

volume of poetry, "Irish Noinins," shows that we have at last in our midst an Irish lyrical instinct with the true spirit of the Gael; and Miss Dora Sigerson has published a book of simple strains which charmed a wide circle of admirers. Want of space has reduced me to the necessity of contenting myself with merely mentioning the names of other workers in the same broad field. Among those who have earnestly striven to promote the movement are Miss Emily Hickey, Miss Alice Mulligan, Mr. A. P. Graves, Mr. Lionel Johnson, Mr. F. A. Fahy, Miss Higginson, (Moirá O'Neill), Miss Nora Hopper, Miss D'Estre Keeling, Mr. McD. Bodkin, M.P., a charming writer of short stories, Dr. Todhunter, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Mr. T. W. Rolleston, Mr. Frank Matthew, and Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue—a goodly list which might be much extended.

There are half a dozen men among those noticed above who are capable of far better work than any yet performed by them."

This interesting statement shows that Ireland has writers. Have they an audience? As I said at starting, the books published by the new movement sell well. Still, "fit audience, though few," is a Miltonic phrase which would, I presume, suit the condition of things literary in Ireland. But could not much be done by the Irish in America to supplement that audience? To make an audience for Irish writers, thus rendering the craft of the Irish author remunerative, to forward the efforts of the disinterested souls who devote their energies to reclaiming for Ireland the bright fame in learning and letters which was once her glory, to do all this—employing the means at hand—promptly, judiciously, and persistently, is, I do not hesitate to aver, the noblest task which the world-scattered race of Irish Celts could undertake.

39—I shall not discuss the merits of *Trilby* more than merely to say that its humor will live. The book can scarcely continue as popular as it is. It is obviously inferior to its author's first novel *Peter Ibbetson*, published two years since. Meanwhile a word as to the author. George Louis Palmella Busson Du Maurier was born, March 6th, 1834, at Paris. I do not know where he was christened, or who the officiating clergyman was, but whoever performed the ceremony earned his fee, as the multitude of names heaped upon the infant testifies. He received his education in Paris and studied art in his native city but he disliked the work and gave it up. His grand parents on his

father's side were émigrés from France during the Reign of Terror. The future artist came over to England at the age of seventeen. He studied chemistry under Dr. Williamson at University College, London. As a preparation for the medical profession, afterwards he studied painting at Paris, also at Antwerp and Dusseldorf. The best of his artistic work has been executed for "Punch." Almost everyone has seen samples of it. As an illustrator of Thackeray he gained great applause. It is not at all too venturesome to predict that Du Maurier the novelist will prove a dangerous rival to Du Maurier the pictorial artist.

40—Few books possess the engrossing charm which the *Secret Service Under Pitt* holds for the student of history, more especially if his previous inquiries have at any time led him to peer into the worse than Simmerian darkness of Irish Secret Societyism. The Irish were never intended by nature for oath-bound conspiracy. Their hearts are too open and their tongues a trifle too glib for a diversion at which the more self-sustained and silent Italian is an adept. That the Irish have ventured all, even life itself, on oath-bound conspiracy and Secret Societyism is owing more to their surroundings than their desires. But the fact remains that they have done so, and this book by Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, strikingly illustrates the hazard of such course. Everywhere in it we can read the folly of Secret Societyism as it has been practised among the Irish. With them the life of a Secret Society goes through the self-same stages with scarcely a variation—first, the formation, then the plot, then the traitor and informer, then exile or the gallows. Surely Thomas Moore must have a profound knowledge of the evil of Irish conspiracy, and its Nemesis, the informer, when he wrote in words of fire:

"Oh for a tongue to curse the slave
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And biasts them in their hour of might!
May Life's unblest cup for him
Be drugged with treacheries to the brim,—
With hopes that but allure to fly,
With joys that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead Sea fruits, that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country's curse, his children's shame,