

## All Ireland Review

---

Magic Spells

Author(s): Nicholas M'Cluskey

Source: *All Ireland Review*, Vol. 1, No. 44 (Nov. 3, 1900), p. 6

Published by: [All Ireland Review](#)

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/20545016>

Accessed: 20/06/2014 23:18

---

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at  
<http://www.jstor.org/page/info/about/policies/terms.jsp>

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.



*All Ireland Review* is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *All Ireland Review*.

<http://www.jstor.org>

## MAGIC SPELLS.

The daisies and the cowslips and the lovely golden  
buttercups

Are scattered o'er the meadows in the green grass,  
'And every eve at twilight fairy princes hold their  
fairy courts

Among these fairy flowers in the green grass.  
And oft I ramble through the fields when sinks the  
sun in mist and blood,

And dream that I am dreaming in my dreamland,  
And lightly tread and tenderly lest I should crush a  
fairy cup—

Lest I should desecrate my fairy dreamland.

'And lay me down one evening late beneath a crooked  
thorny hedge,

And looked upon the flowrets in the green grass,  
And saw the red sun lower grow, and felt the fairies  
breathe on me,

And saw my flowrets nodding in the green grass.  
When lo! as if the fairies were annoyed with me for  
loving them,

All vanished from my eyes my flow'ry dreamland,  
'And blackness, black as mortal night, seemed wrap-  
ping me in loneliness—

Seemed banning me for ever from my dreamland.

Then plunged my soul in sadness deep down dark  
despairs abysmal void,

And mourned me for my flowrets of the green  
grass,

When through the darkling shadows, like the sun's  
face shining through the mist,

Appeared a nameless beauty in the green grass.  
Then shone the sun, then bloomed the flowers, then  
rippled streams with laughter love,

All conscious of my knowledge of my dreamland.  
Then spake the fairy goddess form all garlanded with  
honey flowers,

"Poor mortal dream thy brief life in thy dream-  
land."

Dream, dream, my soul, thy measured life amid the  
rainbows and the suns;

Dream with thy dreaming flowers of the green  
grass;

Dream with these fairy-people forms all innocent of  
worldliness,

As pure as are the flowrets in the green grass.  
Dream midst thine oft dreamt fairy dream, my soul,  
thine own encircling dream;

Dream in the odorous perfumes of thy dreamland,  
With fairy winds, and fairy skies, and fairy rivers  
music wed,

And rainbow clothed birds—live in thy dreamland.

My dream is o'er, 'tis night again, I see the cold  
moon's icy face

Shine down its sickly light upon the green grass;  
I feel the cold and frosty winds blow round my form  
their chilling breath

While sleeping are my flowrets in the green grass.  
I'll fly these crisp and warping winds that whisper  
death unto the flowers,

The perfume incense swingers of my dreamland;  
I'll hie me home and hide me from the damp moon's  
ghastly ghowl-like glare,

And dream that I am dreaming in my dreamland.

NICHOLAS M'CLUSKEY.

## THE LOST LAND.

"Carmina Gadelica." By Alexander Carmichael.

"Perhaps no people," writes Mr. Carmichael, "had a fuller ritual of song and story, of secular rite and religious ceremony, than the Highlanders. Mirth and music, song and dance, tale and poem, pervaded their lives as electricity pervades the air. Religion, Pagan or Christian, or both combined, permeated everything—blending and shading into one another like the iridescent colours of the rainbow. The people were sympathetic and synthetic, unable to see and careless to know where the secular began and the religious ended—an admirable union of elements in life for those who have lived it so truly and intensely as the Celtic races everywhere have done."

As might have been expected, a cultivation of the mind and spirit marked by so much of dignity, piety and grace, produced a singularly fine type of national character and manners. And it is mournful indeed to see how ruthlessly this priceless inheritance of traditional teaching, instead of being preserved and utilised in modern education, has been, or is being, trampled out to make room on the religious side for a bigoted asceticism, and on the side of culture for the vulgarities of music-hall. Here is a characteristic tale among many piteous tales which Mr. Carmichael has to tell:—

"A famous violin player died in the island of Eigg a few years ago. He was known for his old style of playing, and his old-world airs, which died with him. A preacher denounced him saying, 'Thou art down there behind the door, thou miserable man, with thy grey hair, playing thine old fiddle with the cold hand without, and the devil's fire within.' His family pressed the man to burn the fiddle and never to play again. A pedlar came round and offered 10s. for the violin. The instrument had been made by a pupil of Stradivarius and was famed for its tone. 'It was not at all the thing that was got for it that grieved my heart so sorely, but the parting with it! the parting with it! and that I myself gave the best cow in my father's fold for it when I was young.' The voice of the old man faltered and the tear fell. He was never again seen to smile."

Mr. Carmichael himself was once taking down a story from a man, "describing how twin giants detached a huge stone from the parent rock, and how the two carried the enormous block of many tons upon their broad shoulders to lay it over a deep gully in order that their white-maned steeds might cross. But in the midst of the tale the grandson of the narrator called out in tones of superior authority, 'Grandfather, the teacher says you ought to be placed upon the stool for your lying Gaelic stories.' The old man stopped and gasped in pained surprise. It required time and sympathy to soothe his feelings and obtain the rest of the tale, which was wise and beautiful, for the big, strong giants were Frost and Ice, and their subtle enemy was Thaw."

Here is another citation from Mr. Carmichael's Preface:—

"A young lady said:—'When we came to Islay I was sent to the parish school to obtain a proper grounding in arithmetic. I was charmed with the school girls and their Gaelic songs. But the school-master—an alien like myself—denounced Gaelic speech and Gaelic song. On getting out of school one evening the girls resumed a song they had been singing the previous evening. I joined willingly, if timidly, my knowledge of Gaelic being small."