

OWEN ROE O'NEIL

OR THE BLOW OF THE HAND

M. A. Munnig.

The Scottish troops quartered in Ireland became saturated with the Parliamentary doctrines, and by-and-by they stood out under General Monroe for the Puritans.

With every difficulty and trouble of the Stuart King, the Scottish soldiers grew more and more daring. Their excursions into Tyrone, Armagh, and Tyrone were blood-lustings, massacres, burnings and wastings.

He had attended the Kilkenny Convention. It was the Parliament of the people. Like a true soldier, no took his orders. The cause of Ireland was what he went there to receive instructions instead of going to dictate terms, like a Cromwell or Napoleon.

Owen's soul shivered at all this fashion and play-acting, and he saw with the clear, honest impulse of the true soldier that such practices would end in dry rot and ruin. So back he went to his army in the North, and the daily drilling and the grinding routine.

This Rhinoceros saw clearly and, at once that it was no national standard this convention of Ormonde's hangers-on were making. Ormonde the Lord Lieutenant in Dublin Castle and his under-trappers and creatures in Kilkenny dividing away time, missing golden opportunities, playing a waiting game, the stakes, disaster and shame.

Owen Roe was eating his heart out in the North through all this pitiful mockery. He had taken the oath of allegiance to the General Assembly Supreme Council, the halting, doubtful congregation of Catholic Protestants, corrupt prelates and timid nobles. So he held that his first duty was to his superior's authority.

Shattered Lord Moor's army and gave breathing time to the "rebels." Then, at the moment of victory, Ormonde, Ireland's evil genius, concluded a treaty of peace with the Supreme Council.

Owen was ordered to retire to the North, and there was peace. Thus a great victory bore barren fruit.

The patriots of Kilkenny, who had exalted Preston, Owen's old rival in Flanders, in order to gravely wound the pride of the Northern Lion were now forced to humbly beseech him to bar the way of Monroe's march on the City of the Confederation, the news of which nearly carried them off in apoplexy.

Satiated with burning and plundering, the Scottish commander now dared to strike at the capital of the new Ireland. In their bewilderment and panic the Supreme Council turned to Owen for help. Their very existence depended on a check to the arms of this hardy old Monroe. Owen heard and heeded their prayer, and, receiving the blessing of the Nuncio, he summoned the clans of Ulster and Connaught and prepared to deal the Blow of the Red Hand.

VIII.—BENBUB.

Then gather ye, Irishmen all, From Wexford to wild Donegal, Who have hearts hot and true, And have hands skilled to do, At your suffering motherland's call, We'll meet them in battle array, And sleep our last sleep in the clay, Or, with one charging cheer, That the wide earth shall hear, We'll sweep them from Ireland away!

On a bright summer's morning long lines of men, marched abreast, with regular foot-falls and silent ranks, set out from Cavan, their faces turned northwards. A low bore the scars of old-time wars. The most of them were untrained to actual warfare, but they were heart-whole in Owen's service and longed for one stand-up fight with the hated stranger.

So rapid were his movements that the enemy knew nothing of his. He was aware that General Robert Monroe was marching with his army from Carrickfergus on Armagh and Glenties, there to meet his brother's division of 500 horse, and then to push on to Clones to form a junction with Stewart's army from Derry.

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Monroe started full of fair hopes. He was resting at Drogheda, in Co. Down, just twenty miles march from Armagh, when the intelligence was brought to him that the Lion of Ulster morning dawned his foot-sore infantry and his park of artillery passed through the streets of Armagh. No grass would grow under his foot. He would meet this O'Neill and crush him.

There on the slopes of Benburb the Irish army lay. In the early morning the clauson knelt upon the green grass, an old priest said Mass—a rock for an altar, the flag sky above for a cathedral dome, and the voices of birds the only music.

From a gentle mound Owen Roe surveyed the road to Armagh, but no sign, no moving cloud of dust from marching feet, no glint of arms. Then he summoned Owen O'Dogherty and O'Neill to him, and he said—"In an hour Monroe will be marching along that road; he will move along the river's bank to find a ford. A part was barring his way.

away as the crow flies, I will fall back to this spot, and I will crush him here."

Owen's eyes flashed as his hearers saw them flash in the breach at Arris. "You will take the cavalry, all but one troop, and advance along the Dungannon road. You will meet George Monroe, with his Coleraine contingent, he must not come to his brother's aid to-day. Push on rapidly, but cautiously. It will not suffice to hold him in check; you must scatter his forces. We must not be attacked in the rear by this reinforcement. Nor can we spare you altogether, for we may not win Benburb until you return. Therefore, speed you, gentlemen, and remember that the fate of Ireland depends on your quick going and sure retreating."

The bugles sounded, sharp orders were heard, and in a few minutes the two captains were at the head of a compact line of cavalry that swept along the road to Dungannon.

"They are coming at last," said Owen, as the dust now hung in clouds above the Armagh road, "they are coming, and God grant we give them a bloody welcome! To you, Colonel O'Farrell, will be the task of holding the pass through which these Scots and English must march on their way to Benburb—you will draw them on. Remember we fight against time; we must attack with the sun at our back."

The Irish infantry, for the first stage of the battle, fell into place, and at the word of command marched slowly and cautiously along to the Blackwater stream.

IX.—THE BLOW OF THE RED HAND.

Through the dust and the mist of the golden west, New hosts draw nigh,—is it friend or foe? They come! They are ours! Like a cloud their vanguard looms! No help from thy brother this day, Monroe!

They form; there stand they one moment still— Now, now they charge under banner and sign; They breast unbroken, the slope of the hill; It breaks before them, the invader's line! Their horse and their foot are crushed together Like harbor-locked ships in the winter weather, Each dashed upon each, the churn'd waves straying With wreck upon wreck, and ruin on ruin, The spin of their battle give away with a yell, Down drop their standards that cry was their knell! Some on the bank, and some in the river, Struggling they lie that shall rally never.

Along the banks of the Blackwater marched the English army and the strong division of the Irish forces, the river, a wide sweep of swirling eddies, keeping them apart. The slopes to the water's edge were long inclines of the washed earth, soft and slimy, tall rushes in places, growing thick, and rustling in the light wind. No musketry fire would be effective at the distance that lay between the two armies, so on and on they marched.

Owen had his plans fixed in his mind, he was inspired with a confidence that became contagious. On the other hand, Monroe believed that his enemy was simply making a supreme effort, to prevent his crossing the river, and if it failed, to fall back upon Clonmone Fort, the great square shelter of masonry that unto this day looks down upon the broken waters of the river, a grim sentinel over the broad valley that is dotted with the battle fields of long ago. This the Scottish commander determined to frustrate.

So on they marched. Near Caledon the river was forded, and Owen began his series of masterful feints and stubborn stands, falling back inch by inch, killing the foe, leading them on and on till he reached the hill that stands at the junction of the Oona Stream with the Blackwater, just two miles from the village of Benburb. There he took up his position.

Bravely Colonel O'Farrell held the pass. Obeying his instructions to the letter, he, after delaying the enemy's advance, fell back in good order, covering his retreat with musketry fire. Many a riddle he emptied that day; Monroe's cavalry he decimated.

Without a particle of confusion, quickly and decisively the Irish General made his final dispositions. The main portion of his army rested upon the hill, a deep bog was on the right, and the left was protected by the Oona and Blackwater. It was now the early afternoon, and the sun was blazing above, and men hoisted and armed were well nigh exhausted. But the English and the Scots had marched longer, and the nature of the advance made the day's work seem heavier on them.

Then for hours Owen fought the battle of Benburb. No heavy onslaught, but a number of harassing attacks delivered unexpectedly on the English flank, forcing Monroe into the bit of triangular ground between the two rivers. The formation of the English army was thus broken.

Then there came to him, where he stood unmoved by battle passion, or doubt, or fear, the turbulent Sir Phelim and many another whose volleys were hoarse, and whose hands were swollen in their blood-stained sword hilts, crying, "Give us the word, man, for we have them in our grasp!" And Owen answered back; "The time has not come."

His eyes are now strained northwards—Dungannon lies beyond. His O'Farrells meet the brother of this Monroe with his Coleraine reinforcements. Did he go down in the battle blood? He was wont to be brave and quick to perform. If he be victor, why does he tarry?

What is that? Over there you can see it moving towards the trees clumped by the side of Dungannon. "The horsemen from Coleraine," said Monroe, but Owen knew it was not. It was his own O'Farrells. Nearer and nearer they come.

Then both armies held their breath. The dust and swords, horses and men, swung around to the Irish flank. Then a cry, such as Monroe never heard in all his life, nor the Scots either, nor the English Puritans, went up on the evening air.

Owen knew the hour had come. In front of his foremost line he spurred his horse, and his voice rang along the line—"Gentlemen, your word is Sancta Maria. Advance in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and charge for the Old Land!"

And from the ranks of the McGuires and O'Reillys, of Cavan; and the McDermotts and O'Kellys, of Connaught; from the throats of the O'Neills and the O'Donnells, and all the others went up an answering roar—"Strike in the name of God!"

Like panthers the Irish hurled themselves on Benburb and Scot. Oh! they went down before that wild rush ere then at the Yellow Ford.

Lord Blaney, who commanded Monroe's artillery, bravely faced the onset. His thigh was pierced by a musket ball, but he still mounted his charger and cursed the "rebels," and dared them to come on. Down he went, his breast torn open by a pistol ball, his face as stern in death as it was in defiance.

Strike in the name of God! Do you hear, you O'Reillys, from Cavan, you who returned home one chill winter's morning to find your wife lying stark and still in the barn; and your little ones pierced through the breast.

Do you hear, you poor Creacht, who followed Owen's armies for four long years, driving your herds of cattle before you, asking nothing from any man's bounty, only doing what you believed to be right. Homeless, half-starved at times, trusting and valiant withal, with a valor that creates things, you waited and watched for this hour. Therefore strike, and cut and slay in God's name.

And you, O'Kellys, from Connaught, with the McDermotts, O'Connors and O'Rourkes, hear you the cry, Sancta Maria! swing the heavy sword, thrust with pike until your hands are swollen and the breath of your lungs chokes in the throat. Remember, if you have hearts of men, your blackened rooftrees, your desolate hearths, your wasted harvest fields! Remember, your religion proscribed, your "mass-priests" hunted like ground game and vermin, your homes despoiled, your women dishonored! Think, think of this, and in God's name, strike home! Let every push of pike be a heart-thrust.

And you, you men of Tyrone, and you, sons of the martyrs of Island Magee, think on the faces of the sea-washed dead that were heached by two generous men, more kind than the savage soldiers who fell upon your fathers whilst sleeping, and slew them just as the Campbell's did the MacDonalds in the Pass of Glencoe in the years that were then unborn.

Hear you the cry, Strike in the name of God! you sons of brave old Ulster, whose fathers were staked and shot like the wild deer by the colonists of Merrie England.

Monroe's horsemen floundered in the Oona Stream, in half-dried rivulet. Then the pike head found a narrow passage through armour chains, or the little axe was swung and the brains oozed out, through the clefts in stout steel helmets. They sank beneath the waters of the narrow stream that, angling way to the Blackwater and out into the reaches of Lough Neagh, and the waters washed their dead faces and left them bloodless and unattained. And from the eddies their dead eyes stared out meaningless and awful.

Face downward on the banks many fell, their souls tightened into the clay in a death-grip. Some stood, pierced by the cruel steel, erect and swaying in agonized effort to free

their wounds and deal back death. But the final message had come to them, and they tottered and fell. A moment and they knew the unwritten secret of life and death.

Above the clamor and din of steel rolled battle blasphemies and shrieks for mercy and calls upon the good God that died upon the lips, and awful, guttural, meaningless shouts that are spoken when a last of blood tears the heart.

There is no more, no pity. It is a great revenge.

Tall and stony these Scots-men of a hardy race. They fight bravely. But in the blood of Connaught and Ulster rages the fever of hate—the hate of men who remember. Every blow wipes out a debt. On, on in the crush, battle blade and musket ball expelling life, on and on through risk and fle. Trample on the fallen to reach the next foe man, walk on their dead faces with their death-foam on their lips. It is your chance this blessed summer evening. Take it, you Ulster men—drink your cup of revenge and dash the lees in the faces of the fallen.

Oh! the will about. Hurrah for the Bloey Hand! Hurrah and hurrah again! In front the officers who had led many a gallant charge in Flanders, gripping their swords, with hands swollen from smiting, the ring of their blows sweet music—oh! taste fate.

What can withstand their terrible onset? Down, crushed, overwhelmed the English-Scots turn and fly. Fly in every direction away from sure destruction—panic-stricken, terrified. Monroe himself dashes away, casting his sword aside in his abandonment of despair.

After them, sons of the men who held the passes of the Carlow mountains or reddened the sluggish waters of the Yellow Ford! Follow them up! The God of battles smiles to-day—he may frown to-morrow. Slay until the right arm hangs stiff and useless; slay until the long chapter at least in your history is written in the blood of the Scotsmen.

No mercy, no mercy—let no prayer for pity turn your steel aside. What mercy did they show to you or yours? Let the wasted corn and the charred walls of your cabins answer back. And the flying men fell with the death rattle in their throats. Many a mother away in the valleys of Scotland will mourn, and many an eye will dim when the news travels to some cot on a heather hill—but it is no matter. These children of the Scottish valleys showed no pity—no mercy. In bog lands, by the roadside, on the hill slopes they fell, slain by the pike and the pistol, the spear and the sword. And O'Neill's men passed over their corpses to fill afresh.

Night. Tired, famished, the Irish returned to Benburb and laid themselves down. The camp followers of the routed Monroe came and looked upon the dead by the light of the summer moon. Some wives, sweethearts also, came and sobbed and bemoaned and gathered the bodies and bore them away.

And Owen Roe had the dead counted and the spoils gathered, and he reckoned 3,218 corpses and many prisoners, and 20 standards and 1,500 draught horses and vast quantities of provisions and stores, and many captains of rank were found among the captives.

The tidings of this day of "letory" spread over the land, and the faces of the Dublin garrison grew pale, and the heart of Ireland was gladdened. Then Owen uprose and said—"We will hit after Monroe to Carrickfergus; we will complete the good work; we will hold Ulster against the devil-doms of England; we have fought the good fight. We have kept the Faith—let us reap the harvest!"

Fires were lighted on the sides of the dark Comeragh mountains, and the tide of the Munster Blackwater gave back the glare. Fires leaped the black night on the slopes of the Galtees, and on the sides of Mangerton and the Blackstairs. And the Irish came forth fearlessly in the wild and desolate west, and rejoiced aloud and gave God thanks.

CHAPTER X. A LONG FAREWELL.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's."

The glorious victory was robbed of its fruits. Owen was summoned to Kilkenny. Delays, delays, always delays. Then he and Preston laid elegantly to Dublin. Owen found Preston dealing with Ormonde and should have played the traitor. The city was handed over to the Puritans by the noble Ormonde and Owen marched north. Again he marches south, only to meet scheming, and plotting. He is ultimately denounced, with Rhinoceros, as a traitor, and moves into the west. To Galway the Nuncio flies, tired and weary of the struggle. Ere he leaves

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