New Industry for the Highlands

Author(s): S. R. Erskine

Source: *All Ireland Review*, Vol. 2, No. 51 (Feb. 22, 1902), pp. 458-459

Published by: All Ireland Review

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/20545861>

Accessed: 26-06-2016 05:20 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*

Nor do I think that his breed ended
with him. There are Irish gentlemen
still left of whom we shall hear, and
the world shall hear, when these con-
fusions shall have passed.
Farewell, dear Lord Dufferin. *Re-
quiescat in pace profunda.*

TO HELEN.

Helen, thy beauty is to me,
Like those Nicéan barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary-worn wanderer bore,
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche from the regions which
Are holy-land!—

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Is not this a gem? Pure, chaste,
lovely beyond the powers of language
to praise in fit words. And it is unique,
even in Poe, for it has not that luscious
melody and voluptuous refraining of
which he was so fond, and for which he
ought to be such an example and admon-
ition to the poetically inclined, to
those who won't write sensible verses
and can't write verses that will sing.

THE POOR CRIPPLE!

Our ancestors did not care for three-
volume or for one-volume novels. Even
Kipling's stories would have seemed to
them dreadfully and needlessly long
and tedious. They liked their fiction
brief, concise, elliptic, and leaving much
to the imagination. Here is an example:

There was once a poor cripple who was
accustomed to be carried upon a hand-
barrow from one house to that which
lay next. On a certain day two fine
young men were engaged in this charit-
able labour and carrying this helpless
creature between them upon a barrow.
They were noted hurley-players.
Patrick and Michael were their names.
Patrick was long-shanked, Michael
shorter as to his legs, but very active.

They crossed a great field in which
there were cattle. Amongst the cattle
was a bull who, roaring dreadfully,
charged down upon the party. The
bearers dropped the barrow and the
helpless creature, and made for the
nearest fence as fast as they could run.

Now, who do you think was the first
to reach that fence? Well, it was neither
Patrick nor Michael!

It was the poor cripple!

DR. GAFFNEY ON RENT.

Dr. Gaffney, Bishop of Meath, in his
recent Lenten Pastoral, declared that
"rent must, and will cease." Rent will
never cease. As long as one kind of
land is worth £5 an acre, and another
kind of land worth 2s. 6d. an acre,
there will be rent.

O'CURNAN'S LAMENT.

The following Lament is one of the
pearls of Irish peasant poetry. It has
been finely translated by Dr. Sigerson
in his "Bards of the Gael and Gall,"
but his rendering, usually so close to
the original, is in this case a free one,
and is not of much use for learners. We
therefore append a literal prose version.
The story connected with the poem is
that O'Curnan loved the daughter of a
farmer in the County Waterford, in
whose service he lived, and was pro-
mised her hand if he served for her
seven years. At the end of the time
when his reward was drawing nigh, his
master sent him with a load of butter
to the Cork market, and on his return
O'Curnan found that his love had been
hastily wedded to another and wealthier
suitor. He lost his senses under the
blow, and became a wandering beggar
for the rest of his life. The poem is said
to have been composed by him; and,
certainly, it has a simplicity and inten-
sity which seem to tell of a personal
sorrow, and which form a striking con-
trast to the love verses, often so cold
and tedious, elaborated by the profes-
sional 18th century poets, such as
O'Rahilly and O'Sullivan.

Δ μάρτε μὲν τὴν βρεῖσιν τ' ἴδω ἀν' ἀνέσθ
πο ἀρ' ἡμῶν
Ναὶ λείψεται δ' ἡ νύκτωρ ἡ πόλις,
ἢ ὅτι μὲν ἀρ' ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
ὅτι μὲν ἀρ' ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Ναὶ λείψεται δ' ἡ νύκτωρ ἡ πόλις,
ἢ ὅτι μὲν ἀρ' ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Μὴν ἀρ' ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν

Ο! νῆλ' ἴδω τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Ναὶ λείψεται δ' ἡ νύκτωρ ἡ πόλις,
ἢ ὅτι μὲν ἀρ' ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν

Ο! πόλις, ἡ ἐμὴν πόλιν; τὰς ἀρ' ἡμῶν
πόλις ὅτι μὲν ἀρ' ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Ἀρ' ὅτι μὲν ἀρ' ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νο ὅτι μὲν ἀρ' ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
1 ὅτι μὲν ἀρ' ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν
Νι εἰσὶν ἡμῶν τὸν πόλιν τὸν

[TRANSLATION.]

Mary, sweet and fair, that left this
wound in my bosom,
A wound that the Island of Fodla has
nothing to heal,
I'd swear by my hand that if thou
knewest my case
Thou wouldst not let me die here with-
out succour.
I do not eat an ounce of food, nor sleep
a wink when I lie down,
There is no joy nor strength in me, but
a little shadow;
Unless I get respite or rest from the
fierce love in my heart's core
I shall not live a day, a month, nor a
quarter.

Oh there is no knowledge nor cure for
my woe to be found in any creature,
Save only in the too-fair woman that
deceived me,
No cure for me on sea or shore, none in
any herb nor in any hand;
No cure for me but in thee alone,
flower of maidens.
I know not a hen from a cuckoo, I know
not heat from cold,
I never know my friends,
I know not night from day—but my
heart would know my Love
If she would come to me timely with
succour.

Oh succour me, dear one; give me a kiss
from thy mouth,
And lift me up to thee from death;
Or bid them make for me a narrow bed,
a coffin of a board of bog deal,
In the dark neighbourhood of the worm
and his friends.
My life is not life, but death, my voice
is no voice, but a wind;
There is no colour on me, nor life, nor
prosperity, nor health,
But in tears and sorrow, and weakness,
without music, without sport, without
power,
In captivity [I go] and in affliction, in
the pain of my love of thee.

NEW INDUSTRY FOR THE HIGH- LANDS.

I have before me that fine Highland
newspaper, the *Oban Times*, which
contains in this issue a reprint from
the ALL IRELAND REVIEW of Mr. Louis
Beattie's interesting article, and also
the following letter from the Hon.
Stuart Erskine, which exhibits that
truculent young Caledonian in a new
and, I think, more welcome light, one
in which, to say the least, he looks
handsomer:—

TO THE EDITOR OBAN TIMES.

"30 Melville Street, Perth,
"2nd February, 1902.

"SIR,—Everyone who has the in-
terest of the Highlands and the Islands
at heart must desire to do everything
in his power to promote the prosperity
of the inhabitants. Therefore, all
schemes which have that laudable
object in view are surely entitled to
every consideration.

"I send you with this the current
issue of Mr. Standish O'Grady's ALL
IRELAND REVIEW, with its article on
Donegal Carpet Industry."

Now, it seems to me, that if this
local industry of carpet making has
achieved such good results in Ireland,
there is no reason why a similar indus-
try should not be started in our own
Highlands and Island, wherein, as you
well know, conditions very similar to

those which exist in Western Ireland largely obtain. Moreover, the application of the principles underlying Celtic art to the production of carpets, rugs, etc., would result in the establishment of a series of industries which would powerfully appeal to all those whose eye for native colour and form has not been spoiled by the monstrous achievements of Birmingham, Axminster, and other industrial centres, where quantity rather than quality and individuality is the principal consideration controlling their mechanical output. Instead of Persian, it would be easy to apply Celtic art to the manufacture of these carpets, going to the best sources of Celtic inspiration for colour and form, and relying on the genius and intuitive artistic perception of the Celt in the same degree and manner as Persians are accustomed to rely on their native Persian art in the production of those beautiful wares for which their country is so justly and universally celebrated.

The Celtic Renaissance should surely aim at material, as well as the intellectual improvement; for without the one there can be no great progress in the other. The two movements should go hand in hand, so as to assist and encourage one another to the attainment of that great end which all who love their race and country must always have in view—the rehabilitation of the Gaels, and their restoration to their proper place among the people of the world.—I am, etc.,

S. R. ERSKINE.

[Bravo! Cock of the North. Now, after penning this wise and beautiful letter, don't you feel a great deal happier and more virtuous than you did after writing me that long laboured epistle, in which you so roundly abused us, poor Irish Protestants, who never did you any harm?—ED.]

LAND QUESTION.

THE BRITISH STATESMAN AND THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

DEAR MR. TOTTENHAM — Thanks for your interesting and instructive pamphlets about the land question. To others they may seem a little out of date; they are not so to me, to whom the past and the future are quite as important as the present in their contributions to the opinions I am forming and the views which I may publish concerning this question of questions: that of the right and natural relations between man and the earth, virtually important for every nation, especially for this nation, surrounded as we are by the shadows of great changes approaching and imminent. Lord Salisbury's inept and clumsy allusions to Ireland as a source of danger to the Empire—greater, I think, he said "infinitely greater"—than that offered by the Boers, was just his way of preparing the mind of the British democracy for a great, drastic, probably final stroke of "Conservative" land legislation for Ireland. After his two preceding feats in that line of endeavour, you can hardly expect that the next, and probably last, will be one characterised by much tenderness or consideration for the class and the interests which you represent.

I have observed that the British Statesman, when he desires to legislate

against an Irish interest, withdraws his favour and protection from that interest, so as to prepare the minds of its representatives for the treatment which he is about to administer. So, in 1879 and 1880, Gladstone gave Parnell and the Land League a free hand in Ireland, in order to prepare your minds for the Land Bill of 1881. I admired your denunciation of our Chief Secretary, which was published last week in the Dublin Press, but cannot at all agree with you that the inaction of our Executive is due to supineness. It obeys orders from London, and the order has gone out from London that the Executive are to make things as uncomfortable as possible for Irish landowners and rent receivers, and get them in this manner to think about what an Irish agrarian revolution might mean for them, so their minds will be prepared for the acceptance of the Government Land Bill, which, from all I can learn, is likely to be of a very drastic nature.

There is no "supineness" at all; or, if there is, it is a supineness calculated and premeditated—a card deliberately played with a clear purpose in view. British Administrations are never supine: the interests of their country and Empire, and those of their own Party, do not permit them to indulge in such a luxury. The British Government has, in my opinion, always dealt intelligently, very intelligently, with the Irish problem from its own British point of view. When fierce and coercive it is with a clear purpose, and when supine it is with a clear purpose. That absurd speech of Lord Salisbury's was delivered with a purpose. It will be succeeded in due course by another, in which he will enlarge on the desirableness and necessity of giving the soil of Ireland to the people in order to conciliate their affection and loyalty to the Empire, and abolish the danger which, as he informed the Junior Constitutional Club, was far greater than that which has arisen out of South Africa. The British Statesman, as you will readily understand, is governed in his action by his Party interests and those of his own people, never by justice or by sentiment.

Do you think the British Statesman lies awake at night thinking about us, and how he might make us happier and more virtuous?

Not he. He thinks about matters more important; and, when he has finished, just turns on his pillow, and goes to sleep. Clever dog!

I perceive from your writings and correspondence that you are a thinker, and invite you to think about the less apparent, yet tremendously important aspects of the Land Question. It is fluid now, and the settlement of it may be made to flow into such shapes and take such impressions as we prepare for it. Every kind of property you can think of is a mode or form assumed by land. What are we ourselves but a mode of land, "dust of the earth." But, indeed, I have so many things to say on the subject that I hardly know where to begin.

Just one thing to conclude with for the present. Within the last half-hour a lady told me that the ground rent of her house and garden in the suburbs of Dublin was £12 a year. The ground is less than an acre. So, land then, yields some £24 an acre per annum. How is it we hear nothing of the invisible demon landlord of the cities and towns, while you poor landlords out in the country

have been so long bearing the brunt of the storm? This invisible demon landlord gets £100 or £200 per acre rent, and no one regards him. You get, or try to get, 10s. or 15s. per acre, and the whole country is up against you.

It is a little curious; is it not.—ED.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As all parties seem to be pretty well agreed that what is known as the dual system of land ownership is not a good economic arrangement, and that it is not desirable that it should remain permanently, I think we may assume that this will disappear and a different tenure take its place.

I venture to think that this change will take place gradually not suddenly. In your letters to X you appear to assume that the only serious obstacle to such a change is in the reluctance of the present owners of land to acquiesce in a new order of things, and that if they were persuaded to change their view and to join in an application to the Government for an immediate settlement, coming to some understanding meantime with the tenants on the matter of price, all difficulty would then be over, and the business might be concluded at once. I think that is a mistake. There are several other points, some of them of great importance, to be considered. The change of a system of land tenure cannot be accomplished as one might throw off an old jacket and put on a new one. How many years did it take to complete the change of land system in Prussia initiated by Hardenberg? If I am correctly informed a good many. And in that case the Government did not require to be pressed; the scheme was their own, and they used all their power to carry it through; nor was the delay from opposition of the landowners, for they seem to have given very little. The delay, I take it, arose out of the nature of the case and the difficulties that must always occur in carrying out a change of a large and complicated nature. If you allow me, I will return to this subject in another letter, and point out in more detail some of the reasons which induce me to think that this business must of necessity occupy a considerable time.

[Not, dear M., I believe, if we are in earnest about it. If in earnest, we can settle things at once, provisionally, working back in each case upon the provisional arrangement after an accurate and final arrangement. Then the provisional arrangement, if properly framed, might be accepted by many as final.

Example—A provisional arrangement in the Land Act of 1881 that Griffith's Valuation should be the standard of rent till the Land Court should in each case decide the fair rent. You understand what I mean.—ED. A.I.R.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I promised to explain my reasons for thinking that the change in the system of land tenure now in progress will be a gradual, not a sudden, change. It will be admitted that land purchase depends on the assent of the persons who are to supply the money for the operation; that is to say, on the assent of a majority of the taxpayers of the United Kingdom. No so-called "offer" is valid till endorsed by this assent.

May I assume, I think I safely may, that no scheme of purchase that involved