

day; and there are those that are confident that in our own time the foundations will be securely laid of an Irish literature worthy of the olden reputation of that country, (Ireland), as the home of scholars and sages." The joy with which the new movement was first hailed by the Irish people, and the ardor with which they continue to support it, prove that the fever of politics is beginning to depart from Irish interests. While concessions were to be won by political agitation it was the duty of the Irishman to be a politician first, last, and all the time. But the hour has arrived when politics can take care of itself and should be suffered to rely upon the resources which go to it by choice and not allowed to monopolize the entire intellect of Ireland.

Before referring to the band of writers directly connected with the new movement, it will be useful to remember that Irish genius has never ceased to shine resplendently. The alliance of politics and literature that marked the Young Ireland Movement resulted in so great a popularity for the poets and prose writers who taught the doctrine of nationality that we are accustomed ever since to think of those years as our one period of literary creation. This is a mistake, and one which has grown almost universal. The writers who came after the "Young Irelanders," lacking the great wind of politics to fill their sails, have lived and wrought almost forgotten of the nation. Dr. Petrie and John O'Donovan did noble work so quietly that its extent is not yet fully realized. Historians have toiled without noise or notice so far as Ireland was concerned. So was it also with the lighter writers. Allingham found English audiences, but won few listeners on the Irish side of the Channel, and De Vere is to-day more noted as a poet of the English Catholics than as an Irish writer despite his "Innisfail," and his "Legends of St. Patrick." When time has removed this century into the dimness of the past it will be seen that Ireland, like England, has had a literary development of her own, and that Young Ireland was not a mere isolated outburst.

The succession of Ireland's intellectual pontiffs is without a break. From the noble group that circled around the

"Nation"—Duffy, Davis, Mangan, Mitchell, Meagher, MacNevin, Doheny, and the rest, we can pass to their successors, the Irish story writers and poets of a later generation, Griffin, Banim, Carleton, and many others. To particularize along the whole path would require more space than I can spare. At the present time a new school of writers is gathering around the new Irish literary movement whose fame will be reflected upon their Motherland. "T. M." writing to the London Sun names several of the new band, giving particulars in each case, and as the information he conveys is valuable and fresh, I offer no apology for making a somewhat lengthy quotation. Here it is:

"One of the most notable figures in the Irish literary world of to-day is Mr. W. B. Yeats. He is young; he has done some splendid work, much of it, I must say, richer in promise than in performance; but all denoting a vigor and originality which is quite refreshing in these degenerate days. "Celtic Twilight" is a book to read and thank the author for. "The Countess Kathleen" is original and daring—too daring to be completely successful, but it revealed a dramatic power which surprised those of us who had hitherto regarded Mr. Yeats as a dreamer more or less inspired.

Katherine Tynan Hinkson is, perhaps, better known to English than to Irish readers; but the inspiration of her best work comes from her native country.

No man has done more towards helping on the movement than Mr. Edmund Downey, who has, I am glad to see, resumed active work in the publishing world again. Mr. Downey has published many novels. "Through Green Glasses" made his reputation as a humorist. He has written sea stories which Mr. Clarke Russell might envy, and only recently "The Merchant of Killege" has shown that he knows the South of Ireland as well as any man, and that he can paint all the varied phases of the lives of its people better than most.

Mr. Standish O'Grady's versions of Irish heroic and legendary lore are infinitely better than his attempts at serious history and criticism. "Red Hugh's Captivity" is a vivid picture of Irish life at the end of the sixteenth century. Mr. O'Grady has a noble theme—Red Hugh was one of the truest and most picturesque characters in the history of any country—and he did his work well. But he might have spared us the preface to his excellent narrative. "The Bog of Stars," a volume of "The New Irish Library," was deservedly praised; and a merited tribute to the worth of his greatest novel, "The Coming of Cuculain," was published in these columns some time ago. Miss Jane Barlow has given us some idyllic sketches of Irish peasant life; and Miss Emily Lawless, the author of "Grania" and "Hurriah," may be trusted to do even better work.

Mr. Patrick Joseph McCaul's exquisite little