was not one

refused me. It is what my mother was saying, a good character is no burden.

FARDY—I would believe that indeed.

SERGEANT—Let us have a look at the testimonials. (*Hyacinth Halvey opens parcel and large number of envelopes fall out*).

SERGEANT—(*Opening and reading one by one*) "He possesses the fire of the Gael, the strength of the Norman, the vigour of the Dane, the stolidity of the Saxon"——

HYACINTH—It was the Chairman of the Poor Law Guardians wrote that.

SERGEANT—"A magnificent example to old and young"——

HYACINTH—That was the Secretary of the De Wet Hurling Club——

SERGEANT—"A shining example of the value conferred by an eminently careful and high class education"——

HYACINTH—That was the National schoolmaster.

SERGEANT—"Devoted to the highest ideals of his Mother-land to such an extent as is compatible with a hitherto non-parliamentary career"——

HYACINTH—That was the Member for Carrow.

SERGEANT—"A splendid exponent of the purity of the race"——

HYACINTH—The Editor of the "Carrow Champion."

SERGEANT—"Admirably adapted for the efficient discharge of all possible duties that may in future be laid upon him——"

HYACINTH—The new Stationmaster.

SERGEANT—"A champion of every cause that can legitimately benefit his fellow-creatures——" Why look here, my man, you are the very one to come to our assistance to-night.

HYACINTH—I would be glad to do that. What way can I do it?

SERGEANT—You are a new comer——your example would carry weight——you must stand up as a living proof of the beneficial effect of a high character, moral fibre, temperance——there is something about it here I am sure——(*Looks*) I am sure I saw "unparalleled temperance" in some place——

HYACINTH—It was my mother's cousin wrote that——I am no drinker, but I haven't the pledge taken——

SERGEANT—You might take it for the purpose——

MR. QUIRKE (*Eagerly*)—Here is an anti-treating button. I was made a present of it by one of my customers——I'll give it to you (*Sticks it in Hyacinth's coat*) and welcome.

SERGEANT—That is it. You can wear the button on the platform——or a bit of blue ribbon——hundreds will follow your example——I know the boys from the Workhouse will——

HYACINTH—I am in no way wishful to be an example——

SERGEANT—I will read extracts from the testimonials. "There he is,"

I will say, "an example of one in early life who by his own unaided efforts and his high character has obtained a profitable situation——(*Slaps his side*). I know what I'll do. I'll engage a few corner-boys from Noonan's bar, just as they are, greasy and sodden, to stand in a group——there will be the contrast——The sight will deter others from a similar fate—— That's the way to do a tableau——I knew I could turn out a success.

HYACINTH—I wouldn't like to be a contrast——

SERGEANT (*Puts testimonials in his pocket*)—I will go now and engage those lads——sixpence each, and well worth it——Nothing like an example for the rural classes. (*Goes off, Hyacinth feebly trying to detain him*).

MRS. DELANE—A very nice man indeed. A little high up in himself, may be. I'm not one that blames the police. Sure they have their own bread to earn like every other one. And indeed it is often they will let a thing pass.

MR. QUIRKE (*Gloomily*)—Sometimes they will, and more times they will not.

MISS JOYCE—And where will you be finding a lodging, Mr. Halvey?

HYACINTH—I was going to ask that myself, ma'am. I don't know the town.

MISS JOYCE—I know of a good lodging, but it is only a very good man would be taken into it.

MRS. DELANE—Sure there could be no objection there to Mr. Halvey. There is no appearance on him but what is good, and the Sergeant after taking him up the way he is doing.

MISS JOYCE—You will be near to the Sergeant in the lodging I speak of. The house is convenient to the barracks.

HYACINTH (*Doubtfully*)—To the barracks?

MISS JOYCE—Alongside of it and the barrack yard behind. And that's not all. It is opposite to the priest's house.

HYACINTH—Opposite, is it?

MISS JOYCE—A very respectable place, indeed, and a very clean room you will get. I know it well. The curate can see into it from his window.

HYACINTH—Can he now?

FARDY—There was a good many, I am thinking, went into that lodging and left it after.

MISS JOYCE (*sharply*)—It is a lodging you will never be let into or let stop in, Fardy. If they did go they were a good riddance.

FARDY—John Hart, the plumber, left it——

MISS JOYCE—If he did it was because he dared not pass the police, coming in, as he used, with a rabbit he was after snaring in his hand.

FARDY—The schoolmaster himself left it.

MISS JOYCE—He needn't have left it if he hadn't taken to cardplaying. What way could you say your prayers, and shadows shuffling and dealing before you on the blind?

HYACINTH—I think maybe I'd best look around a bit before I'll settle in a lodging——

MISS JOYCE—Not at all. *You* won't be wanting to pull down the blind.

MRS. DELANE—It is not likely *you* will be snaring rabbits.

MISS JOYCE—Or bringing in a bottle and taking an odd glass the way James Kelly did.

MRS. DELANE—Or writing threatening notices, and the police taking a view of you from the rear.

MISS JOYCE—Or going to roadside dances, or running after good-for-nothing young girls——

HYACINTH—I give you my word I'm not so harmless as you think.

MRS. DELANE—Would you be putting a lie on these, Mr. Halvey? (*Touching testimonials*). I know well the way *you* will be spending the evenings, writing letters to your relations——

MISS JOYCE—Learning O'Growney's exercises——

MRS. DELANE—Sticking post cards in an album for the convent bazaar.

MISS JOYCE—Reading the "Catholic Young Man"——

MRS. DELANE—Playing the melodies on a melodeon——

MISS JOYCE—Looking at the pictures in the "Lives of the Saints." I'll hurry on and engage the room for you.

HYACINTH—Wait. Wait a minute——

MISS JOYCE—No trouble at all. I told you it was just opposite.

MR. QUIRKE—I suppose I must go up stairs and ready myself for the meeting. If it wasn't for the contract I have for the soldiers' barracks and the Sergeant's good word, I wouldn't go anear it. (*Goes*).

MRS. DELANE—I should be making myself ready too. I must be in good time to see you being made an example of, Mr. Halvey. It is I myself was the first to say it; you will be a credit to the town. (*Goes*).

HYACINTH (*In a tone of agony*)—I wish I had never seen Cloon.

FARDY—What is on you?

HYACINTH—I wish I had never left Carrow. I wish I had been drowned the first day I thought of it and I'd be better off.

FARDY—What is it ails you?

HYACINTH—I wouldn't for the best pound ever I had be in this place to-day.

FARDY—I don't know what you are talking about.

HYACINTH—To have left Carrow, if it was a poor place, where I had my comrades, and an odd spree, and a game of cards—and a coursing match coming on, and I promised a new greyhound from the city of Cork. I'll die in this place, the way I am. I'll be too much closed in.

FARDY—Sure it mightn't be as bad as what you think.

HYACINTH—Will you tell me, I ask you, what way I can undo it?

FARDY—What is it you are wanting to undo?

HYACINTH—Will you tell me what way can I get rid of my character?

FARDY—To get rid of it, is it?

HYACINTH—That is what I said. Aren't you after hearing the great character they are after putting on me?

FARDY—That is a good thing to have.

HYACINTH—It is not. It's the worst in the world. If I hadn't it, I wouldn't be like a prize mangold at a show with every person praising me.

FARDY—If I had it, I wouldn't be like a head in a barrel, with every person making hits at me.

HYACINTH—If I hadn't it, I wouldn't be shoved into a room with all the clergy watching me and the police in the back yard.

FARDY—If I had it, I wouldn't be but a message-carrier now, and a clapper scaring birds in the summer time.

HYACINTH—If I hadn't it, I wouldn't be wearing this button and brought up for an example at the meeting.

FARDY (*Whistles*)—Maybe you're not, so, what those papers make you out to be.

HYACINTH—How would I be what they make me out to be? Was there ever any person of that sort since the world was a world, unless it might be Saint Antony of Padua looking down from the chapel wall? If it is like that I was, isn't it in Mount Mellary I would be, or with the Friars at Esker? Why would I be living in the world at all, or doing the world's work?

FARDY (*Taking up parcel*)—Who would think now there would be so much lies in a small place like Carrow.

HYACINTH—It was my mother's cousin did it. He said I was not reared for labouring——he gave me a new suit and bid me never to come back again. I daren't go back to face him——the neighbours knew my mother had a long family——bad luck to them the day they gave me these. (*Tears letters and scatters them*). I'm done with testimonials. They won't be here to bear witness against me.

FARDY—The Sergeant thought them to be great. Sure he has the samples of them in his pocket. There's not one in the town but will know before morning that you are the next thing to an earthly saint.

HYACINTH (*Stamping*)—I'll stop their mouths. I'll show them I can be a terror for badness. I'll do some injury. I'll commit some crime. The first thing I'll do I'll go and get drunk. I never did it before. I'll do it now. I'll get drunk——then I'll make an assault——I tell you I'd think as little of taking a life as of blowing out a candle.

FARDY—If you get drunk you are done for. Sure that will be held an excuse after for any breaking of the law.

HYACINTH—I will break the law. Drunk or sober I'll break it. I'll do something that will have no excuse. What would you say is the worst crime that any man can do?

FARDY—I don't know. I heard the Sergeant saying one time it was to obstruct the police in the discharge of their duty——

HYACINTH—That won't do. It's a patriot I would be then, worse than before, and my picture in the weeklies. It's a red crime I must commit that will make all respectable people quit minding me. What can I do. Search your mind now.

FARDY—It's what I heard the old people saying, there could be no worse crime than to steal a sheep.——

HYACINTH—I'll steal a sheep——or a cow——or a horse——if that will leave me the way I was before.

FARDY—It's maybe in jail it will leave you.

HYACINTH—I don't care——I'll confess——I'll tell why I did it——I give you my word I would as soon be picking oakum or breaking stones as to be perched in the daylight the same as that bird, and all the town chirruping to me or bidding me chirrup.——

FARDY—There is reason in that, now.

HYACINTH—Help me, will you ?

FARDY—Well, if it is to steal a sheep you want, you haven't far to go.

HYACINTH (*Looking round wildly*)—Where is it ? I see no sheep.

FARDY—Look around you.

HYACINTH—I see no living thing but that thrush.——

FARDY—Did I say it was living ? What is that hanging on Quirke's rack ?

HYACINTH—It's (*Fingers it*) a sheep, sure enough——.

FARDY—Well, what ails you that you can't bring it away ?

HYACINTH—It's a dead one.——

FARDY—What matter if it is ?

HYACINTH—If it was living I could drive it before me.——

FARDY—You could. Is it to your own lodging you would drive it ? Sure everyone would take it to be a pet you brought from Carrow.

HYACINTH—I suppose they might.

FARDY—Miss Joyce sending in for news of it and it bleating behind the bed.

HYACINTH (*Distracted*)—Stop ! stop !

MRS. DELANE (*From window*)—Fardy ! Are you there, Fardy Farrell ?

FARDY—I am, ma'am.

MRS. DELANE (*From window*)—Look and tell me is that the telegraph I hear ticking ?

FARDY (*Looking in at door*)—It is, ma'am.

MRS. DELANE—Then botheration to it, and I not dressed or undressed. Wouldn't you say, now, it's to annoy me it is calling me down. I'm coming ! I'm coming ! (*Disappears.*)

FARDY—Hurry on, now ! hurry ! She'll be coming out on you. If you are going to do it, do it, and if you are not, let it alone.

HYACINTH—I'll do it ! I'll do it.

FARDY (*Lifting the sheep on his back*)—I'll give you a hand with it.

HYACINTH (*Goes a step or two and turns round*)—You told me no place where I could hide it.

FARDY—You needn't go far. There is the Protestant Church at the side of the Square. Go round to the ditch behind the wall——there's nettles in it.

HYACINTH—That'll do.

FARDY—She's coming out——run! run!

HYACINTH (*Runs a step or two*)—It's slipping!

FARDY—Hoist it up! I'll give it a hoist! (*Halvey runs out.*)

MRS. DELANE (*Calling out*)—What are you doing, Fardy Farrell? Is it idling you are?

FARDY—Waiting I am, ma'am for the message. ——

MRS. DELANE—Never mind the message yet. Who said it was ready? (*Going to door.*) Go ask for the loan of——no, but ask news of—— Here, now, go bring that bag of Mr. Halvey's to the lodging Miss Joyce has taken.——

FARDY—I will, ma'am. (*Takes bag and goes out.*)

MRS. DELANE (*Coming out with a telegram in her hand.*) Nobody here? (*Looks round and calls cautiously.*) Mr. Quirke! James Quirke!

MR. QUIRKE (*Looking out of window with soap-suddy face.*) What is it, Mrs. Delane?

MRS. DELANE (*Beckoning.*)—Come down here till I tell you.

MR. QUIRKE—I cannot do that. I'm not fully shaved.

MRS. DELANE—You'd come if you knew the news I have.

MR. QUIRKE—Tell it to me now. I'm not so supple as I was.

MRS. DELANE—Whisper now, have you an enemy in any place?

MR. QUIRKE—It's likely I may have. A man in business——.

MRS. DELANE—I was thinking you had one.

MR. QUIRKE—Why would you think that at this time more than any other time?

MRS. DELANE—If you could know what is in this envelope you would know that, James Quirke?

MR. QUIRKE—Is that so? And what, now, is there in it?

MRS. DELANE—Who do you think now is it addressed to?

MR. QUIRKE—How would I know that, and I not seeing it?

MRS. DELANE—That is true. Well it is a message from Dublin Castle to the Sergeant of Police!

MR. QUIRKE—To Sergeant Carden, is it?

MRS. DELANE—It is. And it concerns yourself.

MR. QUIRKE—Myself, is it? What accusation can they be bringing against me? I'm a peaceable man.

MRS. DELANE—Wait till you hear.

MR. QUIRKE—Maybe they think I was in that moonlighting case——.

MRS. DELANE—That is not it——.

MR. QUIRKE—I was not in it—I was but in the neighbouring field—cutting up a dead cow, that those never had a hand in—

MRS. DELANE—You're out of it—

MR. QUIRKE—They had their faces blackened. There is no man can say I recognized them.

MRS. DELANE—That's not what they're saying——

MR. QUIRKE—I'll swear I did not hear their voices or know them if I did hear them.

MRS. DELANE—I tell you it has nothing to do with that. It might be better for you if it had.

MR. QUIRKE—What is it, so?

MRS. DELANE—It is an order to the Sergeant bidding him immediately to seize all suspicious meat in your house. There is an officer coming down. There are complaints from the barracks.

MR. QUIRKE—I'll engage it was that pork.

MRS. DELANE—What ailed it for them to find fault?

MR. QUIRKE—People are so hard to please nowadays, and I recommended them to salt it.

MRS. DELANE—They had a right to have minded your advice.

MR. QUIRKE—There was nothing on that pig at all but that it went mad on poor O'Grady that owned it.

MRS. DELANE—So I heard, and went killing all before it.

MR. QUIRKE—Sure it's only in the brain madness can be. I heard the doctor saying that.

MRS. DELANE—He should know.

MR. QUIRKE—I give you my word I cut the head off it. I went to the loss of it, throwing it to the eels in the river. If they had salted the meat, as I advised them, what harm would it have done to any person on earth?

MRS. DELANE—I hope no harm will come on poor Mrs. Quirke and the family.

MR. QUIRKE—Maybe it wasn't that but some other thing——

MRS. DELANE—Here is Fardy. I must send the message to the Sergeant. Well, Mr. Quirke, I'm glad I had the time to give you a warning.

MR. QUIRKE—I'm obliged to you, indeed. You were always very neighbourly, Mrs. Delane. Don't be too quick now sending the message. There is just one article I would like to put away out of the house before the Sergeant will come. (*Enter Fardy*).

MRS. DELANE—Here now, Fardy—that's not the way you're going to the barracks. Anyone would think you were scaring birds yet. Put on your uniform. (*Fardy goes into office.*) You have this message to bring to the Sergeant of Police. Get your cap now, it's under the counter. (*Fardy reappears and she gives him telegram*).

FARDY—I'll bring it to the station. It's there he was going.

MRS. DELANE—You will not, but to the barracks. It can wait for him there. (*Fardy goes off. Mr. Quirke has appeared at door*).

MR. QUIRKE—It was indeed a very neighbourly act, Mrs. Delane, and I'm obliged to you. There is just *one* article to put out of the way. The

Sergeant may look about him then and welcome. It's well I cleared the premises on yesterday. A consignment to Birmingham I sent. The Lord be praised isn't England a terrible country with all it consumes?

MRS. DELANE—Indeed you always treat the neighbours very decent, Mr. Quirke, not asking them to buy from you.

MR. QUIRKE—Just one article (*turns to rack*). That sheep I brought in last night. It was for a charity indeed I bought it from the widow woman at Kiltartan Cross. Where would the poor make a profit out of their dead meat without me? Where now is it? Well now, I could have swore that that sheep was hanging there on the rack when I went in——

MRS. DELANE—You must have put it in some other place.

MR. QUIRKE (*going in and searching and coming out*).—I did not; there is no other place for me to put it. Is it gone blind I am, or is it not in it it is?

MRS. DELANE—It's not there now anyway.

MR. QUIRKE—Didn't you take notice of it there yourself this morning?

MRS. DELANE—I have it in my mind that I did; but it's not there now.

MR. QUIRKE—There was no one here could bring it away?

MRS. DELANE—Is it me myself you suspect of taking it, James Quirke?

MR. QUIRKE—Where is it at all? It is certain it was not of itself it walked away. It was dead, and very dead, the time I bought it.

MRS. DELANE—I have a pleasant neighbour indeed that accuses me that I took his sheep. I wonder, indeed, you to say a thing like that! I to steal your sheep or your rack or anything that belongs to you or to your trade! Thank you, James Quirke. I am much obliged to you indeed.

MR. QUIRKE—Ah, be quiet, woman; be quiet——

MRS. DELANE—And let me tell you, James Quirke, that I would sooner starve and see everyone belonging to me starve than to eat the size of a thimble of any joint that ever was on your rack or that ever will be on it, whatever the soldiers may eat that have no other thing to get, or the English that devour all sorts, or the poor ravenous people that's down by the sea! (*She turns to go into shop*).

MR. QUIRKE (*Stopping her*)—Don't be talking foolishness, woman. Who said you took my meat? Give heed to me now. There must some other message have come. The Sergeant must have got some other message.

MRS. DELANE (*sulkily*)—If there is any way for a message to come that is quicker than to come by the wires tell me what it is and I'll be obliged to you.

MR. QUIRKE—The Sergeant was up here making an excuse he was sticking up that notice. What was he doing here, I ask you?

MRS. DELANE—How would I know what brought him?

MR. QUIRKE—It is what he did; he made as if to go away——he turned back again and I shaving myself——he brought away the sheep——he will have it for evidence against me——

MRS. DELANE (*interested*)—That might be so.

MR. QUIRKE—I would sooner it to have been any other beast nearly I ever had upon the rack.

MRS. DELANE—Is that so?

MR. QUIRKE—I bade the Widow Early to kill it a fortnight ago——but she would not, she was that covetous!

MRS. DELANE—What was on it?

MR. QUIRKE—How would I know what was on it? Whatever was on it, it was the will of God put it upon it——wasted it was, and shivering, and refusing its share.

MRS. DELANE—The poor thing.

MR. QUIRKE—Gone all to nothing——wore away like a flock of thread. It did not weigh as much as a lamb of two months.

MRS. DELANE—It is likely the Inspector will bring it to Dublin.

MR. QUIRKE—The ribs of it streaky with the dint of patent medicines——

MRS. DELANE—I wonder is it to the Petty Sessions you'll be brought or is it to the Assizes?

MR. QUIRKE—I'll speak up to them. I'll make my defence. What can the Army expect at fippence a pound?

MRS. DELANE—It is likely there will be no bail allowed.

MR. QUIRKE—Would they be wanting me to give them good quality meat out of my own pocket? Is it to encourage them to fight the poor Indians and Africans they would have me? It's the Anti-Enlisting Societies should pay the fine for me.

MRS. DELANE—It's not a fine will be put on you, I'm afraid. It's five years in jail you will be apt to be getting. Well, I'll try and be a good neighbour to poor Mrs. Quirke.

(*Mr. Quirke, who has been stamping up and down, sits down and weeps. Halvey comes in and stands on one side.*)

MR. QUIRKE—Hadn't I heart-scalding enough before, striving to rear five weak children?

MRS. DELANE—I suppose they will be sent to the Industrial Schools?

MR. QUIRKE—My poor wife——

MRS. DELANE—I'm afraid the workhouse——

MR. QUIRKE—And she out in an ass-car at this minute helping me to follow my trade.

MRS. DELANE—I hope they will not arrest her along with you.

MR. QUIRKE—I'll give myself up to justice. I'll plead guilty! I'll be recommended to mercy!

MRS. DELANE—It might be best for you.

MR. QUIRKE—Who would think so great a misfortune could come upon a family through the bringing away of one sheep!

HYACINTH (*coming forward*)—Let you make yourself easy.

MR. QUIRKE—Easy! It's easy to say let you make yourself easy.

HYACINTH—I can tell you where it is.

MR. QUIRKE—Where what is.

HYACINTH—The sheep you are fretting after.

MR. QUIRKE—What do you know about it?

HYACINTH—I know everything about it.

MR. QUIRKE—I suppose the Sergeant told you?

HYACINTH—He told me nothing.

MR. QUIRKE—I suppose the whole town knows it so?

HYACINTH—No one knows it, as yet.

MR. QUIRKE—And the Sergeant didn't see it?

HYACINTH—No one saw it or brought it away but myself.

MR. QUIRKE—Where did you put it at all?

HYACINTH—In the ditch behind the church wall. In among the nettles it is. Look at the way they have me stung. (*Holds out hands.*)

MR. QUIRKE—In the ditch! The best hiding place in the town.

HYACINTH—I never thought it would bring such great trouble upon you. You can't say anyway I did not tell you.

MR. QUIRKE—You yourself that brought it away and that hid it! I suppose it was coming in the train you got information about the message to the police.

HYACINTH—What now do you say to me?

MR. QUIRKE—Say! I say I am as glad to hear what you said as if it was the Lord telling me I'd be in heaven this minute.

HYACINTH—What are you going to do to me?

QUIRKE—Do, is it. (*Grasps his hands.*) Any earthly thing you would wish me to do, I will do it.

HYACINTH—I suppose you will tell——

MR. QUIRKE—Tell! It's I that will tell when all is quiet. It is I will give you the good name through the town!

HYACINTH—I don't well understand.

MR. QUIRKE (*Embracing him*)—The man that preserved me!

HYACINTH—That preserved you?

MR. QUIRKE—That kept me from ruin!

HYACINTH—From ruin!

MR. QUIRKE—That saved me from disgrace!

HYACINTH (*To Mrs. Delane*)—What is he saying at all?

MR. QUIRKE—From the Inspector!

HYACINTH—What is he talking about?

MR. QUIRKE—From the magistrates!

HYACINTH—He is making some mistake

MR. QUIRKE—From the Winter Assizes!

HYACINTH—Is he out of his wits?
MR. QUIRKE—Five years in jail!
HYACINTH—Hasn't he the queer talk?
MR. QUIRKE—The loss of the contract!
HYACINTH—Are my own wits gone astray?
MR. QUIRKE—What way can I repay you?
HYACINTH (*Shouting*)—I tell you I took the sheep.
MR. QUIRKE—You did, God reward you!
HYACINTH—I stole away with it——
MR. QUIRKE—The blessing of the poor on you!
HYACINTH—I put it out of sight——
MR. QUIRKE—The blessing of my five children——
HYACINTH—I may as well say nothing——
MRS. DELANE—Let you be quiet now, Quirke. Here's the Sergeant coming to search the shop——(*Sergeant comes in. Quirke leaves go of Halvey, who arranges his hat, etc.*)
SERGEANT—The Department to blazes!
MRS. DELANE—What is it is putting you out?
SERGEANT—To go to the train to meet the lecturer, and there to get a message through the guard that he was unavoidably detained in the South, holding an inquest on the remains of a drake.
MRS. DELANE—The lecturer, is it?
SERGEANT—To be sure. What else would I be talking of? The lecturer has failed me, and where am I to go looking for a person that I would think fitting to take his place?
MRS. DELANE—And that's all? And you didn't get any message but the one?
SERGEANT—Is that all! I am surprised at you, Mrs. Delane. Isn't it enough to upset a man, within three quarters of an hour of the time of the meeting? Where, I would ask you, am I to find a man that has education enough and wit enough and character enough to put up speaking on the platform on the minute?
MR. QUIRKE (*jumps up*)—It is I myself will tell you that.
SERGEANT—You!
MR. QUIRKE (*slapping Halvey on the back*)—Look at here, Sergeant. There is not one word was said in all those papers about this young man before you but it is true. And there could be no good thing said of him that would be too good for him.
SERGEANT—It might not be a bad idea.
MR. QUIRKE—Whatever the paper said about him, Sergeant, I can say more again. It has come to my knowledge—by chance—that since he came to this town that young man has saved a whole family from destruction.
SERGEANT—That is much to his credit——helping the rural classes——
MR. QUIRKE—A family and a long family, big and little, like sods of

turf——and they depending on a——on one that might be on his way to dark trouble at this minute if it was not for his assistance. Believe me, he is the most sensible man, and the wittiest, and the kindest, and the best helper of the poor that ever stood before you in this square. Is not that so, Mrs. Delane ?

MRS. DELANE—It is true, indeed. Where he gets his wisdom and his wit and his information from I don't know, unless it might be that he is gifted from above.

SERGEANT—Well, Mrs. Delane, I think we have settled that question. Mr. Halvey, you will be the speaker at the meeting. The lecturer sent these notes—You can lengthen them into a speech. You can call to the people of Cloon to stand out, to begin the building of their character. I saw a lecturer do it one time at Dundrum. " Come up here," he said " Dare to be a Daniel," he said——

HYACINTH—I can't——I won't——

SERGEANT (*looking at papers and thrusting them into his hand*)—You will find it quite easy. I will conduct you to the platform——these papers before you and a glass of water——That's settled. (*Turns to go.*) Follow me on to the Courthouse in half an hour——I must go to the barracks first ——I heard there was a telegram——(*Calls back as he goes*). Don't be late, Mrs. Delane. Mind, Quirke, you promised to come.

MRS. DELANE—Well, it's time for me to make an end of settling myself ——and indeed, Mr. Quirke, you'd best do the same.

MR. QUIRKE (*rubbing his cheek*)—I suppose so. I had best keep on good terms with him for the present. (*Turns.*) Well, now, I had a great escape this day, (*Both go in as Fardy reappears whistling*).

HYACINTH (*sitting down*)—I don't know in the world what has come upon the world that the half of the people of it should be cracked !

FARDY—Weren't you found out yet ?

HYACINTH—Found out, is it ? I don't know what you mean by being found out.

FARDY—Didn't he miss the sheep ?

HYACINTH—He did, and I told him it was I took it——and what happened I declare to goodness I don't know——Will you look at these ? (*Holds out notes*).

FARDY—Papers ! Are they more testimonials ?

HYACINTH—They are what is worse (*Gives a hoarse laugh*). Will you come and see me on the platform——these in my hand——and I speaking——giving out advice. (*Fardy whistles*). Why didn't you tell me, the time you advised me to steal a sheep, that in this town it would qualify a man to go preaching and the priest in the chair looking on.

FARDY—The time I took a few apples that had fallen off a stall, they did not ask me to hold a meeting. They welted me well.

HYACINTH (*Looking round*)—I would take apples if I could see them. I wish I had broke my neck before I left Carrow and I'd be better off ! I

wish I had got six months the time I was caught setting snares——I wish I had robbed a church.

FARDY—Would a Protestant church do ?

HYACINTH—I suppose it wouldn't be so great a sin.

FARDY—It's likely the Sergeant would think worse of it——Anyway, if you want to rob one, it's the Protestant church is the handiest.

HYACINTH (*Getting up*)—Show me what way to do it.

FARDY (*Pointing*)—I was going around it a few minutes ago, to see might there be e'er a dog scenting the sheep, and I noticed the window being out.

HYACINTH—Out, out and out ?

FARDY—It was, where they are putting coloured glass in it for the distiller——

HYACINTH—What good does that do me ?

FARDY—Every good. You could go in by that window if you had some person to give you a hoist. Whatever riches there is to get in it then, you'll get them.

HYACINTH—I don't want riches. I'll give you all I will find if you will come and hoist me.

FARDY—Here is Miss Joyce coming to bring you to your lodging. Sure I brought your bag to it, the time you were away with the sheep——

HYACINTH—Run ! Run ! (*They go off. Enter Miss Joyce.*)

MISS JOYCE—Are you here, Mrs. Delane ? Where, can you tell me, is Mr. Halvey ?

MRS. DELANE (*Coming out dressed*)—It's likely he is gone on to the Courthouse. Did you hear he is to be in the chair and to make an address to the meeting.

MISS JOYCE—He is getting on fast. His reverence says he will be a good help in the parish. Who would think now, there would be such a godly young man in a little place like Carrow ! (*Enter Sergeant in a hurry, with telegram*).

SERGEANT—What time did this telegram arrive, Mrs. Delane ?

MRS. DELANE—I couldn't be rightly sure, Sergeant. But sure it's marked on it, unless the clock I have is gone wrong.

SERGEANT—It is marked on it. And I have the time I got it marked on my own watch.

MRS. DELANE—Well now, I wonder none of the police would have followed you with it from the barracks——and they with so little to do——

SERGEANT (*Looking in at Quirke's shop*)—Well I am sorry to do what I have to do, but duty is duty. (*He ransacks shop. Mrs. Delane looks on. Mr. Quirke puts his head out of window*).

MR. QUIRKE—What is that going on inside ? (*No answer*). Is there anyone inside, I ask ? (*No answer*). It must be that dog of Tannian's ——wait till I get at him.

MRS. DELANE—It is Sergeant Carden, Mr. Quirke. He would seem

to be looking for something—— (*Mr. Quirke appears in shop. Sergeant comes out, makes another dive, taking up sacks, etc.*)

MR. QUIRKE—I'm greatly afraid I am just out of meat, Sergeant—— and I'm sorry now to disoblige you, and you not being in the habit of dealing with me——

SERGEANT—I should think not, indeed.

MR. QUIRKE—Looking for a tender little bit of lamb, I suppose you are, for Mrs. Carden and the youngsters.

SERGEANT—I am not.

MR. QUIRKE—If I had it now, I'd be proud to offer it to you, and make no charge. I'll be killing a good kid to-morrow. Mrs. Carden might fancy a bit of it——

SERGEANT—I have had orders to search your establishment for unwholesome meat, and I am come here to do it.

MR. QUIRKE (*Sitting down with a smile*)—Is that so? Well isn't it a wonder the schemers does be in the world.

SERGEANT—It is not the first time there have been complaints.

MR. QUIRKE—I suppose not. Well, it is on their own head it will fall at the last!

SERGEANT—I have found nothing so far.

MR. QUIRKE—I suppose not, indeed. What is there you could find, and it not in it?

SERGEANT—Have you no meat at all upon the premises?

MR. QUIRKE—I have indeed, a nice barrel of bacon.

SERGEANT—What way did it die?

MR. QUIRKE—It would be hard for me to say that. American it is. How would I know what way they do be killing the pigs out there? Machinery, I suppose they have——steam hammers——

SERGEANT—Is there nothing else here at all?

MR. QUIRKE—I give you my word, there is no meat living or dead in this place, but yourself and myself and that bird above in the cage.

SERGEANT—Well, I must tell the Inspector I could find nothing. But mind yourself for the future.

MR. QUIRKE—Thank you, Sergeant. I will do that. (*Enter Fardy. He stops short.*)

SERGEANT—It was you delayed that message to me, I suppose. You'd best mend your ways or I'll have something to say to you. (*Seizes and shakes him.*)

FARDY—That's the way everyone does be faulting me. (*Whimpers.*) (*The Sergeant gives him another shake. A half-crown falls out of his pocket*).

MISS JOYCE (*Picking it up.*)—A half-a-crown! Where, now, did you get that much, Fardy?

FARDY—Where did I get it, is it?

MISS JOYCE—I'll engage it was in no honest way you got it.

FARDY—I picked it up in the street——.

MISS JOYCE—If you did, why didn't you bring it to the Sergeant or to his reverence?

MRS. DELANE—And some poor person, may be, being at the loss of it.

MISS JOYCE—I'd best bring it to his reverence. Come with me, Fardy, till he will question you about it.

FARDY—It was not altogether in the street I found it——.

MISS JOYCE—There now! I knew you got it in no good way! Tell me, now.

FARDY—It was playing pitch and toss I won it——.

MISS JOYCE—And who would play for half-crowns with the like of you, Fardy Farrell? Who was it, now?

FARDY—It was——a stranger——.

MISS JOYCE—Do you hear that? A stranger! Did you see e'er a stranger in this town, Mrs. Delane, or Sergeant Carden, or Mr. Quirke?

MR. QUIRKE—Not a one.

SERGEANT—There was no stranger here.

MRS. DELANE—There could not be one here without me knowing it.

FARDY—I tell you there was.

MISS JOYCE—Come on then and tell who was he to his reverence.

SERGEANT (*Taking other arm*)—Or to the bench.

FARDY—I did get it, I tell you, from a stranger.

SERGEANT—Where is he, so?

FARDY—He's in some place——not far away.

SERGEANT—Bring me to him.

FARDY—He'll be coming here.

SERGEANT—Tell me the truth and it will be better for you.

FARDY (*Weeping*)—Let me go and I will.

SERGEANT (*Letting go.*)—Now,——who did you get it from?

FARDY—From that young chap came to-day, Mr. Halvey.

ALL—Mr. Halvey!

MR. QUIRKE (*Indignantly.*)—What are you saying, you young ruffian you. Hyacinth Halvey to be playing pitch and toss with the like of you!

FARDY—I didn't say that.

MISS JOYCE—You did say it. You said it now.

MR. QUIRKE—Hyacinth Halvey! The best man that ever came into this town!

MISS JOYCE—Well, what lies he has!

MR. QUIRKE—It's my belief the half-crown is a bad one. May be it's to pass it off it was given to him. There were tinkers in the town at the time of the fair. Give it here to me. (*Bites it.*) No, indeed, it's sound enough. Here, Sergeant, it's best for you to take it. (*Gives it to Sergeant, who examines it.*)

SERGEANT—Can it be? Can it be what I think it to be?

MR. QUIRKE—What is it? What do you take it to be?

SERGEANT—It is, it is. I know it. I know this half-crown——.

MR. QUIRKE—That is a queer thing, now.

SERGEANT—I know it well. I have been handling it in the church for the last twelvemonth.——

MR. QUIRKE—Is that so?

SERGEANT—It is the nest-egg half-crown we hand round in the collection plate every Sunday morning. I know it by the dint on the Queen's temples and the crooked scratch under her nose.

MR. QUIRKE (*Examining it.*)—So there is, too.

SERGEANT—This is a bad business. It has been stolen from the church!

ALL—O! O! O!

SERGEANT (*Seizing Fardy*)—You have robbed the church!

FARDY (*Terrified*)—I tell you I never did!

SERGEANT—I have the proof of it.

FARDY—Say what you like! I never put a foot in it!

SERGEANT—How did you get this, so?

MISS JOYCE—I suppose from the *stranger.*

MRS. DELANE—I suppose it was Hyacinth Halvey gave it to you, now.

FARDY—It was so.

SERGEANT—I suppose it was he robbed the church.

FARDY (*Sobs*)—You will not believe me if I say it.

MR. QUIRKE—O! the young vagabond! Let me get at him!

MRS. DELANE—Here he is himself now! (*Hyacinth comes in. Fardy releases himself and creeps behind him.*)

MRS. DELANE—It is time you to come, Mr. Halvey, and shut the mouth of this young schemer.

MISS JOYCE—I would like you to hear what he says of you, Mr. Halvey. Pitch and toss, he says.

MR. QUIRKE—Robbery, he says.

MRS. DELANE—Robbery of a church.

SERGEANT—He has had a bad name long enough. Let him go to a reformatory now.

FARDY (*Clinging to Hyacinth*)—Save me, save me! I'm a poor boy trying to knock out a way of living; I'll be destroyed if I go to a reformatory. (*Kneels and clings to Hyacinth's knees.*)

HYACINTH—I'll save you easy enough.

FARDY—Don't let me be jailed!

HYACINTH—I am going to tell them.

FARDY—I'm a poor orphan——

HYACINTH—Will you let me speak?

FARDY—I'll get no more chance in the world——

HYACINTH—Sure I'm trying to free you——

FARDY—It will be tasked to me always.

HYACINTH—Be quiet, can't you.
FARDY—Don't you desert me!
HYACINTH—Will you be silent?
FARDY—Take it on yourself.
HYACINTH—I will if you'll let me.
FARDY—Tell them you did it.
HYACINTH—I am going to do that.
FARDY—Tell them it was you got in at the window.
HYACINTH—I will! I will!
FARDY—Say it was you robbed the box.
HYACINTH—I'll say it! I'll say it!
FARDY—It being open!
HYACINTH—Let me tell, let me tell.
FARDY—Of all that was in it.
HYACINTH—I'll tell them that.
FARDY—And gave it to me.
HYACINTH (*Putting hand on his mouth and dragging him up*)—Will you stop and let me speak?
SERGEANT—We can't be wasting time. Give him here to me.
HYACINTH—I can't do that. He must be let alone.
SERGEANT (*Seizing him*)—He'll be let alone in the lock-up.
HYACINTH—He must not be brought there.
SERGEANT—I'll let no man get him off.
HYACINTH—I will get him off.
SERGEANT—You will not!
HYACINTH—I will!
SERGEANT—Do you think to buy him off?
HYACINTH—I will buy him off with my own confession.
SERGEANT—And what will that be?
HYACINTH—It was I robbed the church.
SERGEANT—That is likely indeed!
HYACINTH—Let him go and take me. I tell you I did it.
SERGEANT—It would take witnesses to prove that.
HYACINTH (*Pointing to Fardy*)—He will be witness.
FARDY—O Mr. Halvey, I would not wish to do that. Get me off and I will say nothing.
HYACINTH—Sure you must. You will be put on oath in the court.
FARDY—I will not! I will not! All the world knows I don't understand the nature of an oath!
MR. QUIRKE (*Coming forward*)—Is it blind ye all are?
MRS. DELANE—What are you talking about?
MR. QUIRKE—Is it fools ye all are?
MISS JOYCE—Speak for yourself.
MR. QUIRKE—Is it idiots ye all are?
SERGEANT—Mind who you're talking to.

MR. QUIRKE (*Seizing Hyacinth's hands*)—Can't you see? Can't you hear? Where are your wits. Was ever such a thing seen in this town?

MRS. DELANE—Say out what you have to say.

MR. QUIRKE—A walking saint he is!

MRS. DELANE—Maybe so.

MR. QUIRKE—The preserver of the poor! Talk of the holy martyrs! They are nothing at all to what he is! Will you look at him! To save that poor boy he is going! To take the blame on himself he is going! To say he himself did the robbery he is going! Before the magistrate he is going! To gaol he is going! Taking the blame on his own head! Putting the sin on his own shoulders! Letting on to have done a robbery. Telling a lie—that it may be forgiven him—to his own injury! Doing all that I tell you to save the character of a miserable slack lad, that rose in poverty. (*Murmur of admiration from all.*)

MR. QUIRKE—Now what do you say?

SERGEANT (*Pressing his hand*)—Mr. Halvey, you have given us all a lesson. To please you, I will make no information against the boy. (*Shakes him and helps him up*). I will put back the half-crown in the poor-box next Sunday. (*To Fardy*)—What have you to say to your benefactor?

FARDY—I'm obliged to you, Mr. Halvey. You behaved very decent to me, very decent indeed. I'll never let a word be said against you if I live to a hundred years.

SERGEANT (*Wiping eyes with a blue handkerchief*)—I will tell it at the meeting. It will be a great encouragement to them to build up their character. I'll tell it to the priest and he taking the chair——

HYACINTH—O stop, will you——

MR. QUIRKE—The chair. It's in the chair he himself should be. It's in a chair we will put him now. It's to chair him through the streets we will. Sure he'll be an example and a blessing to the whole of the town. (*Seizes Halvey and seats him in chair.*) Now, Sergeant, give a hand. Here, Fardy. (*They all lift the chair with Halvey in it, wildly protesting.*)

MR. QUIRKE—Come along now to the Courthouse. Three cheers for Hyacinth Halvey! Hip! hip! hoora! (*Cheers heard in the distance as the curtain drops.*)

Dates and Places of the First Performance of Plays produced by the National Theatre Society and its Predecessors :—

1899. Irish Literary Theatre at Antient Concert Rooms.

May 8th. The Countess Cathleen, by W. B. Yeats.
May 9th. The Heather Field, by Edward Martyn.

1900. Irish Literary Theatre at the Gaiety Theatre.

Feb. 20th. The Bending of the Bough, by George Moore.
Feb. 19th. The Last Feast of the Fianna, by Alice Milligan.
Maeve, by Edward Martyn.

1901.
Oct. 21st. Diarmuid and Grania, by W. B. Yeats and George Moore.
The Twisting of the Rope, by Douglas Hyde (first Gaelic play produced in a Theatre).

Mr. W. G. Fay's Irish National Dramatic Company at St. Teresa's Hall, Clarendon Street.

1902.
April 2nd. Deirdre, by A. E.
Kathleen Ni Houlihan, by W. B. Yeats.

Irish National Dramatic Company at Antient Concert Rooms.

Oct. 29th. The Sleep of the King, by Seumas O'Cuisin.
The Laying of the Foundations, by Fred Ryan.
Oct. 30th. A Pot of Broth, by W. B. Yeats.
Oct. 31st. The Racing Lug, by Seumas O'Cuisin.

1903. Irish National Theatre Society, Molesworth Hall.

March 14th. The Hour Glass, by W. B. Yeats.
Twenty-Five, by Lady Gregory.
Oct. 8th. The King's Threshold, by W. B. Yeats.
In the Shadow of the Glen, by J. M. Synge.
Dec. 3rd. Broken Soil, by P. Colm.

1904.
Jan. 14th. The Shadowy Waters, by W. B. Yeats.
The Townland of Tamney, by Seumas MacManus.
Feb. 25th. Riders to the Sea, by J. M. Synge.

Irish National Theatre Society at the Abbey Theatre.

Dec. 27th On Baile's Strand, by W. B. Yeats.
Spreading the News, by Lady Gregory.

1905.
Feb. 4th. The Well of the Saints, by J. M. Synge.
March 25th. Kincora, by Lady Gregory.
April 25th. The Building Fund, by William Boyle.
June 9th. The Land, by P. Colm.

National Theatre Society, Ltd.

Dec. 9th. The White Cockade, by Lady Gregory.

1906.
Jan. 20th. The Eloquent Dempsy, by William Boyle.
Feb. 19th. Hyacinth Halvey, by Lady Gregory.
Oct. 20th. The Gaol Gate, by Lady Gregory.
The Mineral Workers, by William Boyle.
Nov. 24th. Deirdre, by W. B. Yeats.

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