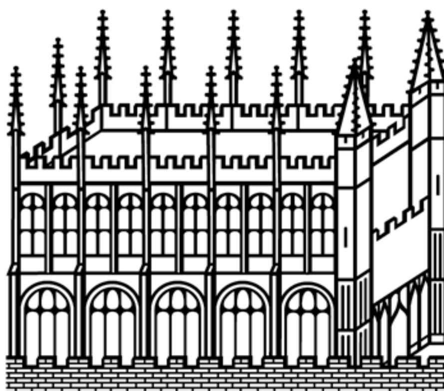

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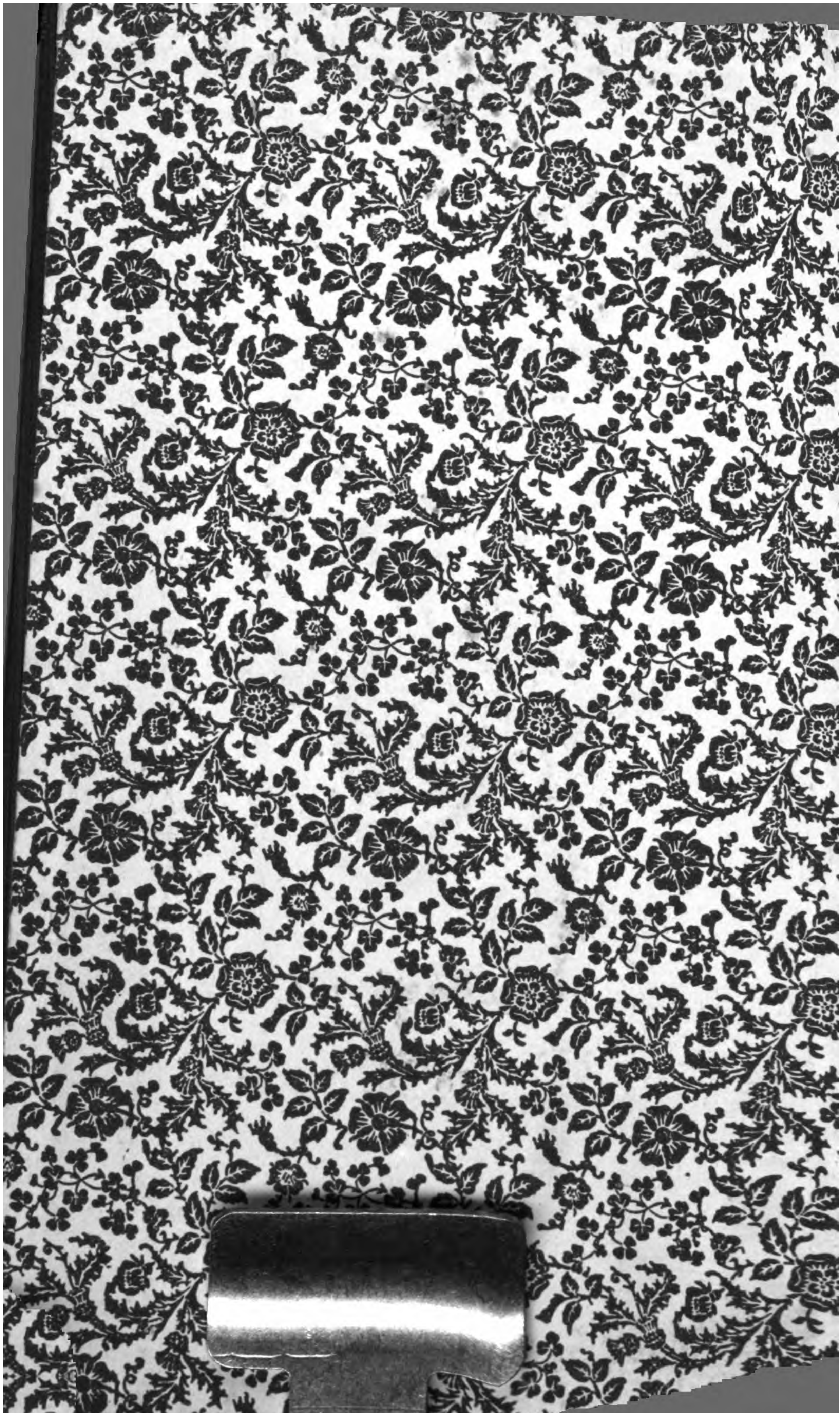
THE CHILDREN'S STUDY,

IRELAND

R.BARRY O'BRIEN



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THE CHILDREN'S STUDY

IRELAND

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THE CHILDREN'S STUDY

SCOTLAND. By Mrs OLIPHANT.

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GERMANY. By KATE FREILIGRATH KROEKER.

IRELAND. Edited by R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

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Lough Foyle
Coleraine
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LONDONDERRY
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R. Swilly
Foyle R.
DONEGAL
TYRCONNELL
Raphoe
Lifford
Strabane
ANTRIM
DALRIADA
Cushendun
Slemish Mt.
Larne
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L. Beg
Toome
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Bangor
Rossan Hd
Donegal
ULSTER
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Omagh
Tullahoge
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Belfast
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Armagh
Clare
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Rosscarbery
Skibbereen
Ross Bay
Castlehaven
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Old Head of Kinsale
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The Children's Study

IRELAND

EDITED BY

R. BARRY O'BRIEN

(Of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law)

AUTHOR OF 'FIFTY YEARS OF CONCESSIONS TO IRELAND,' 'THOMAS DRUMMOND,' ETC., ETC.

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1896

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PREFACE

SOME months ago, Mr Fisher Unwin placed a MS. History of Ireland (for young people) in my hands to edit and prepare for the Press. The editing has, to a large extent, resulted in re-writing and re-arrangement. The book in its present form does not, of course, pretend to the dignity of a history. It is rather a very elementary sketch which may, perhaps, stimulate the reader to take up worthier works on the subject. The plan which has been adopted is to group the facts of each period, so far as possible, around some central figure, for assuredly the pleasantest way to read history is to read it in biography. Pains have been taken not to burden the narrative

with details, but to deal broadly with the most important and the most interesting events. For it was felt that an imperfect sketch, which might leave on the mind some recollection of stirring episodes and striking characters, would be better than a more finished picture crowded with details which might tax the memory and exhaust the patience of the youthful student.

If this little book should in any way awaken the interest of boys and girls in the men and movements which have made Irish history, and should, at the same time, induce them to go to the fountain head for fuller information, it will have served its purpose. A map of Ireland has been prepared by a member of the Irish Literary Society, with the object, chiefly, of marking the places mentioned in the narrative. Like the book, it does not pretend to be complete, but only to help the reader in the first steps to knowledge.

With these brief words of Preface, I submit the book, with all its imperfections, to the generous criticism of the rising generation.

R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

September 15, 1896.

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ERRATA

Page 131, headline—Read '*Confederation of Kilkenny*' for 'Confederations of Kilkenny.'

Page 133, line 20—Read '*5th June* 1646' for '4th June 1646.'

Page 141, headline—Read '*Clonmel*' for 'Clonmell.'

CHAPTER I

ST PATRICK

HE early history of Ireland is lost in the 'twilight of fable.' Modern researches have certainly added much to our knowledge of that period, and opened up wide fields of information hitherto imperfectly explored. Still, in a very elementary little book such as this, it will be better to keep to the highways of history; and therefore I propose to make the Christian era the starting point of my narrative.

Prior to the mission of St Patrick there were few, if any, Christians in Ireland. It is said that, about 431, Pope Celestine sent Palladius to convert the Irish. But the mission of Palladius was a failure, and it remained for Patrick to light the torch of Christianity in the island.

St Patrick was born, probably, near Dumbarton in Scotland, about 387. When a lad of sixteen he was seized and carried into captivity by one of those Irish expeditionary forces which, at the time, swept the coasts of Britain and Gaul, spreading terror and devastation around. In Ireland he became the slave of a chief named Milchu, and spent six years tending flocks and herds on the Slemish mountain in the County Antrim. Patrick himself tells us something of his life at this time.

'When I had come to Ireland,' he says, 'I was employed every day in feeding cattle, and frequently in the day I used to have recourse to prayer, and the love of God was thus growing stronger and stronger, and His fear and faith were increasing in me, so that in a single day I would give utterance to as many as an hundred prayers, and in the night almost as many. And I used to remain in the woods, too, and on the mountains, and would rise for prayer before daylight in the midst of snow and ice and rain, and felt no injury from it, nor was there any sloth in me, as I now see, because the spirit was fervent within me. . . . I was not from my childhood a believer in the only God, but continued in death and unbelief until I was severely chastened; and in truth I have been, humbled by hunger and nakedness, and it was my lot to traverse Ireland every day, sore against my will, until I was almost exhausted. But this proved rather a benefit to me, because by means of it I have been corrected by the Lord, and He has fitted me for being at this day what was once

far from me, so that I should interest or concern myself about the salvation of others when I used to have no such thoughts even for myself.'

After six years' captivity, Patrick fled from Ireland and wandered for many years more in Britain and in Gaul. But Ireland was always in his thoughts and in his heart; and now, full of religious fervour, he resolved to return and to reclaim the land from Paganism.

'In dead of night,' he says, 'I saw a man coming to me as if from Hiberio, whose name was Victoricus, and who bore countless letters, and he gave me one of them, and I read the beginning of it, which contained the words "The Voice of the Irish." And while I was repeating the words of this beginning, I thought I heard the voice of those who were near the wood of Foclut, which is nigh to the Western Sea; and they cried thus,—"We pray thee, holy youth, to come and live among us henceforth." And I was greatly pricked in heart, and could read no more.'

Patrick obeyed the voices which he had heard in his dreams, and came back to Ireland, fortified, it is said, by the authority and benediction of Pope Celestine. About 432 he landed on the coast of Wicklow. But he was driven hence by the native Chief Nathi, and fled northwards, taking refuge in Lecale in the County Down. Dichu, the chief of that part, at first regarded Patrick with hostility and aversion, but finally resolved to hear what he had to say. Patrick explained his doctrine with clearness and simplicity, and Dichu listened with wonder and

delight. The chief was converted, and he and all his tribe joined the Christian Church. So the mission of Patrick began.

Ireland was about this time divided into four provincial kingdoms — Ulster (Ulla), Munster (Mumain), Leinster (Laighin), and Connaught (Connacht). Over the provincial kings there was a supreme king called the Ard-ri, who reigned at Tara, and possessed, as his special domain, the territory of Meath. The inhabitants, like most of the people of Western Europe, belonged to the Aryan branch of the human family, that is to say, they came from the same stock as the English, the Germans, the French; with this distinction, that while the English and Germans were Teutons, the Irish, like the French, and like the earlier inhabitants of Britain, were Celts.

Early Irish institutions were the same as the early institutions of the Aryan elsewhere.

The land was held by tribes, and at the head of each tribe was a chief to whom the clans and septs, who composed the tribe, looked for protection and guidance. Of course, there was no cohesion among these tribes, and there was no approach to national life. Nationalism, in any shape or form, among the Aryan races was a growth of much later times. There is some evidence of the beginnings of an Irish literature, and of an Irish system of laws at this period, though the development of both belong to the Christian era.

Upon the whole, Patrick found the Irish an intelligent and warlike people, eager for know-

ledge, and tolerant of new views, full of poetic fancies, simple, confiding, progressive.

Taking advantage of the institutions of the country, and of the habits and customs of the people, Patrick addressed himself mainly to the kings and chiefs, feeling that the masses of the inhabitants would follow their leaders.

Having converted Dichu, he set out to see his old master, Milchu; but Milchu refused to be converted by his former slave, and died an uncompromising Pagan. Patrick then proceeded straight to Tara to meet the Ard-ri Laoghaire.

On Easter Eve, about 433, he arrived at Slane, nine miles from the royal residence, and there lighted the paschal fire. The king saw the fire afar off, and asked one of the Pagan priests who surrounded him what it was. The priest replied, 'If that fire which we see be not extinguished to-night, it will never be extinguished, but will overlap all our fires; and he that has kindled it will overturn your kingdom.' Laoghaire set out at once for Slane, and summoned Patrick to his presence. Patrick, full of faith and courage, gladly obeyed the summons, and preached before the king.

The king had warned his retainers to show no reverence to Patrick, but the warning was not obeyed, and, ere the morning dawned, some of the most trusted followers of the king had embraced the new religion. The fire which Patrick had lit was not put out that night, and has never been put out since.

Next day the missionary was invited to the palace at Tara; and Laoghaire gave him authority

to preach the Christian faith all over Ireland. From Tara, Patrick went to Connaught, and there he met the daughters of Laoghaire—the princesses Ethne and Fidelm.

One morning at sunrise, so the legend runs, the holy man was at the well of Clebach, near Cruachan, the palace of the kings of Connaught. Thither the princesses came, and beheld Patrick and his attendants.

'And they knew not whence they were, or in what form, or from what people, or from what country, but they supposed them to be *Duine Sidhe* (fairies) or gods of the earth, or a phantasm.

'And the virgins said unto them, "Who are ye, and whence come ye?"

'And Patrick said unto them, "It were better for you to confess to our true God, than to inquire concerning our race."

'The first virgin said, "Who is God?

'"And where is God?

'"And what is God?

'"And where is His dwelling-place?

'"Has your God sons and daughters, gold and silver?

'"Is He ever living?

'"Is He beautiful?

'"Did many foster His Son?

'"Are His daughters dear and beauteous to men of the world?

'"Is He in heaven or in earth?

'"In the sea?

'"In rivers?

'"In mountainous places?

'"In valleys?

'"Declare unto us the knowledge of Him.

'"How shall He be seen?

'"How is He to be loved?

'"How is He to be found?

'"Is it in youth—is it in old age—that He is to be found?"

'But Saint Patrick, full of the Holy Ghost, answered and said:—

'"Our God is the God of all men.

'"The God of heaven and earth, of the sea and rivers.

'"The God of the sun, the moon, and all stars.

'"The God of the high mountains, and of the lowly valleys.

'"The God who is above heaven, and in heaven, and under heaven. He hath a habitation in the heaven and the earth, and the sea, and all that are therein.

'"He inspireth all things.

'"He quickeneth all things.

'"He is over all things.

'"He sustaineth all things.

'"He giveth light to the light of the sun.

'"And He hath made springs in a dry ground, and dry islands in the sea.

'"And hath appointed the stars to serve the greater lights.

'"He hath a Son co-eternal and co-equal with Himself.

'"The Son is not younger than the Father, nor is the Father older than the Son.

'"And the Holy Ghost breatheth into them.

'"The Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost are not divided.

'"But I desire to unite you to the Heavenly King, inasmuch as you are the daughters of an earthly king—to believe!"

'And the virgins said, as with one mouth and one heart, "Teach us most diligently how we may believe in the Heavenly King. Show us how we may see Him face to face, and whatsoever thou shalt say unto us, we will do!"

'And Patrick said,—

'"Believe ye that, by baptism, ye put off the sin of your father and your mother?" They answered, "We believe!"

'"Believe ye in repentance after sin?" "We believe."

'"Believe ye in life after death? Believe ye the resurrection at the Day of Judgment?" "We believe."

'"Believe ye the unity of the Church?" "We believe.

And they were baptized, and a white garment put upon their heads. And they asked to see the face of Christ. And the saint said unto them, "Ye cannot see the face of Christ, except ye taste of death, and except ye receive the Sacrifice."

'And they answered, "Give us the Sacrifice that we may behold the Son, our Spouse."

'And they received the Eucharist of God, and they slept in death.

'And they were laid out on one bed, covered with garments; and (their friends) made great lamentation and weeping for them.'

And Patrick's mission prospered everywhere, and the light of Christianity was spread throughout the land. For thirty-three years he laboured among the Irish; and the seed which he threw broadcast bore fruit an hundredfold. In 465 his labours came to an end. On March 17th of that year he passed away, beloved and venerated by the people among whom he had lived and preached. He left behind a host of enthusiastic disciples, who completed gloriously the work which he had begun with so much promise, and so much success.

CHAPTER II

BRIAN BORU

ROM the death of St Patrick to the arrival of the Danes, the progress of Ireland in religion and civilisation, in art, music, literature and laws, was rapid and remarkable. Churches and monasteries, schools and colleges, sprang up everywhere throughout the land. Irish missionaries went forth to preach the Gospel in many countries, and to win converts for the faith of Christ. Irish scholars filled the world with their fame, and Irish schools attracted students from the most civilised parts of Europe. An Irish missionary, Columba (A.D. 521-597), founded the famous monastery of Iona, and planted the Cross in Alba.[1] His disciples, Aidan,

[1] Ancient name given to Northern Scotland.

Finan and Colman—all Irishmen—are among the most illustrious names in the history of the early British Church, and are to this day household words in many an English home. Another Irish missionary—Columbanus (*circa* 543-615)—preached to the Gauls, Germans and Italians, and founded the monasteries of Luxeuil, and Fontaines. The town of San Colombano in Lombardy still commemorates his name and fame. His disciple Gall (550-645) preached to the Swiss, founded one of the most famous monasteries of Europe—the Abbey of St Gall—and gave a name to one of the cantons of his adopted country. Other illustrious names may be recorded :—St Fiacre of Breuil, St Fridolin, founder of the convent of Seckingen, Argobast and Florentius, bishops of Strasburg, St Kilian, St Cataldus, Dungal the astronomer who won the patronage of Charlemagne, and, greatest of all, John Scotus, Erigena (815-890), the most famous European scholar of his day.

Ireland is a land rich in ruins, and these ruins bear witness to the glories of an immortal past. Travellers from many lands still visit scenes hallowed by patriotic associations; and the round towers of Ardmore and Dromish, the sculptured crosses of Clonmacnoise and Kells and Monasterboice, and the ruined churches at Glendalough, Killaloe, Cashel and Clonfert, recall memories of an early civilisation on which Irishmen may proudly dwell.

In the study of music the Irish excelled from an early period, and in the seventh century Irish professors taught in some of the famous

schools of Europe. A reluctant witness—writing at a later date—bears ample testimony to the skill and charm of the old Irish harpers who were the delight and solace of so many Irish homes.

'They are incomparably more skilful,' says Giraldus Cambrensis,[1] 'than any other nation. I have ever seen. . . . They delight so delicately, and soothe with such gentleness that the perfection of their art appears in the concealment of art!'

In the artistic illumination of books, in sculpture, and in architecture, proofs are still extant of Irish progress and Irish genius. And though during the Norse wars many traces of Irish learning were effaced, there is yet sufficient evidence to show the literary activity of the people; while that remarkable compilation, the Brehon Laws, proves that the legal systems of Ireland rank in the first place among the early institutions of the Aryan races.

But although Ireland had advanced in religion and civilisation, in art, music, literature and laws, the political development of the country remained absloutely stationary. There was no national life. Each provincial king thought only of his own province; he had no country beyond it. The allegiance which he paid to the Ard-ri was merely nominal. There was no supreme authority no central government. Provincial kings attacked each other; tribe

[1] A Welsh historian who accompanied King John to Ireland.

warred against tribe, and the general good was made subservient to local interest and local passions.

And so it came to pass, that when the Norse pirates, sailing from Scandinavia, poured into the island in the ninth and tenth centuries, they found the Irish a ready prey to their attacks. The Norse wars lasted throughout the ninth and tenth centuries.

The invaders were beaten in many a pitched battle, but they could not be driven from the island. They settled in Waterford, Limerick and Dublin, and thence made incursions into the interior, spreading ruin and havoc all round. A united and an organised Ireland could have easily swept them into the sea. But mere local efforts, however gallant, and however successful, must always fail to achieve great national results; and so, despite many defeats and disasters, the power of the Norsemen remained unbroken, until a chief appeared who infused national life into the country, and welded the people together in one grand movement against the fierce and barbarous invaders.

Brian Boru was born in Kincora about 944. He belonged to the royal house of Thomond, and sprang from the Dalcassian race.[1] When but a mere lad, ten years old, his brother Mahon became king of Munster. But his sovereignty was only nominal, for the Norsemen held the strongholds of Limerick, Cork and Waterford, and dominated the country all round. Mahon

[1] The descendants of Cormac Cas, the son of Oilioll Olum, who was King of Munster in the second century.

hardly dared to meet them in the field. Hemmed in a corner of his dominions, he for a time maintained a defensive war, but was glad ultimately to make peace with the stranger. He was allowed to reign in Kincora, but the Norsemen were to rule in Munster. The young Brian, then some sixteen years of age, protested against this peace, said it was dishonourable to his house, refused to keep it, and with a handful of followers went forth himself to fight the enemy. But his little band was soon cut to pieces, and he was left alone with but fifteen attendants. Then Mahon came to him in the wilds and fastnesses where he had taken refuge. The king begged him to return to Kincora and abandon the hopeless struggle against the Norsemen. But Brian said he would never rest while the stranger ruled in Munster, and he begged Mahon to muster all the Dalcassian forces and to make one mighty effort to rid the land of a foreign oppressor. But Mahon said the Norsemen were invincible, and that it was idle to talk of destroying them. 'Where, Brian,' he asked, 'are your followers?' 'Dead on the battlefield,' answered Brian, 'and it is our duty to fight until we conquer or are dead on the battlefield too. The Dalcassians must never let the stranger rule in the land of their fathers.' The young warrior soon infused his own spirit into the king, and Mahon at length consented to declare war against the Norsemen. He summoned the Dalcassian clan from all parts of Ireland, and held a great council.

It was then determined that no time should

be lost in beginning hostilities, and Mahon immediately took the field, concentrating his forces at Cashel. But Ivar the Norse king had heard of Mahon's preparations, and he resolved to strike before the Dalcassians were ready. He marched out from Limerick at the head of a formidable Norse army, supported by an Irish contingent under two traitorous chiefs, Donovan and Molloy, and advanced on the Dalcassian encampment. But Mahon did not wait for the enemy's approach. He broke up his camp and pushed forward to face the foe. The hostile armies met at the wood of Sulcoit near the present town of Tipperary, and there, in the words of the old chronicler, 'a fierce and bloody battle' was fought (968). It lasted from sunrise until noon; but 'the foreigners were routed, and they fled to the ditches, and to the valleys and to the solitudes of the great, sweet, flowery plain.' Mahon followed up his victory, marched on Limerick, burned the town and dispersed the Norsemen in every direction.

Ivar fled beyond the seas and took refuge in Wales, and Mahon ruled in peace in Munster. His reign lasted until 976, when he was foully murdered by Donovan and Molloy and a band of Norse assassins.

Brian now became king. He had no sooner mounted the throne than he resolved to take vengeance on the murderers of his brother, and to attack their confederate Ivar, who had once more returned to Ireland and taken possession of the island of Scattery near the mouth of the Shannon. Scattery, Brian attacked first, and

there he slaughtered the Norsemen and slew Ivar.

Then (977) he marched into Donovan's country (Limerick), slew Donovan and his ally Harold, the son of Ivar, and crushed the forces they had brought against him. Next he challenged Molloy to single combat; but Molloy would not accept the challenge, whereupon (978) he entered the territory (Cork) of the false chief, destroyed his army in a battle fought on the very scene of Mahon's murder, Molloy himself falling in the conflict by the hand of Brian's son, Murrough, then a lad in his teens. Brian now was all-powerful in Munster. But he had already resolved to extend his authority beyond his own kingdom. He had already formed the determination to make himself king of Ireland.

In 984 he marched into Leinster and received the homage of the Leinster king. Thus within eight years of Mahon's death he had made himself king of the greater part of Southern Ireland. He now built a 'fleet' of 300 boats and sailed up the Shannon, invaded Connaught, and threatened Meath, the domain of the Ard-ri Malachi. Malachi grew alarmed, and resolved to come to terms with the invincible Dalcassian king.

In 998 both monarchs met in friendly conference on the shores of Lough Ree, and it was agreed between them that Brian should be King of Southern Ireland, and that Malachi should rule north of Dublin.

Malachi was second only in prowess to Brian

himself. He had already inflicted several defeats on the Norsemen of Leinster, and had even sacked their great stronghold, Dublin. Therefore this alliance between the two most powerful monarchs in the country filled the people with joy, because it was a guarantee against the domination of the foreigner. But while Munster, Connaught and Ulster acquiesced in the new settlement, Mailmora the King of Leinster rebelled. He allied himself with the Norsemen, and determined to wage war upon his own countrymen. Brian set out at once to crush this revolt. Sweeping over the Wicklow Hills he pushed on towards Dublin, halting at Glenmama—the Glen of the Gap. Here he was joined by Malachi. Finding Dublin threatened, the Norsemen and Mailmora marched out from the town to give battle to the Irish kings.

At Glenmama (A.D. 1000) Norse and Irish met once more. A great battle was fought, the slaughter on both sides was terrible. But the Irish triumphed; annihilating the enemy's army and opening up the road to Dublin. Young Murrough again distinguished himself by many gallant deeds, ending in capturing Mailmora, whom he found hiding in a yew tree.

Brian soon entered Dublin without opposition, and made it his headquarters until he had completely reduced his enemies.

After the battle the Norse king, Sitric, fled to Ulster and sought the protection of the Ulster king, O'Neil. But O'Neil gave him up to

Brian, who treated him with generosity, and placed him in command of Dublin. Mailmora was also pardoned and received into Brian's favour.

Finally, Brian gave his daughter in marriage to Sitric, and he himself married Sitric's mother, Gormlaith, the sister of Mailmora. It was clearly Brian's aim to unite all the inhabitants of Ireland — Norse and Irish— under his own rule, and to build up a solid and compact nation. Hence he adopted a policy of peace and conciliation after the victory of Glenmama. But before he could become supreme king, the agreement with Malachi had to be broken, and that monarch had to be reduced to the position of a vassal king. Brian did not scruple to take this extreme step. He boldly communicated his intentions to Malachi, and marched into Meath to demand Malachi's submission. Malachi asked for a month's consideration, and Brian granted his request, remaining, however, at Tara until the answer was given. At the end of the month, Malachi, finding it impossible to form any alliance against Brian, submitted, and Brian became supreme king of Ireland (1002), Malachi retaining only the title of King of Meath.

Brian's next move was to obtain the submission of the Ulster chiefs, and for this purpose he marched northwards as far as Armagh in 1004. All Ireland, south of that town, now acknowledged his sovereignty, and, leaving Armagh, he made a circuit throughout the whole country,

receiving hostages from vassals, kings and chiefs, and returning to Kincora in fact as well as in name supreme King of Ireland.

Brian now devoted himself to the art of peace. In the words of the old chronicler, he 'erected noble churches. He sent professors and masters to teach wisdom and knowledge; and to buy books beyond the sea and the great ocean, because their writings and their books in every church and in every sanctuary where they were, were burned and thrown into water by the plunderers from the beginning to the end; and Brian himself gave the price of learning and the price of books to every one separately who went on this service. Many works, also, and repairs were made by him. By him were made bridges and causeways and highroads. By him were strengthened, also, the dúns and fastnesses, the islands, the celebrated royal forts of Munhain (Munster). He built, also, the fortification of Caisel of the kings, and of Cenn Abrat, the island of Loch Cend, and the island of Loch Gair, and Dún Eochair Maige, Dún Cliath, and Dún Crot, and the island of Loch Saiglend, and Inis an Ghaill Duibh, and Rosach, and Cend Coradh, and Borumha, and the royal forts of Munster in like manner. He continued in this way prosperously peaceful, giving banquets, hospitable, just-judging, wealthily venerated; chastely and with devotion, and with law and with rules among the clergy; with prowess and with valour; with honour and with renown among the laity; and fruitful, powerful, firm,

secure for fifteen years in the chief sovereignity of Erinn.'

And so, during the Ardriship of Brian, peace reigned in Ireland. But Sitric and Mailmora were always reluctant vassals of the Ard-ri, and in 1012, instigated by Gormlaith—a woman of remarkable beauty, remarkable ability and remarkable infamy (whom Brian had ultimately to put away)—they combined once more to stir up disorder and rebellion.

In that year Mailmora was on a visit to Kincora. But Gormlaith told him in secret to rebel against Brian, and that he was a mean-spirited slave to submit to the Dalcassian king. Mailmora, much irritated, entered a chamber of the palace where Murrough was playing chess with his cousin Conacing. He suggested a move to Murrough, by which the young prince lost the game. 'You gave the Danes an advice too,' said Murrough, 'at Glenmama by which they lost the battle. 'Perhaps,' replied Mailmora, 'I shall advise them again, and maybe they will not be beaten next time.' 'Then,' retorted Murrough, 'you had better get another yew tree to hide in.' Mailmora, much incensed at this reference to Glenmama (where Murrough had found him hiding in a yew tree), fled from the palace and prepared for war.

O'Neil, King of Ulster, and O'Ruarc, Prince of Brefney, joined the malcontents, who began operations by invading Meath, defeating Malachi and plundering his territory. When this intelligence reached Brian, he despatched one army,

under Murrough, to move on Dublin by Wicklow, while he himself, with another army, advanced on the town by the Queen's County and Kildare. Having swept all obstacles from their paths, father and son joined forces at Kilmainham, under the walls of Dublin, in September 1013. And now Sitric and Mailmora made vast preparations for defence, while Gormlaith presided over their deliberations. She, indeed—the mother of Sitric, the sister of Mailmora and the divorced wife of Brian—was the genius of the rebellion. She urged Sitric to entreat help of his kinsmen Sigurd, earl of the Orkneys, and Brodar of the Isle of Man. 'Spare nothing,' she said, 'to get them into thy quarrel, whatever price they ask.' They both entered into his 'quarrel,' and the 'price' each asked was the sovereignty of Ireland and the hand of Gormlaith. Sitric was perfectly accommodating. He said each should be king and each should marry his mother. He made but one stipulation. He said to Sigurd, 'Keep this compact from Brodar,' and to Brodar, 'Keep this compact from Sigurd.' And so, in the spring of 1014, the Norse chiefs came to Ireland, with two great armies, to win the crown and to woo Gormlaith.

Meanwhile, Brian had laid the country waste all round Dublin, and at length provoked the Norsemen to sally from the town and risk all in one decisive battle. Brian now moved from Kilmainham, and took up a position on the north of the town, extending his line, probably, from where the Four Courts now stand to

Clontarf, and thus keeping the enemy between himself and the sea.

On Good Friday 1014, the battle of Clontarf, as it has been called, was fought. Brian's army consisted of the men of Munster, Connaught and Meath. Murrough commanded the van, which was composed of Dalcassian warriors, leaving the rest of the Munster troops under the direction of Mothla O'Faelan, Prince of the Decies, Waterford. O'Hyne and O'Kelly led the forces of Connaught, while Malachi brought up the rear with the men of Meath.

Sitric's army was composed of the forces of Sigurd and Brodar, which were placed in the van; of the Norsemen of Dublin, commanded by the Norse chief Duvgall; and of the Leinster men, under Mailmora, who formed the rear division.

From dawn till sunset the battle raged. Murrough began the attack with his Dalcassians, throwing himself upon the forces of Sigurd and Brodar. The Norsemen were cased in armour, but it afforded them little protection from the battle-axes of the furious Dalcassians. Yet both Norse and Irish fought with desperate and equal valour. At first the Norsemen drove back their assailants, and Sitric, who watched the battle from the ramparts of Dublin, said to his wife (Brian's daughter), 'Well do the foreigners reap the field; many a sheaf do they cast from them.' But she answered, 'The result will be seen at the end of the day,' for she thought only of her own people.

Murrough, seeing that his men were falling back before the Norse forces, placed himself in the front of the fight and urged his warriors forward. In the words of the old chronicler, 'A bird of valour and championship arose in him, and fluttered over his head and on his breath.' Seeing Sigurd in the distance, he dashed straight for him. The Norsemen flung themselves between their chief and the Irish leader, but Murrough cut his way through them 'like a fierce, tearing, all-powerful lioness that has been roused and robbed of her whelps; or like the fierce roll of an impetuous, deluging torrent, which stems and smashes everything that opposes it. . . . There fell fifty by his right hand and fifty by his left in that onset, and he never repeated a blow to anyone, but only the one blow, and neither shield nor mail coat was proof to resist any of these blows.' At length he came face to face with Sigurd, and Sigurd did not shrink from the conflict. Hand to hand both warriors fought, and valiantly the retainers of each rallied to their chief.

But Murrough with one 'crushing blow' cleft the helmet of the Norse commander in twain, and with another struck him lifeless to the ground. Then the Dalcassians dashed madly forward, and the Norsemen fled to the sea. Sitric and his wife still watched the scene from the ramparts of Dublin. 'Methinks,' she said, 'that the foreigners have gained their inheritance.'

'What meanest thou?' he asked.

'The foreigners,' she answered, 'are going into the sea—their natural inheritance.'

Brian, whose failing health—he was now in his seventy-third year—prevented him from taking an active part in the battle, remained in his tent, and from time to time asked his attendant, Laiten, how went the fortunes of the day.

'The battalions,' replied Laiten, 'are mixed together in deadly struggle, and I hear their blows as if a vast multitude were hewing down Tomar's Wood with heavy axes. I see Murrough's banner standing aloft, with the banners of Dalgas around it.'

And again he asked how the battle fared, and Laiten said, 'They are now mingled so that no living man could distinguish them; and they are all covered with blood and dust, so that a father could scarce know his own son. Many have fallen, but Murrough's banner still stands, moving through the battalions.' 'That is well,' said the king; 'as long as the men of Erin see that standard they will fight with courage and valour.'

And again Brian asked what news from the front, and Laiten again answered,—

'It is now as if Tomar's Wood were on fire, and the flames burning and the multitudes hewing down underwood, leaving the tall trees standing. For the ranks are thinned, and only a few great heroes are left to maintain the fight. The foreigners are now defeated, but the standard of Murrough has fallen.'

Brian said,—

'Evil are those tidings. If Murrough has fallen, the valour of the men of Erin is fled,

and they shall never look on a champion like him again.'

Murrough had indeed fallen, but he had fallen in the arms of victory. The battle was over, the Norsemen had been literally swept into the sea, when the Irish chief, in pressing forward the pursuit, was slain by the retreating foe.

Some Norse stragglers now worked their way to Brian's tent.

'Many flying parties of foreigners are around us,' said Laiten, 'let us hasten to the camp, where we shall be in safety.'

But the king said, 'Retreat becomes us not; and I know that I shall not leave this place alive, for Eevin of Craglea, the guardian spirit of my race came to me last night and told me I should be slain this day, and what avails me —now in my old age—to survive Murrough and the other champions of the Dalgas?'

The stragglers came nearer to the tent, and among them was Brodar and two other Norse warriors.

'I see some people approaching,' said Laiten.

'What manner of people are they?' asked Brian.

'A blue, stark-naked people,' answered Laiten.

'They are Danes in armour,' said the king, 'and it's not good to thee that they come.'

Then Brian, who had been resting on a couch, rose and unsheathed his sword. Brodar advanced but heeded him not. But one of the Norsemen said, looking at Brian,—

'Cing, cing; it's the king!'

'No, no; but priest, priest,' said Brodar.

'Not at all,' said the Norseman, 'it is the King Brian.'

Then Brodar turned and raised his battle-axe. But Brian struck him with his sword, inflicting a mortal wound. Brodar staggered under the blow; but for a moment recovered his balance and brought his axe full on the monarch's head, and both fell to the ground, dead.

Clontarf was a decisive victory; but it was dearly bought by the deaths of Brian and Murrough.

The power of the Danes was for ever broken, but the national development of Ireland was effectually checked.[1] There was, no man to take Brian's place, no man to maintain a strong central government. Malachi once more became supreme king in name. But wars between provincial kings soon broke out, and for a century and a-half Ireland continued to drift again into a state of disorder and anarchy, until in the twelfth century, another host of foreign adventurers landed in the island to perpetuate the divisions, and distractions of the people.

[1] Of course Norse settlers still remained in Ireland, and even a Norse king reigned for a time in Dublin; but all fear of Norse dominion was at an end. Henceforth Norse settlers became Irishmen.

CHAPTER III

THE NORMANS

IN 1152, Dermot MacMorrough was King of Leinster. He was bad and unscrupulous, and had committed many shameful crimes. At length he aroused the indignation of the country by carrying off Dervorgilla, the wife of Ternan O'Ruarc, Prince of Brefney. For this offence he was finally dethroned by the Ard-ri, Roderick O'Conor, and driven into exile. Banished from Ireland, MacMorrough sought the help of the English king, Henry II. (1154-1189).[1]

At that time (1168) King Henry was in Aquitaine. Hither MacMorrough fled. Henry, already anxious to conquer Ireland, readily promised assistance on condition that MacMorrough, if restored to his dominions, would hold

[1] Date of the king's reign.

Leinster as the vassal of the English king. MacMorrough agreed, and Henry then recommended his cause 'To all my liegemen, English, Norman, Welsh and Scotch,' saying 'whosoever within the ample extent of our territories, shall be willing to lend aid to this prince as our faithful and liege subject, let him know that we do hereby grant to him for said purpose our licence and favour.' An immediate response was made. Conspicuous among the Norman nobles whose estates lay in Wales, and on the Welsh border, was Richard de Clare, second earl of Pembroke, famous in history by his surname of Strongbow. A true soldier of fortune, with all the martial ardour and adventurous spirit of his race, he readily espoused the cause of the deposed king, and concluded an alliance by which it was agreed that he should marry Eva, Dermot's daughter, and, on Dermot's death, should succeed to the throne of Leinster. The promise of lands induced many Norman knights to lend their swords, and an expedition was quickly organised under Robert Fitz-Stephen and Maurice Prendergast, who, with a force of about 2000 men, including 100 knights and 600 archers, landed at Bannow, near Wexford, in May 1169. Here they were joined by Dermot (who had preceded them) with a native force, and hostilities were immediately commenced. Wexford was besieged and, after a valiant resistance, captured. Flushed by victory, the invaders next overran Ossory, putting the surrounding country to fire and sword, and finally entrenching them-

selves at Ferns. The Ard-ri, who had hitherto remained inactive, now awoke to a sense of the impending danger, summoned the princes to meet him at Tara, and hastily raising an army, marched southwards. He met Dermot at Ferns, and opened negotiations with him. It was agreed that Dermot should be restored to his kingdom on condition that he abandoned his foreign auxiliaries. But soon after this arrangement reinforcements arrived from England under Maurice Fitz-Gerald, and Dermot broke his word and threw in his lot with the invaders once more. Dermot now impatiently awaited the arrival of Strongbow himself. That daring adventurer, understanding King Henry's jealous temper, had visited Normandy, and asked his permission to conduct in person the invasion of Ireland. Unwilling either to refuse or assent, Henry returned an equivocal answer, so that he could afterwards declare that he had, or had not, given permission, whichever course the current of events might show to be more advantageous to his interests. Strongbow chose to understand Henry's answer in the affirmative, hastened back to Wales, collected and equipped a formidable force, despatched Raymond le Gros with a small detachment to discover and secure a convenient place of disembarkation, and ultimately, in August 1170, landed near Waterford with an army of about 3000 men. On the day after his arrival, by the advice of Raymond, he ordered the assault of Waterford. The Irish fought with desperate

courage, and twice repulsed the enemy's attack; but Norman discipline in the end prevailed, Waterford was taken, and the inhabitants were put to the sword. The marriage of Dermot's daughter Eva and Strongbow then took place; Dermot and his daughter riding, it is said, the blood-stained highways, which were cumbered with the bodies of the dead and dying.

Strongbow now advanced on Dublin, where the Danish king Hasculf reigned. The Irish archbishop, Laurence O'Toole, was sent to offer terms of peace, and a truce was agreed on. But, while hostilities were suspended, Strongbow's followers, Raymond le Gros and Miles de Cogan entered the city at the head of a chosen force, and slaughtered the unsuspecting citizens. Hasculf then fled to the Orkneys, and Strongbow held Dublin. In the following year Dermot died, and the Norman earl was proclaimed King of Leinster. The Irishmen now made a desperate effort to drive out the invader. Dermot's subjects abandoned Strongbow and united with their fellow-countrymen in a combined attack on Waterford, Wexford and Dublin, where the Normans were now shut up.

At the same time Strongbow was confronted by another difficulty. Henry was deeply offended by his assumption of the royal dignity; he was willing that he should gain fortune and fame, if such were to be procured, as the leader of mercenaries, but he could not brook his establishment of an independent authority, and he issued a proclamation commanding his liege men in Ireland to return

immediately, on pain of the forfeiture of their lands and chattels, and of perpetual banishment. He would allow no reinforcements to be sent to Ireland, nor any English or Scottish ship to touch the Irish coast.

A Gordian knot can be cut only by the sword, and Strongbow in this dilemma acted with characteristic energy. Gathering his little garrison together, he suddenly sallied from behind the walls of Dublin, and fell on the besieging force with such suddenness and directness as to scatter them in tumultuous flight. Then he hastened over to England, obtained admission to the royal presence, and pacified Henry by the offer of all the lands he had won in Ireland. Henry now decided to undertake the conquest of Ireland himself, and having assembled a fleet of 400 ships, with an army of about 400 knights and 4000 men-at-arms, crossed the Channel from Milford Haven, accompanied by Strongbow, Hugh de Lacy and William Fitz-Adelm de Burgo, in October 1171, disembarking at Crook, near Waterford. The Irish princes had suffered much from long years of rivalry and disunion, and Henry's claim of suzerainty they were not disinclined to acknowledge, if he, on his part, respected their individual rights. Several of the most powerful of them at once did homage to him, and swore fealty, their territories being restored to them on the usual conditions of feudal tenure.

Henry also parcelled out lands among his own followers, giving Leinster to Strongbow, Ulster

to De Courcy, and Meath to De Lacy. Dublin he granted to the people of Bristol, making Hugh de Lacy governor of the town.

Afterwards, Henry summoned a meeting of the clergy at Cashel, under the presidency of the bishop of Lismore, when his 'lordship of Ireland' was acknowledged by the priests and hierarchy. While, with characteristic energy and state-craft, Henry was maturing schemes for the extension and consolidation of his acquisitions, the rebellion of his sons recalled him in hot haste to England.

Henry might have been able to establish a settled government in Ireland, but his departure threw everything into confusion. A struggle immediately broke out between the dispossessed Irish chiefs and the Norman adventurers, which was carried on with spirit and valour on both sides. De Lacy, who was the first governor of Ireland, was succeeded in 1173 by Strongbow, the strongest and most capable of the Normans.[1]

Henry, jealous of his power, made a treaty

[1] A detailed character of Strongbow is given by Giraldus Cambrensis. He described him as of feminine countenance, with a thin voice; gentle and courteous in his manners; gaining by address what he could not by force; in peace readier to obey than to command; when not in battle more a soldier than a general, and in battle more a general than a soldier. Prompt always to take his companions into council, and plunging into no enterprise without their advice. In action he was the sure rallying point of his troops. In either fortune of war preserving an unshaken constancy, he was neither to be disabled by adversity, nor thrown off his balance by success.

with the Ard-ri in 1175, by which Roderick bound himself to do homage to Henry as his suzerain, while Henry undertook to secure the sovereignty of Ireland to Roderick.

Strongbow died in 1176. He was succeeded in the government of the colony (1177-1181) by Raymond le Gros, by William Fitz-Adelm de Burgo, and by Hugh de Lacy, who married the daughter of the Ard-ri. All this time, affairs in Ireland remained in a state of great confusion. The Irish were not sufficiently disciplined and united to drive out the foreigners, and the Normans were not strong enough to conquer the entire country. At length, in 1185, Henry bestowed the title of lord of Ireland on his eldest son, John (then nineteen years old), and sent him to govern the country. New grants of land had previously been made to the Norman warriors. According to Sir John Davies, Henry divided the island among ten of his nobles; and though Davies says they did not gain possession of one-third of the kingdom, yet in title they were owners and lords of all, as nothing was left to be granted to the natives. In violation of the treaty made with Roderick, South Munster was conferred upon Miles de Cogan and Robert Fitz-Stephen; North Munster was given to Philip de Braose; Wexford fell to the lot of Robert de la Poer, while a great part of Connaught became the property of William Fitz-Adelm de Burgo. In most cases, the adventurers thus suddenly enriched, were prudent enough to enter into negotiations with the natives, and, obtaining peaceable possession

of a portion of their grant, wisely left the remainder to the rightful owners.

John landed at Waterford about Easter 1185, attended by a band of profligate young nobles and incompetent advisers. The Irish chieftains met him with friendly greetings. Clothed in their long, flowing robes and linen vests, with their untrimmed hair and luxuriant beards, they presented a dignified appearance as they entered the royal presence, and, according to the national custom, advanced to salute the new viceroy with the kiss of peace. But the young Norman courtiers, looking upon the proceeding as an insult, drove them back roughly, and some even ventured to pluck their beards and mimic their gestures. Deeply resenting this unworthy treatment, the chieftains returned home to meditate revenge. Meanwhile, John went from bad to worse. To meet the lavish expenditure of his profligate Court he inflicted a heavy taxation on the maritime towns, in spite of the immunities granted them by Henry. He even incensed the Norman warriors by his contemptuous treatment of them. At length the volcano broke forth with violence. The Irish rose in all directions, led by Donall O'Brien of Thomond. The Normans were attacked at all points; John's army was destroyed, and the settlers were driven for shelter to the walled towns. For eight months the colony was exposed to the most serious disaster, and Ireland had nearly slipped from his grasp before Henry had learned the full extent of the insurrection. Then he recalled John and his idle Court, and placed the administration in the

hands of De Courcy as lord-deputy. This able and vigorous soldier acted with all the promptitude and energy the crisis demanded, and gradually recovered the ground which had been lost.

Henry II. died in 1189, leaving Ireland but partially conquered and wholly unsettled; and so she remained throughout the reign of his successor, Richard I. (1189-1199). Not only were the Irish chiefs bent on throwing off the yoke of the foreigner, but the Norman settlers were disloyal to England. In this crisis, John (1199-1216) showed extraordinary vigour. He descended on the island in 1210, attacked the rebellious Norman knights, De Lacy and De Braose, driving them from the country, and finally subdued the Irish chiefs. The De Lacys fled to France, where they sank into such an abyss of distress, that to support themselves they became gardeners to a monastery. After some time, the abbot, suspecting that they had a story to tell, and learning their real rank, interceded with King John on their behalf with so much effect, that on their payment of a considerable fine, their Irish titles and estates were restored to them, and they returned to Ulster.

John did not attempt to extend the Norman settlement in Ireland. He tried to consolidate it. English laws were introduced; English courts were established; sheriffs and other officials were duly appointed; and the districts subject to English control were divided into twelve counties — Dublin, Meath, Uriel (now called Louth), Kildare, Katherlagh (now called

Carlow), Kilkenny, Waterford, Wexford, Cork, Kerry, Limerick, and Tipperary. Throughout the remainder of John's reign, Ireland was comparatively quiet. But during the reigns of his successors, Henry III. (1216-1272) and Edward I. (1272-1307), the old confusion prevailed. Not only Irish and Normans fought against each other, but fought between themselves. Nevertheless there was a common hostility to England. 'We are English to the Irish,' said one of the Normans; 'but we are Irish to the English.' Amid the general anarchy, the work of fusion between conquerors and conquered went on.

The Normans began to adopt Irish customs and manners, to feel Irish sympathies and prejudices, to take Irish titles and Irish names. Thus, the De Burgos became Bourkes; the Fitz-Urses, MacMahon; the De Veres, MacSweeney; while the proud Geraldines grew more Irish than the Irish themselves. 'The MacMahons in the south,' says Spenser, 'were anciently English, to wit, descended from the Fitz-Urses, which was a noble family in England; likewise the MacSweeneys, now in Ulster, where recently the Veres in England, for they themselves, for hatred of England, so disgraced their names.'

A modern English historian has tried to account for this fusion. 'A conquering race,' he says, 'can retain its peculiar characteristics, unaffected by the local influences and tendencies of the people by which it is surrounded, so long only as it preserves the most intimate relations

with its kindred elsewhere.' And this the invaders did not, for those to whom Ireland was distasteful, forsook it and returned no more; while those who remained—separated from their connections by the Irish Sea—learned to look upon it as their adopted country. He supplies another reason; that from a combination of causes the Irish Celts possess on their own soil a power, greater than any other known family of mankind, of assimilating those who venture among them. But there is yet another reason: in England, as in Ireland, no general spirit of patriotism was alive. To those restless Norman nobles, England was almost as much a name as to the Irish themselves. They were in no way connected with its past history; had not absorbed its traditions; and were, indeed, prepared to 'make a nationality wherever they could find an estate.' Once safely planted in Ireland, they had no reason to maintain any protracted enmity against their Irish neighbours. 'The baron and his Irish retainers found the relations between them grow easy when the customs of the country were allowed to stand; and when a Butler or a Lacy, not content with leading his people to spoil and victory, assumed their language and their dress, and became as one of themselves, the affection of which they were the objects among the people grew at once into adoration.' The process of change went on rapidly, because there was no counteracting influence. There was no strong feeling of loyalty, for the English kings seldom visited Ireland. There was no dominant, settled authority to maintain

the English allegiance, for the lord-deputy had little real power, and his personal interests very frequently were opposed to those of the Crown. When an Irish baron was appointed to the post, all the other Irish barons became his rivals, and when the deputy was an English baron, all the Irish barons became his enemies. An ecclesiastic was sometimes chosen, because he occupied a sort of neutral position; but then he had his class and separate interests to preserve, and preferred the interests of his church and order to those of the king of England.

But whatever were the causes, the fact remains that, throughout the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. Normans and Irish were drawing closer and closer to each other. Indeed, it seemed possible that what had happened in England might happen in Ireland; and that the conquerors and the conquered might combine to build up a strong and united nation.

CHAPTER IV

EDWARD BRUCE

N the reign of Edward II. (1307-1327), the English connection was threatened by the greatest danger which had yet arisen. In 1314, the English were defeated at Bannockburn by Robert Bruce. This glorious Scotch victory filled the Irish with joy. Donall O'Neil, Prince of Tyrone, and the Norman De Lacy sent ambassadors to Robert Bruce praying him to allow his brother Edward to become King of Ireland. Robert consented, and in May 1315, Edward landed at Larne with a force of 6000 disciplined warriors. The Irish chiefs rallied to him from end to end of the country. O'Conor of Connaught, O'Brien of Thomond, the O'Tooles and O'Brynes of Wicklow, the O'Moores of

Leix—all united with the Scots to drive out the English.

Edward Bruce marched onward from victory to victory, storming castles and burning towns, but unhappily pillaging, plundering and destroying all before him. At Dundalk, he was crowned king in the spring of 1316. Anxious for the papal sanction, the Ulster princes, led by O'Neil, addressed a petition to the Pope, in which they enlarged on the pitiful condition of the country, 'which had been ground so long beneath the tyranny of English kings, of their ministers and barons, some of the latter, although born on the island, exercising the same extortions, rapine and cruelties as their ancestors had inflicted. The people had been obliged, like beasts, to take refuge in the mountains, though even there they were not safe. There were only laws for the English, none for the Irish; and any Englishman could, as often happened, kill an Irishman of any rank, and seize his property. The Church had been despoiled of its lands and possessions by sacrilegious Englishmen.' The Pope sent the petition to Edward, urging him to rule the Irish with justice and humanity; but His Holiness would not favour the revolt against England.

The English, now unable to hold Ulster, retreated to Connaught. There, under the command of De Burgo and Bermingham, they were attacked by the young king of Connaught, Felim O'Conor, then only in his twenty-third year. A bloody pitched battle, in which many deeds

of prowess were performed by O'Connor and Bermingham, was fought at Athenry. But the young Irish king was slain, and his army utterly routed.

Undeterred by the fate of his ally, Edward Bruce (who was now joined by his brother Robert) advanced to the walls of Dublin; traversed Ossory and penetrated Munster (1316-1317). But the excesses committed by his army caused a violent reaction against him. The English now prepared for a final struggle. Roger Mortimer, the lord-deputy, took the field with a formidable army, and the Bruces were compelled to retreat to Ulster. Robert soon gave up the struggle in despair, and returned to Scotland. But Edward held his ground. Mortimer and Bermingham now advanced on Ulster (1318) with a force of 15,000 men. The Scots and Irish met them at Faughart near Dundalk. De Lacy urged Bruce to await reinforcements from Scotland. But Bruce resolved to hazard all on a single battle. Placing himself at the head of his men, he gave the order to advance, and the fiercest encounter of the war ensued. In the thick of the fight a Norman knight named Maupas challenged Bruce to mortal combat, and they fought with such fatal energy that both fell dead on the plain. The Scoto-Irish army was annihilated, and Bermingham, with brutal ferocity, ordered Bruce's body to be cut into pieces, and sent his head, salted, in a box to Edward.

The victory of Faughart crushed Bruce, but it did not secure Ireland to the English. In-

deed, throughout the reign of Edward III. (1327-1377) their power, undermined by Irish hostility and Norman disaffection, declined everywhere. Tumult and riot prevailed in all directions, and the government was utterly helpless to put down rebellion or maintain order. Sir John Bermingham, the hero of Faughart, was ensnared in a trap and slain, with 160 retainers, by a rival English faction in Leinster. In Munster, Lord Philip Hodnet and 140 followers shared a like fate.

In Ulster, William de Burgo was brutally murdered by his own uncle-in-law, Richard de Mandeville—a deed which brought with it a terrible retribution, for the Norman-Irish of the district fell on the De Mandeville faction and slaughtered 300 of them. The De Burgos of Connaught, maddened by English misrule, broke away from the English connection altogether, and assumed the dress and the language of the Irish. 'On the banks of the Shannon,' says Mr Richey in his history of Ireland, 'in the sight of the royal garrison of Athlone, they stripped themselves of their Norman dress and arms and assumed the saffron robes of Celtic chieftains.' The example of the De Burgos was followed by many another Norman family, to whom the charm of Irish character, with all its shortcomings, was preferable to the weak and unscrupulous government of England.

Norman discontent was accompanied by Irish insurrection. Irish septs swept over the country, seizing English strongholds, invading

English territories, wresting from English hands the estates of which they had been despoiled. Ireland was, indeed, once more slipping from the grip of the Sassenach.

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST EARL OF DESMOND

IN this extremity Edward invoked the aid of Maurice Fitz-Gerald, the most powerful Norman noble of the Pale, as the English settlement was called. Fitz-Gerald responded to the call, took the field with 10,000 men, defeated the Irish in many expeditions, quartered his troops on the colonists, and, in recognition of his services, was created first Earl of Desmond.

About the same period (1328-1330) James Butler—another powerful Norman noble—was created first Earl of Ormond.

Desmond and Ormond grew in power and eminence. They were, in fact, petty kings. They held courts, bestowed offices, conferred titles of rank and nobility, commanded armies and administered the law. The king became jealous of their authority, and in 1331 sent Sir

Anthony Lucy, as viceroy, to hold them in check, and to govern the country. Lucy summoned two parliaments, one in Dublin, one in Kilkenny; but Desmond refused to attend either, asserting the appearance of Lucy as an invasion of his own privileges. But Lucy determined to uphold the prerogatives of the Crown. He seized Desmond and flung him into prison. There the Earl remained for eighteen months. Then Lucy was recalled, and Sir John D'Arcy sent in his place.

D'Arcy reversed the policy of Lucy, released Desmond, and governed on conciliatory lines. But the policy of concession failed as the policy of coercion had failed. Ireland remained rebellious and disturbed all the time. Between 1332 and 1341 many viceroys came and went, but the condition of the country always remained the same. Normans and Irish, at war with each other and quarrelling among themselves, were united in one thing only—hostility to the government of England.

At length, in 1341, Sir John Morris was sent to rule with a strong hand. But the Norman nobles treated him with utter contempt. He summoned a parliament in Dublin, but Desmond and Kildare and many other Norman lords refused to attend, and summoned a parliament of their own at Kilkenny. But Morris held his ground, and the king proclaimed that all natives, whether of Irish or English descent, should be dismissed from all offices, and that English-born men should alone be appointed to positions of emolument and trust. This de-

claration set the country in a blaze. Desmond and the Norman lords spoke openly of rebellion. They made a powerful appeal to the king, dwelling upon the unfitness of English strangers to govern Ireland, and asserting their own claims and privileges. Edward's wars with France did not leave him free to face the prospects of an Irish rebellion and he resolved to grant the demands of the Norman lords. The policy of Morris was reversed, the English-born officials were dismissed, and the Norman nobles restored to favour. In 1344, Morris was succeeded in the viceroyalty by Sir Ralph Ufford. But Ufford determined to begin as Morris had begun—to curb the authority of the Norman lords, and to govern the country in the English interest alone. The Norman lords, on the other hand, resented the appearance of Ufford as they had resented the appearance of Morris. The new viceroy summoned a parliament, but Desmond once more refused to attend, whereupon Ufford marched into the territories of Desmond, seized his castles, pillaged his lands, and flung his kinsman, the Earl of Kildare, into prison. After two years of reckless misgovernment, Ufford died. Desmond was restored to favour. Kildare was released, and the Norman lords again became a power in the land.

During the next fifteen years, Ireland continued in the old state of division and anarchy. But the fusion of races went on, and the hostility to English rule remained the same. The three powerful Norman nobles, Desmond, Ormonde and Kildare, would bend the knee to

no English viceroy; and the native princes, the O'Briens, the O'Tooles, the MacMurroughs, lost no opportunity of striking at English authority. The result was that the limits of the Pale grew smaller, and the power of the Crown continued to decline.

'Our Irish dominions,' wrote Edward about this time, 'have been reduced to such utter devastation, ruin and misery, that they may be totally lost if our subjects there are not immediately succoured.' To save the colony, Edward sent his son Lionel, Duke of Clarence, as viceroy in 1361, and again in 1364, and again in 1367. But Clarence's viceroyalty was an utter failure, and he finally came to the conclusion that the conquest of Ireland was hopeless, and bent all his energies simply to preserve the English colony such as it was.

To secure this object Clarence believed it was of vital importance to cut off all communication between the natives and the Norman settlers; to end the fusion of races, and to set up a barrier of hostility between the old and the new inhabitants of the island. For this purpose he summoned a parliament in 1367 to pass a memorable Act—the well-known 'Statute of Kilkenny.' This measure provided that marriage, fosterage[1] or gossipred[2] with the Irish, or acceptance of the Irish (Brehon) laws should be considered and punished as high treason. If any man of English descent used an Irish name,

[1] That is, entrusting children to be reared by Irish nurses or foster-mothers.

[2] Standing sponsor for a child at baptism.

the Irish language, or Irish customs, he should suffer forfeiture. It was declared penal to present a 'mere Irishman'—that is, one who had not purchased a charter of denization—to any benefice, or to receive him into any monastery. It was forbidden to entertain any native bard, minstrel or story-teller, or to admit Irish cattle to pasturage on English lands.

This was a strong measure, but it required a strong government to enforce it, and there was no such government in Ireland. The 'Statute of Kilkenny,' accordingly, became a dead letter, and the condition of Ireland remained unchanged. Edward III. died in 1377, leaving his Irish dominions in a worse plight than he had found them.

CHAPTER VI

ART MACMURROUGH

FAMOUS Irish chieftain now appeared upon the scene—Art MacMurrough, King of Leinster. Art MacMurrough was born about 1357, and ascended the throne of Leinster in 1375. About the same time he married the daughter of Maurice Fitz-Gerald, Earl of Kildare. This act was a bold defiance of the 'Statute of Kilkenny,' and the English government seized the opportunity thus given to them of confiscating the vast estates of the bride. MacMurrough retaliated by declaring war against the government; and a memorable struggle began. MacMurrough marched through Wexford, Kilkenny, Carlow and Kildare, devastating the country, and scattering his enemies before him. Alarmed at his progress, the viceroy sued for peace, and

MacMurrough received a subsidy of eighty marks to refrain from further hostilities. A truce followed, but it was only used by MacMurrough to prepare for a fresh encounter. Meanwhile he defied the authority of England, and reigned supreme within his own dominions.

Richard II. (1377-1399) resolved to crush MacMurrough and to reduce 'rebellious' Ireland to complete submission. In October 1394 he landed at Waterford with a force of 34,000 men. This was the most imposing English army that had yet invaded Ireland. The Irish princes were duly impressed by its numbers and discipline, and showed a ready disposition to treat with the king.

In 1395 Richard despatched Mowbray, Earl of Nottingham, to receive the submission of the southern princes. He met them at Ballygorry, near Carlow. All came in, even the dreaded MacMurrough. Peace was made, and the Irish kings, O'Neil of Ulster, O'Conor of Connaught, O'Brien of Munster, and MacMurrough of Leinster waited on the English king in Dublin, where, amid much rejoicing and many festivities, cordial relations were apparently established, and hearty friendships pledged. Richard was highly gratified. He felt that he had come, that he had seen, that he had conquered. But the whole negotiations were a sham, and Richard returned to England as poor as he had come. 'The king,' says Sir John Davies, 'returned into England with much honour, and small profit, for though he had spent a huge masse of treasure, yet did hee not increse his revennew

thereby one sterling pound, nor enlarge the *English* borders the bredth of one acre of land; neither did hee extend the jurisdiction of his Courtes of Justice by one foote further than the English colonies, wherein it was used and exercised before.'

Richard had no sooner turned his back than the Irish were up in arms again. The English of Leinster attempted to capture MacMurrough, 'but,' says the Four Masters, 'this was of no avail to them, for he escaped from them by the strength of his arm, and by his valour.' The viceroy, Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March, now took the field against MacMurrough. The Irish met him at Kells, near Kilkenny, where a great battle was fought (1397). The English were completely routed, and the viceroy was left dead upon the field. Richard resolved to return to Ireland, to avenge Mortimer's death and to annihilate MacMurrough. Accordingly, in the spring of 1399, he prepared a second expedition. Previously he proclaimed a great tournament at Windsor, of forty knights and as many esquires against all comers. To witness the feats of arms, Richard, with his fair and sweet child-wife, Isabella of Valois, sat in splendid state, 'though,' says Froissart, 'few came to the feast, whether lords or knights or other men, for they held the king in such hatred.' Then Richard appointed his uncle, the Duke of York, to act as regent during his absence; and at the door of St George's Chapel, where they had heard mass, he bade farewell to his twelve-years-old queen—lifting her up in his arms, proudly

kissing her, and saying, 'Adieu, adieu, madam, till we meet again.' But they met no more.

A fleet of two hundred sail carried Richard and his army across St George's Channel. Disembarking at Waterford, he advanced to Kilkenny, where he waited a fortnight for reinforcements under the Duke of Albemarle. With his whole force, he then marched against MacMurrough, who, secluded within his woods and fastnesses, boldly defied the English power; denounced the king's authority as based upon violence and injustice; and declared his resolution to 'defend the land unto his death.' Richard for a time placed his army at the entrance of the dense woods which sheltered MacMurrough's followers, but the Irish chieftain was too wary to meet them in the open field. Richard, therefore, resumed his advance, having previously created several knights, among whom was a young, fair and promising youth, Henry of Monmouth, afterwards the hero of Agincourt. The way being obstructed by fallen trees, and frequently lying across heavy bogs into which the men-at-arms sank up to their waists, the march of the royal army was tedious and slow, while the foragers and stragglers were cut off by the attacks of flying parties of Irish, who were 'so nimble and swift of foot, that, like unto stags, they run over mountains and valleys.'

As Richard pushed forward, MacMurrough retreated, and the English army began to suffer from want of provisions. Richard then sent a message to the Irish king, requesting him to submit himself humbly to his liege lord, in

which case not only would his submission be accepted, but he would be rewarded with ample gifts of towns and territories. MacMurrough replied that not all the gold in the world would bribe him into submission, that he would still continue to carry on the war, and do the king all the injury in his power. There was no help for Richard but to break up his camp and march immediately for Dublin. Even this movement was not accomplished without molestation, for MacMurrough hung like a thundercloud in his rear, incessantly harassing his troops with desultory attacks. MacMurrough now agreed to a parley, and consented to meet one of the king's ambassadors in open conference.

The Earl of Gloucester with 100 lances and 1000 archers, was now sent to treat with the King of Leinster. The expedition was accompanied by a French writer, from whose pen we have a description of MacMurrough as he appeared at the meeting:—'From a mountain between two woods, not far from the sea, I saw MacMurrough descend, accompanied by multitudes of the Irish, and mounted on a horse without a saddle or saddle-bow, which cost him, it was reported, four hundred cows, so good and handsome an animal it was. This horse was fast, and, in speeding down the hill towards us, ran as swift as any stag, hare, or the swiftest beast I have ever seen. In his right hand MacMurrough bore a long spear, which, when near the spot where he was to meet the earl, he cast from him with much dexterity. The crowd that followed him then remained behind, while he advanced

to meet the earl. The Irish king was tall of stature, well composed, strong and active; his countenance fell and ferocious to the eye—a man of deed.'

The conference lasted for some time, but as MacMurrough absolutely refused Richard's terms of unconditional surrender, it broke up without results. Gloucester returned to Dublin, and MacMurrough withdrew into his native fastnesses. Richard, on learning the failure of the conference, burst into a tempest of wrath, and swore by St Edward that he would never depart out of Ireland until he had MacMurrough, living or dead, in his hands.

But as he was preparing, with his army re-united and reinforced, to march into the heart of MacMurrough's country, the terrible tidings came from England that Henry Bolingbroke had landed at Ravenspur, and that some of the most powerful of the English nobles had already joined his banner. Richard lost heart as he read this ominous writing on the wall. 'Good Lord!' he exclaimed, 'this man designs to deprive me of my kingdom,' but instead of acting with prompt decision, he delayed three weeks at Dublin, so that before he landed on the English coast his throne was lost and won.

MacMurrough now remained master of the situation. Throughout the reign of Henry IV. (1399-1413) he harried the English settlements, and upheld his authority within his own territories. In 1405 he sacked Carlow and Castledermot—two formidable English strongholds—and overran Wexford. In 1407 the lord-deputy

raised a powerful army and resolved to carry the war into MacMurrough's country. MacMurrough, nothing daunted, once more met the invaders half way, and offered them battle near Callan, in the County Kilkenny.

The fight lasted from morning to night. At the outset MacMurrough carried everything before him. But English reinforcements then arrived, and, in the end, his army was completely routed.

The lord-deputy followed up this victory by marching on Callan, where he attacked MacMurrough's ally, O'Carrol, and destroyed his little force of 800 men—O'Carrol himself falling in the thick of the fight.

MacMurrough now remained quiet for some years, but in 1413 he attacked the English at Wexford, and inflicted a crushing defeat on them. Three years later they resolved to avenge this defeat, and to chastise the King of Leinster in his own territories. But MacMurrough did not await their coming. He poured his forces into Wexford, fought a pitched battle on the enemy's ground, and swept them within the walls of the town. This was his last achievement. He died in 1417 in the town of New Ross, having ruled Leinster for forty-two years, and dealt the severest blow which had yet been struck at English dominion in the island.

'He was a man,' say the Four Masters, 'who defended his own province against the English from his sixteenth to his sixtieth year; a man full of hospitality, knowledge and chivalry; a

man full of prosperity and royalty, and the enricher of churches and monasteries.'

From the death of MacMurrough to the accession of Henry VII. (1417-1485) Ireland remained in a state of confusion and anarchy. The Irish defied the authority of England, but did not combine to overthrow it, and the English settlers, hemmed around on all sides by a hostile population, barely maintained the struggle for existence.

The fusion of Norman and Irish races went on as before, and the feeble attempts made to enforce the 'Statute of Kilkenny' only excited contempt and ridicule.

In 1449, Richard, Duke of York (heir-presumptive to the English throne) became lord-lieutenant. He was the first English governor who tried to rule on popular principles, and his term of office was remarkable for the meeting of the first parliament which asserted the legislative independence of Ireland. But affairs in England forced him to return to that country in 1451, and the government of Ireland fell into the hands of incompetent and unprincipled deputies.

Meanwhile England was plunged into all the horrors of civil strife. The Wars of the Roses raged from 1455 to 1485. The opportunity was favourable to the destruction of English power in Ireland, root and branch. But the Irish were too divided among themselves to seize it. There was no national unity, though there was intense hatred of the foreigner. The Pale had shrunk to the smallest dimensions. It

was, indeed, confined to Dublin, and parts of Meath, Louth and Kildare. It needed but one united and resolute effort, and the English settlement would have disappeared altogether. That effort was never made. Irish and Normans possessed all the lands outside the narrow limits of the Pale. But within these limits the English settlers held their ground.

In 1485 the Wars of the Roses ended, and Henry Tudor ascended the English throne. A new era, crimsoned with misfortune, now dawned upon Ireland.

CHAPTER VII

THE TUDORS

THE accession of Henry VII. (1485) brought peace to England, and gave her statesmen leisure to turn their attention to Irish affairs. It became their chief concern to effect the subjugation of the country, to bring it under the influence of English law, to improve its judicial administration, and to develop its great natural resources. But the Tudor dynasty was hateful to the Norman Irish. They remembered with gratitude the popular government of the Duke of York, and gave their sympathies to the representatives of the White Rose. Henry they regarded as a usurper, and when Lambert Simnel, the son of an Oxford tradesman, pretending to be Edward, Earl of Warwick (grandson of the Duke of

York), appeared in Dublin in 1487, they rallied round him, and the lord-deputy, Garret Oge Fitz-Gerald, Earl of Kildare, proclaimed him as Edward VI., King of England and France and Lord of Ireland. The arrival of John de la Pole, Earl of Lincoln (nephew of Edward IV.), whom Richard III. had adopted as his heir, lent additional strength to the impostor's cause, more particularly as Lincoln brought with him 2000 German soldiers under Martin Schwartz, a captain of good repute. Lincoln must have been fully aware of the deception, but he advised that the so-called Edward should be crowned, and accordingly the Bishop of Meath performed the ceremony of his coronation in the Irish capital. The Anglo-Irish leaders, encouraged by this demonstration, resolved on an immediate invasion of England, and, early in June 1487, Schwartz's 2000 Germans, with a great multitude of Norman Irish, sailed from Dublin. Landing on the Lancashire coast, they marched swiftly into Yorkshire, but at Stoke, in Nottinghamshire, came into collision with Henry's formidable host, and were defeated with such slaughter that one-half of their number lay dead on the field of battle. Simnel was made prisoner, received the king's contemptuous pardon, and closed his career as a menial in the royal household. Henry, with sagacious generosity, forgave Kildare and the Irish nobles, and knowing the great influence of the former, retained him in the office of lord-deputy. Later on (1489), the summoned Kildare and the more powerful

Anglo-Irish lords to his presence. He entertained them at a splendid banquet at Greenwich, where, in curious illustration of the irony of history, the attendant who served them at table was none other than Lambert Simnel. During their stay at Greenwich they accompanied Henry in solemn procession to the church, and were ultimately dismissed with many marks of the royal favour. But the Norman Irish still remained attached to the House of York, and another opportunity of showing that attachment soon presented itself. On the 5th May 1492, a merchant vessel from Lisbon dropped anchor in the harbour of Cork. Among the passengers a young man, whom no one knew, drew general attention by the grace of his bearing and the courtly elegance of his address. In person he was exceedingly well-made and comely, with handsome features; his movements were distinguished by their dignified ease; his whole bearing was that of one born to a high position. It was soon announced aboard that he was none other than Richard, Duke of York, the second son of Edward IV.; and his replies to the questions pressed upon him were so satisfactory, that he speedily obtained a large amount of support. The citizens of Cork declared in his favour, and the Earl of Desmond brought him his powerful aid. He disappeared from Ireland, however, with the suddenness that had characterised his arrival, and passed on to play his part elsewhere. This was Perkin Warbeck, the second pretender who disturbed Henry's reign.

Henry had treated Simnel with contempt. But Warbeck had to pay the extreme penalty of his rashness. He was seized, flung into the Tower, and finally executed.

Warbeck's connection with Ireland was not, as we have seen, either very intimate or much prolonged; but it was sufficient to convince Henry of the necessity of establishing a strong, centralised government in the country. Accordingly, in 1494, he despatched thither Sir Edward Poynings, a knight of the garter and privy councillor, in whom he placed great confidence, with instructions to punish the adherents of Warbeck and to reduce the whole island to obedience.

Poynings' name has a permanent place in Irish history, by virtue of the legislative measures which he initiated and carried. In 1494 he summoned a parliament at Drogheda to give effect to his policy. This parliament asserted the dependence of Ireland upon England, extended to Ireland the English statutes then in force, and provided that no parliament should, for the future, be holden in Ireland until the chief governor and council had first certified to the king, under the great seal of Ireland, 'as well the causes and considerations as the acts they designed to pass, and until the same should be proved by the king and council of England.' The 'Statute of Kilkenny' was revived and amended; the exaction of 'coyne and livery'[1]

[1] 'The custom of visiting the tenants' houses for refection,'—a custom much abused by the Norman lords. —Joyce, *History of Ireland*,

forbidden, and the use of Irish war-cries prohibited.[1]

Fortified by these enactments, Henry determined to proceed steadily and cautiously with the work of securing, extending and consolidating his Irish possessions. He resolved in the first place to win the support of the Norman nobles, and, through them, to subdue and dominate the native chiefs.

[1] The war-cries of the various chiefs were:—The O'Neils, 'Lámh-dhearg abú' (The Red Hand to Victory); the O'Briens, 'Lámh-láider abú' (The Strong Hand to Victory); the Kildare Geraldines of 'Crom abú' (from the Geraldine castle of Crom, or Croom); the Desmond Geraldines, 'Seanaid abú' (from the Desmond castle of Shanid).

CHAPTER VIII

THE GERALDINES

TWO Norman families stood out conspicuously from the rest—the Butlers, who had given many proofs of their loyalty, and the Geraldines, whose allegiance had been of a more fitful and uncertain character. But it was to the Geraldines that Henry addressed himself, because their influence with the native Irish was supreme.

The great Earl of Kildare had, as we have seen, warmly espoused the cause of Lambert Simnel, but he took no part in the projects of Perkin Warbeck. In 1494 Poynings suspected the earl of plotting against the government, and though no proofs were forthcoming, he was sent a prisoner to England. In 1496 he was admitted to the royal presence to plead his cause. He immediately won Henry's confidence by

his frankness of speech and openness of demeanour.

'I would advise you, sir earl,' said the king, at the opening of the interview, 'to provide yourself with good counsel, for I apprehend you will need it.' 'I will show you, sire,' said the earl, 'the best counsel in England.' 'Who is that?' said Henry. 'The king,' answered Kildare, and Henry laughed heartily. 'You are charged,' said the king, 'with burning the Cathedral Church of Cashel. What say you to that in the presence of my lord the archbishop?' who stood close by. 'Marry, sire,' answered Kildare, 'it is true; but then I thought the archbishop was in it.' This answer once more appealed to Henry's sense of humour, and he laughed more heartily than before. 'Sire,' said the prosecuting counsel, 'all Ireland cannot govern this man.' 'Then,' said Henry, closing the audience, 'this man shall govern all Ireland.' Henry was as good as his word. Kildare was released, sent back to Ireland, restored to his honours and estates, and appointed lord-lieutenant in place of Poynings on the 6th of August 1496.

During the remainder of Henry's reign, Kildare continued at the head of the Anglo-Irish government, and justified the king's confidence by his vigorous administration of the country. A quarrel broke out between the Norman MacWilliam Burke of Clanricarde and a native Irish chief, O'Kelly of Hy-Maney. Burke defeated O'Kelly and seized his castle. O'Kelly appealed to the viceroy, and Kildare, gathering

around him the native chiefs of Ulster, except O'Neil, marched southwards and crushed MacWilliam Burke in a great battle at Knockdoe, near Galway, in 1504. For this achievement he was made a knight of the garter. In 1510, Kildare marched into Munster, determined to punish the southern chiefs who had stood by Burke. Joined by the Munster Geraldines, he crossed the Shannon and invaded Thomond. But O'Brien, supported by Burke and Macnamara, advanced to meet him. The earl, surprised by the formidable force which the southern chiefs had brought into the field, beat a hasty retreat. But O'Brien fell upon his army as it was passing through the bog of Monabraher, near Limerick, and completely routed it. However, in 1512, Kildare was up and doing again. He marched into Ulster and successfully attacked his enemies there. In 1513 he went southwards again, but while besieging the castle of a chief, O'Carrol, near Roscrea, he fell suddenly ill and died. So ended the great Earl of Kildare. 'He was a mightie man of stature,' says Holinshed, 'full of honour and courage . . . milde in government . . . to his enemies sterne. He was open and playne, hardly able to rule himself when he was moved; in anger not so sharp as short, being easily displeased and sooner appeased. . . . Notwithstanding hys simplicitie in peace, he was of that valour and policie in warre as his name bred a greater terrour to the Irish than other men's armies.' Kildare was succeeded in the government of Ireland by his son Gerald.

Earl Gerald, in the earlier part of the reign of Henry VIII. (1509-1547), followed in the footsteps of his father. He waged incessant war against the Irish chiefs who rebelled against English rule; crushed the O'Moores of Leix, the O'Reillys of Cavan, the O'Tooles of Wicklow, and captured the castle of O'Carrol which his father had failed to take. But his power, valour and success excited the jealousy of his great rival, Ormond, and even aroused the suspicions of Wolsey. Earl Gerald was formidable to the Irish; he might become formidable to the English too. So thought Henry's minister. In 1519, extraordinary as it might seem, considering what his career hitherto had been, the earl was charged, mainly at the instance of Pierce Butler, Earl of Ormond ('Pierce the Red,' as he was called), with 'seditious practices, conspiracies and subtle crafts.' He was summoned to England to answer this accusation, and Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, was sent to Ireland in his place. Surrey's government was an utter failure, and he returned to England in 1521, when Kildare's enemy, Ormond, was appointed viceroy. But Ormond did not give satisfaction either. It was clear that none could rule Ireland but the Geraldines, because the Geraldines had become thoroughly Irish in temperament and feeling. They were certainly often English to the Irish, but they were as often Irish to the English. The Irish forgave them much, because they did not fear on occasion to withstand England. But England always distrusted them, because they showed a spirit of independence, and even when

representing English interests, thought of Ireland first. In truth England could not do with, and could not do without the great house of Kildare. And so it came to pass that Earl Gerald was sent back to Ireland, and was, amid enthusiastic public rejoicings, once more installed governor of the country in 1524. It was characteristic of the Geraldines that at the installation of Kildare, an Irish chief, Conn O'Neil, bore the sword of state before the viceroy. The Geraldines alone had the wisdom to see that Ireland could best be ruled by winning the sympathy and confidence of Irishmen. Gerald was now placed in a position of great difficulty, and even danger. It was discovered that his kinsman, the Earl of Desmond, had entered into a treasonable correspondence with the King of France, to bring about an invasion of Ireland and to free the country from English control. Desmond was at once summoned to England, but he refused to obey. Kildare was ordered to arrest him, and the viceroy marched into Munster to fulfil this unpleasant mission. Desmond, however, evaded arrest, and Kildare was suspected of conniving at his escape. Charges of treason were again brought against him, and in 1526 he again went to England to answer them.

He was for a time committed to the Tower, and detained for several years in England; but Ireland became so ungovernable in his absence, that, in 1532, he was sent back once more as viceroy. He now chastised his enemies and drew closer the bonds which attached him to the Irish chiefs.

At the commencement of his career he had been 'English to the Irish,' but towards the end he showed a decided tendency to become 'Irish to the English,' and English distrust of him accordingly increased. In 1534 he was summoned to England again, and again committed to the Tower. He came back to Ireland no more. Broken in health and spirit, and overcome by trouble and sorrow, he died in the Tower on December 12, 1534.

When Earl Gerald left Ireland for the last time in 1534, he appointed his son Thomas, Earl of Offaly, popularly known as 'Silken Thomas' (from the silken fringes worn by his warriors on their helmets), lord-deputy. Calling him to the council board at Drogheda, the old earl gave him the sword of state, and said,—

'Son Thomas, you know that my sovereign lord the king hath sent for me into England, and what shall betide me God knoweth, for I know not. But, however it falleth, I am well stept in years; and so I must in haste decease, because I am old. Wherefore, in so much as my winter is well near ended, and the spring of your age now buddeth, my will is, that you behave so wisely in these your green years, as that with honour you may grow to the catching of that hoary winter in which you see your father fast faring.'

Young and inexperienced — he was only twenty-one years old—Offaly took upon himself the cares of state. In June, a rumour reached Ireland that his father, the Earl Gerald, had been beheaded in the Tower. Offaly

was in arms in an instant. Placing himself at the head of a guard of 140 warriors, he marched through the streets of Dublin, entering at Dane's Gate, crossing the river, and proceeding to St Mary's Abbey where the council awaited him. Surrounded by his followers, he advanced to the council board, and, flinging the sword of state on the table, harangued the privy councillors in a stirring speech. 'I am none of Henry, his deputy,' he said, 'I am his foe. I have more mind to conquer than to govern; to meet him in the field than to serve him in office.' The lord chancellor besought him to submit in all things to the authority of the king. For an instant Offaly seemed to waver, when the old Irish harper, who accompanied him, recited a poem in Irish, recounting the valiant deeds of his ancestors, and urging him to be mindful of their fame. Fired with enthusiasm, the young Geraldine exclaimed, 'I will take the market as it riseth, and I will choose rather to die with valiantesse and liberty, than to live under King Henry in bondage and villany,' and rushed from the council hall, followed by his guard. Gathering the Irish septs around him, O'Conor Faly, O'Moore, O'Carrol, O'Neil of Tyrone, and O'Brien of Thomond, he prepared for war. He besought James Butler, son of the Earl of Ossory, to unite with him in one mighty effort to drive the English out of Ireland; but the cautious Butler refused. Leaving a force to besiege Dublin Castle, Offaly marched into the territory of the Butlers, and laid waste the county of Kilkenny. Then returning to Dublin,

he joined in the siege of that stronghold. The Archbishop Allen, an ancient foe of the Geraldines, sought to escape from the city under cover of the night, and cross to England; but the vessel which bore him was wrecked on the coast. The archbishop took refuge at Howth. There he was discovered and brought before Offaly. He feared the anger of the young Geraldine, and on bended knees begged for mercy and pardon. There is no reason to suppose that Offaly meant to do him any hurt. He looked on the prelate, indeed, with contempt, and desired only that he should be removed from his presence. '*Beir uaim an bodach*,' he said in Gaelic; 'Take away the clown.' This order was misunderstood, and the archbishop was pitilessly put to death,—a deed out of harmony with Offaly's gallant and chivalrous nature. Meanwhile Offaly pushed on vigorously with the attack on Dublin, but the city held bravely out, and in the end Offaly was obliged to raise the siege. In 1535, when Offaly had become Earl of Kildare, the lord-deputy Skeffington carried the war into the Geraldines' country, and laid siege to the castle of Maynooth. The besieged made a gallant defence; but the English brought their artillery—for the first time used in Ireland—to bear upon the walls; and the Irish having no artillery to return the enemy's fire, were forced to surrender. Kildare was hastening from Connaught with a force of about 7000 men to the relief of Maynooth, when the news of its fall reached him. But he was resolved to give battle to Skeffington. A fierce fight took place at

Slane, but Skeffington's artillery once more decided the fortunes of the day, and the young earl was hopelessly crushed.

He retreated among the wooded defiles of the mountains; but eventually surrendered to Lord Leonard Grey, who had succeeded Skeffington as lord-deputy in July 1535, on a promise of safety and protection. The promise, it is said, was confirmed upon the sacrament; but no sanctity of association prevented Grey from sending Silken Thomas a prisoner to London. Thither his five uncles were also despatched, three of whom, having taken no share in the rebellion, had been treacherously arrested by the lord-deputy at a banquet to which he had invited them. All were committed to the Tower. In May 1536 an act of attainder was passed against Kildare and his relatives, and in June 1537 the young Geraldine, then in his twenty-fourth year, perished with his five uncles on the scaffold. On the walls of the state prison where young Fitzgerald was confined, may still be deciphered the unfinished signature, 'Thomas Fitzg—.' 'He was,' says Stanihurst, 'of nature tall and personable; in countenance amicable; a white face, and withal somewhat ruddy; a rolling tongue and a rich utterance; of nature flexible and kind; very soon carried where he fancied, easily with submission appeased, hardly with stubbornness vexed.'

Silken Thomas having left no issue, his brother Gerald became heir to the Geraldine estates. The story of this youth's early days is

as thrilling as a romance. Born in 1525, he was only ten years old when Thomas was executed. Lying ill of small-pox at Donore in the County Kildare when the news reached Ireland of his brother's and uncles' death, he was carried secretly away by a priest, Father Leverous, and placed in charge of his aunt, Lady Mary O'Conor, in Offaly. The hope of the Geraldines now centred in this lad, and it was felt, and rightly felt, that the English government would spare no pains to get possession of him. Having remained for a short time with his aunt, it was deemed wiser to hand him over to the powerful protection of O'Brien of Thomond, and to Thomond he was accordingly sent in care of his cousin, James Delahide. The government now made every effort to capture him. Threats and bribes were alternately used to persuade O'Brien to give up the lad, but O'Brien boldly refused. 'As to O'Brien,' wrote the authorities at Dublin Castle to the English minister, Thomas Cromwell, 'notwithstanding his letter, and promises of subjection and obedience to the king's highness, we could neither get him to condescend to any conformity according to the same, nor yet deliver the Earl of Kildare.'

After remaining for six months in Thomond, Gerald was next sent into Desmond's country to his aunt, Lady Eleanor M'Carthy. The government appealed to Desmond to surrender the lad, but Desmond refused as resolutely as O'Brien had refused.

'A most gracious pardon' was offered to the

young earl if he would 'come in.' But the Geraldines would put no trust in English promises. Gerald was next sent to O'Donnell of Tyrconnell, whom his aunt, Lady Eleanor, had married.

Once more the government exhausted every effort to seize the fugitive; but every effort was baffled by the fidelity and skill of his protectors. 'I assure your lordship,' Cromwell was informed by an English agent in 1539, 'that the English Pale be too affectionate to the Geraldines, and the Irish covet more to see a Geraldine to reign and triumph than to see God come among them.'

In 1540 the English minister was again informed that 'the detestable traitors, young Gerald, O'Neil, O'Donnell, Desmond, O'Brien, O'Connor continue to destroy the property of his majesty's subjects, to subdue the whole land to the supremacy of the Pope, and to elevate the Geraldines.'

It was now decided to send young Gerald out of Ireland, and, about March 1540, he sailed from Donegal Bay to St Malo with Father Leverous, and an old servant, Robert Walsh. Frances I., King of France received him with warm hospitality and showed him every attention and favour. From France he went to Flanders; and finally to Rome, where Cardinal Pole took him by the hand, and completed his education.

In 1544 he distinguished himself in an expedition to the coast of Africa, and in 1545 he was appointed master of the horse to the Florentine statesman, Cosmo de Medici.

The young earl had now an established position, and in 1547 we find him coming to London in the train of foreign ambassadors, and taking rank with the nobles of the land.

At a mask ball given by King Edward VI. he fell in love with an English beauty, once a lady of the court, Mabel Brown. They were married shortly afterwards, and the romance of the young earl's life ended.

In 1552 he was restored to his Irish estates, and in 1554 he returned to Ireland amid great public rejoicings. For the remainder of his life he lived at peace with the government, though, like so many of the Geraldines, he was always an object of suspicion to the authorities.

In 1585 he died, and was succeeded by his son Gerald, who became the twelfth Earl of Kildare.

CHAPTER IX

SUBMISSION OF THE IRISH CHIEFS—THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION

HILE the life and fortunes of the brother of 'Silken Thomas' hung in the balance, great changes were taking place in Ireland.

Lord Leonard Grey who, as we have seen, became viceroy in 1535, carried on the government of the country with ability and vigour. He led many expeditions against the native chiefs, beat them in battle, and out manœuvred them in negotiations. At length, wearied by intestine strife and constant war, they prepared to make a final submission, on condition of being left in possession of their lands.

Grey was the most competent governor that had yet been sent to Ireland. But he raised

up a host of English enemies, and was distrusted by the king. In 1540 he was recalled, and charged with treasonable practices, the chief accusation being his supposed partiality for the Geraldines. It was even said that he had connived at the escape of young Gerald in 1540. Grey at first treated his accusers with contempt, but in the end they proved too many for him, and he perished on the scaffold in July 1541. This was an act of retributive justice, for Grey had foully done Thomas Fitzgerald and his uncles to death in 1537. Yet there was no proof that he was faithless to England, and it is most probable that he fell a victim to the envy and jealousy of Ormond, by whom he was detested as a formidable rival in the government of Ireland. The fruits of his vigorous administration were reaped by others. In 1541 his successor, Sir Anthony St Leger, summoned a parliament at Dublin, which may be said to have crowned the efforts of Grey, and which certainly forms an epoch in Anglo-Irish history. The Irish chiefs attended for the first time. O'Moore, O'Reilly, MacMurrough, and even O'Brien of Thomond sent representatives. The submission of Ireland seemed complete. O'Neil renounced his ancient title, and became Earl of Tyrone; O'Brien was made Earl of Thomond; MacWilliam Burke, Earl of Clanricarde; O'Donnell was promised the earldom of Tyrconnell; MacMurrough abandoned the name of his fathers, and became plain Mr Kavanagh.

All the chiefs agreed henceforth to hold

their lands on English tenure and to accept English law.

The title of 'king' (instead of 'lord') of Ireland was conferred on Henry, and he was acknowledged head of the Church, for the Protestant Reformation had already (1534) taken place in England, and Henry had abjured the spiritual supremacy of Rome. The Irish chiefs had given way all along the line, and when Henry died in 1547 he left Ireland in a state of comparative peace. But the English were soon to learn that the submission of the chiefs, precarious enough in its way, was not the submission of the people.

During the reign of Henry VIII. the Protestant Reformation simply meant the spiritual supremacy of the king, instead of the spiritual supremacy of the Pope. No serious effort was made to enforce the doctrines of the new creed in Ireland, though the religious sentiments of the people were outraged in other respects. Churches and monasteries were wrecked and plundered, holy images and venerated shrines were pillaged and destroyed, and a sacred relic, devoutly believed to be the crozier of St Patrick, was wantonly burned in the streets of Dublin by the instruments of the English monarch.

During the reign of Edward VI. (1547-1553) the Reformation still made little or no progress in Ireland, and, indeed, the masses of the people were completely ignorant of the great religious changes which were convulsing Europe and England.

The chiefs had, as we have seen, submitted

to Henry VIII. in 1541, but in the reign of Edward some of them were in arms again. O'Moore and O'Connor of Leix and Offaly rose in rebellion, and invaded the Pale. But the rebellion was mercilessly crushed, the two chiefs were banished to England, and in the reign of Mary (1553-1558) their confiscated territories were converted into English shires, and called respectively the Kings and Queens County.

And now arose the most formidable foe who had crossed England's path in Ireland since the death of Art MacMurrough.

CHAPTER X

SHANE O'NEIL

HANE O'NEIL was the eldest son of Conn O'Neil who had been made Earl of Tyrone by Henry VIII., his mother being a daughter of the Earl of Kildare. The earl had a younger son Matthew, who, though born out of wedlock, was his favourite child. Asked by Henry VIII. to name the heir to his lands and title, Tyrone named Matthew, who was immediately created Baron of Dungannon. When Shane grew up, he resented the slight which had been put upon him, and claimed his rights as the eldest and lawful son. At first the father was unwilling to grant the just demands of Shane, but, in the end, he yielded. Matthew appealed to the English government for support, and

the government took up his cause. The lord-deputy summoned Tyrone to Dublin to account for his conduct in disowning Matthew. But Tyrone, remaining firm in his resolve to stand by Shane, was kept in captivity within the Pale. Incensed at the action of the lord-deputy, Shane roused his people to rebellion, and hurled defiance at the government. In 1551 and 1552 expeditions were sent to Ulster to subdue the young rebel; but they returned unsuccessful. Towards the end of 1552, Tyrone was released in the hope that he might re-establish peace; but the hope was doomed to disappointment. Shane was bent on war. In 1553 the lord-deputy sent another force into Ulster; but Shane held his ground, and the lord-deputy left him master of the situation. 'We find nothing in Shane,' say the authorities at Dublin Castle, 'but pride and stubbornness.'

Unmolested by the government during the years 1554-1558, Shane determined to unite all Ulster under himself, and boldly asserted the title of his house to the sovereignty of the province. His energy and ambition soon involved him in quarrels with rival clans, foremost among whom were the O'Donnells of Tyrconnell, and their allies the MacDonnells, a Scotch colony in Antrim. But Shane presented a defiant front to all his enemies within and without.

In 1558 Matthew O'Neil was killed in a brawl with some of Shane's retainers, and in 1559 the Earl of Tyrone died. Shane im-

mediately became the acknowledged head of his house, and, repudiating the English peerage, proudly assumed the old Irish title—'The O'Neil.' Elizabeth (1558 - 1603) was now queen, and her government at once entered into negotiations with the formidable Ulster rebel.

The lord-deputy, Sir Henry Sydney, marched northwards and summoned Shane to meet him at Dundalk. Shane utterly ignored the summons, but, with a delicious sense of humour, invited Sydney to come to the christening of his child, and stand sponsor. Sydney, who was a man of conciliatory disposition, and no doubt appreciated the adroitness of O'Neil in thus cleverly evading his summons to enter the Pale, accepted the invitation, and remained for some days on a visit to the castle of the rebel chief. Shane explained his position. He said that he had been elected, according to the Irish custom, head of the O'Neils, and head he would remain. He desired no quarrel with the English. If they left him alone, he would leave them alone. But he should not be interfered with. Sydney accepted the explanation, returned to Dublin, and peace for a time reigned in Ulster. But in 1559, Sydney returned to England, and Lord Sussex was sent to succeed him in the government of Ireland. Sussex came to the conclusion that Shane was a serious danger to English authority in the island, and resolved to bring him to subjection. With this view, and having gained the support of O'Donnell and the

Scotch settlers in Antrim, he prepared to invade Ulster.

Shane wrote directly to Elizabeth, and laid his case before her. He was loyal to England, he said, and would be delighted if the queen would get him an English wife. He would visit the queen if she would send him three thousand pounds for his expenses. His province was well governed, as the queen might see if she would send commissioners to inquire. He acknowledged the queen's authority, but would allow no deputy to rule his territories. This letter was left unnoticed, and Sussex pushed on with his preparations. Shane soon got ready for war. He began with a master-stroke, dashed into O'Donnell's country, seized O'Donnell and his wife—who was half-sister of the Earl of Argyll — and bore them off in captivity to Tyrone. This move paralysed the O'Donnells and astounded Sussex, and converted the Scots into Shane's allies, for the Countess of Argyll befriended Shane. Sussex at once marched forward, and entering Ulster in July 1561, seized and fortified the cathedral of Armagh, and made the town his head-quarters.

Shane bided his time, and watched the English carefully. He ran no risks. The opportunity he waited for at length came. A force of 1000 men was sent forward by Sussex to ravage Tyrone. Shane allowed them to enter his territory and to seize the goods and cattle of his people. But as they were returning in triumph, he hung on their flank with an army of trained warriors, and at a given moment fell upon them, routing them

utterly, and recapturing the spoils they had seized.

Sussex was confounded by his defeat. He wrote to the English minister,—

'Never before durst Scot or Irishman look on Englishmen in plain or wood since I was here, and now Shane, in a plain three miles away from any wood, and where I would have asked of God to have had him, both with a hundred-and-twenty horse and a few Scots and galloglasse [heavy-armed infantry], scarce half in numbers, charged our whole army and was like in one hour not to have left one man of that army alive, and to have taken me and the rest at Armagh.'

Shane's victory caused a panic in London, and Elizabeth counselled peace. She invited Shane's kinsman, Kildare, to treat with the rebel, sent him a pardon, and invited him to come to London to see her. Shane first demanded that the English army should be withdrawn from Ulster, and that Armagh should be given up. The army was withdrawn, but Sussex still kept a garrison in Armagh.

Shane had triumphed in the field; Sussex, despairing of destroying him in battle, resolved that the victorious rebel should fall by the steel of the assassin. The story seems incredible; but we have it under Sussex's own hand. In August 1561 he wrote to Elizabeth saying that he had had a 'conference with Shane's seneschal, Grey Neil (about the surrender of Armagh),' and that he had bribed the seneschal to kill his chief. 'In fine,' says

Sussex, 'I brake with him to kill Shane, and bound myself by my oath to see him have a hundred marks of land by the year to him and to his heirs for his reward. I told him the way he might do it, and how to escape after with safety.' But the assassination plot failed. Whether Neil Grey had simply imposed on Sussex by pretending that he was willing to do the deed, or whether he was for a moment tempted by the offer of the lord-deputy, it may be difficult to say, but the fact is, he never attempted to kill Shane.

Kildare was successful in his negotiations with Shane, and it was settled that the rebel should visit London. A safe conduct was sent to him, and towards the end of the year he set out for the English capital with a guard of galloglasses, accompanied by Kildare. He was well received by the queen's councillors, and lodged at the lord keeper's house.

On the 6th of January 1562, Elizabeth received him in state. He entered the council chamber, 'his saffron mantle sweeping round and round him, his hair curling down his back, and clipped short below the eyes, which gleamed from under it with a grey lustre,' looking fierce and defiant. 'Behind him followed his galloglasses, bare-headed and fair-haired, with shirts of mail which reached beneath their knees, a wolf skin flung across their shoulders, and short, broad battle axes in their hands.' At the foot of the throne he paused, bent forward, knelt, and then, rising, addressed the queen in a diplomatic speech. He protested his loyalty,

flattered Elizabeth, and, in a word, showed himself a match for the most practised courtiers and skilled diplomats around her. Elizabeth was not unfriendly to him. She appreciated his ability, admired his boldness, and was disposed to treat him well. But her advisers, having once got the dreaded O'Neil in England, were resolved that he should never go back. His safe conduct was so worded that no time was specified for his return. When he asked leave to go home, his attention was called to this fact. Various pretexts were devised to delay him. It was said that the son of Matthew should be summoned to England in order that his claims to the estates of the O'Neils should be investigated. Shane saw at a glance that he had been outwitted, and that, despite his caution, the safe-conduct had been so worded as to put him at the mercy of his enemies. In these circumstances he played, as usual, a bold game. He approached the queen directly, called her his friend, said he trusted to her protection, and placed his life and honour in her hands, 'having no refuge nor succour to flee to but only her majesty.' Elizabeth was touched; she would not allow Shane to be imprisoned, though she still detained him. At length news reached England that Matthew's son had been killed, and that Ulster was growing impatient for Shane's return. Elizabeth determined to detain him no longer. She granted all his demands, made him sovereign of Ulster, subject alone to herself, and sent him back to Ireland with

honour and glory. He had played a game of diplomacy with the greatest diplomatists in Europe, and had won all along the line.

Shane was now, practically, King of Ulster. Sussex, routed in the field, and out-manœuvred in negotiations, tried to get Shane into his hands and lock him up in Dublin Castle. Shane was bound by his arrangements with Elizabeth to visit Dublin to take the oath of allegiance. Sussex wrote to Elizabeth to ask if he might not imprison Shane on the chief's arrival. But Shane did not arrive. With characteristic adroitness he informed Sussex that in the present disturbed state of Ulster his duty to the queen obliged him to remain at home. Sussex next expressed his willingness to give his sister in marriage to Shane if Shane would come to Dublin to woo the lady. Shane said that he was ready to marry the lady if she were sent to him; but his duties to his sovereign made it impossible for him to leave Ulster.

Shane maintained order in Ulster with a strong hand. He put down the petty chiefs, and tried to set up a vigorous central government. But Sussex never ceased to plot against him, and to use all the influence he could command to persuade Elizabeth to wage war on the great Ulster chieftain. Elizabeth, much puzzled, at length gave Sussex *carte blanche*, and Sussex once more prepared to invade Ulster, having previously aroused Shane's old enemies, the O'Donnells and MacDonnells, to turn on him once more.

In April 1563, Sussex marched into Ulster. But the expedition was an utter failure. Shane had his province so well in hand that not a single chief joined Sussex, and the lord-deputy returned to Dublin, declaring that, 'to expel Shane was a Sisyphus labour.'

Elizabeth now wrote to Sussex, saying that she 'had decided to end the war in Ulster by agreement rather than by force,' and urged that Shane should be left in peace.

Beaten at every turn, Sussex once more used the weapon of the coward. He tried a second time to assassinate Shane. He sent him a present of poisoned wine. Shane and his household were brought to death's door; but no one died. The Ulster chief fiercely demanded redress for this outrage. Elizabeth expressed the greatest indignation. Efforts were made on all hands to appease Shane, and Shane finally forgot the transaction. He was now, for a season, left in peace monarch of Ulster. But his antipathy to the foreigner remained. In this hour of truce, he built a castle on Lough Neagh, and called it 'Fuath na Gall' (hatred of the stranger)

'The Earl of Sussex,' says Mr Froude, 'having failed alike to beat Shane O'Neil in the field or to get him satisfactorily murdered, was recalled.'

There is some reason to think that Shane now contemplated making himself sovereign of all Ireland. Having, in 1565, easily defeated the Scots, who gave him some trouble in Ulster, he next marched southwards, seizing the English castles of Newry and Dundrum, and finally invading

Connaught, 'to receive the triball due of old time to them that were kings in that realm.'

In December 1565, Sir Henry Sydney, who had again become lord-deputy, now prepared to send an expedition against Shane. Negotiations were, however, first opened with him. But Shane was in no temper for negotiations now. Stukeley, an English counsellor, warned him that, if he were not submissive, he would never succeed to the 'earldom' of Tyrone or stand well with the queen. Shane replied,—

'I care not to be made an earl, unless I may be better and higher than an earl, for I am, in blood and power, better than the best of them; and I will give place to none but my cousin of Kildare, for that he is of my house. For the queen, I confess she is my sovereign; but I never made peace with her but by her own seeking. Whom am I to trust? When I came to the Earl of Sussex on safe conduct, he offered me the courtesy of a handlock. When I was with the queen, she said to me herself that I had, it was true, safe conduct to come and go; but it was not said when I might go, and they kept me there till I had agreed to things so far against my honour and profit that I could never perform them while I live. That made me make war, and, if it were to do again, I would do it. My ancestors were kings of Ulster, and Ulster is mine and shall be mine! O'Donnell shall never come into his country, nor Bagenal into Newry, nor Kildare into Dundrum or Lecale. They are now mine; with this sword I won them; with this sword I will keep them.'

Sydney was alarmed, and wrote to Cecil, saying,—'Ireland would be no small loss to the English crown, and it was never so like to be lost as now. O'Neil has all Ulster; and, if the French were so eager about Calais, think what the Irish are about their whole island. I love not war; but I had rather die than Ireland should be lost in my government.'

Sydney and Cecil now urged Elizabeth to declare war against Shane. She hesitated for a time, but finally yielded to the importunities of her advisers.

In 1566 Sydney marched into Ulster. Shane advanced to meet him. Two pitched battles were fought before Dundalk and Derry, both of which towns were held by the English. Shane was defeated in both engagements, though the victory at Derry was dearly bought by the death of the English general.

Shane now retreated to his own borders, whither Sydney did not dare to pursue him. For nearly fifteen years the redoubtable Ulster chief had held his own against all the forces which England had brought against him. But he was destined, in the end, to fall by the hands of the Scots of Antrim. In 1567 the O'Donnells, stirred up by Sydney, invaded Tyrone, and ravaged the country. Shane retaliated by marching into Tyrconnel.

In May, a pitched battle was fought by the rival clans on the west bank of the Swilly, near Lifford. Shane bore himself throughout the day with characteristic prowess; but before night fell the army of the O'Neil's was annihilated, and

their chief chased from the field with but a handful of followers.

In this plight he threw himself on the protection of the Scotch settlers of Antrim—the MacDonnells. He came to their camp at Cushenden, accompanied by a guard of only fifty men. They received him with professions of friendship and hospitality; but, in the midst of an evening's carousal, some pretext of quarrel was seized, and the doomed chief and his retainers were massacred to a man. His body was flung into a pit; but the English commander of Castlefergus carried the head to Dublin, where it was hung from the ramparts of the Castle.

So perished Shane O'Neil, the fiercest and subtlest foe that ever faced the English in Ireland.[1]

[1] It cost the government nearly £2,000,000 to crush Shane O'Neil.

CHAPTER XI

DESMOND AND FITZ-MAURICE

HE rebellion of Shane O'Neil was followed by the rebellion of the Geraldines. We have already seen that there was an ancient rivalry in the south between the two great Norman houses, the Butlers, Earls of Ormond, and the Fitzgeralds, Earls of Desmond. The Fitzgeralds were in the main on the side of the Irish, the Butlers were in the main on the side of the English. During the reign of Elizabeth, the differences between the two houses became more marked; for Ormond espoused the cause of the Reformation, and Desmond was the champion of the old faith. While Shane O'Neil was fighting in Ulster, a quarrel broke out between Ormond and Gerald, fifteenth Earl of Desmond, called by English writers 'the

rebel earl.' Munster was desolated by these wars. In 1565 Desmond was defeated in a battle fought on the banks of the Blackwater, wounded and taken prisoner. As he was borne from the field by the retainers of Ormond, someone tauntingly asked, 'Where is the great Earl of Desmond now?' Desmond, not in the least subdued, answered, 'Where he ought to be—on the neck of the Butlers.' The English took the side of the Butlers in this civil strife. In 1567 Sydney marched into Munster, arrested Desmond, and imprisoned him in Dublin Castle. Subsequently, he and his brother John were sent to London, and cast into the Tower, where they remained for six years. During their absence, James Fitzmaurice Fitzgerald (Desmond's cousin) roused Munster in the name of the Geraldines, and, in 1569, issued a manifesto calling on the 'prelates, princes, lords and people of Ireland' to form a league in defence of faith and fatherland. Sir Edmond Butler, (brother of the Earl of Ormond) who had recently been plundered of his lands by an English adventurer, Sir Peter Carew, joined the Geraldine league, and began hostilities by overrunning the English settlements in Leinster. 'The English,' he said, 'were coming to Ireland to make fortunes by the sword, and none but fools or slaves would sit still to be robbed.'[1] Sir Peter Carew was despatched at once by Sydney to repel Butler's attacks. Carew carried on the war with brutal ferocity, surprised

[1] State Papers (Elizabeth). Ireland.

the Butlers at Kilkenny, inflicted a crushing defeat on them, stormed Sir Edmond's castle, and slaughtered every man, woman and child he found in it. Sydney at the same time (1569) entered Munster, captured Castle Martyr—a Desmond stronghold—marched into the city of Cork, the capital of Desmond's country; swept over the County Limerick, pillaging, slaughtering, burning and destroying all before him. Sydney was supported pitilessly by his subordinate, Colonel Gilbert. 'After my first summoning of any castle or fort,' wrote this commander to his chief, 'if they would not presently yield it, I would not afterwards take it of their gift; but win it perforce, how many lives so ever it cost, putting man, woman and child of them to the sword.' Sydney's rigour brought Butler to his knees. He surrendered to the lord-deputy at Limerick, and was pardoned by the queen. But Fitzmaurice bravely held out, retreating to the Galtee Mountains in the County Tipperary, and taking up a strong position in the Glen of Aherlow.

In 1570 he renewed the war, attacked the English at Kilmallock, and burned the town to the ground. In 1571, Sir John Perrot (who had been made president of Munster) took the field against the Geraldines, destroying their castles, butchering their followers, and devastating their territories. Towards the end of 1571 he attacked Castlemane, the stronghold of the Desmonds in Kerry, but was gallantly repulsed. In 1572 he renewed the assault, and starved out the garrison. Fitzmaurice now issued from

his retreat in the Glen of Aherlow, and joined by the Burkes of Galway (who had been driven into revolt by the tyranny of Sir James Fitton, president of Munster), overran Connaught and Leinster, laying waste tracts of country, and sparing no foe. Fitton fiercely retaliated, seizing the castles of the Geraldines, and, as he tells us himself, putting all who crossed his path, including 'women and children,' to the sword. In 1573, worn out, hunted down, left without resources, and with but a handful of followers, Fitzmaurice surrendered to Perrot, and retired to France. Immediately afterwards, the Earl of Desmond and his brother were released, and returned to Ireland.

But Desmond was rearrested in Dublin almost immediately on his arrival, and there detained some time longer. Ultimately he escaped, and arrived safely in his own territories. Weak and vacillating, he was ready enough to remain at peace with the government, if they only trusted him, which they did not. But Fitzmaurice, a man of stouter fibre and stronger will, was resolved to renew the struggle at the first opportunity. In his exile he tried to win allies for Ireland. He appealed to the King of France, but France would not help him. He appealed to Philip II. of Spain, but Philip would give him no support. Finally, he appealed to the Pope, and the Pope gave him a force of 700 men and three ships. But the men and the ships never reached Ireland. They were placed under the command of an unscrupulous foreign adventurer, who handed them over to the King

of Portugal to reinforce an expedition against the King of Morocco. At length, in 1579, Fitzmaurice sailed from Spain with a handful of Spaniards, expecting to meet the Italian force on the way, and landed at Smerwick in the County Kerry.

Thence he moved to the old fort of Dunanore, and was joined by John and James Fitzgerald and a small force from Connaught. But the government were prepared for all emergencies, and Fitzmaurice was forced to abandon this position, and retire to the wood of Kylemore, on the borders of Cork and Limerick. But from this shelter he was also driven, and while flying from his foes across the Shannon to take refuge in Clare, he was attacked by a hostile party at Barrington's Bridge and killed.

The Geraldines were now left without any leader of resolution or resource. John and James Fitzgerald jumped into the breach, but they were hopelessly incompetent to conduct a great insurrectionary movement. The Earl of Desmond wavered between the government and the rebels, but at last cast in his lot with his own people. But his support was of little avail. One victory the rebels gained at Springfield, in the County Limerick, and another in the defiles of Wicklow. But the English forces then swept over the country like a mighty torrent, bringing death and destruction in their wake. The struggle became, to use the words of Mr Lecky, 'a war of extermination.'

The slaughter of Irishmen was looked upon as literally the slaughter of wild beasts. Not

only the men, but even the women and children who fell into the hands of the English, were deliberately and systematically butchered. Bands of soldiers traversed great tracts of country, slaying every living thing they met. The sword was not found sufficiently expeditious, but another method proved much more efficacious. Year after year, over a great part of Ireland, all means of human subsistence were destroyed. No quarter was given to prisoners who surrendered, and the whole population was skilfully and steadily starved to death. The pictures of the condition of Ireland at this time are as terrible as anything in human history. Thus Spenser, describing what he had seen in Munster, tells how, 'out of every corner of the woods and glens, they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them. They looked like anatomies of death; they spoke like ghosts crying out of their graves.' The people, in the words of Holinshed, 'were not only driven to eat horses, dogs and dead carrions, but also did devour the carcases of dead men, whereof there be sundry examples. . . . The land itself, which, before these wars, was populous, well inhabited, and rich in all the good blessings of God, being plenteous of corn, full of cattle, well stored with fish and other good commodities, is now become . . . so barren, both of man and beast, that whoever did travel from the one end of all Munster, even from Waterford to the head of Smeerweeke, which is about six score miles, he would not meet any man,

woman or child, saving in towns and cities, nor yet see any beasts, but the very wolves, foxes and other like ravening beasts, many of them laie dead, being famished, and the residue gone elsewhere.' 'From Dingle to the Rock of Cashel,' said an Irish annalist, 'not the lowing of the cow nor the voice of the ploughman was that year to be heard.' The troops of Sir Richard Percie 'left neither corn, nor horn, nor house unburnt between Kinsale and Ross.' The troops of Captain Harvie 'did the like between Ross and Bantry.'

The troops of Sir Charles Wilmot entered without resistance an Irish camp, where 'they found nothing but hurt and sick men, whose pains and lives by the soldiers were both determined.' The lord president, he himself assures us, having heard that the Munster fugitives were harboured in certain parts of that province, diverted his forces thither, 'burnt all the houses and corn, taking great preys, . . . and, harassing the country, killed all mankind that were found therein.' From thence he went to other parts, where 'he did the like, not leaving behind him man or beast, corn or cattle, except such as had been conveyed into castles.' Long before the war had terminated, Elizabeth was assured that she had little left to reign over but ashes and carcases. It was boasted that, in all the wide territory of Desmond, not a town, castle, village or farmhouse was unburnt; and a high English official, writing in 1582, computed that, in six months, more than 30,000 people had been starved to death in Munster,

besides those who were hung or who perished by the sword. Archbishop Usher afterwards described how women were accustomed to lie in wait for a passing rider, and to rush out like famished wolves to kill and to devour his horse. The slaughter of women as well as of men, of unresisting peasants as well as of armed rebels, was openly avowed by the English commanders. The Irish annalists told, with horrible detail, how the bands of Pelham and Ormond 'killed blind and feeble men, women, boys and girls, sick persons, idiots and old people;' how, in Desmond's country, even after all resistance had ceased, soldiers forced men and women into old barns, which were set on fire, and, if any attempted to escape, they were shot or stabbed; how soldiers were seen 'to take up infants on the points of their spears, and to whirl them about in their agony;' how women were found 'hanging on trees with their children at their breasts, strangled with their mothers' hair.'

'In justice to the English soldiers,' writes Mr Froude, 'it must be said that it was no fault of theirs if any Irish child of that generation was allowed to live to manhood. The English nation,' he continues, 'was shuddering over the atrocities of the Duke of Alva. The children in the nurseries were being inflamed to patriotic rage and madness by tales of Spanish tyranny, yet Alva's bloody sword never touched the young, defenceless, or those whose sex even dogs can recognise and respect.'

In 1580 a small force of Italians and Spaniards, bringing succour to the rebels, landed at Smer-

wick, and took possession once more of the old fort of Dunanore. After holding out for a few weeks, they surrendered, and were butchered almost to a man. Leland tells the story. 'The Italian general and some officers were made prisoners of war, but the garrison was butchered in cold blood; nor is it without pain that we find a service so horrid and detestable committed to Sir Walter Raleigh.'

Proclaimed an outlaw and hunted like some wild animal, the old Earl of Desmond, attended by his devoted wife and a handful of faithful adherents, wandered from place to place with a price upon his head. After many hairbreadth escapes and untold misfortunes, he finally took refuge in the Kerry mountains. There he was tracked by a party of English soldiers, and ruthlessly slain. His head was cut off, sent to England as a trophy, and impaled on London Bridge.

The Geraldine rebellion was quenched in blood, and the southern provinces, crushed and broken, lay prostrate at the feet of the conquerer. Yet, ten years later, Ulster was again in arms, and Ireland rallied to the standards of O'Donnell and O'Neil.

CHAPTER XII

O'DONNELL AND O'NEIL

HUGH ROE O'DONNELL was born about 1571. His House had, as we have seen, fought against Shane O'Neil, but Shane was dead and the old feud was forgotten. The O'Donnells were now a growing power in Ulster, and the government, fearing their influence, resolved to put them down. The first step taken for this purpose was characteristic of the times.

In the summer of 1587 young Hugh was on a visit with his foster-father, MacSweeny of Fanat, at Rathmullen in Tyrconnell. MacSweeny's castle of Dun-Donald overhung Lough Swilly, and commanded a beautiful view of that picturesque spot.

One afternoon a merchantman entered the

lough, and dropped anchor under the lee of the castle. The report soon spread that she was laden with Spanish wines. The captain landed his goods, and found many customers. He sent a special invitation to the castle, asking the old chief and his guests to come on board and enjoy the ship's hospitality. The invitation was accepted. MacSweeny and his friends, and with them young Hugh, rowed to the merchantman. They were received right royally, and a glorious feast was spread before them. But ere the repast was over the captain left the cabin, the hatches were fastened down, the swords of the guests were cautiously removed, the anchor was weighed, and the ship sailed for Dublin. The merchantman was a government vessel sent by the viceroy to kidnap Hugh O'Donnell, so that he might be held as a hostage for the loyalty of his clan. Arrived in Dublin, Hugh was lodged in the castle. There he remained a close prisoner for three years, then, helped by friendly hands outside, and, it may be, by some friendly hands inside, too, he escaped, and, under the cover of the night, fled to the house of a Wicklow chief, Felim O'Toole. But the alarm was promptly given, the country was scoured, Hugh's hiding-place was discovered, and O'Toole was forced to send him back to Dublin.

Another year of close captivity passed, then, on Christmas night 1591, helped once more by friends without, and, probably, by friends within. Hugh filed the bars of his cell, swung himself to the ground by a rope deftly placed in his

hands, and fled from the castle. This time he made good his escape, and, after many perils and adventures, reached Dungannon, and flung himself on the protection of Hugh O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone.

Henceforth, the history of Hugh Roe O'Donnell and Hugh O'Neil becomes one story.

Hugh O'Neil was born about 1540. He was the second child of Matthew, the illegitimate son of the first Earl of Tyrone. Matthew was, as we have seen, on the side of the English in the days of Shane O'Neil. Hugh was brought up in England, entered the English army, and, some time after the suppression of Shane's rebellion, was sent back to Ulster, and placed in possession of a portion of the lands of Tyrone. Whether he was ever sincerely on the side of the English may be a matter of doubt, but whatever were his real feelings, he certainly represented, and even fought for, English interests in Ireland during the early days of his career.

In 1591 he fell in love with a beautiful English girl, Mabel Bagenal, sister of the English commander, Sir Henry Bagenal, who was then stationed at Newry. The girl returned O'Neil's affection, but Bagenal was strongly opposed to the marriage. He sent Mabel to Dublin under the charge of another sister, Lady Barnwell, but O'Neil was not to be foiled. He followed Mabel to her new home, and pressed his suit so successfully that she left her sister's house and married him in August 1591.

Bagenal was indignant at O'Neil's conduct, and he and the Ulster chief became sworn enemies ever after. When O'Donnell arrived at Dungannon in the December of that year, O'Neil took the lad cordially by the hand and resolved to save him. But Dungannon was not a safe resting-place. O'Neil, therefore, sent the young fugitive at once, under the escort of a troop of horse, to Maguire of Fermanagh, by whom he was conducted to Tyrconnell and placed in his father's arms.

The protection given by O'Neil to young O'Donnell was a turning point in the former's career. His implacable foe, Bagenal, used it against him with the government, and warned the authorities that the Earl of Tyrone was no longer to be trusted. Still, for nearly two years more, O'Neil remained in the service of the English. But young O'Donnell, who, in May 1592, had, on the resignation of his father, been elected chief of his clan, was now in open rebellion, in league with Maguire. In the summer of 1594 the English took Maguire's castle of Enniskillen, butchered the garrison and occupied the town. But Maguire and O'Donnell besieged the besiegers; and on August 7 intercepted and destroyed a relieving party, leaving 400 English dead on the field. After this disaster the English garrison of Enniskillen capitulated, and were allowed to march out with the honours of war. O'Neil was now gradually becoming more and more disaffected, until at length yielding to the importunities of young O'Donnell, and thoroughly distrusting

the English on his own account, he resolved to throw in his lot with the rebels.

Early in 1595 he crossed the Rubicon, and made war on the government. Some years previously the English had built a fort at Portmore on the Blackwater, commanding the entrance from Armagh to Tyrone. O'Neil began operations by seizing and dismantling this fort. He then dashed into Cavan and plundered the English settlements in that district, thence he advanced on Monaghan, and laid siege to the town. The garrison were placed in great straits, but succour soon came from Dublin, and Sir John Norris, commanding, the relieving force, contrived to evade O'Neil's army and to revictual the town. Norris then marched in the direction of Newry and fell in with O'Neil at Clontibret near Monaghan.

A stream separated the two armies, but Norris, placing himself at the head of his men, rushed into it, and struggled gallantly to force a passage to the other side. But O'Neil met him midway and drove him back. Again Norris advanced, and again he was driven back. Then a powerful English knight named Seagrave, seeing O'Neil in the centre of his officers, directing the manœuvres, and inspiring all around him, dashed boldly at the Irish leader, and, in an instant, unhorsed him. But O'Neil at the same moment dragged his antagonist to the ground. Then a fierce hand-to-hand encounter ensued, but the Englishman had the advantage, and O'Neil lay prostrate beneath him. It was a struggle of strength against skill,

but skill told in the end. For as Seagrave, holding O'Neil down by sheer force, had raised his weapon for a final blow, O'Neil parried the stroke and plunged his dagger into the heart of his foe.

Then placing himself once more at the head of his men, and shouting the war-cry of his clan, 'Lamh derg abu,' rushed on the English and swept them headlong from the field. The battle was fought and won. O'Neil's victory was complete. The English fled in disorder to Newry, leaving much war material behind, and barely saving their general, who had been severely wounded.

The government now resolved to send another expedition to recapture Portmore, and to invade Tyrone. The expedition set out in the summer of 1595, under the command of Norris. In this crisis, O'Neil summoned O'Donnell, who had been harassing and ravaging the English settlements of Connaught to his support, and the young chieftain promptly obeyed the summons.

The Irish took up a strong position near Portmore, and awaited the arrival of the English army. Norris came, surveyed the position, and decided not to attack. After remaining for a short time in front of O'Neil, he retired to Dundalk, and hostilities were subsequently suspended for the rest of the year, not, however, until O'Neil had destroyed Portmore, and burned Dungannon, lest either place should fall into the hands of the English.

During this period of truce, negotiations

passed constantly between the government and O'Neil, but they came to nothing. Early in 1596, Norris marched into Connaught, to attack the Irish there, but retired without inflicting any loss upon them, being, indeed, himself harassed all the time by the cautious and skilful manœuvres of O'Donnell. About December 1596, the government despatched a force against the Leinster chiefs, commanded by O'Neil's ally, MacHugh O'Byrne. But O'Neil retaliated by capturing the English stronghold of Armagh, and plundering the settlements all around. In 1597, the Leinster men were again attacked, beaten, and their chief, MacHugh O'Byrne, was taken prisoner and executed. This success checked the flowing tide in Leinster. But O'Neil was still supreme in Ulster, Munster and Connaught. Lord Borough was now sent as viceroy, in the hope that he would show more energy than had hitherto been displayed in crushing the Ulster insurgents. He, to some extent, justified the expectations which had been formed of him. He took the field with promptness and vigour. His plan of campaign was admirable. He resolved to concentrate all his efforts against O'Neil and O'Donnell, and to move on the arch rebels' territories from three points.

First, he himself determined to march on the right, from Dublin to Portmore, against O'Neil. Sir Conyers Clifford, the governor of Connaught, was directed to march on the left, from Galway to Ballyshannon, against O'Donnell; while a third army, under Barne-

well, was ordered to march from Mullingar, northwards, and to join Borough's forces at Portmore. Thus Tyrconnell was to be invaded on the left by Clifford; Tyrone on the right by Borough; while the whole country lying between the two main armies was to be swept by young Barnewell, from Meath to the Blackwater. Well might the Ulster chiefs have quailed before this formidable expedition, but they flinched not for an instant. O'Neil made his preparations with characteristic coolness and skill. O'Donnell was ordered to await Clifford on the bank of the River Erne, which formed the southern boundary of his territory. O'Neil was to cross the Blackwater, and, if possible, check Borough's advance at Armagh; while a young Westmeath chief, named Tyrrell, was despatched with a body of picked men to attack Barnewell, and prevent him from effecting a junction with either of the main English armies.

Borough advanced to Armagh without interruption. But moving from Armagh to the Blackwater he was attacked in a narrow pass by O'Neil. A sharp but fierce encounter ensued. Borough, however, forced his way onwards, crossed the Blackwater, entered Tyrone, and recaptured the old site of Portmore. But he had now the main body of O'Neil's army before him to bar his further progress.

Still he resolved to push forward, having rebuilt, fortified and garrisoned Portmore. O'Neil, in no wise disconcerted by his first defeat, held his main army well in hand for a final struggle. For

many days he refused to give battle, but harassed the English army by constant skirmishes, and kept them eternally on the *qui vive* by skilful and threatening manœuvres. At length he lulled them into momentary repose by a feint of inactivity, then seizing the opportunity, and taking them unawares, swooped down upon their camp with a suddenness and an impetuosity which were irresistible, routing the whole army, and driving them back over the Blackwater into the Pale once more. Borough was mortally wounded, and many distinguished officers were among the slain. O'Neil, however, failed to take Portmore, which was stoutly held by a little garrison of 300 men, commanded by Captain Williams—the most gallant officer that ever served the English in Ireland.

Meanwhile Clifford had pushed his way from Galway right up to the River Erne on the confines of O'Donnell's territory. O'Donnell had tried to prevent his passage of the river, but without success. Clifford bore down all opposition, planted his guns right under O'Donnell's castle of Ballyshannon, and opened a raking fire on the defences. But the garrison fought gallantly, repelled attack after attack, and, bravely supported by O'Donnell's army in the field, inflicted tremendous losses on the enemy. After three days' fighting Clifford raised the siege, recrossed the Erne and returned to Galway; followed all the way by O'Donnell—who harassed his line of retreat, and captured his guns and stores.

Young Tyrrell was equally successful in his

operations. Taking advantage of his superior knowledge of the country, he boldly attacked the English army in a narrow pass—'Tyrrell's Pass,' in the county of Westmeath—and cut them to pieces.

Barnewell was taken prisoner, and sent under safe conduct to O'Neil; thus Borough's expedition was completely defeated, though he had gained one important advantage—the recapture of Portmore.

O'Neil now bent all his efforts to recover that fort. Williams and the little garrison made a gallant defence. O'Neil tried to starve them out. They were reduced to the direst straits, living, we are told, on horseflesh and even grass. But Williams never lowered his flag. At length a relieving force was sent from Dublin, and the place was revictualled, and so the year 1597 closed, leaving Williams insecure in Portmore, and O'Neil and O'Donnell supreme in Ulster.

During the first few months of 1598 there was another truce, and further negotiations were carried on between O'Neil and the government; O'Neil demanding civil rights, and religious freedom, while the government offered the northern chief a free pardon on complete submission. But these negotiations led to no practical results, and war was resumed in the summer of 1598. O'Neil again attacked Portmore, and the garrison were again reduced to the direst straits; but Williams still gallantly held out. The government now resolved to send a strong expeditionary force to rescue

Williams and to destroy O'Neil. This force set out in August under the command of Bagenal, and, after a rapid march, arrived in good order, and without any casualties, at Armagh. Portmore stood on the Blackwater, five miles from Armagh. On the way ran a little river, about two miles from that city, called the Yellow Ford. Here O'Neil had drawn up his whole army, determined to fight a decisive battle. With him were Hugh Roe O'Donnell and Maguire. O'Neil had encumbered Bagenal's line of march with every kind of obstacle, deep trenches were cut along his path; holes were dug in all directions, and brushwood and trees were strewn everywhere around.

O'Neil then placed in ambuscade a small force of 500 men to watch Bagenal's advance, and to fall upon him the moment his march was impeded by those obstacles. On the 14th August the English marched briskly forward from Armagh; but were soon involved in the meshes which O'Neil had spread for them. While struggling to extricate themselves from bog, trench and morass, and to brush aside every barrier that blocked their way, O'Neil's men in ambush suddenly darted upon them, and threw them into utter confusion. But the first division, under Colonel Percy, which bore the brunt of the attack, soon rallied, and pushing forward vigorously, overcame all opposition, and cut their way through all hindrances until they came right up to the main body of the Irish army. O'Neil then gave a general order to advance, and the combatants engaged in a desperate

hand-to-hand encounter. Bagenal hastened forward with the second division to support Percy, but he had scarcely reached the ground when a bullet from the Irish ranks pierced his brain, and he fell lifeless from his horse. This disaster threw his men into confusion, and O'Neil took advantage of the crisis to press the English home. But a third division now arrived upon the scene to support Percy, and the fortunes of the day still hung in the balance when Hugh Roe O'Donnell, who had worked around to the rear of the English army, suddenly took the third division on the flank and cut them to pieces. O'Neil's wing then dashed impetuously onward, falling like an avalanche on the wavering ranks of the first and second divisions. Percy rallied his men gallantly, and did all that a brave man could to save the situation; but, caught between two fires, the whole English army, after a spirited resistance, broke and fled, leaving some 2000 men dead upon the field, besides the commander-in-chief and many distinguished officers.

A few days afterwards, Portmore surrendered, and the English abandoned Ulster.

Up to this point O'Neil had shown consummate ability, but he now failed utterly to reap the advantages of the great victory he had gained. Had he marched at once on Dublin, the capital must have fallen, and the English would assuredly have been expelled from Ireland. The authorities at Dublin Castle fully appreciated the dangers which threatened them. 'We cannot but fear,' they wrote, 'for more dangerous

sequels, even to the utter hazard of the kingdom, and that out of hand, if God and her majesty prevent them not.'

But O'Neil was not equal to the occasion. He wasted precious moments in futile negotiations, idle conference and useless action, and gave the English time to rally.

In March 1599, the Earl of Essex was appointed lord-lieutenant, with instructions to proceed at once against O'Neil. But he proved himself utterly unable to cope with the 'great rebel of the north.' Instead of marching at once to Ulster with an army of 20,000 men, he wasted time in making a useless military progress through Munster. The incompetence of Essex gave O'Neil another opportunity of closing the struggle by the annihilation of the English power in Ireland. He let that opportunity slip too.

In the summer of 1599, O'Donnell besieged the castle of O'Connor at Sligo, who had fought on the English side at the battle of the Yellow Ford. Essex despatched Sir Conyers Clifford to the relief of his colleague. In August Clifford set out from Boyle to Sligo, across the Curlew Mountains. O'Donnell, leaving a force to carry on the siege of O'Connor's castle, seized the Sligo end of a famous pass called the Yellow Pass, through which Clifford was bound to march.

On the 15th of August the news sped over the hills that the English were coming. O'Donnell sent forward an advance guard to attack them as they entered the pass at the

Boyle end, but with instructions to fall back steadily, fighting all the time, on the main body commanded by himself. The English forced their way through the pass, driving O'Donnell's advance guard before them, until they faced O'Donnell himself. Then came the tug-of-war. Clifford's second in command, Colonel Ratcliff, fell dead, fighting gallantly at the head of his men. Then Clifford sprang into the breach and rallied his forces, but in vain. O'Donnell knew his ground, and inspired his men to deeds of desperate valour. Clifford fell, overpowered by numbers, and his army was completely routed. O'Connor surrendered his castle to O'Donnell, and joined the Irish chiefs. Essex now determined to treat with O'Neil. In September 1599, both commanders met on horseback in the middle of a little stream called the Lagan, between Louth and Monaghan. O'Neil again demanded civil rights and religious freedom, and Essex seemed disposed to consider the demand favourably. A truce was agreed on until May 1600. Further negotiations were then carried on, but, like all previous negotiations, they led to nothing. At length Essex was recalled, and in February 1600, Lord Mountjoy, the most competent, albeit the most unscrupulous and sanguinary commander that had yet faced O'Neil, became lord-lieutenant.

He was accompanied by Sir George Carew and Sir Henry Docwra, two able lieutenants equally unscrupulous and merciless. The new viceroy lost no time in beginning operations.

Carew was made president of Munster, and ordered to crush the Irish there. Docwra was sent to Ulster to deal with O'Neil. Both men were equal to the duties imposed upon them. Carew carried fire and sword through the southern province, where the flag of revolt had been raised by another Earl of Desmond, bearing down all opposition, and sweeping like a tornado over the land.

Docwra proceeded more carefully in Ulster, for the name of O'Neil inspired caution and fear. Evading the vigilance of the Ulster chief, he contented himself mainly with throwing up forts, seizing points of vantage, avoiding unnecessary risks, husbanding his resources and biding his time.

In the northern provinces the war, as we have seen, had raged round Portmore, for it was the key of Tyrone. Taken and re-taken again and again, it finally fell into the hands of O'Neil after the battle of the Yellow Ford. It was now recaptured by Docwra, and Williams was once more sent back to hold it. Still the years 1601 and 1602 closed, leaving O'Neil almost omnipotent in Ulster, though his confederates in the south had been hemmed in and decimated by the ruthless Carew. But the end was now at hand. Since, and indeed before, the battle of the Yellow Ford, O'Neil had persistently urged the King of Spain to send help to Ireland. The king delayed until the last moment; help then came, but it came too late.

In September 1601, a Spanish fleet with an army of 3000 men, under the command of Don

Juan Del Aquila, cast anchor in Kinsale Harbour. Kinsale threw open its gates, and the Spaniards occupied the town. Del Aquila at once sent messengers to O'Neil and O'Donnell, urging them to hasten southwards and to unite their forces with his. O'Donnell readily responded to the call, and having out-manœuvred Carew, who was ordered to intercept him, reached Castlehaven, within hail of Kinsale, in November.

Meanwhile, Mountjoy acted with characteristic alertness and vigour. He despatched a fleet to blockade the harbour of Kinsale, while he himself, forming a junction with Carew, pushed forward to besiege the town. Del Aquila was now placed in a perilous position. Blockaded by the English fleet, and besieged by the English army, he stood veritably between the devil and the deep sea. But O'Donnell saw the situation at a glance, and striking his camp at Castlehaven marched to the front with all speed, and took up his ground in the rear of Mountjoy. Thus were the tables turned, for Mountjoy was now as much besieged by O'Donnell and Del Aquila as Del Aquila had been besieged by Mountjoy and the fleet. This double siege lasted for three months.

Del Aquila was reduced to great straits. Mountjoy was reduced to greater straits. He had already lost 6000 men by cold, sickness, disease, starvation, and the rigours and conflicts of the siege; and those who remained were still subjected to the severest hardships and restraints. It was a struggle of endur-

ance between the Englishman and the Spaniard. But their interests in the fight were not equal. The Englishman fought for dominion and spoil. The Spaniard fought for an ally in whose cause he was half-hearted and supine. To Mountjoy, defeat meant the loss of Ireland and the shame of his own country. To Del Aquila, it meant return to Spain and the end of a bootless mission. The one would have held out whilst the last ration of the last horse remained. But the other flinched. The struggle needed heroism and self-sacrifice. Del Aquila was heroic, but he was not self-sacrificing. He was prepared to fight, he was not prepared to suffer any more. He was determined that now the conflict should be ended quickly, whatever befel. He therefore despatched a messenger to O'Donnell to attack the English army in the rear while he assailed them in the front. Victory, he said, was assured, if this plan was carried out with vigour and skill.

At this crisis O'Neil arrived upon the scene. He and O'Donnell held a council of war. O'Donnell, with the impetuosity of youth, was in favour of an instant attack upon the English lines. But the maturer wisdom of O'Neil counselled delay. It was, he said, a question of holding out. The English were clearly reduced to the last extremities. Let Del Aquila only stand firm and the whole English army must surrender. The substance of these deliberations were

conveyed to Del Aquila, but he refused to hold out any longer. If the Irish did not attack the English army he would surrender Kinsale. That was his last word, and it left O'Neil no alternative but to fight. On January 3, 1602, O'Neil reluctantly gave the order to advance. He had hoped to surprise Mountjoy by a night attack. But his plans were communicated to the English general, and when, in the early hours of the morning of the 4th, the Irish army approached the English lines, the enemy was ready for them. Seeing this, O'Neil manœuvred to delay the attack, and to change the order of battle. But Mountjoy, leaving Carew to hold the Spaniards in check, fell upon the Irish while carrying out these operations, and threw them into the utmost confusion. Instead of surprising Mountjoy, they were themselves surprised by the suddenness and vigour of his onset. O'Neil, who commanded the centre, rallied his men, but they reeled under the English onslaught, and fell steadily back. O'Donnell, who commanded the rear, now came up, and, supported by Tyrrell of 'Tyrrell's Pass,' charged the English with great gallantry. For a moment the tide of battle was turned back, and had Del Aquila done his duty and given a good account of Carew, the situation might have been retrieved. But there was no sortie from Kinsale; and Mountjoy was left free to handle the foe in his front. Checked for the time by the furious charge of O'Donnell, the English

finally rallied, and renewed their assaults upon the centre with redoubled energy. O'Neil, though fighting desperately, was no longer able to bear up against these sustained attacks, and his army, pressed home on every side and baffled at every turn, at length gave way out-manœuvred, overwhelmed, undone. Mountjoy's victory was decisive; the battle of the Yellow Ford was avenged, the great rebel of the north was outwitted, and crushed.

O'Neil returned to Ulster with a shattered army, whither Mountjoy followed him, laying waste the whole country. 'We have seen,' says the viceroy, 'no one man in all Tyrone of late but dead carcases merely hunger-starved, of which we have found divers as we passed . . . Between Tullaghoge and Toome [seventeen miles] there lay unburied 1000 dead, and since our first drawing this year to Blackwater there were about 3000 starved in Tyrone;' and he adds, with a pious exclamation, 'To-morrow (by the grace of God), I am going into the field, as near as I can utterly to waste the County Tyrone.'

O'Donnell sailed for Spain to seek fresh succour for the Irish cause. Del Aquila surrendered Kinsale and went back to his own country in disgrace. Immediately on his arrival he was thrown into prison, where he pined away and died. Carew captured O'Sullivan Beare's castle of Dembay, and put the garrison to the sword. O'Sullivan Beare fled to Ulster with a thousand followers almost all of whom perished

on the way by sickness, starvation and disease. When the old chief reached Brefney, and threw himself on the protection of the prince of that territory, he was only attended by forty faithful adherents. O'Donnell saw Ireland no more. He died at Simancas on September 10th 1602, poisoned, there is but too much reason to believe, by an English agent in the employment of Carew.[1] In March 1603, O'Neil, who had all the time been harassed by Mountjoy, surrendered to the lord-deputy at Mellifont, near Drogheda, received a free pardon, and was restored to his titles and estates. 'I have omitted nothing,' wrote Mountjoy, before O'Niel's surrender, 'both by power and policy, to ruin him and utterly to cut him off; and if by either I may procure his head before I have engaged her royal word for his safety, I do protest I will do it, and much more be ready to possess myself of his person, if by only promise of life, or by any other means, whereby I shall not directly scandal the majesty of public faith, I can procure him to put himself into my power.'

And now all was over. The fire was stamped out. Ireland was subdued.

The Norman period had been a period of occupation and settlement. The Tudor period was a period of conquest and extermination. The first invaders had shown

[1] Mountjoy had previously employed another agent to assassinate O'Neil.

every disposition to mingle with the native race; the second were resolved to root them out. A common religion had united the one; separate religions divided the other. Protestantism was established by law; Catholicism was suppressed by terror. All places of emolument and power were reserved for Protestants; Catholics were sternly excluded from every position of favour and trust. Catholic worship was forbidden. Catholic priests were placed under ban; Catholic property was spoliated; Catholic sentiment was spurned and insulted. Thus was a new trouble added to the old, and fresh causes of injury soon increased and multiplied. The Norman colonists had hoped to share the island with the natives. The Tudors were determined to acquire it for themselves. No 'rights' but theirs were to be respected; no claims but theirs would be allowed. The hateful policy of 'Plantation' was now inaugurated. Vast estates, which for generations had been in the possession of natives or Normans, were confiscated in Munster and Leinster, and hordes of adventurers poured into the country, bent on spoil and outrage. And it was on this foundation of national oppression, religious persecution, and public plunder that the dominion of the English in Ireland was raised by the Tudor dynasty.

CHAPTER XIII

THE STUARTS

'NEIL, as we have seen, had received a free pardon and was restored to his titles and estates. O'Donnell was succeeded in the chieftainship of his clan by his brother Rory; and Rory was now made Earl of Tyrconnell. And so the reign of James I. (1603-1625) opened on a tranquil and exhausted Ireland.

But O'Neil and Rory O'Donnell did not feel safe in Ulster. Disquieting rumours were abroad of plots to seize them and carry them off to England. They did not wait for this new blow to fall. Eluding the vigilance of the government — if, indeed, the government desired to restrain them—they

Galway refused to find against the old Norman house of Clanricarde, withstood the authority of the crown, defied the lord-deputy, and saved the rest of the province. In 1640 Strafford returned to England with his work unfinished, and Ireland saw him no more.

CHAPTER XIV

ULSTER REBELLION—OWEN ROE O'NEIL

HE day of vengeance and reprisal, for which the plundered chiefs of Ulster, Leinster and Munster had waited and watched, was now at hand. Charles I. and his parliament were entering on a struggle of life or death.

The occasion was favourable for an Irish revolt.

England's difficulties were then, as they have always been, Ireland's opportunity.

Roger O'Moore, one of the dispossessed chiefs of Leinster, rallied his fellow-countrymen around him, to recover the inheritance of their fathers, and to fight for religious and national freedom. The representatives of

when our men were weary with continual watching—they would steal away a good horse, and run off, but were very civil to us all the way, and many of them wept at our parting from them, that had lived so long and peacefully amongst them as if we had been one people with them.' Bedell died in the hands of the rebels, and was buried with every mark of respect and honour.

Clogy describes the scene,—'The chiefs of the Irish rebels gathered their forces together and accompanied the corpse from Mr Sheriden's house to the churchyard of Kilmore in a great solemnity, and desired Alexander Clogy [himself], the minister of Cavan, to perform the office for the dead (according to our manner in former times), and promised not to interrupt in the least. But we, being surrounded with armed men, esteemed it more prudent to bury him as all the patriarchs, prophets, Christ and His apostles, and all the saints and martyrs in former ages were [buried], than attempt such a hazardous office (and sacrifice for the dead as they call it), and needless at such a time in the presence of those Egyptians. But instead thereof, they gave him a volley of shot, and said with loud voices — "*Requiescat in pace ultimus Anglorum.*"'

The rebellion quickly spread to the south, and Leinster and Munster were soon aflame. But the English now rallied; troops were poured into the country, and, to use the language of Mr Lecky, 'the worst crimes of Mountjoy and Carew were rivalled by the

soldiers of Sir Charles Coote, of St Leger, and of Sir Frederick Hamilton.' Coote took Wicklow, and, says Leland, '[committed] such unprovoked, such ruthless and such indiscriminate slaughter, as rivalled the utmost extravagances of the northerns.' Another general, we read, 'killed in one day 700 country people — men, women and children —who were driving away their cattle,' near the town of Newry. In the island of Magee, thirty families were butchered in one night by the English garrison at Carrickfergus. So great was the slaughter of the Irish after the defeat of the rebels at Dundalk, that, we learn from Carte, 'there was neither man nor beast to be found in sixteen miles between the two towns of Drogheda and Dundalk; nor, on the other side of Dundalk, in the County Monaghan, nearer than Carrickmacross—a strong pile twelve miles distant.'

Fire and sword were carried throughout the country; whole districts were laid waste; guilty and innocent were involved in common ruin. 'We can hardly,' says Mr Lecky, 'have a shorter or more graphic picture of the manner in which the war was conducted than is furnished by one of the items of Sir William Cole's own catalogue of the services performed by his regiment in Ulster — "Starved and famished of the vulgar sort whose goods were seized on by his regiment, 7000."'

Amid this scene of carnage—carnage by the rebels, carnage by the government—a man of

genius and humanity at length appeared. This was Owen Roe O'Neil.

Owen Roe O'Neil, the nephew of Hugh O'Neil, was born about 1582. He fled with his uncle to the Continent in 1607, was educated in a Franciscan monastery at Louvain, and finally entered the Spanish army, where he soon won his way to rank and distinction. In 1640, with a force of 2000 men (chiefly Irish), he defended Arras against an army of 25,000 French veterans. After a brilliant defence, the town was ultimately forced to capitulate, but the skill and prowess shown by O'Neil was recognised by the enemy, who permitted him to march out with all the honours of war. In 1642 the rebels of Ulster besought his help, and, flinging up his command in the Spanish service, he sped to Ireland, landing at Donegal in the end of July. A month later war was openly declared between Charles I. and the Parliament, and thus both countries were at once in a blaze.

In Ireland there were now practically four parties.

There were the rebels of Ulster (representing the old Celtic population) who desired complete separation from England. There were the rebels of the south (representing the old English colonists) who were loyal to the English connection, but who demanded religious liberty and local self-government. There was the party of the king (represented by the Marquis of Ormond); and there was the party of the parliament, represented by

General Monroe and a Scotch army in Ulster.

The southern rebels were further sub-divided into two sections—a lay section consisting of lords and gentlemen; clerical section consisting of bishops and priests.

In October 1642, the southern rebels established a government of their own in Kilkenny, and formed a parliament or 'confederation,' in which sat eleven spiritual and fourteen temporal peers, and 226 commoners.

The policy of Owen Roe O'Neil was clear and well defined. It was a policy of war. The policy of the Confederation of Kilkenny was confused and irresolute. It was a policy of peace. The one desired to combine all Ireland against the English, and to drive them from the island. The other wanted to win concessions from the English, and to live in friendship and union with them. The Royalists turned their attention to the 'Confederates' of Kilkenny, in the hope of drawing them to the side of the king. The lay party in the Confederation were willing to treat with Charles on the terms of religious toleration, but the clerical party would consent to nothing short of the re-establishment of the Catholic Church in all its former power and grandeur. Thus was the Irish camp in the south split into two divisions, which led to endless intrigues and quarrels, and ultimately brought disaster on the Irish cause. Towards the end of 1642 the Irish forces in the field were commanded by Barry in Munster, by Preston in Leinster, and by Burke in Connaught. These

officers were directly appointed by the Confederation of Kilkenny. Owen Roe O'Neil commanded in Ulster, and though, of course, in touch with the 'Confederation,' he practically held a position of absolute independence. His first act on becoming chief of the Ulster rebels was to condemn in indignant language the outrages which had disgraced the outbreak in the north. He would rather, he said, join the English than tolerate such atrocities. He next sent, under safe conduct, to Dundalk all the prisoners whom he found in the hands of the insurgents.

Finally, he devoted himself to training and organising his men, until he converted what had been a rabble into a disciplined and effective army.

After a desultory warfare, Ormond, representing the interests of the king, made a truce with the Confederation on September 15, 1643, for one year, much to the disgust of the clerical party in that body, and of Owen Roe O'Neil, who believed that it was a time for fighting and not for treating. By the conduct of the Confederation, a year was lost in useless negotiations, which only paralysed the action of O'Neil, and wasted the energies of the country. Meanwhile the Parliamentary general, Monroe, held his ground. And so the years 1644, and even 1645, passed. The indecision, supineness and neglect of the Confederation left O'Neil powerless to march against Monroe. There was a war of skirmishes, which helped to discipline O'Neil's army, but there were no

pitched battles to give a decisive turn to the struggle, one way or the other.

At length, in November 1645, Rinuccini, the Papal Nuncio, arrived with arms, ammunition and stores for the rebels. He flung himself at once on the side of the clerical party in the Confederation, recognised the genius of O'Neil, sent for him, supplied him with war material, and bade him take the field against Monroe. O'Neil lost no time in carrying out the mandate of the Nuncio. Hastening to Ulster, he gathered his forces together, and, advancing to meet Monroe, took up a strong position at Benburb, within seven miles of Armagh. On his right was the Blackwater, on his left a bog, in his rear a wood, and on either side a small hill; in front was a narrow defile through which the enemy had to pass before facing the Irish army. Here Monroe found him on 4th June 1646. Monroe began the battle by opening a steady fire on the Irish force which had been sent to defend the defile. Under the cover of this fire, his horse advanced and swept the Irish before them. The main body of his army then marched through, and confronted O'Neil. The Irish infantry, which had been placed well under cover, now opened a raking fire on the Scottish ranks. Monroe ordered up his artillery, but the nature of the ground interfered seriously with the play of the guns. He ordered his cavalry to charge, but the Irish pikemen met them steadily, and drove them back with slaughter. So far

O'Neil had acted on the defensive, making the most of his position, and sparing his men. But now, as the rays of the setting sun fell on the baffled Scotch, and subjected them to the inconvenience which the Irish had borne all the day, he ordered a general advance. Monroe had already despaired of victory, and was sounding a retreat, when the Irish, seeing the enemy hesitate and waver, fell furiously upon them, and forced them back on all sides. Monroe made a feeble attempt to rally his forces, but the onset of the Irish was irresistible, and Monroe's army was routed and almost annihilated.

An English historian has graphically described its defeat and overthrow.

'Sir James Montgomery's regiment was the only one which retired in a body; all the others fled in the utmost confusion, and most of the infantry were cut in pieces. Colonel Conway, after having two horses shot under him, made his escape almost miraculously to Newry with Captain Burke and about forty horse. Lord Montgomery was taken prisoner with about twenty-one officers and one hundred and fifty common soldiers. There were found three thousand, two hundred and forty-three slain on the field of battle, and others were killed next day in the pursuit.

'O'Neil had only about seventy killed, and two hundred wounded. He took all the Scots' artillery, being four field-pieces, with most of their arms, thirty-two colours, their tents and baggage. The booty was very great:

one thousand, five hundred draught horses were taken, and two months' provisions for the Scotch army—enough to serve the Ulster Irish (a hardy people, used to live on potatoes and butter, and content generally with only milk and shoes?) double the time. Monroe fled without his wig and coat to Lisnegarvy, and immediately burned Dundrum, deserted Portadown, Clare, Glanevy, Downepatrick, and other places.'

The victory of Benburb put heart into the rebels. O'Neil was the hero of the hour. Rinuccini sent for him to march southwards to attack the English forces there. But, in the south, all was division and confusion. Preston, the Confederate general in Leinster, hated O'Neil, and would not loyally co-operate with him. Meanwhile, Ormond (who had been appointed lord-lieutenant by Charles in 1644), was now placed in a position of great embarrassment, and even of great peril, in Dublin. In 1647 the king had been beaten by the Parliamentary forces, had flung himself on the protection of the Scots, and had been surrendered by the Scots to the Parliament. The royal cause was lost. Ormond was now hemmed in on one side by a Parliamentary army under Jones, and on the other by an Irish army which had at last advanced on the city under O'Neil and Preston. The lord-lieutenant had now to chose between two evils—surrender to the Irish rebels, or surrender to the English rebels. He chose what he conceived to be the lesser evil, and, on July 28, 1647, threw open

the gates of the city to Jones, and left Ireland. Jones did not let the grass grow under his feet. In August he sallied forth from the city, marched against Preston (who was now separated from O'Neil), attacked him at his head-quarters near Trim, and utterly routed his army. And now the general confusion became worse confounded. Lord Inchiquin, who had at first sided with the Parliament, suddenly through some real or imaginary slight, combined with Preston against Jones. In 1648 Ormond returned to Ireland and rallied the lay party in the Confederation (who had really become English Royalists) around him. The Nuncio denounced Ormond and his friends, and wiping the dust of the Confederation from his feet, joined O'Neil's army at Maryborough. The Confederation then proclaimed O'Neil a rebel, and the Nuncio excommunicated the Confederation. In February 1649, Rinuccini left Ireland in despair, promising to send foreign succour to O'Neil. O Neil held his little army together, sometimes treating with the forces of the Parliament, sometimes treating with the Confederation, being all the while bent on gaining time until the promised help arrived, when he could march against Parliament and the Confederation, and crush both.[1]

[1] An admirable little book has recently been written on this period by Mr Taylor, Q.C.—*The Life of Owen Roe O'Neil* (New Irish Library).

CHAPTER XV

OLIVER CROMWELL

VENTS were now rapidly approaching a crisis. On January 30, 1649, Charles had been executed. On May 19, England was declared a Commonwealth [1649-1660]. On August 12, Jones defeated Ormond at Rathmines. On August 15, Cromwell landed in Dublin with a force of 9000 infantry and 4000 horse. O'Neil saw at a glance that the foe who had now to be faced was not Ormond, but Cromwell; and though broken in health, indeed dying of an incurable malady, from which he had long suffered, at once offered to join his forces with the Royalist leader, and to help in uniting all Ireland against the common enemy. But

Oliver gave no time for these or for any negotiations to mature. Early in September he appeared before the town of Drogheda, which was held by the Royalist forces under Sir Arthur Aston.

What then happened Oliver himself tells us in brief and pithy language.

'After battery, we stormed it. The enemy were about 3000 strong in the town. They made a stout resistance, and near 1000 of our men being entered, the enemy forced them out again. But God, giving new courage to our men, they attempted again, and entered, beating the enemy from their defences. . . . Being thus entered, we refused them [quarter], having the day before summoned the town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. Those that did are in safe custody for the Barbadoes.'

Among Cromwell's soldiers was an officer named Wood, the brother of Anthony Wood, the Oxford historian. From Anthony Wood we learn his brother's experiences of the siege; how he 'would tell them of the most terrible assaulting and storming of Tredagh, where he himself had been engaged. He told them that 3000 at least, besides some women and children, were afterwards put to the sword, on September 11th and 12th, 1649, at which time Sir Arthur Aston, the governor, had his brains beat out and his body hacked to pieces. He told them that when they were to make their way up to the lofts and galleries of the

church, and up to the tower, where the enemy had fled, each of the assailants would take up a child and use it as a buckler of defence when they ascended the steps, to keep themselves from being shot or brained. After they had killed all in the church, they went into the vaults underneath, where all the flower and choicest of the women and ladies had hid themselves. One of these, a most handsome virgin, arraid in costly and gorgeous apparel, kneeled down to Thomas Wood, with tears and prayers, to save her life, and being stricken with a profound pitie, he took her under his arm, went with her out of the church, with intention to put her over the works to shift for herself, but a soldier, perceiving his intentions, he ran his sword through her . . . whereupon Mr Wood, seeing her gasping, took away her money, jewels, etc., and flung her down over the works.'

Finally we learn from Ormond that 'The cruelties exercised there for five days after the town was taken would make as many pictures of inhumanity as are to be found in the *Book of Martyrs*, or in the relation of Amboyna.' From Drogheda, Cromwell proceeded to Wexford. What happened there he also tells us in brief but sufficient language. 'Upon Monday, 1st October, we came before Wexford . . . on Thursday, 11th inst., our batteries began to play, then our men ran violently upon the town with their ladders and stormed it. And when they were come into the

market place, the enemy making a stiff resistance, our forces brake them and then put all to the sword that came in their way Two boatfuls of the enemy attempted to escape; being overprest with numbers, sank, whereby were drowned near 300 of them. I believe, in all, there was lost of the enemy not many less than 2000; and I believe not twenty of yours from first to last of the siege.' The town was then pillaged, so that 'Of the former inhabitants, scarce one in twenty could challenge any property in their houses . . . for which, as for all, we pray God may have all the glory.'

Ormond now took up his position at Kilkenny, whither Owen Roe O'Neil, carried in a horse-litter, set out to join him, but falling hopelessly ill on the way, died at Cloughouter Castle, in the County Cavan, November 6th, 1649. Town after town now surrendered to Cromwell, and he marched triumphantly throughout the country. Towards the end of the year he went for a short time into winter quarters, but in February 1650 he was again in the field. In March he attacked Kilkenny, which surrendered after a gallant defence of eight days. He then moved against Clonmel, which was held by the veterans of Owen Roe O'Neil's army, commanded by his nephew, Hugh O'Neil. He had fortified the place strongly, and behind the fortifications were 2000 men, who had never turned their backs upon a foe. On 9th May Cromwell opened fire on the defences, but

O'Neil replied with vigour and effect. The calibre of the English guns told, however, in the long run, and a huge breach was made in the walls. Then Cromwell's Ironsides dashed into the breach, but were stoutly met by the Ulstermen; a fierce death-wrestle of four hours ensued, but the Cromwellians were driven back with great slaughter. 'They found,' said an eye-witness on the English side, 'the stoutest enemy this army had ever met in Ireland; and there was never seen so hot a storm of so long continuance, and so gallantly defended, either in England or Ireland.' But Hugh O'Neil felt that the town with its battered walls could not stand another siege, and his ammunition being exhausted, he resolved to retreat under the cover of the night, and to fall back on Limerick, which was still in the hands of the Irish. Evading the vigilance of the English general, he carried out this manœuvre with complete success. Next day the citizens sounded a parley, and sent a deputation to treat with the enemy. Cromwell, believing that the army of Hugh O'Neil was still before him, granted honourable terms. His Ironsides then entered the town, but the Irish army was gone; only the inhabitants, old men, women and children, remained. Cromwell had been outwitted by the young Ulsterman; nevertheless, he faithfully kept the terms he had made. There was no massacre in Clonmell.

Cromwell left Ireland on the 29th May 1650.

The war was then carried on by his lieutenants, Ireton and Ludlow. For two years longer the Irish, ill-led, ill-equipped, and torn by contending parties, maintained an unequal struggle against the veterans of the English commonwealth. But by the end of 1650 all their chief strongholds had fallen, except Limerick and Galway. Early in 1651, Ireton attacked Limerick. It was gallantly defended by Hugh O'Neil; but, worn out by sickness and disease, distracted by internal dissensions, plague-stricken and starving, the town was ultimately forced to capitulate, 27th October 1651. Hugh O'Neil was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death, but the gallantry of the young general had won the admiration of Ludlow, who, despite the efforts of Ireton, insisted on saving his life. He was, however, sent as a prisoner to the Tower of London, and there detained until July 1652, when, on the demand of the Spanish government, he was released. He died in Spain in 1660.

After the fall of Limerick, Galway alone remained, and Galway surrendered in May 1652.

The war was now over; and Ireland, beaten once more, lay panting and bleeding at the feet of the conqueror.

Terrible had been the struggle, and terrible was the vengeance wreaked upon the vanquished nation.

According to the calculation of Sir W. Petty, 'out of a population of 1,466,000, 616,000 had, in eleven years, perished by the sword,

by plague, or by famine artificially produced. 504,000, according to this estimate, were Irish, 112,000 of English extraction. A third part of the population had been thus blotted out, and Petty tells us that, according to some calculations, the number of the victims was much greater. Human food had been so successfully destroyed that Ireland, which had been one of the great pasture countries of Europe, was obliged to import cattle from Wales for consumption in Dublin. The stock which, at the begining of the war, was valued at four millions, had sunk to an eighth of that value, while the price of corn had risen from 12s. to 50s. a bushel. Famine and the sword had so done their work that in some districts the traveller rode twenty or thirty miles without seeing one trace of human life, and fierce wolves—rendered doubly savage by feeding on human flesh—multiplied with startling rapidity through the deserted land, and might be seen prowling in numbers within a few miles of Dublin. Liberty was given to able-bodied men to abandon the country and enlist in foreign service, and from 30,000 to 40,000 availed themselves of the permission. Slave-dealers were let loose upon the land, and many hundreds of boys and of marriageable girls, guilty of no offence whatever, were torn away from their country, shipped to Barbadoes, and sold as slaves to the planters. Merchants from Bristol entered keenly into the traffic. The victims appear to have been for the most part the children or the young widows of

those who were killed or starved; but the dealers began at length to decoy even Englishmen to their ships, and the abuses became such that the Puritan government, which had for some time cordially supported the system, made vain efforts to stop it. How many of the unhappy captives became the prey of the sharks, how many became the victims of the planters' lust, it is impossible to say. The worship, which was that of almost the whole native population, was absolutely suppressed. Priests continued, it is true, with an admirable courage, to move, disguised, among the mud cottages of the poor, and to hold up the crucifix before their dying eyes; but a large reward was offered for their apprehension, and those who were taken were usually transported to Barbadoes or confined in one of the Arran Isles. Above all, the great end at which the English adventurers had been steadily aiming since the reign of Elizabeth, was accomplished. All, or almost all, the land of the Irish in the three largest and richest provinces was confiscated, and divided among those adventurers who had lent money to the Parliament, and among the Puritan soldiers, whose pay was greatly in arrear. The Irish who were considered least guilty were assigned land in Connaught, and that province, which rock and morass have doomed to a perpetual poverty, and which was at this time almost desolated by famine and by massacre, was assigned as the home of the Irish race. The confiscations were arranged under different categories,

but they were of such a nature that scarcely any Catholic or even old Protestant landlord could escape. All persons who had taken part in the rebellion before November 10th 1642, all who had before that date assisted the rebels with food or in any other way, and also about one hundred specified persons, including Ormond, Bishop Bramhall and a great part of the aristocracy of Ireland, were condemned to death, and to the absolute forfeiture of their estates. All other landowners who had at any period borne arms against the Parliament, either for the rebels or for the king, were to be deprived of their estates, but were promised land of a third of the value in Connaught. If, however, they had held a higher rank than major, they were to be banished from Ireland. Papists, who during the whole of the long war had never borne arms against the Parliament, but who had not manifested a 'constant good affection' towards it, were to be deprived of their estates, but were to receive two-thirds of the value in Connaught. Under this head were included all who lived quietly in their houses in quarters occupied by the rebels or by the king's troops, who had paid taxes to the rebels or to the king after his rupture with the Parliament, who had abstained from actively supporting the cause of the Parliament. Such a confiscation was practically universal. The ploughmen and labourers who were necessary for the cultivation of the soil were suffered to remain, but all the old proprietors, all the

best and greatest names in Ireland were compelled to abandon their old possessions, to seek a home in Connaught or in some happier land beyond the sea. A very large proportion of them had committed no crime whatever, and it is probable that not a sword would have been drawn in Ireland in rebellion if those who ruled it had suffered the natives to enjoy their lands and their religion in peace.[1]

In September 1658 Cromwell died, and in May 1660 the monarchy was re-established, and Charles II. became king [1660-1685].

[1] Lecky.

CHAPTER XVI

THE JACOBITE WAR

HE Irish looked with hope to Charles, but they looked in vain. The landowners, who had been dispossessed by Cromwell, believed that they would now be restored. But the Cromwellian settlement was, in its main features confirmed, and the bulk of the old proprietors were for ever deprived of their inheritance. The upshot of the Cromwellian settlement, as confirmed, at the Restoration, was, according to Petty, this: whereas, prior to 1641, two-thirds of the good land of Ireland belonged to Catholics—old Irish and old English—after 1665 two-thirds of the good land remained in the hands of

Protestants and new English. Though laws were passed in restraint of Irish commerce, laws prohibiting the exportation of Irish cattle to England, and excluding Irish ships from the trading privileges enjoyed by English ships, yet the government of Charles II. compared favourably with the government of his predecessors. The Catholics were treated with toleration, and the country enjoyed a brief period of repose.

In 1685 Charles II. died, and James ascended the throne (1685-1689).

James was a Catholic, and was disposed to do justice to the Catholics of Ireland, but the English people, who were incensed at his anti-Protestant feeling, revolted against his rule, and in June 1688 invited William, Prince of Orange, who had married James's daughter, Mary, to become king. Responding to this invitation, William arrived in England in November 1688; in December James was forced to fly the kingdom, and in February 1689, William and Mary were proclaimed king and queen (1689-1694). James now flung himself upon the protection of the Irish, and in March 1689 landed in Kinsale. Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, was lord-lieutenant. He was a partisan of James, and wished to rule Ireland in English Jacobite interests. He was a bigoted Catholic, and desired to oppress his Protestant fellow-countrymen. He was wanting in true national feeling, and at every stage proved himself unpatriotic and incompetent.

The first step taken by James and Tyrconnel was to summon a parliament in Dublin. This parliament met on the 7th May, and it sat until the 20th July. It was composed almost exclusively of Catholics. During its short existence it passed some measures which were just and politic; it passed others which were extreme and revolutionary. It passed more which were unfair and irrational. I. It provided for complete religious freedom; took measures for promoting trade and commerce, and repealed Poynings' law, thus re-asserting the legislative independence of the country. II. It passed an act overthrowing the Cromwellian settlement, and restoring the forfeited estates to the descendants of those who had then been plundered. III. It attainted for high treason 2000 persons who were hostile to James, and confiscated their property. Of the first measure there can be nothing but praise; the second was harsh but natural; the third was harsh and tyrannical. But none of these measures ever took effect. The war which ended in the third conquest of Ireland had already commenced, and the sounds of battle called James and Tyrconnel to the field. Two towns in Ulster, held by English Protestant settlers, had declared for William—Enniskillen and Londonderry. Both towns were now besieged by forces which Tyrconnel had raised and set against them, and both were offering a gallant resistance. Of these towns the most important was Londonderry, and

its siege is one of the most famous in history. In December 1688, Tyrconnel had sent Lord Antrim to seize the town for James. But while the principal citizens were hesitating between the rival kings, the apprentices of Derry shut the gates against the forces of James, and Antrim retired to Coleraine. Later on, however, a force sent by Tyrconnel under Mountjoy was admitted by the citizens, and Colonel Lundy was made governor of the town. But Lundy was subsequently obliged to declare for William and Mary, who confirmed him in his position of governor. In these circumstances, Tyrconnel resolved to take vigorous measures for the reduction of the place, and in April 1689 the famous siege began.

On April 13, James himself hastened from Dublin to witness the operations. Lundy, the governor, though he had declared for William and Mary, was decidedly favourable to the Jacobite cause. He made no attempt to check the advance of the Jacobite army, detained on board ship in the harbour two regiments which had been sent from England to reinforce the garrison, and summoned a council of war to discuss terms of capitulation. The council, which was composed of the officers of the English regiments in the harbour, and of the principal civic authorities, decided that the town—fortified only by a weak wall, manned by a few old guns—could not stand a siege, and it was resolved that the new regiments should be sent back to England, and that the citizens

should be left to make the best terms they could with the enemy.

The regiments sailed away, and the citizens of Londonderry were left to their own devices. Independently of the decision of the council, they denounced Lundy as a traitor, threatened to blow out his brains, or hang him on the walls, and prepared to defend themselves to the death.

But there was treachery within the walls, for on the night of April 17, when the Jacobite forces were steadily advancing, it was found that the gates were still open, and that the keys had disappeared. The citizens, however, were soon on the alert; the guards were immediately doubled, the pass-word was changed, and the whole town stood to arms.

At dawn of day, on April 18, watchers on the ramparts espied James's army marching onwards. Moved by a common impulse, and led by two gallant officers—Major Baker and Captain Murray—and inspired by the preaching of a Protestant clergyman named Walker, soldiers and gentlemen, artisans and yeomen, rushed to the walls, seized pike and musket, and prepared to man the guns. A shout of 'No surrender' rent the air; and a discharge of shot from the nearest bastion warned James that Londonderry was not yet his.

During the night of April 18, Lundy left the town, with the sanction of Murray and Walker. Next morning the civil administration was placed in the hands of Walker, while Murray was appointed to the military command.

Preparations were then completed for a resolute defence. All the inhabitants capable of bearing arms were distributed into eight regiments, which were duly officered with colonels, captains and ensigns. In a few hours each man knew his post, and was ready at beat of drum to repair to it. Though no strict discipline was or could be maintained, an admirable regularity prevailed; and, if not under military law, the combatants showed the true military spirit. When a soldier became spent with fatigue, he retired to rest without waiting for permission, and his place was instantly supplied by a comrade, without waiting for orders. There was no reluctance to avoid doing so, however inconvenient; no impatience under labour, however severe. At suitable opportunities, volunteer rallying parties were formed, issuing from the defences and attacking the hostile lines, frequently returning with supplies of provisions and plunder. The stimulus of religious enthusiasm kept alive the courage, and refreshed the energies of the defenders. A large part of the day was devoted to preaching and praying. Eighteen clergymen of the Established Church, and seven or eight Nonconformist ministers, besides taking their share in the toils of the siege, collected the people at stated intervals in the cathedral, the Anglican liturgy being used in the morning, and the simpler service of the Dissenters in the afternoon. The cathedral, however, was not only a place of worship, but a military position. Cannon were planted on the summit

of its tower, and gunpowder stored in its vaults.

James and his generals were perplexed by a defence which was conducted in defiance, as it seemed, of all the ordinary rules of war. When the inhabitants refused to surrender, and would have none of his promises or conditions, he hastily returned to Dublin, angry and confused, entrusting the conduct of the siege to Maumont, a French general—Richard Hamilton being second in command. The operations then began in earnest. For several days the town was battered by heavy ordnance. 'It was soon on fire in several places. Roofs and upper storeys of houses fell in and crushed the inmates. During a short time, the garrison, many of whom had never before seen the effect of a cannonade, seemed to be discomposed by the crash of chimneys, and by the heaps of ruin mingled with disfigured corpses. But familiarity with danger and horror produced in a few hours the natural effect. The spirit of the people rose so high that their chiefs thought it safe to act on the offensive. On the 21st of April, a sally was made under the command of Murray. The Irish stood their ground resolutely, and a furious and bloody contest took place. Maumont, at the head of a body of cavalry, flew to the place where the fight was raging. He was struck in the head by a musket ball, and fell a corpse. The besiegers lost several other officers and about two hundred men before the colonists could be driven in. Murray escaped with difficulty.

His horse was killed under him; he was beset by enemies; but he was able to defend himself till some of his friends made a rush from the gate to his rescue, with old Walker at their head.'[1]

May came and went. June came, and still Londonderry was unconquered. Nor was there any slackening of the defence in vigour and bravery of spirit. In the sallies and skirmishes which rapidly succeeded one another, the advantage, on the whole, was with the besieged. They had captured numerous prisoners, and two French banners, which hung as trophies in the chancel of the cathedral. The besiegers were amazed at their persistency; it seemed that the siege 'must be turned into a blockade.' But before adopting this slow operation, they resolved on a final effort to carry the town by assault. The point of attack selected was an outwork called Windmill Hill, near the southern gate. Every effort was made to inflame the ardour of the forlorn hope, which was led by Captain Butler, son of the Lord Mountgarret.

On the walls, the colonists were drawn up in three ranks. The duty of those in the rear was to load the muskets of those in front, and to take their places when they fell. Boldly, and with a terrible clamour, the Irish advanced; but after a stern and prolonged contest were driven back. Amidst the thickest fire might be seen the women of Londonderry, serving out water and ammunition to their brothers

[1] Macaulay.

and husbands. In one place, where the crumbling battlements were only seven feet high, Butler and some of his men reached the top; but they were all killed or made prisoners. At length, after 400 of the Irish had fallen, the retreat was sounded.

Then the blockade began, and the enemy spared no exertions to render it complete. All the approaches to the city by land were closely guarded; north and south, east and west, were extended the long lines of the Irish army. The river banks bristled with forts and batteries; and still further to render impossible the water passage, a great barricade was constructed across the river about a mile and a half below the city. 'Several boats full of stones were sunk;[1] a row of stakes was driven into the bottom of the river; large pieces of fir-wood, strongly bound together, formed a boom which was more than a quarter of a mile in length, which was fastened to both shores by cables a foot thick.'

The sufferings of the besieged were now severe. Their supplies of provisions had long been exhausted, and they were driven to have recourse to the most nauseous and loathsome substitutes for food. Famine is generally accompanied by her fell sister, pestilence, and the ranks of the defenders were rapidly thinned by an epidemic fever. Yet there was no complaining heard in the streets. The parent shed no tears over the child smitten by the plague,

[1] Macaulay.

whose young life was exhausted by prolonged want; the husband returning from the walls to his fasting wife was encouraged to perseverance by her dying accents; youth and old age, men and women, endured their privations with calm composure and silent heroism: every day they sought refreshment within the walls of the cathedral, and in the consolations of prayers and praise forgot their pain, or derived new strength with which to support it. On the 15th of June they were gladdened by a sudden gleam of hope. The sentinels on the cathedral towers saw a fleet of thirty sail in the beautiful waters of Lough Foyle. 'Signals were made from the steeples and returned from the mastheads, but were imperfectly understood on both sides. At last a messenger from the fleet eluded the Irish sentinels, dived under the boom, and informed the garrison that Kirke had arrived from England with troops, arms, ammunition and provisions to relieve the city. In Londonderry expectation was at the height; but a few hours of feverish joy were followed by weeks of misery. Kirke thought it unsafe to make any attempt, either by land or by water, on the lines of the besiegers, and retired to the entrance of Lough Foyle, where, during several weeks, he lay inactive.'

The conduct of the siege was now entrusted to the French general Rosen, who pressed forward the operations with new vigour. He attempted to undermine the walls; but the besieged discovered his plan, and after a sharp fight, in which he lost a hundred of his men,

compelled him to abandon it. This repulse, inflicted on a victorious soldier, a marshal of France, trained in all the practices of scientific war, roused his fiercest indignation, and he resolved upon an expedient, not less horrible in its atrocity than, from a military point of view, it was useless. He collected from the surrounding country all the Protestants, old men, women and children who had lingered by their familiar hearths, and at the point of the bayonet drove them to the gates of the city (July 2d). It was supposed that a sight so pitiful would overcome the resolution of the defenders; but, in truth, it stimulated them to greater exertions. They issued an order that no man should utter the word 'Surrender' on pain of death. They held in their hands several prisoners of high rank, who had hitherto been treated kindly. A gallows was erected on one of the bastions, and a message sent to Rosen, requesting him to send a confessor instantly to prepare his friends for death. 'The prisoners in great dismay wrote to the savage Livonian, but received no answer. They then addressed themselves to their countryman, Richard Hamilton. They were willing, they said, to shed their blood for their king; but they thought it hard to die the ignominious death of thieves in consequence of the barbarity of their own companions-in-arms. . . . Hamilton was disgusted by the inhumanity of Rosen, but being only second in command, could not venture to express publicly all that he thought. He, however, remonstrated

strongly. Some Irish officers felt on this occasion, as it was natural that brave men should feel, and declared, weeping with pity and indignation, that they should never cease to have in their ears the cries of the poor women and children who had been driven at the point of the pike to die of famine between the camp and the city. Rosen persisted during forty-eight hours. In that time many unhappy creatures perished; but Londonderry held out as resolutely as ever, and he saw that his crime was likely to produce nothing but hatred and obloquy. He at length gave way, and suffered the survivors to withdraw. The garrison then took down the gallows which had been erected on the bastion.'

As the month wore on, the sufferings of the besieged necessarily increased. Their numbers were being rapidly reduced by the ravages of famine and disease. The fighting men were so exhausted by the labour of repairing the breaches and repelling the attacks of the enemy, that they could scarcely keep their feet. They fell sometimes unwounded by shot and shell, but from absolute weakness. The grain that remained was so small in quantity that it was doled out in mouthfuls; and the defenders existed chiefly upon salted hides, or on the rats that came to devour the bodies of the unburied dead. Dogs were luxuries within the reach of few. Even in these dire circumstances the spirit of the garrison showed no abatement. There were

a few traitors, but they plotted secretly; it would not have been safe for them to speak of surrender in public. Some of the stouter hearts did not hesitate to say:—'First the horses and hides, and then the prisoners, and then each other.' 'It was afterwards related, half in jest yet not without a horrible mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose bulk presented a strange contrast to the skeletons which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal himself from the numerous eyes which followed him with cannibal looks whenever he appeared in the streets. But the end was now near.'

Among the merchant ships which had come to Lough Foyle under Kirke's convoy was one called the *Mountjoy*. The master, Micaiah Browning, a native of Londonderry, had brought from England a large cargo of provisions. He had, it is said, repeatedly remonstrated against the inaction of the armament. He now eagerly volunteered to take the first risk of succouring his fellow-citizens, and his offer was accepted. Andrew Douglas, master of the *Phœnix*, who had on board a great quantity of meal from Scotland, was willing to share the danger and the honour. The two merchantmen were to be escorted by the *Dartmouth*, a frigate of thirty-six guns, commanded by Captain John Leake, afterwards an admiral of great fame.

'It was the thirtieth of July. The sun had just set; the evening service in the cathedral was over; and the heart-broken congregation

had separated, when the sentinels on the towers saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril; for the river was low; and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the headquarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the *Mountjoy* took the lead and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way; but the shock was such that the *Mountjoy* rebounded and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks; the Irish rushed to their boats and were preparing to board; but the *Dartmouth* poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the *Phœnix* dashed at the breach which the *Mountjoy* had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The *Mountjoy* began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him, and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birthplace which was his home, and which had just

been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began, but the flash of the guns was seen and the noise heard by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the *Mountjoy* grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half-hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing-place from the batteries on the other side of the river, and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, flitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of peas and biscuits, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three-quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of peas. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that

evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night; and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the whole of the thirty-first July the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But, soon after the sun had again gone down, flames were seen arising from the camp; and when the first of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers; and the citizens saw, far off, the long columns of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.'[1]

Such was the end of the memorable siege of Londonderry. The English Protestant colonists had fought bravely for their religion and mother country, and fortune had crowned their efforts with signal success. On the day of the relief of Londonderry, the colonists of Enniskillen also gained a brilliant victory. Sallying from the town, they attacked the Irish at Newtown Butler, and completely defeated them. Thus was Ulster held for England.

William now sent more reinforcements to Ireland. In August 1689 an army of about 10,000 men, under the Duke of Schomberg—reputed to be one of the most skilful captains of his time—landed in Bangor Bay. The

[1] Macaulay.

duke led his troops at once against Carrickfergus, and after a sharp struggle succeeded in capturing it. With the Enniskillens, a body of volunteers more conspicuous for bravery than discipline, he advanced along the coast as far as Dundalk, where lack of supplies compelled him to halt and entrench himself. James's army of about 26,000 men drew near, but Schomberg did not accept battle. The Irish paraded before him in order of battle, with banners flying and trumpets sounding defiance; his own soldiers burned to cross swords with the foe, but Schomberg was not to be moved, and set to work very vigorously to drill and train the recruits who formed so large a part of his force. But insufficient provisions and malaria rapidly thinned his ranks, proving more destructive than even a disastrous defeat would have been. The number of the sick exceeded that of the healthy; there were not enough of spare men to bury the dead, and the putrifying bodies soon increased the fury of the pestilence. It was well that the arrival of some post regiments enabled Schomberg to recover his camp, or he might have lost his army without losing a battle. He suffered greatly in the retreat, but arrived at length within the frontiers of Ulster, and fixed his headquarters at Lisburn. This ended a curiously abortive campaign, of which it was said, not without justice, that 'Schomberg did nothing, and James helped him.'

During the winter, Schomberg received

large supplies of stores and provisions, and made such considerable improvements that in the spring he was able to muster a force of 30,000 men. On the other side, James's army was strengthened by 7000 veteran French soldiers under the Count Lauzun. Perceiving the importance of bringing affairs in Ireland to a decisive issue, William himself crossed St George's Channel, and landing at Carrickfergus on the 14th of June 1690, assumed the command in chief. There were now practically three contending forces in Ireland—the Williamites, who desired to rule the country in English Protestant interests; the Jacobites, who desired to rule it in English Catholic interests; and the Irish, who desired to be rid of both, but who were obliged to unite with the latter in order to overthrow what was the real English power in the island. The Williamites were, of course, represented by William, and the Jacobites by James. The Irish were represented by the brilliant and chivalrous soldier who now steps upon the scene.

CHAPTER XVII

SARSFIELD

PATRICK SARSFIELD—whose family came to Ireland with the first Norman settlers—was born probably at Lucan, in County Dublin, about 1650. His ancestral estates had been forfeited by Cromwell, but were restored by Charles II. Young Sarsfield was educated at a French military school, and first served in the French army under Luxembourg. Subsequently, he served in the English army under Charles II. and James II. He fought against Monmouth at Sedgemoor in 1685, and was severely wounded. Throughout the reign of James he spent most of his time in England, and does not seem to have been actively employed. About 1688

his eldest brother died, and he succeeded to the family estates. Later on, when the revolution came, he remained faithful to James, and accompanied that king first to France and afterwards to Ireland. He sat in the Irish parliament of 1689, and helped Tryconnell to organise the Irish army. He was, however, never in favour with Tyrconnell or James, and received no command at the outbreak of the war, but after the defeat of Mountcashel at Newtown Butler, he was, at the instance of the French ambassador, made a brigadier-general and sent to Connaught with a 'handful of men' to hold that province. Sarsfield did his work well, taking possession of Sligo, Athlone and Galway, and expelling the English troops from the province. The French ambassador held Sarsfield in high esteem. He wrote in 1689 to the French minister, Louvois, 'Sarsfield is a man distinguished by his merit, who has more influence in this kingdom than any man I know. He has valour, but, above all, honour and probity which are proof against any assault. . . . Sarsfield will, I believe, be extremely useful, as he is a man who will always be at the head of his troops, and will take great care of them. . . . He is a good commander.'

On hearing of William's arrival, James held a council of war, and finally resolved to check William's advance on the banks of the Boyne. Hither Sarsfield was summoned in June 1690, and on 1st July the first great pitched battle of the campaign was fought. The Irish

army, numbering some 30,000 men (less than a third of which were French), was drawn up on the right bank of the river, under the command of a French general, Marshal Lauzun. William's forces, consisting of Dutch, French Huguenots and English, stood on a rising ground on the left. 'Beneath lay a valley, now so rich and so cheerful that the Englishman who gazes on it may imagine himself to be in one of the most highly favoured parts of his own highly favoured country. Fields of wheat, woodlands, meadows bright with daisies and clover, slope gently down to the edge of the Boyne. That bright and tranquil stream, the boundary of Louth and Meath, having flowed many miles between verdant banks crowned by modern palaces, and by the ruined keeps of old Norman barons of the Pale, is here about to mingle with the sea. Five miles to the west of the place from which William looked down on the river, now stands, on a verdant bank amidst noble woods, Slane Castle, the mansion of the Marquess of Conyngham. Two miles to the east a cloud of smoke from factories and steam vessels overhangs the busy town and port of Drogheda. On the Meath side of the Boyne, the ground, still all corn, grass, flowers and foliage, rises with a gentle swell to an eminence surmounted by a conspicuous tuft of ash trees which overshades the ruined church and desolate graveyard of Donore.'[1]

[1] Macaulay.

The Irish commanded three chief positions —Slane, some miles up the river, on the left; Oldbridge, lower down, on the right; and the hill of Donore behind Oldbridge. At Slane, the Boyne, winding southwards, intersects the County Meath, Slane itself being in Meath, but on the left bank of the river, nearer Louth, and joined to the right bank by a bridge. At Oldbridge (also in Meath, but on the right bank of the river), the Boyne was fordable. Donore covered Oldbridge, and was a strong position. There the French regiments and Sarsfield's horse (the picked forces in the Irish army) were posted immediately under the eye of Lauzun. William began the battle early in the morning by ordering his right wing, under young Schomberg, to seize the bridge of Slane, cross it, and turn the left flank of the Irish army — an admirable manœuvre suggested by old Schomberg.

Lauzun, anticipating this move, had sent a regiment of Irish dragoons, under Sir Neil O'Neil, to defend the bridge. Young Schomberg dashed forward gallantly, but was met with equal gallantry by Sir Neil O'Neil. A sharp struggle ensued, but O'Neil was killed at the outset; his men were thrown into confusion; Schomberg seized the bridge and crossed it triumphantly. Lauzun, seeing this, immediately ordered the French regiments and Sarsfield's horse to advance in the direction of Slane, and hold Schomberg and the English right in check. This manœuvre was promptly carried out, and Schomberg was prevented from pushing forward

beyond the Bridge of Slane. The left flank of the Irish army was saved: William's first move was checkmated.

The English king then (about 10 a.m.) ordered his left wing to move forward and cross the river at Oldbridge. Here they were confronted (1) by the Irish infantry under Tyrconnell—an utterly incompetent commander—(2) by the Irish horse under Hamilton—a gallant and skilful officer.

William's veterans—English, Dutch, Danes, French Huguenots—plunged into the stream, and reached the middle without any opposition; then the Irish infantry, ill-trained, ill-equipped, ill-led, rushed forward to meet them; but out-numbered, out-disciplined, out-generaled, they broke and fled under the heavy onset of some of the best troops in Europe. 'Tyrconnell,' as Macaulay truly says, 'looked on in helpless despair. He did not want personal courage, but his military skill was so small that he hardly ever reviewed his regiment in the Phœnix Park without committing some blunder; and to rally his ranks which were breaking all round him was no task for a general who had survived the energy of his body and of his mind, and yet had still the rudiments of his profession to learn.' But, happily for the military reputation of Ireland that day, Tyrconnell did not stand alone. As the infantry, demoralised by his commands, and confused by his orders, broke and fled in all directions, Hamilton placed himself at the head of the horse, and dashed into the river to dispute its

passage with the enemy. Then came all the fighting that was done at the battle of the Boyne. The 'Irish horse,' says Macaulay, 'maintained a desperate fight in the bed of the river with Solmes' Blues. They drove the Danish brigade back into the stream. They fell impetuously on the Huguenot regiments, which, not being provided with pikes, then ordinarily used by foot to repel horse, began to give ground. Caillemot (their leader), while encouraging his fellow exiles, received a mortal wound in the thigh. . . . Schomberg, who had remained on the northern bank, and who had thence watched the progress of his troops with the eye of a general, now thought that the emergency required from him the personal exertion of a soldier. . . . Without defensive armour, he rode through the river and rallied the [Huguenots] whom the fall of Caillemot had dismayed.' But in the midst of his gallant efforts he fell. The Huguenots rallied once more under the impetuous charge of the Irish, and the battle continued to rage fast and furious all around.

'Old soldiers were heard to say that they had seldom seen sharper work in the Low Countries.' At this juncture William came up with reinforcements, and his presence inspired his men to renewed efforts. Still Hamilton held his ground bravely. The Enniskillens were sent against him, but he swept them instantly from his path. William tried to rally them, but in vain—they turned and fled. Then the English king, placing himself at the

head of his own fellow-countrymen—a company of Dutch dragoons—furiously charged the Irish. This was the final struggle. Left without reinforcements, abandoned by Lauzun and James, and overwhelmed on all sides by the rapidly increasing English regiments, Hamilton was borne down and taken prisoner. Still the Irish horse fought on. 'Is this business over, or will your horse make more fight?' said William to Hamilton, when the Irish commander was brought into his presence. 'On my honour, sir,' said Hamilton, 'I believe they will.' But the Irish horse were at length beaten. 'Whole troops,' says Macaulay, 'had been cut to pieces. One fine regiment had only thirty unwounded men left. It was enough that these gallant soldiers had disputed the field till they were left without support, or hope, or guidance, till their bravest leader was a captive, and till their king had fled.'

The battle was now over, and the Irish army, retreating in good order, fell back on Dublin, and finally on Limerick. James had fled early in the day, taking Sarsfield's horse with him as a body-guard, and did not draw rein until he reached Dublin Castle. There, as the story goes, he was met by Lady Tyrconnell. He threw all the blame on the Irish. 'The Irish ran away,' he said. 'Your majesty,' said Lady Tyrconnell, 'seems to have won the race.' The fact was, the Irish were fighting whilst James was running. In his early career James appears to have had the reputation of a brave man; but to have left the Boyne at

the crisis of the battle, and to have withdrawn Sarsfield's horse for his own protection, thus depriving the Irish army, in the hour of its need, of its ablest commander and of one of its choicest regiments, was the act of a poltroon and a coward. Early in July this 'king of shreds and patches' retired to France, to the immense joy of everyone. William, to use his own words, did not let the 'grass grow under his feet' after the battle of the Boyne. He pushed forward rapidly to Dublin, and thence —the garrisons on the way having fallen into his hands — to Limerick, where the whole Irish army was now gathered under Lauzun, Boisseleau, Tyrconnell and Sarsfield.

On his approach, a council of war was called. Lauzun declared at once that Limerick could not be defended. 'It is unnecessary,' he said contemptuously, 'for the English to bring cannon against such a place. What you call your ramparts might be battered down with roasted apples!' Tyrconnell shared Lauzun's view. But Sarsfield said the town could be defended and should be defended. The ramparts might be contemptible, but the men who stood behind them were not. He knew his fellow-countrymen, and he felt that, ramparts or no ramparts, they would give a good account of themselves, and of the enemy. At all events, honour bade him stay, and stay he would.

Boisseleau gallantly supported the brave Irishman. But Lauzun and Tyrconnell would not give way. A compromise was at length agreed on. Lauzun and Tyrconnell, with the

French troops, might retire to Galway. Sarsfield and Boisseleau would remain with the Irish regiments and defend the town.

Then Lauzun, Tyrconnell, and the French departed. Sarsfield, Boisseleau, and the Irish held their ground. Thus was Limerick, in August 1690, put in the position in which Londonderry had been placed in April 1689. The English colonists had gathered to the one city to make a last stand. The Irish now gathered to the other for the same heroic purpose. Lundy and the English officers had declared that Londonderry could not be defended, and withdrew with the English regiments which were on board ship in the harbour. Lauzun declared that Limerick could not be defended, and marched off with his French troops. What Londonderry did when abandoned by those whose duty it was to stand in the breach, we have seen. What Limerick did when left to its fate, we have now to see. Boisseleau, an experienced engineer officer, was at once chosen governor of the town. Sarsfield held his old position — commander of the horse. Boisseleau set energetically to work to strengthen the fortifications. Sarsfield placed the troops and guarded the outposts.

On August 9, William sat down before the town with an army of 28,000 men. The defenders numbered an effective force of 10,000 infantry and 4000 horse. William at once sent a message to Boisseleau to surrender. Boisseleau sent back a courteous reply. 'Tell the English king,' he said, 'that I

hope I shall merit his opinion more by a vigorous defence than by a shameful surrender of a fortress which has been entrusted to me.' William was not prepared for this reply. He had heard that Lauzun and the French had departed. He did not believe that the town, thus abandoned, would attempt to hold out. He was resolved to await the arrival of a siege train, which was coming up from Waterford, with guns, ammunition and stores. On August 11 this siege train arrived at the little village of Ballyneety, within ten miles of William's camp.

The day before the news of its approach had reached Limerick. Sarsfield saw at a glance that the fate of the town might depend on the arrival of the siege train, and he resolved that arrive it never should. On the night of August 10, he issued from the city, with a force of 500 horse, and under the direction of a faithful guide, moved, by a circuitous route, in the direction of Ballyneety, whither he had learned the convoy, guarding the siege train, were bending their way. During the day of the 11th, he remained concealed in the Keeper Mountain. In the evening, the seige train arrived at Ballyneety. That night, Sarsfield resolved to surprise the convoy and destroy the train. His first step was to learn the password of the enemy. Here fortune favoured him. The wife of a soldier attached to the convoy had lagged behind in the march. One of Sarsfield's troopers came up with her, and was struck by her forlorn position, friendless,

tired, deserted. He dismounted and placed her on his horse. He learned who she was, and she told him that the password of the convoy was 'Sarsfield.' At two o'clock on the morning of the 12th, Sarsfield's horse approached the lines of the enemy. The English sentinels challenged, and the password was given—'Sarsfield.' The Irish horse passed on, and drawing nearer, and nearer, until at length they came within striking distance of the foe.

The sentinels again challenged, when the leader of the foremost troop, placing himself at the head of his men, and drawing his sword, answered 'Sarsfield,—Sarsfield is the word, and Sarsfield is the man.' The Irish horse charged, the English outposts were driven in, the camp was surprised; 60 Englishmen were killed, one officer was taken prisoner, the rest fled, leaving waggons, guns, ammunition, stores, all behind. Then 'the victorious Irish made a huge pile of waggons and pieces of cannon. Every gun was stuffed with powder, and fixed with its mouth in the ground, and the whole mass was blown up.' The solitary prisoner was treated with great civility by Sarsfield. 'If I had failed in this attempt,' said the Irish general, 'I should have been off to France.' Intelligence had been carried to William's headquarters that Sarsfield had stolen out of Limerick, and was ranging the country. 'The king guessed the design of his brave enemy, and sent 500 horse to protect the guns. . . . At one in the morning the detachment

set out, but had scarcely left, when a blaze like lightning, and a crash like thunder, announced to the wide plain of the Shannon that all was over.

'Sarsfield had long been the favourite of his countrymen, and this most seasonable exploit, judiciously planned and vigorously executed, raised him still higher in their estimation. Their spirits rose, and the besiegers began to lose heart. William did his best to repair his loss. Two of the guns which had been blown up were found to be still serviceable. Two more were sent for from Waterford. Batteries were constructed of small field pieces, which, though they might have been useless against one of the fortresses of Hainault or Brabant, made some impression on the feeble defences of Limerick. Several outworks were carried by storm, and a breach in the rampart of the city began to appear.'[1]

On the 27th August William ordered an assault on the city. At three o'clock in the afternoon the storming party advanced.

The grenadiers led the way. Firing their matchlocks and throwing their grenades, they sprang into the breach. The defenders, confused and dismayed by the explosion of the grenades—a new experience to them—gave way all along the line and fell back rapidly. On came the English, flushed by success, and accustomed to victory, and back went the Irish before them. Within a short distance of

[1] Macaulay.

the breach they rallied and faced the foe, but the charge of the assailants was irresistible and bore down all opposition. The English had now penetrated well into the town, and their victory seemed assured. But the Irish, driven to bay, rallied once more, and this time made a determined stand. A fierce hand-to-hand street fight, which lasted for four hours, now began. The citizens of Limerick joined the soldiers, and, seizing whatever weapons lay ready to their hands, rushed into the fray. The very women mingled in the contest, flinging stones, bottles and other missiles at the assailants, and being, as the Williamite historian who was at the siege, says, 'nearer to our men than their own.' Hour after hour passed, but still the fight went on. Backwards and forwards, to and fro, the surging mass of combatants swayed, till, towards sunset, the English slowly and sullenly, but steadly and surely, commenced to give way. A splendid German regiment, the Brandenburgers, had entered the town, and were working around to the rear of the Irish, when a mine exploded beneath their feet and blew them into the air. Then amid the ruin and carnage the Irish redoubled their efforts and beat the English back to the breach. There the enemy made a last stand, but in vain. They were hurled from the city, and driven pell-mell to their entrenchments. William, who had witnessed the fight from an old ruin called Cromwell's Fort, now saw his retreating army flying from the victorious Irish. He quickly hastened to his tent and summoned

a council of war. But it was decided that the attack should not be renewed. A few days afterwards William sailed for England, leaving General Ginkel in command of the army, and on 31st August General Ginkel marched away from Limerick. About the same time Lauzun and Tyrconnell retired to France, while Sarsfield and Boisseleau remained among the people whom they had so well and gloriously defended.

In September a fresh force was sent from England under John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough. Churchill captured Cork and Kinsale, but did not march on Limerick, and so the campaign of 1690 ended.

On the opening of the new year the contending parties stood thus: the English held the whole of Ulster, the greater part of Leinster, and about one-third of Munster; the Irish, the whole of Connaught, the greater part of Munster, and two or three counties in Leinster.

In January 1691, Tyrconnell, unfortunately, returned. He came with plenary powers from James, who was at the Court of France. He was lord-lieutenant, and as such head of the state. He was not nominally commander-in-chief of the forces; but he considered himself, nevertheless, entitled to interfere in the management of the campaign. No greater calamity could have befallen the Irish cause than the return of Tyrconnell with these powers. He was feeble in mind and body,

the mere partisan of a worthless king, and utterly incapable of guiding the destinies of any country.

In May two French generals arrived—St Ruth and D'Usson. St Ruth was made commander-in-chief, and D'Usson appointed second in command. Those two generals represented the interests of the French king. They came to crush his great rival, William III. As for Ireland, save as a means of carrying out their master's policy, it was nothing to them.

In these distributions of favours the one man to whom Ireland was everything, the one man who had shown capacity and patriotism, was almost utterly ignored. Patrick Sarsfield was left out in the cold; but he did not complain. He took command of his own troops in Connaught, served loyally under St Ruth, took part in no intrigues, held his tongue and fought for his country. Between Tyrconnell and St Ruth there was a bitter feud; they hated each other cordially. But on one point they agreed; they both hated Sarsfield. Thus, amid dissensions and rivalries, plots, intrigues and cabals, the Irish army took the field. Far different was the state of affairs in the army of the enemy. Ginkel commanded, and under him served Mackay, Talmash and Ruvigny, and all worked together as one man.

Towards the end of May the English army took the field, and Ginkel marched straight for Connaught. He first attacked Ballymore,

and took it without difficulty. He then advanced on Athlone, and there the Irish were resolved to make a stand.

Athlone is the border town between Leinster and Connaught. It consists of two parts: one part called the English town in Leinster; the other called the Irish town in Connaught. The Shannon runs between both, and both were connected by a bridge over the river. The fortifications of the English town were worthless; but there was a castle in the Irish town, extending some two hundred feet along the river, and rising to a height of about seventy feet, and this stronghold admitted of a stout defence.

On the 19th of June, Ginkel planted his cannon before the English town. St Ruth was then in Limerick. Sarsfield was stationed with his forces near Athlone, but awaiting orders from his chief, who ought to have been upon the spot. The town was garrisoned by 600 men, under the command of a capable officer named Maxwell.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 20th, Ginkel opened fire on the English town. By twelve noon he had made a breach in the walls, and before evening the Irish were in full retreat over the bridge (blowing up two of the arches) to the Irish town. That night St Ruth arrived from Limerick, and encamped on the Connaught side of the river. Next day he threw up entrenchments where the river was fordable, to prevent the English from crossing there. On the 22d, Ginkel

attacked the Irish town. After a fierce cannonade and a stout resistance, he succeeded in making a breach in the walls, but did not push his advantage further that day. On the 23d he renewed the attack and battered down the castle; but did not attempt to enter the town. On the 24th, he held a council of war. Two plans were open to him—1st, to ford the river and attack St Ruth; 2d, to force the bridge. After much deliberation, the second plan was ultimately adopted. On the morning of the 26th, the bridge was attacked. 'By the 26th the fire from the English batteries, working day and night, had driven the Irish from their trenches by the river,' and 'also ruined most of the houses that were as yet left standing. Ginkel had just received thirty waggon-loads of powder and 100 cart-loads of cannon-balls from Dublin, and was not sparing of either powder or shot.'

'The Irish worked splendidly to repair damages, resolved at all costs to recover and maintain their position on the river bank. . . . This was done under a fire so furious that, to quote an eye-witness, "a cat could scarce appear without being knocked on the head by great or small shot. . . ." All the 26th and 27th a fierce fight for the bridge was maintained, the English endeavouring to repair the broken arches, the Irish obstinately striving to prevent this. After two days, little advantage had been gained by the English.'

'What we got here,' Story admits, 'was inch by inch, as it were, the enemy sticking

very close to it, though great numbers of them were slain by our guns.

'One arch on their own side the English had succeeded in repairing, but they were unable to lay beams across that on the Connaught side until the Irish were forced to quit their breastwork, which was fired by a grenade, and, being constructed of fascines, extremely dry by reason of the hot weather, burnt furiously.

'On Sunday morning, June 28th, the besieged were in a perilous case. Beams had been laid across the last broken arch, planks were being laid across the beams; and the Irish, driven from their last shelter, could do little to prevent this. The town was on the point of being entered.

'But out of this peril came the most heroic action of the siege. A certain sergeant of Maxwell's dragoons, whose name as given in James's *Memoirs* was Custume, getting together a party of ten other stout fellows, volunteered to pull up the planks laid down by the enemy. Donning their breast and back pieces, that they might as long as possible keep their lives, they rushed boldly out upon the bridge, drove back the carpenters, "and with a courage and strength beyond what men were thought capable of," say the *Memoirs*, "began to pull up the planks, break down the beams, and fling them into the water. A tremendous fire from the whole English line was opened on them, and man after man fell, but plank after plank was torn up and hurled into the stream. Then the beams were

attacked with saw and axe, but the eleven were all killed before their task was finished. Then eleven more sprang out, and again the beams began to yield, though the men dropped one by one as before. Two got back alive to the town, the other nine were left dead on the bridge; but the last beam was floating down the uncrossable Shannon."'[1]

Ginkel was in despair at this defeat. On the 30th June he summoned another council of war, and advised that the siege should be raised. But Talmash and Ruvigny strongly opposed this view, urging that the worst thing that could befall them was retreat. They admitted the insurmountable difficulties of crossing the bridge, but said that an attempt should be made to ford the river, and to this Ginkel finally agreed. Meanwhile there was much rejoicing, much carelessness, and much dissension in the Irish camp. St Ruth thought the fight was over. He sat down to write a vigorous letter to the French king denouncing Tyrconnell. Tyrconnell was in his tent fuming and raging at the arrogance of St Ruth.

D'Usson was enjoying the pleasures of the table. Two men alone were doing their duty —Sarsfield and Maxwell. Maxwell warned St Ruth to be on his guard, and implored him to strengthen the defences of the town and the river. Sarsfield called on St Ruth and urged him to listen to the admonitions of Maxwell. But St Ruth treated both with

[1] Dr Todhunter, *Life of Sarsfield*, New Irish Library.

contempt, telling Maxwell that if he did not wish to defend the town any longer, another officer could be got to do it, and ordering Sarsfield to his quarters. But before many hours had passed, St Ruth was rudely awakened to his vain-glorious folly. At six o'clock in the evening, while the Irish camp was in a state of absolute repose and unsuspicion, the English forded the river and were upon the Connaught side before the Irish realised the disaster which threatened them. There was an alarm, a sudden rally, a stout resistance; but it was too late. The English had come at the right moment. The Irish were thoroughly unprepared and were utterly routed. Before morning dawned, St Ruth was in full retreat to Galway, and Ginkel was in possession of Athlone.

St Ruth now took up a strong position on the field of Aughrim, four miles south of Ballinasloe. Here Ginkel found him on 11th July, and resolved to give him battle the next day.

Macaulay has described the battle naturally with English sympathies, but not without some appreciation of the valour of their enemies.

'[The Irish army] was drawn up on the slope of a hill, which was almost surrounded by red bog. In front, near the edge of the morass, were some fences, out of which a breastwork was without difficulty constructed. . . .

'At five o'clock [on the evening of the 12th]

the battle began. The English foot, in such order as they could keep on treacherous and uneven ground, made their way, sinking deep in mud at every step, to the Irish works. But these works were defended with a resolution such as extorted some words of ungracious eulogy, even from men who entertained the strongest prejudices against the Celtic race. Again and again the assailants were driven back. Again and again they returned to the struggle; once they were broken and chased across the morass, but Talmash rallied them, and forced the pursuers to retire.

'The fight had lasted two hours; the evening was closing in, and still the advantage was on the side of the Irish. Ginkel began to meditate a retreat. The hopes of St Ruth rose high. "The day is ours, my boys!" he cried, waving his hat in the air. "We will drive them before us to the walls of Dublin." But fortune was already on the turn. Mackay and Ruvigny, with the English and Huguenot cavalry, had succeeded in passing the bog at a place where two horsemen could scarcely ride abreast . . . soon hurdles were laid on the quagmire. A broader and safer path was formed, squadron after squadron reached firm ground. The flank of the Irish army was speedily turned. The French general was hastening to the rescue when a cannon ball carried off his head. Those who were about him thought that it would be dangerous to make his fate known. His corpse was

wrapped in a cloak, carried from the field, and laid, with all secrecy, in the sacred ground among the ruins of the ancient monastery of Loughrea. Till the fight was over, neither army was aware that he was no more. To conceal his death from the private soldiers might perhaps have been prudent; to conceal it from his lieutenants was madness. The crisis of the battle had arrived, and there was none to give direction. Sarsfield was in command of the reserve, but he had been strictly enjoined by St Ruth not to stir without orders, and no orders came. Mackay and Ruvigny, with their horse, charged the Irish in flank. Talmash and his foot returned to the attack in front with dogged determination. The breastwork was carried. The Irish, still fighting, retreated from inclosure to inclosure, but as inclosure after inclosure was forced, their efforts became fainter and fainter. At length they broke and fled.'[1]

Sarsfield now took command and conducted the retreat of the beaten army with courage and skill, falling back steadily on Limerick. Meanwhile, Ginkel pushed on vigorously, capturing Sligo and Galway, both of which towns capitulated on favourable terms, the garrisons being allowed to retire to Limerick. There Sarsfield once more resolved to make a last stand.

On 14th August, Ginkel approached the city, and on the 30th the second siege

[1] Macaulay.

began. There was a gallant defence, and there was much slaughter. The English artillery battered the fortifications and set the town in a blaze. But for four weeks the Irish held out bravely and kept the enemy at bay. But the English had conquered all Ireland but Limerick. The struggle was hopeless. Sarsfield could not expect to win the independence of his country; but he was determined to fight or to die unless he could secure honourable terms for the vanquished nation; and this he did.

On 23d September a parley was sounded; terms of capitulation were immediately discussed between the besiegers and the besieged, and on the 3d of October the Treaty of Limerick—whose violation has left so deep a stain on the honour of England — was signed. Stripped of all technicalities, the treaty secured the Irish Catholics in the full enjoyment of religious freedom on taking the oath of allegiance, and no other oath, to the English king. It provided, besides, that those who possessed lands in the reign of Charles II. should be left in undisturbed possession of their property. In a word, the treaty of of Limerick guaranteed the Irish against religious persecution and the confiscation of their estates. It was also part of the treaty that Sarsfield and the Irish troops should be permitted to retire to France, and thither they sailed before the end of the month.

On the 4th of October, Talmash, with five British regiments, occupied the English town

of Limerick; and on the following day the Irish army was paraded on the King's Island, in order that they might decide between the service of England and France. Ginkel and Sarsfield each issued a proclamation; the former warmly recommending the service of King William, the latter the service of King Louis. On the 6th the army was again paraded, and it was agreed that a flag should be fixed at a given point, and that all who chose for England should file off to the left, while those who were for France should march on. The sun shone brightly on this strange, unwonted spectacle. Mass was said, and Catholic priests preached a sermon at the head of each regiment, while Catholic prelates passed through the lines and blessed the troops. The lord justices and Ginkel were then informed that all was ready. As the British *cortège* advanced, the Irish army, 15,000 strong, presented arms. Adjutant-General Withers then addressed them in eloquent commendation of the English service, after which the regiments formed into column, and the word 'March' was given.

The citizens of Limerick crowded the walls; the peasantry gathered in masses on the neighbouring hills, and it can well be imagined how, when the decisive word was uttered, the deepest silence prevailed around, and not a sound was heard but the heavy tread of the advancing battalions. First came the picked soldiers of the Irish guard, 1400 in number, who excited, it is said, Ginkel's warmest

admiration. They marched past the flag, and only seven ranged themselves on the side of England. The next two regiments were the Ulster Irish, and these in a body filed off to the English side. Of the remainder the great majority decided for France, so that when the long procession closed, only about 1000 horse and 1500 foot had joined the English flag.

The rest of Sarsfield's days were spent in the service of the French king, but he did not long survive the downfall of his country. In September 1693, on the bloody field of Landen, he was struck down in the moment of victory, charging the retreating army of England.

The story of the men who rallied round Sarsfield in the struggle for Irish independence belongs rather to French than to Irish history. Forming that famous Irish Brigade, which first won its laurels at the battle of Marsiglia, and afterwards bore them so proudly on many a bloody field—Malplaquet, Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Cremona, Almanza and Fontenoy—they nobly sustained the national honour, and shed a lustre of melancholy glory on the chequered fortunes of their unhappy country; bequeathing to posterity a splendid reputation and an imperishable name.

CHAPTER XVIII

DARK DAYS

ND now the iron of the conqueror entered once more into the soul of the vanquished nation. The Treaty of Limerick had, as we have seen, guaranteed the Irish against religious persecution. But within two months of its signature, and in flagrant violation of its terms, the first step was taken in forming that infamous Penal Code on which Englishmen now look back with so much shame and humiliation.

The very first article of the treaty had provided that 'Their majesties, William and Mary, as soon as their affairs will permit them to summon a parliament in this kingdom, will endeavour to procure the

said Roman Catholics such further security, in the exercise of their religion, as may preserve them from any disturbance on account of their said religion.' Yet before William had ceased to reign, the foundation of the Penal Code was laid deep and wide.

1691.—Catholics were excluded from parliament, and prevented from holding any office, civil, military or ecclesiastical, or from practising law or medicine in Ireland.

1695-1696.—Catholics were prohibited, under heavy penalties, from teaching in a school or in a private family.

Catholic parents were forbidden, under the risk of losing all their property, to send their children abroad to be educated.

No Catholic could bear arms; no Catholic could keep a horse above the value of £5; no Catholic could be a guardian, an executor or administrator, or could take the benefit of any legacy or deed of gift.

1697-1698.—All Catholic bishops, monks friars and regular clergy were banished.

Catholic parish priests and their curates, who were permitted to remain, were subjected to a strict *surveillance*, and to a system of registration which placed them abjectly under government control.

No Catholic church was allowed to have a steeple or a bell.

No Protestant woman was allowed to marry a Catholic on pain of forfeiting her estates; and a Protestant man who married a Catholic

became at once subject to all the disabilities of Catholics.

1699-1700.—Catholics were practically disqualified from practising as solicitors. They were even forbidden to be gamekeepers. Such were the Acts of William's reign (1694-1702). In the reign of Anne (1702-1714) yet severer measures were passed.

1703-1704.—Catholics were excluded from the army, the militia, the civil service, the municipal corporations and the magistracy.[1] A Catholic parent was bound to educate and maintain any one of his children who became a Protestant, and to appoint a Protestant guardian of that child. The eldest son of a Catholic, if he became a Protestant, acquired a permanent interest in the estate of his father, who sank immediately to the position of a life tenant.

Catholic children inherited the lands of their father, share and share alike, but if the eldest son became a Protestant, then he inherited all, to the exclusion of his Catholic brothers and sisters.

Every Catholic was disabled from buying land or holding it on mortgage; he could not even take a lease for more than thirty-one years, and then only on the condition of paying two-thirds of the full annual value of the land.

No Catholic was allowed to live in Galway or Limerick.

[1] By the imposition of the Test Act, then for the first time introduced in Ireland. This Act also applied to the Nonconformists.

All Catholic pilgrimages were declared riots and unlawful assemblies. Anyone attending them was to be fined ten shillings and whipped at the cart tail.

All crosses, pictures and inscriptions were to be destroyed by the magistrates.

1708-1709.—A scale of rewards was fixed for the discovery of Catholic bishops, clergy and schoolmasters. For an archbishop or bishop, £50; for regular or unregistered priests, £20; for a schoolmaster, £10; and these fines were levied on the Catholic population.

Furthermore, no man was allowed to take an annuity chargeable on land; and any person who discovered that a Protestant held land in trust for a Catholic, became entitled to the land held under such trust.

The wife of a Catholic who turned a Protestant could at once obtain a jointure, chargeable on her husband's estate; and she became entitled as well to a third of his real and personal chattels.

Catholic children who became Protestants were empowered to demand an allowance from their parents.

Such were the chief enactments of the Penal Code as it was framed under William and Anne.

But that code, yet incompleted, was accompanied by another measure of iniquity. The Treaty of Limerick guaranteed the old Irish proprietary in the possession of their lands. But many years had not elapsed before an Act was passed by which 1,060,692 acres were

wrested from the rightful owners and handed over to a new set of English adventurers.

'What, then,' said Lord Clare, referring to this and the previous acts of confiscation, —'what, then, was the situation of Ireland at the revolution, and what is it at this day? The whole power and property of the country have been conferred by successive monarchs of England upon an English colony, composed of three sets of English adventurers, who poured into this country at the termination of three successive rebellions. Confiscation is their common title, and from their first settlement they have been hemmed in on every side by the old inhabitants of the island, brooding over their discontents in sullen indignation.'

But let it be said in justice to William III. that it was his wish to keep the Treaty of Limerick, and to protect the Irish Catholics from persecution and spoliation. English public opinion, however, was too strong for him, and despite his efforts, the policy of oppression and dishonour triumphed.

In 1692, the House of Commons addressed William III.:—'We most humbly beseech your majesty that no outlawries of any rebels in Ireland may be reversed, or pardons granted to them, but by the advice of your parliament, and that no protection may be granted to any Irish Papist to stop the course of justice.'

'It must be a great mistake in policy,' urged the lords justices, about the same time,

'to lose the opportunity of changing the (landed) proprietors from Papists to Protestants, as this will.' They added, 'The Protestants of Ireland would be in perfect despair if (the Papists) are restored.'

In 1704 no Papists were allowed by law to dwell in the town of Galway.

In 1704-1705 the House of Commons resolved 'that the prosecuting and informing against Papists was an honourable service;' 'that the saying or hearing of Mass by persons who had not taken the oath of abjuration,' tended to defeat the 'succession to the crown,' and that all magistrates who neglected to put the laws against Papists into execution were 'betrayers of the liberties of the kingdom.'

In 1706 the lord-lieutenant urged the enforcement of the Penal Code against 'our domestic enemies.'

In 1708 several Papists, 'merchants and gentlemen' of Galway, were flung into gaol, and others driven outside the walls.

'I have,' writes Richard Wall, the mayor, to Dublin Castle, 'pursuant to order of last night's post, turned all the Popish inhabitants out of the town and garrison, and have committed several Popish priests to gaol. I have also taken care to remove the market outside of the walls, and have given orders to prevent Mass being said in the town.'

In 1709 the lord-lieutenant again recommended the gentlemen of the House of Commons 'seriously to consider whether any new Bills are wanting to enforce and explain

those good laws which you have already passed against the common enemy.'

In 1711 the necessity of enforcing the Penal Laws was again enjoined by public proclamation.

The secretary of state wrote to the mayor of Galway to express a hope that he would continue his exertions 'to banish priests, those enemies of our constitution, out of the town, and cause those you have apprehended to be prosecuted by law with utmost rigour.'

In 1712, Sir Constantine Phipps, the lord chancellor of that day, urged upon the corporation of Dublin 'the duty of preventing the public Mass being said, contrary to law, by priests not registered, and that will not take the oath of abjuration.'

In 1713 the sergeant-at-arms was ordered 'to take into custody all Papists who should presume to come into the gallery of the House of Commons.' Thus were the Catholics made outcasts and pariahs in their native land

In 1714 Anne died, and the Stuart era came to a close. 'In Ireland there was peace. The domination of the colonists was absolute. The native population was tranquil with the ghastly tranquillity of exhaustion and of despair. . . . The iron had entered into the soul. The memory of past defeats, the habit of daily enduring insult and oppression had cowed the spirit of the unhappy nation.'

'There were indeed Irish Roman Catholics of great ability, energy and ambition, but they were to be found everywhere except in Ireland

—at Versailles and at Saint Ildefonso, in the armies of Frederic and in the armies of Maria Theresa. One exile became a marshall of France. Another became prime minister of Spain. If he had stayed in his native land, he would have been regarded as an inferior by all the ignorant and worthless squireens who drank the glorious and immortal memory. . . . Scattered over all Europe were to be found brave Irish generals, dexterous Irish diplomatists, Irish counts, Irish barons, Irish knights of Saint Lewis and of Saint Leopold, of the White Eagle and of the Golden Fleece, who, if they had remained in the house of bondage, could not have been ensigns of marching regiments or freemen of petty corporations. These men, the natural chiefs of their race, having been withdrawn, what remained was utterly helpless and passive. A rising of the Irishry against the Englishry was no more to be apprehended than a rising of the women and children against the men.'[1]

The last conquest of Ireland had indeed broken the spirit of the nation.

[1] Macaulay.

CHAPTER XIX

THE HOUSE OF HANOVER

WHEN George I. ascended the throne (1714-1727), the English colonists in Ireland were supreme. All power and wealth were in their hands. But England which had shown no mercy to the native race, did not spare her own children. Even they were not permitted to prosper in Ireland. So far back as 1660, an Act, called the Navigation Act, had been passed, which gave to English and Irish ships the exclusive privilege of carrying goods to and from Asia, Africa or America, thus conferring a great boon on the shipping interests of both countries. But, in 1663, another Navigation Act was passed, and from

this Act the name of Ireland was omitted. Thus Irish ships were at once excluded from the privileges which English ships now alone enjoyed, and this blow, aimed at English colonists as well as native Irish, was fatal to the 'carrying' trade of the country. In 1665 and 1680, Acts were passed 'absolutely prohibiting the importation into England, from Ireland, of all cattle, sheep and swine, of beef, pork, bacon, mutton, and even of butter and cheese.'[1]

In 1696, the colonies were forbidden to send any goods directly to Ireland; and, in 1699, Ireland was forbidden to send manufactured wool, then a thriving industry to any country in the world.[2] Thus, as Swift says, 'the conveniency of ports and harbours, which nature bestowed so liberally on this kingdom, is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon.'

Men of spirit among the English colonists resented this injustice. William Molyneux (1656-1698), a famous Irishman of English descent, protested against the Act of 1696. He took the high ground that the English parliament (for the commercial laws against Ireland were the measures of that assembly) had no right to legislate for Ireland. Ire-

[1] Lecky.

[2] 'It was computed by a contemporary writer that the Irish woollen manufacture afforded employment to 12,000 Protestant families [in Dublin], and to 30,000 dispersed over the rest of the kingdom.'—LECKY.

land, he said, was an ancient kingdom with an independent parliament, but a common sovereign. The Irish owed allegiance to the English king, but not to the English legislature; and, therefore, laws passed by the English parliament were not binding on the Irish people.[1]

This was the ground taken up by Molyneux; this was the origin of the demand for Irish legislative independence—or Home Rule, with which the present generation is so familiar. But England was resolved that the Irish parliament should not be independent, and, with a view of settling the question for ever, an Act was passed in 1719 declaring that 'the English parliament had, hath, and of right ought to have, full power and authority to make laws of sufficient force and validity to bind the people and kingdom of Ireland.' But, as the commercial laws of 1696 had drawn a protest from William Molyneux, this new Act of the English parliament, brought a yet greater Irishman of English descent into the field.

Dean Swift (1667-1745) denounced the claim of the English parliament to make laws for Ireland with vigour and scorn. He said, 'I have looked over all the English and Irish statutes without finding any law that makes Ireland depend on England any more than England depends upon Ireland. We have, indeed, obliged

[1] Parliaments were introduced into Ireland by the Norman settlers. The first Irish parliament sat probably in 1295.

ourselves to have the same king with them, and consequently they are obliged to have the same king with us. For the law was made by our own parliament, and our ancestors were not such fools as to bring themselves under I know not what dependence (which is now talked of), without any ground of law, reason or common sense. . . . I declare next, under God, I depend only on the laws of my country. . . . It is true, indeed, that within the memory of man the parliaments of England have sometimes assumed the power of binding this kingdom by laws enacted there, wherein they were at first openly opposed (so far as truth, reason and justice are capable of opposing) by the famous William Molyneux, an English gentleman born here, as well as by several of the greatest patriots and best Whigs in England, but the love and torrent of power prevailed. Indeed, the arguments on both sides were invincible. For, in reason, all government without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery; but, in fact, eleven men, well-armed, will certainly subdue one single man in his shirt. . . . Nevertheless by the laws of God, of nations and of your country, you are and ought to be as free a people as your brethren of England.'

Swift was followed by another formidable champion of Irish legislative independence, Charles Lucas (1713-1771). Lucas declared that the attempt of England to make laws for Ireland was a daring usurpation of the rights of

a free people. To submit was to be enslaved. 'The laws of Ireland,' he said, 'make us not independent of the King of Great Britain, but absolutely free of all legislatures but our own. . . . If this be treason, disaffection or disloyalty, it is high time to cut me off. I scorn to ask mercy, or any other favour, from slaves and tyrants.'

But, unhappily, while the English colonists resented the injustice and oppression of England, they themselves continued to wrong and oppress the native population. More penal laws were passed against Catholics.

During the reigns of George I. (1714-1727) and George II. (1727-1760), it was provided:—

1. That the horses of Catholics might be seized for the militia.

2. That Catholics should pay double towards raising the militia.

3. That Catholics could not be police-constables, watchmen or vestrymen (Geo. I.).

4. Catholics were disqualified from voting at elections, and excluded from the Bar.

5. Barristers marrying Catholics were subjected to all the disabilities of Catholics.

6. In case of war with a Catholic power, Catholics were bound to make good the damage done by Catholic privateers.

7. Catholic hawkers and pedlars were taxed to support Protestant proselytising schools (Geo. II.).

Thus was the Penal Code completed.

While England was riveting the chains of the colonists, the colonists were riveting the

chains of the wretched Irish. Throughout the reign of Anne, the Catholics had been mercilessly hunted down; throughout the reigns of the first two Georges they were mercilessly hunted down still.

In 1714 a priest lay for weeks in the gaol of Galway because the mayor could not get 'a Protestant jury of freeholders to try him.'

In 1715 the Papists were again driven from the town. Catholic chapels were closed; priests were seized, dragged sometimes even from the altar, and flung into gaol. In the same year the lords justices recommended 'such unanimity as may once more put an end to all other distinctions but that of Protestant and Papist;' and the House of Commons resolved, 'It is the indispensable duty of all magistrates to put into immediate execution the laws against Popish priests who shall officiate contrary to law, and that such magistrates as shall neglect the same be looked on as the enemies of the constitution.' In 1716 the lord - lieutenant urged that 'the laws against Papists should be strictly enforced,' and in 1719, 'union among all Protestants against the common enemy' was once more enjoined.

In 1723, the lord-lieutenant again recommended 'the vigorous execution of the laws against popish priests.' In 1725, a priest named Henderson penetrated to Ulster, and had the courage to preach a sermon at 'the Mass place of Arline,' declaring, to use the language of Archdeacon Walter Bell, who

supplied the information to the Castle, that, 'the Romans in this kingdom were depressed, and their clergy obliged to go to ditches and glens to celebrate their Mass; but if they would shed their blood and fight for their religion, and become martyrs, they would flourish, as they did when they had their temples and abbeys.' Henderson was finally arrested, and indicted (1) for using blasphemous words; and (2) for riotous and tumultuous assembly and assault. 'On the first indictment,' to use the words of the judge who tried him, 'he was found guilty on full evidence, and sentenced to stand in the pillory with his crime wrote on his breast, to be whipped four times through the streets of the city of Derry, and to be burnt in the face with the letter B; all which was strictly executed.' On the second indictment he was acquitted. He was then sent to Tyrone and tried for sedition. He was found guilty, and sentenced as at Derry. Finally, the grand jury, 'presented against him as a vagabond, and prayed that he might be transported to America, which was done.'

In the same year the House of Commons addressed the king against the reversal of outlawries, dwelling on 'the fatal consequences which will inevitably follow from the reversal of any of the outlawries of the rebellious Irish Papists.' 'We beg leave,' they say, 'to lay before your Majesty, that the greatest part of the titles, which your British and Protestant subjects of Ireland have to their estates, are derived under attainders for the rebellions in

1641 and 1688. And as the Irish, by the forfeitures of their estates, became less able to put in execution their treasonable designs, so, by corrupting the blood of their nobility, and depriving them and their posterity of their hereditary titles and honours by force of the outlawries for high treason, they have had less power and credit with their followers to lead them into rebellion. And this was so well understood, that no outlawry of any person guilty of the rebellion of 1641 was reversed till the time of the government of Earl Tyrconnell in 1687.'

Two years later, Lord Carteret, the lord-lieutenant, wrote to the English Cabinet on the same subject, begging that no outlawries may be reversed. 'The English,' he says, 'who settled themselves in Ireland upon the suppression of the rebellion of 1641-1649, have much the greatest part of the property of the kingdom, and look upon the Acts of Parliament which confirm the attainder of the rebels, and secure the forfeitures to the Protestant purchasers, as their fundamental constitution, and the greatest securities of their religion, liberties, and properties.'

In 1728, it was declared from the judicial Bench that 'the intention of the legislature was to disable Papists from enlarging their landed interest, and to settle what lands they already had, so as it should moulder away in their hands.'

In 1731, the mayor of Galway was once more ordered to expel all priests and nuns from the town, and purge the place of popery.

In the same year, the Commons, in an address to the king, declared that, 'the great number of Papists in Ireland must at all times justly alarm your loyal Protestant subjects,' and resolved once again that the popery laws should be vigorously enforced. In 1733, the lord-lieutenant urged upon parliament the necessity of securing 'a firm union amongst all Protestants, who have one common interest and the same common enemy.'

In 1735, there lived in a village in the Bog of Allen, Dr Gallagher, the Catholic bishop of Raphoe. His life is a picture of the 'penal days.' 'Sixty or seventy years ago,' writes a Protestant historian of our own time, 'the aged inhabitants of the district used to speak of his exertions on their behalf. "There," they would say, "he administered confirmation; here he held an assembly of clergy; on that hill he ordained some young priests, whom he sent to France, Spain, Italy; and we remember, or we heard, how he lived in yonder old walls in common with the young priests, whom he prepared. He sometimes left us with a staff in his hands, and, being absent for months, we feared he would never return, but he always came back, and closed his days amongst us."'

In 1739 the Papists petitioned the king for 'the relaxation of the most severe laws passed against us, contrary to the Treaty of Limerick.' 'Two-thirds of the business of the law courts,' they say, 'consist of popish discoveries;' and they add, 'we are daily oppressed by the number of idle and wicked

vagrants of this nation informing against our little leases and tenements, if the law gets any hold thereof.' This petition was treated with contemptuous silence. 'Though little attention is to be given to this paper,' wrote the Duke of Newcastle, '[yet] keep a strict watch on the behaviour of the Papists.'

In fine, so well had the Penal Code worked as an instrument for plundering the native race, that, in 1739, there were not twenty Catholics in Ireland who possessed each £1000 a year in land, while the estates belonging to others of less yearly value were proportionally few. 'It is no matter to the public,' said the prime sergeant of the day, in 1747, 'in whose hands the estate is, provided it is not in the hands of a Papist.' And ten years later a judge declared from the Bench, 'that the laws did not presume a Papist to exist, nor could they breathe without the connivance of government.' In these circumstances, it is not surprising to learn, at a later period, on the authority of Lord Townshend, that 'the laws against popery have so far operated that there is no popish family at this day [1772] remaining, of any great weight, from landed property.'

While this horrible triangular duel went on between England, English colonists and Irish, the country was perishing by want and starvation. England destroyed the trade of the colonists; the colonists crushed the industry of the native race. Everywhere misery and anarchy prevailed.

'This kingdom,' wrote Swift in 1727, 'is now absolutely starving by the means of every oppression that can be inflicted on mankind . . . and,' he adds with terrible irony, 'I confess myself to be touched with very sensible pleasure when I hear of mortality in any county parish or village where the wretches are forced to pay, for a filthy cabin and two ridges of potatoes, double the worth, to whom death would be the pleasantest thing to be wished for, on account both of themselves and the public.'

In 1740 a famine swept over the land, and thousands died on the roadside and in the ditches.

'I have been absent from this country for some years,' writes a contemporary authority, 'and on my return, but last summer, found it the most miserable scene of universal distress that I have ever read of in history—want and misery in every face; the roads spread with dead and dying bodies; mankind of the colour of the docks and nettles they fed on; two or three, sometimes more, going on a cart to the grave for want of bearers to carry them; and many buried only in the fields and ditches where they perished; whole villages were left waste by want and sickness, and death in various shapes.'

Many years later the wretchedness of the people drew the following statement from another contemporary authority:—

'Can the history of any other fruitful country on the globe, enjoying peace for four score years, produce so many recorded instances of

the poverty and wretchedness, and of the reiterated want and misery of the lower orders of the people?'

Amid this universal misery, the first agrarian war broke out. In Ireland there was no common bond of sympathy between landlord and tenant.

'The landlord was an alien—[the descendant of some English settler who had acquired his title by confiscation]—with the fortunes of the residents on his estates upon his hands and at his mercy. He was divided from them in creed and language. He despised them as of an inferior race, and he acknowledged no interest in common with them. Had he been allowed to trample on them, and make them his slaves, he would have cared for them, perhaps as he cared for his horses. But their persons were free, while their farms and houses were his; and thus his only object was to wring out of them the last penny which they could pay, leaving them and their children to a life scarcely raised above the level of their own pigs.' [1]

'Rents,' wrote Swift, in his fiercest style, 'are squeezed out of the blood, and vitals, and clothes, and dwellings of the tenants, who live worse than English beggars.'

In 1761-1762, the landlords of Tipperary—the descendants of Cromwellian soldiers—cleared their tenants off waste lands and commons to make way for graziers, in order

[1] Froude.

that a sudden and large demand for beef in the English market might be fully met. This clearance meant starvation to the tenants, who had no other resource but the land. They rose against their oppressors, banded themselves into a secret organisation, seized arms wherever they could find them, and swept over the country, committing every species of outrage, destroying property, attacking human life, and inflicting terrible punishments on all who crossed their paths. This insurrection of slaves lasted intermittingly for about ten years, and is known as the first 'Whiteboy'[1] rising. It was confined to the south. But in the north there were agrarian troubles too; for strangely enough, as England did not spare her own colonists, these colonists did not spare their own kindred in Ireland. British colonial landlords oppressed British colonial tenants. In 1771 an Ulster landlord refused to renew the leases on his estates, unless the tenants—themselves British settlers—paid heavy fines. Many tenants refused, and took up arms against the landlords; marching throughout the country, defying the law, committing outrage, and causing terror and dismay wherever they went. The government took strong measures to put them down, and the rising was soon quelled. 'But,' to use the language of a Protestant historian, 'the effects were long baneful. So great and wide was the discontent, that many thousands of Protestants

[1] So called because the insurgents wore white shirts over their clothes as a 'badge of union.'

emigrated from those parts of Ulster to the American settlements, where they soon appeared in arms against the British government, and contributed powerfully by their zeal and valour to the separation of the American colonies from the empire of Great Britain.'

CHAPTER XX

HENRY GRATTAN

HESE social disturbances were soon followed by a great political crisis. The English colonists in Ireland, following the example of the English colonists in America, revolted against the mother country. With this revolt the name of one of the greatest Irishmen of the period is immortally associated. The story of his life is, indeed, the history of that famous movement by which the English colonists in Ireland, supported by the native race, won free trade, and re-established Irish legislative independence.

Henry Grattan was born in Dublin on July 3d, 1746. Entering Trinity College in 1763,

he was called to the Bar in 1772, and became a member of the Irish House of Commons in December 1775.

At that time the Irish parliament was sunk in a state of utter subserviency to England:—(1) It could not be summoned without the permission of the English privy council; (2) it could originate no Bills—it could only prepare heads of Bills for approval in England; (3) it could not alter or amend any Bill coming from England — it could only accept or reject it.

But, besides its subserviency to England, it did not represent the Irish people in any true sense. Catholics (who still, despite the Penal Laws, constituted four-fifths of the population) could not, as we have seen, be members of it; they could not even vote at elections.

But it hardly represented Irish Protestant opinion in any effective sense. Out of 300 members, 216 were elected for boroughs or manors. Out of these 216, 200 were elected by 100 persons, and about 50 by 10. One lord returned 16 members, another 9, another 7, while one family returned 14. In fact, the Irish parliament was a close corporation, nominated by a few Anglo-Irish aristocratic families. In addition to these defects, it was hopelessly corrupt. Dominated by English viceroys, filled by English placemen, bribed in English interests, it was nothing more nor less than a court for registering the decrees of English statesmen.

Besides the subserviency and corruption of the Irish parliament, two other great questions engaged public attention:—(1) The Commercial Code, which chiefly affected Protestants; (2) the Penal Code which wholly affected Catholics. All three questions filled the mind and moved the heart of Grattan, and he came forward as the champion of religious liberty, commercial freedom and political independence.

Among all the Irish Protestant patriots of the period, Grattan was distinguished by his intense love of his Catholic fellow-countrymen, and his earnest desire to do them justice.

'The question of Catholic Emancipation,' he once said, 'involves the question whether we are to be a Protestant settlement or an Irish nation.' And again, 'I conceive it a sacred truth that the Irish Protestant will never be really free until the Irish Catholic ceases to be a slave.'

The Catholics were of course in those days utterly helpless, and they had to depend on the support of enlightened and patriotic Protestants. Indeed, a Catholic committee had been formed between 1756 and 1760 by three eminent Catholics—Curry, Wyse and O'Connor. But it effected nothing and gradually melted away in 1763.

The Catholic demands were then beneath the contempt of the government. In 1773, however, a new Catholic association was founded, and a fresh effort was made to ameliorate the condition of the Catholic population.

The time was opportune. England was on the eve of a great struggle with her American Colonies, whom her misgovernment had driven into revolt. The struggle actually began in 1775. It raged with fluctuating fortune throughout 1776. But on October 17th 1777, the English sustained a crushing defeat at Saratoga, where the English general, Burgoyne, and his whole army surrendered to the American general, Gates. Affairs looked black and desperate for England. Ireland was in a critical state. The country was denuded of troops; all had been drafted off to fight the Americans—though, as Grattan said, 'America was the only hope of Ireland and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind.' In 1778 the situation was still more desperate. The French had united with the Americans and threatened England with war. The mayor of Belfast, fearing a French invasion, asked the government to garrison the town, and he was told that he could have 'half a troop of dismounted cavalry and half a troop of invalids.' England was no longer able to defend or to hold Ireland. Such a crisis had not arisen since Sarsfield had forced William to raise the siege of Limerick.

In this terrible predicament the English Protestant colonists flew to arms. If England could not defend them, they would defend themselves. Volunteer corps were raised throughout the whole country, and the ranks of the volunteers were filled by Catholics as well as Protestants. England became alarmed. She could trust

neither Catholic nor Protestant in Ireland, for she had wronged both. The time had clearly come for concession, and fearing Catholics more than Protestants, she resolved to appease them first. Accordingly, before the end of the year 1778, the first great breach was made in the Penal Code. An Act was passed allowing Catholics to hold land on leases of 999 years, and to inherit land in the same way as Protestants, and this was unquestionably a substantial measure of justice.

'You are now,' wrote Edmund Burke, on the passing of this Act, to the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, 'beginning to have a country, and . . . I am persuaded that when that thing called a country is once formed in Ireland, quite other things will be done than were done whilst the zeal of men was turned to the safety of a party, and whilst they thought its interests provided for in the distress and destruction of everything else.'

Events were indeed tending to make Ireland 'a country.' Irish and Colonists, Catholics and Protestants had been brought together by common misfortunes. The Catholics fought for religious liberty, the Protestants for commercial freedom—both for political independence.

In October 1779, Hussey Burgh, the friend of Grattan, moved an amendment to the address in favour of Free Trade, which was carried by an overwhelming majority. Then the members of the House of Commons went in a body to present their petition to the lord-lieutenant.

The volunteers lined the way and presented arms as they passed. Thus, as Mr Lecky happily says, 'due emphasis' was given to the demand. But the lord-lieutenant sent back an evasive answer, saying that he would give a favourable consideration to all questions 'conducive to the public welfare,' and no more. Grattan and the National Party were, however, in no temper to be trifled with. Dublin was in a state of intense excitement. Volunteers and citizens filled the streets. As members of parliament passed to and fro, they were met by angry mobs who threatened them with chastisement if they did not support the demand of Grattan.

On the 4th November the volunteers paraded around the statue of William III. in College Green, and fired salutes, which were heard with startling effect at the Castle. On either side of the statue cannon was placed with the inscription, 'Free Trade or this ——;' and every means were taken to show the earnestness and determination of the people. On November 24th Grattan moved that no new taxes should be voted until the popular demands were granted; and Hussey Burgh delivered a famous speech which well expressed the popular feeling. 'Talk not to me,' he said, 'of peace; it is not peace, but smothered war. England has sown her laws as dragons' teeth, and they have sprung up in armed men.'

The government at length felt it was hopeless to hold out; and on December 13th the English minister introduced, in the English

parliament, a Bill to repeal the Commercial Code. The measure met practically with no opposition, and took its place on the Statute Book in February 1780. All restrictions were removed to the export of Irish wool, woollen manufacture and glass, and the trade of the colonies was thrown open to Ireland. Thus, in a moment, were the obnoxious laws of Charles II. and William III. swept utterly away.

But the greatest question of all, the question of political independence, remained, and Grattan did not allow it to slumber. Ireland could have no guarantee for good laws, he urged, until the Irish parliament was free of English control. It had been free in times past—free from 1295 to 1494. Then its rights were invaded by an English viceroy, and Poynings' Law was passed. But since then its independence had been asserted again and again—in 1641 by an Irish Catholic House of Commons; in 1642 by Irish Catholic peers in their petition to Charles I.; in 1645 by the Irish Catholic Confederates; and in 1689 by the Catholic parliament of James II.

When, after, and in violation of, the Treaty of Limerick, the voice of the Catholics had been silenced, the cry was taken up by the Protestant colonists, by Molyneux, by Swift, by Lucas; and Grattan was resolved that it should not now be allowed to die. 'The time had come,' he said, 'when the issue should be fought out and settled for ever.'

On April 19th 1780, he brought the subject before parliament, and moved, 'that the (king)

Lords and Commons of Ireland, are the only power competent to enact laws to bind Ireland.' This motion struck at Poynings' Law, which enabled the English parliament to make laws for Ireland, and at the Act of George I. which declared that the parliament of Ireland was dependent on England. But the House of Commons was not yet ready to support Grattan, and feeling that if he pressed the question he would be defeated, he wisely dropped it for that session. But it was not dropped in the country. Throughout 1780 and 1781 a vigorous agitation was kept up. In 1781, the volunteers numbered some 80,000 men, and, with arms in their hands, they demanded the restoration of Ireland's legislative rights. Great meeting ,were held, spirited resolutions were passed, and every determination was shown to push the question to a speedy issue.

In the autumn, 1781, another great disaster befell the arms of England in America. The English commander, Lord Cornwallis, after sustaining a vigorous siege, was forced to surrender, with his whole army, numbering 7000 men, at Yorktown, on October 19. This was a crushing blow, and while England was still reeling under it, the volunteers pressed forward with their demands.

In February 1782, they held a convention at Dungannon, and passed strong resolutions, not only in favour of legislative independence, but of Catholic Emancipation as well. Two months afterwards (April 16th), Grattan once more brought the question before parliament, and, in

a speech of remarkable power and eloquence, moved the famous 'Declaration of Irish Rights.' Dublin was filled with volunteers. Cavalry, infantry, artillery, were, Grattan's son tell us, posted on the quays, bridges and approaches to the Houses of Parliament; and 'it was through their parted ranks that Grattan passed to move the emancipation of his country.'[1] Twelve months previously the House of Commons would not support him. But now there was no opposition, The English minister had, in fact, expressed his willingness to grant the Irish demand before Grattan had entered the House of Commons on that memorable 16th of April. And it was with this knowledge that Grattan began his famous speech with these immortal words,—

'I am now to address a free people! Ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation. I have spoken on the subject of your liberty so often, that I have nothing to add, and have only to admire by what Heaven-directed steps you have proceeded, until the whole faculty of the nation is braced up to the act of her own deliverance.

'I found Ireland on her knees; I watched over her with an eternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift, spirit of Molyneux, your genius has prevailed. Ireland is now a nation. In that new character I hail

[1] Lecky.

her, and bowing to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua.*'

Grattan's resolution was carried by acclamation; and the House of Commons thus affirmed, without a dissentient voice, the right of the Irish parliament, and the Irish parliament alone, to make laws for Ireland.

Next day the volunteers passed a resolution declaring that, 'We will support Colonel Grattan with our lives and fortunes.'

But an Act of Parliament was now necessary to give effect to Grattan's resolution, and the English minister seized the opportunity which the delay afforded of trying to minimise the concession which he had reluctantly granted. Even, at the eleventh hour, he endeavoured to induce Grattan to accept a 'subordinate' instead of an 'independent' parliament, but Grattan firmly refused.

On April 19th, Lord Shelburne wrote to Mr Fitzpatrick, Irish secretary, to stiffen his back,—'The only thing I fear of you is giving way too easily. It is incredible how much is got by arguing and perseverance. Tell them that peace [with America] may be made in a moment, and it behoves them to make the most of the instant, and conclude on reasonable terms.'

Grattan determined to 'conclude' on the 'terms' of the Declaration of Rights, and on no other terms. On April 22d, he wrote to his agent in London, Mr Day,—'Take the first opportunity of going to Lord Shelburne and state to him, as a friend to both countries, the

absurdity of negotiating on the Irish subject. We have sent an ultimatum. We have asked for RIGHTS; exclusive judicature, exclusive legislature are our rights; *we cannot consent to pay for them, or to negotiate upon them.* The country is committed, and cannot put in a train of treaty what is decided in both Houses of Parliament, and backed by the lives and fortunes of the nation. Take notice that we not only conceive ourselves committed, *but conceive the question now carried, and drink the 16th April 1782 as the day of our redemption.* We want only to *thank* England, not to negotiate with her.'

On May 6th, the lord-lieutenant, the Duke of Portland, wrote to Lord Shelburne:—'Every day convinces me not only of the impossibility of prevailing on this country to recede from any one of the claims set forth in the addresses, but of the danger of new ones being started. The hope I expressed of reserving the final judicature, if not totally, at least by retaining the writ of error, no longer exists.' On the same day, Grattan wrote to Fox:—'I understand it is wished our demands should be as specific as possible—they are so—a withdrawal of the claim of supremacy, legislative and judicative, by England . . . no foreign legislature, nor foreign judicature, nor legislative council, nor dependent army, nor negotiation, nor commissioners to settle these matters.'

He followed up this letter by despatching an ultimatum to Day, on May 11th:—'I

have only time to say that if nothing is concluded before our meeting—the 26th—we must proceed as if refused. Protraction is inadmissible. Mention this, as it is of the last consequence.' Six days afterwards, the English House of Lords consented unanimously, on the motion of Lord Shelburne, to repeal the obnoxious Act of George I., and the Commons, on the motion of Mr Fox, acquiesced. Nevertheless, what he gave with one hand, the English minister tried to take away with the other. He still clung desperately to the hope that Ireland might admit 'the superintending power and supremacy of Great Britain.'

On June 6th, the Duke of Portland wrote to Lord Shelburne:—'I have good reason to hope that I may shortly be enabled to lay before you the sketch or outlines of an Act of Parliament to be adopted by the legislatures of the respective kingdoms, by which the superintending power and supremacy of Great Britain in all matters of state and general commerce will be virtually and effectively acknowledged.' Shelburne replied on June 9th:—'No matter who has the merit, let the two kingdoms be one, which can only be by Ireland now acknowledging the superintending power and supremacy in precise and unambiguous terms to be where Nature has placed it.' But Ireland did not acquiesce in the views of the British minister. Grattan would not recede one step from the ground he had taken up. On June 22d, Portland wrote in despair to Shelburne:—

'The disappointment and mortification I suffer by the unexpected change in those dispositions which had authorised me to entertain the hopes I had perhaps too sanguinely expressed in the letter which I had the honour of writing to your lordship on the 6th inst., must not prevent my acquainting you that for the present those expectations must be given up. . . . Any attempts to conciliate the minds of this nation to any such measure as I intimated the hope of, would at this moment be delusive and impossible.' Had England had to deal with the Irish parliament only, she might have obtained her own terms. But behind the Irish parliament stood the Irish volunteers, and *they* would not give way. 'Those to whom the people look up with confidence,' wrote Lord Temple, who became lord-lieutenant in September 1782; 'are not the parliament but a body of armed men composed chiefly of the middle and lower orders, . . . leading those who affect to guide them.'

The end at length came. The English minister surrendered unconditionally. England renounced forever all claim to make laws for Ireland. A free Irish parliament, untrammelled by English control, and an independent Irish judicature unfettered by English authority, were finally established without cavil or question. In January 1783, the English parliament passed a 'Renunciation Act,' declaring 'that the right claimed by the people of Ireland to be bound only by laws enacted by his majesty and the parliament of that

kingdom in all cases whatever shall be, and is hereby established and ascertained forever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable.' Thus was the battle of Irish legislative independence fought and won.

Besides the Catholic Relief Act of 1778, the repeal of the Commercial Code in 1779, and the great victory of 1782, other measures of importance were passed. In 1780, the Test Act was repealed and Protestant dissenters were placed 'politically on a level' with their Episcopalian fellow-countrymen. In 1781, the Habeas Corpus Act was introduced. In 1782, Catholics were allowed to buy, sell and dispose of land in the same way as Protestants. They were allowed to teach in schools; the laws expelling Catholic bishops and regular clergy, subjecting secular priests to the necessity of registration, and other measures in restraint of Catholic worship, were repealed. Catholics were no longer prohibited from keeping a horse above the value of £5, or compelled to make good the losses inflicted by the privateers of a Catholic enemy. Catholics were permitted to live in Galway and Limerick, and were allowed to be guardians of their own children. A National Bank was established, and the judges were made independent of the Crown. The wave of revolution which had swept over the country, between 1778 and 1783, carried justice and freedom with it.

There was now a season of repose. But the Catholics were resolved to improve the victories they had gained. In 1790, while the French

Revolution was convulsing Europe, they began a fresh agitation for the redress of grievances; and, in 1792, further concessions were granted to them. They were admitted to the Bar up to the rank of king's counsel. They were allowed to be attorneys, to teach in schools without the licence of the Protestant bishop of the diocese, and to intermarry with Protestants. But they did not rest here. Still pressing forward, they next demanded admission to the magistracy, to the grand jury, to municipal corporations, to the Dublin University,[1] and, above all, to the elective franchise. The stirring events which followed this new agitation centred around the life of one remarkable man, and may well be included in a brief sketch of his extraordinary career.

[1] Founded in the reign of Elizabeth.

CHAPTER XXI

WOLFE TONE

WOLFE TONE was born in Dublin, 1763. A graduate of Trinity College and a member of the Bar, he entered politics in 1790-1791. Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform were the questions of the hour. The Catholic organisation had just fallen under the influence of a great Catholic democratic leader—John Keogh; and a secret political society, pledged to reform, had been established in Belfast. Tone flung himself into the Catholic cause, and joined the Ulster reformers. Visiting Belfast in 1791, he met the members of the secret political society, and co-operated with them in founding the United Irish movement. This movement was,

in the beginning, constitutional. The majority of its founders were parliamentary reformers. But Tone was always a rebel; he has himself placed the fact beyond controversy. 'To subvert the tyranny of our execrable government,' he says; 'to break the connection with England, the never-failing source of our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland; to abolish the memory of our past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishmen in place of the denomination of Protestant, Catholic and Dissenter—these were my means.'

Tone strove earnestly to bring the United Irishmen and the Catholic Committee into touch. He succeeded. In 1792, the Catholic leaders visited Belfast, and then and there was sealed the bond of union between them and their Ulster brethren.

In the same year, Tone became assistant secretary to the Catholic Committee. Catholics and United Irishmen now worked together for a common cause. Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform was the cry of both. The Catholics were organised as they had never been organised before. Agents of the Committee were sent throughout the country. Communications were opened between Dublin and the provinces. There was a consolidation of forces and a concentration of aims which made the agitators formidable.

'I have made men of the Catholics,' says Keogh. It was no idle boast. He had infused

a spirit of independence into the Catholic body, which gave life and energy to the Catholic movement. The country was roused. The ministers were alarmed. The union between northern Presbyterians and southern Catholics sent a thrill through the Cabinet. Troubles on the Continent increased. England's allies were routed by the soldiers of France. The principles of the revolution spread to Ulster.

Protestant volunteers marched through the Protestant capital, cheering for the French Republic, and bidding defiance to England. The victory of Valmy gave joy to many a northern and many a southern heart. Belfast illuminated. Dublin illuminated. 'Huzza! huzza!' writes Tone in his diary, 'Brunswick and his army are running out of France, with Dumouriez pursuing him. If the French had been beaten, it was all over with us.' The government felt that the United Irishmen and the Catholics were driving in the direction of separation. How were they to be stopped? By a policy of conciliation, which would break up the union of their forces, satisfying the one and isolating the other. So thought Pitt, and, acting on the conviction, he resolved to grant the most urgent demands of the Catholics. In 1793 they were, accordingly, granted their demands formulated in 1792, including the parliamentary franchise. At the last moment, Tone urged the Catholic committee to press for the admission of Catholics to parliament. But Keogh refused to move from the line of battle originally drawn up. The franchise was within his reach; he would

take it, and bide his time for the rest. 'Will the Catholics be satisfied with the franchise?' says Tone; and he adds, 'I believe they will, and be damned!' He was disgusted with Keogh's moderation, 'Sad! sad!' he notes. 'Merchants, I see, make bad revolutionists.'

But Tone was not conciliated. No concession would satisfy him. His goal was separation; and he was not checked for an instant in his onward course. In 1794 he plunged more deeply into treason, and others followed or anticipated his example. Measures were then taken for re-organising the United Irish Society on a rebellious basis. But the work of revolution was checked by the arrival of Lord Fitzwilliam in December 1794. He came with a message of peace. He was sent to emancipate the Catholics. In February 1795 a Bill for this purpose was read a first time in the House of Commons, practically without opposition. The hopes of the people were raised to the highest pitch, and then they were dashed suddenly to the ground. The king revolted at the notion of further concessions to the Catholics. Pitt flinched. Fitzwilliam was recalled. The policy of concession was abandoned. An era of terror and revolution commenced. Fitzwilliam left Ireland on the 25th of March 1795, amid the sorrow and the blessings of a grateful people. On March 31st the new viceroy, Lord Camden, made his state entry though the streets of Dublin, amid the angry growls of a sullen and despairing multitude. The policy of con-

cession was replaced by a policy of coercion. But the work of revolution was not stopped. On the contrary, it grew apace under the new *régime*. Camden began his reign by a state prosecution. On the 23d of April, the Rev. William Jackson, a Protestant clergyman, who had been sent in 1794 by the French government on a mission to the United Irishmen, was put on his trial for high treason. There was a clear case against him, and he anticipated the sentence of the law, dying in the dock by his own hand. On May 10th the United Irish Society became a distinctly rebellious organisation. Soon afterwards Tone, who had been in direct communication with Jackson, and was under the surveillance of the authorities, resolved to leave for America. Before departing, he explained his plans to the United Irish leaders—Thomas Addis Emmet, Thomas Russell, Neilson, Simms, M'Cracken, and to the Catholic leader, John Keogh. In Dublin he saw Emmet and Russell. 'I told them that my intention was, immediately on my arrival in Philadelphia, to wait on the French minister, to detail to him fully the situation of affairs in Ireland, to endeavour to obtain a recommendation to the French government; and, if I succeeded so far, to leave my family in America and set off instantly for Paris, and apply, in the name of my country, for the assistance of France, to enable us to assert our independence.'

A few days later, on the summit of

M'Ard's Fort, near Belfast, he, Neilson, Simms, M'Cracken and Russell, 'took a solemn obligation never to desist in our efforts until we had subverted the authority of England over our country, and asserted our independence.'

On June 13th, Tone sailed from Belfast for America. He was true to the duty he had undertaken, and, after a short stay in the United States, set out for France. Arriving at Havre in January 1796, he immediately placed himself in communication with the French government, established close relations with De La Croix, Carnot, General Clarke and Hoche, and finally persuaded the Directory to send an expedition to Ireland.

On December 16th 1796, the expedition, consisting of forty-three sail, with an army of 15,000 men, under the command of Hoche and Grouchy, left Brest. Tone, who now held the rank of adjutant-general in the French service, was on board the *Indomptable*. In the night the ships were scattered. The *Fraternité*, with Hoche on board, never reached Ireland. But Grouchy, with thirty-five sail, including the *Indomptable*, made Bantry Bay on the evening of December 21st. Tone was in favour of landing immediately, but Grouchy hesitated, standing off and on the coast, until at length the elements warred for England, and swept the French fleet from the Irish shore. 'It is sad,' says Tone, 'after having forced my way thus far, to be obliged to turn back; but it is my fate, and I must

submit. Notwithstanding all our blunders, it is the dreadful stormy weather and easterly winds, which have been blowing furiously since we made Bantry Bay, that have ruined us. Well, England has not had such an escape since the Spanish Armada, and that expedition, like ours, was defeated by the weather; the elements fight against us, and courage here is of no avail.' Buoyant under misfortune, Tone did not relax his efforts. He urged the French government to despatch another expedition. He was supported in his appeal by delegates from Ireland, and backed by the great influence of Hoche. Another expedition was prepared by the Dutch Republic in union with France.

But the Dutch fleet, under De Winter, was destroyed by the English fleet, under Duncan, at Camperdown, on October 11th 1797. A month before the battle, Hoche, in whom Tone had kindled a real interest for Ireland, died.

Tone's cup of disappointment was filled to the brim, but he did not despair. He applied himself with fresh vigour to persuade the French government to make one last attempt in the cause of Irish freedom. Meanwhile events had been moving rapidly in Ireland. The policy of coercion had borne fruit. Martial law, 'half-hangings,' indiscriminate torture, and wholesale oppression and cruelty had done their work. The United Irish leaders found their ranks filled by a harassed and a desperate peasantry. North joined hands with south; Catholic combined with Protestant.

The timid and the fearful for very safety sought refuge in revolution. The people were dragooned into treason. 'Every crime, every cruelty that could be committed by Cossacks or Calmucks, has been transacted here.' So wrote Sir Ralph Abercrombie when he took over the command of the troops early in 1798. Shortly afterwards he was forced to resign. His humanity was too great a strain upon the endurance of the ascendency faction.

Grattan and the constitutional party begged the government at least to temper coercion with concession. But a stern '*non possumus*' was the only reply. 'We have offered you our measure' [Catholic Emancipation], Grattan said to the ministers in the House of Commons in 1797; 'you will reject it. Having no hope left to persuade or dissuade, and having discharged our duty, we shall trouble you no more, and from this day we shall not attend the House of Commons.'

As the doors of the constitution closed, the path of revolution opened. In 1796, the United Irish Society had become a military organisation. Before the spring of 1797 a supreme executive had been established in Dublin, and provincial directories were formed in Ulster and in Leinster. A competent military chief had taken command. Lord Edward Fitzgerald had joined the rebels. Arrangements were pushed forward for an insurrection. The Ulster Directory proposed the end of 1797 for the rising; the Leinster

Directory the beginning of 1798. The last date was fixed upon. But the government struck suddenly, and struck hard. Before the end of March 1798, all the leaders in Ireland, except Lord Edward Fitzgerald and M'Cracken, were seized and imprisoned. But Fitzgerald and M'Cracken resolved to take the field. May 23d was the day appointed for the commencement of hostilities; but on May 19th Fitzgerald's place of hiding was discovered, and, after a desperate resistance, he was dragged to jail, surrounded by a troop of dragoons.[1] The insurrection, nevertheless, broke out on May 24th.

Left without leaders, the insurgents fought wildly and desperately, sometimes rushing into excesses, which were, however, exceeded by the forces of the king. The rebels overran the county of Kildare, and the bordering parts of Meath and Carlow. They seized Dunboyne, Dunshaughlin and Prosperous, and took possession of Rathangan, Kildare, Ballymore, Narraghmore. But the troops made a stand at Naas and Carlow, drove back their assailants, and re-occupied the captured towns. The rebels rallied on the hill of Tara, but were once more routed and dispersed. On June 7th, M'Cracken, with a strong force, attacked the town of Antrim. Successful in the first onset, he was ultimately repulsed after a fierce battle, and some days later, arrested, tried by court-martial, and hanged. But the rebels of County Wex-

[1] He died of his wounds in June 1798.

ford made the stoutest fight of all. Taking the field on May 27th, they seized Oulart, marched on Ferns, captured Enniscorthy, and occupied Wexford itself. In a few days the whole county was in their hands, with the exception of the fort of Duncannon and the town of New Ross. On June 4th, New Ross was attacked. The battle raged for ten hours. The town was taken and re-taken, but in the end the rebels were defeated and forced back on Gorey. A few days later they took the offensive again, and advanced on Arklow. Reinforcements were despatched from Dublin to succour the garrison. On June 9th Arklow was attacked. Another fierce battle, closing only with sunset, was fought. Victory remained still doubtful, when, at 8 p.m., the rebel captain was struck down, killed by a cannon ball. Then his men, who had throughout the day maintained the struggle with desperate courage, retreated sullenly, falling back once more on Gorey.

Fresh troops now arrived from England, and General Lake, who had succeeded Abercrombie as commander-in-chief, took the field in person. On June 21st, the rebel army was attacked in its last stronghold on Vinegar Hill, and annihilated. The insurgents, retreating through the counties of Dublin and Wicklow, were hunted down with merciless vengeance. 'The carnage was dreadful,' wrote Lake to Castlereagh; 'the determination of the troops to destroy everyone they think a rebel is beyond description.' Before the end of July the fire was put out in Wexford. But, before

the end of August, an attempt was made to re-kindle it in the west.

When the news of the insurrection reached France, the government, yielding to the importunities of Tone, resolved to despatch another expedition to Ireland. The plan was to send detachments from various French ports. For this purpose, General Humbert was quartered at Rochelle with 1000 men; General Hardy at Brest with 3000 men; General Kilmaine was held in reserve with 9000 men. At the last moment the government grew dilatory, and Humbert determined to strike at once on his own responsibility. Accompanied by Tone's brother, Matthew, and another United Irish exile, Bartholomew Teeling, he left Rochelle towards the middle of August, and landed in Killala on the 22d of the same month. General Lake hastened to meet him. A pitched battle was fought at Castlebar on August 22d. Lake was beaten and driven from the field. He retreated so rapidly that the battle is to this day known as the 'Races of Castlebar.' Cornwallis, who had become viceroy in June, came quickly to Lake's help, and forced Humbert to surrender at Ballinamuck on September 8th. Matthew Tone and Teeling were arrested, and, despite the protestations of Humbert, hurried to Dublin and hanged.

Yet another effort was to be made. On September 20th, the last French expedition sailed from Brest. It consisted of a fleet of one sail of the line, the *Hoche* (74 guns), eight

frigates—*Loire*, *Résolue*, *Bellone*, *Coquille*, *Embuscade*, *Immortalité*, *Romaine*, *Semillanté*—and one schooner the *Biche*, under command of Admiral Bompard, and of an army of 3000 men under General Hardy. Tone was on board the admiral's ship the *Hoche*. As on the previous occasion, the ships were scattered on the voyage; but, on October 10th, Bompard arrived at the entrance of Lough Swilly with the *Hoche*, the *Loire*, the *Résolue* and the *Biche*. He was instantly signalled from the shore. At daybreak next morning a British squadron, consisting of six sail of the line, one razee (60 guns) and two frigates, under the command of Sir John Borlase Warren, hove in sight. Bompard signalled the French frigates and the schooner to retreat, and cleared the *Hoche* for action. A boat from the *Biche* came alongside the *Hoche* for last orders. The French officers gathered around Tone and urged him to escape. 'The contest is hopeless,' they said. 'We shall be prisoners of war; but what will become of you?' He answered, 'Shall it be said that I fled when the French were fighting the battles of my country? No; I shall stand by the ship.' The British admiral having despatched two sail—the razee and a frigate—to give chase to the *Loire* and the *Résolue*, bore down on the *Hoche* with the rest of the squadron. The French ship was surrounded, but Bompard nailed his colours to the mast. For six hours the *Hoche* stood the combined fire of the British ships. Her masts were dismantled; her rigging was swept

away; the scuppers flowed with blood; the wounded filled the cock-pit. At length, with yawning ribs, with five feet of water in the hold, her rudder carried away, her sails and cordage hanging in shreds, her batteries dismounted, and every gun silenced, she struck. Tone commanded a battery, and fought like a lion, exposing himself to every peril of the conflict. The *Hoche* was towed into Lough Swilly, and the prisoners landed and marched to Letterkenny. The Earl of Cavan invited the French officers to breakfast. Tone was among the guests. An old college companion, Sir George Hill, recognised him. 'How do you do, Mr Tone?' said Hill. 'I am very happy to see you.' Tone greeted Hill cordially, and said, 'How are you, Sir George? How are Lady Hill and your family?' The police, who suspected that Tone was among the prisoners, lay in waiting in an adjoining room. Hill went to them, pointed to Tone, and said, 'There is your man.' Tone was called from the table. He knew that his hour had come; but he went cheerfully to his doom. Entering the next apartment, he was surrounded by police and soldiers, arrested, loaded with irons and hurried to Dublin.

On November 10th, he was put on his trial before a court-martial. He said to his judges, 'I mean not to give you the trouble of bringing judicial proof, to convict me, legally, of having acted in hostility to the government of his Brittanic majesty in Ireland. I admit the fact. From my earliest youth I have re-

garded the connection between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish nation, and felt convinced that, while it lasted, this country could never be free nor happy. My mind has been confirmed in this opinion by the experience of every succeeding year, and the conclusions which I have drawn from every fact before my eyes. In consequence, I determined to apply all the powers which my individual efforts could move, in order to separate the two countries.'

He made but one request. He asked to be shot like a soldier. The request was refused, and he was ordered to be hanged within forty-eight hours. On the morning of the 12th of November, Curran moved the Court of King's Bench for a writ of *habeas corpus*.

'I do not pretend,' he said, 'that Mr Tone is not guilty of the charges of which he is accused. I presume the officers were honourable men. But it is stated in this affidavit as a solemn fact that Mr Tone had no commission under his majesty, and therefore no court-martial could have cognisance of any crime imputed to him whilst the Court of King's Bench sat in the capacity of the great criminal court of the land. In times when war was raging, when man was opposed to man in the field, courts-martial might be endured; but every law authority is with me, whilst I stand upon this sacred and immutable principle of the constitution, that martial law and civil law are incompatible, and that the former must cease with the existence of

the latter. This is not, however, the time for arguing this momentous question. My client must appear in this court. He is cast for death this very day. He may be ordered for execution whilst I address you. I call on the court to support the law, and move for a *habeas corpus*, to be directed to the provost-marshal of the barracks of Dublin and Major Sandys to bring up the body of Tone.

Chief Justice. 'Have a writ instantly prepared.'

Curran. 'My client may die whilst the writ is preparing.'

Chief Justice. 'Mr Sheriff, proceed to the barracks and acquaint the provost-marshal that a writ is preparing to suspend Mr Tone's execution, and see that he be not executed.'

The sheriff hastened to the prison. The court awaited his return with feverish suspense. He speedily reappeared.. 'My lord,' he said, 'I have been to the barracks in persuance of your order. The provost-marshal says he must obey Major Sandys. Major Sandys says he must obey Lord Cornwallis.'

Curran. 'My lord, Mr Tone's father has just returned from serving the writ of *habeas corpus*, and General Craig says he will not obey it.'

Lord Chief Justice Kilwarden. 'Mr Sheriff, take the body of Tone into custody, take the provost-marshal and Major Sandys into custody, and show the order of the court to General Craig.'

The sheriff hastened once more to the prison. He returned quickly. He had been refused admittance, and was told that Tone had attempted suicide, and that he lay in a precarious state. A surgeon was called to corroborate the sheriff's statement.

Lord Chief Justice. 'Mr Sheriff, take an order to suspend the execution.'

At the prison, Tone lay on his pallet, dying. On the evening of the 11th of November, while the soldiers were erecting the gallows before his window, he cut his throat with a penknife, inflicting a deep wound. At four o'clock next morning a surgeon came and closed the wound. As the carotid artery was not cut, he said that Tone might recover. 'I am sorry,' said Tone, 'that I have been so bad an anatomist.' He lingered till the morning of November 19th. Standing by his bedside, the surgeon whispered to an attendant that if he attempted to move or speak he would die instantly. Tone overheard him, and making a slight movement, said, 'I can yet find words to thank you, sir; it is the most welcome news you can give me. What should I wish to live for?' Falling back with these expressions upon his lips, he instantly expired.

So perished Wolfe Tone. So ended the rebellion of 1798.[1]

[1] Taken from the Introduction to the *Autobiography of Wolfe Tone.* New Edition.

CHAPTER XXII

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE IRISH CONSTITUTION

T is often said that England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity. But it is equally true that Ireland's difficulty is England's opportunity. England had the opportunity now, and she seized it with effect. In the moment of her weakness the volunteers had re-established the legislative independence of their country. In the moment of Ireland's weakness, England resolved to destroy that independence. She had certainly promised that the right of the Irish parliament to make laws for the Irish people should never again be 'questioned or questionable.' But, in flagrant violation of that promise, she now determined to take the right away.

The Irish parliament was in no way responsible for the rebellion of '98. On the contrary, the class from which it was exclusively drawn had done all in their power to suppress the rebellion. They were staunchly loyal to England. Nevertheless, England marked the Irish parliament for doom. In fact, she had never liked the constitution of '82. It had been wrung from her by force, and she only waited for the opportunity to destroy it. The opportunity had now come.

The English minister laid his plans with insidious care. He tried to corrupt both Catholics and Protestants, and was ready to betray both. He told the Catholics that in a legislative union lay their only chance of emancipation. An Irish Protestant parliament, he said, would be afraid to concede their full claims. For as they constituted three-fourths of the population of Ireland, the Protestants would be swamped if complete political liberty were given to the Catholics. But an English Parliament would have none of these fears. The Irish Catholics could not swamp the Protestants of England. Therefore, an English Parliament could be just with safety; an Irish Parliament could not.

He next told the Protestants that in a union lay the only security for the Protestant Established Church. 'While Ireland's claim to be an independent kingdom was allowed, the Protestants,' he said, 'could not fairly argue that the Church of a fourth of the population should be the state Church. But,' he urged, 'if Ireland were by a union merged in the

larger kingdom, then it might reasonably be contended that the Protestant Church, being the Church of the vast majority of the Empire, should everywhere within the empire be established by law.' But these specious arguments produced no effect upon the masses of either Catholics or Protestants. They however, influenced an important minority in both sects. The Catholic Hierarchy were caught in the trap, and threw themselves into the arms of the minister. But the most that could be got from the great Protestant organisation—the Orange Society—was a promise that they would not, as a body, oppose the proposed measure. Other means were, however, soon tried to win the support of the Protestant party. Bribery was used on a gigantic scale. Money, peerages, offices were bestowed with lavish prodigality. The minister could not persuade the Protestants. He bought them. Twenty-two Irish peerages, five English peerages, and twenty promotions in the Irish peerage were among the rewards given to those who had promised to betray the Irish parliament, while not less than a million and a quarter sterling was spent in bribing the owners of corrupt boroughs, who in fact, held the key of the situation. Men of honour who stood by their country were dismissed from public offices, while every mean and servile creature who had a vote to sell was marked out for favour and reward. So lavish was the corruption that the very corrupters themselves grew sick of the 'dirty work!' 'I am kept here,' wrote the lord-lieutenant [Lord Cornwallis], 'to

manage matters of a most disgusting nature to my feelings. . . . My occupation is now of the most unpleasant nature, negotiating and iobbing with the most corrupt people under heaven. I despise and hate myself every hour for engaging in such dirty work. . . . It has ever been the wish of my life to avoid all this dirty business; and I am now involved in it beyond all bearing. . . . How I long to kick those whom my public duty obliges me to court.'

Almost all that was corrupt in Ireland supported the Union. Almost all that was incorruptible opposed it. The unbribed intellect of the country, as Mr Lecky has well said, was against it. Who cares now to recall the speeches of those who defended it; while the speeches of those who attacked it are remembered not only as the patriotic utterances of honest men, but as choice specimens of fervent and earnest eloquence. Who is not familiar with the masterpieces of Plunket, of Bush, of Saurin and of Grattan; but what unionist speech is worth recording, if we except the rancorous address of the unprincipled Clare, the common enemy of all that was liberal, enlightened and just, in both countries and in all parties. But Plunket, Bush, Saurin and Grattan fought in vain. The purse of the minister prevailed against the genius of the nation. Nevertheless, Irishmen may well remember with pride the brilliant though unsuccessful efforts of the best and purest of her sons to preserve the perishing liberties of

their country. 'I will make bold to say,' said Plunket, 'that licentious and impious France, in all the unrestrained excess which Anarchy and Atheism have given birth to, has not committed a more insidious act against her enemy than is now attempted by the professed champion of the cause of civilised Europe against her friend and ally in the time of her calamity and distress—at the moment when our country is filled with British troops — when the loyal men of Ireland are fatigued and exhausted by their efforts to subdue the rebellion —efforts in which they had succeeded before those troops arrived—whilst the Habeas Corpus Act is suspended—whilst trials by court-martial are carrying on in many parts of the kingdom—whilst the people are taught to think they have no right to meet or deliberate, and whilst the great body of them are so palsied by their fears, or worn down by their exertions, that even this vital question is scarcely able to rouse them from their lethargy—at a moment when we are distracted by domestic dissensions—dissensions artfully kept alive as the pretext of our present subjugation and the instrument of our future thraldom.' 'For centuries,' said Bush, 'the British parliament and nation kept you down, shackled your commerce and paralysed your exertions, despised your characters and ridiculed your pretensions to any privileges, commercial or constitutional. She has never conceded a point to you which she could avoid, nor granted a favour which was not reluctantly distilled. They have been all wrung from her like drops

of blood, and you are not in possession of a single blessing (except those which you derive from God), that has not been either purchased or extorted by the virtue of your own parliament from the illiberality of England.' 'If a legislative Union,' Saurin said, 'should be so forced upon this country against the will of its inhabitants, it would be a nullity, and resistance to it would be a struggle against usurpation, and not a resistance against law. You may make it binding as a law, but you cannot make it obligatory on conscience. It will be obeyed as long as England is strong, but resistance to it will be in the abstract a duty, and the exhibition of that resistance will be a mere matter of prudence.' 'When I take into account,' says Burrowes, 'the hostile feelings generated by this foul attempt—by bribery, by treason and by force—to plunder a nation of its liberties in the hour of its distress, I do not hesitate to pronounce that every sentiment of affection for Great Britain will perish if this measure pass, and that, instead of uniting the nations, it will be the commencement of an era of inextinguishable animosity.'

The question of the Union was brought before the Irish House of Commons on January 22d, 1799. The English minister, who was still uncertain of his ground, proceeded with extreme caution. He did not propose a union point blank, he only asked the House to consider the subject of the relations between the two countries. But the National Party did not allow themselves to be caught

by this device; they refused to consider a scheme of union in any shape or form. The question, they said, was for ever closed by the compact of '82, and they would not re-open it. After a brilliant debate of twenty hours, the minister forced a division and carried his point, but only by a majority of one (106—105). This was virtually a victory for the Nationalists, and they improved it a few days afterwards by carrying a resolution against the Government by a majority of five. Thus the first battle of the Union was won by the Nationalists. Dublin was exultant. The whole city illuminated. The Nationalist members everywhere received an enthusiastic ovation. The Unionists were met with execrations and threatened with violence. Lord Clare's house was attacked, the windows were broken, the mob was fired on. The rejoicings ran into tumult, and the tumult alarmed the minister. Baffled and defeated in his first attempt, and seeing the excitement of the populace, and the hopelessness of carrying the question immediately to a successful issue, he abandoned it for the session of '99.

In England the question had fared differently. There, towards the end of January 1799, parliament declared in favour of a union by an overwhelming majority, and later on the English minister said that the question should be brought forward again and again in the Irish parliament, until it was carried.

The Irish parliament was prorogued in June 1799. Then the floodgates of corruption were opened, and the country was inundated with

the bribes and cajolments of the minister. Unhappily, the members of the House of Commons were not proof against the temptations showered upon them, and a majority was ultimately secured, by a system of treachery and corruption, which has made the union between England and Ireland one of the most infamous transactions in history. Lord Cornwallis said, in June 1799, that when he found it 'impossible to gratify the unreasonable demands of our politicians,' he was reminded of the lines in which Swift had lampooned another Irish lord-lieutenant, and the system of corruption of an earlier date:—

> 'So, to effect his monarch's ends,
> From Hell a viceroy devil ascends,
> His budget with corruption cram'd,
> The contributions of the damned;
> Which, with unsparing hand he strows,
> Through courts and senate as he goes;
> And then at Beelzebub's black hall,
> Complains his budget is too small.'

Early in January 1800 the chief secretary, Lord Castlereagh, had taken pains to increase the budget. He wrote urgently to England:—

'We are in great distress, and I wish the transmiss was more considerable than the last. It is very important we should not be destitute of the means on which so much depends.'

On the 15th of January 1800, the Irish parliament assembled for the last time. The government were not anxious to bring the question on immediately; they were not yet quite ready.

They had, among other things, manipulated the borough representation during the recess, so that, as a Nationalist member put it, 'A string of men who are against the Union are to go out [in order] that a string of men who are for it may come in;' and the elections—thirty-nine in number—which were to produce this result had not yet taken place!

But the Nationalists were resolved to force the hand of the government; and, accordingly, one of their number—Sir Laurence Parsons—raised the question of the Union by moving that the independence of the Irish parliament, as settled in 1782, should be maintained. A debate, which lasted for twenty hours, followed, and was signalised by, at least, one striking, dramatic scene.

Grattan had left parliament in 1797, and had taken no part in public life since. He spent some time in England. His health failed, and he took up his residence at the Isle of Wight. The rebellion of '98 and the project of the Union had filled him with anguish and indignation, and, weighed down by anxiety for the future of Ireland, his constitution, never very robust, had become seriously enfeebled. He returned to Dublin towards the end of 1799, shattered in body, distracted in mind, and utterly prostrated by acute nervous depression. He had no wish to enter parliament again. He felt that his work was done; and, overwhelmed by the disasters of his country, was indeed anxious to die. But, as the day of the final struggle approached, his spirit rose under every

adversity, and he resolved to fling himself into the fight and to join his old comrades in their last battle for Irish freedom. Just as parliament was about to meet, a vacancy occurred in the borough of Wicklow. Through the kind offices of a friendly sheriff, the election was held on the 15th January, and at midnight Grattan was declared duly elected. A messenger hastened to Dublin to apprise him of the fact. The scene which followed has been graphically described by Mrs Grattan:—

'The messenger arrived in Dublin about five in the morning, when we heard a loud knocking at the door. Mr Grattan had been very ill, and was then in bed; and, turning round, he exclaimed, "Oh! here they come; why will they not let me die in peace?" The question of union had become dreadful to him; he could not bear the idea or listen to the subject or speak on it with any degree of patience. He grew quite wild, and it almost drove him frantic. I shall never forget the scene that followed. I told him he must get up immediately and go down to the House; so we got him out of bed and dressed him. I helped him downstairs. Then he went into the parlour and loaded his pistols, and I saw him put them in his pocket, for he apprehended he might be attacked by the Union party and assassinated. We wrapped a blanket round him, and put him in a sedan-chair; and, when he left the door, I stood there, uncertain whether I should ever see him again. Afterwards, Mr M'Cann came to me and said that I

need not be alarmed, as Mr Grattan's friends had determined to come forward in case he was attacked, and, if necessary, take his place in the event of any personal quarrel. When I heard that, I thanked him for his kindness, but told him, "My husband cannot die better than in defence of his country!"'

Grattan arrived at the House at seven o'clock on the morning of the 16th. Thin, weak, emaciated, he presented a melancholy figure, as, dressed in the uniform of the volunteers and supported by George Ponsonby and Arthur Moore, he tottered to the table to take the oaths. The ministers bowed to him. The Opposition bowed to him. The occupants of the strangers' galleries looked down upon the scene with breathless interest, and a thrill of excitement ran through the House as the great orator and statesman was borne to his place in the ranks of the Nationalists. Between seven and eight a.m. he rose to speak, but finding it impossible to stand, he begged the permission of the House to address them sitting. The request being granted, he then delivered a speech of two hours' duration, which, listened to at first in breathless silence, was soon interrupted by rapturous applause, as, inspired by the grandeur of his theme, the orator warmed to his work, and the old fire and eloquence blazed forth, showing that the energies of the mind had conquered the feebleness of the body, and that, in heart and soul and intellect, Henry Grattan was himself again. Clear statement, convincing facts, sound constitutional doctrines,

pungent argument, sparkling epigrams, fierce denunciation, ardent appeals to honour and consistency filled the speech and electrified the audience. Relying upon the compact of '82, and reminding the House of the 'finality' of that arrangement, he took his stand upon the highest ground of constitutional law and political morality, and, condensing the sum and substance of his whole address in a single sentence, said,—'The thing the minister proposes to buy is what cannot be sold—liberty.' But in the face of law and morals it *was* 'sold'—meanly, basely sold; meanly, basely purchased. If, indeed, genius and eloquence could have saved the Irish parliament, Grattan would have saved it. But its fate was sealed. The seductions of the minister were proof against the eloquence and enthusiasm of the patriot.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 16th January a division was taken, and the Nationalists were defeated by a majority of forty-two. Grattan had spoken to corrupt ears. The minister had succeeded beyond his expectations. Still the government did not feel sure of their mercenary majority. 'I trust this first success,' wrote the lord-lieutenant, 'will cement our party; it is still composed of loose materials, much more intent on the personal than the public question.' The 'loose materials' were, however, 'cemented,' and on February 6th, a motion in favour of the Union was carried by a majority of forty-three.

The final struggle took place on May 26th. The Nationalists now knew that their cause

was lost, but they fought to the end, if not for victory, for honour, and in the hope that the liberties of the country, though crushed for the moment, might yet revive under happier auspices. 'I know,' said Gould, 'that the minister must succeed, yet I will not go away with an aching heart, because I know the liberties of the people must ultimately triumph. The people must at present submit, because they cannot resist 120,000 armed men; but the period will occur when, as in 1782, England may be weak and Ireland sufficiently strong to recover her lost liberties.'

Grattan made one of his most brilliant efforts, and warned the government that the measure would bring neither peace nor contentment to Ireland, and that the sentiment of nationality would survive the destruction of the parliament. 'The constitution,' he exclaimed, 'may for a time be lost, but the character of the people cannot be lost. The ministers of the Crown may perhaps at length find out that it is not so easy to put down for ever an ancient and respectable nation by abilities, however great—or by corruption, however irresistible. Liberty may repair her golden beams, and with redoubled heat animate the country. The cry of loyalty will not long continue against the principles of liberty. Loyalty is a noble, a judicious and a capacious principle, but in these countries loyalty distinct from liberty is corruption, not loyalty. The cry of the connection will not in the end avail against the principles of liberty. Connection is a wise and

a profound policy, but connection without an Irish parliament is connection without its own principle, without analogy of condition, without the pride of honour that should attend it—is innovation, is peril, is subjugation—not connection. . . . Identification is a solid and imperial maxim, necessary for the preservation of freedom, necessary for that of empire; but without union of hearts, with a separate government, and without a separate parliament, identification is extinction, is dishonour, is conquest—not identification. Yet, I do not give up my country. I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead. Though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty :—

> "Thou art not conquered: Beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
> And death's pale flag is not advancèd there."

'While a plank of the vessel stands together, I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light bark of his faith with every new breath of wind, I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall.'

This was Grattan's last speech in the Irish Parliament. At its close, the Union Bill was carried by a majority of 44, and on August 1, 1800, it passed into law. So perished the Irish constitution.

'In the case of Ireland,' says Mr Lecky, 'as truly as in the case of Poland, a national constitution was destroyed by a foreign power contrary to the wishes of the people. In the one case the deed was a crime of violence: in the other it was a crime of treachery and corruption. In both cases a legacy of enduring bitterness was the result.'

Thenceforth Ireland was governed by a Parliament in London, whither she sent a hundred representatives.

CHAPTER XXIII

O'CONNELL—CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION

THREE years after the Union there was an abortive rising in Dublin. It was a flicker of the fire of '98, and was quickly put out. Robert Emmet, then a youth of twenty-four years, and the brother of Thomas Addis Emmet, one of the founders of the United Irish movement, formed the design of attacking Dublin Castle and overthrowing the government. But before his plans were matured, the authorities learned of his intentions and prepared to apprehend him. Finding that his schemes were foiled and that arrest was eminent, he placed himself at the head of a small body of men, and saying, 'Come on, my boys, we may as well die in

the street as cooped up here,' led the attack on the castle. There was some sharp, desultory fighting, and the commander of the soldiers and several of his men were killed. But the insurgents were soon shot down and completely dispersed. Emmet was arrested, tried and hanged. His project was hopeless from its inception. But he had at least the courage of his convictions. He embarked all his fortune in the desperate enterprise, and sealed with his life his devotion to his country. 'Let no man write my epitaph,' he said, in a touching speech delivered from the dock, 'for as no man who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice nor ignorance asperse them. Let me and them rest in obscurity and peace, my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written.'

His directions were faithfully kept, and to this day no scroll or monument marks the spot where his remains are buried, but his memory is enshrined in the hearts of the people; and the present writer has seen many a frieze-coated peasant, many a humble artizan, many a thoughtful student pass with bowed and uncovered head the site of the scaffold on which he died.

The Catholic question now became the question of the hour. 'I cannot leave the

[Catholics] as I found them. I have raised no unauthorised expectations, and I have acted throughout with the sanction of the Cabinet.' So wrote Lord Cornwallis, remembering the hopes which had been held out to the Catholics at the time of the Union; but the English minister left the Catholics where he found them. Having gained his point, having carried the Union, Mr Pitt left the Catholics to their fate. In 1805 he even refused to present a petition to the House of Commons in their favour. The petition was, however, presented by another great Englishman, Mr Fox, but instantly rejected. In 1806 an organisation formed in Ireland to promote the Catholic cause was put down by the government. In 1808, 1810 and 1811, the House of Commons again refused to consider the Catholic claims, and vigorous means were taken to prevent the agitation of the question in Ireland. However, in 1812 and 1813, the House of Commons at length agreed to inquire into their complaints. But in 1814 another organisation, formed in Ireland to press forward their demands, was suppressed; and in 1815 and in 1816 parliament once more refused to consider the question.

In 1819, Grattan, who had entered the English parliament in 1805, and who devoted the remainder of his days to the cause of Catholic Emancipation, brought forward the subject for the last time, but failed to secure the support of the House of Commons. In

1820, Grattan died, and the Catholic cause was taken up by another great Irishman, Lord Plunket.

In 1821 the House of Commons, at the instance of Plunket, agreed to emancipate the Catholics on condition that the Crown were given a veto on the appointment of Catholic bishops; but the House of Lords would not listen to the proposal.

In 1822, the greatest champion of the Catholics in England, Mr Canning, declared their case 'to be hopeless,' and in 1823 the House of Commons, retreating from the position which it had taken up in 1821, once more rejected their claims by a large majority.

'The Catholic question,' wrote an English statesman of the period, 'is gone to the devil.'

But there had now arisen a great Catholic tribune, who was destined to bring back the Catholic question from perdition by an agitation which shook the very empire to its base.

Daniel O'Connell was born near Cahersiveen, in the County Kerry, on August 6, 1775.

He was educated abroad at St Omer and Douai. In 1793 he returned to Ireland, and in 1798 became a member of the Irish Bar. His success in his profession was rapid and brilliant; but the passion of his life was to work out the salvation of his country. He had joined the United Irish Society, but took no active part in the movement, and, indeed, soon came to the conclusion that the cause of Ireland could best be served by constitu-

tional agitation, conducted with spirit and skill, and carried on with energy and perseverance.

The first great question which engaged his attention was the Union. He detested the measure heartily, and, while strongly opposed to separation from England, believed that a lasting peace between the two countries could only be secured by the maintenance of Irish legislative independence, based on complete civil and religious freedom. A great meeting of Catholics was held in Dublin in 1800 to protest against the Union. Here O'Connell made his first speech. It had been said by the supporters of the English minister that, if the Irish parliament were preserved, it would be necessary to re-enact the Penal Code in all its original severity. But this threat was treated by O'Connell with scorn and defiance. 'Let every man who feels with me proclaim, that if the alternative were offered him of union or the re-enactment of the Penal Code in all its pristine horrors, that he would prefer, without hesitation, the latter, as the lesser and more sufferable evil; that he would rather confide in the justice of his brethren, the Protestants of Ireland, who have already liberated him, than lay his country at the feet of foreigners. . . . I know that the Catholics of Ireland still remember that they have a country, and that they will never accept of any advantages as a sect which would debase and destroy them as a people.'

In 1810 he reiterated these sentiments.

'Were Mr Percival [the English premier] to-

morrow to offer me the repeal of the Union upon the terms of re-enacting the entire Penal Code, I declare it from my heart, and in the presence of God, that I would most cheerfully embrace his offer.'

The position of the Catholics at this time was humiliating and deplorable. There was no public spirit among them—no national life. It was said that you might know a Catholic walking through the streets of Dublin by his dejected demeanour and servile appearance. The Penal Laws had done their work thoroughly—the Catholics were still slaves. In 1793, Wolfe Tone and John Keogh had roused them to action; had shown them their strength; had taught them to help themselves. But Tone was gone, Keogh was a feeble old man, and the Catholics, unanimated by any guiding spirit, had sunk again into a state of hopeless lethargy.

Formidable by numbers, but powerless in organisation, the English minister felt that he could treat them with contempt and contumely. O'Connell resolved to change all this. He knew that 4,000,000 Catholics, well organised, well led and determined to be free, would constitute a force which no government could afford to despise. To make the Catholics such a force, O'Connell now bent all the energies of his vigorous mind. But he had to fight a great battle with the Catholics themselves before he gained the ascendency which made him irresistible. In 1813, Grattan was prepared to accept Catholic Emancipation in exchange for allowing the English government the privi-

lege of exercising control in the appointment of Catholic bishops. Parliament, indeed, refused to emancipate the Catholics even on this condition, but a great controversy was raised over the compromise, which for a time divided the Catholics, but ended ultimately in the supremacy of O'Connell.

The English Catholics and the Catholic aristocracy in Ireland were in favour of the compromise, or the 'veto' as the power given to the English government came to be called. Even the authority of Rome was thrown into the scale in favour of the moderate party. But O'Connell declined to accept emancipation on what he denounced as degrading terms. He would give to no English government the power of nominating the Catholic bishops of Ireland, and upon this issue he was prepared to fight even the Pope himself. 'As much religion as you like from Rome,' he said, 'but no politics;' and the emancipation of the Irish Catholics, he insisted, was a question of Irish politics. The controversy lasted for some years, but O'Connell drew the Irish Catholic Hierarchy and the vast mass of the Irish people to his side, and triumphed over all his opponents. While withstanding the moderate Catholics on the one hand, O'Connell was attacked by the extreme Protestant party on the other; but he was a match for all.

In 1815 he was forced to fight a duel with Major D'Esterre, a member of what he had described as the beggarly corporation of Dublin. It was an anxious moment for Ireland. But

O'Connell killed D'Esterre, and passed himself unscathed through the conflict.[1]

And now in 1823, when the cause of the Catholics was darkest, he girded himself for the final struggle with the English Government.

He founded one of the most remarkable political organisations ever formed in these islands—the Catholic Association. His object was to weld the catholics into one compact mass, and to place them under his own command. He desired, in fact, to raise a great constitutional army, and to move it with almost military precision against the strongholds of the government. He determined to sweep every Catholic in the country into the new organisation, to establish Catholic centres in every county and parish, to dispatch Catholic agents throughout every district, and to make all subordinate branches of the organisation subject to the authority of a central committee in Dublin, presided over by himself. He stood upon the law, but he bent the law to his own will. He kept within the constitution, but he used the constitution for his own ends. In a word, he fought under cover and threw his enemies into indescribable confusion. The Catholics flocked into the new organisation, and it grew rapidly in power, and even in grandeur. 'Self-elected, self-

[1] This duel produced a deep impression on O'Connell, and he never fought one afterwards. In passing D'Esterre's house he always uncovered; and subsequently contributed to the support of that ill-fated gentleman's family.

constituted, self-assembled, self-adjourned, acknowledging no superior, tolerating no equal, interfering in all stages with the administration of justice, levying contributions, and discharging all the functions of regular government, it obtained a "complete mastery and control over the masses of the Irish people."' So the English minister Canning described the Catholic Association two years after its establishment. The struggle now became a fight between the government and one man, for it was O'Connell who infused life into the Catholics, and whose spirit pervaded all classes, and animated the whole nation.

In 1824 the government resolved to prosecute him for sedition, but the prosecution broke down, and he became more formidable than ever. In 1825 the authorities made a more serious move. They suppressed the Catholic Association. But O'Connell immediately founded another Catholic Association, the same as the first in everything except the name. Throughout the years 1826 and 1827 England did nothing for the Catholics. But Ireland was now drifting into revolution. The country was surging with discontent. The Irish soldiers in the English army could no longer be trusted. Under the cover of a constitutional agitation, O'Connell had roused the spirit of rebellion. The lord-lieutenant saw the coming storm, and warned the English minister to give way. But the minister stolidly refused. Then the agitation was brought to a head. In the summer of 1828 an election took

place in the County Clare. The government candidate was Mr Vesey Fitzgerald, president of the Board of Trade. Upon the side of the Catholics stood O'Connell himself. As a Catholic he could not sit in parliament, but he resolved to force the hand of the government by getting returned for the seat. Mr Fitzgerald used soft words and made fair promises. But O'Connell said Ireland had had enough of these things. 'The time is come,' he exclaimed, 'when the system which has been pursued towards this country must be put a stop to. It will not do for the future to say, "Sweet friend, I wish you well," but it must be shown by acts that they do wish us well. It is time that this system should be put an end to, and I am come here to put an end to it.' The election began amid a scene of intense excitement. The county was filled with troops, for the government apprehended tumult and disorder, if not open rebellion. But O'Connell kept his forces well in hand. He had organised the mighty masses which hung upon his breath so that they might overawe the government by their strength and discipline, but expose themselves to no unnecessary or foolish risks. With the weapons of the constitution he had resolved to strike down the minister who would not allow the Irish people to enter the constitution. At the beginning of the election an incident occurred which, though slight in itself, showed the power of O'Connell and the flow of the tide. As O'Connell walked through Ennis to the

polling station, the streets were lined with troops. The people cheered; the enthusiasm spread to the soldiers, and a young private, stepping out from the ranks in defiance of all discipline, rushed to O'Connell, exclaiming,— 'I care not what may happen to me, I must shake the hand of the saviour of my country.' The spirit of the youthful soldier was shared by his more cautious comrades, who, as the *Times* said, had been 'manifestly inoculated in the feelings of those among whom they live, and from whom they were taken.'

The contest lasted for several days. The landlords fought upon the side of the government, but their tenants revolted, and voted to a man for O'Connell. On July 5 the poll was declared; O'Connell was returned by an overwhelming majority. Of course he was not allowed to take his seat in Parliament, but he had brought the struggle to an issue which the minister could no longer shirk. That issue was, in the minister's own words, 'concession or civil war.' 'In the autumn' [of 1828], said Sir Robert Peel, 'out of a regular infantry force amounting to 30,000 men, 25,000 were stationed either in Ireland or on the west coast of England, with a view to the maintenance of tranquillity in Ireland. I consider the state of things which requires such an application of military force much worse than open rebellion.' 'If we cannot get rid of the Catholic Association,' said the Duke of Wellington, 'we must look to civil war in Ireland.' But there was only one way

of getting rid of the Catholic Association, and that was by emancipating the Catholics. The government realised this fact at last, and in the spring of 1829 Catholic Emancipation was carried triumphantly through both Houses of Parliament. 'I have,' said O'Connell, 'gained a bloodless victory more glorious than Waterloo.' Catholics were now admitted to parliament, and were allowed to hold all military and civil offices, except the important posts of regent, of lord chancellor, and of lord-lieutenant of Ireland.

Unhappily for the peace of Ireland, and for the establishment of friendly relations between the two countries, Catholic Emancipation, which was grudgingly granted, was unfairly carried out. 'In 1833, four years after Catholic Emancipation,' says Mr Lecky, 'there was not in Ireland a single Catholic judge or stipendiary magistrate. All the high sheriffs, with one exception, the overwhelming majority of the unpaid magistrates and of the grand jurors, the five inspectors-general, and the thirty sub-inspectors of police, were Protestants. . . . For many years promotion had been steadily withheld from those who advocated Catholic Emancipation, and the majority of the people thus found their bitterest enemies in the foremost places.'

O'Connell was marked out for special reprobation, and the English minister and the English press regarded him as a public enemy with whom no terms should be made or kept. The measure was also accompanied by a flagrant act of injustice which left bitter recollections be-

hind. The forty-shilling freeholders[1] who had won the battle of emancipation were at once disfranchised. Thus the concession of Catholic Emancipation was wanting in the grace and generosity which inspire gratitude, affection and respect. It brought no peace, it effaced no memories, and it served to keep alive the feeling that everything was to be got from England's fear; nothing from her justice.

The logical outcome of Catholic Emancipation should have been the immediate abolition of the tithes which the Catholic population paid to the Protestant State Church. But the government resolved to uphold the tithe system in defiance of the popular demands. The result was a fierce agitation, which culminated literally in a peasants' war.[2]

[1] In 1793 the franchise was extended to Catholic tenants 'who paid a freehold rent' of forty shillings. These tenants voted generally at the bidding of their landlords. But at the Clare election they revolted, and were punished accordingly.

[2] It may be noted that in 1831 national schools were established in Ireland. These schools, supported by parliamentary grants, were open alike to Catholics and Protestants. Four days in the week were to be devoted to moral and literary, and one or two days to separate religious instruction. A Board, composed partly of Catholics and partly of Protestants, were given the entire control of the system.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE TITHE WAR.[1]

IN 1830 the population of Ireland consisted of 7,943,940 persons, of whom 852,064 were Episcopalian Protestants; 642,356 were Presbyterians, and 21,808 members of other forms of Protestant dissent; the Catholics numbered 6,427,712 souls. The Church of the 800,000 Protestant Episcopalians was established and endowed, the Church of the 600,000 Presbyterians was endowed but not established, the Church of the 6,000,000 Catholics was neither established nor endowed, the 21,000 Protestant dissenters maintained their churches by voluntary contributions. The 800,000 Protestant Episcopalians belonged to the wealthy, the 6,000,000 Catholics to the poorest classes. The latter supported their

[1] Abridged from *Fifty Years of Concessions to Ireland.*

clergy according to their means, with generosity; the former had theirs supported for them by the State, and by the Papists, who were forced to pay tithes to the Protestant Establishment. The places of worship of the one body were, comparatively speaking, well-built, commodious edifices, attended by scant congregations; the places of worship of the other were ill-raised structures, utterly inadequate to supply the wants of the people, who, in hundreds and thousands, flocked on the Sabbath to their doors.

'On an Irish Sabbath morning,' says Sydney Smith, 'the bell of a neat parish church often summons to worship only the parson and an occasionally-conforming clerk, while, two hundred yards off, a thousand Catholics are huddled together in a miserable hovel, and pelted by all the storms of Heaven.'

In 1830, O'Connell, and a great Catholic bishop, Dr Doyle, opened fire on the tithe system. In a memorable sentence, for which he was much censured at the time, Dr Doyle struck the key-note of the new agitation. 'Let your hatred of tithes,' he said, 'be as lasting as your love of justice.' In October 1830, the tithe war began. Mr Macdonald, the Protestant curate of Graigue—a parish containing 4000 Catholics and 63 Protestants—contrary to the general practice of the clergy of the Established Church, demanded tithes of the Catholic priest, Father Doyle. Father Doyle refused to pay, and Macdonald seized his horse. The news of this demand and

seizure quickly spread throughout the parish, and the peasantry, rallying round the priest, struck against the payment of tithes. In February 1831, steps were taken to enforce the law. Colonel Sir John Harvey, the resident magistrate of the district, collected a strong force of military and police, and with them seized the vantage points of the parish. The village of Graigue, which lies in a beautifully situated valley on the banks of the Barrow, was occupied by a body of 350 police. Thomastown was held by a troop of the 1st Dragoon Guards, and Gowran by a detachment of the 21st Fusiliers. Altogether, Colonel Harvey had at his disposal a force of 600 men. In March 'hostilities' commenced. Colonel Harvey's plan of campaign was this: he determined to make a raid on all the cattle in the vicinity of Graigue, and to move the whole lot off under an escort so strong that the peasants would not dream of resistance, and that the law might thus be enforced without any risk of bloodshed. The peasants were well aware of the strength of Colonel Harvey's force, and also shrewdly suspected what the plan of attack would be. They accordingly resolved to take great precautions to safeguard the cattle, and they knew so much of the law as to be aware that cattle placed under lock and key could not be seized. Their plan of defence, therefore, was to 'hurry' the cattle off the moment the military and police should come up, and to place them in legal security. The better to carry out this plan, the cattle

were collected in groups at various points around the village, sentinels were placed in charge of them, directions were given to have Colonel Harvey closely watched; and the '*mot d'ordre*' was issued that the moment his force appeared a general rush should be made for the cattle-folds, and the cattle swept under cover before the military and police arrived. Colonel Harvey, on his part, caused a sharp look-out to be kept on the movements of the peasants, and directed that the first favourable opportunity should be seized for taking them by surprise.

On the 3d of March, having heard that all was quiet in the valley of Graigue, that the men were at work ploughing in the fields, the women engaged in various avocations, and perfect peace and stillness prevailing everywhere, Colonel Harvey gave orders to advance. The police and soldiers moved rapidly up the hills by which the valley is surrounded, but before they had reached the summits their attention was arrested by the blowing of horns, the ringing of chapel bells, the shouting and whistling of men, and all the sounds of a great commotion. On reaching the summits, they looked upon a lively and an exciting scene. The men had unyoked their horses from the ploughs, and were galloping off at a great speed in all directions over the plain. Thousands of peasants, mounted and on foot, were seen dashing into the valley and filling up the spaces through which the troops had to pass to reach the points where the cattle were known

to be collected. The women rushed after the men, making for the houses and hurrying before them the children, who, screaming and yelling, joined in the general chase. The position of affairs was clear at a glance; the peasants were hastening to the improvised cattle-folds for the purpose of placing their flocks securely under lock and key. To intercept their movements and to reach the cattle-folds before them, the troops set off in full chase, helter skelter. An exciting and an amusing race ensued, but the peasants won. When Colonel Harvey's men reached the cattle-folds there was not so much as a pig to be seen—except under lock and key. During the manœuvres of the military and the defensive operations of the peasants not an angry word passed, not an expression of ill-will was interchanged. Indeed, to Colonel Harvey and the military, the whole scene appeared supremely ludicrous and painfully undignified. When the 'engagement' was over, many of the peasants came up to the magistrate and said, 'We wish no harm to the soldiers and police, colonel, and we don't want to do them any harm, but we will not pay any tithes ever again, and we will resist always as we resisted to-day.' For two months Colonel Harvey, with his force of 600 men, persevered in his efforts to collect Mr Macdonald's tithes, and at the end of that period he had succeeded in collecting precisely one-third of the amount due by the whole parish. He then desisted and early in May withdrew his little army, leaving the peasants

of Graigue in the peaceful enjoyment of their victory.

The example of Graigue was quickly followed throughout the counties of Kilkenny, Carlow, Wexford and Tipperary, and the strike against tithes soon became general. On the 18th of June, some cattle seized for tithe by the Rev. Alexander M'Clintock, rector of Newtown-Barry, were put up for sale. The people had collected in large numbers to prevent the sale, and to make a demonstration generally against the tithe system. On the cattle being brought out under an escort of police, the mob charged the police, seized the cattle, and carried them off in triumph. The police promptly rallied, charged the mob, and recaptured the cattle. The peasantry apparently determined not to be baffled in their designs, quickly collected again, and crowded upon the police and sheriff's officers. The resident magistrate in charge, feeling alarmed at what he considered the threatening attitude of the peasants, called out a division of the yeomanry, mustering 190 men, each man being provided with fifty rounds of ball cartridge. Who began the encounter which ensued, it is difficult to say. Some assert that the yeomanry were at once received by the people with a volley of stones; others declare that the attitude of the people was perfectly passive when the yeomanry fired on them. The one thoroughly well authenticated fact is, that the appearance of the yeomanry was followed by a most sanguinary conflict—the people (who were without firearms) assail-

ing the yeomen with stones, sticks and slanes, the yeomen charging the people with fixed bayonets, and pouring into them a steady and well-directed fire. The conflict was soon over. Twelve of the peasants were almost instantaneously shot dead, and twenty fatally wounded. The yeomen escaped almost scathless. The mob were effectually dispersed, but the sale of the cattle was not carried out. The people succeeded in their immediate design, but at a high cost.

On the 26th of December 1830, a large gathering of people collected around the house of Dr Hamilton, the rector of Knocktopher—a gentleman not unpopular in the parish (where the Catholics were as forty to one to the Protestants), though his tithes were 'set high,' and regularly exacted. Dr Hamilton despatched one of his servants to learn their business, and they sent back word, saying, 'We want a reduction of tithes; we want to see Dr Hamilton.' Dr Hamilton refused to see them, declaring that he would hold no intercourse with a mob which had approached his house in a threatening manner. 'But,' he added, 'I am prepared to receive a respectable deputation from the tithe-payers; and if such a deputation will wait upon me this day week, I shall hear what they have to say.'

The peasants expressed themselves quite satisfied with this proposal, and peaceably withdrew. On the 3d of January 1831, a deputation, consisting of twelve of the most

respectable tenant-farmers of the neighbourhood, waited on Dr Hamilton, who was attended on the occasion by Colonel Harvey, Mr Greene the resident magistrate of the district and others.

Dr Hamilton received the deputation in an apparently irritated and a petulant mood. 'What do you want?' he said, when they were ushered in. 'Are you tired of me? Do you want to get rid of me?' 'No, your reverence,' the deputation replied, 'we are not tired of you; we would never get a better. You have lived amongst us, and spent your income amongst us. All we want is a reduction. The people are determined on it, and we beg you to consent to a small reduction.' 'I have lived among you,' answered Dr Hamilton, 'for thirty-five years. Have I during that time done any act of harshness towards you?' 'No, your reverence; but at the same time, sir, you are drawing from us in tithe £1700 a year, and your reverence's father drew only £350.' 'Yes,' said Hamilton, 'but it is not more than the value of the tithe.' 'But, sir, what value do you give us for the tithe?' 'I tell you what it is,' said Hamilton, evading this question, 'you are refusing to pay tithes now; you will refuse to pay rents by-and-by.' 'There is a great difference, sir,' retorted the spokesman of the deputation, 'between tithes and rents. We get some value for the rents; we get the land, anyway, for them. But we get no value at all for the tithes. We pay our own clergy, and we have

not any business with any other.' 'Well, and what reduction do you want?' said the rector, coming ultimately to the point. The deputation answered that they would be satisfied with a reduction of five per cent., but this reduction Hamilton firmly declined to make. After some further conversation and argument, the deputation withdrew, having failed completely in the object of their visit. As they were leaving, they said to Colonel Harvey, who enjoyed the privilege, rarely possessed by English officials in Ireland, of commanding popular confidence, 'Colonel, if his reverence will give us the five per cent. reduction, he will be paid every shilling of his tithes; if he does not, he will not get a farthing of them.'

The deputation having failed, Colonel Harvey, as was his wont, endeavoured to negotiate a friendly arrangement or compromise between the parson and the tithe-payers, but without success.

It may be stated that in Knocktopher, as at other places, the peasantry were divided into two parties—a moderate party and an extreme party—the one willing to pay on certain conditions, the other indisposed to pay at all. The immediate effect of the failure of the deputation—which represented the moderate section—was to throw the parish completely into the hands of the extreme men (who were led by a hedge schoolmaster, an old United Irishman), and this circumstance, conjoined with Dr Hamilton's stubborn resolve

not to grant a reduction, led to the breakdown of the negotiations opened by Colonel Harvey.

In March, as there was no prospect of a settlement, and as the peasantry manifested a stronger determination than ever not to give way, Dr Hamilton wrote to Colonel Harvey requesting that strong measures should be taken to put the law in execution. 'A military force,' he said, 'ought to be sent to collect the tithes. . . . The people are in a state of rebellion. . . . They ought to be compelled to pay.' But Colonel Harvey does not seem to have been inclined to take strong measures to 'compel the people to pay.' His view appears to have been that measures ought rather to be taken to alter than to enforce the law. 'The people,' he says, writing to the under - secretary at Dublin Castle, in March, the very day on which he received Hamilton's letter, 'are quieter, but still looking for legislative relief.' And again in April he writes, 'I am of opinion that nothing but legislative enactment—in other words, a change in the law—will allay the agitation.' As Colonel Harvey showed no disposition to place a military force at the service of Dr Hamilton to enable him to collect his tithes, Dr Hamilton communicated directly with the Castle, asking for advice and assistance. The Castle advised that legal proceedings should be taken against the tithe-payers, and promised to provide whatever forces might be requisite for carrying out the law.

In November 1831, the legal proceedings

advised by the Castle were commenced, and tithe processes issued. In December, the business of process-serving began. On the 12th of that month, a process-server, named Butler, accompanied by a police force numbering thirty-nine men, under the command of Mr Greene, resident magistrate, and Captain Gibbons, sub-inspector, set out on his mission. The peasants, who had collected in small batches, followed the police and process-server from point to point on their march, but made no effort to impede their progress. Many processes were served, and the police and process-server retired safely after their day's work without let or hindrance from the people. On the 13th, the work was resumed, and Dr Hamilton himself rode out in the morning to learn what progress had been made. He met Captain Gibbons, and received all particulars from him. 'We got on excellently yesterday,' said the chief of the police; 'not the slightest interruption from anyone.' 'I hope you will get on peacefully to-day also,' said Dr Hamilton, 'and I trust that there will be no collisions with the people, and above all, no bloodshed.' 'Oh, there is no fear of that,' said Captain Gibbons, 'I have got a force which could disperse any Irish mob.' Dr Hamilton felt reassured, and the work of process-serving was peacefully carried out on the second day as it had been on the first. The peasants, however, had collected in larger numbers than on the previous occasion, and followed the proceedings of the police with many expressions of irritation and hostility. As

the latter were returning homewards in the evening, the peasants crossed their line of march in large numbers, and blocked the way. The police halted. The leader of the peasants, 'a man in a kind of military uniform, and wearing a sash,' stepped forward and said, 'Things passed off quietly yesterday, and they passed off quietly to-day, but they won't pass off quietly to-morrow if you begin at this work again; so we warn you in time.' He then retired, the peasants dispersed, and the police marched on without further interruption.

On the morning of the 14th, the process-server and the police set out once more in the discharge of their duties. They had not proceeded far on their way, when the blowing of horns and the ringing of chapel bells were heard, and the peasants were seen gathering in hundreds to the summons, coming armed with sticks, pitchforks, slanes, and scythes. The man in the semi-military uniform and the sash, who had confronted the police on the previous evening, was conspicuous as their leader.

The police held on their course, having taken precautions to guard themselves against attack, while the peasants steadily followed them from place to place, marching in divisions and in quasi-military order. Some hours passed, and several processes were served without peasants and police coming into collision. Between one and two p.m. the police turned in the direction of the hamlet of Higginston to finish up their three days' work, and serve the remainder of the processes. On the line of march to Higgins-

ton, Captain Gibbons chose his way through a narrow defile or pass, with high stone walls on either side. This defile is known in the neighbourhood by the name of Carrickshock. A worse line of march than that through the pass, or, as the peasants call it, the 'boreen' of Carrickshock, could not, Colonel Harvey said, be taken. On the other hand, Mr Greene said the line of march was excellently chosen for defensive purposes. But, be the question of ill or well choosing of the line of march as it may, Captain Gibbons had scarcely reached the middle of the 'boreen' when the blowing of horns was again heard, and before the chief of the police could realise the situation, the peasants seized the entrances to the pass with a rush, and thronged along the stone walls. Their leader then advanced to Captain Gibbons, who was mounted, and said, 'We don't want to harm the police. We want the process-server. Give him up to us and we won't interfere with the police at all.' Gibbons answered, 'I shall not give him up. It is my duty to protect him, and I shall do my duty.' The peasant, in reply, urged that the people were determined to have the process-server, and would not go away without him. After some further conversation, Gibbons expressed his willingness to give up the work of process-serving for the day, provided the people dispersed.

The peasant replied that the police might do anything they liked if they gave up the process-server. 'That,' said Gibbons; 'is out of the question.' The parleying then ceased.

The peasant returned to his own party, and Gibbons ordered his men to march forward. As the police advanced, the leader of the peasants, backed by his followers, once more confronted Gibbons, demanding the surrender of the process-server. Gibbons again firmly declined, and called on the peasants to give way and let the police pass on. The peasants refused to yield an inch of ground until the process-server was surrendered, declaring their determination to put down the tithe system. Gibbons then ordered his men to 'present arms,' and placing himself at their head, gave the word 'fire,' at the same time drawing his revolver and shooting the leader of the peasants. The police fired with effect, and many of the peasants fell killed or wounded. But the police fire was quickly returned by a volley of stones from the ranks of the peasants, and Gibbons, struck on the temple by one of these missiles, dropped from his horse dead. The peasants then rushed straight for the police, and a desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued, the former using their scythes, slanes, and pitchforks; the latter charging with the bayonet.

The conflict lasted for about an hour, and resulted in the complete rout and almost total annihilation of the police force, eleven of whom were killed and seventeen wounded. The casualties among the peasantry were also serious. The news of this unfortunate affray soon spread throughout the country, creating consternation and panic in Ascendency and official

circles. The Protestant bishops immediately issued directions to the clergy not to press for the payment of tithes until parliament had dealt with the subject, and the Castle acquiesced in the adoption of the policy of prudent restraint so advised. A truce was accordingly granted.

But parliament would not concede the popular demands, and the 'truce' came to an end in April 1832. In that month the Rev. J. Coote, rector of Doon, in the County Limerick, imitating the example of Mr Macdonald of Graigue, had, contrary to the practice of the Ascendency clergy, demanded tithes of the parish priest of the district. The priest refused to pay, and Mr Coote seized his cow. The 17th of April was fixed for the sale of the cow. It may safely be said that never before or since has a cow been sold under similar circumstances of distinction. Two pieces of artillery, sixty men of the 12th Lancers, and five companies of the 92d Highlanders, with a strong force of police, escorted the unfortunate animal to the place of sale, where not less than 4000 peasants had assembled to witness the sight. Amid a scene of great excitement and uproar, the cow was ultimately 'knocked down' to the priest's brother for a sum of twelve pounds. The military then retired, leaving the village in the hands of the police. But the soldiers had scarcely proceeded a mile outside of the village, when the peasants, armed with sticks and slanes, attacked the police in

force, driving them into their barracks for shelter, or hunting them out of the town. A mounted orderly was at once despatched to recall the troops, who quickly returned, the Lancers leading the way. Unawed by the presence of so formidable an array of 'horse, foot, and artillery,' the peasants fell on the Lancers, pouring volley after volley of stones into them, inflicting serious injuries on the commanding officers. The Lancers promptly charged, scattering the peasants, who had pushed close up to them, in all directions. But the main body of peasants still evinced a determination to hold their ground and to renew the conflict, when the Highlanders came up and opened fire on them. The peasants, many of whom had been wounded, then retreated, and order reigned in Doon.

On the 5th of September the Rev. Mr Gavin, rector of Wallstown, proceeded with a staff of valuers to value for tithes the lands in his parish. Parson Gavin and his staff were accompanied by a party of police, a detachment of the 92d Highlanders, and a detachment of the 14th Foot; the whole force being under the command of one admiral, two generals, and three magistrates—Admiral Evans, General Barry, General Annesley, Gerald Nagel, Brazier Gray, and George Bond Low. It may be observed that the population of Wallstown consisted of 3163 Catholics and one Protestant. Having valued a few farms without interruption, Mr Gavin and his imposing escort arrived about noon on the lands of

a 'strong' farmer named Blake. Blake seems to have been informed that his land could not be legally valued, as the crops upon it were growing crops. Blake gladly availed himself of the legal point thus suggested, to make a demonstration against the tithe system. He collected a force of about 500 peasants, and posted them at the foot of a hill, upon its summit, and around it, thus occupying a commanding position. With about 200 men he himself, accompanied by a man named Doyle (who seems to have been practically the leader of the insurgents), took his stand on the right of the hill, commanding one of two by-roads which led from the main thoroughfare into his farm. On the left side of the hill, at some distance from Blake's party, and commanding the other by-road, about 150 peasants were placed, under the leadership of a man named Ryan. In the fields of another farm, which was separated from Blake's land by the main road, more peasants were placed, clearly with the design of hanging on the rear of any hostile force which might move along the road. The peasants were armed with sticks, slanes, reaping-hooks and pitchforks. They were also supplied, though not very plentifully, with stones. Having arrived at the gate opening into Blake's farm, Admiral Evans (who was chief in command of the police and soldiers) halted. Observing the position and attitude of the peasants, the admiral held a council of war, and it was decided that the police and Highlanders, under the command of General

Annesley, should enter the farm, and that the 14th, under the direction of Lieutenant Grierson and the magistrates, should remain on the high road to watch the peasants in the rear, and to await orders. While the admiral was holding a council of war, Blake advanced to the gate and asked what the soldiers and police wanted. 'We have come,' said the admiral, 'with the Rev. Mr Gavin to see the valuation quietly carried out, and I hope there will be no resistance, and that you will ask the peasants to disperse.' Blake answered, 'I will not, sir, if I can, allow my land to be valued for the tithe.' 'But we are determined that the valuation shall be carried out and the law obeyed; open the gate quietly and let us in.' 'I will not open the gate,' said Blake, 'and if the valuers come on the land we'll drive them off.' Blake then withdrew and joined the peasants at the hillside. Admiral Evans ordered the gate to be forced open. This being done, the police and the Highlanders entered, and took up their position in the field facing the hill, where peasants were stationed. The police were placed in the front rank, and the Highlanders, under General Annesley, ordered to form squares a short distance behind them. Having made his dispositions, Admiral Evans rode up to the peasants and called upon them to disperse.

'Let us have no disturbance,' he said; 'do not attempt to resist the law.' 'We will resist,' said Doyle, who now stood at the head of the peasants; 'we won't yield a foot but by force.'

'I beg of you,' urged the admiral, 'not to be so obstinate. I will go on my knees to beg of you to retire.' 'It will do you no good,' said Doyle; 'lives will have to be lost on some side before the valuation is carried out to-day.' 'You leave me no alternative,' said the admiral. 'I must now read the Riot Act.' He then read the Act, and said, 'I now call upon you, in the name of the law, to disperse.' The peasants shouted back, 'We won't. No tithes! No church! No minister! No bye-laws!' Evans then returned to his men, and in a loud voice gave the order to 'Prime and load; ball cartridge.' 'I gave this order in a loud voice,' Admiral Evans subsequently said, 'in the hope that the peasants would be frightened at the sound of the "ball cartridge," but they remained unmoved.' Evans next directed the valuers to go forward and commence their work. The valuers did so, but when they had gone some way from the soldiers and police, a handful of peasants rushed at them, driving them right out of the field on to the roadway. Admiral Evans then said to General Annesley, 'There is nothing for it; I must fire.' Instructions were next sent by General Annesley to Lieutenant Grierson to work round to the rear of the peasants, driving the men in the fields across the road before him, and dispersing Ryan's party, by whom the flank of Doyle's 'division' was protected. While these instructions were being carried out by Grierson, the peasants, under Doyle, had thrown themselves into a position of attack, the pitchforks being, to use Lieutenant

Grierson's words, 'presented at the charge. 'For the last time I call upon you to disperse,' shouted Admiral Evans from his place at the head of the police. 'Never,' shouted back Doyle from his place at the head of the peasants. 'Present arms—fire,' said the admiral, repeating the last words thrice. The police fired, but not apparently with very much effect. The fire was almost immediately returned by a volley of stones, and then Doyle, placing himself at the head of his men, roared, 'Now, boys, at them! Hurrah for O'Connell! Faugh a ballagh!'[1] In a moment, and with a spring, the peasants were upon the police, who, surprised by the quickness and audacity of the attack, gave way, and Doyle and his followers, cutting boldly through their ranks, suddenly came face to face with the Highlanders. Doyle was a prudent fellow, and quickly shouted to his comrades, 'Back, back;' whereupon the peasants halted in front of the squares. For a moment there was a pause. In the centre of one of the squares, apparently in a place of assured safety, sat Parson Gavin, on horseback. One of the peasants, catching sight of him, seized a reaping-hook, to which a long cord was attached, and flinging it with much dexterity straight for the rector, landed it securely on his reverence's neck. This successful feat was received with a burst of cheers and laughter from the peasants. The peasant of the reaping-hook tugged vigorously at the cord, almost pulling

[1] Clear the way.

the rector, who had grasped the cord at the other end to ease the pressure of the hook on his neck, from his horse. For a minute the rector's neck was in serious peril. Then a Highlander dashed forward and struck the peasant, who had advanced far beyond his own ranks in the struggle, to the ground with the butt-end of his musket. The next moment the Highlander was felled with a blow from a stone. The owner of the reaping-hook, who had regained his legs, rushed at the prostrate Highlander, and, seizing his gun, was bearing it off in triumph, when the Highlander's comrade sprang forward and ran the peasant clean through the body with his bayonet. 'Now, boys, at them again,' shouted Doyle; and the peasants recklessly flung themselves on the squares. Meanwhile Grierson had come up with Ryan's party, and was successfully attacking them. Urged by the magistrates to fire, he refused to do so, but very reluctantly charged the peasants with the bayonet. The peasants stoutly resisted. The magistrates again called upon Grierson to fire, and Grierson again refused. The magistrates then rushed in among the soldiers, and, on their own responsibility, shouted vigorously, 'Fire, fire, fire.' The soldiers fired one round, and with effect. The peasants, fighting and returning the fire of the soldiers with volley after volley of stones, retreated up the hill, falling further and further away from Doyle's party. That party, still struggling with the Highlanders, now beheld the defeat of Ryan, and saw Grierson's soldiers

advancing upon themselves. Thus taken on the flank by the men of the 14th, while the Highlanders were pressing them home in front, the peasants broke and fled, leaving Parson Gavin the victor of the day.

The valuation was then triumphantly carried out, and the rector left the field, scarcely rejoicing, for blood had been shed, but, doubtless, consoling himself with the reflection that he had only done his duty — done what the law empowered him to do. That 3163 Papists should be bayoneted and ball-cartridged into paying him tithes, in order that he might minister to the spiritual wants of one Protestant, did not, apparently, strike Parson Gavin as at all open to objection.

In October another collision between the police and the peasantry occurred. Captain Burke, inspector of police, with a party of men, was proceeding to post up tithe notices in the neighbourhood of Rathkeeran, County Waterford, when a mob of 200 peasants assembled, and, as he thought, threatened to bar his progress. He called upon them to disperse. They refused. He then pulled out his watch and said, 'I will give you ten minutes to disperse, and if you do not disperse at the end of that time, I will fire on you.' The peasants still refused, and persisted in following the police. Having arrived at a certain point, Burke determined to make a stand. He moved his men into a field, and drew them up near the entrance to a 'boreen.' The peasants flocked after him. With reference to the de-

tails of what then occurred, the accounts given by the police and peasants, respectively, differ. According to the former, the peasants took up a position in the field facing the police. Inspector Burke called upon them thrice to retire, and they thrice declined to do so. Burke then ordered his men 'to prime and load.' Scarcely was the order given when a young girl, named Catherine Foley, placed herself at the head of the peasants, and said, 'Now, boys, is your time' (before the police had finished loading, apparently); 'attack them, and don't spare a man.' The peasants immediately rushed forward, assailing the police with stones, sticks and slanes. The police fired, and charged with the bayonet. A fierce struggle ensued, and was only terminated on the arrival of a detachment of the 70th Regiment to the support of the police, when the peasants retreated. According to the peasants' account, the police began hostilities, and wantonly fired on the people, who were at the time quietly assembled in the field, and whose object, in following the police, had been, not to attack them, but to make a peaceable demonstration against tithes. The undoubted facts of the case—whoever began hostilities, and whatever was the object of the peasants in following the police—are these:—The police fired and killed twelve of the peasants, wounding many others. Catherine Foley was shot full in the face, a 'musket ball entering at the right side of the mouth passing through the base of the skull, and penetrating the spine, causing instant death.'

On the 18th of December 1834, a force of horse (4th Royal Irish Dragoons), foot (29th Regiment) and police, under the command of Major Waller (29th Regiment), Lieutenant Tait (Dragoons), Captain Pepper (Police), Captain Colles, J.P., and Captain Bagley, R.M., proceeded to collect the tithes of Archdeacon Ryder, J.P., in the parish of Gortroe, County Cork. The dragoons, who marched from Cork City, fell in with a small body of peasants at a place called Barthelmy's Cross, near the village of Gortroe. The peasants were armed with their usual weapons—sticks and slanes—and some of them were mounted.

Archdeacon Ryder, who accompanied the cavalcade in the double capacity of parson and magistrate, suggested to Captain Bagley, on seeing the peasants, that it might be prudent for the dragoons to draw their swords and get ready for action; and, at the request of Captain Bagley, Lieutenant Tait ordered his men so to do. The peasants, however, made no effort to obstruct the advance of the dragoons, but retreated steadily before them through the village of Gortroe, falling back on the farmstead of one of the tithe-defaulters—the widow Ryan by name—whose indebtedness to Archdeacon Ryder amounted to the sum of 40s. The widow Ryan lived near the hamlet of Rathcormac. Her house (one of a cluster of houses outside the little village) stood at some distance from the high road, with which it was connected by the usual boreen entrance. In front of the house was a large yard, and in front of the yard,

and on the same side of the boreen, a haggard—both yard and haggard being separated from the boreen by a mud wall about four feet high. To the rear of yard and haggard was a well-planted shrubbery. The peasants, who, in their struggle against tithes, generally selected with deliberation and care the points at which, from time to time, they determined to 'give battle' to the authorities, had resolved, on the present occasion, to confront the force of Parson Ryder at the house of the widow Ryan. With this object they 'fortified' the haggard and yard. The gate opening from the yard into the boreen they removed, and in its place wedged a cart (with the shafts resting in the yard) tightly between the piers—so tightly, in fact, that it became an immovable fixture, and could neither be pulled into the yard nor dragged back into the boreen. At the entrance from the main road to the boreen a barricade was thrown up, and behind this barricade a number of men were placed, to await the arrival of the troops; the yard and haggard being occupied by the main body of the peasants, armed with sticks, slanes, spades, pitchforks and reaping-hooks.

While the dragoons, under Tait and Bagley, were marching on the widow Ryan's from Barthelmy's Cross, pushing the peasants' 'outposts' before them, the 29th and the police, under Waller and Pepper and Colles, were coming up from another direction to the same point. At the entrance to the boreen the peasants' 'outpost' halted, and the 29th and the police joined the dragoons.

Bagley addressed the men behind the barricade, requesting them to permit the troops to enter the boreen. The men answered, 'No tithes! no parson! You have no right to come in.' Bagley replied, 'We shall force an entrance if you do not give way.' The peasants again shouted, 'No tithes! no parson! no church!' After some further discussion between the magistrates and the peasants, and a good deal of cheering on the part of the latter, Bagley at last said, 'My good people, be silent, I am going to read the Riot Act.' 'We want none of your bye-laws here,' shouted back the leader of the peasants, and then, turning to his own followers, called out, as Bagley began to read the Act, 'To the haggard, boys! to the haggard! We'll defend it, or lose our lives!' And for the haggard, with a rush, and cries of 'No tithes! no tithes!' the peasants made. Bagley, having read the Riot Act, ordered the police to throw down the barricade. This they quickly did, whereupon the troops entered the boreen, the dragoons leading the way. On approaching the haggard the dragoons halted, and the 29th marched forward. On reaching the haggard wall the 29th halted, and Major Waller sent to Captain Bagley for further instructions.

Bagley said, 'You must dislodge the peasants from the haggard and the yard. If they do not go quietly, you must try the bayonet. If that is not sufficient, you must fire; but do not fire except in the last resort.' Major Waller then directed Lieutenant Alves to attack the haggard with some of the men of the 29th, and

Lieutenant Shepherd to attack the yard with others. The dragoons and police were stationed in the boreen between the haggard and the main road, to prevent any advance of the peasants from that quarter. Hostilities were commenced by Archdeacon Ryder, who, acting upon his own responsibility, succeeded, all by himself, in clambering over the wall and entering the haggard. He was seized by the peasants, neck and crop, and literally flung back into the boreen. Alves then mounted the wall, and waving his sword, called on his men to 'follow.' Seeing Alves on the wall, the leader of the peasants shouted to his comrades, 'Don't let him in! Don't let him in! Don't strike him; but don't let him in!' A number of peasants quickly rushed forward and brandished their sticks close up in front of Alves. Alves parried the sticks with his sword, while his men climbed on to the wall. Many of the soldiers, having got on top of the wall, were about to pull up some of their comrades and to descend on the inside, when the peasant leader roared to his companions, 'Now, boys, at them;' and the peasants (sticks, slanes and pitchforks in hand) made for the soldiers. A fierce fight ensued; the peasants striking furiously at the soldiers with their formidable weapons, and the soldiers vigorously thrusting back with their bayonets. Again and again the soldiers climbed to the top of the wall, and again and again they were driven back, maimed and bruised, with their bayonets bent and their firelocks smashed, many of the peasants having been placed *hors*

de combat by bayonet wounds. After this struggle had continued for some time, Lieutenant Alves called out to Major Waller, 'We cannot, major, take this place by the bayonet,' whereupon Archdeacon Ryder rushed up to Captain Bagley, crying out, 'What are we to do, we are so resisted?'

Simultaneously with the struggle at the haggard, Lieutenant Shepherd was endeavouring to force his way into the yard. He had succeeded in jumping into the cart, followed by two of his men, while the rest climbed up the wall at either side, when the peasants rushed forward, and, seizing the shafts and lifting them high in the air, rolled Shepherd and his companions clean back into the boreen. However, he soon returned to the attack, and a fight, even more desperate than that being waged at the haggard, followed. The soldiers charged with the bayonet again, but to little purpose. Enter the yard they could not, either over the wall or by mounting the cart. Then, finding it was hopeless to take either the haggard or yard by the bayonet, Major Waller gave directions to his lieutenants to fire. Alves' men fired first. After they had done so, Major Waller, who, from his position in the boreen could command a better view of what was going on in the yard than in the haggard, tells us that he looked in the direction of the yard to see what effect Alves' fire had produced there. 'It produced no effect,' he says; 'the fight went on as violently as ever.' Shepherd, on hearing Alves fire, called to Waller, saying, 'Major, must I

fire?' and Waller answered, 'Yes.' Shepherd, turning to the peasants, then said, 'Now, if you do not give way, I must fire.' The leader of the peasants then replied, 'We are not afraid to die; lives must be lost on either side before ye come in.' There was no alternative now left to Shepherd but to give the word 'fire.' This he promptly did. 'I then,' says Major Waller, 'looked in the direction of the cart to see the effect. The crowd dispersed after the fire, but quickly closed up, and rushed back to the cart as thick as ever.' Such truly had been the case. The peasants, thrown but for a moment into confusion, quickly rallied, and as their leader called out, 'Never flinch, my boys! close up, and at them again!' flung themselves once more on the soldiers—who, under the cover of the fire, had jumped into the cart, and clambered over the wall—driving them back with eminent success. But sticks, slanes and pitchforks, though weapons, which, in the hands of a martial peasantry, could be effectively used against bayonets, were poor instruments of defence against powder and ball. After a struggle, to the gallantry of which Lieutenant Shepherd bore testimony, asserting that he 'had never seen such determined bravery as was shown by the people on that day,' the peasantry gave way under the sustained fire of the troops, retreating steadily to the shrubbery. Major Waller then occupied the haggard and the yard. The peasants had not, however, it seems, been completely disposed of. 'They are mustering in the shrubbery,' said Captain

Colles to Waller; 'you must disperse them.' 'No,' replied Waller, who doubtless had had quite enough of the work which, in all probability, he did not consider particularly clean. 'I'll surround the farmyard, and keep what I have got; for, if I leave it, the peasants will come back, and I shall have my work all over again.' At this juncture Archdeacon Ryder came up and said, 'All right, major, I have got my tithes.' It seems that the archdeacon—who had performed various strategical movements on his own account during the day (including the escapade in the haggard)—had succeeded in taking the widow's house in the rear, while the battle was raging in front, with the result that he saw the widow, and obtained the tithes from her. It was this cheerful fact which he now announced to Waller. The parson being satisfied, all were satisfied, and Major Waller and Lieutenant Tait marched their men back to Cork. The soldiers gone, the peasants emerged from the shrubbery to take up their comrades who had fallen in the fray, and to find that the casualties had been considerable; twelve peasants were killed and forty-two wounded.

Rathcormac produced a profound effect on the English Tory minister, Sir Robert Peel, and in February 1835 he introduced a Bill practically making tithes wholly payable by the landlords (who were chiefly Protestants) and thus, to some extent, relieving the tenants (who were almost entirely Catholics) from the burden of the obnoxious impost. But the English Liberals (who were now supported in parliament by a

strong Irish party under O'Connell) sought to get better terms for the Irish Catholics, and proposed that the surplus revenues of the Protestant Church should be used for the purposes of general education in Ireland. Sir Robert Peel would not, however, give way on this point, whereupon he was driven from office, and the Liberals, who had now formed an alliance with O'Connell, came into power. Then was seen, for the first time, an English government in Ireland under the direction of a man who understood the country, and loved the people. This man was Thomas Drummond.

CHAPTER XXV

THOMAS DRUMMOND

BORN in Edinburgh in 1797, and entering the Royal Engineers in 1815, Drummond gradually glided into politics, and, in June 1835, became under-secretary at Dublin Castle. There were a lord-lieutenant and a chief secretary nominally over him; but he was really over the whole administration. He was the Irish government. Parliament had not yet settled the tithe question. The Liberal ministry of Lord Melbourne had to fight hard to carry the reform they proposed, and, meanwhile, the Protestant clergy endeavoured to get their tithes by the old methods. But Drummond sternly declined to collect tithes at the point of the

bayonet. What the clergy could get without the aid of the military and police, they were welcome to; but Drummond, himself a Protestant, indignantly refused to shoot down Catholic peasants because they would not pay tithes to a Protestant Church. He remained in Ireland for five years. During that time, he governed with wisdom and justice, won the confidence of the people, and drew them to the side of the law. He crushed the Orange Society, which had been formed over half a century before by bigoted Protestants to oppress Catholics. He restrained the excesses of the peasantry in their struggle against landlordism, partly by the vigour of his administration, partly by the popular confidence which his sympathy with the suffering and oppressed inspired; on the one side, putting down agrarian outrages with a strong hand; on the other, telling the landlords, in words which have never been forgotten, to remember that 'Property has its duties as well as its rights.' He stopped the tithe war by refusing to place the forces of the Crown at the beck of the clergy, and by warning the people that they should not outstep the limits of the law if they desired to have the protection of the government. He subdued popular agitation by ruling on popular principles; he made Ireland tranquil by making the Irish believe in his love of justice and in his love of them. But from the moment he set foot in Ireland to the day of his death, he was assailed by the Ascendency faction, and denounced by the English Tory press. But he never departed from the

policy of well-doing which he had marked out for himself—

> 'Unshaken, unreduced, unterrified;
> Nor number nor example with him wrought
> To swerve from right or change his constant mind.'

But his labours in Ireland and for Ireland seriously impaired his health.

In the winter of 1839, it became evident that Drummond's health was breaking down. His friends urged him to relinquish his duties for a time, and seek rest and change of scene. Yielding to their repeated entreaties, he went to England for a short time. He returned to Dublin in February in 1840. On April 10th of that year he entertained a party of friends to dinner. He rode to the Castle as usual on Saturday morning. On Sunday he became seriously unwell. On Monday he grew worse. On Tuesday it became clear that Thomas Drummond had not now long to live. As pure and noble a soul as had ever been breathed into man was quickly passing away. On Tuesday night he asked to see his children. The doctors felt obliged to deny him this request. He then begged Dr Johnson to open a drawer, which he pointed out, where there were three small Bibles, each with a history attached to it. 'Give these,' he said, 'to my children, with their papa's blessing. It is the best legacy I can give them.' On Wednesday afternoon Drummond began to sink rapidly. All was nearly over now. Dr Johnson told his noble-hearted patient that

he had not many minutes to live. 'Doctor,' replied Drummond, 'all is peace; tell my mother that on my death-bed I remembered the instructions I had received from her in childhood.' Mrs Drummond entered the room, and he bade her a last farewell. 'Dearest beloved Maria,' he said, 'you have been an angel of a wife to me. Your admonitions have blessed me long.' The last moment had now arrived, and Dr Johnson asked Drummond where he wished to be buried—'in Ireland or in Scotland?' 'In Ireland, the land of my adoption,' was the immediate answer; 'I have loved her well and served her faithfully, and lost my life in her service.' All then ended. One of the best, one of the most unselfish and pure-minded friends Ireland has ever known, was no more.

Drummond's remains rest in Harold's Cross Cemetery, Dublin, and his statue—the only one, it may be truly said, ever erected by the Irish people to an English official—stands in the City Hall, side by side with the sculptured figures of Charles Lucas, Henry Grattan and Daniel O'Connell. His memory is to-day green in the hearts of the nation he loved and served so well, his name honoured and revered wherever his life and work are known.

Drummond had done much for Ireland. But the English parliament did little. The tithe question was indeed settled in 1838; but exactly on the lines laid down by Sir Robert Peel in 1834. The Liberals had failed to carry their proposal for applying the surplus

revenues of the Church for educational purposes.

In 1838 the Poor Law, established in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was introduced into Ireland. But the measure was not in accordance with Irish views and Irish wishes. The government had, in the first instance, appointed a Commission, composed chiefly of Irishmen, to inquire into the subject. This Commission had reported against the application of the Workhouse System to Ireland; recommending instead that the deserving poor should be relieved by the aid of voluntary associations helped by the state. The government, however, disregarded the report of the Irish Commission, and accepted the report of a Scotch gentleman, who, at the request of Lord John Russell, had paid a flying visit of six weeks to the country. When the Bill, founded on this gentleman's report, was brought forward, all the amendments introduced by Irish members were rejected; and when it became law, he was practically entrusted with the administration of it. Thus a Poor Law, based on the Workhouse System and antagonistic to Irish feeling and opinion, and worked by English officials, was established.

In 1840, an Act was passed for the reform of the Irish municipal corporations. At that time there were sixty-eight municipal corporations in Ireland, every one of which was practically in the hands of the Protestant Ascendency. The government resolved to

change this condition of things, and accordingly in 1835 introduced a Bill giving the Catholics a fairer representation in all the municipalities. But the Tories and the House of Lords strongly opposed the measure; and the upshot of the struggle (which lasted for five years), was that fifty-eight out of the sixty-eight corporations were abolished, and a restricted franchise (which, however, gave more power to the Catholics) was conferred on the remaining ten. An Irish orator once said that he was prepared to 'destroy the whole of the constitution to preserve the remainder.' The British parliament destroyed almost the whole of the Irish municipalities to preserve the remainder.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE REPEAL MOVEMENT

HEN the Melbourne ministry had come into power, O'Connell said that he would give them a fair trial in order to see if it were possible for the English parliament to do complete justice to Ireland; and he kept his word. But when the Melbourne ministry fell in 1841 without carrying out a complete policy of reform, and when a Tory ministry came into power, bent on governing Ireland in opposition to the wishes of the people, he demanded the Repeal of the Union, and threw himself heart and soul into this his last agitation. 'Grattan,' he said, 'sat by the cradle of his country, and followed her hearse; it was left to me to sound the resur-

rection trumpet, and to show that she was not dead but sleeping.' O'Connell's case for repeal rested on two main propositions.

1. '*Ireland was fit for legislative independence* in position, population and natural advantages. Five independent kingdoms in Europe possessed less territory or people; and her station in the Atlantic, between the Old World and the New, designed her to be the *entrepôt* of both, if the watchful jealousy of England had not rendered her natural advantages nugatory.

2. '*Ireland was entitled to legislative independence*, her parliament was as ancient as the parliament of England, and had not derived its existence from any charter of the [English] crown, but sprung out of the natural rights of freemen. Its independence, long claimed, was finally recognised and confirmed by solemn compact between the two nations in 1782. That compact had since been shamefully violated, but no statute of limitations ran against the rights of a nation.'[1]

The Repeal movement was practically laid upon the same lines as the movement for Catholic Emancipation. There were three classes of subscribers to the organisation—volunteers who subscribed or collected £10 a year; members who subscribed £1; and associates who subscribed 1s. There were Repeal wardens, who presided over each district; Repeal marshals, who organised great meetings; Repeal police, who kept order;

[1] Sir Gavan Duffy—*Young Ireland*.

Repeal libraries, which educated the people; Repeal courts, which for a time superseded the ordinary legal tribunals; and a Repeal rent which filled the exchequer of the organisation.

Monster meetings were held throughout the country, at which O'Connell addressed vast multitudes, stimulating exertion, inspiring enthusiasm, kindling hope.

In 1843 he withdrew altogether from parliament, and devoted himself absolutely to the work of rousing the nation. The greatest of the Repeal meetings were then held. 30,000 persons assembled at Trim; 130,000 at Mullingar; 250,000 on the Hill of Tara. Within the space of three months, O'Connell attended thirty-one of these huge gatherings, and travelled over 5000 miles.[1]

No such sight of its kind has, perhaps, ever been witnessed as O'Connell's appearance at one of these monster meetings, always, of course, held in the open air, and generally on some well-known spot hallowed by fond historical memories. There was no turmoil, no disorder. The mighty multitude hung upon the agitator's lips, and were swayed by the words which fell from them. Sometimes the fiercest passions were aroused; sometimes the tenderest emotions of the human heart were touched; and often a wave of humour and pleasantry would break over the audience, drowning the magic voice of the orator amid roars of delight and merriment.

[1] Shaw Lefevre—*Peel and O'Connell.*

We have, indeed, a picture of O'Connell at one of these Repeal meetings from the pen of a distinguished English writer.[1]

> 'Once to my sight the giant thus was given,
> Walled by wide air, and roofed by boundless heaven :
> Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
> And wave on wave flowed into space away.
> Me thought no clarion could have sent its sound
> E'en to the centre of the hosts around ;
> And, as I thought, rose the sonorous swell,
> As from some church tower swings the silvery bell ;
> Aloft, and clear from airy tide to tide
> It glided easy as a bird may glide.
> To the last verge of that vast audience sent,
> It played with each wild passion as it went :
> Now stirred the uproar—now the murmur stilled,
> And sobs of laughter answered as it willed.
> Then did I know what spells of infinite choice
> To rouse or lull has the sweet human voice.'

But one of the most remarkable features in the Repeal movement was the creation of a new Irish party, whose teachings were destined to revolutionise the thought of the country.

In 1842, three young men—Charles Gavan Duffy, Thomas Osborne Davis and John Blake Dillon — founded a newspaper in Dublin to advocate the cause of Repeal, and to preach the doctrine of Irish nationality; to unite all classes and creeds in a single effort for the public weal; to obliterate the very memories of racial and religious dissension, and to sink all other distinctions in the common name and common faith of Irishmen. The paper was

[1] Lord Lytton.

called the *Nation*. Duffy became the editor; Davis his famous colleague. But soon both men—Duffy the 'brain,' and Davis the 'spirit' of the enterprise—gathered around them a galaxy of brilliant writers, whose articles, essays, poems breathed a new soul into Ireland. The young men worked with O'Connell, but not under him. He had said on a memorable occasion, that 'all sublunary blessings' were 'too dearly purchased at the expense of a single drop of human blood.' They revolted at the doctrine, and believed that where argument failed the sword should be used. O'Connell's motto was 'Justice to Ireland, or Repeal of the Union.' The motto of the *Nation* was 'Repeal of the Union, or Separation.' The young men, who came to be called the 'Young Ireland Party,' gradually drew away from O'Connell, and slowly but steadily drifted towards revolution. O'Connell saw the flow of the tide, and said, 'An outbreak will, sooner or later, be the consequence of the present afflicted state of Ireland. While I live, that outbreak will not take place; but sooner or later, if the Irish parliament is not restored, the day will come when England will rue her present policy in tears of blood.'

The 'Young Irelanders' at length developed into a Separatist party. 'What is the tone of the new paper?' a witty lawyer was asked some time after the establishment of the *Nation*. He answered 'Wolfe Tone.' And, indeed, the name of the great Irish rebel, which had never been pronounced by O'Connell, was recalled by the *Nation*, and held up for admiration and

reverence. In the end a breach occurred between O'Connell and 'Young Ireland,' and the result was disastrous to the national cause.

Meanwhile the English minister resolved to strike a blow at the Repeal movement. A great Repeal meeting was fixed to take place at Clontarf on October 8, 1843. On the very night before the meeting was proclaimed by the lord-lieutenant. O'Connell, to the disgust of the 'Young Ireland' party, obeyed the proclamation, and instantly issued orders to stop the people who were even then preparing to move forward to Clontarf from various parts of the country. No meeting took place. The people quietly obeyed O'Connell, for it was not in the power of the government of itself to arrest their progress without bloodshed.

About a week after the proclamation of the Clontarf meeting, O'Connell and a number of his colleagues, including the 'Young Ireland' leader, Gavan Duffy, were arrested, and on the 16th of January 1844 placed upon their trial in Dublin on a charge of seditious conspiracy. The trial was one of the most remarkable on record — remarkable for the display of forensic ability which it called forth — remarkable for the scandalous injustice which marked its progress at every stage. The bench was packed, the jury were packed, and the vast resources of the Crown were used with unscrupulous dexterity to secure a conviction. 'Next morning,' says Sir Gavan Duffy, writing of the way in which the trial had

been arranged, 'it was known throughout the United Kingdom, and speedily known over Europe and America, that the most eminent Catholic in the empire—a man whose name was familiar to every educated Catholic in the world—was about to be placed upon his trial in the Catholic metropolis of a Catholic country before four judges and twelve jurors among whom there was not a single Catholic.' Of course O'Connell and his colleagues were convicted, and in due course (May 1844) sentenced to fine and imprisonment. The trial was afterwards (September 1844) reviewed by the House of Lords, on the appeal of O'Connell and his friends, and condemned by that assembly, Lord Denman denouncing it as a 'mockery, a delusion and a snare.' The conviction was squashed, and O'Connell and the repealers were, after a few months' imprisonment, set free.

CHAPTER XXVII

FAMINE—DEATH OF O'CONNELL

ND now a great calamity befell the land and broke the heart of O'Connell. Since the Union the agricultural population of Ireland had been in a state of destitution. 'Irish destitution,' said Gustave de Beaumont, a French writer, in 1837, 'forms a genus apart; it is like no other destitution.' There were constantly recurring periods of distress; there was sometimes famine; and the peasantry were always on the verge of pauperism.

The chief industry, indeed almost the only industry, was the land, and the land system was fatal to the prosperity and even to the comfort of the tenants. 'The landlords

in Ireland,' said Lord Donoughmore, 'have been in the habit of letting land, not farms.' Never has a happier description of the Irish land system been given than this. The landlord let 'land'—a strip of bog, barren, wild, dreary. The tenant reclaimed it, drained, fenced, built, reduced the waste to a cultivable state, made the 'land' a 'farm.' Then the landlord pounced upon him for an increased rent. The tenant could not pay; his resources had been exhausted in bringing the bog into a state of cultivation; he had not yet recouped himself for his outlay and labour. He was evicted, flung on the roadside to starve, without receiving one shilling's compensation for his outlay on the land; and the 'farm' which he had made was given to another at an enhanced rental. What did the evicted tenant do? He entered a Ribbon Lodge, told the story of his wrong, and demanded vengeance on the man whom he called a tyrant and oppressor. Only too often his story was listened to, and vengeance was wreaked on the landlord or new tenant, and sometimes on both. The result was the horrible agrarian war which raged in Ireland during the whole period of the Union. Landlords evicted without pity, and tenants murdered without remorse. Poverty and anarchy were the result.[1]

No resources, no foresight could, probably, have averted the terrible visitation of 1845-47.

[1] *Life of Thomas Drummond.*

But it would not have fallen with such crushing disaster on a prosperous people. The potato was the staple food of one half of the whole population, then numbering between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000 souls. In the autumn of 1845 a blight fell on the crop. O'Connell, with his knowledge of the country and his experience of similar disasters in the past, warned the government of the coming calamity. But the government paid no heed to his admonitions. An Irish famine they regarded as a figment of the Irish imagination. Throughout 1846 the condition grew worse, and by the end of the year famine was already in the land. Hundreds and thousands were perishing by want and pestilence. O'Connell, whose health had been failing since 1845, now broke down utterly. He was crushed by the misfortunes of his people. His physicians urged him to leave Ireland immediately and to settle for a time in the south of Europe. He consented to go, but stopped on his way through London to make a last appeal to Parliament in behalf of his starving countrymen. In February 1847, he entered the House of Commons. His changed appearance filled the members of that hostile assembly with sympathy and perhaps with sorrow. It was clear to every man that the mighty giant who had made and unmade Cabinets, whose name was a terror in the councils of ministers, and whose fame extended to every civilised country in the world, was fast sinking into the grave. Feeble and dejected, with bent head and broken voice, he rose to

ask parliament to do its duty and to save a dying nation. He said,—

'I am afraid the House is not sufficiently aware of the extent of the misery; I do not think the members are sufficiently impressed with the horrors of the situation of the people of Ireland; I do not think they understand the miseries—the accumulation of miseries—under which the people are at present suffering. It has been estimated that 5000 adults and 10,000 children have already perished from famine, and that twenty-five per cent. of the whole population will perish unless the House shall afford effective relief. They will perish of famine and disease unless the House will do something speedy and efficacious—not doled out in small sums, not in private and individual subscriptions, but by some great act of national generosity, calculated upon a broad and liberal scale. If this course is not pursued, parliament will be responsible for the loss of twenty-five per cent. of the population of Ireland. I assure the House most solemnly that I am not exaggerating. I can establish all I say by many and many painful proofs. Typhus fever, in fact, has already broken out, and is desolating whole districts. It leaves alive only one in ten of those it attacks. This fearful disorder ere long will spread to the upper classes; the inhabitants of England will not escape its visitations, for it will be brought over by the miserable wretches who escape from the other side of the Channel. The calamity will be scattered over the

whole empire, and no man will be safe from it.'

The government ultimately took vigorous measures for dealing with the famine. Parliament voted large sums to succour the distressed; and outside parliament private individuals and societies came forward with magnificent generosity to relieve the sufferings of the people. But help came all too late.

In a few years famine, pestilence, and the tide of emigration which these misfortunes set in motion, swept away nearly two millions of the population.

O'Connell's prophecy was fulfilled, but he did not live to see its fulfilment. In March 1847, he left England for Rome, accompanied by his youngest son, Daniel, by his chaplain, Father Miley, and by his faithful valet, Duggan.

At Paris the great advocate, Berryer, and the great Liberal thinker, Montalembert, waited on the Irish chief. 'I cannot,' he said to Berryer, 'refuse myself the pleasure of pressing your hand.' But he was too feeble to converse. Montalembert introduced a deputation from a Catholic society. O'Connell said, 'Sickness and emotion close my lips. I should require the eloquence of your president to express to you all my gratitude.'

From Paris, O'Connell proceeded by easy stages to Lyons. There he grew rapidly worse 'I am,' he said, 'but the shadow of what I was, and I can scarcely recognise myself.'

As he passed through the city on his way to the boat which was to bear him down the Rhone

and on to Genoa, the streets were filled with crowds of persons, who uncovered and bowed in the presence of one whom they regarded not only as the most famous Irishman, but as the most famous Catholic of his day. On May 6, Genoa was reached. There O'Connell lingered helplessly for a few days. Disease of the brain had set in. The light of that brilliant intellect was for ever quenched. In the afternoon of May 15, he sent for Duggan and said, 'I am dying; you have been a faithful servant, and I bid you good-bye.' Turning to his son and Father Miley, who stood by his couch, he said, 'Let my heart be carried to Rome, and my body to Ireland.' He then fell into a deep slumber, and woke no more. His dying wishes were religiously carried out.

A box containing his heart was placed by his son in the hands of Pio Nono, and subsequently laid with great solemnity in the church of St Agatha. His body was brought back to Ireland and buried in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, amid the poignant sorrows of the people to whom he had devoted his existence.

In less than twelve months after his death, the 'outbreak' which he had foretold occurred. The Young Irelanders rose in arms; but the insurrection was quickly quelled. Some of the leaders were arrested, tried, convicted and imprisoned or transported; others fled beyond the seas.

The Repeal movement was strangled, and Ireland for a time sank into a state of torpor and lethargy.

How she was awakened from that state; how new men and new movements arose; how fresh concessions were extracted from England; how in 1869 the Protestant State Church was disestablished and disendowed; how in 1870 a Land Act was passed, giving protection to industrious tenants; how in 1881 and 1885 other measures of Land Reform became law, and Household Suffrage was established; how finally, in 1893, the principle of Legislative Freedom was affirmed by the House of Commons—these are subjects which do not come within the scope of the present book. But it may in conclusion be said that, despite many misfortunes and disasters, the Irish people have, within the past sixty years, advanced slowly but surely on the road to material well-being, and national liberty.

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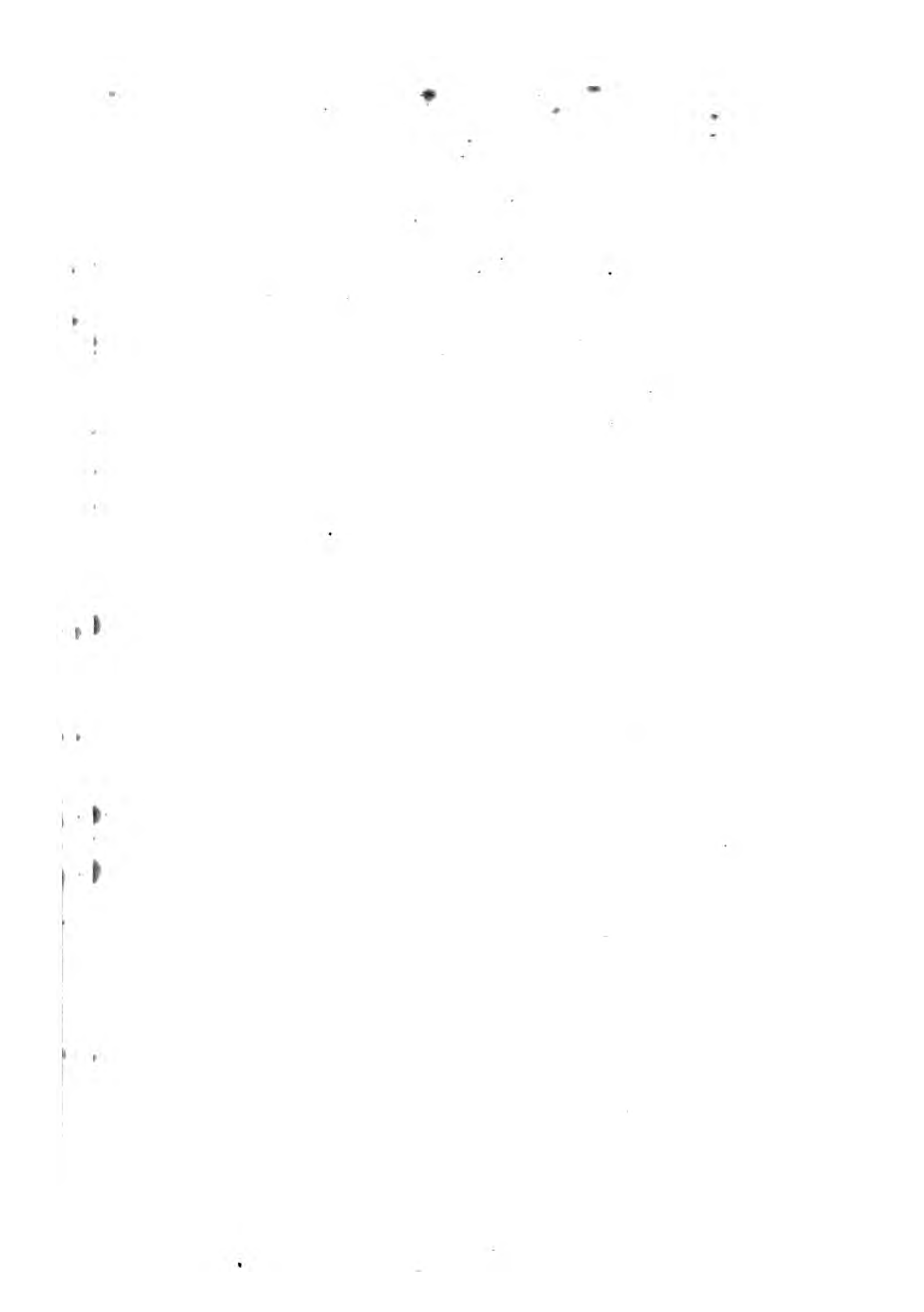

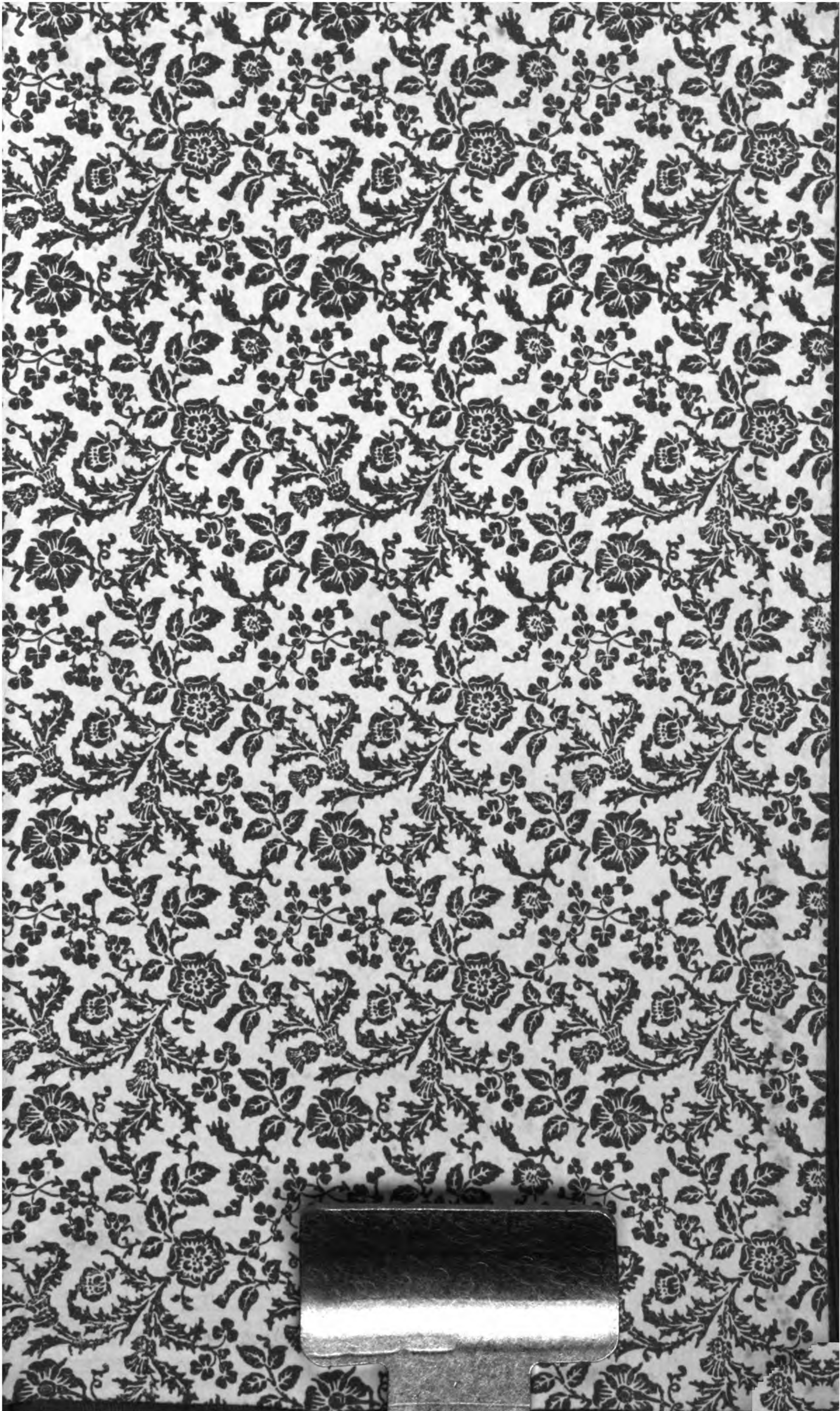

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