



The Poets Of Ireland

By PATRICK SULLIVAN

[Copyright, 1905, by C. N. Lurie.]

THOSE who have not acquired a certain facility in the use of the Gaelic can never appreciate fully the characteristic singing quality of ancient Irish verse. Those who know the language even superficially are familiar with this rare distinction and can understand readily how impossible it is to translate its melodious rhythm into the barbarous Sasunach.

The Gaelic is a language which needs no accompaniment of lute or harp to convert it into song. Like many of the dialects of the North American Indians, it was poetry before it was written and sang itself into the hearts of the people long ages before it was reduced to grammatical exactness. The most ancient Gaelic manuscripts in existence are distinctively poetic in construction. It has been asserted that the entire Druidic system was poetical in its inception and development, and there are manuscripts in the continental museums dating from the period immediately preceding the arrival of the Christian missionaries which seem to give character to the theory. This hypothesis has led some eminent Gaelic investigators to believe that this language, like the Romance dialects of the continent, was poetry first and was converted into prose only when the exigencies of the times demanded the mutilation.

Be all this as it may, it is certain that Irish writers of all ages, from the time of the evolution of the Ossianic cycle down to the middle of the last century, have preferred to express themselves in verse. When the last vestiges of disappearing heathendom were still contending with triumphant Christianity, both ends found their champions among the poets. No subject was too abstruse or too theoretical to be discussed in verse. The Ossianic legends are for the most part recitals in glowing verse of deeds which in any other country and by any other people would have been told in prose. The best early history of St. Patrick, and the one frequently referred to for corroborative evidence, is the metrical composition of St. Fiech. The adventures of Ossian, Druidic poet and warrior, may be as mythical as are those of Arthur, but the long succession of poets who have handed down those exquisite legends, if they be so, have done their work admirably. The middle and modern periods of Irish literature are replete with metrical performances that would do credit to the poets of any age, and the revival of Gaelic study which has sprung up in Ireland will make their superiority apparent.

It is characteristic of the modesty of Irish poets that throughout the older periods almost all the greatest works are anonymous. When the island's literature began to decline, poetry manifested no falling off. The singers continued to evolve their characteristic melodies, and the quality was as admirable as was the quantity. The seventeenth century witnessed a marked change in the form of Irish verse. The metrical system of the old bardic schools gave way to a new verse form in which the rhyme was primarily vocalic. The use of vowel rhymes was extended, and in the course of time a strangely melodious verse form resulted. Entire poems were constructed with the same accented vowels recurring throughout in orderly sequence. The old classic style persisted until the beginning of the eighteenth century, and then it practically disappeared. Some of its leading representatives were Peig, Mac Daire and Lughaidh O'Clery, the famous principals in "The Contention of the Bards." Peig Dall O'Clery and

Eochaidh O'Hussey. Among the most gifted of the poets who adopted the new versification may be numbered Torlough O'Carolan, Brian Mac Giolla Meidhre, whose "Midnight Court" is one of the most remarkable works in any language; John O'Neughtan, Timothy O'Sullivan and Egan O'Rabally.

During the nineteenth century the Gaelic fell into practical disuse for literary purposes. In recent years a movement has been made to restore the language and to revive Irish literature. The Gaelic league has become a very powerful organization, and it is waging a popular and most successful campaign in behalf of the ancient tongue. The Society for Preservation of the Irish Language is also doing a mighty work toward the restoration of the elegant and melodious Gaelic.

But the Irish do not owe their unique talent for versification to the superiority of the Gaelic as a vehicle and to nothing else. The Irishman is a poet in whatever language he is constrained to employ. Some of the best Latin verses of the scholastic ages were penned by Irish poets. There are numerous serious and dogmatic treatises in faultless Latin verse which made their appearance during those blessed days of Christian ascendancy when the culture and scholarship of the country were centered at Armagh. Those were the days when the scholastics spoke



THOMAS MOORE.

and wrote in almost classical Latin and theses and disputations were put into flowing verse.

Under the influence of the true Gaelic temperament the unresponsive and unmusical English has been made to yield marvelous results. Burns' polyglot medium won on account of its quaintness and the genuine minstrelsy behind it all, and Scott almost caught the trick of the ancient story telling bards and wandering minstrels, but Tom Moore was the wizard who transformed gutturals into harmony and sibilants into songs. His Irish lyrics are the self-linging melodies of the old Gaelic harpists reproduced in an alien tongue. Since the time of Elizabeth the lyric had been dissociating itself from music. Moore united them so perfectly and so intelligently that the whole world broke into melody.

Scarcely less admirable in its literary workmanship and not a whit less patriotic is the poem by John Keble Ingram, entitled "The Memory of the Dead," which begins thus:

Who fears to speak of ninety-eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave or half a slave
Who slights his country thus,
But a true man like you, man,
Will fill his glass with us.

Mr. Ingram's "A History of Political Economy" has been translated into nine European languages and into Japanese. His "Sonnets and Other Poems" was published in 1900. Few men know more about Irish history than he.

ST. PATRICK AS AN EDITOR

Outside of Ireland and among those who are not of Irish descent the common knowledge of St. Patrick's life and labors extends no further than that it was he who converted the Irish to Christianity and that some strange legends of his ministry are believed to the present day by the descendants of his converts. To speak of St. Patrick among these as a great editor would doubtless arouse incredulity.

Yet one of Patrick's most important works in Ireland and one which surrounded him with an undying glory even before his canonization was done in an editorial capacity. He and his associate bishops edited the Brehon code of laws, the great ornament of the pagan civilization, so as to make it conform in all its parts with the word of God. Perfectly fair and just, the code was still permeated with the superstitions of the old idolatry, and the

harmony of society demanded their expurgation when the new order came.

A Roman subject, St. Patrick has been praised for his forbearance in refraining from injecting into the Irish code the essence of Roman law, but it is not certain that he was familiar with the latter. Torn from his native Gaul by a predatory Irish band when scarcely sixteen, he became thoroughly Irish in his years of slavery in Ireland. This is made evident by the fact that Latin was to him a foreign tongue when he escaped to Gaul to prepare for the priesthood.

But what Patrick and his Episcopal assistants could do in editing the code was to give special privileges to the clergy. It was not to be altered again, and all was left in their hands. That the new priesthood required new privileges would be the easiest thing imaginable to demonstrate to the new converts.

What was done? In the Brehon law there was the dire fine or full honor price which might be imposed on each, according to his dignity, for the heavier offenses, among which, by the way, was lying. There was also the half honor price, which one might be fined for offenses of less viciousness. Refusal of food was one of these. For the second grade offenses no one lost his full honor price until convicted a third time. But for churchmen Patrick made an exception. They had to pay the full fine for the very first offense and besides be degraded in rank. A still stricter rule was imposed on bishops. Churchmen of lower grade, thus convicted, could recover their grade, but a bishop could not. He must resign his high office and become a hermit. Thus did Patrick provide that an erring priest should be punished more severely than the erring layman and the erring bishop more severely than any other.

A great man truly, a great law editor, was Patrick, son of Calpornius.

IRISH MARTYRS.

Progress of the Movement For Their Canonization.

There are few Christian countries where martyrs for the faith have been more numerous than in Ireland, but the roll of her canonized saints is not proportionately large. For this nobody is to blame, inasmuch as the life or death struggles in which the country was long engaged occupied the attention of the bishops and clergy and of their flocks. But the promotion of the causes of the Irish martyrs has not been forgotten. His grace the archbishop of Dublin in a letter to the clergy of his diocese has intimated that the final stage in the proceedings is about to be entered upon. The sittings of the diocesan court will be continued as far as may be possible from day to day until the work is completed. There is, he states, every reason to anticipate that what now remains to be done will be got through speedily and that before many weeks the official transcript of the diocesan court's record will be ready for transmission to the Holy See. In an article which he contributed to the Irish Ecclesiastical Record at the beginning of last year the archbishop of Dublin named between 250 and 300 cases with which it was proposed to deal. Among them are those of Dermot O'Hurley, archbishop of Cashel; Cornelius O'Devaney, bishop of Down and Connor; Maurice Keuraghty, a secular priest of the diocese of Limerick; Arthur MacGeoghagan, a priest of the Dominican order, and Sir John Burke or De Burgo of Brittas. In the case of Oliver Plunkett the diocesan process was gone through in 1874 in London, where he suffered death, and with the sanction of the Holy See the apostolic process, a later procedure, takes place in Armagh.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Catholic Party In England.

A large Catholic party in England has been formed under the leadership of the Duke of Norfolk. The new Catholic league, styled by the title Pro Anglia Catholica, counts as members all the prominent Catholics of the United Kingdom, including several peers of the realm. Its purpose is to obtain more favorable Catholic legislation from both houses of parliament, especially regarding the practical support of Catholic schools by the government. All regulations and details concerning the new league have been submitted to and approved by the Vatican authorities, who have been informed that such a movement has met with favor even at court, where Catholics have in recent years obtained some ascendancy. It is also stated that Cardinal Del Val, who knows English conditions thoroughly, has been the prime mover in the society's work and has been greatly encouraged in his efforts by Pius X.

WOMAN'S IDEAL WORK

Elevation of the Home Depends Upon Intelligence and System.

On every hand the American woman is conceded to be remarkable. Her quickness, her keen intelligence, her wonderful adaptability, her unusual charm, are undeniable. If ever a woman needed and deserved a career, she does—a career open to her talents.

There is a career, too, in America, that especially needs the best gifts of the American woman, her wisest thought, her highest executive ability, her finest endowments. Yet it is so neglected a career that most women never think of it as a career at all. As an opportunity for vitality and really influencing the world, they refuse to consider it.

"The greatest field now offered to the educated woman," says one college woman famous for her ability and experience, "is the elevation of the home into its place in American life. The home and the school are the two pillars upon which American institutions stand. The proper correlation of these is the work of the coming year. The school can do much but it cannot undo all the mischief in the home."

The home maker who does not know how to provide nourishing food of the best variety and quality for her household, the woman who cannot manage servants and cannot do without them, the woman who does not train her children in the line of their best possible development, the housekeeper who is neither economical nor efficient is so common in America that we have almost ceased to expect her to learn. The American woman who makes a career of a home, who brings brains to house-cleaning and to bills of fare, who knows how to manage her subordinates because she knows their work thoroughly herself who has definite aims as to her children's manners and ideals, is the exception, not the rule. The woman who complains of home conditions, instead of creating them, and who wants a career without seeing the one at hand, is increasingly heard in the land. It is all very well to smile at the German savant's ideal wife, who "had seventeen children and no opinions," but the American variety with seventeen clubs and no children certainly shows up badly by comparison. The woman who can make and keep an ideal home—clean, comfortable, simple, restful, cultivated, hospitable—has achieved the best career, after all. No woman can make such a home without being intelligent and ambitious of excellence. "There is no stupid work; there are only stupid workers," says the French philosopher. Nowadays, when so many women find home making stupid, is the trouble in home itself or in the stupidity that fails to recognize the most beautiful opportunities of life?—Harper's Bazar.

Coming Season's Pretty Hats.

Never before in millinery's history were there such pretty dainty hats exhibited as this season's.

These hats are made perfectly plain of shaded straw mixed with some dainty lace, the only decoration being a large black velvet bow.

According to plaid silk and chiffon hats are again in evidence, and are appropriate accompaniments for most all costumes. These silk hats are made on four shapes, the picture hat, the Charlotte Corday, the walking hat, and the turban; some are shirred, others are folded, according to the wear-



er's taste; and when trimmed with a few pretty flowers are very effective. How often well dressed women are to be seen wearing evening hats of delicate color in the afternoon. Such hats are inappropriate for street wear. Plain tailored hats are the correct headgear for tailored garments.

One of our illustrations is that of a chip straw colonial in a grass green hue trimmed with a paradise of a lighter shade caught with a rosette of liberty satin.

Another smart hat is illustrated. It is made on a flare shape, of allover lavender straw braid, trimmed simply with three large ostrich plumes, in paler tint and finished in the back with a cut steel ornament.

While a diving bell 17 feet in diameter was being lowered at the government harbor works, Dover, recently, it passed through a shoal of sprats and 1,000 of the fish were caught in the bell and carried down to the sea bottom, where the divers secured them.

FAMOUS WOMAN ANARCHIST

Her Passing Recalls Memories of the Paris Commune.

Louise Michel, who died in Paris at the age of 70, was the "Red Virgin." This name she acquired in the fierce and gory days of the Paris commune days of anarchy, bloodshed and arson. She was a "red." There was another reason, too, for her title. During the last days of the commune she and a lover of hers were fighting side by side at one of the barricades in the city of Paris. A cannon ball struck the man cutting him in two and baptizing the woman in his blood.

Louise Michel had another little title, too. It was not hers alone, for she wore it jointly with other ladies of her class. She and they acquired this title—"La Pétroleuse"—in the commune. La Pétroleuse means the petroleum girl or kerosene maid or the lady of the naphtha, or something of that sort. They carried these volatile fluids in cans and threw them into buildings either burning or about to be burned.

She was a strange woman, as she had been a strange child. William T. Stead said of her, in a character sketch written in 1892: "She is somewhat a psychic herself, having from time to time strange glimpses into futurity, of which she but seldom speaks. But when (as a little girl) she invoked the devil to appear in the haunted castle of the estate on which she lived, using the customary invocations and protesting her love for him, she saw nothing and thereupon incontinently concluded that there was no devil."

"She was 10 years old," said Mr. Stead again, "before her mother could induce her to touch meat of any kind. It seemed a species of cannibalism. The frog cut in two by the spade, the worn-out horse driven to the leech pond, the goose nailed by its feet before the fire, the kitten dragged by a string through the street—all these things roused in Louise Michel a loathing and a horror which even at the earliest age found vent in the longings for vengeance. She longed to see the horse trample down its pitiless tormentor. So she grew up, loving the oppressed, hating the oppressor." That is what Mr. Stead wrote.

In the veins of Citoyenne Louise Michel flowed royal blood—diluted. She was born in 1833, a peasant. Moving from Burgundy to Paris, she opened a school and became an active propagator of advanced doctrines. Before the war of 1870 she was anxious to kill the emperor of France—in her love for humanity. During the war she served in the ambulance corps and later shouldered a musket and took part in the fighting.

During the commune of 1871 she was in her element. She organized clubs and presided at revolutionary meetings. She offered to go to Versailles and stab M. Thiers, at the head of the government, hoping to catch him in his bath as Charlotte Corday had done to Marat. But her friends had other plans. During the bloody week which preceded the victory of the regular army she was in the thickest of the fighting. For the part she took in those days of riot and anarchy she was sent on the long journey to Caledonia. She was pardoned in 1880 and came back to Paris.

How to Get Fat.

Absolute freedom from care and anxiety. At least ten hours' sleep out of every twenty-four. In addition to this naps during the day if possible. This sleep must always be natural. Nothing is so bad for the appearance and general health as sleep induced by anodynes or narcotics in any form. The diet should be liberal and should consist largely of food containing starch and sugar; potatoes, fresh, sweet butter, milk, cream, fruits cooked and served with sugar, all vegetables containing starch and sugar, such as corn, sweet potatoes, beans, peas, foods of the macaroni and spaghetti kinds without pastry; plenty of outdoor life, and a moderate amount of exercise. Sleep in a well ventilated room. I do not believe that any one can gain flesh if there is any internal disease, certainly not if there is any tendency to dyspepsia or liver trouble. Where the patient is plump in one part of the body and falls in another a gymnastic course is advised. There is nothing better than bicycling, unless it may be a regular gymnastic course. In order to pursue the latter properly the patient is advised to go to a first-class gymnasium submit to an examination and take exercise prescribed by the attendant physician. These gymnasiums, at moderate prices, may be found in a town of any size in the country. Where the development is meagre in the upper part of the body swimming is also an excellent exercise. Walking is always wholesome. The patient who wishes to gain flesh can never do so if she worries, is harassed, or permits her nerves to get the better of her.

Leather as a Skirt Facing. Leather is used by some women as a skirt facing. It has the advantage of shedding dust and being readily cleaned if soiled by mud. In a skirt of walking length which rubs over the shoe tops, it has the disadvantage, however, of being hard on the leather of the walking shoes, the friction between it and the latter wearing off the outer finish and polish.

Harmless Skin Food. A good skin food is made of two tablespoonfuls of white castile soap, three or four of orris root, powdered, and a handful of oatmeal. Let all soak together in a cupful of warm water for a couple of hours. A few tablespoonfuls of this added to the bath is delightful. It is cheap and good for the skin.

Leather as a Skirt Facing. Leather is used by some women as a skirt facing. It has the advantage of shedding dust and being readily cleaned if soiled by mud. In a skirt of walking length which rubs over the shoe tops, it has the disadvantage, however, of being hard on the leather of the walking shoes, the friction between it and the latter wearing off the outer finish and polish.

Harmless Skin Food. A good skin food is made of two tablespoonfuls of white castile soap, three or four of orris root, powdered, and a handful of oatmeal. Let all soak together in a cupful of warm water for a couple of hours. A few tablespoonfuls of this added to the bath is delightful. It is cheap and good for the skin.

WOMAN'S IDEAL WORK

On every hand the American woman is conceded to be remarkable. Her quickness, her keen intelligence, her wonderful adaptability, her unusual charm, are undeniable. If ever a woman needed and deserved a career, she does—a career open to her talents.

There is a career, too, in America, that especially needs the best gifts of the American woman, her wisest thought, her highest executive ability, her finest endowments. Yet it is so neglected a career that most women never think of it as a career at all. As an opportunity for vitality and really influencing the world, they refuse to consider it.

"The greatest field now offered to the educated woman," says one college woman famous for her ability and experience, "is the elevation of the home into its place in American life. The home and the school are the two pillars upon which American institutions stand. The proper correlation of these is the work of the coming year. The school can do much but it cannot undo all the mischief in the home."

The home maker who does not know how to provide nourishing food of the best variety and quality for her household, the woman who cannot manage servants and cannot do without them, the woman who does not train her children in the line of their best possible development, the housekeeper who is neither economical nor efficient is so common in America that we have almost ceased to expect her to learn. The American woman who makes a career of a home, who brings brains to house-cleaning and to bills of fare, who knows how to manage her subordinates because she knows their work thoroughly herself who has definite aims as to her children's manners and ideals, is the exception, not the rule. The woman who complains of home conditions, instead of creating them, and who wants a career without seeing the one at hand, is increasingly heard in the land. It is all very well to smile at the German savant's ideal wife, who "had seventeen children and no opinions," but the American variety with seventeen clubs and no children certainly shows up badly by comparison. The woman who can make and keep an ideal home—clean, comfortable, simple, restful, cultivated, hospitable—has achieved the best career, after all. No woman can make such a home without being intelligent and ambitious of excellence. "There is no stupid work; there are only stupid workers," says the French philosopher. Nowadays, when so many women find home making stupid, is the trouble in home itself or in the stupidity that fails to recognize the most beautiful opportunities of life?—Harper's Bazar.



Miss Pauline Merton, Daughter of the Secretary of the Navy.

The Immigrant's Child.

Miss Jane Addams, of Chicago, a distinguished sociologist has proved by statistics that there is more crime among the children of immigrants in this country than there is among the immigrants themselves. At first this fact seems to be a reproach to the children of the immigrants, but the children of the immigrants do not get the full measure of their criminality from their parents, they must owe it to the country in which they live.

But is this assumption really true? A little thought will bring the conviction that it is not. There is more crime, less criminality, or moral offense, in every race, in every individual, and this criminality or offense is the case of many children of immigrants, rapidly developed by the conditions of life which the parents make for them on their arrival in this country. It is, in part, the fault of the street life in crowded cities and towns to which the newly arrived proceed to condemn their children, and in part due to the deliberate relaxation of the parental control which existed in the old country.

The cause of the evil, however, is not of so much interest as the question of its cure. There are two ways in which to work toward such a cure. One is to multiply schools, clubs, recreations, and other occupations and interests that will keep the child away from the devilry of the street. The other is to bring the parents of the children, through their organized religious and social means of organization, to a realization of the need of control.

Through both of these avenues of approach the child of the immigrant may be helped by those who have his welfare at heart.

Lowell's Beaver Broke.

The old millstone at Lowell, Mass., reservation, Waverly, has been successfully preserved. They are now splendidly placed beside the river, which crosses what for so many years was known as Clements' brook. Research into their history has many interesting stories of the love for this section which inspired the famous Waverly oak. It was the favorite resort of the poet. All traces of the old mill have disappeared, but the old millstone used to turn and crush the grain. The mill was the last of its kind in Lowell's power. It was broken by a beaver.