FLOWERING

DUSK

THINGS REMEMBERED

Acquately and Inaccurately

ELLA YOUNG

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PORTRAIT SKETCH OF ELLA YOUNG

BY THOMAS HANDEPETH
the bow. It requires skill. If Padraic, or the boat miscalculates, the wave will come aboard and swirl about our feet. One wave would not swamp us, but it would be a mishap.

We are out of sight of Kilkieran village. We have the sea and the sky and the barren mountains to ourselves. That is a good thing. The villagers think we are all three mad, and tempters of the Almighty! But we know that we have sea-luck. This is a boat that will not drown, nor will any one of us three at any time, unless we decree it ourselves.

Presently we will return to the harbour with dignity and seemliness, displaying that craftsmanship which sets Padraic above every sea-expert in Kilkieran. We will be talking of magical lakes, and of horses, gray to whiteness, that lift dripping shoulders and neigh shrilly in the hours before dawn, of faery music that echoes among the reeds, of strange lights that move on the waters.

MAUD GONNE

I have never seen Maud Gonne, but I want to see her. I wonder how I can bring it about. I hear that she is going to lecture in some small room to a gathering of ultra-patriots. It is likely there will be free fights in the audience. She has the art of stirring her hearers to that pitch of enthusiasm. My folks will certainly never allow me to go by myself. I try to think of some respectable person who will take me. Finally I bribe my young brother.

There is not a free fight after all, and quite a lot of boring people speak before Maud Gonne comes on the platform. She reads her speech, a tall wax candle on either side of the desk. I am disappointed in the speech, but not in the beauty of Maud Gonne. She has a beauty that surprises one—like the sun when it leaps above the horizon. She is tall and like
a queen out of a saga. Her hair is burnished gold and her
eyes are gold, really gold.
I do not see her again for many months. Then I see her
standing with W. B. Yeats, the poet, in front of Whistler's
*Miss Alexander* in the Dublin gallery where some pictures
by Whistler are astonishing a select few. These two people
delight the bystanders more than the pictures. Everyone
stops looking at canvas and maneuvers himself or herself
into a position to watch these two. They are almost of equal
height. Yeats has a dark, romantic cloak about him; Maud
Gonne has a dress that changes colour as she moves. They
pay no attention to the stir they are creating; they stand
there discussing the picture.
I catch sight of them again in the reading room of the
National Library. They have a pile of books between them
and are consulting the books and each other. No one else is
consulting a book. Everyone is conscious of those two, as the
denizens of a woodland lake might be conscious of a fla-
mino, or of a Japanese heron if it suddenly descended
among them.
Later, in the narrow curve of Grafton Street, I notice that
people are stopping and turning their heads. It is Maud
Gonne and the Poet. She has a radiance as of sunlight. Yeats,
that leopard of the moon, holds back a leash a huge lion-
coloured Great Dane—Maud Gonne's dog, Dagda.
Destiny swept them closer to me. These two moved
through my life for some years, with a background at times
of Paris, at times of Irish play-houses, at times of Irish
mountain and pine-wood, always with a sense of far-off
splendid happenings, of queens of long ago, and of that
prince who had the strangeness of hawk-feathers in his hair.