

## All Ireland Review

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The Book

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## TO THE QUEEN.

YOUR MAJESTY—

The greatest Englishman of your time, Thomas Carlyle, always strenuously maintained that your House of Commons would destroy your Empire.

Your Majesty, a humble but loyal Irish subject begs that you will consult very earnestly with your best and wisest friends, as to whether the time has not arrived for reducing the power of the loquacious third Estate to something more consistent with the safety of your House and of your Empire and of your poor Subjects.—Ed. "A.I.R."

## THE BOOK.

I have received an interesting letter from "G.F.," directing attention to William Bedell's noble work in Ireland and to the part which the Bible has played in the making of nations.

With every word of this letter I concur, but for editorial reasons think it best not to publish the same. Ireland does not know yet, perhaps will never know, what she owes, even politically, to the Bible. For example, the enormous intra-Imperial power which we possess to-day, but cannot use until the Great Enchantment shall have relaxed the grasp of its "dead hand," is due to the fact that, at the end of the last century, we were independent, prosperous, progressive, and the possessors of formidable military resources.

Now, all this was the result of the Revolution of 1782, and the Revolution, in its turn, was the result of the fire and bravery of Major-General Dobbs, commonly known as "Millennium Dobbs." For it was Dobbs, not Charlemont, or Grattan, or both, who made the Revolution, Dobbs and his friends, forcing the hands of timorous statesmen and great people.

Dobbs made the Revolution, and was himself made by the Bible. Are there not events occurring just now in some part of the world which are inculcating the same truth?

## CONCERNING SHOUTS.

R. is quite right; the colour of your cover shouts at one.

L.H.

Well, but, after all, does it shout any louder than the sunny side of the cherry, that ornament of our gardens. The alarmingly pungent verb has caused me to think of all the famous shoutings of the World, the shout of the Chosen Seed when the walls of Jericho fell flat; of "the thunder of the Captains and shouting" in the Book of Job; of the shouting when the morning stars sang together; of the shout of Cuculain, at which their weapons fell from the hands of his foes, and when Queen Meave sprang out of her chariot; of the shout of Achilles, from the rampart, which arrested the charge of the Dardian host in the full midst of their triumphant career; and of other famous and world-renowned shouting. Moreover, I think the scornful verb is perhaps prophetic, and a good omen; for, though now idyllic, gentle, and gently instructive, a time may come when the "All Ireland Review" will shout, too, and it is to be hoped, as effectively and with results as great as those which succeeded the roar of the Champion of the North, Sualtam's mighty son, in the day of battle.

Here I recall what I said before, and apologise to the conductor of the Gaelic class. Sound is greater than Light, a frank admission which, it is to be hoped, will restore domestic harmony.—Ed.

## STRANGE WORDS.

I saw Mr. Brennan's question as to the meaning of some strange words in my story. They are as follows:—

Rae—A moor.

Seanchus—A chat, a discussion of things, a talk together.

Beibe—A banshee, a sad woman.

A. K. LYNCH.

Miss Lynch is, no doubt, right in the meaning she attaches to Seanchus, but it has a bigger meaning, too.

For example, the Seanchus Mor is the name of the great compilation of Brehon laws.

As to the third word, the Gentile Irish worshipped three war-goddesses—Badb, Macha (a being referred to in the current instalment of "In the Gates of the North"), and the Morrigu, or Great Queen.

Miss Lynch's beibe is a modernisation of the first of these three famous war goddesses.—Ed.

## A REPLY.

To "F.B."—Yes, at earliest opportunity shall revisit the brave Black North. Let me but get the substance of one, or, perhaps, two issues ahead of the inexorable Hour. Hitherto behind Time, always; never in front of that unpersuadable being. Hence "matted tears" and displaced lines, and other things neither lovely nor of good report.—Ed.

## IN MORTUA MANU.

It can hardly be said that we live, more than a crow or a tree lives. The everlasting croaking about the land, and the squealing about our wrongs and grievances—nearly half of which are subjective, and nearly another half which may be admitted to be objective, of our own creation, are miserable.—M.C.

M.C. appears to hold independent views, similar to those put forward in "The Great Enchantment." Yes, M.C. is right. Half our grievances are subjective, and the other half of our own creation.

## INTER RUINAS.

A DRAMA OF VOICES.

## THE MAN.

All gone—the dear familiar faces—the household jokes, well-worn, yet ever knew: the banter; the fun; the mutual affection never expressed, never hinted at. Gone all—dead, or scattered. Here sat one, there another, there a third, and the others. Gone all; and the lights are extinguished, and the fires out, and the household gods lie broken on the hearth and in the hall. The comedy is over; so human, natural, to be expected; so fit, appropriate, and altogether right and desirable; and the never-failing Tragic appears, once more, masked, clothed in black. Over against me he sits, looking forth with eyes of iron!

## PLEASURE.

Tut, Man! Is there no pretty girl left amidst all these ruins? Is there no bottle left in the cellars?

## DUTY.

(Inarticulate; a drone.)

## LIFE.

Up and stirring, melancholy fool. Life is for the living. Why these doleful dumps?

## DEATH.

Hearken, O Man, to try brother, Life. Do you want me? I, too, am sure. — shall fail no man.

The Man left thinking. He sits at the head of the table, and the Figure at the foot.

Q.

## IRISH MUSIC IN LONDON.

On the 25th of January, at the Society of Arts, a lecture was delivered on "A Hundred Years of Irish Music." A series of misfortunes prevented Dr. Viliers Stanford from presiding, and Mr. Grattan Flood from reading his able paper, but Miss Milligan, of Belfast, stepped into the breach and read the M.S. for the absentee, and Mr. Charles Graves took the chair instead of Dr. Stanford. The lecture was musically illustrated by Mr. and Mrs. Mantell, Miss MacDonald (harpist), Miss Roden, Miss Florence Day, and Mr. Lane Wilson. Mr. Grattan Flood pointed out that "Irish missionaries inaugurated plain song in England, and the Irish of the 11th century invented the 'Sonata' form; and that Field, an Irishman, invented the 'Nocturne,' and that 'God Save the Queen' was composed by an Irishman, Henry Carey."

The lecturer then went on to point out that Thomas Carter, of Dublin, in 1801, wrote a song called "Oh, Nancy, wilt thou go with me," which was quickly annexed by the canny Scots, and palmed off as "O, Nancy, wilt thou gang wi' me." Other Irish composers of the last century were mentioned, namely, Michael Kelly, who composed the "Woodpecker"; Robert Owens, Thomas Cooke, Joseph Wade, Sir John Stevenson, Michael Rooke, and Thomas Moore, Michael William Balfe, and Vincent Wallace.

The Countess of Aberdeen, in a very graceful speech, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Grattan Flood for his clever paper, and to the reader, Miss Milligan.