

## All Ireland Review

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Irish Protestantism

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Where fruit-mists rise until the Sun  
Is drunk, and reels in the black sky,  
And knows no calm to yearn upon,  
The silence is one desolate city.

## iv.

I cannot tell where peace may be!  
She lieth not by dreaming banks  
Of pearl-paved stream; she comes to me  
And fills my soul with murmurous  
thanks

Amid the roaring of the wheels,  
And smooth swift tread of sharp-  
eyed men,  
Till the soul's bosom broadens, feels  
A warm arm linger—And again

When ripples anguish on the shells,  
And shadow'd rocks are cool and  
fair,  
And hills are lade with deep-flower'd  
dells,  
A silent hate is everywhere.

LANCELOT LINDHURST.

## IRISH PROTESTANTISM.

TO THE EDITOR ALL IRELAND REVIEW.

DEAR SIR—Your unique little paper is very refreshing to me. It's like a clear little spring in the woodland to the weary traveller from the city of many houses. Imagine his delight in happening on a sultry day on such a well. Even such is my delight in the the A.I.R.

After many refreshing drafts I have risen from it, and I put out my hand to you, and take off my hat with respect. I know we don't see eye for eye in politics, and I know you and I would fight over other things. But you are an Irishman, one who loves the portion of humanity encircled by the four seas of Ireland with just a little more warmth than you love the remainder. With all their faults and factions, their religion and irreligion, their strength and weakness, you love them still, King's Irish, old Irish, and all as they are.

How do I picture you? Well, just like one of those warrior chiefs of ancient Eire that you love to describe, and so well describe. A little modernised and Christianised, perhaps! Christian in the fact that when you warm in debate, your hand does not so readily grasp the glaive; you rather smile in pity at the glaring wight who disputes your view; and modern in the fact that instead of the garb the Hon. Wm. Gibson recommends, you are, doubtless, attired in some Grafton Street or Kilkenny tailor creation of to-day.

You left a certain camp, you tell us. I come from the opposite camp. Let us meet mid-way between those two camps in the land of Eire in this year of our Lord 1901, for one brief moment. You, a great warrior, with the fame of a hundred fights, and I, a young gallow-glass, ready to do my part.

Shake hands, O Chief; Sit down on this little knoll and let us talk. Around us are the woods (for I love the woods) and there are hills in view, and stretches of green, a stream and many birds.

"I will talk, O Chief, if thou wilt hear; from my very heart I will speak. Fear, that terrible demon of to-day, I have left behind me in the camp, and therefore can I open my mouth. But into your ear I can talk, as I talk to the

woods, and no one will be the wiser but you and I."

I was brought up at the knee of a devout and and truly religious Catholic mother; but I now belong to what Hall Caine calls the Big Church—the church outside the churches. In my study chair all men to me are brothers. Black men, yellow men, white men, all of them children of the Great Maker, are brothers of mine, and I would deal out to them only justice and love. I would put no yokes on any of them. But particularly dear to me are those born and living in my own island home. Even the most obstinate and bigoted Orangeman would I try to be friends with. As one of the Big Church I despise all petty sectarian differences, because I know them not in my heart. Therefore, can I genuinely and warmly take my Wesleyan or Presbyterian or Protestant brother by the hand, and hope for the good weal of himself and his family. Thus do I feel in my study.

Let me go forth into the street. Let me try and put my views into practice. I know of the faults and failings of Catholics; they are human, heaven knows! They have barely emerged from a condition of serfdom; they have still many of the failings of slaves and paupers. The power that had held these people down helped the Protestants to grow strong and fat. I go out amongst those non-Catholics. What do I find? I find in abundance ill-concealed contempt for these poor Catholics. I catch sneers and hear remarks that upset all my philosophy. I had stepped out of the Catholic camp, but this un-Christian attitude, this contempt, this distrust, this want of pity, of friendship, of sympathy, of brotherly feeling, of common kindness, drives me back again. You cannot argue with these men. You cannot reason with contempt. What can one do? I see a strong side and a weak side. By heavens I can fight, and fight I will. They spurned my mother's religion (worn out and hopeless though I know it to be), and they scorned my people whom I love. If they want the sword, then by the gods they shall have it.

That is my position, Sir, and the position of thousands of Catholic young men. It is easy to add fuel to the fires of sectarian hate. In my little circle I could help to blow those fires to furnace heat. But, even at the worst, one is saved somehow, so far, from this last miserable resort. Only in your little paper, and from a few other men like you has the Protestant hand been held out generously and unreservedly in true equality and friendship to the Catholic brother.

If you wish I shall speak again, for I have more to say.—Yours faithfully,

BRIAN OG.

[Yes and we shall be all glad to hear you again. But, in the meantime, read M'Carthy's "Five Years in Ireland"; and before you draw your sharp sword to slay us—us who, with our many faults, did at least make '82, and did in '93 give you political freedom, consider long whether you had not best, as a preparation for the meditated fratricide, stand up first against something else.

You can win there if you like; it is very doubtful whether you could win in a scrimmage with us.—ED. A.I.R.]

## A THUMPING POEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALL IRELAND REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—You have hitherto, in my imagination (for I know you not in the flesh), been hedged about with the bristling spears and trenchant swords of your country's glorious and amaranthine historical struggle. Now, that picture of my mind fades a' times, and a veil of exquisite humour, a kind of subdued laughter-breeding gossamer curtain, has fallen before its painted thought. I did not write the enclosed poem, my dear sir. You are mistaken. Or is it really a poem? My critical faculty, or what passes for such, is here at fault. There is without doubt a ponderous rhythm that is both awe striking and soothing; somewhat like the thumping rumble of breaking waves on a barren pebbly shore. Yet it is this iteration and re-iteration of phrased melody that has kept me awake the whole night after reading it; and just as I was dozing, in the broad, morning light, came the abrupt climax—"Curzon of Kedleston"—to set me once more vigilant with wondering smiles. Does the poem end here? What ill can my democratic sympathies have done you that you haunt me with such humour, and destroy my well-earned sleep o' nights?

R. E.

[Why did you not enclose the "thumping" poem? Was the withholding of it the outcome of a still more subtle humour?—ED.]

## IRISH INDUSTRIAL REVIVAL.

THE LAWS WHICH GOVERN IT.

The Irish revival does not at the present time exhibit all the signs of permanency, but it can be made lasting if proper attention is paid to the economics of the subject, which have up to the present been almost entirely ignored. The great fundamental principle in the matter of production is that the article must be placed as cheaply as possible in the hands of the consumer, the individual or the nation who best accomplishes this can command the market. Of course I use the word cheaply in connection with both quality and price.

There are, broadly speaking, two classes that hold the market—the best and the cheapest; or, to put it somewhat more differently, the things that are required by the masses, and what I might call the aristocratic productions, which are only in demand amongst the rich and artistic; and the nation that desires a large amount of manufacturing trade should strive to arrive at pre-eminence, either as the manufacturer of one or the other of these classes or of both.

The laws governing the production of high-class articles differ considerably from the laws that regulate the market for cheap goods. The high-class goods—pottery, poplin, carpets, etc.—are in demand amongst those to whom quality, not cheapness, is the great attraction, and who are prepared to pay any price for a perfect article. In these manufactures perfection will always be aimed at; therefore, hand labour will be retained, and small manufactures will be the rule. The second class of goods are made for the masses; consequently cheapness is absolutely indispensable, artistic tastes are ignored, and shoddy