

DANA

AN IRISH MAGAZINE OF INDEPENDENT THOUGHT

No. 4

AUGUST

1904

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PUBLISHERS :

HODGES, FIGGIS & CO., Ltd. Grafton Street, Dublin

DAVID NUTT, 57-59 Long Acre, London, W.C.

SIXPENCE NET.

PUBLISHED BY S. HIRZEL, LEIPZIG.

To be obtained at the annexed nett prices from D. NUTT,
Long Acre, London, and other Booksellers.

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DANA

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WAYFARERS.

On yester eve a while in talk I stood
With Norah Doyne beside her shadowy door,
And saw dim twilight fiery rood on rood,
Steal from the sunset's shore.
Wide swept the moorland brown, we watched it o'er,
To earth's up-tilting rim ; and if we turned
Eastward, again, low-glimmering on her floor,
The red embers burned.

"Aye," said the *banati*, "'tis lonesome lies
This road of ours ; full often round and round
I look and see scarce emptier are the skies,
Clear of a cloud-breath found.
So seldom a foot goes by to market bound,
Or carrying sods, cut yonder past the furze,
'Twixt morn and morn, belike, no step will sound,
And 'tis shadow stirs.

"'Troth, 'tis the bleak road : in the winter's cold,
When cruel blasts are keening by, or gray
Grows all the air with sleet, some neighbour old
Happen will fare this way,
Feeble, and stooped, and slow ; and then the day
Seems weary long, because the winds that roam
Keep me heart-vexed, till I can reckon and say :
Now the creature's home.

“ But whiles a vagrant lad comes wandering by,
 That makes the lonesome place feel lonelier yet,
 So sure I be no sun out of this sky
 Shines where his heart is set :
 And to the world’s end on his face the fret
 Bides still. His bit and sup I grudge, God knows,
 No more than I his woeful look forget
 As his way he goes.

“ For save the drink of milk, and crust of bread,
 And kindly word, his share of life outright
 Was lost on him, since all his care,” she said,
 “ Hidden was from his sight
 In one dark house. And if at dusk grows bright
 Some door fast by, that watching folk unbar,
 Aye further from him seems its blink of light
 Than the evening star.”

There, as she spoke, I gazed, and doubting spied
 A sheeny mote, sunk deep in heaven’s domed roof,
 Its phantom ray athwart the mist rose-dyed
 Thrill, very faint, in proof
 Of world from world immeasurably aloof :
 A quivering thread o’er blank abysses cast,
 Where Fate weaves on, with mage’s warp and woof,
 In the void and vast.

And yet, methought, those starry citadels
 That front the shoreless Deep, with straiter bands
 Hold each to each, in sooth, than whoso dwells
 Yonder, and whoso stands
 Even at the door. Yea, though he warm his hands,
 Lingering a space as by his friend’s hearth-fire,
 None saith o’er what wild seas, in what strange lands,
 The flame were kindled to his soul’s desire.

JANE BARLOW.

ON REASONABLE NATIONALISM.

“Ireland is a great capacity not yet brought into action.”
—*Grattan*.

THE philosophic patriot in this country (if, indeed, it is granted to any man, especially in this country, to be at the same time patriotic and wise) might find the truest test of his principles in the feelings aroused in him while watching that most ancient and venerable of our public functions, the state-entry of a Lord-Lieutenant through the streets of Dublin. The quiet gates of some blissful English mansion have yesterday been thrown open, and a vehicle has rolled forth conveying to the railway station, the centre of a smiling party, the peer whose means, amiability and inclination have seemed to mark him out for the government of Ireland; and now here in the afternoon comes into view his clattering cavalcade, awakening to left and right a cheer of dubious augury, on by the strong wall of that old fortress of learning from which the youths shout defiance and congratulation, and round by the grey columns of that degenerate pile where men have

“changed swords for ledgers,”

to where the anxious home of bureaucracy awaits its new possessor. In how many of Dublin's citizens has that spectacle induced a vein of meditation on the nature and true theory of government? But no, the study of Ireland's institutions does not suggest or immediately conduct to first principles any more than the study of Ireland's history unfolds some new chapter in the evolution of the human cause, or than the study of Ireland's literature admits to a spiritual secret of which her poets are the repositories. Why should this lord have left his fair domains and the tenantry who doff to him as their father? Except for the pale recommendation of personal unobjectionableness, what strange affinity with the troubled genius of this land has predestined him to its government?

It is easy to throw a faint shadow of doubt over this time-honoured pageant by asking such questions, but in truth no one is deceived, and the most wisely public-spirited citizen will in all likelihood raise his hat in respectful acknowledgment to a well-selected, non-flagitious

British nobleman as the best of all possible Governors in this island, where two elements, two traditions, two national entities must with mutual exclusion co-exist. By what better right could any line of rulers succeed one another than the right of seven hundred year's prescriptive usage—for it is so long a time since the days when Prince John affronted the beards of the Irish chieftans—during all which time the Irish Viceroys have been coming in, a succession of men hardly less remarkable in many cases than the Roman Consuls or the Doges of Venice, and who may easily continue as long as either. For so long a time have they formed the security of peace and order between two rival traditions and nationalities. Only for one brief period during all these years did it seem as though the *raison d'être* of this ancient office would vanish, in the stormy years toward the close of the eighteenth century, when the principles of Washington and Mirabeau were in the air over all the north and south of Ireland: and that the two nationalities were about to merge in a new humanity, and, youngest birth of time, a new Irish nationality was about to arise.

The battle of Waterloo, which set a period to the French revolutionary era, was a great victory, a recent writer has remarked, for “old-fogeyism,” which could reflect when it woke up in the morning that the angel of change and renovation had at length departed from this quarter of the earth; and a similar victory was gained in Ireland when the Union was at length carried, and Irish fogeyism, after twenty years of stirring life, woke up one morning to find itself indefinitely assured of peace and order under the unnatural coalition, as was said, of the Castle and Maynooth. The Anglo-Irish, who before 1782 had formed a colony, now accepted for their country the status of a province. The light of national ideals, in which Irish politics and Irish prospects had suddenly taken a new and romantic colouring, went out, with probably no less intellectual loss to the United Kingdom as a whole than to Ireland individually; for if the union between the British islands was in the nature of things, as the best friends of both countries have always argued, it was clearly the interest of both the sister kingdoms that each should be as much alive as possible, and not that the torpor of provincialism should creep over all but a small district at the mouth of the Thames. With two or more centres of national vitality the United Kingdom, like ancient Greece, might, intellectually, have been twice itself. True, these

two nationalities would certainly have come into collision with one another on some occasions, and the dismemberment of the Empire been perhaps repeatedly threatened. The nation which had built the Parliament House and the Custom House might easily have gone on to build men-of-war, as indeed it proposed at one time to do ; or it might even have happened that an arrangement founded on the "mutual prosperity" of the two countries should have occasionally been more advantageous to Ireland. But if constitutional independence seems therefore to have been from the first an impossible ideal for this country, we must remember, in the first place, how very near it came to realization, and that the means by which the experiment was averted have never been successfully vindicated. We must remember that the best intellects of Ireland, from the battle of the Boyne to the Union, advocated it with passionate zeal. And when we reflect that nowadays the future of the British Empire seems to depend on the possibility of realizing a similar federative union with countries far further away and far more dissimilar in circumstances from the mother-country, it might appear as though the claim, first of the American colonies, and then of the Irish Parliament, had been a hint to Great Britain how best she might establish herself against the great changes then inaugurated in history.

During the whole of the nineteenth century Ireland remained a province. The cause and the catch-words of Irish nationalism, which the political theorists of the previous century, from Molyneux to Grattan, had founded on the rights of man, were suddenly abandoned to the old Celtic and Catholic race, and seemed in truth to disappear amidst larger interests. The old nationalism, in fact, could not survive the advent of democracy. It was in the light of democracy that the old nationalism of the Irish Protestant ascendancy, once luminous with all the enterprise, intellect and idealism of the country, turned pale as artificial light in the rising day, and the vast illiterate masses of the Irish peasantry were revealed, all claiming to be men and brothers ! This was not the nation for which Molyneux endured a literary martyrdom, for which Lucas and Swift contended, for whose favour Grattan and Flood were divided. It was not, indeed, even the nation for which those children of revolutionary Ireland, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone and Emmet, had died. In the presence of this new nationalism—no doubt the only real nationalism possible for the time in Ireland—

which came up with O'Connell, borrowing the political principles of the age but repudiating the intellectual and spiritual principles which alone give these validity, what had lately styled itself the Irish nation tacitly withdrew that high-sounding claim, and accepted for itself and for the whole country the status of a province. The "wild geese" of Protestant ascendancy went into the British army and out over the empire, which they greatly helped to consolidate; and their brethren who remained at home looked on with resignation while the Liberator, who was rather a great provincialist than a great nationalist, was completing in his own way the work of Cromwell and William III., by bringing Ireland into fundamental unity with Great Britain in language and laws. But how was it that the sons and daughters of revolutionary Ireland, the brothers and sisters of Emmet and Wolfe Tone, so suddenly abandoned the ideal of Irish nationality as a chimera? What severed Ulster from Ireland, and alienated culture and thought from Irish patriotism? "The why is plain as way to parish church." To say the truth, it was rather more than the revolutionary patriots had bargained for, to see the tables turned so effectually in Irish political life, and to find the old persecuted Celtic race, for whose liberation they had yearned, arrogating to itself all the titles of nationality. As the Protestant nationality had ignored the Catholic, so now the Catholic nationality ignored the Protestant. A new nationality had emerged which not only knew not Molyneux and Grattan, but knew nothing of what had been happening in the world for the last four hundred years—knew not the Renaissance or the Reformation or the French Revolution. And to reason with this nationality, one had to learn the Irish language! What remained, throughout the nineteenth century, for men of thought and genius in Ireland, who sincerely wished for a worthier humanity to possess it, than to look on with approbation while national schools and other agencies effected clearances in that jungle of Celticism in which the "mere Irish" could still lurk from the light and free airs of truth and freedom? Yes, the work of the Liberator, that great agent in what is called the anglicisation of the Irish masses, was in the main a beneficent and let us hope a fruitful one. For a moment the intellectual soil of Erin, denuded of its ancestral language as her plains of the ancient forests, is bare enough, but it is something that men should see and know one another as men and not as hostile races, and that with clear and common aims they

should together sow the seeds of the future, and expect that harvests and not hiding-places shall come up.

It was meanwhile necessary, however, that the two nationalities should live together peaceably, and with the institution of religious tolerance it was tacitly agreed that all fundamental questions should be waived so far as possible in their mutual dealings. It was this premature introduction of the notion of religious tolerance, before Ireland had threshed out the religious question on its own account, which fixed it in provincial apathy. Two centuries earlier, when religious wars were in fashion, the two creeds would have closed in conflict, and a vital solution have been arrived at, but the nineteenth century was too late an age for that. One is tempted to think that Ireland missed its destiny, at least for the time being, when in the seventeenth century it missed having, like other nations, a religious civil war on its own account. The parading of Orangemen, the truculence of obscurantist journals and threatenings of a Catholic Association, are all indications of the presence in Irish life of bad blood which was never let off, as it should have been, in honest warfare between those two principles which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were contending for the souls of the nations.

The relations between the two nationalities have now passed, we might say, through four successive stages, during which, no doubt, the slow process of amalgamation has gone on without intermission. In the first, which lasted through the first half of the seventeenth century, the native Celts are regarded as intractable and truculent enemies, the foes of order and good government, the Amorites and Jebusites of a conquered Canaan. In the early eighteenth century this feeling of absolute hostility is modified by humanitarianism, as we see in the tone of the writings of Swift and Berkeley, who, though frankly regarding the Irish as an inferior race, would at least treat them kindly, expostulating with them on their dirtiness, and contriving now and then to slip into their hands the Protestant Bible. Gradually, as the English colony grows in security, numbers and prosperity, and develops the ideal of independent nationality, the Irishman, with his brogue and blundering wit, is taken more good-naturedly, and the humorous Irishman comes into existence, as depicted, for example, in the pages of Sir Jonah Barrington and Carleton: the Irishman apparently never quite making up his mind whether to be flattered or humiliated by the humorous reception of his sallies. It is only in our own

day that we have witnessed the decline of the humorous Irishman, and seen the native Celt accepted fully into the brotherhood of men, an event celebrated by the literary movement known as the Celtic Renaissance. The Celtic Renaissance is the first fruits in literature of that amalgamation of the two nationalities which has now for three centuries been in progress. This light blossoming of songs and tales in the language of the new Irish nation, this emergence of the old beliefs of the Gael in Anglo-Irish literature, in spite of wintry returns of the old unregenerate nationalism, is the sure indication of a new national unity towards which Ireland has now for a long time been tending. It is the coming up of the seed sown by some of the more generous-minded of the Young Irelanders of the earlier part of the nineteenth century. Literature, however, will never flourish in this country independently of that indulgence at present extended to the writers of the "Celtic Renaissance," until we have what some of our ecclesiastical friends would call "dangerous literature," that is to say, a literature which makes a direct appeal to man as a thinking being. The thoughtful Irishman is to be the new phase in the national metamorphosis.

It is only through the emergence of a new humanity in Ireland that national unity can be effected, and in making this possible the chief part should fall to literature. Literature, however, must be allowed a far freer hand than at present if it is to effect anything. We have spoken of the premature introduction of religious tolerance in Ireland, but indeed tolerance of the true kind has yet to be gained. In the eighteenth century Ireland had in Arthur O'Leary a worthy champion of tolerance. There is, however, this to be said of the tolerance advocated by Father O'Leary and his church, as contrasted with that of Locke and Voltaire, that whereas the first is acquiescent and conservative, the second is aggressive and radical: it believes in the right of free discussion as an end and good in itself, while the first merely claims that no one shall be persecuted for his opinions. Thus when the Catholic Church in Ireland talks of tolerance, as it has not ceased to do since the days of Father O'Leary, it means a very different thing from that active principle proclaimed by Milton, Voltaire and others. Between the one and the other there is all the difference that there is between trust and distrust of human nature. This passive tolerance which we have attained to in Ireland is quite compatible with the active existence of

the policy of boycotting all intellectual initiative, in a word, with the blighting influence of that ecclesiastical obscurantism, justly styled by Voltaire "the infamous." During the whole of the nineteenth century, ever since, in fact, the national cause passed into the hands of the Catholic Church, the intellect of Ireland has been paralysed by the presence of this obscurantism—the true cause of that deterioration of Irish politics which Grattan prophesied would be brought about by the Union.

DUBLINIENSIS.

CREATION.

As one by one the veils took flight,
 The day withdrew : the stars came up ;
 The Spirit issued dark and bright,
 Filling thy beauty like a cup.

Sacred thy laughter on the air,
 Holy thy lightest word that fell,
 Proud the innumerable hair
 That waved at the enchanter's spell.

O, Master of the Beautiful,
 Creating us from hour to hour,
 Give me this vision to the full,
 To see in passing things thy power.

This vision give, no heaven afar,
 No throne, and yet I will rejoice,
 Knowing beneath my feet a star,
 Thy Word in every wandering voice.

Æ.

MOODS AND MEMORIES.

V.

I AM going to see dear and affectionate friends. The train would take me to them, that droll little *chemin de fer de ceinture*, and it seems a pity to miss the Gare St. Lazare, its Sunday morning tumult of Parisians starting with their mistresses and their wives for a favourite suburb. I never run up these wide stair-ways leading to the great wide galleries full of bookstalls (charming yellow notes), and pierced with little *guichets* painted round with blue, without experiencing a sensation of happy lightness—a light-headedness that I associate with the month of May in Paris. But the tramway that passes through the Place de la Concorde goes as far as Passy, and though I love the droll little *chemin de fer de ceinture* I love this tramway better. It speeds along the quays between the Seine and the garden of the Champs Elysées, through miles of chestnut bloom, the roadway chequered with shadows of chestnut leaves; the branches meet overhead, and in a faint emotive sweetness I catch at a bloom, cherish it for a moment, and cast it away. The plucky little steamboats are making for the landing places, stemming the current. I love this sprightly little river better than the melancholy Thames, along whose banks saturnine immoralities flourish like bulrushes! Behold the white architecture, the pillars, the balustraded steps, the domes in the blue air, the monumented swards! Paris, like all pagan cities, is full of statues. A little later we roll past gardens, gaiety is in the air. . . . And then the streets of Passy begin to appear, mean streets, like London streets. I like them not; but the railway station is compensation; the little railway station like a house of cards under toy trees, and the train steaming out into the fanciful country. The bright wood along which it speeds is like the season's millinery.

It is pleasant to notice everything in Paris, the flymen asleep on their box seats, the little horses dozing beneath the chestnut trees, the bloused workmen leaning over a green-painted table in an arbour, drinking wine at sixteen sous the litre, the villas of Auteuil, rich wood-work, rich iron railings, and the summer hush about villas engar-

landed. Auteuil is so French, its symbolism enchants me. Auteuil is like a flower, its petals opening out to the kiss of the air, its roots feeling for way among the rich earth. Ah, the land of France, its vineyards and orchards, its earthly life! Thoughts come unbidden, my thoughts sing together, and I hardly knowing what they are singing. My thoughts are singing like the sun; do not ask me their meaning; they mean as much and as little as the sun that I am part of—the sun of France that I shall enjoy for thirty days. May takes me to dear and affectionate friends who await me at Auteuil, and June takes me away from them. There is the villa! And there amid the engarlanding trees my friend, dressed in pale yellow, sits in front of his easel. How the sunlight plays through the foliage, leaping through the rich long grass; and amid the rhododendrons in bloom sits a little girl of four, his model, her frock and cap impossibly white under the great gaudy greenery.

Year after year the same affectionate welcome, the same spontaneous welcome in this garden of rhododendrons and chestnut bloom. I would linger in the garden, but I may not, for breakfast is ready *et il ne faut pas faire manquer la messe à Madame. La messe!* How gentle the word is, much gentler than our word, mass, and it shocks us hardly at all to see an old lady going away in her carriage *pour entendre la messe*. Religion purged of faith is a pleasant, almost a pretty thing. Some fruits are better dried than fresh, religion is such a one, and religion, when nothing is left of it but the pleasant familiar habit, may be defended, for were it not for our habits life would be unrecorded, it would be all on the flat, as we would say if we were talking about a picture, without perspective. Our habits are our stories, and tell whence we have come and how we came to be what we are. This is quite a pretty reflection, but there is no time to think the matter out—here is the doctor! He lifts his skull cap, and how beautiful is the gesture; his dignity is the dignity that only goodness gives; and his goodness is a pure gift, existing independent of formula, a thing in itself, like Manet's painting. It was Degas who said, "A man whose profile no one ever saw," and the aphorism reminds us of the beautiful goodness that floats over his face, a light from Paradise. But why from Paradise? Paradise is an ugly ecclesiastical invention, and angels are an ugly Hebrew invention. It is unpardonable to think of angels in Auteuil; an angel is a prig compared to the dear doctor, and an angel has wings. Well, so had this admirable

chicken, a bird that was grown for the use of the table, produced like a vegetable. A dear bird that was never allowed to run about and weary itself as our helpless English chicken is ; it lived to get fat without acquiring any useless knowledge or desire of life ; it became a capon in tender years, and then a pipe was introduced into its mouth and it was fed by machinery until it could hardly walk, until it could only stagger to its bed, and there it lay in happy digestion until the hour came for it to be crammed again. So did it grow up without knowledge or sensation or feeling of life, moving gradually, peacefully towards its predestined end—a delicious repast ! What better end, what greater end than to be a fat chicken ? The carcasses of sheep that hang in butchers' shops are beginning to horrify the conscience of Europe. To cut a sheep's throat is an offensive act, but to clip out a bird's tongue with a long pair of scissors made for the purpose, is genteel. It is true that it beats its wings for a few moments, but we must not allow ourselves to be disturbed by a mere flutter of feathers. Man is merciful, and saved it from life. It grew like an asparagus ! And talking of asparagus, here are some from Argenteuil thick as umbrellas. . . . And now a word about the wine. French wines in England always seem to taste of the sea, but in France they taste only of the sun. Melons are better in June—that one comes, no doubt, from Algeria. It is however the kind I like best, the rich red melon that one eats only in France ; a thing of the moment, unrememberable ; but the chicken will never be forgotten ; twenty years hence I shall be talking of a chicken, that in becoming a fat chicken required twenty years of immortality—which of us will acquire as many ?

As we rise from table the doctor calls me into his studio : for he would give me an excellent cigar before he bids me good-bye, and having lighted it I follow my friend to the studio at the end of the garden, to that airy drawing-room which he has furnished in pale yellow and dark blue. On the walls are examples of the great modern masters—Manet and Monet. That view of a plain by Monet—is it not facile ? It flows like a Japanese water-colour : the low horizon evaporating in the low light, the spire of the town visible in the haze. And look at the celebrated *Leçon de Danse* by Degas—that dancer descending the spiral staircase, only her legs are visible, the staircase cutting the picture in twain. On the right is the dancing class and the dancing master ; something has gone wrong, and he

holds out his hands in entreaty ; a group of dancers are seated on chairs in the foreground, and their mothers are covering their shoulders with shawls—good mothers anxious for their daughter's welfare, for their advancement in life.

This picture betrays a mind curious, inquisitive and mordant ; and that plaid shawl is as unexpected as an adjective of Flaubert's. A portrait by Manet hangs close by, large, permanent and mysterious as nature. Degas is more intellectual, but how little is intellect compared with a gift like Manet's. Yesterday I was in the Louvre, and when wearied with examination and debate—I had gone there on a special errand—I turned into the Salle Carrée for relaxation, and there wandered about, waiting to be attracted. Long ago the Mona Liza was my adventure, and I remember how Titian's "Entombment" enchanted me ; another year I delighted in the smooth impartiality of a Terbourg interior ; but this year Rembrandt's portrait of his wife held me at gaze. The face tells of her woman's life, her woman's weakness, and she seems conscious of the burden of her sex, and of the burden of her own special lot—she is Rembrandt's wife, a servant, a satellite, a watcher. The emotion that this picture awakens is an almost physical emotion. It gets at you like music, like a sudden breath of perfume. When I approach her, eyes fade into brown shadow, but when I withdraw they begin telling her story. The mouth is no more than a little shadow, but what wistful tenderness there is in it, and the colour of the face is white, faintly tinted with bitumen, and in the cheeks some rose madder comes through the yellow. She wears a fur jacket, but the fur was no trouble to Rembrandt, he did not strive for realism. It is fur, that is sufficient. Grey pearls hang in her ears, there is a brooch upon her breast, and a hand at the bottom of the picture passing out of the frame, and that hand reminds one as the chin does, of the old story that God took a little clay and made man out of it. That chin and that hand and arm are moulded without display of knowledge, as Nature moulds. The picture seems as if it had been breathed upon the canvas. Did not a great poet once say that God breathed into Adam ? and here it is even so. The other pictures seem dry and insignificant, the Mona Liza, celebrated in literature, hanging a few feet away, seems factitious when compared with this portrait ; that smile so often described as mysterious, that hesitating smile which held my youth in a little tether, has come to seem but a grimace ; and the pale mountains no more

mysterious than a globe or map seen at a little distance. The Mona Liza is a sort of riddle, an acrostic, a poetical decoction, a ballade, a rondel, a villanelle or ballade with double burden, a sestina, that is what it is like, a sestina or chant royal. The Mona Liza being literature in intention rather than painting has drawn round her many poets. How many verses has she inspired? We must forgive her many mediocre verses for the sake of one incomparable prose passage. She now lives in literature, she has passed out of that mysterious misuse of oil paint, that arid glazing of *terre verte*, and has come into her possession of eternal life, into the immortality of Pater's prose. Degas is wilting already, year after year he will wither, until one day some great prose writer will arise and transfer his spirit into its proper medium—literature. The Mona Liza and the Lecon de Danse are intellectual pictures, they were painted with the brains rather than with the temperaments, and what is any intellect compared with a gift like Manet's? Leonardo made roads, Degas makes witticisms. Yesterday I heard one that delighted me far more than any road would, for I have given up bicycling. Somebody was saying he did not like Daumier, and Degas preserved silence for a long while. "If you were to show Raphael" he said at last "a Daumier, he would admire it, he would take off his hat, but if you were to show him a Cabanel he would say with a sigh, 'That is my fault!'"

But my reverie is broken by the piano, my friend is playing, and it is pleasant to listen to music in this airy studio. But there are women I must see, women whom I see every time I go to Paris, and too much time has been spent in the studio—I must go. . . . We are all going, going different ways, everyone no doubt musing on some woman, on some visit he has to pay.

GEORGE MOORE.

(*To be continued.*)

EMPIRE AND LIBERTY.

I.

It is not easy to perceive what exactly was the object of the articles on Imperialism contributed to the first two numbers of this magazine by "Ossorian." Vague glorification of an ideal British Empire which does not exist, based, so to speak, on a system of political metaphysics, is, at the very best, no better than vague glorification of the ideas of nationalism or separation, or any other idea which "Ossorian" may have set out to combat; whilst, practically considered, the upshot is equally nugatory. One can understand Home Rulers like Mr. John Redmond, together with out-and-out Unionists, subscribing to most of "Ossorian's" generalities. What is meant, say, by telling us to take "a manlier, more intelligent and more consistent, view of things"? Is, for instance, one way of exhibiting our increased manliness to be the cessation of the demand for the elementary right to manage our own affairs? Or are we to acquiesce in base and ignoble wars against the liberty of small communities, wars which are condemned by the best minds within the British Empire, and by all the world outside? Are we to show our greater intelligence by applauding as magnificent what thinkers like Herbert Spencer, Alexander Bain, John Morley, Prof. Bryce, Goldwin Smith, William Watson and Olive Schreiner to name at random condemned as vile?

Again, what is meant by the phrase: "She [Ireland] will not, I think, work much longer through resistance and revolt"? Is it that we are to vote *for* perpetual Coercion Acts, and Over-taxation, to *assent* to the imprisonment of popular representatives, and to proclaim that we are *not* fit to govern ourselves, though we know in our hearts it is false? Of course, in supposing that these are the interpretations of "Ossorian's" phrases, I may be doing him an injustice. But the truth is that the phrases themselves are so vague as to be either altogether meaningless, or *are* mere platitudes. One might as well assert that the English Free Traders, or Trade Unionists, or Anti-Vaccinationists work through "resistance and revolt," as assert it of the Irish people. All parties and peoples seek to promote the measures they need and oppose measures that hurt them. How else do we act? How else should we act? To be

consistent, "Ossorian" ought to advise the Free Traders, instead of "resisting" Mr. Chamberlain, to join his party; whilst, in turn, Mr. Chamberlain, instead of "revolting" against the doctrines of Cobden, should be advised to join the Cobden Club. Politics pursued on "Ossorian's" lines would at least be interesting.

Behind, however, this vague talk of the spirit of resistance and revolt in the Irish people, there lies, in my judgment, a profound misreading of the Irish case. English Tories are in the habit of talking of the innate turbulence and discontent of Ireland. They are the type of people, I may remind "Ossorian," whom Edmund Burke opposed on the question of the American War in his day, and who regarded the Boers as "obstinate" and "tricky" in our own day. Any people who do not delightedly welcome political slavery—when the brand is English—are in the view of this type morally inferior beings, with a double dose of original sin. But if the slavery be other than English—Turkish, or Russian, or Austrian—then the people who resist it are patriots and heroes. The Hungarians and the Bulgarians, the Italians and the Poles were and are noble peoples struggling to be free—but not the Boers, the Hindus, or the Irish. The type of Englishman in view—and he is in the majority—is merely the embodiment of ignorance and injustice, and is himself, without question, morally the inferior of most of the people he asperses. But for us in Ireland an important thing to note is that his view, which "Ossorian" seems to adopt, that we are a particularly turbulent, "revolting," and "resisting" people is not true. I do not say that a spirit of revolt is a bad quality in itself. But, as a matter of fact, the mere pretence of goodwill on the part of the English Government—and it has seldom been more than a pretence—is enough to bring the Irish people half-way, and more than half-way. When, in 1886, Mr. Gladstone introduced his first Home Rule Bill, the mere prospect caused the Dublin workingmen to give such an enthusiastic welcome to Lord Aberdeen, the Gladstonian Viceroy, as made many Irish democrats wince. Time after time British statesmen had only to be moderately honest in translating their professions into practice to be hailed as deliverers. In view of such incidents and the facts of the case it is misleading to speak of the Irish people as gratuitously quarrelsome, or as resisting and revolting without just cause. And it is in the light of countless historic disappointments and disillusiones that one fails to

be impressed with the amiable gush of Lord Dudley about "national traditions" and "national character," the platitudes of a Viceroy, who is a political nonentity, being a poor substitute for political justice.

That "Ossorian's" general picture is not true to the facts, nor even consistent with itself, does not need very much demonstration. He tells us that the Englishman's "contempt for thoughts and sentiments and ways that [are] not English has been a constant obstruction" — so that it would appear as though insular conceit were an excellent qualification for world-rule. "Ossorian" in one admission, indeed, gives his case away. England has been engaged in governing Ireland for centuries, and the policy of Irish government has been dictated by the "predominant partner"—the English. Yet "Ossorian" tells us that the "English in England . . . are *beginning* to understand"—the Irish case. Their progress is certainly promising; they will probably have arrived at full knowledge by the millenium. In the meantime, the Irish people, who *do* fairly understand their own case, are to suffer and struggle along whilst the amiable infant wisdom of England grows to maturity. The unvarnished truth is that no nation interferes from motives of philanthropy in the affairs of other nations, and the ideal of world-rule is itself fundamentally vicious, since the rule of communities by themselves is infinitely better in the long run than the most wise and benevolent outside despotism.

II.

In the last paragraph of his second paper "Ossorian" writes: "Imperialism is not Anglicisation. It is the very reverse of Anglicisation. Anglicisation, in the sense of imposing English institutions, customs, standards, habits of thought, and so forth . . . would bring Imperialism to swift and unlamented ruin." The language is not, perhaps, of the clearest. But, as a matter of fact, Imperialism in practice *is* Anglicisation or nothing, and it *is* tending to bring down the fabric in unlamented ruin. Within the last three years we have seen the British Empire in a frenzy of Imperialism, at the behest of mining capitalists, invade and break up two Republics in Africa, one of which (the Orange Free State), on the testimony of everyone, was an admirably governed community, and the other, on the testimony of impartial witnesses, was at least as well governed as England itself. And we have seen

despatched to these territories officials from England, ignorant of the conditions and hostile to the people, and drawn doubtless from the class whose performances in Japan provoked "Ossorian's" contempt. In a recent edition of his work *New India*, Sir Henry Cotton, in language not unlike Mr. George Lynch's notes, "a greater friction between the governors and the governed, attributable especially to the arrogance in thought and language of the ruling race, which has been brought out into stronger relief by the extension of education and the growth of independence and patriotic feeling among the people."

As I write, British forces, on pretexts that deceive no one, are engaged in the invasion of Tibet, as deliberate and wanton a crime as any burglar ever stood charged with. And we have all read the heroic exploits of this expedition in pursuing and shooting down practically unarmed Tibetans like sheep. But "Ossorian" seems to be singularly blind to such iniquities. He has an eye for the supposed inconsistency of Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, M.P. (which I confess not being able to recognise as gross), but he has no eye for the Jameson Raid, the Transvaal War, the age-long tragedy of India, prevented from developing along her own lines and taxed to famine point by English officialism, and the age-long tragedy of Ireland, kept in a state of perpetual smouldering civil war and bleeding to the point of extinction. These things might make the picture more sombre; but if the picture is to be a true one it must take these things in. And I confess I do not understand the object of a writer, obviously bent on serious discussion, leaving out the really serious facts in his way. If "Ossorian" had faced these questions out we might or might not have agreed with his conclusions; by ignoring them altogether the conclusions become almost worthless.

III.

In order, then, to correct "Ossorian's" picture and to clear the discussion, it is necessary to examine what exactly is the British Empire, not what it might or should be, but what it actually is. The name, "British Empire," then, is used to cover a number of territories nominally under the British Crown, some of which like the Australian colonies are virtually self-governing republics, some of which, like Ireland, with a nominally-responsible government, are yet despotically governed against the consent of the people, and, lastly, states and territories, like India and the Transvaal, despotically governed without any pretence of consulting the wishes or interests of the people at

all. That is the British Empire of fact. Now "Empire" in the historic meaning of the term is properly only to be applied to despotically-governed states. We may colloquially speak of New Zealand or Australia as portions of the British Empire, but their self-government is not due to any idea of Empire. We might as well speak of New Jersey or Massachusetts as portions of the American Empire, and no one will contend that *their* self-government is due to the Imperial ideal. If "Ossorian" insists that the Imperial ideal to him stands for self-government such as Australia and New Zealand enjoys, the whole discussion falls to the ground; for, in that case, the Irish people in demanding self-government are the true Imperialists, as against the people who are only at the beginning of wisdom.

As a matter of fact, however, we know that the people who appropriate the title of Imperialist in England, and claim to be the true exponents of the Imperial idea, are determinedly against the cause of self-government in Ireland, in India, in the Transvaal, and anywhere it can safely be withheld.

"Ossorian," would seem to argue the opposite. And something might, indeed, be said for the British Empire if it were a political organisation sincerely aiming at its own extinction *as* an Empire; which is what it ought to do, if it were what its eulogists claim it to be. As M. Auguste Sabatier, the French Protestant, in his last book, in discussing authority, well says: "Like every good teacher authority should labour to render itself useless." Does the British influence then, in the despotically-governed states, work in any conscious way to promote an ideal of liberty, or to educate and train them to the point of being able to take care of themselves? To pose the question at all in Ireland is almost ridiculous. We know, as a matter of fact, it does nothing of the kind.

Let us, for instance, take the Transvaal. England picked a quarrel with the South African Republic on the ground that some Englishmen there were not given votes quickly enough, though we were all aware that hundreds of thousands of Englishmen in England itself had no votes. Well, having begun the war on this pretext, England has ended by taking away votes from everybody, English and Dutch alike. England began by complaining that foreigners in the Transvaal were treated as "helots;" she has ended by importing Chinese by the thousand who will have no rights whatever.

IV.

Beside such moral perversity it seems to me the charge sometimes made against Irish opinion that it unintelligently sympathises with England's enemies is almost negligible. Certainly I agree that it behoves Ireland to regulate her international sympathies by permanent standards of right and wrong, and not by the accident of her relationship to England. And the business of those of us who wish to help Ireland, most assuredly is to scrutinise our sympathies, national and international alike. But who is it wishes Ireland to sympathise with the massacre of the Matabele or the Tibetans, the robbery of the Boer States, the ignoble and costly farce in Somaliland, or the never-ending "frontier expeditions" in India in which human beings are slaughtered in order to keep the Indian Army efficient in the art of man-slaying? Let me inquire of the people who charge Ireland with perverse feeling on these exploits, on what side is the impartial opinion of the outside world? Nay, on what side is the nobler opinion in England itself? It is significant, indeed, that the Englishman in Ireland, and a certain type of Irishman who follows his lead, when he eulogises England, is never thinking of the better and the finer England. It is never the England of Mill, or Cobden or Bright, or Morley, of Spencer or Matthew Arnold or Ruskin: this England never excites enthusiasm in the breast of your Imperialist, for this England, as a whole, scouts Imperialism and all its pomps as vigorously as the most turbulent Irishman of us all. It is the England of Disraeli and Arthur Balfour and Joseph Chamberlain, and Curzon and Milner, the England of Rudyard Kipling and the Music Halls—this is the England with which we are often benevolently called upon to ally ourselves. It is, as I have said, significant. By our intellectual and moral preferences we inevitably and unconsciously reveal our intellectual and moral stature. To ask us then to approve England's wars of aggression on their merits, with their natural accompaniments of shoddy politics and intellectual decadence, is to ask us to pervert our natural moral feeling. To ask us to approve these wars as a matter of political tactic—so that by applauding the crime we ingratiate ourselves with the criminal—is a curious precept of intelligence and manliness. Happily the advice is as unintelligent as it is base. With men and nations, it is not those who abet them in their debauchery that they finally respect; rather do they despise such. And in any case, if the only way for Ireland to gain her liberty, or even "the sort of

prosperity which the Englishman understands," were for her to join England in trampling on the liberty of some other people, I trust the mass of Irishmen will never hesitate about their course. Liberty so gained would turn to tyranny in the hands that bought it, and so corrupt a political bargain would inevitably produce its harvest of moral corruption in the State.

V.

The philosophic truth is that if humanity is ever to grow in political science and moral feeling, the ideal of Empire must more and more fade away and disappear; and just as the noblest men find their highest satisfaction in self-knowledge and self-discipline, so nations will come to find their true ideal in developing their own mental and moral wealth and in leaving other nations free from an interference which, always disastrous in practice, is generally motived by cupidity. As Edward Carpenter, an English poet who has to some extent inherited the gift of Whitman, wrote in scornful rebuke of his own nation's Imperialism during the Boer War:—

“ And this thing cries for Empire.
This thing from all her smoky cities and slums, her idiot
clubs and drawing rooms, and her brokers' dens,
Cries out to give her blessings to the World!
And even while she cries
Stand Ireland and India at her doors
In rags and famine.”

The poet with true instinct puts his finger on the moral hypocrisy of it all, the neglect of immediate obligations for the “glory” of undertaking fresh ones. And with like force and truth Edward Carpenter, having prophesied the ruin of the Imperial ideal, sums up the new ideal in words with which this paper may fitly end:—

“ *And better so perhaps; for what is good shall live.*
The brotherhood of nations and of men
Comes on apace. New dreams of youth bestir
The ancient heart of earth—fair dreams of love
And equal freedom for all folk and races.
The day is past for idle talk of Empire;
And who would glory in dominating others—
Be it man or nation—he already has writ
His condemnation clear in all men's hearts,
'Tis better he should die.”

FREDERICK RYAN.

KING DIARMUID.

IN the sunlit days while Rome yet trembled on a single hill, there was a great battle fought in Munster of the Music, great, as befitted a hosting of Kings—fierce as a strife of brothers. On that high plateau looped by the curves of the winding Lee, sentinelled by Ardrum, it had raged from noon to noon of two summer days with varying fortune, the fray now toppling over the great ridge of Curragh Beg, now raving along Farren height, even to Rossbeg, amid whose foot-hills it sank hoarsely to rest, the spent combatants giving tardy ear to the mighty Druid of Rostellan who had hastened from his woods to stay the hideous fight, and not unwillingly they heard his decree which ran thus—Thomond's king, Diarmuid, should without bite or sup march northward across the fords of the Lee to Lisnaraha, while the men of Desmond should fall back beyond the Bride to Lisheens and the hills above at the dawning of the day, ere award of dispute be made.

Although he had kept the Gap of Danger through all the hot hours of conflict, King Diarmuid did not sleep well, and towards daybreak turned on his side with such a sigh and such a clatter of armour that Conor of the Women, his foster-brother, woke languidly yawning, and asked how he fared. "Badly," replied the king, "I have scarce closed an eye." "Art thou wounded?" Diarmuid shook his head. "Hast thou not glory enough," pursued the other, "outside are many men sleeping very quietly, and yet their heads rest not on the breasts of Victory?"

The king sighed. "The breasts of a mortal woman come between me and forgetfulness," he replied, patting the muzzle of Scathach, his old wolf-hound, as waking at his feet she lifted herself to lick his hand. "What is the favour of her?" said Conor of the Women. "She is tall, with a roundness on every limb of her that drives gauntness afar, and a broadness and a depth about her that would make another clumsy. Her hair is the very gold of the sun, her colour, new milk with on it the hue of apple-blossom, and under it the purple of royal veins. Her face, *a cara*, is Tir-na-n-Oge!"

"Truly, thou hast won such a woman as I would possess," murmured Conor, after a pause. "Thou wilt find harpers enough at Lisnaraha to woo her thither—and if

not her, another as fair. Where have ye met?" "Never once in this life," replied the king, "but her face came before me while the Druid was speaking, and since it has burned in my thought."

Conor of the Women smiled, drawing his cloak about him. "The Lee will cool that vision," he said, "phantom women love not fresh water." And again he slept.

The king, propped upon an elbow, lay watching the camp fires dwindle in the dusk of dawn; amid the oak groves by the river a thrush was singing of the glory yet to be. Caressing the ears of Scathach, Diarmuid lay and listened, the music soothing him as the perfume of woodbine cools the brow of an August night, but sleep came not: so, rising heedfully, he donned his helmet rich with battle dinted gold, and went apart from the sleeping camp. The valleys of Bride and Lee slept too beneath grey shadows, but eastward the fire tower near Corca Luige showed sharp, and the white dun on the bold height men now call Frankfield made a spot of light; westward, the mountain peaks were rosy. A zephyr quivered amid the heron feathers on his crest. Too young to sing about the tree tops or whisper in the reeds, it had shrunk from the brave stretches of Farren, affrighted by the grim war-plumes that fluttered at its touch above stern brows locked against the tender fingers of the Dawn. As the light grew there was a pale glinting over the misty field of fight, and here a helm, there an axe blade gleamed among the wreathed slain. King Diarmuid sought a rocky mound guarded by pines, the ruggedness of it softened by the prattling of a rill that brightened the tint of its mosses, like a child dancing beside an old man soured by the evil of life.

Vague thoughts drifted through the king's mind as he stood beneath the changing sky, dreams of the Tuatha De Danann from whom he sprang, dim revisitings of things heard beyond the golden veil of infancy, and the face of the dream-woman wove itself into those visions, and from amid the warp and woof of them the haunting eyes spoke invitation.

From out the white sea floating above the pleasant plains and scaling the valley sides something black and hooped slowly disentangled itself, painfully crawling towards Diarmuid—something very old, very feeble, that once had been a woman. As she laboured up, the sobbing of her spent breath brought a flush to Diarmuid's cheek, and he descended to assist her. When the mound was

gained she leaned for a space, gasping, against a pine stem, and then, lifting her seamed face, whispered "Hail, O King, I crown thee with victory and honour."

Diarmuid bowed gravely. She was silent some moments, groping and gasping, then, putting the white thin strands of hair from her enrhumed eyes, she looked upward with the pathos of childhood. "Art thou not Diarmuid of Thomond," she asked, "whose glory it is never to refuse a woman aught?" "It is as thou sayest, mother," he replied.

"Gaze upon me, and listen in pity," she murmured. "I was a woman of the Tuatha De Danann, my mother a princess of the far land of Phoenicia, but suddenly stricken from the bloom of great beauty to what I am. After Cuchulain had vanquished the Power on Slieve Mis, Blathnaid asked my help to woo him to the dun of the man who won her from him. I gave it, but on the day the Finneglas ran white, power and place were reft from me in punishment, and, O King, in one half-hour my beauty, for I was lovelier than the dawn."

She spoke with convulsive intakings of breath, telling of her beauty simply, as old women do, praising what is gone as we praise the dead whose living worth never wrung a syllable from our jealous tongues. Diarmuid fixed his grey eyes upon her, compassion stirring in his mighty heart. The woman caught by a paroxysm of coughing, sank down.

From the great tent of the Captains Conor came forth, stretching tired arms and yawning, Scathach at his heels, stretching and yawning too. Seeing the king he waved his hand. "Wilt to the river, O Diarmuid," he cried, "we may not break fast till Lisnaraha be won, but a bath will make marching merrier?"

"I am occupied," replied the king.

Conor's negligent eye fell upon the heap huddled beside the grey stones, and he laughed carelessly. "Weaving charms for the golden-haired woman?" he said gaily. "Or, maybe, 'tis thus thy dream comes true. Let not such sweet converse, I pray thee, stay the marching beyond the appointed hour"! And humming a tune those hills know well, he turned away, Scathach in his jingling wake.

Diarmuid gazed down upon the woman, she had covered her head with the hem of her tattered cloak, and as she now drew it away there was colour fighting through the myriad wrinkles on her parchment cheek. "Hard has

been thy lot," said the king. "Hard it would have been out of Eire," she replied, "but here, I never knew scorn nor scathe."

The king smiled proudly. "And what may I do? I am a stranger here, and we march on the instant."

"Truly a great thing—great to madness," she answered. "It was adjudged by Bride, in pity, that if I who had helped to betray a great man could find a greater to take my woe upon him, in strictest silence, for one hour's quarter, or until the sun paints the pine shadow above yonder *monadans*, I might win back for natural space youth and beauty, and after them, the preciousness of death. Often have I sought such a one, but ever failed—wilt thou fail me?"

"And then?" demanded Diarmuid, striving to probe what truth might lie behind the viscid gleam where eyes had been.

"I know not," she replied, "and the risk hath affrighted many." Then bending forward with a crackling of joints, she fell at his knees. "Oh if ever woman pillowed thy head on her bosom, adventure for me," she whispered, "the burden of the years is crushing, and the long pain of the mind that cannot grow old!"

"Many women have I known," replied Diarmuid, "for one only would I adventure such a thing." And he spoke of the dream-woman who had troubled him. A whimpering, pitiful beyond the power of words to express, interrupted him. The woman was sobbing, her white hair about the insteps of the feet that never went backward from danger. The man drew his sword, and swore to silence. "Lady, I will adventure!" he said.

As the blade shot back there came a mighty rustling in the pine tops that stirred not. "Water," whispered a dry voice, "sprinkle me!" Diarmuid gathered some from the runlet and lightly tossed it over the head where now there was a faint glow of gold. On a sudden he grew weary, and leaned perforce against the pine stem. A dimness filmed his vision, bells rang in his ears and the chanting of thin voices—

Diarmuid of Thomond, of woman the tool—

One morn a hero, the next but a fool.

He raised his drooping head, looking round haughtily, but said no word, although he had begun to ache at every joint. Brushing a hand across his eyes, he saw for a moment distinctly the amber of the dawn and a woman against it, her face turned eastward. At first he marvelled

only at the gold-shot splendour of her crimson mantle and the silvery whiteness of her robe, its deep-bordered hem splashed by violet fancies ; then, as she turned slowly her ecstatic face westward, he recognised the woman of his dreams.

Slowly she lifted the dazzling perfection of her snowy arms and touched tentatively, then with greedy fingers, the great masses of golden hair that brightened the sunrise, and, laughing delightedly, wound the coils over her blue-veined wrists in a luxury of possession.

The sharpness of vision dulled again, the soundless bells tinkled, the voices sang—

High in his place great Conor shall rule,
And women shall tell of Diarmuid the Fool.

After a while the woman turned towards him, her red lips parted. A footstep whispered in the grass ; it stopped, drowned by the sudden jangle of harness and scabbard. She was now looking past Diarmuid—smiling. The king heard Conor's voice in respectful greeting, and saw the warrior bend over her little hand. Never had Munster beheld a pair more evenly matched in eye and port. The king looked down upon himself and hardly repressed a cry. It was not the body of Diarmuid without blemish, but a shrivelled casing of shrunken bones sharp-showing through mouldering rags. Green brass bound yet the rotted leather at his waist, and the weight of a sword blade rusted to its sheath, dragged heavily at his left side. A weight too was pressing on the crown of his head, and the red rusted rim of his helmet was sinking over the half extinguished light of his sunken eyes. There was moisture running down the channels from those eyes, and moisture at the corners of his mouth. He strove feebly to wipe it away, but soon it recommenced, and he realized that he was very old. Dimly he could see the woman and Conor in conversation, she did not glance at him again. Conor was blind save for the enchanting face smiling upon him.

“And so thou didst come to behold the victor of the fight? It is my sorrow and my pleasure, lady, to ask thee to content thyself with only his poor foster-brother. Perchance he is ordering the marching, or maybe, beguiling the time in converse with a most adorable dame.” And with the hair-brained insolence of youth, he laughingly described the woman who had accosted the king. “Tis wonder thou didst not mark them,” he went on—“yonder,

where that old man is blinking in the sun. Harkye, friend, didst see King Diarmuid and an old hag here?"

Diarmuid strove to leave the pine and approach them, but his head reeled. Through Conon's words came the steady tramp of marching feet and before his glazing eyes the passing of spear heads. His men were filing on to the fords. A mocking breeze blew out of the East and carried in their train the mouldering fragments of his plume that had lightened on the crest of battle twelve little hours before. A hoarse chant swelled up from a thousand throats, the triumph song of Diarmuid which the harpers had composed over night, and the victors sang on the edge of the day.

He strove to stand erect as the faces he knew swept past—would he ever march with them again? Would he ever again know the mad joy of onset, the delirium of fame, or sweeter than all, the homage of woman's eyes! He stretched out a shrivelled hand over whose knuckles the bracelets fell clattering, and opened his mouth to cry "It is I—Diarmuid, the King!" but the memory of his oath fell upon his tongue, and broken by the struggle, he sank to the kindly earth, his forehead bowed upon his cold knees as the last rank went by.

A soft muzzle was thrust against his face, the muzzle of Scathach who, following Conon from the river, had run beside the lines, seeking the king, and then casting back, found him. Diarmuid looked up, patting the rough head with heavy hand, the shadow of the pine had fallen on the red berries.

With the neighing of steeds and a clattering of brass, Conon's chariot glittered near. He was entreating the woman to mount. She looked back on the poor wasted face weeping at mouth, and at eyes almost hidden by the rim of the rusted helm where only the untarnishable gold shone pure. There was pity, loathing, anguish in her lovely eyes, but, having taken a few steps, she paused, writhing, convulsed by the revulsion of woman's flesh. Conon's shadow mingled with hers. "Tis but some man-at-arms, beggared and old, watching to plunder the dead," he whispered, "No fit sight for thee."

She bent her golden head, and silently moved on to where the hound's tongue was tenderly licking the ashen cheek. Conon interposed. She held her way, pressing recklessly on into his arms, and before he was aware of it, he kissed her, intoxicated by the flower and perfume of her

loveliness. She pushed him aside one proud moment, and as he sank on his knee, burst into a passion of weeping.

For one instant a blazing hate flamed through Diarmuid, flamed from shrivelled feet to palsied head, then, an infinite comprehension, a noble pity quenched it—— And then the gods were kind.

Some peasants burying the dead chanced upon a handful of bones not worth spading back to earth, guarded by a wolf-hound showing toothless gums in futile defence. They did not harm her, but took the helmet at whose splendour they wondered, slowly rubbing it back to brightness, and telling each other that it was fit for a great man, yea, for King Diarmuid himself.

WILLIAM BUCKLEY.

S O N G :

My love is in a light attire
 Among the apple trees,
 Where the gay winds do most desire
 To run in companies.

There, where the gay winds stay to woo
 The young leaves as they pass,
 My love goes slowly, bending to
 Her shadow on the grass.

And where the sky's a pale blue cup
 Over the laughing land,
 My love goes lightly, holding up
 Her dress with dainty hand.

JAMES A. JOYCE.

LITERARY NOTICES.

PERHAPS the most interesting literary event of the moment is the publication of Mr. Swinburne's collected poems in six volumes, the first of which is now ready. It contains the Poems and Ballads, First Series, and the most significant circumstance is this, that the text has been subjected to no alteration or excision. Nothing whatever is omitted, nothing changed from the original edition. There is little, therefore, to say of the verse; that is too well known to need appraising, but the Epistle Dedicatory to Mr. Watts-Dunton is full of interest. He recognises the risk of incurring an accusation of egoism run by any man who offers a commentary on his own work, but "as long as the writer can succeed in evading the kindred charges and the cognate risks of vanity and humility there can be no reason why he should not undertake it. And when he has nothing to regret and nothing to recant, when he finds nothing that he could wish to cancel, to alter, or to unsay, in any page he has ever laid before his reader, he need not be seriously troubled by the inevitable consciousness that the work of his early youth is not and cannot be unnaturally unlike the work of a very young man."

There you have the keynote, "nothing to regret and nothing to recant." There is something fine about this autocratic "what I have written I have written," the enthusiasm of youth undergoing the scrutiny of enthusiastic age and finding pulsing, vivid, sympathy. Sometimes his verse was the record of actual experience, sometimes the outcome of purely imagined emotion, but always he claims to have strictly followed Sir Philip Sidney's precept, "Look in thy heart and write."

His opinions on his dramas are most interesting. His first if not strongest ambition was, he tells us, "to do something worth doing, and not wholly unworthy of a young countryman of Marlowe the teacher, and Webster the pupil of Shakespeare in the line of work which those three poets had left as a possibly unattainable example for ambitious Englishmen." *Chastelard* he admits was of little dramatic promise, yet with all its faults had two well drawn characters and a sketch which afterwards became the excellent tragedy of *Bothwell*. This was good work, he says, but it is surprising to find that he regards *Mary Stuart* as his crowning achievement. "I think I have never written anything worthier of such reward." *Atalanta* is too diffuse and exuberant, and does not please him so well as

Erectheus It should be remembered that, like Charles Lamb, he *wrote for antiquity*. "When I write plays it is with a view to their being acted at the Globe, or the Red Bull, or the Black Friars. And whatever may be the dramatic or other effects of Marino Faliero or Locrine they do certainly bear the same relation to previous plays or attempts at plays on the same subjects as "Henry V." to "The Famous Victories," if not as "King Lear," a poem beyond comparison with all other works of man, except possibly "Prometheus" and "Othello," to the primitive and infantile scrawl of "King Leir and his three daughters."

He has much to say of his descriptive nature poems, and an earnest plea for the regular ode form. The rhythmic reason of its rigid but not arbitrary law lies simply and solely in the charm of its regular variations. This can be given in English as clearly and fully if not so sweetly and subtly as in Greek. The *Ode on Athens* is of the strictest Pindaric form, and the poem on the Armada, though built on a new scheme, is still a legitimate ode, and "by the test of these two poems I am content that my claims should be decided and my station determined as a lyric poet in the higher sense of the term ; a craftsman in the most ambitious line of his art that ever aroused or ever can arouse the emulous aspiration of his kind."

One more quotation, which sets in the pleasantest light the poet's warmth of heart and staunch friendship. "The retrospect across many years over the many eulogistic and elegiac poems which I have inscribed or devoted to the commemoration or the panegyric of the living or the dead, has this in it of pride and pleasure, that I find little to recant and nothing to repent on consideration of them all."

Everyone interested in black and white drawings knows Mr. Sturge-Moore's fine woodcut of Pan to be found in the second number of the *Pageant*—a Pan of mystery and terror, resting from the leadership of some whirling orgy, with shaggy inhuman beast-limbs and heavy head and malignant eyes, lowering over unimaginable wickednesses. Very different is the aspect of the god in his latest poem, *Pan's Prophecy* (Duckworth and Co.) Here he is the benign and comfortable deity, the wise friend to everything that lives. The "Prophecy" is delivered for the comfort and instruction of Psyche, wandering after her bitter abandonment by Eros. The river in which she strove to drown herself brings her gently ashore within sight of the old

kindly god, who offers consolation and hope. The poem is mainly a sermon on the text—

“Weep, weep! it is the poorness of the soul
That causeth heart-crossed and love-cankered fates.
Will one beg alms because he friendship gives?
Demand return for love?”

Full trust and sharing of thought is needful for the abiding of perfect love and true wedlock.

“He would possess thee all in all; but thou—
His lighter hour and converse half asleep
Must make thy fortune, win thy gratitude!
Why, many an upland boor that tendeth sheep
Is kindlier-hearted and hath grown more shrewd
In following his plough,
Than to expect the comforts of his house,
Or his wife’s patience, for a lazy kiss;
But hearkeneth to her thought and shows her his——”

There is a prose argument and marginalia which aim at archaic effect and manner without much success. Mr. Sturge-Moore is primarily an artist, and it is as the work of an artist that we approach *Pan’s Prophecy*. When a man’s chief work is recognised in one kind we do not judge his essays in another by the ordinary strict standard; if their good qualities on the whole predominate, if he show power and personality much may be forgiven. Mr. Sturge-Moore is never stupid or dull, he is sometimes strained and somewhat crude, occasionally a verse or two of the blankest prose slips in, and his music is defective. The juice of the grapes did not naturally drip or distil in this vintage; the violence of the press has forced into it the harsh flavour of the skins and here and there a grape-stone has come through, and indeed at times we suspect—just plain gooseberry. Yet a strong heady wine, with body in it. Almost an *édition de luxe*, with a woodcut of Pan by the poet on the cover, *Pan’s Prophecy* is a book to possess. Put it on the shelf with the *Rout of the Amazons* and the *Vinedresser*, not too far from Verlaine and Mallarmé.

Look now at this Verlaine, assistant master in a private school at Bournemouth, walking out in charge of a Noah’s ark procession of English boys, pensively contemplating their chubby or cheeky faces, wondering obviously if any of them has the genius to grow up a thorough artist in villainy, and sorrowfully deciding in the negative. So Max Beerbohm pictures him in his clever *Poets’ Corner*. fifteen drawings of bards of repute, most of which are amusing, some have insight. Mr. William Archer

reverently and savourously kissing the unslipped toes of Ibsen, and Matthew Arnold in a negligent mantel-piece pose, asked by a small pig-tailed early Victorian niece, "Why, uncle, will you not always be wholly serious?" are among the best; also "Mr. Yeats presenting Mr. George Moore to the Queen of the Fairies," where the ludicrous extramundane air of kindly patronage of Mr. Yeats is not less deliciously conveyed than Mr. Moore's blinking disappointment at the view of the graceful tiny fairy—

"I hold her exquisitely knit
But all too spare of flesh."

Here is another caricature of Mr. Yeats, this time in prose, by Mr. F. Hugh O'Donnell, who can write excellently on church-building or educational statistics, but—*ne sutor*. . . "The Stage Irishman of the Pseudo Celtic Drama" is merely a recollection of ancient charges against Mr. Yeats. "Only three years ago the Yeatsite Drama was to Mr. Stephen Gwynn, as to more consistent people [he means himself], an exotic product." Mr. Gwynn now thinks differently, and hence this pamphlet which is neither a contribution to literature nor to criticism. The writer has some skill in the use of *mots dénigrants* which prove nothing. Whatever the faults of Mr. Yeats' work may be, he does not touch on them. Yet he has the complacency to write thus—

"Little more remains to be said. Mr. Yeats is welcome to the future. I have dealt with his past work."

He tells us with a pleasant introductory flourish of his own trumpet that Mr. Gwynn had hardly quitted his baby petticoats long after he himself had taken his Master's degree and had been elected a parliamentary representative of his nation. The same self-satisfaction is apparent in every page.

Here is a specimen of the writer's most effective manner. After quoting an unfavourable critique of Mr. Stephen Gwynn's he proceeds to ask:

"Does he ever recall an echo of his war-whoops as he went for the scalp of the exotic trespasser on the Fair Hills of Holy Ireland? Funny, funny, very funny!"

Mr. O'Donnell's manner of writing is calculated to destroy all the effect of his arguments. He should remember that an unskilful and violent attack is not a critique, and that a bludgeon is not the weapon for a gentleman who wishes to be regarded as such.

F. M. ATKINSON.

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Contributions to be addressed to The Editors, DANA, 26, Dawson Chambers, Dawson St., Dublin