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Hebraic Inspiration

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THE TRUE SPRING OF THE JACOBITE WARS.

(From *Am Bard.*)

When the Cardinal Duke of York died, Jacobitism may be said to have expired. It is true that the natural right to the crown of these realms then became settled in that family whose present female representative is styled Queen Mary III. and IV. by our British Legitimists. But we imagine that few are prepared to endorse the claims of our modern Legitimists in behalf of this Princess. We believe we are correct in saying that "the Sovereign" herself has not hitherto manifested any very lively concern in the doings of our Legitimists; and so far from endorsing their policy, has taken some pains to dissociate herself from their proceedings. At all events the Legitimists' "heir to the throne" followed meekly in the procession of the late Queen Victoria's Jubilee, which must have been a sad blow to Legitimist hopes and aspirations.

Charles II. said that no one would commit the indiscretion of killing him in order to place his brother on the throne in his own stead. We hardly think this country is prepared to expel our present Teutons in order to place others in their room. And if the present King speaks English with a strong German accent, it must be mildness itself compared with that which Mary indulges—if, indeed, she is capable of speaking that language at all, which we doubt.

Moreover, our modern Legitimists have made themselves a little ridiculous by means of tacking a "Platform" on to their policy. Their Sovereign is cold, if not actually hostile. Yet, not content with advocating claims which we have reason to believe are distasteful to the principal persons concerned, our Legitimists have presented her with a policy, ready-made and cut-and-dried, of their own. Pray, how do these gentlemen know that in the extremely improbable event of their Sovereign's landing on these shores in order to "enjoy her own again" their views (on nearly every conceivable political topic under the sun) would be endorsed by their Sovereign? As believers in Divine Right and Absolute Power, it seems to us they are dealing out very shabby treatment to their prospective ruler by thus taking the word out of her mouth, as it were. Surely an absolute Monarch should be left to frame his own Policy. Possibly it is from a fear that the Legitimist Queen might also desire to choose her own ministers that our modern Legitimists have hurried forward with their improvised plan.

From our point of view, then, modern Legitimism is plainly "impossible." We will have nothing to do with it. We respect the right of the principal person concerned, regarding it as superior, in many ways, to that of the Guelphs; but we are not at all disposed to get up an agitation in her behalf. As Celts we do not consider ourselves as either bound or controlled by the principles underlying Legitimism. The elective principle was the principle favoured by Celts, and rightly, we think. The monarchy of Scotland, like that of Ireland, was elective, though the choice of the electors was limited to the individuals of particular septs or families. In Ireland, after the Milesian conquest,

it was necessary for the candidate to be a descendant from one of the three sons of Milesius; and as in Scotland, the elective principle was frequently exercised.

What, then, is Whimsicalism* and is there such a thing as a modern Jacobite? To answer the latter question first, we may say that we regard that man as a Jacobite who, recognising the fact that our true Scottish Sovereigns ceased to exist when the true line died out, now hopes and waits for better things. The Whimsical, on the other hand, is he that having accepted the existing dynasty, either believes in it or takes it for what he can get, in the absence of a better. This latter class is to-day probably the largest class in Scotland; but the number of those who, hoping and waiting and watching, look forward to better things, is constantly and greatly increasing. The Scottish Celt has not flourished under the ægis of the existing order of things to that degree that he need have any compunction in shifting the onus of his allegiance when the proper time shall come. Under the Hanoverians, his language has been neglected, if not actually discouraged, and he has seen his nearest and dearest torn from their native glens and hurried into exile, in order to make a holiday for the shooting tenant. Truly has he no particular reason to love the Hanoverian dynasty, and though it would be unfair to lay at the door of that family all the misfortunes which, as a people, have happened to us, yet there can be no doubt that, with the possible exception of that of the late Queen Victoria, the reigns of the Guelphs have brought nothing but disaster to the Celt.

For our part, our sympathy is entirely with those who, rejecting Legitimism and Whimsicalism, are watching and waiting in this beloved Scotland of ours in the hope and in the expectation of better things. We like and admire that party, and shall do all we can to promote its views, and to make it considerable and respected. It is the truly National Party—the party which places the good of this land of ours—of Scotland—above every other consideration in the world. This may sound but "parochial" adventure to the blatant "Imperialist" floundering in the quagmire of "Imperial Politics"; but in our view it is the Right, and may God in His infinite mercy and goodness protect and prosper it.

(To be Continued).

* The Whimsicals were originally those Tories who accepted the Revolution Settlement of 1688. They were an English party. Lord Bolingbroke holds them up to ridicule and scorn in his celebrated "Letter to Sir William Wyndham."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALL IRELAND REVIEW.

906 Delaware Avenue,
Washington, D.C., Nov. 2, 1901.

DEAR SIR.—Please find etc. I do not know whether I have any right to find fault with the A.I.R., but I think a little paper which contains so much Irish history, and, on the whole, good clear reading matter, ought to give a little more space to the Irish language.

I should think one page, at least, about Gaelic would make a splendid ornament, and add much to the beauty of the paper.

I also think you ought not publish such trash as I have seen in your issue

of Oct. 12 over the initials of E.B., page 238, which is simply another insult, added to the many already flung by some of your crazy Anglo-maniacs at the Irish Catholic people, both clergy and laity.

When was Catholicity known to be the curse of Ireland, or any other country? Never, in the history of the world.

But that which has been the curse of Ireland is about to suffer now. "Almighty God" has said in His holy Scriptures, "*Vengeance is Mine.*"

And He is having it now, pe. haps, for the wrongs of Ireland.

If E.B. had sense enough to throw prejudice aside and study the history of the Catholic Church and its founder; also the history of those who founded the Protestant Reformation, he, or she, would soon discover that the Catholic Church (Popery) was, is, and will be, the bulwark of Christianity and the hope of civilization.

Notwithstanding the hard feeling which those expressions made by E.B. are liable to create, they really do no more damage to Irish Catholicity than would a dry snow-ball flung at the O'Connell Monument in Dublin.

With best wishes from one who is glad to be among your many friends, I remain yours very truly,

J. D. O'FLYNN.

[DEAR MR. O'FLYNN.—I do think you did not read E.B.'s letter carefully. Wide open as is this door, and bright and hospitable as are the lights in the windows of this poor inn, built here in the gloomy Irish moorland for the comfort and entertainment of pilgrims, the door-keeper—that's me—will never consciously give admission to any sour and surly-visaged wight plainly bent on disurbance and on insulting honest pilgrims.

E.B. said nothing against your religion.

I wish I had thousands of readers like you, men who stand firm and listen, and believe in themselves and in their principles, and don't run away with their fingers in their ears at the first word that does not quite harmonize with their notions about things.

With kind regards to yourself and all other Fresh Islanders, I remain yours truly, THE ED.]

HEBRAIC INSPIRATION.

By FRANCIS GRIERSON in "Celtic Temperament."

SOME words have souls, some have spirit, and some have only form. The Hebrew prophets possessed the soul of language; in modern poetry we have more of the spirit and the form. What renders the inspiration of Isaiah so potent is the mystical meaning attached to the Hebrew vocabulary. This language was and still is a medium for the invocation of the untold and unscrutable forces of Time and Eternity.

In the mystical languages, such as Hebrew and Arabic, there is a close affinity between the prophetic utterance and the mode of ancient music. Words and music contained something magical. The prophets seemed to possess the soul of music as well as the soul of words. The Spirit of God will come upon me when the musician plays, cried Elisha: *Wayata kechu lee menagnim wayhoyo kenagen hamenagnim wethee allay yad Adonay*¹. The spirit of Time

¹ 2 Kings iii. 15,

seems identified with recent modes of speaking and writing; there is something transitory in the moods evoked by rhyme. For rhyme pertains to form. It shimmers on the surface of language like sunlight on the surface of shallow streams, it conducts the mind as in a circle; its sphere is a world of harmonic delights. Rhyme is to the mind what sentimentality is to art. The Hebrew prophets immortalised sentiment by a process the secret of which came into the world with the race and the language. The art they displayed was one of unconsciousness; it arrived in the consciousness as a part of the unity of a spiritualised harmony. When we read Isaiah we are influenced by the potential elements of loftiness, and we become part of the sublime and the eternal. The prophets and seers not only possessed the faculty of discernment, but they were receptive as well; for it is not enough to see; one must both see and possess to be able to explain and pour out. Receptivity is even rarer than discernment; for the state of receptivity cannot be attained without a union and acquiescence of all the loftier forces of will and reason. When religion became intellectual it lost its qualities of adhesion and unity. Spirit and form forbade the transmission of spiritual force by transcendental intuition. Western art, like western religion, has defeated the aims and gone beyond the first principles of art. Artifice has taken the place of simplicity, and pedantry the place of naïveté; and the scourge of the modern academy has made naturalness and inspiration all but impossible.

When we read a chapter in Isaiah, or Job, or Solomon, and then turn to the utterances of our greatest preachers, the truth becomes apparent that we have lost the gift, if we ever possessed it, of attaining the supreme through the simple. Superfluous rhetoric, sentences devoid of soul, and words devoid of passion, vain attempts to attain the sublime through tortuous paths of weary phraseology, these things we find, with frequent displays of learning, without real feeling.

Since Burke, we have no orator who has been able to fuse discernment and sublimity. For when we are sublime we cease to be clairvoyant, and when we see clearly we become didactic. No man can create his language; he has to choose it. In the English language, style is the rarest of all things, because to write and speak in this tongue, even with moderate decorum, requires as much care as it does to cross a muddy road without soiling one's boots. For the language is a mixture of vulgarity and sublimity, the Anglo-Saxon predominating, the Latin cropping up here and there to give dignity and architectural proportion. So that we must do with our pens what we do in the streets—pick our way with exceeding caution. Isaiah did not create the Hebrew which he used. He found it when he came into the world. It was there as a mould for his inspirations and his wisdom. Similarly, Mohammed found the Arabic ready to hand, and when he opens the Koran with the dulcet strains: *El hamdu lilla hee rabee il Allah mina*, we are as much thrilled with the verbal magic as we are with the divine strains of the great movement in Beethoven's symphony in C. minor. Modern speech has become vivid and penetrating; it is rarely vivifying and exalting. Hebrew

is the principal tongue in the hierarchy of languages, the mother of profound and exalted emotions, the most primitive and authoritative medium for the expression of transcendent praise and ineffable sorrows. By it, imagination soars through the ages, and we alight on the summits of Israel overlooking the sacred precincts where Elisha prophesied while the minstrel played and where the Ark of the Covenant was carried to Jerusalem by the hosts of David. There are words which hold the mind to earthly things, to the temporal, the ephemeral; others which deal with fixed periods; and lastly, the ones which set the soul free, give it wings, sight, and volition. These last are the words which contain a magical combination of sense and sound, as when the Mussulman cries: *La illa ella Allah, Mochamed rossoul Allah!* Here thought and language become vital, and the meaning penetrates like a musical phrase to the very marrow of consciousness.

Everything superfluous in language is either impertinent or puerile. A mixture of the metaphysical and the æsthetic is fatal to any precept of established wisdom. With a multiplicity of gods, the Greeks were confounded by a multiplicity of schools. No one could tell what new system would spring forth on the morrow. With every god came a new temple and a strange teaching.

(To be continued.)

A FRIENDLY CHASTISEMENT.

[DEAR A.I.R.,—I have read you since 20th October, 1900, with interest. I recognise your personal projection into your paper and occasional misprints, of which Sir T. Grattan Esmonde speaks, were, I believe, passed over by all, if not with "delight," at least with affectionate partiality. Your hiatus-ed articles and occasional meanderings were patiently borne without a murmur—for in one respect you are unique—Alone among periodicals, you can clothe the dry bones of the Four Masters and of the dead-and-gone Bards with engaging skill, and even your principal speculations bear the mark of your wide knowledge of your subject—our Celtic Race and Traditions.

I hope, however, you will forgive a friendly chastisement, and allow me to say that it was for this knowledge and airy theories (when relevant), as you *used* to give it us, that we took you in, and loved you. But for months past this kind of fare has been getting scarcer, and now it has almost vanished.

The matter you have substituted consists largely of personal letters from correspondents which, however pleasing to the recipient to read, possess no interest to your readers. What do we care about the religious attitude of Brian Og in No. 34? Why pad your columns with "Story Telling" in No. 33? What is the reason of the irrelevant and absurd commentary to the F. M. in 36 and 35?

What has a business-like commentary on the Four Masters to do with "the toothache of a grand aunt in New York!" or "the cult of modern mysticism?" A commentary should confine itself to its text, and comment on, and elucidate it. And we began your "Annals" with high hope, but "Hope told a flattering tale," we fear, alas! We do not fear that the mine is worked out, but we want to return to lode-bearing strata, and wander no longer in mazy bye-paths. Stick

dear A.I.R. to your subject, and do not let "to be continued" mean *sine die*. Contrast your notes and the commentary in 33 with those others.

Now do not call this "rough music." *Ir binn teanga cáirde.*—And believe me, *Do éiríocht óir.* D. LAWSON.

Eyre Square, Galway,
14th November, 1901.

[DEAR MR. LAWSON,—I think you are wrong about the value of the correspondence. I know myself many people, thinking and clever people too, who read first the correspondence, being anxious to know how their contemporaries, especially the rising generation, think and feel concerning the subjects that came up in A.I.R., and with what ideas, emotions, and anticipations they are looking out upon this obscure and embroiled chaos of things through which we are all moving.

As to M. M.'s commentary:—When I started the Annals I asked, as you know, several distinguished scholars to flash a random ray from their scholastic lamps upon those strange names and happenings in the beginning of our Chronicles, the *debris*, no doubt, of old religions, and of crumbled religions or heroic bardic cycles. One and all, they made excuses and in short refused to bring out their lamps and lanterns, or to uncover a single flash-light from their lonely studious towers—high places of observation.

Then M.M., evidently a thinker and evidently a scholar, and a Gaelic scholar too, with no vanity to subserve, no recognised position or reputation to hazard, began his interesting guesses and speculations, all for love too, and as a volunteer.

That being so, I thought it only fair to give him a quite free hand, and not check and curtail him as to thing—that might seem to me to be irrelevant, but which on further consideration and after the expansion and development of his thought might be found to be quite relevant and illuminative.

Even his recent excursion into the cult of the supernatural as practised in our times by symbolists and crystal-gazers, though seemingly irrelevant, seemed to me to be a help; for man is essentially the same in all ages, and our Tuatha De Danaan sprang doubtless from the minds of men pursuing the same cult, and probably in the same way, with crystals and symbols and other such modes of evoking visions and appearances.

M. M. alone has stoutly grappled with this matter of the Tuatha De Danaan, and I confess I feel very grateful to him for having done so.

Commentary on the Annals now as they appear from week to week is out of the question. The age of gods ceased about a thousand years before the historical period began, that is to say, in the animals; and all this intervening period is filled with names and deeds which for us have little or no meaning. They probably represent the remains of local bardic cycles and topical heroes and deities.

In the genuine history and traditions of the country before their reconstruction by the euphemizing monks and bards, I believe the age of the gods just preceded that of the Red Branch, or with, possibly, the Milesians coming between; for it is easy to hazard guesses where so little is known.—ED. A.I.R.]