All Ireland Review

Reply to "Night of Love"

Author(s): D. Vasa

Source: *All Ireland Review*, Vol. 1, No. 46 (Nov. 17, 1900), p. 5

Published by: [All Ireland Review](#)

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/20545040>

Accessed: 22/06/2014 08:41

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>

diggers stuck manfully to their work during the day. In the afternoon men heard the strains of a bugle, and the muffled thunder of horses' hoofs on the soft turf. It was the Lord Deputy himself, and Carew, the experienced gunner, coming to inspect the works, and direct the laying of the platform, and the raising of gabions for the culverings. What were the reflections of the cautious ex-Master of the Ordnance, I do not know. I suspect he was totally against the Lord Deputy's new move, that he personally was ready to execute a still heavier mortgage on the future than any that he had yet sealed and delivered, if only the hour of hazard could be put off for a little. He protested, I feel sure, and lodged his protest somewhere, to be used afterwards, in case of mishap, for he was a provident man. The poor soldiers in their wet trenches cheered lustily as the news flew round. Leaving their horses and horse-men of the guard out of fire, Mountjoy and Carew came slowly along that zig-zag trench, showing heads and shoulders and plumed helmets well above the earth works. Their visors were closed, their plumes lank and drooping heavily, charged with rain. As they emerged among the diggers it was not easy to recognise in Mountjoy the slim youth who had inspired his Royal mistress with one of her many imaginary passions.

His figure was swollen to an enormous size, utterly out of proportion to the slender shanks which sustained it. Soft woollen sheathings, quilted and padded, over that leather, and, over that, massy iron made the slender Deputy irrecongnisable. The weight of iron was only sustainable by a man densely swaddled in wool and leather, which, of course, necessitated a suit of armour proportionately large. As for the fat Lord President, he was quite globular. The unpicturesque, nay, the grotesque results of the fashion of wearing bullet-proof armour are forgotten in our times. Men so protected could afford to expose themselves; consequently, when we read, as we do in Carew's works, who blew his own horn, sometimes, slyly, and as if by accident, that while he and the Lord Deputy stood together on this occasion a bullet passed between them, "and and brake the backe-bone of a soldiour who stood behind them; whereof hee dyed," I decline to be affected.

(To be Continued.)

DEAR SIR,

Is it an impertinence? I hope not; but until yesterday I had not studied Mr. Paul Grogan's poem "The Night of Love," published in "A.I.R.," October 20. The impulse to write an answer was irresistible, and I am venturing to send it to you. Surely life would be terrible without the knowledge that all true love is deathless, and will ring its golden changes right down through all eternity.—Yours faithfully,

D. VASA.

REPLY TO "NIGHT OF LOVE."—(Paul Grogan.)
Nay, who, "remembering death," and the calm sleep of death,

The quiet smile, the life-germed earth above;
The waiting folded garment, of the mind, the breath,
Shall rashly "fear to love."

"When we have dreamed our dream and the last couch is laid

For one, and one shall stand alone without"
Love lives; shall live. No dream shall prove sweet
vows we made.

Who loved could harbour doubt.

D. VASA.

FRAGRANT TREES AND PLANTS.

An interesting paper on fragrant trees and plants was read by Mr. Donald McDonald at the meeting of the National Amateur Gardeners' Association held at Winchester House, Old Broad-street. Sir. G. C. M. Birdwood presided, and in opening the proceedings said the subject of the lecture was a most fascinating one, and Mr. McDonald was, by his wide learning and lifelong practical experience, well able to deal with it. Among specialists there had been too great a tendency all through the closing century, and especially during the past fifty years, to develop enormous flowers and bright colouring in plants to the almost total neglect of the cultivation of plants attractive chiefly on account of their fragrance. This he regretted, for it was not only that the fresh fragrance of flowers as naturally exhaled added to the attractiveness of gardens but that it rendered them more healthful. Mr. McDonald, in his paper, gave a brief account of the early uses of fragrant plants, and enumerated the various places of their origin, mentioning that it was not until the times of the Crusaders that any particulars about flowering plants and garden trees were to be gleaned. Some of the customs of distributing sweet-smelling herbs about churches and other public places were in force in the present day in the City of London. In recent years the cultivation of plants and flowers in large areas had attained important dimensions wherever the climate gave them sufficient intensity of odour for profitable extraction. In England there were the lavender and peppermint fields at Wallington, Mitcham, and Canterbury, and the herb fields in Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire. Many thousand of acres in the South of France were devoted to flower growing for commercial purposes. The enormous demand for scents and perfumes, as shown by statistics, gave rise to the question whether it would not be advantageous to the community in general to develop the production of such of the raw material, consisting of essential oils extracted from flowers, fruits, herbage, wood, and roots of plants, as could be grown in this country and its colonies. While our climate would not admit of the cultivation of orange blossoms as a commercial crop, there was no reason why such plants as lavender, peppermint, and camomile should not be grown on a greatly extended scale, and be much more profitable than were many crops now put on the land. The lecture was illustrated by a number of beautiful limelight views, and various fragrant plants and seeds were shown on the platform.

SONNET.

Softly, as comes a wind across the sea

That thrills the waves to music on the beach,

And stirs the waves to whisperings each to each,

And bids the birds let loose their minstrelsy—

So like a sweet Spring morning came to me

My Queen, my Psyche; and her royal speech

Spake regal lineage longer than the reach

Of mem'ry, older than all years that be.

And through the sounds of earth that round me rise

She speaks unspoken and tremendous things

Of Grails unsought, and Quests that never cease,

And bids me look to where, with wise calm eyes,

She wears her stars, and folds her wondrous wings

Enthroned in vast unutterable peace.

JAMES H. COUSINS.