

Church & State

A Cultural Review Of Ireland And The World



'Lest We Forget' -

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What Is Europe?

1641 Massacres And Gavan Duffy's *Muster Of The North*

The Cromwell Fiasco

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No. 94

Fourth Quarter, 2008

Price: €2.00/£1.50

What Is Europe?

Cardinal Brady advocated a yes vote in the referendum on Lisbon. He has had the sense to look at the rejection of his advice by many of his 'flock' and to ask himself, Why? He has judged that

"Without respect for its Christian memory and soul, I believe it is possible to anticipate continuing difficulties for the European project. These will emerge not only in economic terms but in terms of social cohesion and the continued growth of a dangerous individualism that does not care about God or about what the future might have in store" (Irish Times, 25.8.08).

This is stating an obvious fact from even the most minimal Christian point of view, a view that is undoubtedly shared by the vast majority of the 27 Member States.

But the Cardinal's words caused a great furore among our Euro enthusiasts, as if he was launching a Crusade against it. Ms Brigid Laffan argued that there is no problem where the Cardinal sees one. She says:

"There is, however, a high degree of consonance between religious and political values in Europe and this consonance extends to the EU. The world's most successful effort at integrating strong-rooted nation states would not have been possible without the impetus provided by continental Christian Democracy. The founding fathers, Robert Schuman, Alcide de Gasperi and Konrad Adenauer, were devout Catholics. This fact moulded their political values, ideology and behaviour. Continental Christian Democratic parties emerged during the period of mass political mobilisation and social transformation that accompanied capitalism, industrialisation, and a secularising world. Confessional parties engaged in highly contested cultural and political conflict with communist, socialist, liberal and social democratic parties."(IT, 15.9.08).

But the 'impetus' provided by Christian Democracy is now gone. Christian democracy is dead as a political force and survives by name only—it is merely a label. But is the EU thriving now that it is gone? That is what should be concerning Ms Laffan. Even she must admit it is not thriving. There is clearly not a similar impetus available now to move it on with the same commitment.

Ms Laffan is also distorting history here. Schuman and the others were not shaped primarily by what happened "during the period of mass political mobilisation and social transformation that accompanied capitalism, industrialisation, and a secularising world". For the simple reason that it was before their time. They were influenced by what happened in the politics of the 20th century, in their lifetimes and what they personally experienced. And first and foremost the formative influence was two World Wars. Christian Democracy as it actually existed was inspired and shaped as a response to those specific events—not by some ideological or theological counter to a "social transformation that accompanied capitalism, industrialisation, and a secularising world". These are abstractions. Schuman and co. were not merely in "confessional" party politics either. She mixes up her historical periods.

Theirs was the Catholic world view that resulted from the position of Pope Benedict XV who foresaw what the nightmare consequences of WWI could be. He understood which country was responsible, i.e. Britain. The result was the destruction of what existed of European civilisation. WWI transformed the world and Europe more than most. Its consequences in the Middle East are still causing havoc. Nothing was the same again and nothing could ever be the same again and "confessional" politics, along with many other types of politics, disappeared forever.

Benedict's views—while being an elaboration of the traditional Catholic view on wars, just and unjust—made sense to any objective person, as did John Paul II's on Iraq. One could be impressed by them while believing in many gods or none. But the views of neither Pope prevailed with "the international community" of the time.

As Britain was seen, rightly, as having primary responsibility for both World Wars, the European project was founded and thrived in opposition to Britain. The main object of the founding fathers was to keep Britain from meddling in Europe and particularly from playing its balance of power game that fomented European conflicts and expanded them into World Wars. It was no theological belief, abstract or otherwise, that motivated Schuman and company in the politics of developing a European community. If that had been a great concern in their politics, surely they would have no reason to exclude the UK from the beginning. Britain was Christian enough to be a member, surely? Britain was and is instinctively hostile to the concept of a real European union. The project was formed in opposition to, and with intense political hostility from, the UK, which set up a rival trading group, EFTA [European Free Trade Area], to do it down in every way possible. Christian values, how are you?

In fact the Americans took a different view, for Cold War reasons. They supported the European project as a counter-weight to the Soviet block.

It is interesting that Ms Laffan omits one of the political tendencies with which the "Confessional parties"—as she calls the Christian Democratic parties—were in competition. She lists "communist, socialist, liberal and social democratic parties" but makes no mention of the Fascist parties. But Christian Democracy was successful in Europe after World War 2 because it had resisted Fascism while not being part of either the Liberal Imperialist or Communist powers and ideologies. It knew that Liberal Imperialism had facilitated or encouraged Fascism and Nazism for many years before Britain eventually decided to make war on Germany. It could therefore be sceptical of British pretensions after 1945, while its own history placed it beyond suspicion of being Fascist, any more than Communist.

Through having resisted Fascism from a standpoint that was not compliant with either Liberalism or Communism it could establish a new order of things out of the chaos of 1945 Europe, while the Liberal and Communist Great Powers negated each other in a Cold War.

Britain's Great War, Pope Benedict's Lost Peace:

How Britain Blocked The Pope's Peace Efforts Between 1915 And 1918 by Dr. Pat Walsh.

ISBN 1 874157 14 6. 60pp. ABM No. 27, March 2006.

€6, £4.

From the publisher, or order from
www.atholbooks.org

Certainly the Anglo-Saxon economic model, which has been rapidly displacing the founding vision, holds few attractions for the Christian Democracy. That 'dog eat dog' philosophy started out preying on the rest of the world, but is now wreaking havoc in Europe itself and is threatening the hard-won stabilities of the post-War settlement.

Human beings have always needed a narrative about who and what they are, or a *memory*, as Cardinal Brady put it. This story must make sense of the facts of their experience as near as it possible to do so, accepting that no narrative is perfect. It is very easy to dismiss and laugh at most of them, but only by those who have another narrative in their own past—or by those who base themselves on a different narrative from another situation. Russia is busy creating a new narrative for itself at present and succeeding beyond all expectations. Ms Laffan wants to have a new narrative for Europe but her narrative does not fit the facts. We do not have a totally secular, non-religious Europe. And where is the vision of social justice? A satisfying alternative does not therefore exist and Ms Laffan's leaves far too many holes in her story to satisfy.

Report

Iran and Israel

Iranian President, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, has said that Iran might agree to the existence of the state of Israel.

Ahmadinejad was asked:

"If the Palestinian leaders agree to a two-state solution, could Iran live with an Israeli state?"

This was his astonishing reply:

"If they [the Palestinians] want to keep the Zionists, they can stay... Whatever the people decide, we will respect it. I mean, it's very much in correspondence with our proposal to allow Palestinian people to decide through free referendums. "

Since most Palestinians are willing to accept a two-state solution, the Iranian President is, in effect, agreeing to Israel's right to exist and opening the door to a peace deal that Iran will endorse.

Ahmadinejad made this apparent extraordinary shift in policy during an interview last week when he was in New York to address the UN General Assembly.

He was interviewed on 24 September by reporters Juan Gonzalez, writing for the New York *Daily News*, and Amy Goodman for the current affairs TV programme, *Democracy Now*.

You can watch the full interview and read the full text on the Democracy Now website.

http://www.democracynow.org/2008/9/26/iranian_president_mahmoud_ahmedinejad_on_iran

This story wasn't picked up by the world's media, except for Peter Tatchell writing in the *Guardian* (London), 29th: September 2008 <http://www.guardian.co.uk/commentisfree/2008/sep/29/iran.israel.ahmadinejad>

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Church & State

Editor: Pat Maloney

All Correspondence should be sent to:

**P. Maloney,
C/O Shandon St. P.O., Cork City.**

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Number One: MALAYA

Report from Conor Lynch

The Royal Irish Regiment has its roots deep in colonial massacre: The Inniskillings, with their extensive history of policing natives around the Empire, were merged with the Ulster Defence Regiment to become the **Royal Irish Regiment** currently recruiting in the Republic and in Northern Ireland. (Readers will recall that the UDR was itself an amalgam which included the B-Specials of Northern Ireland.) As the Royal Inniskilling Fusilliers served in Malaya and helped suppress its Independence movement after the Second World War, it can be assumed that war criminals who served in the British forces in that War are still alive and finding a safe haven in Ireland. When I was a political prisoner in England 1969-74, many of the warders had served in Malaya, especially with Scottish Regiments. They insisted on regaling me with war stories—the more gruesome the 'better'. A common story was the practice of taking a young girl in a village and torturing her in front of the villagers until one of them gave information. These would have been Privates and NCOs. But one of the story tellers was an Assistant Governor in Wormwood Scrubs who was a Major in a Gurkha regiment who was also a religious fanatic and quite a punishment enthusiast—especially when it came to egging on the beating of very young prisoners—15-year olds.

British Forces In Malaya

The Royal Inniskilling Fusilliers From the Regiment's own history:

"After a period of peace it found itself in South Africa where between 1837 and 1847 it was engaged in several of the numerous native wars that occurred during those years. From 1854 and 1868 it served in India taking part in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny and helping to preserve law and order in North-West India.

"The Second Battalion saw service in the great uprising of the Pathan tribes in the Tirah Valley on the North-west frontier of India in 1897-98, and after the end of that campaign remained in India until January 1902 when it was sent to South Africa to take part in the closing stages of the Boer War. The First Battalion reached South Africa in November 1899, and



The Daily Worker newspaper published this photo on May 10, 1952, with an accompanying report pleading that Britain save her honour by ending the war in Malaya. In the political climate of the time, the newspaper's series of shocking reports and harrowing pictures was regarded as mere communist propaganda and ignored by the British public at large – much to the relief of the Colonial Office.

fought its first action at the Battle of Colenso in December; it was part of General Buller's force which relieved Ladysmith in March 1900, and after that was engaged in the task of clearing the Transvaal, "trekking" vast distances in pursuit of an active and elusive enemy. It was during this period that the 1st Bn's Regimental Medical Officer was awarded the Victoria Cross for rescuing a fellow wounded officer. From late in 1901 to the end of the war in 1902 the battalion constructed and occupied numerous sections of the "block-house line" which divided the country into large areas surrounded by wire with fortified posts at intervals. Within these areas mounted troops drove the Boers on to the wire fences, where, being caught between two fires, they were forced to surrender.

"After the war the **First Battalion** returned to India from Burma and after a stay in Hong Kong was engaged for many months hunting terrorists in the jungles of Malaya. In 1949 after a brief spell at home it went to the West Indies returning to the United Kingdom in April 1951. In 1952 it was presented with the Freedom of Enniskillen, the town of its birth and later in the same year went abroad to the Suez

Canal Zone and afterwards to Kenya where it helped to suppress the Mau Mau terror; while in the latter country it received the Freedom of Nairobi in perpetuity, the first and so far the only time that a British Regiment has been so honoured by a colonial city." (Emphasis added.)

Other Regiments

The Queen's Royal Irish Hussars Were in Malaya. Many Irishmen fought with other British regiments in Malaya, both as conscripts in Great Britain and as volunteers from both parts of Ireland, and from among emigrants living in Britain.

Further information from the Indymedia website at:

<http://www.indymedia.ie/article/89339> <http://www.indymedia.ie/article/89339?author_name=Pat%20Muldowney&comment_limit=0&condense_comments=false#comment237036>
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Wilson John Haire

Me An Atheist? Surely To God Not!

Church & State No 93, Third Quarter, 2008 had an interesting article, *Communism and Christianity* by John Martin about practising his religion and not having any conflicts with his belief in communism. He also has something to say about atheism which he finds repugnant.

Back in the late 1940s as a teenager in the Young Worker's League (the youth wing of the CPNI) I went through a phase of militant atheism but I didn't feel comfortable with it.

The Party bookshop in Belfast was full of stuff like: *The Catholic Church against the 20th Century* and other equally anti-Catholic tomes. It took me some time to work out that the CPNI was Protestant dominated with its General-Secretary—a former IRA commandant—a mere figure-head from the 1930s when the Party was the CPI and nationalist. The present CPI is still unable to write this part of its history. During that time the CPNI suppressed its own history and as young people we wanted to know more but were met with silence or told to shut up. On one occasion we were threatened with violence by some Party members at an AGM. Expulsion was not an option for every member was precious in what was a small party. Although I almost managed to be turfed out when I asked a senior member of the Party why Yugoslavia—in its break with the USSR in June, 1948—was now called a fascist state in the Cominform's (a replacement for the Comintern) newspaper *For a Lasting Peace and People's Democracy*. Not a nice prospect for a young revolutionary just starting out.

The anti-Catholic literature was ordered in by the person who ran the bookshop. She was a member of the EC [Executive Committee] and blatantly anti-Catholic. She took it for granted that Catholics joining the CPNI were anti-Catholic and maybe even potential Protestants. If I did attack all religions including her own she would point out the past revolutionary nature of early Presbyterianism, as if that had anything to do with the then one-party Unionist rule. She also insisted that all Catholics go south of the border. An early thought in ethnic cleansing.

Her son became the Secretary of the Young Worker's League for a time until we discovered he was also a member of the British Territorial Army. He was ordered to resign from the TA, or else, by the Catholic members. His excuse was that he was just having a "boy's

own adventure" (like his friends in Malaya?).

East Belfast Protestant clubs were open to us. (How could a Communist be a Catholic?). On one occasion after a meeting in the Party's East Belfast social premises we were anxious to watch the Hungary versus England match on TV. Next door was a social club run by an Orange Lodge member. We were welcomed but had to first pay a small entrance fee—a token amount—that would go to the Orange Widows. It would be obvious, by looks, that some of our group were Catholics but that small payment was a sort of talisman, besides our CP membership.

During a mock election run by the Young Workers League I stood as a Unionist and won with a comfortable majority, beating the Communist and Labour candidates. When the EC of the Party heard of it, I was sent for and warned off about talking about it either within the meetings or on the outside. In the long run we ended up having to form a secret Catholic group within the Young Workers' League. Two Protestants who leaned towards nationalism joined us. I wasn't religious though I had gone through all the First Communion and Confirmation bit.

I never believed in a God even as a child. I didn't even believe in Santa Claus, though I thought it best to pretend as a child. My father, a Protestant, had become a militant atheist after believing as a Presbyterian and later as a Christadelphian. Being a Communist even before the Russian Revolution, he also practised his religion. He only stopped practising his faith at the age of 23, in 1923, when he went to live in New York and associated with the CPUSA.

I don't think he was comfortable with giving up his religion. The Bible featured prominently in our house. He was always reading it—in order to tear holes in it, as he said. He self-taught some Hebrew and Ancient Greek in line with the best Biblical scholars. He could quote huge amounts of the Bible from memory. I always felt he would have made a fine clergyman. Out of New York in 1930, and back in Belfast, he became active with the Left and then became a member of the newly constituted CPI. It had existed as far back as 1923 but was riven by disputes between Jim Larkin, Willie Gallagher, Bob Steward and others.

Gallagher and Steward, both Scotsmen, were members of the CPGB and gave a helping hand to the then newly formed CPI. Liam O'Flaherty, author of *The Informer* and other works in English and Irish was also part of the CPI before it tore itself apart. The present CPI is also coy about this part of its history and insists in dating itself from 1933.

My father didn't stay long in the 1930s CPI. I suspect he was put off by its nationalist agenda, though a number of Protestants made a lot of sacrifices for it when they ended up in prison. They came out and continued its work.

My father didn't have any influence on me by his constant preaching of atheism. As I have said I was always devoid of religious beliefs. I saw him as a Protestant. What else am I to think if I see him with the Bible continually in his hand? In his eighties he asked me to send him a large-print Bible from London. He certainly could have bought it in Belfast. I think he wanted me to approve of his continued Bible studies. I did.

There was only one instant when I thought there might be something supernatural around. At the age of five, one Winter's evening in Belfast, a group of older boys I was playing with panicked at something as we ran past a dark entry. They shouted that the *bogeyman* was hiding up there. My heart was pounding so much behind my jersey that they became alarmed and fled. Soon after I wasn't believing in the *bogeyman* for there were other things to scare a child with—a policeman was a favourite. An RUC man with his darkest of green tunic buttoned to the neck, his .45 revolver in an open-top huge leather holster, his black baton case, his ham fists, his night helmet at dusk, his loud sparbled and clattery boots, and his grim manner.

It was a Protestant area and Protestant mothers threatened their children with this *bogeyman*. He would take naughty children away and throw them down into the black hole in the barracks. Some of the tough nuts in the RUC, rather than make an arrest in the street, would challenge the man to a fist fight. If the person won he was let go. If he lost he was let go anyway. But if he refused to fight he was arrested. The old joke had some truth:

'I'm arrestin' ye for being *bluttered* and refusin' to fight.'

Arrested *drunk and offensive* and taken to the police barracks meant getting a kicking with those same sparbled and clattery boots. That sure was the *bogeyman*.

I sometimes wonder about the human race and their religious beliefs. At what

Finlay Holmes: *an appreciation*

stage of development are we at? A product is sold in vast quantities yet there is no evidence of its existence. But I still don't think I can be put into the category of being an atheist. I never believed in the first place.

I don't know what category I come under. Maybe somebody will think one up one day. Willie Gallagher, a Communist member of the British Parliament, came to Belfast to speak at an outdoor meeting around 1950. Someone in the crowd shouted: "*what are you going to do when you're on your death bed?*" (implying he was an atheist) Gallagher replied:

"I'll die like everybody else."

I eventually came to have no problem with the rumour about James Connolly's conversion to Catholicism before meeting a Brit firing squad. But, if true, he was essentially a Scotsman who was marrying Ireland and now he was dying for her. What greater saint can there be in the secular calendar, or in anyone's calendar?

I don't know if some people in the Six Counties think of me as a Catholic but I want to be thought of as one for the sake of my identity. What else can you do if you are one of two nationalities when neither has a proper nationality tag like they do in Switzerland for example. My wife is a practising Catholic and, being afraid of the London streets, I have to accompany her to Mass. While in the Church I am not so much thinking of religion as reinforcing my identity. Unlike my father I am not missing anything. I am saying that England has made a deliberate mess of my birthplace and I am stating where I stand on the issue.

John Martin quotes the Jewish expression: *Where is it written that life has to be fair?* to counter *God couldn't exist in this awful world of suffering.* a line in the satirical novel *Catch 22*, which he quotes in his article.

I must remember that each time I am tempted to shout after every major disaster in the world:

Where's your god now!

9th of September, 2008

"Authority without wisdom is like a heavy axe without an edge, fitter to bruise than polish."

Anne Bradstreet

Finlay Holmes, who died on 14th July, was the leading Irish Presbyterian historian of the second half of the last century. He succeeded in combining precise scholarship with a feel for narrative and a desire to explain things. These are rare qualities in academia, which is why academics so often end up talking only to themselves, even as they continue to emphasize how 'relevant' they are being. The concept of *relevance* presupposes some moral or didactic purpose which is seldom made clear. But, if you're a Presbyterian historian, the relevance of your calling is all mapped out for you: you have to try to give an account of the Church to itself. Who are we and why are we here? These questions aren't always existential: sometimes historical and political answers are called for. Holmes was for the most part a reliable guide to those struggling in the Presbyterian jungle. Among a people who have often lacked historical self-consciousness this wasn't an easy project.

Although Holmes and Paisley were nearly exact contemporaries and both spent their formative years in Ballymena (Paisley having been born in Armagh and Holmes in North Belfast)—and both indeed were pupils at the Model School in Ballymena where Holmes's father was Principal—the two men were culturally very different. This can't be explained in terms of social position, where there would have been little between them. Paisley found that it suited his purpose to affect a demotic tone and manner, rather than compete among the middle classes. He has been the bluff straight-talking Ulsterman surrounded by effete compromisers, until at last he became one of them. But Holmes and Paisley were brought up with very different world views.

By nature and by practice Paisley was a fundamentalist. That doesn't mean that he had no coherent theology, but that his theology was in a sense anti-theological. For Paisley, Protestant sloganizing took the place of the reformed theology he nominally espoused. The context of a Protestant nation fighting for its life against a vast political/religious/military conspiracy, rather like the Dutch under William the Silent, gave a piquancy to his brand of fundamentalism that was lacking in the American variety.

As for Holmes, his Presbyterianism

was bred in the bone, and it owed a lot to his mother's people, the Greggs, who were farmers at Kirkhills near Ballymoney. In a sense Holmes and Paisley might both have called themselves evangelicals, although Paisley doesn't appear to be keen on this as the distillation of his genius. The difference was that for Holmes his evangelicalism was grounded in a sort of historical theology that has always been alien to Paisley.

In a recent *Irish Political Review* there was a reference, by Pat Muldowney I think, to Ballymena and Ballymoney as towns where remnants of anti-Catholic psychosis remain. As a citizen of Ballymena and an adopted son of Ballymoney I have to protest about them being singled out in this way. No doubt these remnants can be found in many places, and the remnants of anti-Protestant psychosis in many places too but, when the Troubles were the background music to all our lives, it wasn't Ballymena and Ballymoney that were disfigured by sectarian murder gangs.

Pat Muldowney's comments are particularly unfair in relation to Ballymoney, and indeed he should know better because I once tried to explain this to him. Geoff Dudgeon in his book on Casement also refers to the two towns in the same breath, and I was trying to explain to Pat that Ballymoney is a different kind of town entirely to Ballymena. It's not that the latter is a sectarian ghetto whereas the former is all sweetness and light, but it's that Ballymoney has a sort of feeling of openness to the outside world about it whereas Ballymena for all its size seems to me to be increasingly self-absorbed. As a former colleague of mine (another member of the Gregg clan) used to say, Belfast people have this idea that Ballymena and Ballymoney are just beside each other, but they would soon think differently if they had to walk the twenty miles of bog road that separate them.

Part of the reason for the difference may be that for many years the Covenanters (Reformed Presbyterians) were a kind of aristocracy in Ballymoney, and some of their attitudes, including their disregard of the 'powers that be', communicated itself to the mainstream Presbyterians around them. There had been a large settlement in Ballymoney of disaffected defeated Covenanters from the struggles of the 1670s in the Scottish Lowlands, and it might have appeared to some of their descendants that in the

1790s there was going to be an opportunity to put matters right at last. During the 19th century the area tended to vote Liberal: with the coming of the Home Rule crisis it was the only Protestant heartland that didn't align itself with the Unionist opposition. As many will know, it produced Rev. J.B. Armour, who wasn't an eccentric individual but a representative opponent of the Unionist position.

I don't know much about this and shouldn't speculate, but I sometimes wonder whether there was a strong element of arrogance or simple cussedness among the people of Ballymoney at that time. Arrogance because it didn't occur to them that Home Rule would present any threat to their way of life. Indeed it could be said that theirs was a characteristically Presbyterian stance. All through the 18th century Presbyterians had survived and flourished under an unsympathetic Government, although it has to be said too that many of them found conditions so irksome that they emigrated to the American colonies *en masse*. Cussedness because they didn't like being told what to think.

Coming from this lineage Holmes was conscious of his distinctively Presbyterian heritage, and in this he would have had a lot in common with men like John Barkley (*Blackmouth And Dissenter*) and John Dunlop (*A Precarious Belonging*) even if he would have had disagreements with them too. What he shared with them I think too was a cool, sober, slightly edgy quality, exasperated at times with facile responses, and not given to histrionics. But these three men still managed to escape from the world of endless nuance and communicate intelligibly with people in the real world.

Holmes's *Our Irish Presbyterian Heritage* is as good as it gets as an overview. I've been reading a lot of American Presbyterian history lately and all I can say is that Holmes would have done a better job than most of his American counterparts. He should be read in conjunction with Peter Brooke's *Ulster Presbyterianism: The Historical Perspective* (re-published by Athol Books), which originally came out at the same time as Holmes's book in the mid to late 1980s. Brooke tends to emphasize the ideological background whereas Holmes, while not ignoring the ideological issues, has more of human interest. Brooke sees the 1859 Revival as the beginning of the end of Ulster Presbyterianism as a social force, while Holmes, implicitly at any rate, would probably have disagreed. He would however probably have conceded that the Revival was not an unmixed blessing. *"The fact that Irish Presbyterians built*

two colleges in the second half of the 19th century is an indication that they had not abandoned their traditional emphasis on the intellectual understanding and presentation of their faith." But the danger was always there.

For Paisley of course, with his essentially non-denominational fundamentalist perspective, there were no two ways about the Revival. One doesn't try to analyse it. Holmes's statement of the obvious that *"certainly religious movements do not occur in some kind of vacuum"* might not seem obvious to Paisley. In this he represents a further point of development in a tendency traceable back to Henry Cooke—the Black Man of Wellington Place [a statue]—the subject of Holmes's postgraduate work and of his 1981 biography.

Many years ago I had a slight disagreement with Peter Brooke after listening to Brooke on Cooke as Apostle of the Catholic Faith. Cooke had come across to me as a bit of a showman, an early version of Paisley, trying to shape events by sheer force of ego. Peter thought he would have been more like Enoch Powell, which means I suppose incisive and logical. I still think I was right.

Anyway, I got the impression from Holmes that Cooke tended to view the Church as a vehicle for self-promotion, at which he excelled. At a deeper level than this, though, I began to wonder to what extent Cooke was at heart a Presbyterian at all. He had spent a Winter in Dublin in 1817-18 studying medicine and seems to have been greatly influenced by the strong Evangelical movement in the city. It might have been then that the idea was planted in his head of a pan-Protestant alliance, united in the work of evangelism of Catholics, and united also by a fervent loyalty to the institutions of the state, including the Church of Ireland which was not disestablished till long after his death—and no thanks to him. I remember reading in *Memoirs Of A Long Life* by W.D. Killen that somewhere around the 1830s the annual income of the Church of Ireland Bishop of Raphoe was around £5,000.00, which was unimaginable wealth. Plus a free palace. Cooke was later hostile to the Tenant Right movement.

The point I'm making about Cooke is that in him we can see the beginnings of an Orange Tory tradition, which took most of the 19th century to work its way into the bloodstream of the Presbyterian in the pew. Theologically he's even more interesting. Orthodox yes, evangelical yes, but reformed in his outlook, not really. His subscription to the *Westmin-*

ster Confession was to its statement of Trinitarian belief, not to its Calvinistic content. When it came to Calvin, Cooke could take him or leave him, like many Presbyterians since. He wasn't overly bothered. The ultimate tendency is towards a form of Evangelical reductionism: what's the point of all this theology when souls are perishing? This isn't an inevitable progression, but it has happened within fundamentalist circles in the US and Ulster.

One senses that behind the scholarly reluctance to enter into judgment, Holmes is disapproving of Cooke and deplors some of the trends he set in motion. In the short term Cooke's marshalling of the orthodox forces in the Church secured the Union of the Synods in 1840 and prepared the way for the Revival. On the 150th anniversary of the General Assembly, Holmes was fittingly elected Moderator.

Unfortunately I have taken up a lot of space with Cooke that should have been spent on his biographer. Maybe Finlay Holmes wouldn't mind.

As well as the Model School there was Coleraine Inst., Ballymena Academy, Trinity Dublin, where he distinguished himself on the rugby pitch as well as academically; Westminster College Cambridge, then the Seminary for the now defunct English Presbyterian Church, where he played more rugby; then a time as an assistant Minister in Belfast, followed by a six year RAF chaplaincy. A spell teaching at Campbell College followed, then a lectureship at Magee Theological College in Derry before the whole operation was moved to Belfast to merge with the equivalent College there. At Union College he was successively Principal and Professor of Church History, finally retiring in 1996. He really did most things except that as a minister he never held a pastoral charge.

I remember him coming back to his old school and mine, Ballymena Academy, to present the prizes in the mid-seventies. What struck me about him, and I wasn't exactly an ingénue in such matters, was the force of his evangelistic appeal to his audience. Of course he was evangelistic about the evangel, whereas these days when we hear of people being evangelistic, or, more often *"evangelical"*, we can take it that it's about something else. He may not always have been as overtly evangelistic in later life, but he's still a good example of how heartfelt piety, astute historical judgment and a zest for the rough and tumble of the rugby field can co-exist very happily.



American Presbyterianism

In *Church & State* magazine No. 93 Third Quarter, 2008, page Eight, Stephen Richards in a book review stated that *The Presbyterian Church in America* (PCA) is 'apparently' the fastest-growing Protestant denomination in America.

"Fastest-growing" should be looked at in context as their total number is only just over three million. The site:

http://hrr.hartsem.edu/research/fastfacts/fast_facts.html#largest

(as of 9.9.2008) lists the 25 largest religious denominations in the US. It documents the top nine in size as follows:

1. The Catholic Church, 69,135,254 members, reporting an increase of 1.94 %.
2. The Southern Baptist Convention, 16,270,315 members, reporting an increase of .02 %.
3. The United Methodist Church, 8,075,010 members, reporting a decrease of 1.36 %.
4. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 5,690,672 members, reporting an increase of 1.63 %.
5. The Church of God in Christ, 5,499,875 members, no increase or decrease reported. No updated report.
6. National Baptist Convention, USA, Inc., 5,000,000 members, no increase or decrease reported. No updated report.
7. Evangelical Lutheran Church in America, 4,850,776, reporting a decrease of 1.62 %.
8. National Baptist Convention of America, 3,500,000, no increase or decrease reported. No updated report.
9. Presbyterian Church (USA), 3,098,842 members, reporting a decrease of 2.84 %."

Whilst the Presbyterian Church (USA) may have a high growth rate, it is comparatively small in size. Regarding the above list, one might add the following comments. Number Four above, is also referred to by outsiders as 'The Mormons'.

Numbers Five, Six and Eight above, each of which have "no increase or decrease reported.

"No updated report", are African-American (black) churches. They are probably not reporting their numbers for a variety of reasons (internal organisational failure, competition with respect to each other, and not wanting to lose postal mailing list advertising revenue).

Pearse, The Educationalist

Ireland's postal authorities have decided to issue stamps celebrating Patrick Pearse as educationalist. This turn of events at any time in the past thirty years would have led to yet another examination of Pearse's sexuality (and eventually did: in the shape of letters to the *Irish Times*). However, the *Irish Times* article on the matter was headlined *Pearse As Educational Pioneer* (25.09.08). Written by Elaine Sisson, it managed to keep to the point for most of its length. She writes that the opening of *Scoil Éanna* realised Pearse's "...long-held dream of providing a modern, child-centred, bi-lingual education for Irish boys". The opening of the girl's school *Scoil Íte* in 1911 is noted but is not made part of the article. (Unless I am mistaken Pearse in his writings on education, the most vigorous of which, *The Murder Machine*, Ms Sisson notes in passing, refers to 'children' rather than 'boys'.)

Elaine Sisson also notes "*His clashes with the clergy...*" which, apparently "*belie the perception that Pearse was slavishly devoted to the Catholic Church...*". Only those who made a point of not actually thinking about the matter thought Pearse was remotely orthodox in his Catholicism. (He was probably a sincere Catholic—but not terribly Roman. But it is useful for this sort of information to appear in an Irish newspaper. Those people who have spent many moons carefully fostering the image of Pearse as proto-Nazi paedophile will be furious at this act of betrayal in the *IT*). Ms Sisson notes the large number of well-known figures who sent their children to Pearse's schools.

She describes them as "*eminent nationalist families*", but notes that George Moore's son, Ulick, attended. He may have broken with nationalism later, but even in 1908 he was hardly 'advanced' as it is called. Jim Larkin and Stephen Gwynn do not fit neatly into the category 'nationalist' (certainly not as the term is perceived by modern Irish academia,

Elaine Sisson lectures in Dún Laoghaire's Institute of Art, Design and Technology). Essentially Pearse annoyed the Castle and the Catholic authorities by running a religiously integrated (even secular) college, although Ms. Sisson calls it "*a Catholic lay-school*". She describes as "*unlikely*" the support he got from "*international figures*" including Baden-Powell, the founder of the Scout movement (whose own sexuality has been 'called into

question' recently). Another 'unlikely' supporter was the poet Rabindranath Tagore, who emulated Pearse's experiment in Bengal.

Quite why this support is '*unlikely*' is difficult to understand. The whole of the British Empire had its eyes on Ireland. There were particularly close relations with the Indian national movement. (Alfred Webb* noted that in the 1890s there was a suggestion that Indian National Congress members be elected to Westminster from Irish seats. That's a close relationship.) Apart from those trapped in the British Empire, there were people trapped in other empires. And the 'diaspora'—especially in The Empire, the USA and Argentina, the enemies of England—kept a weather-eye on Ireland: there were a lot of them. There were people like the German scholar Kuno Meyer who found the place inherently interesting.

"*Pearse is not now often remembered as an innovator in educational methods...*" The last time *The Murder Machine* was published—anywhere—was by Mercier (Cork) in 1986 "... *those who knew him said he was at his most fluent and enlightened when speaking about education*". We are told some of the education given to Pearse's charges:

"In the first year...the boys heard lectures... on French literature, phonetics, philosophy, medieval history, Egyptology, botany and archaeology." Pearse "took them out of the classroom, using geography to teach history, nature to teach geometry, music to teach maths, art to teach Irish."

According to Roy Johnston's *A Century of Endeavour* Pearse employed at least one science teacher, David Houston. This is rarely mentioned in dealing with the school. Science teachers were fairly rare in Irish schools until the 1960s. In fact, "*five teachers, including Pearse, were executed for their part in the 1916 Rising: William Pearse, Joseph Plunkett, Thomas Mac Donagh, and Con Colbert...*"

The latter matter is not the "darker note" to which Ms. Sisson refers. That is "...*Pearse's promotion of valour and heroism...*", which is "*uncomfortable*" to modern audiences. The boys in pageants and plays dressed "*as ancient Irish warriors*", are "*inevitably viewed through the lens of Pearse's later*

*In: *Alfred Webb: The Autobiography of a Quaker Nationalist*, Edited by Marie-Louise Legge, Cork University Press, 1999.

militancy". 'Pearse's later militancy' was in large part (if not entirely) a response to the Great War. That gigantic act of mass murder (on nearly every continent; a major naval battle was fought off the Falkland Islands in 1914, and when the USA entered the fray every state in Latin America declared war on its enemies) is, as ever, ignored. Ireland is a little universe all of its own, not even the Other Island intrudes, until the Irish decide to do something distasteful. Like assert their right to independence.

In parenthesis Ms Sisson writes that the boys in these pageants look "*like extras from a Wagnerian opera*". It is more that possible that Pearse might have wanted them to look like extras from *Lohengrin* or *Parsifal*. The Belfast Sinn Féiner Herbert Moore Pim wrote a libretto (wee book / opera script) on the subject of *Cuchullain*, nobody took up the idea). Wagner only 'became viewed through the lens' of Hitlerism after WWII. He even escaped the hysterical denunciation of everything German in 1914 (mainly due to the musicians, in particular Henry Wood of the Promenade Concerts, refusing to toe the line). Presumably 'Wagnerian opera' is mentioned because Ireland's largely tin-eared intelligentsia takes its line on such matters from Radio 4 UK. And not from the evidence of its own ears and eyes, which might necessitate their making an actual individual decision.

Elaine Sisson praises parts of Pearse's "*complex*" legacy: the "*vibrancy, enthusiasm and child-centeredness lives on in the Gaelscoil movement*". But adds that the "*emphasis on heroic self-sacrifice*" belongs in the Pearse Museum. Does it? Is the heroic self-centredness of 'Celtic Tiger' quite so obviously morally superior to that of Pearse, his brother, Colbert, Plunkett, Mac Donagh and the rest of 'that delirium of the brave'?

Report

The commemoration of Pearse's advanced ideas on Education brought a crop of letters in the *Irish Times* attacking him on sexual and other grounds. Dr. Brendan Walsh made an effective response to Dr. Limond, who is a relative newcomer to Ireland and Irish educational history, having previously worked in Northampton and Hereford. He should, perhaps, take the trouble to acquaint himself more deeply with Irish educational history and the politics of the period about which he comments before making such an unfortunate and ill-informed intervention.

Pearse's Schools Defended

"David Limond... describes St Enda's as inspired by "the Edwardian militarism and masculinism in which fascism had its roots". Schools throughout England and Ireland engaged in boy-scout type trooping and drill in this period. Clubs for young people were an offspring of the massive growth in local history, walking, reading, naturalist and study groups that had evolved in Victorian times.

That St Enda's was a "single-sex" school was utterly in accordance with the times. Co-education at post-primary level was almost unknown and the founding of a single-sex school was culturally and socially typical.

Strangely, Pearse is never credited with founding one of the first "lay" schools in Ireland, the result of pragmatism and pioneering spirit. Commentators also ignore the fact that Pearse founded an all-girl's school, St Ita's, whose pupils regularly attended dances at St Enda's.

Dr Limond is incorrect in ascribing monolingualism to St Enda's: Pearse consistently encouraged bilingualism. Again, that St Enda's was a "*de jure* monodenominational school" ignores the fact that schooling operated along these lines at the period. Brevity prohibits dealing with his assertion that St Enda's was not "progressive or pioneering". However, Pearse's insistence upon a school council (officially unknown in Irish education policy until the 1990s), a school magazine run solely by students (often parodying staff), his insistence on bilingualism as a means of language acquisition, his inversion of the British school system to create a model of dissent at St Enda's, his provision of a wide range of subjects, his refusal to prepare boys for the Intermediate Examination (the "Murder Machine"), his belief in the notion of learning by doing, his employment of the modern teaching aids available and his faith in the principle that children should be encouraged to develop on their own terms whatever physical or intellectual talents they possessed all point to St Enda's as a progressive and pioneering school in early 20th-century Ireland.

To describe the operation of St Enda's as "fascism" is to reveal a striking lack of familiarity with what Pearse actually wrote, said and did there. The accusation does not have its origins in fact; rather, in the tired excesses of commentators that began in the 1970s, possibly informed as much by the tragedy of Northern Ireland as by objective criticism.

Surely the time has come to move away from the casual assumption of Pearse as a republican ogre. Desmond Ryan, Pearse's most successful student, joined the British army at the outbreak of the first World War, an act which Thomas MacDonagh, school vice-principal and participant in the Easter Rising, referred to as "consistent" with the spirit of patriotism he and Pearse tried to instil at St Enda's—not to one nation, but to one's nation."

Dr. Brendan Walsh, School of Education Studies, Dublin City University. (Irish Times 3.10.08)

Report

Austin Ivereigh argues that there can be same-sex friendships that are not homosexual and that modern cultural categories make such relationships impossible to understand. The following are extracts from his article in *Irish Catholic* (4.9.08)

Newman Had A Spiritual Friendship; He Was Not Gay

"Was Cardinal Newman gay? It seems a brutally inappropriate question to ask of the great 19th-century convert-cardinal, father of the Oxford movement, godfather of Dublin University, the towering Christian intellectual of the Victorian era and one of the greatest spiritual writers of all times.

...gay activists are claiming that the transfer of Cardinal Newman's remains, in preparation for his beatification, violates his wishes to be buried with a man he deeply loved.

The removal of Newman's body from its grave at the English town of Rednal to a new sarcophagus at Birmingham Oratory, where it can be venerated by Catholics, is described by Peter Tatchell as "an act of religious desecration and moral vandalism" by the "gay-hating" Vatican. It is true that Newman was clear about his wishes.

"I wish, with all my heart, to be buried in Ambrose St. John's grave—and I give this as my last, imperative will... This I confirm and insist on..."

...As for respecting his will, becoming a saint makes it scarcely relevant. Pope John Paul II put in his will that he wanted to be buried in Poland, but that was ignored by the Vatican—as he surely knew it would be.

Nor would Cardinal Newman in heaven object to being removed to a sarcophagus and having bones taken from his hands to make into relics. He was keen on relics himself—even before becoming a Catholic, he said God works wonders through them.

But the question of whether Newman and St. John had what is now called a "gay relationship" needs to be examined.

There is no doubt about the intensity of Cardinal Newman's affection for Fr. Ambrose St. John. The two men met in the Spring of 1841, both Anglican clergymen.

"From the first he loved me with an intensity of love, which was unaccountable", Newman later wrote.

They were received into the Catholic Church at almost the same time... [in October 1845].

The ostracisation they suffered—Newman was the towering Christian

figure of his day, and his conversion scandalised Victorian England—served only to deepen the bond. They were both Oratorians, shared a house for 30 years... and bought “a burying place” eight miles away.

Fr. St. John, who was 14 years Newman's junior, pre-deceased him by 15 years. “I have ever thought no bereavement was equal to that of a husband's or a wife's”, the cardinal wrote after the younger man's death in 1875, “But I feel it difficult that any can be greater, or anyone's sorrow greater, than mine”.

...Newman never left an all-male, cloistered world, as high camp as it was high church.

The cardinal was delicate, sensitive, and had “feminine characteristics” as Geoffrey Faber described him in 1933. He was attacked by his contemporaries for a “lack of virility”.

He had friendships with women, but none of them close. His deepest relationships were with his young disciples.

The case being made by gay rights activists is not that Newman and St. John had a sexual relationship (that would be difficult to claim: Newman said after the death of St. John that he had never committed a mortal sin as a priest—for people of that time, this statement is definitive—but that they were gay men who had a “same-sex relationship”. Yet the term only serves to spotlight the gulf between today's culture and that of former centuries.

It shows how the sexualisation of relationships and the politicisation of sexuality since the 1960s-70s have made it virtually impossible to speak of an intense, passionate, committed but entirely chaste love between people of the same sex... we no longer have the vocabulary—or the concepts—to describe such relationships...

Yet “spiritual friendships” are different in kind from “same-sex relationships”. Between the 16th and 19th centuries the idea of *fratres iurati*—“sworn brothers”—is not uncommon; nor is the idea of such “couples” being buried together...

In the chapel of Merton College, Oxford, can be found the tomb of John Bloxham and John Whytton dating from the end of the 14th century; it shows two figures standing side by side with their hands joined together in prayer—familiar husband-wife iconography, as it happens, but also of sainthood.

Alan Bray, the historian whose pioneering studies turned the spotlight on these tombs, noted that “to the modern viewer it is inexplicable [because] we have come a very long way from the world view of traditional English Christianity, a world where such blessed

friendships correspond to liturgical practice”.

The Church solemnised such friendships: two friends received Holy Communion after making promises to each other (outside the church, not in it); but the promises were made by men who were or would later be married.

Unlike modern “same-sex unions”, these blessed friendships were not intended to emulate marriage. But they involved heartfelt commitment, nonetheless—

to look after the other's relatives in the event of death, for example. From the 17th century, women made the same vows.

Newman was part of the tradition of these spiritual friendships and the tradition of being buried together. To our modern eyes, they may look like gay relationships; but they are neither sexual nor substitutes for marriage, and to claim them as “gay” is simply a category error...

Jack Lane

Book Review: *O'Brien Pocket History Of The Irish Famine* by Ruán O'Donnell

(The O'Brien Press, 2008, ISBN 9781847170194)

Famine Studies

Ruán O'Donnell's book is a welcome addition to Famine studies. It is a very readable account that puts the disaster in a proper context. He acknowledges some crucial facts that are usually ignored.

A major one is that the 1841 census was inaccurate. This is quite important as that is usually taken as a given starting point when discussing the Famine and if that starting point is false where does it leave any analysis of the most essential fact of the Famine—how many died?

He says that “*The precise number of Famine dead in Ireland will never be known owing to the inability of Government to derive an accurate census from their enquiries in 1841*” (p.129). This is undoubtedly true but it shows that there needs to be a proper study of the actual numbers and while precise figures may be impossible surely we could get it right to the nearest million! In the absence of this all sorts of figures are bandied about that makes the whole episode seem almost farcical.

By the way, inaccurate census figures are nothing new. I participated in the UK census in 1991 and it was written off as soon as it was completed. I know of whole streets that had a few dozen people recorded. Why? For seasons not very dissimilar to those that made the 1841 census in Ireland inaccurate—taxes and fear of the State. Margaret Thatcher and the Poll Tax in this case.

Ruán gives a figure in the context of discussing elections and the electorate before and after the Famine that is very revealing. It refers to one group of people that was very definitely counted and counted as accurately as any group is likely to be, i.e. the actual electorate of the time. These people (males, of course) were a privileged group and can be assumed to be substantial, property owning people who were able to 'look after themselves' more than most of the population. And they were counted at the time as there was an election in the middle of the Famine.

Yet their numbers declined from 122,000 before the Famine to 45,000 afterwards—a decline of over 60%. Is this a reflection of the true figures for Famine casualties? There may be other factors involved in this specific case but even so I believe they are a reflection of the true figures and indicate the actual magnitude of the disaster.

Ruán shows that there was no Famine in any real sense as there was plenty food available and a Famine was avoided in Scotland because it was treated as part of the UK by Trevelyan and co. proving that a Famine could have been avoided in Ireland if it was not for the racist and religious bigotry towards the Irish that permeated British attitudes towards the disaster.

He shows how the Government that could not organise food supplies suddenly became extremely efficient when it came to countering the minuscule Young Ireland rebellion in 1848 and no manpower or expense was spared to deal with it. Indeed, he also shows that none was spared during the Famine in ensuring the safe and unhindered export of food.

Though Ruán's book gives a very good account of the Famine and he uses the sources available very well, what strikes one when reading it are the inherent limitations that any historian has to cope with when dealing with the subject. What are available are some sporadic, written glimpses of what went on, tips of proverbial icebergs. There were no civil servants, reporters or anyone else monitoring the millions of cabins, fields and ditches throughout the countryside where the vast majority of the victims were to be found. And those who lived through this and survived were too traumatised and ashamed to talk to anyone about it. A full assessment must rely on other than the standard methodologies.

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**Archbishop Martin On Recession
Reporter To Bishop
Coleman On Union
Books Of The Old Testament:**

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Archbishop Martin On Recession

"The Archbishop of Dublin, Diarmuid Martin has said those who were *"irresponsibly rejoicing"* in the wealth of the Celtic Tiger will not be the ones to suffer now that the country is in recession. Archbishop Martin said he did not think a recession was a good thing, even if it led to less materialism in the country, and those who indulged in reckless lending during the good years will be better able to cope with the recession than others who did not cause the crisis across the world.

"I don't rejoice in a recession because I believe it is the weakest who pay the heaviest price. The danger in a recession is that the greedy suffer less than those who have been working hard, doing their tasks and looking after their families," he said.

"In any country, if you have a bad healthcare and education system, it is the poor who go to it. The wealthy can go elsewhere and provide it for themselves privately'.

"It is possible to introduce greater equity into the capitalist system, but you have to set out to do it. It is up to economists to respond to this challenge and recognise that growth with huge inequalities is less sustainable than growth with a more equitable system.

'There is a constant pressure to reduce the intervention of Government. You do run the danger of leaving government no longer in a situation where it can react when a serious crisis might emerge". (*The Irish Times*, 27.9.08)

Reporter To Bishop

A former BBC reporter who covered the Northern war was made Church of Ireland Bishop of Limerick, Killaloe and Ardfert at a ceremony in Limerick's St Mary's Cathedral on September 14, 2008.

Bishop Trevor Williams' diocese stretches from Offaly to south Kerry and has a congregation of more than 7,000 and 16 full-time ministers.

As a reporter with the BBC Bishop Williams covered many major stories during the troubles including the H-Block hunger strikes.

Later, as a minister in Belfast, he found himself in the middle of a bitter Holy Cross conflict when Catholic children were put in terror every day as they passed a Protestant area in order to get to school.

Coleman On Union

"As I reflect on these issues, I come to the following conclusions: Presbyterians have feared the reunification of Ireland because they

thought it would lead to their forced conversion to Catholicism. My own belief is exactly the opposite. Wonderful though our Catholic heritage is, and much as we should strongly resist secularism, we shouldn't confuse secularism with Presbyterianism. After centuries of enmity, Presbyterianism and orthodox Anglicans are becoming natural allies of Catholics. As well as helping us to oppose aggressive secularism, Protestant Ireland will complement Catholic Ireland and become the backbone of what I hope to see before I die: A 32 county Ireland" (Mark Coleman, *Irish Catholic*, 3.7.2008).

Books Of The Old Testament:

That great Jehovah speaks to us,
In Genesis and Exodus,
Leviticus and Numbers see,
Followed by Deuteronomy,
Joshua and Judges sway the land,
Ruth gleans a sheaf with trembling hand;
Samuel and numerous Kings appear,
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear.

Ezra and Nehemiah now,
Esther, the beautiful mourner show.

Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms.

Ecclesiastes then come on,
And the sweet song of Solomon.

Isaiah, Jeremiah then,
With Lamentations takes his pen,
Ezekial, Daniel, Hosea's lyres,
Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah's.

Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum come,
And lofty Habakkuk finds room.

While Zephaniah, Haggai calls,
Rapt Zechariah builds his walls,
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the Ancient Testament.

Tom Doherty

Obituary

**In Memory of
John Matshikiza**

John Matshikiza has died at the early age of 54. Not well enough known outside his native South Africa, he was an actor, a poet, a satirist. He appeared in a number of films, including *Cry Freedom*, but I first started to notice him for his newspaper columns. A favourite one of mine is reproduced below, which hits the nail on the head of the hypocrisy of some of our Christian leaders.

Mozambique, 15 Jan 2005, Gordon Brown spoke: Britain should stop apologizing for colonialism and be proud of its history. Missionaries went to Africa out of a sense of duty. African soldiers died to defend British values of liberty, tolerance and civic virtue. (Gimme peace!!)

In 2007 David Steel, former leader of the British Liberal Party, appeared in a Channel 4 series, *Empire's Children*. This explored the career of his father, the Reverend David Steel, moderator of the Church of Scotland in Kenya during the Mau Mau uprising. Steel was moved to tears by some of the stories he was told by old members of his father's Church.

The Rev. Steel certainly spoke out

bravely (though ineffectively) about the behaviour of the colonial administration. He is mentioned briefly in Caroline Elkins's book on the subject, *Britain's Gulag*. But I'm surprised that David junior, who spent a few years of his childhood in Kenya, was apparently so ignorant of his father's role.

Anyway, here we have John Matshikiza's take on Scottish missionaries in Africa:

WITH THE LID OFF

Shoot the messenger

I knew our chaps should have waited in the bushes and picked off Dr David Livingstone with their muskets as soon as he stepped off the boat and

came meddling his way into Africa.

They could have hidden behind a tree somewhere in Malawi, say, and then shot him almost at point blank range as he came stumbling through the thick bush of Central Africa. They could then have preserved his body with muti and left it propped up in a sitting position in a typical wooden African chair, cap, boots and all, sitting under a tree as if he was ruminating on the future.

If they had done this, the bumptious Henry Morton Stanley would have stumbled on him at Ujiji on the banks of Lake Victoria, paused at the edge of the clearing, sprayed himself with eau de cologne and cleared his throat, as he had planned to do, briefly studied the notes he had written so many months ago, and then, surrounded by supposedly loyal porters, stepped into the clearing and, in ringing tones, heard by no one other than the uninterested and underpaid native porters, uttered what he hoped would become famous words broadcast by telegraph across the known world: "*Dr Livingstone, I presume?*"

He could presume what he liked. In the jungle, nobody hears a tree fall, let alone a pompous Englishman's attempt at sounding smart.

What would have happened next is that Dr Livingstone, much to Stanley's consternation, would not have moved a muscle. Stanley, perplexed, would have wandered deeper into the clearing, cleared his throat again, and begun to repeat his long rehearsed piece of deathless prose: "*Dr Liv--*" he would have begun, which would have been a signal for the chaps hidden around the clearing to appear once again with their muskets and blunderbusses, traded with Tipu Tip and other Arab slave traders for living human flesh and a few elephant tusks, and shot Stanley dead in his tracks. Two down. Who knows how many more to go? Anyway, it would have saved us all a terrible lot of trouble to come.

"*How can you say that?*" I hear a lot of Methodists and Anglicans whining. "*Livingstone was such a good man. He saved you all from the slave trade.*"

Oh yeah?

Livingstone's intentions, let alone his methods, were dubious. Who wouldn't want to escape a boring and rain-drenched life as a general practitioner in Scotland for Africa, Asia, Mexico, anywhere? So he showed up in Africa, got the hots for the daughter of the missionary Moffat of Kuruman, married her (also under dubious circumstances--some have said that she was already "spoiled" by the pious doctor, Scots being what they are, especially under the influence of a little medicinal tippie, which he always kept with him in his doctor's bag, and that he had to do it to avoid her father reaching for the bullwhip and driving him out of town) and then got restless and decided to "move on into the interior" to do a little bit of missionary work--the kind of thing he knew his father-in-law would approve of.

He deliberately left wife and civilisation behind him. Mary Moffat, pining for her one-night-wonder with the big moustache, piercing Scottish eyes, and big Scottish talk, took to drink in a big way. But he was gone.

Yes, my sisters and brothers, we should have seen trouble coming from a long way off and done something about it. We should have stopped this surly, unsmiling fellow dead in his tracks by whatever means necessary. But we took the African way and smiled politely every time he yelled at us for not brushing our teeth or polishing his boots. The rest is history.

We carried Dr. Livingstone on our shoulders across the roaring Zambezi while he held a revolver to our heads and threatened to shoot the porter carrying his precious medical box dead if he let it drop into the flood with its precious cargo of whiskey, gin and quinine chaser. That would actually have been the perfect moment to drop him in the river and finish him off with spears and muskets as he tried to swim to the shore. But we (or at least our forbears) simply did not do it.

"*But he was such a nice man--*"

Oh yeah?

Well, here is part of a

speech he gave on one of his fleeting visits back to Britain to boast to the London Missionary Society about his pious work, and keep his stipend flowing: "*England can never be clear from the guilt of the long continued slave trade till Africa is free, civilised and Christian--*" Blah, blah, blah.

Here began a litany of woes for the African people. The "*civilising mission*" directly contradicted the Africans' natural desire to become free of the yoke of slave traders, District Officers and hectoring missionaries alike. "*Free*" means becoming yourself. "*Civilised*" means being forced into someone else's mould. And in Livingstone's lexicon, "*civilisation*" went hand in hand with the imposition of an illogical, imported religion called Christianity. Free, my ass.

So we did not shoot the geezer. We spent the next 150 years or so learning how to walk in impractical leather shoes, wear underpants and take the bones out of our noses, in the hope that they would like us for it and then, maybe, leave us alone. No such luck.

The other day, in Dar es Salaam, I saw a street hawker walking around trying to sell, among other things, car stickers that in bright red lettering carried the legend: "*Humiliation and prayer: JESUS.*"

Jesus, I thought. Something got lost in translation somewhere. And it's all Dr David Livingstone's fault.

Apr 24 2006

Rhodesia/Zimbabwe

"...If [Ian] Smith had placed such "enormous emphasis on an individual's ability and not their colour", then why did he not at least keep the modest reforms which Sir Garfield Todd had earlier tried to introduce, such as a qualified franchise on the basis of income or education, and not colour? And why did he proclaim that blacks would never rule in Rhodesia in a thousand years?"

And why did he divide the land into two, with the 278,000 whites getting the most fertile half, and the 6.1 million blacks the other half? People who had lived on fertile land for generations, such as the Tangwena people, were unceremoniously evicted (1969) to make way for whites. Many moderate African leaders who opposed minority rule were imprisoned and, according to Amnesty International, many Africans were tortured..." (David Simmonds, *Independent*, London, 4.12.07).

Pat Muldowney / Charles Gavan Duffy

Below is Gavan Duffy's famous poem, *The Muster Of The North*, with an Introduction by Pat Muldowney and a Postscript by Duffy himself

Massacres of 1641

The background to the Ulster rebellion of 1641 was the defeat of Hugh O'Neill's rebellion by Sir Arthur Chichester; the "*Flight of the Earls*" and confiscation of their clan territories in Ulster; the seizure by legal trickery of large amounts of other clan lands; the expulsion of the natives from much of this territory; the "*planting*" of Protestant settlers from Scotland and England on the confiscated land; the harrying and humiliation of the defeated and destitute natives; the continual deadly conflict between savage Irish "*wood-kerne*" and the militarised settlements of the Plantation.

In a letter to Lord Mountjoy in May 1601, Chichester described a typical operation in the conquest of Ulster:

"We have killed, burnt and spoiled all along the lough [Lough Neagh] within four miles of Dungannon, from whence we returned hither yesterday; in which journeys we have killed above one hundred people of all sorts, besides such as were burnt, how many I know not. We spare none of what quality or sex soever, and it hath bred much terror in the people, who heard not a drum nor saw not a fire there of long time. The last service was upon Patrick O'Quin, whose house and town was burnt, wife, son, children, and people slain, himself (as is now reported unto me) dead of a hurt received in flying from his house, and other gentlemen which received blows in following us in our return to the boat."

Sir Cahir O'Dogherty of Inishowen (East Donegal) had supported the Government's war against Hugh O'Neill but quarrelled with the dignitaries of the small settlement and fort of Derry, so Chichester "*performed a service*" on him, and transferred his head from his shoulders to a spike. Having "*created a desert and called it peace*", Chichester was then in a position to carry out plantation of Tyrone, Donegal, Armagh and Fermanagh. This was done as far as possible in the manner laid down a generation earlier by the poet Spenser in his *View Of The Present State of Ireland*, in which a plan for the military control and destruction of an alien, hostile, numerous, savage people was laid down. Similar operations were taking place across the Atlantic, in Virginia and New

England.

It was one thing to dole out grants of land to "*undertakers*", "*servitors*", the

Church, the City & Guilds of London, and to anyone else who could pay for them and wanted a money-making opportunity. The great difficulty in these plantations, in Ireland and America, was to induce farmers, tradesmen, shopkeepers and labourers to risk their necks on the frontier. Without actual human hands and bodies to do the work, the rents would not flow in, the tax revenues would never materialise, and the captured territory would be just a dangerous burden. In which case the only recourse was to do business with the natives. This is what happened a generation earlier in Munster after similar devastation and plantation. But in the course of subsequent rebellions, this plantation was wiped out and never fully recovered, precisely as Spenser had warned.

In *The Birth Of Ulster* (1936), Cyril Falls imagines the arrival of settlers from England and Scotland:

"Let us strive to picture the advent of one of these little communities, say, a squire and half a score of retainers of one sort or another. He had left behind a little manor-house, perhaps sold it; for many of the undertakers were cutting loose from their old homes, attracted by the prospect of a considerable estate at low rent, and probably also by the prospect of being able to buy more land cheaply. He had left behind an easy, ordered life, in essentials not so very different from that in small country manor-houses today, with all reasonable comforts and no anxieties. He arrived in Dublin, in the midst of the wet though generally mild Irish winter. There he had to buy carts and teams, unless, perchance, he had brought them over with him. After long and anxious preparations, questionings as to whether he had all he needed, the day came when he fared forth into the unknown north, probably with one or two others bound for neighbouring destinations. The American frontiersmen following the setting sun in his covered wagon embarked on no greater adventure, though he and his family must have been harder and more experienced. One can picture the wagons stuck in fords or defiles, till, with doubled teams, they had been hauled out one by one. One can imagine the wayside camp in the rain and the mud, watched over by a weary sentinel; for that woodland on the hillside might well hold a

swordsman or two; and if there were no swordsmen in it there were surely wolves. Welcome at evening must have been the lights of fort or little town such as Monaghan or Omagh. Then, upon the new holding, pleasant country at worst—it were hard to find any in Ulster not good to look upon—and for a few, as those whose lot was cast in Fermanagh or southern Donegal, a fairyland of beauty, even in winter; cattle, sheep, swine, and flour to be had cheap; perhaps some clumsy labour to be hired; but naught else. Contemplating the virgin fields, the settler might say: "Here I will build my house; my garden and stables and cowsheds will be there; over there, I hope, by my son's time if not in mine, there will be a village."

The natives can hardly have had such a rosy view of it. Cyril Falls acknowledges this, but says, in effect, that you can't make omelettes without breaking eggs, and that other colonised peoples suffered worse. For the broken survivors of Chichester's terror, their way of life was finished. Pushed onto land which was worthless to the plantation, their traditional herding economy was destroyed. Their traditional leaders had the example of Cahir O'Dogherty and numerous others to keep them in submission, terrified of losing the remnants of their land in the system of martial law which was at the disposal of the violent, ravenous, predatory settlers.

Without leadership, many of the destitute, starving and disease-ridden lower orders took to the woods, bogs and mountains. Cyril Falls' account continues:

"In little nests of about half a dozen the shaggy, trousered outlaws still haunted the woodlands, and woe betide the colonist who let his cattle stray after dark. Sir Toby Caulfield at Charlemont was one of the most powerful, experienced and popular Englishmen in Ulster, yet within caliver-shot of his fortress the wood-kerne often shared with the wolf the spoils of his pastures. If such was the fate of a formidable servitor, with a fort behind him and soldiers at his bidding to avenge robbery or arson, what must have been that of the undertaker, set down in the open and almost as defenceless as the hermit-crab outside its shell? When he had protected himself, cut and shaped his timber, quarried and squared his stone, there was ahead of him the long drudgery of building houses, barns, stables, byres, and flour-mills, while simultaneously the land had to be prepared for harvest. According to tradition, almost the only one of the Plantation period still alive in Ulster, the caliver, snap-chance, pike or

sword lay always in the furrow last turned, while the ploughman and his team turned the next."

In America the natives had a vast hinterland into which to retreat—50 miles, 100 miles, 300 miles every generation or so. These refugees came into conflict with resident tribes, often their traditional enemies. Just as deadly were the new diseases and predators of humans, animals and crops that came with the settlers. This factor was absent in Ireland.

It seemed that the destiny of the Ulster Irish was the same as the Indians of the American eastern seaboard—marginalisation to extinction. But there were never quite enough settlers in Ulster to enable many of the new landlords to do without Irish tenants and Irish labour. Also, according to Cyril Falls, the arrival of the new super-foodcrop from the American territories enabled the Irish remnants to survive even on marginal land. He seems to regret that the potato caused them to breed like rabbits.

In the earlier Marian and Elizabethan plantations, some form of human connection seemed possible. The Catholic old English were a bridge between the ethnic groups. Outside the Pale and lacking English tenant farmers and labourers, the Anglo-Norman gentry were unable to create an English society, so they had to employ natives. In order to maintain their social standing in this society they had to adopt Irish language and customs. For instance they had to be prepared to lead their followers in warfare (in reality, feuding, brawling and cattle-stealing from neighbouring groups).

Intermarriage took place in the earlier plantations. A descendant of the poet Spenser was one of those transplanted to Connacht in the Cromwellian conquest a couple of generations after the original Spenser was planted in Munster. By that stage any contaminating link with the savages was being repudiated in the new, more enlightened order of "*civil and Godly people*" such as those in Ulster.

The civil and Godly settlers in America had a more strongly developed racial sensibility than the French and Spanish colonials. Some of the more vulnerable Indian groups tried as best they could to adapt to settler ways, adopting Christianity and settler forms of agriculture. These were the "*praying Indians*". In King Philip's War (1675, a revolt by chief Metacom of the Wampanoag, the most effective of many such revolts), the settlers slaughtered the "*praying Indians*", *being nearest to hand. A settler married to an Indian was hung, drawn and quartered. In contrast, a settler found to have mated with a pig (one of the*

piglets was said to look like the settler) was punished by mere hanging. The sow was also hung.

In Ulster there were pockets of Irish in the settled areas. When the 1641 rebellion occurred, these were particularly vulnerable. The area between Larne, Carrickfergus and Lough Neagh seems to have been especially affected. An Orange song celebrates a massacre at Islandmagee in south County Antrim: "*... and the Fenians' blood ran down like water, from Belfast Lough, right to the Irish Sea*". This is the massacre referred to in Charles Gavan Duffy's poem. According to Orange (and Catholic) mythology, three thousand defenceless men, women and children were murdered by being thrown over Gubbin Cliff. The numbers are probably an exaggeration by both sides (for opposite reasons) just as the retaliatory massacres of settlers by rebels were exaggerated.

This is the context in which war broke out in Ulster in 1641. Conflict was precipitated by the Covenanting Scots rebellion against Charles I over his religious policies, with actual warfare breaking out there in 1640. Charles was suspected of planning to use a Catholic army recruited in Ireland to suppress the Scots, whose relatives in Ireland felt under constant threat from the same source. The destabilised political situation gave the "*shaggy, trousered wood-kerne*" courage to step up their thieving, burning and raiding of the settlers.

As social order collapsed, customary leaders like Phelim O'Neill assumed their traditional role in order to keep the rebellion under control, and to try to extract some redress for their plight by exploiting the king's difficulties with their common enemy, the Covenanting Scots. As disorder spread across the whole country, most of the other Irish and Anglo-Irish Catholic leaders joined the "*rebellion on the side of the king*" in order to prevent complete social breakdown and chaos.

Most of these were horrified by the extreme passions of the northern conflict and sought to prevent anything similar from developing in the south—especially as, influenced by the northern massacres, the King they supported had signed into law an act for the confiscation of Irish estates to pay for the military suppression of the rebellion. (Even in 1690, the troops sent to besiege Derry were southern, not northern, because northern passion was considered dangerous to the Jacobite cause.)

The Anglo-Irish or old English of previous settlements were strongly Catholic, but not the natives. (One of the main military allies of the parliamentary

forces in the 1640s was O'Brien of Thomond, a descendant of Brian Boru.) The religious innovation of Henry VIII seemed to have a lot going for it, especially the dishing out of juicy monastic lands to Anglo-Irish and native landlords.

A native bishop called Miler Magrath (Maolmhuire Mac Craith) espoused both the papal and government forms of Catholicism, holding Catholic and Protestant bishoprics simultaneously. He married as a Protestant clergyman, but raised his children as Roman Catholics. By his notorious activities he practically single-handedly wrecked the chances of the Reformation in Ireland.

The Catholic Church in Ireland was itself wrecked during Elizabeth's war against Catholic Spain; and Ireland became, like England, a mission land. The Catholic Counter-reformation was spear-headed by missionary orders such as the Franciscans in Ireland and Jesuits in England and Scotland. The Counter-reformation was successful among the Catholic Anglo-Irish, but it can be argued that it did not fully take root among the "*native Irish*" until Cardinal Cullen's prelacy in the nineteenth century.

The failure of the 1641 "*loyal rebellion*"—a "*loyal rebellion*" in that Ireland supported the traditional and legitimate King of England—put a question mark over constitutional legitimacy in Ireland. The over-lordship of the King of England had been accepted by all sides, on the basis of Pope Adrian IV's grant of Ireland to King Henry II. The split between the English Crown and the papacy undermined this arrangement. Earlier rebellions like Hugh O'Neill's had swung the rebels towards their only realistic ally—Spain and the papacy. In the course of the 1641 rebellion, some factions among the rebels put their hopes in the English Crown.

But some of the most English parts of Ireland backed the papacy. One example is the baronies of Forth and Bary in south east Wexford. This area had been settled by colonists from the Bristol area in the twelfth century and, until the mid-nineteenth century, spoke a version of mediaeval Anglo-Saxon mixed up with Irish. When Cromwell captured Wexford town in 1649, these were the people he massacred in revenge for the 1641 Ulster massacres.

In some ways it seems that there was a better prospect for a national development among the American Indians than there was among the Irish. By the eighteenth century a great confederation of Indians had formed around the Iroquois, which had some success in playing off the French and English colonists against each other. Nothing comparable appeared in Ireland until a couple of centuries after the 1641 rebellion.

On the other hand, the Irish had crucial advantages over the Indians. They were not vulnerable to imported disease as the Indians were. They had some experience of modern weapons. And, even though they were inexperienced in the legal language of their conquerors, they were literate in another language and eventually became sufficiently skilful in law, politics and civil organisation to enable them to begin to cope with the forces of conquest.

Charles Gavan Duffy was the son of a Catholic shopkeeper in Monaghan, and with Thomas Davis and John Dillon founded the *Nation* newspaper in the 1840's, which became the journal of the Young Ireland movement. After emigrating to Australia in the 1850s he became Premier of Victoria. In the 1870s he was knighted and made KCMG (Knight Commander of the Order of St Michael and St George). His descendants were prominent in Ireland and Australia.

The following poem by Duffy is in the voice of a 1641 Ulster rebel:

The Muster of the North
A.D. 1641
by *Charles Gavan Duffy*

Joy! joy! the day is come at last, the day
of hope and pride—
And see! our crackling bonfires light
old Banna's joyful tide,
And gladsome bell and bugle horn from
Iubhar's captured Towers,
Hark! how they tell the Saxon swine,
this land is ours, IS OURS !

Glory to God! my eyes have seen the
ransomed fields of Dun,
My ears have drunk the joyful news,
"Stout Feidhlim hath his own."
Oh! may they see and hear no more, oh!
may they rot to clay,
When they forget to triumph in the
conquest of today!

Now, now we'll teach the shameless Scot
to purge his thievish maw,
Now, now the Court will fall to pray,
for Justice is the Law,
Now shall the Undertaker square for
once his loose accounts,
We'll strike, brave boys, a fair amount
from all his false amounts.

Come, trample down their foreign rule,
and smite its venal spawn,
Their foreign laws, their foreign church,
their ermine and their lawn,
With all the specious fry of fraud that
robbed us of our own,
And plant our ancient laws again,
beneath our lineal throne.

Our standard flies o'er fifty towers, and
twice ten thousand men,

Down have we pluck'd the pirate Red,
never to rise again,
The Green alone shall fly above our
native field and flood—
The spotless Green, save where its folds
where gemmed with Saxon blood!

Pity! no, no, you dare not, Priest—not
you, our Father, dare
Preach to us now that Godless creed the
murderer's blood to spare;
To spare his blood, while tombless still,
our slaughtered kin implore
"Graves and revenge", from Guibin-
Cliffs, and Carraig's bloody shore!

Pity!—could we "forget—forgive", if we
were clods of clay,
Our martyred priests, our banished
chiefs, our race in dark decay,
And worse than all—you know it,
Priest—the daughters of our land,
With wrongs we blushed to name until
the sword was in our hand!

Pity! well, if you needs must whine, let
pity have its way,
Pity for all our comrades true, far from
our side today;
The prison-bound who rot in chains, the
faithful dead who poured
Their blood 'neath Temple's lawless axe
or Parsons' ruffian sword.

They smote them with the swearer's oath,
and with the murd'rer's knife,
We in the open field will fight, fairly for
land and life;
But, by the dead and all their wrongs,
and by our hopes today,
One of us twain shall fight their last, or
be it we or they—

They banned our faith, they banned our
lives, they trod us unto earth,
Until our very patience stirred their bitter
hearts to mirth;
Even this great flame that wraps them
now, not *we* but *they* have bred,
Yes, this is their own work, and now,
THEIR WORK BE ON THEIR HEAD.

Nay, Father, tell us not of help from
Leinster's Norman Peers,
If we shall shape our holy cause to match
their selfish fears—
Helpless and hopeless be their cause,
who brook a vain delay,
Our ship is launched, our flag's afloat,
whether they come or stay.

Let silken Howth and savage Slane still
kiss their tyrant's rod,
And pale Dunsany still prefer his
Monarch to his God,
Little we lack their father's sons the
Marchmen of the Pale,
While Irish hearts and Irish hands have
Spanish blades and mail.

Then, let them stay to bow and fawn, or
fight with cunning words;
I fear me more their courtly arts than
England's hireling swords;
Natheless their creed they hate us still,
as the Despoiler hates,
Would God they loved their prey no
more, our kinsmen's lost estates!

Our rude array's a jagged rock to smash
the spoiler's power,
Or need we aid, His aid we have who
doomed this gracious hour;
Of yore He led our Hebrew sires to peace
through strife and pain,
And us He leads the self-same path, the
self-same goal to gain.

Down from the sacred hills whereon a
SAINT communed with God,
Up from the vale where Bagnall's blood
manured the reeking sod,
Out from the stately woods of Triuch,
McKenna's plundered home,
Like Malin's waves, as fierce and fast,
our faithful clansmen come.

Then, brethren *on!*—O'Neill's dear shade
would frown to see you pause—
Our banished Hugh, our martyred Hugh,
is watching o'er your cause—
His generous error lost the land—he
deem'd the Norman true,
Oh, forward! friends, it must not lose
the land again in you.

[NOTES: Banna: the River Bann; Iubhar: Iubhar Chinn Trá, Newry; Dun: Dún, Down; Feidhlim: Phelim O'Neill, rebel leader; Guibin: Cliff at Islandmagee, Co. Antrim, where massacre of a Catholic community took place; the SAINT is St. Patrick; Re address to "Priest", the Protestant historian Leland stated that the Catholic priests "laboured zealously to moderate the excesses of war" and frequently protected the settlers by concealing them in their places of worship and under their altars.]

NOTE (by C.G. Duffy) ON THE MUSTER OF THE NORTH:

The Times newspaper, in the absence of any topic of public interest, having made this ballad the subject of a leading article, in which extravagant praise of its literary merits was joined with an equally extravagant misrepresentation of its object and tendency, it had the hard fortune to run the gantlet of all the Tory journals in the empire, and to become the best abused ballad in existence. It was described as the Rosg Catha of a new rebellion—as a deliberate attempt to revive the dead-and-gone jealousies of the bill of settlement; and the organ of the General Assembly of Ulster coolly proclaimed the writer to be a man with the intellect, but also with the heart, of Satan! Under these circumstances I should not have inserted it in the present

edition of the *Spirit of the Nation* had I not feared that omitting it might be interpreted into an admission of charges, than which nothing can possibly be more false and ludicrous. In writing it, I had simply in view to produce—what it will not be denied an historical ballad ought to be—a picture of the actual feelings of the times in which the scene is laid; and the sentiments are certainly not more violent than the great masters of ballad poetry—Scott, for example, in his "*Glencoe*"—have put into the mouths of injured men. Possibly the prejudice in the present case arose from overlooking the fact that these sentiments are attributed to men who had been plundered of two provinces by a false king, imprisoned for returning conscientious verdicts, robbed by enormous fines, persecuted for the exercise of their religion, and subject to a long series of tyrannies which historians, without exception, have described as cruel and infamous. To make these men talk coolly, and exhibit all the horror of spilling one drop of human blood, into which O'Connell has trained the present generation, would be very much on a par in point of sense and propriety with the old stage custom of dressing Richard III in the uniform of the Coldstream Guards. So little intention, however, was there to make it available to any political purpose, that there is not a single allusion in the poem that was not suggested by the circumstances of the period; while some of them would be quite inapplicable to any other time, especially to the present.

Babington Macaulay, a Privy Councillor, and Secretary of War under the late Administration, has written two ballads of the English Commonwealth, a period only a few years removed from the era of this one. Which certainly leave the "Muster of the North" almost as far behind in ferocity as in grace and vigour. For example, he puts the following into the mouth of the Cavaliers:

"What, ho! the craven slaves retire;
On! trample them to mud!
No quarter!—charge.—No quarter!—fire!
No quarter!—blood! —blood! —blood!"

And afterwards this unequivocal stimulant to robbery and rape:

"Where next? In sooth there lacks no witch,
Brave lads, to tell us where;
Sure London's sons be passing rich,
Her daughters wondrous fair;
And let that dastard be the theme
Of many a board's derision,
Who quails for sermon, cuff, or scream
Of any sweet Precision"

And the Puritans are not behind them in savage vigour:

"Ho! comrades, scour the plain, and ere
you strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your guest

secure;
Then shake from sleeves and pockets, their
broad pieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton—the plunder of
the poor."

It would be monstrous to allege that this accomplished poet has committed any offence, or that he shares in the sentiments of either party because he has described both of them with dramatic spirit and historical truth; and unless it is shewn that I have misrepresented the feelings of the men who seized upon Ulster, in 1641, I am surely entitled to the same defence.

In the original edition the following note was prefixed to the poem; and we retain it as additional evidence of the actual purpose in view:

"We deny and have always denied the alleged massacre of 1641. But that

the people rose under their Chiefs, seized the English towns and expelled the English settlers, and in doing so committed many excesses, which we condemn and lament, but as a true representation of the feelings of the insurgents in the first madness of success."

Editorial Note: This poem and other material can be found in the Athol Books reprint of extracts from the *Nation* newspaper:

The Nation: Selections 1842-1844.

Vol. 1: Young Ireland, Daniel O'Connell, Monster Meetings, State Trials, A New Culture.

Introduction: B. Clifford.

152pp. Index. ISBN 1 903497 02 7.

Aubane Historical Society, 2000.

€20, £15.

Brendan Clifford

The Cromwell Fiasco

The following account of Ireland in 1641 is from an Irish language history book by Micheál Ó Siochfhradha used in the schools between the 1940s and 1960 and reprinted three years ago with a translation by Pat Muldowney. It is factually accurate as far as I know—though I have never taken any interest in the number of Protestants killed in Portadown. So much killing of Catholics was done, which I never tried to count, that I couldn't bother my head about the numbers in the sole incident in which a significant number of Protestants were killed. About twenty years ago, during a political association with Robert McCartney QC (who later became Conor Cruise O'Brien's leader as a Unionist), he mentioned that incident and I said what else could you expect when people who were ousted from their lands by settlers in implementation of Government policy were given the opportunity to retaliate by the breakdown of government? The onus was entirely on the state that enforced the ethnic cleansing and organised the colonisation to hold the ring until what was done ceased to be an actual experience of the dispossessed and became a memory passed on from ancestors. But the events for which 1641 in the North was retaliation happened well within the lifetime of people who were in middle age in 1641. Anyway, here is Ó Siochfhradha's very mild account—very

different from what the revisionists claim was taught in the Irish schools half a century ago:

"In the year 1633, Charles sent a determined and effective Viceroy to Ireland. His name was Thomas Wentworth, but the king granted him the title Earl of Strafford later. This man was indifferent to any person's religion and he set out to do two things—one, to strengthen the king's hand in every way, and two, to provide him with money. He succeeded in the following manner:

In 1634 and 1635 he assembled a Parliament and by threats and enticement he succeeded in obtaining a great deal of money for the king.

He improved the industry and trade of the country. This was not for the good of Ireland, but to provide royal revenue. The woolen industry had been strong in the country for ages. He did his utmost to destroy it, because it was interfering with the same industry in England. In its place, he founded a strong linen industry in Ulster.

He resolved on a plan to plant the whole province of Connacht, but after encountering many difficulties he abandoned it.

By the year 1640, everyone expected that there would be war between the king and Parliament in England. To prepare for it, Strafford gathered an army of 9,000 in Ireland, ready to help the

king. He accepted Catholics in this army. When the English Parliament heard this, they raised a great to-do and recalled Strafford to London. He was tried and in 1641, sentenced and beheaded.

Thus none of the various groupings in Ireland was without grievance by the year 1640. The Irish were aggrieved because their religion was penalised and they were expropriated; the Anglo-Irish [*Gall—Gaedhil*, i.e. the Old English] were aggrieved because they were Catholics and endured the same religious penalties; the Protestants and English themselves were dissatisfied with the way in which the affairs of the country were being directed by Strafford—not in their own favour, but towards securing revenue for the king.

And in consequence of all those grievances, war broke out in the autumn of 1641.

By the year 1641, the Irish understood that it was pointless for them to expect justice or fair play from the king of England or his servants in Ireland. They had many causes of complaint, all relating to religion or land. Some of the Irish nobles came together and were agreed that there was no way to solve their problem except to rise against the English and to expel them from the country

...they resolved on rebellion throughout the country on the 23rd of October 1641...

The rising was very successful in Ulster, but they failed to capture Dublin Castle. The night before, a man called Owen Connolly betrayed the plan to the English...

Within a week all of Ulster was taken by the Irish, with an army of 30,000 of them under the command of Phelim O' Neill. Little was done in the other provinces.

Few were killed in the first stage, but there was a spirit of retribution among the Ulster Irish from the recent memory of all the injustice and destruction wrought upon them and their predecessors, and they drove the planters out of the province, and they killed some of them. When the English heard of this they turned it into a story of terror and propaganda.

They said that 300,000 had been slaughtered! It is estimated that about 4,000 were killed and more died of hunger and cold. But the English turned it into an excuse to perpetrate a terrible slaughter of the Irish generally and they did not desist from this from 1641 to 1654—not even then, as we shall see.

It was not right for either side to engage in unnecessary killing, but it was hard for the Irish to refrain from taking revenge on the people who had taken everything from them. The English had no such excuse. Also, the Irish leaders

put an immediate stop to the killings. The English persisted in it...

When the Rising broke out, the Anglo-Irish were equivocal. They would have liked to remain loyal to the king but the English Parliament had already proclaimed that every "Papist" would be expropriated. Some of the Anglo-Irish were listed as Papists who were to be expelled. Members of the government in Dublin gave them offence at every turn... On the other hand, they were reluctant to join with the Irish in the Rising because... they were not well-disposed to the Irish aim of getting rid of the English king and government.

In December 1641, the greatest of the Anglo-Irish lords conferred with Rory O'Moore and other leaders of the Rising... They agreed to co-operate in the Rising in defence of the Catholic religion in Ireland. In consequence, the Rising spread over all the provinces early in 1642" (*Narrative History / Stair-Sheanachas*, p114-119).

It might be that I read Ó Siochfhradha's book in the 1940s. But my schooling was brief, was largely evaded while it lasted, and I paid little attention to it while I was present at it, and I do not remember reading it. In the seventies I found myself having to work out the history of things that related to Ulster politics. There was nothing to hand that told me what I needed to know. Through not having been schooled, I had no inhibition, when I needed to find out about a period, against going directly to the literature of the period itself. Looking for a starting point of Irish history—a point after which there was a substantial degree of continuity, I found myself at the 1640s and the circumstances that had led to them. And the major circumstance was the government of Strafford in the 1630s.

Whatever Hugh O'Neill and the Earl of Essex had planned in the 1590s, it came to nothing. Essex was executed, O'Neill threw in his hand a few years later; there were disruptions, confiscations and plantations; and the possibility of a self-governing Gaelic Ireland passed away. And it is only with Strafford's rule in Ireland, during the years when the English Parliament was stood down by the King, that a political structure capable of development materialises.

I said that. But the idea was held to be unthinkable, and was attributed to a hankering on my part to be perverse and provocative. It was no such thing. I am entirely orthodox by disposition. I could see only Strafford as a possible beginning of post-Gaelic Irish history. He established something capable of development. It was destroyed by the English Parliament and its bungling attempts to

form a government.

And is that not what Ó Siochfhradha says, at least by implication?

Strafford—the competent government of Ireland—was assassinated by the English Parliament. Ireland was thrown into political flux by that event, and so was England. New forms of government emerged from the flux in both countries.

The combination of elements forced together in the Irish Parliament by Strafford flew apart when the English Parliament assassinated him and ominous threats of Puritan rule were uttered. The rebellion of the recently dispossessed in Ulster was the first consequence of the disruption of Crown Government by the English Parliament. Then, within a short while, the Catholic Confederation of Kilkenny was raised out of the flux, with the prospect of long-term development if it made a workable accommodation with the King through his Viceroy, Ormond. It failed to do so, chiefly because the Ulster clans were made into a formidable army by Owen Roe O'Neill, who was a Spanish soldier experienced in Continental affairs, and because the Papal Nuncio to the Confederation, Rinnuccini, though initially disgusted by the character of O'Neill's army, finally supported it against the Confederation when the Confederation showed itself willing to make an accommodation with Protestant elements. That was what left the country open to Cromwell in 1649.

In England wild Biblical Protestantism was shaped into a kind of SS by Cromwell. It assassinated the King; smashed things up in Ireland; swaggered around in England for ten years after killing the King, not knowing what it was doing; fell into chaos; and invited the son of the King to come back from exile and restore stable government.

When Cromwell died, Parliament—lacking a power to dominate it—was dashing around blindly like a headless chicken. A segment of the Army that had destroyed the power of Charles I in the 1640s, led by General Monck, ended the misery of the British "commonwealth" by inviting Charles 2 to come home and be King. John Milton, the pretentious poet who had served as Cromwell's Secretary of State, was bewildered. He published yet another pamphlet saying that government without a King was easy, and there was no need to return to the old subservience. Nobody took any heed. The King, who commanded no material power of his own, was brought back by the politically and morally defunct Parliament and Army to take up the burden of

government. (It was rather as if Germany had won the 2nd World War and a decade later Hitler died and the SS, to avert endless chaos, had appealed to Adenauer to leave his Concentration Camp and resume where they had forced him to leave off in Cologne.)

And so monarchy was restored by the same power that had destroyed it. And Commonwealth England had so demoralised itself that the restored King was not even required to give a guarantee of immunity to the killers of his father.

The astute, opportunist Cromwellians—as for example Lord Broghill of Cork—who brought back the King, flourished as aristocrats under the restored monarch. The sincere Puritan fanatics, who had made the whole thing possible, had been given the job of running Ireland. Some of them—Chief Justice Coke for example—were hauled back to London and were publicly disembowelled in succession, each seeing what was in store for him. The smaller fry were left behind in Ireland, where they have seem to have beaten down to become part of the Irish people. (Judging by names, some of them became an element in the Slieve Luacra mix.)

The only continuity in all of this was the ongoing triumph of political Protestantism. Puritanism failed because it was insufficiently politic. The Puritan stratum of English society was excluded from political office for a century and half after 1660, but it flourished in 'civil society', i.e., in the economy. (When the Glorious Revolution of 1688 did away with Government controls on the Slave Trade, it became a major sphere of Puritan enterprise.) It seems that Charles 2 would have liked to introduce a measure of freedom of religion, but considered it imprudent to do so. His brother, James 2, did introduce freedom of religion, and was overthrown by the revival of Protestant theological frenzy it provoked. Then, following the Williamite conquest of Ireland, the anti-Catholic laws were streamlined into a system designed to exterminate Catholicism.

(Marianne Elliot, in the ultimate revisionist conjuring away of historical fact so far, denies that there ever was a Penal Law system. Those who dare not speak their name on the Internet have taken issue with me for saying there was. They have a simple guide to truth, which is to assume it to be the opposite of anything I say. It is unfortunately not an infallible guide. And, in this instance, it is not clear whether they are agreeing with Elliott that there was no system of Penal Laws, or are denying that Elliott said it.)

*

We left Ó Sióchfhradha at the point where the Gall-Gael (the English-Irish, who in English were generally referred to as the Old English when I was young) were having difficulty in overcoming their national antipathy to the Irish in their response to the rise of Puritanism in England. The effect of what happened next on relations between the Old English and the Irish is described by Sir Richard Cox of Bandon in *Pacata Hibernia*, published in 1689. (Cox, a lawyer, went to England in 1685, returned with William's Army, was at the Boyne, was Military Governor of Cork City, was appointed to the Privy Council, and became Lord Chancellor of Ireland):

"I need to explain the Irreconcilable Antipathy that is between the Roman Catholick Religion and Heresie, or between true Religion and Idolatry; the Differences of Nation and Interest may be suspended, lessened, ay, buried and annihilated, but there is no Reconciliation to be made between God and Mammon: This great concern has so silenced the rest, that at this Day we know no difference of Nation but what is expressed by *Papist* and *Protestant*; if the most Ancient Natural Irish Man be a Protestant, no Man takes him for other than an English-Man; and if a Cockney be a Papist, he is reckoned, in *Ireland*, as much an Irish-man as if he was born on Sleveland; the Earls of Insequin and *Castlehaven* are Examples hereof, the one being of the best and ancientest Family in *Ireland*, was yet the beloved General of an English Army; and the other being the second Baron of *England*, was Commander of the Irish Forces.

"There is also another Difference in Religion, between the Episcopalians and the Dissenters; which last are branched into several sects; but it is not at all or very little taken notice of in *Ireland*, because they really do manage this Affair more prudently than some other more celebrated Nations, and sacrifice these petty Feuds to the common Interest of opposing Popery" (Preface).

The state of affairs described by Cox in that last paragraph was just being established as he wrote it. In England, as in Ireland, the different Protestant tendencies, having fought wars against each other over the right (ie. Biblical) form of theocracy, were about to make a practical resolution of their differences on the ground of mere Anti-Catholicism. Protestantism ceased to have a positive content. The root meaning of "*to protest*" is "*to affirm*". Its practical meaning in England and Ireland came to mean "*to reject*". If you denied the Pope and called him Anti-Christ, and ridiculed Transubstantiation, you passed muster as a Protestant. But those who

believed too much to be members of the Church of England, or its Irish adjunct, were excluded from public office, which remained the privilege of the Restorationist ideology until 1829. But, though excluded from political office, the Puritans were free in other respects, and were a power in the state which the Government had to be careful not to affront.

As to the Irish: they were made Catholics.

Henry 2 embarked on the conquest of Ireland on the authority of the Pope, whose object was to bring the variegated Irish Christianity within the Roman discipline. A Roman Church was established in Ireland, but only within the English settlement. Irish Christianity remained bound up with the life of the clans. The political viability of the clans was destroyed early in the 17th century. Then in the middle of the 17th century the exclusiveness of the Old English was overcome by the onset of Puritanism and they merged with the de-clanned Irish on the ground of a common experience of religious persecution. And it could be said that what Henry 2 came to Ireland to do was accomplished by Cromwell. He treated the Irish as Roman Catholics and thereby helped to make them so. But he also treated the Old English Catholics in a way that made them Irish. And so we get the situation described by Cox in 1689, when English rule has made religion the operative point of distinction in Ireland.

Because of English measures, religion superseded nationality in Ireland—and by superseding it became the substance of a new, viable, nationality of which the Old English were part.

And while "*Slievelogher*" remained as incorrigibly Irish as ever, by my time it was a very rich mixture of national components in the older sense. The names seemed to indicate that it took not only Old English, but persecuted Cromwellian remnants, and displaced French elements (whether Huegenot or Royalist, I could not guess) into itself.

But I do not think that Republicanism in Ireland originated with the Cromwellians. Some of the Stickies (Derry Kelleher was one) had that idea twenty years ago, but I came across no evidence that it was so. Other Stickies dismissed actual Irish Republicanism as fraudulent, arguing that it was merely Jacobite. In my view its strength was that it was Jacobite, had a cultural hinterland, and was not a threadbare utilitarian doctrine. Jacobitism without a King is as good as you could get in the way of Republicanism.

I do not think that Cromwellianism was either Republican or Parliamentary. It certainly was neither in a viable form.

The execution of the King was not followed by the establishment of a functional regime without a King. Only one element of the Cromwellians had a definite programme of what to do next: the Fifth Monarchists. They wanted to reform England in accordance with the Law of Moses. The programme was set out by the Rev. Hugh Peters, Cromwell's chaplain, in *Good Work For A Good Magistrate*. In the crucial year, 1653, a specially selected Parliament met for the purpose of enacting the great reform that had been in the minds of the Puritans as they fought the King. Cromwell suddenly decided to stop the reform and he disbanded the Parliament.

Since there was to be no great reform, the opportunist Cromwellians, with Lord Broghill of Cork to the fore, proposed that Cromwell should declare himself King. The post-1649 set-up (which was a mere extemporisation from moment to moment) was not taking root. It was too incoherent to take root, or to become hegemonic. Many of the Puritans were becoming restive, and some were wishing the King was back. The demand that Cromwell should declare himself King, found a dynasty, and make some appropriate arrangements for its functioning, was a minimum requirement of the situation, to guard against the possibility of the son of the old King coming back and chopping off the heads of those who had chopped off his father's head—as in fact he did.

Clarendon, the King's adviser in exile, reckoned that, if Cromwell made himself King, the regime would stabilise and that would be the end for the Stuarts. But some of the Puritan soldiers sent word to Cromwell that he would not long survive as King. So he stayed put as Lord Protector of a Commonwealth that had no real existence apart from his will:

"He was not terrified with the opposition that Lambert gave him; whom he now looked upon as a declared mortal enemy, and one whom he must destroy that he be not destroyed by him... But he trembled at the obstinacy of those who, he knew, loved him..., and who did not wish his power and authority less absolute than it was. And that these men should, with virulence, withstand this promotion, grieved him to the heart...

It was reported that an officer of name, in the éclaircissement upon the subject, told him resolutely and vehemently, "that if he ever took the title of King upon him he would kill him". Certain it is that Cromwell was informed, and gave

credit to it, "that there were a number of men, who bound themselves by oath to kill him, within so many hours after he should accept that title"...

Many were then of opinion, that he genius at that time forsook him, and yielded to the King's spirit, and that his reign was near its expiration; and that if his own courage had not failed, he would easily have mastered all opposition" (Clarendon, *The History Of The Rebellion*, Book XV; Lambert was a leader of the Fifth Monarchists, the earnest Puritan Party of the Revolution, which Cromwell kept down in England but gave Ireland to govern).

So he remained Lord Protector of a nothing—certainly not of Parliamentary government. He died in 1658, bequeathing a state without rules or traditions or mystique to a son who was no Stalin—whom I mention as the only dictator who took over a state from its founding dictator and preserved it and enhanced its power.

In England there were two years of chaos until Monk brought back the King. Such was the fiasco of the English Republic.

Ireland was not destroyed in the cause of progress. It was destroyed for nothing.

Cromwell destroyed whatever capacity for Republicanism there was in English society. He stifled a would-be revolution and acted as a stop-gap between two Kings and their aristocracies.

A Narrative History of Ireland / Stair-Sheanchas Éireann by *Micheál Ó Siochfhradha*. Bilingual Irish & English. From pre-history to the present! 278pp. 1 903497 21 3. AHS, 2005. €25, £18

Hugh Peters: Good Work For A Good Magistrate (1651). Intro: *B. Clifford*. 52pp. ISBN 0 58034 062 X. AB. Dec. 1992. €5, £4.

The Battles Of Knocknanoss And Knockbrack (Confederation of Kilkenny/English Civil War), by *Brendan Clifford*. This pamphlet is contained in *Spotlights* (see below). 24pp. €5, £4.

Spotlights On Irish History by *Brendan Clifford*. Talks given at Duhallow Heritage Centre on topics ranging from Confederation of Kilkenny to Civil War. 168pp. Illustrations. Index. ISBN 0 9521081 5 1. AHS, 1997. €13, £9.99.

Hugh Peters: Good Work For A Good Magistrate (1651). Intro: *B. Clifford*. 52pp. ISBN 0 58034 062 X. AB. Dec. 1992. €5, £4.

www.atholbooks.org

The Puritans have been called Parliamentarians in the recent surge of interest, and the affair has been assumed to have something to do with the establishment of Parliamentary government. But things called *Parliaments* in the 1650s did not govern. Either they did what Cromwell wanted, even though he was unable to tell them what it was, or he dispersed them.

Strafford, who was something like Prime Minister to Charles I, and Clarendon, who was Prime Minister to Charles 2, both began as leaders of Parliament with the ambition of increasing the role of Parliament in government. And both went into the service of the King, (Strafford in the late 1620s and Clarendon in the early 1640s) when they saw that the Parliament was intent on taking over the function of government from the King while being incompetent to govern.

Strafford held Parliaments in Ireland in the 1630s when none were held in England. He compelled the various social elements to submit to government by the Crown acting through Parliament. He did this with the purpose of making the Crown independent of the irresponsible English Parliament. But he did it.

In 1640 an English Parliament was called for the purpose of voting money for a war with the Scots. The war was bungled and the money was spent. Another Parliament was called in 1641. This seems to have been the first English Parliament whose election was contested by an organised party, the Puritans.

The realistic purpose of the Confederation of Kilkenny was to become the King's Parliament in Ireland, advising him on Irish affairs. If it had been able to follow that purpose consistently, the King would have become increasingly dependent on it as the English rebellion progressed. And the country would have been impregnable to Cromwell.

An incident that is rarely mentioned and never dwelt upon is the alliance of Owen Roe O'Neill with the Puritans in 1649 shortly before Cromwell's invasion, when he broke a Royalist siege of the Puritans in Derry. I recall that C. Desmond Greaves of the Communist Party/Connolly Association did his best to present this as a revolutionary combination. Milton, who had to justify it to Parliament from the Puritan side, explained it as an expedient to hold the ring for the Cromwellians at a difficult moment.

Greaves wrote bad history, fantasy history, which has been very influential. And bad history makes for bad politics—as the present condition of the Left in Ireland demonstrates—and indeed the

condition of much more than the Left.

Owen Roe O'Neill was a resourceful Spanish General and an Irish political disaster. After his famous victory over the Puritans at Benburb (1646), the next thing he did was make war on the Confederation at the behest of the Nuncio. Then, three years later, having relieved the Puritans in Derry, he died on the way south, the rumour being that he was poisoned during the feasting in Derry.

His most resourceful lieutenant was his nephew, Daniel. On any realistic military calculation Daniel would have

assumed command of the Ulster Army. But Daniel was a Protestant and the Bishop of Raphoe had clan seniority. The Bishop took the Army and engaged in a battle in which he threw it away rather than fought.

Cromwell only did what the Lord told him. Owen Roe and the Papal Nuncio made it possible for him to do it. And thirty years ago I aligned myself with Strafford, the Confederation, Peter Walsh and Ormond—and with Clarendon in the matter of history writing.

Report from Pat Muldowney

A hangover from Cromwell and the Land War in Co. Kilkenny:
Local newspaper denounces Irish "Exceptionalism"

Part One

Woodstock in Flames

During the Summer a vigorous discussion took place in the *Kilkenny People* newspaper about plans for the re-development of the Woodstock Estate in the Nore valley in South Kilkenny. Woodstock was a Big House, owned by the Tighe family, which was burned down by Republicans in 1922. The place had been a notorious torture centre of the Black & Tans, and was subsequently taken over by Free State troops. When these were sent to Kilkenny City to recover Ormond Castle from occupying Republicans, local Republicans took the opportunity to burn Woodstock. The family had left Ireland before WW 1, in 1912. They were paid compensation for the House after 1922, but kept the money rather than rebuilt. They did not need the house to live in as they had (and have) extensive estates elsewhere.

During the Summer, over 40 objections were put forward against Kilkenny County Council's development plan for Woodstock because of the excessively tight planning regulations initially placed on the newly-resurrected 2000-acre "Home Farm", half of which is now farmed by about 40 locals, with the other half still in the possession of the Tighes who left the area and returned to England in 1912. The Tighe Estate still owns extensive properties in various Irish Counties as well as in England.

The exotic Woodstock Gardens were in a ruined state until local Fás schemes took them in hand, and turned them into a significant tourist asset. It seems that at that point the Tighe Estate pricked up its ears and began to get interested in what had previously been overgrown waste ground.

Historically, there are a few notable Tighes. Mary Tighe was a poet associ-

ated with Thomas Moore and Byron. She is interred in a mausoleum in Inistioge graveyard close to where a plaque commemorating International Brigader George Brown was recently unveiled by Jack Jones. William Tighe was a political ally of Grattan. Louisa Tighe was a local philanthropist.

When the Tighes attempted a major land clearance of 80 families in the Inistioge area during the Land War, a crowd of 15,000 assembled and the British Army was faced down. That marked the beginning of the end of the Tighe regime in this part of Ireland.

During the Summer the *Kilkenny People* newspaper tried to seize on aspects of the planning controversy in order to portray the Inistioge locals as bigots. The Editor, Tom Molloy, stood down in August, and a new Editor is to be appointed. Here are the relevant articles and letters:

Article: *Kilkenny People*, 25 July 1908:

Objections To Development Plan For Woodstock Lands

Tess Felder

Kilkenny County Council is working on a development plan for Woodstock estate and gardens, but some locals feel the Inistioge site should be left alone because of its oppressive history.

"This plan is only about one thing, the re-establishment of an era best forgotten and the tyrants that contained it," resident *Kevin Knox* wrote in a submission to the draft Local Area Plan (LAP) for the Inistioge estate. "A lot of people are seeing the Woodstock estate through rose-tinted glasses; mine must have been lost in the post. This estate should be seen for what it is, a crumbling

monument to British imperial colonial power and the people that were crushed under its heel. Far from the Tighes being a benevolent landlord they were robber barons who plundered the Irish people and the river Nore until the late '60's. Those with their rose-tinted glasses say it was a pity that it was burned but I think if you asked the locals after the Black and Tans left they would have said it was a pity that it was not burned sooner," Mr Knox wrote. "I would agree with them as people must have short memories. Only last week I looked at a picture of two young teenagers who were shot and bayoneted to death by the Black and Tans. Their crime? Being Irish. ... It must be hard for their nieces and nephews who are locals to see people trying to restore a symbol that will be forever linked with the Black and Tans."

Indeed *Maura O'Neill* of Brownsford, Inistioge, made her own submission to highlight such black memories of Woodstock. "My earliest impression of Woodstock was that it was a dreadful place as my father was imprisoned there in February 1921 and then transferred to Spike Island until December 1921," she wrote, going on to explain her hope that grandchildren and great-grandchildren would be able to build houses on the family land in future years. "I reject this Woodstock plan as I believe it is invading my rights, and imposing conditions, not acceptable to me. For too many years landlords were in control of this country, and I do not want that situation to arise again."

Paudie O'Neill of Deerpark, Inistioge, meanwhile detailed some of the history of Woodstock estate in his submission to the LAP, starting with when it "came into existence in 1652 (not 1740) under the Act of Settlement enacted by the House of Commons to pay off Oliver Cromwell's army in Ireland, this army of mercenaries which slaughtered one third of the population of Ireland and dispossessed and banished the people of South Kilkenny to County Clare".

Following its history through Penal times, when Woodstock House was built in 1740, during a "Famine 1739-1741 in which 300,000 people died", Mr O'Neill cited the Famine of the mid-1800's and "assisted passage which moved another one million to emigrate".

"With these stone the walls of Woodstock Estate were built, to keep in the deer—and to keep out the Irish peasant. When Rome was burning, Nero played the fiddle. When the thatch was burning, the Tighes played in their garden. I reject this plan because it fails to address sustainability for all," Mr O'Neill concludes. "A new plan and a more inclusive approach is needed."

Several other locals objected to the LAP for fear that it would prevent their children from building homes on their family lands.

The consultants offered their comments and suggestions after considering the 43 submissions made, and a report from county manager Joe Crockett will be presented to Kilkenny County Council in the next few months.

Elizabeth Tighe (Letter 1.8.2008):

Tighe Family Take Issue With Description Of Them From Inistioige People

As the last surviving member of the Tighe family, of Kilkenny and Wicklow, living and working in Ireland, I was extremely surprised to read of my ancestors described among other inaccuracies, as 'tyrants' and 'robber barons'. These allegations appeared in an article in the *Kilkenny People* on July 25th.

Most people familiar with the history of the Tighes of Woodstock and Ros-sana, Co. Wicklow, will be aware that members of the family, including William 'Statistical' Tighe and continuing in an unbroken line over the centuries, were generous, Nationalist benefactors. They endowed schools—both Catholic and Protestant—alms houses and hospices.

The extraordinary efforts of Lady Louisa Tighe created industries in the area, giving much needed employment and she made regular payments to parents for children's clothing, food and schooling. The list is endless and confirmed with precise document in the family archives. John Kirwan, the well known and respected local historian, can provide a detailed analysis.

My cousin Antony Tighe, Trustee of the Woodstock Estate, is following the family tradition by working with Kilkenny County Council to ensure that Woodstock continues to be an asset to the local community and all Ireland.

Lewig Herran (Letter 1.8.2008):

A History Of Oppression

I think some response should be made to the people you quoted in the article about Woodstock last week. I understand that there was oppression in the area, resulting from the occupation of Woodstock by Black and Tans, and that the local lords, like local Lords everywhere in the Victorian, Georgian, Tudor at whatever period of history pertaining to these islands, were profiting from the misery of those whose lands their ancestors had previously occupied by force, plantation or whatever.

Irish history is full of oppression, and I think it must be pointed out that before a single Anglo-Norman ever set foot on these shores, while they were

still settling in England and torturing that recent amalgamation of inter-warring states, who were a foreign culture themselves that had previously come to dominate the "native" Britons (who also had been subjected to foreign invasion and cultural domination by the Romans) ... Before these same Anglo-Normans in Ireland became local rulers stealing land and rule from the dynastic chieftains who came before them, these very same dynastic chieftains and their kindred had warred with neighbouring families, and had supplanted them in turn. The malevolence of Irish tribes is reflected in the archaeology and history of early medieval Ireland, in the refuge round towers of the inter-warring monks and souterrains of the enclosed farmsteads of the farmers and the defensive nature of the plethora of raths or ringforts that were the standard homestead within Ireland at that time. No-one was safe. History tells of the huge number of families and kin who had to move because they had been supplanted by more dominant neighbours.

"For too many years, landlords were in control in this country, and I do not want that situation to arise again." The Romans, the Church, the British monarchy, the Irish chieftains, the Bronze Age builders of Stonehenge, Newgrange and Tara—the list goes on—were all oppressive regimes who owned, or presumed to own, land.

Are we to forget all about it and tear the pages out of history books? Should we demolish the Egyptian pyramids because their builders utilised slave labour? Should we knock down the GPO in Dublin? Should we wipe clean all history and its relics because of the oppression of past peoples? Or can we be allowed to learn from it and understand the context of social history (whilst at the same marvel at some of the wonders that were created)?

Woodstock is a beautiful part of this country's heritage (which like all examples has dark parts of its history) that should be cherished and maintained, not torn down and replaced by more one off housing (as seems to be an implicit suggestion). If there is an argument for more land for present generations to build one-off housing then perhaps land prices and the plethora of disintegrating traditional housing and cottages is more of a relevant problem that should be dealt with.

Antony Tighe, Trustee, The Woodstock Estate, Gronsay House, Turweston, Brackley, Northants NN13 5JX, England (Letter 8.8.2008):

Antony Tighe Puts The Record Straight On Woodstock

In my capacity as trustee of The

Tighe Estate, my attention has been drawn to the article published on 25th July in *The Kilkenny People* on p. 4, under the heading Objections to the development plan for Woodstock lands, and note that there were a number of comments, alleged to have been made in letters submitted to the Kilkenny County Council, regarding objections to recommendations made in their recently published Consultant's Report concerning the Woodstock Local Area Plan which I would like to clarify and which might be of some interest to your readership.

Over the past ten years, I have been working closely with Coillte, The Kilkenny County Council, the Regional Fisheries Board and a number of local Inistioige residents to identify how the lands still owned by the Tighe family at Woodstock might be better used to support the Regional economy as well as the best future aspirations of the local community. I was thus aware that the County Council had retained a consultant to advise them on what some of these options might be in regard to any of the Tighe Estate's Woodstock property now held on a long lease to Coillte, but to the best of my knowledge, no planning application has been made by them, or anybody else, to build a hotel in the Park. Clearly it would be inappropriate if I was to comment on any aspect of the Report's conclusions until the evaluation process has been properly completed but, mindful of various allegations made in the recent newspaper article concerning the Tighe family's past record as owner of the property at Woodstock, I would like to mention briefly a few facts which might help to rectify the incorrect implications that we were either bad Landlords or, indeed, Robber Barons.

The lands at Woodstock were all acquired by purchase—initially in 1703, then in later years—and had nothing to do with Oliver Cromwell's regime. The Tighe family subsequently acquired the property on death of the owner, Sir William Fownes, in 1778.

One of my ancestors, William Tighe (his father married Sir William Fownes' daughter in 1765) was MP for Inistioige 1797-1800 and twice refused a peerage, and thus a seat in the House of Lords, if he would give his support to the Act of Union with the Westminster government, which he totally opposed as contrary to the best interests of the people of Ireland. And the present Tighe family are supportive of these views too.

During the Troubles in the 1920's the Black & Tans requisitioned Woodstock House without the approval or agreement of either the Woodstock Agent or Mrs Tighe (at the time she was a widow, but due to the very unsettled state in the country was then living in

London with her four young children). There are some who still believe that the Tighe family had sanctioned the use of Woodstock House by the Black & Tans which is totally incorrect—I hold the files of all the old records and it is a fact that the Black & Tans forcibly took over the House, in spite of the efforts of the Estate Bailiff who was compelled to hand over the keys—and, during their occupation of the premises, they subsequently wrecked the interior of the house, including much of the contents, and the records detail the cost of the considerable damage done, and how the Agent, later, had a very difficult task trying to seek some form of acceptable compensation as a result of their unsolicited and hence unwelcome occupation of the property.

Following the rundown of the Estate after the burning of Woodstock House in July 1922, Mrs Tighe agreed to a long lease of the remaining 1300 acres untenanted farm lands to the Ministry of Lands for forestry—at a rental of four shillings (now 29c) per acre/pa for 150 years—for the primary purpose of ensuring that some 60 ex Estate employees could then obtain needed employment by the Forestry Dept—otherwise they, and their families too—might have become destitute with no other local employment opportunities.

Although the lease, now with Coillte, allows the Tighe Estate to continue to make use of all their retained shooting and sporting rights, the present Trustees are conscious that this would not, in reality, be compatible with unrestricted access of Estate lands by the local community, either in Woodstock Park or on the Estate's mountain lands at Ballygub on which farmers there have long standing grazing rights, but although the sporting rights are still held by the estate, they are not currently exercised. It is now generally accepted that, by present day standards, the rental terms of the 150 year lease are, in reality, no more than punitive, but it's a commitment that the present family will continue to be burdened with until it is either rescinded, or eventually matures in 2076, and I sadly note that the Tighe family have been unreasonably labelled as "Robber Barons" in one of the letters to the County Council, which had been mentioned in your article! Robber Barons, indeed!! But, mindful of our track record over the past 300 years or so, I certainly don't think that this accusation—even by the most ardent of our nationalist republican supporters—can be held against the present Tighe family, or their predecessors!

Judging by what I have hears from others in the Inistioge community, it would not appear to me that there is any valid substance to the claims mentioned

in your article that the Tighe's "plundered the Irish people and the river Nore"—indeed the facts are rather to the contrary. They operated a commercial fishery at Inistioge, for which they held a licence, and by so doing, provided employment for Estate employees over many years. When this ceased in 1974, the local residents were then allowed free access to the Estate Fishery with the proviso that they all policed the river to prevent poaching—and although this is still the position today, this position can be withdrawn if the circumstances changed. And I have been told on good authority that there was no famine in Inistioge during the 1840's as the Hon William Tighe, then the incumbent Woodstock landlord, arranged for shipments of grain to be barged up the Nore—it was then distributed to those in need in and around the Inistioge locality. In addition, work was provided to build the stone walls around the deerpark to enable employment to be provided which otherwise was not available. In spite of allegations to the contrary, these walls were built to control the deer, and not to keep the local community out of Woodstock Park where they have always been permitted access.

And in the present day, and in spite of trying to manage estate affairs saddled with a lease that had long since ceased to serve the purpose originally intended, the family and Estate Trustees have worked closely with Coillte, the County Council and the Inistioge residents to enable the once famous gardens at Woodstock to be restored to their former glory. The primary objective of gifting the ruined house together with some 50 acres of the overgrown gardens to the council was to create a unique tourist attraction which would benefit the local community as well as the regional economy as a whole—and this, without doubt, has been largely successful.

Clearly, it would seem that those who have written letters to the County Council, and were mentioned in your article, have not bothered to read Tom Whyte's excellent and well researched book *The Story of Woodstock* which was published last year—copies are for sale in Kilkenny bookshops, as well as in the new Tea Rooms at Woodstock Gardens. Had they first done so, then perhaps they might have thought hard before unreasonably criticising the Tighe family in the manner so evidently reflected in your article.

I noticed, while reading the article, that there was a letter quoted from one correspondent who claimed that there was a relationship with the origins of Woodstock Estate and Oliver Cromwell which is totally incorrect. Indeed, as I understand it, the reference to "Cromwell's Army of Mercenaries which

slaughtered one third of the population" is also historically wrong and enshrined in mythology. Of interest, this subject has been well researched in a book, 'Cromwell—an Honourable Enemy', written by a Drogheda resident, Tom Reilly, who noted that Cromwell's troops were well disciplined and had clear instructions that no unarmed civilians were ever to be harmed or molested. This book, described as the "untold story of the Cromwellian invasion of Ireland", published in 1999, also mentions that the records show that there were only a few civilians killed during Cromwell's period and, by comparison with the Black & Tans, Cromwell's troops were well behaved. But there can be no excuses for the disgraceful activity of the Black & Tans and the Tighe family suffered losses as well as others during this period. Indeed they lost their house as well as most of the contents. But it must also be remembered that the house was not burnt to "eliminate" the Black & Tans—they had already left following the signing of the Treaty in London in January 1922—the house was later burnt, like many other large houses during the period, when the country was in political turmoil.

By necessity, I have only mentioned a few facts which came to mind when I had finished reading your article on Woodstock. But the important point is that the Tighe family are still supporting the Inistioge community, as they have done over many past years, and will continue to do so in the years ahead if and when opportunities arise to do so. As such, any proposals for development of lands at Woodstock, or indeed any other property still owned by the estate, all of which is now held by an Irish registered holding company with offices in Kilkenny, can only be done if and when they have been carefully considered to ensure it will be to the advantage of the local community, as well as the Tighe Estate.

Paudie O'Neill (Letter 15.8.2008):

Woodstock's Troubled History

I would like to thank Antony Tighe for putting the record straight in last week's *Kilkenny People*.

Oliver Cromwell was a missionary with Ireland's best interest at heart, an all round good fellow, says he. Leading his merry troops in the New Model Army on an outing to Ireland.

While encouraging the Irish to 'Go west go west' across the Shannon to see the fine sights. To see the sun go down on Galway Bay, the Burren and the beautiful cliffs of Moher. The Mass Rocks of Penal times were mere picnic tables and a jolly day out for all.

No one died in the Famine, says he.

The yellow meal and the soup kitchens fattening all. The evictions were house parties that got out of hand. The Tans were a bad lot, we all agree, not the kind of guest you would invite around for tea.

He who controlled the land, the courts, the police, the press, the banks, the fish in the river and the birds in the air, wrote this version of Irish history. Antony Tighe has every right to express his family's version of Irish history in this democratic republic of ours, which guarantees freedom of speech and freedom of the press.

No one wants to play the villain but whitewashing Irish history is not an option.

I suggest a visit to Kilmainham Jail museum will give a fair insight to Irish history.

I have personally welcomed and participated in the redevelopment of Woodstock and it is indeed one of the finest tourist attractions in County Kilkenny.

The people of the area have the right to be involved in decisions which affect so fundamentally their own lives.

I exercised my democratic right to object to elements of the Woodstock Area Plan (50% of which is in local ownership). While outlining the need for a more inclusive and sustainable plan for all within the area plan.

Anastasia Lombard (Letter 15.8.2008): **Cromwellian Robber-Barons?**

Were the Tighes of Inistioge "Cromwellian Robber-Barons"? Antony Tighe (KP 8/8/08) claims they were not, and, in proof of his claim, refers us to Thomas J. Whyte's 2007 history of Woodstock. But Thomas Whyte writes that Richard Tighe came over with Cromwell's army and got 8,500 acres of Cos. Westmeath and Carlow for his trouble. Along with other vast estates, the Tighes got Woodstock some time after the native owners (the Fitzgeralds) were expropriated following yet another brutal conquest fifty years after Cromwell.

Were the walls of Woodstock built to keep the deer in, or to keep the unwashed natives out? I don't know. Whyte's book regales us with several accounts of unwelcome peasants being horsewhipped off the Tighe desmesne.

But in fairness, whether they acquired their wealth by honest endeavour, or by criminality, conquest and theft, Whyte's book indicates that, by and large, the Tighes were among the more benign of their class and their kind. They were actually capable of human feeling towards the servants and retainers who spent their lives waiting on them hand and foot. The Tighes enjoyed their Home

Counties idyll behind their massive ramparts of stone; but they also gave back to the deserving poor of the local area some of the fabulous wealth extracted from the Woodstock tenants and labourers. Most of the Tighes were not raving Orange bigots. Which is more than can be said of others of their kind.

None of this justifies the embarrassing spectacle of sycophancy, fawning and forelock-tugging that we have been subjected to recently; especially as the Tighes have clung on to several thousand acres (—and that's just in South Kilkenny!), a tidy stretch of the lovely river Nore, and a few more such baubles; despite being more than generously compensated when the unwashed peasants were so bold as to demand title to their farms a hundred years ago. (Those tiresome peasants! Now they want to build new houses for themselves, along with little pleasure gardens of their very own. When will they learn their place?)

Antony Tighe urges us to respect and admire Oliver Cromwell. Mr Tighe is condescending to the independence outlook, referring to it sarcastically in terms of "the more ardent of our nationalist republican supporters". But it was the independence outlook that finally brought to an end the disastrous system inaugurated by Cromwell's brutal conquest, aided and abetted by the likes of Richard Tighe.

The Big Idea of the independence movement was to offer to native, to Cromwellian and to Williamite alike a common Irish citizenship without rank or servitude, based on a democratic mandate. This idea has served us well, even if the Tighes chose not to avail of it.

According to Thomas Whyte's book, after tenant Land Purchase had reduced them to the status of mere gentleman-farmers the Tighes vacated Inistioge in 1912, returning to their Imperial origins. They shipped out or sold everything that could be moved—the wealth and valuables extracted from Ireland in the 250 years since Richard Tighe began his career with Cromwell. They left the creepy Major Hamilton as their representative in control of the emptied Woodstock House. When the house was burned they trousered the Free State's compensation money instead of rebuilding and repairing the war-damage. Then, having been comprehensively asset-stripped, the place was left to rot.

Should Woodstock be further restored? I think this should be decided by the local people in the area. After all, it was the sweat and rents of their ancestors that built the place. And in recent years, their imagination, ingenuity and hard work salvaged the remainder from the wilderness and ruin to which it

had been abandoned.

Should the Tighes be remembered? Certainly there should be a dignified memorial to the Woodstock torture victims of the Black and Tans. And, as befits a republic, the Tighes should be remembered in an egalitarian way, along with the other proprietors—the Fownes', Sweetes and the expropriated Fitzgeralds. Full credit and respect should be accorded to the common people of Inistioge who first created and then restored Woodstock, which belongs to them by right.

Surely the Tighe Estate can have no quarrel with that?

[The Elizabeth Tighe letter (August 1, page 3 above) was reprinted on August 15!]

MORE NEXT MONTH

Conor Lynch

Last month we started a reprint of a memoir of John Mandeville, a martyr of the Land War, by his wife. It dealt extensively with his privations in prison. He, along with William O'Brien, was jailed on a charge following the passing of a special Coercion Act, specifically designed to imprison land agitators, and rejected the prison regime as a result. His refusal to wear prison clothing in Winter undermined his health.

We continue the story with a letter he sent to his wife and further extracts from her Diary.

The Land War In Cork *"Remember Mitchelstown"*

Extracts from John's letter

Dearest Mary

I fear you are fretting about me, though the reality is bad enough. I believe it is in the Doctor's power to mitigate the severities of prison discipline; but the man here is either a cowardly creature afraid to lose his post or he is a sly savage who pretends sympathy with us but acts differently. They have changed some of the Catholic warders & have filled up their places with heretics or unbelievers in the hopes of getting convenient tools -

The Doctor has just been to visit me & says he has been the means of saving me from a lot of punishment etc. Perhaps he has & that I may have wronged him I think he might have put me into hospital. As I live in open defiance of prison rules the governor must punish me when the

Dr. certifies that I am able to stand it, so that the Medical Officer is the man who is chiefly responsible. I may not be able to write again before Xmas Day as I cannot foresee what changes may take place so Good bye and wishing you many happy Christmases and birthdays.

Yr fond husband
John Mandeville

November 30th. Canon McAlroy wrote me he had been absent from the prison for a days; he said that I could not possibly be prouder of John, than he is of me; that he is now off punishment & he (Canon McAlroy) hope it will never again be inflicted.*

Dr. Moorhead, found John in his cell, chilled from the effects of the bread and water, with a distinct tremor in both hands, & that he has now been confined for four days to his cell without either fresh air or exercise

December 1st. John has achieved a great triumph one which I know, to his brave spirit, will make up for all his sufferings—the governor has received orders to allow all the political prisoners to exercise by themselves & John got two hours in the open air yesterday

December 4th. I hear John has no more ardent sympathizers than the inhabitants of the Mitchelstown Workhouse & that they have felt his sufferings greatly—though indeed the kindness & sympathy expressed on all sides is wonderful. I am carefully preserving all the letters to show them to John on his release.

On Xmas morning John to his great pleasure received by post an address from the inmates not the officials of the Mitchelstown Workhouse—it was non-political but it told him how rejoiced they were at his liberation & that many was the prayer offered up for their kind and generous Chairman.

December 10th. John still suffering from rheumatism. Our neighbours very kindly assembled at Clonkilla & did all the necessary farm work.

December 13th. John still complains rheumatism & of the efforts made to force him to clean out his cell Dr. Moorhead has beer to visit him, only for him Canon McAlroy & Mr. Egan (while the latter was permitted to see the prisoners) he and Mr. OBrien would be perfectly friendless.

December 14th. The newspaper reports say John's appetite is failing & that he is looking very badly.

December 19th. Dr. Moorhead looks upon John's treatment as simply barbarous. John has been to Confession and Holy Communion, he said to me on the eve of the Middleton trial, he intended taking advantage of having so much leisure to make a general confession of his whole life.

Went to see A—she pointed out to me how good comes out of evil, though John suffers so much at Tullamore, yet it has given

him time to think of his soul. I agreed with her & said it had done more, for fond as I am of John, I never realized until now, all that he is to me, friend & companion as well as husband.

December 20th. Extracts from John's last letter

Dearest Mary

This paper got soiled as I had to put it in a dirty place in order to keep it safe from the eyes of a warder I have just got the chance of dropping you a line to say I have only five days more to give here. Remember I expect a good long letter from you on Xmas Morning when I get out.

I understand there will be a demonstration here I hope I won't be expected to speak as I feel shy & timid being kept in retreat so long. The priests are very kind & attentive to me. I have been to confession and Holy Communion so that your mother cannot have the satisfaction of saying I did nothing good while I was in prison. I do not think they will put me on any more punishment as it has no effect on me, as far as getting me to do anything which they require. I do not think the governor is a bad fellow at heart. I do not care about the doctor and have refused to let him examine me or to take any of his prescriptions. I saw QBrien in chapel he looks very badly I got no chance of speaking to him. His sentence expires on January 22nd. There have been no new Crimes Act prisoners sent here; there are nine Westmeath men, besides Hadyn 14 T D Sullivan, 15 & OBrien I exercise with these, but Hadyn & OBrien are in hospital & T D Sullivan is what is called a first class misdemeanant & has quarters to himself I do not quite know where. I hope all are well, wish everyone a happy Xmas for me. Write & let me know where I am to meet you as well as any local matter that may be useful to me. I have no envelope.

Yr fond husband
John Mandeville.

On yesterday December 20th Mr. Smith RM was brought in to sentence John to 48 hours bread and water in a dark cell. I cannot forget Mr. Arthur O'Connor's description of his seeing one in some English prison & how he thought it would prove fatal to many men's reasons. From November I have not known a happy moment day or night.

December 23rd. Thank God John has only two days to pass at Tullamore; he is now off punishment diet. Mr. Murphy M.P 16 who saw him while in the punishment cell remarked how blue his lips were. A symptom I don't like.

I have sent off his portmanteau to-day to the care of Canon McAlroy & written him a good long letter. I have one glorious item of news for him—He & Mr. OBrien were sent to prison for advising Lady Kingston's tenants

to defend their homes until the Land Act passed, when they could go in to court and would get the 20 per cent reduction they demanded under the Plan of Campaign. They did so & this week a notoriously Conservative Commission have given them 22 1/2 per cent reduction.

John was released unexpectedly on Xmas Eve (evidently with a view to prevent demonstrations along the line) I got a telegram from Portarlinton to meet John at Knocklong Station. I started immediately; he had arrived before I reached it but he waited for me.

I was horrified when I saw him, he has grown very thin, the hair in the front of his head quite white, though as thick & curly as ever, his lips so blue that I remarked them immediately; he said Mr. Murphy M.P. who visited him a few days before asked him if they were always that color and he replied 'No'.

I never saw anything like the enthusiasm of his reception bonfires all along the mountain side as far as the eye could reach, & every farmhouse we passed (it was quite dark on the home journey) the people came out with lighted candles & cheered. John said to me 'Is it not a great reward for doing one's duty.' When we got to Mitchelstown the crowd was dense, we went direct to Aherne's Hotel, where John addressed them for a few minutes. He said his joy was saddened by the thought of his beloved leader lying in his lonely cell in Tullamore; that he himself was willing if necessary to go to the scaffold to save the Kingston tenants from eviction.

Later on we returned to Clonkilla, John was weary & worn out, but we felt it such great happiness to be together again. Rover came to receive John with a green ribbon tied round his neck.

December 26th. Mr. McCleod, a representative of the Scotch Crofters breakfasted here on Xmas Morning the tremor in John's hands was so great that he could hardly carve. We dined at Broomhill, John could not take any Xmas fare (not even a scrap of pudding for good luck) nothing but a little roast mutton. Was so tired we returned immediately after dinner to Clonkilla. My father thinks John very weak & that if he had got a third month, he would not have lived to come home.

To-day with the greatest difficulty he wrote to Canon McAlroy, Dr. Moorhead & Mr. Egan; his eyes are very sore, he blames the white walls & says Dr. Moorhead ordered him colored glasses of course he never got them I have offered to save his eyes by writing a number of notes for him which I did he signing them.

To show the effect of the great strain on his mind, I must state that in writing, he could not put two sentences in connection, and he forgot to spell so simple a word as 'bed' Another little incident will show how thin he had become, we always had great difficulty in getting collars his size, I had ordered some new ones, instead of 18 inch; 17 1/2 were sent they were too large

* So much for Dr. Barr's statement that he had none.

& he had to get 17 inch collars. He never again in this life, wore an 18 inch collar which had been his size.

December 31st. To-morrow, the New Year commences God grant it may be a bright & prosperous one for us. I asked John to pray that it may be so; he refused saying, such things should be left in the hands of God, to give or not, as He sees fit; but that he would ask Him to spare me to him, during the coming year.

End of my diary 1888

We were both absent from home during a greater part of January. Sometime I think about the first week or so John & I consulted Dr. Aherne of Kilworth about his eyes, the latter making a most careful examination of them. He ordered smoked glasses & said in time they would recover. Dr. Ahearne distinctly remembers calling my attention to three facts, viz first the exhausted state of John's constitution & that he had reduced considerably in weight since he had last seen him, just before his imprisonment, secondly that the state of his eyes was entirely caused by weakness; and thirdly that he recommended him abundance of nourishment & to be in the open air as much as possible.

His eyes at the time were so painful, that he could not use them at night; he sat with his back to the reading lamp, shading them with his hand as he could not bear even that faint light; while I read the newspaper aloud.

On January 21st John went to Tullamore for Mr. O'Brien's release; he met him at Canon McAlroy's where they had a long discussion on several subjects amongst other topics introduced was Dr. Ridley. Mr. O'Brien expressed gratitude for his kindness to him & Mr. Hooper, who was then a prisoner at Tullamore John replied that he (Ridley) had not treated him well but that it may [be] wiser for the welfare of others to say nothing about it. John the more willingly consented to this as the night before he left Tullamore Dr. Ridley came to his cell and in a very excited state, and said it was an unfortunate day for him when O'Brien & he came there; to this John replied that they had never asked to be sent to that prison and that if he had treated him fairly as a medical man should, he need fear no one, however as it was now all over, he would refrain from exposing him. When John returned to Clonkilla I was anxious that he should write to the press, stating how he was treated His reply was 'Remember, Mary, he has an innocent wife and children, I will not injure them, though I certainly would not spare him individually.'

A few days after his return John & I went to Mallow to meet Mr. O'Brien, who looked very ill. I went on to Cork & left John for the banquet at which he responded—to one of the toasts. On joining me in Cork the next day he said he regretted that he had done so as he had spoken very badly & with difficulty.

On February the 13th the Plan of Campaign on the Kingston Estate ended in victory for the tenants: Lady Kingston giving the 20 per cent demanded, the shop-keepers

got back their houses, all tenants were allowed into the Land Court, & the landlord paid all law costs incurred.

Soon after this at the March Assizes in Cork, the grand jury passed a large sum of money viz £1000, for Leahy the policeman injured on the day of the Mitchelstown meeting Sep 9th 1887. The people of Mitchelstown & the Barony of Condons and Clongibbons were very indignant at having such a tax levied upon them.

At the inquest held on the bodies of those shot, the policemen swore, they fired with intent to kill; & yet no compensation had been accorded to the families of the murdered men.

On April 3rd a meeting was held in Mitchelstown at which Mr. W. O'Brien & Mr. T. Healy 18 were present but John did not speak at it; he simply seconded a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

That day at lunch Mr. W. O'Brien who sat near me remarked to me, that he feared John had not yet got over the grievous effects of his imprisonment. A week later John went to Dublin where he met Mr. Michael Davitt, who remarked to him how thin he had become.

During the months of May & June John was not at all well & complained of his throat but gave any assistance in his power to the opposition to the Leahy Blood Tax, as it was called here. But it was nothing like the work during the Plan of Campaign when he had to be out in all weathers day & night, sometimes driving miles, & the ground white with snow.

He consulted his friend & local physician Dr. McCraith, who was for many years a practitioner in Smyrna & he gave him some remedies which he used but the delicacy still continued.

On June 3rd there was a meeting in Cork about the Papal Rescript which John & I attended. I remained in Cork with my Aunt, who remarked to me how weak John looked; that he seemed hardly able to drag his feet I after him; & that he had never recovered the effects of his imprisonment. A few days later I got a telegram from him to come home, I returned at once & on arriving at Clonkilla I asked him had he any particular reason for sending for me; to which he replied 'none except I feel so lonely without you, promise me you will never leave me, even for a day'.

For the first time, since we were married he did not come to the gate to meet me or lift me out saying he was afraid of the rain. Indeed one of the many changes I observed in John from the time he left Tullamore was that he was unable to carry me, saying either you have become very fat or I have become very weak.

June 24th*. John went to Balleydine, the last time he ever saw his mother, & he told me on his return of her delight at having him with her. He complained to his brother Frank of not being well, the latter asked him, did I know he was ill, he said no, & that he would not have me made uneasy.

June 29th. John drove to Fermoy. I had a violent attack of neuralgia & I remember when he returned the first thing he did was

to come to my room, to kiss me & ask me how I was. He said he had brought back with him Mr. Barry of Killavullen, who has taken a very prominent part in the resistance to the Blood Tax.

July 1st. John was not at all well, complained of his tooth being very painful.

July 2nd. John remained in bed until late as he still complained of toothache. I brought him up his letters; amongst them was one from Mr. W. O'Brien which pleased him He handed it to me saying (I remember the adjective struck me as peculiar), 'Is not O'Brien a sweet man? I don't think there is anybody in the world like him' & then pointing to a kind little message to me he continued 'I wonder does he know how much I love you (for I never speak of you) & that just as [I] never could forgive any injury to you, nothing gratifies me like any attention to you. Mr. Condon thoroughly realizes you are my one weak point, & that nothing pleases me so much as his saying I am nearly good enough to be married to you.' It struck me that many men would not be so generous & I kissed him saying 'Well everybody tells me what a devoted husband you are, much too good for me, and I am sure it does not matter in the least, which of us is the better of the two, for you & I are one.'

He then went to Fermoy & returned very late & said he had spent the evening with some friends. That he suffered such pain from toothache that he lay on a sofa & pretended to be asleep.

July 3rd. Went to Mitchelstown but returned early, seemed very well & amused himself (he was a capital mimic) entertaining me with a representation of the warder who [had] charge of him at Tullamore.

July 4th. John & I dined at my father's. It is one of my greatest comforts to think that he & I had this day of perfect union alone together. I don't think there was a single subject of interest or anybody whom he had ever known of whom John did not speak. Some of his remarks I can never forget 'That many men complained of the ingratitude they experienced, but that he could not, few men had ever received so many acts of kindness as he had, not from Nationalists alone, but even from his political opponents (Conservatives); how he loved Mitchelstown & its people, that it was his home now, dearer even than Carrick, though that was the next beloved spot. What an idealist he was, never satisfied with his own work always thinking he might have done better. He spoke of Tullamore & of Canon McAlroy, & his kindness; & that the one post in the whole world he would like was to be an Inspector of Prisons. I remarked that would be a strange position for one who had been a prisoner himself; he replied, 'That is the very reason I would make such a good one. Nobody knows where the shoe pinches, but the man who wears it'. He alluded to my father saying he was the most upright man he had every known.

July 5th. Complained of toothache & neuralgia; remained in bed until evening,

*His birthday, he was born on St John's Day.

but read his newspaper etc.

Friday. Complained his throat felt sore, thought it was occasioned by his tooth. I remarked, 'How patient you are John, nobody would ever know you were in pain, so different to me when I have neuralgia.' he smiled & said 'Look at the difference between us, you are such a fragile little thing, & I am such a big strong fellow.

Later in the day he drove into Mitchelstown and saw Dr. McCraith who told him he ought to be in bed & gave him some medicine which he took.

On Saturday July 7th he got very ill we sent for Dr. McCraith who immediately called in Dr. O'Neill & telegraphed for Dr. Cremin, Cork—but all in vain he had no strength left, he passed away as peaceably as a little child on Sunday afternoon. From the beginning of his illness to the close he never uttered one impatient word, always a bright smile, & full of thought for others, never thinking of himself; as Dr. McCraith said to me half an hour before the end 'I have never had a patient like John, I have never seen anything like his brave patient uncomplaining spirit.'

He received Holy Communion two hours before he passed away and prayed with me. And when the end was near, he put his arm round my neck & kissed me saying he was very happy, to give his love to his poor old mother and not to let her fret for him; then he added 'I am praying but I can't speak. God be merciful to me a sinner. He held my hand in his & the Crucifix, for one second he looked startled, & then he raised himself slightly & smiled. Those present can never forget his look of glorious happiness, he pressed my hand faintly the last expression of his undying love, just laid back his head & was gone to God without a struggle. So calm & peaceful was it, that I did not know it was over, until my father whispered to me to kiss John & come with him.

Thus ended the life of a truly good religious man & the best husband that ever lived.

If anything could console me in my affliction, it was the widespread regret for his untimely end. From every part of the United Kingdom, from the Channel Islands, from distant India, from the Greater Ireland in America, from Australia I have received expressions of the warmest sympathy; not alone from the Irish people, but from hundreds differing from us in race & religion; and to all I return my heart-felt thanks.

Pat Maloney

Obituary

Solzhenitsyn Remembered

"Let us turn aside for a moment to that ideal Ireland that we would have. That Ireland which we dreamed of would be the home of a people who valued material wealth only as the basis of right living, of a people who were satisfied with frugal comfort and devoted their leisure to the things of the spirit—a land

whose countryside would be bright with cosy homesteads, whose fields and villages would be joyous with the sounds of industry, with the romping of sturdy children, the contests of athletic youths and the laughter of comely maidens, whose firesides would be forums for the wisdom of serene old age. It would, in a word, be the home of a people living the life that God desires that man should live." (*Eamon de Valera, 1943*).

Used And Abused

He was once described by the British newspaper *The Guardian* as "*mentally unbalanced*".

Significant elements of the Western intelligentsia habitually downgraded Solzhenitsyn as a "*merchant of doom*", despite a lifetime of vigorous, almost frenetic, effort to make sense of the social and moral state of modern man.

His positive achievements are outstanding.

The West found him useful because of his writing on Soviet prison camps: the rest of his thinking did not suit and was much ignored.

It suited it to highlight negative aspects of the administration. It was not as convenient to admit that at the time the Soviet structure crumbled, it had 50 million people involved in its administration—which in a sense made it a thing of the people.

Aleksandr Isayevich

Solzhenitsyn made an intellectual journey through the totality of Marxist and Leninist perspectives: from the belief that Stalinism was Leninism imperfectly applied, through the notion that Leninism was Marxism imperfectly applied, and then rejection of Marxism which was the starting point for the mature Solzhenitsyn.

Solzhenitsyn was a creature of the Bolshevik Party and of its labour camps. He managed his long rebellion within the Bolshevik system most skilfully, eventually establishing himself as the uncrushable nucleus of civil society, and bringing about a sort of dual power between the Soviet state and himself. The state could cope with him only by expelling him. But, in his years of exile in America, he never bothered to learn English. That's what he thought of the West and its values!

And for all the difference in viewpoint between Solzhenitsyn and both Lenin and Stalin, they had in common an ability to think straight, and to know what they were thinking. But the duplicity of official Communism had become so extreme that, where it was divorced from power it had become virtual self-deception, and where it exercised power it had become Jesuitry.

August 1914 is a curious thing: a novel in the grand style of the 19th century about a 20th century battle. And it must be the most intelligible novel that has ever been written about a battle. One gets the feeling that Solzhenitsyn might have been a very capable general if he had not chosen the more dangerous career of being a dissident—in which even greater boldness and even finer calculations of forces and an even readier ability for extemporisation under pressure are a precondition of success.

The Oak And The Calf is sub-titled, "*Sketches of Literary Life in the Soviet Union*". It is a book of literary memoirs, but there isn't another book of literary memoirs that is anything like it. It is more akin to General von Manstein's military memoirs than to anything else in the way of literary memoirs that has been published. Here is no Pasternak, no Osip Mandelstam. Nadezhda Mandelstam's memoirs tell the depressing tale of the literary man as victim, despite his connections in high places. *The Oak And The Calf* tells the story of an unliterary victim who took up literature, deliberately and with malice aforethought, as a means of doing battle with the state. It tells how offensive tactics were conceived and how they were put into operation. It tells how battles were averted and how battles were forced. It is even more exhilarating than *The Gulag Archipelago*.

In his wee book *A World Split Apart*, he writes that the Western world "*has lost its courage, both as a whole and separately, in each country, in each government, in each political party, and of course, in the United Nations*". He sees such a decline in courage as particularly noticeable among the ruling and intellectual elites causing an impression of a loss of courage by the entire society: "*There remain many courageous individuals but they have no determining influence on public life.*"

Ideas

Solzhenitsyn states that even without any formal censorship, "*Fashionable trends of thought and ideas are fastidiously separated from those that are not fashionable, and the latter, without ever being forbidden, have little chance of finding their way to periodicals or books or being heard in colleges*".

And, boy, nowhere is this more evident than in contemporary Ireland. Repressive tolerance has become natural law, for it operates almost irrespective of the content.

Solzhenitsyn believed that the total absence of spirituality, of religious feelings, and a proper acceptance of death doom man to unhappiness, to discontent with his lot, no matter what it is, and a permanent feeling that something vital is missing; but always just out of reach. This is the regime of Modern Man.

But, on a topical note: "*No weapons, no matter how powerful, can help the West until it overcomes its loss of will power. In a psychological weakness, weapons can become a burden for the capitulating side*".

"To defend oneself, one must also be ready to die; there is little such readiness in a society raised in the cult of material wellbeing. Nothing is left in this case, but concession, attempts to gain time, and betrayal."

Solzhenitsyn thought "*we have placed too much hope in politics and social reforms, only to find out we were being deprived of our most precious possession, our spiritual life. It is being trampled by the mob in the East, by the commercial one in the West*".

Selfish Faith

In an interview with Joseph Pearce, a biographer, Solzhenitsyn put forward the following ideas about culture and religion,

particularly Protestantism:

"Pearce: Does the fact that modernity makes a virtue out of selfishness constitute one of the keys to its enduring success?

Solzhenitsyn: That's very correct. It does make a virtue out of selfishness and Protestantism made a major contribution to this.

Pearce: Why Protestantism?

Solzhenitsyn: Of course, one cannot declare that only my faith is correct and all other faiths are not. Of course God is endlessly multi-dimensional so every religion that exists on earth represents some face, some side of God. One must not have any negative attitude to any religion but nonetheless the depth of understanding God and the depth of applying God's commandments is different in different religions. In this sense we have to admit that Protestantism has brought everything down only to faith.

Calvinism says that nothing depends on man, that faith is already predetermined. Also in its sharp protest against Catholicism, Protestantism rushed to discard together with ritual all the mysterious, the mythical and mystical aspects of the Faith. In that sense it has impoverished religion.

Pearce: Is the only hope a return to religion?

Solzhenitsyn: Not a return to religion but an elevation toward religion. The thing is that religion itself cannot but be dynamic which is why "return" is an incorrect term. A return to the forms of religion which perhaps existed a couple of centuries ago is absolutely impossible.

On the contrary, in order to combat modern materialistic mores, as religion must, to fight nihilism and egotism, religion must also develop, must be flexible in its forms, and it must have a correlation with the cultural forms of the epoch. Religion always remains higher than everyday life.

In order to make the elevation towards religion easier for people, religion must be able to alter its forms in relation to the consciousness of modern man" (*Solzhenitsyn: A Soul in Exile*, Harper Collins Baker Books, 2004).

Solzhenitsyn portrayed the essential Russian soul, perhaps in a way that de Valera reflected Irish values:

"I was reared in a labourer's cottage here in Ireland. I have not lived solely among the intellectuals. The first fifteen years of my life that formed my character were lived among the Irish people down in Limerick; therefore I know what I am talking about; and whenever I wanted to know what the Irish people wanted, I had only to examine my own heart and it told me straight off what the Irish people wanted." (*Eamon de Valera*, 1922).

Dev would have understood Solzhenitsyn!

Sean Swan

Discussion Article

The Culture Wars to Come

Headline news in *The Guardian* of 13th September 2008 was 'Fall of the doctor who said his vitamins would cure Aids', announcing that Matthias Rath had dropped his libel action against *The Guardian*. Rath is a pseudoscientific quack who endangered the lives of millions by making unscientific claims that vitamins could cure Aids while ARVs, the orthodox treatment for HIV infection, were not only useless but dangerous. Of course Rath's claims were not simply idle speculation, he profited from it by peddling his supposedly wonder-working micronutrients as treatment for Aids/HIV. As another article in the same issue of *The Guardian* put it, "Rath contributed to the madness of Aids denialism".

Rath's fall was a victory for both scientific orthodoxy and investigative journalism. Unfortunately on 11th September the same paper carried a story of a potentially even more dangerous challenge to science and thus, by extension, to medicine and human health.

Michael Reiss, Director of Education at the Royal Society and a Church of England parson, suggested that creationism should be included in science lessons in schools.

Now, to be fair, Reiss has not said, at least not directly and at least not yet, that Creationism should be taught in school science class. If you listen to the audio link in the article on *The Guardian's* website you will hear a Reiss who is soft-spoken and carefully moderates and qualifies his comments. But it is the direction of the discourse that is worrying. He suggests that the approach of teachers who, when faced with Creationist questions in a science class, suggest that the proper place for a discussion of Creationism is in a religious education class, or who simply point out the distinction between the realm of faith and the realm of science, under which Creationism is not science, are getting it wrong. For Reiss, teachers should not insist that the scientific models of evolution or cosmology are the only correct way of understanding the world. This sounds like sweet reasonableness and the very spirit of liberal tolerance. And so it might be were it not for the small, but important, fact that this conversation would be taking place not in a philosophy class, but in a science class. A science teacher is duty bound to point out that the evolutionary and cosmological models used in science teaching are the only scientifically correct ways of understanding the world. There are other world views, but they are not scientific ones, nor are they just 'different'. In scientific terms Creationism is a non-sense which is, as far as it makes factual claims, refuted by anthropology, geology, cosmology, biology, oceanography and so on. Not only do most areas of study flatly refute Creationism, but there is not one area of scientific study which can be used to support it. And weasel words and false analogy will not change that.

Another straw in the wind was the claim by Lord Robert Winston, not a clergyman

but described as a "practising Jew", that "Far too many scientists... present science as the truth and present it as factually correct. And actually of course that clearly isn't true". Now the sweeping nature of this statement is breathtaking in its audacity. While we are all aware of science's fuzzy edges, from the Theory of Relativity to the Uncertainty Principle to Chaos Theory and the Butterfly Effect, to deduct from that a reductionist claim that science is not factually correct, is incredible. It is akin to saying that, just because it is not always easy to draw a clear line of demarcation between mountains and valleys, the world is flat. Winston asserted that the traditional "determinist" approach to genetics was proving to be too simplistic. This is true in the same way as Einstein demonstrated that Newtonian physics was "too simplistic". Newtonian physics is inadequate at the cosmological level or at the atomic level but was quite good enough to land us on the Moon. Contemporary genetics may yet turn out to be similarly incomplete, but it has been correct enough to help with the diagnosis and treatment of innumerable genetic diseases and disorders. "Too simplistic" means there is more to say on the subject, not that the original positions are without foundation in fact—they still tell us a great deal about the physical world. Such things are not "too simplistic" in the same ways as is the Genesis story, which, if taken literally, not only lessens but actually distorts our understanding of the world—we are led to believe that snakes have the power of speech.

But what lies behind this sudden enthusiastic upsurge of sugar coated fundamentalism? To return to *The Guardian*, on 14th September in 'Creationism call divides Royal Society' there is mention of financial links that had been established between the society and the Templeton Foundation. A quick look at the Templeton Foundation's website—<http://www.templeton.org/>—reveals that "The Foundation has roughly \$1.5 billion in assets. In 2007, we gave out approximately \$70 million in grant awards". One of the grants on offer 'Science and the Spirit: Pentecostal Perspectives' (worth \$162,078) "supports a three-year research initiative that will produce scholarship on Pentecostalism and science for use in courses offered at colleges and universities affiliated with the Pentecostal movement worldwide". The Foundation also welcomes "proposals that seek to advance humanity's scientific and conceptual understanding of freedom and free enterprise". Is this the use of religious fundamentalism to advance the Washington Consensus on neoliberal globalism? The two certainly go hand in hand. Those who have rejected science in favour of religious fundamentalism will certainly raise no awkward questions about human caused global warming. In fact, if religious fundamentalism, capitalism and freedom are made virtually synonymous terms through interlinkage, no questions inconvenient to multinational corporations can even be raised. The context of all this is, of course, the 'Palin phenomenon', and beyond that a US corporate elite that cannot or will not come to terms with either its present or its future.

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Indian Cauldron

The Indian Bishops' Conference has alleged that ongoing violence in the country is the result of a conspiracy against the Christian community.

The trouble is centred in the Indian state of Orissa, in Eastern India on Bengal Bay, where it is alleged that Hindu fundamentalists have been forcibly converting Christians they capture.

The All India Catholic Union went further in the allegations of a conspiracy and directly blamed the leading pro-Hindu political party the Bharatiya Janata Party (BJP) as the "brain behind" the attacks. The majority of attacks had so far taken place in regions dominated by the BJP at Local Government level. The party, it alleges *"is trying to trigger polarisation of majority Hindu voters to its side with these attacks"* ahead of national elections.

On 24th September 2008, a full month after rioting began in Orissa, the European parliament adopted a resolution condemning anti-Christian violence in India, and called on the country to defend its Christian community.

Hindu groups in Orissa accuse Christian missionaries of unfair recruitment tactics in converting the lower castes of Hindu society

Culture Wars

This line of attack takes many forms, not simply the talking up of religious fundamentalism to a sort of parity with science but beyond that an attempt to create a postmodern relativism in which science, and reason become just one more discourse, just one story among a million stories, each as entitled to be regarded as true as any other. Maybe it is even worse than that, maybe some of these people really believe that reality is somehow optional. As one Bush White House apparatchik famously told Ron Suskind, *"We're an empire now, and when we act, we create our own reality"*. A statement worthy of Nero.

It is unlikely that we have heard the last of this, but as these culture wars—a spillover from the US—rumble on, remember Matthias Rath's claims for the efficacy of vitamins. It was real science that put this quack out of business, relativism would have left him free to endanger the health of another generation.

in Orissa. This has led to conflict.

On 22nd January 1999, Australian missionary Graham Staines and his two sons, 10-year-old Philip and six-year-old Timothy, were burnt alive by a Hindu radical mob in their vehicle in Keonjhar district.

In December 2007, 5 Catholic churches, 48 village chapels, two seminaries, half a dozen hostels and four convents were destroyed in communal violence. Dozens of Hindu homes and hundreds of Christian homes were burned and looted in the Kandhamal district.

On 23rd August 2008, the Hindu religious leader Swami Lakshmanananda was killed at his Jalespata ashram in Kandhamal district, along with 4 disciples including a child and a woman. The attack is alleged to have been perpetrated by about 30 armed Maoist rebels. This led to state wide protest by VHP and Bajrang Dal, who blamed an alleged Maoist-Christian alliance.

In September 2008 a nun was gang-raped and was marched nude by the Hindu radicals in front of the public, shouting slogans, the state government disclosed and confirmed this incident after 5-6 weeks, it is also surprising that the local police refused to file a FIR by the victim.

However, international developments in recent months may prove of little benefit to the victims of Indian 'pogroms'!

Both the US House of Representatives and the Senate have approved a landmark deal that re-establishes bilateral nuclear co-operation with India, ending a 30-year ban on US nuclear trade with India.

It gave President George Bush, a significant foreign policy achievement in the final months of his administration.

Washington banned nuclear trade with India after it carried out its first nuclear test in 1974 and refused to sign the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty (NPT).

Critics fear the deal weakens any position taken on nuclear programmes in other countries, such as Iran.

"President Bush and his aides were so eager for a foreign policy success that they didn't even try to get India to limit its weapons programme in return," the *New York Times* said in an editorial on 30.9.2008.

The Irish state, which is a member of the 45-nation Nuclear Suppliers Group,

consented to allow India engage in nuclear trade, despite earlier opposition. India had previously been barred from such nuclear trade because of its refusal to sign the nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, i.e. it openly refuses to confine its nuclear programme to peaceful purposes.

"It was Irish Minister for External Affairs, Frank Aiken, who initiated NPT when in 1958 he pushed for non-proliferation at the United Nations, which in 1961 accepted his motion to create such a treaty. Recognition of Ireland's crucial role came when Aiken was invited to be the first signatory to the treaty in Moscow when it was finally negotiated in 1968." (*Phoenix* magazine, 19.9.2008).

His successor, Micheal Martin now hawks Ireland's former reputation as a *"respected and principled neutral state"* around the globe on behalf of the Amer-anglian alliance in its dealings with third-world countries.

But with Irish troops in Afghanistan under British command and forces in Kosovo under NATO leadership and acting as 'proxies' for France in Chad, the 'neutral' veil is starting to look very tattered indeed!

The Jesuits

It was in September, 1540 that the Society of Jesus (the Jesuits) received its charter, from Pope Paul III.

Jesuits are the largest male religious order in the Catholic Church, with 18,815 members—13,305 priests, 2,295 scholastic students, 1,758 brothers and 827 novices—as of January 2008.

Jesuit priests and brothers are engaged in ministries in 112 nations on six continents and are best known in the fields of education.

Members are also called Soldiers of Christ, and Foot Soldiers of the Pope, because the founder, a Spaniard called Saint Ignatius of Loyola, was a knight before becoming a priest. Ignatius had formed a group in the early 1530s bound by a vow of poverty and chastity, to *"enter upon hospital and missionary work in Jerusalem, or to go without questioning wherever the pope might direct"*.

Its organisation was characterized by centralized authority, probation lasting many years before final vows, and special obedience to the Pope. The Jesuits served as a preaching, teaching, and missionary society, actively promoting the Counter Reformation, and by the time of Ignatius's death in 1556 their efforts were already worldwide.

The success of their enterprise and their championship of the Pope earned them much hostility from both religious and political foes. Under pressure from France, Spain, and Portugal, Pope Clement XIV abolished the Order in 1773, but it was restored by Pius VII in 1814.

The Jesuit motto is *Ad Maiorem Dei Gloriam* ("For the greater glory of God"). The largest number are in India followed by the United States.

On January 19 this year, Spaniard Adolfo Nicolas was elected the Order's thirtieth Superior General.