children's friends too; such a charm and such a potency had her pleasant pen exercised among the simple folk around the peasant hearths. Friday evening was the happiest evening, and the most looked forward to in the whole week; that was the evening on which the journal containing Uncle Remus's useful and gentle homilies reached the country homes."

As this slight memorial of Rose Kavanagh is to contain no sample of her prose, it may be mentioned here that, besides innumerable short stories and sketches, several tales of considerable length were contributed by her to *Young Ireland* and other periodicals. The longest, and perhaps the best of these, "Kilaveena," was reproduced, with her own corrections, but after her death, in the twenty-third volume of *The Irish Monthly* (1895).

Rose Kavanagh, like James Clarence Mangan, never contributed to any London magazine or journal. I am not aware that Mangan ever tried an English Editor at all; but Rose Kavanagh did once, only once. *Merry England* was a very bright and literary magazine, founded and edited by Mr. Wilfred Meynell and enriched with much of the refined prose of his wife and with the first poems of that strange genius, lately lost to us, Francis Thompson. To the Editor of that magazine our young Irishwoman sent, in November, 1885, a poem a good deal out of season, for it was called "An April Day." It may be given here, as, to my surprise, it is quite different from a poem of the same name which will be found later on.

Now, little gold-head! whither shall we stray?
This April evening's wreath of rosy hours,
Twined with the sunlight and lark's lay, is ours.
How shall we wear it? My merry one, say!
Soon the green spring shall lie drowned in flowers,
Soon through the land the white presence of May
Shall flash till the wee wild-birds in their green bowers
Tremble with rapturous song through the day.

Give me your hand, and we'll hurry to meet
All the delight that young summer is bringing:
Listen will we for the fall of her feet
Where the brave spears of the green grass are springing:
Catch the first throb of her happy heart-beat
From the clear anthem the linnets are singing.

Give me your hand, boy, we'll ramble to where
The home river laughs as it leaps into sight,
Pure as the dawn from the dark heart of night,
Bright like a sword where it cleaves the thin air,
Then links the crags with a rainbow of light—
Only the fairies are sentinels there,
Watching the water's wild musical flight,
Holding beside it their revelry rare.

Gold-head, to-day we will wander away
Where nature before us tenderly trod,
She'll let us creep to her bosom and lay
Our cheeks to the daisies, chained to the sod,
Their little feet bound by fetters of clay,
Their starry eyes lifted always to God.

Her pleasant rhymes came back to her from the office of *Merry England* with more than a mere formal "Declined with thanks."

"I am very sorry to return your verses, for they have a beautiful and singing quality. But the metre is not quite regular, and the irregularity is not a pleasing one where the second line of the first verse is an heroic, and the rest of the poem is anapaestic. There is not quite enough really careful substance in the verses either, to my mind—though I think they show that the writer is, or will be, capable of very good things."

This might seem a sufficiently cordial recognition for an unknown Celtic maiden to wring from a Saxon editor at the first attempt; but, as a fact, it thrust Rose Kavanagh aside for ever—she never made a second assault on that citadel, but confined herself to her beloved Dublin and Ireland.

Among her friends there were two who have since won for themselves so prominent a place in contemporary literature that it is well to give their opinion of the poems collected in this little book.

Mr. William Butler Yeats wrote in the Boston *Pilot*: "Rose Kavanagh has left but a very little bundle of songs and stories—the mere May blossoming of a young inspiration whose great promise was robbed of fulfilment, first by ill-health, and then by an early death. Readers of future anthologies of Irish verse will know the name of Kavanagh from 'Lough Bray' and 'St. Michan's Churchyard,' but they will not know the noble, merry, and gentle personality that produced them. . . In 'The Northern Blackwater' Miss Kavanagh seems to me to have reached a delicacy of thought and expression that reminds one of Kickham at his best. The last verse begins finely with—

'Once in the May-time your carols so sweet
Found out my heart in the midst of the street'—

and ends with a note of that tender sadness so very near to all she has written. Was it a shadow of the tomb?"

Elsewhere Mr. Yeats says of the poetry that we have gathered into this little book: "Like most of the best Irish verse of recent years it is meditative and sympathetic, rather than stirring and energetic—the trumpet has given way to the viol and the flute. It is easy to be unjust to such poetry, but very hard to write it. It springs straight out of the nature from some well-spring of refinement and gentleness. It makes half the pathos of literary history. When one reads some old poem of the sort one says—'What a charming mind had this writer! How gladly I should have met and talked with such a one!' and then one gathers about one, like a garment, the mist of regret."

It is right to record here that, according to so subtle a master of the music of words as the author of "The Wanderings of Oisin" has proved himself to be, Rose Kavanagh's poems are "full of most delicate expressions and tender music." "At the time (Mr. Yeats adds) I often found myself repeating these lines from her 'Lough Bray':

"The amber ripples sang all day,
And singing spilled their crowns of white
Upon the beach, in thin, pale spray
That streaked the sober sand with light."

Katharine Tynan tells us more about her dear friend's person and personality than about her poetry. She recalls her "as she was in the days when her health was best, and she always looked far stronger than her state warranted—tall and handsome, with a dear fresh Irish beauty that delighted one. It was the most honest face in the world, with brave grey eyes, and a country brownness over the clear tints, as if it loved the sun and the breezes. I used to call her the Wild Rose. I remember that her fine forehead was white under the beautiful brown hair that rippled off it nobly. There was scarcely ever a face and form that expressed more truly the fair soul within. Once an old peasant in the street with a registered letter to post and very uncertain of ways and means, and very distrustful of city folk, caught her by the arm as she passed the portico of the Post Office. "You've got a good face," he said, "an' maybe you'll tell me what to do with this?" An instinctive judgment which it was not difficult to make in her case. With her, indeed, it was—

"A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face."

Mrs. Hinkson to continue Miss Tynan's deposition under her matrimonial *alias*—says of the poetry in our subsequent pages: "Much of it will live in Irish song. It is that artless Irish poetry which is almost mannered from lack of mannerism, but superadded there is often an exquisite delicacy of expression which Irish poetry as a rule does not possess. Some of her ballads have an open-air sweetness and freedom like her, their maker. One cannot analyse what she wrote, because one's heart is too full of her own beautiful personality."

The second section of this modest memorial opens with further expressions of Mrs. Hinkson's feelings towards her friend. That section is reserved for elegies, and therefore could not admit two poems addressed to our poet during her lifetime. In Ellen O'Leary's *Lays of Country, Home, and Friends*, these lines are "inscribed to Rose Kavanagh":