

MYLES

BY PADRAIC COLUM

You blew in
Where Jillin Brady kept up state on nothing,
Married her daughter, and brought to Jillin's house
A leash of dogs, a run of ferrets, a kite
In a wired box; linnets and larks and goldfinches
In their proper cages, and you brought with you the song—

If you come to look for me
Perhaps you'll not me find,
For I'll not in my Castle be—
Enquire where horns wind.

You used to say
Five hounds' lives were a man's life, and when Teague
Had died of old age, and when Fury that was a pup
When Teague was maundering, had turned from hill to hearth,
And lay in the dimness of a hound's old age,
I went with you again, and you were upright
As the circus-rider standing on his horse,
Quick as a goat that will take any path, and lean—
Lean as a lash. You would have no speech
With wife or child or mother-in-law till you
Were out of doors and standing on the ditch
Ready to face the river or the hill—

If you come to look for me
Perhaps you'll not me find,
For I'll not in my Castle be—
Enquire where horns wind.

Before I had a man-at-arms
I had an eager hound:
Then was I known as Reynardine
In no crib to be found.

I can see you now
Under the doorway-lintel of the house
That once was Jillin Brady's, now is yours:
The hounds are cringing; but they hear your voice
And straighten up: they know the words you sing—

The hen-wife's son once heard the grouse
Talk to his soft-voiced mate,
And what he heard the heath-poult say
The loon would not relate.

Impatient in the yard he grew
And patient on the hill:
Of cocks and hens he'd keep no chargē,
And he went with Reynardine.

I can remember
Lean days when we were idle as the birds
That will not preen their feathers, but will travel
To taste a berry or pull a shred of wool
That they will never use. We pass the bounds:
A forest's grave, the black bog, is before us,
And in its very middle you will show me
The snipe's nest that is lonelier than the snipe
That's all that's there; and then a stony hill;
A red fox climbing, pausing, looking round his tail
At us travailing against wind and rain
To reach the river-spring where Finn or Fergus
Hardened a spear, back of a thousand years.

And still your cronies are what they were then—
The hounds that know the hill and know the hearth;
And still your poets are the blackbirds singing
When kites are leaving, crows are going home,
And the thrush in the morning like a spectre showing
Beside the day-spring; your visitors I know:
The cuckoo that will swing upon a branch,
The cornerake with quick head between the grass-tufts.
I see and hear you, and should lightning make
Its momentary writing in your sky,
Remember by that token me who tried
To make the epic about Reynardine,
So seldom in his Hall. *Before he had
A man-at-arms, an eager hound was his.*

PADRAIC COLUM.

THE DARDANELLES*

BY LIEUTENANT JEAN GIRAUDOUX

To our right Marmora fell away; to our left the Gulf of Saros seemed to climb. On this peninsula which thrusts itself like the bow of a boat between the rising and the falling sea, we lay one close against the other, asleep. My neighbors were the twin brothers; if I woke I could comfort myself with the thought that all Frenchmen are alike. War then appeared an anodyne; it was enough that one of us should be saved, just one; and when I shut my eyes again there also came to me, came and calmed me, the thought of an only child, of one wife. France in her remoteness made herself simple, to give one for a moment the sleep of primitive man. Then suddenly the same guilty hand lighted all at the same time, each on its own continent, sunrise, daybreak—and towards Armenia—the cold dawn. The stars dwindled. Two silver olive trees—it always happens on the movie screen—were stirring and shivering between the lines the tatters of an immortal foliage. Then the sun rose.

It rose just below us, under our caps, under our knapsacks, and I knew after that what each one of my men would have done had he received the sun itself as a gift. Baltesse kneaded it, rolled it in his hands; Riotard put it on his head, balanced it, catching it when it bounced off. A carmine sun which set everything on fire, and pricked our staring eyes till they suddenly seemed projections of its own rays. A lark, attracted by the glitter of our arms and our kits came soaring over the trench, following every traverse, every salient. Over in the Turkish lines they would only have had to draw its flight to know our shelter, and especially to mark those

*Translated by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant.