

Brown Thorn, Honour of the Amber Locks, and many others, are all charming little utterances, full of tenderness and purity, steeped in all the true simplicity that springs from deep emotion, an emotion that is none the shallower if it sparkles at times with sprightliness. The Gaelic also, in those of Carolan, gives us the love-songs of good society. His Gracey Nugents, Mabel Kelleys, Peggy Corcorans, and other idols, were all cultivated beauties, whom he addressed with a certain gracefulness that would have been lost on vulgar ears.

The Gaelic contribution closes with the "Jacobite songs" of Ireland, which are either deeply mournful and despairing, as in the *Lament for the Queen* and *The Fair Hills of Ireland*, or fiercely vindictive and defiant, as in the *Shane Bui* and "Canticle of Deliverance."

The 18th century closed with the Insurrection, which of course, among its many stimuli, was not wanting in a stream of song. Its principal contributors were James Orr, the brothers Shears, G. N. Reynolds, and Dr. Drennan—names that are now almost forgotten, and of which the latter were the more eminent—Reynolds as the writer of *Kathleen O'More*, one of the most exquisitely simple and pathetic of all the peasant songs of Ireland, and Dr. Drennan as the author of the most poetic product of his cause, *When Erin first rose*, a song which as clearly indicates the fiery spirit of the time as it does the power of the writer. The more popular effusions of the day, the *Shan van Vocht* and *Up with the Green*, have little literary superiority to the mass of their companions that were published in a small volume in Belfast under the title of "Paddy's Resource."

With the opening of the present century we arrive at what composes an epoch in the national minstrelsy, the *Irish Melodies* of Moore. It is the grace and delicacy of his love-songs which, moulding their fancy and tenderness to such perfection of expression, have made them what they must ever be, the great favorites of cultured circles; and if he rose to the truer ardor and simplicity of passion in those patriotic verses which contrast so much with their companions, it is the prior qualities again which give to his bacchanalian lyrics such a marked originality. The very reverse of those of the Gaelic, and, indeed, of all others of their class, they derive no inspiration from the wine-cup which they glorify; pure products of the imagination, they discard the aid of stimulants, whilst they celebrate its influence, as a means of delving the flight of time and the evanescence of human pleasures.

A few years later in the century and we come to that group of writers, which can claim to have bestowed on Ireland her national songs as well as ballads. We meet with Griffin, Calanan, Ferguson, Mangan, Davis, Waller, Walsh, Lover, McGee, Macarthy, Williams, T. D. Sullivan, and Simmons, who with such variety of power have laid bare the Irish heart in all its sunshine and its shadow, its passion and its humor. It is to them we are indebted for those admirable translations which have unlocked for us the stores of grandeur and beauty in the Gaelic; it is they who have given us the truest models of that sweet composite—the Irish love-song, in all its tender minglings of apparent contrasts but deep affinities, the smiles and tears, the lights and cloudings of affections pure and steadfast as they are generous and vehement—such as enchant us in Griffin's *Aileen Aroon*, and still lovelier *Gille Macree*. It is they who furnish us, in addition to the peasant songs of Lover, with such rustic truth and graphic vivacity as Waller's *Dance light for my heart it lies under your feet, love*. And it is they whose patriotic ardor revives the old soul of the Gael in Clarence Mangan's *National Hymn*, Gavan Duffy's *Irish Chiefs*, and Davis's *Song of the Volunteers*.

There are few sporting songs in Ireland, though its middle and southern quarters have been such a famous sporting country. *The Kilruddery Hunt* and *The Jolly Foxhunters*, written at the close of the past century, are the only specimens I know of; specimens, however, be it said, whose headlong animation and uproarious enjoyment do every justice to the soil.

Military songs are also wanting till we come to those of Lever, which with all their stirring pleasantry are rather convivial than martial; and naval songs are just as absent, though Ireland has an ocean foaming round her rocky shores,

whose very dangers, one would think, must have developed a nautical passion. The only instances that can be called "national" are the *Boatman of Kinsale*, by Davis, and that wonderfully expectant cry of the seaman to his craft as she runs to harbor in a heavy sea, called—I know not why—*The Boatman's Hymn*, which Mr. Ferguson, with his usual excellence, has so vividly rendered from the Gaelic.

WOMEN OF ERIN.

IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Irishwomen of a Century Ago, as Well as of To-Day Considered.

Since '48, says Katherine Tynan, we have heard but little of women in poetry till within the last few years, and if the renaissance in little has come now it is not because the times have any special inspiration, but because the women are learning their own powers and to cultivate them. We move very slowly in Ireland, and it is noticeable that while anterior to '48 we had Irishwomen who were acknowledged poets in England, as Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton, Lady Dufferin, and we may claim that great and lonely genius Emily Bronte, women at home in Ireland had not attempted to sing. Now that we have begun they come quickly, and perhaps it may be that the first comers will soon begin to lose their first prominence, which is as that of the early drops in a shower.

A little volume published a few years ago called "Poems and Ballads of Young Ireland" contained, with some remarkable poetry, contributions from two or three women who belong to the latter-day Irish poetry. Of these two are since dead, Ellen O'Leary and Rose Kavanagh. Both were my dear friends, but it is not friendship makes me think of them that they are among the most beautiful personalities of any time of literature. Ellen O'Leary was a truly noble woman, masculine in heroism and truth, feminine in purity and tenderness. She was the only woman I have ever met of the distinctly heroic type, incapable of fear of anything which meant merely injury to the body or the life of the body. She was strongly unselfish, living a life quite outside herself in the human beings she loved and the country she would have died for. She was a royal woman by nature, one who wore a crown of dignity and nobility patent to the dullest sight. It was a noble face. Watts would have painted her beautifully. She had regular features with warm-colored skin, which kept its satin smoothness to the last. Her grey eyes looked at you straight, you could well believe they were never strained in all her life by fear or dishonor. Scarcely any other woman could be what she was in the Fenian days—tried, trusted, strong of heart and cool of head, though the conspiracy had for a mainstring the brother who was her life's love.

I have placed Miss O'Leary's poetry in our own time, though she was writing on the Irish People under her brother's editorship in '67; but she reached the highest political development, I think, in the latter days of her life, and in those latter days her poems were first snatched from a dead newspaper to be preserved in a book, which, unhappily, only saw the light when she was gone. Rose Kavanagh, whose name I have linked along with hers, belonged more correctly to our day. She was still a girl when death took her in the February of this year. Her poetry I have praised so often that I need not dwell upon it here; but, beautiful and artless as it is, it does no injustice to Rose. She was but finding the way to her literary expression, and in her poems and stories she has left I find little enough trace of her. Her letters are best of all, perhaps; out of a phrase, a word, a bit of experience, her dear face sometimes looks as it did in life. Mrs. Gilbert, whom we all know as Miss Mullholland, is one who kept the lamp of Irish literature alight in somewhat dark days. Her work has been mainly in prose, but it is prose of the most poetical. No wonder it has delighted fastidious critics—Dickens and Ruskin, and Mr. Gladstone, whose judgment, however, is somewhat discounted by his over-praise of such poor work as "Mademoiselle Ixe." Since it happens his dictum can confer a vogue on books, one wishes (for the sake of literature) that he used it as legitimately always as

he did in the case of "Marcella Grace." I think in this book Mrs. Gilbert reached her highwater mark. There is strong and passionate life in it, and it shows us another side of the nature which we knew to be so gifted in depicting the dreams and fantasies and characters and stories so delicate and ethereal that they are like the visions of an exquisitely attuned imagination rather than anything we recognize in every-day life. Her poems have often the same pictorial qualities as the descriptive passages in her stories. One understands, remembering that she is one of the dually-gifted artists and had fine prophecies of her at South Kensington in days when she was an art student before she knew that her pictures were to be made in pen and ink. Her poem "Irene," which so captivated Sir John Millais that he sat down and made a picture of it for Cornhill, has this pictorial quality. Her poems have been contributed in many places since that day of immense triumph when a very young girl found herself an accepted contributor to the great Cornhill. Miss Francis Wynne is a young Irish poet who gained a hearing in Longman's a couple of years ago through the ready appreciation of Mr. Andrew Lang. She was not at all of those who lisp in numbers, but she attained mastery of her instrument with sudden and remarkable speed. Her first poem, "The First Cuckoo," was published in the Irish Monthly early in 1887, and I believe in its first shape it was badly in need of polishing and correction. Her little book, "Whisper!" which appeared last year, was, as Mr. Lang wrote of it, entirely successful, up to its aims and ambition. "Whisper!" was the poetry of a quiet young girl, naive, saucy, charming. The poems are all love poems, and the singer, so to speak, laughs at you from behind a fan and flies away. The fancy is so delicate and the workmanship so admirable, that we may well look to Miss Wynne for finer things. To reach them she may have to pass through glorious failures, but she will remember that

He who aims a star
Shoots higher far than he who aims a tree.

Miss Wynne is a girl in her early twenties. The landscapes of her little book are the quiet landscapes of Louth, where she was born and lived. With wider experience and other scenes her poetry will no doubt enlarge and expand. Miss Charlotte O'Brien is another of our poets who has tried her fortune with a book, nay, with two books. Her deafness has perhaps been to her what the blindness has been to one or two others, a seclusion in which her imagination and love of beauty have grown strong. There are few things in her poetry more sweet than the lines in which she laments her deafness. Yet the best poetry I have seen from her pen was poetry inspired by her country and her deep patriotism. A number of such poems appeared in the Nation perhaps ten years ago, and were full of strength and inspiration. Her poetry is noble poetry. She could scarcely fail to be a noble woman, being Smith O'Brien's daughter, that beloved Smith O'Brien for whose sake we have long ago forgiven "Murrough of the Burnings." Miss O'Brien brings one naturally to Miss Una Taylor, Sir Henry Taylor's daughter, whose impassioned poetry will be familiar to all the readers of United Ireland, wherein she has written for many years. Miss Taylor is Irish through her mother, who was the last Lord Montegle's sister, and in this way she is also a young kingwoman of Aubrey de Vere. She is as much steeped in Biblical literature as Swinburne, and, like him, she owes much of her vehemence and fire to the great poetry of the Old Testament. Miss Taylor lives at the Roost, Bournemouth, where her famous father lived for many years. She has literary sisters—one Ida Ashworth Taylor, is author of "Venus Doves" and "Snow in Harvest"—but if they have Irish convictions they do not express them.

Miss Emily Hickey is another Irish poet living in England, and the one who proudly labels herself Irish. She is a county Kilkenny woman, but has long lived in England, where she is one of the teaching staff at Miss Buse's great North London College for Women. You will see her sweet and womanly face in the page of "Poetesses" in the Christmas number of the Queen. With all her practical turn she looks artistic to the last degree. She might be the Lady of Shallot in the sweeping gown of pale green silk, in which I first beheld her at

a London garden party. She was really the founder, and to its last day the co-secretary with Mr. Farnwall, of the recently defunct Browning Society. She was very fortunate in having Mr. Browning for a friend, and, as might be expected, her first book "A Sculptor," published in 1881, had many traces of the great thinker's influence, but she has her own thoughts. She has published two volumes since, one in 1889, the other just issued from the press. She contributes to many London magazines—Longman's, the Leisure Hour, Atlanta, and others. She is a great philanthropist, as one has not far to go in her poetry to find out, and she is interested in many movements among the poor and the working classes. Perhaps it is due to Irish birth that she has caught nothing of the blackness of unbelief which is the rule in London literary folk, and especially among women. Her note of faith is very strong and assured, and her optimism great in consequence. There are many young Irish women who could be discoursed upon in an article of larger scope than the present, and some of whom will have articles to themselves one of these days, but I have kept from being invidious by dealing with performance rather than with promise.

INTERESTING TO WICKLOW MEN.

In the "Saunders' News Letter" for July 15, 1890, we find a column of a Government Proclamation, offering rewards for the capture of thirty-six persons, described as "murderers, robbers, and deserters," the large majority of whom had been implicated, or suspected of so being, in the late rebellion. Amongst those named and described we find first on the list—"Michl. Dwyer, about thirty-one years, five feet nine or ten inches high, very straight back, short neck, square shoulders, a little hunched, rather long-legged, with a small rise on the shin bones, very long feet, black hair and complexion, broad across the eyes, which are black, short cocked nose, wide mouth, thin lips, even teeth, but separate, very long from nose to chin, full breasted, rather full-faced, born in Imale. Five hundred guineas for taking him."

The next on the list—"John Mernagh (one of Dwyer's men), thirty years of age, born in or near Glen Mahur. Two hundred guineas for taking him."

The next—"John Harman (one of Dwyer's men), twenty-two years of age. Two hundred guineas for taking him."

The next—"John Porter, twenty-two years of age (one of Dwyer's men), born near the Seven Churches. Two hundred guineas for taking him."

The next—"Andrew Thomas, twenty-five years of age (one of Dwyer's men), born near Anamoe. Two hundred guineas for taking him."

The next—"Thomas Halpen, thirty-five years of age (one of Dwyer's men). Two hundred guineas for taking him."

"Martin Burke, born at or near Imale (one of Dwyer's men)." No reward or age mentioned.

"Lawrence Harman, brother of John Harman, thirty-four years of age (one of Dwyer's men)." No reward mentioned.

"Nicholas Harman, twenty-nine years of age, brother of John and Lawrence Harman (one of Dwyer's men)." No reward mentioned.

"James Kelly, son of Ned, twenty-one years of age, and James Kelly, son of Tom, twenty-five years of age (both Dwyer's men)." No reward mentioned.

Anecdote of Dean Swift.

Dean Swift did not relish a joke at his expense. At one time he met a Catholic priest in a friend's house, and who smartly replied to his sarcastic interrogation, Why do the Catholic Church use pictures and images, when the Church of England does not? "Because we are old housekeepers, and you are new beginners." The dean quitted the room and refused to remain to dinner.

Open to Conviction.—Don't you think you could love me a little, if you knew that I would die for you. Possibly, if you will give proof satisfactory to a coroner's jury.

Among the "Bohemians."—"Just my luck. I have gone and taken a room, and now I find there isn't a fire place in it." "That's easily remedied. Come and warm yourself in mine. All you've got to do is to get a man to bring your coke here. In that way you will save the expense of a stove."