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The Silence of the Gods

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Silence, then, for a while at least, North and South. We know now, all of us, that there is a spirit of ferocious bigotry abroad in Ireland still prevalent, a state of mind worthy of the 16th century, of that black time when we slew and burned each other for the love of God. We know, too, that this devilish spirit might, conceivably, were the strong arm of authority suddenly relaxed, amongst this backward and still very mediæval-minded people, flame forth once more, letting Hell loose in our land. Also, we know it is best to bear always in mind even the ugliest of facts, that we have, especially in our great towns and cities, multitudes of lewd fellows of the baser sort who on the least provocation, will express those mediæval passions in their own vile dialect, provoking from others a corresponding ferocity of speech, and that these people have votes and political power, and must be reckoned with.

But, if you are of "the Big Church," prove it by your magnanimity which, as you know, means bigness of mind. Ignore utterly the insults of the low and the ignorant; forget, too—it is the part of the magnanimous—even the savagery of those who ought to know better, and above all avoid—I always do—in all mixed company any dangerous comparison of the tenets and doctrines of the two great camps, anything whatsoever that might stir into malignant activity those serpents of the mind which, if left alone, will sink deeper and deeper into coma till they breathe their bed last, and all the swifter if charmed into sleep by that magnanimity which you profess, and the daily use of those grand old human and even common qualities of good nature and good sense, and the feeling that we are all children of a common Father and of one country hard be-stead, indeed, and suffering, but whose one hope of escape from trouble is by the road here indicated.

You and Brian Og, both, I am pleased to note, refer to your angry passions as things of the past, and I may add that, in a private letter, Brian Og tells me that "the sword" which he introduced into his first letter was only a sword metaphorical, and meant no more than a clean and absolute separation from any thought of ever becoming friends with us at all or of making common cause with us for any purpose whatsoever.

I think myself that his rapid rhetorical pen ran away with him a little, as I think yours too has with you.

Now, dear Ulteach, a storm clears the air, and, after all, perhaps, both your angry utterances may possibly create for us an atmosphere a little more per-lucent and help us to see better how those lines are to be drawn of that cumvallation which is to include all the camps and within which we or our successors may convert this mob of mad-parties and wolfish sects and factions into a victorious and unconquerable host.—
Ed. A.I.R.]

BITS OF IRELAND.

TRAINING GIRLS FOR DOMESTIC SERVICE.

"Now, Mary, that's the right way to set a fire; you see it's blazing already."

"Begor, it is, maam."

A pause; solemnly; "Mary, that's

an improper expression. If you think, for a moment, you will see that it is so. It is a very improper expression."

"Begor, it is, maam."

Step upstairs, Mary, and find out whether Mr. Jones will be soon down for breakfast.

"I will, maam."

"Well!"

"He'll be down immadiate, maam. I seen him, all dressed, maam, and he sharpening his teeth."

"Mary, you really must learn to say yes and no."

"Sure, I will, maam."

"Now, say yes, quite short, by itself."

"I will, maam."

"Yes; but say it; say it."

"Sure, I said it, maam."

"Bring me my letters, Mary."

"Please, maam, the postman, he have n't came yet; bad cess to him for a postman," etc., etc.

But I rather think Mary is going to become a domestic treasure, nevertheless.

THE SILENCE OF THE GODS.

To the songs of earth we hearken,
But the silences are sweet,
And the night-time of the earth-world
Is with melody replete.

And we hush the sound of laughter,
And we still the cry of pain,
That the glory of the darkness
May come o'er and o'er again.

For we learn our lesson slowly,
Dull of intellect are we,
Till we see the wondrous beauty
Shine from God's immensity.

And from out the awful silence
Comes the prelude of the song,
And the wings of sound are wafted
With a cadence sweet and strong.

Then the glory dies in silence,
And our eyes are clear to see
That the beauty of the music
Is in "silent ecstasy."

Oh, the rapture of the silence,
Filling all my soul with pain,
Come again, oh! I beseech you
Into heart and into brain.

God of all unfold Thy goodness,
In the silences of sound,
And let all the earth with silence—
Darkness glorified—abound.

Hush, my heart, thy master speaketh,
Let thine earthly strings be dumb;
Now I feel the silence falling,
Bow thyself, lo! it has come.

Oh! the glorious dark of silence,
Hearing unknown words in dreams,
Conscious of their highest meaning,
That through all my visions teems.

MAGGIE LEGGITT.

A.I.R.'s CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

We will thank our readers to send us stories for our Christmas Number, stories which will make each particular hair, etc., etc., suitable for Christmas Eve—with the lamps lowered! and the truer the better, and no matter how short.

The number will consist of 16 pages, and the price to the general public will be 2d. Postal subscribers need not send this odd penny. A. I. R. regards it as conscience-money allowed them on account of his holidays last August.

THE EARLDOM OF ULSTER.

TO THE EDITOR THE ALL IRELAND REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—There is, I think, some inaccuracy in the following statement of Eamon Burke in his article on the Earldom of Ulster, published in your issue of November the 16th. He writes as follows:—

"William de Burgh, murdered at Carrickfergus, was the third de Burgh Earl of Ulster and fifth Lord of Connaught. He was son of William de Burgh known in Irish history as the Brown Earl of Ulster."

Now although the William de Burgh murdered at Carrickfergus was undoubtedly the third de Burgh, Earl of Ulster, yet he was not the son of the William de Burgh known in Irish history as the Brown Earl of Ulster, but was in fact the Brown Earl himself. The Brown Earl was the only son of Sir John de Burgh, who was son and heir-presumptive of Richard de Burgh the Red Earl of Ulster. This Sir John de Burgh died *vita patris* in 1313, leaving an only son William de Burgh, born on 13th September, 1312, who in 1326, upon the death of his grandfather the Red Earl, became the third de Burgh, Earl of Ulster, and was styled the Brown Earl. This William de Burgh, the Brown Earl, was therefore but fourteen years of age when he succeeded to the Earldom in 1326. In May, 1327, he obtained a dispensation from Pope John XXII. "to intermarry with a noble lady of England related to him in the fourth degree: such marriage tending to consolidate the peace between the English and the Irish." The noble lady thus referred to was Maud, daughter of Henry Plantaganet, Duke of Lancaster. In 1328, William de Burgh, the Brown Earl of Ulster, came to Ireland from England, and in 1330, being then but eighteen years of age, he assisted Turlough O'Connor against MacWilliam. In 1332 the Brown Earl of Ulster took prisoner his kinsman Walter, son of Sir William de Burgh, and had him starved to death in the new castle (Greencastle) in the territory of Innishowen. This Walter de Burgh's sister, Gylle Burke, was married to Richard de Maunderville, and she to revenge the death of her brother, incited her husband to kill the Brown Earl of Ulster; which Maunderville, unhappily for himself and his posterity, accordingly did the very next year—1333—in the neighbourhood of Carrickfergus. The Brown Earl of Ulster when murdered at Carrickfergus in 1333 had not then completed his 21st year. The "Register" of the Dominican Abbey at Athenry contains the following entry:—

"Obitus Domini Comitis de Ultonia qui nominabatur 'y erla Dond' qui fuit interfectus per Dominum Ricardum Monvil et per Dominum Johannem de Logan, 1333."—Yours faithfully,

M. J. B.

DEAR M. J. B.—Mr. Burke to whom I showed your letter bids me thank you for the correction and to say that he has nothing to add.

I feel sure that you could, if you would, tell us something illuminative as to the social and political condition of Ireland in the two obscure centuries that succeeded the Norman Conquest, and preceded the break-up of the Norman system towards the latter end of the reign of Edward II.

I suspect that they were centuries of