Review

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beasts, and then shall they be without corn, victual or cattle, and thereof shall ensue *the putting in effect* of all these wars against them.'

The financial relations of Ireland and England were ably regulated to serve the same purpose. Irish money was kept debased at least a quarter below the English standard. 'The King saved expense by paying his Irish army in Ireland not in sterling coin but in a cheaper coin. The English trader could profit by buying with bad money in Ireland, and selling for good money in England. And a blow was struck at the foreign commerce of Ireland: no foreign merchant would bring goods where money was light and bad.' The Four Masters chronicle, under 1499: 'New money was introduced into Ireland, i.e. copper, and the men of Ireland were obliged to use it as silver.' For, said the sagacious Cecil, 'that realm cannot be rich whose coin is poor and base, nor that hath not intercourse and trade of merchandise with other nations.' The story of the commercial ruin of such towns as Galway, Limerick, Cork, and Waterford shows that the policy of 'thorough' had at least a considerable measure of success.

Part of the same policy was the extinction of the Irish language and learning, for these 'procure a talent of Irish disposition and conversation in them which is likewise convenient to be expelled.' Latin was forbidden to be used in treaties and negotiations, 'lest it might be falsely expounded by deceitful friars.' English, being understood of few, was the safer medium when questions of exposition arose. It need hardly be added that Irishmen were debarred from the English Universities, where formerly they had been wont to resort, as also from all lucrative positions at home.

Yet after all the pains thus thoughtfully taken on their behalf, the Irishry returned only black ingratitude. Their iniquity was preternatural. 'As I suppose, it is predestinate in this country to bring forth seditions, inventions, lies, and such other naughty fruits, also that no man shall have thanks for services done here.'

Mrs. Green's remarkable book, backed up as it is by references for every statement, makes reading that to-day must sadden the hearts of all right-thinking men, English and Irish alike. At the root of the whole matter is the difference in race; and, probably, there is no instance in mediæval and modern history in which the intensity of racial hatred is shown to greater advantage. In Scotland, thanks to our forefathers, thanks perhaps also to our poverty, such conflicts have been spared us largely, not wholly. In any case they have left behind no root of bitterness such as still rankles, and small wonder, in the hearts of Irishmen who know their country's history.

W. J. WATSON.

Laoidhean agus Dùin Spioradail—le MURCHADH MACLEOID (nach maireann)
Scalpaigh na h-Earradh—air a dheasachadh leis an URR. CALUM
MAC'ILLINNEIN B.D. an Dunéidean. Published by Norman Macleod,
25 George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh. Price 2s.

This is a neat little volume of Gaelic verse, extending over xi+83 pp.

The get-up of it reflects credit on printers and publishers—and is such as will be sure to appeal to the taste of the real book-lover. It is described and commended in an editorial note—in English—and the reader is introduced to the life of the author in a plain, unpretentious narrative, couched in smooth, idiomatic Gaelic.

In many respects it is a remarkable volume. If it is examined purely and severely as a literary production it would be easy for men of much lower stature than the author measured to point to defects more or less serious. The range of subjects may be neither very wide nor very varied, and the author confined himself to a small patch of the great field of religious experience. Judged as poetry one misses much of the rich imagery and obscure and elevated style with which some of our great poets have made us familiar. Nevertheless we find in this volume very many of those features which give charm to some of our finest modern Gaelic bards.

To give true justice to the book, however, it must be read and examined in full light of the author's life and opportunities. He had only the advantage of an elementary education, say between the ages of six and fourteen. At the age of seventeen he became an ordinary sailor, and for six years gave no evidence of any higher ambition. At the end of that period he made his way home and found himself suffering from a disease which he knew would prove fatal before very long. He lingered for some four years, during the first two of which he was much troubled and downcast. Then, however, the cloud lifted and he began to give expression to his thoughts in poetic form. We submit that under such circumstances the little volume which he left us is remarkable for its excellence and pathos. With insignificant exceptions, the language and idiom are of the pure stream, and taste of the right *blas*. They are real *Harris texture* and smell of the peat.

NOTES

The charming little peep into the past afforded by Father Allan MacDonald's legend in the last number of the *Review* touched a chord in at least one reader's heart—a chord, too, which, struck in early childhood, has never ceased to throb.

Rushes abounded in our parish: chairs, tables, and whip-making were a never-failing source of pleasure. We used the pith to ornament card-board boxes, but the little brown tips were always a trouble. I have spent hours in trying to get enough all-over-green rushes even to make one chair, but never succeeded. It gave me a feeling very much akin to pain to find that they were all spoilt by that wretched little 'brown bit.'

There was always a pleasant feeling when we pulled up a spike of scabious to find that the fairies had bitten their little share off; and when we cut a thick bracken stem, to find the spread-eagle, or counted the