

# The Frontier

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### McCAFFERTY ON IRISH HISTORY

O'Neill Historian Writes Interesting Letter on British Rule in Ireland.

Editor Frontier:—You ask me for an article on the past and present times in Ireland, the Niobe of nations, and what do I think of the latest rebellion there. I told you I'd write you the article and made the promise before I realized the stupendous task you set before me and that I, unconsciously, promised to perform.

Irish history, though imperfectly understood, is the oldest written history in the world and is a combination or blending of joys and sorrows surpassed by no other. Four thousand years before the Christian era Irish civilization flourished and gave Erie the foremost place in the family of civilized nations, and her Brahmin laws were copied and incorporated into the laws of Egypt, Greece and other learned nations, now forgotten and passed into oblivion.

We read in the history of Ireland that her 35,000 square miles of the most fertile and productive soil in the world was confiscated three different times and by three different and distinct parties of English, marauding freebooters and robbers, and each time the social and financial standing of the old Irish was reduced to a deeper and lower level than the preceding, former one, until they reached the bottom.

The last great confiscation of Irish lands took place immediately after Cromwell's conquest of Ireland, in 1649, when the Irish lands were given to his army as payment for services performed, after which the newly made owners of the soil and rulers of the country, for the owners of the land has always ruled the destinies of that land, and one of the first things the new rulers did was to make it unlawful for any Irishman, of the old faith, and former owners, to own or hold any land or any other kind of property of greater value than five pounds sterling, which rule of law enabled the minions of the said Cromwell to get easy possession of all the real and personal property of Ireland. And if any of the mere "Irish" had the temerity to resist the newly established mode of procedure of Cromwellian acquisition of property, a class made law, for the purpose of building up a yeoman garrison of protection, gave the said yeoman subjects of his or her Britannic Majesty the right of carte-blanc to slay the said "Irish" provided he, the preferred subject, came into court and paid five pounds as a license for doing so. You may have read of the penal laws of Ireland, which laws held sway in that unhappy land for 300 years during which time one of England's great judges publicly said: "It was not supposed that in all Ireland a Catholic subject of his Britannic Majesty existed."

Some say the Irish question is one of religion. It is not, though religion has been used as a handy club to acquire Irish land and wealth. A large number of the leading Irish rebels in every rebellion in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were patriotic Irish protestants, such as, Tandy, Tone, Shears, Fitzgerald, Emmett, Mitchell, Martin and Smith-O'Brine. English misrule in Ireland puts to shame the Englishman's boast of his high civilization and his disinterested and noble deeds on and in behalf of small nationalities, as, in comparison, it reduces to a point of insignificance the most barbarous acts of the Russian Czar's Cossacks in unhappy Poland or the most diabolic acts of the unscrupulous Turk in unhappy and devastated Armenia. But the Turk has been Albion's to-let friend, ally and boon companion for the last 200 years and a black spot on his hide never appeared visible to England's eyes until he became a Germanic ally.

You've heard of Rory O'Moore and the Irish Rapparees. Well the O'Moore's were at the time of the following happenings the most powerful clan or sept in the province of Leinster and were giving the English vicerey considerable trouble and anxiety. It was finally arranged by the garrison crowd to get rid of the O'Moore's at any cost as best they could. And the Lord Protector of the Realm, God save the Mark, invited to a great state feast the great chiefs and leading men and henchmen of Clan O'Moore who attended to the number of 285, which was all the great and petty chiefs of the O'Moore's and kindred families and blood and allied relatives. They were all there except Rory who was away from home at the time and consequently escaped execution, for you know the English government of Ireland was always great on executions. Every single one of the 285 Irish and O'Moore banqueters were put to death after partaking of the big English repast and hospitality. When Rory returned to what was formerly his home he found himself the sole and only surviving member of Clan O'Moore and

so he became Chief of the O'Moore's. But it was an empty honor for the reason that his male kinfolks were dead, killed, and the patrimony of his fathers was sequestered away from him and parcelled out among the assassins who slew his father, his brother, cousins and allied relatives. And then and there Rory vowed vengeance against the assassins of his race. He organized a company of citizen soldiers to repair the great wrongs done to him and his and they took to the mountains where they hid in caves and were ever after known by the name of the "Irish Rapparees" who made periodical forays from their Wicklow mountain home down through the low lands of Leix (now Queens county) the two Meaths, Carlow and Kildare and up to the gates of Dublin, and they not only made the suspected Saxon and shaneen squires suspected of the O'Moore murders bite the dust but they exacted tribute from the well-to-do of fat cattle, swine and sheep, poultry, butter, eggs and grain. They committed many criminal excesses but under strong palliating circumstances and never wronged the poor and needy so that Rory O'Moore and his fearless Rapparees became the burden of thousands of thrilling songs sung in the market place of every town in Ireland by a class of street ballad singers, now past and gone. The refrain of those stirring ballads was "Our God our Country and Rory O'Moore," or "For the Glory of Old Ireland Our Lady and Rory O'Moore" and "Fight for Our Country and Rory O'Moore."

Look at the broken treaty of Limerick, broken by the English ere the ink wherewith it was written could dry. And, now, let us see what Oliver Cromwell did to the Irish people after robbing them of their lands and wealth. We read in the English censored, Irish history that: "Oliver Cromwell landed in 1649 and besieged Drogheda, defended by Sir Arthur Ash. Look at a brave garrison. Finding that their position was untenable they asked in military language for quarters, or the honors of war, if they surrendered. Cromwell promised to grant them 'quarters' if they laid down their arms. They did so and the promise was kept until the town was taken. When the town was in his hands Cromwell gave orders to his army for the indiscriminate massacre of the garrison and every man woman and child in that great city was put to death. The people, when they saw the soldiers slaying around them on every side, when they saw the streets of Drogheda flowing with human blood for five days flocked to the number of one thousand aged men, women, and children, and took refuge in the great church of St. Peter's in Drogheda. Cromwell drew his soldiers around that church, and out of that church he never let one of these innocent people escape alive. He then proceeded to Wexford where a certain commander named Stratford delivered the city to him. He massacred the people there also. Three hundred women of Wexford with their children, gathered around the great market cross in the public square of the city. They thought in their hearts, cruel as he was, he would respect the sign of man's redemption and spare the lives of those collected around it. How vain their thoughts! Three hundred poor defenseless women screaming for mercy under the cross of Jesus Christ. Cromwell and his barbarous demons slaughtered without permitting one to escape, until they were ankle deep in the blood of the women of Wexford."

After this battle of Clontarf Ireland enjoyed peace for nearly 200 years until the English under Strongbow in the reign of Henry II came to Ireland on or about 1172 with a forged bull from Pope Adrian, the only Englishman who ever sat in the chair of St. Peter. They, the English, claimed the Irish were heretics and that the Pope commissioned them to take the Irish nation and collect the Peter's pence in that country, but the Irish met them and the bull on the shores of Leinster and fought them in defense of their rights of home and fireside for 300 years before the English could claim by the right of conquest and the Pope's bull, combined more than three and a half Irish counties, but in the next 300 years they acquired by force and fraud, backed by war, the balance of the Irish nation, during which time they robbed the old Irish of everything except their faith in the justice of God and that He would in His own good time sustain the just rights of Ireland. The English even penalized the language of the Gaul and one of Ireland's great Gaelic scholars and poets writes thus:

"To entangle this Saxon rival prescribed it soon became, And Irishmen are Irish now in nothing but the name, Russia's great Zar ne'er stood secure o'er Poland's shattered frame, Until he tore from out her heart the tongue that bore her name. For tyrants ever with an art from darkness sprung, Will make the conquered slaves alike in limb and tongue. Then Irishmen, be Irish still, stand for the dear old tongue, Which as ivy to a ruin to your native land hath clung. O snatch this relic from the wreck, the only and the last, And cherish in your heart of hearts the language of the past."

Poland is now free, thanks be to God and the Kaiser and 'tis said the great University of Warsaw is again preparing to again teach the history of glorious old Poland there and in her native Polish tongue, but Erin is still weeping in chains and is called afresh to mourn over sixteen newly made martyrs graves in which are buried her noble patriotic sons, poets and scholars, who were shot to death by perfidious Albion. You may ask why does powerful England make war on the Gaelic tongue? It is because it ensnures like a gem within a casket a span of 5,000 years of superior Irish civilization, law and order, which puts to shame English twentieth century acts and deeds of wanton barbarity.

Formore than 700 years of England's rule in Ireland she showed the foul hand of the ruthless, tyrannical despoiler and Ireland, the prolific mother of poets, scholars and warriors, had always faithful sons to defend her honor. The best known of Irish rebellions are 1317, 1641-9, 1798, 1848, 1867 and 1916. In 1798 two Irish counties put up a great fight and held

the English army at bay for months during which they killed thousands of English soldiers and Irish Yeomen, but the other thirty counties failed to come to their assistance and they were defeated in the end when the English army and said Yeoman were let loose on the Irish and slew thousands in cold blood, without the sanction of law, judge or jury. One man in particular, Lieutenant Hovestall, executed, individually, without cause, more than one thousand victims, by knocking them down with his gun or club then using his belt for a halter and hoisting them over his shoulder six feet high—he was nearly seven feet. John Engals Ingram, one of Ireland's most gifted and martial poets, who was the son of a protestant minister, in Pettigo, county Donegal, Ireland, wrote the "Memory of the Dead," Ireland's most defiant poem, in which he said:

"They rose in dark and evil days to right their native land, And kindled here a living blaze that nothing can withstand. But alas that might can conquer right they fell and passed away, But true men like you men are plenty here today."

The 1803 rising, or the Emmett rebellion, was only a flash in the pan, in the streets of Dublin, and easily put down by Major Sturwithout any serious loss of life and the leader, poor brilliant, boyish, Robert Emmett, got the mockery of a court trial before the tyrant judge, Lord Norberry, who condemned him to death and mockingly asked him if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him, thinking that he could cow the poor green and beardless boy into committing some fatal blunder, detrimental to his fame and the honor of his country, but instead he delivered a superb speech, beautifully grand and brilliantly defiant of the dreadful tyranny and ignominious failure of the English government to rule his beloved Ireland. That speech is now read as a classic in the schools and colleges of the civilized nations outside of perfidious Albion, the arch hypocrite of the world.

Let me cite another instance of the penal law: Some of the grandest and best beloved of the Irish patriotic rebels were Anglo-Irish or Irish protestants or Englishmen transplanted for a few generations in Erin, who like the Emmett's became more Irish than the Irish themselves and they rebelled against the tyranny of English rule in Ireland. They rose and fought and fell and passed away. Though Norberry consigned the dead body of Emmett to what he thought an unhonored felon's grave in Glossneven, his mother, the undying Irish nation, has resurrected his fame and memory and gave him the honors of national sepulcher in the innermost shrines of her heart, and canonized him as the patron saint of Irish aspirations and nationality. But it is passing strange that you meet with a class of weak-kneed, basswood Irishmen, so lost to every sense of decency and patriotic Irish duty, who, while lauding Emmett to the skies for his fiasco, have nothing but icy cold disdain and sardonic scorn and sneers for the fate of Hibernian noble self-sacrificing and heroic martyrs of 1916. You don't gather figs from thistles, nor does the leopard change his spots, and English rule in Ireland is as cruel, vindictive and despotic in 1916 as it was in 1798 or 1649.

"Tis only some eighty odd years since Bryan O'Laughlin, a wealthy citizen and grand juror of county Kildare in Ireland, (it seems he could not be a grand juror and Catholic at that time) owned and drove into Dublin the best team of coach horses in the province of Leinster, said to be worth 300 guineas, though ten pounds sterling was the legal maximum value of any team that an Irish Catholic could then and in that country own and drive. Well Bryan was a little bit proud of his team and put up at Dublin's best hostelry where he met a man of graft who asked and obtained the price or value the juror O'Laughlin, set upon his fancy team, after which Mr. Graftor told Bryan that he was breaking the law by owning such a fine pair of horses and handed him ten pounds and said he would take the team according to law. O'Laughlin did not take the money but told the grafter "wait ten minutes" and went to the stables, shot the horses dead and ever after drove into Dublin behind a lazy yoke of oxen. And a little further back the following incident happened on the estate on which the writer of this article was born. The estate is near Ballyshannon, then Ashawnee, and the owner was one of the proud old Keltic Chiefs, who still professed the faith of his fathers, though in the midst of the penal law, but now a new law of "discovery" had just gone into effect, which gave to the informer who located and reported to Dublin castle, and penalized Papist holding or owning any landed property, without a license, one half of the nation's recovery. Well the great land owner had in his employ a menial, a butler, whose father and grandfather had served in his family and as other land owners were doing, by a mutual understanding, he sent his butler to Dublin castle to give the required information, read his recantation, took the required oath and half the estate, which the butler did and then returned a great landlord to Ballyshannon where his former master and employer met him, but was told that their respective places were changed and that he, the former owner, could take the vacant place of the former servant and he remarked he would strive to be as good a master as the retiring one.

But why continue to enumerate acts of wrong and misgovernment there where for 750 years of the English so-called government of Ireland we can open any chance page of that history and find in black and white strong and infallible testimony of savage and inhuman English deeds of wanton barbarity against the Irish and the strongest proof that she has ignominiously failed to properly govern that unhappy land.

In the twelfth century she found Ireland the most prosperous and contented country in Europe and after 750 years of plunder and misrule we behold her the most miserable and worst, though the most governed—a nation legislated into outcasts, mendicants and beggars—begging alms from the piratical robber nation of the world—the arch hypocrite and her wealthy Dives who became rich by the



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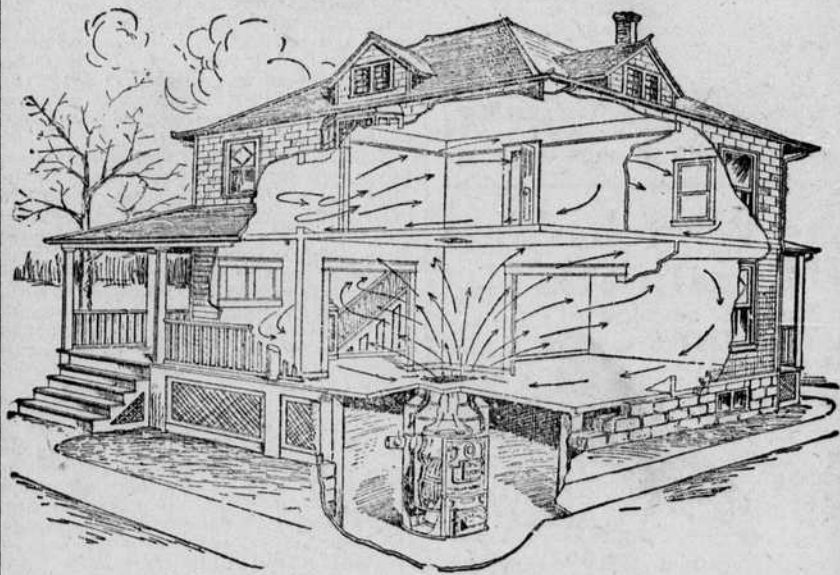
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(Continued on page five.)