

some of hundreds of lines in length. A friend of mine told me he had heard an old man in the county of Mayo sing some years ago eighty different songs at a bonfire on St. John's Eve, without once repeating himself. On this occasion the dancing and merriment," our essayist is careful to explain," were prolonged round the bonfire till morning.".... "These were the men," he adds, "who were the very salt of Ireland..... It was they who, in their poverty and ignorance (for the National Board of Education denies education to all who cannot speak English), perpetuated a most interesting and, I think I may be allowed to say it, a most intellectual race type." Regretting the paucity of such men, who two or three generations back were to be found all over the island but who to-day are to be met with only on the western seaboard, and again taking the National Schools (which seem to be his *bête noire*) to task for educating their pupils "in," to use his own words, "such a way that they are taught to laugh at and deride their parents, and think themselves cleverer than they, because they can spell through an English reading-book," he declares that "so far as intellectual capacity, power of expression, and every thing that helps to make a man and a mind, can go, "these shallow and pitiable critics of venerable and honoured ways, the younger and Anglicized generation, "are", to quote Dr. Hyde literally, "not fit to black their elders' shoes." In the love songs of this older generation he has found, he says, "all the primary elements of the great passion, hope and hatred, pathos and despair, tenderness and fury.....language at once simple and passionate, and without the least trace of vulgarity..... it is heart crying to heartall shades of love," he sums up, "enshrined in their verses, with all the versatility of Heine, but without his insincerity." Dr. Hyde's translations of some of those songs, with which his instructive essay closes, are as clear a medium as it is possible for a translation to be, faithful yet spirited, and of the originals he thus writes in terms of transparent sincerity and genuine enthusiasm: "The people," he avers, "who created these poems were nominally uneducated peasants, yet they were real men and women. The people that the National School (once more that *bête noire*) is training in their place are the merest