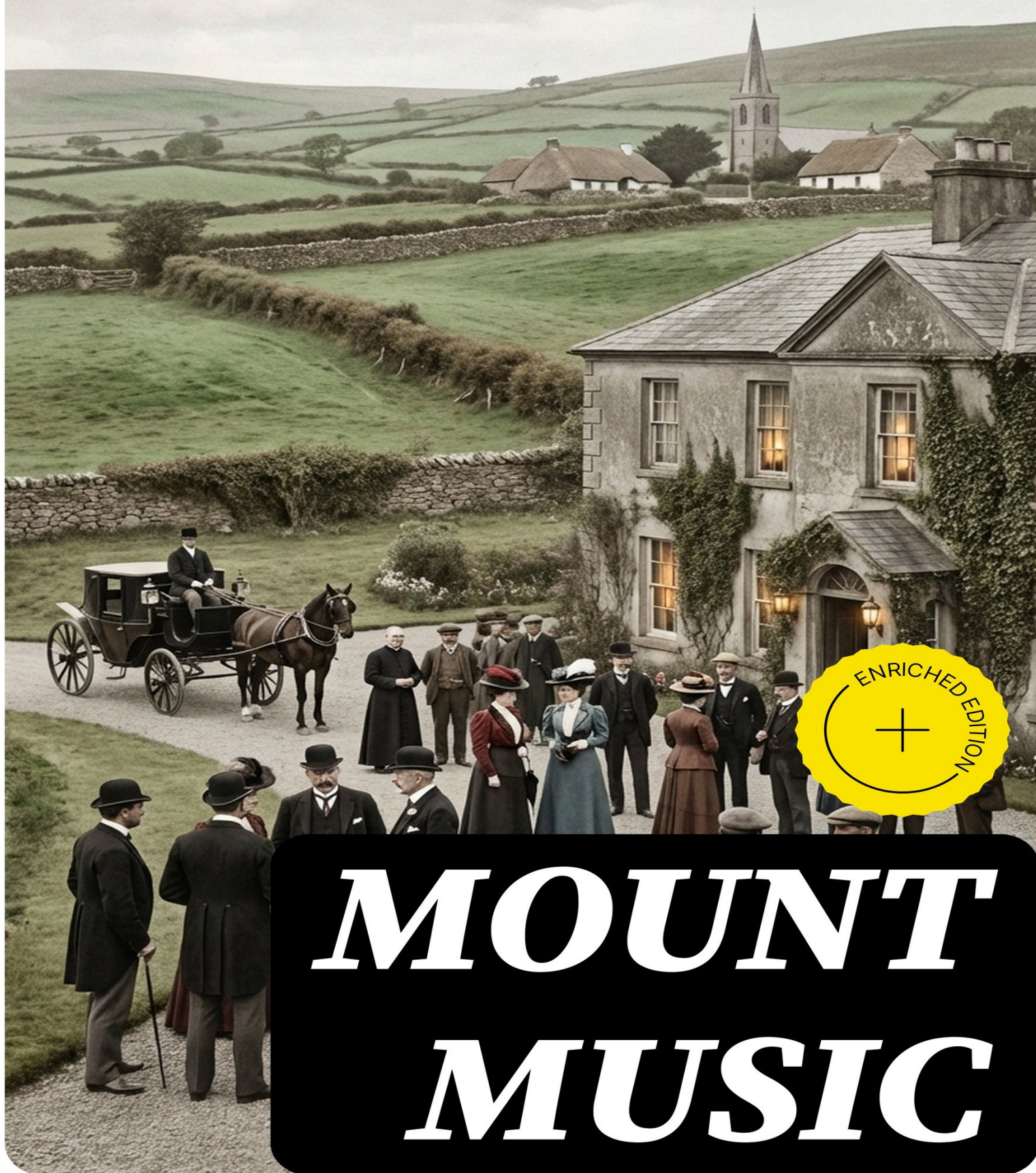
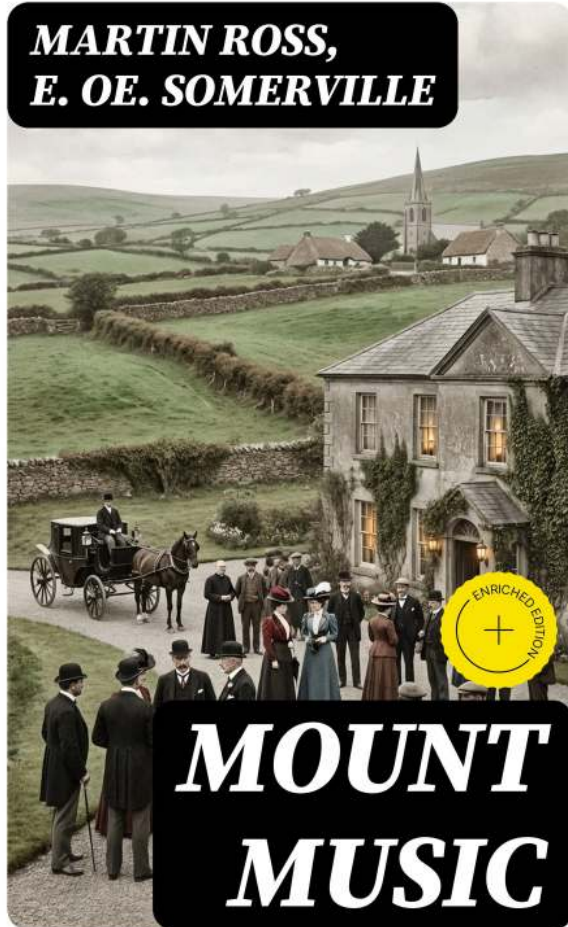


***MARTIN ROSS,
E. OE. SOMERVILLE***



***MOUNT
MUSIC***

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E. OE. SOMERVILLE**



MOUNT MUSIC

E. Oe. Somerville, Martin Ross

Mount Music

Enriched edition.

Introduction, Studies and Commentaries by Evan Fairchild

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Introduction

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Mount Music turns the pleasures of country-house life into a sounding board for the strains of a society on the verge of change. Somerville and Ross explore how rituals of hospitality, conversation, and local custom both conceal and reveal the anxieties of a world calibrated by status and habit. The novel's very title suggests how harmony and dissonance coexist, as the rhythms of estate living thrum against disruptive new tempos. Without sensationalism, it uncovers the dramas that arise when personal allegiance, communal duty, and shifting power meet in the drawing room, on the road, and at the margins where classes and temperaments intersect.

Written by the Irish collaborators E. OE. Somerville and Martin Ross, Mount Music belongs to the early twentieth-century tradition of the Irish big house novel, where an estate and its neighborhood form a living map of social relations. The setting is rural Ireland, observed with the duo's practiced eye for landscape, local idiom, and the codes that govern encounters between gentry and community. Known for their Irish R.M. stories, the authors bring a related blend of comedy and scrutiny to longer-form fiction here, using realism rather than melodrama to fix a particular world in view while letting larger historical pressures register at the edges.

At the center is the house that gives the book its name, a focal point through which multiple households, friendships, and rivalries are refracted. Somerville and Ross stage visits,

gatherings, and everyday errands as moments where temperaments collide and sympathies grow, allowing private ambitions and public obligations to jostle without resolving too neatly. Courtships and alliances arise, as do misunderstandings, but the narrative privileges the texture of living over contrived twists. Readers follow the seasonal pulse of the district and its gradual rebalancing as prosperity, reputation, and pride are tested, always from a vantage that keeps sympathy mobile and judgment carefully measured.

The book's appeal lies in a style that marries buoyant comedy with unsparing observation. Dialogue carries the lilt of regional speech without caricature, and description has the crispness of field notes set to a quietly musical cadence. Scenes that begin in light social play often shade into pathos or moral ambiguity, as the authors calibrate tone with steady restraint. Rather than driving relentlessly toward climactic revelation, the narrative builds by accumulation, letting small choices echo. Readers who value texture—faces glimpsed in a lane, a room arranged for talk, a gesture that betrays stubbornness—will find a voice hospitable to nuance and resistant to simplification.

Among the novel's animating themes are class interdependence, the ethics of stewardship, and the fraught comforts of belonging. The big house is not a fortress so much as a crossroads where obligations travel in both directions, and Somerville and Ross are attentive to the negotiations required to keep peace and pride intact. They trace how gender expectations inflect opportunity, how politeness can be both shield and weapon, and how custom can soothe or constrain. The book's gentle satire never disdains its subjects; it invites readers to see the comedy of manners as a laboratory for testing loyalty, self-knowledge, and responsibility.

For contemporary readers, *Mount Music* offers a careful anatomy of privilege under pressure that resonates beyond its historical coordinates. Its portrait of a community navigating uneven change speaks to ongoing questions about how institutions adapt, who benefits, and who pays the unseen costs. The novel's attention to everyday compromises—where generosity and self-interest are entangled—echoes present conversations about civility, accountability, and the uses of tradition. It also contributes to a fuller understanding of Irish writing about land, class, and identity, complementing more overtly political narratives with a ground-level view of how social bonds stretch, fray, and, at times, hold.

To approach *Mount Music* is to enter a convincingly peopled world whose pleasures of wit and observation never eclipse its moral curiosity. Somerville and Ross render a specific place and social stratum with craft, but they also keep faith with the complexity of human motives, making the novel's questions—about duty, desire, and change—feel immediate. The result is a reading experience at once entertaining and instructive, a study of manners that avoids nostalgia and sermon alike. For those interested in Irish literature, social comedy, or the big house tradition, it remains a rewarding guide to the enduring negotiations of community life.

Synopsis

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Mount Music, first published in 1919 and credited to Martin Ross and E. Oe. Somerville, is a stand-alone novel set in rural Ireland, where an old country house gives the book its title and focal point. The narrative opens by mapping the estate's social orbit: landowners, neighbors, clergy, and servants whose routines, amusements, and obligations sustain a delicate balance. From the start, the authors' familiar blend of comedy of manners and incisive observation frames a world still confident in its habits yet faintly aware of strain. The house, its grounds, and nearby lanes establish a lived geography through which conversations, visits, and small crises circulate.

Early chapters dwell on the domestic rhythms of the Big House and its community: breakfasts that set the day's tone, rides and drives along muddy roads, music and card tables brightening long evenings, and the ever-present pull of the hunting field. Younger members of the circle emerge under the weight of expectations about conduct, marriage, and property, while older relations guard convention with a mixture of tact and stubbornness. Neighborly courtesies and rivalries, rendered with light irony, define who belongs and who merely calls. The estate's name becomes shorthand for a style of life whose tempo is measured, charming, and watchful of propriety.

Against this polished surface, strains appear in practical and social forms. Estate accounts need tending; tenants and agents must be handled with fairness and firmness; and the

etiquette of calls and invitations is a delicate calculus. The authors let these pressures accrue as talk of wider political change filters into parlor and yard, not as polemic but as local weather that must be read. News, rumor, and parish opinions complicate seemingly minor choices, and the Big House must reckon with how tradition looks to those who do not share it. The comedy remains, but with a steadier undertow of unease.

Intertwined with these concerns are courtships and friendships whose fortunes turn on tact, timing, and the hazards of pride. House parties, concerts, and expeditions supply both gaiety and opportunities for misreading, while the countryside's pleasures sharpen questions of character. The authors favor episodes in which speech falls short or overreaches, leaving feelings unspoken or exposed at the wrong moment. The title's suggestion of harmony hovers over these sequences, as the household attempts to keep time even when individual players insist on their own phrasing. Personal aspiration and family duty begin to pull in subtly different directions.

As the story advances, the atmosphere darkens by degrees. Public meetings, boycotts, or whispered threats are never treated as mere spectacle; they unsettle timetables, reduce margins, and alter how neighbors greet one another. The familiar circuits of visiting and sport are interrupted, revealing which ties are robust and which depend on ease. Generational divides sharpen around questions of responsibility and risk, and the estate's staff and tenants acquire a more insistent presence in decisions once made above stairs. The comedy persists, but its laughter is shaded by recognition that habit cannot outpace history indefinitely.

This convergence of private and public pressures drives the later movement of the plot. Characters face choices about stewardship, allegiance, and affection that cannot be postponed without cost. The authors guide these reckonings with restraint, letting consequences register in altered routines and recalibrated expectations rather than overt melodrama. *Mount Music* itself becomes a test case for what of a tradition can be adapted, and what must be surrendered, as arrivals, departures, and rearrangements quietly recompose the household. The resolution turns on measured compromises and a mature acknowledgment of change, with outcomes suggested rather than trumpeted.

In its closing cadence, the novel's broader significance comes into view. *Mount Music* offers a textured portrait of Anglo-Irish country life at a threshold, marrying social comedy to the slow revelation of fragility within an apparently durable order. Its enduring resonance lies in the clarity with which it records interdependence—between classes, generations, and neighbors—and the costs of maintaining or revising an identity tethered to place. As part of Somerville and Ross's body of work, it complements their sharper satires by dwelling on continuities and change with patient sympathy, leaving readers with a spoiler-safe sense of how a world adjusts without quite yielding its soul.

Historical Context

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Mount Music, a novel by E. OE. Somerville and Martin Ross (the pen name of Violet Martin), was first published in 1919. The collaborators were Anglo-Irish cousins from County Cork and County Galway, whose fiction drew on the 'Big House' milieu and rural administration under British rule. Their settings evoke late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century Ireland's layered institutions: estate houses, parish structures, the Royal Irish Constabulary, and the courts supervised from Dublin Castle. Written after Martin's death in 1915 and edited for publication by Somerville, the book emerges from a lifetime's observation of landlord, tenant, and professional classes in predominantly Catholic rural communities.

From 1879 to 1882, the Land War convulsed rural Ireland, led by the Irish National Land League founded by Michael Davitt and championed in Parliament by Charles Stewart Parnell. Rent strikes, boycotts, and sporadic agrarian violence targeted high rents and evictions, confronting landlords and the Royal Irish Constabulary. The 1881 Land Law (Ireland) Act created Land Courts to fix 'fair rents,' curbing landlords' discretion. After the Land League's suppression, agitation continued intermittently, including the Plan of Campaign (1886-1891). These conflicts reshaped daily relations on estates, conditioning the habits, anxieties, and compromises that Somerville and Ross depict among landowners, tenants, agents, and local clergy.

Reform shifted from rent to ownership through successive Land Purchase Acts: Ashbourne (1885), Balfour (1891), Wyndham (1903), and the 1909 Act. By enabling state-financed tenant purchase, these measures accelerated the transfer of millions of acres from landlords to occupiers, particularly after 1903. Estate incomes fell and many 'Big Houses' reduced staffs, sold land, or reoriented their roles in local society. This legal and financial transformation forms the backdrop to Mount Music's attention to estate management, inheritances, and the recalibration of authority, as formerly dominant families negotiated sales, annuities, and new dependencies on state boards, solicitors, and cooperative institutions.

The Local Government (Ireland) Act 1898 replaced landlord-dominated grand juries with elected county and district councils, transferring control of roads, sanitation, and rates to largely nationalist bodies. Priests often influenced these councils and mediated disputes, while the Royal Irish Constabulary enforced public order and gathered intelligence. Justice at parish level continued through Petty Sessions and county assizes, with magistrates and resident magistrates applying statutes amid political pressure. This administrative realignment redistributed patronage and prestige away from the Ascendancy and into broader Catholic society, altering who decided contracts, licenses, and relief—decisions that in the novel's world affect livelihoods, reputations, and alliances.

Parallel to political change came a cultural renaissance. The Gaelic Athletic Association (founded 1884) standardized and promoted hurling and Gaelic football, and from 1905 its rules discouraged participation in 'foreign games,' marking sport as a field of national identity. The Gaelic League (founded 1893) advanced Irish language, song, and local cultural societies. These movements energized rural youth

and reoriented leisure and social prestige. By contrast, foxhunting, agricultural shows, and Anglo-Irish house parties continued to bind the gentry and professional classes. Somerville, an accomplished horsewoman, drew accurately on this sporting world, juxtaposing its customs with the assertive new cultural confidence of nationalist Ireland.

Rural livelihoods were also transformed by economic initiatives. Horace Plunkett's Irish Agricultural Organisation Society (1894) fostered cooperative creameries, credit societies, and better farming methods, particularly in dairying districts. The Congested Districts Board (established 1891) facilitated land purchase, migration schemes, and improvements in poorer western areas. Persistent emigration to Britain and North America reduced rural populations, altering marriage patterns and labor markets; census figures between 1881 and 1911 record substantial decline. In such conditions, small social advantages—a post, a contract, a dowry—carried great weight. The novel registers these pressures in its careful attention to money, marriage, and the prestige of public or professional employment.

The unresolved constitutional question frames the period. Home Rule bills in 1886 and 1893 failed; a third passed in 1914 but was suspended during the First World War. Ulster unionists organized armed resistance, while the Irish Volunteers formed in 1913; a majority became National Volunteers and supported recruitment into British forces after 1914, though a substantial minority remained autonomous. The 1916 Easter Rising and subsequent executions shifted opinion toward advanced nationalism. Although *Mount Music* focuses on local society rather than battlefield events, these currents inform its portraits of loyalty, rhetoric, and caution among professionals, clergy, and landed families negotiating an uncertain future.

Composed from within the Anglo-Irish community yet attentive to neighbors of different creeds and classes, *Mount Music* reflects a society poised between deference and democratization. Its ironies about bureaucracy, clerical authority, and social display echo the administrative and cultural shifts of 1880–1916, while its knowledge of hunting, music, and drawing-room manners records a world adjusting to land transfer and electoral change. Published in 1919, amid accelerated upheaval, the novel reads as both document and critique: sympathetic to rural resilience, skeptical of cant across factions, and precise about the institutions through which Ireland's transformation was negotiated at parish, county, and estate levels.

Mount Music

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PREFACE

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This book was planned some years ago by Martin Ross and myself. A few portions of it were written, and it was then put aside for other work.

Without her help and inspiration, it would not have been begun, and could not have been completed. I feel, therefore, that to join her name with mine on the title-page is my duty, as well as my pleasure.

E. Æ. SOMERVILLE.



MOUNT MUSIC

CHAPTER I

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"Christian, dost them see them?" sang an elder brother, small enough to be brutal, large enough to hurt, while he twisted Christian's arm as though it were indeed the rope that it so much resembled.

"I won't say I saw them, because I didn't!" replied Christian, who had ceased to struggle, but was as far as ever from submission; "but if I had, you might twist my arm till it was like an old pig's tail and I wouldn't give in!"

Possibly John realised the truth of this defiance. He administered a final thump on what he believed to be Christian's biceps, and released her.

"Pretty rotten to spoil the game, and then tell lies," he said, with severity.

"I don't tell lies," said Christian, flitting like a gnat to the open window of the schoolroom[1q]. "You sang the wrong verse! It ought to have been '*hear* them,' and I *do*!"

Having thus secured the last word, Miss Christian Talbot-Lowry, aged nine in years, and ninety in spirit, sprang upon the window-sill, leapt lightly into a flower-bed, and betook herself to the resort most favoured by her, the kennels of her father's hounds.

What person is there who, having attained to such maturity as is required for legible record, shall presume to

reconstruct, either from memory or from observation, the mind of a child? Certain mental attitudes may be recalled, certain actions predicated in certain circumstances, but the stream of the mind, with its wayward currents, its secret eddies, flows underground, and its course can only be guessed at by tokens of speech and of action, that are like the rushes, and the yellow king-cups, and the emerald of the grass, that show where hidden waters run. Nothing more presumptuous than the gathering of a few of these tokens will here be attempted, and of these, only such as may help to explain the time when these children, emerging from childhood, began to play their parts in the scene destined to be theirs.

This history opens at a moment for Christian and her brethren when, possibly for the last time in their several careers, they asked nothing more of life. This was the beginning of the summer holidays; the sky was unclouded by a governess, the sunny air untainted by the whiff of a thought of a return to school. Anything might happen in seven weeks. The end of the world, for instance, might mercifully intervene, and, as this was Ireland, there was always a hope of a "rising," in which case it would be the boys' pleasing duty to stay at home and fight.

"Well, and Judith and I would fight, too," Christian would say, thinking darkly of the Indian knife that she had stolen from the smoking-room, for use in emergencies. She varied in her arrangements as to the emergency. Sometimes the foe was to be the Land Leaguers^[1], who were much in the foreground at this time; sometimes she decided upon the English oppressors of a down-trodden Ireland, to whose slaughter, on the whole, her fancy most inclined. But whatever the occasion, she was quite determined she was not going to be outdone by the boys.

At nine years old, Christian was a little rag of a girl; a rag, but imbued with the spirit of the rag that is nailed to the mast, and flaunts, unconquered, until it is shot away. She had a small head, round and brown as a hazel-nut, and a thick mop of fine, bright hair, rebellious like herself, of the sort that goes with an ardent personality, waved and curled over her little poll, and generally ended the day in a tangle only less intricate than can be achieved by a skein of silk. Of her small oval face, people were accustomed to say it was all eyes, an unoriginal summarising, but one that forced itself inevitably upon those who met Christian's eyes, clear and shining, of the pale brown that the sun knows how to waken in a shallow pool in a hill-stream, set in a dark fringe of lashes that were like the rushes round the pool. Before she could speak, it was told of her eyes that they would quietly follow some visitor, invisible to others, but obvious to her. Occasionally, after the mysterious power of speech—that is almost as mysterious as the power of reading—had come to her, she had scared the nursery by broken conversation with viewless confederates, defined by the nursery-maid as "quare turns that'd take her, the Lord save us!" and by her mother, as "something that she will outgrow, and the less said about it the better, darlings. Remember, she is the youngest, and you must all be very wise and kind——" (a formula that took no heed of punctuation, and was practically invariable).

But as Christian grew older the confederates withdrew, either that, or the protecting shell of reserve that guards the growth of individuality, interposed, and her dealings with things unseen ceased to attract the attention of her elders. It was John, her senior by two years, who preserved an interest, of an inquisitorial sort, in what he had decided to call the Troops of Midian. There was a sacerdotal turn about John. He had early decided upon the Church as his vocation, and only hesitated between the rôles of Primate of Ireland

and Pope of Rome. He had something of the poet and enthusiast about him, and something also of the bully, and it was quite possible that he might do creditably in either position, but at this stage of his development his ecclesiastical proclivities chiefly displayed themselves in a dramatic study, founded upon that well-known Lenten hymn that puts a succession of searching enquiries, of a personal character, to a typical Christian. A missionary lecture on West Africa had supplied some useful hints as to the treatment of witches, and Christian's name, and the occult powers with which she was credited, had indicated her as heroine of the piece.

On this particular afternoon the game had begun prosperously, with Christian as the Witch of Endor^[3], and John as a blend of the Prophet Samuel and the Head Inquisitor of Spain. A smouldering saucer of sulphur, purloined by the witch herself from the kennels medicine-cupboard, gave a stimulating reality to the scene, even though it had driven the fox terriers, who habitually acted as the Witch's cats, to abandon their parts, and to hurry, sneezing and coughing indignantly, to the kitchen. The twins, Jimmy and Georgy, however, obligingly took their parts, and all was going according to ritual, when one of the sudden and annoying attacks of rebellion to which she was subject, came upon the Witch of Endor. The orthodox conclusion involved a penitential march through the kitchen regions, the Witch swathed in a sheet, and carrying lighted candles, while she was ceremonially flagellated by the Prophet with one of his father's hunting crops. This crowning moment was approaching, Christian had but to reply suitably to the intimidating riddles of the hymn, and the final act would open in all its solemnity. For, as has been said, the spirit of revolt whispered to her, and ingeniously persuaded her that the required recantation committed her to a falsehood.

As she told John, when the formal inquisition had passed through acrid dispute to torture, she didn't tell lies.

CHAPTER II

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In the days when Christian Talbot-Lowry was a little girl, that is to say between the eighties and nineties of the nineteenth century, the class known as Landed Gentry was still pre-eminent in Ireland. Tenants and tradesmen bowed down before them, with love sometimes, sometimes with hatred, never with indifference. The newspapers of their districts recorded their enterprises in marriage, in birth, in death, copiously, and with a servile rapture of detail that, though it is not yet entirely withheld from their survivors, is now bestowed with equal unction on those who, in many instances, have taken their places, geographically, if not their place, socially, in Irish every-day existence. There is little doubt but that after the monsters of the Primal Periods had been practically extinguished, a stray reptile, here and there, escaped the general doom, and, as Mr. Yeats says of his lug-worm, may have sung with "its grey and muddy mouth" of how "somewhere to North or West or South, there dwelt a gay, exulting, gentle race" of Plesiosauridæ, or Pterodactyli. Even thus may this record be regarded; as partial, perhaps, but as founded on the facts of a not wholly to be condemned past.

Christian's father, Richard Talbot-Lowry, was a good-looking, long-legged, long-moustached Major, who, conforming beautifully to type, was a soldier, sportsman, and loyalist, as had been his ancestors before him. He had fought in the Mutiny[2] as a lad of nineteen, and had been wounded in the thigh in a cavalry charge in a subsequent

fight on the Afghan Frontier. Dick, like Horatius, "halted upon one knee" for the rest of his life, but since the injury gave him no trouble in the saddle, and did not affect the sit of his trousers, he did not resent it, and possibly enjoyed its occasional exposition to an enquirer. When his father died, he left the Army, and, still true to the family traditions, proceeded to "settle down" at Mount Music, and to take into his own hands the management of the property.

Of the Talbot-Lowrys it may be truly said that the lot had fallen to them in a fair ground. Their ancestor, the Gentleman Adventurer of Queen Elizabeth's time, had had the eye for the country that, in a slightly different sense, had descended to his present representative. Mount Music House stood about midway of a long valley, on a level plateau of the hill from which it took its name, Cnocán an Ceoil Sidhe, which means the Hill of Fairy Music, and may, approximately, be pronounced "Knockawn an K'yole Shee." The hill melted downwards—no other word can express the velvet softness of those mild, grassy slopes—to the shore of the River Broadwater, a slow and lordly stream, that moved mightily down the wide valley, became merged for a space in Lough Kieraun, and thence flowed onwards, broad and brimming, bearded with rushes, passing like a king, cloaked in the splendours of the sunset, to its suicide in the far-away Atlantic. The demesne of Mount Music lay along its banks; in woods often, more often in pastures; with boggy places ringed with willows, lovely, in their seasons, with yellow flags, and meadowsweet, kingcups, ragwort and loosestrife. Its western boundary was the Ownashee, a mountain stream, a tributary of the great river, that came storming down from the hills, and, in times of flood, snatching, like a border-reiver, at sheep, and pigs, and fowl, tossing its spoils in a tumble of racing waves into the wide waters of its chieftain.

Mount Music House was large, intensely solid, practical, sensible, of that special type of old Irish country-house that is entirely remote from the character of the men that originated it, and can only be explained as the expiring cry of the English blood. How many Anglo-Irish great-great-grandfathers have not raised these monuments to their English forbears, and then, recognising their obligations to their Irish mothers' ancestry, have filled them, gloriously, with horses and hounds, and butts of claret, and hungry poor relations unto the fourth and fifth generations? That they were a puissant breed, the history of the Empire, in which they have so staunchly borne their parts, can tell; their own point of view is fairly accurately summed up in Curran's verse:—

"If sadly thinking, with spirits sinking,
Could more than drinking my cares compose,
A cure for sorrow from sighs I'd borrow,
And hope to-morrow would end my woes.
But as in wailing there's nought availing,
And Death unfailing will strike the blow,
Then for that reason, and for a season,
Let us be merry before we go."

For Dick Talbot-Lowry, however, and many another like him, the merriment of his great-grandfather was indifferent compensation for the fact that his grandfather's and his father's consequent borrowings were by no means limited to cures for sorrow. Mortgages, charges, younger children (superfluous and abhorrent to the Heaven-selected Head of a Family)—all these had driven wedges deep into the Mount Music estate. But, fortunately, a good-looking, long-legged, ex-Hussar need not rely exclusively on his patrimony, while matrimony is still within the sphere of practical politics. When, at close on forty-one years of age (and looking no more than thirty), Dick left the Army, his next step was to

29 This French phrase ('The Afternoon of a Faun') is the title of a Stéphane Mallarmé poem and Claude Debussy's famous orchestral/musical work, commonly used to evoke a sensuous, languid, or dreamy mood.

30 An 'impresario' is a manager or promoter of concerts, theatre or opera productions, responsible for organizing performances and discovering or promoting artists.

31 'God save the King' is the British national (royal) anthem when the sovereign is male; in the period of the novel it was often sung at public events and could be contentious in Irish public life.

32 'Hari Kiri' is an Anglicized spelling of 'hara-kiri' (more properly seppuku), the Japanese ritual of ceremonial self-disembowelment historically associated with samurai, often used in English as a metaphor for ritual suicide or self-destruction.

33 The Field is a long-running British weekly magazine (founded mid-19th century) devoted to country sports such as hunting, shooting and fishing, often used historically to report hunts and sporting news.

34 Étaples is a coastal town in northern France that was famous from the late 19th century for an artists' colony; it was also the site of large military hospitals and camps during the First World War (so the name here likely refers to the French painting locality).

35 In fox-hunting practice the Master (often styled 'Master of Foxhounds') is the person who organises and leads a hunt and is responsible for the hounds and the conduct of the meet.

36 A whipper-in is an officer of a fox-hunt who assists the Master by keeping the pack together and preventing hounds from straying; the role is a traditional one in British and Irish hunting.

37 'Gorse' (Ulex) is a dense, spiny shrub common on Irish uplands and often forms a covert where foxes shelter; 'Derrylugga gorse' here refers to a named patch of such gorse (a local place or covert) in the novel's countryside.

38 This French phrase literally means 'colour merchant' and refers to a dealer in artists' materials (pigments, paints and related supplies); the phrase evokes buying colours in a Parisian art milieu.

39 This alludes to the Fianna or the warrior band led by Finn mac Cumhaill in Irish mythology; references to the 'Companions of Finn' invoke those traditional heroic tales.

40 An Irish Gaelic place-name given in the text as "the Hill of Fairy Music"; in Irish folklore 'Sidhe' (often anglicized 'shee') denotes fairy mounds or the fairy folk associated with such hills.

41 An anglicized Irish name meaning 'well of the fairies' (tobar/tober = well); such springs are commonly associated in folklore with rituals, vows, and supernatural associations.

42 An 'ankus' is a pointed metal hook traditionally used by a mahout (an elephant handler) to guide or control an elephant; here the term is used metaphorically in a simile rather than referring to an actual elephant.

43 The organised social and economic ostracism of a person or business; the modern term originated in Ireland in the 1880s from Captain Charles Boycott and by the period of the novel was a recognised form of rural protest.

44 A historical reference to an aristocratic political hostess famed for personal canvassing—most notably Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire (1757–1806)—invoked here as a model for influential public electioneering.

45 A personified, allegorical figure in the narrative representing Irish national sentiment or nationalist aspirations; such personifications were commonly used in 19th–early 20th-century political and literary discourse.

46 A local or folkloric place-name: in Irish tradition a 'fairy well' is a spring or well associated with fairies and popular customs; such wells often feature in local rhymes and legends and may be invoked poetically here.

47 A colloquial epithet used in the text for Dr. Mangan, indicating he is the local physician and an influential, imposing figure in the community.

48 A nationalist political label used in the passage to describe a candidate's stance; it refers broadly to a strand of Irish political opinion favouring Irish interests and self-government and may allude to local factions or the historical All-for-Ireland League.

49 An allegorical figure of Ireland popular in Irish nationalist culture and drama (notably the play by W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory), invoked here as another personification of the nation.

50 A traditional Irish ballad and patriotic song; multiple versions exist, some later associated with the 1916 Easter Rising, and it is cited here as part of the Mangan household's repertoire.

51 An Irish place-name in the text describing a glen or valley; the form is anglicized from Gaelic and in this context

denotes a local hollow or stream-cut slope (possibly fictional within the novel).

52 A standing or large commemorative stone; in Irish and British contexts such stones are traditionally associated with prehistoric ritual sites and later folklore linking them to Druids.

53 A spring or holy well tied to Irish folklore where 'fairies' (the *sídhe*) were believed to dwell; such wells commonly feature in local traditions and offerings.

54 The name of a local country house or estate in the novel; in the story it functions as the neighbouring seat to Mount Music and a recognizable local landmark.

55 A Mesozoic flying reptile (pterosaur); here the word is used metaphorically to suggest an ancient or outdated figure, not a literal reference to the animal.

56 Described as an 'ancient ditty' in the passage, this refers to a traditional song or folk tune the characters know and sing; the exact variant is not specified but it functions as a familiar wedding or country melody.

57 Part of a barograph, an instrument that records atmospheric pressure over time; a falling needle or trace on a barograph typically indicates falling pressure associated with storms.

58 A sou'wester is a waterproof hat (and by extension a heavy oilskin raincoat) designed to protect wearers from driving rain and wind, traditionally used by seafarers.

59 A historical reference to the 19th-century popular song 'Nelly Was a Lady'; the prefatory label in the text reflects period language now recognised as a racial slur, and