

Colby



Colby Quarterly

Volume 31
Issue 3 *September*

Article 6

September 1995

Darrell Figgis, The Return of the Hero, and the Making of the Irish Nation

Jose Lanfers

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/cq>

Recommended Citation

Colby Quarterly, Volume 31, no.3, September 1995, p.204-213

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in Colby Quarterly by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Colby.

Darrell Figgis, The Return of the Hero, and the Making of the Irish Nation

by JOSÉ LANTERS

WHEN *THE RETURN OF THE HERO* was first published in 1923, it appeared under the pseudonym of Michael Ireland. The book was well received: Andrew Malone even claims that it “caused something of a sensation” when it was published (25).¹ The real identity of “Michael Ireland” was at first a mystery, but as the novel involved fantasy and the use of Irish mythological material, the author was initially widely believed to be James Stephens. The revelation that *The Return of the Hero* had been written by Darrell Figgis was met with general incredulity; upon hearing the news Yeats is reported to have remarked, “I’m afraid we’ll have to recognize Figgis as a literary man, after all” (quoted in Colum, 28), while James Stephens, in his introduction to the American edition of 1930, expressed the opinion that “. . . if Darrell Figgis wrote *The Return of the Hero*, then literary criticism stands baffled, and we must admit that occasions can arise in which the impossible becomes possible, and the unbelievable is to be credited” (quoted in Hogan, 238).²

On the surface, Darrell Figgis (1882-1925) seemed indeed an unlikely candidate for the authorship of a work of menippean satire³ based upon the legendary confrontation between Saint Patrick and the Old Irish hero Oisín, son of the great Finn mac Cumhal. As a writer, Figgis was known for a number of literary studies (of Shakespeare and of AE), a few collections of poems and essays, a play, and four realistic novels. He had also written political treatises and gaol-journals, for in a different capacity Figgis had been involved in the Irish nationalist movement since 1914, when he took part in organizing and carrying out the Howth gun-running expedition. He was in gaol several times for his political activities, once for eleven months. Although his relationship with other nationalists was always an uneasy one and he made many enemies, Figgis held a number of official positions in Sinn Féin between 1917 and 1922, and he chaired the committee that drafted the Irish Free State Constitution. It is not surprising that few people were able to connect this person with *The Return of the Hero*. Only Andrew Malone could see that the book was “Figgis with a difference, but very little difference” (25). A clue to the book’s mystery may be

1. Even James Joyce, resident in Paris at the time, owned a copy of the 1923 edition.

2. The statement is not in the introduction to the American edition I have used.

3. I define the book as menippean satire on the basis of the characteristics listed by M. M. Bakhtin in *Problems of Dostoevsky's Poetics*, 114-18.

found in some of Darrell Figgis' own writings concerning the political developments in Ireland around the time when the book was written; on the basis of these writings I read *The Return of the Hero* as a satirical depiction of the power struggle within the Sinn Fein leadership in the years after the Easter Rising.

The material used by Figgis as a basis for the dialogue in *The Return of the Hero* was taken from the *Laoithe Fiannuigheachta* or "Fenian Poems" edited by John O'Daly and published by the Ossianic Society in 1859 and 1861. The poem records how Finn mac Cumhal's son Oisín, after spending several hundred years with Niamh in the Otherworld, returns to the real world where Christianity has meanwhile arrived in the person of Saint Patrick. The latter engages Oisín in conversation and asks him to tell him all about his life with the Fianna. In his turn, Patrick endeavours to convert Oisín to Christianity, but this turns out to be no easy task and the two have many arguments as to who is more deserving of loyalty, the King of Heaven or the Leader of the Fianna. In *The Return of the Hero*, Figgis does not essentially alter the nature of the confrontation between Oisín and Patrick (or Padraic, as he is called here), but he adds a certain amount of material concerning Saint Patrick and his bishops from the *Tripartite Life of Patrick*; he probably used the 1887 translation by Whitley Stokes. However, Figgis makes the bishops considerably more vocal and belligerent than they are in the source texts, while Padraic is more understanding of Oisín's position: indeed, the saint finds himself at times uncomfortably caught between the extreme but straightforward views of the pagan hero on the one hand and the convoluted dogmatic reasoning of his bishops on the other.

An important characteristic of menippean satire is, as Bakhtin puts it, "its concern with current and topical issues." Menippean satires "are full of overt and hidden polemics with various philosophical, religious, ideological and scientific schools, and with tendencies and currents" of their own time (118). Earlier commentators on *The Return of the Hero* never doubted that the dialogue between Padraic and Oisín was meant to have implications for their own era. A. Norman Jeffares sums up the general attitude by stating that Figgis' book "is still worth reading (but did not endear him to an Irish public with its criticism of Ireland)" (226). The question remains what that "criticism of Ireland" exactly consisted of. Because menippean texts characteristically resist resolution and closure, it will be clear that any interpretation of *The Return of the Hero* will read meanings into the text that Figgis himself implies are not there, and that no interpretation can have an absolute claim on the "truth."

Several readings of the book take the religious nature of the debate between Oisín and the Church as the most important clue, and simply regard Oisín's onslaught against the medieval bishops as Figgis' attack on the twentieth-century Church. Thus, the book "implies a genial criticism of contemporary established religion and its inability, even at its best intentioned, to deal with the unfamiliar" (Hogan 240). John Wilson Foster is aware of the pitfalls created for interpreters by Figgis, but nevertheless argues that "*The Return of the Hero* re-expresses the Anglo-Irish fascination with the old literature, especially that of heroic Ireland before Christianity (that is, Catholicism) redefined Irishness too

narrowly for Protestant nationalists like Figgis” (287). At the same time, Foster realizes that the satire’s significance may extend beyond the merely religious:

At the end of the novel, Patrick and his bishops are not just the medieval church or even just an anti-Fenian church, but an occupying military power whose opponents will not admit defeat. In one sense an impressive retelling of an old tale, in another *The Return of the Hero* is one more attempt to recolonize real Ireland with the heroic spirit of a fictitious, pre-Catholic, pre-Colonial past. (287-88)

The satire can therefore be read as being directed against the Catholic Church, against Great Britain, or indeed against any force or institution that oppresses personal or national freedom.

It is my belief that another specific reading can be added to the above—which would, of course, by no means invalidate these other interpretations—in which Figgis’ barbs are pointed in the direction of politics rather than religion. *The Return of the Hero* opens with a scene in which Oisín has just assisted in the placing of the heavy granite cornerstone for a new church:

It stood exactly in the corner of a great clearing where the sod had been cut away to its bed of gravel at the base of the mountain-side. It lay grey and comely in the soft evening light, shining against the orange gravel clearing that stretched like an inhuman wound by the pale green of the verdure into which it had been cut. (9)

It is possible to read the colours of the landscape as those of the republican tricolour, and to see the foundations for the new church as the foundations for the new state that was to arise out of the ruin, the sacrifice and the moral victory of the Easter Rising. Oisín, the Fenian, has placed the cornerstone; but who, then, are the bishops who make his life so difficult, and who ultimately decide that the church has to be built on a different site?

The answer is provided by Darrell Figgis himself in his *Recollections of the Irish War*, published after his death but probably written in 1921-22. It contains the following illuminating explanation of the organization of Sinn Féin, which was officially adopted for it during the October Convention of 1917, of which Figgis was secretary:

For the scheme of local government adopted by England for Ireland has never expressed in any real—economic or social—sense the life of the Irish people. It was taken over from England, where it was the result of historical origins, and put down in Ireland like a Procrustean bed into which the people’s life had to be crushed. . . . For until the seventeenth century Ireland had had her own form of political governance, strong in its local life till the end, but at one time with that local life gathered and comprised in a national system; and it was this form that the policy of Plantations had succeeded in uprooting and destroying in that century of violence.

Not completely, however. It had been preserved in the form of organization of the Catholic Church. For St. Patrick, as great a statesman as a churchman, had modelled his church organization on the political—the social and economic—organization of the country, so that one fitted precisely with the other, each expressing different parts of the people’s life in an identical pattern. Therefore, though the form of political governance was destroyed, its pattern was preserved—in spite of all changes and vicissitudes very remarkably preserved—in the organization of the Church by half-parishes, parishes, and bishoprics.

It was by this pattern that Sinn Féin was now organized. (173)

On the basis of this excerpt it can be argued that Saint Patrick and the bishops in *The Return of the Hero* represent the Sinn Féin leadership at the time of the

book's composition. According to John Wilson Foster the satire was written in 1918-19 (287). By his own account Figgis was in gaol from May 1918 until late February of 1919, and while he claims to have spent most of his time there "making up arrears of reading" to the extent that he "had a considerable library to bring away with [him] in the end," he does not say that he did any writing in prison (*Recollections* 216). He mentions that he was back upon his literary work soon after his release, and it can therefore be assumed that the book was written after March of 1919, even though the idea for the satire may have taken shape during his detention in Durham Gaol.

The developments within Sinn Fein during the period 1918-19, and Figgis' reactions to them, deserve closer scrutiny. From his recruitment into the Volunteers in 1914 onwards, Figgis was acutely aware of, and disturbed by, disagreements within the nationalist movement. When John Redmond and his nominees were ejected by the Executive from the Provisional Committee in the autumn of 1914, a move which led to a split in the Volunteers, Figgis, having just been made Inspecting Officer of the Irish Volunteers in Mayo, attempted to remain impartial by suggesting to both sides that he not commit himself publicly to either side and take up his command on that understanding. Needless to say, it did not work. Soon he saw not only division, but "division within division" (97), and his *Recollections* express an increasing disillusionment with the leaders of the nationalist movement. It is this disillusionment that found expression in *The Return of the Hero*.

The purpose of menippean satire is the testing of ultimate philosophical and ideological positions and truths and the questioning of authority. In *The Return of the Hero* the notion of authority lies indeed at the very core of the debate between Oisín and the bishops. The bishops' role in the novel is to explain official Church doctrine to Oisín; Oisín's part is to question the logic and the purpose of this doctrine. On being told by Padraic that Finn is in heaven, Oisín immediately wishes to be instructed in the faith and baptized so that he can die and join his father. The bishops, however, first of all question whether it would be wise for them to use the authority invested in them by God to baptize Oisín: the baptism, once performed, cannot be undone, and they fear that Oisín, once in heaven, might not like it there and create trouble for the Almighty. This might be especially the case once he found that Finn was not in heaven; for, Padraic's opinion notwithstanding, the bishops also unanimously decide that Finn must, after all, be in hell.

When he is informed of the bishops' position, Oisín reacts with indignation: who does God think he is, that he should make so great and generous a hero as Finn mac Cumhal suffer the torments of hell? If Finn did not know God, surely he could not be blamed and punished for his innocence? Oisín's bafflement is touching and his arguments are straightforward and logical. Indeed, he has trouble understanding "the new trick of speech that men have adopted" (110); he is, in fact, a literalist incapable of understanding metaphor, ill prepared by his heroic training for the subtleties of Christian theology. This appears most poignantly when he decides to receive religious instruction to be saved and so go

to heaven in order to be with Finn. Being possessed of a traditional memory Oisín soon masters his material, but of what it all means he has not the least notion:

Time would accustom him to the Great Whore of Babylon, and he would not mind her at all. So also it would be, no doubt, with the unicorns and the many-headed beasts and birds. The crowds marching one way singing Woe, Woe, Woe, and the crowds marching the other way singing Holy, Holy, Holy, still troubled him a little. . . . What made Finn mac Cumhal choose such a country at all, he could not think. (181-82)

Being averse to verbal contortions, Oisín prefers simple statements: “‘It means what it means,’” he tells Bishop Auxilius when the latter questions something he says (108). The bishops, however, are masters of verbal acrobatics and casuistry. Their authority is less a matter of truth than “A Matter of Words” (150). The bishops’ authority is governed by its own rules whose only aim it is to uphold that authority. In the words of Auxilius:

“Ours is the Apostolic Succession. Whom we bind is bound. Whom we loose is loosed. How wise, then, were the words of our Blessed Master that on this rock would be built His Church, for without an absolute authority of this kind, lasting in its extent, and beyond the power of any to evade, it would be quite impossible to think of erecting any organisation so complicated as the Church. . . . All whom we send to heaven must remain there. All whom we send to hell cannot escape. And this, my brethren, is done by the sacrament of baptism, which is the act by which we accomplish the mystery, for if it once got abroad that the act was not sufficient, there would be an end of all authority.” (146-47)

Bishop Iserninus had earlier explained that “Sound doctrine was not a matter of sound sense, but of heavenly sense, which to human ears might sound nonsense” (143). Bishop Seachnall endorses this position: “‘It is one thing to say that what we teach is such manifest common-sense that it should claim the adherence of all men, but it is quite another, it seems to me, to say that because a proposition appears to be manifest common-sense [it] should therefore be incumbent on us to accept it, much less to preach it.’” To which Auxilius adds that common sense, moreover, “‘appeals to private judgment, and so displaces authority’” (155).

The unbridgeable gap between Oisín’s faith in private judgment and the Church’s insistence on authority is analogous to the conflict which formed the basis of Darrell Figgis’ disillusionment with the nationalist movement. In his *Recollections* he describes how on various occasions a strong internal rivalry had threatened to tear Sinn Féin apart, but that the most important disruptive force had been “the struggle of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, generally known as the IRB, a pledge-sworn secret society, for political power and control” (217). Figgis himself had twice declined to take the IRB oath on the grounds that it was an insult to be bound by an oath rather than by a conviction. He describes how the IRB seized control after the October Convention under the leadership of Michael Collins, whom he characterizes as “[a] man of ruthless purpose and furious energy, knowing clearly what he wanted and prepared to trample down everybody to get it” (218). Collins reputedly did not like Figgis either. The other force to be reckoned with, Cathal Brugha, was, in Figgis’ terms, “stubborn, unbreakable, intractable,” a man living for the dream of the Republic without dealing concretely with the details of policy or constitution (220). Effectively, Figgis accuses the IRB leaders in his *Recollections* of having undemocratically

taken over the government: Arthur Griffith, the original founder of Sinn Fein, had defeated Brugha in a vote and had, moreover, laid down the principle that the Constitution

was a question the people themselves must finally answer in the exercise of their freedom. And now had come the moment when the harvest of these victories should have been reaped. Instead of which, by the action of the British Government in arresting those whom the people had appointed, those who had been defeated were in power at the head of a triumphant organization at a time of General Election to carry out their purposes. (222)

The new leaders had taken advantage of the fact that Griffith was in Gloucester Gaol, and all those who supported Griffith, including Figgis, were eliminated. Collins and Brugha are the counterparts of the bishops in *The Return of the Hero* who decide that Oisín should not be baptized and that Finn mac Cumhal is in hell, not because the heroes are bad, but because that scenario accords best with their own political and ideological agenda.

The figure of Saint Patrick in Figgis' satire appears to be modeled on Arthur Griffith. The saint is depicted as a generous and understanding man who has been put in an unenviable position: he feels great sympathy for Oisín's point of view, but at the same time he cannot be disloyal to the Church. His predicament is most clearly expressed in the episode concerning Oisín's story about Draoigheantoir. Unable to determine conclusively whether Finn is in heaven or hell and whether or not Oisín should be baptized, Padraic suggests to the bishops that they ask the hero for a story, and that they use the tale as a guide in their debate as to which decision is the right one. Oisín decides to tell the gathering the Tale of the Mysterious Cup.

The story told by Oisín is rendered exactly as it appears in John O'Daly's *Laoithe Fiannuigheachta*, where it is called The Chase of Sliabh Fuaid. While the Fianna are hunting on this mountain, they are lost in a druidical magic mist. A gentle maid named Glannluadh tries to come to the heroes' assistance, but they are overcome by a fairy sleep; when they recover they find themselves imprisoned in the fortress of Draoigheantoir, who accuses Finn of having gained victory at the battle of Cnoc-an-Air by treacherous means, and of having maliciously killed Meargach, husband of his sister Ailne. Draoigheantoir begins to put the warriors to death, but when he comes to Conan the Bald, the latter leaps from his magical thongs, leaving part of his posterior behind on the seat. He requests that he not be killed until his wounds are healed.

Draoigheantoir possesses a Cup of powerful spells which he places in Conan's hands while Ailne "examined the back parts of Conan, and applied to them a large skin full of feathers, which adhered to that place for ever. To his rump it adhered, and he was never without his bye-name from that time out. Bald he was in head, but he was not bald behind" (162). In his haste to go back to slaughtering the Fianna, Draoigheantoir forgets that he has given Conan the Cup of Power; our newly feathered friend hides the object in his clothes and, when the enemy has momentarily turned his back, applies the virtue of the Cup to his comrades and frees them all.

Padraic mac Alphurn had intended Oisín's story to be a sign to guide the

bishops in their decision as to the fate of the souls of Finn mac Cumhal and his son, and the saint himself therefore loses no time in reading the story's significance:

"And what was the sign that was given to us? We were told a story of how, when he was captive and sore to death, he was liberated by the virtue and sacred potency of a mysterious Cup. Could there have been a connecting link more clear? For I need not remind you, my brethren, what the uplifting of the Cup signifies for us. . . . There is no need for me to say more, my brethren, for the sign is clear, and only the dark of sight could fail to see it." (167)

Auxilius is not so easily persuaded, however; although he, too, was impressed when he imagined the Bald Man uplifting the Cup, he was aware of other signs, too:

"I completed the picture, and in my mind I saw the skin of feathers hanging from that part of his body which cannot be mentioned. The symbol was destroyed utterly, for can such a disgraceful thing be imagined, as a sign of salvation to take so obnoxious a form? Therefore, I say that the story must be rejected as an invention, as an indignity, and indeed as a mere temptation of the Evil One to bring our sacred office into ridicule." (168)

Padraic's eagerness to convince the others of the truth of his own interpretation leads him into ever deeper waters of textual interpretation. He argues that the part of the story dealing with the skin

"is not essential to the tale. It is clearly a later accretion. It is easy to distinguish between the original tale in its purity and the additions of a later scribe moved by the Devil. It is the original tale that has been sent to us for a sign. The skin and feathers are a bawdy addition of the Devil to deceive and mislead us." (169)

His reasoning fails to convince the other bishops, who remain suspicious of the "lewd" feathers and who also express concern about the role of Glannluadh, whose immodesty led her to accost Finn on the mountain side; the fact that her name means "Pure Conversation" means nothing, for "'The foulest sins mask in the fairest disguises'" (170). The bishops therefore conclude that the Cup "'must have been a mere pagan goblet or bowl'" (171); they unanimously vote to reject the story and condemn Finn's soul to hell.

Padraic attempts to mediate between the two positions, but he cannot explain the decision to Oisín in terms the latter can comprehend. His initial confidence that he will be able to get through to Oisín because "'different people in different times say different things, but they all mean the same'" (111) gives way to despair when he begins to realize that "'His wit could not span the infinity of time that lay coiled in the little space that separated their bodies. Their words were the same; but the meanings in them, how different!'" (191). Finding it impossible to explain logically to Oisín why God should have put Finn mac Cumhal in hell, Padraic finds himself repeatedly telling the hero that "'It is a mystery'" (194) until he realizes that "He had said that before. He was simply walking in a circle" (196). In the end he is forced to give in to the bishops, not because he is convinced by the truth of their arguments, but because their arguments are "enforced by a clear majority" (221).

In *Recollections of the Irish War* Figgis expresses a great deal of admiration

for Griffith's loyalty to the principles of democracy and fairness. The General Election of December 1918, fought on the basis of a carefully selected list of candidates, produced a Dail whose members were mostly members of the IRB and the Volunteers: "this meant the very result that Arthur Griffith had sought to avert. It meant a contest less for liberty than for a name; it meant rigidity; and it meant the shock of violence where violence might conceivably have been avoided" (229). On his release from prison Griffith became Acting President of the fledgling Republic and spared no effort to bring the divided parties together; he accomplished the impossible and managed to turn the divided Dail into a united assembly while remaining loyal to his own principles. However, Griffith was aware that his colleagues were preparing for war, a course in which he did not believe, "and he knew that he was powerless to prevent it; and he accepted it as his simple duty to rally all sections together to face it" (260).

The portrait Darrell Figgis paints of himself in *Recollections of the Irish War* shows him as a defender of personal liberty and individual opinion whose voice is stifled by authority, traits that he has in common with the Oisín of his satire. The time Figgis spent in prison had made him even more acutely aware of the importance of freedom:

Life is meaningless unless it exist for the production and perfection of personality, and personality is meaningless unless it mean the utmost differentiation of mind, the utmost liberty of thought and action, the utmost stretch of desire and will, without regard for interdiction and frustrations, as the only conceivable basis for fearless exchanges in the commerce of mortality. But the system into which I was introduced had engaged itself to blot all these things, and to treat human revolt as a crime. (164)

Suicide, he claims, is the logical perfection of the system; when personality has been so far repressed, one might as well be dead—surely an interesting statement from a man who was to take his own life in 1925. The IRB leadership did not appreciate Figgis' independent mind, and the new Sinn Féin Executive took advantage of his imprisonment to strip him of his official responsibilities. Figgis claims he felt "as a soldier might feel in the front trenches of his army when he finds himself sniped from his own supports" (227). Towards the end of his prison term he began to feel the stress of being a lone voice in the wilderness:

I was troubled personally as well as nationally; for I had so often taken a different line from my colleagues that I feared to do so again, especially on so grave an issue [the Irish Petition to the Peace Congress], and especially when I had so summarily been dismissed from position and responsibility. Any action of that sort would leave them even more deeply angered with me, and leave me even more desolate, a pariah among politicals and an outcast among friends. More profoundly than ever I regretted that I had left my books, where at least a man's integrity could remain inviolate. (236)

It is not difficult to see in the above developments and in Darrell Figgis' increasing bitterness towards the national leadership the seeds for the satire of *The Return of the Hero*.

In *The Return of the Hero* Darrell Figgis makes Oisín say that the Ireland to which he has returned is a doleful place, "a land under a curse . . .—a land blistered by a satire from the gods" (55). It is a country where the leaders refuse to build on the foundations whose cornerstone was put in place by a Fenian hero.

That Figgis should cast himself in the role of his hero is perhaps a mark of his enormous egocentrism; both Andrew Malone and Padraic Colum depict him as an astonishingly self-centered man, but Ernie O'Malley's is perhaps the most telling description of Figgis' demeanour and its effect on others:

Figgis was not popular; it was thought that he was too vain. Stories were told about his Christlike beard. His manner, his insistent focus of attention for his words, was of the porcupine quill effect of an artist amongst those who thought of nationality alone. He was egotistical; it could be seen in his face and mannerisms; his image was reflected in the half suppressed smiles of his listeners. (66)

That Figgis should choose to express his criticism from behind the Janus-faced mask of a menippean satire seems, on the one hand, something of a paradox, for it appears to compromise the very principle of individual integrity and freedom of opinion represented by his hero. On the other hand, the inconclusiveness and ambiguity of satire expresses most adequately the frustration of a man who has consistently spoken his mind, and whose voice has equally consistently been ignored.

After writing *The Return of the Hero* Darrell Figgis went on to chair the committee that drafted the Irish Free State Constitution, "now regarded in the light of the 1937 constitution as a model of liberalism," as Peter Costello remarks (265). He represented South Dublin as an Independent candidate in the Dail in 1922; during his election campaign he had urged other Independents to oppose Republicans in all possible ways. This apparently did not sit well with everybody: one night three men broke into his home and cut off part of his beard. After his wife committed suicide in 1924—the combined result, it seems, of her husband's unfaithfulness to her and of the hostility of his political opponents—Figgis gave up politics and moved to London. The event apparently left him greatly depressed. In London, he lived with a young woman named Rita North; she died on 19 October 1925 of complications following an abortion. At the end of *The Return of the Hero*, when Oisín finds that the whole world has abandoned him, he walks into the sea and disappears from the earth. Eight days after his girlfriend's death, Darrell Figgis turned on the gas in his bed-sitting room in Bloomsbury and he, too, stepped out of this life.

Works Cited

- BAKHTIN, M.M. *Problems of Dostoevsky's Poetics*. Ed. and trans. Caryl Emerson. Minneapolis: Univ. of Minnesota Press, 1984.
- COLUM, PADRAIC. "Darrell Figgis: A Portrait." *The Dublin Magazine* 14.2 (1939): 22-31.
- COSTELLO, PETER. *The Heart Grown Brutal: The Irish Revolution in Literature, from Parnell to the Death of Yeats, 1891-1939*. Dublin: Gill and Macmillan, 1977.
- FIGGIS, DARRELL. *Recollections of the Irish War*. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Doran and Co., [1927].
- . *The Return of the Hero*. 1923. New York: Albert and Charles Boni, 1930.
- FOSTER, JOHN WILSON. *Fictions of the Irish Literary Revival: A Changeling Art*. Syracuse: Syracuse Univ. Press, 1987.
- HOGAN, ROBERT, ed. *The Macmillan Dictionary of Irish Literature*. London: Macmillan, 1980.

- JEFFARES, A. NORMAN. *Anglo-Irish Literature*. Dublin: Gill and Macmillan, 1982.
- MALONE, ANDREW E. "Darrell Figgis." *The Dublin Magazine* 1.2 (1926): 15-26.
- O'DALY, JOHN, ed. *Laoithe Fiannuigheachta; or, Fenian Poems*. Second series. Dublin: Ossianic Society, 1861.
- O'MALLEY, ERNIE. *Army Without Banners*. 1937. London: Four Square Books, 1961.
- STOKES, WHITLEY, ed. and trans. *The Tripartite Life of Patrick, with Other Documents Relating to That Saint*. Part I. London: HMSO, 1887.