The Glamour of Waterford

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" Molmaoio anoir daoine tárcamla, agur ar naithe do gein finn."

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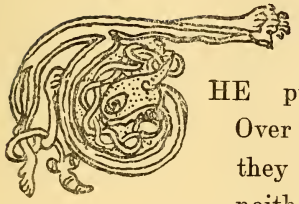
PROLOGUE.



"HE puling of sea-gulls." Over the roofs of the city they fly, by most not seen, neither by day, when, in a lull of heavy traffic, their voices pass in the upper air, nor when, through a casement ope at night, the awakened sleeper is afflicted with the sound of their wings and of their sea-borne wailing.

There are, for ever, two voices, two watchers, the souls of two peoples at the gates of Waterford, through which the ships pass out, and the voyager, not always unarmed, enters in.

The great walls of the ancient city, the seventeen castles of the Knights of old, the sea which "puts forth a terrible right arm"—none of these have girt the city against any who would come upon it, entering in as easily as the sea-gulls which fly over its towers and steeples, and drop their feathers in its midmost ways.

And those within it see all things in their two aspects, in their two-fold glamour—the Celtic glamour, and the glamour of the riches brought by the strangers into Gaultier, "land of the foreigner." "Riche Waterford" Spenser sang seductively. Of old the bards called it The Valley of Lamentation. Most surely it is this older place of glory and of woe not earthly that, in these latter days, the birds of omen remember and lament, by day and by night, in their passing up and down the tide of the great river.

Tory Hill, where the Druids built an altar before Christ, Sliabh na mBan, whence Fionn Mac Cumhail watched the feat of the women of Ireland, each of the seven hills* crouched beside the roads that lead to Waterford, bear witness to the spirit of the olden splendour that was Gaelic. And Reginald's Tower, the six crumbling castles of Norman might, the mighty city wall

*The only one of these hills brought low is "Cromwell's Rock," a dwarf headland on the side of the river over against Reginald's Tower, and even that is now practically within the "borough bounds," and therefore to be accounted part of the land of the stranger.

not yet entirely overthrown, even the black prison and the frowning citadel, fling back the age-long challenge.

Yet, as the magic of the countryside to-day encroaches upon the echoing streets of the city, so the strong spirit of the Gael increases in charm and encompasses the feet of the foreigner who tread the ways of Portlairge and beholds its potency.

You cannot stand in most of the streets in this city of huddled houses, towers, steeples and ruined battlements, and escape from visions of the outer hills, the mystic pastures, and the great woodlands. Always there is this subtle combat in the air between the old and the new, the false and the true. Always the passer-by must be answering the Two Watchers. "Do you love riches and power?" darkly inquires the one. "Do you not love me?" calls the other mighty one flashing the green emerald of a field sloping upon its bosom; and one might think that the cry is taken up endlessly by the circling birds who pass inward from the sea, and again outward.

"Sliabh na mBan heaving its shoulder to

the sky." . . . Thus the exile of 1848, the enemy ship bearing him to exile. The hill dominates Waterford. The name recalls Fionn Mac Cumhail. It is at the head of Magha Femhin, the Golden Plain, bounded by the Knockmealdown Mountains, where St. Carthage said, "Here will I rest." The famed School rises, attracting, among others, King Alfred of England. The Norman plunderers of Waterford thrice burned Lismore. In 1207 the devastated area behind Sliabh na mBan is united to, and makes venerable, the See of Waterford. . . . This hill, purple and gold, bodies forth the beauty of the inner and holier Ireland, unpenetrated by strangers who stand at Waterford, the threshold, not of Ireland, but of the sea.

ROSSLARE.

THE MAP UNFOLDS.

Rosslare. Death-cold darkness before the dawn. The dim-odorous funnelled shadowy monster, silent, alongside the bleak pier. It is thus the visitor to Waterford, in these latter days, is cast up upon the shores of Ireland. The gateway is passed, the long unlovely Iron Avenue has yet to be traversed. The run in the train brings one through, perhaps, the most significantly historic part of all Ireland. This peninsular portion of the County Wexford is a causeway trodden by the children of destiny in all the centuries of wars and invasions lying behind us. The flat countryside is like a map over which the Moving Finger has traced the passing of armies.

At all these wayside stations through which the train rushes, with its derisive shriek, the Moving Finger has paused. Kilrane passes in the mist wherein night meets shrouded morning. Under the marsh mist beneath the horizon is the mystic Rath at Ballytrent, a monument of the pre-Celtic race which crossed the wide causeway, going inland from the great water which is the sea to the great water which is the Suir—to the Valley of Lamentation (Waterford's oldest name), to Sliabh na mBan, to the central plains, onward to the West and the

stormy North. Taghmon, Ferns, Ballybrennan, Whitechurch—here sprung up the first towns of the Celts themselves, built by wise Chief and warlike King; and the first churches when St. Patrick came. Rudely the Danes disturb the peace of these fair-haired Celts, given to holiness, learning and cultivation of the arts. Men of blood, pagan, plunderers, the Danes build walled towns, their first thought being war, their second fortification. They build Wexford. They build Waterford, where the Tower of Reginald the Dane, unlovely, to this day broods beside the wide stream of the Waterford river. But the Celts, innocent as doves, wise as serpents, are on the watch. After the Battle of Clontarf it is clear that the Danes have been dominated and christianised, absorbed, by the Celts. . . . The train swings out of the cutting by the ruins of Dunbrody Abbey, and rolls across the bridge spanning the Barrow, "the New Ross river." One can speculate from the carriage window where was the cliff of Dundonolf, from which the Irish and Danish-Irish prisoners, taken by the next tide of invaders (the Normans under Strongbow and Henry II.) were flung, mutilated, to drown in the water. Up the Ross River, at the town of New Ross, Art MacMurrough, the stout King of Leinster, who gave unceasing battle to Richard II. from the moment that monarch

landed at Waterford, was poisoned by English agents in 1417. Upon the other side lies the Island, where one of the Geraldine race lives secure in a new Castle built into the old Castle of his ancestors. At the same time that Ulster was planted by the Tudors and Stuarts, North Wexford, at the top of this historic causeway, was the scene of a similar experimental plantation. Cromwell left his trail here, but, truly, he failed to alter the face of the little map of Ireland in miniature: for in '98, after seven hundred years of the passing of alien feet, the Celts of that part of Wexford between Waterford and the sea consecrated the soil anew.

Thus it is that the Tower of Reginald —glimpsed as the train, having wound its tortuous way across the thirty miles of the broad causeway, slows up beside the great water still dividing us from the ancient city—is not a symbol of conquest. It is a black pearl in the iron crown of an unconquerable people. One smiles upon the grey enigmatic city, balanced with such nicety upon the sloping edge of the river to which the Danes brought trade, the English many ships; whilst the Celt, who remains, receives all and appraises all, with inscrutable silence.

THE RING TOWER.

REGINALD THE DANE AND STRONGBOW.

One stands at the foot of the Ring Tower. It has defied Time for a thousand years. What else beleaguers it?

Waterford is a city beleagured. Some say it is the only conquered city, the only King's city in Ireland, and point for witness to its King's motto "Urbs Intacta manet Waterfordia." But the siege goes on. The conflict has not died down. "The tumult dies, the captains and the kings are gone" has never been sung in Waterford without arousing once more the olden battle cries, the old strife.

The case for the conquest of Waterford is, at a first glance, extraordinarily complete. "Beaten to blazes," the confession of a Beresford of singularly blue blood defeated at the polls seems the paradoxical verdict of time upon Waterford itself. Yet that a member of the Ascendancy, in a generation which has not yet passed away, could have acknowledged so signal a defeat, gives pause. . . . Is this a too rude interruption of *Diaboli Advocatus*? Let him speak his full. Waterford of the Gael, Portlairge, the place called the Valley of Lamentation, the Harbour of the Sun, fell a prey to the stranger from the sea long before the Normans came. It fell to Sitric, the

Viking. Danes built up its ancient walls, with labour so invincible as to be accounted love, yet standing (so stubborn strong that one of the houses of the most modern of money changers, the Provincial Bank of Ireland, rests its foundation to-day securely upon its deathless stone). That ineffaceable gaunt structure, the Ring Tower, is also named the Tower of Reginald the Dane. The Cathedral of Christ Church is erected upon the site of one, burned down, set up by the Danes also.

Where then has the ancient Gael left his mark in Waterford, the very name of which is of Danish origin? The Danish horde had but entrenched itself behind thick walls, when the Normans descended on them, with Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, at their head. True in that same Tower of Reginald it was the hand of the daughter of a high chief Strongbow took in marriage, an event celebrated and indelibly recorded for us in that picture of Daniel Maclise, "The Marriage of Eva and Strongbow"; but that was an alliance between Gael and Gall which serves only as a record of Gaelic treachery, better forgotten.

THE QUAYS.

HENRY II. AND OTHER ENGLISH KINGS.

The Quays were not always open to the city. In "the age of chivalry" the ramparts shut off the river, and there were but two landing stages grudgingly placed at the disposal of voyagers. And what a bewildering procession of adventurers came to the quay stairs.

Here comes the Welsh harbinger of woe, Geraldus Cambrensis, who drew that picture of Waterford as a conquered city which induced Henry II. to land, with all his legions, at Waterford, in 1171; the first English King to set foot in Ireland. A curiously sinister and significant instance marks the entry of King Henry II. into Ireland, by way of Waterford. The city's ruler, the Dane who built the Tower, Reginald MacGillemory, who endeavoured to ambush the royal fleet (bearing 5,000 men-at-arms) by stretching a chain across the Suir below the City, was captured by the English. This, the first prisoner of war brought before an English King in Ireland, was hanged. All honour to the memory of this Gaelicised Dane.

King Henry's was a victory easily consolidated, and that King commenced a royal progress through Ireland, aided by treacherous, or short-sighted, or else unprepared princes of the

Gael. And when he was gone, after pacing the city with leisure enough to find space to found an Abbey to placate the memory of him he had martyred, St. Thomas a Beckett, came his son, Prince John, the execrated, who found a secure repose here, and even built himself a castle and pleasure grounds (at Kingsmeadow in Trinity Without the Gates), finding ample time for satisfying lusts of appetite so that he near died of an excess of salmon caught at Passage (on the estuary at the entrance of the Harbour), being credited too with founding a Leper House in thanksgiving for his recovery from a malady which it would seem was not unlike leprosy of the body. Twice Richard II., once Prince Hal (later Henry V.) came to Waterford, which was, indeed fast becoming a counter in the game of English politics, a counter which Perkin Warbeck endeavoured to seize and use in the hazard he threw for England's crown—to encounter a gate closed by men so loyal to England (or was it by men determined not to be snared into England's wars?) that Henry VII. straitway conferred upon the city a cap and sword of maintenance and motto "Urbs Intacta manet Waterfordia," all which emblems, verbal and material, the city still preserves in its archives.

Yet about this time, as we get to an epoch more lucidly chronicled, it becomes necessary to

interrupt the easy flow of words supporting the Devil's Advocate, and to indicate the rocks which obstructed the passage of those who came up to Waterford in ships.

THE BANKS OF THE SUIR.

O'DRISCOLL OG.

THERE is preserved, among the Harleian MS. in the British Museum, a painting of "ships bringing food to the Army of Richard II." encamped upon the banks of the river at Waterford.

King Richard came to Waterford in 1399. Having visited it peaceably in 1394, he came now to avenge the death of his kinsman, the Earl of March, slain in a battle with the O'Byrnes. His fleet of two hundred ships contained none but picked fighting men, pledged to kill Irishmen.

The citizens of Waterford were regarded as English settlers, bound to be loyal. Their Corporation had despatched many loyal addresses to English monarchs. On the other hand, the Irish without the walls of Waterford, who dwelt on the green hills, knew full well how it was with Waterford: and they brought thither their produce to be bought by its merchants, who spoke Gaelic, and were in every respect, save one, as Irish as themselves.

Yet, here we have in the picture preserved in the Harleian MS. an ironical, even tragical, commentary on all this. "The town," writes an old chronicler, "controls the adjoining country, for the people depend on them to buy

such things as they need and to dispose of their flocks and their wool." The picture shows us to what a tangle such unrestricted trading leads.

The people, themselves marked out for killing and harrying by this English army, sell food to the Waterford merchants, who dispose of it to the enemy fleet lying in the river. And so the soldiers are kept alive and truculent with food from the very people they have come to kill.

This kind of trade in Waterford ships has its baleful results. The chiefs who live in their castles outside the towns may, with justification, accuse those in such ships of trading with the enemy. Any ship passing up or down the Suir may, in the end, be accounted contraband.

Thus there may be some excuse made for those piratical-seeming raids by the O'Driscolls of Baltimore, who from time to time seized Waterford merchant vessels and commandeered their cargoes. We hear denunciations of "Kerry law": but of the blockade-runners, leagued with the "conquering colonists," in the walled cities, nothing blameable. Later, Grace O'Mally is at the prow. Is she, too, a mere pirate? Then Maeve also. And Cuchulain is a cut-throat.

In a few ships he has captured, the O'Dris-

coll sails towards the city, because of its notorious "fidelity" to England. The O'Driscolls of Co. Cork, the Poers from "juxta Waterford," are dubbed by English annalists "evil willers and enemies." They come in ships and the men of the English army out of Waterford are slaughtered by them in heaps. And these O'Driscolls and Poers land some miles below Waterford and join the army of Art MacMorrough, King of Leinster, gathering his strength to wage war upon the English invaders, led by King Richard, clad in shining coat of mail.

The other picture, essential to an understanding of the old Irish world, is that found among the Harleian MS.—the merchants of Waterford "bringing food to the Army of Richard II."

According to this picture, this army of sumptuously apparelled knights, with full red cheeks, smooth and shaven, noses like the small sharp beak of the hawk, proud-stomached, heraldic figures, the flower of English chivalry —is not the future Henry V. among them, and the Duke of Gloucester, with the elegant Froissart to chronicle their contempt of Waterford of rags and hovels—this army, which is like a Court on a royal progress, relies so utterly on the "fidelity" of Waterford, that its soldiery is placed openly in bell-tents upon the green banks of the Suir, with banners swinging in

the breeze, all under the flag of St. George of England, saluted by those who bring food.

The glittering spectacle is not unobserved by the bright eyes of the men on the hills, who have seen how different a reception is accorded to the O'Driscoll when he sails towards Waterford, making a debouch on his way to join Art MacMorrough, who is a king among Celts. . . . The proud trumpet blare for Waterford, the naked Irish "hullia" for the O'Driscoll. Submission, not unprofitable, for Waterford. No bended knee, no suing for peace, no surrender for the O'Driscoll. They sleep soundly, they count gains, under the roofs of the walled city. Some of them even pray for the arms of Ireland. That "fidelity" relied upon by the Kings who come over the sea is not all-embracing.

DUN-AILL.

LORD POER.

In 1461 a battle was fought near Waterford, at a place given in old parchments as Ballymacdune. It was fought by an army raised in Waterford against the Irish who lived outside the fortifications of the city. "The city," we are told by a chronicler of the period, "is surrounded by a stone wall a mile in circumference with seventeen towers, to keep off savages." The Celts were not savages: but they were treated as such.

The "savages" on this occasion were the Poers, aided by spearsmen of the powerful Cork clan O'Driscoll, who came in three ships. The place of the fight, Ballymacdune, has never been identified. But, between Tramore and Dunhill, there is a rocky field, called "the field of peace." It is the townland of Ballyadam. The battle may have been fought here, for, close at hand was the strong castle of the lord of the Poers, Dun-Aill, "Fort of the Rock."

The de la Poers were a Norman-Irish family. The founder had come over to Ireland with Strongbow, and was ennobled by Henry II. Yet this family had become *hibernior hibernioque*: was, in fact, head of an Irish clan, whose chief looked forth from this Fort of the Rock, romantically situated on the perilous

brow of a brave hill, towering above a pleasant stream, skirting a wood as picturesque as it was strategically of great importance. A gravel path, immemorably old, runs from Ballyadam to the sea. The citizens of Waterford complained of the Irish lord of this soil because he was "arrayed not in English habit, nor governed by the King's laws, but only the wicked and damnable called the Brehon laws." Doubtless the Celts near Waterford had grown tired of being treated as "savages" and "wicked and damnable" people, and thought the time ripe for an attempt to seize the city with its so English garrison.

The O'Driscolls came in three gallies. It appears plain enough that they had given their alliance to the Poers solely to pay off an old grudge they bore against it. Yet it is equally sure that the campaign could never have been planned were the grander inspiration not in the background—the ardent hope of the Poers and the O'Driscolls, and of all the Irish, that the day would sometime occur when the English enemy would have been driven from the Irish soil. That the grander inspiration was in the background none can deny. The grudge borne by the O'Driscolls against Waterford dated back to 1368. In that space of time many things had happened, among others the war between King Richard II. of England and Art

MacMorrough, King of Leinster: in that war Waterford had supported King Richard, whilst the Poers had fought in Art MacMorrough's army—"Power cum filio suo juxta Waterford."

The heroic example of Art MacMorrough still inspired the Poers. It is impossible to regard their action as not co-ordinated with a general scheme of war against England, linked with all that went before and all that was to come after. A man like Thomas Francis Meagher is not else evolved.

On this occasion, when they took the field, their alliance with the O'Driscolls proved fatal. The arrival of the ships from Baltimore was espied by watchers on the rock-bound coast, and instantly reported to Waterford. The alarm thus given, the Waterford garrison knew it must act without delay, or perish. A well-equipped army was sent out to give battle to the Irish clansmen, who were taken by surprise, and slaughtered in heaps. The O'Driscoll Og and six of his sons were captured and taken to Waterford with the three gallies. Thus came the three gallies to be incorporated upon the arms and banner of the City, when an English King later conferred arms and a motto upon this loyal stronghold.

The lord of the Poer country was neither slain nor captured, however. His great castle remained unshaken, a grim menace still to the

peace of the English settlers in Waterford. The man himself, with his hope of victory over the enemy crushed, was not himself vanquished. He had his pleasant stream to wander by, his forest untamed to hunt in, and the sea for his open door. As he watched the heron and the kingfisher stand among the reeds of the little stream, heard the note of the wild bird in the tree-covered solitude which girded him round in his high castle, he must have laughed —laughed at the presumption of alien kings and captains who dreamed that by sporadic incursion or periodic massacre they could subdue The Great Race, destroy a land which preserved its beauty in hidden places, as by white magic. He himself, whose fathers had rushed in here with a merciless sword, now flashed his to guard the spell they could not break. His castle crowned a hill where a prehistoric fortress once stood. Of all that he had become a part. This region which claimed him, over which he dominated, was Celtic, and would remain so. He himself was Celtic, now. . . .

Emissaries from Waterford came to treat with him, employing Gaelic interpreters for the parley. The field of battle was the field of peace.

In generations to follow, the Poers continued to show their undying hostility to Waterford of the English. Never again can we revert to

the fictional idea that, by the taking of Waterford, the people of the real Waterford were subdued. Without the walls they wandered, tending their flocks and herds, conquering the hearts of all who dwelled among them (even those of proudest Norman blood); ever waiting for Ireland's hour. Nor must it be forgotten that many of these wanderers, in time, found their way, unsuspected as rebels, into Waterford, where they set about peaceful avocations: in their hearts, too, ever waiting for Ireland's hour. So many, indeed, entered the gates, walked or rode the seventeen towers, that never, at any time, did the real heart of the city fail to throb at the sound of Ireland's voice, never did Waterford remain wholly untouched, *intacta*. This region, too, was Celtic, and would remain so, in that way, truly, *urbs intacta manet*.

DUNGARVAN.

THE EARL OF DESMOND.

Dungarvan, in the commodious harbour lying next on the coast to Waterford, and within a day's march of it by land, does not look to Waterford as a suzerain should. The chief town in the County of Waterford, Dungarvan shared with Lismore, in the days of Celtic domination, the prestige of a capital city. It may be regarded as the last bulwark of the Irish of Co. Waterford. During the Desmond wars of the days of Queen Elizabeth it was from this bulwark that the English armies were flung back.

At that time the leaders of the Irish assembled at Dungarvan, whilst the leaders of the English assembled at Waterford.

In September of 1579 the Lord Justice Pelham, Lord Ormond, Sir William St. Leger, and other English lords were in conference. The Lord Justice had been newly appointed. Waterford accorded him a reception resembling, for joyousness, a carnival. When the gala was done, the English lords conferred at Lord Ormond's lodgings upon a matter which had made their merriment somewhat hollow. A courier had come in with news that the Earl of Desmond, grim war upon his banners, was advancing upon Waterford, and had got as near as Dungarvan.

Sir William St. Leger was hastily despatched with four hundred horse to oppose the advance of Desmond's forces. A little later, without ostentation, the English lords retired to a place further removed from Dungarvan. Sir William St. Leger had privily reported to them that his forces were not sufficient to contend against Desmond at Dungarvan.

Pelham left behind him in Waterford an idea that he was an affable and kindly gentleman. Ormond was regarded as a person of almost royal degree, whom to have feted was a rich memory. And Desmond? A few years before this, the citizens remembered, he had come to Waterford, with his kinsman, Sir James Fitzmaurice; and the two Geraldines had paid homage to the Lord Deputy. Specious homage, for in the years between the English had been elaborating plans for consummating the "conquest": whilst Ireland, represented by men like Desmond, had been frantically trying to prepare for the impending disaster: besides seeking foreign aid, in Spain, in Italy, in France. . . .

Little of all these plans and counter-plans were heard of inside the walls of Waterford. The archives record nothing.

After having been feted by the unawakened populace, Sir William Pelham and Lord Ormond set out, refreshed for their work: their

army, refreshed, too, by the rest and entertainment given it by the kindly citizens.

There must have been an awakening, even in Waterford, when the nature of that work was revealed; when the army, with such happy memories of Waterford, settled down to the work.

Sir William Pelham and Lord Ormond, having received reinforcements, advanced in two separate columns, destroying everything which came in their way: people of all ranks and conditions were forced into barns which were set on fire and all within burned alive or piked as they leaped out of the flames: men, women, children, infants, the old, the blind, the sick, all alike were mercilessly slaughtered: not a living creature that crossed their path survived to tell the tale. . . . Desmond becomes a fugitive. . . . He is hunted like a wolf or a mad dog over the mountains of his ancestral "kingdom." . . . One night a dozen English soldiers break into the cabin where he is hiding, and he is stabbed to death before he has time to spring from bed.

Perhaps, a little while before, those very soldiers had marched out of Waterford with Sir William and Lord Ormond. Who knows?

In all this business, Dungarvan, comparing its part with Waterford's, can say that it spurned these soldiers from its ramparts. Yet,

and this is a bitter memory, Waterford forced Dungarvan later to give them quarters. Yes, when Desmond had fled, when Dungarvan had no Irish army to protect it from insult, Waterford, instead of keeping posterity mystified as to its attitude towards the "rebels," paid £300 (£4,000 of our own money) to keep an English garrison in the deserted Desmond fortress in Dungarvan, to overawe the town. That is an entry in the archives of the Corporation, composed entirely of English settlers. One can but imagine the thoughts that were in the minds of the Celts who went up and down the narrow streets of Waterford in these years of blood and iron. Their psychology was scarcely, one would think, expressed by the action of the English burghers who voted that £300. Yet Dungarvan, in this matter, has not provided a problem for psychologists.

THE religious persecution of Elizabeth and James I. furnish forth testimony of the spirit of the people in a manner before hidden. A Waterford patriot prelate writing in exile in Rome of the great days when King James I. was proclaimed, reveals the people of Waterford in their true character, a character unexpected. They are smitten with the wonder of the new dynasty, which, as they too fondly hoped, had dawned with the new reign, Tolerance they thought was about to shed its light upon them. They, who in silence had borne the unspeakable arrogance of the Strangers who entered their city and called on strange gods, now burst the bonds of restraint, flooded the streets, like the Fronde of Paris when Richelieu had gone, walked in solemn procession, sung stout hymns and patriotic songs, rung joybells from steeples long silent, spoke with the voice of the Gael, and significantly used mostly the language of the Gael*, not yet quite ruined by Anglicisation.

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*" The Irish-English altogether used the Irish tongue," says Fynes Moryson, writing in 1628. He adds: " Yea, common experience showed, and myself and others often observed, the citizens of Waterford, having wives that could speak English as well as we, bitterly to chide them when they speak English to us, insomuch as after the rebellion ended, when

Of the olden streets through which this brave disorderly procession went those now traceable are St. John Street, St. Michael Street, Broad Street, Barry's Strand Street, St. Patrick Street, Little Patrick Street, High Street, St. Peter Street, St. Olave's Street. These are the streets of history, with Appian Way and Via Dolorosa, the streets built in the days when men made the history which evolved the Waterford of to-day.

It was a very strange unwonted outburst, broken rudely and clumsily by Mountjoy who appeared with an army outside the city, nigh the gates of Ballybricken, to quell it amid the clang of arms.

We may be sure that the chief Burghers who went out to wait on Mountjoy in his camp, who bore the jibes of his soldiery, bending the knee to his authority, returned, despite their rash oaths of submission, to think the same thoughts, and dream the same dreams, as had made glorious their brief hour of victory. And no doubt their scorn for the conqueror was not lessened by bandying amongst each other the words of his answer to their plea, based upon privileges accorded to their city by a certain

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the intinerant judges went their circuits few of the people, no, not the very jurymen, could speak English, and the very jurymen put upon life and death and all trials of law, commonly spoke Irish, and few or more would speak English."

royal charter—"I will destroy the charter of King John with the sword of King James." They were beginning, amid the oaths of British troops, to hear the philosophy of the "Scrap of Paper."

So the two glamours met, and dissolved in each other: as they would often do in the years that were to come.

The English, the settlers, even when their great wall was beginning to crumble under Cromwell's bombardment, were not content to give up their privileges to the *peuple du gens.* The palpable wall might go, office might fall, under James II., to Catholics and mere Irish; but the invisible wall, that between race and race, would be kept up. And the battle for conquest would continue, even to our own day.

Upon the one side is the lust for Security, for the riches and the power which make Security, as behind high walls, possible. Upon the other side is the thing that is vital, the virtue that is the Gael, smiling, easy-going, magically Secure in some possession of the soul not to be captured with arms, not to be destroyed with fire or sword. Sometimes a Gael will fall down and worship the god of unhallowed Security, of things built of Stone and Bricks. He sees that the splendour falls on castle walls. And he desires them. . . . . But mostly he is content to rest, so to speak,

upon his spade, after the day's hard labour is done, content in the knowledge that the earth, hereabouts, is his, and the fulness thereof: the shining river, the "good old times," the "times that are in it," the green fields, and the seven hills, with a sight of the sea from the tops of them. In the ears of the English settlers, the evening Angelus bell is the tocsin in this city beleagured round with the sea which sends up to it so many ships, some of burden merely, some, however, with freightage of human souls, with all the potentialities of evil and good hap, not dormant, but very active.

For as Cromwell said, looking down from one of the hills about "Riche Waterford," Ireland is a country worth fighting for.

The fighting commenced in Waterford; it has passed beyond her gates, leaving there strong fortresses before which the Gael can but sit down in his beleagurement of the stranger within his gates, a beleagurement of soul against soul. And the noise of the last battle for Ireland goes not unheard by the watchers on the viewless walls of the Untouched City.

Meantime it is our task now to watch the play of the glamour through the years upon the faces of the beseigers and those of the beseiged. In every street there is some old wall, some ruin, on which the glamour has fallen.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

LUKE WADDING.

The passage of the English Kings through Waterford is not a rich pageant; but the braying of their trumpters, martial and civilian, did of a verity drown all other sounds. From the intolerable sound of it many true Gaels fled, and it was only after many centuries had passed that any one of these exiles spoke in words which move us to an understanding of the heart of the Gael in times past. Thus speaks Luke Wadding, perfervid in his recollections of Waterford, written in Salamanca in the years between 1620 and 1650—written in Latin, the universal tongue, live words of a dead language resuscitated by Rev. P. Power, the able historiographer of the Archæological Society of Waterford.

Let us take some of his reveries at random.

"My native city," he writes, "is noted for its commodious harbour, but it is still more illustrious for the constancy with which its inhabitants have clung to Christian piety and the Roman Catholic religion. Hence the city has been known, far and wide, by the name of 'Little Rome.' On the suppression of religious houses the friars lived in concealment in rented houses. On two occasions the Vice-Governor of the city, an English soldier, acting

under instructions from the President of Munster, burst into their place, at the south side of the town, near St. John's Gate, but they had been forewarned of the danger, and escaped his hands."

These were the darkest days of the penal code. In the year 1600, when Luke Wadding was at school in Waterford (at a dame school kept by Mistress Barden), in various parts of Ireland, people, for the crime of being Catholics (or Celts), were being flogged, tied to cart-tails, apart from the destruction and confiscation of property, hanged, drawn and quartered. Waterford suffered persecution in a mild way. We read of the raiding of the house of James Sherlock for "retaining in his house one Teigue O'Sullivan, a Jesuit seminary." (Sherlock's house was in Arundel Square, on a site now occupied by Mrs. Hoare's shop and stores. It was a palatial building, some ruins of which remained up to 1914, with recessed doorways, mullioned windows, and many gables). A few years later James Sherlock was condemned to stand in the pillory on market day, to lose his ears and to have his nose slit and scarred, besides being imprisoned and fined: truly a barbarous sentence, and a wretched degradation, before the eyes of fellow-citizens honouring him, for the dweller in that house of many gables near Arundel Tower,

and for the owner of estates covering about one-third of the County of Waterford. In September, 1600, the competent military authority of the period—Sir George Carew, the bloodthirsty President of Munster—was investigating a report that "certain buildings (in Waterford) under colour or pretence of almhouses or hospitals are in very deed intended and publicly professed to be used for monasteries and such-like places of religion. Friars and Popish priests are openly received and entertained there."

It is strange that the city during the Elizabethan terror, possessed citizens courageous enough, and sufficiently contemptuous of the "Code," to do such things, and to risk such penalties as befell James Sherlock. Possibly they relied upon the fact that, in official eyes in England, Waterford was the "one bright spot" in Ireland. It had not helped Hugh O'Neill in his war against England, no, not even when he and Red Hugh O'Donnell had made that splendid (but ill-starred) march from the north to Kinsale. Waterford, for its loyalty, was dubbed, so old parchments relate, "The Queen's Bedchamber." The Corporation of Waterford had voted a sum equivalent to £1,000 as a gift to the Crown forces, whilst it maintained the English garrison at Dungarvan. Its loyalism, being proverbial, provided, apparently, a species of precarious protection for

the Gaelic portion of its population, determined to live up to their principles as Gaels and Catholics.

This was the city, these the perils and pusilanimities, amid which such a one as Luke Wadding spent his sensitive childhood.

Luke Wadding's tutor, described as the greatest Irish pedagogue of all time, was Dr. Peter White. He, for his principles, had to abandon, at last, a classical school he had maintained, in spite of persecution, for some years in Waterford. He went to Kilkenny, and Wadding was sent to his academy.

The memories of persecution appear not to overcast the Irish horizon towards which the brave eyes of Luke Wadding looked back in wistful pride. "Remembrance fallen from Heaven" colours his memory of his school days under Dr. Peter White.

"I can never," so he tells us, "remember my native land but the old schoolhouse rises uppermost in my mind, Peter White its pillar. Tall, black-haired, of a complexion ascetic-hued, with his great eagle nose—the Happy Schoolmaster—he fills me even now with affection, inspiration, courage. I am back again with my companions, studying. . . . I am listening, spellbound, as the Munster scholar speaks. I can see him as he used to stand, the map before him, his hand raised.

We embark, we sail the Piraeus. He reveals, with unerring hand, the city with the violet crown. Our young eyes are ravished with its beauties, beauty all ruined and ravaged, but never, never equalled."

The Waterford saint displays an enthusiasm, a liberal outlook, not without significance for those who deny to the Catholic, and above all to the clerical mind, any deep and unhesitating love for the beautiful, as evoked in the pagan classics.

Wadding is very little effected by the scoffs and odium heaped upon the philosophy of a Catholic in the seventeenth century, in the midst of a world fresh from the German schism, and hardening towards the Puritanical outburst under Cromwell, the Hugenot fanaticism in France, the Lombardic heresies in the Italy of his adoption. If his recollections of Waterford are heightened by classical allusions, they flame also with an almost fierce devotion to his Faith. He will not turn from Waterford until he has unveiled the fires of its altars. He brings us into its churches, and points out the sepulchres of its great Catholics, whether lay or cleric. The names of long-forgotten saints linger on his lips. "John of Waterford, remarkable for the greatness of his miracles," Nicholas of Waterford "who foretold to his brethren the day of his death." He

recounts, catching again the breathless awe of his youth, how, as a stripling, he was present at the exhuming of the body of a saintly priest, the translation of the remains to a church—all done at the dead of night, under the shadow of Elizabeth's cruel penal laws. "The body of this Waterford saint was found in perfect preservation, with his habit and sandals uninjured."

The church referred to is the present "French Church," for centuries the favourite burial place of the great families of Waterford and of places beyond it. We shall retrace our steps to this hallowed spot, towards which, to this day, the eye is drawn by the fascination of old and venerable things, things so full of sad and splendid memories that they have become part of the immemorial.

The annalist who gave Waterford so conspicuous a place in the chronicles of *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum* played a man's part as well as a priest's in the stirring events of his day. It was to him, as the Irish plenipotentiary at Rome, and something much more, that Eoin Ruadh O'Neill wrote in May, 1642, ere setting for Ireland. "I must thank your paternity," writes the great soldier, and he does so, recalling how the Waterford exile had been as the edge to his sword, as the gold in his war-chest.

THE PROTESTANT CATHEDRAL.

SIR PETER CAREW.

Sometimes an exile returned to Waterford, winging across the wide years with as ardent a flight as the swallow flies across wide seas from his southern winter refuge to his northern summer home. All are not storm-driven sea-gulls that cross and re-cross the walls of ancient Waterford.

Among those enumerated by Luke Wadding as having found sepulture in Waterford, up to his boyhood days, no record is made of "Sr. Peter Carew, Knight, 3 sonne of Sr. William Carew, buried at Waterford in Ireland ano. 1575."

He was one of the other side, the side which had hunted out Luke Wadding and other Irish "savages." His epitaph was in the Protestant Cathedral.

He returned to Ireland, landing at Waterford from Ilfracombe in August, 1568. His exile—his and his family's—had lasted four hundred years. During King John's wars with the barons all British troops had been drawn out of Ireland, with the result that Sir Peter Carew's ancestor, Sir Richard, had been chased out of Ireland, his estates reverting to the original Irish owners.

At the time Sir Peter returned from exile he

was a ripe gentleman of fifty-four summers. He had spent his years with a great show of romance, since, as a turbulent boy, he was the despair of staid parents, who rid themselves of him by sending him abroad as page to such Continental royal personages as Francis I., the Spanish Prince Philibert, and his sister Claudia, wife of Henry Nassau. He became a flatterer and a favourite of Henry VIII. of England, and one of that debauchee's gilded warriors: crowning his Court career as a prime favourite of Elizabeth, the English Queen who loved to have handsome gallants about her. She had Sir Peter's portrait painted, and it still hangs undisturbed in her pleasure palace at Hampton Court.

Certainly Sir Peter was a handsome gentleman, as this portrait proclaims. He has fine eyes, bold but not overbold, set wide apart, under a broad intellectual forehead, with a great eagle nose, and long silken forked beard, carefully curled, and, of course, discreetly perfumed. He wears a velvet Tudor cap, gaily tilted and gallantly plumed, with a cuirass of Spanish leather, artistically slashed. An aspect mild as Spenser's or Raleigh's modified by pugnaciously high cheek-bones and a dashing air, bespeaking the latent cavalier—a term, in those days, apt to be misapplied. For though Elizabethan cavaliers were arrayed in chivalrous

guise, they were indeed very cruel and relentless slayers of men, and sometimes, in the melee, of women and babes. "Nits make lice," was a saying with the Carews.

Sir Peter, so long exiled from Ireland, returned to Waterford bound on a pilgrimage to "recover" his family's estates, which lay in the counties to the north of the city. He is called, by his admirers, Sir Peter the Good. And indeed his manner is most mild and unruffled, even in the midst of war's horrors.

His "title" to these estates, a vast tract, embracing all County Carlow, part of North Co. Wexford, and portion of Co. Kilkenny, had been disallowed in the English law courts: so that, when he lands in Ireland, resolved to recover the estates, his title to be called "the good" grows shadowy, too. The truth was that, having failed with the lawyers, he turned to Queen Elizabeth, who quickly decided that her favourite's title was good and sound enough to obtain her royal sign manual. This were a plantation after her own heart.

A plantation it was. "Sir Peter the Good" now openly placed himself at the head of a great army of military colonists, mostly men of Devonshire and Somersetshire, who with their own farm servants, and even their own farm implements, decided to occupy the whole country lately in the coveted possession of the murdered

Desmonds, and now to be devastated. The scheme was truly a gandiose insolence.

To his manor house at Mohun, in Devonshire, he summons a gaping crowd of impressionable persons. Taking a scroll map, the good Sir Peter draws a line, an arrogant flourish of the goose quill, stretching from Limerick to Cork. Everything south of that line, he announces, is to be given over to the adventurers. A gigantic bait. . . . And so they set sail from Ilfracombe.

In a very short time Sir Peter the Good disillusioned his dupes. At one stroke he hoodwinked the adventurers, and despoiled the Irish holders. The adventurers got nothing, but degenerated into a band of mercenary troops, his own body guard, at the head of which he massacred, by some trick, four hundred of the Clan Kavanagh who were the hereditary holders of the lands he claimed in Carlow. He confesses to this carnage himself, with a sly smirk.

Waterford and Ross appear to have been bases from which he drew supplies and perhaps some of his mercenary man-power.

His methods of establishing his claims had not gained him any widespread popularity. He roused the fury of the Butlers and the Ormonds, who armed themselves against him, when some of their own castles were threatened. During the

"Butlers' wars" the gallant Sir Peter, having filched a castle as a military operation, made for the Court in England, to answer grave and mysterious charges of levying war. Returning to Ireland within the year, he kept out of the war zone, and commenced judicious negociations with the despoiled Irish. These being successfully concluded, he fell suddenly ill, died, and was buried on December 15th, 1575, at Waterford, in the south side of the chancel in the Protestant Cathedral. The interment was marked by great pomp and ostentation, the Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, deeming it well to attend at the entombment of a favourite so notoriously honoured by Good Queen Bess.

The depth of the Lord Deputy's grief for Sir Peter the Good was remarkably displayed. It was congruous with pageants in his own honour, by land and sea, with which the citizens (whom he calls "wasshed swyne") contrived to dispel his melancholy. Amid these gala scenes he could write to the Queen and report that Waterford had accorded him a loyal and princely reception, with no discordant note. The fact that he was at the head of a great Army, equipped to complete the work of devastation commenced by the late Sir Peter, might, perhaps, explain the unforced gaiety of the "wasshed swyne." Doubtless Sir Peter himself slept the better for those sounds of merriment over his tomb from

the simple-hearted Irish, of whom he confessed to having slain four hundred in one day.

Sir Peter Carew, because he left no direct issue, had no son an officer in the Lord Deputy's Army. But the Carew who succeeded to this Master Planter's estates was killed fighting against the Irish (or rather flying for his life from them) at the great Battle of Glenmalure: whilst the next in the line of succession was that blood-thirsty President of Munster who, with the callous placidity of a Carew, tells, in his book "Pacta Hibernia," how he completed the "pacification" of Munster inaugurated by Sir Peter the Good, "stamped" the Province "into a bloody stillness," and left as a shining legacy to posterity not an Ireland in the least pacified, but the illuminating fact that he poisoned Red Hugh O'Donnell, one of the bravest and best-beloved of Ireland's battle heroes.

One can understand the faint smile which lurks in the handsome countenance of the portrait at Hampton Court. Was it Sir Peter's dying wish that he should be buried in Waterford? Can it be possible that this man, in his own fashion, loved Waterford with a strength equal to Luke Wadding's? For it was a city in the hands of English partisans. And Sir Peter Carew was certainly a man of passionate devotions, faithful to those of proven fealty to

himself. And, unquestionably, he drew men to himself, fascinating them with his suave courtliness. When he discovered, after ten years among them, that Irishmen were not savages, but gallant and kindly and clever, he made friends among them, friends whom he may possibly have loved, and who, in perfect sincerity, loved him. One of them, Cahir MacBaron, of Cahir, son of Baron Kavanagh—he had luckily escaped the slaughter of the Four Hundred—"wasted away for grief" when Sir Peter died. . . . Yes, the English Knight buried in the Protestant Cathedral may have loved Waterford: it was verily a part of Ireland which had showed great worship for such as he. Witness its gala of grief.

"WATERFORD is revolted: and the River of Waterford is of that huge extent that it runs through nine severall counties in three separate armes: and all these counties are in rebellion."

So it befell in 1641. The cryptic words are those of a certain Lieutenant Hayward, an English intelligence officer, or at least a young officer intelligent enough to see, in a flash, not not only that Waterford was a key-city, but also to take a leaping survey of what it was the key to. We hear no more from that vibrant young voice; the protesting young man who possessed it passes into oblivion. Waterford itself seems to toy idly with the key which could have opened upon a mighty heritage.

Behind the walls of the silent city there was a strange apathy, due no doubt to the English blood of its principal burghers.

True, at the very beginning of the "rising out" in 1641 the gates of the city were opened to receive an Irish Army led by Lord Mountgarret's son, and the city archives record popular commotions, testifying that the enthusiasm of the people, although animated, was nevertheless stemmed, even sometimes lashed to fury against the stolid pro-Britishism of the civic authorities, as when the Mayor's thumb was bitten off by a citizen who objected

to that official's propensity for succouring the English and writing despatches to the English officer who still maintained a garrison at Duncannon, the fort (still standing to-day, and recently similarly occupied) at the mouth of the Suir.

There was nothing martial though yet something heroic in the part Waterford was permitted by its wealthy chief citizens to play in the drama of the Eight Years' War. In its citadel there were Irish soldiers, but they were "behind the lines." The quiet city was selected as a suitable place for establishing the printing press of the Confederate Parliament. Perhaps there was wisdom in this diplomatic decision, for, if the city remained of little military importance, it gradually became accepted as a safe outlet and inlet for those who took a braver and bolder part in what was afoot. Envoys from across the seas swarmed into Waterford. Scarampi and Rinuccinni were among those who came from the Papal court; from France there came La Monarie, Du Moulin, Talloon, on their way to the seat of the Irish Parliament at Kilkenny; Monsieur Fuysot, the Comte de Beerhaven, and Don Diego de 'las Torres passed through on the same errand from the Imperial court of Spain.

Life and colour, halberd, helmet and casque, sword and standard, all made play through

the quaint narrow streets with the massive many-gabled and gargoyled houses of its rich citizens—houses such as that stately one of James Sherlock who was reduced to the ignominy of the pillory during the period when English atrocities were rendering a great war in Ireland inevitable. And the rich citizens dwelt not in the quarters now called residential, but in such places at New Street, where ancient mansions are now used as tenement dwellings.

Meantime, in the inner court of the Vatican, Father Luke Wadding was presenting Sir Richard Belling, the envoy of the Confederate Parliament, to his Holiness Pope Innocent X. The Pope was impressed by the struggle the Irish were making for religious independence, and the fruit of that historic interview was that in February, 1646, Cardinal Rinuccini arrived in Waterford after an adventurous sea voyage, in which he was all but captured by a Parliament frigate outside Waterford Harbour.

The people of Waterford were not mystified by this august visitor. His eminence, like his contemporary Richelieu (although his very antithesis in character) when he appeared in public commanded respect by his compelling personality. Waterford accorded him a triumphal reception. He bore, in fact, the palladium before which alone the ancient city did homage—he infused into everything he said or did the ideals of religious fervour. When he sought to arouse Waterford's patriotism, he appealed to their well-known fidelity to their church, threatened with a return of recent persecution (soon to burst in thunder under Cromwell) as in the early days of Christianity. What he aroused, in fact, was the same sort of enthusiasm as the "League," and later the

"Fronde," had aroused in the Celts of France —an enthusiasm, refined, in the case of Ireland (and especially in Waterford) by a profound sense of religion, at the expense, no doubt, of patriotism, which is sometimes blind and cruel.

Cardinal Rinuccini's progress through the narrow streets of the old city always caused a stir and friendly acclamation. He was the guest of Father Luke Wadding's brother, Mayor of the city, to whom he had brought a letter and touching greetings from the great-hearted exile in Rome.

The enthusiasm of the city had to find an outlet. It reached its climax on a beautiful day in early Spring, when the Cardinal, appearing in red robe and full canonicals on the marble steps of old Christchurch Cathedral was presented with a scroll containing hyperbolic phrases expressing the very real and rapturous welcome of the faithful Catholic citizens of Waterford.

The bishop of the diocese—the first after an interval of fifty years, owing to persecution—stood beside him overcome with emotion and happiness at the wonderful change of which this scene was an external sign. This change had come with the inauguration of a native Parliament, the Parliament which had abolished the long persecution of Catholics, and rendered it possible for all men to live without moles-

tation. Cardinal Rinuccini, addressing the eager multitude from the Cathedral steps, spoke burning words which were interpreted by the Bishop at his side—praising them for their loyalty to the church and to their country. Indicating with a comprehensive sweep of his arm the number of church steeples visible to him from his exalted position on the marble steps, he told them that the city might be described as "a lesser Rome." Let them defend it.

Among the ecclesiastics who attended this Waterford ceremonial welcoming of the great Cardinal there was one old priest deferred to with special honour: Geoffrey Keating, bent and grey, but "young like the eagle," of noble bearing in spite of years and of persecution. He flashed his proud half-blind eyes at Rinuccini's Latin, for they reminded him of his own reflections, thirty years before, when he was a young priest returning from the Spanish college where he had been ordained, and had stepped ashore at Waterford, the place of his early education. Yes, thirty years ago he had been very angry with Waterford, for it maintained at its own expense English garrisons both in Waterford and Dungarvan: but his anger had been softened when he noted the number of churches the city boasted of, and the fervour of its congregations. He had found excuses for the people of the old city, saying they lacked sound

political leaders. But he felt sure their faith would be rewarded. And now he beheld the reward, and he listened to Rinuccini praising them in words that were, in truth, the perfect expression of his own thoughts.

The Cardinal's exhortation burned into the mind of Waterford, and into its heart. Later on, when Rinuccini was struggling almost single-handed against the myrmidons of Ormonde at the Kilkenny Parliament, the city supported him with a noble consistency. Ormonde they hated because he defied Rinuccini.

The web of Ormonde intrigue had spread itself now so that all who supported Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill, all who willed that the Irish Army should fight on until the country was independent of England, were rendered impotent. But Waterford stood firm. When Ormonde's emissary came to Urbs Intacta to proclaim the fatal peace which Rinuccini had denounced it is recorded that he was taken with contempt by the citizens. He was unable to get any man or woman of mature years to point him the way to the Mayor's house, and was reduced to the ignominious expedient of giving a little street urchin sixpence to show him the residence of Luke Wadding's brother. When Mayor Wadding was told the business of his visitor he declined to have any peace proclamation

shouted from the housetops. He asked why the proclamation could not be made in Kilkenny, under the eyes of the Parliament there. To this conundrum Ormonde's wily messenger replied, oleaginously: "Waterford is a more important city."

But Waterford was to be neither coerced nor cajoled. The messenger from Ormonde departed crest-fallen. The city remained true to Rinuccini, to Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill and to Ireland. Remained true, but, nevertheless, true to its peculiar love of security, managed then, as it had managed always during the entire period of the Eight Years' War, to register its will without firing a shot, even without the rattling of swords in scabbards. Not martial, but Machiavellian. Vastly intriguing and engrossing such methods, if not altogether heroic.

THE GREAT CHARTER.

The finger of King Charles, leaning over the map of Ireland, lay upon Waterford. In his military operations against the English rebels he had to provide for retreats. Through the window, overlooking the harbour of Falmouth, his eyes wandered. Across the waves there was the haven of Waterford.

He turned to his secretary, to question him. He had granted a Charter to the City of Waterford, had he not? The secretary, whose portfolio was notably light in those days of adversity, was able to recollect that the Irish city of that name had been granted a Charter. He thought it had been brought over the water by a poursuivant about a year or two after his Majesty had ascended the Throne.

"We granted them very great privileges," the King murmured, absentedly, his gaze again going out through the window, and over the waters. The people there would perhaps grant him, in return, the privilege of sanctuary, if the worst should come. It was a matter to be considered.

It was a matter that could not be considered in all its aspects by the Stuart King. He relied upon Waterford, the city of English settlers. The people of Waterford, so his Charter proclaimed, "are sprung from English stock, and

retain their English sirnames." Here was no account taken of the distinction between the armed Corporation which ruled the city (with authority from a military governor), and the people over which they ruled. The people were of a different stock: they sprang from "the Walshes, the Powers, the Grants, the Daltons, the O'Driscolls," and other Gaelic families—families named as rebels in earlier English proclamations. The army of Waterford Corporation, in these proclamations, received power to levy war against the rebels who provided the true stock from which sprang the rank and file of the people of Waterford. The city is described in an earlier Charter, confirmed by Charles I., as having in front of it "four hostile counties, Waterford, Tipperary, Wexford and Kilkenny." The English mind failed to comprehend that the inhabitants of Waterford were recruited from these "hostile counties." The Charter of King Charles perpetrates an eternal irony. It enacted that when a Waterford citizen went about he carried with him the odour, the very atmosphere, of loyalty. Its freemen were to be free of all poundages "in every port and creek of the Kingdom of Ireland"—even should they penetrate into harbours in the O'Driscoll or the MacSweeney country, even if their ships should drop anchor under Castle Doe. To accentuate how inviolable a sanctuary

of loyalty is Waterford, King Charles decreed that the city should be a county in itself—" the County of the City of Waterford ": a county distinct from those " hostile counties " fronting it. A boycott of foreign clothes is sanctioned by the Charter, to encourage these Waterford merchants " who retained their English sirnames " to restore their " former state and dignity." Every citizen is empowered, actually, to distil Aqua Vitae and Usquebagh, without further licence than that contained in a clause of the Charter. The city is granted church lands, the Abbey of Kilculiheen, and a great territory of pasturage and woodland. The privileges are unlimited. " The whole City of Waterford is granted to the Mayor, Sheriffs and citizens." (The Charter of King Charles provides the title-deed for much of the property providing a revenue to Waterford Corporation to-day).

The Great Charter is a parchment, still preserved, unique in its kind, conferring privileges such as a Grand Duke of Florence might have exercised in the realm under his sway.

Yet King Charles, as he sat in the window overlooking Falmouth Harbour could look for no answering privilege from Waterford. Rinuccini stood for an Ireland separate from England. And Waterford stood by Rinuccini. Put not your faith in princes: rather let princes

put not their faith in things which are not. The Waterford which King Charles imagined never really existed. He had never heard of I Bhreasail. How, then, could he know Waterford or the people in it, and beyond it?

THE EYE OF IRELAND.

DANIEL O'NEILL.

THE "Eye of Ireland," as some old chronicler called Waterford, beheld persons and personages who returned its gaze with hopes and designs vastly different.

Into this inscrutable eye, during the closing stages of the Eight Years' War, looked those drawn in or withdrawn out of Ireland by the fatal web of Ormondist intrigue at the Kilkenny Parliament.

On August 24th, 1645, news was brought to Waterford that a vessel had dropped anchor at Passage and that a coach had been ordered from Waterford to drive a mysterious personage into the city.

The vessel, it was said, flew not the Confederation flag, but, insolently, the English royal standard.

Speculation grew as to the significance of this visitant. It was reported that he had the superb air of a courtier; nay, it was even whispered that he was above courtiers. It had transpired, and this caused a thrill of conjectural anticipation, that the ship was from Falmouth. Wild rumours spread. It was not unknown to those who passed under the Eye of Ireland that Falmouth was a port of destiny. The English King Charles, his son, the Prince, romantic

figures, looked to escape thence from their enemies in England should the fortunes of war render flight imperative. Had the royal refugees fled. Thither—perhaps. . . It was written that Waterford should ever and anon, be thrust in such wise to the very threshold of adventure across which the English turmoil could be heard. "The hum of mighty workings."

A flutter was caused by the appearance of a mighty handsome gentleman coming in at the East Gate, by Colbeck Tower (where Colbeck Street now mounts).

He was not, it was acknowledged instantly, the Stuart King. His was not that long pale face with mournful-stubborn eyes, nor had it the famous peaked beard. This was a gaily apparelled young cavalier, "slight built, of a sanguine complexion, no beard, auburn hair, about thirty years of age."

The town guard was not very vigilant, and this gentleman might have passed in upon the sheer smiling confidence of his countenance, and by dint of a certain bold courage allied to the fine manner of a great person not likely to present himself at places where his passage would be disputed upon point of honour or privilege. But he did not rely upon either. He showed a letter to the officer of the guard and was admitted at the salute.

He sat in his coach, laughing and jesting with

his companion, a Royalist officer, and made his way to the King's Head, a tavern kept by one Master Warde, "a very compleate gentleman-like hoste," but, as the name of his inn reveals, not a Gael. His house of entertainment for travellers was situated, probably, at the corner of Stephen Street and Peter's Street, not far from the fortress.

The citizens who had observed the traveller had to go home content with conjecture. For this gentleman kept his counsel. He remained at the King's Head for two days, and used to sit sometimes at an upper window, watching the traffic, observing passers-by in the street.

In the evening, in the taproom, he sat for a little while, silent and observant. When some young blades came in and boasted, in Gaelic, with snatches of English, of how they had used their swords in the sorties which marked the prelude of war in '41, the traveller smiled. Once he spoke in English to his companion, but the Irish youths could not keep pace with his rattling tongue. When, seeing that his words were not likely to get him an audience among these people, for whose behoof he would not speak Gaelic, he went out of the tap-room. And it was a dispute among those he left behind him whether he had taunted them, or whether he had spoken of what honour was to be gained in a country where stout swordsmen could en-

list in a regular army, and fight upon the code, receiving good pay. Doubtless of England, and of the royalist army he spoke. . . . . And the taproom seethed with tales of Naseby where some Irish soldiers had fought under King Charles' standard, receiving cruel usage, being used as shock troops in the front ranks by the King, their captain, and, if taken prisoners by Cromwell, the rebel captain they fought against, being basely slaughtered, in defiance of the usuages of war.

Although the traveller would speak English, it was not because he knew not Gaelic. He was, this mighty gentleman, an O'Neill of the O'Neills, son of Con O'Neill who had been tanist to Hugh O'Neill, the Great Earl of Tyrone; and, above all, he was nephew to Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill.

He was Daniel O'Neill, the lover of adventure, the D'Artagnan of the royalist army, a gallant at King Charles' court, a youthful veteran who had fought and been wounded on Continental battlefields. He had been especially trusted as envoy to several crowned heads, being a favourite of Archbishop Laud. the fomentor of " Army plots." The hero of escapes. He had been imprisoned by the Parliament for complicity in the first Army plot, and whilst Hampden was thundering for his execution in the English House of Commons, a messenger

had rushed in with the cry that "Mr. O'Neill had gotten out of the Tower during the night." The slim young gentleman had "gotten away" disguised in the prettiest of petticoats as a young lady not ill-favoured.

And after his mystification of the citizens of Waterford, whilst resting after his "vastly discomposing" sea voyage, he rode away to Kilkenny on the second day. He was, in fact, the bearer of a letter from King Charles to Ormonde, a letter containing the ill-starred monarch's despairing appeal that an Irish Army should be sent to his aid.

O'Neill was named the "infallible subtle," and his wits very nearly did accomplish the miracle of rescuing the doomed Stuart with soldiers from the country so ill-used by him and all of his dynasty. When Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill died after the victory of Benburb it was actually Colonel Daniel O'Neill who became the temporary commander of the Army of Ulster. He had spoken Gaelic to some purpose among the chiefs of the MacMahon and Maguire clans, knowing, in his subtlety, the magic of the language with those who disdained to speak or even write any other: just as, keen student of man that he was, he had believed that English would serve him best in Waterford, the city which had refused to receive Dr. Hennessy

as Bishop, because he was not an English speaker.

O'Neill, witty enough to fascinate English and twist them to his advantage, was not " subtle nor infallible" in religious matters. He lost his command of the Army of Ulster, and had to leave Ireland, because he shut his eyes to the fact that it was for the Catholic faith, no less than for their country, that the Irish fought. He guaged incorrectly the intrigues at the Kilkenny Parliament. He thought the Ormonde faction would carry the day. And in no place was Ormonde more hated and reviled than in Waterford—a fact which would have surprised " the infallible subtle " who had deemed Waterford an utterly English city, with its King's Head tavern and its pursey bombastic loyalists, a place where even the Irish language must not be spoken.

THE GUILDHALL.

EOGHAN RUADH IN WATERFORD.

Once the Ormondists held a meeting of the Supreme Council of the Confederate Parliament in Waterford. It was upon the occasion of the visit of another and a more famous O'Neill. The great and beloved Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill had ridden into Urbs Intacta.

He came upon an urgent matter, to address the Council on the dire need of assisting Ulster with arms and men. The irony, that he should have to lay petitions before such men—who had need of Ulster's army, but no love for Ulster, or for her princes, princes who fought not that Ormonde might succeed in again setting up English authority in Ireland, but that Ireland might be free both of Ormonde and of England.

The Council sat silent before O'Neill's impassioned appeal. They appreciated, these grim intriguers, that the Army must be saved: but they perceived, too, with fearfulness, towards what goal O'Neill's patriotism carried him. How to save O'Neill's Army, how to strike the power from O'Neill's hand, that was what these double-dealers had to decide upon. There is something in the air of Waterford which feeds such treacherous machinations.

Having heard the chieftain's unanswerable

arguments for sending supplies to the Army, the Council, all things being arranged beforehand, bowed their heads gravely in assent. Yes, the Army, most certainly, must not languish. It must receive all the support in their power to bestow.

And O'Neill was satisfied, all his unease vanishing. He had feared that these pinchbeck Councillors would advance sophistries instead of gold, compliments instead of substantial proof of their belief in the Army

But the conference was not over. The Councillors began to talk of the various influences which supported the Army. Allowances must be made for all. None must be allowed to suspect that their interests were being sacrificed to personal considerations.

The supplies would go to the Army. But it remained to be decided who was to handle the supplies, who was to direct the Army.

"The Council, surely," was O'Neill's exclamation. "Our Parliament directs us all."

But the Parliament was drawn from all sections of opinion. The lords of the Pale, the lords of the soil, the people's representatives. Several names had been submitted by these various interests as likely to be suitable for the supreme command of the Irish Army.

So the intrigue was ripped bare. The Army that O'Neill had raised, and trained, the Army

to lead which he had thrown up his command in the Spanish service, this Army was, perhaps, not to be his Army any more.

But he must not jump to conclusions. He had schooled his impetuous nature so that in all difficult or perilous situations he would act calmly. He must not listen to all that was said. This, as the Councillors had said, was merely a matter of form.

In such assemblies the ballot system was regarded as the fairest way of deciding matters such as who should have leadership. Let there be a ballot.

O'Neill consented. He knew, and he let it be known, that the men of the Ulster Army looked up to him as their prince, their chief. They might not serve willingly under any other.

"They are disciplined?" This was asked with solemnly raised eyebrows. Of course they were disciplined; O'Neill smiled grimly as he remembered how stern was the discipline he had insisted upon. Well, let the election proceed.

"The assembly sitting, those they thought fit to come in competition, they caused their names one under another to be written down, and from each a long line to be drawn: then at the table where the clerk sat, every member of the Council, one after another, puts a dash on the line of him he would have to be general"

—all in due order, in a most miserable, massive and mad disorder, rather, until all the cumbersome ceremony had been accomplished, and the premeditated outrage was consummated, with a fair outward show of punctilio most absolute and most damnable. The fiery northern chief watched it all with excessive patience, knowing in his proud heart that these slow-blooded southrons, fools, were insulting him and ruining their own cause by this pantomimic withholding of the command from him, to whom it was due, and to whom alone it could spell victory. We, posterity, can see this with such certitude. Why, oh why, were those arbiters of Ireland's destinies long ago so blind? One may say that the whole tragedy of Ireland in the Seventeenth Century (and afterwards) was decided in that dingy Council Chamber of the Waterford Guild Hall. The fateful meeting place—Waterford is not without other landmarks almost as singularly marked by silent-moving destiny—has gone down in the dust. Old maps put the Guild Hall at the entrance to Peter Street.

When the mean-spirited election was over, the Clerk announced, with the nasal and sanctimonious resonance proper to all knaves, that the appointment fell, not to O'Neill, the military genius, but to Lord Castlehaven, the ennobled mediocrity. Not for a moment did the great-hearted prince of Tir-Eoin allow his mortifi-

cation and chagrin to appear on his serene forehead. Says Lord Castlehaven, shamefast, "Owen Roe (*sic*) took it extremely to heart. However he carried it fairly, and came to congratulate and wish me success," promising to co-operate, to his utmost, with the feckless general placed over him. One can see the great figure of The O'Neill, his proud handsome face wearing a grave smile, his hand—the Red Hand—upon the shoulder of the creature it was his duty to encourage. . . . And so the Council dissolved, to spread abroad news which must have made the English enemy chuckle.

It is quite certain the acclamations of the patriotic majority of the citizens of Waterford, surging about O'Neill as he rode through their streets, doubtless with his heroic nephew Hugh Dubh at his side, made up in some sort for the grievous affront done him in the Council Chamber of Waterford. Listening to their lusty shouts, to the blessings of the women who lined the route, seeing the great wondering eyes of the little awestruck children, he must have resolved, he did resolve, to continue, despite affronts, to wield his sword that the will of the people might prevail. The sole fact that such decisions were sometimes made in Waterford by Ireland's great ones should alone suffice to purge, nay to hallow, the very air of it. Amid

the clang of the joy-bells of "little Rome," with the glad confident cries of the populace ringing in his ears, he would turn from the dark foreknowledge that a fatal step had been taken in Waterford, fatal in that the withholding of the command from him was to delay victory in the field until too late, until the day of defeat in the Irish Parliament, until the day when "Peace" was being negociated by the Confederate lords, "Peace" with scoundrels and intriguers who used it to destroy Ireland. . . . .

Two years later, when he had won the victory at Benburb which Lord Castlehaven, two years earlier, had failed to gain, O'Neill must have smiled grimly when he was told that, by a coincidence almost cynical, a messenger from Waterford wished to gain an audience of him. He would remember his own forlorn pilgrimage to Waterford, and its humiliating and disastrous result. Who, then, was this pilgrim from Waterford who came up by so strange a sleight of hand of destiny at this juncture?

The messenger from Waterford had landed there a few days before with money collected for the Irish cause in the various great cities of Italy. And with a personal gift for Eoghan Ruadh, from Luke Wadding, the Waterford exile who had, also, collected the money sent. Father Wadding's gift to Eoghan Ruadh was

worthy of the donor, and worthy of the great recipient, being no less a thing than the great two-handed sword of Hugh O'Neill, "the great Earl," whose body lay in its tomb in the Eternal City.

"Not, truly, of Waterford, but from Waterford," Eoghan Ruadh doubtless said in his pithy style, taking the blade in his hands meditatively, ere questioning the messenger shrewdly upon other news from that South which was such a grievous burden to the Eagle of the North.

He would hear from the messenger tidings calculated to lessen the elation produced by the victory he had just won. The messenger would tell him that the distracted inhabitants of Waterford had been lately bewildered by conflicting intelligence, such as that, although O'Neill had won a glorious victory, yet the defeatist dissensions prevailing in the Confederate Parliament were likely to bring all to nought. Rinuccini was at Waterford, and it was known that he had received news of disquieting "Peace" negociations going on at Kilkenny, whence envoys came daily, departing sullenly, since the gallant Cardinal was determined not to be a party to an infamous peace. The messenger would tell Eoghan Ruadh that his own arrival in Waterford had been hailed with delight, as a sign that if there

were traitors within the camp in Ireland, there were powerful friends abroad.

But be sure that Eoghan Ruadh was not deceived. Well might his great heart grow weary. Soon, he, at any rate, would know Peace, the Peace that passeth all understanding. For his death was not far off. The sword that had come up from Waterford was an idle symbol, nothing more.

RATHFADDEN HILL.

CROMWELL AND IRETON.

At the outbreak of the Eight Years' War Waterford had been hampered by an English Major, one Briver. But he desisted before his efforts produced any evil result. Mistress Briver, his wife, laments that he "fell ill owing to anxiety of mind." But now at the end of the war, a Mayor in Waterford emerges from obscurity, and, by reason of one stupid gesture, should go down in history as a pigmy who undid, by a stroke of the pen, the work of such giants as O'Neill and O'Moore and MacMahon.

This Mayor, John Livet, held out as long as he could against admitting an Irish Army large enough to defend Waterford against Cromwell, the tale of whose invasion followed fast upon the "Peace" lately signed, at the instance of the Ormonde faction, and contrary to the wishes of the citizens of Waterford, who remained faithful to Rinuccini whose words had so profoundly stirred, and to Eoghan Ruadh, whose presence had so inspired them.

Aware that the people of Waterford contemned and hated Ormonde, Mayor Livet took advantage of the fact to refuse point-blank to admit his well-trained troops into Waterford. This decision was fraught with disaster to Ireland as well as to Waterford itself. Hated

Ormonde well might be in Waterford, but desperate ills need desperate remedies. The direful change wrought by the triumph of the Roundheads over the Royalists should have obliterated all strife among the Irish people, of all degrees, races and creeds. It did not. At a critical moment, the citizens were deceived by John Livet's excuse that if Ormonde brought a big army to Waterford, the city would have to support it, and the city was too impoverished to provide free quarters.

Later, when the gravity of the situation could be concealed no longer, when Cromwell himself was on the march for Waterford, a small Irish Army under General Ferrall (who was accompanied by stout-hearted young Hugh Dubh O'Neill) was admitted to man the citadel. Their numbers were far too small to withstand a long siege, or any seige at all, if obstinate enough. And this seems to have been deliberate, for it is chronicled that the faint or false-hearted Mayor, who held the keys designed to admit Cromwell without firing a shot.

But circumstances made a siege inevitable. Blood was shed at Passage, near Waterford, where a skirmish took place between Cromwellians and outposts from Waterford. And the city which all during the long war had escaped damage of any kind was now of a sudden laid in ruins, through the pusillanimity

of its chief citizen. Both Cromwell and Ireton, one in mid-summer and the other in mid-winter of dread 1649, trained guns upon the untouched city. Canon-balls rained upon it. One of them is said to be imbedded to this day in the solid masonry of Reginald's Tower.

Cromwell encamped upon the south side of the city, probably in the vicinity of Rathfadden Hill. In this district there are people who declare that, even yet, a ghostly army of Ironsides is seen in apparition on a certain December night of each year. Cromwell battered at the walls for eight long and terrible days, when he retreated, owing to the sickness in his camp having at last stricken his own ungainly person. Six months later on a dread day in December, the Protector's son-in-law, Ireton, appeared, in grim and horrid array, and beleagured the city until it surrendered—until in fact the terrified populace (for the Irish Army was so small that this was in truth a siege upon civilians) ran out of the east gate whilst the Cromwellians poured in by the south gate. Only the gallant little band in the citadel remained, dogged to the last.

Two stories are told of how Ireton gained entrance. One is that a number of farmers and labourers outside the city were rounded up and forced, at push of pike, to march up to the city gates and declare, using the Irish tongue,

that they were some of O'Neill's soldiers who had gone out foraging, so that the gate was opened and the British soldiery gained entry. The other story is that two Cromwellian officers, Croker by name, were told to set fire to some crops on the south side of the city so that the smoke would be carried by the wind over the city and throw the citizens into a panic. The ruse succeeded. It was thought a breach had been made, and the people began to fly from the city by the eastern gate. The Crokers and a company of soldiers managed to scale the wall and open the gates to admit Ireton's main body. Lieutenant Croker was killed, so the story runs, but the other Croker, a sergeant, survived to tell the tale.

By whatever cunning trick, the calamity befell, the troops entered, and swiftly laid waste the city, finally banishing the entire Irish population. In 1657 the population was given as about 950 of whom over 500 were English planters. Loyalists and all went down before the sword of Ireton. As I write I have before me a letter from a descendant of one of the Irish Normans of blue blood who says: "We were treated badly by the 'planters,' and never recovered." Later we shall see one of this family riding out of Waterford, in Jacobite days, to throw a hazard to regain the lost estates.

The extermination policy was a direct breach of the terms upon which Waterford surrendered. General Ferrall, the officer commanding the Irish troops hemmed in in the crumbling citadel, had parleyed with Ireton. He had come down from the fortress to a place in the city called the New Cross (the place now known as The Cross). The terms accepted by Ferrall were that his army should be allowed to march from Waterford and the inhabitants should be unmolested. Away they went, these gallant Irish soldiers, commanded by two doomed men—Hugh Dubh destined to die in the pestilential darkness of a British dungeon, General Ferrall who was to perish miserably a fugitive in the woods. . . . And as soon as the protecting Irish Army had gone from Waterford, when those heroes' swords flashed no more, the spell of chivalry broke, and the British soldiers fell to their bloody work.

Ireton expelled the Bishop from his Palace, taking it for his own residence. His soldiers he quartered in the outlawed Bishop's Cathedral, which was desecrated, Captain Bolton in jack boots delivering a lay speech from the pulpit. A mild descendant of Bolton the iconoclast still lives near Waterford. Finally, a proclamation was posted up, ordering the inhabitants to evacuate Waterford.

The method of plantation will be understood

from the story of the massacre at Faithlegg, where a castle occupied by a gentleman named Aylward was entered by night and all the dwellers put to the sword. The captain of this murder gang was allowed to plant himself on the property so obtained.

CURRAGHMORE.

THE COUNTESS DE LA POER.

The Cromwellian era in Waterford, although horrible in its gruesome details, has an aspect not wholly depressing. In some strange way the veil of antiquity which had hung over Waterford until this late period was rent, rudely, but with a real effect of throwing light upon dark places. The city and the country around, no longer legendary or parchment references, become places of passionate association. We hear how Don Isle Castle, some ten miles from Waterford, is besieged, its owner, a proud Norman-Irish ladv. refusing to yield until its walls are shot away, incapable of further defence. The lands of Curraghmore with what tenacity are they held by the chateleine, the Countess de la Poer, whose husband has fallen in this cruel war. She, rather than go into outlawery, consents to pick a new husband from among the enemy officers, who are drawn up before her, hulking backs towards her, so that she may pass down the ranks and lay her hand upon the shoulder of one of great size and fine figure, a man, she would judge, capable of holding with the sword what he had won with the sword. So she will have for her husband, and retain her estates that way. He turns, and behold, a face ugly,

forbidding. But the lady does not faint at the grim prospect before her. She is not of that sort. She has a son to whom the inheritance must not be lost. She will remain at Curraghmore even upon such terms. Every acre of land in Waterford is thus impregnated with the vitality of these people who cling to it, seizing any pretext, sanguine that events will justify them in the end. Lady de la Poer, had, it cannot be denied, evaded confiscation by this simple though terrible device of marrying the alien selected to "plant" this particular property.

Although confiscation could not be evaded by all, it is nevertheless true that Cromwell's brutal efforts to annihilate the Irish population in Waterford failed in most miraculous wise. The city, depopulated by proclamation, finds itself re-peopled by the old Irish in a few brief years. By the time of the Restoration things were much as they had been ere Mayor John Livet perpetrated the fatal blunder of refusing hospitality to an Irish Army large enough to cope with Cromwell's hordes.

COLBECK'S STREET.

A MARTYR PRIEST.

In the "Chamber of the Green Clothe," a pestiferous dungeon in the Tower at Colbeck's Gate, in the drear November of the year 1655, a Capuchin priest, languished upon a bed of straw, slowly dying from the effects of his cruel imprisonment. He gazes up at the grey light struggling through the cob-webbed grating.

Father Fiacre Tobin (named after St. Fiacre the hermit), a saintly man, on the list for Beatification this year (1921), had been arrested in Kilkenny, and, for the crime of being a Catholic and a priest, sentenced by Cromwellian judges to death. This savage sentence, extreme enough, is, by the cunning of Puritans, intensified. It is increased to transportation to the Barbadoes. The awful conditions under which sea voyages were made in those days, combined with the ill-fame of Barbadoes as a hotbed of yellow fever and malaria, were brutal facts rendering the change of sentence merely a change of the form of death, especially to one already so harshly treated that his health had broken down. John Mitchel's shuddering reference to Barbadoes in the "Jail Journal" refers to conditions there in the comfortable Victorian days. What it was in 1655 only Dante has words to tell us.

Outside the damp and filthy dungeon in

which the gentle priest awaited his doom with serenity, stands an uncouth individual, some sort of piratical fellow, a mariner to judge by his strange oaths. He talks with the grizzled turn-key, and wags under that slow-witted person's tweekable nose an order from Dublin Castle—an order to view the prisoner. The turn-key, unable to read, and dreadfully afraid lest this be an attempt at rescue, haggles and wheedles with his tormentor. To them at last comes a third person, a swashbuckling capitano. He is Captain Coleman, and he is a little drunk, having lingered in the tavern where he had first conferred with the mariner. The soldier, twisting his moustachios fiercely, glares at the warder, pleased to observe how the poor wretch trembles. Captain Coleman is known to the warder, for it was he who had delivered up the prisoner to him. The Captain bids the door be opened, for the prisoner is now to be handed over to the tender mercies of the repulsive looking mariner.

This person is a native of Waterford, a lost soul, a trafficker in those fellow-creatures who prize the soul above the body. He is called Captain John Morris, and he has a license to ship "Irish vagrants" (an elegant English seventeenth century term for Irish priests) to the Barbadoes. He possessed one vessel "at Passage neere Waterford, and another at Lime-

rick." He prospered, in fact, in a business a thousand times more wicked than the black slave trade of later years. This year had been, in fact, marvellously prosperous for the wretch who now stood over his manacled victim in the Green Tower. He had already shipped twelve priests and a lay brother.

He is troubled by the delicacy of this new "bale of brown clothe," as he playfully calls the pale and suffering Capuchin, who smiles up at him from his evil-smelling straw bed with a piteous bravery. The heart of John Morris is not softening: that is not his trouble: what he fears is that the priest may die before he is gotten on board. He has come therefore to see the Governor, who is due at this hour, so that his fee may be paid, the feeble body removed, and the transaction completed, no matter how roughly.

The Governor is in the grim Tower now, a savage Puritan. Little compassion has he for the "priest of Moloch." He sits upright, with his shaven poll and tight lips, at the Table of the Green Clothe, and in a harsh scrannel voice addresses those two godly persons—John Morris and Captain Coleman. The transaction takes little time. No mention is made of hampering conditions, as John Morris, the rascally licensee, had feared. The Protector's money is counted out, and the priest is ordered to get up. The

victim replying that he cannot leave his bed—a litter of straw on the earthen floor—is blasphemously railed at, and bidden "to take up his bed and walk." . . .

But let us not linger over this harrowing scene. In due time Father Tobin is brought down to Passage and put aboard the vessel. Up anchor, then, and away. The swart bare-footed sailors patter about the decks, clamber up the rigging. There is shouting and tumult. A coarse chanty is roared out.

The priest, a light burning in the dark hold of the evil ship, lies, a smile upon his face, now very calm and beautiful, his thin white hands crossed upon his breast. He is dead. The vessel puts into Kinsale, and the body is cast ashore.

And the Governor of Waterford who had delivered him up to this lonely and horrible death, is himself horrible, shunned. For is it not told with bated breath that, so fanatical and diabolical is his detestation of Catholics and all they hold sacred, that he has caused the very tombstones of St. Stephen's Church to be brought to his house and laid down as flooring to his kitchen? It is an obsession with this mad ranting fellow that Catholics must be ground under-heel, alive or dead. But such men, who are as the taper to those who are of the Light of the World, have used their malice

with but one lasting effect—to consecrate the soil destined to be the last couch of so many saints of the persecution.

THE ISLAND.

COLONEL NICHOLAS FITZGERALD.

In 1689 two gentlemen of Waterford left the city on their way to attend the Parliament summoned by King James II. John Porter and Colonel Nicholas FitzGerald, both very young, the first of them a mere shadow to us, the other the inheritor of a name writ large in Irish history.

As they rode together towards Dublin they laughed and chatted, for they were excited, not to say bewildered, by the sudden dignity thrust upon them, fruit of the swift stirring to life of Catholic Ireland under the last of the Stuarts. Romance had suddenly flung open golden gates, and the vista of possibilities intoxicated the young men, who disdained the stage coach, which took two days to accomplish a journey which hot blood hoped to do in one.

One of these two gentlemen was destined not to return. A portrait of him is prized by the present owner of the Castle on the Island in Waterford Harbour.

They found Dublin in a kind of frenzy. All gallant gentlemen were ready to march to the North to fight the Cromwellian planters who had obstinately refused to surrender to King James. Derry walls were manned by these

fanatics, who doubtless sought only to escape from the seething cauldron into which Cromwell had flung them. In Dublin the Parliament's proceedings were but a gesture in an Irish world madly eager to flourish swords and man cannons rather than sit down and listen tamely to disputations of raw Senators.

Thus the youth of Ireland was drawn into the vortex of English intrigue again.

After the Boyne battle the clatter of hoofs on the road to Waterford was heard again. It was not young Colonel Fitzgerald bringing home the news of defeat to the Castle on the Island. It was King James himself, not really certain what the news was: for he had not waited until the battle was over.

He had sent Sir Philip Trant to Waterford to prepare a way of escape for him: and perhaps the very knowledge that a ship awaited him in Waterford drew him thither, lured him in unthinking panic from a battle that was not in itself more than a skirmish.

It does not appear that Sir Philip Trant had, in truth, done very much to make smooth the way of the royal fugitive. Doubtless the knight had not imagined that his king had actually anticipated defeat. Trant may perhaps have slept at Ballinakill House and made desultory arrangements to receive the King there in the (to him) unlikely event of his

Majesty's arrival in the city. But King James, although he galloped from the Boyne to the Suir in one night, remained on the Wexford side of the river. Some of the officers who had escorted him crossed the water to Passage East, and commandeered accommodation on a French vessel.

A little boy then saw a scene which he used afterwards to relate as a grandfather's tale.

"Very early in the morning of the King's flight from Ireland I saw from my father's fields a party of horsemen proceeding to a small fishing hamlet two miles north of Duncannon (the fortress commanding Waterford Harbour); a fishing boat and crew having been procured the chief personage and some of those who accompanied him were conveyed on board. The former proved to be King James."

Yes "some of those who accompanied him," but not all. One of them, the bravest, had borne himself gallantly until the safety of the King was assured. Then he submitted to the mortal weakness from wounds received in defending the famous bridgehead over the Boyne. An O'Neill. This time it was "Sir Neale O'Neille, Baronet, of Killabeg in the County of Antrim, who dyed on the 8th of July, in the year, 1690, at the age of 31 years and six months."

These words are taken from the tomb of this

brave young O'Neill, buried in Waterford, in the French Church, the ruined place of sepulchre we have already gazed upon.

He had lingered a few days in Waterford of the Ships, amid the silence, with the noise of battle still rolling through him, telling these friends he had found to smooth his death-bed in Waterford, that among those who had officered his cavalry at the Pass of Rossnaree was that Colonel Nicholas Fitzgerald, who had ridden out of Waterford the year before, with a high heart. And the young officer was dead, his body in a soldier's grave (if by good fortune it obtained even such sepulchre, in the faraway north country).

Now, the O'Neill who had brought this tiding to Waterford, one who embodied the spirit of the North, himself lay dying in the South. Nay, he is dead now. He has fallen back, the stern neck bowed at last. He will become dust of the South, whilst the mists of his own beloved mountains in the North provide the shroud for the gallant cavalier of the South, who embodied all the cross-currents of the Southern Irish character, of Celtic and Viking and Norman origin. Now one is a handful of dust in the South, the other is blown as dust in the winds that howl through the Pass of Rossnaree. And both North and South are the richer for the exchange.

This was a generation which had not forgotten the triumphs of another O'Neill, who had made his royal progress through Waterford, that Eoghan O'Neill whose proud figure still lingered in the memories of those dwelling within the walls of Waterford, and doubtless the honour which had been paid to him found silent echoes in the hearts of the multitude which followed the bier of "Sir Neale O'Neille, Baronet, of the County of Antrim."

THE GARRISON.

WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

It is curious with what delicacy both Jacobite and Williamite treated Waterford, as though it were "like the toad, ugly" (as it is truly, most beautifully, almost sinisterly, ugly) and even "venomous" (as the Williamites feared) "containing yet a precious jewel in its head."

The jewel is its strategic situation. The words of the young seventeenth century intelligence officer leap again to the mind: "The river of Waterford is of that huge extent that it runs through nine severall counties in three separate armes." The venom, however, was there. It was the kind of venom with which Waterford guarded its much-prized security.

Fearing the venom no doubt, King James did not trust himself within its walls, least perhaps he should be betrayed.

On the contrary, it was for fearing of destroying the jewel for which Waterford was prized by military commanders that William of Orange, coming upon it three weeks after King James, spared it, leaving its stout walls standing as a firm base to fall back on, and leaving untarnished its reputation for being the one gate ever open to trade during nearly all Ireland's wars: thus securing supplies.

William of Orange did not besiege Waterford. Having trained guns upon it he gave the garrison terms. They were allowed to march out. They were actually furnished with a safe conduct to Mallow, whence they were at liberty to march on to Limerick and place themselves under Sarsfield, who would enable them to provide King William with one of the most masterly military problems in siege warfare, problems which that war-stained monarch had ever had pleasure in working out.

The day the Irish Army had marched away from Waterford, King William rode towards the city, and trotted round the walls without entering the city, returning, on a sudden impulse, to his camp, as though stricken with dread lest the Irish Army he had let loose had, perchance, "lingered" on the way. His fears were allayed. The Irish had abided by their terms, and had proceeded without incident to Mallow. That exodus of armed Gaels, the last regular army in Irish uniform to be seen in Waterford, was one of the saddest of portents—all the sadder because far too many of the subtle-minded strife-shirking citizens, no less than King William, were glad to see the backs of those fiery-hearted "wild geese."

In the privacy of his camp King William took the report of two intelligence officers who had interviewed the principal citizens during

the "peace negociations." Their account of the attitude of Waterford, of its desire to have its trade protected, apparently gave the Dutch monarch grounds for regarding the inhabitants as neutral. Nevertheless the fact that the city had been so notoriously stubborn during the Eight Years' War was not forgotten, and the Prince of Orange decided that a parade of force would simply serve to stir up dying embers. He had no guarantee that all possible recruits for the Irish Army had marched away to Mallow.

The city remained passive during the siege of Limerick, although the patriotic among its inhabitants heard with beating hearts of the exploits of those who had left their city to join Sarsfield. What curses deep and angry when, hot upon the news that Sarsfield had ambushed King William's guns in the neighbourhood of Killaloe, came the knowledge that this Irish gain was to be nullified by the aid of Waterford. For, there, under the eyes of the sullen citizens, a new siege train was prepared to replace that blown up by Sarsfield, the guns being escorted through the streets of Waterford with much insolent band-playing and other arrogant, martial display, lumbering out of the western gate, with gunners taunting the spectators that Waterford's guns had a long range and would blow up not a few of their Papist brethren in gallant Limerick.

THE CORPORATION.

BISHOP FOY.

In the days of King William, more important than the key of the city was the Corporation. For it ruled the city, with a governaunce absolute. The present Town Hall contains many of the muniments taken from that standing on the Quay in King William's day. When that monarch's agents had finished the work of appointing a loyal Corporation, the people had but scant representation on it.

Chafe as they might, the "mere Irish" of Waterford were sinking again beneath the stranger in their midst. All municipal authority, once King James had fled, passed from Irish to English settlers. A new Corporation, Williamite to the core, arrogantly tore out of the minute books the few leafs recording the labours of the Jacobite body. The Corporation also voted money for the upkeep of an English garrison—an old foible of Waterford municipal authorities this of encouraging garrison folk. Whilst yet the Treaty of Limerick was in the making a more sinister tendency displayed itself. The permanent English "settler" population in Waterford was relatively small. This must be remedied if Waterford was to be weaned from the Jacobite cause. Fifty Hugenot families were brought to Water-

ford from France to strengthen the Protestant interest. This deal in human cargo was carried through by the Corporation, aided by the Protestant Bishop, Nicholas Foy, whose name is indelibly graven on the tablets of Waterford's annals by his foundation, the Bishop Foy Schools.

Besides the Cromwellian influx, there had been a continuous stream of Quaker immigrants flowing into Waterford. For although Quakers and other dissenters were persecuted in England, in Ireland they were actually encouraged, their race being here of more consequence than their religion.

It was in those days of active proselytism that the present-day psychology of Waterford was evolved. The Protestants, Quakers and Hugenots formed themselves into a local aristocracy, an aristocracy swelled by a number of "innocent Papists," most of whom descended from "innocent papistry" to no papistry at all, abjuring their faith in order to secure their estates and their vital status. Thus was founded an Ascendancy phalanx, ever renewed by arrivals on the ships that came up to the Quays. Most of these Anglophiles, "being too happy in their happiness," forgot much of their "rough island" manners, and adopted the peculiarly courteous manner of the Gael. Blue-eyed, good-humoured, silver-tongued ascend-

ancy folk abound in Waterford. But in spite of their superficial good-fellowship they remain in their hearts "enormous sneerers," as an old Irish annalist had described the first of the Anglo-Norman settlers in Waterford.

PASSAGE EAST.

THOMAS MEAGHER.

Whilst Limerick was being besieged with guns from Waterford, there was still in circulation in the lesser city a leather trading token, such as merchants used when owing to war or similar causes coin of the realm ran short. This token bears on the obverse side an inscription of strange significance, when one considers dispassionately the selfish, if striking, part Waterford played in the racial upheavals which followed one another in each generation like waves of the Atlantic. The inscription is "The Safety of Waterford." Fitting motto for a city which remained silent, an untouched citadel beside a landlocked arm of the sea. In order that trade may continue uninterrupted pacts and settlements are drawn up with the object of keeping it out of the circle of fire and sword. "The Safety of Waterford"—preserved against all save Cromwell, to whom everything in Ireland was, simply, a part of Ireland. That is, a portion of something to be beaten shapeless on the anvil, and fashioned anew, fashioned awry. As the bloodstained seventeenth century sank into the past and the eighteenth century dragged its slow length across the land nothing survived in Waterford inflammable enough to make a blaze in '98.

But about that time a Tipperary farmer, driven to desperation under the tyranny of the Hessians and the English soldiery, came to Waterford, and, passing through it, went down to Passage. He was not a romantic figure, this traveller. No emigrant was in those days, for a person sailing in a coffin ship had to carry his own provisions as well as his own baggage. One such exile from Waterford has told us what he brought to the Spit of Passage to sustain him on his long voyage across the Atlantic—"twelve dozen eggs, a crock of butter, a side of bacon, nine stone of oatmeal, a barrel of potatoes, a keg of beer, a bed and its proper furniture—a trunk and its contents, besides other things."

But our emigrant was poor, and despite the help of kind-hearted neighbours, his impedimente was probably not quite so bulky. His name was Meagher. He was bound for Newfoundland.

In those days direct trade between Newfoundland and Waterford was carried on on an astonishingly big scale. The number of ships on that route alone then exceeded the total now sailing to all foreign parts combined.

The farmer Meagher, doubtless of the princely family Meagher, lords of Ikerin, in Co. Tipperary until the coming of Cromwell, met with such a reception in Newfoundland as

an Irish Catholic of his day would have found nowhere else under the British flag. For the colony was largely composed of transplanted Irishmen. He became in turn a trader, a merchant, and a ship-owner, and carried on a prosperous commerce between St. John's and Waterford, where he finally placed his eldest son to represent his interest. This son married a daughter of one of the partners of a firm which derived its name from the father of Sir Thomas Wyse (Wyse, Cashin and Quan) and the lady became the mother of Thomas Francis Meagher.

Thus the clearance of Cromwell and William of Orange had made room for an influx of men of the old Irish stock from the countryside feeding Waterford, and from this stock sprang the patriot, the only truly great man of purely Irish name and race native to Waterford.

He was of rich parents and reached manhood to find himself in an affluence not unlike that enjoyed by the princely O'Meaghers in the brave days of old. His father's house on the Quay was a fine old mansion.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

Thomas Francis Meagher had a face the lines of which were so round as to give it the character of langorous indolence, proper to the much-indulged son of a king *in petto*. But behold him when roused to eloquence and you perceive the chief, the magic inspirer of men, impassioned and irresistible.

Two incidents stand out in his life. At Clongowes, he composed a literary history of his alma mater. This, presented to Daniel O'Connell on one of his periodic visits to the famous Jesuit College, evoked the prophetic, and ominous, words: "The genius which could produce such a work is not destined to remain long in obscurity."

It did not. When Thomas Davis laid down his life as truly as any man ever did for Ireland, Meagher went to Dublin, and, with his famous "Sword Speech" cleft at one blow the tyranny of Daniel O'Connell, become a despot in his old age.

With the same sword—changed from speech to steel now—Commandant Meagher faced the armed men of England in Ireland later, and revivified the dying soul of Ireland: escaping then to that Land of Liberty beyond the seven seas there to play the soldier again and to

cultivate dragons' teeth. "What you trample in Ireland will sting you in America" Grattan had thundered. "The English sowed their laws like dragon's teeth and they will spring up armed men" re-echoed Hussey de Burgh, both orators speaking in the very year when a poor broken Tipperary farmer named Meagher had emigrated from Waterford to Newfoundland, whence, in the second generation had sprung this armed man, so treasured in the memory of Waterford, so honoured in the great Republic of America.

Meagher's arrest in Waterford occasioned an extraordinary outburst of popular feeling.

He was taken at his house on the Mall, third from the corner where Catherine Street runs on to the greater thoroughfare, opposite Colbeck Street, where stood the historic East Gate mentioned so often in the annals of Waterford.

When the news of the arrest spread, the church bells were rung, and this tocsin awoke in the hearts of the people just that sentiment of righteous anger which not once or twice had aroused their ancestors from "slumber deep." Out they poured, from every street and by-street, filling the spacious Mall with a concourse which mocked the soldiery drawn up with carbines at the ready.

Three times Meagher had to address the people in order to restrain their passionate

desire to rescue him. But he foresaw eventualities which he was not prepared to precipitate. The kind of popular excitement seething about him expends itself, ebbs away, stained too often with blood uselessly shed. If he could restrain them from action then, their unexpended wrath would be ready to break forth later, when their leaders were prepared to take the field. In spite of Meagher's appeals for calmness the crowd grew more and more enraged. Pity for his youth, the idea of simple-minded people that it would be so easy to overwhelm soldiers by mere weight of numbers, the taunts of the women who thronged the windows of the houses on the Quay, brought things to a climax. The traces of the horses in the chaise bearing the captive and his captors were cut, and the strange wild procession halted. But it went on, after Meagher's intervention. The gates of the old wooden bridge were passed, but on the far side the barricades were up, and people determined were behind them. Again, however, Meagher by the magic of his eloquence made the barricades fall back so that he might proceed onward to Dublin where the prison cell awaited him.

Is it a strange thing that the memory of that midsummer day in Waterford should have worked like madness in the blood of Meagher of the Sword? Ere the year was out he and

his friends had taken the field in a rising so premature and ill-prepared that nothing less than the undeniable impetuous gallantry of men who were enthusiasts by nature could have excused them for so risking their own precious lives and the lives of their few followers.

THE BRIDGE.

Nothing more romantic was there than the old wooden bridge, as it used to sway with the tide, cowering its trembling trestles before the winter blast. But down it goes, after its hundred years, and this thing of smooth concrete cuts the landscape where before the soft lignous curve had formed part, almost, of the baseless fabric of a vision. They say there is steel sheathed in the concrete: and, though, the builders did not do it for a symbol, the tradition of something cutting at permanence, clinging to the bridge, is not unfittingly symbolised by those hidden swords of steel.

See, how unmeasured the impermanence of the hopes in the minds of those who originally planned that a bridge should be in this place. When in 1793, the wooden way had been flung, somewhat amateurishly, across the stream, this was the inscription chosen for the tablets—read it and smile at the delusive hopes of men, especially those who dwell in Ireland and are not of it:

"In 1793
"A year rendered sacred
"to national prosperity
"By the extinction of religious divisions
"The foundation of this bridge was laid
"By Sir John Newport, Bart.

* * * * * *

"Mr. Samuel Cox,
"A native of Boston, in America,
"Architect."

One is bewildered at first. Who shall recollect what event in '93 could have been, at any time, expected to overshadow '98? How could men so speak, standing upon the threshold of an impending rebellion bloody enough to have been a revolution? Yet it did truly appear to the friends of England in Ireland in 1793 that a lasting miracle had been wrought by a Bill, it appears, passed through Grattan's Parliament in that year, giving Catholics, tardily, the Parliamentary and municipal franchise, and placing them in other respects on a level with Protestants—astonishing toleration!—except that they were still excluded from the great offices of State and from high judical positions.

How that religious aspect of our affairs has been kept steadily in the fierce light which beats upon Ireland. In '98 when Protestants captained and were captained by Catholics, the lie, so freely bandied about in '93, should have been laid for ever. Yet it breathes to-day.

But Waterford bridge no longer offends the eye with the said inscription. The blunder the new bridge inscription records now is no more than literal—in the letter (one letter) and not in the spirit this time. Only the discriminating,

one might say the elect, can discover the present error, which is no more than a pleasant problem for the fastidious to detect. But the error of 1793 stood out in bold relief, making even the unlearned and unquestioning smile as they read it, and passed on.

From the bridge, where the sun sets, there is the most significant view vouchsafed to any dweller in the Valley of Lamentation—the spectacle of Sliabh-na-mBan "having its shoulder above the horizon," as Meagher said of it, catching a glimpse of the mountains from the convict ship bearing him, the prisoner of '48, to exile. When the warm west wind steals softly down from "rare Clonmel" it carries a spell from Sliabh-na-mBan, where the bees gather honey in the heather. Two legends hang upon the smooth slope, mist of the immemorial. The Golden Stairway of Rossetti is not a more wonder-working image than that of the fair women of Ireland scaling the purple mountain, to be first, and so win the kiss of Foinn Mac Cumhail. That other tale of the hunting of the white doe has tapestried the inmost chamber of the minds of poets down the years, not in Ireland only.

SLIEVERUE.

JOHN O'DONOVAN.

A PLACE of green fields behind green trees, in the ultimate, sylvan, Slieverue is a quiet wayside retreat, not quite remote enough to provide a leafy tent for James Stephen's poetical tinker, yet a place where Goldsmith would have lingered, afterwards to give it to immortality as another Auburn. The mind sees it in a flash from the lowly corner of one of its sloping wide meadows, sky-bound, where the flowers of Spring stand up in the grass, a vision sun-golden, bringing with it a breath of the warm earth, fragrant as the honey-bearing blossom of the recurring gorze clumps.

There lies the student, under the beechen shade.

An old coach-road from Waterford swings past the hamlet; disused and moss-covered gate-posts mark deserted mansions; romance has galloped, has perhaps drawn rein, up those bridle-paths; history has paused here, upon the threshold of Waterford. Over there, round the bend of the road, where the city lies, how busily the falsification of Irish history was penned by Angevin, Plantagenet and Tudor hirelings, to say nothing of the later coinings. Scarlet-coated couriers have clattered past the town-gates bearing quaintly spelt despatches destined

to repose, at last, in the archives of Dublin Castle, there to mislead students of the future, of our own generation, with the Anglican version of Irish history.

Here, upon the wayside, lies one to direct the ambuscade against these ghostly couriers of the past: here, in sight of Waterford of the English, where so many of these pale forgeries were transmitted to posterity, was passed the eager boyhood of one who yearned to hear the past speak in the Gaelic tongue, to see those far-off things from the Irish angle, John Donovan, the greatest of all modern Celtic scholars, translater of "The Four Masters."

He is of tough fibre, for he has to cut through a quick-set well-nigh, after their centuries, impenetrable But he faces squarely even trench-work, goes patiently at the blind and mole-like mining of enemy lines, bursts forward at the charge at last, into the old Irish world. . . . O'Curry truly deeming his "Four Masters" an unparalleled feat, greets the young student with noble praise. In this sort, he declares, there is no work vaster, "completed in a style so perfect and beautiful." This magnificent work, in the original edition, contains 4,215 pages. . . . From this victory he turns, eager for new realms to conquer, until, ere he is dead, the world is ringing with the glad news of the new birth. . . . Tennyson

hears the music; Mangan trumpets it; Yeats takes up the tune; Swinburne turns it to "linked sweetness, long drawn out."

Donovan, himself, is not cast in poetic mould: that rugged determined face, foreshortened, is of a Napoleon of the spirit-world. He is called Ireland's "first historic topographer." He shows us where the heroes walked. Himself is one, hurried forth by a divine urge to accomplish labours of the pen to the full as potent to inspire and spur us forward as all those swords laid bare in the past behind the veil he rends for us.

There is a law of compensation, else would not the fields around Waterford, the city which had done so much to spread the Anglican version of Irish history, have nurtured one who should present to the world the means to erase that false version, and place in its stead the Irish, the true, version. Donovan's Irish grammar, his translation of the Brehon Laws, provide the foundation for the Gaelic State of the golden future which is almost the present. It shall be builded up, and shall endure.

THE HARP IN THE AIR.

WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE.

Choosing the older, more romantic streets, the boy steals past the quaint house in Colbeck Street where fifteen years before he had been born. In the quiet of the warm summer afternoon he makes his way through the Cathedral close, where the great spire fascinates him; a little fearfully he looks towards the quiet Palace, haunted, as everybody knows; he passes the Deanery, goes down the street called after the unhappy wife of the English King Charles I., and falls to an enchanting walk beside the river, where the ringing noises from the ships drawn up at the Quay fill his mind with visions of the mystical "Far Countrie." He is on the bridge, gazing at Sliabh-na-mBan asleep in the sun: he feels the warm kiss of gentle breeze from where Clonmel stands in the Golden Vale (how the poetic name appeals to the boy's wild fancy): and now he is climbing up the steep side of the rugged green hill which overlooks the city.

In those days Mount Misery had not been half blasted away in the building of the railway which dirties the hem of the hill nowadays. There were points from which one could look sheer down into the shining waters of the Suir.

From a coign in the cliff, whence the dark

foreshore possessed an Italian sombreness, the boy, William Vincent Wallace, sitting in the sun, dreamed of castles in Spain, of "skies Italian"—and looking down, spellbound into the swirling waters, heard the syren music which had drawn Lurline of old into the depths of a river as romantic and seductive as this into which he gazed. Rhenish wine of song, as well as the Spanish ale of battle heroes, mingle their sparkling colours in the glow upon the waters of the Suir.

The "harp in the air," the music to which "Maritana" was to dance and delight generations yet to come, first stole upon the boy musician here, who made of Waterford the City Beautiful. He lies on his back on the green sward, day-dreaming. He starts up, lips apart with wonder, at the sound of Pan's pipes, a picture of genius awakening. He is attended by his invisible melodious choir as he rows upon the river of enchantment, as he wanders down the groves in the woods at Faithlegg, paces the romantic strand at Tramore or Woodstown, as he looks down, jocund, from the misty mountain tops, there in the distance, upon the violet hued horizon ringing Waterford with faery ramparts.

To Wallace the gift of universality is undeniable. His inspiration came not from his own Waterford, but from the countries beyond

the sea, from Spain and France and Italy, places with which Waterford of old had traded in native pinnaces. Others there were, with genius not less, who were as loyal as he to the universality of art, yet, "true to the kindred points of Heaven and home," wrote and sung of the Waterford of their boyhood days, giving it strange dulcet names, such as Reedford and Killogue. In the humanities, the latter score.

THE QUAKER SALIENT.

LORD ROBERTS.

A NUMBER of fine mansions were built during the past century and a half upon the crescent hill which overlooks the river on the south side. These houses were originally occupied by the Quaker colony who had amassed modest wealth in what was to them the city of Beulah. There is still a quiet and staid atmosphere, proper to Friends of good order in all things, in this part of the city's purlieus, although the Quaker element in the inhabitants is now barely perceptible. The houses are mostly of the late Georgian four-square style, architecturally ugly but sound and comfortable within, and bearing every mark of that thorough and exacting attention to detail characteristic of these matter-of-fact enthusiasts. The enclosed garden is a feature of these dwellings, with lawns sloping to the river's edge: with a consequent surplusage of grey and lichened walls to repress the enthusiasm of pedestrians, with an eye for beauty other than that of the curved line. Overhanging trees relieve the grey monotone: but the total effect is archaic, as though the old city walls, built to keep the hostile Irish out of urbs intacta, had not to dust returned, had dwindled to base suburban uses.

A flash of scarlet rewards the eye alighting,

for the first time, upon a stone tablet, placed in a wall in the most severely reserved corner of this conservative quarter of the town, recording the astonishing fact that, in the such carefully subdued surroundings, there was reared the boy known to the two hemispheres as Field Marshal Lord Roberts. . . . .

Scarlet and gold-coated chuprassies, a native horseman in green turban and beaver-dyed beard, a company of Sepoys marching away in the dust, a group of white men. The brown stallion ridden ostentatiously by the native horseman rears and dances, is reined back on its haunches. Against the glare of the vast Indian sky, beneath the shade of a clump of tamarind and casuarina trees, the scene is barbaric, excites wonder at the indomitable will of the white man, intently purposeful in far voluptuous regions. The practical mind of the Commander-Sahib in the centre of the group is not occupied, however, with poetic generalisations. He is leaving the cantonment upon a long march over a sun-baked plain, to the great mountain fortress at the gateway of Afghanistan.

Just now, his attention is given to a small enough detail. His eye rests upon the native wrestling for mastery over his plunging horse, and he is wondering why these turbaned horsemen are so eager to draw attention to their

equestrianism. Pride of that kind, he mused, quite often goes before a very real fall. He remembered the words of the groom who had taught him to ride, " schooled " him, over dew-wet misty fields, in a glade beside the Suir. . . . .

It is hard to combine the flaming picture of the Field Marshal with that, in subdued colours, of his Waterford ancestors—particularly that of his great-uncle, Thomas Sautelle Roberts, true to Quaker principles as a quiet landscape painter. He painted some fine views of the city to which Lord Roberts of Waterford and Kandahar looked back. The Field Marshal dies, a figure piteous enough, within sound of the guns behind the British lines in Belgium in 1914. A fate, piteous enough, too, is reserved for six pictures, by his great uncle, views of Waterford bequeathed to the Royal Hibernian Academy by his widow (daughter of a Waterford merchant). The canvases were destroyed by the British shells which levelled the Royal Hibernian Academy in the bombardment of Dublin in Easter Week, 1916.

EPILOGUE.

THE great doors are closed. Quite recently aglow with rich life, the fine mansion, of a satisfying architecture, mellow and composite, from Tudor to Georgian, is now deserted. Its loggias, the exotic note in the marble fabric, shelter nothing. The bronze statuary, seen in a glimpse of the pleasure grounds, suggest that the ghosts which haunt this suddenly silenced place have been caught in the meshes of a past which is all but the present. For the great house has been closed barely a month. The gardens have not had time to grow disorderly, or even to shed their precious flowers. It is a "seat" abandoned by alienists unable to re-adjust their outlook to life in a re-Gaelicised Ireland. They were deaf to the historic voices whispering in their dark oak gallery. The door has closed upon them, noiselessly. They may come back, some day. The house is not for sale. Some repairs have been left unfinished, as if those who fled had, of a verity, gone out "in the midst of life."

This house is, or was, and may continue to be the home of one who is ancestrally, collaterally and actually a "planter."

From the terrace, from the front windows, can be seen, enlivening a prospect of potent charm, the river which kissed the keel of the Devon-

shire adventurer, first of his name to land in Ireland. Across the broad white shield of shining waters is the railway, the iron road laid down to make permanent the track followed by those, his kinsmen among them, who traversed the peninsula between the great water which is the Suir and the great water which is the sea: and, over there, in a hollow between the hills, under a banner of smoke, are the spires and towers of the Waterford to which they came.

All about us, in the lonely glen we tread, is scattered largesse from the treasury they came to rifle, and which was so inexhaustible that they sat down beside it, and tried to make it their own.

They found it not so much "a country worth fighting for," as Cromwell said of it agaze on one of its encircling hills: but a happy haven to live in, a country which intrigued them. They found here, it would seem, in real presence, things unattainable in the unbelieving land they came from. Theirs was a sense of things desirable, not greedily withheld by a kindly humorous and great-hearted people, yet, nevertheless, possessing the piquant quality, allied to perilous uncertainty, of that which may vanish—vanish simply because God, Who is acknowledged in this strange country, or because the unacknowledged fairies of the rath, may will it. . . . .

And now the door of the house is closed, and it is not known who shall re-open it. The treasure lies beyond the threshold of the court, not inside it.

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