

## All Ireland Review

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This Loste Land

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grading and cruel practises which are involved in cattle growing, and in the drovers and butchering trades. I think we cannot expect to see Ireland happy till she is again pure, and true purity of heart can never reign amongst her people till she has learnt to love her land for its own sake and not for filthy lucre. Let us keep her people and feed them with the kindly fruits of the earth instead of shipping our people to America and droves of frightened, unhappy cattle to Liverpool, and we may hope to see Green Erin yet among the unfettered lands, "Noble in peace and fruitfulness and radiant in Freedom's light."—Yours truly,

M.

Dear M.—Thanks for your beautiful letter. Yes, by all means let us wage war upon the grass which now threatens to devour us all. I often travel between Kildare and Dublin, and during those thirty miles see nothing but grass. The bullock has dispossessed the man.—Ed.

Malling, Kent, Sept. 10th, 1900.

DEAR SIR,

The "Taprobane in the East" referred to in your interesting article on Slievenaman is the Taprobane of Greek and Roman geographers. I remember once hearing the word used in the same connection as that in which it is used in your quotation, namely, to express the most Eastern part of the world; and when I had an opportunity I tried to discover if it was a mere Hy-Brazil of the imagination—a sort of "Well at the World's End" (for I thought the word meant "White-Well"), or if it had concrete existence. I found it described at considerable length in various writers, Strabo, Pliny, and others. Further, it is, I believe, admitted by competent authorities that Taprobane is the island of Ceylon. Doubtless if you have access to the journals of the Asiatic Society or to some good cyclopaedia of ancient geography, which I have not just now, you will be able to confirm this view. Our Irish Seanachies had a pretty good acquaintance with old classical place names, however they got it. Your "Spaniards in Ireland" is very interesting. I don't know what your religion is, nor have I such a superabundance of that commodity myself as would lead me to take an interest in other people's, but that was a pretty bold query you put at the end of your note, "Why Gaelic Died." It looks like a suggestio veri, but some will regard it as what the lawyer calls a "leading question," the meaning of which you know better than I do. I would not be one bit surprised all the same if the query should be answered positively; for Ireland, from the Hierarchical point of view, is a mere strategic position for the Universal Church. Have you ever thought what Irish Catholicity has done for the Papacy in all English-speaking communities? But you must not suggest that the "Edifice" (as some of my fellow-Catholics call the Church in a jocular kind of way) can do wrong. I would like to see your paper spread among all religions in Ireland, but I fear we are a wee bit too church-ridden for fearless truth-telling just yet. Prudence is a virtue, and I notice in your reply to Miss Milligan you are not ashamed to practice it. I have wandered "from Taprobane to the Hesperides" in this rambling epistle.—Yours faithfully,

M. MOLLOY.

I, too, thought that Taprobane might stand for

the "White Well," and that it was an imagined World's End in the East for the Gael. That it meant Ceylon and that our Irish ancestors knew about Ceylon is very interesting.

As to the Roman Catholic Church and its determination, alleged, to silence for ever the ancient tongue of the Gael, must not things finite and temporal yield before things infinite and eternal? Will the knowledge of a language save any of us in the Great Day? If the Hierarchy and Priesthood are against us in this language movement how can we succeed? It is of vital importance to learn whether in fact they are.—Ed.

#### THIS LOSTE LAND.

Miss Lynch's story with the above title will be published by, I believe, Fisher Unwin. The following estimate of its value as a faithful description of the shadier aspects of Irish life strikes a certain original note, and I reproduce it with pleasure:—

Miss Lynch's story is, perhaps, the best that has ever been written on the various classes (that is to say, nearly all the classes) of Irish life represented in her novel. The treatment of certain well-known features of Irish life, which every man of thought or honesty knows to be true, but which few have the ability or the courage to portray in all the truth has been clearly outlined by Miss Lynch; and anyone who knows Irish Catholic life intimately, especially as one sees it in country towns—that is to say, in every town and village in the country—cannot but feel the exact truthfulness of her descriptions. The spiritual quack, my dear sir, is as common among us, as the political, and the marvel is that the Irish people have not been lectured, and parsoned, and priested, and politically bossed to death. Nothing but the great original humanity of the old race has kept them from being long ago transformed into a nation of mere conventional hypocrites.

If Miss Lynch is a Catholic, I consider her fearless handling of religious topics not merely as a mark of mental fearlessness but as a sign of genius. Wishing the Review every success,

M. M.

#### DOWN BY THE COOMBE.

A severe critic takes me to task for admiring:—

"Down by the coombe where the marigolds are golden,"

telling me that "it is a bad instance of the ruling principle of Irish eloquence, viz., take care of the sound and the sense will take care of itself."

He also accuses poet and editor of not knowing what "a coombe" really is, adding that it is "a steep hill of a peculiar formation."

From the poem I guessed that it was rather a depression of some kind.—Ed.

#### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

All communications, literary or otherwise, will in future be addressed to me to Archersfield, Kilkenny, which, I hope, will be my head-quarters for a long time. The sagittarian significance of the name strikes one as of good omen. Here, from the Field of the Archers, "A.I.R." may be able to bend a stronger bow against the great dragon, and shoot straighter and further.