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THE DAWNING CENTURY.
(Continued.)

February 10 the great War Minister retires from office for reasons not a few, taking along with him certain of his friends, to be succeeded by the Addington Administration, a galaxy of talent not of exceeding brilliancy; chief amongst which shines the star of Castle-reagh, with his faithful satellites, his century of Irish blackguards, for such and no more they appeared then to sour, indignant Grattan, as now to the impartial eye of history. Pitt retires, pursued by Royal compliments and regrets, as the coachman may for a while surrender the ribbons to some young feather-brain, but all the time keeps a keen eye upon the driver—warning, advising, pressing now this rein, now that, with a nod or a wink to the passengers, and ready the moment he pleases to eject the neophyte, and resume his charioteering with a flourish and a vigorous administration of leather to his flagging cattle.

Why does our Imperial charioteer surrender the reins to Addington? In the eyes of many the step seems a mystery, and Pitt leaves it so. The man delights in surrounding himself with mystery. To the Opposition, assigning reasons for the retirement, he answers that they have discovered some of the reasons, but not all. The remainder he declines to impart. The nation is tired of war, and is just now clamouring for peace. Pitt knows this at least, that under his peculiar management the Imperial finances cannot stand peace. For England, war, war taxes, the despotism of the seas and the wrecking of foreign commerce, war loans and the war passion blinding or disturbing the natural vision of patriots, have become necessary. Perennial war till England drops is the fate which Destiny and Pitt seem to have begotten between them as a child of promise for what once seemed the chosen people of the modern era. So in a different sense the son of Amos and the prophetess, in spiritual union, gave to another people their mystic child—promise of Ruin.\* Pitt knows that war is essential for England's existence, therefore he will have no hand or part in the approaching peace, of which he knows, too, that England will tire ere long. Again he has pledged his word to the Irish Catholics, and must keep it, at least to the ear. A temporary retirement is, indeed, no fulfilment, but it is something. Once more enveloped in the war whirlwind, England and her Whigs will forget all about the circumstances that attended the consummation of the Union. Then, to a great man who has long occupied the first place, there is the charm of occupying ostensibly no place at all, and yet directing and controlling the Government as effectually as if he were the First Minister of the Crown. Sheridan makes himself merry at the expense of the new Administration. Pitt has knocked all the brains, such as they were, out of the Government. The chief charlatan having retired, his place is taken by an empty skull, cleverly illuminated and dressed up, which is sure to frighten the French into fits. Yet strangely enough the brainless skull seems to perform the functions of Government quite as well as the skull with brains, nay, wins great victories,

\* Isaiah, chap. viii.

and brings glory to England, works the marine plunder business with success, and in its vindication batters down the ships and houses of Copenhagen, slaying thousands of our brothers, the Danes, and wonder of wonders! does what Pitt could never do—beats the troops of the Directory on land, conquers the French in Egypt, and drives Menou to capitulation. Now, either Addington, contrary to all contemporary testimony was not a stupid man, but a man of genius, or the real work of Government, and the advancement of England's greatness are, in fact, carried on not by Cabinet Ministers at all, but by the permanent departments, by men of whom history never hears, men old and gray in office, men of slow tongues and quick brains, inelquent and unrepresentable men without handles to their names, and around whom no fierce light beats. I have been informed by those who have been themselves behind the scenes, that Cabinet Ministers, as a rule, are singularly stupid men, men who, in any honest occupation and subjected to the strain of genuine competition, would full surely starve. We in the House see only the paint, the bangles, the glitter set off by the glare of the foot-lights; we do not see the beggarly reality.

Be that as it may, however, the Addington skull seems on the whole rather more effective than the head of Pitt, and the war goes out in quite a blaze of glory. Addington, however, is weak in the tongue-gift, he cannot "alarm and horrify like a charlatan." He is a somewhat plain-spoken man, who is deficient in the art of veiling what he is within clouds of sombre and lurid verbiage. He, too, will muddle up the national accounts, setting to England's credit some four millions displaced from the other side of the line, and shall be detected, but not by Pitt. He, too, can tax, plunder, and starve; but for the lean hands of his miserable countrymen will be able to contrive some glow of martial renown and imaginary warmth, both by sea and land; glory in Egypt, glory in the Baltic, and finally strike a universal peace over the world.

NEW BOOKS.

*Dairine and other Poems.* By the Hon. KATHARINE VEREKER. London: Jarrold & Sons, Warwick Lane.

A book well printed on good paper and beautifully bound in green and gold. On the front fly-leaf is an exquisite engraving which represents the authoress, guitar in hand, dressed and wearing her hair in the early Victorian manner: a very beautiful young woman, with a dreamy, sweet, and romantic expression; autograph in bold, clear handwriting below the picture. We are thus explicit, because a good many of Miss Vereker's Irish friends and kinsfolk are subscribers to A. I. R. and think that her book is one which for the foregoing and other reasons they ought to buy and keep as an interesting link with the past.

The manner of Miss Vereker's poetry is also early Victorian, without a trace of Tennyson, but with a great many signs and tokens that it was written when Moore and Scott were in the ascendant. Yet her poetry is original too, as well as always sweet, tender, and feminine, and ever suggestive of

the beautiful and romantic young lady with the guitar in the frontispiece.

The book is all about Ireland. "Dairine," the chief piece, is a poetical and very romantic rendering of the famous Irish story of the origin of the Boromean Tribute.

Lest anyone should think that our judgment has been affected by the lovely young lady with the guitar, we give a specimen of her poetical manner:—

Erin! fair Queen of all the West,  
By Nature's hand in beauty drest,  
Bedecked with every sylvan gem,  
How glorious is thy diadem!  
The eternal azure of thy skies,  
The snowy cloud that o'er them flies,  
Thy thousand lakes, thy heathy hills,  
Thy giant rocks, thy fairy rills;  
From gentle Cushendall's calm shore  
To the wild grandeur of Kylemore;  
From Kerry's loughs and foliage green  
To the bare rocks of Skibbereen.

Observe that the poetess, though observing the poetical conventions of her early Victorian surroundings, is not too grand to celebrate Skibbereen. There are many such signs of reality and sincerity in her poetry which at times, too, is quite patriotic enough to match the *ne plus ultra* enthusiasm of those who would imitate the heroes of '98 if they were not afraid of being taken up by the police.

Miss Vereker represents an old Anglo-Irish family which, in spite of many excellent traits reappearing from generation to generation, has somehow, and very unfortunately, failed to multiply itself. Her father commanded the City of Limerick Artillery in the fighting with General Humbert, and was raised to the Peerage as Viscount Gort for skill and gallantry shown on that occasion.

I regret to say that the cost of the book, post free is 11s.

ΑΙΡΩΤΙΚΗ ΣΑΕΩΤΙΣΕ.
(Irish Alphabet.)

Δ	Δ	α	Σ	Σ	g	Ο	ο	ο
β	β	β	(h)	(h)	h	ρ	ρ	ρ
γ	γ	γ	ι	ι	ι	ρ	ρ	ρ
δ	δ	δ	λ	λ	λ	ρ	ρ	ρ
ε	ε	ε	μ	μ	μ	τ	τ	τ
φ	φ	φ	ν	ν	ν	υ	υ	υ

Δn, def. art., the. There is no indefinite article in the Irish language.

Δn ρευτ (phonetic, "an rayulth"), the star.

Δn ρπερ (phonetic, "an shpeir"), the sky.

Δn ρευτ ινρ Δn ρπερ.  
The star in the sky.

Phonetic: "An rayulth ins an shpeir."  
Spéir is pronounced "shpeir" because the ρ is softened by the succeeding thin vowel, e.

And now please remember always that, as I said before, the lake is not burthened by its swan, nor a man's mind by its knowledge. The old Irish proverb has it:—

Ní cruimíre Δn toé Δ taca,  
Ní cruimíre Δn τ-εάδ Δ ριαν,  
Ní cruimíre Δn εαορ Δn otann,  
Δρ ní cruimíre Δn εόταν Δ ciatl.

The bit's no burden to the bounding steed,  
Nor are their fleeces to the woolly breed;  
The lake with ease can bear the swimming kind,  
Nor is good sense a burden to the mind.