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IRISH HISTORY

READER

BY

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS



DUBLIN

M. H. GILL & SON, O'CONNELL STREET

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[The titles of poetical pieces are in *italics*.]

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TO THE TEACHER.

THE IRISH HISTORY READER is intended as an extra Reader for pupils of the fourth and the fifth standards.

The chief events in the history of our country, grouped for the most part around the names of great Irishmen, are treated in language easily within the reach of the limited vocabulary of the young. Extracts from the writings of our national poets will be found intermingled with the text. These verses, when read with elegance, and committed to memory, must tend to keep brightly flaming the torch of love of country kindled at the hearth of every Irish home.

The teacher, in questioning his pupils on the subject matter of the lessons, and explaining the various allusions contained therein, should supplement from his own wide reading of Irish History, the brief details set forth in the Reader. He should dwell with pride, and in glowing words on Ireland's

glorious past, her great men and their great deeds ; her devotion through all the centuries to the Faith brought to her by her National Apostle ; and the missionary labours of her children in their zeal to share the gift of God with those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. He will tell of the culture and learning of her sons, as evidenced by the many names of distinguished Irishmen to be met with in every branch of literature ; the artistic skill of her scribes as seen in those wonderful initial letters and the other ornamentations of illustrated manuscripts ; the refined taste and deftness in execution of her workers in the precious metals who have left the unrivalled Tara Brooch, the Ardagh Chalice, and many more chaste specimens of their craft. Nor is he limited to the distant past, for in recent days, and even in his own time, he can point to the sculptors, the painters, the architects, and the musical composers of the Irish race who stand in the foremost rank of their respective professions.

The pupils must be interested in the ruins that stud the land—and especially in the raths and cromlechs, the ivy-clad abbeys, and the crumbling castles in their own immediate neighbourhood.

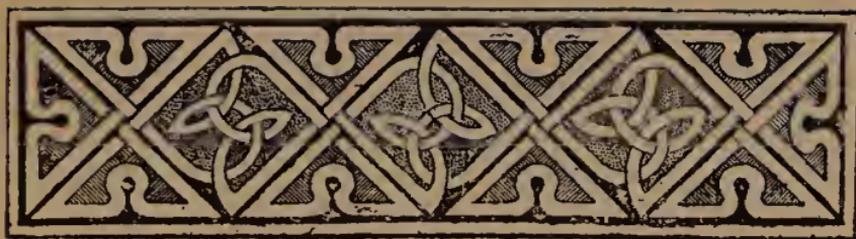
Their interest should be aroused in that wide-spread movement, the creation of earnest men, that has already effected so much for Ireland in the revival of her native language, native music, and native ideals; they must be taught that Irishmen, claiming the right to make their own laws, should never rest content until their native Parliament is restored; and that Ireland looks to them, when grown to man's estate, to act the part of true men in furthering the sacred cause of nationhood.

After religious instruction, there is no more effective instrument in the education of youth than that which the reading lessons present; and the efficient and cultured teacher will never fail to utilise to the full the advantages which they afford him for cultivating the intelligence and directing the will of his pupils.

Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,
By Nature blest, and Scotia is her name ;
Enrolled in books, exhaustless is her store
Of veiny silver and of golden ore.
Her fruitful soil for ever teems with wealth,
With gems her waters, and her air with health ;
Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow,
Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow ;
Her waving furrows float with bearded corn
And arms and arts her envied sons adorn.
No savage bear with lawless fury roves,
Nor ravenous lion through her peaceful groves ;
No poison there infects, no scaly snake
Creeps through the grass, nor frog annoys the lake :
An island worthy of its pious race,
In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace.

St. Donatus, Bishop of Fiesole in the 8th century.

TRANSLATION BY DR. DUNKIN.



IRISH HISTORY READER

IRELAND.

WHOEVER would know something of the history of his country should know also something of its geography ; for, as the courses of its rivers to the sea are moulded by the nature of the soil through which they flow, so, the history of a country is affected not only by the character of its people, but also by its situation, its climate, and its physical formation.

An island in the Atlantic Ocean, Ireland is situated in the most westerly part of the European continent. In length it measures about 300, and in breadth 200 miles ; its area is about 32,000 square miles, or over 20,000,000 acres. According to bardic tradition, Ireland, when first discovered,

was densely wooded, and even so late as the twelfth century, a great part of the country was still under wood.

The climate of Ireland is mild and healthful. The prevailing winds are from the west and southwest, and the average rainfall reaches nearly forty inches. The soil is so fertile, that it is capable of producing the necessaries of life for a very much larger population than its present one of 4,400,000. Owing to the general humidity of the atmosphere the fields are ever green, hence the country is often styled the Emerald Isle.

Most of the mountains are situated along the coast, the highest being in the west and south. From the mountains many rivers, most of them short and rapid, flow in various directions to the sea, and some slower, longer, and of greater volume, draw off the surplus waters of the lakes. Internal navigation, however, is hindered by falls and rapids. Over 1,000,000 acres of bog form a dreary feature of the central plain.

The western sea coast, broken up by the force of the Atlantic, is formed into hundreds of bays and creeks, many running far inland; but in some parts, as at the Cliffs of Moher in Clare County, the coast presents for miles an unbroken front of rock to the ceaseless fury of the waves.

A short study of the map will show how the

country is broken up into several rather isolated districts ; between these in olden times communication was not easy, and thus the physical formation of the country proved a serious obstacle to the early evolution of national unity.

The principal minerals found in Ireland are iron, lead, copper, silver, and coal. The mines, though now sadly neglected, seem to have been well worked in ancient times.

The coasts of Ireland are the resort of immense shoals of herring, cod, haddock, mackerel, hake, and other kinds of fish ; and the fisheries would prove a mine of wealth to the country were they but developed and worked.

“ Nature,” says a French writer, “ seems to have bestowed on Ireland her choicest gifts ; she has scattered over her rocky base the most fertile soil in the world ; has given to her sea-coast the most commodious harbours, fourteen of which are capable of receiving ships of the largest size ; and, as if she intended her for a high destiny, has placed her on the outskirts of the continent as an advanced guard, the depository of the keys of the ocean, charged with opening to the vessels of Europe the route to the western world, and presenting to the American mariner the first European port.”

DEAR LAND.

WHEN comes the day all hearts to weigh
If staunch they be or vile,
Shall we forget the sacred debt
We owe our mother isle ?
My native heath is brown beneath,
My native waters blue,
But crimson red o'er both shall spread
Ere I am false to you, Dear Land !
Ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains bold—
Your noble lakes and streams—
A mingled tide of grief and pride
Within my bosom teems.
I think of all your long dark thrall,
Your martyrs brave and true ;
And dash apart the tears that start—
We must not weep for you, Dear Land !
We must not weep for you.

My boyish ear still clung to hear
Of Erin's pride of yore,
Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
Your independent shore ;
Of chiefs long dead, who rose to head
Some gallant patriot few ;
Till all my aim on earth became
To strike one blow for you, Dear Land !
To strike one blow for you.

John O'Hagan.

THE FIRST INHABITANTS.

ACCORDING to bardic tradition, the first inhabitants of Ireland were a colony of Greeks from Macedonia, who were led hither by their leader Parthalon, some three hundred years after the Deluge. Parthalon fled from his native country, where he had brutally murdered his father; he landed at the mouth of the Kenmare river, and after many years, he and his followers perished miserably by the pestilence, in the plain on which Dublin now stands, and Ireland was now again void of inhabitants. The memory of this event is preserved in the name of the village of Talaght, for this word, in Irish, means "The Plague Monument." The next colonists arrived from the shores of the Black Sea, under their leader Nemedius, but he, too, and many of his followers, fell victims to a plague. Those who survived engaged in constant warfare with a race of pirates called Fomorians who infested the coasts, and at length, they were all but annihilated in a great battle with these formidable enemies.

For many years, the island remained almost a wilderness, as the few Nemedians who remained retired into the thickly wooded interior of the country. Some of them, however, got back to

Greece, where, having fallen into bondage, they were compelled to carry soil in leathern bags from the lowlands, to fertilize the barren hills; hence their name of Firbolgs or Bagmen. After the lapse of many years, these Firbolgs escaped from their cruel slavery, captured some ships belonging to their masters, and after many adventures, landed in Ireland and again peopled the country, which they divided into five parts, corresponding to the number of their leaders.

The Firbolgs were not long in possession, before their dominion was disputed by a formidable enemy. The new invaders were the Tuatha-de-Dananns, who, like the Firbolgs, were descended from the Nemedians, and according to the Bards, were profoundly skilled in magic. They made use of their magical art to render themselves invisible on landing; this may be taken to mean that they arrived in the country during a dense fog. After a long march inland, they met the Firbolgs on the shores of Lough Corrib, where a great battle was fought on the plain of south Moytura, near Cong, and the Tuatha-de-Dananns were completely victorious. Some years later, the invaders also crushed the Fomorians at North Moytura, near Sligo, and evidences of these two mighty conflicts are still visible in the numerous cromlechs, cairns, and mounds, which mark the

resting places of brave warriors who fought in Erin before the dawn of history.

The Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, was introduced into Ireland by the Tuatha-de-Dananns. For many ages this stone was used as a coronation seat by the Irish kings ; it was carried into Scotland in the sixth century, to give more solemnity to the coronation of an Irish prince, who at that period founded a monarchy in Scotland. For many subsequent centuries the stone was kept in the abbey of Scone ; but it was carried into England by King Edward I. in 1300 A.D., and is believed by many writers to be identical with the large stone, now to be seen under the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey ; others, however, say that it is still in Ireland.



The Tuatha-de-Dananns possessed a method of writing by means of notches on the edges of stones which are called Ogham characters from the name of their inventor. Many specimens of this kind of writing still remain, and of late years, they have been deciphered. The alphabet is simple and ingenious, consisting of twenty letters, and the inscription begins at the left-hand corner and is read upwards, being sometimes continued downwards on the right-hand

angle of the pillar on the same face. The Tuatha-de-Dananns also established the great fair of Tailtean, now miscalled Teltown, in Meath. It took place annually on the First of August down to the twelfth century, and at it all kinds of athletic games were held.

COMING OF THE MILESIAINS.

THE Tuatha-de-Dananns had possessed Ireland for about two hundred years, when the renowned Milesians, the last and by far the greatest colonists, arrived about one thousand years before the Christian era. From these Milesians most of the old families of Ireland are descended.

According to our ancient annalists, after many wanderings the Milesians settled in Spain, and built there the city of Brigantia, believed to be Betanzos in Galicia. Here they lived for many generations, still cherishing a fond hope that at some time or other, they should find the Isle of Destiny, promised to them as they said by no less a man than the Prophet Moses, the great Jewish Law-giver. One of their chiefs, named Ith, a man of an adventurous disposition, having sailed far west into the ocean, accidentally discovered Ireland. He landed, was taken for a pirate by the natives, attacked and mortally wounded, but he was carried by his men to his ship and died

at sea ; his remains were brought back to Spain by his son, who stirred up his kinsmen to avenge his death.

The sons of Milesius, the chief of the people, assembled a large force, and headed by their mother Queen Scota, for their father was now dead, set out on an expedition for the shores of Erin. They landed and marched into the country. The Tuatha-de-Dananns complained that they had been taken unawares, but said that if they re-embarked, and retired nine waves out from the shore, and again effected a landing, they would submit, and the whole country should be theirs. Amergin, the *ollav*, or learned man of the tribe, was consulted as to the answer to be given to this strange proposal, and he decided against his own people. Thereupon they all re-embarked, but had no sooner withdrawn than a terrible storm, which scattered and destroyed many of the Milesian ships, was raised by the magical arts of the Tuatha-de-Dananns. Queen Scota and some of her sons made good a landing in Tralee Bay. They marched southwards for a few miles, and met the natives at Slieve Mish Mountain, near the present town of Tralee. A battle was fought, and the Milesians were victorious, but Queen Scota was killed. Her grave is still pointed out, at the place now called Gleann Scoheen, or Scota's Glen.

Heremon, another of the Milesian brothers sailed round the coast, and landed at the mouth of the Boyne; his brother Colpa was drowned in this river, hence the name Inver-Colpa. Others effected a landing elsewhere, and after a short time a battle was fought at Tailtean in Meath, in which the three kings of the Tuatha-de-Dananns were slain and their army routed.

Heber and Heremon, the two surviving sons of Milesius, divided the country between them, and the hopes of their people were now realised in the possession of their beloved Innisfail. From this date to the period of the English invasion, Ireland was ruled by Milesian kings, of the race of Heremon, or that of Heber, and sometimes of the race of Ir, their cousin, from whom Ireland is said to have derived its present name.

COMING OF THE MILESIAINS.

THEY came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main,
Set sail in their good ships gallantly
From the sunny land of Spain.

“ Oh ! where is the isle we've seen in dreams
Our destined home or grave ? ”

Thus sung they, as, by the morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

And lo ! where afar o'er the ocean shines
 A sparkle of radiant green,
 As though in that deep lay emerald mines
 Whose light through the waves was seen.
 " 'Tis Innisfail—'tis Innisfail !"
 Rings o'er the echoing sea,
 While bending to heaven the warriors hail
 That home of the brave and free.

Then turned they un-
 to the Eastern
 wave,
 Where now their
 Day God's eye¹
 A look of such sunny
 omen gave
 As lighted up sea
 and sky.
 Nor frown was seen
 through sky or sea
 Nor tear o'er leaf
 or sod,

When first on their Isle of Destiny
 Our great forefathers trod.



THOMAS MOORE.

Thomas Moore.

¹ The sun, which was adored by the Milesians.

CONSTITUTIONS AND CUSTOMS OF MILESIA IRELAND.

IN the time of the Milesians, Ireland was divided into five kingdoms—Ulster, Leinster, Connaught, Munster, and Meath. Each kingdom was governed by its own monarch, but the king of Meath was Ardh Righ, or paramount king of all Ireland. The law of Tanistry governed the right of succession to the throne. During the lifetime of the reigning prince or chief a successor, who was styled “The Tanist,” was elected from his family. The Tanist should be a chief full twenty-five years old, his figure should be tall, noble, and free from blemish, and he should be able to prove his pedigree from the sons of Milesius.

For he must come of a conquering race,
The heir of their valour, their glory, their grace,
His frame must be stately, his step must be fleet,
His hand must be trained to each warrior feat.
His face as the harvest moon steadfast and clear,
A brain to enlighten, a spirit to cheer ;
While the foremost to rush where the battle-brands
 ring,
And the last to retreat is a true Irish King.¹

The men who administered law in Ireland were called Brehons, and hence the ancient law of the

¹Thomas Davis.

country, an elaborate and ingenious, but primitive code, is now known as the Brehon Law. A serious defect of the system was this, that the Brehon did not possess the powers of a judge, but was a lawyer, carefully trained to interpret the code. The enforcing of his decisions depended solely upon the sense of justice of the community, but this was so strong as to render the system quite effective in practice. Capital punishment was rare in ancient Ireland, for the law of *eric* punished all crimes, even murder, by fines ; if the compensation was not forthcoming, in a case of murder, the family of the victim could insist upon the death penalty.

Land was held in Ireland by tribe or family right. All the free members of the tribe or family had a claim, each to his share of the land occupied by the tribe. This system naturally created a sense of self-respect, and mutual dependence entirely unknown under the feudal system. King Ollav Fodhla, many centuries before the Christian era, established the Feis Teavrac or Triennial Parliament. The chiefs of tribes, the bards, the historians, and the military leaders were summoned to this meeting under the penalty of being treated as the king's enemies if they refused to come. The meeting was held at Tara in the great rath, and the first three days were spent in

the enjoyment of the king's hospitality. One of the principal functions of this assembly was the inspection of the national records, the writers of which were obliged, under severe penalties, to the strictest accuracy.

All offices among the Irish, such as brehon, bard, druid, or physician, tended to become hereditary. One of the most remarkable customs was that of *fosterage*. The children of the nobles were nursed by the wives of the tenants, and the ties thus formed were often stronger than those of actual relationship. The historian Stanihurst says, "The Irish loved and confided in their foster-brothers more than in their brothers by blood."

DEATH OF CONOR MAC NESSA.

ONE of the most interesting traditions handed down by our early writers, concerning pre-Christian times in Ireland, is that connected with the death of Conor Mac Nessa, who was king of Ulidia or Ulster at the time of our Redemption. According to this tradition, Conor, in the early days of his reign, made an inroad on Connaught, to punish some outrage against his crown and dignity. The expedition was successful, but the king received a grievous wound from a brain-

ball, a species of missile flung from a sling, and was carried back from the battle in an insensible state, with the brain-ball half buried in his forehead. T. D. Sullivan relates the incident as follows :—

His royal physician bent o'er him, great Fingen,
who often before

Staunch'd the war-battered bodies of heroes, and
built them for battle once more ;

And he looked on the wounds of the monarch, and
harked to his low-breathed sighs,

And he said, " In the day when that missile comes
forth from his forehead he dies.

" Yet long o'er the people who love him King Conor
Mac Nessa may reign,

If always the high pulse of passion be kept from his
heart and his brain.

And for this I lay down his restrictions—no more
from this day shall his place

Be with armies in battles or hostings, or leading the
van in the chase.

" At night when the banquet is flashing, his measure
of wine must be small,

And take heed that the bright eye of woman be kept
from his sight above all.

For if heart-thrilling joyance or anger, awhile o'er
his being have power,

The ball will start forth from his forehead, and
surely he dies in that hour."

Oh ! woe for the gallant King Conor, struck down
from the summit of life,
While glory unclouded shone round him, and regal
enjoyment was rife.
Above him the eagle went wheeling, before him the
deer galloped by,
And the quick-legged rabbits went skipping from
green glades and burrows anigh ;
The song-birds sang out from the copses, the bees
passed on musical wing,
And all things were happy and busy, save Conor
Mac Nessa the king.

So years had passed o'er him when sitting midst
silence like that of the tomb,
A terror crept through him as sudden, the sunlight
was darkened with gloom.
One red flare of lightning flared brightly, illuming
the landscape around,
One thunder peal rolled through the mountains, and
rumbled and crashed underground.
He heard the rocks bursting asunder, the trees
tearing up by the roots,
And loud through the horrid confusion, the howling
of terrified brutes ;
From the halls of his tottering palace came screamings
of terror and pain,
And he saw, crowding thickly around him, the
ghosts of the foes he had slain.

Now, as soon as the horrid commotion that shuddered
through nature had ceased,

The king sent for Baruch, his druid, and said, " Tell
me truly, O priest,

What magical arts have created this scene of wild
horror and dread ?

What has darkened the blue sky above us, and
shaken the earth that we tread ?

Are the gods that we worship offended ? What
crime or what wrong has been done ?

Has the fault been committed in Erin, and how may
their favour be won ?

What rites will avail to appease them ? What gifts
on their altars should smoke ?

Only say, and the offering demanded, we lay by
your consecrate oak."

" O king !" said the white-bearded druid, " the
truth unto me has been shown ;

There lives but *One* God, the Eternal, far up in high
heaven is His throne.

He looked upon men with compassion, and sent from
His kingdom of light

His Son, in the shape of a mortal, to teach and to
guide them aright.

Near the time of your birth, O King Conor, this
Saviour of mankind was born,

And since then in the kingdoms far eastward, He
taught, toiled, and prayed till this morn,

When wicked men seized Him, fast bound Him,
with nails to a cross, lanced His side,
And that moment of gloom and confusion was
earth's cry of dread when he died.

“ O king, He was gracious and gentle, His heart full
of pity and love,
And for men He was always beseeching the grace of
His Father above ;
He taught them, He healed them, He helped them,
He laboured that all might attain
To the true God's high kingdom of glory, where
never comes sorrow or pain.
But they rose in their pride and their folly, their
hearts filled with merciless rage,
That only the sight of His life's blood, fast poured
from the Cross, could assuage.
Yet even on the Cross-beams uplifted, His body
racked, tortured and riven,
He prayed not for justice or vengeance, but asked
that His foes be forgiven.”

With a bound from his seat rose King Conor, the red
flush of rage on his face,
Fast he ran through the halls for his weapons, and
snatching his sword from its place,
He rushed to the woods, striking wildly at boughs
that dropped down at each blow,
And he cried, “ Were I midst the vile rabble, I'd
cleave them to earth even so,

With the strokes of a high king of Erin, the whirls
of my keen-tempered sword,

I would save from their horrible fury that mild and
that merciful Lord."

His frame shook and heaved with emotion, the brain
ball dropped forth from his head,

And commending his soul to that Saviour, King
Conor Mac Nessa fell dead.

T. D. Sullivan.

CORMAC MAC ART.

CORMAC ULFADHA, son of Art, and grandson of Con of the Hundred Battles, ascended the throne of Tara about A.D. 227; his reign is generally regarded as the "golden era" of pre-Christian Erin. Cormac was an accomplished scholar; a brave warrior, a truly wise legislator. From the beginning of his reign, he set himself the task of reducing all the provinces to a due submission to the Ardh Righ, and he soon succeeded in establishing his kingly authority over the whole island.

Cormac founded at Tara three academies. In the first, the science of war was taught; in the second, historical literature, while the third was devoted to the cultivation of jurisprudence. He collected and improved all the existing laws, and published a code which remained in force until

the Anglo-Norman invasion, and for centuries after outside the English Pale.

Cormac assembled the Bards and Chroniclers at Tara, and directed them to collect the annals of Ireland, and to continue them from year to year. These annals formed what was called the Psalter of Tara, and contained, together with historical facts, a description of the provinces, clan divisions, and other particulars of all parts of the country.

The grandeur of Cormac's palace at Tara was in keeping with his power and the brilliancy of his deeds. Having lost an eye in battle he was obliged to abdicate, and in his old age he wrote a book on the Duties of a Prince, which contains admirable rules on manners, morals, and government. Dr. Douglas Hyde, in his *Literary History of Ireland*, translates as follows a passage from this book :—

“ If thou attend to my command thou wilt not mock the old, although thou art young, nor the poor, although thou art well-clad, nor the lame, although thou art agile, nor the blind, although thou art clear-sighted, nor the feeble, although thou art strong, nor the ignorant, although thou art learned. Be not slothful, nor passionate, nor penurious, nor idle, nor jealous, for he who is so is an object of hatred to God as well as to man. . . . Be not too knowing, nor too simple ; be not

proud, be not inactive ; be not too humble, nor yet too haughty ; be not talkative, but be not too silent ; be not timid, neither be severe. For if thou shouldst appear too knowing, thou wouldst be satirised and abused ; if too simple, thou wouldst be imposed upon ; if too proud, thou wouldst be shunned ; if too humble, thy dignity would suffer ; if talkative, thou wouldst not be deemed learned ; if too severe thy character would be defamed ; if too timid thy rights would be encroached upon."

The benign influence of Christianity had reached Cormac before the end of his life, and it is even said that he professed the religion of Christ, adored the one True God, and attempted to abolish idol worship. He died in the fortieth year of his reign, having been choked by the bone of a salmon. The Druids pretended that this calamity displayed the vengeance of their gods, whose worship he had forsaken. Before death, Cormac commanded that his mortal remains should not be interred at Brugh, the common burial-place of the pagan Irish kings, but rather at Ross-na-ree, near Drogheda, where he had first learned to adore the Almighty Creator of heaven and earth. This tradition has been made the subject of a beautiful poem by Sir Samuel Ferguson.

BURIAL OF KING CORMAC.



“CROM Cruagh,¹
and his sub-gods
twelve,”
Said Cormac, “are
but carven
treene; ²
The axe that made
them, haft or
helve, ³
Had worthier of our
worship been.
But He who made
the tree to grow,
And hid in earth
the iron stone,

And made the man with mind to know
The axe's use, is God alone.”

* * * * *

But ere the voice was wholly spent,
That priest and prince should still obey,
To awed attendants o'er him bent,
Great Cormac gathered breath to say—

¹ Crom Cruagh, the great idol of the druids, which was surrounded by twelve smaller idols.

² Made of wood or from a tree.

³ Handle or blade.

“ Spread not the beds of Brugh for me,
When restless death-bed’s use is done,
But bury me at Ross-na-ree,
And face me to the rising sun.

“ For all the kings who lie in Brugh,
Put trust in gods of woods and stone ;
And ’twas at Ross that first I knew
One Unseen, Who is God Alone.

“ His glory lightens from the east,
His message soon shall reach our shore ;
And idol god, and cursing priest,
Shall plague us from Moy Slaughter no more.”

“ What though a dying man should rave
Of changes o’er the eastern sea,
In Brugh of Boyne shall be his grave
And not in nameless Ross-na-ree.”

The poet next tells how the nobles and priests, despite the dead king’s prohibition, determined to bury him in Brugh, beside his renowned grandfather.

The funeral procession reached the Boyne, but as it was about to cross, the river boiled and swelled to such a degree that the men drew back in the utmost fear. Whereupon, four brave warriors stepped forth saying that they had borne their king before, through an angrier flood than this, and no flood, or demon within the flood,

should bar him of his burial dues. Into the swelling flood the veterans strode with their burden, but the waters swept off the bier and 'proudly bore away the king' to Ross-na-ree, where his corpse was found the next morning by some shepherds, and laid to rest with the face towards the rising sun.

And life and time rejoicing run,
From age to age their wonted way,
Still Cormac waits the Risen Sun,
For still 'tis only dawning day

THE HEROES OF THE RED BRANCH AND THE FIANNA.

MILITARY orders, of which the most celebrated were the Red Branch Heroes and the Fenian Militia, and in later times the Dalcassians of Thomond, existed in ancient Ireland. The Red Branch warriors were of Ulster origin, and their most celebrated hero was Cuchulain. The exploits of Cuchulain and his warriors formed the subject of many a beautiful epic in pre-Christian times, and the history of his life, and love, and death, entranced the ears of the great and lowly for many centuries. The wars of this warrior were household words in Brian's great palace at Kin-

cora, and whosoever loved what was great in conception, or who admired the broad sweep of the epic, called upon his bards to recite the loves, the valour, and the deaths of the Heroes of the Red Branch.

Some two hundred years after the era of the Red Branch Knights, and in the time of Con of the Hundred Battles, was established the order of Fenian Militia ; their greatest warrior was Finn MacCumhail, whose renowned exploits were recorded in verse by his son Ossian. Keating says the Fenians were a body of soldiers, permanently retained by the Irish kings for the purpose of guarding their territories, and of upholding their authority therein. Every man who entered the Fenian ranks had to make four promises : (1) never to receive a portion with his wife, but to choose her for her good manners and virtue ; (2) never to offer violence to any woman ; (3) never to refuse any one for anything he might possess ; (4) never to flee before less than ten champions. Haverty says : “ There can be no doubt that this militia was admirably trained, and that it was composed of the picked men of Erin ; but as to its loyalty much cannot be said, for after frequent acts of treason and insubordination, the monarch was finally obliged to disband them, and to call in the aid of other troops to effect this object.” This

was done by King Carbry, son of Cormac Mac Art, at the bloody battle of Gavra, A.D. 284.

“The Fenian stories,” says Dr. Hyde, “became in later times the distinctly popular ones. They were the most intimately bound up with the life and thought and feelings of the whole Gaelic race. No such steady interest was evinced by the people in the Red Branch romances, and in attempting to collect Irish folk-lore I have found next to nothing about Cuchulain and his contemporaries, but great quantities about Finn, Ossian, Oscar, Goll, and Conan. The Red Branch romances then, antique in tone, language, and surroundings, were, I suspect, those of the chiefs, the great men, and the bards; the others—at least in later times—more of the unbardic classes and of the people.”

THE BORUMEAN TRIBUTE.

THE Borumha, or Leinster cow tribute, was imposed on the province of Leinster by King Tuathal about A.D. 106, as a punishment upon the king of that province who had taken to wife the two daughters of Tuathal, on the pretence when he asked for the second that his former wife was dead. Both ladies died broken-hearted when they discovered the crime.

The tribute consisted, according to the *Annals of Clonmacnoise*, of 150 cows, 150 hogs, 150 coverlets, 150 cauldrons, and 150 couples of men and women to draw water in servitude and to do menial services. The proceeds of the tribute were distributed, one-third to Ulster, one-third to Connaught, and the remaining one-third between the queen of the Ardh Righ and the king of Munster. Thus each of the three provinces had an interest in maintaining this odious tax, which of course was withheld, whenever possible, with any probability of success.

King Finnachta the Hospitable, who began his reign in 673, and reigned for twenty years, rendered his name memorable by yielding to the prayers and representations of St. Moling, and remitting the Borumean Tribute. After this good king's death, it was again renewed and led to many sanguinary battles, which caused the estrangement of Leinster from the other provinces in grave national crises. Thus the Leinstermen fought on the side of the Danes at Clontarf, and later Dermot MacMurrough called the Anglo-Normans to his aid. After the English invasion, however, we find Leinstermen taking a manly part in the fight for their country, and producing heroes as distinguished by their zeal for national liberty as those of any other part of Ireland.

EXPEDITIONS AGAINST FOREIGN NATIONS.

NIALL, surnamed of the Nine Hostages, the ancestor of the great family of the O'Neills, was one of the most famous of the pagan kings of Ireland. He reigned towards the close of the fourth century, and seems to have devoted his energy mainly to hostile expeditions against Britain and Gaul. When the power of Rome declined, and she became unable to protect her outlying provinces, Irish warriors plundered and laid waste the countries no longer protected by the Roman Eagles, and thus became as formidable to their inhabitants, as the Northmen became in subsequent ages.

Allusion is made to these expeditions in the verses of the Latin poet Claudian, who states that Stilicho, the general of the Emperor Theodosius the Great, was sent to drive back the Irish army headed by the adventurous Niall. One of Claudian's passages has been thus translated in Gibson's *Camden* :—

When Scots came thundering from the Irish shores,
And ocean trembled, struck by hostile oars.

Niall's son, Dathi, led his army to the very foot of the Alps, where he himself was struck by lightning, but his dead body was carried to his distant Irish home by his faithful soldiers. The

celebrated Irish historian, Abbé MacGeoghegan, mentions a curious circumstance which tends to prove the truth of this expedition of Dathi. "I received this account," he says, "from a captain in Lord Mountcashel's regiment, who assured me that it was related by the Marquis De Sales, at Lord Mountcashel's table, that in a very ancient registry in the archives of the house of Sales, it was stated that the King of Ireland had stopped some days at their castle." The Castle of De Sales, the paternal residence of the great St. Francis, is situated at the foot of the Alps.

We may well believe that in one of King Niall's expeditions, the glorious St. Patrick, then a boy, was carried away captive to the Irish shores. Oh ! thrice fortunate expedition which produced such a holy prize ! Irishmen may well exclaim ; for, though the conversion of our country to Christianity, in common with the rest of Europe, was an event which could not have been much longer delayed, yet it is impossible to consider with Catholic feelings, the history of religion in Ireland without being convinced that this country is indebted in an especial manner, under God, to the labours of our glorious Apostle St. Patrick.

FATE OF KING DATHI.

FROM the soft sons of Gaul,¹
 Roman, and Frank,² and thrall,³
 Borough, and hut, and hall,
 Spoils have been torn.

Over Britannia wide,
 Over fair Gaul they hied,
 Often in battle tried,
 Enemies mourn.

Fiercely their harpers sing—
 Led by their gallant king,
 They will to Eire bring,
 Beauty and treasure.

Britain shall bend the knee—
 Rich shall their households be—
 When their long ships the sea
 Homeward shall measure.

Up on the glacier snow,
 Down on the vales below,
 Monarch and clansmen go—
 Bright is the morning.
 Never their march they slack,
 Jura⁴ is at their back,
 When falls the evening black
 Hideous and warning.

¹ Gaul, the ancient name of France.

² Frank, the name of a German people, that overran Gaul, and gave to it its present name.

³ Thrall, a slave.

⁴ Mount Jura in Switzerland.

Little those veterans mind
 Thundering hail, or wind ;
 Closer their ranks they bind—

 Matching the storm.

While, a spear cast or more,
 On the front ranks before,
 DATHI the sunburst bore—

 Haughty his form.

Forth from the thunder-cloud
 Leaps out a foe as proud—
 Sudden the monarch bowed—

 On rush the vanguard !

Wildly the king they raise—
 Struck by the lightning blaze—
 Ghastly his dying gaze,

 Clutching his standard.

Mild is the morning beam,
 Gently the rivers stream,
 Happy the valleys seem ;

 But the lone islanders—

Mark how they guard their king,
 Hark to the wail they sing,
 Dark is their counselling—

 Helvetia's⁵ highlanders

Gather, like ravens, near—
 Shall Dathi's soldiers fear ?

⁵ Helvetia, ancient name of Switzerland.

Soon their home path they clear—
 Rapid and daring ;
 On through the pass and plain,
 Until the shore they gain,
 And, with their spoil again
 Landed in Erin.

Little does Eire care
 For gold or jewel fair,
 Where is King Dathi ? where,
 Where is my bravest ?
 On the rich deck he lies,
 O'er him the sunburst flies—
 Solemn the obsequies,
 Eire, thou gavest.

See ye that countless train
 Crossing Roscommon's plain
 Crying like hurricane—
*Uile lui ai !*⁶
 Broad is his cairn's base,
 Nigh the kings' burial place,
 Last of the Pagan race,
 Lieth King Dathi.

Thomas Davis.

⁶ *Illiloo* ē. a wailing sound from Ir, *uail*, a cry.

⁷ Thomas Davis—see chapter on Young Ireland, Part II.

EARLY LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.

IN entering upon an account of St. Patrick's life, we are met at the very threshold by a heated controversy as to the place of his birth, some holding that he was born in Scotland, others that he was born in France, and others in Wales. One thing is certain, that in many ways he was connected with France, or Gaul, as it was called of old. His mother, Conchessa, was niece to St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, and from Gaul Patrick was led captive to Ireland. Patrick's father, Calpurnius, was a native of Gaul, near the town of Boulogne, and while serving in the Roman army in the north of Britain, the child Patrick is said to have been born near the present town of Dumbarton.

Various opinions are held as to the year of the Saint's birth, the most probable date is A.D. 387; he was taken captive in 403. The holy youth when brought to Ireland was sold, as a slave, to four men in the County Antrim, one of them, Milcho, bought the right of the other three, and employed the Saint in attending his sheep and swine. In this harsh bondage St. Patrick suffered severely from hunger, thirst, cold, and fatigue; but in remembrance of his crucified Saviour he

bore his sufferings without a murmur, and even with holy joy. He prayed often during the day, and even broke off his sleep at night to gain time to sing the praises of God.

After suffering thus for six years, Patrick was warned by an angel in a dream, that a ship was in waiting to bring him back to his native land. He set out, and after a toilsome journey found the ship, but the pagan captain refused to take him on board ; thereupon the Saint prayed, and soon the heart of the idolator was melted with pity, and he consented to afford the youth a passage to Gaul.

When he had come once more amongst his friends and relations, St. Patrick felt impelled to carry out the resolution he had made, while in hardship and poverty amid the hills of Antrim ; namely, that if it pleased God to give him his liberty, he would study hard, become a priest, and return to Ireland to preach to the people whom he had learned to love, and who, if they but knew God, would become good and holy Christians. His resolution was strengthened by a number of visions with which Heaven favoured him, and by one in particular in which he seemed to see the people of Ireland crying to him with outstretched hands, " We entreat thee, O holy youth, to walk still amongst us."

After years of study under St. Germanus of Auxerre, and also in the monastery of Lerins, St. Patrick was ordained priest, and immediately set out for Rome, to beg the Pope's approbation and blessing for himself and his mission. The holy Pope Celestine received the Saint with joy, and bade him go in God's name, and add another country to the fold of Jesus Christ. The Saint returned to Gaul, and having obtained a few priests as companions, set out for Ireland in the year 432, in the fourth year of the reign of Laeghaire son of Dathi.

“Whilst in all other countries,” says Moore, “the introduction of Christianity has been the slow work of time, has been resisted by either government or people, and has been seldom effected without lavish effusion of blood, in Ireland, on the contrary, by the influence of one zealous missionary, Christianity burst forth at the first ray of the apostolic light, and with the sudden ripeness of a tropical summer, at once covered the whole land. Chiefs, at variance in all else, agreed in meeting beneath the Christian banner, nor was there a single drop of blood shed, on account of religion, through the entire course of this mild Christian revolution, by which in the space of a few years, all Ireland was brought under the dominion of the Gospel.”

The revolution was not effected entirely without opposition. In the very year preceding the coming of St. Patrick, St. Palladius, who had been also sent by Pope Celestine "to those of the Irish who believed in Christ," had been expelled from the country.

ST. PATRICK AT TARA.

ST. PATRICK and his companions first sought to effect a landing on the coast of the County Wicklow, but the natives regarded them as pirates, and would not permit them to land. They therefore sailed northward to the little island of Holm Patrick, opposite the present town of Skerries, and here made a short stay to refresh the crew. St. Patrick again embarked and sailed towards the scene of his former slavery, and landed in a district situated in the present barony of Lecale in Down. The appearance of the strangers alarmed the natives, and Dicho, the lord of the place, came forth with a band of armed followers, but as he approached the Saint he was struck by his venerable appearance, and, laying aside all hostile feelings, invited him to partake of his hospitality. That same evening, Dicho and his family became fervent Christians, and thus had the honour of being the first converts. Attached

to the chief's house was a large barn or corn store, and here on the following morning, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated for the first time in Ireland by St. Patrick. The place was ever after called Sabhal Padruic, or Patrick's Barn, and became a favourite resort for retreat and prayer for the holy apostle; here, too, his blessed body was finally laid to rest.

St. Patrick now desired to bring his old master Milcho to the true faith, but Milcho was an obstinate pagan, and died in the faith of his fathers, although a son and two of his daughters joyfully accepted the Saint's teaching.

St. Patrick thought that the time had now come, to obtain the monarch's permission to preach the Christian religion. A great pagan festival was about to be celebrated with extraordinary pomp at Tara, when St. Patrick resolved to set out for the palace. Accordingly he sailed to the mouth of the Boyne, and landing, was hospitably entertained by a man named Seschnan, one of whose sons, on being baptized, was called by the Saint, Benignus. This boy became his favourite disciple and constant companion, and succeeded him as Archbishop of Armagh.

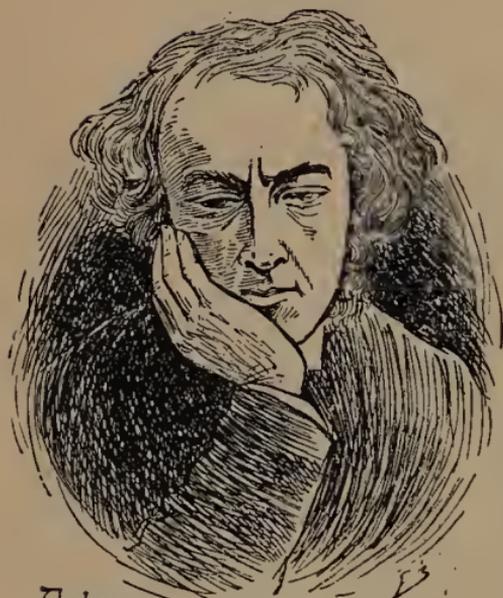
King Laeghaire had given strict orders, that on the morning of the festival, no fire was to be lit until an immense bonfire should be first

kindled on Tara Hill to inaugurate the day's festivities. That day happened to be Holy Saturday, and St. Patrick, who was probably unaware of the King's prohibition, lighted the Paschal fire on the Hill of Slane, about nine miles from Tara. The King saw the fire, and asked in great rage, who had dared to light it, whereupon the Druids or pagan priests, who had heard of the arrival of the Christian missionaries replied, "Except this fire, O king, which you now see lit, be put out this very day, it shall never be extinguished throughout all time; moreover, it will tower over all our ancient rites, and he that lit it will ere long scatter your ancient kingdom." The prediction alarmed the King, and he at once sent a herald to St. Patrick with orders to come next day to the palace and answer for his conduct. On the next day, the feast of our Lord's Resurrection, the Saint preached before the King and his court, and with such marvellous effect that permission was granted him to preach where he pleased throughout the King's dominions. Many of the Druid priests were converted, and though Laeghaire himself remained a pagan, his two daughters were amongst the first of the Saint's converts. On this occasion, St. Patrick is said to have used a sprig of Shamrock in illustration of his teaching on the mystery of the Holy Trinity.



ST. PATRICK ON HIS WAY TO TARA.

ST. PATRICK AT TARA.

Flubrey
DeVere

THE king is wroth
with a greater
wrath

Than the wrath of
Niall, or the wrath
of Conn ;

From his heart to his
brow the blood
makes path,

And hangs there a
red cloud beneath
his crown.

“Is there any who
knows not from
south to north

That Laeghaire to-morrow his birth-day keeps ?
No fire may be lit upon hill or hearth,
Till the king's strong fire, in its kingly mirth,
Leaps upward from Tara's palace steeps.”

The chiefs and captains with drawn swords rose,
To avenge their Lord and the Realm they swore ;
The Druids rose and their garments tore,
“The strangers to us and our gods are foes.”

Then the king to Patrick a herald sent,
Who said, “Come up at noon, and show
Who lit thy fire and with what intent ?
These things the great King Laeghaire would know.”

But Laeghaire had hid twelve men by the way,
Who swore by the sun the saint to slay.

Then forth to Tara he fared full lowly,
The Staff of Jesus ¹ was in his hand ;
Twelve priests paced after him, chaunting slowly,
Printing their steps on the dewy land.

Twelve priests paced after him, unafraid,
And the boy, Benignus, more like a maid.
Like a maid just wedded, he walked and smiled,
To Christ new plighted that priestly child.

The murderers twelve stood by on the way,
Yet they saw nought save the lambs at play.

A trouble lurked in the monarch's eye,
When the guest he counted for dead drew nigh ;
He sat in state at his palace gate,
His chiefs and nobles were ranged around,
The Druids, like ravens, smelt some far fate—
Their eyes were gloomily bent on the ground.
Then spake Laeghaire : “ He comes—beware !
Let none salute him or rise from his chair ! ”

They entered the circle ² ; their anthem ceased ;
The Druids their eyes bent earthward still ;
On Patrick's brow the glory increased,
As a summer brightening some sea-beat hill.

¹ Staff of Jesus. A crosier St. Patrick received from our Lord in a vision.

² Entered the circle, *i.e.*, where the king and nobles were.

The chiefs sat silent ; strange awe they felt,
The chief bard, Dubtach, rose up and knelt.

Then Patrick discoursed of the things that be,
When time gives way to eternity.

Of kingdoms that fall, which are dreams not things,
And the Kingdom built by the King of kings.

How all things were made by the Infant Lord,
And the small hand the Magian kings adored.

His voice sounded on like a throbbing flood
That swells all night from a far-off wood.

And when it ended—that wondrous strain—
Invisible myriads breathed “ Amen.”

While he spake, men say that the ebbing tide

On the shore by Colpa³ ceased to sink ;

They say the white stag by Mulla’s⁴ side

O’er the green marge bending forebore to drink ;

That the Brandan⁵ eagle forgot to soar,

That no leaf stirred in the wood by Lee ;

Such stupor hung the island o’er,

For none might guess what the end would be.

Then whispered the king to a chief close by :

“ It were better for me to believe than die.”

Yet the king believed not, but ordinance gave,

That whoso would, might believe the word ;

³ Colpa, the river Boyne.

⁴ Mulla, a tributary of the Blackwater. Near this the poet Spenser had his residence.

⁵ Mount Brandon in Kerry.

So the meek believed, and the wise and brave,
 And Mary's Son as their God adored.
 And the Druids because they could answer nought,
 Bowed down to the faith the stranger brought.
 That day, on Erin, God poured His spirit,
 Yet none, like the chief of the bards had merit,
 Dubtach ! he rose and believed the first,
 Ere the great light yet on the rest had burst.

*Aubrey de Vere.*⁶

ST. PATRICK'S PREACHING.—HIS DEATH.

FROM Tara St. Patrick proceeded to Taillten, where the national games were being celebrated, and after a week of arduous labour, numerous converts had embraced the faith. He next proceeded to the County Cavan, where the idol Crum Cruach was worshipped. The Saint overthrew the idol and its twelve sub-gods by pointing his crosier at them. This crosier, it is said, he had received from our Blessed Lord in a vision, and hence it was commonly called "The Staff of Jesus." This staff was preserved in Christ Church, Dublin, until the time of the Protestant "Reformation," when it was burned by order of

⁶ An Irish poet who wrote many beautiful poems on early Irish history. He was born in Curragh Chase, Co. Limerick, 1814, was educated in Trinity College, became a Catholic when about thirty years old, and died 1902

George Browne, the first Reforming Archbishop, who boasted of his sacrilegious exploit in a letter to Henry VIII. In St. Patrick's missionary journeys through the country, the fervour of his sermons was so great, that kings and chieftains bards and druids, with immense crowds of the common people, converted by his preaching, earnestly begged to be born again to Christ in the holy waters of Baptism. The Saint, before his death, had the satisfaction of knowing, that not a spot could be found from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear in which the Cross of Christ was not held in veneration, and in which idol-worship was not dead, or at least, fast dying.

An anecdote, related by the Saint's biographers, will show with what fervour the doctrines of the Church were accepted by the noblest in the land. St. Patrick, when baptizing Aengus, King of Munster, accidentally drove the spike of his staff into the king's foot. Aengus bore the pain without a murmur, and on the conclusion of the ceremony, when the Saint perceived his mistake, and begged the king's pardon, Aengus smiled, and said he thought it was part of the ceremony, and but a slight pain to bear for His sake, who had given His life and blood for our salvation.

After the day's missionary labours, St. Patrick

often passed the night in prayer and severe corporal penance. He usually retired during the holy season of Lent to one of his favourite retreats, and there, in imitation of our Divine Lord, would spend the time in fasting and prayer. During one of these retreats on the top of Mount Cruachan, in Mayo, now called Croagh Patrick, Almighty God promised the Saint that his faithful Irish people should never lose the Catholic faith.

The year of St. Patrick's death is a matter of doubt, but the best authorities fix it at A.D. 465. After many years of missionary labour, finding his end draw near, he set out for his favourite residence, Armagh. On the way, he was warned by his guardian angel, Victor, that God willed he should die in Sabhal, where his first Mass had been celebrated, and that he should leave his body according to his promise with the sons of Dicho, his first convert. The Saint died at Sabhal where his obsequies were celebrated for twelve days with the greatest pomp. When the question arose as to the burial of the holy body, Armagh and Down each, claimed the honour of providing the place of sepulture. The dispute seemed likely to lead to bloodshed, so St. Benignus, the Saint's successor, decided to place the body on a car drawn by two oxen new to the yoke, and to follow the road which they would take as

an indication of the Will of God. The oxen took the way to Sabhal, and accordingly the blessed body was there interred. In order, however, to satisfy the people of Armagh, many holy relics of the Saint were placed in the Cathedral Church.

ST. PATRICK ON MOUNT CRUACHAN.

UPON that summit kneeling, face to sea,
The Saint with hands held forth and thanks returned,
Claimed as his stately heritage that realm
From North to South. And praying thus,
The whole heart of the man was turned to tears,
Till drenched was all his sad monastic cowl,
As sea-weed on the dripping shelf, storm cast.
Sudden beside him on that summit broad,
Ran out a golden beam, like sunset path
Gilding the sea ; and, turning, by his side,
Victor, God's angel, stood with lustrous brow,
Fresh from that Face no man can see and live.
He, putting forth his hand, with living coal
Snatched from God's altar, made that dripping cowl
Dry as autumn sheaf. To Patrick then,
Thus Victor spake : " Depart from Cruachan,
Since God hath given thee wondrous gifts, immense."
And Patrick, " Till the last of all my prayers
Be granted, I depart not, though I die."

.

One said : " Too fierce that race to bend to faith."
 Then spoke God's angel, mild of voice and kind :
 " Not all are fierce that fiercest seem, for oft
 Fierceness is blindfold love, or love ajar.
 Souls thou wouldst have ; for every hair late wet
 In this thy tearful cowl and habit drenched,
 God gives thee myriads seven of souls redeemed
 From sin and doom ; and souls beside, as many
 As o'er yon sea in legioned flight might hang,
 Far as thine eye can range. So get thee down
 From Cruachan, for mighty is thy prayer.
 This also, God concedes thee, conquering foe
 Trampling this land, shall not tread out her faith,
 Nor sap by fraud, as long as thou in heaven
 Look'st on God's Face."

Aubrey de Vere.

THE ISLAND OF SAINTS AND SCHOLARS.

SOME time before his death, St. Patrick had a vision, in which the whole country from north to south seemed to be enveloped in flames. This vision reminding the Saint of our Blessed Lord's words : " I have come to cast fire upon the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled," foretold to him the wonderful manner in which the Catholic religion should spread throughout Ireland.

Wherever a considerable number of Christians

could be gathered together, there St. Patrick founded a monastery, and made it a rule that the monks should give hospitality and free education to all who applied. The generous donations of kings and chieftains were freely given for these objects. The Saint required that the Christian priesthood should be models of holiness, and of detachment from the world ; all the disciples and immediate attendants of St. Patrick have been canonized, and most of those who were ordained by him merited the same honour. So ardently did the Irish people open their hearts to the faith of Christ, and so abundant was the grace poured out by the Holy Ghost upon the preaching of the apostle !

In the great monasteries, such as Armagh, Bangor, Clonfert, Clonmacnoise, Glendalough, Lismore, and Mungret, thousands of monks devoted themselves to the duties of education and of charity. Holy men and learned missionaries went forth in quick succession to convert and instruct the then barbarous nations of Europe. They bore no arms save the Crucifix, and no equipment save the requisites for celebrating the Holy Sacrifice ; but so well did they execute their mission, that, to this day, many towns of France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, venerate Irishmen as their patron saints.

Lecky, the historian, says that England owed most of its Christianity to Irish monks. Thus St. Columkille converted Scotland; St. Aidan, Northumberland and the north of England; St. Gaul converted Switzerland where a whole territory still bears his name; St. Columbanus preached in Gaul and Italy and founded monasteries in both those countries."

Irish monks made their way even to the remote shores of Iceland; when the Norwegians first arrived in that island, they found Irish books, crosiers, and many other traces of the Irish missionaries. We are told, also, and some authorities regard the story as not improbable, that nine hundred years before the time of Columbus, an Irish missionary, St. Brendan, carried the Gospel of Christ across the Atlantic, and planted the Cross among the savage hordes of those countries, known, centuries afterwards, as the New World.

Other missionaries employed themselves in teaching, and so great was the renown of their learning, that Irish professors and teachers were employed in most of the schools and colleges of Europe. St. Virgilius, who is often styled "Virgil the Geometer," taught the sphericity of the earth, and the existence of antipodes, and hence the probable existence of men at the other side of the

globe. His teaching was misrepresented to Pope Zachary, who pronounced the doctrines alleged to be his, perverse and wicked; but the real views of the saintly scholar were, no doubt, soon made clear to his Holiness, who shortly after appointed Virgilius, Bishop of Salzburg.

S.t Bede tells us "that many of the nobility and of the lower orders of the English nation, went to Ireland, and the Irish willingly received them all, and took care to supply them with food, as also to furnish them with books to read, and their teaching, all gratis."

Another class of Irish monks gave themselves up to a life of fasting and prayer, dwelt in remote islands and mountain fastnesses, and spent their time in invoking the blessing of the Almighty on their beloved country. The most remarkable of these retreats was the large island of Arranmore in Galway Bay, and it was so celebrated for the number of recluses living there, as to deserve the name of "Aran of the Saints."

From the sixth century to the ninth, Irishmen were so renowned for learning and sanctity, that the country was known throughout Europe as the "Island of Saints and Scholars." In the searching light of modern criticism, the proud title remains undisputed. "The classic tradition," says M. Darmesteter, "to all appearance dead in Europe,

burst out into full flower in the Isle of Saints, and the Renaissance began in Ireland seven hundred years before it was known in Italy. During three centuries Ireland was the asylum of the higher learning which took sanctuary there from the uncultured states of Europe. At one time Armagh, the religious capital of Christian Ireland, was the metropolis of civilisation.”

INSULA SANCTORUM.

'Twas the garden
of Christendom,
tended with care,
Every flow'ret of
Eden grew peace-
fully there ;
When the fire of the
spoiler in Lom-
bardy¹ blazed,
And the Mos-
lem² shout in
the desert was
raised ;



GERALD
GRIFFID

¹ Lombardy, the north of Italy, so called from the Longo Bardi, or Long Beards, a barbarous people who conquered it in the sixth century.

² Moslemin, Saracen

And high o'er the wreck of a fear-stricken world,
The standard of hell to the winds was unfurled ;
Faith, bleeding, retired to the Land of the West,
And with Science, her handmaid, sought shelter and
rest.

With a warm burst of welcome that shelter was given,
Her breast opened wide to the envoy of heaven.
In the screen of her bowers was the stranger concealed
Till her pantings were hushed and her bruises were
healed.

Then the Church of the Isles saw her glories arise,
Columba the dove-like, and Carthage³ the wise
And the school and the temple gave light to each
shore,
From clifted Iona to wooded Lismore.

There's a mist on the eye—there's a wail on the ear—
Fly, doves of the temple, the falcon is near !
There's a change in the heavens—there's a rushing
of gloom !

And the mountains are black with the hue of the
tomb.

There's a ringing of steel—there's a voice in the
bower—

'Tis the death-shriek of Charity striving with Power
With finger inverted rude Ignorance smiled,
And grim Passion exulted when Mind was exiled.

³ Carthage, a saint who founded the great monastery of Lismore.

Woe, woe for the ruin that broods o'er thy towers,
 Fair Garden of Christendom, where are thy flowers?
 Oh! say, when that thundercloud burst on thy shore,
 Stood thy faith as the Skellig⁴ when ocean is hoar?
 Say, smiled she undaunted when Hope looked aghast?
 And when Learning lay prostrate, stood Piety fast?
 Oh! answer ye mountains, that witnessed their zeal,
 When the faith of our sires dared the dungeon and
 steel.

*Gerald Griffin.*⁵

ST. BRIGID OR BRIDE.

No Irish saint, save St. Patrick, is so highly and universally revered by the Irish people as St. Brigid. She was lineally descended from Con of the Hundred Battles, monarch of Ireland during the second century, and was born about the year 453 at Faughard, now a hamlet some two miles north of the town of Dundalk. Brigid was probably known to St. Patrick in her childhood; some say that she was baptized by him, and that he foretold her future sanctity. From her early years, Brigid manifested wonderful holiness; but

⁴ Skellig, an immense rock in Dingle Bay, several hundred feet high.

⁵ Gerald Griffin, an Irish poet, dramatist, and novelist, born in Limerick, 1803, became a Christian Brother, and died in Cork, 1840. He is buried in the little cemetery in the grounds of the North Monastery.

she was chiefly remarkable for profound humility, and great kindness to the poor, and God more than once rewarded her charity in a miraculous manner. On one occasion, when she had given in alms all the milk of her cows, and now feared her mother's anger, she fell upon her knees and reminded the Almighty that "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and forthwith her pail was filled with the best of milk.

St. Brigid took the religious veil in one of the earliest-founded convents in Ireland, and soon she began to exercise her zeal in establishing houses for religious women in many parts of the island. The fame of her sanctity spread throughout the country, and many bishops invited her to found nunneries in their dioceses. At length the people of Leinster, growing jealous of her attention to the other provinces, sent a deputation to invite her home, and offered at the same time, a large tract of land for the foundation of a nunnery. She accepted the invitation and the present, and founded her great house of Kildare, which soon became the largest house for religious women in Ireland. A bishop was appointed to perform the pontifical functions for the convent and its dependencies, and a humble hermit named Conleth was chosen for the office. This was the origin of the diocese of Kildare. The name

Kildare, or Church of the Oak, is derived from a large oak tree which grew near the convent—

“The Oak of St Bride, which nor Devil, nor Dane,
Nor Saxon, nor Dutchman, could rend from its fane:”

St. Brigid gave to her nuns a white habit, and the rules which she drew up for her Order were followed for many centuries, in all the nunneries of Ireland.

The Four Masters record her death in A.D. 525, when she was about seventy years of age. Authorities differ as to her place of burial, but it is commonly believed that she rests in the same grave with St. Patrick, at Sabhal in Ulster.

St. Patrick, by his prayers, obtained for the men of Ireland the great gift of faith, and St. Brigid, who has been styled the “Mary of Ireland,” must surely have won for the women, that gift of chastity by which the daughters of Erin have ever been distinguished.

ST. BRIGID AND THE BLIND NUN.

ST. BRIGID is the mother, all men know
Of Erin's nuns that have been, or shall be,
From great St. Patrick's time to that last day
When Christ returns to judge the world by fire.

'Twas summer eve ; upon a grassy slope
Which overlooks Cill Dara's boundless plain

She sat, and by her side a fair blind nun,
 Of them that followed her, and loved her rule,
 And sung her nocturn psalms. They spake of God.
 The wonder of His dread inscrutable Being
 Round all, o'er all, in all ; the wonder, next
 That man, so slight a thing can move his love,
 Can love Him, can obey ; the marvel, last
 Of God made Man ; the Infinite in greatness
 By infinite descent a creature made,
 Perchance within the least of peopled worlds,¹
 For saving of all worlds. The sun went down ;
 Full faced the moon uprose ; the night wind sighed,
 It broke not their discourse. The dawn returned ;
 It flushed the clouds ; it fired the forest's roof ;
 It laughed on distant streams.
 St. Brigid gazed upon that dawn ; a thought
 Keen as a lance transfixed her heart ; she mused,
 " Alas, this poor blind sister sees it not ! "
 She clasped that sister's hand, she raised, she kissed it ;
 That blessed one spake : " Why weepest thou,
 mother mine ? "
 Thy tears are on my hand." The Saint replied :
 " I weep because thou canst not see the dawn
 Nor in it God's great glory." Then the nun :
 " If that thought grieves thee, pray, and I shall see."
 St. Brigid knelt ; and lo ! the blind one saw !

Aubrey de Vere.

¹ There may be other planets inhabited besides the earth, to whose inhabitants the benefits of Our Lord's Redemption may extend.

ST. COLUMCILLE.

ST. COLUMCILLE or Columba, the Dove of the Church, is the third of the great patrons of the Irish Church; he ranks after St. Patrick and St. Brigid in the estimation of the Irish people. Columba was born of the royal house of O'Neill, his father being third in descent from Niall of the Nine Hostages, the founder of the family.

The saint was born at Gartan in Donegal, on December 7th, 521. Before his birth, an angel appeared in sleep to his mother and said to her, "Thou art about to become the mother of a son, who shall be reckoned among the prophets of God, and who shall lead numberless souls to the heavenly country."

When still young, Columba entered the monastic state; he soon attained to such eminent sanctity, as to be endowed by God with the two-fold gift of prophecy and miracles. His repute among his countrymen was so great, that he became the most prominent figure in the Church of Ireland, and before the age of thirty he had already founded thirty-seven monasteries. St. Columba had reached the age of forty-four, when God inspired him with that missionary zeal which transformed him into a zealous apostle of nations.

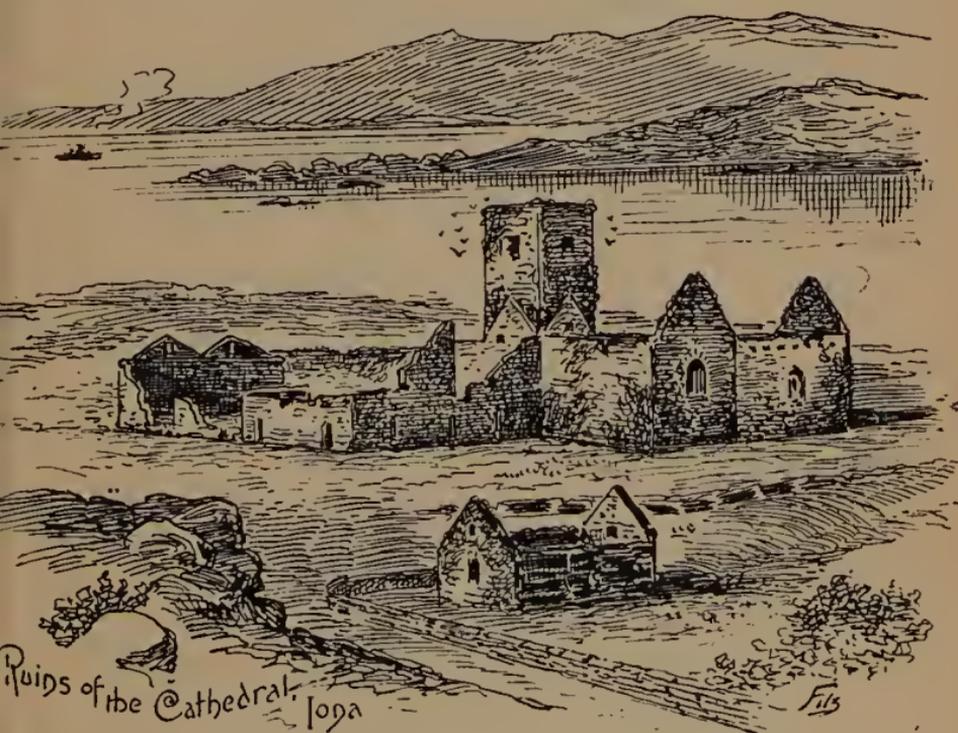
An ancient tradition thus accounts for the

Saint's leaving Ireland. On one occasion, when he was at Tara, there fled to him for protection a young prince of Connaught, who had slain the son of the king's steward in a dispute during a hurling match. The King Diarmid, however, had the fugitive seized and put to death. About the same time, a dispute occurred between St. Finian of Moville and St. Columcille, in reference to a copy which Columcille had made of a book that Finian had lent him, and which the latter claimed. The question was referred to the king, who gave the famous decision, "With every book its son-book, and with every cow her calf."

Thereupon, it is said, that Columcille, feeling himself insulted and wronged, appealed to his great northern kinsmen, who soon after utterly defeated Diarmid's forces at the battle of Cul-Dremhne. Then, touched by remorse for the slaughter, Columcille sought out his confessor, St. Molaise, who prescribed, as his penance, perpetual exile from Ireland. Canon O'Hanlon, the celebrated biographer of the Irish Saints, says of this legend, and he quotes the same opinion from St. Bede, St. Adamnan, and later still Cardinal Moran, that "It may be regarded as a mere fable, inconsistent in itself, and destitute of historical evidence;" and again, "It abounds in statements quite unbecoming the conduct of holy men,

and which have served to obscure Columba's real character and dispositions ; for he laboured hard to preserve the peace between King Diarmid and his relatives." ¹

St. Columba, accompanied by twelve disciples, left Ireland in the forty-fourth year of his age,



for the purpose of preaching the Gospel to the people of the Hebrides and of the Highlands of Scotland. He landed in the small island of Iona, and there founded a monastery. Apostles formed in Iona by his teaching went forth to Scotland, Man, Northumberland, Southern Britain, the

¹ *Lives of the Irish Saints*, June 9th, p. 353.

Orkneys, and even to remote Iceland. Columba laboured in Iona for thirty-four years, and had the, satisfaction before his death, of seeing the whole north of Scotland embrace the faith of Christ. His rule of monastic discipline, adopted from the solitaries of the East, was used in a hundred monasteries in Ireland; and for many centuries after his death, he was looked upon as the patron Saint of Scotland. Such was the respect in which his memory was held, that the abbots of Iona, as we are told by St. Bede, were allowed, by common consent, a kind of jurisdiction over all the bishops of Scotland. The kings of Scotland all desired to be buried in Iona, and as many as thirty-four of them, as well as four Irish kings, there await the resurrection.

The Saint's last moments are thus described by Montalembert, who copies his account from Columcille's biographer St. Adamnan: "As soon as the midnight bell had rung for matins, he arose and hastened before the other monks to the church, where he knelt before the altar that he might breathe his last. . . . Then, with the aid of Diarmid, he raised as best he could his right hand to bless them all. His hand dropped, the last sigh came from his lips, and his face remained calm and sweet, like that of a man who in his sleep had seen a vision of heaven."

ST. COLUMBA'S FAREWELL TO ARAN.

FAREWELL to Aran Isle, farewell !

I steer for Hy ;¹ my heart is sore ;
The breakers burst, the billows swell,
'Twixt Aran Isle and Alba's² shore.

Thus spake the Son of God, " Depart ! "

O Aran Isle God's will be done !
By angels thronged this hour thou art ;
I sit within my barque alone.

O Aran, Sun of all the West,
My heart in thee its grave hath found ;
He walks in regions of the blest,
The man that hears thy church bells sound.

O Aran blest, O Aran blest ;
Accursed the man that loves not thee !
The dead man cradled in thy breast,
No demon scares him ; well is he.

Each Sunday, Gabriel from on high,
For so did Christ the Lord ordain,
Thy Masses, comes to sanctify ;
With fifty angels in his train.

¹ Hy or Iona, a small island off the coast of Argyle.

² Alba, Scotland.

Each Monday, Michael issues forth
 To bless anew each sacred fane ;
 Each Tuesday cometh Raphael,
 To bless pure hearth and golden grain

Each Wednesday cometh Uriel,³
 Each Thursday Sariel,³ fresh from God ;
 Each Friday cometh Ramiel,³
 To bless thy stones and bless thy sod.

Each Saturday comes Mary—
 Comes Babe on arm, 'mid heavenly hosts ;
 O Aran, near to heaven is he,
 That hears God's angels bless thy coasts.

Aubrey de Vere

HOLY WELLS.

WELLS bearing the name of St. Patrick, St. Brigid, or some other remarkable Irish Saint, are found in many parts of Ireland. These holy wells are held in respect by the people of the surrounding country, who, on certain days devoted to the patron saint of the well, make pilgrimages and perform "rounds" in order to obtain the cure of a disease, or some other benefit from Heaven.

The origin of this veneration for wells may be

³ Uriel, Sariel, Ramiel, traditional names of Archangels.

explained in two ways. St. Patrick's wells were probably those at which the Saint conferred the holy sacrament of baptism on neophytes ; thus at a well in Connaught he is said to have baptized 12,000 persons. Those who received baptism at the Saint's hands, naturally held in veneration the place where they had been made children of God, and handed down that veneration to posterity. The many Irish saints, who led a solitary and penitential life, generally fixed their abode in the neighbourhood of a spring from which they might draw their daily supply of water. Hence, after a solitary's death, and when he had begun to receive the veneration of the faithful, they regarded with reverence the place so closely connected with his memory ; his well was deemed a sacred place, and soon was called the " Holy Well."

In all ages of the Church, we find that God has attached some special power to the waters of springs and rivers. Eliseus said to the Syrian general, Naaman, " Wash seven times in the Jordan, and thou shalt be clean of thy leprosy." Our Blessed Lord himself told the blind man of Jerusalem to wash in the Pool of Siloe ; " and he went, and washed and came seeing." And are we not told in St. John's Gospel " that there was in Jerusalem a pool called Probatica, having five

porches, in which lay a multitude of lame and withered, and an Angel of the Lord at times descended into the pool, and the waters were moved, and whosoever went down first into the pool, after the moving of the waters, was made whole of whatsoever infirmity he lay under."

In our own day we have miracles worked at St. Winifred's well in Flintshire, but above all, at Lourdes, by the waters of the wonderful spring, which some years ago bubbled forth at the sanctified touch of the humble peasant girl Bernadette Soubirous, as she obeyed the command of the Holy Mother of God.

What wonder, then, that the Irish people, with their simple lively faith, should have looked upon those holy wells as places where the majesty of God dwelt in some peculiar manner; and that God should have rewarded their faith and confidence in Him by miraculous interpositions of his divine Omnipotence.

In making what was called a "round" at some of these wells, very severe penance had to be performed; thus, it was no uncommon thing for pilgrims to move round the gravelled walk on bare knees, while reciting certain prayers. In later years, the devotion at some of these holy wells degenerated into mere amusement, and even dissipation, and the clergy were obliged to

discountenance them ; but, in many cases, the old religious fervour still continues.

People make pilgrimages to St. Patrick's Purgatory at Lough Derg in Donegal, from all parts of Ireland, and sometimes even, from remote countries, to implore the mercy of God through the intercession of the Saint.

ANCIENT SCHOOLS IN IRELAND.

THE great seats of learning in Ireland were generally situated on the banks of rivers, that they might be of easy access to both natives and foreigners. These schools were free, and derived their income from public endowments and from periodical collections. Some of the great schools had two, three, and even seven thousand students! The buildings seem to have been singly, of no great size; they were formed into streets, and these again into wards. A tall sculptured cross dedicated to some saint stood at the bounds of each ward.

The love of their *Alma Mater* was most remarkable amongst the scholars. St. Columcille constantly talks of the angels of Aran, and St. Columbanus, from his home beyond the Alps, ever lauds his beloved Bangor. The lives of the masters, no less than their lessons, were studied

by the pupils, and as we gather from many authorities, these lives were models of holiness and simplicity.

The course of studies included the Irish Language, the Latin Language, Scriptural Languages, Greek and Hebrew, Aristotle's Philosophy and Logic, the writings of the Fathers, particularly of St. Gregory the Great, Mathematics, Music, Poetry, and the defective Chemistry and Physics of those remote times. When we remember that all books were manuscripts, that even paper was unknown, that the best parchment would cost as much as the same superficial size of beaten gold to-day, and that a perfect manuscript was considered to be worth a king's ransom, we may estimate some of the difficulties which then beset a scholar's path. Numbers of the old Irish MSS. still remaining, are illuminated with wonderful skill.

The following quotations from two of the most eminent masters of the art of illumination, will show the great value of the old Irish MSS. still in existence. Mr. Westwood, M.A., writes : " There is abundant evidence to prove, that in the sixth and seventh centuries, the art of ornamenting manuscripts of the Sacred Scriptures, and especially of the Gospels, had attained a perfection in Ireland almost marvellous." Mr. Digby Wyatt



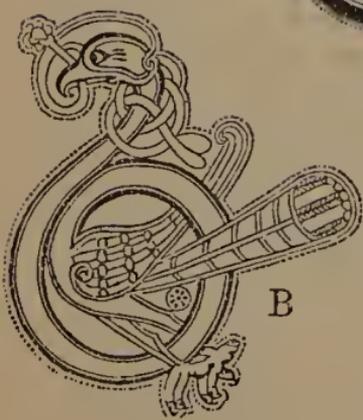
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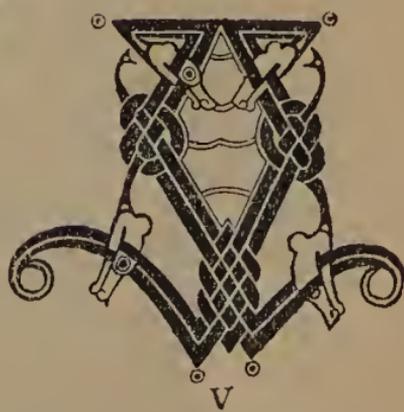
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LETTERS FROM IRISH ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS.

writes : “ When in Dublin some years ago, I had the opportunity of studying very carefully the *Book of Kells*—some of the ornaments of which, I attempted to copy, but broke down in despair. Of this very book, Mr. Westwood examined pages as I did, for hours together, without ever detecting a false line or an irregular interlacement. In one space of about a quarter of an inch superficial, he counted with a magnifying glass, no less than one hundred and fifty-eight interlacements of a slender ribbon pattern, formed of white lines edged with black ones, upon a black ground. No wonder that tradition should allege, that these unerring lines should have been traced by angels.”

To prevent all danger of fire in their wooden houses, the students were obliged to retire to rest



METHER OR WOODEN
DRINKING VESSEL.

early. When the church bell rung for early Mass, the streets were crowded by thousands of students from many European countries, mixing their Babel of tongues with the universal Church language in which they greeted their fellow-students.

How the Angels of God must have rejoiced to witness such a union of Christian charity, together with perseverance in piety and study !

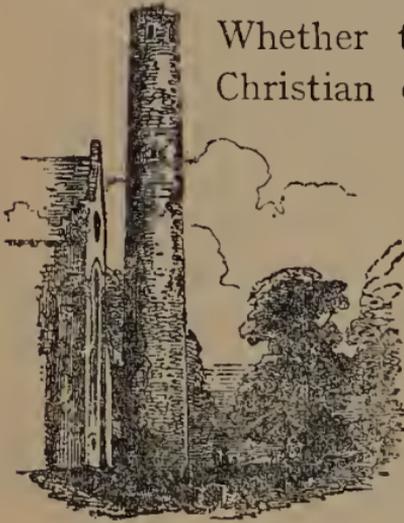
ARCHITECTURE.—ROUND TOWERS.

DR. LANIGAN in his *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland* writes, that “Before the twelfth century, we find few monuments of ecclesiastical architecture in Ireland. This is not to be wondered at, because the general custom of the country was to erect buildings of wood.” The church of Kildare in the ninth century, was a large and lofty building adorned with pictures; it contained three parts divided by wooden partitions, one to the right for the bishop and his chapter; one to the left for the abbess and her nuns; the central part for the laity; the men kneeling to the right, the women to the left.

The ordinary houses of the Irish were constructed, for the most part, of wood, or of wickerwork plastered with clay, and thatched with rushes. These wooden houses were often surrounded by strong fences of earth or stone; and numbers of these enclosures or raths still remain, being often miscalled “Danish Forts” by the peasantry. Building in wood was common enough in other parts of Europe; Alban Butler tells us that in the thirteenth century St. Francis of Assisi, living in Italy, ordered all the churches and monasteries of his Order to be built of wood;

but on learning that in some countries wood was dearer than stone, he consented to change the rule.

The most remarkable of the ancient buildings of Ireland are the Round Towers, of which about one hundred still remain. Whether they are of pagan, or of Christian origin, is a question that has been long debated, and which cannot be easily decided. Dr. Petrie holds, that they were built at periods between the sixth and the twelfth centuries, as appendages to ecclesiastical establishments



ROUND TOWER.

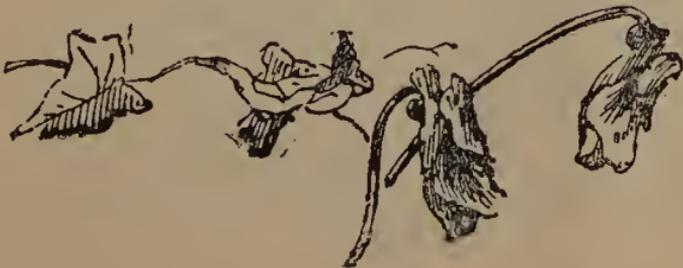
as belfries and church castles for protection in time of danger; and he grounds his opinion on some very convincing facts, such as the use in these structures of the principle of the arch and of lime cement, which are not to be found in any of the admittedly pre-Christian antiquities of Ireland. More recent research ascribes the building of the towers to no earlier period than the ninth century, when the Danish incursions began.

Dr. Lanigan, on the contrary endeavours to

prove that they were erected in pagan times, and are similar to the towers for fire worship which exist in eastern countries, at the present day. When refuting the theory of their erection as church belfries, he says, that now and then, a small bell was put up in some of them, yet, from the narrowness of the apertures they are calculated rather to stifle than transmit the sound of a bell; he likewise says that it is not universally true that they are always found near churches, and even if it were, what more natural place for a Christian missionary to build his church than in the neighbourhood of the old pagan temple?

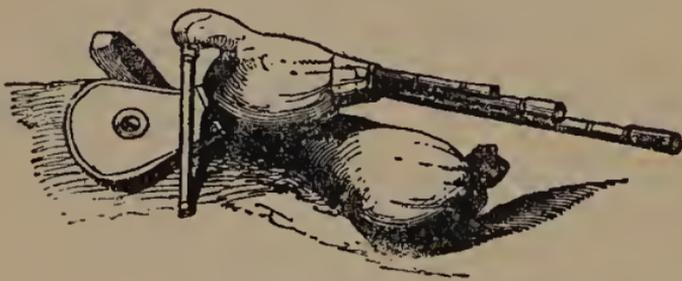
The pillar towers of Ireland how wondrously they stand,
 By the lakes and rushing rivers, through the valleys
 of our land;
 In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads
 sublime,
 Those grey old pillar temples—those conquerors of
 time!

D. F. McCarthy.



IRISH MUSIC AND POETRY.

Music formed part of the education of persons of all ranks in Ireland, and not merely professional performers, but men and women of the highest classes, prided themselves on their knowledge of this beautiful art. Students came from afar to Ireland to perfect themselves in music, just as to-day our artists visit Germany and Italy with a similar object. The harp was the favourite instrument in Ireland, but the horn or trumpet and the bag-pipes were also in common use. The



IRISH BAGPIPES.

bards, or professional poets and chroniclers, were held in the highest esteem; bards were present at all great feasts, and no king or chieftain went to any meeting, or on any expedition without his bard.

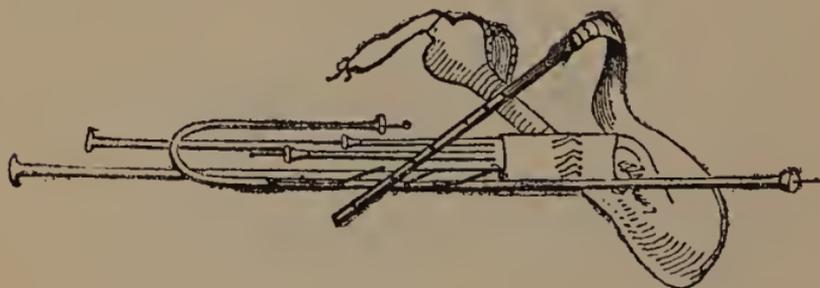
The importance of the bards was in no way lessened by the introduction of Christianity; their poems now assumed a nobler strain in praise

of the virtues of Christ and of His holy Mother. Irish church music enjoyed so great repute on the Continent, that in the seventh century, Gertrude, daughter of Pepin of Herstal, the potent Mayor of the French palace, sent to Ireland for musicians to instruct her nuns of the Abbey of Nivelles in sacred psalmody. St. Bernard tells us, that in his youth, St. Malachy of Armagh studied music carefully; and St. Bede informs us that schools for teaching music were founded by St. Aidan, St. Colman, and St. Finian. Sedulius, the celebrated author of the *Carmen Paschale* and of many beautiful hymns, flourished in the fifth century; he has been styled "The Christian Vergil," and was certainly an Irishman.

When the Anglo-Normans invaded Ireland nothing so impressed them as the excellence of the Irish music; and the wandering Irish bard became as welcome a guest in the hall of the Norman baron as he was at the table of his own chieftain. That traducer of the Irish people, Giraldus Cambrensis,¹ is forced to confess their eminence in music. Though he had travelled through France, Germany, and other European countries, he says, "The attention of this people to musical instruments I find worthy of com

¹ An English writer, son of a Norman baron, who accompanied Prince John to Ireland in 1185.

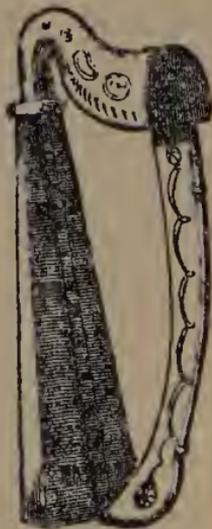
mendation, their skill in these matters being incomparably superior to that of any other nation I have ever seen." Describing their method of playing, he says that "the Irish musicians know to delight with so much delicacy and soothe so softly that the excellency of their art seemed to lie in concealing it. For their modulation is not drawling and morose, but the strains, while they are lively and rapid, are also sweet and delightful."



UNION PIPES.

NATIVE MUSIC.

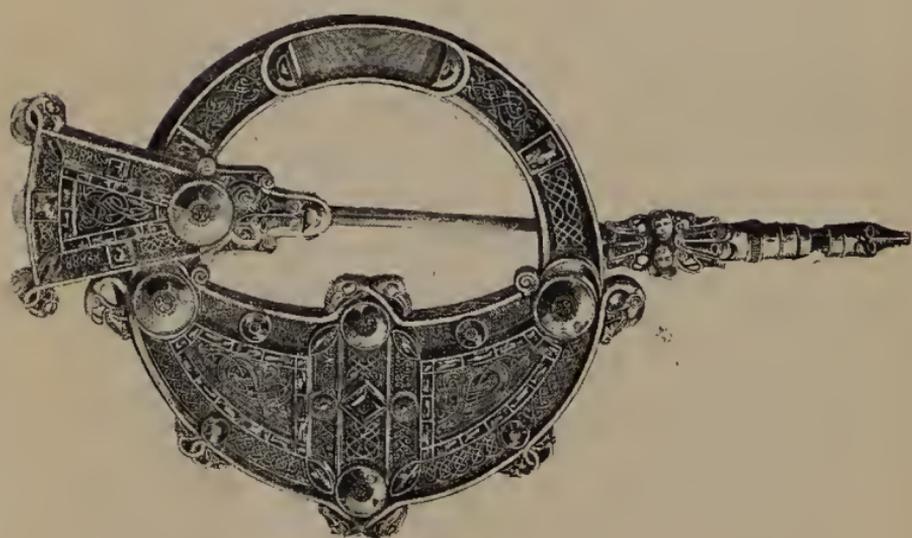
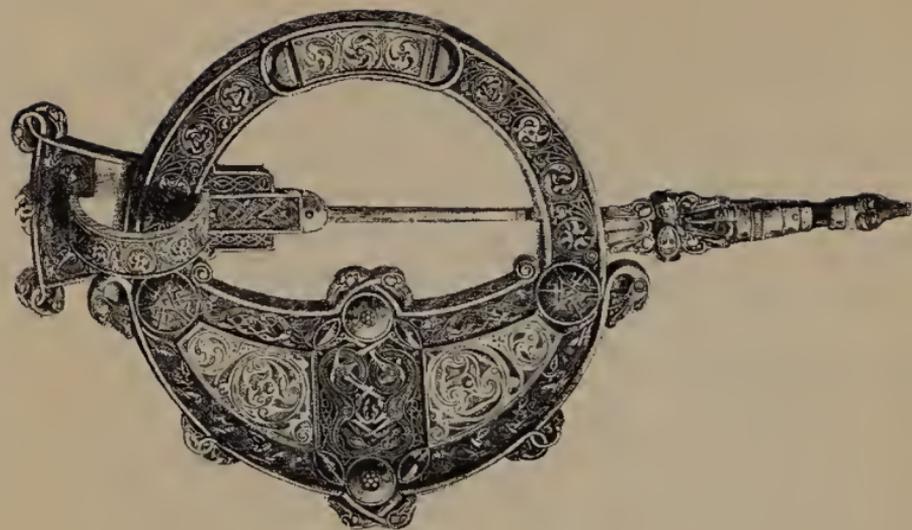
OH! Native Music, beyond comparing,
 The sweetest far on the ear that falls,
 Thy gentle numbers, the heart remembers
 Thy strains enchain us in tender thrall ;



OLD IRISH HARP.



SHRINE OF ST. PATRICK'S BELL.
Eleventh Century Work.



THE TARA BROOCH,
Tenth or Eleventh Century.

Thy tones endearing, or sad, or cheering,
 The absent soothe on a foreign strand,
 Oh ! who can tell what a holy spell
 Is in the Songs of our Native Land ?

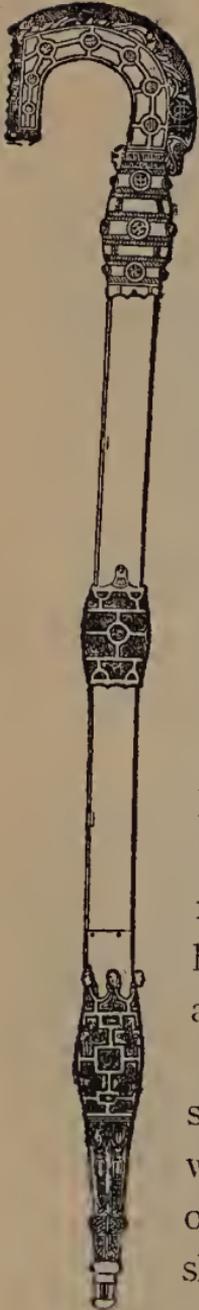
The proud and lowly, the pilgrim holy,
 The lover kneeling at beauty's shrine,
 The bard who dreams by the haunted streams,
 All, all, are touched by thy power divine.
 The captive cheerless, the soldier fearless,
 The mother taught by nature's hand,
 Her child when weeping doth lull to sleeping,
 With some sweet song of her Native Land.

*Samuel Lover.*²

DOMESTIC LIFE, ETC., IN EARLY IRELAND.

THE population of Ireland at the time of the Anglo-Norman invasion, was probably about one million. The Irish became very expert workers in metal at a very early period ; several specimens of their skill, such as beautifully-shaped swords, spear-heads, and bronze javelins are preserved in the Dublin Museum. The occupation of smith ranked among the Irish next to those of the learned professions ; and forges and smelting

² An artist, song writer, novelist, and dramatist. Born in Dublin, 1797 ; died in England, 1868.



CROZIER
found in
Lismore,
12th Century
work.

works for the precious metals, were established in Ireland long before the Christian era. Many ancient gold ornaments have been discovered in the country; when digging a railway cutting in Clare in 1855, a hoard of these ancient treasures was found worth about £2,000. "We know enough," observed Dr. Todd, addressing the Royal Irish Academy in 1856,

"to be assured that the use of gold rings, and other gold ornaments must have been quite common among the ancient Irish."

The boats used in Ireland were small sailing vessels, and canoes; the latter were formed of hollowed-out tree trunks, or of frames of wicker-work covered with skins. Boats of this description, in which tarred canvas replaces skins, are still used on the wild seas between the coasts of Clare and Galway and the



BOSS OF THE LISMORE
CROZIER.

Aran Isles, and may be seen riding with safety on the wildest sea

“ When mountain waves o'er ocean's plain
Erect their stormy heads on high.”

The frequent mention of the game of chess in



THE ARDAGH CHALICE.
Work of the 10th or 11th Century.

our ancient tales, shows how common was that intellectual amusement. In the Glossary of Cormac MacCulenain, written towards the end of the ninth century, the chess-board is described as quadrangular, having spots of black and white.

Out-door sports and games were much the same as those prevailing at present in the country

parts of Ireland, and, no doubt, their frequent use largely tended to develop the physique of the race, as described by Giraldus Cambrensis. "In Ireland man retains all his majesty. Nature alone has moulded the Irish, and, as if to show what she can do, has given them countenances of exquisite colour, and bodies of great beauty, symmetry and strength."

An extract from a letter written in 1645 by Thomas Rinuccini, brother to the Pope's Nuncio, although it may be said to be of too recent a date to be taken as an accurate description of the Irish before the Danish Invasion, yet will give a fair idea of the manners and physique of the Irish people. "The courtesy of the poor people of Kerry, among whom my lord the Nuncio took up his quarters, was unexampled. A fat bullock, two sheep, and a porker were instantly slaughtered and an immense supply of beer, butter, and milk was brought to him, together with excellent fish and oysters of a prodigious size. I was seated on a cushion stuffed with feathers, and the mistress of the house, a venerable old dame, brought me, in a wooden vessel, a great draught of most delicious milk, of which I drank copiously, and was quite revived by the draught. What is most remarkable is that in those wild and mountainous places, and among a poor and persecuted people,

there is not one man, woman, or child however small, who could not repeat the *Our Father*, the *Hail Mary*, the *Creed*, and the Commandments of God and of the Holy Church. The men are fine-looking; they are swift runners, and bear every sort of hardship with indescribable cheerfulness. They are all devoted to arms, and especially now that they are at war. Those who apply themselves to the study of literature are most learned; and you meet persons of every profession and science amongst them. The women are remarkably tall and beautiful, and display a charming union of gracefulness with modesty and devotion. Their manners are marked with extreme simplicity, and they freely mix in conversation everywhere, without suspicion or jealousy."

Five great roads radiating from Tara are mentioned in our early records; one to Ossory and one to Munster; one through Mullingar towards the Shannon; one towards Dublin and Bray. The exact route of the northern road is undetermined; as well as the great western road following the hill range towards Mayo. Many other roads are known to have been in use in ancient times; the Four Masters mention at least forty. All these roads were kept in repair, according to laws enacted for that purpose, at the time of the annual festival in August and in October, and in time of war.

MONUMENTAL REMAINS.

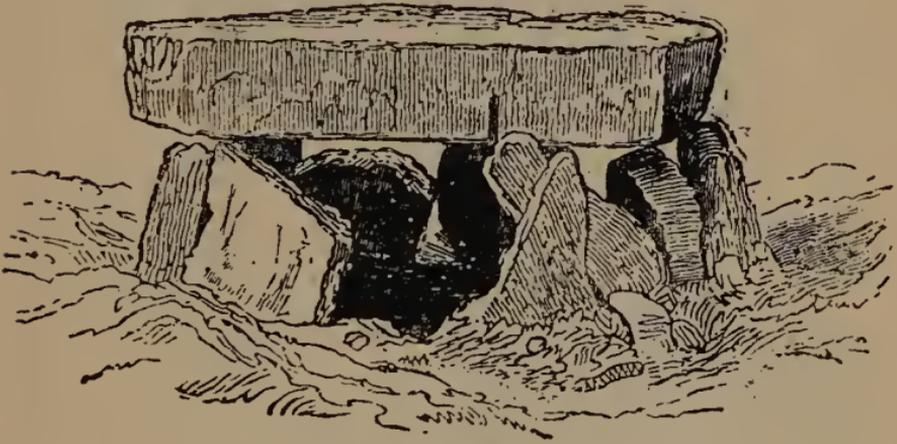
MANY monuments of pagan and Christian times still exist throughout Ireland.

The *Tumuli* were mounds used as places of interment for the great. Tumuli were of various sizes according to the importance of the individual over whose remains they were raised ; in some instances they reached the dimensions of a considerable hill. One of the most remarkable is that at New Grange, on the banks of the Boyne in County Meath. This *tumulus* contains a long gallery, and a lofty dome-shaped chamber seventy feet high ; a profusion of rude ornamental work covers the great stones of which the chamber and gallery are composed. Human remains have been found here, so that it is believed to have been the sepulchre of pagan kings.

Cromlechs are monuments consisting of an immense flat stone, poised in a slanting position on some four or five upright stones, and forming a kind of chamber. They are found in many parts of Ireland and are commonly called " Druids Altars " ; it is now known that they were intended for sepulchral purposes ; some writers assert, that they are chambers or sepulchral mounds from which the earth has been removed. The examination of a *tumulus* opened in the Phoenix Park near Dublin, would seem to confirm this opinion,

as the internal chamber, in which two human skeletons were found, was covered with a large flat stone in every respect like a *cromlech*.

Pillar Stones are upright blocks about eight or ten feet high, and frequently bear inscriptions in the Ogham characters.

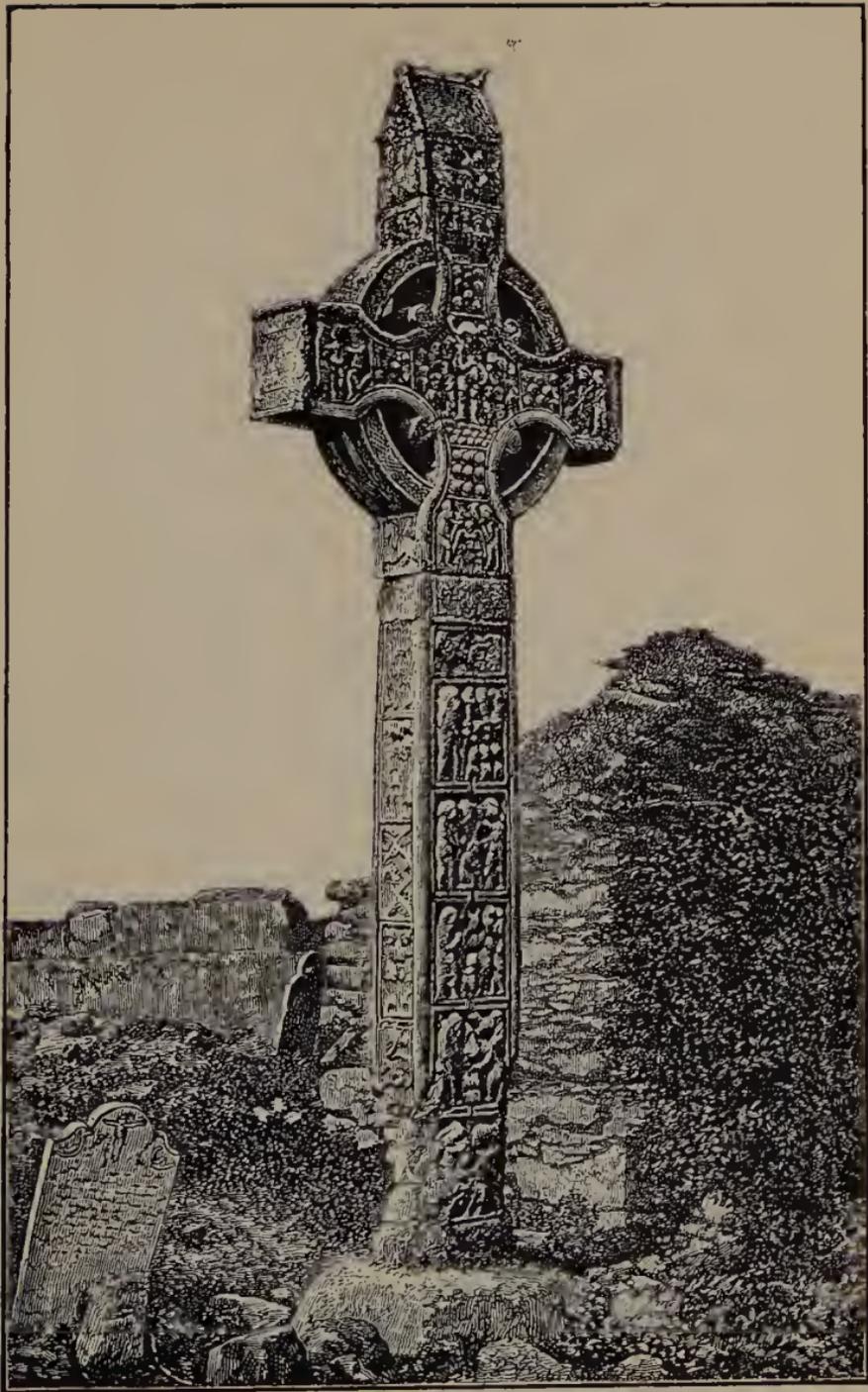


CROMLECH.

The ancient dwellings were usually enclosed by one, two, or three high mounds or ditches, and sometimes contained subterranean chambers. They are numerous in Clare and Kerry, but the most remarkable are at the Hill of Tara, at Clones in Monaghan, and the famous Rath of Mullaghmast in Kildare. The name *rath* or *lios*, was given when the defences consisted of earthworks; those of stone were termed *cashels* or *cahirs*. The residence of a king was called a *dun*. The best examples of stone forts are at Dun Angus in Aran and near Sneem in Kerry.

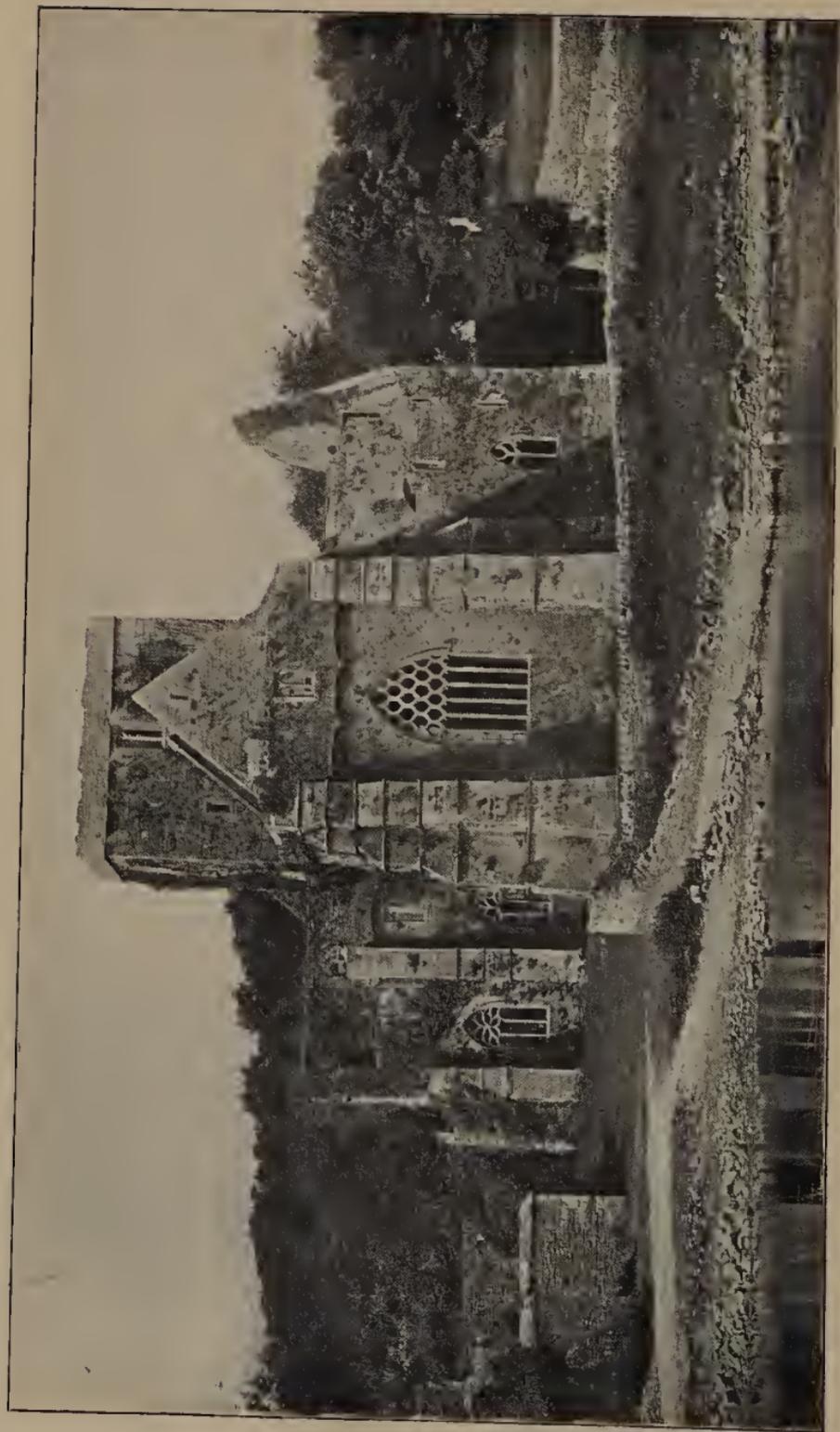
Stone Crosses were often placed in the centre of market squares, as silent reminders to those who were transacting business to be strictly upright in their dealings. A very fine specimen of these crosses, of great age, and very beautifully sculptured, exists at Clones in County Monaghan, but the finest now remaining are the two at Monasterboice near Drogheda; exact copies of them may be seen in the Dublin Museum.

The ruins of several of the smaller churches of the early Christian period still remain, such are those at Glendalough; more numerous and finer are the specimens of ecclesiastical architecture, such as Jerpoint and Mellifont, which date from about the twelfth century onwards, and bear witness in our day, to the faith and piety of Irish chiefs and Norman barons. Perhaps the most remarkable is Holy Cross Abbey near Thurles, founded for Cistercian monks in 1182, by Donald O'Brien surnamed the Red. The abbey derives its name from the possession of a piece of the True Cross, sent by Pope Paschal II. in the year 1110, to King Murtough O'Brien, great grandson of Brian Boru. Petrie informs us that in his time "the identical piece of the Cross still exists; it is in the possession of the Roman Catholic clergy of the place."



CROSS OF MONASTERBOICE.

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HOLY CROSS ABBEY.

THE NORSE INVASION.

THE first descent of the Northmen upon the Irish coast, is mentioned by the Four Masters, under the date A.D. 790. The people commonly, but incorrectly, called Danes, were not merely the natives of Denmark, but also men from Norway, Sweden, Finland, and other countries near the Baltic. Compelled by their rugged and unfruitful soil to depend chiefly on the sea for a living, they devoted themselves to the adventurous life of sea-rovers, and during the whole of the ninth and tenth centuries, engaged in plundering expeditions against Ireland, England, Scotland, and the western coasts of France. They founded in France the principality of Normandy; and they twice conquered England, where at one period there reigned in succession four Danish kings.

Those invaders were called by the Irish, Galls or foreigners; they were of two classes: Finn Galls or White Foreigners, and Dhubh Galls, or Black Foreigners. A large tract of country to the north of Dublin, is still called Fingal.

The bold adventurous spirit of these men, which had won for them the command of the ocean; the barbarity with which they treated prisoners; and the strong combination in which

they soon learned to act, caused them to become terrible enemies to a country like Ireland, which was then unfortunately broken up into a number of petty kingdoms, without a strong central ruling power to unite its forces. For upwards of two centuries Ireland was scourged by the periodical visits of those fierce marauders.

The plunder of churches and monasteries, and the slaughter of ecclesiastics and consecrated virgins, were amongst the boasted exploits of those pagan warriors. The monastery of Iona was destroyed, and its holy inmates slaughtered in 797 and again in 801. Armagh Cathedral was plundered four times; the monastery of Bangor was laid waste and 900 monks slain in one day. "The devoted courage," says Moore, of those crowds of martyrs who still returned undismayed to the same spot, choosing rather to encounter sufferings and death than leave the holy place untenanted, presents one of those affecting pictures of quiet heroism with which the history of the Catholic Church abounds." The Irish at first, made no regular stand against the Northmen; but they soon discovered that their mysterious foes were no more invulnerable than other men, and so, it often happened that while the Danes were engaged in pillage, a neighbouring chieftain would muster his forces, attack the invaders, and

drive them back with slaughter to their ships. These partial defeats, however, had no lasting effect upon the Northmen, whose command of the sea gave them a choice of landing place, and they soon returned to renew the work of pillage and massacre.

One of their chieftains, Turgesius, formed a kind of Danish kingdom in the centre of Ireland, and from his strongly built fortress on an island in Lough Owel, Westmeath, for many years tyrannised over the people of the centre of Ireland. He forced every one of Irish blood to pay him annually, a tribute in coin, and in case of failure to pay, the unfortunate being had his nose slit with a sharp knife ; hence the tribute was styled "Nose Money." Turgesius was captured at last by a clever ruse of Malachy, king of Meath, and in punishment for his crimes was drowned in Lough Owel.

BRIAN BORU.

FEW historical names are better known to Irishmen than that of Brian Boru. Brian was the youngest son of Kennedy, prince or provincial king of Thomond, or North Munster. On the accession of his brother, Mahon, to the throne of his ancestors, Brian, who was then a mere youth,

took part in all his warlike expeditions, and distinguished himself by courage and valour in many a hard-fought field. The most cordial union subsisted between the brothers; and the elder acted as military preceptor towards the younger. Mahon fell by treachery after a brilliant career. Invited by Molloy, or O'Mahony, prince of Desmond, to a friendly conference, to take place at the house of a chieftain named O'Donovan, he received a solemn guarantee from the Bishop of Cork that his person would be respected. Mahon went with confidence, but was seized by O'Donovan and basely murdered by Molloy's men; he was stabbed to the heart through a copy of the Holy Gospels, written by the hand of St. Finbarr, which had been given to him as a "safe-conduct" by the Bishop of Cork. When the news of his noble-hearted brother's death was brought to Brian, he swore to be avenged; and mustering his Dalcassian warriors, he smote the murderers with a swift and terrible vengeance. In one battle, the confederate forces of South Munster and of the Limerick Danes were broken up, and Mahon's murderer, Molloy, was killed on the field by Brian's young son, Murrough.

Brian, now the acknowledged king of Munster, conceived the bold design of uniting all Ireland in one monarchy, under the hereditary kingship of

himself and his descendants. He was probably well aware of what Alfred had done for England, Charlemagne for France, and Otho for Germany ; and he felt, that if he could do likewise for Ireland, she might bid defiance to any foes. Such a policy was, no doubt, a sound one, and might have been successful with a monarch whose claims to the supreme sovereignty would be universally acknowledged ; but Brian, unfortunately for his country, could not claim such acknowledgment.

The King of Meath and reigning Ardh Righ was Malachy II., a prince well worthy of his high position, the same who

“ Wore the collar of gold

Which he won from the proud invader.”

Malachy, too, had equally high political aims ; but, both he and Brian, must be judged by the spirit of the age in which they lived. Malachy, in 982, asserted his supremacy by a raid into Thomond, and the destruction of a venerable tree under which, for ages, the Dalcassian kings had been crowned. Both kings engaged in warfare with the Danes, and also the one with the other, until in 998, a treaty was made between them, by which Malachy was to be king of the North of Ireland, and Brian of the South.

In order to advance his schemes Brian married

Gormlaith, mother of Sitric, the Danish king of Dublin, and gave his daughter in marriage to that monarch. He also made peace with Mailmorra, king of Leinster, who had joined forces with the foreigners. When these alliances were made, he felt himself strong enough in 1002, to violate his treaty with Malachy whose submission he now demanded. The Ardh Righ asked for a month to consider the question, and then finding himself no match for his southern rival, he rode into the camp of Brian's army at Tara, and with a public spirit, rare in those times, submitted with dignity to the inevitable. Such were the circumstances under which Brian Boru became Ardh Righ of Ireland.

For the remaining years of his life, Brian, though an usurper, exercised the supreme power and caused his royal authority to be so much respected that, says an old chronicler, "his laws were feared as much at the Giant's Causeway as at the Bridge of Athlone."

The great event of Brian's reign was now fast approaching. The king was accustomed to dispense his hospitality on a magnificent scale, at his royal palace of Kincora, and on one of these occasions, a taunting jest, thoughtlessly thrown off by Murrough, the king's son, is said to have hastened the eventful day. Mailmorra, Prince

of Leinster, playing chess with Prince Murrough, made a false move, whereupon, Murrough remarked with a laugh, that it was no wonder Mailmorra's friends the Danes had been beaten at Glenmana if they made moves like that. The Leinster prince, highly incensed by this allusion to a defeat, inflicted by Brian upon the Danes and Leinstermen some years before, sprang from the table, and calling for his horse rode off grievously offended. Brian on hearing of the untoward event sent messengers to request him to return; but Mailmorra was not to be appeased, and probably was only too glad to have an excuse for calling in the Danes, who had now conquered all England. When he reached home, the traitor prince sent messengers in all directions to invoke the aid of the Danes. In response to his call, they planned a formidable expedition, in which the whole Scandinavian race from Anglesey and the Isle of Man, to the Orkneys and the Hebrides, and on to the further limits of Norway, put forth all its power to subjugate the Irish, and make of Ireland a Danish province.



BATTLE OF CLONTARF.

Remember the glories of Brian the Brave
 Tho' the days of that hero are o'er ;
 Tho' lost to Mononia¹ and cold in his grave
 He returns to Kincora² no more.
 That star of the field which so often has poured
 Its beam on the battle is set ;
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword
 To light us to victory yet.

Mononia ! when Nature embellished the tint
 Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
 The footstep of slavery there ?
 No ! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
 That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

THOMAS MOORE.

KING BRIAN was well aware of the mighty efforts of the Danes and the Leinstermen, and in this supreme crisis of his life, he resolved to muster the largest possible force to meet their onset. So confident were the Danes of complete success, that a French historian of the period states, that many of them brought their wives and families with the intention of settling in the country.

Brodar, the Danish Admiral, entered Dublin Bay on Palm Sunday, 18th of April, 1014. The Irish army had arrived at Kilmainham about the middle of April, and the Danes resolved on an immediate attack ; first, because they had heard

¹ Munster.

² The Palace of Brian.



BRIAN ON THE MORNING OF CLONTARF.

from a traitor, that a large body of the king's Dalcassians were then absent, but, principally, because some pagan oracle had declared, that the battle should be fought on the following Friday, the anniversary of the death of the Christian God. Much as Brian was averse to fighting on Good Friday, yet, he could not refuse the Danish challenge. The Danes drew up their forces in lines, extending from a point some distance above that place where Ballybough Bridge now crosses the Tolka, along the coast to Dollymount. The Irish army fronted them a little inward, so that a great part of the battle must have been fought on the ground now occupied by the lands of Marino. The Danish fleet was stationed between Howth Head and the mouth of the Liffey.

At break of day, the venerable monarch, now in his seventy-third year, rode along the van of his assembled troops, holding aloft a large crucifix. He exhorted his men to fight bravely for God and their country; he bade them remember the sacrilegious murders and rapines committed for two hundred years by the pagan foe that now flaunted his banners in their sight; to remember their burned churches and desecrated altars; their violated women and massacred children. He begged them for the honour of their blessed Lord, who had that day shed his blood for

their salvation, to drive those enemies of God and holy Church into the sea, and leave not a single man to pollute their sainted Isle.

STAND ye now for Erin's glory ! stand ye now for
Erin's cause !

Long ye've groaned beneath the rigour of the North-
man's savage laws ;

What, though brothers ¹ league against us ! What,
though myriads be the foe !

Victory will be more honoured in the myriads' over-
throw.

Proud Connacians ! ² oft we've wrangled in our
petty feuds of yore ;

Now we fight the robber Dane upon our own dear
native shore.

May our hearts unite in friendship, as our blood in
one red tide,

While we crush their mail-clad legions, and annihilate
their pride.

Brave Eugenians ! ³ Erin triumphs in the sight she
sees to-day—

Desmond's homesteads all deserted for the muster
and the fray !

¹ The Leinstermen.

² People of Connaught.

³ People of South Munster.

Cluan's Vale⁴ and Galtees' summit send their bravest
and their best—

May such hearts be theirs forever for the freedom
of the West!

Chiefs and kernes of Dalcassia!⁵ Brothers of my
past career!

Oft we've trodden on the pirate flag that flaunts
before us here;

You remember Inniscattery,⁶ how we bounded on
the foe,

As the torrent from the mountain bursts upon the
plains below!

They have razed our proudest castles—spoiled the
temples of the Lord—

Burnt to dust the sacred relic—put the peaceful to
the sword—

Desecrated all things holy—as they soon will do
again,

If their power to-day we smite not, if to-day we
be not men.

On this day the God-Man suffered—look upon the
sacred sign—

May we conquer 'neath its shadow, as of old did
Constantine!

⁴ The vale of Clonmel and Carrick.

⁵ People of Clare, Limerick and North Tipperary.

⁶ An island in the Shannon.

May the heathen tribe of Odin ⁷ fade before it like
a dream,
And the triumph of this glorious day in future
annals gleam !

God of heaven ! bless our banners, nerve our sinews
for the strife ;
Fight we now for all that's holy—for our altars,
land, and life—
For red vengeance on the spoiler, whom the blazing
temples trace,
For the honour of our maidens, and the glory of
our race !

Should I fall before the foeman, 'tis the death I
seek to-day,
Should ten thousand daggers pierce me, bear my
body not away,
Till this day of days is over, till the field is fought
and won,
Till the Holy Mass be chanted, and the funeral
rites be done.

Men of Erin ! men of Erin ! grasp the battle-axe
and spear !
Chase those northern wolves before you like a herd
of frightened deer.

⁷ Odin or Woden the chief god of the Scandinavians ;
hence, Wodensday, Wednesday.

Burst their ranks like bolts from heaven ! Down
upon the heathen crew,
For the glory of the Crucified ! and for Erin's glory
too !¹

No sooner had the grand old monarch finished his address, than there rose from the serried ranks of his troops such a shout of *Lamhlai dhir aboo*, as struck terror into the hearts of the Danes, and echoed far and wide through the Dublin hills. The king then gave the signal for battle, and was about to lead his army in person, when the princes and chieftains gathered round and earnestly begged him to retire, and leave the fighting to younger men.

Oh ! trust not that form so aged and dear
Amid the wild crash of target and spear.
Bright star of the field ! and light of the hall !
Our ruin is sure if Brian should fall.

The struggle then began, "a spirited, fierce, violent, vengeful, and furious battle, the likeness of which was not to be found in that time," according to the quaint description of the old annalist. The impetuosity of the Irish was irresistible ; beneath the blows of their battle-axes a phalanx of one thousand Norwegians, completely clad in mail, and deemed invincible,

¹ William Kennealy.

were exterminated to a man. Prince Murrough performed many deeds of valour. Hewing his way to the Danish standard, he cut down two successive standard-bearers. Two powerful Danish leaders, Carlus and Conmail, enraged at his success, rushed together upon him, only to meet the fate of those whom they sought to avenge.

Thus the battle raged, with varying success, from early morn till four in the afternoon; then a fresh and vigorous effort was made by the Irish, and the Danes, now almost destitute of leaders, gave way on every side and were driven with frightful slaughter into the sea. The river Tolka was choked with dead bodies. At this crisis of the battle, a Norwegian prince named Anrud encountered Murrough. The Irish prince seized him with his left hand, and shaking him out of his coat of mail, hurled him to the earth and plunged his sword into his body; but while stooping, he received a mortal wound from his dying foe.

Then occurred the great tragedy of the day. Brodar, the Danish admiral, flying from the fatal field, passed by Brian's tent, now left unguarded, for all its defenders had joined in the pursuit of the enemy. The fierce Dane rushed upon the aged monarch in prayer, before the very crucifix which he had borne aloft that morning when

exhorting his men. Brian had but time to seize his arms, and, borne down by numbers, died sword in hand. Some writers say, that he slew Brodar, but it is more probable that the Dane was overtaken by Brian's guards and killed.

The "scalds" or poets of Norway sang dismal strains for "Brian's Battle." One of them represents a Scandinavian chief enquiring from the few that had escaped, where were his men that had gone to Ireland, and being answered sadly "that all had perished."

Among the slain on the Irish side were many chieftains and the young prince Turlough, son of Murrough, a boy of fifteen, whose body was found at the weir of Clontarf, with the hand entangled in the hair of a Dane, whom he had killed in the pursuit. The annalists relate, that Brian and Murrough lived long enough to receive the last Sacraments, and that their bodies were brought to Armagh by St. Patrick's *comharba* or successor, and the funeral obsequies were celebrated for twelve days and twelve nights; after which the body of Brian was deposited in a stone coffin and buried on the north side of the high altar, while that of Murrough was interred on the south side of the same cathedral.

IRELAND AFTER CLONTARF.

“WITH the victory of Clontarf,” says A. M. Sullivan, “the day of Ireland’s unity and power as a nation may be said to have ended. The sun of her national greatness now set suddenly in a brilliant flash of glory. If we except the eight years immediately following Brian’s death, Ireland never more knew the blessings of a national unity—never was a kingdom in the full sense of the word. Malachy Mor, the brave and magnanimous king, whom Brian had deposed was unanimously recalled to the throne. The eight years during which Malachy ruled in his second term of sovereignty were marked by every evidence of kingly ability and virtue on his part. At length, finding death approaching, he retired to an island in Lough Ennel. Hither repaired to his spiritual succour the Archbishop of Armagh, and the Abbots of Durrow and Clonmacnoise ; and here, as the chroniclers relate “after intense penance, on the fourth of the nones of September, died Malachy, the pillar of the nobility and dignity of the western world.”

Malachy was the last “unquestioned” monarch of Ireland. After his death, the throne became an object of contention among the most

powerful provincial kings ; for the example set by Brian Boru was followed by every prince who thought himself powerful enough to support his claim by force of arms. An O'Mealeghlin of Meath, an O'Byrne of Leinster, an O'Brien of Munster, and an O'Connor of Connaught, each in turn, styled himself the Ardh Righ. Hence from the dearly-bought victory of Clontarf, following as it did upon Brian's usurpation, the spell of ancient authority was broken, and Ireland may date its downfall as a nation.

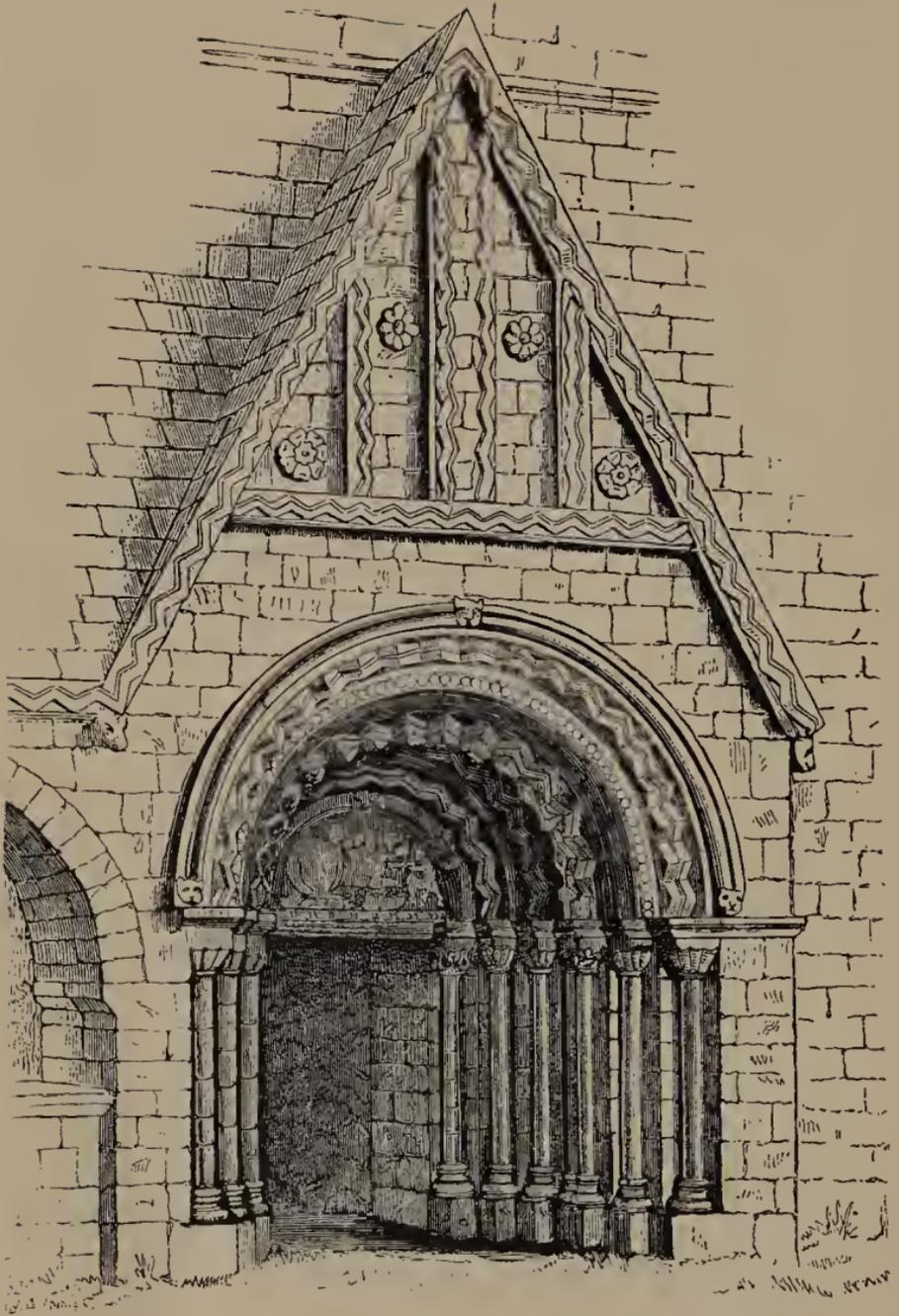
Donough, son of Brian Boru, became king of Munster by the death of his father, but he was never acknowledged as Ardh Righ. He was succeeded by his nephew, Turlough, grandson of Brian Boru, who soon became the most potent of the Irish princes, and was even regarded as Ardh Righ in most parts of the country. The great Pope Gregory VII. (Hildebrand) wrote a letter to him, published by Usher, in which he styles him "The Illustrious King of Ireland."

Turlough O'Brien was succeeded by his son Murrough, who was even more powerful than his father, and for a time brought the North of Ireland under his authority. He was devotedly attached to the Church, and in the year 1101 summoned a meeting of the clergy and nobility to give due solemnity to the bestowal of his gift



IRISH BARD.

To face page 100.



ENTRANCE TO CORMAC'S CHAPEL,
Rock of Cashel.

of the city of Cashel for ever free from all dues, and all lay authority, to the religious orders of Ireland—"a grant," say the annalists, "such as no king had ever made before." During his reign a synod of bishops was held near the hill of Uisneach in Westmeath, at which it was decreed, that in future there should be no more than twenty-four bishops in Ireland. Hitherto the number had been unlimited and very large, but with the formation of dioceses it became necessary to define their territorial jurisdiction, and to lessen their number.

King Murtough, towards the close of his life, retired to the monastery of Lismore, where he died in the year 1119. Many kings during the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries spent the last years of their lives in monasteries.

THE ENGLISH INVASION.

WE have now come to the most disastrous event in our history. There is no ground whatever for the calumnies, invented by Henry II. of England, in order to obtain the Pope's sanction for the invasion of Ireland; and many able writers deny that he obtained any such sanction. The lives of the Irish people at that period, were by no

means remarkable for depravity or wickedness. Witness the number of Irish kings who spent the closing years of their lives in monasteries, and the brilliant succession of canonized saints, such as St. Celsus, St. Malachy, St. Gelasius, St. Laurence O'Toole, and the holy Malchus of Lismore, who governed the Irish Church.

Turlough O'Connor, king of Connaught, endeavoured by force of arms to make himself Ardh Righ, and partially succeeded about A.D. 1150. His son, Roderic, was even more generally admitted to the title ; indeed, no king since Brian Boru was better obeyed than Roderic O'Connor.

Now it happened that Dermot MacMurrough, king of Leinster, carried off with her own consent, Dervorgail the wife of Tiernan O'Rourke, prince of Brefney or Cavan. This occurred in 1152, when Dervorgail was forty-four and Dermot was forty-two years old. She was rescued the following year by King Turlough O'Connor, and then retired to the abbey of Mellifont, where, having secured, as we may hope, the pardon of God, by many acts of virtue, she died in 1193.

When Roderic O'Connor ascended the throne, his devoted friend, Tiernan O'Rourke, determined to avenge the insult committed on his family by MacMurrough, and with the assistance of the monarch, led a large army into Leinster. Mac-

Murrough, deserted by his own people, burned his castle of Ferns and hastily fled to England. A sentence of deposition and banishment was pronounced against him by the assembled princes, and his cousin Murrough-na-Gael, or of the Irish, was appointed king of Leinster in his stead; Dermott being styled Dermott-na-Gall, or of the Foreigners.

Henry II. then, perhaps, the most powerful monarch in Europe, was king of England. He had long coveted Ireland, and was well pleased when MacMurrough sought his aid. Just then, however, he was in France, engaged in quelling a revolt of his barons, and could not spare time or means to assist him; but he gave letters to MacMurrough authorizing any English barons who wished to help him to engage at once, in the expedition. Dermot hastened back to England, and gave all due publicity to this document, but for long, without effect. At length, he met some needy adventurers, chief of whom was Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, commonly called Strongbow, from his great skill in archery, and with him two Anglo-Norman knights, Maurice Fitzgerald and Robert Fitzstephen. Dermot promised them large grants in land, and, moreover, to Strongbow the hand of his daughter Eva, with succession to the

throne of Leinster ; he thus succeeded in enlisting the aid of those daring men, who joyfully hailed the chance of adventure and gain.

THE ENGLISH INVASION

(Continued).

THE first descent of the Anglo-Normans upon the Irish coast took place in the year 1169. Robert Fitzstephen with thirty knights, sixty men a arms, and three hundred archers, landed at Bannow Strand, near Wexford. On the next day, came Maurice de Prendergast with ten knights and sixty archers. Dermot hastened to meet them with five hundred men, and their combined forces marched at once upon Wexford. The first assault was repelled with great bravery, but the following morning when Dermot and his allies were preparing to renew the assault, the townspeople demanded a parley, and terms of capitulation were agreed upon.

After the capture of Wexford, Dermot led his allies to Ferns, where they remained for three weeks, without exciting the notice of the monarch O'Connor, who probably considered that Mac-Murrough's handful of Norman auxiliaries would soon leave the country. About this time, Roderic

celebrated the Annual Sports at Tailten, and the concourse of armed men was so great as to extend over a space of six and a half miles. Had Brian Boru or Malachi II. been now alive, and in command of such a force as Roderic had called to arms, there can be no doubt that they would have swept MacMurrough and his allies into the sea ; but Roderic seems to have shown no prudence in this contingency, and MacMurrough, emboldened by the king's inactivity, resolved to take the offensive. Accordingly, he marched with his Norman allies and 3,000 of his own men, into Ossory, the territory of his enemy MacGilla Patrick. Here he was successful, and 300 heads were piled up as a trophy of his victory.

The monarch Roderic, awaking at last to a sense of his danger and duty, assembled a large army at Tara, while MacMurrough was engaged in desolating Ossory. The latter, dismayed at the first sign of preparations against him, halted in his career of devastation, and hastily retreated to Ferns, where he strongly fortified himself. The king soon arrived before Ferns with an army, quite sufficient to annihilate the enemy ; but instead of crushing the invaders at once, and insisting on Dermot's unconditional surrender, he entered into negotiations, first, with Fitzstephen and then with Dermot. Terms were

agreed on, whereby Roderic acknowledged Dermot as king of Leinster, provided he dismissed his foreign allies, and promised not to employ them again. Dermot gave his favourite son Conor as a hostage, and the monarch drew off his army. Dermot, whose only object in this treaty was to gain time for the arrival of Strongbow, on hearing a few days after, of the arrival of Maurice Fitzgerald, set out at once to meet him, joined forces with him, and marched to Dublin.

Meanwhile Donal O'Brien, prince of Thomond, had revolted from Roderic, and MacMurrough thought this a favourable opportunity to assert a claim to be Ardh Righ. Fitzgerald and Fitzstephen encouraged him in this ambitious project, and urgent letters were written to Strongbow to hasten his arrival.

STRONGBOW IN IRELAND.

ON the 23rd of August, 1170, Strongbow landed with 1,000 men and 200 knights. His friend Raymond Fitzgerald, surnamed Le Gros, who had come to Ireland a short time before, joined him on the same day. They marched immediately against Waterford. The citizens bravely defended the town and twice repulsed the assail-

ants with great loss, but Raymond's knights undermined a house that overtopped the wall, and a huge breach being made, the Normans poured in and made a dreadful slaughter of the inhabitants. Dermot, accompanied by his daughter Eva, arrived during the massacre, and greeted with joy his English allies. Eva's marriage with Strongbow was immediately celebrated, and the wedding cortège passed through the city, still reeking with the blood of its slaughtered inhabitants. On the conclusion of the marriage festivities, the whole force set out to besiege Dublin.

Roderic had mustered a large army and was encamped at Clondalkin, expecting the enemy by that route, but Dermot led his allies through the Wicklow mountains, and keeping along the coast arrived at Dublin long before he was expected. This rapid movement and the formidable appearance of the mail-clad knights and men-at-arms, filled the citizens with consternation; and the holy Archbishop, St. Laurence O'Toole, was sent to the English camp to negotiate a treaty. While, however, the parley was proceeding, Raymond le Gros and Milo de Cogan, regardless of the usages of civilized warfare, attacked the weakest part of the walls, and effected an entrance. The inhabitants did not expect this assault and

were butchered without mercy. News of the massacre was soon carried to St. Laurence, and, torn with grief for the murder of his children, he ran with haste into the city and freely exposing his person to the fury of the soldiers, partially succeeded in stopping the butchery. The weak Roderic now withdrew his army from the neighbourhood of Dublin, and the government of the city was given to Milo de Cogan. MacMurrough and his allies then employed themselves in making incursions into the neighbouring counties, plundering and burning churches, castles, and private houses.

In the midst of his ambitions and cruel projects, Dermot MacMurrough died at Ferns in 1171. His death, which took place some few months after his sacrilegious burnings in Meath and elsewhere, was attended by manifest evidences of the Divine displeasure.

On the death of Dermot, Strongbow caused himself to be proclaimed king of Leinster; but Henry II., alarmed at this news, and fearing it might interfere with his own ambitious projects, sent a peremptory order, that every English subject then in Ireland should return to England by a certain date. Whereupon, Strongbow despatched Raymond le Gros to the king with a letter, couched in the most submissive terms, protesting

that all he had yet done was in the king's name, and offering his majesty full disposal of all the lands hitherto acquired in Ireland.

The Anglo-Normans were now reduced to considerable straits, as many of the Leinstermen had deserted them after the death of Dermot. At this crisis, St. Laurence O'Toole rightly judged, that one energetic effort would shake off the yoke of the foreigner; so he travelled through Ireland urging the princes by his fiery eloquence, to make an immediate and combined attack upon the invaders before the arrival of reinforcements from England. His patriotic efforts were successful, and the monarch soon saw himself at the head of an army, capable, if well directed, of overwhelming the Normans.

SAINT LAURENCE TO THE PRINCES.

PRINCES, Tanists, Chiefs of Erin, wherefore meet we
here to-day?

Come ye but to raise the *calloid*,¹ o'er your country's
lifeless clay?

Come ye here to whine your sorrow, for the ill your-
selves have wrought?

Or to swear you'll buy redemption, at the price it
may be bought?

¹ A funeral song.

Once your names were
names of honour in
the citted camps of
Gaul—²

Once the iron tribe of
Odin ³ did not blush
to bear your thrall—

Once the proud Iber-
ian⁴ boasted how
your royal race be-
gun ;

But your glory hath
gone from you,
swiftly as a setting
sun.



Charles
Savan DUFFY

When the Stranger came a stranger, still you gave
the stranger's meed,

Shelter when he came an exile—succour when he
came in need—

When he came a student, learning, and the right of
book and board,

Princes, when he came a Robber, had ye not the
axe and sword ?

Well, was peace the fruit of treason ? Let our
kinsmen dying, dead,

Chainless plunder, lust and murder, teach you how
submission sped ;

² In the time of Niall and Dathi.

³ The Scandinavian god. After Clontarf the Danes
were subject to the Irish.

⁴ Iberian, Spaniard. Milesius came from Spain.

Nay, behold yon vale, a convent lay like love
embosomed there,
Where the weary found a shelter, and the wounded
needful care.

And the prayers of holy maidens streamed to heaven
night and day,
Like a healing incense chasing all infectious sin away;
So it flourished, till the spoiler, Christless, more than
Hun⁵ or Jew,
Came—and now the wolf and Saxon share the wreck
between the two.

But their king⁶ will be your father, yea, and grant
you many a grace,
Gyves and fetters from the donjons of his mis-
begotten race;⁷
Oh! disdain this scheme to mesh you in a net of
knavish words,
Thank him, as his sons have thanked him, thank
him with your naked swords.

Still you doubt! Then royal Norman reeking red
with holy blood,
Come and lead to newer slaughters all your sacri-
legious brood!

⁵ The pagan Hungarians.

⁶ Henry II.

⁷ Henry II's children rebelled against him. Manacles
and fetters from their dungeons.

Come in triumph—here are bishops worn to stone
with fast and prayer,
None shall question why you send them Beckett's⁸
bloody shroud to share.

Then the loyal wives that love you with a fond and
gen'rous truth,
And the daughters that surround you with the
sunshine of their youth—
Drag them to the carnal tyrant, as he swoops upon
your shore,
Meekly must you do his pleasure, nor deny him
evermore.

Oh! forgive my rash injustice! Heber's⁹ blood is
wrath at wrong,
And I see you burn to grapple all the ills we bore
so long,
And you'll league like loyal brothers, till from joyful
shore to shore,
Princely rage indeed shall thunder, women's tears
shall rain no more.

Yes, like brothers; let the Psalters¹⁰ link his name
with foul disgrace,
Who when Erin waves her banner, strikes for region
clan, or race.

⁸ St. Thomas a Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, was murdered by Henry II's knights.

⁹ Heber, son of Milesius.

¹⁰ Historical Records, as the Psaltar of Tara.

Not for Desmond,¹¹ not for Uladh,¹² not for Ir,¹³ or
Eoghan's¹⁴ seed,

But for ocean-girdled Erin must our kingly chieftains
bleed.

Pause not till each dun and tower planted by the
stranger's hand,

Blazes like a Viking's¹⁵ beacon, guiding them from
out the land ;

Till the last of all the pirates to their galleys shall
have fled,

Shuddering at the dire destruction as the Trump
that wakes the dead.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

STRONGBOW BESIEGED.

EARL Strongbow soon became aware of the powerful confederacy forming against him, and repaired in haste to Dublin to prepare for defence. In a short time, the city was invested on all sides by a numerous army, while a fleet of thirty Danish vessels blockaded the harbour. King Roderic, who commanded in person, had his camp at

¹¹ Principally Cork and Kerry.

¹² Ulster.

¹³ A nephew of Milesius.

¹⁴ The founder of a great northern family.

¹⁵ A leader amongst the Scandinavians.

¹⁶ Charles Gavan Duffy, founder and editor of the *Nation* newspaper, wrote *Young Ireland*, *Life of Davis* and several beautiful poems, attained to great eminence in Australia, and died in Italy, 1902.

Cast'eknock, and was supported by Tiernan O'Rourke and Murrough O'Carroll. St. Laurence was present in the camp, animating the zeal of both chieftains and men, and so close was the blockade, that neither by land nor sea, were the English able to obtain supplies. The Irish chiefs, relying on their numbers, contented themselves with the blockade, and before long the besieged were reduced to dire extremity for want of food. Strongbow then solicited a parley, and asked, that St. Laurence might be made the medium of communication between himself and the king. He offered to hold the kingdom of Leinster as Roderic's vassal, but the Irish monarch rejected the offer with scorn, and required that the invader should immediately surrender the towns of Dublin, Waterford, and Wexford, and undertake to depart from Ireland by a certain day. Although these conditions were most unpalatable they would probably have been accepted, but that at this crisis Donal O'Kavanagh, son of Dermot MacMurrough, penetrated in disguise into the city, in order to convey to Strongbow the news that his friend Fitzstephen and his followers were besieged in the castle of Ferrycarrig, near Wexford, and must, unless immediately relieved, fall into the hands of the Irish.

This sad news drove the garrison of Dublin to

despair, and at the suggestion of Maurice Fitzgerald, it was determined that the whole force should make a sortie, and endeavour to cut its way through the besiegers. At three o'clock in the afternoon, a body of desperate men sallied forth from the gates of Dublin. The Irish army, lulled into a false security, and foolishly expecting a surrender rather than a sortie, was completely taken by surprise; many were slaughtered at the first onset, and the panic spreading to the entire army, a general retreat began. King Roderic with some of the chiefs was bathing just then, in the Liffey, and had some difficulty in effecting his escape.

The English, astonished at their unexpected success, returned to the city laden with booty. Strongbow once more committed the government of the city to Milo de Cogan, and set out with a strong force to relieve Fitzstephen, but, on approaching Wexford, he learned that he had come too late. Ferrycarrig had already fallen, and Fitzstephen and his men were in the hands of the Irish. On hearing of the approach of Strongbow, the Wexford men retreated with their prisoners to the small island of Begerin, and sent word to the English commander, that if he attempted to assail them they would immediately cut off the heads of Fitzstephen and the other prisoners; thus foiled, Strongbow retired to Waterford.

ST. LAURENCE O'TOOLE.

LAURENCE, the youngest son of Maurice O'Toole, a rich and powerful prince of Leinster, was but ten years old when he was given as a hostage to Dermot Mac Murrough na Gall. By him he was so harshly treated, that his father obliged the tyrant to put the boy under the care of the Abbot of Glendalough and Bishop of Wicklow. The good abbot treated the child with great kindness, and after a few years, with his father's consent, he took the religious habit in the famous monastery of Glendalough.

Upon the death of the abbot, Laurence, though only twenty-five years of age, was chosen to succeed him. The Saint ruled his monastery and diocese with rare prudence for five years, when on the death of Gregory, Archbishop of Dublin, Laurence, now but thirty years of age, was unanimously elected his successor, and was consecrated by St. Gelasius, Archbishop of Armagh, in 1162. In this exalted station, the Saint watched over himself and his flock with holy fear, well knowing the severe account required from a bishop by the Supreme Pastor of souls. He never ate flesh, and fasted every Friday on bread and water ; he wore a rough hair shirt, and performed many other severe corporal penances ; he

always assisted at the midnight office, after which he remained a long time in the church in private prayer ; and he frequently retired to Glendalough, where in a solitary cave at some distance from the monastery, he spent the time in meditation and prayer.

His charity to the poor was unbounded. Every day, he entertained at table thirty poor persons, besides great numbers whom he supported in their own homes. The third General Council of Lateran was held at Rome in 1179, under Pope Alexander III., and St. Laurence attended the Council with five other bishops. The Pope was much impressed by his holiness and saintly deportment, and appointed him his Legate in Ireland. On his return from the Council, Laurence found the whole country afflicted with famine. In this extremity he bound himself to feed every day fifty strangers, together with three hundred poor people of his own diocese ; but not content with these acts of charity he brought help to many others in their necessities. Several mothers, unable to provide for their children, laid them at the Archbishop's door, and as many as three hundred of these helpless creatures were the objects of his care.

Having undertaken a journey to England to negotiate a treaty between Henry II. and Roderic

O'Connor, the king refused to see him, and proceeded to Normandy. St, Laurence followed him thither, but worn out by his austerities and his anxiety for his beloved country, he was seized by his last illness in the monastery of Eu in Normandy. Here he made his confession to the abbot, and received from him the last sacraments. When warned by a monk to make his last will and testament, he smiled and said: "Thanks be to God, I have not left one penny in the world to dispose of." He died happily on the 14th of November, 1180. Three commissioners, by order of the Pope, took informations as to the several miracles worked at his tomb, and he was solemnly canonized by Honorius III. in 1226.

COMING OF HENRY II.

HENRY II. attended by Strongbow, De Burgo, De Bohun, De Lacy, and other knights and adventurers to the number of six hundred, together with more than 4,000 men at arms, landed at Waterford on October 18th, 1171. Henry pretended that he had come to protect the natives from the oppression of his own subjects, while at the same time, as a neighbouring prince, powerful but friendly, he wished to take the Irish chieftains

under his protection, and to receive their homage as his vassals. While he paraded his power and dignity with great pomp, Henry assumed an air of affability, and received all who approached him with kindness. The better to play his game, he expressed the utmost disapproval of Strongbow's invasion of the country, and actually threw Fitzstephen into chains, although in a short time, he allowed himself to be persuaded into forgiving him.

The Irish people at this conjuncture understood neither the character nor the motives of their new foes. Perpetually engaged in local feuds, the men of one province cared little what misfortune befell the others. Heretofore, each tribe had been able to cope with its own foes, but when combined action alone could save, no common sentiment, no rallying principle existed.

MacCarthy, King of Desmond, was the first Irish prince to do homage to Henry. He was soon followed by Donal O'Brien, King of Thomond, MacGilla Patrick, prince of Ossory, and many other chiefs. Henry then proceeded to Dublin, where he kept his court at Christmas with great pomp. Here came to do homage, O'Carroll of Oriel, and the veteran O'Rourke of Brefney; but Roderic O'Connor, though deserted by his oldest friends, maintained an independent attitude.

He collected an army on the banks of the Shannon, and determined to defend Connaught to the last; thus he regained by his bold demeanour the respect which he had lost by his former weakness. The northern O'Neills and O'Donnells imitated Roderic, and refused to recognise the invader.

Henry now made a grant of the principality of Leinster to Strongbow; he gave Meath to Hugh De Lacy with the title of Lord Justiciary, and conferred large tracts of land in Munster on Fitzgerald, the ancestor of the Earls of Desmond. Thus was commenced the wholesale confiscation of the Irish lands which continued slowly, but surely, down to the end of the seventeenth century.

At the request of Henry, the Irish bishops held a Synod at Cashel early in 1172. Pope Adrian's Bull was *not* produced at this synod, although it should have been in the king's possession for eighteen years, had it ever existed. A few very ordinary decrees, about matters of church discipline, were the only laws the bishops thought well to promulgate, notwithstanding the deplorable state of religion and morals into which some hostile writers say that the Irish church had fallen at this period.

Alarming intelligence now reached Henry, that the Pope had sent legates to investigate the

murder of St. Thomas of Canterbury, so he hurriedly left his newly-acquired realm and hastened back to England.

ARMS, TACTICS, WAR ENGINES, OF THE NORMANS AND OF THE IRISH.

THE superiority of the Normans in arms, equipment, and tactics, gave them a great advantage in war over the Irish. The armour of the first adventurers, both for man and horse, seem to have excited the wonder, the ridicule, and the fear of the Irish warrior. As the knight advanced on horseback, he seemed an iron cylinder animated by flesh and blood rather than a human combatant. The body armour was of netted iron or steel; under this was worn a quilted dress reaching to the knee. When not actually engaged in battle, all men of rank wore, over the armour, a costly dress of satin, velvet, or cloth of gold. The ordinary weapons of those cavaliers were sword, lance, and dagger.

The Normans had improved the old Roman war machines; their natural genius for war had increased considerably during the Crusades. All that was useful in Syrian, Greek, or European warfare had been perfected by them. Their

balista showered stones to a great distance, the *catapulta* discharged flights of darts and arrows. The power of a battering-ram of the largest size, worked by a thousand men, has been estimated as equal to a point-blank shot from a thirty-six pounder. They employed movable towers filled with armed men, who rained stones and arrows on the walls of a beleaguered castle; but the cross-bow was their chief reliance. Its shot was so deadly, that the Lateran Council in 1139 forbade its use, though in vain, among Christian enemies; it threw lead or iron balls, and the common sort would kill at fifty yards, while the best kind would kill at one hundred. The long bow was also introduced by the Normans into England, and to it they were indebted for victory at Crecy and Agincourt, Falkirk, and Athenry. The usual length of the bow was six feet, and of the arrow three, though Robin Hood made use for his arrows of a "cloth yard shaft," or an English ell. No archer was permitted by law to practise publicly at a shorter range than eleven score yards or one furlong.

In Ireland the art of war was not in a forward stage. Of the science of fortification the Irish knew very little. To render roads impassable, to hold all the natural passes through a country, to strengthen strongholds by trenches and stock-

ades, were the chief methods they made use of to oppose the advance of an enemy. But such was their valour—for “they were very great scorers of death”—that on many a battle-field they showed the Norman how vain was his science; and had they but realised, that all bravery is vain without unity of purpose, they could have easily driven the invaders from their shores.

Although coats of mail are mentioned in manuscripts long before the Norman invasion, the Irish soldiers were not completely clad in armour. They prided themselves on fighting in their saffron-coloured shirts; the helmet and shield were their only defensive articles of dress; their favourite missile was the dart or javelin. Although the bow was never common among the Irish, yet some tribes seem to have been noted for its use, as we often read in the annals of the archers of Brefney. The pike, the battle-axe, the skian or short sword were their favourite weapons. Of siege instruments, beyond the torch and the scaling ladder they had none; and though quick to acquire knowledge in every department of the warlike art, the Irish continued to the last, recklessly insensible to the necessity of learning how fortifications are constructed, defended, and captured.

Giraldus Cambrensis states that the principal

weapon of the Irish soldier was a sharp battle-axe, which he wielded with one hand, and with such force that no armour worn by Norman knight could withstand the blow; and that he had often seen an Irish soldier cut through a knight's steel greaves and thigh at a single stroke.

The two divisions of an Irish army were the *kernes* or lightly-armed active infantry, and the *gallowglasses* or heavily-armed infantry. The horsemen rode with their chief, almost on terms of equality, and equipped and foraged for themselves.

STORY OF GODFREY O'DONNELL.

THE story of Godfrey O'Donnell affords an apt illustration of a remark sometimes made, that during the Norman invasion, the Irish chiefs fought the invaders with one hand and their fellow-countrymen with the other.

For years, the Normans had striven to gain a footing in Tyrconnell, but in vain, for the wary tribes of O'Donnell were ever on the alert. At length, the Lord Justice, Maurice Fitzgerald, felt that this stronghold of native Irish power was a standing menace to the English colony, and he resolved to lead in person his whole force

against this formidable foe. Godfrey O'Donnell, chief of Tyrconnell, was well prepared for him. The two armies met at Credan, north of Sligo, in 1257.

The battle was long and fierce. In vain the mail-clad squadrons of England flung themselves upon the saffron-kilted clansmen of Tyrconnell—from each attack they reeled back in disorder. Godfrey O'Donnell was everywhere in the thick of the fight, encouraging his men by his own contempt of danger. The Lord Justice, seeing that some desperate effort was necessary to avoid defeat, spurred his fiery warhorse against O'Donnell. The Irish chieftain, nothing loath, rode forward to meet him, while the fight was suspended and every eye strained to witness the result of this Homeric combat. Fitzgerald dealt Godfrey a terrible blow of his sword, but Godfrey, still keeping his seat, with a powerful sweep of his battle-axe hurled Lord Maurice to the ground; the proud baron was carried senseless from the field, and the English army fled in hopeless confusion.

Now comes the sad part of this glorious episode. Brian O'Neill, chief of Tyrowen, thought that the weakened state of O'Donnell's forces presented a favourable opportunity for demanding tribute, and accordingly he sent O'Donnell a



G. N. GREY

GODFREY O'DONNELL BORNE INTO BATTLE.

threatening message, to which Godfrey replied by mustering all the fighting men of Tyrconnell. But as his troops were drawn up on the morning of battle, the physicians announced that the heroic Godfrey had but a few hours to live. Nothing daunted, the noble chieftain begged his confessor to administer the last rites of the Church ; then he directed that he should be laid on his bier, and that his men should carry him at the head of his army all through the fight, giving at the same time minute directions as to the order of battle.

Long and fiercely, but all in vain, did Tyrowen contest the fight. Around the bier of Godfrey was a human rampart that no force could penetrate. At length, his men were able to lay down their heroic chief and tell him that the day was won ; but all was over with Godfrey O'Donnell, his noble spirit had departed while the triumphant shouts of his victorious clansmen were still ringing in his ears.

“ In this story,” says A. M. Sullivan, “ we have a perfect illustration of the state of affairs in Ireland at this period. At a moment when himself and his clansmen had routed the common foe—at a moment when they were weakened by such a combat—at a moment when they should have been hailed with acclaim by every chief and

clan in Ireland—they are foully taken at a disadvantage and called upon to fight anew by their own fellow-countrymen and neighbours of Tyrowen. Studying this tale, no one can wonder that the English power should have at last prevailed, but may rather wonder that the struggle should have lasted so long.”

LANDING OF EDWARD BRUCE.

It was not until the beginning of the fourteenth century, that the Irish princes and chieftains realised that a combined and determined effort was necessary to rid their country of the invaders. The Scots had just set a noble example by their struggle for national freedom. By the glorious victory of Bannockburn in 1314, they had brought to a successful issue a long and obstinate struggle of nigh twenty years, against the tyranny of England ; and now again, in the person of Robert Bruce they possessed the treasure of a native born ruler.

In the early days of Bruce's struggle, when yet a wandering outcast from his native land, he had received shelter and succour from the Ulster chieftains. At the battle of Bannockburn, a large contingent of O'Neill's men had fought by

the side of Bruce, while at the same time the Anglo-Irish barons swelled the powerful armament with which Edward II. sought to trample on Scottish liberty.

Now that Bruce was victorious, Donal O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, lost no time in claiming his aid to effect the release of Ireland from English power. Well knowing the difficulty there would be in persuading the Irish princes to submit to anyone from among themselves, O'Neill, with patriotic disinterestedness, offered his own principality, and as far as he could, the whole kingdom of Ireland to Bruce's brother, Edward. The King of Scotland received the proposal with delight; his brother was getting somewhat troublesome at home, and the Irish expedition offered a splendid opportunity for Edward to display his prowess and satisfy his ambition. Accordingly in May, 1315, a Scottish armament was fitted out. It consisted of 300 sail, carrying 6,000 men who landed near Larne. Donal O'Neill and most of the Ulster chiefs soon flocked to Bruce's standard. The whole island was in a ferment. Dundalk, Ardee, and several other towns were soon taken from the English. Sir Edmund Butler, the Lord Justice, marched to meet Bruce with all his forces. Richard de Burgo, the Red Earl, hurried from Athlone with what force he could gather, and

sad to say, with the forces also of Felim O'Connor, the brave young king of Connaught. De Burgo told the Lord Justice haughtily, that he might go home, for that he himself would bring Bruce to Dublin, dead or alive. However, the more prudent Lord Justice united the two armies, which with O'Connor's men now hopelessly outnumbered Bruce's army. By the advice of O'Neill, Bruce slowly retired towards the Bann, and meantime O'Neill found means to detach Felim O'Connor from the English side, and induced him to promise fealty to Bruce. Upon O'Connor's withdrawing his forces, Bruce and O'Neill no longer dreading the English, gave them battle at Connor, near Ballymena. The Norman army was completely defeated, and the proud Earl Richard was obliged to seek safety in flight. After this victory, Edward Bruce was solemnly proclaimed king of Ireland on the hill of Knocknemelan, outside Dundalk. Roger Mortimer, the king's favourite, was then sent from England as Lord Justice, but he was ignominiously routed in a great battle near Kells, and the liberation of Ireland seemed now all but complete.



EDWARD BRUCE, KING.

KING Edward II. of England, seeing that his power in Ireland was almost destroyed, summoned to England the principal Anglo-Irish barons, and resolved that all the power of England should be used to crush Bruce. King Edward of Ireland, well aware that the next campaign would be decisive, implored aid from his brother King Robert, who led over a small contingent in 1317. The two brothers soon opened the campaign, and marching south with a large army, arrived before the gates of Dublin. The citizens, dreading their approach, had burned churches, priories, and all other buildings in the suburbs that might shelter the enemy; hence Bruce who had no siege train, nor any means of cutting off supplies by sea, did not care to lose time before a well-fortified city, and so, passed on to Limerick.

But now the Scottish army had to cope with a more dangerous foe than the English. The failure of the crops this year caused a famine in the land, and it became impossible to provide the soldiers with food. Many breaches of discipline occurred as a result, and a very bad feeling sprang up between the peasantry and the Scots. In the meantime a formidable English army of 30,000 men hung on their rear, but so great was the

terror inspired by the name of the hero of Bannockburn, that the English dared not attack him, and his army marched back to Ulster. King Robert now returned to Scotland, but Edward remained to defend his kingdom. Recently the Irish had suffered a great defeat in Connaught. Felim O'Connor had been killed and his army routed at the battle of Athenry, the victory being mainly due to the skill of English archers. After the retreat of Bruce's army, the famine put an end to all hostilities for a time, but the abundant harvest of 1318 enabled both sides to take the field again. Bruce was advised by Donal O'Neill to adopt his former tactics, and retire slowly to the higher parts of Ulster. Thus he could avoid the pressure of the large English army, and be in a position to overthrow it, as on a former occasion he had defeated the "Red Earl." But Bruce, with characteristic rashness, disdaining this wise advice, marched to Dundalk with his small force to meet the English under Lord John Bermingham.

The memorable battle which followed was fought at Faughard, outside Dundalk, October 14th, 1318. John Maupas, a citizen of Dundalk, convinced that the day depended on the life of Bruce, rushed into the thick of the opposing army, engaged Bruce and slew him.

The victor fell covered with wounds, but his feat determined the victory. Bermingham cut off the head of Bruce, carried it as a present to Edward II., and obtained in recompense the barony of Ardee, together with the title of Earl of Louth.

The body of Edward Bruce was interred in Faughard churchyard, where, within living memory, a tall pillar-stone was pointed out by the peasantry, as marking the place that held the mortal remains of the last crowned king of Ireland.

ART MACMURROUGH.

AFTER the defeat of Bruce, the English engaged anew in war with Scotland and with France. The Anglo-Irish lords, thus left much to themselves, began to intermarry with the Irish, to speak their language, and to adopt their costume, laws, and manners; in fact they were said to have become "more Irish than the Irish themselves." Hence the English monarchs felt it necessary to make severe laws, with the object of preventing a union of the races, which they believed would be injurious to English interests. That part of Ireland over which the English held real sway was called the "Pale," or Enclosure. It covered

about one-eighth of Ireland, and was situated principally in the neighbourhood of Dublin. Beyond the Pale, the Irish chiefs exercised as absolute a sway as they had exercised before the English invasion.

The most remarkable chief of those times was Art MacMurrough, prince of Leinster. At the death of Dermot MacMurrough, his dominions were by English law supposed to go to Strongbow, in right of his wife, Eva, but the Irish clans of Leinster, in utter contempt of such law, elected as their prince Donal MacMurrough, son of Dermot. From that time, we find the MacMurroughs or O'Kavanaghs of Leinster bravely defending their territory against the English down to the days of Art MacMurrough, the greatest of the name, and one who may be said to have effaced the stigma cast upon his race by Dermot-na-Gall.

Art MacMurrough was born A.D. 1357, and from the age of sixteen was distinguished by his feats of arms. Whilst yet a minor, he was elected successor to his father, who, during his long reign, had been a determined enemy of English rule. Fortunately Art attained command at a time favourable to his genius and enterprise. His own and the neighbouring tribes were ardently desirous to be rid of English rule, and but waited for

a chief of ability to take the field ; him they found in the prince of the old reigning family of their province. Nor were the English settlers ignorant of his prowess. In 1377 they paid him a tribute in money, styled in their annals " Black Mail " or " Black Rent " ; and so necessary did the Lord Deputy deem it to conciliate this powerful neighbour, that he sent a special messenger to consult King Richard II. and to recommend that all arrears of tribute due to MacMurrough should be instantly paid,

Some time afterwards, King Richard determined to cross to Ireland himself, and crush this insolent Irish rebel who dared to claim tribute from the English colony. On the 2nd of October, 1394, the royal fleet arrived in Waterford harbour. The great array of ships of all sizes, carrying 30,000 archers and 4,000 men at arms, besides knights and noblemen, was calculated to terrify any enemy. The Irish chiefs prudently refrained from any hostile demonstration, and many of the lesser ones made their submission, but Art Mac Murrough retreated into the fastnesses of the Wicklow mountains. Earl Mowbray was sent to him as an envoy by the English sovereign, but he proudly replied, that being an independent king himself, he would treat with no one less than the king of England.

King Richard, enraged at this answer, marched against MacMurrough with his whole force, but Art had carried off everything in the shape of food, so that the English army suffered dreadful privations. Then he took advantage of his knowledge of the country to attack the enemy by night, entrap him into ambuscades, separate the horse from the foot, and by a thousand other stratagems, thin the ranks of the invaders. At last Richard was forced to send another envoy to MacMurrough to request a personal interview in Dublin, promising safe conduct on his royal honour. This proposal was accepted, and Art proceeded to Dublin, whither Richard had retired with his shattered army. The conference had no result.

Shortly afterwards the English king was recalled by his own State Council to quell some disturbance in England, and Art MacMurrough was allowed to rest upon his laurels.

ART MACMURROUGH.—*Continued.*

WHILST MacMurrough was in Dublin Richard II. did not violate his kingly promise, but, soon after a base attempt was made by the English to murder him at a banquet. Irish chieftains were

always accompanied by their harpers on such occasions, and it was not long before the quick eye of Art's minstrel noticed certain movements of troops that caused him to suspect treachery to his master. Striking his harp to an old national air, he managed while singing in the native tongue, to convey to his lord an intimation of the danger that threatened him. The chieftain in an instant divined all, maintained a calm demeanour until a favourable opportunity occurred, then, seizing some pretext for reaching the courtyard, sprang on his war horse and hewed his way to freedom.

From that day forth, MacMurrough swore undying enmity to his treacherous foes, and fought the English power to the utmost of his ability. The ablest generals were, one by one, sent against him, but in vain; they were out-matched by his strategy, or conquered by his valour. In 1398 was fought the famous battle of Kenlis, County Kilkenny, in which the English were defeated, and Roger Mortimer, the heir presumptive to the English crown, was slain.

This defeat aroused Richard II., who swore to avenge the death of Mortimer and bring MacMurrough to England dead or alive. For the second time, he landed at Waterford with a vast army, and marched at once against MacMurrough. A Frenchman of Richard's

court has written a graphic account of what took place. "MacMore had," says the Frenchman, "just three thousand hardy men, who did not appear to be much afraid of the English." MacMurrough's tactics were the same as on the former occasion. Once more, Richard with his huge army, found himself entangled in impenetrable forests, hemmed in by morass and mountain, and harassed by the unceasing vigilance of an almost invisible foe. Art fought or retired as seemed best to him, according to the Frenchman's account, "harassing us dreadfully, carrying off everything fit for food for either man or beast, surprising and slaying our foragers, and filling the camp nightly with alarm and blood."

The king at last sent a messenger to Art, offering him a free pardon and large tracts of lands and castles if he would submit, but MacMurrough replied, "for all the gold in the world I would not submit myself, but will endanger the king in all that I can." After some days of dreadful privation, the English army reached Arklow, where three ships with provisions awaited them. The soldiers rushed into the sea to obtain the food, and fought for it so ravenously that many lost their lives. Richard then retreated to Dublin. Later MacMurrough agreed to a conference, which

the French writer thus describes : " Between two woods I beheld MacMore and a body of the Irish, more than I could count, descend the mountain. He rode a horse without houseing or saddle, so valuable that it cost him four hundred cows. It galloped down so hard that of a certainty I never saw hare, deer, or any other animal run with such speed. He was tall, well-knit, and wondrously active. In his right hand he carried a great long dart which he cast with much skill."

Nothing came of this conference, and soon Richard II. was recalled to England, where he lost his crown and his life. For eighteen years longer, the invincible Art ruled his territory. Wherever else through Ireland native courage or prowess failed, there was still to be found in the Wicklow mountains one stout arm and one brave heart prepared to stand for the cause of fatherland. In the year 1408 he fought a great battle on the plains of Kilmainham and Inchicore, where, together with the O'Byrnes and O'Nolans, he completely defeated the English army led by the king of England's son, the Duke of Lancaster, and by the Prior of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

Never more while Art lived were his territories invaded by the English. He died at New Ross on the 1st of January, 1417, in the sixtieth year

of his age. Many Irish chroniclers attribute his death to poison, administered in a draught, particularly, as his bard O'Doran died after taking the same draught and with identical symptoms. He had defended his province "from his sixteenth to his sixtieth year," say the Four Masters. "He was a man distinguished for his hospitality, knowledge, and feats of arms, a founder of churches and monasteries by his bounties and contributions." Our country's history shows no nobler character than Art MacMurrough O'Kavanagh, Prince of Leinster.

REBELLION OF SILKEN THOMAS.

OF all the Anglo-Irish families, none so identified themselves with their Irish neighbours as the Geraldines or Fitzgeralds. This family was divided into two branches, one owning as chief, the Earl of Desmond, whose principal residence was at Adare, County Limerick; this branch was completely destroyed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; the second branch, with the Earl of Kildare at its head, is to-day represented by the Duke of Leinster. The English monarchs became jealous of the power and influence of those Geraldines, and they made many efforts to crush them.

This led in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. to a war, known as the "Rebellion of Silken Thomas." In order to keep the Earls of Kildare loyal to the English crown, King Henry VII. and his successor Henry VIII. generally appointed them chief governors of Ireland. But Cardinal Wolsey, the powerful and crafty minister of the latter king, determined to bring all Ireland under the dominion of his master, and this policy was steadily and successfully pursued by all the Tudor sovereigns.

Gerald, the ninth and *last Catholic* Earl of Kildare, was called by Wolsey to London on some pretence and thrown into the Tower. Before leaving Ireland, he had appointed his son Thomas, not yet twenty-one years old, as Lord Deputy in his place. The Lord Ormond, whose family had been for a long time, hostile to the Geraldines, by means of forged letters spread a false report that the Earl of Kildare had been put to death in the Tower. Ormond expected that this news would drive young Lord Thomas into rebellion against the English king, and his expectations were fully realised. Lord Thomas, who from the grandeur of his trappings and those of his followers was called "Silken Thomas," on hearing the false news of his father's death, marched with his men to the council chamber in St. Mary's Abbey, Dublin,

while the members were actually sitting, and awaiting his coming to begin their deliberations. Young Kildare flung down violently the sword of state on the council board, and then declared that he renounced his allegiance to the King of England, and henceforth would injure him to the utmost of his power. Archbishop Cromer of Armagh, well knowing how vain would be his attempt at rebellion, used his best endeavours to allay the fury of the young man, but Lord Ormond and Archbishop Allen of Dublin rejoiced, since they hoped for the downfall of the powerful family of Kildare.

The gallant but hapless Geraldine was now fully launched on his hazardous enterprise. One of his first acts was to besiege the city of Dublin. Archbishop Allen, who had been one of the Geraldines' chief opponents, fled from the city by sea, but his vessel was driven in to Clontarf, and the Archbishop took refuge in a cottage in Artane. When the news was brought to Lord Thomas, he and two of his uncles with an armed party proceeded thither, dragged the unhappy prelate from his bed, and, while he pleaded for life, he was despatched by some of the attendants. This foul deed excited universal horror and ruined any prospect of success which might have attended the Geraldine cause, for it drew down on its per-

petrators and their abettors the sentence of excommunication.

Meanwhile Lord Thomas carried on the rebellion with all his energy, and for a time, with considerable success. He sent envoys to the Pope and to Charles V. of Spain to ask for aid against the English king, who by this time had declared himself head of the Church and renounced the authority of the Pope; no assistance, however, was sent. Indeed, before aid could have arrived, Sir William Skeffington's artillery had battered down the stout castle of Maynooth. Still the war dragged on until the advent of Lord Grey, whose active measures hastened the end. Lord Thomas surrendered on a promise of pardon, and shortly afterwards his five uncles were treacherously seized by the Deputy at a banquet, though three of them had refused to join in the rising. But Henry VIII. was enraged that any terms should have been made with the Geraldines, and refused to keep them. So the unfortunate Silken Earl and his five uncles were all beheaded at Tyburn in 1537.

This terrible blow was designed to destroy the whole family, for Earl Gerald had died in the Tower of a broken heart in 1534, on hearing of his son's rebellion. There still remained, however, a son of Earl Gerald's, a boy of twelve, who

for many years was handed from one to another of the Irish tribes to save him from the English, and at length escaped to the continent. In Queen Mary's reign he was restored to all his possessions, and from him the present ducal family of Leinster springs.

HENRY VIII., "KING OF IRELAND."

THE "REFORMATION."

IN June, 1541, a Parliament sitting in Dublin, composed of Anglo-Irish lords and Irish chiefs, such as Donough O'Brien of Thomond, O'Kavanagh of Leinster, Fitzpatrick of Ossory, MacWilliam of Galway, O'Reilly of Cavan and O'More of Leix, conferred upon Henry VIII. the title of King of Ireland. O'Neill and O'Donnell refused to attend, but the following year sent in their submission. All subsequent Tudor sovereigns used two crowns at their coronation, one for England and one for Ireland.

Various Irish chiefs yielded up their ancient titles and consented to receive English titles in their place. Thus, O'Brien became Earl of Thomond, MacWilliam, Earl of Clanrickard, O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnell, and O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone. Many of them went to England where their titles were conferred with extravagant pomp, and some

even consented to receive portion of the Church lands confiscated by Henry's unjust laws.

All this was a deadly outrage on the feelings of the people. Little wonder that while the chiefs were airing their new-found honours in London, the clans at home were stripping these backsliders of all power and authority ; for it must be remembered that an Irish chief did not derive his power as an inheritance from his ancestors, but by the free election of his clan. O'Donnell and O'Brien on their return, found their sons in arms against them. The new Earl of Clanrickarde found another MacWilliam in his stead, while Con O'Neill found his place taken by his son, the famous Shane O'Neill or "Shane the Proud."

A new ground of dissension was now introduced into Ireland, not merely the opposition of clan to clan, but division within the clan itself ; thus henceforward we hear of a "king's O'Neill" and an "Irish O'Neill," a "queen's O'Reilly" and an "Irish O'Reilly."

The second remarkable event of this reign was the attempt to introduce into Ireland the principles of the so-called Protestant Reformation. Henry VIII., King of England, grew tired of his lawful wife and wished for another. He applied to Rome on frivolous grounds for a dispensation, and was of course refused. With full con-

sciousness of what refusal meant, the Pope denied to the king what the law of God forbade to the meanest of his subjects.

Henry found an easy way out of the difficulty. According to the Reformation doctrines he was the head of the Church, and could of course give himself what dispensations he pleased ; so he threw off the Pope's authority, embraced, as far as they suited him, the new doctrines, gratified his base passions to the full, and that he might win the nobles to his side shared with them the plunder of the Church. George Browne, an apostate friar, was sent to Ireland as Archbishop of Dublin, and charged to introduce the reform into the country. He soon gave full scope to his sectarian zeal. He caused the famous statue of the Blessed Virgin at Trim, which he insultingly called the "Idol of Trim," to be publicly burned ; the holy crucifix of the abbey of Ballyboggan, and the Staff of Jesus, St. Patrick's crozier, shared the same fate.

The changes in religion were entirely repugnant to the feelings of the Irish people, who remained firmly attached to their ancient faith and traditions. Indeed, Browne complains in his letters to England, "That the common people were more zealous in their blindness than the saints and martyrs for the truth were in the beginning of the Gospel."

SHANE O'NEILL, MULLAGHMAST.

“ IN the reign of the Catholic Queen, Mary, a more systematic extermination of the Catholic Irish was begun. The policy of the English government then, as subsequently, was inspired by greed for Irish land, and not by zeal for religion “ reformed ” or other wise. Leix and Offaly, the territories of the O’More’s and O’Connors, were designated Queen’s County and King’s County respectively, and bestowed upon planters whose tenure was long rendered insecure by the efforts of the dispossessed natives to regain their lands.” Under Mary’s successor, the English government put forth all its power to complete the subjugation of Ireland, and made the most strenuous efforts to introduce the Protestant religion into the country. Queen Elizabeth, the illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII., succeeded her half-brother Edward VI. and her half-sister, Mary, on the English throne. She undid Queen Mary’s good work for the restoration of Catholicity, and all through her reign was a most bitter persecutor of Holy Church.

The early part of Elizabeth’s reign in Ireland was marked by war with Shane O’Neill, whose political ideals were unfortunately tribal, rather

than national. English historians describe Shane in the most revolting colours, as a barbarian, and one steeped in every vice. "But whilst not denying," says Haverty, "that he had serious faults, we know at least that he was chivalrous, confiding, and generous; that with the resources of his small territory he kept the whole English power at bay for many years; that he foiled the English statesmen in negotiation; and that with no ordinary qualities of body and mind, he combined undaunted bravery and an ardent love of his country."

O'Neill was at length murdered at a banquet by some Scots who had settled in Antrim; his head was cut off and sent to Dublin Castle, where for many years after, it decorated one of its highest towers.

In 1577 occurred the memorable massacre of Mullaghmast, which was so atrocious that its memory served to strengthen the arm and nerve the heart of many an Irish soldier in after years. "Remember Mullaghmast," became the battle-cry of the clans as they charged their English foes. Sir Francis Cosby, with the full sanction of the Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Sydney, perpetrated the crime. The principal families of Queen's County, the O'Mores, the O'Kellys, O'Lalors O'Dorans, and O'Dowlings, were invited to a

friendly conference and banquet, at the great rath of Mullaghmast, County Kildare. Four hundred men came to the rath on that day ; not one came out alive. Of the O'Mores alone there perished one hundred and eighty. Among the murderers were several Anglo-Irish Catholics, and one at least of their leaders was of an Irish Catholic family.

MULLAGHMAST.

O'ER the Rath of Mullaghmast,
On the solemn midnight blast,
What bleeding spectres passed,
 With their gashed breasts bare ?
Hast thou heard the fitful wail,
That o'erloads the sullen gale ?
Where the waning moon shines pale
 O'er the cursed ground there.

False Sydney ! knighthood's stain !
The trusting brave, in vain
Thy guests—ride o'er the plain
 To thy dark coward snare ;
Flow'r of Offaly and Leix,
They have come thy board to grace,
Fools ! to meet a faithless race,
 Save with true swords bare.

• While cup and song abound,
 The triple lines surround
 The closed and guarded mound,
 In the night's dark noon.
 Alas, too brave O'More,
 Ere the revelry was o'er,
 They have spilled thy young heart's gore,
 Snatched from love too soon.

At the feast unarmed all,
 Priest, bard, and chieftain fall
 In the treacherous Saxon's hall,
 O'er the bright wine bowl ;
 And now nightly round the board,
 With unsheath'd and reeking sword,
 Strides the cruel felon lord
 Of the bloodstained soul.

Since that hour the clouds that pass'd
 O'er the Rath of Mullaghmast,
 One tear have never cast
 On the blood-dyed sod ;¹
 For the shower of crimson rain
 That o'erflowed that fatal plain,
 Cries aloud and not in vain
 To the most high God.

*R. D. Williams.*²

¹ The peasantry say it never rains on Mullaghmast.

² Richard Dalton Williams, one of the '48 poets and a great friend of Thomas Davis. Born in Dublin, 1822, died in New Orleans, 1862.

DESTRUCTION OF THE SOUTHERN GERALDINES.

THE Geraldines of Munster had remained so faithful to the old religion, that Queen Elizabeth determined to crush them and confiscate their lands. Early in her reign, the Earl of Desmond had been brought to England and kept for many years a prisoner in the Tower, but at length he was allowed to come to Dublin, whence he soon found means to escape to his own territories, whither, for the present, it was not deemed prudent to follow him. Meanwhile Sir James Fitzmaurice, a cousin of the Earl's, and a man of enterprise, had been canvassing all the Catholic courts of Europe to procure aid for his countrymen in their struggle for religious liberty. He obtained assistance in money from the Pope, who also fitted out three ships, with a force of 700 men, which was placed under the command of one Stukely, an English adventurer. Stukely, instead of proceeding to Ireland, joined at Lisbon an expedition against the Moors, in which he and most of his men were slain. Fitzmaurice with a small force of 80 Spaniards landed in Dingle Bay, 17th July, 1579. On a promontory in Smerwick Harbour stood a rude kind of fort belonging to one Peter Rice of Dingle. This, the Spaniards

strengthened by a trench and earthworks, and called it Fort-del-Ore. The news of their landing caused the wildest excitement throughout Munster, but the Earl of Desmond, who disliked Fitzmaurice, and no doubt also feared the confiscation of his lands, refused to join him, and soon afterwards the Spaniards saw their transports captured by Captain Courtney, who had sailed round from Kinsale. To avoid attack they marched into the interior of the country, but Fitzmaurice perished in an affray near Limerick, and the expedition came to nought.

In 1580 another force of some 700 Spaniards and Italians landed at Smerwick Harbour, and again took possession of Fort-del-Ore. This expedition brought arms for 5,000 men, and a large sum of money. Lord Grey, the Deputy, assembled a strong force and marched south to attack the Spaniards. Trenches were opened on the 7th of November, and on the third day the besiegers had advanced to within one hundred and forty yards of the fort. The Spaniards then offered to surrender on a promise that their lives would be spared, and the offer was accepted. On the morning of the 10th, an officer was sent to the fort to make an inventory of arms and ammunition, and the Spanish commander and his officers were ordered to come forward and

deliver up their swords and ensigns. Now was committed another deed of perfidy. The English soldiers fell upon the unarmed men and massacred them. The following is Grey's letter to the Queen on the subject, the spelling only being changed: "Morning came, I presented in battle before the fort. The colonel with ten or twelve of his gentlemen came, trailing their ensigns rolled up, and presented them to me with their lives and the fort. I sent straight certain gentlemen to see their weapons and armour laid down, and to guard the munition and victuals then left from spoil; then I put in certain bands who straight fell to execution. There were 600 slain." It is no wonder that "Grey's Faith" became a bye-word for many a year after, throughout the Continent of Europe.

The war in Munster now assumed a savage character. The fidelity of the peasantry to the Geraldines remained constant. Although immense rewards were offered for the head of the Earl of Desmond, who had at length been driven into the revolt, or of his chief captain, John of Desmond, yet the poorest of the people refused to betray him. John of Desmond was killed in a skirmish in 1582. Through the summer and autumn of 1583, the Earl, with a few faithful followers "wandered" say the Four Masters,

“from one cavern of a rock, or hollow of a tree, to another.” On November 9th, a party of soldiers surprised the Earl in a glen a few miles from Tralee. On entering the hut they found a venerable old man, a woman, and a boy. The old man exclaimed, “Spare my life, I am the Earl of Desmond;” but, fearing to be set upon by his followers, they cut off his head, and sent it to Queen Elizabeth, who caused it to be impaled in an iron cage on London Bridge. Thus ended the great Munster Geraldine family.

BATTLE OF GLENMALURE.

WHILE Munster was in the throes of the Desmond war, another isolated insurrection broke out in Leinster under Viscount Baltinglass, aided by the famous chief Fiach MacHugh O’Byrne and his clan, together with the O’Tooles, Kavanaghs, and others.

Not long after his appointment, Lord Grey determined to signalise his term of office by some glorious deed of arms. He proceeded to extinguish the “Firebrand of the Mountains,” as his foes called Fiach MacHugh, and to plant the banner of St. George on the most inaccessible parts of that chieftain’s fastness.

The English army having arrived at the entrance to Glenmalure, Lord Grey, directing all his efforts to hem in the Irish and prevent them from escaping, constructed a strong barricade across the mouth of the glen. All being ready, the order to advance was given, whilst the Deputy with a party of his courtier friends took their stand upon an adjoining eminence, that they might enjoy to the full the flight of the wretched Irish. An ominous silence pervaded the glen as the English regiments pushed their way into its depths. But suddenly, from every side came the rattle of musketry, whilst at the same time huge boulders were rolled down upon the unfortunate soldiery. Lord Grey ordered up his reserves, but they were powerless against an invisible foe. Now the loud voice of Fiach Mac-Hugh was heard bidding his gallant clansmen "Remember Mullaghmast, and charge home on the Sassanagh." Shouting fiercely, the kernes and gallowglasses flung themselves on their foes with a headlong bravery that nothing could withstand. Vain were all the English endeavours; in a few minutes the retreat became a rout. In the wild confusion that ensued one of the first to fall was the infamous Cosby of Mullaghmast. Lord Grey and a few of his attendants fled early in the fight, and saved themselves by the fleetness of their

horses. Of all those who had left Dublin Castle some days previously, few returned to spread among the alarmed citizens the dreadful news that the Deputy's proud array had gone down before the fierce onslaught of the Wicklow Mountaineers, and that the "Firebrand of the Mountains" was blazing more fiercely than ever.

BATTLE OF GLENMALURE.

AN autumn sun is beaming on Dublin Castle's towers,
Whose portals fast are pouring forth the Pale's
embattled powers ;

And on for Wicklow Hills they urge their firm and
rapid way,

And well may proud Lord Grey exult to view their
stern array.

For there was many a stately knight, whose helm
was rough with gold,

And spearsman grim and musketeer in Erin's war
grown old.

And on they speed for Glenmalure 'gainst daring
Fiach MacHugh,

Who lately with his mountain bands, to that wild
glen withdrew.

And now above the rugged glen their prancing
steeds they rein,

While many an eager look along its mazy depths
they strain ;

But where's the marshalled foe they seek? the
camp—the watchfires—where?
For save the eagle screaming high no sign of life is
there.

“Ho!” cried the haughty deputy, “my gallant
friends, we're late—
I rightly deemed the rebel foe would scarce our visit
wait.

But onward lead the foot, Carew, perhaps, in sooth,
'twere well,
That something of their flocks and herds our soldiery
should tell.”

“I've heard it is the traitor's wont in cave and
swamp to hide,
Whene'er he deems his strength too weak the battle's
brunt to bide;
But mark, where'er a rebel lurks, arouse him from
his lair,
And death to him whose hand is known an Irish
foe to spare.”

But hark! what wild defiant yell the rocks and
woods among,
Has now so fierce on every side in thrilling echoes
rung?

O'Byrne's well-known warrison, and hark! along
the dell,
With rapid and successive peal the musket's deadly
knell.

Like wolves that in a narrowing ring the hunter's
band enclose,

So rush the baffled Saxons on the ambush of their
foes ;

And lo ! from every craggy screen, as 'twere instinct
with life,

Up spring the mountain warriors to meet the coming
strife.

And tall amidst their foremost bands his broad-
sword flashing bright,

The dreaded Fiach MacHugh is seen to cheer them
to the fight ;

And from the fiery chieftain's lips those words of
vengeance passed,

“ Behold the accursed Sassenagh ! Remember
Mullaghmast ! ”

No time to breathe or rally then, so hotly are they
pressed ;

For thousand maddening memories stir each raging
victor's breast ;

And many a sire and brother's blood, and many a
sister's wrong,

Was then avenged, dark Glenmalure, thy echoing
vales along.

Carew and Audley deep had sworn the Irish foe to
tame,

But thundering on their dying ears his shout of
victory came ;

And burns with shame De Grey's knit brow, and
throbs with rage his eye,
To see his best in wildest rout from Erin's clansmen
fly.

Ho ! warder for the Deputy fling wide thy fortress
gate,
And burgher proud, and haughty dame, be these
the bands ye wait,
Whose banners lost, and broken spears, and wounds,
and disarray,
Proclaim their dire disgrace and loss in that fierce
mountain fray.

*M. J. M'Cann.*¹

THE TWO HUGHS.

HUGH O'NEILL, Earl of Tyrone, was the son of Matthew, Baron of Dungan- non, and grandson of Con Bacagh, the first of the O'Neill family to do homage to an English sovereign. Con surrendered the glorious title of "The O'Neill," "in com- parison of which,"



HUGH O'NEILL.

¹ One of the Young Ireland poets.

says Camden, "the very title of Cæsar is contemptible in Ireland," and received from the English king the title of Iarl or Earl of Tyrone. However, though Con submitted from some motive of policy, his submission was merely nominal; for on the first rumour of the Protestant Reformation in Ireland, despite his lameness, he marched his army to Navan, burned it to the ground, and from the Hill of Tara warned the lords of the Pale to keep their Reformation from contaminating his country.

English policy in Ireland sought, if possible, to have two aspirants to the chieftainship of a clan. So young Hugh O'Neill was sent to England during the rule of his uncle Shane O'Neill, and brought up at the court of Queen Elizabeth, where he soon became one of her prime favourites. When Shane O'Neill was murdered, the crafty councillors of the queen fixed their eyes upon Hugh O'Neill, as one well fitted to weaken and divide the power of Ulster, and so reform it after their fashion. They little knew with whom they had to deal, for, says Camden, "O'Neill was a youth of goodly presence and winning speech, not very tall in stature, but powerfully made, able to endure much fatigue, watching, and hunger; of great industry, large soul, and fit for the weightiest business, much

knowledge in military affairs, and of a profound dissembling heart." This young man was deemed by the English court a suitable instrument to ruin his country's liberties, and with this view he was made Baron of Dungannon and sent to Ireland as a rival of Turlough O'Neill, another grandson of Con Bacagh, who had succeeded Shane in the chieftaincy. Well did the "profound dissembling heart" of Hugh O'Neill understand the meaning of all these honours. Yet, for eighteen years he lived quietly at his castle of Dungannon, submitted to the chieftaincy of Turlough O'Neill, and maintained such amicable relations with the English court that he grew more and more in favour with Elizabeth; but all this time he was strengthening himself in the North and growing every day in the good graces of his clansmen.

In the year 1587, we find him in London an honoured guest of the queen, soliciting the honours and estates of the Earldom of Tyrone, and advising the queen to abolish for ever that most rebellious and pestilent title, "The O'Neill." Hugh returned to Ireland a belted Earl, where his influence soon stripped old Turlough Luineach of all his power. He now got permission from the queen to maintain six companies of troops for her majesty's service. According as these were

drilled in the latest and most scientific methods of war, he managed to change them in batches for other men of his clan. He next got permission to ship from England a large quantity of lead for the roof of his new mansion at Dunganannon, and the lead he soon converted into bullets.

The suspicions of the Lord Deputy were at last aroused. Besides, the young heir of Tyrconnell, Red Hugh O'Donnell, a boy of fifteen, was beginning to be renowned through Ireland for the comeliness of his person, his strength and agility; he was said to have an intense hatred of the Protestant religion, and an utter loathing of English rule. What then would become of the North if the two Hughs should unite against England? This must be looked to and speedily. John Mitchel's *Life of Hugh O'Neill* narrates the measures taken against O'Donnell. "Near Rathmullen, on the western shore of Lough Swilly, looking towards the mountains of Innishowen, stood a monastery of Carmelites and a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, the most famous place of devotion in Tyrconnell, whither all Clan-Connell, both chiefs and people, made resort at certain seasons to pay their devotions. Here the young Red Hugh, with MacSweeney of the Battle-axes, O'Gallagher of Ballyshannon, and

some other chiefs were in the summer of 1587 sojourning a short time to pay their vows of religion ; but not without stag-hounds and implements of chase, having views upon the red deer of Innishowen. One day while the prince was here, a swift sailing merchant ship doubled the promontory of Dunaff, stood up the lough, and cast anchor opposite Rathmullen, bearing the flag of England, and offering for sale, as a peaceful trader, her cargo of Spanish wines. Red Hugh and his companions soon heard of the merchant and his rare wines. They visited the ship, where they were received with all respect, and, indeed, with unfeigned joy ; descended to the cabin ; with connoisseur discrimination they tried and tasted, and finally drank too deeply ; and at last when they would come on deck and return to the shore, they found themselves secured under hatches ; their weapons had been removed ; night had fallen ; they were prisoners to those traitor Saxons."

The ship never slackened sail till she cast anchor in Dublin Bay, and O'Donnell was thrown into a dungeon of Dublin Castle. Three weary years elapsed before Hugh managed to make his escape by the help of Henry and Art O'Neill, two sons of Shane O'Neill. He took refuge for a time with Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne. This chieftain

sent word to Hugh O'Neill of O'Donnell's escape, and ere long, Red Hugh was safe with the chief-tain of Tyrone.

The two Hughs now swore eternal friendship to one another, and well they kept the oath. Soon the banner of the Red Hand was unfurled from Dungannon Castle, and another and most glorious struggle was begun against English rule in Ulster.

BATTLE OF CLONTIBRET.

It had now become evident that Hugh O'Neill would not answer the political purposes for which Queen Elizabeth's government had been so long preparing him. His ingratitude was only too apparent. "Though lifted up," says Spenser¹ "by her majesty from the dust, now he playeth like the frozen snake." Not having sufficient force for the present to cope with the two Irish chiefs, the Lord Deputy Russell sent Sir Henry Wallop to Dundalk to treat with O'Neill. Wallop summoned him, as Earl of Tyrone, to attend at Dundalk and state his grievances. But O'Neill haughtily refused to see the commissioner, save

¹ Spenser a celebrated English poet, and secretary to Lord Grey; after the Desmond War he obtained a large grant of land at Kilcolman, Co. Cork, where he wrote his principal poem, *The Fairy Queen*.

at the head of his army, saying, “ for be it known unto thee, O Wallop, that the Prince of Ulster on his own ground does homage to no foreign monarch ; and for your ‘ Earls of Tyrone ’—earl me no earls ; my foot is on my native heath, and my name is ‘ The O’Neill.’ ”

The English deputy and his lawyers now solemnly called together a jury, and tried O’Neill and his allies for high treason. They were found guilty, and O’Neill, O’Donnell, O’Rourke, Maguire and MacMahon were declared traitors.

Preparations were made on both sides, and the first battle of importance was fought at Clontibret, near Monaghan, in 1595. O’Neill had hitherto avoided pitched battles, but at length he resolved to meet the renowned General Norris in the open field. On the left bank of a small stream, the Irish army awaited the approach of Norris.

We have no account of the numbers on either side, but when the English general came up, he considered himself strong enough to force a passage. Twice his infantry tried to make good their way across the river, and twice were forced to retire. Norris each time at their head was the last man to retreat. The Irish counted the battle won, when a body of English horse, led by Segrave, a gigantic officer, spurred fiercely across the river and charged the cavalry of Tyrone, led

by O'Neill in person. Segrave singled out O'Neill, and the two leaders laid their lances in rest for deadly combat, while the troops on either side lowered their weapons and held their breath, awaiting the shock. The warriors met, and the lance of each was splintered against the other's corslet; but Segrave again dashed his horse against O'Neill, flung upon him his giant form and endeavoured to unhorse him. O'Neill grasped him in his arms, and the two combatants rolled together on the ground. There was a fierce struggle, and the short sword of O'Neill was buried in the Englishman's groin beneath his mail. Springing to his feet and waving the blood-stained weapon, O'Neill shouted the war-cry of his clan, when there burst from the Irish ranks such a deafening cheer as the hills of Monaghan had never echoed before, and with their wild war-cry of *Lamh dearg aboo*, and lances poised above their heads, down swept the chivalry of Tyrone on the astonished ranks of the Saxon. For a moment, the banner of St. George wavered and then fell before that furious charge. The English turned their horses and fled headlong across the river, leaving the field covered with dead, and the proud Red Cross Banner in the hands of the Irish. Norris hastily retreated southward, and the castle of Monaghan was surrendered to O'Neill.

NEGOTIATIONS.—ARMAGH.

FINDING that the army was making no progress in Ulster, the English government again despatched commissioners to Dundalk to invite O'Neill to a conference. The chief, who had reasons of his own for desiring a delay, met the commissioners on the banks of a small river near Faughard. He assured them of his sterling loyalty, and his desire to be held as a good subject of the queen's; but he was determined that the laws, customs, and religion of his country should remain inviolate; upon these terms, her majesty, he protested, should have no more devoted subject than he. The English terms, however, amounted to a complete surrender and the conference had no result.

In the meantime Fiach MacHugh O'Byrne, together with the O'Mores, O'Kavanaghs, O'Tooles and O'Connors had risen in arms against the English, so that ere long the whole island, with the exception of Munster, was in arms. Sleepless watch was kept upon the walls of Dublin to guard the seat of government from those terrible mountaineers. About this time the gallant Fiach MacHugh, now an old man, lost his life in a battle with the English. Meanwhile

Red Hugh O'Donnell was pressing the enemy hard in Connaught.

Armagh was the only town in the North in possession of the English, and O'Neill was resolved to take it, although a strong English force was encamped without. This force he attacked with such fury as to drive pell-mell into the city. Then he sat down before the walls to begin a regular siege, but soon seeing that his men were not accustomed to so slow a kind of warfare, he determined to adopt other tactics. General Norris had sent a quantity of provisions to the relief of the garrison, under the protection of a strong body of horse and foot. The Irish surprised these troops by night and captured the stores. O'Neill then caused the English prisoners to be stripped of their uniforms, and an equal number of his own men to don them. These men were to appear in the open by day-break, as if coming to relieve Armagh; then, concealing another body of troops under Con O'Neill in a ruined monastery near the city, he would send a detachment to attack the red-coated gallow-glasses. At dawn of day, the anxious watchers from the city walls beheld a strong body of English troops marching to their relief with a supply of provisions; they beheld them attacked by O'Neill's men, and a furious combat taking

place before their eyes. Their countrymen seemed to be overmatched. The sight was unbearable to hungry men; the garrison rushed from the city to support their friends. The result may be easily conceived. The English, perceiving their mistake, made again for the town, but now they were intercepted by Con O'Neill and his party; attacked on all sides, despite a brave resistance, they were soon defeated, and Armagh immediately surrendered.

BEUL AN ATHA BUIDHE.

THE English had erected a strong fortress called Portmor on the northern Blackwater, commanding a ford which was the pass from Armagh into Tyrone. This, O'Neill blockaded in 1598, and the Lord Deputy Ormond saw that, unless a strong effort was made to relieve it, the whole of Ulster, and perhaps of Ireland, should be given up to O'Neill. Strong reinforcements were therefore brought over from England, and ere long, O'Neill was informed that Marshal Sir Henry Bagnal was moving northward with the strongest English army that had yet been sent against him.

On the road from Armagh to the fortress of

Portmor was a plain, enclosed on one side by a bog, and on the other by a thick wood. To reach the plain one should cross a stream flowing from the bog, by a ford, which circumstance gave to the battle the name of the "Yellow Ford."

Bagnal's army rested in Armagh on the night of the 14th of August, while O'Neill bivouacked in the woods; for, "to an Irish rebel," says Spencer, "the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his couch to sleep on." The morning sun was to prove the valour and discipline of his Irish kernes when pitted against the bronzed veterans of England.

The sun of August rose bright and unclouded upon the tower and battlements of Armagh, but long ere the light, the army of Bagnal was in motion. Corslets and weapons of the advancing cavalry glanced brightly in the sunshine; the banners waved proudly and the bugles rang out cheerily on the morning air, when, suddenly from the thickets on both sides of the path a deadly volley of musketry swept through the foremost lines. Here O'Neill had posted five hundred marksmen, who poured volley after volley with deadly effect into the English ranks; but the first division, headed by Bagnal in person, after some hard fighting, carried the pass and drove the Irish back on their main body. The whole

English army now drew up in front of the Irish lines, having with some loss cleared the difficult country. Bagnal with his first division and a body of cavalry charged the Irish troops up to their very entrenchments; but here O'Neill's foresight had prepared pits, loosely covered with wattles and grass, into which many of the English cavalry tumbled helplessly, and were trampled by their comrades' horses, or slain by the Irish soldiers. In the midst of this disorder O'Neill gave the word for a general charge. Then, as the bagpipes sounded, the two Hughs dashed forward at the head of their men, shouting their respective war-cries *Lamh dearg aboo* and *O'Donne!l aboo*. Bagnal had already fallen, shot through the brain by an unknown marksman; and to add to the confusion, a cart of gunpowder exploded, killing many men. Ere long, all the cannon were taken; the cries of "St. George for England" were turned into death shrieks, and once again the Red Cross Banner was in the hands of Hugh O'Neill. Fifteen hundred English escaped to Armagh, which after three days was delivered up to O'Neill. He disarmed the soldiers and dismissed them unhurt, to the Pale. The fame of this great victory filled the land. The English historians of the period tell us, that for months nothing was talked of at court or elsewhere, but

the great battle of the Blackwater which had resulted so disastrously for "Her Highness." Morrison informs us that "the general voice was of Tyrone amongst the English after the defeat of Blackwater, as of Hannibal amongst the Romans after the defeat of Cannae." The news of the victory was spread far and wide through the continent of Europe, and Hugh O'Neill was looked upon as the deliverer of his country and the most zealous champion of the Catholic Church.

MOUNTJOY.—KINSALE.

FOR some time after the battle of the Yellow Ford, O'Neill was practically the uncrowned king of Ireland; his authority was everywhere acknowledged. Elizabeth now sent over her favourite, the Earl of Essex, with an army of 20,000 men, the largest England had put in the field for many years. O'Neill, without attacking this army, completely out-witted and out-generalled Essex, who indeed was in no great hurry to face the hero of Clontibret and the Yellow Ford. Elizabeth wrote most stinging letters to Essex to urge him "to do something against O'Neill;" but Essex threw up his command and

hurried over to London, only to be received by the queen with cuffs and curses and sent immediately, as a prisoner to the Tower.

O'Neill had now to face a more formidable foe than any he had yet encountered. This was Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, the governor appointed to succeed Essex. Elizabeth placed her whole power at his disposal, and instructed him to spare no fraud, corruption, or treasure to put down O'Neill. Not, however, on the battlefield was Mountjoy's work to be done; it was accomplished by weakening the Irish through disunion, and cheating them by a temporary indulgence of their religion. It was hoped, that a relaxation of the penal laws would detach from O'Neill's standard the Anglo-Irish who had joined him, and even break the strongest bond of union amongst the old Irish. Hence, from the day on which Mountjoy came to Ireland we find him permitting the celebration of Mass, and setting imprisoned priests at liberty; and from the letters that passed between him and the State Council, we see all that liberality and tenderness for the consciences of Irish Catholics, which British ministers know so well how to assume, when a storm of Irish wrath is to be weathered, or the hopes of Irish manhood are to be crushed. Then, again, the ambition of certain

members of the ruling families of the north was excited, and with success. Niall Garbh O'Donnell, one of the ablest of the chiefs of his clan, was induced to set up a claim to the chieftaincy against Red Hugh ; and Art O'Neill, son of Turlough Luineach, was encouraged to aspire to a similar position in Tyrone. By these subtle means, Mountjoy weakened considerably the Irish confederacy.

Towards the close of the year 1601, came the exciting news that a large force of Spaniards had landed at Kinsale, and were in possession of the town. This Spanish expedition, meant to aid, really effected the ruin of the Irish cause. O'Neill, in writing to the King of Spain, always urged that an expedition, to be of any use, must consist of at least 5,000 men, and should land in Ulster. Now, this expedition consisted of only 3,000 men: it landed at the very southern extremity of the island, and, worse than all, was commanded by a man of very little ability, Don Juan del Aguila. The Spaniards were immediately besieged in Kinsale by a force of 13,000 English, and although it was then mid-winter, O'Neill and O'Donnell had to march to their relief. O'Donnell, having eluded Carew by a wonderful night-march of forty miles, arrived first, and blockaded the English in their camp. This operation was so likely to

be effective, that when O'Neill came up he wished to continue the blockade, particularly as he knew the English army to be short of provisions, and that disease as well as hunger, was making ravages in their camp. But Del Aguila urgently demanded aid; O'Donnell, ever impetuous, wished for immediate battle, and as the other leaders were also anxious to fight, O'Neill submitted against his better judgment, and on the 3rd of January, 1602, the battle of Kinsale ended in disaster for the army of Ireland. A few days afterwards, the Spaniards surrendered. On the night after their defeat, a council of war was held by the Irish chiefs, at which it was resolved that O'Neill should go to the north and endeavour to re-organise his shattered army; that Donal O'Sullivan should take command in the south and endeavour to hold at least the castle of Dunboy; and that Red Hugh O'Donnell should proceed to Spain to ask further aid from Philip III. "The loss of men," says M'Gee, "was not irreparable; the loss in arms, colours, and reputation was more painful to bear, and far more difficult to retrieve." The career of Red Hugh was near its close. After vain endeavours to obtain aid from the Spanish king, he died on the 10th of September, 1602, of poison, administered by an emissary of Carew.

O'SULLIVAN BEARE.—HIS FAMOUS RETREAT.

O'SULLIVAN BEARE.

MEANWHILE the English army was "tranquillising Munster." The English historian, Jas. Anthony Froude, describes the process. "The English nation," he says, "was shuddering over the atrocities of the Duke of Alva. Yet Alva's bloody sword never touched the young, the defenceless, or those whose sex even dogs can recognise and respect. Sir Peter Carew was seen murdering women and children, and babies

that had scarcely left the breast. Gilbert, who was left in command at Killmallock, regarded himself as dealing rather with savage beasts than with human beings, and when he tracked them to their dens, he strangled the cubs, and rooted out the entire broods. In justice to the English

soldiers it must be said that it was no fault of theirs if any Irish child of that generation was allowed to live to manhood.”¹

The only fortress in the south now holding out for O'Neill was Dunboy, situated on a point of the mainland west of Beare Island, and belonging to Donal O'Sullivan, Lord of Beare, one of the most distinguished Irish chiefs who had joined O'Neill. O'Sullivan was a man of calm demeanour, grave and thoughtful in manner, very cautious, but firm and inflexible in all that concerned his personal honour, his duty to his people, or his religion. When the coming of the Spaniards gave a prospect of success to the national struggle, he did not hesitate, but threw himself, heart and soul into the fray.

The disaster at Kinsale removed all hopes of success from the southern leaders. However, Donal O'Sullivan prepared his castle as best he could to withstand a siege. Hearing that some Spanish envoys had landed in Kenmare, he went with all the force he could spare to meet them, and left Dunboy in charge of a trusted friend Richard MacGeoghegan, with a garrison of only 143 men, to withstand the attack of Carew and an army 4,000 strong. After a most determined resistance for eleven days, during which the castle

¹ Froude's *Eng. Hist.*, vol. x., pp. 508-12.

was almost battered down with cannon ball, the English forced an entrance, and every man of the garrison found alive was hanged by the ferocious Carew.

For six months after, Donal O'Sullivan with 800 men held out in Glengariff against the whole English army. But winter was now approaching; the mountains were deep in snow; his resources were almost exhausted; he was cooped up in a remote glen with a number of aged and infirm persons, as well as many women and children, and but a few hundred fighting men to guard them. His nearest friend was in Ulster. O'Sullivan resolved to pierce through his foes and fight his way to the North.

On the last day of December, 1602, was commenced this memorable retreat of which says the Abbe MacGeoghegan, "we read of nothing more like the expedition of Cyrus the Younger than this retreat of O'Sullivan Beare." His men had literally to fight the whole way. A vanguard of forty men always went in front; next came the sick and wounded, women and children. Donal himself and the remainder of his little band brought up the rear. They crossed the Shannon on a kind of raft made of the skins of eleven horses. At Aughrim they had to encounter a band of 800 men, commanded by Lord Clan-

rickarde's brother. Sir Peter Carew himself tells the story. "Nevertheless when they saw that they must either make their way by the sword or perish, they gave a brave charge upon our men, in which Captain Malby was slain, upon whose fall Sir Thomas and his troops, fainting with the loss of many men, studied their safety by flight."

At length the remnant of the band of heroes reached O'Rourke's country in Cavan, but, alas! of the thousand men, women and children that had left Glengariff, only one hundred arrived in safety.

DONAL OF BEARA.

BRAVE Donal! foes and traitors knew
 His spirit high, and feared it too.
 While young or old, the poorest man
 Matron or maid amongst his clan,
 Whose cause was good, whose claim was just
 In his true heart might safely trust,
 And ask from his superior might,
 Support and succour for the right.
 Strong-boned, but spare of flesh was he,
 Fit for brave toils by land or sea;
 Tall, straight and lithe, his manly form
 Seemed well inured to sun or storm!

His face was thin, his light-brown hair
Half hid a forehead smooth and fair ;
Fast came his thoughts, whene'er he spoke
From his blue eye quick flashes broke ;
But while he mused, or walked alone,
His features took another tone.
And slow of step he moved along
Like one inwrapt in love or song.
Yet ever in that manly breast
The passion ruling all the rest,
The source to which his thoughts returned,
That central fire that in him burned,
By all life's forces fed and fanned,
Was love for his dear native land.

T. D. Sullivan.

FLIGHT OF O'NEILL.—CONFISCATION OF ULSTER.

The opening of the year 1603 found O'Neill still unconquered ; he still commanded such a force as might enable him to renew the combat at the first favourable opportunity, but Elizabeth and her ministers were too wise to drive him to desperation. Mountjoy was therefore instructed to sound the defeated but unsubdued chief as to the terms on which he would submit, and O'Neill agreed to meet Mountjoy at Mellifont Abbey, near

Drogheda. The negotiations were hurried on by the deputy, for he had received private information that the queen was dead, and he feared, that if O'Neill should hear the news, it might delay his submission. The terms granted by the deputy show that O'Neill was still considered a dangerous foe. He was to have complete amnesty for the past, to be reinstated in his title of Earl of Tyrone, and he and his people were to enjoy the full and free exercise of their religion. It seemed for a time that a real and lasting peace was beginning.

James VI. of Scotland, son of Mary, Queen of Scots, was now as James I. King of England. In James, the Irish recognised a king of their own race, and never did a more golden opportunity occur of peacefully adjusting the relations between the two countries; but the people's expectations were sadly disappointed. The English adventurers were eager for plunder, but none had been secured, though they had hoped for the spoils of the North. Soon a plot was concocted. In 1607, an anonymous letter was found at the door of the council chamber in Dublin, in which was disclosed a grand conspiracy, with O'Neill at its head, to murder the Lord Deputy and raise a general insurrection. The Deputy hereupon summoned O'Neill and Rory O'Donnell, Red Hugh's successor to Dublin, to stand their

trial on this charge ; but the two chiefs who well knew what was in store for them, set sail from Ireland in a French ship from the harbour of Rathmullan in Lough Swilly.

Then did king James and his minions let loose all their hatred against the Irish race. Now, indeed, they could carry out their grand scheme of reforming Ireland. Some 600,000 acres of the best land in Ulster was divided into lots of 1,000 1,500, and 2,000 acres, and let to needy English and Scotch adventurers. Few conditions were imposed, save that the ancient proprietors should be driven out, or if left, employed for the lowest labouring purposes, and that no effort should be spared to root out the Catholic religion. This system was spread by degrees to other parts of Ireland.

The exiled chiefs sailed at once to France, where the English government demanded them of Henry IV. ; but that gallant king, the famous Henry of Navarre, first sovereign of the house of Bourbon, indignantly refused to comply with the request. The exiles were received with the greatest honour in different European courts. At Rome they received a truly royal reception from Paul V., who looked upon them as confessors for the faith, and appointed them a pension befitting their princely state. But, alas ! they

soon drooped in exile. Rory O'Donnell died before a year, in 1608. Wife and children dropped off one by one from Hugh O'Neill, until the noble old man found himself almost the last of the illustrious band that had sailed from Rathmullan. Bowed down with years and sorrow, as, day by day, came the sad tidings of the dreadful sufferings of his countrymen at home, the great Hugh, the most formidable adversary the English power ever encountered in Ireland, died at Rome, A.D. 1616. With the heroic struggle of O'Neill and O'Donnell terminated the power of the Irish chieftains, and the clan system, which had proved such a bar to Irish unity, came to an end.

O'NEILL IN ROME.

WHERE yellow Tiber's waters flow
Within the seven-hilled city's bound,
An aged chief with footsteps slow,
Moves sadly o'er the storied ground.
In prayer he's with the princely crowd
Amidst the noblest and the best,
His large white head is lowly bowed
His hands are clasped before his breast.
But oh! for Ireland, far away,
For Ireland dear, with all her ills—
For Mass in fair Tyrone to-day,
Amid her blue encircling hills.

His fellow exiles, men who bore
 With him, the brunt of many a fight—
Talk past and future chances o'er,
 Around his table grouped at night.
While speeds each tale of grief or glee,
 With tears their furrowed cheeks are wet,
And oft they rise and vow they'll see
 One glorious day in Ireland yet.
And oh! for Ireland, there once more,
 To rouse the true men of the land,
And proudly bear from shore to shore
 The banner of the Blood Red Hand.

He sits, abstracted, by the board
 Old scenes are pictured on his brain ;
From Clontibret to Yellow Ford,
He fights and wins them o'er again ;
Again he sees fierce Bagnal fall,
 Sees craven Essex basely yield,
Meets armoured Segrave gaunt and tall,
 And leaves him lifeless on the field.
But oh! for Ireland, there again,
 The grand old chieftain fain would be,
Midst glittering spears on hill or plain,
 To charge for Faith and Liberty.

Years come and go, but while they roll,
 His limbs grow weak, his eyes grow dim,
The hopes die out that buoyed his soul,
 War's mighty game is closed for him.

Before him from this earth have passed,
Friends, kinsmen, comrades, true and brave,
And well he knows he nears at last
His place of rest, a foreign grave.
But oh ! for Ireland, far away,
For Irish love and holy zeal,
Oh ! for a grave in Irish clay,
To wrap the heart of Hugh O'Neill.

T. D. Sullivan.

END OF PART I.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY.

Ard Righ	is pronounced	awrdh ree
Bacagh	„	boc-öch
Ballybough	„	bally-böch'
Baruch	„	bör'-uch
Beul an atha buidhe	„	bay-ol on awha büee
Borumha	„	bur-oo'
Brugh	„	broo
Cill-Dara	„	keel-dhör a
Colpa	„	kull'-öpa
Comharba	„	ko'-ör-ba
Conan	„	kun-awn'
Crom	„	kroum
Cruachan	„	kroo-hawn'
Cruagh	„	kroö'-uch
Cuchulain	„	koo hull'-in
Cul-Dremhne	„	kool-dren'-ě
Dathi	„	dhaw'-hee
Donough	„	dönöch
Dubh	„	dhuv
Dubtach	„	dhoo'-töch
Dun	„	dhoon
Eire	„	ay'-rı
Eoghan	„	own
Feis Teavrac	„	fesh tower'-öch
Fiach	„	fee'öch
Fianna	„	fee-nö
Finnachta	„	feen'-öch-tha
Fodhla	„	fö-lö
Garbh	„	gör'-ov
Gavra	„	gower'-a
Gleann Scoheen	„	gill-oun' sgu-heen'
Goll	„	gowl
Ith	„	ih

Laeghaire	is pronounced	lhay'-rĭ
Lamh dearg aboo	"	law-öy dăr'-og aboo
Lamh-laidir aboo	"	law-öv law-dir aboo
Lia Fail	"	lee-a faw'-il
Luineach	"	lhin'-ach
Mac Culenain	"	mock-cull'-naw'-in
Mac Cumhail	"	mock-oo'-il
Mac Gilla	"	mock gi-öla (ghard)
Murrough	"	mur-och
Murtough	"	mur-toch
Na Gael	"	nung-ayöl
Na gall	"	nung owl
Niall	"	nee'-öl
Ogham	"	ome
Ollav	"	ull'-öv
Oscar	"	us'-kö
Ossian	"	uish-eer'
Parthalon	"	pawr'-a-law
Rath	"	raw
Sabhal Padruig	"	söv'-öl or sawl, paw-dhrig
Sassanagh	"	soś'-an-öch
Shane	"	shawn
Slaught	"	söl-awcht'
Slieve Mish	"	shleev mish
Tailtean	"	tha'-il-tan
Tallaght ¹	"	thol'-öch or thol'- öcht
{ Tuatha-De	"	thoo-'hä-day
{ Dananns	"	dhön-ouns'
Tuathal	"	thoo'-hö
Turlough	"	thur'-loch
Uisneach	"	ish'-nach
Uladh	"	ull'-a or ull'-oo
Ulfadha	"	ool-födh-a

¹ Tallaght is a corruption of Taimhleacht (tha'-iv-lacht).

IRISH HISTORY READER
PART II.



IRISH HISTORY READER

INSURRECTION OF 1641.

ACCORDING to an English historian this rising, which broke out in the reign of Charles I., son of James I., was brought about “ first, because for forty years the Irish had been treated as a conquered nation ; secondly, because six whole counties in the North had been confiscated ; thirdly, because the Crown now claimed several counties in the South ; fourthly, because of the great severities against Catholics, of whom Sir John Clotworthy declared in the Irish House of Commons, that before a twelvemonth there should not be one of them found in the land ; fifthly, because they saw how the Scots had succeeded by taking up arms : and lastly, because they saw

such a storm brewing between the king and his parliament, that they thought it a good opportunity to obtain their own rights.”

The first move in the insurrection may be traced to Rory O'More, of the ancient governing family of Leix or Queen's County. He was a man of handsome person, great eloquence and insinuating manners. He soon persuaded several other gentlemen of old Irish families to join him ; among them were Lord Maguire of Fermanagh, a nobleman who still retained a small part of his ancient property, Sir Phelim O'Neill, a descendant of Con the Lame, Sir Con Magennis, Philip O'Reilly, Hugh Og M'Mahon, and many others.

“ If you ask why the beacon and banner of war,
On the green hills of Ulster is seen from afar ?
'Tis the signal our rights to regain and secure,
Through God, and Our Lady, and Rory O'Moore.”

During the month of September, 1641, the plans were matured for the intended rising, and the 23rd of October was fixed as the day. Dublin Castle was to be taken by surprise, as it contained a great quantity of arms and ammunition, and a simultaneous rising was to take place in all parts of the North. All the forts and castles were to be seized, and the gentry kept prisoners ; but strict orders were issued that no one was to

be killed except in the regular course of battle. Messengers were also sent to Flanders to Colonel Owen Roe O'Neill, nephew to the great Hugh, being son of his brother Art. All Europe had rung with the fame of his gallant defence of the crumbling walls of Arras in the year before, against an army under the command of three marshals of France. Now, the northern Irish looked to him as their natural leader, for while winning experience and distinction in the service of Spain, he had kept in close touch with the movement at home.

On the evening before the 23rd of October, O'More, Maguire, Plunkett, MacMahon, Byrne, and others of the confederates assembled in Dublin, and though several of the promised contingents had not arrived they resolved to go on with their work. In an evil hour, the gallant but imprudent MacMahon revealed the plot to one Owen Connolly, who is said by some to have been his foster-brother, but who had been reared a Protestant. Connolly hastened to disclose the plot to Sir William Parsons, the Lord Justice, but the latter perceiving that he was half drunk paid little heed to his information. Having mentioned the matter to his colleague Sir John Borlase, Connolly was again brought before them, and repeated his statement; and being

now convinced of their danger, the Lords Justices took immediate steps to arrest the chiefs. The city gates were closed, but O'More and some others made their escape across the Liffey. MacMahon was taken near the King's Inns, and Maguire in the morning at Cook-street. They were led before the Lords Justices. MacMahon boldly avowed the project, and told their frightened lordships that by this time the Irish flag was waving over every tower and town in Ulster. After long torture on the rack, the prisoners were taken to London and hanged at Tyburn.

The failure of the plot in Dublin did not prevent its success elsewhere. Sir Phelim O'Neill took Charlemont Fort, Sir Con Magennis took Newry, Roger Maguire overran Fermanagh, and before forty-eight hours the whole structure of British colonization in the North had fallen to pieces. While an English man-of-war was bearing away to their doom the gallant MacMahon and the hapless Maguire, through all the towns of Ulster joybells were ringing merry peals, and bonfires were blazing on every hill, to proclaim the glorious news that O'Neill and O'Donnell, Maguire and MacMahon, O'Reilly and O'Cahan, all had got their own again.

CONFEDERATION OF KILKENNY.

IN a few days Sir Phelim O'Neill found himself at the head of a tumultuous array of 30,000 men. At first there was no unnecessary bloodshed, though English historians would have us believe that the Irish massacred all the Protestants. About the beginning of November, a fortnight after the rising, the English settlers who had fled to Carrickfergus, together with the Scotch garrison of the town, sallied forth at night and murdered all the peaceful inhabitants of the peninsula of Island Magee, to the number, it is said, of 3,000. These included very many refugees, although none of the people of the County Antrim had as yet taken up arms. In Claredon's *Vindication of the Earl of Ormond*, published in London in 1662, it is expressly stated, and appeal is made to many witnesses then living in London, that this massacre of Island Magee was the first murder committed in the war. Afterwards some of Sir Phelim's undisciplined forces massacred a number of settlers, and, in England, the number was eagerly exaggerated into hundreds of thousands.

For some time, only the native Irish took part in the war, but the conduct of the government

soon spread the area of the revolt. The Anglo-Irish Catholic lords had in no way encouraged it, or even sympathised with it; still their lands were ravaged by the Puritan armies, and districts of profound peace became the theatre of bloody excesses on the part of the soldiery. The Lords drew up a memorial and sent it to Dublin by Sir John Reade. He was instantly seized by the Lords Justices and put to the torture of the rack. At length, the Anglo-Irish began to feel, for the first time, that with the native Irish must their lot be cast if they wished to preserve even personal liberty.

In the month of December a conference was agreed upon, and a meeting was held on the hill of Crofty in Meath. There came of the Anglo-Irish, the Earl of Fingal, Lords Gormanstown, Slane, Louth, Dunsany, Trimbleston, Netterville, and many knights and gentlemen. The Irish leaders, Rory O'More, Philip O'Reilly, MacMahon and others came attended by a guard of musketeers. Lord Gormanstown demanded the reason why they came armed into the Pale. Then O'More rode forward, doffed his cap, and saluting the Lords of the Pale, declared, "the ground of their coming hither and taking up arms was for the freedom and liberty of their consciences, the maintenance of his Majesty's prerogative, and

the making of the subjects of this kingdom as free as those of England." Lord Gormanstown replied, "Seeing these be your true motives we will likewise join you." A provincial synod was now convened by Hugh O'Reilly, Archbishop of Armagh. The bishops declared that the war was both pious and lawful, while at the same time their lordships denounced all murders, as well as the usurpation of other men's property. They also summoned a national synod to meet in Kilkenny on the 10th of May. The insurrection was now proceeding in all parts of Ireland; in Munster, the then important town of Cashel was taken, and here the national leaders, Philip O'Dwyer and others, showed the greatest humanity in saving the lives of the English.

In the North the army had met with a reverse, having been forced by Lord Ormond to raise the siege of Drogheda. The National Synod met in Kilkenny on the 10th of May, 1642, and having declared the war lawful and called on all Irish Catholics to join it, they summoned for the 23rd of October a meeting to be held in the same town of Kilkenny of all the bishops, Anglo-Irish lords, and all the Old Irish gentlemen. This was the famous Confederation Parliament, which for some five years ruled the destinies of Ireland, and which was loyally obeyed throughout the

country except in some of the walled towns. The Parliament made laws, coined money, imposed taxes, and sent judges on circuit to hold assizes, sent ambassadors abroad, received them from foreign countries, and appointed governors of provinces and commanders of armies. Owen Roe O'Neill, who had come to Ireland, was appointed commander for Ulster; Colonel Thomas Preston, who had served with distinction in France, was appointed for Leinster; Gerald Barry for Munster; and Sir John Burke as lieutenant for Connaught; the chief command being reserved for Lord Clanrickarde, in case he should join the Confederation.

Owen Roe soon put the Ulster army in a state of perfect discipline. The Scotch commander, Lord Leven, wrote to Owen Roe, wondering "that a man of his reputation should be engaged in so bad a cause." O'Neill replied "that he had a better right to come to the relief of his country than his lordship could plead for fighting against his king." After this Leven warned the commander-in-chief, Munroe, that if O'Neill could succeed in collecting an army, he might expect a total overthrow. This forecast was soon verified.

BENBURB.

THE Confederate armies were soon successful on all sides, "but the very power of the Confederates soon became the root of their misfortunes." The king desired to come to terms with them, and the mere idea of the king having wished to treat with them threw all the



OWEN ROE O'NEILL.

Anglo-Irish lords into a flutter of excitement. They would trust to the king. The old Irish party, on the other hand, knowing the pledge-breaker with whom they had to deal in Charles I., were for holding firmly the power they had acquired. On this issue the Supreme Council split into two factions—two bitterly hostile factions—the peace party styled "Ormondists," from their desire to treat with the Earl of Ormond; the national party, the "Nuncionists," from the fact that the Pope's nuncio, John Baptist Rinuccini, was their head. Lord Ormond, who

was a man of profound duplicity, made use of these factions for his own ends, and got the Supreme Council to agree to a truce for twelve months, and even to send a large body of troops to England to fight for the king, who was then at war with his parliament.

The Pope's nuncio had brought to Ireland a large sum of money, together with a goodly store of arms and ammunition, sent by the Holy Father to his Irish children. As the nuncio gradually came to realize the transcendent talents of Owen Roe O'Neill, he sent some of the supplies he had brought from Rome to the northern army. He also wrote to O'Neill to say that he relied solely upon him to open the eyes of all alike, Puritan rebels, English loyalists, and mean-spirited Anglo-Irish lords, and so, in the name of God, and Holy Church, to strike one good blow for Ireland. The exhortation was addressed to willing ears, and prompt action was indeed necessary for a formidable danger was at hand.

The Puritan general, Munroe, having planned a great combined movement, set out from Carrickfergus with 6,000 foot and 800 horse. On the 5th of June he would meet at Glasslough, his brother George, who was marching from Coleraine with 500 men; both then would advance to Clones to join an army of 2,000 men from Derry; this

united force of picked men could then sweep Leinster clear of the Confederates, even to the gates of Kilkenny. Owen Roe, on learning of these movements, determined to prevent the junction, and marching rapidly from Cavan, he reached Glasslough on the 4th of June, 1646, crossed the Blackwater and encamped at Benburb.

The manner in which the morning of the 5th of June was spent in the Irish camp was singularly solemn. The whole army having confessed, the general and his officers received Holy Communion; all then made a profession of faith, after which the nuncio's chaplain gave them the Papal blessing.

BATTLE OF BENBURB.

OWEN had already chosen his place of battle—the spot where the little river Oona flows into the Blackwater. Early that morning, Owen O'Dogherty and Brian Roe O'Neill had been despatched to hold George Monroe in check as he came on by the road from Coleraine; and the general taking a map pointed out a narrow pass and said, “secure that strait and hold it.” His own movements and feints were all directed to

the wearing out of the long summer day, and the bringing of the Scotch very slowly on from Caledon to the chosen ground. Monroe, however, was on fire with fear that even now when he held O'Neill thus in his hand, that astute strategist might in some way escape him and retire to the lines of Charlemont. Knowing all this Owen pushed on his own regiment of foot under the command of General O'Farrell to the pass of Ballaghkillagwill through which Monroe's army must advance on its way to Benburb, with orders that O'Farrell should hold the pass only so long, as he could safely harass the enemy, and when hard pressed should retreat firing. O'Farrell was a most able officer. Lord Ards and the English cavalry attacked the lines, but they were driven back in confusion. Monroe hurried up reserves; they too were hurled back. Five hundred musketeers at treble quick were flung forward, and then O'Farrell in perfect order retired, his musketeers covering the retreat with well-directed volleys on the worn-out enemy. Quickly forming beyond the pass the Scotch and English solidly and steadily fronted the main lines of the Irish; but Owen ordered up strong reinforcements to O'Farrell, and thus consuming time, and still leading the enemy on, he slowly fell back on the hill of Knocknacloy.

Here Owen Roe had determined that the battle should be fought. Almost instantaneously his troops took their positions; the centre resting upon the hill about 100 feet high and "covered with scrogs and bushes," the right wing protected by a bog, and the left by the waters of the Oona and the Blackwater. Four columns formed the front line, stretched out with "large open spaces" between them; the second line in three columns, at convenient distance, could easily form an unbroken front by filling up the open spaces should need be; while the cavalry on the wings, massed behind the column in front, stood ready to repel the attack of the enemy or to charge through the gaps in the front line. The infantry were armed half pike and half musket, and the pikes were longer by a foot in the handle than the ordinary weapons, while the square heads with no axe or hook were deadly in the charge. The Irish had no cannon, and the British carried, as field service went then, a powerful park of artillery. Now, however, in the scroggy slopes the Irish were in little danger from the guns, and as attack on either wing was impossible the whole afternoon was spent in repelling fierce assaults upon the centre. Lord Blayney seized a little hillock something more than a quarter of a mile from the central elevation of Knocknacloy, and

there planting his cannon and opening fire upon the Irish columns, he pushed forward under the shelter of the fire of the Scotch musketeers along the banks of the Oona. When the Irish saw them coming they raised deafening cheers, rushed upon them with the pike, and flung them back in terrible disorder. One of the Irish captains, O'Cahan, dashed across the field to the general, imploring him to give the word and the enemy would be soon cut to pieces ; but Owen gently directed him to return to his post. The British bravely rallied, and a little after six o'clock Lord Ards and the cavalry made a bold attempt to force a way across the Oona and turn the left flank of the Irish. But they were met by Henry Roe and the Irish horse, and soon routed and torn asunder, they fled back to the main body. Monroe's army was now jammed into a very narrow space. He had five columns closely packed in front and four behind, with no shelter for his wings "in the large open campagna" encircling him around ; and when the last charge of Lord Ards failed he was preparing for another attempt, and had concentrated his cavalry for a desperate assault.

But Owen's time had come. A masterly series of movements revealed his great design. Massing his forces strongly on the right wing he took the offensive, committing to O'Farrell the brilliant

task of urging gradually by continued pressure the forces of the enemy ever onwards towards the angle where the Oona and Blackwater meet. The ground favoured the Irish so long as they kept strictly on the defensive, Oona protecting the left wing, and the uneven bushy ground assisting the centre. Seeing this advantage, O'Neill despatched his best troops, including his own regiment, to the right, so that, by striking heavy blows in that quarter, the British forces would be compelled to change their front, and in so doing must be inevitably forced towards the junction of the rivers, where packed and impeded by their very numbers they would lie open to the onset of the Irish. The Irish army hanging, as it were, on Knocknacloy may be likened to a hand poised on the wrist, with outspread fingers representing the various columns; moving on the axis of the hill as the hand moves upon the wrist, the whole force swung slowly round from right to left, jamming the enemy between their lines and the waters of the two rivers. Hotly contested as the battle was on both sides nature and skill alike aided the Irish. The sun and wind were now favourable to them, the British were thrown into confusion in trying to change their front, and impatient cries were raised, "Let us advance and cut them down." But the soldiers were held

back by Owen; and to Sir Phelim's frantic demand, "Give the word now!" the general calmly answered, "Not yet." Suddenly a great deafening cheer went up to the sky, as the four squadrons of horse under Brian O'Neill and Owen O'Dogherty were seen galloping at full speed along the road from Dungannon, spears and swords flashing in the June sun.

It was now past seven o'clock, and the sun shone full in the faces of the enemy. The general raised his hat, and those near him saw his lips move for a moment. Then, summoning his staff around him, "Gentlemen," said he, and he pointed to the enemy's centre, "in a few minutes we shall be there. Pass the word along the line, *Sancta Maria*, and in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, charge for the old land." One mighty shout of exultation, and the Irish line extending from Oona to the great bog flung forward like a drawn bowstring suddenly let loose. At the first furious impact Monroe's men reeled, but his cavalry charged down the slope upon the Irish foot; when to their amazement, through the "open spaces," rigidly preserved in the hottest fury of the fight, the Irish horse dashed forward and with one tremendous shock carried Monroe's first line of defence, while the foot soldiers, "body to body with push of pike," fought

stubbornly up the slopes, none wavering, none pausing—"the best pikemen on both sides there now be." Over the tumult the general's voice now rang: "Redouble your blows and the battle is won!" Colonels sprang from their horses, and pike in hand led their men forward up the slopes, the infantry column dashed on to the capture of Monroe's guns that crowded the hillock. Like a living wall O'Neill's forces came on "in most excellent order," flinging back the Scotch and English like foam, climbing the hill, and at last with a wild hurrah rushing at full speed upon the battery. Then, indeed, as Owen had said, the battle was won. The Scotch and English broke and rushed frantically from the field, while Sir Phelim and Henry Roe and Myles the Slasher tore down upon them, sabreing and smiting the desolators of Ulster. In the blaze of the setting sun the Ulster plain looked like a sheet of blood, 3,248 dead bodies lying upon the field and the whole proud array of the invaders wrecked, mangled, annihilated.—From J. F. Taylor's *Life of Owen Roe O'Neill*, by kind permission of Fisher Unwin.



THE CONFEDERATION DISSOLVED.

THE brilliant victory of Benburb showed what Owen Roe might have done had he not been shackled by the craven party with which he was compelled to act. This party was composed of men who hated him and his brave northerns, as much or more, than they hated the common enemy. The battle filled the Puritans with fear, the Ormondists with jealousy, the nuncio and the Irish party with joy and bright hopes for the future; but no permanent result accrued, for O'Neill was not allowed to follow up his victory. His army was soon largely increased, and when on the 18th September the nuncio entered Kilkenny, Owen Roe was encamped near the city with 12,000 foot and 1,500 horse. The nuncio ordered the members of the Supreme Council, who were still plotting with Ormond, to be placed under arrest, and on the 20th a new council was elected, consisting of four bishops and eight laymen. Ormond now dreaded an attack on Dublin by the Confederates, and in fact two armies, O'Neill's and Preston's marched to Dublin, but owing to the delays and treachery of Preston nothing effective could be done. The nuncio deliberated whether he should not order the

arrest of Preston as a traitor, but upon a promise to loyally obey orders in future he was again received into favour. The Confederation of Kilkenny soon fell to pieces, destroyed more by quarrels among its members than by external foes.

During this time the ferocious Murrough O'Brien, Earl of Inchiquin, devastated a great part of Munster. This man had been taken to England when an infant, and brought up in deadly hatred of the religion of his forefathers. His most savage deed of blood was committed in Cashel, where upon the capture of the town a massacre of the inhabitants followed. When multitudes of the peaceful people fled to the cathedral on the famous rock, Inchiquin ordered volleys of musketry to be poured in through the doors and windows, and then he sent his troopers to finish with sword and pike what the muskets had left undone.

And now came another dread disaster to add to Ireland's troubles, and to render her more unprepared for the cruel enemy she had soon to encounter. Owen Roe O'Neill died at Cloughoughter Castle, in Cavan, on the 6th of November, 1649. His death, caused by some unknown disease, contracted in his camp before Derry, was by some attributed to poison, said to have

been administered in a pair of embroidered slippers. These had been given to him, as a present, by one Plunkett of Meath, who, it is said, often after boasted that he had rid Ireland of that pestilent O'Neill. There was now no Irish general fit to cope with Cromwell, who had already landed in Ireland.

“Owen Roe,” says the Abbé M'Geoghegan, “was experienced in the art of war. His ideas were clear, his perception accurate, his judgment very sound. He was dexterous in profiting of the advantages which were furnished by the enemy : he left nothing to chance, and his plans were always well formed ; he was sober, prudent, and reserved ; in a word, he possessed all the qualities necessary for a great general.” English writers describe his character in much the same terms. Had he not been too obedient a soldier, to become like Cromwell or Napoleon, a dictator, he might have purged the Confederation of rogues and fools, and have become head of the government of an independent Ireland.



LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF OWEN ROE.

“ DID they dare, did they dare, to slay Owen Rce
O’Neill ? ”

“ Yes, they slew him with poison, they feared to
meet with steel.”

“ Though it break my heart to hear, say again the
bitter words.”

“ From Derry against Cromwell he marched to
measure swords ;
But the weapon of the Saxon met him on his way,
And he died at Clough Oughter, upon St. Leonard’s
Day.”

“ Wail, wail ye for the Mighty One ! Wail, wail
ye for the Dead !

Quench the hearth, and hold the breath—with
ashes strew the head.

How tenderly we loved him, how deeply we deplore !
Holy Saviour ! but to think we shall never see him
more.

“ Sagest in the Council was he, wisest in the hall,
Sure we never won a battle—’twas Owen won them
all.

Had he lived—had he lived—our dear country had
been free,

But he’s dead, but he’s dead, and ’tis slaves we’ll
ever be.

“ Wail, wail through the island ! Weep, weep for
our pride !

Would that on the battlefield our gallant chief had
died !

Weep the victor of Benburb—weep for him, young
and old,

Weep for him, ye women—your beautiful lies cold !

“ We thought you would not die, we were sure you
would not go,

And leave us in our cruel need to Cromwell’s cruel
blow—

Sheep without a shepherd, when the snow shuts out
the sky,

Oh ! why did you leave us, Owen ? why did you die ?

“ Soft as woman’s was your voice, O’Neill ! bright
was your eye,

Oh ! why did you leave us, Owen ? why did you die ?

Your troubles are all over, you’re at rest with God
on high,

But we’re slaves, and we’re orphans, Owen, why did
you die ? ”

Thomas Davis.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

OLIVER CROMWELL, who was now ruling the destinies of England, and with more despotic sway than was ever exercised by the murdered Charles I., landed in Ireland on the 13th of August, 1649, with an army of 9,000 foot, 4,000 horse, and a

large train of artillery. He besieged Drogheda, which was held for Ormond by Sir Arthur Aston, an English Catholic, with 3,000 English and Irish soldiers. Cromwell began the siege by beating down the wall of St. Mary's church with cannon, through which a large breach was made in the town wall. After a very severe fight the town was taken, and as Cromwell writes, "Our men were ordered by me to put all to the sword." After butchering the soldiers, the fury of the fanatical Puritans was let loose against the unarmed townspeople, and every man, woman, and child of Irish extraction that could be found in the devoted city was put to the sword. The slaughter lasted for five days. Cromwell wrote to the Parliament to tell of this massacre, to which he blasphemously says he was urged by the Holy Spirit, and therefore "God alone should have all the glory."

The next town attacked was Wexford, defended by a fairly strong garrison under Colonel David Sinnott. On the 3rd of October Cromwell summoned the town to surrender, but he met with a bold refusal. After some days spent in parleying, he found means to bribe one captain Stafford who commanded the castle; this traitor threw open the gates to Cromwell's troops. The English flag was soon displayed on its walls, and

its guns turned against Wexford. When the town was taken, the massacre of Drogheda was repeated, and, if possible, with more barbarity. A number of defenceless women and children knelt around the market cross in the Bull Ring ; they were all slaughtered without mercy. Cromwell says in his despatches " he did not think it good or just to restrain the soldiers from the right of pillage, nor from doing execution on the enemy, for which, as for all, we pray God may have all the glory."

On the 24th of November Cromwell appeared before Waterford, but such was the determination displayed by the citizens, that he drew off his forces to Dungarvan ; this town as well as Youghal and many others surrendered without striking a blow. However, a stout resistance was offered at Clonmel, which was bravely defended by Colonel Hugh O'Neill, a nephew of Owen Roe. Here Cromwell lost 2,500 men, and as he expresses it himself, " was near making his noble a nine-pence." The garrison at last finding the place no longer tenable drew off under cover of a dark night to Waterford, and left the town to Cromwell. Some short time after, pressing messages came from the English Parliament inviting Cromwell home, so he left Ireland after he had appointed his son-in-law, Ireton, Lord President of Munster.

PERSECUTION UNDER CROMWELL.

THE city of Waterford was surrendered on the 10th of August, 1650, by Preston, who had assumed command, but the city of Limerick, and the whole of Clare and Connaught still held out against the Parliament. The reduction of Limerick was the first object of importance with Ireton, so he invested it with a large army. At the time, a plague raged within the city, from which the people suffered more than from the siege. The Bishop of Emly, the heroic Terence Albert O'Brien, who happened to be in Limerick at the time, exhorted the inhabitants to hold out bravely against Ireton, but at length a traitor, one Colonel Fennell, with some other officers seized on St. John's gate, turned its guns against the city and admitted two hundred of Ireton's men, whereupon the city surrendered on promise of quarter for all but twenty persons. The first of these was the saintly Bishop of Emly, who when brought to execution exhibited the most heroic fortitude. He raised his manacled hands to heaven when Ireton sentenced him, and in loud and solemn tones summoned his unjust judge to appear before the bar of the Almighty, there to answer for the wrong he was doing. A

few days after Ireton caught the plague, and died cursing his fate, and raving of Terence O'Brien, whose condemnation, he said, had hastened his death. The ruin that now overspread the country was complete.

For a time Cromwell and his council seriously contemplated the utter extinction of the Irish race, but then who would be their "hewers of wood and drawers of water"; so on August 12th, 1652, a full pardon was granted to all husbandmen and others of the inferior class not possessed of lands and goods exceeding the value of £10. All others were ordered to cross the Shannon before a certain day, and to reside in Connaught, and such as should be found in any other province without a passport, whether man, woman, or child, might be immediately put to death without trial or magistrate's order; moreover, none of these people should dwell within two miles of the Shannon, or four miles of the sea, or of any garrison or market-town.

Any Catholic priest found in Ireland after twenty days was guilty of high treason, and was liable to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; any person harbouring such a clergyman was liable to the penalty of death, and the loss of all property; any person knowing the place of concealment of a priest, and not disclosing it to the

authorities, might be publicly whipped and have both his ears cut off. The same price, £5, was to be paid for the head of a priest as for that of a wolf.

In the year 1658 Oliver Cromwell died, leaving place and power to his son Richard; but the latter found the burden too heavy for his shoulders and soon laid it down. Charles II., the eldest son of Charles I., was then recalled to his father's throne. As far as Ireland was concerned, his accession brought no relief, and this ungrateful man, for whom numbers of Irishmen had fought and died, now confirmed the confiscation of their lands to the drummers and troopers of the despot who had brought his father to the scaffold.

IRISH WRITERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

DURING the first half of the seventeenth century, the Irish, heavily handicapped as they were, endeavoured to keep abreast of the rest of Europe in science and literature. This half century produced Geoffrey Keating, the Four Masters, and Duaid MacFirbis, men who would adorn any age or country. Of these men Keating as a prose writer was the greatest; he was also a poet, a

theologian, and historian. He brought the art of writing Irish to its greatest perfection, and the publication of his history two hundred and fifty years ago, set up a standard for the language. While lying hidden from persecution in the famous glen of Aherlow, a glen that has since sheltered many a fugitive from English persecuting laws, Keating wrote his history of Ireland; perhaps the most popular book ever written in Irish, and invaluable to the student of Irish literature.

MacFirbis was another native Irish author of great learning who wrote at the same time as Keating. His greatest surviving work is his *Book of Genealogies*, which contains enough to fill thirteen hundred pages of O'Donovan's edition of the *Four Masters*. This he completed during the horrors of the Cromwellian war simply as a labour of love, and in the hope that at least the names and genealogies of the people might be saved to posterity. MacFirbis's book is, as O'Curry remarks, the greatest national genealogical compilation in the world, and it is sad to think that almost every tribe and family, of the many thousands mentioned in this great work, has either been rooted out and exterminated, or else dispersed to the four winds of heaven.

The Annals of the Four Masters is due to the

herculean labours of the learned Franciscan Brother, Michael O'Clery, a native of Donegal, born about the year 1580. Having joined the Franciscan Order at Louvain, he returned to Ireland with the approbation of his superiors, and travelled through the length and breadth of the land, hunting for the ancient vellum books and time-stained manuscripts, whose safety was even then threatened. These, wherever found, he copied in an accurate and beautiful script, and transmitted safely to Louvain to his friend Father Mac an Bhaire or Ward. Ward died before he could make use of the treasure, but the task was taken up by another Franciscan, Father John Colgan, who produced the two great Latin quartos, containing the lives of many of the Irish saints. Before O'Clery entered the Franciscan Order he had been by profession a historian, and now in his eager quest after lives of saints, his trained eye fell upon many other documents which he could not neglect. It was probably while engaged at this work that the great scheme of compiling the Annals of Ireland occurred to him. He found a patron in Fergal O'Gara, chief of Coolavin, and with the assistance of some other antiquaries he set about the task in the secluded convent of Donegal, at that time governed by his brother. The whole expenses were defrayed

by his kind patron, and the work was finished in 1636. Father Colgan at Louvain first called the work *The Annals of the Four Masters*. There is no event of Irish history from the birth of Christ to the beginning of the seventeenth century about which the first enquiry of the student will not be, "What do the Four Masters say about it?"

Keating was Michael O'Clery's contemporary, but the former wrote for the masses, the latter for the classes. Keating had his reward in the thousands of copies of his popular history made and read throughout Ireland, while the copies made of the *Annals* were comparatively few, and after the end of the seventeenth century little read. Very many other great writers lived in Ireland in this century, such as Peter Lombard, James Usher, James Ware, and Luke Wadding, but as their books were not in Irish, they did not of course contribute to Irish literature.¹

JAMES II.

KING CHARLES II. died in 1685, and was succeeded by his brother James II., who had some years previously embraced the true faith. The Irish hailed the accession of James with joy, whilst the

¹ Abridged from Dr. Douglas Hyde's *Literary History of Ireland*.

Protestant part of the population was sorely depressed. The Anglo-Irish had at last joined their interests to those of the old Irish, as most of their estates were in the hands of Cromwell's troopers.

The king soon raised an Anglo-Irish gentleman, Colonel Richard Talbot, to the peerage, with the title of Earl of Tyrconnell, and sent him to Ireland as commander-in-chief of his forces. Tyrconnell began at once to reorganize the army, making several Catholic gentlemen officers. In 1687, when he became Lord Lieutenant, he appointed Catholic judges, and ordered that in each of the four courts two of the judges should be Catholics and one Protestant.

This was most unpalatable to the Protestants who had possessed all power from the beginning of the century. Soon the birth of a prince in 1688 foreshadowed the prospect of a line of Catholic kings. The English people would tolerate James no longer, and invited his son-in-law, William Prince of Orange, to the throne; whereupon the Irish Protestants took up arms for the Protestant king, while the Catholics sided with James, and thus began the last of the great wars fought in Ireland between the two races.

The war began by the refusal of the city of Derry to receive a garrison sent by the Lord

Lieutenant. King James landed at Kinsale on the 12th March, 1689, and proceeded immediately to Dublin, where he was received with unbounded demonstrations of joy. He ordered a parliament to be summoned and for more than a year reigned as king of Ireland. He was desirous that the siege of Derry should be pressed, but, owing to the strength of the garrison, the want of heavy artillery, and the misplaced generosity of General Hamilton in allowing a large number of the non-combatants to leave the town at the beginning of the siege, the city was able to hold out until relief arrived from England.

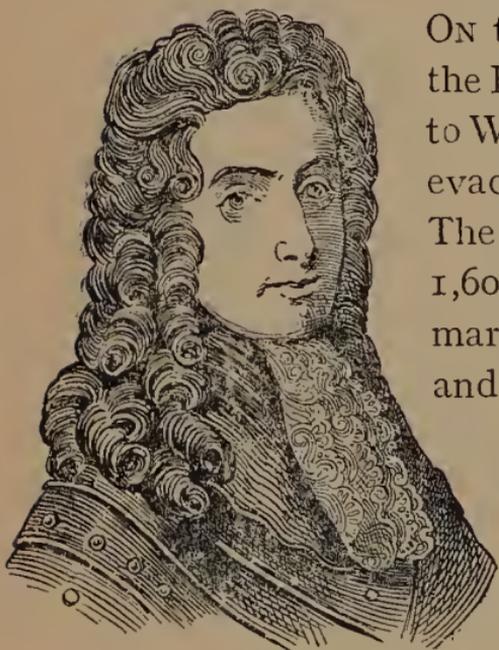
On 13th August, 1689, Marshal Schomberg landed in Ireland with a large army of Dutch, English, and Huguenots or French Protestants. He put his men into winter quarters in the neighbourhood of Dundalk, and several times refused to give battle to King James. During the winter Schomberg lost by famine and sickness fully 10,000 men, and much blame attaches to James for neglecting to attack Schomberg's camp at this juncture.

William, Prince of Orange, called by the English William III., landed at Carrickfergus on the 14th of June, 1690, with a large army, which, after its junction with Schomberg's, amounted

to close on 48,000 men. Two days after, James left Dublin to oppose him with a force of about 23,000 men. The English had 50 large pieces of cannon, James had but 12 small French guns. The two armies met at the river Boyne, about two miles from Drogheda, on July 1st, a date which, owing to the change in the calendar, now advances to July 12th. William's first move was to send 10,000 men some miles up the river to cross the ford at Rossnaree, and then fall upon James's left flank. This move had been foreseen by James's Irish officers, who warned the king to guard the ford ; but he made no effort to prevent the mischief until it was known that William's men had actually started on their enterprise. He then drew off Sarsfield's horse and a large part of his army to oppose the crossing when it was already too late. The battle began at ten o'clock, and it was nine o'clock at night before the fighting ceased. Two or three times the Williamites were swept back by the Irish horse, and when, at last, the Irish were forced to retire, they took with them all their guns, and presented altogether such a determined front that the English pursuit was checked. Storey, King William's chaplain, confesses that his master had scarcely one flag to show for his victory. The wretched James fled from the field early in the

evening, rode to Dublin, and halting but a few hours, made the best of his way to Kinsale. There he took shipping for France, telling the Irish that nothing remained but to surrender to William III.

ATHLONE.—LIMERICK.



PATRICK SARSFIELD.

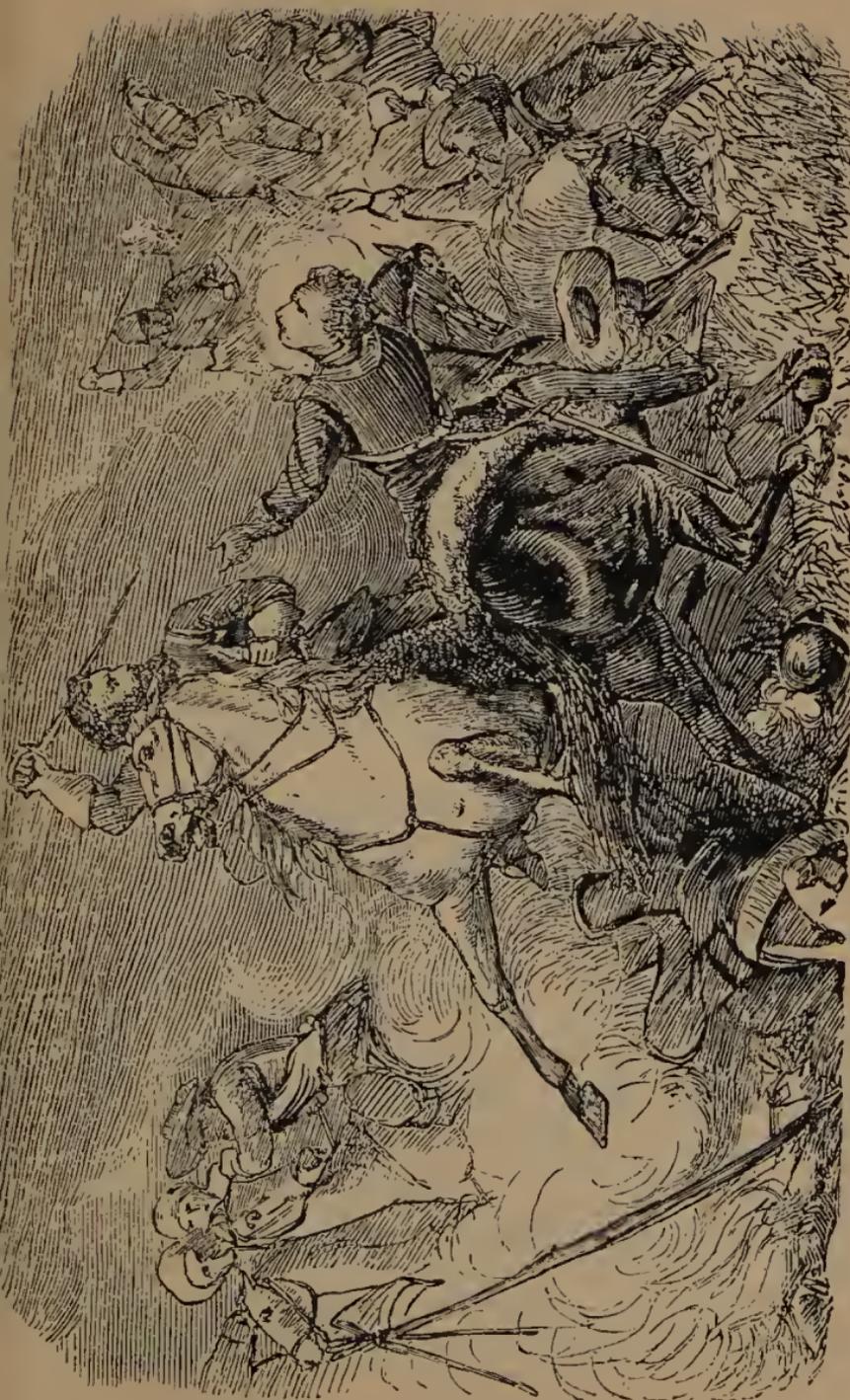
ON the day after the battle of the Boyne, Drogheda submitted to William, and Dublin was next evacuated by the Irish soldiers. The garrison of Waterford, 1,600 strong, was allowed to march to Limerick with guns and baggage. The Irish now determined to adopt the line of defence long since recommended by Sarsfield, namely, the line of the Shannon.

Patrick Sarsfield, the remarkable man whose career may be said to have now opened, was nephew of Rory O'More, who organized the insurrection of 1641. "He was," says Lord Macaulay, "a gentleman of eminent merit, brave, upright, honourable, care-

ful of his men, and certain to be always found at their head on the day of battle. His intrepidity, his frankness, his boundless good nature, his stature, which far exceeded that of ordinary men, and the strength which he exerted in personal conflict gained for him the affectionate admiration of the populace.”

William sent General Douglas with 12,000 men to take Athlone, commanded by Colonel Richard Grace, a veteran of the Confederate war. After seven days, vainly spent in the effort, Douglas drew off his forces on the report that Sarsfield was approaching with a large body of horse, and set off to join William before Limerick. The Jacobite army was now in that city, but Lauzun, the French general, after viewing the fortifications, declared that the town could not be held and might indeed be “taken with roasted apples.” He then ordered the whole French force to march to Galway, and left Sarsfield and his Irish soldiers to bear the brunt of the siege. William’s force on the 7th August amounted to 38,000 men. His train of heavy artillery had not yet arrived, but was coming slowly on from Cashel, together with an immense quantity of provisions and ammunition, and a bridge of tin boats, which were frequently needed in the watery plain of the Shannon.

On learning this fact from a French gunner who had deserted from the English, Sarsfield conceived the bold design of intercepting and destroying the guns and ammunition. Taking a body of five hundred picked horsemen, he set out from Limerick under cover of the darkness, and took the road to Killaloe. The convoy had halted for the night near the ruined castle of Ballyneety. The guard, knowing that they were now but twelve miles from William's camp, feeling quite secure, having posted a few sentinels, turned their horses loose to graze, and lay down to sleep. Sarsfield, led by faithful guides, reached the place about two o'clock in the morning. He had learned the pass-word—his own name—from the sick wife of an English soldier who had been brutally left to die, but whom Sarsfield treated with kindness. At the noise of the approaching cavalry, the soldiers sprang to their arms, but the conflict was over in a moment; every man who resisted was cut down to the number of about sixty, the rest fled to William's camp. But the great work was still to be accomplished, and William's camp was but twelve miles away. The heavy cannon were all stuffed with powder, and their mouths fixed in the ground; the ammunition and boats were placed on the top, and a long train of gunpowder



“SARSFIELD IS THE WORD, AND SARSFIELD IS THE MAN.”

laid and fired ; the explosion was so terrific that it shook the hills of Clare for miles around, carrying dismay to William's camp, and delight to the citizens of Limerick. Three regiments of horse were sent by the king to intercept Sarsfield, but in vain ; he returned safely to Limerick.

Despite the loss of his artillery, William still determined to push on the siege. Two of the great guns were found uninjured, others were sent up from Waterford ; with these and his small field guns, he made a breach 36 feet wide in the old walls, near St. John's gate, and on the 27th of August, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he gave the word for a general assault. Ten thousand men rushed together to the breach, and for some time the onset was so terrible that many of the English made their way into the town ; but the Irish soldiers soon rallied, and at point of sword and pike drove the English back into the trenches. "The very women," says Storey, "rushed into the breach, stood nearer to our men than to their own, and flung stones and broken bottles into the faces of our men." For five hours the carnage and uproar continued, when a Brandenburg regiment that had fought their way into the "Black Battery" was suddenly blown into the air by the explosion of a mine skilfully laid beneath it. This put an end to that

day's fight. The English had lost over 2,000 men, and three days later, William withdrew his army. Various reasons are assigned by Williamite writers for the raising of the siege. Macaulay attributes it to the approach of bad weather, but when it is remembered that it was now but the 27th of August this statement may be estimated at its true worth. In Godkin's *History of Ireland* we are told that William could not induce his men to attempt another assault; whereupon, "in a rage, he left the camp, and never stopped until he came to Waterford, where he took shipping for England, his army in the meantime retiring by night from Limerick."

ATHLONE.—AUGHRIM.

WILLIAM, before he left Ireland, appointed as commander-in-chief, General Ginkell. This leader resolved to cross the Shannon at Athlone and attack the Irish. In the meantime, the French general, St. Ruth, had been despatched by King James to assume command, and he encamped within two miles of Athlone. The English strove to force a passage across the Shannon, but the Irish broke down the bridge and prevented the crossing; however, under

cover of a furious cannonade, the English managed to repair with wooden beams one of the broken arches. And now occurred an act of heroism as noble as that of the Roman Three who kept the bridge "in the brave days of old." A sergeant—Custume was his name—with ten men, dashed out upon the bridge and hewed and hammered the beams with axes and crowbars. One by one, the workers dropped before the concentrated fire of the English guns. The last man fell and the task was not yet complete. Again there was a call for volunteers. Eleven men took their places and hacked with might and main at the timbers amid a hail of shot. Beam after beam was torn up and hurled into the river, and the gallant workmen fell, until but two were left. Wounded and faint, they staggered back to shelter, but their work was done; the last plank was floating down the Shannon; they had saved Athlone.

"We threw," says Storey, "into the city 12,000 cannon balls, 600 bombs, and many tons of stones shot from mortars, and the siege cost us nigh 50 tons of gunpowder." Still the Irish garrison kept the English back. The French generals said they "never saw more resolution and courage in men of any nation, nor such brave fellows, so intrepid in action."

Unfortunately, while the English army was moving with precision at the will of one man, the Irish army had no general whom all would obey. Tyrconnell meddled with St. Ruth, and St. Ruth disliked Sarsfield, and received his advice to strengthen the defences along the river with sneers. Thus, it happened that when some soldiers discovered a place lower down the river, where twenty men might ford it abreast, the English were allowed to cross over with but little resistance, and the bridge at Athlone being soon repaired, the whole English army crossed on the 30th of June, 1691. St. Ruth retired some twelve miles, and took up a position on well chosen ground near the village of Aughrim.

The English army came within sight on the 11th of July, and on the following morning, which was Sunday, while the Irish were assisting at Mass, the whole English force drew up in line of battle. The Irish had 15,000 horse and foot, the Williamite army was from 20,000 to 25,000 strong. The Irish had but a few field guns, while the English, as Lord Macaulay writes, had "the finest park of artillery ever seen in Ireland." Until three o'clock there was nothing more than skirmishing along the flanks, and it appeared doubtful whether a general action would take place; but about six o'clock Ginkell ordered an

advance of his centre. The Irish soldiers fought and retired from trench to trench until they had drawn the English into the position intended by St. Ruth, then, on the word of command, the Irish horse charged with irresistible fury. Nothing could withstand that charge, and the English were driven back until, says Storey, "the Irish got almost in a line with some of our great guns." At this moment St. Ruth, thinking the battle won, threw his cap into the air and shouted out, "*Le jour est à nous, mes enfants*" ("The day is ours, boys"). But now Ginkell displayed his skilful generalship. On the right of the Irish army was a boggy swamp, which St. Ruth had left almost undefended. Ginkell, perceiving this, sent a number of men to effect a passage. In an old castle at the edge of the bog, a few Irish soldiers were stationed, and St. Ruth, pitying the English, said it was sad the brave fellows were so exposed; but they were not exposed; for when the garrison of the castle examined their ammunition, they found only English bullets which would not fit their French muskets. In despair, they tore the buttons from their jackets, and fired them at the advancing foe; but all in vain, the enemy's horse were soon across the bog. This mishap, however, might easily have been remedied. And now, St. Ruth at the head of

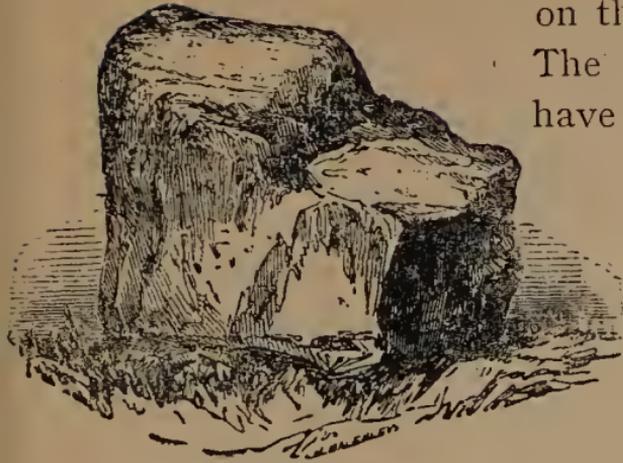
some squadrons of horse dashed forward to drive back the English, when, as he waved his sabre cheering on his men, he was struck dead by a cannon ball. The fatal mischief of the division between the leaders, now became evident. St. Ruth would tell Sarsfield nothing of his plans, and had given him strict orders to remain in the rear with some of the choicest of the cavalry, so that when St. Ruth fell, the only man who could have supplied his place, and turned a defeat into a glorious victory, was not at hand. The whole Irish army soon fell into confusion. Sarsfield's only opportunity of striking a blow during that fatal day was during the retreat, in conducting which, says a document in the French archives, he "did wonders, and if he was not killed or taken, it was not from any fault of his."

SIEGE AND TREATY OF LIMERICK.

THE greater part of the Irish army retired to Limerick after the battle of Aughrim. Ginkell soon followed and found means to corrupt the fidelity of Colonel Henry Luttrell, through whose means he hoped to obtain the surrender of the city without a formal siege, which he dreaded, for it was now the 25th of August, and the siege

might last until winter. On the 30th of August, the bombardment commenced, and the town was soon in flames in several quarters. On the 15th of September, owing to treachery, the besiegers were able, without let or hindrance, to send a large detachment to the Clare side of the city, and on the 22nd Ginkel attacked the place on that side. A body of 700 Irish, for a long time, bravely defended the Thomond-gate bridge, but forced to retire they made for the city gate. This was closed against them by the French officer in charge, who feared lest the enemy might enter with them, and thought that nothing worse would befall than that they would be made prisoners of war ; but the English gave no quarter and almost all were killed

As there now seemed to be no hope of help from France, nor much use in fighting for a worthless king, who had abandoned his own cause, even Sarsfield advised an honourable surrender. Ginkel eagerly embraced the offer and proposed favourable terms. On the 24th of September, a three-days' truce was agreed on, and Sarsfield and Major-General Wauchop dined in Ginkel's camp. Sarsfield insisted, for greater security, that the Lords Justices should come from Dublin to sign the treaty. Accordingly, the several contracting parties met on the Clare side of the river



THE TREATY STONE.

on the 3rd of October. The treaty is said to have been signed on a large stone, which is still preserved, and proudly pointed out by the people of Limerick as a monument, at once

glorious and sad, of the historic renown of their grand old city, and of the folly of reliance upon English faith.

The Treaty provided, that all Irish soldiers who might wish to join King William's army should retain their present rank ; that all others should either go to their own homes or be transported to some foreign country at the expense of the English government. The garrison was to march out with all the honours of war. All Roman Catholics were to have the free exercise of their religion, as enjoyed in the time of Charles II., and all persons were to have full protection in their persons and property on taking an oath of allegiance to William III.

A few days after this treaty had been signed, word was brought to Sarsfield that a large French

fleet, carrying 3,000 soldiers and 10,000 stand of arms had arrived in the Shannon. He was stunned by the news, but after a moment's pause he replied: "Too late. The treaty is signed; our honour is pledged—the honour of Ireland. Though a hundred thousand Frenchmen offered to aid us now, we must keep our plighted troth."

"On the morning of the 5th of October, a singular scene was witnessed," says A. M. Sullivan, "on the northern shore of the Shannon, beyond the city walls. At each end of a gently rising ground were planted on one side the royal standard of France, on the other the standard of England. It was agreed that the Irish regiments, as they marched out, with drums beating and colours flying, should wheel to the left or right, according to the banner they chose to serve under. At the head of the army marched the foot guards, the finest regiment in Ireland, fourteen hundred strong. On they came amidst breathless silence and acute suspense; they wheeled in a body to the colours of France, barely *seven* men turning to the English side. Ginkel, we are told, was greatly agitated as he witnessed this proceeding." In the end 1,046 men joined the English colours, 14,000 set off for France.

THE WILD GEESE.—DEATH OF SARSFIELD.

THE chivalrous leader of the exiles of Limerick fell in the moment of victory at Landen, 1693. "It was here," says John Mitchel, "that Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, who had that day, as well as at Steinkirk, earned the admiration of the whole French army, received his death shot at the head of his men. It was a happy moment. Before he fell he could see the standard of England swept away in the tide of headlong flight, or trailing in the muddy waters of the river—he could see the scarlet ranks that he had once hurled back from the ramparts of Limerick, now rent and riven, fast falling in their wild flight, arms and standards flung away, and multitudes choking the fords and bridges, while pealing after them was thundered the vengeful shout, 'Remember Limerick.' Then the dying hero, putting his hand to the wound in his breast drew it away covered with his life's blood, and gazing sorrowfully at the blood, he faintly gasped out: 'Oh! that this were for Ireland.' "

For fully one hundred years after the surrender of Limerick, the French army was largely recruited by bands of young Irishmen, whose periodical flight from the country caused them to be popularly known as the "Wild Geese."

Mr. Lecky, the distinguished Irish Protestant historian, says, "Irish Catholics who retained any energy or ambition, as well as great numbers who were ejected from their homes, enrolled themselves in multitudes in foreign service. The 14,000 who surrendered at Limerick and who passed at once into the service of France, formed a nucleus, and the Irish who fought under the French flag may be reckoned by tens of thousands. The Austrian army was crowded with Irish soldiers and officers. At Fontenoy they formed a large part of the column whose final charge broke the ranks of the English. When Cremona was surprised by Eugene, the Irish troops first arrested the progress of the Imperialists, and to their stubborn resistance the salvation of the town was mainly due. When the Germans had surprised the Spaniards at Melazzo in Sicily, the Irish troops in the Spanish service turned the scale of victory in favour of their adopted flag. In the great battle of Almanza the Irish troops of Berwick and O'Mahony contributed their full share to the defeat of the English army."

In describing the fight at Fontenoy which took place in 1745, the same historian says, "The order to advance was given to the household troops of the French king, and to the Irish Brigade consisting of several regiments of Irish Catholics,

who had been driven from their country by the events of the Revolution, and by the Penal Laws, and who were burning to avenge themselves on their oppressors. Their fiery charge was successful. The British column was arrested, shattered and dissolved, and a great French victory was the result." "Besides," says Lecky again, "there was not a Catholic country abroad where Irish exiles or their children might not be found in posts of dignity or power. Lord Clare became Marshal of France, Browne was one of the very ablest of the Austrian generals. Maguire, Lacey, Nugent, and O'Donnell were all prominent generals in the Austrian service. Of the Dillons more than one obtained high rank in the French army. Peter Lacy became a Russian Field Marshal and earned the reputation of one of the first soldiers of his time."

"And they who survived fought and bled as of yore,
But the land of their heart's hope they never saw
more,

For in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade."



THE PENAL LAWS.

“Two months had scarcely elapsed,” says Harris in his *Life of William III.*, “when in open violation of the Treaty of Limerick, the justices of the peace, sheriffs, and other magistrates, did in an illegal manner dispossess several of their majesties’ Catholic subjects, not only of their goods and chattels, but also of their lands and tenements.” It is generally agreed that William III. was not personally responsible for the penal laws enacted in his reign, as he was not inclined to persecute anyone for his religion. Nevertheless there fell now upon Ireland a night of deepest horror. “Every measure,” says Edmund Burke, “was pleasing and popular in proportion as it tended to harass and ruin a set of people, who were looked upon as enemies to God and man, and, indeed, as a race of savages, who were a disgrace to human nature itself.” An English Protestant historian, Godkin, speaking of the poor Irish people in those sad days, says, “Having no rights or franchises—no legal protection of life or property—disqualified to handle a gun, even as a common soldier or gamekeeper—forbidden to acquire any learning at home or abroad—forbidden even to render to God what conscience dictated as His due—what could the Irish be but abject slaves? What nation in these circumstances could have been

otherwise? Is it not amazing that any social virtue survived such an ordeal? that any seeds of good, any roots of national greatness could have outlived such a long tempestuous winter?"

The following were the principal of the Penal Laws. If any child became a Protestant, his guardianship was taken away from the father, and given to the nearest Protestant relative, and the father was thereby rendered incapable of disposing of any portion of his property. If any child became a Protestant the father was obliged to disclose upon oath the amount of his property, that the Lord Chancellor might give such portion as he thought proper to the child. No Catholic could buy land or profits from land, nor take a lease longer than thirty-one years. Any Catholic having a farm which produced more profit than one-third of the rent, should hand it over to the person who informed on him. No Catholic could serve on a grand jury, or as a town councillor, or vote at an election. No Catholic could have more than two apprentices except at the linen trade. Twenty pounds fine or two months in jail was the penalty for not discovering the last place where Mass was celebrated; who were present; and where and when a priest or schoolmaster resided in the locality. No Catholic was allowed to act as schoolmaster, or to send his child to

school either at home or abroad. Fifty pounds reward was offered for discovering a Catholic archbishop, bishop, or vicar-general; twenty pounds for discovering a priest; ten pounds for discovering a schoolmaster, and these rewards were levied exclusively on Catholics. It must, however, be recorded that the effects of unjust legislation were often mitigated by the humanity of individuals belonging to the dominant creed.

In assisting at Holy Mass the utmost care was necessary to prevent detection, and when the congregation had assembled, sentries were posted on all sides. Despite all precautions, however, the worshippers were often taken by surprise, and the blood of the priest shed upon the altar stone. Surely then, it is a miracle of the Providence of God, that after a hundred years of this unexampled persecution, the Irish people should have retained their faith as pure and inviolate as they received it from St. Patrick, and it is clear that God had granted in a most wonderful manner the prayer of the Saint on Mount Cruachan:—

“ Though every nation, ere that day
Recreant from creed and Christ, old troth foresworn,
Should flee the sacred scandal of the Cross
Through pride, as once the Apostles fled through fear.
This Nation of my love, a priestly house,
Beside that Cross shall stand, fate firm, like him
That stood beside Christ’s Mother.”

THE PENAL DAYS.

OH ! weep those days, the penal days,
When Ireland hopelessly complained.

Oh ! curse those days, the penal days,
When godless persecution reigned ;

When year by year,

For serf and peer,

Fresh cruelties were made by law,

And filled with hate,

Our senate sate,

To weld anew each fetter's flaw.

Oh ! weep and curse those penal days—

Their memory still on Ireland weighs.

They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,

To sell the priest and rob the sire ;

Their dogs were taught alike to run

Upon the scent of wolf or friar.

Among the poor,

Or on the moor,

Were hid the pious and the true,

While traitor, knave,

Apostate, slave,

Had riches, rank, and retinue ;

And exiled in those penal days,

Our banners over Europe blaze.

A stranger held the land and tower
Of many a noble fugitive ;
No Popish lord had lordly power,
The peasant scarce had leave to live ;
Above his head
A ruined shed,
No tenure but a tyrant's will—
Forbid to plead,
Forbid to read,
Disarmed, disfranchised, imbecile—
What wonder if our step betrays
The freedman born in penal days.

Thomas Davis.

THE VOLUNTEERS—GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT.

FOR three centuries, the claim of the English Parliament to control and bind the Irish assembly had been the subject of bitter dispute. This claim was first formally asserted by an Act passed by an Irish Parliament at Drogheda in 1495, and commonly known as Poyning's Law, from the name of the Lord Deputy. Poyning's Act declared that no law could be originated in an Irish Parliament until its heads had been sent to England, and had received the approval of the king and council. To the parliament summoned by James II. in 1689, belongs the honour of claiming the right to originate its own laws. "Though these

men," says Grattan, "were Papists, they were not slaves; they wrung a constitution from King James before they accompanied him to the field."

In the year 1719 a dispute arose between the English and the Irish houses of Parliament, and at last, a law was passed by the English House of Commons that "The Parliament of Great Britain had, hath, and of right ought to have, full power and authority to make laws and statutes of sufficient validity to bind the people of the kingdom of Ireland." This insulting law stung the Protestants of Ireland to the quick. Several remarkable men, from time to time, wrote very able books and pamphlets against this claim of England. Amongst these were Dean Swift, of St. Patrick's Cathedral; William Molyneux, a member of parliament for Dublin University; and Dr. Charles Lucas, a Dublin apothecary. But it must be remembered that this was altogether a Protestant dispute. These men did not want to give freedom to their Catholic fellow-countrymen. Many of them, such as Lucas, Charlemont, and Flood, were bitterly hostile to the Catholics.

Meanwhile the revolted British colonies of North America, now called the United States, were engaged with England in a brave struggle for freedom, in which they received great help from the king of France. As a French invasion

of Ireland was threatened, the Protestants got permission from the government to take up arms, and organize themselves into bands of volunteers. This movement spread with wonderful rapidity, for it was immediately seen that the volunteer corps would place a great lever in the hands of the patriot party. Soon there were 100,000 volunteers in Ireland. The Catholics, although themselves forbidden to take part in the movement, helped it by all means in their power, and often bought swords and muskets for their Protestant neighbours. When the Volunteers saw themselves possessed of this military power, they resolved to allow the English parliament to make laws for their country no longer. A national convention was held at Dungannon on Friday, 15th of February, 1782, and there, in the Protestant church, which was crowded with armed men, they solemnly swore to this charter of national liberty, "that no body of men, other than the king, lords, and commons of Ireland has power to make laws to bind this kingdom." The leader of the Volunteers was Lord Charlemont, but their great parliamentary leader was Henry Grattan, one of the purest-minded patriots Ireland ever produced, a man of wonderful eloquence, and a true friend of his down-trodden Catholic fellow-countrymen. The English actively opposed the

agitation, but they feared the military power of the Volunteers. On the 16th of April Grattan's Declaration of Independence passed un-animously the Irish House of Commons. "The news," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "soon spread through the nation, and the rejoicings of the people were beyond all description; every city, town, and village in Ireland blazed with the emblems of exultation, and resounded with the shouts of triumph."



LORD CHARLEMONT.

Before a month, the declaration of Ireland's independence was accepted by England, and the Irish Parliament was empowered to make its own laws. To express their gratitude to England, the free parliament of the Protestant colony in Ireland voted, that 20,000 seamen should be raised for the British navy; then a day of general thanksgiving was appointed, and a sum of £50,000 was voted to purchase a house and estate for their leader, Henry Grattan. During the short time this Irish Parliament existed, the country made great strides in material prosperity.

SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

HURRAH ! 'tis done—our freedom's won —
Hurrah for the Volunteers !
No laws we own, but those alone
Of our Commons, King, and Peers.
The chain is broke—the Saxon yoke
From off our neck is taken ;
Ireland awoke—Dungannon spoke—
With fear was England shaken.

When Grattan rose, none dared oppose
The claim he made for freedom ;
They knew our swords, to back his words
Were ready, did he need them.
Then let us raise to Grattan's praise
A proud and joyous anthem ;
And wealth, and grace, and length of days,
May God, in mercy, grant him.

Remember still through good and ill,
How vain were prayers and tears—
How vain were words, till flashed the swords
Of the Irish Volunteers.
By arms we've got the rights we sought,
Through long and wretched years
Hurrah ! 'tis done, our freedom's won,
Hurrah for the Volunteers !

Thomas Davis,

THE "IRISH PARLIAMENT."

THE Irish Parliament, although now apparently free and independent, was destined, without reform, to be of small advantage to the Irish people.

The Catholics of Ireland formed four-fifths of the population, yet no Catholic could be a member of parliament, or even record a vote at the election for a member. The House of Commons consisted of three hundred members, of whom seventy-two only were elected. The other seats belonged to certain noblemen and other rich men, who might nominate whom they pleased, as the number of electors in many cases was only a dozen, and these might be easily bought or intimidated. These seats were sold at election times to the government; the proprietor of Belturbet on one occasion got £12,000 for the seat.

Three great questions now agitated the Irish Parliament, namely, reform of the house itself, removal of the restrictions on Irish commerce, and Catholic Emancipation. The first, as might have been expected, was always and everywhere bitterly opposed by the nominated members.

As to the second, the strength of the Volunteer movement in 1779 had compelled England to

accede to the demand of the Irish Parliament for Free Trade, *i.e.*, free export of Irish wool, woollen goods, and glass manufactures, and trade with the British colonies upon the same terms as Great Britain. But the commercial relations between Ireland and Great Britain required adjustment ; for while Irish imports to Great Britain were subject to heavy duties, there was little or no restriction placed upon the importation of goods to Ireland. In 1785 a Bill to remedy this grievance by equalizing the duties, was passed by the Irish Parliament and sent to England for adoption ; but as this would be injurious to the commercial prosperity of England, the merchants of that country poured into the English parliament, petition after petition against the measure. Then the English minister, Pitt, sent over to Ireland the heads of a Bill, whose provisions would render the free trade of no effect ; but Grattan delivered a speech of wonderful eloquence against Pitt's Bill, and even many of the government placemen voted against it, so that the numbers were, for Pitt's Bill 127 ; against, or for the Irish Nation, 108. As this was but a narrow majority, Pitt thought it better to drop the Bill *for the present*.

The Irish Catholics had formed a Committee to look after their interests, and to urge upon Parliament the expediency of granting Catholic

Emancipation. The guiding spirit of this committee was a Dublin merchant named John Keogh. The Catholics received also considerable help from a young barrister named Theobald Wolfe Tone, and from a Dublin shopkeeper named James Napper Tandy.

On the 9th April, 1793, a Bill was passed which gave the Catholics a substantial measure of relief. They could now vote for members of parliament if voters possessed freehold property worth at least forty shillings in excess of the rent; they could take degrees and become barristers; they could serve as jurors and become magistrates, or officers in the army. The latter privileges were intended for rich Catholics, and, in fact, were designed to draw them away from active sympathy with their poorer brethren, for at the same time the poorer Catholics were so ground down by rackrents and unjust tithes to the Protestant rectors, that it was scarce permitted them to live. On a motion made by Grattan in parliament for an enquiry to be made into the question of tithes, it was stated by a member that he knew of a case in Munster where a cottier rented an acre of land to grow potatoes, at £6 a year, and had to pay his landlord in work at the rate of 5*d.* a day, which, of course, would keep him working for his landlord almost the whole year round.

On that occasion Grattan declared, that however bad the landlords might be, their conduct was merciful compared with that of the tithe-farmers or proctors. Still Grattan's attempt to obtain an enquiry did not succeed.

The north of Ireland was also greatly disturbed by a Protestant society called the "Peep-o'-day-Boys," the forebears of the present Orangemen; their express object was to drive all Catholics out of the north and grab their farms. Plowden tells us that "it was generally believed that 7,000 Catholics had been forced or burned out of the county of Armagh, and that the ferocious banditti that had expelled them had been encouraged, connived at, and protected by the government." But Mr. Pitt's favourite tactics were to create dissension and alarm, and thus prepare the way for strong measures.

The French Revolution, with its horrible excesses, had broken out, Louis XVI. had perished on the scaffold, and the "Reign of Terror" was running its course. Nobles, clergy, and people had been murdered in thousands. All this caused the Catholic bishops of Ireland, and the upper classes generally, to regard with dislike any measure of a revolutionary character no matter how mild. In this crisis, Pitt drove the country to rebellion by the most tyrannical oppression.

He hoped that during the state of terror excited in the country by the insurrection, he might easily get the Irish parliament to pass a measure for its own extinction by a Union with that of Great Britain.

UNITED IRISHMEN.—LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

THE Society of the United Irishmen was founded as a perfectly constitutional body, in Belfast, by Theobald Wolfe Tone, in October, 1791. The fundamental resolutions of the society were: 1st. That the weight of English influence in the government of this country is so great as to require a cordial union among all the people of



WOLFE TONE.

Ireland. 2nd. That the sole constitutional mode by which this influence can be opposed is by complete and radical reform of the representation of

the people in parliament. 3rd. That no reform is just which does not include every Irishman of every religious persuasion.

This grand principle of union amongst all classes of Irishmen was most hateful to the English government, for ever since Henry II. put his foot upon our shores, English policy has been the creation of dissension. It was, therefore, resolved to crush the United Irishmen or drive them into rebellion.

In the beginning of the year 1795, as there were fears of a French invasion, hopes of complete emancipation were held out to the Irish Catholics, and a liberal-minded Viceroy, Earl Fitzwilliam, was sent to Dublin. In premature thanksgiving for English promises, the Irish Parliament hastily voted £200,000 for the British navy, and 20,000 men for the army, whereupon the government promptly withdrew their promises and their liberal viceroy. When it became plain that the government meant to goad the people to desperation, the United Irishmen became a secret society, bound by oath, and the leaders determined to destroy, if possible, the English power in Ireland, and to form an independent republic.

The government of Ireland was now in the hands of Earl Camden, the Lord Lieutenant, Viscount Castlereagh, Chief Secretary, and Lord

Carhampton, Commander of the Forces, the worthy grandson of Henry Luttrell of Limerick notoriety. Orange magistrates got full power to enter houses at any time of night to look for arms, and in counties which were “proclaimed” to be in a state of disturbance, the inhabitants dared not venture out of doors between sunset and sunrise without risk of arrest.

At the end of 1796 a large French fleet, equipped and despatched as a result of the persevering efforts of Wolfe Tone, arrived in Bantry Bay from France. Tone himself was on board with the rank of adjutant-general, and the fleet carried 15,000 troops and 45,000 stand of arms. The expedition had set sail 16th of December, and met with fearful weather off the Irish coast; so that the ship of Hoche, the commander-in-chief was detached from the fleet, and Grouchy, the next in command, would not land without orders. After eight days spent in Bantry Bay, the whole fleet returned to France without having met a single English ship to oppose its passage during the fortnight.

The panic created by the French expedition was succeeded by an outbreak of governmental violence. The *Habeas Corpus* Act had been suspended, and now, martial law was proclaimed in Down, Antrim, Donegal, Derry, and Tyrone, the

original strongholds of the United Irishmen. Their journal, *The Northern Star*, was suppressed. Numbers of persons were flung into jail on suspicion, while the government hired battalions of spies and informers to prove seditious offences; the inhabitants of the proclaimed counties were delivered to the tender mercies of the lawless Orange yeomanry and the English militia. Houses were plundered and burnt, and the peaceful inmates flogged or half-hanged to extort information about concealed arms. Men were seized and sent untried to serve in the British navy, children were ill-treated and murdered, and women subjected to the grossest outrages. That the English government desired an insurrection cannot be doubted. Lord Holland in his *Memoirs of the Whig Party* writes:—"The fact is incontrovertible, that the people of Ireland were driven to resistance by the free-quarters and excesses of the soldiery, which were such as are not permitted in civilized warfare even in an enemy's country."

The United Irishmen, whose ranks had been largely swelled by the persecution, were almost ready for the outbreak, when the government, all along cognisant of their movements, through the information of highly-trusted men in the very Directory of the Society, suddenly arrested

Oliver Bond, Thomas Addis Emmet, James M'Nevin, Henry Jackson, and John Sweetman. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a brother of the Duke of Leinster, who had fought with great distinction in the English army, was their principal military leader. He would have begun the insurrection



LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

at once, but the other leaders, still at large, were for delay. So Lord Edward had to lie concealed in several retreats for some weeks, principally at the house of a Mrs. Dillon, a widow lady, who lived on the banks of the canal at Portobello, in Dublin.

On the 18th of May, 1798, Lord Edward went to the house of Mr. Nicholas Murphy, 153 Thomas Street. On the evening of the 19th he was lying half-dressed in bed, in a back room of the attic, when Justice Swan with a soldier in plain clothes rushed into the room, saying, "My Lord, you are my prisoner." Lord Edward sprang from the bed, and, drawing a dagger, wounded Swan in the hand. Swan fired a pistol at him, but

with no effect. Just then a yeoman captain rushed in and threw himself on Lord Edward. The two struggled fiercely, and the yeoman received several wounds from the dagger. The town-major, Sirr, and several soldiers now came on the scene, and Sirr, taking aim at the enraged Geraldine, broke his arm with a ball. Even still, it required the efforts of the whole party of soldiers with their muskets crossed on his body to hold him down; meantime a drummer stabbed him through the neck with his sword. He was then taken to Newgate gaol where he died of his wounds on the 4th of June. Thus perished one of the most disinterested and noble-hearted patriots Ireland has produced, one who sacrificed rank and fame and fortune to assist, to the best of his ability, his down-trodden Catholic fellow-countrymen.

INSURRECTION OF 1798.

IN the face of every discouragement the United Irishmen resolved to persevere with the rising. Early on the morning of the 24th of May the insurrection broke out in Kildare County by an attack on the town of Naas; in this attack the insurgents were repulsed with slaughter. Indeed,

as far as Kildare and Meath were concerned, the insurrection was easily put down, nor could it well be otherwise in such a level country, where, ill-armed and undisciplined peasantry had little means to protect themselves from the sweeping charges of cavalry, and the artillery fire to which they were exposed. Wicklow and Wexford were the only counties in which the insurrection proved formidable. A stiff fight at Tara hill between 400 soldiers and a large body of insurgents put an end to the rising in that quarter.

The ferocity of the Orange yeomanry was indescribable. The North Cork militia, the Armagh militia, and a Welsh regiment styled the Ancient Britons, commanded by Sir William Watkins Wynne, were distinguished beyond all others for their merciless cruelty. Plowden says that "at Naas such was the ferocity of the king's troops, that they half roasted and ate the flesh of a man named Walsh, who had not been in arms."

But to give independent English testimony-- Lord Cornwallis, who was sent to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, and commander-in-chief of the army, says in a letter to the Duke of Portland, "The Irish militia are totally without discipline, but ferocious and cruel in the extreme, when any poor wretches, either with or without arms, come within their power ; in short, murder appears to be their

favourite pastime." And again, his lordship writes to General Ross, "We are engaged in a war of plunder and massacre . . . but all this is trifling compared to the numberless murders that are hourly committed by our people without any process of examination. The conversation of the principal persons of the country all tends to encourage this system of blood ; and the conversation, even at my table, where you may suppose I do all I can to prevent it, always turns on hanging, shooting, burning, etc., etc. And if a priest has been put to death the greatest joy is expressed by the whole company."

The insurrection was delayed in Ulster for about a fortnight. In Antrim the insurgents chose for their leader Henry Joy M'Cracken, but after a fierce assault upon the town of Antrim they were dispersed. In the County Down the rising was more considerable, the people having several encounters with the military. The leader was Henry Munroe, and the principal battle was fought at Ballinahinch, near the town of Dromore, on the 12th of June. After a long and obstinate fight, the insurgents were beaten and Munroe fled to the mountains where he was betrayed and taken. He was hanged at Lisburn before his own door. M'Cracken was hanged at Belfast, and thus ended the Ulster rising.

WEXFORD IN NINETY-EIGHT.

THE insurrection broke out in Wexford on the 27th of May, and spread so widely in that country, that the '98 insurrection is often spoken of as the Wexford Rebellion. The people were then, as they are to-day, most devoutly attached to their religion.

The United Irish Society never took any hold amongst them, and there is scarcely a doubt that but for the hideous cruelties practised by the North Cork Militia, and the Corps of the Ancient Britons, Wexford County would have taken no share in the rising.

The insurrection began thus:—A parish priest named Father John Murphy, on Whit Sunday morning, the 27th of May, found his chapel of Boolavogue burned to the ground. He had always advised the people to submit to the authorities, but now, he gathered them around him and told them the time had come when it was better to die like men in the open field, than be tortured and harried to death in their houses, and that he, for one, was now determined to strike a blow for his country. His words inspired his hearers with enthusiasm, and in a few hours 2,000 men were assembled on Oulart Hill, armed with what-

ever weapons they could gather. Here they were attacked on the evening of Whit Sunday by a large force from Wexford, but of all the attacking party only Lieutenant-Colonel Foote and a few soldiers returned to the town. Next morning the news had spread like wild-fire through the county, and almost every able-bodied Catholic was soon in arms. Ferns, Camolin, and Enniscorthy were taken on the 28th. The people then marched on Wexford, where the garrison of 1,200 men fled at their approach and left the town in the hands of the insurgents. A body of soldiers, marching from Duncannon Fort to the relief of Wexford, was attacked at the Three Rock Mountain, three miles from the town. They were almost annihilated, and their guns taken.

The insurgents in the north of the county now advanced on Gorey. Colonel Walpole was sent with a large force to its relief, but in a narrow pass called Tubberneering he was attacked by the Wexford men and completely defeated. On this occasion most of the Ancient Britons met the fate they had so richly deserved. Before forty-eight hours the insurgents had Gorey, and they now talked of storming Dublin Castle itself.

On the 5th of June, New Ross was attacked, and that with such headlong valour that in a few hours the town was in the hands of the insurgents,

the garrison of 1,400 men retiring to the Kilkenny side of the river. Unfortunately, the people now thought that all was over, and lacking discipline gave themselves up to riot and intemperance. This lamentable conduct afforded General Johnson, the English commander, an opportunity of which he gladly availed. He again led his men across the bridge, attacked the half-intoxicated people, and drove them pell-mell from the town with great slaughter. Father Kavanagh, O.S.F., in his *History of the Insurrection* denies this charge of intoxication usually alleged against the Wexford insurgents.

No other county, if we except part of Wicklow, came to the aid of the Wexford men, and the government was therefore able to concentrate all its strength to crush the insurrection. A fleet of gunboats guarded the coast from the Saltees to Arklow. General Lake was put in command of 20,000 men, while General Needham took up a position at Arklow, and strongly fortified it while awaiting the arrival of Lake. The Irish under Father Michael Murphy and Mr. Esmond Kyan, attacked Arklow on the 9th of June. The attack lasted six hours, but Father Murphy fell while leading on his men for the third time to the attack, and as night fell, the insurgents retired slowly and unpursued.

The Irish force now concentrated on Vinegar Hill, near Enniscorthy, and here on the 20th of June they were attacked by General Lake. After bearing a storm of shot and shell for an hour and a half on the naked hill, the insurgents gave way and contrived to make their escape by a part of the hill that, by some mistake had been left unguarded by General Needham's division, and which the people afterwards called "Needham's Gap."

This was the last considerable action of the Wexford rising, and was followed immediately by the taking of Wexford. All the captured leaders were hanged on Wexford Bridge, and the rising was soon at an end. For fully five years after, one heroic man, Michael Dwyer, with a few followers, maintained his independence in the Wicklow hills, where his deeds were often such as to rival the wildest exploits of fiction. In the end he surrendered upon a promise of pardon, but was sent to Botany Bay.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight ?

Who blushes at the name ?

When cowards mock the patriot's fate,

Who hangs his head for shame ?

He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus ;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill his glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave,
Some sleep in Ireland, too ;
All, all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died ;
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made ;
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth ;
Among their own they rest ;
And the same land that gave them birth,
Has caught them to her breast ;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
 To right their native land ;
 They kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing can withstand.
 Alas ! that Might can vanquish Right---
 They fell and passed away ;
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.

Then, here's their memory---may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite !
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still
 Though sad as their's your fate ;
 And true men, be you, men,
 Like those of Ninety-eight.

*J. K. Ingram.*¹

FRENCH INVASION.—WOLFE TONE.

SOON after the Wexford insurrection had been quenched in blood, the whole country was again startled by the news that the French general Humbert, with a force of 1,000 men, had landed at Killala on the 22nd of August, 1798.

Humbert brought with him a quantity of arms,

¹ John Kells Ingram, a distinguished professor of Trinity College, born in Newry, 1820, died in Dublin, 1903.

and having invited all Irishmen to his standard, soon collected a band of about 5,000 country people. With this small force he marched to Castlebar, where General Lake, of Wexford fame, was posted with 6,000 men and 13 guns. Humbert, at the time, had but 900 French and 1,500 of the peasantry, and thought the English position too strong to be attacked. But now was seen the effect of the licence and free quarters the English soldiers had enjoyed so long. Humbert caused a part of his force to make some slight flank movement. This was taken by the English as an attempt to surround them, whereupon a panic seized upon their ranks. Humbert pressed his charge and the British army took to flight with such precipitation that they never stopped until they reached Tuam, thirty-five miles away, losing in the pursuit, according to the French general's estimate, six hundred killed, and many wounded. This battle has since been known as "The Races of Castlebar." All the artillery and five pairs of colours remained in the hands of the little Franco-Irish army.

Humbert now marched towards the north, but Lord Cornwallis with an army of 20,000 men, surrounded the French force at Ballinamuck, County Longford, where to the number of eight hundred and sixty-four they were compelled

to surrender. The Irish auxiliaries were cut down in hundreds. When all was over seventy-four persons were hanged at Killala, and one hundred and ten at Ballina, and so the Ninety-Eight Insurrection was completely at an end.

On the 20th of September, another small French expedition, with Wolfe Tone on board the admiral's vessel, made an effort to land in Lough Swilly, but an English squadron of four ships of the line and a frigate prevented a landing. The French had but one line of battle ship, the *Hoche*, of 74 guns, and three frigates. A fierce action ensued in which the *Hoche* had to bear almost the whole brunt of the battle. "For six hours," says Wolfe Tone's son, "she sustained the whole fire of the fleet, till her masts and rigging were swept away, her scuppers flowed with blood, her wounded filled the cockpit, her shattered ribs yawned at each new stroke, and let in five feet of water to the hold, and she floated a dismantled wreck upon the water."

During the fight Wolfe Tone commanded one of the batteries, fought with desperation, and courted death, but still remained uninjured amidst the shower of balls. For some time after the capture he was treated as a French officer, but at last was recognised at the table of the Earl of Cavan, by Sir George Hill, an old school fellow.

He was at once put in irons and sent off to Dublin to be court-martialled. He was found guilty and condemned to be hanged. He asked in virtue of his rank as adjutant-general in the French service, that he might be shot, but his request was refused. John Philpot Curran, the famous orator, a man of the most sterling honesty, and a true patriot, who might well be called the advocate of the poor Irish Catholics, brought forward a motion in the Court of King's Bench, that the whole of Tone's trial was illegal, and that the sentence should be quashed, inasmuch as Tone should have been tried in the ordinary courts which were then sitting. The judges sided with him, and the Chief Justice, Lord Kilwarden, ordered the execution to be stayed, and Wolfe Tone to be brought to his court. The order was at first resisted by the gaol officials, until Lord Kilwarden threatened to send themselves to gaol. Then the court was informed that the prisoner had committed suicide.

Wolfe Tone died eight days after of a wound in his throat, "whether," says A. M. Sullivan, "inflicted by himself, to avert the indignity he so much dreaded, or, not improbably, as popular conviction has it, the work of a murderous hand, for fouler deeds were done in the government dungeons in those 'dark and evil days.'"

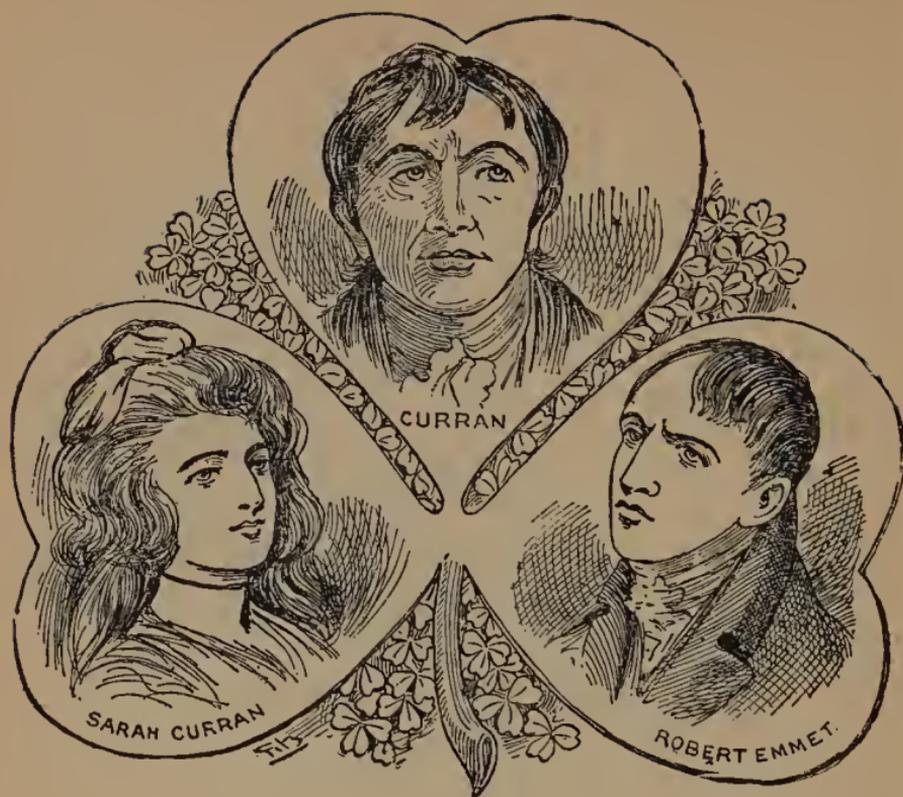
THE UNION.

MR. PITT now conceived, that the time had come to try the effect of his previous measures for promoting a legislative union between the two kingdoms. The government had a persuasive story for every section of the people. It secretly assured the Catholic bishops, nay, solemnly pledged itself, that if the Union were carried, one of the first acts of the Imperial Parliament would be a complete emancipation of the Irish Catholics. "An Irish Parliament," they said, "will never grant it. The fears of the Protestant minority in this country will make them too much afraid of you. We alone can rise above the miserable dread of your numbers." To the Protestants they said, "There is no safety for you, no security for the Irish Protestant Church except in a union with us. United to us, you can defy the Papists."

But Cornwallis and Castlereagh did not confine themselves to argument. Every vile means was used to corrupt the fidelity of members of parliament. All the weapons of seduction were in the minister's hands, he had only to overcome the wavering and the feeble. Thirty-two new county judgeships were created, and a great number of new inspectorships, all as bribes to members.

Votes were publicly bought and sold. Titles and offices were given as bribes in the face of day. Thirteen members were made lords. Writing to his friend, General Ross, Lord Cornwallis says, "I trust I shall live to get out of this most cursed of all situations, and most repugnant to my feelings. How I long to kick those whom my public duty obliges me to court." And again to General Ross on the 8th of June, 1799, "My occupation is now negotiating and jobbing with the most corrupt people under heaven. I despise and hate myself every hour for engaging in such dirty work."

The conscientious objections of the proprietors of the eighty-five rotten boroughs were overcome by adequate compensation. For each such borough the price was fixed at from £14,000 to £16,000, the entire amount paid for them being £1,260,000. The Marquis of Devon received £52,000, the Earl of Shannon £45,000, the Marquis of Ely £45,000. At length on the 5th of February, 1800, on a motion to take the measure for a Union into consideration, the numbers were, in the Irish Parliament, for the motion, 158, against 115; Government majority 43. On the 1st of August, 1800, the royal assent was given to the Act of Union, and the Act came into operation on January 1st, 1801.



INSURRECTION OF ROBERT EMMET.

ROBERT EMMET was the youngest brother of Thomas Addis Emmet, one of the most distinguished of the United Irishmen. In the year 1803, an invasion by Napoleon was very much feared, and Emmet thought the time opportune for another attempt to secure the freedom of Ireland. His plan was similar to that of Rory O'More in 1641, namely, to seize Dublin Castle, and excite a general rising. Thomas Russell and Michael Dwyer, the famous outlaw of the

Wicklow Mountains, with others of the '98 leaders were associated with him.

Although the conspiracy included several thousand men in Dublin alone, the details were confided to but a few, and not a man betrayed the secret to the government. Emmet carried on his preparation of arms and ammunition in two or three places in the city without arousing more than vague suspicions on the part of the government. Even when one of those depots exploded accidentally, they did not appear to realize the full extent of their danger.

Although his preparations were unfinished, and the expected contingents had not arrived, on the night of the 23rd of July, Emmet, owing to a false alarm that the soldiers were upon him, sallied forth from one of his depots at the head of less than one hundred men, to begin his insurrection. The government had received notice from Kildare on that day that something was afoot among the peasantry, and the city guards were more than usually on the alert. Emmet's own band diminished to a score, and while passing through Thomas Street some drunken stragglers met the carriage of Lord Kilwarden, the humane judge, who had stayed Wolfe Tone's execution, and thinking it to be the carriage of the infamous Lord Norbury they stopped

the horses, and murdered Lord Kilwarden, at the same time doing no injury whatever to his daughter who was with him.

Incensed beyond expression by this foul deed, Emmet gave immediate orders to abandon the insurrection. After the failure, his friends urged him to effect his escape, which he might have easily done, but his affection for Miss Curran, the great advocate's daughter, kept him for weeks in the neighbourhood of Dublin. This delay cost him his life. He was arrested near Harold's Cross on the 25th of August, tried in Green Street, and before receiving sentence of death made that wonderful speech which has immortalized his name. He was hanged at the top of Bridgefoot Street, opposite St. Catherine's Protestant church, and his head severed from the body, was held up by the executioner to the public gaze as the head of a traitor.

Other patriots have achieved more for Ireland—his attempted insurrection ended in a miserable riot—and yet no name is dearer than Emmet's to the Irish people. He was a man of *character*, and in time of national gloom and demoralization, triumphing over defeat, he gave to a nation which for a century had been degraded to serfdom by infamous penal laws, a dying message—brave words of hope which have echoed down the years



HENRY GRATTAN.



DANIEL O'CONNELL.

as with the force of a prophecy, that in God's good time will be fulfilled.

“ Oh ! breathe not his name ; let it sleep in the shade,

Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid,
Sad, silent, and dark be the tear that is shed,
Like the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

“ But the night-dew that falls, though in secret it weeps,

Still freshens with verdure the grave where he sleeps ;
So the tear that is shed, while in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.”

Thomas Moore.

O'CONNELL.

DANIEL O'CONNELL was born on the 6th of August, 1775, near Cahirciveen, County Kerry, of one of the old Catholic families which had preserved the faith through the penal times. At the age of thirteen, he was sent with his brother to a school in Queenstown which was conducted by a Catholic priest, the first school that a Catholic had dared to open since the passing of the penal laws. A year later the brothers were sent to Belgium, and studied both at St. Omer's and Douai ; in the

confusion caused by the French Revolution, the schools were destroyed and Daniel and his brother returned home.

The legal profession was thrown open to Catholics by the Relief Act of 1793, and O'Connell became a barrister in 1798. His commanding talents were soon recognized. The first year his fees amounted to £58, thenceforward they increased rapidly till they reached the splendid sum of £9,000 a year; and it is stated that in his last year, before he began the Repeal agitation, his fees reached £13,000.

From the beginning, O'Connell became an active member of the Catholic Committee, and used his best endeavours to help on the cause of his fellow-Catholics. He also devoted himself to the noble task of defending his down-trodden countrymen. At that time Catholics, or Papists as they were called, could with difficulty obtain any justice, where justice was supposed to be dispensed, with an even hand to all his majesty's subjects; still many a poor Catholic was saved from death or transportation by O'Connell's knowledge of law and matchless eloquence. No wonder then, that in a short time he became the idol of his fellow-countrymen, and that "The Councillor" obtained a place in their esteem that no power could disturb.

The more O'Connell grew in the good graces of the people the more was he hated by the ascendancy party. To such a pitch at last did the indignation of O'Connell's enemies arise, that when he made some contemptuous remark of the Corporation of Dublin, one of its members named D'Esterre, who had the reputation of being a deadly shot, was instigated to challenge him to a duel, with a prospect of government patronage if he could rid the country, of this pestilent agitator. O'Connell accepted the challenge, fought D'Esterre at eighteen paces, and shot him dead. All his life O'Connell deplored this act, and no provocation could induce him to accept another challenge. In going to Holy Communion ever after, he kept a glove on his right hand with which he had committed the deed, and he made every effort to befriend the wife and family of D'Esterre.

O'Connell put new life into the Catholics of Ireland. Up to his time they feared to lift their heads, and thought it a great blessing to be even allowed to live. Now, when they saw their gallant young countryman and fellow Catholic asserting his manhood and defending their rights, they began to take heart, and to endeavour to win by constitutional agitation that which the '98 movement and Emmet's insurrection had shown they were unable to secure by force of arms.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

THE Catholic Association, of which O'Connell was the leading spirit, had resolved not to vote for any member of parliament unless he pledged himself to help the cause of Catholic Emancipation, and to oppose the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, who were then the king's ministers and bitterly opposed to the Catholic cause.

In the year 1828 Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, member for Clare County, was admitted to the cabinet, and so was obliged to vacate his seat for Clare County. Although he had been always friendly to the Catholic claims, on the principles of the Association he should now be opposed, and Major Macnamara of Ennistymon House, the gentleman who had acted as O'Connell's second in his duel with D'Esterre, was requested to stand for Clare. After a long delay he refused, on the ground that Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald was his personal friend. In this crisis, all Ireland was electrified by an address from Daniel O'Connell himself to the electors of Clare. He asked for their suffrages, and affirmed that he was in every way qualified to represent them in Parliament, although he would never take the oath that the Mass was idolatrous.

The great landlords of Clare, O'Briens, Fitzgeralds, Macnamaras, and Vandeleurs, thought they had drilled their tenantry into proper discipline, so as to vote obediently to their orders. They little knew the wonderful power that was now moving the people, the power which a deep-seated passion has on an impulsive and imaginative people, now thoroughly roused by every feeling that could best appeal to their patriotism and their religious enthusiasm. Besides, they were stirred up by the exhortations of a priesthood that they venerated, and inspired by the name of the great champion who promised them liberty if they only supported him.

Tom Steele and O'Gorman Mahon canvassed the county for O'Connell, and announced their perfect readiness to fight any landlord who felt himself aggrieved by their interference with his tenantry. They addressed the people everywhere after Mass, on the hillside, in the fairs and markets, until it became quite plain that the peasantry would brave everything that was terrible in landlord wrath to put the "Man of the People" at the head of the poll.

At the close of the election the numbers were— for O'Connell 2,057 ; for Fitzgerald 1,075. Now, we cannot easily realise the wondrous effect produced by this election both in Ireland and England.

The exultation of the Irish Catholics knew no bounds. The actual result of the election may be stated in a few words. The Duke of Wellington, who had a few months before declared that "he could not comprehend the possibility of placing Roman Catholics in a Protestant legislature," now proposed to bring in a bill to give Catholic Emancipation, but the king would not give his consent, save at the last extremity. However, Sir Robert Peel tells us, "at a late hour on the evening of the 4th of March, the king consented," and the Emancipation Act was forthwith introduced.

O'Connell in the meantime presented himself at the bar of the House of Commons, to take his seat as member for Clare. The clerk of the House tendered the oath to the new member. This oath declared, that the king was the supreme head of the Church, and that the Mass was idolatrous. O'Connell refused to take the oath. He was then heard at the bar of the House as to why he should be allowed to take his seat. His claim was disallowed by a vote of the House. The oath was again tendered to him. On reading it he said, "One part of this I know to be false, and another I do not believe to be true, I refuse to take it." He then retired and a new writ was issued for another Clare election. Meantime the Emancipa-

tion Act was passed, and O'Connell was again returned triumphantly for Clare, and took his seat in the House of Commons. But the grudging concession was dearly bought by the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders through whose votes it had been won. Landlords had no longer any inducement to spare the tenants-at-will or to grant new leases, and so evictions increased enormously.

TITHES.—REPEAL AGITATION.

AFTER the passing of the Emancipation Act, a determined movement arose against the payment of tithes to the Protestant rectors. "The grievance of tithes," says John Mitchel, "seemed to be felt by the people with even more intensity since they were told that they were now "Emancipated." What this Emancipation might be, they did not well understand; they knew no other result from it than that they were deprived of their votes, and that they could get no more leases. And they thought they saw the Protestant Ascendancy as rampant as ever. It was always at their doors. It entered their cabins and carried off their pots and pans, their calves and pigs to satisfy a Protestant rector. Protestant

magistrates were always ready to browbeat them from the bench, and to send policemen to search their beds for concealed arms. Sometimes, therefore, these people desperately took the law into their own hands." After some bloody encounters between the police and the people, particularly at Newtownbarry, County Wexford, and at Carrickshough, County Kilkenny, where about a dozen policemen were killed, the "Tithe War" ended in the abolition of the hateful tax.

O'Connell now devoted all his energies to procuring the Repeal of the Union brought about by Pitt. So strongly did he feel upon the subject, that he declared publicly he would consent to take back all the penal laws, provided the Union were repealed. To effect this purpose he organized in 1843 a series of "monster meetings" which were attended by the peasantry from all the neighbouring counties, headed by their priests, and generally accompanied by their temperance bands, which at the time were numerous in connection with Father Mathew's crusade against intemperance. On some occasions, hundreds of thousands took part in those monster meetings, which were always addressed by O'Connell. His speeches carefully reported and borne on the wings of the Press to all parts of the world, every-

where stirred men's minds by their wonderful eloquence.

In a short time it became evident that men of all parties and creeds in England had fully made up their minds that they would not permit the Repeal of the Union. "Repeal," said the *Times*, "is not a matter to be argued upon. Were it gall to Ireland, England must guard her own life's blood." And the *Morning Chronicle*, speaking of the Act of Union said: "True, it was coarsely and badly done; but stand it must."

Thirty-five thousand troops were now poured into Ireland, and it was clear that the English government expected a fight and was preparing



Statue erected in Cork in honour of the "Apostle of Temperance."

Designed by John Foley.

for it. It was likewise clear that a great part of the Irish people expected a fight, and had no objection to it, but O'Connell never dreamed of fighting. At the great meetings he used to say, "Whom are they going to fight? We are unarmed. We meet peacefully to demand our country's freedom. Hurrah for the queen! God bless her!" However, at the Mallow meeting he spoke as if he had changed his mind. "Have we not the ordinary courage of Englishmen? Are we to be trampled under foot? Oh! they shall never trample on me at least. I was wrong! they may trample on me, but it will be my dead body they will trample on, not the living man."

Perhaps the most remarkable of all the monster meetings was at the famous Rath of Mullaghmast. The members of several corporations came to this meeting in their robes. O'Connell wore the scarlet cloak of an alderman. John Hogan, the famous sculptor, came forward and placed on the Liberator's head a richly embroidered cap, modelled after the ancient Irish crown, saying, "Sir, I only regret this cap is not of gold." Upon this, three hundred thousand manly voices thundered forth in joyful acclamations.

It must be confessed, that it was a strange weakness of O'Connell to imagine for a moment that cheers and speeches could coerce the British

nation to loose its hold on Ireland. True, Emancipation was granted to Catholics by agitation, and positions of power and wealth were opened to their children. This emancipation was of benefit principally to the wealthy and educated Catholics, and acted as a bait to draw them away from sympathy with the poorer classes of their fellow-countrymen, who were thereby more completely subjected to the power of the government and the ascendancy party. O'Connell was soon made to feel that England had no notion of yielding to the persuasion of his moral force. "Repeal the Union!" said one of the ministers. "Yes, when we restore the Heptarchy."

When a great meeting was called for the historic plain of Clontarf in 1844, the government issued a proclamation late on the eve of the meeting forbidding the assembly. On the appointed day, the place of meeting was lined with regiments of horse, foot and artillery, with orders to mow down the people if they dared approach the trysting place.

A few days after, O'Connell and some others of the leaders were arrested and tried for conspiracy before a packed jury. They were found guilty and sentenced to one year's imprisonment. After three months, the judgment was reversed by the House of Lords and O'Connell was released, but

his spirit was broken, and his influence impaired by his imprisonment. He was now an old man of nigh seventy years, and though he worked on as before, for the good of his country, the Repeal movement soon languished, particularly on the appearance of the desolating foe that now invaded Ireland.

THE FAMINE.

IN the autumn of 1845 a blight fell upon the potato crop in many districts of Ireland. Potatoes formed the main food of five millions of the Irish people, who had to sell their corn, pigs, cattle and everything else in order to pay rackrents to their landlords; hence when the potatoes failed the poor people had nothing left on which to live. The potato crop failed all over Europe at the same time, but in Ireland alone did famine result from the failure. The famine could have been easily averted; for it must be remembered that although the potatoes could not be used as food, corn of all kinds was more than usually abundant in the land.

The national calamity that ensued was an appalling illustration of the disastrous effects upon our country of the unnatural "union" with England, and the entanglement of Irish affairs

with English party politics. Peel put forward the Irish famine, as the chief reason for his conversion to the doctrine of Free Trade, and the distress in Ireland became a topic of academic debate between the English adherents of protection and of free trade. The Protectionist party in Parliament and all the organs of the Irish landlords reiterated the cry, that the reports of distress were exaggerated or fictitious. Thus for a long time the government would not believe, or pretended not to believe, that there was any want. At length, however, they sent over Dr. Playfair and another learned man to make enquiries as to the growth of potatoes, their various diseases, the best species of manure for their healthy growth, etc.

O'Connell endeavoured to force the government to help the people, but to no purpose. In a speech in the early part of 1846 he says, "If we had a domestic parliament, would not the ports be thrown open to foreign food? would not the abundant crops with which heaven has blessed us be kept for the people of Ireland? All this while the new Irish harvest particularly abundant, with immense herds of cattle, sheep, and hogs, quite as usual, is floating off on every tide, out of every one of our thirteen seaports, bound for England, and the landlords are receiving their

rents, and going to England to spend them, and many hundreds of poor people have lain down and died on the roadside for want of food, even before Christmas, and the famine not yet begun, but expected shortly."

The details of this dreadful famine need not be dwelt upon ; suffice to say that in 1846, 300,000 persons died of famine, or of typhus fever brought on by want of food.

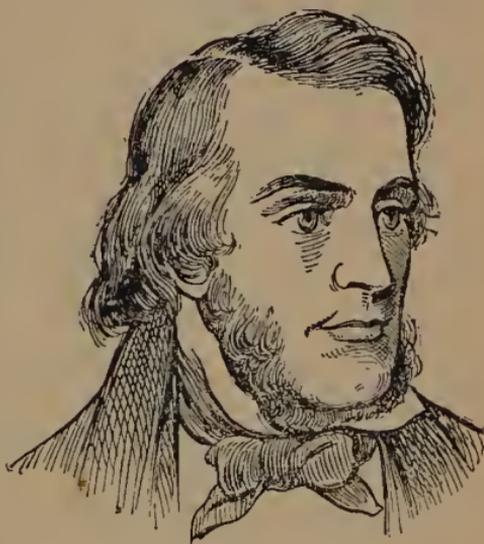
The harvest of 1846 failed utterly as to potatoes, although the corn alone exported in 1846-47 would have sufficed to feed the whole population of Ireland. It is true, indeed, that many good people in England sent large sums in charity to Ireland, but Ireland did not seek for alms but liberty to keep what God had sent her. Finally, when people were dying in tens of thousands, the government gave a loan of £10,000,000 to be repaid in ten years by an increased Poor Rate. The barony sessions were empowered to propose certain public works to be undertaken with the sanction of the Lord Lieutenant. To enable those public bodies to properly understand the sort of work to be undertaken, 10,000 blue books and fourteen tons weight of official paper were sent to Ireland.

When the famine was over, Ireland had lost two millions of her population, and that great stream

of emigration had begun to flow, which, by the end of the century so drained the life-blood of the country, that the population of some eight and a quarter millions had dwindled to less than four millions and a half.

YOUNG IRELAND.—DEATH OF O'CONNELL.

WITHIN the Repeal Association there arose by degrees a smaller party that soon came to be known as Young Ireland; its head and centre was Thomas Davis, a young Protestant lawyer of Cork County. This gentleman, together with John Dillon and Charles Gavan Duffy, founded in 1842 the *Nation* newspaper, which for several years, next to O'Connell, was the strongest power on the national side.



THOMAS DAVIS.

O'Connell knew that his movement was receiving the greatest help from these young men and their paper, but he disliked their ways, and he knew

that they did not believe in his principle "that all the freedom in the world was not worth one drop of human blood." The Young Irelanders continually sought by their writings to arouse a military spirit amongst the people, and counselled the adoption of military uniforms, and the marching to monster meetings in ranks and squadrons with bands and banners; they made no secret of their belief that the liberties of the country might have to be won by force of arms.

When the Whigs, under Lord John Russell, came into power, the split between O'Connell and the Young Irelanders became more marked than ever, for the latter insisted that no Irishman should take office under the Whigs. After much bickering O'Connell wrote a public letter denouncing the *Nation*. This act caused the secession from the Association of William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher and other leaders, and their secession soon put an end to the Association.

In February, 1847, amidst the gloom and horror of the famine, O'Connell, old, sick, and down-hearted, left Ireland to pay a visit before he died to his Holiness the Pope. By slow and painful stages, he proceeded as far as Genoa; here, he became rapidly worse, and fortified by all the rites of the Church which he had loved so well,

Daniel O'Connell departed to a better world on the 15th of May, 1847. His will directed that his heart should be sent to Rome, and his body laid in Glasnevin.

John Mitchel says of O'Connell: "For those who did not see how vast this giant figure loomed in Ireland and England, for a generation and a half—it is not easy to understand the strong emotion caused by his death both in friends and enemies. To no Irishman can the wonderful life of O'Connell fail to be impressive—from the day when a fiery and thoughtful boy, he sought the cloisters of St. Omer's, for the education which penal laws denied him in his own land, on through the manifold struggles and victories of his earlier career he broke and flung off with a kind of haughty impatience, link after link of the social and political chain that six hundred years of steady British policy had woven around every limb and muscle of his country, down to that supreme moment of the blackness of darkness for himself and for Ireland, when he laid down his burden and closed his eyes. Beyond a doubt his death was hastened by the misery of seeing his proud hopes dashed to the earth, and his well-beloved people perishing; for there dwelt in that brawny frame tenderness and pity soft as a woman's. To the last he laboured on the Relief

Committees of Dublin, and thought every hour lost unless employed in rescuing some of the doomed."

"The funeral in Dublin was a great and mournful procession ; and it will show how wide was the alienation which divided him from his former confederates, that when Smith O'Brien signified a wish to attend his obsequies, a public letter from John O'Connell, son of the Liberator, sullenly forbade him."

LINES TO HOGAN ON O'CONNELL'S STATUE.

CHISEL the likeness of the Chief
 Not in gaiety, nor grief.
 Change not by your art to stone,
 Ireland's laugh, or Ireland's moan.
 Oh ! how princely were the art
 Could mould his mien, or tell his heart.
 While sitting sole on Tara's hill,
 While hung a million on his will !
 Yet, not in gaiety, nor grief,
 Chisel the image of our Chief ;
 Nor even in that haughty hour,
 When a nation owned his power.
 But would you by your art unroll
 His own and Ireland's secret soul,
 And give to other times to scan
 The greatest greatness of the man ?

Fierce defiance let him be
Hurling at our enemy.—
From a base as fair and sure
As our love is true and pure.
Let his statue rise as tall
And as firm as castle wall ;
On his broad brow let there be
A type of Ireland's history ;
Pious, generous, deep, and warm,
Strong and changeful as a storm ;
Let whole centuries of wrong
Upon his recollections throng—
Strongbow's force, and Henry's wile,
Tudor's wrath, and Stuart's guile,
Iron Strafford's tiger jaws,
Brutal Brunswick's penal laws ;
Not forgetting Saxon faith,
Not forgetting Norman scaith,
Not forgetting William's word,
Not forgetting Cromwell's sword.
Let the Union's fetter vile—
The shame and ruin of our isle—
Let the blood of Ninety-eight,
And our present blighting fate—
Let the poor mechanic's lot,
And the peasant's ruined cot,
Plundered wealth and glory flown,
Ancient honours overthrown—
Let trampled altar, rifled urn,
Knit his brow to purpose stern,

Mould all this into one thought,
Like wizard cloud with thunder fraught ;
Let the memory of old days
Shine through the statesman's anxious face—
Dathi's power, and Brian's fame,
Headlong Sarsfield's sword of flame ;
And the spirit of Red Hugh,
And the pride of Eighty-two,
And the victories he won,
And the hope that leads him on ;
Thus his country loves him best
To image this is your behest,
Chisel thus and thus alone,
If to man you'd change the stone.

Thomas Davis.

ATTEMPTED INSURRECTION OF 1848.

IN the summer of 1847, Lord Clarendon was sent as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland. In this year there was again a partial failure of the potato crop, yet, a plenteous corn harvest smiled upon the land, if not upon the poor famished people.

Lord Clarendon came with conciliatory speeches and hearty professions of a desire, on the part of the government, to stay the famine. There were rumours of a rising, threats of breaking down bridges, tearing up roads, stopping canals etc., to keep the harvest for the starving millions. Some

new method must now be tried to turn away men's minds from such revolutionary ideas, so Lord Clarendon proposed a tour of Agricultural Lecturers, at the expense of the Agricultural Society. These gentlemen were to visit each estate, assemble the people, tell them of the benevolent intentions of the government, and give them sound advice as to the management of their farms.

The lecturers soon published their report. A Mr. Fitzgerald tells us, "They all agreed that what I said was just, but they always had some excuse, that they *could not get seed or had nothing to live on in the meantime.*" A Mr. Goode, who was instructing in the West, says "The poor people here appeared to be in a most desponding state; they always met me with the argument that there was no use working there, for they were going to be turned out in spring, and would have their houses pulled down over them. I used to tell them that I had nothing to do with that, that I was sent among them by some kind intelligent gentlemen, barely to *tell them what course to pursue.*"

All this time the writers of the *Nation* were endeavouring to turn the minds of the people towards what they called "the real remedy for 'all their evils'"; that is, a combined movement

to prevent the export of provisions, and to resist process of ejection. The government began to be alarmed at these doctrines, especially as they found the people taking them to heart, for already in Clare County men had stopped the transport of grain to the seaports. Parliament was hastily called together, a new Coercion Bill was carried without delay, regiment after regiment was poured into the country, so that Dublin alone had ten thousand soldiers. John Mitchel, the editor of a national paper called *The United Irishman*, was arrested, tried before a packed jury, and sentenced to fourteen years transportation. On being asked why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, he told the judge they might send him to gaol, but that hundreds were ready to step into his place, and pointing to O'Brien, Dillon, Meagher, Doheny and others, he said, "I can promise for one, and two, and——" but the courthouse was filled with such a roar of "Promise for me, Mitchel, promise for me, Mitchel," that the judge turned pale with alarm, and the police and warders, fearing a rescue, threw themselves upon the prisoner, dragged him to a cell beneath the courthouse, and hurried him away in a close van, strongly guarded, to a man-of-war which was waiting at the North Wall to transport him to Van Diemen's Land.

Shortly after an attempt at insurrection was made in Tipperary. The clergy everywhere made the most strenuous efforts to hinder the people from joining the movement, and Smith O'Brien, instead of finding himself at the head of 50,000 stalwart Tipperary men, as he had expected, had only two or three hundred unarmed peasants at his command. He persevered, rather as a protest against misgovernment, than with any hopes of ultimate success; with his band he attacked a body of police who had barricaded themselves in the strong stone house of a widow M'Cormack of Ballingarry. The widow threw herself at O'Brien's feet, and begged him not to destroy her house and kill her children, and the noble-minded gentleman risked his own life in order to prevent his followers from setting fire to the dwelling, or otherwise injuring the inmates. The insurgents quickly dispersed, and so ended the '48 insurrection. Most of the leaders were soon taken, though Dillon, Smith, and others escaped to America. O'Brien, Meagher, Mac-Manus, and O'Donoghue were tried in Clonmel, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. This sentence was afterwards commuted to transportation for life, and all the prisoners were sent to Van Diemen's Land. Mitchel and Meagher after a time contrived to

escape, by the help of a ship brought from America by Smith, and six or seven years later, O'Brien was allowed to return to Ireland, but he died soon after his return. His statue stands in Dublin, at the junction of Westmoreland and D'Olier Streets.

EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

CATHOLIC education in Ireland was forbidden under the severest penalties during the operation of the Penal Laws. Catholics, however, might obtain all the education possible at the time, were they but willing to abandon their holy Faith. The University of Dublin, or as it is more generally called "Trinity College," was richly endowed. Royal schools were founded in Ulster by James I., at the time of the confiscation, "to recall Ulster from superstition and rebellion to the true religion of Christ."

The Erasmus Smith Schools were founded in Cromwell's time by an alderman of London, who had obtained a grant of a large tract of land in Ireland. They had for their object the propagating of the Protestant religion: The trust comprised four grammar schools in Galway, Drogheda, Ennis, and Tipperary, and one hundred English or primary schools.

The Charter Schools were founded in 1753 for "the conversion of the Popish natives." As late as the year 1880, there were still in existence thirteen day schools and eight boarding schools of this foundation.

The Kildare Place Society Schools were established in 1811 to promote the Protestant religion. About the year 1831, at the foundation of the National Board, these schools were in the annual receipt of £69,000 in subscriptions, £30,000 in pupils' fees, and £60,000 parliamentary grant.

To oppose all this system the Catholics of Ireland had only the "hedge schools," so called because they were generally conducted in the shelter of a high hedge, exposed to every change of weather, with sentinels posted in every place of vantage, to give notice of the approach of spies or soldiers. There was no lack of volunteers for the post of danger, for those least apt to learn were often found the most reliable on outpost duty. Many of these schools were conducted by good teachers, and a sound classical education was given at some of them, but it will be easily conceived that many also were carried on by men quite unfitted for the work.

Although the Irish people were always remarkable for an intense thirst for knowledge, yet thousands must have grown up quite illiterate ;

for, parents would not risk their children's faith in the Protestant schools. George Browne wrote to Henry VIII. that "the common people in Ireland were more obstinate in their ignorance, than the saints and martyrs were for the truth in the beginning of the gospel." In a return made to the House of Commons in 1816, the writer remarks, "It appears that in the dioceses of Limerick and Kerry are fifteen parochial schools, which are attended by about 1,200 children. The greater part of the people are Roman Catholics, and *they stoutly refuse to permit their children to receive any instruction from a Protestant establishment.*"

CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.—EDMUND RICE.

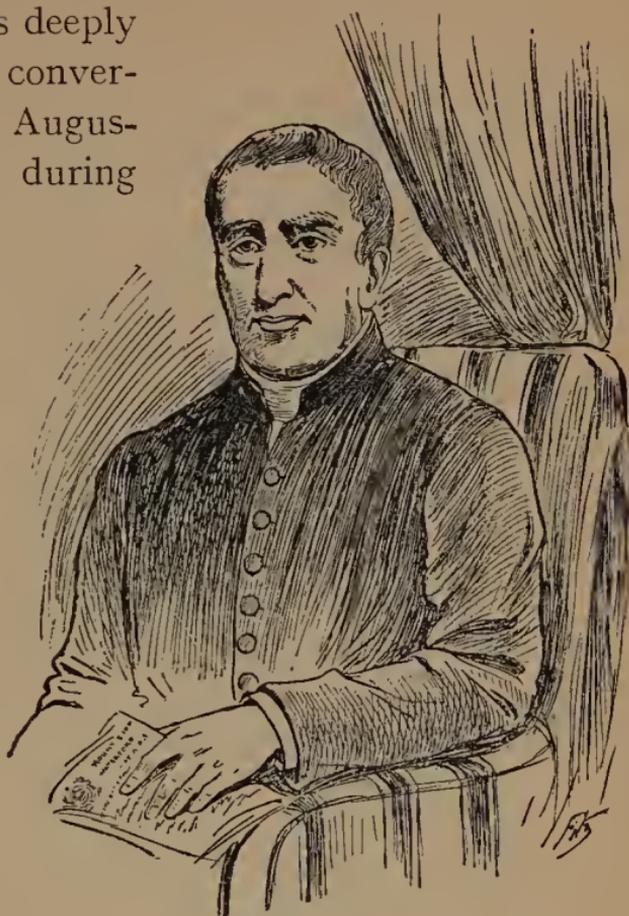
EDMUND IGNATIUS RICE, who was destined by Divine Providence to establish a truly national and Catholic educational system, was born in 1762, in the neighbourhood of Callan, County Kilkenny. His parents were in very comfortable circumstances. His father, Laurence Rice, was a virtuous and intelligent man, and his mother, Margaret Tierney, was a woman of great piety and much refinement of manners. From his parents Edmund received early impressions of

virtue, and he was deeply impressed by the conversation of a holy Augustinian friar, who during those troubled times managed to keep up a constant round of visits amongst the Catholics of Callan.

In his seventeenth year, young Rice entered the business establishment of his uncle, a wealthy trader in Waterford.

Edmund applied himself with assiduity to his various occupations, and with his remarkable business talents he soon became a proficient in trade.

There lived at that time in Waterford, a saintly woman, a Mrs. St. Leger, at whose house Mr. Rice was a frequent visitor. Her conversation was generally of God, and of holy things, and Edmund's faith grew daily stronger under her



EDMUND IGNATIUS RICE.

saintly influence. In his walks through the lanes of the city he was much struck by the sight of groups of poor ignorant boys, whose rude manners and rough speech showed that they had but little knowledge of God. There were no schools for them, and no one seemed to care much for them. Could nothing be done to improve their sad condition? This was a question that often occurred to Edmund Rice, little imagining that God had destined himself for that glorious mission.

His mind now underwent a complete change. The world lost all its attractions for him. Business he attended to as energetically as before, but the object in view was wholly changed. All his wealth he resolved to devote to religion and to works of piety. The whisperings of grace were soliciting him to closer union with God, but his great prudence and common sense guided him in this as in all worldly matters. He had recourse to prayer and to the frequent reception of the Sacraments to obtain light to know God's will, and strength of purpose to carry it out. Weekly reception of Holy Communion was then almost unknown in Ireland, and Edmund Rice became one of five in Waterford who approached the Holy Table weekly. He desired to enter a religious order, but where was he to find one? Scarcely one convent for men existed then in France or Belgium.

Even those in Italy and in Rome itself were not secure. Pope Pius VI. had just died in prison. Infidels said there would never be another Pope. Monastic life in Ireland was only known by tradition. The Augustinian Order, to which his brother Father John belonged, had still some houses in Italy, but his brother would not advise him to join, as no one knew when the French Revolutionary Government would break them all up. At home, Catholics were barely allowed to live after the horrors of Ninety-eight.

Light came from an unexpected quarter. A friend of his, Miss Power, whose brother was afterwards Bishop of Waterford, said to him one day : “ Mr. Rice, it is a strange thing for you to think of shutting yourself up in a monastery, while the boys of the city are running wild, without the knowledge of God, and unacquainted with the first principles of their holy religion.” It was St. Paul’s heavenly light. No need to ask, “ Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ? ” Edmund Rice was strongly moved ; her words sank into his heart, and he went at once to ask the approbation of the bishop, Dr. Hussey. He then closed his accounts, gave up business, and turned all his property into ready money. He said himself that his last year in business was the most successful he had ever had. He rented a house

in New Street, and engaged two young men as assistants. Rough, ignorant, grown-up boys crowded in, and the school was soon in great repute. But a heavy cross was at hand ; his two assistants tired of the heavy work ; he offered them higher salaries but they would not stay. The good man submitted cheerfully to the holy will of God, well knowing there is no better sign that any work is from God than to meet trials in the beginning. So for a time, he worked on alone, but before long, two young men of excellent families in his native town came to offer their services as voluntary assistants in the great work undertaken by their fellow-townsmen. Mr. Rice had now leisure to attend to the erection of a suitable house with commodious schools, and, accordingly, in June, 1802, the foundation stone was laid of the parent house of the Irish order of Christian Brothers. The house and schools were named Mount Sion by the Most Rev. Dr. Hussey. Thus was sown the mustard seed, which has since taken root, grown to be a great tree, and extended its branches throughout Ireland and to many distant lands as well.





NANO NAGLE, MARY AIKENHEAD, AND OTHER EDUCATIONAL REFORMERS.

SHORTLY before Edmund Ignatius Rice founded his congregation, a young lady, Miss Nano Nagle, had founded a similar one for the education of girls, namely, that of the Presentation Order of Nuns. This great woman was a member of a good Catholic family in the County Cork. In her youth she went to France and there spent her time in frivolity, in one continuous round of theatres, balls, and other amusements. It happened on one occasion, as she returned at day-break to her home, tired out by dancing, she passed a church, round which a crowd of peasants awaited the opening of the doors for early Mass.

Miss Nagle was struck by the devotion of those poor people, and could not help contrasting the earnestness of their lives with the aimless drift of her own. Her conversion was instantaneous, she resolved to return to her own poor country and devote her life to the religious instruction of God's poor. The Most Rev. Dr. Moylan, Bishop of Cork, highly approved of her undertaking. Soon after the good lady was joined by some devoted friends and they opened schools for the instruction of poor girls. The bishop shortly after applied to Rome, and the new religious order was approved and confirmed.

About the year 1812, Miss Mary Aikenhead founded the Order of Irish Sisters of Charity. This lady was born in Rutland Street, Cork, where her father was a medical doctor and a Protestant, but her mother was of an old Catholic family. The children were brought up Protestants, but Mary, the eldest, was greatly under the influence of her foster-mother, an old Irish nurse. By her she was sometimes brought to the Catholic chapel in the south parish, where in the year 1801, she heard the coadjutor bishop, Dr. M'Carthy preach a sermon on the parable of Dives and Lazarus. There and then, she resolved to become a Catholic, and devote her life to the service of God's poor. In the year

1811 she left Cork, settled permanently in Dublin, and determined to become a nun. His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Murray encouraged her in every way, and next year, 1812, sent her to York, with a companion, Miss Walsh, to St. Mary's Convent to make their novitiate, and prepare for the new foundation in Ireland. In 1815 they settled down in North William Street, Dublin. They were soon joined by other young ladies; then an orphanage was begun, a day school opened, the poor and the sick were visited in their houses, and the inmates of prisons and hospitals were ministered to.

Miss Catherine M'Auley, the daughter of a rich Catholic gentleman of County Dublin was born in 1778. Her father was a good fervent Catholic but her mother was somewhat lax in the practice of her holy religion. Catherine from her early youth was most devout and extremely charitable to the poor. On becoming possessed of a property by the death of a relative, she erected in the year 1824 a large building in Baggot Street, and here devoted herself to works of mercy towards the sick, and to the education of the poor. Being joined by other ladies they underwent a course of training in the religious life in the Presentation Convent, Goerge's Hill, and in the year 1831 pronounced their first vows; thus began the great Order of Sisters of Mercy,

which has since spread through all the English-speaking parts of the world.

Mrs. Ball, sister to the Right Honourable Judge Ball, by the advice of Archbishop Murray, went to England with two companions, and there joined the order of Loreto Nuns, which was purely of English origin. Having returned to Ireland in 1821, the Archbishop procured for them a handsome villa in Rathfarnham, where they settled down and established a house of their order. Here they opened a boarding school for young ladies, and the place has since been known as Rathfarnham Abbey. This house has been the parent from which many filiations have gone forth to various parts of Ireland and abroad.

Mrs. Margaret Aylward founded in Dublin in 1860, the Sisters of the Holy Faith, for the purpose of opposing the "Birds' Nests" established by Protestants in Dublin to rob the neglected children of Catholic parents of their religion. These religious have several houses in Dublin and its neighbourhood, where they devote themselves to the instruction of poor children whose faith is in danger. They also maintain boarding schools and middle-class day schools. At their schools in the Coombe, where one of the principal "Birds' Nests" is situated, they give out weekly, to poor children of both sexes more than 2,000 free break-

fasts. The female children are taught knitting, hand-sewing, cutting-out, laundry work, cookery, etc. The schools get no government aid of any sort, and no secular teacher is employed, all the work being done by the Sisters.

In time several congregations for male religious were founded in Ireland, such as the Presentation Brothers in Cork, the Patrician Brothers in Mountrath, and the Franciscan Brothers in the diocese of Tuam. Some foreign religious orders also made foundations in Ireland, so that once again, the country is studded with religious houses of men and women, active and contemplative orders, whose members devote their lives to singing the praises of God, to the uninterrupted worship of the Blessed Sacrament, to the education of children, to the care of industrial schools, orphanages and workhouses, and to attendance upon the sick in the hospitals or in their own homes.

“Ye ivy-clad relics, resounding once more
With the swell of the anthem from shore to shore.
How ye speak of that time when the cells of the West
Gave voice after voice to the choir of the Blest ;
When the Island of Saints saw her glorie sarise,
Columba the dove-like, and Carthage the wise.
And the school and the temple gave light to each
shore,
From clifted Iona to wooded Lismore.”

THE NATIONAL EDUCATION BOARD.

THE question of Irish Primary Education had often been discussed by English politicians without any very practical result. Catholic Emancipation had now been secured, and religious teaching orders were establishing themselves in many places in Ireland. So the government determined, at length, to secure the control and direction of primary education.

Accordingly, in October, 1831, Lord Stanley, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, invited the Duke of Leinster to accept the position of Chairman to the Education Board which had just been established by Parliament. The Duke accepted the position, and received as his fellow commissioners, Dr. Murray, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin; Dr. Whately, the Protestant Archbishop, an Englishman; Dr. Sadlier, Provost of Trinity College; the Hon. Mr. Blake, a Catholic; Mr. Holmes, a Unitarian; and the Rev. Mr. Carlisle, a Scotch Presbyterian.

The object of the Board was stated to be "to promote combined literary and separate religious instruction." Four fixed days in each week should be devoted to literary instruction, one day for Protestant, and one day for Catholic religious instruction; and no interference was to be per-

mitted on the part of the teacher in the religious instruction, which was to be given under the exclusive superintendence of the clergy.

The two great classes of Protestants in Ireland namely, those of the Irish Church Establishment, and the Presbyterians, at first, opposed the National School System, for they did not want any countenance whatever, to be shown to Catholic education. After a few years, however, when they saw how the system worked, they withdrew their opposition.

All previous educational experiments had aimed at robbing the Catholic children of their religion ; this system forbade all direct attempts at proselytism, and so appeared to be so great a boon that most of the Catholic Bishops decided that it should be accepted. There were, however, some notable exceptions, and particularly His Grace, the Most Rev. John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, "The Lion of the Fold of Judah," as O'Connell styled him ; he would never allow a National School into his diocese, and he founded the Franciscan Brothers to oppose the system.

The question of school books occupied the attention of the Board immediately after its formation. A nation's school books wield a great power ; they find their way to the remotest districts, and to all classes of people ; they are read

by the young and listened to by the old, and the sentiments they express take deep root. Dr. Whately and the Rev. Mr. Carlisle well understood their power, and they set, at once, to the task of compiling books for the youth of Ireland. In all their books every allusion to the Catholic religion, and to every glorious event of the past history of our land, was carefully avoided ; and their great aim seemed to be to efface from the minds of Irish children all idea of their distinct nationality, and to make each imagine that he or she, in the words of one of Dr. Whately's verses, was " a happy English child." It is also quite plain from Dr. Whately's letters, published by his daughter, that his great aim was to turn Irish Catholics from what their enemies were pleased to style their " idolatrous worship," although, as he says himself, in effecting this he was obliged to fight " with one hand, and that my best, tied behind my back."

Many improvements have been made, in recent years, in the National Education system ; and thanks to the unceasing efforts of the Catholic bishops and clergy, who are generally the managers of the schools, and to the spirit of religion and nationality of the national teachers, the system has brought the blessings of education to generations of the youth of Ireland.

SECONDARY AND UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

THE State made no provision, of which Catholics could avail, for Secondary education, until 1878. In that year a Bill, known as the Intermediate Education Act, was passed, and at once the Catholic schools availed of its advantages. One million pounds from the Church Surplus Funds were assigned for the working of the system, and afterwards in 1891, mainly through the exertions of Mr. Thomas Sexton, M.P., a further sum of over £40,000 annually was added for the purposes of the Act.

Under the Intermediate Act, Catholic and non-Catholic schools were, for the first time, brought into friendly rivalry, by the annual examinations conducted by the Intermediate Board. The results, year by year, proved conclusively, that Catholic schools, though suffering from lack of endowments and other advantages possessed by the schools of the favoured creed, were capable of educating their pupils to such a degree, as to enable them to bear off more than their share of the prizes offered for competition. These valuable prizes, no less than the educational facilities which were now available, afforded many youths the means to continue their education and culti-

vate their talents, and thus to attain to positions which would have been otherwise beyond their reach.

Now that Ireland possessed a Primary and a Secondary system of education, the time seemed to have come to supply a University system. An attempt had already been made in 1850 in this direction, by the establishment of Queen's Colleges in Cork, Belfast, and Galway, under the title of the Queen's University. This University was founded on principles of which the Catholic Bishops could not approve, and so the whole system failed of its purpose. In 1879 the Queen's University was dissolved, and a charter was granted to a new institution which was called "The Royal University." The Royal has brought many advantages to Catholic students; but it is very far removed indeed from what a university ought to be. Prime Ministers and leading members of the government are in full agreement with all that is best of public opinion in Ireland, on the right of our Catholic people to a university capable of satisfying their aspirations; but so far the opposition of secularists and bigots has prevented the concession of our just demand.

The Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction was established in 1900. This Department gave a great impetus to the teaching of

Practical Science and Drawing in Secondary Schools. Evening Technical Schools were established in different centres, and instruction in Agriculture was provided for the people. Various schemes for the promotion of industry and trade are aided by the Department.

IRISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

IN the study of Irish writings we find that a literary taste, and a love of literature was spread amongst all classes of the native Irish.

The history of literature in Ireland shows, how warmly the efforts of all who assisted in its production were appreciated. The greatest bard of the Elizabethan age was allowed by his countrymen to perish of poverty in the streets of London, while the pettiest chief of the meanest clan would have been proud to lay his hearth and home, and a share of his wealth at the disposal of any Irish "ollamh." Ready wit and power of expression were, as a consequence, met with in all classes of the people.

The extent of the Irish literature still remaining in manuscript has never been fully determined. O'Curry, O'Langan, and O'Beirne Crowe catalogued something more than *half* the manuscripts

in the Royal Irish Academy, and the catalogue filled thirteen volumes containing 3,448 pages.

The Irish, in their early development of rhyme, in their masterly treatment of sound, and in their unique and wonderful system of verse forms, will be found to have created for themselves a place, alone and apart, in the history of European literatures.

The Irish language, after imposing itself upon Dane and Norman, was brought face to face as early as the fourteenth century with its great competitor the English tongue. As early as 1360, English rulers appear to have taken the alarm at the inroads which the Irish language—at that time a much more highly cultured form of speech than their own—had made upon the colonists; and we find King Edward issuing orders “that any one of English race shall forfeit English liberty if, after the next feast of St. John the Baptist he shall speak Irish with other Englishmen.” These first attacks upon the language cannot have produced much effect, for we are told that in the Dublin Parliament of 1541, all the peers except MacGilla Patrick were of Norman or English descent, and yet not one, except the Earl of Ormond, *could understand* English. In 1578 Lord Chancellor Gerard affirmed that “all the English, and for the most part with delight, even in Dublin, speak Irish.” In 1609 Richard Conway

a Jesuit, wrote that "the English in Ireland took care that all their children were taught English, and that they chastise them if they speak their own native tongue."

During the Confederation of Kilkenny, most of those members of the Council who took the side of the Nuncio knew little of the English language, and some even of the bishops did not understand a word of English. The Nuncio appears to have been much impressed by the sweetness of the Irish language. He notes in his diary, that the wail and lamentation of the people in Irish was far more plaintive and expressive than any music of the great masters which he had ever heard among the more favoured natives of the Continent. Carte says, in his life of the Duke of Ormond, that many gentlemen in London spoke Irish, and it must be remembered that at this time Shakespeare and Milton were well-known names.

When the English government got the upper hand in the seventeenth century, they made no terms with the Irish language, but yet, its power continued so strong all through the seventeenth century, that, according to Prendergast, many of the children of Cromwell's troopers who had settled in Ireland could not speak a word of English. In 1760 Irish was so universally spoken in the regiments of the Irish Brigade, that Edmund

Burke's cousin learned it on foreign service. From the middle of the eighteenth century the Irish language began to die out ; it is probable that no Milesian family in Ireland spoke English in its own home before that period.

The destruction of the Irish language has not been the result of a natural process of decay, but has been chiefly caused by the definite policy of the Board of National Education, persistently maintained for very many years. This Board, appointed by Government, for the most part, consisted of men who were steadily hostile to the natives, and quite ignorant of their language and literature. From the foundation of the National system until recent times they persevered with unvarying pertinacity in the great aim of utterly exterminating this fine Aryan language.¹

THE CELTIC TONGUE.

THE Celtic Tongue ! the Celtic Tongue ! no more in
bower and hall,
Where Rank holds sway, or Beauty reigns, its liquid
accents fall.
Far from the courts of Pride or Power, within the
lowly cot
It finds a home—that outlaw'd tongue—the poor
despise it not.

¹ Abridged, with the kind permission of the Author, from Dr. Douglas Hyde's *Literary History of Ireland*.

But still upon the mountain heath, or in the moonlit
vale,
In that sweet speech the shepherd sings, the lover
breathes his tale
And oft times in the rustic church the *Soggarth*
knows its might
To lead the wretch from shades of vice to virtue's
path of light.
Thus lurks amid the simple poor, forgotten and
unknown,
That ancient tongue, that royal tongue, so prized
in ages flown,
Which came to make our isle its home from lands
'neath orient skies,
Which saw the wondrous pillar-shrines in gracetul
grandeur rise—
Which echoed in its days of pride within Emania's
walls,
Through high Kincora's princely court, through
Tara's regal halls ;
Which sped in wingéd accents forth from dawn to
day's last smile,
From lips of sages, saints, and kings, throughout
our sacred isle.
Grand tongue of heroes ! how its tones upon the gale
uprose,
When great Cuchullin's Red Branch Knights rushed
down upon their foes ;
And how its accents fired the brave to struggle for
their rights,
When from thy lips they burst in flames, Con of
the Hundred Fights !

Or when the breeze its war cries bore across the gory
plain,

Where royal Brian cheered his hosts to battle with
the Dane.

The Celtic Tongue!—then must it die? Say, shall
our language go?

No! by Ulfadha's kingly soul! by sainted Laurence,
no!

No! for the shades of saints and kings, of holy name
and high,

Whose deeds, as they have lived with it, must die
when it shall die.

It shall not go—it must not die—the language of
our sires;

While Erin's glory glads our souls, or freedom's
name inspires.

Ere Grecian fame, ere Latin name, from infant state
had sprung,

In manhood's strength that language stood, the
mighty Celtic Tongue.

From the "Nation," Nov. 1, 1862.

TENANT RIGHT.—SADLIER.—KEOGH.

THOUSANDS of poor tenants had been completely ruined by the famine. They had borrowed money to buy seed, and had been unable to pay their rent, so that now heavy debts lay upon them as a crushing burden. Numbers of tenants were

evicted from their farms, and this meant in most cases, a sentence of death by starvation. The action of the Encumbered Estates Court, which was instituted in 1849, with powers to sell any estate whose owners could not pay their debts, added to the misery. Much of the land of Ireland was by this court transferred to new landlords, who did not know the tenants, and who tried to exact from them their pound of flesh, the full value of their bond.

Sir Robert Peel, at this time, the English Minister, seemed to recognise the awful sufferings of the people. On June 8th, 1849, he said in the House of Commons: "I must say I do not think that the records of any country, civil or barbarous, present materials for such a picture, as is set forth in the statement of Captain Kennedy." Kennedy was an officer sent by the Government to investigate the land question; having read some extracts from his report, Peel said: "Three such tragical instances, I do not believe were ever presented, either in point of fact, or conjured up even in the imagination of any human being."

The Tenant Right League was now founded in order to prevent evictions. The members of the League worked with energy to secure for the tenant some right of tenure to his land, such as

already existed in Ulster; there every tenant could sell his right to any man if his landlord did not object. But a parliamentary party was necessary to force the hand of the Government. The League sought to effect this object by opposing the election of every candidate for Parliament, unless he took a pledge, not to accept office from any Government, until Tenant Right was conceded.

A general election took place in 1852, and the Tenant Righters threw themselves into the struggle with energy. Since 1829 no such efforts had been made, with the result that at the close of the poll, the Tenant Right members were fifty strong. Amongst those who then entered Parliament for the first time, were two men of genius to whom the League was largely indebted for its success; Charles (afterwards Sir Charles) Gavan Duffy, the editor of the *Nation*, and Frederick Lucas, editor of the *Tablet*. Two other men who were destined to bring discredit on their names, also entered Parliament at the same time; these were John Sadlier and William Keogh. Sadlier was a banker and financier; he had opened banks in Tipperary, Thurles, Carlow, and other places; he swindled the people, and finally ruined thousands of them. Keogh was a needy young barrister, almost with-

out practice. These two men, feigning a great zeal for the Catholic religion, deceived several of the bishops, and secured their warm support; but it soon appeared that the "Catholic Brass Band," as they and their associates were called, were merely seeking for Government place and salary for themselves.

On the 4th of November, 1852, the new Parliament met, and on Friday, the 17th of December, the Tory government was defeated by a majority of nineteen. A shout of joy arose from Ireland. Here was the opportunity for the Tenant-Righters. No Liberal government was possible without their aid. What would they do? News from London was anxiously awaited hour by hour. At length it came; John Sadlier was Lord of the Treasury; William Keogh was Solicitor-General, and soon a judge; Edmund O'Flaherty was Commissioner of Income Tax, and so on. The Irish tenants had played their last stake and lost, and they were now abandoned to the tender mercies of the "Crowbar Brigade."

Wherever the hapless tenantry had opposed their landlords at the elections, notices to quit were showered upon them. Gavan Duffy went off to Australia, where he soon became Prime Minister; when leaving he declared that he left Ireland as a corpse on the dissecting table.

Frederick Lucas died soon after of a broken heart. John Sadlier and William Keogh, from their seats on the Treasury Bench, calmly surveyed the ruin they had helped to create.

In March, 1854, a strange rumour began to circulate. John Sadlier, instead of being a millionaire, was reported to be a bankrupt. Then people began to ask where was Edmund O'Flaherty. Where was he, indeed? He had absconded with £15,000 collected for Income Tax. Soon troubles accumulated on John Sadlier, he had forged cheques and raised money by every unlawful means. He grew desperate, and then one Sunday morning, a man's body was discovered on Hampstead Heath, outside London. A crowd gathered, and soon the body was identified as that of the Right Hon. John Sadlier, Lord of the Treasury, banker, and betrayer of his country; he had put an end to his life by a dose of prussic acid. The news soon reached Ireland. Thousands of country people surrounded his banks, armed with crow-bars, pick-axes, and spades, foolishly thinking that their money must be within. The scenes of mad despair witnessed at Thurles, Tipperary, and elsewhere were piteous. Even the poor-law unions that had kept their accounts with Sadlier's bank, were without the price of the paupers'

dinners. Sadlier's brother, James, was unanimously expelled the House of Commons, on February 16th, 1857. William Keogh was now one of Her Majesty's Judges, and lived on for twenty years longer, the best-abused and best-hated man in Ireland. In 1878 while in Belgium he attempted to kill with a razor both himself and his valet. After this outburst, he seems never to have recovered the full possession of his senses, and he died in the same year.

THE FENIAN MOVEMENT.

FOR many years after 1852, most of the people of Ireland grew quite careless as to parliamentary representation, and when James Stephens started a revolutionary secret society, he found no lack of ardent associates. His chief lieutenants were Charles J. Kickham, John O'Leary, Thomas Clarke Luby, and Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa. The movement spread rapidly amongst the Irish famine exiles in the United States, where its chiefs were John O'Mahony, Michael Doheny, and Colonel Corcoran of the Sixty-ninth New York Regiment. The Fenians took their name from the ancient Irish militia, whose praises were sung by Ossian, a great Irish poet of pre-Christian times. Stephens exercised supreme control under

the title of C.O.I.R., Central Organiser of the Irish Republic. When a member under his authority had sworn in fifty persons in a locality, they were constituted a circle, and that person was styled the B, or centre. In the summer of 1863, Stephens started in Dublin a weekly journal called the *Irish People*. This paper for about two years advocated extreme revolutionary views. On the staff was a man named Nagle, a great favourite and confidential agent of Stephens. For more than a year Nagle was in the pay of the government, and supplied most damaging information against the Fenian chiefs. On the 16th September, 1865, the *Irish People* was seized, and Luby, O'Leary, Kickham and O'Donovan Rossa were arrested. Stephens was arrested two months later. All the prisoners were brought before one of the city magistrates on November 15th. Stephens calmly told the magistrate, that he defied the British power to do him any harm. Few then understood what he meant, but in ten days' time his meaning was clearly understood. Anticipating his committal, some of the prison officers had long before been sworn in, as members of the Fenian organization. Vain were all bolts and bars, iron doors and grated windows, to hold Stephens in prison. He escaped from Richmond gaol on the night of the 23rd of

November. "At no time," says A. M. Sullivan, "since Emmet's insurrection were the executive authorities thrown into such dismay; cavalry scoured the country; gunboats overhauled every fishing smack, police ransacked houses, ripped up flooring, tore down wainscotting, searched garrets, cellars, and holes. Flaming placards appeared offering a reward of one thousand pounds for the lost one. The C.O.I.R. was all this time secreted in the house of a Mrs. Butler of Summer Hill." Later he escaped to France.

At a secret council held in Dublin, 12th of February, 1867, was fixed as the day for the general rising; but a day or two previous to this date a postponement to March 5th was made. This countermand did not reach in time the Fenian captain in Cahirciveen, and on the 13th of February the news spread through Ireland that all south Kerry was up in arms against the government. Horse, foot, and artillery were at once poured into the county, but the Cahirciveen men on reaching Killarney, and learning of the postponement of the rising had at once dispersed to their homes.

On the night of the 4th of March the long threatened rising took place. The government had full knowledge of every particular through Corydon, one of the five men entrusted with the

command of the movement. The insurrection was quelled, almost as soon as begun. A few sharp skirmishes occurred here and there with the police, and then all was over. Treachery and lack of arms, however, were not the sole causes of failure. The elements fought against the insurgents. On the night of the rising, the greatest snow-storm in living memory burst over the land. For five days the snow fell almost incessantly, and the bleak mountain-side was the only shelter for the insurgents. When all was over Judge Fitzgerald and the notorious Judge Keogh were appointed a special commission, to try the captured Fenians, all of whom were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. The danger seemed now over when an unexpected event created a new series of trials.

Colonel Thomas Kelly of the American army had taken the place of Stephens in the leadership, but on September 15th, 1867, he was arrested in Manchester. After committal to gaol by the magistrates, he was passing through the city in open day in the prison van, escorted by twelve policemen, when the van was attacked by a number of young Irishmen, the guard dispersed, the van broken open, and Kelly rescued. Unfortunately, in blowing open the lock with a pistol shot, a Sergeant Brett who was within, was

accidentally killed. For this accident five Irishmen, William Allen, Michael Larkin, Michael O'Brien, Thomas Maguire, and Edward Condon, were tried in Manchester by special commission, and sentenced to be hanged. The evidence as to identification was, as the government afterwards acknowledged, of a wild and reckless character. The newspaper reporters at the trial sent a memorial to the Home Secretary, in which they stated their solemn conviction that Maguire was not present at the riot. He was pardoned. A short time afterwards, Condon was reprieved pending further investigation. Yet, though it was thus admitted that the evidence upon which they had been convicted was tainted, the other three prisoners were hanged on the 23rd November, 1867.

These men were regarded as martyrs by the Irish people. All over Ireland funeral services and processions were held in their honour, and a national monument was erected to their memory in Glasnevin cemetery. The anniversary of their death is observed to the present day, and the words, "God save Ireland!" used by Allen after sentence had been passed upon him, and echoed by his fellow-captives, have come to be a national prayer. Mr. T. D. Sullivan's best-known song, which for very many years was sung after every national meeting, as a kind of National Anthem, was written on the day after the execution.

ISAAC BUTT.—HOME RULE.

THE Fenian movement compelled the attention of the English ministers to the question of Irish discontent. Lord Derby, the Prime Minister, wrote to the *Nineteenth Century*, "A few desperate men, applauded by the whole body of the Irish people for their daring, showed England what Irish feeling really was, made plain to us the depth of a discontent of whose existence we had scarcely suspected, and the rest followed of course." And Lord John Russell, another Prime Minister, said, "Your oppressions have taught the Irish to hate, your concessions to brave you. You have exhibited to them how scanty was the stream of your bounty, and how full the tribute of your fear."

In 1869, Mr. W. E. Gladstone procured the passing of an Act by which the Protestant Church was disestablished in Ireland, and so the immediate control of that church by the Crown ceased. As a provision for their salaries, the Protestant clergy received a grant of £14,000,000, which was placed in the hands of certain commissioners. In 1870 Mr. Gladstone passed a Land Bill, which, however, was powerless to stay evictions; and in 1873 he would have passed a University Bill, but Cardinal Cullen and the other Irish Bishops

refused to accept his proposals as unsatisfactory. This action of the Hierarchy elicited from Mr. Gladstone a very violent pamphlet against the Catholic Church, which was very ably replied to by several English and Irish ecclesiastics, and other distinguished men.

A movement for Home Rule was started in 1870, at a meeting of Protestants and Catholics held in Dublin. The following Resolution was adopted on the occasion:—"That it is the opinion of this meeting that the true remedy for the evils of Ireland is the establishment of an Irish Parliament, with full control over our domestic affairs." The life and soul of the new movement was a barrister named Isaac Butt. He had endeared himself to the Irish people by his very able defence of many of the Fenian prisoners. The Home Rule movement spread rapidly, and in four bye-elections its candidates triumphed over powerful opposition. In 1871 the passing of the Ballot Act had emancipated the electorate of Ireland, and the real feelings of the nation could now be freely expressed at the polls.

After the general election of 1874, Butt found himself at the head of some sixty members, pledged to support Home Rule. Among these were men of sterling merit, such as A. M. Sullivan, Joseph Biggar, and Richard Power, but many

others of his followers had adopted the Home Rule pledge, merely to secure a seat in Parliament. Butt's attempts to obtain land reform or other remedial measures for Ireland from the Imperial Parliament met with no success. He told the tale of Irish woe, only to be denounced by both parties in the House, and then to have his proposals rejected by crushing English majorities.

The Home Rule Party had not been long in existence when two or three of its members accepted valuable positions from the government, and there was no doubt that several others were willing to accept them, if afforded a chance. Thus Butt's whole policy was founded upon sand.

Two men of the party resolved to change the whole system. One of these, Joseph Biggar, was advanced in years, and without the smallest pretensions to oratorical ability. The other was a young and obscure country gentleman, who had failed in his first attempt to get into parliament. His name was Charles Stewart Parnell. On the night of April 22nd, 1875, the government was engaged in passing a Coercion Bill for Ireland. Butt told Biggar he wanted him to make a speech. "How long," said Biggar, "do you want me to speak?" "A pretty good while," said Butt. Biggar rose at five o'clock, armed with a sheaf of newspapers, continued reading and speaking

alternately for four full hours, and concluded by saying he hoped he had made it plain to the dullest intelligence that a Coercion Act was not wanted for Ireland. This occurrence inaugurated what has ever since been styled the “Parliamentary Obstruction Policy.”

PARNELL MOVEMENT.—LAND LEAGUE.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL was born in Avondale, County Wicklow, in June, 1846. He was great grandson of Sir John Parnell, a famous Irish member of Parliament, at the time of the passing of the Act of Union, and one whom Sir Jonah Barrington emphatically declares to have been “Incorruptible.”



In the year 1877, Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar engaged in those exciting scenes of “obstruction” in the House of Commons, which soon made their names famous. Their plan was, first, to

study carefully the rules of the House, and to abstain scrupulously from breaking any of them; in the next place, not to interfere with any bill except in the most rational way, by proposing useful amendments, but yet such as would delay its passage by discussion; and lastly, to challenge every item of expenditure.

These methods of Parnell and Biggar were welcomed with enthusiasm in Ireland. Most of the earnest men of Butt's Parliamentary Party joined themselves to Parnell, and looked to him as their leader. Every bye-election sent another member to join him, till at last Parnell with his band of patriotic and eloquent fellow-members became a terror to the government. In May, 1879, Isaac Butt died.

Ireland was threatened with famine after the harvest of 1879. At this juncture, a man of great determination and fixity of purpose resolved to do all that lay in him to save his country from those periodic visitations of famine. This was Michael Davitt, the son of a small farmer, who was evicted after "black '47." Mr. Davitt called together the men of his native county, Mayo, and advised them to form themselves in every parish into a league, to be called the "Land League," for the purpose of resisting rack-rents and capricious eviction, by means of united action

in open combination not contrary to the law. The League soon spread through the whole country, and became a most formidable power in the land. Mr. Forster, the Chief Secretary, tried to cope with it by throwing hundreds of the leaders into gaol. After a while Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, passed a Land Bill which gave fixity of tenure to a large number of tenants. We have Gladstone's own words to show that it was the Land League that forced him to do this. "I must make one admission," he said, "and that is that without the Land League the Act of 1881 would not at this moment be on the Statute Book."

With his Land Bill, Mr. Gladstone passed a new Coercion Act, under which Parnell was sent to gaol; but in 1882 Gladstone grew tired of coercion, recalled Mr. Forster, released Parnell and the other prisoners, and in the words of Mr. Forster in the House of Commons, seemed to adopt the policy of Henry VII. to Garrett of Kildare: "If all Ireland cannot govern the Earl of Kildare, then let the Earl of Kildare govern all Ireland."

Ireland was becoming somewhat settled when shortly after Mr. Forster's speech, the whole British Empire was shocked and angered by a dreadful crime, and Ireland was thrown back for three years more into a reign of terror.

On the evening of May 6th, 1882, in the open day, on the central walk of the Phoenix Park, Lord Frederick Cavendish, the Chief Secretary, and Mr. Burke, the Under Secretary, were brutally murdered by a band of secret conspirators known as the "Invincibles." These men were all shortly afterwards betrayed by their own leader, James Carey, and several of them were hanged for the crime.

HOME RULE.

IN the year 1886, Mr. Gladstone endeavoured to pass a Home Rule Bill, for the purpose of giving Ireland control over her own local affairs; but Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Hartington, and others, deserted him; his Bill was defeated by a narrow majority, and Mr. Gladstone's government lost power. In 1892 Gladstone was again Prime Minister, and in the following year, he passed a Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons. The benevolent intentions of Mr. Gladstone, a true friend of Ireland, were not realised, for his Bill, passed by a majority of the House of Commons, found little support in the House of Lords, and was rejected by a large majority. Had the agitation for Home Rule been actively continued, a successful issue was not improbable; but, unfortunately, Mr. Gladstone, now an old man, had

made his last great effort, and worst of all, the Irish Parliamentary Party had been rendered impotent by dissension and a fatal reliance upon Liberal promises, and the brilliant leadership of Parnell had come to a sad end. He had died in the previous year, and now for a time, the Home Rule question faded out of the region of practical politics.

The failure of the parliamentary struggle was a severe lesson, but the folly of disunion became too apparent, and the Irish Party, once more united, wrung from a Conservative government, in 1898, a Local Government Act, which placed much of the control of local taxation in the hands of local councils, representative of the people. In 1903 a Land Act was passed. This Act though unsatisfactory in some particulars, aimed at carrying out the great principle, that the agrarian question should be settled by the transfer of land from landlord to tenant upon the basis of voluntary sale, accelerated by State grants, as a bonus, to induce landlords to sell.

THE GAELIC LEAGUE.

THE break-up of the Parnell movement taught more than one lesson. The Irish people began to realize, that the arena of the national struggle

should not be confined within the walls of a foreign House of Parliament. In 1893 occurred the modest beginning of the Gaelic League, founded, not merely, for the preservation, but for the restoration of the old tongue of the Celt. Priests and people gradually came to see, that this was no mere sentimental crusade of a few enthusiasts, but that it was founded upon principles that made for the elevation of both national and individual character. Ten years later, it had spread as a powerful democratic organization to every quarter of the land, arousing zeal for the study of the forgotten language and history of the nation. Its indirect benefits, social and economic, were even more striking ; it encouraged Irish manufactures ; it incidentally promoted the cause of temperance, for sobriety was found to be a general characteristic of its membership ; and it became a powerful factor in the struggle against the emigration craze. Reviving the old harmless amusements and the sweet old music, its gatherings lit up the gloom of rural life with a gaiety that had been unknown, since the terrible famine years. Above all, it preached the doctrine of Self Reliance, and taught the people that the essentials of nationality are even yet within their grasp. The motto of the Gaelic League is *Sinn Féin, Sinn Féin.*

A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

WHEN boyhood's fire was in my blood,
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
Three Hundred Men and Three Men.¹
And then I prayed I yet might see
Our fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A Nation Once Again.

And, from that time, through wildest woe,
That hope has shone a far light ;
Nor could love's brightest summer glow
Outshine that solemn starlight !
It seemed to watch above my head,
In forum, field, and fane ;
Its angel voice sang round my head,
A Nation Once Again.

It whisper'd too, that Freedom's ark,
And service, high and holy,
Would be profaned by feelings dark,
And passions vain or lowly ;
For Freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train ;
And righteous men must make our land
A Nation Once Again.

¹ The three hundred Greeks who died at the Pass of Thermopylae, and the three Romans that kept the Bridge.

So as I grew from boy to man,
I bent me to that bidding—
My spirit of each selfish plan,
And cruel passion ridding ;
For, thus I hoped some day to aid—
Oh ! can such hope be vain ?
When my dear country shall be made
A Nation Once Again.

Thomas Davis.

THE LESSONS OF IRISH HISTORY.

DEAR young friends, you are the offspring of an ancient race. Far, far back, in the long-distant ages, you seek for the beginnings of your history, and get lost in the search. Your ancestors, in days of old, were men of noble ideals, and singularly free from those ignoble qualities that disgraced the ancestors of others of the proud peoples of to-day. Hence, the Christian Missionary found in Ireland a receptive soil in which to sow the seed of the Gospel, and that seed produced so rich a harvest, that the Irish Church was the wonder of the nations by the holiness of its members and the zeal of its missionaries. Learning was widely cultivated, monarchs sent to Ireland for teachers for their people, and students flocked from lands afar to "the School of Western Europe," for that knowledge they failed to find at home.

Dark and evil days dawned on Ireland. Ruthless persecution burst upon the land, and strove by rack and fire and sword to kill the faith which Patrick brought to your ancestors. Violence failed, and next, the insidious bait of temporal interest—place and position, money and power—were tried, and with equal ill-success. Your forefathers held with a firm grip the gift of God and no earthly power could force or filch it from them. To suffer violence for the faith will probably never be required of you, but, as you pass through life, occasions will arise when the sacrifice of religious principle may appear to present some temporal advantage. Ah! then pause, and remember that no worldly gain, no social advantage, can justify any paltering with principle or any, even the slightest, act of infidelity.

Ireland was once an independent nation. She lost her independence not so much through the power of her enemies, as by the folly of her sons. Division and dissension forbade that union which makes for strength, and the invader, when once he had secured a foothold in the land, sedulously encouraged those evil allies of his interest to enable him to secure what he had acquired. Alas, alas! too many Irishmen lent themselves to the plot. In a few short years, you will go forth to take your place amongst men; recall, then, this

sad fact of the past, and learn from it, that if *you* are to help the cause of Faith and Fatherland, you must avoid dissension, and shun all that might tend to create disunion.

Be temperate. In common with men of other nations, many Irishmen have brought discredit to their country and ruin to their homes, by the beastly vice of intemperance. National prosperity is impossible of attainment, unless it be promoted by a temperate race.

Live your life in Ireland. Emigration has impoverished the land and weakened the power of its people. Crowds of Irishmen have fled from Ireland ; many, no doubt, driven by want to seek for bread, but many, too, induced by love of adventure or lured by dreams of wealth, not destined to be realised. Your native land is the home destined for you by Providence, and here, with the true spirit of a patriot, should you labour and live.

As men, have a share in every movement that makes for the upraising and well-being of your country. Learn its language, cultivate its music, cherish its traditions, use its products and promote its manufactures. In doing all this you discharge a sacred duty.

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Irish history reader

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