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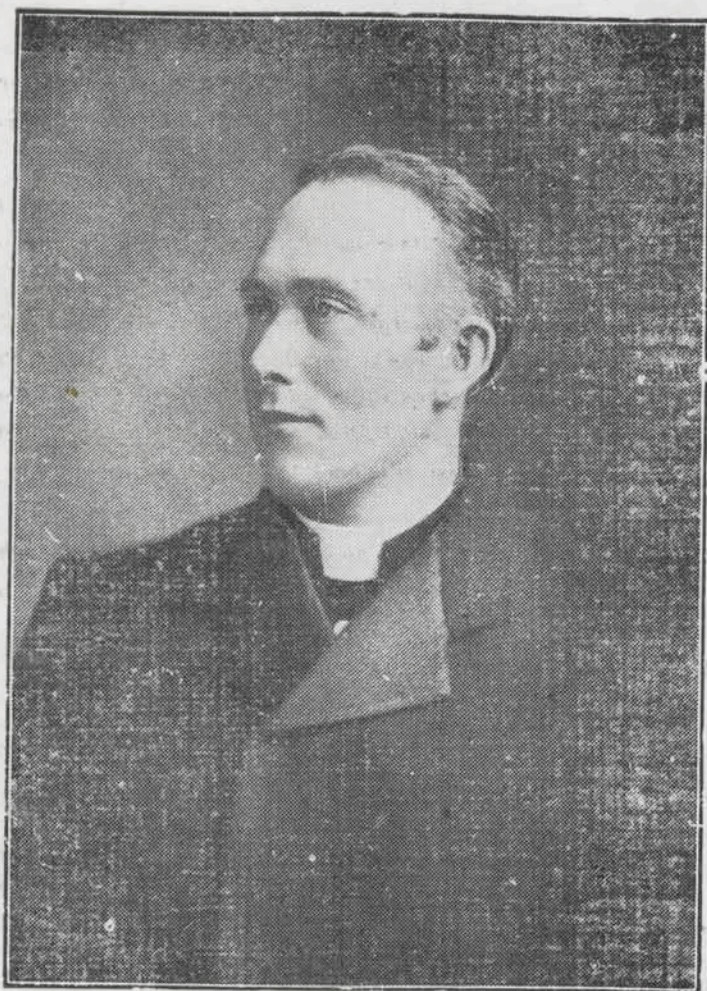
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INTRODUCTORY.



A. M. D. G.

In pre-reformation days Cashel was far famed for its Abbeys and Monasteries, not the least of which was the Franciscan Abbey which stood where to-day stands the Presentation Convent.

Before the Presentation Nuns came the Brigidine Nuns had tried to establish a branch here, but as their work was mostly for the better class who could afford a Boarding School education, they found that this was not exactly the proper place for the carrying out of their particular work. Consequently they abandoned all idea of a foundation in Cashel. The Presentation Community, Thurles, was then appealed to for Nuns and on November 9th, 1830, Sister M. Francis Cormack, Sister M. Peter McGan and Sister M. Ignatius Scully came to establish a school for the education of the poor in Kingly Cashel.

On January 31st, 1831, the school was declared open by Dean McDonnell. The poor children came in crowds and they and their descendants have since received their primary education from the daughters of Nano Nagle.

An Industrial School was opened under the patronage of St. Francis of Assisi in 1869 and that, too, thank God, continues to flourish and carry on its good work for God's own poor.

Technical and Intermediate Education was introduced in 1905.

At present there is a Community of Nuns numbering over forty. So we see that the small seed sown by these splendid three in the Winter of 1830 bore rich and abundant fruit for the people of Cashel.

This year the Nuns celebrate the Centenary of their Cashel Home. The event, thanks to the boundless energy, and organising ability of the present Superioress, Mother Margaret Mary, has been marked by the erection of a beautiful new school, which will be quipped in accordance with the highest educatational principles.

On behalf of the people of Cashel we tender an expression of heart-felt gratitude to the good Nuns, we congratulate them on their recent achievement, and we wish their good work God speed.



RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR INNOCENT RYAN, P.P., V.G.,
DEAN OF CASHEL.

PRESENTATION CONVENT, CASHEL.

CENTENARY ODE.

A century's work in Noble thought,
And heroic deeds we measure here,
We point with pride the gifts they brought,
The harvests gathered year after year.

God led them towards the Vineyard gate,
There toil in Love obediently,
To win the prize, that's truly great,
They heard His voice "Come follow Me."

Meek Sisterhood, what solace reign,
What Joy doth come, e'en here below,
To those who give,—seek nought to gain
Content, the Lord alone doth know.

You clothe and feed the orphan child,
And sow the Seed of Christian Truth,
In guileless hearts with virtues smile,
In Christ-like ways you lead the youth.

In humble mood, you plod each hour,
From dawn's red glow to evening fair,
You crave not fame, nor wealth, nor power,
But ask "O Lord do hear Our Prayer."

Through pathways dark the guiding hand,
Like beacon light illum'd the way,
The precepts taught for ever stand,
Their sweet influence we feel to-day.

One hundred years of Noble strife,
What scroll records your works of love,
Unselfish deeds are, yours through life,
Penned by an Angel hand above.

One hundred years, we mark to-day,
The trumpet sounds, the roll of age,
A Century's span, inspires us pray
That future years may gild our page.

—Francis Phillips,

Executive Committee



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CASHEL AND ITS ABBEYS.

(By Andrew Finn).

(Author "Illustrated Guide to Rock and Ruins," "Royal and Saintly Cashel," "Cashel and its Ancient Corporation").

THE MAGNIFICENT CEREMONIES connected with the Centenary of Cashel Presentation Convent this year recall very vividly to our minds the glories and the sorrows associated with our City's chequered history. Strange as it may appear the people of to-day seem to have a more intimate knowledge of our sorrows than of our ancient glories. Tradition has many a tale to tell of the dark episodes of penal days, and of that valiant band of Priests and laity who in the days that tried men's souls have fallen on the field of honour, breathing loyalty in their expiring agonies to the standard of Jesus Christ and the creed of his imperishable Church.

To appreciate fully this magnificent spirit of our forefathers we must go further back to the days of our ancient glory when our little island was known throughout the world as *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum*. Cashel City held no mean place as a culture centre in those days. The ruins of our ancient abbeys tell their own sad but glorious tale. Let us go back in spirit for a brief space to visualise their glorious past.

In Hartry's "Triumphalia" we learn that the Benedictines had a Monastery close to the Cathedral Church on the Rock in the early part of the thirteenth century. In A.D. 1266 a new Monastery

was built and was peopled by Cistercian Monks from Mellifont. There is no trace to-day of the Benedictine Monastery, but the later one of the Cistercian known as "St. Mary's Abbey of the Rock of Cashel" or "Hoare Abbey" is still even in its ruins a glorious monument of the past.

According to Archdall, St. Dominic's Priory in Cashel was founded by Archbishop McKelly in A.D. 1243. From that far-off date down to some forty years ago the white-robed Dominicans had a close connection with the spiritual and temporal welfare of our ancient city, and kindly memories are still extant of Father Conway, the last of the Order to live among us. It is but fitting that the Dominicans should officiate in the old Cathedral on the Rock—that Cathedral sanctified by the blood of an illustrious member of their Order, the martyred Prior, Richard Barry.

On the site of St. Francis' Abbey we have to-day the magnificent and spacious Catholic Church and beautiful Presentation Convent.

The ancient Abbey was founded for conventual Franciscans about the year 1250 by Sir William Hackett of Ballytarsna. In the porch of the Parish Church is a stone coffin which is said to have been that of Sir William. It is now used as a holy-water font. In 1540, in the reign of

Ladies' Committee

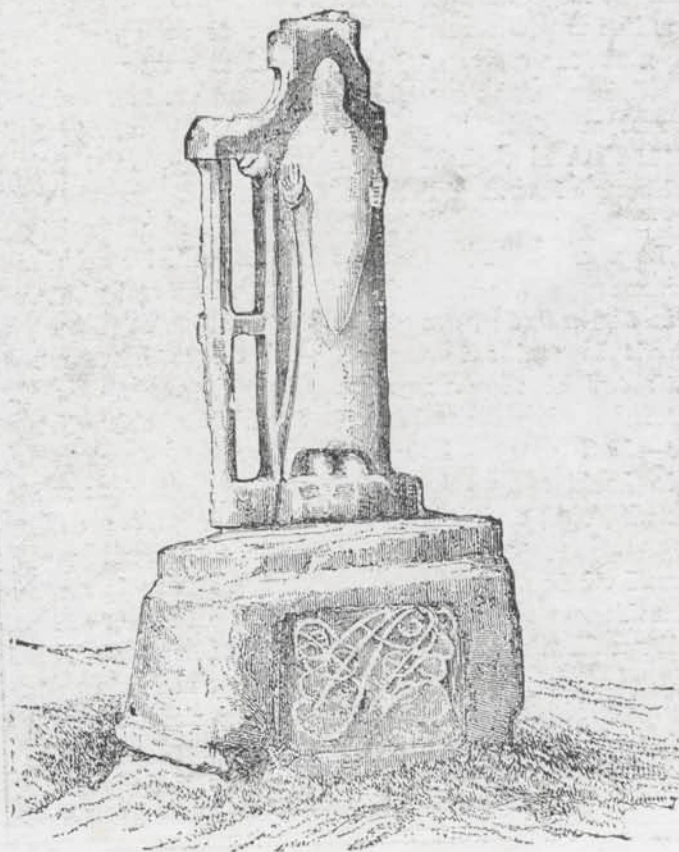


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FRONT ROW—Misses M. Grady, B. McGrath, M. Lee, R. Grady, P. Maher.

Henry VIII., the Friars were driven forth by order of that monarch, and their homes and the monastic lands granted for ever to the Protestant Archbishop introduced to the See of Cashel. On 14th February, 1757, the lofty and beautiful steeple of the Friary fell to the ground. The great east window and many other parts were destroyed in 1781. The ways of God are indeed wonderful. To-day, the illustrious daughters of Nano Nagle have reared on those ruins a seat of learning and religion worthy of the best days of our ancient glory.

Great as has been the glory of Cashel

in the past we have witnessed within the past year events which must rival the most glorious epochs in our history. We have seen a Papal Nuncio come among us amid all the magnificence and splendour associated with the grandest rituals in our Catholic Church. We have heard the sons of St. Francis and St. Dominic chant their hymns of praise and thanksgiving on the old storied Rock. And—greatest glory of all—we have seen our revered Primate of Munster preside in his own ancient Cathedral on the Rock of Cashel while the Divine Sacrifice was being celebrated in its historic Chancel.



THE ANCIENT CROSS OF CASHEL.

Grange Committee



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McCluskey, W. Delaney.
FRONT ROW—B. Phelan, E. Clifford, and W. P. Ryan.

PLAIN CHANT.

POPE PIUS X is, perhaps, best known as "The Pope of the Eucharist."

It is not generally known that it is to him we are chiefly indebted for the present great revival of Plain Song. Gifted with a talent for music, which he cherished and developed from his earliest years, there were few so capable as he for the reconstruction of this monumental work.

When he assumed the sacred character of the priesthood—and whether he laboured as priest, prelate or Pope,—he made it one of his life's interests to restore the Gregorian Chant for all religious functions. It grieved him very much to hear the Sacred Text torn to shreds and bereft of all meaning by the theatrical settings of florid composers. Wherever he was sent by ecclesiastical superiors, one of his first activities was to gather the children, and any of the elders whom he could influence, to teach them the Sacred Chant. He, himself, always acted as Choir Master. Very soon many other priests, seeing the magnificent results, followed his example and sought his instruction and guidance. This necessitated the drawing up of certain fixed rules for the proper rendering of the Chant. Anyone who cares to make a study of Plain Song will find all these rules in that precious little book, "The Holy Ghost Hymnal," published by the Holy Ghost Fathers, Blackrock, Dublin.

Sometimes you hear people say that they do not like Plain Chant. Perhaps

they have never heard it properly rendered. If that is the reason their case is easily understood and easily remedied. They have only to listen to a good rendering of, say, *The Gradual from the Mass of Holy Thursday* or even a simple hymn like the "Inviolata" and their conversion is complete.

Others say that Plain Chant is too monotonous and that there is nothing to beat a harmonised choir. Yes, certainly, a harmonised choir can be very beautiful indeed, but the Church does not accept it as the fitting accompaniment of Her Sacred Liturgy. If it were once understood that all Catholic Church ceremonies are first and chiefly *prayer* there might be far less discussion of the merits or supposed de-merits of Plain Chant. The music of Plain Chant is always subordinate to the text and it may be regarded as the tiny pegs on which the sacred texts are hung. Consequently, those who aim at anything like a musical production in the rendering of the Chant fall very short of the mind of the Church. All students of this glorious music should keep in mind that they are not merely learning to sing a certain piece of Plain Chant but that they are joining with the Universal Church in raising their souls to God through that most sublime means of prayer and praise—the Sacred Liturgy of the Church. So, those who still clamour for harmonised singing must be content to seek it in Opera

Publicity Committee



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CENTRE ROW—W. McNamara, E. Clifford, J. F. Rogers, J. Connolly, W. P. Ryan.
IN FRONT—L. P. Stewart.

Houses and Music Halls. Church Music is quite another art altogether and the sooner that this is realised by modern musicians the better. The whole beauty of Plain Song lies in its simplicity—the simplicity that springs from a humble heart in fervent prayer. The execution must be sweet, easy, swift and graceful. If the meaning of the text is fully understood the execution will take care of itself. Of course, it is understood that there must be always a competent teacher in charge. One who knows the chant thoroughly and who fully realises the part that the Chant plays in the Church's functions is the only one fit to guide a Plain Song Choir. Plain Chant is always sung in unison, hence there is nothing in it to distract the attention of the worshippers from the sacred ceremonies—on the contrary, as Pious X has aptly said :

“Sacred Music, being a complementary part of the Solemn Liturgy, participates in the general scope of the liturgy, which is the glory of God and the sanctification and edification of the faithful. It contributes to the decorum and the splendour of ecclesiastical ceremonies, and since its principal office is to clothe with suitable melody the liturgical text proposed to the understanding of the faithful, its proper aim is to add greater efficacy to the text in order that the faithful may, through it, be the more easily moved to devotion and better disposed for the reception of the fruits of grace belonging to the celebration of the most holy mysteries

“It must be holy, and must, therefore, exclude all profanity in itself and in the manner of its execution. It must be true art, for otherwise it will be impossible to exercise on the mind of the listener that influence which the Church desires and for the sake of which she admits the art of musical sounds into her liturgy.”

These words of Pius X ought to be quite sufficient argument in favour of the restoration of the Chant throughout the Catholic world. It is very gratifying to see the rapid advance of Plain Song in Ireland. This is only as it should be. The Catholic Church is indebted to Ireland for her Chant and consequently Ireland should honour her Monks and Missionaries of olden times by being well to the front in the revival.

As in all things Irish and Catholic, Tipperary usually forges ahead, so has she come forward in full strength to help in the restoration of the Church's music. Only a few weeks ago choirs assembled from all over the county to compete for the beautiful Cup presented for competition by His Grace the Archbishop. In all, twelve choirs competed, each, as Dr. Bourke, the adjudicator, said, “outpacing each other on the road to perfection.” The Men's Choir, Cashel, were the happy winners of the Cup. This was a matter for general rejoicing, for it was certainly a grand thing to see these young men step forward and do their own little bit in the cause of God and His Church. Cashel has had many things to be proud of but the Dean and his parishioners were nearly as proud of securing that Cup as they were of having had Count McCormack at the Centenary Celebrations last year.

Throughout the Archdiocese of Cashel and Emly Plain Chant is well ahead. It is to be hoped that all those concerned, principally the priests and teachers, will keep on and strive to have reached perfection in time for the Eucharistic Congress celebrations.

Cashel was the only parish that had a choir from each section of its congregation—the girls, the boys and the men,—for this they deserve special mention and when every other parish comes forward

Ladies' Committee



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 THIRD ROW—Mrs. Ryan, M. Ryan, Mrs. McCluskey, P. Davern, Mrs. E. D. Ryan, Mrs. P. Davern, A. Feehan.
 FRONT ROW—M. Cahill, S. Connolly, N. Duane, B. Grant, N. Gorman, P. Morrissey, C. Stewart.

with a similar contingent Plain Chant will be not only a success but it will have succeeded!

Pious X's memory will be cherished by every Catholic for all time. He was a great and glorious Pope and it should be the pride and joy of all who can to follow in his lead in working for the restoration of Plain Chant. Surely it is

wonderful to think that we of the present generation can raise our voices in prayer and praise in the sublime Chant of the Saints and Scholars of old who understood so perfectly the depth of meaning in the Psalmist's inspired words:—"*Sing to the Lord and Praise His Name.*"

—S. M. C.





BACK ROW—J. Connolly, W. O'Hanlon, E. Clifford, M. Taylor, P. O'Connor, D. Comerford.
 CENTRE ROW—T. O'Connor, J. O'Connor, T. Kirwan, F. Egan, M. Cantwell, F. Casey.
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 S. Ryan.

DOMINICAN FATHERS VISIT THEIR ABBEY AT CASHEL.

(By Francis Phillips).

IT IS A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT, heartening and elevating, it is more, it is the glorious realisation of a Nation's hopes, the fulfilment of a prophecy, to see again the sacred shrines and holy places of Ireland in the possession of the people to whom they rightfully belong. The dark pall of centuries of ruthless tyranny and persecution has passed away, thanks to the great efforts and sacrifices made by a God-fearing and heroic race and in its stead we have the spirit of tolerance, equality, and liberty.

To us this happy condition of things exists not without our appreciation, for within the past few years have we not had evidences of the indestructibility of that "Hunted Creed" manifested by the magnificent pilgrimages made to many of Ireland's Shrines and Abbeys. Throughout the land from the barren headlands of Donegal to the scattered Isles of Connemara wherever the footprints of an Irish saint, missionary or scholar are found, there the ever-faithful race honour and venerate those footprints and the holy places made dear to them by the lives of sanctity spent by the servants of the Lord. True to their teachings and history that comes to them from the dim ages, the sons of St. Dominic mindful of a glorious past remember their

old Abbey at Cashel and with reverence and love cross its threshold after a lapse of nigh 300 years.

Cashel opens its arms to receive them and in its great Christian throbbing heart feels that the hooded Friar is at home. This place of mediæval memories, Historic City of the Kings of Munster, looms large in the history of Eire. Famed as the head and centre of civil and religious authority in Munster, it grouped within its boundaries Monasteries and Abbeys such as the Franciscans, the Cistercians of Hoare Abbey and the Dominicans whose ruined Priory in the moor is visited by its sons to-day.

Ancient St. Dominic's was founded according to reliable historians in 1220 by Prior or Archbishop MacKelley or O'Kelly. It, like other Abbeys during Reformation (so-called) days was suppressed under Henry VIII. A period of relaxation came during the reign of Charles I. (1645) and was again restored to the Dominicans. Chapters of the Dominican Order were held within its walls during 1270-1290. It is accepted that Inchiquin of the Burnings—Murrough O'Brien did not storm this Abbey of the Dominican Friars but that it was destroyed by fire in the year 1430 and rebuilt by Archbishop Cantwell in 1450,

Ladies' Committee



BACK ROW—Mrs. Gleeson, Mrs. Cantwell, C. O'Sullivan, M. O'Sullivan, Miss Drake, Miss Cummins, M. O'Connor, K. Ryan, E. Rogers, N. Moiney, N. Cantwell.
 CENTRE ROW—Mrs. Devitt, Mrs. P. English, Mrs. T. O'Connor, K. Murphy, Mrs. Costello, Miss S. Nevin.
 FRONT ROW—M. Brennan, L. Dwyer, P. Meagher, A. Cahill, M. Clifford, M. White, M. Ryan.

The Archbishop spent much money and labour in this work of love as the beautiful architecture, magnificent windows and floriated tracery can testify.

Within the Abbey grounds the venerated bones of one of its Priors rest—the martyred Father Barry—under an old Linden tree, there awaiting the Resurrection Day. This christian martyr, historians tell us, was run through the heart by a Cromwellian sword as he was kneeling in the holy act of administering Extreme Unction to a dying soldier. Where could be found a more fitting place for his ashes to rest than to mingle with the dust of his brother Friars in Dominics' in the Moor.

The dear old Abbey, though dismantled and showing the ravages of time, is still in a good state of preservation. Its ruined cloisters and deserted aisle speak to us with the clarion tongue of the buried past bidding us be faithful as our ancestors in days of strife and persecution had proved.

“Where are the faithful who flocked here

In time of trouble and of fear,
When persecution's bloody hand,

Outraged the noblest in the land,
And drove far off by Rhine or Rhone

St. Dominic's sons exiled from home,
But still the Gospel Light endure

In Shrines like Dominic's in the Moor.”

—F.P.

Yes, that Faith planted by Patrick has withstood the storm of ages, the rack and the gibbet, the persecutions of the enemy, the wiles and the bribes of apostate, souper and schismatic. Scarcely within Erin's shores are there to be found monastic ruins, monuments of Christian Ireland as beautiful and interesting as are to be seen in this quaint city of pre-historic day, this cradle of prince, saint and martyr. Around this kingly pile where resided rulers,

bishops and chieftains cluster stirring memories both of peace and war, saint and sage, abbot and martyr, as well as odious recollections of apostacy, butchery, robbery, murder and legalised vandalism.

Let us look round the broad plains and verdant vales of our dear land, let the thoughtful eye rest upon the blackened ruins of our churches, monasteries, and ivy-clad abbeys, sanctuaries of religion and learning, and is there one sign or record that does not bring vividly to our minds the bitter contests, the hellish tyranny that has been waged against us and still our Holy Faith is intact. Ah! yes, look at Monasterboice, Mellifont, Dunbrody, Holycross and Athassel by the Vale. Here do we behold the hoary fragments and desecrated remains of Erin's schools of learning and sanctuaries of holiness and Christian civilisation. The Church of Erin has seen the snow of 1,500 winters; she has been assailed by every foe and under every form. Now that the storm is over we gaze upon her form bathed in the sunshine of peace and regal Christian splendour bearing aloft the torch of Faith, even to the uttermost ends of the earth.

We welcome in our midst to-day the hooded and sandalled Friars, honoured sons who in Erin's night of bondage and days of Penal Persecution kept the Gospel light aflame in the hearts of the people. We remember with pride your labours in many of the Universities of Europe from Isidore to Pavia, from Louvain to Salamanca, winning fame for the schools of your adoption, winning lustre and renown for the land of your birth. Ireland surely is proud of her Waddings, her Flemings, her Lanagans, her O'Cleary's, scholars of the Penal Days, when the hunted Soggarth offered the Holy Sacrifice on the mountain side guarded by the faithful flock, watched by the priest-hunting vultures of Elizabethian tyranny. Amid these ruins embossom-

Board of Directors Committee

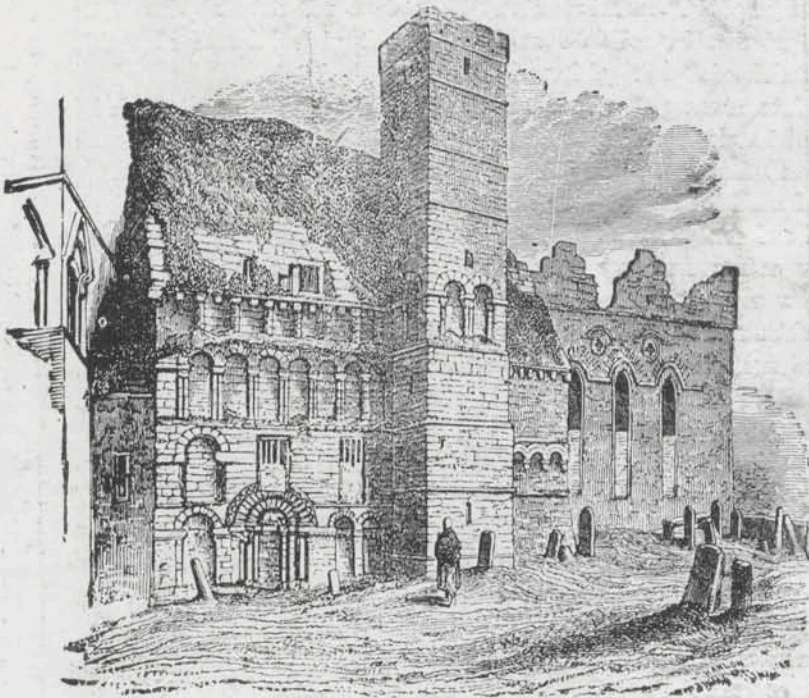


BACK ROW—W. McNamara, D. Cantwell, P. O'Connor, W. O'Hanlon, J. Phelan, T. F. McCluskey.
 CENTRE ROW—J. F. Rogers, M. Ryan, B. Cantwell, Rev. P. Moloney, C.C., C. O'Connor, P. Maher, and
 R. F. Lambe.
 FRONT ROW—M. O'Grady, E. Clifford, L. P. Stewart, B. Phelan, W. P. Ryan.

ed in our midst the Catholic finds proof of his holy Faith. He sees the Statues, the Altar, the Shrine, the Crucifix, reminders of its continuity, its holiness and its indestructibility.

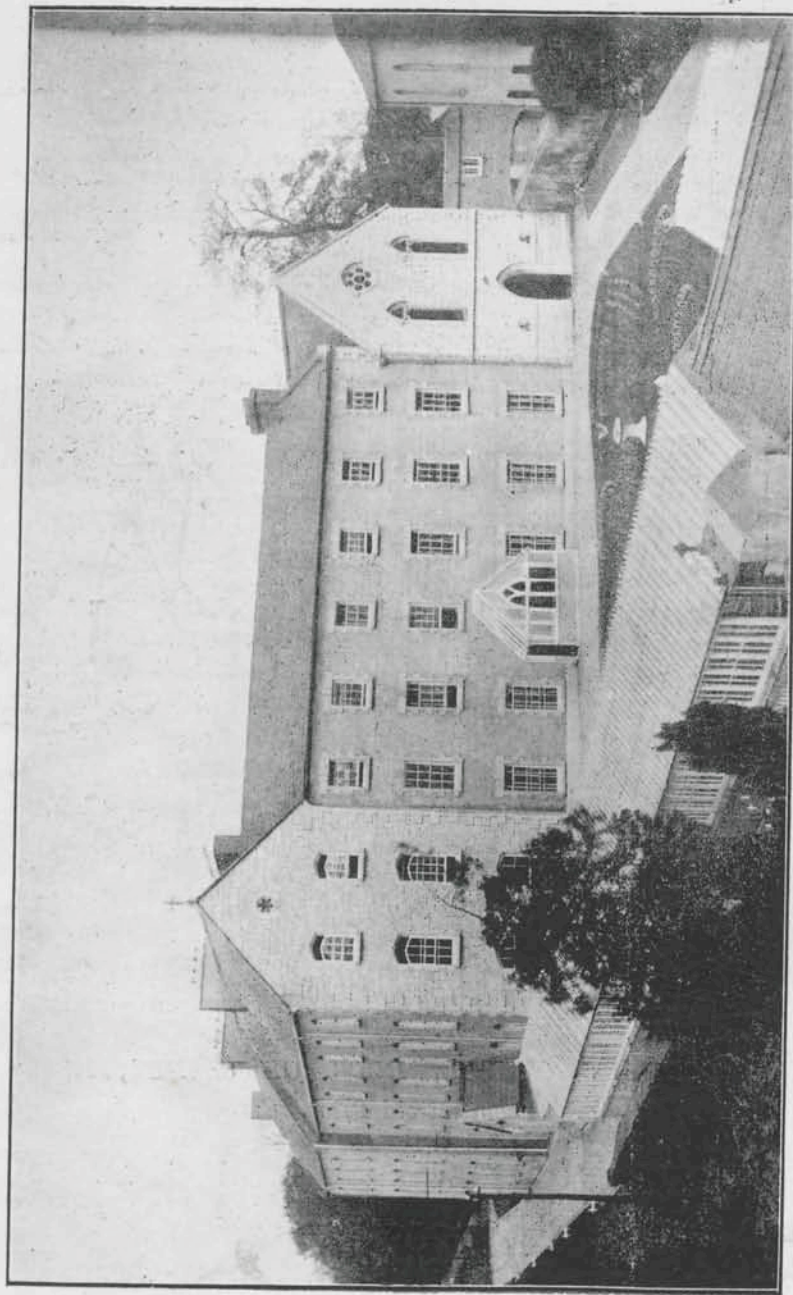
To live in these days we thank God and

believe that His Mercy has ever guided our forefathers as His All-Powerful hand has sustained them and strengthened them in their labours, persecutions and sacrifices for justice sake.



CORMAC'S CHAPEL, ROCK OF CASHEL,
From an old Print.





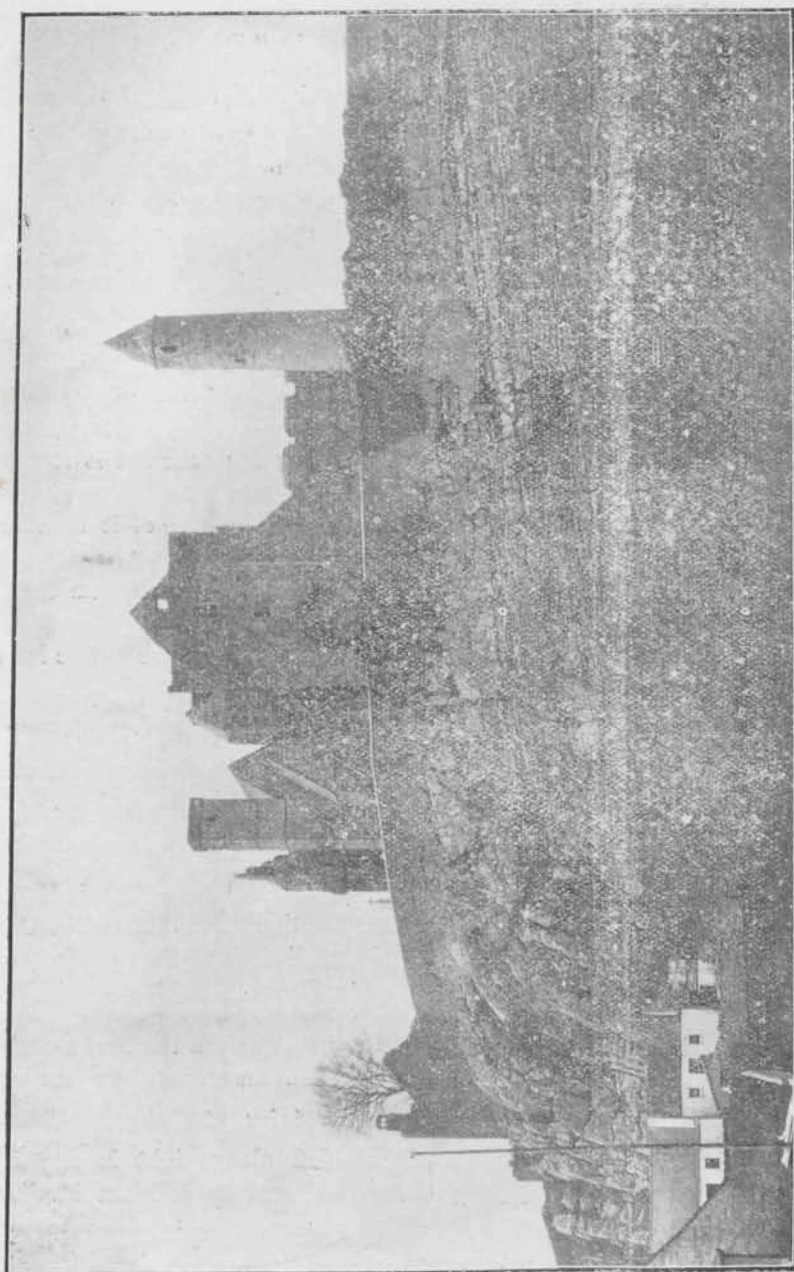
A VIEW OF THE PRESENTATION CONVENT.

TO FRIENDS ACROSS THE SEA.

I'd lilt a lay of Cashel's Royal City
For exiles far across the ocean's foam,
Moreover, I would fain address my ditty
To those who've lately left their olden
home,
To seek fair fortune in that distant region
Where few succeed, and untold thousands
fail,
Tho' moiling amid kinsmn who are legion
In that mystic El Dorado of the Gael.
I'd tell them that with Erin's new-found
glory
A prosp'rous dawn is aye approaching
fast,
Our land once more is famed in song and
story,
Reminiscent of its wondrous glorious
past.
I'd tell them of the flag of freedom floating
Throughout the length of Ireland, save,
alack,
Amid the homes of Ulster's glens, denoting
The peace and plenty their day here did
lack,
I'd tell them too of recent celebrations
Upon the Rock and 'neath the ancient
dome,
Of Cormac's voice, of music's reverb'ra-
tions,
And thus, mayhap, I'd lure the wand'ers
home.
Perchance they're deaf to serious persuasion
And loth to leave the labour they've
begun,
Then let's induce the long-looked-for
invasion
By asking them to come and join the
fun.
For, be it remembered, I'm constrained
To write up Cashel Carnival in verse,
And, if I have the Sacred Muse profaned,
My tale, I plead, is true, may it be terse.

Talk not to me, my friends, of Coney
Island,
Nor boast of Broadway's shows, they're
out of date,
For even that great magnate Walter
Hyland
Will surely get some tips at Cashel fete.
We've expert men in matters economic,
As for organising, leave it to the Nuns,
And for attractions serious and comic
We've raised the wind and satisfied the
duns.
Now what the mischief is it rhymes with
August?
Towards the end of it the Carnival be-
gins.
I'll puzzle out the rhythm tho' my crow
bust,
And inflit it on the public for their sins.
That's that! And you'll concede I got
it neatly,
It took a bit of doing, I'll allow,
But let us 'cut the cackle' quite completely
And 'come unto the horses' here and
now.
Firstly, there's th' Executive Committee—
With President that princely priest, the
Dean.
The Secretary's a teacher, more's the pity,
He labours somewhere up around the
Green.
He's led along right loyally by Davern
Who next to William Mullins keeps a
bar;
And Larry Stewart owns a well-known
tavern,
And the man that holds the cash is
Paddy Maher.

THE ROCK OF CASHEL.



THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

The Ryans, Ned and Willie, and Joe Con-
 nolly,
 Worked might and main to raffle E. D.'s
 car,
 And when we heard 'twas won by Mr.
 Donnelly,
 Or Donnellan, we got a nasty jar.
 There's the man that shoots the pigeons,
 Tom McCluskey,
 Pat Davern's a sterling man as well :
 Now Mac can handle minions like a Trotsky
 And Pat's as fast as e'er I saw to sell.
 Then Feehan, Cantwell, Clifford, Bill De-
 laney,
 Are experts at delivering the goods,
 With Ryan Wall, Pat English and Tom
 Maney,
 And lastly Devitt, Brien and Dr. Woods.
 We've ladies, too, and maidens by the
 dozen,
 Whose names for want of space I must
 omit,
 Tho' some, more dear to me than any
 cousin,
 On noticing the slight will have a fit.
 I know I'll suffer for this grave omission,
 And bye-and-bye be feeling mighty blue,
 They'll congregate and stir up cheap
 sedition.
 I'll get it in the neck, 'twixt me and you,
 But my editor abhors all dull distractions,
 Regardless of her scribbler's sorry pate;
 Then let's enumerate the great attractions
 That will greet you at the coming
 Cashel Fete.
 We've the tote, the glide, the round-about,
 the chairplane,
 The switch-back and the non-electric
 hare,
 The hobbies, and the miniature airplane,
 The climbing monkies and the teddy
 bear.
 We've the maggies, and the dollies, and
 the races,
 Tom Doherty 'll be shouting out the
 odds.

You can see in maze of mirrors stranger
 faces
 Than the ones for which you never
 thank the gods.
 We've hoop-la, le cheval, clock golf, and
 tennis,
 And pigeon-shooting specially for cracks;
 We've aquatics when it rains that rival
 Venice.
 I hope you'll patronise that stunt of
 Mac's,
 We've arranged for your diversion if it's
 misty,
 In the ballroom you can dance until
 you drop;
 For admission you just give a bob to
 Christy,
 Then trip the light fantastic on the hop.
 Let the amateur dramatics entertain you,
 Mrs. Costello and Barney will be there.
 And our fortune-tellers gladly will detain
 you
 Whene'er you've got a half-an-hour to
 spare.
 Then come along, bring lots of cash on
 Sunday,
 And if we take it all, be not afraid,
 Just borrow more and come again on
 Monday,
 What matter if you leave your debts
 unpaid.
 Anon, I'll call a truce to all this puzzling,
 My Editor is weary I confess,
 But when my cause is just I brook no
 muzzling,
 I've oft committed poetry for less.
 Then friends across the sea come homeward
 hieing—
 The 24th of August is the date—
 The folks at home, you know, are simply
 dying
 To fleece you at the coming Cashel Fete.

—J. F. Rodgers.

Amusement Committee



BACK ROW—B. Phelan, S. Connolly, W. O'Hanlon, M. Connolly, M. Ryan, A. Cahill, E. Clifford, and B. Cantwell.
CENTRE ROW—M. Ryan, J. F. Rogers, N. Moloney, Right Revd. Dean Ryan, P.P., V.G., Mrs. Costello, and W. P. Ryan.
FRONT ROW—R. F. Lambe and L. P. Stewart.

THE EVENT OF THE SEASON.

CLING CLANG! Cling Clang! Cling Clang! I was startled out of my reverie; pulled myself together; rubbed the blinkers and stood at attention. Still in a state of semi-consciousness, I looked at the clock standing out in bold relief against the grey majestic church tower.

Where was I? In Cashel. The day? The Jewish Sabbath. And that ever-insistent bell did its duty in helping to announce to the public that the hour of the famous "jumble" sale drew nigh.

But what had this got to do with me? I treat with the utmost scorn anybody who dared ask. Was I not appointed chief porter of the entire back entrance? Yes, all by myself. I had charge of the back door. Since my surrounding territories were for the nonce completely deserted, I betook myself round to the front. Christie was in charge there and I defy any mortal to say there ever was a more capable front-door keeper. Napoleon, heading for Waterloo, wasn't in it with the said Christie. Grim determination was stamped on his every feature. Even one look at him gave new strength. With such a helmsman one dreamt of nought save Success.

Everything within the "jumble" establishment was in perfect order. There were various—and varied—departments so that everything from the proverbial 'needle to the anchor' was here available.

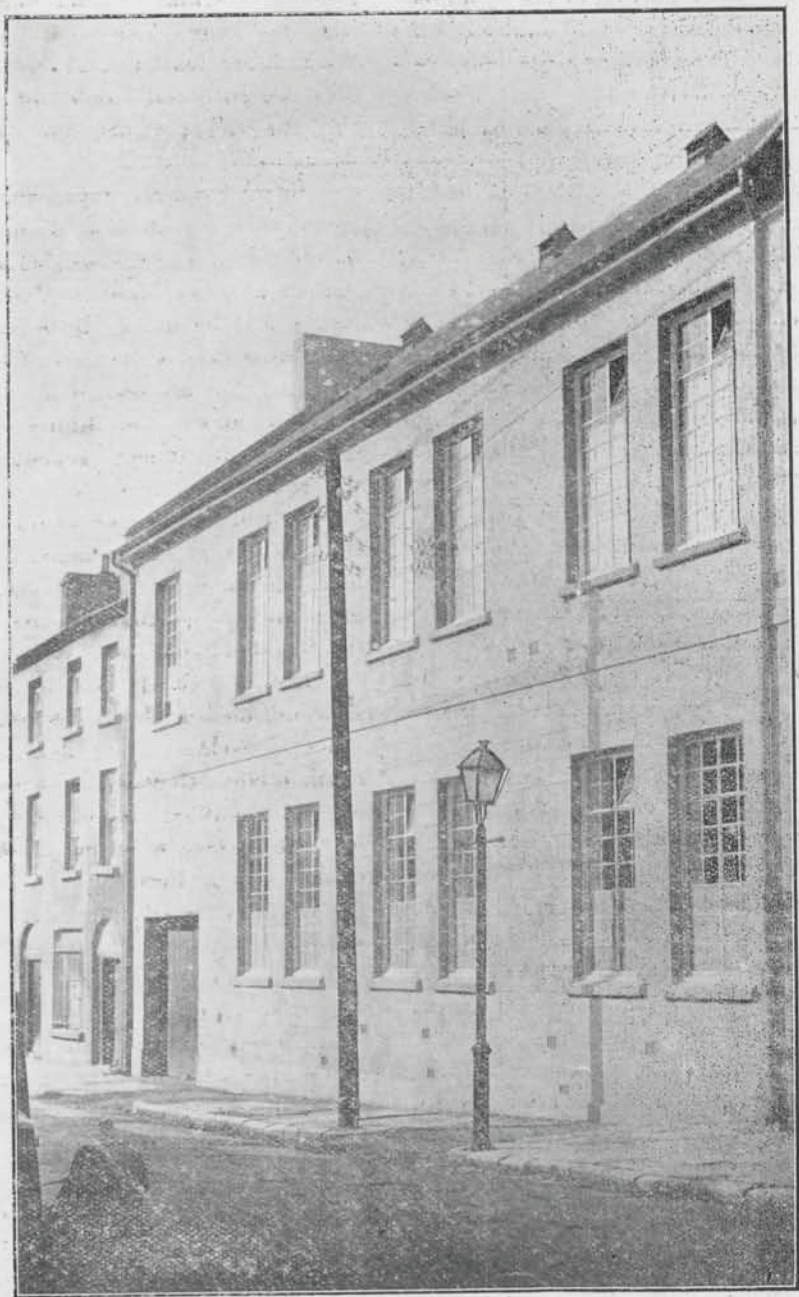
Perhaps the department which first caught the eye—and held that of the

feminine portion of the congregation—was the one wherein lay the gorgeous array of ladies' evening gowns. There they were in all their pristine beauty—and yet, going for a song! Small wonder that the younger dames of the Royal City were bedazzled, bewitched—yea, to use a Yankeeism, "thrown down"—at such a sight.

The millinery depot held its own. Everything here also was *a la mode*. (One closed his eyes should he come across a "Dolly Vardin" or a severe "Sailor" amid the collection—pardon, I meant the selection. After all they had a very special sentimental value all their own. For were they not the heirlooms of a generation once removed!).

Now for the footwear department. This left nothing to be desired. Boots and shoes, pumps and sandals were there *ad infinitum*, in all sizes, shapes and colours. There were walking shoes, dancing shoes, gym-shoes, working shoes, resting shoes, and—judging by the heels of some—tiring shoes. To give the correct colours one would need to have made a perfect study of the rainbow:—that, or kept up the "colour traditions" of his pagan forefathers. I had done neither.

Biddy, Chrissie and Janey were in complete charge of the bric-a-bac department. It was good to see them. Their glowing cheeks betrayed their inward feelings. They were full to the brim of a burning enthusiasm for to-day they were make their respective *debuts* as sales-



THE NEW SCHOOL, FRIAR STREET.

women! And right well did they acquit themselves, as after-events proved.

The live-stock portion of the "Jumble" was presided over by Tommy, Billy and Paddy. Three bright little lads, God bless them! The same spirit which prompted them to provoke the poor wee "*Maidrin Ruad*" on the Feis platform a few weeks previously, served them now in good stead. There was a happy difference, though, for which one was grateful:—Here the tormentors met with their matches!!

Glancing round this corner one was reminded of "verdant pastures, sylvan shades and sunlit glen." And though loathe to say it, of common earthy paddocks. Yes, all that savoured of God's own country—as distinct from 'man's town'—was in evidence here. The tall graceful ferns,—the bouquets of variegated posies,—the decorative branches of sycamore—the "chick-chicks," the "quaack-quaacks,"—the "Murphys," and all the etceteras!! Why! one could write poetry by the yard in this "district" be it ever so congested. Assuredly, inspiration was not wanting:—

"And the brown hen walks before her,

Picking grains up from the floor;
Bring the fresh egg, bring it quickly

From her nest behind the door,"

immediately flashed to one's memory. For in that very spot nestling cosily amid the "Beauty Butes" and "Champions" were some straw-lined baskets of "Humpty-Dumpties."

I had gone right round the entire show—cast a cursory glance at each department, and incidentally a friendly nod at the respective stallholders. I had seen all that was to be seen!

But as I was beating a retreat, as gracefully as any well-trained porter might do it, I backed right into—something. What was it? I had not hitherto made its acquaintance. And now, as there was no time left to admit of a microscopic examin-

ation—or in lieu of that, making minute enquiries—I concluded it must have been Defoe's "Friday" come back to life and with his "tub" once more on the rocks. With all my heart I expressed the hope that the deserted island should not prove his destiny this time; wished him God-speed and passed on.

In my younger days, when ladies subjected their "confession albums" to me for an obvious purpose, Cassabianca invariably figured as "My Hero in Real Life." In fact I had begun to flatter myself that I had reproduced somewhat of his predominant virtue in my own life.

But, alas! The Jumble Sale was the test. I had sinned,—repented,—and like the prodigal went back to my father's—or was it my mother's?—back door! With tightened lips—and forsooth, tightened fists,—I stood at the aforesaid door and inwardly vowed that no one should cross the threshold that day—free of charge.

It was a timely return. Steps—heavy, slow and measured,—are audible in the distance. Nearer, ever nearer they come until, finally, they cease—within a yard of me. A dignified round-about turn brings me face to face with one of the local celebrities—Mary Berney!

"Grand day, sir, after the heavy shower."

"'Tis all that, Mary."

"Shove in the dure."

"Sorry, Mary, it can't be done. The doors open at 2 as told you in the notice. Then you get in from the street. Twopence is the admission fee."

"Wisha, craythur, 'tis you have the soft heart. I'd know't by lookin' at your face"—and with a friendly nudge of her left elbow: "Lave us in."

"Sorry, Mary, but if my own mother came along here to-day she'd have to pay her 2d."

"Lave us in, I ax you. Are ye

listenin' to me again?"

But on my proving inexorable, I was greeted with: "Here it is to the devil to ye."

A grimy fist was unclosed and the two-pence disclosed. I extended my left hand for the fee while with the right I unlocked the door. One penny was dropped on my palm while my grip on the key was loosened—I was taken unawares.

Half of Mary had got in (were that same half determined geometrically, it could not have been more exact). I held the door securely with all my might and main, despite the tiger-like efforts of Mary's outside portion to get inside.

"Listen here, Mary, there's but a pennorth of you inside. When you pay the balance the other pennorth follows. But not till then."

The copper was literally flung at me and Mary's visible half joined the invisible—to my complete satisfaction. I heaved a deep sigh of relief, which sigh, I was afterwards told resounded a few doors down.

That over, I turned the key in the lock much as a Mountjoy prison-warder would have done in far-away "Tan" days.

And now, what was I to do? I cast a side-long glance—as far as the eye could reach—and espied——!

Well, Mary's olfactory organ was, by nature, so well-suited to the reaper, that another little bend wouldn't do it any harm. But I certainly did not bargain for another door-slamming—rather nose slamming—scene in the case of yonder oncoming pair of damsels. Both were the over-bearing possessors of the *retroussé* brand. How could a fellow get tuppence out of that? Never. It couldn't be done, not with the aid of umpteen doors.

And so he is not going to try. Then with Horace Nicholls, "I stopped, I looked and I listened!" Out rang 2. "The die was cast: fate held the dice—I stood with

bated breath' Why! What's wrong? The doors should be open now. What can be the matter? A wireless is dispatched to within. The answer comes:—"Jim Phelan, Ben, Jack Connolly and Eddie Clifford failed us. Crowds *tremenjous* at the door. Man alive, they'd ate yerself if ye were over here."

Wirelessed the reply: "Send for the guards."

Accordingly the maintainers of law and order were sent for and duly arrived. In the meantime I went round to the "front" and took my stand at a point from which I had a full view of the street.

Oh! ye gods and goddesses, birds and little fishes, what a sight! Talk of queues!! this beats the record. Some Capitol hunter of the Metropolis might put forth this, that and the other show and with a would-be superior air and a shrug of his shoulders tell us if we had only seen the queues there. 'Had we been at Sunnyside Up?"

Away with him. I vow that "Sunnyside Up" or "Sunnyside Down," or "Sunnyside Inside-Out," never has been—and never will be—patronised by anything even near the dense masses which thronged the streets that day.

Suddenly a click is heard. The longed-for hour has come. Christie,—with his *aide de Camp*, Mattie—has opened the door of the treasure-house. And oh, how benevolently he smiles on all!

But what care they for smiles or grins? They have been kept waiting for well nigh two solid hours. And now their hour of deliverance has come. (The sight of the Promised Land must have had a like effect on the Israelites of old).

There is a wild rush—an absolute stampede. But the faithful front-door porter and his assistant kept the impatient throngs at bay until the other officers should arrive.

What matter if a bunch of silver locks, a few feet of an 'ould plaid shawl' or a goodly handful of Robin Starch remained in Christie's fists! All mementoes were consigned to their respective departments to be re-sold to the owners, if they so choose—at an exorbitant price. And the tuppences mounted up—that was the point.

The climax was reached. Not a solitary soul or body of that queue was now on the street. All, all were actually within the Jumble rooms.

Childhood! Middle-age! Dotage!—they're all the same! No stage of them is proof against curiosity. And consequently, like the rest of men, I would hear some of the doings—rather, the sayings—of the grasping purchasers.

So, remembering the back door was exclusively my charge—and incidentally, having learned it was always the safer entrance—I betook me back to the old post. And I assure you candidly that not for the whole "Jumble" proceeds would I have missed what followed.

"Tin and six for that coshtume. Yerrah gee long out of that, ye robber ye. I'd hit ye wid it first."

"Wan and six for that jar. Look at the split on it here. An' another wan there! An' another wan below that agin." 'Twould go in smithereens if ye gev wan squint at it. Ye'd buy that jar, Mary, would ye? If ye have wan shtim o' sinse ye'll lave it afther ye. What ails ye? Isn't it made o' splits."

"That's a good suit, Jack. I mind Tom Lavirty buying wan o' Mr. Mullins' suits before at the sale come four years in Michaelmas and 'tis wearing wid himself every day since—wet and fine."

"Aye, Tom, but sleeves is my trouble. Moloney ses I have the longest arms that ever came inside the dure to him—meself and Bill Connery. 'Tis hard to lave it go.

The good shtuff is in it, man, an' if it go agin me, Mollie, 'ill put it by 'gin Bill 'ill be a man. Here, hand that down to me, if ye plaze."

"Oh, God help me. Is there any chance Dane Ryan 'id come down to us? Why is it? Ah, for 'tis I know the why. For 'tis he's the gintleman. Oh laws, I tell ye, 'tis I wouldn't be without me ball dress for the pageant if the Dane was here."

Hurry up and 'giv' me that for a half crown, like a darlint. I want to go to that shop beyant before the counthry caulogues come down on me. Oh, the Lord knows, they'd trample 'oo. You'd think they never got a bite to ate or a stitch to put on their backs. Hand it out to me of a run. You couldn't, is it? Yerrah 'tis aisily known your ould grandfather and all belongin' to him came of the same shtock as dhim wans over there."

"Look at that wan over there wid the spangills. An' I goin' to by that for me little girl for the platform a Sunday. Pon me honour but some o' dhim streety wans 'd put ire on ye—so they would. Dim as never saw a clane sup o' water to wash their face."

"Oh, me heart is broke. Any sign o' the Dane coming? He'd be bothered about me, is it? Ah, the dacint gintleman, didn't he carry me in to Davern's a couple o' weeks ago and bought an elegant pair o' white shoes for me for the processions. I tell you," etc., etc.

"Eighteen shillins for that shute! Yerrah is id mad ye are? On me honist word but ye're a pack o' thieves. Grasin' th' inside o' yere own pockits the half o' ye are. Faith, the poor Nuns won't get much by the loikes o' ye."

"Oh, I ask ye to say wan prayer that Dane Ryan 'll come before that pink wan is gone. Is he there anywhere? Dane? Oh, God help me, 'tis gone. Me heart is

broke."

(If there were only time to record all, you should have some good ones to hand down to the next generation. The foregoing, remember, gives but a faint idea of the current of side-splitting anecdotes gleaned from the inside by one outside).

I was dispatched on relief duty to an outpost at 2.30. And I had been scarcely twenty minutes here when an urgent message reached me for "more stuff." Everything in the rooms had been sold in that space of time. How the distemper remained on the walls is still a mystery to me!

What was I to do? On making enquiries, I learned—at least rumour had it—that a suburban hamper had come in by the famous back door. But as the said hamper has not yet been discovered, one ought to be justified in pronouncing it an 'optical delusion.' If, however, it should turn up I shall apologise and hold it over for the next Jumble.

And now the steady stream of overladen purchasers wended its way to the street again. "All hands on deck" was the cry. The money was to be counted—and then the room set in order. One was grateful there was no stock left over. Not even a solitary article could be found anywhere.

The "hands" had just assembled as ordered, when, out on the street a chorus of mixed voices gave a mighty shout which must needs have shaken the very Rock to its foundation.

Back to the "burning deck" went this (here) Cassabianca and once again stood at his post. A thundering knock was heard on the front door. Christie fearlessly flung it open this time. (The sale was over).

And nobody who saw this, the second scene, is likely to forget it, either, for many a day. To one picture alone could it be likened—that of the pied piper of Hamelin. Substitute the ever-resourceful Joe

for the piper:—an immense Emden goose for his flute; the beladen "Jumblers" for his furry followers, and you have got it all in a nutshell!!

"Thruppence a ticket; thruppence a ticket! You can dine for a week, have soup for a fortnight,—a quilt of down, a wing for your hat and another for the floor,—all for thruppence. Come along, come along. Any more, any more?"

And so until finally the draw was made. Ellen was the lucky winner and she took her trophy to her bosom with as much pardonable pride as did the Cashel Choir the Plain Chant Cup!! One could imagine the welcome the children had for Ellen when she crossed the threshold bearing in her capacious arms a real live goose.

The room is empty once more and again "all hands on deck" rings out. The sagacious Ben—who had proved faithful—proclaimed that no saleswoman leave the premises until she first be searched. Christie seconded that with evident satisfaction.

The bags were emptied on the table and the receipts recorded. The poor unfortunate who had forgotten to produce the fifteen bob—amount of the preceding evening's private sales—must have felt somewhat humiliated on its having to be demanded of her!! The apology tendered for not having remembered to take it out of her pocket but drew forth from the sympathetic Christie: "What a pity I did not forget to take out of my pocket all that went in there at the door?" Cruel—but one had to be resigned.

An onlooker could easily tell by the "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" of all concerned that the sale was a success. There they were—a noble body, God bless them. It were impossible to mention names. The members of the particular stall who had organised the Jumble were present, together with a body

of untiring, unselfish helpers. They had come with a right good-will, despite, in some cases, many difficulties. Right well did they give of their best and we trust that He who seeth all things will reward a thousandfold the charity of the "Jumble Sale" workers of July 19th.

After much cogitation and various proposals as to what should be done with the "haul," it was decided to hire a lorry and take it right away to the head branch of the Bank of Ireland in Dublin—(a friend out Inchicore way promised to 'look in' on it occasionally lest by 'the moths or the rust' it should be consumed)!!

And so the day's work was ended. There were hearty handshakes, sincere re-

grets, principally on the part of the irresistible juveniles, that it was over so soon; and an unanimous decision that we should begin to collect right away for another "Jumble Sale."

So those of my readers who think this attempt at a description of Saturday's Jumble exaggerated, will do well to be present at the next.

AN AFTERWORD :

All must come in by the front door. But should a *select* few decide on the back entrance, I trust they will not be disappointed in

—PAUDEEN.



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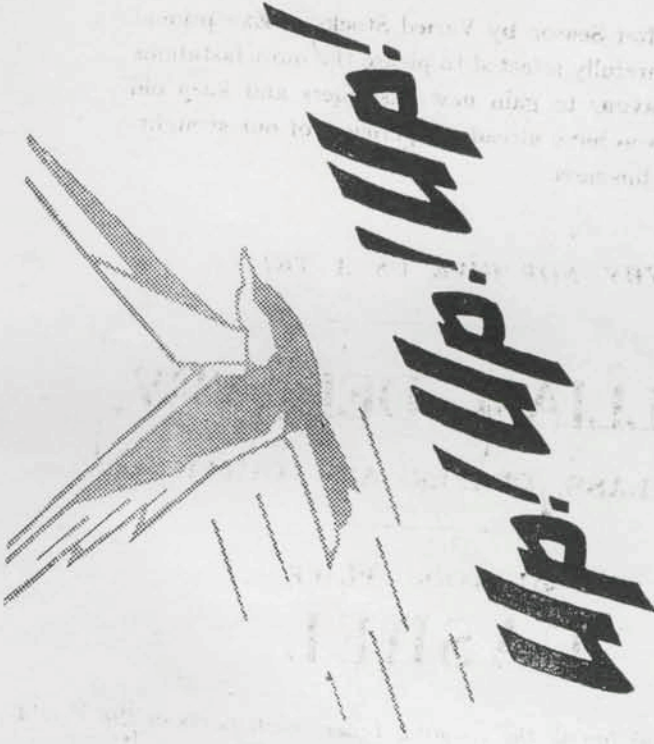
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