Irish Manufactures and Public Boards

Author(s): Vidette

Source: *All Ireland Review*, Vol. 2, No. 52 (Mar. 1, 1902), p. 474

Published by: All Ireland Review

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/20545883>

Accessed: 05-06-2016 09:59 UTC

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at
<http://about.jstor.org/terms>

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

All Ireland Review is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *All Ireland Review*

for their age! Thrice ten will fall by each of them in their first encounter, and a man for each weapon, and three for themselves. And one of the three will fall there. Because of that trio, woe to him that shall wreak the Destruction!"

"Ye cannot," says Tugcéil; clouds of weakness are coming to you. And whom sawest thou afterwards?

TO M. M.

Re his article about Protestants and Catholics.

DEAR M. M.—You certainly do sweep the floor clean, and wield a mighty broom.—ED.

THE DEATH OF OSCAR.

By ALICE SARGENT. Edinburgh: Published by George Macleod, George IV. Bridge. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co., 104 Grafton Street, 1902.

DEAR MISS SARGENT,—Your poem which you were good enough to send me belongs to the greatest order of poetic composition, the Epic; rightly so considered because it includes all the other kinds, even the lyrical; and in yours, I perceive, too, that the lyrical is not absent. So, the Epic is a sublime kind of poetry and therefore, one in which a very few can expect to achieve fame. I have read all the famous epics—"The Iliad," "The Odyssey," "Paradise Lost," and the "Divine Comedy"—at least up to the precincts of Heaven, into the heart of which I did not feel good enough to penetrate maugre all the solicitations of the poet. Candidly, I cannot put the "Death of Oscar" into the same rank with these wonderful creations, and never having read Epics of the second or third rank, I have no standard of comparison for yours, and feel a great difficulty in judging it and making an even tolerable appreciation of its value.

I think therefore that I shall be acting most fairly to you and to myself and my readers if I print, as a specimen of your manner, the first three verses. I take the first because they are likely to be of at least a good average quality, most of us, at the commencement of any enterprise, taking pains to get our best foot forward: though, indeed, I observe that even Milton is a little dull at the beginning of the "Paradise Lost," and does not get rightly into his stride till he has quite done with his praying and preaching at about the fiftieth line, where, with a great joy and pride, and the blazing forth of all his astonishing Titanic and Satanic energies, he begins to celebrate "the Infernal Serpent whom the Almighty Power hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal height." Thank you once more, dear Miss Sargent; and I observe with pleasure that your book is very well printed and very beautifully bound, and, quite apart from the merits of the contents, would be an ornament to any drawing-room table in the land.

DEATH OF OSCAR. (Opening Verses).

I.

Midway bewildered, forest-hid I stray,
Bearing life's labyrinthine embassy,
Branch-shelter weaves around, behind me,
grey,
A desert stony, scarred with tyranny,
Before looms still black midnight's empery.
Enwrapped in cloak, my onward passage
tarred,
I slept; Orion round its zenith high
Circled; then once again, no purpose
marred,
I move through ashen gloom, o'er branches
charr'd.

II.

Out of the darkness rustlings gather nigh,
Softly a harvest-coloured light appears,
An angel-form with two peak'd wings on
high,
Lending pale virgin aspect; "Know no
fears,
Embrace the strength of consecrated
tears;
Yea, sing the heroes of an antiquated hour,
Tell of white bards, and weird prophetic
seers,
My wings shall bear thee far from adverse
power,
To hidden treasure-house of priceless
dower."

III.

"Would I might sing of heroes and of love,
Yea, let the world be glorified in song,
But further sing redemption from above,
Peace of the antique Church, armed
against the strong,
And chiefly let thy poesy right the wrong
Done to the Celtic saints of British fame;
They that in Northern Britain toiled
along,
They that in Ireland bore a cherished name,
That from divine St. John in mercy came"
Thus spake the angel.

IRISH MANUFACTURES AND PUBLIC BOARDS.

Some of the boards of our public institutions deserve nothing but praise for their patriotic action when calling for estimates for articles required for their establishments, they stipulate those articles must be of Irish manufacture, and give them the preference so long as qualities and price are equal. Such men will certainly leave their "Foot-prints on the sands of time" so far as helping towards the material prosperity of their country is concerned. We should like to be able to include all Irish boards in this category, but the time is not yet, as we regret to say we know certain other Irish boards who return the samples of their own countrymen, very often without attempting to open them, much less compare them with those supplied by English firms. We often wonder, do the electors of such backboneless characters, know what they are doing when returning such men to representative positions; are they (the electors) aware that those men are their country's greatest foes, and have proved themselves so by giving away valuable contracts, that would give large employment to numbers of their own countrymen, and thus help struggling Irish families. A.I.R. believes in exposing

such people, and as it has the material prosperity of our country very much at heart, will lose no chance of doing so every time it has an opportunity. We hear from time to time many complaints, and very often questions asked in the House of Commons as to whether Ireland is going to get its fair share in this, that, or the other English contract. We always find the answer the same. Ireland will get nothing from England that can be kept from her. We do not wonder at this, particularly in view of the fact, that some of our own boards of public institutions do very much worse. The English people like to keep their money in their own country, and try to get as much of ours as they conveniently, or inconveniently, can. We cannot blame them for that, but only wish our own people were half so loyal in this regard. Can anything worse be imagined on the part of a thinking Irishman, who sees the population of his country growing less year by year by emigration, giving away the very means of which this tide could be stemmed. We say such conduct is dastardly, perhaps worse, and we believe that those who act thus, whether from ignorance or indifference, should be kept in the minds of the electorate, when next they present themselves for the suffrages of the people, they do their best to plunder.

VIDETTE.

A SINGULAR SUGGESTION.

Discussing "Protestantism and Roman Catholicism" lately with a friend, *re* something published in A.I.R., he threw out the suggestion that Satan was the first Protestant. This looked offensive, and calculated to excite ire; but, on consideration, I could not help thinking that, so far as we can learn, that lost arch-angel certainly seems to have been the first to rely most strenuously upon the right of private judgment.

And, after all, did he not carry out his role in a rather grand manner, at least if Milton has reported concerning him truthfully?—

"Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
Their dread commander. He above the
rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower. His form had yet
not lost
All its original brightness, nor appeared
Less than arch-angel ruined and the
excess
Of glory obscured: as when the sun new
risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams, or from behind the
moon
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear
change
Perplexes monarchs."

[Why does Milton always become great when celebrating that immense insurgent?—ED.]

FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE

THEREFORE TAKE

CAHILL'S MAGIC BLOOD PURIFIER.

It cleanses and enriches the Blood, removes Rashes and Eruptions, Pimples, Blisters and Irritations of all nature from the Skin. It is invaluable in all Scorbatic and Rheumatic affections, and its Blood Tonic and Health Preserving Properties make it an Indispensable Medicine. Bottle, 2s. 6d.; Trial size, 1s.

ARTHUR J. CAHILL, Ph. Chemist, 67 North Circular Road (Corner Lower Dorset St.), DUBLIN.