



THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE

THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE

BY

STANDISH O'GRADY

AUTHOR OF "ULRICK THE READY" AND "THE BOG OF STARS," EDITOR OF "PACATA HIBERNIA"

NEW EDITION

DUBLIN:

SEALY, BRYERS. AND WALKER
MIDDLE ABBEY STREET

1908

[All Rights Reserved]

PRINTED BY
SEALY, BRYERS AND WALKER,
MIDDLE ABBEY STREET,
DUBLIN.

055 F5
1908

PREFACE

THIS tale, in spite of its title, is not a romance, but an actual historic episode, told with hardly a freer use of the historical imagination than is employed by the more popular and picturesque of our professed historians. There is, however, this difference between my method and theirs, viz. that while they write directly, I aim at a similar result indirectly through a certain dramatization. The same method has been adopted, I think very effectively, by Carlyle, at times, in his history of Frederick the Great.

There is probably an Art as well as a Science of history. If that be so, the present work may be regarded as an experiment in that kind of composition, a kind which demands the employment of more than one or two mental faculties on the part both of the reader and of the writer. The authorities for the story are the "Annals of the Four Masters"; Philip O'Sullivan's charmingly Herodotean narrative, in Latin, entitled *Historia Hiberniae*; O'Clery's "Bardic Life of Hugh Roe"; and the "Calendar of State Papers, Ireland," from 1587 forward. The colouring, the visualization and dramatization, are, however, derived from a wider circle of contemporary literature. I may add that the book contains almost nothing for which there is not direct or indirect historical justification.

STANDISH O'GRADY.

365077

CONTENTS

CHAP		PAGE
I.	SIR JOHN PERROTT	1
II.	THE BOYS ON THE BATTLEMENTS	12
III.	THE VICEROY AND THE DARK-DAUGHTER ...	17
IV.	WINES WHITE AND RED	25
V.	RED HUGH AND HIS TUTOR RIDE A-COSHERING	31
VI.	TRAPPED	36
VII.	NO SUBSTITUTE FOR RED HUGH	43
VIII.	THE SHIPLESS CHIEFTAIN	46
IX.	UNCLE SORLEY'S HIGH PERCH	54
X.	HUGH ROE NOT TO BE RELEASED	61
XI.	FITZWILLIAM VISITS THE DARK-DAUGHTER ...	70
XII.	WHAT HUGH SAW FROM HIS BOWER ...	77
XIII.	PERROTT THE OVERBOLD	91
XIV.	EMERGENCE OF THE NOSELESS ONE ...	102
XV.	O'ROUANE, THE JACKAL, AND THE LORD DEPUTY	109
XVI.	DESCENT FROM THE TURRETS	120
XVII.	ART KAVANAGH GUARDS THEIR FLIGHT ...	124
XVIII.	FEAGH MAC HUGH	128
XIX.	PURSUERS AND PURSUED	131
XX.	A WET BIVOUAC	133
XXI.	SIR FELIM COMES INTO THE SAGA	136
XXII.	SIR FELIM STRUCK AGHAST	141
XXIII.	FINDS RELIEF IN A WOMAN'S READY WIT ...	145

CHAP.		PAGE
XXIV.	TWO STRONGHOLDS	147
XXV.	THE LADY ROSE WATCHING AND LISTENING...	153
XXVI.	RACING AT MIDNIGHT	156
XXVII.	BACK TO THE CASTLE	166
XXVIII.	AN EARL'S LOVE AFFAIR	172
XXIX.	"FILE AWAY, LAD"	179
XXX.	GOOD-BYE TO THE CASTLE	184
XXXI.	AN UNEXPECTED IMPEDIMENT	188
XXXII.	ALONE ON THE WHITE HILLS	190
XXXIII.	A LEAFY BREAKFAST ...	194
XXXIV.	IN GLENMALURE	197
XXXV.	A VOICE FROM THE TOMB	201
XXXVI.	NEWS ! NEWS !	203
XXXVII.	YELLOW-HAIRED TURLOUGH VISITS FEAGH	207
XXXVIII.	A STORM OF HOOFS ...	213
XXXIX.	RED HUGH GOES OUT FROM GLENMALURE	218
XL.	WALLS AND TOWERS ...	228
XLI.	A CHIEFTAIN TO THE HIGHLANDS BOUND	231
XLII.	AN EXCELLENT ENGLISH GENTLEMAN	235
XLIII.	STARTING FROM MELLIFONT ...	243
XLIV.	THE SENTINEL CITY ...	247
XLV.	THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN GATES OF ULSTER	252
XLVI.	HOME !	263
	POSTSCRIPT	272
	APPENDIX	273

THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE

CHAPTER I

SIR JOHN PERROTT

THE age of oratory had not yet arrived, and the man was no orator, yet his speech was a great one the like of which had never before been heard in Ireland. It was proud, arrogant, and boastful, but it was true. On this occasion Brag was a good dog, and hard to beat. The orator had reached the culminating point of a matchless career, and Nature and Man seemed to have conspired to invest it with the utmost possible splendour.

It was midsummer—the forenoon of one of those gorgeous days which seem to be without beginning or end—when sunset is not followed by night, but through the brief twilight hours the world is ever cheered with the bright presence of the journeying dawn. Sunshine slept on the grey walls, the buttresses and pinnacles of a great antique church quivered in the shaken silver of poplars, and flashed again from the halbert points and helmets of a ranked soldiery, steel-clad to the knee.

Many civilians were here too, in their plumed hats, copious white collars, and flowing capes. All the precincts were alive with colour—the glitter of brass and steel—the glare of cloth of gold—the glow of richly-dyed mantles and short cloaks. Above the quiet dead was poured to-day a most brilliant tide of life.

Yew-trees planted here by the generation which succeeded St. Patrick protested in vain with their monitions of the tears of things, and the eternal tragic, against all that glitter and bravery. To-day none regarded their *mementote mori*; the tide of life was too full.

Beyond the church precincts a vast multitude thronged all approaches save one, which armed men kept free. Eager faces crowded in the windows of the adjacent houses, which were of timber, tall and gabled, with deep, shadow-casting eaves. Towards the east rose the turrets of a great Norman keep.

The church was Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, built long since by Sitric the Dane, upon some ancient Celtic foundation, and the time—the gilded iron age of great Eliza, or to be more precise, the 10th day of June, 1588, the year of the Armada.

Within, the great church was full of voices. Here sounded the high, clear, level tones of crying heralds, the manlier accents of speaking men, the murmur and hum of a vast auditory. Here a great state function was in progress, for a Government was going out and a Government was coming in. It was a splendid and solemn, almost religious ceremony, celebrated with antique rites.

A screen of rich and richly-coloured drapery divided the nave from the chancel. In the midst of the screen, serene and pale, shone the countenance of the virgin Queen. It was a full-length portrait, elaborately

painted down to the shining shoes of her imperial feet. Repentant rebel lords have kissed those feet, and bemoaned before them their transgressions and backslidings. The cult of that great lady was almost the only religion owned by many here.

Hard by in a clear space the chief actors of the stately drama played their parts. The rest of the building was thronged with men who more or less silently assisted. Few of them had ever witnessed any ceremony resembling this.

At a certain point in the grandly unfolding solemnity, a man of huge stature, nearly seven feet high, gorgeously attired, and of a port and presence which caused him to seem even greater than he was, rose and delivered proudly a most proud speech.

The gigantic orator was Sir John Perrott, outgoing Viceroy; the person formally addressed—for his words were intended for the ears of the empire—was Sir William Fitzwilliam, the new Lord Deputy. By direction of the Queen, Fitzwilliam was about to undertake the government of the most turbulent and unbridled aristocracy in Europe. They were present during the Christ Church ceremony, having come together for that purpose, as with one consent, from the ends of the island. They were all clothed in irreproachable English costume, and yet a nice observer would have perceived that this costume had been adopted for the nonce. There was, indeed, nothing Irish to catch the eye; but when they murmured together during the ceremony, a listener might have detected the deeper accents of the Gael. One of them, Turlough Lynagh, known in the North as O'Neill, and Captain of Ulster, and at Court as Sir Turlough, and Earl of Clan-Connell, bore the Sword

of State before Perrott. The new Viceroy having been sworn, Perrott took the sword from O'Neill, and, placing it in the hands of Fitzwilliam, delivered the following speech :—

“Now, my Lord, since that by her Majesty’s direction I have given up the government of this kingdom into your hands, I must give your lordship to understand (and I thank God I may say so) that I leave it in perfect peace and tranquillity, which I hope your lordship will certify unto her Majesty and the Lords of the Council. I must add thus much—if there be any man in this kingdom suspected to be evil-minded to the State, who is able to draw but six swordsmen after him into the field, if he hath not already put in pledges for his fidelity, so your lordship shall think it necessary, I will undertake, though now a private man, to send for him, and if he come not in within twenty days I will forfeit the credit and reputation of my Government.”

It was a proud speech, and not less true than proud. When Perrott, in his vauntings, turned round upon that crowd of notables, he only saw nods of assent, or heard men murmuring, “It is true, your Honour,” and “*Ta se go deimin.*” The chieftainry of all Ireland were present on this occasion. Not only had they come to Dublin to take their leave of Perrott and witness his departure, but they had come six weeks before the time, as an especial mark of honour and affection. A journey to Dublin was a serious undertaking in those days of bad roads or no roads. It was also a most costly undertaking. No chief could show his face abroad without the countenance and support of a great feudal retinue. He could not move but like Vic-Ian-Wohr, with “his tail on,” the gentlemen of his household perfectly mounted and equipped, his saffron-vested

body-guard of claymores and battle-axes, and the gillies who waited on them, his bard, his harpers, his shanachies, and generally the utmost feudal splendour that his state could afford, whose sustenance away from home often left him poor for years. Nevertheless they had come. They stood around him and behind him in Christ Church as he made the ears of the new Lord Deputy to tingle, and his enemies, for he had many, to cower before him. And, observe, that this speech was delivered on the eve of the sailing of the Spanish Armada. Wherever else the Empire was assailable it was invulnerable in Ireland. Ireland, was never so loyal, at any time in her history, as during the Vice-royalty of Perrott.

Here were men whom he had conquered in war, whom he had conciliated by courtesy, or inspired with confidence by his just and honourable ways. The greatest of them, who twice and thrice and many times had drawn sword against the State, to-day in court attire bore the Sword of State before Perrott. Had the Queen permitted it he would have brought over "to London at their own charges" all this flock of tamed dynasts to swear allegiance to their Queen, and kiss her wonderful feet.

The Viceroy, too, as their Sovereign's deputy, was entitled to honour. But every man of them believed that, on cause shown, he had a right inherited from afar, and exercised times without number, to draw sword against both, and with steel and fire right all wrongs, whether received from the State or from one another. Some of the greatest clans, notably the Southern Geraldines, had been conquered and exterminated; and yet the spirit of the men who to-day surrounded Perrott was much the same as that which

animated Humphrey Bigod in his famous colloquy with the Sovereign—

Sir Earl, you shall either go or hang.

Sir King, I will neither go nor hang.

Of these men who stood around Perrott in Christ Church Cathedral, and who seemed so docile and tractable, there was hardly one who had not been in rebellion, hardly one who had not broken castles, and wasted territories, and fired towns, warring against the Queen, or who was not perfectly ready to do the same again, on fit cause shown. Black Tom, the Butler Earl of Ormond, and Captain of Tipperary, once wrote to the Queen:—"I would I knew who advised your Highness to this course, that I might put my sword through him." And even he, King Edward's play-fellow, let loose his clan in rebellion when the Viceroy was not to his liking. Of O'Rourke, Brian of the Ramparts, Lord of Leitrim, was it not written—"He is the proudest man who walks upon the earth to-day"? O'Flaherty, asked to show by what title he held Iar-Connaught, answered straight, "By the sword, man; what shall I say else?" Such were they all. Not nobles of the modern type, but dynasts of the mediæval, semi-independent, or altogether independent, touchy and jealous, ever on the verge of rebellion.

Their egoism and pride were like Lucifer's. Perrott had tamed them as no Viceroy had ever tamed them before. The Queen was their Sovereign, none of them denied that; and they gazed with a mixture of superstitious and chivalrous awe upon her picture, which Sir Henry Sidney had brought into Ireland, and which to-day filled the centre of the elaborate tapestry which draped the east end of the Cathedral.

Perrott knew how to gain men's hearts, but knew, too, how to make the law a terror to evil-doers. Sorley Boy, the MacDonald of Antrim and the Isles, rebelled against him. Perrott gathered to his side all the chiefs of Meath, Leinster, and Munster and invaded him. He took all his castles, wasted his territories, slew 1,200 of his people, and so tamed Sorley that he came humbly to Dublin and made a prostrate submission. Sorley surrendered all his lands, gave his sons—one of them the first Earl of Antrim—to Perrott as hostages, swore allegiance in all the Queen's courts, flung down his sword, and on his knees lamented his transgressions before the Queen's picture, and kissed the "pantofle" (slipper) of the same, the stern Viceroy standing above him. Such was Perrott. The chieftains loved him, but they also feared. In him they met their master, and joyfully recognized the fact.

In the pride and "towering temper" of the great Viceroy they saw a certain sublime reflection of themselves. Perrott burned and slew, with a wrath as destructive as their own, but yet with a placability which was not theirs, and hoisted great chiefs to the tops of church spires, and went trampling and hectoring about the island in a manner which amazed the best of them. Eventually they grew to be proud of such a master, son of King Harry, too, a great point in Perrott's favour, and in the end fell passionately in love with him. It was a strange flock, but the flock suited the shepherd, and the shepherd the flock. Grex and Pro-rex liked each other well. Wentworth afterwards ruled Ireland with a quasi-regal sway. Men feared Wentworth, but Perrott they feared and loved. Of Perrott's Irish career, the Christ Church scene was the dramatic and perfectly-appropriate conclusion, and

Perrott's high-vaunting words were true. From the centre to the sea all Ireland was Perrott-land.

Perrott's strong words and resonant accents rang through the building, re-echoed with "True, your honour" and "*Ta se go deimin*" by his flock of tamed nobles, who gazed upon their idol with looks of fear, admiration, and love—of sorrow, too, for he was being borne away from them, and sinister rumours were abroad as to the probable nature of his reception in England.

Perrott having ceased speaking the new Viceroy mildly responded. He was an old man and an invalid. He was sick on his way from London, and sick after his arrival in St. Sepulchre's, the Archbishop's palace, whence he wrote to Burleigh complaining of his health and complaining of Perrott.

Fitzwilliam had a great experience in Irish affairs, and was in this respect a contrast to Perrott, who had scarcely any. He had served under Sussex, and Sidney, and Lord Grey de Wilton, and had been himself in the government of the realm. So Fitzwilliam was a man of experience. He was also what we now term a safe man. But his royal mistress had yet to learn that safe men are sometimes dangerous, and that great experience will not always make great rulers.

He now, with a face and voice anything but suggestive of the man-ruler, replied that "all was well, and that he wished he might leave the kingdom no worse than his lordship had done." "After this they parted," continues the chronicler, "and the new Lord Deputy went to his house, but most of the nobility and gentry stayed to attend upon Sir John Perrott, who that day was invited to dine with the Mayor of Dublin. When he returned to his lodging they all went to take their leave of him. As he came from his lodging to the

quay of Dublin to take boat, the throng of people coming to salute him, some with cries of applause and some with tears bemoaning his departure, was so great that he was almost two hours before he could pass the streets, and was forced twice or thrice to take house to avoid the press."

Turlough Lynagh, writes an eye-witness, accompanied him to the boat, and, standing on the river's side while he saw the ship under sail, with many tears lamented his departure. And the City of Dublin, as a testimony of their love and affection for him, sent some of their young men with shot, who waited on him as his guard till he arrived at his seat, called Carew Castle, in Pembrokeshire.

Fifteen years before, his departure from Munster, of which he had been President, is thus chronicled by the "Four Masters":—

"1573—The President of the two Provinces of Munster went to England in the beginning of the ensuing harvest, after having pacified and subdued the country, leaving officers, councillors, and captains of his own to rule and preside over it, in accordance with his own wishes. The departure of the President was lamented by the poor, the widows, and the weak and helpless of the land."

And now the second departure of Perrott from Ireland drew forth upon an infinitely greater scale (including all classes) the love and regret of the Irish nation. Slowly, with difficulty, and many delays, the horsemen of the guard cleared a way through the thronging multitude, as the great Englishman and the attendant nobles and the "young men with shot" moved down to the quay. It seemed as if destiny in sport had given distracted Ireland at last a ruler

who could rule, full master of men's hearts as well as of their persons, only to mock her with his speedy withdrawal.

As the ship which bore Perrott dropped down the Liffey, Turlough Lynagh, the O'Neill, stood weeping on the river side. Weeping, says the chronicler, but recalling the Homeric simplicity of the age, its unrestrained passion, and its naturalness, as well as certain characteristics of the modern peasantry, whose manners were formed by the chiefs, certain we may be that the O'Neill and Perrott's other Irish friends cried out, lifting up their voices, and that their lamentation was loud as well as deep. Nor did lamentation suffice old Turlough Lynagh. As the boat which bore Perrott put away from the wharf, the passionate old chieftain rushed breast-deep into the Liffey to wring once more in love the hand which had conquered him in war.

Nor did Perrott witness this scene dry-eyed, having himself passions by no means under control. Indeed he was not at all such a self-restraining, divinely tranquil man as Plato would have selected to be president of his ideal republic. Once at the Council Board in Dublin Castle he struck in the face Sir Nicholas Bagenal, Marshal of Ireland, and gave him the lie direct—a man nearly as passionate and headstrong as himself. His own council he used to storm at as "traitors, curs, and dung-hill beggars." When President of Munster, he sent a challenge of single combat to Sir James Fitzgerald, captain of the rebel Geraldines. He is the wild bastard of the Fairy Queen, Sir Satyrane, the salvage youth who tamed tigers and loved Una. In his "towering tempers" he did not spare the Queen's majesty, even to her face. Such a man, so headstrong and passionate, surely felt to the

quick the extraordinary emotion which his departure called forth.

So down the Liffey, past Dunleary and the Hill of Howth, Ireland's one sovereign lord and master sailed away to meet his doom—arraignment, false witness, a mock trial, the Tower, and murder in the Tower. His sails sank below the waves of the Irish Sea, and the most singular of Viceroyalties burned down like a blaze. The great bastard had gone out, and the man of much experience had come in, and Ireland, too, like Perrott, went on to meet her doom.

Perrott's weeping friends returned to their "lodgings" in those quaint Dublin streets, revolving many things, of the past and of the future, of imperial, peerless Perrott, whom all Ireland feared and loved, and of the extraordinary being whom, with the Spaniard on the sea, the Queen and Council had sent to be their ruler, a gouty old gentleman and "of a moist habit," known to hate the flashing of stript steel, and to love craftiness and double-dealing, a Lord Deputy who could not even ride, "such were his impediments," and who was extremely partial to—gifts. Perrott's chieftains knew a man when they saw him. Of Tudor state-craft they were very ignorant.

CHAPTER II

THE BOYS ON THE BATTLEMENTS

THAT departure of Perrott was indeed very grand and affecting, the surging crowds repelled by halberdiers and horsemen, the brilliant procession to the wharf, Perrott riding there in the midst of the earls and barons, and, what was far more significant, of the untitled chieftainry of the realm, the weeping on the shore, and the Captain of Ulster, the O'Neill, dashing out into the stream to take a last farewell of the Deputy.

Yet, in human life as in nature, it is surfaces only that glitter; tapestry the most gorgeous has its seamy side. The Devil and his angels were as busy then as they are now.

Of Perrott's moral obliquities, of the seamy side of his splendid Viceroyalty, we shall see something as the tale runs on. Here just now it must double back and linger a while in the midst of that triumphant and gloriously unfolding drama of which Perrott was the chief actor. Not a hundred yards from the wharf rose Dublin Castle, a great rectangular construction rising into towers. One of these was named after a Viceroy of the Plantagenet period called De Birmingham. On

the battlements of Birmingham Tower stood three lads watching the departure of Perrott, and as they watched they cursed the out-going Viceroy. Near them stood men in armour, with calivers on their shoulders and faintly smoking matches, with swords and daggers at their sides, and huge pistols stuck in their girdles. The boys wore copious white frills and red capes, hats of the broad-leaved Spanish type, and velvet jerkins. For their dress, they might be sons of State officials, who, by official favour, had secured this fine point of vantage from which to observe all the moving pageantry of the Viceroy's out-going. Yet they were far, indeed, from being such. Their speech, when they murmured together, was pure Gaelic, and their hearts had nothing in common with the life which went on around. The State had set its mark on the exterior of these boys, enclosing their small bodies with all the outward signs and tokens of "loyalty and civility"; but their minds were their own, and had no relation with the new epoch.

Of the three, one taller than the others stood in the middle. His companions leaned towards him, talking Gaelic in low voices. He stood straight as a rod. His complexion was white and ruddy, brilliantly so; his eyes grey and bright, with a most keen outlook, expressing a tameless energy. His long hair, a glowing auburn, rolled upon his shoulders. He was sixteen years of age, yet his countenance already bore signs of a mind beyond his years. Such was his bearing, that in any company a stranger would quickly observe him, and inquire with interest concerning a youth so remarkable for his beauty and proud air of self-possession and self-control.

This boy was the famous Red Hugh O'Donnell. He was here against his will, a hostage with the State for the fidelity of his clan in the approaching Spanish crisis; a clan which was one of the greatest of the unsubdued nations of Ireland, the Clan Donnell of the north-west. Of that nation his father was prince, and he himself *rigdamna*, or *princeps designatus*. He was a captive, and yet a potential political, and military force in the island. A near ancestor of this boy had made war against the State, with half of Ireland following his banners. No soldier of the Crown had yet set hostile foot within the borders of O'Donnell land. Yet the lad is here in Dublin Castle, a hostage, guarded by armed men, in a close imprisonment, which for just one day has been relaxed by order of the Deputy, partly as a compliment to his rank, chiefly in order that the power, glory, and prosperity of the State as to-day exhibited might make a salutary impression on his young mind. From some of the staffs rising from the tower gay bunting ripples and floats. Others are surmounted by round black balls. They are the tarred heads of men, great men who had rebelled against the State, and ended so. For it was Elizabethan Ireland, and the times, with all their splendour and suggestions of chivalry, never failed to suggest also an age of terror. Beneath the emblazoned banners and the heads the three boys looked at Perrott.

When the huge crowd on the wharfs began to dwindle, a fussy, short-breathed old gentleman climbed from the interior on to the parapets, and, with a rasping, ungracious voice, bade the soldiers take the boys again to "the Grate." The old gentleman was Mr. Maplesdeane, new Constable of the Castle *vice* Mr.

Seagrave, just retired. It was Mr. Maplesdeane's special function to watch over and safeguard the hostages, of whom, besides this lad and his companions, there were many in Dublin Castle. The watching and safe-guarding of the hostages of Ireland was now more than ever necessary, for the Spanish Armada was about to sail, if indeed it was not already upon the sea.

That slender boy, the leader of the three, turned quickly at the sound of those brusque, abrupt tones, and looked at the speaker. His eyelids just trembled as he bent his bright, grey eyes on the speaker, otherwise his face was impassive, and his aspect calm. He bowed gravely as if in acknowledgment of a courtesy, a little to the surprise of Mr. Maplesdeane, and descended the stone stairs into the interior of the tower, followed by his two companions.

How did the Government get this young Eagle of the unsubdued North into their stone cage? Thereby hangs a tale—a tale which, rightly told, will illustrate for us a good deal of this strange and obscure time—a famous tale, one of the most famous in our history, intrinsically dramatic, and possessing incidentally a large historical significance, for the boy with whom it is concerned was reserved by Fate for a wonderful career.

This red-haired stripling, whom to-night Mr. Maplesdeane drives into "the Grate" like a sheep, will be known far and wide; he will waste many lands, win many battles, storm castles innumerable, and even walled cities. His name will one day strike fear into the hearts of viceroys, here where he is now a mere captive and prisoner, driven hither and thither by old

Mr. Maplesdeane. Ireland will yet quake to this boy's tread.

To understand how the Government secured this paragon of hostages we must travel some twelve months backwards, and into the heart of Perrott's viceroyalty.

CHAPTER III

THE VICEROY AND THE DARK-DAUGHTER

IN the spring of 1587 Perrott was exceedingly active and anxious. The noise of the making of the Armada was ever in his ears. He feared lest Ireland should be its destination. The Catholic party in England was strong; but Ireland was all Catholic—there was hardly a Protestant in the whole island. Moreover, a rhymed couplet was much in vogue at this time, the burden of which was not reassuring to an Irish viceroy—

“He who would England win
Must with Ireland begin.”

Ireland was, indeed, loyal to the Queen, and animated with a passionate feeling of strong personal regard for Sir John Perrott. But Perrott had no army. In any emergency he could only rely upon the feudal levy, that is to say, upon the chieftainry themselves, and the forces which by law they were bound to bring to his aid. The fidelity of the chieftains was to him, therefore, a vital necessity of the situation. All were, indeed, obedient to the Queen and friendly to himself, but he could not count on the continuance of those feelings should a powerful Spanish army land in the island. Accordingly, he determined to make assurance doubly

sure, and bind the chieftains to the State by all means in his power. Upon doubtful men within his reach he laid sudden hands, and confined them in the Castle. All the rest he bade send in hostages for their fidelity during the Spanish crisis. All, or almost all, obeyed, and the sons and foster-brothers of the chieftains wended towards Dublin, or other strong places within the realm. Perrott's call for hostages was felt to be reasonable, and was promptly responded to. One powerful family disobeyed, from whose disobedience sprang the tragical and romantic tale with which we have now to deal. Sir Hugh O'Donnell, who ruled over the north-west of Ireland, the country which we now call the County of Donegal, but which was then known as Tir-Connall, would send in no hostages. Had he been his own master he would have done so; but he was not. Once he was a great warrior, and a staunch ally of the Queen during the Shane O'Neill wars. He overthrew Shane in battle in 1567, after which Shane the Proud tumbled headlong to ruin. But Sir Hugh was now old and broken; his eyes, dim with age, were turning, in true mediæval fashion, towards the cloister, whither, indeed, not long after this he finally retired. But not old or broken was his spouse. She was in the prime of life. The chieftainess, not the chieftain, governed, these years, the north-west of Ireland, and Lady O'Donnell, for reasons of her own, would not send, or suffer her lord to send, any of their children as hostages to Perrott. She was not Irish but Scotch, scion of one of the greatest Highland families, the MacDonalds, Lords of the Isles. This lady was the mother of Red Hugh, the slender, grey-eyed, red-haired boy, whom we have just seen bowing gravely, perhaps ironically, to fussy old Mr. Maples-

deane, on the battlements of Birmingham Tower in Dublin Castle.

Her name is peculiar. She was the Ineen-Du MacDonald, that is to say, Dark-Daughter Macdonald. She possessed great estates, as well as great interest and influence in the west of Scotland, and, though wife of the O'Donnell, and residing with him at Donegal House, kept in her pay and under her own command an army of Scotch mercenaries. Nor was this remarkable woman a termagant in the vulgar sense of the word, for we are informed by the bardic historian, that she "excelled in feminine accomplishments." Her mother, the Lady Agnes Campbell, is described by Sir Henry Sidney, father of Sir Philip, as a wise and civil woman, speaking French and Italian, and as well-mannered as any lady he had ever met. Hence we may fairly presume that the bardic historian has not exaggerated in the high character which he gives to her daughter. Circumstances, however, chiefly the weakness and decrepitude of her lord, compelled her to play a masculine part. The grand aim of her life was to secure the reversion of the O'Donnell chieftainship for her eldest son, an object not easily to be secured in those days of elective chiefs and succession by tanistry, which was but an Irish name for force. Pursuing this end, she brought in and kept in her pay a reliable Scotch army to hold in check and overawe the various competitors for the O'Donnell-ship. In the end she actually took the field at the head of her Scotch guards, and fought and won battles; for though she "excelled in feminine accomplishments," yet, as we are informed by the same authority, "she had the heart of a hero and the soul of a champion, and was chief counsellor and adviser of the men of Tir-Connall in her time."

The Dark-Daughter was no favourite with the Government. Her lightest movements were regularly entered in the State Papers with suspicious comments. In fact, she was a known and proved enemy to the State. State policy had clipped away the hegemony exercised by the O'Donnells of old time over Connaught. Lady O'Donnell once made a desperate effort to restore that hegemony. On the night of the battle of Zutphen, when Sir Philip Sydney lay dying, the President of Connaught fought and beat a great army of MacDonalds and Campbells who had invaded his presidency.

In the Scotch camp was discovered a letter from Lady O'Donnell to the chiefs of the invading army.

“Be of good cheer, I have this day landed in the Foyle with fifteen hundred men to support your invasion. Through whatever country you pass cause O'Donnell's rent to be paid.”

Surely this was a stirring daughter of the Isles, and not without reason was she jealously regarded by the Government. In the State Papers she is sometimes called “Lady O'Donnell,” more usually “the Scotch woman,” or “the Scotch wife of Sir Hugh O'Donnell,” and described as “a great bringer in of Scots”—“Red Shanks,” as they were termed in the official jargon of the day. How to wring hostages from a lady of this temper and this strength was a nice problem which presented itself to Sir John Perrott in the year 1587, when from all the Irish territories hostages were meekly riding in to his strong places.

When, in that year, Perrott demanded her children as hostages, the Dark-Daughter refused to send them, doubled her army of Hebridean bowmen and gallows-glasses, and defied the Viceroy. She had not “a Spanish heart,” or any leaning whatsoever to the

Spaniard ; but she believed, and with good reason too, that the Government, once in possession of her children, would not restore them, save on conditions highly against their and her interest.

Yet to Perrott, his ears filled with the noise of the making of the Armada, Tir-Connall's hostages were an imperative necessity of the State. By force or fraud he would have them ; and in this mood wrote the following letter to the Queen and the Lords of the Council—

'For O'Donnell, if it would please her Majesty to appoint me to go thither, I will make him and his MacSweenies deliver in what pledges I list. Otherwise, if it please her Majesty, I could take himself, his wife, who is a great bringer in of Scots, and perhaps his son, Hugh Roe (Red Hugh), by sending them a boat with wines.' May 2, 1587.

This "boat with wines" was not only the source of all Red Hugh's sorrows, but will be found to have been a grand determining factor in the history of the huge convulsion known as the Nine Years' War. A great deal of Anglo-Irish history came out of that boat. Observe, Perrott does not write simply of putting compulsion upon O'Donnell, but upon him and his MacSweenies. In all Elizabethan maps of the island are depicted, in the north-west—O'Donnell's country—three formidable figures, clad in mail, straddling over much ground and with uplifted battle-axe, as if about to cleave the head of some unseen foe. These are the three MacSweenies, captains of their several nations, and lords of territories, but subjects, too, vassals to their over-lord, or king, O'Donnell, Prince of Tir-Connall. All three stand in the maps as battle-axe men ; but one only was surnamed from the weapon, viz.

he whose territory was in the north of the county looking out towards Tory Island and Scotland. His titular bardic sobriquet was Battle-axe MacSweeny, or MacSweeny Doe.¹ The headship of all the MacSweenies was with him. The others were MacSweeny Fanat, straddling on the western shores of Lough Swilly, lord of many fertile valleys and picturesque highlands there, and MacSweeny Banat, ruling over much barren land westward, where Tir-Connall hardens itself against the Atlantic. The map-makers and those for whom they made maps, regarded those chiefs with superstitious awe. Froude tells us that the English vulgar believed them to be giants. They were, at all events, very strong chieftains, and the main arm of O'Donnell's military strength. So when Perrott offered to coerce O'Donnell, and compel him to give hostages, he did not forget the formidable battle-axe figures who were the mainstay of O'Donnell's power in those parts.

But there was another and a nearer reason why, at this juncture, the Viceroy should make special mention of the MacSweenies. The most desirable hostage in these regions was Red Hugh, eldest son of the Prince by "the Scotchwoman," and Red Hugh was at this time under the protection of the MacSweeny nation. Owen Ogue MacSweeny, of the Battle-axes, had the boy in fosterage, a circumstance well known to Perrott. Red Hugh's mother had made a wise selection of a tutor and guardian for her first-born. MacSweeny of the Battle-axes, the boy's foster-father, was, according to current bardic estimation, the most excellent chieftain of that age. "Pre-eminent for good sense and counsel, brave

¹ There seems to be some doubt about this. Some interpret his name as M'Sweeny of the Battle-axes, some as M'Sweeny of the Districts. Ogue in such names means only, Junior.

in war, a good ruler, generous, forgiving, and hospitable, a man who never incurred any reproach from the day when he assumed the chieftainship to the day of his death." But all these virtues would not of themselves have satisfied the Dark-Daughter, seeking a tutor for her eldest son. Many hostile and jealous eyes were fixed upon the boy. She needed for him a strong defender as well as a wise educator, and MacSweeny of the Battle-axes was very strong, even in the opinion of the Government in Dublin, for the State Papers describe him as "a man of great power in those parts." Then, too, the MacSweeny territory was remote and inaccessible, "a strong and fast country," and was also within easy sail of the Hebrides, and of the Dark-Daughter's powerful friends and kinsmen there. To Owen Ogue, therefore (Battle-axe MacSweeny), the Scotchwoman committed the education and protection of her boy, not doubting that he would guard him like the apple of his eye. In those days there was no obligation so binding, and no tie so tender, as that of fosterage. The boy had been now for some three years under Owen Ogue's strong protection.

Perrott, as we have seen, was ready for force or fraud. He was willing to beat down the chieftain's protecting shield, and take the boy out of Tir-Connall with a strong hand, or to steal him thence by the agency of a boat with wines. Of the courses proposed by Perrott, her Highness and the Council, fearful of another costly Irish war, expressed a preference for the boat with wines. Also, for reasons best known to themselves, they did not like to entrust such a man as Perrott with the command of armies.

The boy Red Hugh, whom Perrott desired so ardently to get into his possession, was already, although not

fifteen years of age, the cynosure of many eyes, and, improbable as it may seem, a subject of general interest in the island. It must, however, be remembered that in this age boys of his rank were born to great power. It was natural, therefore, that their characters and budding proclivities should be the theme of general comment. Our chroniclers under this date give the following interesting account of the lad :—

“ At the same time the fame and renown of the said youth, namely, Red Hugh, son of Hugh, was noised abroad through the five provinces of Erin, even before he reached the age of manhood, as being conspicuous for wisdom, understanding, personal beauty, and noble deeds, and every one said he was truly a marvellous creature.”

This, then, was the situation in May 1587. The boy Hugh Roe, a lad of great promise, pursuing his education, military and civil, under the protection of the chieftain MacSweeny, utterly unconscious that he was an object of such keen and carnivorous interest to the higher powers. Perrott ready, if permitted, to lead an army into the north-west, and pluck the boy thence openly, by force, but also suggesting the economical and other advantages of the boat with wines ; and the Queen and Council fearing Perrott as the commander of great Irish armies, and also fearing expense, manifesting a decided preference for the boat with wines.

CHAPTER IV

WINES WHITE AND RED

ONE fine but windy day in September 1587, a big merchantman of the clumsy Elizabethan pattern, with square, bulging sails and high poop, laboured up Lough Swilly, scanned from the right by the people of MacSweeny Fanat, and on the left by those of O'Dogherty, Prince of the great Peninsula of Inishowen. Observed of many observers, the big ship held on up that beautiful lough, and finally swung to and cast anchor opposite a strong white castle, girt by a thriving little town, then, as now, known by the name of Rath-Mullen. Hard by rose a monastery of Norman-Irish architecture, amid its trees and fields, pasturage and corn-fields, enriched by the industry of many generations of laborious friars. It was a monastery of the Carmelite Order, founded and endowed by some ancient pious MacSweeny. Little thought the white friars, as they saw the big ship swing to, that this was but the first link in a chain of events, the last of which to them would be the devastation of their serene and happy home. The great religious convulsions of the age had as yet hardly sent a tremor into this remote mediæval region. Far away from Tir-Connall roared the storm, amid which so many spiritual princedoms and powers

were going down. They heard it, but no rude breath had yet touched them.

Ireland was still intensely mediæval in things spiritual as well as things secular. There was an edict for the suppression of the monasteries, and the conveyance of monastic property to secular hands; but beyond the Pale, where the modern spirit most prevailed, none dared lay sacrilegious hands on monastic property, or injure at all the good monks, whom, as yet, no man hated and no man envied.

The country around Rath Mullen was green and woody, interspersed with many glades and reclaimed openings in the forest. From curious little round huts women and children came forth to see the large merchant ship. These were built of timber—upright poles set in the earth, and interlaced all round with woven twigs exactly like basket-work—the whole well staunched with clay. The roofing was of straw or rushes. Such a house Diarmid had built in the forest for his Grania, when Finn and his mighty men held the lovers in chase. In such dwelt the Gallic nations whom Cæsar overthrew. If the gentry and the monks of Tir-Connall lived still, as we might say, in the thirteenth century, the people, as to the material side of their lives, differed little from their ancestors of the Bronze Age. And yet happiness and contentment of a sort were surely attained under those primitive conditions. The people of Tir-Connall were at least governed by men whom they loved, and beyond measure admired—their own rude aristocracy of fighters and hunters whose barbaric splendour was to them a delight, and whose patriarchal authority, even in its injustice, was no more murmured against than the frosts of winter.

In such a country the arrival of a great merchantman of the most modern type naturally caused a good deal of excitement amongst the natives.

The big merchantman swung to, furled sails, and dropped anchor at the mouth of the picturesque fjord upon which stood and stands Rath Mullen. Over monastery and village, like a stone defender hard by upon "the sea verge," rose the white castle of Dun-Donald. It was the chief residence of the lord of all this region, the MacSweeny of Fanat, one of the three mailed figures seen straddling over Tir-Connall in the maps. If that big merchantman be indeed Perrott's "boat with wines," as there is reason to suspect, why is the anchor dropped here before Dun-Donald Castle, where Sir Hugh the O'Donnell is not, nor his Scotch wife, the much-feared Dark-Daughter of the Isles, nor yet Red Hugh? The Lord of Fanat is here, but none of the three concerning whose seizure Perrott wrote to the Imperial Council. The big merchantman is in the right place, nevertheless.

Armed men moved to and fro around Dun-Donald some bearing calivers, for fire-arms were at last beginning to be used in the far-off primitive Tir-Connall. There, too, were bowmen, with the short, strong Northern bows; gallow-glasses, clad in long shirts of chain mail reaching to the calf of the leg; tall, brazen helmets, provided with narrow face-guards like those of the Norsemen of old, and bearing long, ponderous battle-axes. There were the chieftain's kerne, unarmoured, active youths, each with his bundle of javelins practising at marks. For some reason the MacSweeny Fanat was girt just now with his warlike strength, and the MacSweeny banner flew from the white turrets of Dun-Donald. People of all sorts and

descriptions surrounded the castle. Bustle, movement, and clamour prevailed everywhere. The fact was, that his lordship of Fanat was in expectation of a visit from his brother, Owen Ogue MacSweeny of the Battle-axes, and Dun-Donald was getting ready to receive the high chief of all the MacSweeny nation. Owen Ogue was coming, and along with him the boy, Red Hugh, whose possession, Perrott so ardently desired. If yonder be, indeed, Perrott's boat with wines, the captain is doubtless a man of understanding, and supplied with correct information as to the movements of the Tir-Connall chiefs.

Of this intended visit by MacSweeny of the Battle-axes to his brother of Fanat the captain of the merchantman was aware, for, indeed, therefore had he come. John Birmingham was his name, a primitive mercator presumably, of the type known to Horace—that is to say, sailor and trader in one, a man who sailed his ship one day and sold his goods the next. In answer to inquiries, Captain Birmingham replied that wines were his cargo, first-class wines, white and red, the best that ever crossed the sea. Good, truly, were his wines. That they should be so was part of the crafty device which commended itself to the deep-meditating Viceroy, eager to gather hostages out of the north-west. "Wines, good wines," quoth the Captain, "are my cargo," supplied, he might have added, by the Viceroy, out of his cellars in Dublin Castle; and also that, besides his wine-barrels, he had below, stowed away secretly, fifty soldiers hired expressly for this job, perfectly armed, at whose head, opportunity offering, he hoped to make a swoop upon MacSweeny of the Battle-axes, and wring from his grasp the little foster-son, Red Hugh, centre of so many hopes and fears in

those trying times. For the ship is actually that boat with wines concerning which Perrott had the State correspondence with her Highness and the Lords of the Council.

Leave granted, and harbour dues paid—for our chieftains were anything but free-traders—the captain opened his mart upon the wharf. To inland castles and the strong moated houses of the gentry of Fanat, news travelled of the excellence of the wine cargo just imported, etc.; ere long country products of many kinds poured into Rath Mullen, seeking exchange for wines so good; corn, salt, meat, tallow, hides, fish, timber, and probably falcons, for Tir-Connall was a great breeding-ground of that valuable bird. Donald MacSweeny, as lord of the region, had probably received a generous present of wine from the mercator in the first instance, and had bought more. So for a while the trade went on merrily to the satisfaction of all, Captain Birmingham winning golden opinions on every side. He could speak Irish like all the gentlemen of these parts, and his style of doing business was off-handed and generous. He was probably a gentleman himself, scion of the famous De Birmingham house, and was surely well equipped in all respects for the delicate enterprise to which he had been commanded by the ablest of Viceroys. He invited his guests on board, treated them handsomely, showed them his unusually fine ship, but not all of it, and generally lulled suspicion, and made a character, and a good one.

During these days the elegant Captain Birmingham held a good deal of conversation with an exceedingly rough, tarry sort of man, a perfect old salt and son of the sea, attired much as seafaring men are attired to-day, but too imperative and peremptory in his general

demeanour to be regarded as a common sailor. After these conversations the salt was observed to rub his tarry hands together with an air of glee and mystery, and to go off smiling to himself. The name of this worthy was George Dudall, and he was the real owner of the ship. Birmingham was in fact no merchant at all, but a military captain out of service, and surreptitiously employed by Perrott for the execution of the scheme. George Dudall, the rough, had for the nonce put himself and ship under the command of Captain John Birmingham, the exquisite and man of the world. Of the poor simpleton, George Dudall, who has allowed himself and his ship to be drawn into the currents and vortexes of very high politics, indeed, we shall learn more presently. For the present he is very happy, winks knowingly, and holds his tongue—a rather hard task. It is the belief of Dudall that he is on the high road to fame and fortune, and that, after this voyage, he may lead a life of retired leisure, and take his ease in trim gardens, or in the parlours of the best inns in Dublin.

CHAPTER V

RED HUGH AND HIS TUTOR RIDE A-COSHERING

PRESENTLY, Owen Ogue MacSweeny of the Battle-axes rode into Rath Mullen, debouching, he and his, not silently, from the autumnal woods westward; MacSweeny of the Battle-axes rode a-coshering to his brother of Fanat. It was a mode by which great lords took their tribute from lesser lords, and gentlemen took rents from their tenants. The lord, with all his miscellaneous retinue, men, horses, dogs, and birds, quartered himself upon the vassal for a period prescribed by custom or by contract. It was of the essence of the feudal system, and, therefore, an abomination to the Government. To dissolve the union between chief and clan was the grand purpose of Irish State policy during this century. This was that "coigne and livery" so familiar to students of Irish history, and against which so many Acts of Parliament and Orders in Council had been directed, and so far directed largely in vain. Owen Ogue was about to exact "coigne and livery," provision for his horses, and provision for his men, from his feudatory, the Lord of Fanat. He came the centre of a huge retinue, half mounted, half afoot. Harpers rode there, their sheathed instruments of harmony slung behind their backs, or borne by

attendants; story-tellers to beguile the intervals of feasting and music with fragments of ancient epic, and shed a glamour of the romance of old over the tame, familiar facts of the present. There rode Owen Ogue's bard, who composed poems in his praise, and the professional rhapsodists who recited them, for the bard proper was a silent man; he composed, but sung not. There rode his huntsmen, coercing the hounds with voice and leather; his hawkers, with their hooded birds. Sleek racers were led along there beside the more ponderous war-horses. Horse-racing was a great pastime of the age. A king of this region was once pitched from his horse and killed while he rode in a race.

In the midst of this equestrian and pedestrian retinue rode the chieftain, surrounded by claymores and battle-axes. Every chieftain had his life-guard in constant attendance. The plain gentleman of the period had his armed gilly, who, even at meals, stood behind his chair. Owen Ogue's personal appearance I cannot describe. The State Papers refer to him as "a man of great power in those parts," and the "Four Masters" as "gentle and just; brave in war and prudent in council." He wore the broad-brimmed Spanish hat of the period, and a strong buff coat of gilded leather, as did all his attendant gentlemen. It was the fashion of that war-like age, when states of peace and war were distinguished by almost invisible boundaries. The very garb of the Elizabethan-Irish gentlemen seemed to announce, "Lo! it is peace; but over my buff coat I can slip on my shirt of mail and over it my hauberk, in a trice. Therefore, beware."

Owen Ogue rode stirrupless, governing his steed with "sliding reins and a strong brass bit." His

nether parts were clad in close-fitting trews, or long Elizabethan hose, terminating in square-toed shoes, fastened with buckles of silver. The Irish horseman of the period was very particular about his foot-gear, affecting, as Edmund Spenser tells us, shoes "of costly cordwainery," though in what the costliness consisted he does not say. Huge rowels of shining silver adorned his heels. Beside him rode at least one chieftain who wore spurs of gold, Sir Owen O'Gallagher, *eques auratus*, a knight of Perrott's creation, one of the chiefs of the Dark-Daughter's party, and, probably, Sir Shane O'Dogherty, Lord of Inishowen, knighted also by the same hand.

With Owen Ogue came, too, his feudal school, the boys who had been committed to his tutelage by parents who knew his worth, and appreciated his power as well as his rectitude. Among them, close to the chieftain, rode a lithe, bright-faced boy—cynosure of many thousands of Scotch and Irish eyes these years. He was the Dark-Daughter's first-born, the boy whose fame, flying far upon bardic wings, was already travelling through Ireland as conspicuous for "intellect, personal figure, and noble deeds." He was not yet fifteen, nor had yet donned the *toga virilis*—that is to say, the buff-coat, worn only by those who had been knighted, or solemnly invested with arms. His dress was a tunic of fine linen, with enormous wide sleeves hanging down on his pony's sides, and adorned from waist to knee with innumerable plaits and folds; in fact, an Irish variety of the Highland kilt. Over this he wore a long mantle, with fringed edges. It was fastened on the breast with a silver brooch. His sword was of lath, and in the "shank pillion," which served as a saddle, were thrust a number of javelins. No

doubt the bards who so praised his budding talent had often observed the boy's skill in hurling those javelins, and his dexterity in the use of his lath sword. The education of boys in that age was primarily warlike. Owen Ogue taught his pupils many accomplishments, but chiefly riding and the use of arms. We might suspect that books formed no part of the education of the boy. This, however, is not so. It is quite certain that chiefs' sons at this time, and even in the most remote parts of the country, were taught to read and write and speak Latin.

So Red Hugh clattered gaily along with the rest. It was the last of his happy days. For him destiny had in store much dubious fame, many triumphs, and an extent of feudal sway thrice and five times greater than the utmost hopes of all his friends, but of happiness no more. Years of cruel captivity—years of anxious responsibility—henceforth await Owen Ogue's fosterling.

Horse-boys ran by the side of the riders. It was the fashion of the country, much lamented by the gentle Spenser, now tuning his oaten reed by Mulla's shore in the south, little aware that here, so far away in the remote north, something was being this day set rolling which would sweep him and his far away from pleasant Kilcoleman and "old Mole, that mountain hoar," and justify as wisdom much of the seemingly bald and acrid matter appearing in his *Discourse upon the State of Ireland*.

Pipers strode along there, too, piping, not on the so-called Irish instruments, but on the Scotch. The Scotch pipes played Irish warriors into battle in this century, a fact not generally known, and our soldiers marched to the sound of the pibroch. Hence the

piper was as obnoxious to Viceroys, as the Welsh bards were to Edward I., and the killing of a piper regarded as a feat rather superior to the capture of colours.

So, with glitter and noise, welcomed by the discharge of calivers and brass falconets from Dun-Donald, Owen Ogue's gay retinue issued from the autumnal woods westward, and, abroad on the bay, Captain Birmingham, in his big ship, saw all this and rejoiced. Dudall eyed his more elegant confederate with satisfaction, and rubbed his tarry hands.

CHAPTER VI

TRAPPED

As soon as Captain Birmingham saw the green woods yield up that gay, confused cavalcade, he shut his mart upon the wharf, recalled his men, and made as if about to depart. A messenger rowed across from the wharf with a letter or verbal message from his lordship of Fanat, requesting certain additional hogsheads of that good wine.

“Very sorry to disoblige the lord,” replied Captain Birmingham, “but I cannot send the hogsheads. My wines are sold, save a little which I require for self and men during our long homeward voyage. Tell my lord, however, that if he and some of his principal guests will do my poor ship the honour of a visit before I go—for the wind blows fair—I shall be proud to entertain them with my best.”

With some such urbane message from the mercator, expressed in flowing kindly Gaelic, the henchman returned to Dun-Donald, while the merchant, watchful and expectant, looked out from the midst of his woven wiles.

Red Hugh was the sinner now. He wished to see the ship. Owen Ogue, who should have known better, was willing to gratify the boy. Their host, Donald of

Dun-Donald, was painfully aware of the difference between Perrott's wines and the usual contents of the cellar, and so were his guests. Donald hoped that in a personal interview he would unfix the resolution of the merchant, and procure a few more hogsheads for his thirsty cosherers. At least, by accepting the invitation, he would supply his principal guests with another opportunity of enjoying such a vintage as seldom or never found its way into these regions. Every one spoke well of the Captain. He was so hospitable, so generous and off-hand in his ways. No suggestion of foul play rose in any mind. The projected pleasure excursion to the big ship was just such as might be made to-day in any remote port visited by a man-of-war or other unusual craft. So the two MacSweeny chieftains, Sir Owen O'Gallagher, and a great lord in the south of the principality, divers other gentlemen, the boy Red Hugh, and some of his associates, rowed out to visit the big ship, and accept the Captain's hospitality. Little dreamed they in what a man-trap they were about to plant their unsuspecting feet. The limited scope of the Captain's invitation reduced the visitors to a few. But his purpose was not frustrated, for these few were of the highest rank. Perrott's agent wanted not numbers, but quality. The Tir-Connallians climbed the ship's sides, and were welcomed as they stepped on board by the excellent Captain Birmingham. Glad, if with a subdued internal joy, was that excellent man when a certain bright-faced sprightly boy stepped on to the deck. That one slight, well-built, boyish figure surpassed, in his estimation, all those mighty, long-sworded Mac's and O's! Something in the dress and bearing of the lad must have revealed at once to the astute mercator that

this was the prince-apparent of Tir-Connall. However, Hugh Roe was proclaimed evidently enough by the notorious auburn tresses whence he derived his name that from under the broad-rimmed plumed Spanish hat rolled on the boy's shoulders. Of Red Hugh's identity the delighted mercator was not, I think, kept long in doubt.

The boys ran to and fro, as boys will, while the smirking merchant, hat in hand, conversed smoothly with the mighty men of Tir-Connall—"No, my lord." "Yes, my lord." Surely as vile a situation for a De Birmingham, scion of a famous Anglo-Norman family, as can well be conceived; here, in his own ship, using the language of kindness and courtesy to invited guests, against whom he meditated a treachery so foul. But might the agent of the Viceroy rejoice. Here, safe in his man-trap, he had that which all the power of the Irish Government might not avail to pluck out of Tir-Connall. Safe in his trap, just for the loss of a little wine and a little honour, were those who could bind all the north-west of Ireland, the most inaccessible and the most warlike portion of the realm. Safe in his wine-trap were the chiefs of the Mac-Sweenies and of the O'Gallaghers, strong, unsubdued nations, and the eldest son of the Prince, Red Hugh, heir-apparent of the whole principality, a hostage who alone might bind not only Tir-Connall, but a great deal of the west of Scotland as well. Birmingham noted them all, outwardly hospitable and polite, though inwardly a joy, with which we will not sympathize, irradiated his soul.

Salutations and preliminary hypocrisies over, Captain Birmingham conducted his guests down the gangway into the state cabin, which was "in the middle of

the ship." There he had prepared a Homeric repast with which nicer connoisseurs than hungry mediæval chiefs and warriors could have found no fault, viands most excellent and wines of superlative taste and perfume. So in the utmost good-humour and hilarity the buff-coated, unsuspecting Tir-Connallians flung down their jingling weapons anywhere out of the way, and attacked pasty and flagon with the energy of primæval man.

The wine was a sack, a sweet liquor dearly loved by the chieftains; the party was small and select, all of the same rank, all comrades and friends. The unusual situation added a zest, for simple-hearted and even boyish were these primitive men. The mediæval barons had in them a great deal of the school-boy. When after war they made peace and celebrated the fact with a feast, they used to sleep together as a proof of amity. The Irish King of Connaught and the Norman Earl of Ulster once so slept together in the same bed after a terrible war, "cheerfully and amicably," add the "Four Masters."

Loud was the laughter and hearty the joviality of the mighty men of Tir-Connall. Red Hugh, modestly silent in presence of his elders, beamed with his bright fourteen-year-old face in the midst of the convivial tumult, over which the smiling mercator affected to preside, feeling probably anxious enough, but most certainly diligent to make the flagons pass. And remember, for it will help us to a better understanding of much that is strange in Elizabethan procedures, that it was not that poor pedlar of the seas who really set and baited this trap. It was invented by Perrott, and sanctioned by Queen Elizabeth, Burleigh, the Earl of Leicester, Walsingham, and all the Lords of her Council.

All these were the snarers and trappers, and poor Birmingham only an instrument. And they all stooped to the shabby ruse in order to avoid the expenditure of a few thousand pounds. So, acting under most high authority, John Birmingham smirked and bowed and kept the flagons going, and the sack gave forth a goodly savour, and the mighty men laughed and quaffed, "o'er all the ills of life victorious," every moment getting even deeper into the imperial snare than into the vice-regal sack. When these men sorrowed they raised their voices and cried aloud like Homer's men, like Turlough Lynagh before the eyes of all Dublin when the ship that bore his friend dropped down the Liffey. When they were glad they did not restrain their glee. When they fought they fought with a will, and when they feasted it was with an abandon. Irish maxims and scraps of alliterative bardic wisdom, as old, I suppose, as the Aryan race, prescribed festivity at feasts.

"Tell me, O grandson of Con, what are the tokens of a fool?"

"My son, an hilarious face at the Council-board and a solemn one at a feast—these are good tokens of a fool."

To such men their life of peril and conflict did not seem as it seems to us. War, and preparation for war, were then, sport excepted, the only life worthy of gentlemen, and a red death the one fit climax of the same. They were of the opinion of Magnus of Norway, that gentlemen were "made for glory, and not for length of days."

A harper accompanied the chieftains. There was no feasting at this time unaccompanied by the harp, or by harp and song. Even the outlawed chief, feasting under

the greenwood tree on plundered beef and ale, and usquebaugh won at the sword's point, could not dine without the enlivening presence of his singer and harper. So the music rose and the sweet wines streamed, and the captain beamed, and all thoughts were turned on the pleasures of the table and festive talk. Suddenly the still-beaming mercator gave a mute sign to his men; unnoticed they laid swift hands upon the weapons, and as swiftly withdrew. The Captain, too, withdrew, shut the cabin-door behind him and locked it.

The harsh, metallic clang of the driven bolts shooting into their sockets was, I fancy, the first intimation of the foul play of the mercator. As in a flash all stood revealed. It needed not the song of the sailors weighing the anchor; the sound of tramping feet as the glad soldiers broke from concealment, the voices of triumph all around; the loud click of the bolts was intimation enough. Trepanned most neatly and completely were the chiefs of the north-west of Ireland. What sudden pallor in hilarious faces tanned and ruddy, what setting down of undrained goblets, what a startled look in the bright young face of the boy Red Hugh—all this can be imagined, and the wrath and shame of the chiefs, perhaps too deep for fierce words, when, at the head of his men, armed to the teeth, that excellent purveyor of superlative wines, white and red, accompanied by his inarticulate friend, Master Dudall, re-opened the cabin door and announced his will. His speech was somewhat as follows:—For the highest of high State reasons the Viceroy required the hostages of this warlike Tir-Connall. What they called treachery and the foulest play was a justifiable *ruse-de-guerre*, the work of the

inarticulate one, who was a loving and loyal subject. The Spaniard was coming. A mighty attempt was about to be made on these kingdoms, and, unlike the rest of Ireland, Tir-Connall had refused to put in hostages, plainly with an ill intent. Master Dudall had no desire to hurt them needlessly. Therefore he would take away no more hostages than were an absolute necessity to the Viceroy—hostages for the fidelity of the O'Donnells and their allies and kinsmen, the MacDonalds of the Isles. They would therefore retain "this boy," signifying Red Hugh. Let MacSweeny of the Battle-axes, MacSweeny of Fanat, and Sir Owen O'Gallagher, captain of the third most powerful and warlike house in these parts, put in good and sufficient security, to be brought to Dublin, and they would permit the chiefs themselves to go free, and also the rest of the gentlemen and the boys. They did not wish to vex the gentlemen of Tir-Connall more than was absolutely necessary for the safety of the State. At the same time, a gift or love-token on their part to Master Dudall, for that grace, would not be amiss. Though not much to look on, he was a very worthy man, and owner of this ship.

CHAPTER VII

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR RED HUGH

NEGOTIATIONS and proposals, think in what a spirit, thereupon succeeded, the ship lying to in order to permit communications with the shore. Birmingham would suffer no delay. Lough Swilly was beautiful—all flashing in mild autumnal sunshine. Great mountains, purple with heather, on either hand ran down precipitously into the sea, terminating in lofty cliffs, foam-fringed at the base. Lough Swilly was very beautiful, but not just now a lough in which treacherous mercators might safely linger. Like the neighbourhood of an invaded wasp's nest, were Lough Swilly's shores that afternoon—horsemen spurring hard this way and that, boats from Rath Mullen shooting here and there across the lough.

"Let the chiefs nominate straightway their substitutes, and hurry them on board. Otherwise I must for the open sea, and substitution will have none," cried the mercator, seeing how the horsemen spurred, and the white oars bounded.

MacSweeny Fanat tendered his little son, Donald Gorm, or the Blue-Eyed.

"Accepted; have him here by the next boat."

Sir Owen O'Gallagher tendered his nephew, Owny,

a foster-son of Battle-axe MacSweeny, and one of that chieftain's feudal school.

"Not so good, Sir Owen. Nevertheless, him, too, I accept; but, mark you, no delay."

Battle-axe MacSweeny, Owen Ogue the Prudent, at this point remembered his prudence. He tendered, but, as we shall see presently, did not give, his nephew, Miler. Him Owen Ogue tendered, and the mercator accepted, but never received. Owen Ogue had remembered his prudence. Soon a loud wail, as of utter despair, rose from the shore, like the wailing of women over the dead. It announced the putting off of the boat which bore the hostages.

There was little Donald, his blue eyes blurred with tears, and Owny O'Gallagher wailing loud as they drew him into the unknown, and a fourth, who was not the boy that afterwards became famous as Sir Miler MacSweeny.¹ No princeling was the fourth hostage, only a little peasant boy dressed and instructed to play the part. So the wily mercator was overreached. The viceregal diamond got itself slightly nicked at this point by the Tir-Connallian.

For the boy Red Hugh, Birmingham would take no substitute; "for there was not in the whole province of Ulster one whom he would take in his stead." So the dynasts of the north-west escaped from the mercator's clutches, and rowed ashore, feeling miserable enough. Thenceforward they were a laughing-stock to half of Ireland, and a theme of angry satire and reproach to the remainder. That noble pair, Birming-

¹ Miler, who escaped on this occasion, so distinguished himself afterwards in the Queen's service that he was knighted by the Earl of Essex. He is a character in *The Battle of the Curlew Mountains*, a tale in the author's *Bog of Stars*.

ham and Dudall, with bulging canvas, sailed on between the high, escarpèd cliffs of Lough Swilly out into the open sea with their precious cargo, laughing and triumphant. From the shore men watched the wicked ship sink below the horizon, and that night in Dun-Donald there was silence and shame, and weeping, and there fond hearts were nigh broken. It is not so recorded in history, but we may presume that Captain Dudall got drunk that night.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SHIPLESS CHIEFTAIN

WHILE the kidnappers rejoicing sailed eastwards with their prize, a mournful procession, mute as a funeral *cortège*, issued from Rath Mullen faring to the west. In the midst rode MacSweeny of the Battle-axes. His countenance was fixed and stern; his eyes glowed with the passion which he determined to restrain. He, the most prudent and circumspect of all the lords of the north, had been most vilely outwitted and circumvented. He had forgotten just what he should not have forgotten, that in high places the age of chivalry was over, and the age of State craft on the Italian model had arrived, and that the Government was always ready to throw a loaded die. He knew, it was well known, that the State, to compass its own ends, could employ the dagger of the assassin, and the bowl of the poisoner. Cut to the heart with wrath and shame, the chieftain rode home that day. His faithful clansmen, reflecting their lord's mood, rode silent too, glancing from time to time at that stern face. Near him a bare-footed, glibbed boy led home Red Hugh's riderless pony, a sad sight.

The news had gone on before. No falcons or demi-cannon were discharged from the turrets of Owen

Ogue's great feudal keep by the northern sea as he drew nigh. No bright-pictured cloth or silk ran up fluttering and streaming on the breeze above the white towers, which showed naked in their whiteness, clear-seen against the dark sea. This home-coming of the lord of the districts was too dismal. Fresh rushes were not strewn in the hall, nor ale-barrels broached there ; the ward did not march out to meet him on the way, nor were any of the cheerful customs incident to a great lord's return to his own castle observed. Castle Doe was one of the strongest fortresses in the north of Ireland, of Norman type and great strength, four round peel towers planted in a square, with connecting curtains, enclosing a great court. Round all ran a dark moat, fed by a stream from those mountains, down which our sorrowful procession moved to Castle Doe. The lord was returning with a heart more bruised, a spirit more broken than if he had that day lost a great battle and seen his dearest kinsman slain. By his own folly, his own foolish misplaced trust and arrogant self-confidence, he had lost the chief jewel of the North, a treasure committed to his safe keeping by the noblest lady in the province, and his own dear friend and ally. Night was falling as he drew nigh to Castle Doe. The sun was setting behind lurid clouds ; the wind was high, and hissed in the scanty groves, which here grew thin and small, leaning all eastward before the Atlantic's cruel breath. Hard by, the ocean moaned, breaking upon a vast extent of sandy shore. Without all was wild and mournful as within. The portcullis was raised, and the drawbridge fell creaking over the black moat, and Owen Ogue, a disgraced and orphaned chief, rode under the echoing archway. What a contrast to his setting forth but yesterday

that morning, with the bright boy at his right hand, and the baying hounds, and the joyous faces and voices, and the clanking reins and neighing steeds, in the light of the rising sun. For then, as now, and always, man proposes and God disposes. There was no harping or chanting of tales, merry or heroic, at the mournful supper in the great hall that night, or loud jovial badinage, or the sound of manly greetings and pledgings. One place at the chieftain's board was too sorrowfully vacant—one young, handsome, and beaming face too evidently absent there.

The utter powerlessness of the wronged chieftain made everything more drear. He was a land-power only; on the sea he was nothing. The genius of his race had so determined it. Though their territory was sea-girt, and though all their castles frowned over the deep, no chief of this nation had ever thought of forming a war-fleet. Neither had Owen Ogue himself, however prudent. One nation only, in the west of Ireland, cared to become a sea-power; that was the O'Malleys of Erris and the Isles, a race of sheer mariners. None of the other western nations had warships—hardly, indeed, any sort of ships. If our wronged chieftain had paid as much attention to the sea as to the land, then, in place of that melancholy ride homewards he would have sped like an eagle from Rath Mullen to Castle Doe, manned his war-galleys and pursued the thieves. Somewhere between Lough Swilly and Dublin, he, in his ships built for speed not for portage, would have overtaken John Birmingham, by force rescued his foster-son, and taken condign vengeance upon the cowardly kidnappers. No one would blame Owen Ogue if he then and there hanged every soldier and sailor in that cozening ship whom he

did not slay in fight, for his cause was as righteous as any of which one has ever heard. But Owen Ogue, strong on land, could make no force at all upon the sea. In this great emergency he was shiftless.

Now, from the battlements of his great, useless fortress, above the sandy shore where there was no natural harbour and no artificial harbour, and where no ships rode, Owen Ogue, the much-wronged chieftain, stared day by day upon the waste of melancholy waters which divided him from his darling. Injury and insult, these petty Irish kings were the worst of men to endure. Here was insult the deadliest and injury the direst, and he was helpless; could only eat his heart in silence and gaze over the melancholy waste of waters, the cold, bleak currents of the Moyle, or listen with a sick heart to the long roar of the breakers on the sandy shore.

Meantime, the wicked ship, holding his foster-son as a prize, was slowly beating round the north of Ireland in the clumsy lumbering style of the merchantman of the period, pursued by no swift war-galleys with quick-flashing bound of white oars.

The rage of the ocean excepted, nothing could now prevent Dudall and Birmingham from sailing up the Liffey and proudly presenting their unique prize to Perrott, in Dublin Castle. But the chieftain, if impotent on the sea, was very strong on land. He had mailed knights and bowmen, and "shot" a few, and battle-axe warriors, clad from head to foot in steel rings, and light-footed predatory troops, professional plunderers, and cattle-drivers, who in one morning might strip a barony to the bone. He could declare war against the Government, and harry all the friends

of the Government in the north of Ireland. And yet that way no road lay open. War? That would mean Red Hugh well hanged. On land the wronged chieftain was really as impotent as on the sea.

Other dark thoughts, too, mingled with the Chieftain's meditations. How should he meet the boy's mother, the high lady who, with full trust in his power, his faithfulness, and his discretion, had committed her first-born to his care? All Ulster had contended for the honour of educating that boy, and out of all the chiefs of the province the lady had chosen him. Sorrow and shame long held possession of Owen Ogue, long prevailed over all the MacSweeny nation.

Sorrow enough, too, was there in Donegal House when Owen Ogue's messenger arrived with the black tidings. There women wailed as for the dead, and raised high the piercing Irish caoine. There the Dark-Daughter herself led the lamentations like Hecuba or Rachel, for the age was simple and Homeric, and passions very unrestrained.

Four children were yet left to the Dark-Daughter in her halls—Rory and Manus and Cathbarr, and their sister Nuala—but Hugh was the flower of the flock and the best beloved, her first-born and her pride.

Yet unavailing sorrow was not a characteristic of this Scotch woman, sprung from so many famous and warlike sires. Soon she began to consider how that unrighteous Government might be compelled to deliver up her boy, or how their agents might be suborned to connive at his escape. One sure and strong friend had the Dark-Daughter, the boy's foster-father. For him she sent. When he came they two determined at least to take such action as would preserve the boy's

right to the principality, though a prisoner and far away, and beat down with the strong hand every competitor, that the succession might be his “whensoever it should please God to release him from his captivity.” For the Dark-Daughter, who “excelled in feminine accomplishments,” had, too, “the heart of a hero, and the soul of a champion, and was chief counsellor and adviser to the men of Tir-Connall in her time.” Most valiantly and victoriously the Dark-Daughter wrestled against her many foes, against the Crown, and the Clan Calvach, and O’Neill, though he was titular captain of the North; against Hugh Duff, the legitimate claimant, and brave Donald the Bastard; against O’Boyle, nigh at hand, false MacSweeny Banat, and Murragh na Mart, drawn against her from far Munster, and against Hugh, son of the Deacon, bravest of them all. Now, in this dark hour, Hugh Roe’s mother, impelled by harsh necessity and maternal love, definitely assumed the rôle of a warrioress and a ruler.

Most valiantly and victoriously against great odds the Dark-Daughter bravely warred, and wisely diplomatised, defending the rights of her boy till at length her powers were spent, and the opposition seemed about to triumph, when, tall and strong, her boy returned and trampled them all under his feet—under feet sore and lame, as it happened; but we must not anticipate. It has been often remarked that great men have noble mothers. Whether Red Hugh O’Donnell was great or not, the student of history will determine for himself. But certain it is that his mother was more or less of a heroine, though fate identified her with a cause which fate, too, had resolved should never win—the cause of the breaking monarchies.

And in all this red business Owen Ogue MacSweeny played a man's full part. Impotent as against the Government, he at least could and would sustain the Dark-Daughter in her perpetual strife against the boy's domestic foes. Here, at home, Owen Ogue, impotent as against Birmingham upon the sea, impotent against the Government so far away, and holding against him a hostage dear as the apple of his eye, still, though Red Hugh was a captive in Dublin Castle, faithfully and zealously performed his duty as the boy's foster-father. In alliance with the Dark-Daughter, he continued to beat down every candidate for the chieftainship of Tir-Connall, and compelled all aspirants, how ambitious soever, to restrain their ambition and lie low.

Of such there were many, for owing to the awfully embroiled and complicated conditions of things prevailing in Ireland, aspirants for chieftainship could not fail to appear in all territories and in considerable numbers.

Always there was the rightful candidate according to English feudal law; always the rightful candidate according to Irish customary law; always the candidate who relied upon State arrangements and "Orders made in Council"; or under a patent direct from the Crown; and always surely the candidate who claimed relying only on his strong right hand. Amid this chaos Owen Ogue had one straight path to pursue, to obey the Dark-Daughter, second and sustain her in all her actions, and assert the rights of his foster-son against all comers. His horsemen were always ready to mount and ride, his kerne and his gallow-glasses to march at a word from the Dark-Daughter.

While Red Hugh is a captive, imagine Owen Ogue of the Battle-axes and the Dark-Daughter of the Isles ceaselessly warring and diplomatising in order that the chieftainship of Tir-Connall might remain open, and that high place vacant, whensoever the boy should return to claim it.

CHAPTER IX

UNCLE SORLEY'S HIGH PERCH

To the young and healthy few calamities are very depressing. Hugh was fourteen, an age at which boys begin to look around them upon the world with a keener interest and livelier curiosity. He was very alert, wide-awake, and intelligent, and of a most ardent and fiery temperament. After the first shock of that disgraceful seizure and foul play, the future which seemed to open before him was not altogether unpleasant. He would see strange things and men, great cities, and the newest forms of civilization. He would meet and hold speech with the great Perrott, whose name was on all men's lips. After all he was only a hostage, and not worse off than scores of others. Dublin Castle was just now filled with hostages, boys and young men, scions of the noblest families in Ireland, some of whom he knew. He would make fresh acquaintances, perhaps good friends there. A long detention was quite improbable. Hostages were seldom detained for more than six or twelve months. They were then either dismissed and sent home free, or were exchanged for others. With the disappearance of the Spanish terror he would probably be sent home. In any event his next brother, Rory, would probably

after a few months be taken in exchange for him. Indeed, the State regarded it as bad policy to retain hostages for any length of time; long absence often caused such to become less dear to their kinsmen, and so reduced their value as a binding and controlling force.

There was much in the ship to interest such a boy as Hugh—the Queen's soldiers, their strange dress, armour, and weapons, so different from those of his own warriors; the working of the ship, the conversation of Captain Birmingham and the officers, the slow-spun sea-yarns of the old salts, the changing aspects of sea and sky, the varying outlines of the coast, the white keeps of the maritime lords gleaming on every spit of land there. Inishowen, the country of the Lord O'Doherty, they first sailed past, then that of O'Kane, now the county of Londonderry. The third great lord whose territory they skirted was the MacDonald, Red Hugh's uncle, the celebrated Sorley Boy. His was a land guarded by giant cliffs, under which they sailed for days and heard the screaming and laughing of countless gulls. One day they sailed under a mighty rock, on the top of which was perched a strong and proud castle, white and glittering, like a modern lighthouse, above the dark rocks. The sheen of morioned heads showed over the parapets. The MacDonald banner floated there.

It was Dunluce, the chief seat and the chief strength of Red Hugh's uncle, Sorley Boy, *i.e.* Yellow-haired Charley, a warlike old veteran, who had seen much of the ups and downs of life, and had suffered things to which Red Hugh's present small sorrow and wrong were as a scratch compared with hell's torments. Who that has read it can ever forget that one terrible scene

in Sorley Boy's career—Walter Earl of Essex, on the Isle of Rathlin, butchering Sorley's women and children, while on the opposite mainland the maddened chieftain raced up and down the strand, shrieking to heaven in unavailing agony and tearing his yellow hair? With a curious mixture of feelings Red Hugh contemplated those gleaming walls, seeking to make out there somewhere the forms of his uncle or cousins. One lad was there about Hugh's own age, Ladar MacDonald, son of Sorley, and another who will be the first Viscount Antrim, and ancestor of our Marquis of Antrim. Sorley Boy, I say, in his stormy career, had seen much of the ups and downs of life. Among the smaller of the "ups" was one which befell him a few months after our hero sailed under Dunluce. Near the castle rose a rock in the sea called Bunboys. Upon this rock the Armada galley which bore Don Alonzo da Leyva was wrecked, and three out of as many hundred unfortunates escaped to shore, and found rest under Sorley's wing. But some half-dozen barrels of excellent Spanish wine were saved too, and in the great hall of Dunluce were promptly broached and joyfully drunk by the old chief and his men. This, curiously enough, was reported to the Queen as something arguing treason and a Spanish mind on Sorley's part. He had drunk Spanish wine! Curious, but a fact. Some one tried to get Sorley into trouble for drinking the King of Spain's wine, which proves the wild nature of the Spanish panic in the Armada year, and the frantic condition of men's minds. This was that chieftain whom Perrott had compelled to kiss the Queen's slipper.

At last the kidnappers rounded the Hill of Howth, and sailed up the Liffey, Hugh's bright eyes growing ever brighter at all the sights and sounds there. A

barge took the ship in tow, and rowed her to the wharf under Dublin Castle, and Hugh, for the first time, beheld the strong walls of the great fortress within which he was to spend the flower of his ill-starred youth, and, with still greater interest, contemplated the crowds of strangely-attired people on the quays, and listened to the strange tongue which they spoke. Hugh and his comrades gazed curiously on this grimy, long-shore population, and the latter, just as curiously, on the outlandish air, the eyes bright as a bird's, the clean complexions, long hair, and barbaric attire of the Tir-Connallian boys.

A flourish of trumpets was now heard; a file of trumpeters was approaching from the Castle, with bright bannerets hanging from the trumpets, and preceded by horsemen in mail, who cleared the street. Behind them, on foot, came a crowd of gentlemen wearing short red cloaks, long hose, and plumed hats, and amongst them a man of gigantic stature and of a most proud port, yet wearing, too, a holiday expression of gaiety and general good-will. It was bluff King Harry's unacknowledged son, the greatest of all viceroys, Sir John Perrott. Warned by a word sent on before Perrott stepped down from the Castle to feast his expectant eyes upon this fine booty, and also to execute a small feat of state-craft which he had devised and cunningly elaborated.

Through an interpreter he first accosted the boys in the friendliest, most winning, and most gracious manner, and then, with a voice of thunder and a face like that of an indignant Jove, called out Dudall from the ship's crew, and falling, or rather seeming to fall into a terrible passion, rated the unfortunate man as he crouched kneeling before him. threatened him with

the branding-iron and the scourge, and concluded by ordering him into instant custody.

What had John Dudall done to deserve all this torrent of angry speech, denunciation, and menace? He had stolen Red Hugh. But was not that the very purpose for which he and Birmingham and "the ship with wines" had been despatched into the north, and by him? Truly, but it would not suit Perrott at all that his part in the disgraceful transaction should be known. He would profit by the stealing, but repudiate all connection with the thieves. A scapegoat was necessary, and poor Master Dudall was selected to fill that necessary part. Soon it was bruited abroad that Master Dudall, the fool, thinking to please the Deputy, had kidnapped Hugh Roe, and taken him to Dublin, and that the Deputy, indignant at such foul play, had clapped Dudall incontinently into prison. Elizabethan statesmen were much devoted to such shabby politics. Indeed, statesmen at all times are exceedingly histrionic. Does not the divine Plato maintain that ruling men may lie innocently, inasmuch as they do it for the good of the State? If that be so, it is certainly a privilege of which they largely avail themselves.

Having acted this farce to perfection, Perrott, turning again to the captives, was most gracious, kind, and explanatory. He conducted them to the Castle, where they were well entertained, after which he held with them, collectively and individually, a great deal of private conversation, pumping the poor innocents till they were pumped quite dry. Master Dudall he informed them was indeed a rascal, a most vile kidnapper. But however irregularly they had come into the hands of the State, in the hands of the State

they now were, and he, Perrott, could not, consistently with his duty, especially at a time so perilous, let them go. After this he locked them up in that portion of the Castle which bore the ominous name of "the Grate," and with a serener and more contented mind turned his attention anew to high affairs of State. In his chicaneries and artful dodges Perrott was no worse than the rest of these Tudor statesmen. They were all tarred with the same brush.

The boys were afterwards brought before the Council, and straitly examined by those worthies, who were determined for themselves too to have a finger in this dainty pie, though the preparation and baking of it were all Perrott's. According to Perrott this council of his were a poor lot of "dunghill beggars," and I forget what else, but cannot at all forget that he charged "the best of them" with "coming to him to the Council Board with their hosen darned at the heels." One might think that criticism might be better directed at the other or top end of a councillor.

The darned council was just now very high and mighty. For a while Perrott had ridden rough-shod over them, and taught them to know their place. Presently Burleigh and the Queen began to look askance at Perrott's growing greatness. In order to reduce that greatness they stirred up the Council against him. Nothing loath, the Council stiffened its weak back and lifted mutinous eyes against the Viceroy, hoping soon to see the great bully under their darned heels.

After much lordly examination the Council ordered the boys back to "the Grate," and proceeded to discuss the whole situation, like a conclave of august owls, while Perrott sat silent and scornful, waiting till

they should have done wishing that he could hang them all in one noose.

The chroniclers tell us that "they ordered Hugh and his companions to be put into a strong castle which was in the city, where a great number of the sons of the Milesians were in chains and captivity, as well as of the Fair-Strangers," *i.e.* the Norman-Irish, "whose chief subject of conversation, both by day and by night, was of the persecutions carried on against the noble and highborn sons of Ireland in general." The flowing bardic historians flow somewhat fallaciously at this point. They transfer to the Armada period emotions prevalent at a later date.

CHAPTER X

HUGH ROE NOT TO BE RELEASED

WITH Red Hugh in the Grate, Perrott was a far happier man. Doubtful Tir-Connall was now bound in the person of the boy, and so the whole island was subservient to State policy. Ireland would have done very well without such precautions on the part of the Viceroy. The much-loved Perrott was not Viceroy when the Armada touched Ireland, and found the touch anything but pleasant. Fitzwilliam, the unbeloved, was then Viceroy, but that did not secure Irish allies for the Spaniards. The fear and hatred with which Catholic Ireland regarded Catholic Spain in the Armada year is one of the curious facts of history. They were to a great extent Perrott's doing. The nation felt with Perrott, and retained the feelings which he inspired long after his departure. Red Hugh had been sixteen months a State prisoner when the remains of the Armada, beating down this way from the Orkneys, attempted the western coast. Nowhere could they effect a landing, nowhere could they procure a pilot, nowhere get the drop of water, though they cried for it "in Jesus's name." Shipwrecked Spaniards crawling out of the surf were battle-axed without mercy, or brought in chains to Galway and there hanged. Red

Hugh, in Birmingham Tower, despite his own private wrong, very possibly drank the health of Lord Howard of Effingham and confusion to the Spaniard, and drank it with a will. There were no "Spanish hearts" in Ireland as yet. Here the Spaniard was known, not as a great Catholic power, but as a great world-robber, exterminator, and slave-driver. Not six out of as many thousands of stranded Spaniards found mercy at the hands of the Irish save when they landed in sufficient force to protect themselves. Perrott had impressed his soul as well as his will upon the nobility and chieftainry, and all Ireland was mad against the Spaniards. It was not "Irish savages" who butchered these poor Spaniards crawling out of the surf, but Irish lords and gentlemen, as good as any of their own time and country, whipped on to that bloody work by the Spanish terror.

I have told how a little plebeian boy, dressed and instructed to act the part, was palmed off upon Birmingham as young MacSweeny. His identity was revealed by the other boys before the ships reached Dublin, without ill-consequences to the poor little plebeian. It is pleasant to learn that the Government humanely sent the little plebeian boy home unhurt. So, with little trouble and small cost, Red Hugh was plucked out of the north-west, and immured under lock and key in Dublin Castle. He and his comrades in the following year saw Perrott leave Dublin with feelings very different from those of the acclaiming and lamenting multitude.

Sir John Perrott, though long and admiringly remembered in Ireland, was not in the least ashamed of this discreditable feat.

Recapitulating the chief events of his Irish Vice-royalty, he refers thus to the taking of Red Hugh:—

“ Item :—*I left pledges in the Castle of Dublin, and in other places, upon all strong and doubtful men of the realm, whose names were too long to write here, whereby it is like the state of that kingdom will continue long in quiet. Among whom Hugh Roe O'Donnell, O'Donnell's son by the Scotch woman (the Dark-Daughter), and others of that country are part, whom I obtained and brought thither by a stratagem.*”

Lord Burghley must have made a contemporaneous entry of the seizure of Red Hugh and the minor hostages of Tir-Connall, for to the foregoing item he has appended with his own hand the observation—“ See a note thereof.” Over and over again Burghley wrote to Dublin that Red Hugh was on no account to be released. Though the Armada crisis was over, and though the new Viceroy and many others favoured the liberation of the boy, Burghley still kept writing “ Hugh Roe must be detained,” and one is sorry to learn that the Virgin Queen herself stood behind the Lord Treasurer, enjoining the continuous imprisonment of the lad.

Perrott might have made money out of his captive had he been so inclined. He writes—“ *I could have had £2000, and the spokesmen £100 by the year, for the enlargement of Hugh Roe.*”

This proffered and refused bribe would represent in our times a vast sum, so enormous was then in Ireland the purchasing power of money. Behind this great bribe stood the Dark-Daughter. Against its attractions Perrott was proof. Possibly others may not prove so staunch.

Finding money powerless, Red Hugh’s mother threatened force. Perrott’s arrangements, and the loyalty to the Crown which his administration had inspired, save

Ireland in the Armada crisis. Of the Spaniards some three thousand escaped the fury of the elements, and landed in the county of Red Hugh's foster-father, Mac-Sweeny of the Battle-axes, where being many they were well received. O'Donnell himself seized thirty of those poor creatures, and brought them to Dublin as prisoners, imploring the enlargement of his son as a reward for his fidelity to the Government. Simultaneously Red Hugh's mother, the Scotch woman, gave out that should her husband, Sir Hugh, return from Dublin without her boy, she would take the three thousand Spaniards into her pay, bring in a great army of her Scotch kindred, organize the north-west, and declare war against the Government. This was but a stroke of diplomacy, a minatory flash of the Dark-Daughter's sword out of the north-west, by way of seconding her husband's entreaty, and enhancing the power of the great bribe which was being still proffered. The Government saw that she did not mean it—could not deliberately give her dear boy over to the hangman as a forfeited hostage. So this move failed too. The Government gratefully received and, in Dublin in the Castle yard, joyfully hanged the thirty Spaniards, thanked Sir Hugh for his loyalty, but retained the boy, Burghley himself writing strongly to Dublin to that effect.

The Dark-Daughter enjoyed no favour in high quarters. She was powerful—a fact sufficient in itself to produce jealousy in the minds of rulers at a time when the Government sought to govern Ireland without an army, and always, like that ancient despot, sought to cut off the heads of the tallest poppies. But there was one who had great influence with the Imperial Council, and who used it to secure the liberation of the captive,

yet equally in vain. Three months after the kidnapping, Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, wrote to the Queen, requesting the enlargement of the boy. He told her that Red Hugh was his son-in-law; that his captivity had thrown the north-west into confusion and civil war, and that he himself would undertake for the loyalty of all the O'Donnells and MacSweenies, should her Highness be pleased to liberate Hugh Roe. On the same day he wrote to Walsingham, a personal friend, urging him to do all in his power to secure the boy's release. During all the years of the boy's captivity, Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, a great favourite at Court, having been educated in England, in the household of the Earl of Leicester, kept writing at intervals to Walsingham, to Burleigh, and to the Queen, imploring the release of the boy. He never succeeded; Red Hugh's imprisonment was too serviceable to Crown policy. Bribes, menaces, and the entreaties of the Court favourites were employed without result. War followed war in the north, all about Red Hugh, and the battle-axes of the Dark-Daughter never wanted for occupation in the defence of the captive's rights; but a captive he remained, no more regarded by the great than a pawn is regarded by a chess-player. It served the interests of his captors to keep him in Birmingham Tower, and in Birmingham Tower he was kept.

Perhaps some of the State correspondence which went forward these years concerning the captive may not be unwelcome to the reader. It will at least sustain my statement that this seizure of Red Hugh was regarded as a very important event. There is also, I think, a peculiar pleasure in looking at history through the eyes of contemporaries.

Tyrone to Walsingham—

“The Lord Deputy hath caused O’Donnell’s son, called Hugh O’Donnell (Red Hugh), to be taken, who now remaineth a prisoner in the Castle of Dublin. He is my son-in-law, and the only stay that O’Donnell had for the quieting of his country, and the detaining of him in prison is the worst prejudice which might happen to me. Your Honour is the only man next unto the Earl of Leicester in whom I rely, and O’Donnell hath no friends but mine. I, therefore, and for that O’Donnell, will deliver unto the Lord Deputy the said Hugh’s second brother by one father and mother” (his brother Rory), “and any other pledge in Tir-Connall that his lordship will choose.—I beseech your honour, as ever you will bind O’Donnell and me to depend upon you during our lives, to work all the means you may with her Highness for the present enlargement of the said Hugh; the rather for that Hugh, Son of the Deacon, who was at Court at my last being there, hath almost driven O’Donnell out of his country.”

Hugh, Son of the Deacon, late come from Court, with Royal countenance, and having indeed a perfectly good claim to Tir-Connall, if the Government would only enforce it for him, did not drive O’Donnell out of the country. He was defeated and slain by the Dark-Daughter and her Scotch guards. Shot with Scotch arrows, Hugh, Son of the Deacon, lay down and died, and dying forgave the Ineen-Du his death, for he was the last of our Irish Bayards. A great many persons were defeated and slain by the Dark-Daughter during the years of her son’s captivity.

The foregoing letter of the Earl was followed by another, yet more pressing, to the same councillor. It is still extant, an autograph, exhibiting the Earl’s seal, and the Red Hand of the O’Neills, surmounted by a coronet.

Her Highness was not to be moved. On the contrary, she wrote with her own hand to Fitzwilliam, strictly charging him not to release the boy.

“And hereto we add the remembrance of one thing that, being well ordered, may breed quietness in those parts, videlicet, the continuancing in prison of O’Donnell’s son, ‘Red Hugh,’ and O’Gallagher’s son, ‘Owny,’ lately seized upon and remaining in our Castle in Dublin.—Elizabeth R.”

The Imperial Virgin had little in common with the Dark-Daughter of the Isles.

At the same time Fitzwilliam received a joint letter from the Lords of the Council, drawing his attention to the fact that the formidable Scotch woman was unlikely to stir “so long as Hugh Roe remaineth in the Castle of Dublin, who, with O’Gallagher’s son, be also good pledges on the Earl of Tyrone.”

And now a word about that unlucky wight, Dudall, the scapegoat, before we suffer him and his comrade thief, Birmingham, to drop out of our saga.

In the succeeding year Perrott sent one of his servants, a gentleman named Garland, into Ireland, bearing letters and gifts to the Irish chieftains, his friends. Garland, writing home to his master, describes a singular and amusing interview which he had with our tarry friend, who in the interim had escaped from Dublin Castle. O’Neill, to whom reference is first made in the following excerpt from Garland’s letter, is old Sir Turlough Lynagh, who rushed out waist-deep into the Liffey to take a last farewell of the departing Viceroy.

“Your honour, all O’Neill’s hawks were gone before I came, but he swore that if all the hawks of the world were his you should have them, though you sent for none.

"There was one Dudall at the Bann that had a cast of hawks out of Sir John Dogherty's country" (the Promontory of Inishowen), "and gave some small thing for them. And O'Neill sent for the same George Dudall, who had the hawks, and prayed him to come and speak with him, and so he came. And O'Neill did agree with him for the hawks. But when he knew your honour should have them he would not send the hawks.

"I know the cause. Because your honour committed him to the Castle for his knavery about the taking of Hugh Roe."

Garland himself went afterwards to speak with the vindictive man, and the vindictive man cursed and swore and abused Perrott, and Garland called him a "beast," and so they two "fell at large words, but happily without effusion of blood."

"You could not fish so quietly in the Bann," cried Garland, "but for the good peace he left behind him."

"If they would save his life," cried Dudall, "I would not send the hawks, and I care not a button for your master or you, and he is far enough from us now, and thanks be to God," etc., etc., with mighty vociferation, huge oaths, and large words, but happily no effusion of blood.

George Dudall is certainly a man who deserves a little sympathy, if we had any to spare. But we must leave him here vociferating on the Bann side, with the conviction that he will never again be concerned in the stealing of hostages for the State. Put not your trust in Princes!

To return to the innocent boy. We are told by the Irish bardic historians that "he was greatly grieved in his mind at being in cruel captivity in this manner.

Also, that he used to meditate upon the means of escape. But that was not an easy matter, for he was put every night into a gloomy cell of the Castle, to be secured there until the following morning. That Castle was thus situated. It was surrounded by a broad and very deep trench, full of water, over which was a narrow wooden bridge directly before the door of the fortress, and there were stern bodies of the English inside and outside about the door, guarding it, so that no one could go in or come out without permission." Returning summers bloomed and died and bloomed again, yet summer's sun and winter's gloom found always Hugh Roe and his comrades prisoners, "in the Grate," while the torpid years crawled by. O, great Eliza ! thy golden time !

CHAPTER XI

FITZWILLIAM VISITS THE DARK-DAUGHTER

RED HUGH and his comrades were not destined to be the sole hostages held in the Castle for the fidelity of Tir-Connall. Through the sublime labours of Fitzwilliam, Tir-Connall was presently bound by other and more responsible persons than the group of boy-pledges immured there by Perrott. The valetudinarian Chief Governor of Ireland, "who could not ride, such were his impediments," had actually *in propriâ personâ* plucked two great chiefs out of that unsubdued and recalcitrant principality.

Fitzwilliam, one might think, had, through Perrott's dubious exertions, through those three precious pledges taken in the boat with wines, means amply sufficient for enforcing his authority over the north-west of Ireland, for coercing the formidable Scotch woman, and recovering for his royal mistress some of the many cows due out of Tir-Connall to the Crown. And yet that was not so. Fitzwilliam could not do without more hostages, and yet, as we shall see, could not do *with* them, being by nature, or perhaps owing to years and aches, somewhat of a nincompoop.

Under an indenture signed with Perrott, our hero's father had undertaken to pay a quit rent for his ter-

ritory to the Queen. This, however, he never paid, and now, what with rent, fine, and arrears, Tir-Connall owed her Majesty 2,100 cows. Now, a cow was worth 13s. 4d., or a mark, and 2,100 thirteen and fourpences represented in those times a great deal of money.

Nevertheless, Tir-Connall continued obstinate and unproductive ; not a solitary cow could Fitzwilliam get out of Tir-Connall for her Highness. Burleigh, who knew all things, kept spurring the slow Viceroy to adventure something for the sake of the cows.

“That was a good and profitable agreement made by Perrott with O’Donnell,” wrote the Lord Treasurer. “Seven hundred cows by the year out of a country that never paid rent before. Get thou those cows and tarry not.”

“A very bad agreement,” responded Fitzwilliam, “and it was an unconscionable thing of Perrott to multiply so viceregal burdens on the eve of his own departure ; and Tir-Connall is a great way off, and there are dragons there, and a terrible she-dragon, and it will be awfully hard to get the cows, and very costly to her Highness, and I am not at all well.”

And Burleigh ever answered in effect, “Tarry not ; get thou the cows.”

And Perrott kept laughing at him with a strong undertone of malice. The days of weeping had not yet arrived for the great Perrott. “He has hostages enow,” laughed Perrott, “the best pledges of the best nations of Tir-Connall, whom I obtained through a stratagem,” —viz. the famous boat with wines—“and ere I left Dublin I delivered up into his hands Sir Hugh himself, the contracting party. Let the fool get the cows, and cease nibbling at me.”

Shame, and the incessant spurring news, too, of

Spaniards in those quarters, at last prevailed, and the Viceroy went for the cows. He might have hanged the hostages in lieu of those beasts. That were a bold step and a dangerous one. It would leave him face to face with that terrible Scotch woman through the rest of his viceroyalty. Nevertheless he would try to get the cows, not exactly sword in hand, but by such methods as might offer. He might, too, do a little manstealing on his own account in the north-west, and by fresh hostages tighten his nerveless grip on that rebellious anarchic principality. So in the Armada winter he had himself borne softly in litters and carriages into the north-west, and mourned to Burleigh like a sick dove about the hardness of the ways, and his many sufferings. He came to Donegal House, where he was hospitably entertained by old Sir Hugh, father of our hero. Most of the chiefs and gentlemen of the principality came to wait on the representative of the great Queen. Owen Ogue came not. He had had enough of viceroys and their hospitality, and was very prudent and circumspect, though Captain Birmingham once caught him napping on a celebrated occasion. Had Owen Ogue waited on the Viceroy, with the inside of Dublin Castle and Mr. Maplesdeane's kind attentions, he would most assuredly have made acquaintance. Owen Ogue knew it, and kept far aloof. Moreover, he had now a little group of fugitives, fled to him like storm-beaten sea-birds to the crannied rocks. The Dark-Daughter and her children, flying before the face of the Viceroy, had sought shelter with Owen in the north. Startled by hunters, seen and heard afar, the Scotch lioness, gathering the remnant of her brood, took shelter with Owen till this viceregal terror should travel through and past. There, ready for war, in the

midst of battle-axes and bowmen, MacSweeny's and her own, the Dark-Daughter, indignant and minatory, looked southward, watching the movements of the Lord Deputy. Meanwhile, the old broken warrior, her lord, and his eldest son, Donald, illegitimate, but a brave and capable youth, did the honours of the Hall and Castle of Donegal to the Viceroy. It was "the largest and strongest fortress in Ireland." Here, once before, Sir Hugh had entertained a viceroy very different from poor old Fitzwilliam, who suffered from gout and the stone, and was dropsical, and could not rise from his seat without grief. Sir Henry Sidney had been here in the Shane O'Neill wars, when Sir Hugh was young, strong, and valiant; and Sir Hugh, like every one else, fell before the fascinations of that noblest and most amiable of viceroys, whom the Irish called affectionately, "Big Henry of the Beer." Big Henry drank Sir Hugh's beer, and won his love, and knighted him and blessed him; and Sir Hugh, as Royalist, and strong in his new faith, went out against the Queen's enemies, and smote them, hip-and-thigh, with a great slaughter, and tumbled Shane down steep slopes to perdition. Old and broken now was Sir Hugh, once so valiant and strong, and old and broken was this new Viceroy. Sir Hugh should have been in a monastery, and Fitzwilliam, as retired leisure, toddling round trim gardens. Both were false-placed. Pluck enough they both had. Sir Hugh made at least one campaign after this; and Fitzwilliam, who "could not rise from his seat without grief," had a clear, strong, and active intellect in that old and broken frame. But Sir Hugh was false-placed as chief, and Fitzwilliam more false-placed as Viceroy, in that stormy and warlike age. Sir Hugh was still chief because his wife desired to keep the O'Donnell-

ship open till her boy Red Hugh, or her boy Rory, should be of age to seize it; and Fitzwilliam was Viceroy because his viceroyalty suited in some way the profound and inscrutable policy of the extraordinary woman who ruled England at this crisis.

So this curious pair met here face to face with all the courtesies and formalities due to the occasion, and talked together with diplomatic unveracity, it is to be feared, upon State affairs, and probably compared notes as to their respective ailments.

Donald, the illegitimate, was there presented to Fitzwilliam. Fitzwilliam liked exceedingly the looks of this youth: he knighted him, and made him sheriff of the shire, with a double purpose. This brave bastard might conquer the Dark-Daughter and her friends, and collect those 2,100 cows, none of which was the Viceroy able to get himself. All the country emptied itself of cattle according as the viceregal army approached. Even had he got the cattle, what a labour would have been the driving of them. Fancy the Viceroy of Ireland driving 2,100 cows all the way from Donegal to Dublin, and in the depth of a severe winter! Fitzwilliam saw, too, that he would have to fight for the cows, and did not relish the prospect. He made Donald sheriff, and left all that cow business to him. He gave him no money, only his blessing, and for support only *macte nova virtute puer*, or some such chaff, and went his ways. But he did not go out of Tir-Connall without some reward of his mid-winter industry. A great many of the chiefs and gentlemen came and waited upon him. Amongst others came Sir Owen O'Gallagher, chieftain and knight, whom we saw not long since drinking sack so joyfully in Captain Birmingham's state cabin, and Sir Shane O'Dogherty,

Lord of Inishowen, both men who had done great service to the State. Fitzwilliam, to the amazement of all the north of Ireland, took these chiefs prisoners, and brought them with him to Dublin. By this stroke he weakened the party of the Dark-Daughter, and gave the new sheriff a better chance of collecting the cows. But a Government which lived on prestige and the voluntary loyalty of the chiefs could not with impunity do such acts. To the Queen that treachery of her feeble Viceroy was a worse blow than the loss of a great battle. Long and sorely was this seizure of the two chieftains remembered in Ulster. "Is the Queen's Government then grown as false and violent as the worst of our petty tyrants?" thought indignant Ulster.

Fitzwilliam came home *via* Strabane, where he was entertained by that fine old chieftain, Sir Turlough Lynagh, and his accomplished wife, the Lady Agnes Campbell, whom Sidney so much admired; and *via* Dungannon, where Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, and his Countess, Red Hugh's sister, feasted and lodged him and the army, "so that he could wish no better entertainment." Thence he came to Dublin, and immured his two captives in the Castle. They were the sole fruits of his inglorious campaign against the Dark-Daughter. There Sir Owen died, "greatly respected by the English and Irish of his time"; thence Sir Shane escaped, but not till he had paid a huge fine.

Brave Donald, having no resources but his own, now represented in the north-west the cause of the sovereign. Very strong and valiant was Donald, but there was a stronger and more valiant, the dark-haired lady, whom we saw, lioness-like, keeping watch over her brood in northern fastnesses while the vice-

regal terror was in transit. Brave Donald, the Queen's true Viceroy in those regions, fell in battle, pierced by the sharp arrows of that warlike Scotch woman. All day long the noise of battle rolled through the woods and along the shores of the narrow fiord, which we call Teelin Harbour, till, pierced with bitter arrows, the Queen's man fell, and "the faintness of death and dissolution overcame" that brave champion of the Crown, left alone in Tir-Connall, face to face with the Dark-Daughter. *Macte nova virtute puer*, a formula very usual on viceregal lips, their easy mode of supporting the Queen's friends, ended so in Tir-Connall. Owen Ogue and the Dark-Daughter slew him that Tir-Connall might remain unshired land, a principality, and—Red Hugh's.

Such was the end of the first sheriff appointed to the principality of Tir-Connall. The Dark-Daughter slew him in maintenance of her boy's rights; nor was it a small feat on the lady's part, for, according to our bardic historians, "that Donald was of great strength and the leader of a battalion, nor was it heard that he had ever turned his back to an enemy in any country."

Let this glance into viceregal methods and the internal history of Tir-Connall suffice for the present.

CHAPTER XII

WHAT HUGH SAW FROM HIS BOWER

THE chamber in which the boys were imprisoned was above the entrance of the Castle, high up in the tower, "next the turrets," but right above the great gate of the Castle. In front of that entrance was a bridge spanning this moat which surrounded the Castle. To and fro over this bridge passed the Castle traffic. To and fro there came and went all the men who governed Ireland, and all the men who were interested in the government of Ireland—the Lords of the Council and Mr. Secretary Fenton and all the officials and clerks of the various bureaus.

Amongst all these, sidling along softly, mild and self-contained, attracting no particular attention, wended in and out Mr. Patrick Foxe, Walsingham's Castle spy, who spied on rulers as well as ruled. Walsingham's curious, suspicious eyes roved here daily, looking through Mr. Patrick's. Fitzwilliam and his Council were as much under surveillance as the dynasts were. With difficulty did Patrick get "a clerk's room" in the Castle; but he got it, and in the evenings, from his lodgings, wrote excellent letters to his patron, very brief and pithy, as full of information as an egg is of meat. Red Hugh never gave that fox a thought, though he might

have seen him every day sidling in softly, but Patrick thought a great deal about Red Hugh. There came and went daily big Sir George Carew, Master of the Ordnance, his thoughts and talk all of lasts of powder, of lead, match, calivers, falconets, and culverins, of skians, battle-axes, and war harness. In the Castle he had his own office, where he audited the accounts of his deputy-masters all over the realm; this year, at his solicitation, Burleigh had that office newly "planked." Sir George will be a great man yet, President of Munster, Earl of Totness, supposed author and certain hero of *Pacata Hibernia*, and do doughty things—a clever, sly, and very capable official. Red Hugh saw him a hundred times pass there, little dreaming what a cowardly stroke of death would one day fall upon him from that big Master of the Ordnance.

The boy's chamber looked eastward down College Green towards the ruinous towers of the Monastery of All Saints. From his window, if these towers did not obstruct, Red Hugh saw ships come and go in Dublin Harbour; saw of a summer morning the red sun rise gloriously from the waves of the Irish Sea. Dermot MacMurrough founded that monastery; and fair Eva, Strongbow's wife, confirmed the foundation, and King John approved. But the end had arrived for All Saints as for so much else in Ireland. Red Hugh saw those sacred towers and walls falling. Masons were at work there in his time pulling down the old Norman-Irish pile, making way for the advent of modern culture and a clear space for the building of Trinity College, Dublin. Red Hugh saw the learned Usher, Archdeacon Usher, father of the very learned Usher, walking about in his sombre garb, well-pleased, and the scarlet-cloaked Mayor and Aldermen of Dublin assisting. To

Usher and those scarlet-cloaked persons Ireland owes her university, and it was a-building while Red Hugh was imprisoned in that Castle chamber looking eastward, scarce a bow-shot from the builders.

There was no lack of amusing sights to be seen by the boy from that window. There he saw the great Perrott ride out, girt by a crowd of chiefs and nobles, his own father, Sir Hugh O'Donnell, one of them ; and pale, anxious-looking Fitzwilliam, full of aches and griefs, ride in, his coach drawn, perhaps, by Perrott's war-horse, "fairest and best in Ireland," matched with another, and by his side the Lady Anne Fitzwilliam. She was sister of Sir Henry Sidney and aunt of the immortal Philip, gentlest, bravest, and most beautiful of Elizabethan men—the divine Astrophel. There, too, he saw ride into Court, Astrophel's friend and poet, the dreaming Spenser, and heard his horse's hoofs sound hollow in the echoing arches below. The dreaming Spenser had his fits of wakefulness, too, could look sharply after his own interests, and do a little fighting and plundering quite in the style of an Irish dynast. Would the reader care to glance at the author of the *Faery Queen* at home during the period of Red Hugh's captivity, and see the dreaming man wide awake, his oaten reed racked for a while, and singing robes on their peg ?

"October 12, 1589.

"Maurice de Rupe and Fermoy—i. e. the Lord Roche—to Walsingham—wishes the enclosed to be laid before the Queen.

"Edmund Spenser, falsely pretending title to certain castles and sixteen plowlands, hath taken possession thereof. Also, by threatening and menacing the said Lord Roche's

tenants, and by seizing their cattle, and beating the Lord Roche's servants and bailiffs, he has wasted six plowlands of his lordship's lands."

And Sir Walter Raleigh Red Hugh saw too, and surely with enthusiastic admiration, a man admired by the whole world. He was here during Hugh's captivity, attended by Irish boy-chiefs, his pages, for the most part scions of the great Clan Carty in the South, where his estates lay. Most of the Irish chiefs of the next great rebellion were educated by Englishmen, or under English influences, direct or indirect, which is a curious fact.

There oftentimes Red Hugh saw his brother-in-law, the strongly-built and swarthy Earl of Tyrone, ride in to take his seat in the Council, stopping a moment to look up, and make friendly inquiries of the poor captive lad. Ever gay, light-hearted, and witty was that accomplished Earl, though he played for such terrible stakes.

Red Hugh's sister Jane was Countess of Tyrone, and the Earl his own fast friend. Also at Dungannon there was a little girl who was supposed to be Red Hugh's sweetheart, and was his betrothed child-wife. Let us hope that he wrote her letters during his captivity by such means of communication as offered.

In June 1588 Hugh's father was at the Castle assisting in Perrott's glorious exodus. Once again in the Armada winter the boy, with what feelings! saw his old father surrounded by his chief gentlemen and gallows-glasses, and many familiar Tir-Connallian faces, ride over the bridge of the moat. Sir Hugh this time brought a ransom for the boy, not yellow gold only, but thirty olive-complexioned Spaniards in handlocks.

There were wet eyes amongst those Tir-Connallians as they saw above them the poor captive boy look out from his prison cell. The olive-complexioned Spaniards were hanged in the Castle yard—every man of them. Nevertheless, Sir Hugh and the Tir-Connallians could not recover their boy chief. The Queen and Burleigh said “No.”

There, too, his cousin Hugh Maguire, Lord of Fermanagh, big, handsome, ruddy-faced, a young giant, and as valiant as he was big, shouted up to the grated window, jolliest and bravest of all the chieftains. Sir Warham St. Leger, too, Vice-President of Munster, might have been seen there by the boy. If Sir Warham and Maguire met they probably contemplated each other's big proportions with respect. They were the two best horsemen in Ireland, and fell by each other's hands under the cliffs of Carrigrohan, by the margin of the winding, silvery Lee—two splendid types of sixteenth century Irish chivalry. This was that chieftain who was so ready to receive a sheriff into Fermanagh, but wished first to learn his eric, that when the sheriff was slain he might levy the eric off the country. The strong hand which had raised Hugh to the captainship of the Maguire nation was no other than that brave Donald the bastard whom the Dark-Daughter slew. Many a familiar face was raised to that window, many a manly voice shouting kindly Gaelic or Elizabethan English was uplifted there; Hugh and his comrades pleasantly responsive from above.

He saw Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne ride in there under safe-conduct from the Viceroy, having the guarantee of Loftus, the Chancellor, for his return, and attended by young Captain Dudley Loftus, the

Chancellor's son. All Dublin ran in crowds to see that black-browed, dark-eyed prince of rapparee lords and black-mailers, the arch-enemy of the Pale. Few men looked on his stern visage without hatred, for few were the Palesmen who had not lost a relative or dear friend through him. Amongst other notables slain by Feagh was the fat Sir George Carew, father of the big Master of the Ordnance, slain by Feagh in the battle of Glenmalure. Sir Walter Raleigh and Master Edmund Spenser narrowly escaped death on the same occasion. This visit of Feagh to Fitzwilliam was paid shortly after the Lord Deputy's arrival, in the autumn of 1588. Remember this swarthy rapparee lord of the Wicklow mountains. We shall meet him again.

The great Adam Loftus himself—archbishop, chancellor, and councillor—Red Hugh saw a hundred times, once a poor chaplain, now a pillar of the State. Rich, prosperous, and powerful was Adam Loftus, allied through marriages and betrothals “with the best and chiefest names in all the Pale—men who had the dispending of two or even three hundred pounds by the year!” Another notable ecclesiastic and councillor wended there daily, faring to and from the Council Board, Bishop Jones, of Meath, solid and prudent, though he would cry out when excited at cards, “God's wounds, man, play the ten of hearts;” and Miler Magrath, Archbishop of Cashel, the over-prudent and cunning, a mighty eater of bishoprics. When Miler could not be permitted to eat a fresh bishopric, he quartered his hounds and huntsmen upon it. The young giant, Hugh Maguire, may have been to the Castle to complain of Miler's hounds, for he had already written a complaint of such doings on the part of that mighty southern pluralist, who went about in

armour like a man of war, and had his life-guard like the chief of an unshired country. Bishop O'Brien of Killaloe, another of these strange divines, staked Church livings and ecclesiastical lands on the fall of the dice. No wonder his sons became stout rebels. The Mac-an-Aspick O'Briens, sons of the bishop, were left slenderly provided for by their jolly sire. They were mostly ecclesiastical scapegraces, these Irish bishops of the Reformation, half courtiers, half chieftains, and very unpastoral; perhaps no worse or no better than any other men in that strange century of transition, only very unpastoral.

Red Hugh and his comrades saw a great deal of interesting, bright, many-coloured life from that window above the entrance to the Castle. They were allowed to receive visitors, too, though no doubt under very strict conditions. Letters, too, surely came to him, first read by the proper officials, from his mother among others. Letter-writing was far more common in Elizabethan Ireland than one might expect. The Dark-Daughter was famous for womanly accomplishments. Her mother was that cultivated lady whom Sir Henry Sidney so much admired. We have already seen one of the Dark-Daughter's letters. It is not only possible but probable that he was written to occasionally by his sister Nuala, and his brothers Rory and Manus, and little Cathbarr (Top of Battle). From home, too, he received hampers of provisions and good things made up with maternal love and tears; for it is another astonishing fact that the Viceroys who imured hostages looked to their kinsfolk to supply them with food. If the kinsfolk did not, and the Christian men and women of Dublin did not, the poor boys starved.

When Burleigh rated Fitzwilliam about a certain escape of hostages, the Viceroy replied—"It were better they escaped than lie to rot and starve in the Grate."

"None whom I took," observed Perrott, "were by their kinsfolk suffered to starve."

Neither recognized a duty to supply food. Truly an age of iron, however gilded!

How went on, these years, the great game in which Red Hugh was a little-regarded pawn? What of the kings and queens, and the greater pieces on the board? As a move in that game, Queen Elizabeth put our hero into that square which stood above the main entrance of the Castle in Dublin. It was no accident. The Queen put him there, and knew very well that he was there, and, as we have seen, never forgot Red Hugh's *locus in quo*. The great game went well for the Reformation just now. Elizabeth and Maurice, Prince of Orange, were giving a good account of the Spaniard in the Lowlands. Henry of Navarre, strengthened with a great many crowns sent him by Elizabeth, was baffling the Spaniard in the South of France, and Parma and the Guises in the North. Protestant Germany, aided too by our Queen's money, was stirring in the same cause Pope Sixtus, her arch-foe, and yet chief admirer, was dead. Philip was very old and exceedingly crippled by the destruction of his Armada. Elizabeth had harried his peninsular coast with a fleet and army, and English marine adventurers were troubling the Spaniard upon the deep, far and wide fluttering his galleons over the water-ways of the world. Catholic England, having now no Catholic Mary for Queen, was quiet and loyal, though Sir William Stanley and many others had taken service under the Spanish King. James VI.

of Scotland was friendly. He this year sent a gift to the Queen as an earnest of his good-will. The gift was an Irish dynast, his name, a celebrated one in contemporary Irish history, Sir Brian of the Ramparts, O'Rourke, Lord of Leitrim.

Old Burleigh, now seventy-one, was anxious to retire from office, but the Queen rallied him back to harness. "I never saw the Lord Treasurer so lusty or so fresh of hue," writes an admirer this year. The Queen herself was fifty-six, and would dance, "I assure you, seven or eight galliards of a morning, besides music and singing," and was also as prudent and courageous as ever. The star of Essex was rising clear and bright exceedingly; he was but twenty-four, yet already a power in the land. Walsingham was dead, and his great army of spies (Patrick Foxe amongst them) left without a paymaster. He died this year (1590), and died poor, having spent all his substance in the Queen's service. The manner in which the great Secretary would bully and rebuke Fitzwilliam and Bishop Jones and other creatures of that type in Ireland is quite exhilarating. One can almost see them pale and quaking, and bowing down to the very ground. His only child, remember, widow of Sir Philip Sidney, was now the Countess of Robert, Earl of Essex. Her third husband will be an Irish chieftain.

But our concern is not with the great pieces on the board, only with the small. Let us return to that ill-starred lad and his comrades.

Some three months after his incarceration Red Hugh was visited by a young Oxonian *en route* to the west for the Christmas holidays. Under what style the youth was entered on the books of that seat of learning I don't know. It was probably Bernard

Rourke, but his barbaric name when the lad was at home was Brian Ogue na Sampthach O'Rourke—*i. e.* Brian O'Rourke, the younger, of the Battle-axes. He was eldest son of O'Rourke, Lord of Leitrim, that very proud western chief referred to already, and was first cousin, once removed, of our hero. The sons of the Irish gentry were already beginning to find their way to Oxford. I discover there, these years, besides the young gentleman mentioned, Richard, son of the chief of the High Burkes, William, son of the chief of Clan Kelly, and several others. Into Hugh's mournful chamber, on some dull December day, arrayed in the height of the English vogue, burst this lively youth, making a sunshine in that gloomy chamber, though followed and watched by the constable, or one of his subordinates. Red Hugh, we learn, during his confinement, was permitted to receive visitors. This young Oxonian was destined to play a great part in the later portion of Red Hugh's career. Students of Irish history know something of the Battle of the Curlew Mountains. That battle was won by Red Hugh mainly through the prowess of his cousin, Brian Ogue, Oxon. Red Hugh, his fine gold a little dulled by captivity and sorrow, recognized with difficulty his Irish cousin in this fashionable youth, who rattled off English as if to the manner born, and was full of foreign experiences, un-Irish ways and phrases, and curious modern instances.

Hugh was for doleful captivity, he knew not how long, or whether his red head might not, ere summer, exhibit itself on a stake above the Castle for the offences of his people. Brian was for home, holidays, hunting, hawking, and all manner of rural sports and amusements in a territory where he was heir presumptive to the Chieftainship, and where he would be little

troubled by that *bête noir* of Irish Elizabethan gentlemen, the sheriff. In the adjoining county of Sligo there was, indeed, an abominable sheriff, a fellow who, according to young Davy O'Dowd, "chief of his name," spared not to take from Sligoese gentlemen "horse" (war horse), "hackney, hawk, hound, mantle, or table-cloth; yea, even if it be a man's wife or daughter, which Taafe doth fancy, he must have her to his will." In Leitrim, Brian Ogue's county, there was, indeed, a sheriff, but one who was humble enough, and thought more about saving his own skin than of interfering with O'Rourke privileges and seignories. Whoever there took to his own use horses, hawks, table-cloths, or young women, it was not the sheriff.

The cousins had a good deal to tell each other, which must be left to the imagination. In the end, the Oxford man, with a sufficient escort of O'Rourke horse, went cheerily westward, and poor Hugh turned sadly to his prison avocations, whatever they were.

In the ensuing summer, a little after Sir John Perrott's glorious departure, the Imperial and Irish Councils were fluttered by unwelcome tidings of the Oxonian. Young O'Rourke, accompanied by an Irish gentleman named Charles Trevor, suddenly absconded from Oxford. The authorities knew well the significance of this flight. It meant that O'Rourke of Leitrim was about to go into rebellion. And, sure enough, not long afterwards, Patrick Foxe, a Castle clerk, but in Walsingham's pay as a spy, inditing one of his little succinct notes to Walsingham, informed his honour that old O'Rourke "desired his Sheriff to shift somewhere else for an office." Efforts were made to intercept the fugitives. Trevor was taken at Chester, conveyed to Dublin, and immured in the Castle as a fellow-prisoner with our

hero; but Brian Ogue escaped, and got home. His Oxford education was ended. Brian Ogue of the Battle-axes no longer cried *Adsum* in the college classes. "*Barbara, felapton, darii ferioque*," and the other educational processes of Elizabethan Oxford, will have to go on without Brian Ogue na Sampthach. The boy is cracking crowns in the West, and will crack logic no more. When next he turns up in the history of his country, it is in this wise:—

"*Yesterday, in the afternoon, Sir Brian O'Rourke's two sons, his brothers, and all his force, to the number of 400 gallow-glasses and shot, with forty horsemen, preyed all Tirreragh*"—a baronial division of Sligo—"from Downeyle to Touregoe, burnt divers towns in the same, and murdered certain subjects also. The prey which they carried with them is esteemed to be in number 3000 cows and near 1000 mares. The country crieth out for her Majesty's forces to defend them. O'Rourke sent for all the wood-kerne and bad members dwelling on these borders, and licensed them to prey, rob, and spoil her Majesty's subjects within the province, and especially this county."

Brian Ogue, I have not the least doubt, found such life a vast deal pleasanter than '*Barbara, felapton*'; and observe, too, that if the boy construed Homer while at Oxford, he was making himself acquainted with a state of society exactly similar to that which prevailed in his own time in the west of Ireland, and of which he himself was a chief figure. Returning to his father's castle at Dromahaire, with those fine droves of cattle and herds of mares, swept out of Tirreragh of the green pastures, Brian Ogue had his own Homers to sing his praises, and an *io triumphe* to which the

liveliest of college wine-parties must have seemed very small beer indeed.

The young Oxonian was now only serving his apprenticeship with his father and his uncles. Shortly afterwards we find him leading O'Rourke's forces, or a band of them, and almost making an end of Davy O'Dowd's injurious sheriff.

"Last Friday, O'Rourke's son, Brian," the same who ran away from Oxford, "murdered (sic) twenty-five soldiers and three young gentlemen on the highway, in company of the Sheriff of Sligo, who escaped from them sore wounded."

The wounded sheriff was David O'Dowd's *bête noir*, the unconscionable rascal who scrupled not to convey even a poor gentleman's table-cloth.

In fact, during all the time of Red Hugh's captivity the West was convulsed with ceaseless war; and Hugh's Oxford cousin keeps perpetually appearing and disappearing amid the stormy battle-axe business that raged there. Indeed, the conflict between Bingham, President of Connaught, and this rebellious western chieftainry, mad about sheriffs and other such matters, never closed at all until Hugh himself went into it, in the general rebellion known as the Nine Years' War—the grand final struggle between the reguli and the sheriffs. The reguli and the sheriffs could not live together; either these or those had to go. The sheriffs were usually strangers, often low men, and even shopkeepers. Great gentlemen, especially great Irish gentlemen, found it awfully hard to obey such fellows. Observe, too, that these sheriffs were ill-paid and ill-controlled, and went about with small armies exacting "coigne and livery" at discretion from the tenants of the gentry and the gentry themselves. Remember,

too, that before the advent of the sheriffs the chieftains were essentially a sort of kings. Flesh and blood could not stand it, especially such flesh and blood. Sure we may be that the young Oxonian went into this red business with great alacrity.

To our hero all this western battleaxing had more than a spectacular interest. Most of Connaught was, properly, O'Donnell-land. The flashing of steel there and the roar of calivers arose out of territories over which his house, of old time, had exercised a strong dominion, and perhaps will again. Things, however, of a very different nature and complexion demand attention now.

One summer a strange procession passed, under the boy's eyes, down the slope of Castle Hill. There halbertmen and trumpeters and "Queen's messengers," as a sort of guard of honour, enclosed a terrible figure. It was a priest, clad in new ecclesiastical raiment provided by the authorities. His countenance, never comely, the executioner had made yet more horrible by mutilation. This priest has no nose. Vice and cunning were stamped upon his countenance; yet he went down Castle Hill, stepping proudly, on his way to London to the Imperial Council.

CHAPTER XIII

PERROTT THE OVERBOLD

LAME Justice, blind and lame, has been questing for Perrott ever since that triumphal outgoing, searching for him by devious ways and through strange regions. Now at last the world's slow-hound has got upon his traces, and has him well in the wind. A terrible hunting is abroad, and the quarry is the great Viceroy who stole Hugh Roe.

One powerful, subtle-minded, and determined foe Perrott left behind him in Ireland; it was the new Viceroy. Till Perrott was well off from Ireland's shores Fitzwilliam was painfully aware that he was himself a mere nobody and a cipher. That was hard to endure, and, even then, Perrott's sharp and ill-controlled tongue had uttered scornful words concerning him, which reached Fitzwilliam's ears and rankled in the soul of the sick man. At all events Fitzwilliam was hardly warm in office when he began to "nibble at" his predecessor, and with a most mordant and venomous tooth.

"He took away the tapestries of the State apartments," complained the new Deputy to the lords of the Council.

"They were my own property," replied Perrott. "The young women of my household have cut them up for stools and cushions."

Fitzwilliam.—“He treated me very ill before his departure, leaving me in a weak way for the governance of this turbulent people.”

Perrott.—“I put into his hands, in Dublin, all the lords of Ireland. If he let them go without taking some straight course with them for the government of the realm, that is his default.”

Fitzwilliam.—“Your lordships, he showed me a face of unkindness in all things.”

Perrott.—“By no means, but the reverse. And as a proof of it I gave him a very fine horse, a horse of war—a very fine horse.”

Fitzwilliam.—“Your lordships, he was a very sorry beast, and unfit for service (war), so that I had to put him under Lady Fitzwilliam’s coach, matched with another. And I refused him first when offered, and if he send for the old beast now I will give him to the messenger, and a present to boot.”

Perrott (fuming).—“Your lordships, he was known to be the fairest and best horse in Ireland. And I think he refused him as bishops do their bishoprics. And he might well put him under a coach, for he cannot ride, such are his impediments.”

This last was a savage stroke on Perrott’s part. Then the wordy war died away, and Perrott forgot all about it, but Fitzwilliam did not forget. Henceforth Fitzwilliam hated Perrott with a fell hatred, and longed for his destruction. He was a curious mixture of strength and weakness, of resolution, talent, cunning, and pusillanimity. One of his State documents runs thus:—

“I have to complain to your lordships of Lady Bourchier, who last Sunday sat in Lady Fitzwilliam’s pew!”

Yet the overthrow of such a man as Perrott seemed

for a long time impossible. Perrott, the foremost man of his day, the head of a great party, the Queen's half-brother, "enabled" with host of friends and followers, the man who ruled Ireland like an irresponsible King, and *without* an army. Such a viceroyalty as Perrott's the Empire had never seen. It was not only splendidly brilliant in outward show, but substantially beneficial to the State, and to the Irish authority and power of his mistress. The free Parliament of the Irish nation, which he convened in Dublin in 1585, attended by representatives of every princely family in the island, ratified anew the title of Elizabeth as *Regina Hiberniae*, did everything that Perrott told it to do, and but for the obstacle supplied by Poyning's Law, would have granted the Queen an Irish subsidy, *mirabile dictu!* Without drawing a sword, Perrott caused the chieftains of Connaught to surrender their regal rights and descend to the position of mere subjects, a really great achievement, in point of fact, the conquest of a Province. And he did all this without an army, by the magic of his name and fame, and the unique force and fascination of his personality, aided somewhat, too, we may presume, by his great stature. The simple chieftainry loved magnitude in a ruler, being themselves, as a rule, men of inches. But what chiefly overawed their minds, and predisposed them to the most willing obedience, was the fact that he was a King's son. His illegitimacy was hardly a slur in a country where, if any, only a slight distinction was drawn between the sons of wives and the sons of concubines, and where the State, when State purposes were to be subserved, had no hesitation in preferring the unlawful to the lawful issue of the chieftains. How could the bar sinister be anywhere a serious disadvantage in an age

when Henry VIII. seriously proposed to exalt his bastard son, the Earl of Southampton, to the throne of England? Perrott governed Ireland like an absolute monarch, partly by reason of his personal qualities, but mainly because all men believed that he was Sir John Tudor, the only surviving son of King Henry VIII. Since the time of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, these king-loving Irish reguli had seen no viceroy so much to their mind.

When Perrott returned to England, and took his seat in the Council after his amazing and unprecedented viceroyalty, he was by far the greatest man in the empire, and was perfectly aware himself of the fact. He was a soldier of proved valour, skill, and conduct, an administrator of unexampled efficiency and success. He had governed a turbulent and warlike nation as that nation had never been governed before. In trying times, when the Queen's sovereignty seemed to quake to the blast of the Spanish terror, the State had leaned with its whole weight upon Perrott, and on his strong shoulders he had upheld the brunt of the same as if it were a feather. When Perrott took his seat at the Imperial Council-table it was with the air of a man who had done great things, and was about to do greater; of a man who intended to make his presence felt there and his will observed. He was too high, proud, brave, and impetuous to veil himself in hypocrisies, and seem to go one way when he meant to go another. With cards scarcely concealed, Perrott now sat down to play at a table where men's heads were the stakes, where the game was dead-earnest, the very rigour of the game, and where, above each player, suspended by an invisible hair, glittered always the shining axe of

the headsman. At that table Perrott, his hand full of trump cards, his heart full of proud self-confidence and conscious rectitude of purpose, sat down to play. Voices from within, and also voices from without, called to him to play boldly and for the highest stakes. The voices from within we know, or can guess; the voices from without, what were they?

Now, and for a long time past, the English people, by every known method, were urging the Queen to nominate her successor, and so give contentment and a sense of security to the land. This, not only with emphasis but with passion, the Queen declared that she would not do. Her reasons were partly feminine and personal, partly patriotic, chiefly the former. She would not, she said, consent "to have her shroud held up before her eyes." She looked upon the appointment of a successor much as weak men at all times regard the making of a will, and Queen Elizabeth, "the lion-hearted daughter of the Tudors," was in many respects both very feminine and very weak. Historians, with their "lion-hearted daughter of the Tudors," are too apt to forget that the Queen was a woman under her robes, and, after all, only Elizabeth Tudor—a woman and a Celt.

Let me here make a short digression, and tell the story of her Highness's aching tooth.

The royal tooth ached, and the Imperial Council met and debated upon this high matter. It was like a meeting of the Roman *Flamens*, met to consider a portent, such as that the statue of Jupiter Optimus Maximus had sneezed thrice, or broken into a sweat. Elizabeth, it must always be remembered, was a sort of goddess, her cult deeper and sincerer than it is easy to imagine in our times. A large State corre-

spondence now ensued concerning the great question, who was the best dentist in the world?—to whom, beyond all others, would England confide the task of extracting that tooth, or of causing it to cease to ache? The best was discovered on the continent, but instead of flying to the relief of her Highness he only wrote letters of advice—“If the tooth be sapped and undermined, then—. If it show a cavity at the top, then—,” etc., etc. Eventually, great rewards and honours being proffered, this wisest of dentists crossed the seas with his box of instruments, reached White-hall, and in the presence of the Queen’s Councillors of State examined the Royal tooth, looked wiser than any owl, and finally pronounced in favour of extracting. But at the sight of the instruments her Highness’s great heart failed; the lion-hearted daughter of the Tudors, though she could hurl foul scorn upon Parma, and do and say many mighty things, quailed before the dentist and his glittering forceps. In this emergency his Grace of Canterbury advanced.

“Your Highness,” he said, “I have not many teeth left, therefore can ill spare even one from the poor remnant. But, to convince your Highness, in a matter of this moment, how very small and transient is the dolour, I shall e’en permit the chirurgeon to draw forth a jaw-tooth.”

This was done, his Grace all the time smiling as hard as he could, and testifying in every way that, so far from being dolorous, the extraction of jaw-teeth was rather pleasant.

Nevertheless, her Highness could not be persuaded. She preferred to abide her aching tooth.

Queen Elizabeth, as I say, being very feminine, would by no means consent to the appointment of a successor, or the hanging up of her shroud before her eyes. There was another reason still more feminine which she used to allege. She never could forget, she said, the manner in which she herself had been courted while she was still only the Princess Elizabeth, during the lifetime of her sister Mary, and all because she was known and recognized as the heiress-apparent to the Throne.

Then, too, she probably perceived that to guide England well through those troublous times it was essential that she should not part with one iota of her sovereignty, and the appointment of a successor would certainly, to some extent, diminish her lustre and impair her power. She, Elizabeth, would continue to be for England's life's sake, as well as for her own comfort and glory—the sole fountain of all honour and all power. To her alone should all eyes turn, all homage be rendered, and all knees bow. The Tudor princes were far indeed from being angels, but they instinctively identified their own glory and power with the interests of their people.

Now one of the rules by which the Tudors directed their policy was to tolerate no great subject. The Tudors passed to the Throne of England over the ruins of the great territorial houses. While they reigned the ancient nobility, such of them as still survived, were kept well down. The Tudors governed by favour of the nation through agents whom they themselves selected. When any such became too great he was sooner or later thrown down. Often he did not see whence the blow came. The Sovereign decreed his fall, and he fell. When Perrott laid down that triumphant

viceroyalty, and returned to London he was in danger. He did not know it himself. If any one hinted such a thing to Perrott we can imagine how he in his great tempestuous way—which reminded men of King Hal—would have scoffed at such a thought.

“Have I not served my royal mistress and sister as she has never been served before? Have I not been faithful to her in intention and in fact? Am I not so now? Man, I perceive thou art of small discernment. No one can prove, no one can imagine aught against me.”

So Perrott might have stormed against the adviser, and used far “larger” words than these, and yet the adviser would have been right. Perrott with the best intentions was in jeopardy, and even great jeopardy. He was in jeopardy exactly because of those brilliant services of which he was so proud. He was great, famous, and powerful, and therefore he was in danger. The Queen was his kinswoman, but, as a faithful adviser would have taken care to intimate, “for that very reason your honour is in all the greater danger. If you were a Perrott, this magnitude to which you have grown might be tolerated, but you are a Tudor, not a Perrott, and there are men (not a few) in the two realms who would make you King.” Perrott’s only chance of safety was to walk humbly, to order himself lowly and reverently, to forget or to seem to forget that he had done great things, to forget that a very warlike nation, a day’s sail from England, was at his beck and call, to be very courteous and forbearing with all men, even with those whom he knew to be cowards or nincompoops, and, above all, not to meddle with affairs of high Imperial moment, or use his power and prestige in any way to force the will

of the Queen. By such conduct alone could Perrott remain in public life and save his head, and in every respect he did exactly the reverse.

Openly, and even furiously, he set himself against the succession claims of the King of Scots. James King of Scots despatched a herald, or *pursuivant*, to him while he was yet Viceroy. Perrott treated the ambassador with scant courtesy, and delayed to give him his discharge.

“Your honour,” said the Scot, “I wait an answer for my king.”

“Thy king! thy king!” cried Perrott. “What care I for thy king? I will give thee an answer when and how I like.”

Returning to England, he opposed the Scotch King’s claims in the same high-handed and tempestuous fashion. With what object? That I cannot say, nor who was the puppet whose claims Perrott advocated, but of this we may be sure, that Perrott and the great party which supported him, intended that Perrott, and Perrott alone, should govern England. In his madness he seems to have prescribed some course for the Queen, urging it as one who had the power to force her will. Some one entering the Queen’s chamber, from which her half-brother had just gone out, found her Highness weeping; we are not told whether those tears were tears of sorrow or of wrath, possibly both. Perrott had dared to *talk* in an overbearing manner to *her*—her, Queen of England, France, and Ireland—possibly with the best intentions, as Knox had talked to Mary Stuart, and the Queen had not taken his exhortations in good part.

A very simple man was Perrott if he thought that he could bend that high imperial soul, or drive her

by a hair's breadth from her predetermined course. Perrott did not force the Queen's will, but he did precipitate his own ruin. He would have it so. He was by no means wary enough, or sure-footed enough for the high slippery altitudes where he was now walking, nay striding, and even swaggering with reckless self-confidence.

Historians, of a certain kind, think that the reports of the State trials of those days settle everything. "Look at the august court which condemned Anne Boleyn," cries Mr. Froude. "Could such a court decree aught that was unjust?" The so-called State trials were sham trials. The true trial was in the mind of the Sovereign and a select few sitting in secret. The true trial was never reported. No one outside of that high court knew anything about it. There the accused was tried and condemned for his or her true offence. In the State trial he or she was accused of something else, something that would hit in otherwise with State policy. He might be accused of "Spaniolizing," or hasty indecent speech, or she of light conduct, or I know not what. Who, for example, believes the monstrous charges urged against Anne Boleyn? All the steps by which Perrott was destroyed we know. They may be followed one by one in the contemporary State Papers, and amongst those steps are judicial verdicts directed by the Crown. The downfall of Perrott is but a type of the downfall of many, male and female, in that terrible century.

Perrott was now a doomed man. His greatness, his power, and his birth were of themselves all but sufficient to sink him in such an age, when the policy of the State of England was governed by axioms dear to the ancient tyrant, and tall poppies fell, simple because

they were tall. But in addition Perrott had shown himself masterful, and this decided his fate. Queen Elizabeth would have no Mayor of the Palace. If any great man aspired to be that, she first humbled him and reduced his credit and prestige. If, after that, he persisted, his blood would be on his own head.

"I never knew one to do well," writes Perrott, "in that realm of Ireland, but he was afterwards stung and bitten." So was Perrott, but in his case the stinging was to the heart, and the biting with fangs spurting the poison of death.

CHAPTER XIV

EMERGENCE OF THE NOSELESS ONE

OVER sleeping Dublin the lark soared and sang from the meadows where the Castle ward grazed their horses. It was night, but the dawn was not far off. Then somewhere within the grim keep bugles sang too, and hoarse voices sounded, and there was a noise of preparation in the vague interior; something not part of the daily life of the Castle was going forward there. Hugh Roe and his comrades bestirred themselves, sat up, made surmises, and asked each other questions in Gaelic. They dressed darkling, and crowded to the window, curious to learn what these untimely sounds might mean.

It was midsummer; the glimmering dawn trembled over land and sea. Morning, a lance of rosy gold lay all along the grey quivering horizon of the Irish Sea. One splash of red, deepening to blood-red, showed where the sun, issuing out of the womb of night, would make his little-regarded avatar. And still the bugles sang, bugle after bugle, and the noise of all those interior movements slackened not but swelled. Then, abrupt and startling, leaped forth a roll of drums and the clear voice of fifes, in the still and dewy dawn. Suddenly, without warning, the red eye of the sun

flashed, and it was day. The boys craned their innocent heads between the iron stanchions, curious to see what was coming. A solemn procession deployed now through the wide gateway of Dublin Castle. First came trumpeters, stepping alert and blowing, as if for a triumph; then the fifes and drums; the Queen's kerne, with light feet and lighter hearts, sworded and spear-casting warriors came next, dancing as they went, and were succeeded in turn by stalwart and sober ranks of armed pikemen, followed by a troop of horse in glittering mail. Then came a young gallant, riding, arrayed, he and his attendants, in scarlet and gold, tall, slim, and handsome, a most courtly youth. The letters E. R. embroidered on his left breast showed that he was a Queen's messenger. A miscellaneous crowd of men, women, and children followed. The Queen's messenger looked back at them from time to time, as if he were a shepherd followed by his flock. Of this flock many seemed sad, but some gay. Amongst the gay ones there strutted, by himself, an unwieldy figure dressed in black, wearing a decent ecclesiastical collar and flat cap. To judge by his garb, he seemed a respectable if over-fed Church dignitary, and he strutted along there with an air of self-importance, as if conscious that he was the centre of this procession. Such indeed he was. Once or twice he turned round to speak with a pale, weak, fair-haired woman who followed, leading a string of children. She and they were neatly and decently dressed.

The hostages peering from their gate started when they saw the man's face. It was not pleasant to look at. He had no nose. His countenance, charged with vice and cunning, the executioner had made yet more horrible by that mutilation. In spite of skilfully dis-

posed hair, an observer might have perceived too that he had no ears. So, in the midst of his guard of honour, and conducted by Queen's messengers, the earless and noseless one stepped proudly down Castle Hill. The man is black destiny on the track of Perrott, a hound of hell slipped upon the great ex-Viceroy by his foes, for Perrott is no longer the hunter, he is the hunted. The eternal tragic and the tears of things have begun at last to close round the mighty one, for truly, as the pious Four observe, "There is no human glory but its end is sorrow."

How and whence arose this ominous figure, whose transit was witnessed by the boys that lovely June morning, when all the world looked so serene, still steeped in the pure glory of the dawn, and while the larks still sang their matin lay?

During Perrott's viceroyalty there lived in the neighbourhood of Waterford, on the banks of the Nore, a low priest, Sir Denis O'Rouane, a lumpish, oily, unwholesome-looking creature—stupid, indeed, but cunning too. "Sir," by the way, in this context has nothing to do with knighthood. It was a title worn then by ecclesiastics, as they now wear that of "Father." Sir or Father Denis O'Rouane was not a very canonical priest, for he had a wife, or rib of some sort, named Margaret Leonard, and a flock of little O'Rouanes. In spite of these impediments Sir Denis drove a flourishing religious trade with the poor people of the neighbourhood, marrying, burying, christening, laying ghosts, etc. He led about a sister, a wife, and a string of young children, and he had no ears; a proof that he and the law criminal had had some mutual acquaintance. But in spite of all, he did very well in his vocation till another practitioner opened in the same neighbourhood. This

interloper had cups, vestments, and other "Popish paraphernalia," including even a gorgeous *super-altare*. O'Rouane could not stand up to a rival possessed of such a plant. As his trade declined, slowly his wrath kindled, and in his wrath he resolved to root out and abolish this scandalous interloper. The question was how?

First he sought to set the authorities in motion, upon "information received." But that was no easy task. In Elizabethan Ireland when a priest discharged his functions quietly and under the rose, he was not interfered with. If he kept clear of politics, and did not make his presence obnoxious to the authorities, they on their side let him alone. Sir Denis failed in his first attempt to put down the opposition. Turning over the problem in his dull mind, one day he was heard to laugh softly to himself, and in the morning mounted his nag and ambled off all the way to Dublin to see a friend.

The name of the friend was Byrd, Henry Byrd, a scrivener by trade, a meagre, poor creature, showing a few sandy hairs which did service for a beard, with a nervous manner, shifty eyes, and long lean fingers, very unlike the fat and oily digits of Sir Denis O'Rouane. It was low water just now with Byrd, a man who had had losses. Once he was clerk in the High Commission Court. It was a court which was supposed to take cognizance of Popery and Puritanism, and fine and confine Catholics and Ultra-Protestants, but was only now and again suffered by the Queen to be active. Once when the court was in action Byrd, instead of doing his business honestly and like a good clerk, revealed its secrets to certain Catholic noblemen and gentlemen, receiving from them in return divers crowns and even

“angels.” Byrd’s rogueries were discovered, and he ceased to be a clerk of the High Commission Court, but was not otherwise punished, or had undergone his punishment at the time when Sir Denis O’Rouane rode through the south port into Dublin. He was now only a scrivener, and not thriving in his occupation. He had in his possession, owing to his former office, the autographs of many great men, amongst them the bold and strong caligraphy with which Perrott was in the habit of subscribing documents. In a quiet back room of a low public-house in the Liberties, with just enough of light by which to see each other’s ugly faces, and a supply of *aqua vitae* between them, this pair of rascals, the fat Celt and the lean Saxon, met, colloqued, and came to an agreement. “Your hand upon that,” quoth Sir Denis at parting, and the lean hand and the oily one pressed each other affectionately.

Next morning Sir Denis rode through the south port, homewards bound, with much fat satisfaction in his face. He had in his bosom a warrant addressed to the Sheriff of Waterford, and subscribed with the name of Perrott, directing him to search that opposition house for Popish paraphernalia. Some unknown third hand now intervened, and in due time the warrant found its way into the sheriff’s office. Presently the sheriff and his men broke into the opposition house and carried off the whole plant, *super-altare* and all. Sir Denis in this manner abolished that unconscionable poacher on his preserves; business revived; the little O’Rouanes, who for a while had pined, were now joyfully conscious of having a sufficiency of bread and meat in their stomachs, and warm clothes on their backs, and Margaret Leonard’s respect for her lord and master, which had drooped during those evil days, waxed

again, and Sir Denis became her man of men, the meritorious food-provider of that uncanonical yet human little establishment there on the banks of the Nore in the south. But then, as in the time of the old poet, "Punishment, though lame, seldom fails to overtake the wretch going on before." It was no part of Perrott's policy to vex or distress pious Catholics who lived quietly, and there is reason to suppose that the owner of the *super-altare* was not another ecclesiastical rogue and blackleg like Sir Denis, but a religious man, quietly and without offence ministering to the spiritual needs of his flock. Perrott when he heard about this unauthorized breaking into a religious house was very angry, and directed a searching inquiry. The whole story of the forgery was laid bare; Sir Denis and Byrd were arrested and tried before the Castle Chamber, which was the Irish counterpart of the Star Chamber. The two rogues were found guilty. Byrd, though the actual forger, was, as the weaker vessel, only sentenced to stand in the pillory, and to endure twelve months' imprisonment. Sir Denis, as "the superior fiend," being already earless, was condemned on this occasion to lose his nose, and remain a prisoner in the castle for a time which does not appear. Sir Denis's nose was accordingly "bitten off" by one of the constable's men—with steel. When Perrott left Ireland, this inveterate scapegrace, as well as our boy hero and his friends, were inmates of Dublin Castle. There, in his melancholy cell, steadily losing flesh, sat Sir Denis O'Rouane, darkly brooding over the past, the present, and the future, and in a humble, thatched dwelling in the south a pale face was growing daily paler and more wistful, and a flock of little O'Rouanes, not now in good liking, wondered what had become of their dad. Mean-

time, in his cell sat and brooded the noseless one, but his thoughts did not turn towards self-reformation. Yet, though forgotten by all, the noseless one was destined to become a figure in history, and will be remembered when his betters are forgotten.

CHAPTER XV

O'ROUANE, THE JACKAL, AND THE LORD DEPUTY

IN the winter of 1589 one of Fitzwilliam's jackals, prowling round amongst the prisoners in search of possible matter of accusation against Perrott, interviewed the priest in his wretched cell—a sleek, well-fed, well-dressed jackal, every button doing its duty, a great contrast to the captive, whose fetid clothes hung loosely round his shrunken frame. The jackal's address was polished, his manner suasive and friendly. O'Rouane perceived that he was wanted. A vague sense of something good coming stirred within him. It was succeeded instantly by the less agreeable reflection—"May not this be a trap?" Furtively he observed the jackal as well as he could in the dim light. The jackal, perceiving this, proceeded to assure him and reassure him. There were grave suspicions against Perrott. Anything confirming them would be welcome in high quarters. This cell was cold, dark, and damp, this bread and water insipid and innutritious. Let Sir Denis bethink him what it would be to be a witness against Perrott in a State trial, and under the protection of great people.

"He bit off my nose," cried the priest. "Man, look at the state in which he has left me."

“ Yea, truly ; he has disfigured thee for life. Thou hast terrible wrongs to avenge. But I mean something against his public credit and reputation, something that would prove a disloyal mind to the Queen and the Reformed religion.”

Light, not from heaven, began to dawn in the priest’s mind.

“ Hem, well, I will say that Sir John Perrott as good as confessed to me that he was a Papist.”

“ How—what—where ? ” cried the jackal. “ Be more circumstantial, man.”

“ Marry, in this very building, and in his own private chamber. I know enough to bring his head to the block, an I were once free to tender my testimony against the traitor, and write a book.”

Sir Denis’s memory and imagination were growing momentarily more powerful. His eyes, turning inward, searched a visionary past for useful matter, and found it.

“ Sir John Perrott had me into his own room to say Mass for him,” he went on ; “ and after I had said the Mass for him he confessed himself to me, and I shrived him.”

“ Will you put that in a book ? ” quoth the jackal.

“ Ay will I, and more than that.”

At this moment the lean figure of Byrd, with a quill in his hand, rose vividly before the priest’s mind.

“ Why, now that I remember,” he went on, “ there is a letter from Perrott to the King of Spain. Oh, a most wicked and traitorous letter.”

“ But the terms, the terms ? ” yelped the jackal.

“ Nay, the terms I cannot rightly recall, but it was a most wicked and naughty letter. I had it in my hands and read it. Sir John Perrott gave it to me to

be sent into Spain, for my dwelling is near Waterford, and ships ply thence to the Groyne."

"Thou hadst, then, good favour and countenance from the Lord Deputy?"

"Yea, I had that indeed. Have I not told you that he did secretly bring me from this dungeon to his private chamber to say Mass for him, and to shrive him?"

"And thou with thy nose bitten off by his orders!"

"Yea, truly. A man of God bears not malice, and there was no other priest in the Castle."

"I see," replied the jackal dubiously. "But the letter. Didst thou perchance make a copy of it?"

"A copy, forsooth; nay, man, I know where the letter is, and in safe hands too. *Litera scripta manet.* Dost think I would send a letter of that heinousness out of the realm? Nay, I am a loving and loyal subject. Let me get free but for one sennight, and I will have the letter."

The thought of Byrd and his great skill as a scrivener was now strong in the priest's mind. All manner of rich and rare possibilities were disclosing themselves.

"Sayst thou so?" cried the jackal. "Bethink thee well of all this; I shall be here anon."

From that moment Sir Denis O'Rouane's star of fortune began to ascend. The same day he had for supper, not bread and water, but chicken and bacon, and a goodly stoup of ale. The jailer, heretofore so gruff and brutal, was polite, even respectful, and seemed anxious to converse.

"Set down the mess, fellow, and take thyself away," cried the priest. "We are rising in the world, and we know it."

Next day he was removed to a more commodious

lodging, and generally cleaned up and brushed, and made more presentable. Nourishing food and drink were set before him three times a day, for how can the mind be bold and inventive when the stomach clamours to be filled? Finally, he came into a very high presence indeed, and the Lord Deputy of Ireland inclined his viceregal ear to the noseless one and his artless tale, and for a while forgot his own corporal aches and griefs. "The Spanish letter," that was the thing. The massing for Sir John Perrott, and the shriving of him after he had confessed, were all very well in their way, and must go into the priest's "book," but the *litera scripta*, in Perrott's own hand, with his autograph at the foot, that was the jewel. By hook or by crook, and though men should die for it, Fitzwilliam must get that letter. Sir Denis could only recover that letter as an escaped prisoner. To let the priest free, and not be himself seen in the business, was the problem now for Fitzwilliam. There were deep plottings and plannings over this bad bit of a bad road, the plotters in deadly earnest. Old Mr. Maplesdeane, a dependant of Fitzwilliam, and captain of the prison service, was very helpful at this point.

One morning there was a great hubbub in the Castle, men protesting and Fitzwilliam storming. A prisoner had escaped during the night—it was Sir Denis O'Rouane. A scapegoat was necessary to save the Viceroy's or Mr. Maplesdeane's credit, and a scapegoat was found. One of the constable's men was hanged for that eruption of a State prisoner. The plotters were in deadly earnest. When an Elizabethan man went for an enemy he did not stick at trifles.

A week or so later, upon information received, Fitzwilliam's guard searched a certain house in Dublin,

and there discovered and arrested Sir Denis, who was marched back to imprisonment, but seemed no way cast down in consequence, so that men wondered at his fortitude.

Not many minutes passed ere there was in Fitzwilliam's hands, and under his delighted eyes, a singularly interesting letter in Perrott's handwriting, and subscribed with his name. Fitzwilliam, as soon as he could for malign joy, wrote a letter to the Queen, along with which he folded up Perrott's. He wrote another to Lord Burleigh, bade his son John prepare to sail at once for Chester, and ride thence to London as fast as he could go.

The letter to Burleigh was as follows—

“ February 16, 1590. Dublin Castle.—Sends by his son John a letter to be delivered to the Queen. One Denis O'Rouane brought it to me, together with his wife. It is subscribed by Sir John Perrott, and addressed to the King of Spain. Sir Denis O'Rouane said Mass to Sir John Perrott after he had confessed him. If your lordship did hear what was confessed it would, the party saith, give you more to do than marvel. Sir Denis is now writing a book of informations; it will take him some time, as one of the constable's men bit off a piece of his nose, and he can work only at short fits. Encloses—

“ Sir John Perrott to the King of Spain—‘ Acknowledges his letters to him when he was President of Munster’ (some fifteen years before).

“ Offers if King Philip will give him the whole land of Wales for ever, then he, Perrott, will undertake to get him the two lands of England and Ireland.

“ SIR JOHN PERROTT.”

Before he reached London young Fitzwilliam was passed with scant salutation or with none by a party of Irish gentlemen, going at the top of their speed. The youth wondered at their courtesy. They had hawk-boys with them, and hawks and led horses. Everywhere they hired the fleetest horses, and did not spare them. Honest young Fitzwilliam, who did not know much, thought such conduct unkind. When he learned their names he ceased to wonder. They were gentlemen of Perrott's faction in the Pale. Such rascals could be guilty of anything. But it was not through discourtesy that they passed the Lord Deputy's son on the road.

Rogues like O'Rouane have always more strings than one to their bow. While he was at large the thought struck him—"This move against a man so mighty as Perrott may fail. Then shall I be ruined indeed; torn first on the rack, and then hanged like a dog. Better make myself a friend in that quarter too, and tell as much as I dare, receiving a promise of ultimate protection, and in the meantime get cash in hand for my secret." So Perrott's Irish friends learned that the Fitzwilliamites were formulating a charge against Perrott, with O'Rouane for chief witness. When young Fitzwilliam started for London they knew the nature of the despatches which he bore. They too started for London. They would pre-occupy the Queen's ear and that of the Council, and let them know what manner of man was O'Rouane. The hawks and led horses—war-horses—were presents for the members of the Council. No one then visited great people without a gift in his hand. But the game now played was far deeper than those simple-minded Irish gentlemen at all

suspected. They saw not beyond it to the veiled figure —crowned.

A little later the Council in Dublin received an order from the Imperial Council to inquire into this matter of the Spanish letter.

The Council duly sat, presided over by Fitzwilliam. They had no inkling how the wind blew in high quarters, did not yet know that it blew dead against Perrott. They thought that they were merely called upon to quash, formally, certain monstrous and incredible charges. Duly the Irish Council reported that O'Rouane's story about the massing, confessing, and shriving was the idle tale of a man devoid of all credit and reputation; and that, as to the letter, it was a forgery, the work of a certain convicted forger, Master Henry Byrd, set on and instigated by the priest. The Council then dissolved, and wended homewards with their darned heels.

But they were soon enlightened. When the time necessary for the going and return of the post to London had elapsed, the councillors one by one were summoned to Fitzwilliam's private chamber in the Castle, where the Lord Deputy read for each man's behoof a very sharp and pointed letter, the Queen's autograph. We see here how State trials were managed in those golden days.

The Council was a second time convened—this time to review those former judicial findings under which Byrd was pilloried, and O'Rouane's nose was bitten off.

Owing to the enlightenment recently received, they found that the warrant under which the *super-altare*, etc. had been carried off was genuine, was in fact Perrott's, and that O'Rouane and Byrd were foully injured men. An Order in Council was made, in reparation of the

credit of both, was read with beat of drums, and posted up on church doors through the city.

Next there came an order from the Imperial Council, transferring the whole of the proceedings to London, and Master Worsely, a Queen's messenger, came to Dublin charged with the duty of conducting over all the witnesses and accused persons. For of witnesses and accused persons, and suspected persons, there were now many. All Perrott's trustiest and most trusted Irish friends were arrested. In the meantime Fitzwilliam had not been idle. It was now known that Perrott was to fall, and crowds of obscure creatures rushed forward to tender testimony. Sir Denis O'Rouane was not now alone in the Castle. Margaret Leonard was with him, and all the little O'Rouanes, father, mother, and offspring, all well lodged, well clothed, and well fed. They were all about to cross the sea as witnesses against the man who so late ruled all Ireland like a king. Sir Denis sat well-pleased in the midst of his family. Whoever fell he was safe, for he had hedged. For the journey to London, Fitzwilliam ordered him a new suit of the most decent clerical raiment. Viewed from the rear, by an unobservant eye, he looked quite respectable.

There was terror in the Pale, in the shires, and in the territories. Beyond the Shannon Bingham trembled. The President of Connaught was, indeed, no friend of Perrott's, but Fitzwilliam hated him, and sought his downfall in the downfall of Perrott. Many men trembled. Then the thunder died away, and those who survived looked around on those who had fallen. In the subsidence of the storm one thin, small, but very insistive voice was heard, supplying that suggestion of the farcical and absurd which was never quite absent throughout

the whole course of the tragedy. It was the voice of Mr. Henry Byrd, scrivener, clamouring to be restored to his perch in the High Commission Court; clamouring to the Queen and the Lords of the Imperial Council to do him right.

"My credit has been repaired," cried Byrd; "that sentence against me for forgery has been wiped from the book of the Council Chamber; yet they will not give me back my place in the High Commission Court."

But the State, having got all it desired out of Byrd, now flung him aside. Byrd's conviction for dishonest practices as a clerk in that court was forwarded to Lord Burleigh, and the creature sank again into his native deep. Perrott's fall came gradually, so that neither he nor his friends had an opportunity of executing a *coup d'état*. First, his fair fame was blown upon, but at the same time it was given out that though a compromising letter had come to light, there was nothing in it. He was only directed to absent himself from the meetings of the Council. A little after he was ordered to keep his house. Then he was transferred to a sort of honourable imprisonment in the house of his friend Burleigh. It is instructive to find Perrott under the impression that Hatton, the Chancellor, was his chief enemy, and Burleigh, the Lord Treasurer, his true friend. Yet all this time, while Perrott was writing to Burleigh as to a dear and trusted friend, we discover Burleigh in his correspondence with Fitzwilliam industriously hunting up and formulating every sort of charge discoverable against Perrott. In the end this absurd Spanish letter seems to have been dropped. It was too gross and too palpable a fraud. In the later list of charges against Perrott

we find that the Spanish letter has quite disappeared, and that the final indictment was made up only of intemperate and hasty expressions reported by eaves-droppers and intimates, persuaded to turn Queen's evidence by bribes, or cowed by fear of torture. For example, raging once against his mutinous council, Perrott was reported to have said, "I will make them ride out at the Castle gate on cowle-staves" (cabbage stalks).

Every one remembers the *Ego et meus rex* which contributed to the fall of Cardinal Wolsey. Enough. When a great man under the Tudor dynasty had to fall, any stick was good enough with which to beat him down. It is amusing and instructive to find the Council endeavouring to work up as one charge against him that he had endeavoured to poison a rebel chief. That was true. Perrott admitted it straight away with characteristic boldness, justifying his conduct as in complete harmony with State methods, and sanctioned by high and notorious precedents. The Council dropped this charge like a cobra. If Perrott could at his trial open his mouth about poisoning, he would have had many interesting tales to tell. They found it safer to stick to cowle-staves and the like.

Dig almost anywhere in this Elizabethan world, and you meet the most unexpected and various forms of scoundrelism, high and low. All this our euphemistic historians cover up or ignore, but it is there nevertheless, and a most unwelcome amount of it.

The monarchical abominations which the people of England swept away in the seventeenth century grew and throve in the sixteenth, and the cup of wrath was even then filling. The corruption, the cruelty, the fraud, the self-seeking and back-biting apparent everywhere

amongst the official classes, could not but in the end destroy the monarchy. It would have required a succession of heroic kings to purify the State from all the foulness which had gathered around it, and instead of heroic kings there came—the Stuarts! mere tools in the hands of the bureaucracy.

But this atmosphere is too sickening; let us get back to Ireland, and our Tir-Connallian boys. We shall find them not so doleful now, for the bright-faced angel Hope bears them company; a light beyond that of their guttering candles shines in their grim abode, and where Hope is Sorrow cannot be.

CHAPTER XVI

DESCENT FROM THE TURRETS

THE winter of 1590, December especially, was very wild and tempestuous. Ship captains entrusted with Fitzwilliam's English correspondence were weather-bound for weeks, and sometimes driven back on the Irish coasts, and their vessels wrecked. Towards the close of this month, by what means procured no one tells, Red Hugh and his friends contemplated with joy a treasure to them dearer than chains of gold or ropes of pearl ; yet it was only twisted hemp, the ordinary rope of commerce. How did they conceal it from the eyes of Mr. Maplesdeane, the head jailer, and his suspicious subordinates ? Perhaps under a loose board in the floor.

Towards the close of 1590 the boys contemplated with glee that beautiful instrument of salvation reposing serenely coiled in some recess of their chamber above the Castle gate. It is difficult to believe that under the eyes of watchers and searchers the boys could have brought this rope to their chamber from within. It was very probably drawn up hither from without. Some night bribed sentinels winked hard—may we not imagine the scene ?—it is more than probable. A dusky figure standing at the Castle entrance found swaying there, pendent from above, a thread, with a

bit of stick or mortar. Presently, the thread withdrawn, drew after it twine, and as the twine, too, went up the hempen rope followed. How the boys got their rope no one tells, but get it they did, and if not in the way suggested, then in none other that I can guess. There in the chamber it lay concealed in beautiful coils. They got, too, a stick, and cut and pared it carefully, according to given dimensions of length and thickness, with what purpose we shall see presently. So, all things being ready, with beating hearts, the hostages waited for the arrival of a certain night. The night came, evening rather, of a short December day. No night could have been more propitious. It was dark, wild, and rainy. The wind howled and whistled round the gruesome fortress, and shook the long poles surmounted with rebellious heads, proud horrible tiara of this virgin Queen of Irish castles. The rain fell in torrents. This was the night, and now was the time. A little later poor old Mr. Maplesdeane, with his men, would toddle round this way to conduct the boys to the strong separate cells in which they were nightly immured. The boys' chamber, I say, was over the gate. It was their sitting-room, refectory so called. Perhaps even now old Mr. Maplesdeane, with loud-jingling keys, and his posse of stiff-lipped servitors, was beginning his rounds. He had some very big birds to lock up in their strong cages these years: the Baron of Lixnaw—Lord Clan-Maurice—and his son Patrick; the Seneschal of Imokilly; the White Knight; Florence MacCarthy, not yet Earl of Clancare; Patrick Condon; all powerful men, famous fighters and devastators. Perhaps the most notable of them all was Philip O'Reilly, Lord of Cavan, pronounced by Fitzwilliam, when he did let him loose, as destined to be “the worst or the best subject” for

whom the Castle gate ever opened, "most valiant, able, and eloquent." He was now putting through six years of captivity, endured without moulting a feather. All the birds and beasts of prey of half-tamed Ireland were here, and old Maplesdeane was, perhaps, now beginning to cage them for the night, enduring as he did so a great deal of chaff from the mighty men. Without, the day-long roar of the city grew dull as night fell and traffic slacked. Far and near, through the rainy darkness, the red lights glimmered. Below, above the black moat, the bridge showed faintly, just lit by the reflection of the Castle windows. With beating hearts the lads waited, watched, and hearkened. Was that the signal—a low, peculiar whistle, sounding clear above the whistling of the gale? Or was there no signal? Did the boys see for themselves that the sentinels, their pokes well lined with Tir-Connallian gold, had absconded into the night? We know not; know only that at a certain time the coast was clear of sentinels, and that the boys knew it. Out now, drawn by trembling hands, came the beautiful coiled friend from his concealment. One end they fasten to some solid article in the room, project the other from the window, and pay off. One by one, but Red Hugh first, the boys descended. That carefully pared stick was in Red Hugh's jaws as the boy glided down the rope, slipping it between knees and hands—*"inter crura manusque."* In his passage he struck against or passed between certain tarry lumps, about the size of cannon balls. They projected from poles horizontally above the gate. Perhaps his stick caught in these poles, and he had to turn it and his head sideways, to get through. What were these tarry lumps about the size of cannon balls? Heads'

Perhaps his own will figure there in the morning with glassy eyeballs and long red hair lashing the wind. Fierce Bingham, President of Connaught, chopped off and staked heads younger than his for a breach more venial. The moment Hugh's feet touched earth he snatched his stick and stepped to the gate. There was no portcullis, or the portcullis was up. The big, solid, iron-clamped door was naked. It had no handle, but was furnished in lieu with a short, thick iron chain of three or four links, by which it was drawn to by those who went out. Into this Hugh thrust his stick transversely, so that the ends of the stick overlapped the door jambs. Let the soldiers of the Castle get out now if they can. It was the work of a moment, Red Hugh's hands going like lightning, and as silently.

Very quick and deft were those hands, very nimble, cunning, and resourceful the mind that directed them. It was the work of a moment, finished well before the last of his companions set foot to the ground. All the Castle folk are now immured, and the jailers well jailed. Now flight. Crouch and steal over the dim-lit bridge, keeping close beside and under the parapets. The boys crouch and steal past the dim-lit bridge, and reach the welcome shadows beyond.

CHAPTER XVII

ART KAVANAGH GUARDS THEIR FLIGHT

OUT of the darkness emerge two stalwart figures. Sentinels? No. Friends waiting. One was bare-headed and glibbed, clad in the long-sleeved, many-plaited Irish tunic and capacious mantle; the other in a jerkin of gilded leather, the buff-coat of the equestrian order; both, no doubt, well cloaked to-night. One was a plebeian, but of the warrior class, a young man vassal to Red Hugh. He had come all the way from far-off Tir-Connall to this end. Much gold of the Dark-Daughter was in his sporran; much love, his own, in his grand plebeian soul; a man all gold, and pure gold, the best whom the Dark-Daughter could discover among her subjects — prudent, strong-hearted, and strong-handed. His name is not given. Our aristocratic historians give no plebeian names. The other was a gentleman, Art Kavanagh by name, a famous man in his day, and the theme of viceregal despatches, still more the theme of rhymers and strolling troubadours. "And that Art," say the "Four Masters," reflecting the spirit, perhaps quoting the very words of the singers, "was a brave warrior of the Lagenians, experienced in battle, and a subduer in conflicts." Such figures now stepped from the deeper darkness

to welcome the escaping three. Art had no weapon. It was an ordinance of Perrott that no stranger should wear arms in Dublin, but the plebeian carried two swords, which he presented to his lord. Hugh kept one for himself and gave the other to Art. The delay was momentary. If words passed they were few and whispered. On again, swiftly, the five glided into and through the dim-lit, narrow street which fronted the Castle entrance, swiftly, not too swiftly, lest suspicion should be aroused, and turned to the right, moving for the south port, through narrow streets, dim-lit with faint antique lamps, past windows behind which young ladies gossiped about the Viceroy and Lady Fitzwilliam, and recent and coming Court festivities; past taverns, aristocratic or the reverse, where men talked of Black Thomas and hard Ulick, of the Spaniard and his insolence, of the Undertakers, of yellow-haired Charley, of the Dark-Daughter of the Isles, and probably of Hugh Roe himself, who, gripping tight his sword-hilt, followed close the swift steps of the clansman, hand hard set on the sword-grip, heart set hard on his purpose. And the rain fell, and the gutters ran torrents, and the wind roared and whistled down the crooked streets. Dull, yellow lamps, hanging on ropes that crossed the narrow ways, just showed, and no more, the five hurrying, gliding figures. Ever and anon, where the light streamed out full from an open door, for a moment the five were revealed. First went the glibbed clansman, trampling heavily in wood-and-iron shoes, his face, what with the glib and the close-drawn Irish mantle, hardly seen; then, bare-headed, with full exposed faces, young O'Gallagher and the yellow-haired Donald MacSweeny, in tight, stiff doublets, frills, and long hose, stepping swift and noiseless on their light

shoes. After them came Red Hugh, with his fiery blown locks and pale bright face, tall and slight, sword under left arm, gripped hard. Last of all, with big strides, came Art Kavanagh, guarding the flight, a stalwart figure, inured to war's alarms, cloaked and hatted, glancing backward and from side to side as he went, a man experienced in battles and a subduer in conflicts. Such were the hurrying figures that emerged momentarily from darkness and plunged again into the same, hastening to the south port of the walled city. The gates lay wide open, closing time not come yet. Under the echoing archway all passed, observed, maybe, by the porters or soldiers there—observed, not discovered, and at least unstopped. Castle walls, castle moat, and the walls of the city were now well passed. On again with more speed through ways flanked with houses, past antique suburban villas, into the open country and fields watered by the Dodder, swiftly the flying five sped through the wild night, still southwards, making straight for Slieve Roe, the northern barrier of still unconquered Wicklow. Why, leaving the Castle, did they not turn northwards, Tir-Connallwards, with faces set for home, through the plains of Meath? Northwards they had no friends. That way lay the Pale, held all by royal-Irish clans, Plunkets and Nugents, St. Lawrences, Barnwells, and De Flemings, nobles and plebeians who would have been only too delighted to capture and surrender the hostages of those dreaded northern tribes, fierce foreign nations, abominable to the Irish of the Pale. Hostages fleeing that way some time before had been taken by the son of Lord Killeen—the Plunket. Art, son of Shane O'Neill, and his comrades fleeing that way, were all drowned, slain, or captured. The road to Ulster

was the track of peril. All along that way lay the Pale ; and, beyond it, fierce marcher lords and captains, such as Bagenal,¹ vigilant, sharp watchers over the mearings of the Pale. Hope was in the South, in the wild mountains of Tir-Cullen, not in the fertile plains of Meath and Fingal. There were trackless hills and deep woods, and there, too, a sure friend.

¹ This was the celebrated Henry Bagenal, the Marshal, successor of Sir Nicholas, whom Perrott smote at the Council.

CHAPTER XVIII

FEAGH MAC HUGH

SOME forty miles from Dublin, in the wild gorge of Glenmalure, then not gaunt and barren as to-day, but clothed with deep forests, lay the stronghold of the chief of South Wicklow and North Wexford. He was a man grown old in wars against the Government, and all the friends of the Government; a wild Ishmael of that wild region, who made war or peace at his pleasure, his hands against all men and all men's hands against him; a very celebrated warrior and feudal captain, now at peace with her Majesty, but caring not a doit whether he were at war with her or at peace. His name was Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, one of a long succession of warriors and spoilers, who had never been to Dublin, and to the Pale an eyesore and a torment, a sharp spear-head thrust ever in the side of the Pale, and which no State chirurgeon—not even doughty Perrott—had been able to extract.

Of Feagh, a modern bard has sung, not inappropriately—

“ Feagh MacHugh of the mountain,
Feagh MacHugh of the glen :
Who has not heard of the Glenmalure chief,
And the feats of his hard-riding men ?

From Ardamine, north to Kilmainham,
He rules, like a king of few words,
And the marchmen of seven-score castles
Keep watch for the sheen of his swords."

He was a robber, and a rebel, and a blackmailer, and everything that was bad—an Irish Rob Roy Macgregor, but on a far greater scale; a Rob Roy who, when war-winds piped, could sweep over the lowlands with two thousand battle-axes at his heels; a Rob Roy who, in the language of Spenser, "over-crowed high mountains, and dictated terms of peace to mighty potentates," which is not so astonishing when we remember that the mighty potentates sought to govern Ireland without an army, relying upon the prestige of the State, upon friendly chieftains, upon kidnapping, and—upon murder! In the same letter in which Perrott proposed the "boat with wines" he also begged her Majesty's permission to wage war upon Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne, confidently promising that he would do so with good results. "If her Highness will license me thereto, and give me some forces, I hope in six months to have his head, or drive him into the sea."

Her Highness did not license him thereto, or give him any forces; and the Viceroy who stooped very low to capture Red Hugh stooped, may we not say? as low as hell, in order to overcome Feagh. He employed a pursuivant or herald, a certain Thady Nolan, to poison the chieftain. Of this there is no doubt. He admitted it under his own hand, justifying the attempt by high and notorious State precedents. But the poisoner lacked resolution for his work, and Perrott, baffled as a would-be warrior, and baffled as a would-be assassin, turned to Feagh the engaging side of his character, made a friend of him, and had him to court and to

Parliament, and so tamed this strong dynast of the mountains that Feagh gave him hostages, and even sent him sacks of heads chopped from shoulders that were, or were supposed to be, hostile to the State. With these heads Perrott decorated the Castle battlements, and found Feagh amenable to his will during the rest of his Viceroyalty.

To Feagh and his celebrated glen the flying five now sped through the wild night, not doubting that they would find shelter and protection under his strong shield.

CHAPTER XIX

PURSUERS AND PURSUED

MEANTIME a crowd of excited guardsmen were struggling and swearing at the wrong side of the Castle door. Thither, at the first alarm, they ran, back shot the bars and bolts, and pulled to—pulled again and again. In vain. The cursed thing would not stir. Finally guessing the cause, they began to pound the door with the butt-ends of their matchlocks, shouting vociferously, till the people who dwelt at the other side of the street ran across abstracted Red Hugh's stick from that "short very thick chain," and let out the imprisoned vociferators. "To horse!" was now the cry, and soon with wildly clattering hoofs the mounted men of the Castle rushed thunderously through the arched, echoing south gate of Dublin, and disappeared noisily into the night, they and their lanthorns, scouring all highways and by-ways between the city and the mountains. Some, doubtless, galloped straight forward along the main road which led from Dublin to Glendalough through the Scalp and Enniskerry. It was well known whither escapees of the Castle were accustomed to make their way, Feagh of Glenmalure being a notorious harbourer of all such. Feagh and his "celebrated glen" were the starting-

point of an underground forwarding system with lines traversing all Ireland. The State Papers record various eruptions of hostages. There is little doubt that the Captain of Clan-Ranal could have explained how most of these fugitives got home. Let Red Hugh succeed in getting under the wing of that strong cock o' the mountain, and we may have a word to say of his breeding and doughty deeds. But between our escapees and him are forty miles of wild mountains, bogs, roaring torrents, darkness and rain; also hue-and-cry travelling fast and far, and at the gates of all castles and moated houses thundering and shouting "Escape of Red Hugh and the hostages of Tir-Connall! Up, out, and search, in the name of the Queen."

So hue-and-cry, with swift hoofs and shaken lanthorns, clattered and flared along all roads, losing itself in the night, and returned dripping, cursing, and very muddy.

CHAPTER XX

A WET BIVOUAC

MEANTIME the flying five, Red Hugh, the clansman, warrior Art, Donald the blue-eyed, and Owny, had gained the Red Mountain, that which we now call the Three Rock. Avoiding the highway, they swiftly ascended Slieve Roe, while hue-and-cry, with clattering hoofs and shaken lanthorns, rushed madly along below. Now, with less speed, and yet as much as they could put forth, they clambered and crossed the Three Rock, then the Two Rock, and descended into the Valley of Glen-Cullen. Climbing the opposite side of the valley, they held away to Glen-Chree, and the source of the Dargle River. Art, that experienced warrior, guided them through the wild night and the intricate mountains, bogs, and woods. He knew these regions well. When war-winds piped all his kind gathered out of Leinster into the fastnesses of Wicklow. Wicklow was the camp of rebel Leinster, a sort of *castra stativa*, and also *urbs intacta*, which no Tudor viceroy in any war had yet taken. Here in his mountain den sat always old Feagh, the inexpugnable. The night was one of heavy pouring rain, and the wet ways sorely tried the strength of the immature boys. Passing Glen-Chree, like hunted hares, they took to the hills, and Art, for

good reasons, kept them to the hills. Hue-and-cry, going on horseback, could not travel up there, or rouse fresh hunters in those vast solitudes, covered with the night, and swept with rain and storm. "*Nox intempestiva*" and mountain wildernesses hid their flight. Road there was none through this desert, nor for two centuries more was to be, only the track of pedestrians crossing there from Dublin to Glendalough. Often that experienced warrior stooped to examine the ground ; often stood to learn his way from the faint outlines of the hills or the roar of remembered torrents. The steep sides of those lonely tarns, Upper and Lower Lough Bray, were loud that night with descending waters, for the rain came like a deluge. But warrior Art was a good path-finder, and still marshalled his little flock onwards. As a friend and ally of Feagh and of Feagh's son-in-law, the Brown Geraldine, a famous devastator, he had often traversed these regions with war-pipes and battle-axes, descending on the Dublin Pale. He may have come up this way from Glenmalure for sport, and flown his hawks where he now led his little flock of fugitives, for those mountains are, and no doubt were, a great haunt of grouse. There in May one hears in every direction the cry of the pairing birds, and in August the crack of the sportsman's gun. So Art led his fugitives onward, past the tarns of Lough Bray, across the infant Liffey, commencing there his nigh-circular career, and the boys, half-fainting with weariness, held on behind. They reached the neighbourhood of Glendalough a few hours after midnight, and here Art, now breathing more freely, determined to give the boys a rest.

In a thick, sequestered wood they lay down to sleep,

Hugh's hardy clansman doing sentinel, like a trusty hound, all eyes and ears. For bed they had the wet ground; for bedclothes their soaking raiment. So they sank to slumber, or, at least, to rest, in the heart of the moaning wood. Around trees creaked and tossed their wild arms in the blast, the wind howled and whistled, the ceaseless rain poured, and warrior Art, "the experienced of battle, the subduer in conflicts," sword in hand, slept among his boys, and, sword in hand, the boy Red Hugh slept, his experiences of battle and conflict not yet, while the hardy clansman stood sentinel, all eyes and ears, and the heavy wet hours of dark rolled slowly past—a grim scene surely, and a tragic—and yet not without its own beauty, nor unworthy of the sacred bard, should ever our singing men haply find in historic scenes and figures fit themes for song.

CHAPTER XXI

SIR FELIM COMES INTO THE SAGA

A GREY, wild morning dawred on that wild night. Warrior Art arose and marshalled his little flock onward. Though stiff and sore, two of the boys were still road-worthy. Donald of the blue eyes and Owny were ready to start, but Red Hugh was not. Red Hugh could not stir. The soles of his light house-shoes—slippers of some sort—had been ripped away by the wet. Barefoot he had travelled the concluding miles of last night's swift journeying, and, as the chroniclers relate, "his fair and tender feet were torn and lacerated by the furze." In short, he was so tired and footsore that he was quite unable to travel the remaining miles of wild mountain which lay still between them and the celebrated glen. Grieving much, the small party now divided. Red Hugh and his clansman remained behind, with a purpose; Owny O'Gallagher, young MacSweeny of Fanat, and Art, the experienced in battle, stepped, stumbled, or crawled forward, passed joyfully through the gates of Feagh's town, to the welcome shelter of his deep glen and his two thousand warriors. That night "baleful Oure," fierce-murmuring, its "purest of crystal" yet unsung by Moore, lulled the slumbers of the runaway boys and

their valiant conductor. Thence the youths, when recuperated, were by Feagh sent away into the North, along one of his underground, or, indeed, overground lines; for, as we shall see, Feagh was quite ready at times to conduct his fugitives by force through hostile territory. Great joy was in Dundonald at the safe return of little Donald, and in the country of the O'Gallaghers at the home-coming of Owny, and sorrow as great in the breast of a certain high lady at the news which was borne to Tir-Connall by the returned boys. Art Kavanagh, the "experienced in battle" and the "subduer in conflicts," withdraws his valiant presence and is out of the saga. One may surmise, and rightly, that a head such as his will not remain long attached to such shoulders in Elizabethan Ireland.

Red Hugh and his clansman were now less than ten miles from Feagh. Had Hugh desired it, aid from the glen would have been with him ere many hours. The same day four of Feagh's strong gallowglasses, improvising a litter with their long spear-like battle-axes and capacious Irish mantles, might bear the lame boy swiftly and smoothly to Ballinacorr and the protection of a man who feared no Government. But the boy had other thoughts. There was a dear friend whom he knew, nigher than Feagh, whom he did not know. To his protection he would appeal.

In that letter which I have quoted, written by Sir John Perrott to Burleigh, the Viceroy promised, her Majesty permitting, to get Feagh's head or drive him into the sea. Her Majesty, always fearful of allowing Perrott to command armies, refused permission. Perrott then sought to poison Feagh, and when he failed, struck a peace with him on terms highly advantageous to the chieftain. Feagh, on his part, renewed his allegiance

to the State, and, like all the other great men of the island, those of Tir-Connall excepted, put in pledges for his fidelity. He put in, amongst others, his wife's brother, Sir Felim O'Toole, Lord of Castle Kevin and Powerscourt Castle on the Dargle; lord generally of North Wicklow, and feudatory as well as brother-in-law to the strong Lord of Glenmalure. So Sir Felim and Red Hugh shared the same captivity in Dublin Castle. They soon became friends. At this time, the young prince of Tir-Connall had no personal enemies, while his unworthy capture and detention excited much interest and pity in all minds. He was very affectionate, and, as we are told, of a countenance so beautiful that all who looked upon him loved him. Possibly Felim did really love Hugh. Hugh certainly trusted him. Here in the Wicklow highlands this dripping morn he was about to prove that trust. Felim had been since enlarged, but had visited his friend in prison, and promised him his protection should he ever find means of escape. "Fly to me, Hugh, and I will stand by you," said the knight; and Hugh, who had little acquaintance with the world, and in his simplicity imagined that all Irish gentlemen were like his foster-father and western kinsfolk, that no lord would surrender a suppliant, or prove false to his word, or wear a double face to friends, received as pure gold the knight's gilded tokens. Not a shadow of suspicion crossed his mind as to Sir Felim's courage and honour. True, he was deceived once before; but that was by a stranger, by a vile pedlar of the seas, not by a gentleman, the lord of a territory, and chief of a famous and ancient nation. Of Sir Felim's sincerity no doubt crossed his mind. Otherwise, he would have preferred a few hours more of wet, cold, and hunger to the bare

possibility of betrayal. Art Kavanagh, had he been as prudent in counsel as he was valiant in battle, would not have suffered him to do what he now proposed ; he would have said, " Stick to Feagh as the braver and better man. For courage he has not his like. He is farther from the Government than Sir Felim, and better posted for defence, therefore can dare more. He has harboured and sent forward to their homes many fugitives from the Castle—why should he fail thee ? When the FitzEustace, Viscount Baltinglass, revolted, Feagh received him in Glenmalure. When the Brown Geraldine went on his keeping, no one stood by him but the chief of Clan-Ranal. Every enemy of the Government is his friend, and every friend of the Government his enemy. Tarry where thou art, and cease looking yonder to Castle Kevin, O Hugh, son of Hugh. It is indeed a Castle strong to the eye, but I doubt if his heart be strong that keeps it."

So should that experienced warrior have counselled, but so did he not, or if he did, Red Hugh heeded not. Art gone, he sent forward the clansman to Castle Kevin to announce his arrival within Sir Felim's territory, and to crave the chief's protection. Where exactly the dripping five lodged that night I cannot tell, but believe it was somewhere between Lough Dan and Glendalough. They had to keep to the mountains in their flight. Descent into the plains was dangerous while hue-and-cry scoured the country. Moreover, when their lords were not in rebellion, the Elizabethan-Irish peasantry were loyal enough ; were, at least, quite ready to capture State fugitives, and be rewarded for doing so. What was Red Hugh to the ploughers and herdsmen of Tir-Cullen ? A chieftain of this same clan, with all his warriors, drew

sword for the Government, and against the invasive Ulstermen. "I may harry the Pale myself," he said, "but I shall not suffer those northern braggarts to do so."

The Tir-Cullen peasantry would have hunted down Red Hugh with more alacrity than they would a deer. With him they were in no sort of feudal relation ; with the Viceroy they were, to a certain extent. So the flight of the fugitives would most naturally have been by the west side of Luggala, by Lough Dan, and over the spurs of Mullagh-Clevane, and Thonlagee, along the line of the "military road" from Dublin to Glenmalure. Then it was in the vicinity of Castle Kevin they halted, so that we may localize their "thick sequestered wood" with some approximation to exactness.

CHAPTER XXII

SIR FELIM STRUCK AGHAST

WRAPPED in the clansman's capacious mantle, but with hand on his sword-hilt, and grey bright eyes alert and watchful, Red Hugh stuck close to his thick sequestered wood, while the clansman, descending, made straight for Castle Kevin.

By a narrow high-arched bridge, the clansman crossed the roaring Annamoe, near the modern village which bears the same name, a spot very interesting to lovers of literature.

Here, more than a century later, stood a mill and ran a mill-race. They were probably there too this eventful morning, and grinding flour for Sir Felim and the great folk in the Castle. Hard by the mill stood a parsonage amid its trees on the banks of the wine-dark, never-silent stream. Thither from Wicklow, where his father's regiment lay in garrison, came up a little boy to spend a few days with his cousin, the parson of Annamoe, and, as boys will, soon took a huge interest in the mill and the mill-race, and went nigh to being drowned in the race. Larry Sterne was his name. He fell into the race, and was carried over the mill-wheel into the boiling water below, whence the miller luckily fished him out alive—fished out

little Larry, and along with him Mr. Shandy, Uncle Toby, Doctor Slop, and all that pleasant company, hid away curiously enough in that young heart and brain, out of the closing jaws of the wine-dark, warbling Annamoe.

Here, too, this wild morning, Red Hugh's clansman crossed the wine-dark Annamoe, ever wine-dark, whether low or flooded, and hastened to Castle Kevin, seeking shelter and protection for his young lord. If the Annamoe, which went so nigh to drowning little Sterne, has an interest in English literature, so has Castle Kevin in English history. Thither, when the Norman was strong in the land, came Piers Gavestone, who, having been expelled from England by jealous barons, built or rebuilt the castle, and thence waged fierce war with the unsubdued nations of O'Toole and O'Byrne, with the ancestors of Felim and the ancestors of Feagh. But the Norman power crumbled away. The O'Tooles and O'Byrnes cast off the Norman yoke, declining to accept any other; and now, for centuries past, the O'Tooles ruled North Wicklow, out of Piers Gavestone's fortress. Here, these months, lay Sir Felim at his ease, his sword, which he had joined with Feagh's in the last rebellion, now sheathed and racked; a strong chieftain, strong as the O'Toole, strong as Feagh's brother-in-law, and strong as a *protégé* of Perrott. The great Viceroy had been kind to the chieftain. For his sake he had expelled an unserviceable and dissipated cousin, a certain Art O'Toole, out of Powerscourt Castle, on the Dargle, and had given it to Felim, with the adjoining lands. Fitzwilliam also gave orders to Felim and the tenants of the Manor of Powerscourt that they should kill Art, should he venture to set foot upon the lands of which he had

been deprived. If there was a black spot in Felim's sunshine these years it was the dissipated cousin. Art had a small pension, for he had served her Majesty in the wars, and, according to his own account, served her with such zeal that he had neglected his education. He led a roystering life in Dublin taverns, and once drew sword there, an offence for which the Deputy regretted that the soldiers, who disarmed, had not killed him. He once challenged Felim to single combat, and thought so well of himself, or so ill of Felim, that he offered to fight him having one hand tied behind his back.

Then he began to petition the Queen and Council, boasting about himself, abusing his cousin, and even satirising his cousin's personal appearance, and the Council listened with absurd attention and consideration to this fool, who was not able to govern himself and surely, as Perrott saw well enough, was not able to govern a territory. Picture as an unpleasant background in Sir Felim's prosperous existence this angry, foolish, drawcansir cousin, wild to get a stroke at him, and advancing in favour with the Imperial Council.

Crossing one more swollen brook (an excellent trout stream, should my readers care to know), the long-haired clansman came to Castle Kevin, demanded admittance, and was led into the lord's presence, whom, with a few whispered Gaelic words, he flung into a state of the greatest excitement and consternation. "Red Hugh, escaped from the Castle, lies in the wood, between Dan and Glendalough, and craves your lordship's concealment and protection." The chieftain was struck aghast. Dread precipices seemed to open around him on every side. If he received the

boy he was lost; if he did not receive him he was disgraced. Sir Felim at this moment stood quaking between the devil and the deep sea, between black dishonour on the one hand, and the soundless abysses of treason on the other.

CHAPTER XXIII

FINDS RELIEF IN A WOMAN'S READY WIT

DREADFULLY agitated and uncertain, Sir Felim determined at least to secure and bring to his castle the famous fugitive. He summoned his men, rode to the wood, and, protesting and congratulating, bore thence to Castle Kevin the dripping and worn-out boy, weak and wan, but happy, fallen at last into the hands of a brave gentleman, who was his friend. Dreadfully uncertain was Sir Felim after caging this valuable bird. His human sympathies were, of course, with the poor boy, so long, cruelly, and for mere State reasons, immured in unnatural confinement. As a great chief, how could he give up the boy who fled for protection, a friendless fugitive and suppliant, to his hearth? As a gentleman, how violate his league of amity with Red Hugh? But, then, the Viceroy and the terrible Council so near at hand, only a few miles away to the north, not to mention the drawcansir cousin, ready to step into his place should he stumble and fall. So, while he pondered in dismay and perplexity, a woman's ready wit shot a beam of light into the troubled mind of the chieftain. The lady was his sister Rose, sister to Felim, but wife to the rebel chief, doughty Feagh, at the other side of the Glendalough Mountains. The

Lady Rose chanced to be at the time on a visit with her brother at Castle Kevin.

"Temporize, my brother,"—so the Lady Rose advised. "Send a slow messenger to the Council, and a swift one to my husband. Now that Art Kavanagh and the other boys have reached him, maybe, he and his warriors, misdoubting thy resolution, are already on the road speeding hither. The O'Byrnes must be here first. They will enter in friendly wise, and, once in, will force thy weaker hand—dost thou perceive?—and bear off the boy. So thou shalt preserve the fugitive, win glory with the great party of which he will one day be the head, and also keep unimpaired thy credit with the Government."

So with a woman's ready wit, the Lady Rose counselled—"A messenger swift to Feagh, a slow and a late one to the Council," and the troubled chief obeyed. But the swift post to Feagh was a slow one after all. The messenger had to fetch a compass far to the west ere descending into Glenmalure—why? we shall discover presently.

CHAPTER XXIV

TWO STRONGHOLDS

THE respective strength of the brothers-in-law, Felim and Feagh, were a striking contrast, like their characters. Feagh's fastness was made by nature; his ramparts precipitous mountains and impenetrable woods. On the south of his famous stronghold rose Croghan Moira, the triangular, the clear seen, and huge towering Lug-na-quilla. On the west a big spur of the latter shut off access from Kildare. On the north rose Mullagh-Corr, bare high Lug-Duff, and woody Derry-bawn, dividing his celebrated glen from Glendalough and the territory of Sir Felim. Down his glen, speeding eastward, ran the Avonbeg, intending with Avonmore the junction of Avoca—famed Meeting of the Waters. It was Edmund Spenser's "baleful Oure, late stained with English blood." "Warbling Anna-moe" too gives his wine-dark stream to that Meeting of the Waters.

On this eastern side the glen was penetrable enough but for dense woods, the passages of which were in war-times blocked, but not always. Once Feagh left those passages free and undefended. It was when he admitted the army of Lord Grey de Wilton in 1580,

upon which, admitted, he descended like a thunderbolt. Edmund Spenser and Sir Walter Raleigh fled then before his onset. Hence, probably, the lasting fear and hatred entertained by the gentle bard for Feagh.

But Feagh was now at peace with the Government. He came to Dublin in Court attire, and with the Lady Rose and his sons, mingled from time to time in such society as then surrounded Irish viceroys. There he was much observed, owing to his great wealth and power and the fame of his achievements, and may have been (and probably was) as accomplished as any of his class, though figuring in angry State Papers with such additions as "bear," and "wolf," and other vituperative appendages. Whenever we chance to get a close view of these chieftains we find them unexpectedly human. What is certain is that Feagh was exceedingly powerful and warlike, and that, far and wide, he levied what he called rents due of old time to the Captain of Clan-Ranal. But Tudor princes, who once paid such tributes quite meekly, now regarded them as infamous blackmail and an intolerable nuisance, which of course they were. Feagh, nevertheless, levied such rents, and had so far escaped defeat in war, and death by poison. He still "over-crowed high mountains, and dictated terms of peace to mighty potentates."

Such was Feagh MacHugh O'Byrne. The glen was his stronghold in war time. When war-winds did not pipe, his residence was Ballinacorr, at the mouth of the glen. It was a town having walls and gates, capital of Feagh's very considerable territories, which now embraced not only Wicklow but a great deal of the county of Wexford. Here he lived in the customary style of an Irish nobleman of the age, hunting, hawking, lavishly hospitable, exhibiting on a grand scale all the virtues

and vices of the Irish dynasts of the sixteenth century. Poets and historians of the rude bardic type came wandering round the great mountain ramparts which walled him in, sure of a welcome in Ballinacorr, of a good entertainment, and dismissal with gifts. There too, alas ! hired spies watched who came and went, and duly reported all incomings and outgoings to the Castle, or in letters to Walsingham and Burleigh. Burleigh, though far away in London, and with many graver subjects of contemplation, knew all about Feagh, knew his father and grandfather and great-grandfather, his sons and his daughters, and whom they married, and all the ramifications of his family tree, and also who visited him, and why, and with what result. The Sheriff of Longford and his son once rode into Glenmalure. News to that effect was posted off to London, and that father and son had "a harper" riding between them, as if that somehow smacked of treason and desperate purposes against the State. A fortnight or so elapsed, and the Imperial Government were informed, in a new State Paper, that the western gentlemen had left Glenmalure, and that Feagh had given them a war-horse as a present, and also a very handsome dagger. Students of Homer will remember how when Menelaus and Helen visited Polybus, the king gave at their departure two silver baths to Menelaus, and tripods twain, and ten talents of gold ; and how the boy Telemachus, visiting Menelaus, regarded his present as so much a matter of course that he asked his host not to give him horses, inasmuch as Ithaca had no pasturage for horses, and how Menelaus then gave the lad "a mixing bowl, beautifully wrought, all silver, and whose lips were finished with gold." The sixteenth century in Ireland was very Homeric, though it lacked, and

still lacks, the sacred bard. No chief paid a visit to another chief without receiving a present at his departure, a horse or a sword, a harp or a harper, or brace of hounds, or a hawk, or a suit of armour. Nor, indeed, did one chief write to another without sending a present by the hand of the bearer. However their wealth was gotten, by plundering of neighbours or oppression of peasants, it was quickly and generously distributed. Indeed, the war-horse which Feagh gave to the Sheriff of Longford was not of his own breeding. It was part of the plunder of an adjoining territory. He had just indulged in a feat of war rather more perilous than rebellion. The Castle and Manor of Arklow had been from the Conquest an appanage of the house of Butler. It was held at this time by a certain Black Hugh, a tenant of the Earl of Ormond, high chief of the Butlers. But Black Hugh offended Feagh, and Feagh descending upon him, devastated the manor, wiped out Black Hugh, and took his wife prisoner. Feagh did all this in the face of the Earl of Ormond and all the Butlers, and did it with impunity, which shows that others besides the Government feared to make war on the Glenmalure chief.

Here, then, in the midst of his mountain ramparts, dwelt old Feagh, full of years and power and fame; his sword sheathed, and spear and bombards racked, but burnished, enjoying his martial fame and his rents and his blackmail. His Irish captaincy, with its unique privileges and powers, clean against the law too, no Government, not even Perrott's, had been able to cut off. He paid no rent to the Queen, but exacted much black rent from her subjects. He did not plead in her courts, but cast his sword and buckler into all scales where his interest and honour were concerned.

No bailiff or tax-gatherer entered his dominions. There the hated face of the Sheriff was never seen. No judge or royal commission dispensed justice amongst his subjects ; he himself was their judge. He was the legislature, and the executive, and commander of the forces. He was, in short, as much a king as had been any of his ancestors, ere the Norman set foot in the land, and was styled king, or righ, by his Irish bards. He was sovereign in his own territory, and black-mailed territory not his own. And yet the capital of this singular realm was not forty miles from the Castle. "*L'état c'est moi*," said Louis XIV. "*Ranelagh, ta se mise*," said the Chief of Clan Ranal. Let the reader imagine Sir Walter Scott's "*Vic Ian Wohr*" multiplied some twenty-fold, familiar with Elizabethan civilization, and conversant with politics and diplomacies on a large scale, and he will have some conception of Feagh.

So girt by his woods and giant ramparts, the rebel chief lay at his ease just now, enjoying peace, but not unready or unwilling for war. Sir Felim's strength was, on the other hand, exclusively a work of art. Castle Kevin is, indeed, gone, but the laboriously-prepared pedestal upon which the castle stood attests the importance which was always attached to it. This pedestal is a high, massive square of earth, carved out of the surrounding country, and situated near the village of Annamoe. The surface is quite flat, and contains a space of about forty yards by forty. The sides of this earthen pediment, nearly perpendicular, are more than twenty feet high, and probably were once much higher, for the deep trench by which it is surrounded has lessened considerably during the lapse of three centuries. Some great blocks of solid masonry are now all that remains of Piers Gavestone's famous

strength. Here, in fact, rose Sir Felim's castle, approached by a flight of steps, and surrounded with what outworks, walls, towers, and buildings, who can tell? Ere the intervention of cannon it must have been impregnable. Who broke down Castle Kevin, and when? Local tradition says Cromwell. But local tradition seldom knows anything. Oliver himself describes his passage through Leinster, and mentions by name divers castles which he "took in." He does not mention Castle Kevin; whence I presume that the castle was destroyed in the Nine Years' War, the great Irish convulsion which coincided with the last years of the reign of Elizabeth.

CHAPTER XXV

THE LADY ROSE WATCHING AND LISTENING

HITHER, one wild December morning, the foot-sore and exhausted boy-prince of Tir-Connall was borne out of his dripping dormitory, Sir Felim, full of sympathy, and also full of secret alarm, riding beside him; and ascended, or was helped up the flight of steps into the great castle. There he was tenderly cared for by the Lady Rose, a mother herself, having sons and foster-sons, and deeply concerned, for many reasons, in the welfare of the poor fugitive. Also, in her case, there was the feminine heart and eye as well as the maternal, for the boy was handsome exceedingly, "of a countenance so alluring that none could look on him without loving him." Here Red Hugh ate and drank, and was put to bed. The lady, no doubt, with her own maternal hands, dressed the "fair and tender" feet, whose laceration by the furze so affected the sympathetic mind of the "Four Masters." Ever and anon, Lady Rose looked eastwards through the narrow feudal windows, if haply she might thence see approaching her warlike groom and his people—with listening ear strained to catch the welcome trampling of the hoofs of his horses. So the short day passed into night, the tired boy sleeping deep, while the lady watched

and listened for sounds which she was never to hear. Sir Felim, sleepless too, paced to and fro around the castle, or sat taking deep or shallow counsel with his brother Art, solicitude for the boy mingling with very sincere apprehensions about himself. For the times were hard, and men's minds very stern. It was a perilous game to play with an Elizabethan Lord Deputy, and not unlike the proverbial one of coming between the fasting lion and his prey. Unlovely visions chased each other through the mind of Sir Felim—of Castle Kevin battered to pieces by Government cannon around his ears, of himself pendent from one of the trees on his own lawn, or a fugitive and a vagabond in the woods, beholding from afar the smoke and flame of his wasted manors.

In those days, when the chieftain and his clan formed one undivided being, the hand that would punish the lord fell heavily on the people; upon his women and children fell the avenging sword, upon the bald head of the ancient, and upon the bald head of the babe. There were, indeed, bold insurgents in Ireland—strong rebel chiefs, and a great many of them—who had defied the Government and paid no penalty. Nevertheless, it needed nerves of steel and a soul filled with daring and desperation to cross the path or impede the purpose of an Irish viceroy in the reign of Queen Bess. Sir Felim, for his part, had no ambition to stake in such a game, his lands, his people, his household, his little son Gerald, and his own life.

With a face as haggard as his thoughts, he moved to and fro in his halls, while the weary boy slumbered with flushed cheeks, and the lady watched and listened for what she was never to hear, and the rain beat against the narrow windows, driven by December's

wind that howled and whistled round the turrets. What a night in that grey feudal keep in Wicklow hills three centuries away, but which imagination and pity can bring so near. And it is not a section of romance at all, or such a scene as a novelist might invent for pleasure's sake, but a little illuminated point in the history of the Irish chiefs, whose race was now almost run, whose grand final struggle with their destined conqueror was so soon, and through this boy, about to begin.

Half of Connaught, half of Ulster, looked to him to be their lord. For him rivers of tears had flowed. For him prayers innumerable went up night and day. For him, though a captive, battles had been fought. From the far Hebrides to Cape Clear his name and story were on all men's lips. And here this wild night he slumbered, midway between friends and foes, each straining every nerve to be the first, so great was the prize, such issues depended upon his recapture or escape.

CHAPTER XXVI

RACING AT MIDNIGHT

Two letters Felim wrote and sealed, impressing the soft wax with the single lion passant of his ancient house. Very unleonine at the moment were the thoughts of the chieftain, by his own heedless promises and unmeaning professions caught thus horribly between the devil and the deep sea. There was more of wax than of adamant at all times in his composition, we may safely assume; but now fear made all his spirit softer than the wax on which he impressed the lion of his tribe. All the lions, eagles, bears, and griffins of the independent Irish chiefs were *passing* these years, some into subjection and the tame wearing of State harness, some to expatriation and extermination, proud and defiant to the last, and rending the hunters whom destiny and the genius of the latter times, sick of their savage lawlessness and enormous interminable disorders, let loose against the doomed race. The monarchies and the State could no longer co-exist. One or the other had to go, and Fate had determined that it should not be the latter. For the monarchies—the reguli and chieftainry of the island—nothing remained but to co-operate loyally with the State, and accept frankly the terms offered, that is to say, continuity of existence

as wealthy, influential, and honoured subjects; or, accepting the other alternative, to fight bravely and fall gloriously in defence of ancient rights and the semi-kingly power which they had inherited from afar. Some took one course, some took the other. Of those who stood upon their rights and fought, the boy Red Hugh was one, and not the least famous. Felim made no figure on either side. His clan drops out of history scarce honoured with a single word. Nor would the mean Felim be mentionable at all but for the fact that he thus transiently and ingloriously crosses the track of the Red Hugh saga. Had Felim now mustered his clan and conveyed the boy to Glenmalure, regardless of consequences; had he and his brother and his ill-starred son Gerald died for their friend and suppliant, and the O'Tooles so vanished from history, how glorious would have been that final flash of generous antique chivalry! how dear and memorable for ever! But Sir Felim was not made so. The lion of his house passed, not, as on his seal, with head erect and brandished tail, but in a much more ignoble fashion.

So the last chief of the O'Tooles pressed the lion of his tribe on the wax of two letters, tied up the same, according to custom, with silk thread, and delivered them to two trusty messengers, one bound south for Glenmalure, the other north for the Castle. A fox and a stag would have more appropriately indicated the mind of the chieftain that day. So, while the lady watched and the boy slept, and the pale chieftain wandered to and fro, far from Castle Kevin there was an arming of men and a caparisoning of horses in strongholds most diverse—Dublin Castle and Ballinacorr. Of the huge century-lasting strife between the Crown and the reguli, one small struggle—small, but

serious enough to all concerned—was to be fought out to-night. At midnight there was a blaring of trumpets and a flaring of torches, and swift preparation and swift mounting and riding. From the North Prorex and the Council shot forth a swift cohort. Down the narrow streets of Dublin they galloped, under the dim light of suspended oil lamps, with thunder of hoofs, glittering of armour, and clanking of sabres on greaved thighs. Through the echoing south port rushed they Tir-Cullenwards, galloping through the wild night. From the South, more swiftly, the sons and horsemen of Feagh rushed through the gates of Ballinacorr. Not on hackneys and hunters rede this time the men of Feagh. No. These duller and tamer animals were left munching Feagh's hay and barley in their stalls. Big war-horses bore the men who were to overthrow the Castle cohort and save Red Hugh. With what tramplings and neighings, what mad tumults of the blood, not to be controlled but by the boldest and strongest of Feagh's grooms, were those noble beasts caparisoned that night—all stallions, of a choice breed, steeds that never suffered any ignoble drudgery, backed only for war or the mimic exercises of war, maddened now by the sudden lights and voices, the swearing of the horse-boys, the loud jingling of armour and weapons, and shouted words of high command.

So, steel-clad, while the lights flashed from shirts of mail, and habergeon, and tall morion, through the gates of Ballinacorr rushed the horses and horsemen of Feagh.

How all things alter according to the point of view from which we regard them. The men whom Feagh despatched that night to bring in Red Hugh were, in State parlance, and in fact too, "idle knaves," men whose profession was war, plunder, and blackmail; but

in bardic parlance, and in fact too, they were high-spirited and gallant gentlemen, the household troops and personal retinue of a great feudal lord, pick and choice of the most stirring and adventurous spirits in all the province. Idle knaves, or gallant gentlemen, they obeyed Feagh's orders that night, and galloped at the heels of their commander for the nonce, who was either Turlough O'Byrne or the Brown Geraldine, right glad, we may be sure, of a little active service in such a cause, like all their race "very great scorers of death," and also, as the Lowlands well knew, very great scorers of the weather.

Who were these horsemen of Feagh who poured through the gates of Ballinacorr that pouring night? O'Byrnes, Kavanaghs, Fitzgeralds, Butlers, O'Connors, O'Moores, Graces of the stem of Raymond, FitzEustaces and Le Poers, scions of many a broken clan, or impoverished exiled gentlemen of diverse sorts and degrees—mixed Irish and Norman—who lived with Feagh, and upon Feagh, these years. And some were content to live and die in his service, and some looked to reconquer their territories through the might of Feagh, and longed for war as the becalmed sailor longs for the wind. The piping of the war-winds, and Feagh up and out, supplied the only hope of many of these exiles. For the wide doors of Feagh, ever open, were open especially to scions of the enumerated clans. For them the gates of Ballinacorr swung freely on their hinges, and all the more freely for fugitives who had suffered warring upon the Crown. Of this relief party too we know many individual horsemen, famous, or to become famous, in the big coming convulsions.

There went Turlough, eldest and bravest of Feagh's brood, and Felim and Raymond, sons of the Lady Rose,

and their dark-eyed cousin, Maurice Duff O'Byrne, who was Feagh's secretary, but a warrior too, and shook lance as well as pen. With them, too, went their O'Moore foster-brethren, sons of Rory Ogue, sons of that piteous, tarry head; gallant Owny, the boy-chief, the disinherited, and his brother Raymond, sons of Rory and nephews of Feagh, and Brian Donn whom Ormond oft met in battle and did not like, and big George O'Moore, a man as strong as two, and others of that famous discomfited clan. There, too, went Feagh's renowned son-in-law, the Brown Geraldine, Walter Reagh, and perhaps Art, "the experienced in battle and the subduer in conflicts."

Through the back-flung gates now, and under the resounding archway, striking fire as they went, rushed the sons and horsemen and war-horses of Feagh, Hugh Roe in every mind. The hounds bayed loud from their kennels at sound of the flying hoofs. The motley population of that strange city—women, children, warriors, hunters, musicians—ran from their houses. In the wide doorway that blazed with light stood the old chieftain himself, the famous captain of Clan Ranal, dark against the bright background. His obdurate old rebel heart, hardened by a hundred such experiences, trembled a little with the excitement of the scene, but only a little, as his lusty brood and the mounted men of his guard so disappeared into the night, racing now, not for cups and swords, on the level downs. It was a race with Prorex, and the prize worth all the cups and swords in Leinster, even if valued in money—and Feagh did not value it in money. Two of the three fugitives slept safe under his roof. Blood will flow, and all Leinster, convulsed with war, "shake like a trembling sod," ere the Viceroy pluck that blue-eyed

boy and his comrades from under his protecting shield. For the salvation of the third, old Feagh stripped for the contest that night without delay, and despatched his best and bravest, perhaps to death, never counting the cost. Red Hugh, the famous ill-starred boy prince, lay unfriended at his mountain door, keen hunters on his track, and a craven chief his only refuge. So brave old Feagh, recking little of consequences, mindful only of Hugh Roe and his sore need, loosed his rude chivalry.

Behind the rushing horsemen fast faded the lights of Ballinacorr, and the wild baying of the awakened hounds dropped silent. Now, darkness, and rain, and the thunder of hoofs, "the noise and commotion of the sinewy, mane-tossing horses." They passed the outlets of the glen, and plunged into the woods. The dir trees, all seen objects, swept confusedly past. The forest depths, re-echoing, rang with the sharp thunder of the hoofs that struck faint lightning from the stony ways.

Wild nature, at her wildest to-night, took charge of the world. Low in densest thickets cowered the feathered tribes. The fox shivered in his hole, the wolf in his den. No torches or lanthorns showed Feagh's men the way. Blind, these sons of plunder and their horses might traverse all Tir-Cullen. Through the roaring woods darkling they galloped, straight as in broad day, strange children of antique freedom and ancestral right. Sons of rapine, creatures of your own stout hearts and sharp swords, who now cares to hate you or to join in all that official vilification of which you were the object? In the end the officials got your heads, and tarred and staked them. You and they are gone, and the fiery generations trample over your quiet dust commingled in common sepulchres. To-night, at

least, your purpose is not plunder, but one upon which the noblest and best might have despatched you, the rescue of the prisoner and captive, a prisoner and a captive who had done no wrong.

So the sons of Feagh rode their wild race, and the men of Prorex galloped too, and the rain poured, and the woods moaned unnoticed, and the night, not ambrosial, enclosed all, the friends and foes that galloped from the south and from the north, the boy who slumbered, with flushed cheeks, the lady who watched and listened, the pale chieftain pacing to and fro, and brave old Feagh left alone in his rushy hall, stoically awaiting what issue the night might have in store. He, I think, stoically basked his rebel strength before the big log-fire that roared up the wide chimney, and conversed, not fluently, with some hoary coeval, Maurice Mac Walter or another. Clan-Ranal was laconic. Few were the words of Feagh, who was long-winded only for war purposes, and eloquent through the mouths of calivers, and whose letters, found now and again in our State archives, are curt exceedingly, nay of an amazing brevity.

Round the spurs of his northern rampart, curving more slowly, the horsemen of Feagh dashed down into the vale of Clara, picturesque haunt of summer idlers, and made for that ford of the Avonmore where to-day stands Clara Bridge.

When rains fall the nigh-perpendicular sides of deep-valleyed Glendalough—glen of the two lakes—are loud with countless rills and streams. Out of that gloomy hollow through a narrow gorge, the Avonmore rushes eastward, but does not travel far before receiving the tribute of the Annamoe descending here out of the North. It is the same river which

Hugh Roe's clansman crossed when he sought Sir Felim's deceitfully shining towers. The joined rivers now rush down the vale of Clara, hastening to meet the Avonbeg running in the same direction down the steep defile which was Feagh's chief stronghold. All three blend in the Vale of Avoca. Feagh's horsemen meant to strike the Avonmore at the ford of Clara, hardly three miles from Castle Kevin, where Hugh Roe slept, and the pale chieftain wandered to and fro, and the Lady Rose watched and listened.

Two men galloped together at the head of the forlorn, their forms dimly outlined against the night, a small man and a great. A white plume flickered and danced over the lesser phantom; above the other, shone intermittently a gleam of brass.

"Is Avonmore fordable?" asked the great equestrian.

"I believe not," replied he of the dancing plume.

Of the two he seemed by the tones of his voice to be the more promising warrior. He rode as if he and his horse were one. His voice was hard, but clear and strong. The other had addressed him as if the wiser.

"That is a pity," said the large equestrian.

"*Ta se go deimin.* It is indeed," replied he of the dancing plume. "Get that boy home, and he will make of the North a shaking sod."

"I think of the lad himself and his mother," replied the brazen-capped warrior, to whom the dancing plume made no answer.

The two are famous Elizabethan men—Turlough, eldest of Feagh's sons, a man of heroic qualities, and Walter of Ballygloran, Feagh's son-in-law, commonly called the Brown Geraldine, the chieftain's right hand for all great enterprises in the lowlands. If Feagh can

carry the day Brown Walter will be Earl of Kildare and Captain of the Northern Geraldines, therefore one of the half-dozen greatest men in all Ireland, and therefore, again, one who might strike for the Crown, should the Queen faint and fail in her enormous task. Large thoughts come and go in the fiery soul of the Brown Geraldine. Remember the Brown Geraldine: we shall meet him again.

Nothing else was said till the troop came hard up against a great river, dim but far from dumb. Here for them the wet ways ended, in ways too wet for mortal. They reined their panting steeds upon the edge of that which no forder could wade or swimmer swim, for the vale of Clara was one swirling flood of water, gathered tribute of a thousand rills, and roaring headlong to the sea. The Avonmore loudly forbade fording that night, and bridges there were none. Frightened horses, driven out into the torrent, recoiled before the rush and roar of the descending torrent. For man or beast there was no foothold, and what could swimming do in such a river, careering like a racehorse down the prone valley? Brave Turlough, gallant young O'Moore, could not attempt it. The Brown Geraldine's crafty head, so fruitful of wiles and guiles and devices, could suggest nothing save to try the ford of Lara, higher up, where Avonmore runs shallower before his junction with Annamoe. They tried it, in vain, and beyond lay only the deep valley of Glendalough and its precipitous lofty mountains running down sheer to the lake. The horsemen of Feagh were foiled. For them nought remained save to abandon their horses and foot it in a circuit round those mountains. Further up lights were burning in the black valley. Here, in half-a-dozen thatched cabins,

the lamp of piety which once made Glendalough so famous was still aglow, if faint and flickering. These cabins, too, were at the wrong side of the roaring river; otherwise our troopers might have entrusted their horses to the care of the monks.

At the last stretch of level ground, Turlough and Brown Walter, taking with them some picked men, ascended the hills, and fetching a compass, purposed coming down on Castle Kevin from the west. Slowly over the mountains the grey day dawned. At the same time that they saw Sir Felim's shining strength they saw another sight which made them pause. Along the road leading northward from Castle Kevin, a strong party of mailed horse were travelling swiftly with their faces to Dublin. In the midst of them, unarmoured, rode a slight boyish figure, with head erect, and sitting very straight upon his horse. It was the cohort of Prorex riding back joyfully to Dublin, and enclosing in their midst—Hugh Roe.

CHAPTER XXVII

BACK TO THE CASTLE

FITZWILLIAM'S horsemen being on the north side, and the Castle Kevin side of that roaring Avonmore, had met with no such catastrophe as that which had overtaken Feagh's. Steadily the Viceregal cohort galloped through the night and early morn, and by the direct road leading through the Scalp past Powerscourt.

Leaving Powerscourt, they travelled southwards between the greater Sugar-loaf and the Douce Mountain, and so by Tochar, or Roundwood, to Castle Kevin.

Thus the wise counsel of the Lady Rose was brought to nought, and Sir Felim, with his loyalest manner on the occasion, and listening as he might to thanks and congratulations, met the officers of Prorex, delivered up to them the foiled fugitive, and even rode back with them to Dublin. The lion passant of his house was passing indeed. Back now to the Castle. A sore return journey, surely, was this for the boy. Yet he rode, as Feagh's men saw him, with a proud air, though with heart nigh breaking; and as he went conversed with the officers, forgetting not at all that he was a prince, if born under most disastrous stars. Back now to the moated Castle and Birmingham Tower. Make the confinement stricter, the watch stronger and more

vigilant; for greatest safety, iron the contumacious stripling. It was well for Hugh that the land had peace this year. Had his attempt been made in troubled times, he would have been hanged straight off, as many an escaping hostage had been. Not long after this, when Red Hugh was warring on the President of Connaught, the hostages of that province made a rush for liberty. In spite of mitigating facts and the allowances which should be made for boys, and although they were ill-guarded and therefore tempted, all those boys, youths of the noblest blood in Connaught, dangled at ropes' ends by order of the President.

Hugh's penalty was less, only stricter confinement and irons. "*Rubrum Dublinnam deferunt ubi in eadem arce diligentiori custodice mandatur in vincula quoque conjectus*;" that is to say, "Ruber," the Red lad, "they bring back to Dublin, where in the same Castle he is committed to a more vigilant safe-guarding, and even cast into chains." Again—"Iron fetters were bound on him as tightly as possible, and they watched and guarded him as closely as they could."

Red Hugh wore iron thenceforward, day and night perpetually, the times being critical, and men's minds hard and stern. The incarceration, gyving, and strict watching of Red Hugh indicate no exceptional harshness or severity on the part of the Government. The system, with all its hard concomitants, was as Irish as the eric or coshering or the rule of the chieftains. Nor was it only Irish; it was simply primitive and mediæval. When population was scanty and communication difficult, kings governed through their lords, and secured the obedience of those powerful vassals by taking and holding their hostages. There is a fine old Irish heroic tale which gives a full

description of the feasting chamber of an ideal king. There we see his hostages ungyved for the banquet, but around them stand warriors with drawn swords. "He is no king," says a Brehon maxim, "who has no hostages under ward in his Dun." Red Hugh, no doubt, was enraged at the manner of his capture; but otherwise recognized no exceptional oppression or tyranny in the system. He had seen armed men safe-guarding his father's hostages, and Owen Ogue's men guarding Owen Ogue's. Ireland was simply very mediæval, and the Viceroys of Elizabeth only followed the custom of the country, and sought, like all the great lords, to exercise power through the medium of hostages. It was hard on the poor boys, so torn away from happy homes and dear friends, to fulfil by their immurement purposes of State, great or small; but it was essentially the custom of the country. Yet, indeed, the life of hostages in the Castle was infinitely more dismal than in the country, and for this reason, above all others, there was no home life here. Good chiefs like Owen Ogue were, in a manner, fathers, and their wives mothers, to the boys whom they kept in ward.

Henceforward our boy-hero crawled about his dungeon clanking in irons. Yet, too, a certain fact indicates that otherwise he was treated with a certain consideration. For the first three years of his confinement his allotted comrades had been the boys taken captive along with him; his foster brothers probably, youths whose society he might have been expected to like. The comrades now assigned him were youths of the highest rank in Ireland, viz.—Henry and Art, sons of Shane O'Neill. These youths, so far as I can learn, were captives from childhood, either with northern chiefs or with the Government. Like Hugh, too, they

had attempted to escape; like Hugh, they now went clanking chains. The high rank of all three was their undoing. They had no peers or superiors for whom they might be exchanged. Such were Red Hugh's associates after Sir Felim, like a rotten plank, broke under his feet.

Henry and Art, his new comrades in captivity, had been in confinement in the Castle for many years, so fearful were the Government about this family, such enduring panic-terror had the mighty Shane driven into the souls of Elizabethan Viceroys. For years these youths had worn gyves, locked now for the first time round Red Hugh's white wrists. During Perrott's Viceroyalty there had been at least two eruptions of hostages from the Castle. In one of them was brave Turlough, Feagh's eldest son. He was never re-taken, though Perrott passionately sought him. "Himself I will have, or his head," wrote Perrott, but he never got brave Turlough, and never his head. Art O'Neill, too, broke prison in this eruption, but was taken on the confines of Ulster. The brave boy fought for his liberty, but in vain. He was disarmed, captured, and brought back to Dublin "desperately wounded." "He is worse than Henry," wrote Perrott; worse, in vice-regal dialect, meaning braver, and more intelligent. The men whom our Viceroys and their counsellors abused best were the best men. This should ever be remembered by students of the State Papers.

Yet surely the confinement of the lad might have been less cruel. At the best it was a sad necessity, the immuring through all his brightest years of this young eagle of the North. It is strange, and a proof of the native pluck and force of the boy, that after such an incarceration of more than four years, one of them

in irons, Red Hugh came forth the boldest, most active, and intelligent of all the chiefs who figure in the Nine Years' War. Buried alive for many years in that feudal tomb, he emerged a captain and a warrior second to none in his time, and, what is yet stranger, wearing still that look which caused "all who looked upon him to love him."

Red Hugh was taken captive in the month of September 1587. He escaped, and was recaptured in December 1590. All these years, while the boy fretted in captivity, strong hands and hearts were defending his patrimony, warring down all competitors, holding Tir-Connall and the O'Donnellship open for him to claim and take, "if at any time it should please God to release him from captivity." All these years his mother—the Dark-Daughter of the Isles—and his tutor, Owen Ogue MacSweeny of the Battle-axes, warred and diplomatized to that end. Towards the close of 1591 her strength began to fail, the firm grasp with which she held the principality to relax. Yet courage, Dark-Daughter of the Isles, the end is not yet! Strong is the advent of the modern. No heroism of feudal princes or princesses can repel it. But your boy at least will never be a subject and receive laws where his sires gave them. That ignominy thou shalt never see. He at least will live king-like, and king-like die, and if in the struggle he drag to ruin his ancient house, and himself perish in the fall, it will be like Samson, like a hero of the olden time, and many who hate him and thee shall weep. The stem of the O'Donnells will fall like a forest tree, shorn through at the root by sharp steel; it will not rot through the centuries till all men cry out—"Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

Mother and son did not comprehend the nature of the times in which they lived, did not perceive that to the State, supremacy, absolute sovereignty over all the dynasts, had become a vital necessity of the situation. Yet one can hardly wish their action to have been different. Whether the O'Donnells went with the Crown or against the Crown, the days of that monocracy, as of the rest, were numbered.

The house of Tir-Connall went against the Crown, and fell, and was abolished. The house of Clanrickarde went with the Crown, and rotted. To the historian and his readers the fall of the O'Donnells is a nobler and more pathetic story than the rotting of the Burkes. Yet why particularize? Are they not all gone? Are not their successors gone or going?—*velut unda super-venit undam?* Do not all powers and dominions succeed each other as wave follows wave? Powers and dominions are only waves of that soundless deep called Man, which does not pass away.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AN EARL'S LOVE AFFAIR

WE now come to the last year of Red Hugh's captivity. Peace—Perrott's peace—reigned still in Ireland. In the west, indeed, there was some warlike bickering, a recrudescence of the interminable strife between Bingham, President of Connaught, and a certain tameless clan there, the Low Burkes of Mayo. There was also an invasion of that province by the Red Shanks, a pleasant title by which we used to know our Scotch neighbours. Bingham, however, though he never lost an opportunity of descending upon the Burkes, did not meddle at all with the Red Shanks, which is curious. That, as a matter which did not concern him, he left to the local chieftains. So Rickard Ogue, the Young Devil's Hook, son of the Old Devil's Hook, a powerful western captain of those Mayo Burkes, gathered his claymores and battle-axes, and attacked, defeated, and expelled the Red Shanks, whom Grace O'Mally, the famous Granuaile, appearing here for perhaps the last time, and launching her war-galleys chased out of those waters—the old heroine! Bingham had conquered and expelled that very proud O'Rourke whom we noticed at the beginning of this story; but the bright young Oxonian, Brian Ogue of

the Battle-axes, still stuck in the Iron Mountains or on the frontiers of his confiscated patrimony, continued to practise *Barbara* and *Ferio* upon Bingham and his lieutenants, cracking crowns, and driving cattle, and breaking castles, and firing houses all over Brennyland. In the end he recovered his grip upon the county and expelled all noxious officers. These things accomplished, the Oxonian, with some thousand swords at his service, stood ready to fight for the Queen or against the Queen, according to the behaviour of Bingham. Of these alternatives every chieftain much preferred the former. They all honoured the Queen, but they all hated the officials. This Brian was the fashionable youth whom I have mentioned as paying our hero a Christmas visit in the Castle.

In the South there was much bickering and backbiting amongst the Undertakers—a class of men whom the Queen herself had to regard as a very sorry race; for they would pay no rent, they kept the province in turmoil with their bickerings, and eventually at the first storm signal they ran. That storm signal came when young O'Moore, Feagh's foster-son, having first stepped from Glenmalure into the Queen's County, finally stepped from the Queen's County into Munster. Before him all the Undertakers ran like hares, exciting great and just wrath in the mind of the Queen, who did not hesitate to call them "cowards." In this year, 1591, there was only one man who, in fact, stood out against the Government. This was a base son of the Earl of Clan-Care, the only captain whom at the time the great nation of Clan Cartie was able to put forward.

During the last year of Hugh's captivity this young Clan-Cartie and his century or so of swordsmen moved

about Munster, living upon the country, and seemingly molested by no one. Herbert, the greatest of the Undertakers, and this formidable outlaw were good friends. When by an accident the latter robbed one of Herbert's men, he promptly returned the plunder with a letter of cordial apology.

Shortly after Red Hugh was brought back to the Castle and ironed, he received from the Earl of Tyrone an account of the death of the Lady Jane, Countess of Tyrone, who was Hugh's sister. The Earl also wrote to Burleigh concerning the matter. Such things were State affairs ; the Government expected to be informed about them. That Countess, young as she was, little more than a child, seems to have been a lady of capacity. In the previous year the Earl went to England, and appointed his brother and the Countess joint governors of his territory, and the Irish Government testified that during his absence they had executed their trust well.

During the ensuing summer the Earl fell in love with Mistress Mabel Bagenal, youngest daughter of that Sir Nicholas, Marshal of Ireland, whom Perrott once smote at the Council Board. This love affair was an event of historic importance, one of the causes of the Nine Years' War. Therefore, and also because it is a matter which concerns our imprisoned Hugh, I permit the Earl to relate to the Imperial Council his plain unvarnished tale of how he wooed and won and married this pretty Mistress Mabel Bagenal, for whose pleasure he even went to the cost of building a very handsome house at Dungannon ; and, that all things there might be in the height of the fashion, even furnished it "out of London."

The Earl first complains of the behaviour of "Mr.

Sam Bagenal, a young man base-born, of small discretion," and defends himself against certain charges. As to Mabel Bagenal, he proceeds thus:—

"Whereas I am informed that Mr. Henry Bagenal, Marshal of Ireland, the young lady's eldest brother, has written to some of your lordships that I have greatly abused him, and committed an outrageous part in taking away his sister and marrying her as I have done. I beg your lordships not to give credit to his report herein, but to consider of that which I now write of the manner of my dealing in this action, which I do deliver to your lordships upon mine honour."

I never find this Earl using any stronger form of asseveration.

"Bearing an earnest affection to the gentlewoman that is now my wife, I resorted to the Marshal, and did my best to procure his consent.

"I also dealt with Sir Patrick Barnwell and the lady, his wife, very earnestly for their consent, and with others of the best allies that she had." Lady Barnwell was an elder sister of Mabel Bagenal.

All the others seem to have been pleased enough with the match, if only the consent of the Marshal could be secured. Under these circumstances, the Earl had recourse to decisive measures.

"Perceiving that I found nothing but delays and fair words in the Marshal, and having used all the means I could to get his consent, I attempted another course—*i.e.* to deal with the gentlewoman herself; and about twenty days before my marriage I got a good opportunity to speak with her.

"I lodged one night at Sir Patrick Barnwell's house, where the young lady was kept, and where I dealt

so effectually with the gentlewoman that we were trothed together, and she received from me a chain of gold.

“ After this there passed between her and me certain messages which confirmed our love on both sides, and, on a matter concluded between her and me, upon the 3rd day of August last, I took in my company at least half-a-dozen English gentlemen that were my friends, and went to dinner to Sir Patrick Barnwell’s, where we had good entertainment.

“ After dinner some of the gentlemen in my company going to play and other exercises, the gentlewoman that is now my wife, espying her time, mounted behind one of the gentlemen in my company, Sir William Warren, and went away with him, he having none in his company but one or two serving-men.

“ I tarried in the house, still talking with the lady for her consent, and when I understood that my prey was well forward on her way toward the place where they had agreed upon, I took my leave of Sir Patrick and his lady and followed after, and soon, when I was gone, the gentlemen which were in company with me took their horses and came away quietly.

“ This is upon mine honour, the truth of my doing in this action.

“ The gentlewoman was carried to an honest English gentleman’s house within a mile of Dublin, where I did not once touch her until I had sent to Dublin and entreated the Bishop of Meath to marry us together in honest sort, which he did.”

This was Thomas Jones, the Bishop who used to play cards with such emphasis. He was a dignitary of the State as well as of the Church, and a member of the Irish Council, as was the Earl himself.

"And thus I came by the gentlewoman, and presently after solemnized the marriage in the best manner I could; since which time I have been very desirous to get the good-will of her friends"—(the Marshal, to wit)—"without the which, I thank God and her Majesty, that I am able to live."

Let the Marshal take that.

"I have served her Majesty truly with the loss of my blood"—in the Essex wars of Ulster and the Desmond wars in the South, truly in a good many—"and I dare prefer my service every way to the Marshal's," who, indeed, I think, had never drawn sword for the Queen at all as yet.

How did our captive receive the news of this elopement, which for some weeks was the talk of Dublin and all Ireland? He must have at least thought that the Earl forgot his late Countess very soon.

The Marshal, as we learn from the State Papers, was a secret enemy of the Earl at the time when the latter was importuning him for his consent to the match. Sir Henry, on the ground that the Earl was too powerful for a subject, was seeking his overthrow. For that end he had wrought hitherto in vain. Nor was he successful in promoting wrath in high quarters about this elopement. The Queen and Council forgave the Earl, and laughed at the Marshal.

Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, was not as yet powerful enough to excite fear. Let his power reach a certain point, and then the Marshal will be listened to.

As to Ireland generally, during these years of Red Hugh's captivity, the country, under extremely bad management, drifted steadily towards the great convulsion known as "the Nine Years' War." Fitzwilliam and his officials were undoing the work of

Perrott, accumulating everywhere combustible material for the explosion which succeeded Red Hugh's escape from prison.

Let me give but one example of the official methods which ended in the next great explosion. Sir Ross, the MacMahon and lord of Monaghan, died, and a young gentleman of the sept rode to Dublin, begged Fitzwilliam to appoint him MacMahon, and promised three thousand cows for the service. Fitzwilliam promised. Then came orders for a higher quarter. "Yes; make the youth MacMahon. Then, discover against him some ancient bonderage or offence of some sort; hang him, and, through his sentence—it cannot legally be done otherwise—confiscate the county."

These things were done, Fitzwilliam rode into the North, side by side with his murdered man,—what a ride!—collected and despatched to Dublin the three thousand beeves, installed the youth as MacMahon, then arrested, tried, sentenced, and hanged him; rode back to Dublin, confiscated the county, and divided it up among expectants.

Incredible! Perhaps so, but true!

Ulster stood aghast and pale at that hanging, under such circumstances, of the young MacMahon. Every lord of Ulster murmured to himself, "My turn will come next."

CHAPTER XXIX

“FILE AWAY, LAD”

“THERE is no safe-guarding,” write the chroniclers, “upon which an advantage may not be in the end gained.” It was again winter, just one year after the former attempt, when Red Hugh a second time gained an advantage over his guards and fled. His pious bardic historian regards this escape as in a peculiar degree an example of Divine interposition. For it was on Christmas Eve that Hugh fled. The “Son of Mary,” friend of all prisoners and captives, on the eve of His own holy day, visited this captive and prisoner and loosed his bonds and set him free. So wrote or sang the devout ancient to whom we owe the *Irish Life of Red Hugh O'Donnell*. Have we not travelled far since men could think and write like this?

Among the servitors of the Castle was a young man, one of the numerous class known as horse-boys, a knavish, “rakehelly” class, according to Edmund Spenser. He was one of Feagh’s people, and, no doubt, an O’Byrne by nation. The faithful old chieftain, who never forgot Red Hugh, had in the interim succeeded in inducting him into Castle service. Many duties had the horse-boy known to all men. One duty laid on him by his chief was known to few. He was

a well-conducted, willing, and discreet lad, selected by Feagh for a task most delicate. Patiently, for how long we know not, the lad groomed the steeds of the ward, scoured snaffles and bits, polished armour, and trotted with light feet by the side of the Castle equestrians, his secret and his purpose hidden far down in his heart. In the month of December 1591, opportunity serving, a little roughened bar of highly-tempered steel passed swiftly from the horse-boy's hands to those of Red Hugh, and as swiftly into concealment. It was a thing of nought, not worth a penny in the market. Yet the hands that received it from the horse-boy trembled. Red Hugh and his comrades were happy that night. Hugh was also in communication with another external friend, who knew that a flight was in contemplation, but knew not when it would take place. Of him and his frustrated exertions we shall have something to say presently. The little file was kept concealed and in readiness, the youths waiting for a good opportunity. It was not possible for them to cut through their irons by degrees, now a little and then a little. Once in every twelve hours a man examined these irons, and ran his suspicious nail along the links. The frequent eruption of hostages had made the Castle people lynx-eyed. No little devices, such as readily suggest themselves, could impose on a man who twice in the twenty-four hours scrutinized the hand-locks of Red Hugh, of Henry, and of Art. All the filing had to be done at a single sitting, and probably the boys were seldom alone in any room from which even with ungyved hands they could escape. Christmas Eve drew nigh, a day and evening likely to offer opportunities. Lynx-eyed guardians might not be quite themselves that night;

the wine-cup and beer-can of that festive season might serve. Christmas Eve arrived, and Red Hugh's file was still safe where the lad kept it. Christmas cheer flowed around the gloomy fortress; it also flowed within, and heads that should be clearest and eyes that should be least blind were probably less sober and less watchful than on other days. If ever an advantage was to be gained over the safe-guarding it was to-night. Added to all else, in favour of the lads, the head-jailer was sick—sick unto death.

The black jailer, Death, was haling old Mr. Maplesdeane to a captivity from which no ropes or files would ever enable him to escape. Very melancholy was that old man's function. Did he exercise it honestly? Let us hope so; at least, if he did not, he exercised it dishonestly in obedience to the Viceroy of Ireland. The Queen, I fear with reason, regarded the pair indignantly, as is evident from the following letter written by Fitzwilliam to Burleigh:—

"I am to give you most hearty thanks for your honourable favour towards me unto her Majesty—as to her Highness's mislike conceived of the escape, and do most humbly beseech you to be a mean to her Majesty, that it would please her to pardon me for the same. . . . The chief jailer under Mr. Maplesdeane is in a dungeon with good store of irons."

In the afternoon of December 24, 1591, our hero and Henry and Art O'Neill found themselves alone and unwatched in "the refectory," their sitting-room or dining-room. All around the Castle the tide of Christmas cheer was coming to full flow, shooting little waves and light spray of what our bards used to call "gentle intoxication," even into the gloomy fortress itself, and into the hearts and brains of the grim

jailers. Then, like Hopeful drawing his magic key out of his bosom in the dungeon of Doubting Castle, Red Hugh, from his person or its place of concealment, plucked his precious bit of steel, and went at the fetters —one of the O'Neills holding the lamp—went fiercely at his own gyves first, every moment so precious. This attempt foiled would probably cost them all their heads. Hard by in the guard-room the soldiers drank and talked. Outside it was a frosty night—dark, without stars, for the snow fell heavily, flake after white flake, falling and melting on the dark waters, watched, maybe, by some poor home-sick boy, where, cast from the basement windows, bars of yellow light lay athwart the black moat. Black was the Castle moat, but hardly blacker than his own sad lot; entombed, yet alive; buried here while the revolving years rolled, far away from mother, brothers, friends, and home; poor victim of the feudal system in its worst and most diabolical form, a system now fast rushing to its fall. Outside, darkness and the sliding snow, silence filled with the waning hum of the city; within, the guard, oblivious, laughed and talked, full of strange Elizabethan oaths and rude soldiers' jollity, celebrating Christ's birth, laughed and talked and drank, while the hope of Tir-Connall, every nerve taut, pale, sweaty, with knit brows and bent head, fiercely rasped and rasped, the iron atoms flying, scintillating in the lamp-light, his comrades watching, with what eyes! And the Man of Sorrows, friend of all prisoners and captives, did He make a fourth? The antique, pious bard saw Him, there in Birmingham Tower, on Cork Hill, Dublin, liberating Red Hugh and the sons of Shane. And so link after iron link yielded to the fierce attrition and the hungry gnawings of the sharp-

toothed steel, and Red Hugh stood forth free! Free, and, the guard giving no sign, Henry O'Neill stretched out his gyved hands, while Art held the lamp. Swiftly the good file did its work, and Henry, unfettered, snatched the lamp from his brother's hands. Art was the last freed, and Hugh, youngest of the three, did all the filing with his own sinewy, untiring hands.

CHAPTER XXX

GOOD-BYE TO THE CASTLE

AND now flight! Opening on to the refectory was a closet, and from the closet, for the chambers were high up in Birmingham Tower, next the turrets, there ran, sheer down to the Castle basement, a long, narrow shaft, communicating there with the main sewer of the Castle. That sewer gave upon the moat.

This time Hugh had no rope, but had managed to procure something as good—viz. silk coverlets or curtains, "*serica tela*," according to the historian, possibly the hanging arras of the chamber. These the boys knotted together, and found strong enough to bear their weight.

By this improvised rope, which they had securely fastened to some strong support, Henry O'Neill first descended, gripping it tightly with legs and hands, and landed safely at the bottom. Aware of this by the relaxed strain, for Henry preserved a discreet silence, Red Hugh next made the descent. Art descended last—why we shall better understand presently. Art, in his passage, was unlucky enough to displace some loose masonry, a stone of which, falling from above, and after he had passed, struck and hurt him.

All now made their way along the noisome cloaca, and so crept out into the open air and falling snow. Here at the edge of the moat they cast away—not wisely—their outer garments. Stealthily gliding into the moat, they swam the dark waters unobserved, reached the opposite side, and clambered up the embankment.

All three could swim. The art of swimming was in that age taught on principle to Irish boys, foster-fathers having it so enjoined upon them by Brehon law. Warriors had need to learn swimming in those days of moated castles, of lake-fortresses, and bridgeless rivers. Clambering to the top of the rampart, they were met, as they expected, by the horse-boy. One good provision for the way that horse-boy brought with him—viz. strong shoes soled with wood, three pairs for the three lads. Red Hugh's "fair and tender feet" will not be this time lacerated with the furze. It was a very thoughtful act on the part of the horse-boy. Would that along with the clogs he had also put into the bag a little bread and meat, and a flask of *aqua vitae*! Like Art Kavanagh, this youth was a Lagenian, but as he was also a plebeian, our patrician historians have not given his name. They give the names of horses, but never of a plebeian, on principle. It was always something of a surprise to them to find a plebeian do any courageous feat. The horse-boy is one of divers nameless persons who figure in Irish history.

But the horse-boy had bad news too, which he communicated in words few and swift. Edward Fitz-Eustace, a son or nephew of the Viscount Baltinglass, scion of a house ruined in the Desmond rebellion, was in league with the youths. He was a friend of Red

Hugh. FitzEustace had provided four "very swift horses" for their flight, three for them, one for the guide. Nightly, in an adjoining stable, stood the horses, bridled and saddled, ready for the road, "*velocissimos equos ephippiis instructos.*" Nightly, for three successive nights, the horse-boy heard the importunate tramping and neighing when the steeds were not wanted. To-night, when they were, he did not. That day one of FitzEustace's young friends, acting on the principle that amongst comrades there is no private property, had taken and gone abroad with the horses, and had not returned.

On through the dark streets all now sped, eager to gain the open country ere hue-and-cry should be raised. From the shops a faint light was shed. Along the white narrow streets, scant passengers, their cloaks wrapped tight, went by, stepping swiftly. Ever and anon there passed a linkman and his fare, sedan-bearers, patrols, or watchmen with their lanthorns; but through streets and alleys, for the most part dark and dim, ill-patrolled surely, for it was Christmas Eve, sped the fugitives, hurrying to the south rampart of the city. Unobserved they glided on, "for the people of the town did not wait to make their acquaintance on that occasion," the people of the town hurrying through the snow with other thoughts. They reached the rampart, clambered and leaped. Now, for the first time, drawing securer breath, the little party found that they had lost one of their number, Henry O'Neill. In the darkness, hurry, and confusion of the rapid flight through dark streets he had separated from his companions. But it was no time for delay or vain regrets, much less to hark back and search for the strayed Henry. They were beyond the gates, but still

no doubt in streets, ways more or less flanked with houses, and at any moment, with blare of trumpets and glare of lanthorns, the horsemen of the Castle might come thundering after. On again darted the fugitives, on to gain the friendly shelter of Slieve Roe. With Henry O'Neill we are not concerned. Suffice it to say that, missing his comrades and his guide, he bent his steps northwards, passed out by St. Aud-oen's Gate, and after adventures unrelated, eventually escaped safe into Ulster. Yet the poor lad only passed from one captivity to another. Ere long he was discovered and immured by Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, such a menace was there for all men in the blood of Shane. When the Government learned this they wrote to the Earl and bade him give up Henry. "No, thank you," replied the Earl; "the young man is very safe with me." Why was the Government so very anxious to have the keeping of Henry O'Neill? In possession of Henry they might at any time send him down to Ulster as the O'Neill.

CHAPTER XXXI

AN UNEXPECTED IMPEDIMENT

RED HUGH and his companions hastened across the open country, and, as soon as ever possible, avoiding the main road into Wicklow, made for the Red Mountain, which we call the Three Rock. Now, probably, they flung away their Castle slippers, and donned the horse-boy's stout clogs.

But an unanticipated calamity now revealed itself. Art O'Neill had grown to his full stature during confinement. So, what with regular meals, indoor life, gyves, and utter want of exercise, he had fattened to unnatural proportions. "Art was gross-thighed and corpulent."

The blow which, during his descent, he had sustained from the falling masonry, by degrees began to tell. We see now why fat Art was made to descend last. He was the stoutest of the three, might break the *serica tela*, or even stick in the narrow passage. That fatal dislodgment of masonry had probably been caused by his size. Red Hugh, on the other hand, who was still a growing lad, aged only eighteen, had not fattened from the confinement and want of exercise. He was hard, and slender, and endowed by nature with that restless love of occupation and fiery

energy of temperament which we often see associated with red hair. As we have observed, he was general contriver of the escape, and did all the filing, a laborious task, and now in the open country he led the way, striding forward this time in good shoes, and, say the chroniclers, "his pace," unlike that of Art, "was vigorous, and his progress swift." But ere they reached Slieve Roe, Art's condition could no longer be concealed; nor was he able to climb that mountain without assistance, for he had to make the ascent leaning one hand on the shoulder of Red Hugh, and the other on that of the horse-boy. Hue-and-cry now arose behind; horsemen galloping, lanthorns, confusion, and what not. Never mind, hue-and-cry has a good deal of Christmas cheer in its inside to-night. From Slieve Roe you may laugh at the Castle and lanthorned pursuers running blindly through the night. But hunters worse than Castle-folk are on the track of the fugitives. Vast, pitiless nature joins now in the chase. Deaf, blind, unconscious, the elements that favoured their flight now, as hunters, turn and pursue. Darkness surrounds them—darkness and night, and falling snow, and bitter cold. For forty miles of frozen bog and mountain these elemental hunters will hold them in chase. Many a drifted ravine and stream and river must be crossed ere they reach that hospitable glen. Now, too, a hunter deadlier than the rest joins in the chase—hunger. They had no food. The improvident horse-boy brought none, and the flight was just before supper. Hostages were not starved in Dublin Castle. Fat Art's condition proved that. The victuals of their captivity had been abundant and regular. Perhaps, in poor Art's case, too abundant.

CHAPTER XXXII

ALONE ON THE WHITE HILLS

THAT the horse-boy's legs would fail there was not the least fear. They were a strange race, these Elizabethan Irish horse-boys, and well deserved the statesmanlike dread with which the deep-considering poet Spenser regarded them. Certainly a modern English or Irish groom would cast a curious look upon the employer who might ask him to undertake their functions. All travelling, or nearly all, was equestrian. When a gentleman rode out in the morning upon a journey, his horse-boy ran by his saddle-girth, and in the evening, when he dismounted after doing the stage, the same hardy wight led his steed to the stable. The horse-boy, ways being insecure, usually went half-armed, and carried pistols. He scoured and polished his master's weapons and armour. Every gentleman was, as such, a man-of-war, and every horse-boy, as such, an apprentice to the soldier's trade. He listened to conversation that was steeped in militarism. He saw duels and irregular fightings of many kinds, even in the most piping times of peace, and was already half a soldier before he received any regular military education at all. Spenser, treating of this important class, tells us that their masters, English and Irish,

taught them the use of arms and even firearms. So the "rake-hell" horse-boys proved a perennial source whence the rank and file of the fighting orders of the Irish was fed. With such strength of wind and limb as was theirs these horse-boys, when reduced to discipline and well led, were in truth very formidable fighters and swift marchers. Moreover, from consorting from childhood daily with gentlemen they acquired much of their proud spirit, though, indeed, too, probably the worst part of that. This horse-subduing Lagenian who guided the youths that night could probably trot from Dublin to Glenmalure and back again the same day without feeling any more inconvenience from the exercise than a little temporary stiffness. With these young aristocrats it was different.

Not wisely the boys had cast away their outer garments on the moat's edge, and now travelled through the frost and snow of the night in their doublets only and long Elizabethan hose. Hugh, indeed, was brisk enough for the journey, and he felt himself free to step out. Hugh and the hardy Lagenian horse-boy might have darted ahead, leaving Art to take his chance. Hugh, I say, might have done so, for he was slender and hard comparatively, and "his pace was vigorous, and his progress swift." But he did not. He stuck close to his comrade. With his arm round that shapeless waist and Art's arm round his neck Hugh sustained him over the mountain at a pace that waxed ever slower. And now Red Hugh discovered also that his own strength had slowly ebbed away through cold, hunger, and the labour of sustaining Art, whom eventually he and the horse-boy tried to carry. Moreover, his feet began to blister and swell within his shoes. From without cold

assailed him, from within famine. Ere long cold, famine, and fatigue reduced him to the helplessness of Art.

How the humble, despised horse-boy must have wondered to see those gods brought so low. The long, weary day drew to a close, and night fell on the white hills. They were still many miles from Glenmalure, and Feagh's warm, hospitable roof, when brave Hugh himself gave out; he could no longer walk, much less help forward another. Where they stopped was, I think, as before, in the neighbourhood of Glendalough.

From the mountains they must have seen often that day the proud keep of Sir Felim, but Hugh knew better than to trust himself to that gentleman's brittle protection. Somewhere here, viz. between the Loughs Dan and Glendalough, the hardy horse-boy left them, hastening by the nearest way to Feagh and the celebrated glen. The youths slept deep that night, which is not surprising, and awoke the next morning, which is. On the morning of this second day they had eaten no food for about forty hours. Long ere this relief should have arrived.

Was the horse-boy going? were Feagh's men coming intercepted? Did hue-and-cry with a thousand feet go circling round the haven of their salvation? Probably. Out of the sea with a mocking splendour the bright sun rose. In their hearts hope sank. They were alone, uncared for and forgotten on the white, desolate hills.

Surely they prayed—it was a praying age—prayed after the manner of their forefathers. God, Christ, and Christ's Holy Mother, and the holy men of old, spiritual fathers of the land, were very real and present to well-nurtured lads in this century. Some say the spot at

which the horse-boy left them was under a rock, others that it was a cave; but, if a cave, it was open to the sky. It was, perhaps, a disused quarry, or some natural cavity resembling a quarry. The slow sun moved through the heavens, and went down, casting long shadows eastwards over the white land. He set, and the stars began to twinkle. Still silence, and, with night, the numbing, paralyzing cold. The horse-boy was not intercepted; but hue-and-cry did invest these regions; and even in Glenmalure there were eyes glaring into Feagh, watching his slightest movement, eyes hungry for Art and Hugh. The Castle Argus was here too. It was in Glenmalure, glaring into Feagh. Strange as it may seem, the State had friends, paid or unpaid, everywhere, even in and around the castles of the strongest chieftains.

CHAPTER XXXIII

A LEAFY BREAKFAST

THE third day dawned for the youths. Art now dying, Red Hugh not yet even thinking of it; a youth who could take a great deal of killing. The brain which was afterwards to invent so many plots and plans, and cunning warlike wiles, was resourceful even now. "Eat something, no matter what, lest we eat no more." Such was the thought that rose up in Hugh's mind on the third day. He gathered leaves from the nearest trees—holly, or ivy, or pine—and returning, said to Art—"Art, see the brute animals; they feed on leaves and grass. True, we are rational, yet also we are animals. Let us endure our short fast upon like fare with them till food be sent us from the trusty Feagh." So saying, he chewed and swallowed the leaves, and handed some to Art, now sinking fast, who either could not or would not eat. Art put them away, and turned aside to die. This day again the snow fell.

At last, in the evening of the third day, there arrived four of Feagh's soldiers bearing food, and ale, and metheglin, or mead. After eating that leafy breakfast, to which he seems to have attributed his preservation, for the incident must have been related by himself, Hugh had sunk down again by his companion. For

when Feagh's soldiers arrived, groping around with their lanthorns, they at first could not distinguish the youths from the snow, "so overlaid were they with the same as if with blankets, which had congealed around them," say the Four, piteously, "and frozen to them their shirts of fine linen, and their moistened shoes and leathern coverings of their feet, and they themselves were completely covered with snow, and there was no life in their members, but they were as if dead."

Truly it was a piteous sight to those rough warriors, as they uncovered the white faces, and the limp, motionless limbs of the noblest-born youths in all the land, the heir of Tir-Connall and the son of Shane, so perishing or perished, like shepherd-boys caught in the snow-storm, far away from friends and kindred, and the thousands of loving, loyal hearts who for them would gladly lay down their lives. Deeply grieving, probably with tears, speaking low as in death's presence, they tenderly raised the prostrate, inert forms, disentwining their frozen arms, for close-clasped they lay; softly, if with hands that had slain many men and fired many houses. Tenderly they brushed the snow from off their bodies, and, by rubbing, sought to restore animation and consciousness. Having succeeded to a certain extent, they opened their basket—what a picnic in that sweet haunt of idlers—and brought forth their simple cordials, stored there, perhaps, by the trembling hands of the Lady Rose herself. Ale and mead they produced, and sought, first with one and then with the other, to revive the frozen boys, in whom they still discovered signs of life. For a while all their efforts were vain. Whatever the soldiers might force down their throats the boys again threw up. In the end they succeeded in getting Red Hugh to retain some of

the mead upon his stomach, that leafy breakfast having, as he afterwards imagined, kept its energies alive. After this his faculties became restored. He spoke, but, forgetful of himself, directed all his attention to his comrade. In vain the soldiers, by constant friction, sought to restore some warmth to the frozen Art. In vain they plied their useless liquors. He was not dead, but his stomach rejected their ale and mead. Finally, sinking nature could not even do this; in short, could do nothing, could neither absorb nor reject. Art lay dying—lay dead. Red Hugh's passionate weeping availed not; the captivity of Art, son of Shane, in every sense came here to an end. Once before he fled from the Castle during Perrott's viceroyalty, and was brought back from the North desperately wounded. The issue of this, his second flight, was perhaps more merciful. This was Hugh's first vivid experience of death, and it was the death of a dear friend and comrade. Overwhelmed with grief, he refused food. For a while the rude soldiers stood aside, respecting his sorrow; soon they renewed their entreaties and persuasions, which nature, too, fiercely seconded. The better to effect their purpose, they removed the body of Art out of sight. In the end Hugh ate a little, as well as drank.

CHAPTER XXXIV

IN GLENMALURE

HUGH's faculties were now restored, but he could not walk. His feet were quite benumbed, and swollen tight to the leather from cold and famine. The soldiers wrapped him in their capacious Irish cloaks, and, making for him a litter with their spears, so left the fatal quarry where Art lay dead, freed at last from the injustices and oppressions of man. No warlike glory is Art's, no historic fame surrounds him as it does his friend; but he did no oppressions though he endured them. His hands are at least free from bloodshed, ruin, and devastation wreaked in defence of a doomed and desperate cause. Out of prison, darkness, and the jaws of death, where the son of Shane perished, Red Hugh ascended, a historic star, bright but baleful, splendid indeed, but disastrous exceedingly, perplexing a great monarch, and many vice-monarchs, and provincial presidents, and from horrid locks shook pestilence and war. Of the sons of Shane none ever got rightly over the horizon, the whole world, as it were, with one consent, pressing them down, so great was men's dread of the blood of Shane.

Shane had six sons—Henry, Art, Hugh Fetter, Con, Brian, Edmund, and Turlough. Henry, as we have

seen, only passed from one captivity to another. He was taken prisoner by his cousin, the Earl of Tyrone, and kept in strong durance for many years. Art, imprisoned from boyhood, first with Turlough Lynagh, the O'Neill, then for six years with the Government, perished in the snow upon the hills of Wicklow. The year before the flight of our hero, Hugh Fetter was hanged at Dungannon by order of the Earl of Tyrone and his Council. He knew of "no prison in Ulster strong enough to hold Hugh Fetter." Con was a hostage in captivity with Turlough Lynagh. The history of all Shane's sons is most tragical.

Every one feared them, and therefore every one oppressed. When Shane fell under the assassin dirks of the MacDonalds his great possessions were seized upon and divided, and so the whole world—English, Irish, Anglo-Irish, and Scottish—as it were, with one consent, determined to keep his sons low. From these victims of a universal persecution let us return to a youth whose enemies could by no means keep him down, and whose star did at last get very well above the horizon. Across the remaining mountains the four nameless warriors—two in front, two behind, with that horse-boy, slender and sinewy—past Glendalough and down into Glenmalure, bore the weeping Hugh to safety at last, and within the ruin of the broad, strong shield extended over these regions by the Chief of Clan Ranal. He was "a base varlet," according to Edmund Spenser, sinking the poet in the politician, "bred in a dung-hill"—such a name for Glenmalure!—but now, too, these years, Feagh, according to the same angry bard, "over-crowed high mountains and dictated terms of peace to mighty potentates." The base varlet has

now Red Hugh in hold, and Avonbeg will flow ruddy ere the Viceroy pluck this captive out of his “celebrated glen.” This time a stout chief and a warlike clan keep watch over the lad. Here Hugh, perhaps for the first time, met face to face this renowned Feagh M’Hugh O’Byrne, one of the great figures of the age, with whose name he was familiar from childhood, little aware that such dubious renown as Feagh’s but in a twenty-fold degree would be his own.

Old Feagh and his mighty men feasted high that night, all that was best in him and them aroused by the knowledge that between the boy and death, or the living death of the black-moated Castle, intervened only their sharp swords and strong hearts. For ever and aye,

Dear is the helpless creature we defend.

The Lady Rose and her maidens strewed the big hall with fresh rushes. Old Feagh bade his son broach fresh barrels. The huge fire, fed with new logs, roared up the wide chimney, and the improvising bard sang well or ill, but with honest human emotion, of Hugh and his sorrows, ever and anon—why not?—praising in verse the generous and victorious chief from whose prowess flowed all that cheer and plenty, to whose strong shelter O’Donnell’s son was glad to flee.

Sore in body, sorer in mind, but glad too, Red Hugh from his warm couch heard them.

Anon silence gathered round Ballinacorr—silence broken only by the footfall of the sentinel or the challenge of the warder of the gates, as some belated O’Byrne claimed admittance, and ever the low murmur-

ing of the Avonbeg, a noise of welcome. Heard or unheard, baleful Oure, not baleful, but blessing, sang all the night, sang songs of welcome, hope, and sweet freedom. Baleful Oure, with fluent fingers, touched sweetly that night his stony lyre.

CHAPTER XXXV

A VOICE FROM THE TOMB

AND Perrott, the author of “the boat with the wines,” the cold contriver of stratagems, who took sweet counsel with poisoners, and slipped little phials into their hands, the great Viceroy who thought to overtop the Queen’s sovereignty, and hold the reins of the Empire, how was Perrott faring now when all the world was white, and Christmastide made happy a million English homes? Not well, far from that.

On the day before that on which Red Hugh broke from the Castle, while Hugh and his comrades contemplated with joy their little steel instrument of salvation, and whispered low of coming freedom, a wasted, mournful shadow, once a man, from some damp, thick-walled dungeon in the Tower of London, penned a letter, which is still preserved in the State archives, uttered a moan, raised rather a wail of despair, which no man not made of brass can hear without emotion:—

December 23, 1591. Perrott to Burleigh.

“My memory is much impaired by grief and long, close, and strait imprisonment, and the incommodity of my lodging.”

It was the voice of Perrott, of the great Irish Viceroy, fallen very low; the voice of the mighty one crying from his tomb, crying in vain to his arch-enemy. For Hugh's captor was himself taken, and the poisoner was draining his own cup of sorrow to the bitter lees. He who dealt treacherously was dealt with very treacherously. That black, mutilated figure, and the murderous gang which guided its motions, had triumphed over the great one. Fallen into hands most merciless, crying to ears deafener than the stones of his dungeon, and to hearts more hard, the great Viceroy was being done to death by Burleigh and the lords of the Council and the Queen.

Alas, poor Perrott !

CHAPTER XXXVI

NEWS ! NEWS !

NEWS travelled swiftly in Elizabethan Ireland. Though there were no posts and no roads, or bad roads, tidings of all kinds went fast and far. There were men who made the bearing of news a profession. These live newspapers, going on horseback or on foot, were no favourites with the Government, though great favourites with the governed. Savage Acts of Parliament had been passed against them. Bingham once suspended literally two such newspapers. They were circulating in his camp at Cong, and Bingham suspended them. Plant, staff, and editor, they dangled at a rope's end in the eyes of their clientèle. Whippings, brandings, the pillory, and incarcerations were common punishments for those who went to and fro bringing news. But the appetite of the rural lords and gentry for news was enormous, and the remuneration of the news-bringer proportionately good. Such a welcome awaited him everywhere, such smiles, and such happy faces, such a steaming board, such brimming tankards, and such gifts, that in defiance of Acts of Parliament he continued to publish himself and circulate freely over the island, only returning to Dublin or Athlone, the chief centres of government, as soon as his news began

to grow a little stale, and then only to procure a fresh supply. If the Elizabethan-Irish country gentleman was beginning to grow a little cold to harpers and troubadours, he was beginning to love the news-bringer, and to listen to his tale with a keener relish. His feudal isolation was fast passing away. Under the sterner rule of the Tudor Viceroy the solidarity and unity of the nation were emerging. The interests of the chieftain were more involved in events occurring at a distance, and his sympathies and curiosity took a wider sweep. Everywhere the chieftainry and the gentry were awakening to the significance of the new time, and the arrival of the live newspaper was exceedingly welcome. How beautiful on our highways are the horse-hoofs of him who bringeth tidings, how sweet on our castle doors the beatings of the door-truncheon when wielded by his enlightened hands.

So runners ran through the island in an incredibly short space of time, and the whole country was kept fairly *au courant* with all the important events of the day.

The flight of the three hostages from Dublin Castle was a welcome bit of intelligence for the mounted live newspapers. It was a great event fraught with all manner of interesting possibilities, a fruitful theme for conjectures and surmises, and well worthy of whatever mode of publication then corresponded to stop-press editions and sensational headings. The "overthrow of Ulster" was at least in this business—*i. e.* the subversal of the existing settlement of the province; and what larger disturbances might not that mean? The news travelled swiftly, we may be sure, during those post-Christmas days, and wherever it came left behind humming groups of men.

The news travelled first and travelled straight to Dungannon, to Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone. It was a matter which nearly concerned the great northern Earl. To him the eruption of the two sons of Shane was a cause of intense alarm, that of our hero most joyful and welcome intelligence. Henry and Art O'Neill, the sons of Shane, let loose in the North of Ireland or the West of Scotland, meant new and great dangers for him. The Government was very weak. Though the Earl was a loyal vassal to the Crown, and held his lands under a State arrangement, he knew well that should the faction of the sons of Shane draw to a head under the escaped youths, he and they would be left severely alone; that in himself, his own courage, military power and skill, lay his sole reliance. He and the sons of Shane would be left to fight the quarrel out as they might, and the Government would then solemnly sanction the cause of the winner. The sons of Shane were his natural enemies, heads of a party which were a standing menace to his power, and even to his existence. Only last year, so hemmed in and pressed upon by the movements of that great faction was the Earl, that he had to hang Hugh Fetter, another and a very active and enterprising son of Shane. The terror thereby excited for a while paralyzed the party. But thirst for vengeance followed that deed, and the position of the Earl was, perhaps, made worse than better by the hanging of Hugh Fetter. The sons of Shane were, I say, the Earl's enemies. On the other hand, the boy Red Hugh was his ally. Hugh O'Neill, remember, was only an Earl. Sir Turlough Lynagh was The O'Neill, therefore, in a sense, Captain of Ulster, and O'Neill hated the Earl. The Earl, in order to strengthen himself, had made

a strict alliance with the Dark-Daughter, and the Dark-Daughter's power was failing. If the Earl could bring Red Hugh safe home, and secure his nomination to the O'Donnellship, he and his young protégé would be able to hold their own against all men, or even bear down the party of O'Neill. So we have seen him from time to time doing all in his power to secure the liberation of the boy, besieging Burleigh, Walsingham, and the Queen with letters earnestly and even passionately advocating the release of the lad.

CHAPTER XXXVII

YELLOW-HAIRED TURLOUGH VISITS FEAGH

THE Earl had many friends amongst the English and Irish of the Pale. For that matter he had friends and paid agents in the Imperial Council—nay, in the Queen's bedchamber. As for Dublin, it was honey-combed with Tyrone influences. Red Hugh and his comrades had not yet crossed Slieve Roe when a pair of horsemen, superbly mounted, rode through St. Audoen's Arch, and galloped northward along the paved highway called Stoneybatter. Their flying hoofs rang through many a hamlet, and set many dogs barking, and many churls wondering and surmising. From steeds blown and panting they sprang to the backs of steeds pawing and snorting; no delay anywhere. They ate as they rode, and their drink was ever the stirrup-cup. The news which they bore on this occasion, news preluding the overthrow of a province and its re-erection on another base, was worth a shire. They did not turn to the right hand or the left, but kept the straight road into Ulster.

They were not the mounted newspapers of the period, but gentlemen of the household of Sir William Warren, a great person in the Pale, a close ally of the

Earl's, and his best man when he eloped with Miss Mabel Bagenal. Their livery was a cheerful one, silver, azure, and gold. They wore a motto round their caps declaring that they served God and their Queen. Probably they were more loyal to Sir William Warren than to either.

A few days after those hot post gentlemen had galloped through St. Audoen's there rode, in a leisurely manner, under the same arch, a gentleman of the Earl's people, whose countenance was very familiar here as well as upon all the roads of the Pale. He was slightly attended, for there was peace and good order in all the East of Ireland just now, and no Palesman would be fool enough to molest any accredited servant of the Earl's, for the Earl was the greatest Earl in the land, and a member of the Council to boot, and in all respects a chief pillar of the State. The gentleman who now rode quietly into Dublin was tall and comely, bravely attired, well mounted—a very personable gentleman, florid, blue-eyed, and yellow-haired, pleasant and ready of speech, both in English and Irish, courteous and genial, with a countenance as frank and open as his thoughts were strait and close. His name was Turlough Boy O'Hagan, *i.e.* Yellow Turlough. He was foster-brother to the Earl. All men knew whence he came; few knew whither he was bound or with what purposes; but he knew very well himself.

Turlough Boy O'Hagan used to traverse the Pale bearing with him more than his gold hair and silver tongue.

Much solid coin passed from Turlough Boy's hands into the hands of members of the Irish Government. Such transactions, however, were not quite so dark as we might think. The giving of presents was a universal

fashion of the age, and the line which separated the gifts of custom and courtesy from those which were of the nature of bribery was not so easy to define. Here, however, is a contemporary Irish account of Turlough Boy O'Hagan as a distributor of the Earl's generosity.

"He was one of the confidential people of Hugh O'Neill, and spoke the language of both countries—viz. English and Irish—and was well known to both peoples, and the Earl was wont to despatch him to Dublin to conduct his business there. Hugh O'Neill had many friends amongst the English, for he used to send presents and large gifts of gold and silver to them on account of their support, and for speaking on his behalf in the Council."

Turlough Boy waited, as in duty bound, upon various great people in Dublin, presenting his master's salutations and compliments, and also certain weightier and more welcome tokens of the great northern potentate's friendship and good will.

Turlough Boy did not return to Ulster when he had transacted his Dublin business. It was necessary for him, he said, to visit some loyal gentleman on the southern mearings of the Pale. Sir Felim O'Toole, of Powerscourt Castle, was a person with whom a loyal earl might have friendly relations. Still more so was Sir Harry Harrington, of Newcastle, Sir Philip Sydney's first cousin, an excellent English gentleman and member of the Council. No one could suspect the Earl's man of intending a visit to Glenmalure. And yet high State officials did not unfrequently send friendly messages and gifts to old Feagh, though he was so "full of suspect." Their messengers went by night. So did Turlough.

One night, in response to beatings with the door-truncheon, Feagh's men-of-war, who kept the fort at the bridge head at Ballinacorr, unbarred a wicket-gate in the big doors. The light of their lanthorns fell on a heavily-cloaked and muffled figure, standing there stark and black in the white snow. The man's big-leafed Spanish hat concealed his face. A savage-looking man, his guide, alone accompanied him, leading a second horse, a hackney or roadster. It was a grey, carefully chosen for speed and endurance, and, if I may mention such a trifle, docked of the tail. The led horse was "a bob-tailed grey," the best purchasable with money. He had need to be good, for he was intended to bear through hostile regions a burthen worth a shire. The muffled figure, whose face was not seen, handed a letter to a gate-watch to be given to Feagh. There was an Earl's coronet in the seal of that letter, and close to the seal the words, "Hugh Tirone." Delivering his letter, the man stepped a few paces to the rear, for the lanthorns of the gate-watch were a little trying. Then the draw-bridge within fell, clanking and grating as the chains slipped through their sheaves, and the planks creaked with a heavy retreating tread. Silence succeeded, broken only by the slumbrous lapse of waters and crackling of boughlets overburthened with their weight of snow. The tall muffled figure was Turlough Boy's. Many men these years visited Ballinacorr who did not like their faces to be seen.

There was a sound of doors opening somewhere in the little silent, sleeping city. Then a clinking of rowelled heels awoke little ringing echoes. One of Feagh's horsemen was stepping thither, and stepping swiftly. No man could hear those footfalls without an

involuntary straightening of the back, tension of the muscles, and brightening of the eyes. There is an incredible amount of character in the sound of footfalls. This step to which Turlough now listened was quick and light, but awfully assured, charged, as it were, with an infinite grit and go, and a tameless energy. It was a young step, too, the step of a young man, and even a small man, but one with nerves of steel and a heart a stranger to all fear. The heel taps and the rowell-clankings sang some such song. The Earl's man listened for a moment, and murmured softly to himself—"Walter Reagh, for an angel!"

A beaming face, full of welcome, now showed in the light of the lanthorns as its owner stepped swiftly forward, took Turlough Boy by the hand, and led him in. It was a bronzed, weather-beaten face, slashed with more scars than one or two, and lit with eyes which now indeed flashed with kindness, but which looked as if they might more readily flash with battle, murder, and sudden death. His brown hair fell abundantly round his shoulders. "*Slauntahut*,—thou art welcome," he said, with a voice resonant out of all proportion to the frame from which it issued. "The King awaits thee." Then lowering his voice to what he intended to be a whisper, he added with a significant look and gesture, "*He* is here."

This very effective-looking little gentleman has been in our story before. He rode in that troop of horse which was despatched by Feagh to wrest our hero from the weak guardianship of Sir Felim after the lad's first eruption. He was indeed Walter Reagh, the famous warrior and spoiler, Feagh's son-in-law, the far-journeying Brown Geraldine. Now again this perfect specimen of the gentleman-marauder comes into our

saga, and will do something brilliant before he goes out of it. His brown locks shook radiantly as he marched through the lit gateway by Turlough's side, not reaching with the top of his head to Turlough's shoulder. He was half undressed, wearing nothing but a shirt, hose, and boots. The salvage man followed, leading the two steeds. The big doors swung to, the draw-bridge grated and clanked as it rose into its place, and silence again resumed its interrupted sway in Ballinacorr, only, somewhere within there, far voices sounded drowsily where the Earl's man held deep converse with the King.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

A STORM OF HOOFS

“THE warriors of the Saxons” who held Dublin Castle, assembled in the refectory, were joyfully eating supper. It was six of the clock, and they had dined at noon. Fitzwilliam and his chief officers sat at one end of the great hall, at a table of their own which crossed the chamber. Thence other long tables ran down the hall at which subalterns and mere swordsmen feasted, sitting according to rank and age. Between swordsmen and subalterns there was no great social distinction, for many known gentlemen served amongst the Queen’s gallowslasses and kerne, and all her swordsmen of Irish birth counted themselves gentlemen. By law, indeed, the wards of the Queen’s Castles should be all English, but they almost never were. Many candles illuminated the scene, and the instruments of festivity, the jewelled sword-grips, the decorated attire, and the eyes of the feasters sparkled in their ray. Here were assembled some two hundred festive warriors, Irish and Saxon, but good war-comrades and peace-comrades, and true to their salt. There was the usual amount of din and clatter, and now and again was heard the upraised voice of one who leaned forward and cried down the table,

challenging another to drink, for it was a festive night in that queen of the Queen's Irish Castles. Turlough Boy knew that, and knew also at what of the clock feasting would begin. Poor old Fitzwilliam, in spite of aches and pains, smiled as well as he could over the scene. Whatever Elizabethan Viceroys lacked they never lacked tact and good manners, or indeed good looks. Her Highness would have no man in any considerable office who was wanting in looks, in presence, or in manners. Yet, Fitzwilliam, though he smiled, was not at ease in his mind. He had just learned that her Highness was exceedingly wroth about the escape of Hugh Roe and the sons of Shane, and had used language concerning him (Fitzwilliam) which no respectable male, such as males are now, would dare even to write—language which caused Fitzwilliam to shake when he heard it. In Fitzwilliam's mind the wrath of his termagant mistress was a present, painful fact. Moreover, through Hugh Roe's escape he looked at times, as it were, into a dim sea of troubles there in the north, vaguely formulating itself in official phraseology as the "overthrow of Ulster," big wars and confusions in which he would have to figure in arms, or do worse. And he could not even ride, "such were his impediments."

Gardiner, the Chief Justice, a big, austere-looking man, who sat next him on the right, addressed Fitzwilliam in low tones, to which the Lord Deputy replied—

"If he be, indeed, with Feagh, as there is too much reason to suspect, then I shall surely take him in his transit to the north. All the fords of the Liffey and the Boyne are under strict watch and ward by my orders, and I think he will not venture to fetch a

compass, and so get him home through the midlands."

The Chief Justice's head wagged a little, indicating sympathy and appreciation, and his face looked wiser than any owl's. Gardiner was a rogue in office. He was a creature of Tyrone's, was glad that Hugh Roe had escaped, and hoped that he would not be caught.

"I have him as in a cage," continued Fitzwilliam. "There is no outlet for him. Sir Harry Harrington and his men lie east from Glenmalure; Sir H. Wallop at Baltinglass guards the south; Sarsfield is on the west, and I am on the north."

Just then some one in sharp tones cried "hark." There was a sudden silence in the hall, and in the silence was heard the distant hollow trampling of the hoofs of horses drawing momentarily nearer and louder. And this was but a vanguard, for a louder and denser trampling succeeded, a storm of hoofs, and those hoofs plainly of the great horse or war-charger, such was their full thunder, and such the shaking of the solid earth. Nearer and nearer it sounded till the storm of hoofs, the noise of that thunderous four-footed trampling, seemed to pass under the very castle walls on the west. A voice was heard, too; it rang clear like a distant trumpet. The words were in an unknown tongue, and after the voice rose a peal of mocking laughter. Then the noise died away northward, while men looked at each other silent and astonished. What did it all mean? Fitzwilliam's prophetic heart told him. It was the "overthrow of Ulster," passing northwards around Hugh Roe, and by that one ford of the Liffey over which he had not set a guard. Ere he and his officers could interchange surmises and conjectures, the

captain of the west port watch burst into the apartment, hastily stepped to the Lord Deputy's table, and delivered his tidings:—

“Hugh Roe passing into the North in the midst of a great troop of horsemen. One of my people saw him, for the moon was full, and also the light of the lanthorn above the west port fell on his face. He rideth a bob-tail grey, a hackney, very fleet and strong, and, your Honour”—he lowers his voice—“the Brown Geraldine is with him, the three sons of Feagh, and Rory Ogue's son, and Raymond Donn O'Moore, the counterfeit Baltinglass, and many others of the gentlemen of Leinster whom my men noted not, seeing that they spurred too fast. But as he rode by the west port Walter Reagh turned him in his shank-pillion, and with a strong voice cried to us words which I may not repeat in this presence, words too full of rebellion, insult, and contumely.”

The Lord Deputy had set guards over all the fords of the Liffey, save over that upon which he himself, as it were, sat in permanent watch and ward—viz. that ford the road to which ran past the west port of the Castle. The Lord Deputy thought, or said he thought, that no man in his senses would dream of forcing or stealing this passage. Yet Hugh Roe, by this very ford, went into Ulster under the Lord Deputy's nose, guided thither by Turlough Boy's wise head and Walter Reagh's fearless heart.

Yes, the lame boy under the Deputy's nodding eyelids, girt as we have seen, was passing northward. A war-cloud, fraught with thunder and lightning, with red ruin and the breaking up of laws, while Fitzwilliam and his warriors feasted, had swept Ulsterward, with a star at its heart.

Why did not the Lord Deputy rise up and pursue? Well, his impediments were many, and as to pursuit, under any leadership, it was doubtful whether a pursuer could overtake the guard which went northwards enclosing Hugh Roe, and still more doubtful what would happen if he did.

CHAPTER XXXIX

RED HUGH GOES OUT FROM GLENMALURE

OLD Feagh, then, did not make merchandise of Hugh Roe, though the sale of the boy might have brought him in a sum equivalent to some quarter of a million of our money. And to Feagh's further credit it must be remembered that the sale of valuable fugitives was quite in accordance with mediæval notions of honour, and old Feagh was very mediæval in all his notions. So the Duke of Austria joyfully sold *Cœur de Lion* to England for a sum of money. In Ireland, a few months before this, the Lord of Fermanagh sold Hugh Fetter, son of Shane, to the Earl of Tyrone. A great lord then looked upon the sale of fugitives who escaped into his country as one of his territorial perquisites, like grouse, hares, and other *feræ naturæ*. But the blackmailing old Chieftain of the Wicklow Highlands did not sell Hugh Roe. He gave him up freely and at once to the Earl's envoy, and even supplied Turlough Boy with a strong body of horse to safe-guard the lad through and past Dublin, and force the passage of the Liffey.

Feagh's son-in-law, the Brown Geraldine, Walter Reagh of Ballygloran, commanded this escort. As soon as the sick and lame boy was sufficiently recuperated

to be able to sit a horse, they lifted him on the back of his bob-tailed grey, set forth from Ballinacorr, and rested, the first night, at Powerscourt Castle, the northern seat of Sir Felim O'Toole, for Felim once again and more creditably comes back into the saga. This time Sir Felim not only received Hugh Roe and redeemed his ancient pledge, but, with his brother Art and certain of his people, rose out to safe-guard him in his passage into the north. When next afternoon Walter Reagh, with his charge, rode out of Powerscourt with his face towards Ulster, Felim and his gentlemen went with him. It was drawing towards evening when they left Powerscourt and rode through the Scalp, that picturesque gorge, sometimes called the Gates of Wicklow.

A thaw had set in. All streams were flowing full, but the hills were still white, and many patches of snow showed in sheltered places along the miry ways, stars and streaks and crooked ribs of stained whiteness never dissolved, while underneath the roads were all slush, and the air still and not cold. The shades of eve were thickening as they rode past Dundrum Castle on the left, and turned their backs to those white mountains where Art O'Neill had perished, and where Hugh Roe had all but perished.

It was night when they saw the lights of Dublin, and looked down on the faint pale fume of the little city from the highlands above Milltown. To these people it was not a little city, but great, and mighty exceedingly.

Then more swiftly they rode past St. Sepulchre's, seat of the great Adam Loftus, Chancellor and Archbishop. A noble mediæval structure once dedicated to pious uses and named after the Holy Sepulchre. All the

windows were aglow, for it was Little Christmas Eve, true Christmas according to the old calendar. To-night all the old Adam's sons and daughters-in-law, daughters and sons-in-law, and his hosts of followers and retainers rejoiced around that old Adam, the founder of their unexpected fortunes for so many of them. Great people were proud to form alliances with the children of this potent ecclesiastic, for, as we learn, his sons-in-law were the best and chiefest men of the Pale "enriched with lances and followers," great gentlemen who had the dispending of "two and *even* three hundred pounds by the year." That storm of hoofs put a momentary stop to the dancing in St. Sepulchre's, caused the card-players to hold down their cards and gaze in each other's faces with a wild surmise. Young Dudley Loftus stood with bent head listening; there was no wild surmise in that young man's face. Dudley knew the way to and from Glenmalure very well! He and old Feagh understood each other. Dudley, on his father's behalf, paid an archiepiscopal black-rent to old Feagh, for the Archbishop had domains which ran up into Feagh's mountains, and a Palace in that neighbourhood, whence in summer, rejoicing in his glory, he was wont to ride in to Dublin, girt by a splendid troop. It was a great thing to be an Archbishop or even a Bishop in the days of Queen Bess. Adam Loftus too, there is little doubt, understood the meaning of the storm of hoofs passing to-night under the walls of St. Sepulchre's, an intelligent ecclesiastical person, deep-seen in all contemporary mysteries; shallow as to things of Grace.

Passing St. Sepulchre's, Red Hugh's escort rode unchallenged through the open south port of the little city. Tyrone's gold dispensed by Turlough Boy had

abolished every difficulty in the path of the fugitive. Though mailed figure after mailed figure galloped through the echoing arches, the gate-watch only stared and looked owlishly intelligent. "It was but a company of civil gentlemen," they said afterwards, "headed by the loyal Sir Felim O'Toole. How could we know that amongst them went Hugh Roe?" On this occasion I cannot learn that Fitzwilliam hanged a man, as he did on the morning after the escape of the noseless one.

Thence, clattering forward through the narrow streets of old Dublin, while to doors and windows, at the sound of that unusual wayfaring, ran the festive population heretofore engaged in the celebration of the true Christmas, while the few street passengers scurried to right and left before the "great-horses" of the gentlemen of Leinster. Hugh Roe's guard curving westward now passed under the walls of the Castle where pale Fitzwilliam, with gout in his toes and a wintry smile on his still handsome visage, presided over those festive warriors who just then feasted so inopportunely in their refectory, and whose war horses, stabled and haltered, were just as inopportunely deep in oats. Past the strong and grim west port of the Castle they rode under those proud towers adorned with so many rebellious heads, while dare-devil Walter, with his head still firm on his shoulders, turned half round in his big war saddle, and shouted unrepeatable chaff to the captain of the gate-watch. The faint gate-light revealed for a moment the flashing eyes and bronzed scarred features of that prince of marauders, first of all the gentlemen of the day who lived by the saddle and played the part of mountain eagle under Feagh to the fat partridges of the Pale. And the light fell

too, so that the gate-watch could see him, upon the pale, pure face and floating fiery locks of the deeply-wronged boy, whose eyes were shy and wild, and whose form crouched and shrank, as on his grey steed, stooping, he flew past those grim portals, confiding indeed in the Brown Geraldine and all that mailed valour which surrounded him, yet horribly aware that these were the portals of the living tomb from which he had escaped with his life, maimed and lamed, perhaps for life, and racked with dire agony, yet with his life. For Hugh Roe these portals were like the gate of hell, and the captain of the watch a chief devil in command there.

Hugh Roe's swift transit past the Castle was like the flight of the fawn past the kennels of chained hounds. No wonder his heart beat, and his grey eyes were wild. But give that tortured heart time and it will never again beat with fear. Let him breathe again the free air of his native hills, and this fleeting fawn will reappear there as the lion of the North, the swift leopard of Tir-Connall, before whose coming many grim and raw-devouring hounds of war shall flee.

Passing the west port, Brown Walter led his troop down the steep bank, and plunged into the cold waters of the Liffey, now swollen with thawed snow, and, followed by his horsemen, struggled through, half swimming, half wading. Through St. Audoen's, also miraculously free and unguarded, they reached the open country on the north side of the Liffey, and there thundered and clattered forward along the Ulster road, which was called Stoneybatter, or the "stony way." How beautiful to Hugh Roe, had he turned round for a parting glance, must have seemed then the little walled

city, and how beautiful the strong fortress which frowned aloft there, with its spiked heads showing like black spots against the stars.

Yet, in our sympathy with Hugh Roe and his many wrongs, we must never forget that this terrible fortress, with its spiked heads above and its official corruption below, was, strange as it may seem, for three-fourths of his countrymen, a centre from which radiated endless visions of hope and security and freedom, that for the storm-tossed nations and cities of Ireland it shone for ever like a beacon above wild waters, and that Ireland, once and again and many times, embattled herself in obedience to commands emanating thence, and went forth to war against men like Hugh Roe because the captain of that fortress bade them. For Ireland in general, as distinguished from the mighty feudal lords, it was the centre of recognized and lawful authority, and, indeed, to the impartial eye of the historian, there was a great deal more in that grim fortress than spiked heads above and official corruption below. The "State" was there, and all that the State meant, in a land filled with strong lords and people-ruling captains who were all but Kings.

On now along that paved way, striking fire as they went, while the ringing of steel and brass chimed a merry treble to the thunder of hoofs, Hugh Roe and his escort galloped to the North, and the lights of Dublin faded fast behind. The peasantry of the Pale, cooking their evening meal or sitting round their firesides, ran to their cabin-doors as Feagh's cavalry swept by, with wonder and admiration regarding the big men and horses seen dimly in the starlight and the illumination of those leaping sparks. Plain was it to those peasant surmisers that these were no Castle cavalry. Their

manner of riding, without stirrups, their armour, their style of carrying the lance, the length of the lance, all showed that. So through the night steadily northward galloped Walter Reagh and his horsemen, enclosing their lame boy; while even now Fitzwilliam and his hurriedly convened Council were taking down the testimony of those sharp-eyed wights who had recognized so many high-born rebellious faces as Hugh's escort galloped past.

"Upon what manner of horse was he mounted—Hugh Roe, the escaped hostage?" asked Fitzwilliam.

"On a bob-tailed grey, your Honour," replied a witness, which was the fact, however it may possibly deduct from the romance of the flight.

Through the night, through the Pale and the hostile, Pale nations, Talbots, St. Lawrences, Plunkets, Prestons, Barnwells, Flemings, Husseys, etc., past many castles and strong moated granges, Brown Walter and his horsemen galloped steadily along the direct northern road towards Ulster. Through villages and hamlets they clattered and thundered, the villagers starting up in their beds, glad to hear the storm of hoofs die away in the distance, and through much open country, where the noise of their own going was the only sound which reached their ears.

Nowhere did closed gates obstruct their advance; not at Swords, though an archiepiscopal city, nor at Baldruddery, nor at Lusk. There was an Act of Parliament which directed villagers to provide themselves with walls and gates. Here the Act was a dead letter.

Not for centuries had North Dublin seen the presence of a foe, if we except the rebellion of Silken Thomas, Brown Walter's famous kinsman.

The villages were open—unwalled and ungated. Those great Pale nobles, “captains of populous and powerful nations,” did little in the way of watching and warding. Elsewhere the lord of the land, if he took repose, did so like the hare, with his eyes open. Horsemen and footmen patrolled his territory, day and night, and his mearing tenants were sentinels even more than farmers. Here civilization and modern manners and habits were beginning to tell, and the once wide-awake, alert feudal noble was beginning to grow modern and lethargic. He had commenced to hand over his cares to the central Government, and also, alas! much of the antique energy and grit whereby his Norman ancestors had won those fertile plains. He had begun to learn the art of raising “blisters” on his estate—cunning dog—and had good credit with the Dublin and Drogheda merchants, and went to law when his barbaric neighbours went to war. He was not, indeed, modern and civilized, but he was moving in that direction, little aware that when he, a lord of the land and receiver of rents, becomes quite modern and civilized, he will be a fat sheep ready for the butcher.

To-night, past the castles and moated granges of these Pale lords and their circumjacent nations and tributary peoples, went storming along these fourscore of Irish and Norman-Irish gentlemen, the reverse of modern and civilized, and who, so far, had handed over nothing at all to the Government, but were still antique and barbaric in every fibre, led by a man to whom warring and spoiling were as the breath of life, and enclosing a grey-eyed lithe boy, whose career as warrior and spoiler seeks its fellow in the whole range of our stormy history.

At a point unknown to me, but called the "Plain of the Fortress," Feagh's undertaking for safe conduct and protection terminated. Here Feagh's lieutenant Brown Walter and his troop parted from Red Hugh. "They bade him farewell," says or sings the bardic historian, "and they gave him their blessing." "*De agus Mairé orth*" ("God and Mary upon you") and "*Bean-nacht leath*" ("Blessing with you!") many times repeated, with hand-shakings, bright raillery, looks of kindness, and words of frank, soldierly goodwill. Strange to think of these familiar peasant phrases on the lips of mailed knights and gentlemen! Yet nothing in the world has more than its day.

At the Plain of the Fortress Red Hugh and Turlough Boy, altogether unattended even by horse-boys, again turned their horses' heads due north, riding straight for Drogheda and the Boyne. Walter Reagh and the gentlemen of Leinster rode southwards into the night and got home when, where, and how I know not. But I may add that for some time after this the Government believed that Walter had gone into Ulster with Hugh Roe, and that this brown terror of Leinster would prove the source of some mighty hurley-burleys in the North.

Here, at all events, Red Hugh's valiant conductor, Walter Reagh, the Brown Geraldine, carries himself off into the night, and rides stoutly out of our saga. Depredator and spoiler as he was, and indeed not much better than a stout thief on a big scale, who will not wish him more power to his warlike elbow, and that he may carry his brown head high for a good reasonable degree of time, for sooner or later that brown head is sure to stand spiked, in goodly company,

above the Castle battlements ? That high honour had been already conferred upon several of Walter's brothers and kinsmen. Concerning one of them, a younger brother of our Walter, Perrott wrote with joyful and laconic emphasis—"His head is above me as I write!"

CHAPTER XL

WALLS AND TOWERS

FROM the Plain of the Fortress Red Hugh and Yellow Turlough, the innocent boy and much-experienced man, rode forward alone through the night, over the dim star-lit plains of Fingall—the land of the “Fair Strangers.” Along the way rose the castles of men who with the greatest joy would, if they could, have laid strong hands on Hugh Roe, and gaily led him back in handlocks to Dublin. He saw the lights of those castles on either hand as he rode—castles of many great men of the Pale—Talbots, Prestons, Nettervilles, Plunkets, and Flemings, then known as “nations,” and even as great and potent nations. With the few gentry folk met on the road Turlough Boy exchanged courteous greetings. They suspected nothing. Turlough Boy was well known upon these roads, and as for Red Hugh he passed off as Turlough’s esquire or page. Both were highly respectable figures, as they rode by in the faint starlight with such Saxon benedictions and salutations as were customary in the Pale. Both wore short red capes, the garb of loyalty and civility, and were otherwise so mounted and caparisoned as to disarm suspicion. The long, spacious, and comfortable mantle was in those singular days supposed to cover a

multitude of sins, the short red cape on the other hand, especially when accompanied with a frilled collar and a regulation saddle and stirrups, to indicate a multitude of virtues. Hugh's large feet may have attracted some passing attention. They were wrapped in swathings, so the stirrup-irons swung free. Grey dawn was stealing over the land when from a certain highland sloping down steeply to a great river, the man and the boy saw before them and below them a strong city, where the great river met the inflowing sea. The city was Drogheda, and the river was the Boyne. Drogheda was in those times a very beautiful city. Indeed, at the time Ireland was in possession of a great number of beautiful cities. Would that we had preserved one or two of them. Zigzag walls of great height, with machicolated parapets, surrounded this city, protecting it securely against all war's alarms. Within those walls, when the wildest wars raged, the men of Drogheda laboured and reposed as peacefully as the inmates of a well-built house when rain falls and the winter winds whistle dolefully. On the south, on the north, on the east, and on the west those walls rose into noble castles. These were the towers of the various "ports." One of these towers still survives, and helps us to imagine what, in its prime, an Elizabethan-Irish city must have been. This was probably, with the exception of Dublin, the only Irish city Red Hugh had ever seen, for cities did not flourish in the north, only castles. As Red Hugh gazed, Drogheda—her walls, towers, and spires—lay sleeping in the beautiful twilight, for the dawn was stealing over Drogheda, and bringing out into clearer relief all that defensive architecture, and the interior castellated buildings of the strong city, one of the many great fenced cities of the Pale.

What were Hugh Roe's thoughts as he reined his smoking steed upon that highland, and looked down on the walled city? Perhaps "what a noble city to sack." Of Turlough Boy's thoughts we may be more certain. Turlough thought that it would be very hard, indeed, to bring his charge safe through that city. The men of Drogheda were aware that Hugh Roe might pass through their streets on his way to the North. They would therefore eye with the keenest scrutiny any stranger found even in Turlough's company. Let the least suspicion arise in their minds that the red-haired lad is Hugh Roe, they will surely take him prisoner. Why? Why should not the men of Drogheda suffer the poor captive, the deeply-wronged boy, to pass quietly on his way to his home in the North, escaped at last from his hard-hearted tormentors? The answer to this question would be the answer to a great many other questions suggested by the 16th century. The walled cities, one and all, inland and seaboard, were devoted to the Crown, and hostile to the great lords, and Hugh was, at lowest, a great lord's eldest son. Great lords and all who held by them were an abomination to the men who dwelt in Elizabethan-Irish walled cities. Properly walled round and defended, any hamlet in Ireland would within twelve months possess a population ready on all emergencies to strike for the Crown, and with joy send out its quota of armed men to war down great lords.

After a short debate Turlough and Hugh descended that highland, but not by the direct road leading into Drogheda. At the next parting of the ways they turned leftwards and away from the city.

CHAPTER XLI

A CHIEFTAIN TO THE HIGHLANDS BOUND

A FEW miles farther up stream was the celebrated ford at which a hundred years later was fought the Battle of the Boyne. But Turlough had no intention of crossing the river by the "Broad Ford." He knew that a watch had been set on all the fords of the Boyne, as well as upon those of the Liffey.

Following the little road which ran westwards they came to the verge of the stream some short distance above the town. Here there was a ferry. Turlough, dismounting, woke up the ferryman, who issued sleepily from his little cage-work sheeling, rubbing his eyes, and much surprised to see two such fine gentlemen requiring passage here, instead of riding through the town, suspecting that something was amiss, and therefore in pleasant anticipation of a substantial reward. The long-haired ferryman peered sharply at both through his matted forelock or glib. The ferryman's garb was primitive Irish. No one cared what such a wight wore. His tunic was belted at the waist, and provided with dreadfully long sleeves, his nether limbs clad in long hose of coarse woollen. He was bare-headed, and moved about heavily in shoes soled with

wood and iron. While this quaint creature was uncoupling his boat from a stake to which it was fastened at the end of a little plank pier, strong Turlough, using both hands, lifted Red Hugh out of his saddle. Owing to the punishment which the boy had endured on the Wicklow hills, he was quite unable to walk. He could neither mount nor dismount by himself, so sore were his feet. Yesterday, in Sir Felim's courtyard, Turlough lifted him into his saddle. Now he lifted him out again. During all that long ride he was in continual anguish. That he should have undertaken this journey at all while he was in such a condition and been able to carry it through is another amongst the many proofs of the native hardihood and pluck which were amongst the most conspicuous features of his character. He would not give in, though his feet were racked with torments as dire as those which poor Fitzwilliam suffered from the gout. Turlough bore him in his arms, and laid him tenderly in the ferry, which was now afloat, the ferryman sitting in his place with the paddles in his hands. Turlough tethered the two steeds, and embarked also. The ferryboat was as little modern as the glibbed and long-sleeved wight who rowed it. It was the primitive Irish boat, composed of a firm framework of timber, bound with leather. In such a boat, twelve centuries before, St. Patrick's missionaries had rowed up this very stream as far as Trim. In such a boat Brendan traversed the western main, and Columba, with his apostles, sailed from Derry to Iona.

The Boyne is the most beautiful of rivers, but its level bosom now gleaming in the dawn, and the picturesque woodlands along the shores, where snow still striped the boughs of trees, did not engage much

of Red Hugh's attention. His eyes were riveted on the grim walls and sharp-cut battlements of the city rising darkly against the brightening east—a city which, he well knew, was crowded with enemies. But no alarm gun pealed from those battlements. All was quiet in the virgin city. The men of Drogheda, still in their beds, had no idea that the deadliest enemy to the cause to which they were attached was at this moment with leisurely oar strokes being quietly rowed across the Boyne on his way into the North.

When the ferryboat reached the northern bank Turlough removed his charge from the boat, and hid him amongst the willows which grew by the marge. He then returned with the ferryman to the south bank, and placed in that expectant man's hands such a present, a gift from Hugh Roe, as made him a *Dives* amongst ferrymen. We can imagine the salvage man's delighted face as he held this wonderful gift of the gods in his hand, looking from the gold to Turlough Boy and from Turlough Boy to the yellow gold, and fearing lest after all it should be a dream. His wife and young barbarians were now observing all this curiously from the cabin door. Turlough untethered the horses, mounted his own, and led Hugh Roe's by the bridle. So he rode boldly to the south port of Drogheda. The gate was now open. The gate watch looked curiously at the rider. They thought it singular that such a gentleman as Turlough Boy O'Hagan, the great northern lord's pursuivant and herald, should be travelling here unattended in the dawn, and without even a horse-boy to run at his stirrup. The riderless grey steed, too, gave rise to conjectures among the iron-capped gate watch as they looked after that stalwart figure, now trotting leisurely

with his led horse over the long bridge which spanned the Boyne and led into the city. But Turlough's was a well-known figure on all these highways of the Pale. Also, provident Turlough was in the habit of dropping a good deal of his master's gold and silver as he passed places where it was desirable to maintain friends. Then it was a dangerous thing to meddle at all with the man whose lord was virtual Captain of the North, and who was also an Earl, at a time when an Earldom was something to conjure with. To crown all, Turlough's master was a member of the Council. The Lord Deputy and Council governed Ireland in those days, and of the two the Council was on the whole the more potent. So, Turlough Boy, with his led horse, rode over the long dull-thundering bridge. Then his hoofs sounded hollow as he rode through the echoing arch above which rose the castle that guarded the north end of the bridge. This passed, Turlough with his eight hoofs going more merrily clattered through the silent streets of awakening Drogheda, starting echoes in many a timber-built house there. If any early birds saw the white plume dancing, saw his beautiful white frilled collar and scarlet cape, the outward signs of loyalty, civility, and all manner of things normal and lovely and of good report and recognized the rider, it did not matter. Turlough was well known here and accustomed "to travel with intrepidity" over all the highways of the Pale.

CHAPTER XLII

AN EXCELLENT ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

HAVING successfully run the gauntlet of the West Port too, Turlough Boy, still leading by the bridle our hero's bob-tailed grey, rode more swiftly up the river till he reached the spot where he had concealed the lad. Having lifted him on to his saddle he led the way, still up stream, till he came to Broad Ford, the scene of the Battle of the Boyne, where he turned sharp to the right, and rode up a steep gorge. That steep gorge is famous in Irish history. Down that gorge King William's army descended to the Battle of the Boyne. Hugh Roe and Turlough now walked their horses up that historic glen. Two miles farther on they came to a plantation of young but well-grown trees, round which ran a deep foss and a rampart. Within the foss and rampart were seen winding gravelled walks, nicely-kept glades and alleys and ornamental shrubs and trees not indigenous to Erin. Care and taste were evident everywhere. Between the now leafless trees Red Hugh caught sight of an unfamiliar kind of dwelling-house, such as was unknown in his native Tir-Connall. There men dwelt either in terribly grim and strong castles, or in unpretentious buildings of timber or of timber and clay. This was a beautiful brick-built Elizabethan mansion—

the residence either of some wealthy English gentleman, or of some Irish lord whose mind had been affected by the influences of the new time.

Turlough, leading the way, rode along this foss till he came to a place where the foss was partly filled and the rampart broken down. That weak place had been purposely prepared during the last few days. Here Turlough and Hugh rode across the foss and into the plantation. Turlough dismounted, lifted Hugh from the saddle, and concealed the horses and the boy in a place where the plantation grew thickly. Then he went off, going in the direction of that handsome Elizabethan mansion. It was still very early in the morning, and few, if any, stirring about the place. It was not that men and women did not rise early here. The household within a stone's throw of which Hugh Roe lay concealed was as virtuous and well-administered as any in the land, presided over by a most "excellent English gentleman" and excellent English lady, but the excellent English gentleman had so arranged matters and so distributed this morning's tasks to his men that none were stirring in the plantation. Turlough Boy, when he approached the house, did not go to the hall-door. He kept to the shrubbery till he arrived at a concealed postern. He drew a key from his bosom, unlocked and opened the postern, stepped in very gently, and closed the door behind him. Truly the ramifications of interest, friendship, and political alliance were, in this age, very great, unexpected and surprising. We shall be more surprised when we learn who and what was this excellent English gentleman in whose shrubbery the State hostage lay, and whose very private rooms were entered this morning by Turlough Boy, armed with his own key.

Meantime, the mind of our hero was ill at ease, in spite of Turlough's explanations and assurances. His thoughts travelled back to the Lord Felim, to his protestations of friendship and succour, and the cowardly betrayal in which they had terminated. Unable even to stand upon his tortured feet, he was unattended and alone in a spot where all things suggested the mighty power, the deadly and implacable foe of all his kind, which was now creeping everywhere over the land—coldly cruel, most perfidious, smiling only to betray, ever with one friendly hand outstretched, and the other hidden, holding the assassin's dagger or the phial of the poisoner, advancing steadily, well-nigh insupportably, and, as the lad knew but too well, beckoned to and invited by crowds of Irish lords and gentlemen, by many even in his own Tir-Connall, eager to co-operate. With such thoughts for company, and within a stone's throw of a house where dwelt a trusted agent of the Crown, one of the marcher captains of the Pale, an Englishman and a member of the Council, sat Hugh Roe, his mind racked with dim fears, his body helpless and suffering. And the silver-gleaming dawn, so pure, serene, and kind, came trembling through the wood, and awakened birds piped wintrily, yet cheerfully, from bush and tree. Truly this was an anxious moment for the poor fugitive.

Presently the boy heard footsteps—more footsteps than one, the crackling of trodden twigs, and the noise of pushed-back, slapping branches, as men forced their way through the underwood. He drew his sword; like his dear dead friend, Art, taken too, in this neighbourhood, he would fight desperately for freedom. Resolutely, even passionately, again and again he sought to rise, but could not. His swollen feet refused to bear

even that slight burden. He fell back, and with bright eyes stared at the quarter whence the noise came. It was Turlough Boy returning, but not alone. With him came two gentlemen, strangers to Hugh, but whom at a single glance he perceived to be friends, such a look of real concern, sympathy, regard, and even respect shone in their faces, and the boy had already begun to judge faces, to differentiate the true from the false. The gentlemen approached bareheaded with their caps in their hands. Hugh Roe, with his bared sword across his knees, uncovered in response to that courtesy. One of the two gentlemen was about fifty years of age, grey but bright-eyed, and of a fresh complexion, prudent-looking, and circumspect, and when he spoke his accents were deliberate. He spoke in English, at which Hugh Roe smilingly shook his head. One of the most singular and unexpected facts about the boy's captivity is that his captors were never at the pains to teach him English. The other was a very young man not much older than Hugh, but already married, and a father. His wife was a daughter of the Chancellor of Ireland, Adam Loftus, whom we have had occasion to mention more than once.

Whatever courtesies passed they were few and brief. Presently tall Turlough raised the lad in his arms, and, following the elder of the two gentlemen, conveyed him through the wood and through that postern into the interior of the handsome Elizabethan mansion, and the door was shut. The younger gentleman led the horses into the courtyard, into one of the stables, where with his own hands he groomed them and fed them. Then he locked the stable door and sauntered into the dwelling-house, wearing an expression as like that of every day as he could assume.

This excellent young English gentleman had just done a deed for which his head was likely to roll, and he knew it. Did conscience whisper at all in the young man's breast—

“Garret Moore, Garret Moore, is this well done? This beautiful house and demesne, your broad lands by the Boyne, all this opulence and splendour and dignity, you owe to the State, of which you and your father stand here as the trusted northern pillars. Yet you and he harbour and set upon his way home the best pledge ever held by the State for the submission of Ulster to the Queen's will. Is it well done, Garret Moore?”

This fine house and place was Mellifont. The quarry from which were drawn the materials for its erection was the famous monastery of that name, the joint foundation of the great St. Bernard, of the Irish Saint Malachy, whom St. Bernard so loved and admired, and of the pious and munificent King of the little Irish realm called Oriel. Sacrilegiously the handsome house was reared, and sacrilegiously maintained, for the confiscated monastic lands supplied the maintenance. To Garret Moore's grandfather the Crown had granted Mellifont Abbey, and a great share of the *termon* or abbey lands.

It might be thought that good luck would never pursue a family which commenced its career by participation in such plunder. Nevertheless, those famous saints, St. Bernard and St. Malachy, have been unconscionably slow to avenge the outrage. From that day to this in which I write, the family which was so started on its Irish career has flourished like a tree planted by the Boyne's living waters, and have, in fact, done a great deal better than hundreds of other families that started less dubiously.

The fine old gentleman is Sir Edward Moore, of

Mellifont, and the young one, his eldest son and heir, Garret. In due time Garret will be Sir Garret, and again Viscount Drogheda, and from his loins will spring many excellent Irish Earls and Marquises. They were not scions of the famous house of the O'Mores which was clan regnant of the Queen's County, but a recently arrived English family, and here by the Boyne water had already struck a deep and firm root in the kindly soil. The Four Masters describe Sir Edward as "an excellent English gentleman," and from all that I can learn about Sir Edward in the State Papers, a study of which proves very disastrous indeed to brilliant reputations, I believe that on the whole the epithet was deserved.

The Moores of Mellifont held a position midway between unconquered Ulster, with its great sovereign lords, and the tamed and broken-in gentry of the Pale. No one could call them stout partisans. But if they trimmed a little between the State and the great lords they did so in a human, and not very censurable manner. They understood the exigencies, requirements, and purposes of the State on the one hand, and, being very hospitable and dwelling on the highway between Ulster and Dublin, they knew all the northern lords personally, having frequently entertained them and found it hard not to sympathize with them, too, for the northern lords had many griefs and wrongs as against the State. Then they were close personal friends, one might say allies, of Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, under whose protection the boy was now passing northwards. The earl had two chief friends amongst the gentlemen of the Pale. One was Sir William Warren, from whom he received the first intelligence of Hugh Roe's escape, and who had been his best man when he

eloped with Miss Mabel Bagenal; the other Garret Moore, of Mellifont. The State was well acquainted with the Earl's friendly relations with Sir William and Sir Garret. When the Earl went into rebellion the Government seldom sent to him an embassage without including one or other amongst the number, partly as a compliment to the Earl, partly as an assurance that no foul play was intended, and partly because representations coming from them would have more weight than the same proceeding from any other. It was in this very Elizabethan mansion that, at the close of "The Nine Years' War," the Earl signed articles of peace, and here that he burst into tears when he heard of the death of his Royal mistress, to whom he owed so much of favour and benefaction when he was weak and serviceable, and also of the cruellest wrongs when he became great, therefore formidable, and therefore, according to the vile code of all tyrants, a fit person to be plotted against and pulled down.

The Moores' secret was well preserved. Even the Four Masters, writing in the reign of James I., are careful not to mention the name of the "excellent English gentleman" who befriended Hugh Roe. Not till the present generation was it known who was that excellent English gentleman. The Earl and Red Hugh never forgot that kindness. Whatever storms of war and devastation rolled down this way from the North during the great ensuing convulsion, "corn or horn" was never touched on the Moore estates; Garret Moore and his people could sleep in peace while those storms drove past.

Here, then, under the protection of a member of the Irish Council, Hugh Roe was put to bed, and to sleep as well as his wounded feet would permit. He had

ridden 40 miles during the night and was quite worn out. Deep and painless slumber to the poor much-wronged boy, who at least up to this point in his career had injured no man nor done anything amiss! Upon this innocent boy the State, with cold cruelty, had laid its iron grasp treacherously, had for four years shut him up in a stone dungeon, where he "lay in the Grate"—what a hideous suggestiveness there is in that word!—and had almost, but not quite, crushed the brave spirit out of him. From that iron grasp he had wrenched himself free. An escaped hostage, he was fleeing homeward to his fond mother and little brothers and sister Nuala, who loved him dearly and proved her love too, but fleeing homewards, wounded and suffering, his swift feet throbbing with pain, maimed and lamed. In fact the boy was lamed for life. Never again will Red Hugh run or leap. He will be a lame boy and a lame man. Probably that diminution of the lad's powers in one direction intensified them in others, adding more strength to his heart and more energy to his will. The State never profited a whit by that maiming of Hugh Roe, as it surely never profited by his kidnapping and the four years' entombment.

CHAPTER XLIII

STARTING FROM MELLIFONT

ALL that day Hugh Roe rested in his chamber ; also that night and the ensuing day, for he was very weak, tired and sore, his wants attended to only by the three persons mentioned. On the second night he felt strong enough to set forth once more. Turlough timed the departure, so that they should arrive at Dundalk, which was the next crucial and dangerous point on their journey, at the same time as that at which they had arrived at Drogheda—that is to say, early in the morning, in the twilight, and at the time of the opening of the gates. Their departure from Mellifont was by night. Matters had been so arranged that no inquisitive grooms or horse-boys were about in the court-yard and offices. Garret Moore, with his own hands, saddled and bridled the steeds, and led them out. The wind was loud to-night, and roared in the young plantations, the moon rode high, nearly full, tumbling through fleecy clouds. Garret would have been better pleased had the night been dark. All treasons love darkness, and there was something like high treason forward at Mellifont this night.

Within, Hugh took an affectionate farewell of his kind concealer. Then Turlough raised the lad in his

arms, bore him into the court-yard, and set him on his swift grey. Garret unbarred the gate. Hands were then warmly clasped, and adieu uttered in low voices, and Turlough and Hugh rode off into the night.

Garret Moore made all secure, and returned to the house.

Sir Edward and Garret sat up late that night, and their conversation was very grave.

When next Hugh Roe and Garret met, which was about two years later, it was under very different circumstances. Together, hard by the gates of Dundalk, they rode along lines of ranked warriors, glittering in mail, all Hugh's, for our foot-sore, hunted boy had become in the meantime the chief of a territory and the captain of a host, and even a great host. Hugh Roe never forgot Mellifont and the two Moores, father and son.

His bardic eulogizers have compared Hugh Roe to the antique hero, Cuculain, son of Sualtam. Hugh was just now riding through the chief theatre of Cuculain's exploits, past Ardee, the Ford of Far-dia, where he stood, as it were, in the gap of Ulster, and held the gates of the province against Queen Meave's host, past many a dolmen and mound marking the graves of champions whom he had slain. Hugh talked with Turlough on that theme as they rode through these classic plains, for to every well-nurtured lad of the free nations of Ireland all those sublime beings of the dim dawn of time were very real and alive. Nor, after centuries of obscuration, is their power to quicken, purify, and exalt, yet dead. Still they live and reign, and shall reign.

Louth was a prosperous and well-settled region, a country whose lords and gentlemen were thoroughly broken

to State harness, and hospitable to all the modern ideas. Here lands held of the Crown at fixed rents and services descended from father to son. There were no stormy election controversies concerning the merits of rival candidates to the chieftainship. The local magnates did not wage war upon each other, or ride around coshering on minor magnates, and exacting "suppers." None of them rejoiced in the possession of a private gallows. The affairs of the country were not settled by parliaments of armed men assembled on the raths. The peasant was free to choose his lord; he was not here a species of property; twice in the year he could "flit," driving his cattle and possessions before him, and his lord could not pursue him. There was a competition between the lords for tenants, and churles got farms on easy terms. The opinions of the towns prevailed here, and the men of Louth, lords, gentlemen, and churles, looked askance at the great people of the untamed North, and hoped that the State would soon break them, for over the whole Pale, Ulster ever loomed like a black cloud charged with thunder and lightning, with red war and unknown forms of ruinous devastation. To them the gates of the North were, too literally, "with dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms."

Without misadventure, they rode through the plains of Louth, shielded by darkness and wild weather. Chance wayfarers homing from Drogheda were saluted by Turlough with a cheery "*Beannacht leath*" and "*De agus Mairé duith*," or a "good-night" and "safe home," for he was a bilingual son of the North and "was well acquainted with both peoples." Some, replying, addressed him as "my lord," which was no mistake, for Turlough was captain of his nation and the Lord O'Hagan by courtesy and by law.

Day was struggling into birth, through rain and mist, when they saw before them the towers and pinnacles of a strong city looming dimly in the grey sky. It was Dundalk, another great Royalist strength. If the Dundalk men recognize Hugh, they will lay hands upon him with a savage joy and send him back to Dublin by the straight road. The lad knows it too, and, though his hand is steady on the bridle chain, his eyes grow wild and bright and his heart beats as the great bastioned and turreted south port climbs higher and higher into the grey sky.

CHAPTER XLIV

THE SENTINEL CITY

RUNNING the gauntlet of his many foes, the boy has at last reached the gauntlet's terrible end; let him only win through Dundalk and he is free, for it is the last of the Pale cities, the sentinel city of the Pale; a sentinel, mailed in granite, with stern minatory eyes fixed ever on that tameless Cimmerian north, a main stronghold of the Queen's party and Royalist in every fibre, manned, each street, lane, and alley of it, with warlike burghers, devoted heart and soul to the State and quite ready at all times to pick the very bones of a great lord.

Why did not prudent Turlough make a detour to the west and so avoid wholly this Royalist stronghold? For good reasons. That way lie the domains of marcher captains, and, chief amongst them, the dreaded name of Sir Henry Bagenal, chief of a late arrived Anglo-Irish nation, brother-in-law, against his will, to the Earl of Tyrone, and a deadly enemy to all the independent lords of Ulster, his brother-in-law included. Turlough trusted more in the simplicity of the many-headed democracy of Dundalk, than in the chance of catching asleep such marcher captains as Bagenal and the Lord

Bellew and other stout and wide-awake custodians of the Ulster frontier. Turlough will ride straight through Dundalk and take his chance there with the many-headed. Dundalk was self-governing. Her "sovereign" and burgesses only admitted Queen's soldiers, and even viceroys, on sufferance and with conditions, for the fenced cities had privileges and knew how to stand upon them, aye, to the very height of the same. If the walled cities leaned on the Crown, still more strongly did the Crown lean on the walled cities.

Turlough, timing the pace, reached Dundalk just at the moment of the opening of the gates. Through those gates now, beneath the *tête du pont*, across the dull-thundering draw-bridge, through the arched and echoing gateway, under the massive tower Turlough rode "intrepidly" with his shrinking page by his side, and flinging an Earl's largesse to the soldiers as he went. The night-lamp still burning lit up his glinting armour, yellow hair, honest-seeming grey eyes, and war-battered, farouche, yet kindly and manly visage. "A wet morning, brave lads," he cried cheerily as he trotted past, and, "*Ta se fliuch agus farran*," taking care at the same time to interpose his gaunt and towering form between the gate watch and his page, whose heart just now was beating like a hare's, filled with nameless qualms and panic-fears.

A shout pursued them as they emerged from the twilight of the gate-tower and rode into the city. The boy shook again in the saddle. Was that a belated challenge?—"Halt, you two, in the name of the Queen?" No; only a loud-tongued, beinorioned soldier crying a benediction after the Earl's man, the gathered nobles having stirred in him a grateful heart within his waist-coat of iron. So they left the south port and rode

down Curci's street. How far we have travelled since thy shining times, *conquistador*!

"Hark, O Turlough, they are giving the alarum."

"Not so, *rig-damna*; only the relief with fife and drum stepping thitherward from the Castle. Fear nothing, all is well."

"But, hark again, Turlough! There goes the alarum fierce and loud from the steeples!"

"Not so, dear son; only the matin bells of Holy Bride's ringing to prayers."

Be still, O beating heart!

The rain fell heavily as Turlough and Red Hugh rode through Dundalk along "Curci's" and along "the Way of the Bruces" while they made for the west port, not with haste and yet not loitering. Turlough Boy had many friends and acquaintances here; he did not pause to enjoy their conversation and hospitality on this occasion. Swiftly, not too swiftly, Turlough Boy rode down "Curci's" and "Bride's Lane," and "the Way of the Bruces" (Robert and Edward, great names in Dundalk), with a high, impregnable, yet withal amiable countenance in spite of rain and wind. Hugh Roe endeavoured as well as he could, to fashion his looks by Turlough's, attentive to his every gesture, while the gentle rain from heaven fell heavily, obscuring their transit. From long spouts and troughs, projecting from the roofs of houses over the little footways, streams of water rushed down into the streets, and the gutters ran like torrents. Here in spite of the elements, stoutly shod in wood and leather—clattering sabots—pious spinsterhood, pious widowhood click-clacked to matins along the stony foot-way, wrapped close in thick cloaks and cowls, for umbrellas and oiled water-proofs are not yet known. Little do they think, these

pious Dundalk folk clattering to matins, that the thunder-cloud of Ulster incarnate, the red realm-shaker of the wild coming time, here and now, in the guise of a pallid, delicate-complexioned, and way-worn boy, rides peacefully through their streets to-day. Perhaps they noted him as he passed, noted the slim form, the shapeless swathed feet, the thin, pale, clear, beautiful face and bright eyes, riding there beside the stalwart and well-known figure of the Earl's man. If it is in the destinies that Ireland will yet shake to this lad's name, he himself, in the troubled heart of him, shakes now like the grass.

Somewhere here, out of a side street, certain knights superbly mounted, clad in steel and bearing lances, rode silently into the main way to meet our journeying twain. Some went in front, some followed. Significant side glances served all the needs of courtesy. There were no vain words and no slackening of the pace. With them came a boy leading a great war-horse. Up and down went his head as the boy ran beside him; at the sound of his neighing the wooden houses shook. On without a moment's delay swept the cavalcade. So enclosed, the shrinking fugitive and his tower-like conductor drew nigh to the west port. Grim and menacing it rose before them, the last barrier this side of freedom. Beyond these granite portals lies Ulster, the never-conquered North. Can he pass? Probably. The gate watch will think twice before stopping such a troop as now encircles the boy. Moreover Turlough is a known person here and the gate watch, while very keen about those who enter in, regard slightly those who go out. The lad fares through, and out, and the air of his native North keen from the Orier mountains blows on his fevered brow. On, now between fertile

fields and the castles and moated granges of the wealthy Dundalk burghers, to the Orier mountains and the Gap of Moyrah. True, the power and might of Tyrone run up this way almost to the walls of the city. True, friends and aids may be summoned right and left, but hue-and-cry from behind is still possible, and influences from the walled Royalist city shoot far even here.

CHAPTER XLV

THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN GATES OF ULSTER

IF Hugh Roe, in the troubled and weary heart of him, believed that a full and assured safety was now his, so did not Turlough. He rode watchful and alert, bombardule in hand, and looked well before him, and well on the right hand, and well on the left, and, with his quick ears, ever hearkened behind.

So they rode through the Moyrah Gap, unchallenged, and in amongst the Orier mountains—a crowd of them, the outposts of Ulster, giant sentinels and frontiersmen of the North—a land of mountains, hills, and droums, of gaps and glens and rocky shy recesses, embroidered with lichen and heather, and loud with torrents ; of forests and opening lakes : an intricate land ; O'Hanlon's strong and fast country ; a land, too, of old enchantment, a many-storied land. Here, somewhere, Hugh Roe, looking to the right, asked the name of one great mountain supereminent in height, surpassing the rest in size and majesty of outline, evident captain of that steadfast clan. Well might the lad ask, and well, being told, draw rein and stare, filled with singular and vivid emotions by us as indescribable as inapprehensible, so far removed are we from that Tir-Connallian lad, not so much in time as in

thought—for there beside the track there looms above him the most classic, legendary, and haunted of all the holy hills and druidic high places of the Gael. It was Slieve Gullion, perhaps more famous as Slieve Fuad, a mountain alive with tradition and teeming in every hollow and height and torrent-cloven gash of it, with mystical powers and influences metaphysical; immemorial haunt of beings supramundane and immortal; *mons fabulosus* if ever there were such. Then to this boy the antique Gaelic tales and traditions are not so much true as sacred. They are, in large part, his religion, some of which only, and not the most vital, is derived from the monks. The lad rode into our historic saga not so certainly out of the sere autumnal woods of Fanat and the highlands of Tir-Connall as out of antique mediæval Gaeldom, and is riding out of it, if fortune favours, to return with great love into the bosom of the same. The salmon which leaps, a streak of blue and silver, above the white falls of the Erne, or which, at the very gunwale, escapes the strong gripe of the fisherman, leaving behind him vexed hearts and bursten hemp, brings back with him to his native deeps as little of the life of the things which breathe the air as Hugh Roe takes back with him of Elizabethan and Anglo-Irish civilization, after four years' immurement in its heart. His very speech is unaffected; to him English is and will remain a foreign tongue. Out of Elizabethan Ireland he goes back into Gaeldom, unchanged, into a sphere of thought and emotion so strange and so withdrawn that even a great poet, though he might travesty it, could not depict. For in Tir-Connall the *dii gentium* have not even yet ceased to reign; shorn of their supreme attributes and eclipsed of their glory the Danaan gods are there, under other names. Saints

have not so very much succeeded there the gods and heroes of heathendom, and the lore of the Gentile lives side by side with that of the Christian. Even our pious Four Masters, flourishing nigh half-a-century after this, yield a strange Pagan flavour from their sounding and shining annals. In his father's muniment-room in the great Castle of Donegal lie treaties which Hugh Roe will soon exhibit, and, sword in hand, enforce. These solemn treaties are signed by men who, with spells and wizard rites derived from that old Pagan world, have undertaken to maintain the same. Side by side with names of kings, who are to guard them with their swords, and of bishops, who will guard them with their bells and books and quenched candles, and ecclesiastical comminations in the Latin tongue, here, too, are appended, and on a full equality with those others, the names of druids who have surrounded the inscribed terms with their invisible ramparts and Gaelic ranns of power. For, again, this is unconquered Ulster, the last and strongest retreat of the genius of the Gael, and this boy, however foot-sore and weary-hearted to-day, is the last great secular champion of the Gaelic tradition—the foiled champion too, such is the power of the weaving stars.

Well, indeed, might Hugh Roe draw rein and stare silent and wondering at this weird mountain, the most famous and mythic of all in that vast bardic tradition which was the Bible of the Gael, and, in vindication of which, far more than as champion of the "Dark Rosaleen" of our modern singer, his sword is soon to flash in the North, and his "gun-peal and slogan-cry wake many a glen serene." Thoughts, ideas, emotions, not to be told, hardly to be suggested,

surely thronged in this lad's heart and brain, as he gazed at the great brown mountain capped with solid vapour, and along whose sides slow-journeying the white fog-phantoms crawled.

Here lived and reigned Fuad, the far-off Milesian druid king, till his glory faded, as all things will. The mountain was Cuculain's sign-post, when, a little boy driven forth by the war spirits, he secretly left his home and his dear mother, seeking Emain Macha. Here the sentinels of the Red Branch from their white watch-tower, Carn Fion, scanned afar the mearings of Ulster. Here Ossian's sire slew the enchanter Almain, son of Midna, who once every year, to the sound of unearthly music, consumed Tara with magic flames. On this mountain Cuculain seized the wild fairy steed, the Liath Macha, new risen from the Grey Lake, ere steed and hero in their giant wrestlings and reelings encompassed Banba, and in the quaking night the nations trembled. Here, steeped in Lough Liath's waters, Finn's golden tresses took on the hue and glitter of radiant snow. From the spilled goblet of the god sprang the hazels, whose magic clusters might assuage that hunger of the spirit which knows no other assuagement. The Faed Fia was shed around them. Here shined and trembled the wisp of druid-grasses, from whose whisperings with the dawn-wind pure ears might learn the secrets of life and death. Here beneath those hazels, their immortal green and their scarlet clusters, sprang the well of the waters of all wisdom. Three dreadful queens guarded it. Sometimes they smile, seeing afar some youth wandering unconsoled o'er-laden with the burthen of his thoughts, rapt with visions, tormented by the gods, a stranger in his own household, scorned by those whom he cannot scorn, out-

cast from the wholesome cheerful life of men—they smile, and, smiling, dart from rosy immortal fingers one radiant drop upon his pallid lips, and, lo! the word out of his mouth becomes a sword wherewith he shears through mountains; with his right hand, he upholds the weak, and with the left prostrates powers, and tyrants tremble before the light of his mild eyes.

Names, deeds, grey legends, dire happenings and becomings without number, or the spiritual force and power of them, touched with awe the boy's heart as he gazed on the haunted hill, so long familiar in his mind as a thought, as a name, now a great visible actuality looming before his eyes, crowned with cloud, crawled over by the travelling mists. Save with the mind's eye the boy could not see Lough Liath, which crowns the height of Slieve Gullion, enfolded now and swathed, in that white cloudy tiara—the many-storied lake. Others have, and regarded with awe its dark waves, more mythic than those of Avernus, sounding as with all the sorrows and all the far-soaring aspirations of our race.

O melancholy lake, shaped like the moon! lake uplifted high in the arms of Slieve Gullion; boggy, desolate, thick-strewn with grey boulders on thy eastern shore and, on thy western, regarded askance by thy step-child the rosy heather, ruddy as with blood—aloof, observant of thy never-ending sorrow; unfathomable, druid lake: home of the white steed immortal: bath of the Caillia-Bullia, the people's dread; thy turbid waves aye breaking in pale foam upon thy grey shore strewn with boulders and the wrecks of the work of men's hands; horror-haunted, enchanted lake; seat of dim ethneic mysteries, lost all or scattered to the winds; with thy made wells and walls and painted temples, and shining cairns, and subterrene corridors obscure—

walked once by druids gold-helmeted and girded with the Sun ;—scene of religious pomps, and thronging congregations hymning loud their forgotten gods obscene or fair ; what mighty tales, what thoughts far-journeying, Protean, sprang once in light from thy wine-dark, mystic floor, Lough Liath ! Sky-neighbouring lake vexed by all the winds ! mournful, sibilant, teeming fount of thy vast phantasmal mythus, O Ultonia !

Of that mythus, all that it meant, all that to which it tended, the last great secular champion, rides to-day round Slieve Gullion's base, soon to reappear, how differently ! at the head of his armies, the eagle of the North, the swift leopard of Tir-Connall, vainly too, despite all his bravery. Such is the power of the weaving stars !

“What seest thou, my son ? It is all O'Hanlon's country. He keeps the Earl's peace and follows his war. Fear nothing, O my soul within !”

“Fear is not on me, O Turlough,” replied the boy. “But these mountains ! see, they are alive ; they talk to each other as I pass.”

“Harden thy heart, dear son. Now but for a little bear up and be strong. Very soon look to see the white ramparts of Henry son of Turlough, lord of the Fews. There thou shalt have rest and food and a warm couch beside a fire of glowing turves.”

“Yea, indeed, my body is weary. But surely, dear Turlough, there is to thee, too, a great need of rest and refreshment.”

So with awe on his heart, and on his lips the seal of a religious silence, the last champion of the doomed Celtic and Gaelic soul of Ireland relaxed his hands on the reins, and rode on to the fulfilment of his destiny.

Behind him Orior amid his highlands concealed the haunted hill.

Those who have followed so far the windings of our saga with its perhaps excessive embroidery of comment, suggestion, allusion, and episode would, I have little doubt, welcome here a personal description of our boy hero. Here then, standing as it were by the wayside, see this fleeting vision of Hugh Roe in the midst of his guard, as one saw him, or seemed to see him, riding through this wild and ragged land.

* * * * *

“Journeying from the Strand-Head of the Yew-Tree to the town which lies under the Hill of the Cleft, at a place where the way was crossed by the great northern road, I chanced upon a troop of horsemen with their faces to the Fews, having, as it were, but just then come up out of the Moyrah Gap. Through a clearing mist I saw them. First I heard the sound of galloping hoofs and saw a horseman come out of the North. He rode very impetuously. I did not see that horseman again. Perhaps he fell in at the rear of the cavalcade and so escaped my notice. Then I saw the troop. The men passed close to me but took no notice. Two horsemen headed the same, wearing armour and bearing long lances. After them there ran a horse-boy leading a great steed, a horse of service—the horse was grey—after whom there rode a man and a boy together, mounted on powerful hackneys; but their horses were tired. The head of the horse on which the boy rode was bowed down, and he went with much labour and distress. I did not know then who were the riders, but I know now. After them rode two other horsemen, equipped in the same manner as the van of that troop.

There were no others, only the six horsemen and horses, and the led battle-steed and the boy who led him. The horse-boy was bare-headed and bare-footed, dressed in the manner of the naturals of that land. I saw his bare feet flying in the mist, and the upward and downward motion of the head of the great horse.

“The Lord O’Hagan rode nighest to me, Hugh Roe was beyond him, but I saw both very clearly, for they went slowly, owing to the aforesaid fatigue of the horses. O’Hagan’s horse was brown-black, the boy’s horse was grey. I did not observe that the tail of Hugh Roe’s horse was docked. Perhaps it was.

“O’Hagan sat his horse very straight, like a pillar. He wore a helmet of polished steel. Round his breast was a jack of steel and he was greaved to the knees. The greaves were dull-coloured, but the edges and the rivets shone. His hose were buff-coloured, and his feet thrust in box-stirrups of polished wood, studded with silver nails. He wore very large rowels at his heels: the spikes of the rowels were nigh a finger in length. A cape, dark red, hung from his shoulders. His left hand, holding the chain-reins taut, rested on the saddlebow; in his right he held a bombardule fully cocked, and with the match lit and smoking. His hands were gauntleted; there were bars of steel shining on the leatheren gauntlets. The sleeves of the same reached his elbow. He rode like one who feared a hostile prosecution or a camisado by the way, very wary, watchful and alert. He was by no means fearful, only watchful and wary. The man might have been forty years of age; it was hard to tell. His countenance was dour, terrible, and commanding. He had grey, bright eyes, a great nose, and a mouth which was strait and tight, showing

no red of the lips. The beard on his upper lip was short and thick, that which grew on his lower lip and chin was thick and pointed, and yellow-reddish in hue. His face was long, lean, and hard, his cheeks hollow below, and bulged and ridged above ; there were very deep wrinkles round his mouth, and the drills of his nose were wide. The man was very warlike and terrible to look upon : his face had scars and marks of ancient wounds. He was Turlough Boy, Captain of the Clan Hagan, as I have been made sure by those who knew him, after that they heard me relating the tokens.

“ The lad who rode near him was Hugh Roe. He wore a cape of faded green lined with white fur, a large collar, and yellow hose, very old. All his attire was ancient and faded. His cap was close-fitting, and came to a peak upon his forehead between the eyes. He was very fair and pale, his skin delicate in colour and transparent. He looked as one foredone with weariness and travel, and confiding himself wholly to the wisdom and valour of the Lord O’Hagan. He drooped as he rode, and his bridle hand hung low below the saddle-peak. I saw the hilt of a sword on the farther side standing out from under the green cloak. His eyes were wide apart, grey-blue in colour, and the eyelashes short, thick, and white. The colour of his hair was, as it were, gold-red. His nose was not straight, or bent like the eagle’s, but low and rounded at the end. It was no noticeable nose like the Lord O’Hagan’s. His upper lip was long, his mouth very sweet and gentle, his chin round. The chin of the man was very square, and from ear to chin the long jaw-bone ran sheer and straight. The boy, so fair and so gentle did he seem that at the first I said ‘ this surely is a maid dressed in

the attire of a man.' I regarded him with much compassion, seeing that he was sore spent with travail.

"When I looked again, I saw that the boy had a wide forehead, very strong over the eyes, the brows of which lay in one straight bar above his eyes, thick and strong. On the left side of his nose, on the cheek, but close to the nose, there was a mole; it was not an excrescence or hairy, but a smooth, swart spot. I never heard that Hugh Roe was called *Aodh na Ball Dearg*. Seeing the brows of the boy, I had no longer a doubt with me as to his sex, or that he was a lad of spirit and resolution, though at first I said he was a maid. I would know either of that twain should I meet with him again. I took little notice of the rest of the cavalcade. Armed troops riding on the ways of Ulster are many, but that twain appeared to me to be very notable persons, therefore I watched them attentively as they rode past. The way here is a *tochar*, having a swamp on one side and a swamp on the other, and it is about four miles from the Gap of the Moyrah, and all but between the Cloven Hill and the great mountain of Slieve Gullion, a little to the south of both."

* * * . * *

This, no doubt, but poorly accords with that sonorous description of Hugh Roe by the Four Masters who knew him:—"A lion in strength and might of determination and command, so that, truly, whatsoever he ordained, the same should be done according as he commanded it with the word of his mouth." But it accords exquisitely with a later sentence in that eulogium:—"Of a countenance so alluring that he fascinated all who might behold him." Be it remembered, too, that for four years, one of them in irons, and all "in the Grate," the fiery energies and vitalities of the persecuted boy were driven

in upon his own heart and consumed him. Let those energies have but half-a-year to play outward vitally, not inward deathfully, and the figure presented by the lad will be, I think, very different from that which was observed so compassionately that misty morning on the *tochar* between the two swamps.

CHAPTER XLVI

HOME !

THAT night our hero was entertained by Henry O'Neill, Lord of the Fews, and by that lord's mother, Judith Maguire, Baroness of Dungannon, a very noble old lady, whose character and virtues are warmly praised by the Four Masters. She was also mother of the Earl Tyrone. The next night he passed secretly in Armagh, there is reason to think as the guest of one of the ecclesiastics attached to the Cathedral. These ecclesiastics were very much under the control of the Earl. When the Earl wished to divorce a wife, he had only to direct these ecclesiastics to take the necessary steps, and it was done.

Next day he went on to Dungannon, which was the chief seat of the Earl, a magnificent Elizabethan pile recently erected, possibly an imitation of Kenilworth, where the Earl had been brought up under the care of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Amy Robsart's husband. Hugh spent four days here secretly, and during that time received much instruction as to his future behaviour from the wise and politic Earl. One day the Earl came to him leading a young lady; it was Hugh Roe's betrothed wife. The interview between the young people could not have been very

sentimental, for the alliance was one of policy. The betrothal was afterwards consummated by marriage; it was not a success. The Earl himself was a much married man. He was enjoying just now the society of his third wife, and will take a fourth. All four marriages were strokes of policy, even that which succeeded his famed elopement. Irish chieftains, like European kings, married only for prudential reasons. Our modern Irish bumpkins, who marry for cows, can justify their behaviour by high native examples. The Earl divorced his first wife with the aid of those ecclesiastics at Armagh; the next two, both children, died young; the fourth will accompany him to Rome.

Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, the greatest man of action whom the Milesian Irish race ever produced, was at this time past middle age, of no great height, but of a powerful, muscular, and well-knit figure, perfected in all the exercises of war and every manly pastime of the age. His countenance was swarthy, his eyes bright, black, and penetrating, his forehead broad and compact, the seat of a great, comprehensive, and withal sagacious and vigilant mind. His manners were grave, simple, and downright; his conversation abounding in quaint phrases and witty idioms. He was eloquent both in speech and writing, and knew also how to be as silent as the grave. An enemy has described him as "heavy of aspect and blunt of speech." His aspect, we may be certain, was grave, and his mere presence such as could be felt.

It was within the possibility of things that ere long he would be one of the greatest men in the Empire; it was also within the possibilities of things that his remarkably fine head, separated from its shoulders, should help to adorn the battlements of Dublin Castle.

Between the State, on the one hand, and the lords of Ulster and his own dynastic interest, on the other, the Earl had a most intricate game to play—and, truth to tell, he played it like a man, right through to the end.

He had spent his life in the service of the State, warring against his own countrymen, and for his reward was now Earl and the lord of immense domains. But the State, working according to maxims of its own, and according to a cowardly and even devilish policy, now sought his overthrow, and on no other grounds save that this Earl was valiant, wise, great, and powerful. Evermore the tallest poppies are hateful to a tyranny. The Earl had to walk warily these years, and he walked, warily—very warily. Yet his wary walking did not save him. To secure his life and lands he had to “stand on his keeping,” first, and then, passing into rebellion, shake the State almost to its downfall.

In Dungannon our hero met the Earl’s brother Cormac, and his half-brother, Art, father—by the way—of the celebrated Owen Roe O’Neill. They were usually called, respectively, Cormac Mac Baron and Art Mac Baron (son of the Baron). He also met the Earl’s illegitimate son, Con, a very stirring youth, one of the conspicuous figures in the coming war, and already the Earl’s right hand for all action in which he did not desire to be himself seen.

At the end of four days, the Earl sent him westwards, attended by a small troop of horse, to Enniskillen. Only the most faithful and reliable of the Earl’s people went in this troop, bound, all of them, to the strictest secrecy. The departure from Dungannon was by night. Enniskillen was one of the strongest fortresses in Ireland, and supposed to be impregnable. It was

held by another Hugh—Hugh Maguire, Lord of Fermanagh, a young chief of huge stature, rosy-cheeked and merry, said to be the best horseman in the island. It was he who suggested to the Government when they proposed to send a sheriff into Fermanagh that it would be wise to fix his eric beforehand.

I wonder has the reader forgotten brave Donald the bastard, whom Fitzwilliam installed in the Shrievalty of Tir-Connall. It was the same Donald, who, having primitive notions concerning the duties of a Sheriff, stepped outside his Shrievalty and installed this rosy-cheeked giant as Captain of the Maguires and lord of all Fermanagh. Hugh Maguire will play a great part in the forthcoming wars.

When our hero left Enniskillen it was in that chieftain's state barge, and in the midst of the best company. His voyage down Lough Erne, between its numerous islands, was like a triumphal procession on the water, the state barge being the centre of a gay flotilla. At the western extremity of the lake, where Belleek stands to-day, there was a great concourse of the gentlemen of Tir-Connall waiting to receive him, for swift messengers had been sent on from Dungannon with the news. We may be sure that he received these congratulations and expressions of joy with a certain stateliness and aplomb. Naturally high and proud, no less than affectionate, he could not forget that, in a few days, he might be Prince of Tir-Connall. He knew well that amidst all the rejoicings and friendly welcomings of these lords and gentlemen, one and all, they were saying to themselves, "Is this boy fit to be our Captain?" Wise now after the event we can reply, "Yea, truly, lords and gentlemen of Tir-Connall. This boy is very fit

indeed to be your Captain, such a captain as you desire. He comes back to you like tempered steel heated many times in furnaces of affliction and many times chilled in icy baths of disappointment and sorrow. The lame boy will make you a very respectable captain, indeed, as captains go, and hang a fair proportion of you before all is over, for he will not be a *roi faineant* at all, 'and, truly, whatsoever he ordains, it must be done according as he shall command it with the word of his mouth.'

With his back to the Erne, Red Hugh, in the midst of a great retinue of his most loyal knights and barons, rode from Belleek, slowly, to the Castle of Ballyshannon, one of the great strongholds of Ireland. Mailed gallow-glasses, bearing battle-axes, went before and came after, and running kerne, in yellow doublets with long sleeves, cleared the way. Unrolled from its guidon, the banner of the O'Donnells floated above the battlements of the great fortress. That night, in the great hall of the Castle, draped and ornamented for the occasion, Perrott's captive entertained his friends, now for the first time overlooking long rows of martial faces and forms, the faces and forms of men who loved him, and were ready to die in his service or bear him on to victory. What toasts were drunk that night, what speeches made, what swords flashed screaming from their scabbards to confirm the passionate words of the speakers—nay, what tears were shed, the muse of Irish history has not recorded. Only the true and faithful were around our hero that night. Not all the lords and gentlemen of Tir-Connall came to welcome home the wronged boy. Far from that. Not a third, perhaps not a tenth of the gentlemen of Tir-Connall came to welcome him that day, for Red Hugh has his principality yet to conquer. His foes, there, are more

numerous than his friends, and two foreign armies are at this moment encamped in his country.

When the last of Red Hugh's guests took his leave, and, amid the flaring of torches, mounted his steed in the Castle yard, strong and tender arms bore the lad from that chamber of feasting to his prepared chamber, and his soft "bed of healing," and for the first time the boy was free to weep. Here his physicians dressed his wounded feet, and tender, loving hands ministered to him. Suffering, but happy he lay, safe in his ancestral halls, while kind faces came and went, and many faithful lips of vassals pressed his wasted hands. Then, at intervals he heard beneath his chamber-windows the roar and ceaseless thunder of the mighty Erne rushing headlong to the sea.

The Dark-Daughter did not come hither. She was herself under siege in Donegal Castle. It was a changed Tir-Connall to which Hugh Roe returned after his four years' captivity. In the nerveless hands of old Sir Hugh O'Donnell the O'Donnellship had become a mere name. The principality was in the act of dissolving into its original elements. The wisdom and valour of the Dark-Daughter could not save it. In Tir-Connall every man did that which was right in his own eyes. The Government seized the opportunity which so presented itself. A little before this they had authorized Bingham, Governor of Connaught, to send a sheriff and an army into Tir-Connall. The Sheriff, a certain Captain Willis, leading some two hundred men, had come up this way, had encamped before Donegal Castle, and had been for some days joyfully busy collecting hostages and driving beeves; in fact industriously gathering in the Queen's arrears of rent. Sir Hugh, as may be remembered, had promised to pay,

but never did pay, rent to her Highness. The Dark-Daughter, with her primitive Scotch notions, could not be got to understand why she should pay rent to any one for her husband's land, land which his ancestors had not gotten from the Crown, but had taken, as it were, in the mouth of the sword, and by much warlike toil. These arrears Captain Willis was now joyfully collecting, having first driven the Dark-Daughter into her Castle of Donegal, little aware of what a fiery young dragon was at this moment about to spring upon his back.

Becoming more and more restive as he heard from day to day of Captain Willis's strong collection of Royal rents which nobody thought it his duty to resist, and at the high and domineering ways of the new Sheriff, Hugh Roe could stand it no longer. One day he started from his couch, sent a swift summons to all his true friends and followers wheresoever they might be, at their head marched to Donegal, and sent the haughty Captain Willis flying, in short, packed him home to Connaught minus all his industriously collected beeves and hostages.

Back to Bingham flew the too-aspiring Captain Willis, with all his "trumpets and tabours, and thunder-making tubes of war," with which, for a while, he had struck terror into the martial soul of Tir-Connall. Bingham thought to steal the country while our hero was away, but ere long Bingham will have work enough prepared for him at home by Red Hugh. With trumpets and tabours of his own, and thunder-making tubes of war, and armies well equipped in the most perfect modern style, Red Hugh will march to and fro through Bingham's own province, and make all Connaught a shaking sod under his feet. For a whole year

at intervals, Red Hugh was under treatment, enduring during that time cruel surgical operations, and yet in that year of sickness and suffering he expelled Bingham's lieutenant in the South and Turlough Lynagh's in the East. Three times he passed, plundering and destroying, through Turlough Lynagh's own territories. He was proclaimed the O'Donnell. He forced the State to make peace with him on his own terms and ratify his O'Donnellship, and he completely subdued all his refractory vassals, so that from one end of Tir-Connall to the other everything that he directed surely "it had to be done according as he commanded it with the word of his mouth." For Hugh had in his own castles now all the hostages of those proud rebellious lords. Let us hope that in his treatment of them he remembered what it was to be a hostage.

Hugh did not meet his mother until he had performed that first warlike exploit, the raising of the blockade of Donegal Castle, and the expulsion of Captain Willis and his troops. So, when he embraced his mother, it was not so much the escaped fugitive whom the Dark-Daughter then took into her arms, as the young conqueror and true scion of the ancient and warlike house of the O'Donnells, and the Dark-Daughter rejoiced amid her tears.

In some arrassed chamber of the great castle, when the festivities which attended that home-coming and initial war-feat were concluded, a little family group met together with great joy. There was old Sir Hugh, mild and meek, and the lion-hearted and wise-counselled daughter of the Isles, her dark hair tinged with grey, her strong face seamed with lines of care, sorrow, and toil, softened now and irradiated with love, joy, and maternal pride. There was Nuala coming next to our

hero in years, and who loved him with more than a sister's love. There was a fine lad of fourteen or fifteen, Rory, destined, too, to become a great figure in the coming wars, the first Earl of Tir-Connall. There was Manus, aged twelve, whom his meek father loved the best of all, and who seems to have best deserved love, brave, gentle, high-souled, and affectionate, and little Cathbarr, "top of battle," the youngest of all, ancestor of the O'Donnells in the Peerage of Spain. In the midst of such a company, reclining on a couch with his bandaged feet so arranged that they would ache the least, our hero heard all the home-news, and told his own strange tale.

Hugh Roe's tragical boyhood is over. Whoever tells his story from this point forward will relate the history of a great feudal prince and warrior, for the tale of the stealing, captivity, escape, and return of Hugh Roe ends here. The caged eagle of the North is again in the North, and free.

POSTSCRIPT.

I HAVE to thank Mr. T. W. Rolleston for much valuable and judicious help in the correction of the proofs. It is right to add, however, that he is not responsible for any of the opinions advanced.

Should the reader desire to know more fully my point of view with regard to this century, which is *cardinal* in Irish history, I would take the liberty of suggesting the perusal of my romance *Ulrick the Ready*, the collection of tales and sketches entitled *The Bog of Stars*, and the Preface and notes to *Pacata Hibernia*. Many of the persons referred to in *The Flight of the Eagle* figure also, as characters, in *The Bog of Stars*. The political aspect of things in Elizabethan Ireland is very fully set out in the Preface to *Pacata Hibernia*.

I believe that the history of Ireland in this century has been profoundly misunderstood both by English and Irish writers, and that a true understanding of it would be of great practical benefit to both peoples, especially to the people of Ireland. Of conscious imagination there is in this tale no doubt a little, but of unconscious imagination I hope none. By "unconscious" I mean that sort of imagination which led Mr. Froude, for example, in a highly picturesque manner to slay the old chieftain, Feagh MacHugh, some twenty years before the date of this story. Mr. Froude slew him brilliantly one snowy day, under a wrong surname, and chased his O'Byrnes into the mountains, tracking them by the blood of their wounded. Had the historian loved and honoured Edmund Spenser as I do, he would never have exhibited himself in such a trap. Of this kind of history I would fondly hope there is none, even when the tale in its progress descends into historic *minutiae*.

APPENDIX

P. 7. *Hoisted to the top of church spires.*—“Donough, the little, son of Teigue O’Brien, was by the Lord Justice Perrott executed¹ on a cart. His bones were dislocated and smashed with the back of a thick, ponderous axe. After that his body, completely broken and half-dead, was tied with hard, tough, hempen ropes and hoisted to the top of the church steeple of Quin, to be under the feet of the birds and of the fowls of the air, that it might be a warning and example to evil-doers to see him in that state.”

What a sermon from the spire of the decent church upon the neighbouring hill!—*Four Masters*, 1584.

P. 10. *Turlough Lynagh.*

The letter which here follows, though concerned mainly with this fine old chieftain, is full of historical interest.

“1589, Sept. 12th. Chester.

“JOHN GARLAND TO SIR JOHN PERROT.

“After my arrival in Ireland in May last, the Lord Deputy demanded of me whether I had brought any letter for Sir Murrough O’Flaherty,² or for MacMahon;³ and I

¹ “Executed” looks like a bull, on the part of the Four or of their translator. ² “By the sword, man.”

³ Sir Ross, Prince of Monaghan.

told him I had brought none. Then he asked me whether I had brought any for O'Rourke.¹ I answered, 'Yea, marry have I.' And he commanded me on my duty not to deliver it, until I knew further his pleasure, for, said he, 'it was an evil deed of you to bring a letter to a rebel.'

"'My lord,' said I, 'that is more than I did know, but I dare presume to deliver any letter that my master doth send by me, for I know he is warrant good enough to stand between me and any harm.'

"After that I took my journey to Sir Turlough O'Neill, and found him at the Bann side, at Castle Rowe,² where I was very heartily welcome.

"Then said he presently, 'How doth my honourable friend your master, and my own good Deputy?' and then said he, with a great solemn oath" (by God's wounds, shall we say?) "that he wished all they were hanged who were the occasioners of your Honour's going out of Ireland, and cursed and banned both them and their posterity, saving only her Majesty, and he said he was well assured that Ireland would never be quiet before your Honour came hither once again. And he doth imagine that, ere it be long, Ireland will be topsy-turvy." (Probably, under a Viceroy who could not even ride, such were his impediments?)

"And he said, 'The word and promise which I gave him I will never break it until he hears further from me,'³ for he saith he receiveth great wrongs at inferior⁴ persons'

¹ The very proud chief.

² Strabane, Co. Tyrone, O'Neill's chief seat.

³ Perrott required promises from many of the chieftains that they would not wage private war.

⁴ The inferior person was Hugh O'Neill, the celebrated Earl of Tyrone. Observe the simplicity with which the O'Neill describes an earl as an inferior person. "I care not to be made an earl," said Shane, his predecessor. Sir Turlough was at this moment Earl of Clanconnall, but did not care to sue out his patent. He is frequently

hands ; and unless your Honour remedy it shortly, he can bear it no longer" (referring to Tyrone chiefly), " for, he hath written a letter by me to her Majesty, and another letter to your Honour, for he saith all his hope and trust, under God, is in your Honour to do for him.

" And he doth protest that 'there is neither man nor woman, saving his duty to her Majesty, that may command him more than you, in token whereof he will abide all wrongs until he hear from your Honour further.'

" I have sent her Majesty's letter and your Honour's by this bearer.

" After the delivery of your Honour's 'scowle' (helmet) to O'Neill, he took it in his hand and kissed it at least half a score times, and then presently he sent for two hogsheads of wine and christened your scowle, and after that he had drunk his fill, and he put on his shirt of mail, and his jack, and called for a bowl of wine, and drank it to your Honour's health withal, he put on his scowle and drew out his sword with a great oath, and said that Sir John Perrott was *the truest man of his word* that he ever knew, and he would prove it upon any man that would say the contrary, as old as he was, and then sat down and said, ' I am now ten years younger by reason of this scowle. I perceive he can tell how to make old men young.' "

The latter part of this letter contains an allusion to Red Hugh O'Donnell, and is otherwise interesting.

" Sir, all his hawks were gone before I came" (in gifts I suppose, for Turlough was past his hunting days, and alas, too, was beginning to be hunted). " But he swore that if all the hawks of the world were his, you should have them though you sent for none.

called Earl of Clanconnall in the State Papers, *e.g.* Coke's opinion in the controversy between him and the Earl of Tyrone, August 13, 1592.—Calendar of State Papers, Ireland.

"There was one Dudall at the Bann that fetched a cast of hawks out of Sir John Dogherty's country" (viz. Inishowen, the country of Shane O'Dogherty), "and he, Dudall, gave some small thing for them, and O'Neill sent for the said George Dudall, who had the hawks, and prayed him to come speak with him, and so he came, and O'Neill did agree with him for the hawks; but when he knew that your Honour should have them then he would not send the hawks. (I know the cause, because your Honour committed him once to the Castle for his knavery about the taking of Red Hugh.)"

Garland himself went afterwards to speak with this vindictive man, and the vindictive man cursed and swore and abused Perrott, and Garland called him "a beast," and they two "fell at large words, but happily without effusion of blood."

"You could not fish so quietly in the Bann," cried Garland, "but for the peace he left."

"If they would save his life," said Dudall, "I would not send the hawks, and I care not a button for your master and you; and he is far enough from us now, and thanks be to God, etc.," with mighty vociferation, huge oaths, and large words; but, happily, no effusion of blood. Which, and the fact that a shipowner in the Bann could deny the O'Neill a request, proves that the peace, of which Perrott boasted, must have been great indeed.

"And I had not an evil word at any man or woman's hand as long as I was in Ireland, but only at his hands; but was as well used as any man in the world could be or would desire."

Garland also had a letter for Brian of the Ramparts, O'Rourke, Prince of Leitrim, a man without a joint in his back, "proudest that walks the earth to-day,"¹ a very different person from the brave, simple Turlough. Con-

¹ See p. 6.

cerning him Garland is unfortunately more reticent. It is plain, however, that O'Rourke, too, loved Perrott.

"I took my journey to O'Rourke, and after three or four days' travel in his country, I delivered my letter, where I was every day up to the girdle in water and bog; which letter was very welcome to O'Rourke, and he did swear 'no man's man was better welcome in the world than I was,' and withal said that 'your letter should command him sooner than 500 men.'

"So, after being with him two days, he gave me my despatch, and said withal that 'if you sent but your letter or the least boy in your house he would come to you, in London, or any other place else that you would command him, and wished himself with you.'¹

"All your poor servants and followers have no countenance in the world or credit.

"My Lord of Upper Ossory hath sent you a cast of tassels of goshawks.² My Lord of Howth hath sent your Honour one intermute goshawk" (bred on Ireland's Eye surely). "My Lord of Trimleston hath sent one falcon. Sir Lucas Dillon hath sent one goshawk. Sir Harry Harrington³ a feare falcon, and hath a fine horse for your Honour."

The big State cabal for Perrott's ruin was now in operation. The conspirators were at work in both countries,⁴

¹ Observe how humble this very proud man was to Perrott. He had a son at Oxford at this time, O'Brian Ogue na Samphthach O'Rourke, *i.e.* Brian, jun., of the Battle-axes.

² Brian MacGillapatrick. His father was schoolfellow, playfellow, and a dear friend of Edward VI.

³ Of New Castle, Co. Wicklow. He was nephew of Sir Henry Sidney, first cousin of Sir Philip, and also of Sir John Harrington of the "Nugæ Antiquæ." Garland mentions other chiefs who sent hawks.

⁴ See the Calendars of State Papers for both countries during the years 1589, 1590, and 1591.

and Fitzwilliam himself was industriously hunting up every one who could tell a story to Perrott's discredit. One is sorry to find Garland figuring afterwards amongst the witnesses against Perrott. He is listed with other unfortunates as prepared to prove an outrageous expression used by the ex-Viceroy concerning the Queen. Let us hope he was tortured into this crime.

To return to our fine old chieftain, who was such an ardent admirer of Perrott. There is a likeness of him in the recently published edition of *Pacata Hibernia*, derived from one of the plates in Derrick's Image of Ireland. It represents him as a young man, of a countenance which expresses simplicity, frankness, and refinement.

Another proof of Turlough's superior qualities is found in the fact that Sir Henry Sidney, father of Sir Philip, and himself a person of a noble and chivalrous character, entertained a feeling of strong personal affection for our chieftain. Long after Sir Henry left Ireland he used to write of Turlough with tenderness as well as respect.

The prudence of our "canny North" had no place in Turlough's large and lavish soul. Sir Henry tells us how when he came to town he would set all the wine shops flowing free, and keep them flowing till his last pound was gone.

The Four Masters in their eulogy mention another indication of his lavish generosity of a less questionable, nay of a highly commendable nature.

"He used to issue invitations to all professors of liberal arts and those who were in the habit of accepting gifts and guerdons" (poets, historians, musicians, etc., a numerous class, whose footing in society had not yet got beyond the necessity of patronage), "to come to him on the festivals of the birth of Christ. And when they came to him none departed without receiving ample gifts after entertainment, for he was a lord who was bountiful in peace as well as formidable in war, etc."

FITZWILLIAM AND PERROTT

PERROTT.

“I OFFERED to lend his people, before his coming, by way of provision, £500, in corn, wine, beeves, etc. And after his coming, he having made some moan of his want, I offered to lend him £1000 for a year, and that he should take up, of my debts, another £1000 for another year.

“I gave him my chief horse—war-horse—which I would not have taken 100 marks for.”

FITZWILLIAM.

“And for his chief horse, seeing it is his pleasure to remember the value and gift of him, I trust he is not unmindful how loth I was to take him. Protesting that I do not keep him to any other use than to match him with another, for my wife’s coach.

“But had I known he had made so great a value of so old a beast, or could I understand he were so far in love with him as that he would send for him, he should not only have him with all my heart, but I would also bestow on him, a horse of £10 for his man to ride on thither with him.”

See how the wordy war rises in fierceness of note. With one of the disputants it rose to the murder-point. Fitzwilliam was, however, the aggressor. Openly, in Dublin, he used to sneer at and disparage his predecessor.¹

PERROTT.

“And seeing that I must speak of matter touching a horse, which he termeth an old beast, I say he was known to be the best and fairest horse in Ireland ; and he refused

¹ See p. 161, State Papers for 1590.

him as bishops do their bishopricks. And I think he may put him to a coach, for his impediments will not let him ride upon him himself."

This was indeed a savage stroke, and murderously was it returned. Shortly after this, the noseless O'Roughane let him know that a letter signed by Perrott to the King of Spain was procurable, and that if he, O'Roughane, could get out of prison, where he lay for forgery, that letter would be forthcoming.

FITZWILLIAM'S IMPEDIMENTS

LORD DEPUTY FITZWILLIAM TO BURGHLEY.

"His age," he writes, "is full sixty-four, his memory is weak (?), his body so unwieldy as that he cannot walk on his legs without grief, or get up but by a stool."¹

SAME TO SAME.

"Swooned twice on June 3rd, and afterwards had three fits of a tertian."

Gout, stone, dropsy, are also mentioned amongst his ailments, though I cannot recall the passages in which they are referred to.

Amongst his mental diseases, love of money was the chief, vindictiveness another, submission to the guidance of favourites a third. He was governed by Loftus, the Chancellor, and Robert Gardiner, Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

His wife did not interfere in politics, but gave trouble otherwise. November 14th, 1589, he, Fitzwilliam, complains to Burleigh that Lady Bouchier sat in his wife's

¹ State Papers, Ireland, April 11, 1589.

place in the Castle Chapel. Concerning this indignity, he also wrote a long account to Sir Robert Cecil, obviously prompted by the Lady.

P. 51.—The Clan Calvach were the descendants of Sir Calvach O'Donnell, an ally of the Queen in the Shane O'Neill wars. The Queen gave to Sir Calvach a patent for all Tir-Connall, which patent his descendants many times endeavoured to enforce. Hugh son of the Deacon, was son of Con, son of Calvach. Son of the Deacon was only a *sobriquet*. He was heir to Calvach, therefore Tir-Connall was his by law. Murragh na Mart was a distinguished professional captain of mercenaries. He is introduced and described in *Ulrick the Ready*. His full style was Murragh na Mart (of the Oxen) M'Sweeny. He was chief of a branch of the Tir-Connall M'Sweeneyes which had settled in Munster.

P. 56.—There is an interesting historical novel, called *Sir Ladar*, by Talbot Baynes Reid, in which Perrott and Sorley Boy are characters.

PEDIGREE OF THE DARK-DAUGHTER
CHAPTER X

Somerled Thane of Ross, Lord of the Isles.

 |
Ronald, patriarch of a great many Scotch families.

 |
Donald.

 |
Angus Mor.

 |
Angus Og, personal friend and chief ally of Robert Bruce,
and the hero of Sir Walter Scott's poem,
The Lord of the Isles. Scott changed the
name to Ronald for euphonious reasons, "by
a poetical license." Yet Angus Og, pro-
nounced Angus Ogue, is more musical than
Ronald. Scott, no doubt, thought the *Og*
should be pronounced like *Hog*.

 |
Shane Mor = Margaret, daughter of Robert Stuart, King of
Scotland.

 |
Shane Og.

 |
Donald Balloch, *i. e.* the Freckled.

 |
Shane.

 |
Shane Cathanach, *i. e.* the Battler.

 |
Alexander.

 |
James, Angus, Sorley Boy.

 |
The Dark-Daughter = O'Donnell, Sir Hugh.

 |
RED HUGH, Rory, Earl of Tir-Connall, Manus, Cathbarr,
Nuala.

The following letters throw a curious light upon the ways
of Elizabethan statesmen, and their relations with the
subordinate officials.

SIR RICHARD BINGHAM, PRESIDENT OF CONNAUGHT, TO
BURLEIGH.

“Thanks him for procuring for him the house of Athlone,” *i. e.* the Castle and Crown lands attached.

“Sends as a *present* an imprest bill of £300 for Robert Cecil, who heretofore refused the said gift, prays that Burleigh may cause him to accept it.”

“Desires license to come to his justification before the Privy Council” (Imperial Privy Council) “as he is still heavily prosecuted.”¹

Bingham was charged before the Council with tyranny and extortion in Connaught, his accusers being the Lord Deputy and Council of Ireland.

Burleigh *accepted*² the imprest bill, and Bingham was *acquitted*.

LORD DEPUTY FITZWILLIAM TO BURLEIGH.

“Desires a license for himself to transport 6000 packs of linen yarn in eight years, and he will gladly yield Sir Robert Cecil one-half.”³

This was a stealage of the customs. Fitzwilliam was willing to give half the plunder to the son of the Lord High Treasurer.

IRELAND AND THE ARMADA

CHAPTER X

THE statement that in this year, 1588, “Ireland was mad against the Spaniard,” will be read with astonishment by many. Every man forgets the grand fact which is written

¹ State Papers, Ireland, September 17, 1590.

² *Ibid.*, May 27, 1591.

³ *Ibid.*, January 31, 1591.

in large capitals across the whole history of the century, viz. that Ireland, as distinguished from individual insurgent lords or certain groups or combinations of them, was loyal to the Crown. Then, at this particular epoch, owing to Perrott's wise management, there were no angry dynasts anywhere putting forward "grieves." Men think, because the Irish ought to have been hostile to the Crown and friendly to the Spaniards, that the Irish were. It is hard now to look at the social and political problems of the age as they were looked at by men of the time. All through the century Ireland had only to bid England to go and England would have gone. The Crown had no force here, moral or material, save what, speaking generally, was supplied by Ireland herself. For a more elaborate exposition and explanation I would refer the inquirer to my Preface to *Pacata Hibernia*.

In the Armada crisis the Irish executive possessed no military power. The Lord Deputy, writing on August 10, informs the Privy Council, that of forces in her Majesty's pay he has only three hundred men. Then the probability is, as I have shown elsewhere, that most of these were drawn from the Irish fighting orders. The Connaught lords who massacred the Spaniards, or marched them to Galway or Athlone to be hanged, were governed by a man who boasted that he had never had a pound, and scarce ever a soldier, out of England. The anti-Spanish and pro-Elizabethan temper of Ireland in 1588 is an indisputable fact, be the explanation what it may. If Ireland was anti-Elizabethan and pro-Spanish, Fitzwilliam's three hundred soldiers, mostly Catholics and Irishmen, would have been eaten up by the first chieftain with whom he might fall in on his march into the West.

Nor let it be imagined that the slaughter of the Spaniards was due to the fact that the Government held the hostages of the western lords. Hostages were a brittle tie on those lords when their passions were aroused. Hardly had

the Armada passed Ireland when those lords broke out into a furious rebellion though Bingham held all their hostages.

“I shall hang all your hostages,” said Bingham.

“Then hang them,” they answered; and he did.

It was a singular time, and is by no means to be judged from a nineteenth-century point of view.

“THE EXPERIENCED IN BATTLE”

CHAPTER XIV

In the Red Hugh *saga* Art Kavanagh figures so creditably, a sort of Mr. Great-Heart, that one would like to hear elsewhere concerning him good and not ill. Art had in fact been recently engaged in a private war with Dudley Bagenal, brother of Sir Henry the Marshal. The story of how he became so involved is curious and very suggestive.

Amongst the other Norman-Irish lords whom King John chased out of Ireland in his war with the Barons, was a certain Richard Carew, a Geraldine, “a man of great fame and power in Ireland.” So the Carews disappeared from Irish history for some four centuries.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth a certain Sir Peter Carew, a man of great and conspicuous ability, claimed to be the heir of that far-off rebel, Richard. He had great Court interest, and inasmuch as at that time the Government of Ireland was in fact an uncontrolled despotism, succeeded in getting an order from the Council for the restoration of titles and lands gone from the Carews for 400 years. Amongst other territories *Idrone*, virtually the County of Carlow, was ordered to be surrendered to him. It was then held by the Clan Kavanagh, the Irish represent-

atives of Dermot MacMurrough, whose ownership the State had recognized in countless different ways. It was not even pretended that the Kavanaghs had forfeited their right. Manifestly there were arrears of rent for 400 years due by the claimant to the Crown for *Idrone*: said rent and the other feudal duties having been now for a long time discharged by the Kavanaghs. Observe the high-handed nature of the whole proceeding; with which we might contrast the peccadilloes which were brought as capital charges against Strafford, times having changed.

The Kavanaghs not unnaturally began to sharpen their swords and to look very black on Sir Peter. But Sir Peter was a high-spirited, noble, and chivalrous person, and the chiefs of the Clan Kavanagh ended by falling in love with him. One of them, Cahir MacBaron, *i.e.* Cahir, son of the Baron Kavanagh, "wasted away for grief," and died shortly after the death of Sir Peter, to whom all those chiefs gladly attorned, and whom they loyally served.

Sir Peter was succeeded by his cousin, Sir George Carew. Him I only remember as a very corpulent man who, in the battle of Glenmalure, fought 1580, ran down the valley in his armour, lost breath, lay down panting in the grass, and was there slain and stript by two of Feagh MacHugh's pursuing warriors.

He was succeeded by his son, Sir George, "the big Master of the Ordnance," the hero of *Pacata Hibernia* and the poisoner of Red Hugh.

This Sir George sold *Idrone* to Dudley Bagenal, brother of the Marshal, for £3000, who leased a part of it to his brother-in-law, Henry Heron, planting himself with an army at Leighlin Castle on the Barrow to supervise and defend the settlement. Strained relations at once commenced between Bagenal and Heron and their people and the children of the soil. The latter loved and honoured Sir Peter, but could not get on at all with these new folk.

Bagenal, on the other hand, was determined to get the value of his hard cash. Obviously in the whole of this bad business, the high-handed Government was at fault which had taken lands from subjects, and given them to others by an "Order in Council" and not according to law.

There was a certain ancient chieftain, Murty Ogue Kavanagh, "Lord of the Sept of the Cargill," who and whose sons probably were rightly claimed by Bagenal to be his enemies. This old man, he was seventy years of age, was taken in his house and killed by the new settlers. Murty Ogue's sons thereupon waged savage war with the Herons and Bagenals. Now one of those young Kavanaghs was Art, the Great-Heart of our story. Perrott thus refers to the war, and, as will be seen, blames the settlers.

"I went into the counties of Carlow and Wexford where I took pledges of all the Kavanaghs there, who after lived quietly till some contention fell out between Dudley Bagenal and Murty Ogue Kavanagh, who, by Bagenal's means was ill killed, whose sons thereupon went out."¹

In this war, assisted by the Brown Geraldine, Feagh's son-in-law, who is referred to in our *Saga*, they beat and slew Bagenal, and swore that *Idrone* should lie waste till the Day of Judgment, ere any of his name should peaceably occupy that territory. It was in this war that our Art grew so "experienced in battle."

Henry Heron refers by name to our Art in the following letter.

"Petition of Henry Heron to Queen Elizabeth for some meet consideration for his former services, and the burning and plundering to the value of £500 done on him October 11th, by Art, and Murty Kavanagh, sons of the late rebel (*sic*) Murty Ogue Kavanagh."²

In the first bickerings Art was probably defending the

¹ Calendar of State Papers, p. 83., 1588 A.D.

² *Ibid.*, Ireland, October 17, 1588.

arrangements which his clan had made with Sir Peter, and in the latter, a more bloody turmoil, still doing that, and also avenging the death of his father who, "by Bagenal's means, had been ill killed."

Hence, so far as we can learn, the valiant Art's record was not bad.

P. 146. *The subtle counsel of the Lady Rose*.—“Quod malum timens Rosa Ni Tuthil (Rose O'Toole), Felmii soror et Fiachi O'Bruinis uxor, fratri persuasit ut suae atque Rubri simul saluti consuleret: idque illum facturum si eâ nocte Rubrum (Red Hugh) apud se retineret in Kehino Castello (Castle Kevin) donec a marito suo Fiacho cum armatis veniente, quasi invito Felmio, in libertatem asseratur.”—Philip O'Sullivan, *Historia Hiberniæ*, pp. 154, 155.

There is a spirited ballad by Mr. T. W. Rolleston, published in the *Poems of Young Ireland*, telling the tale of Hugh Roe's adventures and experiences at this point.

P. 160.—The men mentioned in this page are persons of historic importance.

Turlough was son of Feagh by his first wife, not by the Lady Rose. In the ensuing wars the Lady Rose was taken prisoner, tried, condemned, and sentenced to be *burned* in the castle-yard in Dublin. The authorities sought to induce her to betray her husband. She refused, but did betray Turlough. Turlough having been captured, the authorities endeavoured to persuade him to betray his father. Turlough refused, and went cheerfully to his death. Consequently, as well as for other reasons, he is never mentioned in the text without some friendly epithet.

Gallant Owny.—He was son of Rory Ogue O'Moore, lord of the Queen's County. There is a full account of Rory Ogue in the *Bog of Stars*. Gallant Owny was fostered by Feagh. Fitzwilliam in one of his letters refers to him as “a stirring

youth who hath lately taken weapon," that is to say, been knighted. "The O'Moores," he adds, "look to him to be their captain."

In the ensuing war Feagh gave this stirring youth a little army, and sent him forth to seek his fortune. The lad flew straight for the Queen's County, and conquered and held it for many years. Owny is splendidly eulogized by the Four Masters.

Big George O'Moore.—He was a follower of the Brown Geraldine. Once he bore his wounded lord out of battle, and ever and anon laid him down and beat back the pursuers. The story is told by the author of *Historia Hiberniae*.

Brian Donn, the dark-brown O'Moore, was gallant Owny's chief captain, and a famous warrior.

Graces, of the stem of Raymond.—Raymond le Gros, or le Gras, celebrated Norman conquistador, brother-in-law of Strongbow. From him sprang the Graces, the FitzHamons, and the FitzMaurices, Barons of Lixnaw. So in Ireland we find Grace very often used as a masculine Christian name even now.

In connection with this description of Feagh's men recall the account given by Tacitus of the German chiefs and the strong bodies of knights which they kept about their persons. Such a primitive chief was Feagh, and his body-guard of gentlemen was a strong one. He was famous enough to attract, and wealthy enough to sustain.

P. 188. *Fat Art*.—During this reign a certain Earl of Hereford married, without the Queen's permission, a sister of the Lady Jane Grey. He was thrown into the Tower. I have seen a communication to Burleigh, by one of the Earl's enemies, demanding a harsher imprisonment, inasmuch as the Earl was growing fat. Surely, in this chivalrous age, ignoble corpulence must have seemed one of

the worst calamities to any young man of the least spirit. Our noble "Four Masters" see nothing comic in Art's condition; to them his gross thighs and corpulence were a tragedy.

P. 196. *Hugh Roe's leafy breakfast*.—“Tertio die, inedia premente, ‘Arte,’ inquit Ruber. En! animantia bruta herba et fronde pascuntur. Igitur nos etiam, qui quamvis nationis participes simus, tamen animalia quoque sumus eadem brevem inediā toleremus donec a fido Fiacho cibus suppeditetur.”—Philip O’Sullivan, *Historia Hiberniae*, pp. 155, 156.

P. 198. *Hugh Fetter*.—So called because when his mother, bore him she was chained. Hugh Fetter made one desperate effort to recover Tyrone. He was defeated and fled into Fermanagh, where Hugh Maguire seized him as a sort of valuable human flotsam flung upon his coasts. Then he sold him to the Earl.

The hanging of Hugh Fetter by the Earl was regarded with a certain horror in the North. It struck Ulster *pale*.

P. 226.—THE BROWN GERALDINE

The name of Walter Reagh, the Brown Geraldine, Feagh's son-in-law, is almost as frequent in the State Papers as that of Feagh MacHugh. This brown warrior was well known to her Highness and the lords of the Imperial Council. Burleigh, who loved genealogical science almost better than money and good repute, took a keen interest in the great Irish pedigrees. He was perpetually scribbling Irish genealogical tricks on the backs of State Papers. On one of these he tricked out Brown Walter's pedigree and the ramifications of his family tree.

Brown Walter's reputation did not arise from his ances-

tors, but from himself. He was a torment and an eyesore and an anguish to successive Viceroys. It was ill to meddle with Walter Reagh, and ill to let him alone. When Walter was at home, which was seldom, he lived at Ballygloran, where he had large estates in the east of Kildare, verging towards the Wicklow Highlands. There Walter got his highland bride, the daughter of Feagh, a young lady, let us hope, as beautiful, romantic, and retiring as the beautiful defile which was her home. But marriage made little difference in Brown Walter's habits, and, unless I greatly err, his highland bride would not wish those habits altered. Could the daughter of Feagh, that eagle of Glenmalure, consent to be the mate of a domestic fowl?

As a rule, Brown Walter's estates lying around Ballygloran were waste and empty. The raven flew across them croaking, for there was not a chicken to be picked up there. Walter spent most of his life in action of rebellion. He found it pleasanter, more profitable, and, above all, more reputable, to be an insurgent than a loyal subject. Men treated him with consideration as such, and even Lord Deputies were more polite to Brown Walter, the insurgent and spoiler, than they were to many a better member of the Commonwealth.

Why were Brown Walter's estates so often silent and tenantless? Why did the raven utter such a dolorous croaking as he flew past Ballygloran?

When an Elizabethan Irish gentleman stripped for a duel with the Government he first stripped his territory. He drove away all his flocks and herds, removed all movable property, broke his castles, burned all farmhouses, and having done this, bade defiance to the Administration. Stripped of his tenantry, but girt with every fighting man whom he could draw to his standard, he took to the woods or the mountains, and then—woe to his enemies. A gentleman so stripped and so equipped was said to be “on his keeping.”

It was the sixteenth-century mode of bringing an action against the Crown, and there was, in fact, no other. A gentleman who wished to exhibit a Petition of Right went upon his keeping. This was the first step in the action, and often the last. The Government then considered whether the cause of the dispute was worth powder and shot ; whether the Queen was in a giving mood, and would grant arms and men for the war ; whether the insurgent was sufficiently unpopular to bring out his neighbours in arms for the Crown ; whether he had powerful allies, and was likely to be the centre of a wide circle of disturbances. Tudor governors very frequently shrank from conflict with such a stript chieftain, who, with torches and battle-axes ready, and estates a wilderness, stood prepared to defend the action.

From time to time, of course, a great offender compelled the Queen to put forth her might and summon a province or provinces to her standard, but emergencies of this vital nature did not often arise. Even proud, imperious Perrott shrank before Walter Reagh. The thought of Walter's stript estates, of the famous Geraldine himself standing minatory in the hills, girt with torches and battle-axes, and all the O'Byrne nation, and many other nations too, ready to join in the hurly-burly, was too much even for Perrott. Perrott granted him his terms, and Brown Walter came in state to Dublin, where, by the way, he was nearly killed by the Bagenals, a newly-arrived powerful Anglo-Irish "nation" whom he had hurt while exhibiting his Petition of Right.

The state of painful uncertainty into which Walter Reagh had flung poor Fitzwilliam, strong Perrott's feeble successor, is shown significantly in the following letter, written by that Viceroy to Lord Burleigh :—

"I want to know what I am to do about Walter Reagh? Pardon would offend those whom he has injured in his plunderings and incursions ; war, on the other hand, would discommode the Pale and stir up Feagh to the field."

Through such little cracks and holes one often gets an excellent if transient glimpse of Elizabethan Ireland and its curious ways. The pusillanimity of this epistle proceeding from the Viceroy and Governor of Ireland requires comment. It indicates clearly enough the predatory and belligerent antecedents of the young man who was chosen to conduct Red Hugh through the Pale, and also the enduring fear with which successive Irish administrations regarded his father-in-law, old Feagh of Glenmalure. Indeed, to compare great things with small, the uses to which Feagh put his warlike son-in-law were very like those to which Vic-Ian-Vohr, in Scott's *Waverley*, put Donald Bean Lean. When Feagh wished to chastise some obdurate lord of the Pale who should pay, but did not pay, the black-rent due to the Glenmalure chief, and when he did not wish his own hand to appear in the business, Brown Walter was let loose upon him. Brown Walter was Feagh's swift and strong right arm, and that right arm was felt as far as the Shannon. When Feagh stretched out his arm it did not return to him empty. All men knew whence the ever-script Geraldine drew the strength which made him the terror of Leinster and the Pale. But all men, the Government included, feared to prosecute him to such extremities that old Feagh might be forced to don his war-gear and descend out of the mountains in right earnest. Men knew what it was to have Feagh up and out. "He cometh by day with disspread banners and pipes playing, and by night with torches." Moreover, Feagh's alliances ran right across Ireland. Perhaps a fifth of Ireland would go into rebellion at his orders. So Feagh's rents were paid and homage and dues rendered, and when they were not, Brown Walter, with his knights, his kerne and gallow-glasses, and his cow-boys, looked in upon the recalcitrants. Irish Vice-roys far stronger than Fitzwilliam had endured much rather than "stir up Feagh to the field."

But Brown Walter, too, had certain dim ambitious notions

of his own. He was the best man of the Northern Geraldines, and near kinsman of the great house of Kildare. If he could make things quite hot enough for the Government they might even nominate him the Earl.

Once the Brown Geraldine played a far more ticklish game than rebellion. He descended into Tipperary, harried the strong nation of the Butlers far and wide, defeated Black Thomas Earl of Ormond, and slew his nephew, Butler policy at the time not being agreeable to old Feagh. Once journeying as if underground, he broke out suddenly in Westmeath, and stormed, plundered, and burned Lough Sinnell, a fenced city full of rich and even warlike shopkeepers. As Brown Walter and his heavy-laden Geraldines slowly retreated, the flames of the sacked city lit them on their homeward way. He was in the private war waged by the Kavanaghs against the new-come English nation of the Bagenals. Art, "the experienced in battles and the subduer in conflicts," was a friend and ally of Brown Walter. Together they drew Dudley Bagenal into an ambush and slew him. Once he burned Crumlin, a township of Dublin, stripping even the lead from the roof of the Crumlin church, and melted it into bullets for his warriors. The Viceroy saw those flames from the Castle turrets, and tried to fetch a stroke at him, but could not. Walter was too quick for him. He was the stormy petrel of the age. Other chieftains went occasionally into rebellion, Walter Reagh was hardly ever out of rebellion. Indeed peace was almost as dangerous to Walter as war. Any day he might make peace with the Government, but how secure himself against the wrath of those whom he had plundered and burned while he was out? So, having triumphed over Perrott, and got terms from the Viceroy, he was nearly killed by the Bagenals in the streets of Dublin.

It will be readily believed then, that when Feagh appointed this experienced guerilla captain and rapid and far-

journeying depredator to the command of Red Hugh's escort, he made a judicious selection. If any man in Ireland could conduct the boy through the Pale and past Dublin, it was this famous son-in-law of the chief of Glenmalure. Feagh made a good selection. His son-in-law conducted Hugh Roe very creditably as far as the Plain of the Fortress.

The Brown Geraldine was, as already remarked, a small man, but made up in quality what he lacked in quantity, for his frame was of iron, his head full of warlike guiles and endless contrivances and resources, his heart bound as with oak and triple brass. Anywhere else Brown Walter would have been a famous and reputable soldier, and have founded a peerage. Ireland, for many reasons, was the worst country in the world for a man like him. Any Government worth its salt would have taken Walter and his Geraldines into its service, sent them upon its enemies, or policed Leinster with their aid. But the wretched Elizabethan administrations never had any money for such statesmanlike purposes, and when they were compelled to hire soldiers, only hired them for the job. So men like Walter, who wished to live by the sword, ran wild.

Walter's constable and chief of his Life-Guard was a man of huge stature, an O'Moore by nation, who watched over his little captain with fatherly care and devotion. Once in a house where Walter, as his custom was, demanded free quarters and the hospitality due to a gentleman living by the sword, he unluckily fell into an ambush. In the succeeding *mélée*, Walter, fighting like a true cock of the game, had his left thigh-bone smashed by the blow of a hammer, and was disabled and thrown down. Big George O'Moore bestrode his fallen chief like a Colossus, beat back the enemy, took his sword in his teeth, raised his captain upon his back and ran, calling loudly for help, for the rest of Walter's merry companions had billeted themselves in certain adjacent houses. Three or four times Big George

laid down his burthen and drove back the pursuers ere the shouting Geraldines, running from their quarters, came to his assistance.

Brown Walter never expected to die in his bed, and did not die in his bed. He died, not horizontally, but vertically; suspended in an iron cage, after all his bones had been broken with the back of an axe. Above the battlements of Dublin Castle the Geraldine revolved in that manner, with a dismal creaking and croaking of iron chains, and swayed to and fro when the wind blew freshly. And the men of Dublin rejoiced greatly to see him in that state, and gay pleasure parties rode laughing in out of Meath to enjoy the spectacle.

Such was the stirring gentleman whom, with thigh-bones sound and brown head still firm on his square shoulders, with his faithful George by his side, we have just seen shaking Hugh Roe by the hand, giving the lad a friendly benediction in Gaelic, and riding stoutly out of the saga.

P. 253.—*Finn and his Companions*, and *The Coming of Cuculain*, by the author, will explain most of the legendary allusions. Those works are, however, intended rather for the general reader than for students, though they might serve as an introduction to the study of our mythology, by suggesting the wealth and value of the cycles of which they treat. See too the earlier portions of *The Story of Ireland*. Keener or more advanced students should provide themselves with de Joubainville's great work on Irish Mythology.

P. 256.—The celebrated Slieve Fuad and Slieve Gullion are the same mountain. A suspicion of the fact does not seem to have risen in the mind of O'Donovan, our chief topographer.

Gullion is another form of Culain, the foster-father of Cuculain. Culain, however, had many habitats and sacred places besides this.

Caillia Bullia is a corruption of *Caille Biorair*, i. e. Witch of the Water, the water-witch of Lough Liath. She is still feared by the peasantry, amongst whom perhaps, in a sense, her cult still survives. The Caille Biorair's true name was Miluchra; she was daughter of Culain. She caused the Tuatha De Danan to excavate Lough Liath in her honour. It was Miluchra who induced Finn to explore Lough Liath's depths, whence results hinted at in the text.

Culain is Lir by another name, the Gaelic Poseidon, very probably Shakespeare's King Lear, the mad, wild, hoary old king, with his strange daughters, most gentle or most terrible. Shelley actually likens the tragedy to the sea—so full is it of agitation, flux and motion. The student will perceive the profound interest of this inquiry. If I am right, then the roots of *King Lear* may be traced into the very depths of our mythology, and, through Culain, alias Lir of Slieve Fuad, followed far into the wonder-world of the Tuatha De Danan races and the theogony of the ethnic Irish.

P. 263.—The Baroness of Dungannon. The *obit* of this fine old lady is thus introduced by the Four Masters in their annals :

“Judith, the daughter of Maguire, i. e. of Cuconacht, son of Brian, son of Philip, son of Thomas, who was the wife of the Baron O'Neill (Ferdoragh, son of lame Con and Alice of Dundalk), and who was the mother of Hugh Earl of Tyrone, and his brother Cormac. After the Baron was slain she was married to Henry, son of Felim Roe, son of Art, son of Owen, son of Nial Ogue (O'Neill), and she brought forth to him an excellent son named Turlough. This woman, who was a pillar of support and sustenance to rich and poor, to men of learning and exiles, widows and orphans, ecclesiastics and professional men, the distressed and the indigent, a woman who was a head-piece of consultation and counsel

to the chiefs and tribes of the Province of Concobar Mac Nessa (Ulster), a pious, charitable, mild, and benignant saint, died at Magheracross in Fermanagh, etc."

Many readers imagine that historical assertions, supported by State Papers quoted profusely in footnotes, are the soundest form of history. This is not so. Our State Papers were written by men of all sorts and degrees—by great men seeking to cover their shortcomings or offences, or writing under the influence of strong personal hatred ; also by many very vile men, who had often private purposes to serve. The State Papers are indeed invaluable to the historian, but every statement found there must be weighed. An historical opinion about this century, supported by a State Paper, is often as worthless as a statement concerning the present century would be if only supported by a leading article, or a platform or parliamentary speech.

THE END

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS

WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

JAN 29 1940

PERIODIC

15M 1 JUN

9 1973 9 5

JAN 17 1980

RECD LD

JUN 8 1962

15Sep'65 VB

JUN 14 67 - 7 PM

RECD LD

JUN 11 73 - 1 PM

JUL 3 1973 5 2

067 17 2008

RECD CIR AUG 20 1973

15-9-1973 44-21

365077

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

