





James Farrell









# Lectures on Irish History

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WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

A  
COURSE OF LECTURES ON  
IRISH HISTORY

ARRANGED BY

THOMAS A. McAVOY

STATE HISTORIAN ANCIENT ORDER HIBERNIANS  
FOR MASSACHUSETTS

DELIVERED IN THE HALL OF THE  
ANCIENT ORDER HIBERNIANS  
WORCESTER, MASS.

PUBLISHED BY  
THE MESSENGER PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.  
WORCESTER, MASS.

1915

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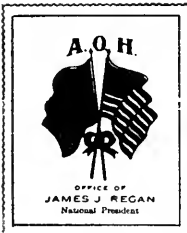
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## FOREWORD

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Publishing the following Lectures in book form needs no apology nor formal introduction. The Ancient Order of Hibernians have ever stood steadfast for the rights of the Irish people, and they have very zealously labored in season and out of season in all parts of the world to make better known and appreciated Ireland's proud chapter in the history of the world. As an important aid in this good work the Order, assembled in national convention, appointed a chairman on Irish history in every state in the union to further this good work—to urge the teaching of Irish history in the schools, the introduction of works upon Irish history into public libraries, to refute and rebuke vile slanders and malicious falsehoods in the public press, and to disseminate authentic information relative to Ireland and the Irish people by means of public lectures. The state historian for this state has been very active along these lines, and his efforts have been highly successful and productive of much good. As an important contribution to this good work he planned and brought to successful issue an admirable course of lectures which were delivered in the A. O. H. hall in the city of Worcester, Mass., during the winter of 1913-14. These lectures were largely attended and they received heartiest words of appreciation and praise from large audiences and from the thoughtful and discerning when they appeared in the public press of the city when delivered. Many people in the higher walks of intellectual life pronounced them too important and valuable not to be given wider circulation in more permanent form, and yielding to their urgent appeals they are now launched upon the great book-world ocean where it is hoped that they will be as favorably received and with the same beneficial results as when they were delivered.



**Ancient Order of Hibernians in America**

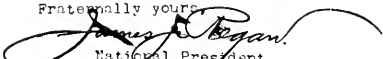
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ST. PAUL, MINN., July 22, 1914.


C. J. Crahan, Manager,  
Catholic Messenger,  
Worcester, Mass.

Dear Mr. Crahan:

I am pleased to say that at a meeting of the National Officers and Board of Directors of the Ancient Order of Hibernians in America, held during the National Conventior at Norfolk, Virginia, in July 1914, it was unanimously voted that the National President be authorized upon behalf of the Board to endorse and commend the book to be published by the Messenger Printing and Publishing Company, of Worcester, Massachusetts, which will contain the series of lectures on Irish History and kindred subjects which were delivered in the Irish History course of the Worcester Hibernians during the fall and winter of 1913-1914 at Worcester, Massachusetts. It is therefore with pleasure that I hereby unqualifiedly indorse and recommend the said book to all the members of our glorious order and to all the lovers of our beloved motherland in America as a most excellent summary of Irish History for popular reading among our people.

Fraternally yours,  
  
 National President.



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Pawtucket, R. I.  
January 20, 1915.

Messenger Printing and Publishing Co.  
Worcester, Mass.

Gentlemen:-

It is with a great degree of pleasure that I officially endorse your Irish Lecture Book. I feel that by so doing I am doing no more than this excellent work deserves. I had the good fortune to attend several of the lectures and suggested on more than one occasion that they should be put in book form in order that all those of the true blood might have an opportunity to become familiar with the wonderful lessons they teach.

The official endorsement given the Lectures at the Annual Convention of the Order at Baltimore, after the Committee on Irish History had unqualifiedly endorsed them, is in itself the best tribute they could receive.

I hope that every Hibernian sister in the United States and Canada will purchase a copy of the book when it is placed on the market, and that you will be forced to print many editions of so brilliant a work.

I wish you success in the enterprise you have so nobly displayed.

Yours in the cause -

*Ellen Ryan Jolly*

National President, U.S.A., A.O. H.

## Thomas A. McAvoy

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Thomas A. McAvoy was born in Worcester, Mass., son of James McAvoy and Jane (Connolly) McAvoy. He was educated in the public schools of his native city, graduating from the Worcester Classical High School. After graduation he was employed as a book-keeper. Thereafter he entered Yale University and was graduated from the College in 1902. While pursuing his law studies he was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar in August, 1904. After graduation from Harvard Law School in 1905 he opened his office in Worcester, where he has since practiced.

Mr. McAvoy has been a member of Division 34, A. O. H., of Worcester, for several years. He served as chairman of the United A. O. H. Societies of Worcester in 1909. In 1913, Mr. McAvoy was appointed Chairman of the Massachusetts Committee of the A. O. H. on Irish History. He arranged for the course of sixteen lectures on Irish History given in A. O. H. Hall, Worcester. The first took place on September 14, 1913, and the closing lecture was given April 12, 1914.



Very truly yours,  
Thomas A. McAvoy.





## John J. Rogers

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John J. Rogers was born in Ballyfarnon, County Roscommon, Ireland, March 22, 1869, and was educated in the schools of his native town. At the age of seventeen he emigrated to the United States. He obtained employment at the Crompton Loom Works, Worcester, Mass., and mastered the machinist trade, at which he worked for several years. In 1903 he became proprietor of the Waldo House, Worcester, and has remained in the hotel business. Mr. Rogers was married July 12, 1904, to Kathryn Theresa Morrilly, daughter of Thomas and Kathryn (Mulkeen) Morrilly of Fitchburg, Mass.

Mr. Rogers has been a member of the A. O. H. for more than a quarter of a century, having held membership in Division 3 of Worcester since 1888. Has been Captain of Co. A, Hibernian Rifles of Worcester, for many years, and for six years was president of the Worcester County A. O. H. August 29, 1906, he was elected president of the Massachusetts A. O. H., and has been Adjutant General of the military branch of the A. O. H. for several years.



*Yours Sincerely,  
John J. Rogers.*







## John T. Flanagan

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John T. Flanagan is a native of Worcester, Mass. He was born May 25, 1869, son of Edward Flanagan and Hannah M. (Mahoney) Flanagan. Both parents are natives of Ireland. Mr. Flanagan was educated in the grammar schools and the Worcester Classical High School. For seventeen years he was connected with the T. H. Buckley Company. In 1909 he entered the undertaking business.

Mr. Flanagan has been a member of the Worcester Democratic City Committee and served as Representative in the Massachusetts Legislature in 1911, 1912, 1913 and 1914, from the 16th Worcester District.

Mr. Flanagan became a member of Division 3, A. O. H., of Worcester in 1897. He was president in 1911 and 1912. Was treasurer of the United Divisions, A. O. H. of Worcester in 1910 and 1911, and was chosen president of the Worcester County A. O. H. in 1912. On July 30, 1902, Mr. Flanagan was married to Elizabeth Frances Tansy, daughter of Michael and Julia (Hanahan) Tansy.



Sincerely yours,  
John D. Flanagan





## Rev. Edward J. Fitzgerald

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Rev. Edward J. Fitzgerald, pastor of the Church of the Holy Rosary, Clinton, Mass., was born in Worcester, Mass., March 4, 1868, son of Michael R. and Anastatia (Cohen) Fitzgerald. He attended the grammar schools and completed his studies at the Worcester Classical High School in 1885. He graduated from Holy Cross College in 1888. His theological studies were made at Brighton Seminary. He took a post-graduate course at the Catholic University, Washington, 1892-1894.

In 1892, Father Fitzgerald was ordained priest in St. Michael's Cathedral, Springfield, Mass., by Right Reverend Thomas D. Beaven, Bishop of Springfield. This was the first class Bishop Beaven ordained after his consecration as head of the Springfield Diocese. Father Fitzgerald was stationed for seven years at the Church of the Holy Name, Chicopee, Mass., and ten years at St. John's Church, Clinton, Mass., as assistant priest, and was appointed the first pastor of the Church of the Holy Rosary, Clinton, Oct., 1910.

For sixteen years, Father Fitzgerald has been chaplain of Division 8, A. O. H., of Clinton. He has been spiritual advisor of the Worcester County A. O. H., and in 1912 was appointed chaplain of the Massachusetts A. O. H.



Sincerely Yours  
Edward J. Fitzgerald





# Pagan Ireland

B. C. TO 532-3 A. D.

—BY—

REV. EDWARD J. FITZGERALD

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No nation has suffered so much from the "conspiracy against truth," which is known as modern history as the Irish nation. For centuries every writer has taken his shy at Ireland, reading into her history his own prejudices, presuming that because of adverse political conditions and loyalty to a proscribed religion the Irish nation of today and yesterday has been the supply for the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water"—that this nation and great ethnic family that it represents, the Celtic, has in it no greatness and has always occupied the inferior position it today is just emerging from.

Learned college professors, in learned books, overladen with pseudo learning, will tell you that the Celt has not the power to build politically an enduring national life, that he can but serve others, he cannot, because of a certain lack in his national character, be a leader. Yet history tells us in the golden period of Ireland's life that she was a leader, and that for centuries she preserved and disseminated the learning that she rescued from the cataclysm of the tottering Roman dominion. School histories will dilate upon the great work of civilization that England and Scotland have done, but Ireland, if mentioned at all, is spoken of only as a place for exploitation by Cromwell, who so kindly brought to Ireland the blessings and benefits of civilization, or a field in which the robber Saxon king might stop the clamor of his hungry camp followers by awarding them lands he never owned or conquered.

But our task tonight is to speak of the ancient pagan Ireland, so long neglected, and to try and reconstruct her ancient pagan life so that we may see from what modern Ireland sprung

and find in her ancient pagan life an explanation of much of her Christian and modern development, and also lack of development.

We have plenty of data for our inquiry which of late years have been made the subject of close scrutiny. The manuscript remains of Ireland, more numerous than of any other European country, have given us not only a true picture of ancient Ireland but also of the great Celtic family of which Ireland is the most distinguished modern development. To be sure these manuscripts are not earlier than the eighth century of our era, but they record events and customs of pre-Christian times, and although, like documents of their kind, they need the discriminating critic who can separate the truth from the chaff of mythical fancy, yet when this work has been done we have historical documents that merit and have received the attention and credence of the scholar world. This work has been done and is being done today not only by that race to whom it is a labor of love, but by the German and French scholars as well.

Eugene O'Curry, in those epoch-making lectures which he delivered before the student body of the short-lived Irish university, presided over by the great English churchman, has given us ample historical data upon which to reconstruct the ancient Irish life, and the work he so brilliantly began has been carried on till today and the A. O. H. chair of Celtic in the Catholic University of Washington will soon contribute to this great work by the publication of a critical edition of the *Tain-Bo-Cuailnge*, the great Irish Iliad.

It will be upon such sources, properly weighed and critically appreciated, as they are the only original and authentic sources, that we will base our remarks tonight.

To be sure, to try and tell the story of a nation within the compass of a single hour's talk, would be futile. All that can be hoped is to give a sketch, the merest outline of the home, political, religious and intellectual life of a people. Ireland has had many names in her long history, some fanciful and poetic, others merely geographical. *Hibernia*, *Inisfail*, the *Isle of Destiny*, *Scotia* and later *Scotia Major*, to distinguish it from Scotland, *Banba* and *Erin* are the best known. The name *Scotia* comes from the name of the Egyptian wife of one of the early Irish chieftans, *Scota*, and the name *Miletians* from a chief of the name *Miledth*, and from *Gaidel*, another famous chief, the Irish people receive the appellation *Gails*. The *Annals of the four masters* gives this origin for the Irish nation.

The first colony of Ireland was planted by the *Partholonians*, who, 2500 years before Christ, came from Greece. They

were followed by the Nemedians, who took possession after the island was depopulated by a terrible plague and had remained a solitude for thirty years. The Nemedians were harassed by the Formorians, a band of sea robbers and pirates from Africa, who eventually obtained the upper hand.

The Firbolgs were the third colony, coming to Ireland from Northern Greece and were a recolonization, for they were the descendants of Simon Brec, a Nemedian chief, who had fled from Ireland to escape the cruelty of the Formorian invasion. Enslaved in Greece they were obliged to bring soil from the rich lowlands to enrich the rocky highlands of their adopted country in leather bags, hence their name Fribolgs or bag men. Tiring of their servitude, they fled from Greece under the five sons of Dela and conquered Ireland and divided it into five provinces, one for each brother, a division that has persevered till today. They held sway for less than half a century, to be succeeded by the De Dannans, who likewise came from Greece as a recolonization, being descended from the Nemedian Chief Ibach, who, fleeing from the Formorian pirates, had settled about Athens. They returned to Ireland by way of Scandinavia and Scotland and by magic in which they were adepts, gained entrance to the country and eventually conquered it.

The Miletians followed. Coming from Scythia their first migration was to Egypt. Then after many vicissitudes they came to Spain, where they dwelt many years, and finally under the eight sons of Miled they came to Ireland and eventually conquered the De Dannans, and from thenceforth Miletian kings ruled Ireland till Roderick O'Connor.

These accounts are of course largely mythical and fabulous, except the Firbolgs, who existed and were probably kindred to the warlike Belgae of Gaul, whom Caesar encountered in battle, and the Miletians, who are certainly historical; the rest of the peoples and their story belong to the realms of fancy. The date of their coming to Ireland is uncertain. They were Celts and probably came from Gaul to Britain and from Britain to Ireland rather than directly from Spain, says D'Alton. I give this account of the old analyst because while much of it is fabulous it has formed the basis of so many of the tales and poems of Ireland that at least the nomenclature and origin is of some interest.

Though the Irish were pagans they were spared the degradation that overtook cultured and refined Greece. The pagan Irish had not the debasing worship of impure love. The Irish worshipped the celestial bodies with minor gods, mountains, trees, etc. They offered sacrifice to their gods, but the charge

that they offered human sacrifice has never been established. Their temples were the oak groves of which Ireland boasted in the pagan days. They had a belief in a future life and in the immortality of the soul, and were not degraded by their religion to an extent that they could not appreciate the beauties of a higher code of belief and practice when it was exposed to them. The wholesome sweet worship of nature gave them a love for the world in which they lived and a great joy in the "out of doors" which to them was their temple and their God. The progress upward from nature to nature's God then was not difficult when the message of tidings of great joy was delivered to them by the saintly Patrick.

"Whether the pagan Irish were acquainted with the art of writing is a question that is now difficult or impossible to determine," says Dr. Joyce, speaking of the manners, customs and ancient institutions of the Irish. The coming of St. Patrick found many circumstances that indicated literary activity. All authorities concur that there were in the country literary and professional men, druids, poets and antiquarians. It is certain that immediately after the establishment of Christianity in the fifth century the Irish committed to writing in their native language not only the laws, bardic or historical, and poems, etc., of their own times, but those which had been preserved from times preceding whether traditionally or otherwise, says Petrie. This general widespread use of writing would be hard to account for were there not a previous knowledge of letters.

D'Alton indeed says without restriction that beside the Ogham writings there was had a knowledge of letters. But the best opinion seems to be that preceding from the Ogham script the pagan Irish did not have writing. The Ogham writing was invented by the Irish themselves and founded with considerable skill upon the Latin and antedated any of the vellums or manuscript. It was used particularly for inscriptions on monuments and gravestones. It answered well for lapidary inscriptions, but was too cumbersome for the facile creation of a literature though the professional poets may have carried with them on the tablet-staves, as the manuscripts call them, the catch words of many poems, sagas and genealogies. More than 200 Ogham inscriptions exist today. Ogham was criptic also; intended only for the initiated, and to make it more unintelligible to the outsiders, inversion of syllables, introduction of extra letters, etc., was practiced. However, with the introduction of Christianity Roman letters were introduced and with the whole power and authority of the Church behind it, soon became universal in its use.

The law system of the Irish was complete and detailed at a very early age. Committed to writing as it was in the time of Patrick it was revised under his auspices and purged of the pagan features and Christianized. This work was done by three kings, three Bishops, of whom Patrick was one, and three poets and antiquarians. The original Brehon law was the law of nature and was set forth probably in verse. The Brehon or expounder of the law was obliged to give long years of preparation for his task, and the pleading of a case was an intricate and difficult matter; moreover the Brehon was liable for damages for any unjust decision he might make. At first the legal profession was open to all who would give the required time to its study and acquirement, but in later times the profession became hereditary but never ceased to demand long and careful preparation on the part of the aspirant to judicial honors. The Brehons were a very influential class of men attached to the chief's retinue and receiving from him land which remained in their family for generations. Some were not attached to any house and lived from their fees, and it is related that many Brehons waxed rich from their fees alone.

Many quaint and interesting stories are told on the old Brehon lawyers who administered the law not according to justice. One was said to show mottled spots on his cheeks, and another of the first century used to wear a metal ring about his neck, and when he delivered an unjust decision the ring tightened until it all but choked him, while when he dealt justly with the case it relaxed and allowed him full freedom to breath and talk.

The Brehon law was crude, of course, but was far above the law of retaliation which prevailed elsewhere, and whose dictum was "an eye for an eye." As there was no central government strong enough to enforce the law there was no offence against the State or crime as we know it today, but all offence was against the individual, torts, and had to be prosecuted by the individual or his friends, else the offender got away scot-free.

The houses of the ancient Irish were of wood, strong posts being set in the ground and the wall formed of interlaced wattles, some times of stout planks. The wickerwork sides were often plastered and the plaster was whitened and some times tinted. The roofs were conical supported by a central pillar and thatched. The Irish had no knowledge of cement, and all their stone work was laid dry. They also, like the Greeks, did not know the principle of the arch, but in spite of these handicaps they built many huge works in stone, some of which re-

main today to testify to their genius as builders. The houses were grouped together and were surrounded usually for purposes of defense with a clay wall thrown up from a deep circular trench which was filled with water as an additional protection when possible. The house consisted of one large room usually, for the men at least, and around the sides of the room were sleeping couches. This room was used for sleeping, eating, and lounging. Seats were provided and the nicest and most exact etiquette was observed in seating the inmates, the rights of precedence being very rigidly enforced. Separate rooms for the women were had frequently in the most sheltered and sunny part of the abode and sometimes separate buildings were erected for the women alone. The remains of the old circumvallations exist today, but the wooden houses have of course decayed. Often times, too, carefully constructed subterranean vaults lined with stone have been unearthed in these Duns, which were probably storehouses used while the place was besieged.

The army was a prominent activity with the early Irish. The troops were of two sorts—heavy armed Gallowglasses and light armed Kerns—a division found also among the Greeks, as every schoolboy reader of Xenophon knows. The former were mighty men encased in armor sometimes, though not always, for the old chroniclers tell us the Irish used to deem it more honorable to fight in a saffron colored jerkin than encased in bronze. Their special weapon was the battle axe, which they wielded with one hand, guiding the stroke with the finger extended along the handle, and in later times no steel armor could resist the stroke of the Gallowglasses' axe. A thigh fully encased in steel armor has been sheered off by a single blow of these dread weapons. The Kerns had their short swords and javelins. That the early Irish had bows and arrows and could use them with skill we know, for we have in our museums flint arrow-heads and bronze arrow-heads, but very little mention, if any, is made of them in the early manuscripts.

The early Irish had no cavalry division of their army, though the chiefs were mounted and were very discriminating in horseflesh. The chariot, however, was well known in early Irish warfare, sometimes scythe-bearing, sometimes not. The chief was attended by his charioteer when he went to battle and the general use of the chariot in warfare as well as in peaceful pursuits acquaints us with the fact that all over Ireland there were good roads, of course for the times. The Irish soldier in pagan times, as today, was of the highest valor and address. The political arrangement of the country, however, robbed him

of much of the fruits of his valor. The clan and tribe system of the Celt kept the country in a constant turmoil and the internecine strife that was continued for centuries robbed Irish valor of its dearest right, a fatherland safe from invasion, and although oceans of the best and bravest blood was poured out it was for the aggrandizement of some ambitious, restless princeling, rather than the permanent advancement of the nation. Hostile critics, however, are at one in bearing testimony to the valor and address of the Irish soldiers and had Erin boasted a Philip of Macedon, an Alexander the Great, or a Caesar, as an Ard-ri and organizer, the exploits of Brennus or Brennan the Celt, who captured and sacked Rome with his unmatched soldiery, we might have had permanent results. The old chroniclers give us a description of an Irish king at a feis of Tara, and when we recall that there were 250 such with their retinue or tails, we may easily conclude that the sight of the Irish army assembled in union and concord was a sight for gods and men.

The description referred to is in an old manuscript, quoted in the Book of Ballywote, O'Curry gives us a Bardic picture of an Ard-ri of Ireland, Cormac-mac-art, and although the bard's fancy has colored the picture some, still it remains substantially true. The writer tells us that Cormac's hair was slightly curled and of golden color; he carried a scarlet shield with engraved devices and golden hooks and clasps of silver; a wide folding purple cloak covered him, with a gem set gold brooch over his breast, a gold torque was around his neck, a white collared shirt embroidered with gold upon him; a girdle with golden buckles studded with precious stones encircled him; two spears with golden sockets, and many red bronze rivets were in his hands, while he stood in the full glow of beauty, without defect or blemish, you would think it was a shower of pearls that were set in his mouth; his lips were rubies; his symmetrical body was as white as snow, his cheeks were like the mountain ash-berry; his eyes were like the sloe; his brows and eye lashes were like the sheen of a blue-black lance.

Another manuscript, Tam-Bo-Cooley, describes a King Conair Mor, as a "tall illustrious chief with cheeks dazzling white with a tinge like that of dawn upon stainless snow, sparkling black pupils in blue eyes glancing and curling yellow hair." It is historically certain that any bodily blemish unfitted a man for chief place among the Irish, and any one who has read the requirements of head, foot and body demanded for entrance to the Feena or national militia founded by Finn McCool, the strong man of Cormac-mac-art, need fear no contradiction when he says that on that Easter morning, 433, St. Patrick

stood in the presence of as fine a body of men, glowing with every physical manly charm, as ever the sun looked upon.

The land question was always a crux for Ireland, and even in pagan times the system of land tenure kept Ireland back from the development she should have reached. The land was held in common, for the most part, by the tribe, although certain private grants were made to individuals and the king himself had his private estates. Then there took place at uncertain intervals a redistribution of all the tribal lands which robbed the individual of all ambition and initiative and checked the progress of the nation in consequence. This communistic experience of the ancient Irish, together with their tribal arrangement and the excessive and exaggerated loyalty to house and tribe, kept Ireland from being the strong power she might have become had she been blessed with a strong central government, and an Ard-ri in fact as in name, for while theoretically the subordinate kings paid deference and tribute to the high king, yet in practice they paid such deference only when the high king was strong enough to "come and take it."

The art of Ireland in pagan times was crude and meagre. Some skill in building, a rather high development in metal work, gold, silver and enamel, and a very remarkable skill in music are her chief claims to an artistic reputation. Her marvelous skill in manuscript illumination was of Christian origin and of painting and sculpture we have no records. Her buildings we have already described, noted for their solidity perhaps rather than for any special beauty. In metal work, however, even in pagan times, the Irish excelled, and splendid carved spear heads, sword hilts and blades, brooches, etc., testify to this. The later development in crosses, chalices, etc., which have aroused the admiration of the art loving world, do not belong to our period, but found their germ no doubt in pagan times and are but the growth and development of this native ability. In music, however, the Irish native, pagan and Christian has a special endowment from God. It is somewhat difficult to distinguish between poetry and music in the old accounts, as the words are used interchangeably and the musician was most always the poet as well. The Irish poetry was the most melodious of all poetry. The meter and rhythm was most intricate, resembling the double acrostic. It was musical to a degree, but was so artificial in form that the sense was sacrificed to mere sound too often, and the poet was hampered and prevented from great flights of imagination.

· Of course there were no long sustained musical pieces like the modern opera, oratorio or sonata. The tunes were short



and while they boasted a harmony it was of a simple sort but very exquisite by reason of the perfect blending of sound. The favorite instrument was the harp, and from the very earliest dawn of historical record the harp is closely allied with the Irish national life. The harp was of 30 strings, played upon with the fingers or finger nails, and was of various sizes from the small hand harp to the bardic harp of six feet in height. The bagpipes were also well known in early times, but the pipes were rather the instrument of the poorer people, while the harp was the instrument of the nobility, and it was part of the accomplishment of every noble gentleman to be able to sing a sonnet to his lady's eyebrow to the accompaniment of the harp.

While there was in the old Irish music a tendency to sadness, yet the great majority of Irish music and song was glad-some. It fell into three classes; the musical compositions to arouse merriment, dance music, etc., those to arouse sadness, the keens and death tunes, and the slumber songs and lullabies. The Irish had also occupational tunes which accompanied them at their work. The ploughman had his quaint, soothing whistle which gave peace and content to the plough horse, the milkmaid had her sweet, melancholy milking song, under whose gentling influence the cows submitted all the more willingly in the milking barns. The blacksmith had his song, which echoed and re-echoed with the clang of the hammer and the stertorous puffing of the bellows, etc. This music was never written, of course, and much of it perished, but much of it remains, being set down in later days and put to new words, and many a popular song today masquerading in modern dress is but an old Irish motif developed according to the modern musical science of harmony.

Public assemblages of the people for purposes of trade and pleasure and culture was a custom of the early Irish. These assemblages or fairs, called Aenach, were annual or triennial, as the case might be, and had their origin in the funeral games that were common in ancient Ireland, as also they were customary in Greece. At first they were held in ancient cemeteries in which were interred the bones or ashes of some noted king, chief or hero of history or legend. In pagan times the Druids conducted some sort of religious services, kindling the sacred fire and burning the sacrifices. Important affairs of various kinds, national or local, were transacted at these meetings. Laws were promulgated, councils and courts were held to consider various questions of right and privilege, disputes about property, taxes, etc., were settled. Acts of tyranny of the powerful over the weak were righted, the repair of the roads, the

levying of army enlistment, etc., all these and numerous other questions were considered and settled by these unofficial plebeita. Athletic games also formed a part of the gatherings of the people, horse racing, contests in music and poetry being common. It was a great place to settle marriage also, bachelors and maidens being kept apart till the parents had bargained for the marriage settlement, the dot, and had arranged the details.

The feis or convention at Tara triennially held, was of another sort. Originally it was connected with funeral rites and games, for there was a famous cemetery at Tara. Although it was supposed to be triennial in fact it was held only once in the reign of the Ard-ri, usually at his inauguration into office. The feis was a convention of the leading persons, as the aenach was a convention of the common people. The provincial kings, the minor kings and chiefs, the distinguished representatives of the learned professions, the ollaves or doctors of history, law and poetry made up the gathering. For seven days they convened and the formal matters of consideration were discussed in the banquet hall. Elaborate precautions to prevent quarreling were taken. Anyone who struck another, wounded another, used insulting words even, or stole anything, was liable to death.

Besides the athletic games and contests in soldierly skill and adeptness, mention is made very early of the game of chess in many manuscripts, and a chess board and a finely carved set of men was a gift fit for a king or a popular poet who had sung the glories of a chief or his house to the satisfaction of the clan. The funeral rite which had so much to do with Irish life, being the occasion, as we have said, in the early times, of the aenachs and the consequent intercourse and recreation that the fairs were the occasion of, were of varied sorts. **Three** modes prevailed of disposing of the dead: inhumation as at present, the body being laid to rest recumbent, burial of a king or hero standing upright or astride a horse fully accoutred and armed, defying his enemies even in death, and incineration or cremation, the body being reduced to ashes and the ashes placed in an urn of baked clay. These urns were placed in rude stone coffins sometimes, or under huge burial chambers made by great stone slabs superimposed upon upright stones, the whole called cromlechs, which remain today scattered all over Ireland, and in which are found skeletons and burial urns containing burnt bones. Over the graves of many heroes great heaps of stones called cairns were reared, each friend, clansman or passerby furnishing a stone to the structure.

“Let me write a country’s songs and I care not who writes

her laws," is the sentiment of a modern writer. Some such conviction seems to have been deep rooted in the ancient Irish, for the poet's office was held in the highest veneration among them, and the head bard ranked as high if not higher than the head Brehon, though the two offices were often combined, as the most ancient form of the Brehon law was versified. The office of bard was no sinecure. Eleven years of severe study was the preparation demanded for the bard. A complete knowledge of poetical form, thousands of verses committed to memory, and the ability to improvise on the spur of the moment, made the bards ever welcome to the chief's board, where he could entertain the chief's guests and flatter the family pride of his patron at the same time. Not the greatest hero but the best sung hero is the one the world crowns. Fontenoy outranks Cremona because a Davis took it for the theme of one of his most stirring poems; Balaklava, an insignificant engagement, outranks the charge of the Cuirassiers at Waterloo because a poet laureate chanted "Half a league, half a league, half a league onward." Who has not heard of Paul Revere and his midnight ride because Longfellow sang his deed of daring, but who knows of William Dawes, who dared as much and more, because he followed a more difficult and dangerous route, on the 18th of April in '75?

Many an old pagan chieftan is remembered today because some old saga or bardic remains has handed his name down to posterity. The bards were not unmixed blessings, however. While they could perpetuate the grand deeds of valor and cast a glamor about them even when somewhat commonplace, they were an irritable, touchy lot, and could satirize as well as praise when the mood was on them. They increased in numbers and arrogance and became a real incubus upon the land, demanding shelter, food and largess as a right, not a privilege. Many moves were made to put an end to the order, but they were never put into execution. During the Anglo-Norman invasion they were proscribed by the law, but the people sheltered them and they finally expired with Carolan, the last of the bards. We might consider some other institutions peculiar to the ancient Irish, fosterage, right of sanctuary, etc., but perhaps we have seen enough to construct a picture fairly complete and historically correct.

The ancient Irish, then, were a pastoral people of splendid physique, living close to nature, in which they found an answer to all the higher religious aspirations of their being, and trained in the hard school of adversity to a strength, perseverance and courage that adversity alone can give. Of an un-

## Rev. Bernard S. Conaty

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Rev. Bernard S. Conaty, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Pittsfield, Mass., was born in Taunton, Mass., October 14, 1855. His early education was received in the schools of his native city. For three years he was at Montreal College for his classics, then at Holy Cross College for a short period, but completed these studies in the College of Propaganda, Rome. For reasons of health, Father Conaty, in May, 1878, was obliged to go from Rome to Aix en Provence, France. His theological studies were finished in the Grand Seminary of that place.

April 11, 1882, Father Conaty was ordained priest by Archbishop Forcade. He served from November 4 of that year to March 3 of the next, as assistant priest at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Gardner, Mass. He was next assigned to St. Mary's Church, Spencer, Mass., and in 1888 was appointed rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Springfield, Mass. In January, 1897, he became pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, Mass., remaining there until July, 1913, when he was transferred to the Pittsfield Church.

For a number of years Father Conaty was Director of the Worcester Free Public Library. For more than a quarter of a century he has been a member of the Springfield Diocesan C. T. A. Union and was president in 1899, and again in 1907 and 1908.



Sincerely Yours  
Bernard B. Conaty

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# The Introduction of Christianity Into Ireland

433—597

—BY—

REV. BERNARD S. CONATY

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When I was kindly asked some time ago by the gentleman who so graciously presides at this gathering if I would consent to prepare an evening's talk on some interesting period of Irish history, I must confess that my first strong natural impulse was to decline.

I feel indeed how poorly equipped I am to speak intelligently and interestingly on a subject so seemingly foreign to my every day work. I could not, however, refuse whatever encouragement my feeble voice and my still more inexperienced pen may lend to so high and noble an educational plan as that so wisely outlined by those who have inaugurated this series of popular lectures.

I console myself with the thought that in this forum of the people even an itinerant "soggarth" like my humble self may be vouchsafed a hearing. "The introduction of Christianity into Ireland and its marvelous development under St. Patrick" is the subject assigned to me. It is one that might easily fright a greater than I, so sublime is its character and so far-reaching its scope.

I may be wrong, but I have a feeling that to paint a perfect morning scene requires more of the exquisite genius-like touch of the master artist than any other of Nature's myriad wonders.

To reproduce upon the canvas the dazzling splendor of that perfect King of day as slowly, yet majestically, he appears above his mountain or ocean couch, scattering, as he ascends

along the heavenly highway with a wantonly lavish hand, his uncountable wealth of warmth and light bedecking earth and sky with the most gorgeous robe of beauty, making instinct with life and joy the whole creation, has time and again baffled the best directed efforts of many a patron of palette and brush.

But I ask you what think you of man's efforts to faithfully picture not the glories of a dawning day, in which the physical world is alone portrayed, arrayed in the vari-colored tints of the material sun of earth, but that all divinely beauteous morn when over the restless crest of ocean and above the lofty mountains there rose upon that Western Isle of Erin the eternal Sun of Justice—Christ—with an effulgence borrowed from the very bosom of the Almighty? Eloquently and in the most becoming manner, Fr. Fitzgerald, a fortnight ago, described to you the singularly peaceful and advanced civilized condition of the Irish people prior to the time of which I am to speak, the fifth century of our era. He showed you how in a most admirable manner God was preparing the way for the coming of the great apostle of the Irish race, St. Patrick, unconquered by Roman arms, the Irish, while sleeping in the dark night of paganism, yet held to certain teachings that helped them to welcome the dawning of the day of perfect light, belief in one God, in the immortality of the soul and in reward and punishment in an after life were safe beacon lights leading them on the haven of truth.

The high sense of personal and civic honor and justice as displayed in their private lives and incorporated into their governing codes formed a natural national character upon which the more easily the divine life and spirit of Christ could be engrafted.

It would be erroneous to suppose that the heaven born blessings of Christianity were totally unknown and unenjoyed in Ireland before the fifth century. While it is true that the entire nation did not come under the beneficent sway of Christ and His church until that period, yet there were Christians found among the Irish from the very earliest Christian days, verifying the saying of Tertullian, that there were localities in the far off British Isles inaccessible to the Roman arms where Christ found willing subjects.

While we have ample historical evidences of Christianity in Ireland even in the early ages of the church, at least in individual cases, and while the number of Christ's true followers had considerably augmented by the beginning of the fifth century, yet the great body of the people were at that period pagans.

In 431 we find Pope Celestine consecrating a Roman-dea-



con, by name Palladius, and with a band of zealous missionaries sending him "to the Scots" (that is the Irish) "to be their first bishop."

After effecting a landing and laboring for a short while in Wicklow such opposition arose that St. Palladius and his band were forced to seek refuge in the land of the Picts, where the holy bishop soon afterwards died. Celestine, nothing daunted, looked for another who might take up the glorious work of evangelizing the Irish nation and winning it to Christ. The new apostle chosen by the Vicar of Christ was St. Patrick. He was selected to be God's true light bearer to the Irish people. Through his blessed apostolic zeal Pagan Ireland under God's merciful grace soon became Christian Ireland ever to remain.

It would carry us too far afield to even attempt to consider the details of the marvelous work wrought under God in a few short years by St. Patrick.

There are characters in the world's history that have so impressed themselves upon their time as to elicit the admiration of all the people and of all times. Such is St. Patrick, yet whence came his power of conquest? He had been a lowly slave on the very hilltops of Erin. He gathered not about him the strength of multitudes. He commanded no invading army. He was simply God's anointed sent by the successor of the humble fisherman of Galilee bearing the uplifted cross of Christ and surrounded by a few lowly clerics.

Boldly he kindled on one of the hill tops the Easter fire in honor of Christ's victory over sin and death. It was this bright light in whose glorious shining the apostle made his triumphal march as a captive of Christ to the very hall of the Kings and the sages there, like Paul at Athens, to win a hearing for his crucified Master. Would we pause here to inquire who this Envoy to the Irish nation might be and what were his antecedents?

Like the apostle of England, Augustine, and the Apostle of Germany, Boniface, nothing absolutely definite is known as to the exact locality or even country where St. Patrick was born. The late Cardinal Moran, a most learned Irish scholar, inclined strongly to the belief that he was born at Dumbarton, in Scotland. Dr. Langigan, a renowned church historian, with many others, clings to the belief that the apostle saw the light of day in Boulogne Sur-Mer, in sunny France. In his Confession—a document written by his own hand—we read the following:

"I, Patrick, a sinner the most unlearned and the last of all the faithful, and held in contempt by very many, had Calphurnius, a deacon, for my father, the son of Potitus, who lived

in Bennaven Taberniae. He had close by a small villa, where I was taken captive when I was nearly sixteen years of age."

Just where Bennaven Taberniae was is a tangle in the skein that neither you nor I can unravel. His captivity was in Antrim in Ireland and lasted six years. These were years of extraordinary youthful piety and of consequent preparation of heart and mind for his future apostolate. With the burning love for Christ consuming his very soul he besought the Lord to hasten the day of deliverance from the slavery of paganism of the Irish nation. Once freed he set himself to the task of fitting himself to become a missionary of the church of Jesus Christ among those children of the Gael whose mysterious pleadings for his return among them he strangely heard.

He received the most careful training under his kinsman, St. Martin of Tours, and in the great monastic schools of Lerins Marmoutier, as well as under the saintly guidance of St. Germanus of Auxerre. Such was the high esteem in which St. Germanus held the saintly learning and zeal of his beloved pupil, Succat, or Patrick, that he recommended him to Pope Celestine for the Irish missions. As he set out on his journey to Rome Probus tells us that St. Patrick prayed thus:

"O, Lord Jesus Christ, lead me, I beseech Thee, to the seat of the holy Roman Church, that receiving authority to preach with confidence Thy truths, the Irish nation may through my ministry, be gathered to the fold of Christ."

The four masters write: "St. Patrick was ordained to the Episcopacy by the Holy Pope Celestine the First, who commissioned him to come to Ireland and preach and give to the Irish the precepts of faith and religion." The period of preparation for this glorious missionary work covered a period of over thirty years so that the apostle, according to the best authorities, had reached at least sixty years of age when in the autumn of 431 he landed on Ireland. What marvels were wrought during the sixty years of extraordinary apostolate! Peruse the pages of the glorious history of the church and find if you can any parallel record. The north, the east, the west, the south, all the land visited by the intrepid apostle of Christ—clan after clan yields to the mastery of the cross, struggles there were beyond computing, while it is singularly true that the apostolic martyr's blood crimsoned the virgin soil of Erin's church, yet it would be folly to contend that the cause of Christ triumphed without encountering fierce storms.

Yet what was the spectacle the great apostle beheld before he closed his eyes to the things of earth on that blessed 17th of March, 493? When he landed on Ireland, the people,

with few exceptions, professing the Holy Roman Catholic faith dotted the fair land everywhere—bishops and priests ordained and settled among all the clans and striving after virtue in its very highest forms—the sowing in a year of a divinely productive seed when were germinating already Saints of the most ascetic type. Who can look upon Ireland in this marvelous apostolic period and not recall the early church when all were of one mind and one heart—praising God and giving thanks for the one great blessing of the faith of Jesus Christ?

To speak of St. Patrick and not to mention St. Bridget (the Mary of Ireland) his spiritual daughter, would be not to complete the story of Ireland's glories in the fifth century. This Irish maid was inspired with burning love of Christ, receiving a snow white habit as a nun. Together with a few other young virgins of Erin, she founded the first Irish convent at Kildare, and thus began that remarkable religious woman apostolate of Ireland, that continues so marvelously the world over to this very day.

But I must not weary you longer. One thought—It is borrowed from that historical incident related in St. Patrick's life. We are told that among the first converts of St. Patrick in Ireland, was a handsome youth named Benignus. As St. Patrick journeyed to Tara he became exhausted and threw himself upon the bare ground near the banks of a river. As he slept, Benignus, under an impulse of love for the saint, gathered all the fragrant flowers he could and placed them in the bosom of the sleeping saint. St. Patrick awoke, and caught by the innocence and guileless simplicity of the boy, foretold his future sanctity and greatness, and said, "He will be the heir of my kingdom." He did become the successor of St. Patrick in the see of Ar-magh.

Again it is related that when St. Patrick visited the home of the parents of this boy, Benignus, as the child would rest no more but at the saint's feet, which he tenderly kissed, and how when morning came and the saint rose to depart, Benignus again embraced his feet and with many tears implored permission to follow him, and from that hour he became the companion of the apostle in his labors and triumphs.

May we in our honest, childlike simplicity of deep intelligent faith, imitate Benignus; gathering flowers to place frequently with all our heart's warmest affections upon the bosom of the great saint to whom under God, we are indebted for the pearl without price, our Holy Roman Catholic faith, and may ever seek to sit at His holy feet and accompany Him through life that we may inherit His Kingdom above.—The Catholic Messenger, Worcester, Mass.

# The Saints and Scholars

(IRELAND IN HER GLORY)

600—800

—BY—

REV. JOHN J. KEATING

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One bright summer day in the latter part of the eighth century, two learned Irish scholars, Clement and Albinus, landing in a great seaport city of France, went through the market-place, attracting the attention of the bartering crowd in a very novel way by calling out loudly, "Hear! hear! Whoever wants wisdom let him come to us; for 'tis we that have it to sell!"

This questionably modest boast, which the great Emperor Charlemagne afterwards found to be borne out by the scholarly erudition of the travellers in this particular case, might well have been the advertising copy of all the great Irish schools in those days, had international advertising been so well established then as now, for the schools that flourished in Erin during the period from the sixth to the ninth centuries, which we are about to consider, have left a glorious record of golden gifts bestowed alike with open-hearted Irish generosity upon all classes of the Irish people and upon the learned world-weary strangers who sought the scholastic quiet of Ireland's saintly shore. Well might the poet sing the praises of those ancient schools:

"I would the great world grew like thee  
Who grewest not alone in power  
And knowledge, but by year and hour  
In reverence and in charity."

Reverence for the laws of God and man, reverence for all rightly constituted authority; charity for friend and foe,—these have ever been the ideals in schools under Irish patronage.

## Rev. John J. Keating

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Rev. John J. Keating was born December 4, 1879, in Worcester, Mass. A product of Worcester schools, he was graduated from the English High School as orator of the class of 1899. After receiving his degree at Holy Cross College in 1903, he went to Montreal for a year of study in French and philosophy at the Maison de Philosophie, an institution under the direction of the Sulpician Fathers, and affiliated with the Montreal Grand Seminary.

In 1904, Father Keating was sent to Belgium by Right Reverend Thomas D. Beaven, Bishop of Springfield, for a three years' course in theology at the American College, one of the many institutions of the University of Louvain. In 1906, a Gaelic Class was organized with headquarters at the American College, and Father Keating was among those enrolled. Father Keating was ordained a priest in Louvain, July 14, 1907. He is now assistant to the Rev. William H. Goggin, LL. D., in St. Paul's Parish, Worcester, Mass.





*Yours in Christ,  
John Peasing*





Religion played a leading part in their origin and development, as nearly all the great schools of this period were ecclesiastical. Such, for example, were those founded even before the seventh century by St. Benignus at Kilbennan, St. Mel at Ardagh, St. Ciaran at Clonmacnoise, St. Ibar in Ulster, St. Declan at Ardmore, St. Ida at Killeedy, and St. Bridgid in Kildare, where St. Finnen taught and preached before he founded Clonard. Many of the masters are numbered among the Irish saints, some of whom undoubtedly received popular rather than formal canonization. The most learned scholars of the day applied themselves to the study and teaching of the Gospel and their auditors were both clergy and laymen.

The curriculum of these early Christian schools did not, however, stop short with theology and scripture. While we may point with pride to the theological attainments of great Irish minds of this period like Sedulius and Donatus who taught in Italy, we must also remember that literature and the fine arts were not forgotten. Music was cultivated by scholars and people; psalmody in the schools and traditional tunes among the layfolk. The Irish scholars seem also to have been in demand as teachers of music. In the seventh century, Gertrude, the daughter of Pepin, engaged Saints Foillan and Ultan, brothers of Irish St. Fursa of Perrone, to teach psalmody to the religious of her convent at Nivelles in France. In Charlemagne's time, the cloister schools of St. Gall with their Irish monks were famous for their teaching of Gregorian music. In the latter half of the ninth century, the same schools, under the direction of Maengal, an Irishman, acquired a high reputation for music studies and later produced Notker Balbulus, one of the most celebrated of mediæval musicians.

The classical languages were taught in most of the schools. "The Renaissance," says Darmesteter, "began in Ireland seven hundred years before it was known in Italy." At a period when so learned a man as Gregory the Great had little or no knowledge of the Greek classics, Ireland had such men as Columbanus, born in the year 543, of whom the great French philologist, Arbois de Jubainville, says: "It is sufficient to glance at his writings immediately to recognize his marvelous superiority over Gregory of Tours and the Gallo-Romans of his time. He lived in close converse with the classical authors." Such was the passion of Irish students for Greek that they often transcribed the Latin of the Scriptures in Greek characters. It was the classical culture of the ninth century that made possible the scholarship of the Irishman, John Scotus Erigena, the most learned man of his day in Europe, and the only scholar in Paris

who was able to translate the Greek writings of the pseudo-Dionysius.

Geography and history were taught in Gaelic poetry. There is extant an interesting geographic poem in Irish written by one of the teachers of the school of Ross in Northwest Munster in the tenth century. It was intended to be learned by heart, and the poetry is probably better than the geography judged by present day standards. The "Navigatio Brendani," a manuscript which relates the adventures of St. Brendan during his seven years' voyage in the Atlantic, is a writing that attracted much attention on the part of the mediaeval scholars. Manuscript copies of the work are found in Paris, Leipzig and the Vatican Library dating variously from the ninth to the thirteenth century. Brendan was one of the "Twelve Apostles of Ireland." He founded the famous Irish School of Clonfert on the Shannon about 556, and is said to have made the seven years' voyage in three vessels, carrying one hundred twenty men, who set out to find the Beautiful Island of the Western Sea, spoken of in old pagan traditions. It has been claimed by some that he discovered America, but the claim must be ranked with other improbable geographic legends of pre-Columbian discoveries of our continent.

The history of Ireland had been preserved for the Christian schools by the bards, who, from the earliest days, had sung the name and fame of their kings or chieftans. The writings of the monks added to these records the lives of the Irish and foreign saints.

Calligraphy, the art of making beautifully decorated manuscripts, was highly cultivated in the Irish monasteries from the time of Columba. Hundreds of monks were occupied day by day in the work of transcribing the Holy Scriptures as well as the teachings of the Early Fathers of the Church and in writing the lives of the saints. Copies of these works were dispersed throughout Europe by monks who came from England and the Continent to borrow the priceless parchments or to make copies for their own monastic libraries. Nor were the Greek and Latin authors slighted by the calligraphers. Beautifully illuminated manuscripts of these classics were reproduced, sometimes with a commentary in Irish, like that priceless copy of Horace which modern research has discovered in the library of Berne. The greatest archeologists and philologists of modern times, like Zeuss, Keller and Reeves, have studied, admired and quoted the Irish manuscripts that are found in Continental and Anglo-Saxon libraries. Jubainville states that one thousand nine Gaelic manuscripts copied before the year 1600, are found in

Continental and British libraries, not counting those in private collections nor those destroyed. The vastness of the destruction may be surmised from the fact that the School of Clonard alone was plundered and destroyed twelve times and burnt, either wholly or in part, fourteen times. What must have been the destruction of valuable documents in this case alone! Douglas Hyde quotes a German authority as estimating that the literature of Irish production before the year 1600 would fill one thousand octavo volumes,—law, medicine and science being therein comprised.

Shall we say that these schools had elective courses? In the sense of "snap courses," they had none; but there were certain men who specialized in some particular branch. One of these was Dungal, the Astronomer, who elicited the admiration of Charlemagne in the early part of the ninth century, by addressing a treatise on the solar eclipse to that famous patron of learning who had already put our old friends Clement and Albinus in charge of two of his seminaries. Many of the early saints, like Bishop Fortchern, were skilled artificers in bronze and metal. In fact, so much is to be said of the arts of calligraphy, carving, metallurgy and architecture, that a complete lecture on the subject has been arranged for in this series.

The prime purpose of the monastic schools was to prepare men for the priesthood; consequently Holy Scripture and theology were the principal studies. As a foundation for deeper study, they had to learn all the psalms by heart. Reciting these, day by day in choir, and meditating upon their beauties as expounded by the learned fathers of the monastery, the Irish monks came to a knowledge and understanding of the Sacred Scriptures that could not be attained by mere technical exegesis. Their eighth and ninth century manuscripts of the New Testament, "covered with Irish glosses, and Irish poems and Irish notes," says Prof. Stokes, "have engaged the attention of paleographers and students of the Greek texts for the last two centuries." They form the basis of Dr. Reeves' assertion that the Irish school of this time "was unquestionably the most advanced of its day in Sacred Literature."

We cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that lessons were conducted in the Gaelic tongue during the sixth century, when in no other country of Europe had the vernacular been sufficiently cultivated to be a suitable medium for literary and scientific instruction. Remember that Ceadmon, the Anglo-Saxon poet whose name is associated with our earliest English literature, belonged to a monastery that was not founded till 657; Dante, the morning star of Italian literature, will not shine

forth till the end of the thirteenth century; Chaucer is not born till 1340; yet, in the sixth century, Ireland is thronged with scholars who come to hear her learning poured forth in the Irish tongue. All the early saints and masters had been educated from boyhood in the Gaelic, and the most distinguished teachers were at the same time poets who wrote in Gaelic.

The scope of the great monastic schools of the sixth and especially of the seventh century was broad enough to meet the wants of the layman who desired to become an ollamh or master in literature, architecture, law, history or medicine. This fact explains the recorded accounts of the large number of lay students who joined with the clergy in seeking wisdom. Thus we have record of 3000 monks and students at one time in the sixth century, attending the School of Bangor in Ulster and living under the rule of St. Comgall; and in Cork, Ross-Ailithir, "the wood of the pigeons," received its name from the throng of students that flocked hither, while Emiligh under St. Ailbhi had so many students about the year 740, in the reign of Cathal (i. e. Cahill) McFinguine, that "they were forced to live in huts in the neighboring fields." Indeed it may be safely said that the students of many Irish schools in the sixth century and for some time after found lodging in individual tent-like houses or huts constructed somewhere in the vicinity of the master's cell or oratory. Even the great monastic schools of a much later date were not at all like the mediaeval monastic settlement, "a noble pile of buildings with stately church rising in the center surrounded by beautiful cloisters, dormitories and kitchen,"—the cottages of the villagers clustered close to the protecting monastery walls. Some authorities say that stone buildings were not at all common in Ireland even in the seventh century, and that the majority of the churches were built of wood, although there are some few stone churches that date from the sixth century. But there was no need of college buildings such as libraries, laboratories and gymnasia. The instruction in the sixth century Irish school was chiefly oral. There were no books and the manuscripts were but few and highly prized. Instruction was often given in the open air, the preceptor taking his stand on the summit of a hill, his auditors seated round on its slopes—thus hundreds and even thousands could be accommodated.

Many of the students were transients, travelling from school to school, and getting their food and lodging from the country folk in return for entertainment. Many's the bit of history and folk-lore was passed on from generation to generation through these travelling scholars. Those who stayed on at the

school throughout the year built their own huts, planted, herded the cattle or ground corn at the quern between study periods. Many a saint intending to spend his life in solitude soon found his cell in the wilderness surrounded by the huts of scholars brought hither through the fame of his learning to become his disciples.

The sons of gentlemen were trained by their tutors in horsemanship, chess, swimming and the use of the spear. Football and polo were not yet developed, but there was plenty of athletic exercise even in the comparatively peaceful days of the seventh and eighth centuries. Parties of noble youth would sometimes leave the school and ride away into the neighboring countryside to chastize someone who had insulted or injured some member of the clan. Thus we read of Prince Cathal (Cahill), the second son of the king of Connacht, leaving Clonard in the year 645 at the head of a party of twenty-seven students of his own people to avenge the murder of his father. The monks themselves, when occasion demanded, could lay aside books for bucklers and were not at all averse to taking part with their students and clansmen in whatever battle was waging for the honor of the clan. So, peaceful as the seventh and eighth centuries were, no student or warrior need die of ennui if he preferred to die of a spearwound. It was only in the year 697 that Adamnan, the tenth abbot of Iona, secured the passage of the Law of the Innocents, forbidding women to enter battle.

How tame and peurile are the college rivalries of modern days, when we read that in the eighth century two hundred men of the school of Darrow perished in a battle with the neighboring scholars of Clonmacnoise; and the old annalists record that eight hundred monks took part in a battle that was fought in the year 816.

A passage from the Brehon laws leads us to surmise that there may have been quite a few "gayboys" among the college students even in those days. The law relates to the wearing of brooch-pins, and you members of the legislature will observe that there is nothing original in the new hatpin law which our gallant guardians of the peace permit to be "more honored in the breach than in the observance;" for what do we find the farsighted lawyers on ancient Erin setting forth in the sixth century law code but the following: "Men are guiltless of pins worn upon their shoulders, provided they do not project too far; but if they should, the case is to be adjudged by the criminal law." Now what sweet consolation to any twentieth century lady who has ever been informed by a hyper-observant member of the traffic squad that the Damascus blades of her headgear

are unsheathed! We trust that the women of that day took exceptional care to see that the law was enforced—on the men.

At the Feis of Drom Ceata in 575, the laws and the general system of education were revised so as to conform more closely to the Christian standards set forth by St. Columba (Columcille) and one hundred twenty of his monks whom King Aedh (i. e. Hugh) had called from the island monastery of Iona to participate in the discussion. A feis in those days was a general council, and the great question of the Feis of Drom Ceata was the fate of the bards. The bardic schools were distinct from the monastic and far more ancient than Christianity itself in Ireland; but the bards had deteriorated and finally had become a crowd of educated vagabonds and a heart-scald to the country. So thought King Aedh and he had fully determined to suppress them and to revoke their ancient privileges; but the bards' cause was championed by St. Columba before whose impassioned eloquence the king and his advisers were forced to retreat.

The deliberations of the Feis resulted in the formation of a new system of schools intended to diffuse the learning of the bards throughout the kingdom. Twenty bishops, forty priests, besides Columba's retinue, thirty deacons, a multitude of other clerics, a vast throng of bards and many nobles were at hand to be heard from and to offer suggestions. Not mine to picture that flow of eloquence! But, after some months, special ollamhs of teaching or doctors of literature were assigned to the monarch, the provincial kings, and to the chiefs and lords of territory. To each ollamh they granted free lands and inviolability of person. The Royal Poet Eochaidh, who afterwards wrote the "Elegy on the Death of Columba," was appointed head of the system; and, assigned to the different provinces as supervisors were Aedh or Hugh the Poet for Meath, Urmael for Munster, Seanchan (i. e. Shanahan) MacCuairfertaigh for Connaught and Ferfírb MacMuiredhaigh (Murray) for Ulster. Endowments were also placed at the disposal of the ollamhs or masters to afford gratuitous education to those men of Erin who desired to become learned. Who says, then, that the Irish hadn't college scholarships in the sixth century? Moreover, at lay schools, where several pupils lodged at the master's house, the sons of the tenant class waited on the sons of the gentry, receiving tuition and maintenance. So, waiting on college table for tuition is a tradition of early Irish college days.

An extract from one of the law manuscripts in Trinity College, Dublin, will show the relations established by law between teacher and pupil. "The union," says the legal writer, "which

is recognized between the pupil and the tutor, or instructing father, as he is called, is this: the tutor bestowed instruction without reservation and correction without violence upon the pupil; and he supplied him with food and clothing as long as he continued to pursue his legitimate studies if he did not receive them from anyone else." The pupil, on his part, was legally bound to assist or relieve his tutor in case he was needy in his old age. The tutor was entitled to the profits arising from literary or other work of the pupil during his time of schooling, and to the first fees of the ollamh's professional career.

An interesting reference to these filial duties is found in a text of Aengus the Culdee, dating from the early part of the ninth century. As explained by a very ancient scholast, it gives a pleasing instance of kindly obedience to the law, bidding pupils cherish the old age of their instructors. Maelruan (Mulrooney) of Tallaght near Dublin, had been the master of Aengus who thus alludes to the tender care lavished on the aged master by his former pupils:

"Maelruan, after our nursing him,  
The shining sun of Meath's southern border,  
At his undefiled sepulchre  
The wounds of all hearts are healed."

Here is an extract from the Brehon Law showing the indemnity of the master for damage done by his charges: "The poet commands his pupils. The man from whom education is received is free from the crimes of his pupils if they be children of natives, even though he feeds and clothes them and that they pay him for his learning. He is free, even though it be a stranger that he instructs, feeds and clothes, provided it is for God that he does it. If he feeds and instructs a stranger for pay, it is then that he is accountable for his crimes." That's what you may call a "law of hospitality!"

This warm Irish hospitality was appreciated and accepted. "For three centuries, Ireland was the asylum of the higher learning which took sanctuary there from the uncultured states of Europe. At one time, the religious capital of Christian Ireland was the metropolis of civilization." The quotation is from Hyde's Literary History of Ireland. The Litany of Aengus the Culdee invokes the name of many a saintly and scholarly stranger who had come to Erin's classic shore to find such peace as Dante sought within the cloister of Fra Hilario. Romans, Gauls, Germans and Britons find mention in this document, and

even Egyptian monks, of whom seven are listed. The greatest number of foreign students came from Great Britain. They came in "fleet-loads," according to a letter written about the year 705 by Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne to Eadfrid, Bishop of Lindisfarne. The Venerable Bede, himself an English priest, tells us that the scholars of his country went over to Ireland in great number in the year 664, the time of the great plague, and were warmly received by the Irish, who provided them with food and gratuitous education.

In the ninth century we find Alcuin sending letters from the court of Charlemagne to his friends at the school of Clonmacnoise. Dagobert II, King of France, spent eighteen or twenty years of his youth in the School of Slane in Meath, near the residence of the high kings of Ireland. The English prince, Albert of Northumbria, was educated in Erin, and Aldhelm the Abbot of Malmesbury, expressed the sentiment of other English scholars when, in a Latin epistle, he congratulated the king on his good fortune in obtaining an Irish education. The same Aldhelm is also authority for the statement that the English scholars were swarming like bees to the Irish schools, while the great school of Canterbury was far from overcrowded. King Aldfrid, when leaving Ireland, composed the following poem:

"I found in Inisfail the Fair  
In Ireland, while in exile there,  
Women of worth, both grave and gay men,  
Learned clerics, heroic laymen.

I travelled its fruitful provinces round,  
And in every one of the five I found,  
Alike in church and palace hall  
Abundant apparel and food for all."

St. Willibrord, a noble Saxon educated in Ireland, became the Archbishop of Utrecht. Agilbert, a Frank by birth, became Bishop of Paris after his studies in Ireland. And now, just a little pedagogical touch before we come to speak of Columba.

The Irish schoolmaster has always been a firm believer in the efficacy of corporal punishment as a balm to the feelings of both master and pupil. From the days when the saints themselves were teachers down to the days of the hedge schoolmaster who made some of our more proximate ancestors smart, the sentiment of Irish instructors has been thoroughly in accord with the latest findings of a great pedagogical authority as recently made known to the teachers at their convention in Chi-



cago. It might be given to the pedagogical world as the ancient golden precept of Irish school discipline: Swat while your ire is hot!

An application of said rule and an illustration of its beneficial results comes to hand in the story of St. Baothin. When this young scion of a noble race,—for in truth he was a nephew of St. Columba,—was studying in the school of St. Colman Ela, his voluntary dullness so tried the patience of the saint that one day the latter without word or warning suddenly smote the young blockhead hard upon the jowl and was endeavoring to make even more of an impression, when Baothin, taking the first blow for marching orders, quickly hied him to the neighboring woods. There he became interested in the work of a man who was building a house by weaving rods one after another between posts that had been set up in the ground. Baothin moralized on the manner in which the house was rising slowly but surely through the rods being woven in one by one, and thought how he, too, might have built the edifice of learning had he but applied himself to the work. Came a rain storm, and the Desolate Baothin, standing in the shelter of an oak tree, observed the rain, falling drop by drop from one leaf upon a particular spot, and pressing his heel upon this spot he made a hollow which soon filled up by the constant dripping of the rain. Then he spoke this lay:

“Of drops a pond is filled,  
Of rods a house is built;  
The house which is favored of God,  
More and more numerous will be its family.

“Had I attended to my own lessons  
At all times and in all places,  
Though small my progress at a time,  
Still I would acquire sufficient learning.

“It is the single rod which the man cuts  
And which he weaves upon his house:  
The house rises pleasantly,  
Though singly he sets the rod.

“The hollow which my heel hath made,  
Be thanks to God and St. Colman,  
Is filled in every shower by the single drop;  
The single drop becomes the pool.

“I make a vow that while I live  
 I will not henceforth my lessons abandon;  
 Whatever the difficulty may be to me,  
 It is cultivating learning I shall always be.”

We may well suppose that the poem, and especially the resolution, restored the youthful Baothin to the good graces of St. Colman; and we have convincing evidence that the resolution was kept, for when the great abbot and founder of Iona was laid to rest, it was Baothin who became head master of the school and abbot in his stead.

The greatest man of this period, and probably the greatest Irishman known to history, is St. Columcille, or Columba. Unlike St. Patrick, he was an Irishman, born in Garten, County Donegal, Dec. 7, 521. He was of royal blood, being a descendant of Niall of the Nine Hostages, that restless warrior king of Ireland who ravaged Britain in the fourth century. Columba was a poet, a statesman, a warrior and a great missionary saint.

“His name,” says Healey, “is dear to every child of the Scotie race in Erin and in Alba,—and, what is stranger still, monk and priest though he was, his memory is cherished” by Catholic and Protestant alike. In his youth he was sent to the monastic school at Moville, for Ireland, since the death of Patrick some half century previous, had produced a large number of such small colleges. Here he stayed until ordained deacon; then went to study in Leinster under the bard Gemman, and hence to Clonard to St. Finnian, who had studied in Wales and who taught Columba the traditions of the Welsh church.

Clonard was a famous school in Columba’s day. It had been founded by St. Finnian about 520, the fact being commemorated in the breviary on St. Finnian’s feast by an old Latin hymn whose jingling metre would fit it perfectly to the tune of one of our popular patriotic songs,—

“Reversus in Clonardiam  
 Ad cathedram lecturæ  
 Apponit diligentiam  
 Ad studium scripturæ.”

Finnian is rightly called the “Tutor of the Irish Saints.” From his school came the Twelve Apostles of Ireland: Ciaran of Clonmacnoise and Ciarn of Saigher; Brendan of Birr, “the Prophet,” and Brendan of Clonfert, “the Navigator;” Columba of the Churches, i. e. Colum-cille of whom we are speaking, and Columba of Tir-da-Glas; Mobhi of Glasnevin and Rodan of

Lorrha; Senanus of Inniscathy, Ninnidh of Lock Erne, Lasserian and finally St. Cainnech of Kilkenny, known in Scotland as St. Kenneth. It was men of this type that Columba met at Clonard, engaged in study, labor, prayer and fasting. It is related that one day Finnian said to his beloved disciple Senachus, "Go and see what each of my disciples is doing at this moment." Senachus went on his errand and found them all busy at their various tasks. "Some were engaged in manual labor," says the ancient manuscript, "some were studying the Sacred Scriptures, and others, especially Columba of Tir-da-Glas, he found engaged in prayer with his hands stretched out to heaven and the birds came and alighted on his shoulders. "He it is," said Finnian, "who shall offer up the Holy Sacrifice for me at the hour of my death,"—for his, it seems, was pre-eminently the spirit of holy prayer and meekness.

Leaving Clonard, Columba went to the school of Mobhi at Glasnevin near Dublin, where some fifty students were at work. Driven thence by the plague, he went northward to the home of his cousin, the Prince of Aileach, near Derry. The Prince offered him the so-called Island of Derry, a rising plot of ground of oval shape, covering some two hundred acres, along the slopes of which flourished a splendid forest of oak trees, giving the place its name of Derry or the Oak Grove. This grove was a perpetual joy to Columba, who was a great lover of the beautiful in nature. He changed the intended position of his church when he found that some of the trees must be felled if the original plan of placement were carried out. He gave strict orders that his successor should spare the lovely grove and that if any of the trees should be blown down, part of the wood should be stored as fuel for their own guest-house and the rest be given to the poor.

Years after, on the desolate island of Iona, Columba recalled the peaceful, happy days spent at this, the first monastery of his founding, and wrote the poem on Derry:

"That spot is the dearest on Erin's ground  
For the treasures that peace and that purity lend,  
For the hosts of bright angels that circle it round  
Protecting its border from end to end.

"My Derry, my Derry, my little oak grove,  
My dwelling, my home and my own little cell,  
May God the Eternal in Heaven above  
Send death to thy foes and defend thee well."

Columba was only twenty-five when he founded Derry. Within the next seventeen years he established the still more celebrated schools of Durrow in King's County and Kells in Meath. A description of him at this time is given by an ancient writer who says he was "a man well formed with powerful frame; his skin was white; his face was broad and fair and radiant, lit up with large, gray, luminous eyes; his large and well shaped head was crowned with close and curling hair, except where he wore his frontal tonsure. His voice was sweet with the sweetness of the bards, clear and resonant so that he could be heard at 1500 paces"—what would be his record with a modern megaphone? In temperament he was quick and passionate. His activity was wonderful. "Not a single hour of the day," says Adamnan, "did he leave unoccupied without engaging in prayer or in reading or in writing or in some other work." He took part in the manual labor of the monastery, cooking or looking after his ploughmen. He was an unwearied scribe and poetry was his delight. His followers were ever occupied in transcribing his literary works, and we read in his Irish life that he himself wrote "three hundred gifted, lasting, illuminated, noble books."

Scotland became the home of Columba in 563. His motive in leaving his native Ireland is given by his ninth century successor and most noted biographer, Adamnan, as "the desire to carry the Gospel to a pagan nation and to win souls to God." Other authorities enter into more detail and declare with considerable probability that Columba was carrying out a severe penance imposed on him by his confessor, St. Molaise: to leave Ireland and preach the gospel so as to win for Christ as many souls as had perished in the battle of Cooldrevney, where Columba's clansmen the Neill's, supported by his prayers and incited by his counsels, had defeated the warriors of King Diarmait in the year 561. With twelve companions Columba crossed the sea in a currach of wickerwork covered with hides, and landed on the barren, craggy island of Iona on the eve of Pentecost, May 12, 563. For the next 600 years Iona was virtually an Irish island occupied by Irish monks and scholars. As soon as Columba and his followers had built their monastery, they went forth to preach Christianity to the Northern Picts. Many memorials of their saintly work are found in Northern Scotland, the Great Glen and the country to the eastward into Aberdeenshire. Montalembert's "Monks of the West" furnishes a wealth of information on Columba's missionary work. His feast is kept in Scotland on the ninth of June, for Holy Mother Church observes the feast day of a saint not on the date of his

birth, which marks his entrance into "this vale of tears," but on the date of his death, which marks the triumphal ending of his time of probation.

On the eve of his death, which occurred in 597, he was engaged in the work of transcription. Earlier in the day he had viewed the gardens and buildings of the monastery in company with Diarmait, his attendant; he had blessed the work of his followers for the last time and was returning from the barn to the monastery when he was overcome with fatigue and sat down by the roadside to rest. And the chronicler tells us that "as he sat there resting his aged limbs, the old white horse that used to carry the milkpails from the byre to the monastery came up and put his head on the saint's shoulder as if the animal knew that his master was to leave him. The saint, deeply moved, blessed the poor, faithful horse and said, 'It is God that has made known to him through instinct that he will see me no more.' " Entering the cloister he went directly to his cell and sat there copying the Psalter. But as soon as he came to the eleventh verse of the thirty-third psalm in the Vulgate, where it is written: "Inquirentes autem Dominum non deficient omni bono," he laid down the pen and said, "Here I must stop; Boathin will write the rest." At the midnight hour, when the bell for matins summoned the monks to chapel, they found their dying abbot prostrate in prayer before the altar; they raised him gently, and in a few moments he expired in the arms of his companion Diarmait, breathing blessings on Iona and his disciples.

The best history of Columba's life is the Latin one written by Adamnan, his ninth successor in the abbacy of Iona. "It is," says Pinkerton, "the most complete piece of such biography that all Europe can boast, not only at so early a period, but even through the whole Middle Ages." This admirable work has been preserved to us through the scholarship and research of Stephen White, a learned Irish Jesuit Father of the seventeenth century.

Iona became a celebrated shrine. Kings and princes come hither on pilgrimages as Columba has foretold. Niall Frassach gave up his crown, took the pilgrim's staff and died at Iona in 778. Artgal, son of Cathal, King of Connaught, came here to "make his soul" in 791; and many princes of the Picts and Saxons did the same in later years.

The spiritual lineage of Columba numbers one hundred twelve saints. Would that time permitted us to enter into an account of some of these great lives,—the martyr St. Blaithmac, the exegesist Marianus Scotus, Flathbhertach O'Brolchain of Derry, St. Comgall of Bangor, St. Columbanus, St. Mal-

achy, and Dungall, the theologian, astronomer and poet, would well repay our study. From the School of Cork we should take St. Finbar; St. Fintan and Aengus the Culdee, from the School of Clonenagh; St. Kevin and St. Moling from Glendalough; Sts. Colman and Gerald from the School of Mayo; St. Jarlath from Tuam; St. Nessan from Mungret, St. Cronan from Roscrea and St. Coimin from the School of Inniscaltra.

The Irish scholars abroad in this period would furnish another interesting and illuminating chapter, from Virgilius, Archbishop of Salzburg, to Sedulius the theologian in Italy. For an account of these, we refer the student to Healy's valuable work, "Ireland's Ancient Schools and Scholars."

It would be unpardonable to close this sketch without summarizing the work of the great Irish missionaries of the period. Their highest compliment and the most unprejudiced estimate of their work comes from the populace of those nations to whom they devoted their lives. Let us present it on the authority of the scholarly Stephen White, S. J. "The nations they converted, edified and civilized have placed upon the altars of the churches where they labored 150 of these saints, of whom 36 were martyrs, in Germany; 45, of whom 6 were martyrs, in Gaul; 30 in Belgium; 13 in Italy; 8, all martyrs, in Norway and Iceland;" and Montalembert quotes an ancient writer enumerating the monasteries founded by Irish monks on foreign soil as 13 in Scotland, 12 in England, 7 in France, 12 in America, 7 in Lorraine, 10 in Alsatia, 16 in Bavaria, 15 in Rhetia, Helvetia and Allemania:—there were many in Thuringia and the left bank of the lower Rhine, and finally 6 in Italy.

For a profound study of this important period, scholars may be referred to O'Curry's Manuscript Material for Ireland's Ancient History, *La Revue Celtique*, and the recent articles of Morris in Irish periodicals; for the general reader there is a long list of interesting works to be had in our own excellent public library; and for all of us who are proud of our Irish blood, the present very imperfect survey will amply vindicate the claim of Ireland to that title which she received centuries ago from the learned men of the world: "Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum."—"Island of the Saints and Scholars."—The Catholic Messenger, Worcester, Mass.



## Thomas E. McEvoy, M. D.

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Dr. Thomas E. McEvoy is a native of Hopkinton, Mass., and was born July 27, 1859, son of Patrick McEvoy and Mary (Daw) McEvoy. He attended the grammar schools and was prepared for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, from which he was graduated in 1886. He entered Yale College, graduating in 1890, and was graduated from Yale Medical School in 1892.

Dr. McEvoy is a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society. In 1896 he served as a member of the School Committee, Worcester, Mass. He joined Division I, A. O. H., of Worcester, in 1896, and for twelve years was physician for the Division. June 12, 1900, Dr. McEvoy was married to Mary Spencer O'Day, daughter of James and Margaret Spencer of Worcester.





*Very truly yours*

*Thomas E. McGray W.*



# The Struggle With the Danes

800—1169

—BY—

THOMAS E. McEVROY, M. D.

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The period of Irish History that falls within the beginning of the ninth and the middle of the twelfth century is, perhaps, the most fruitful for study than that of any other period of the annals of Ireland. For, up to this time, our Irish people with slight or no influence from without met those problems, incident to the development of a people from barbarism to a position of the most enlightened of the known world, and solved those problems in such a manner as to leave its impress upon the character of our people, which impress can be discerned in our time, though at an interval of one thousand years.

Ireland at the beginning of the ninth century had an established form of government, excelled in her institutions of learning, eminent in art, law, illumination of manuscripts, metal working, music, while a most commendable attempt in a native school of architecture, assiduously developed during this period which we are considering, to a beautiful promise is very evident from the few but inspiring examples of the so-called IRISH ROMANESQUE style of architecture. It was during this period that Ireland furnished that famous scholar, the most learned man of his time, John Scotus Erigena, who is considered to have founded an Irish School of Philosophy. It was during this period, furthermore, that Ireland's fame as the land of saints and scholars was spread broadcast through all Christendom.

What was the rest of Europe occupied with at this time? Charlemagne had just secured the Western Empire for himself, an achievement made possible by Charlemagne's grandfather, Charles Martel, with his Catholic Christian army, who, in 732, at Poitiers, checked the hitherto onward march of Moslemism

and saved Europe from oriental civilization. Ever since the fall of Rome, in the latter part of the fifth century, until the commencement of the ninth, the continent of Europe knew no uniform system of government and, consequently, disorganization of society took place. Christianity's problem became not to teach the word of God only, but it had to teach husbandry, agriculture, secular learning and special sciences, as medicine, and to inspire the great barbarian host to unite and to repel Moslemism, at the same time to accept the teachings of Christ as the foundation of their social fabric. Into this work, with exceptionally well equipped missionaries, Ireland pushed with such zeal and energy that it is well within the truth to maintain that Ireland's influence was the breakwater that walled off the threatened inundation of paganism and saved for Europe the Christian civilization which we all now enjoy.

Before leaving this cursory review of conditions in other lands than Ireland, a word about the neighbor, England, across the channel, may not be out of place. England's plight was worse than that of the continent. Charlemagne brought peace to the Western Empire. The English people and the tribes of the Angles were divided and warring among themselves, to such an extent that in vain did Alcuin, the great English monk, spread a written appeal to the English to make common cause against the pagan Danish invaders. The Britons were shut up in Cornwall and Wales, while the rest of England was divided into seven kingdoms, called the Heptarchy. These seven kingdoms, while at war with one another, suffered from internal strife, each in its own kingdom, a hopeless condition, until in 824, when Egbert, king of Wessex, united the seven kingdoms under his rule. During all this bloodshed, the Christian religion, through its monks, nobly struggled to introduce and make permanent Christian civilization among these barbarians, the Angles and the Saxons; for the seven kingdoms or heptarchy was composed of these peoples. Having some idea of the anarchy, barbarity, ignorance and atrocity of these times in the countries other than Ireland, it will enable us to understand why Ireland's condition is of so great interest.

Politically, Ireland was divided into five provinces, Leinster, Munster, Connaught, Meath and Ulster. These provinces were divided in turn, into tuaths, or sections containing about 177 square miles. In some instances, several tuaths would combine and were known as a mortuath. The tuaths, mortuaths, and provinces were ruled by petty kings, while the high king, or Ard-ri, ruled over all. The kings of the provinces ruled over the kings of the tuaths and mortuaths in their respective prov-

inces. In all Ireland at this period, there were about 184 tuaths.

The kings of the provinces paid tribute to the Ard-ri and were obliged to give service in time of war. These kings, from the Ard-ri to the petty king, were subject to law like their own subjects. The tuaths and mortuaths paid tribute and gave service in time of war to the provincial kings. Thus, we see, that the Ard-ri was a limited monarch. Under this systematized government, Ireland, throughout the centuries preceding the Danish invasion, progressed in all lines of industry, made constant progress in the arts and sciences, and in both civil and religious life. In industry, Ireland had intercourse with foreign nations through commerce from the days of Tacitus, the first century of the Christian era, exporting and importing commodities just as we do at the present time. The exports consisted in part, of furs, wool and woolen goods, linens, cereals, fish and salted hogs. They imported, for their own use, articles of luxury, dresses, gold and silver ornaments, swords, shields and staves. There were to be found mills for grinding corn, persons occupied with carding, spinning, weaving and dyeing of wool, the art of embroidery, leather tanning, manuscript writing, tilling and pastoral duties and the casting and bronzing of metals.

The civil life is well illustrated by the Brehon laws administered by the Brehons, or judges, and these laws regulated the obligations of the free tiller of the land. These laws take their beginning before the advent of Christianity, their roots lying deeply hidden in pagan times. The Book of Rights was prepared under the auspices of St. Patrick, and was considered by all Erin, in due course of time, as the supreme law of the land. The Book of Rights bore the same relation to the Brehon Laws as the United States Constitution and the constitutions of the several states bear to the great body of the law of the land.

Chastity and modesty were highly prized among the ancient Irish people of this epoch. The husband and wife were on terms of equality in regard to property and also in a Brehon Court. Women were to be found among the physicians and judges. Polygamy was very rare.

Ireland's development of architecture, during this period, took on a most noble promise, and it is well to notice reached the height of its peculiar Romanesque style. If we compare the temple of St. Molaise, at Inniscurry, Sligo, St. Finian's oratory at Innisfallen, Temple Benin of Aranmoore, with Cormac's chapel, on the rock of Cashel, the beautiful ruin of Devenish Island, Lough Erne, the truth of this statement can easily be seen. There, one can study the development of the so-called Irish Ro-

manesque Style of Architecture. Closely allied to this subject is the industry of stone carving, and masonry; the one seen in celtic crosses still preserved, while the art of masonry is well exemplified in the existing round towers with their conical tops, beautiful symmetry, and wonderful stability.

The wonderful art of illuminating manuscripts, in which our ancestors were pre-eminent, claim our admiration as works of this period. Previous to the eleventh century, books were very prevalent, a partial list of which is as follows:—

Book of the Dun Cow.  
 The Yellow Book of Slane.  
 The Book of Innis.  
 The Book of Monasterboice.  
 The Book of Flann.  
 The Book of Dun Given.  
 The Book of Downpatrick.  
 The Book of Derry.  
 The Book of Sab-ha Patrick.  
 The Book of St. Mologa.  
 The Yellow Book of Malling.  
 The Yellow Book of MacMurrough.  
 The Yellow Book of Armagh.  
 The Red Book of MacEgan.  
 Long Book of Leinster.  
 The Book of Scoba and Clonmacnoise.  
 The Book of Clonsost.

In these books are found beautiful specimens of illuminative art. This art has been divided into four groups: The Geometrical Design, Zoomorphic Design, Phyllomorphic Design, Figure Design. The geometrical ornament relates to the varieties of straight, curved and broken lines. The zoomorphic designs are the representation of animal life. The phyllomorphic design is illustrative of plant life. The figure design depicts the human form.

Celtic illuminative art is at once the pride and delight of the student of history. It ranks today as it ranked at the beginning of the eleventh century, as the very highest type of illuminative art in the world. The oldest of all these books, according to Joyce, is the book of the Dun Cow, transcribed by Mail Muri Mac Kelleher, who died at Clonmacnoise in 1106. Interlinear notes pervade the whole work. This book contains 134 folio pages, a mere fragment of the original work. Sixty-five pieces of various kinds, several of which are imperfect on account of missing leaves, are found; a copy of Amra, or elegy

on St. Columbkille, composed by Dallan Forguil, about 592, and an imperfect copy of the voyage of Mail Dunne.

In our city library, in the reference department, are many volumes illustrating these beautiful books, especially the book of Durrow. The subject of these books leads us up to the great monastic establishments, their cloisters and schools. These establishments were the most renowned, best equipped, just previous to the invasion of the Danes, of any in existence. The schools of Bangor, Clonard, Clonmacnoise, St. Malaise, St. Gobban and Clonfert are worthy examples. Oswald and Alfred, kings of Northumbria, England, and Dagobert, king of France, were educated at some of these noted institutions, in this manner demonstrating the wide influence of Irish Culture. In all parts of the country, were monasteries with schools attached to the greater number. In these schools and monasteries, were the libraries containing the books and manuscripts. History narrates that several of these schools had each a registration of three thousand pupils, very many, from one thousand to fifteen hundred each, and so on down to St. Mobi, with but fifty pupils. From this, you can infer what a large number of books must have been written yearly to supply these monastic libraries.

From these schools, there went forth between the eighth and tenth centuries, such missionaries as Alcuin, Clement, John Scotus Erigena, Dungal the Poet, theologian and astronomer, whose letter to the Emperor Charlemagne discloses his knowledge of the inclination of the plane of the moon's orbit to the plane of the ecliptic, and asserted that for an eclipse to occur, whether of the sun or moon, it is necessary for the moon to be in the plane of the ecliptic. He was a lecturer at the school of Charlemagne, and afterwards founded and became head of the school of Pavia. In 825, an Irish scholar, Dicuil, wrote a complete geography of the world so far as it was then known, and this work has recently been published by the Royal Irish Academy. Virgilius, Bishop of Saltzberg, publicly taught the world was a sphere and that people dwelt at the antipodes. Angus, the culdee, the great poet, St. Malachy, the noted physicians O'Callahans of Desmond, O'Briens of Thomond, O'Cassidys of Fermanagh, O'Lees of Connaught, Kennedys of Ormond and the McNamarahs of Clare, were of this period. The reputed author of the chronicle of the Scots, MacLaig, the poet and close friend of Brian Boru, with the co-operation of Errard MacNoise compiled the chronicle, "The Wars of the Gael With the Gaul." This work contains 121 chapters.

D'Alton writes that metal working was an industry in Ireland long before Christianity was introduced and continued on

down through the centuries to the period under consideration and became so well developed that the bell and its shrine, the croziers beautifully wrought swords and brooches, now extant, amply testify. The chariots were ornamented with gold and silver and fitted with iron tires. The arms for warfare and in some cases, covers for the books, were of metal, likewise chalices and crosses. The shrines for the books of Durrow and Kells have been lost, but that of St. Malaise is still preserved in the Museum of Science and Art in Dublin. The bells made in the tenth and eleventh centuries, such as the bell of Cumosach, were made of cast bronze. The shrines were made of brass, gold, silver and ornamented with precious stones and inlaid with fine threads of gold and silver. The brooch of Tara is a fine specimen of the brooches, of which there must have been a countless number, as they were worn by all.

Ireland was well in the forefront of Christian civilization, previous to the advent of the Danes, and devoted to those arts which shed an everlasting glory on our forbears. As for music, the beautiful melodies are still preserved for us, together with the harp, bag pipe, violin and trumpet, while in other lands were to be found teachers of music from Ireland. Yet, through it all, Ireland was continually torn with civil strife between the provincial kings and the petty kings. For instance—in Munster, the king of Desmond fought with the king of Thomond, and the struggle was handed on to their successors. One fruitful cause of strife was the imposition of a tribute on the conquered, putting the obligation to collect it on the victor. A noted instance of this custom is that of the tribute imposed on Leinster. Twice in the eighth century, was Leinster at war with the Ardri Fergal and his successors on account of it. Thus, the country was divided in sentiment, though a homogeneous people, when the foreigner was about to enter their land, the first time in history, for the purpose of conquest. These foreigners were the Danes, or Northmen, whose home was in the Scandinavian Peninsula and Denmark. The coasts of France, Scotland, England and Ireland were the objective points of their attacks. They were pagan pirates, whose sole object in Ireland at first seems to have been plunder. Ireland's reputation for wealth can be grasped from the following description taken from a French writer of the tenth century:—

“That very wealthy country, in which there were twelve bishoprics and a king, and which had its own language and Latin Letters.”

On came these iron clad robbers in the year 795, whose gods were the gods of silver and whose gods were the gods of



gold. The island of Lambay was looted and thereupon followed the plundering of Downpatrick, 798, Iona 806, when 68 monks were put to death.

In 807, Innismurray was sacked. In 811, islands off the coast of Kerry, 812, the county of Mayo was invaded. The coast line from Wexford to Cork and Kerry was devastated in the year 822. The famous school of Bangor was pillaged in the year 824 and nine hundred of its monks were killed. To show that the Danes did not find everything easy for them, Eginhard, the tutor of Charlemagne, who was living at this time, records, "The fleet of the northmen, having invaded Hibernia, the island of the Scots, after a battle had been fought with the Scots, and after no small number of the Norsemen had been slain, they basely took flight and returned home." Many similar examples might be quoted. This defeat took place near Killarney, in 812. Armagh, Louth and the greater part of Ulster were ravaged in 830. Up to this time, the purpose of the Danes was plunder and slaughter, with no evident desire of gaining a foothold in the country. Their method was to enter some exposed point with their shallow vessels, upon which they made their home, sack and ravage that section, quickly withdraw to their boats when danger threatened, sail away, only to appear suddenly at some distant part of the country and repeat their killing and robbing the people who, usually, were wholly unprepared, or, as in many instances, were monks who offered but a passive resistance.

As the voice of Aelfin failed to unify the inhabitants of England to meet effectively the invading Danes, so, likewise, in Ireland, interprovincial warfare rendered abortive any attempt to unite all Ireland to meet this brave, daring, cruel stranger from the north. As an example at this time, we find the Danes established at Limerick and on the Clare side of the Shannon making incursions into Munster, while the provinces of Munster, itself, Thomond and Desmond, were at war with one another. Again, the exaction from Leinster of the tribute, which consisted annually of 150 cows, 150 sheep, 150 pieces of cloth, 150 caldrons, 150 couples, male and female, for servitude, and 150 maidens, one of whom must be a daughter of the king of Leinster, kept Leinster at war with the Ard-ri. With these drawbacks, however, the northmen were defeated off the coast of Kerry in 811, at Hy Kinsella in 827, again at Shanna Golden in Munster.

In 832, the war under the Dane Turgesius, took on the form of conquest. Turgesius brought all the Danes in Ireland under his leadership and then conceived the idea of subduing the

whole country and bringing it under his rule. He first pushed into the north where he made his headquarters. In West Meath, within two miles of Castle Pollard, still stands a circular fort which was once occupied as a residence by Turgesius. From Dundalk to Limerick and up the Shannon, the boats of Turgesius swept sacking all Connaught, the kingdom of Meath, and capturing Dublin in 832. That he did not succeed in his set purpose, is due to the Ard-ri, Malachy the First, into whose hands Tergesius fell, and who drowned the Dane in the river Shannon about the year 845.

During the first century of the Danish wars, a fleet would arrive from the north at an interval of about eight years. Every battle ground was a shamble, where lay the flower of both defenders and invaders. Victory for the Danes meant transportation for the young of Ireland. Those remaining were pillaged and placed under tribute, their schools, churches and monasteries sacked. Every eight years during this century of warfare, the men of Erin had to face fresh arrivals coming in hordes from the northern seas in this seemingly endless struggle.

The churches and monasteries, besides being rich in their own possessions, were used as safety deposits for the people, because these were held as sacred precincts. From the death of Tergesius until 879, the Danish arms suffered many reverses and then succeeded an interval of 35 years of comparative freedom from foreign invasions.

It must be understood that nowhere in the world was there such a thing as a nation in the modern sense. The present nations of the world had not come into being, and it is not surprising to find the idea of Ireland for her people not even dawning upon our forefathers. And so, instead of profiting by experience, hopeless discord occurred during this respite. Flann, the son of Malachy, attacked and overran Munster. Connaught was at war with Meath, and Ossory was at war with the Diesii. In 906, a battle was fought between Cormac, king of Munster, and the combined forces of Flann and the king of Leinster, where Cormac was defeated with a loss of 6000 men. Thus, can be appreciated the short sighted policy pursued by our ancestors. Fresh swarms of northmen invaded Ireland in 915 under Ragnal. Munster was plundered and the fight unto death went on as before. Dublin was again captured, the Ard-ri Nial Glenduff was killed and the whole country, described by Mac Laig, as follows:—

“They killed the kings and the chieftans, the heirs to the crown and the royal princes of Erin; they killed the brave and

the valiant and the stout champions and soldiers and young lords; and the greater part of the heroes and warriors of the Gael; and brought them under servitude and tribute. They reduced them to bondage and slavery. Many were the blooming women and comely maidens and blue eyed young women and well brought up youths and valiant champions they carried into bondage over the broad green sea. Also, many and frequent were the bright and brilliant eyes that were suffused with tears and dimmed with grief and despair at the separation of son from father, and daughter from mother, and brother from brother, and relatives from their race and tribe." The leading men of the Danes met the same fate as the leaders of their foe, and it is not an uncommon occurrence to find families for three generations furnishing leaders for the invaders whose bodies were all left on the battlefield of Erin. The son of Nial Glenduff fought the Danes for twenty years, obtaining a soldier's death at the battle of Arobe. He was succeeded by his son, Congalach, who fell fighting in 956. Then, came a respite from strife until 980, a period of twenty-four years, whereupon, Malachy the Second became Ard-ri. The Danes, for the first time, felt the heavy hand of a master. Olaf, king of Dublin, was forced to withdraw to Iona, where he died a Christian's death, and the Danes in Dublin were put under tribute. At this time, Thomond, the north province of Munster, was ruled over by Mahon, the son of Kennedy, the grandson of Lorcan. Mahon had a younger brother named Brian. For a long time, this province had been a prey for the Danes of Limerick, so much so that Mahon proposed peace with the Danes. Brian, the younger brother, would not consent to a treaty of peace with their traditional enemy, and, from a small band of fifteen followers, became sufficiently strong in numbers so that he slowly but surely overcame the Danes of Limerick, and the province of Thomond regained its position of power in Munster. His brother, Mahon, was treacherously put to death by one Donovan, and Brian became king of all Munster, in 978, by defeating the king of Desmond.

Brian now made known his determination to become high king of all Ireland by gradually extending his dominion until he aroused the suspicion of the Ard-ri Malachy the Second. It was not until 1002 that Brian became Ard-ri, and in 1005, after marching through Ireland, disbanded his army. He immediately set about repairing the damage to the country of two centuries of war. This was the period of peace and plenty, and respect for law and order prevailed. Moore's poem entitled, "Rich and Rare Were the Gems She Wore," was inspired by Warner's de-

scription of this period of Brian's reign. There was one act of Brian that sowed the seed for future trouble. He re-imposed the tribute on Leinster, and hence he is sometimes called "Brian of the Tribute, of Brian Boru." This drove Leinster to throw in its lot with the Danes and with whatever enemies the Ard-ri had among his own subjects. This action brought about concord and harmony between Malachy the Second and Brian.

In 1014, clouds began to darken the pleasant prospect of peace, and the great test of strength occurred at Clontarf, Leinster, when the Danes collected from Dublin, Isle of Man, the Orkneys, Norway, Sweden, Shetland Islands, Northumbria, Strye, Lewis, Cantire, and Cornwall, threatened Ireland. The forces of Brian were strengthened by Donal, Great Steward of Mar from Scotland. The Danes wore armor, using as weapons the spear, sword, shield, bow and arrow and the battle-axe. The Irish soldier wore no armor. His weapons consisted of the bow and arrow, long and short spears, the mace, the battle-axe and the shield. He was protected by a leathern corselet, leathern greaves and a leathern hemlet. They did not make use of cavalry. The soldier, at this period, was the kern, or light armed infantry man. These battles were hand to hand engagements, frightful slaughter resulting from the blows of the battle-axes. The forces at Clontarf were about equally divided. twenty thousand, or thereabout, in each army.

It may well be said that the great commander of the fighting men of Erin at this time spent his whole life from the cradle to the grave opposing the Dane. His father, Kennedy, met his death fighting the northmen in the province of Thomond in 949. His grandfather, Loran, met a soldier's death in this Danish struggle. His brother, Mahon, like himself, inherited the piracy of the Danes on the borders of his province, and constant fighting was his portion. Brian was of the Dalcassian strain, whose founder was Cormac Cas, the grandson of Owen More. Owen More was the rival of Con of the hundred battles in the second century for the position of high king of Ireland. They settled their dispute by dividing Ireland into two portions, north and south. The dividing line was from Dublin to Galway Bay. The province of Thomond came to the O'Brien's by inheritance.

The greatest representative of the Dalcassian race must have realized very early in his career the great need of the time, namely, the concentration of the sovereign power in the hands of one person. This he had accomplished before the men of Erin met the foreign army on that Good Friday morning nine hundred years ago. Both armies were drawn up facing one one

another with the width of a four horse chariot between them. The Dalcassians, under Murdach, son of Brian, held the centre position. Brian's nephew, Conaing, commanded the left wing, while the men from Connaught held the right wing. There are several accounts of this battle, which can be obtained at the public library. One of these is supposed to be Malachy's account of it. The contest lasted until darkness set in, when the Danes ran for their boats, whereupon, the daughter of Brian is reported to have said to the Danish king's son, "It appears to me that the foreigners have gained their inheritance." "What meanest thou, Oh woman?" said Amlaff's son. "The foreigners are going into the sea, their national inheritance. I wonder is it heat that is upon them; but they tarry not if it is."

It is estimated that 7000 lives were lost by the enemy, and 4000 Irish soldiers, and these the very best in all Ireland. Brian was 88 years of age, and, while not taking an active part in the battle, he remained in the rear of his army, where he received reports and gave his orders during the battle. Brian met his death while at prayer for the success of his army, at the hands of a retreating Danish chieftan. In the hearts of the Irish people, no doubt, Brian was first in war, first in peace, and perhaps, first in the hearts of his countrymen. His son and his nephew were both killed and Malachy became Ard-ri again, high king of all Ireland. Brian Boru's defeat of the Danes is in marked contrast to the success of the Danish arms in England and France. Three years after the battle of Clontarf, the English people were overpowered, and Canute, the Dane, became King of England in 1017. In France, under Rollo, they obtained the province of Normandy in 911. It is, then, with all honor to the valor of our forefathers, that after two and a half centuries of fighting, they accomplished what neither England nor France had been able to do. The danger from Danish subjugation of Ireland had now passed. Malachy died in 1022, his reign being marked by constant war with Leinster and its allies. The Danes in Ireland became incorporated with the Irish people, had become Christianized, devoted themselves to commerce, and henceforth are to be considered as part of the Irish people.

The interval between the victory of Clontarf and the invasion of the Normans, D'Alton describes as a long period of discord. While the kings of the various provinces were at war with one another, the tuaths, or petty kings, found sufficient cause, or liberty, if you will, to engage in war between themselves. Brian's two surviving sons, Donogh and Teige, fought one another for the kingship of Munster. Teige met his death

in this quarrel and Donogh became king of Munster and tried to become Ard-ri, high king. In 1023, he became king of Meath, Bregia, Leinster, Ossory and Munster. In 1024, he conquered Breffni, Connaught in 1060. He died at Rome in 1064. The grandson of Brian, Teige, succeeded Donogh, but remained a provincial king. He died in 1086. His fame, however, spread to England. The Archbishop of Canterbury, of those days, described him as the Magnificent King of Ireland. From the death of Malachy then, until the great king of Connacht, Roderic O'Connor became Ard-ri about 1169, there had been no high king of Ireland. The period was marked by continuous strife, no petty king being powerful enough to succeed Malachy. The Fourmasters record, "That Ireland was a trembling sod."

However, Ireland continued to send her great teachers to the continent of Europe, among whom might be mentioned Marianus Scotus, or Marion the Irishman, who established an Irish Monastery at Ratisbon, from which as a parent monastery were formed monasteries at Wurtzburg 1143, Nurnberg 1140, Constanz 1142, St. George in Vienna 1155, Eichstadt 1183, St. Maria in Vienna 1200.

The monasteries of Clonmacnoise, Lismore and Derry enjoyed a moderate degree of prosperity during this stormy time. In 1132, there came into the religious life of Ireland Malachy O'Morgair, known afterwards as Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh. Civil and religious life suffered a great deal in its contact of two and a half centuries with the Danes. The people lost regard for their institutions and traditions of their former greatness and in many instances became despoilers of their own schools and churches. In some cases, the princes assumed control of large church sees, appropriated the revenues for their own private ends, and possessed mistresses as well as wives. The church became so demoralized that D'Alton, in contrasting the condition with its former grandeur, says that in the days of Columba, or Columbkille, "The Irish church of that day might be likened to a splendid ship equal to the most arduous voyage and fearing neither wind nor tide. In the twelfth century, she had become a battered hulk aimlessly drifting in the sea." St. Malachy gave his life to reforming the church, restoring to the church the sees taken away, brought harmony between the church and the rest of christendom, and finally strengthened and placed the church in that high position which she has ever since maintained. He became papal legate and as such traveled all over Ireland, settling disputes, checking strife, introducing the Cistercian order into Ireland and building for them a monastery at Mellifont in 1142. He made two pilgrim-

ages to Rome. In 1152, Cardinal Paparo, special representative of the Pope, was present at the synod of Kells and conferred four palliums on the Archbishops of Armagh, Cashel, Dublin and Tuam, and at this synod, thirty-eight dioceses were established. St. Malachy died at Clairvaux while on a pilgrimage to Rome. St. Bernard, of Clairvaux, a warm personal friend of St. Malachy, wrote a biography of him, a copy of which is in the public library. In this work the description of the church at this time in Ireland has been rather darkly drawn. In regard to which, the late John Henry Newman, the Cardinal, wrote as follows:—

“We are far indeed from taking to the letter all that he says of the Irish. We believe that, as in other passages of his history, his ardent temper carried him beyond the truth. We believe that the statements contained in his well known life of St. Malachy are exaggerations. Still, it must not be forgotten that he was a personal friend of St. Malachy, who had visited him at Clairvaux on his way to and from Rome, whither St. Malachy repaired expressly on the Ecclesiastical affairs of Ireland.” None the less, can we get away from the fact that the people became brutalized to a certain degree, and had fallen away from that steady progress so well marked at the beginning of the Danish invasion. The most marked effects during this long period were the utter lack of a strong centralized government; the constant civil strife in the presence of a powerful enemy; the custom of exacting tribute from one another’s provinces; no sign of anything like a national idea; failure to meet the invaders on sea as well as on land.

Brian Boru, while checking the Danish threatened usurpation, in other respects left affairs as he found them; internal strife, pillaging of churches, besides establishing the precedent of seizing the sovereign power by force. Nothing that was worthy in Irish life, the arts, sciences, industries, and religious life, escaped the blighting effect of the invaders. All that was near and dear in their social life suffered profound changes, leaving deep traces when Ireland was called upon to face the one struggle which she is still carrying on and which has so embittered the last seven centuries of Ireland’s history.

The record of our forefathers has been preserved in an almost miraculous manner. It is to be found not only in Ireland in her relics and ruins, but also in very many thousands of manuscripts scattered through the libraries of the world. We know but a fragment of this record, for manuscripts, covered with the dust of centuries, await the scholars to lay before us their hidden secrets, and silence the slander to be found on the page of

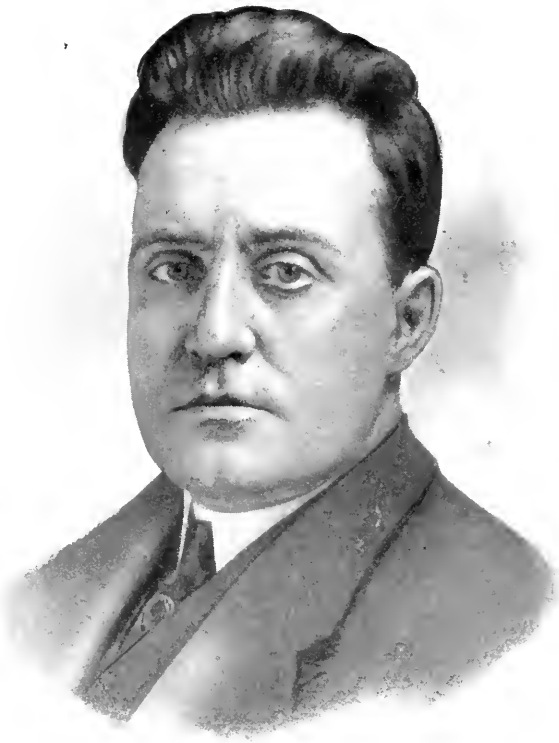
## Hon. John H. S. Hunt

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John H. S. Hunt was born March 14, 1879, in Worcester, Mass., the son of Frederick P. Hunt and Bridget (Cosgrove) Hunt. He studied in the Worcester public schools and was graduated from the Worcester English High School, in 1898. Mr. Hunt received his legal education at the Boston University Law School and was admitted to the practice of his profession in 1904. He is a member of the American Bar Association and of the Massachusetts State Bar Association.

Mr. Hunt represented the First Worcester District, which comprises the larger part of his native city, in the Massachusetts State Senate during 1911 and 1912. He has been a member of the Worcester Democratic City. Mr. Hunt has held membership in Division 3, A. O. H., of Worcester, for several years.





Sincerely Yours  
J. H. S. Hunt

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# Contest With the Normans

1169—1367

—BY—

HON. JOHN H. S. HUNT

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The arrival of the Normans in Ireland was the introduction of the feudal system. A comparison of this system and the Irish tribal system will throw a light on the Norman invasion, an invasion which never reached the dignity of a conquest, an invasion which differed from the Norman conquest of England in one particular at least, in that the invaders were assimilated by the Irish people and in time drank in some of the aspiration of the Irish people, and came under the influence of its traditions so that they in turn fought for the perpetuation of Irish ideals. To understand the conflict between the Irish and the Anglo-Normans you must search out the differences between the tribal system as it existed in Ireland under the Brehon laws down to its subjugation and the feudal system.

In Ireland land was owned in common by each clan or sept of the same name, and a chief or leader (the toparch) was elected to rule over them. He allotted the land among the different families according to the number of children they possessed. The state being dependent upon the perpetuation of the family life, it was recognized even then by the Irish race that race suicide was detrimental to the life of the tribe and nation, and so in this manner they furnished an incentive for large families. The land was held to be the foodstock of the whole people, a common heritage in which every household had the right of use in proportion to the number of its inmates. No man could own land save the man who cultivated it, and he only so much as his domestic responsibility entitled him to. A portion of the land was marked off as in common for grazing, and another portion with a large house built thereon, for the reception and care of every traveler, where he could be assured of food and shelter. The occupants of the land paid a fixed tax of tribute

apart from service duty rendered the chief and a share of the farm might be sublet. Agriculture had always been the pride of the Irish people. It has been the fashion to regard the tribal system as the mark of a barbarous people. This was not true of the Celtic people. Their idea of a state or a nation may have been different from that of the mediaeval world of Europe, but it was not uncivilized. The law of the people was the law of the nation. How modern that sounds. Yes the people did rule. They never lost their faith in the law of the people and they never exalted a central authority, for their law did not need the sanction of a central authority. The administration of the law of the land was parceled out among different self-governing communities. All through its history to this time the forces of union have not been material but spiritual, and the life of the people consisted not in its military cohesion but in its joint spiritual inheritance. Such an instinct of national life does not lose but rather gains by comparison with the much praised feudalism of the middle ages in Europe. It must at least be conceded that the Irish tribal scheme of government contained as much promise as the feudal scheme which became the political creed of England, but never of Ireland. Of a different age and different conditions, yet the make up of the political system of Ireland bears a similarity to the make up of the United States. Each tribe, as each state, was supreme within its own borders, and in those affairs of local application; it elected its own chief and could depose him if he acted against the law, thus giving us an early example of the method of impeachment and recall. The chief had no power over the soil save as the elected trustee of the people. The privileges of the various chiefs, judges, captains, historians, poets, and so on, were handed down from one generation to another.

The Ard-ri, or high king, was a representative of the whole national life, but his power rested on the consent of the tribes and the people. He could impose no new law; he could demand no service outside of the law.

Separate and independent as the tribes were, yet all accepted the one code which had been fashioned in the course of ages by the genius of this great people. The same law was recited in every tribal assembly. The traditions and the learning of the nation were preserved by a class of learned men; the law was expounded by schools of law. Learning, it can be truly said, was exalted by the Irish people, a people who were held together loosely in a political union, but who, as all history has shown, were bound hard and fast in a spiritual union. The weak points of such a system are quite apparent. A country

divided in government in those times was weakened for purposes of offence, or for joint action in military matters. Riots and forays there were, among a martial race and strong men of hot passions, but this was quite common, throughout the mediæval world. Local feuds were no greater in Ireland than existed in England, even long after the Norman Conquest.

Starting in the latter part of the twelfth century, there came crashing into this country, the aggressive and highly organized military force of the Anglo-Normans bent on conquest and spoilation, and bent on imposing the feudal system on Ireland. It is quite evident no two forms of social life could show more contrast than the tribal and the feudal systems. The Roman Empire engraved on the minds of its subject races the notion of a state held together, defended, governed and policed by a central body or ruler. The sovereign was supreme in the domain of matters pertaining to force and the maintenance of order. The essential life of the nation and its directive force came in turn to be expressed in the will and power of its ruler. The feudal system was a complicated political and military organization. In the feudal system the land belonged not to the tribe as a whole, but to the Crown absolutely. The Crown permitted certain individuals by virtue of a contract to possess the land in a limited ownership. The lord ruled his vassals by virtue of his ownership of the land, not as being of their kin or by their election. The vassals had no connection among themselves, save the accident of standing in the same relation to one lord. They held their lands, not as their own, but upon the performance of military duties and other specified duties. The whole system formed a vast hierarchy extending from the sovereign at its summit, to the lowest vassal at its base, each occupying a definite position; the system possessing qualities of organization and compactness as a political and military force unknown to the tribal system.

This, then, was the system launched by the English kings at the Irish people in the latter part of the twelfth century.

### ANGLO-NORMAN INVASION

Roderic O'Connor at the beginning of this period was recognized as the high king or Ard-ri of all Ireland. He was the last of the long line of Irish monarchs. This king had not been distinguished among his fellow chieftans by virtue of his courage or activity. But in common with the princes and leaders of those days in all countries, he did possess at times qualities so ferocious as to have led him to commit acts of great

cruelty. Upon this monarch devolved a tremendous task of grappling with problems, the solution of which was to have a far-reaching effect upon the subsequent history of Ireland, and which was to determine largely the happiness or sorrow of the Irish people. He failed. And the history of mankind was presented with the spectacle of a nation arrested in the development of her national genius, her national aspirations; prevented from bringing to fruition the great latent powers and qualities of her civilization. A sad spectacle, a piteous one, yet one that, in the heart and soul of the man who has Irish blood in his veins, arouses, as he traces the hideous events of the succeeding centuries, first, a feeling of sadness, then of despair, and finally of noble rage, as he sees a proud, learned, loving people driven to the verge of madness by wrongs, prosecutions and proscriptions.

The reign of Roderic O'Connor began in an auspicious way. He governed with moderation and wisdom. Shortly after he became king he convened a synod at Athboy in Meath, where there were gathered 1300 men. Laws and regulations were passed and the policing of the land was so effectively carried out that it might be said of the kingdom that a woman with a new-born infant might travel over the whole island from one sea to the other, without fear of insult. Mindful of the essential part that amusements played in the life of a people, the king in 1168 re-established the games at Tailton, and in 1169 he founded a professor's chair at Armagh. It was during his reign that an event occurred that brought in its train a series of events fatal to the natural development of the Irish people. Dermot MacMurrrough was king of Leinster at the time Roderic O'Connor became high king of Ireland. A description of Dermot at this time would not be out of place. He was a tall man and quite strongly built; a soldier whose valiant heart was in the fray, held valiant among his own nation. From often shouting his battle cry, his voice had become hoarse. He was a man who liked better to be feared by all than loved by any. One thing that could be said of him is that he was prone to oppress his greater vassals while he raised to high stations men of lowly birth. A tyrant to his own subjects he was hated by strangers; his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him. He had become king of Leinster in 1135. There had always been more or less friction between him and Tiernan O'Ruare, the lord of Breffney, in the eastern part of Connaught. This hostility between the two had been intensified by the frequent collisions between their respective clans, and finally an event took place that raised the feeling of animos-

ity to its highest pitch and was a potent factor in bringing about a series of events fatal to Ireland.

It seems that before her marriage to Prince O'Ruarc, the fair Dervorgilla, the wife of Prince O'Ruarc, had a sweet and kindly feeling for Prince Dermot. By a secret understanding between Dervorgilla and Prince Dermot, while Prince O'Ruarc was away on one of his military expeditions, the parties eloped. The wronged husband appealed to Tordelvach, who was then high king of Ireland. The Irish people have always taken great pride in the purity of their family relations, and this act stirred the nation to its depths. The king marched an army the following year into Leinster and recaptured the fair Dervorgilla from her lover and sent her to her relatives in Meath. She subsequently retired to a monastery. Some historians place this event in 1166, but as a matter of fact, the affair happened in 1153. So long as King Tordelvach lived, O'Ruarc was sure of a powerful friend, but at his death and as soon as O'Lochlin succeeded to the headship of the Irish people, Dermot's fortunes took a leap upward, and he let no opportunity pass without heaping some wrong or insult upon his rival.

However, as soon as Roderic O'Connor became king in 1166 he extended his friendship to O'Ruarc. This read the downfall of Dermot. Here was a prince who had been a founder of religious houses and at Ferns, where he had his own residence, he had built many large and richly endowed monasteries and abbys; yet, because of his cruelty and insolence, his munificence was forgotten, and many whom he had trodden on in his prosperity now took advantage of the turn of the wheel of his fortune. He was assailed and attacked from all quarters. Deserted even by his own vassals he retired to Ferns, there practically with his back to the wall, he took the desperate resolution to call to his aid foreigners to retrieve his fallen fortune. He set fire to the town of Ferns, took flight privately, and embarked for England.

He made his way to Aquitaine in France, to obtain the assistance of Henry the Second, of England. He was willing to make any promise or sacrifice to secure his restoration. Henry the Second at that time was not ready to enter personally, but the project pleased him. Here was an opportunity for which he had been looking and waiting. He had for some time looked longingly upon the kingdom of Ireland, and he did not desire to lose such an opportunity to invade Ireland. He gave letters to Dermot authorizing him to recruit adventurers within his jurisdiction. In return for this recommendation, Dermot swore fealty to Henry the Second.

Armed with this letter, Dermot fixed himself in Bristol, England, endeavoring to raise recruits. Here he fell in with Richard deClaire, known as "Strongbow," whose fortunes were in a bad way, and who was ripe to enter upon any venture worth while to mend his fortunes. His name and unquestioned abilities enabled him to gather round him characters of like daring and high courage. It was finally agreed between the contracting parties, the king, Richard and Dermot, that, in the ensuing Spring, Richard should lend his aid for the recovery of Dermot's kingdom, upon the condition of obtaining the hand of Dermot's daughter and the succession to Dermot's kingdom.

About May 1st, 1170, Robert Fitzstevens landed near Wexford, and on the next day Maurice DePrendergast, an independent adventurer with a force of about six hundred men, marched on Wexford. This town, after a short resistance, submitted to Dermot and his allies. Dermot granted the town and the surrounding country to Fitzstevens and Maurice. He also granted to others land and possessions lying between Wexford and Waterford to hold to them and their heirs forever. Now arises a singular situation. Here was a tribal chief of the Celts of Leinster, who under the tribal laws of Ireland had no other rights in the land than those he held by consent of the people who had dethroned him, conferring upon two Normans a town and district then occupied by a Danish population as vassals to him and his heirs. The attention of King Roderic O'Connor was drawn to these movements of Dermot and his allies. He called his chiefs together, and after counsel, resolved to make war upon Dermot. Dermot, alarmed, was eager to make peace. After a conference it was agreed that Leinster should be left under his dominion and rule, and that he in turn should submit to Roderic as chief king, paying the usual homage and service. There was a secret agreement that no more foreigners should be brought over, and that those in Ireland should be sent back. That was easier said than done. The harm was done and the current of adventurers once set in motion could not be checked. Gradually a large force of Normans gathered in Ireland. Waterford was captured. Richard deClare married Eva, the daughter of Dermot. Here was a situation now confronting the natives; a Norman lord claimed succession to the crown of Leinster, by a right utterly repugnant to all Celtic law and tradition, and which could only be established by an enforced change in the ideas and customs of the natives, their subjection to the condition of serfs, or their expulsion from the districts. As for Dermot, he thought to use the foreigners, but as time went on he became a mere puppet in their hands, and in the expedition



against Dublin, which was captured by a treacherous surprise, and other expeditions, he found himself merely accompanying, while his allies conducted the expeditions.

The whole national mind was alarmed by these events, and the clergy gathered at Armagh to search into the sins of their people. As a result of this synod, it was resolved: "That it appeared to the Synod that the Divine vengeance had brought upon them this severe judgment for the sins of the people and especially for this, that they had long been wont to purchase natives of England, as well from traders as from robbers and pirates, and to reduce them to slavery, and that now they also, by reciprocal justice, were reduced to servitude by that very nation. It was, therefore, publicly decreed by the afore mentioned Synod, and publicly proclaimed by universal accord, that all Englishmen throughout the island, who were in a state of bondage, should be restored to freedom."

What was the trouble? Was the possession of English slaves the cause of this paralysis which seemed to seize upon the energies of the Irish people, making them incapable of stemming this invasion? Was it not rather the absence of unity of action, and the ever active presence of individual friction, jealousy and hostility that constantly thwarted the attempt to organize an efficient government along the lines of their national character, and which paralyzed their national action and reduced the power of the chief king to insignificance. At this crisis of their faith and existence, the Celtic people did not seem to realize that the insubordination of the chiefs, the incapacity or powerlessness of their kings, their perpetual civil wars, and their utter political disorganization were strong cases which now rendered these foreigners so formidable. Mark you, it must not be held to their discredit, however, that because by virtue of their political structure they were in those times and under those conditions unable to forge an instrument of offence to meet the tramed, mailed-clad military force of the Anglo-Norman. No, as the years rolled on, they were to overcome and disintegrate this military organization and defeat it in detail by the all powerful weapon of assimilation. It took years, but it succeeded. Personal force and attraction more than military or political force move the world. The Irish used that more persuasive and powerful force.

In 1170 when Strongbow came and captured Waterford, matters were becoming more serious. The Ard-ri immediately gathered a large force and marched into Leinster. Dermot and his allies covered Dublin in a rapid march. He found the citizens prepared, and so proposed a parley. Led by the other patriotic

clergy and willing to avoid bloodshed, the citizens met the leaders of the besieging army in their camp. While there deliberating, a picked body of men from the enemy issued forth, made their way into the city and turned it over to pillage. By means of this treachery, Strongbow obtained a firm footing in the kingdom, and this footing ever remained the center of English activity.

Instead of attacking Strongbow at once, King Roderic drew off his forces for the purpose of supporting O'Ruarc in his possession and marched them into Meath. Dermot, actuated by the desire to further humiliate his old enemy O'Ruarc, sent Strongbow with a large force into Meath, with the intention of following later with a large force. The course of these allies was marked with the destruction of churches and the ruthless killing of the Irish people. The Irish King was helpless to prevent the fiendish acts of the scourge. Strongbow's progress was a series of successes. By this time Henry the Second had begun to grow jealous of the successes of his vassals in Ireland. Although two of the chief cities in Ireland had fallen, the Irish people had not abandoned the struggle. Ulster and most of Connaught remained within the Irish control, and even in Munster and Leinster, there was a considerable resistance to the Anglo-Norman. In all the battles with the Anglo-Normans, the Irish warriors, clad in cloth, armed with a short sword, the javelin and battle axe, the last of which was a terrible weapon for close fighting, found it a hard task to oppose men clad in steel armor from head to foot, and armed with formidable weapons of office and destruction. But even this handicap would have been overcome had they been united against a common foe.

Because of the fears of Henry the Second, Strongbow was ordered to return to England. Henry, seeing the possibility of a rich prize slipping from his grasp, collected a powerful fleet and army and set sail from England in October, 1171. He landed in Waterford, toward the latter part of October, where he was received by Strongbow, who did homage as a vassal. This was the serious moment of the Irish life as a nation. From this moment dates Ireland's subjugation. Had these Norman invaders united with the Irish people then as they did later, and repelled Henry and his forces, and kept Ireland for themselves, they would, in the end, have become a factor in the uplift and growth of the nation, but the landing of Henry put an end to such a hope. He began immediately to make a royal progress to the partially subjugated parts of Munster and Leinster. Many of the princes gave Henry the "kiss of peace." In his tour the king was wise enough to ex-

hibit a papal bull, alleged to have been given by Adrian the Fourth, who, by the way, was the only Englishman ever elevated to the head of the Holy See. This bull ceded to the English people the kingdom of Ireland. Now, whether this bull was genuine or not, and there is strong evidence that it was a forgery, it is amusing that it is the only papal utterance for which the English people express any gratitude. This bull caused some of the clergy to take no decisive or resolute stand against Henry's claim. A desire for peace and a realization that Henry's claim implied a mere recognition of his titular sovereignty and not in admission of his claim to the land, led them to advise King Roderic to sign a treaty with King Henry, which was done.

Henry the Second was a born politician, and while he was throwing flattery around among the clergy and talking about the ten commandments, he had in his train a number of needy and hungry barons, among whom he proceeded to parcel out the entire island in royal grants.

He gave away to DeLacy the entire kingdom of Meath, comprising about 800,000 acres. When O'Ruarc demanded that he be heard, he was invited to attend the conference, where he was murdered by a kinsman of DeLacy. While princes and clergy were waited on by this king, who was to bring law and order to this distracted country, there was at least one shining exception. The patriotic archbishop of Dublin, St. Lawrence O'Toole, who seemed to be alone in his comprehension of what this Norman invasion meant to his people, by his advice and counsel, encouraged King Roderic to resist. But to what avail! One man could not make the princes of the people heal their feuds, but, had all the prelates preached a war of extermination, the people would have forced their princes to combine and Ireland would have thrown off its yoke. King Roderick, despite his errors, yet merits honor for his patriotic spirit, for his intentions at least were good.

Leaving his followers to seize on whatever portions of Leinster they could hold, where their work was to spread ruin and dissension for centuries, Henry returned to England. It does seem strange that a few thousand adventurers could accomplish what they did. But bear in mind, under the makeup of the country and the nature of its social life, it was the fashion of every tribe to fight its own battles. When Roderic made a treaty with Henry the Second it was only the Ard-ri who made the treaty, and when his authority was threatened it was the Ard-ri's, and not the authority of the individual tribes; for what cared they?

Henry was no sooner out of the country than the barons began to live up to their true character. Fearless and martial as they were, yet they were nothing but reckless broilers and spoilers. In a short time they had the people up in arms and the tables were turned on them. Strongbow himself was locked up in Waterford and his co-workers were shut up in Dublin, Drogheda and Wexford, and affairs in general began to look bad. As a result of this, a commission was sent over to England to investigate, after which an Irish delegation went to London. A treaty was entered into between King Roderic and King Henry by which the former acknowledged the sovereignty of Henry, and Roderick was recognized as high king of Ireland, except those portions held by the Normans under Henry.

This treaty was soon violated by Henry. A bitter and fierce rebellion on the part of the Southern and Western Irish was crushed. Now occurred one of those acts of an individual which, at all times, has aroused the indignation and condemnation of the Irish people. Prince Murrrough O'Connor, thinking his father should be satisfied with the title of high king, rose in revolt, and endeavored to seize the crown of Connaught; but the old king was sustained by his people. Murrrough was defeated and in his bitterness of defeat, he allied himself with the Norman DeCogan. King Roderic, his heart wrung with sorrow at the crime of his son, and depressed and disgusted with the hopeless condition of Irish affairs, retired to the monastery in Galway, and there, after twelve years, he died on the 29th day of November, 1198, in his 82nd year. He was a good man and a noble king, but the times demanded a man of brain, blood and iron, another Brian Boru.

Meanwhile, every year a fresh swarm of greedy, land-hungry adventurers came to Ireland, carrying with them royal patents, granting them large slices of Irish territory for service rendered and to be rendered.

The history of Ireland for the next two centuries is in no wise notable except to show the animus of the English throne toward the Irish people. The sword made good the fiction of titles to land. Kings carved out estates for their nobles. These in turn, had to conquer the territories granted them, and there was to be no trade with the Irish; no intercourse, no relationship, no use of their dress, speech or laws, no dealings save those of slaughter and conquest.

Wherever there was a contest between native princes, the fire was fed. Often the Norman would take one side, and when the other was defeated would turn around and overwhelm the

victor. It came to pass that, in law, the Irish were aliens in their own land, and were refused the protection of English law. Shut out from the king's peace and court were the people who had carried the light and fire of a spiritual religion over England and Europe, who for four hundred years poured missionaries through Europe, their monasteries forming rest-houses for the travelers of Europe. This people to which civilization was indebted, this people whose monks taught the Piets to compose hymns in their own tongue, who trained the first English poets; this people now saw a political church bearing the sword of the conqueror planted among them.

From Henry II on, the purpose and aim of the English government was consistently the same. The land of Ireland was a King's land according to English law, but not in fact. So long as the Irish claimed one foot, the war must go on. At no moment was any peace possible for the Irish except by entire renunciation of their rights to the actual soil of their country. For the next 200 years, the country was shaken by civil wars, encouraged in a large part by the government officials who represented the English crown. Every Irish chief, surrounded by dangers, was bound to turn his court into a place of arms, thronged by men ready to meet any attack. No tribe dared to disarm, any more than the European countries of today.

But there was a force working to defeat the purpose of the English Crown. This force or power was the great power of assimilation of the Irish people. The Norman Colonists and the English Colonists, after a little experience, found the country delightful and the people anything but barbarians. They were attracted by the intelligence of its inhabitants. They took to Irish dress and language. They recognized Irish land tenures. They employed Irishmen in offices of trust. As the years rolled on, "English born in Ireland," degenerate English, became as much feared by the King as the "mere Irish."

Norman lords had married daughters of Irish chiefs all over the country, and had made treaties with every province. Many settlers changed their names to an Irish form, and taking up the clan system melted into the Irish population. Gradually, Irish names entered into the town houses of the business men. Almost to the gate of Dublin, the center of pure English bigotry, the merchants went riding Irish fashion, in Irish dress, and making merry with their forbidden Irish clients. So, what has been called the Anglo-Norman Conquest of Ireland was not a conquest. The great strength that lay in the spiritual ideal of the life of the Irish people was subjecting the minds of the invaders. So long as the Irish language preserved to the people

their own culture, they never failed to absorb into their life every people that came among them. The fusing of the Irish and the Normans brought about and added impetus in Irish trade and commerce. Together they took a prominent part in the commerce that was broadening over the world. Besides exporting raw materials, Irish made linen and cloth and cloaks and leather, were carried as far as Russia and Naples. Norman lords and Irish chieftans took in exchange, velvets, silks and satins, cloth of gold and embroidery. Irish goldsmiths made the rich vessels that adorn the tables of both Normans and of Irish.

While the relations between the Irish and the invading Normans were becoming closer, the attitude of the English government became more cruel and unjust toward the Irish people. It had taken legal possession of the land, but it found Irish hands and Irish battle blades in the way, preventing the delivery of that property. In order to get possession, the English government had to root out the Celtic race. It passed legislation prohibiting the marriage of English and Irish. If an Englishman was put in possession of land, he had the right to trespass upon his Irish neighbors. They passed a law declaring that the killing of an Irishman was no felony. Some specific instances on record will point out clearly the attitude of the English law towards the Irish people. At the assizes at Waterford in the 29th year of Edward the first, a certain Thomas Butler brought an action against Robert de Alwain to recover goods that Robert had stolen from him. It was admitted that he was a thief. The defense put in was that Butler was an Irishman. The issue was submitted to the jury as to whether Thomas was an Irishman or an Englishman. The jury found that Thomas was an Englishman, and so Robert, the thief, was obliged to return the goods. Another case happened in Waterford. A man named Robert Welch killed an Irishman, John McGilmore. He was tried for manslaughter. Welch admitted that he committed the act, saying, "Yes, I did kill him; you cannot try me for it, however, as he was only an Irishman." Instantly he was led out of the dock, on condition—since the dead Irishman had at the time of his death been in the employ of an English master—he should pay whatever he compelled him to pay for the loss of his services, and the confessed murderer might go free. The Irish were forbidden to buy land. If an Irishman made a will and left an acre of land to an Irishman, the moment it was proved he was an Irishman, the property was forfeited to the Crown of England. At one time, a Mrs. Catherine Dowdell made a will and left some land for charita-

ble purposes to her chaplain, and the land was forfeited because the priest was an Irishman. Further to keep the English in an atmosphere where they would not become affected by Irish charm, it was necessary to fence them up. A part of the land around Dublin consisting of one-half the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Meath, Louth, were set apart and all within that charmed place was called the "pale." Within this fence, no Irishman was allowed to enter; if found there he was killed, and a reward was offered for killing him. Now the culmination of all these restrictive measures came in 1367 when the infamous and foolish statute of Kilkenny was passed. This statute was directed against those English and Anglo-Normans who had adopted the laws and the costume of the natives, and it is saturated with that penal spirit that has infected for centuries the legislation of the English. This statute provides that intermarriages with natives, or any connection with them in the way of fostering should be considered and punished as high treason. Fostering was something that rankled in the minds of the English as it tended to produce strong ties and relationship between the Irish and the English.

It further stated that any man of English race, assuming an Irish name, or using the Irish language, apparel, or customs, should forfeit all his lands and tenements; that to adopt or submit to the Brehon or Irish law was treason; that without permission of the government the English should not make war upon the natives. But of what avail were their statutes and their laws? The trend of events was too strong; again were the Celts the conquerors. For three hundred years they had fought Danes, they who had been unconquerable in every land they had invaded, fought them and disputed with them every inch of their land, filled every valley in the land with their dead bodies, and in the end drove them back into the sea and wrested their land from the dominion of the Danes. Now, confronted by a force with a vastly superior military and political organization, they had exposed courageous bodies and dauntless hearts as a bulwark for the preservation of their land, their traditions and their patronomy, and by the nobleness of their character, by the lofty grandeur of their ideals, by the womanliness of their women, they at first attacked and then conquered the hearts and the affections of the martial and fearless Normans who, intended as a weapon for the destruction of the Irish race, became a part of the very woof and fibre of the Irish people.

Truly the God who watches over the destiny of nations, the God of St. Patrick, Columbkille and Columbas, was mindful

of the great service rendered humanity and in his honor and glory by the Irish people. He moves in mysterious ways his wonders to perform. Wonderful indeed is the story writ large across the pages of the Irish nation. In tracing the rise and fall of the various nations of earth, the rise to splendor of the Gregian cities, the majestic march of Rome and her various institutions, while we view them with admiration, yet when we contemplate this little nation, handicapped by an imperfect political equipment, giving to the world the finest example of a spiritual union that has annihilated time and space, that has drawn within its exalting influence men who have responded to the call of the blood; overcoming measures and methods that have reduced other people to the condition of serfs and slaves, this mighty spirit of the Irish race has breathed over many nations of the earth, and in its sons and daughters has been a valiant sword for the right and a fortress of rest in times of spiritual doubt and unrest, fulfilling even to the present day, the mission for which God intended her, a spiritual haven for the human race.





## Thomas H. Sullivan

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Thomas H. Sullivan was born November 12, 1868, in Millbury, Mass., son of Jeremiah T. Sullivan and Johanna (Horgan) Sullivan. He was educated in the Millbury High School, Holy Cross College, and Boston University Law School. He was graduated from Holy Cross in 1891 and was a Commencement speaker. He received the honor "Magna Cum Laude" at Boston University Law School. April 18, 1910, Mr. Sullivan married Mary A. Barrett, daughter of Thomas Barrett, of Worcester, Mass.

Mr. Sullivan was the Democratic candidate for District Attorney for the Middle District of Massachusetts, which includes Worcester County, in 1910 and 1913, and reduced the normal Republican majority of about 14,000 to 3,000 in 1910 and to 700 in 1913. Member of the School Committee in Millbury for sixteen years, and chairman for ten years.

Mr. Sullivan is a member of Division 9, A. O. H., of Millbury, and was president for two years. Has served as Chairman of the Massachusetts Committee of the A. O. H. on Irish History, and is president of the Past Presidents' Organization of the Worcester County A. O. H.



*Photographer,  
Thomas H. Sullivan*



# The Fight Unto Death

1367—1607

—BY—

THOMAS H. SULLIVAN

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The subject which has been allotted to me for this evening's lecture seems at once easy and hard. It is easy because nothing ought to be more agreeable to the son of Irish parents than to speak of his ancient race when he is assured that his hearers are ever anxious to listen to the recital of the glorious deeds of bravery accredited to an illustrious people of which they are descendants.

It is hard because it has been treated so often and by men of such brilliant parts that any attempt on the part of the speaker will fall far short of the high ideals and memorable speeches which have placed Irish eloquence in the enviable position of being unsurpassed.

No tongue can tell nor mind picture the brilliancy of the achievement of the noble sons of Erin, who, generation after generation, stood firm against alluring promises of bribery and advancement if they would betray their countrymen and religion. They endured privations too cruel to enumerate, the tyrant's dungeons and the enemy's steel that their country might be free that they might worship God according to the dictates of their conscience.

The period assigned for tonight is from 1367 to 1607 and includes the reigns of the following English monarchs: Edward III, Richard II, Henrys IV, V, VI, Edward IV, Richard III, Henrys VII, VIII, Edward VI, Mary, Elizabeth and the beginning of that of James I.

The last lecture brought us to the time of the enactment of the Statute of Kilkenny which re-enacted the prohibition of marriage and foster-nursing, rendered obligatory the adoption of the English language and customs, forbade the national

games of "hurlings and quittings," and the use of the ancient Gaelic code; a code by which the native brehons or judges, of the Irish septs had decided causes among them since the time of the conversion of the race to Christianity in the fifth century. It may assist us at the outset if we go back in our minds' eye and view Ireland as it was at the beginning of the period.

Without going into detail as to the names of the chiefs and the localities over which they held sway, it will answer our purpose to state that at the beginning of the fifteenth century Ireland was divided into two districts—one known as the English Pale, which comprised the four shires, as they were called, of Dublin, Kildare, Meath and Louth—which was a narrow strip some fifty miles long and twenty miles broad; this was the only part that was in any sense English—the other, the rest of the island, was parcelled among about sixty independent chiefs, who acknowledged no sovereignty but that of strength; beyond the borders of the Pale the common law of England was of no authority and the King's writ was but a strip of parchment.

Under these conditions it is evident that unrest and uprisings were the natural order and of frequent occurrence. While the various chiefs fought among themselves they often united against the usurpation of their rights by their common enemy of English government.

Parliament enacted laws; the chiefs and their peoples refused to recognize the authority and resisted the execution of these laws by force. Hence, during this period there were many clashes of arms and many persecutions, under the pretense of due process of law, where death and plunder resulted.

Time will permit but a cursory glance of some of the important events that history has recorded. Art MacMurrough Kavanagh was born A. D. 1377 and died A. D. 1417. He was King of Leinster while Richard II and Henry IV and Henry V sat on the English throne. When eighteen years of age he was elected King; he married the daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, fourth earl of Kildare, and by this marriage violated the Statute of Kilkenny. On this account shortly after the accession of Richards, the black rents were stopped and the English authorities seized his wife's estates. Art MacMurrough resented this and at once set about devastating and burning many districts of Leinster. Things were going from bad to worse in Ireland: at length King Richard resolved to visit Ireland in person and bring with him an army that would strike terror into the Irish outlaws and compel obedience to his laws by force. He landed at Waterford in the fall of 1394 with an army of 34,000 men.

MacMurrough at once attacked and sacked New Ross, an English settlement, and retreated to a place of safety. King Richard marched to Dublin, but was harassed and attacked all along the line, and lost great numbers of his men. MacMurrough well knew guerilla warfare and with a handful of men played havoc with a greatly superior force. The Irish chief knew, however, that he could not resist successfully the King's great army. He made terms with the King, and with all the chiefs came forward and submitted. Richard was glad to end the struggle and invited the chiefs to Dublin, where he banquetted them and knighted four provincial Kings: O'Neill of Ulster, O'Connor of Connaught, MacMurrough of Leinster, and O'Brien of Thomond.

Richard's expedition was an expensive failure, for he left conditions in no wise improved when he embarked for England. He left Roger Mortimer heir to the English throne as his deputy in Ireland.

No sooner had Richard sailed than the Irish chiefs at once proclaimed that their submission was a sham, that the King had no right to demand it, and that it was might, not right, that compelled them to acquiesce. The fighting was renewed at Kells in Kilkenny; the English were routed, Mortimer was slain and again MacMurrough was supreme.

When the King heard of the calamity that had befallen his cousin he was enraged at MacMurrough and resolved at once to set out again for Ireland to avenge Mortimer's death and to overpower and humiliate the great Irish chief. A second time he landed at Waterford with an army as numerous as the previous one. This time he determined to attack MacMurrough without delay; but again unforeseen obstacles beset him. Bogs, forests, fallen trees, hidden gullies and quagmires in turn delayed his march. MacMurrough retreated skilfully, leaving everything barren for the King's foraging parties. Bad weather, lack of supplies, and repeated reverses compelled Richard to make forced marches to the Wicklow coast, where three vessels laden with supplies awaited him. All along the line of march MacMurrough would dart in upon them, slaughter the King's men, taken unawares, and then before reinforcements arrived disappear as if by magic to his retreats in the mountains where nature protected him from the overwhelming forces of the enemy. MacMurrough then resolved to artifice and sent a messenger to the King with word that he would agree to meet and arrange for the future peace of his country. Richard was pleased and at once sent the Earl of Gloucester to treat with MacMurrough. They met. MacMurrough and the Earl "exchanged much dis-

course" but did not come to an agreement. MacMurrough would only agree to "peace without reserve."

The news aroused the King's anger; in a rage he offered a large reward for MacMurrough "dead or alive," and swore that he would never cease in his warfare till he had Art in his power. Little did he dream that he was looking upon Ireland for the last time. When he returned to England he was stripped of all authority. His expeditions in Ireland had cost him his throne and eventually his life. MacMurrough continued in his victorious course and afterwards crossed the plain which lies to the north of Dublin and encamped where Roderic, when he besieged the city, and Brian before the battle of Clontarf, had pitched their tents of old. On this historic spot the Irish chief routed the English of the Pale in his last great battle. From the age of sixteen to his death, forty-four years, he resisted successfully all attacks from foreign foes. Of him Dr. Joyce says, "He was the most heroic and persevering defender of his country from Brian Boru to Hugh O'Neill; and he maintained his independence for nearly half a century just beside the Pale, in spite of every effort to reduce him to submission."

Bagwell says: "Art MacMurrough, the great hero of the Leinster Celts, practically had the best of the contest." What hardships, privations and feats of arms could not effect, treachery accomplished. It is recorded that he died of poison at the age of sixty years.

From the death of Art MacMurrough in 1417 to the rebellion of Silken Thomas, there was a lull in warfare. The Irish chiefs and even the ennobled Butlers and Fitzgeralds used the Irish language, dress and customs; Anglo-Irish lords were as turbulent as the worst native chiefs. The Statute of Kilkenny became a dead letter. Barriers of race could not be maintained and intermarrying of Irish and Anglo-Irish went on. The long war with France, followed by the War of the Roses, diverted the attention of England from Irish affairs; and the Viceroy, feebly supported from England, was too weak to chastise these powerful lords or put penal laws in force. The hostility of the native chiefs was bought off by the payment of "black rents." The loyal colonists in the "Pale" shivered behind this encircling rampart, and when the sixteenth century dawned, the English power in Ireland had almost disappeared.

The Irish Parliament was independent, yet its laws were totally disregarded by all outside the "Pale." It passed acts ordaining that every Irishman dwelling within the "Pale" was to dress and shave like the English and to take an English surname—from some town, as Trim, Sutton, Cork; or of some



color, as Black, Brown; or of some calling, as Smith, Carpenter, etc.—on pain of forfeiture of his goods. Another mischievous measure forbade ships from fishing in the sea of the Irish counties outside the “Pale;” another made it lawful to decapitate thieves found robbing or “going or coming anywhere,” unless they had Englishmen in their company. The legislators were attempting to discourage marauders, but they opened the way for malicious persons to kill an enemy and go unpunished by setting up the defense that the deceased was caught thieving.

During this state of affairs, the King sent to Ireland as his Lord Deputy, Sir Edward Poynings. After some military operations which he found to be beset with treachery and difficulties—the new lord deputy held a parliament at Drogheda. This was perhaps the most memorable that was ever held in Ireland, as certainly no other Parliament in that country made laws which endured so long as the two which were enacted and were known for centuries afterwards as the Poynings Acts. By the first of these it was ordained that no Parliament should be held in Ireland in future, until the King and Council in England had approved not only of its being summoned, but also of the acts which the Lieutenant and Council of Ireland purposed to pass. By the second, the laws enacted before that time in England were extended to Ireland also. Thus the Irish Legislature was made entirely dependent upon England. The Irish Parliament had no power to originate anything, but was only free to accept or (if they were very bold) to reject measures drawn up by Irish Council and approved already by the King and his Council in England before they were submitted to discussion. Such was the state of subjection in which the Irish Parliament remained by virtue of these laws for nearly three centuries later. The general purposes of the Poynings legislature was to increase the power of the King and diminish that of the Nobles, who were the chief sources of danger to the crown. While at the time of their passage the effect of the Poynings’ laws did not extend beyond the “Pale,” yet at a later date, when English law was made to extend over the whole country, and the Irish Parliament made laws for all the people of Ireland, the Poynings’ law, which still remained in force, was felt by the people to be one of their greatest grievances. It was not until 1782 that these laws were repealed through the signal skill, energy, moderation and the splendid eloquence of the famous patriot, Henry Grattan.

During the tremendous struggle between the Houses of York and Lancaster, the Geraldines sided with the House of York and the Butlers with the House of Lancaster. After the

civil war was over, one of the Geraldines was appointed Lord Deputy of Ireland. In obedience to the King's mandate, he set out for England and left young Lord Thomas as deputy in his place. The son is known to history as "Silken Thomas" from the gorgeous trappings of himself and his retinue. He was scarcely twenty-one years of age, brave, open and generous, but enemies who hated his clan were plotting for his down-fall. They spread the report that his father, the Lord Deputy, had been beheaded in England, and that all his relations were going to be treated in the same way. This aroused the impetuous young Lord. He, with his retinue, at once rode to St. Mary's Abbey where the Council was in session, and openly renounced his allegiance, delivered up his sword of office and the robes of State. He collected a large force, led them to Dublin, and laid siege to the castle where the leading citizens, including Archbishop Allen, had sought refuge on the first appearance of danger. The archbishop was captured and taken to Lord Thomas. He threw himself on his knees for mercy, and the young Lord, pitying him, ordered his attendants to take him away and keep him in custody. They wilfully placed a wrong construction upon his words and murdered the archbishop upon the spot.

Sir William Skeffington was appointed Deputy by the King to put down the rebellion. He laid siege to the castle of Maymoath, the strongest of the Fitzgerald fortresses. After nine days' siege the castle fell, battered by English artillery, which then for the first time was used in Ireland. The rebellion had brought the English "Pale" to a frightful state as it was supplemented by the plague which was raging over the whole country. Lord Gray took command with a vigorous hand and made short work of the rebellion. Lord Thomas and his friend O'Connor made offers of submission. O'Connor was pardoned and Lord Thomas was delivered up to Lord Gray on condition that his life be spared. The military commander determined to blot the Geraldines out of existence. He invited five of the uncles of Lord Thomas to a banquet. He knew that three of them had openly opposed the rebellion, nevertheless, the fact that the same red Geraldine blood coursed through their veins was sufficient excuse for their condemnation.

Lord Thomas and his five uncles were executed at Tyburn in 1537. Thus ended the rebellion that originated in treachery and was culminated by the violation of the rules of hospitality—making captive under your own roof the guest whom you have invited, and condemning him to death.

Trouble next arose over a conflict between the feudal laws of England and the old Irish law of Tanistry. Under the form-

er titles descended to the eldest son; under the latter, to the chief selected by the clan.

Con O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, had taken his title from Henry VIII, subject to the English law of succession; but when Con died the clan O'Neill chose Shane O'Neill, the hero of his Sept to be The O'Neill. Shane at once put himself forward as the champion of Irish liberty, the supporter of the Irish right to rule themselves in their own way without the interference from England.

Matthew, an adopted son, claimed the right to succeed to the earldom under the English law. The father repented his preference for Matthew and took Shane's part. The English authorities, favoring Matthew, allured Earl Con to Dublin under pretense of important business, and then kept him captive. Shane was immediately in arms, both to avenge his father's capture and to maintain what he believed was his right against Matthew and the government.

Sir James Croft joined Matthew and made several attempts to subdue the young chief, but was unsuccessful. In the year of Queen Elizabeth's accession, Matthew was assassinated under circumstances which implicated Shane, though he was not present. The father then died. Shane was elected in accordance with the old Irish custom, and in open defiance to the English law, his right to the earldom was contested. Shane defeated his rivals in turn and overcame the Earl of Sussex, who was sent to subdue him.

Failing to subdue him by force, the Queen resorted to peaceful methods. She sent for Shane and invited him to London; with his retainers all clad in their strange native attire, Shane appeared in London; he made formal submission to the Queen, received full pardon and had all his expenses paid. Shane managed his affair very adroitly in England; in the game of craft against craft, the London officials had met their match. But conditions were afterwards submitted to Shane for signature which would compromise his Irish rights and privileges. To sign meant an opportunity to return to his native land; to refuse meant the tower and death. He signed but never kept the conditions; in fact he disregarded them entirely and renewed the warfare. One of the conditions bound Shane to make war on the Scots and reduce them to obedience. He did make war upon them, but it is believed rather to rid himself of undesirable and powerful neighbors who were hostile to his clan than to keep the pact he had signed.

He was finally crushed, not by the government, but by the O'Donnells: in this last conflict he was utterly ruined and by

some insane resolution sought refuge with the Scots, whose undying enmity he incurred two years before. They received him with apparent show of cordiality, but soon raised a dispute and put to death this valiant warrior, with the remnant of his followers.

After Shane O'Neill's rebellion his lands were declared forfeited, and his vassals vassals of the crown. English soldiers of fortune were given grants from Shane's escheated territory, but when they attempted to settle they were killed by the O'Neill's.

Others under Earl of Essex came and did their best to simplify the process of colonization by exterminating the O'Neills, men, women and children. Two years' trial proved unsuccessful. But other colonizers came; some under Peter Carew, siezed on Cork, Limerick and Kerry and sought to hold them by exterminating the hated natives. It was against these colonizers that the great Geraldine League was formed.

In the reign of Mary, that boy of twelve, whom Henry VIII had not been able to include in the general doom of his house, had been allowed to return to Ireland and resume his ancestral honors. Once more the Geraldines were a great and powerful family in Ireland. With encouragement from Rome and promises of assistance from Spain they rose again under the Earl of Desmond and Sir James Fitzmaurice Fitzgerald. They met with some successes at first: but as they had many wrongs to avenge, they followed up their victories.

To prevent further uprising Sir Francis Crosby, the Queen's representative, invited the chiefs and their kinsmen to a great banquet at the fort of Mullaghmast, and there massacred them all. Out of 400 guests only one escaped the feast of blood. This inhuman act only served to inflame the minds of the native tribes who rose in all directions to respond to the Desmond call. Elizabeth at once sent over troops under the new Lord Deputy, Sir William Pelham. He had with him as an ally Ormond, the head of the house of Butler, hereditary foes of the Geraldines. The English army cut its way over Munster with unexampled ferocity. Ormond boasted that he had put to death nearly 6,000 disaffected persons. Spanish and Italian aid arrived too late.

It was during this uprising that Sir Walter Raleigh and Edmund Spencer held commands. Here it was that Raleigh killed prisoners in cold blood to serve a sovereign and afterwards another rewarded him for his loyalty by having him beheaded.

Munster was so vigorously laid waste that even Froude de-

clares that "the lowing of a cow or the sound of a ploughboy's whistle was not to be heard from Valentia to the Rock of Cas- kel." Holinshed says that "a traveller would not meet any man, woman or child, saving in the towns and cities, and would not see any beast;" and Spencer gives a melancholy picture of the inhabitants "as that any strong heart would rue the same."

The estate of Desmond and his followers was forfeited to the crown, and thus ended another uprising.

The next and last rebellion within the period to which we are giving our attention was that of Hugh O'Neill. Hugh O'Neill was born about 1545; was educated among the English as his father had always been on the side of the government. He began his military life in the Queen's service as a commander of a troop of horse. The Irish parliament made him Earl of Tyrone in succession to his grandfather, Earl Con. O'Neill. In the brilliant Court of Elizabeth the young Irish chief was distinguished for his gifts of mind and body. When of age he was allowed to return to his native land. Once within his own country he assumed the ancestral title of "The O'Neill" and revived all the customs of the independent Irish chieftans. For a long time he took no part in the revolts or uprisings, but remained passively loyal to the government. At length the treacherous capture of Hugh Roe O'Donnell and his subsequent imprisonment in Dublin Castle, the refusal of Sir Henry Bagenal, military commander of Ireland, to give Hugh his sister in marriage, the subsequent marriage against Sir Henry's will and the enmity it caused, and the ties of friendship and love for his countrymen overcame his loyalty and drove him into the rebellion which has taken his name. For a long time prior to the actual break he had been drilling men and obtaining ammunition under varying pretenses. There were now alarming signs and rumors of the coming disturbance. Three thousand English soldiers were sent over under Sir John Norris. O'Neill regarded this as the first step toward the subjugation of the entire country, including his own province of Ulster. He seized and plundered Portmore, Cavan and Monaghan. Lord General Norris marched against him, but without success. Failing to check him by arms, resort was made to negotiate for peace; but O'Neill insisted that the Catholics should be free to practice their religion. This was refused and the war went on. There were numerous clashes of arms, and Hugh was continuously successful. Then came the Battle of Yellow Ford in 1598, where O'Neill and his followers gained the greatest victory ever won in Ireland over English arms. Two thousand of the English, in-

cluding their commander and most of their officers, were killed. The Irish loss was less than 700.

It was in this battle that Hugh sought out Sir Henry, who had refused him his sister in marriage, that he might slay him in single combat. But fate had otherwise decreed; before O'Neill could reach him, another's bullet had dispatched him. Victory was now at high tide, but the tide was soon to ebb. The Spanish allies, 3400 strong, entered the harbor of Kinsale on September, 1601. The news of their arrival brought Mountjoy and Carew, with 12,000 of Elizabeth's troops. O'Neill hastened to Kinsale with 4000 men. It was then mid-winter. The English were encamped outside Kinsale. They found themselves hemmed in between the Irish and the Spaniards. Lack of supplies and inability to get them were causing great hardship for the Queen's Army. A council of war was held. Del Aguila, commander of the Spanish, advised an immediate attack—O'Neill counseled delay. It was decided to give the English battle. Hugh drew close to the English lines. Del Aguila, for some unknown reason, failed to carry out his part. Mountjoy's quick eye caught the situation at a glance; he charged with his cavalry and routed O'Neill completely. The revolution was at an end; but nevertheless Hugh continued the warfare and yielded, after the disaster his Spanish allies had brought on him at Kinsale, only upon condition of being guaranteed his titles and his lands: by this time Elizabeth, who hated him so much and so longed for his destruction, had breathed her last.

No such able chief appeared since the days of Brian Boru. Cool, cautious, vigilant, he laid his plans with care, and knew how to wait patiently for results. Never impulsive, never boastful, wise in council and wary in speech from his long residence in London, he learned dissimulation, and was as crafty as the craftiest English minister. What he might have done had he been loyally supported at Kinsale it is hard to say.

It was during this uprising that Carew with 4000 men besieged Dunboy, which was defended by 143 men. The defenders fought to the last ditch. English cannon battered the castle but the Irish never yielded till the few survivors were overpowered and taken prisoners. Fifty-eight of these were executed on the same day. Taylor, the Irish commander, and fourteen men were reserved to tempt them to give information. They firmly refused to purchase their lives on this condition, and were all hanged. No one of the defenders escaped; they were all either slain, executed or buried in the ruins, so obstinate and resolved was their defense.

After the capture of Dunboy, O'Sullivan Beare began his

famous retreat. He had kept up the struggle resolutely, but the odds were against him. On the last day of December, 1602, he set out from Glengarriff with 400 fighting men, and 600 women, children and servants. Through the mountains and glens, avoiding the main roads, midst hardship, sufferings and privations, frequently attacked, sick in mind and heart at the scene which was ever before him, he made his way to Leitrim Castle. A fortnight before they set out from Glengarriff 1000 in number, but on that morning, only 35 survived to enter the castle. Such were the hardships and trials of our ancestors in the Emerald Isle. It was during these times that the Ancient Order of Hibernians was founded. This organization grew up gradually among the Catholics of Ireland, owing to the dreadful hardships and persecutions to which they were subjected. During the reign of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, Acts of Uniformity and Supremacy were passed. The Act of Supremacy invested the King with spiritual jurisdiction, and, in substitution for the Pope, proclaimed him head of the church. The Act of Uniformity made Protestantism the state creed. In consequence of these and other acts the bishops of the Irish were hunted like wolves, forced to steal in and out of their native land and to beg their bread from the King of Spain or the King of France. Their clergy had no better fate, and for many long decades were tracked pitilessly from glen to mountain, from forest to bog, as though they were a wretched vermin in the body politic. It is a tradition in the Ancient Order that they first started as the body guard of their poor parish priest when he said mass in the open air. And many a rude print still exists representing these men at the mouth of a glen in conflict with the English soldiery. Within the priest finished his mass amid the falling snow, before terrified women and children, while the eternal hills of holy Ireland looked down on a scene of martyrdom not surpassed by any holocaust of the Colosseum.

It is claimed that Rory O'Moore organized and founded Hibernianism in the year 1565 in the County of Kildare, in the Province of Leinster, and gave to his faithful followers the name of "The Defenders." The necessity of defending the priest by force has rapidly passed away, but the organization still lives and flourishes under its motto, "Friendship, Unity and True Christian Charity."

Strife, disorder and discontent always interfere with the general pursuit of education and religion. During this period education was not entirely neglected, but did not flourish as in the earlier days when Ireland was the school house of Europe.

Desmond's Irish councilors understood Latin, and Shane

## John J. Cummings, M. D.

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Dr. John J. Cummings was born in Worcester, Mass., March 16, 1870, the son of Thomas C. Cummings and Margaret (Hunt) Cummings, both natives of County Waterford, Ireland. He was educated in the public schools and the Worcester Classical High School. He entered Columbia University Medical School, New York City, and was graduated in 1899.

Dr. Cummings is a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society. For twelve years he has held membership in Division 35, A. O. H., of Worcester, and for a number of years served as physician for the Division. June 30, 1903, Dr. Cummings was married to Nellie G. Donovan, daughter of Jeremiah Donovan and Mary (Daly) Donovan of Worcester.





Sincerely yours  
John J. Cummings, M.D.



# **Destruction and Desolation**

1608—1690

—BY—

JOHN J. CUMMINGS, M. D.

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## **THE FLIGHT OF THE EARLS**

Upon the death of Elizabeth in 1603, James, the son of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, Queen of the Scots, became King of England, and for the first time in their history the Irish people accepted English rule, and gave willing submission to an English dynasty, supporting it afterward with their life blood.

James began by a policy of conciliation and toleration, and it looked as if a new era of prosperity was dawning upon Ireland. He accepted Tyrone's homage and created Rory O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnell. The public worship of the national religion, if not legalized, was at least tolerated.

But a few short years and conditions changed. First a conspiracy developed which involved the two northern Earls, and, although guiltless even in the opinion of the English, they were forced to flee for their lives, first to France, and thence to Rome, where they eventually died in exile.

Meanwhile the King in 1607, issued a proclamation, declaring forfeit to the crown, the lands and estates of the two Earls, and promising protection to the inhabitants of these counties. A rising, under Sir Cahir O'Doherty, which was limited to Inishowen, a small portion of Tyrconnell, was made the excuse for the violation of these solemn pledges,—pledges which referred to the Celts of six counties. Then began the movement to root out the natives of these estates and the first steps towards the plantations of Ulster had been taken.

## **THE PLANTATIONS OF ULSTER**

James brought in with him from Scotland a host of greedy

followers, all of whom expected to rise with their king to a position of wealth and power. England was not wide enough to hold them nor rich enough to satiate their appetites. The puzzled, but crafty king turned to Ireland.

Taking over the forfeited lands of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, he distributed them with a lavish hand. He did not limit the distribution to soldiers and officers of rank, as had been done in previous plantations, but gave it to English and Scotch adventurers, and to London trade companies.

He settled it on Protestant colonies whose first use of their power was to evict the former tenants or clansmen, thus effecting a complete change in the religious and social aspect of the north, and Ulster became then, and has since remained, a province occupied and controlled by a people, alien to the country.

Then over into Ireland, James sent his Lord Deputy and his Surveyor General, and they became the heads of his celebrated "Commission for the investigation of defective titles." Most Irish families held possession of their lands by tradition and their rights could not be proven by regular title deeds. A horde of spies was employed under the name of "Discoverers," and these over-ran the country, finding or inventing flaws in the titles by which these Irish families held their possessions.

As a result of the work of the Discoverers, nearly half a million acres were found "by inquisition to be vested in the Crown." "inasmuch as the titles were not such as ought," in their judgment. "to stand in the way of his Majesty's designs."

These lands were divided among three classes, the undertakers, who were English and Scotch Protestants; the servitors, who were Protestant Irish; and the old natives. Large grants were also made to Protestant churches and educational institutions—Trinity College in Dublin receiving nearly ten thousand acres.

All who had been under arms in Tyrone's war were to be transplanted with their families and cattle to the waste places in Munster and Connaught. They were so numerous, however, that there was not room for them all there, and many remained as laborers for the new tenants, or became wanderers and fugitives near their old homes.

## FIRST NATIONAL PARLIAMENT

After a lapse of twenty-seven years, during which no parliament had been held in Ireland, James I issued writs for the attendance of both houses at Dublin. The work of confiscation and plantation had gone on for several years without the sanc-

tion of the legislature. Normally, there would be a large majority of Catholics in the House of Commons. To offset this majority, over forty fictitious boroughs, each returning two members, were created by royal charter.

The House of Commons, so constituted, contained two hundred and thirty-two members, of which the supporters of the government claimed one hundred twenty-five; the Catholic party one hundred one; and six absentees. The upper house consisted of fifty peers, of whom twenty-five were Protestant bishops. Thus James I gave to Ireland her so-called "first free parliament."

Hence long before the death of James I, which occurred in 1625, all the hopes which his accession had raised in the hearts of the Irish had vanished.

They were revived again on the coming to the throne of Charles, the husband of the Catholic princess, Henrietta of France. Charles and his ministers encouraged them in their expectations. In consideration of the payment of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, in three yearly installments, he promised them certain concessions, known as the "fifty-one graces."

The Irish Lords had paid over two-thirds of the stipulated amount, and then discovered that the afore mentioned concessions had not materialized. Instead there were more broken promises, more robbing of the natives through the working of the "Court of Defective titles."

Meanwhile, Charles was having his troubles both in England and Scotland. The Scotch were making their successful fight for the liberty to worship as they pleased.

The Puritans in England were growing in power and at last obtained control of parliament and were in full opposition to the policies of the king. With a Protestant parliament in power, there was little hope in Ireland of any relief and a spirit of unrest began to make itself manifest.

## THE REBELLION OF 1641

At the head of this uprising were Roger O'Moore, the popular leader, the famous Rory O'Moore, of song and poetry, Sir Phelim O'Neil, Lord Maguire and others of the gentry. It was agreed that all the forts and arms should be seized, all the gentry should be made prisoners, but that none should be killed. Many prejudiced historians have stated that this rebellion was characterized by massacre and the ruthless murder of the English and Protestant inhabitants. In proof that such was not

the case, here is the oath subscribed to, by all who joined the rebels:—

1st. "To maintain and defend the public and free exercise of the Catholic religion."

2nd. "To give allegiance to King Charles, his heirs and successors, and to support them against anyone who should attempt injury to their persons or estates."

3rd. "To receive the power and privilege of parliament, the lawful rights and privileges of the subject."

"The remonstrance to the Lord Justices states that we harbor not the least thoughts of hostility toward his Majesty or purpose any hurt to his Majesty's subjects, in their possessions, goods, or liberty." The remonstrance further deploras any acts of lawlessness, or of cruelty imposed upon the English or Protestant inhabitants, with promises to use their best endeavors to make restitution and satisfaction for any that may have occurred.

Thus we have an account of the aims and objects of the Irish lords in the beginning of this struggle against England's oppression. And so it came to pass, that on the 23rd of October in 1641, Ireland, with the exception of Dublin, and a few other strongholds, severed itself from England. The failure in Dublin was due to the fact that the officials were warned in time by information given by the informer Owen O'Connelly, an Irish Protestant servant, who revealed to his master, the details of the plot.

Out of the confusion and general upheaval in Ireland at this time there finally emerged four more or less well defined parties, each of which had attracted to itself a certain number of followers.

1st. There was the Old Irish which stood for total separation from England. These were the people who had suffered most from the plantations of Ulster and the subsequent religious persecutions. They were under the command of Sir Phelim O'Neil.

2nd. The Anglo-Irish or Norman, who had suffered in the same way though not so severely. They stood for religious and civil liberty, but political Unity with England. They occupied the central and western parts of the country and were commanded by Lord Preston. These two parties were Catholic.

3rd. The Presbyterians and Puritans in Ulster under Monro. These were with the English Parliament and acted with the Scottish covenanters and were the most bitter enemies of the King.

4th. The royalists, the supporters of the King, who were

Protestants, and the official representatives of the Crown. At their head was Ormond with headquarters in Dublin.

For nearly a year, fighting went on in Ulster with varying success. Sometimes the Old Irish were successful and in turn suffered defeat by the Puritan or Parliamentary army under Monro.

Sir Phelim O'Neil, as general of the Ulster army of the north, had not the attributes of a successful commander. Between himself and Lord Preston, commander of the Catholic army of the west, there was no union but rather a jealous rivalry.

At the suggestion of the Catholic bishops, a general assembly met on the 22nd of October, 1642, at Kilkenny. Eleven Bishops and fourteen lay lords represented the Irish peerage and 226 commoners represented the people.

A celebrated lawyer, Patrick Darcy, a member of the Commons, was appointed Chancellor. A Supreme Council, chosen from among the members, was to be the executive branch of the new government. This, then, was the Confederation of Kilkenny, and it undertook to manage, and with some measure of success, the affairs of the Irish Nation.

The Council appointed Gen. Preston in command of the army in Leinster; Gen. Barry in Munster; Sir John Burke in Connaught; and Owen Roe O'Neil in charge of the forces of the north. Of these four generals, Owen Roe O'Neil was the only one to achieve any signal success, and he won undying fame for himself in his management of his campaign.

OWN ROE O'NEIL was the grandson of Art, brother of the great Hugh O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone. Educated abroad at the college of the Irish Franciscans in Louvain, he afterward went to Spain, where he was trained as soldier and scholar. He rose to the command of the Irish regiments in the Spanish army, during that country's war with France.

To the Irish he later became a popular idol, and well did he deserve their loyalty. As long as tradition lasts, so long will the children of the Irish be told and retold of the glories of "Owen Roe."

At the breaking out of the Rebellion he was living in Brussels, but when after a year's fruitless fighting, his countrymen sent out a call for his help, he left rank and station abroad, and taking up the sword of his great ancestor, which had been sent to him from Rome, he returned to his desolate Ireland, and bravely did he battle for his God and his country.

He, together with about one hundred other Irish officers,

gave up their places in the foreign service and sailed for home, landing at Donegal in July, 1642.

He had in him all the qualities that constitute a leader of men, a clear sound judgment, chivalrous valour, bravery in the field, skill in profiting of every advantage offered by the enemy, and a caution which left nothing to chance. For several years he kept together an army created by his own genius, without a government at his back, without regular supplies, enforcing discipline and obedience, gaining victories and maintaining a native power even in the very heart of the kingdom. Always intent on the welfare of his country, he rose high above the thousand and one petty jealousies and intrigues that surrounded him. Loved and obeyed by his followers, he was respected and admired by his enemies, some of whom openly regretted that such a good man had become identified with such a bad cause.

Upon assuming command of the Catholic army of the north, he assembled his followers at Dungannon, the hereditary stronghold of his clan, and here he and his men took the oath of obligation to the Catholic Confederation. Then followed four years of unceasing training of his undisciplined army.

With the help of his experienced officers he taught the herdsmen and countrymen the use of the muskets and the pike, involving them only in small battles and skirmishes until they had gained the experience and confidence of an efficient fighting force.

And then in 1646, on the 4th day of June, came the meeting of the army of the Parliament and O'Neil's force on the battlefield of Benburb. The battle of Benburb has been often and well described. There was a movement started to unite the Scottish forces and proceed southward to Limerick, there to attack the government of the Confederation. Gen. O'Neil with five thousand foot, and five hundred horse, all "good and hopeful men," to use his own expression, by a forced march reached the northern Blackwater, and pitched his camp on the north bank. Here he was, directly between the two Monroes, who could join their Scottish forces only after dislodging him. Robert Monro, who reached his position first, saw it would be necessary to give battle to save the smaller forces of his brother, who were coming from the north. Consequently, he began to move on O'Neil's position at dawn on June 5th, 1646, and presently reached the Blackwater, where he found himself face to face with O'Neil's army across the river. Here, then, is the spectacle presented by the two armies, marching in parallel lines, on either bank of the river. Coming to a hill, which he



had previously selected as a strong position, O'Neil retreated, and Monro, fording the Blackwater, was in full pursuit. O'Neil's stronghold had the center of his army protected by the hill, the right by a marsh, and the left by the Oona Water, and in the foreground flowed the Blackwater.

While fighting was going on at the pass through which O'Neil had retreated and left guarded, he drew up his line of battle. And now the two armies have met beyond the hill and the battle is on. For four long hours in the heat and dust of that June day, O'Neil retreated and shifted, and the Scottish army threw itself time after time on the enemy, who disappeared behind hedge and rock, and only came forth to repulse an attack. And still O'Neil held his men back. To the mutterings and complaints of some of his officers, who had hard work holding the men, he replied, "Wait for the sun," and when towards evening the sun had fallen low enough in the sky to shed its brilliant rays full in the faces of the tired and exhausted Scotch troopers, O'Neil gave the long-delayed word to his army.

On they came, in a sweeping movement from right to left, and before them the Scottish cavalry wavered and broke. Still on they came, and following the Irish cavalry came the pikemen. And now it was a hand to hand struggle,—a bayonet charge—and the Scotch forces hemmed in between the two streams, were in dire confusion. Finally, the Irish army reached and stormed the hill where Monro's guns were placed, and the victory was won. The defeat of the Scotch army was a complete rout, and when the sun had set more than three thousand of the Monro's men lay dead on the field. In addition Monro lost all his artillery, tents and baggage, fifteen hundred horses, twenty stands of colors, two months' provisions, and numerous prisoners of war. The Irish lost but seventy, incredible as it may seem, but such is the number given by their opponents. After this battle, Gen. Monro writing home says, "The Lord hath rubbed shame on our faces till we are humbled;" and the Irish people welcomed O'Neil with a unanimous joy and acclaim.

"Owen Roe—our own O'Neil!

He treads once more our land;

The sword in his hand is Spanish steel,

But the hand is an Irish hand."

Meanwhile, the Confederation and Ormond, representing the King, Charles I, had been parleying for the restitution of the confiscated lands and the repeal of the penal laws. But the King, although anxious to keep the Irish with him as an aid

against the Parliament, did not dare concede all that was demanded and held off with promises. Had the issue been forced by the Confederation after the decisive battle of Benburb, Ireland's history might have been different, but there was delay and indecision, and as the Arab proverb puts it, "There are three things which cannot be recalled, The sped arrow, The spoken word, The lost opportunity." The Irish had missed their chance.

Later there was an attempt to attack Dublin, and force the Royalists to terms, but dissensions broke out between O'Neil and Preston, the other Catholic general, and O'Neil, disheartened and discouraged and almost betrayed by the Confederation, turned first to Ormond—whom he disliked and distrusted—and then to the Parliament, whom he knew hated and opposed him. They both held out concessions, and finally O'Neil gave his consent against his better judgment to a peace, which a year before he had openly rejected, and on the 17th of January, 1649, a peace was signed between Ormond, acting for King Charles, and the Catholic Confederation. This Treaty repealed the penal acts, which had operated against the free practice of the Catholic religion, and re-opened to them their places of worship, the freedom of their own churches.

In the meantime the Puritan Parliament, having defeated the forces of King Charles, and having taken him prisoner, tried and convicted him on a charge of treason. The King was beheaded Jan. 30, 1649, and England was completely in the power of parliament and Oliver Cromwell.

### CROMWELL IN IRELAND

For some time after the execution of Charles I, the Parliamentarians lost ground in Ireland. Charles II, son of the murdered King, was proclaimed King by nearly all parties, including Ormond, the Confederation, and the Scotch Presbyterians. Ormond was placed at the head of the forces favorable to the King, and he resolved to capture Dublin, which he had so easily surrendered two years before.

Together with Lord Inchiquin, he laid siege to the city, though they were but poorly equipped for the task. They were surprised and defeated at Rathmines, Aug. 2nd, 1649, by Col. Michael Jones, at the head of the Parliamentary army. They lost between 3000 and 5000 men. This closed Ormond's military career, and before the end of 1649 he fled to France, to return only with the restitution of the monarchy.

In England, parliament was supreme. Ireland had de-

clared for Charles II, loyal as always to the Stuarts. Therefore, repudiating the terms of peace of '49, the parliament decided to subdue Ireland. England had already felt the weight of the strong hand and stern will of Oliver Cromwell, and accordingly, he it was, who was chosen for this task.

With eight thousand infantry, four thousand cavalry, several pieces of artillery, and twenty thousand pounds in money, he landed in Ireland Aug. 15, 1649, and then began a series of massacres for which there is no parallel in the history of civilized nations.

This is an old story to many of you—this story of Cromwell's reign of terror in Ireland. Many of you have heard it as children from your mother's lips, and many of you can go back, in memory, every foot of the way, as we follow this fanatical destroyer on his desolate, but triumphant, march through Ireland. Cromwell's command in all, lasted nine months, and is remarkable for the number of sieges of walled towns, crowded into that brief period. There was during the whole time, no great field battle, like Marston Moor, or Benburb. It was only a campaign of seventeenth century cannon against mediaeval masonry.

He landed at Dublin and there rested until Sept. 1, 1649. Leaving there, we see him with his army appearing Sept. 3rd outside the walls of Drogheda. The town was fortified and garrisoned by about 3000 men. Cromwell called on the commander, Sir Arthur Ashton, to deliver up the town to the service of the English parliament. Receiving no satisfactory reply, he proceeded September 9th, with his guns, to beat down the defenses. A breach in the wall having been made, an assault was ordered; it was repulsed. A second assault was likewise unsuccessful, then Cromwell himself led his forces for the third time. Col. Wall, who commanded the regiment defending the trenches, was killed, and his men, without a leader, became confused and were driven back.

It was then that quarter was offered and accepted. The town was finally captured and by Cromwell's orders neither man, woman or child was to be spared. Numerous letters of Cromwell's still in existence, show where he ordered the inhabitants to be put to the sword, though he had a way of giving to God credit for his own inhuman cruelties. In one letter he says, "I wish all honest hearts may give the glory to God alone, to whom indeed the praise of this mercy belongs."

Passing on from Drogheda, he went north to Dundalk, thence to Newry, and Carlingford, which places all surrendered without much resistance. The lesson of Drogheda had not been

in vain. Coleraine surrendered to Sir Charles Coote, who imitated Cromwell's example at Drogheda by putting the garrison to the sword.

By the end of September, 1649, every important place in the north, Carrickfergus excepted, was in the hands of parliament. Returning to Dublin, Cromwell planned his campaign to subdue the south.

October 1, 1649, he appeared before Wexford, which had been fortified and garrisoned. He laid siege to the place, which made a stubborn resistance for ten days. Through the treachery of Captain James Stafford, one of the defenders, the army obtained admission to the town and drove the garrison and inhabitants to the market place. Cromwell's letter to parliament says:—

“When they were come into the market place, making a stiff resistance, our forces broke them and then put all to the sword that came in their way. I believe, in all, not less than two thousand, and I believe not twenty of yours from first to last of the siege.” Continuing, he relates other calamities, such as the drowning of three hundred more, who in trying to escape by boat, met their death in the harbor, and concludes by saying piously, “Thus it hath pleased God to give unto your hands this other mercy.—Drogheda was the first—for which, as for all, we pray God may have all the glory. Indeed your instruments are poor and weak and can do nothing, but through believing,—and that is the gift of God also.”

There exists until this day in Wexford, the traditions of the awful proceedings on the day of this conquest. One states that three hundred women were put to death in the public square. They had flocked around the great cross which stood there, in the hopes that Christian soldiers would be so far softened by the sight of that emblem of mercy, as to spare the lives of unresisting women. But the victors, enraged at such superstition, and perhaps regarding their presence there as a proof that they were Catholics,—and therefore fit objects of their zeal,—rushed upon them and put them to death.

The murder of Irish women was nothing new to the Puritan army. After the battle of Naseby, one hundred females, some of them of distinguished rank, were put to the sword. In one day eighty women and children, some infants at the mother's breast, were precipitated over the bridge at Linlithgow, and if any struggled to the bank of the river, they were knocked on the head or thrust in again by the soldiery. Their crime was being the wives and children of Irish soldiers who had served under Montrose.

Thus, with the word of God on his lips, and his two-edged sword in his hands, did this "plague of England" hew his way through Ireland. Everywhere, the people terror stricken and helpless, gave up their cities or sent word that they wished to treat with the parliament. In quick succession after Wexford, was the surrender of Ross; an attempt on Waterford, afterwards abandoned in November, Dungarvan, Kinsale, Bandon and Cork in December. Fethard, Callan and Cashel in January and February. Carrick and Kilkenny in March, and Clonmel early in May.

The last act of Cromwell's campaign was the siege of Clonmel, where the Irish gathered for a last stand. Clonmel was defended by Hugh O'Neil, nephew of Owen Roe, with about fifteen hundred men. For about two months Cromwell laid siege to the place. He made several attempts to take it by storm, but was repulsed each time with a heavy loss. After a final assault in the month of May, where he lost twenty-five hundred men, he withdrew, but O'Neil, having exhausted his ammunition, retired during the night with his army to Waterford. The town surrendered next day, Cromwell being unaware of O'Neil's departure, granting favorable terms which, strange to relate, were not violated.

Cromwell returned to England May 29, 1650, leaving his son-in-law, Sir Henry Ireton, in command of the parliamentary army. He was a worthy successor. The following August Ireton captured Waterford and Duncanno, and soon afterwards Athlone and Sligo, leaving only Limerick and Galway to the Confederates.

Early in the summer of 1651, Ireton laid siege to Limerick, commanded by Hugh O'Neil and Gen. Purcell. The town was divided within itself by several factions. The plague was raging and the inhabitants were dying in the streets. Through the treachery of some of them the town was compelled to surrender October 27th, 1651. Ireton died of the plague.

The success of Cromwell's campaign was assured to a great extent by the fact that the Catholic armies were left practically without a leader of their own. In the third month of Cromwell's occupation came the report of the death of their great general, Owen Roe O'Neil. When O'Neil heard of the news of the taking of Drogheda he swore a great oath that "he would retake it if he had to storm hell to do it," and gaining the aid and support of the Royalist army under Ormond, was on his way south to meet the latter, when he was struck down by a fatal illness. None of his biographers have given a detailed account of the disease which ended his life, but popular tradi-

tion has claimed that O'Neil met his death by poison, from a pair of boots presented to him by one of the Plunketts of Louth. It was of lingering operation and served to paralyze his energies. For some time he battled against the disease, hoping he might so far recover as to be able to lead his army.

From Derry, where he was first attacked in August, he advanced slowly and painfully southward, borne on a litter, and finally "died in Our Lord the 6th of Nov., 1649, a true child of the Catholic religion." In the chancel of a Franciscan Abbey his body was interred.

No greater calamity than the death of O'Neil could have come to the Irish Nation at this time. He was the only man, who by reason of native ability and training, was able to cope with Cromwell, and the consciousness of a great national loss never struck deeper, than amid the crash of the walled cities and towns of Leinster and Munster.

Many of his clansmen did not believe that he could die at a time when he was so much needed,—some deeming that "God in His Divine clemency, would not deal so strait with this poor nation, as to bereave them of this, their only champion."

And all over Ireland the prayers and wailings of the people were offered up for the man who would have stood between them and their doom. Whoever could understand the deepest depth of Irish grief, the mingling of love, wrath and despair following the loss of a leader, will find it all compressed in the thirty odd lines of Davis' "Lament," with its closing wail:

    "Your troubles are all over,  
     You're at rest with God on high;  
 But we're slaves and we're orphans,  
     Owen! Why did you die?"

After a siege of nine months Galway fell May 12, 1652, and the war was practically over. Charles Fleetwood, Cromwell's son-in-law, was appointed Lord Deputy. He instituted a High Court of Justice to punish all concerned in the uprising of 1641. About 200 were executed, among them Sir Phelim O'Neil.

The war was now ended, but for a long time there had been a terrible pestilence raging over the country. Famine came to help the work of destruction, and for several years these two scourges spread death, desolation and misery everywhere. But the worst was yet to come. Parliament declared the whole of Ireland forfeited. The Irish troops were not only to be disarmed, but were to be put out of the way. Hence, they were permitted to take service in foreign armies at peace with the

commonwealth. Those who did not voluntarily take such service were forced into exile.

Nor were these forced exiles restricted to the warrior class. "The Lord Protector," says Prendergast, "applied to the Lord Henry Cromwell—then Major-General of the forces in Ireland, to engage soldiers and to secure a thousand young Irish girls to be shipped to Jamaica. Henry Cromwell answered that there would be no difficulty, only that force must be used in taking them; and he suggested the addition of fifteen hundred or two thousand boys, of from twelve to fourteen years of age. The numbers finally fixed were one thousand boys and one thousand girls." The total number of children disposed of in this way from 1652 to 1655 has been variously estimated at from twenty thousand to one hundred thousand. The British government was at last compelled to interfere and put a stop to the infamous traffic, when the mere Irish, proving too scarce, the agents were not sufficiently discriminating in their choice, but shipped off English children also to the tobacco island.

### CROMWELLIAN SETTLEMENTS

An act of settlement was passed which provided that all the Irish, except those of the laboring classes, were to be transplanted to Connaught before May 1st, 1654. Any of those ordered away—young or old—men or women, found in any of the three provinces after this date might be killed by whoever met them. Moreover, they were not permitted to live within four miles of the seas or of any town, or within two miles of the Shannon. Connaught is famed as being the wildest and most barren province of Ireland, and at this time it had been completely devastated by the war. Hence, this act was intended to dispose of half a million human beings destined in the minds of its projectors to die off and leave the whole island in the possession of the "godly."

Cromwell died Sept. 3, 1658, and twenty months afterwards Charles II returned to England and the monarchy was restored.

### THE RESTORATION

The Irish expected much from the restored king, who was at heart a Catholic, and for whom they had fought and suffered. They expected at least the restitution of their lands, but Charles wholly neglected his friends, while providing for his enemies. He re-established the Anglican church. The act of uniformity

was enforced against the Presbyterians and they suffered a short, but severe persecution.

At first Catholics were given some freedom, but later parliament passed oppressive measures, and their condition became pitiful.

James II, a Catholic, came to the throne in 1685 and determined to restore Catholicism. He was so arbitrary, however, that he aroused the whole Protestant population of England and Ireland against him. He appointed Richard Talbot, a zealous Catholic, whom he had made Earl of Tyrconnell, Lord Lieutenant. Talbot dismissed Protestants from the army and civil offices and put Catholics in their places. The dismissed Protestants fled to Holland and enlisted in the service of William, Prince of Orange.

The oppressive measures to which James II resorted in England, and his encroachments on the liberty of his subjects, brought about in England, the revolution of 1688. William, Prince of Orange, the nephew and son-in-law of the King, was invited to take possession of the English throne. He accepted and landed in England Nov. 5, 1688. Six weeks later James II fled to France.

In England and among the Protestants in Ireland, William was hailed as a deliverer, but the Irish Catholics, in spite of all they had suffered from the Stuarts, took the side of James. Tyrconnell headed the adherents of the King, and then began the so-called "Jacobite" wars.

Tyrconnell did all in his power to strengthen the position of his royal commander. He met with no opposition except in Ulster which, of course, was strongly Protestant. The people of Derry declared for William and Mary as sovereigns of Great Britain and Ireland. James had waited at the Court of Louis XIV of France until assured of the Catholic support of Ireland. Then with a small French army and a number of Irish exiles,—chief among whom was Sarsfield,—he landed at Kinsale in Cork, March 12, 1689.

He proceeded to Dublin, then with his army to Derry, where he expected to be received with open arms. He was greatly surprised when the inhabitants began to fire upon him, and returned to Dublin, leaving the siege in the hands of two of his generals.

April 18, 1689, the siege of Derry, one of the most famous in Irish or English history, began. Great bravery was displayed on both sides and as starvation was about to compel the surrender of the town, the relief ships of William arrived and ran past the blockades, July 28, 1689. Three days later Hamil-



ton, commander of the Jacobite forces, seeing that all danger of famine was over, withdrew his army and the town was saved after a siege of one hundred and five days.

The siege of Derry was but the beginning of the struggle between William of Orange and the rightful King, James II. William's position in England, being now secure, he sent the Duke of Schomberg to Ireland, with fifteen thousand men. He captured Carrickfergus after a siege of a week.

June 14th, 1690, King William, as he had been proclaimed, came to Ireland, to lead his army in person. His troops were largely made up of continental veterans, excellent soldiers, from Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Prussia.

James, at the head of twenty-six thousand men, poorly drilled and miserably armed, had taken a position at the village of Oldbridge, on the south bank of the Boyne, three miles above Drogheda.

### BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

William, with an army of 50,000 men, 5,000 of whom were cavalry, arrived on the north bank of the Boyne, June 29th, 1690. The next day an artillery duel took place between the two armies, William losing greatly thereby.

During the night, James, already certain of defeat, sent all but six of his cannon back to Dublin and made preparations for his own flight. The battle was resumed next day. William commanded the cavalry on the left wing, the elder Schomberg the center, and the younger Schomberg the right. William attempted to cross the Boyne at Slane, but was repeatedly repulsed by Arthur O'Neil's horse. His artillery finally cleared the way and the army crossed the river, under its protection. The Irish army was practically without cannon.

So well did the Irish troops fight that Schomberg's body-guard was cut to pieces and the commander killed. The center of William's army was being beaten back, when crossing lower down with 18 squadrons of cavalry, he fiercely attacked the right flank of the Irish army and thus turned possible defeat into certain victory. The Irish troops outnumbered two to one and led by a coward, as the King proved himself to be, fought valiantly and retreated in good order to Dublin, and later to Limerick.

James fled from the battlefield to Dublin, thence to Waterford, where he embarked for France, bringing the first news of his own defeat. And, so, ends Ireland's story for eight-two

## Hon. Philip J. O'Connell

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Philip J. O'Connell was born in Worcester, Mass., December 18, 1870. He is the son of Philip O'Connell and Ellen (Skehan) O'Connell, both of whom were born in Ireland. After completing his studies in the Worcester public schools, Mr. O'Connell attended the Worcester Classical High School, and graduated in 1889. In 1895 he graduated from the Boston University Law School, receiving the degree LL.B., Magna Cum Laude. He was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar in 1895.

Mr. O'Connell served as a member of the Worcester Common Council in 1896, 1897 and 1898. Was elected a member of the Worcester Board of Aldermen for 1899 and 1900, and in 1901 was Mayor of Worcester. For the past five years he has been a Director of the Worcester Free Public Library.

For nearly a score of years Mr. O'Connell has been identified with the A. O. H. He became a member of Division 3, A. O. H., of his native city in 1895, and has served as vice president and president. October 18, 1904, he was married to Katherine T. Power of Philadelphia, daughter of Lawrence Power and Katherine (Magennis) Power, both former residents of Worcester.



*Yours truly,  
Philip J. O'Connell*



# From the Boyne to the Act of the Union

1690—1800

—BY—

HON. PHILIP J. O'CONNELL

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The one hundred and ten years from the Battle of the Boyne in 1690, to the Act of the Union in 1800, was one of the most eventful and saddest periods in Ireland's mournful history. It witnessed the defeat and surrender of the army of King James, and the violation of the Treaty of Limerick.

During this period the penal laws were enforced until Ireland became almost a nation of paupers and slaves. It saw the rise and growth of the Volunteer movement, and the successful struggle for a free and independent Parliament, and before its close it witnessed the destruction of the Independence of Parliament.

In the limited time at my disposal tonight, it will be impossible to adequately treat of all these important events, and I can only hope to briefly allude to them.

If we are to appreciate the political history of Ireland for the last one hundred years, it is absolutely necessary to have a more or less intimate knowledge of the events of which I am to talk, and in order that we may better understand the beginning of the history of this time, it is necessary to go back a few years.

In 1685 James, the Second, ascended the throne of England. It was an age of deep religious prejudices, when the fate of the English nation seemed to depend upon the religious affiliation of the heir to the throne. Charles, the Second, the immediate predecessor of James, was his older brother. He was a Protestant king, although he was a Catholic at heart, and had little sympathy with Catholic persecution. James, the Second, was a Catholic. When he ascended the throne, there was but little opposition on the part of the English people. If Charles had died a few days earlier, there is little doubt that James'

religion would have prevented him from becoming king. But the English were weary with the long civil war between Parliament and the King, and did not want a repetition of it. If they had thought that the accession of James to the throne would have meant a long line of Catholic rulers, it is probable that they would have attempted to prevent it, but James, at this time, was childless, and the hope of having an heir to the throne was already abandoned.

If James had acted cautiously and tactfully, he might have obtained the love and sympathy of the English people and justice and liberty for his co-religionists. He had been warned by the Pope to act with moderation and within the English constitution, but he absolutely disregarded this advice. Though it was forbidden by law, he insisted on mass being said publicly at the palace; he appointed many Catholics to high civil offices; he suspended all penal statutes against Catholics and abrogated all religious tests for qualification to civil office, and defied Parliament.

The majority of the English were greatly annoyed at the toleration and favor shown the Catholics on the part of King James. As a result the Protestants of England invited William of Orange, who was the son-in-law of King James, to come over to England "to defend the Protestant religion and the liberty of the English people." In 1688, William came to England with a large army at his back. William had secured aid from the Netherlands by persuading them that James intended to make England Catholic and that with the aid of France, also a Catholic nation, he would eventually enslave the Netherlands. He received support from Spain on the ground that he was raising an army to curb the power of France.

After William landed in England, King James found himself deserted, even by his closest friends. He was naturally a weak man and did not have courage enough to fight, and in a short time, he was a fugitive and an exile in France.

When James ascended the throne of England the Cromwellian planters in Ireland, who were then in possession through spoliation and confiscation of most of the land of the island, viewed with terror, the reign of a Catholic king. On the other hand, the Catholics whose ancestors had been deprived of their land, regarded these colonists as mere plunderers, and were hopeful that through a Catholic king, their wrongs would be righted and their lands restored to them.

Immediately after James became king, he directed the Viceroy in Ireland to inform the Catholics that they were free

to practice their religion and should have the same opportunity of appointment to office as their Protestant neighbors.

Colonel Richard Talbot was appointed commander-in-chief of the Irish army. He was a great favorite with the king, who created him Earl of Tyrconnell. The Earl was the champion of the Catholics, and having secured the control of the army, he started to reform it, according to his own ideas. Many Catholics were appointed to important places in the army and many Protestants were dismissed by him. The Irish Protestants were immediately filled with alarm over the actions of Tyrconnell. So great, however, was the favor in which Tyrconnell was held by King James, that he was appointed Viceroy of Ireland, and immediately began to reform the civil government, as he had the army.

Prior to the advent of Tyrconnell, all influence and power in Ireland were in the hands of these colonists. The tables were now turned. The army was no longer exclusively Protestant and the Viceroy was their enemy. While it does not appear that the Catholics abused the power that had come to them, yet it is not unreasonable to suppose that they made retaliations for the injuries which they had received.

In Ulster the Protestants were very strong. The Protestant militia there, who were supposed to have been disarmed by Tyrconnell, had actually retained their arms. In a short time Enniskillen expelled the Catholics from the town, and when Tyrconnell sent a force to subdue them, the militia of Enniskillen defeated the Viceroy's troops. In Derry the same spirit of defiance to Tyrconnell was shown.

When William ascended the throne and had been proclaimed king, he found among his most ardent supporters the Irish Protestants. They hailed him as a champion and in many counties associations were formed to fight his battles.

The Prince of Orange, in his very first proclamation, announced that he was ready to pardon all Irishmen who had laid down their arms. Tyrconnell knew that if he deserted to William, his co-religionists would regard him as a traitor. He stood firm for King James, and the war in Ireland between the "Williamites," the followers of King William, and the "Jacobites," the followers of King James, began.

In 1689 the siege of Derry began. Just before this King James returned from France and took charge of the Irish army. When James landed at Kinsale, he brought with him a great many French officers, including Colonel Sarsfield of the Irish Brigade, who had already distinguished himself with great

ability in the French army. The siege of Derry was unsuccessful on the part of James and he returned from Derry to Dublin, and called together the Irish Parliament. This Parliament was overwhelmingly Catholic. Most of them had had little experience in legislation, yet it is pleasing to recall that all of its acts were just, and more pleasing than any other, was the bill which granted liberty of conscience to all Irishmen.

While the siege of Derry was taking place, fighting was going on in many places in Ulster, and in August, William's greatest general, Schomberg, who had been a marshal of France, with twenty thousand men, landed at Belfast, and the conflict, which hitherto had been between Irishmen, now became a great international struggle.

King James with an army of about twenty-three thousand men, many of them French soldiers, started for Drogheda to meet General Schomberg, and the army of William. Schomberg was not prosecuting the war as vigorously as King William desired, and he decided to go to Ireland himself and take command.

At this time, his force was greatly increased by the addition of seven thousand Danes, and many other English and Dutch regiments came over to Ireland also. William's army numbered between thirty-six thousand and forty-eight thousand men, half of whom were foreigners of different nationalities.

Then quickly followed the Battle of the Boyne on the first day of July, 1690. The army of James was defeated and retreated to Limerick. The day following, Drogheda surrendered to William. If he had pursued the Irish army, he might have destroyed it, but he was extremely cautious, as he knew that the Irish army had fought well at the Boyne, and he thought that the army would probably recruit its strength, as it proceeded toward the south. He was afraid that at the Shannon, the situation might be reversed. He gradually moved southward and captured Wexford, Kilkenny, Clonmell, Waterford and many other places. On the 9th day of August, 1690, he left his army outside the walls of Limerick, and the siege began. The prospect of defending Limerick against as large an army as William's, was not hopeful. The leaders of the Irish army, especially General Lauzun, a French general, and Tyrconnell, both wanted to make peace with William. Lauzun was anxious to get back to France. He had no desire for an Irish campaign; many of the soldiers were sick, and the defences of Limerick were very poor. Lauzun declared that "the City could be tak-



en with roasted apples." France would give no more aid to the Irish army. After James arrived in Paris he reported that the Irish army had displayed cowardice at the Boyne, and, instead of sending aid, France ordered her troops in the Irish army to come home. Many of the other officers wanted to make peace with William, but the rank and file were determined to fight it out. Sarsfield in particular insisted on fighting. He enjoyed the respect of the Irish more than any other living Irishman of his time, and had great influence with them. In France and in England he had displayed great skill and bravery, and his officers were anxious for him to be second in command only to Tyreconnell. The latter did not want to remain at Limerick, and soon followed Lauzun to Galway, leaving General Boisseleau, a French officer, as governor of the city.

William demanded the surrender of the town, but Boisseleau refused to surrender, and the struggle began. Sarsfield, with great courage and daring, with a small force, made a brilliant sortie and destroyed a convoy which was coming to aid William's army and captured a large number of guns and a big supply of ammunition.

In a short time the guns of the English began to play on the city. They made steady progress and soon effected a breach in the walls. The fighting was terrific. The people of Limerick were a heroic race, and, rather than have the English capture the city, they preferred to perish beneath its ruins. When their ammunition was gone, they armed themselves with sticks and stones and broken bottles and implements of every kind and threw themselves in a hand-to-hand contest upon the enemy, as they advanced through the walls. The women of the town were among the bravest. Many of them fell in battle, and eventually the Irish army under Boisseleau, drove the English army back. On the 30th of the month William raised the siege and leaving the Irish government in charge of two Lord Justices, set sail for England.

In the meantime, Lauzun and Tyreconnell, with the French troops, went back to France. While the Siege of Limerick was going on, the English captured all the strong places in Munster, except Limerick, but, as winter was approaching, military operations ceased.

The last campaign began late in the year of 1691. During the winter the troops at Limerick were half starved, poorly armed and almost naked, but France soon sent a fleet with stores and provisions, but no soldiers.

General St. Ruth came over, however, to take supreme

command of the Irish army. The campaign opened in June, 1691, at Athlone, which after a most obstinate defense was captured by the English. St. Ruth, then in command of the Irish army, retreated to Aughrim, where the final battle of the war was fought on Sunday, July 12, 1691. The English were superior in numbers, and especially so in arms and artillery. All morning the priests in the Irish camp were kept busy. Mass and prayers were offered up for victory; sermons were preached, in which the soldiers were urged in the name of God, to stand firm for their altars and their homes. All knew it was the last great stand. Defeat meant more confiscations, more penal laws, churches closed, education denied, priests and the schoolmasters outlawed; it meant poverty, slavery and exile.

On the other hand, victory meant security for their property, recovery of the lands they had lost, the right to live in peace in their own country, to worship at their own altars. It would revenge the Boyne and Athlone. With such hopes and fears as these the soldiers prepared for battle. St. Ruth was killed at a critical moment, and after a severe contest, the Irish were finally defeated with a loss of four thousand men. The great bulk of the Irish army in command of Sarsfield, then went back to Limerick a second time. Many of the officers wanted to surrender, but Sarsfield was determined to fight it out. France was expected to send fresh supplies. King William, however, was anxious for peace, and it was not long before General Ginkle, in command of the English army, completely surrounded the city of Limerick. Sarsfield, finding himself confronted by treachery and disaster, lost heart, and negotiations of surrender were opened on the 24th of September, and the Treaty of Limerick was signed October 16th, 1691. It was signed by the Lord Justices and General Ginkle for the English, and by Sarsfield and other officers for the Irish.

In this treaty it was stipulated that the Catholics should enjoy such privileges as were consistent with the laws of Ireland, or as they enjoyed under the reign of Charles, the Second; that the king was to summons a Parliament in Ireland to provide the Catholics with such further security as might preserve them from disturbance on account of their religion. The inhabitants of Limerick and other garrisons, still under arms, and all under their protection, and all soldiers and officers who were not prisoners of war, and all merchants who had left the country and who returned within eight months, if they submitted, were to get back the estates, which were held by them under the reign of Charles, the Second. They were also to be permitted

to exercise all trades and professions as in the reign of James, the Second, on taking the oath of allegiance to King William. In the military articles of the Treaty, all families who wanted to leave the country were to be permitted to do so, but were not to be permitted to settle in either Scotland or England. All officers and soldiers were to be permitted to enter French service, and they were to be sent free to France in English ships.

Sarsfield was anxious to enlist the soldiers of the Irish army in the service of France, while General Ginkle attempted to get them for the English army. Twelve thousand of the Irish soldiers promised to go with Sarsfield to France, while Ginkle only succeeded in getting a thousand to enlist in the English army. One half of the Irish soldiers who had promised Sarsfield to go, soon left for France, and thus the "flight of the wild geese," as they were called, was considerably increased. In November, on the return of the ships from France, the remainder were ready to go.

All who left Limerick with the intention of going to France did not go for various reasons—some because they were unwilling to leave Ireland, others trusted English promises, and others had heard of ill-treatment of their comrades in the French army. It is likely that many more would have remained in Ireland, had they not heard already of the broken promises of the English and the ill-treatment of their countrymen, who had submitted. The women and children followed the soldiers to the ships, with the idea of going with them. The men were first taken on board, and many of the women fearing that they would be left behind, rushed into the water and seized hold of the open boats which were taking the men out to the larger vessels. Many of them were drowned and others, having their fingers cut off by the seamen, were lost in the sight of their relatives.

In March, 1692, a royal proclamation declared the war ended, but long before this all resistance had ceased. Protestant ascendancy was established and the subjugation of the old race was complete. The colonists had expected to share in the confiscations, which they supposed would follow the war. They were indignant at the concessions made to the Irish, and almost immediately began a struggle to violate the Treaty.

As King James' Parliament had repealed the Act of Settlement, many of the original proprietors had got back their lands, and, as a result, when the war closed, the ownership of land was in a chaotic state.

In 1691 the English Parliament passed an act that no member of the Irish Parliament should take his seat until he had

taken certain oaths and subscribed to the declaration against Transubstantiation. It was the intention of the English Parliament to exclude the Catholic Irish from Parliament, and, though the first Irish Parliament which met in 1692, would not recognize the right of the English Parliament to pass a money bill for the Irish, yet the same Parliament accepted this act. As a result few Catholics presented themselves at the beginning of the session, and those who did so refused to take the oath or subscribe to the declaration against Transubstantiation, and the Parliament became exclusively Protestant.

Sidney, who was appointed Viceroy, attempted to govern Ireland without persecution, and invited the Irish to join the army. This act was resented by the colonists, who complained to the English Parliament that under the Treaty of Limerick, the Catholic Irish were being protected to the detriment of the Protestants. The English Parliament objected to the disposal of the forfeited estates in Ireland and finally passed an act that no grant should be made of forfeited estates, until the English Parliament should discuss and settle the matter.

This was an attack by the English Parliament upon King William, and was an obvious attempt to set aside the Treaty of Limerick. But he had already disposed of most of the forfeited estates.

The question of forfeited estates provoked a long fight between the king and Parliament, in which the king was worsted, and Parliament appointed a commission of its own to inquire into the extent of the forfeited estates in Ireland. This bill was followed by another act, which enabled land to be sold by the king, which really amounted to a second Act of Settlement. As a result, in absolute violation of the Treaty of Limerick, most of the land in Ireland was confiscated, with the exception of the estates of a few families of English blood. The whole power and property of the country was conferred by successive monarchs upon an English colony, who, though they owned practically all the land, never amounted to a third of the inhabitants.

As soon as the party of intolerance were secure in their power the defenders of Derry resolved to avenge themselves on the defenders of Limerick and to treat the Catholics to be submissive and to remember they were a conquered people.

The king abandoned them to their foes and in 1699 a Parliament exclusively Protestant, began the passage of a long series of penal laws.

It seems almost impossible in this enlightened age to realize that a people professing the religion of Christianity should

have permitted the long period of barbarous persecution which followed. Edmund Burke, a Protestant born in Ireland, universally recognized as the foremost English statesman of his time, and one of the greatest, if not the greatest orator of the modern world, declared in Parliament "that the penal code was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people and the debasement in them of human nature itself as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

Among the laws which were passed was one which took away all firearms from the Catholics, and no Catholic was allowed to engage in gunmaking. No person could leave Ireland to be trained as a Catholic or send abroad money for the support of a religious house, under the penalty of losing all civil rights.

A Catholic was not allowed to teach a school publicly or in a private house, except to the members of the family.

A Catholic servant or laborer who refused to work on a holy day of his church was fined, and if he did not pay his fine was whipped. All Catholic Bishops and all Catholic religious orders were banished from the island.

The priests only were allowed to stay with the hope that they would soon die out as the Bishops were all to be banished and no other Bishops were to be allowed to come into the country.

No Catholic was allowed to marry a Protestant. If they did marry they were deemed dead in the law and their property was to be confiscated. No Catholic was allowed to become a solicitor.

A priest was not allowed to return to Ireland if he had for any reason left the country, and all priests were required to be registered, showing their residence, age, and the date of their ordination.

These are but a few of the laws which for almost a hundred years reduced our ancestors to almost the level of slaves. In the attempt to enforce them, every form of cruelty and barbarism was practised. But the attempt to rout out Catholicity in Ireland absolutely failed.

The people naturally turned to the clergy for help and consolation. Disguised as a sailor or clerk, many a young Irish lad went abroad to pursue his studies in France or Spain, and after ordination to the priesthood, again putting on a disguise, he came home to pursue the perilous duties of his office.

Priest hunting was a favorite calling for many years. In some localities where the Protestants were tolerant the priest-

hunter would refrain from his degraded calling and the priest would go about without disguise.

But these periods of tolerance did not last long, and the priest would be obliged to flee to the mountains and the woods. Mass was frequently said in the fields, and when the priest said mass he frequently wore a veil or screened the altar so that the people who assisted at the mass could truthfully answer when interrogated about it, that though they had heard the priest, they had not seen his face and could not tell his name.

But in spite of this persecution which lasted for almost a century, the old Church weathered the storm, and when it ceased, Catholicity, if possible, was more firmly rooted in the people than ever.

In addition to persecuting the Catholics in the practice of their religion, the doors to the learned professions were closed to them, and all civil offices were absolutely denied them. As they were not allowed to own property, many of them were reduced to the position of beggars. The peasantry were always on the brink of starvation, and a period of famines began, five or six of which occurred, culminating in the great famine of 1741, in which four thousand persons perished.

In the fifty years following the Treaty of Limerick four hundred and fifty thousand Irishmen enlisted in the armies of France, many of them for the want of something to do. They went not only to the armies of France, but to Austria, Russia and Spain.

It frequently fell to the lot of Irish soldiers to encounter an English army on the field of battle on the Continent of Europe, and when they met the bitter enemies of their race and religion, they fought with a desperation born of hate, famine and exile. The Irish poet, Davis, in his poem the "Battle of Fontenoy," in which he tells the story of how the Irish Brigade of the French Army defeated the English under the Duke of Cumberland at Fontenoy in 1744, and turned disaster and defeat into a great victory of the French Army over the combined forces of Austrians, Dutch and English, well described this feeling when he wrote:—

"How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay,

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts today—  
Their treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown,—  
Each looks, as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.”

The Presbyterians and Quakers who constituted two-thirds of the colonial interest in Ireland, were also greatly persecuted by the Protestant Ascendancy, and were denied all civil offices and reduced almost to the level of their Catholic fellow countrymen. The disabilities under which the Presbyterians labored joined to economic causes drove many of them to emigrate from Ulster. In the year 1728 thirty-one hundred of them left Ulster and settled in Pennsylvania, Virginia and North Carolina.

In 1698 the English Parliament passed a law which absolutely forbade the Irish people from exporting woolens to any country except England, and to England subject, however, to a ruinous tariff. The woolen industry had been one of the important industries of the island and this industry was almost completely destroyed by this law, and its loss was a great blow to the country.

William Molyneux, one of the members of the University of Dublin in 1698, opposed the law and wrote a text book, in which he maintained that the Irish Parliament had supreme control over their own legislation. But, even in this text book, the author made it clear that the ascendancy was for him the Irish nation and that the majority of the Irish people had no place, in it.

In 1703 there was a movement in Parliament for a closer union with England, but England would not have a Parliamentary union, and the Irish Parliament remained distinct but subordinate, resembling its English parent but with none of its merits. It was a Parliament without power, without dignity, and self respect, a Parliament of pensioners and placemen, bigots and bullies.

The English Parliament in 1719 passed an act expressly declaring that it had the power to legislate for Ireland. It had been doing this thing frequently in the past, but it was not until the year 1719 that they expressly declared that it had the right to do so.

In 1722 the copper coinage in Ireland was very short. Various petitions of the Irish Parliament to have a mint at Dublin had been ignored. But, through the influence of the Duchess of Kendall, one of the favorites of George the First, who was then king, William Wood, an iron monger of Wolverhampton, was granted a patent to coin copper half-pence and farthings to the

amount of one hundred and eight thousand pounds. Wood soon began to send his half-pence and farthings across the channel. The Irish Commissioner of Revenue protested to the Viceroy and to the Treasury Commissioners against this, but neither protest received even the courtesy of a reply. Parliament took the matter into its own hands and resolved that Wood had been guilty of fraud; that the coin was greatly adulterated and would entail a great loss to the country.

Jonathan Swift, the Protestant Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin, then began a memorable fight. Swift was Irish by birth and education, yet he took little pride in being an Irishman. He despised the Catholics and favored the penal code. He hated the Presbyterians, perhaps more than he did the Catholics, but, at the same time, he was disgusted with the corruption, hypocrisy and servitude of his co-religionists. Under the assumed name of M. B. Drapier, he wrote a series of pamphlets denouncing Wood and his coin. In a short time all Ireland was in a blaze of excitement over the letters of Swift, and all classes of the people joined in their abhorrence of Woods' half-pence. In these letters Swift denied the right of England's Parliament to make laws for Ireland. To him it was government without the consent of the governed. He boldly asserted that the Irish were as free as the English by the laws of God, of nature and of nations. A price was set upon his head, and though every man in Ireland knew that Swift was the author of the letters, no one would betray him. England finally backed down and the patent was cancelled and the angry passions of the people for a time subsided.

During the years of the penal laws in Ulster, secret Protestant societies called "Oak Boys" and "Steel Boys" came into existence for the purpose of fighting excessive tithes and rents, which were levied by the Ascendancy on the people. They burned houses and destroyed cattle, and compelled the landlord and the parson to moderate their demands.

In 1741, a new Apostle of Reform and a champion of legislative independence appeared in the person of Doctor Lucas, who founded and edited a weekly paper called "The Citizen's Journal." He originally began as a colonial patriot, but his denunciation of the whole system of government in Ireland made him popular with the native race and all classes of nationalists among the Irish people began to read his paper.

He insisted on the right of Ireland to make her own laws without the interference of England, and declared that, if England was to legislate for Ireland, there was no safety for her; that her linen industry would perish as did her woolen industry.



But he soon was condemned by the Irish Parliament itself and was obliged to flee the country to the Isle of Man.

The persecution of Lucas drew the attention of all Ireland to his writings. In the meanwhile an opposition party known as "The Patriots" had grown up in Parliament, who helped to keep the national sentiment alive, although their nationality was narrow and exclusive.

In 1745 Lord Chesterfield became the Viceroy of Ireland. Under him the priest hunting was stopped; chapels were opened he was affable to the poor and rebuked many officers and magistrates for their over-zeal in persecution. Mass was again openly celebrated in Ireland. Though not a single enactment of the penal code was repealed, yet the government under Chesterfield connived at the non-enforcement of the laws. He was soon recalled and the old policy of persecution was immediately resumed. This short respite, however, had the effect of infusing new spirit into the Catholics, and also introduced disturbing elements into the minds of Protestants as to the wisdom of the persecution.

About this time in the south of Ireland most of the land formerly used as tillage land was thrown into pasturage and the farmers and laborers turned adrift and many who did not enlist for military service, left Ireland for America. This conversion of the land into pasturage meant starvation. Again the collection of tithes was looked upon as a great evil, both by Catholics and Presbyterians and to resist both of these great evils a secret society in the south of Ireland known as the "White Boys," so-called from their wearing white shirts outside of their clothes, was organized and went around levelling houses, destroying cattle and committing many outrages, and while they were in existence they kept the Southern Counties in terror, but they were pursued by the landlords with great vigor. The ascendancy denounced these uprisings as a papist conspiracy, yet made no attempt to remove the cause of them, and continued to pass laws for their punishment that were barbarous in the extreme. During this period of crime and misery Parliamentary proceedings began to attract attention.

The union between Scotland and England led to a similar suggestion of the union between Ireland and England. It seemed to be the only way of getting rid of the trade restrictions, which were impoverishing the nation. It received little encouragement in England in the early part of the eighteenth century.

The failure of the efforts of those who sought to bring about a union between England and Ireland convinced the ma-

majority of the colonists that the English Parliament was hostile to the growth of industry in Ireland and had sought to destroy its chief industry, and that it was never likely to lift Ireland to a position of equality with herself. This feeling and belief had much to do with the growth of the national spirit. The attempt to enforce the penal laws after Chesterfield's period of connivance, showed a deep stratum of intolerance, and it led to the foundation of the First Catholic Committee in 1757. This was the first movement in Ireland to obtain religious and political freedom and social reformation by a peaceful association. This Catholic Committee was supported almost entirely by the middle class of Catholics. The aristocracy among the Catholics were afraid of giving any assistance. The clergy, though ready to brave death for religion's sake, were unprepared to join in the political agitation. The great mass of the people were uneducated and undisciplined and easily led by those in whom they reposed confidence, and were liable to be carried away by ungovernable impulses, under the persuasion of the barbarous tyranny and suffering then endured. The Catholic Committee awakened the energy of the rising generation and showed that peaceful acquiescence in their degradation was not the way to remedy their grievances.

For years it was impossible to bring about any legislative reform. The Parliamentary pensioners and placemen prevented any reforms in the pension list, or in the appointment of judges. Dr. Lucas, in his writings, said that no reform would come until Parliament would reform itself

In 1765 an attempt was made to have a bill passed to limit the duration of Parliament, but this was unsuccessful. Between 1771 and 1775 some minor concessions were made to the Catholics, including a new oath of allegiance to meet their religious objections.

At the beginning of the American Revolution, the agitation for free trade commenced and as England's difficulties increased, the demands of the Irish Parliament grew louder and louder. The defeat of the English in the American War at Saratoga in 1777 filled the Irish people with hope. England began to make concessions to them and, as the Revolutionary War progressed, Ireland was gradually denuded of her troops and volunteer corps for purpose of self protection were formed throughout the country. The movement for the organization of the volunteers began in Belfast. The volunteers served without pay, carried arms and wore uniforms. Now, when England and the colonists stood face to face in the fight for free trade each side tried to conciliate the native Irish. In 1778, England

conceded the right to the Catholics to hold landed property. The Catholic Irish, however, threw in their fortunes with their colonial fellow-countrymen and, as a result, a united Ireland confronted the English government. In 1779, the Irish Parliament met. Henry Grattan, who had become a member four years earlier, was foremost among the leaders of the Patriot Party and a colonel in the volunteers. No one had striven more earnestly than he to end the feud between the colonists and Catholics. He was the champion of the Catholics in 1778, when important concessions were made to them, and he was now the champion of both the colonists and native Irish in the attempt to shake off the commercial fetters, which shackled both. Demonstrations of the volunteers, who had taken up the fight for the removal of trade restrictions, took place all through Ireland, and especially in Dublin. England was terrified. In 1779 Ireland was granted free trade. Having obtained free trade, the volunteers resolved to obtain a free Parliament. In 1780 Grattan introduced a bill in the Irish Parliament, which declared that the king, by and with the consent of the Lords and Commons of Ireland, was the only power competent to legislate for her.

In 1782, the volunteers held a convention at Dungannon. It was attended by representatives of one hundred and forty-three corps of Ulster volunteers. This convention demanded legislative independence. It asserted, too, the right of private judgment in matters of religion, and expressed its gratitude and pleasure on the repeal of the penal laws.

Religious liberty began to advance step by step with political liberty. The support of the Catholics in favor of Irish liberty brought to their assistance the ablest men in both parties in Parliament, and a bill was passed which permitted the Catholics to take and dispose of land, and repealed the law against the celebration of Mass, and also destroyed many other penal laws. It contained provisions for the education of Catholics. Thus was a great breach made in the penal code.

In 1782, the English Parliament, impressed with the necessity of curbing the excitement in Ireland, began to consider a final adjustment, that would bring satisfaction to both kingdoms.

Grattan in April secured the passage of his bill, embodying the resolutions of the Dungannon Convention by a unanimous vote. Finally, in May, 1782, the English Parliament, under the leadership of Fox, recognized the right of the legislative independence of the Irish Parliament. Thus was ended the fight begun by Molyneux, carried on by Swift and Lucas, and

triumphantly closed under the leadership of Grattan. The great Irish patriot was well justified in saying as he does in one of his speeches: "I found Ireland on her knees, I watched over her with a paternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift! Spirit of Molyneux! Your genius has prevailed! Ireland is a nation. In that character I hail her, and bowing in her august presence, I say—'esto perpetua!'"

But this hope and desire of Grattan's was not to succeed. In the Parliament of Grattan, which thus began, the Catholic was still excluded. He was also deprived even of the Parliamentary franchise, and the Parliament was consequently still unrepresentative. Grattan and Flood were its principal members. Flood was opposed to giving Catholics the right to sit in Parliament, although otherwise desirous of protecting them. Flood made an effort to reform the organization of Parliament, but was not successful.

At this time, Fitzgibbon, a grandson of a peasant and a grandson of a Catholic, and whose name is still loathed in Ireland, was attorney general. He hated the Catholics, and, when the "White Boys" broke out in 1786, he met the outbreaks with a riot act of great severity, although he knew that this outbreak was due entirely to the tithe farmer and the rack-renting landlord. Under the riot act, if twelve or more people assembled together and were ordered by a magistrate to disperse and did not do so, they were all liable to be put to death. Grattan opposed this policy bitterly.

In 1783 Flood left Ireland and became a member of the English Parliament, but never achieved any distinction there. John Philpot Curran took his place beside Grattan. He was a friend and champion of the Catholics and a constant foe of the attorney general. He was undoubtedly the greatest advocate of his time, and, as an orator, he was second only to Grattan. Little was done for the Catholics from 1782 to 1790. Grattan was always willing and anxious to aid them, but the opposition of Flood and others made it impossible. In the meanwhile, the Catholics made little effort themselves. The Catholic Committee did very little during this period. At this time a Catholic petition would not be received in Parliament or in Dublin Castle.

In 1790, the French Revolution was in progress and its effect was greatly felt in Ireland. A new republic had arisen in France, which defied nature and reason and abolished all religious disabilities, declared tithes to be immoral and all men to have equal rights. The volunteers, who were still strong in

Ulster, were greatly influenced by the Revolution and began to demand Parliamentary reform and Catholic emancipation.

The Society of the United Irishmen was founded in 1791. This organization brought Catholic and Presbyterian together in a fight to bring about the reforms advocated earlier by the Volunteers. The British ministry at this time was anxious for the Irish Parliament to be more liberal. The English Parliament had granted many important concessions to the Catholics in England. But the Irish Parliament would not do anything further in this respect.

Edmund Burke, though he hated the French Revolution, was favorable to the Irish demands. He sent his son to Ireland to aid in the fight. In 1792, under great pressure from England, Catholics were first admitted to the bar and marriages between Catholics and Protestants legalized, and the Catholics were permitted to erect and support Catholic schools. These concessions did not satisfy the Catholics, however, as they were still in the position of a degraded sect. The force of the French Revolution began to be more and more felt in Ireland. The United Irishmen and the Catholic Committee joined forces and Wolf Tone, an Irish Protestant, became secretary to the Catholic Committee.

A new Association known as the Friends of the Constitution was founded by Henry Grattan in 1792, the purpose of which was to complete Catholic emancipation and Parliamentary reform. Wolf Tone, born in Dublin, educated at Trinity, called to the bar in 1789, first made his appearance in Irish politics in 1791. He was the founder of the United Irishmen, and by his pen and voice did much to bring the Catholics and Protestants together. He believed that Ireland would never be happy while the influence of England was felt there, and he wanted absolute independence for his native land. His hope in accomplishing this lay principally in the dissenters of the north of Ireland and the Catholics. The society of the United Irishmen did not officially go as far as Tone wanted. It demanded parliamentary reform, manhood suffrage, the abolition of property qualifications for a seat in Parliament and equal rights for the Catholics. Grattan was not in sympathy with these advanced measures of reform. He opposed universal suffrage, and, as a result, opposed the United Irishmen. Like Burke, he, too, hated the French Revolution and wanted the Irish to support England in a war with France, which was then going on. In 1794, after a considerable struggle, Maynooth College was founded for the education of priests, as the French Revolution made it impossible any longer for priests to

be educated in France. This college has since become one of the greatest Catholic Colleges in the world.

In 1794, Grattan renewed the fight for Catholic emancipation in the Irish Parliament, but unsuccessfully. The Catholics, absolutely disgusted at the defeat of Grattan, gave up the fight, as they felt it was useless any longer to appeal to the Irish Parliament, and in vast numbers joined the United Irishmen and, through this society and with violence, sought the redress which constitutionally they ought to have obtained. Another secret society of Catholics, known as The Defenders, took up the fight, and began to intimidate magistrates. They were armed with pikes and spears and frequently fought the Irish soldiery. They were, of course, frequently punished and many of them imprisoned and killed. In Armagh the "Peep of Day Boys," a Protestant Society, fought The Defenders and defeated them. Afterwards the Peep of Day Boys founded a new association, known as the "Orange Society," the name being taken from William of Orange. All of the bigots and fanatics of Ulster joined the society and continued to persecute the Catholics there in every way. The effect of the outrages was to increase the United Irishmen, as the Catholics joined them for protection, and the defenders all became United Irishmen and, as a result, before the Rebellion of 1798 broke out, more than five hundred thousand members were on the roll of the United Irish Society. The members of the Society soon came to understand that the ultimate object was a revolution and a republic. It had a civil and military system of organization. Its membership in 1796 included Arthur O'Connor, McNevin, Addis Emmet and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the son of the Duke of Leinster. Wolf Tone had left Ireland in 1795. France had sent an emissary to Ireland to see if a French invasion would be welcomed. The emissary was found out, arrested and sentenced to death. Tone had met him and had been requested by this emissary to go to France on a mission for the United Irish Society. Tone soon became a marked man and determined to leave Ireland if possible and finally, through powerful efforts, left Ireland and came to Philadelphia. Addis Emmet and others urged him, when leaving Ireland, to get aid from France. In 1796, Tone left the United States and went to Paris, where he made a great impression and finally, in December, 1796, a French fleet with many able officers and men, numbering fifteen thousand, in forty-three vessels, set out for Ireland. Only thirty-five reached Bantry Bay. A great storm arose, which made it impossible for the soldiers to land. It lasted many days and the fleet finally became scattered and, to the rage and

disgust of Tone, in twos and threes they went back to France. England was thus saved by the winds. France, at this time, was a great power and had humbled all of Europe, excepting England, who was still invincible on the sea.

Grattan again unsuccessfully urged upon Parliament that, if they expected to obtain the support of the Irish Catholics, they must grant them Catholic emancipation. Camden, the Viceroy, and Fitzgibbon, were opposed to any concession. The latter had sworn to make Ireland "tame as cats" and he immediately started out to do it. Everywhere outrages were committed by the soldiers. Men and women were killed outright and in a thousand ways the people were driven to desperation. Grattan's influence in Parliament steadily waned. Finally, when only seven men supported him, in May, 1797, he ceased to attend Parliament altogether.

The United Irish Society confidently expected that French aid would be sent to them and in May. Arthur O'Connor was sent to France to hasten this aid. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was named as commander-in-chief of the rebel forces. He was then thirty-five years old, a Geraldine, and the son of Ireland's only duke. He threw rank and fortune to the winds to fight for his fellow-countrymen. He was a man of remarkable personal courage and was the idol of the people. The conduct of the Irish Army at this time in their treatment of the people was well described by General Abercrombie, who had been appointed its chief military commander, who said that he found on investigation "that the army, in the year 1797, had committed every cruelty and crime that could be committed by Cossack or Calmuck, with the approval of those high in office."

On April 3rd, 1798, a proclamation was issued by the Irish government, demanding the surrender of all arms in ten days. When arms were not surrendered, the soldiers made search and wantonly destroyed the property of those who were suspected of having arms. The United Irish leaders fixed on the 23rd of May for the insurrection. The French in the meantime changed its plan of making the descent on England, and Bonaparte was sent to Egypt with an army to defeat England there.

On May 18th, 1798, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was captured a prisoner, while resting after dinner at the home of a friend in Dublin, only after he made a gallant resistance, in which he stabbed one of his captors and mortally wounded another. For two months the government had been on his track. A price had been set on his head. He died from wounds received in this struggle in Newgate Prison a couple of weeks afterwards. The day following his capture the Sheares brothers were cap-

tured. They were members of the directorate of the United Irish Society. Most of the Society's leaders were obliged to leave the country, and the whole movement was soon left without any strong leadership.

Many causes limited the area of the rebellion and it was only in portions of Wicklow, Kildare, Carlow, Dublin, Meath and Queen's County that any fighting of consequence took place.

On the 24th of May, 1798, the insurrection broke out in many places in these counties, but the superior skill, discipline and arms of the military were almost invariably successful. In most of the counties, except Wexford, the rebellion was over in less than a week. In Wexford, however, there was a strong spirit of rebellion. The Irish soldiers in Wexford were all Orangemen, and were constantly animated by religious prejudices. As a result of cruelties committed by the soldiers, the people preferred to fight than to be massacred, and under the leadership of Father John Murphy of Booleyvogue, the standard of rebellion rose. Inside of a week after fighting commenced, the County of Wexford was in control of Father John's forces. Unless aid came from the surrounding country, the patriot leaders knew that they must fail. The Irish government began to make every effort to suppress the rebellion. They feared that, if the French fleet landed in Wexford, the whole country would be lost. The untrained peasantry had shown remarkable bravery and gallantry and had won very many successes. Most of the rebel's strength finally gathered at Vinegar Hill on the 21st of June of the same year, and the attack on them was begun. The government forces numbered fourteen thousand trained soldiers with experienced officers and an abundance of artillery, while the rebels had little or no artillery. After a stubborn contest, lasting a few hours, the rebels were out-matched and fled towards Wexford, leaving six hundred dead on the field of battle. In this fight Father Michael Murphy at the head of his men, was killed. Father John was captured and taken prisoner and later hung at Tullow. There were many other priests engaged in the rebellion, which was practically over in July, when a general amnesty was offered to all who would forsake their leaders and give up their arms. Most of the United Irish Directorate, who had been arrested, were being tried before a High Commission Court in Dublin. The Sheares brothers were sent to the scaffold, and many were sent to Botany Bay, and twenty of the principal leaders were sent to Fort George in Scotland and were kept there until 1802. Of these McNevin and Emmet came to the United States, where



they attained great distinction, and Arthur O'Connor left for France, where he became a general in the French Army. France had utterly failed the United Irish in this rebellion. A small force came over in August under the leadership of General Humbert. It numbered less than a thousand. This force was captured by Cornwallis, and they were treated as soldiers of war and sent back to France, but their Irish allies, who were captured with them, were slaughtered.

On September 20, 1798, another French fleet with Wolfe Tone aboard the *Hoche*, set sail from France for the purpose of seizing Ireland. Once again the winds favored England. The vessels were again separated at sea. They were attacked and disabled by an English force under Warren, and the *Hoche* was captured. Tone was tried by a court marshal and sentenced to be hung. As a French officer he requested the right to be shot. This was denied him, and, when refused, he cut his throat in his cell. Before the end of the year the rebellion was at an end.

When the rebellion of 1798 broke out, William Pitt, the English minister, seized the opportunity of bringing about a legislative union between England and Ireland, and secured the support of the British Cabinet to the plan.

While as a result of the Jacobite War and the confiscations which followed, the Protestant minority held all the positions of power in Ireland, yet they had little desire for a legislative union for more than half a century.

Many descendants of William and Cromwell were coming to regard Ireland as their own country. It was these men who formed the volunteer army and had made the Irish Parliament free. They realized that England's Parliament had destroyed their trade and that the Irish Parliament was their own.

Since 1782, the prosperity of the country had advanced with great strides. When Cornwallis was sent to Ireland in 1798, he was instructed by Pitt to feel his way to see what support he could secure for a union.

The English government, anxious to obtain a majority, began a campaign of education through pamphlets and in other ways, in favor of the union, showing benefits that would arise therefrom, and made argumentative appeals to both Protestants and Catholics, as well as to the business interests of the country.

When the Irish Parliament in January, 1799, met, the question was immediately taken up under the leadership of Lord Castlereagh, who was then Chief Secretary for Ireland. While the king did not want this office held by an Irishman, yet an exception was made in the case of Castlereagh, because he was

so unlike an Irishman. He was cold, callous, and heartless. He had favored every severity of the government and employed as his instruments in the enforcement of law men without a shred of character. Love of country he did not understand, and public virtue he despised. Bribery and corruption he loved to employ. The support of the Union was to be made the test of loyalty and all opponents of it were dismissed from their offices. The opposition to the Union in Parliament had many able leaders, and the votes in the early part of the struggle were almost even in the Irish House of Commons, while in the House of Lords, the union forces were overwhelmingly in the majority.

Foster, the Irish secretary, was one of the principal opponents of the union. He had been opposed to Parliamentary reform and to Catholic emancipation. During the Rebellion of '98 he supported every severity and cruelty of the government, yet to the chagrin of Pitt, he took the side of the opponents of the union. Those who supported Castlereagh in the early stages of the Parliamentary struggle were rewarded with offices, pensions and promotions to the peerage. Corruption and the purchase of seats immediately began.

Outside of Parliament very effective means were taken to influence public opinion. Troops were hurried from England until the army in Ireland numbered one hundred and thirty-seven thousand men, although no rebellion was then feared. A Coercion Act in '99 was passed, placing all Ireland under martial law. Meetings opposing the union were everywhere suppressed. Petitions favoring the union were circulated throughout Ireland, with small success. In the entire country only seven thousand petitioned for the union, while one hundred and ten thousand freeholders opposed it.

Among the Catholics, a few bishops having lost all confidence in the Irish Parliament, and having been promised more liberal treatment if a union was brought about, favored it, but the priests throughout the nation were generally opposed to it, and the small number, who signed the petitions favoring the union, proved that the great bulk of the Catholic laity was thoroughly opposed to it.

Daniel O'Connell, who made his first public speech in January, 1800, declared that he would rather trust his Protestant fellow-countrymen than to lay his country at the feet of foreigners, and that, if a union was to be the alternative of the re-enactment of the penal laws, he preferred the re-enactment of the penal laws. In the House of Commons out of three hundred men, only one hundred and twenty-eight men were elected from cities and towns with an open franchise: one hundred and sev-

enty-two were returned from the close boroughs, named by a crowd of private patrons, and consequently bound to vote as their patrons wanted. In such an assembly it was easy to get a majority, especially when bribery and corruption were used. The great event of the debate was the re-appearance of Grattan. With great reluctance he consented to re-enter Parliament. He was then in feeble health, but through a friend he secured a place in Parliament from a close borough. Dressed in uniform of the Volunteers and with loaded pistols in his pockets, as he feared an attack on his way to the House of Commons, he made his reappearance. He made one of the greatest speeches of his career, but was unsuccessful, as one hundred and thirty-eight of the members supported Castlereagh, while only ninety-six voted with Grattan. Bribery and corruption had triumphed. The articles of the Union were finally carried by a vote of one hundred and fifty-eight to one hundred and fifteen. The articles were sent to England in March, 1800, and with slight alterations were passed there finally in May. They were then sent back to the Irish Parliament, and the act as finally passed received the Royal assent in August, 1800.

In the century and more that has elapsed since the Legislative union between Ireland and England became effective, every promise that was made in its behalf has failed of accomplishment and Ireland has fallen steadily backward. Disaster and ruin have been its fruit and the nation has constantly lost in population, while almost every nation in the world has profited in Ireland's loss.

Within a year it is confidently hoped that as the result of almost a half century of agitation, a solid and united parliamentary delegation, led by wise and prudent leadership, with the backing of the democracy of England, will wipe out the corruption, bribery and theft of 1800, and Ireland will once more have a Parliament of her own.

Surely it is not too much to hope that in our own life time, with the aid of this independent parliamentary body constantly seeking the prosperity and happiness of the country, Ireland may take her proper place among the nations of the world.





## Rev. Michael J. McKenna

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Rev. Michael J. McKenna, assistant pastor of St. Francis Church, North Adams, Mass., is a native of Holyoke, Mass. His early education was received in the parochial and high schools of that city. He studied at St. Charles College, Maryland, and later at the University of Ottawa, from which he was graduated in 1896. His theological studies were made at the Grand Seminary, Montreal. He was ordained to the priesthood on Christmas Day, 1900.

Father McKenna was first stationed at St. Francis Church, North Adams. Following his service in the North Adams Church he was transferred to St. Patrick's Church, Montreal. He was assistant priest at the Church of the Holy Family, Springfield, Mass., for eight years. He came to St. John's Church, Worcester, Mass., in April, 1911. In April, 1913, after two years' service, he was transferred to St. Francis Church, North Adams.

While in Worcester, Father McKenna was a member and chaplain of Division 24, A. O. H. He has been connected with the Springfield Diocesan C. T. A. Union for several years. He served as president in 1910 and 1911.



Sincerely in X to,  
W. J. McKenna.





# The Catholic Emancipation Period:

1801—1846

—BY—

REV. MICHAEL J. McKENNA

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Toward the end of the 18th century, Ireland was passing through the darkest era of her history. The prime minister of England at the time was that vulture statesman, William Pitt. This high-minded fellow manfully availed himself of the hopeless apathy into which the late rebellion had cast the Irish nation.

As leader of the government, he grasped this dignified occasion to further his scheme for the legislative union of Ireland and Great Britain. Curran, Plunkett, Grattan, and other patriotic Irishmen had long opposed the foul intrigue of the British minister, but all to no avail. The tears and entreaties of these gifted statesmen proved absolutely fruitless.

Ladies and gentlemen, we are all familiar to some extent with the horrid excesses of which national parliaments have from time to time been guilty. But there is one excess recorded in the story of civil states, baser than which, history knows no record, and which will stand forever an unanswerable taunt to the name of England as an honest state.

'Tis the imperial theft, the parliamentary sacrilege committed by the ministry of England against our race, 100 years ago, on old historic College green.

Would you gaze for a passing moment on that memorable scene, the bare thought of which turns almost to gall the Irish blood that courses through my veins? The year was 1800. Parliament had convened for the last reading of a bill on a union of our fatherland and Great Britain. Excitement among the people naturally was intense, and threats from every side were made against the aliens and the traitors. The awful time they feared had now arrived, when the light of Irish liberty would be extinguished.

Their fear was right. No more would the sun rise over them as an independent people. Upon the floor of parliament sat 300 men. Irishmen? Yes, a few. Catholics? Before God in heaven, and 'tis history, not one solitary man.

The penal code was as yet by no means dead. The much dreaded moment came at last. The prime supporter of the bill, a man, with the mention of whose name I dislike to pollute my lips, a man who lived as Judas lived, and a man who died as Judas died, a traitor and a suicide, arose to address the house on the order of the day.

He proposed a vote for the legislative union between Ireland and Great Britain. The words seemed frozen as they issued from his lips. He coolly made his motion, and as coolly resumed his seat.

There he sat, with the utmost composure and indifference, a man without a country, without a God, save base ambition; the once minister supreme of Ireland, cold-blooded, stony-hearted, Catholic hating, self-destroying, Lord Castlereagh. O, what a glorious counterpart, this Judas, of that modern Herod of the Saxons, and with what immortal lustre shall not the name of each adorn forever the page of Irish history, the nation-selling Castlereagh, and the nation-slaying Cromwell?

Among the spectators in the gallery who watched the unholy scene that was taking place, was a young Irishman, a lawyer, who would one day stir the world and absorb the attention of mankind. A melancholy picture of his country in disgrace loomed up before him. "Poor Ireland," he thought, "with her fadeless past, will in a moment more be stripped of all her rights, her dignity, and her power."

Her rank among the states of Europe lost, her constitution canceled, and old College green, with her gifted orators, now passing into story!

At last the moment for decision came. The destiny of a nation was in the balance. Below sat the craven courts, lords and commoners, with a quota of British clerks and officers smuggled in to vote away the constitution of a country and the liberty of a people. An awful silence like that of doom came over all. There was no countenance to which the heart did not dispatch some messenger.

The speaker rose slowly from his chair, alas, to occupy it never again as presiding officer in an Irish parliament. Out over the historic gathering he cast one last lingering glance. His eyes met the gaze of a faithful few, Grattan, Plunkett, and the rest.

Their lonely look betokened not the faintest ray of hope.

He held up the accursed bill in deathlike silence. No one moved, not a voice was heard, not even a whisper among the benches.

He looked steadily about him on the last agony of the expiring parliament. But a moment more and another chapter would be written in the olden story of the wreck of states. Ireland will be fallen and College green will stand like all the lonely ruins of the land to remind Irishmen of what they had been once and now to tell them what they are no more. With their eyes averted from the object that they hated, the spectators heard the speaker put the awful question.

“All in favor of this bill say ‘Aye.’ ” and ayes to the number of 200 echoed through the rafters of that classic hall.

The final verdict had been spoken; the fatal climax had been reached.

Screams and hisses rent the galleries; women fainted, strong men wept like new-made orphans. Betrayed, dispirited, broken-hearted, they watched the speaker till he flung the cursed bill away. The tragic scene was ended and Ireland independent was no more.

Thus, friends, was the country of our fathers, in which four-fifths of the population had no voice, no vote, no say, degraded to a province of the British empire. As Irishmen, through whose veins courses blood as pure as the purest in the world, now tempered by a soil which makes it the proudest and the best, as Irish Yankees; do not forget this fact. Repeat it often, tell it everywhere, that 'twas through Saxon gold and not the votes of Irishmen that the Union act of 1800 passed; that 'twas through landlordism and the treachery of Ulster Orangemen, and never by the consent of our Catholic fathers, that Ireland as a nation was extinguished.

Among the spectators in the gallery who watched the unholy scene that had taken place below, was a young lawyer who would one day stir the world. He gazed out over the dead parliament of his country, tarried awhile beside its bier, followed its cortege to the Dublin streets, heard the bells in Irish steeples ring out a mournful tune for Ireland's degradation.

Their sound and the gruesome tragedy just enacted so frenzied him that his blood boiled, and he vowed that night, if God would help him, the foul dishonor would not last, and the libelous union would one day be repealed.

“The act just passed, amalgamating my country and Great Britain, is not,” he said, “and never will be told in history as the work or the will of Irishmen. 'Tis an outrageous infamy. The world must know it.

'Tis false as the blackest libel ever written on the records of the damned.' That lawyer was the immortal emancipator of his race, the great O'Connell.

And now began the memorable part that God intended he should play in history. While yet in the tender years of manhood he consecrated his gifted life entirely to the nation's great reforms, emancipation and repeal. Emancipation, the unconditional freedom of his countrymen to worship God as olden revelation and their conscience told them and not as English lucre or Saxon lash had failed to make them, and repeal, the absolute amendment of the execrable robbery perpetrated against his people in the late parliament of Ireland.

Catholic emancipation and the repeal of the union became what millions deemed as hopeless, the cherished life task of O'Connell. He chose the darkest period in all the history of his country to sound the trumpet of her resurrection. Not with cruel arms, as marked all former struggles of his country with her foes, but with such weapons rather as God and nature had intended in all the great affairs of life and conscience would he face the enemy and fight the cause of Ireland.

Not as a soldier with a musket, but as a man with an intellect, did he depart to battle, first for the God-born rights of Irishmen as Catholics, and next in turn, for the constitutional rights of Irishmen now as subjects of the British crown.

For nine and twenty years the first great struggle lasted. One by one, he met and mastered England's foremost statesmen, among them Pitt and Peel and Wellington.

O'Connell's first official act as leader in the terrific struggle for the religious freedom of his people was to organize the Catholic board. He then went forth amongst the nation and endeavored with all the power of his electric eloquence to rouse them from their stupor. He asked them for their manhood's sake, for the honor of their Melician ancestors, nay, for the glory of the Creator, in the name of God to lift up their heads.

As their heaven-appointed leader he would bring them out of the house of British bondage, would win for them religious freedom if they would but hear him and obey. But they feared him from the first, and would not listen.

Ah, was it any wonder? They realized too well that they were Catholics, crushed for ages under the heel of brutal masters. Was it any wonder they turned a deaf ear to his entreaties? He was but an Irishman, a Catholic, like themselves, holding out to them the promise of a bright something which upon this earth they no longer hoped to see.

They heard his bold expressions, and more than ever feared

for the only treasure left them. O God! The last relic of their nation's fadeless past, which tyranny never tarnished. The last fragment of the ancient pride and greatness of imperial Ireland, their holy church.

"O, Christ of the winepress and Golgotha," cried the whipped and stricken Gael. "Put down this madman ere the Saxon wolves shall with renewed and still more savage fury turn upon us." So deeply had the iron of oppression entered the Irish soul that they made no complaint to sacrifice everything on earth, save God and virtue.

Their homes, the lands that were theirs since the dawn of history, the products of the fields, and education, all such they cared not for.

Yea, they would go, like cattle, dumb-driven, to the polls, and vote against their own best interests, what matter? The obligation to support an alien school, an alien minister, good God. Think of that, in civilized Europe, and in the 18th century, did not seem cruel while the right was theirs to worship Christ and honor His virgin mother even in nature's temple, out on the lonely mountain, with their only friend through thick and thin, their only father in woe and weak about them, their Sogarth Aroon, poor and persecuted, oft ill-clad and hungry, leading them on to the hills of eternal peace and freedom with God in heaven. That was all they wanted now; all hope beside was smothered in the Irish breast.

Said an eminent statesman who visited Ireland at the time, "I have seen the Indian in his wigwam and the negro in his chains; but the condition of the Irish peasant is worse than that of the savage or the slave." O, death forever to the cruel code, which starved and pauperized and did its diabolical best to brutalize the millions of my race.

Yes; cursed eternally be the law which made it felony for my sires to lift a hand or freely breathe God's air. And shame, everlasting shame, to the men who forced, in a single land and generation, nearly 5,000,000 of their fellows into base illiteracy.

For less provocation did the Belgian bourgeoisie ignore their union; for less provocation far did the phlegmatic Hollanders burst their dykes and let in the sea, and for less infinitely did the rebels of America grapple with the lion of British tyranny and win in the heraldry of nations an honored place for our stars and stripes forever.

At the Sunday Mass the sogarth began to whisper that in foreign lands the name of a brave Irishman was meeting with acclaim.

In all the courts of Europe, off in free America, in distant

India and Australia, and parts elsewhere throughout the globe, millions multiplied were sounding the praises of O'Connell, and speaking words of love and sympathy for his people. The civilized world was behind the emancipator and his cause.

The Irish peasantry awoke. They became convinced that their fears had hitherto concealed the transcendent genius of their valorous countryman, who, single-handed, braved the wrath and defied the power of mighty England. They arose and swore they would be free. They would follow their gallant chieftan whithersoever he might lead them.

Then the liberator marshalled them about him, formed them into one vast myriad phalanx that elicited for him the admiration and plaudits of the civilized world. Throughout the land from the center to the sea, he called together aristocrat and peasant, lay and cleric, priest and people. 'Twould be the nation's final dash, perhaps, for freedom. He called it the Catholic association. In it the country became a unit, and the allegiance shown its chief was grander far in all respects than ever was that of Saxon military to its king or Roman legion to its Caesar.

A penny a month from every peasant and a pound from each among the gentry brought millions to propagate the cause.

Ladies and gentlemen, consult the entire range of history, and on no page thereof will you read where armies ever disciplined a nation as O'Connell disciplined Ireland, with no other weapon than the cross and no code save the law of divine religion. We would gladly delineate the doctrine of O'Connell, even in detail to do it justice, but the time is not at our disposal. With the British constitution he, single handed, sought to make that historic document that governed millions serve the interests of the millions, and not of Irish millions only, but of all the millions scattered throughout the vast empire of Great Britain.

And the result? Read the answer for yourselves. 'Tis the history of 100 years told in all the lands that belt the globe. No arms, no war, no misconduct of any kind," he said.

"Honor the crown, respect the ministers, be obedient to authority, act always within the limits of the law," and with the millions of his countrymen would O'Connell form a tremendous thunderbolt with which he'd shatter the omnipotence of that age-old sinecure, which the present disciple of O'Connell, the gallant Redmond, is now dragging down to an inglorious defeat, the British House of Lords.

And let me add right here, that the real enemy, the persistent adversary of the civil and religious freedom of the Irish people is today, and has been for centuries, the man who claims

to be clad in the Almighty's livery, and who sits, by virtue of his office, a state bishop in that August assembly. O, history, what Christly charity is here. But 'tis the Sabbath, so, in genuine charity, let's pass this chapter and proceed.

And lo! Look, looming in the distance, the first grand results of the liberator's preaching. By the act of 1795, 40-shilling men, generally day laborers, or at best small farmers, were given the right of franchise. Clare was open.

Send me to parliament," said O'Connell. "The liberator for parliament," cried the Irish. What? They who till now had been prostrate and apparently forever slaves, depending on the omnipotent landlord for their bread, their homes, nay, their very lives, they who for years had been driven to the polls like cattle, and voted just as ordered; they claiming a representative in parliament, and he a Papist? Even so? Even so.

The time for the fulfillment of the olden prophecy that emancipation would be won only when an Irish Catholic would be sent to parliament had arrived. The liberator avowed he'd stand for Clare. And the result?

The fetters of landlordism, the Irish peasantry broke asunder. The olden habit of servility they scorned, and manfully cast away, and then like God's own freemen, come what might, they elected O'Connell by a grand and unique majority. Ireland was wild with exultation, and from every altar a sincere thanksgiving hymn went soaring to the ear of God.

All earthly lands were looking on in admiration. Peel and Wellington stood aghast. In all the years of struggle, O'Connell had outpointed them at every parry. He fought them not by night in the fastnesses of his Irish mountains, but in the open day within easy hearing of king and parliament. They found him an undaunted warrior with a warrior people at his beck.

Ere it is all too late, thought the man whom accident had made the hero of Waterloo, justice must be shown these Irish. Through them in no small part, was America lost to the British crown forever. Through them were the hopes of England crushed at Fontenoy. Through them the history of the world was changed at Waterloo. Their names are emblazoned high on all victorious battlements of the earth, and if driven on by tyranny to a last extreme, who knows but God what might ensue?

Wellington was right. The Iron Duke had clashed with the mighty forces of old France, had measured swords and crushed the hopes of Europe's foremost soldier, Napoleon Bonaparte. But Arthur looked for no erring Grouchy, he looked for no blundering lieutenant here, the forces, their general, the

battleground, the cause, all were different now. He knew the history of the race with whom he dealt, and realized the temperament of their leader.

He admitted, as did parliament, something must be done. The inevitable had arrived. Qualified emancipation? No, no; not qualified emancipation. That unrivaled galaxy of immortal genius, the noble hearted Protestants, Burke and Curran, Grattan and Plunkett, the best friends that Ireland ever had, were too long mocked with the promise of this which never saw fulfillment. O'Connell spurned the offer.

Nothing short of unconditional religious freedom would satisfy him and his Irish now. A bill for granting such was introduced and passed. Wellington sought the signature of the king, and Europe's crowned buffoon, George the Fourth, said "No." On bended knee Duke Arthur begged his royal master to sign the bill so necessary for the welfare of the realm. George persisted.

"But, my liege, you must," cried Wellington. The king again said "No."

"For the peace of England and the safety of your subjects, sign, I ask." The royal George said "Never."

"Ah, you must; you must. Ireland is a unit, is on the verge of war. Millions are they listening to a leader who has become the idol of the nation. Yea, even the trusted soldiers of your army cheer and follow him through the streets. Sign, my liege, it can't be helped."

His royal highness seized the pen besmearing the document with his filthy signature, and then burst into tears. Tears. O, merciful Master! Thou who knowest infinitely well the worth of every tear! What tears were here! What a picture of repentance might religion claim forever if such tears were only shed in sorrow for a sinful past.

"He did not weep," said a gifted orator of that day, "when he broke the heart of his poor wife, and declared her before the world to be untrue. He did not weep at the ruin of every form of innocence that ever came before him, destroyed and polluted by his unholy touch.

"He did not weep when he left Richard Brinsley Sheridan, his own friend, to die of starvation in a London garret. No. He had not tears to weep for the black criminalities of a low, lewd life. He had no heart to feel. He was never known to weep in his life, save on the day that he was forced to sign the bill which emancipated a stricken people, and then the bloated voluptuary wept the devil's tears."

And so, on April 10, 1829, one of the most important meas-



ures that ever engaged the attention of an earthly parliament, the liberty of Catholic conscience throughout the empire, was added forever to the civil statutes of Great Britain. Emancipation for Catholic Ireland had been won. 'Twas the greatest of O'Connell's bloodless triumphs in all his battling with an empire—a victory that will remain forever the glory of his nation, an example to all persecuted peoples, and a warning henceforth to the governments of the world.

As an Irish Catholic, O'Connell now claimed the right to occupy a seat in the British parliament. He was refused. He'd know the reason. Ah, the lonely graveyards of his age-whipped country, the pathetic story of her blood-soaked soil for centuries, might eloquently tell the reason.

Yet he contested his claim, and with success, not as a Catholic, nor as an Irishman, but as an Irish Catholic subject of the crown. 'Midst the hilarious shouts of the sea-divided Gael, the liberator had wrested from the Saxon parliament another victory. The British lords and commoners humbly acknowledged O'Connell's claim. As a British subject would he occupy a seat in proud St. Stephens; as an Irish Catholic would he represent the constituency of Clare.

Ladies and gentlemen, in the foremost epics of the world, poetic genius has immortalized scenes not a whit more valorous than the conduct of the liberator on the day he entered parliament.

As a boy at school I learned of the valorous Greek Leonidas, who, with 300 men and the advantage of position, dared to fight 10,000 at Thermopylae, but never was I told, save at my mother's knee, of a weaponless young Irishman, with no advantage in his favor, braving, single-handed, all the millions of an empire.

Gaze upon the picture for yourselves. There sat the haughty speaker, willing to favor Ireland's liberator with everything save respect. There were the imperious gouty lords who despised O'Connell's nationality, and hated O'Connell's creed. There, too, were the commoners of the realm, who frowned on the mob orator of the Irish hills and highways, whose presence, they said, would soon cast odium upon the name of the British house, all of them ready to greet him with hisses for hurrahs, and jibes and jeers as their only sign of welcome to the new member from rebel Ireland.

The speaker motioned O'Connell to advance, and requested him to take the oath. The liberator hesitated, looked about him for a moment. Full well he knew that in every man, perhaps, of that vast assembly, Ireland and Catholicism could

count an enemy, and himself not a single friend. Was he about to deal a blow to Ireland and her church that would mean to both eternal death in the mind of every Englishman that day present. He called on God to guide him.

Turning to the chief officer of the house, O'Connell asked for a copy of the oath. Not a word. Not a murmur even among the benches. Every eye was riveted fast upon him. For some moments he perused the document, then, looking the speaker full straight in the eye, O'Connell virtually told him that as an Irish Catholic, not all the bayonets of the British Army would make him take that oath.

Drawing himself erect and glaring back defiance at that most bigoted of assemblies, he said: "That portion of this oath which states that the sacrifices of the Mass, the invocation of the blessed virgin Mary and her saints, as practised in the church of Rome, are impious and idolatrous, is false." And as such, though he were refused a seat in parliament forever, he would not take such an oath.

What! An alien and a Papist express himself like this, and of words that were as dear to every Saxon present as his mother's grave? Even so. "I will not take this oath," O'Connell said, "'Tis false."

God bless the Englishmen who heard the liberator's words that day. To a man, they rose and cheered him as he left the house.

"He's a man," they said, "a hero, who represents the valor of a race; a soldier, the incarnation of his people; a warrior, whom oppression cannot down."

O'Connell sought a re-election, was returned a second time for Clare. The government wisely took the hint, and to avoid further friction and perhaps of a far more fatal nature, set out at once to correct the libelous portion of the oath.

O'Connell kept his word. He would not take that oath, he said, and he never did, as originally written, till the insulting features of it were erased clear and clean and forever from the statutes of Great Britain.

And now begins the most brilliant portion of our story. 'Tis the story of a life, which, everything considered, from a human point of view, was perhaps the most pathetic life that man had ever lived. 'Tis a period of something less than 20 years of individual effort, yet such an epoch in the history of events that to treat it rightly is worthy of an effort mightier for than any of which I am capable, and would require much more time than you could afford tonight.

Face to face with the triumphant emancipator of his race, we

stand once more to watch him now in his unrivaled agitation for repeal. 'Tis a story long and glorious, as it is lonely and disheartening to every Irishman. Let us touch upon it briefly.

At an age when most men begin to look for quiet and retirement, O'Connell undertook the mightiest mission of his life. At 54, with all the buoyancy of seeming youth, and in full possession of such gifts that no statesman of his day or since has equaled, he began his famous struggle for repeal. Repeal of the union had been his great ambition since that memorable night, back in College green, when he beheld craven statesmen barter away for Saxon favor the hopes and independence of his country.

He was then a youth unknown, scorned as an Irishman, persecuted as a papist, but now a man full grown—the foremost subject of the realm—an emancipated Catholic with a seat in the British parliament and enjoying a name that was on the lips of men in well nigh every hamlet in the world. From the mob orator, whose words and manners would disgrace the British house, he became the first orator of his age, the banner statesman of the empire, the parliamentarian par excellence among the states of Europe.

His maiden effort before the British house was pronounced a masterpiece worthy to live as long as the tongue in which tyranny had forced him that day to speak. Blessed by nature with the brow of a Jupiter, the stature of an Apollo, and a voice like the thundering Thor, deep, resonant, and unrivaled sweetness that rose with an easy and melodious swell, he swayed at will beyond the telling, all the passions of a multitude.

O'Connell aped no great orator of any parliament. True, he possessed not the finished philosophical mind of his gifted countryman, Edmund Burke, nor claimed he the charming diction of Lord McCaully, but in each, when necessity demanded, O'Connell outshone them both. No man of his generation could reason more powerfully, nor state a case more clearly.

His logic was perfection; his language simple, often vigorous, always unadorned, yet pleasing ever; while the power of declination, never overdone, was so wonderful in the man that to describe it, even severest critics say, would be a failure.

Even our own silver-tongued American, Wendell Phillips, who had heard all the great orators of his time, among them Webster, Calhoun and Clay, went into ecstasy over O'Connell's oratory, and made him the peer of the Roman Cicero. A famous character, who could not tolerate even the presence of an Irishman, heard the liberator once, and exclaimed in rapture:

“I have heard the orator of the age. That is the man and those are the lips that speak English the best in my day.”

And this, friends, was the man whom the legislative gentlemen of St. Stephens feared would mar the dignity and high standing of their respected house. The man whose life deeds for 20 years tell the wonderful story of “Repeal.” Ah, but they had to hear him only once, and how altogether taken back they were. They marveled at the wonderful power and transparent workings of his mind. Spellbound they watched him wield the chisel of his genius with all the grace and ease of a master hewing his thoughts into images of sublime and colossal grandeur. But if so gifted, why have we so few of O’Connell’s speeches? Because bigoted men would not report him. When he arose, the incarnation of the Irish soul, a man full of fury to open the flaming battery of his scorn, invective and vituperation upon some member who had assailed his cause, his religion or his people, they listened but would not write, and though they did, the British journals would not print O’Connell’s efforts.

And so his speeches that would now stand out among the finest specimens in forensic oratory, masterpieces of parliamentary eloquence, have been lost to literature forever. Not as a parliamentarian, however, not as a statesman, nor as an orator, but as a leader of a people in their mighty fight for civil and religious freedom will O’Connell live and be remembered during all the future ages of humanity.

“The greatest leader that the world has ever known,” was the magnificent eulogium of O’Connell by that eminent statesman, the English Gladstone. “The greatest leader that the world has ever known,” words spoken before the British parliament, of the immortal agitator, as Gladstone yet recalled him standing on the very pinnacle of his glory, when nations world-wide styled him the great King Dan of Ireland.

Though in years grown old, a man past 68, he still retained all the vigor of mind and displayed all the physical strength that he possessed as a man of 40. He stood in the foremost rank of statesmen, a power dreaded and detested with the whigs of England in one hand, the Tories in the other, making and breaking ministries as a parliamentary pastime. For the first time in 200 years that any Catholic held the office, he had just been made lord mayor of Dublin.

In city after city throughout the island, the Irish flocked in countless thousands to salute and hear their chieftan. Contemporaneous with these monster gatherings for repeal, another movement, the most stupendous moral revolution in the history of the world, was taking place.

The vast assemblies who listened in wild enthusiasm to the liberator responded equally to the burning appeal of an eloquent friar, the immortal advocate of temperance, Fr. Mathew. Marching behind O'Connell and repeal. Irish millions proudly held aloft as the nation's badge, the banner of total abstinence.

At last the climax came, 'twas lady day in August, '43, and the place imperial Tara. It was the crowning day, and alas for the hopes of Ireland, the concluding triumph of the liberator's life. Celebrated victories had O'Connell won before, victories in the courts, victories in the senate, but never was there victory to compare with this.

Picture him as best you can, the great King Dan of Ireland, standing on the summit of Royal Tara and before him one vast human ocean, 800,000 of the flower of his nation's manhood, for an audience.

England deigned to grace the occasion in her usual way; 40,000 redcoats were on hand to quell the unruly Irish. Had she sent one redcoat only, history tells us now, one redcoat would have been sufficient. There was no disorder. Ah! But there might have been.

O'Connell had but to raise a finger to resent this latest insult, and that day would have marked the beginning of a long and horrid war that England might have rued forever. To goad them on, he need but remind them of the memorable hill on which they stood—Tara. O, what a flood of ancient memories, what a storm of national sentiment would not the mention of that hill awaken in the minds and hearts of that vast human ocean. Tara, that old assembly place, where met Milesian chiefs with their unbeaten clans of imperial Erin.

Romantic Tara, where sang the bards. Royal Tara, where live the kings. Catholic Tara, where the apostle of the nation, Patrick, 1600 years before, with the weapon of the cross, had stormed the citadel of paganism and won over to the religion of the crucified the Irish race forever.

Immortal Tara, with its checkered story of 4000 years. O what harm national sentiment could have worked that day, what havoc O'Connell could have wrought on that occasion among those countless thousands of repealers.

But no, they held their peace and looked toward Clontarf, where the last great meeting would be held. There was method in O'Connell's movements. "Tara and the kings, Clontarf and the Danes." There were volumes, countless volumes, in those words.

But O'Connell and his followers never met on that historic field. Parliament would not have it; England was afraid. The

outcome of Ireland's struggle for repeal as yet remains uncertain. Competent hands, however, laid the foundation long ago, and with perfect finish.

Perhaps even now, despite strike and strife and religious hatred, despite the rancor of Ulster Orangemen and the attitude of unfriendly lords, even now, under the honest and great-hearted George V, the second crowned head in seven centuries kindly disposed toward Ireland, and with the aid of the Asquith government, will O'Connell's gorgeous edifice to Ireland be completed. However, let the outcome be as it may, one thing at least is certain, the magnitude and the grandeur which the liberator threw into his colossal agitation for repeal will make it conspicuous in history forever.

Next came the monster trial in which the gray-haired chieftan was charged with the crime of treason. For well nigh 50 years England had tried to shatter the ambition of O'Connell. To defeat him legislative opposition had proved fruitless. 'Twas his boast, and he kept his word, he'd drive a coach and four through any act of the British parliament.

Even Destere with his pistol and Orangemen with his poison, had not succeeded. Parliament had broken his purse, but never his hopes, by foul injustice. And now came the foulest, the cruelest and most cowardly act of all.

Into their courts of so-called justice they dragged a champion of British liberty and charged him, an aged man, with the crime of treason. Oh, Lord. Infinitely knowing and all just, what a charge was here. A man who but a few days previous had bowed in meek submission before a shameful legislation, a man who might have marshaled his Irish millions upon that old historic battlefield, where their ancestors in ages past had met the Danes and driven them into the nearby sea; a man who, maddened by tyranny to the last, might have met his countrymen at Clontarf and inflamed their passions to unprecedented fury, telling them that the intolerable pressure of hopeless wrong was upon the nation; and then displaying all the power of his electric eloquence, might have staggered humanity with the command: "Century-long ill-treated countrymen, disperse, kill, burn, destroy every vestige of civilization in your land; leave the entire island black and desolate; then, with no country left you, no hope, no home, and life itself a weary burden, turn for vengeance upon the age-long enemies of your creed and race, and wreck their blasted empire."

But no. Till now he had bravely suffered every phase and form of wrong, cruelty, injustice, oppression from the stranger, ingratitude, insult and calumny from his own. One only ill re-

mained that he might suffer for his country—imprisonment—and O'Connell went to jail for Ireland.

The English House of Lords regretted the shameful action of the courts, and after three months' detention, nullified the sentence. The liberator came forth exonerated, but not the dashing, valorous Dan of old. Notwithstanding he was still acknowledged the leader, more than ever the idol of the people. As if by miracle, he became of a sudden young again, strong, earnest, the vigorous man of old. As a victorious revolutionist who had changed the destiny of a people without blood or crime, he had thus far led his nation out of the house of religious bondage, had led them on through all the perils of the stormiest sea of civil strife that the world has even known; and now, reanimated with the hope that comes of God, and which bears with it success, as the heaven-appointed Moses of the Irish, the liberator of Ireland's faith set out with his people toward the promised land of civil freedom.

He stood on the topmost crest of hope's high mountain. With confidence in God, he'd make one final effort to obtain the nation's long-sought boon, civil freedom. He looked below, and to his discouragement and disgust, beheld the people in the valley committing their old-time sin, disunion. O, that olden fault that has been so fatal ever to the hopes of Ireland and the happiness of Irishmen.

Rebel captains had risen up in opposition to the peaceful plan and methods of the aged chieftan. The gentry wanted war; the peasantry to a man cried no, and adhered strictly to the principles of the liberator as the only means of success for Ireland. The olden tale of centuries told once more anew—dissension, division, disunion, defeat—decripit now, dispirited and broken in his hopes, the old, unbeaten hero resigned his commission as leader of the fight.

Meagher was as brave a soldier as ever drew a sword or donned a uniform; Davis as true a bard as ever touched the lyre to tune a nation's songs; Duffy was a patriot, McGee a scholar, but in their opposition to O'Connell, young Ireland did their country a cruel and lasting wrong. Tonight history writes their names as the leaders of a lost and fatal cause.

The good chieftan was weary and alone. His personal struggle for repeal was over. His life as a man in public ended. Never again would he appear in the British arena as the unbeaten warrior of his people to battle for their freedom; no more, save once, would he face his olden adversaries upon that historic floor. Not as the religious or political gladiator, facing the British lion in his fight for God and country, but as a men-

dicant, yes, as such, his country's beggar, asking alms of Albion—which brings up to the final point of our evening's story, that awful famine which laid Ireland desolate, almost a universal wake, in '47.

Old, haggard, pale, emaciated, the broken tribune stood before the house, but a picture of his former self. A faint smile crossed his face as he referred in a feeble voice to the memorable scenes of other days. Parliament wept; even coursing down the cheeks of those who were once his inveterate enemies might be seen that day the manly tear of grief and pity.

Ah! They need not fear him now. He was the great O'Connell no more. In tones scarcely audible he spoke of the valor and the magnanimity of his people. He spoke of Trafalgar and Badajoz, told them how Irish courage and Irish prowess had stayed the mad ambition of Napoleon to wreck the empire, once by land and again by sea. "They fought and won the battles of your empire, sirs. Now, famine is upon them. Millions are they starving; yes, countless thousands of my people clamoring for bread, are dying in the ditches." With tears streaming from his eyes, he begged rich England to help poor Ireland in her awful hunger.—*The Catholic Messenger*, Worcester, Mass.





## John F. O'Connor

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John Francis O'Connor is a native of Worcester, Mass., son of John J. O'Connor and Johanna (Daly) O'Connor. He was educated in the Worcester public schools, graduating from the Classical High School in 1879. He graduated from Holy Cross College in 1882. He was then appointed diocesan student to the College of the Propaganda in Rome, Italy, by the late Bishop O'Reilly. In 1884, he received the degree of A. M. from Holy Cross College.

Mr. O'Connor served as representative in the Massachusetts Legislature during the years 1885, 1886, and 1887, and while a member introduced the bill which provided for the establishment of evening high schools in Massachusetts. Mr. O'Connor was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar in 1888. He served for six years as a member of the Board of the Directors of the Worcester Public Library. During the years 1890, 1891, 1892, he was principal of the High School in Blackstone, Mass. In 1898, the year of the Spanish War, he was chosen by Post 10, G. A. R., to deliver the Memorial Day address at the soldiers monument upon the common. He has been a teacher of English literature in the Worcester English High School since its opening in September, 1892.



Very truly yours,  
John F. Honor.



# The Famine to 1870

1846—1870

—BY—

JOHN F. O'CONNOR

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A famous French author avows his preference for absolutism under certain circumstances, declaring it better to be ruled by one lion at a distance than by a pack of wolves at your door. The illustration is defective, inasmuch as it overlooks the hungry jackals that always attend the footsteps of such "lions;" yet, borrowing the figure, we deliberately affirm that the people of Ireland would have more to rejoice at than regret, were the most rigid despotism of the Orient substituted tomorrow for the monstrous mockery of "Constitutionalism" under which they are now strangled. A bold assertion to make; ridiculous, some will call it; but its literal truth is capable of the clearest demonstration. For with the exception of a few measures, notably the Land Act of 1903, from its earliest act to its latest, England's legislation for Ireland, has been what the Abolitionists with stinging brevity described negro slavery to be—"the sum of all villanies." Let me give a few quotations from pens which can scarcely be accused of any blind partiality toward Ireland:

"The uniform policy of England has been to deprive Ireland of the use of her own resources, and make her subservient to the interests and the opulence of the English people."—William Pitt.

"Ireland has been uniformly plundered and oppressed."—Junius.

"This is not the slander of Junius nor the candor of Pitt; it is history."—Chief Justice Bushe.

"A union was the only means of preventing Ireland becoming too great and powerful."—Cooke.

"England first denied Irishmen the means of improvement, and then insulted them with the imputation of barbarism."—Paulding.

“The poor people in Ireland are used worse than negroes by their lords and masters.”—Lord Chesterfield.

“What from the rapaciousness of their unfeeling landlords, and the restrictions on their trade, the Irish are the most wretched people on earth.”—Lord Townshend.

“I must say from all accounts and from my own observation that the state of the Irish people in the parts I have named is worse than that of any people in the world.”—General Gordon (1880).

“The land of Ireland, like the land of every other country, belongs to the people who inhabit it; and when the inhabitants of a country quit it in tens of thousands because the government does not leave them room to live in it, that government is already judged and condemned.”—John Stuart Mill.

“England has held for seven centuries to the lips of her sister Ireland a poisoned chalice. Its ingredients were the deepest contempt, the most unmeasured oppression, injustice such as the world hardly saw before.”—Wendell Phillips.

“Ireland is the most deplorable instance of modern history that a great and noble people may, for centuries altogether, be involved in the same injustice and infatuation, and all the highly praised forms of the Constitution be paralyzed by the force of passion and prejudice. Kings, Lords, and Commons have, alternately or simultaneously, wronged Ireland.”—Von Raumer.

“Before you refer the turbulence of the Irish to incurable defects in their character, tell me if you have treated them as friends and as equals. Have you protected their commerce? Have you respected their religion? Have you been as anxious for their freedom as your own? Nothing of all this. What then? Why, you have confiscated the territorial surface of the country twice over; you have massacred and exported her inhabitants; you have deprived four-fifths of them of every civil privilege; you have made her commerce and manufactures slavishly subordinate to your own.”—Sydney Smith.

“The whole scheme of Union goes upon the false and abominable presumption that we could legislate better for the Irish than they could do for themselves—a principle founded upon the most arrogant despotism and tyranny. There is not a more clear axiom in the science of politics than that man is his own natural governor, and that he ought to legislate for himself. We ought not to presume to legislate for a nation in whose feelings and affections, wants and interests, opinions and prejudices, we have no sympathy.”—Charles James Fox.

“The landlord may become a direct oppressor. He may

care nothing for the people, and have no object but to squeeze the most that he can out of them. The Russian government has been called despotism tempered with assassination. In Ireland landlordism was tempered by assassination. Every circumstance combined in that country to exasperate the relations between landlord and tenant. The landlords were, for the most part, aliens in blood and in religion. They represented conquest and confiscation, and they had gone on from generation to generation with an indifference for the welfare of the people which would not have been tolerated in England or Scotland."—Froude.

"The bulk of the Irish people are tenants, extremely poor, living in the most sordid wretchedness, in dirty hovels of mud and straw, and clothed only in rags. Had I never been in the American colonies, but were to form my judgment of civil society by what I have lately seen, I should never advise a nation of savages to admit of civilization, for I assure you that in the possession and enjoyment of the various comforts of life, compared to these people, every Indian is a gentleman, and the effect of this kind of civilization seems to be the depressing multitudes below the savage state, that a few may be raised above it."—Benjamin Franklin.

When, therefore, we of Irish blood, declare England's misrule of Ireland to be so unspeakably and atrociously cruel as to be unparalleled in the world's history, we arraign England only as she has been arraigned by the most eminent economists, historians and statesmen of the world, including many of her own distinguished sons. We are saying of her only what Beaconsfield, Bright and Gladstone have said of her. In brief we are arraigning her only as history arraigns her. We are simply telling the truth.

I have thus far spoken only in a general way of England's maltreatment of Ireland. Let me now be more specific. What has been the general result to Ireland of the enforced partnership of 1801—that is, of British imperialism? I can reply to this question best by the test of comparison with other countries. When the act of union was passed Ireland had one-half the population of Great Britain, three-and-a-quarter times that of Scotland, ten times that of Wales, and five times that of London. Today her population is about one-eighth of that of Great Britain, twenty thousand less than Scotland, two and a half times that of Wales, and about two millions less than that of greater London.

Going beyond the bounds of the United Kingdom, we find a similar progress in population in all the small nations of Eu-

rope, without a single exception. Holland, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Bavaria, Portugal, Greece, have added more than fifty per cent to their respective populations during the last fifty years. While these small states have thus increased their populations, through the guardian care of national liberty, Ireland, under the evil influence of an alien rule, has lost a hundred per cent of her people. In this respect she stands in a unique position among civilized lands, there being, in fact, no parallel in the history of Christian nations for the steady and deadly drain of population away from a country blessed by nature with resources capable of sustaining three times the present number of the inhabitants of Belgium.

This, however, is only half the indictment of the alien rule. As a direct result of this fatal weakening of Ireland's vital energies, both the birth-rate and the marriage-rate of the country are now near the lowest of any nation in Europe. There is, likewise, an alarming increase of insanity among the diminishing numbers: a fact also due to the emigration of the more virile of the people, leaving the physically impoverished behind to carry on the racial functions of human development. As a further comment upon all this decay and retrogression, a combined national and local taxation, which amounted to a total of \$10,000,000 a year under an Irish parliament, with a population equal to that of today, is now, as a result of a hundred years of England's government, over \$60,000,000 annually, an increase of six hundred per cent. On the top of all this, there is the fact that there is far more pauperism in the country today than there was thirty years ago, when Ireland had two more millions of people. Add to this the humiliating admission that her population is the worst educated in the British Isles, and we have a brief summary of what Ireland owes to English rule.

What is the remedy? This question Michael Davitt thus answers: "There is no hope for Ireland under such government—absolutely none—any more than there is for a person into whose blood an insidious poison has been infused and who is denied the effective remedy which would counteract the deadly fluid. We must, therefore, demand the remedy that can alone save our country from national death. Nationhood, and that only—the full, free, and unfettered right of our people to rule and govern themselves in everything concerning the domestic laws, peace, and welfare of Ireland—is what we must demand and work for henceforth, if England's callous selfishness is not to be allowed to carry out and to complete the ruin it has already but consummated."

These clarion words of one of the greatest, noblest, and



most beloved of Ireland's patriotic sons, it is needless to say, the entire Irish race enthusiastically endorses and passionately applauds. For what Irishman or son of an Irishman is there whose heart does not bleed when he reads these pathetic words of Lady Wilde, so graphically descriptive of the present tragic state of Ireland?

"Ireland rests, 'mid the rush of progression,  
Like a frozen ship in a frozen sea,  
And the changeless stillness of life's stagnation  
Is worse than the wildest waves could be  
Rending the rocks eternally."

"When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then and not until then let my epitaph be written!" were the dying words of the martyred Robert Emmet. Who of Irish blood so base that he does not ardently hope and fervently pray that that epitaph shall one day be written?

I am to tell you tonight a story of man's inhumanity to man so appalling that it seems incredible. For I am to tell you the frightful story of Irish tenant-slavery and of Irish landlord tyranny. Negro slavery was a terrible thing, but Irish tenant slavery was a still more terrible thing. No tyranny that the world has ever known surpassed in savagery the tyranny of Irish landlordism: If this seems to anyone the language of exaggeration I ask him to suspend judgment until he hears my story. If then he say that I have exaggerated, I will not only recall my words, but will humbly apologize to him for having transcended the language of truth.

What is the explanation of this Satanic oppression, throughout seven long centuries, of the Irish people? No fair-minded person can reach any other conclusion than that what Mr. Froude terms a mission of civilization was simple a colossal scheme of spoliation and land-piracy. "Rooting-out" is the quaint and suggestive name which James the First's Attorney-General gives it. The word briefly and happily expresses the animus of British rule in Ireland for seven hundred years.

No doubt some will find it hard to believe that a professedly Christian nation set to work deliberately and systematically to extirpate the people of another. Nevertheless it is the literal, naked truth. How to secure the spoiler and exterminate the rightful occupant of the soil is the problem to which English statesmen have bent their energies from the time of Henry II to the time of Edward VII. The "rooting-out" process has gone pitilessly on for centuries—at one time hastened by fire,

sword, and gibbet, at another by the slower torture of savage laws, again by the crushing pressure of artificial famine—but an indestructible seed has always survived. Fix your gaze on any intermediate date from 1172 to 1903: you may note differences in the machinery employed, but the functions it performs are forever the same. It may be Henry II's edicts of outlawry and cantonments, or the swords of bandit barons, or Henry VIII's grim statutes, or Elizabeth's pacification of fire and steel, or the plantings of the Stuarts, or Cromwell's butcheries and transportings, or the hellish malice of the penal code, or the Hessian infamies of '98, or the famines, evictions, and coercion-acts of Victoria;—amid them all there is one constant element: the rooting-out process never halts or slacks.

Most assuredly, then, the British government has had one fixed principle, one settled policy, in its treatment of Ireland; and that is—the extermination of the Irish race. And never did it more fiendishly pursue that policy than during the last half of the nineteenth century, as the steadily dwindling population of Ireland conclusively proves. The population of Ireland was in 1841 about 8,200,000. Today it is only 4,375,000. It should be at least 16,000,000. These figures tell a story of oppression more brutal than any other recorded in the world's annals.

Alluding to the incontrovertible fact that Ireland's population has melted away at the rate of a million in every ten years since 1847, Lady Wilde cries out:

A million a decade! What does it mean?  
 A nation dying of inner decay;  
 A churchyard's silence where life has been;  
 The base of the pyramid crumbling away;  
 A drift of men gone over the sea—  
 A drift of the dead where men should be!

Beholding the annual mournful exodus of the evicted Irish tenants, the *London Times*, in May, 1858, indignantly exclaimed: "For generations the proprietors of the land in Ireland have been Spartans among a helot peasantry—almost planters among negro slaves."

I shall treat of that period of Irish history which we have now reached under these topics: The Famine, the Young Ireland Insurrection, the Great Evictions and Depopulation, British Legislation, the Tenant Right League, and the Fenian Insurrection.

## THE FAMINE

In ancient and mediaval times, such famines as those which occurred in the nineteenth century were unknown in Ireland. Meat and fish, corn and vegetables, fruit and honey supplied the rich. The mass of the people lived chiefly on porridge, or stirabout, a wholesome food made from oatmeal, and usually eaten with milk. The partial famines which arose during the Danish wars were caused by the Danes themselves, who plundered and spoiled and murdered, destroying the people as well as their food; and it was war also which caused the famine during the invasion of Edward Bruce.

When Munster was desolated during the Desmond war (1580-1583), and Ulster laid waste by Mountjoy in his campaigns against Tyrone, crops were intentionally destroyed, for in each case the invader invoked the aid of hunger to subdue his opponents. In a similar spirit, the Cromwellian soldiers went forth with scythes and Bible, to cut down ripening Papist corn lest the resistance of the Papist might be prolonged. And the famines which desolated Ireland periodically from 1725 to 1740, and with fearful consequences in the latter year, nearly a fifth of the population being swept away, naturally resulted from the movement to consolidate farms, involving, as it did, the eviction of thousands of persons from their homes.

The famine of 1821-22 was caused by floods, which over large areas destroyed the growing crops. The partial famines of 1831, '35, '36, '37, and '42 were caused by evictions for rent. In not one of all these famines, did the calamity arise from the sudden and unexpected failure of a crop on which the people mainly relied, and which had been sown in sufficient quantity for their needs.

In 1845, the landlords were still as grasping, the laws as unjust, the Government as unsympathetic, the skies as changeable as of old. But in that year, for the first time in Ireland, the potato was attacked by a mysterious disease, which, independently of landlordism or law or capricious climate, was sufficient to precipitate a national calamity.

Up to the famine of 1740, oatmeal continued for the masses to be the staple article of diet. But Sir Walter Raleigh, at the end of the sixteenth century, had introduced the potato from Virginia. It did not, however, become at once popular. It was not sown extensively throughout the seventeenth century, and even in the first quarter of the eighteenth century corn continued to supply food to the nation. But the evictions and consequent famines of the second quarter of the eighteenth century

effected a change. The miserable patches of land on which so many of the people were now compelled to live, if planted with corn, could not produce sufficient food for a family, and the scanty and ill-paid labor of the occupiers would not enable them effectually to supplement their food-supply.

But if potatoes were sown instead of corn, hunger might be kept from the poor man's door. Except rice, the potato is the cheapest food for sustaining human life. The ordinary produce of an Irish acre will feed a family of eight for a year, while at least two acres planted with corn would be required. The latter, too, was subject to tithes, but the potato was not. Under these influences, it grew in favor, until in 1750 potato-culture had so completely supplanted corn, that for nine months of the year potatoes and milk were everywhere the food of the poor. The multiplication of 40s. freeholds, following the Catholic Relief Act of 1793, added enormously to the number of very small tenants, and in consequence enormously increased the number of those dependent on the potato; and when in 1845, their one resource failed, millions were face to face with hunger.

The blight, as it came to be called, first showed itself in Germany, then in Belgium, in 1842; after which it appeared in Canada in 1844, and in the next year in Great Britain and Ireland. In the latter country, it was first seen about the middle of September in Wexford. Thence it marched with invisible tread all over the land, poisoning the peasant's potato fields with the fatal breath of the simoon. The stalks, till then green and healthy and loaded with blossoms, crumpled and withered beneath its touch; the leaves looked as if acid had been sprinkled upon them; the burned spots grew larger until leaves and stalks were decayed; and the fields, lately vigorous with vegetable life, became a putrid mass of vegetable matter. When the potatoes were dug up, it was found that the fatal disease had penetrated beneath the soil and that a large part of the crop was rotten. Worse than all, when the sound potatoes, having been separated from the unsound ones, were deposited in the pits and the pits after a time opened, it was seen that the blight had entered, and laying its awful hand on the sound potatoes, had rendered them unfit for human food. The peasant, with blanched face, saw his food thus disappear, and as he looked at his children, shivering with fear at what they saw, and as he thought of the many months before him during which the potato was his and their only resource, he was filled with terror and dismay.

The extent of the damage varied according to the district. In some districts the potatoes were all but completely de-

stroyed, in others but little affected; but taking the country as a whole, it was calculated that at least one-half of the crop was ruined, a loss which equalled \$45,000,000.

By 1846, the threatened famine in Ireland had become an awful reality. In Clare, many people were starving; near Limerick, not even a rotten potato was left; in Kilkenny, three-fourths of the inhabitants had not three days' provisions; and all this as early as April. In May, there was not a potato within twenty miles of Clonmel; provisions had reached famine prices; and in Galway, potatoes were selling at six-pence a stone, and even half of those sold were unfit for food. By the month of June, 51,000 were in the workhouses; and before that date, there had been deaths from starvation in Limerick and in Newry.

Far worse than this followed. During the spring, the poor people had made heroic efforts to obtain seed potatoes. They pinched and saved and stinted themselves; they sold their corn and stock, and even their bedclothes; and often the dress which on Sunday had excited the admiration of her friends and the envy of her female rivals, was deposited at the pawn-shop by the rustic beauty, with quivering lips and tearful eyes. The seed obtained with such difficulty and with such sacrifice was duly sown, and up to the end of July all promised well. But again the blight fell, and the potato crop all over the land became its victims. Not half the crop, as in 1845, but the whole crop was thus suddenly blotted out of existence. Gazing at his rotting potato fields, the afflicted peasant bowed his head in anguish and looked to the future without hope. It would be a low estimate to put the loss at \$100,000,000, and it has been put at twice that amount—a calamity to which even the chequered history of Ireland was unable to furnish a parallel.

Women and children, half-naked and perishing with cold, swarmed over the turnip fields, devouring the turnips raw, while the little children looked on screaming with hunger. Starving and menacing crowds paraded the streets demanding work and food; deaths from starvation began and continued; the clergy and dispensary doctors were worn out attending the sick and dying; coroners' inquests became frequent with "died from starvation" as their verdicts; and Mitchel calculates that in 1846 "not less than 300,000 perished either of mere hunger or of typhus fever caused by hunger."

The year of 1846 thus closed in darkness and gloom, but in the new year the gloom deepened and the horrors were greater still.

The famine still marched in triumph over the land, and ev-

ery day fresh victims were offered up to satisfy its insatiable demands. People died in the cities and in the towns, even in Dublin and Belfast and Cork and Limerick, as well as in the country districts; they died in the fields, they died at the public works and on the way to the Government depots for food; they died at the workhouse door vainly seeking for admission; they died in the workhouses themselves, where fever and dysentery, following on famine, did what famine was unable to do. In Cork Workhouse, forty-five died in a single day; in the South Dublin Union, 700 were down with dysentery; in Westport Union, of thirty-three anointed in one day by the priest, only three were living on the following day.

Weakened with hunger or sick with fever or dysentery, they lay down in their cabins, without a bed to lie on, without food or fire, often without clothes. In one house, seventeen persons were found lying together in fever. A young man was found lying in fever by the side of his brother, dead for three days, and of his sister, dead for five days. A mother putting her five children to bed at night found some of them dead with hunger in the morning; and often, when all but one of a family had died, the survivor barred up the doors and windows of his little cabin to keep out the dogs and pigs, and then lay down dying amidst the dead. Car-drivers passing along saw corpses on the road and often drove over corpses at night. A father and son dying of hunger, the survivors of the family, unable to buy a candle, kept up a light during the night by pulling the thatch off the house and setting it on fire. Funerals ceased to be attended. The afflicted father brought the dead bodies of his children to the graveyard alone; corpses were often tied up in straw and thus buried, or were not buried at all and were eaten by rats and dogs; coffins became a luxury, and in Skibbereen and elsewhere hinged coffins were used, one body after another being brought to the grave in the same coffin. Coroners were unequal to the task of holding so many inquests, and often when inquests were held, the jury, enraged at what they saw, brought in a verdict of wilful murder against Lord John Russell, the then prime minister of England.

Thousands of others died in their homes or on the roads and not only of fever but also of dysentery, dropsy and small-pox; and Mitchel's estimate is that in 1847 half a million died of famine and disease.

To foreign countries and the Colonies there had been from 1831 to 1841 a continuous stream of emigration, a yearly average of 43,000; the numbers increased in the years that followed, until, in 1846, 106,000 left Ireland for foreign countries, besides

278,000 landed at Liverpool. But in 1847, all previous records were beaten. The crowds whom eviction and the Poor Law had made homeless, being unable to pay the passage across the Atlantic, crossed to England. All were poor, some unable to work, many already in fever; and while the English workmen disliked to have the English labor market thus flooded by Irish exiles, the English ratepayers disliked having so many thrown on the rates and so many in the hospitals and elsewhere to spread disease. The Government took alarm, and an Order in Council was issued imposing stringent quarantine regulations; shipping companies were also induced to raise the rates for deck passages; and these measures all but closed Great Britain to Irish emigrants.

Scraping together the little money they could gather, or helped by the landlords, who were delighted to get rid of them, thousands then turned their faces to the setting sun, and every vessel which left Ireland for Canada and the United States was filled with Irish, fleeing from famine and disease. Once embarked fresh horrors were in store for them. The vessels were crowded, the ventilation defective, the food scant and unhealthy, the water impure, medical attendance wanting; and soon, generated by unsanitary conditions or perhaps carried on board by some passenger, fever broke out, and the ships became so many charnel-houses. Of 493 who sailed on the *Erin Queen*, 136 died on the voyage; on the *Avon*, 246 out of 552; on the *Virginia*, 267 out of 476; and on another vessel not named, out of 600 only 100 survived. And when the survivors landed on American soil they landed only to die. Along the banks of the *St. Lawrence* were to be found "one unbroken chain of graves where repose father and mother, sisters and brothers, in a commingled heap, no stone marking the spot."

In 1848, there was only a partial failure of the potato crop. But for many this availed little. Thousands, being barred from relief if they held more than a rood of land, voluntarily surrendered their farms. Many thousands more were ruthlessly evicted by their landlords. Such was the effect of these co-operating causes, that within one year 70,000 occupiers with their families, that is 500,000 persons, were rooted out of the land. What the landlords wished was to consolidate farms, and while the number of holdings under thirty acres were thus diminished, those over thirty acres were increased. These landless and hopeless men, seeking admission to the workhouses, found them full. Wandering aimlessly about, they were imprisoned under the Vagrancy Act. Stricken with fever, they found the fever hospitals choked with patients to such an ex-

tent that in 1847 alone 156,000 patients were admitted to the fever hospitals.

In the midst of such horrors, the living began to envy the dead, for the dead had ceased to suffer while the living had their sufferings still to go through. Many lived on cabbage and a little meal; others on cabbage and seaweed; in Mayo men lived on turnips, and some on ass and horse flesh, even when diseased; others on grass and turf, and in one case a woman ate her dead child. Men worked on the roads without shoes, women were almost naked, children with nothing to cover them but an old shirt and ragged waistcoat; and this while the blasts of winter blew. On his journey to Donegal, Mr. Foster noted that pigs and poultry had disappeared; the dogs had been killed; the people had a sickly livid color; the children had ceased to play, and reduced to skeletons by hunger, they had lost the freshness of youth, and were like weazened old men.

Some of the resident landlords were doing their best to relieve suffering, but the absentees, with a callousness which it would be hard to equal and impossible to surpass, remained unmoved, and to the relief funds not one penny did they subscribe. The law allowed them—and shame for Parliament that it did—to seize for rent; and in the midst of hunger and horror, bailiffs and agents supported by police, laid hands on everything. They seized the people's sheep and cattle and oats, or their scanty furniture, or the potatoes grown from seed given in charity. They turned the people out-of-doors, levelled their cabins or set them on fire, and sent their starving tenants adrift without money or clothes, with the result that in the Barony of Erris 6,000 died of famine in a single year. "I have visited," said Mr. Tuke, "the wasted remains of the once noble Red Man on his reservation grounds in North America, and explored the 'Negro Quarter' of the degraded and enslaved Africans, but never have I seen misery so intense, or physical degradation so complete as among the dwellers in the bog holes of Erris."

In 1848 occurred the Young Ireland Insurrection, but as I intend to speak of this event more fully hereafter, I shall only state here that it tragically failed, and that, as a result of it, all the prominent nationalist leaders were either in prison or in exile.

In 1849, the sufferings of Ireland were greater than in any previous year except 1847. Within twelve months the landlords dispossessed half a million of persons, and with such heartlessness and cruelty that except England, the whole world was horrified. Fever added its victims; in this year cholera first appeared, killing 36,000. The total deaths from famine and dis-



ease in this year reached 240,000. During all this time, the tide of emigration continued to flow. In 1847, 215,000 emigrated and almost the same number in 1848, '49, and '50. In 1851, when the famine was over, 257,000 left Ireland. In the latter year, the population was brought down from 8,200,000 in 1841 to 6,500,000. According to official estimate, it should have been 9,000,000. Ireland had lost in ten years 2,500,000! A million had emigrated! A million and a half had perished from famine and fever! And O'Connell's prediction that a fourth of the population would be lost was fulfilled!

Said John Mitchel: "Now, that million and a half of men, women, and children were carefully, prudently, and peacefully slain by the English government. They died of hunger in the midst of abundance which their own hands created. In 1847 alone, food to the value of \$246,790,000 was grown in Ireland, according to the statistical returns for that year. For it was only the potato crop that had failed. It is on record that some of the food laden ships, speeding on their voyage of mercy to the Irish shores passed on their way other ships laden with Irish produce from the same shores to England, with the exported fruits of Irish toil and land, to be turned into rent for the Irish landlords in the English market."

Says Michael Davitt: "There is probably no chapter in the wide records of human suffering and wrong so full of shame—measureless, unadulterated shame—as that which tells us of a million and a half of people, lying down to die in a land out of which forty-five millions' worth of food was being exported in one year alone for rent, the product of their own toil, and making no effort, combined or otherwise, to assert even the animal's right of existence, the right to live by the necessities of its nature. It stands unparalleled in human history, with nothing approaching to it in the complete surrender of all the ordinary attributes of manhood by almost a whole nation in the face of an artificial famine."

Said Archbishop Hughes: "I fear there is blasphemy in charging on the Almighty the result of human doings. The famine in Ireland, like the cholera in India, has been for many years indigenous. But in the present instance it has attracted the attention of the world, and they call it God's famine. Yet the soil has produced its usual tribute for the support of those for whom it was cultivated. But political economy, finding Ireland too poor to buy the product of its own labor, exported that harvest to a 'better market,' and let the people die of famine or live by alms.

"Still the rights of life are dearer and higher than the

rights of property. There is no law of Heaven, no law of nature, that forbids a starving man to seize on bread wherever he can find it even though it should be the loaves of propitiation on the altar of God's temple. But I say to those who maintain 'the inviolable rights of property,' if they would have them respected, to be careful also and scrupulous in recognizing the rights of humanity. Let us be careful, then, not to blaspheme Providence by calling this God's famine!"

Said Isaac Butt: "Let any man tell me the difference between an expulsion of the whole population of the highland regions of Glenveigh by a squadron of Cromwell's troopers in 1650 and an expulsion of its population in 1850 by the man who has inherited or purchased Cromwell's patent. The very 'pomp and circumstance' are the same. Military force ejects the people now as it would have done then. The bayonets of the soldiery drive now as they did then the old population from their homes. Cruel men come now as they would have done then, and, amid the wailing of women and the cries of children, level the humble habitations that have given shelter to the simple dwellers in that glen. What, I ask, is the difference? By what mockery of all justice and truth can we call the one the act of inhuman conquest, the other the legitimate exercise of the sacred rights of property with which no one is to interfere? Where is the difference to the evicted family? Where is the difference to the mother that leads away her starving children from the home where her toil had found them bread? What is a 'clearance' such as this but the extermination of military conquest put in force under the forms of law? Let us consider the effect of the evictions upon the evicted people. To what were they to turn? The sentence that drives them from the land, to what doom does it consign them? It is the deprivation of the means of life. To them, it is the sentence of death!

"Enough to say that if in those twenty years all the horrors of a real and actual war of conquest—all the worst horrors of a civil war and insurrection—had swept over Ireland, fewer hearths had been desolated and fewer families been brought to beggary and to ruin. An actual war would have brought with it its compensations. Deeds of daring would have left some memories to become traditions of the historic past. Deeds of generosity and charity would have tempered even the atrocities of fierce passion. Heroism and self-devotion would have redeemed the crimes and the bloodshed of the battle-field. Discipline and self-denial would have purified and elevated the character of a nation. Ireland has endured all that constitutes the agony of the conflict and more, far more, than the degrada-

tion and misery of defeat. These are the things which almost justify the reasoning of those who argue that it were better for the peasantry of Ireland to risk all in one wild and mad insurrection than wait to be wasted away by the slow combustion of suppressed civil war; that all the misery which even an unsuccessful revolt could bring upon them were better and lighter than these which a tame submission to the present system entails."

Says Clancy: "It is a matter of conspicuous record that Ireland lost more lives through the single agency of famine in 1846, '47, and '48, than America lost in the most desperate civil war of history; or that Europe lost during all the wars of Napoleon: but very few persons are aware that such visitations in Ireland are not merely occasional, nor even periodic, but literally constant in greater or less degree, so that the people stand perennially on the verge of starvation. In 1832, Bishop Doyle, being asked what was the condition of the west of Ireland, replied: "People are starving there as usual." In 1835 a royal commission estimated at three millions the number annually liable to suffer in Ireland from sheer hunger. Of every subsequent year, down to the present, substantially similar testimony has been given by unimpeachable witnesses.

English politicians and publicists have elaborated two ingenious theories to account for this unnatural condition. One party holds that it is due to "surplus population," while the other shifts the blame to "a special visitation of Providence." The latter explanation is blasphemous, as both are false. Sir Robert Kane has proven, beyond all chance of doubt or cavil, that the natural resources of the island are easily capable of supporting twenty million human beings in comfort. Other competent judges, including De Beaumont and Alison, place the figure far higher. Hence the theory of "surplus population" is mere cant and rubbish.

In the next place, when English writers have the audacity to affirm that the famine of 1847 (or of any other year) was "providential," they try to make the Almighty a scapegoat for what was positively and directly the crime of England. In every other country, Perraud well observes, the word "famine" means absolute want of the necessaries of life; but in Ireland it signifies that when the cultivator has sold his corn and cattle to pay rents and taxes, then, should the potato-crop fail, he finds himself suddenly reduced to a fare of wild herbs and grass, which do not long ward off the famine fever. In other lands self-preservation is the first law of nature. In Ireland there is a special law: First, and above all things, pay your

rent, your cess, your rates, your taxes; if anything remain, live on't; if nothing remain, lie down and rot!

Thus it was that with a teeming abundance of food around them—product of Nature's bounty and their own sweat—whole armies of the Irish race perished of starvation in the "glorious reign" of Victoria. How many more hundred thousands would have perished, but for the generous charity of other lands, it is impossible to conjecture. The people of America, of France, the Pope, the Czar, the Sultan, the distant "despots" of Asia and Africa, the very negro slaves—all combined to do for Ireland what her "constitutional" rulers refused to do, namely, to keep her people alive.

### “YOUNG IRELAND”

O'Connell founded the Repeal Association in 1840. But for a long time the Association made no progress. O'Connell spoke as a great orator and a great Irishman, but he spoke to a nation that would not heed and that was reluctant even to listen. On every side there was doubt, hesitation, apathy, and indifference. Yet this wonderful old man of sixty-six did not despair in the midst of so much depression and gloom. Patiently, perseveringly, and with grim tenacity, he continued his efforts.

At last his patience was rewarded. In the autumn of 1842 three remarkable young men joined the Repeal Association and often attended its sparsely-attended meetings. These were Thomas Osborne Davis, John Blake Dillon and Charles Gavan Duffy. Davis and Dillon were barristers, but with little practice. Duffy had been assistant editor of a Dublin paper, and still later editor of a paper in Belfast. Davis was the oldest, and was but twenty-eight years of age, having been born in Mallow; Dillon was from Connaught; Duffy was an Ulsterman. The two latter were Catholics; Davis was a Protestant, and in intellectual power, in force of character, in capacity for leadership, he was the ablest of the three. He was a poet, a philosopher, an historian, a man who read much and thought much, tolerant, kindly, forbearing, with broad human sympathies and a passionate love for Ireland. Duffy had much of the practical good sense of his native Ulster—fine natural talents and a considerable power of literary expression. In this latter respect Dillon was his inferior, though his intellect was of a very high order. His motives were of the purest, his nature without guile, his ambition only to serve Ireland. The sufferings of his poorer countryment went to his heart, and he longed to strike down the power which oppressed them. No more lovable character,

none more respected, none more unselfish or courageous appeared in the public life of his time than John Dillon.

All three—Davis especially—had profound admiration for O'Connell. But they disapproved of some of his methods and some of his policy. Equally distrustful of both English parties, these young men favored more toleration in Ireland, so that by conciliation and forbearance all Irishmen might act together in demanding their rights from England, and not in the whining language of a beggar but in the manlier accents of the freeman. They wanted Irishmen to cultivate self-respect and self-reliance, to take a pride in their past, to recall the far distant times when Ireland was the School of the West, to learn the lesson that by disunion they had lost and by union everything could be won.

To give utterance to these thoughts a newspaper was necessary, and in the summer of 1842 Davis, Dillon and Duffy, under the shelter of an elm tree in the Phoenix Park, determined to found a newspaper. Duffy was named its editor, and the first number of the Nation was published in October, 1842. Its motto was "to create and foster public opinion in Ireland and make it racy of the soil." Its vigor and freshness of style, its thoughtfulness, its manly tone, were new in Irish journalism. From its pages thousands of Irishmen learned for the first time of Columbkille and Columbanus, of Duns Scotus and Frigena, of Bangor and Lismore. They were able to follow in the footsteps of the Wild Geese, to see Sarsfield fall at Landen, Mahony hold Cremona, and Lally charge at Fontenoy; or again to sit with Colgan in his study at Louvain. They learned something of Irish music, of Irish eloquence, of Irish valor; they learned to interpret the rath and dun, the broken arch and the ivy-clad ruin. And learning so much, they lifted up their heads and were proud of the land in which they were born.

To the young men especially the new paper appealed, and in the University, in Maynooth, in the colleges and schools, it was welcomed with enthusiasm. In the country towns, in the farmers' homes it was read; and by the light of the village forge the smith paused from his anvil, and the villagers gathered round, while some one read out from the columns of the newly-arrived Nation its tales, its historical sketches, its stirring appeals. The Times and Quarterly Review recognized its literary ability. Irish exiles abroad sent their congratulations, foreign newspapers bade it welcome, and its articles were copied into American newspapers all over the United States. Under its influence the Repeal Association grew rapidly, its meetings full, its weekly rent coming in by hundreds of pounds, and

thus did a newspaper succeed where even the great agitator so far had failed.

To the young generation of political thinkers who sympathized with the doctrine of the Nation, the name "Young Ireland" was given. "At the head of this party," says Savage, "blazed a galaxy of genius—poets, orators, scholars, writers, and organizers." The sun and center of the galaxy, for too brief a day, was Thomas Davis. Around him circled a brilliant constellation of young, ardent, gifted, and patriotic Irishmen. With the aid of "The Nation" and the Young Irelanders, O'Connell aroused and united Ireland as she had never been aroused and united before. In proof of the truth of this statement, I need only mention the monster gatherings of Tara and Clontarf. But unfortunately this union was not destined to last. To the horror of the famine, another terrible woe was added, that of factional strife.

### THE YOUNG IRELAND INSURRECTION

To still further dishearten the afflicted people, the popular leaders were at war. At the death of Davis in 1845, the nominal leader of the Young Irelanders was Smith O'Brien, but the real leader had since become John Mitchel. He was a solicitor, and an Ulster Presbyterian, and like Wolfe Tone seems to have always hated England. He had considerable literary capacity, took Carlyle as his model and imitated him with success, and was as bold, as blunt, and as outspoken as his master. He had little sympathy with O'Connell's peaceful agitation, and none at all with his constant preaching of the doctrine that in no case should there be spilling of blood; and he regarded the renewed alliance of O'Connell and Lord John Russell with undisguised hatred and contempt. Absolutely fearless, he would have held the meeting at Clontarf in defiance of Government, would have broken down the bridges behind the troops as they left the city, and captured the city itself; and when the people were dying of famine in 1846, he would have seized the people's corn, which, to pay the landlord's rent, was borne from the Irish shores on every outward-flowing tide.

By O'Connell these views were abhorred. He wished to remain on good terms with Lord John Russell, wished the Repeal Association to be in everything loyal and peaceful, and in July, 1846, he proposed a series of resolutions pledging the members against physical force not only in the present but for the future, no matter what contingency might arise. He was answered in a speech of extraordinary eloquence by a young recruit

to the Young Ireland Party, Thomas Francis Meagher, and as neither side would give way, and there was no one like Davis strong enough to make peace, the Young Irelanders, headed by Smith O'Brien, left Conciliation Hall and set up the Irish Confederation. Henceforth, says Mitchel, the Repeal Association was of no use except to obtain offices for the friends of O'Connell.

Meanwhile, repelled from the workhouses, debarred from crossing to England, unable to reach America, made vagrants by evictions and punished as such by Act of Parliament, the homeless at home grew desperate, and through the autumn and winter outrages were common. Landlords, agents, bailiffs, magistrates and police fell victims to popular wrath, and rarely were the assailants brought to Justice. Parliament was summoned in November, but instead of the evictor's hand being stayed, the old specific for Irish disaffection was again tried, and a Coercion Bill was soon passed into law. But disaffection continued and increased. Mitchel openly advocated violence, resolved to cross the path of the British car of conquest even though it should crush him to atoms. Unable to carry with him the Irish Confederation, he seceded from it; unable to persuade the Nation newspaper, he established the United Irishman, and in its columns urged that the corn leaving the country to pay rents should be forcibly detained to feed the hungry.

Under the influence of Mitchel's teaching, Sarsfield Clubs were formed, arms were purchased, pikes manufactured, men were enrolled and drilled and studied the tactics of guerilla warfare. Before the new year had advanced far, his hands were strengthened by the events which occurred in England and on the Continent. The English Chartists demanding manhood suffrage, vote by ballot, annual Parliaments, payment of members and other things, and finding that Parliament persistently refused their demands, now menaced Parliament with force. In France, Louis Philippe was dethroned; the Austrians were driven from Italy; there were uprisings in Rome and Vienna and Berlin; and the sounds that came to Ireland across the seas were the exultant shouts of the masses, the lamentations of reactionary and discarded ministers and the crash of falling thrones. Mitchel's adherents soon increased; the Confederation adopted his views, and Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Dillon and the other leaders became as anxious as he was to try the fortune of war. Accordingly they resolved to rise in rebellion in the autumn.

The Government, however, anticipated them, and a Trea-

son Felony Act was passed, making the speaking, writing or printing anything revolutionary punishable by transportation; and under this new Act, Mitchel was arrested, and by means of a duly packed jury, was convicted and sent for fourteen years to Van Dieman's Land. The United Irishman was suppressed; and so were its two successors, the Irish Tribune and the Irish Felon, and in July the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. Had it not been, there would probably have been no attempt at insurrection. Mitchel was the only man of action among the leaders. But when the Habeas Corpus Act had been suspended, O'Brien and his friends, knowing that they would be at once cast into prison, left Dublin to rouse the masses at Tipperary.

The priests, however, had been there before them, and pointing out the futility of undisciplined masses waging war against a great empire, induced many to abandon the idea of a rebellion. Many others were disgusted with Smith O'Brien. He was honorable, upright, chivalrous and brave, but he was also weak and irresolute, and utterly incompetent to be a successful leader, either in peace or war. An abortive attack on a police barrack at Ballingarry was his only exploit. The crowds then melted away from him, and he and Meagher and M'Manus were arrested, convicted and sentenced to death, the sentence in each case being commuted to transportation beyond the seas. Duffy was prosecuted but acquitted; Dillon escaped to America; others were thrown into prison, under the Habeas Corpus Act, or were pardoned; the Government had triumphed, and the insurrection of 1848 was at an end, and alas! the party of Young Ireland was no more!

Thus fell that party whose genius won the admiration of the world, the purity of whose motives, the chivalry of whose actions, even their direst foes confessed. They were wrecked in a hurricane of popular enthusiasm, to which they fatally spread sail. It is easy for us now to discern and declare the huge error into which they were impelled—the error of meditating an insurrection—the error of judging that a famishing peasantry, unarmed and undisciplined, could fight and conquer England at peace with all the world. But it is always easy to be wise after the fact. At the time—in the midst of that delirium of excitement, of passionate resolve and sanguine hope—it was not easy for generous natures to choose and determine otherwise than as they did. The verdict of public opinion—the judgment of their own country—the judgment of the world—had done them justice. It has proclaimed their unwise course, the error of noble, generous, and self-sacrificing men.



## THE GREAT EVICTIONS AND DEPOPULATION

In 1841 there were 491,000 Irish families or nearly four million persons living in mud-hovels with only one hearth, forty-three per cent of the entire agricultural tenantry living in one-roomed houses. In 1847 the number of small holdings exceeded 1,300,000, about a million being less than five acres in extent, and nearly 700,000 under one acre. The operation of Mr. Gregory's land-clause compelling those who sought outdoor relief to forfeit all but one quarter-acre of their land soon left many of these holdings unoccupied, and thousands of the mud-hovels were emptied or destroyed by fever and hunger. But these agents of depopulation were not enough to satisfy the impatience of the landlords. Tenants from whom the last farthing might be squeezed were tolerated, because they were more profitable on the land than cattle; but tenants who could pay no rent, who entered the workhouses or received outdoor relief, and as such were a burden upon the land, were deemed worse than the barren fig-tree, and deserving of a similar fate. And the great clearances were continued throughout the famine, and long after the famine had passed away.

Pity and kindness the vast majority of landlords had never shown where their tenantry were concerned, and they showed neither now. In the depths of winter as in summer, whole families—the sick, the infirm, the aged—were ruthlessly cast out, and often when not a penny of rent was due. In one Union 6,000 families were evicted in a single year. On one small estate, one hundred and twenty houses were levelled; on another, twenty-three in a single day; in a fortnight, twelve hundred persons were made homeless; within a few months 1,000 cabins were thrown down; whole districts were cleared to make way for larger farms. Forbidden to use the ruined houses from which they had been driven, the evicted lived behind hedges and ditches until cold and hunger drove them to the workhouse. In one case five families lived in a single room only twelve feet square; in a piggery five feet by four a widow and her three children lived for three weeks; a woman ill of dysentery lay down in a cow-shed, and the inspector coming to see her was ankle-deep in mud.

Even such lodging as this the landlords grudged. They ordered the evicted to be cleared off their properties, and prohibited the tenants still remaining from taking them in. Any shelter put up was pulled down, and in one case a temporary hut of this kind was set on fire by the landlord's bailiff, while the evicted tenant was at the relief works and his wife and chil-

dren were gathering shell-fish on the neighboring strand to save themselves from starving. All this happened in the Kilrush Union within the year ending May, 1849, and is taken from a Government inspector's unadorned and unemotional report. On a bleak hillside in Galway on New Year's Eve, in the midst of a violent storm, a whole family was thrown out. For the sake of their children who were sick, the parents begged even one night's shelter, but they begged in vain. And there were thousands of other cases rivalling these in barbarity.

But still Parliament would do nothing. There was no redress of grievances, no staying of the evictor's hand. Sharman Crawford's Land Bills of 1848 and 1850, extending the Ulster custom to all Ireland, was rejected with scorn, and even the milder measures of the Irish Secretary, Lord Lincoln, were not passed. Mild as these latter were, they were looked at askance by Lord John Russell; and as for Sharman Crawford's Bills, he declared them to be subversive of the rights of property, measures which no Government with a sense of justice could pass. But he passed a Coercion Act in 1847 and another in 1848, and the latter was renewed in the two following years. The fact was that British statesmen of both parties viewed not only with complacency but with joy this thinning of the Irish peasantry.

From 1849 to 1856 a million and a half had emigrated, one-fifth of whom had been actually evicted. The strong and healthy were thus leaving the shores of Ireland, and her population, which in 1841 was over 8,200,000, in 1851 stood at 6,500,000 and was reduced in 1861 to 5,760,000. The Times wrote exultingly that in another generation the Irish Celts would be as obsolete in Ireland as the Phoenicians in Cornwall, and the Catholic religion as forgotten as the worship of Astarte.

When an Irish property was advertised for sale in the Landed Estates Courts, it was regularly mentioned as an inducement to purchasers that the tenants had no leases. It was assumed that the incoming landlord would care nothing for the tenants, and would raise the rents or evict as best suited his purpose. And all over the country tenants were being evicted for non-payment of an impossible rent, for voting against his landlord, for refusing to send his children to the Protestant schools, for getting his daughter married without the previous permission of his landlord, for giving a night's lodging to a stranger, for harboring an evicted tenant. Tenants were turned out who owed no rent, and turned out in all kinds of weather, and with their whole families—the sick, the aged, the fatherless orphan, the mother with her new-born babe. And those not evicted had to submit to conditions which only slaves could

have endured; to the exactions of the landlord, the insolence of the agent, the brutality of the bailiff, the insults of every menial whom the landlord or agent employed.

It was not in human nature that these things could be patiently borne, and the harassed tenant, having no hope from Parliament, looked to the Ribbon lodges for vengeance, and he looked not in vain. The evicting landlord or his agent, the over-officious bailiff, the grabber who occupied an evicted holding, had one and all need to tremble, and often fell beneath the assassin's hand and generally unpitied by the people. In Armagh a land-agent was stoned to death in open day, and his murderers, caught red-handed, were acquitted; in Monaghan an agent was beaten to death; in Cavan, a lady; in Westmeath a grabber was shot dead in the presence of three men, who refused to aid the murdered man as he fell mortally wounded; in Clare a landlord's house was set on fire, and house and occupant burned to ashes. A generous and kindly people, maddened by oppression, were being turned into ferocious savages. And yet Parliament would not interfere, would not give the slightest help to the unfortunate tenants.

### BRITISH LEGISLATION

But what was the British Government doing for the Irish tenants? We shall now see.

The Irish peasant's history has been indeed sad and tragic. After the conquest, the Anglo-Norman lords extended to him the burdens but not the blessings of the feudal system. The religious changes of the sixteenth century greatly embittered the relations between the ruling and the subject classes. The confiscations and plantations of the seventeenth century accentuated and perpetuated the antagonisms which prevailed; and when Protestants had been invested with lands and power, and Catholics had been deprived of both, the relations established between landlord and tenant were almost impossible for the peasant to endure.

In the Irish Protestant Parliament of the eighteenth century, the landlords' power was supreme. To the lands they held, confiscation was their common title. It was the Catholics around them who had been despoiled, and the main object of the Penal Code was to impoverish and degrade them, to leave them without power to rebel, the hope of improving their condition, or even the spirit to complain. And to this extent, the Penal Code succeeded. Native and English writers of the eighteenth century—Swift and Prior, Berkeley, Dobbs and

Young—had pictured the condition of the peasants of their time as in the lowest scale of human misery. Newenham and Wakefield, who wrote in the early part of the next century, could only show that this condition was not improved by the Act of Union; and De Beaumont, a Frenchman, who studied the Irish question with the unprejudiced eyes of a foreigner, declared in 1837 that the miseries endured by the Irish peasant were worse than those of the Indian in his forests or those of the negro in his chains.

The British Parliament had at no time been just where Irish Catholic tenants were concerned. Its sympathies had been with the Irish Parliament in its enactment of the Penal Code. Its reluctance to grant civil rights to Catholics was shown long after the era of penal legislation had passed away; and its obstinate resistance to emancipation was especially discreditable in view of the promises made at the Union by Pitt and Castlereagh. The fact was that England had long continued to regard the Irish Catholics as foes—and sought to exterminate them. Disdaining to conciliate them, she refused to allay their discontent, and preferred to have them helpless and poor.

But the Irish landlords, on the contrary, she regarded with special affection. These men of her own race and religion she had planted on Irish soil in the midst of a hostile population. She ruled Ireland through them, loaded them with power and privileges, gratified their every caprice, condoned their numerous misdeeds, protected them from the wrath of those whom they had treated as worse than slaves, and this with the whole force of a mighty empire. Every secret society which arose, from the Whiteboys to the Ribbonmen, owed its origin to oppressive landlordism; almost every outrage perpetrated might be traced to the same cause, and this every thoughtful writer and speaker was ready to acknowledge.

But Parliament would not interfere. At the cost of a few shillings, the landlord could obtain an ejectment decree, whether the rent had been paid or not; he could raise the rent at will; he could distrain the tenants' growing crops for rent and sell them when ripe, charging the expense of doing so on the tenant. He could make what arbitrary estate rules he pleased, could send the tenants' cattle to the pound, for this reason or that reason or for no reason at all; and if the tenant summoned the offending landlord or bailiff, he knew what to expect from a landlord magistrate on the Bench. If he merely complained, he might have his rent raised; if he complained publicly, he was regarded as a disloyal subject; if he joined a secret so-

ciety, he might be sent to prison or to the scaffold; and if disturbances arose, the landlords cried out for repressive laws, and Parliament promptly responded by giving them a Coercion Act.

Despairing of Parliament, O'Connell looked to Repeal as the great remedy, and agitated the Land question but little. But Mr. Brownlow in 1829 brought in a bill for the reclamation of waste lands; Mr. Poulett Scope, an old friend to Ireland, introduced a Land Bill in 1834; and Mr. Sharman Crawford brought in bills in 1836 and 1837, merely giving the tenant compensation for disturbance. Not one of these measures passed into law. Parliament would do nothing except pass Coercion Acts. The landlords and tenants were left face to face; the former evicted; the latter, driven to desperation, had recourse to secret societies and outrage; and in the desultory agrarian warfare which went on, the landlord's writ was met by the peasant's gun.

Sir Robert Peel had no affection for Ireland and little for reform. He was Irish Secretary in 1814, when Judge Fletcher advised the Grand Jurors of Wicklow to give their tenants a property in their holdings, assuring them that such action on the part of the landlords would be more efficacious for the repression of outrages than the cord and the gibbet. But Peel shut his eyes and closed his ears, dined and feasted with Orangemen and landlords, and in 1817 passed a bill through Parliament cheapening and making easier the process of eviction. In the years that followed, whether in office or out of it, he was the steady advocate of coercion for Ireland. And when he died in 1850, the Irish people shed tears indeed, but they were tears not of grief but of joy. Nor is their hatred of him to be wondered at. Had he done his duty, Ireland had been spared the awful horrors of the famine of '47. Had he had any compassion on Ireland, not a soul would have perished when the potato blight smote her!

Sir Robert Peel, the Tory, was succeeded in office by Lord John Russell, the Whig. It is enough to say of him that if any man is to share with Peel the awful guilt of that frightful loss of life which took place during the famine years, it is Lord John Russell. For he, like Peel, refused obstinately and callously to do anything substantial to relieve the terrible distress of those years. The brutal treatment of the Irish people by these two English statesmen seems beyond belief! History holds them guilty of as black a crime as was ever perpetrated—the death by famine and fever of a million and a half of human beings!

Nor were their successors in office a whit more merciful

towards Ireland. The Tories, Aberdeen and Derby, and the Whig, Palmerston, however they differed on other questions, were alike in this—their utter callousness to the sufferings of the Irish people. Indeed of these three, Palmerston perhaps was the most heartless. A few weeks before his death in 1865, he threw off his mask of mock Whig-sympathy, and bluntly and brutally declared that he utterly repudiated tenant right, that in his opinion tenant right was nothing else but landlord-wrong.

It was not until the uprising of the Fenians that English statesmen condescended to listen to the tragic cries of the Irish people. And even then, as Gladstone himself candidly confessed, it was not pity but fear that caused them to seek some other remedy than coercion for the woes of Ireland. Especially did they dread the use of the terrible dynamite bomb by the enraged Irish patriots. The blowing up of Clerkenwell prison it was that caused Gladstone to disestablish the Irish Protestant Church and to pass the land act of 1870. Mercy was a word never found in the vocabulary of English statesmen whenever it was a question of Irish suffering they were asked to consider! Truly, "Who would be free themselves must strike the blow!"

Again I assert that no one who studies Irish history can for a moment doubt that almost down to the present day it has been the settled policy of the English Government to exterminate the Irish race. In the execution of that policy, even famine was a welcome agent. That is, I am aware, an awful statement to make, but I make it unhesitatingly—for it is the truth. Steadily year by year the depopulation of Ireland goes on. In 1841 Ireland's population was 8,200,000; today it is 4,375,000. If extermination has not been the one and only aim of English statesmen in their treatment of Ireland—then how can you explain these figures? How explain their heartless treatment of her during the awful famine years of '46, '47, '48?

### THE TENANT RIGHT LEAGUE

When the year 1850 dawned, the outlook was dark. The famine had not yet quite spent itself, and more than 240,000 persons filled the workhouses. Rents were raised, even in Ulster, and in spite of the Ulster custom, the clearances went on. The tide of emigration rose higher and higher. The population was rapidly dwindling, and all over the country cattle and sheep were being substituted for men. From Lord John Russell nothing could be got but coercion; and nothing could be effected in Parliament by the corrupt and incapable men whom

the Irish electors sent there. Driven to desperation, the peasants had recourse to secret societies. There had been a long succession of them—Whiteboys, Whitefeet, Terryalts, Rockites, Ribbonmen and others; but by this time the Ribbon Society had distanced all its rivals—like Aaron's rod it had swallowed them all. With its lodges, its secret meetings, its oaths and passwords and signs, it had extended over the land. Recruited from the peasantry, it watched the peasant's interests and avenged its wrongs, and the landlord or agent who pulled down the peasant's cabin was laid low by the Ribbonman's avenging hand.

These methods, however, were abhorrent to many of the tenants' best friends, and in 1850 a Tenant Defence Society was formed at Callan in Kilkenny, and within a few months similar societies were formed elsewhere, some of them in Ulster. Holding their meetings public and keeping within the law, they relied on mutual co-operation, on the pressure of public opinion, on having honest representatives in Parliament. If only these various associations would combine into one national organization, if north and south would agree to sink their differences for the tenants' sake, much could be done; and in the hope of forming such an organization, a circular was sent broadcast, signed by men of different religions, and asking the tenants' friends to meet in Dublin.

This Tenant Right Conference met in Dublin, on the 6th of August, and was a remarkable gathering. For the moment, the Boyne was bridged, and north and south were brought together. The chairman of the meeting was Dr. MacNight, the Presbyterian proprietor of the Banner of Ulster. Scattered around the room were tenants, a few liberal landlords, Presbyterian ministers and Catholic priests; Mr. Godkin, the editor of the Protestant Derry Standard; Mr. Maguire of the Catholic Cork Examiner; Mr. Greer, an Ulster Presbyterian lawyer; Dr. Gray of the Freeman, and Mr. Duffy of the Nation, both of whom had shared imprisonment with O'Connell; and Mr. Frederick Lucas, the Catholic editor of the Catholic Tablet. The last named was probably the ablest of them all. At this conference resolutions were passed demanding for the tenants fixity of tenure, fair rents and free sale, and an equitable arrangement regarding arrears which had accumulated during the famine, and that henceforth all Parliamentary candidates should pledge themselves to be independent and oppose any and every British party which refused to concede the tenants' demands.

During the next twelve months a vigorous propaganda was

carried on both in the press and on the platform. The Tenant Right movement made great strides, and in the General Election of 1852, forty members were returned pledged to Tenant Rights and Independent Opposition. Lucas was returned for Meath, Gavan Duffy for New Ross, John Francis Maguire for Dungarvan, George Henry Moore for Mayo—all men of the highest attainments, and all men of unblemished honor. The General Election over, the new Irish party met in Dublin, and a resolution was carried, with only one dissentient, declaring it essential “that all members returned on Tenant Right principles should hold themselves perfectly independent, and in opposition to all Governments which do not make it part of their policy, and a Cabinet question, to give to the tenantry of Ireland a measure embodying the principles of Mr. Sharman Crawford’s Bill.”

Things once more looked bright for Ireland. The hopes of Irishmen rose high. A united Irish party was capable of accomplishing almost anything. But these hopes were soon blighted. For alas! the Tenant Right party was united only in name.

It had among its members as rascally a band of self-seekers, as foul a band of traitors as ever betrayed a country. Of course, I refer to the infamous political freebooters—John Sadlier, William Keough and their followers, known as the Brass Band Brigade. When the list of the minor appointments in the new Whig government was published January 1, 1853, it was discovered that Keough was Irish Solicitor-General, John Sadlier a Lord of the Treasury, Edmond O’Flaherty a Commissioner of Income Tax, and Monsel, Clerk of the Ordinance. Contrary to their plighted word, they had taken office without consulting their colleagues and without obtaining any promise of Irish legislation from the Government. They had justified the suspicions of Lucas and Duffy, who disliked them from the beginning. The country which believed in them, they had shamefully betrayed!

Of course, such treachery could not go unpunished, and Lucas and Duffy did their utmost to defeat them when they came up for re-election.

But British gold proved stronger than they. The union of the Orange north and the Catholic south so frightened the British Government that it left no stone unturned to disrupt the Tenant Right League and to re-elect the Irish traitors. Such wholesale corruption was not seen in Ireland since the days of Pitt and Castlereagh. The result was only what was to be expected. Sadlier and Keough and their followers were re-



turned to Parliament, and the Tenant Right League was wrecked. Yes, Ireland once more lay a writhing victim at the feet of her foe! In October, 1855, Lucas died like O'Connell of a broken heart. A few months later, Duffy, grieving for his dead friend and despairing of Ireland, resigned his seat in Parliament, and sailed for Australia. From that day until the Fenian Insurrection of '66, Ireland was to British Tory and British Whig alike an object of scorn and derision. "Ireland now lies like a corpse on the dissecting table!" cried grief-stricken Gavan Duffy. "Yes, and thank God that she does!" exultingly shouted in reply the brutal land-oligarchy which at that time ruled the British empire.

### FENIANISM

In the evidence given before the Devon Commission in 1843, the state of Ireland, as affected by its land laws, stands completely revealed. Many of the landlords were too poor to be generous or even just to their tenants. Others, hampered by law of entail, and having nothing more than a life-interest in their property, were too reluctant to spend money on improvements. A good proportion were absentees, caring as little for their tenants as for the inhabitants of Timbuctoo. The rule of the agents of these absentees was that of tyranny and not infrequently of corruption. They gave no leases, effected no improvements, seized the buildings made by the tenants, raised the rent on land he had improved, and evicted him, often from mere caprice. In spite of their landlord prejudices, the Devon Commissioners declared that the uncertainty of tenure paralyzed all exertion, and was a fatal bar to improvements. They found that where the Ulster custom was allowed, and the tenants could sell the goodwill of their farms, agrarian outrages were rare; where it was not allowed, they were common; that nearly half the holdings in Ireland were less than five acres in extent, and a large proportion of them much less; that in Kerry 66 per cent of the houses were mud-cabins with but one room, in Mayo the percentage was 62, in Cork and Clare 56, and in the rich county of Down it was 25; that the agricultural laborer everywhere was badly housed, badly fed, badly clothed, badly paid for his labor; his home was a mud-cabin, leaky and filled with smoke; his food potatoes and water; his bed the earthen floor, without a blanket to cover him; his property a pig and a heap of manure. They found that in every case of a renewal of a lease, the rent was raised; that bailiffs were corrupt and often accepted bribes; that growing crops were seized for rent,

a practice which they strongly condemned. These evils were of long standing, and could not be cured at once by legislation. But Parliament could have interfered to give the tenant some sort of security of tenure; it could have stopped the common practice of subdividing holdings; it could have compelled the farmer to build better houses for his laborers; and in a country where there were nearly 4,000,000 acres of improvable waste lands, some employment might be given to redundant labor. What embittered the Irish farmers and laborers was that Parliament did nothing but watch complacently the decimation of a whole people by famine, eviction and emigration; and this while the great English newspaper, the Times, gloated over the Irish exodus, and gleefully announced that in a short time a Celt would be as rare in Ireland as a Red Indian on the shores of Manhattan.

As for the landlords, they were hopeless. There are few men who will not abuse unlimited power, and the Irish landlords had never adopted any self-denying ordinance in dealing with tenants. Many of these landlords had been overwhelmed in the famine, but their successors were not less ready than they to oppress and evict, and from 1850 to 1870 was the period of the great clearances. Thousands of the holdings were, it is true, utterly unable to decently support a family, and thousands of the houses levelled were utterly unfit for human habitation. And if the landlords had compensated the tenant and enabled him to emigrate, not altogether destitute and penniless, eviction would have been robbed of the worst of its terrors; and when the Irishman had attained to some measure of comfort in a foreign land, he might have looked back without regret to those days when he rejoiced only in misery and a mud-cabin. Instead of this, he had to remember that his landlord had driven him out without compensation, caring nothing about what might be his fate. The exile's heart was sore, and neither time nor distance nor the acquisition of wealth could make him forget the day of his eviction with all its horrors. The worst cases were those—and they were many—where the tenant was sent adrift after having labored and toiled to improve his holding, after having built and fenced and drained, after having won the bog and mountain to fertility. When all this was done, the landlord cast him out, seizing on all the improvements he had made.

The Quarterly Review (in 1854) declared that “the cabins of the peasantry were pulled down in such numbers as to give the appearance throughout whole regions of the south, and still more of the west, of a country devastated and desolated by the

passage of a hostile army." In Westmeath Dr. Nulty saw 700 persons evicted in a single day. In one house were patients delirious in typhus fever, but even that house was pulled down; and as the shades of night fell, the evicted, young and old, cowered under the hedges, drenched with the heavy autumnal rains. In the county of Mayo a whole countryside was emptied of its inhabitants by Lord Lucan, and in the same county even a wider stretch of country was cleared by Lord Sligo. Mr. Pollock's clearances in Galway were equally thorough. In the lap of the Donegal Mountains, the peaceful valley of Glenveigh was (in 1861) cleared in a single day by Mr. Adair. Thus were thousands of Irish peasants banished to foreign lands, bearing in their hearts the bitter memory of wrong; cursing the landlords who had dispossessed them, and the English Government by which these landlords were sustained.

Not all of the landlords, however, deserved these maledictions, for not all were of the type of Mr. Adair. But those who neither evicted nor rack-rented were comparatively few, and in consequence the condition of the mass of the tenants was pitiable. In a country where industries did not flourish, the competition for land was so keen that the landlord could make his own terms. Nor did he consider the tenant in any other light than as a rent-paying machine, to have his rent raised or to suffer eviction at his landlord's good will. If he built a new house, then surely he could pay more rent, and his rent was raised; if he fenced or drained or reclaimed, the land was thereby enriched and its letting value was greater; if he or his children dressed decently, it was evident that they were comfortable and could pay more rent if only the screws were put on. And there were estate rules which could be imposed only on slaves, and which only those long habituated to slavery could have endured. The tenant was compelled to vote for his landlord's nominee at elections, to send his children to the Protestant school, to get his landlord's permission to marry or to have any of his children married; and he was prohibited from building houses for his laborers, or giving shelter to strangers.

On one small estate in Mayo, the Ormsby estate, the old tenants still tell, with blazing eyes, how they had to work even on holidays for the landlord at half wages; and when the harvest came, how they had to cut his oats during the day, and then—for there was no other time available—how they had to cut their own oats by the light of the harvest moon. Even the bailiff on many estates compelled the tenants to give free labor, and thus were the bailiff's crops sown and saved. And the cases were not a few where the rent was not raised, the eject-

ment process withdrawn, or the eviction stayed, because the honor of a blushing and beautiful girl was sacrificed to a tyrant's lust. It was these things above all which made weak men strong and cowards brave, which made landlordism an unclean and an accursed thing, and nerved the arm of the assassin.

In spite of Lord Palmerston's landlord sympathies, such a system could not have lasted if there had been an honest and energetic body of Irish members in Parliament. But there was no such body. After 1857 Mr. G. H. Moore was without a seat until 1868. The most prominent of the popular representatives were Mr. J. F. Maguire, Mr. Martin and The O'Denoghue, and of these Mr. Maguire only was a man of much capacity, and even he was unable to carry a popular movement to success. Towards the end of 1864 Mr. Dillon, then returned from his American exile, started the National Association of Ireland, aided and encouraged by Dr. Cullen. But Mr. Moore would have no connection with any movement controlled or influenced by Dr. Cullen. Mr. Duffy, who was home on a visit from Australia, having been asked to join, also held aloof, and for the same reason as Mr. Moore; and Mr. Dillon died in 1866 before the Association had gone far.

There were, indeed, Irish members who posed as popular leaders and advocated popular measures. And the aspiring national member during those years, as he stood upon the hustings and asked the people's votes, was glib of tongue and prodigal of promises as man could be. He would vote an extension of the franchise, for land reform, for the disestablishment of the State Church; he would support no Government which failed to favor these measures, for he believed in the policy of Independent Opposition. He wanted neither place nor favor, and was satisfied if he could only serve Ireland. These promises and protestations were set off by vague talk about an oppressed people, a land of saints and heroes, and the glorious green flag. Some voters estimated this eloquence and vehemence at its worth, and taking the candidate's bribe, gave him their vote, knowing well that neither he nor his opponent was sincere.

But there were others who had not yet sounded the depths of political depravity, and believing in the candidate voted in his favor. To their disgust they soon found how much they had been deceived. When the candidate entered Parliament, he at once forgot his promises, scoffed at Independent Opposition, attached himself to the Government, and not a man in the party was more obedient to the crack of the party whip. His reward came in due course. A tide-waiter-ship or a position in

the Excise for his illegitimate son, a stipendiary magistrateship for a son who was too stupid to succeed at a profession, a county court judgeship for a brother at the Bar, a fat place at home or a colonial governorship for himself—this was the price given for his Parliamentary support. And if some indignant supporter charged him with his pledge-breaking and treachery, he coolly admitted his offence, chuckled at having made so good a bargain with the Government, and even thanked God that he had a country to sell.

Such men spoke with no authority in Parliament, and were heard with no respect. Nor could Palmerston and men like him be so much blamed if they had done nothing for Ireland, seeing that the Irish voters had sent such men to the House of Commons.

It was indeed assumed by many English public men that Ireland was content and wanted no experiments in legislation. And a smooth-tongued Viceroy, Lord Carlisle, at Lord Mayor's banquets and cattle-shows, year after year reported, like the sentinel on the watch-tower, that all was well. Crime had decreased, religious animosities were disappearing, agricultural methods were improving, education spreading among the masses, churches and schools multiplied. In ten years the number of mud-cabins had fallen from 491,000 to 125,000, and this necessarily involved the emigration of many thousands, the most vigorous and energetic of the race. But, convinced that Nature intended Ireland to be "the mother of flocks and herds," Lord Carlisle was not alarmed at this exodus. It increased the rate of wages at home, and resulted in bettering the lot of those who remained; as if indeed a dwindling population were proof of national prosperity rather than of national decay. This shallow sophistry was considered good enough for the aldermen and cattle-breeders who listened to him, but it did not impose on men of intelligence and patriotism, and was little worthy of a statesman or of an honest public man. Nor was the applause with which Lord Carlisle was greeted able to silence the voice of disaffection, which at that very time turned from the platform and Parliament and sought an outlet through revolutionary channels.

As far back as 1847, a general strike against rent was preached in the Nation and the Irish Felon by James Fintan Lalor, a man of great power of expression, bold, fearless and clear-sighted, of striking and original views and of indomitable will. In spite of the events of that and the following year, he was not discouraged, and in 1849 he organized in Munster an insurrection which was even a greater fiasco than Smith O'-

Brien's attempt of 1848. Next year Lalor died, and nothing was attempted till 1858, when some young men in Cork and Kerry established a revolutionary society. Ostensibly for literary purposes, and called the Phoenix Literary Society, it was really a secret and oath-bound organization, pledged to overthrow British rule in Ireland by force of arms, and believing that the time was opportune when England was fully occupied in putting down the Indian Mutiny. Its headquarters was at Skibbereen, its branches in West Cork and Kerry. The chief of its local leaders was Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa. But its real founder was James Stephens, who had a share in the rising of 1848, since then had lived mostly at Paris and mixed much with foreign revolutionists, and in 1858, having returned to Ireland was acting as private tutor to a gentleman near Killarney. He was a man of good education, with a capacity for organization and secret conspiracy, believing that nothing could be done for Ireland in Parliament, but much by a strong revolutionary society watching England's difficulties and allying itself with her foes. The Phoenix Society, however, soon collapsed. The priests denounced it from the altar. Smith O'Brien and the Nation, then under Mr. A. M. Sullivan, publicly assailed it, and the Government arrested the leaders and had them, in 1859, tried by special commission. One prisoner, O'Sullivan, was convicted and sentenced to penal servitude; and then O'Donovan Rossa and the others pleaded guilty and were liberated, and an end had come to the Phoenix Society.

Stephens was not among those arrested, or perhaps suspected, and returning to Paris, began to build up a new and far more formidable society than the Phoenix had even been. It was called the Irish Republican Brotherhood, or shortly the I. R. B.; but in America, to which it soon spread, it was called the Fenian Society, and its members the Fenians, the name borne by the famous militia of olden days, which were commanded by Finn MacCumhael. Organized into circles, each under a centre, all authority converged through higher centres commanding many circles, towards the head centre, Stephens, who was now in supreme command. Thus, while the lesser officers knew little of the organization, and had therefore little to tell if they were traitors, Stephens knew everything, and held the threads of the whole movement in his hands. John O'Mahoney was supreme in America; John O'Leary, Thomas Clarke Luby and Charles Kickham in Ireland; and there were agents also in England and Scotland. O'Mahoney was a graduate of Trinity College, a man given much to historical studies, and thoroughly honest and sincere. O'Leary, Luby and Kick-

ham were, like O'Mahoney, all Munster-men, all well connected and educated, and all—Kickham especially—men of literary capacity. Aiding them at home was O'Donovan Rossa; aiding O'Mahoney in America were Doheny, Coreoran and many others.

Assuming that an Irish republic was formed with the enrolment of the first members, in the Fenian oath, allegiance was sworn to the new republic, which necessarily meant a repudiation of English power. Nor was there any difficulty in finding thousands who were ready to take such an oath. Irish landlordism and English law, as administered in Ireland, had planted beyond the Atlantic a new Irish nation more fiercely opposed to England than even the old green island at home. Amid the rush and bustle of American cities, on American farms and railroads, in the lonely log-cabin in American woods, down in the depths of American mines were Irish exiles who thought of England only with a curse. Their fathers had told them of the horrors of the famine days, and they themselves had seen the crowbar brigade at work, the house levelled in which they were born, the fire quenched around which they had gathered to pray at their mother's knee. They knew the English law only by its oppressions, and the Government only as an instrument of terror. Irish landlordism and English rule they had always seen linked together in injustice, and, as they thought of them, the light of battle was in their eyes. Nor would they have hesitated to join with the Hottentot to bring England to the dust. In a country where they were free to speak out, they used language of violence which would not be tolerated at home, and one newspaper in San Francisco openly advocated assassination, and even offered a reward for the murder of individual Irish landlords whom it named. Not all American Fenians were so bloodthirsty as this, but all hated England and loved Ireland, and gave expression both to their love and hatred in swearing allegiance to the Irish republic. In the American Civil War, thousands rushed to arms for one side or the other, and thousands of them fell gloriously on American battlefields. Others, however, passed unscathed through the fire and smoke of battle, and when the Civil War was over in 1865, 200,000 Irish-American soldiers were set free to fight England.

In Ireland, meanwhile, the Fenian circles in 1860 and 1861 were being slowly filled. But in the latter year an event occurred which had a stimulating effect. Terence Bellew M'Manus, one of the 1848 men, had died in exile in San Francisco, and it was determined to bring his remains to Ireland. Across the American Continent was one long national demonstration, and

in Dublin no such funeral procession had been seen since O'Connell's. Tens of thousands from city and country trudged through the streets for hours on that bleak November day, and while the torches blazed amid the fast-falling shades of gathering night, the faces of the spectators—mostly young men—wore a stern resolve to follow in the footsteps of the dead. Freely they joined the Fenian ranks, and when Stephens and Luby went through the country districts subsequently, crowds had already taken or were ready to take the Fenian oath.

Towards the end of 1863 sufficient funds were available to start the *Irish People*, which was the organ of the Fenians. O'Leary was editor, Luby, Kickham and Stephens were among the contributors. Its object was to promote Fenianism; to discredit Parliamentary agitation; to wean the Ribbonmen from agrarian national objects; to attack all who opposed the Fenian movement, as unsafe political guides. Much hatred of England was thus stirred up; much opposition to Parliamentary action; and the Ribbonmen, turning from agrarian quarrels and the assassination of landlords, swore allegiance to the Irish republic. And not only did recruits come from the country farmers' sons, from the artisans and shopmen, the students and journalists of the cities and towns, but from many Government offices, from the Dublin police, from the Irish in Great Britain; and thousands of the Irish soldiers in the British Army also joined.

Fully aware that a Fenian Society existed in America and in Ireland, the Government waited, and the *Times* sneered at the young men who marched and drilled at night, predicting that they would be good British soldiers. Suddenly, however, guided by two informers, Nagle and Power, the "*Irish People*" in September, 1865, was raided by detectives, its printing-press, type and papers seized. O'Leary, Luby, Kickham and O'Donovan Rossa were arrested, and so were many others through the country towns; and special commissions were set up both in Dublin and Cork for the trials. O'Donovan Rossa, having been already concerned with the *Phoenix Society*, was sentenced to penal servitude for life; O'Leary, Luby and Kickham to twenty years, and others to shorter terms of imprisonment. Stephens evaded arrest until November, and a few nights after being lodged in Richmond prison, he made good his escape. The fact was that some of the prison warders were Fenians, and it was these who opened the prison door for their chief.

Dislocation of Fenian plans necessarily followed the arrest of the Fenian leaders. Stephens reached America only to find his followers suspicious and distrustful, and in 1866 a section



of them, repudiating both him and O'Mahoney, crossed the frontier into Canada, and attacked England on American soil. During the war promises of help had been made to them by the United States, angry with England for her sympathy with the Southern States. But these promises were easily forgotten; the laws of neutrality were enforced, and the thousands of Fenians hurrying to the frontier were turned back by American arms. The small Fenian force which crossed were soon overpowered by superior numbers, and England rejoiced that all danger was passed. Not, yet, however, for Stephens announced that the blow would be struck in Ireland itself, and during the year 1866.

But Stephens never came, and his disgusted followers deposed him and elected Colonel Kelley their chief, and under his directions the insurrection broke out in Ireland on the 5th of March, 1867. Some collisions with police and soldiers took place at Kilmallock, Tallaght and near Cork, but the rising had no chance of success, for the Government had been forewarned and were amply prepared. Corydon, a Fenian informer who knew much, told all he knew, and in consequence Chester Castle was saved from capture by the Irish in England; General Massey, the military commander, was arrested at Limerick Junction, and the officers, who had come from America, in the steamer Jacknell, had no sooner landed than they were made prisoners. A terrific snowstorm which began on the 5th of March was also helpful, and showed, not for the first time, that the very elements were aiding England.

Within the next few months, jails were filled and judges were busy trying prisoners and passing sentences on them. The conduct of the trials was much complained of, and special resentment was shown towards Judge Keogh, once a patriot, and then a renegade, and now lecturing prisoners on the iniquity of rebellion. In England there was one case which aroused bitter feelings in Ireland. Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy, having escaped to England, were arrested at Manchester in September, but a crowd of Fenians attacked the prison van carrying them, and set them free. In the attack a policeman, Sergeant Brett, lost his life, and five men—Allen, Larken, O'Brien, O'Meagher, Condon and Maguire—were tried on the capital charge, convicted and sentenced to death. Maguire, however, was pardoned, not having been present at all at the attack; Condon, because he was an American citizen, had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life; the other three were executed. Certainly they had attacked the prison van, and equally certain it was that they had not committed murder.

But it availed nothing. England was enraged against the Fenians and would not be appeased without blood, and throughout the trial the animus of witnesses, jury and judges was apparent. As the prisoners stood in the dock, they were manacled; and as they stood on the scaffold, a huge crowd gathered to gloat over their execution. These things moved the whole Irish race to indignation. The Manchester martyrs were at once enrolled among the heroes who had bled for Ireland; their cry of "God save Ireland" from the dock was taken up and repeated, and the few stirring lines of T. D. Sullivan, ending with the refrain, have since become the National Anthem.

Undeterred by all that had happened, a Fenian in London named Barrett blew up a portion of Clerkenwell prison, killing twelve persons. This was in December, and in that month and in the following, Captain Mackay, with a few followers, made several daring and successful raids for arms in Cork. But he was captured, convicted and sentenced to a term of imprisonment; and from that date no further efforts were made by the Fenians, and Fenianism ceased to agitate the public mind, which it had agitated so long.

But I can not bring the story of the Fenian insurrection to a close before telling you of its one glorious episode—the Battle of Ridgeway. By the month of May, 1866, General Roberts, the American Fenian commander, had established a line of depots along the Canadian frontier, and in great part filled them with the arms and material of war sold to him by the United States government. Towards the close of the month the various "circles" throughout the Union received the command to start their contingents for the frontier. Never, probably, in Irish history, was a call to the field more enthusiastically obeyed. From every State in the Union there was a simultaneous movement northwards of bodies of Irishmen: the most intense excitement pervading the Irish population from Maine to Texas. At this moment, however, the Washington government flung off the mask. A vehement and bitterly-worded proclamation as shameful as it was treacherous in view of the promises made the Fenian organization, called for the instantaneous abandonment of the Irish projects. A powerful military force was marched to the northern frontier; United States gunboats were posted on the lakes and on the St. Lawrence river; all the arms and war material of the Irish were sought out, seized, and confiscated, and all the arriving contingents, on mere suspicion of their destination, were arrested.

This course of proceeding fell like a thunderbolt on the Irish! It seemed impossible to credit its reality! Despite all

those obstacles, however—a British army on one shore, an American army on the other, and hostile cruisers, British and American, guarding the waters between—one small battalion of the Irish under Colonel John O'Neill succeeded in crossing to the Canadian side on the night of the 31st of May, 1866. They landed on British ground close to Fort Erie, which place they at once occupied, hauling down the royal ensign of England, and hoisting over Fort Erie in its stead, amidst a scene of boundless enthusiasm and joy, the Irish standard of green and gold.

The news that the Irish were across the St. Lawrence—that once more, for the first time for half a century, the green flag waved in the broad sunlight over the serried lines of men in arms for “the good old cause”—sent the Irish millions in the States into wild excitement. In twenty-four hours fifty thousand volunteers offered for service, ready to march at an hour's notice. But the Washington government stopped all action on the part of the Irish organization. Colonel Roberts, his military chief officer, and other officials, were arrested, and it soon became plain the unexpected intervention of the American executive had utterly destroyed, for the time, the Canadian project, and saved to Great Britain her North American colonies.

Meanwhile O'Neill and his small force were in the enemy's country—in the midst of their foes. From all parts of Canada troops were hurried forward by rail to crush at once by overwhelming force the now isolated Irish battalion. On the morning of the 1st of June, 1866, Colonel Booker, at the head of the combined British force of regular infantry of the line and some volunteer regiments, marched against the invaders. At a place called Limestone Ridge, close by the village of Ridgeway, the advance guard of the British found O'Neill drawn up in position ready for battle. The action forthwith commenced. The Irish skirmishers appeared to fall back slowly before their assailants, a circumstance which caused the Canadian volunteer regiments to conclude hastily that the day was going very easily in their favor. Suddenly, however, the Irish skirmishers halted, and the British, to their dismay, found themselves face to face with the main force of the Irish, posted in a position which evidenced consummate ability on the part of O'Neil. Booker ordered an assault in full force on the Irish position, which was, however, disastrously repulsed. While the British commander was hesitating as to whether he should renew the battle, or wait reinforcements reported to be coming up from Hamilton, his deliberations were cut short by a shout from the

Irish lines, and a cry of alarm from his own—the Irish were advancing to a charge. They came on with a wild rush and a ringing cheer, bursting through the British ranks. There was a short but desperate struggle, when some one of the Canadian officers, observing an Irish aid-de-camp galloping through a wood close by, thought it was a body of Irish horse, and raised the cry of “cavalry! cavalry!” Some of the regular regiments made a vain effort to form a square—a fatal blunder, there being no cavalry at hand; others, however, broke into confusion, and took to flight, the general, Booker, it is alleged, being the fleetest of the fugitives. The British rout soon became complete, the day was hopelessly lost, and the victorious Irish, with the captured British standards in their hands, stood on Ridgeway heights as proudly as their compeers at Fontenoy—“The field was fought and won.”

O'Neill, on the morrow of his victory, learned with poignant feelings that his supports and supplies had been all cut off by the American gun-boats. In his front the enemy were concentrating in thousands. Behind him rolled the St. Lawrence, cruised by United States war steamers. He was ready to fight the British, but he could not match the combined powers of Britain and America. He saw the enterprise was defeated hopelessly, for this time, by the action of the Washington executive, and, feeling that he had truly “done enough for valor,” he surrendered to the United States naval commander.

Judged by the forces engaged, Ridgeway was an inconsiderable engagement. Yet the effect produced by the news in Canada, in the States, in England, and of course, most of all in Ireland, could scarcely have been surpassed by the announcement of a second Fontenoy. Irish troops had met the levies of England in pitched battle and defeated them. English colors, trophies of victory, were in the hands of an Irish general. The green flag had come triumphant through the storm of battle. At home and abroad the Irish saw only these facts, and these appeared to be all-sufficient for national pride. This brief episode at Ridgeway was for the Fenian Irish the one gleam to brighten the page of their history.

The Fenian Insurrection failed, but it did not fail utterly. Far from it! For it left Ireland more thoroughly aroused, more thoroughly united, and more firmly determined than ever before to achieve her national independence—by constitutional means if she can, by martial means if she must. And if Ireland is now on the eve of Home Rule, that glorious achievement is due to this one fact—that Ireland had in '66 men so brave and so patriotic that for her they laughed to scorn the

terrors of a British prison and a British gibbet! For the memory of their bravery, of their imprisonment and of their ignominious death upon the scaffold has animated the Irish race from the year '66 to this year of our Lord 1914. "God save Ireland!" prayed they. And from that day to this, "God save Ireland!" has been the prayer of every Irish Gael and every descendant of an Irish Gael the world over!

Never till the latest day  
Shall the memory pass away  
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;  
But on the cause must go  
Through joy, or weal, or woe,  
Till we make our isle a nation free and grand.  
"God save Ireland!" say we proudly;  
"God save Ireland!" say we all:  
"Whether on the scaffold high  
"Or on the battle-field we die,  
"Oh, what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"





## Edward J. McMahon

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Edward J. McMahon was born in Fitchburg, Mass., August 25, 1861, the son of Edward McMahon and the late Bridget (O'Keefe) McMahon. With his parents he came to Worcester, Mass., in 1862. He attended the Worcester public schools and was graduated at the Worcester Classical High School in 1881. He studied law in the office of Attys. Verry & Gaskill, and at the Boston University Law School, where he received the degree LL.B., upon his graduation in June, 1885. In the same month Mr. McMahon was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar, and has been engaged in the practice of law in Worcester since that time.

Mr. McMahon represented Ward Five in the Common Council of the City of Worcester during 1889, 1890, 1891 and 1892. He was a member of the Board of Aldermen in 1901, 1902 and 1903, a member of the Board of Directors of the Worcester Free Public Library for six years, 1904-1909, and was president of the board in 1909. Mr. McMahon was married to Anastatia M. Power of Worcester, October 5, 1904.





*Yours truly  
Edward J. McMahon*



# The Regeneration of Ireland

1870—1914

—BY—

EDWARD J. McMAHON

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In preceding lectures of this course, you considered the history of Ireland from the earliest times to the year 1870. You heard, from the lips of learned and eloquent men, the story of the ancient glory of Ireland, of her acceptance of the faith from the glorious apostle, St. Patrick, and of the great part she took in the dissemination of Christianity in every part of the world. You heard of her famous schools and universities, and of their imperishable influence in the preservation of human knowledge. You heard the story of her great tragedy, of the wars, the persecutions and confiscations, that during long centuries were inflicted upon her, and of the destruction of her kingdoms, her literature and her prosperity. And you heard too that, in a struggle which has lasted more than seven hundred years, Ireland has preserved her ancient faith untarnished and her sterling nationality unconquered and unconquerable.

This evening we will turn back the pages of the past and will concern ourselves with the history of present day Ireland. A great revolution has taken place in Ireland since 1870, and by means of it, the Irish people have secured—and are now enjoying—greater economical, religious and political rights, than they have known, as a nation, for more than 300 years. The truth of this proposition is apparent when we consider the following facts:

In 1870 the people of Ireland neither owned the land upon which they lived, nor could they own it; now they own more than half of the land, and presently will own every foot of it.

In 1870, and the years which followed, Ireland was the most poverty-stricken country in the world; now she is blessed with hope and prosperity.

In 1870 the Catholic youth of Ireland were denied the

privilege of higher education; now they possess a university.

In 1870 the people of Ireland were governed by laws made and administered by British officials; now they make a part of their own laws, and are looking forward, with hope and confidence, to the establishment of absolute home rule, in Ireland.

In our discussion of this most important chapter of Irish history, we will divide the subject matter into these three parts: First, the deplorable condition of Ireland in 1870 and in the years which followed; Second, the forces employed in her struggle for existence; and Third, the great transformation that has been accomplished.

Ireland is about as large in territory as the State of Indiana. Although comparatively small in area, she is blessed with an abundance and variety of natural resources. Her soil is most fertile. Her mountains and hills are rich in deposits of coal, iron, tin, lead, copper, building stone, slate and beautiful marbles. She possesses three of the safest and most commodious harbors in Europe. The Shannon, 247 miles in length, is the largest river in the British Islands. The water power of her rivers is capable of unlimited development, and these rivers, and her lakes and coast lines, afford most valuable fishing grounds. Her climate is delightful, and the beauty and grandeur of her scenery. Thackery says, "no pen can describe." And what of the men of Ireland?

In Ireland you have a race of men proved, by the history of the world, to be brave and able. Go through the world and see the industry and ability of Irishmen. In every country, but their own, the Irish race have been industrially successful, have risen to the highest positions, and have shown themselves fitted for the arts of government and of industry.

Possessing all these advantages, and beloved by her sons more than any other nation on earth was ever beloved, by every law of nature and mankind Ireland should be populous and prosperous, and her people happy and contented. Yet, sad to relate, we find that Ireland, during the early years of the period we are discussing, was the poorest and most distressful country in the world, and that her children were flying from her shores as though she had been stricken by a malignant plague. This deplorable condition was due solely to two causes; landlordism and misgovernment. Let us briefly consider these twin evils which brought so much misery upon the Irish people. Years and years ago Ireland was an industrial and a commercial nation. When the time came, as it did, in the early part of the eighteenth century, that her manufactures and

commerce threatened to rival those of England, they were promptly and permanently destroyed by acts of the British parliament which may be found in the record. The destruction of their industries and trade compelled the Irish to look to the land as their only means of support, and, from that day to the present time, they have remained substantially an agricultural people.

It is estimated that the lands of Ireland could support in comfort a population of ten million people. Now all the land in the olden times, before the advent of the English, was owned and possessed absolutely by the people of Ireland. Under the old Brehon laws there was a tribal system of land ownership which not only guaranteed to the tiller of the soil, the right of possession, but also secured for him the fruits of his husbandry. With the imposition of English dominion all this was changed. During the terrible wars that were waged by Henry VIII, Elizabeth, James I, Cromwell and William of Orange, for the subjugation of Ireland, and the extermination of her people, all of the lands of Ireland were seized and confiscated and then distributed as rewards for service to the soldiers and favorites of the several invaders. The old tribal form of land-ownership was displaced by the system of feudal tenure which England imposed upon the country.

In plain words the Irish people were robbed of their lands and the Irish owners of the land were replaced by alien robbers who, in this unrighteous manner, became the progenitors of the race of landlords, whose control of the lands of Ireland, for more than two hundred years, was one of the greatest evils that ever befel that unhappy country. The cruel exactions of these landlords and the appalling misery inflicted by them upon the prostrate people of Ireland during the two centuries preceding the year 1870, make some of the blackest pages of Irish history, but these are matters which are not within the scope of our present inquiry, and it will suffice in dismissing them to quote the unbiased testimony of two eminent authorities, one a Scotchman, and the other an Englishman.

Mr. T. W. Russell, a Scotchman and a member of the British Parliament, says:

“These years have been dominated by a land system, which can only be described as systematized and legal robbery of the poor. The governed were, in the main helots and slaves; the governors were, to a large extent, callous and heartless tyrants. England had, unasked and unbidden, taken over the government of Ireland. Where the duty was not shamefully neglected, it was exercised in the interests of a class alone.

Until Mr. Gladstone arose, no subject people had ever been more basely treated or neglected by a conqueror."

And Mr. Froude, the eminent historian, says:

"In Ireland the proprietor was an alien, with the fortunes of the residents upon his estates in his hands and at his mercy. He was divided from them in creed and language; he despised them, as of an inferior race, and he acknowledged no interest in common with them. Had he been allowed to trample on them, and make them his slaves, he would have cared for them, perhaps, as he cared for his horses. But their persons were free, while their farms and houses were his; and thus his only object was to wring out of them the last penny which they could pay, leaving them and their children to a life scarcely raised above the level of their own pigs."

One of the awful consequences of this pernicious system, was the depopulation of Ireland which took place during the last half of the 19th century. The population of every other civilized country in the world, in that period, increased. In Ireland it declined. In 1845 Ireland had three times as many people as Scotland, and half as many as England; but in sixty years Ireland lost 4,500,000, and today she has less inhabitants than Scotland and hardly a tenth of the population of the United Kingdom. As I have said, the people fled from the land as if it were stricken with a plague. Is there in the world a parallel to that awful tragedy? They have gone from Ireland in millions and with bitterness in their hearts; and have carried a sense of their wrongs into every corner of the world. And what was the character of that emigration? Ninety per cent. of those who fled from Ireland were between the ages of ten and forty-five years—the very life blood of the nation. Famine and emigration had reduced the population of Ireland to about four and a half millions in 1870, the year which begins the period we are now discussing. With this great loss of population came another and perhaps greater calamity to the Irish people. We have seen that the destruction of their commerce and industries obliged them to become an agricultural people; and it is well within the mark to say that, of the population of four and a half millions in 1870, three and a half millions, or seven ninths of the entire people, were dependent upon the land for their means of existence. Now in the old days, prior to 1830, the landlords permitted the people to occupy practically all of the fertile lands of Ireland upon the single condition that they paid the rent. If they did not, they were evicted; but, generally speaking, in that time, if the poor Irish people were able in any way to pay the rent, and all other exactions and fines

imposed upon them by the landlords, they were permitted to remain upon their farms. In this way most of the farms in Ireland were held by the same families for many generations. The only interest or sentiment, however, that moved the landlord in his dealing with the land, or with the people, was the commercial one of profit; and so, when opportunity came to increase his revenue, by transforming the farm lands into large grazing pastures, which he might lease to English speculators, he promptly and mercilessly evicted his old Irish tenants from their holdings. Away back in the early thirties the landlords began to get rid of their tenants. The famine of '49 gave great impetus to the clearing out, and the enormous demand for cattle during the Crimean War was another thing that turned the landlords toward grazing as more profitable than tenant farming. A landlord, instead of having to collect rents from two hundred or three hundred tenants, found he could let the same land to half a dozen big English grazers. This plan rid him of a lot of trouble and saved him the annoyance of constant agitation about excessive rents. So the people were driven out, those who could pay their rents and those who could not. The houses and barns they had built, where their fathers had lived and their children had been born, passed to the landlord absolutely, and there was no law under which the tenant could recover a penny for the home stolen from him. A man's father and grandfather, perhaps reclaimed the land years and years before, drained it, fenced it and built the house and barns. At the command of the landlord all the labor of those many years was swept away.

Houses and barns were flung down, and the stones that had sheltered families for generations, were built into walls around the grazing fields.

By means of these wholesale evictions, which continued, from time to time to the year 1870, not only the homes of the people were destroyed, but entire villages and districts were obliterated as effectually as though they never had existed.

Writing of this period and of the condition of Ireland in the seventies and eighties, T. P. O'Connor says: "The traveller can pass for miles, and see a country on which not a single human being remains: the frequent ruin speaks of a vanished population as effectually scattered as the populations of those entombed cities in Italy, the ruins of which today, with such compelling silence, tell the tale of tumultuous life reduced to stillness and death."

As a result of these great clearances, 12,000,000 acres, or four-fifths of the lands of Ireland, and that the most fertile in

the country, were transformed into grazing pastures for horses and cattle, and the unfortunate people, who formerly occupied them, were compelled to find homes and sustenance upon the 3,000,000 acres of bog, mountain and waste land which the landlords could not otherwise dispose of to their advantage. The horrible inhumanity of this attempted extermination of a people is not paralleled in the history of any other civilized nation in the world. Think of it for a moment: 3,500,000, or seven-ninths of all the people of Ireland, in the closing half of the enlightened nineteenth century, were driven out from four-fifths of the land, which rightfully belonged to them, and obliged to support themselves, or perish, upon the remaining one-fifth. And that was the condition of the peasantry of Ireland, with reference to land holding in 1870, and until the period of land reform, to which presently we shall refer. Let us now briefly consider the situation of the tenants in their newly acquired holdings; and I am now speaking of their condition in 1870 and the years which immediately followed. The landlord let the bare soil, perhaps a strip of bog, or a patch on a stony hillside. The tenant then took the bit of land and erected his little cabin on it. Before he could raise a peck of potatoes he had to prepare the land. He had to clear out the stones, dig drains and build fences. It has been truly said that his first three crops were stones. In other words the Irish peasant had to take the raw materials and actually make his farm with his own hands, and with the most heart-breaking labor, meanwhile, and always, paying the rent. The tenant was never secure in his holding. There was always impending the dark, dread shadow of rackrenting and eviction before his vision. Each landlord employed an agent, whose duty it was to inspect the holdings from time to time, estimate the improvements made by the tenant, and then to raise the rents accordingly. If, for instance, the tenant had agreed to pay \$10 a year for his three or four acres of stony land, he was told that, having cleared and drained it, and made the land tenantable, he would have to pay \$20. The result was, of course, to discourage thrift. The man who tried to improve his condition paid dearly for it. Another form of extortion, employed by the landlords, was the imposition of fines upon the tenants, and in many cases these were levied either wantonly, or for reasons that would be called ridiculous, were it not for the misery which followed them.

Thus, for example, certain tenants were obliged to perform a number of days' "duty work" for the landlord—for nothing—during each year of their holding; a tenant, whose son was married, without consulting the landlord's agent, was given an



increase in his rent of \$25; another tenant had two sons married and, because he allowed them to live in the outhouse attached to his home, his rent was raised \$50 per year; in one town there is a record showing that twenty families in that place were fined in a similar manner by the landlord's agent for marriages taking place without his permission. And in Ireland, in those days, the landlord had a power to enforce his exactions—the power of starvation. If the unfortunate tenant could not meet the demand of the agent, no matter how unjust that demand might be, his little home was surrounded by the constabulary, the crow bar brigade did its work and the poor tenant, with his wife and little ones, were flung on the roadside to starve and to die. And even in those cases, where the tenant, with the assistance of occasional remittances from relatives in America, was able to meet the hard demands of the agent, his lot was at best a miserable and most precarious one. Upon this point let me quote the language of the official report of the Department of Agriculture:

“The people paid a rent for their holding generally not because of its agricultural value, but rather because it was necessary to have some home for their family. In a ‘good year’ many of the inhabitants were little more than free from the dread of hunger, whilst a bad year, arising from the complete or partial failure of their crops, produced a condition of semi-starvation.”

Such was the degree of serfdom to which the people of Ireland were reduced, by the iniquitous system of land tenure maintained in that unhappy country by English laws, during the first ten years of the period we are now discussing. So much for the land question.

Another great evil that weighed heavily upon the people, during this period, was the unjust and oppressive system of government that England imposed upon Ireland. You have heard the story of the destruction of the Irish parliament in 1800, and of the perfidious means employed by Pitt and his colleagues to accomplish that act of treachery, of which Gladstone said: “I know of no blacker or fouler transaction in the history of man than the making of the Union between England and Ireland.” You remember, too, the assurances that were given to the Catholics of Ireland, by the British Ministry, that emancipation and perfect equality would be accorded them immediately upon the establishment of the Union; and you know how quickly these assurances were repudiated. Catholic emancipation did not come till 1829, and then it was granted only in the presence of a threatened revolution.

It was not until 40 years later, in 1869, that the Catholics, who numbered four-fifths of the population, were released from the burden of supporting the Protestant establishment in Ireland. While it is true that, in form and name, the Catholics were granted emancipation in 1829, it is no less true that from the time of the Union until the enactment of the Local Government Act in 1898 to which we shall refer later, the great majority of the people of Ireland—more than four-fifths of them—had no more effective influence in matters of Irish legislation than the citizens of Massachusetts have in the affairs of Australia. Think of it—the Irish people could not construct a road, build a bridge, erect a public building or engage in any town or municipal enterprise without the sanction of the British parliament. And worse than that: in all the years of famine, of eviction and of suffering, through which Ireland passed from 1830 to 1881, the British parliament failed to pass even one act for the substantial betterment of the peasantry of that unhappy country. During that period, forty-eight bills, for the relief of the suffering tenants, were introduced in the imperial parliament, and every one of them was rejected. In the same period of fifty years there were enacted forty-eight measures for the coercion and oppression of the people. If England has failed to provide good government for Ireland, she has not failed to exact from that poor country, by means of unjust taxation, an amount infinitely larger than her proportionate share, of the imperial taxes. Some years ago the accusation was made that Ireland was greatly overtaxed, and that accusation became so insistent that, in May, 1894, a royal commission was appointed by the imperial government to investigate the matter. And that commission found and reported that Ireland was overtaxed to the extent of nearly \$15,000,000 a year, and that that had gone on for half a century.

In support of this statement let me quote from the *Saturday Review* (Unionist) of July 25, 1896, as follows: "Ten out of the thirteen commissioners agree in that we have taken 2,750,000 pounds a year more from Ireland than Ireland ought to have paid. And this fleecing of England's weaker sister has been going on at this rate for something like half a century. According to the finding of a commission, mainly composed of Englishmen, we owe Ireland considerably over 100,000,000 pounds (in our money about \$500,000,000). Had this sum been left in Ireland to fructify it is more than likely that Ireland would never have suffered as she did."

Another example of English misgovernment in Ireland is found in the matter of education. In preceding lectures you

were told of the great schools and universities that made Ireland the seat of learning and the home of the scholars of Europe, during the glorious age of her independence; and you were told, too, that the suppression of her schools, her language and her literature followed closely upon the destruction of her liberty. It is recorded that Elizabeth appointed commissioners to abolish the Irish schools, destroy their books, scatter their masters and pupils, and to wipe away their remembrance. From that time the way of the Irish scholar was marked by outlawry, starvation and death. The education of the youth of Ireland was made a crime. No Irishman was allowed to open a public school or send his children over the sea to study. Irish Catholics, so far as the laws were concerned, were left for the next two centuries absolutely illiterate, or with only such teaching as the wandering hedge schoolmaster could bring them. Indeed it was not until 1833 that England provided any sort of a system of national education; and that system, with some modifications, remained in force until a few years ago. Dr. Whately, the Protestant archbishop of Dublin, was the head of the board that established the present system of national schools in Ireland, and his avowed policy was to Anglicize the children in the schools, to effect the "consolidation," as he called it, of Great Britain and Ireland. This right reverend, but unpatriotic Irishman, undertook to revise the reading books used in the schools. In doing so he expunged such verses as Campbell's "Downfall of Poland," and Scott's poem containing the lines:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said: —  
This is my own, my native land!"

and, in their place, he inserted in the books this effusion from his own pen:

"I thank the goodness and the grace  
That on my birth have smiled,  
And made me in these Christian days  
A happy English child."

The tendency of the Board of Education was to denationalize the little children of the Irish race. Irish history, Irish poetry, the Irish language, and indeed everything Irish were forbidden in the schools until a few years ago, and it was not

until 1908 that the Catholics of Ireland were accorded the privilege of University training.

Let me summarize what I have said with reference to the misgovernment of Ireland by England, from the time of the Union to the beginning of the great transformation, that is now taking place in Great Britain and in Ireland, in the words of Mr. Chamberlain, the eminent English statesman. Speaking at West Islington in England, on June 17, 1885, Mr. Chamberlain, in referring to the existing system of government in Ireland, said:

“I do not believe that the great majority of Englishmen have the slightest conception of the system under which this free nation attempts to rule a sister country. It is a system which is founded on the bayonets of 30,000 soldiers encamped permanently as in a hostile country. It is a system as completely centralized and bureaucratic as that with which Russia governs Poland, or as that which was common in Venice under Austrian rule. An Irishman at this moment cannot move a step, he cannot lift a finger, in any parochial, municipal or educational work, without being confronted, interfered with, controlled by, an English official appointed by a foreign government, and without the shadow or shade of representative authority.”

It must appear conclusively, from the facts which I have stated, and the English authorities which I have cited, that the unjust and oppressive systems of land tenure and civil government, that were inflicted by England upon Ireland, during the early part of the present period, and for a long time prior to then, were directly responsible for the miserable condition of that unhappy country, and the prostration of her people. I have taken much of your time, this evening, in the consideration of those evils of landlordism and misgovernment, which prevailed, so recently in Ireland, in order to show in greater contrast the immeasurable improvements, that already have been accomplished in the matter of land tenure, and the great transformation that presently is to be effected by the establishment of an Irish parliament, for the government of Ireland.

The year 1879 marked a crisis in the history of Ireland. The potato crop, which may be described as the thin partition which separated large masses of the people from starvation, was bad in the years 1877-78. In 1879 two-thirds of the crop had failed to come to maturity, and, in many parts of the country, had entirely disappeared. Thus Ireland again stood face to face with famine. Everywhere there was distress and misery. Everywhere the landlords were demanding exorbitant

rent, and, failing to obtain it, were throwing the tenants upon the roadsides; and everywhere, in the minds of the people, loomed up the horrible spectre of '46 and the desolation and death that followed in its wake. Parliament was asked to stay the hand of the landlord, but parliament refused to interfere.

Then began the greatest struggle in the history of Ireland. It was a struggle which involved the very existence of the Irish nation, and which finally was to determine whether Ireland was to remain the home of an ancient and distinguished race of men, or to be transformed into one vast grazing pasture for cattle. Standing upon a platform, erected upon the site of the cabin, in which he was born, and from which his father had been evicted, thirty years before, in the town of Straide, County Mayo, Michael Davitt, one of the purest Irish patriots that ever lived, denounced the oppression of his country by England as tyranny, and called upon the manhood of Ireland to enroll themselves under the standard of the Land League which he had organized for the defense of their homes and their liberties. Davitt's sincerity and patriotism aroused the people from one end of Ireland to the other, and, before the close of the year 1879, Ireland was, for the fourth time in the century, in the throes of revolution. In all history there is no parallel to the struggle which followed, or to its outcome.

The demands of the Irish people may be summed up in a single phrase, the abolition of landlordism and the establishment of home rule. Opposing these demands, and insisting upon the retention of their feudal rights, were the landlords of Ireland, and the most powerful empire on earth.

In the presence of such fearful odds, well might the friends of Ireland tremble, when they considered the disastrous effect that was almost certain to follow that unequal combat. Cautious men reminded the people of the sad catastrophies of 1803, 1848 and 1865, and implored them to be patient, to wait, and to hope for better conditions; but the time for patience and waiting and hoping was gone. An outraged and a determined people were patient, and waiting and hoping only for the coming of some man, of courage and ability, to direct their organization and to lead them to victory.

Then came the hour and the man. And that man was Charles Stewart Parnell, who was destined, in his own short life, to strike the blow that caused the downfall of feudalism in Ireland, and to lay the corner stone for the establishment of Irish self government.

Parnell in assuming his leadership, in a great speech, at Westport, said to the people of Ireland:

“Hold your harvests—Hold your lands, and remember that God helps him who helps himself.”

Hitherto, when the landlords had sent their process of eviction, the tenant had gone out with wife and children though the wife and children might be dying, and the ditch be their only refuge. Here was a new and a strange and a thrilling gospel; that the farmer should stand by his holding and his home and refuse to perish at the bidding of his oppressor. This memorable phrase became the war-cry of the new Irish revolution, which, in a short time, spread over every part of Ireland. What were the forces available, and the methods employed by Parnell, in this unprecedented campaign he was about to enter in behalf of his countrymen?

First, Parnell had at his back the united support of every man, woman and child in Ireland, who gave to him their unquestioning and unswerving allegiance. To be sure they were without arms in their hands, but that did not matter. They were told by him to hold their lands, and they knew how to hold them and how to refuse payment of the rent. In addition they had indomitable resolution in their hearts. That was enough.

Second, Parnell had the sympathy, publicly and freely expressed, of the civilized world. One instance of this took place in Washington, D. C., on February 2, 1880, when, by resolution of the House, he was accorded the unusual honor of addressing the representatives of the American people, on the distress of his country.

Third, Parnell had, in the Irish parliamentary party, an army made, disciplined and led by an incomparable general.

It was of this party that Gladstone said: “Parnell had a most efficient party, an extraordinary party. I do not say extraordinary as an opposition, but extraordinary as a government. The absolute obedience, the strict discipline, the military discipline, in which he held them was unlike anything I have ever seen. They were always there, they were always ready, they were always united, and Parnell was supreme all the time.”

Now, keeping in mind that the object of this campaign was to abolish landlordism and to secure self government, what were the methods employed by Parnell? Physical force? No—that door was closed and to open it meant the suicide of a nation.

The methods used by Parnell were unique, and unparalleled in the history of political warfare, and may be stated in two words, Abstention and Obstruction. Parnell believed that if he could compel England to give her attention to Ireland, and

to nothing else, he would succeed, and he proposed to do this by the forces of abstention and obstruction. Abstention meant passive resistance. It meant that the tenants should keep a firm grip on their holdings, and that landlords, who evicted them, and land-grabbers, who took their farms, should be let alone. And what an awful significance was attached in Parnell's time, in those simple words, "let him alone." Speaking at a mass meeting in Ennis, on September 19, 1880, Parnell said to the people: "When a man takes a farm from which another has been evicted, you must show him on the roadside when you meet him, you must show him in the streets of the town, you must show him at the shop counter, you must show him in the fair and in the market place, by leaving him severely alone, by isolating him from his kind as if he was a leper of old—you must show him your detestation of the crime he has committed, and you may depend upon it that there will be no man so full of avarice, so lost to shame, as to dare the public opinion of all right thinking men, and to transgress your unwritten code of laws." From this time the doctrine of boycotting, as it afterwards came to be called, from the name of a land agent, Captain Boycott, was accepted with popular enthusiasm, and measured out freely, by the people, to the offending landlord and land grabber. Without threat or violence, without doing the slightest injury to any of his legal rights, they left him in such absolute isolation that the fate of the leper was happiness, compared with his. He was "let alone."

Social ostracism or boycotting, as it was called in land league days, did not originate in Ireland. It has been resorted to in divers forms and innumerable causes in all civilized countries. As far back as the month of March, 1770, it was remorselessly used by the people of the colony of Massachusetts, in the case of traders who persisted in importing tea from England, against the protest of the colonists. Various instances of this form of boycotting are reported in the "Boston Gazette and Country Journal" of Monday, March 12, 1770.

In marked contrast with the passive character of abstention, Parnell's policy of obstruction was full of dramatic action. It was outlined in his declaration that, so long as England refused to allow Ireland to have a parliament of her own, Irishmen must see that parliamentary government was made impracticable and impossible in England.

By means of long speeches, questions and debates, he proposed to prevent parliament doing any work, until it consented to listen to the imperative needs of Ireland. English statesmen for a long time had turned a deaf ear to Ireland's claim for

justice, and he would make them listen. The unwritten laws and traditions of the House of Commons were all opposed to this procedure, but Parnell speedily found, in the written rules and orders of the House, ample authority which permitted him to obstruct public business and to bring the parliamentary machine to a standstill.

With this weapon at their command, Parnell and the Irish party began blocking every bill brought in by the government; nothing was too large or too small a question for discussion. Night after night they talked, and talked by the hour, upon every subject that arose. On one memorable night, Mr. Joseph Bigger, a member from Cavan, talked four hours. In describing this event Mr. Redmond, the present leader of the Irish party, says: "At first, members indulged in the usual interruptions, and seeing that Mr. Bigger rather welcomed them as affording him a pleasant rest, they adopted another plan to discourage him and left the house in a body. Looking in an hour later, they found him still on his legs, reading long extracts from blue books to empty benches. An hour later he was still talking. After a while the Speaker of the House attempted to cut him short. There is a rule that every member must make himself audible to the chair, and Mr. Bigger's voice had grown weak and husky. 'The Honorable Member is not making himself audible to the chair,' said the Speaker. 'That is because I am too far away from you, sir,' said Mr. Bigger, who immediately gathered his books and papers, walked solemnly up the floor of the House and took a position within a yard of the chair. 'As you have not heard me, Mr. Speaker,' said Mr. Bigger, 'I will begin all over again,'" Time and time again, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Bigger and other members of the Irish party were suspended and removed from the floor of the House. Their places were taken by others who talked and debated and questioned, till the night was gone, and no business could be done. In this way the dignified House of Commons soon became a place of unbroken turbulence and disorder. During this period of obstruction, Parnell was the most hated man in England. Whenever he arose to address the House he was greeted with howls and roars of execration from exasperated members. In the press and on the streets, he was denounced as a tyrant, a dictator and a traitor. And yet, only a few years were to pass, and this same Parnell was to be proclaimed the most popular man in London, by those same Englishmen, in the press, upon the highways, and upon the floor of the House of Commons. Let us anticipate a little, at this point, to tell this story, in the words of Mr. Redmond:



“It was on the first of March, 1889. The conspiracy of the London Times and Piggott, the Irish forger, to ruin Parnell by means of forged letters implicating him in the Phoenix Park murder had just broken down. For many months this terrible accusation, made with all the authority of the greatest newspaper in England, had hung over Mr. Parnell’s head. The most skilled experts in handwriting had sworn positively that his was the hand which had penned the damning letters. Belief in his guilt was almost universal in England, and now suddenly the forger had the truth wrung from his lips, in the witness chair, and had fled the country to find a few hours afterwards an end to his miserable life by suicide. The reaction in Mr. Parnell’s favor was instantaneous and complete. On leaving the cramped and clammy room in the Law Courts, where the long hearings had been held, he was escorted through the streets of London by cheering thousands of Englishmen, and, on his arrival at the House of Commons, he was cheered and cheered again, in the lobby and upon the floor of the House, by Englishmen of every political persuasion.”

Time will not permit us to dwell further upon the story of the battles and clashes and conflicts that took place between the forces of constituted authority and the forces of Parnell, in Ireland and upon the floor of the House of Commons, during the early years of this great revolutionary period. It is enough that in the year 1881, Gladstone, the prime minister of England, and the first statesman of the world in his time, generously acknowledged the justice of the demands of Ireland, and not only brought to the aid of the Irish cause the weight of his own magnificent ability, but also secured for it the enduring sympathy and support of the newly enlightened democracy of England. Neither have we the time this evening to pay adequate tribute to the sublime genius of that brilliant young leader of the Irish people, Charles Stewart Parnell, whose love for his country, whose sacrifices in her behalf and whose incomparable leadership in her battles have secured for him the everlasting gratitude of his countrymen and an imperishable place among the national heroes of his country.

The regeneration of Ireland began with the enactment of Gladstone’s celebrated land act of 1881, which completely revolutionized the system of land tenure upheld in Ireland for over two hundred years. But the land act of 1881 did not settle the Irish question. The struggle, for the reformation of the land laws and the government of Ireland, was to go on for more than thirty years. Victory after victory was to be won. Parnell and Gladstone were to pass away, but Ireland’s progress was not to

be halted. And now the master statesmen, who are leading, respectively, the forces of Ireland, and of England, to a triumphant conclusion of this most remarkable revolution, are John E. Redmond, the wise, eloquent and fearless chairman of the Irish parliamentary party, and Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister of England, who has staked his political career upon the question of the establishment of the nationhood of Ireland. Let us now survey the victories that have been won for Ireland, by the Irish Parliamentary party, during the past thirty years, and the prospects for the future.

In the first place, landlordism has been abolished forever in Ireland; rackrenting, eviction and extermination are gone, gone never to come back to Ireland; the evicted tenants, who have survived the battle, have been restored to their homesteads; by virtue of the various land purchase acts, England has loaned the imperial credit, to the amount of one billion dollars, to the farmers of Ireland, for the purchase by them of the lands of Ireland; more than half the soil of Ireland, formerly held by 750 Irish landlords, has already passed into the absolute ownership of more than 300,000 Irish peasant proprietors, and the purchase of the remaining part has been made possible; tenants in towns and cities have been given the right by law to compensation for good will and betterment, a privilege not known in the United States; nearly 100,000 modern cottages, which rent for a shilling a week, have been erected for the use of agricultural laborers; three and one-half million dollars are distributed each year to the dependent old people of Ireland, in the form of old age pensions; great improvements have been made in the educational system, the Gaelic language and Irish history are now taught in the elementary schools, and there has been established a national university for the higher education of the Catholic youth of the country; and, since the Local Government Act of 1898, all the powers of local government, in district, urban, and county affairs, have been vested in the Irish people. This Act of 1898 has made home rule inevitable.

In 1886, Gladstone introduced his first home rule bill, but it was defeated in the House of Commons. In 1893 he introduced another home rule bill, and carried it through the House of Commons. It was summarily rejected by the House of Lords.

There was a general election in December, 1910, in which the one great issue was the question of home rule, and the verdict of the electorate of Great Britain and Ireland was overwhelmingly in favor of granting self government to Ireland. The liberal party was returned to power with a combined ma-

majority of 124. After this magnificent endorsement of Ireland's demand, there remained but one obstacle, in the British government, to the granting of home rule. The House of Lords has opposed every measure of relief for the benefit of the people of Ireland, that has been introduced, in Parliament, during the past century. It killed the home rule bill in 1893 without the slightest consideration, and, so long as it retained its power of veto, the cause of home rule, in Ireland, was hopeless. The greatest achievement of the Irish party—and indeed of any political party in the history of England—was the amendment to the English constitution, which was effected by the "Parliament Act" of 1911. By that act the veto of the House of Lords has been abolished, and the power of hereditary rule to override the will of the people is gone forever. Now, under the law, any measure, which has passed the House of Commons three times, within two years after its first introduction becomes a law, notwithstanding the opposition of the Lords, providing it receives the royal assent. With the destruction of the power of the House of Lords, the way was cleared for action, and in 1912, Mr. Asquith introduced his now famous home rule bill, which is destined to give to Ireland the only real measure of national self-government she has possessed in more than 300 years. This fact is apparent when we contrast the jurisdiction conferred by it, upon an Irish parliament, with that possessed by the parliaments of Ireland, from the time of James I, 1603, when the English conquest of Ireland was completed, to the time of the Union in 1800, when the parliament of Ireland was destroyed. The only power possessed by the Irish parliaments, from 1603 to 1782, was to record the will of the reigning sovereign, whose authority over every part of Ireland during that period, was substantially that of an absolute monarch. Grattan's parliament, which lasted from 1782 till the Union in 1800, is sometimes referred to as an independent parliament. It is true that Grattan's parliament did great things for Ireland, but it was independent only in theory. In fact and in practice it was dependent and impotent. No measure passed by that parliament could become a law until it had passed King and Council in England; and the executive of Grattan's parliament was responsible, not to the parliament of Ireland, but to the parliament of England. Indeed Grattan's parliament was in no sense of the word a representative Irish parliament, for the reason that the Catholics of Ireland, who then numbered four-fifths of the population, were not only excluded by law from membership in it, but also were denied the privilege of the franchise in parliamentary elections.

And now let us consider the measure of national self-government conferred upon Ireland by the Asquith home rule bill.

In the first place it abolishes the government of Ireland by Dublin Castle, and substitutes for that the government of Ireland by the Irish people. As Mr. Redmond said, at the national convention in Dublin two years ago: "Dublin Castle, with all its evil and blood-stained tradition, disappears. That horrible system—anti-Irish, unrepresentative, centralized, bureaucratic, which has misgoverned, tortured, and ruined Ireland, crumples instantly into dust, and a new Irish Executive will control every Irish board and every Irish department."

The home rule bill removes all existing religious and political disabilities, and provides for absolute freedom and equality in the matter of religious worship. It establishes, for the government of Ireland, an Irish parliament consisting of two houses, namely, the Irish Senate, composed of forty nominated senators, and an Irish House of Commons, composed of one hundred and sixty-four elected members. The executive department will consist of Irish ministers, dependent upon the confidence of the Irish House of Commons. The first senators will be nominated by the government in power in the British parliament, when the bill is enacted into law, presumably the Asquith government. Later, these senatorial nominations will come from the Irish ministers. Senators will hold office for eight years. Members of the Irish House of Commons will be elected by the Irish people and may hold office for five years. This nominated senate will have no power either to amend or reject any money bill. It may reject an ordinary bill twice, but, after the second rejection of a bill, the two houses will meet together and the bill will then pass if it has a majority in the joint convention. The Irish parliament will have jurisdiction, subject only to certain matters which are reserved with qualification, of every purely Irish matter and of all public service in connection with the administration of the civil government of Ireland. These departments will immediately come under the control of the Irish parliament: public works and buildings, rates on government property, railways, roads and bridges, department of agriculture, congested districts board, local government boards, valuation office, law and justice department, the supreme court, county courts, the Dublin metropolitan police, prisons, reformatory and industrial schools, education, universities, colleges, charities, the Irish Postoffice, and finally, in the words of the bill, "the Irish parliament shall have power to make laws for the peace, order, and good government of Ireland." There are certain services which are reserved for

the Imperial Parliament. Most of them, however, will come under the control of the Irish parliament within a few years. Services that are temporarily reserved are:

(a) The general subject matter of the acts relating to land purchase in Ireland, the old age pension acts, the national insurance act, and the labor exchange act. (b) The collection of taxes. (c) The royal Irish constabulary. (d) Postoffice savings banks, Trustee savings banks and Friendly Societies; and (e) Public loans made in Ireland before the passing of this act.

Of these five reserved matters, the royal Irish constabulary will automatically become an Irish service and will be under the control of the Irish parliament at the end of six years, and each one of the others, will pass to the Irish parliament within a short time, in compliance with express provision for the transfer of jurisdiction, contained in the present bill. The only matters, reserved exclusively to the imperial parliament, are matters directly affecting the Crown, such as the making of war and peace, the army and navy, treaties and foreign relations, dignities, coinage, trademarks, patents and naturalization. For a time the Imperial Government will collect all taxes in Ireland and also all the tenant purchasers annual payments. This provision for the collection of the taxes is required for the reason that the Imperial Government has loaned its credit to the amount of nearly one billion dollars, to the tenant farmers of Ireland, for the purchase of their farm lands from the landlords, under the various land purchase acts. If the tenant purchasers fail to make their annual payments, the loss will be met by deduction from the tax revenue, which otherwise would all be handed back to the Irish government.

After these losses have been adjusted—and it is estimated that they will be small in number and in amount—every penny of Irish taxation, no matter from what source obtained, direct or indirect, customs or income tax, is to be transferred to the Irish exchequer to be expended on Ireland by the Irish government. When land purchase agreements are completed and when Irish revenue exceeds Irish expenditure, the bill provides a means whereby Ireland will collect her own taxes, and until that time comes Ireland will not be required to make any contribution to the imperial exchequer for imperial expenses. By far the most important financial clause in the new home rule bill is that which requires that England, in addition to the amount of Irish taxes collected by her, shall also pay over to Ireland annually, for an indefinite number of years, a sum nearly equal to ten millions of dollars, in our money. And this pay-

ment is not to be a loan from England to Ireland, which, at some future time, will have to be repaid; neither is it a gift. It is an act of justice. It is a restitution of a small part of the one hundred and fifty million pounds which poor depressed Ireland was overtaxed by her rich and prosperous sister England during the fifty years preceding 1894, as expressly found by the royal commission in 1895 to which we have already referred.

Such in brief is a summary of the home rule bill. It does not provide, it is true, for the absolute separation of Ireland from England. No sane man will contend that Ireland today is in a position to demand and achieve her absolute independence against the will of England. That being the case the question naturally arises, is the proposed home rule bill an acceptable measure? Well, the best judges of that are the people to be directly affected by it, not the Irish race in other portions of the world, but the Irish people at home in Ireland. And what do they say about it? The eighty-four men who represent the heart of national Ireland, in the Irish parliamentary party, voted unanimously for the acceptance of the bill. A convention assembled in Dublin, larger and more marvelous in its enthusiasm and unanimity than any other assembly that ever came together on Irish soil, having considered carefully and wisely the conditions and circumstances, in which Ireland is now situated, declared that "the home rule bill is acceptable" and directed its representatives to convey that message to the British parliament. On the 19th of July, 1912, Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister of England, public and officially visited Ireland. In Dublin he addressed the largest gathering of Irish men and women that has assembled in Ireland since the monster meetings of O'Connell at Tara. This immense mass of people, numbering more than 100,000, filled O'Connell Street, the broadest street in Ireland, from Parnell statue to Nelson's Pillar. In that great assemblage were the official representatives of every town, city and county in Ireland, excepting only a very small part of the country to which we shall presently refer. In his speech Mr. Asquith said, in plain and express words, that Ireland is a nation and that as a nation, Ireland is entitled to the inalienable right of self-government, and believing this he solemnly and unreservedly pledged himself and the great democracy of England, which he represented, to carry through to a successful end the home rule bill, for the government of Ireland, which he had presented to the British parliament. This pronouncement of the Prime Minister was received with the greatest enthusiasm. One hundred thousand hearty Irish welcomes and 100,000 lusty Irish cheers proclaimed to him the

gratitude of the Irish people and the unanimity with which his proposition for the self-government of Ireland was accepted. Since the introduction of the home rule bill, and just subsequent to the Asquith meeting in Dublin, I visited many parts of Ireland and talked with many people, with reference to this great absorbing topic of the hour in that country; and I can state, from personal observation, that, with the exception of a small corner in the northeast portion of Ireland, every class, creed and section, of the Irish people, are absolutely united upon the acceptance now of the home rule bill.

The only body of Irishmen, in any part of the country, that protests against the adoption of the bill, is a band of fanatical Orangemen in the north of Ireland. These Orangemen say, "Ulster does not want, and will not have, home rule, and, if the nationalists succeed in obtaining it, we will fight."

A consideration, however, of the situation in Ulster will prove that this manifesto of the Orangemen is essentially wrong in three very important particulars, for it will appear that a majority of the people of Ulster do want home rule; that, when home rule comes, the Orangemen must and will accept it, and that they will not fight. Now what are the facts about the sentiment of the Province of Ulster on the home rule question? The population of Ulster is very nearly evenly divided between Catholics and Protestants. There are no Catholic Orangemen. All the Catholics, to a man, in Ulster, are home rulers. It is estimated by Protestant home rule members of parliament from Ulster—men who knew—that more than ten per cent of the Protestants of that Province are home rulers. There are nine counties in Ulster. In five of them—Cavan, Donegal, Fermanagh, Monaghan and Tyrone—the Catholics are in a large majority, and in the remaining four—Antrim, Armagh, Down and Londonderry—the Catholics constitute a substantial minority. Each one of the nine counties sends at least one home rule member to parliament, and of the thirty-three members, to which Ulster is entitled, seventeen are now home rulers and sixteen are unionists. The most prosperous industry in Ulster—in fact in Ireland—and one of the largest employers of labor in the whole United Kingdom, is the great shipbuilding firm of Harland and Wolff. This firm employs 16,000 workmen in Belfast and pays to them \$150,000 a week. The head of this great concern, which means so much to Belfast, is Lord Pirrie. And no man in Ulster knows better than Lord Pirrie the needs of Ireland, and the effect that home rule would have upon the social, economic and political condition of his country. There is no more ardent supporter of home rule in all of Ireland than this

same Lord Pirrie. Indeed, it may be said that the present home rule movement had its birth in Ulster, where it was brought into existence and nourished by those two noble and patriotic Irish Ulster Protestants, Isaac Butt and Joseph Bigger. And today the principal city in the Province, Belfast, is represented in parliament by that brilliant young leader of his people, Joseph Devlin. I submit, therefore, that the claim of the Orangement that Ulster is opposed to home rule, is absolutely wrong and without foundation. Now as to the other claim of the Orange forces, namely, that, in the event of home rule Ulster will fight, we will find upon an inspection of the record that that claim is equally without foundation. "There is no terror," Ulster, "in your threats." Ulster will bluster, but Ulster will not fight. The same old threats of civil war are the political stock-in-trade of the Orange lodges. There is nothing novel about them. On every occasion, in the past hundred years, when concession of any sort was to be given to the Catholics of Ireland, the record shows that the fearless Orangemen were threatening to sacrifice even their lives, if necessary, in defense of that noble principle, religious inequality, in Ireland. Thus in 1829, when O'Connell won his great victory of Catholic emancipation, there were all sorts of declarations that "the blood of the papists would be shed like water, and that the Orangemen would die rather than consent to this compact with Satan," and one of the leading Orange lights of the time expressed himself upon the subject, in the following choice quatrain:

"Surrender!—no, we never will  
 While Brunswickers have blood to spill;  
 Our cause is glorious, and for that we'll fight  
 For George's title and for William's right."

Again in 1868, when Gladstone was determined to put an end to that iniquitous system of tithes, which required the Catholics of Ireland to pay for the support of the Protestant ministry, by the disestablishment of the Irish church, the watchful warriors were awake and were willing again to die, if needs be, to prevent their Catholic fellow countrymen from enjoying religious freedom.

Listen to this specimen of heroism from a speech delivered in Portadown in May, 1868, by Thomas Ellis: "We will fight—nay, if needs be, we will die—die as our fathers died before us, as our sons will die who succeed us. Yes, we will die; and this will be our dying cry—echoed and re-echoed from earth to



heaven and from one end of Ulster to the other—No Popery! No Surrender.” And in order not to be outdone by their brave ancestors of O’Connell’s time, one of the patriots, a Mr. Maginnis, dropped into poetry to the extent of these inspiring lines:

“Our bosoms we’ll bare to the glaring strife,  
Our vows are recorded on high;  
To prevail in the cause is dearer than life,  
Or crushed in its ruins to die.”

Well, Catholic emancipation became a law in 1829, and the disestablishment of the Irish church was completed forty years later, and there was no civil war, and it is recorded that all of these poor men, who were so anxious to bare their breasts and die in the last ditch as martyrs in the Orange cause, were happily content, in the end, to forego that questionable privilege.

But it would seem that the fact that their brave words about fighting and dying, were spoken only in a Piekwickian sense, is not yet appreciated by some of the present day hard headed sons of Ulster, for we find one of them declaring only a few months ago his belief that his followers “would march from Belfast to Cork, and take the consequences,” and another stating, at a public meeting, that the Orangemen “would try and fight their corner, and die up against the wall if necessary.” It is perfectly obvious that all this talk about fighting and dying is the veriest nonsense. Your boasting Orangeman is not going to commit suicide. But there are others in Ulster who are now making a different threat. They are saying that, in the event of the establishment of an Irish parliament, the Orangemen will not recognize it, and will not pay taxes to, or for the new Irish government. A little serious reflection, however, on their part will forbid the execution of any such ridiculous threat. No doubt the Orangemen would joyfully hurl defiance at the Irish parliament, and would refuse to pay a penny into the Irish treasury, were it not for the simple reason that by doing so they would work the immediate destruction of Ulster prosperity. See what would happen if those people were to refuse recognition of the established government in Ireland. Their ports would be closed to commerce. They could not use the mail service, for to buy postage stamps, from the Irish Post-office, would be not only to recognize that institution, but to contribute to the revenue of the Irish government; and the same would be true of the telegraph and telephone service, both

of which will be under the control of the Irish Postoffice. No courts would be open to them for the adjustment of their legal affairs, and, in addition to many other sacrifices, they would have to cease drinking tea, coffee, beer and spirits, and even deny themselves the consolation of an occasional pipe of tobacco, for all of these articles would be taxed by the Irish government. No, there is no danger to be apprehended from that threat.

The latest proposition for the settlement of the Orange question is that Ulster be set apart from the rest of Ireland, that there be a partition of Ireland and that, instead of one nation, there shall be two nations in Ireland. This proposal clearly indicates the extreme of Orange bigotry and intolerance. It means that Orangemen would viciously destroy the entity, and even the very existence of Ireland, rather than fraternize with their Catholic fellow-countrymen. But the nationhood of Ireland, which has existed for more than 3,000 years, and which has survived the wars, the persecutions, the famines and the devastations of seven centuries, is not now going to surrender its ancient birthright, and sink into disgraceful oblivion, merely to propitiate the fanatical bigotry of the Orangemen of Ulster. The reply of the Irish party to all these unpatriotic proposals was made by Mr. John Redmond, in his great Limerick speech, in which he said, "This two nation theory is to us an abomination and a blasphemy. Ulster is as much a part of Ireland as Munster. We know, in our idea of the Irish nation, no district, no county, no province, we know no race, no creed, no class. Ireland and all Ireland for the Irish, Ireland emancipated, Ireland united, Ireland indivisible—these are our unchanged and unchangeable ideals—and let me say, in reverence and seriousness, we ought reverently thank God that we have lived to see the day, when those ideals are about to be realized." And the reply of Mr. Asquith, the prime minister of England, was made in these words, spoken by him in December last: "The government is determined to give home rule to Ireland, and is not going to be frightened or stopped by menaces of civil war. The home rule bill shall go through as it now stands." With the exception of the act for the abolition of slavery in America, no legislative measure for the relief of an afflicted people, in modern history, has ever been hailed with such popular and universal satisfaction, as that accorded to the home rule bill, which Mr. Asquith, in obedience to the express mandate of the people of Ireland, England, Scotland and Wales, introduced in the British parliament two years ago. The bill was passed for the first time, in the House of Commons,

in January, 1913. It was rejected by the Lords. It was passed for the second time, in the House of Commons, in June of the same year, and was again rejected by the Lords. It will be passed a third time, in the House of Commons, early in the session, which convenes on the tenth day of this month; and before the expiration of the present year, despite the ravings of Orangemen and the opposition of Lords, an Irish parliament, for the government of Ireland, by Irishmen, will be established in the capital city of Ireland.

A single word, and I am done.

What effect, you may ask, have all these land and governmental reforms produced in Ireland?

My friends, I can assure you that already they have brought a greater degree of prosperity to Ireland than she has known in a century. Go where you will today in Ireland, make any sort of an investigation you desire, and everywhere you will find evidence of the great transformation that has taken place in the social, economic, and political condition of the people. Let me submit two citations from the latest official report, in support of this statement.

For half a century the population of Ireland has been decreasing at the terrible rate of 40,000 annually. Last year, for the first time in 60 years, this awful drain upon the life blood of the country was stopped, and the population showed an increase of 1102. In 1881 the number of depositors in Irish savings banks was 150,097; last year the number was 698,452, an increase of nearly 550,000. In 1881 there was deposited in Irish savings banks \$19,010,505; last year the amount was \$78,000,000, an increase of nearly \$60,000,000. Again, in the twelve months ending June 30, 1913, there was an increase of deposits in Irish joint stock banks of \$11,960,000, and the total deposits, in the Irish banks, was the largest ever recorded.

Yes, my friends, the entire face of the country is being changed; the wrongs of centuries are being righted; and today, with her faith in God unshaken, and her spirit of nationality unbroken, Ireland turns to a future that promises to keep her children at home, and to bring to them and their motherland the blessings of continued peace, prosperity and happiness.

And in her hour of triumph, when, with her, the whole world rejoices, may not we, the sons and daughters of her exiled children, offer to the dear old motherland our earnest felicitations, and say to her, in the words of our own immortal O'Reilly:

## John E. Lynch

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John E. Lynch was born in Worcester, Mass., February 7, 1863. Both parents were born in Ireland,—his father, Thomas Lynch, in Navan, County Meath, and his mother, Margaret (Murray) Lynch, in Dromin, County Louth.

Mr. Lynch completed the public school course in Worcester, graduating from the Classical High School in 1881. He then entered the State Normal School in Worcester, from which he graduated in 1884. Shortly afterward, he began to teach in the public schools of his native city, a vocation which he has followed without interruption for thirty years. For the past thirteen years he has been principal of the Woodland-Street School, and for eleven years of the same period, a supervisor in the schools. He has travelled extensively in Europe.

Mr. Lynch was a trustee of the Worcester Free Public Library for six years. He is one of the founders of the American Irish Historical Society, a life member of the Worcester Society of Antiquity, a former president of the Worcester County Teachers' Association, an active member and official of the Massachusetts Teachers' Federation, and a member of the Public School Art League.



*Yours truly,  
John E. Lynch.*



# The Irish in the Arts

—BY—

JOHN E. LYNCH

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Art in Ireland may be considered as of two periods—Christian and pre-Christian.

The pre-Christian art, developed in Ireland before the advent of St. Patrick in the fifth century, may be termed Celtic. This embraces the remarkably skillful and artistic work in bronze, gold and enamel practiced in Ireland, before the coming of the Christian influence, and in Great Britain before the Roman invasion and occupation.

The first three steps of any civilization in the British Isles concerned with art, originated, first, from the Iberian aborigines in the late stone or early bronze period; second, from the first Celtic invaders, the Goidels, in their bronze age; and third, from the second Celtic invaders, the Brythonic Celts, in their iron age.

The Celtic invasion of Ireland began probably as early as 2000 B. C.

The earliest monuments in the British Isles that show the least trace of artistic or aesthetic feeling is Stonehenge in Salisbury, England, during the late stone age.

The polished stone age was succeeded by that of bronze. In the British Isles it lasted from 1500 to about 300 B. C.

Art in the British Isles during the bronze age can best be studied from the examples in Ireland, for in that country have been found very many of the best examples, so large a number that it was thought to be the birthplace of some of the most characteristic principles and designs.

Celtic art in this age is illustrated by numerous beautiful forms of objects of utility that were capable of ornamentation and aesthetic embellishment. Among the articles exhibiting ornate motives were daggers, swords, hatchets, spears, shields,

bracelets, helmets, brooches, torques, neck-ornaments and the like whose decorations of lines and curves either engraved or beaten up from behind, are marvels of beauty. Relative to these it is said that "many objects so ornamented are so exquisite in proportion and in the rhythm of their lines that they exemplify in their own system of decoration a point beyond which it could not go." Exclusively linear was the decoration of these things in bronze.

Summing up the decorative motives of Celtic art of the Bronze age it is found that they may be grouped as follows: Diagonal lines, straight and curved lines, leading to various combinations of the chevron; punched dots, the spiral, the loop, the swastika, the winding band, and concentric circles.

These patterns, in combinations of dots, straight and curved lines and the like are found in the numberless carved stones and rocks, tomb furniture and debris from inhabited sites. Of sculptured stones Ireland has afforded the most important examples, the most remarkable being those discovered in the tumuli of county Meath, at New Grange, near Drogheda, and at Sliath Na Calliaghe, near Oldecastle.

The Iron age of Celtic art in Britain dates from the third century, B. C.

The decorated articles of this period consist mainly of grave goods found in burial mounds and tombs; remains found in village or town sites, and of objects casually lost.

Nothing that gold-workers have done surpasses the artistic beauty and skill of execution of the gold torque from Limavady, which is one of the highly prized pieces of the Dublin museum.

During this Iron age of Celtic art, enamelling was practiced by the workers in metal. The art, a very ancient one, was highly developed among the Celts before the coming of the Romans to Britain, and carried to such a degree of excellence that nothing quite equal to its products has yet been found in continental Europe. The process was the fixing on metal by heat of vitreous matter, as glass colored with metallic oxides. Enamelling, being as it were the handmaid of the metal-workers, can best be treated in connection with the finest examples, which will be referred to later.

It was long before Christianity, which supplanted Druidism, modified or enriched Irish art to such a degree as to impress itself as a distinct form. So persistent were the motives and basic art principles of pagan Ireland that their continuity as an Irish style was not materially interrupted up to the 13th century. "The Christian art ideas were engraved on the pa-



gan ideals and motives; though they modified the latter they did not supersede them."

The arts in which the Celtic Christians of Ireland gained distinction were metal work, stone-cutting or sculpture, the writing and illumination of manuscripts, architecture, and that art of beauty, feeling, and expression, the art of music.

In the Dublin Museum is to be seen an excellent representative collection of the metal work. Relative to this, Lovett says that it would be possible to fill many pages with descriptions of the beautiful objects contained here illustrative of the knowledge, skill, and perseverance put forth at a time when many persons fancy that Ireland was inhabited only by hordes of savages, mainly occupied with the slaughter of each other.

Among the most artistic, valuable, and interesting specimens in this museum are the Ardagh chalice, cross of Cong, Tara brooch, shrine of St. Patrick's bell, and the Devonshire crozier.

The value of these objects in metal is not in any case due to the intrinsic value of the material employed, but rather to the high degree of artistic skill and exquisite taste indicated. Bronze, copper, gold, and silver were the materials employed.

The gem of the whole collection and in many respects considered by many authorities one of the most beautiful and noteworthy art objects in Europe is the Ardagh chalice.

It belongs to a class of cups or chalices known as the "calices ministrales" in use before the tenth century by the minor clergy and the laity before the latter was debarred by the church from communion of both kinds, bread and wine.

Consisting as it does of 354 pieces of gold, silver, brass, bronze, copper, and lead, all put together with the most artistic ability, and showing a remarkable variety of Celtic ornamentation, it forms a specimen of classic elegance, both in beauty of design and exquisiteness of skill, acknowledged to be one of the finest pieces of metal work Christian art has anywhere produced.

The cross of Cong is regarded by some as the supreme expression of Christian Celtic metal workers. It was designed and executed for the church of Tuam in the 12th century by order of Turlough O'Connor, king of Connaught, to enshrine a portion of the true cross; later, it was transferred to the abbey of Cong.

The Tara brooch was found near Drogheda, not far from the sea, in 1850. In its execution it was probably contemporaneous with the Ardagh chalice, for they have a similar development of the spiral design; the same kind of filigree work; the

same trichinopoli or silver chain work; similar circles of amber and translucent glass, and corresponding enamels, both Cloisonnes and Champleves.

The Devonshire crozier, one of the finest examples of the goldsmith's art, was found early in the 19th century, in the castle of the duke of Devonshire, Lismore county, Waterford.

The iron bell of St. Patrick, quite crude in style and make, is interesting more on account of its association and antiquity than its workmanship. Having an unbroken traceable history for 1400 years, it is at once the most authentic and the dearest Irish relic of Christian metal-work that has descended to us. It was used by St. Columba only 60 years after Patrick's death.

It is probably one of the many bells distributed by St. Patrick, throughout the numerous oratories. Smiths, skilled in shaping, were among those who accompanied him to Ireland, and the bell probably represents one of their productions.

From the 10th to the 12th century it was customary to enshrine these rude iron bells, made centuries before, in many instances, in cases made beautiful with gold, silver, gems, and enamels, and further enriched by intricate interlaced patterns.

Of this character is the shrine of St. Patrick's bell. On it is an Irish inscription, which reads: "A prayer for Donnell O'Lochlain, through whom this bell shrine was made; and for Donnell, the successor of Patrick, with whom it was made, and for Calahan O'Mulhollan, the keeper of the bell, and for Cudilig O'Immainen, with his sons, who covered it."

The reverence of the Irish for things that elevate is shown not only by their care in preserving in shrines, bells of their patron saints, but also by the similar care for the precious books and manuscripts.

Book-shrines or cumdachs are chiefly, if not entirely, peculiar to Ireland.

The cumdach of Molaise's gospels, made in the 11th century, is the oldest one to be seen. The case or box has three covers, the first or inner one of yew wood, the second or middle one of copper plated with silver, and the third or outer one plated with gold.

Relative to illuminated manuscripts, Marcus Ward says, "To the middle ages—the fruitful mother of constructive and decorative art—we owe, if not the invention, at least the culture and development of the art of illuminating manuscripts. The perfection to which it was carried in those times, which it was so long the fashion to misname the dark ages, excites the astonishment, not less than the admiration of every beholder, who is imbued with a moderate share of artistic feeling."

“At a period,” says Westwood, “when the fine arts may be said to have been almost extinct in Italy and other parts of the continent, from the fifth to the end of the eighth century, the art of ornamenting manuscripts had obtained a perfection almost miraculous in Ireland.” The Irish monks in their cells exquisitely illuminating manuscripts are worthy prototypes of the German monk of whom Longfellow in the Golden Legend presents a touching picture laboriously and reverently copying in his Scriptorium the Gospel of St. John, and beautifully illuminating it.

“It is growing dark,  
 Yet one line more,  
 And then my work for today is o’er.  
 I come again to the name of the Lord,  
 E’re I that awful name record,  
 That is spoken so lightly among men,  
 Let me pause awhile,  
 And wash my pen;  
 Pure from blemish and blot must it be,  
 When I write the word of Mystery.

\* \* \* \* \*

That goodly folio standing yonder,  
 Without a single blot or blunder,  
 Would not bear away the palm from mine.  
 If we should compare them line for line.  
 There now, is an initial letter,  
 St. Ulrich himself never made a better,  
 Finished down to the leaf and the snail,  
 Down to the eyes on the peacock’s tail;  
 And now as I turn the volume over,  
 And see what lies between cover and cover,  
 What treasures of art these pages hold,  
 All ablaze with crimson and gold,  
 God forgive me, I seem to feel  
 A certain satisfaction steal  
 Into my heart and into my brain,  
 As if my talent had not lain  
 Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.  
 Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,  
 Here is a copy of Thy word  
 Written out with much toil and pain;  
 Take it, O Lord, and let it be  
 As something I have done for Thee.”

“In those early ages,” Says Wilde, “art had no existence save in union with religion. Humanity brought together all its most precious ointment to pour upon the feet of Jesus.”

“In Ireland, especially—the Island of Saints—whatever genius could devise or the hand of the artist execute was lavished upon some work that would recall the presence of God to the people, stimulate His worship, or make known His word: the crosses, the shrines, the jeweled cases for saints’ relics, the golden covers for the holy books. But nothing of that period has come down to us that shows a luxury in domestic life.”

The Word of God was shrined in gold, made rich with gems and enamels, but the people lived their old simple lives in the old rude huts; and even kings gave their wealth, not to erect palaces, but to build churches, to endow abbeys, to help the cause of God, and speed holy men, who were His ministers, in their crusade against evil, ignorance and darkness.

It is no idle boast to say that from the seventh to the tenth century, in art and religion, the Irish were the teachers of Europe.”

No illuminated manuscript of the Celtic school exists to which an earlier date than the sixth century can safely be assigned, but its first beginnings must be put much earlier, for by this time we find already a fully developed and elaborate system of decoration, together with a very high degree of technical skill.

In Trinity College library, Dublin, numerous are the rare books, valuable relics, and priceless manuscripts “bespeaking the days when the students of all Europe flocked to the schools of Ireland for education.”

Its most precious book is the Book of Kells, regarded by many as the most beautiful of books.

It is a product of the age which sent Columba to Iona, Cuthbert to England, and Columbanus to Gaul. It is a copy of the Gospels and takes its name from the fact that it once belonged to the monastery of Kells, in Meath. Written in the sixth or seventh century, it is an example of Irish illumination and writing without a rival.

The work is a copy in Latin of the four Gospels with introductions of St. Jerome, and is written on vellum, forming a volume twelve inches long and nine inches wide. It is said to be the most remarkable copy of the four Gospels that exists.

Of the Book of Kells, Bradley asserts, that it is the most amazing specimen of penmanship ever seen. It is at once the most ancient, the most perfect, and the most precious example of Celtic art in existence.

The Book of Durrow and the Book of Armagh keep distinguished company with the Book of Kells in Trinity College, Dublin, as exemplifying the finest in Celtic illumination.

The Book of Armagh is of special additional interest because it is the only copy of the New Testament Scriptures which have come down to us from the ancient Irish church. In early times Ireland was resorted to as a safe, peaceable, and well-furnished field for students of religion.

But the numerous destructive incursions of the Danes, and the ordinary ravages of time depleted the large stock of these valuable books and manuscripts to such an extreme that of all the Bibles produced not one entire copy of the Old Testament remained, and of the New Testament copies, the Book of Armagh alone remains.

The Book of Durrow is said to have been written by St. Columba and is therefore of the sixth century. To this industrious monk is credited the production of more than 300 copies of the gospels.

Among the books of the Irish school of illumination made elsewhere than in Ireland may be cited the famous Lindisfarne gospels now in the British museum.

Columba's zeal for spreading learning and his skill in copying brought on a quarrel with St. Finnian, his teacher and friend. The latter had a very precious copy of the Psalms which St. Columba greatly wished to possess. This he secretly copied. His right of ownership of the copy was disputed by St. Finnian and the king decided in the latter's favor. This brought on a battle in which many on both sides were killed. St. Columba was full of remorse for the misery he had brought on his dear land and as a punishment and penance exiled himself.

As an exile from his beloved Erin, in his coracle he sailed the rough seas and established a monastery on the lonely Scottish isle, Iona. It became the "Mecca of monks" and the monastic capital of Scotland.

From the sixth to the eighth century it was second to none in radiating civilizing influences throughout Europe. Of it, says Dr. Johnson, "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain fame upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Columba was the prototype of millions of exiles of after ages who brought blessings to the land of their adoption and reflected honor and glory on the green isle that gave them birth.

Many kings were crowned here at Iona on a stone which, some think, now forms a part of the British coronation chair in Westminster Abbey.

The influence of the British illuminators went side by side with religious education, not only to Scotland and England but to many places on the continent.

In Irish sculpture the most important things are the crosses. Those who copied and embellished the manuscripts were the originators of these beautiful designs of art in stone. The style of ornament corresponds exactly with the art of the illuminators and the metal workers, modified, of course, by the difference in material. It is noticeable that the motives are "essentially Celtic, depending always on line and a devoted search into all its possibilities."

There are today in Ireland probably 45 high crosses, 32 of which are richly sculptured.

It has been said that, "Whether her monks reared lofty watchtowers, erected churches, fashioned jewelled chalices, or carved elaborate crosses no effort was too great and no device too intricate. Even when it was intended to be merely an ornament, the sculptors felt that it would stand within God's temple, its arms outstretched beneath the dome of heaven, with the sun, moon, and stars for altar lights, and guarded by angelic hosts."

Built between the 10th and 13th centuries they may "be regarded not only as memorials of the piety and munificence of the founders, but also as the finest works of sculptured art of their period."

Undoubtedly they are a development of the pillar-stones, with their incised circle, the emblem of eternity, enclosing the cross, the symbol of Christianity.

"The striking feature of these crosses," says O'Neil, "is the ornamental and pictorial work displayed in the carving. There is a profusion of spiral pattern, Celtic tracery, and zoomorphic design. The whole body of Christian doctrine finds its expression in their sculpture, intended no doubt by means of symbolic representations to be great object lessons in the way of faith to every beholder. The central idea on the face of the cross is usually the crucifixion, and on the back the resurrection, or Christ in glory—the remaining spaces on the panels and on the sides being filled with various sacred and other subjects."

Among the most important of the high crosses are St. Martin's cross of Iona, the cross of Drumliffe, two at Monasterboice, two at Clonmacnoise, and one each at Durrow and Tuam.

In respect to outline and proportions, St. Martin's cross in Iona is considered by some to be the most beautiful. Especially is the sculpture on the eastern face of a high Celtic order of art.

A visit to Monasterboice is most satisfactory to all inter-

ested in Irish art, for there can be studied in position the most superb ancient crosses that Ireland can show.

Though nearly a thousand years have passed since the erection of the crosses, many of their carvings are clear and sharp, and so afford excellent subjects for study in detail.

Immediately in front of the round tower is the highest of the crosses, its central shaft standing twenty-three feet high, and the cross arm over six feet long.

"In architecture," says Armstrong, "the Irish Celt showed the same qualities as in the other arts. His structures are by no means ambitious, but his designs never fail to have that appropriateness to material and purpose which betrays an essentially artistic race."

"Its special excellence does not lie, as some vainly claim, in antiquity of style superior to ancient architecture elsewhere, but rather to the fact that the ruins are so numerous and in such condition as to enable one to trace the development from a rude and crude beginning to a very beautiful result; to follow the gradual change of one style into another until the Irish Romanesque almost reached perfection."

The first steps in the development of Irish architecture can best be understood by a brief consideration of the work of the first builders, whose monuments still exist in witness of their work. Antedating the Christian influence by centuries they show by numerous huge burial monuments or sepulchral structures called cromlechs and dolmens first efforts in stone building.

The dolmen and cromlech builders of this era attempted no ornament whatever. Sometimes the dolmens are surrounded by circles of upright stones 150 to 160 feet in diameter, thus resembling Stonehenge in England and similar structures in other parts of Great Britain and Scandinavia.

Cinerary urns and calcined bones found beneath the ponderous stones indicate their use as burial places, probably of pagan Celtic royalty.

The Druids may have used them later as temples, or as altars for their sacred ceremonies.

The tumuli or dome-roofed structures are much in advance of the dolmens and cromlechs, for they have incised decorative designs on walls and roof.

This is evidenced by the carvings in the royal cemeteries of New Grange, Dowth, Teltown and Rathkenny.

That at New Grange is a hill whose cairn of stones is estimated to weigh 18,000 tons. At one time thirty colossal stones circled it; now remain but twelve.

On the huge stone that guarded this old Celtic pagan tomb are spirals, coils and diamond shaped characters whose significance is unknown, but which remind one of many of the decorative lines on the metal art and illuminated manuscripts of later centuries.

Ogham stones are found in pagan burial places and in subterranean treasure houses built long before the Christian period.

The alphabet of the Ogham script consists of lines, short, straight, or slanting, drawn above, below or through a stem line, dots or nicks representing vowels. On stone monuments the stem line is the sharp edge of adjacent faces.

Their use continued somewhat on stones and in manuscripts even after the introduction of the Roman letters, and were not wholly displaced before the ninth century of our era.

Most of the Ogham stones are found in Ireland, a very few in England, and, according to Prof. Morley, they are in their inscriptions the first representations of the earliest literary age in the British Isles.

The rude pagan forts and dome roofed sepulchres may be regarded as the first examples of Irish architecture.

They were built without cement and show the same ignorance of the principle of the arch common to all primitive builders. The stone forts or duns are found on the western shores of counties Kerry, Clare, Sligo, Mayo, Donegal, and Antrim.

"They belong to the culminating period of the heroic legendary era immediately preceding the introduction of Christianity, and are associated with the adventures of Eengus and Conor and Muirbheac Mil, of Fergus and Cuchulain, heroes of the Firbolg race."

Many of these pagan forts continued in use after the introduction of Christianity, but in numerous instances the converted kings and chieftains made to God an offering of their duns or fortresses that the missionaries might erect within the area their little cells and oratories. Thus were developed the first Irish ecclesiastical buildings, consisting of two or more oratories serving as churches, beelike huts of the monks with their walls, gardens, and burial grounds, and all surrounded by the stone wall. To it was given the name cashel from the Irish "caiseal," meaning round stone fort.

They became community centers. All who professed the Christian faith were there welcomed, each new-comer building his own hut, partook of the life of the place, and received both religious and secular instruction.

And thus arose those great Celtic monasteries that were in reality villages, schools and industrial establishments united in



the worship of the Christian religion under the authority of some great saint or teacher like St. Columba, St. Finnian of Clonard, and St. Ciaran of Clonmacnoise.

The most remarkable of the early Christian monasteries is that on Skellig Michael or the Great Skellig, one of the three rocky islets in the Atlantic off the coast of Kerry.

On the north side of Dingle bay in Kerry is the best isolated specimen of Irish oratory, that of Gallerus, in a fine condition of preservation.

Ancient oratories of this angular, oblong style, with walls without cement, either sloping in a curve towards the roof, like upturned boats, or built in steps, probably formed the beginnings of later and more advanced style of ecclesiastical edifice.

The next period of Irish architecture is marked by a decided advance, the noteworthy feature of which is the transition from uncemented walls, as seen in buildings of the sixth to the eighth centuries.

The archaic and mixed style of the masonry is characteristic of the structures of this era. Massive dovetailed stones with ashlar, and wide-jointed, irregular courses of stone, doorways with a great horizontal lintel stone, inclined doorways, round-headed east windows, a pointed arch scooped out or formed by two stones of a triangle are features typical of these buildings.

The transition to the true arch is seen in such buildings as the church on Friar's Island near Killaloe, St. Columba's in Kells, and St. Kevin's in Glendalough.

Of all places in county Wicklow, Glendalough of the Seven Churches is the most famous.

Many vales and glens are as somber and weirdly beautiful, but they lack the historic interest and legendary halo that make it dear to the archaeologist, the poet, and the dreamer.

St. Kevin founded Glendalough in the 10th century. Of its numerous small churches and buildings, scattered throughout the valley, the round-tower, St. Kevin's, the Lady chapel, and the cathedral are the most notable.

The main cluster of buildings is enclosed by a wall or cashel pierced by a fine old gateway.

St. Kevin's kitchen was so called because of someone's absurd notion that the belfry was a chimney originally. It once consisted of a nave and chancel, a sacristy in the east and a belfry in the west. With the introduction and development of the chancel came the use of the true arch with radiating points. Even after the use of the arch the doorway with horizontal lintel continued.

After King Brian, at Clontarf, had won peace from the Danes, who had overrun the realm, great activity in building and especially in restoring monasteries took place.

At this time and during the following two centuries may be credited the remarkable round towers, half belfries, and half fortifications.

Ferguson in his history of architecture says: "The Irish built round towers and oratories of a beauty of a form and with an elegance of detail that charm even at the present day."

"The pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand  
By the lakes and rushing rivers, through the valleys of our  
land;

In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,  
Those gray old pillar temples, those conquerors of time."

The round towers of Ireland are peculiar and most interesting national structures, and for years have been an attractive subject of antiquarian research.

Some have attributed them "to the Vikings, others to adventurers from the orient, while others have looked upon them as penitential homes of ascetic monks."

More than a hundred of these remarkable structures are to be seen at the present time, some of them in good condition. All of them resemble each other in plan and construction, local peculiarities or other conditions determining the position of the window. The door was usually about fifteen feet from the ground, and this lends color to the belief that they served as places of refuge in times of danger. After entering, and removing the ladder, the defenders were practically unassailable by any weapons the Northmen possessed.

These towers may be divided into four styles: First, those as that at Swords or Scattery built of rough field stone, untouched by hammer or chisel, the mortar being of coarse, unsifted sand; second, towers such as that of Donoughmore, Cashel, or Monasterboice, with stones roughly hammer dressed, round to the curve of the wall. In these, mortar was freely used. Third, those in which the stones were laid in horizontal courses, as that at Glendalough or Devenish. The stones were well dressed and were cemented in strong plain mortar of lime and sand. Fourth, those made of strong, rough, but excellent ashlar masonry, rather open jointed and so resembling closely the English-Norman masonry of the early part of the twelfth century. The Aghadoe, Kells, and Ardmore towers are good examples.

The towers are divided into stories generally by floors of wood, but in some instances by masonry. Numerous and varied purposes have been advanced by different authorities as to their origin and use.

•• First: That the Phoenicians erected them for fire temples.

Second: That the Druids used them as places from which to proclaim the druidical festivals.

Third: That they were for astronomical purposes.

Fourth: That they were Phallic emblems or Buddhist temples.

Fifth: That they were for good people to shut themselves up in for meditation and prayer.

Sixth: That they were for bad people to be shut up in until they became good.

Seventh: That they were belfries.

Eighth: That they were keeps or monastic castles for the safe keeping of the treasure of the monasteries.

Ninth: That they were beacons or watch towers.

Tenth: That they were used for defense against the Norse pirates. An additional reason has been given, namely, that they were built by the ancients to puzzle the moderns."

In the opinion of most scholars, Dr. Petrie has settled once and for all this most controverted point in Irish archaeology as to the origin and use of the round towers.

He maintains that they were watch towers, belfries, and places of refuge into which the monks and all connected with the monastery could retire with their valuables in times of danger.

The towers vary in height from sixty to one hundred feet, and in diameter at the base from nine to thirty feet.

Especially graceful and pleasing in their outline, they give to the landscape a charm which is unique.

In most examples the tower stands erect beside the ruins of an ancient, but deserted, church, and among the smoldering tombstones of a neglected or desecrated graveyard.

The round tower period of building from 890 A. D. to 1238 was identical with the period of the three steps in the development of the Romanesque form.

Two great systems of architecture show the growth of the Romanesque. The Greek and Roman based their principles of construction, the one on the column and the entablature, the other on the arch and the vault. Apparently it is the blending of the entablature of the Greeks with the rounded arch of the Romans that gave rise to the buildings in Ireland that typify the Irish Romanesque.

The early style of architecture characterizing such churches as Maghera, Banagher and Temple Martin, had vigor enough to modify the incoming Romanesque, and to live on, perpetuating in the latter buildings of the 11th and 12th centuries enough basic Irish to distinguish the style from the Romanesque of other countries.

And so we see the lingering in rounded arch structures of horizontal lintels in windows and doorways; of inclined jambs of the primitive doorways; of the rich, ornamental designs of the Celtic period that were found there even before the Roman occupation of Britain.

The beautiful incised moldings of the doorway of Killeslin suggest the charm of engraving, so delicate are they.

Like a sentinel guarding The Golden Vale of Tipperary rises the far-famed rock of Cashel. Here in full strength at one time was found the combination so frequently to be seen in Ireland of the castle and abbey, of military and religious power.

Now the ecclesiastical remains dominate the situation. Towers and turrets and arches call attention to the chief structures: the round tower, Cormac's chapel, and the ruined cathedral.

Cormac's chapel is the real architectural gem of the group. Begun by Cormac McCarthy, king of Munster, in 1127, it was consecrated in 1134. The building, fifty feet by eighteen feet, makes up in chaste design, elaborate carving and solidity of structure what it lacks in size. The north doorway is very richly and artistically decorated, consisting of five concentric arches or moldings, supported by five columns and a double column. The interior, dignified and beautiful, with well proportioned Romanesque arches richly ornamented, is in keeping with the exterior. All combine to make an architectural achievement worthy of any people in any age.

The cathedral is of later date, belonging to a period shortly after 1152, when Cashel became the seat of the archbishop of Munster, but more of the work now standing was built toward the end of the 14th century. Now it is a picturesque but melancholy ruin.

The most interesting ruin in Connaught is that of Cong abbey. Built in 1128 by the Augustinians during Turlough O'Connor's reign, it was endowed by his son, Roderick O'Connor, the last independent king of Ireland.

Like almost all of the old religious houses, monasteries and abbeys, its dilapidated condition reveals the work of sectarian, kindly greed, animosity and vandalism. Ivy alone is beautifully

binding up or hiding the cruel wounds. But enough of its structure remains to reveal its exquisite beauty. Many of its columns and "floral capitals carved in limestone are as fine specimens of the carver's art as can be found anywhere in the world," in the opinion of such authorities as Petrie and Wilde.

A pleasant ride through the Boyne valley a few miles outside Drogheda brings the traveler to the monastery, usually called Mellifont. With Monasterboice only three miles distant, County Louth is given an architectural interest not to be rivaled.

At Mellifont stood the largest and most beautiful of Irish monasteries; but though its nakedness and desolation strike the heart there is still enough remaining to attest the grandeur and beauty it once possessed.

It was founded in 1142 for the Cistercian order. In its style of architecture was little or nothing that was typical of the Irish, for St. Bernard of Clairvaux sent over a company of monks who laid the first foundation. Everything had a foreign aspect.

The structure known as the Baptistry is the finest part left. Octagonal in form, it stands on a series of splendidly built arches. Ferguson says that after the conquest, the English introduced their own pointed architecture. But beyond the Pale their influence was hardly felt. Whatever was done was stamped with a character so distinctly Irish as to show how strong the feeling of the people was, how earnestly and how successfully they would have labored in the field of art had circumstances been favorable to its development.

A careful study of Irish buildings subsequent to the conquest of the 12th century indicates the continuation of an Irish style, even though strongly influenced by English and continental principles. The germ of Gothic architecture in Ireland was introduced by Richard de Clare, commonly known as "Strongbow," soon after 1170 by the rebuilding of Christ church cathedral in Dublin.

Decidedly English are some of the structures of the transitional period, but others show remarkable and unmistakable Irish characteristics. Especially is this true of the Cistercian churches of Boyle, abbey Knockmoy, Corcomroe, and Ballintober abbey of the early part of the 13th century.

St. Donlough's church, near Dublin, is a curious instance of a return to the old Irish plan, as in St. Columba's at Kells, of the combination of a church and living rooms under a stone roof. The building is mainly early Gothic.

Kildare cathedral on the site of St. Brigid's old church is

a very interesting fortified and battlemented church with double walls, which are joined between the windows, making flat buttresses. The outer wall is carried over the lancet windows of Gothic arches, a slit being left over the window through which molten lead might be poured or arrows shot to drive off an enemy.

Its round tower is an evidence of the persistency of the Irish idea found as far back as the time of St. Kevin, in Glendalough.

Towards the close of the 14th century the influence architecturally of England and the continent became stronger. Art is too tender a plant to thrive under the warlike conditions subsequent to the Anglo-Norman invasion. The Irish were too busy defending their homes and attacking the invaders to continue the artistic development that characterized the 150 years of quietude following Brian's victory at Clontarf.

Holy Cross abbey, in its newer work, also bridges over the transition to late Irish Gothic.

On Killarney's shores one sees the attractive ruins of this latter style in the Franciscan abbey of Muckross.

The cloisters in Jerpoint abbey remind us of those in Cashel, built two centuries before. Much carving and many designs in relief enrich the recesses between the shafts.

In Sligo abbey the quadrangle of cloisters presents beautifully designed and carved arches of stone with pillars, differing in their carved designs. This lack of uniformity, together with the grace and dignity of the whole, adds to the charm.

The stone castles, fortresses, and fortified gates were an innovation of the Norman invaders. With these they held in check the Irish, and the latter soon learned to imitate them by building similar means of defense. Thus the Gaelic stockaded earthworks and the duns gave way to such structures as Blarney castle, the great castle of the McCarthys. In Munster, the O'Briens; in Ulster, the O'Neil's; in Connaught, the O'Connors; and elsewhere other Irish princes built similar strongholds, many of which stand like Blarney, eloquent memorials of warlike days.

Such fortified gates as the St. Lawrence gate, in Drogheda, is Norman. It is one of the two gates remaining that gave entrance to the walled city. Its two lofty towers, each of four stories, has stepped embattlements in the Irish style.

In the 16th century under Henry VIII, began the confiscation of the religious houses and lands in both England and Ireland. During the reigns of Elizabeth and James, the despoiling and destruction continued. To the monasteries, the universi-

ties and the schools of the country, which through the middle ages "were as lamps in the darkness and as rivers in a thirsty land," came destruction dire and wicked. Ruin and desolation reigned.

"How changed the scene, how lonely now appears  
 The wasted aisle, wide arch, and lofty wall;  
 The sculptured shape—the pride of other years,  
 Now darkened, shaded, sunk, and broken, all;  
 The hail, the rain, the sea-blown gales have done  
 Their worst to crown the wreck by impious man begun."

Anarchy increased, religion, education, art, gave way to ignorance and poverty and wretchedness.

England's arbitrary acts and brutal statutes together with the inter-marriage of the Norman and Celt made the former more Irish than the Irish.

Thereafter Anglo-Norman and Irish Celt became as one nation united in perpetuating Irish nationality, Irish religion, and the traditions and learning of the Irish race. For the greater part of seven centuries has the contest waged. Throughout it all the Irishman smiled through his tears: he saw ever the silver lining to the cloud. The bard and minstrels from generation to generation down the ages kept alive in his heart the glory of the days that have been and pictured the glory of those to be.

Any description of Irish art would be incomplete without reference, however brief, to that art of beauty and expression, of which the harp is the symbol—the art of music.

Down through the years long antedating the Christian era, music and song formed an integral and organic part of Irish civilization and culture. "From the cradle to the grave, in all the activities of peace and war, the sweet, soothing lullabies; the joyous airs of love and the dance; the songs of bards and minstrels, singing of battles, fought and won; the peaceful melodies of the workers in cot and field; the weird and heartrending keening; songs of wailing and lamentation, all bear witness to the place music had in the expression of every emotion of the Celtic temperament."

Hecateus, the Egyptian, 500 B. C., referred to the Irish playing on the harp and chanting sacred hymns in the temple; on the hills of Tara the musicians "softened the pillow of Cormac McArt, high king of Erin;" before St. Patrick a harper exclaimed, "Never again shall my harp sing the praises of any God save St. Patrick's God," at a famous feis at Tara in the

sixth century, 1000 bards coming together inspired the harp to shed sweet music through Tara's halls; on the field of Clontarf; in the Orient vales of the Holy Land, in the first crusade; at the courts of Scotland, Wales, and on the continent; in the monasteries of Ratisbon and St. Gall founded by Irishmen, and elsewhere in Europe the Irish, down through the ages, gained in the theory and practice of music preeminence and undying fame.

The bards and minstrels and musicians were especially singled out for extra persecution from the 14th century. Under Edward III and Henry VIII their persecution was brutal; Elizabeth ordered them hung and their instruments destroyed; James I continued the wicked work, and so throughout the Cromwellian period and the penal days down to the latter part of the 18th century, their sufferings were beyond description—their penalty like that of the priest and the teacher, for keeping alive the history and traditions of the race. It is said that "Under God they have been the means of preserving Irish nationality and faith through centuries of disaster and persecutions such as a nation never before suffered and lived."

While the race exists so will its music. The exquisite metal work, the priceless manuscripts, the highly sculptured crosses, the dignified heaven-pointing round towers, the artistic chapels and churches may disintegrate, crumble, and become as dust, but the poetry and song of the Irish people will live on, inspiring the Irish at home and abroad, to keep alive all that is worthiest and best in the national character.

This indestructible spirit has for nigh 800 years buoyed up the hearts of Erin's patriot's until at last we can say with O'Reilly:

"O, Erin,  
The night of thy grief is closing, and the sky in the east is red:  
Thy children watch from the mountain tops for the sun to kiss  
thy head.  
O, mother of men that are fit to be free, from their rest for free-  
dom borne,  
Thy vacant place in the nation's race awaits but the coming  
morn!"

To the descendants of the Irish in America has come a rich double legacy—that from the old and that from the new. By adhering to the best the old has given them, by rehearsing and cherishing it, they become more worthy of the freedom and opportunity which they inherit in the new; and the harp of the



old, no longer mute, will be then a source of inspiration to them for the highest kind of patriotism both in peace and in war, in the new land, in the free land, "where the air is full of sunshine and the flag is full of stars."

NOTE.—Grateful acknowledgement is made to the following authorities and to others whose writings have been of inestimable help in the preparation of this lecture, both as sources of reference and of liberal quotation: Petrie's *Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland*, O'Neil's *Fine Arts and Civilization of Ancient Ireland*, Ferguson's *History of Architecture*, McGinty's *Ancient Irish Art*, Stokes's *Early Christian Art in Ireland*, Armstrong's *Art in Great Britain and Ireland*.

## George McAleer, M. D.

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Dr. George McAleer was born November 29, 1845, on a farm near Bedford in the Province of Quebec, on which his parents, Miles McAleer and Jane (McConnell) McAleer, settled soon after their arrival from County Tyrone, Ireland. He attended the public schools of his native village, private schools of a higher grade, and graduated from Stanbridge Academy, in which he taught classes in Latin, Greek and higher mathematics.

On attaining his majority, Dr. McAleer came to Worcester, Mass. He was employed as bookkeeper and accountant in a large folding chair factory. From his youth he had an ambition to fit himself for the medical profession, and for many years applied all his leisure time to mastering the preliminary studies. He made his medical course in Philadelphia.

Dr. McAleer is one of the founders of the Bay State Savings Bank of Worcester and has served as Treasurer for twenty years. He has been an extensive contributor to publications and is the author of several volumes. He is a member of Division 3, A. O. H., of Worcester. Litigation over his patents in the Federal Courts extending over several years prevented him from engaging in the practice of medicine. For many years he has been associated with his brother in the Harness and Saddlery business. Dr. McAleer married Helen Frances Kendall, June 2, 1874.



*Yours Very Truly,  
Geo. W. Allee.*



# Ireland's Contribution to Other European Countries

—BY—

DR. GEORGE McALEER

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I am to address you upon the subject of Ireland's contributions to the progress of other European countries. To adequately treat the subject assigned to me would require the presentation and consideration of authentic and important matter bearing thereon sufficient to fill many extensive volumes. In the time at my disposal I can only hope to briefly and in a very general way touch upon a few of the more important contributions that Ireland has made to the civilization and progress of the countries mentioned, and through them to the world at large, but which I hope may awaken anew a greater sense of admiration, appreciation and gratitude for the glorious pre-eminence attained in Christianity and civilization by our forefathers during the early centuries of the Christian era, and for what they so nobly did for the welfare of mankind under the most adverse conditions, and which it is hoped may stimulate renewed interest and desire for further investigation and study.

To be just, the contributions of a nation and people to the welfare of other nations and peoples must be considered from the standpoint of the civilization and opportunities of the benefactor, and century and period must be compared with a corresponding century and period.

The various events which go to form what is called the history of a nation—its achievements and contributions to the welfare of the world—are its individual actions, the spontaneous energy and manifestation of its life; and as individuals show what they are by their acts, so does a nation or a race by the facts of its history. To readily and more fully comprehend what Ireland contributed directly to the other European nations it may be well to very briefly recall how the spontaneous life of her people had manifested itself during the earlier centuries, with what results, and what gifts of transcendent value

she had in abundance to bestow upon less favored nations and peoples.

An impartial investigation of the early history of Christian Ireland will prove her title to supremacy in enlightenment and civilization—in learning, arts, sciences, and in all other intellectual pursuits that dignify, ennoble and adorn the lives of highly cultured people—during a period of nearly a thousand years before the unparalleled and unpardonable brutal persecutions and devastations of later centuries.

The people of no nation ever accepted the teaching of the Master so promptly, so generally, or with greater alacrity; the people of no nation have ever been more faithful to His commands or suffered greater or more cruel and persistent persecutions because of their fidelity and devotion thereto. During all the years of many centuries after the coming of Saint Patrick in A. D. 432, the light of Christianity and the triumphs of civilization reigned supreme throughout the land. Cathedrals and churches multiplied throughout the country; monasteries, abbeys, and schools were built upon hilltop and plain; the refinements and amenities of highly civilized life were everywhere in evidence. Thoughtful and unprejudiced scholars and intellectual leaders in many lands pay the excellent tribute of justice, appreciation and gratitude to the many noble and distinguished Irish monks and scholars of the early centuries of the Christian era, who, having heeded the commands of the Master, brought the light of learning, the blessings of Christianity, and the amenities of Christian love and fellowship into the darkened places of the pagan and benighted world—men who gave the classics, sciences and refinements and higher aspirations of life to the unlettered and less responsive people of many lands—Irish monks and scholars who during all the years of seven centuries grew not weary of preparing and pouring the oil of learning and righteousness into the lamp of civilization, the afterglow of the brilliant rays of which still gloriously illumine the nations of Western Europe and very materially aided in giving them commanding prominence and place in the affairs and councils of the nations of the world from distant ages to the present time. Their triumphs for God and right—and thus for the welfare of mankind—are an aureole of glory adorning the land of their nativity and ancestors.

So much attention was bestowed upon education, and so highly was it appreciated, that, in the restricted territory of Ireland the celebrated and extensive institutions of Clonard, Clonfert, Bangor, Clonmacnois, Arran, Lismore, Glendalough, and many others of lesser note, devoted to Christianity and

learning, were filled to overflowing in the sixth century with the youth of Ireland and students of rank from the nobility and leading families of Western Europe who came in great numbers to receive the benefits of such an education as could then be obtained nowhere else. When they returned to their homes their advanced scholarship made them conspicuous and gave them great prestige and high standing with their fellowmen and distinguished prominence in the governments and daily life of the people. They so generally diffused such unbounded admiration for the scholarship, austerities, and altruism of the monks, and of the intellectual attainments and refinements of the inhabitants, that the fame of Ireland during all the years of several centuries shone as a brilliant star of the first magnitude in the world of learning and civilization.

In proof of the early Christianity and advanced civilization of the people of Ireland and the great benefits conferred by her missionaries and scholars upon foreign lands and through them upon the world at large, however alluring and agreeable the task, for lack of time I shall submit the testimony of but a few of the many that might be quoted, and these I shall select from among those who cannot be accused of being prompted by friendship or undue partiality.

The learned German scholar, publicist, and antiquary, the late Heinrich Zimmer, Professor of Celtic in Berlin, and one of the very ablest Celtists that Germany ever produced, in the *Preussich Jahrbucher* thus testifies:

“Ireland can indeed lay claim to a great past; she can not only boast of having been the birthplace and abode of high cultivation in the fifth and sixth centuries at the time when the Roman Empire was being undermined by the alliances and inroads of the German tribes, which threatened to sink the whole continent into barbarism, but also to having made strenuous efforts in the seventh and up to the tenth century to spread her learning among the German and Romance peoples, thus forming the actual foundation of our present continental civilization.

. . . . . At the beginning of the sixth century these Irish Christians were seized with an unconquerable impulse to wander afar and preach Christianity to the heathen. In 563, Columba, with twelve confederates, left Ireland and founded a monastery on a small island off the coast of Scotland; in 590, Columbanus and twelve confederates established a missionary monastery at Anagratum in the Vosges mountains in France, and later another at Luxivium which became a most fruitful center of ecclesiastical and monastic life. In 610 he founded another at the foot of the Appenines between Genoa and Milan

which throughout the middle ages bore a high reputation as a seat of learning.

“An offshoot of the monastery founded by St. Columba on the island of Iona was founded in Lindisfarne; in 590, Columbanus and companions established a monastery in France at Luxeuil, and later another at Bobbio in Italy; St. Gall another in Switzerland; St. Fridolin another upon the Rhine in Germany; St. Fiacre another in Brabant; St. Fursey another on the river Marne; St. Cataldus another in Italy. The great Charlemagne, founder of modern European civilization, surrounded himself with learned Irishmen, and at his celebrated Court they were accorded prominent station of responsibility and honor and where they were known as ‘men incomparably skilled in human learning.’” In reference to the standards of learning in the monasteries in Ireland he records: “The standard of learning was much higher than with Gregory the Great and his followers. It was derived without interruption from the learning of the fourth century, from men such as Ambrose, Jerome, and Augustine. Here also were to be found such specimens of classical literature as Virgil’s works among the ecclesiastical writings, and an acquaintance with Greek authors as well, besides the opportunity of free access to the very first sources of Christianity.”

It is recorded in Bede’s *Historia Gentis Anglorum* that Ireland even shared in attempts to convert the Frieslanders and Saxons. The energetic English missionaries to these people at the end of the seventh century, Vietberct, Hewald, and Wilibrord, although Anglo-Saxons by birth, all received their theological training in Ireland. Alcuin records of Wilibrord, the apostle to Friesland, that he spent twelve years in Ireland under the most distinguished teachers of theology, and that “Britain gave him birth but Ireland reared and educated him.”

Hieric, in his biography of St. Germanus, a bishop of Roman Gaul, a work finished in the year 876, records: “Need I remind Ireland that she sent troops of philosophers over land and seas to our distant shores, that her most learned sons offered their gifts of wisdom of their own free will to our learned King, our Solomon.”

Dr. Reeves gives extended notice to the achievements of the Irish missionaries, Saints Cataldus, Fiacre, Fridolin, Colman, and Killian, none of whom find place in English annals. St. Cataldus labored in Southern Italy; St. Fiacre, in France; St. Colman is the patron saint of lower Austria; St. Killian taught in Franconia; St. Fridolin at Glauvus, where his figure finds



place in the cantonal arms and banner. And he further records of Ireland: "We must deplore the merciless rule of barbarism in this country (England), whence was swept away all domestic evidence of advanced learning, leaving scarcely anything at home but legendary lore, and which has compelled us to draw from foreign depositories the materials on which to rest the proof that Ireland of old was really entitled to that literary eminence which national feeling lays claim to. Our real knowledge of the crowds of Irish teachers and scribes who migrated to the Continent and became founders of many monasteries abroad, is derived from foreign chronicles and their testimony is borne out by the evidence of numerous Irish manuscripts and other relics of the eighth to the tenth century, occurring in libraries throughout Europe."

Alcuin, the great author and pride of the brilliant and distinguished Court of Charlemagne, affirms the fact that in earlier times the most learned instructors of Britain, Gaul and Upper Italy were from Ireland.

At home her prelates and clergy were appreciated and respected, abroad her missionaries and the scholars of her schools were distinguished and highly honored. The overflow of Christianity, learning and zeal of the people of Ireland illuminated the darkened, less favored and less responsive nations of Western Europe and well earned for her the glorious title of "the Island of saints and scholars."

Such were the glorious centuries of Ireland's history—such was the golden age of Ireland—and such were the glorious fruits in which she rejoiced and which she so bountifully bestowed upon less favored nations and upon less fortunate peoples. But a sadder day dawned—the glorious sunshine of civilization was darkened by the clouds of war, devastation and pillage. During the ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries, the persistent incursions and warfare of the Norsemen made serious inroads upon the prosperity and resources of Ireland. The flocks and herds with which the Island abounded and the richly endowed shrines and schools were the chief attractions for these piratical barbarians. The sacred places and their valuable treasures suffered most from their incursions and fury.

In A. D. 838, they despoiled and burned down Clonard, a famous school and See; and in the same expedition, Slane, the school of King Dagobert, and Durrow of Columbcille also suffered; four times in the same century Armagh was devastated and laid in ruins; Lismore, and even Clonmacnois, in the very heart of the country, were rifled. Three centuries of peace, in earlier times, had left the pious and studious Irish ill prepared

to resist these swarms of fierce invaders, but necessity aroused and restored the warlike spirit and valor of the race.

In 863 they defeated the Danes near Lough Foyle; in 902 near Dublin; at Dundalk in 920; at Roscrea in 943; at Lough Foyle in 1002; and upon many other bloody battlefields until they were finally overthrown and driven out of Ireland by Brian Boromhe, King of Munster, in the famous and decisive battle of Clontarf in 1014.

This lengthened period of conflict and warfare was soon after followed by the Norman invasion, and later by the more brutal, cruel and relentless wars and persecutions of the English which were begun in 1171 under Henry II and continued ever since, but with abated fury and lessened animosity during later years. From the time of the invasion of Ireland in 1171 the one great object of England was nothing less than robbery and the extermination of the Irish people. To effect this heinous purpose no cruelty was too severe, no method too barbarous. This fiendish undertaking having been unsuccessfully persisted in during several centuries without fully achieving the intended result, an embassy was sent to Ireland by Henry VIII to make extended observation and to report upon the wisdom or unwisdom of continuing the unholy undertaking and to recommend the best means to adopt to prosecute the nefarious work, should the prospect of final success justify the continuance of the policy of extermination. Their report, now on file among the State papers of England with others relating to the same subject, gives greater prominence to the practical difficulties that would follow extermination than to the barbarity of the undertaking or to the best method of accomplishing the long desired result. Among other things it is noted in the report that:

“The lande is very large—by estimation as large as Englande—so that to inhabit the whole with new inhabitants the number would be so great that there is no prince christened that commodiously might spare so many subjects to depart out of his region . . . . But to enterprise the whole extirpation and total destruction of all the Irishmen of the lande, it would be a marvelous and sumptuous charge and great difficulty, considering both the lack of enhabitons, and the great hardness and misery these Irishmen can endure, both of hunger, cold and thirst, and evil lodging, more than the inhabitants of any other lande.”

Cromwell, known in history as the friend and tool of Cranmer, and by the people of Ireland as a fiend incarnate because of his atrocity and brutality, in continuation of the old-time policy of extermination, inquired of his English agents in Ire-

land what would be the best means to adopt to accomplish the same purpose and forever subjugate the country. Their report, which is still preserved among the many State papers of England of similar import, sets forth that the most efficient mode of proceeding was the old-time policy, to exterminate the people, and that the best means to ensure this result was starvation. The corn—a term then used to include all cereals used as food—was to be destroyed systematically and the cattle killed or driven away—and it was a special glory reserved for the “Protector” to carry out this fiendish policy throughout almost the whole of the country. “The very living of the Irishy,” says the report, “doth clearly consist in two things: take away the same from them and they are passed forever to recover, or get to annoy any subject in Ireland. Take first from them their corn, and as much as cannot be husbanded and had into the hands of such as shall dwell and inhabit their lands, to burn and destroy the same so that the Irishy shall not live thereupon; and then to have their cattle and beasts, which shall be most hardest to come by, and yet, with guides and policy they may be oft had and taken.” The report goes on to point out most ingeniously and elaborately every plan and artifice for carrying this diabolical policy into effect.

“Irishmen are of opinion among themselves,” said Justice Cusack to the King, “that Englishmen will one day banish them from their lands forever.”

Previous to the year 1600 the horrors of warfare had been the lot of the people of Ireland during the preceding eight hundred years. They were robbed of their worldly possessions, their monasteries, abbeys, cathedrals, churches and schools were plundered and destroyed, and her extensive and priceless literary treasures were given to the devouring flames. People of rank and quality were impoverished and had only old rags and thatches of straw to cover and protect them in inclement weather; wives bitterly bemoaning the murders of their husbands; mothers forced to see their children butchered before their faces or impaled as playthings upon the bayonets of degraded and brutal soldiers; others overwhelmed with grief and distracted by their persecutions and losses. Desolate and starving mothers and children, and the aged and infirm, sought security and shelter in gloomy caverns, mountain fastnesses, hidden ravines and other obscure places, where they wasted away and died of hunger, exposure, fear and apprehension, to gratify the inhumanity of a brutal soldiery and the insatiable cruelty and avarice of an intolerant, persecuting and relentless foe. The underlying records of the heart-rending details of the suf-

fering of the people of Ireland during so many centuries are burned deeply into the memory of her people, and they eloquently and forcefully plead in explanation and extenuation of the loss of intellectual supremacy and leadership of Ireland in later times. The unceasing warfare and violent persecutions of centuries, which for fiendish atrocity and brutality have, happily for the credit of human nature, no parallel in the annals of Time, have tended to direct the interest and attention of the people away from intellectual pursuits and the refinements of life and to promote the growth and development of the warlike spirit for the defense of their homes and altars—to supplant the institutions of religion and learning with frowning fortresses and bloody battle-fields—to supplant the scholar with the warrior. It was reserved for the base Tudors to inflict the effective and lasting blows that worked the sad and sorrowful transformation. The robberies and destruction of cathedrals and monasteries, the treasure houses of religion and learning, and the butchery and dispersion of their incumbents by Henry VIII, the hideous penal laws of Elizabeth, and their more cruel enforcement by their mercenary and blood-thirsty representatives and successors, left no other choice but a soldier's life for the people.

We, the descendants of such noble ancestry—the successors of these glorious confessors and martyrs of old—may forgive, but can we ever forget?—we may forgive but the facts of history remain to stir the blood within us, to arouse and to warn; we may forgive but we cannot forget that the relentless intolerance and injustice from which our worthy forbears so cruelly suffered, although now so cunningly ignored, disguised and apologized for, still remain, and that history repeats itself.

We do not recall nor dwell upon the horrors of the past because it is a pleasure to do so, but because it is our bounden duty to know and to gratefully remember the trials and vicissitudes of centuries that our ancestors sustained for their loyalty and devotion to principle; it is not muck-raking nor tearing open old sores to gratify a wanton spirit of vindictiveness but to kindle anew our love and veneration for the memory of those gone before who so loyally and manfully cherished and suffered in defense of lofty ideals and loyalty to conscience and the teaching of the Redeemer of mankind and of His worthy disciple Saint Patrick and his loyal and devoted successors.

The year 1600 dawned in darkest gloom and sorrow—the inheritance of the past was insufferable—and yet their hope and valor remained, and these once again prompted them to organize and seek justice by the sword. The confederation of Kilkenny followed—a movement, the outgrowth of the abhor-

rence of the outrages of the past and the intense patriotism and love of the people for liberty that promised a brighter and better future—a movement that for breadth of comprehension and wisdom in formulation may well challenge comparison with the best and bravest efforts ever made to right the wrongs of a plundered and grievously oppressed people. The battles and massacres of Dungan Hill, Knocknanos, Athlone, Aughrim, Drogheda, Wexford, and of others elsewhere, while valiantly maintained ended disastrously. The final effort was made at the desperate and memorable siege of Limerick which was bravely and fiercely contested but which was forced to capitulate to vastly superior numbers and armament, and to submit to the dispersion of the flower of the officers and men of the Irish army to the other nations of Europe, where as they of old covered themselves with glory and added new lustre to the land of their nativity. Thenceforward, the contributions of Ireland to other European countries were more along military lines upon bloody battle-fields than in churches and the halls of learning.

As years went by and oppression increased in Ireland, the numbers of Irish soldiers on the continent grew larger and, therefore, we can scarcely name a battle of any importance in which they did not figure in a conspicuous manner. And it is worthy of note that the Irish regiment was always found with its face to the foe in the thick of the fight. The English historian, Macauley, in writing of the effect of the penal laws, tells his readers that “Irish Catholics rose to important military and civil positions in France, Italy and Spain, in the armies of Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa; Irish Catholics who, if they had remained at home, would have been looked down upon by all the ignorant and worthless squireens who had signed the declaration against transubstantiation. In his palace at Madrid he (Wall, minister of Ferdinand the Sixth) had the pleasure of being assiduously courted by the ambassador of George the Second, and of bidding defiance in high terms to the ambassador of George the Third. Scattered all over Europe were to be found Irish counts, Irish barons, Irish knights of Saint Louis and of Saint Leopold, of the White Eagle and of the Golden Fleece, who, if they had remained in the house of bondage could not have been ensigns of marching regiments or freemen of petty corporations.”

Greater numbers of Irishmen have fought in the armies of France, long England's bitterest enemy, than under the flag of any other nation on the continent. After the siege and surrender of Limerick, in 1691, almost the entire garrison embarked for France, on the advice of Sarsfield, and under the command

of Lieutenant-General Sheldon, and there formed the famous Second Brigade. What was known as the First Brigade consisted of the three regiments sent the year before to Louix XIV in exchange for help from France in the cause of James II. But in this exchange the French did not keep faith for they sent over several very inferior regiments composed of young and inexperienced men, while the soldiers returned from Ireland were picked regiments of old and disciplined men under Mountcashel, Daniel O'Brien, eldest son of Lord Clare, and Arthur Dillon. This brigade served with Catinat in Italy, where they distinguished themselves in many fights on the old battle-fields of the world.

The Second Brigade, under the command of Sarsfield, took part in the siege of Namur, which surrendered after seven days. Sarsfield, at its head, publicly received the thanks of the French for the great service rendered them, and in the following March was made a Field-Marshal. But he was not destined to enjoy his honors long, for in July of the same year, 1693, he met his death at the battle of Landen fighting in the cause of a petty tyrant who refused to tolerate the Huguenots. Sarsfield's death was made all the more sad and bitter by the realization that he had not sacrificed his life in the service of his own country. As he lay mortally wounded on the battle-field he is said to have raised his hand wet with his own blood and to have pathetically said to those about him: "Oh, that this had been done for Ireland."

During the war of the Spanish Succession, which broke out in 1701, the Irish Brigade held an important position in all the great battles and rendered invaluable service to France. The successful defence of Cremona when surprised by Prince Eugene was due to the valiant stand of a small company of Irishmen who held the Po gate of the city against greatly superior numbers. The bravery of the Irish troops was conspicuous at the famous battles of Blenheim (1704), Oudenarde (1708), and Malplaquet (1709), and Irishmen fought under Berwick at the battle of Almanza, and Mahoney won victories for the French in Sicily. In the battle of Fontenoy, in 1745, the greatest victory of France over England since the battle of Hastings, in 1066, the two Irish Brigades lost their chiefs and were decimated by their many desperate and victorious charges. In 1695 all the remaining veterans were organized into a brigade of twelve full regiments, four of horse and eight of infantry, under the descendants of their first officers. Until the revolution in 1791 they took part in every war in which France was engaged. From 1691 to the year 1745, after the battle of Fontenoy, above

four hundred and fifty thousand Irishmen lost their lives in the service of France. Many of the officers of the brigade founded distinguished families in France and since represented in the public life and campaigns of the country. O'Brien was created Marshal of France and Commander of Languedoc; McMahon, a Marquis and Knight of Saint Louis; Dillon was created a viscount of the same rank as Turrenne; Lally was made Governor of Pondicherry; Roche, Viscount of Fermoy; and so with many others.

French recruiting for the brigade was carried on systematically in the south and west of Ireland long after the survivors of Limerick had fired their last shot. In the war of the succession the chief glory of the brigade was the defense of Cremona and their share in the fierce battles of Blenheim and Ramillies. On the latter battlefield O'Brien, Lord Clare, fell mortally wounded, leaving after him a son to conquer at Fontenoy. Riva surrendered to Dillon, and Alsira to O'Mahoney. On the field of Almanza, March 13, 1707—a date that English historians find it very agreeable to overlook—the French and Irish killed three thousand of the Anglo-Dutch forces and took ten thousand prisoners and one hundred and twenty stands of colors.. This battle compelled Queen Anne to dismiss Marlborough and accept the humiliating peace of Utrecht. But the hottest and proudest day that the brigade ever saw was a May day in 1745. The French army, commanded by Saxe, was accompanied by King Louis, leaving eighteen thousand men to besiege Namur and six thousand to guard the Scheldt, took a position between the river and the British, having their center at the village of Fontenoy. The British and Dutch under the son of King George, the Duke of Cumberland, were fifty-five thousand strong; the French, fifty-five thousand. After a hard day's fighting and the slaughter of thousands, victory seemed to declare against France, and King Louis, who was present, prepared for flight. At this moment Marshal Saxe ordered a final charge by the seven Irish regiments under O'Brien, Count Thomond. The tide was turned again to the cry of "Remember Limerick." France was delivered, England humbled, and Holland reduced from a first to a second rate power upon that day, largely by Irish valor and Irish bravery. With utter self abnegation they flung themselves upon the enemy. They smote them like a devouring torrent, but on the conquered field their blood was shed like rain. One-fourth of all the officers, including Dillon, were killed, and one-third of all the men.

Until Austerlitz, Fontenoy stood unequalled in military history. But the brave brigade never recovered its lost blood

upon that field. To the last the remnant kept their colors and their reputation. In Germany with Saxe, in the far East with Lally, in Canada with Montcalm, the last of that heroic brotherhood fought until they died. Their favorite leaders all fell on the field: McCarthy, Sarsfield, the two O'Briens, and the two Dillons died in battle, and all victorious over England. When in 1745 the news of the battle of Fontenoy reached King George he exclaimed in the bitterness of his disappointment: "Cursed be the laws that deprived me of such subjects."

After the French Revolution, during the Consulate and the Empire, the war records of the Irish in France were no less remarkable. Napoleon found two generals and five colonels, to say nothing of numerous troops, among the exiles who poured into France after the Irish rebellion in 1798. After the Restoration most of these men remained true to the fallen Napoleon, but a new line of French-Irish descendants of the men of the Brigade rose into prominence. An Irish count was the last to draw sword for the Bourbons in 1791, while an Irish general stood by them to the end in 1830.

Among the most distinguished Irish families in France during the middle of the last century were the MacMahons. They were Irish Catholics who maintained their allegiance to the Stuarts, and thus came to settle in France. The most conspicuous member of this family, the famous Marshal MacMahon, was born at Sully (Saone et Loire) in 1808. His father had been made a peer by Charles X, whose personal friend he was. The boy was educated at St. Cyr and then entered the army and went to Algeria where he saw hard service for several years. He had risen to the rank of Brigadier-General when the revolution of 1848 broke out and after that date he was promoted in swift succession; he became general of division in 1852 and was made Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor in the following year; he was in command of infantry under Bosquet in the Crimea and was made Grand Cross of the Legion and senator for his part in the assault of the Malakoff, and finally Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Algeria. He won his greatest military honor, however, when in command of the second army corps of the Alps, in 1859, at the battle of Magenta. After the battle he was made Duke of Magenta and Marshal of France by the Emperor Napoleon III. Two years later, in 1861, he represented the emperor at the coronation of William III of Prussia, and in 1864 he became Governor-General of Algeria. In 1870 he commanded the army from Chalons to Sedan, and was wounded just in time to be free from the responsibility of the surrender. After the fall of M. Thiers in the spring of 1873, this great Irishman



was elected President of France, a position which he filled with ability, dignity, force and tact until June, 1879.

The following extract from a lecture by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, in Melbourne, gives an idea of the position of the Irishmen in France during the Presidency of Marshal MacMahon: "In the drawing-room of the President of the French Republic, who is the natural head of the exiled families, I met descendants of Irish chiefs, who took refuge on the continent at the time of the Plantation of Ulster by the first Stuart; descendants of Irish soldiers who sailed from Limerick with Sarsfield, or a little later with the "Wild Geese" (Jacobites); of Irish soldiers who shared the fortunes of Charles Edward (the "Young Pretender"); of Irish peers and gentlemen to whom life in Ireland without a career became intolerable in the dark era between the fall of Limerick and the rise of Henry Grattan; and kinsmen of soldiers of a later date, who began life United Irishmen and ended as staff officers of Napoleon. Who can measure what was lost to Ireland and the British Empire by driving these men and their descendants into the armies and diplomacy of France? All of them except the men of '98 have become so French that they scarce speak any other language. There is a Saint Patrick's Day dinner in Paris every 17th of March, where the company consists chiefly of military and civil officers of Irish descent who commemorate the national apostle but where the language of the speeches is French because no other would be generally understood. I reproached a gallant young soldier of this class, whom I met in Paris, with having relinquished the link of a common language with the native soil of his race. "Monsieur," he replied, proudly, "when my ancestors left Ireland they would have scorned to accept the language any more than the laws of England; they spoke the native Gaelic."

In 1585, Queen Elizabeth raised a forced levy of 1500 Irish troops to fight against the Spaniards in the Lowlands. As might be expected, these troops, which were led by Sir Edward Stanley, an English Catholic, took the first opportunity to exchange the service of Queen Elizabeth for that of the Catholic King of Spain. Stanley's corps distinguished itself in many battles and "though young troops, displayed the steadiness of veterans and a spirit of gallantry not surpassed even in that military age."

In the seventeenth century the Irish were at the capture of Orsoy and the siege of Rhinberg. In 1599 they fought under Cardinal Andrew of Austria, governor of the Netherlands. They continued to serve in the Netherlands until the peace of 1609 between the States and the Archduke Albert, sharing in the

capture of Ostend and Grave, and everywhere fighting with extreme bravery. When Charles II of England was an exile on the continent there were several Irish regiments in the service of Spain and France. One of these was commanded by Richard Grace of Gracefield in Queen's County; Justin McCarthy, Lord Muskerry, afterwards Lord Mountcashel, commanded another regiment; Sir John Darcy led a third.

Three times during the eighteenth century men of Irish race were ambassadors of Spain at the English court. Alexander O'Reilly, afterwards Spanish ambassador at the court of Louis XVI, was governor of Cadiz. "It is strange," said Napoleon, on his second entry into Vienna in 1809, "that on each occasion on arriving in the Austrian capital I should find myself in treaty with Count O'Reilly." The dragoon regiment led by the same Count O'Reilly saved the remnants of the Austrians at Austerlitz. The Blakes, O'Donnells, and Sarsfields were equally famous in Spain. O'Donnell, Duke of Tetuan, was a dominant figure in Spanish politics during the middle of the nineteenth century.

The O'Neil, Count de Tyrone, writing of the Irish in Portugal, says: "Here also the Irish blood is in great favor since more than two centuries. Among dukes and barons, ministers, judges, lawyers, high-reputed officers in the army and navy, everywhere, old Irish names are to be met with, and the names of O'Donnell, O'Neil, O'Daly, de la Poer, Kelly, Fitzgerald, O'Meagher, Sarsfield, O'Farrell and many others are repeatedly met with in our history. An O'Neil, Count Santa Monica, was the tutor of the king, Don Carlos, and the family enjoys a high position at court. The Duchess of Saldana is a Fitzgerald; in fact this little country is a great example of the worth of Irish blood."

Another prominent writer and publicist records that: "Within a century the great Leinster house of Kavanagh counted in Europe an aulic councillor, a governor of Prague, a field-marshal at Vienna, a field-marshal in Poland, a grand chamberlain in Saxony, a count of the Holy Roman Empire, a French Conventionist in 1793, Godefroy Cavaignac, co-editor with Armand Carrell and Eugene Cavaignac sometime dictator in France, and Edward Cavanagh, minister of Portugal.

Russia found among the exiles a governor-general of Livonia. Count Thomond was commander at Languedoc. Lally was governor at Pondicherry; O'Dwyer was commander at Belgrade; Lacy, of Ruga; Lawless, governor of Majorca. Count Taaffe is another of the Irish rulers of nations. Descended from a distinguished Sligo family, he was for years a commanding

figure in Austro-Hungarian politics. Count Taafe was also a Knight of the Golden Fleece, a Knight of Malta, and a Knight of St. John. Baron O'Carrell attained to distinguished prominence in Austrian diplomatic service. In the Austrian army there were also a Baron O'Brien, a Baron Brady, a Baron McGuire, and a Count O'Kelly, as well as many other distinguished officers of Celtic descent.

Many Irishmen were counts of the Holy Roman Empire. Among these were Count O'Gorman, Count Russell, Count Moore, and Count Cecil-Kearney. In Russia the family of General Obrutscheff is descended from the Irish O'Bryans, just as the Odontscheffs are descended from the O'Donnells."

The recognized ability and distinguished achievements of Irishmen upon battle-fields in other lands are too great and too brilliant to escape the attention of the pseudo-historian and arch-enemy of Ireland, of Irishmen, and of everything Irish, the late James Anthony Froude. In his historical works he records: "The Irishman of the last century rose to his natural level whenever he was removed from his own unhappy country. In the seven years' war Austria's best generals were Irishmen. Brown was an Irishman, Lacy was an Irishman, O'Donnell's name speaks for him, and Lally Tollendall who punished England at Fontenoy was O'Mullaly of Tollendall. Strike the names of Irishmen out of our public service and we lose the heroes of our proudest exploits—we lose the Wellesleys, the Palfisers, the Moores, the Eyres, the Coates, the Napiers; we lose half the officers and half the privates who conquered India for us and who fought our battles in the Peninsula. What the Irish could do as enemies we were about to learn when the Ulster Exiles crowded to the standard of Washington. What they can be, even at home, we know at this present hour . . . . . It was Celtic valor that bore down the Roman in the defile of Thrasymene, on the disastrous field of Cannae; nor was it until Caesar carried the ten years exterminating war into the home of the Celts that the contest of four centuries was decided."

To more fully understand and appreciate the difficulties and dangers of the task that Ireland undertook in early times for the enlightenment and uplift of other nations in the halls of learning, in the sanctuaries, and on the battle-fields of Europe—the formative period of their present enlightenment, civilization and importance in the affairs of the world—and that we may more fully realize the burning zeal, daring bravery, and Christian charity that prompted the missionaries and scholars, like the apostles of old, to undertake the work of evangelization

and civilization among the crude, uncivilized, and marauding hordes that overran Europe, destroying Roman civilization, and disrupted society as would a devastating plague, it may be well to consider, however briefly in the time at my disposal, the then existing disorganized condition of society throughout Europe, an age when might made right, and

“When it was the plan  
To let him take who might  
And let him keep who can.”

It will readily be recalled that for a period of upwards of one thousand years, Roman arms and Roman civilization dominated this portion of the world. During the fifth century many of the modern monarchies of Europe had their commencement, the empire of the east having been about that period brought to the very verge of ruin by the innumerable hosts of barbarians from the north which poured in upon it and at length subdued it by the overthrow of Roman domination in the year 476. The vandals, the Suevi and the Alans were the first insurgents. These were soon followed by the Visigoths, Burgundians, Germans, Franks, Lombards, Angles, Saxons and Huns. These roving plunderers and depredators, taking different routes and armed with fire and sword, soon destroyed nearly every vestige of Roman civilization, subjected to their yoke the terrified victims of their ferocity, and erected their conquests into kingdoms.

The Visigoths, after having driven out the Vandals, destroyed the Alans, subdued the Suevi, and founded a new kingdom in Spain. The Angles and Saxons made a conquest of Britain from the Romans and natives, and the seven marauding groups set up seven kingdoms in England under their respective leaders, which period is known in English history as the heptarchy or seven kingdoms.

The Huns established themselves in Pannonia and the Germans on the banks of the Danube. The Heroli after having destroyed the Western Empire, founded a government in Italy which continued but a short time, being driven out by the Ostrogoths. Justinian retook Italy from the Ostrogoths. The greater part of Italy soon after fell under the power of the Lombards, who formed it into a kingdom. The exarchate of Ravenna, raised by them to the Empire of the East, enjoyed it but a short time. The exarchate being conquered by Charlemagne was settled by him on the Pope, which may be regarded as the origin of the temporal power.

Numerous bodies of people from different countries, having

taken possession of Gaul, founded therein several kingdoms which were eventually united by the Franks under the name of France. Pharamond was the first monarch; and under Clovis it attained considerable eminence. Pepin expelled, in the person of Childeric III, the race of Pharamond, called the Merovingian, from the throne and assumed the reins of government. His son, Charlemagne, the greatest prince of his time, retrieved the honor of France, destroyed the Lombardian monarchy, and renewed the glory of the Empire of the West, being himself crowned emperor by the Pope at Rome. Under Charlemagne France was the most powerful and brilliant kingdom of Europe; all the other monarchies were eclipsed by the lustre of this new kingdom.

Spain was subdued by the Saracens who founded a new kingdom in the mountains of Asturias. The many contests between the Christians and Moors for supremacy laid waste this beautiful country during many years, until victory crowned the Christian arms at the famous battle of Lepanto and the Moors were driven out of Spain.

Lecky, in his *History of European Morals*, assures his readers that the conflicts of these many races and the paralysis of all government followed the fall of the Roman Empire made force everywhere dominant, and petty wars incessant. Within a century of the death of Mohamet his followers had almost extirpated Christianity from its birth-place and early home in the East, founded great monarchies in Asia and Africa, planted their conquering banners upon many of the strongholds of Spain, threatened the overthrow of Western Europe and to establish Islamism upon the ruins of Christianity and Roman civilization. The rapid growth and spread of Mohamedanism had aroused justifiable consternation bordering upon panic throughout the Christian world. These various clashing races and tribes who then formed the chief portion of the population, had no written literature before their conversion to Christianity and hence they adopted the learning and assimilated the civilization of the country from whence came the missionaries who were their teachers and civilizers. Irish monks were the first as they were the most numerous and most successful laborers in the work of bringing order out of chaos; in teaching these barbarous and profligate hordes their dependence upon and accountability to the Omnipotent Jehovah; in teaching them the dignity and responsibility of worthy manhood; in teaching them their duty to themselves and to their fellow-men; in teaching them the basic principles of organized society and the blessings of fixed forms of government established upon a Christian foundation.

The student, the scholar, the statesman, and the thoughtful may now well consider what might have been the consequences—not only to Europe but also to the world—had Mohamedanism then overrun Europe and planted its triumphant banners upon its citadels and outposts and subordinated those Teutonic and other tribes who so often changed their creeds and upon whom the course of civilization has since so largely depended—had Islamism triumphed and the cross been made subservient to the crescent—and also the debt of appreciation and gratitude due to those who so bravely repulsed the Mohamedan hordes upon many bloody battle-fields and thus aided in giving Christianity, learning, the knowledge of scientific agriculture, and civilized government not only to the nations of Europe but also through them to the world at large, and which still survive with all their blessings. In this great and glorious work of evangelization and civilization, as already shown, Irish monks, Irish scholars, and Irish soldiers had distinguished prominence and success—and this to their undying praise and glory is what Irishmen did for the other nations of Europe and also for the world, the glorious records of which adorn the most glorious pages in the annals of Time.

Such in barest outline is a sketch of the origin of the modern nations of Europe and of the period when our ancestors so generously and so successfully planted the seed and gathered the bountiful harvest of Christianity and civilization from such a barren and unpromising field and from such untoward people and repulsive surroundings. As I stated in my opening, that to be just, century and period must be compared with a corresponding century and period; and applying this rule in the present instance and comparing Ireland in Christianity, civilization, intellectual attainments and the refinements of life, with corresponding centuries and periods of the other nations of Europe from the fifth to the eighth century will be like comparing the brilliancy of the noonday sun with the darkness of midnight.

I have necessarily but briefly touched upon some of the more brilliant, glorious and beneficent achievements of Irishmen in varied and important walks of life in other European countries which not only do credit to themselves but also to the land of their nativity or ancestry, but which perverse and iniquitous prejudice and unchristian malevolence have too long ignored or misrepresented in the pages of so-called history and literature, and thus withheld from the knowledge of the world at large.

It is an interesting subject of speculation, though a melancholy one, to consider what the history of Ireland might have

been had all those men of genius and force been free to use their great powers for the betterment of their native country, or the country of their ancestors, instead of spending their lives as exiles in foreign lands. It should be a matter of pride as well as of duty for all through whose veins courses rich Celtic blood to teach their children, or to insist that they be taught in the schools which they attend, the story of the triumphs and glories, the joys and sorrows, the aspirations and hopes of Innisfail. A new day dawns that gives promise of a more hopeful future—a day when the learning and civilization of the scholar will be blended with the bravery of the soldier and the statesmanship of the patriot—a day that will bring back the old-time achievements and glory of Ireland and give her again commanding prominence and honor among the nations of the world.







## Hon. John T. Duggan, M. D.

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Dr. John T. Duggan was born in Worcester, Mass., June 30, 1855, son of Walter H. Duggan and Julia M. (Collopy) Duggan. His early education was received in the public schools. He attended Holy Cross College, and was graduated in 1880. He studied at Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, and graduated in 1883. The same year he received the degree of A. M. from Holy Cross College.

Dr. Duggan served as a member of the Worcester School Committee for twelve years and was twice elected vice chairman of that body. He was Mayor of Worcester in 1906 and 1907. In June, 1906, he received the degree of LL. D. from his Alma Mater. From 1893 to 1898 he was chairman of the United States Board of Pensioning Examiners.

For the past fifteen years Dr. Duggan has been chairman of the visiting staff of St. Vincent Hospital, Worcester. He is a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society. On Oct. 27, 1885, Dr. Duggan was married to Nellie J. Glastrick, daughter of Patrick and Mary Glastrick, both natives of Dublin, Ireland.



Very truly yours,  
John T. Duggan



# Ireland's Contribution to American Progress

—BY—

HON. JOHN T. DUGGAN

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It has been truly said "that the best monument to a great and good man are the works which his hand and his head have enriched the world." And we may also assume that the greatest tribute which any country or any nation can bestow upon any of its citizens is a just appreciation of those who have labored for its peace, its happiness and its prosperity.

It is an indisputable fact that too often historians, who call themselves such, are sadly lacking in those fundamental qualities of impartiality, fidelity and accuracy, these basal qualifications that lead up to the primary end of history, viz: truth, and which should be recorded as such for the instruction of mankind.

If persuasion is the office of the orator then truth is the essential prerequisite of the writer of historical narrative. Faction and affection must be strangers to his pen. Past events and characters must be contemplated with a cool and dispassionate eye and he must lay before his readers a faithful copy of human nature. A great many people are somewhat incredulous if they are not in possession of facts; but every record of facts, however true they may be, is not entitled to the name of history. It has been truly said that the biographies of men make up the best history of mankind; but if we read the pages of many of the histories of our time it would seem as though this form of composition was sadly neglected.

History is more thoroughly appreciated and much better understood when we are brought face to face with the personal lives of the men who played the principal parts in the accomplishment of great and noble deeds, and who sent into the

great swelling stream of human progress their silent contributions for the advancement and betterment of society.

The so-called "Dark Ages" were given that name for the reason that writers knew little or nothing of the individual lives and the great accomplishments of the men and women of that time. And the knowledge of these ages is inculcated into the minds of school children and students of history as periods when everything that pertained to literature, poetry and the arts was at a standstill, when nothing flourished and everything portended a dark and dismal outlook, yet, when the truthful historian, the unprejudiced writer, the faithful portrayer of deeds and men begins to collect the scattered details that missed the recognition of other writers, we read a far different story, and feel that in the very heart of these so-called dark ages, there shone a galaxy of intellectual lights that will compare very favorably with those of other centuries.

John Ruskin said "that the proper estimation of the accomplishments of a period in human history can only be obtained by a careful study of three books, 'The Book of the Deeds,' 'The Book of the Acts,' and the 'Book of the Words' of the given epoch," and before passing judgment upon the accomplishments of the men of this greatly misrepresented period, it would be well for the students of history to familiarize themselves with the writings of those men who have told the story in an impartial, faithful and accurate manner. It is in this way that we can form a just estimate of what they contributed to the world's progress, both in science, literature and the arts and which commands the appreciation and respect of every succeeding generation since that time.

"The records of most people are embraced within a national aspect and they have affected the world's history and their own destiny mainly in their aggregate capacity." How different the history of that race of people whose homes and whose firesides were in that little Green Isle of the sea. They had to be content with having their deeds and noble achievements recorded through the lives of their children, who were exiles in every region of the globe for years and years, either through a desire for liberty or the direful pangs of absolute necessity. The glory and the accomplishments of Ireland's sons and daughters must take the place of the history of the Irish race and prove to the world that the accusations trumped up against them were only circumvented by treachery, deceit, perjury and fraud. The biographies of the sons of this gallant race emphatically prove that when they took up their abode in foreign lands, their unequalled valor, and matchless ability chiseled

out a new destiny and founded new nations and even after all this, they have been robbed as a race of the credit and name of the work of their honest endeavors. The history of the world has never yet recorded a race of people that have been treated with more malevolence, hatred and ill will than those who profess and who will always hold dear, a love for the green flag of Erin.

The sons of Ireland have been maligned, misunderstood and slandered as to their credit and character, and robbed of all that was near and dear to them. And, at this time, we want to say that "the solution of the problem of remedying Ireland's wrongs was never referred to the people of the two countries. For, if the settlement of this momentous question was left to the common people of England and to the common people of Ireland, long ago, it would have been adjusted in a manner satisfactory and mutually agreeable." "For, in the year 1885, when the common people of England, for the first time in that country, became a factor in her political life, two millions of English workingmen exercised their right of franchise by positively preventing the Tory government from putting into force another Coercion Act in Ireland, framed for the sole purpose of catering to the whims and caprices of a tyrannical landlordism." On the contrary: As a distinguished writer once said, "the Irish people have nothing to fear, but everything to hope, from the common people of Great Britain." "It is not the sea, but the separate pool that rots, and so it is not the common people but the separated class of humanity that rots." The Aristocrat, the fellow on horseback, don't you know, the fellow peering out through the monocle, and wishing to be monarch of all he surveys, who has ruled Europe for centuries, the unadulterated essence of all that is contained in a mean and despicable snobbery. In the *North American Review* for January, 1886, there appeared an article from the pen of the late lamented John Boyle O'Reilly, in which he wrote a graphic summary of Ireland's long struggle for National independence:

"A hundred years ago," he said, "Ireland was in the most deplorable condition that any civilized nation ever descended to. Six centuries of a violent struggle had wasted her blood, her money and her resources; her people were disfranchised; no man voted in Ireland except those of the English colony. For a hundred preceding years the teacher and priest had been hunted felons. There were only four million Irish altogether, and they were nearly all in Ireland. Friendless, voiceless, voteless, landless, powerless, disarmed, disorganized, ignorant, forgotten by the world, misrepresented and misrepresented by their

rich and powerful enemy and held up in English books, newspapers, schools at home and abroad as a race of wild, weak, witty, quarrelsome, purposeless incapable. But even in his blood and rags and wretchedness, the Irishman was still unsubdued, still a free man in soul and a foeman to act. It seems very strange that the general view of Ireland and the Irish

The Druids may have used the mlaters as temples, or as alquestion is looked upon as a purely sentimental one, when, in reality, it is one of the most material and practical. The false characteristics that have been attributed to the Irish race by an unfriendly nation implied that they could not govern themselves if they had opportunity. But this is always the tribute which injustice pays to morality. The only way a man can stand well in any community is, after he has injured his brother man, to assail his character. This must be done in order that his own action may be justified." But, howsoever true this may be, Irishmen and the sons and daughters of Irishmen have proven to the world that, notwithstanding all the grievous wrongs they have suffered, all the contumelies which have been heaped upon them, and all the inhuman atrocities to which they have been subjected, they have distinguished themselves, to whatever part of the world they have gone, by their intellectual, as well as by their physical superiority.

The small stream of Irish emigration that began to flow westward previous to the last century, had swollen in later years to the vast proportions of a torrent; and while we fully realize that a great number took up their burdens in lands other than America, it seems, in a way providential, that those who came here had a forecast and were influenced by some unseen hand that blended their choice with Ireland's early historic memorials in the past; for, whether we take nebulous tradition seriously or otherwise, we must admit that it has certain truthful bearings on the real facts of history.

The fame of St. Brendan's adventures, long before the discovery of America by Columbus, has been told in song and legend, and even reached to far-away Asia.

One of three books that were most read in the 13th century, "The Golden Legend," contained an article of St. Brendan's Land. The old Scandinavian chronicle, called the "Landnamabok" was completed in the 13th century and apparently from older documents. This was the "Book of Iceland's Origin," and from the fact that the early Irish navigators had frequent intercourse with the Northmen of Iceland and Scandinavia, both sharing equally the hazardous occupation of hardy sea-faring men, the Northmen attribute the honor of a first



discovery of America to Ireland and Irishmen, and foreshadowing the great land as a colonial dependency, justly belonging to the country of their birth, the Northern Sagas called it by the name of "Great Ireland."

This region was placed in the western ocean and westwards from Ireland, and what we now call the country of the Eskimo, Labrador and Nova Scotia, New Foundland, the New England and Southern States were known to these early discoverers by other names. Centuries before the Spaniards landed in Florida, Irishmen had settled in that southern portion of North America, and introduced a civilization, the traces of which still remain. N. Ludlow Beamish, in his book entitled "The Discovery of America by the Northmen in the Tenth Century, with notices of the early settlements of the Irish in the Western Hemisphere," published in London, 1841, and consisting of eight volumes, says that the ancient and indigenous remains found in Florida indicate such a conclusion.

Away back in the eighth century, a people speaking the Irish language was found in the Southern parts of North America, according to the statement of Professor Rafu, of Copenhagen, and that part of the country which now lies along the Eastern coast, stretching from Chesapeake Bay to the Carolinas and Florida, had a tradition that white men anciently occupied that region, and that they were possessed of iron implements; and such is the opinion of Baron Von Tschudi, in his work on Peruvian Antiquities. Moreover, Lionel Wafer states that there was a wonderful affinity between the Irish language and that spoken by the Indian people living on the Isthmus of Panama. He relates many other particulars to show that the western continent was colonized at a very early time by Irish people; therefore, it was to the land, which seemingly was discovered by their sires, that those emigrants, who were exiles from their own home, came during the last four centuries, and when they set foot on the soil of the Western continent, they were not in possession of a very great amount of the material things of this world.

First came the advanced guard in the 16th and 17th centuries, followed later by that great army of emigrants who had girded on the Armor of Faith in God, Hope in His Promises and Charity for their God and their neighbor, and they settled in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and the Carolinas. On this and on the other side of the "Father of Waters," they took up their abode with a fixed determination and a true nobility of purpose to carve out their own destiny in a land where the rays of God's sun

shone through an atmosphere of freedom, where they could prove to the world that they were not the people that misrepresentation and calumny proclaimed them to be, but, rather, the representatives and the apostles of a true, rational liberty ever recognizing the rights, the freedom and the equality before the law of the individual; intolerant of absolutism, despisers of feudalism—neither of which would ever gain a foot-hold or a habitation among the exiled Irish Celt, and by their valor and daring, they would ever strive to crush the ambitious schemes of any hydra-headed monster who was averse to the principle that liberty and union were the priceless treasures of nations and of men.

Long before the Revolution representatives of Ireland were numerous in the American Colonies.

Some people are possessed with the idea that the Irish people had little to do with the early settlement of America, that the original stock was solely puritanic, at least one would be inclined to form this opinion from a perusal of the histories of this country. In the year 1623, only three years after the Pilgrim fathers landed in that cold and wintry December, on the desolate shore of Plymouth Bay, more than 500 Irish men and women were transported to New England by British merchants. Over three hundred years ago at the time when Henry VIII became a Protestant, his firm resolve that the Irish should be Protestant likewise, resulted in his reforming process which continued for a hundred years and for the accomplishment of his wicked design, his chief means were the bullet, the rope and the slave ship; and one of the results was the selling into slavery of 60,000 Irish boys and girls to the tobacco planters of the West Indies, as Sir William Petty and other English historians of the time relate. And a gentleman from the Island of Jamaica once told the story that the Negroes in that country used a great many Gaelic words. And an Irish writer is sponsor for the statement that in four years over 6000 men and women were shipped to America by English merchants as a result of this inhuman edict.

From this it would appear that the settlement of this country was not all one-sided. Religious liberty for ourselves was the cry of the Puritan and the Huguenot; the accumulation of the Almighty dollar, plying the fur trade, engrossed the minds of the Dutch; Freedom and toleration for all were the aspirations of the Celt, and as has been truly said, "from out the colony of Lord Baltimore was first heralded the glad news of that freedom of thought, of conscience and of heart which is the glory of America today."

Others among the early settlers were the Irish School Masters who for generations imparted tuition and the fruit of their labors was evident in the great number of their pupils who attained positions of eminence in peace and in war. A great many of the patriots in the war of the Revolution sat at the feet of Irish teachers, and the love and respect which was shown by these pupils for their tutors contributed in no small manner to their future achievements.

In 1640 William Collins accompanied a party of refugees from the West Indies to what is now New Haven, Conn. After a time these refugees scattered in different directions and some of them returned to Ireland. Collins taught school in Hartford for a while. After this, honest thinking got him into trouble in Boston, and he was banished, taking up his residence in Rhode Island, or as it was then called, Aquidneck. He married Faith Hutchinson and in 1642 he was killed by the Indians. Thomas Dongan, son of an Irish Baronet, was appointed Governor of New York in 1683. He did much to encourage education. During his administration a Catholic college was opened in New York with an admirable course of studies. One of the first scholars in America in his day was Rev. Francis Allison, D. D., who was born in Donegal, Ireland, in 1705. Lossing says of this Irish Educator that "His chief claim to honor among men is that he was the tutor of a large number of Americans who were conspicuous actors in the events of the Revolution that accomplished the Independence of the United States." He came to America in 1735 and settled in Pennsylvania. He not only taught in that state but also in Connecticut and elsewhere. Charles Thompson, another Irishman, who was afterwards permanent secretary of the Continental Congress and a sterling patriot, was one of the pupils of this brilliant man.

It has been truly said of Allison that he was one of the fathers of American scholarship. Among the military instructors to the patriots was Robert Patterson, a native of Ireland, who, in 1779, was made Professor of Mathematics in the University of Pennsylvania. He was also the fourth director of the United States mint.

Joseph Story, who was a Judge of the United States Supreme Court, was, when a boy, a pupil of the Irish teacher Michael Walsh, who was the author of a Mercantile Arithmetic and a New System of Bookkeeping, and upon whom Harvard conferred a degree.

We might mention Robert Adrian, who was born in Carrickfergus, and who was Professor in Revolutionary times, of Mathematics and National Philosophy in what is now Rutgers

College; Robert Oliver, who established in Baltimore the Hibernian Free School; Robert Alexander, who came here in 1736 from Ireland, and who may be considered the founder of the present Washington and Lee University, Virginia. This was the institution to which in 1826, John Robinson, an Irishman, who had served under Washington, bequeathed his estate valued at \$46,000.

The immortal Webster, as a pupil, sat at the feet of Edward Evans, a schoolmaster, in the early days of America, and born in the County Sligo, Ireland, which is put down as the place of his birth in the history of the town of Salisbury.

Darby Kelley, the Irish teacher in New Hampshire, one of whose descendants was the late Mrs. Joseph H. Walker, wife of our departed Ex-Congressman and esteemed fellow citizen. Other descendants of this early Irish Schoolmaster were Capt. Warren M. Kelley, who commanded a company in Donohue's 10th New Hampshire Regiment in the Civil War, and Gen. Benj. J. Kelley, who raised the first Union regiment and won the first Union victory south of Mason and Dixon line.

That Master Commandant and laconic Oliver H. Perry, who defeated the British Flotilla on Lake Erie in the war of 1812, and in whose veins flowed Irish Blood, was a pupil of one of the earliest schoolmasters of Rhode Island, the man who had taught three generations of the youth of his neighborhood, old Master Kelley, of whom it is recorded that he was never one known to have lost his temper, but preserved a most beautiful evenness of mind that was the envy of those who were engaged in his difficult and important calling.

We cannot leave this part of our subject without a brief reference to that philosopher who was contemporary with, and a friend of Pope, Swift and Addison—George Berkeley, born at Kilkrin, near Thomastown, Co. Kilkenny, Ireland, in 1684. He was regarded by his associates as one of the most brilliant minds of his time. He held a theory in regard to the non-existence of matter which indeed seemed curious, which he develops in his principles of human knowledge, but his influence was, as a writer says, "Much better traced through the widely expanded fields of literature, printing, architecture, science and education. While in Newport, R. I., he wrote his famous poem, "On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America." Previous to his departure for Ireland in 1731, he donated to Yale the finest collection of books that ever came to America, and also gave liberally to Harvard. Rhode Island always has and will in the future hold his name in loving memory. He

wrote a great many works on science and he was one of the ablest mathematicians of his day.

The inauguration of evening schools was not an innovation of the eighteenth century, as many of the present day might suppose. Most of these old dispensers of education taught evening as well as day schools in their homes, and reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar, Geometry, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Surveying, and Bookkeeping were the branches to which they gave their assiduous attention, and they were not unmindful of the classics, for Greek and Latin were included in their curriculum, all of which were productive of most excellent results. Nor, were their efforts confined to one or two sections in colonial days, for Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and other parts were recipients of their excellent endeavors in the cause of education—the bulwark then, as now, of a nation's greatness.

It would be very interesting reading if it were possible for us to gain access to the notes, lectures, and other writings of these Irish Schoolmasters of the olden time which, no doubt, lie in some hidden spot and which might well be assigned a suitable place as memorials of their generation.

They made heroes and heroism possible; through education they brought out what otherwise might have remained dormant in the minds of those who drank in the precepts of their valuable labors. The names which we have mentioned are only a few of those of Irish nationality who were engaged in shaping the minds of the young in the days of yore and who are now assigned to the realms of oblivion. The land of their birth or their ancestors gets no credit whatsoever from the historical writers of modern times for their sacrifices and the immeasurable amount of good they brought to the threshold of liberty and happiness. When Benj. Franklin wrote Thompson, the Irish Schoolmaster, that "The Sun of liberty is set, the Americans must light the lamps of industry and economy," Thompson replied, "Be assured that we shall light torches of a very different sort."

In those early days when colonization and its handmaid, civilization, were laying the foundation for that magnificent structure which is today the envy of all the great nations of the world, these grand and glorious United States of America, we must not be unmindful of the many sacrifices that were made, the sufferings that were endured and the obstacles that were surmounted by that noble vanguard of immigrants whose names are forgotten and whose memories only live in the great work they accomplished. Nor, do we wish for a moment to

take away from any race or any people the glory of their achievements towards the fulfillment of noble purpose and honest endeavor, but as we are strictly concerned tonight with a race that has been placed before the world by prejudiced minds as indolent, weak and as purposeless incapables, we desire to meet these accusations face to face in an impassioned manner and prove to the world that they were base and unfounded fabrications.

The knowledge imparted by the early Irish Schoolmasters in Colonial days teemed with the elements of justice, fortitude and morality. The schooling that Ireland received from England for centuries could not be productive of any other result than those which must necessarily follow from the instillation of knowledge that had its source in perverted minds. Yet, when these poor Irish immigrants were put to the test in new fields and under more favorable conditions, their resolute minds, their indomitable will and their fixed determination of purpose arose phoenix like from the ashes of their ancestors.

From their numbers was the woodman whose labors laid claim to the mighty trees of the forest, the agriculturalist who tilled and cultivated the soil with the rude implements at his command; the builder whose humble and unpretentious log cabin supplanted the wigwam of the Indian and from which the curling smoke of infant civilization arose and ascended to heaven as incense and a token of thanksgiving for past protection and future blessings; the educator who filled the thirsty souls of the young with the knowledge that would direct them and posterity along the paths that led to the accomplishment of heroic achievements and noble deeds. Whether in their struggles with the Red Men or fighting dissension and religious differences which were followed by insults and persecution, oftentimes ending in banishment, or in working for the complete annihilation of English supremacy in this fair western world, Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen exhibited in no small degree a fortitude, a patience and a heroism that should merit for them a higher degree of honorable mention than has too often been denied them. Parkman in his "Pioneers of France in the New World," page 396, says, "Seldom has religious tyranny assumed a form more oppressive than among the Puritan exiles. New England Protestantism appealed to liberty; then closed the door against her."

Nearly three hundred years ago the General Court of Massachusetts Bay granted lands on the Merrimac River for an Irish settlement and in that great and protracted war against King Philip, Chief of the Narragansett tribe of Indians, there

were several hundred Irishmen from this settlement who did yeoman work with the troops from Massachusetts, Plymouth and Connecticut, and their names are still preserved in the Colonial records, and after the termination of this terrible struggle when the colonies of Massachusetts and Plymouth were sorely distressed, their towns destroyed, their houses burned, and greater than all, the flower of the country, chiefly composed of young men, gone from them forever; when, also, on account of their great pecuniary losses, over a half million dollars, which meant a great deal for the people who were struggling in those days, the call for help went out, Ireland in the midst of all her sorrows and trials sent her small contribution, and our own historian, Bancroft, referring to this act, said: "Let us not forget a good deed of the generous Irish; they sent over a contribution, small it is true, to relieve the distresses of Plymouth Colony. Connecticut, which had contributed soldiers to that war, furnished the homeless with a thousand bushels of corn. God will remember and reward that precious fruit. With the defeat of the Indian Chief Philip, the tribes of Red Men in New England began to grow less and less and the colonists were never afterwards seriously molested by the attacks of hostile Indians." In the early colonization those of Celtic elements of race, and afterwards largely increased from Ireland, were unmistakably the source of American heroism, character and prosperity in a marked degree. We have no complete memorial, previous to the Revolution, regarding particulars of those emigrations which took place from Europe to America. But from those records which are accessible they seem to have been very copious. (See Rev. J. A. Spencer's History of the U. S. Vol. 1).

It has been estimated that 3000 males left Ulster yearly for the American Colonies soon after the beginning of the eighteenth century. One reason for this exodus was from the fact that during the reign of William III and of Queen Mary, the woolen trade of Ireland was greatly discouraged. In the year 1660 Robert and Magdalen Pollock with their six sons and two daughters sailed from Donegal, Ireland, for America, and settled in the then colony of Lord Baltimore, within Somerset County, Maryland, at a place now known as Davis' Quarter. In America the name was contracted to Polk. From one of the sons was descended James K. Polk, afterwards President of the United States, from another son descended Gov. Charles Polk of Delaware and Gen Thomas Polk of Mecklenburgh fame, from a third Governor Trusten Polk of Missouri. The Carrolls who founded Carrollton in Maryland emigrated from Ire-

land before 1689. Daniel Carroll was a native of Littamourna, Ireland, and his grandson, Charles, was the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. In his own state founded by Catholics, on the principle of religious toleration, the education of Catholics had been proscribed by law in the days of his youth.

The established church of England had been supported in Maryland by taxing the people of all other creeds and, after Mr. Carroll's return to that colony, over the signature of the "First Citizen," he attacked the validity of the law which imposed such a tax.

Just before the Revolution, he was appointed one of the Committee of Correspondence for the Province, and in 1775, he was elected one of the Council of Safety, and was a delegate to the Revolutionary Convention. On the 4th of July, 1828, he laid, with much ceremony, the foundation stone of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

We can only give a meagre enumeration of the Irish immigrants who sought homes in the colonies, in the early part of the eighteenth century.

In the Shenandoah Valley, New York, about the Blue Ridge mountains, several localities in Virginia, where the names of towns today, are, no doubt, of Irish origin, as also are counties, rivers and creeks. Pennsylvania and New Hampshire, the latter its town of Dublin, named after the metropolis of Ireland—the former the settlement of the parents of Anthony Wayne, that distinguished General of the Revolution.

Some came to the banks of the Hudson River, among them Charles Clinton, from the County Longford, Ireland, and, at that time, he had two distinguished sons and a grandson, who were afterwards great historical characters, and illustrious sons in Revolutionary days, whether acting as officers in the attack on Fort Fontenac in 1758 or as officials managing the affairs of nation and state, their commanding abilities, as well as their administrative faculties, seem to have been characteristic of this great family, and there is no name in the bright galaxy of illustrious Americans to which the country is more indebted than that of Clinton.

Irish emigrants came to this country in 1729, in the proportion of nine to one, of all the other European nationalities. James O'Hara, an Irishman, was one of the founders of Pittsburg; afterwards he was a quarter master general under the military direction of Gen. Anthony Wayne.

The parents of General Stark were born in Ireland, and as emigrants settled in New Hampshire. Nor were settlements



confined to the eastern part of this country. They were numerous along the frontier, and through the distant back woods; and the names of Daniel Boone, the daring major Hugh McGrady, and Simon Kenton, one of the first adventurous pioneers of the west, may be mentioned as those of Irishmen. David Campbell, whose son, Capt. John Campbell, shared in almost all the campaigns against the Indians until the close of the Revolution, was the pioneer who erected Campbell's station, fifteen miles below Knoxville, Tennessee. There, too, at Limestone, lived the Irish father of the famous Davy Crockett.

In mentioning the districts, and some of the families which have been alluded to, we do so to show the relation of Irish settlers with the United States in Colonial days.

They laid out the sites and plans of many towns and cities. They came to America on account of the outrages they had suffered for their civil and religious rights, preferring to encounter the dangers of an Atlantic flitting, rather than abide under the yoke and lash of such an oligarchy.

They were determined, in their new home, to meet oppression with strong resistance, and they were firmly resolved to crush any foe who would attempt to deprive them of the inalienable rights that belonged to every man. They brought with them no love for England, and, as Bancroft, the historian, said, "we shall find the first voice, publicly raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britain, came, not from the Puritans of New England nor the Dutch of New York, nor the planters of Virginia, but from Irish immigrants."

And that priceless boon of liberty, which we have enjoyed from the time soon after that memorable Fourth of July, in 1776, to the present moment, was in no small measure due to the courage, to the bravery, to the determined spirit and persistent zeal of Irishmen, and the sons of Irishmen in the war of the Revolution.

"You have lost America by the Irish!" was the exclamation of a British statesman in the Imperial Parliament, about the time that liberty was secured.

Historians do not seem to say much about this fact, but the records of the army fully sustain it, for, in Mr. P. H. Bagenal's work on the "American Irish," he writes as follows: "As to the actual number of Irishmen who fought in American ranks, we find remarkable, independent historical evidence in a curious volume published in London in 1785, the title page of which professes to be: "the evidence as given before a committee of the House of Commons on the Detail and Conduct of the American War," no less important a personage than the

scholarly Edmund Burke sat in that committee; and this celebrated Irishman in examining a Major-General Robertson, who had served in the army in America for 24 years, elicited a curious and interesting fact. 'How,' asked Burke, 'are the provincial (American) corps composed? Are they mostly American, or emigrants from various nations from Europe?' The answer was, 'General Lee informed me that half the Rebel Continental Army were from Ireland,' Edmund Burke foresaw and warned the government of the outcome of the Revolutionary war, viz: the loss of the colonies if England should persist in its hostilities, and by his unselfish integrity of purpose in eloquently and persistently defending the rights of the colonies all through the war, he showed to the world his greatness of soul and true nobility of purpose, and his name should ever be held in loving memory by the people of these United States of America as a staunch friend and true supporter of constitutional and national liberty whether for the individual or for the nation."

When the embattled farmers fired the shot that was heard around the world, when Major Pitcairn, in command of the British advance, insolently gave the summons, at Lexington, "Disperse, ye rebels," Irishmen were doing duty at Lexington and Concord, and Bunker Hill. When the call came for the enrollment of minute men Celtic blood responded, and nearly 150 Irish names are still preserved, and the recognized leader at the battle of Concord, during the encounter, was Col. Barrett. John Stark, a name familiar to every student of American history, was engaged working on his farm in Londonderry, New Hampshire. His parents had emigrated from the North of Ireland and brought potatoes to this country, and the seed therefrom was propagated very extensively through America.

This daring and distinguished son heard of the massacre at Lexington. In a few hours he raised 800 men. War had no terrors for this brave Celt. Having served through the French and Indian conflicts with credit and distinction, he now took upon himself the duties of a defender of colonial rights. There was one company raised in Bedford which consisted of seventy-one Irishmen, or Irish Americans. These belonged to a New Hampshire Company at the battle of Bunker Hill. Moreover, while some corps were mostly natives, they were also largely composed of Irish.

From this same old granite state came Gen. John Sullivan, the son of a Limerick schoolmaster, and his brother James, who was afterwards Governor of Massachusetts. The former captured the first fort and the first gun in the Revolutionary

War, at Newcastle, in 1774, and over 100 barrels of powder which he secured, were stored in the basement of the old meeting house at Durlham, New Hampshire, the greater part of which was used six months later in the battle of Bunker Hill. When Ethan Allen in that memorable month of May, with his eighty men, paid a very early and unexpected morning call upon the British Commandant at Fort Ticonderoga and demanded in very forcible and laconic terms, an immediate surrender, he had with him that youth, Henry Knox, who was born in Boston of Irish parents, in 1760. This stripling undertook to bring to Cambridge over 100 cannon which were captured and were at this fort besides a number of swivels, small arms and stores. This was certainly a Herculean task in those days, when we consider the difficulties of transit, yet after incredible exertions he conveyed all the military stores safely to their destination. For this great service, he was entrusted by Congress with the command of the Department of the Canadian frontier, with the rank of Brigadier General. He fought at Bunker Hill, Trenton, Princeton, Germantown and Monmouth, and contributed largely to the capture of Cornwallis.

He was raised to the rank of Major-General. He afterwards succeeded Lincoln as Secretary of War, and filled that position with honor and credit.

We cannot pass by a daring deed, one of Maine's contributions to the Revolutionary War, and the name of O'Brien rings with patriotism and bravery. It was in Machias Bay that Jeremiah O'Brien, the eldest of seven brothers, fought the first naval battle for American Independence. Coming from Cork, Ireland, with his father and other members of his family, they made their new home in the settlements of what is now called the "Pine Tree State." The aged father Maurice, and all of the sons, were ardent supporters of Colonial rights. When the English schooner "Margaretta" appeared in Machias Bay, sent over to intimidate and frighten the settlements, this brave family under the leadership of their eldest brother, Jeremiah, made up their minds to capture this vessel; and getting an old cannon, which was the property of the village, they planted it on board a sloop secured for the purpose. Taking every precaution, this heroic band, supported by their brave neighbors, pushed out to attack this schooner, which carried ten guns. They were greeted with outbursts of laughter, with contempt and derision; but oftentimes, "he laughs best who laughs last;" and so it proved; for, having boarded the schooner, after a short and sharp struggle, the commander was compelled to strike his colors. In this battle twenty of the crew of the

schooner were killed and wounded in a hand to hand encounter—among them Capt. Moore, who fell mortally wounded.

Previous to the battle the Captain had threatened to fire on Machias town unless the inhabitants removed a liberty pole they had erected when news reached them of the affair at Lexington. This battle has often been spoken of as the "Lexington of the Seas" for, like that celebrated conflict on land, it was the issue of the people against an equipped force.

After this battle, these same brothers, with their neighbors, captured many valuable prizes in their cruisions along the coast for nearly two years, having been commissioned by the provincial government to take command of many privateers engaged in the capture of British coast survey vessels, which were bringing supplies, and among them the Gen. Patterson, an English armed vessel having on board a number of British officers who were returning from New York to England. In the meantime Jeremiah was captured by two English frigates, was sent to England and confined in Mill prison, from which he afterwards escaped. Some of the descendants of this brave family are inhabitants of the north today, or are scattered through the Great Republic whose independence was secured by the glorious achievements of their ancestors.

Immediately after the Battle of Bunker Hill, said Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet in an address before the American Irish Historical Society in New York, Jan. 19, 1899, every able-bodied man among those emigrants from the North of Ireland entered the American army, and their continuous service and discipline made them the main-stay of the organization until the end of the war. Those Irishmen who had settled in Pennsylvania turned out chiefly under the command of General Hand and Col. William Irving. They were both Irishmen and had served as Surgeons in the British service—Gen. Hand in the Army, Col. Irving in the Navy. Hand was of Catholic parents from the North of Ireland, and his command, composed of Presbyterians, joined the Army before Boston, shortly after Washington took command. Just previous to his arrival there had come a body of Catholic Irishmen from Maryland and lower Pennsylvania, under the command of Col. Stephen Moylan, who was a personal friend of Washington, an Aide on his staff, and an active officer throughout the war. Moylan was a brother to the Catholic Bishop of Cork, Ireland, who was a sincere and devoted friend of the American cause.

From all this, one can form a fair estimate of the great number of Irishmen and Irish Americans who were contributory toward gaining our national independence, and ultimately that

blessed boon of liberty, of which every American citizen is the proud possessor.

They came from every colony under brave and fearless leaders, resolved to sacrifice the last drop of their blood for the attainment of ends which they knew were honorable and justifiable. They were conspicuous in the battles on land and in the engagements on the sea. We note Stark, bravely keeping off the British advance at the rail fence at Bunker Hill and again the hero at Bennington, Dr. Warren giving up his life on the redoubts in the same battle. We seem to behold Montgomery, falling in the face of a murderous fire at the siege of Quebec.

The father of the American navy, Commodore Jack Barry, heroically defending the sea-coast towns from the attacks of the enemy, capturing the first British war vessel that was ever taken by an American cruiser—he was one of the men who could not be bought, for, when Lord Howe offered him about \$80,000, and the command of a British ship of the line, in return for his services in the British Navy, the offer was flung back with scorn, and the assurance that Britain possessed neither money nor honors enough to buy him. And when he was protecting the Supply ship *Luzerne*, with a large amount of specie from Havana, from the attack of a British fleet, after conquering the enemy, he was hailed with the inquiry: "Who are you?"—and the world knows his answer, "The U. S. Ship Alliance, saucy Jack Barry, half Irishman, half Yankee. Who are you?"

Many of the officers of the American Navy learned their lessons of skill, valor and proud patriotism under him. Washington was his special friend. He was just as admirable and loving in private as in public life. He died as he had lived, a consistent, practical Catholic. He had no children and left the greater part of his property to an orphan asylum.

In the coming month of May, a monument is to be erected to the memory of this patriotic, able and courageous naval commander, in the City of Washington. His allegiance to the cause of liberty could never be divided. His love of America and American principles could never be questioned.

Again, we behold Gen. Anthony Wayne, one of the bravest and most brilliant officers of the American Revolution, born in the Irish settlements of Chester County, Penn., (to which his Irish parents had emigrated in the early part of the 18th century), we see him, with Gen. Thompson, moving on Canada, where he was severely wounded; serving under Gen. Gates, at Ticonderoga, where he brought into service his great skill as

an engineer. Again at the battle of Brandywine, where, with very inferior forces, he held the enemy at bay; at Germantown, where he displayed his great ability as a leader, and when he was entrusted by Gen. Washington with the taking of Stony Point on the Hudson, the formidable position with one side protected by the river, so true did he prove to the confidence placed within him that, for this great achievement, he received a gold medal and the thanks of Congress.

We could mention other names and a record of other valorous deeds that were conducive to the drafting of the Declaration of Independence, the greatest document even penned and which bore the signatures of nine men who were of Irish birth or parentage. The immortal John Hancock, the first signer, was of Irish descent, his ancestors having emigrated from the County Down, Ireland.

In the school histories of the United States, Patrick Henry is the only prominent one mentioned bearing the Christian name so peculiar to Ireland, and as taking an active part in the war of the Revolution; but from various sources there has been gathered a list of nearly 250 Patricks who served in the Army either as officers or private soldiers, and in giving due prominence to the names we have mentioned, we do not forget those valiant men who were of the rank and file and who were instrumental in procuring for future generations that glorious heritage of a civil and religious liberty.

In the war of 1812, when the rights of American seamen were imposed upon and England sent Men-of-War to stop and search American vessels, not only on the ocean but even on our coasts, the result was that, in a few years, six thousand American seamen were seized and compelled to serve in the English Navy.

The names of Commodore Perry, Commodore Thomas McDonough and General Andrew Jackson will ever be cherished as deserving the gratitude of the American nation—all with Celtic blood in their veins, together with other Irish Americans who performed signal service on land and sea.

In the war with Mexico, the names of Zachary Taylor, Brigadier-General, James Shields, who afterwards served in the Confederate War, Commodore David Connor, who directed the operations of the fleet, Major-General of Volunteers, Robert Patterson, Gen. Stevens Watt Kearney, who conducted an army over the plains through New Mexico and California, Col. Pierce M. Butler, who fell fighting at Cherubusco, son of the South Carolina Senator of the Revolutionary War and of Irish descent, besides those prominent Irish Celts, a host of others

whose names are on record, and who, like their noble ancestors, were contributing their share towards the rise and progress of this liberty-loving nation.

It is not necessary, neither do we propose to institute any comparisons between the leaders or private soldiers of the Civil War.

It was one of the most cruel, the most dreadful and the most stubbornly contested of any war in modern times. It was a fratricidal war—a terrible contest between brothers. Irishmen fought against those of their own kin, as did others who did not have within them the elements of Celtic origin. The patriotism of the Irish race never underwent such a severe test of loyalty to their adopted country as was experienced when the immortal Lincoln issued a call for volunteers to save the Union, yet never was purer metal melted in a crucible. They responded in numbers so large that many regiments from the North were composed altogether of Irishmen and those of Irish descent.

The Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers and the 28th Massachusetts were so markedly Irish that the State gave them full permission to carry the green flag of Erin beside the Stars and Stripes, and during the whole war Irish valor and Irish gallantry were never wanting.

Whether we behold the brilliant and dashing Sheridan flying through the Valley of the Shenandoah and coming upon his retreating and despairing soldiers, with a voice ringing out above the very din of battle turn a disastrous and seemingly inextricable rout into a complete and glorious victory. Gen. George Gordon Meade, in command at Gettysburg, of Irish descent, and whose grandfather was one of the original members of the sons of St. Patrick of Philadelphia.

The Irish Brigade, under the gallant Meagher, giving exhibitions over and over again of courage and invincible pluck which earned for them the praise and admiration of the whole army, or the thousands of other Irish soldiers who fought with that same determination, we are impressed with the loyalty they manifested toward the preservation of the Union, as did their ancestors in colonial days for the principles of civil and religious liberty.

When that quiet, dignified, modest and lamented Pres. McKinley called for troops to resent the insult that had been offered to liberty's emblem, he found none more willing to respond than those of Celtic blood, and from all over the Union they came ready and willing to endure whatever hardships might be in store for them, and today the Island of Cuba lives

in the enjoyment of a liberty that will be conducive to greater blessings for a happy and peaceful future.

“By that grim mouth which once belched death  
 But now has known of war surcease  
 These many years the violets nod  
 And dandelions light the sod  
 Once dark with blood of men Dear God,  
 We thank Thee for the day of peace.”

And peace hath her heroes, no less renowned than war. Ireland has contributed to America's progress in times of peace in divers ways. The genius of the Irish race has been manifested in the world of invention; Robert Fulton bridged the gulf that separated conception and achievement, and his practical mind justly entitled him to be called the father of navigation. Born of Irish parents he eventually adopted the profession of Civil Engineer. In 1807 he completed a steamboat which successfully navigated the Hudson. In 1814 he designed an armed steamship for the defense of the harbor of New York and a submarine vessel capable of holding 100 men, the plans of which were sanctioned by the Government, and he was ordered to construct them at Government expense, but before these works could be completed he passed away, and his death was looked upon as a public calamity.

That wonderful invention of Samuel F. B. Morse, the electric telegraph, that brings the whole world before us in the morning newspaper, confers a debt of gratitude on his scientific mind that can never be reckoned. In 1854, when Cyrus W. Field of New York wrote to Prof. Morse in regard to the practicability of his invention in the working of a cable across the Atlantic, he was assured of his entire confidence, and we have that wonderful means of transmitting messages under the ocean.

Cyrus H. McCormick, of Irish extraction, patented a combination reaper and mower in 1834, which he afterwards so improved as to make it the necessary basis of all reapers. In competitive trials at home and abroad the American mowers and reapers have demonstrated that they are superior to all others. In London and Paris it has been proven beyond question that the American machine can cut an acre of grain in much less time than those of foreign invention. One of the largest branches of this business today is in Russia, and that country is enabled by reason of McCormick's invention to gather its vast amount of agricultural products with greater



facility and satisfaction. And when they are ready to be sent away we have the splendid steamboat and railroad system of James J. Hill, whose parents came from the same province in Ireland as those of McCormick, the wonderful land and water service which allows America to communicate with the empires of the eastern world, and if Mr. Hill happened to be pressed for rolling stock, he could obtain the assistance of Samuel Sloan, born at Lisburn, Ireland, and who was President of the Hudson River Railroad, and later of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, the Marquette, Houghton and Ontonagon Railroad of Michigan, and the Great Northern Texas.

In some of the great engineering feats accomplished in this country, might be mentioned the names of William Mulholland, Chief Engineer of the Los Angeles Water Works and under whose supervision water was brought to the city from the Sierra Nevada mountains, two hundred and fifty miles away, by the construction of the Los Angeles aqueduct, and which stamps him as one of the most remarkable men in his line in recent times. His services are also valuable to the United States as an expert on irrigation.

As an electrical engineer, John F. Kelley of Pittsfield, Mass., a man who has received nearly a hundred United States patents for the utilization of electricity. In long distance high tension transmission work he was an early contributor.

Walter Shanley of County Leitrim, Ireland, who was engineer of the great Hoosac Tunnel. Dennis Hart Mahan, one of the ablest of American Civil and Military engineers, was of Irish extraction, born in New York City in 1802, April 2; graduated from West Point in 1824, at the head of his class, was retained there as assistant professor of mathematics and engineering for two years, then sent to Europe on professional duty; remained there four years, fifteen months in the engineering school at Metz, then returned and was appointed Professor of Civil and Military Engineering at West Point, which he held up to his death, Sept. 16, 1871.

His reputation in his profession was world wide, and his works are of the highest authority on matters treated. Among them are "Field Fortifications," "Military Mining and Siege Erections," "Permanent Fortifications," "Course of Civil Engineering," "Advance-guard, Out-post and Detachment, Service of Troops," besides many other valuable additions to science.

As presidents of great corporations both in the mercantile and banking line, the names of Irishmen are prominent in industries and in savings institutions in great cities. In the city

of Pittsburgh, Pa., for example, where it is said there are more powerful banks and more millions per capita than in any other large city outside of New York, Thomas Mellon, born in the County Tyrone, was the leading bank man for years. Samuel G. Bayne, from Ulster province, did not come to America until he was twenty-five years old. He accumulated a great fortune in the oil fields and started a bank in Bradford, Pa., and afterwards organized national banks in Minnesota, Ohio, New York, Texas, Mississippi and Kansas, and notwithstanding his busy life he found time to write several books on different scientific and many literary subjects. The Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank of New York, with deposits aggregating nearly \$125,000,000, and with something like 140,000 depositors in its personnel is almost wholly Irish. It has carried on its work by successful management for over 60 years, a splendid example of Irish trust, Irish thrift and Irish efficiency.

The story of Mackay, Flood, Daley, O'Brien and Fair, all native born Irishmen, reads like a wonderful fairy tale. Coming to this country in the latter part of the '40s, with their wonderful business qualifications and thorough knowledge of engineering, they extracted from the Rocky Mountains untold treasures, that made them the most powerful money kings of their generation. They established banks and controlled financial concerns of great magnitude, men with true Irish hearts and of princely generosity.

The industrial history of many of the great cities of the West has been influenced in no small way by the remarkable efforts and untiring business acumen of Patrick, Michael and John Cudahy, three brothers whom the famine of the late '40s drove from Kilkenny County to this country. Having been denied the privileges of a free education by tyrannical laws, they entered the public schools of Milwaukee, where they remained only a few years. They started out equipped only with the ordinary advantages of a common laborer, doing daily work in the meat packing houses of Milwaukee. By persistent and determined effort they rose to partnership and finally ownership of the great meat packing establishment of the West, and at the present time they are looked upon as men who accomplished one of the most remarkable feats in industrial advancement, and a large amount of the stock which they handle in their establishment comes from the cattle ranges in Nevada and Wyoming, owned and supervised by George Russell and Timothy Kenney, both of whom were born in Ireland and who came to this country as emigrants.

Among the names of many Irishmen who have reached a

prominent place in business circles of America are those of A. T. Stewart, whose great store in New York had the largest retail department in the world. He began life as a poor boy, selling Irish laces, and after his death the sum of (\$40,000,000) forty million dollars was said to be his fortune; Anthony N. Brady, the proprietor of several large tea stores in Troy and Albany, whose earnings reached such large figures and his investments in railroads, gas plants, foundry supplies and electrical appliances proved so successful that he left a tremendous fortune, and he was one of the most charitable men in the United States, John D. Crimmins, the New York building contractor who has erected anywhere from four hundred to six hundred structures, many of them skyscrapers, in many of the cities of the United States. He held office in many organizations; John Flannery of County Tipperary, the Savannah Cotton King, and Thomas F. Walsh, from the same county, whose great business qualifications enabled him to accumulate from the Western mines an amount to make him many times a millionaire.

Thomas Fortune Ryan, one of the shrewdest financiers in America, comes of Irish stock and is a living example and positive proof that a people who resent persecution make excellent colonists and their descendants make the very best material for citizenship. Indeed our whole national system consists of a harmonious blending of the stock of Irish strain with that of other persecuted pilgrims.

Thirteen years ago this very month of March, Mr. F. Spencer Baldwin wrote an article in the New England Magazine in which the question is asked, "Where do the Irish emigrants settle?" and he answered the question by saying that "the great majority settle in the cities of the Atlantic seaboard. He further states that "the explanation is simple enough from the fact "they had neither money, skill or knowledge." We will not gainsay the money part, but as far as knowledge and skill are concerned let him remember the names of the men whom we have mentioned, and others whom we would be pleased to honor if circumstances and time were at our disposal. It was very natural in the early days for immigrants to take up their abode in that part of America where civilization manifested itself. The time for the development of the West and Northwest had not come. In the year 1850, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, a man of fine literary accomplishments and patriotic sympathies, entertained the opinion that the future of the Irish lay in the newer states. In furtherance of this view he co-operated with others in calling an Irish-American Convention at

Buffalo to promote Western emigration. In this he was opposed by the most illustrious and one of the ablest of the Catholic prelates of America, Most Rev. John Hughes, Archbishop of New York. This splendid type of Catholic priest and exemplary citizen, who, in 1851, laid the corner stone of the grandest religious structure in the New World, (St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York), and who, in 1861, on the breaking out of the Southern Rebellion after frequent consultations with the immortal Lincoln and Secretary of State Seward, was sent by the Government on a special mission to Europe in relation to the attitude of England and France. And the President was so pleased with the result of his labors, that he officially indicated to the Pope that this Government would be pleased to see Archbishop Hughes elevated to the Cardinalcy. He was one of the ablest minds of his day and one of the glories of the Catholic Church in America.

This was the great man who was at that time opposed to Irish emigration to the Western parts of the country, and even if the Bishop had said nothing, conditions were adverse. There was at this time a great development of industries in the East, and the Irish immigrants instead of applying themselves to the occupation of agriculture and farming, for which they were so naturally fitted, on account of the excellent fertility and richness of the soil in their own dear native land, very likely were attracted to those industries which could furnish them a means for gaining a livelihood, and the mills and the mines of the East were far more preferable than the barren wastes and wilds of the West. But as emigration continued others like those whom we have mentioned above, began to move Westward, when circumstances and opportunities presented themselves to their advantage, and today many giants of this republic of Irish extraction may be found beyond the Alleghanies and still farther across the Rockies. In Iowa, for instance, according to the census of 1890, there were over fifty thousand people of Irish nationality pursuing peaceful occupations, twenty-five thousand of whom were engaged in agriculture.

In the Dakotas, of fourteen thousand persons of Irish maternity, nearly eight thousand were farmers. In Wisconsin of fifty thousand persons of Irish maternity pursuing gainful occupations, twenty-two thousand were engaged in farming, and so on in many of the other North Central States of the West. From this we would say to those writers who seem to be so impressed with the way the Irish race congest American cities, and seem to think that our people avoid what their best interests dictate. viz: settlement on the farms—to these critics

we would suggest that they look over these figures and not be in such a hurry to arrive at alarming or despondent conclusions. It has been truly said that Irish immigration not only swelled the numerical preponderance of the North, but also set in motion Western emigration of Northern people, thereby building up the great Northwestern States which gave the non-slave holding Commonwealths at the outbreak of the rebellion, a majority in Congress."

The assumption that the Irish in great proportions congregate in cities, in lieu of smaller towns, is eventually misleading, as it can be applied to immigrants who have come from other countries. Taking the census returns of 1890, for these were the ones available, when the writer in the *New England Magazine* of 1901, wrote the article, we find that for the thirty large cities of the United States the German born population exceeds the Irish born population in twenty-three cities, including New York, Chicago, Brooklyn and St. Louis.

Of the Irish born population in 1890, 56% was found in the 124 principal American cities; 48% of the German population was also found in these cities. Of the whole number of Russians, Poles and Italians 57%, 58% and 59% respectively were found in the principal cities, these three foreign elements being more inclined even than the Irish to crowd in the cities.

There is nothing that better distinguishes the refinement and nobility of a race than the character and self-sacrificing work of its women. Everywhere throughout the length and breadth of America there are examples of women who are silently and without ostentation sending in a contribution of untold value, a powerful adjuvant in strengthening the moral growth and progress of this nation. We see them moving about clad in the garb of the various sisterhoods, we find them on the battle-field mitigating suffering, assuaging pain, comforting the dying; in times of peace instructing the youth, feeding the orphan, visiting the sick, ministering to the afflicted, caring for the aged, and engaged in divers other occupations of a lofty and dignified nature. The names of many of the daughters of Erin may be found in this book of noble deeds, and the splendid work which they accomplish is of immeasurable value in the making of the history of a nation. For when these moral props begin to tremble and totter look out for a speedy and inevitable ruin.

A certain writer says that "the contributions of the Irish to the higher arts of civilization in this country, it must be frankly stated, have been comparatively few and small," and

he mentions, among these, music, painting and architecture. All Irishmen will ever cherish the name of Samuel Lover, the talented novelist and song writer, who paid a visit to the United States in 1848 and was graciously received. His "Rory O'Moore," "Molly Bawn," "Low-back'd Car," "Molly Carew," and other popular Irish songs, are sung today and are just as soul-inspiring as when they were written. The grandson of this same Samuel Lover is none other than our own Victor Herbert, who is Irish born and of real Irish stock. This celebrated composer has written nearly twenty-five operas which entitle him to credit from the best musical critics. Moreover, he is a soloist of note and is second to none as an orchestra leader. Ethelbert Nevin wrote "Narcissus," "The Rosary" and other immortal compositions. And to those who ever heard Patrick Gilmore's band they cannot but remember the sweet music that was often rendered by that famous collection of musical artists. It was an Irishman, Dominick Lynch, who introduced Italian opera in this country, the man who also was the founder of Rome, N. Y.

In painting there is John Singleton Copley, the eminent American artist, born in Boston in 1737, the son of Irish parents from the County Clare. He painted a picture of his half brother which he sent to Benjamin West to be entered in the Royal Academy and which West declared was a marvel of coloring as well as artistic in design and drawing. He even invited the young artist to come to England and make his house his home. While he did not accept the invitation he went abroad shortly afterwards, and while in Parma made a copy of "St. Jerome" for Lord Grosvenor, which is said to be the finest ever produced. Among his other works are "A boy rescued from a shark in the Harbor of Havana," "The Western Family," "Siege of Gibraltar," painted for the City of London and hanging in the Council Chamber of Guild Hall; "Abraham's Sacrifice," "Hager and Ishmael," "The Nativity," besides innumerable portraits in England and America. That other American artist, born in Ireland in 1796, Charles Ingham, founder of the National Academy of Design, who as a portrait painter ranked among the first of his day. George P. A. Healy, born in Boston of Irish parents, 1813, whose most important works were "Franklin's Urging the Claims of America before Louis XVI, King of France," and "Webster's Reply to Hayne." William J. Hennessey, born in Thomastown, County Kilkenny, in 1839, whose works in oil and water colors are greatly prized, among them, "In Memoriam," "The Wanderers." "On the Sands," "Autumn on the New England Hills," "A Summer

Sea," "The Gleaners' Return," "New England Berry Pickers" and many other excellent productions.

Thomas Crawford, the distinguished American sculptor of Irish extraction, executed the equestrian statue of Washington for the State of Virginia, and it may be seen in the City of Richmond. His colossal statue, "Armed Liberty," on the dome of the capitol at Washington, is a masterpiece. Besides these he left over sixty other contributions to art which are monuments to the works of his head and hand. He was the father of F. Marion Crawford, the distinguished novelist. Among the men and women who have been prominent in the profession of teaching and who have been important factors in the building up of excellent systems of education, no one is perhaps better known than William H. Maxwell, Superintendent of the Public Schools of greater New York for the past fifteen years. Previous to this he was for eleven years Superintendent of Schools of Brooklyn, N. Y. The length of time he has occupied these very responsible positions, this County Tyrone man, must have given unmistakable evidence that he is the possessor of a wonderful adaptability for organization and supervision. He was not only born in Ireland, but received his education in that Island and did not come to America until he was twenty-five years of age.

And that legion of teachers in the public schools of Irish blood, men and women, among them Margaret Healey and Catherine Goggin of Chicago, who have fought so determinedly and persistently for the rights of teachers and better conditions for teachers and pupils, and whose efforts have been attended with such excellent results, which enables all the members of the profession of teaching to give the best that is within them for the future progress and glory of America.

From early colonial times to the present day, Irish brawn has been instrumental in developing the natural resources of this continent. It has been evident in every kind of manual labor, not only in the large cities, but in towns, villages and hamlets. They have constructed roads, built railroads, dug canals, and as one writer says, "They have carried cities on their backs." They have worked mines and run factories. They have worked hard and withal with the greatest amount of good nature, and many of the greatest edifices in this country are resting on foundations that were laid by the hands of Irish tradesmen. Irish brain has been represented in all the most important offices in the gift of Nation, State and Municipality. Eight of our Presidents have been the recipients of a generous infusion of Irish blood. Many of our ambassadors have been

Irish or of Irish descent, Justices of all Courts from the Supreme Court of the United States down to the District Courts of cities and towns have had representatives of the Irish race; Members of Congress, too numerous to mention, Governors of States, including Joseph M. Carey of Wyoming, father of the "Carey Act," which gave to the Western States the proper idea of irrigation; Edward F. Dunne of Illinois, McGovern of Wisconsin, Burke of North Dakota, Tener of Philadelphia, Higgins of Rhode Island, and our own beloved and splendid example of true American citizenship, Gov. David I. Walsh of Massachusetts.

And America must remember the many sacrifices and deprivations of the Irish sons and daughters who labored in factories, mercantile establishments, offices and the divers other humming industries whose unceasing toil and pure lives placed within reach of other sisters and brothers the possibility of the attainment of honorable and trustworthy positions.

We might speak of the uplifting effect that the drama has exercised in the progress of American ideals and mention the names of Lawrence Barrett, Dion Bouccicault, John Brougham, Bartley Campbell, Augustin Daly, Joseph Jefferson, John McCullough, Barney Williams, among those of Irish extraction.

The roll of honor of celebrated Irish Divines is a long one of men who have achieved notable prominence in their chosen field of labor, and who have been most potent factors in everything that pertains to the great moral strides that have been made in American advancement. We do not have to go very far back to find the names of some of those eminent citizens. But from the earliest times many of our most noted clergymen, both Catholic and Protestant, have been Irish. Among Protestants, Dr. John Hall and Dr. William Rainsford, are names that were revered on account of their broadness of mind, while among Catholics, the eminent Cardinals, whose sympathetic and tolerant characters have won them a large place in the affections of the American people.

With such master minds as those of Archbishops Ireland, Keane, Glennon, and many others, besides the great number of Bishops, devoted pastors and self-sacrificing curates, many of whom have won national fame, in the exposition of the principles of truth, moderation and justice. We have not referred to Ireland's contributions to the professions or in the domain of American literature. These subjects will be considered in future lectures and we have no doubt that the list of Irish names prominent in these fields will be alike worthy and creditable.

But from all that we have said, does it not seem truly won-



derful that a race of people, suffering for hundreds of years from persecution and intolerance, with their industry and energies paralyzed by an odious and iniquitous system of tyrannical rule, with a gross misrepresentation of her ancient history and illustrious development in learning, law, music and architecture, with her literature including previous manuscripts recording momentous facts of many centuries either destroyed or hidden from the world, with even her native language abolished, and the teaching of which was made a felony for one hundred years, with all these and many other deprivations—does it not seem amazing that the Irish race, or any other race of people under like circumstances could ever thrive in any land or under any sun? All these men by their nature loved Ireland, even though she was poor, distressed and suffering, and they loved America with both heart and head, for it had given them freedom, homes and honorable careers, and what they could have given to their own native land, under different conditions, they contributed to America for her glory and her progress.

We have purposely refrained during the course of our remarks from the use of the term "Scotch Irish," which to us is a very dubious one, a gigantic bubble which, when pierced with the needle of investigation, explodes and releases a wonderful volume of air with an exceedingly high temperature.

Many of those Irishmen, whose parents emigrated from the North of Ireland, like those of Horace Greeley, the celebrated American Journalist, are called Scotch-Irish in some of their biographies, which many anti-Irish writers are in the habit of calling all North of Irelanders. This is seemingly one of the fraudulent ways by which Ireland is robbed or at least striven to be, of the credit and honor of her children. To show the absurdity of this Scotch-Irish term, we need only remember that the rebellion of 1798 was mainly supported and maintained by the Irish Protestants of the North. They founded a secret society known by the name of "United Irishmen," and in that war, which only lasted five months and which cost England anywhere from \$150,000,000 to \$250,000,000, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone died, and of the leaders of the United Irishmen fully two-thirds were Protestants and Presbyterians. And it was Irish Protestants of the same kind, or their brethren, as devoted and patriotic Irish as men could be, who mainly settled the Northern parts of New England before the days of the Revolution and who were, with their Irish fire and eloquence, the great inspirers of the American people in their determined and successful resistance to British tyranny, and well they might, as they brought over with them from the old

land an undying hatred to English oppression and English perfidy.

It is not necessary to say that such is not a Scotch failing, for they seem to take a pride as a rule in outdoing Englishmen themselves in loyalty to the British Crown.

It has been said that Irishmen have faults. Yes, we freely admit that this is true; but, let the nation or historian or any man who is without the same cast the stone of accusation. But we feel as though we may reasonably assume that when the ledger is opened and a balance is struck, the virtues of the Irish race will greatly outnumber their many imperfections.

And for what purpose is this all written? Is it to engender prejudice in those who may mistake the motives that were in the mind of the writer and to influence the distinction of class against class in all that pertains to the advancement and prosperity of this great Republic of the Western world? Positively and emphatically we answer in the negative. With a very generous infusion of Irish blood in our veins, as children of Irish parents, whose hands were calloused and shriveled in obtaining the necessary means for bestowing on their children an education of which they were so cruelly denied, we take a pardonable pride in beholding the names of those of our own race, taking a prominent place with other builders of this nation, and those hundreds of others less conspicuous perhaps, whose deeds and whose sacrifices were instrumental in a great degree for the blessings we now inherit. The names we have mentioned are only a few from the long list that could be produced, but which answer our purpose in direct refutation of the charges of those malefactors who have misrepresented the true characteristics of the Irish people and falsely given them the appellation of "weak, lazy, broken, miserable, purposeless incapables, to contradict the statements that the Irish race were dreamers about ancient greatness that was all a lie, and about future freedom and honor that were all a delusion, and that God and nature had made them past and future subjects to the wise, good, unselfish, gentle English nation that went about the world helping weak countries to be free and civilized and Christian."

These were the true motives that prompted us to dilate in a very humble way on some of the achievements of the Irish race in America. To show that they were willing to make any sacrifice for the attainment of honorable and praise worthy ends. They despised religious intolerance. Irish Catholics loved men like Emmet, Wolfe Tone, Plunkett and Henry Grattan, although they were of a different religious persuasion;

they admired them because they loved Ireland, and more especially from the fact that these noblemen had the courage of their convictions and the fearlessness to express them.

“Rise in the silence of these silent years  
Rise while the unwrit stone is rolled away  
And us to higher, nobler accents move  
Proud Emmet of the lion-heart.”

“When my country shall have taken her stand among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written,” comes ringing down through all the years, and his last request has ever remained sacred, for no artisan as yet has chiseled the stone that marks the site of his lonely grave, but his epitaph is written deep down in the hearts of every true son and daughter of Erin and all their lineal descendants, inspiring them with the thought that love of country, secondary only to love of God, should be one of the principal aims of our lives. Love of country, love of neighbor; mindful of the glorious deeds and great sacrifices of our ancestors, by imitating their example we shall perpetuate their memories by safeguarding the precious legacies that have been bequeathed to us and that all our energies whether in civil, religious or industrial life, shall be exerted in behalf of the moral, physical and intellectual growth of these, our own bright, glorious and free United States of America—your home and mine.





## Michael F. Fallon, M. D.

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Dr. Michael F. Fallon is a native of Worcester, Mass., born July 16, 1863, son of James Fallon and Mary (Dyer) Fallon. He attended the Worcester grammar schools and completed his studies in the Worcester Classical High School in 1881. He was graduated from Holy Cross College in 1884, and from the Harvard Medical School in 1887. He spent two years at Heidelberg, Vienna and Strassberg in post graduate studies.

Dr. Fallon has been surgeon-in-chief at St. Vincent Hospital, Worcester, for a number of years. He is a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society and a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons. He is a Director of the Worcester Free Public Library. Dr. Fallon is married to Ella J. Ford, formerly of Springfield, Mass.



Sincerely Yours:-

Michael H. Fallon





# The Irish in Medicine and Surgery

—BY—

DR. MICHAEL F. FALLON

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The study of the lives of prominent Irish physicians requires the study of the history of many nations, since during a long period owing to the penal laws, a youth was not permitted to study medicine in Ireland. But Ireland's loss was the gain of other nations, since we find doctors of Irish descent prominent in nearly all the countries of Europe. And during the time of the penal laws, some of these exiled Irish men, became professors of medicine in various universities of the continent, and some of them became leading physicians, and even attending physicians to the rulers of continental countries.

Dr. O'Hagan was royal physician in Spain in the time of Charles V. Dr. Quinlan became physician to the Emperor of Russia; and in France, George Mareschall became the first surgeon to King Louis XIV. The life of Dr. Mareschall reads like a romance. He was the son of an Irish captain of cavalry who served under Louis XIII, and born at Calais, France, in 1685. He was left an orphan at the age of thirteen. He went to Paris, and aspired to be a surgeon. He was penniless, and without friends. He obtained a position as physician in one of the convent hospitals, and such was his ability and industry, that he was appointed attending surgeon to the Charity hospital. He was called in consultation when Louis XIV was suffering from a severe illness, and was given credit for saving the King's life.

After this, his rise was phenomenally rapid, and in 1703, Dr. Mareschall became first surgeon to the King, and during the remainder of the King's life, Mareschall was not only his attending surgeon, but also his confidential adviser. He was raised to the nobility by Louis, and when Louis XIV died, Mareschall was appointed first surgeon to Louis XV. In addition to the high standing in court circles, Dr. Mareschall was noted for his successful efforts to elevate the practice of surgery throughout France. He was made chief of surgery of the kingdom, and organized surgical practice in such a way, that all

surgical study, and license to practice surgery, came under the control of the chief of surgery. He founded the Royal Academy of Surgery in 1732. He was the recipient of many honors, and when he died, in 1736, he was held in the highest esteem and affection by the Court, and by his colleagues, because of his noble character and untarnished reputation.

During the time of the penal laws, while it was not permitted an Irish Catholic to study medicine in Ireland, still, he could, after having taken his degree in a foreign country, return to Ireland to practice medicine. A glimpse of such a physician of the 17th century is given us in a charming description by Dr. James Walsh.

Dr. Thomas Arthur of Limerick, the leading physician of Ireland in his day, was a contemporary of Harvey, the famous physician who gave us our first knowledge of the circulation of the blood. This was in the early part of the 17th century. Dr. Arthur had to go to France to study medicine, and when he returned to Ireland, he in time became a famous physician. His case book, which was written in Latin, has been made known to us by Dr. Walsh.

This book contains an account of some very interesting diseases, and also of some of the Doctor's patients. Although he was recognized as a skillful physician, the fact of his being Catholic, debarred him from practice among society people; but even bigotry had to yield to his skill. Dr. Walsh gives us an interesting account of his successful treatment of the famous Protestant Archbishop Ussher. The Archbishop, whom Dr. Arthur calls the "pseudo-primate of Armagh," had been under the care of the royal physician of England, and had obtained no relief. In despair, he turned to Dr. Arthur, who diagnosed his case, and treated it successfully. Dr. Arthur says in reference to his treatment of the Archbishop, "My hopes were not disappointed. The grave and absorbing malady, which had eluded all the efforts of my distinguished colleagues in England, in a man so eminent and conspicuous for his erudition, and which now yielded to my efforts, made me celebrated and welcome among the English, though before this, because of my Catholicity, I had been thoroughly detested."

What a sad, sad commentary on the times is this last sentence! A good man, and a skillful physician, thoroughly detested because of his Catholicity!

And despite such treatment, it was of Irish Catholics that the Duke of Wellington, an Irishman and a Protestant, said, "It is mainly to the Irish Catholics that we all owe our proud pre-eminence in our military career."

There is probably no museum in the world, that contains material of greater interest in scientific value, than the British museum. The founder of the collection that formed the basis of the museum was an Irishman, Dr. Hans Sloane, born in Ireland, in 1660.

He not alone was a celebrated physician, but was eminent as a botanist and a chemist. He, at one time, was chief physician to the English West Indian fleet, and made a remarkable collection of the fauna and flora of Jamaica. Many honors were bestowed upon him, the greatest honor was when he was made President of the Royal Society, succeeding Sir Isaac Newton. His industry in collecting scientific material was remarkable, and his immense collection from which the British museum had its origin, contained about forty-four thousand books, manuscripts, and drawings; thirty-two thousand medals and coins; one thousand one hundred antiques; three thousand cameos, seals, and precious stones; five hundred vessels of agate and jasper; eighteen hundred crystals; six thousand shells, and many other scientific objects.

Another Irishman who was a surgeon in a foreign country, was Barry Edward O'Meara, who was surgeon to Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena. Dr. O'Meara was born in Ireland, and was the naval surgeon on the *Bellerophon* in 1815, when Napoleon surrendered on board that vessel. He became a favorite of Napoleon, and at Napoleon's request, was sent with him to St. Helena, as his medical attendant. Dr. O'Meara died in London in 1836. His grand-daughter, a resident of Paris, was a celebrated literary woman. She wrote under the pen name of Grace Ramsey.

## THE IRISH SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

Towards the middle of the 19th century, Dublin became one of the most famous medical centers of the world. Physicians came from everywhere to study under Drs. Graves, Stokes and Corrigan. The most prominent of this trio was Dr. Graves, who received his medical degree at the University of Dublin, in 1818, and then spent three years in study in the leading hospitals of Europe. Dr. Graves was an original investigator, and he revolutionized certain medical practises that had held sway for centuries. He instituted new methods of treatment in some fevers, in diseases of the chest, and in certain intestinal diseases. The benefits that he conferred on mankind by his changes in the treatment of fevers alone, entitle him to immortality in medical biography.

Previous to this time, it had always been the practice to starve fevers. Dr. Graves changed this, and instituted the method known as "forced feeding." He contended that fever patients with their senses benumbed would not call for food, and might die from starvation, unless they were fed sufficiently. Under his treatment of feeding patients, the results were immeasurably better than with the former treatment, when such patients were starved.

One day, when Dr. Graves was visiting the hospital, he commented on the healthy appearance of some patients who had gone through a long siege of typhus fever, and he exclaimed, "This is all the effects of good feeding: and lest, when I am gone, you may be at a loss for an epitaph for me, let me give you one in three words: 'He fed fevers.'"

Dr. Graves likewise revolutionized the treatment of consumption, and the methods that are in use today, are practically those that he instituted. Previous to this, consumption was held to be an inflammatory disease, and the patient was confined to the house, protected from the cold, with but very little attention to diet. Dr. Graves proved that this was the wrong treatment, advised the consumptive to stay out of doors, and take plenty of nourishment. His treatment of consumption instituted almost one hundred years ago, is the treatment in use today, and it is a remarkable fact that although Dr. Graves proved that the old time treatment of consumption was wrong, and although he advocated fresh air, plenty of nourishment, proper bathing, yet his methods did not become generally adopted until recently.

Dr. Graves gave an original description of the disease known as "Exophthalmic Goitre," and this disease is generally known as "Graves' Disease." He made very valuable and life saving contributions on the causation and spread of cholera, and he was the first to show clearly, that cholera travelled, and travelled only along lines of human contact.

Dr. Graves was remarkable in many ways other than in his proficiency in medicine. When a youth, travelling on the continent of Europe, he once met a famous artist, Turner. They became congenial companions, and travelled together for months in Bohemian style without even knowing or asking each other's names. One time, during a storm in the Mediterranean, Graves put down a mutiny on board ship, smashing the life boat with an axe, overpowered the panic stricken captain, took command of the crew, repaired the leaking pumps with leather from his own boots, and successfully brought the vessel into port, through his competent seamanship.

Dr. Stokes, another of the leaders of the Irish School of Medicine, was a friend of Dr. Graves. Stokes' father was a professor of medicine in Trinity College. Stokes, as a boy, was not studious, and preferred like many of the boys of the present day, the reading of novels and poetry to study. He was the despair of his parents. But a change came over him.

"One day, while reading a novel, he fell asleep, but shortly afterward was awakened by some warm drops falling on his face, started up, and saw his mother bending over him. Her tears had awakened him. Stung with remorse, at having been the cause of so much suffering, his nature appeared to undergo a complete and salutary change, and the dreamy, indolent boy suddenly became the ardent, enthusiastic student."

Dr. Stokes received his medical education in Edinburg, and when he returned to Dublin, he was elected physician to Meath hospital, succeeding his father. Drs. Stokes and Graves worked harmoniously together in this hospital for almost thirty years, and after Dr. Graves' death, Dr. Stokes was considered to be the ablest physician in Europe. He was especially proficient in diseases of the chest and of the lungs. Even today, his book on diseases of the heart is authoritative, and many of his original observations on the lungs and on the heart are still universally accepted. Certain forms of heart disease have been named after Dr. Graves and Dr. Stokes. Both Dr. Graves and Dr. Stokes were noted for their kindness to the poor.

The third member of the Irish school of medicine was Sir Dominick Corrigan, who was an authority especially on heart diseases. His investigations on certain kinds of heart diseases were so accurate, and his descriptions so perfect, that even today they are considered authoritative. The remarkable thing about this masterpiece was that it was written seven years after his graduation, and from a study of patients in a hospital so small, that it had only six beds. Dr. Walsh says of this achievement, "He did not visit his hospital merely to see his patients, but to study the cases carefully. His success is only another example of the necessity for seeing much, and not so many things, if there is to be any real progress. Now-a-days, physicians scarcely consider that they have any hospital experience, unless they are attending physician to several hospitals, seeing at least one hundred patients a week.

The result is that patients do not receive the skilled care they should, and that advance in medicine suffers because of the opportunities for clinical observations, while a busy attending physician rushes through a ward, and the resident physician has only time for routine work that enables him to keep

just sufficiently in touch with the progress of his cases to satisfy the hurrying chief surgeon.

Through the original investigations of these three men, Graves, Stokes and Corrigan, real advances were made in medicine, and many of the older theories and practices were revolutionized.

### SOME IRISH DOCTORS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

It is well known that the Irish who were in America enlisted in large numbers in the Revolutionary army, and fought vigorously for the independence of America. Many Irish doctors were prominent, not alone for their professional services, but also in organizing the army.

Colonel Edward Hand and Colonel William Irving helped to organize companies in Pennsylvania. They had previously served as surgeons in the British army, and their services were valuable in the Colonial army. Among the most noted patriots leading up to the Revolution, was Dr. Matthew Thornton, and his is the last named signed to the most famous of all American documents—the Declaration of Independence.

Matthew Thornton was born in Ireland, in 1714, his people emigrated to America, and they settled in our own city of Worcester. Here he was educated. He practiced medicine in Londonderry, New Hampshire, and was a very successful physician. He was a surgeon in the New Hampshire division of the army in the expedition against Loisberg.

He took a prominent part in the political agitation against the British government, was a member of the convention which declared New Hampshire to be a sovereign state, and was elected its President.

He was a member of the Continental Congress from 1776-1778. After the Revolution, he was the recipient of many honors, among them a position on the Supreme Bench of the State. He died in Newburyport, Mass., in 1783.

The first governor of Delaware, or as it was then called, the "President of the State," was Dr. John McKinley, who was born in Ireland in 1721. Preceding the Revolution, he was bitterly opposed to British oppression, and became a fearless and outspoken patriot. He died in Wilmington, in 1796.

Dr. James McHenry (1753-1816) was born in Ireland, and was a prominent surgeon of the Revolution. He later was secretary of war in Washington's cabinet, and again in that of Adams. He instituted many radical and effective reforms in the army. Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, is named in his honor.

It is as if this fort that Francis Scott Key, while a prisoner on a British man-o-war, wrote the "Star Spangled Banner."

Dr. Hugh Williamson, physician, patriot, and scholar, was born in Pennsylvania in 1735 of Irish parents. He was head of the medical department of the troops of North Carolina in the Revolution. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1786; he was also a member of the first Congress under the new Constitution. He contributed many valuable articles to medical and scientific journals. Even in those early days, he prepared a plan and advocated the construction of a canal connecting Lake Erie and the Hudson.

Another distinguished physician and patriot of the Revolution was Dr. David Ramsey, born in Pennsylvania in 1749, son of an Irishman. He became well known for his valuable services in the Revolution, and at the siege of Savannah he won marked distinction. He became a member of the Continental Congress in 1782, and was its acting president in 1785-1786, while Hancock was ill. He was an authority in both medical and historical subjects, and among his publications were, "History of the American Revolution," 1790; "Life of Washington," 1801; "History of South Carolina," 1808.

In 1771 in Virginia, was born Dr. Ephraim McDowell, one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. Dr. McDowell was of Irish ancestry. He has been called "The Father of Abdominal Surgery." In 1809, he for the first time in history, removed a large abdominal tumor. This was done before the time of anaesthetics, and he did not have even trained assistants. This operation opened up a new chapter in surgery, and Dr. McDowell, in accomplishing this operation successfully, conferred an everlasting benefit upon mankind. He performed this same kind of an operation at least eight times subsequently. He was a bold, fearless and successful surgeon, performing various kinds of major operations. Among his patients was James K. Polk, who later became President of the United States. From him, he removed a stone.

Dr. McDowell's great grandfather came from Ireland, and despite the fact that the residence of his ancestors can be traced in Ireland, even as far back as the middle of the 17th century, some of his biographers refer to him as Scotch-Irish. And it may be opportune here to quote the words of the Duke of Argyll (*Youth's Companion*, Aug. 25, 1910), as to the kinship of the Scotch and Irish.

"There has been no Walter Scott to write romantic novels, to direct attention to the glories of the Irish clan feuds and ambitions. But the very name of Scots is Irish, and Ireland was

Scotia, or the land of the Scots, and it was only another migration of Celts from Ireland to Scotland, that gave modern Scotland its name. The Scots from Ireland came there displacing the tenants in possession, the poor Picts, of whom so little is now said or heard."

From this description of the Scots, from the most eminent authority, the opprobrious epithet of Scotch-Irish should be changed to that of Irish-Irish.

During the Revolutionary period, there was born in Newburyport, Mass., Dr. James Jackson. He was the son of Jonathan Jackson, who was born in Ireland. In his day, there was no more prominent physician in New England than Dr. Jackson; he was one of the founders of the Massachusetts General Hospital, of which he was the first physician. He was made a professor at Harvard in 1812, and for many years was President of the Massachusetts Medical Society. In addition to being a distinguished physician, he was also a noted author.

Of his son, Dr. James Jackson, Jr., who was fitted to take up the work of his illustrious father, Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "His early death was a calamity to the profession of which he promised to be a chief ornament."

Dr. Holmes wrote this beautiful description of Dr. James Jackson, Sr.: "First of all, he truly loved his profession; he had no intellectual ambitions outside of it, literary, scientific or political; to him it was occupation enough to apply at the bedside the best of all that he knew, for the good of his patient; to teach the young, all that he himself had been taught, with all that his own experience had added; to leave on record, some of the most important results of his own observation. The community trusted and loved him; the profession recognized him as the noblest type of physician."

In St. Paul's church yard in New York, is a monument to Dr. William J. MacNevin, with this inscription: "This was erected by the Irishmen of the United States, in grateful acknowledgement of his services to his native land, and of the devotion of his after life to the interests of his adopted country."

Dr. MacNevin was born in Galway, Ireland, in 1736. His uncle, Baron MacNevin, was physician to the Empress Maria Teresa in Prague. Young Dr. MacNevin, prevented by the penal laws from getting a medical education in Ireland, went to his uncle in Bohemia, and there received his education. He later became a successful physician in Dublin, but owing to his patriotic activities, he was imprisoned by the English government in Fort George, Scotland. He was liberated from prison,



and went to France, where he held for some time, a captain's position in the Irish brigade, which was a part of Napoleon's army, under his direct command. He went from France to New York, where owing to his ability, he became a prominent and honored physician. He did all in his power to improve the condition of his fellow Irishmen, both professionally and otherwise. In 1816, he established a free labor bureau in New York, at his own expense, and maintained it for many years to aid the Irish emigrant in getting employment, and this was the first agency of its kind in New York. He gave his professional services free to all his countrymen who needed them. Dr. Emmet said of him: "He was a remarkably handsome man, with beautiful black eyes, rather under sized, and when his features were in repose, he had the saddest expression I ever saw anyone have. He lived in the recollection of the past, and he carried to the grave, this sorrow for the apparently hopeless condition of his native country."

One of the leading surgeons of this country in his day, was Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, who was born in Virginia in 1828. Dr. Emmet's grand uncle was Robert Emmet, the Irish martyr. In 1850, Dr. Emmet was resident physician to the emigrant refuge hospital on Ward's Island in New York. It was Dr. Emmet's duty to care for sick emigrants in the hospitals, and about this time several hundred thousand emigrants came to New York as a result of the famine in Ireland. Dr. Emmet gives a very vivid account of the sufferings of these poor emigrants, many of whom actually died, after landing, in the streets of New York, and his description of the condition of these people has a particular interest for many of us of Irish descent in this community whose parents were in this exodus.

He said that many of the emigrant ships were not even seaworthy, and at times, they took five months to make the voyage to New York. He says the sufferings of the emigrants aboard ship was greater than on any slave ship, and the death rate was larger than it would have been from any pestilence on shore. No emigrant ship then carried a physician, and there was no help for those stricken with fever.

Dr. Emmet knew of several instances where one-half of the passengers had died, and had been thrown overboard before the voyage was concluded. Generally, on the arrival of the ship, all remained below in a helpless condition as many had been for days without the slightest care; on opening the hatches, the health officer was frequently compelled to have the fire engine pump started, that, by means of a stream of water, the

deadly atmosphere between decks, like that of a coal pit, might be sufficiently purified to render comparatively safe, the undertaking of moving those below. In the foulest stench that can be conceived of, so soon as the eye had become accustomed to the darkness prevailing everywhere, under the open hatch, a mass of humanity, men, women and children, would be seen lying over each other, the greater portion stupefied, or in a delirious condition from typhus, or putrid fever, cholera, and small pox; all were helpless, and among them were often found bodies of the dead in more or less advanced stages of decomposition."

Dr. Emmet later became a very prominent surgeon in New York, and devised certain operations which still bear his name. He probably had one of the largest hospital and private practices of any physician that ever lived. He reckoned that he had treated about one hundred thousand women.

Among his patients were the parents and family of Theodore Roosevelt. Dr. Emmet says, "One of the youngsters, a boy, became the President of the United States, and he has claimed I brought him into the world." And again, "He, Theodore Roosevelt, was a very delicate child, and his life was saved only by the most careful watching. He is indebted to me for being now the strong and healthy man, as I was instrumental, somewhat, in having his father send him, as a growing boy, onto a ranch out west."

One of the most noted surgeons of America was James Marion Simms, who was of Irish descent on his mother's side, English on his father's side. It was said of him, that he possessed the brain of an Apollo, the heart of a lion, the eye of an eagle, and the hand of a woman. He originated certain surgical operations for the relief of suffering woman, and he became celebrated not alone in America, but in Europe. He numbered among his patients, some of the most aristocratic people in various parts of Europe.

Dr. A. J. McCosh, another famous surgeon, was born in Ireland in 1858. He became one of the leading surgeons in America, and was noted for his scientific investigations. Dr. McCosh was the son of Rev. James McCosh, who at one time was President of Princeton College.

Just as Dr. Jackson was a pioneer in the Harvard Medical School, so also was an Irishman, Dr. Newell Martin, one of the founders of the Johns Hopkins University.

The Johns Hopkins University was founded in 1876. The various professors were chosen for their excellence in their respective callings, and such wisdom was used in the selection

of these professors, that in a very short time, the University ranked among the foremost in America.

One of the most important chairs of the professorship in the University, was that of biology, and Dr. Henry Martin, a young Irishman, was selected for this. Dr. Martin was trained under Huxley, and under Michael Foster, the famous English physiologist, and Dr. Martin, during his seventeen years' professorship in Johns Hopkins University, was perhaps the most potent factor in the scientific development of biology and physiology in America. His teaching had, in no small measure, a beneficial effect upon the hygienic department of our government. Some of the leading professors of science in our country acknowledge their debt of gratitude to this Irishman, among them, Professor Councilman of the Harvard Medical School. Dr. Martin's kind and unselfish life made him beloved by all his fellows. A memorial tablet has been erected in Johns Hopkins University to commemorate "his brilliant work as investigator, teacher and author, by which he advanced knowledge, and exerted a wide and enduring influence." He died in 1896.

One of the most lovable characters in the history of American medicine, is that of Dr. Joseph O'Dwyer. Dr. O'Dwyer was of Irish descent, and was born in 1841, in Cleveland, Ohio. Dr. O'Dwyer led a blameless, unselfish life, and devoted himself to the alleviation of suffering in children. He was the originator of intubation, a method of placing a tube in the larynx when the larynx was blocked up by false membranes, as in diphtheria. This tube permitted the passage of air to the lungs, and saved a large number of children from both suffering and death. This method of intubation, devised by Dr. O'Dwyer, was the result of years of patient investigation and hard work.

The study of the lives of Irish physicians has been a source of great pleasure to me—a pleasure tinged with sadness. Since during a long period of Ireland's history, the Irish Catholic was forbidden to prepare himself in his own country for one of the noblest of professions—that of the physician—a calling that pre-eminently gives opportunity for service. And this despite the fact that no people were better fitted mentally and physically to attain eminence than were the Irish, and this is proved by their achievements in all walks of life in our own country.

Today, for example, there is no more eminent surgeon in America, than Dr. John B. Murphy, of Chicago, of whom Sir Rickman J. Godlee, President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, recently said, that "He (Dr. Murphy) was one of the most original, one of the most ingenious, one of the most

eloquent, and one of the most distinguished surgeons of the present day.”

And coming nearer home, there is no more eminent surgeon in all New England, than Dr. John T. Bottomley, of Boston, in whose success we justly take pride, since he is a product of our own Holy Cross College.

And in our neighboring state of Rhode Island, is another distinguished surgeon, Dr. John W. Keefe, a native of Worcester, the recipient of the highest medical honors of his adopted state.

In the making of medical biographical literature, perhaps there is no man in America more favorably known than Dr. James J. Walsh. Dr. Walsh is distinguished not alone in his specialty of nervous diseases, but he has labored in scientific fields other than medicine, and has rendered valuable service in his contributions concerning educational systems of the 13th and 14th centuries.

That intellectual and physical prowess is not lacking in the Irish youth, was recently shown when a Brickley, a Mahan, and an O'Brien, brought victory to Harvard over her old rival, Yale, for the first time in the history of the Cambridge stadium.

And, just as these young Irishmen led on to victory for their companions, so did their exiled ancestors achieve distinction in foreign lands in medicine and in surgery.

And let us hope that under more favorable auspices promised the Irish people under the new regime, that Irish Doctors may profit by their added opportunities to advance the science of medicine, and to alleviate suffering.



## John F. McGrath

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John F. McGrath was born in Worcester, Mass., January 10, 1881, son of the late Thomas E. McGrath, and Elizabeth T. (O'Connor) McGrath. Both parents are natives of Worcester. His grandparents on both the paternal and maternal side were born in Ireland.

Mr. McGrath attended the grammar schools, and completed his studies in the Worcester Classical High School in 1898. He was graduated from Holy Cross College with the degree of A. B. in June, 1902, an honor man and a commencement speaker. After leaving Holy Cross Mr. McGrath chose law as the field of his special activities. He was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar in February, 1905, but continued his studies at Boston University Law School in order to graduate with his class in June, 1905. He has since practiced his chosen profession in Worcester.

Mr. McGrath served in the Massachusetts Legislature in 1907 and 1908. He is a member of Division 1, A. O. H., of Worcester. Mr. McGrath was married on June 26, 1912, to Minnie H. Troy of Worcester.



Very truly yours  
John F. Keenan





# Ireland's Contribution to English Literature

—BY—

JOHN F. McGRATH

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There is a false belief in the minds of many that the energies of the Irish have been directed along rougher and less ornate levels than the plane of literary effort. This belief like many others entertained of our ancestors, is absolutely without basis, and is usually the result of ignorance or prejudice. Among those who have quaffed even slightly from the springs of the Muse, the Irish have had at least some recognition of their position in literature. The quality of the recognition has varied according to whether the critic read "with his eyes or with his prejudices." Yet how impregnable and glorious that position is! As the world advances in learning and knowledge, the mightiness of it is more realized and appreciated.

One strong element there is that lately has drawn aside the portals of the past and shown to everlasting view what an effective force the Celt has been in the building of this world's literature. It is the revival of interest in the Gaelic tongue. This revival has awakened an interest in the minds of tens of thousands of students, and brought in a panorama before them a wealth of buried treasure. They are digging deep into the mines of long ago and are drawing forth a literary ore, useful for ages to come. To those who have unlocked this repository of learning to the enrichment of us all, we offer up glad paeans of praise.

Long before the Romans began to move to the westward, and cross the English Channel in their ambition to become a mighty empire, the Milesians had a literature of their own. When the Romans finally did come they conquered the inhabitants of what are now England and Scotland. Often did they look with eager eyes over the Irish Sea and resolve to rule over the people beyond, but this resolve they never carried out. Thus the Irish alone escaped the influences and obliteration which conquest carried with it, and preserved their mental independence, their language, and their customs. Not only did

they preserve all these for posterity, but in preserving them they enabled the present generation to gain some idea of the learning and customs of the other races who dwelt near, as the Teutons who were among those subjugated. While the subjugated races were constantly warring with the Romans, the Irish were for such days at peace, and cultivated the arts and the sciences.

For four centuries from the fifth to the ninth, according to a German historian, the civilization of Europe was centered in Ireland. She was its university. She became the Mother and the fountain-head of literature, aye, more! the "Island of Saints and Scholars." Education and enlightenment flourished on all sides. Schools abounded everywhere. They were really more like universities, owing to the extent of their classical courses. From them men went forth forming centers of teaching everywhere, developing the literary instinct of culture of other nations, and infusing into their poetical forms the characteristics of Gaelic verse. She imparted the highest culture and methods to the Norsemen, the Anglo-Saxons, the Germans, the French, and the Spaniards in varying degrees. Strangers flocked to Ireland for instruction from all nations. They were hailed by a hospitality that has never been equalled.

In no country of which we have any authentic account did the bards exist in such numbers, or produce so much and so varied verse, as among them. To become a bard it was necessary to go through a rigid and trying course of training. The ollamh, who was the highest dignitary among them, devoted from nine to twelve years in learning two hundred and fifty principal stories and one hundred secondary ones, along with a multitude of other matters which were required.

The first known appearance of the bards was in 500 B. C., and they continued down to Turlogh O'Carolan, who died in 1737. They were divided into three classes, the Fileas, the Brehons, and the Senachies. The Fileas were poets who were in constant attendance upon the chief of the clan. They celebrated his valor and sung his personal praises. They watched his progress in battle for the purpose of describing his skill. They composed odes on his birthday. They aroused the patriotism and loyalty of the members of a clan by war songs. They sang lamentations over the dead.

The Brehons framed the laws in verse and recited them. The Senachies preserved the family pedigrees in a poetic form. They kept a record of the events of their time. They composed legends. They were the wandering story tellers. And welcome indeed to the peasant's fireside were they because of

the skill and humor with which they repeated well worn fairy or historic legends.

There was great enthusiasm among them for the bards, which attests the natural fondness of the Irish race for poetry. So great was this enthusiasm and so fast did the bards increase in number that in the sixth century they constituted one-third of the male population. Finally a public assemblage was held and a law passed restricting their number.

If the bards were not the originators of the Irish Fairy Tales and Folk Lore, which are among the oldest of those of any of the European races, they at least preserved them. Hyde says in his "Beside the Fire," "Of all the traces that man in his earliest period has left behind him, there is nothing except a few drilled stones or flint arrowheads that approaches the antiquity of these tales." Story-telling was always a favorite amusement with the Irish. They would recite old tales and describe historical events in prose or poetry at the popular festivals. Their profession was regarded as a lofty and respectable one. They would often gather at dusk and relate their different versions of the same tale. A vote would then be taken to decide which one had the best version. After the decision all had in the future to give the version agreed upon, which they did, so there has been handed down to posterity with accuracy tales even as long as Deirdre, which some story tellers could unfold word for word.

The fairies themselves were divided into two great classes, Sociable and Solitary Fairies, and meant what the words imply. The former were fairies who both quarrelled and made love. The latter were generally gloomy and lonely.

The principal ones among the latter were the Pooka, the Dullahan, the Far Gorta, and the Banshee. The Pooka was the fairy of the nightmares. He usually assumed the shape of a horse, a goat, an eagle or a bull. His habit was to snatch a rider from his horse and rush him over the ditches, rivers and mountains until the break of dawn. And woe be to him who, filled with nectar of the gods, or even a less expensive commodity, appeared upon the highway after twilight!

The Dullahan was a headless fairy, though sometimes he carried this usually necessary appendage under his arm. He drove a black coach called coach-a-bower, which was drawn by headless horses. The coach rumbled along the road, and were it to stop at your door it was a sign of death.

The Far Gorta was a man of hunger who travelled over the country begging for food and bringing luck to the giver of it.

The Banshee was a fairy woman who was originally a So-

ciable Fairy, but who was weighted down with sorrow and thus became Solitary. She it was who wept upon the death of a descendant of an old Irish family.

The fairy tale of Finn and the Phantoms is one of the very earliest stories that has come down to us, for it is found in the Book of Leinster. It survives in Ireland to the present time. In it Finn with Caeilte and Ossian, become separated from their companions towards night-fall and seek shelter in a house that they see before them in the valley, but which they had never noticed before. They find themselves in a hut filled with the most horrid sounds of screeching and wailing. In the midst stands a churl and with him a grim old hag with three heads, and a man who has no head, but a single eye in the middle of his breast. The churl calls on some unseen beings to sing a song for the King of Warriors of the Fianna, upon which nine bodies without heads rise up on one side of the dark cottage, and nine heads without bodies rise on the other side, and together they raise horrid screeches which fill the three men with terror.

“Though each rough strain of theirs was bad, the headless bodies’ strain was worse;  
No strain of all so ill to hear, as the whistle of the one-eyed man,  
The song they sang for us that night would wake the dead from out the clay,  
It well-nigh split our heads in twain, that chorus was not melody.”

The Phantoms then attack Finn and his companions and fight them all night long, but with the first break of day the whole dismal crew, the house and all of its inhabitants, vanished into thin air, leaving the three Fenians in a swoon upon the ground, from which, however, they revived in course of time, and return home none the worse.

Again, according to Douglas Hyde, the oldest known book now in existence is the *Tain Bo Chuailgne* or *Cattle Raid of Cooley*. This is a story of how Ailell and Meve, king and queen of Connaught, engaged in battle and drove back with them the magic brown bull of Ulster. It was written by the poet Senchan. The *Saltair of Tara* attributed to Cormac MacArt was published in the third century.

But the most beautiful among all these tales—so beautiful that it ranks with the few great stories of tradition—is the story of “The Fate of the Sons of Usnach,” better known as

Deirdre. Just after the birth of Deirdre, Cathbad, the prophet, took her into his arms and foretold the evil that would fall to men because of her loveliness. Conor, king of the Ultonians, was present and ordered her to be reared as a princess that he might marry her when she became of age. So the child was given to Lavarcham, her foster-mother, to be brought up in a lonely place, among the hills, where the eye of man should never gaze upon her ill-fated beauty. Lavarcham gave the child knowledge and skill in all things in which she herself was so possessed. There was not a "blade of grass growing from root, nor a bird singing in the wood, nor a star shining from the heaven," but Deirdre knew its name. There was one thing she knew not of. It was friendship with anyone outside of her own home. One day she eluded the watchfulness of her tutor and passed unnoticed through the iron gate in the high wall that surrounded her prison palace. Rambling along through the forests, she came upon a huntsman. He was Naoise, a son of Usnach. When he beheld the splendor of the girl's countenance he was filled with a flood of love. For her beauty was beyond every degree surpassing. The lass requited his affection. Thereafter they met quite frequently. One night Naoise with his two brothers aided her to escape to the nearest harbor. They went aboard ship and were driven by the wind south across the waters to Alba, for they feared the wrath of Conor, the king. Here the three brothers and Deirdre lived for a long time happily, and rose in great favor and power with Conor, for all the while they concealed the beautiful Deirdre, and Conor had not learned how or with whom she had escaped. His discovery of it later drove the three sons and Deirdre forth again, and they lived by hunting in the highlands and the islands. Conor again learning their whereabouts, sent ambassadors to them with the olive branch of peace to induce them to return. Deirdre in a dream saw them coming and felt that there was danger, but Naoise yielded to their assurances of safety and good-will, and they prepared to return to Erin. Continually she warned them, but Naoise smiled at her fears, but heeded her not. A last despairing attempt was made by her as they came in sight of the royal city; she told them, that in a dream of the night before, she perceived that if, when they arrived, they were admitted into the mansion in which King Conor was feasting with the nobles of Ulster around him, they were safe, but if on any pretext they were quartered by the King in the House of the Red Branch, they must be certain of treachery. They were sent to the House of the Red Branch. Then for the first time did they begin to believe her suspicions were well founded. That night

Conor, fired with drink and jealousy, called for some one to go and bring him word how Deirdre looked. Lavarcham, the nurse, undertook to go. But she disclosed to Naoise and Deirdre the treachery being plotted against them, and returning to Conor, she told him that Deirdre had wholly lost her beauty, whereat, "much of his jealousy abated and he continued to indulge in feasting and enjoyment a long while," until he thought of Deirdre again. This time he did not trust Lavarcham but sent Miani, first recalling to his mind that his father and his three brothers had been slain by Naoise.

In the meantime the entrances and windows of the Red Branch House had been shut and barred and the doors barricaded. One small window, however, had been left open at the back and the spy climbed upon the ladder and looked through it and saw Naoise and Deirdre sitting together and playing chess. Deirdre called Naoise's attention to the face looking at them, and Naoise, who was lifting a chessman off the board, hurled it at the head and broke the eye that looked at them. The man ran back and told the King that it was worth losing an eye to have beheld a woman so lovely.

Then Conor, fired with fury and jealousy, led his troops to the assault. There was fighting and shouting around the Red Branch House, and Naoise's brothers, helped by the two sons of Fergus, passed the night in driving them back, and in quenching the fires that broke out around their shelter. At length morning began to dawn, but the sons of Usnach were still living and Deirdre was still untaken.

At last Conor's druid, Cathbad, consented to work a spell and charm over them if Conor would pledge his faithful word that having once taken Deirdre he would not harm the sons of Usnach. Conor plighted his word, and the charm was set at work. The sons of Usnach had left the half burned house and were escaping in the morning light with Deirdre between them, when they came upon, as they thought, a sea of thick, foamy waves, and they cast down their weapons and spread out their arms and tried to swim, and Conor's soldiers came and captured them without having struck a blow. They were brought before the King and he caused them to be at once beheaded. It was then that the druid placed a curse upon the land, for Conor had broken his plighted word. That curse was fulfilled in the misery that fell upon the province during the wars with Meve. He cursed also the house of Conor, and prophesied that none of his descendants should possess that land. This last prophecy has been verified, for history records that none of the great families who followed claimed descent from Conor.

As for Deirdre, she was at once distracted. She fell upon the ground beside her husband. She tore her hair and rent her disheveled tresses. The lament she broke forth into has long been a favorite with Irish scribes. She called aloud for Naoise, and then fell into the grave where the three sons were being buried, and died upon them. Their flag was raised over their tomb and their names were there inscribed, and their funeral games were celebrated. So runs the tragedy of the sons of Usnach, and the fateful life of the child Deirdre.

There is but one in all European literature with which this is compared. It is the "Iliad" of Homer. Nothing else corresponds to it.' It is so unique in its flavor and in its spirit. It is so delicate, so polite, so chivalrous. Yet it is mild and free and even savage, representing the true ideals and feelings and conditions of those days. To have steeped the tale with the beautiful romance with which it is permeated attests that the people who created it must have cherished highly romantic and heroic literature.

What are the characteristics of Irish literature, and whence do they come? Naturally they are the same as those possessed by the people. In nearly all their poems there is a love of nature more intimate and spiritual than can be found among the English or the Scottish works. The heart of the Gael has shown a great love for outdoors. It has not alone been the affection of an oppressed and tyrannized people, but an indescribable love for Mother Earth. They looked upon her not with their eyes, as though apart from her, but with their soul, as though they were a part of her. They seemed to recognize the voices in the trees, in the flowers, in the blades of grass. There is evidence of this in Samuel Ferguson's ballad of "Aideen's Grave."

"Here, far from camp and chase removed,  
 Apart in nature's quiet room,  
 The music that alive she loved  
 Shall cheer her in the tomb.

The humming of the noon-tide bees,  
 The lark's loud carol all day long,  
 And home on the evening's salted breeze,  
 The clanking sea-bird's song.

Shall round her airy chamber float,  
 And with the whispering winds and streams,  
 Attune to Nature's tenderest note  
 The tenor of her dreams.

And oft at tranquil eve's decline,  
 When full tides lip the Old Green Plain,  
 The lowing of Maynalty's kine,  
 Shall round her breathe again."

The same note or strain is in Charles Weekee's poem called "Think."

"Think, the ragged turf boy urges  
 O'er the dusty road his asses;  
 Think, on seashore for the lonely  
 Heron's wings along the sand.

Think, in woodland under oak-boughs  
 Now the streaming sunbeam passes;  
 And bethink thee, thou are servant  
 To the same all moving hand."

Another trait is that of friendship and companionship. In no place were these noble institutions so highly honored or revered as in Erin. In stories dealing with either romance or heroes, this spirit of unity created great interest and seasoned the writings with a rich pathos. Throughout the whole story of Deirdre, the unity and loyalty of the three sons of Usnach are emphasized. No other race except the ancient Greeks possessed the quality to such a degree, but the Gaels possessed in addition to this that which the Greeks lacked, a deep chivalry and respect for woman. Among them woman was the peer of man in power, in friendship, in estate and in position. The love that was borne for Deirdre well establishes this.

The increasing persecution of the Irish injected a note of melancholy and sadness in their writings. Though as far back as the fall of Finn MacCool, who lived in the fourth century, and who was an early bardic poet from whom the name Fenian comes, there followed "The Age of Lamentation." After his death the bards spent their days and nights lamenting and wailing for him, so that a tone of sorrow was transmitted through the ages to become fuller and deeper as the mailed hand of tyranny rained blow after blow upon the unprotected head of the peasant. Upon his death his son Ossian composed many dirges and stirred up the other poets. There can be no doubt but that these dirges which were spread all over Ireland, influenced the character and sentiment of the Gael. The tone of melancholy then sounded became linked with subsequent



disaster, and increased. They wrote and sung of the weak and of the poor, of hopes and of ambitions, of purity, of piety, of hospitality, and of simplicity, (virtues for which they have been distinguished). They sung not of material things, because of these were they robbed.

Another trait is their imaginativeness. The reason for the great power of imagination with which they are so remarkably endowed is found in the fact that for decades they have fed upon such wondrous stories and fairy tales as given to no other people. The fantastic notions and ghostlike conceptions which these fascinating legends and myths contained made almost everyone who heard them in time imagine that he saw them, so much so, that the native Irish walking along the country roadside at night with their minds so filled with the memory of the latest tales they heard, could hear and see in the rustling of the wind through the leaves, or the call of the lark to his mate, or the moving of the foliage so that the moon shone through for an instant only on a young white birch, some restless phantom come from another world.

Many Irish scholars there are whom the world carelessly refers to as Englishmen or Britishers. Much of this is due to bigotry and race-hatred. The prejudice that England and Englishmen had, and it is with regret it is said, especially Protestant Englishmen, for things that were Irish, led them to deny them all credit they could. They robbed Ireland of a part of her literature as well as of her wealth. It was quite general that where anything emerged from the Irish that was bad, it was both emphasized and advertised by the generous English. When the good came forth it was spoken of lightly or not at all, or it was attributed to an Englishman. The heavens of England's literature are studded with stars that belong in the blue vault of Ireland. They have been placed there by the defiling and profaning hand of some earthly god and not by the sacred finger of the Divine Scholar. True, there were many of the native Irish who, deprived of an opportunity at home to acquire even a small education, were forced to link their fortunes with the folk of England. Some of them in time lost many of their Celtic characteristics. Among these was Jonathan Swift, who was born in Dublin. He has been extolled as the greatest writer of satire in the English language. All of us are more or less familiar with his "Gulliver's Travels," so that it needs no description. It was written by him during his tenure as Dean at St. Patrick's in Dublin. His other best known satires are the "Tale of a Tub," "The Battle of the Books," and "A Meditation on a Broomstick." His style is English

rather than Irish. Yet he wrote many articles in defense of his native country.

Oliver Goldsmith is another who drifted to England. He was born in County Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728. His "Vicar of Wakefield," "The Deserted Village," and "She Stoops to Conquer," are gems in the literary diadem of the universe that from their first appearance to our day have glittered and sparkled. He did not lose all his Irish characteristics, for 'tis said of him that he sought neither wealth nor advancement, that "he looked on all things with a sympathetic eye, an open heart, an innocent delight in the happiness of others, a kindly consideration for human frailty and weakness, and a sigh and a tear for man's misfortune." Truly, the most ungenerous critic or opponent will concede these qualities to be traits of his native land. He permeated his "Deserted Village" with them. Bear with me until I repeat the opening lines of that great work, and let him deny who can that they were not the outpourings of an Irishman's soul.

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,  
 Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,  
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:  
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene!  
 How often have I paused on every charm,  
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
 The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,  
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!  
 How often have I blest the coming day,  
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
 And all the village train, from labour free,  
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,  
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
 The young contending as the old surveyed;  
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.  
 And still as each repeated pleasure tired,  
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;  
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown  
 By holding out to tire each other down;

The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,  
While secret laughter tittered round the place;  
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.  
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,  
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;  
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,  
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled."

And later in the same inspiration we find the gentle tribute he pays to his old schoolmaster, Paddy Byrne:

"While words of learned length and thundering sound  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,  
And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was another who sought the London atmosphere. He was born in Dublin in 1751. He is undoubtedly the greatest dramatic wit of all ages. He was of the same type of English comedy dramatists as Wycherly, Congreve, and Farquahar, the latter being of Irish birth. When but twenty-four years of age Sheridan wrote "The Rivals," At twenty-five he conceived his masterpiece, "The School for Scandal." Here was the triumph of wit. At twenty-eight he produced "The Critic" in the Drury Lane Theatre in London, which he had purchased. These were his three greatest comedies. They teem from beginning to end with a sparkling wit and humor which drive away from the playgoer all lingering traces of trouble or anxiety. England can scan the scroll of the ages now closed. She can delve into the archives of Westminster. She can call back from across the Great Divide all her litterateurs, and marshal them in gallant array before the Tribunal of Scholars, but she will find no light glittering so brightly as The Prince of Humorists, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. "He hath no fellow in the firmament." Already his comedies have had a long life, and though the old standards of taste and the rules of dialogue have changed, these plays are being as warmly greeted in this twentieth century as they ever were during the nineteenth.

Not all, however, in the recent centuries, drifted to London, absorbed its spirit and fused it with their native feelings, traits, and aspirations. Many there were who remained on the "old sod" and breathed in every word of their writings the pure and unalloyed spirit of the Gael. There were Samuel

Lover, James Clarence Mangan, Charles Lever, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Aubrey De Vere and William Allingham. This sextet labored in the vineyard of letters during the daybreak of the nineteenth century, one of Ireland's golden ages.

Lover first burst into great favor with his "Rory O'-Moore." He later dramatized it and as a test of its merit it has survived in actual production even up to our time. It had an original run of one hundred and eight nights. This may not strike the popular fancy of today as a very formidable record, but we must not be unmindful that this was almost a century ago and that the scale of doing things was not as great then as now. From his pen came in 1842 "Handy Andy," a rollicking story of Irish life. He also wrote "The Legends and Stories of Ireland," which he illustrated with his own etchings.

Mangan, who preceded Edgar Allen Poe but a few years, has been frequently compared to him. Their life and genius were alike. Both were gifted though hapless poets. Mangan's poem, "The Nameless One," and Poe's "Raven" were creations of similar souls. A spirit of sombreness pervades them both, and comes from their weird way of living. Dissappointment in love changed the whole current of Mangan's life. He had become a visitor in the domestic circle of a family above his station, in which there were three beautiful sisters. By one of them he was encouraged and flattered. But he was suddenly disillusioned and thrown off. The shock drove him to dissipation. In three years he emerged from it a man broken in health, with hope abandoned and old before his day. His dependency and abstraction naturally influenced his poetry and made it plaintive. Of "The Nameless One" it is averred that there is scarcely anything in the entire range of English literature so profoundly affecting. It is the confession of his life.

"Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river,  
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;  
God will inspire me while I deliver  
My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening,  
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,  
That there was once one whose veins ran lightning  
No eyes beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,  
How shone for him, through his griefs and gloom,  
No star of all Heaven sends to light our  
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages  
Tell how, disdainng all earth can give,  
He would have taught men from wisdom's pages  
The way to live.

And tell how, trampled, derided, hated,  
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,  
He fled for shelter to God, who mated  
His soul with song;—

With song, which always, sublime or vapid,  
Flowed like arill in the morning beam,  
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid,—  
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long  
To herd with demons from hell beneath,  
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long  
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,  
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,  
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,  
He still, still strove,—

Till spent with toil, dreeing death for others,  
And some whose hands should have wrought for him,  
(If children live not for sires and mothers),  
His mind grew dim,—

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,  
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,  
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal  
Stock of returns;—

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,  
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,  
When death in hideous and ghastly starkness  
Stood on his path.

And tell now how, amid wreck, and sorrow,  
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,  
He bides in calmness the silent morrow  
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and hoary  
At thirty-nine from despair and woe,  
He lives, enduring what future story  
Will never know."

This poem is more remarkable because it has not bitterness, no indictment of fickle fortune which are to be found in the poetry of other geniuses whose lives have been similarly wrecked.

Charles Lever was the novelist who wrote "Con Cregan," "Harry Lorequer," "Charles O'Malley," and numerous other books containing brilliant pictures of Irish life. He was a sketcher of one of the many interesting phases of Irish life which was then passing, so that he will probably be endeared for many ages to come.

Ferguson, a most accomplished scholar in ancient Irish literature, was one of the great national poets of Ireland. His best poems were "The Forging of the Anchor," and "Congal." The latter is conspicuous for its musical sweetness and its fortunate choice of descriptive adjectives.

The poems of Aubrey De Vere contain perhaps the highest type of Catholic spirit. A vein of deep spirituality courses through all of them. According to Alfred M. Williams, an eminent literary critic, De Vere deserves a higher critical estimate than he has received from English critics, and "that some day he will be considered worthy of a place beside Shelley and Landor, and acknowledged as a rare type of modern poetical genius."

The poetry of William Allingham pictures the beautiful scenery of Ireland, particularly of the vicinity of Ballyshannon, where he was born. It tells of the romance and the sorrows of the Irish peasants. It draws sketches of Irish character from all grades and classes. There had been no author of English except one "who is so vividly a painter of real life as Mr. Allingham." His aim was to give a faithful portrayal of existing society and circumstances, "and the clearest insight and most vivid representation of contemporary life in Ireland." "Lovely Mary Donnelly," which was his inspiration, is said to be one of the most perfect specimens of Irish poetry. Let me read but the first two verses and the last of the tender creation.

"O, Lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best;  
 If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest.  
 Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,  
 Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.  
 Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,  
 How clear they are, how dark they are! and they give me many  
     a shock.  
 Red rowans warm in sunshine and wetted with a shower

Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in its power.

O, Lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress!  
 It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it less;  
 The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low;  
 But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go!"

It cannot be gainsaid that no race produces more eloquence, and few races produce as much as the Irish. Perhaps the constant political struggle for independence when the only weapon left to plead its cause was logic and the appeal to the world to the equity of its demand and the iniquity of its civil oppression, may have keened and sharpened the edge of eloquence. Whatever the cause or influence there has ever been an abundant supply of general orators whose fervid, convincing, and impassioned utterances have lifted minds to higher planes and stirred souls to greater efforts. Their rugged physique, their jovial manner, their cordiality and felicity of expression, their tender sympathy toward the unfortunate, their ready wit, their tenacious memory of facts and figures, and their powerful imaginations springing from their superstitious beliefs in fairies and their like, raised them to an eminence apart from other people. Burke, O'Connell, Curran, Emmet, Grattan and Parnell are a group brilliant enough, even though there were no others, to shed lustre on the name of the Gael, enduring to the Day of Judgment. The recollection of their silvery tongues and sapient logic like the sweet but melancholy tones of Erin's harp, will ever linger in our memory.

To the world at large, Edmund Burke is the best known. Like those of Demosthenes and Cicero, the currents of his eloquence have come rolling down to us through the ages. Of his many efforts, the greatest are his two addresses touching the American Revolution. In 1774 he delivered a famous speech on American Taxation, which was followed in 1775 by his plea for Conciliation with the Colonies. In both he advocated a wise and liberal policy toward our American forefathers. There is scarcely an American school boy whose mind has not at some time been directed to their study. It was the warm heart of the Irishman that was speaking, appealing for the tyrannized and overtaxed. Had his counsel been adopted all the mischief that ensued might have been averted. (However, nestled here now in our cradle of liberty, while we venerate the wisdom and magnanimity of his position, we are amazingly grateful to George III for lack of foresight). In 1788 he opened the trial of Hast-

ings accused of misgovernment in India, with a widely celebrated speech that lasted four days. England possessed no orator or political thinker superior to him. He was likewise a man of great literary attainments. Dr. Johnson said of him, "Take up whatever topic you please, he is ready to meet you." His learning and imagination won for him the friendship of the leading men of England. He possessed a passionate ardor, a poetic fancy, a resourcefulness, an irony, a pathos, a denunciation, and a tenderness that astounded Parliament.

On the French Revolution he took a position contrary to his colleagues. After the Fall of the Bastille, he exclaimed: "The French have shown themselves the ablest architects of ruin who have hitherto existed in this world. In a short space of time, they have pulled to the ground, their army, their navy, their commerce, their arts, and their manufactures!" History proved him to be correct.

The renowned historian, Taine, says of him: "He brought into politics a horror of crime, a vivacity and sincerity only suitable to a young man. He fought against the crimes of power in England, the crimes of the people in France, the crimes of the monopolists in India. He made himself everywhere the champion of principle and the persecutor of vice, and men saw him bring to the attack all the forces of his wonderful knowledge, his lofty reason, his splendid style, with the unwearying and untempered ardor of a moralist and a knight."

To illustrate briefly his power of diction, let me read part of his reply to the Duke of Bedford when the latter criticized him for accepting a pension from the throne.

"The grants to the house of Russell were so enormous, as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger belief. The Duke of Bedford is the giant among all the creatures of the crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst 'he lies floating' he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with the spray—everything of him and about him is from the throne."

He wrote many beautiful and learned essays. His essay on "The Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and the Beautiful" has won for him admiration in Germany and France as well as in all English speaking countries.

After Burke comes Daniel O'Connell as a world figure, though as an Irishman, he far surpasses the former. For Burke engaged in the wider affairs of the British Empire, while the



Great Liberator waged chiefly the cause of liberty for Ireland. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1798 at a time when the rebellion was at its highest pitch. He became famous as a lawyer and was unrivalled as a cross-examiner. On May 15, 1829, he came to take his seat in Parliament and was heard at the bar on his right to be exempt from taking certain oaths of allegiance detestable to all Catholics. But the House of Commons refused to release him from the obligation. On April 22, 1834, he spoke for seven hours in a memorable plea for a committee to be appointed to investigate the outrageous injustice of the Act of Union. On August 15, 1843, he addressed on the Hill of Tara on the Repeal and Catholic Emancipation, an audience estimated to contain three quarters of a million people. He found the hopes of the Catholic people at a low ebb. Many of their rights were regained by his courage and intellect. It seems that nature built him for the part he played in Irish affairs. He was almost six feet tall, of enormous strength, and inexhaustible energy. He had a wonderful command of language, and a mighty and powerful voice that rose high above the uproar of any throng. And in those quite sorrowful days, the din and clatter of bigotry and oppression were tumultuous enough to drown the most giant tones. His patience and self-possession were admirable. These qualities with his wonderful eloquence which could be cutting or flattering, and with his genuine humor, enabled him to control the wildest emotions of his hearers or subdue into respectful silence the noisiest of his political opponents. It was this Great Liberator who revived and rekindled that spirit of hope which tonight is burning brighter in our souls than at any moment during our journey here, that spirit of hope so soon to manifest itself in the actual realization of a government of Ireland, by Ireland, for Ireland and in Ireland.

The personality of John Philpot Curran was a unique Irish contribution to literature. He was small of stature, with an unhandsome though strong face, out of which peered bright, flashing black eyes. He had a charming manner, a limitless supply of wit, and ready answers. He is most famous for his defense of the leaders of the insurrection of 1798, and in May of 1800 he represented James Napper Tander, whom "The Wearing of the Green" has immortalized.

If there is skepticism in the minds of anyone, what convincing proof that the Gael has a natural inclination to eloquence there is in those thrilling utterances of Robert Emmet. He was a mere boy at the time, just turned twenty-five, when declared guilty of high treason, he was asked why sentence of death

should not be pronounced upon him. From the prison dock he gave to the world a classic. Hear his closing words:

“My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. My race is run. The grave opens to receive me—and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask, at my departure from this world;—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice nor ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain un-inscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth,—then, and not till then,—let my epitaph be written! I have done.”

Henry Grattan as an orator is of the first magnitude. His eulogy on the Earl of Chatham and his invective against Napoleon are among the greatest ever delivered.

In the field of journalism three figures that loom above their fellows were Cardinal Wiseman, Patrick Ford and T. P. O'Connor. The Cardinal, in addition to his profound and scholarly essays on the Church and its Doctrines, founded and edited the *Dublin Review*. It was the vigorous personality of Ford that created the *Irish World* and made it an effective force on this continent, for to him more than to any other is credited the keeping alive in the States of the spirit of Home Rule. O'Connor, who is the founder and editor of numerous publications, is one of the greatest living journalists. In the recording and analyzing of events Douglas Hyde, Justin McCarthy, and his son, Justin Huntley McCarthy, are a trinity of historians that are fairly to be compared with an equal number from any nation.

In wit and humor the Celt has no equal. For these he has a national reputation. To say clever and amusing things without effort or premeditation seems part of an Irishman's make-up, whatever his rank or class. He sees a humorous side to everything. The driest situation can be made by him a peg for a joke. His wit is sympathetic as a rule, though it can contain a sting. But it is not usually sarcastic like the Englishman's, nor ponderous like his, either. The Celt will inject in his utterances a lot of roguish flattery. He will often say pretty things to one at his own expense. Note the genuine modesty in Curran's reply to a friend who met him while strolling in one of the London parks. “Why,” asked the friend, “do you go about with your mouth open?” “Oh,” answered Curran, “I am trying to catch the English accent.” Blarney is an Irishman's exclusive property. It is in constant bloom about

him. Note it again in the pretty compliment paid to the village beauty:

“Who stepped with such infinite grace,  
That even the daisies she trod on,  
Looked up with delight in her face.”

Note yet once more the roguish flattery that Samuel Lover bestows on Molly Carew, in his poem by the same name. Molly wears such a big bonnet to church that one of the boys sitting near her is anxious to get a peep at her “purty” face. His mind is not on the Mass but on Molly. He can’t even remember his prayers. „Despairingly he reaches over and whispers warningly into her ear:

“Take off that bonnet,  
Or else I’ll lave on it,  
The loss of my wandering soul.”

In lyric poetry—poetry that is adapted to music—the position of the Irish is most enviable. They rank with the Scotch, and the French, and far surpass the English. Ireland has lyrics by the thousands. “Many of them,” according to Barry, “written probably under great political excitement bear, too sadly, evidence of the angry passions which dictated them, unrelieved by beauty of thought or strength of compositions.” Naturally oppression would have an effect upon the lyric genius of Ireland. Yet she ranks high. Her greatest lyrists were Banin, Lover, Griffin, Father Prout, Roscommon, Maginn, Curran, Drennan, Lady Morgan and Thomas Moore. England has no children to compare with these, save Keats and Shelley. Her navy is her greatest glory. Yet she has few naval songs. The best one she has is “The Arethusa,” written by an Irishman, named Hoare. “Rule Britania” is a Scotch song, and “God Save the King” is taken from another Scotch song. Moore, if Ireland had no other, is lyrist enough for her. He ranks with Burns of Scotland, Beranger of France, and Keats of England. In his expression of the softer feelings he is perfect, and he is unrivalled even by Burns in many of his gay songs. Find for me the repertoire of a single individual containing more love and pathos, more liveliness and more quietness, than in “Dear Harp of My Country,” “The Minstrel Boy,” “’Tis the Last Rose of Summer,” “The Meeting of the Waters,” “The Harp That Once Through Tara’s Hall,” and “Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms.” They have lived a century, and like wine, improved with age.

In Samuel Lover's Molly Bawn, there is the blarney and the coy, entrancing, and irresistible appeal to a colleen's heart.

“Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,  
 All lonely waiting here for you,  
 While the stars above are brightly shining,  
 Because they've nothing else to do;

The flowers late were open keeping,  
 To try a rival blush with you,  
 But their Mother, Nature, set them sleeping,  
 With their rosy faces washed with dew.

Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,  
 All lonely waiting here for you,  
 The stars above are brightly shining,  
 Because they've nothing else to do.

Now the pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear,  
 And the pretty stars were made to shine,  
 And the pretty girls were made for the boys, dear,  
 And maybe you were made for mine.

The wicked watch dog here is snarling,  
 He takes me for a thief, you see,  
 For he knows I'd steal you, Molly darling,  
 And then transported I should be.”

Many of the Irish airs are gay, lively, jovial and rollicking, none more so than the most popular of all Irish drinking songs, “The Cruiskeen Lawn,” which a dear grandmother of mine often sang for me.

“Let the farmer praise his grounds,  
 Let the hunter praise his hounds,  
 And the shepherd his sweet-scented lawn;  
 But I, more blest than they,,  
 Spend each happy night and day  
 With my charming little cruiskeen lawn,  
 Gra-ma-chree ma cruiskeen,  
 Slainte geal ma vourneen,  
 Gra-ma-chree a coolin bawn bawn bawn,  
 O Gra-ma-chree a coolin bawn.

There is one song that is perhaps the nearest and dearest

to our hearts. It is the song of the prospective exile. It is despair and hope. It is pathos and bliss. It is unity and love; it comes to us a vagrant song we know not from whom, "The Wearing of the Green:"

"O Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's goin' round?  
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground;  
St. Patrick's day no more we'll keep, his colors can't be seen,  
For there's a bloody law agin the wearing of the green.  
I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,  
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?"

She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,  
They are hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.

Then since the color we must wear is England's cruel red,  
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed.

You may take the shamrock from your hat and cast it on the sod,

But 'twill take root and flourish still, though under foot it's trod,

When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,

And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not show,

Then I will change the color that I wear in my caubeen,  
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green."

In all these songs there is a genuine warmth of soul, a hospitality of welcome, a touching tenderness, a faith in God, and a standard of morality not found in the songs of other countries. In them one finds no maudlin sentiment, no morbid sensuousness, no inane and meaningless phrases, no degenerate love, but a love and reverence for mother, for home, for country, and for God. One finds in their songs what he finds in their people.

There are many songs, poems, and books alleged to be Irish which falsely represent Irish life and Irish character. The mischief that these vile things have done is indeed incalculable. There are some people whose dwarfed mentality, or want of any, misleads them to the belief that the injection of the name Barney, or Larry, or Mickey, or a splash here and there from the Lakes of Killarney, or the introduction of a Father "Tom," or a saturating with a coarse and false brogue, makes an Irish poem; that a jangle of sharps and flats linked with a few sen-

tences about a Colleen, or Acushla, or Asthore, or MaCree, makes an Irish song; that a tale about Paddy the rake, or a blunderer, or a happy-go-lucky adventurer, or a swaggering, staggering, rollicking tippler makes an Irish story. They bear too clearly the broad seal of some white light heretic. You cannot make an Irishman. You can only be born one.

You can see an Italian sunset only in Italy. You can feel the hallowness of the earth of Calvary only in the Holy City. You can see the mighty pyramids only in Egypt. They belong there. They cannot be removed. So also you can find the melody of Irish song, the pathos of Irish poetry, the wit, the beauty, the playful fancy of Irish story rising out of an Irish soul alone.

However limited the time within which we are permitted to refer to a few of the jewels shining in the literary diadem of Ireland, we would indeed be recreant and wanting if we did not make some allusion to Francis Mahony's poem that immortalized Shandon Church, sitting in the heart of the City of Cork. Its rhythmical measure which fascinates the ear with the continued recurrence of its melodious swing, gives its author imperishable fame. A single verse is sufficient to attest the merit of this:

“With deep affection  
 And recollection  
 I often think of  
 Those Shandon Bells,  
 Whose sounds so wild would  
 In the days of childhood  
 Fling round my cradle  
 Their magic spells.  
 On this I ponder  
 Where'er I wander,  
 And thus grow fonder,  
 Sweet Cork of thee;  
 With thy bells of Shandon,  
 That sound so grand on  
 The Pleasant waters  
 Of the river Lee.”

Beautiful as thy hills and lakes, O Emerald Isle, is the story of thy children in literature! Broad as the sweet tones of thy harp has been their influence! Thou held the literary scepter of Europe for centuries! The darkness of night came upon thee, and thy children, driven for light to other climes, have embroidered their genius, their fancy, and their morality

on the mantles of other peoples. But a new day is breaking. The first gleam of a golden sun comes glimmering over the hills of tomorrow. May the brilliance of this new day light thee with unfading radiance! May thy fields, thy hills, thy valleys, thy rivers, and thy lakes glisten with a new joy on a contented, a cultured, and a God-fearing people!











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