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Irish poets and the East

IRISH POETS AND THE EAST

(James Clarence Mangan)

by

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IRISH POETS AND THE EAST.

THAT the most Western country in Europe should display Eastern affinities is not what one would look for at first sight. But when we remember that Ireland possesses in her own tongue the oldest spoken language west of the Caucasus, that her people have remained, in spite of conquest by England, largely pastoral, and have clung through ages to many of their old beliefs and superstitions, the wonder somewhat disappears. Being one who does not hold the doctrine that the East is East and the West is West, and never the twain shall meet, but rather that all men are brothers who in the fulness of time will not only meet but join hands in friendship, the present writer finds this theme a very agreeable one. Irishmen, for reasons there is no need to particularise, entertain much sympathy with the native races of India ; and, as poets everywhere have shown broader sympathies than common men, the glory and the sorrow of the Orient have specially appealed to our sons of song. When Thomas Moore elected for his leading work the theme of *Lalla Rookh*, he brought home to the English reading public, almost for the first time, the brotherhood of sentiment that binds both East and West, and painted in undying verse the common truths which underlie the great religions of the world. No English writer up to then had gone so far to demonstrate the ennobling principles of a creed which was not Christian, or the sanctities of a love and the self-sacrifice of a patriotism which were not European. I am not now concerned with the *manner* in which Moore accomplished his task. His style has fallen into disrepute, and many of his dainty similes which moved our grandparents almost to tears now provoke only smiles. That is a matter of literary fashion, and Moore was above everything a fashionable poet. But in the *matter* of his poetry and in the courage he displayed

by showing that Mahomedans and Fire-worshippers could be just as good or just as bad as Christians, Thomas Moore deserves to rank among the true teachers of mankind. The impressions such a work as *Lalla Rookh* makes on the growing enlightenment of a people do not disappear when the work itself loses popularity among critics. The poem is still read and admired by multitudes, and those whose tastes are grown beyond it do not need its teachings as our grandmothers needed them. The poetic reader has better fare to feast on now since Sir Edwin Arnold gave us the Orient studied from within. Moore had no personal acquaintance with the East and no knowledge of its native literature. He derived his information through the records of French and English travellers, —in other words, through European spectacles—so that the accuracy of description which satisfied his contemporaries is merely the reflection of their own impressions which the poet's industry enabled him to reproduce. With the austere reverence and self-restraint of Asia he was little in touch. Her sunshine, her roses, her jewels and gazelles made the chief appeal to his imagination, and from these he fashioned a series of glittering pictures that weary with excessive prettiness. As one reads, to-day, Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam, the astronomer-poet of Persia, one is puzzled to think how two poets of the same race could differ so widely in their tastes as Moore and Fitzgerald. No doubt Fitzgerald's original astronomer, like astronomers of every age and country, was a sceptic, and his scepticism appeals to our generation as surely as mere prettiness appealed to Moore's. It is another way of stating that literary fashions change, and poets, like the rest of us, are influenced by their surroundings. But it is fifty years since Edward Fitzgerald made his first version of the *Rubáiyát* which was then so little to the public taste that it could find neither publisher nor readers, and when printed at the translator's own expense, was finally disposed of at a penny a copy. No; apart from time and fashion, the chief difference lies in the personality of the two men. Moore was a gay, genial soul, adaptive and receptive like the majority of his countrymen. He spread his sails to the breeze of popular fancy which Scott and Byron had set blowing, and he sailed swiftly to his reward. Fitzgerald, like the minority of Irishmen, was a reserved, self-centred, concentrated soul who

laboured long to perfect a little. Content to bide his time, he, too, has reached his fame. Between these two in point of time and talent lies the place of James Clarence Mangan. He was more Irish, and, perhaps, in actual tastes, more eastern than either. As his reputation has hardly extended beyond Ireland, or, at least, beyond Irishmen, it is to his work I would like to call the attention of your readers. Two volumes of selections from his verse have appeared in America. Both books contain samples of his translations, or alleged translations (for his work has been so little studied, it is by no means certain which) from the Persian, Arabic and Turkish tongues. A much larger collection of Mangan's poems has recently been published by Mr. O'Donoghue, of Dublin. On this volume I propose to draw, trusting that those who like my samples will obtain the book and study for themselves. Before doing so, however, I shall give from Mr. O'Donoghue's previously published *Life of Mangan* a few particulars of the poet's unhappy career. He is the most personal of writers. Without some knowledge of his life it is hard to understand his gloomy genius.

On May Day, 1803, James Clarence Mangan was born in Dublin. Like Thomas Moore, his townsman, Mangan was the son of a grocer. There all resemblance between the lives of the two Dublin poets ends. Moore was lovingly reared, carefully educated, and passed a happy life in England almost suffocated with applause. Mangan, according to his own story, was harshly treated by his father as a child, and, according to undoubted evidence, neglected as a youth, compelled to labour into manhood at the toil of scrivenery to support his needy relatives, and his measure of reward starvation in a garret. He was mainly self-taught, had a decided gift for languages and lost no opportunity of extending his knowledge of strange tongues. A priest instructed him in Latin and Italian. How he picked up French and German is unknown. What was the extent of his acquaintance with Asiatic languages or whether he had any such acquaintance at all, remains a mystery even to his biographer. His real knowledge of the East—the near East we call it to-day—came through his German reading. His translations from the German poets, great and small, were among the most welcome of his contributions to the Dublin magazines of his day, and, indeed, the only portion of his work which reached book-form

during his lifetime. To-day his Anglo-Irish poetry, translated and original, places him in the first rank of the poets loved in Ireland.

The Dublin libraries are rich in mediæval literature, and when, through the influence of local admirers, he obtained a post as assistant in the library of Trinity College, he was able to indulge his taste for curious reading in unbeaten bye-ways. But being in sympathy with the somewhat revolutionary politics of his countrymen at the time, he lost this post and sank into the utmost poverty. A craving for the use of stimulants, which his feeble health had engendered, did not mend matters, and in 1849 he died in hospital of the prevailing cholera at the age of forty-six. His character was shy, amiable and melancholy to a marked degree, subject to ecstatic flights and consequent depressions. His poetry is weird and unequal in quality, at its best reaching to the verge of sublimity and always marked by much agility of rhyme and rhythm. He had anticipated Edgar Allen Poe (if he did not teach the American) in the beautiful resonance of the repeated line, and in pretended translations produced some of the most original metres to be found in English versification. No competent Orientalist has ever examined how far his alleged eastern translations are based on originals. Perhaps some reader of *East & West* will enlighten us on this point later on. In the meantime, I venture to suggest they are mostly the outcome of Mangan's own whimsical humour. In 1837 he began the *Literae Orientales* in the *Dublin University Magazine*. How he considered a translator should set about such work may be gathered from one of his articles on the subject :—

> The student is not to flatter himself that because he has rattled through a Persian grammar and skimmed Richardson's dissertation that the business is accomplished, and that he has nothing more to do but take his MS. in hand and loll on his ottoman. A severe initiation awaits him. He must for a season renounce his country, divest himself of his educational prejudices, forego his individuality and become, like Alfred Tennyson, ' a Mussulman true and sworn.' . . If he would appreciate Ottoman poetry, if he would even make an approach to understanding it, he must disencumber himself of all the old rags of Europeanism and scatter them to the winds. . . He must begin his poetical education afresh, and after a series of years (industry, commentators and opium in the meantime assisting) he may be able to

boast that he has measured the height, length, breadth and circumference of the Great Temple in which the imagination of Bakki and the soul of Hafiz are enshrined, and beyond the extreme outer porch or Ethnic Forecourt of which none save those who have served a like probationary apprenticeship to the Genius of Orientalism have ever been permitted to advance.

If this be fooling, one is forced to say that, like Hamlet's madness, " there's method in't."

Here is a sample of how he takes his own advice, in describing a murderer stricken with remorse :—

THE HOWLING SONG OF AL-MOHARA.

From the Arabic.

My heart is as a house of groans
From dusky eve to dawning grey ;
Allah, Allah hu !
The glazed flesh on my staring bones
Grows black and blacker with decay ;
Allah, Allah hu !
Yet am I none whom death may slay;
I am spared to suffer and to warn ;
Allah, Allah hu !
My lashless eyes are parched to horn
With weeping for my sin alway ;
Allah, Allah hu !
For blood, hot blood that no man sees,
The blood of one I slew,
Burns on my hands. I cry therefore,
All night long, on my knees,
Evermore,
Allah, Allah hu !

Because I slew him over wine,
Because I struck him down at night
Allah, Allah hu !
Because he died and made no sign
His blood is always in my sight ;
Allah, Allah hu !
Because I raised my arm to smite
While the foul cup was at his
Allah, Allah hu !

Because *I* wrought *his* soul's eclipse
He comes between me and the Light
Allah, Allah, hu !
His is the form my terror sees,
The sinner that I slew;
My rending cry is still therefore,
All night long, on my knees,
Evermore,
Allah, Allah hu !

Under the all-just Heaven's expanse
There is for me no resting spot;
Allah, Allah hu !
I dread man's vengeful countenance,
The smiles of woman win me not;
Allah, Allah hu !
I wander among graves where rot
The carcases of leprous men;
Allah, Allah hu !
I house me in the dragon's den
Till evening darkens grove and grot;
Allah, Allah hu !
But bootless all !—Who penance drees
Must dree it his life through;
My heart-wrung cry is still therefore,
All night long on my knees,
Evermore,
Allah, Allah, hu !

The silks that swathe my hall deewan
Are damascened with moons of gold;
Allah, Allah hu !
Musk-roses from my Gulistan
Fill vases of Egyptian mould;
Allah, Allah hu !
The Koran's treasures lie unrolled
Near where my radiant night-lamp burns
Allah, Allah hu !
Around me rows of silver urns
Perfume the air with odours old;
Allah, Allah hu !

But what avail these luxuries?
The blood of him I slew
Burns red on all—I cry therefore,
All night long, on my knees,
Evermore,
Allah, Allah hu!

Can Sultans, can the Guilty Rich
Purchase with mines and thrones a draught
(Allah, Allah hu!)
From that Nutulian fount of which
The Conscience-tortured whilome quaffed?
Allah, Allah hu!
Vain dream! Power, Glory, Riches, Craft,
Prove magnets for the Sword of Wrath;
Allah, Allah hu!
Thornplant man's last and lampless path,
And barb the Slaying Angel's shaft;
Allah, Allah hu!
Oh! the blood-guilty ever sees
But sights that make him rue,
As I do now, and cry therefore,
All night long, on my knees,
Evermore,
Allah, Allah hu!

More pleasing, if less dramatic, is "The Time of the Barmecides," also alleged to be from the Arabic. It is the best known of Mangan's poems, so I shall only give a couple of stanzas:—

My eyes are filmed, my beard is grey,
I am bowed with the weight of years;
I would I were stretched in my bed of clay
With my long-lost youth's compeers!
For back to the past though the thought brings woe
My memory ever glides,
To the old, old time, long, long ago,
The time of the Barmecides!
To the old, old time, long, long ago,
The time of the Barmecides.

I see rich Bagdad once again,
With its turrets of Moorish mould,
And the Khalif's twice five hundred men
Whose binishes flamed with gold;
I call up many a gorgeous show
Which the Pall of Oblivion hides—
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
With the time of the Barmecides;
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
With the time of the Barmecides.

Through city and desert my mates and I
Were free to rove and roam,
Our diapered canopy the deep of the sky
Or the roof of the palace dome:
Oh! ours was the vivid life to and fro
Which only sloth derides!
Men spent life so, long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides;
Men spent life so, long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides.

The lament over wasted youth which he gives as "The Wail and Warning of the Three Khalendeers" has a touch of humour in its sadness. He states it is "from the Ottoman."

THE WAIL.

La' laha, il Allah!
Here we meet, we three, at length,
Amrah, Osman, Perizad;
Shorn of all our grace and strength,
Poor and old and very sad.
We have lived but live no more;
Life has lost its gloss for us,
Since the days we spent of yore
Boating down the Bosphorus!

La' laha, il Allah!
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus!
Old time brought home no loss or us!
We felt full of health and heart
Upon the foamy Bosphorus!

He goes on describing the delights of life in varying rhymes upon the Bosphorus through four or five stanzas till we come to this:—

Gone is all ! In one abyss
Lie health, youth and merriment !
All we've learnt amounts to this ;
Life's a sad experiment !
What it is we trebly feel
Pondering what it was for us,
When our shallop's bounding keel
Clove the joyous Bosphorus.

Then comes—

THE WARNING.

Pleasure tempts, yet man has none
Save himself t'accuse, if her
Temptings prove, when all is done,
Lures hung out by Lucifer.
Guard your fire in youth, O friends !
Manhood's is but phosphorus,
And bad luck attends and ends
Boatings down the Bosphorus !

It is sad to think that poor Mangan, like the temperance preacher whose eloquence was inspired by a drunken headache, wasted so much of his own strength in foolish boatings down the river of excess, and it is a significant fact that Omar, who glorifies the use of wine, was quite a sober person. Therein lies the difference between theory and practice. Yet is there something of a kindred feeling between them. Is it that both are just a trifle insincere in this matter of indulgence ?

Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling ;
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

Mangan repeatedly vowed to leave off drinking and devote the remainder of his life to nobler things. Here the theoretical and practical tippler are at one as Fitzgerald paraphrases :—

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore ?
And then, and then came Spring and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

How Clarence Mangan would have rolled the flowing verses of the *Rubáiyát* from his melodious lips one can easily imagine, if his mouth had not been "stopt with dust" many years before that masterpiece appeared.

In the poem entitled "The Last Words of Al-Hassan" we hear his melancholy note of Clarence Mangan himself, again.

Farewell for ever to all I love!
To river and rock farewell!
To Zoumlah's gloomy cypress-grove
And Shaarmal's tulipy dell!
To Deenween-Kullaha's light blue bay,
And Oreb's lonely strand!
My race is run—I am called away—
I go to the lampless Land.
'Llah Hu!
I am called away from the light of day
To my tent in the Dark, Dark Land.

Yet why should I live a day—an hour?
The friends I value lie low;
My sisters dance in the halls of the Giaour
My brethren fight for the foe.
None stood by the banner this arm unfurled
Save Khárada's mountain-band,
'Tis well that I leave so base a world,
Though to dwell in the Lampless Land—
'Llah Hu!
'Tis well that I leave so false a world,
Though to dwell in the Dark, Dark Land!

Even she, my loved and lost Ameen,
The moon-white pearl of my soul,
Could pawn her peace for the show and sheen
Of silken Istambol!
How little did I bode what a year would see,
When we parted at Samarkhánd—
My bride in the harem of the Osmânlee,
Myself in the Lampless Land!
'Llah Hu!
My bride in the harem of the Osmânlee,
Myself in the Dark, Dark Land!

We weep for the Noble who perish young,
  Like flowers before their bloom—
The great-souled Few who, unseen and unsung,
  Go down to the charnel's gloom;
But, written on the brow of each, if Man
  Could read it and understand,
Is the changeless decree of Heaven's Deewán—
  We are born for the Lampless Land!
    'Llah hu!
By the dread firman of Heaven's Deewán—
  All are born for the Dark, Dark Land!

The wasted moon has a marvellous look
  Amiddle of the starry hordes—
The heavens, too, shine like a mystic book,
  All bright with burning words,
The mists of the dawn begin to dislimn
  Zahár's castles of sand—
Farewell!—farewell! Mine eyes feel dim—
  They turn to the Lampless Land.
    'Llah hu!
My heart is weary—mine eyes are dim—
  I would rest in the Dark, Dark Land!

There is, however, more than the affinity of contrast between the *Literae Orientales* of Mangan and Fitzgerald's *Omar*. Witness the following :—

SAYING OF NEDSCHATI.

O. B. 1508.

(From the Ottoman).

The world is one vast caravanserai,
  Where none may stay,
But where each guest writes on the wall his word—
  O Mighty Lord!

This is the bud. Here is Fitzgerald's full-blown flower :—

Think, in this battered caravanserai,
  Whose portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his pomp
  Abode his destined Hour and went his way.

Again, Mangan had written "The World—A Ghazel"—which he explains is a short Oriental poem distinguished by the recurrence of one particular rhyme from beginning to end—long before the advent of the English *Rubáiyát*.

To this Khan and *from* this Khan,
How many pilgrims came and went, too!
In this Khan and *by* this Khan,
Which for penance man is sent to,
Many a van and caravan
Crowded came, and shrouded went, too!
Christian man and Moslem man,
Guebre, Heathen, Jew and Gentoo,
To this Khan and *from* this Khan
Weeping came and weeping went, too!
A riddle this since time began
Which many a sage his mind hath bent to.
All came and went, but never man
Knew *whence* they came or *where* they went to.

And Fitzgerald—

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of Death addrest;
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash
Strikes and prepares it for another Guest.

A moment's halt—a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste—
And lo!—the phantom Caravan has reached
The Nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste!

Comparisons between Moore and Mangan are much easier to make and generally to the advantage of the less-known poet. The mystic Rose of Persia is a favourite theme of both. Most persons will see at a glance that the phrase *Gul Sad Berk* which Mangan renders "The Hundred-Leaféd Rose" is preferable to Moore's "The Flow'ret of a Hundred Leaves."

In *Lalla Rookh* we read :—

A happier smile illumes each brow,
With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
And all is ecstasy—for now
The valley holds its Feast of Roses;

The joyous Time when pleasures pour
  Profusely round, and in their shower
Hearts open like the Season's Rose—
  The Flow'ret of a hundred leaves,
Expanding while the dew-fall flows
  And every leaf its balm receives.

From Mangan's poem of twenty-seven stanzas, every alternate line of which finds a fresh rhyme for "Rose," I select the following.

Like crisped gold, laid fold over fold,
  Like the sun that at Eventide glows,
Like the furnace-bed of Al-Khalíl *
  Is the Hundred-leaféd Rose.

Her cloak is green with a gloomy sheen,
  Like the garment of beauteous Jose,†
And prisoned round by a sentinelled wall
  Is the Hundred-leaféd Rose.

The Flower of Flowers as a convent towers
  Where Virtue and Truth repose;
The leaves are the halls and the convent walls
  Are the thorns that fence the Rose.

Who sees the sun set, round and red,
  Over Lebanon's brow of snows,
May dream how burns in a lily-bed
  The Hundred-leaféd Rose.

A virgin alone in an alien land
  Whose friends are but smiling foes,
A palace plundered by every hand
  Is the Hundred-leaféd Rose.

Oh! give her the gardens of Peristan,
  Where only the Musk-wind blows,
And where she need fear nor Storm nor Man,
  The Hundred-leaféd Rose.

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* The Friend of God—Abraham—who, tradition says, was cast into a furnace by Nimrod.

† Joseph.

It would seem as if Mangan challenges comparison with Moore's mellifluous muse in one instance at least.

Moore :—

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,
And oft when alone in the bloom of the year,
I think, is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gathered, while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.

Mangan's verses are titled :—

HEAVEN FIRST OF ALL WITHIN OURSELVES.

I stood where the home of my boyhood had been,
In the Bellflower Vale, by the Lake of Bir-bol;
And I pensively gazed on the wreck of a scene
Which the dreams of the Past made so dear to my soul.

For its light had grown dim while I wandered afar,
And its glories had vanished like leaves on the gale,
And the frenzy of Man and the tempests of War
Had laid prostrate the pride of my Bellflower Vale.

I thought how long years of disaster and woe
Scarce woke in my bosom one sigh for the Past,
How my hopes, like the home of my childhood, lay low,
While the spirit within remained calm to the last.

Then I looked on the lake that lay deep in the dell,
As pellucidly fair as in summers gone by,
And, amid the sad ruins of cottage and cell,
Still mirrored the beautiful face of the sky.

And I said, so may ruin o'ertake all we love,
And our minds, like Bir-bol, abide bright evermore ;
So the heart that in grief looks to Allah above,
Still reflects the same heaven from its depths as before !

This is not imitation ; it is rivalry. The pretty conceit of comparing the attar of the roses to memory is as characteristic of the one as the serious religious simile is of the other.

A capable critic recently asserted that Moore is at his best when describing some event which suggests comparison with the history of his own country. This is equally true of Mangan, as, indeed, perhaps, of every other writer. Surely, the Irish Exile must have been in our poet's mind when he penned "The Karamanian Exile," though he tells us it is "from the Turkish" :—

I see thee ever in my dreams,
Karaman !
Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
Karaman ! O Karaman !
As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
As when the deepening sunset seams
With lines of light thy hills and streams,
Karaman !
So thou loomest in my dreams,
Karaman ! O Karaman !

The hot bright plains, the sun, the skies,
Karaman !
Seem death-black marble to mine eyes
Karaman ! O Karaman !
I turn from summer's blooms and dyes ;
Yet in my dreams thou dost arise
In welcome glory to my eyes,
Karaman !
In thee my life of life yet lies,
Karaman !
Thou still art holy in mine eyes,
Karaman ! O Karaman !

The poem is too long to give fully, but the laments of the exile over his fallen nation and his thirst for vengeance on its oppressors

can be inferred from the foregoing. I don't know why, but Karaman suggests Siberia which although not directly East is, certainly, east of Ireland. That must be my excuse for introducing the poem here. It is thought by some one of Mangan's best. The very lines seem as frozen as the theme.

SIBERIA.

In Siberia's wastes
  The Ice-wind's breath
Woundeth like the toothed steel;
Lost Siberia doth reveal
  Only blight and death

Blight and death alone!
  No summer shines.
Night is interblent with Day.
In Siberia's wastes alway
  The blood blackens, the heart pines.

In Siberia's wastes
  No tears are shed,
For they freeze within the brain.
Nought is felt but dullest pain,
  Pain acute, yet dead;

Pain as in a dream,
  When years go by
Funeral-paced, yet fugitive,
When man lives, and doth not live,
  Doth not live—nor die.

In Siberia's wastes
  Are sands and rocks.
Nothing blooms of green or soft,
But the snow-peaks rise aloft
  And the gaunt ice-blocks.

And the exile there
  Is one with those;
They are part and he is part,
For the sands are in his heart,
  And the killing snows.

Therefore, in those wastes
None curse the Czar.
Each man's tongue is cloven by
The North Blast, that heweth nigh
With sharp scymitar.

And such doom each drees,
Till, hunger-gnawn,
And cold-slain he at length sinks there,
Yet scarce more a corpse than ere
His last breath was drawn.

After this glacial picture let us once more return to the roses of Persia.

Morning is blushing ; the gay nightingales
Warble their exquisite songs in the vales;
Spring, like a spirit floats everywhere,
Shaking sweet spice-showers loose from her hair,
Murmurs half musical sound from the stream,
Breathes in the valley and shines in the beam.
In at the portals that Youth uncloses
It hastes, it wastes, the Time of the Roses.

And so on for eight or ten stanzas till he winds up by introducing the supposed author in this fashion :—

I, too, Meseehi already renowned,
Centuries hence by my songs shall be crowned ;
Far as the stars of the wide Heaven shine,
Men shall rejoice in this carol of mine.
Leila ! Thou art a rose unto me :
Think on the nightingale singing for thee ;
For he who on love like thine reposes,
Least heeds how speeds the Time of Roses !

About these productions Mangan showers names and dates with most suspicious accuracy, and there are allusions in footnotes to MSS. which he alone appears to have studied. It is a quaint fraud in keeping with the poet's general character.

To go through the entire collection of Mangan's Eastern

verse is beyond the scope of a magazine article. There are love ditties, epitaphs, epigrams, ballads, and long, serious, prayerful poems. There is humour too, of a strange, and not too healthy kind, ingenuity of rhyme and rhythm and much slap-dash phraseology. But through it all shines the light of wayward genius. His German paraphrases are numerous and brilliant, but it is upon his personal and purely Irish verse that his fame (such as it is) rests. In "Dark Rosaleen," where he apostrophises Ireland, he rises to his greatest height. I can only give one stanza :—

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
  Are my lot night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
  Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
  Again in golden sheen ;
'Tis you shall reign and reign alone,
  My Dark Rosaleen !
  My own Rosaleen !
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign and reign alone,
  My Dark Rosaleen !

And, to finish, I shall quote a few lines of his "Nameless One"—a poem descriptive of himself.

Roll on my song, and to after ages
  Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from Wisdom's pages,
  The way to live.

And tell how, trampled, derided, hated,
  And worn by weakness, disease and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God who mated
  His soul with song—

And he fell far through the fit abysmal,
  The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
  Stock of returns.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
Here and in hell.

I trust enough has been quoted to induce the East to do for this neglected poet what the West has failed to do—take him to its larger heart and study him, for he was one who accomplished much and truly loved his fellow-men of every race, colour and creed.

WILLIAM BOYLE.

THE NAMING OF MOUNT EVEREST.

VERY little is known of the English Godfather of that Himalayan mountain. Circumstances, into which I cannot now enter, led to the destruction of nearly all written memorials of his life; and as he married in late middle age, his own family were too young at the time of his death to remember much that can throw light on his Indian career. Nor do I know much of it; but I have a vivid recollection of his character and personality; and perhaps the little that I can tell about him may throw light on the nature of the feeling that prompted those who remembered him to connect his name with an inaccessible snow-peak.

No portrait taken of him reminds me of him as much as does a statue of Moses, the legendary Deliverer of Israel, of whom it was said that "no man knows his sepulchre." As a matter of fact, George Everest was buried at Hove near Brighton. But if I were writing my impressions of him in metaphor or parable, I could not express them better than by saying of him, as is said of Moses, that after spending his life in leading other people out of bondage to within sight of a Promised Land, he went up a mountain to be alone with God; and some Unseen Power disposed of him, and left his friends suddenly aware that they had in reality never known much about him. He was always a land-mark, a beacon to others; always utterly lonely, and always misunderstood.

In the year 1806, he, being then sixteen years old, was sent to India as a cadet. He had received the ordinary unscientific education of a young gentleman of that period, which comprised a certain amount of accurately taught Latin, a very little illogical theology, and a large amount of flogging, fagging, and fisticuffing. He was considered an excessively troublesome boy. Not that he was ever accused, I believe, of any action that could be considered really wrong, deceitful, or unkind. But he was always in danger.