All Ireland Review

Beautiful Rivers. The Nore, the Barrow, and the Annamoe

Author(s): Scota

Source: *All Ireland Review*, Vol. 2, No. 31 (Oct. 5, 1901), p. 231

Published by: [All Ireland Review](#)

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/20545552>

Accessed: 22/06/2014 16:47

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>

All Ireland Review.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1901.

VOL II.—No. 31.]

EDITED BY STANDISH O'GRADY.

[ONE PENNY.]

CONTENTS.

IRELAND AND THE LAW.
BEAUTIFUL RIVERS.
THE FINEST SINGER IN GALWAY.
BITS OF IRELAND.
MISGIVINGS IN THE NORTH.
GALWAY ARCHAEOLOGICAL REVIEW.
THE CASTLE OF TRIM.
ANNALS OF THE FOUR MASTERS.
IRELAND AND THE PRIESTHOOD.

Terms of Subscription.

The Yearly Subscription, post free, is 6s. 6d.; half-yearly, 3s. 3d.; quarterly, 1s. 8d.
Subscriptions in the Colonies and U. S. A. are at the same rate.

Otherwise, subscriptions, post free, are, for a year, 8s. 8d.; for half-a-year, 4s. 4d.; for three months, 2s. 2d.

All communications should be addressed to STANDISH O'GRADY, 94, 95 and 96 Middle Abbey Street, Dublin.

Manuscripts will be returned when accompanied with a stamped and addressed envelope. For MSS. lost here or in the post we do not hold ourselves responsible.

All back numbers, post free, 2½d.

IRELAND AND THE LAW.

TO THE EDITOR ALL IRELAND REVIEW.

DEAR MR. O'GRADY,—I am very sorry to hear that you are experiencing that isolation which is too often the reward of independent public spirit, and forced, like more than one good man before you, to form a "parte per te stesso." It is especially unfair that this should be your lot, who have infused into public questions something of the old national brightness which is so little apparent in the modern Irish character. Indeed, every shade and brand of nationality is denouncing as traitor to the country those who take a different view, or addict themselves to a different department of the national problem. Ireland of to-day is sadly lacking in that inclusive spirit to which Wolfe Tone (whom you love not), Davis and Parnell, in their several ways, owed much of what they effected.

Though I can understand and partly sympathise with your attitude towards the King's Irish, I cannot see how Ireland can be finally bound by a constitution made 700 years ago, after such a series of changes in all circumstances, even if such constitution had been valid, as against the whole nation originally, and it seems to me to have been as void *ab initio* as the Act of Union itself. Since then every reign has been a virtual abdication of the *Irish* Kingship, each Sovereign ruling Ireland so far as circumstances would permit, as a territory dependent upon England, which it is not, or as a part of Great Britain, which it is even less.

However, in spite of all, the work seems now to be going forward, though along different lines, which will doubtless be brought to co-operate when the right man or movement shall arise, and then the value of your pioneer work can hardly miss recognition.

May that day come soon, and meanwhile, may the beauties of Irish nature without, and a *mens conscia recti* within, rob the period of suspense of some of its irksomeness.

B.

DEAR B.,—I don't believe in pills and "doses" at all, but were I to prescribe one, it would be a little dose of Irish History. I think I shall have to outline a History of the Constitution and hymn—if I can—the grand, the victorious supremacy of the Fundamental Law, the Law beneath as above all Laws, the genius of this Land and Race, a warrior angel, dreadless, marching down the centuries; and never so great, so refulgent and victorious as when, with a wail of anguish that shook the stars, alone he went down into the Valley of the Shadow.

It was when we all, all misled or frightened by the genius of that marvellous boy, Tone, some on the right hand, and some on the left, abandoned him, and broke away from the great road. And from the Valley of the Shadow which he treads to-day alone, he will emerge, never doubt it, for he is an immortal god and the angel of the Most High.

Pardon this roar; but a roar now and then seems to give me some relief.

Yes, dear B., I think I shall have to try what I can do in the matter of that hymn, after getting my books and things into order and properly receipting my subscribers, etc., etc.—ED.

BEAUTIFUL RIVERS.

THE NORE, THE BARROW, AND THE ANNAMOE.

I wish your correspondent S., who advocates a good dose of scepticism for Ireland could know something of —'s faith, so strong; so brave. Why, their "faith" is the one great, beautiful lasting inheritance of the Irish! Our beautiful rivers are as full of suggestion as they are of gliding water. I was greatly struck with our friend the Barrow when riding from Borris to Graigue. Near contact with it at my own place made me always rather despise it! But looking down on it there, it was beautiful, like a great deep peace flowing at the heart of things. Whenever you looked there it was flowing on. Then the Nore, which your correspondent found fault with as having "no music," has a great grandeur as seen on a bridge between Innostigue and Thomastown. It certainly does look a little self-satisfied, and seems to say I know what is expected of me and I will do it. But my dear, sweet, Annamoe. No river can touch it, with its charming surprises; so gay, one might say inconsequent, like the laughter of a child, yet here and there a sad, long pause and sob. Rivers speak as no other things in nature do. Now the Barrow says to me "peace;" the Nore, "fulfilment of duty;" the Annamoe, "life," and its lessons, as the years go on—joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain.

SCOTA.

DEAR S.,—There was a singular appropriateness in your selection of such a name for signature, which is that of the Irish goddess of flowers; for you love flowers, and stars, and light, and fire, and all manner of beautiful things. I think you are laughing at me in

some of the things that you have written about my own noble river, the Nore. Do you remember Shelly's lovely lines?

"I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight,
The fresh earth in new leaves drest,
And the blessed night."
Starry evening and the morn
When the golden mists are born."

TO THE EDITOR ALL IRELAND REVIEW.

DEAR MR. O'GRADY,—I have just seen the first number of the A.I.R., in its new coat—or, rather, without its old coat—and hasten to wish it welcome and wish you good speed. Indeed, I don't know why I have not written to you long ere this. I started to do so more than once, but found I had so much to say that it was impossible for me to find time to write it all, and so I abandoned the idea of becoming one of your little group of correspondents. You see I am kept so busy scribbling for one or other of the daily papers you despise so heartily, that it is hard to find leisure for that sincere expression of opinion of which you speak. Loyalty to my craft, however, forbids my endorsing your dangerous views on the subject of newspapers, for, as you know, there is honour even amongst thieves—and we journalists are all that more or less. Seriously, there is hardly a single point upon which I do agree with you, dear Editor, except in your love for "this lost land" (I don't like that phrase, it's too hopeless) and its people. Perhaps that is why I enjoy reading your tirades (excuse the expression) about "the King's Irish," the "Order," and so forth, and so on. Why *the King's* Irish, anyway? You will tell me the King of England is the only King all Ireland has ever known. Even if I admit that—I must, as it's historically true—what does it prove? That we must accept this King as one of the facts in nature, and cultivate a deep well-spring of gratitude to him in our hearts? I cannot see it, for my part. In fact I cannot see the necessity for a King at all. A King typifies centralisation with all its necessary attendant evils (and good), and it is just possible that this is exactly what Ireland does not want. Of course, to have a King of one's own, who is the embodiment of the nation's personality, and the expression of its faith and its hope, is very fine and romantic, even if a little antiquated. When Kings have borne that relation to their people—as they often did in the past—they were, not unnaturally, beloved—even worshipped. But who can say that this is true, or can ever be true, of any English Sovereign and his Irish subjects? I don't want to be treasonable, but really, dear Editor, you expect too much from your fellow-countrymen when you expect them to feel the devotion of a medieval knight for the Head of this Realm. Why not admit that the strength of the present arrangement lies in its inevitableness, its utility, its convenience, anything you like, so long as you don't place its foundation