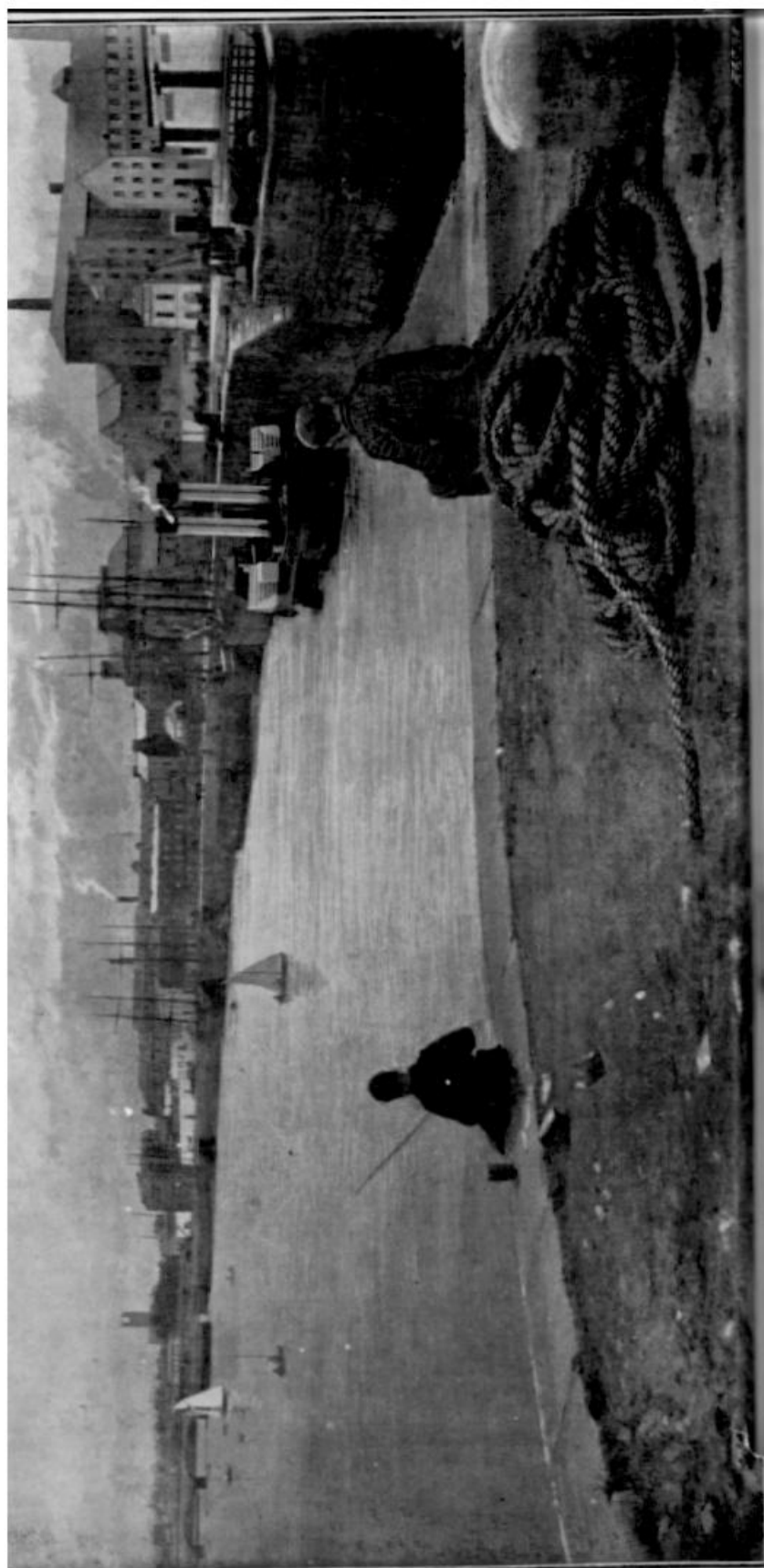


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CHRISTMAS, 1902.



THE MUNGRET ANNUAL.

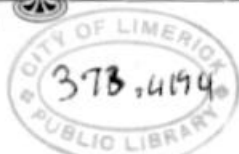
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THE MUNGRET ANNUAL

No. 6.

CHRISTMAS, 1902.

VOL. II.



Editorial.

"The present meets the past,
The future, too, is there."

AGAIN we send warm greetings to all our past students in Eire and beyond the seas. May our message from the caoir-macair doirda find them each year happier one and all, with an ever-increasing measure of true Christian joy!

Now that we have begun to devote a portion of the ANNUAL to letters from our past students, we hope that many, the absorbing nature of whose duties prevents their writing set articles for the ANNUAL, will at least send us a letter now and then, containing some account of themselves and of the work in which they are engaged. Such letters will have interest and utility for present students, and will help much towards uniting present with past, and the latter with each other; which has been from the beginning the *raison d'être* of our humble magazine.

To those who have so generously assisted us in increasing the circulation of the ANNUAL—and they are many—we are sincerely grateful. All future services of the kind shall be appreciated by us. To our own students, present and past, this affords an opportunity of showing loyalty and affection for their *Alma Mater*.

We would again venture to ask all our present students to preserve each year their copies of the MUNGRET ANNUAL. The accounts which it will always contain of the scenes amid which their boyhood was passed, and in which as boys they took part, will be read with much pleasure hereafter and may often afford no small consolation among some of the cares and anxieties of more advanced years.

W. FitzGibbon's essay on Limerick, which we publish, has been awarded the first place in our Prize Competition. R. Hartigan's sketch of Sarsfield got second prize. We do not publish the latter, as the matter contained is partially treated of in the other essay.

Books on Irish subjects to the value of 25/- are again offered to our present students for the best historical essay on any subject connected with Limerick or the neighbouring counties. A substantial book prize will be also again given for the second place, provided always that a good standard of excellence is reached. Subjects and books of reference will be suggested. The essays should be handed in within the week after Easter.

IN • DAYS • OF • OLD.

← EXTRACT FROM THE ANNALS OF MUNGRET. →

545. The age of Christ The seventh year of Diarmuid. On the Kalends of February died the holy brothers Olcad and Malcad, who born the same day, slept the same day in the Lord, and await their resurrection in this monastery.

They were sons of Guaire, king of Tuath More in Ui Chonaill Gabhra,* and the year of their nativity was 485. Guaire with all his people was yet of the gentiles, and drove away many a holy bishop who came to him with God's word. He therefore sent Olcad and Malcad to be fostered in the house of Fergus Mac Ferrogain, King of Corca Bascainn,† who was likewise a pagan and very wrathful against Christians. Now Fergus Mac Ferrogain was the light of martial valour in Erin, the exemplar of all the accomplishments of valour and gracefulness, so that the sons of many kings and nobles of the gentiles were living as students at his court, and many poor youths lived there too, waiting upon the noble students, and picking up the crumbs of learning that fell from their most abundant table.

This was the manner of the education and training which they received. Fergus divided the day into three parts. In the first part he used to teach all the feats and deeds of championship which the warriors of Erin are used to practise, namely the dart-feat, the crooked stroke, the sod-blow, the sharp-edged shield feat, the hero's salmon-sault and countless other wonderful feats and blows with the sword and the lance. His valour-disciples used to practise throwing the long green-edged biting heavy spear, and the flesh-piercing shadowy light spear, till they could fix them so firmly in an oak tree that the strength of no two men could pull them out. They had to wield the ivory-hilted gold-threaded straight-edged weighty sword as if it were a willow twig, and he who could not cut in two a woman's hair lying upon the water was of no account in that dexterous company. Then with their red bronze hurls they would strive with

each other, thrice nine against thrice nine. None were as deft-handed or as cunning or speedy as Olcad and Malcad, but none could judge judgment between these. Each of them could bring the ball through the ranks of all the others, but none could take it from them, or so much as reach it with a thrust or a blow or a stroke. Every day this goodly company of youths swam the *Inber*,‡ each one carrying a comrade on his back, but Olcad and Malcad could carry two.

In the second division of the day Fergus would hold council and converse with the nobles and wise men of his people about his quarrels with other kings, or his taxes or tributes, while the noble youths of his household would sit round the aged Cathbad, his head druid (named after him who in old legend is said to have taught Sualtann's son) learning from him the black arts, and foul tricks, and loathsome incantations of the adversary of souls. Dread and not to be mentioned were the spells he wrought. He could place mighty incantations on the "wisp of straw," so that whomsoever that wisp struck into the face, that man forthwith fell on his hands, and crawled on the ground, barking most furiously, and striving to bite and rend even those of his own kin. He could read dark words over a stream or well, and put a fierce biting virtue into the water, so that whosoever bathed therein came out spotted with brown ulcers and sores, and all men shunned him for his loathsomeness. So mighty was the devilish power of Cathbad that once Fergus striving in feud with Dubhthach, King of Ui Fiachrach Aidni,§ brought Cathbad with him to check and defeat the wiles of Muscat, the Druid of Dubhthach, very renowned also for his wickedness and power. Then was to be seen the kingdom of Beelzebub divided against itself in mighty contest fearful to the onlookers. Cathbad put his dark-grey hornless druidic bull-hide about his shoulders, and on his head his white-speckled bird-headpiece with fluttering wings, and then, muttering dark obscure words

he built his magic pile. The soldiers had brought him many roan-tree faggots taken from trees growing in three shelters, shelter from the March-wind, shelter from the Red-wind, and shelter from the Sea-wind. He kindled the pile with three blazing splinters, a splinter of Fergus' ash-spear, a splinter of roan-wood, and a splinter of hawthorn growing on a hill-top. Then with many cries he called on the powers of darkness, reading his signs of science and his oghams cut on wands of yew. Dubhthach meanwhile had also built his roan-tree pile, but that of Cathbad prevailed, and the yellow fire from his pile rushed up to the sky above, an angry flame of powerful speed roaring as a mighty wind, and then rushed along the earth passing over marshy places and rivers and dry stony places, and attacked the men of Ui Fiachrach Aidni, burning their faces and searing their eyes, and melting their hearts within them, so that they turned and fled. Such were the dark arts that Olcad and Malcad learned from Cathbad, son of the Red Man of Evil Knowledge, Chief Champion of the Prince of Darkness among the men of that day, and true successor of Simon Magus among the Gaedhil.

Another of the famous professors who dwelt at Fergus' Court was Fidhbach Mac Cearb, Prince of the Ollamhs of Eire, fountain of the secret language of the poets, and treasure-house of history and all knowledge. There was no part of wisdom (except only the one science necessary, the Faith of Christ) unknown to Fidhbach.

In the third division of the day, Fergus with his noble and guarding champions, his valour-pupils, and his hostages, together with his keepers and pipers, and jugglers, and horn-players, and physicians, would enter his famous wood-cireling music-resounding joy-enticing hall to feast and revel with great uproar and gaiety. A frontage of red bronze was on the house, and carved pillars of red yew, with capitals of bright silver. The valour-arms and protecting bucklers, and silver bridles, and riding-trappings of the noble company covered the wall around. Twelve splendid couches were there with pillars of bronze and capitals of gold. Gems of brilliant rays were set over each couch, so that in that hall the day and the night were equally bright. To the North was the Cham-

panion's couch of Fergus, very beautiful, with gold and precious jewels, and over it was a canopy of silver, bright as the sun, and when he so willed he would strike it with his silver wand and make it resound, and then the whole company would be still, and listen to his words. Thus then they sat feasting and carousing, and food was set before each man according to his rank, oatmeal and barley-cakes, wheaten-loaves, basins of nutmeal, house-fed smoke-dried pigs, and the tender flesh of lambs. The trout of the Shannon never failed that table, nor the cresses of the Maigne, nor the venison of Cratloe. All had butter except those who were not flaithe, or the sons of flaithe, but only Kings and the sons of Kings took of the noble salmon. And when they had eaten their fill they would sit round



IN THE CRATLOE HILLS.—(EXCURSION FROM MUNGRET, '84.)

the great log fire very bright and warm, and would quaff their flagons of foaming ale, their very sweet dream-bestowing mead flavoured with many herbs, and their strong combat-rousing fiery cider, and now one, now another of the noble assembly would make sweet music with his *cruit* or his pipes, but chiefly Donn, the greatest of harpists and renowned son of music in Eire would sing sweet songs. As the voice of the blackbird is above the sparrows, or as the music of the organ in our *daimhliag* is above the whistling of a churl in the field, so was the voice of Donn above all other human voices. He was the best in all Eire in singing the Dord Fiansa, or "wild song," so that all men would stare as if listening to far-off sounds, and bend their heads upon their breasts, and weep bitter silent tears.

* *ht.* Stone House; then, Church.

* Baronies of Upper and Lower Conello, Co. Limerick.

† Baronies of Clonderlaw, Moyarta, and Ibricken, in Co. Clare.

‡ Estuary (here of River Fergus).

§ In Kilmacduagh Diocese, south of Co. Galway.

Such was the manner and the arrangement of the lives of Olcad and Malcad in the house of Fergus, and such the three famous teachers Cathbad and Fidhbach and Donn, that trained them while they were yet blinded by the black diabolical mist of heathenism, and the years they remained with Fergus were a score in number.

Now it fell out that Fidhbach, the chief satirist of Fergus, felt wrathful against Carban, King of Tuath maca n-Umoir, in Dal Cais,* who said that his poems were not truly harmonious, but were like the babbling of clowns going to a fair, or the chattering of starlings on a tree, or the quacking of ducks in a muddy pool. He therefore sent a satire forth against Carban, so venomous, and fiercely wicked that it raised the three blisters of Shame, and Disgrace, and Fear upon his face. Carban then in great vexation, and preferring to die by the arms of glory and bravery than live in shame hiding his face from all men, gathered his army, and all his followers to the number of twelve hundred, and marched against Fergus who defended Fidhbach. Now it happened at that time that Malcad had just left Fergus' court, and was among the warriors of Carban, and therefore he had to march with Carban's hosting, so that by God's designs these two brothers were in opposing armies, and neither could draw back according to the ordinations of right valour, but had to fight even though they should meet each other in single combat.

Forth came the opposing hosts, and the ground shook beneath their heavy marching. On one side was Carban with his quick-wounding fierce stalwart warriors drawn up in solid battle-divisions under their red-bordered speckled-coloured steel-bossed resounding shields, with their blue-grey thirsty spears jutting out in front. Fergus led forth his men to the fight, and their appearance was not less terrible. They had with them to maintain the battle long keen reddened darts, and slender piercing well-riveted spears with smooth shining handles of white hazel, and great lances with beautiful silken strings, so that when all the warriors shot them forth they were like the silk-loom of some noble princess. They had ornamented bright-bladed blue-green flaming swords to cut and hack, to wound and mangle the heads and sides and bodies of their enemies. Their broad shields had bosses of red bronze and chains of white bronze. Behind them stood their Druids and seers and weavers of spells, to whom the enemy of souls gave special power that day, wishing to draw many into the everlasting fire.

Near by stood the poets and versifiers and the Chief-Poet nearest of all to Fergus to take note of his valorous deeds, and to tell of them in noble poems of praise to after generations.

But many as were the leaders and chiefs of battalions there that day neither side could boast of any so graceful and comely, so heroic and heavy-smiting as Olcad and Malcad, and none could tell whether of them was the better. The appearance of Olcad was this: His smooth cheeks were dazzling white, and like to the dawn upon the stainless colour of snow. His dark blue eyes were terrible to behold as they looked steadily into the faces of his foes. Flowing golden hair fell upon his shoulders. A red shield with stars and animals of gold and fastenings of silver protected him. A rich snowy shirt with border intertwined with gold thread embraced his milk-white neck, and a girdle of gold set with precious stones was about his waist. Changing colours as the plumage of a dove was his rich cloak of lustrous silk with golden fringe, and a golden brooch bright-shining as a full moon and surrounded by a circle of lightning-giving precious pebbles of the oriental world fastened it on his broad chest. The ivory-hilted sword in his hand was longer than the lath of a weaver's beam. Truly was he a mirror of fair chivalry to regard. Not less fair was the appearance of Malcad. The red of his cheek was as the colour of blood on snow, and his hair was golden as the wheat fields by the Maigue. His crimson shirt with many variegated folds and plaits descended to his noble knees that never had touched the dust before any man. A *torque* of gold was around his neck. His cloak fashioned of green shining soft silk, fastened by a golden wheel-brooch, covered his broad back, but left his strong, graceful, snow-white arms free for the slaughter and red carnage. Magic signs of gold and bronze were set upon his large embossed death-averting shield, and in his hand was a broad two-edged flesh-seeking sword. Its hilt was a sea-horse's tooth, and golden ferms of serpents and unclean creatures clung to it.

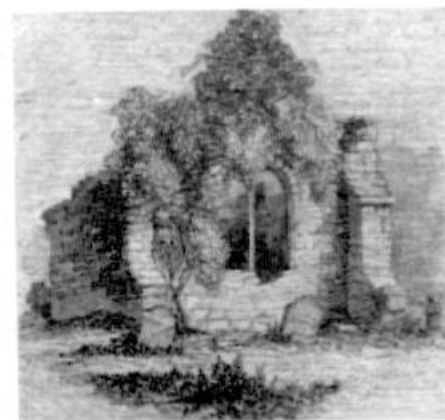
Thus then they went forth to the fight, the one against the other. So great a terror did Olcad inspire in his foes that they drew back from his face, and Malcad struck fear into the hearts of those advancing against him, so that they too shrank from his meeting; and thus these two brothers, born of one mother, nursed in one cradle, trained in one household, and taught by one master, who hitherto had been as two doves in one cote, or two hounds on one leash, or two steeds under one chariot, now were to meet each other in bloody and death-seeking combat, though sore unwilling; but so it was ordered in the laws of their chivalry.

They attacked each other with equal strength and agility. All the feats and tricks of valour that they had learned together they now practised against each other. They struck strong unopposed blows, and quick dexterous blows and crooked deceitful blows, and fierce piercing blows, with great vigour and noise, cutting and maiming and bruising each other till their white arms were streaked with red blood, and the grass was blackening on their rich garments, and the grass beneath their feet was brown with the blood-shedding; and thus they fought for the length of a soldier's watch. When they could not any longer see each other for the soaking blood which filled their eyeballs, and for the darkness of the night that closed about them, each struck a sudden, strong, very quick crooked blow upon the head of the other, and each fell back on the grass with a groan, and lay without any motion, or stir, or breathing. Thus they remained when the battle was over—Fergus won that day—during the cold watches of the night beneath the blue-black starry sky, but the flesh-devouring growling ravenous wolves and foxes passed them by and touched them not.

Now, hard by that field there dwelt a holy virgin, Mita by name, in a dark cave, where for twenty years she had kept perpetual fast, eating but one mess of nut-meal when the sun went down each day, and praying to God that He might send His saving light to the gentiles. That very night, while she was earnest in prayer, she heard within her heart a loud, very clear, melodious voice, which spoke to her thus: "Go forth this night towards the south till thou come to a field filled with slain warriors and decaying wolves. In the midst of that field shalt thou find two heroes, larger in stature than all the rest, dressed in richer array, and covered with blood-gouts. They lie on the blood-soaked earth, sole to sole where they have fallen in deadly fray, and in the hand of each is a gapped sword slimy with gore. Take them and bear them to the nearest *dun*, bind their wounds and tend them with all solicitude, for they have been chosen to be great heroes in the army of God." Mita then rose and went forth, and with other women to help her found the two champions as the secret voice had foretold, and bore them to the nearest *dun*. There she placed them in two separate bothies, tenderly bestowing them on beds of soft feathers, and spreading over them warm white wolf-skins. She cleansed their hardened wounds, and closed the gaping flesh, and put herbs and plants of healing, which she gathered in the forest, on them, and prayed the while to the God of

Healing to heal the wounds in speed, and to heal likewise the souls of these two noble chiefs now festering and noisome with the abominations of heathendom.

And so it came to pass. As Mita sat by the couch of Olcad, she told him the manner of her life, how she had been a princess in her father's court with suitors in great number for her hand, how one day an old man had come to her from Christ the Lord, telling her how Christ loved her, and how thereon she had left all things and fled from her father's house, and had ever since lived in a cave in the hill-side, hunger-faint and cold during the day and the night. But Olcad said: "Why didst thou not return to thy father's *dun* if thy spouse Christ did not give thee, His bride, all thy heart craved!" She answered:



PORTION OF MEDIEVAL RUINS—MUNGRET ABBEY.
(FROM HALL'S IRELAND.)

"Nay, He did and more." Then she told him the story of the Son of the Everlasting King, how in sorrow and evil bondage lay the earth and all the nations; how the souls of men were falling thick as leaves of an autumn forest into the consuming fire of hell; how the Son of the King had felt pity on man's forlorn estate, had left His golden throne in the Palace of Heaven, where spirits of happiness sang His praises in joy and festivity, and had become a man, poor as the poorest of us; how He had died, sore wounded in conquering sin and sorrow; how He had risen in glory from the dead, and ascended beyond the clouds in sight of the world, entering in glorious pomp the golden gates of His Heavenly Palace; how all men henceforth, if they choose Christ to be their Lord in life, may enter the same gates of everlasting joy; how Patrick, son of Calphurn, the great archbishop, had come to tell all the men of Eire the glad tidings, and most of the kings and peoples of Eire had

* Co. Clare.

believed; and how those who refused to listen to the truth would be cast into the everlasting fire, and never could see the face of Christ the Lord. Olcad said, "But Christ the Lord cannot wish me to stand in His court, for I have sent down into those fires of which thou speakest my own brother Malcad, him with whom I fought, though sore unwilling, for we loved each other dearly. To this Mita answered, "Thy brother is not dead, but lives, and I care him too in a bothie hard by in this *dun*." And the heart of Olcad was gladdened exceedingly.

Then she spoke the self-same things to Malcad, and he said likewise: "But according to thy word I have sent my own brother, my dear heart-companion, Olcad, into the fiery pit. How then can Christ wish to save me?" And she answered: "Thy brother lives and is near at hand, and as I care thy wounds, so I care his." So joy entered into his heart, and he was eager to see Olcad.

When they grew in strength, and could walk, she brought them together, and they fell on each other's necks, and wept for joy. Mita then told them of all the wonders of God's word, and of the marvellous treasures and sweet consoling mysteries of His holy Church, and with the saving waters of Baptism washed from their souls the foul stains of paganism. Then in sweet accord of hearts they spoke to the holy virgin. "We two have spent more than a score of years learning in eager rivalry the unholy lore of the gentiles; we now wish side by side to learn the holy wisdom and deep mysteries of which thou hast told us. For a score of years have we practised the spells, and evil charms of the Druids; we now wish to practise the holy rites of Christ's service. Up to this hour we have striven to surpass each other in feats of valour and every knightly accomplishment, so that our fame might be known at every king's court in Eire; now we only desire high place in the court of the King everlasting. A few days since we strove, though unwilling, to drive each other into the fiery pit; now we have made covenant and bond to aid each other in the loyal service of Christ our King." Then Mita said "If such be your desires, I praise them, for good desires are from God. Go ye then to the first ford on the broad river Sionnan* where there lives a holy man, Munchin† by name. Approach him in the name of the Lord and he will teach you what ye must do." Then with many tears and

grateful words they left the *dun* where God had visited them, and Mita returned to her gloomy, damp, lonely cave to give thanks to the Lord.

When Olcad and Malcad after weary journeying had come to where the rushing river first allows a fording, they saw an aged man, with long white beard and coarse garment, leaning on a staff. It was Munchin, surnamed "the wise," who awaited them and thus addressed them: "God be your comfort, fair youths! ye have chosen the better part to knock at the door of God's house. Yet not here is the place of your resurrection, but a little way hence. Here on this spot shall arise a mighty city, which shall be famed in history, but a little to the west down by this broad river there is a nobler city, whereof shall ye two be citizens. Follow, therefore, the river till ye come to Mungret, the famous monastery, the light of Eire, the hill of sanctity and wisdom, the fruitful mother of holy evangelists, the fair patrimony of the Coarbs of Nesson the Deacon, who was blessed by holy Patrick with the blessing of the fruitfulness of grace."

Thus then, ere the closing of that day, they arrived at our monastery, those two erstwhile famous champions of valour, and became humble servants and brethren in the household of the Lord. As a bright candle surpasses a rushlight, as the singing of a lark surpasses the noise of a cricket, as the music of a *cruid* surpasses the grinding of a quern, so did those two saints surpass all their brethren in all grace and devotion and fervent service. As two oxen under one plough, or as two spirited steeds under one chariot, that noble pair were equal in all things. In the choir each sang his psalter with equally sweet harmonious voice, so that wondrous pleasant zeal seized upon the hearts of all. Together they would go forth to plough, or dig the fields, or sow the wheat, or the oats or rye, singing in joyous accord hymns to God, and drawing down His benediction on the furrows. At other times they would go down through the slimy marshes, and put forth their corach on the rushing, fish-abounding river, and singing with sweet voice would bring into their nets the goodly trout and other fishes that God had stored in the waters for them. But their chief joy was to teach the great crowds of bright-dressed, gay-speaking, learning-loving students in the three spacious halls, the hall of Philosophy, the hall of History, and the hall of Literature. They taught them all the wisdom of God's word, from the first good testament of stone given by the Lord to Moses on Mount Sinai, to the knowledge of perfect service in the following of Christ. Thus, too, all the wisdom of the Gædhil, both

*Diunsnachas** and *Seanchas*,† and Poetry which they had stored up in their ready minds at Fergus court they now dispensed to the thronging youths. They taught them the twelve years' course of Poetry, from the first consisting of six score *great cantals*;‡ and the four Arts of Verse, Laid-cro's Art, O'Crotta's Art, Beg's Art, and O'Brine's Art. They explained to them all the secrets of versification, and revealed the secret meaning of the sweet words of the Poets. They taught them the history of the world, and the books of the Invasions of Eire, telling of the lady Cassair, who was the first to come from over the sea; of Partholan, who came three hundred years after the great flood; of the Firbolgs; of the

the Fenians, the Three Sorrows of Story, namely The Fate of Lir's Children, the Fate of Uisneach's Children, and the Fate of Tuireann's Children; also the three Tragical Deaths of Eire, namely of Curoi, of Blanaid, and of Ferceitne. They unfolded all the lore of the *Diunsnachas*, telling the names of the lakes and rivers, of the woods and fastnesses, of the rich meadows, or the barren hills, in all Eire, where fierce battles were fought, or stately palaces built, or numerous meetings assembled, and where mighty *leachts* mark the spot beneath which some bold champion is standing upright in his black grave, with his spear by his side, facing the land of his enemy. In the evenings Olcad and Malcad would go about among the



1861

THE SHANNON AT LIMERICK.

[Lawrence, Dublin

Yousha de Danaans who brought with them the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, the magic spear of Lugh, and the wondrous cauldron of the Daghada Mor; and finally of the famous warlike music-loving generous sons of Miledh, who came from Spain to Eire what time the Greeks held rule over the whole world. They recounted the generations of the High-Kings who ruled in Eire, their battles and hostings, and their noble knightly deaths. They recited with sweet voice the tales of the Red Branch and the tales of

bothies of the students asking them questions, explaining to them what they did not understand, encouraging them in their heavy tasks, and always with fervent and winning words raising their thoughts from human learning to the wisdom of the Kingdom of God. And so in quiet and joy, in prayer and work and holy meditation, and pleasant converse passed two score peaceful years.

But woe is the thought! That foul monster Leite, King of Luachair Deagaid, ruling in his wild mountains heard of the famous chalice of gold made by Caillin, the deft brazier of Nesson, which was ever the glory of this monastery, and as a mountain wolf attacks not the flock in the

§ Slieve Loughra, near Castleisland, Co. Kerry.

* Shannon.

† St. Munchin, patron of Limerick city and diocese. He was abbot of Mungret and in his old age retired to a solitary cell where subsequently arose the city of Limerick.

* Bishops' decisions and laws.

† History, archaeology, etc.

‡ Grammar.

§ Measured speeches.

day-time, but prowls about till night throws her cloak of darkness over the earth, so Leite with his hosting of wild-hearted cruel ravenous mountain-men skulked in the woods around our fair fields in the dark night, and we knew not of their fateful presence. At early morn, while yet the students lay in their huts in heavy sleep, Leite himself with a band of chosen kerne surround the great church while Malcad was therein reading with deep devotion the holy mysteries of Christ's Mass. In his consecrated hands was the famous cup, the wonder of the western world, with its intricate delicate encircling tendrils and its jewel-chased border. Then a score of foes rush upon him with great fury, and with fierce treacherous flesh-piercing sword-blows murder him at the altar, staining



THE SHANNON UNDER MUNGRET.

the holy vestments with red blood. Then they seize the precious cup and speed quickly away to their fastnesses and wild places, for the alarm had sounded among the students' huts. Such was the lamentable manner of the death of Malcad.

When Olcad heard that his brother, the heart-companion of his life, had parted from him, a terrible fit of torturing grief and desolation seized upon his soul, and he went straightway with many grievous groans and tears and prayed aloud, "O Lord God of life and death! Who didst send on the self-same day Malcad and myself into the light of this world, give ear to my prayer. Thou hast been witness how for

two-score years we two have served Thee faithfully in all things, taking step by step in the way of Thy justice, so that neither was ever behind the other in any good deed. We gloried in praising Thy dominion and majesty with according hearts and voices. We did not grow weary in ploughing the earth that it might bring forth good things for this Thy family, or in singing Thy hymns and canticles, or in instructing the many students who dwell about us in the wisdom of Thy law and commandments. Grant us, then, in Thy goodness, that as we have walked through life side by side, so we may pass the gates of death together. As we have served Thee hand in hand, groping in the darkness of faith, give us to serve Thee with blithe hearts in the brilliancy of thy glory."

Thus he prayed, and he felt a marvellous sweet peace and heaviness fall on his eyelids. He lay down upon his bed of rushes, clasping his wasted hands upon his sinless bosom, and without a death-rattle or a murmur, or so much as the least sigh, with the light of joy upon his white face he fell asleep in the Lord.

When we laid them out side by side in their priestly robes all the family of Nesson, we, the monks, to the number of twelve hundred, and the students to the number of four thousand, and the common people of our lands to the number of two thousand came to pray, making lamentations and dirges for the space of three days and three nights. We then buried the two saints in the same grave, placing a broad white stone above them to mark the place of resurrection when they will rise again in the assembly of the Judgment of the world.

Thus died the two great warriors of Eire, the two saints of God, the two champions of the western world, the two shining candles of christian wisdom and charity, the two beloved pillars of the valour of the Gædhil, the two splendid columns of the church of Eire. Never did this our land nourish on her bosom two such glorious warriors, and never did two such saints of God lie in this our Monastery since holy Nesson the Deacon founded it, as Patrick foretold.

LAMBERT McKENNA, S.J.



ROCK OF CASHEL.

[Holborn, Cinnel.

A ♦ DEAD ♦ LANGUAGE ♦ DUEL, OR THE WISE WOMEN OF MUNGRET.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

The events related in the three preceding Fyttes of the Poem are as follows:—The Cashel monks, seeing the rising reputation of Mungret, and zealous for the fame of their own monastery determine to challenge the monks of Mungret to a contest in the ancient classics. The challenge is conveyed by O'Dwyer of the Glen, with twenty mounted clansmen. The monks of Mungret, fearing the issue of the contest, yet unwilling to yield, determine, at the suggestion of the "wise and holy" Brother Finbarr, a native of Cork, to accept the challenge, but on the appointed day to send some of their brethren and of the students, disguised in various ways as beggars, drovers, washerwomen, etc., to meet their dreaded rivals on the road to Mungret and by inspiring them with the belief that even the poor women and peasantry about Mungret were classical scholars, to frighten them away from a contest with the monks.

When the day came, however, the holy Abbot of Mungret, after long converse with God in prayer, forbids his monks to take any personal part in the ruse. The students only are allowed to put on the disguises, with, however, brother Finbarr to accompany them in order to secure that nothing contrary to true Christian charity be said or done. They go forth thence, dressed in their strange disguises, chanting together the "Laudate." Arrived at the Ballinacurra river some begin to wash their bundles in the stream singing a Latin doggerel. Soon the Cashel monks appear led by their saintly Abbot. Arrived now within sight of Mungret monastery, their eyes and ears are suddenly greeted by the strange phenomenon on the Ballinacurra stream. They stood for a moment lost in astonishment. The student-washerwomen, carried off by sudden enthusiasm at sight of the grave and dignified mien of the saintly and learned men, burst forth, on the initiative of Brother Finbarr, into a noble chorus, making Shannon vale re-echo with the melody of St. Sedule's song.—ED.]

FYTTE IV.

I.

THE classic strains of days of yore
Have fainter grown on Erin's shore,
And few have now a mind to hear
The high debate that rang out clear
On summer's day of long ago,
When Cashel's monks heard with amaze

Rude women speak in classic phrase
Where Ball'nacurra's waters flow,
And words of wisdom freely pour
With native wit and ancient lore,
And touch on many a classic theme
While deftly washing in the stream.

II.

Alas! my timid museling fears
To tune such tale to modern ears,
But hark! good news rings o'er the wave:
"The muse that sung the deeds of Maeve
Has risen from her ancient grave,
And whispers sweet to old and young
The music of their father's tongue."

III.

Then urge me not to vain essay;
The Celtic heart needs Celtic tongue;
The wit and wisdom of that day
Must needs in Celtic speech be sung.
Leave thou the task to one whose ear
Can hear me in my native strain;
Content thee with the humbler sphere
Of faintly lisping once again
The quaint age-consecrated tale
That folklore oft has faithful told;
Let some bright eld-enlightened Gael
Its hidden mysteries unfold:
The weird-wise woof of Gaelic wit
In kindly Gaelic must be writ!
So be it! I will *lisp* the tale
But leave its *singing* to a Gael.

IV.

The monks stood still in sore amaze
To hear a rude and menial throng
Of washerwomen speak the phrase
Of Tully's classic tongue,
And o'er the meadows send along
The echoes of a Latin song.

V.

At last a monk from stupor woke
And kindly Gaelic blessing spoke,
Invoking God's and Mary's name,
And asked the way to Mungret's Hall—
In Latin pure the answer came!
"Mortales Dii—'tis known to all—
Quaecumque vias petunt Romam!"
Confused, surprised, he answered, "No, ma'am!"
Whereat the washerwomen rude
Assumed a bantering attitude,
And in quite an *audible* undertone
(Meant, of course, for themselves alone)
They joked in Greek quite airily;
Till goaded by their smiles so free
The stranger thought it time he tried
To check those washerwomen's pride—
Sarcastically he replied:
"Tho' in your dictum truth be hid
'Tis only truth *secundum quid*—
You say all roads do lead to *Romam*
To which I flatly answer 'No, ma'am!'
At which you smile, but hark to me,
Wise men and women all agree

When speaking *philosophicé*,
Not merely *metaphoricé*,
Nec etiam *rhetoricé*,

That every road is *solid ground*—
And how, I pray, can such be found
For one who sniffs the western breeze
In regions far beyond the seas,
And finds between himself and Rome
A thousand leagues of ocean foam!
Hence, my good washerwomen wise,
Experto crede—I advise
You wash your serge and sew your satin,
But cease to soil and tear good Latin!"

VI.

She dropped in haste the dripping clothes
That she was washing, and her voice
With those of her companions rose
In Greek and Latin phrases choice,
In classical expostulation
Against the stranger's imputation.
"Insinuas *mehercule!*"—
Thus did the washer-woman say—
"Ad *crepidam sutores*—yea,
But what if the cobblers learnt their manners
As well as scholars learn their grammars!
Think you because our hands we stain—
The taint is stamped upon our brain!
Your imputation's but a fizzle—
For Socrates lived by the chisel.
I am told wise doctors of the Jews
Were often skilled in stitching shoes,
And blessed Paul's own documents
Attest he lived by making tents,
And felt no shame in earning bread
By those same hands that raised the dead!"

VII.

Here the good monk would interpose;
But the water-nymph of the dripping clothes
Continued calmly thus—"Ahem!
Redeamus nunc ad rem!
You have denied that *omnes vias*
Do lead to Rome. *Hoc prorsus nego*,
And all your fine distinctions *ego*
Refute *per viam geometricæ*;
Our Feargal did convince the Pope"—
Here showed she a round piece of soap—
"The world is round. Each line is hence,
From centre to circumference,
A radius-road that you may trace
From any point to any place,
By sea or land, or bog or fell,
To Rome or Greece, in earth or—Well,

VIII.

"I next will prove *historicé*
How vain is your '*rhetoricé*'
Did not great Noah make his mark
On sea and story by his ark!

And demonstrate his intrepidity
By going ways of no solidity!
Did Moses not his people free
By walking them across the sea?
Nay, speak not till I end my theme;
I have the floor tho' in a stream—
Did Xenophon's Ten Thousand when,
In their renowned *Anabasis*
And wonderful *Katabasis*,
They'd marched o'er mountain and thro' glen
And barren plains and regions grassy,
And saw at last the distant main,
Did they not all at once exclaim—
"There is the best of roads, 'tis plain,
Thalassé, O Thalassé!"

IX.

"Alas! that here in Innisfail,
Wise men versed in Brendan's tale
(Brendan, who with his monks, the first
On virgin seas undaunted burst,
And anchored by Hy Brazil blest
And made a fact the fabled West)
Should dare his tale a fiction call,
Saying he went no road at all!
Alas! I thought that in Tipperary
They're Irish all. 'Tis the contrary!
But why at such a trifle stick
When they're not even Catholic!
Nay, never start—I'll prove it quick.
The Holy Scripture, you'll agree,
Declares St. Peter walked the sea
That laps the sands of Galilee;
And now come you with beards like
And Gracco-Tipperary noses, [Moses'
Denying "road" is predicable
Of seas, and hence the fact's a fable!
Oh, were you but in our *custodia*
You soon would sing your *palinodia!*"

X.

The monks made answer grave and wise;
But to their uttermost surprise
The women answered their attack
By sending prompt rejoinders back—
If not with logical precision—
At least with wondrous erudition!
They sparkled with classic scintillations—
They flanked with erudite citations
Their weakest ratiocinations,
And made each inference deducible
By smelting in a classic crucible
Poets, heroes, saints and sages,
All the wisdom of the ages;
David, Solomon and Caesar,
Moses, Job, Nebuchadnezzar,
With Sophocles, Euripides
And Tacitus, Thucydides,
And Tully and Demosthenes
And Lucian and Diogenes;

With Æschylus, Herodotus
And Livy and Theocritus,
And Juvenal and Eamius,
And him who wrote Herennius;
Virgil, Pindar, Lucan, Homer
(Which they said was a misnomer),
Anacreon, Terentius,
Lactantius, Prudentius,
The cyclopaedic Stagirite,
And wiser Areopagite;
Chrystomos, Gregorius,
Augustine and Honorius;
Philosophy, philology,
Theosophy, theology,
Alchemy and astrology;
The frigid Stoics' rigid rules,
And all the learning of the schools,



MUNGRET VILLAGE (near the site of the old Monastery).

And now Duns Scotus was their *nomos*
And now they swear by *Divus Thomas*;
And even when they had the need,
They cited Venerable Bede!

XI.

The monks at such an exhibition
Of washerwoman's erudition
Sank into helpless inanition.
At last one thought he had them posed,
When, half in earnest, half in jest,
This learned question he proposed:—
"Tell us, ye washers, I request,
Whether ye follow Plato's rule
Or else the Peripatetic School!"
At once ten eager women vied
To give the answer: one replied
"Neither we hold; although we use
Their various weapons to confuse

The foes of God. We know no way to
Compound a Christian out of Plato.
Though we imbibe of Aristotle
We store our wine in no such bottle,
Nor hold that feet peripatetic
Make pagan doctrines dietetic.
No torch we light at pagan flame ;
We glory in the Christian Name !
Our motto is : ' Thy Kingdom Come !'
' *In Hoc Vince,* our Labarum."

XII.

Thus did the water-nymph reply
Quite grandly—with at least one eye
Enthusiastically flashing ;
Then calmly she resumed her washing.
The monks no longer could disguise
The fact that never such surprise
Had heretofore befell them ; they
Had never thought to see the day
When members of the weaker sex
Could join in erudite contentions
With scholars of such great pretensions,
And even manage to perplex
The brains of vastly learned men—
But even more they marvelled when
Reflecting that such erudition
Enhanced a washer's low condition.

Resenting such an imputation
Against the feminine creation,
The women said, "Do you believe
The Lord did never breathe on Eve ?
Has not an angel's voice defined
A woman blest of human kind ?
And read you not of Esther's story
And Ruth's renown and Judith's glory,
And Erin's Bride, and Sheba's Queen,
And Alexandria's Saint Kathleen ?
But if, as seemeth like, you choose
For types, nor Christian maids nor Jews,
Let fall your mind's eye on that shore
Where Laertes' son was wrecked of yore,
And there behold a king's wise daughter
Bear with her maids into the water
The household wash, as we do now,
And see the wise Ulysses bow
To her fine wit, though he had known
Penelope, that paragon !"

XIII.

Then washing fast, they faster speak
At once in Hebrew, Latin, Greek ;
And chattering, each as she is able,
They mimic all the tongues of Babel !
The while a donkey-driver nigh
Upbraids his beast in accents high,
And in the self-same tongue and tone
That Balaam once addressed his own.
'Twas then that Cashel's abbot spake
(Whose voice in tremulous pathos brake)

"Never before such hap befel us.
O washer-women wise, pray tell us,
Did not some more than earthly creature,
Some angel, deign to be your teacher !"

XIV.

"O, holy monk, 'tis truth you say,
In sooth, tho' in the flesh to-day,
'Twas angels taught us ; and they all
Are waiting now in Mungret's hall,
And sore lamenting that they must
Soon humble Cashel in the dust !
Yet not of Mungret's school are we ;
Our school and class and books you see !
For when the monks are walking near,
The echoes of their lore we hear,
And as they pass the river's brink
In high discourse, we eager drink
Their wisdom-drops, or hungry taste
The crumbs their holy tongues have graced,
Our mothers, too, thus learned of yore,
And fed us with their scraps of lore ;
So we own naught but crumbings small
That from the monks' full tables fall.
But wise past human wit are they !
'Twas oft we heard our mothers say
That angels taught them night and day,
Till they're so wise in thought and speech
That they well might the angels teach !"

XIV.

The monks withdrew in deep debate—
"On ! Onward !" some gesticulate,
But "Backward !" point the more sedate.
Ask not my reverend pen to write
Their brief debate, or give the text
When saints or learned men are vexed !
Suffice the outcome of it all—
A wise retreat from Mungret Hall !
Silently musing, a sorry sight,
Slowly retiring they homeward go,
Declining an academic fight
With an almost preternatural foe.
Home their footsteps they retrace.
The women leave their wash *instanter*,
With triumph beaming on every face,
As they gaily laugh and gaily banter.
They trippingly mount up Mungret's height
In Finbarr's wake—a joyous sight
The while they chorus Cashel's caoine

"*φείγων μαχήσεται ἄλις !*
Evoe ! Studentes Mungretenses
Devicimus acumine,
Sub almo solis lumine
Ballinacurra Flumine
Doctissimòs Cassilienses—
Lingua potentior est quam enses !"

Ἐσαυό ἐ ριν ρεάλ ban léigeanta Mun-
ḡairce, do réir an tSheanáisíe ḡaebealaíḡ.
M. K. ('86).



THE CORONATION HALL IN RATHHAUS.

A MODERN PILGRIMAGE.

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

HAPPENING to be in the neighbourhood of Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle) during the month of July, 1902, and hearing much of the pilgrimage then being made to that city, I determined to enrol myself among the pilgrims. What I saw and heard I shall describe as briefly as I can, hoping it may be of interest to readers of the ANNUAL.

Leaving the pretty little Dutch village where I had been staying, I caught the 5 a.m. train, and, after an hour's journey, arrived in Aachen. The city was a veritable flutter of flags and banners as for a royal pageant, but I had no wish to pause and admire the decorations, as I was anxious to hear Mass. The Masses in the Dom (also called the Cathedral or Münster) were all over, so I had to make my way to the Church of St. James, which was a good distance off, but where I was able to satisfy my devotion.

This duty being performed, I had still a few hours on hands before the ceremony of showing the relics would begin, and I determined to employ them by a visit to the Rathhaus. This splendid pile, erected in 1376 on the site of Charlemagne's palace, is, after the Dom, perhaps the most interesting feature in a city where interesting features abound. Making my way with difficulty through the streets and squares, they were already crowded with pilgrims, I ascended the steps to this fine building. I had a delay of some minutes in a spacious hall of waiting, and from the many texts with which the walls were blazoned, all teaching the secret of imperial mastery, I picked out the following as one of the best :—

"*Die drei den meister machen sollen,
Können Wissen und Wollen.*"

as a translation of which I, with fear and trembling, submit:—

"Wouldst thou the rod of empire wield?
To Strength, to Force of Will, and Knowledge
all things yield."

Then, my tribute of 25 pfennige (2½d.) to the *genius loci* being magnanimously accepted, I was permitted to ascend the grand staircase. I at length emerged on to a gorgeous landing with the glories of the Coronation Hall opening out in front, and above me, on either side, two paintings, of one of which I shall speak again. The hall is so called because it was the scene of the coronation festivities of thirty-seven kings or emperors, the last to be crowned there being Kaiser Ferdinand I, in 1531. It is a massive room, yet the proportions are so perfect that one has quite a false idea of its size, till one walks across, first to the pillars in the centre, and then to the windows on the far side. In performing this journey one traverses quite an ocean of pavement. The room is hung with eight



THE MARIENSCHREIN (WROUGHT CIRC. 1225) CONTAINING THE FOUR CHIEF RELICS.

paintings, about some of which permit me, gentle reader, to say a few words. The first represents the opening, in 1000 A.D., by Otto III of Charlemagne's tomb in Aachen. According to the legend the great kaiser was found sitting on a marble throne, sceptre in hand, gospel-book on knee, and clad in his robes of state; and in the painting he is so represented. Very striking is the contrast between the gloom of the grave, the pale light of the torches and the bright band of sunlight streaming down through the opening above. The third picture represents the victory of Charlemagne over the Saracens at Cordova. Being a battle scene, it is full of movement, yet it is monotonous in its grey colouring, and there is a curious rigidity in its lines. The central figure is that of Charles seated on his charger and swinging his sword in a splendid up-cut at the barbarian chief. The latter is throned on a lofty chariot drawn by teams of oxen, and would

be inaccessible but for the giant stature and reach of his opponent. The seventh picture treats a subject which is full of interest for the pilgrim, namely the building, in Charlemagne's lifetime (he died in 814) of the Octagon, or Chapel Royal, which still stands and forms the central portion of the great Münster.

The first four fresco-paintings were done by the Aachener, Alfred Rethel; the second four by Joseph Kehren. That all eight are not the work of one hand, is clear even to the uninitiated; the colouring of the last four is rich and luscious, that of the others a ghostly grey; the last four are marked by gracious and harmonious curving, the others are stiff and rigid, and leave an impression of perpendicular lines; there is, indeed, impetuous movement in the battle scene, yet it is due to the subject treated and not to the artist. One word about the painting on the right as one stands on the landing looking towards the hall. The back-ground is a thick tangled wood, along the front rushes a white foaming torrent, bounding fiercely over the boulders in its path; emerging from the wood are Roman soldiers, stalwart warriors in full panoply. On the far bank of the stream stands a young Roman officer in gorgeous uniform, with the proud bearing of his class. On the near bank kneels a page, holding a silver goblet to the water, while away to the left, behind a rock, crouches the most frightful-looking hag with, by the most captivating of contrasts, the dearest fair-haired little girl imaginable by her side. The contrasts in the painting are of extraordinary power. The dark hag, the fair-haired girl; the black wood, the bright opening where the sky peers in; the gloomy boulders, the white stream with its wrath of silver foam, and finally, the big almost brutal soldiers worn with war, and the well-knit form of their general, full of athletic grace and beauty.*

It was on the stroke of 10 a.m., and however unwilling, there was nothing for it but to leave

* Neither from guide nor guide-book could I get a satisfactory explanation of this painting, nor even the remotest hint of an explanation. I am myself convinced that the young officer is Drusus, step-son of Augustus, who met his death in 9 B.C., in his fourth campaign against the Germans. He had penetrated as far as the Elbe, and being about to cross it with his troops was confronted by a woman of superhuman size, who lade him return. Disregarding the warning, the attempt to cross the river, according to the legend, failed utterly; a panic seized the superstitious soldiers, and in the reckless retreat which followed, a retreat which resembled a rout rather than a rear-movement, the young general was thrown from his horse, and received injuries which shortly after resulted in death.

That the painting is not a literal representation of this legend, is clear; the stream is too small for the Elbe, the hag is not of superhuman size, and how does the little girl come into the scene? Yet I believe we have the key to the picture in the legend.

this scene of beauty. The crowds in the streets were now of immense proportions, and it was only by shoving here and shouldering there, and taking good-humouredly in turn a fair share of the same treatment, that I could make progress. Not merely the squares and streets, but every rooftop was thronged with men and women, canvas awnings having been erected to keep off the rays of a burning sun. It was a sight calculated to warm the heart of the Catholic, especially the Irishman, rich with memories of his own island home beyond the sea. At this time there was a great movement in the assembled masses; hither and thither swayed the crowd, restless with expectancy, and tortured by the sun's heat, yet there was no disorder, only the surge to and fro, and the low, deep, murmurous sound, like the roar of waves on a distant strand. I had now met some friends who had an invitation to the roof of the city library, but we were not to be satisfied with the first available position, and were determined to reconnoitre and see if something better was not to be had on the squares and streets. But no! there was hardly standing room, and the sun's blaze was maddening on these open spaces; pushing, therefore, eagerly a-head, we made our way up through the library out on to the roof. Here most of the roof-tops were beneath us, and gaily they shone in their array of canvas awnings, coloured parasols, and bright dresses; only above us and beyond us, in the glory of its architecture, there standing out in the clear sunlight of the forenoon, the Dom with its flutter of banners. Behind it lay the Rathhaus with its stately towers, and behind that again, the blue sky. Just as we reached the roof, the procession filed into the verandah of the belfry tower, from which the exposition was to take place; first a cross-bearer accompanied by two acolytes in white surplices, bright red caps, and purple soutanes; then four halberdiers in ancient costume, their halberds sloping on their shoulders; and lastly four clerics bearing on their shoulders the sacred casket which contained the relics. Around the verandah they passed, with measured step and reverent mien, and then were lost to our view. I would ask the reader to follow carefully the following remarks about the position of the verandah, as it will make the account less confused. The verandah was in shape a square, two sides of which, and two only, the south and west, were visible to us; the relics were to be exposed three times on each side, three places being prepared for the purpose. Thus of each relic there were to be twelve expositions, six of which were visible to us. When the procession had disappeared, a choir of forty or fifty members with some reed instruments, took up their position on the west

side. Then a priest, of giant stature, appeared at the south side, and in a voice that sent every syllable rolling distinctly towards us, announced the first relic, the robe our Lady wore at the time of our Lord's birth. The announcement made, two halberdiers advanced and flung a red cloth across the place already prepared, and over this again a priest laid the sacred object. It was held in position—just then the wind came in ugly gusts—by the wands of two other priests. The robe, a broad, well-preserved, yellowish garment, was thus held for several minutes in each of the prepared places, the choir meanwhile singing several simple touching hymns. When the relic had been thus three times exhibited on the south side, the choir moved on out of sight, and the priest, with the voice like thunder, made the same announcement from the centre of the west side. Here the same ceremony was



THE DOM OR CATHEDRAL IN AACHEN (AIX-LA-CHAPELLE).

gone through, and so on for the north and east side. In this morning exposition the most interesting relic was Our Lady's robe. The other three, viz., the swaddling clothes in which Christ was wrapped at his birth, the cloth on which the head of St. John the Baptist was laid after his decapitation, and the cloth which covered our Divine Lord on the cross, were not really exposed; we saw merely the cloth casing in which they were enclosed. For each relic the ceremony was the same, except that for the fourth and most important one, the announcement was longer, prayers were recited for various intentions and answered by the thousands beneath, and the blessing was given with the relic each time it was exhibited. The time during which all this took place seemed short, yet when everything was over, and the roar of the multitude, till then hushed in prayerful silence, arose once more.

the belfry clock was ringing out the hour of noon—two hours had flown.

Leaving the roof quietly and silently—a kind of spell had fallen on us all—we climbed down through the many storied library out into the street. The most interesting part of the day was still before us, as we were now to be allowed into the Dom, to see close at hand the sacred relics, and the costly shrines and caskets in which they were kept. Forming ourselves into close order, it was hopeless for an individual to try and stem the stream of people in the street, we made our way to the Cathedral. The dark, massive, iron-bound, almost repulsive-looking door opened as by magic on our arrival, and passing in we entered on a dark, stony corridor, which led to the Octagon. Here we paused to gaze on this work of the ninth century, its many-cornered beauty, its arched and pillared stateliness; then glancing at the gorgeous chandelier which dates from the twelfth century, we turned into a chamber on the right, where caskets, almost without number, of relics the most sacred were exposed to view. The collection was a very shimmer of gold, silver, and precious stones, gleaming darkly in the sombre light of the Cathedral chamber. Turning away from the treasure, all was dark, cold, clammy; turning towards them the eye was dazzled by a dance of light, which flashed from pearl and gem, in gold and silver setting. Here was the triumph of the goldsmith's craft. Here were objects whose historical interest was only surpassed by their artistic value, which was again outshone by the worth of the spiritual treasure they enshrined. Here was the hunting horn of Charlemagne—he is venerated, with Papal sanction, as a saint in the archdiocese of Köln—here the solid crucifix he always wore at his breast, whether in the fever of the chase or the fiery heat of the battle; here, too, the sceptre of imperial rule, wielded by him and by the thirty-nine kings or kaisers crowned in the city of his love. Here, above all, were relics beyond number of our Lord, of His holy Mother, and of Saints from every time, all enclosed in the most costly caskets. It would be impossible to describe them all, impossible to describe any one adequately, as it was impossible for us, in that hurried half hour, to appreciate adequately any single reliquary of the many before us. Suffice it to quote the testimony of of experts who pronounce all to be of great artistic value, work in most cases of the sixteenth, in some of the eleventh, century, and to say that the two largest and most admired are the Marienschrein and the Karlschrein, the former of which holds the four chief relics (exposed in the morning), and the latter the remains of Charlemagne. Of the most important reliquaries

I secured a few photographs, but they are not worth reproducing, as they give a miserably inadequate notion of the reality.

Leaving the chamber of treasures we passed once more under the Octagon up to the sanctuary, a passing from the land of vision to that of faith. Here we saw close at hand the swaddling clothes of the Child Jesus; the cloth of John Baptist, with its large, vivid, almost horrible blood-stains; the cloth that covered our Lord on the cross, also blood-stained; and finally the plain, unadorned robe of our dear Lady. There was a priest sitting close by and each of us had a beads or a crucifix touched to the sacred relic. There were other points of interest also. It was here that, in 1146, the saintly abbot of Clairvaux preached the crusade against the Saracens, these very walls rang with his voice; there, under the Octagon, was the sepulchral stone of Charlemagne, with its simple inscription "Carolo Magno;" there, in the chancel, is the resting-place of Kaiser Otto III, who died in Italy, but whose dying wish it was that he should be buried here in the cathedral of the city that crowned him; the pulpit yonder with its exquisite carving was the gift of Kaiser Henry II. It was a strange bridging over of the centuries, the scene in which we stood; a spanning of the first, the ninth, the eleventh, the sixteenth, and the twentieth; a theme to dream on. I, for one, could not resist the spirit of reverie, and passing out I hardly heeded the stream of pilgrims, the long cold corridor; I only thought of all we saw, the relics of Jesus and Mary, the chapel of Charlemagne, and the shrines of wondrous beauty. I had travelled a good distance before I woke, and it was the feverish rush of an electric car with its clangorous bell that first roused me.

But how did all these relics come to Aachen? When Charlemagne had built his Chapel Royal he was anxious to adorn it with a collection of relics; to objects connected with Christ and His Saints he had the same devotion as the Knights of the Round Table or the Crusaders. If he preceded both of these in time, he was yet animated with all their spirit. His fame was world-wide, and his power as far-reaching. He collected from Jerusalem, Rome and Constantinople a collection of relics not to be rivalled even in the Eternal City itself. That he should have got sacred objects from Jerusalem or Rome does not surprise us, but how were such things to be found in Constantinople? The answer is easy. This was the city of Constantine and of his saintly mother Helena. It is well known that the latter frequently visited the Holy Land and built there churches without number; she found innumerable relics, the most important being

the Cross on which our Saviour was crucified, and brought the great majority to the city of her son, whence Charlemagne secured them for Aachen.

But the pilgrimage? how did it spring up? Its history need not keep us long. The first took place in the lifetime of Charlemagne, on the 13th June, 809. Invitations to come and see his chapel and his treasures were sent out to all parts of his great empire, and eagerly accepted. Streams of devout pilgrims flowed to Aachen, from the lands of the Danube to those of the Northern Seas. The chronicles of the time fairly ring with praise of the hospitality of Aachen, and of the personal solicitude which Charlemagne showed to each of the travellers. The first experience being such a pleasant one, people were naturally anxious to repeat it, and so year by year, on to the beginning of the eleventh century, the pilgrimage was renewed. It was then however resolved, from motives which are not very clear, to limit the occurrence to every seventh year, with the stipulation that the solemnity was in future to last fourteen days, instead of the shorter period till then in vogue. With this change the pilgrimages were continued through the middle ages, and we have many an interesting contemporary account as to how things went on those occasions. An eye-witness, for example, of the pilgrimage of 1510, by name Philip von Vigneulles, describes his entry into the city by night, after a long march; there were no 5 a.m. trains at that time; the blaze of lights around the Dom was visible, he says, for miles round, and looked like a huge fire. As to the crowds in the city, his experience was the same as mine, namely, that individuals were at a discount, and only organised parties could make headway. Putting their strongest at the front the remainder clung on behind, and woe to the individual that lost hold, it meant, says the eye-witness with delightful *naïveté*, losing for at least a week not merely one's party but also oneself. Again he tells us that the man who dropped a gold piece had to be content to let it lie, it being a physical impossibility in

the throng to stoop and pick it up. We read that in the year 1496 the number of pilgrims was one hundred and forty-two thousand, the largest contingent being the Viennese, under which title were included not only Austrians but also Hungarians; and we learn that the favourite bill of fare of the gallant Hungarian was bread, beer, beans, and bacon—quite a monotony of b's. It very soon became known what the strangers liked in the way of food, as the hospitality of the citizens was unbounded; and what does the traveller appreciate more in a strange land than the food he is accustomed to at home? Nopp, the historian of Aachen, tells us it was a point of honour in the city that each burgher should have a guest to entertain and house at his own expense. "The man who had no guest," continues the historian, "went about like a suspect, or a dog without a tail!" Things were not, no doubt, always so prosperous; there came the dark days of war, of persecution, and of famine; there came above all the sad days that beheld the fall of whole nations from the Faith, yet though the number of strangers diminished, never was the solemnity omitted, and if the lands of the Ebro and the Danube no longer paid their tribute of devout pilgrims, the Catholics of the Rhine, the Moselle, and the Maas valleys made up for much by their intense piety. Yet even this numerical diminution was but temporary; in the middle of the century we buried not long ago, the pilgrimage received a new impetus, and the septennial gathering now bids fair to equal, if not surpass, anything of the past; in the year 1860, for example, on one day alone were numbered sixty-five thousand pilgrims. Wonders, too, are worked. Even so recently as this year a miraculous cure was effected by the touch of one of the holy relics. But even when the sick and the diseased return to their homes unhealed, their confidence is no whit diminished; no! their tedious pain is rather sweetened, and their sorrow brightened, by the memory of our dear Lady's robe, the hem of which they touched in Charlemagne's *Pfalzkapelle*, in Aachen's storied city.

J. BITHREY, S.J. ('89-'93).



SHAMROCK * DEAR.*

ON RECEIPT OF A SHAMROCK FROM IRELAND, MARCH 18TH, 1902.

Oh! you've come across the sea,
 Shamrock dear,
 Mother's yearly gift to me,
 Shamrock dear;
 Though you're late for Patrick's Day,
 Still I pardon your delay,
 For you came a long, long way,
 Shamrock dear.

Though you're withered now and sear,
 Shamrock dear,
 You are welcome, never fear,
 Shamrock dear,
 For you have a magic art
 Making fountains well and start
 From the "cockles of my heart,"
 Shamrock dear!

Though you're crumpled now and dry,
 Shamrock dear,
 Yet the tear-drops from mine eye,
 Shamrock dear,
 Will bring back the tints you wore
 When you left dear Erin's shore.
 Ah, you do for me much more,
 Shamrock dear!

For no matter where I roam,
 Shamrock dear,
 You're a link 'tween me and home,
 Shamrock dear,
 Father, mother, boyhood days,
 Sisters', brothers' loving ways
 You bring up before my gaze,
 Shamrock dear.

More than coronet of earl,
 Shamrock dear,
 More than diamond, gold or pearl,
 Shamrock dear,
 Do I prize your wilted green!
 Oh, 'tis more to me, I ween,
 Than the gift of king or queen,
 Shamrock dear!

You're to me an open book,
 Shamrock dear,
 From whose leaves responsive look
 Shamrock dear,
 Erin's smiles and Erin's tears,
 Erin's hopes and Erin's fears,
 Erin's Saints and Erin's Seers,
 Shamrock dear.

Oh, you are a sacred thing,
 Shamrock dear,
 And of you my muse will sing,
 Shamrock dear!
 For your tiny leaflets three
 Triple emblem are to me
 Of the Faith that makes us free,
 Shamrock dear,—

Of God's love in Erin's soul,
 Shamrock dear!
 Whether deals He joy or dole,
 Shamrock dear—
 Love that glorifies the real,
 Love that compasses th' Ideal,
 Love that unto death is leal,
 Shamrock dear!

Symbol sweet of Hope divine,
 Shamrock dear!
 Promise fair to me and mine,
 Shamrock dear!
 Having spurned the false and vile,
 That the good God yet will smile
 On our sainted, suff'ring Isle,
 Shamrock dear!

Oh, new faith and hope and love,
 Shamrock dear,
 In the Triune God above,
 Shamrock dear,
 Come with you from year to year,
 Driving out each craven fear,
 Bringing heaven very near,
 Shamrock dear!

Little guest from Erin green,
 Shamrock dear,
 When I think of all you mean,
 Shamrock dear,
 And how kind the good God dealt
 When He gave you to the Celt,
 Och, my heart begins to melt,
 Shamrock dear!

Then I kneel me down and pray,
 Shamrock dear,
 Soon may come the Patrick's Day,
 Shamrock dear,
 When the hopes you symbolise
 Erin's sons may realize—
 Faith and Freedom 'neath her skies,
 Shamrock dear!

"EVON."

* This little poem, sent to us, together with the music, by a kind friend, has been suggested and inspired by Fr. Kenny's beautiful poem, "Glankeen," which appeared in the MUNGRET ANNUAL of 1900.—ED.

Shamrock Dear.

Music by Harold Whyte.

Moderato Con Expressione.

Oh! you've
 come a-cross the sea, Sham-rock dear, Sham-rock dear, Moth-er's year-ly gift to me, Sham-rock dear, Sham-rock dear, Tho'you're
 late for Pat-rick's Day, Still I par-don your delay for you came a long, long way, Sham-rock dear, Sham-rock dear, Tho'you're
 late for Pat-rick's Day, Still I par-don your delay, for you came a long, long way, Sham-rock dear, Sham-rock dear.

LIMERICK.*

"But oftener did we muse along those ways
Thought-laden with the glory of our dead;
Where Thomond and the perjured Treaty Stone
And Sarsfield's lofty spirit still survive:
While old St. Mary's bells their silver notes
Sent forth from out the flood.

"Yes, oft we've mused
Mid every broken arch and rent of ruin
That mark in Limerick's ancient battlements
The Saxon tread, that with'ring tread of worse
Than Danish hordes,—the tread of Strongbow's men,
The tread that's burnt deep into our plains."—

T. J. SHEALY, S.J. (*Mungret Annual*, '98.)

OF all the names which adorn the blood-stained pages of our country's history none is fraught with sweeter recollections or bears with it greater historical importance than that of Limerick:—"The City of the Violated Treaty." This name is for every Irishman who has read his country's annals full of remembrances, at one time of famous deeds or bloody struggles, at another of broken friendship or base infidelity. It is a name whose power has been often shown, but perhaps never so well as on the glorious field of Fontenoy, when the infuriated exiles, with the cry "Remember Limerick" on their lips, and the longing for revenge for its broken treaty in their hearts, burst through the heavy fire of the splendid columns of Lord Hay, and "with empty guns clutched in their hands" broke through the shattered ranks of England's chosen veterans.

In the present short sketch of Limerick's story I shall endeavour to bring together those facts which are most likely to be of special interest to us here in Mungret, and in general to all readers who are anxious to obtain a good knowledge of the birth and growth of this historic town.

It appears that the name *Luimneach* was first applied to the estuary of the lordly river that flows beneath the walls of the city, and O'Donovan, quoting from the Book of Leinster, represents Cuchullin pointing out the features of the country, and saying to his companions—"The Luimneach is that bright river that thou seest."

The origin of the city itself is involved in a good deal of obscurity. There seems to be no

* Prize Essay.

clearly authentic mention of it before the period of the first arrival of the Danes in Ireland, and the common opinion is that the city was founded by them about the year A.D. 837. Six years previous to this those hardy rovers from the Baltic and the German Ocean appeared for the first time in the Shannon, or the *Luimneach* as it was then called. During the succeeding years they often returned, and at last, seeing that the site was most advantageous, and the neighbouring country wealthy and fertile, they fortified themselves here; and so as a Danish stronghold the city of Limerick first came into existence, and for the first century after its foundation it formed a most important base of operations for the plundering expeditions of these fierce barbarians.

Thus the Abbey of Mungret would have been flourishing for more than three hundred years before the city of Limerick was founded, and Mungret, as we know, had been twice plundered and burned by the Danes before they settled in Limerick.

The principality of Thomond† in which this robber fortress was now established, and of which it afterwards as we shall see became the capital, was then as it is now possessed by a race who are remarkable, even among Irishmen, for physical strength, activity and warlike character. In later times co-extensive with Clare, this territory extended at the period of the Danish incursions from Knockainey in the county of Limerick to the borders of Galway, and from Loop Head to the Slieve Bloom mountains.

The Dalcassian clans, who owned this fertile and extensive region, had been from the earliest

† Thomond, i.e. *Tuath Mumhain*, North Munster.

times ruled by the great family who later on, after the time of Brian Boru, were called O'Briens, and who were descended from Blod, the eldest son of Cas, to whom all the Dalcassian chieftains traced their lineage.

The Thomond prince as such owed allegiance to the King of Munster, whose royal seat was at Cashel,† but from the time of Oilioll Olium, who reigned over Munster in the beginning of the third century of the Christian era, the pernicious custom had obtained (in virtue it is said of Oilioll Olium's will), that the Dalcassian princes had the right to the sovereignty of Munster alternately

Eugenian prince, the Danes increased steadily in power during the century following their establishment in Limerick. Thomond, as well as North Desmond and all the neighbouring country, were for a long time absolutely at their mercy. Then as the Dalcassian princes came gradually into prominence the tide of success began to turn. In 942 the Limerick Danes sustained a crushing defeat at the hands of Lorcan, the grandfather of Brian Boru, and three years afterwards Limerick itself was captured by Callachan, King of Cashel. Mahon, who became prince of Thomond in 954, and King of Cashel



Photo 461

LIMERICK, FROM THE NORTH STRAND.

[Laurence, Dublin.]

with the princes of Desmond, or South Munster. These latter (called Owenaghts, or Eugeniens, from Owen, nephew of Oilioll Olium) were, however, much the stronger, having a very extensive territory—Cork, Kerry, Waterford, and most of Limerick—and so usually kept to themselves the throne of Cashel, disregarding the claims of the Dalcassian princes. This led to a standing jealousy and feud between Eugeniens and Dalcassians, which doubtless prepared the way for the success of the foreign marauder.

Though held for a short time in check by Cormac MacCuilenan, the King of Munster, an

† In the earlier ages, or at least in the time of King Oilioll Olium, Bruree, by the banks of the Maigue, in Limerick, had been the place of the royal residence.

ten years] later, inflicted several crushing defeats on the Danes of Limerick, notably one at the battle of Sollohed, near the Limerick Junction, in 969. In this battle three thousand Danes were slain, and the rest fled to Limerick. The city itself was captured and sacked, and all its rich spoil fell into the hands of the Dalcassians. After Mahon's treacherous murder in 970 by the Eugeniens, the warrior at last appeared on the scene who was destined, at the head of the vengeful Dalcassian clans, to drive the plunderers from Thomond, and finally to annihilate for ever the Danish power in Ireland. We need not enter here into the details of Brian Boru's campaigns. In 977 he captured and burned Limerick, and the Northmen were then at last compelled

to submit. The Danish inhabitants were allowed by Brian to remain in the city subject to their own laws, but they gradually lost their identity and became amalgamated with the Irish, and in the following century embraced Christianity: thus Limerick disappears from history as a Danish stronghold.

Meanwhile Brian carried his arms elsewhere. "Victory after victory rested upon his banners. He broke the power of the Northmen in no less than forty battles; nor did he rest till, on Good Friday, in the year 1014, by the battle of Clontarf, he achieved the national deliverance, sealing the conquest with his blood."*

But though foreign foes were quelled at Clontarf, the seeds of strife, disunion and internecine



Photo by]

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.

[Lawrence, Dublin

war which they had sown were not so easily destroyed. During the period of their power in Ireland the very framework of society had been shaken, and the whole fabric of government, and of political and religious organisation, was left completely shattered. Under St. Malachy, who died at Clairvaux in 1147, ecclesiastical discipline was partially restored, but the whole political organisation was still in a state of absolute chaos when the Normans arrived, more cunning, and more treacherous, if more civilised than the Danes.

The history of Limerick between the battle of Clontarf and the arrival of the Normans, like that of almost all Ireland during that disastrous period, presents one long scene of conflict and rebellion, into the details of which we need not enter here. We mention only a few of the outstanding events.

* *Limerick and its Sieges*, by Rev. J. Dowd, B.A.

The next great landmark in Limerick's history is the year 1101. Brian's genius had raised the Thomond dynasty to the supreme power, not only over Munster but over all Ireland. Although none of his successors succeeded in establishing himself as undisputed Ard-Ri of Ireland, the Dalcassian princes ruled as kings of Munster, nominally at least, on to the Norman invasion. In 1101 Murtagh made a grant of Cashel, the ancient seat of the Munster kings, to the Church, "dedicating it to God, St. Patrick and St. Ailbe," and changed his abode to Limerick, which thus became the capital of Munster. And it continued to be the residence of the Thomond kings till its conquest by the English early in the thirteenth century.

This Murtagh spent most of his time in aggressions upon his neighbours of the north and north east of Ireland. He even carried his arms into Ulster, destroying the palace of Grainán Aileach, the seat of the northern Hy-Nialls. He ordered his clansmen to carry off the stones of this venerable building, and used them for the building of a parapet on his own palace in Limerick, which stood on the present site of St. Mary's Cathedral.

Donald O'Brien, who succeeded to the throne in 1164, was a brave soldier and a splendid ruler, and under him Limerick learned to prize peace and quietness. But the storm which had been long threatening burst forth at last,

and in 1169 the Norman invaders arrived! The "conquest" was sudden, and Henry at first took all before him. Among the earliest to offer homage was the Limerick king. He had cast off allegiance to the Ard-Ri Roderick, and probably saw the necessity of protection against the inevitable consequences of his conduct. He surrendered Limerick to Henry, and consented to hold it as a fief. However after Henry's departure Donald, realising the true nature of what he had done, renounced his allegiance to the English king and became reconciled to Roderick. Two years afterwards he recaptured Limerick and expelled the Norman garrison, and from this till his death in 1194 he remained the ablest, most active and most successful opponent of the Norman power in Ireland. Though Limerick was afterwards retaken by Raymond le Gros, the ablest of the Norman leaders after Strongbow's death, Donald again regained possession, and burned the city

to the ground, declaring that it should never become a nest for foreigners. However, in the very year of his death, we find him again established so securely in Limerick that he founded St. Mary's Cathedral on the site of the royal palace. This splendid building remains to this day as a lasting testimony of his munificence, though no longer, alas! in the possession of the Church upon which the princely Dalcassian conferred it, and to which he was so noble a benefactor amid all the clash of arms by which he was surrounded. He was buried in the Cathedral at Killaloe, which also, with numerous other churches and abbeys, owes its foundation to him.

In the confusion that followed upon Donald's death in 1194, the English got possession of Limerick, and Donald's son, Donogh Casheenach, was compelled to remove his residence to Clontarf, near Ennis, which fortress continued for generations to be the principal home of the O'Briens. From this time all connection of Limerick with the O'Briens finally ceases, and the kingdom of Thomond became practically co-extensive with the present county of Clare.*

For the next century the O'Briens and their Dalcassian warriors maintained, with varying success, the contest with the foreign invader for the supremacy of the fair land of Thomond. An interesting account of that eventful struggle will be found elsewhere in the pages of the MUNGRET ANNUAL.† It will be sufficient to mention here that by the battle of Uppat O'Dea, in 1317, the Norman invaders were finally crushed, and for two centuries the Dalcassians enjoyed independence under their rightful chiefs.

To return to Limerick. In 1199 the city was granted by King John to Philip of Braosa, and afterwards to William de Burgo. The charter of Limerick, in which the English king empowered the citizens to elect a mayor and two bailiffs for the government of the city, dates from 1197. About 1210 King John, during his stay in Ireland, visited the city. He erected at this

* The fortress of Carrig-o-Gunnell, however, and the adjoining lands on the Limerick side of the Shannon remained for long afterwards in the possession of the O'Briens.

† *c.p. Hunnerty and the Land of Tradree*. Mungret Annual, 1900.

time the castle which still bears his name, and caused to be built Thomond bridge, connecting Limerick with Thomond, a structure which lasted down to the year 1838.

Large numbers of English settlers, induced by the advantages offered, now flocked to Limerick, and the city soon became thoroughly English. During the four and a half centuries that elapsed from this final occupation by the Normans we hear little of Limerick. It maintained unbroken its allegiance to the English kings, and amid the fierce struggles that raged on all sides, the English colonists here seem to have held themselves behind their strong walls without much danger of molestation. Whilst the De Clares and De Burgo

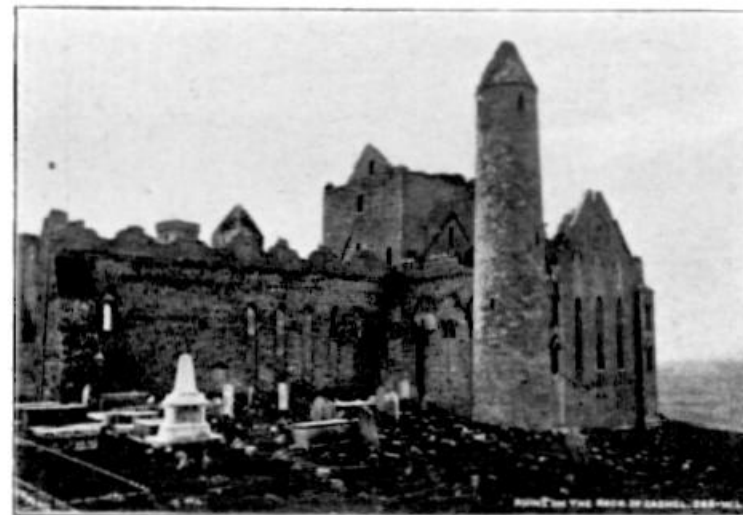


Photo by]

RUINS AT CASHEL.

[Lawrence

disputed with the O'Briens the possession of Thomond, and the power of the Desmond Geraldines began gradually to overshadow the old Eugenic families of Desmond and to extend itself over the territories once ruled by the McCarthys and O'Donovans and the rest, the name of Limerick occurs only here and there through the annals, in connection with the despatching of troops, the holding of a parliament, or the execution of some prominent chief whose rank entitled him to the formality of a trial. Even during the great Desmond wars of Elizabeth, when the power of the Southern Geraldines was broken, and the whole family almost blotted out, although all Munster was turned into a desert, and, as we are told, the fox prowled in the streets of the Desmond towns—so merciless had been the ravages of fire and sword—Limerick remained practically undisturbed.

The English in the city seem to have generally

maintained amicable relations with the Irish of the surrounding country, and in the town itself the citizens of both nationalities lived on friendly terms. Even as early as the period of King John the Irish Town, as it is still called, began to grow up, built and occupied by the Celtic Irish inhabitants, while the English Town, which formed the old Danish city, and which was built on the southern side of the King's Island, was occupied by the settlers. New Town Pery, which forms now the principal and more important portion of the city, was mostly built during the last century. As has constantly occurred in Irish history, the English of Limerick gradually became absorbed and Hibernicised from



Photo by

TREATY STONE, LIMERICK.

[Guy, Limerick]

contact with the Irish by whom they were surrounded, and like most of the English settlers of the Pale they maintained their loyalty to the Church.

In the middle of the seventeenth century a new chapter opens in the history of Limerick. In 1641 occurred the great Catholic Rebellion. This we know took the English rulers completely by surprise—"in one night"—that of the 23rd of October—"the whole structure," says Sullivan, "of British colonization in the North was a wreck." At first the movement was confined to Ulster, but it quickly spread southward, and Kilkenny and Waterford were captured by the confederates who then marched on Limerick. Here they were spared the trouble of a siege. The city received them joyfully, and for the first

time for four centuries Limerick ceased to own allegiance to the English king, and the Irish flag once more waved over the old walls of the Queen City of the Shannon. Throughout this struggle Limerick continued to be one of the chief places of assembly for the confederates, and joy or sorrow in the city followed respectively victory or defeat in the Catholic army.

Sunday, the 14th of June, 1646, was a day of great rejoicing in Limerick. Early in this month Owen Roe O'Neill, the great chief of the Celtic Ireland of his day, had utterly defeated and destroyed the Presbyterian forces at Beinburb, capturing all their provisions, arms and ammunition, with thirty-two stands of colours. These trophies were sent to Limerick, and on the 14th of June a magnificent demonstration was organized. The colours were carried in solemn procession through the streets to St. Mary's Cathedral, where a *Te Deum* was chanted, and "a Mass of thanksgiving was offered to the Lord 'who fought among the valiant ones and over-threw the nations that were assembled to destroy the sanctuary.'"

Soon, however, the chivalrous O'Neill was snatched off by the remorseless hand of death, and Cromwell's iron tread was heard, bringing ruin and destruction to Ireland.

In the August of 1649 the "Protector" landed in Dublin, to carry out what he and his soldiery were pleased to call "the work of the Lord." Drogheda, Wexford and Clonmel fell in quick succession before him, but after the capture of the latter town he was recalled to England. Ireton, who succeeded him in the command, immediately

marched on Limerick, which was then the centre of the Irish position, and was commanded by Hugh O'Neill, the nephew of Owen Roe. During the long months of summer the city held out, but at length it was compelled to surrender, owing to the treachery of a certain Colonel Fennell. The garrison were allowed to march out and time was given to the inhabitants for removing whithersoever they wished. Twenty-four persons were, however, excluded from the benefit of the treaty, among whom were Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick; the illustrious Terence Albert O'Brien, Bishop of Emly; and the brave O'Neill, governor of the city. Bishop O'Dwyer, however, managed to escape in the dress of a soldier, and O'Neill, after being twice condemned to death was finally relieved by

Ireton, who was forced by his officers to this act of justice. Terence O'Brien, the glorious Bishop of Emly, met his fate with the courage and fortitude which befit a true servant of Christ, and one who had "lived to the last with virgin purity."* He is said to have, before his death, summoned the unfortunate Ireton to meet him in a short time before a higher tribunal. The old house in the English Town is still pointed out where Ireton is said to have died a few days afterwards, torn with remorse for the murder of the sainted bishop.

For some years after this Limerick enjoyed some peace. But when, in 1688, the Catholic king James was forced to fly from his kingdom Limerick, with the rest of Ireland, declared for the fugitive monarch, and prepared to support his cause against that of William, Prince of Orange.

But the faithless Stuart king little merited such devotion, and after the disastrous battle of the Boyne, on the 1st of July, 1690, the Irish, recognising that the man for whom they had struggled had basely abandoned them—for he had immediately fled to France—determined, with renewed energy, that as they had fought for James at the Boyne they would now fight for their religion and for Ireland on the Shannon.

On the 9th of August William with his large army of about thirty-eight thousand men arrived at Limerick, and immediately began the siege. The bombardment proceeded slowly, for William was expecting a large battering train from Waterford. That once arrived the capture of the city would be easy. However this great train was never to reach Limerick. It is well known how the gallant Sarsfield, with his brave little body of cavalry, surprised and captured it by night on the hill of Ballyneety, and thus by a deed that "deserves to be classed among the most brilliant exploits of modern warfare," saved, for a time at least, the brave old city.

William, having procured a new train, continued the siege with redoubled vigour. He was, however, at length forced to abandon all hope of capturing the city, and so, at the end of August, he broke up his camp, and, giving the command to Ginkle, fled to Waterford and thence to England.

But Limerick was not to enjoy a long peace. In the following summer operations were renewed by Ginkle. Athlone fell before him after a strong

* *Hibernia Dominicana*, p. 449 (quoted by Lenihan).

resistance. The fall of Galway and Sligo soon followed, and now "once more," says McGee, "all eyes and hearts in the British islands were turned towards the well-known city of the lower Shannon."

On the 25th of August Ginkle reached Limerick and immediately invested the place on three sides. But its old walls were stronger than those of Athlone, and for a month the city stood before a dreadful bombardment. At length, on the 23rd of September, Sarsfield and Major-General Wauchope repaired to the English camp to seek a cessation of hostilities. Negotiations for a permanent peace were entered upon, as both sides wished to bring the siege to a termination. The terms were settled soon after, and on the 3rd of October the treaty of Limerick was signed. This granted all that could be hoped for. The



Photo

THOMOND BRIDGE AND KING JOHN'S CASTLE.

[Guy]

Catholics were to have "such privileges in the exercise of their religion as they enjoyed in the reign of Charles the Second," and had the terms been kept, the Irish would certainly have had peace at last. The stone on which the treaty was signed is still proudly preserved by the people of Limerick, who treasure it as "a monument more glorious than the Titan Arch of Rome," and are proud to possess "that memorial of Irish honour and heroism, that silent witness of English truth—*Punica fides*—the 'Treaty stone of Limerick.'"

On the 5th of October the Irish regiments took their choice between service in the British or French armies. Out of over thirteen thousand men only one thousand and forty-six entered the service of the conqueror. The others, bidding a last farewell to old Ireland, sailed into exile, and formed the nucleus of the famous Irish Brigades whose valour soon became known throughout Europe, and whose assistance was sought for by the greatest princes.

Thus fell Limerick—long the stronghold of Irish freedom—the last home of National independence. For centuries its old walls had stood before the attacks of many enemies. They had not seen the days of Ireland's greatest glory, but they had witnessed her freedom. They had sprung up in the midst of national dissensions—they had their beginning with the fall of the nation. They had held up with her through the long dark years of her struggle, and did not fall until the last spark of her liberty was extinguished. With the birth of these old walls the dark cloud

of slavery appeared on the eastern horizon, and gradually, during the centuries that beheld the fierce struggles of the Irish nation, they had been darkened by its deep, black shadow, until that memorable evening of the 3rd of October, 1691, when the last beams of the setting sun of National Independence slowly glided down the old walls of Limerick, and, pursued by the dark shadow of slavery, fled to the west and disappeared, let us hope not for ever, in the deep waters of the great Atlantic.

W. G. FITZGIBBON (B.A. Class).



“THE HOLY WELL.”

BY A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT.

Lines on the nameless “Holy Well” of Tullabeg, near Raham Abbey. Raham is supposed to have been founded by St. Cahal of Ballycahill, near Thurles. He is venerated as St. Cataldo in Taranto, Italy, of which city he became bishop.



They call it still “The Holy Well”;
Its patron saint now none may tell,
But young and old that nigh it dwell
Believe it is a holy well.

I, too, believe, O man of God,
Whose feet the first this pathway trod,
Whose knees first sanctified this sod,
You lived—and lived a man of God!

Thy name has passed, but not thy deed.
Thy prayers did sow a fruitful seed,
Which grew into a living creed.
'Tis living yet, and all thy deed!

I gaze upon a holy ground!
From Slievebloom to this Tulla mound
Did blessed saints like thee abound,
And made it all a holy ground.

Then Holy Well I drink of thee!
Oh, cleanse all sinful stains in me!
Blest may thy waters ever be!
And blest be all who drink of thee!

Yon ruins, silent, tell their fame.
There Cahal erst from Dhurlas came,
And hallowed hosts, drawn by his name,
Made Raham glow in saintly fame.

There Cahal's name is known no more.
'Tis hallowed by Taranto's shore;
That name which many a Tuscan bore,
In Cahal's home is known no more!

Alas! a surging sea of blood
O'er Cahal's name poured wild its flood.
His name was 'whelmed, his faith still stood:
His soul survived that sea of blood.

So fares our well's dear nameless saint.
His name is lost, his well's unspent,
Each drop 's a living testament—
Aye, canonizing him a saint!

M. K. ('86.)

MAC NA BAINTEABAIGE Ó SHIAB LUACRA.



Do bi baintreabac ar Shiab Luacra agus ní raib aici aet don mac amam bliabam agus ríde v'aoir. D'éirig ré go moe maroin agus v'éirig rionnac poimir. D'iméig ré 'na thiarú agus tús ré aghar ar Scairce Slinne agus fuair ré padarc ar an oileán Ciappardé agus ar Shiab Mír. Rug ré spreim ar an trionnac agus tús ré leir go vici Shiab Luacra é. Nuair éirig ré maroin ar na báireac vudairt ré la n-a maíar go raíad ré ag tríall forúim do réim. D'iméig ré air, agus bi ré ag cur vé go raib vpuet agus veimeannaige ag teact agus gur peolad ar cúirt an Rios é. Do bi aon inéan amam ag an puí agus ní raib raíad ag aonne vici go vciubrad leir ceann raíarí moir na gcúis sceann agus na gcúis mumeal. D'iméig ré air lá ar na báireac agus níor raíad ré raíam ve'n raíar rin go nveaíar ré i n'Óomam éar. Do támic raíad mór na gcúis sceann agus na gcúis mumeal éirge agus v'raíarí ré vé ead a tús é. Vudairt ré leir gur ag iappardé a éinn réim do támic ré. Do gomeadar réim a céite map a nveanrao dá leomam nime nó dá leomam calma nó dá reabac vppanta ar bhuac raile. Do bíodar ag gabáil dá céite anpoin nó gur ban mac na baintreabaige na éinn vé. Do buail ré ar a gualainn iad, agus nuair bi ré ag cur vé éonnaic ré ríodaré agus é carra ar éraim ó bun go barr. Vudairt an ríodaré leir go raib le raia anpoin agus nar gab aon raíaríreac an tréige aet dá mbuairéad ré buille ar an gcrainn do leaíad ré anuar é. Do buail mac na baintreabaige buille ar an gcrainn agus do leag ré anuar é. Nuair támic ré ar an vcalam vudairt ré le mac na baintreabaige na éinn do tabairt do réim. Ni túbrad mac na baintreabaige do iad. Do gomeadar araon réim a céite agus níor raíad ré mac na baintreabaige vut o'n gelaí go vici an vpuim ná vut o'n vpuim go vici an élaí agus do buail ré na éinn éirge agus níor raíad ré go vcalmic ré go vici cúirt an rios “A ní onópaí” ar reiréan “Eá t-ingean agam anoir,” “Eá” ar an

pi. Ar maroin ar na báireac nuair éirig an pi ní raib raíad na h-ingine aige. Vudairt ré le n-a buacáil imteact agus mac na baintreabaige do tabairt éirge. D'iméig an buacáil agus bi ré ag cur vé gur buail mac na baintreabaige leir agus do buail ré éirge é agus tús ré go vici an pi é. Do cúir an pi íocai agus balpam air agus do bi ré com plán pollán agus do bi ré raíam. “A ní onópaí” arfa mac na baintreabaige “Eá bpuil mo bean?” “A leicéio réo” ar an pi “agus túbrad mo úara inéan vuit agus leat mo ríogaíca agus mo ríogaic go leir ó lá mo baír amac,” “bogar bpuacáil oim-ra,” ar mac na baintreabaige “na coróícao dá orúce ar aon leabard ná dá béite brúe ar aon bórv go bpuígead amac i.” D'iméig ré air go raib vpuet agus veimeannaige níor ceoró ann. Do peolad ar bpuac gleanna é agus támic éirge anoir mactipe mór agus do bean-nuis ré vor na raíaríneaca raíaríneaca raíreamla gníomaréacá, agus v'raíarí ré vé an vciocrao ré leir réim go lá. Anpoin puí ré leir ríor é go vici cúirt a raib innti raíreaca reanna-bairra raíreac raíreac raíreac. Ni raib bun cleite ríreac ná barr cleite amac aet cleite réacóirge do bi i mbarr na cúirte ag véanam ríurí vó'n cúirt go leir. Do veimeadar trí triana ve'n orúce, truan ar ceol, truan ar ríoríre agus truan ar pinnce. Nuair éirig an mactipe ar maroin ar na báireac “a mic na baintreabaige” ar reiréan “anpoin do éobair do bean aréir, aet dá nveanra raí oim-ra ni raíra níor raí coróce,” “bogar bpuacáil oim-ra arfa mac na baintreabaige na ríreac.” “Mapa nveanraí” ar an mactipe “ná bíor aon ceannaic opt gan glaóac ar mactipe Slinn na h-éirge agus béir ré i sceannaí vuit.” D'iméig mac na baintreabaige agus do bi ré ag cur vé agus do peolad ar bpuac gleanna é. Do támic éirge anoir reabac agus do beannaig ré do mac na baintreabaige ó Shiab Luacra agus v'raíarí ré vé an vciocrao ré leir réim go lá. Vudairt

mac na baintreabaiḡe gur' é a' d'úime muinteartha dá d'úibhrad d'ó é. Rug pé leir ríof go dtí a' cúirt féin é, agus dá bpeas-úacht cúirt do bi as an mactipe do bi cúirt an treabaiḡ com' bpeas léi. Ar maidin ar na báiread dubairt an feabac leir "a' mhic na baintreabaiḡe, annro do' c'ovail do' bean aréir, a'c' dá' n'óeapá' ruo' oim-ḡa' d'filleá' arair arir, mar' ní' fuil son' d'ul' aḡat ar' i' d'faḡail." "D'ogar' b'ua'car' oim-ḡe' ar'ra' mac na baintreabaiḡe na' fillfead."

"Mar'á' b'pilleir' ná' bi' i' n-son' ceannta' coirde' ḡan' ḡlaodac' ar' feabac' na' faille' léite' agus' b'éró' pé' i' ḡconḡnam' d'uit."

D'imt'is mac na baintreabaiḡe air, agus do' bi' pé' as' cur' d'é' ḡur' feolac' um' t'pá'c'óna' ar' b'ua'c' na' fairḡe. Nuair' bi' pé' as' r'ubal' do' c'onnaic' pé' eirge' i' t'ead' i' d'pá'ḡac' na' fairḡe' b'ra'dán. 'Do' beannuis' an' b'ra'dán' d'ó, agus' d'f'ia'ḡaiḡ' pé' d'é' an' d'io'c'fa'd' pé' leir' féin' ḡo' lá. Dubairt' mac na baintreabaiḡe' leir' ḡur' d'é' a' d'úime' muinteartha' dá' d'úibhrad' pé' d'oiḡeac't' na' h-ó'í'c'e' d'ó' Rug' pé' leir' amac' ḡo' dtí' a' cúirt' é. Nuair' éirḡeadar' lá' ar' na' báiread' dubairt' an' b'ra'dán' leir' "an' b'p'iceann' tú' an' cúirt' r'ín' tamall' ma'í' ar' lár' na' fairḡe? annroin' ac'á' d'ó' bean' anoir', ac't' dá' n'óeapá' ruo' oim-ḡa' d'filleá' arair. Ní' fuil' son' d'ul' aḡat' ar' d'ó' bean' d'f'ia'ḡail' amac. Ac'á' an' cúirt' aḡ' t'eac't' tim'eall' ar' po'laib' agus' n'oir' fé'ac' son' ḡairḡe'ac' r'iam' d'ul' i' t'ead' innti. Ac'á' d'p'ao'í'c'e'ac't' ar' an' ḡcúirt', ac't' ná' b'í'od' son' ceannta' coirde' oir' ḡan' ḡlaodac' ar' b'ra'dán' na' h'éir' Ruaró', agus' b'éró' pé' i' ḡconḡnam' d'uit."

D'imt'is mac na baintreabaiḡe air, agus nuair' éuaró' pé' i' n'oi'p'ac't' na' cúirt'e' d'ó' c'eangail' pé' l'ong' agus' d'ó' léim' pé' i' t'ead' innti, agus' d'ó' éuaró' pé' i' t'ead' an' cúirt'. 'Do' bi' a' bean' i' t'ead' agus' c'iar' óir' aici' agus' báirín' a'irḡo' agus' i' aḡ' c'iar'ad' a' c'inn. Nuair' c'onnaic' r'í' mac na baintreabaiḡe' d'ó' pí' r'í' c'irge, agus' d'ó' mh'ic' r'í' le' p'óḡaib' é, agus' d'ó' f'liú'c' r'í' le' d'eo'raib' é, agus' d'ó' c'io'p'muis' r'í' le' h-é'ua'c' r'í' d'á' agus' r'í' d'í' é.

Nuair' táinic' an' r'io'dar'de' in' an' d'p'á'c'óna' d'ó' cúirt' r'í' a' r'ear' i' t'ead' i' n-a' r'eom'pa, agus' d'f'ia'ḡaiḡ' r'í' d'e'n' t'ri'od'ar'de' c'á' r'iaib' a' anam. "Ac'á' m'anam-ḡa'" ar' an' r'io'dar'de' "r'ead'c' b'p'ea'da' r'á'n' d'calam'. Tá' c'ar'raib' mh'ór' annroin', agus' bloc' mh'ór' d'ó'mu'ro' i' t'ead' in' an' ḡc'ar'raib', agus' tá' p'ei'te' in' an' ḡc'oi'c', agus' tá' la'ca' i' t'ead' in' an' m'bol'ḡ' d'e'n'

p'ei'te, agus' tá' úb' aḡ' an' la'cainn, agus' ní' fuil' m'ó' m'ar'ba'd' aḡ' d'onne' ḡo' m'ua'ir'p'ear' leir' an' úb' in' an' a'd'bar' in' u'c't'" D'imt'is an' r'io'dar'de' r'ia'dam' ar' an' b'p'ia'dam' c'oi'ḡ'ḡ'ir' d'ó' féin. Annroin' d'éir'ḡ' mac na baintreabaiḡe' agus' a' bean, agus' d'ó' b'p'ea'dar' an' c'ar'raib', agus' r'ua'ra'dar' dá' t'uaib', agus' d'ó' ḡe'ar'ra'dar' an' bloc. Nuair' r'ua'ir' an' p'ei'te' an' ḡa'oc' d'imt'is' r'í' an' d'eo'ra' amac. "Sead'" ar'ra' mac na baintreabaiḡe' "ní' r'abar' i' n-son' ceannta' r'iam' com' mh'ór' agus' táim' anoir', agus' d'ubairt' mactipe' ḡlunn' ná' h-éir' ḡlaodac' ar' a' c'ongnam' agus' ḡo' m'be'ac' r'í' i' ḡconḡnam' d'om." "Táim' r'e' annro'" ar' an' mactipe' "agus' an' p'ei'te' aḡam." Rug' mac na baintreabaiḡe' ar' an' p'ei'te, agus' nuair' o'rcail' r'í' é, r'ua'ir' an' la'ca' an' ḡa'oc' agus' d'imt'is' r'í' amac' an' d'eo'ra'. "Ní' r'abar' i' d'ceannta' r'iam' com' mh'ór' agus' táim' anoir'" ar'ra' mac na baintreabaiḡe' "agus' d'ubairt' r'ea'dac' na' faille' léite' liom' ḡlaodac' ar' a' c'ongnam' agus' ḡo' m'be'ac' r'í' i' ḡconḡnam' d'om." "Táim' annro'" ar' an' r'ea'dac' "agus' an' la'ca' aḡam." 'Do' r'eoil'te'ad'ar' an' la'ca' annroin', agus' nuair' r'ua'ir' an' t-ub' an' ḡa'oc' d'ó' c'uit' r'í' r'io'f' in' an' b'p'airḡe. Dubairt' mac na baintreabaiḡe' "Ní' r'abar' i' d'ceannta' r'iam' com' mh'ór' agus' táim' anoir' agus' d'ubairt' b'ra'dán' na' h-éir' Ruaró' liom' ḡlaodac' ar' a' c'ongnam' agus' ḡo' m'be'ac' r'í' i' ḡconḡnam' d'om." "Táim' r'e' annro'" ar'ra' b'ra'dán' na' h-éir' Ruaró' "agus' an' t-ub' oim'" Rug' mac na baintreabaiḡe' ar' an' ub', agus' d'ó' c'ait' r'í' leir' an' t'ri'od'ar'de' é, agus' d'ó' b'ua'ir' r'í' le' ceann' c'ao'c' an' uib' in' an' a'd'bar' é, agus' d'ó' lean' ceann' le'ac'an' an' uib' d'ó' t'ar'ao'om' é, agus' d'ó' c'uit' r'í' mar' a' r'iaib' r'í', mar'á'.

Ní' r'ua'ra'ḡa' dá' m'bar' ac't' r'í'c'e'ac'i' r'ionnam', b'p'óḡa' r'áir'p'ér', buclai' c'abáir'te, ḡáir't'ér'í' b'anne' r'ea'm'air', camáin' agus' u'ac'p'ó'í'od', ac't' d'ó' c'ail'le'ar' i'ac' agus' m'é' aḡ' t'eac't' i' m'ba'ir'te.

N.B.—The above was taken down from the dictation of Seopain na Muintearthaib, i bparóirce na Leice, i ḡconḡnae Ceap'ar'de. I have hesitated to depart from the way in which the words were pronounced in the two or three cases, as mh'í'ro' ce'oró', p'air'c'inne'aca' f'uir'c'inne'aca', etc., where there was a temptation to amend so as to get a satisfactory meaning. Uib was everywhere used as a masculine noun. Eir' seems to be a strange genitive of eap, that is if eap, a waterfall, be the word concealed in the forms ḡlunn na h-éir', na h-éir' Ruaró'.

SCOLÓḡ ḡAN ANM.

A MEMORABLE SCENE IN ST. PETER'S.

LETTER FROM A PAST MUNGRET STUDENT—AN EYE-WITNESS.

COLLEGIO AMERICANO DEL NORD, ROMA, 21st March, 1901.

MY DEAR J.,—Many thanks for your ever so interesting and lengthy letter. But how did you suppose I could find time to read it through? Just imagine trying to wade through less than two small pages of very large writing! Well, I would have filled several large pages with small writing to heap execrations and anathemas on your head for the insult were it not that I had several months' matter staring me in the face, and a pile of notes to be deciphered, before I could dare make my *debut* before the worthy examiners of the Università Pontificale della Propaganda di Fide. Now, however, that those baneful exams. belong to history and I have just arisen from a refreshing "siesta," I feel goodwill to all mankind, and shall not allow any unkind thoughts to arise against an old friend.

You will be glad to hear that we all made very good examinations. Taking the result of all the examinations of all the Mungret men together, we reached an average of over ninety per cent. This is very good, even here in Rome.

You must know that only picked men are sent to the different colleges here, so that we have to work hard to keep a place. I never worked harder, and never felt in better form, than during the past two months.

But enough of this, you say! Is there nothing else in Rome besides study and examinations?

Well, J.—, there is one person in Rome whose very presence fills the whole city. I have had the pleasure of seeing that person, for, on March 3rd, at the opening of his Jubilee, I saw Leo XIII. How shall I describe that day!

Let me begin my story from the beginning.

For several days before the opening of the Jubilee the one topic of conversation in Rome was, Will the Pope come down to St. Peter's? At last it was officially announced that His Holiness would attend the Mass, which would be celebrated over the tomb of St. Peter by Cardinal Rampolla.

From six o'clock in the morning a cordon of soldiers had been drawn across the Piazza in front of St. Peter's to keep back the crowd which was every minute growing greater and greater. Each person was obliged to show his ticket before being allowed to get through. Soon the crowd was so overwhelming that they allowed the people break through in batches of about one hundred. Then there was a rush across the open space for the doors, and up the church for



HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII. (TAKEN OCT., 1901.)

a good position. We reached the church about 8.30 a.m., and found it pretty full. However, by using my elbows freely, I managed to get within about six feet of the clear space railed off up the centre for the procession. The crowd increased every moment and by about 9.30 a.m. I was in the "tightest fix" I have ever experienced. Such a jostling, talking, sweating sea of humanity as filled those aisles I never again

expect to see. All kinds of people were there. You might see rich English and American tourists pushed about by the sun-tanned peasants of the Campagna, while students of all nationalities were conspicuous on every side.

One does not fail to meet some peculiar characters in such a crowd. Right beside me on that day was an individual who described himself as a "Roman Catholic," from Bombay, an officer in his Majesty's army, who was anxious to know the difference between a *Pope* and a *saint*, as his wife who was a Protestant, wanted to know, and "we're deuced ignorant over there in India, don't you know." Sometimes you might hear malignant remarks passed on the Catholic church and the clergy, and many there scoffed openly at the ceremonies; occasionally, too, you will hear a sigh of pity for the poor benighted idolaters. I heard a guide tell a party one day in St. Mary Major's that that church was noted for the pieces of wood from Bethlehem which were *adored* there, as were also the bones of the rich man who built the church and was made a saint of for so doing.

All people of that class were even more excited than the poor peasants, as the time approached for the arrival of the Papal procession. About 10-15 a.m. a large body of country people from Leo's native village entered the church and were led up the centre to the seats of honour in the tribune. At 10-30 a.m. a body of the Noble Guard with their gold embroidered uniforms, formed two lines up the centre of the church. They are all noblemen and volunteers and are a splendid set of men. Then came a company of the Palatine Guards dressed in glittering uniforms and wearing helmets adorned with gold and magnificent plumes. All eyes were turned anxiously towards the opening, and after two or three false alarms the procession entered the church. As the first of the household prelates entered the Basilica, a band with silver trumpets played the Papal hymn. After the prelates came bishops, archbishops, and cardinals by the dozen, but no one took any notice of them; all eyes were fixed on the entrance through which His Holiness was to be borne.

The crowd had been talking, pushing, and laughing all morning, as Italians can; but now as the Swiss Guards, who immediately surrounded the sedan chair, appeared there was a lull for a moment and then a great gasp, so to speak, followed by a sound which resembled the thunder of a mighty wave breaking on the shore. I looked and in the distance I could just see dimly a figure borne over the heads of the people and seated on an armchair. Suddenly it rose and raised the right

hand as if in blessing. Then a shout arose from the people which fairly shook the immense Basilica. Everybody took leave of his senses and elbowed, jumped, trampled and crushed forward, as if drawn irresistibly towards that wonderful old man. There he was in flesh and blood, the man whose word is more powerful than that of any other being on earth! There was the successor of St. Peter, the pilot of Christ's church!

The appearance of this old man is not one to inspire you with fear or to convey a sense of force; but those eyes and that beautiful smile seem to give us a glimpse of something supernatural, and we feel that we are in presence of a being who holds communion with a superior world. Everybody in the audience seems to imagine that he looks him through and through. As he approached me I don't know what I did; but I certainly waved my hat in the air and shouted, "Eviva Leone! Eviva il Papa Re! Eviva il Re di Roma!" and other such treasonable cries. He passed within a few feet of me, and as I stretched out my hands to him he seemed to look straight into my heart; and his blessing seemed to be directed to me alone. I thought I had got a special blessing and when I came out said so, but each of the others had the same story to tell.

The Pope seemed to me to be above the middle height but somewhat stooped. The build of his body I could not tell as he was clothed in a large cope. His face is somewhat small, the mouth and jaw small and always smiling; the nose Roman, and those wonderful eyes seem to dominate all. His hair is quite grey and his skin is so pale that he looks more like a corpse than a living being. You imagine he is almost transparent. In a word, the best description I have ever seen of him is that in "My New Curate," where he is called "an electric spark in a vase of alabaster."

As long as he was in sight the excitement continued and when he was borne to the other end of the church the people still continued waving their handkerchiefs, hats, etc. He now took his place on the throne prepared under the chair of St. Peter and Mass began. As the excitement abated and I came to myself, I looked around to see how the people had been affected. The women were all sobbing and many a man brushed away a tear. Even protestants could not help being drawn on by that presence, and those who had ridiculed Leo all the morning could say nothing now but, "Oh! isn't he a lovely old man; did you see that smile?" etc. I heard some English protestants shout "Eviva" for the Pope just as lustily as you or I could.

I was not surprised that I had done some damage in my excitement. I had, it seems, knocked a young lady's hat off with a wave of my hand; for I heard her say to her friend when things quieted down, "Those Italians are so excitable! that student there was like a wild man: he actually knocked my hat off and pushed me aside without seeming to see me." Then they commenced to talk about the students and size us up. One said, "They're not Italians, they look more like French or Germans." Another said we were English, and some more said, "no, but Irish or Americans." They criticise students in that way here without ever suspecting that they may understand English.

Now that the excitement was over for some time, several ladies near me thought it time to make things interesting by fainting. When possible, they were passed out to the Papal gendarmes who carried them into the hospitals erected by the Sisters of Charity in the side chapels for the occasion. Those who could not be so easily removed were supplied with restoratives by the attendants. Those precautions are absolutely necessary, as you can very easily understand when you consider that the congregation is estimated to have been 70,000 people; at least there had been that number of tickets distributed.

As Mass proceeded the crowd kept on talking and pushing till just before the Elevation. Then the voice of the commanding officer was heard, and immediately there was a clash of arms as the guard dropped on one knee to salute. Word was passed round and all became silent. Suddenly a sweet strain was borne down from the dome where the trumpeters with the silver instruments were stationed. Not a sound was to be heard save the breathing of that vast multitude and the sweet soft tones of the music which seemed to come down from heaven. It was most impressive. Where a few minutes before all was excitement and noise there was now a stillness as of the grave as the multitude bowed down in adoration before Him Who had come amongst them to bless them. It was a sublime

moment—a moment when inward devotion manifests itself in sensible emotions. One felt that only a great deed could create such a change in that multitude.

The people remained very quiet till after Mass. Then the choir intoned the *Te Deum* which was taken up by the multitude, and the tones of that magnificent song of praise rose in a mighty volume from full hearts. After Mass the Cardinal-Deacon proclaimed a Plenary Indulgence, and the sedan chair was borne in front of the statue of St. Peter where a prayer was read by a Cardinal. Then Leo rose in his chair and in a clear, steady voice pronounced the words of blessing. The church was as still as death save for the sobbing of the old peasants who, at the sound of his voice, cried, "Il Santo Padre! Padre Leone!" etc. The procession then proceeded down the aisle and as the chair was borne out the door His Holiness turned round and gave one final blessing. I shall never forget that moment. The excitement was intense.

For several minutes after the Pope had disappeared everybody continued cheering and waving handkerchiefs. Then the doors were thrown open and the crowd began to surge out upon the broad Piazza which was soon black with people.

Everybody was speaking of the great demonstration, and all agreed that it was the greatest tribute which had ever been paid to a Pope. More magnificent spectacles have been seen in St. Peter's, but such an outburst of feeling could scarcely be equalled. Of course, the only topic here for some time was the audiences.

Well, my dear J—, this was one day, but one which differs a good deal from the ordinary routine life of a student in Rome. It has taken me two days to get time to write this, and you must forgive all mistakes in penmanship and grammar, as I must close without a chance of revision.

Best wishes for a happy Easter from all the lads here to all in Mungret, and a special one to yourself from

Yours, as ever, in Xt,
P. TURNER.



LETTERS FROM THE PAST.

WE venture this year to adopt definitely a suggestion coming to us from various quarters, and publish such extracts of letters from our past students as may promise to be useful or interesting to our readers. Amongst other advantages, this may have the effect of inducing more of our past students to send from time to time to their *Alma Mater* some account of the work in which they are engaged. Such accounts, even in the simplest epistolary style, cannot fail to be of interest and utility.

REV. FR. M. KENNY, S.J., who is now working among the negroes in Macon, Georgia, writes to us in his usual racy style. The following extracts will be of interest :—

"I'm a kind of a pastor here, but I've got to make my own parish. You remember, perhaps, something I had in the first ANNUAL about 'Marching through Georgia.' Well, here I am again marching over the same ground, but now as a priest, gathering together the few surviving veterans, healing the 'wounded soldiers,' and, above all, raising recruits, maintaining meanwhile perpetual skirmishes with the devil, the world, and the flesh, in the shape of heretics and heresiarchileens of every denomination, but principally Methodists and Baptists and the countless sub-divisions thereof: *Baptists*, Regular and General, North, South, Coloured and White, Separate, United, Primitive, Freewill, Hard-shell, Soft-shell, Feet-washers, Six Principle, Seventh Day, Original, Old-Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit-Predestinarian! etc.; *Methodists*, Episcopal, North, South, African, White, Wesleyan, Protestant, Congregational, Zion Union, Evangelical, Primitive, Free, Independent, etc. Yesterday I met a boy who told me he belonged to the Brick Methodists, and of course I told him he was a brick.

"This state of things has its humorous aspects, but in itself it is all very sad. We have organized Catechism classes for Whites and Coloured, which are doing very well, especially the latter. It would do your heart good to hear forty darky children singing "Teach me, teach me, Holy Mother!" To appreciate it to the full you should stand at least a quarter of a mile away. I go around every day and catechize on the highways and byways, 'in season and out of season,' Black and White, at home and abroad.

"If I had time I would write you an article, but this sketch of my present work (omitting many other duties) will convince you that I have not.

"Please pray for my catechumens, Black and White, and particularly that I may find means to *erect a church and school for them*. I am especially here for that purpose. But the folk here are all poor, as poor as I ever saw them in Connemara, and I have to depend on the charity of outsiders altogether. I want to establish if possible, an Industrial School, to be placed in the charge of a sisterhood instituted for that purpose. So please pray, and

get the Mungret boys to pray, that we may succeed, for it is a truly apostolic work, in spite of the fact that the apostolic character is lamentably deficient in the projector of the enterprise. But '*ecclesia supplet.*'"

FR. COYLE writes from Mobile, Ala. :—

"Here we have up-hill work from morning till night. Surrounded by the four hundred odd warring sects of Protestantism, who, however much opposed to each other, unite in opposition to Catholicism, we have to toil incessantly to keep the scattered members of the flock together, and keep alive the fervour of those who in such surroundings easily become careless and cold."

REV. FR. W. BRADLEY writes from Nebraska :—

"I also attend two small missions, going one Sunday to one, and the next Sunday to the other. Our people are of all nationalities, but mostly Irish and German and the children of these. Where they are Catholic they are all very good; but the number of those fallen away from the church is appalling to contemplate. You meet Murphys Methodists and Bradys Baptists, and even the O's and Macs don't shame to raise their voices rich with Milesian brogue in the conventicles of the newest and most extravagant sects."

Another past student writes from Louisiana :—

"There are six of our Fathers (Jesuits) in the diocese of St. Augustine, Florida—*missionarii ecurrentes*, in the full sense of the words. Two of them are in charge of a district that requires 1,200 miles travelling to get through it. The travelling is done by rail, on horseback and on foot; by canal and schooner, from quay to quay, from coral isle to coral isle, with the thermometer in summer well up in the nineties. So you see that Mungret must send good men for work like this if she is to keep up her tradition."

REV. FR. W. CARROLL, C.S.S.R., sends us many very interesting notes on the missionary work to be done in the vast territory of Missouri and the pressing need of zealous missionaries to keep the Irish emigrants there in the faith of their fathers.

"The labours of a priest," he writes, "will soon consist not so much in converting those outside the fold, as in keeping the sheep within from straying. It saddens one to find, day after day in this diocese, Murphys, O'Briens, O'Learys, etc., among the adherents of the so-called Reformation. The problem is how to get the men to go to church. They tell you they see no need for it; that one religion is as good as another, etc., and infidelity is the inevitable result."

"Our (the Redemptorist) missionaries," he again says, "cannot possibly attend to the missions demanded. Not unfrequently they are asked to give missions at places distant by four or five days of American railroad travel."

Speaking of the ordinary every-day work of a young priest he writes :—

"To stand in the city hospital when the thermometer marks one hundred and more in the shade; to administer the sacraments when 'young medicals cigar-adorned' take up their position a few beds off and sneer; to leave one's bed at night, when it is thirty or so below zero, in order to bring the consolation of religion to the sick and dying; to face, day after day, the hum-drum, discouraging, laborious life of the missionary priest—all this loses in actual life much of the romance with which the imagination of the student adorns it. And when the novelty is past and life has to be faced in earnest, the sacrifice of the separation from country, home and friends, assumes a sternness that is realised only by experience."

Ceylon.—A Jesuit Father well known to many of our students, and one who takes a great interest in the apostolic school, writes from Galle, Ceylon :—

"Some six years ago this diocese had only six Catholic schools. Now there are thirty-six, each a source of numerous conversions and forming the nucleus of a Christian community. The total number of children now attending the Catholic schools is about 2,500; six years ago it did not exceed 700.

"We have, however, numerous difficulties to contend against. The Buddhists are encouraged and organised by European spiritualists, like Colonel Alcot and Miss Besant. Then there is the bitter opposition and bigotry of the Protestants, who have plenty of money and have been in the field a hundred years before us. The Catholics are poor, and find it difficult to support the priests or teachers. Above all, the workers are too few. Imagine thirty-six schools and forty-two churches and chapels, many of them thirty or sixty miles apart, worked by some eight priests! Thus it happens that Catholic teachers and children are often months without seeing a priest. And it occurs again and again that schools decay and Catholics turn Protestant and Buddhist owing to the want of a priest to look after them.

"But wherever a priest is the school flourishes and conversions multiply. Down at Matura, five years ago, there were two flourishing Wesleyan schools. Rev. Fr. Standaert, S.J., then opened his school of two boys in the church verandah. Now Fr. Standaert's school numbers one hundred and fifty children; of the Wesleyan schools, one is fast dying, the other already dead.

"The climate though hot, is wholesome and invigorating, sea or land breezes nearly always blow; while our diet, dress, and houses are well adapted to a tropical climate. Hence, I feel the heat less than during an Australian summer."

The same writer says in another letter :—

"The Catholics, having endured a terrible persecution under Dutch Calvinists for 150 years up to the year 1800, are now fast multiplying. Their number at present is about a quarter of a million; Protestants are 60,000; the rest, some 3,000,000, are Buddhists and Mohammedans. This diocese has over 7,000 Catholics scattered over an area as large as Munster. Two hundred converts are made yearly. In this diocese we have only twelve priests and need help badly. The Singhalese are a gentle loveable race, possessing an eastern refinement. Their modesty and humility seem to fit them admirably for the reception of Christianity. . . . Here in Galle a higher Catholic school is sorely needed to keep our boys from Buddhist and Protestant schools. We teach from the alphabet to Senior Cambridge.

Some twelve months ago this (St. Aloysius') school had a little over one hundred pupils, there are now over two hundred. About half are Catholics, the rest are Buddhists, Mohammedans and Protestants. Gentle, good, amiable boys they are. We are getting converts amongst them. About a dozen are now preparing for baptism. The scenery of Ceylon is beautiful, especially around old Kandy, the hill city of the kings, which I visited lately."

China.—FATHER PERRIN, S.J., well known to most of our past students of the early years of the college, and now the head missionary of a large district in China, writes :—

"Alas! there is much work everywhere. I find it impossible to reach all the work I should do. I have baptised this year,* fifty-one adults, and could have baptised twenty or thirty more, if I saw any prospect of being able to care them. It is the same with all the missionaries of my section. "*Operarii pauci*"—and now so few are coming to us from Europe!"

FATHER PIGOTT, S.J., whom our past students of late years will remember, writes from the Shanghai district to somewhat the same purport :—

"Oh, if we only had a few thorough-going Irish priests here, how many more poor Chinese could be received into the Church! In some parts, as in the North, and in Father Perrin's section, one priest more would mean the *certain* conversion of hundreds and hundreds of Pagans. But Father Superior is at the end of his tether and cannot send any more men just now; for the Christian villages around here cannot be left without their missionaries."

In another letter, dated October of present year, Father Pigott writes :—

"Here in our mission, as indeed throughout nearly the whole of China, things are quiet enough: how long it will last I do not know. The Boxers have lately broken out again in the south-west. We had many deaths this past year among our missionaries, and are badly in want of men, especially in the newly opened up districts in the north and in parts of the west of our mission. I send you the lately published yearly *Resumé* of the Kiang Nan. It is, above all, in the Sin-tcheou-fou (western) 'Section' that the greatest movement of conversion has taken place recently among the people—whole villages sometimes asking to be received for instruction for baptism. But how receive them? The means are wanting—above all men. If Father Superior had only men to send—strong healthy zealous missionaries, able to stand the fatigue of long journeys on horse-back, and knowing the language sufficiently to give the catechism instruction and look after the catechumens, he could double or treble the number of 'districts,' and *hundreds of thousands would become Christians*. As it is, thank God, the available missionaries are working away with great success, and as you see by the big figure of over 21,000 under instruction in that section alone, the materials for working are not wanting. But if there were *more priests* there this big figure would be immensely increased."

N.B.—In the yearly Report, or *Resumé*, mentioned above the following figures occur :—

1—Number of *Catechumens* at present being instructed for baptism: in the Province of Kiang-Sou, 32,457; in the Province of Ngan-Hoei 65,530.

*The letter is dated April 13th.

2—Number of *Children of Pagans baptised* during the year 1901-2 : in the Province of Kiang-Sou, 35,488 ; in the Province of Ngan-Hoei, 39,312.

3—Number of *Adults (Pagans) baptised on their death-bed* : in the Province of Kiang-Sou, 1,026 ; in the Province of Ngan-Hoei, 1,268.

4—How marvellously the work of conversion has grown in recent years may be judged by the fact that in 1847-8 the number of Catechumens was only 506, while in the year 1901-2 it had, in these two Jesuit missions alone, increased to the total of 66,530. Moreover, a remarkable fact is this, that, so much has the recent persecution added to the number of conversions, that last year (1901-2) the number of Catechumens increased

most of the Mass-going people come here, I conclude that about 800 go to church on Sundays. Of these the men would number about fifty ; of that fifty not more than twenty go to confession. This is deplorable, but too true. Most families will not even summon a priest when anyone is dying ; if a priest comes they close the door in his face, and add a few insults into the bargain. Among the poor morality is at a frightfully low ebb. . . .

"English-speaking missionaries are not at present much required here, as that language is not spoken and the people have given up the idea of learning it ; although at first it was taken up with a zeal too ardent to last long."

We find among our papers a letter from PAT TURNER, received more than a year ago, when



APOSTOLICAL STUDENTS OF UNIVERSITY CLASSES, 1902-'03.

from 52,000 to 66,530 ; an increase of 14,530 in a single year.

REV. J. BUCKLEY, S.J. ('95), writes from Cuba, where he has been teaching for some years :—

"I like Cuba immensely. The Cuban winter is just what one would expect in heaven, but the summer heat is often withering."

Speaking of the state of religion in the island he says :—

"In Cinefuegos there are some thirty-five thousand souls who are obliged to hear Mass. Now, not more than five hundred hear Mass on Sunday in our church ; and as

he was spending his summer vacation in the Rheinland :—

"Ireland," he writes, "is an interesting place to some of the German papers at present. Rheinland was all aglow with 'My New Curate' during the summer. A German translation of the book was published in a daily paper. I learned more of Father Sheahan from a sketch in the 'Kölnisches Volksblatt' than I had ever heard in Ireland. The Germans, too, are interested in the Irish Revival, especially in the industrial movement. I feel that I have been born a couple of years too soon to be an Irishman and must remain a West Briton, or at most can only hope to catch a few sparks that fly abroad from the Irish Revival."

In another letter from the same place, he says :—

"I found in North Germany, or at least in Rheinland, that the poor people in the country are nature's noblemen. Ireland has the name of a grand old Catholic land, and far be it from me to speak depreciatingly of it, for to me it is and ever must remain the 'dearest of all.' But Rheinland is in some respects more practically Catholic. . . . Where the people remained Catholic, they are, externally at least, very good Catholics. For example : on Sundays they not only hear Mass, but all, even the young men of all ages who in Ireland would think such a thing beneath their dignity, attend evening devotions. These latter consist of hymns, benediction and catechetical instruction, and last about an hour and a half.

paying off a debt on his church than a lecture or a play relating to the old land."

RICHARD FITZHARRIS (1900) writes from Los Gatos, California :—

"Irish history ought to be known by the apostolic coming here, and if no more Irish is known than the *Pater, Ave, and Credo*, it is surprising how glad they will be to know so much. Italians here speak Italian, Germans speak German, Frenchmen speak French ; but poor Paddy knows nothing but *English!*"

Another past student writer from Montreal seminary :—



APOSTOLICAL STUDENTS OF PREPARATORY CLASSES, 1902-'03.

A young man who absents himself from these devotions earns much the same reputation as the young man does in Ireland who does not go to Mass on Sunday."

FATHER MAHONY, S.J. ('86), writes from Fordam College, New York, where he is working at present :—

"I need not tell you that the spirit of the Celtic movement is talked of even here by anybody who has any knowledge of current literature. I could not tell you with what delight I read recently Douglas Hyde's History of Irish Literature. Lectures on Irish subjects are always, and will be popular in America ; and a young, intelligent priest has no better means of collecting some money for

"I hope the Revival movement will not act like a bomb, but will remain in strenuous action till the end is accomplished. You can just imagine my shame when I'm confronted here by an American-born who speaks Irish. I've made up my mind to learn it, at least in part, as soon as ever I get half a chance. There are lots of Irish schools in the States now."

The following interesting suggestion comes to us from one intimately known to many of our present students, and to most of our past students of recent years :—

"Could you not follow examples of Blackrock and University College and start a Conference of St. Vincent de

Paul among the boys? You could limit the visiting members to ten or twelve, and leave a box for the others to contribute something for the poor visited. The boys might on half-evenings visit some poor family. It would cause a spirit of charity to permeate through the whole house. If you wanted to know how to go about it, it would be easy to obtain all information."

One of our past Apostolical Students writes from Rome:—

"When at Mungret I did not realise the worth of training we got there. One comes with wider experience to understand it better. I believe that Mungret men coming here are on the whole the best equipped students to be found in Rome, for they have received a training spiritual as well as literary that not one student in a hundred at Rome can boast."

Another student of recent years writes:—

"I see by the ANNUAL that some of the Fathers were

absent in Dublin at Eastertide. Do you remember a similar occasion three years ago, when we, without of course receiving any hint from Mr. Corcoran or anybody else, lit a tar-barrel in the play-ground to welcome the conquerors home? Ah me! for half an hour in the old play-ground, for one glimpse of the *ager taurinus*, and poor old Paddy Burke as he chatted with 'Sam' [the farm horse], or mildly reproved 'Bob' for his want of diligence! Until we are away from the Green Isle we never know how much we love her."

FR. MAURICE REDDAN writes to one of his old companions here in Mungret:—

"Remember to keep a place for me, down near the pulpit at the old Christmas dinner, for I'll be there, at least in spirit, and will join with you in all the joys which the season brings, and I hope that it will be replete with blessings and abundant grace for you all."

DIE KAPELLE.

TRANSLATED BY REV. J. GWYNN, S.J.

DROBEN stehet die Kapelle
Schauet still ins Thal hinab
Drunten singt bei Wies' und Quelle
Froh und hell der Hirtenknab.

Traurig tönt das Glöcklein nieder
Schauerlich der Leichenchor
Stille sind die frohen Lieder
Und der Knabe lauscht empor.

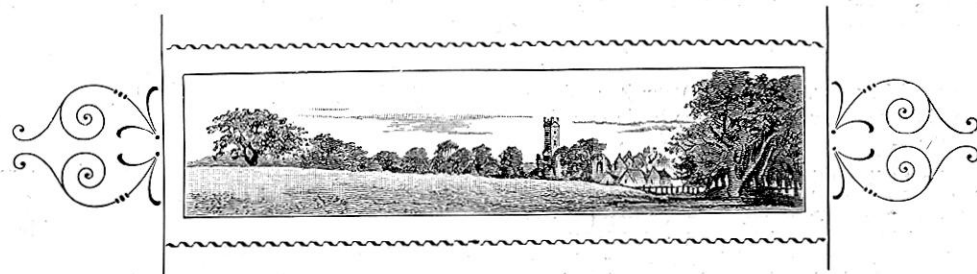
Droben bringt man sie zu Grabe
Die sich freuten in dem Thal
Hirtenknabe, Hirtenknabe
Dir auch singt man dort einmal.

UHLAND.

ALITTLE church upon a hill,
A valley 'neath, in verdure clad,
By meadow ripe and rippling rill
Merrily sings a shepherd lad.

Sad is the tone of the tolling bell,
Sadder still the wail for the dead,
Hushed are the songs in vale and dell
As his gaze to the Churchyard sped.

There they bring to his home of clay
Who sported oft in sunny vale;
Oh, shepherd boy! for thee one day
Will chant the dirge, the same sad wail.



A. M. D. G.

SODALITY OF THE B.V.M.

REV. FR. JOSEPH McDONNELL, S.J., *Director.*

OFFICERS.

Prefect—PATRICK C. TRACY.

Secretary and First Assistant—BERNARD TRACY.

Second Assistant—RICHARD T. HARTIGAN.

Sacristan—CHARLES CASEY.

The Sodality continues to do its grand work of promoting in the college the spirit of fervour and piety and increasing amongst the boys the devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. Rev. Father Rector at the close of last year referred to, and complimented us on, the genuine spirit of piety, friendliness and good work which existed among the boys, and which seems to be specially characteristic of Mungret, for it is noticed by almost all that come among us. The influence exerted by the Sodality is, doubtless, in no small measure accountable for this.

At the close of last year the Sodalists numbered thirty-eight in all. They were as follows:—
P. O'Kane, Prefect; J. J. O'Neill, Secretary and First Assistant; B. Tracy, Second Assistant; P. Tracy, Sacristan; R. T. Hartigan, H. Kenny, T. Pegum, A. Colahan, C. Casey, G. Kilbride, A. Curr, J. Colgan, M. Cleary, P. O'Neill, G. McCarthy, W. Gallagher, M. O'Donnell, J. O'Dwyer, J. Barry, J. Corr, M. Shiel, T. Buckley, W. O'Doherty, G. Barry, W. Griffin, C. Piler, R. Judge, F. Hartin, J. Cullen, P. McCartney, C. Smyth, J. Delaney, A. Carroll, W. Demouey, Jas. Cantwell, P. Killian, D. Dooley, J. O'Brien.

Early in the year, Gerald Fitzgerald, who held the office of Secretary and First Assistant, had to leave us. John O'Neill was elected to fill his place, and Bernard Tracy was elected to the position of Second Assistant, vacated by John O'Neill.

At the beginning of the present term the number of Sodalists was reduced to twenty-five.

No less than three members of the Sodality, all of whom were with us little over a year ago, have during the past year been called to their reward. These were—Frank McCarthy, James Clifford, and Joe Heelan. In accordance with a custom in the Sodality, Stations of the Cross, the Office, Rosary, and other prayers were

offered up for a month after the decease of each, for the repose of his soul. Through the merits of Christ and through the great love they bore to the Blessed Virgin, may they rest in peace!

James Clifford had filled the position of Second Assistant for the year '98-'99, and was Secretary and First Assistant for the two following years, '99-'01.

Under the wise guidance of our zealous Director, we feel certain that the Sodality will be in a prosperous condition during the present year, as, under his care, it has been in the past.

The Sodality of the Holy Angels is also, we are glad to say, in a flourishing condition, and continues to do very great good among the boys of the second and third divisions.

The members at the end of last academic year numbered twenty-five. They were:—

P. J. Hynes, P. O'Connell, T. Kelly, R. Fitzsimons, C. Byrne, P. Gubbins, T. King O'Donoghue, L. Connolly, M. McMahon, Jos. Walshe, J. Walshe, M. O'Mullane, F. Sweeney, F. Healy, J. Healy, J. Pegum, J. Butler, T. P. McCarthy, C. Lenahan, Jos. Leahy, H. Moran, R. Connolly, E. Curr, H. McDermott, D. Morris.

Elsewhere in the ANNUAL is recorded the death of Eddie Stephenson, who was Prefect of the Sodality of the Holy Angels during his last year in the College (1900-1901). He was taken away from a world of danger whilst holy and innocent, a fit companion for the Holy Angels in his heavenly home.

The Apostleship of Prayer still bears good fruit, and the devotion to the Sacred Heart seems still on the increase in the College. This is amply testified by the large numbers who approach the altar on the Feasts of the Sacred Heart, particularly on the first Friday of each month, and by the fervour displayed in the devotions practised on those days.

"Holy Father, keep them in Thy Name, whom Thou hast given me; that they may be one, as we also are."—(John, c. xvii., v. ii.)

"For them do I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified in truth."—(Ib., v. 19.)

R. T. HARTIGAN, (B.A. Class),
2nd Assist., Sod. B.V.M.

OUR PAST.

WE do not this year repeat the List of Past Students published in the two past numbers of the MUNGRET ANNUAL. In two or three years, when numerous changes will probably have occurred, it may be again interesting to repeat the [com-

Corr. NSJ, Mr Joseph, '97-'02 [m Mangalore, India] Manresa House, Roehampton, London
 Cox, S J, Fr William, '88-'89 [m New Orleans Province; m Woodstock College, Md, '02] Woodstock College, Md, U S A
 Daly, Mr Joseph, '96-'00 [m ?] Freshfield Coll., Liverpool
 Doherty, NSJ, Mr William, '97-'02 [m China] N.D. de Bon Secours, "Highlands," St Helier's, Jersey, Channel Islands



REV. WILLIAM J. COX, S.J.



REV. WILLIAM CARROLL.



REV. MAURICE REDDAN, B.A.

SOME OF OUR PAST STUDENTS RECENTLY ORDAINED.

plete list. The following corrections and additions may, however, be notified:—

Barry, Mr James, '97-'02 [m Tasmania] All Hallows College, Drumcondra, Dublin
 Barry, NSJ, Mr George, '97-'02 [m S. Africa] Manresa House, Roehampton, London
 Bithrey, S J, Mr John, '90-'93 [m Irish Province] St Ignatius College, Valkenburg, Holland
 Blackmore, S J, Mr Henry, '92-'99 [m Rocky Mountains] Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash, U S A
 Bresnahan, Mr Patrick, [m St Augustine, Fla] St Mary's College, Baltimore, U S A
 Bruen, Fr Timothy, '82-'87 [m St Patrick's College, Carlow; m Lincoln, Neb] d at Kinvarra, Co Galway, Nov, 1902 R.I.P.
 Carroll, Fr Joseph, '91-'97 [m Propaganda, Rome, '01; m Wilcania] Wilcania, NSW
 Carroll, B.A. Fr Martin, '82-'86 [m Limerick, '90; m Limerick] St Munchin's College, Limerick
 Carroll, Fr William, '93-'99 [m St Louis, 1902; m Little Rock, Ark]
 Clobessy, Mr Patrick, '95-'98, Longmount, Denver, Colo, U S A

Fegan, Fr Nicholas, '94-'95 [m Galway; m Maynooth College, 1902] Liscannor, Co. Clare, Ireland
 Galvin, S J, Mr Thomas, '85-'90 [m Colorado Mission] St Beuno's College, St Asaph, N Wales
 Gannon, Fr Peter '95-'97 [m England; m Battersea, London, 1901] Bishop's House, Plymouth, England
 Hartigan, S J, Mr Austin, '92-'98 [m Irish Province] University San Joseph, Ghazir, Beyrouth, Syria
 Hartin, Mr Francis, '95-'02 [m S. Africa] Collegio di Propaganda, Roma
 Henry, Fr Michael, [m Rome, '96; m Mobile] Pensacola, Fla, U S A
 Hughes, B.A. Fr William, '92-'97 [m St Augustine, Fla] Athlone, Ireland
 Kenny, S J, Fr Michael, [m St Francis Xavier's, Dublin, '97; m New Orleans Province] St Stanislaus College, Vineville, Macon, Ga, U S A
 Kilbride, C S S R, Mr George, '99-'02 [m Irish Province] Redemptorist Monastery, Dundalk, Ireland
 Leo, C S S R, Fr Patrick, '82-'84 [m Teignmouth, '91; m Australia] Redemptorist Monastery, Ballarat, Australia
 Lonergan, S J, Fr William, '81-'86 [m Woodstock College, '00; m Colorado Mission] Sacred Heart College, Denver, Colo

Mahony, S J, Fr Michael, '81-'86 [m Woodstock College, '98; m Maryland Province] St John's College, Fordham, New York City, U S A
 Maloney, S J, Mr Patrick, '90-'95 [m Rocky Mountains] Box 158 Pendleton, Ore, U S A
 Moran, M.A. Fr Thomas, '88-'95 [m Thurles, 1900; m San Francisco] Bishop's House, San Francisco, Cal, U S A
 O'Brien, NSJ, Mr Charles, '90-'00 [m Rocky Mountains] St Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, Mo, U S A
 Redden, B A, Fr Maurice, '93-'99 [m Manchester, N H; m Montreal, 1902] Canadian College, Rome
 Ryan, NSJ, Mr Edmond, '00-'02 [m Mangalore, India] Manresa House, Roehampton, London
 Shealy, S J, Fr Terence J, '81-'86 [m Woodstock College, '98; m Maryland Province] St Francis Xavier's, W 16th Street, New York City, U S A
 Stephenson, S J, Mr William, '95-'98 [m Irish Province] Tomlin, S J, Mr James, '94-'97 [m Irish Province] Clongowes College, Sallins, Co Kildare

FR. MAURICE REDDEN, a native of Dover, N.H., came to Mungret in '93, whither his brother Thomas had preceded him two years before. After reading a good course in Mungret, and taking his degree in '99, he went to the Theological Seminary of Montreal to complete his studies for the priesthood. His course there has been exceptionally brilliant. We referred in our last number to his having been in the preceding summer examination at the head of his class, which numbered close on one hundred students. During this past year he has maintained his position at the head of his class. He took his degree of S.T.L. at the end of the year, and was ordained priest last June. He has been sent to Rome to study a post-graduate course in Theology of two or three years, and is now in the Canadian College there attending lectures in the Propaganda. He has chosen the Canadian College by reason of the facilities there afforded for mastering the French language, which is essential for priests working in the diocese of Manchester. Most sincerely we wish him every happiness and success.



REV. JOHN O'BRIEN.



REV. MICHAEL MAHER.



REV. EDMUND FITZGERALD.

Four at least of our past students have been ordained priests during the past year—one in the Society of Jesus and three for the secular mission. We have further learned that another—Fr. Michael Enright—had been ordained at Emmitsburg, Md., in the June of 1891. The ordination was not recorded in our last number as we had not had any account of it before publication. Whether Rev. John Durgan, S.J., was ordained during the past year we have been unable to learn.

FR. WILLIAM COX entered Mungret as a lay boy in September, 1888. He entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus in Tullabeg the following year for the New Orleans Province. After spending one year in Tullabeg, he completed his novitiate in Macon, Ga., U.S.A. After going through the ordinary course of studies and of teaching he has been ordained priest this year at Woodstock College, Md.

FR. WILLIAM CARROLL, who left Mungret in '99, after completing his University course, was ordained last June at Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, where he had made his Theological studies. We have not yet heard in what portion of his diocese of Little Rock he is working.

FR. NICHOLAS FEGAN, though only one year in Mungret, '94-'95, will be well remembered by all the students of that time; and he has often since given proof with what affectionate loyalty he cherishes the remembrance of Mungret and the friends she brought him. After making his ecclesiastical studies in Maynooth College he was ordained last June for his native diocese of Galway. He will there have a splendid opportunity of promoting the cause of the Irish language, which is so dear to his heart. Most sincerely we wish him every success.

We publish this year photographs of three more of our past students of the very earlier years of the College. Two of these, Fr. Maher and Fr. O'Brien, were Apostolics; Fr. Fitzgerald was a Seminarian.

FR. MICHAEL MAHER, a native of Tipperary and one of the pioneers of the Apostolic School, will be a name very familiar to all Mungret students of the eighties, among whom he was for so many years a very prominent personality. He entered the Apostolic School in 1881, before it had yet come to Mungret. In Mungret he read the University course up to the Second Arts; he then, with Fr. O'Brien, went to the Propaganda, Rome, to complete his ecclesiastical studies, where he was ordained in 1891 for the diocese of St. Augustine, Fla. He has been for many years Administrator of the Cathedral parish of St. Augustine.

FR. JOHN O'BRIEN, a native of East Limerick, entered Mungret in 1882, and went through the University with Fr. Maher, whose class-fellow he also was in the Propaganda. He has been since his ordination in 1891 stationed in Palatka, Fla. Here he built a school some years ago, and we have from time to time heard not a little of the zeal and energy in the work of the ministry displayed by Fr. O'Brien, as well as by the other past Mungret students in Florida.

Fr. Maher and Fr. O'Brien were the first Mungret students sent to the diocese of St. Augustine. Since then many other of the most distinguished students that claim Mungret as their *Alma Mater* have been sent to labour in the same diocese.

FR. EDMOND FITZGERALD came to Mungret in 1885 as a Seminarian, having already passed the First Arts. Here he read his philosophy for two years and then went to the Irish College, Paris, in 1887 where he was ordained priest in 1892 for the diocese of Limerick. After working for many years as a curate in the parish of Templeglantine he has been recently removed to the parish of Feenagh, in West Limerick, where he now is.

We were sorry to hear, in October, of the severe illness of Rev. T. Galvin, S.J., which compelled him to leave St. Beuno's (St. Asaph, North Wales) for a time and go up to London for special medical treatment. We are glad, however, to be able to record that he is now recovering his old vigour, and will, we hope, be soon able to continue his studies.

REV. FR. W. TURNER, D.D., has, we understand, a History of Philosophy, destined as a handbook for students, already in the hands of the printer. The publishers are Ginn & Co., Boston.

OUR past students in Australia seem to be going on remarkably well. Rev. Fr. Hunt, C.S.S.R., is now Super-

rior of Highgate Monastery, Perth, West Australia; and Rev. Fr. Leo, C.S.S.R., Superior of the Redemptorist Monastery in Balarat. Fr. M. McDonnell, C.S.S.R., however, we are sorry to have to record, has been for some time past again a martyr to ill health.

JOHN MORONEY entered All Hallows College last September, hoping to be able to continue his studies, he was, however, again compelled to leave owing to weakness of health, and is now residing with his family in Croom.

PATT CLOHESSY, who left Ireland last year for Colorado, found after some months of residence in Denver College that he was not yet strong enough to endure the discipline of college life. He is for the present living in the country with a certain Mr. O'Donnell, a large ranch-holder, whose name, by the way, does not sound quite foreign. He hopes to resume his ecclesiastical studies, and go on for the diocese of Colorado as soon as his old vigour is sufficiently restored.

JAMES BURKE writes us an interesting letter from St. Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburg. He and Tom Eaton are evidently doing very well, and are ever so eager to hear all possible scraps of news about old friends.

In the prize lists of the Propaganda College, Rome, which we received last January, we notice that Michael Curley was entitled to cut for second premium in the *Locis Theologicis*, and for first premium in two of the subsidiary subjects, and that he and John Turner were awarded the *Baccalaureate* of Theology. John Turner and Patt Bresnahan won each several distinctions besides. In the prize lists of the present year, which have just come to hand, we find that Michael Curley and John Turner have each a first prize in Dogmatic Theology; and that Patt Bresnahan has a second prize in Moral Theology. All have besides gained several distinctions.

REV. A. HARTIGAN, S.J., who passed the Second Arts last summer with first class honours in both Latin and Greek, sailed last October for Syria, whither he has been sent to study Eastern languages.

REV. F. DAVIS, S.J., passed the First Arts in June, still maintaining his place of First in Ireland in Latin and Greek.

WILLIE IRWIN has taken his B.A. degree last autumn winning a second class exhibition. He and John Moore passed the Second Medical in the R.U.I. last spring. Michael Power passed the Second Medical in the last examinations of the R.U.I.



VARIA.

REV. FR. BARRETT, S.J., was called away from us last Eastertide, to carry on the work of the ministry at St. Stanislaus College, Tullabeg, where he still is. Rev. D. Roche, S.J., took his place till the end of the academic year.

REV. J. CASEY, S.J., and REV. L. POTTER, S.J., have also left us, the former to begin his theological studies at Milltown Park, Dublin; the latter to take up the onerous duties of Higher Line Prefect in Clongowes Wood College.

EXAMINATIONS.

UNIVERSITY RESULTS.—The successes in the recent Summer Examinations are as follows:—

In the B.A. Examination Three Passed—George C. Barry, Joseph J. Corr and Patrick F. O'Kane.

In SECOND ARTS Five Passed—Timothy A. Buckley, William G. FitzGibbon, Richard T. Hartigan, Charles I. Piler and Patrick C. Tracy.

In FIRST ARTS Eight Passed in the Honours Course, One in the Pass Course—*Honours Course*—Martin F. Croke (2nd class honours in French), John T. Croke, John J. Cullen, John J. Delaney, William J. Griffin, Richard J. Judge, George A. Kilbride and Bernard J. Tracy. *Pass Course*—Patrick T. Hogan.

In the MATRICULATION Four Passed in the Honours Course, Six in the Pass Course—*Honours Course*—Henry R. Kenny, Patrick J. Killian, Michael J. Sheehan and Charles J. Smith. *Pass Course*—Alfred Carr, James F. Darcy, Vincent A. Delaney, Joseph A. Dwyer, John J. McCormick and Jeremiah J. O'Brien.

In the Autumn Examinations P. O'Callaghan passed the First Arts, and J. Crowley and W. Demourey in the Matriculation Examination.

BOYS OF LAST YEAR.—Of the Lay Boys of last year Patrick O'Kane, our popular captain, is no longer amongst us. After a stay of five years in the College he this year took his degree, and is now residing with his uncle in Garvagh, Co. Derry.

John O'Neill has left Mungret to begin his ecclesiastical studies for the priesthood. We have not yet learned, however, what college he is entering. George Kilbride has entered the Redemptorist noviceship at Dundalk. Most sincerely we wish them both success and happiness in the prosecution of the great cause for which they are sacrificing all the world holds dearest.

Stephen Hayes, Thomas Sheehy and Fred McCarthy are studying medicine in Dublin. Patrick Hogan and Joe O'Dwyer are studying for the law, the former with his father in Tipperary, the latter with his brother in Roscrea. Michael Sheehan has gone to Worcester, Mass., U.S.A., to study for the profession of Electrical Engineer. James Lynch is living with his own family in Fanstown, Kilmallock.

Of the Apostolics we have this year lost Willie O'Doherty, who for the greater portion of the five years he was in Mungret filled so large a space in the college life. He acted as one of the assistant prefects of the Lay Boys or as prefect of the study hall during most of his time in Mungret. He read an exceptionally brilliant

University course, winning exhibitions in the First and Second Arts, and always holding in French one of the first places in all Ireland. He, with Murty Shiel, have entered the noviceship of the Society of Jesus in Jersey for the Chinese Mission. To both again we send a hearty



PATT O'KANE.

God-speed in the noble work to which God has called them. James Barry, the first prefect of the Apostolics of last year, is reading his theology in All Hallows for the mission of Tasmama. Joe Corr and George Barry are gone to the Jesuit noviceship at Roehampton, the former for the mission of Mangalore, India, George Barry for the Zambesi. Edmund Ryan also entered Roehampton for the Mangalore mission last February.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.—On the evening of the 21st June, we assembled as usual in the Great Hall to fulfil the last important function of the closing year. Owing to the absence of the Prefect of Studies, who had left the College on urgent business the day before, Rev. Mr. Potter, S.J., conducted the proceedings. After the Report, which was briefer than usual, but very satisfactory, Rev. Fr. Rector distributed the prizes. After the distribution of prizes he spoke at some length on the spirit of work

displayed during the year, and expressed his intense satisfaction at the general tone of the house, and the deep impression which had been made on his mind by the thoroughly good and upright spirit shown by the boys. He concluded by wishing all a most happy and pleasant vacation.

The prizes were distributed as follows:—

RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Division I.

Lay Boys—1 Patrick O'Kane, 2 Bernard Tracy
prose access.—Richard Hartigan, George Killbride, Patrick Tracy
Apostolics—1 John Cullen, 2 Jeremiah O'Brien
prose access.—George Barry, Richard Judge, John Delaney

Division II.

Lay Boys—1 Cornelius Lenahan, 2 Harry McDermott
prose access.—Michael O'Donnell, Morgan McMahon, Gerald McCarthy
Apostolics—1 Timothy Gallivan, 2 William Tobin
prose access.—Patrick Burke, Vincent Delaney, George Butler

Division III.

Lay Boys—1 Paul McCarthy, 2 Patrick Gubbins
prose access.—J. Walsh, John Healy, Thomas King O'Donoghue

MATRICULATION HONOURS. (PREPARATORY.)

Division I.

First in Class—Samuel Fahey
prose access.—Patrick Burke
First in Greek—Samuel Fahey
prose access.—Patrick Burke
First in Latin—Samuel Fahey
prose access.—Patrick Burke
First in English—Patrick Burke
prose access.—Samuel Fahey
First in Natural Philosophy—Samuel Fahey
prose access.—Patrick Burke

Division II.

First in Class.—Daniel Dooley
prose access.—James Flynn, Gerald McCarthy
First in Greek—Daniel Dooley
prose access.—John Murphy
First in Latin—James Flynn
prose access.—Daniel Dooley
First in English—James Flynn
prose access.—Gerald McCarthy
First in Mathematics—Thomas Maher
prose access.—Thomas Madigan
Prize for Progress—Thomas Madigan
Prize for Diligence—Daniel Dooley

FIRST OF GRAMMAR.

First in Class—Thomas Kelly
prose access.—Joseph King, Morgan McMahon, William Tobin, Nicholas McNally
First in Latin—Joseph King
prose access.—William Tobin, Thomas Kelly, Morgan McMahon
First in Greek—Thomas Kelly
prose access.—Joseph King, Nicholas McNally, William Tobin
First in English—William Tobin
prose access.—Joseph King, Morgan McMahon, Thomas Kelly
First in French—Morgan McMahon
prose access.—Thomas Kelly, William Tobin, Nicholas McNally

First in Mathematics—Thomas Kelly
prose access.—Patrick Fahey, James Sheehan, Joseph King
Prize for Progress—Charles Sharry
Prize for Diligence—Joseph King

SECOND OF GRAMMAR.

First in Class—Patrick Hynes
prose access.—John Pegum, John Healy, Michael O'Mullane, Benjamin Hartnett
First in Latin—John Healy
prose access.—John Pegum, Paul McCarthy, Joseph Walshe
First in Greek—John Healy
prose access.—John Pegum, Patrick Hynes, Benjamin Hartnett
First in English—Joseph Walshe
prose access.—Patrick Hynes, John Pegum, Michael O'Mullane
First in French—Patrick Hynes
prose access.—John Healy, Simon Connolly, Benjamin Hartnett
First in Mathematics—Patrick Hynes
prose access.—John Healy, John Pegum and John Walshe, *ex aequo.*
Prize for Progress—John Pegum
Prize for Diligence—Michael O'Mullane

THIRD OF GRAMMAR.

First in Class—Patrick O'Connell
prose access.—Cyril Byrne, Willie O'Keefe
First in Latin—Willie O'Keefe
First in English—Cyril Byrne
First in French—William Ryan
First in Mathematics—Patrick O'Connell
Prize for Progress—Cyril Byrne
Prize for Diligence—Patrick O'Connell

IMPROVEMENT IN HANDWRITING.

First—Edgar Curr
Second—James Sheehan
prose access.—Paul McCarthy, Thomas Dillon

DECLAMATION.

Division I.

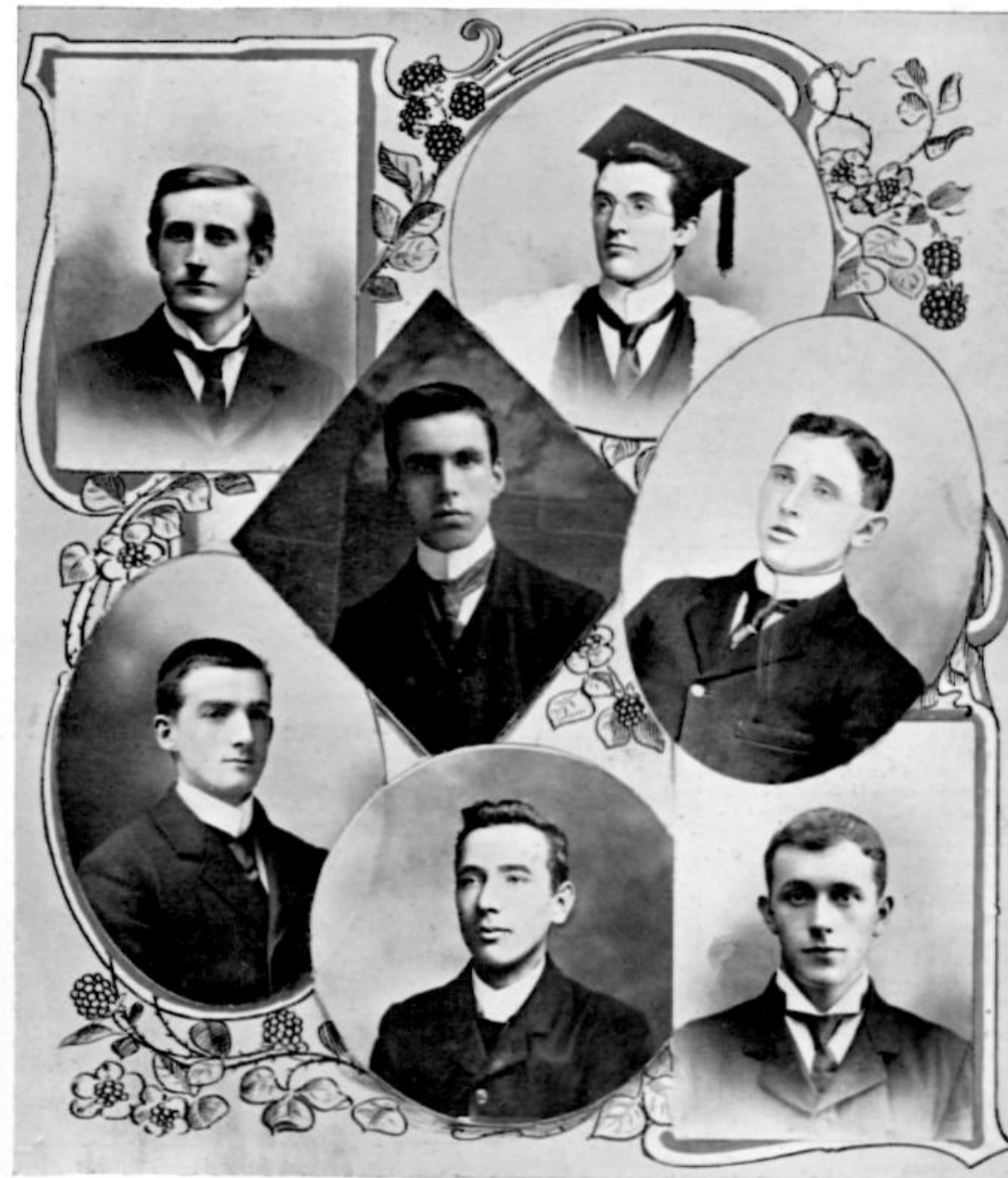
Apostolics—1. Timothy Buckley, 2. George Barry
prose access.—James Barry, John Croke
Lay Boys—1. Patrick O'Kane
prose access.—William Fitzgibbon

Division II.

Apostolics—1. Patrick Burke, 2. W. Demoney
prose access.—J. Murphy, S. Connolly
Lay Boys—1. Morgan McMahon
prose access.—Jeremiah O'Grady

CHRISTMAS VACATION.—It may be questioned if any one night in the year brings with it as large a measure of happiness to all as that of the eve of the Christmas vacation. Last Christmas vacation was no exception to the general rule.

The concert, which always comes after the reading of the report and of the results of the Christmas examinations, was not of course elaborate, for owing to the examinations careful preparation is impossible. No one however is disposed on such an occasion to find fault. After the concert Rev. Fr. Rector recalled to the boys some of the great lessons of the feast of Christmas. He spoke especially, and in a practical manner, of that self-sacrificing love of the poor which would bring true happiness into their lives, and make them dear to Him Who became poor for us all. He reminded those who



WILLIAM O'DOHERTY, B.A. (China)

JOSEPH CORR, B.A. (Mangalore, India).

EDMUND RYAN (Mangalore, India).

FRANCIS HARTIN (South Africa).

JAMES BARRY (Tasmania).

GEORGE BARRY, B.A. (Zambesi, S. Africa)

MURTY SHIEL (China).

APOSTOLIC STUDENTS WHO LEFT MUNGRET IN 1902.

were going home of the sacred duty which they owed to those "whose anxious eyes and loving hearts would be observing them so closely on the morrow," and finally, amid breathless silence, he announced the day for reopening classes. In consideration, he said, of the spirit of work manifested during the term, and the satisfactory nature of the report of studies, the vacation was to extend to the 14th of January, a day or two longer than usual.



BLACK CASTLE, LOUGH GUR. (see p. 50)

During the Christmas holidays the Apostolics had the usual pleasant varieties. The paper chases, which are now a permanent institution, were last Christmas more than usually interesting. They were organised in the elaborate manner described in the MUNGRET ANNUAL of last year.

In the first run, which covered a distance of about ten miles, the hares went to Patrickswell through Clarina, and thence to Crecora. Three captains, viz., Joe Corr, W. Griffin and T. Buckley claimed the prize, each with some show of reason to support his claim. A special court was organised to decide the matter, but the jury disagreed, and Rev. Mr. Potter determined to have the race run over again. This time however the hares, not having a sufficient start, were captured early in the day by Joe Corr with all his band present; he accordingly was awarded the prize. In the third hunt, which took place on the last day of the vacation, W. Griffin and J. Delaney were chosen as hares. This was the most successful paper chase yet held. The run extended over more than twenty miles of country, and the hares were not caught before reaching the rendezvous. P. McCartney's party were the winners.

There were many very pleasant concerts during the vacation; and a mock trial, in which Murty Shiel, alias Murty Hynes, was accused of murdering his brother James, afforded great amusement. The case was tried before Mr. Justice Barry (James Barry); George Barry, Esq., B.L., prosecuted, and Charles Piler, Esq., B.L., appeared for the accused. To the intense disappointment of the court, who were speculating with great curiosity upon how the sentence was to be put into execution, the prisoner was acquitted.

Rev. Fr. H. Browne, S.J., with whom we are all now familiar as a great friend of the Apostolic school, spent some days in the college during the Christmas vacation. He gave an intensely interesting lecture, illustrated with lantern slides, on the life and work of St. Columbkille. He also exhibited many beautiful slides illustrative of the illumination of the ancient Irish manuscripts, and of the different periods of Irish ecclesiastical architecture.

Later on in the vacation Rev. Fr. Joseph McDonnell, S.J., assisted by Rev. Fr. Kane, S.J., gave some other most interesting magic lantern entertainments. Among the representations was a series of splendid slides of Tissot's pictures of the life of Our Lord.

A fine statue of our Lady of Mount Carmel, the generous gift of Mrs. Ryan, George street, Limerick, was placed in the wooden gallery, shortly after the Christmas vacation. Another beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin has been placed in the boy's chapel, and statues of the Sacred Heart and St. Joseph in the small chapel at either end of the altar.

DEBATES.—During the Christmas vacation also we had our first debate of last year. The motion that "Conscription is on the whole advantageous to a nation," was supported by Rev. Fr. Connell, S.J., Rev. Mr. Potter, S.J., George Barry and John Delaney.

They argued that: (1) conscription, which taken in its essence, simply implies an obligation on every man to fight in defence of his country when necessity arises, has its foundation in the very idea of nationhood; for self-preservation is the first law of nature, and is one of those duties which, from its vital and fundamental importance cannot be safely delegated to another. (2) The lesson taught by history is: that a nation is not safe, and never becomes great, unless it is a nation of warriors. That was the source of the domination of ancient Sparta in Greece; it was that enabled Rome to push her way over the



KNOCKADOON, LOUGH GUR. (see p. 50)

greater portion of the known world; above all, it was that, and that only, that enabled her in the day of her direst need to triumph over the genius of Hannibal, whilst even he was unable to save his own unfortunate country from destruction, for with hired soldiers he was fighting an army of patriots and a nation of warriors. (3) Conscription, too, was the almost universal ideal of feudal Europe

during the middle ages. The feudal lord was bound to render military service to the king when need required, and the free tenants were in the same manner bound to follow to battle the lord of the soil. The Celtic clan system was built on a similar principle. (4) Even in our own time we have a magnificent example of the extraordinary power conscription gives a nation. A nation having a complete population of less than 200,000, and containing therefore scarcely 30,000 fighting men, was holding at bay for more than two years an army of 250,000, and were defying the power and breaking down the military prestige of a mighty empire with limitless

at least, a profession of arms; the forcible and unnecessary sundering, year after year, of the most sacred family ties; the spread throughout the whole nation of a false and most pernicious ideal regarding military glory and imperial greatness; and all this without any necessity for self defence or just offensive war.

The opposition had from the beginning been confident of victory, but as the debate progressed it began to look as though the supporters of conscription would carry the day, and when the house adjourned on the first night the government had a strong body of supporters. On the second night the excitement was intense. The supporters



Photo 101

CORK EXHIBITION—WATER CHUTE AND LAKE. (see p. 49)

[Gay & Co., Cork]

forces at its command. And the real strength of the Boers lay in the fact that they were a nation of warriors.

Rev. Fr. Kane, S.J., Rev. Mr. Egan, S.J., Charles Piler and T. Buckley spoke for the opposition.

They very skilfully turned the minds of the audience from abstract or historical considerations, and bade them consider all the dreadful evils produced by conscription as it obtains at present in many European countries: the increased and intolerable taxation rendered necessary in order to support gigantic armies; the spread, even into the remotest country districts, of all the licence and immorality of the camp; the unjust restriction of the people's liberty, in forcing them to adopt, temporarily at

of conscription were pretty confident of victory when Fr. Kane rose to speak for the opposition. His was the speech of the evening. He literally tore to pieces the arguments of the government, and when, amid the most intense excitement, the question was put to the vote, the motion was rejected by a considerable majority.

The next debate was among the Lay Boys, and took place some weeks after the Christmas vacation. The motion was that: "Grattan was superior to Flood as a statesman, an orator, and a man." The subject had been proposed before the vacation, and many had diligently read up and made themselves thoroughly conversant

with that most interesting and important period of Irish history. Pat O'Kane opened the case for the government in a really excellent speech. Willie FitzGibbon followed as leader of the opposition. The speeches of both, in eloquence as well as in reasoning, were amongst the best heard in our college debates for some time. Rev. Fr. Kane and Harry Kenny also spoke for the motion, and Rev. Fr. Cahill and John O'Neill for the opposition.

The supporters of the motion showed how the consent of the whole nation in Grattan's life-time placed him foremost among the orators of his day, and gave him the glory of winning legislative independence and commercial freedom for his country. They showed how far in advance of his age he was in his generous struggle for Catholic Emancipation which the blind bigotry of Flood continually opposed.

The opposition strove to prove that: (1) Flood was the originator of most of the things for which Grattan received all the praise; (a) when he entered parliament in 1759 he had found it useless, spiritless and corrupt; when he was compelled to withdraw from public life in 1784, that parliament was practically free and was full of energy and vigour, and all owing to the untiring efforts and genius of Flood. (b) Flood was the first to propose a measure of full Free Trade. (c) Even the repeal of Poyning's Law had been worked up and matured and taught by Flood for twenty years before Velverton and Grattan ungenerously anticipated him. Finally (d) when the patriotic party were all-powerful, and had eighty thousand armed men at their back, the one measure which was the keystone of the whole position, viz., the declaration that Ireland had an inalienable right to complete legislative independence of England, was vigorously advocated by Flood and opposed by Grattan.

(2) Grattan was responsible for the dissolution of the volunteers, and though he afterwards, when too late, acted a patriot's part, it seems certain that at the critical juncture upon which his country's salvation depended, Grattan had been corrupted and had played false.*

(3) Grattan's history and character in his private life were still more unsatisfactory. In his youth he had been a libertine and an infidel, as his letters from London testify. He had proved false to every friend who trusted him: to Flood, to Curran, to Wolfe Tone. It was, they said, the magic of his eloquence, and that alone, that spread a glamour over Grattan's name which of his own merits he could never have obtained, and one which it is the business of the impartial historian to remove.

The glamour however, false or no, seems to have remained even after the eloquence of the members of the opposition, for on a division the motion was carried by an overwhelming majority.

VISITORS.—On Monday morning, 20th January, Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, Bishop of Achonry, who had preached the previous day at the Crescent on the Holy Name, paid us a short visit. We had all assembled in the play-room when he entered, accompanied by Rev. Fr. Provincial and Fr. Rector. After addressing a few words to us and giving us his blessing, he told us the welcome piece of news that Rev. Fr. Rector had at his request granted a play-day. His Lordship afterwards expressed his gratitude for the ovation he had received and seemed greatly pleased with all he saw. In the evening, in the presence of Rev. Fr. Provincial and Community, the Apostolites

* For some interesting matter on this subject see two essays on the Life of Grattan in the Dublin Review of the early forties.

produced the play they had prepared during the Christmas vacation—"The White Horse of the Peppers"—an account of which will be found elsewhere.

Early in May, Very Rev. Fr. Provincial paid a short visit to the College. He again spent a week in Mungret last September. On the latter occasion the boys succeeded in obtaining from him the customary largess—a play-day. The day was a lovely one, and the lay boys of the first and second division had a most enjoyable walk to Adare.

Towards the end of the Summer vacation, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Hanlon, Vicar Apostolic of Uganda, visited Mungret, and remained for a few days. He had been in England for some time before, working in the interests of his far-away mission, and needless to say we were delighted to have the opportunity of seeing and hearing him.

His Lordship addressed for upwards of an hour the Apostolites who were spending their vacation in the College. He detailed many of his experiences of missionary life in India, Thibet and Uganda. He has been in the latter place for the past seven years, and he gave us an intensely interesting account of his labours among the natives there, and of the marvellous success attending the efforts of the missionaries—a success however which was still much obstructed owing to their fewness. He mentioned one instance of some two hundred pagans applying for baptism as the result of a single discourse from one of his priests. His Lordship also spoke in a most beautiful and touching manner of the virtues which are specially essential for the missionary life—a habit of prayer, great self-sacrifice, and complete detachment from all worldly ties.

Rev. Fr. Vincent Byrne, S.J., late Rector of the College, whose deep interest in Mungret and all his old friends is still unaltered, and later on, Fr. Forristal, S.J., spent a few days in Mungret in July. Fr. Byrne is now engaged in the work of the ministry at St. Francis Xavier's, Gardiner Street, Dublin.

Fr. Michael Maher and Fr. John O'Brien, both of the diocese of St. Augustine, paid a short visit to the old *Alma Mater* early in September. They were taking a much-needed vacation in Ireland, after an absence of ten years. Fr. Maher was full of most interesting anecdotes of the breezy times when Mungret was still in its infancy, and when the life of the students was surrounded with some of the romance as well as the hardships of pioneers.

Later on in the same month of September, Fr. Coyle, Rector of the McGill Institute, Mobile, spent a night in Mungret. He, too, had been for a couple of months in Ireland recruiting his health, which had been weakened from over-work during the preceding year.

Patt Bresnahan spent a day in Mungret early in October. He had returned to Ireland from Rome, on his way to St. Mary's College, Baltimore, where his Bishop is likely to ordain him next Christmas. The day of his visit happened to be the October play-day, and he enjoyed a good football match with his old companions.

Tom O'Brien called to his old *Alma Mater* last October before leaving Ireland for Colorado, whither his doctor advised him to go. His health, we are sorry to have to say, is still far from satisfactory; but we have good reason to hope that the open air

life he intends to lead there will in a short time restore him to all his old vigour.

Willie Lenahan, who had been studying in the Catholic University last year and had passed the 2nd Arts in June, spent the Summer vacation with us in Mungret. He returned to Dublin in October, where he is to study for the B.A. before commencing the immediate preparation for the arduous mission he has chosen.

SUMMER VACATION.—Most of the new features that helped to make last year's vacation so pleasant for all found a place on this year's programme also. The weather throughout was fine, and altogether we had ten or eleven very pleasant weeks. It was a pity, though, that open-air concerts did not receive a larger share of patronage, all the more so indeed as musical ability, both vocal and instrumental, was by no means wanting.

Our first Excursion of the vacation makes, we believe, a record in the history of Mungret holiday trips. It was to Crosshaven, a pretty little village nestling under a hill almost at the very mouth of Cork Harbour. The programme marked out for us by the Rev. Fr. McDonnell, who had previously made all arrangements, and who himself accompanied us, seemed rather ambitious. But it was carried out to the full, and the result was the most enjoyable day perhaps we had ever had or may have.

We left the College at half-past five, and Limerick at half-past six in the morning. Cork was reached by rail soon after nine, and with Fr. McDonnell as our guide, we immediately proceeded to see some of the more interesting sights of that far-famed city. Shortly before eleven o'clock we boarded the excursion steamer at Patrick's Bridge, and soon after we were admiring the many beautiful sights that presented themselves, as the "Albert" ploughed her way through "the pleasant waters of the River Lee." Of these the magnificent Queenstown Cathedral attracted most attention.

Crosshaven was reached soon after one o'clock, and a short walk brought us up to Campden Fort, from which we had a fine view of the river and harbour. After a dip in the briny deep in Graball Bay, we sat down on the hill-side overlooking the broad Atlantic to discuss the contents of the heavy hampers which had formed our ambulance train in the morning journey. It was an ideal spot for a picnic, and the day was lovely. To add to the attractive beauty of the scene a yacht race was just in progress in the bay below us.

After more than three very pleasant hours on the hill looking out into the limitless sea we started, after another dip, for Crosshaven, and re-boarded the steamer at 4.45 p.m. This carried us up to Passage, where we entrained for Cork, at which we arrived

soon after six. The good Nuns of North Presentation Convent had evidently been expecting us, for on our arrival at the Convent we found tea awaiting us, of which we partook in one of the class-rooms of their school. We should like to renew our expressions of gratitude to the good Sisters for their kindness on the occasion.

It was now seven o'clock, and feeling greatly refreshed by the cup that cheers, we proceeded to carry out the next item on our programme—a visit to the Cork Exhibition. There we spent two hours admir-



A CLOISTER, MUNGRET COLLEGE.

ing and wondering at the countless beautiful and interesting objects—products of almost every land under the sun. Men and women of almost all the nations we met there: chatted with a swarthy Egyptian; listened to the pronounced twang of the Yank; had a word with a native of far-away Japan; admired the neat figure and polished manner of "Monsieur;" and as we approached his stall received—to our confusion and discomfiture—from a son of the Celestial Empire a "*Ceul Mile Faillie!*"

In a very comfortable corridor-train we left Cork at ten o'clock, and song and mandoline and—sleep (but only for a few) helped to enliven the journey to Limerick, which we reached at 2.15 a.m. Just as

the clock was chiming four, when the grey dawn of a July morning was breaking from the east, and as the swallows were twittering their welcome to the newborn day, we made our way up to the dormitory, tired—yes, very tired,—but convinced that we had spent the longest and pleasantest day of our lives.

Our gratitude is due to Fr. McDonnell, to whom we are indebted for such a magnificent excursion, and under whose aegis it was such a complete success.

Our next excursion was the annual trip to Bunratty in boats. The day was a glorious one: not a breath of wind to ruffle the glass-like surface of the lordly Shannon. Under the circumstances we did not experience any of those exciting incidents that had to be recorded in last year's ANNUAL.

Towards the end of the vacation we drove on brakes to Lough Gur, a pretty lake situated about five miles from Bruff, and surrounded by undulating hills, from which may be had a commanding view of the surrounding country.*

This is one of the most interesting spots in Ireland to the historian and the antiquarian. "The Pillar Stone, the lonely Cromlech, the mysterious Stone Circle, tell us of a people who existed long before the dawn of history, and of whom little is known unless what can be learned from their very graves. The long-deserted *crannog*, the earthen fort, and the mediæval military works, that still bid defiance to time, have each their story to tell. The bed of the lake itself reveals the secrets that have long been buried beneath its waters."† The neighbourhood is the centre of many of the most celebrated of the old Irish romances, and many weird and beautiful legends are still related by the peasantry connected with personages of more modern times. Beneath the waters of the lake Garret, the great Earl of Desmond, still holds his court. He is surrounded by his knights in full armour each holding his fully-caparisoned steed, and once every seven years the earl rides at the head of his retainers over the surface of the lake, and the charm can only be broken when the silver shoes of the chargers are worn away. Then the Geraldine shall return and claim once more the sovereignty over the land of Desmond.

We had promised to offer up the Stations for the Holy Souls if they would get us a fine day. We left the College at eleven o'clock, and after a drive of some sixteen miles we reached our destination soon after one o'clock. The sun now came forth in all his noon-day splendour, and the day became ideally fine. After dinner we climbed the two fine hills which over-look the lake, and we explored, as far as time would permit, some of the fascinating curiosities of that extraordinary locality. Home was reached at about half past nine.

During the vacation there was of course the usual daily dip in the creek—breathes there an Apostolic past or present who *hasn't* had a dip in it, and whose heart does not throb at the remembrance thereof! Then we had our aquatic sports—a somewhat novel institution, and a fruitful source of fun and pleasure. The Cork exhibition had been laid under contribution for the prizes, three of which came originally from Russia the others from China.

The favourite game all through the vacation was base-ball, the stumps being for the nonce wholly discarded in favour of the plate. It certainly has this advantage over cricket—every man gets frequent turns at both batting and fielding.

* See p. 46. † 'The County of Limerick,' by Rev. J. O'Dowd, R.A.

The hand-ball alley received a good deal of attention, and a tournament created a lot of interest and excitement.

The feast of St. Francis Xavier, the 3rd December, was observed with the usual solemnity. Rev. Fr. McWilliams, S.J., the Crescent, Limerick, preached an eloquent sermon on the works and virtues of the Apostle of the Indies. An account will be found in 'Our Social Gatherings,' of the pleasant entertainment of the evening.

On Saturday, January 18th, Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, who was then making his usual annual visitation of the college, kindly granted us a play day. The occasion was the Inter-Provincial Rugby Football Match between Munster and Leinster. After an early dinner all the boys of both divisions walked into Limerick, and proceeded to the Markets Field where the match was played. The game was a very enjoyable one. The Munstermen were the victors by two tries to nil.

A short time after the Christmas vacation Rev. Fr. Kane, S.J., walked with the B.A. Class to St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick. They had an extremely pleasant day. Some of them had not before visited this historic edifice, one of the very oldest and most interesting in Ireland.

With the morning of February 12th came the joyful news the ice on Lough More would bear. It was now two years since we had the pleasure of a spin on the skates; and so for the three days that the ice lasted we used it most diligently. Fr. Rector, beside granting us a half-day beginning from eleven o'clock on the first day, gave dinner an hour earlier than usual on the second day, and on the third day of the ice allowed us to anticipate the monthly play-day of March. On the evening of that day we got up a hockey match against a team of Limerick gentlemen. Owing, however, to the thaw now setting in it was not very successful and did not last long.

On the evening of January the 21st we heard the sad news of the death of Aubrey de Vere. Full of years as of honours he had peacefully ended his days at Curragh Chase, the home he loved so well. Curragh Chase is scarcely twelve miles from Mungret.

The new order of time promulgated last October seems to have worked admirably. Last year the house was free from all serious sickness in a degree even more marked than usual.

The ceremonies of Holy Week were celebrated with all the usual solemnity. On Good Friday we were sorry to hear of the death under such painful circumstances, of one of our companions of last year, Frank McCarthy. Stations of the Cross were offered in public on Saturday evening for the repose of his soul.

Soon afterwards we heard of the death, quite as unexpected, of another of our companions of last year, Eddie Stephenson; and again, later on in the year, the tidings came of the final summons of James Clifford and Joe Heelan, both of them well known to us all. R.I.P.

Some of the Fathers of the Community were away during Easter week at the Provincial Congregation which was being held in Dublin.

The Third Club had their indoor amusements increased by the addition of a new billiard table, kindly presented to them by Rev. Fr. Connell.

Last year a new element was introduced into the evening indoor entertainments of the Lay Boys. Lectures on literary and historical subjects were given from time to time on our play evenings, by some of the members of the community. Rev. Fr. Connell, S.J., gave us during the Easter term some beautiful and most interesting lectures on Poetry, illustrating his remarks by quotations from a long line of authors. Another one of the Fathers of the Community gave us on different occasions lectures on the Old Irish Romanesque, on Owen Roe O'Neill, and on Irish Music and Literature in the Penal times. On the night of the October play-day of the present year Father Connell again gave us an interesting lecture on European travel; and on the November play-day Rev. Father Gwynn, S.J., gave us a most interesting and exhaustive account of the Rebellion of '98, and the causes that led to it.

Father Gwynn had supplied each of the audience with a lithographed syllabus of the points treated, and a lithographed outline of the map of Wexford, showing the relative positions of the places famous in the '98 history. This made the discourse all the clearer and more interesting, while the songs, illustrative of the ballad literature of the time, which were sung at intervals during the lecture, afford a very pleasant and instructive variety. The advantages of such lectures are evident, and we hope to have the pleasure of hearing many more during the present year.

The study of Irish still goes on apace in the college, especially in the junior classes. The Irish programme prescribed for second and third Grammar classes this year is practically identical with the Preparatory Grade course in the Intermediate, and the marks assigned for the examination are the same as for French.

A Programme of Studies for the Junior Classes, giving in detail the work to be done by each class during each of the three terms, the books to be used, and the particular pages to be studied, together with a full distribution of the marks for the term examinations, was this year drawn up and printed.

Those of us who witnessed the concert, given in the Apostolics' play-room on the eve of the departure of Willie O'Doherty and Murty Shiel for Jersey, will not easily forget the touching scene. When Father McDonnell, in the name of all the Apostolics, bade them farewell, and Willie O'Doherty replied in a few touching words, not a few of the listeners were moved to tears.

Poor old Mrs. Ahern, who had lived with her son at the lodge gate ever since the foundation of the College,

and whose familiar figure most of our past students will remember, died a peaceful and holy death last October at the advanced age of eighty-six. R.I.P.

The Apostolics as usual had their Retreat during the last days of the Summer vacation. The time was this year lengthened to four days instead of three. Rev. Fr. Cahill, S.J., conducted the Retreat.

The Lay-Boys' Retreat was conducted by Rev. Fr. Fagan, S.J., Spiritual Director of Clongowes. His remarks, of an earnest and practical nature, were sprinkled with numerous flashes of merriment, and were greatly appreciated by all, and his descriptions and exhortations made an impression that will be long remembered by many of us.

Rev. Fr. Guinee, S.J., whose genial smile and kind word were for so many years familiar elements in the boys' life in Mungret, where he had worked for ten



A SUNDAY IN OCTOBER—CARRIG-O-GUNNELL CASTLE.

years as master and prefect of studies, left Ireland last August for Australia, where he is now engaged in teaching in Riverview, Sydney. He was accompanied by Rev. Fr. Corish, S.J., and Rev. Fr. W. Gwynn, S.J., both also well known to many of our past students. To all we sincerely wish every success in their labours in the great Master's cause.

Those who knew the Rev. Mr. J. Coreoran, S.J., in Mungret will be sorry to hear he has been lately suffering a good deal from ill health. He is at present recruiting in Petworth, England, and is to join Rev. Mr. Tighe in Naples to begin his theological studies for the Priesthood as soon as he has regained sufficient strength.

B. HARTIGAN (B.A. Class).
C. PILER (B.A. Class).
W. LENIHAN.

OUR SOCIAL GATHERINGS.

"Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

OUR concerts are amongst the most exciting events of that portion of the school year which extends over the end of the Christmas and the beginning of the Easter term. The winter months form in Mungret, as elsewhere in Ireland, the dullest and most dreary portion of the year, and the séances are like rays of sunshine through the gloom. We were therefore disappointed this year that our entertainments were somewhat less frequent than in former years, and we may be allowed here to record our hopes that the coming year will bring us our usual number of pleasant reunions.

Our first entertainment was on December 3rd, the feast of St. Francis Xavier. The report had got abroad that the piece to be represented was from the pen of one of the members of the Community, and so we looked forward to something unusually good. In this we were not disappointed, and the "Loughmore Literary Club" proved a very great success. The plot was very interesting, and the whole piece replete with witty sallies which relieved its tragic seriousness and kept the audience amused as well as intensely interested.

The following was the programme:—

"THE LOUGHMORE LITERARY CLUB."

By all and the sundry Members thereof, to wit—

Mr. William Vane (president) ...	in P. F. O'Kane
" James Moore (secretary) ...	" J. Colgan
" John French (journalist) ...	" J. Corr
" Henry Tucker (poet) ...	" A. Colahan
" Reader (novelist) ...	" T. Buckley
" Sharp (literary critic) ...	" J. Fitzgerald
" Higgins (clergyman) ...	" R. Hartigan
" Templemore (actor) ...	" T. Pegum
" Jones (new member) ...	" G. Barry
" Keegan (private detective) ...	" W. Fitzgibbon
Brown (waiter) ...	" J. Butler

SCENES.

Act I.—Scene—Club room.

Act II.—Scene 1—Same. Scene 2—Willow Park.
Scene 3—Club room. Scene 4—A street.

Act III.—Scene 1—Willow Park. Scene 2—Club room.
Scene 3—Willow Park. Scene 4—A street.
Scene 5—Club room.

The acting was extremely good although for many of the actors this was their first appearance on our stage. J. Corr and George Barry played the villains of the plot to perfection. George's improvised remarks kept the audience in roars of laughter. W. Fitzgibbon acted very well the part of "private detective." The unfortunate "Tucker" and, above all, the facetious "Brown" deserve a large share of praise.

Our next entertainment was on the eve of the Christmas holidays. The events of this evening combine somewhat of the tragic with the comic element. The report of the Rev. Prefect of Studies on the work of the term was read as usual, and then came the lighter portion of the evening's programme. On this occasion the performance took the form of a concert.

PROGRAMME.

1. OVERTURE.....Piano Solo
Master J. Walshe.
2. SONG....."Savourneen Dheelish" (in Irish)
Master J. Croke.
3. VIOLIN DUET..... Irish Airs
Masters P. P. O'Neill and M. Hearne.
4. COMIC SONG (in costume)....."My Mother-in-law"
Master A. Colahan.
5. PIANO SOLO....."Old Gold"
Master P. P. O'Neill.
6. SONG (with chorus)....."Ora Pro Nobis"
Master M. Hearne.
7. DUET (Violin and Piano)..... Irish Airs
Masters P. Killian and J. Walshe.
8. RECITATION....."Fontenoy"
Rev. Fr. Connell, S.J.
9. SONG....."Queen of the Earth"
Master P. O'Kane.
10. SONG....."The Song that reached my Heart"
Master J. Croke.
11. COMIC SONG....."The Whistling Thief"
Master R. T. Hartigan.
12. DUET (Violin and Piano)....."Killarney"
Masters R. T. Hartigan and M. Hearne.
13. COMIC SONG....."Oh phere, oh phere is my little
dog gone"
Rev. Mr. Potter, S.J.

The great event of the night was Rev. Fr. Connell's recitations. John Croke's two songs, "Savourneen Dheelish" and "The Song that reached my Heart" were very well rendered.

During the Christmas holidays the apostolics prepared a piece which was represented shortly after the re-opening of schools, on the occasion of Rev. Fr. Provincial's annual visit.

"The White Horse of the Peppers" had been represented some years ago on our stage, but few of the audience remembered it, and it now proved a complete success. It had to be considerably altered and re-cast, so as to become suited to the requirements of our Mungret audience. Owing in no small degree to G. Barry's artistic skill, the scenery and decorations of the stage

surpassed anything of the sort that has been witnessed in Mungret, at least within the writer's memory.

The programme was as follows:—

"THE WHITE HORSE OF THE PEPPERS."

A Drama in Two Acts. By Samuel Lover.

Colonel Chesham	Master	C. Piler
Major Hans Mansfeldt	"	J. Corr
Darby Donaghue	"	J. Delaney
Phelim	"	P. O'Callaghan
Portreeve	"	J. Croke
Gerald Pepper	"	G. Barry
Rafferty	"	W. Griffin
Supreme Burgesses	"	G. Butler
		"	J. McCormick

Colleges, who had for some years past with such great kindness given us a musical séance on one of the evenings of the carnival were this year unable to come, and so to our great disappointment we had no concert on Monday.

Our fourth and last entertainment was on Shrove Tuesday. It consisted of a conjuring séance given by a professional from Dublin. He performed the ordinary sleight-of-hand feats, and gave us in addition some pretty good exhibitions of ventriloquism.

Anyone who has witnessed the concerts which were given each year on the feast of St. Patrick, will agree with us in saying that they were the most pleasant of the year. This made our disappointment all the greater, when we found this year we were to have no concert on



LAY BOYS OF UNIVERSITY CLASSES, 1902-'03.

1st Villager	Master	E. Ryan
2nd Villager	"	C. Smith
Lawyer Blake	"	R. Judge
Pat (a servant)	"	T. Buckley
Messenger	"	J. Cullen

The different characters were all well impersonated. J. Corr sustained the extremely difficult and important rôle of Hans Mansfeldt, the Dutch adventurer, with great success; while G. Barry played with equal ability the part of Gerald Pepper—a very difficult rôle, and one which really contained two characters, since Gerald appears first as an Irish gentleman, and afterwards as a peasant guide. J. Delaney did full justice to the character of Darby Donaghue, the jovial inn-keeper of the "Pig and Whistle."

The gentlemen from Limerick, past students of Jesuit

the night of the feast of our National Apostle. Whatever was the cause of the miscarriage which had this result, we trust that next year we shall have as heretofore, on St. Patrick's Day, our concert of Irish music.

In addition to the above concerts we had during the year a number of less formal ones. The boys of both divisions had in their respective play-rooms a number of private entertainments. The best of these occurred on St. Patrick's Day, in both divisions. Another of these divisional concerts that deserve special mention was one held by the lay boys on the evening of the October play day. It had been got up in honour of Rev. Fr. Connell, who had taken his last vows in the Society on the previous Feast of the Assumption. It came to him as a pleasant surprise. The items were remarkably well chosen, and the concert was an unqualified success.

CHARLES PILER (B.A. Class.)

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

*Locum capiunt, signoque repente
Corripunt spatia audito, limenque relinquunt
Effusi, nimbo similes; simul ultima signant.—Virgil.*

PRESIDENT: ... REV. F. A. CONNELL, S.J.

COMMITTEE:

P. F. O'KANE, *Capt.*
J. J. O'NEILL, *Sec.* J. O'DWYER.
P. C. TRACY. W. G. FITZGIBBON.
Judge—J. BARRY.
Starter—J. J. O'NEILL.
Timekeeper—B. TRACY.

ALTHOUGH the weather was far from satisfactory, our Sports were this year unquestionably a decided success. The ground, especially on the first day, was very heavy. Nevertheless the running was very good in both divisions, and in most cases the races were closely contested. The field presented its usual lively appearance, with the tents, the bunting, the varicoloured suits of the competitors, and the large green banner waving above all. During the showers which the first day were frequent, shelter was sought in the large marquee, where the band helped to raise our drooping spirits. Numerous changes were this year made in the programme. The principal of these were in the Third Club. Two new races—75 yards and 300 yards—were given to this division, while the 440 yards and half mile were abolished. These two new races accordingly caused no little interest, and the 300 yards was afterwards admitted to have been the most exciting race of the sports.

Owing to the rain we were unable to set things going until twelve o'clock. The first event—the 100 yards (College Championship)—was a splendid race. Joe O'Dwyer, who won, J. Butler, and T. Dillon ran well, and second place was very closely contested. The time was not very good, owing to the condition of the ground, as rain was actually falling during the race.

In the First Club the half mile race was by far the best; Joe O'Dwyer, who won, succeeding in breaking the College record made by Joe Horan in '98.

In the Second Club the best race was undoubtedly the 100 yards, which was won by John Walsh. He also won the 220 yards and in both races the time was exceptionally good for the Second Club.

The 300 yards was by far the best and most interesting race in the Third Club. It was won by Willie Ryan who started at a magnificent pace which he held to the finish. This was a grand race at the end, Ryan just beating Curr on the tape.

In the Senior Apostolics the half mile was perhaps the best race. The time was very good, and had the winner, J. Carroll, run off the scratch line he would probably have established a record for Apostolic runners.

Joe Corr ran very well, winning four races; and John Croke was *facile princeps* in the mile race. In the Juniors J. Cullen and Dan Dooley were most successful.

The prizes were perhaps never better than they were this year, owing in no small degree to the liberality of so many kind and generous benefactors, to whom we hereby tender our sincerest thanks.

We here take the opportunity to tender our sincere thanks to the Very Reverend Fr. Provincial for his magnificent gift which contributed so much to the success of our sports. We only hope that the boys of Mungret will continue to deserve his esteem. Fr. Provincial's coming is always looked forward to with pleasure, and it is our humble hope that at each successive visit he will find us not less worthy of his commendation.

Two splendid medals of Celtic design were very kindly presented by Edmond J. O'Neill, B.A., our former and much esteemed Captain. They were offered for competition in the First and Second Divisions, to be won by the person in each Division who secured the greatest number of points. The medal for the First Division was won by Joe O'Dwyer, and in the Second Denis Hurley secured the coveted trophy.

WILLIAM G. FITZGIBBON (B.A. Class),
Captain of the Lay Boys.

Details of events:

I—75 YARDS (Handicap).

Third Club—1, E. Curr, 12 yds.; 2, Joe Leahy, 15 yds.; 3, L. Connolly, 12 yds. Time, 9 secs.

II—100 YARDS (College Championship).

1, J. A. Dwyer; 2, T. Dillon; 3, J. Butler. Time, 11 3-5 secs.

III—100 YARDS (Handicap).

First Club—1, J. D'Arcy, 3 yds.; 2, J. O'Dwyer, scratch; 3, S. Hayes, 2 yds. Time, 10 4-5 secs.

Second Club—1, J. Walsh, 3 yds.; 2, D. Hurley, 6 yds.; 3, P. O'Neill, 6 yds. Time, 11 secs.

Third Club—1, Joe Leahy, 18 yds.; 2, L. Connolly, 17 yds.; 3, J. Spain, 17 yds. Time, 11 3-5 secs.

Senior Apostolics—1, Joe Corr, scratch; 2, M. Croke, 3 yds.; 3, J. Flynn, 5 yds. Time, 12 secs.

Junior Apostolics—1, D. Dooley, 4 yds.; 2, T. Maher, 10 yds.; 3, J. Cullen, scratch. Time, 12 2-5 secs.

IV—120 YARDS HURDLE RACE (Handicap).

Second Club—1, J. McDermott, owes 10 yds.; 2, P. O'Neill, owes 6 yds.; 3, M. Hearne, owes 8 yds. *Time, 19 3-5 secs.

Third Club—1, W. Ryan, owes 20 yds.; 2, P. O'Connell, owes 10 yds.; 3, W. Spain, scratch. *Time, 18 4-5 secs.

Senior Apostolics—1, J. Corr, owes 10 yds.; 2, J. Flynn, owes 6 yds.; 3, P. O'Callaghan, owes 2 yards. Time, 21 secs.

Junior Apostolics—1, J. King, owes 4 yds.; 2, D. Dooley, owes 4 yds.; 3, J. Cullen, owes 10 yds. Time, 20 1-5 secs.

* It will be noticed that the time in both these races is less than that published in the Records; but as in the races for Second and Third Clubs the hurdles are lowered, house Records cannot be given to winners of this race in those Clubs.

V—220 YARDS (Handicap).

First Club—1, J. O'Dwyer, scratch; 2, J. D'Arcy, 2 yds.; 3, S. Hayes, 4 yds. Time, 26 4-5 secs.

Second Club—1, J. Walsh, 7 yds.; 2, D. Hurley, 13 yds.; 3, P. O'Neill, 16 yds. Time, 27 secs.

Third Club—1, J. Leahy, 28 yds.; 2, W. Ryan, scratch; 3, D. Morris, 29 yds. Time, 28 secs.

Senior Apostolics—1, J. Corr, scratch; 2, M. Shiel, 2 yds.; 3, J. Flynn, 6 yds. Time, 27 4-5 seconds.

Junior Apostolics—1, J. King, 10 yds.; 2, T. Ellis, 12 yds.; 3, T. Maher, 16 yds. Time, 28 2-5 secs.

VI—300 YARDS (Handicap).

Third Club—1, W. Ryan, scratch; 2, E. Curr, 32 yds.; 3, J. Leahy, 27 yds. Time, 40 4-5 secs.

VII—440 YARDS (Handicap).

First Club—1, J. D'Arcy, 20 yds.; 2, J. O'Dwyer, scratch; 3, W. FitzGibbon, 25 yds. Time, 58 secs.

Second Club—1, D. Hurley, 32 yds.; 2, C. Lenahan, 44 yds.; 3, W. Gallagher, 30 yds. Time, 59 1-5 secs.

Senior Apostolics—1, J. Corr, scratch; 2, J. Croke, 4 yds.; 3, M. Shiel, scratch. Time, 62 2-5 secs.

Junior Apostolics—1, J. Cullen, scratch; 2, J. King, 15 yds.; 3, T. Ellis, 18 yds. Time 67 secs.

VIII—HALF MILE RACE (Handicap).

First Club—1, J. O'Dwyer, scratch; 2, J. D'Arcy, 15 yds.; 3, J. Butler, 20 yds. Time, 2 min. 25 secs.

Second Club—1, D. Hurley, 55 yds.; 2, C. Lenahan, 80 yds.; 3, W. Gallagher, 40 yds. Time, 2 min. 32½ secs.

Senior Apostolics—1, J. Carroll, 40 yds.; 2, J. Croke, 10 yds.; 3, M. Shiel, scratch. Time, 2 min. 14 secs.

Junior Apostolics—1, T. Ellis, 60 yds.; 2, T. Maher, 60 yds.; 3, J. Cullen, scratch. Time, 2 min. 36½ secs.

IX—THREE-QUARTER MILE RACE (Handicap).

Second Club—1, W. Gallagher, 50 yds.; 2, D. Hurley, 90 yds.; 3, C. Lenahan, 95 yards. Time, 4 min. 2 4-5 secs.

X—MILE RACE (Handicap).

First Club—1, C. Sharry, 180 yds.; 2, J. D'Arcy, 70 yds.; 3, J. O'Dwyer, scratch. Time, 5 min. 6 secs.

Senior Apostolics—1, J. Croke, 40 yds.; 2, M. Shiel, scratch. Time, 5 min. 31 secs.

XI—LONG JUMP.

First Club—1, H. Kenny; 2, J. O'Dwyer; 3, J. Butler. Distance 19 ft. 2 ins.

Second Club—1, J. Walsh; 2, J. MacSheehan; 3, J. McDermott. Distance 17 ft. 0 ins.

Third Club—1, P. O'Connell; 2, W. Ryan. Distance 15 ft. 6 ins.

Senior Apostolics—1, J. Corr; 2, R. Judge. Distance 19 ft. 3 ins.

Junior Apostolics—1, J. FitzGerald; 2, D. Dooley. Distance 15 ft. 11 ins.

XII—HIGH JUMP.

First Club—1, P. Tracy; 2, H. Kenny; 3, B. Tracy. Height 4 ft. 9½ ins.

Second Club—1, J. McDermott; 2, P. O'Neill; 3, J. MacSheehan. Height 4 ft. 7 ins.

Third Club—1, P. O'Connell; 2, J. O'Grady; 3, W. Ryan. Height 4 ft. 1 in.

Senior Apostolics—1, J. Barry; 2, J. Corr. Height 4 ft. 8 ins.

Junior Apostolics—1, J. Cullen; 2, D. Dooley. Height 4 ft. 5 ins.

XIII—SLINGING 28 LBS. BETWEEN LEGS, WITH FOLLOW. (Handicap).

First and Second Clubs—1, H. Kenny, 9 ins.; 2, B. Tracy, scratch; 3, J. O'Dwyer, 2 ft. 6 ins. Distance 31 ft. 0 ins.

Senior Apostolics—1, J. Corr, scratch; 2, R. Judge, 6 ins.; 3, P. Killian, scratch. Distance 28 ft. 7½ ins.

Junior Apostolics—1, D. Dooley, 6 ins.; 2, J. Cullen, scratch 3, J. FitzGerald, 9 ins. Distance 19 ft. 7½ ins.

XIV—THROWING THE CRICKET BALL.

First and Second Clubs—1, R. FitzGerald; 2, H. Kenny; 3, J. A. Dwyer. Distance 100 yds. 2 ft. 0 ins.

Senior Apostolics—1, P. Killian; 2, P. O'Callaghan; 3, R. Judge. Distance 86 yds. 2 ft. 9 ins.

Junior Apostolics—1, S. Fahy; 2, J. Cullen. Distance 85 yds. 0 ft. 9 ins.

XV—RAISING AND STRIKING THE HURLING BALL.

First and Second Clubs—1, J. A. Dwyer. Distance 68 yds. 0 ft. 3 ins.

Apostolics—1, J. Corr. Distance 63 yds. 2 ft. 10 ins.

RECORDS.

100 Yds. Flat Race.	Time, 10 1-5 s.	(M. Garrahy, '93 J. Bergin, '94 P. McDonough, '98)
220 " "	" 24 4-5 s.	J. Bergin, '94
440 " "	" 57 1-5 s.	T. J. Pey, '99
880 " "	" 2 m. 25 s.	J. O'Dwyer, 1902
One Mile "	" 4 m. 56 s.	T. Roberts, '94
High Jump.	Height 5 ft. 3½ in.	J. A. Heelan, '99
Long Jump.	Dist. 20 ft. 10 in.	T. J. Pey, '99
Shying Cricket Ball.	Dist. 116 yds. 1 ft.	P. McDonough, '98
Raising and Striking Hurling Ball.	Dist. 68 yds. 0 ft. 3 in.	J. O'Dwyer, 1902
Slings 56 lbs. Weight.	Dist. 22 ft. 11 in.	T. J. Pey, '99
Slings 28 lbs. Weight.	Dist. 35 ft. 4 in.	J. A. Heelan, 1901
120 Yds. Hurdle Race (owing 10 yds)	Time 20 s.	J. A. Heelan, 1900
CRICKET— <i>Batting</i> —Highest score (XI r Community) *103	T. J. Pey, '99	
Highest in Out-match	71	J. Tomkin, '96
<i>Bowling</i> —9 wickets for 9 runs (Out-match)	T. Roberts, '95	
7 wickets for 7 runs (Out-match)	J. Horan, 1900	

* Signifies not out.

CRICKET.

THANKS to our new "Polo Pony," the cricket ground was in excellent condition during the whole of last season, and although at first we had some misgivings, we soon came to recognise that there was splendid material for a team. In the bowling we were particularly strong; Rev. Fr. Connell, M. Sheehan, Joe O'Dwyer, and K. FitzGerald being at least equal to any bowlers we have had for years; while in the fielding we were never stronger. Here Joe O'Dwyer figured prominently.

The first important match of the year was played on the 8th of May, between the Boy's Eleven and an Eleven composed of the Community and Prefects. The latter, who went first to the wickets, were put out for 47 in the first innings, while the Eleven succeeded in obtaining 62. In the second innings the Community again made 47, but stumps were drawn after five wickets of the Eleven had fallen for 19, so the victory remained with the Eleven. It was due principally to the splendid bowling of M. Sheehan and J. O'Dwyer.

Our first out-match this year was played on the 8th of June, against Mr. Spillane's Eleven composed of Past Students of Jesuit Colleges. The day was beautifully fine, and the breeze, to which much attention had been given, was in excellent condition. The visitors won the toss and went to the wicket. The first innings closed for 43; while the College Eleven obtained 73 runs, owing in no small measure to O'Dwyer's splendid play.

In their second innings the visitors put up only 29, to which Lalor contributed 19. The College Eleven therefore won an interesting match by an innings, thanks, in no small degree, to the magnificent bowling of Rev. Fr. Connell and M. Sheehan.

Details:

PAST JESUIT STUDENTS.

1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
A Lalor, c O'Dwyer, b Sheehan ... 13	c Sheehan, b Rev F Connell s j ... 19
T Kelly, c O'Dwyer, b Sheehan ... 3	c Dwyer, b Sheehan ... 0
J O'Mara, run out ... 0	b Sheehan ... 3
T O'Gorman, b Sheehan ... 0	b Sheehan ... 1
M Spain, b Rev F Connell s j ... 13	b Rev F Connell s j ... 3
N O'Donnell, b Sheehan ... 2	b Sheehan ... 1
A Spain, run out ... 1	c Rev D Roche s j, b Sheehan ... 0
J Spillane (Capt) c Rev W Kane s j, b Sheehan ... 3	b Rev F Connell s j ... 1
L Kelly, lbw, b Rev F Connell s j ... 0	b Rev F Connell s j ... 0
C O'Hara, b Rev F Connell s j ... 0	not out ... 0
W Hetreed, not out ... 2	b Sheehan ... 0
Byes ... 6	Bye ... 1
Total 43	Total 29

MUNGRET COLLEGE XI.

1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
Rev D Roche s j, b A Spain ... 8	run out ... 16
Rev W Kane s j, b A Spain ... 0	
J O'Dwyer (Capt) b Lalor ... 30	not out ... 10
Rev L Potter s j, b Lalor ... 4	
M Sheehan, lbw, b Lalor ... 10	b M Spain ... 12
Rev F Connell s j, b A Spain ... 2	
D Hurley, b M Spain ... 4	not out ... 1
H Kenny, c & b Spillane ... 11	b M Spain ... 16
J Sheehan, b Spillane ... 0	
J D'Arcy, b Spillane ... 0	
J O'Neill, not out ... 0	
Byes ... 4	
Total 73	Total 55

Our match with "Past Students" was played on Monday, June 16th. On the "Past" Eleven were three of the best men of Mr. Spillane's team, and as their side, on the whole, appeared rather strong, and included some very good bowlers, a close contest was expected. The visitors, however, made a very bad stand and the College Eleven secured an easy victory.

In the first innings the "Past" were all dismissed for 5. The College Eleven, after having secured 117 runs for six wickets, declared the innings closed. The visitors fared better in their second innings and succeeded in running up the respectable total of 70 before all were dismissed, to which score T. Kelly contributed 35. Thus the College met with easy victory, winning by an innings and 42 runs.

Details:

PAST MUNGRET.

1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
T Roberts, b Rev F Connell s j ... 0	b Rev L Potter s j ... 1
M Spain, b Sheehan ... 3	c Rev L Potter s j, b Lenahan ... 15
A Spain, b Rev F Connell s j ... 0	b Rev L Potter s j ... 0
T Kelly, c O'Dwyer, b Rev F Connell s j ... 1	b O'Dwyer ... 35
J Bergin, b Sheehan ... 0	c O'Dwyer, b Rev L Potter s j ... 1
J Hanrahan, run out ... 0	not out ... 0
M Sweeney, b Rev F Connell s j ... 0	b Rev L Potter s j ... 0
C Shaw, not out ... 1	c and b Sheehan ... 4
J McGrath, run out ... 0	b Rev L Potter s j ... 1
M Sheehy, b Sheehan ... 0	b Dwyer ... 5
E J O'Neill (Capt), c Rev L Potter s j, b Sheehan ... 0	not out ... 4
Byes ... 4	Bye ... 4
Total 5	Total 70

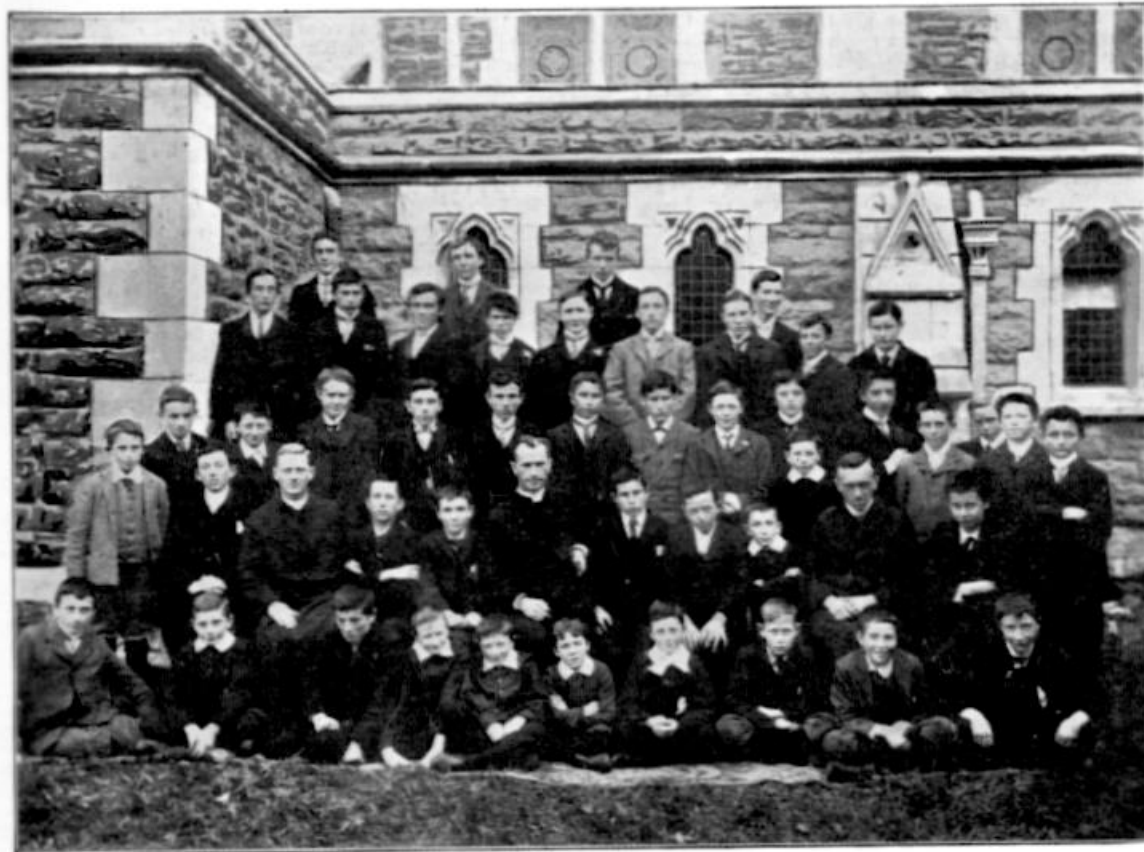
MUNGRET COLLEGE XI.

1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
Rev D Roche s j, b M Spain ... 20	
Rev W Kane s j, b Bergin ... 4	
J O'Dwyer (Capt), c O'Neill, b Bergin ... 4	
Rev L Potter s j, c Spain, b Bergin ... 50	
M Sheehan, b M Spain ... 23	
Rev F Connell s j, c McGrath, b Bergin ... 8	
D Hurley, not out ... 1	

75, while the Apostolics were unable to raise their score higher than 72. The return, played very late in the season, resulted in a victory for the Apostolics XI.

The usual inter-divisional match, Juniors' 1st XI v. Seniors' 2nd XI, was this year contested three times, and each time the Juniors were the conquerors. In all three matches D. Dooley bowled extremely well.

The last match of the season, First XI v. next XVI, resulted in an easy victory for the XI.



LAY BOYS OF PREPARATORY CLASSES, 1902-'03.

J Butler
C Lenahan
J Sheehan
J D'Arcy

} Did not bat.

Extras	7
Total	117

Among the Apostolics last year there were a larger number than usual of interesting and important matches. The great match of the season was Community XI v. Apostolics 1st XI. This proved an intensely interesting match. The Community XI won the day, scoring in all

After the summer holidays both divisions had some very interesting matches. One in the Lay Boys division, in which Cork, Kerry and Limerick played the House, created much interest. The counties had very strong bowlers in Rev. Fr. Connell and Rev. Fr. Gwynn; nevertheless the House gained the victory, winning by 16 runs. The Apostolics' Eleven in a very good match against the Community and Prefects also gained a complete and decided victory. These symptoms seem to show forth very good promise for next season's cricket in both divisions of the house.

W. G. FITZGIBBON (B.A. Class).

HURLING.

HURLING was taken up in Mungret last year for the first time. Though the game was new to many of us we soon found in it an invaluable addition to our out-door amusements, and a very pleasant and welcome variety during the winter and spring months, whenever the interest in football began to flag. If the rules were revised in some points in which, as they at present stand, they badly need improvement, we believe that Hurling is *facile princeps* among the ordinary winter out-door games; and, played as it is meant to be, it is far less rough and less dangerous than Association football.

Among the Apostolics last year there were some splendid matches. Juniors v. Seniors 2nd team was played twice, and was a most exciting and interesting contest. In the first match the Seniors were victors. The return, which was played a short time after the Christmas vacation, aroused a great deal of enthusiasm. The Juniors gained this time a decided triumph, owing in no small measure to the cool but most efficient play of Sam Fahey.

The Shamrock v. the Rose was, however, the match of the year. It was played in the Senior Apostolics' ground on St. Patrick's Day. J. Barry and J. Corr had cast lots some days previously as to which should have the shamrock as his emblem, and then the men were picked from some members of the community, including Rev. Fr. Jos. McDonnell, S.J., and from both divisions of the Apostolics. J. Barry had got his heart's desire, and won

the shamrock. The day was an ideal one, and the match was most interesting and exciting. In the first half the shamrock was sore pressed, and was reduced to act most of the time on the defensive. James, however, partially reconstituted his forwards for the second half, and caused a complete reversal of the fortunes of the day. Rev. Mr. Potter, to whose inventive energy the idea and the organisation of the match were due, himself acted as referee. When the whistle sounded at the end the score stood: Shamrock, 25 points; Rose, 16 points.

In the Lay Boys' division also there were some splendid matches, notably some played early in the season, in which Eddie O'Neill and Joe Heelan, the captain and secretary of the preceding year, took part. Poor Joe! It was the first and last time he had an opportunity of wielding the *caman* in Mungret! May his guileless soul rest in peace!

The thoughtful kindness which last year prompted Eddie O'Neill and Joe Heelan, and this year John O'Neill, to send us some hurling balls and well-seasoned *camani* well deserves to be recorded.

We sincerely wish a lasting success in Mungret to our grand old Irish game, older as it is than even the most ancient portion of the venerable abbey ruins we see every day from our grounds, and a game, too, with which so much of the old romance and legend and history of our country's heroes is wound up.

R. J. JUDGE (2nd Arts).

FOOTBALL.

"Boys will take to something in the way of pastime; and it is better that they take to that which is innocent, healthy and manly than that which is vicious, unhealthy and effeminate."—*William Cobbett*.

FOOTBALL was introduced at the commencement of last year it was expected that Football would, in no small degree, lose interest for us. Nevertheless during the season Football remained the favourite game, though there was not perhaps as much energy and enthusiasm shown in the practice matches as we have seen in former years, and to this want must be attributed, in great part, the defeats which the Lay Boys Eleven suffered during the year, which seem to be more complete and more numerous than will be found recorded in any previous number of the ANNUAL.

Probably the best game of the year, in the Lay Boys' portion of the house, was a "sweet" match, played soon after the opening of the season. Eddie O'Neill and Joe Heelan, our Captain and Secretary of the preceding year, who were then for a few days the guests of Rev. Father Rector, took part in the match. Eddie played up to his usual good form, and scored the only goal gained by his side. Poor Joe, though he looked fairly well, and was as cheerful and light-hearted as ever, soon found he was quite unequal to such exertion. It was the last time we were destined to see him in the College he loved so well. We did not then, however, suppose that he was to be called so soon to a reunion with his brother Paul in the better land, where parting and sorrow are unknown.

In the "Matriculation v. the House" this year, the Matriculation were twice victorious, securing in the first match four goals to nil, and in the second four to one. In this latter match Joe O'Dwyer played very well among the Matriculation backs, but R. FitzGerald did not seem to be in his usual form as a forward.

A match that proved very interesting was one played by the forwards of the First Division and the backs of the Second against the forwards of the Second Division and the backs of the First. The play on both sides was very good, but an easy victory was gained by the Second Division forwards and the First Division backs, who, when the whistle sounded, had scored four goals to nil.

In the "Eleven v. the House" the Eleven got a bad beating in the first match, owing to want of combination among the forwards. The score was: House, 2 goals; Eleven, nil. In the return match the one goal scored by the Eleven was disallowed by the referee, so that the final score stood: House, one goal; Eleven, nil.

After Christmas the Eleven played two matches against the Community. In the first the latter won by a goal, and in the second they placed two goals to their credit—the Eleven failing to score in either match.

The first important match of the season among the Apostolics was "Munster v. the House." On the Munster side played Rev. Mr. Potter, Rev. Mr. Casey, and Rev.

Mr. Egan. Munster side acted on the offensive during most of the game, and won by four goals to one.

The Junior 1st XI v. Senior 2nd XI was a very exciting and hotly contested match. The Juniors found in Ned Ryan a most formidable opponent, and were defeated by one goal to nil owing in no small degree to his prowess.

The "XI v. the Community and Prefects" proved, as usual, a most exciting and hotly contested match. The ground was in bad trim owing to a recent heavy fall of

rain; the play nevertheless was extremely good on both sides, the Community winning by four goals to two.

The Apostolics Eleven of last year was constituted as follows:—goal, J. P. Cantwell; backs, F. Hartin (right), A. Carroll (centre), W. Griffin (left); halves, J. Flynn and J. O'Brien; forwards, T. Buckley and R. Judge (right), J. Delaney (centre), J. Corr and P. McCartney (left).

WILLIAM G. FITZGIBBON (B.A. Class).



J. POWER. M. O'DONNELL. F. TRACY. H. KENNY. A. CURE.
J. BUTLER. E. HARTIGAN. W. FITZGIBBON (Capt). W. GALLAGHER.
E. KENNY. D. HURLEY.

FOOTBALL XI, 1902-'03.

HANDBALL.

IT was rather late when the Handball Tournament was held this year—in the first week of June. A dozen or so entered for it, and the rounds were well contested and eagerly watched. In the semi-final, J. O'Dwyer and C. Lenahan beat R. Hartigan and C. McDermott by a margin of four aces. The finals consisted of three matches, in which R. Fitzgerald and P. Hynes opposed J. O'Dwyer and C. Lenahan. The

first game fell to O'Dwyer; the second was well won by Fitzgerald. In the deciding game, Fitzgerald led well up to half-way, but here O'Dwyer gained, and the contest became exciting. Fitzgerald got a few more aces, but O'Dwyer still gained and finally won. Had Fitzgerald played with more care and judgment, especially in the last game, he probably would have easily won, as at the outset of the final, all were confident of his success.

R. T. HARTIGAN (B.A. Class).

Obituary.

AN unusually large number of our past students have during the year now closing been summoned away from earth to a happier home; and we hasten to pay a small but loving tribute of respect to their memories. Though they were not contemporaneous in Mungret, and were not all known to each other on earth, may we not be permitted to hope that in heaven the bond of a common *Alma Mater* will be a link to bind them? And so in our magazine we unite the names of all—from the holy priest who was an alumnus of Mungret in the very first years after its foundation, to the two bright and merry boys who left the college hale and hearty little more than a year ago, and whose sudden and unexpected summons from earth caused such deep grief and sympathy amongst us.

REV. TIMOTHY BRUEN—All our past students of the early years will be very sorry to hear of the untimely death of their amiable and good-natured schoolmate. Tim Bruen was always much liked by his companions. His gay and blithesome manner, and the droll humour which was innate in him, as in his gifted brother, made him an universal favourite. Entering the Apostolic school in '82, he went to St. John's College, Waterford, in '87, to continue his ecclesiastical studies. After spending two years in Waterford, he went, in '89, to St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where he was ordained in '95, for the Diocese of Lincoln, Neb. He laboured in this diocese in the work of the ministry, first at the cathedral, Lincoln, and afterwards at Swords. Soon after his ordination, however, his health began to fail, and at last, in the May of 1900, he returned to Ireland, hoping that his native Galway air may again restore him. "During the eighteen months that he was at home," writes one who knew Fr. Bruen intimately, "he suffered acutely, and was able to say Mass only about three times. Not a murmur ever escaped his lips. On the morning before his death he asked his mother to send for Fr. Corbett, although he was not apparently worse than usual. He received the last sacraments and prepared most fervently for the great final journey." Fr. Bruen's death occurred November 11th, 1902. He was in the 32nd year of his age.

In the first number of the *Annual* we recorded the death of his brother, Fr. James Bruen, of Omaha, Neb., who was a priest of such exceptional promise, and of such a lofty and influential character. His remains lie in far-distant Omaha. Those of the younger brother were laid to rest in the family burying-ground, near peaceful Kinvarra, where they both had spent their childhood together. Both, we are confident, are again united in a home where death or sorrow can never enter. R. I. P.

FRANK MCCARTHY.—Poor Frank! We all felt so sorry when the sad news came of the terrible accident that laid the bright, merry boy in such an early grave. He had taken up engineering as his profession and was getting on well at it. In a letter written from Cork a month before his death, to one of the Community, he says, "I am getting on well with engineering. I spend most of my days at the exhibition. It is a rare chance for me to see how works are carried out on a large scale, and

I have plenty of opportunities of learning. What I like so much about engineering is that it is nearly all open air work, you are not stuck in an office all the day long, which would be simply torture to such a restless spirit as you must know I am. How is every one in dear old Mungret? How I long just to get a glimpse of them in the Study Hall, or on the football field. You will write to me, Father, won't you, if you have time to spare? I am dying to hear some news from Mungret." Just a month after these words were written, on Holy Thursday, 27th March, he was superintending the unloading of a large boiler intended for the Cork exhibition when one of the supports gave way, and struck him with such terrible force on the head that he was knocked senseless to the ground. He was immediately conveyed to the South Infirmary. For a time the doctors entertained hopes of his recovery, but towards evening it became manifest that he was dying. Till the following day he lingered on, unconscious all the while, and on the evening of Good Friday, the day consecrated by the death of the Redeemer, he gently and peaceably breathed his last. He had been at Holy Communion on the First Friday of the month, and again on the feast of our Blessed Lady, the 25th of March, only two days before his death.

"We cannot thank God enough," writes a very near relative of his, "for having granted him in His love and mercy this great grace. The Blessed Virgin, I am sure, interceded in behalf of her favoured child, for he had, as you say, an extraordinary devotion to her. He died most peacefully amid the prayers of the nuns in charge of the infirmary. He looked most beautiful in death. The good nuns told us he looked like St. Aloysius, so holy, so happy, so peaceful, and so youthful. We all kissed him good-bye on Easter Saturday. During the night the coffin lay, covered with wreaths, in the beautiful chapel attached to the institution." "He simply worshipped Mungret," continues the same writer. "He always spoke of his masters in the most endearing terms. He was a most loyal boy, in every way, to his *Alma Mater*. Never since he left Mungret did poor Frank in any way neglect his religious duties. He was really a model to us all, whom he most greatly edified. Only the eve of last First Friday did he count the number of First Fridays he had made; he told us he was almost sure he had made the nine, but that for certainty he would make one more. This he did, and how pleased we all now feel, as it proved to be his last. This was one of his special devotions, as also three

Mass which he recited every evening before going to bed, and which he told me he never omitted, no matter what obstacle came in his way."

"He certainly lived up to the best traditions of dear old Mungret—dear to us on account of its associations with our dearly loved Frank. It is to the Mungret Jesuits we have to be grateful for the deep religious feelings inculcated into his soul during his happy years there. He himself told us they were the happiest and best years of his life. His one wish was to revisit his dear *Alma Mater*. He meant to have gone there for St. Patrick's Day, but had been prevented by press of work."

"Among his treasures we found your letter regarding his admission into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. In his pocket-book, found on his person on the day of the terrible accident, was the Act of Consecration to our Blessed Lady in your writing, and with your signature attached!..... His loss to us is irreparable. We can only pray God to give us the courage to say with full and entire confidence and resignation, 'Thy Holy will, O Lord, be done in all things.'"

Nothing need be added to these pathetic and beautiful

might not be deprived even for a single night of the prayers of his companions.

His death was quite unexpected. He had been somewhat indisposed from about the beginning of April, but to no serious degree. "He was in bed on Thursday evening" (April 17th), we quote from the letter sent to Mungret by Rev. Mr. Corcoran a few days after his death, "and though the doctor called, no danger of any kind was anticipated; and when his mother left Eddie's bedside at 2 o'clock on Friday morning he was sleeping peacefully. At half-past eight his father called in to see how he was getting on. Eddie's body was lying as it lay when his mother left him; his hands were folded across his breast, but his soul had flown across the borders of eternity. There was not the slightest sign of any struggle. When the doctor called he said his death was due to syncope."

"Raymond showed us into the room at the end of the hall which Eddie used to call his own. There he lay calm and peaceful on the bed, clothed in a brown habit, with his hands on his breast clasping the well-worn beads. We knelt down and I said a fervent prayer for the lad



EDDIE STEPHENSON.



JOE HEELAN.



FRANK MCCARTHY.

words coming straight from the heart of one that knew and loved poor Frank as did no one else on earth. His superiors and professors and companions will bear fullest testimony to their truth, and will one and all unite in offering once again to his afflicted family the tribute of their warmest sympathy. May the bright and honourable and holy boy, whom we shall never see again on earth, look down from his home in heaven on the professors and companions of his school-boy days, and may the virtue and piety of which he is now, I trust, reaping the rich reward be ever in the future, as it has been in the past, a leading characteristic of the boys of Mungret! J. McD.

EDWARD J. STEPHENSON.—When the news of Eddie Stephenson's unexpected death reached Mungret, on the evening of April 18th, there was deep sorrow among all who knew him. We could scarcely realise that the gentle, loving, and light-hearted boy, who so recently was one of us, was gone for ever from earth. Rev. Mr. J. Corcoran, S.J., had telegraphed the sad news from Dublin immediately after hearing it, so that poor Eddie

whom it had been so often my pleasant duty to teach and to talk to. Eddie's card of admission to the Sodality of the Holy Angels, bearing Father Guinee's signature was fixed on the wall near the head of his bed. Beside the card were several holy pictures and a crucifix. On the wall near the foot of the bed were several Mungret Photos."

Eddie Stephenson had come to Mungret as a Lay Boy in '98. He was then little more than twelve years of age. After passing the Matriculation in 1901 he lived with his family in Dublin while attending lectures in University College. He was a boy of remarkably good abilities, especially in the physical sciences. He possessed a gentleness and sweetness of disposition that are very rarely met, and a frankness of character that gave sufficient evidence of the innocence of his soul. He was prefect of the Sodality of the Holy Angels the last year he was in Mungret, and was always remarkable for his goodness and piety.

Though to us his early death may seem untimely, we are quite confident that it was far indeed from being unprovided; and we believe that God called him away so soon from earth that he might be all the fitter companion for the angels of His heavenly kingdom. R. I. P.

JOSEPH AMBROSE HEELAN.—On the 17th June last the sad news was conveyed to Mungret of the death of Joe Heelan. The announcement caused genuine grief among the superiors and his old companions, for Joe had a very winning manner, which made him a favourite with those around him. Besides there was something more than usually pathetic in the story of his death, following so soon on that of his younger brother Paul.

Joe entered Mungret in 1894, a mere lad of 14, and during the seven years he spent in Mungret his career was a successful one. He was a blithe and genial character, possessing a fund of good humour which never seemed to fail. He was besides a very affectionate boy, and was singularly honest and upright. With all his light-hearted gaiety he possessed a deep and solid piety. The unfeigned joy with which he received the news of his admission into the Sodality of B.V.M. was almost pathetic. Those who knew Joe best were much edified by the manner in which, from the very highest motives, he set himself to acquire a habit of application and a taste for study. And his efforts and perseverance were crowned with success. He passed successfully through the Arts Examination of the B.U.I., and during his last years in the college his studies showed real promise.

He always held a leading position among his companions, particularly on the playground, where his athletic achievements were of a high order. He was the proud holder of some of the College records in running and jumping. During the last year of his life in Mungret he was chosen by his companions to fill the honourable position of secretary of the House. At the same time he was reading for his

B.A. degree, when he was called away to stand a higher and more important examination.

Joe had never been of a very robust constitution, and during his first year in Mungret was rather delicate. Afterwards, however, he gradually grew stronger, and up to the year 1901 seemed fairly robust. Soon after the Easter of that year he got seriously ill, and was forced to lie up. After an illness of nine weary weeks he was able to return home in July apparently well but still very weak. In October he spent a week in Mungret, and was then as blithe and cheerful as ever. During the winter, however, he again began to fail. In March he left Kilmallock for a change to the soft climate of Glengarriff, Co. Cork. After a short time here he was forced to return home nothing improved. Then he saw his poor mother waste away before his eyes, and the effect of her sad death brought the end still nearer to poor Joe. He never rallied after this sad event, and at length passed quietly away on the 17th June—a peaceful and happy death crowning the twelve months of painful suffering heroically borne. During all his illness Joe's gentleness and patience were remarkable. Even when in the last extremity of bodily weakness he showed a cheerfulness and sensitive consideration for others which could only be the result of the deep peace that his sense of religion gave. He was 22 years of age when the call of the Master came, summoning him away from earth to his true home. So the mother and sons were re-united once more. Exactly a year after the grave had closed over Paul, Joe was laid to rest by his side in the little green churchyard of Dromin, there to await the glorious day of his resurrection.

So uscaró na trécaire ar a nam.
eádomh na neill.



EXCHANGES

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the following:—

Record of the League of St. Columba, Clongowenian, Castleknock College Chronicle, Alma Mater, Xaverian, Dial, Fordham Monthly, Georgetown College Journal, Holy Cross Purple, Mangalore Magazine, Notre Dame Scholastic, Sacred Heart Collegian, The Xavier, Zambesi Mission Record, Spring Hill Review, Fleur-de-Lis, De La Salle Magazine, Salesian Bulletin, The Mountaineer.

We look forward with pleasure each year to the arrival of the *Record of the League of St. Columba*, for it is always full of matter of the deepest interest, and the valuable essays it contains have a freshness and originality that are too often looked for in vain in much of our current literature in Ireland. The whole get-up of the magazine has been much improved this year, and some illustrations introduced. It is indeed an encouraging and consoling sign of the times that a magazine of such high excellence, and, what is still more important, one so deeply coloured with all that is best in our country's history, should emanate from the great national Ecclesiastical College of Ireland. The promoters of the cause of an Irish Ireland will find, we believe, in this fact their best earnest of ultimate success. E.C.

RECTOR: REV. FR. WILLIAM HENRY, S.J.

COLLEGE STAFF:

REV. WILLIAM FLYNN, S.J., Minister.
REV. EDWARD CAHILL, S.J., Prefect of Studies.
REV. WILLIAM RONAN, S.J., Spiritual Father.
REV. JOSEPH McDONNELL, S.J., Moderator of the Apostolic School.
REV. THOMAS HEAD, S.J.
REV. JOHN McDONNELL, S.J.

REV. FRANCIS CONNELL, S.J., Prefect of Discipline.
REV. JOHN GWYNN, S.J.
REV. WILLIAM KANE, S.J.
MRS. L'ABBÉ L'HERITIER.
REV. JOHN EGAN, S.J.
REV. EDWARD O'DONOGHUE, S.J.
REV. ROBERT DILLON-KELLY, S.J.

SCHOLARS:

LAY SCHOOL. APOSTOLIC SCHOOL.

B.A. CLASS.

FitzGibbon, William G. (Captain)
Hartigan, Richard T.
Tracy, Patrick C.

Piler, Charles L. J.

SECOND ARTS.

Tracy, Bernard J.
Croke, John F.
Croke, Martin P.
Cullen, John H.
Delaney, John J.
Griffin, William J.
Judge, Richard J.
McCartney, Peter J.
O'Callaghan, Patrick F.

FIRST ARTS.

Colgan, John J.
Curr, Alfred A.
Kenny, Henry R.
Pegum, Thomas E.
Crowley, James T.
Delaney, Vincent de P.
Demoney, William C.
Killian, Patrick J.
O'Brien, Jeremiah J.
Smyth, Charles J.

MATRICULATION HONOURS.

McCarthy, Gerald F.
McMahon, Morgan P.
Burke, Patrick F. J.
Carroll, Andrew J.
Dooley, Daniel J.
Gallivan, Timothy
Fahey, Samuel J.
Flynn, James P.
Madigan, J. Thomas
Murphy, John J.

MATRICULATION PASS.

Casey, Charles E.
Cleary, Michael J.
Farrelly, Bernard J.
Gallagher, William F. J.
Healy, John J.
Hurley, Denis J.
Hynes, Patrick J.
Kenny, Barrymore J.
Lenahan, Cornelius J.
McDermott, Henry A.
Moran, Hugh P.
Morris, Denis V.
King O'Donoghue, Thomas
O'Donnell, Michael J.
O'Mullane, Michael J.
O'Neill, Philip P.
Cantwell, James P.
Connolly, Simon A.
Fahey, Patrick J.
Hayes, Daniel C.
Kearney, Thomas P.
Kelly, Joseph B.
Ryan, Roger P.

LAY SCHOOL. APOSTOLIC SCHOOL.

FIRST OF GRAMMAR.

(Preparatory Matriculation Honours)

Crowley, James J.
Gil, Edward J.
Hillary, John F.
McCarthy, T. Paul
Hartnett, Benjamin A.
King, Joseph D.
McNally, Nicholas M.
Tobin, Andrew W.

SECOND OF GRAMMAR.

Blake, John J.
Butler, John J.
Byrne, Edward A.
Curr, Edgar A.
Gubbins, Patrick F.
Healy, Francis P.
Meagher, William
O'Grady, Jeremiah J. A.
Pegum, John S.
Power, John P.
Rice, James J.
Ryan, Timothy
Ryan, William P.
Sweeney, Finton A.
Walshe, John J.
Walshe, Joseph F.
Corr, Michael J.
Ellis, T. H.
Galvin, Patrick A.
Johnston, Henry A.
McEvoy, William D.
Murphy, James
Walsh, William P.

THIRD OF GRAMMAR.

Bergin, Daniel C.
Byrne, Cyril R.
Connolly, Joseph E.
Connolly, Leo K.
Donovan, Bartholomew
FitzGerald, John
FitzSimon, Richard McD.
Gallagher, Matthew A.
Gubbins, James J.
Hedderman, William P.
Lamb, Patrick F.
Long, Richard
O'Connell, Patrick J.
O'Donoghue, James P.
O'Dwyer, Michael J.
O'Keefe, William J.
Roche, Aloysius B.
Spain, James S.
Spain, William J.
Toomey, John S.
Burns, William
Kennedy, Patrick
O'Neill, Christopher J.
Shiel, John P.

RUDIMENTS.

Bergin, John K.
Curley, Michael J.
Dillon, Patrick
Dillon, William J.
Glynn, Henry
Madden, Thomas M.
Ryan, William J.
Toomey, Joseph A.

A. M. ✠ D. G.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, MUNGRET.

PROSPECTUS.

The Jesuit Fathers, who have the management of this College, seek, above all things, to educate the Pupils in the principles of the Catholic Religion, and to habituate them to the faithful observance of its precepts. Special attention is paid to the improvement of manners and the formation of character.

In the higher classes the course of studies is specially arranged to prepare the students for the Matriculation and other Examinations in Arts, required for the degree of B.A., in the Royal University. In these Examinations Mungret has lately taken a high place among the Colleges of Ireland. A large number of the students have obtained Honours and Exhibitions, and several have received the University Degree of Bachelor of Arts.

In the Preparatory School the younger, or less advanced boys are thoroughly grounded in Classics, French, English and Mathematics.

The College is beautifully and healthfully situated on a gentle eminence a little to the south of the Shannon, and less than three miles west of the City of Limerick. A splendid new wing, capable of accommodating a hundred Pupils, and some other important additions have lately been erected at the cost of £13,000. There are several spacious, well-lighted, and well-ventilated dormitories, lecture halls and class rooms. Also lavatories and bath rooms, constructed on the most improved principles. The Natural Philosophy Department has a very large and valuable collection of instruments. In addition to the play ground and cricket field, there is an extensive ambulatory for exercise and games in wet weather.

The Superiors will at once resign the charge of any Pupil who seriously violates the Rules of the College, or whose general conduct, or neglect of study is such as to afford no reasonable hope of amendment or progress.

The Academic Year consists of about ten months, beginning early in September, and ending about the 1st July. There are two short vacations, at Christmas and Easter, and during the former of these intervals no Pupil is allowed to remain in the College.

Punctuality in returning on the appointed days after vacation is required under pain of being refused re-admission. Those who enter during the year, or leave for just cause before its conclusion, pay proportionately for the time they are in the College; but as a rule no one will be received for less than half a year.

The Pension is £30 a Year, payable half-yearly in advance. Two pounds yearly are paid for washing. All necessary books and stationery are provided by the Pupils at their own expense.

Each Pupil will bring with him at least two suits of clothes, a great coat, six shirts, eight pairs of stockings, eight pocket handkerchiefs, six towels, three pairs of sheets, four pillow cases, three night shirts, three pairs of strong boots, two pairs of slippers or house shoes, two hats or caps, and a furnished dressing case.

Further particulars may be had on application to the Rector :

THE REV. WILLIAM HENRY, S.J.,

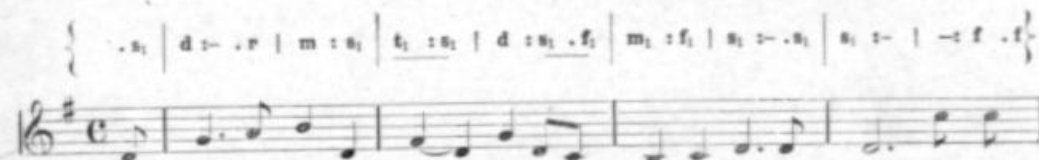
Mungret College, Limerick.



—✠— PÓRNOCT. —✠—

So mall.

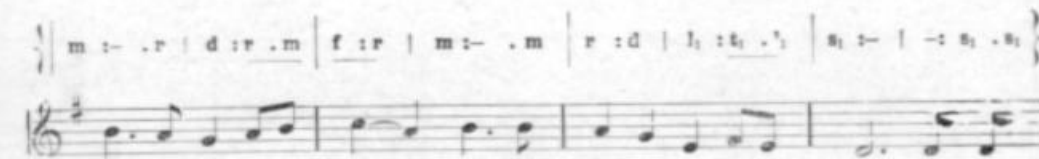
Éamonn ó Néill. Cionn tsáiste, no soláctair.



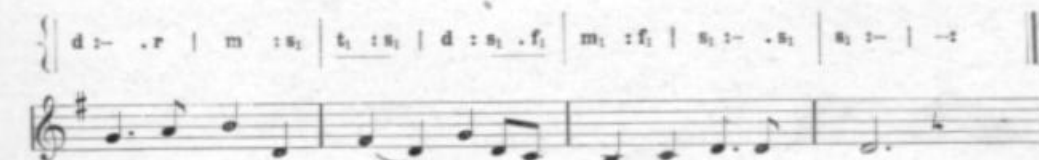
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ann no tógáid go hóg mo. San uiréarba puinn ra tpaogal go



neainis éúgáinn le PÓR.....ra Seóirre Dhaorrier Cróe, ir no



rua - sair ré na cónair - rain 'Do b' fearr no fúblair réar.

