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The Lost Tribes

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## THE KELP INDUSTRY.

Kelp is a sea-weed, *Ficus digitatus*, which contains iodine and bromine, both very precious substances, for which there is always a market, the former fetching, wholesale, about one shilling per ounce, and the latter about sixpence per ounce. These drugs are obtained from kelp in the City of Glasgow. The process of separating iodine from kelp is no secret, and was not invented, by-the-way, by a Scotchman. It is nevertheless a profitable Scotch industry. Speaking of Scotland and the Scotch I may mention that when passing through the principal streets of Glasgow, or for the matter of that, of any Scotch city or town, you will see the goods displayed in the shop windows, not merely of the fashionable shops, but also those of the poorer class, all having some distinctive Scottish characteristic—"Caledonia," "Sir Walter," "Burns," etc. If there are any goods made in Birmingham, or Bradford, or London, or elsewhere, they are not advertised as such. The Scot is a man of business, and a patriot. He does not live in Laputa. Let us learn of the Scot and be wise.

Now, let us consider, why the Scotch turn kelp into a profitable industry and we do not. In the first place the Scot is better educated. "Ah! but look at the Results of the Intermediate." We do look at the Intermediate Results, and find in them much of the learning of Laputa. True education does not consist in a knowledge of books merely—we are far from under-rating the value of books—but consists in a knowledge, a practical knowledge, of the business of life and its duties.

Arkwright, who created the cotton trade of England, was a barber who had a taste for the mechanical arts, and spent all the money he could save by cutting hair in the purchase of wheels, levers, cranks, and other appliances of this kind, and by a long course of study of the principles that govern these, when in motion, succeeded by much patient labour in becoming the pioneer of the spinning rollers. Arkwright had but little education of the Intermediate sort, but no one will deny that he was an educated mechanic.

The fault of our industrial remissness does not rest with our country. This island is as well-favoured by nature, as many, in which the arts of peace and industry flourish. "The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings."

If the industrial movement is to be a success we must put our house in order, and create a healthy, educated, public opinion with a high ideal of nationhood and true patriotism—not the electroplated article—and cultivate manful, self-reliance and self-help, and begin by making the most of the few arts and crafts we have already.

The evolutions of new industries will grow as our environments become altered for the better. The progress may be expected to be gradual at first; better things may be expected from the rising generation who have taken up this movement, and in whom are the promise and potency of success.

In the meantime we are not to take the advice of Swift and burn everything that comes from England except her coals. We shall have to burn the coals, and consume many other products from the other side of the Channel; at the

same time there is no need in going out of our way to advertise these goods, as the English manufacturers themselves exhibit a commendable enterprise in this direction.

OBSERVER.

Dear O.—The kelp industry did once flourish in the West of Ireland, but was killed, I think, by some discovery which made it unprofitable, though apparently that discovery failed to kill the same industry in Scotland.

I think that large plans for a superior education will hardly help us. How are we to get the large plans executed? For the present, and for a long time, I fear we must trust in the spirit and initiative of individuals with or without what is called education. These, wherever they appear, become themselves educators.—ED. A.I.R.]

## THE LOST TRIBES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALL IRELAND REVIEW.

DEAR SIR.—I dare say you are aware that an increasing number of thoughtful students in this country and in America are convinced that the Anglo-Saxon race is identical with the "Lost" Tribes of Israel, and that our Saxon ancestors came from Media, to which region the Israelites were deported by Shalmaneser, B.C. 723.

We learn from the book of the Prophet Jeremiah that Zedekiah was Judah's last king, and both his sons were killed. His daughters, however, escaped, and accompanied Jeremiah to Egypt, where they dwelt for a time at Tahpanhes.

The Scripture history of Jeremiah ends here, but, it is alleged that where the Bible stops, Irish history begins, and that an ollamh or prophet, accompanied by Baruch, his secretary, and a beautiful princess arrived in the north of Ireland. King Eochaid or Heremon then reigned over Ireland, and was so attracted by the loveliness of Tephî, the Jewess, that he asked her in marriage. His offer was refused till he consented to relinquish Druidism and adopt her religion. Thus, the Jewish princess became the ancestress of the British kings, and the words of Scripture are fulfilled: "David shall never want a man to sit upon the throne of Israel."

It is also asserted that from the old histories of Ireland we learn that, encouraged by the new Queen, Jeremiah and Baruch, the Recorder, formed a school of the prophets, so that Tara became a celebrated seat of learning. Further, that the Irish chronicles are redundant with references to Jeremiah, whose bust has a place of honour upon Dublin's capitol, and whose grave is in the Isle of Devenish, Loch Erne.

Can you or any of your readers learned in ancient Irish history corroborate or throw any light on the statements made by those who believe in our Anglo-Israelite origin—Faithfully yours,

R. C. D.

[DEAR R. C. D.—I print this because there are so many people who sympathize with speculations of the kind, but believe me they are nothing, and lead no where. Those who think or rather feel in this way do not know that the Irish language is Indo-European, and quite out of touch and kinship with the Semitic group of which Hebrew is a member. The resemblances then between Irish names and Hebraic are accidental, and don't mean identity of origin. No

scholar, for example, will connect Tara with Terah, and I know that this and other such quite accidental resemblances greatly lift up the hearts of the "Lost Tribes" people.

An Englishman once told me that his nation was descended from the Lost Tribes, mine only from the original inhabitants of Canaan. I suggested that if it were so, our faction—fighting Tipperary men were "probably descended from the Hittites."

He took it quite seriously, and replied, "Very likely, indeed."

The arguments used by the "Lost Tribes" people are never any sounder than this. I would, if I could, restrain every one from taking these people seriously.

At the same time, as nearly all delusions spring from a dim perception of some truth, I think the delusion of these people springs from the true thought that their religion ought to have some vital relation with their native land. They feel that that religion is too foreign, and would like to make it more homely, more innate and essential in the life of man here, and in the history of the earth here, in the north-western parts of Europe, far enough away from Jerusalem and Mesopotamia.

I may be wrong, but I think that a fine and true feeling of this nature, unaccompanied by a literary education, a kind of blind but beautiful enthusiasm, is the deep cause of the persistence and wide extent of the amiable delusion as to the Lost Tribes, a phenomenon at which I have often wondered.—ED. A.I.R.]

## SUPPLICATION.

All day I stretch my hands to thee,  
Across the cruel sea to thee,  
All night I weep alone for thee  
When none can hear me moan for thee.  
O come again, come back to me,  
Love of my heart!

The mother's tears fall fast for thee  
When kindly neighbours ask for thee,  
The dog whines by the fire for thee,  
The little sheep are sad for thee.  
O, come again, come back to me,  
Love of my heart!

But should the stranger give to thee,  
Such love as we have given thee,  
Should yellow gold be more to thee  
Than the love-lock I gave to thee,  
Then never more come back to me  
Love of my heart!

EDITH WHEELER.

## UNCONSIDERED HISTORY.

Edmund Spenser, the Undertaking Englishman, the gentle and brooding poet of the Faery Queen, was shot at out of a cross-bow by a brother Englishman as one dewy eve he walked and meditated in his own grounds. His offence, one which he himself, having a prudent mind at the back of all his poetry, most carefully concealed, consisted in the friendships which he made with the surrounding Irishry, especially with a certain Teigue Ollamh, or Teigue the Poet, a gentleman of the Sept of the Mac-I-Brians, of Ara, at whose fireside the two bards enjoyed many poetical and antiquarian confabulations and comparings of ideas.

The story seems to suggest a moral, one which is perhaps too obvious to be drawn.