

**ERIN MOR: THE
STORY OF IRISH
REPUBLICANISM**

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Erin Mor: the story of Irish republicanism by John Brennan

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JOHN BRENNAN

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BY
JOHN BRENNAN.



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DEDICATION.

TO

BENJAMIN HARRISON,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

Under whose patriotic and enlightened administration the flame of American National spirit has been rekindled, this book is respectfully dedicated. The purpose of the author is neither to excite nor perpetuate any form of foreignism, but the earnest desire of creating in the minds of his Celtic brethren a deep, intense and fervid American National spirit. In the present Chief Magistrate the author recognizes the ideal American, who, in his official character and conduct, reflects all that is wise, generous, heroic and merciful in the genius of the Great Republic. Toward Russia, charitable; with Chile, patient; with Italy, merciful; and calmly courageous toward England. Proud and happy be that President under whose administration the Republic has attained a position of material greatness and moral eminence unexampled in the lives of nations, ancient or modern. This grateful tribute is not of that reprehensible sort "born of benefits received," or "fostered by the hope of favors yet to come," but the heartfelt testimony of an adopted citizen, who joyfully contemplates the prosperity and glory of the Great Republic. *Esto perpetua.*

JOHN BRENNAN.

San Francisco, Cal., May 1, 1892.

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INTRODUCTION.



THE writer of the following pages candidly believes that while foreign rule has been the crowning and all-comprehending curse of Ireland, and while landlordism has been among its most potent ills, yet *British free-trade*, identical with the *tariff reform* which the Democratic party now seeks to inflict upon the United States, was the underlying, if not the immediate, cause of the terrible famine of 1846-47. Ireland, one year with another, produces sufficient food to fatten more than double its present population; yet among the working people there poverty is perpetual and famine periodical. Since the destruction of Ireland's manufacturing industries under the operations of free-trade, agriculture is the only important industry of the people; and a country devoted to agriculture alone is a country already doomed, while a nation whose industries are healthily diversified is proof against famine and decay.

It is not difficult to understand why England favors free-trade with America; nor is it to be wondered at that among a people of great intelligence and of many minds like the Americans, England should find many devoted believers in her plausible theories; but it is a mystery of the mysteries why Irishmen, of all other citizens in America, should be relied on to vote in

American elections precisely as England would have them vote; and that when Grover Cleveland or *Harper's Weekly* sounds the drum-beat of England calling for soldiers to fight her battles at the American ballot-box, those who most cheerfully respond to the roll-call should be the sons and kindred of Irish exiles, driven from their island home by that same free-trade policy; why those whose own factories have been destroyed by English free-trade should be so anxious to vote upon themselves and their fellow-citizens the same calamity in America, or desirous to vote themselves into the conditions from which they fled when they left their own green land with tears in their eyes and curses on their lips.

In seventy years preceding 1890 three and a half millions of Irish landed in the United States (and this does not include the children of Irish parents who came from Britain and British North America). If we take into account those who were in the colonies and those who came prior to 1820, it is safe to say that Ireland contributed to the United States not less than four and a quarter millions of people; and that their descendants are no fewer than thirteen millions, which, with the parent stock now living, would swell the Irish element in this country to something like fifteen millions. Let us say that one-third of this element has forgotten the parent lake to which this life blood ought to be traced. Let us say that the Irish element in the United States is ten millions. They cast in Congressional and Presidential elections two million votes. Their sway is absolute in many American cities; they are powerful

in the New England and Middle States. When England drove them out they did not seek homes in Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina or Kentucky. They settled in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New England, where Northern enterprise and Northern capital built factories and inaugurated public improvements, and gave them labor for their hands and bread for their families. Acting under the natural law that men decide to live where they find least resistance to living, two-thirds of all the Irish emigrants that ever came to the United States settled in that region bounded on the south by the Ohio River, and on the west by a line drawn north and south through the western limit of Pittsburgh, Pa. And yet it is strange, and to the American mind incomprehensible, that the tremendous political power of this vast mass of men has been wielded almost solidly, until within the present decade, in cooperation with the slave oligarchy of the South and exactly in accordance with the wishes and the interests of England, and in opposition to the interests and desires of the Northern people by whom these Irish exiles were employed and among whom they and their children made their homes. At last the lines are broken, and thousands of self-respecting Irish-Americans refuse longer to be dragged at the chariot wheels of England in American politics under the lash of the old slave oligarchy and their allies in the cities of the North.

America and England cannot both be foremost among the manufacturing and commercial nations of the world. One of them must go under. *England*