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# Introduction to *James Clarence Mangan: Selected Writings*

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## INTRODUCTION

### I

James Clarence Mangan was born in Dublin just before Robert Emmet's failed rebellion in 1803, and died in destitution in 1849, as the Great Famine drew to a close. It is tempting to link Mangan's life and work with such events, as John Mitchel did when he decided that Mangan's 'history and fate were indeed a type and shadow of the land he loved so well ... Like Ireland's, his light flickered upward for a moment, and went out in the blackness of darkness.'<sup>1</sup> Accounts of Mangan's impoverishment, his reclusive behaviour, his addiction to alcohol (and perhaps opium), combined with the darkness of late poems like 'The Nameless One,' have encouraged readers to see Mangan as the epitome of pathos, and a mirror of the degraded colonial condition of nineteenth-century Ireland itself. In a similar but less political spirit, some critics have labelled Mangan Ireland's '*poète maudit*,' chronically alienated not just from inhospitable Irish conditions but from society in general.<sup>2</sup>

But there are other Mangans too, whose identities are as varied as the poet's many *noms-de-plume*: Mr James Mangan; M.; J.M.; J.C.M.; C.; C.M.; B.A.M.; Z.; Clarence; Drechsler; Selber; Terrae Filius; Hi-Hum; Whang-Hum; Mark Anthony; Vacuus; The Man in the Cloak; The Out-and Outer; Peter Puff Secundus; Monos; A Yankee; Lageniensis; A Mourne-r; Herr Hoppandgoön Baugtrauter; Herr Popandgoön Tutchemupp; Solomon Dryasdust; Dr Berri Abel Hummer; and, appropriately for a man who seems never to have travelled more than a few miles from Dublin -- 'A Constant Reader, Clarence-street, Liverpool'. Mangan's pseudonyms even included the names of many real poets, especially Turkish and Persian ones, whom he credits with the authorship of poems that are actually his own; or, as he claimed in the case of the Persian poet Hafiz, at least '*Half-his*.'<sup>3</sup> Similarly, a survey of Mangan's work reveals an astonishing range of styles, genres and subject-matter. Mangan could turn in a controlled and convincing performance in bardic mode, as in his majestic 'Elegy on the Tironian and Tirconnellian Princes,' but he could also supply ingenious doggerel and jingles that rivalled Fr Prout. He could write chilling accounts of psychic disintegration, as in 'Moreen: a Love-Lament,' but also wistful, reflective meditations, as in 'Twenty Golden Years Ago.' His Gothic fantasies rival Poe's. He is equally accomplished at orientalist extravaganzas, sonnets, epigrams, marches, anthems and imitation *aislings*. In a poem like 'Eighteen Hundred Fifty' he is not content merely to create a fake translation from a non-existent German poet, but feels compelled to provide it with crazed annotations by a humourless imaginary German scholar as well. He could never resist a pun, however painful, and his manic wordplay in a letter like one to Gavan Duffy reprinted in this edition foreshadows the linguistic hyperactivity of *Finnegans Wake*.<sup>4</sup>

The material details behind this remarkable imaginative life are known only through scattered and sketchy records. Mangan was born into the Dublin Catholic petit-bourgeoisie. His mother, Catherine Smith, had come from a family of 'strong farmers' in Co. Meath, with business interests in Dublin. When, in 1798, she married James Mangan, a hedge schoolmaster from Co. Limerick, she was running one of her family's businesses, a grocery at 3 Fishamble St, near Christchurch. The young James (the name 'Clarence' was a penname adopted much later) was educated in Jesuit schools in the Liberties of Dublin, where he learned classics, mathematics, French, Italian and Spanish. The grocery trade was successful enough that James Mangan senior began to speculate in property, with apparently catastrophic results: John McCall vividly paints a picture of the poet's father, 'addicted to pomp and show, ... in the habit of giving costly balls and parties, and when he had not room enough in his own house to entertain his

numerous guests he often invited them to hotels in the city, or to pic-nics on the green sward of county Wicklow. In consequence of this extravagance, as may be foreseen, he very soon ran through most of his worldly effects.<sup>5</sup> The family's financial decline seems to have necessitated several changes of address, and in 1818 led to the 15-year-old poet being apprenticed to a scrivener. Mangan thereafter became the chief breadwinner for his mother, his improvident father, his two younger brothers and (perhaps) a sister. He appears to have continued supporting his parents until their deaths in the 1840s. The career of professional copyist was one that Mangan found demeaning and soul-destroying, but it was his main occupation for most of the rest of his life -- he worked as a legal scrivener until 1838, then as a copyist for the Ordnance Survey until 1843, then as a cataloguer for the Trinity College library until 1846. The poet's last three or four years were desperate and unsettled; he lived mainly from his writing and from the generosity of friends. He cultivated a eccentric appearance: Charles Gavan Duffy remembered him 'dressed in a blue cloak (mid-summer or mid-winter), and a hat of fantastic shape, under which golden hair as fine and as silky as a woman's hung in unkempt tangles, and deep blue eyes lighted a face as colourless as parchment.'<sup>6</sup> Sometimes this attire was supplemented by two voluminous umbrellas and green goggles. For the most part he seems to have avoided close personal relationships. Little is known of his romantic life. He told Gavan Duffy that he had made a proposal of marriage to a Margaret Stackpoole in 1834, but that she had rejected him. Respectable friends like Duffy, John O'Donovan and Fr C.P. Meehan viewed Mangan with a combination of sympathy, frustration and distaste as he delivered his poems for immediate payment, or borrowed money, then disappeared into the world of 'tap-rooms and low public houses.'<sup>7</sup> Mangan's final years saw him producing some of his most powerful work, even though he was living in alcoholic squalor with an equally dysfunctional brother. In May 1849 Mangan was admitted to the cholera sheds at Kilmainham. Shortly after his release he was found by friends in a destitute state and brought to the Meath Hospital, where he died on 20 June 1849. Although Mangan had become a well-known figure in Dublin literary circles, no more than five people attended his funeral at Glasnevin.

## II

Assessing Mangan's literary achievement means reckoning with a writing career that spanned over thirty years. In that period he produced, astonishingly, nearly a thousand poems as well as critical prose, short fiction and a brief autobiography. His earliest published works were faddish puzzle poems that he contributed to popular Dublin almanacs between 1818 to 1826. By the early 1830s, he had become associated with the writers of the iconoclastic Comet Club, contributing playful poems and prose pieces to the liberal *Comet* newspaper and the *Dublin Satirist*. In the early 1830s also he made the acquaintance of scholars like John O'Donovan, George Petrie and Owen Connellan, who were to inspire his interest in Irish-language material and supply him with raw translations to versify. Sometime in the 1820s or early 1830s he learned or taught himself enough German to translate some of the great German romantic poets, including Goethe, Schiller and Rückert. From 1834 to 1846 he published twenty-two lengthy articles containing translations of German poetry in the liberal unionist *Dublin University Magazine*. It was mainly these 'Anthologia Germanica' articles, along with a series of Turkish, Persian and Arabian translations entitled 'Literae Orientales,' that brought him to the attention of Samuel Ferguson, William Carleton, Charles Lever, John Anster and others of the Dublin literary elite. Mangan's oriental translations were in fact derived from pre-existing German and French translations, although many were not actually translations but inventions of his own. He did translate Italian and Spanish poetry from the original, but certainly not the Serbian, Polish, Chinese, 'Hindostanee,' 'Chippewawian,' 'Tartarian' or several other languages that he claimed to translate for the *DUM*. From 1846 to 1849 Mangan published his poems chiefly in nationalist newspapers, with some contributions to James Duffy's *Irish Catholic Magazine*. Since 1836 he had been a friend of Charles Gavan Duffy, co-founder of the *Nation*, and in his last years he became close to John Mitchel and Joseph Brenan, who published him in the radical *United Irishman* and *Irishman* papers. It was these years that produced his most famous and oft-anthologised poems like 'Dark Rosaleen,' 'A Vision of Connaught in the Thirteenth Century,' and 'The Nameless One.' The late 1840s also saw Mangan working as a versifier for the scholar and publisher John O'Daly, turning O'Daly's literal translations of Munster poetry into English verse, often at impromptu sessions across the counter of O'Daly's shop in Anglesea Street.

From the 1830s on, Mangan was essentially a professional poet, and his writing habits were always conditioned by financial need, practical opportunity, and his difficult domestic circumstances. He appears to have written a great deal in public houses, where he was able to get ink and paper for free; we also know from his correspondence that he sometimes composed in libraries and that he wrote with great speed and little revision. A fellow employee at the Ordnance Survey in the late 1830s remembered Mangan composing his famous Irish translation 'Woman of the Three Cows' in half an hour in the Survey's back office. In 1847 the poet told Gavan Duffy he normally translated at a rate of 80 lines a day (for which he would have earned nearly £1).<sup>8</sup>

Mangan's reputation as a major figure was established even during his lifetime. When John Mitchel first spotted him perched on a ladder in Trinity College library in 1845, he was already famous enough that Mitchel's companion identified the poet with a certain hushed respect. Not all his contemporaries felt he deserved the reputation he had acquired by the 1840s. The poet John Keegan regarded him as 'a madman and a drunkard and without a spark of religion,'<sup>9</sup> while John de Jean Frazer remarked 'For the life of me I cannot see where is Mangan's merit at all.'<sup>10</sup> However, editions of Mangan's poetry by Mitchel and C.P. Meehan kept Mangan in print throughout the late nineteenth century, and Yeats's championing of Mangan as one of his poetic forefathers helped secure his reputation as a canonical figure.

In some ways Yeats's and Joyce's views of Mangan reveal more about the two great modernists than they do about Mangan. Yeats's opinions of the poet fluctuated according to his own changing preoccupations. As a young aspiring nationalist, Yeats described Mangan as a model to be emulated. Later, disillusioned with that literary heritage, he wrote more critically of Mangan's poetic immaturity: 'He had not thought out or felt out a way of looking at the world peculiar to himself.'<sup>11</sup> Later again, in the *Autobiographies*, where he claims personal responsibility for preserving the memory of the best nineteenth-century Irish writers, including Mangan, he is willing to praise Mangan as 'our one poet raised to the first rank by intensity.'<sup>12</sup> Joyce's views of Mangan are also determined by his own literary ambitions and anxieties. Although admiring of Mangan's technical skills -- 'one of the most inspired singers that ever used the lyric form in any country' -- Joyce also argued that Mangan was 'the type of his race,' a position that inevitably inhibited his artistic freedom. Joyce ultimately sees Mangan as a victim of oppressive conditions in a way that leaves him twisted and stultified -- a 'feeble' figure in whom 'a hysteric nationalism receives its final justification.'<sup>13</sup> He becomes, in fact, an image of the writer Joyce was determined not to become.

In spite of this, Mangan is much closer to Joyce than the latter seems to have acknowledged. Mangan's work is littered with Joycean neologisms, for instance, from simple compounds like 'verysad' (from 'The Wail and the Warning of the Three Khalenders') to more spectacular efforts like 'transmagnificandancial' (which was almost certainly the source of Joyce's neologism 'contrasmagnificandjewbangtantiality' in *Ulysses*).<sup>14</sup> So too, there are shared forms of political attitude. The cosmopolitanism in a late poem like 'Consolation and Counsel' is closer to the spirit of Stephen Dedalus than it is to the 'hysteric nationalism' Joyce associates with Mangan:

My countrymen! you have much to learn and see;  
You have yet to know yourselves, and what you are,  
And what you are *not*, and cannot hope to be,  
Till Fate shall break the severing bar  
That insulates you now from Europe's Mind

In fact, of all subsequent Irish writers, it is perhaps the novelist Flann O'Brien who echoes Mangan most thoroughly, although there is no clear evidence of conscious influence. Both are writers who make a virtue of the absurd, both are masters of erudite parody, and both have an unnerving tendency to slide almost instantly from hilarity to chilling blackness. A Mangan text like 'An Extraordinary Adventure in the Shades' invites the reader into an O'Brienesque state of hallucination that is at once comic and disturbing, a vista of psychological disintegration beneath the story's humorous veneer. And what other

writer, apart from Flann O'Brien, might imagine a world in which the great philosopher Socrates is to be found wandering through the Athenian marketplace 'whistling *Planxty Kelly*, with variations'?<sup>15</sup>

### III

Mangan is in many ways the antithesis of the romantic poet, at least in its Wordsworthian guise. For one thing, lacking the luxury of leisure time, and experiencing little tranquillity in which to recollect emotion, Mangan wrote always for financial gain, and he wrote rapidly and opportunistically. This is not to say that his poetry is mere hack work. In one of his critical commentaries, Mangan puts forward a view of artistic responsibility that demands nothing less than a 'heroic tone, that elevation of spirit, without which Poetry is but a name, and its life nothing better than mere artificiality and appearance.'<sup>16</sup> Poetry, in other words, has a deep moral purpose, one that has little to do with personal expression or mere craft. It is a reader-centred aesthetic, in which the power of the poem to 'elevate the spirit' of the reader is paramount, rather than the poem's origin, its novelty, or the sincerity of its author. 'We should never judge of authors from their works,' Mangan reminds us.<sup>17</sup> In fact it is because of this principle that Mangan's autobiography reads more like a parable than a biographical narrative -- he himself imagined the work to be primarily a 'warning to the uneducated votary of Vice' rather than a piece of detailed self-revelation.

Such a utilitarian aesthetic allows the poet to assume a range of voices and personae, on the basis that whatever style achieves the required effect is the appropriate one. The *Dublin Review* in 1845 was right to call him 'a complete literary Proteus,' his poetry becoming 'pious and didactic with Höltz or Klopstock---humorous and burlesque with Dunkel---it plunges into the depths of mysticism with de la Motte Fouqué--and laughs with the world with Kotzebue or Bürger.'<sup>18</sup> Inspiration comes not in a 'spontaneous overflow' from his own imagination, but as a imitative reaction to the poetry of others. Creative imitation, or translation, is just one symptom of a very fundamental aspect of Mangan's practice, that is, his attraction to pre-existing literary structures or rules from which to work. From the beginning, Mangan seems to have relished the challenge posed by technical constraints, whether those constraints were generic conventions, elaborate rhythms or strict rhyming schemes. His juvenile puzzle poems show this appetite for rules, as does the early poem 'To the Memory of the Late Lamented Mr. John Kenchinow, Butcher, of Patrick Street' where, to win a bet, Mangan succeeded in writing a sixty-line poem in which every line rhymed with either 'Kenchinow' or his 'stall.' Later in his career he produced astonishing studies in sound and rhythm by using long lines and complicated rhyming patterns, as in his version of Rückert's 'The Ride round the Parapet' or in his vivid 'O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire.' A curiosity piece like 'A Railway of Rhyme' shows Mangan's fascination with form extending even to typography. One positive result of this practice is that there is hardly a poet in English with the mastery of so many styles, and what Mangan's *oeuvre* lacks in consistency and coherence of voice, it perhaps compensates for in technical virtuosity. In fact this virtuosity in some ways becomes a signature of its own. The Young Irelander John O'Hagan, noting the difference between Mangan's quirky genius and that of other poets who attempted similar verbal tricks, remarked that it was 'a great mistake in trying to ride Mangan's phoooca. In the original himself there is a curious felicity which prevent us from being annoyed at his forced rhymes, but in any one else it does not do at all.'<sup>19</sup>

Thus Mangan's use of multiple masks and styles follows logically from his aesthetic principles, and is not solely a result of eccentricity or insecurity. It is merely not a regrettable failure of taste, or discipline, or lack of artistic stimulation, as critics have sometimes argued. Many of Mangan's contemporaries used pseudonyms; in fact it was practically the norm for poets publishing in Irish periodicals. The difference is that no one -- except perhaps Mangan's contemporary Fr Prout, who published what he insisted were the Latin 'originals' of *Moore's Melodies* -- fully understood and exploited the radical aesthetic possibilities of pseudonymity. Mangan's determination to test the limits of authorial deception led him to invent poets and poems just so that he could appear to be translating them, a process he himself calls 'the antithesis of plagiarism.'<sup>20</sup> In fact this refusal to be 'authentic' in the conventional sense makes the poet seem unexpectedly contemporary, almost a prototype of the postmodern writer, who has recognised the intertextuality of all writing, knows that the illusion of the 'author-god' is dead, and understands that

literary sincerity is a rhetorical effect. Like a good postmodernist, Mangan aims to demonstrate that the derivative and the creative are not mutually exclusive.

David Lloyd gives a useful political gloss to this phenomenon, seeing in Mangan's evasions of identity a resistance to the ideology of Irish bourgeois nationalism. Such an ideology demands that individuals submerge their identities into the collective self of the Irish nation. The true poet is one whose voice is assimilated to the authentic 'national voice' -- a demand that cannot be easily reconciled with Mangan's waywardness, either at the level of his writing and his life. Nor did Mangan find it easy to share in the kind of bourgeois earnestness that accompanied this nationalist discourse in the 1840s (hence perhaps his curious silence about Thomas Davis, the most earnest of them all). In his plurality and opacity, and his refusal to be representative of anything other than his own idiosyncratic self, Mangan actually poses a potential threat to bourgeois nationalism. That did not, ironically, prevent Irish nationalists from claiming Mangan as one of their own right through the nineteenth century, largely on the basis of three or four poems that seemed to embody the national spirit. Nor is this to say that nationalism was not a regular preoccupation of Mangan's. As with many of his class, education and religion, nationalism was inevitably part of the cultural air Mangan breathed, and his poems are an interesting reflection of the changing emphases and issues within Irish nationalism over the course of twenty years. One of his earliest poems is a rebus on the name of Robert Emmet, and we know that he was on the fringes of the Repeal movement from the early 1830s, later publicly pledging his support for John Mitchel's militant brand of nationalism. Yet one of his last poems, written in the aftermath of the failed 1848 rebellion and the worst years of the Famine, repudiates the apocalyptic war-flames of 'Dark Rosaleen' in favour of a different kind of struggle:

Knowledge is Power, not Powder. That man strikes  
A blow for Ireland worth a hundred guns  
Who trains one reasoner. Smash your heads of Pikes,  
And form the heads of Men, my sons!  
(‘Consolation and Counsel’)

Like other aspects of his work, Mangan's political views evolved in response to the circumstances in which he wrote, worked and published, and it is not always possible to judge the 'sincerity' any of the political sentiments expressed in his poems. In 'Anthologia Germanica No. XIX' Mangan appears to mock Ferdinand Freiligrath's 'Young Germanism,' yet elsewhere is happy to publish nationalist poems by Young Germanists like Heine without disapproval. Often the original politics of a translated poem are undermined by the surrounding prose commentary. Mangan's oriental poems allow him to perform similar evasions whereby he both is, and is not, commenting on Irish political affairs. The East is often a cipher for Ireland, the latter being a place where the eastern Khan and the Irish *ceann* are indistinguishable, according to Mangan's 'A Vision of Connaught in the Thirteenth Century.' And in 'To the Ingleezee Khafir, Calling Himself Djaun Bool Djenkinzun,' Mangan dons an anonymous oriental mask in order to attack the smugness of the English abroad, in the process making a political link between the Irish and Asian experiences of British expansion. The publication context of many of these oriental poems also gives them a political edge -- the *Nation* newspaper, for example, gave extensive coverage to the British military campaigns in Afghanistan and China in the 1840s, and made much of the analogy between British tyranny in the orient and imperial rule at home. At other times, of course, Mangan simply uses orientalism as a vehicle for the indulgence of his surreal humour and technical skill. Poems like 'Song for Coffee-Drinkers' and 'The Ruby Mug' play on the reader's stereotyped expectations about the exotic orient, but subvert the stereotypes through their mock-heroic narratives or witty wordplay.

A consideration of Mangan's politics reminds us that like Thomas Moore before him and James Joyce after him, Mangan came from petit-bourgeois Catholic Dublin at a time when the city was a curious mixture of cosmopolitanism and provinciality, poised uneasily between an imperial centre in London and a colonial and largely Gaelic hinterland. Dublin's cosmopolitanism meant that Mangan learned modern continental languages, that he trained for a profession, that he inhabited a literate culture that was well-informed about the wider world, and that his earliest cultural reference points were primarily British and

European rather than Gaelic. But Dublin's provinciality, so memorably delineated by James Joyce some years later, gave a particular cast to the Irish writer's relation with the English language, as Stephen Dedalus recognises in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916). The Irish writer using English was in a provincial condition, where he or she was shaped culturally by an imperial power while being simultaneously alienated from the centre of that power, even when speaking its language. As a Dubliner, Mangan spoke English as his native tongue, but as an Irishman, English was also in a certain sense a foreign language, with which he had an instrumental but not historical or cultural relationship. In one critical passage, Mangan expresses his love for 'our own mother tongue,' by which he means English; yet his obsessive verbal play, his incessant punning, are all symptomatic of an insecure relation to English, albeit one which, like Joyce, he exploits as a kind of linguistic freedom.<sup>21</sup> Interestingly, towards the end of his life, most of Mangan's poetic efforts involved translating from Irish. A similar paradoxical relation exists here, insofar as the Gaelic tradition is part of his heritage (his father in fact would almost certainly have been an Irish speaker), yet Irish for Mangan is a foreign tongue that he can only encounter indirectly through the literal translations of his friends. In such circumstances, it is difficult for a writer not to recognise the relativity of language, and to feel a fascination with its malleability.

Of course, while it may be tempting to read Mangan as the blissful practitioner of verbal play and subversive wit, it is also necessary to remember, as Terry Eagleton would have it, the 'oppressive as well as emancipatory aspect of colonial identities which are unstable, self-fashioning, intertextual.'<sup>22</sup> Mangan's proto-postmodernity can be read as a sign of trauma as well as *jouissance*: to be a 'nameless one' is not just a sign of a kind of freedom, it is also a condition of loss. Mangan's work, particularly in his last years, constantly reminds us of the price that may have to be paid for creative eccentricity in a culture that is itself deeply fractured and uncertain of its past or future.

#### IV

This edition is the only one to reprint an extensive selection of Mangan's critical prose, fiction, letters and autobiography along with his poetry. Where possible, the edition restores poems to their original format, that is, embedded in Mangan's illuminating and sometimes whimsical prose commentaries. The restored commentaries, musical accompaniments and headnotes (even those which may be by Mangan's editors rather than the poet himself) allow us some insight into how Mangan's first readers would have encountered his work -- as part of a critical essay, say, or a song collection. By placing these materials in the body of the edition, rather than relegating them to footnotes, the present edition tries to avoid introducing artificial hierarchies between poems and prose where such hierarchies did not exist in the design of original. It may also allow the reader to sense some kind of continuity among the diversity of poems; up to now, the connecting threads supplied by the prose have been missing from most people's reading experience of Mangan. The voice of Mangan as critic, when restored to its original prominence, does in fact provide a kind of 'centre' to his writing identity, a controlling consciousness around the multiple voices of the poetry.

The selection in this volume tries to include all of the well-known poems, but also tries to suggest the breadth of Mangan's interests and skills. The sections are arranged chronologically, with examples drawn from all phases of the poet's career. Readers may find areas of Mangan's work that have not always receive the attention they have deserved, such as his religious poetry, which ranges from the daringly skeptical 'Neither One Nor T'other' to powerful renderings of early Irish hymns like 'Holy are the Works of Mary's Blessed Son.' It is also possible to trace certain recurrent issues and themes -- even at the age of 17, for instance, Mangan could turn out a poem as gloomy as the famous lyrics he wrote at the end of his life, a fact that suggests the possibility of a technical fascination with the genre as well as the existence of a depressive personality.

The selection of stand-alone prose in the edition challenges the erroneous view of Mangan as an impractical and otherworldly figure. In his prose he emerges as an inventive and inquisitive mind, engaged with political and philosophical issues of his time, albeit with a compulsion for wordplay. The critical writings have been selected chiefly to illustrate some of Mangan's opinions on subjects like

translation, oriental literature and contemporary authors. An item like the *Anthologia Germanica* extract about the poet Ludwig Tieck is included for its witty exuberance, and because it is a useful illustration of Mangan's argumentative method. He rarely conducts an argument in a linear or logical fashion; instead he works by reiteration. Thus the critique of Tieck is not a reasoned analysis but a progressive accumulation of outrageous jibes. This does not make for complex literary analysis, but it does provide a kind of entertaining illumination.

One turns to Mangan's letters in the hope of finding glimpses into the more private psychological or emotional world of the poet, but most of the surviving handful of letters are essentially business letters, concerned with arranging publication, or seeking a loan. One exception is the peculiar unsent letter to 'Tynan,' in which Mangan ventilates some of his political opinions at greater length than elsewhere. Another is the miserable letter Mangan wrote from his relatives' house in Kiltale, Co. Meath in the summer of 1847, which gives an insight not only into Mangan's discomfort when displaced from his native urban haunts, but also into his bristly personality which must have made him a difficult companion, even for sympathetic friends. The more familiar Mangan of pathos and distress is encountered in a brief late letter to Gavan Duffy, begging for assistance. Even the shaky handwriting of the original manuscript of this letter suggests pathos, as if it represented a cruel unravelling of the elegant scrivener's hand of Mangan's earlier life.

Choosing copy-texts for the edition has been relatively straightforward, and each copy-text is identified in brackets at the end of each poem or article. There are very few Mangan manuscripts in existence, and his texts have uncomplicated publication histories that only rarely involve authorial revision. Very occasionally Mangan re-published poems, altering them to suit the demands of the new periodical or the changed political scene (as in his satirical poem 'Asses,' which changed its cast of characters each time it reappeared in 1832, 1840 and 1843). Sometimes, of course, even small alterations can be significant: when 'Our First Number' was first published in the *Nation* in October 1842, line 47 imagined the newspaper's readership extending from 'the Suir to the Tweed, from the Boyne to the Humber.' When reprinted in the anthology *Spirit of the Nation* in 1843, the 'Tweed' had become the 'Rhine', a revealing indication of the paper's spiralling confidence. But the intention of the present edition has not been to demonstrate the textual evolution of any poem. I have instead merely reproduced a single version of each selected poem, not necessarily because it represents Mangan's original or final intentions, but because it seems particularly interesting in its own right, or interesting because of the place or occasion of its publication. The date and location of each text's publication are given in brackets at its end.

In keeping with the style of their first publication, Mangan's own original footnotes are given at the foot of the relevant page in the body of the edition, while my 'Explanatory Notes' are given in a separate section at the end of the volume. Spellings and misspellings found in the original texts have been retained, except for obvious misprints which have been noted in the list of emendations. All words and phrases enclosed in square brackets are editorial interpolations, including some titles for poems untitled in the original.

#### FURTHER READING

Jacques Chuto's *James Clarence Mangan: A Bibliography* (Dublin and Portland, Or.: Irish Academic Press, 1999) is an essential resource. It itemises all of Mangan's extensive publications, identifies many of his literary sources, and lists most of the nineteenth and twentieth-century secondary literature on Mangan. An impressive six-volume *Collected Works of James Clarence Mangan* (Dublin and Portland, Or.: Irish Academic Press, 1996-2002) has been edited by Chuto and others and contains the complete canon of poetry and prose. Unlike the present edition, however, it separates the poems from their original prose contexts, and divides Mangan's prose between endnotes and two separate prose volumes. The following critical and biographical works are other useful starting points for further reading:

Jacques Chuto, 'Mangan, Petrie, O'Donovan, and a Few Others: The Poet and the Scholars,' *Irish University Review*, VI, 2 (Autumn 1976), 169-187.



- Patricia Coughlan, 'Fold over Fold, Inveterately Convolv'd: Some Aspects of Mangan's Intertextuality' in *Anglo-Irish and Irish Literature*, ed. B.A. Bramsbäck and M. Croghan (Uppsala: Studia Anglistica, 1988), II, 191-200.
- Seamus Deane, *Strange Country: Modernity and Nationhood in Irish Writing since 1790* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1996).
- Henry J. Donaghy, *James Clarence Mangan* (New York: Twayne, 1974).
- James Joyce, 'James Clarence Mangan (1902)' and 'James Clarence Mangan (1907)' in *Occasional, Critical and Political Writing*, ed. Kevin Barry (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000), 53-60, 127-136.
- James Kilroy, *James Clarence Mangan* (Lewisburg: Bucknell University Press, 1970).
- David Lloyd, *Nationalism and Minor Literature: James Clarence Mangan and the Emergence of Irish Cultural Nationalism* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1987).
- Peter MacMahon, 'James Clarence Mangan, the Irish Language, and the Strange Case of *The Tribes of Ireland*,' *Irish University Review*, VIII, 2 (Autumn 1978), 209-222.
- John Mitchel, 'James Clarence Mangan: His Life, Poetry, and Death' in *Poems by James Clarence Mangan*, ed. John Mitchel (New York: Haverty, 1859), 7-31.
- D.J. O'Donoghue, *The Life and Writings of James Clarence Mangan* (Edinburgh: Geddes; Dublin: Gill, 1897).
- Sean Ryder, 'Male Autobiography and Cultural Nationalism: John Mitchel and James Clarence Mangan,' *Irish Review* 13 (1992/1993), 70-77.
- Ellen Shannon-Mangan, *James Clarence Mangan: A Biography* (Dublin and Portland, Or.: Irish Academic Press, 1996).
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#### FOOTNOTES

- <sup>1</sup> John Mitchel, *Poems by James Clarence Mangan*, ed. John Mitchel (New York: Haverty, 1859), 15.
- <sup>2</sup> See for example Anthony Cronin in the forward to *Selected Poems of James Clarence Mangan*, ed. Michael Smith (Dublin: Gallery, 1974), 11.
- <sup>3</sup> See p. \*\*\*, below.
- <sup>4</sup> See p. \*\*\*, below.
- <sup>5</sup> John McCall, *Life of James Clarence Mangan* (Dublin: T.D. Sullivan, [1883]), 4.
- <sup>6</sup> Charles Gavan Duffy, *Young Ireland: A Fragment of Irish History 1840-1845* (Dublin: Gill, 1884), 109-10.
- <sup>7</sup> John Keegan's phrase, quoted in D.J. O'Donoghue, *The Life and Writings of James Clarence Mangan* (Edinburgh: Geddes; Dublin: Gill, 1897), 178.
- <sup>8</sup> *Collected Works of James Clarence Mangan*, ed. Jacques Chuto et al. (Dublin and Portland, Or.: Irish Academic Press, 1996-2002), VI, 270, 263.
- <sup>9</sup> Quoted in O'Donoghue, 177.
- <sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, 177.
- <sup>11</sup> W.B. Yeats, *Letters*, ed. Allan Wade (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1954), 447.

<sup>12</sup> W.B. Yeats, *Autobiographies* (London: Macmillan, 1959), 396.

<sup>13</sup> James Joyce, *Occasional, Critical and Political Writing*, ed. Kevin Barry (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000), 136.

<sup>14</sup> See p. \*\*\*, below.

<sup>15</sup> See p. \*\*\*, below.

<sup>16</sup> See p. \*\*\*, below.

<sup>17</sup> *Dublin University Magazine* (April 1839), 494.

<sup>18</sup> *Dublin Review* (December 1845), 313.

<sup>19</sup> Charles Gavan Duffy, *My Life in Two Hemispheres* (London: Fisher Unwin, 1898), II, 138.

<sup>20</sup> See p. \*\*\*, below.

<sup>21</sup> See p. \*\*\*, below.

<sup>22</sup> Terry Eagleton, 'Prout and Plagiarism' in *Ideology and Ireland in the Nineteenth Century*, ed. Tadhg Foley and Sean Ryder (Dublin: Four Courts Press, 1998), 22.